

FLOTSAM

The official magazine of the AUUC



easter tales ... sordid details ... stunning photos

The Prawn Man Speaks!

"By crikey; by jingo; mate; owww mate! Diving? Way back - who me? No not for ages actually."

Does this sound like you? If it does then you have two choices. Either go to elocution class, or wake up and smell the jandals, then come diving with the AUUC.

This year the diving is nothing but hip hop and happening. The blue water has stayed in close for an extraordinary length of time bringing good vis and warm water. Unfortunately the annual Rainbow Warrior trip started off a bit of a fizzer due to a tapu on the coast, yet most still managed to have some good parties and dives up the coast.

Anzac weekend was a combined effort with the AUUC and the Taupo dive club. Staying at Waikawau Bay on the N.E. tip of the Coromandel we had some fantastic diving. This place can only be described as "cray-fish city". We all came back with plenty to stock the freezer with. Our American friend Jeanine caught her first bug on snorkel and it was a good size too. Unfortunately her drinking skills were no match for her diving skills. Alex discovered a never ending bottle of Baileys - no matter how many times the bottle got "chucked" on the empties pile, it was still half full - weird eh. (no need to exaggerate, honey, I'm typing this up, you

know...Lx) Rainer proved over and over again how he could drink a bottle of air quicker than he could a can of German beer. And while I'm in slander mode, how about Craig who lost his 22kg weight belt - get this - outside his tent. Anyway the Waikawau Bay camp ground was a good place to stay with basic facilities (charging \$4 a night) and good boat launching from a sandy open beach. This area is what us old salties call an IRWTDITAS. For those not in the know, this stands for "I really want to dive this again soon".

In addition to these organised trips, people from the club are diving almost every weekend. Don't forget the annual Paihia to Russell relay race and the Mid Winter Pupuke dive. If you want to dive or hang out with divers to improve your image, turn up to the meetings at Old Choral hall, lecture theatre No2 every Tuesday at 1pm and get wet.

And remember - for assured discretion and professional personal service Ph. Mike Googleland or if you want something really kinky, ask Derek to show you his bed time antics - thats bound to keep the neighbours awake. Even take Mark along and get him to demonstrate what happens when he holds Derek's nose!

Jason

any articles or
photos?

(gear for sale, contacts etc)

get them to Lx
at meetings

Easter from the tiki tour perspective.

by Lx Sutherland

Tapu was the word. Some silly Joe had run into a spot of unfortunate trouble on the Rainbow Warrior - and he didn't even have the forethought to let anybody know where he was going to leave his body. In any case the end result was a Cavali Islands no dive zone. Did the Dive Club cower in despair at this breach of tradition - an Easter with no Cavalis?

This is the story of an intrepid few, who braved the wilds of the unknown lands (and seas) of the Far North.

"If you want to catch up with us, we'll be at Hohora tonight, Matai Bay the night after, and then we'll be back here at Mahinepua the night after that." That's what we told them faithfully believing the said to be true - using all our combined ESP, crystal ball and magic mirror techniques. And we set off in four car, 9 people, one boat convoy.

After a brief but inevitable stop at Mangonui for the worlds greatest fish and chips and Mountain Dew laybacks, we found Hohora. Hohora is a town, (or at least a wharf with a dairy) seemingly bursting with fishermen who all claimed that in the morning schools of kingis swarmed through in a feeding frenzy dying to just impale themselves on spears.

"By Jingo" said Jason.

Lisa flexed.

"Hoofin hoffin" said Rainer

"Yes, but are there any middens?" asked Derek.

Mark just wiped the drool from his chin and wondered if there were any demosels.

In any case, it was a long time until morning, so an alternative afternoon dive plan was thought up.

"Lets swim across that extremely fast outgoing current and do a snorkel around that island in the middle of the harbour." Failed.

Plan number 2 was more successful though

difficult as his boat didn't idle and it had to be constantly moving which called for some wonderful Baywatch entries and skilful snorkel manoeuvres to avoid the prop. Good scenic country. Not much dinner fish. (I think the black spotted groper nearly went on the menu in desperation.) So Mark towed us all home with Jason filling the boat up with blood after a close encounter with an oyster. The night blurred into the expected alcoholic stupor, and suddenly morning was upon us, bright and happening.

The kingis failed to impale themselves at Hohora, though we heroically battled a hurring current, and diabolical vis. We ended up with a John Dory, 2 fishing knives, and a heap of fishing paraphernalia. I ended looking even more like the Loch Ness monster than



attempting an unusual descent.

usual, after a brush with a sting laden hydroid. I tried to convince everyone that my upper lip was trying to do a Michelle Pfeiffer impersonation; they insisted it was a tad less attractive.

After perusing the Hohora museum in true tourist tradition, it was decision time.

"I've never been to Cape Reinga" says Derek.

"What is Cape Veinga?" said Rainer.

