

MAGIC MOMENTS



WITH THE BISHOPDALE TRAMPERS

1985-2006



Edited by Allan Hunter

Illustrated by John Andreae

The first tramping club formed in the Bishopdale area of Christchurch, NZ, now celebrates its twenty-first birthday.

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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Front Cover: Descending from Boundary Hill towards Lake Coleridge, 23 February 2005.

INTRODUCTION

When Don Chadderton resigned, he wrote:

"The Bishopdale Tramping Club is a model of what the ideal club should be in that it consists of a wonderful group of people who enjoy a common goal with a fine sense of cooperation and friendship. It has been a privilege to be a member over the past five years and to share some interesting, sometimes challenging, but always satisfying days, exploring Canterbury.

I have enjoyed the positive spirit within the Club and wish every member:

- The joy of many more years of that view from the top after the slog that makes it all worthwhile.
- The delight of that shower or bath at the end of a long day in the rain or the mud.
- The taste of that deserved drink, and a chat round the fire in a country pub on the way home.
- The opportunity of being part of friendly banter in the queue for pies at Hororata.
- A coat that stops water running down the back of the neck.
- The fun of charging down the scree.
- And, most of all, the good company that the Club offers."

This letter serves as a very good beginning to the Club's history. Tramping is a healthy (p.50), non-competitive activity within the scope of most people. There are no winners, just the joy of taking pan. In fact, if any person is in difficulty, everything possible is done to give help so that all reach the finishing point.

I joined in 1988 at an important time when with membership surging, the bus was replacing the car for travelling. This had advantages - we could explore more distant places, no worries driving, the president with the microphone kept us informed and the view of the countryside was superb. I, personally, now leave with many happy memories.

Over twenty-one years, nearly 400 Cantabrians have taken part and are, I am sure, the better for it. To Waimairi District Council and their Bishopdale Community Officer, Julie Battersby, our thanks for their foresight in launching the Club. Allan Hunter

President's Message

As I prepare for my second term as President I am mindful of the effort put in by previous presidents to ensure the successful continuation of the Club. Things are changing in society today with the result that the Club has had to become more professional in its operations. These changes include relationships with landowners, protection of our members with the Club becoming an Incorporated Society and a greater emphasis on safety.

The Club performs another very important role in society by giving comradeship and support for its members whilst enabling them to maintain a healthy level of fitness. Membership evolves as those older members, finding their tramps beyond them, choose to move over to other groups, but most importantly new members join us. This has ensured the Club's continuation and hopefully will do so in the future. Edward Clark

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The Team of 1990 at Sumner Beach.

(Names of people in picture on page 57.)

Back row

Bob Debonnaire, Ken Fitchett, Alex Smeaton, John Sutherland, Rita Gunn,

Allan Hunter, Bill Miller.

Fourth row

Paula Van Kuppevelt, Edna de Joux, Beverley Fergusson, Lenie Gisbertes,
Tina Goodgame, Betty Flanagan, Bernice Baker, Eileen

Fletcher. Third row

Greta Martin, Gillian Williams, Thelma Durant, Hazel Jannesen, Colleen Holland,
Josie Snackers, Ethel Hepenstall, Lorraine McLeod, Elsie Erby, Rayne

Hamilton. Second row

Dorrie Gibbins, June Kenworthy, Nettie Bruce, Val Greig, Jeanette Amer, Val George, Bernie
Dorrance, Dorrie Church, Carol Garland, Daphne Gibson.

Front row

Jim Strangman. Bob Angus, Noel Parker, Ted Walker, Jack Sleeman, John Ince.

Presidents (See page 51.)



Betty Atkins '85-7



Greta Martin '88,9



Jim Millen '90



Herb Smeith '91,2



Noel Parker '93,4



Edith Mitchell '95,6



David Eddy '97



Harold Harris '98,9



Elizabeth Barr '00



Ward Clarke '01



Molly Andreae 2002



Ray Withington 2003



Edward Clark 2004



Neil Barr 2005

Treasurers Secretaries (and on next page)



Jack Sleeman 1991-1995 Audrey Jackson 1996, 2006 Bill Tonkings 1997 - 2005 Lyn Lapslie 1991 - 1995 Val Greig 1996 Tina Goodgame 1997 - 1998

Secretaries (continued. See page 52.)



John Murdoch 1999 - 2000 Doreen Withington 2001 - 2004 Pauline Whitmore 2005 -

Authors (if not shown above.)



Allan Hunter Editor John Andreae Illustrator

Authors (continued.)



Harry Franklin Peter McKelvey Garry Jeffery Bert Upjohn Jeanette Hickford Nola Cowie



Thelma Durant Robin & Alan Whittaker Robin Hickford David Holyoake Allan Williams



Rayne Hamilton Bruce Graham Bob Ryburn Colin Knight Ron Smith Jenny Abrahamson



Colleen Holland Margaret Morton Maebry Pink Dawn Meikle Wendy Aldridge Alex Smeaton

BEGINNINGS

1985 -1987

In May 1985 a local newspaper clipping read:

"Take a weekly walk on the bright side with Bishopdale Hikers. These enthusiastic hikers are looking for new members to make up a group to walk the various walkways in and around Christchurch.

The group will meet at the Bishopdale Community Centre 1.30 pm Monday, 30 May to discuss future hikes, days and times. Although initially the group will hike midweek a weekend group may develop.

If interested in either group please attend the meeting. For more information ring Julie Battersby, Bishopdale Community Centre, Tel 598 310 .

Here, then, is how it all started. The fourteen people who turned up were quite enthusiastic. This came at a time when some of the gloss attached to jogging was waning. Arthur Lydiard had begun that fashion in the 1960's as a way of training our top distance athletes. It gathered momentum from the successes of men like Halberg, Snell, Bailey, Quax, Dixon and Walker. Many of the public took up jogging as a health exercise and it was a common sight to see runners of all ages making their way round our streets. At a training centre opposite Carlton Mill Road the manager used to warn visitors "At midday, if going out on the street, watch out for the thundering herd!" referring to the many Christchurch business workers who spent half their lunch hour outside. However, for some, particularly the elderly, this was a strain on knees and hips and at least one jogger was advised by his doctor to switch to walking or tramping.

The First Two Years (May 1985 - July 1987)

Betty Atkins was at this first meeting and, as a result, was so keen that she went to the then Lands and Survey Department for pamphlets on walking tracks. Then she made a list of suitable ones, and organised times and a car pool. People just turned up and it was then decided who went in which cars, what the charges would be on that day and who were to be leaders and tailenders. Betty and Donna McFadden organised the diary, photos and the ringing of radio station 3ZB to cancel. Julie went on the first three walks to give support and to check on safety requirements. The new Club continued on this pattern until 12 July 1987. On 6 December 2003 Betty was interviewed about the early tramping days. She explained that having been widowed since 1972 and recently retired from part-time work, she had been thinking about a fresh activity when the advertisement in the local newspaper attracted her attention.

Edith Mitchell, who is still a member in 2006, was at that meeting in the Community Centre. She remembers that the staffing time was 9 am and, as some members had children at school, they had to arrive back as near to 3 O'clock as possible.

The First Recorded Walk Took Place on 26 June 1985

Clear advice was given on necessary equipment:

- Strong walking shoes or boots.
- Woollen socks and jumpers.
- Parka — water and wind proof.
- Woollen hat and mittens.
- A packed lunch.
- A drink — hot or cold.
- Put all gear into a comfortable backpack.

Cancellations from 3ZB at 7.30 am

1985 Programme

There are no diary descriptions of these outings. The first one was from Pines Beach to Woodend with the car pool cost of \$3. Others in the year were:

- Bottle Lake Forest.
- Estuary walk to South Brighton.
- Rakaia Gorge was cancelled so they went instead to The Groynes. Ryde Falls, Oxford.
- Sign of the Takahe to Coronation Hill.
- Barnett Park.
- Orton Bradley Park to Charteris Bay.
- Rapaki to Witch Hill.
- Quail Island (using the ferry).
- Hanmer Springs.
- Bridle Path.
- Burwood Plantation.
- Rapaki Track (repeated).
- Worsley Track.
- Ashley Gorge.
- Kennedy's Bush. Diamond Harbour (first recorded distance of 12.5 km). Ilam Homestead.
- Orton Bradley.
- Kaituna Valley.

For this varied programme the average distance appears to be about 10 km, an impressive start for a club in its first year.

The final event for 1985 was lunch at the Russley Hotel where all present were dressed up in their "best" and all were unrecognisable from the Wednesday trampers. From the list at the foundation meeting it can be seen that most members were women. The photo on page 7 of the group at the Russley shows that Harry Franklin and Herb Smeith were the only men present. The situation was similar in the Kaiapoi Walk and Ryde Falls photos. The imbalance was to be gradually corrected over the years with more men retiring from work and joining. In 2006 the numbers are even.

Having set the Club up on sound lines, Betty resigned on 12 July 1987. It had been a busy two years with membership in mid-1986 rising to 70 on the list and the highest attendance being 34. Special trips had taken the keen ones to Peel Forest on a Sunday and Totaranui (Tasman) for an

overnight stay. In the first month after starting they had sat down at lunchtime and decided where to go the following week but within a short time, handwritten copies of longer programmes were made out. Edith Mitchell remembers these arose from the early lunch hour discussions to which everyone contributed. The same happened when the list of appropriate clothing and gear was decided. "When we saw a need we filled it suitably. Everything was free and easy with no rules or constitutions. That is what everyone liked about the Club in those days and moreover they said so". Edith Mitchell's statement was emphasised in 1988 when the Editor of The Papanui Herald published an article calling for new tramping members. Presumably this had come as a request from a Club member but as can be seen, Harry's reply was rather terse.

