

Arthur



The Queen (in public)

# BULLETIN

Registered at P.O.H.Q. Wellington for Transmission by Post as a Magazine

1901



Princess

Speights



Blancmange

## Speights & Blancmange

starring ☆ \*

by ELSPETH GOLD

**Michelle W**  
**Bill R**  
**Barry W**

as Princess  
Blancmange

as Prince  
Speights

as Trevor

plus huge supporting cast

World  
Premiere

August 18th



Gratuitous SEX and VIOLENCE guaranteed!!  
(incl. dismembering Mary Hewinson's Teddybear!)

# THE EDITOR'S OFF



Well, this is my last "Bulletin" and last editorial; the time has certainly flown since I first put fingers to typewriter and assailed you all with my biases, prejudices and whinges. And how do I feel about it all now? On the whole, I've enjoyed being Editor, sure, there have been times when I've been unhappy about the number of contributions; the reluctance of members to use the Bulletin as a forum for discussion and education. But, after all, we all join the OTMC primarily for our own recreation and I accept that many people have other commitments and time is short. I am, however, sure that this wee magazine will always

get its share of keen contributors and many of my complaints were groundless. And, for better or worse, I have used these pages to express my own views - being Editor does have some advantages and there's no point in having power unless you abuse it occasionally! Many of the ideas that I've put forward have drifted into oblivion and I, obviously, regret that but that's how things are.

Anyway, enough of such things; with the passing away of this Committee (although, I am sure, many of the members will be reincarnated in different guises in the next one), it should be a time of celebration. The Club is still thriving after an unsettling year with all the move; and things. Personally, it's been a good year for me; I may have got offside with a few people (principally due to the dreaded foot-in-the-mouth disease) but that is far outweighed by the large number of great people in the Club. Unfortunately, I don't get many chances to go on trips these days and they are were the action, and heart, of the Club lies. I am particularly impressed by the growth, and enthusiasm, of the Climbing group and the support given to the keen new XC-skiers by the Club's guns. A high point for me was Bushcraft - I really enjoyed it and I'm really looking forward to next year's (who's going to be coordinator?). And so many of them have joined, it's great - a big bouquet to Barry Wybrow (but not from me, he already has some doubts about my sexual orientation!). If I've got a complaint about some new members, it's that they snore; I won't mention the name Dave Woods because if I do, you'll think that I mean him, and I wouldn't want that to happen, would I? Let's hope that all these neophytes stay around the Club a while and get involved - a big welcome to them (sorry, Tracy).

But, I will close with a few final comments. There are some members that I would particularly like to thank for contributions and assistance in this job but I have decided not to name individuals at the risk of offending those that I omit - but I will personally thank those I mean. I do think that the Bulletin is important and that it should be more than just a simple list of trips and social events. (Obviously, the Trip Reporters feel the same way). It can be, and should be, a barometer of the vitality and virility of the Club and, as we have not got sacred monkeys to perform this task, when the Bulletin goes (dies), the Club dies with it. Hell, the Bulletin should be fun. To repeat what I've said in my Annual report: at worst, I hope you've found the Bulletin satisfactory; at best, you've enjoyed it. Apologies for the waffle on this page and I leave you in the capable hands of my successor.

David Peacock



Full moon? YES; 'ccean night? yep! Bloody cold?, sure was! But where was David? 7-00pm sharp, he said; 7-15 and no sign of him. By this time, I was asking my body, after a hard day's rockclimbing, that same old question, "Am I crazy or what?". I could be at home now relaxing, nice and warm, watching the telly instead of sulking out here on the cold footpath outside Les Mills', freezing my backside off waiting for a MR DAVID BARNES to take me on his moonlight jaunt. Finally, at about 7-20, David and Ross Cocker pulled up with Ross still wearing his slippers, what next?

We split up into 3 carloads and headed off for the start of the Green Hut track, arriving at about 7-45, when Ross decided it was time to put on some more suitable footwear.

Five minutes down the track and Michelle and I tried to get people enthused into singing "Who stole the cookie from the cookie jar?" but most didn't know the words or were too cold to speak let alone sing, so we decided what better than to sing "I'm H.A.P.P.Y, I'M H.A.P.P.Y.". We soon got sick of this so we decided it must be time to do something new. Michelle had a brainstorm, we'd hide and ambush them. So we set about our mischeivous task and found ourselves a suitable hiding place. Walking along merrily came our first victim, as she came directly opp-

osite our hiding place, we both pounced screaming and roaring hideous obscenities nearly giving poor old Rosemary a heart attack. WE were both successful and highly amused then we heard someone in the distance shout out "It's alright Michelle, don't panic". A Cocker, me thinks, we dived back into the bushes dragging poor old Rosemary with us and waited for our next victims. Along came Alan, Michelle's Australian friend, but we decided not to scare him but to use him to our advantage dragging him into the bushes - another loud voice would not go amiss HA! HA! You wait Mr Cocker but Mr Cocker became a Mr Barnes and out came crashing from the bushes behind us, a raving lunatic Mr Ross Cocker "Ho, Ho, I'd known you'd be here somewhere!".

