



OH, GOD!
NOT ANOTHER ISSUE!

WELL, YOU ALL
WANTED ANOTHER
COVER!

IT'S THE BIGGEST
ISSUE YET!

WHAT
DID YOU
DO TO
THE PEAS
DAVE?

FLOTSAM

WOOF

YES,
QUITE

FEATURING ALL THE IDIOTS
ON THIS PAGE ... AND
MORE!

YOU MAY EVEN SEE SOME
REAL DIVERS!

EDITOR'S RAVE

Welcome to another phosphate-free, biodegradable issue of FloTEAM. Yes, folks! Now you can be friendly to the environment (as well as your bum when there's a shortage of soft paper) but tough on dirty dive gear (all dirt vanishes with shame when faced with this super-clean mag). You can also read it too.

This time the call for articles was answered in a big way. Many thanks to Barry, Lefi, Paula, Veronica, Alan and Jason for making my job easier. Thanks also to Alan, Warren and Paul for contributing photos.

I think (now that surprised you, didn't it!) rather than prattle on about what a great time the Dive Club's been having, I'll just shut up (stop cheering) and let you get on with reading. Happy diving.

David Hirst
David Hirst

P.S. Extra thanks to those who submitted typed articles. May Jason's Karma bless you in your next night dive.

PRESIDENT'S RAVE

Rumour has it, I'm to be viciously slandered by various members of the Underwater Club in this publication, so I thought it only fair that I had my say:

IT'S ALL LIES!!

Not a word of truth amongst it! But, to other matters - it seems that for about 75% of the members of the Underwater Club, this mag is the only contact they have with the club. WHY??!! If people are so rich that they just want to pay \$15 at the start of the year, then forget about it, that's fine (what the hell - I do it every year with the Rec Centre!) but if you want to get your money's worth then get off your asses and participate.

A list of upcoming events is included in this publication, so there's no excuse for not knowing about these things. If you want any more information about anything, or if you've got ideas for trips, events, etc., see the notice board or turn up to the meetings and ask (still Friday 1 - 2 pm PLT3).

Barry Corkill
Barry Corkill

Barry Forced Signature

NOTE: TO THOSE OF YOU WHO WERE EXPECTING TO RECEIVE THIS MAG EARLIER, SORRY! THE CHEAP PHOTOCOPIER I USE WAS KAPUT FOR SEVERAL DAYS, DUE TO SOME CRETIN POURING HIS COFFEE OVER IT!

ANOTHER NOTICE FOR UNDERWATER HOCKEY

Despite the incredible turnout following the last advertisement, we still have space available for people interested in playing underwater hockey, so... if you want to join a team or if you've got half-a-dozen friends keen and you want to form a team, give Barry Corkill a ring on 456-506 (evenings only).

NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY!

