

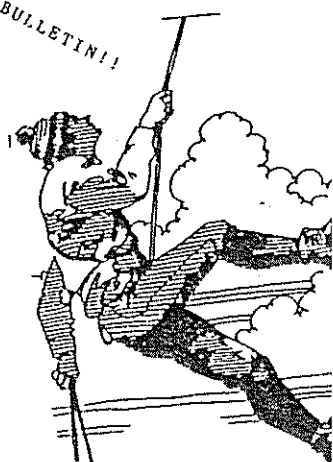
BULLETIN

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

OCTOBER

AN INTRODUCTION TO ROCKCLIMBING
SIXTH OF NOVEMBER

MORE DETAILS IN THE BULLETIN!!
So read on.....



A DAY
AT THE
BEACH

COMMITTEE

PRESIDENT
VICE PRESIDENT
SECRETARY
TREASURER
CHIEF GUIDE
MEMBERSHIP SEC.
SOCIAL SEC.
EDITOR
GEAR HIRE

Dave Peacock 779-855
Heather Robertson 877-519
Ian Sime 36-185
Mark Hanger 739-149
Antony Pettinger 879-440
Michelle Williams 737-814
Doug Forrester 876-416
Sue Harding 43-215
Simon Thomas 741-444



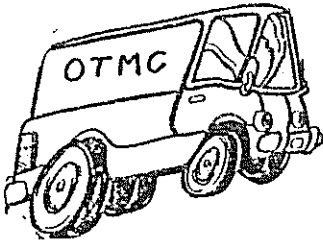
THE EDITOR SPEAKS

HELLO again from the editor...

I enjoyed receiving the articles I did but hope to receive even more next time, particularly from the winners (besides Rosemarys group), from the Luxmore weekend. Whilst Im on the subject of Luxmore, thanks Barry for organising such a unique location for the cooking competition.

On the 24th November there is a special meeting concerning possible purchase of clubrooms. This issue involves us all, so please attend. Its probably the most important decision the club willever have to make!!

Be seeing you in the hills, Sue.



Trip Programme

30th Oct BRUCE MASON SPECIAL (M) Bruce Mason 67-509

6th Nov ROCKCLIMBING INTRODUCTION John Pohl 739-688

This is a good day for beginners who want to have a go at rockclimbing. It will be held at the popular crag at Long Beach.

5-6 Nov FIORDLAND- EGLINTON AREA (ALL) George Palmer 62-462

A trip that is suited for everyone, where you can climb, travel up valleys or along mountain tops. Sign up by 27th Oct.

13th Nov BET YOU HAVE NEVER BEEN THERE BEFORE...

Ken Mason 62-494

I think the name speaks for itself.


20th Nov NARDOO IV Ross Cocker 45-995

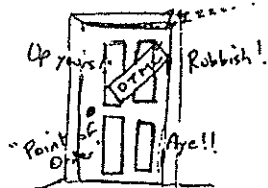
Yep- once again Ross is going to show people the beauties of the Nardoo area.

19-20 Nov MT HORRIBLE-ROCKCLIMBING Andy Beecroft 739-262

A chance for all the Rockclimbers to try some different climbs (Dont let the name put you off- its not that bad!)

Presidential doodles

by 



A Committee Meeting

Hi, this is the new Presidento, David Peacock, here! (cut those groans!). Once again, I am going to try and belabour your ears monthly with a soup of witticisms, profound philosophical digressions, topical comments and other absolute rubbish - prepare the barricades!

Anyway, I imagine most of you will know all the new Committee members by now; like Phoenixes risen from the campfire, most of them have stalked these byways before and left a trail of motions behind them. And although things rarely change, deep in my breast I harbour a dream that if we strain together as one body, we will start a movement that will leave its impression on the Club for years to come.

