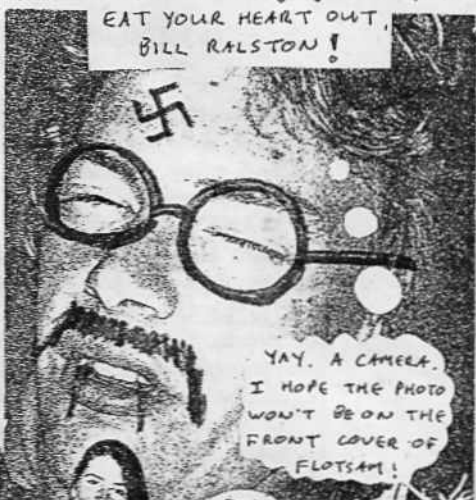


# (FLOTSAM #3) IN CASE YOU HADN'T GUESSED



IT'S ALL RATHER A WORRY, REALLY. GET YOUR HAND OUT OF MY EAR, BARRY.....

LET'S SEE, WHAT OTHER BORING, HUMORLESS CAPTION CAN I PUT IN THIS PART OF THE PAGE?



EAT YOUR HEART OUT, BILL RALSTON!

YAY. A CAMERA. I HOPE THE PHOTO WON'T BE ON THE FRONT COVER OF FLOTSAM!

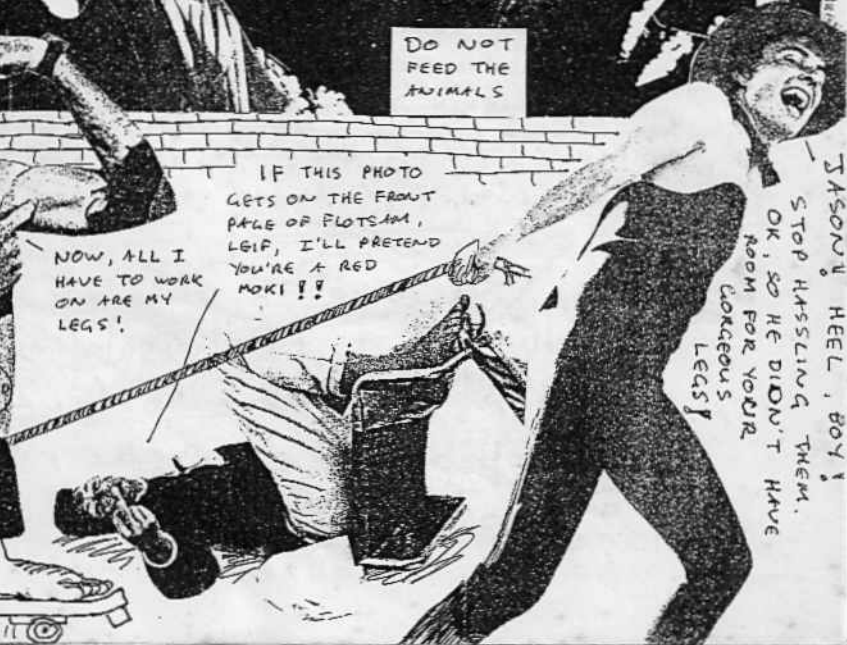
SPOT THE TWINS



DO NOT FEED THE ANIMALS

IF THIS PHOTO GETS ON THE FRONT PAGE OF FLOTSAM, LEGIF, I'LL PRETEND YOU'RE A RED MOKI !!

NOW, ALL I HAVE TO WORK ON ARE MY LEGS!



JASON'S HEEL, BOY! STOP HASSLING THEM. OK, SO HE DIDN'T HAVE ROOM FOR YOUR LORGIOUS LEGS!



