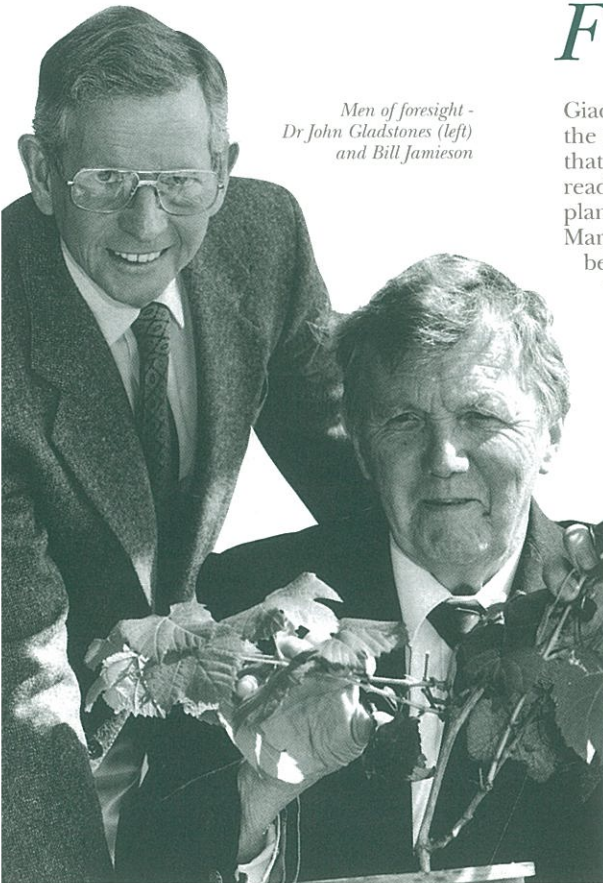


MENTELLE NOTES

THE NEWSLETTER OF CLOUDY BAY AND CAPE MENTELLE

Founding Fathers

*Men of foresight -
Dr John Gladstones (left)
and Bill Jamieson*



Next year Margaret River, Western Australia celebrates its 25th anniversary as a wine region, one of Australia's most renowned. This issue of Mentelle Notes charts the early pioneer days, while subsequent editions will extend that history and do a little grape gazing - a timely look into the district's future.

Boasting less than one per cent of the country's wine production, Margaret River can hardly reckon to be a major force in the Australian wine industry. However, a quick scan of any fine wine retailer's shelves or some restaurant wine lists will bear out the fact that Margaret River enjoys a profile and consumer support more substantial than its diminutive production statistics would suggest.

Certainly the region's reputation would please Yallingup farmer Giacomo Meleri. If he were here today to sip a drop of cabernet, two things are sure.

Giacomo would be overwhelmed to see the number of vineyards and wineries that now abound in the area and would readily admit that the vineyard he planted in 1915 on his farm north of Margaret River had no influence on the beginnings of the region's successful wine industry.

A native of Sondrio in northern Italy, Giacomo planted a two acre vineyard with fragola, a grape variety from the Veneto region. In vats and barrels hand-crafted from local she-oak he produced sufficient claret-style wine to supply the family's needs, plus some to spare which was sold to friends at threepence a bottle.

The venture never expanded and when Giacomo sold the farm in 1950 the vineyard was abandoned and eventually disappeared. However, a few cuttings taken from the original vines survive today in the vineyard of Albert Credaro at Carbungup, between Busselton and Margaret River.

Giacomo's departure preceded Margaret River's genesis by only five years. In 1955, growers concerned at the

decline of vine health in the Swan Valley near Perth sponsored a visit by eminent Californian viticulturalist Professor Harold Olmo. Dr Olmo spent eight months in Western Australia to identify root stocks and virus free vines that would ensure the future of the valley.

During his stay Olmo was to influence two men who would play significant roles in the establishment of Margaret River. Furthermore he identified the southern corner of the state as a prospective cooler wine region.