So, what's first? Well, imagine you're a new person, first visit to the Club, you walk in the door and what do you see? The odd miscreant lounging about, Doug Forrester blowing his trumpet, but signs that it is a Tramping Club? - never. Our rooms are like a desert, a few trip lists and bugger-all else, apart from the new display of ORG notices (good on yer, Jane Bruce). OK, we don't have the freedom of the old Stuart Street Clubrooms to display things but I'm sure we could do something. My first suggestion is that we get a some more display boards and, a couple of months before a weekend trip, we get copies of photos of the destination (from all you keen photographers out there) and stick them up. It would look good, be informative and be particularly useful to new people who may be a little unsure of the area or what is expected of them. I also think that we could have a display of the preceeding year's Club activities that could be changed annually. Not just trips but snaps from the Annual Dinner, Mid-Winter Social etc. Further, I am sure that the climbers amongst us could get together and do a display of rock and alpine climbing gear and techniques (or some such thing).

Secondly, we perhaps should have a table with information for new people and someone to help and advise them - a focal point so they don't feel quite so lost.

Thirdly, in the (unofficial) discussions about buying a new Clubrooms, there has been the suggestion that it could become an Outdoors Centre for Dunedin. Well, why not feel the water now? We could perhaps invite speakers from other groups - canoeists, hang-gliderists - to visit us on Thursdays and give a talk. We're all outdoorsy people and, perhaps, some of us could be tempted to give these other things a go. I don't think that such visits would cause a mass exodus from the Club in search of other thrills; I know for myself that I'll always be a trumper but still I could be tempted to try something new occassionally.

I know that it sounds trite and cliched, and I know you've all heard it before, but the Club is what you make it. I do enjoy being a member, it's a very important part of my life and I am glad of the opportunity to give something back. But it makes it easier for all of us on the Committee if you let us know your views and suggestions, if you give us a bit of a hand. Believe you me, it will be appreciated. I see my role as President as not to do much(!) but to try and make it easier for other people to do things. I'm just a figurehead (oh, my God!), a rallying-point (this is beginning to sound pretty good!), an idol to whom you can all pay homage, a megalomaniac, a

And, finally, my name is David, ~~not~~ Dave. OK, Dave may be the rave, but if I'm not David, I'm livid.

BEEN THERE, DIDNT SEE THAT - (FISH AND BLUE RIVERS)
MAKARORA.

12.30am arrived at the Haast Pass and eight tired looking buds were tossed out of the van by Arthur and his single party member. On deciding to bivy out under clear skies, morning soon came and Bill was pleased, as yes he froze again.

The tramp began with what Arthur described as a gentle clamber up through some open, low-cut scrub. It continued through bush and then out above bush-line onto an open area covered with frozen tarns. Here a snow fight began, started by guess who? From here we had a great view across into the North Branch of the Blue River. Looked impressive and horrific from a distance.

We were soon motivated by the rain and it was a steep grovel as we descended into the Fish River where we came across a set of beautiful falls. A clear looking ridge was well chosen and as we trudged up it we came across a deer trail which made even quicker travelling.

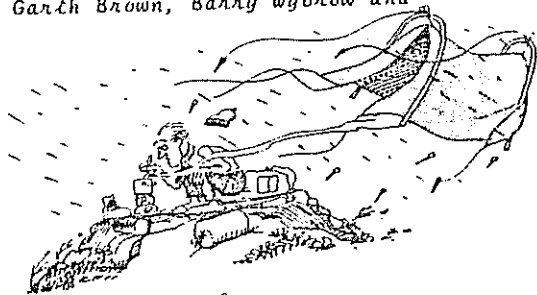
Camp was set at 3.30pm on the edge of the bushline in a hanging valley under the pass. As it was a cold wet night, tea was had early and we were all in bed by 6.15pm. That night it bucketed down and we were woken early by one of the two keen ones who bivied out, letting us know it was nearly dawn and time to get up, as it was going to be a long day.

We were packed and away by 8.00am. It was a 1300ft climb up the ridge before we sidled around an unnamed peak onto the pass. Here we didnt stop for long due to wind and rain gusts. So after a quick feed of chocolate and a study of the map it was a zig zag journey down the other side into the North Branch of the Blue. Lunch was had underneath a huge overhanging rock on the rivers edge. It was lovely and dry all though it soon cooled down and poor Bill had to put on all his dry clothing, which was to be worn in the van. After lunch it was a chilly river crossing to the true left of the North Branch and a swim for Bill and that was the end of his dry clothing.

From here it was a long clamber and grovel up through overgrown bush and we had to sidle around before we found a clear enough looking ridge, which headed down into the Blue River. Once there, it was a quick tramp out, however a little time was spent looking for markers as the track wasnt very clearly marked.