5 July 1988

Sir,

The Herald report about the Bishopdale Wanderers was of interest to me. I had never heard of them before. But for three years I have enjoyed walks with, and the fellowship of, the Bishopdale Trampers (not Midweek Wanderers as reported) and our number should be not 50, but probably in excess of 70. That number never appears at our 9 O'clock rendezvous on Wednesdays but we generally muster between 30 and 40. There are tramping clubs that have rules and are thriving, but the Bishopdale Trampers have enjoyed a long and happy association without any restrictive rules, one simply arrives ready for a walk and automatically becomes a welcome member. We have a wealth of talented "officers" never elected but we could contrive an election if that became necessary.

I hope the "Bishopdale Wanderers" become as successful because they could provide for people not free to join us on Wednesdays.

Harry Franklin

(The Editor apologised for his error with the title of the Club.)

As the founding convenor, Betty had clearly done an excellent job.

Edith Mitchell

Already mentioned in the article about the forming of the Club, Edith is the only person who attended the opening meeting and is still an active Club member. Born and brought up in Tasmania where she became a member of the Hobart Walking Club, she came to New Zealand on a working holiday.

Edith met her future husband, Neville Mitchell, at a Craigieburn skiing week. They were married in 1958 and had four children. For a period, Neville was stationed in Wellington, and while they were there, they joined the Tararua Tramping Club.

Later, he was transferred to Christchurch so that when the Bishopdale meeting was advertised, Edith was immediately interested. She walked for the first five years with Betty Atkins and Greta Martin, and after the 1990 meeting became acting-secretary in that first year. She not only took the minutes, but filled the gaps dealing with cancellations and bus bookings until the following year when Lyn Lapslie became the elected secretary. During 1996-7 Edith was the first woman president, facing the challenge of expanding membership. Each president has had issues to resolve and hers would be typical. In that period a cellphone was bought and this proved excellent in emergencies. Annual treeplanting mornings were begun and efforts were made to provide keen trampers with extension trips.

Neville did not join until 1987 when he retired from work, and he walked regularly until his premature death in 1990. He took an interest in new members and encouraged some to accompany him on longer trips such as the St James Walkway. In March 1990 they went on the Greenstone-Routeburn tramp followed by the Harper Pass trip in April. Sadly he died three weeks later.

As evidence of her strength and determination Edith has overcome three walker's setbacks: a broken leg while tramping, and successful hip operations in 2003 and 2005. We hope this cheerful person will be with us for some time yet!

Allan Hunter

Names of People in Some Pictures.

Kaiapoi Walk, 27 November 1985 (page 7.)

Back row: Donna McFadden, ?, Rita Gunn, Ethel Hepenstall, Jean Smeith, Frances Summerfield,

Frances Courtney, Greta Martin, ?, Gwen Saunders, Val Taylor, Norma Searle.

Front row: Herb Smeith, Eileen McSaveney, Betty Atkins, Betty Nankivell, Esme Tregonning, Gillian Williams, Chris Evans.

Lunch at the Russley, 4 December 1985 (page 7.)

Back row: Norma Searle, Marion Stewart, Elaine O'Connor, Frances Courtney,

Trixie Smith
Third row: Ruth Veale, Rita Gunn, Edna de Joux, Val Jones, Ethel Hepenstall, Herb Smeith

Next row: Betty Nankivell, Josie Snackers, Gillian Williams, Vivienne Blaikie, Greta Martin

Front row: Harry Franklin, ?, Betty Atkins, Jean Smeith, Denise Duckworth, Esme Tregonning,
Donna McFadden

Mid-Winter Dinner at the Autolodge, July 1986 (page 7.)

Stairs: Sue Fuller, Lew McFadden, John Sutherland, Kathleen Sutherland, ?, Dorothy Dew, ?,

Ethel Hepenstall, Rita Gunn, Donna McFadden.

Third row: ?, Greta Martin, Margaret Sanders, ?, Colleen Holland, Val Jones, Elaine

O'Connor, Godfrey Jameson, Beverley Fergusson, Jean Smeith, Frances Courtney, Harry Franklin, Patricia Coates, Les Little, Vivienne Blaikie, Dorothy Dew, Val Taylor, Rema McLean.

Second row: Patricia Klinkum, Gillian Williams, Betty Atkins, Edith Mitchell, Vi Campbell. First row: June Fulton, Jeanette Amer, Bernie Dorrance, Betty Nankivell.

Mid-Winter Party at the McFaddens (page 8.)

From the left: Rita Gunn, Patricia Klinkum, Dorrie Gibbins, Harry Franklin,

Frances Courtney, Maureen Kearns, Esme Tregonning, Norma Searle, Donna McFadden, ?, Jean Smeith, Herb Smeith, Betty Atkins, Val Taylor, Val Jones.

CONTINUED GROWTH

1987 - 1990

By popular choice Greta Martin was the organiser for the next three years. A bus instead of cars was used to travel to a launching spot for special walks. By 1990 it was a bus every week. She thought this was a very economical way to travel. Gore Bay was always a favourite: the first time, they had to walk back to their cars and it was a very long day but later, with the bus, it was quite different. Another early trip was to Coal Point, Mt Somers. Someone disturbed a wasp nest which resulted in several being badly stung but all recovered quickly. Other walks were to Teviotdale, from the Monument to Mt Herbert, and to Little Port Cooper. The last was where Harry Franklin worked. He had been a Chief Yeoman of Signals in the Royal Navy, emigrating after the war. Harry lived at Little Port Cooper and walked up to the signal box every day until the new signal station was built at Lyttelton. One mid-winter dinner was at the Star and Garter, Waikari, and the walk to it was from Frog Rock along the railway lines in the snow.

Greta was a tireless, charismatic leader who listened to members' wishes and made sound decisions. Her announcements were clear yet always given with a happy smile. However, as it had been from the beginning, the leader was under considerable strain, with no other officers to help, and consensus was becoming more difficult to gain at informal meetings. So in June 1990 Greta resigned and asked Allan Hunter to chair a meeting for members to discuss the Club's future.

The Meeting and its Results (26 June 1990)

Some 60 members turned up at the Community Centre. The chairman explained the purpose of the meeting and called for discussion on filling Greta's role as leader. The first five years had been so successful that fresh problems had arisen. Membership had increased dramatically. Using the bus each week meant that the range of available walks was greater, bringing with it the need for more planning. Previously, passengers paid the car driver but bus fares amounted to a considerable sum in the Club's name. All this pointed to the need for some type of committee.

The response was muted so the chairman introduced a copy of a simple constitution as used by Probus clubs. Discussion then became animated as some saw the need for change and others, particularly foundation members, dreaded the thought of facing "restrictive rules". The situation was relieved by Herb Smeith saying that at the very least, with so much money being received, there was need for the offices of a treasurer and an auditor. The meeting ended with agreement to hold an annual meeting to elect a president, a secretary, a treasurer, an auditor and a committee of at least seven members. At this meeting an audited statement of accounts was to be presented. A special meeting could be called if 20% of members asked for it. The policy of having no subscription was to be continued. New members were to be able to join as in the past.

A record of that meeting is in the minutes book. The committee was left to elect a president. Elections took place and the officers and committee were duly appointed. The president was Jim Millen, secretary Edith Mitchell, and treasurer Ned Hitchcock, with committee members Sandra Hurrell, Bernie Dorrance, Dorothy Dew and Gillian Williams. (They had power to coopt others.) Approval of the constitution was not discussed. Although members departed with some feeling of apprehension it was, indeed, a watershed in the Club's history. Duties were now to be shared rather than loaded on one convenor. However, at least three members resigned.

The first committee met the challenge bravely but did not find it easy. The following year's committee, building on the founders' experience, was more successful and consisted of Herb

Smeith (President), Jack Sleeman (Treasurer), Ken Fitchett, Edith Mitchell, Thelma Durant (Social) and others. A pattern evolved which was followed over the next seven years.

Approval of a Constitution

Harold Harris who was President in 1998-9 reviewed the position on taking office. The Club was organised by a committee elected at an annual meeting. The President's main role was to chair committee meetings, to be the front person in the bus, to give notices, to thank that day's leaders and to decide whether to have a refreshment stop on the way home. The Secretary kept the minutes and handled correspondence. The Treasurer collected bus fares, paid the bus company and other accounts. An Auditor checked the accounts each year. No subscription was needed as bus fares usually provided a surplus, which met other expenditure. The committee met several times a year, the main item on the agenda being the designing of the programme. Factors such as snow, lambing, location, starting time and cost all had to be considered. Membership of the Club was open to anyone who came as a result of word-of-mouth contact and if they liked it, they stayed.

A subcommittee of Elizabeth Barr and Harold was appointed to look at Club governance. Several factors were considered. The first was finance, as by April 1996 the bus fares for the year had totalled \$14, 194. The second was safety and the third was membership. After the enquiry the subcommittee recommended that there was need for a constitution, which would give authority on these three factors, and a model one was presented to the committee. It was duly discussed, amended and approved. At the annual meeting it was passed with one amendment that the minimum number of tramps each year for members be ten. For those unable to complete that number, Associate Membership was offered in a later amendment. (This constitution is being amended in 2006 as the Club becomes an incorporated society.)