"So who's been raiding my garden again?" said Googlegland

"Not another tiki tour...." said Adrian

And so the Naughty Nine set off in pursuit of the furthest reaches, and to see if Spirits Bay is really the world's hard liquor source.

Cape Reinga; done it, shot it, seen it, fell off it, and stood on the sign post. Mark dropped his exhaust pipe on the way there and the wheel on Rainer's car nearly came off.

The night fell, and lo....we were miles and miles from Matai Bay. Doh!! But isn't that the turn off for Spirits Bay....

Though we didn't find any profusion of strong alcoholic beverages, Spirits Bay was fantastic. After yet another debortuous evening of alcoholic frivolity and jocularly (including an exquisitely melodic rendition of the Rocky Horror Picture Show by Lisa and myself) another day found us ready to find the undersea wonders of the bay.

A few particularly good dives were had by all of us. Pleasant vis, heaps of fish, black angel, blue mao mao, huge rays, eels of all kinds, the odd kingi sighting, heaps of other less common species - and some of the biggest juiciest looking paua. After playing washing machines with a rogue swell and a gut in the rock, we met up with Derek who cheerfully told us to keep to the bottom a bit because he'd just seen two very large fins 6ft apart. Lovely. One big shark.

High in the cliff over-looking Spirits Bay, is a profusion of Maori burial caves as well as a very large skull shaped boulder that has its own neck. It sort of sits half way up the hill of the burial ground saying, "If you come any closer I'll fuck you up big time and tapu you to kingdom come." However we ignored this oracular warning and as there were no signs saying no exploring, a few of us attempted the hike to the top. We stopped at the skull rock to try and climb it and at about this time noticed what could have been some lo-

question what we're doing?" said I.

"Why don't ve pretend to be German tourists who don't speak English?" said Rainer.

" Splendid!" said Jason.

"Woof!" said Timmy.

So Hans (aka Jason), Rainer (aka Rainer, the only one who could speak English), Wolfgang (aka Derek) and Ingrid (aka myself) headed for the top. Absolutely awesome view. On the way down the burial caves were accidentally stumbled into, only to reveal that anything of archaeological significance had been removed. (Sob boo hoo, says Derek) Not only were the caves empty but it was apparent that they were frequently explored by others such as ourselves.

We played tiddly winks a little longer around Spirits, and then decided to get back on to schedule and head back to Mahinepua as planned. After a drunken stumble down the back roads, attempting to fly our vehicles, doing brown eyes out windows, and seeing how much food we could explode onto each others windscreens, we found an empty Mahinepua. Alack alas! Our fellow diving extraordinaires were gone!!

A quick mission up to Phil and Andrea's, and we were told that they had all headed back to Auckland the day before. Phil told us that the other group had caught a 22pound crayfish. We were stunned. We were amazed. It wasn't until he mentioned that they had borrowed a bath to cook it in did we click to the accuracy of the tale.

So disappointed that we'd missed the other group, who were a bunch of big girl's blouses after all, we had a hazy, waster kind of evening, to celebrate Jason's birthday. It was a delightful evening to say the least, and many psychedelic things occurred. Boy met girl, girl met boy, and in a certain tall diver's case, boy almost met boy. (We at the dive club are a particularly politically correct organisation, and no presumptive statements on members sexual orientation shall be made.)

The morning was bright calm and bright and after a brisk morning swim, where Derek inadvertently encountered an angry sea monster with a swollen lip who gave him a taste of her claws (ask to see the scars some time), we went our merry ways. Some went diving and caught some crays, some waited on the beach wondering if the others were alive, and others headed back



Lisa does Steady Eddie.



The intrepid few at Cape Reinga

Derek & co.



Learning to dive.

by Glyn Jones

When I was asked to write an article for Flotsam on the PADI dive course that I was doing, I was surprised. I mean, why would anyone in AUUC want to know about a dive course for someone who has never dived before? (we're desperate for any story -Ed) Then I remembered what it was like starting my course knowing only a little of what it was all about. This article is for those people who want to get into diving. (just like me.)

The first night we turned up was theory night. We sat down and watched videos, looked at slides and listened to the instructor. This may sound very boring, especially when it took over three hours, but it was really quite interesting. The instructors do a really great job keeping you entertained telling you stuff that is pretty much common sense and general knowledge, and they are never short of some funny story to keep you awake.

The next night was in the pool. I have to admit this had me very slightly worried, but I needn't have been. The instructor, Alan, went through everything very well and it

really was quite simple. That night we learnt the basics, although looking back it is amazing how much knowledge we walked out with that we didn't have on the way in. One thing that did surprise me was how thirsty I got. The air in your tank is very dry so it is a good idea to take along a drink.

The following Monday we dived again. This time, however, it was in a pool deeper than five feet. We dived in a little under five metres of water, which is quite deep if you try to swim down without gear, but on tanks it is no trouble at all. This was really good as it gave a small idea of what we could look forward to as qualified divers. You can't get that in five feet of water in the pool on the first pool night.