Olmo worked with visionary Bill Jamieson, chief viticulturalist with the WA Department of Agriculture until 1979, a man to whom the present day vignerons owe much. For it was Jamieson who instigated the planting of high quality varieties, one of the major reasons for Margaret River's, and indeed the south-west region's success.

From the University of California at Davis, Jamieson imported chardonnay, sauvignon blanc, semillon, cabernet franc, pinot noir and zinfandel, a selection that well complemented the existing cabernet sauvignon, shiraz, rhine riesling and verdelho vines. He ensured that only the best were supplied to prospective growers and in doing so set the foundations for a thriving fine wine industry.

The Sixties' Spotlight

Not until 1965 did the real viticultural spotlight fall on Margaret River, and it did so with the publication of a scientific paper by agricultural scientist Dr John Gladstones. Gladstones also had contact with Olmo during his stay in W.A., and it was the visiting professor's identification of the potential of the south-west that spurred Gladstones to research the area that had long held his interest.

Gladstones knew Margaret River well. School holidays had been spent at Augusta and he remembered being struck by the intense flavours and aromas of local stonefruit. In researching the climate he found parallels with Bordeaux and his paper set forth convincing arguments for the establishment of a fine wine industry in Margaret River.

It's publication triggered the planting of the first vines since Meleri's days; a challenge taken up by Dr Tom Cullity of Vasse Felix whose first rootlings went into selected ground at Cowaramup in 1967, the inaugural commercial Margaret River vineyard. Its success inspired others to follow.

All of this history is now in the bottle and the array of labels and fine wines emanating from the region bear witness to the theories of Dr John Gladstones and the foresight of Bill Jamieson.

In the next issue of MN David Hohnen takes the Margaret River time capsule back to the Seventies...

Pelorus makes a Splash

Pelorus, the sparkling wine of Cloudy Bay, may not be the most oft popped bubbly in the land, but like its namesake, dolphin Pelorus Jack who swam with the seafarers of Marlborough Sounds, its debut has made a bit of a splash.

The *Penguin Good New Zealand Wine Guide*, compiled by Vic Williams, nominated Pelorus as New Zealand's Best Sparkling wine - "a very stylish wine that sets new standards for the genre"; confrère wine writers of the *Penguin Good Australian Wine Guide*, Mark Shield and Phill Meyer decreed it "Highly Commended" and dubbed it "the discovery of the year."

Huon Hooke of the Sydney Morning Herald thought it had "more 'champagne character' than any other Antipodean fizz", Auckland's Callum Hantler thinks it's "A class act", and one enthused Auckland customer reckons when he wins the lottery his butler "will fill the swimming pool with it!" Rash fellow...

The 1987 vintage may still be available in some restaurants and fine wine shops but if you haven't tried it yet or can't find it and want to pop some fizz this festive season, look out for the distinctive bronze dolphin and the second release, Pelorus 1988.

Pelorus 1988

Not all vintages are text book, but the patchy and cool 1988 season didn't affect the sparkling base wines, pinot and chardonnay, which were harvested in late March. Sparkling wine grapes picked earlier at lower sugar levels result in lower alcohol and higher acid, essential for the achievement of balance and freshness in méthode champenoise wines.

Pelorus' maker, Harold Osborne, who's just completed a vintage in California, believes that the '88 vintage is a fine successor to the '87 and perhaps marginally better. After a late night shift in the Santa Maria Valley, he sipped a recently disgorged bottle and wrote:

"Like the first vintage, Pelorus 1988 brims with richly concentrated fruit and has a fine persistent mousse. A generous full flavoured wine it shows delicate yeast overtones, subtly integrated with toasty vanillin characters, supported by ripe tropical and citrus fruits. Its opulence lingers to a refreshing dry finish."

Pamper your palate with Pelorus this festive season!

And not to be out-sparkled...

Cloudy Bay Sauvignon Blanc 1992

For some, like that first ever kiss, successive releases of the Cloudy Bay Sauvignon Blanc will possibly not ever live up to the inaugural vintage of 1985. Sorry, the Cloudy Bay team are true romantics at heart but their powers aren't infinite! No one (including Kevin Judd) can recreate the gobsmacking thrill that is everyone's introduction to Marlborough sauvignon blanc.