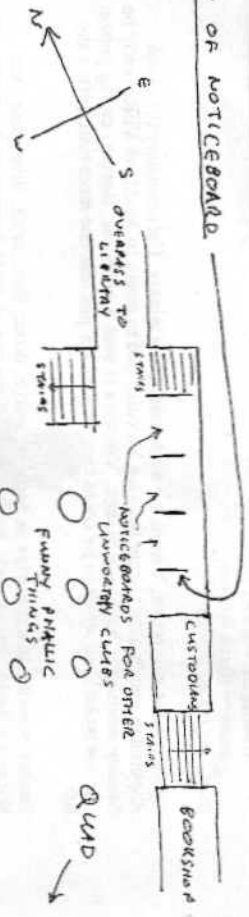


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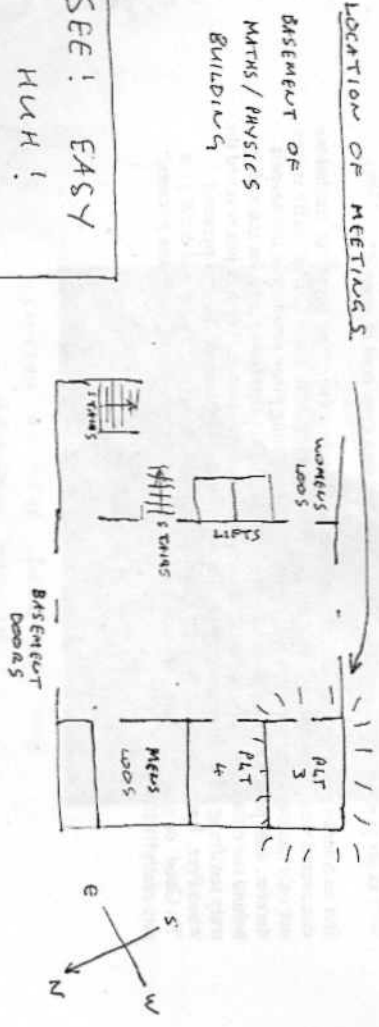
"GRRR! YOU FOOLS! HOW CAN THEY FIND THE MEETINGS OR THE NOTICEBOARD IF THEY DON'T KNOW WHERE THEY ARE?"

ED. SEZ: "SIMPLE! JUST FOLLOW THESE HARD-TO-DECIPHER MAPS"

LOCATION OF NOTICEBOARD



LOCATION OF MEETINGS



An Easter weekend A.U.C.-style (or Drink, Dive, Dine Wainui)

By Friday about ten people had taken up residence at Wainui Bay and two groups had ventured out to dive the Rainbow Warrior. Thankfully Lief and his depth sounder managed to find her. Barry was trying to instigate a grid search on snorkel over half the goddam Bay of Islands!!

By Saturday morning the full contingent of 23 people had arrived, and the day was spent diving, drinking and dining depending on time of day and personal inclination. By dusk everyone was (temporarily) dived out and the camp site looked like a bomb site. So while two of the group managed to score free food and alcohol at the local marae, the rest adjourned to the Whangarua pub.

Olaf and Daniel decided they liked Black Russians so much that they tried to drink as many as physically possible in one night - rumour has it that nine were consumed before Daniel went for walk and "fed the fish".

The competition of the weekend however was that between Veronica and Lindsay... the roles were simple enough - each competitor took turns naming a drink and the other competitor paid for it. They only had to remember what they had consumed and in what order and the first person to pike out (as it were) lost. Since the competition was so important to the future happiness and present reputation of both Veronica and Lindsay, two fine upstanding citizens were appointed as judges. Well, after a...

- Tequila Sunrise
 - Bicardi, Lime and Lemonade
 - Black Russian
 - Cointreau, Bicardi and Lemonade (now known as a Wainui Bay)
 - Double Drumbute
 - Double Cointreau
 - Double Scotch and Dry
 - another Black Russian ...
- they "ran out of money"!!!!

As the photos will prove, Veronica was definitely the winner. Unfortunately the much disputed re-match didn't occur because Veronica had to return to Auckland VERY early on Sunday morning. Thankfully though, Veronica is such a generous, sharing, caring person that she woke Lindsay up so he could congratulate her just that one more time before she left.

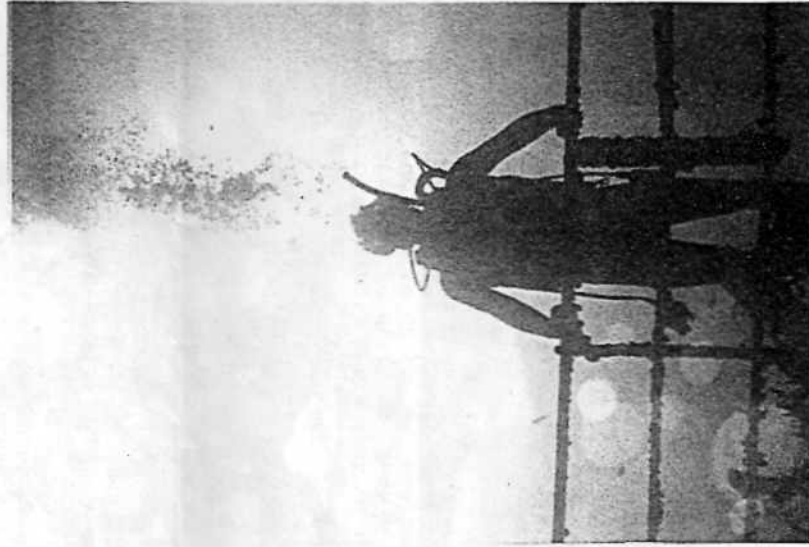
Sunday passed much the same as Saturday - dive, drink, dine, drink, dine - but Without a doubt Sunday night was the night of the trip. A night never to be forgotten. On Sunday night Jason L. Carroll shared the innermost secrets on his past with us. Only Friday Jason had generously shared his \$9.40 Joseph Khutze, his "So Good", and his tofu - as well as his plans for re-populating Chad, using his own gene pool of course!!

