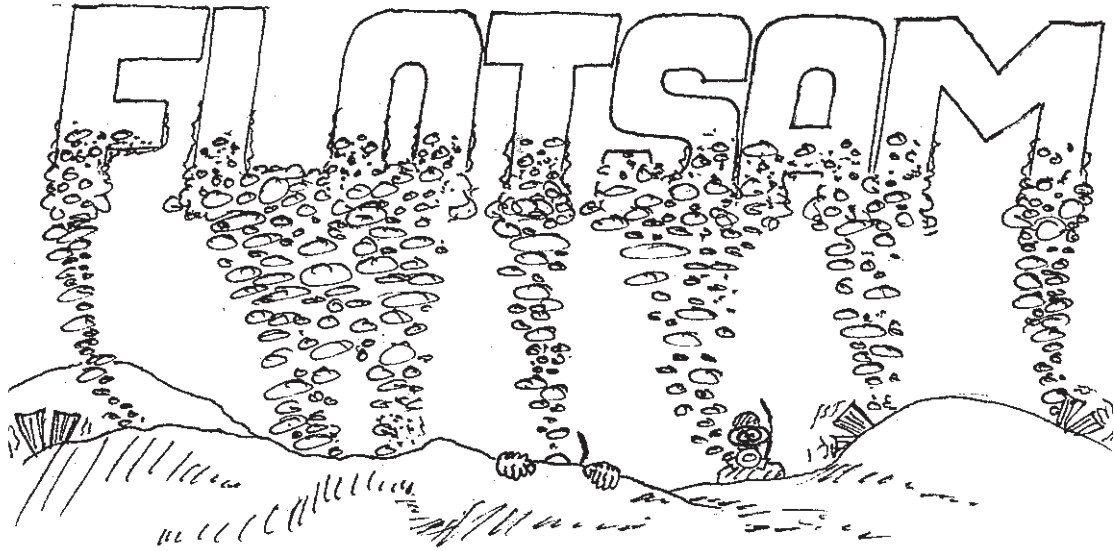
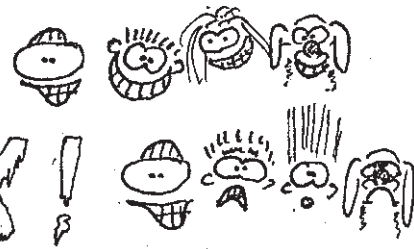


Mar 89?



YES FOLKS! IT'S BACK!



THAT SOURCE OF FREE
EXPRESSION AND INNANE
BURBLINGS FOR MEMBERS
OF THE UNDERWATER CLUB
WOT WISH TO BURBLE OR
EXPRESS FREELY !

EDITOR'S BLURB

Yeah giddy! Welcome to the dive club and the first Flotsam for 1989. The club has got itself really organised this year, with heaps of trips, u/w hockey teams and courses planned to cater for a wide variety of interests and wallets. By now, you should have received the first bursary payment, so there's no excuse for not getting involved.

This bulletin is really an attempt to unite all the members of the dive club. We have got (on paper anyway) over one hundred members this year and judging on past statistics, we'll only ever see about forty of you. To the rest, all I can say is: "We've got your money and we're not afraid to use it!". All you can really do is to make sure that when we spend it, you get some benefit from it, and the only way to do that is by getting involved.

Speaking of getting involved, you may notice that this Flotsam is largely a one-sided view of club activities; I wrote most of it and took the photos, and I don't really think that's fair. There's an envelope on the club noticeboard which is just crying out for contributions i.e. photos, articles, abuse etc., anything! But enough! I'll do some more raving later. Meanwhile, sit back, read, (hopefully) enjoy and keep on diving.

David Hirst

David Hirst (Publications)

COMMITTEE MEMBERS FOR 1989

BARRY CORKILL TREASURER

Hi. I'm a second year Engineering student (1st Pro Mechanical). I'm the person with the unenviable position of having to look after all the lovely money you paid to join the Underwater Club. SO FAR the main expenses likely to be incurred this year are:

- funding the publication of Flotsam
- purchase of a new motor for the club boat.

If you can think of anything the Underwater Club should spend your hard-earnt money on, let me know. (Serious suggestions ONLY please i.e. the club does NOT need a mini-tanker!)

JACKI McDONALD TRIPS OFFICER

Hi, I'm a second year BA student majoring in Japanese and Anthropology. Being trips officer this year involves making a plan for the year of proposed trips, then confirming them closer to the time. There are some really good ones coming up, including one to White Island, so everyone get in there and have a good time. We need your enthusiasm to make these trips work.

DAVID HIRST PUBLICATIONS OFFICER

Greetings! I'm doing an MSc in Physics ("Whew, heavy!", sez you) so this is my 4th year in the Underwater Club. Being Publications Officer involves coaxing, cajoling, forcing, beating and other painful methods of getting articles, photos or scraps of paper out of you lot. My philosophy this year is "What I am given, I will publish", in other words, no input means no Flotsam. But enough preaching. Get out there and enjoy yourselves; that's what the club's about. (I share a room on the 7th floor of the Maths Physics building, so come on up and disturb me anytime (oocer!))