# A ARTICLE BY E. J. O.

## It could happen to you too...

It was too early to be moving and too damned cold to think of diving at 7.00 a.m. in May, as we headed out of Tauranga on the "Anteus" destined for Astrolabe reef, and ultimately White Island. I felt invigorated (from last night's gin) and flexed my muscles from yesterday's heavy workout (god, the walk down that pier is a killer). While standing there that cold morning I decided to pache myself up to getting in the water in just over an hour by going back to bed. When the boat finally shut off its engines I was all geared up ready for action - to throw up actually, going back inside hadn't been one of my better ideas. Not to worry though, after having dreams of pink kiwis with purple spots (Ronnie's visions at Kai Iwi lakes) I was ready to tackle anything - where's that warm bunk?... I don't care what anybody says, I did hear those kiwis!

Leif and I drifted down the anchor line to the bottom at 120ft, and then went up to the reef opposite us at around 80ft where we spent most of the dive. Using one of many awesome talents, I swam along with one eye on potential cray holes and the other eye searching for kingies. Both eyes must have wandered to potential kingies as I almost bumped into the crayfish. I extended my hand in friendship but he didn't want to come and see me, so it was an intense struggle with turbulent emotions on whether or not I should drop the gun and use two hands. I wanted to give it a fighting chance though - which is why in the first place I didn't just shove my gun down the hole and say, "cunnon out with your feelers up or I'll blow you into a million little pieces!" (I've got to stop watching those underwater westerns). One legless cray later stuffed into the catchbag I was soon drooling over a black grouper sitting outside his boulder home, visualizing big, juicy grouper steaks in the frying pan - but I shook my head and restrained myself, and told him it was his lucky day that I was an educated person that respected his species. At that point a lone kingie cruised by so I kicked off to follow, but decided not to overtake it since I wanted to conserve air.

Soon we were being knocked around at the top of the reef at 60ft, having run out of time. As we drifted up around 30ft we were suddenly surrounded by a huge school of trevally instantly followed by an equally large school of kawha. Koharu followed, creating a dizzying whirlpool in open water. With my mind reeling from all the movement I wanted to get to the surface. I wanted to cry in frustration as I saw two large kingies pass slowly beneath me, but I had to go up and perform the B. Corkill Manoeuvre (for those not familiar with medical terminology, this means to empty the contents of your stomach - named after the most practiced person in the dive club; note, this is not the same as the S. Corkill Manoeuvre which involves backflipping off of a balcony onto a brick landing - an EJ party trick. Please don't try this at home as it can be extremely dangerous!). Anyway, to get to the original point of this story... I was signalling to Leif at 15ft to go up, but he pointed to his ear indicating a reverse block, so I waited. Just a few seconds later he motioned that he could go up so we started to ascend slowly looking up and around us. We both happened to be looking in the same direction, and saw a motor boat coming straight for us. All I could think was, "why we hadn't heard it?", and of all the ocean out there why straight for us like it was on a mission? (can sprats drive?). Leif immediately duck-dived and I simply exhaled with one arm outstretched overhead because I wanted to watch it overhead. I was completely relaxed as I knew that Ronnie "the Rescue Diver" would save me if I got in trouble - no seriously, I was going to stick to the facts. I was shaken up as that had been too close for comfort. I think Leif shared my sentiments as he was uttering every explicit expletive known, upon surfacing.

The moral of the story is - no matter how unlikely that a boat will be

around, when surfacing in open water don't rely solely on your hearing and constantly look up and around. You never know if some idiot is going to be breaking speed barriers in a dive area (Blair, where were you during that dive...), That was pretty serious so just to end with a bit of levity - Ronnie a "Rescue Diver?" - hahahahah! (just as hysterical actually is Jaymie "the Rescue Diver" who started drowning upon surfacing, after "rescuing" the victim!).

- Hey Jaymie, one weight belt plus one weight belt = negative buoyancy. Even so, maybe if you had shut your mouth while sinking, half the Kai Iwi lakes wouldn't have rushed in! - what am I thinking? - Jaymie keep her mouth shut!