After this bit of excitement, we carried on to Green Hut, ramolig' along in the moonlit peaks. It was about this time that Michelle had another episode of crashing into bushes and falling to her knees. Heaven knows why, the moon was out and shedding plenty of light, we were beginning to think that she must have been on the booze.

We reached Green Hut and had a short rest then pressed on to Pulpit Rock. We were greeted by an icy cold wind on the way up but with plenty of clothing on, it didn't take long to warm up.

We waited at the rock for the others to catch up and then carried on to Silverpeaks No 2. On top, we were able to observe the lights of Mosgiel, Karitane and Waikouaiti. We decided that it was too cold observing the views so we dropped down to seek some shelter where we had what would be lunch on a normal Sunday day trip. It was too cold to hang around much longer so we marched back on out, reaching the cars at about 2-30am Sunday. A great trip, thanks Dave.

Simon Thomas for the other crazy midnight wanderers.

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# OUTDOORS



Dear Ed, I'm just writing to say how much I enjoyed Outdoors 85-87. Pam and her team have put together a really good journal. There are some excellent contributions and the production standard is high. As an editor, I know what a big job it is and I think Pam deserves our thanks.

David Barnes (abridged)



# breaking free

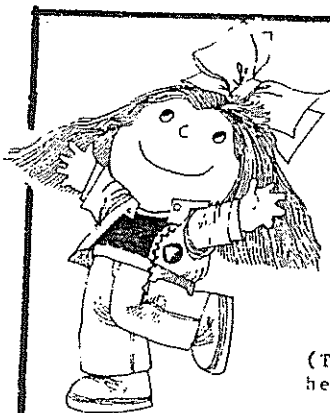
The wind sliced across the forlorn tops  
throwing rain like buckshot against the tent  
stretching and creaking  
beside the blacklit tarn.

All day the rain had filled the sky,  
curtaining off the peaks and valleys that exist now  
only as phantoms of a distant imagination  
drawing pictures in this solitary waste.

I did not see or feel the rain  
that soaked me to the skin  
but only the meaning of a life alone that,  
uncluttered by the thoughts of you  
or them,  
left me calm but strangely restless;  
the hills and I go our separate ways.

Mistbound and empty, the tent flaps madly,  
its shelter not needed, not where I'm bound,  
retracing the paths that I've walked so often  
but now my footsteps make no sound.

David Peacock



## Tracy says "Muchum Welcum"

Richard Cannon, 21367 High Street, Dunedin 779304  
Michael Gillies, 23 Baldwin Street, NEV 730250  
Rosemary Goodyear, 40 Warden St, Opoho 739606  
Helen Jones, 2 Albany Street, Dunedin 741391  
Margaret Middlemiss, 23 Sheen St., Roslyn 772672  
Nikki Willems, 50 Orbell Street, Dalmore 737801

(Tracy's so excited at meeting new members that her spelling goes to peeces! She's such a jovial girl)

### GOING BUSH? Then check us out,

**WILDERNES**  
MOUNTAINEERING • SKIING • RAFTING SHOP  
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La Sportiva, Mega and  
Mariacher rockclimbing  
boots now available.

SPECIALS on Fairydown  
and Macpac packs

### we've probably got what you need.



# Rose's Recipes

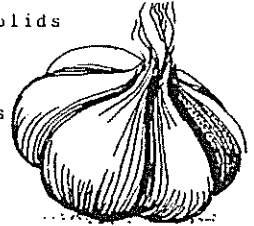


*Rosemary's cooking is an absolute treat,  
Her culinary creations can never be beat,  
These delights gastronomical  
Are truly phenomenal  
With the barest essentials, milk, honey and wheat.*

**LOGAN BREAD:** this is a bread developed for numerous Canadian ascents on Mt Logan. A 2x2 inch square will sustain a man for a day.)