Nevertheless previous vintages provide a yardstick and comparisons are worthwhile. The 1992 (a year that at times threatened disaster) is an excellent wine, as good as any produced to date. Conditions were cool and often wet till the end of March, and Jack Frost sometimes prowled at night. At one point the helicopter was summoned at

4.30am to hover over the vines, pushing down warm air to thwart Jack's passage. And in April, a critical month, the Maori proverb, 'the sun always finds a hole in the clouds over the Wairau' held true; the grapes ripened with all the fruit intensity of a cool year.

Kevin Judd, who claims he can't remember his first kiss, but can still get

enthused about his latest Sauvignon Blanc, describes it thus:

"The Cloudy Bay Sauvignon Blanc 1992 exhibits exuberant fruit, powerful aromatics of gooseberry and passionfruit entwined with spicy tomato leaf notes. The palate reveals mouthfilling fruit intensity that lingers to a long herbal finish, cleansed by fresh acidity."

Pelorus

"It's very, very good! Expect it to become a collector's item."

Vic Williams, Best Sparkling, PENGUIN GOOD NEW ZEALAND WINE GUIDE

"New Zealand's leading méthode champenoise."

Bob Campbell, CUISINE

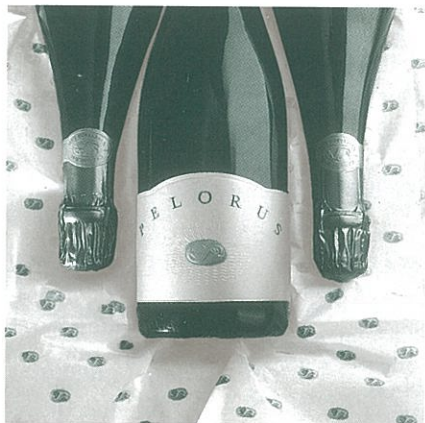
Cloudy Bay Sauvignon Blanc 1992

"Well up to speed...pungent gooseberry, herb and vegetal aromas with a depth of flavour uncommon in this region and style."

Huon Hooke, SYDNEY MORNING HERALD

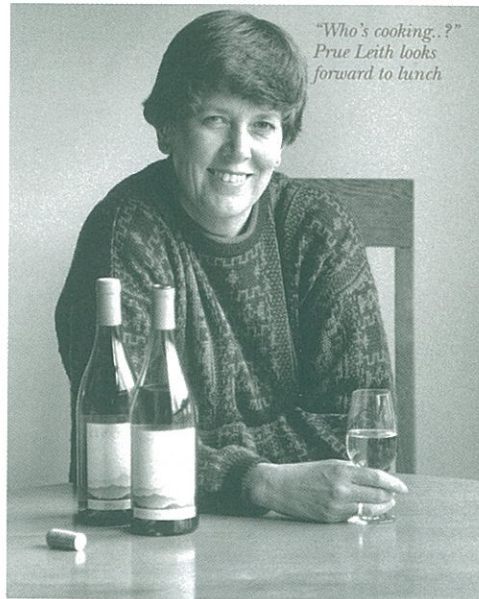
"It is a fine, full-bodied, grapey wine filling the mouth with complex taste sensations - a joy to drink."

Jock Graham, AUCKLAND HERALD



LEITH FOR LUNCH

England's renowned chef restaurateur Prue Leith toured New Zealand recently, a whirlwind taste trip from north to south. The gastronomic journey included a brief visit to Marlborough, where she enjoyed a relaxed day at Cloudy Bay.



"Who's cooking...?" Prue Leith looks forward to lunch

Imagine Kevin Judd's culinary dilemma. What does one cook for the doyenne of London's food scene, caterer to Hampton Court Palace, author of tantalising tomes, proprietor of a prominent food school and one time U.K. Business Woman of the Year? Simple - nothing.

They all went to Louie's in Blenheim for plump Sounds' scallops, smoked salmon and sates, all washed down with *Cloudy Bay Sauvignon Blanc*, which Leith unaniously declared a local weapon.