The Club today operates within this framework, a credit to Harold and Elizabeth. It is rarely invoked and emphasises the commitment of the Club to its members and the latter's responsibility to the Club.

Communication is helped by each tramper having a name badge pinned on the backpack. There are a number of cellphones held by members as well as a Personal Locator Beacon carried by the leader. The First Aid gear has been overhauled to meet today's demands.

Members names are recorded on computer and most photos from diaries have been named. After each trip the diary record is a typed account of the journey, including advice for a repeat trip, and may include a map and photos of the area. In the first five years the names of diarists are not given, apart from Harry Franklin. From 1990 amongst those writing were Noel Parker, John Ince, Peter McKelvey, Bill Dudding, Ron Roy, Alex Smeaton, John Andreae and, currently, Jenny Abrahamson. Little did these people realise that some of their notes would appear in this book!

New members are welcome but they do have three "guest" trips to test their fitness.

A sister club, the Ramblers, was formed in 1995 to cater for those wanting longer breaks from tramping. Some of our members have found it 'invaluable when recovering from operations, injuries or just suffering from the ageing process.

23 March 1988



Kaiapoi Walk, 27 Nov 1985



Lunch at Russley
4 Dec 1985



Ryde Falls - 19 Feb 1986



Mid-Winter Dinner at
Autolodge, July 1986





First Walk



Diamond Harbour - 23 Oct 1985



Gore Bay 15 March 1989



Castle Hill Rocks
9 May 1990



Christmas 1992



Waikuku, 20 July 1988



Gillian Williams



Mid-Winter Party at the McFaddens



Mt Lyndon, 8 Feb 1995



Boat Race, 1997

TRAMPING OVER THE YEARS 1985 - 2004

A Selection First Year Anniversary

25 June 1986

Some of the group spent the morning visiting Donna McFadden at her home. The decision to make a scrap book was decided after Betty Atkins suggested it.

Major Hornbrook - Estuary

9 September 1987

Eight members set off for this walk and eight went to the Estuary but the weather had other ideas as it turned out. It was very wet. The Estuary walkers went home about midday. The other walkers went to Scarborough, covering the Flower and Scarborough Tracks. They were home just after midday. Sue was a treat to see, carrying her umbrella.

Captain Thomas Walkway

18 November 1987

This was a new walk Donna and Lew McFadden had found on a Sunday ramble. It was a good one with 15 trampers doing 14.2 km. We had lunch at Jollies Bush. The walkers had a minute's silence at 10.30 am for Trixie Smith.

Burwood Plantation

29 June 1988

(30 persons, car pool \$3.50)

Hitherto, this had not been a popular walk - in fact it had become a bit of a joke, not to be undertaken except as a last resort. But today's walk was so pleasant many declared we should revise our opinion. The walk through the trees was enjoyable with the pine needles making a comfortable carpet underfoot and on the return journey sunshine enhanced the enchantment of the forest with golden shafts of light making sharp contrast with the woodland gloom. As we came out into a sunlit clearing we loved the vivid colours of the willows and silver birches.

The beach walk, as good as we had ever had, gave us such a nostalgic view of the Port Hills and Banks Peninsula that it was easy to identify many of our previous walks. So far from the weather being the cold sou'wester as forecast, we enjoyed a blue sky flecked by cin•us clouds and sunshine warm enough to produce a slight tan, as some declared. The 3 O'clock temperature was 16 degrees.

Pines Beach - Woodend - Waikuku

20 July 1988

(This covered the same area as the first trip by the club on 26 June 1985. 16 trampers went 16 km, car pool \$3.)

Overcast and a cold sou'wester at the start but the sky cleared and gladdened the hearts of all. The tide was in, so what beach was available was not the best for walking on, too soft, making progress

laborious. So the track north through the scrub and trees was followed, giving shelter from the wind and the pleasure of dappled shade and sunshine.

For the walk south there was enough firm sand exposed by the retreating tide to make for pleasant walking. The view of the Port Hills gave the ever-present feeling that we knew the joy of tramping in "them thar hills". The foam and froth brought in by the waters suggested that old Father Neptune had been doing his washing.

As always, a walk along the seashore was balm to the spirit.

Luncheon at the Town Hall

24 November 1988

Fifty-six trampers gathered at the Town Hall for the winter dinner, and some were friends who had not been walking with us for a while so we had some happy reunions. This suggests we should keep a record of those who can no longer walk with us, so all can be invited.

As usual it was a delight to see the ladies looking so beautiful. The first meeting together in the bar before moving to the tables is always a heart-warming affair as we, not without some difficulty, look around and recognise our familiar friends in unfamiliar attire.

We had settled down and were enjoying lunch when Harry called for attention and explained that here was a token of love from us all in appreciation of the untiring work which Greta (our leader) had done to make our group such a happy band of people. It was revealed that Ellen had taken up a collection and Gillian had put together a basket of goodies. All shared the moment when Greta, taken by surprise, embraced the happy bearer. And so I think, in recollection, the food was good and the fellowship superlative.

In glorious sunshine and in splendid disorder we gathered by the fountain for photographs and later moved to the floral clock for more of the same. May these photos long give pleasure in remembrance of a happy occasion.

(The three items above were written by our ex-Royal Navy member, Harry Franklin)

Mt Grey

2 May 1990

(49 people, bus \$7.50, route Amberley - Ashley State Forest)

An ideal day for tramping — fine with little wind and a clear atmosphere. After a short diversion to look at Lake Janet we had a steady and pleasant climb to the summit. The breathtaking view made the energy spent well worth the effort and made us feel that our country is indeed a place of beauty. As we had made good time up the mountain it was a little early for lunch so a large group wandered down the other side first.

For the descent we broke into two groups. The larger group did the loop track to the Mt Grey picnic area while the smaller one returned by the way they had come. The loop track was an easy descent through the beech forests which were inhabited by the all-too-familiar wasp. The bus met the larger group at the picnic area where we found that Lou and Donna McFadden and John Sutherland were retracing their steps in search of Lou's pedometer which he had lost on the way down. Thanks to Donna's sharp eye it was found resting in the grass by the side of the track.

A very welcome stop was taken at Amberley which enabled us to replenish, in one way and another, the liquid lost on the tramp.

The Three Deans

1 March 1995

(50 people, distance 17 km.)

We left in bright sunshine turning left at Amberley, over the railway line, past the school and going along Rampaddock Road to Waipara Gorge. Passing the farmhouse the group crossed the bridge over the Waipara River and began the climb. Morning tea was held at 10.30 am overlooking the valley. After climbing two of the three promontories, half the group chose to go down to the valley floor while the remainder went on to the trig at the top of the third.

There are some spectacular views of the limestone bluffs on the left of the valley and, to the right, of the Waipara River. We had a short but welcome stop at Amberley for refreshments, arriving home at 4.30 pm.

Mt Vulcan

20 June 2001

(52 people, \$10 bus, 14 km)

We turned off the northern motorway at Reeces Rd (Omihi School) and began the walk from the farm woolshed. There is a direct route for slower walkers (10 km) but the main party turned off to the coast and stopped at Mt Vulcan where some took time to climb to the top. While eating lunch, perspiring trampers relaxed and enjoyed the quite magnificent view of Pegasus Bay and the Kaikoura Mountains. The bus was waiting for us at the road overlooking Motunau.

Mt Alexander

16 October 2002

(53 people, \$12 bus fare)

We left Bishopdale at 8.30 am and travelled to Waikari where we turned at the first road on the right past the pub. This took us 5 km along the Waikari Valley Road until we took the third on the left down Foxdown Road, arriving at 10 am.

Immediately past the sheds we turned to the right past a prominent sign deterring the Royal Forest and Bird Protection Society and the Department of Conservation. After following up a well-graded farm road with scattered widely-spaced trees we took a left hand turn and came to a gem of a place for morning tea — old yards with a shelterbelt of protective trees and some stone walls.

Past the trees we took a lower farm track and followed it up until we reached a pylon and on further to near the trig and communications building which can be reached from the south by leaving the track and climbing up a short slope and through a fence. This is an excellent place for lunch as it affords magnificent views: the Hurunui Basin to the north and Pegasus Bay and Banks Peninsula to the south.

After lunch we dropped south to the farm track by which we had reached the trig and turned right along it. This descends fairly quickly, affirming that the tramp is best made by the route we took rather than the reverse. We ended by taking the true right bank of a large valley. Then the track dropped down and left to a stream, which we crossed and climbed steeply up the other side, arriving back at the bus at 3 pm.

The surface geology is a mosaic of limestone and greywacke. There are plenty of good, wellgraded farm tracks.

Peter McKelvey

(The leader commented that it is essential we leave all farm gates as we found them. Special care was taken on this. A 2005 tramp left Bishopdale in fine weather and was confronted at Mt Alexander with driving rain. After a tour of the excellent museum the trampers returned home by midday).

Mt Lyndon: A Tale of Two Tramps.

On 25 February 1995, my 64th birthday as it happened, I was taken on my introductory tramp with the Bishopdale Tramping Club. It was up Mt Lyndon, which would be just about the barest and most exposed of all our tramps. Up past the University lodge, heading south, then northwest and straight up into the sun. And on this February day there was indeed sun.