CORPORATE TRAINING VIDEO #7  
"GETTING TO THE TOP OF YOUR HEAD"  
SIMPLE: JUST ENSURE THAT EVERYONE BELOW YOU IS RISSED AND/OR GETS THE GIGGLES AT THE MOMENT OF TAKEOVER

To all you newer members tyhinking about attending a dive trip. A quick note involving the other D word: Drinking! This is a religion to which most regular dive club members seem to have been baptised and with which most commune with regularly.

Anyway, a note on what this communion involves, ie Drinking Games. There are 2 basic rules:

1. Never argue with the Pope  
ie. Blair  
as he may get violent and fall on the ground at your feet seriously damaging the second most important part of your body (your fin feet-coming a close second to the cray arm)
2. If you are a beginner and feel a little unsure of yourself and the new abilities you are about to unfold make sure you begin playing when there is a game of "21" on or when the game "mexicans" is in progress.  
If the game is 21 be sure that either a certain Jason or a certain EJ are playing as you can't lose and will see how the game unfolds without meeting with an unfortunate "accident".  
If the game is mexicans make sure you start early and get in before a certain warren starts falling off logs, as again you can't lose and will soon get the play of the game.

Now be sensible and follow these two simple rules. If you do you will learn quickly and effeciently and you'll (probably) still be ok to go diving.



HAVE I MISSED SOMETHING? WHAT'S SO FUNNY?

"CULLIVER'S DOWNFALL" AT WAIDUI BAY

IT TOOK 11 PEGS TO WAKE HIM UP.

# The Poor Knights - March 23'rd '91

by Brigid McKay (better late than never!!)

At last we arrived in Tutukaka (don't worry, Ronnie knows the way!!), quenched our thirst at the Game Fishing Club (which was humming) and eventually found everyone and the boat (at least those keen ones that stayed Friday nite on the boat).

Morning promised a good day, and when everyone had arrived from North (San and his big black Merc) and South, we headed off to the renowned Knights. As far as I know, everyone 'survived' the trip out, even though the boat almost didn't when the steering cable broke!

As this was my first visit to the Poor Knights (and definitely not my last) and regardless of the many stories I'd heard and read, I was quite unprepared for what greeted me when we finally got to dive. Certainly the visibility was the best I'd encountered, as all my previous dives (10, to be exact) were in about 20' vis, so heck, 60' was incredible! Anyway, the sights were breathtaking (it's difficult to "ooh" and "aah" into a mouthpiece). Such rich, dense growth and the wild kaleidoscope of colours under the kelp forest was beautiful. Anemones, hydroids, soft corals, bryozoans, ascidians, sponges.....oh, and fish; you name it and it was there! (Though apparently better a little deeper.) (How deep this time, E.J. ? - ed)

The second dive had me feeling a lot more relaxed and time was spent poking around, getting under the kelp forest for a closer look and Warren (buddy for the day) showed off his acrobatic skills with a few summersaults and handstands. The Benson & Hedges Fashion Award for Underwater Fluoro Colour Coordination goes to Ronnie and buddy San!

All too soon, the day was over, and after a touristy look inside Rikoriko cave, we were Tutukaka-bound, leaving the Poor Knights in the shadows at dusk. Refuelling at Pizza Hut saw our group of weary divers struggling with the kiddy puzzles (and we are meant to be intelligent students??).

All in all, a great day! Thanks to the skipper and the good ship 'Lady Jess', Alan Shore for organising and everyone who went along for making it both entertaining and memorable!

As a final note, I'd just like to say that on this trip, and all the others I've been on, I've been impressed with the organisation and enthusiasm of all involved. I've certainly enjoyed everything so far and have found fellow members friendly and fun people to dive and party with! All you 'pseudomembers' don't know what you're missing out on!

## Sum Kwotes courtesy of Blair Telfer

Ed sez: "The following are in no particular order having been reproduced from the author's train of thought so it woz not me who wrote them down honest and please don't hit me or send letter-bombs to my flat 'cos it's a shared letterbox and anyway I just type wot I'm given so there."

EJ.: "I was narced out of my brain.....again".

Jason Carroll: "What cray pot?"  
(and while playing drinking games) ".....21. Oh, not again!"