Should you be visiting Marlborough and looking for lunch MN can recommend Louie's. Chef Marijke de Lussanet and husband Louis have brought a bit of Asia to Blenheim, plying patrons with their eclectic mix of East and West. Born in Indonesia of Dutch parents, they discovered Marlborough three years ago. If you're lucky, host Louis, who was once a member of the Dutch Swing College Band and now also makes the peanut sauce, might accompany the scallops with a drum solo.

Louie's Telephone (03) 5780533 - BYO.

Cloudy Bay Chardonnay 1990

"Perfection. Not the biggest wine of this type around, but its complexity and overall balance are breathtaking. I think it is a real show stopper."

Ivan Donaldson, THE PRESS

"Soft and full at first but as firm and direct as the toughest school ma'am beneath. Similar to those made in Meursault and authoritative enough to handle the most flavoursome food. Top stuff!"

Philip White, ADELAIDE ADVERTISER

Cloudy Bay Cabernet Merlot 1990

"A style with finesse...still rather young, it will develop for some years."

Jock Graham, AUCKLAND HERALD

Latest Drops

Waiter, there's water in my wine...

by Morris Gleitzman

Mentelle Notes presents an apocryphal tale bound to beset any caring parent

"Dad," said our eleven year-old, peering around the French country restaurant, "all the kids at the other tables are drinking wine." I busied myself checking my escargots for half-digested snail baits and pretended not to hear. "That's right," said her seven year-old brother, pointing to the next table. "That kid's just poured red wine into his glass of water and drunk it and his Dad's not stopping his pocket money or hosing out his mouth with Milo."

I pretended to be engrossed in my salad. "I wonder," I said loudly, "if that insect on the lettuce is a garden snail or an escargot that was only stunned?" It was no good. The kids weren't going to be distracted. They slid their water glasses across the table towards me. It was the moment that sooner or later every parent must face

I confronted the dilemma head-on. "Have a Pepsi," I said, "and to hell with the expense."

Two young faces stared at me, crestfallen. "But," they wailed, "the other kids..."

"They're French," I said.

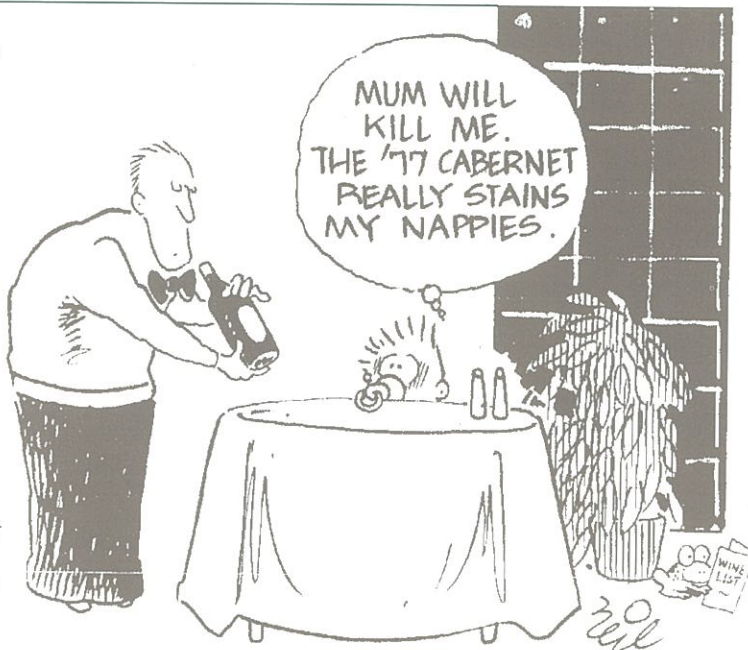
A gleam of victory appeared in two pairs of young eyes. "But Dad," they said, "isn't that why you made us give up a perfectly good life in the suburbs of Australia and dragged us all the way over here? So we could be French?"

