



BULLETIN

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July 1988

Dusk

The horizon, pink, like a flamingo's plumage.
The ocean, still on the distant plane.
Clouds, uneven, spread far and thin.
Land, erodes, decays, slumps to the clutches of the waiting
sea.

Enters the crumbling mass into the coming of the tide.
Waves thick, rolling masses, crash to the beach,
gouging out channels as it slides back to its destiny.
A new wave is formed, bringing with it the tangled tentacles
of a clump of kelp,
Rubbery, slimy, after an age in the perilous sea
Suddenly brought to the abrupt end of its nomadic life, dumped
to its place of rest,
left to decay, migrate into the depths of the sand.
A gull takes off, flying level with the beach
Soars high then turns in an arc, climbs yet again,
gaining essential height, suddenly it stalls,
dropping from its greedy clutches, the obese shell.
As it gracefully plummets, slicing through thin air, then
shatters on the cool sand exposing pink, salty flesh.
So the sun sinks with rhythmic precision
leaving the horizon pink, like the shade of flesh.

SIMON THOMAS 1st June 1988

Help!
Treasurer wanted

Come the AGM in August, the Club will need a new TREASURER now that we are losing the services of our present one, JANE BRUCE, after two years of excellent and dedicated work.

You do not need to know anything about accounting. The Auditor takes care of that side of the job. You do need to be responsible and meticulous - talk to Jane at the next Clubnight to find out what is involved. And you won't be on your own if you are Treasurer next year, the present Treasurer promises to show you what to do and to be around if needed. So what about it? Come on be a Club VIP next year!

ECONOMY

RECEIPT
-- 24



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PISA RANGE DECISION SHUTS PUBLIC OUT FROM PASTORAL LEASES

In a shock move the Acting Director-General of Lands has unilaterally rescinded conditions of approval for a commercial cross country ski venture on the Pisa Range in Central Otago by a runholder-developer. This is based on questionable legal advice.

After two public hearings, the Land Settlement Board earlier ruled that surrender of part of the lease, and foot access, were to be conditions of approval.

The Director-General's decision sets a dangerous precedent for all recreational uses of the high country. It opens the door for commercial developers to tie up vast tracts of Crown land for their exclusive use. This could shut out the independent recreationalist and jeopardise the Protected Natural Areas Programme.

FMC's POSITION

- The Federation welcomes the prospect of commercial cross country skiing, as it will extend the range of recreational opportunities for the public.
- We also seek legal guarantees for independent skier use over the area. By necessity this involves the re-

moval of trespass rights, by excluding this area from the pastoral lease.

• We seek free legally defined foot access from the Cardrona Valley. Both provisions, for public use rights over the extensive ski area and access, are in tandem. One is useless without the other. A recently publicised 'offer' by the runholder of foot access to the ski area is meaningless, as he will retain trespass rights over the whole area.

The runholder has made it clear that only those willing to pay will be welcome in the future. Independent parties have already been refused access.

WIDER REPERCUSSIONS

- Freedom of access to New Zealand's mountain lands is part of a hard-won tradition.
- Access to Crown-owned pastoral leasehold by hunters, anglers, trampers, climbers and skiers, is at risk through the precedent set by the Director-General's arbitrary decision.

• There are numerous applications for commercial operations on other Central Otago ranges, and other areas where tourism is active (particularly Canterbury). Now runholders know that they will not be required to surrender alpine areas that are unsuitable for grazing as a condition of approval, many will capitalise on this newly acquired privilege.

The public will suffer as a result; so will implementation of the Protected Natural Areas Programme, as exclusion of ecologically important areas can be a condition of approval for commercial ventures. On the Pisa this was the case.

• A large priority natural area covers the entire ski area. The developer now intends to construct a network of ski trails so that over-snow vehicles can set tracks. This could entail extensive benching along valley walls to allow vehicle access. Although not alluded to in the original application, the developer has big plans for the Pisa, with all the earth disturbances this entails. On his nearby freehold Cardrona Skifield, the same developer boasts he shifted half a million cubic metres of hillside.

Obviously only the most minimal of disturbances can be accommodated if the Protected Natural Area is to have any meaning. **A delicate balance of controls will be necessary. This can only happen if the area is in direct public control, under the Department of Conservation,** rather than remaining within pastoral lease under Landcorp's oversight. Under Landcorp the public can place no assurance that the runholder's expansive plans will be controlled. They have already turned a blind eye to the illegal construction of a major access road on to the range.