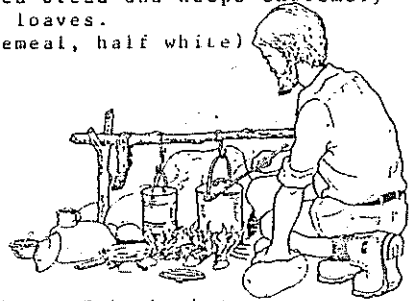
- 1 quart water
- 4lbs wholewheat flour
- 1½lbs raw/brown sugar
- 12ozs non-fat dry milk solids
- 2 Tbsp baking powder
- 2 Tbsp salt
- 2 cups honey
- 1 cup blackstrap molasses
- ¼ cups oil
- 1 cup sesame seeds
- 1½ cups wheatgerm



- 1) Preheat oven to 300 degrees
  - 2) Mix all the ingredients together very well and turn into a greased roasting pan. Bake one hour. Cut into squares and then allow to air-dry until squares are semi-dry.
- Yield: enough to sustain two men, 16 days.

**BARMBRACK or BARMDAKE:** this is a perfect tea bread and keeps extremely well, if uncut, for up to 10 days. Makes 2 loaves.

- 900g(2lb) white strong flour (or half wholemeal, half white)
- 225g(8oz) butter or lard
- 40g(1½oz) fresh yeast
- 225g(8oz) raisins or sultanas
- 50g(2oz) shredded candied peel
- 175g(6oz) soft brown sugar
- ½ grated nutmeg
- large pinch mixed spice
- ½ tsp salt
- 2 eggs
- 275ml(½ pint) warm milk



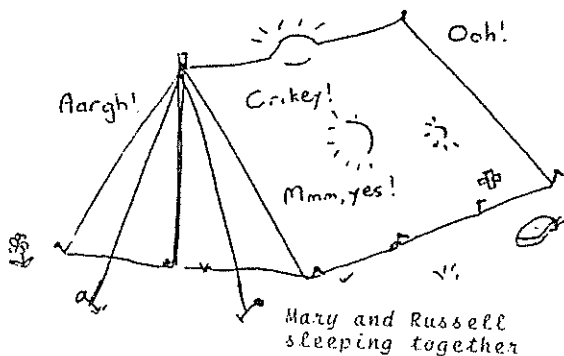
Put butter and flour in a slightly warmed bowl. Rub the butter into the flour as if for pastry. Mix yeast with a little of measured amount of warm milk and pour it into a well in the centre of the flour. Flick flour over, stand the bowl in a warm place and wait until the yeast froths and cracks the flour. Add the fruit, sugar, salt and spices and the egg beaten with some of the milk and mix everything together, adding more milk as needed. Knead into a smooth and resilient dough and allow to rise for 2 hours or longer, even overnight, in a warm kitchen. Knock down the dough, divide it and push it into greased loaf tins, pressing it down well. Allow to prove for 30 minutes, or until doubled in size. Bake in preheated oven at 220C, 425F, Gas Mark 7, for 15 minutes, take loaves out, brush them with the top of the milk, turn them round and put them back to bake for a further 30-35 minutes at 190C, 375F, Gas Mark 5. Cool loaves on a rack and keep in covered tins. (NB where 25g(1oz) of fresh yeast is required, 15g(½oz) dried yeast is adequate).

# "the Munch Bunch go awandering"

We were dropped off at the shelter at Lake Hauroko around 11-20pm with comments from the remaining people in the van like "You're fools, you'll never make it!". I must admit we had an ambitious trip planned but how could we fail with the likes of Rock Melon Mary and Fuzzy Bear for company? On Saturday, we were up by 6am and tramping by 7am in the dark. However the stars and moon were out with Lake Hauroko shimmering under their light. It was absolutely magical walking along the lake shore under the moonlight. Reminded you of Mills & Boon stories as "Barry and Arthur ran off into the sunset ...." About 8-30 however the romance disappeared, and the huffing and puffing began as we climbed above the lake. The bush was very beautiful and, in between the rather disconcerting noise - singing they said! - made by Michelle, Barry and Simon, we enjoyed the singing of the birds. One rest stop, we were rudely interrupted by an earthquake which lasted several minutes. At first, I thought it was me, thinking that perhaps this trip was too tough for me after all, was I dying? With similar expressions on the others' faces, I realised what was going on, thankfully. The trees and ground were shaking vigorously; a bit frightening really.

We lunched just after 12; we were very pleased with our progress so far. It was very fast going as we had travelled on a well-used track that morning. The afternoon contained more ups and downs - ups more frequently, unfortunately. About 1-30, we left the track, which went to Teal Bay Hut, and headed on up the ridge towards the Hump. Much time was spent looking at maps and compasses. Michelle and Arthur were even seen swinging from a tree trying to suss out where we were to our amusement.