They had me there. Sweat trickled from under my beret and ran down inside my Provençal peasant smock. I told myself to stop being silly. (Actually I told myself to stop being cabbage, my French isn't the best.) What harm could a few drops of wine in a glass of water do? Generations of French folk had partaken of this civilised tradition as youngsters, and how many of them were raving alcoholics? No more than twenty or thirty million, tops.

I splashed a little Côtes du Luberon into the kids' glasses of water. They each took a sip and screwed up their faces. "Tastes a bit yukky, eh?" I said.

"You're not kidding," they grimaced. "It's got almost no depth on the middle palate. We know it's only an unpretentious little vin du pays, but it's got less body than Darryl Fishburn's pet tapeworm."

They signalled to the wine waiter. "Monsieur," they said, "two fresh glasses of water and a bottle of Gevrey Chambertin '62." When I'd recovered the power of speech (nobody had explained to me about taking the escargots out of the shells) I called the



wine waiter back. We had a brief conversation centred on my non-ownership of any major global deposits of minerals or oil, and settled on something a little less pricey.

By the time I'd got back from selling the car, the new wine had arrived. I poured a little into the two fresh glasses of water. The kids explored the contents with their noses for several minutes. They rolled the liquid around their mouths for several minutes more. Then they spat it into the salad bowl.

"It was the moment that sooner or later every parent must face"

"Abysmal," they said. "We've drunk paint-brush rinsing water with more flavour."

I glanced apologetically at the wine waiter, who gave me a sympathetic shrug. "OK," I said to the kids, "that's enough wine tasting for today."

"No," they cried. "If you make us stop now our taste for wine will be destroyed forever. You'll be condemning us to a life of beer and coolers and cocktails with double cream. There must be an affordable wine somewhere with depth and body and a complex structure that can cope with being a bit waterlogged."

I looked at their plaintive faces and my heart softened. "Monsieur," I said to the wine waiter, "je voudrais un vin Australien ou Nouvelle Zélande." The restaurant fell silent. Around the room eyes narrowed and lips became thin. The garçon gave me the heavy-lidded glower of a man with access to a sizable

selection of cleavers and paring knives. I looked away and caught the eye of one of the snails on my plate. No sympathy there either.

When I looked up, the patron was advancing towards us, hefting a big, gnarled smoke-dried sausage menacingly. "OK kids," I said, "time to get outta here."

"This is ridiculous," they said. "We can't run away from a restaurant just because we ordered the wrong wine."

"I'm not talking about the restaurant," I said. "I'm talking about the country."

We arrived home a few weeks ago. For a while the kids, scarred by the whole experience, lost all interest in wine. But they found a splash of brandy alexander in a glass of water even less appealing, and were soon sniffing round my bottle of red again.

I gave them a watered-down Marlborough cabernet, and they pronounced it acceptable, at least until they're old enough to drink it neat. We've struck a deal. All the while they have their wine diluted with forty-nine parts water, I'm going to have my escargots the same way. So far it's working for us all.

Morris Gleitzman, regular columnist for the Sydney Morning Herald, has written five books including Second Childhood (Puffin), Misery Guts and Worry Warts (Pan). His latest book Blabber Mouth (Pan) has just been released, and his play (soon to be a film) - Two Weeks with the Queen - is currently thrilling Sydney audiences.

MUSTS

Marlborough Wine & Food Festival

Saturday 13 February, 1993

Brancott Vineyard, Blenheim

Booking & Enquiries: Freepost 85

Box 498 Blenheim

Tel: (03) 577 8877

Fax: (03) 577 8866

Margaret River Wine & Food Festival

12 - 14 February, 1993

Margaret River, Western Australia

Marketing America

Earlier this year Cloudy Bay and Cape Mentelle 'went national' in America.

This is not quite as grand as it sounds, but it does mean that our US importer, Kobrand Corporation has made our wines available throughout their extensive distribution network. Neither is it as easy as it sounds.

A country that holds high the ideal of freedom is ironically one of the most bureaucratically trussed nations on earth. Each state is legally autonomous but like different countries when it comes to distribution. Nevertheless we're out there, from Hawaii to New York, and places in between.