At the start, in the middle, right to the end — relentless, beating sun. The leaders ground onwards and upwards, relentless, beating leaders. Great sights of course, when we were

eventually allowed to pause and eat our sandwiches and gulp our coffee, before the dreaded "two minutes" call sent my new-found companions leaping to their feet, throwing on packs, eager to continue this masochistic madness. Fortunately the unwritten Club rule of "no climbing after lunch" applied and it was just a matter of leaning into the nor'wester across the crest, and then everything was downhill, plungingly downhill. Not the gut-wrenching slog of the morning, but a downward dance, which ultimately began to hint at latent muscular mischief ahead — as it turned out, crippling muscular mischief, in the back of the legs, over the next two days and more. Baptism by sweat, breathless panting, exhaustion and muscle stiffness. And we return for more and yet more, week by week.

Forward three and two thirds years to 21 October 1998 and the club is again set to traverse Mt Lyndon, this time with me as leader! Some have greatness thrust upon them. At least it will be at my pace, and I will be able to curb the enthusiasm of the gun trampers. You can name them but in those 'good old days' the rule that no one got in front of the leader was honoured, not breached. What is more it will be spring and not high summer, and indeed there are the left-overs from a late snowfall liberally spread along the tops. A beautifully clear sky and a sunny day but a coolish wind, so it won't be quite so sweaty this time. Yet the vertical challenge of not just one foot after another, but one foot higher than the other, remains.

We get the upward grunt and grind mostly over, and there is the looming decision, as that wind is increasing by the moment, of where we should lunch among tussocks which have quite liberal amounts of snow clutched in their arms and lodged in between them. Leadership decisions in the Bishopdale Tramping Club are of course made by consensus and consultation, and after mature consideration. But on this day the wind is suddenly, in an instant, banshee howling, and whipping off the ground, stinging, blinding, blizzarding snow clouds. Backs turned, hoods up, glances exchanged. Gritty, nuggety, not-giving-up-tramping does not need to extend to dying. Everyone for her/himself. The only decision for the leader to make is to endorse the great good sense of all the rest of the party by following them. "Get out of here!" is the instantaneous collective assessment, downhill, rapidly tussockhopping to the shelter of the morning tea spot, and lunch. Then an orderly retreat to the bus at the drop-off point.

I haven't climbed Mt Lyndon since. Garry Jeffery

Port Robinson Walkway

For many years, Port Robinson Walkway has been a popular annual tramp on our calendar. In very recent years, restricted entry over the small area of private farmland at the Hurunui River mouth has denied public use of the full walkway. DOC's literature describes this walkway as one of Canterbury's most attractive and interesting, so it is inconceivable that the public will permanently lose access to this track.

From the south end at the Hurunui mouth to Manuka Bay and then on to Gore Bay is a distance of 7 km, which many people walk in 3 - 4 hours. After a short climb over open coastal pasture land, the track winds into gullies among remnants of coastal bush. Eroded "badlands" from earlier times add interest. Unexpected windows through bush and scrubland frame delightful cameos of the North Canterbury coastline as far as Banks Peninsula. At Manuka Bay a public toilet is located in the grassy picnic reserve.

Rounding the northern headland approaching Port Robinson, the stunning view of Gore Bay merits a brief stop to admire. Of Port Robinson itself, little remains after decades of eroding storms. This was once the busy lifeline between Robinson's Cheviot Hills Estate and the outside world. The last kilometre to Gore Bay beach is a boulder-hopper's delight; others prefer to exit this area by an uphill track.

Almost always, our tramp has arrived at the Gore Bay recreation ground for a barbecue lunch where the hardiest of our trampers have proven themselves with a pre-lunch swim from the sandy beach. Afternoon teas have been enjoyed at the holiday home of a member but, first, available options have been explored for further short walks: uphill to the Cathedrals, up Tweedie's Gully to the Lookout, and along the beach above Buxton Lagoon to the original cemetery.

Gore Bay has a distinctive history which is compact and observable. A casual stroll reveals the name "Cheviot Hills", the leasehold run which was first established and named by Caverhill. When William Robinson arrived from Australia with sufficient "ready money" to buy Cheviot Hills from the Government, Caverhill had to forfeit his lease of all that land. Along Cathedral Road, Mrs Robinson's original dormer-windowed holiday home is a Heritage building. On the downhill corner of Farmer Street, near the tennis courts, still stands the little cottage built by Robinson for his kitchen gardener, with its manuka pole rafters in the roof and evidence that its English builder (a Robinson employee) had not adjusted to New Zealand's northerly aspect being the warmer one. Remains of Robinson's benched road around the cliffs to the Port are still visible. Above the site of his boatshed, the slipway shows where lighters were slid down into the sea with momentum carrying them out to service coastal vessels.

The return bus trip from Gore Bay to Christchurch takes rather more than 90 minutes.

Bert Upjohn

Rakaia Gorge Walkway

I joined the Bishopdale Tramping Club in 2001 after retiring from teaching and this was the first time I had been on the full walkway. Robin and I had returned about a week earlier from an extensive three month trip overseas and I was looking forward to getting out with the Club again.

It was an absolutely gorgeous day with clear blue skies, not a typical Canterbury July day! We set out on the track near the gorge bridge with the turquoise-blue sparkling waters of the Rakaia below. From memory, Ray Withington was the leader of our group. The track followed through lovely bush beside the river with few 'ups and downs' at first but later climbed through a more 'gorsey area' and along grassy river-carved terraces. When we reached the lookout point I gasped at the beauty before me. Mt Hutt was completely covered in snow, with blue skies above and the river snaking below through the shingle banks. I commented "I

have been all over the world and seen wonderful sights but this has just taken my breath away. I shall never forget this moment." And I haven 't.

We continued on along the rim of the gorge and then started to descend. The track at that time (unlike later years) was in pretty good condition though we still had to scramble through some muddy parts and over fallen branches at times. It passes through native forest and shrubs. I did not know that there were old disused coal mines there so the Snowdon mine shafts and rusty equipment were a revelation to me. We had our lunch at the stream at the bottom of the gully and it was so sheltered there we had to strip some layers off! After lunch we went down the side track to the river's edge. Then a scramble over the rocks and shingle, before rejoining the track and climbing up and thence back to the bridge. What a superb day! Since then I have been back with the Club several times but it has never been quite the same as that day in July 2001. In fact, the tracks at one stage were poorly maintained and parts were impossible to use. I believe they are now much better again. I look forward to returning there again in the future. It's a great tramp! Jeanette Hickford

Bob's Knob (from North Branch of Kowai)

29 January 2003

The bus drop-off was at the big pine tree at the bottom of Porter's Pass. The extension party of 7, led by Bob Ryburn, left the main group of 41 after morning tea and followed the usual track up the river as far as the hut. From there we zig-zagged up the steep grassy slope on the right side of the valley. Veering left slightly and scrambling up the very steep patch of mixed scree and vegetation, we used tussock, hebes and dracophyllum as handholds but avoided the matagouri. When we finally reached the saddle, the views were well worth the effort. We could look straight across at the "gap" in the Torlesse Range, or right to the headwaters of the Kowai River or down to the foothills of "Brooksdale" station. Stopping for lunch along the ridge, we sat amongst a variety of alpine plants: celmisias, hebes, olearia, dracophyllum and a flock of "vegetable sheep".

After lunch we continued along the undulating ridge with a steeper rise at the end to gain the top of Bob's Knob. The cars, buses and trucks on Porter's Pass looked like children's toys. Much discussion took place to choose a route down; every way was steep and we had to avoid the rocky bluffs. As on the way up, we used vegetation as handholds and to arrest a few "controlled" slides. At the bottom we had to negotiate a bit of swamp before reaching the river terrace. A tramp isn't a tramp without a bit of mud and blood. Expecting to see the main party across the river, we were surprised to see only 3 men. They shouted "emergency" above the sound of the river and rushed off.

Bob's Knob is a very satisfactory tramp with such dramatic scenery from the tops, but, back at the big pine tree, we joined in the dramatic events taking place down in the valley. Alison Hutton had slipped and broken her ankle. Edward Clark, acting as president, decided that a helicopter was needed. Being out of cellphone range, Allan Williams and Bill Dudding accompanied the bus to Benmore Station to make a Ill call. The bus returned to pick up 44 trampers for the trip home. In the meanwhile, Noel Parker, David Holyoake and Don Chadderton carried the grateful Alison to an open place and stayed with her until the helicopter arrived. It whisked her to Christchurch Hospital before the trampers were back in Bishopdale. Alison Lynch returned later in her car to pick up the three men. Drama indeed! Mary Claridge



Mt Grey, 22 Sept 1999⁹



Mt Vulcan, 27 July 2005



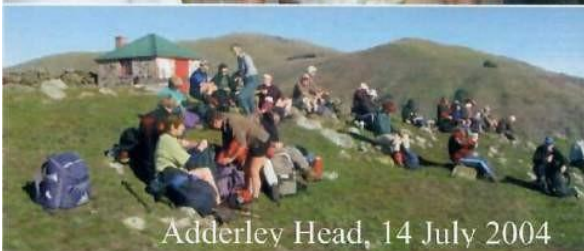
The 3 Deans from the Doctors, 9 Feb 2005



Mt Alexander ->
<- 22 Oct 2003



Gore Bay, 9 Jan 2006



Adderley Head, 14 July 2004



Rakaia Gorge, 16 Nov 2005

Elsie Erby



Bernie Dorrance



June Kenworthy



Pat Hudson





Carter Rim Walk 27-31 May 2005



Lynelton Harbour, 6 April 2005



Toni Thompson, Hazel Jaanesen



Kowai R., 26 Jan 2005



Ashley Gorge, 9 Feb 2000

SOCIAL ASPECTS

Twentieth Birthday Celebrations

At the beginning of March, I started making lists of past Bishopdale trampers and trying to get phone numbers to match. It was a little difficult for me, having been in the Club for only three years, and these lists were just a lot of names to me, but several people and especially Colleen Holland were such a help knowing where people lived. Writing names so many times, they really started to become people to me.