Arrived at the waiting van at 5.50pm. Changed into our begged, borrowed or stolen dry clothing in the rain and then on home.

Michelle Williams for Sue Harding, Billy Provan,
Antony Hamel, Russell Godfrey, Garth Brown, Barry Wybrow and
Andrew Powell.



FOR SALE... 'Fairydown Liteweight', rating -6°C
'Fairydown Duofill', rating -12°C
'Fairydown Trapper', rating -10°C

ENQUIRE - Michelle Williams (phone 737814)

A BIG WELCOME TO THE FOLLOWING NEW MEMBERS
Suzanne MacKay, Dianne Bandeen and Joanne Bruce.
I hope you have many happy times with the club!!



Dotty David's Ditties

THE DEBATE

We're all here to witness the great debate
between scarfies and humans on the theme
that for us old geezers lies the dread fate
that tramping will soon be only a dream
as now we're past it and can just prattle
on past glories but I know that our side
the other's vain waffling they will rattle
and we can again hold ourselves with pride
and say to young ones of nappies still damp
"Wherever you've been, we've been there before"
our exploits shine like a beacon, a lamp
and when you cry "Enough!", we shout "Encore!"
so if any young prick claims I'm dated
he'll be fated to end up castrated.

YOU KNOW TRAMPING'S SBLISS

Sometimes the day's tramping has been so tough
that your mind is weary and your legs sore
and you really think that you've had enough
of this endless grind and hope there's no more
of those long slogs uphill that always tend
to come when you're tired and sticky with sweat
and praying the hut's around the next bend
but when it is reached at last, you can bet
that it will be full and you'll sleep outside,
cursing and muttering "Never again!",
as you snatch some sleep and dream of a ride
in a warm chopper, not soaked by the rain,
but then someone jokes "Why do we do this?"
and though you can't say, you know tramping's bliss.

David Peacock

Say something about why you go rockclimbing, not just what you do or how you do it but something a bit deeper than that... "I think people want more than just gear and technique." I nodded and agreed, it sounded quite a simple task but it's left me in something of a vacuum ever since. Now every time I start thinking about climbing, much less actually try doing, a shadow of doubt is cast over my thoughts with a storm of questions in it's wake and I find myself searching for some form of justification for my actions.

This is crazy!, my mind shouts back in defence. Why anything? Task, I mean, haven't we all wondered just what we think we're doing as we wade timidly into a freezing cold river first thing in the morning or when we claw our way up a wind swept ridge as the sleet stings our faces then runs down our necks and we know it's still three hours to the hut?

Yet come Monday we're telling everyone just what a great time we had and what's more we're trying to convince them that they should join us next trip and find out for themselves how good it is.

Is it that the good bits of tramping qualify themselves against the bad? Are those special times and experiences so super-charged that they out shine the ones we would rather forget or is it that the strain, the pain and the effort only serve to heighten our senses to the simple pleasures we would otherwise overlook? Now where does that leave the rockclimber?

Well just like the tramper, the rockclimber does endure certain hardships and frustrations but these are offset by the highlights. The difference lies not so much in the actual types of experiences but the intensity of them.

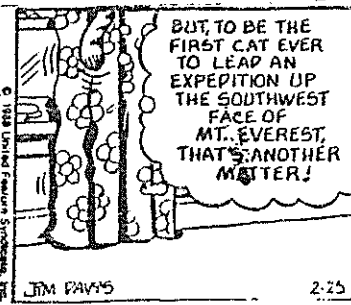
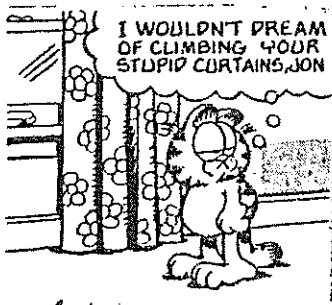
For the climber the highs sometimes come as fleeting realizations of achievement although often only to be shattered moments later by falling off. If that sounds a little weird then think back to that river crossing for a moment or some strange places you have slept lately.