MAJOR CREDIBILITY PROBLEM FOR GOVERNMENT

The deleted conditions were in full accord with Government policy.

Last October the Deputy Prime Minister assured FHC he wishes to ensure the Land Settlement Board's balance of conservation and recreation values with commercial activities is fully taken into account if any of the original conditions are renegotiated. So far this has not happened.

The D-G Lands failed to consult DCC or other interests, and failed to explore other options open to him to retain the spirit of the LSB's decision.

The D-G Lands bases his decision on incomplete and questionable legal advice that has no legal standing in itself. Only the Courts can properly determine the points of law involved. The D-G chose not to put his judgement to the ultimate test.

The way is now open for runholders to charge what amounts to visitor taxes on natural assets they have no more right to than anyone else. This is despite their minuscule rentals for the land, and their use being limited to grazing only. **Trout, game animals, scenery, as well as snow will become tradable commodities.**

WHAT CLUBS AND INDIVIDUALS CAN DO

- Telegram and write to the Deputy Prime Minister, and the Minister of Conservation, asking that no approvals for commercial recreation activities be issued on the PISA without guaranteed public access and use

- Ask for direct DCC control of commercial activities to ensure protection of natural values

- Ask for a judicial review of the Government policies questioned by the D-G Lands judgement and for the Land Act to be strengthened to protect the public's interest on pastoral leases.

- See your local MP, or let your views be known to him or her by letter, or by telephone.

- Publish the gist of this letter in your club newsletter.

- MOST IMPORTANTLY write to your local newspapers with your views on this matter. Weight of public concern from a variety of interests will be the ultimate deciding factor.

Stop Press

5th July 1988

The PISA Range Battle has been LOST. John Lee has got what he wanted; the only thing that the Club can do now is to ensure that he abides by the conditions of his original proposal.



Social Calendar



JULY 21st - Bring your own slides.
Oooh - lovely piccies again!
And where have you been?

JULY 28th - Sub-Antarctic Islands by
Tony Perrett. Brrr - I go
all shivery just thinking about them.

AUGUST 4th - Discussion Evening. Last one for
remits before The Biggie (the AGM)
so be there and let's get those things off
our chests. (Inc. discussion on which night is
best for meetings).

AUGUST 11th - Spen Walker on SNOW 2 - Essential
for all those going on the course
Snow Safety starts here.

"And swing your sweetie round"

BUSHCRAFT

Mistake/
Hut
Creek

Rosemary Goodyear for Antony Pettinger, Debbie Williams, Neville

The trip began under rather inauspicious circumstances. While dozing in the bus, we were rudely awakened when the bus broke down about 1 hour from Te Anau. We all piled out and watched our poor bus driver hitch a ride into town. For the next half hour or so, everyone stood about shivering being entertained by



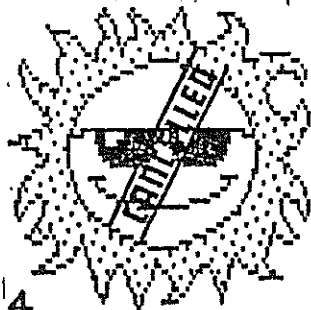
David Peacock's noble rendition of "Climb Every Mountain" and Caroline Kenyon and I singing our UGHS song. Sadly, no-one seemed to appreciate our efforts and we finally stopped after threats of being stoned. Eventually another bus arrived but this little adventure meant that we didn't arrive at the Mistake Creek carpark until 1-45am. We then had to walk down a track in the dark over numerous tree roots and through glutinous mud. Our party got the best campsite (Antony had raced ahead and claimed it) and we pitched our fly in record time. As we lay in our sleeping bags, we listened to the anguished cries of the party forced to cross the 3-wire bridge in the dark.

Next morning, we were up at 7-00am and managed to leave first. Only Antony had been here before and he thought we ought to use our bushcraft skills to find the track ourselves. We crossed the wire bridge after a few heartrending moments and continued down a well-worn track until we came to Mistake Creek again. Debbie then realised that we must be on the wrong track and we carefully retraced our steps. Imagine our frustration when we realised that the map was wrong and that the Mistake Creek track started right by the wire bridge. Later, to our great satisfaction, we discovered that other parties had gone much further up the Hut Creek track. We wandered up the track through intermittent sun and showers hoping that the sky would clear. Around lunchtime we arrived at the bushline and decided that after lunch we would go on a side trip before going up the waterfall.