Veronica Kennedy (B.A.): "I need more brains!  
"I'm not going to drink this weekend."  
"I don't like alcohol."  
"What red mokis?"

Stella Bodine: "Is this some male bonding, or can I join in?"

Andrew Tennant: "Yeah, go for it. We know you want to."

Jacki McDonald: (on the subject of Barry) "I don't think he'll do it at all!"

Bruce Tricker: (on the subject of San Lo) "I was down there asking for something and he gave it to me."

Olaf van Daalen: "The only way in is through the rear hatch."

Brigid McKay: (to a room of 7 guys) "I'll take them all, one at a time."

Andrew : "I'll take that!!"

Passengers in Blair's car: (screaming) "LOOK OUT!!!!"

Brigid: (to be read in a high-class English accent) "Oh NO! I was brought up in the country!" (all I can say is "Baaaaa" - ed.)

Jacki: (to Barry) "Can you blow down my leg?"

Leif Pigott: "Umm....."

LEIF AGAIN: "E.J. is not here. It won't make any difference"

Bruce: "God, this is taking a long time.....come on, guys!"

Brigid: "I only score at night."

"If I can kick Bruce [Tricker] out of my bed, I can kick anyone out."

Blair Telfer: "If no-one else wants it, I'll have one."

Brigid: "I can't do this myself, I have to have a helper."

(to Bruce) "You can look all you like - you're not going to find it!"

Andrew: "I've got it safely hidden where no-one can touch it."

Warren Sharp: (in car with Blair) "Of course that isn't a traffic officer."

EJ. "Honestly Blair, your jokes are funny, you're a great driver, you look beautiful in the morning and of course, I love Waikato beer."

Brigid: "I still haven't scored - beat that!"



OLAF SLUMBERS, UNAWARE  
OF THE FACT THAT REAL  
BATS HANG BY THEIR  
FEET.

OR "BTEAM ME UP, SCOTTY..."

BTEAM - get it? Huh? De 307 Huh?



I WONDER IF ANYONE  
WILL NOTICE?

GEEZ... ONIONS, EGGS,  
BAKED BEANS... YUP. HMB  
TO BE BAKED BEANS,  
WARREN, YOU STUPID!

## Scallop Research

© J.L. Carroll 1991

O.K., with the scallop season coming, I thought a few pointers for the young diver might be useful. As a biologist, I have taken a keen interest in the size frequencies, ontogeny and demography of scallops in my area. After years of careful study, I have uncovered a disturbing new adaptation which has become more and more prevalent due to the constant selective pressure from divers such as yourselves. The phenomenon I am referring to is termed "Somatic Bending", which gives this bivalve an amazing ability to enlarge or contract its shell diameter by up to 15mm.

When an animal with somatic ability is disturbed, it attempts, via dorso-ventral contraction of the adductor muscle, to reduce its shell diameter to below 100mm i.e. below the legal length. Hence when an animal is measured, it will fail to reach the required size and be returned to the beds. Here is where the danger lies: there will be an increasing number of scallops with this somatic ability relative to the overall population number as divers return these shellfish to the beds. The higher proportion of scallops with somatic ability will mean that these individuals will spawn and produce more affected animals in subsequent seasons. Soon it may be impossible to find enough legal scallops to fill a quota. A prime example of this was at the end of the last season when Veronica, Alan and I went for a scallop dive on what I thought was a productive bed. Out of two full catchbags, all but five scallops exhibited somatic bending! This is indeed a grave problem.

Unfortunately, this is becoming a problem with crayfish also. Due to the new measuring system, somatic shrinking is becoming evident. This problem never arose with the old system, as tails could be stretched to overcome somatic effects. Thus adapted individuals never gained a foothold in the population, as has occurred in the scallop population.