Of course all this doesn't explain why one would want to hang onto a little flake of rock way up some cliff face or to tippy toe along a ledge no more than a few millimetres wide using only the friction of ones hands to prevent coming adrift. What it may have done is to have woken a deeply suppressed sense of adventure or at least the need to do something a little different in the weekends.

If this sounds like you (oh the cliché!) or were you wondering what sort of nutters would do these sorts of things, then come and find out at the club meeting on the third of November where there will be talks (ravers in disguise), gear, photos, slides displays and maybe, just maybe an insight into why rockclimbing!!

Andy Beecroft.

GARFIELD





RECIPES FROM THE KEPLER TRACK COOKING COMPETITION.

Recipes for Rosemary's Party (the prize winners)
For Terry and Dave Woods, and Leigh Duke

Entree: Mussel and mushroom kebabs

Slice mushrooms and marinated mussels and place them on skewers. Leigh Duke.

Main: Fish and Almond Curry

Ingredients

Either 3 teaspoons of a good curry powder, or (my own recipe)

1 tsp turmeric
1 tsp fenugreek
2 tsps garam masala
7 whole coriander , or 1 tsp ground coriander
1 tsp cummin
a pinch of chilli powder
ground black pepper
2 cloves of garlic
1 knob of ginger

1 tin of smoked fish cutlets
2 onions
1/2 cauliflower
100 g mushrooms
1/4 cup almonds

Fry the curry mixture (including ginger and garlic) with the onions and chopped almonds. When the onion is transparent , add the other vegetables, with a small quantity of water , and the juice from the fish. When the vegetables are tender, add the fish.

Serve with a cup of natural yoghurt, on pita bread.

Dessert: Peaches and bananas, cooked with brown sugar and rum.

Ingredients

1 tin of peaches in fruit juice
4 bananas
1/2 cup brown sugar
1 miniature bottle of rum

Heat the peaches and brown sugar in a billy. When this is heated through, add the sliced bananas. When they are slightly soft remove from heat. Warm the rum in a tin mug, then pour it over the mixture and flambee it (a simple match will suffice).

Serve with whipped cream.

Mulled Wine

Heat the wine with seven whole cloves, a cinnamon stick and 1/2 cup brown sugar. Serve when hot.
Be warned, this is quite potent.

Rosemary Goodyear.

FARMING OPPORTUNITIES IN THE NATIONAL PARKS.

the sequel to Bruce Mason's "Recreational Opportunities in Otago".

Low prices, high interest, and in mud bogged,
Depressed and gloomy, we cockies are slogged.

With down-country Farming so Full of woe,
It's to the mountains, we Farmers must go.

So let's try the Farming of a National Park,
That surely has to be a much better lark.

So I'm off to Wellington with cheque and dog,
To see what assets the Government's to flog.

S O Es have all got price tabs,
And several banks are up for grabs.

The budget deficit and huge National Debt,
Mean more asset sales are a sure bet.

To Douglas and Prebble I'll convincingly say,
"Managed by DOC, parks will never pay."

"With DOC overdrawn; the country in hoc,
I'm making an offer for the Mt Aspiring block."

With Helen Clark away at a Coromandel altercation,
Douglas and Prebble will do a quick transaction.

Upon return to my new real estate,
I'll boldly print "KEEP OUT" on Aspiring's gate.

Conservation Moratoriums; I'll give them a pass.
Visiting environmentalists, I'll kick up the ----.

Stocking limitations, I'll blithely ignore,
Complete utilisation is what I'll go for.

Hungry merinos I'll run in their millions,
Ravenous goats will number in the billions.

"Overstocking" will take on a whole new dimension,
Conservationists will use words I'd rather not mention.

"Overgrazing" will take on a whole new meaning,
As meagre profits I'm desperately gleaming.

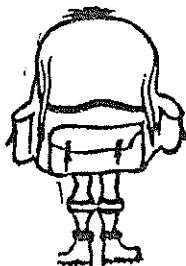
Down on the lowlands our stock gets too fat,
Climbing Aspiring will solve all of that.

But traditional stocking has gone to the pack,
So I'll diversify into both reindeer and yak.

Since "diversification" is all the catch cry
I'll feel compelled to give the following a try.

My goldmining operations will dwarf Martha Hill,
As I desperately try to get money in the till.