Marketing in America requires a complete reassessment of accepted principles.

Forget about Sydney, London or Hong Kong. Go back to

START, collect as many \$\$ as possible and learn to smile. In the land of Donald Duck and the Dew Drop Inn, the rules are different.

The first lesson is a tough one. Retailers can be hard guys. Fed on a steady diet of sales reps with product catalogues as thick as phone books, they have mastered a glazed stare that says without a word, "Go on, try and sell me a \$20 cabernet. Make my day." These are the guys that throw you at the ceiling to see if you stick.

The next lesson is the hardest of all. In the US, wine is sold by numbers. Scores to be exact. Two magazines dictate to the nation what is good, bad or indifferent. They are omnipotent, awe-inspiring. Robert Parker's *Wine Advocate* and Marvin Shanken's *Wine Spectator* review wines and score them out of a possible 100. Below 75 is death, 75 to 85 a yawn, 85 to 90 is to live in hope, over 90 is salvation, and over 95 a stampede.

In some shops these scores are displayed as shelf cards under each bottle. A true story goes: customer asks shop assistant for a bottle of Blessed Estate Chardonnay '91. The keen-to-please assistant points out the '91 vintage is not yet available. "Would the '90 do?" Customer retorts:

"Not the vintage, you schmuck, the one that scored a 91 in the *Wine Spectator*!"

The third lesson is easy enough to understand. Ask any average Aussie or Kiwi to point a finger at the globe and



Two Stars outside Stars: Jeremiah Tower and Kobrand's John O'Neill

locate Minneapolis and you'd be happy to get close to Disneyland. So it's not surprising, despite the great job by Australia's Paul Hogan and Olivia

Newton-John, that there are few Americans who could even place

New Zealand and Australia in the right hemisphere, let alone locate the South Island. And the concept of fine wine does not sit easily with koalas, vegemite or big red rocks.

But they like us. We amuse them. Like the dog that pinches a snag off the barbie. Just as well rules are made to be broken, and exceptions made.

Good food and fine wine are synonymous and the large and growing number of America's bars, cafes, great restaurants and grand hotels like to feature wine lists as eclectic as their menus. Cape Mentelle's first sale in the US was the Shiraz 1988, to renowned and creative chef Jeremiah Tower of San Francisco Stars restaurant fame. A great start and with the help of the Kobrand team Cloudy Bay and Cape Mentelle are now represented in some of America's finest restaurants.

Happily at the retail end of the market there is a hard but happy core of fine wine folk, who love wine and are prepared to make selections based on their own opinions. It's not huge business but it's good business and worthwhile.

So, with a bit of help and perseverance Cloudy Bay and Cape Mentelle wines are filtering into the American market, standing alongside other premium wines from the Antipodes. Perhaps the Yanks better watch those snags.

THE OTHER DAY

I bought a longtime favourite Martinborough chardonnay and took it home to enjoy with a plate of crab meat ravioli I had whipped up with a \$20 note down in Melbourne's Little Italy, Lygon Street. As I ritualistically cut the capsule around the neck, just below the lip of the bottle, I noted it was made from a tougher metal than the tin-lead combo I'm used to. What's up I thought? Are these guys feeling the pinch so badly they're going cheap on the cap. Wouldn't it be better to give the BMW back to the leasing company and give me a nice 'n easy-to-cut cap? Feeling cheated I made a few enquiries and this is the story...

It's all about lead. Lead poisoning to be exact. It started with the Yanks and their Lead Pollution Act of 1990, which, effective January 1992, decreed banned in US territory all wine capsules containing lead.

So how do you get lead poisoning from a wine cap? Well it's pretty damn difficult. If you go to the trouble of not cutting the capsule carefully, and not wiping possible residual oxide from the lip before pouring, you might get wine in your glass that exceeds the accepted international safe limit of 300 parts per billion.

Wine itself contains lead and the content varies. Recent research has shown that Australian wine averages around 40ppb. The accepted standard drinking water is 50ppb and canned tuna averages 168ppb. With Australian average dietary intake at approximately 230 micrograms daily you would be grunting to get even your daily quota from vinous overindulgence, with or without lead cap. Better to pig out on canned tuna.