But on Sunday night, in front of a blazing fire and beside a dwindling supply of alcohol we discovered what a modest, shy and retiring guy Jason Indiana Jones Carroll really is. Yes, not only has our Jason survived (unharmd?) a devastating plane accident in the deepest, darkest, unexplored regions of the Amazon jungle, he has also found pigmies marauding behind the oaken doors of a pyramid in these same savage terrains. We had just reached the truly terrifying part - big, brave Jason was about to actually enter the evil pyramid - when Prez. Barry overcame with awe and respect told Jason to "Shut up and drink your 'So Good' or else" so we'll never know what Jason experienced inside the pyramid. pity really!!!!!!

Monday was go home stay home day so we all (well, not quite all, not looking at anyone in particular David!) frantically dismantled tents, had one last dive, stowed gear, and returned boats to trailers, then headed for the Whangarei Golden Arches. Then it was home to HOT showers, clean hair, and (for those lucky few) Mothers who wash their clothes.

P.S/N B Extreme thanks is expressed to Lief for the use of his boat and his depth sounder and his untiring boat-master skills. Thanks Lief, we really appreciated it.

WHEN IT ALL COMES DOWN TO IT,
THIS IS WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT.



LINDSAY ON THE DECK OF THE
"RAINBOW WARRIOR"

FOUNTAIN CRAWL '90

ADVENTURES OF BOATMAN by Leif Pigott
or "An alternative view of Wainui Bay"

Driving up to Wainui Bay along with 8 tanks, 6 sets of gear and 3 tents in the van, it wasn't hard to work out why the van was having a few problems going up the hills (5 years of physics are paying off) with only 1200 cc's in the motor.

Once the small job of moving the contents of the van to the campsite was complete (thank you to those who helped) it was time to watch the late comedy, or was it a horror show? Yes! Engineers putting up the tents. Yes! All corners had to be exactly square (why, noone knows).

The next day introduced me to the fun of being Boatman (what a title). Basically it involves:

- making sure people have to swim into the current where and if possible
- making sure I wasn't over the Rainbow Warrior
- putting up with moaning (yes, you're all good at that!), vomiting (Chuck showing style), headaches and of course the usual blood/snot (where are the depth charges).
- trying to gaff divers
- trying to plane the boat; certain members of the club need to lose weight (too much crayfish Anthony)
- trying to attract sharks
- deflating BCD's before throwing them in
- turning air off before passing tanks to those in the water
- lifting everything
- refuelling
- trying to get the most bumpy ride possible (my version of the Easter show).

Do you realise how much it pisses me off when after each dive everyone keeps saying how great it is?

Some people (mainly short females) are very stupid, who in their right mind would put a mask on and look over the side at the great vis. Someone did and due to their lack of height they were almost right out of the boat in doing so. Such a little push was all that was needed for them to go for an unexpected swim. I'm a complete and utter bastard (but it can't be proven)!

Note: Getting someone out of bed can be done with a lot less moaning on my part if I'm offered a reason to get up e.g. breakfast. It's better than having someone say "Good morning Leif. We're going diving. Do you (and your boat) want to come?".