By about 4-30, with sheer luck, we found the tarn we had aimed for. Luck I say, because the bush was very thick and chances of finding it again are pretty slim. Around the lake, we lacked flat areas for pitching



tents. However we managed to pitch one for Mary and Russell who didn't have bivvy bags and the rest slept under the stars. Mary at one stage, thought Russell was a possum, so hit him, which resulted in a bit of a commotion in the tent. It awakened the rest of us plus arousing our imaginations.

The next day we set off at 7-25, once again in the dark. Apart from the first ½ hr when we couldn't see where we were going, progress was fast. By 10-30, we were on the Hump

Range and ½ hr later on the Hump meeting up with Dave Barnes and Doug Pagel's groups. They couldn't believe our fast progress but were still convinced that we'd never finish our planned trip on time; they said "We were doomed". We just laughed and threw snowballs at them.

We continued along the range. Michelle pointed out where John Bevan broke his leg several years back. Hearing this, we put Simon under lock and chain, not wanting him test his skills on those inviting rocks. The ridge was rather undulating and I had problems keeping up with Arthur and Michelle. To the amusement of the others, I stated "Well, I wish my legs would run as fast as my runny nose!". This caused a bit of laughter. Simon found some deer antlers which, to the horror of Barry, he was determined to take home. The openness of the tops soon transformed into scrubby regrowth which was rather treacherous travelling. WE emerged several hours later rather battered and Simon minus his antlers. He never told anyone that he had abandoned them but boy did we give him heaps.

We found a nice flat campsite at dusk, minus water. I must also admit that we were beginning to wonder if the others were right. It seemed that we still had an endless journey before us. We were still on the ridge tops and the route down looked terribly rugged and gorged.

Monday morning we were away at 7-20. By this stage, only 2 torches were working; our early morning starts had played havoc on bulbs and batteries. The way down involved vine-swinging, gorge-jumping, tumbling down muddy slopes and bashing through trees and bush lawyer. It was fun or so you would have thought from all the screaming and laughter;

at times, Mary was seen to be lying on top of Simon. Michelle appeared to take delight in rolling down cliffs; Barry immensely enjoyed the bogs and Russell had a peculiar fascination for torches being thrown in his face. Arthur with his long legs just took it in his stride and well, I just fell right at home, not knowing where I was but right in the shit of it. We were lucky enough to stumble on a deer trail which made progress very rapid. We were down on the beach near Port Craig for lunch. The rest of the

Mary, how come you're always on top?



Mary on top of Simon

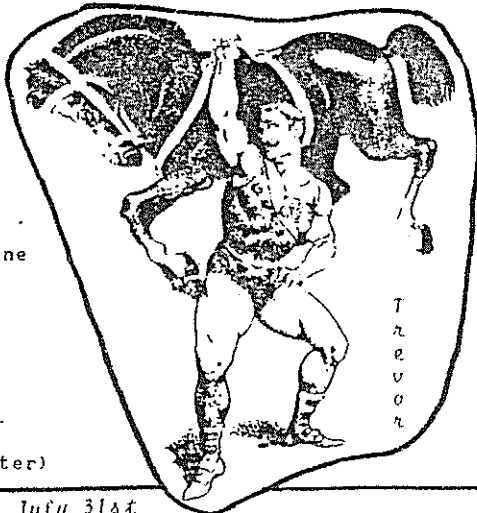
trip proved easy, just ambling along the beach to meet the vans near the Waikoau River. The peacefulness, however, was disturbed by a rather raucous two who thought they could sing, thanks Simon and Michelle. WE made it to the vans with 25 minutes to spare. A fantastic weekend had by:- Party 1 - fuzzy Michelle (Williams); Simon Sausage (Thomas); Beetroot Barry (Wybrow); Russell Radish (Godfrey);

Party 2 - Rock Melon Mary (Hewinson); Artichoke Arthur (Blonde!!) and yours truly, Sweet Sue (alias Suzie Spud (Harding)).

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A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH

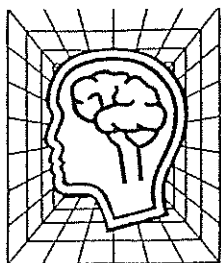
He grabbed me by my slender neck  
 I could not beg or scream  
 He took me to his dingy room  
 Where we could not be seen.  
 He tore away my flimsy wrap  
 And gazed upon my form  
 I was so cold, damp and scared  
 While he was bold and warm.  
 His feverish lips he pressed to mine  
 I gave him every drop  
 He drained me of my very soul  
 I could not make him stop.  
 He made me what I am today  
 That's why you see me here  
 An empty bottle thrown away  
 That once was filled with beer.