Then setting up some chip mills,
Might help pay the bigger bills.



my mortgage with some one national debt,
An overdraft exceeding anything yet.

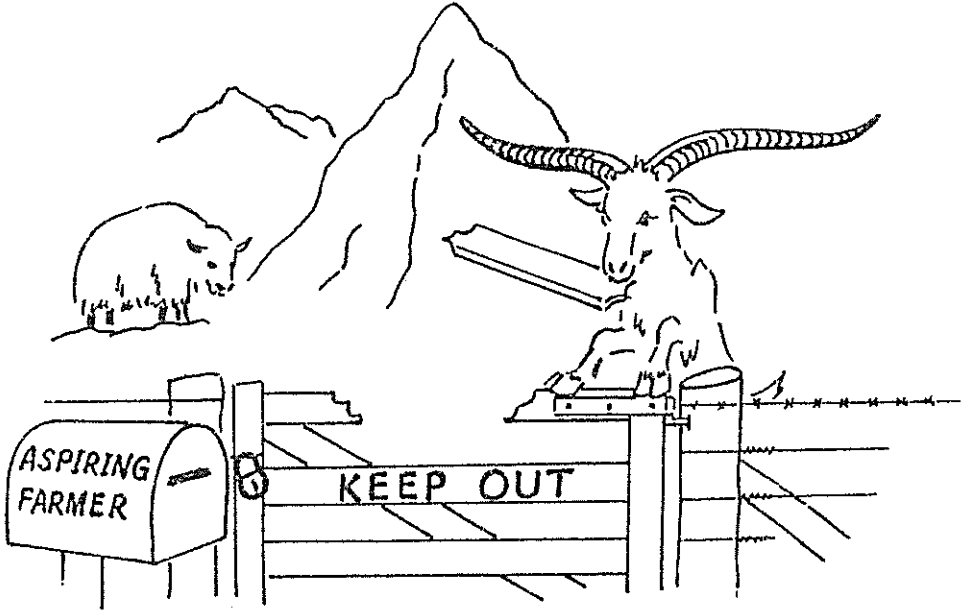
With Aspiring's vast acres for creditor evasion,
And totally oblivious to my banker's persuasion.

From my lofty Aspiring farming domain,
I'll treat trampers and greenies with utter disdain.

I'll correspond with Bruce Mason via "Letter to the Ed",
Using many terse words much better not said.

JOHN GALLOWAY.

(Hey, I'm just joking. I'm not really like this - well not all the time).



THOUGHT FOR THE MONTH...

To avoid criticism-- Do nothing, see nothing, be nothing.

DOUG FORRESTER

ATTENTION!

ATTENTION... ON THE 24th NOVEMBER THERE WILL BE A SPECIAL
GENERAL MEETING CONCERNING FORMULATING A POLICY ABOUT
POSSIBLE PURCHASE OF CLUBROOMS. BE THERE, AS THIS IS AN
IMPORTANT ISSUE CONCERNING THE WHOLE CLUB!!

A COOKING COMPETITION ON THE KEPLER TRACK???

11.50pm my party was rudely awoken by Barry and his team and removed from the pleasantly warmed van, out into the cold evening, but lucky for us there were clear skies and a full moon.

Minutes later boots and packs were on apart from Doug (who wasn't really in our party), as he had decided to travel light which meant no boots or gaiters! This was only starters as we were to discover throughout the trip.

Anyway it was a beautiful start to a great weekend. We strolled over to the Control Gates and onto the newly formed Kepler Track. It was a boggy and often the track was hard to follow in the dark. To Brod Bay it took just a little over a hour. From there we had a fantastic view of TeAnau, here Sue got confused and asked if it was Taupo. (What else can you expect at lam in the morning.ED)

Here Sue wanted to stop for bed, (pretty sensible person this Sue! ED), but Doug was keen to carrying on and managed to persuade Sue to continue.

1½ hrs later, firstly on a new well-formed track (almost like a main highway) and then a steep grovelly, muddy track we surprisingly came upon the limestone cliffs. Here we had to sidle them which was rather tricky in the dark. About this time we unanimously decided to stop after three hours tramping. It was a warm night thankfully as we bivied out on the track that night as that was the only available flattish area. Here we discovered Doug hadn't brought his sleeping bag as it was going to be too heavy, so his night was a little colder than ours.