In May, I selected two venues with good parking on the outskirts of town but we had no idea of numbers and after talking to our committee we decided on Riccarton Park Function Centre, as Donna, the Event Coordinator, suggested using two rooms which really proved to work most successfully on the day.

In June, I was feeling a little lost so I called on Colleen Holland, Edith Mitchell and Edward Clark to form a sub-committee and we put together a plan for the 20th Birthday Anniversary Day, and these plans worked really well. Robert Davidson, John Andreae and I visited Riccarton Park and we set in place plans for a photographer and for displaying all the Club Diaries. Lists were then made for present members to ring and I have many people to thank for that task. Several people offered help and they were used for greeting and registering guests on arrival.

Wendy Aldridge baked a beautiful fruit cake and Colleen Holland's friend created from the cake a pair of Tramping Boots sitting amid icing stones and grass — a wonderful work of art. I contacted the Norwest News and Nicola McDougall came to Hoon Hay Reserve to take our photo before we left on our tramp. She did a write-up on our Club, inviting past members to contact us.

July 20th dawned a drizzly day so no one missed going for a tramp. President Neil Barr welcomed about eighty past and eighty present members. Greta Martin, Ethel Hepenstall and Noel Parker gave us a look back on tramping. Greta cut the cake and a special thank you was made to Ron Waterman for his generous monetary contribution for the birthday. Four photos were taken for each five years of the Club. People moved through to the other room for afternoon tea and enjoyed catching up with old friends and said how fast the afternoon went. Everyone agreed that it was a great success. I enjoyed being involved in this special anniversary and feel the time and effort was well worth it.

Nola Cowie, Social Convenor

Fun Times in the 1990's

I was fortunate to spend thirteen happy years with the Bishopdale Trampers, most of them as Social Convenor. It began with a long weekend at Hanmer staying in the Forestry Camp. Thirty five members came along for a fun time. Bob Debonnaire played the piano for our "singalong" that evening. The next day, Saturday, we went in convoy to Lake Daniels for a tramp. Others played golf, I just relaxed. The pools at Maruia Springs looked inviting and proved to be lovely.

Back at Hanmer the evening kicked off with drinks followed by a delightful shared meal and dancing. Some went off to bed early but at midnight Carol Garland decided a midnight walk in the forest was a good idea. With a torch, four crazy women joined by one brave man, Ray Holland, set

out on the trip. You can imagine the giggles and shrieks! A second weekend was rather different with snow falling.

Movie evenings at Hornby proved popular. One film "Grumpy Old Man" was a fitting choice as our Club was so full of them, Ha ha! Ten Pin Bowling went well on many occasions. Also, Court Theatre productions and Musicals attracted a good crowd, with shows like "Cats", "42 Second Street" and "Blood Brothers".

Of the birthday dinners, one stands out in my memory, the Seventh, at Orana Park Zoo. Carol Garland, who ran the restaurant, pulled out all the stops, giving us a great meal. I persuaded my late husband, Dick, to wear a gorilla suit and Carol made arrangements to put him in a cage. He was greatly relieved when the weather turned to custard, cancelling the tour! However, he made up for this by causing a riot in the restaurant.

The Christmas Do's at the Omaka Scout Camp were popular for a while, the grounds being well prepared by a member's husband, Les Meikle. Christmas decorations were set up by the subcommittee to create a festive atmosphere. Whoever could imagine a group of "oldies" enjoying a model boat race? Some people had ingenious ideas. Who would ever forget the late Ted Walker's boat that had been fitted with a type of combustion engine? Then there was Graeme Howden in full wet-suit attire competing with the boats. On one occasion at Omaka I could have ended up in the divorce court. Again, I persuaded Dick to act the fool as a Christmas fairy launching himself off the Flying Fox with his speech,

"I am the Christmas fairy.

My tights are torn and tattered.

I had a night out with Action Man

And now I'm completely knackered."

On landing he twisted his ankle which took him off golf for a while, so I was not popular!

Another Christmas lunch was held at Elsie Erby's Diamond Harbour summer home- Edith Mitchell and I put up the decorations in the garden the day before and then went down over banks to saw down a suitable Christmas tree. Around midnight we realised we hadn't blown up the balloons so that kept us busy. Next day we awaited the trampers but the weather changed and the decorations had to be switched to a more sheltered side. "You can't win them all!"

Of my days in the field, I treasure the views from the top of Mt Lyndon and the endless joy of our Port Hills tramped through all its moods. We are fortunate to have them on our doorstep. It has been a privilege to serve on such a great committee and to have fun in the process
Thelma Durant

The Treasurer's Doings

When one joins a club and the president is having trouble finding a treasurer, one should not say "If you can't find anyone, I don't mind doing it." He will stop looking immediately and you are in it for the long haul.

Club members have a set idea that the person collecting the money is a bank! Able to provide change for \$100 and \$50 dollar notes; therefore the float needs to be a weighty number of coins. The Treasurer has to carry this weight all day and I think it was a conspiracy to slow me down.

Then come the treasurer's holidays. I must say thank you for sponsoring me all those years. I've had some marvellous holidays on you. You are a generous bunch.

I was very disappointed that no one was prepared to make an offer on my thirty-one year old, well-travelled brown shorts. I will admit they were threadbare in places but look at the history in them and the yarns they could tell. They are still available if someone is interested.

Anyway, I have enjoyed my nine years' tenure as the Treasurer of the Bishopdale Tramping Club and thank you all for your support. You have been great companions to work with. Bill Tonkings (Wild Bill), Treasurer 1997-2005.

(Bill was a very cheerful and efficient treasurer from May 1997 to April 2005. The Auditor assures me that the holiday talk is just fun!)

A Secretary's Memories

Invariably it seems that I acquire the position of secretary with organizations I have joined, so I accepted the challenge of being able to do something for the Club when approached by Ward Clarke, the incoming president.

My predecessor, John Murdoch, had brought the records into the 21st century. Up to that time, minutes had been handwritten in books but now they are sheets of paper in ring binders. Data was handed on to me on a floppy disk so it seems owning a computer is a prerequisite for the job, but that is almost normal in this day and age.

My limited skills were augmented by Ray, which was most appreciated, particularly when it came to preparing the new programmes. We are used to doing things together and earlier looked after "The Book" which we found an excellent way of getting to know members.

At the time of learning as Ward's secretary, I was meek but as presidents changed to Molly, then Ray and finally Edward, I felt I had become decidedly bossy so it was time to hand on the job. Doreen Withington, Secretary 2001-2005

Flying Visits

Between 1995 and 2002, Club members had a unique opportunity to participate in a popular series of 2 and 3-day flying visits to either Queenstown or Mt Cook, travelling on "repositioning" flights at very affordable cost. The travelling parties usually consisted of between 20 and 30, and family and friends were welcome to join in for these eagerly anticipated events. Many undertook the journey on several occasions.

Before the start of each trip, all participants received a detailed daily timetable of events, very necessary, Alan explained, because if he doesn't write it down, he doesn't remember. After they got used to consulting the plan, everyone found that events followed one another smoothly and in quick succession. Everything was prearranged, from group early morning parking at Hanny Stufkens' property, shuttles to and from the airport, flights, tramping, transport, social activities and accommodation.

Some of the more memorable highlights from the Mt Cook trips were the spectacular, mind-blowing glacier and mountain views from the air (and the Japanese tourists who fell asleep the moment the aircraft was airborne, missing it all!), our sense of achievement on reaching Sealy Tarns, or for some, the Mueller Hutt, a special triumph for namesakes Nancy and Richard Mueller, visitors from the USA. This was a very arduous climb. Less exacting was the Hooker Valley track to view the famous glacier. We shared great camaraderie at Happy Hour, sponsored by Ron Waterman, and our evening meals at the Hermitage.

Queenstown highlights included: our accommodation at the modern lakeside Youth Hostel which must be the best located in the world; preparing breakfast together before setting out to climb hills and mountains; walking through beautiful beech forests; and enjoying our pre-packed lunches in exotic settings, before returning to the Hostel to freshen up, followed by happy hour and shared meal at a variety of bars and restaurants.

Over the years, our tramps have included:

- Wakatipu Frankton Arm Walkway from the Airport to Queenstown.
- Sam Summer's Hut loop walk from Lake Wakatipu.
- Queenstown Hill.
- Ben Lomond (quite a grunt this one, but with a little help from the Gondola).
- Moonlight goldfield trail from Moke Lake to Arthur's Point, lunching at now-deserted Sefferstown.
- Queenstown's Sunshine Bay and Arawata Tracks.
- Sawpit Gully loop walk from Arrowtown via the miners' old stone cottages.
- Arrow River Walkway.
- Kelvin Heights Walkway from the Queenstown Golf Course to the Airport

Our visits to Arrowtown usually coincided with the spectacular autumn colours and the Arrowtown Autumn Festival, with street entertainment, miners' band and can-can girls.

Making our way back to the airport was a treat in itself. First, we crossed to Kelvin Heights by water taxi, and then lunched at the Golf Club, before taking the beautiful Kelvin Heights lakeside walkway back to the airport, with spectacular views all the way.

None of this would have been possible without great cooperation from Queenstown Taxis, whose minivans miraculously appeared exactly on time to shuttle us to and from the tramps. We also enjoyed great cooperation from Air New Zealand's Mount Cook Airline, the Youth Hostel, Queenstown Water Taxis and the Queenstown Bakery who prepared packed lunches.