We dumped our packs by the river and boulder-hopped up the stream until we reached an ice-cave. This was a huge piece of avalanche debris underneath some sheer cliffs. At the top, it was pierced by a waterfall and a stream flowed out beneath it. After admiring the cave, we scrambled up a steep scree slope above the ice-cave and climbed onto a ridge. The view from the ridge was breathtaking since we could see the glistening blue and white walls of the glacier which hung over sheer cliffs. Far below the cliff was a sapphire blue lake shaped like a bright square kite with a river running out like a long tail. Debbie and I sat on the ridge while Antony and Glenn tried to see if they could roll rocks down into the lake.

By this time it was 2-10 and Debbie (our leader) decided that we should return to our packs in order to climb the waterfall before dark.

As we headed back down the valley, it began to rain and by the time we got to our packs and stopped to talk to Dave Levick's party, it was pouring. In consultation with him, Antony and Debbie decided that we should not attempt the waterfall that day and we pitched camp instead. Neville attempted to light a fire but it was so wet, he gave up. We sat under the fly eating biscuits and decided to make tea at 4-30. It was so cold, we got into our sleeping bags and tried to avoid the drips which were coming through the centre seam of the fly. Everyone was tired after the previous night and so we decided to go to sleep at 6-30.



During the night it stopped raining, so we decided to go over the Pass. We bushbashed up the creek and managed to catch a glimpse of the dreaded waterfall in the distance. Though it looked difficult from afar, it turned out to be not too bad though not quite the "piece of piss" that Antony had assured us. However I can't say I'd like to go down that way. At the top of the waterfall, the valley opened into a wide basin and, from there, it was only 600ft to U Pass. We reached the pass which was really like a 'U' with the steep rock walls on each side. After a few minutes of watching keas and admiring the grader sign that some poor madman had lugged up from the Milford road, we decided to leave. It was freezing cold so we moved as fast as we could down a steep rocky gut. After a few rocks were sent careering down the slope, we got to the bottom and caught up with the other party who had come over the pass.

After lunch in what seemed like Arctic temperatures, it began to rain and we decided that we'd better go. First we walked along a river bed and we searched for the Hut Creek track when we reached some bush. After about 20 minutes, we found it but it proved an awkward track to follow. At one point, about 20 dead trees had fallen across the track and it took many minutes of clambering over mossy and rotten tree logs to find the track again. After that we only missed the track again once and so we were able to make it to the bus on time. By the time we reached the bus, we were literally soaked through and seldom has an Otago Road Services bus looked so inviting. In spite of the inclement weather, it was still a very enjoyable trip.

ALP Sports

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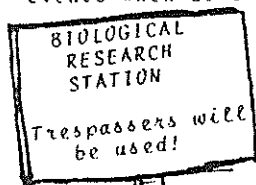
Mid-Winter Social
July 2-3

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The Mid-Winter Social was well attended with over 40 people present. With a roaring fire to warm us from the outside and fire-water to warm us from within, we had a cracking good time. The stereo was provided by Barry Hybrow, the coal by Doug Forrester, the wood also from BW and the enthusiasm and good cheer from everyone. Trotter's Gorge is a far better venue than Jubilee and I hope we go there next year. We had a great game of volleyball which our side won convincingly (the other side took a great deal of convincing!). A great time had by all!!

Adventures in the Dunton Range

The four of us, David Peacock, Michelle Williams, Chris Pearson and I, set off for what should have been an easy and relaxing weekend's tramping. However, we should have been forewarned of coming events when at the end of the road leading to Takaro Lodge, we came upon a sign saying "Trespassers will be prosecuted". Permission to cross the Takaro Lodge property may be obtained from either the Conservation Department or the Lodge caretaker (by the way, the caretaker's residence is 7-8km down the road, the only way there is by foot).