Four hours later we were awakened by daylight. It was a matter of minutes to get up and packed. Doug was even quicker as he had gone to bed with every item of clothing on.

Less than ½ hr later we reached the bush-line and soon after Mt Luxmore Hut where we had breakfast. You guessed it we had museli for breakfast however Doug settled for porridge and cold chips from Gore piecart.

As we sidled around Mt Luxmore and the Jackson Peaks we had amazing views of Lake TeAnua and surrounding area. It was a quick detour to Mt Luxmore as we were invaded by what seemed like hundreds of keas.



Well Done -
"this must be the ultimate in lightweight camping - an aerosol tent."

we had a quick break and onto Hanging Valley Alpine Shelter for lunch. Along the way Arthur decided to take a 30ft detour, straight down, I think it was just to make our hearts race faster to enable us to keep up with him.

From here it was a long zig-zag down to the Iris Burn Hut, where we amazingly bet the others to.

After a quick visit to a nearby waterfall we arrived back to a fullhutof OTMC members and sandflies preparing for the cooking competition. Boy it was amazing what some of them had carried in. there packs have been very heavy, as some had china, silver-wear, wine glasses tablecloths, even costumes. (I saw grog there to, but did I get any!! ED)

The entrees, mains and deserts all tasted great and every team won a prize, even ours for the best tramping meal. Pour OLD Doug won a prize for the quickest prepared meal which consisted of lots of noodles with instant mashed spuds and cold, Gore piecart chips.

Morning soon came and once again my team was awake and up first. By 8.00am we were packed and away heading down the Iris Burn pass the 1984 Big Slip where Doug kept stopping us, asking us questions as to its happenings.

A short break just before Rocky Point and its unusual red and orange moss covered rocks before lunch was had with the sandflies andat the Moturau Hut. Back at Rainbow Reach, 4½hrs later, because of sore feet and blisters from the gravelled highway, we joined Doug and changed into our running shoes for the last part of the track, the Waiau River in the drizzle back to the Control Gates, making it a completed track walk which took a total of 14½hrs. Here we had approx 1hr wait behind a bush with the sandflies until the van arrived.

Thanks for a great weekend guys-----

Michelle Williams for
Sue Harding, Arthur Blondell, Russell Godfery and our lost party
member Doug Forrester.

THE RETURN

Her childhood could not believe in those mountains
But growing up under them
Her youth learned to kneel to their greatness.

Finding, however, a love higher than mountains,
She departed into an equable domesticity,
Rude, nevertheless, with a dark rush of duties,
And caught in cascading trivialities.

But love kept a silence in her heart,
And snow-bright memories rose
Out of a scene distant as juvenility,
A tranquillizing retrospect.

And these stood guard until time
In his more tender guise as deliverer
Nudged her into the narrowness of age.

Where hungering for a waft of the freedom in which she began
And with past loyalties stirring like lilies,
She returned to the former wilderness
Where she had lost her childhood like a silver trinket,
And to the mountains and their old redeeming friendship,
Feeling so safe under mountains.



Social Calendar

SOCIAL CALENDAR...

- 6th Oct Moans and Groans evening
- 13th Oct 'Help, Im lost'
by Stu Mathieson on SAR procedures
- 27th Oct Greenpeace
come along and support this worthwhile organisation.
- 3rd Nov Rockclimbing
Listen to Andy and John talk about the joys of climbing.
- 10th Nov Car Rally
Organised by David and Anne-Maree Barnes.



CONGRATULATIONS go to Rachel Nobel and Neil George who get married on the 15th October. The club hopes for much happiness for your future together. Weddings must be in the air. CONGRATULATIONS also goes to Jane Bruce and Spen Walker who get married in November.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....

Dear Editor,

In these days of declining moral standards it is essential that we look closely at the moral fibre of those seeking high office. In this respect our glorious American allies give us a lead and I am particularly concerned about the new club Vice President, or Madam Vice. After all where was she during the Vietnam War? I have it on good authority that she took draft dodging to the extreme of masquerading as a South Auckland school girl for the whole war! And it does not end there. She is also known to be carrying on a long running liason with former secretary (cf this club).

Yours in shock and horror, etc