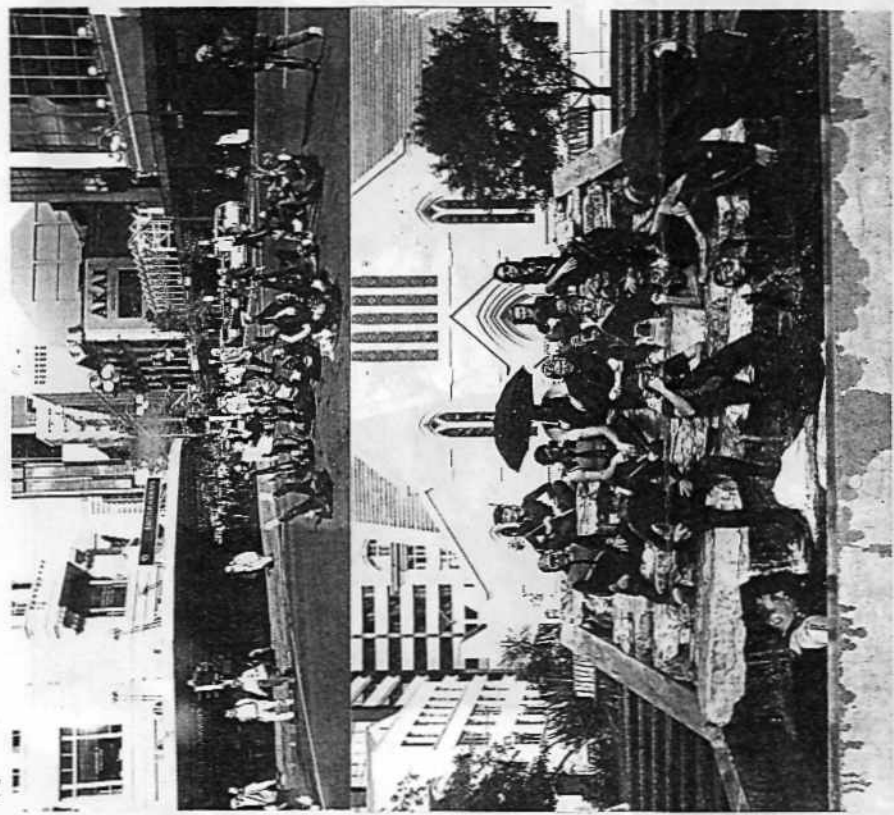
Also, thanks should go to the poor people who ended up with all the tanks to fill.

"DEAD ANTS"
CUSTOMS ST

FEDERAL ST
CATHEDRAL

CHASE
PLAZA

WHY ARE THEY
ALL SMILING?



MISC. PHOTOS



SO WHAT by Leif Pigott

The official expression is "so what"! Let me explain.
 So what if (in 4 days) we:
 1) totalled my father's boat trailer (so what)
 2) totalled the steering cable in the boat (so what)
 3) did major damage to the boat's paintwork (so what)
 4) had a flat tyre (so what)
 5) had another flat tyre (so what)
 6) bent a wheel rim (so what)
 7) ran out of rum (so what)
 8) had a tent which left my gear in a pool of water (so what)
 9) had more food than we knew what to do with (so what)
 10) had a lovesick president (so what).

But, we did have plenty (i.e. half a carload) of food and the camp only charged us on our mental age (under 15's get charged only \$2.50 p/p a night!).
 His doubt you, like me, thought "you are what you eat" was just another of those annoying sayings that your mother invented to get you to eat good (in her opinion) healthy food. Yet we in the dive club have a living example of this saying: yes, the one and only Paul. He gets his curly noodle-like hair from 2-minute noodles! He brought up 10 packets for 4 days and none returned!

Barry, our almost beloved president was acting very strangely. Symptoms included getting up early, not eating much, not sleeping well, getting up early, only drinking heavily for one night, sipping around, and making strange murmurings about a piece of caviar and whether she still had it!
 Now for some personal abuse. (What, you mean you haven't started yet? - ed.)
 Paul (noodle man) The nicest zipper in the west, with the weakest bladder, he got up every morning at 4am to water the grass.

Ernie The ear, with no taste buds. Yes, he can drink! Buccaneer run.
 Dave Kept telling me how to throw up underwater through the reg (the one I was using) and kept inquiring about how it tasted and smelt. He can almost catch fish too.
 Barry He gains great amusement by leaning over the side and watching whole peach slices drift away in the current. (Amazing how little canned peach slices are chewed.) They were still visible 10m down.