Our route involved crossing the Dunton Swamp which was a bit of a grovel, particularly annoying when, on the way back, we discovered that there is a track which bypasses the swamp; it is a short way up the Upukerora River on the true right. Once over the swamp we followed a well-marked track up the valley. However, it is quite misleading, for while it eventually travels north, the desired direction, for a while it actually goes south-west - all very confusing. We lunched at a beautiful, sunny, grassy clearing by a bubbling brook; we got rather too comfortable and found it hard to move on. But we did and 15 mins up the track, we came to another clearing. Here David did a disappearing act - one minute he was there, the next not! We all gave a sigh of relief. However, a moment later he reappeared out of a large hole. In this large clearing, he probably managed to find the one deep mudhole and bang, he went in it. He wasn't a happy chappie. Our plan of attack was to bash up a bush-clad ridge onto the top of the Dunton Range, this proved trickier than we expected. After several hard hours of fighting bush-lawyer, bracken and hanging vines, we had to admit that we didn't know exactly where we were. However, luckily, about ½ hour later, we came across a creek which we decided to follow up. This was much easier going. At the head, we had fantastic views of Lake Te Anau and Mt Luxmore. We then continued climbing onto the top of the range. It was very steep, particularly hard work at the end of a long day. However, the views of Te Anau and Manapouri more than compensated for the effort. We then made our way along the tops until we found a lovely campsite by a day. That day we had walked for about 11-11½ hours which was pretty good considering that I had promised the others that it was going to be a rather slothfull weekend. Michelle and I bivvied out that night until it started pouring with rain; David, being the sweet gentleman that he is, tried gallantly to prevent Michelle and I from entering the tent!

The next morning dawned rather overcast and damp. After shaking off our initial reluctance, we got going by about 8-30 and south along the tops. We had difficulty finding the track that leads down the east side of the range until eagle-eyed Michelle spotted the first marker, following some painful bush-bashing, and then tramping was a breeze. We were down to the Upukerora by about 11am; it is a beautiful valley and very easy tramping. Back to the cars by about 3-30, rather weary and battered but with heaps of memories of a wonderful weekend.

Trip Report by Sue Harding (Trip was on 16-17 January).



Great Gas Getting Gaffe in Gore

*It was Friday the thirteenth, no wonder!
When we made our refuelling blunder.*

*The petrol van showed quite an aversion
To our inadvertant, instant, diesel conversion.*

*We filled Gore with a diesel smog
And lacked the power to use top cog.*

*It's told, Gore's cop once did the same,
Thereafter "Diesel" became his name!*

*Returned to the garage, the tank to drain
Then fill with PETROL - oh, the monetary pain!*

*Back at the Club, Treasurer will be in tears,
No more trip refunds for years and years!*

JOHN GALLOWAY

Club -shirts

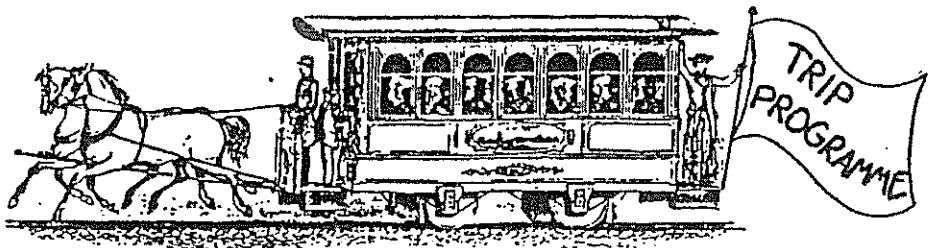


Anyone who hasn't got the T-shirts they ordered, please phone David Barnes (44-492) to arrange collection.

There are a few shirts left (size M and OS) for sale at \$15 each

Thanks

to Reben and Sue Harvey for donating two "Bergans" packs to the Club. Not only are they strong, sturdy packs but they are a fascinating illustration of how pack styles have changed. We appreciate this kind gesture from two non-members.



NOTE: As we are agin in new Clubrooms, then all trips will leave from the new rooms at the corner of Arthur and Russell Streets. DAY trips will leave at 9am sharp on Sundays and WEEKEND trips will depart at 6pm Friday unless stated otherwise (check with the Trip Leader if unsure). Trip lists for weekend trips will go up approximately 4 weeks prior to the trip and close on the Thursday, 8 days preceeding the trip.

July 23-24 SNOW I - BASIC SNOWCRAFT(M) Chris Pearson 730-441

This is a Snowcraft Course at Mt Domet for people who have done some tramping and now want some basic snowcraft skills. The course will cover iceaxe and crampon use and basic travel over snow.
TRIP LIST CLOSES 14th July. Fare \$20:00

July 31 BICYCLING DAY TRIP(M) Bill Robertson 877-519

Following in the success of the earlier cycle trips. A good chance to shake the dust off the old bike and get fit.

August 7 BERWICK FOREST(E) Ian Sime 36-185

A place rarely visited by the OTMC. The Forest is a delightful place with open fields and the wint-y growth of the forest that is best at this time of year!!