(This ditty dug up by Doug Forrester)

CYCLE DAY TRIP - July 31st

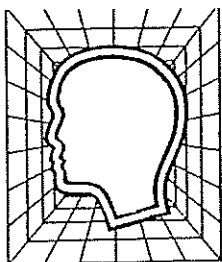
A very pleasant day's cycling to the picnic ground just beyond Tauri Mouth. The weather was perfect and, after pacifying the grumbling legs at Lookout Point, we had an undulating ride to the Mouth. Marc Wheeler crucified himself on a bike with tiny wheels but he did amazingly well. Very heavy discussion at lunchtime on NZ male courtship behaviour - or lack of it and then to the beach. Several people were immersed in the sea, generally against their will (Sue Harding and Heather Robertson were the instigators). But I can't finish without mentioning the commitment and sheer stamina of our leader on this gruelling trip - he (Bill Robertson) set an example to us all - he drove!



A

WHICH ONE ARE YOU?

A or B?



B

If B, forget it but if A, then why don't you use your obvious talents to help the Club? The Club needs dynamic, intelligent people like you to make it an exciting, fun place to be. The pressure on the environment increases daily and articulate, perceptive folks must make their voices heard to preserve all that is important in the wild outdoors. And, anyway, WITH A BRAIN LIKE THAT, you must know a few good jokes so, c'mon, give us a laugh!

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### A PEEK AT THE KEPLER

Queen's Birthday weekend in a party of nine, I had the opportunity to see a few hours of the Iris Burn end of the Kepler Track. It looks like a good site for a winter (Easter to Labour Weekend) trip when gas etc, is turned off and hut fees are only \$7 a night.

Our easy grade group took 2 hours to stroll from the 10-person-at-a-time bridge over the Waiau at Rainbow Reach carpark to the 40 bunk Moturau Hut on Shallow Bay, Lake Manapouri. This section is an almost level track with board walks over every trickle and soft patch, and a wooden floored swing bridge over the Forest Burn.

We tented in the lakeside bush below the luxurious 2-storey hut on a mattress of soft beech leaves. Dozens of dead trees stacked parallel by floods provided endless fuel for a beach bonfire. This attracted two roving launches during the evening, each with six people who called in for a chat.

Two of us who had a tent to ourselves planned an early start up the Iris Burn section of the Kepler Track the next morning. Leaving at 7-30 when it was just light enough to follow the track beside the lake shore without torches, we reached the Iris Burn in 30 minutes. The track follows a wide stream bed at first, and then climbs easily up a small gorge. An hour upstream, a board walk takes you for perhaps 20m past a bluff. Then half an hour's easy going leads to Rocky Point and a track workers' locked hut. This is in the middle of a large old rock slip. Many trees killed by the slip are still standing surrounded by the rocks which are covered with red lichen. The motorised wheelbarrow with crawler tracks, narrow enough to go anywhere on the track, was parked by the hut. We walked another half-hour upstream till our time ran out and we had to head back.

By this time, we must have been near half-way to the Iris Burn Hut in both distance and height. The grade is never difficult - where there are steep patches, the track zig-zags. The terrain is interesting and varied and the views of stream, river, bush and mountains are good and must get better at greater height.

At 10-30 on Friday night, you could camp among the scrub beside the carpark. An easy group could then use Moturau Hut as a base for the weekend, either sleeping in it or camping beside it, and doing day walks up the Iris Burn or around Shallow Bay. A Medium group could get up the Iris Burn to the hut in 7 or 8 hours. Snow would probably not be a major problem except just after a heavy fall - the hut is at 500m and most of the track is through bush. \$7 for the use of a comfortable hut does not seem exorbitant, and camping is not allowed at that height. Worth a thought?

IAN SIME



# the River

A nightmare in four parts  
by  
David Peacock

It took a while to treat Angela and get her to a dry, sheltered spot. I had to splint her leg before lifting her from the water. Then I cut away her wet clothes, redressed her as best I could and covered her with a sleeping bag and safety blanket. She had slipped away from me again but I talked gently to her while I was working, reassuring her and explaining what I was doing, as much to calm my own anxieties as help Angie. When, at last, she was warm and dry, I put up the tent. There was no easy ground and the tent teetered on the rocky scrubble. To move her as little as possible, I built the tent over and around Angela by cutting away one side of the groundsheet from the wall. It was well past nightfall before I finished and then had time to attend to Angie's less serious injuries. As gently as I could, I cleaned the blood from her scalp and dressed the abrasions on the left side of her face. Then I cooked some stew while, often, trying to coax Angie back from her private world but she remained apart and distant.