Me (Leif) Kept saying strange things, mainly in my sleep, which always started with "Hi Dad. About the boat..." or "Hi Dad. You know the boat...", "Hi Dad. The boat is insured, isn't it?"
 (Excuse me, I'm just removing some knives from my back.)
 P.S. Paul, Bruce, Dave and Barry all need practice at catching crayfish. So what! It was still a good trip.



↑ MAKE YOUR OWN CAPTION
 DOES ANYONE RECOGNIZE THIS EX-DIVE CLUB PRESIDENT? →

We got off to a pretty shambolic start to our trip with last minute notice of their being no working compressor on board the Norseman. Some frantic dialling and grovelling on bended knee saw us through with various members bringing extra tanks to cover for 8 divers Thursday & 12 on Friday. So if there are any members who haven't been on our trips yet and you're using lack of gear as an excuse, we have heaps of contacts there is a spare sz 4 wetsuit, all sorts of other dive stuff and I've even been known to lend out my spare 2nd stage.

Leif breathed huge sighs of relief to see the van loaded to below the window line so we made it easy via Whangarei McDonalds and pier, Tukaka wharf to the pub, our ultimate destination. The barlady was admirably concerned for our health, drinking and diving she declared was not good for the body.

As it happened the boat trip was more harmful to the health than it he diving. I counted three people laying ground bait, as they say. The personnel were Dave Hoy, Richard Imrie, Clive Monds, Me, Leif, Igott, Conrad, Bruce Tricker, and his mate Robert. You can take your pick from that lineup as to who puked, I wont get involved with defamation, it's just not nice.

Our first dive was at Air-Bubble-Cave, we failed to find the bloody thing (hence boring dive) but several divers had fun watching the boat drift off in the hailstorm and 60 knot winds as they bobbed about like corks preparing to go down.

Second dive was in Maomao cave, Sth Harbour. It was characteristically brilliant. Vis was a little reduced at only 70-80 feet, bow sad it sure beats diving the Hauraki Gulf.

To say the trip back was uncomfortable is a lie. After 1 1/2 hours of bang, crash, wallow, we weren't quite level with the Pinnacles and the Knights still loomed large over the stern. We were making forward progress, just, but it took 2-3/4 hours for the 12 mile journey.

Six of us liked it so much we stayed for Friday's trip (as planned). The rest were Antony, Jenny, Olaf, Kevin, Hamish, & Paul I think!

Now for some facts on Ngunguru takeaways. There is no truth to the rumour that it is a good source of food. Indeed if the shark they sold contained any mercury it would only have been beneficial to the taste. Beer aided digestion (how unusual), so the pub made a bit of money off us Thursday. While most went straight back to the boat to juggle for bedspace, 5 of us enjoyed the hospitality of a neighbouring couple on-board a big old ketch, enough said.

Friday was a much better trip weatherwise and divewise. We dived Barren-Arch first. It is not as barren as the name suggests and would be a haven for u/water photography. To appreciate it you have to swim over a rocky ledge at about 6 feet then you descend again into an 80-90 foot gut it's huge and looks great with the sunlight streaming in one end. The Tunnel in Sth Harbour was our second dive spot.

The idea was, in the skipper's words, 'to look out for the biggest crayfish ever seen at the Knights', forget it, it wasn't there. The only cray hole Leif and I saw had a very large grandady hapuku with an even larger conger eel in behind it. I stayed around long enough to see it was getting pretty restless and then skeddaddled when it straightened up and came at us.

Aah hell as I come to the end of this I've just remembered Warren was there, not Paul, humble apologies. It was a basically uneventful trip one torch lost, but that's nothing by our standards. As always the worst part was going home to clean-up the gear and cram in the assignments due after mid-term.

Thats it, please excuse the typing, roll on Mokohinau!

Alan Shore

PUB NIGHT

(SORRY FOLKS, DON'T KNOW WHO WROTE THIS.)