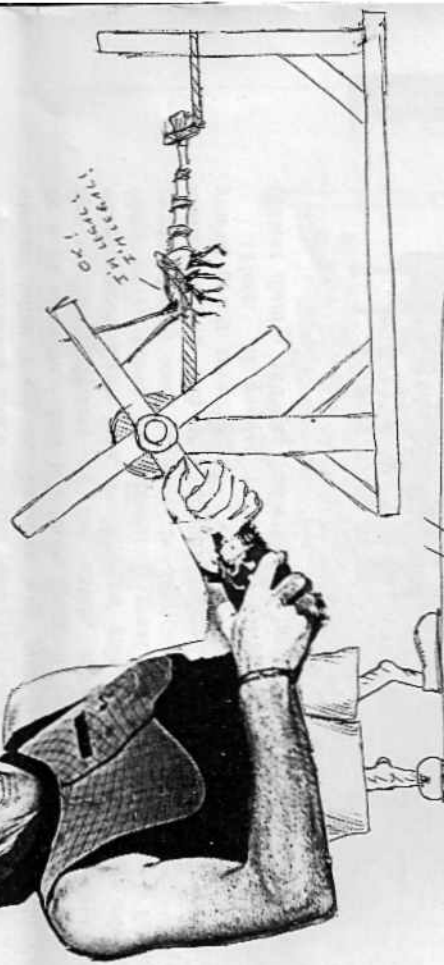
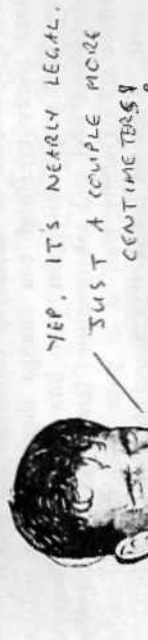
"Is there no hope?", I hear you say. Well there is light at the end of the tunnel. After dissecting thousands of scallops and subjecting them to many physiological, behavioural and environmental forms of vivisection, I have come to the conclusion that there is only one method of altering the effects of this troublesome bending. That is by a predatory shock. When a scallop senses a starfish, it immediately tries to swim away, therein relaxing its somatic posture. Placing a starfish in the bottom of your catchbag can, to a small extent, limit the effects of somatic bending. However, great success has been reported by

the use of my new Anti-Somatic Starfish Endoplasm Powder, or Ass-ep as it is known. One diver noted that since he had been using Ass-ep, he had not caught a single scallop less than 130mm in length for over a year. This is clear proof of the effectiveness of the powder, which is sprinkled liberally into a catchbag. Ass-ep will be on sale at the next Dive Club meeting for only \$ 23-95. A new powder will be developed for crayfish should the need arise.

So have a safe and successful scallop-diving season and remember - use Ass-ep to stop the bending! Follow the rules and have plenty of those yummy bivalves all season long.

P.S. Don't let Leif measure your catch under any circumstances.

(What cracks me up is a vision of Jason putting crayfish on a miniature rack to stretch their tails and make them legal! - ed.)



## MEMBERSHIP CHANGEZ :

FROM WHAT I CAN GATHER, WE HAVE THE FOLLOWING NEW

MEMBERS: SHANNON MASTERSON 12 CHORLEY AVE, MASSETT

and TONY AITKEN - SAME ADDRESS + PHONE Ph 832-5344  
AS MICHELLE VAN DALEN

also JOHN FRYE - COULD YOU LET ME (OR SOMEONE) KNOW YOUR  
ADDRESS + PHONE # PLEASE?

COULD WAYNE WALKER AND MICHAEL BEWICK PLEASE CONFIRM THEIR NEW  
ADDRESSES? THANKS.

## Oh No! It's E.S. AGAIN

It came lurking around the corner, a huge dark ominous shape that stopped briefly to viciously attack the seaweed in a violent frenzy. Its awesome muscles rippled and as the diver hung motionless in the water with the hawaiian sling, it seemed to change shape - was it a kingfish? No, now it's looking like a blue maomao. Whatever it was, the diver cautiously stalked this ferocious beast. Absolutely amazing! The diver was able to go right up to it and, not believing such good fortune, put a sling right up against the head and fire - what an awesome shot! But, what's this? It looks red now with, no... not stripes - "Oh no, not ANOTHER red moki!" (famous quote for an unnamed person).