All through that tedious night, I sat beside Angela. Some times she mumbled faint, incoherent things but mostly she slept. Once or twice, I felt an irrational anger at her for falling and spoiling our joy but, mostly, I was scared. With every beat of her heart, I sensed that she was drawing away from me, away from this world, on a private solitary journey. Many times I brewed up, it was reassuring to hear the hum of the stove driving away the close hard night. I discussed the books I'd read recently and some of the latest films but, mostly, I heard only Angela's wheezing and the feel of her cold dry skin. She coughed up blood a couple of times. Jesus, it frightened me. Occasionally I prayed, not that I believe in such things, but I decided it couldn't do any harm and I sure didn't want to miss out on any chances. Who knows if it made any difference? Around eleven, it began to rain and the clatter of the drops on the fly seemed like another barrier, another wall, between the two of us and the safe world beyond.

As the first grey wash of morning wiped away the shreds of night, I kissed Angie on the cheek and forehead and slipped out of the tent. Closing the flap, I felt I was zipping up a shroud. At the corner I stopped and turned to look at the orange bubble wrapped in the wind and rain. Angie, my love. Quickly, fearfully, I turned the corner to leave this place and quell the hopeless despair rising within. The trip would be rough as I'd have to remain on the true left of the river all the way out for the rain had killed any chance of crossing lower down. The river seemed hostile, callous; the rain plastered the valley with a coat of tears that drummed on my parka, on the rocks and scared the surface of the water. In my haste, I stumbled often and, twice, slipped on boulders and fell into the river; the second time, I was badly thrown and spun by the choking current and I had to fight to gain my escape. After this dunking, I slowed down; if anything happened to me, Angela was in big trouble. Scouring a retreat along this miserable valley, this cold glittering cursed river. I forgot Angie, she was there driving me on but the immediate challenges froze out all other thoughts. The thought of the bluffs ahead chilled me; with the rising river, a fall would be disastrous. Oh, Angie!, I was so scared that I would fail her. But I managed. Clambering and carving through this boulder-racked gash. Again and again. Creeping along the gorge through the dying afternoon. A slow bitter journey of hope: a painful retracing of the steps we'd drawn so eagerly the day before.

The last bluff, I daren't skirt through the ugly racing water licking its base so it was another climb. The scrub was loose in the thin soil and the holds flaky; teetering and scraping along the edge before struggling, slipping and sliding on the other side. Until,

inally, unexpectedly, the open valley. Standing on the edge of the bush, I suddenly felt dog-tired. Although the worst part was over, my gut tightened and I felt so angry and so despairing. Less than forty-eight hours ago, Angie and I had stood near here, apprehensive but excited. Now I hated the valley, these hills, the river. I swore madly, it hurt so much.

"Angie!"

It hurt so very, very much. I sat down for a couple of minutes to calm myself before leaving the straggling bush to begin the final part of this journey. Just a slog. The farmhouse lay black against the sky and, in the early evening glaze, I ran stumbling up the long drive and hammered, crazily, on the door until a guy came and I blurted out,

"Can I use your phone? There's been an accident."

I wept.

\* \* \* \* \*

The chopper swung about twelve feet above the river bed. The crashing of its engine thudded against the valley walls and beat with the roar of the waterfall. Below, the water pulsed and churned in the downdraft and, just ahead, the partly-collapsed walls of the tent swam and billowed in the torrent of air. The doctor slipped into the winch harness and dropped over the side. He splashed through the shallows to the tent and crawled inside. The river, the valley, the falls blurred into one; the tent straining against the tide. The world stalled as the doctor reappeared too soon, too quickly. He looked up and shook his head.

The river was dry.

(THE END)



# Trip      Programme

ALL trips LEAVE from the NEW CLUBROOMS unless stated otherwise.