The following committee members haven't given me anything to print about them, so I consider them fair game.

ANDREW TENNANT El PRESIDENTE (or Sir)

Currently wallowing through a BSc in some Chemistry-related discipline. Hobbies include river-widening and strangling small animals. (Think he occasionally does some diving.) Real easy to spot him: look for crowds staggering away from him and screaming about being blinded by his shorts. What does he do for the club? Bugger-all I think. (That last comment should get him going anyway.)

STEVEN WALLACE GEARS OFFICER

Don't really know what course this guy's doing. He lives on "The Shore" and looks after all the club's gear. This means that he's too busy using it all himself to let you lot get at it. Drives a battered Corolla which loses oil like an Exxon tanker. Hobbies include well-digging and growing Bonsai Alsatians. How about a reply Steve?

DLAF THIELKE SECRETARY

Think this one's doing stage 2 Physics. Or is it a degree in Applied Reqqae? I can never tell. It took me long enough to get some fees off this man, so who knows when he'll write something for Flotsam. Don't really think the secretary does a helluva lot, which should suit Olaf fine. Hobbies include setting fire to Policepersons and paint-watching.

ANDREA PRYCE

VICE PREZ

When has a club VP ever done anything? The case rests m'lud. Lives up at Goat Island anyway so we'll never get anything from her apart from abuse. Hobbies include Brian, creative tooth decay and making gifts for the senile. Pass that on, Brian.

MARTIN HICKMAN and DAVID HOY COMMITTEE MEMBERS

What 'Committee Member' means is that those voted into positions of authority decided to make those laughing the hardest suffer along with them. Martin and David have distinctive laughs - you can guess the rest. Don't actually think they've had to do anything committee related yet. Their hobbies are unprintable.

I think that about covers them all. I am more than willing to publish replies to the above, otherwise watch your reputations go down the blurter!

STOP PRESS!!

CAN ANYONE THINK OF A DECENT, NON-DESTRUCTIVE CAPPING STUNT FOR THE DIVE CLUB? (APART FROM THE TRADITIONAL "FOUNTAIN CRAWL"). TURN UP TO MEETINGS AND TELL US ALL ABOUT IT (TUESDAYS, 7PM, REC CENTRE CLUBROOMS)

WAINUI BAY AND THE RAINBOW WARRIOR by David Hirst

Assembling at nine (or so) by the clock tower on Friday morning, we collected tents, then headed over to Greg's new house to pick up Greg, Steve and Steve's inflatable. Following Martin's van (towing the club boat) was made interesting by the indicators being reversed. The next stop was Whangaparoa (after checking tyres) to collect Jason and after that it was every man for himself until we reached Whangarei to sample the culinary delights of the 'nouvelle cuisine' offered by MacDonald's.

Somewhere north of Whangarei, Craig and I missed a turnoff and continued merrily on towards Kaitaia. "Bum!", sez we, and take the nearest connecting road, which happens to be a gravel road just north of Mangamuka (Craig's "map" shows two towns called Mangamuka). Craig practices his rally driving to the cost of his muffler and we arrive at Wainui Bay about 30 mins after everyone else who just happen to have set up camp. Ree hee! Don't think the Scandinavian family with the campervan were too impressed by the sudden appearance of 11 divers at their nice quiet beach.

Having got both boats running, most went for a snorkel around some of the outer rocks. Dinner wasn't started until late, so we ended up cooking in the dark and going to bed shortly after at around 9:30.

Saturday dawned slightly cloudy with a bit of wind and after breakfast, both boats headed out to the Warrior with a party of six, arriving back around 12 with words like "Wow!", "fantastic"

and "it's getting rough..". Not to be deterred, Anthony, Craig, Steve Wallace and I suited up and set off, reaching the site some 55 minutes later in 2m swells. It was at this stage that the inflatable's motor died and despite invoking several major deities, Craig and I failed to get it going. Anthony and Steve came over to help, but a wave carried us into the back of their boat, hitting the motor which then began to run rough and vibrate. After shutting it down, we rowed for 30 mins to the nearest island of the Cavallis. We decided the sea was too rough to tow the inflatable back so we hid it, it's motor and four sets of dive gear in the flax bushes, got into the club boat and hoped the motor would keep running till we reached Matauri Bay, the nearest inhabited part of the mainland. Just out from the island, someone noticed that the choke was out, presumably knocked out in the collision. Push it back in and the motor surges into life, so we head back to Wainui Bay in 2.5m swells to arrive back an hour or so later. Anthony's first words to Steve Prendergast were "How's your sense of humour Steve?". "Not good!", came the reply. We just managed to calm him down.