August 6-7 WINTER ROUTEBURN(M,C) Antony Pettinger 879-440

Yes, folks, once again the annual trip to the fantastic Routeburn area in its winter splendour is on. There is something for everyone to do: a number of good peaks to climb or you can enjoy the area's pleasant tramping, visiting places like Lake Harris, Conical Hill or the North Routeburn. And there are pleasant huts to stay in at night!! So sign the trip list NOW!!
TRIP LIST CLOSES 28th July. Fare \$35:00

August 14 BENDORAN - THE GAP(M) David Barnes 44-492

Join David on a more unusual route to the infamous Gap in the Silverpeaks. Leaves Clubrooms 9am SHARP.

August 13-14 SNOWCAVING - OLD MAN RANGE Spen Walker 730-257

This is an essential trip for all people travelling in snow, be it tramping, climbing or skiing. Knowing how to build a snow shelter could save your life! This course will teach you how to build several different types of shelters under the instruction of experienced Club members.
TRIP LIST CLOSES 4th August. Fare \$28:00

August 21 THE PYRAMIDS(E) Heather Robertson 877-519

A good chance to visit the Otago Peninsular and the unique Pyramids. Find out what they're like with Heather.

August 20-21 X/C SKIING INSTRUCTION & TOURING John Robinson

Here is another weekend for the ski enthusiasts in the Club. Again this trip will be based on the Rock and Pillars Range and newcomers will be shown what to do, while others can tour on the tops of the range.
TRIP LIST CLOSES 11th Augustst.

the River

A dream in four parts
by
David Peacock

"How the hell are we to get up that?" was my first comment. We backed behind a rock to ponder and escape the spray. It was now about five o'clock so around another four hours of daylight remained. There were no campsites down here, unless you like waterbeds, so it was the waterfall or bust. There seemed to be a route up on the right side. As we discussed our approach, we savoured the wild beauty of the place. Patches of sunlight rippled off the cascade, scattering droplets of light over the damp rocks; a rainbow arced through the mist, shimmering and fading with the sun. Beneath the plummeting maelstrom, the water seethed and scalded. We scrambled over to the start of the climb and, as usual, Angela led off. She tried to keep as far away as possible from the water but, about thirty feet up, a very slippery slab forced her towards the falls. Carefully, she edged left but her feet skated on the moist rocks and progress was slow. After a while, I decided to give her some encouragement.

"C'mon Angie, get a move on! You couldn't be any slower if you were asleep or dead! All my muscles are stiffening up."

"I don't believe that. There's two of your muscles that I can't imagine ever stiffening up and one of them's in your jaw!"

So, not unexpectedly, my helpful contribution was of no great use. Angie couldn't get over the slab and she had to retrace her moves. I watched the water spoil and shatter as it crashed to earth and listened to its intermittent drumming on the rocks as the breeze rippled and wafted the spray. And I rejoiced in the sheer naked force of the falls; to revel in the chaos of a world without structure or necessity. Liquid diamonds sparkled in the broken sunlight; a necklace of dreams. Damn, I was fond of Angie but such feelings made me feel so vulnerable and lacking control. But, it was far too late for any such doubts and anxieties, she was deep under my skin by now. I imagine that Angela had more concrete thoughts on her mind as she retreated, she was a little downcast.

"I'll take a look at the other side."

I scrambled across to the other bank and dropped my pack. Like Angela, I made rapid progress at first but, as on the opposite bank, the rock away from the waterfall was rotten and there was no way up.

Well, we struggled at that face for several long hours. It never relented. Our fingers were sore from scratching and scraping against that unforbearing wall. Our spirits were seared by the futility of our effort. The afternoon was draining into evening and we were beginning to despair. Tonight was going to be very uncomfortable unless we got to the top.

"We've got to get up it.", I turned to Angela, "It's got to be on the right, whatdya think?"

"I suppose so". Angie scanned the wall. "It must be nearer the water."

"I dunno, it doesn't look too good to me. It'll be bloody slippery." I didn't like it. "No, let's give it away, we can't do it."

"I'll take care."