However, it hasn't always been so hard to get a dose of lead in your wine. From Roman times until the late 18th century wine was sweetened with lead oxide. It had dire effects too, symptoms included the gripes, constipation, blindness, insanity and if you were lucky enough, death. But that was the dim dark ages and in these enlightened times the unscrupulous are more likely to use radiator fluid (glycol) to achieve the same effect... sweetening lousy wine.

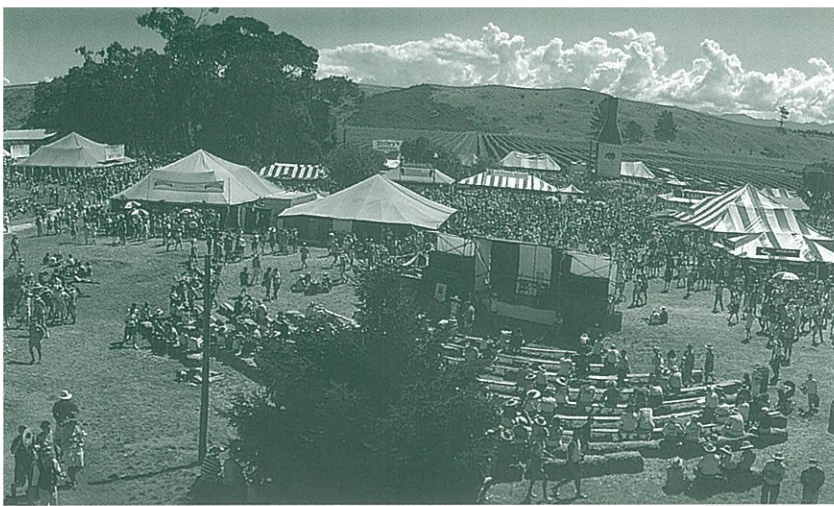
Back to capsules. Why are New Zealand and Australia a 'me-too' in this lead phobia? Well, it seems that just as McDonalds have spread throughout Europe proving that bad taste and bad ideas are catching, so too the Europeans are legislating against the insidious tin-lead seal. The pragmatic Antipodeans, with exports growing in leaps and bounds, shrug shoulders. It's in with aluminium and out with lead. Why argue?

Concluding my research on this topic I pondered the wider causes of lead poisoning. It struck me as sinister that the federal body charged with regulating wine in the USA is called the Bureau of Alcohol Tobacco and Firearms. Tobacco alone is life threatening enough without worrying about lead, but what about the guns?

In America there are reported to be 200 million guns in private ownership. Every day, 65 people are killed by firearms. Rough calculations suggest the American population is absorbing about a tonne of lead annually - in the form of bullets. Now that's what I call lead pollution. Cheers!

Bruce Lees

Blenheim Birdseye



Flying high at the 1992 Festival

SAVOUR MARLBOROUGH'S FLAVOURS

Attention all bon vivants, wine lovers, or simply the foot-loose and fancy free - here's an event you can't afford to miss...

The world renowned **Marlborough Wine & Food Festival**, New Zealand's biggest regional wine celebration, is a Bacchanalian fiesta guaranteed to please all wine and food [and Morris dance] lovers.

The Festival will be held on Saturday 13 February, 1993 at the Brancott Estate in Blenheim. Entrance \$20 (including tasting glass), children under 15 FREE. Admission by pre-sold tickets only (including FREE coach service from Blenheim).

An appetiser for keen foodies - the **Marlborough Culinary Fare** - will be held in Blenheim the week prior to the Festival. Ten invited New Zealand chefs will strut their stuff with Marlborough produce, creating a four-course menu from the freshest and best from the South Island's gourmet paradise. **Come celebrate...!**

Bookings and enquiries: Marlborough Wine & Food Festival, Freepost 85, Box 498, Blenheim. Telephone (03) 577 8877 Fax: (03) 577 8866.