The first annual Dive Club pub night began at the London Bar on a Friday night with more than just Jason turning up for a change. We started at one table and spread to three - two table's beside'fled when they saw Olaf's shirt coming through the door. A couple of hours later our table's were starting to become crammed with beer bottles - among them Mac's Gold, Lowenbrau, Australian Redback, Tsingtao, Grolsch and dare I mention it ... a Rheineck, (consumed by an escaped mental patient who answers to Dave Hirst). The Best Beer Award of the night however, was chosen from among many drunk by two highly qualified judges, Alan and The Export - that beer was Ceres Strong, a Danish brew that both judges would swim to Denmark for. Later on that night those who couldn't handle the pace went to the movies while the rest of us went to the Queen's Head for a poetry reading by Jason and a handle of Speights (we were very short of cash by this stage). The night ended at the Mexican Cafe where we each had a nacho (we were very, very short of cash by this stage). We all refused a ride home in Dave Hoy's stretch limo preferring our own transport, but thanks anyway Dave - maybe next time.

COMING EVENTS

COCKTAIL EVENING !!! 8PM, SAT 1ST OF SEPTEMBER
52 CONNELL ST, BLOCKHOUSE BAY
CALL WARREN (676-187) OR VERONICA (689-255)
TO CONFIRM YOUR PRESENCE AND TO FIND OUT WHAT TO BRING.

SEE THE NOTICEBOARD OR COME TO MEETINGS TO LEARN ABOUT TRIPS.

5/29/81
066/990

Of course, some members of the Underwater Club are at their most 'creative' whilst under the influence. Here are examples by two different authors. In both cases I have attempted to keep the spelling and grammar unchanged. The first is something that Jason calls 'Poetry'.....

This is a story about me,
 It was a time filled with mirth,
 I think I slept on a smurf,
 While the river ran three.

....
 Then I found an economist
 Of course he was pissed
 Then he drank a beer
 "Just as well he wasn't queer"

....
 Then I went for a dive,
 Then I had a spew,
 Luckey I was still alive,
 As diver's brains are few.

....
 Dave has this thing that's not too small,
 If you look too hard there's nothing there at all.

The second contribution was written by Veronica and Alan and could probably be thought of as the unofficial version of the Poor Knights trip (see elsewhere for the official version).

It began on a Wednesday Leif departed Northcote 6 hours later we left Browns Bay. We're there and others got there before us.

We went to the pub and all the money was falling out of the poker machine. The trip out was really really rough the trip back was really really really rough and Conrad, Clive and Dave laid ground bait all the way there and back.

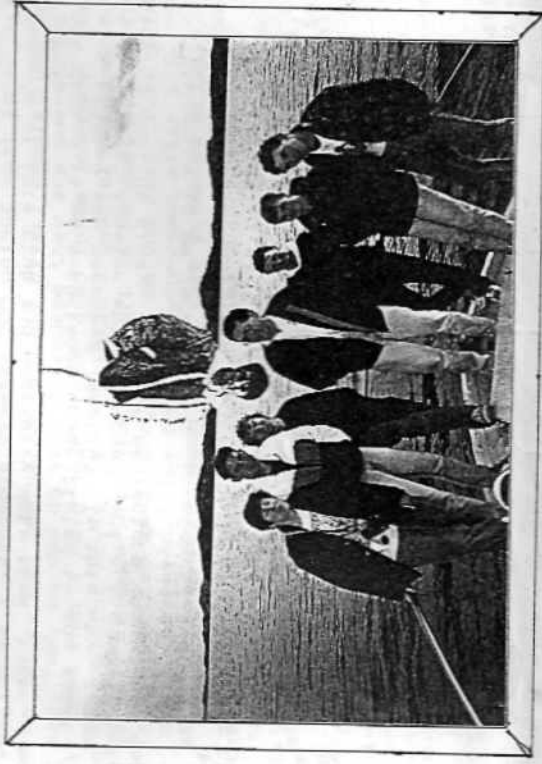
Alan failed us yet again and we dived at nowhere cave - we were supposed to dive at Air Bubble Cave. Despite a hailstorm our brave heroes dived under strenuous conditions and made it back. Bruce lost his torch and his (some word I CANNOT read - ed.) (not that he had one in the first place).

The second dive was at Mao Mao arch it was brilliant - water aerobics was performed by Alan. The trip back took 2 1/2 hours. We saw mermaids no I was not marked.

Day 2 was preceded by night 1k in the pub. Severe Downer. Barnmaid tried to wean us off beer. She was concerned for our health. Then Me Hamish Dave Jenny Tony went on board a schooner at the wharf and drink more amber stuff.