From here we have to look forward to more theory, the PADI exam (multichoice) and finally the open water weekend up at Goat Island marine reserve.

The PADI dive course really is a fun, interesting course that I have enjoyed very much. I fully recommend it to anyone who thinks they might like to take up diving.



Two happy
learner
DIVERS!



A & N LABORATORIES

BOX 209 KAIKOHE

worry, he didn't waste much beer as he fell into the chilly bin. Is this what PADI call the Giant Slide entry ?

A couple of vigorous round of Whizz Bang Boing saw a couple of souls slither off into the night in a less than pristine condition. The more (or less) mentally alert of the group indulged in a quiet game of two frogs in a pool. I can't remember any more of the evening so am unable to provide any further story. Just can't hack the pace !!

The next day dawned a bit windy, but a look over the hill at the water proved it to be quite diveable. Wildman Buick and Wildwoman Holley joined the *Serious team* and we motored around to a point just north of the 'bay. The viz looked hot, we entered the water, and I popped a Kingi at 5 ft with the sling (I hadn't even equalized yet). Mike lined up a shot on a good sized fish, then saw a better one. Turning to re aim he saw yet a bigger one. It took Wildman nearly four minutes to decide which fish to go for !! Totally awesome. There was a tremendous pull on the speargun's tow line, and at times I was underwater absaeling down rock walls to give mike some slack.

Julie hooked into a real beauty with her sling and a ferocious battle ensued, the kingi got off just as Mike was about to knife it. I heard her say "FUCK" underwater from twenty feet away ! About thirty seconds later another fine specimen graced the end of Julies sling. As I threaded the fourth fish onto the tow line (fish No 3 was a Butterfish) there was an almighty tug at the line, then just a hellish pull. I indicated to Mike there might be something eating our fish, but he just pulled his reg out of his mouth and said "No WAY". OK Prez. We enjoyed the 45 ft viz, and the Butterfish city, the awesome school of Kingis that were still circling.... OOooh YEAH !!!

When we surfaced, the tow line was wrapped around the anchor warp, and we had been pulling the boat around for most of the dive. This must be the ultimate in SMBs.

That evening some serious eating and bullshitting was done.

That night the wind swung round nearly 180° and blew the swell and chop flat !! It is uncanny to dive in a strong wind, with a totally flat sea. Anyway, we made our way to the lee side of the point that we dived yesterday. We could see the anchor on the bottom at 60 ft ! A dolphin swam past and we did the standard 'Far-out-a-dolphin-Shit-pass-my-fins-bye!' entry. The dolphin didn't want to play, and we just buzzed out on the clarity of the water. We swam along a sheer drop off to 45 m. I did a beautiful swallow dive from 10 ft to the bottom. Hey was that a crayfish feeler or a bit of red garden hose ? There in front of me is a chasm full of crays. I grabbed the nearest individual as I descended head-first into the chasm. It was huge!!



THINK TWICE AND LIVE ONCE.





"Have this instead,
Mike" says Lisa.



"Ohh Dereek! what do you
wear under your kilt."
(& what a lovely belly)





A & N LABORATORIES

BOX 209 KAIKOHE



Oh no, we didn't bring a preserving pan big enough, we'll have to cook one leg at a time ! With my new found buddy I ascended the drop off and indicated to Mike & Julie there was a lot of crays below. Julie signed that they were doing their deco and were nearly ready to surface. I flourished the 8 pound cray in front of them Hey .. where did they go ? Now look here chaps, aren't you supposed to do the deepest part of your dive first ?

Back on the boat, with full catch bag, we sorted out our catch. We threw back several 2 pounders because they were just too small. FOO ! The smallest cray we kept was 4.5 pounds (that is 2 Kg and 50 g for the metricated). Might have to consider putting a fridge in the boat next time we come here !

Lots more went on than has been written here. for example; Our American connection went "missing" for four hours, and a search party was sent out to find her. Two hours later a search party for the search party was dispatched. Later still, a search party for the search party for the search party was organized. Some bright person suggested checking the tents. YEP thar she blows ! Sound asleep with another male (who may or may not remain un named) watching over her !!

What would Mother say ?

In response to Body Mc Carroll's Question of the Month in the last Flotsam, Answer : Who cares !!??

That's all from me. So remember;
Risk everything, but don't risk your hair.

Regards N.A.L.



THINK TWICE AND LIVE ONCE.



PHONE No.s Mike & Derek: 846-6589; Lx 09-420-5144

JETSOM

Meetings: every Tuesday 1pm Old Choral Hall.

Student I.D

Numbers

we need yours
now!

if you are a member
please

a) come to a meeting

b) phone Lx, Lisa or

Mike

c) post it to us now!!

UPCOMING EVENTS

Come along to meetings to find
out when

~ Paihia to Russell

~ Midwinter Dive

~ Parties

~ Charter trips

~ Small dive trips

.....are all happening!!!