After dinner (cooked and eaten in daylight this time) we all headed off to Whangaroa to fill tanks, get petrol and possibly visit the local establishment. The "possible" became a "definitely" and many hours were spent chatting to locals and the odd tourist. I don't remember what time we arrived (noisily) back at camp, but after getting a fire going, sitting around a bit and expressing much mirth at my attempt to walk on the nearby stream (I still think your laugh was funnier, Martin), we all hit the sack rather heavily.

The next morning, Steve P, Anthony and Greg left early to retrieve the inflatable, while the rest of us snorkelled around various parts of the bay. We discovered that while we were at Whangaroa, some very health-conscious dog had eaten an entire box of toasted muesli, a bag of raisins and a tub of margarine. We pitied the dog.

Two boats arrived back just after 11, so Craig, Steve, Martin and I headed out to the Warrior on much calmer seas. The trip out took 40 or so minutes and we anchored near some fishermen who had found the wreck. Craig and I descended slowly on the anchor warp (to force my sinuses into submission) and hit bottom at 85', just off the ship's starboard side. Visibility was about 40' and we spent our dive exploring the outside, the wheelhouse, the open holds, the foredeck, the funnel and the bow. Surfacing at the end of 24 mins to a flat calm sea, we waited for Martin and Steve to finish their dive, then headed back to Wainui Bay. Once the inflatable was planing, it could run rings around the club boat, so Martin and I proceeded to do just that, much to Craig and Steve's disgust. The trip took 25 minutes.

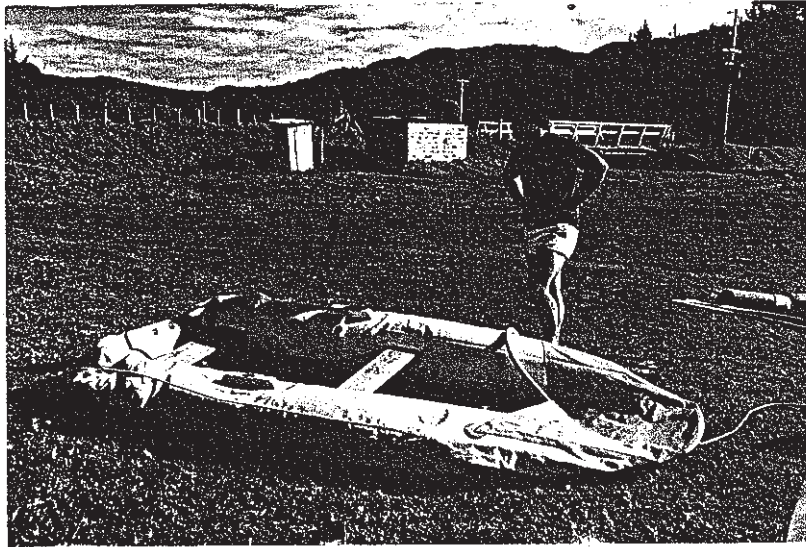
Later that afternoon, most went snorkelling around the rocks. Lindsay, Yolanda and Natasha, recently arrived, did the same but deeper and with tanks on. Jason managed to catch his own dinner - two snapper and a cray (albeit a legless one). Once more we ate dinner in the dark, got a fire going and yakked till late.

The following day (Monday) we sent Steve off to get petrol and were visited by Wally the camping ground caretaker for a donation to the local marae. Steve got back and Lindsay, Yolanda, Natasha, Craig and I set forth on our last dive on the Warrior. The sea was a bit choppy, but we made it out in good time and let another boat's depth sounder find the ship. The visibility was much the

same as before and we all stayed above 75', exploring some of the cabins to the rear. Craig insisted he saw crays "sitting on a shelf". We slowly worked our way forward and then ascended after 26 mins. Craig got his revenge on the trip back, being in the inflatable, with Lindsay and I in the club boat. Arriving back at Wainui Bay at about 11:45, we were met by parties of divers keen to try Flat Rock. I even had to lend Greg my reg. "We've got great plans for your gear!", he says.

That was basically it. Craig and I slowly packed, loaded up and headed back to Auckland at about one. All in all a great way to spend the Easter break. Count me in on the next one!

GREG SHOWS
HIS STYLE:
ONE-LEGGED
INFLATING



CRAIG + FRIEND
"LOVE AT FIRST
SIGHT"





DAVID HOY
CAUGHT IN THE
ACT, STILL GOT
HIS TROUSERS O
TOO!



STEVE WALLACE

- a) IS STANDING ON A ROCK PULLING A STUPID FACE
- b) IS DOING HIS IMPRESSION OF A "BAYLEY'S" BOTTLE
- c) HAS JUST BEEN KICKED IN A SENSITIVE AREA
- d) HAS JUST SEEN A WOMAN HE WANTS
- e) NONE OF THE ABOVE
- f) ALL OF THE ABOVE