STICKYPHILES...

and other sweet-tooths are advised that the **Cloudy Bay Late Harvest Riesling 1991** (375ml) is now available (ex-winery only) for your delectation. What better accompaniment to the mango trifle you promised to make your mother this Christmas!

Kevin Judd, a self-confessed stickypophile, describes his passion as, "vibrant green with golden tints, displaying both fresh and dried fruit characters. A delicious combination of mandarin, lemon, lime and pineapple, coupled with nuances of apricots and figs. The palate is fresh and lively, showing powerful fruit intensity and marmalade complexity. Lusciously sweet, it still finishes crisp and clean." **Get your just desserts NOW!** Available in full or mixed cases.



SEND 'EM MENTELLE IN THE U.K. THIS XMAS

Cloudy Bay's Santa has been busy. Not only did he drop off Rudolph's Mixed Blessing in Blenheim, he sleighed in a special selection of Cloudy Bay wines to our London agent.

So, *Mentelle Notes* is pleased to offer readers the opportunity of sending family and friends in the U.K. a truly Kiwi treat, a case (or two if they've been really good) of *Cloudy Bay Sauvignon Blanc 1992* - New Zealand's ambassador to the wine world. Place your order (as indicated on the form overleaf) before **FRIDAY 4 DECEMBER** (to ensure pre-Xmas delivery) and brighten their British winter! The listed case price (full cases only) includes VAT and delivery to mainland U.K.

If you would like to **SEND 'EM MENTELLE IN THE U.K.** at other times of the year, please contact the winery on telephone (03) 5728914 or fax (03) 5728065.

ANCIENT TIPPLE

Archaeologists in Iran are about to rewrite wine history. Chemical analysis of a red-stained cone-shaped jar has revealed traces of tartaric acid, a guaranteed indicator that the Persians were drinking red in the year 3500 BC. However the date isn't definitive - some archaeologists suspect grapes were fermented and enjoyed, tartrates and all, at least 1000 years previously.

Win a T-Shirt!

Celebrate this momentous vinous discovery...just think up a name and sketch a label for the world's oldest wine. *Mentelle Notes* will award a Cloudy Bay T-shirt to the three most imaginative entries. Post to: *Old Wine, Cloudy Bay Vineyards, PO Box 376, Blenheim or fax (03) 5728065. Winners notified by mail.*

Too busy, or not feeling creative and still want to dress for Xmas dinner? Well, order three cases of wine and we'll send you a T-shirt **FREE!**



Rudolph Red Knows Wine Dear

A SPECIAL FESTIVE DOZEN

Those in the know, red nose or not will be delighted to learn that again this year Cloudy Bay's Santa has called early to deliver a bumper stocking deal for all good *Mentelle Notes* readers. He and Christmas courier Rudolph can recommend this very special gift selection. Surprise family or friends with this classy case of Christmas cheer.

RUDOLPH'S MIXED BLESSING

Comprises four bottles each of three exceptional wines - the recently released *Cloudy Bay Sauvignon Blanc 1992*, a good guernsey winner in Bob Campbell's recent *Cuisine* sauvignon blanc tasting; the *Cloudy Bay Cabernet Merlot 1990*, described by elder wine statesman Jock Graham as "a style with finesse", small quantities of which are still available to accompany the Xmas turkey, and for the sweet-tooths, the just released *Cloudy Bay Late Harvest Riesling 1991*.

This mixed blessing is guaranteed to satisfy every keen imbibers' needs, especially at the cheering Christmas case price of **\$257.60** Be sure to order your Cloudy Bay blessing early, so Rudolph has time to fill your stocking!

"A heavy drinker was at dinner, and during dessert he was offered some grapes.

"Thank you very much," he said, pushing the plate to one side, "but I am not accustomed to taking my wine in capsules."

BRILLAT-SAVARIN

Sign up - we'll send you Mentelle

If you or a friend within New Zealand would appreciate receiving a copy of *Mentelle Notes* please complete this coupon. Send to: PO Box 376, Blenheim.

Name: (Mr/Mrs/Ms)
First

.....
Surname

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