Has this ever happened to you? Do you suffer constantly from the diver's syndrome of mistaking disguised red mokis? Be warned - these tricky creatures can change themselves at will so colour changes and stripes disappear. So how do you know what it is? Simple: shoot first and ask questions later. So what happens if you do shoot it? Quietly stuff it in your catchbag and sneak back on the boat. Once on board, find a secluded spot and fillet it, discarding the rest of the incriminating evidence. While frying up your incredible catch of the day that evening, act casual and modest when everyone wonders why you didn't mention it before in a fit of pride. Just tell those ignorant, jealous people that a true hunter never boasts of the catch, as it's a common-enough occurrence. Can't lose, really; you gain admiration in the diving community, never go without a meal (as red mokus are found everywhere) and don't waste countless dive time chasing those more sporting fish that actually move. Follow this advice and you've got it sussed!

Note: if anyone takes this article seriously, I'll personally skewer them - and get Stella to yell in your ear at the same time!



"LOOK MA; YELLING, BREATHING AND DRINKING, ALL AT THE SAME TIME!"

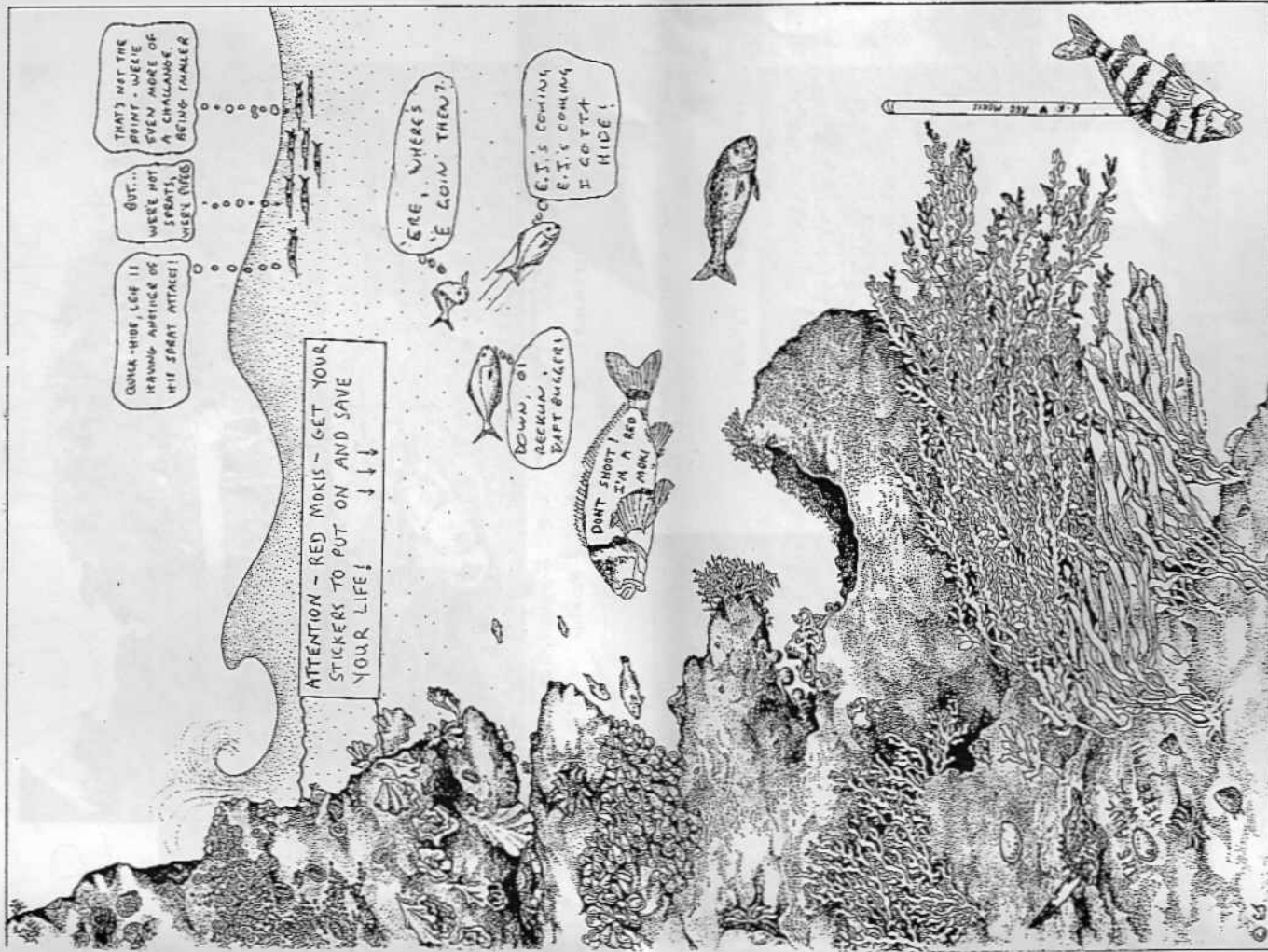
## FREE TO A COCO

### HOME

ONE PERMANENTLY-NARCED  
MARINE BOTANIST.

FRIENDLY, AFFECTIONATE, GOOD  
WITH CHILDREN, HOUSE-TRAINED,  
LIKES TO RUN AND RUN

DON'T LET THIS ACCIDENT FEEL  
YUUI; SUPERCLUE IS REMOVABLE.



DAMNED  
SQUID!

QUACK-HIDE, LEF II  
HAVING AMBITICE OF  
HIT GREAT ATTACK!

OUT...  
WEEE NOT  
SPRATS,  
WISER NICKS

THAT'S NOT THE  
PRINT - WEEE  
EVEN MORE OF  
A CHALLENGE.  
BEING SMALLER

ATTENTION - RED MOKIS - GET YOUR  
STICKERS TO PUT ON AND SAVE  
YOUR LIFE!  
↓↓↓

HERE, WHERE'S  
E GOIN' THEN?

E.J.'S COMING  
E.J.'S COMING  
I GOTTA  
HIDE!

DOWN ON  
BECKIN'  
DAPT BUCKER!

DONT SHOOT!  
I'M A RED  
MOKI

E.S. A RED MOKI

ES

# BAD TASTE

CAR - TOONZ  
EPISODE 29



...HMM, THINK I MIGHT JUST GO OUTSIDE AND TALK TO...

REPEAT A COUPLE OF TIMES



"GEEZ, THAT TASTES BAD! I NEED SOME-THING TO WASH IT AWAY."

"Z" FOLLOWED BY "ZZ" AND "SACRT"

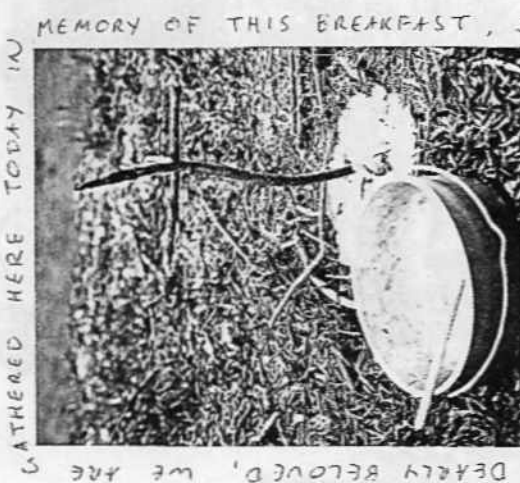
MUCH MUCH LATER..



THIS IS THE TIDIEST WE EVER GOT THE WAINUI BAY CAMP/BOMB-SITE



WOT HAVE THESE PEOPLE BEEN SMOKING? THE ALLUC ANNUAL MASS ORGY.



DEARLY BELOVED, WE ARE GATHERED HERE TODAY IN MEMORY OF THIS BREAKFAST, SERVED, REJECTED AND BURIED.....