Two of Alan's most abiding memories (apart from the scenery and company) were his birthday cake that Wendy Aldridge produced at the Arthur's Point pub, having carried it on the Moonlight Trail and the Arrowtown can-can girls! Robin and Alan Whittaker

The Queenstown Trip

26-28 February 2002

This was led and organised by Alan Whittaker. (He has organised a number over the years.) There were fourteen members. We flew via Mt Aorangi to Queenstown. Great weather enabled magnificent views of the Southern Alps.

It was 'boots on' at the airport and, while our luggage went by van to Hostel, we walked the western sidetrack along Frankton Arm. Blue skies the tops and a calm blue lake made our amble a delight. Graeme Frew urged us plums and provided Air NZ lollies from a huge bag that the hostess hour we sidetracked into the Queenstown Gardens, admiring the roses. lily trees in a leisurely walk-around. Then we walked through Queenstown and about a quarter of an hour later out on to the Glenorchy Road, lunching on the lake shore near the youth hostel — top views! It came time to settle into the Youth Hostel — a very expansive one with great amenities and private rooms and in a prime position overlooking Lake Wakatipu.

Later that afternoon we walked towards Glenorchy and around the Arawata Track overlooking picture-postcard scenes of Sunshine Bay, Queenstown and the Kingston Arm of Lake Wakatipu. A healthy appetite was worked up and we did justice to pizzas and ale at a Queenstown Restaurant. We were well fortified for a full-day tramp the next day.

Our communal breakfast was efficiently organised by Janet Burrowes and Chris Sparks. We bussed to Moke Lake, off the Glenorchy Road. Our tramp was to take us along Moke Creek past Moonlight and down the Shotover to Arthur's Point, the pick-up point. It is a kind of circle around the back of Queenstown. We set off in nice cool tramping weather along a treeless valley with shallow river crossings. Morning tea was biscuitless (Janet and Chris had left them in the van!). We forgave them but it took a couple of days! Continuing on we found ourselves winding through a gorge with impressive rocky schist outcrops, cascades and wild flowers. The going was easy and we did not really need the Air NZ lollipops but Graeme still wanted to lighten his load. So after a couple of hours we climbed steeply out of the gorge up to Sefferstown and lunched at Barry Crump's old place nearby. Actually that was the original Post Office for Sefferstown. The smell of drying socks accompanied our eating — no more river crossings today!

We went across to the site of Sefferstown where the old school (1880) with rock walls and a collapsing iron roof marks the spot. The school only had three teachers in total and a very short life. Sefferstown was built to service the goldfields in the Moke Creek - Moonlight - Skippers region. Tom Moonlight made his gold strike in 1861. At their peak those gold fields had some 3000 miners. Four million pounds (money) worth of gold were taken out. We imagined the isolation here and how bleak and cold it could be, but that was the lure of the gold (and copper).

Our well-defined track continued on past the Moonlight River Gorge to become the Moonlight track that follows the Shotover River to Arthur's Point. There was a bit more blue sky but it was not too hot, thank goodness! We were high above the Gorge and had panoramic views up the branch of the Moonlight River which has a track up it that veers into the Upper Shotover and eventually reaches Skippers. So it was a leisurely stroll along scrub and tussock tops with wonderful views of the barren mountains and Shotover Gorge until the gradual descent to Arthur's Point Village. We had spent 6-7 hours on the track and loved it. We bussed back to the Youth Hostel where we drained the hot showers and rested sore legs. I remember that we ate at the Lone Star that evening — spare ribs must have been good and a couple of ales that replaced lost fluids. Slept well!

Next morning it was pouring. We were scheduled to do a climbing bush track with great views. After much discussion, nine brave ones donned parkas and ventured off. Well, they got more exercise but the rain pelted down and the views were non-existent. Jeanette and I walked into town and browsed before we all met up again. The weather had cleared and we zip-boated across the lake from Queenstown wharf to the golf course on the eastern side of Frankton Arm. After a very ample lunch at the golf club we set off for Queenstown Airport, walking on the 'other' side of Frankton Arm under Kelvin Heights on an excellent flat track. The sun came out and some of the bays were like glass with breathtaking reflections. It was so refreshing to walk by the water. Frankton was passed and then the last bridge over the Kawarau River where we had great views of the Remarkables.

I can remember checking in but nothing about the flight back to Christchurch (was I asleep?). Three enjoyable days and a great group of trampers — thank you Alan for your wonderful organisation and cheerful leadership. Robin Hickford

Mt Cook

An Extra Special Trip

February 2000

During the late nineties and beginning of the twenty-first century, Alan Whittaker organised overnight trips to Mt Cook and Queenstown. Because of work commitments I missed out on most of them, but Bill and I joined the second (and final) overnight one to Mt Cook early in 2000.

It was one of those wonderful trips when everything (almost) was just perfect, from the time we met in full tramping gear outside Hanny Stufkens' before dawn, to the flight there when we saw the sun rise on Mts Tasman and Cook, and to the return flight with magnificent views of the Tekapo Mt Cook area.

After refreshments and offloading our overnight bags at Glencoe Lodge, we divided ourselves into three groups — the more leisurely walkers going to Kea Point, the keen ones taking the Sealy Tarns, and the masochists continuing up the steep route to the Mueller Hut.

Masochists we might be (apart from being steep it was also very hot) but for the intrepid ten it was to be one of our tramping highlights. Colleen said she would not be able to do it but her husband, Ray, said "Of course you can!" and of course she did do it, easily. Ron Roy was sheer determination, and our American friends, Nancy and Richard Mueller had a real incentive to reach the hut that bore their name. Molly and John Andreae, Ward Clarke, Noel Parker and I completed the party.

After the steep zigzag path and many steps to Sealy Tarns, we had a short breather to enjoy the view and then onward and upward, on the rough well-used route which somehow did not seem so hard as the initial climb up to Sealy Tarns (or maybe we had got used to it by then). The last stretch before the bridge was a bit tricky going over large boulders, up a scree and a narrow track but then WOW! What a fantastic sight! Mt Sefton with its magnificent icefields was right in front of us. just on the other side of the Mueller Glacier. Far below, a glacier was flowing down to join the Hooker Valley, with Mt Cook standing crystal clear, quite proudly among so many peaks and ranges and in such perfect weather. If that was not enough, we turned round to see the Mueller Glacier dropping down from the Barron Saddle against a backdrop of the Main Divide.

We continued along the ridge to the hut where we found an ideal vantage point for a leisurely lunch, taking in the magnificence of our surroundings and thinking how lucky we were to be there on such a day. The descent was somewhat tiring on our legs. Ron stated he wanted a beer, and that was the last most of us saw of him until we got to the beer garden at Glencoe Lodge.

The evening meal was preceded by a Happy Hour, courtesy of Ron Waterman, who had so generously brought along supplies from Christchurch. The sunset on Mt Cook ended a perfect day.

The fantastic weather continued the following day when most of us enjoyed the walk up the Hooker Valley to the glacial lake with its mini-icebergs. I said the trip was almost perfect — only disappointment was for those who had hoped to take a ski plane trip to the Tasman Glacier on the second day, only to find that it had been cancelled because one of the planes had flipped on landing on the Glacier. However, they did some tramping and met up with us along the Hooker track.

Tree-Planting

Trees are an important part of the landscape. They soften bony areas, they provide different colours and textures, and they provide a habitat for birds, insects and others. We welcome them on a hot day. We enjoy the bush remnants of the Port Hills.

After tentative beginnings the Club has for several years been helping the City Council Reserves Dept with tree-planting. Our planting efforts have focused on revegetating a formerly pine-forested area at Thompson's Reserve on the Summit Road, and more recently on creating a tree and shrub-planted corridor from the Summit Road to the floor of Bowenvale Valley. This has the aim of creating a feeding pathway of berry and seed plants for birds, linking city gardens with remaining forest patches on the hills.

Ably led by Allan Hunter and Port Hills Ranger Di Carter, Club members have planted several hundred trees and shrubs each winter. Planting usually has taken a Wednesday morning and has been followed by a Port Hills walk, finishing at the Governors Bay pick-up point. Sheep, rabbits and a roadside fire have caused some losses, along with summer drought, but as the planting process has improved so has the survival rate. Grass growth and woody weeds have required cleanup visits on non-tramping days in Spring and Autumn. Our stalwart volunteers have cut broom, mulched plants with grass, and made wire netting circles to protect them.

In spite of some poorer winter days, the tree-planting experience has been convivial and satisfying. It is good that the Club can contribute to the improvement of the Port Hills environment, considering that it is one of our more frequent walking areas. The Club can be proud of its involvement with the Port Hills Rangers in this revegetation project. David Holyoake

Annual Meetings

Surprisingly, there has been at least a 50% attendance of members at every annual meeting since the historic opening one in 1990. The local Tennis Club rooms have always been the venue.

Once the formalities of the previous year's minutes have been read, the financial report presented and officers elected for the coming year, the interesting part begins with the well known words — "General Business". For some years the familiar cry was heard "At breaks why do the leaders start without giving tailenders a chance to have the same spell as the front people?" It is an insoluble question as everyone can't arrive at once. Out of a group of twenty people there are going to be five fast ones, ten middle of the road and five slower ones. A few left to form another club ("The Ramblers") but after about ten years they in turn split into two clubs! Our Club seems to have resolved the issue with a smiling leader calling "Two minutes to go". The very slow, in time, realise they need to be fitter or join another group. The super-fit learn to slow a little. Rightly so, the annual meeting is the chance to air opinions rather than grumble on walks and this has helped to create a happy group.