Tiredly, dispiritedly, she began to turn away but, as she did, I moved forward and took her hand. She looked at me, the query in her eyes flickering briefly before the tide of passion and desire, of needing and wanting, swept away this uncertain distance between us. Our lips met, our bodies melted together, and the scent of her hair and skin, the soft firm warmth of her flesh, washed over me like the first rain after a long hard drought. And my soul drank of the beating of her heart and quickened with the disheveling of her hair and the delirious closeness of our bodies. Her embrace, the tingling, shivering, catching dance of her lips and tongue over my face and

mouth; the thrilled anguish as she nibbled, bit and tormented me. Angie flooded my senses, coursed through my veins. Ruffling her hair, rippling and teasing the nape of her neck with my lips and fingertips, brushing, stroking, fondling the curves and hillocks of her back and buttocks. And my hunger for her burst free from its unkempt cage to beat and pulse with our kissing and caressing until confused, bewildered, excited, our sharing ended, the torrent slackened and stilled as we returned, exhausted, dazed, enchanted, to this tedious gloomy valley. But those electric moments live with me still in the vivid vibrant calming colours that Angela was to me. We drew apart slowly, quietly. To calm the ragged beating of our hearts. It seemed unreal, cruel, that we were back here beneath that bitter waterfall after the voyages and places we had done and seen. Like a knife, the climb out and shed our joy. Wordlessly, I helped Angie on with her pack; we were both a little clumsy, over-tense, and Angela stumbled as she turned. She crossed to the wall.

So Angie reclimbed the first thirty feet or so as before but, at the slab, she stayed with it rather than going right. The damp rocks gleamed darkly. This part was tricky and I watched her worm ever so slowly across the slab. A long rest and a scan for the next hold. Up there, to the left. She stretched out her foot to a tiny dimple, put her weight on it and lifted herself up to reach and take the hold. Another pause. I watched as she and the wall became one. Angie, I love you. She reached far, far out to a ripple in the rock on the right but it was just beyond her grasp and she pulled back. Once again a stretch, her contours melting smoothly with the outstretched arm as her fingertips traced the rock. Another attempt, another strain, another withdrawing of her arm. She looked upwards, her foot slipped, she swung right and, suddenly, Angie was hanging just from the handholds. She jabbed her foot frantically at the wall. It just skidded. To reach her previous foothold, she had to drop her left hand and lunge. Missed. She tried to haul herself one-handedly back to the left grip. Her right arm tensed and steeled. Eighteen inches to go. Twelve inches. Six inches. And then her arm gave way. She slid down the rock a couple of feet, her foot hit a bump and ever so slowly Angela swung backwards out from the face. As she fell she twisted, her arm shielding her face as she hit the valley floor in an explosion of spray. She lay still. The current flashed against her body, her hair rippled and washed in the buffeting pool. The waterfall thundered. I ran across.

"Angie!"

I dropped down beside her and lifted her face from the water. Her breathing was rushed and trembling, her face drained. She shivered, I would have to get her out of the water quickly but I needed to jack up a splint. I dragged over a small rock to keep her face out of the water and, as I lay Angela back, she shuddered and strained to speak. Her voice was faint and distant and, from another far-away place, she spoke hesitantly, slowly, the broken words like an echo crossing interstellar space.

"David, I want to go home."

The river hissed and crackled in the darkening valley.

(End of Part Three)

Put a motion!

REMITTS

A.G.M.

Where do YOU think the Club should be going? What should we do with our money? Are you happy with the Trips/Social Programme? What about the Bulletin/Outdoors? C'mon, have your say - the AGM is your chance to determine the direction of the Club for the next year. So, GET THOSE REMITS IN to Bill Robertson, the Secretary, by AUGUST 11th 1988.

Keith's Answers

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Hi ho, hi ho! It's off to school, we go!

Well, we're on the move again; no-one can accuse us of letting the Foliagus greencus grow under our feet. We all hope that this will be the last shift for a while, it's so disruptive and unsettling to have to keep moving. Anyway the new home of the Otago Temporarily Motionless Club is the Presbyterian Church's Sunday School Hall on the corner of RUSSEL and ARTHUR STREETS (the above sketch may help you identify the place). Meetings will, once again, start at 7-30pm on THURSDAYS. The first meeting will be on JULY 21st 1988. See you there!

TRIP CHANGE: Mike Floate's trip to Rocklands now on 17th July

OTAGO TRAMPING & MOUNTAINEERING CLUB (INC)

OFFICIAL NOMINATION FORM FOR OFFICE BEARERS & COMMITTEE 1988/89

The Annual General Meeting is to be held on THURSDAY 25 AUGUST at 7.30pm

I wish to nominate

for the position of

Proposed by

Seconded by

Signature of Nominee

This nomination form to be in the hands of the Club Secretary, Bill Robertson, or posted to the Secretary, OTHC, P.O. Box 1120 Dunedin, no later than 11 August 1988.