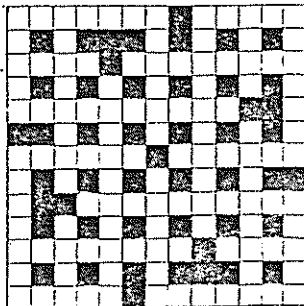
- AUGUST 28      MYSTERY TRIP (M)      Keith Roberts 44-871  
*A good way to unwind after the Annual Dinner is to go on a trip where you don't know where you're going.*
- Hopefully Keith knows the way. See you at the Clubrooms at 9am sharp.
- SEPTEMBER 4      PINEAPPLE TRACK - BURNS SADDLE (M) Mike Gillies 738-258  
*Here's a good trip over well-formed tracks. Good views to be had along the way.*
- SEPTEMBER 3-4      CATLINS AREA (ALL)      Arthur Blondell 89-7633  
*An area that the Club has not visited for a while, the Catlins can provide a wide range of tramping from coastal beaches to deserted bush tramways. So sign the list now (closes 25 Aug)*
- SEPTEMBER 11      ROCKCLIMBING (ALL)      David Peacock 779-855  
*What's this rubbish? I never put my name down for a rock-climbing trip - most of you know my abilities in this area! Look, folks, we'll do something but I doubt it'll involve ropes an' Lycras an' things.*
- SEPTEMBER 18      PARAKEET RIDGE - POSSUM HUT      David Barnes 44-492  
*Ever wanted to travel to Possum Hut by another route? Well come with David and he'll show you some very nice bush close up - i.e. be prepared to travel through some bush.*
- SEPTEMBER 17-18      SPRING X/C SKIING      Bruce Mason 67-509  
*Hopefully there will be some snow around for this trip. Destination to be arranged. Trip List closes 15 Sept.*
- SEPTEMBER 24-25      WINTER KEPLER MOUNTAINS      Barry Wybrow 737-895  
*A good "social" trip with the OTMC Cooking Competition on Saturday night at the Iris Burn Hut. So get cooking!*
- (Trip List closes 15 September).

INDEX of day/weekend trips - compiled by ROSS COCKER  
(October 1987 - August 1988)

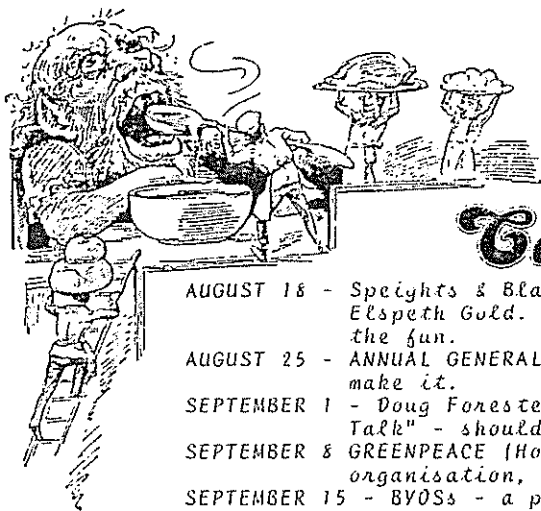
ABEL TASMAN COASTAL TRACK	David & Anne-Marie Barnes	(Mar 88)
BALL PASS	Doug Forrester	(Dec 87)
BEN LOMOND	David Barnes	(Jun 88)
BUSHCRAFT 1988	Caroline Kenyon	(Apr 88)
CAPLES, KAY & SCOTT CREEKS	Geoff Aimers	(Mar 88)
	John Galloway	(May 88)
COOK, MT	Bill Robertson	(Jun 88)
CYCLE TOUR DH/DUNBACK/DH	Debbie & Michelle Williams/ Bill Provan	(Feb 88)
DUNTON RANGE	Sue Harding	(Jul 88)
EARNSLAW, MT	Michelle Williams	(Dec 88)
EVANSDALE GLEN	Ian Sime	(Feb 88)
FIORDLAND	John Galloway	(Apr 88)
HERMIT'S CAVE	Bill Robertson	(Nov 87)
HIGHTOP/MOUNTAIN ROAD	Blair Donkin	(Apr 88)
HOPKINS/HUXLEY	George Palmer	(Oct 87)
KEPLER TRACK/IRIS BURN	Ian Sime	(Aug 88)
KEY SUMMIT/FIORDLAND	Marc Wheeler	(Apr 98)
LENNOX PASS/EARNSLAW BURN	John Galloway	(Nov 87)
	Bill Robertson	(Jun 88)
MARATHON/OTMC STYLE	Antony Pettinger	(Mar 88)
MATUKITUKI - EAST	George Palmer	(Jun 88)
	Marc Wheeler	(May 88)
	Kathy Woodrow	(May 88)
MATUKITUKI - WEST	Caroline Kenyon	(Jul 88)
MAUNGATUA TRAVERSE	Mike Floate	(Dec 87)
MAVORA LAKES	Simon Thomas	(Mar 88)
	Elsbeth Gold	(Mar 88)
MISTAKE/HUT CREEKS	Ian Sime	(Dec 87)
	Paul Barton	(Apr 88)
	Neil Brown/Geoff Brookes	(Apr 88)
	Tim Dobbin	(Jun 88)
	Rosemary Goodyear	(Jul 88)
MT COOK	Bill Robertson	(Jun 88)
MT EARNSLAW	Michelle Williams	(Dec 87)
NARDOO	Ross Cocker	(Dec 87)
NYDIA WALKWAY/PELORUS SOUND	David & Anne-Marie Barnes	(Mar 88)
ROCKCLIMBING	Andy Beecroft	(Dec 87)
	Simon Thomas	(Feb 88)
SILVERPEAKS	Louise Potter	(Jun 88)
SILVERPEAKS (MOONLIGHT)	Simon Thomas	(Aug 88)
TEMPLE - NORTH/SOUTH	Graham Hopkins	(Nov 87)
- SOUTH/NORTH	Polly Stupples	(Oct 87)
WAIITUTU	Sue Harding	(Aug 88)
XC-SKIING - ROCK & PILLARS	Jane Bruce	(Oct 87)