This pissed bitch repeated her story to us about Princess Mary's Hospital Decompression Chamber dry Dive at least 15 times this spiel was mixed with stories about Stewart Island Scallops the same size as Susan Rencouf's diaphragm. (Here the handwriting changes - ed.) Alan made a fool of himself for the two days of

the trip - he was finally tossed overboard by the rest of the team who couldn't stand his presence any more and he swam back with those horny mermaids (handwriting changes again - ed.) SHIT it was good!



"THE HEROES"
 STANDING: JENNY, WARREN, BRUCE, ANTHONY, DAVE, LEIF, ALAN
 FLOATING: KEVIN



ANTHONY
 REMOVES HIS
 APPENDIX THE
 HARD WAY.



THE FINER POINTS OF NIGHT DIVING by Jason Carroll

is an attempt to elevate Flotsam from degenerating to mere sarcastic quips from boring MSC seaweed students, I am writing to uplift members of this club and hopefully make them safer, more aware divers.

Night diving is an experience unparalleled in any sport for wetness, coldness and deepness (Really? Is this why Jason is known as the 'nees' monster while diving? arf arf - ed.). Before contemplating a night dive, a number of factors should be borne in mind.

- 1) It's going to be dark.
Young divers have fallen into the trap of neglecting this vital point!
- 2) The decision to do a night dive will usually be made on Friday night.
"Friday night?", I hear you ask. Because to do such a thing requires a long visit to Shadows.
- 3) The dive spot is always far away.
When anxiety sets in as one sobers up... to the realisation of what one is about to do. (A tonic here is useful.)

4) You're going to have to come with less gear than a normal dive.
Most people leave either masks, BCD's or extra weights behind. These problems are small compared to what is to come.

5) Entering the water sends the body into shock.
The water is so cold that shock, followed by coma and death can occur. However as luck would have it, the latter two are avoidable by the imbibment of antifreeze for 2-5 hours before the dive.

Steps 6)-10) will not be included, as it is not the writers intention to discourage budding young divers from the wonders of the DEEP!

SAFETY POINTS

As your torch does not work, it is best to stick close to your buddy (a bear hug to his leg is preferable). You may notice difficulty in staying on the bottom 'being underweighted'. This problem can be quickly solved by picking up a large stone. However, be careful doing this as organisms with large claws and sharp teeth live under these stones.

Never under any circumstances make big pools of bioluminescence and comment on how wonderful they are. Research has indicated that doing this causes dioxin release and also attracts sharks. Cyalumes have been known to reduce reproductive success.

Not every man can become a night diver. People come up to me and say, "Why do you do it?" Of course they are awe-struck when I tell them that I have nearly completed three journeys into the jaws of a gaping abyss. No, it takes a special breed of man, one who is able to dice with death as well as he does his nails, one who is as fearless as a loon. (What do you mean 'as a loon...?' Why not 'as Jason.' The two are synonymous after all. - ed.) yet still able to enjoy good poetry (See examples of this later - ed.). Being a vegetarian and having exceptionally good Karma is another major contributing factor for my recent success.

Now, there are people out there who have all of these qualities, except good Karma, which is a major limiting factor. This problem can be overcome in two ways. The first is to dive with me, the second is to improve your Karma.

To improve your Karma quickly use Sadaks Vindish Morish Bucklewack, which is a special herbal formula for night divers suffering from bad Karma. To use this method, mix the herbal formula with approximately 8 gallons of water and one teaspoon of 'SO GOOD'. (go easy on the 'SO GOOD' as it's rather strong), heat to body temperature, drink, then tie yourself to a chair for a few hours. The effects are rather harsh for people with bad Karma. I, having such a high level of Karma, am able to drink 'SO GOOD' straight from the carton!

I am actually thinking of starting a night divers' school for the few who think they have got what it takes. If you are interested in becoming a safer night diver and one of life's winners (<<< cough! >>> - ed.), please feel free to send me a mental note - after 6pm would be preferable as before this time I'm usually out to lunch.

I hope this article has been informative and enlightening and that by reading this you may become a better person.

JASON
IMPROVES HIS

KARMA