A further refinement has been to limit the president's term to one year. This has resulted in no difficulty in finding a nominee as he or she knows it is not for the long haul. Afterwards an interesting speaker usually talks on topics such as First Aid, Communication in the Field, a display of tramping equipment, and Department of Conservation policy on upkeep of tracks or creation of new ones.

Supper follows and everyone goes home
happy! Allan Hunter.

New Tracks

Like all sound groups our Club spends time on research. That is, looking for new tracks so that members can never become bored with the programme.

In the first year Donna and Lew McFadden found a new track while out on a Sunday Port Hills stroll. This pattern has continued on another day of the week and is still going strong. While it is impossible to name all associated with these explorations over the years, the present group includes Robert Davidson (Leader), Ron Roy, Bill Dudding and Edward Clark.

My Five Favourite Tramps

A Sample

<u>Robert Davidson</u> Nth Branch Kowai R Wyndale Forest Lyndon-Acheron Stn Brooklands Mt Isobel, Hanmer	<u>June Kenworthy</u> Dracophyllum Flat Random Spur Nth Branch Kowai R Mt Alexander Teviotdale	<u>Wendy Aldridge</u> Camp Bay-Port Levy Bealey Spur Craigieburn Mt Herbert Mt Thomas	<u>Allan Williams</u> Bealey Spur Three Deans Mt Oxford Camp Saddle Mt Vulcan
<u>Pat Hudson</u> Glenafric Mt Vulcan Random Spur Teviotdale Heathcote R. (autumn)	<u>Toni Thompson</u> Nth Branch Kowai R Camp Saddle Dracophyllum Flat Ryde Falls Random Spur	<u>Ron Roy</u> Teviotdale Awa Awa Mt Vulcan Three Deans Alford Forest	<u>Peter McKelvey</u> Camp Saddle Mt Oxford Bellbird-Sumner Mt Grey Hilltop-Wainui
<u>Allan Hunter</u> Hinewai Heathcote River Teviotdale Mt Vulcan Glenafric	<u>Audrey Jackson</u> Craigieburn Blowhard C Thomas-Godley Head Bealey Spur Adderley Head	<u>Noel Parker</u> Bealey Spur Camp Saddle Bellbird-Sumner Mt Thomas Mt Grey	<u>Hazel Jannesen</u> Mt Alexander Russell Range Awa Awa(not scree) Dracophyllum Wainui Hilltop
<u>John/Zana Bright</u> Glenafric Mt Vulcan Hinewai Three Deans Random Spur	<u>Arthur Liggett</u> Camp Bay-Port Levy Hinewai Packhorse-Kaituna Valley Hilltop-Cooptown Teviotdale	<u>Geoff/Val Bassett</u> Mt Vulcan Three Deans Glenafric Alford Forest Flagpole	<u>Bernie Dorrance</u> Hinewai Random Spur Prebble Hill Mt Alexander Teviotdale



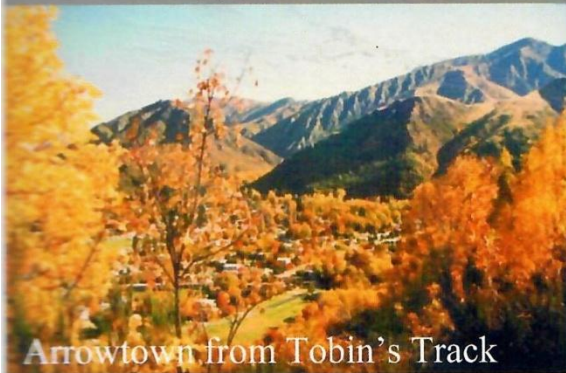
Dracophyllum Flat, 1 December 2004



Mt Cook trip, October 1998



On way to Mueller Hut, Mt Cook,
22 February 2000



Arrowtown from Tobin's Track
October 1998

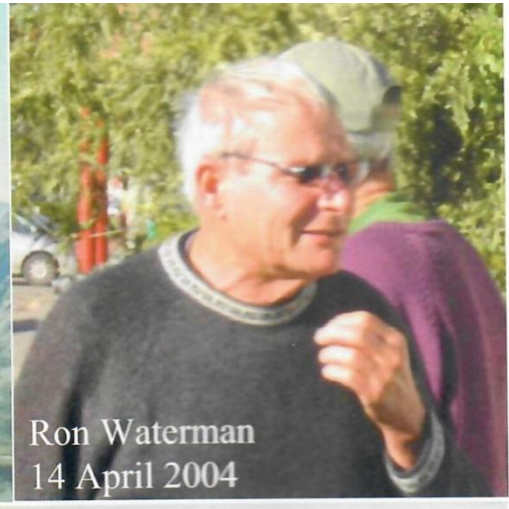


Sefferstown, February 2002

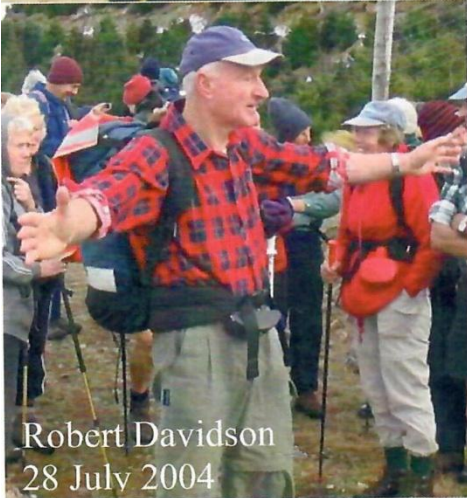


Moke Creek, Queenstown, Feb 2002

Mt Cook, 22 Feb 2000



Ron Waterman
14 April 2004

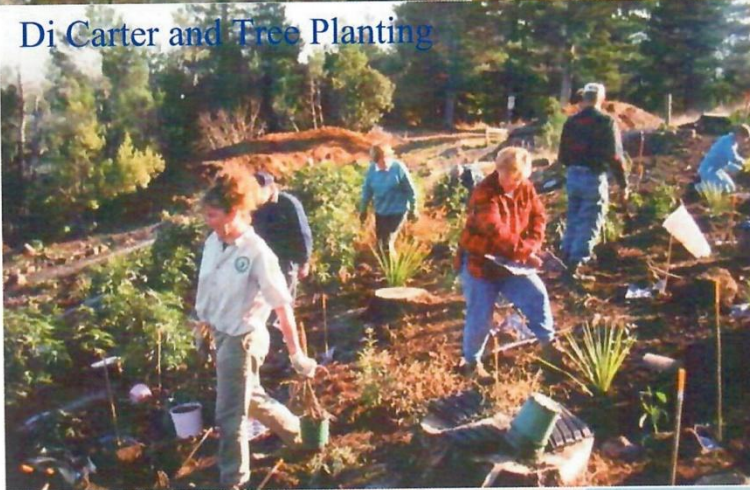


Robert Davidson
28 July 2004



Mueller Hut, 14 Apr 1999

Di Carter and Tree Planting



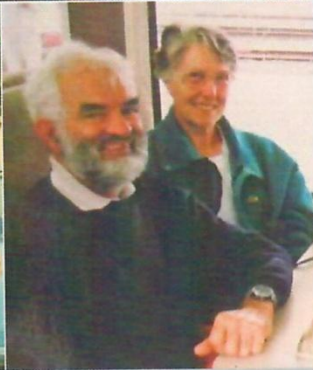
Bill Dudding



Ron Roy



Harry Franklin



Ken & Betty Fitchett



Bede Cosgriff



Max Cullen



Ted Walker

TRAMPS - 2005

Bealey Spur - A Real Favourite

Where could you find better and more wonderful views of mountain, valley, river bed, as well as bush and tussock? A clear sunny sky, no wind and a recent fresh snowfall was a real bonus.

Even though there are higher tops around, we get a full 360° to savour as this spur sits on its own, separated on both north and south by deep valleys — to the north, Avalanche Peak with Mt Rolleston and its permanent snowfields and glacier. Further left, many other peaks of the main divide and right on round to Mt Bruce, in the southeast, and the closest — all sparkling in the sun. The lower views are just as eye-catching with the Waimakariri River and its braided bed directly below, while opposite us the Crow Stream flows south into it from Mt Rolleston itself and downstream the Bealey River joins from the left just below Klondyke Corner. The line of the Mingha Valley, well known through the Coast to Coast Race, is seen very clearly. Other tops stretching far into the distance add to the total picture. Where could there be any better outlook of mountain, bush, valleys, and riverbeds?

To bring back the reality of the closeness of modern transport, a small aeroplane interrupts the silence as it heads to its destination and on the valley floor a toy-like coal train of empty wagons trundles west alongside the Bealey River towards Arthur's Pass.

It's time to go and return to the road where several hours ago the bus load of keen trampers climbed initially through the beech forest and then out into a large belt of manuka from where many gazed in awe at the almost perpendicular drop into the Bruce Stream. The well-defined track crossed some open tussock and a board walk over the swampy flat before a further steady climb in tussock and small clumps of bush led eventually, after about two hours, to the old musterers' hut that now serves as a trampers' shelter. This sees the end of the well-marked track but from here a slightly steeper climb of about 30-40 minutes took the faster and keener group up through the tussocks to the top ridge and all those wonderful panoramic views. What a great place to have lunch!