OOPS! Somehow 6 clues were left out of the "Outdoors" crossword. For those who found their ESP skills over-extended, here they are:

- ACROSS: 35 Twin peak (8)  
36 Trumper's obstacle (5)  
37 Cold and hard (3)
- DOWN: 32 Boot-battered feet  
become ..... (3)  
33 63yr old institution  
(as at 1988) (4)  
38 Snow type (4)



! More bar for first correct solution.  
! Happy word hunting - David Barnes



# Social

# Calendar

- AUGUST 18 - Speights & Blancmange: Pantomime by Elspeth Gold. Come along and join in the fun.
- AUGUST 25 - ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING - Please try to make it.
- SEPTEMBER 1 - Doug Forester's "Inspiring Aspiring Talk" - should be a great evening
- SEPTEMBER 8 GREENPEACE (Hopefully) - a great organisation, let's give 'em some support
- SEPTEMBER 15 - BYOSs - a peek at your trips

## >>>> CAMP STOVE FUEL (Important) <<<<<

Since the June Bulletin printed my article recommending unleaded petrol from garage pumps, 2 members have pointed out that this petrol still contains some lead and, although it may be OK for the burner, it may not be doing much for the long term health of the user.

Because I have no desire to shorten the tramping life of anyone (Myself included) I checked with the experts. The Health Dept said that the amount of lead was small and, since the exposure was only occasional and brief, there was no concern.

The BP rep said that there was only residual lead in unleaded petrol due to some of the same transmission equipment being used for it & Super. Its concentration is never more than 0.02g/l of fuel (compared with 0.15g/l for Super). He said I'd probably be more at risk from lead poisoning standing on the Octagon footpath than using unleaded petrol in a cooker.

Prof Robinson (OU Chem Dept) confirmed this opinion.

Ian Sime

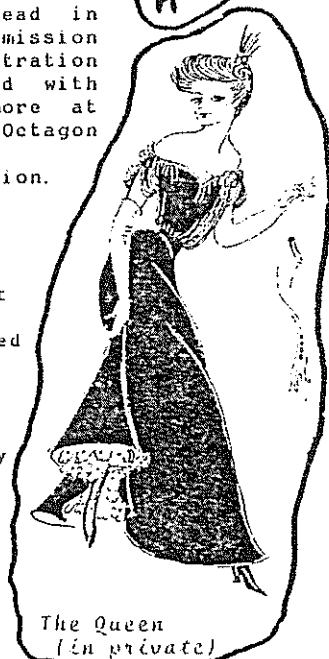
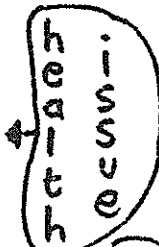
Dear Ed, By now you'll all have read Outdoors 85-87. Wasn't it great? As Editors of the next Outdoors, we need some feedback and support. Do you want Outdoors 88 published this year (a small one), early next year or combined with Outdoors 89? If you've got an opinion on this, let us know.

Now is the time to be thinking about your contribution to Outdoors 88. (Michelle W. is exempt - she's already written 3). It doesn't have to be a trip report - poems, humorous articles, drawings etc. will be useful. We also need volunteers for advertising and the typing (word-processor?) pool.

So don't just sit there - volunteer. Or write something. Or both.

Anne-Marie and David Barnes

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



The Queen  
(in private)