Yes, definitely a real favourite and so accessible as a medium length and medium difficulty day tramp.

Allan Williams

City Walks

Over the last few years there have been at least three flat walks.

(a) The Heathcote River, Source to Mouth

This is a very interesting one from its beginning at a spring near Curletts Rd, then past Princess Margaret Hospital, Somerfield, Cashmere, Beckenham and St Martins. Walking along the river path, trampers see another side of city life — trees, splendid home gardens and parks. Then there is a change at the Woolston Cut where industries still flourish and where the Heathcote joins the Avon at Ferrymead.

(b) Mona Vale to South Brighton Spit

A new member might rejoice that there is no hill to climb but at the end of the day he will have tender soles after finishing a 22 km walk, mostly on asphalt footpaths.

(c) Mona Vale to Horseshoe Lake and Burwood.

This walk was done recently on 5 September 2005. Near our bus stop at Mona Vale a Christchurch Girls High School class was practising hockey. We walked along the Harper Avenue - Park

Terrace river path stopping at the hospital grounds for a photo amongst the daffodils. At the Antigua Boatshed we were met with applause by our retired group who now do two circuits of Hagley Park and then take coffee. By then we entered the city with morning tea by the Floral Clock.

From there we left the City Centre, crossing busy roads like Madras and Barbadoes where drivers become impatient at giving way to 50 trampers. Walking a river path in the spring is by far the best time! Early blossoms, daffodils, baby ducklings and plants beginning to emerge after the winter — all these make it a special time of the year.

So we moved along Avonside Drive to Dallington with lunch at Wainoni Park. We continued along Locksley Avenue, Kerrs Reach and Lake Terrace Road to Horseshoe Lake. The City Council can be very proud of the way they have revived an old, clogged waterway. Old trees have been trimmed, new ones planted and duckboards provided in muddy areas — altogether a very restful place.

It's not a long walk (15 km) and we were home early having enjoyed it immensely, a change from the more taxing ones. Rayne Hamilton

The Port Hills

In the early years of the Club the basic idea was to explore the Port Hills one week and to go farther afield the next week. Now, with the permanent use of the bus, this has changed to about one trip in four to the Port Hills, but their closeness still has its appeal as the next articles show. One writer claims he keeps fit by doing an extra walk there on another day of the week!

Bellbird to Bowenvale

How fortunate is the Christchurch tramper! With a multitude of good, well-maintained tracks in areas as different as Arthur's Pass, the limestone country of Craigieburn/Castle Hill, the foothills of Mid and North Canterbury, and the Port Hills. How fortunate too, that we still have so many farmers who are pleased to share their own love of the hills with other like-minded people. The most easily accessed are, of course, the Port Hills criss-crossed with many splendid tracks and tremendous views. Leaving others to sing the praises of their own favourite tramps, I would like to recount our trip from the Bellbird to the car park at the end of the Bowenvale Track.

Previously this was a leisurely wander from Bellbird to Bowenvale with digressions here and there to fill in the time so as to arrive at Bowenvale at the appointed hour. In 2005 we became a little more adventurous with a major digression, the merits of which the jury is still deliberating.

As usual, the bus dropped us off at the Sign of the Bellbird. There followed a circuit of the Kennedy's Bush loop track to the Quarry and back to the Bellbird for morning tea. This is, in my opinion, the best piece of bush on the Port Hills. The great variety of trees are well-marked with name tags, streams wander around, the track is good, and the bush itself is about as lush as it gets on the Port Hills. It seems a pity that Club protocol of long usage requires the first 30-60 minutes of any tramp be taken at a gallop. One needs to keep an eye out for the white marker depicting a pick and shovel where the loop to the quarry takes a right turn. The quarry itself is indicated by a rocky wall with the occasional huge moss-covered rocks resting among the black tree trunks before a background of green ferns and assorted foliage. Except for the colour scheme, one could have drifted into one of Cezanne's forest paintings! Considering the amount of height lost, the track back to Bellbird is surprisingly gentle. The enigmatic 'RB' message on the posts means 'Return to Bellbird'. Morning tea!

Now we descend down the Cass Ridge Track starting from the south of the grassy area below the car park at Bellbird. This winds down and down to O'Farrell's Track which we take. This follows the lower contours of the harbour side of the Bellbird/Trig V ridge. Towards the end of this track, we come across two gates very close together, then there is another gate locked at this time. To the right is a pile of sticks against the fence enabling the tramper to get over but still keeping sheep in. Very ingenious. Repair the damage to the stick pile. A broad track straight ahead goes on to Governor's Bay. The one we want, Faulkner's Track, goes uphill from immediately by the left hand (west) gate post. This is easy to miss in the self-congratulations surrounding the surmounting of the locked gate. Do not be seduced by North Boundary Track. Stay with Faulkner's as it weaves its way up, over a stile, up a bit of bush track and out into the open. Here a steepish zigzag with unlimited opportunities for admiring the view takes one up to the Crater Rim Walkway in the vicinity of Worsley's Track. Be assured that whatever thoughts you may have while negotiating the zigzag, all the other exits are worse! (Proven by actual test.) Lunch time!

After lunch, all that remains is a 'jolly romp' round to the Sign of the Kiwi, along the track adjacent to the road to Thompson's Reserve. From here we descend to Victoria Park, then through the little gate that leads to the Bowenvale Valley side of the park. The track goes towards the city side but does a hairpin east. Now descend into the valley by any track that goes down hill, hit the valley floor, and head for the bus at the car park. Settle into the bus and enjoy a well-earned sit.

Confession time! The above was the planned route. In the event, because time was moving on we decided to take a shorter route along the Crater Rim Walkway from the north of the Bellbird car park, on to Totara Log Track descending to meet O'Farrell's Track further north than the projected route. This was an error of judgement worthy of a golden handshake and a severance payment of several million dollars. Because of the difficult terrain down Totara Log Track, it may have been shorter in distance but not much shorter in time.

Bruce Graham

Just An Ordinary Tramp

Monday, 27 September 2005, saw Christchurch blanketed to sea level with about six centimetres of most unseasonal snow. However, it cleared rapidly and I looked forward to our tramp on Wednesday.

To the dismay of those who turned up at the Bishopdale car park, the trip was cancelled. So fifteen of us travelled by car and had a marvellous day doing the scheduled tramp: Captain Thomas Track, Godley Head Park, Boulder Bay (for lunch), Taylor's Mistake, Scarborough, Sumner.

Talk among the group encouraged me to reflect on a number of matters.

Here we are, a few minutes from the bustle of the city, enjoying a great outing in stimulating company on the gem which is the Port Hills. Aren't we fortunate in the variety of places we see in the course of a tramping season?

It is sometimes a hard call being on the Cancellation Committee (I know, I served five years). But do we cancel too readily? We are not a "fine weather tramping club". I believe we should be slow to cancel.

One member commented that as members grow older, some are reluctant to come out on "harder tramps", or in misty weather or in winter time. These may well be factors, but we cannot run a club on that basis with lots of "easy walks" and "flat walks". We need regularly to bring in more active members, otherwise we would run the risk of gradually becoming a pseudo-ramblers club. We are a tramping club.

Tramping invariably provides me with small amusements. Today there are the daft signs at Boulder Bay — "Parking reserved for the chef" (outside one cottage), "Give Way", "Kawarau Branch of the Labour Party" etc. At Sumner several (only those with willowy bodies) enjoyed an ice cream and Zana Bright had a paddle on the beach. (Was she a mermaid in a previous life?) And of the fifteen trampers all four females wore shorts. Is there any significance in this fact? I might lie awake at night and worry about this. Have I a problem? I don't want to know about it.

Ward Clarke

Dracophyllum Flat

Any walk that takes us over Porters Pass gives a sense of getting away from it all, leaving the city and the plains behind in exchange for the upland valleys and mountains. The Dracophyllum Flat tramp does this, taking us into the Craigieburn Forest area through some of the finest beech forest scenery. Also for me, it brings back memories.

The Club walk takes us up the park road and a side track that heads downhill through the trees to Broken River which is a stream near its source. I have also done this many years back with a number of Form 1 classes, each member loaded with all personal gear and food for three days. But on the outdoor education trip we turned off this track before the stream, finding our own unmarked way through the trees down the left bank. Less than an hour's walk brought even the least fit out onto a grass flat the size of a few netball courts beside the stream. The 11-year-olds felt that they were totally in the outback with thoughts of exploration and isolation and adventure. Few wondered how the tents, especially the large common room tent, got there. Little did they know that a four-wheel-drive track gave access to the Willis's cottage just over the top of the steep slope at the rear, where the transport and emergency vehicle was parked. Apart from sandflies, the only down side to the site was that toilet pits had to be dug in river boulder ground.

The Club tramp, however, takes us across the river and up its steep right bank to an extraordinary treeless river terrace in the surrounding dense beech forest which gives views across the valley. The flat, because of soil or drainage or some such, is unsuitable for beech and is covered with the twiggy, shoulder-height, resinous scrub that gives the flat its name. Dracophyllum, a heath family plant, is remarkable in that the wood burns readily even when green and is sometimes called the turpentine plant. Conservation code prevents anyone verifying this these days.

From the flat, the route cuts through another section of beech forest finally skirting a skating-rink pond, bringing us to the Canterbury Winter Sports Club building where we lunch on the decking and peer in the windows. This, too, has memories for me. As a sixth former (many decades ago) I came here on a school ski week which the Ski Club mounted. This was in the primitive days of wooden skis and ordinary tramping boots with a groove rasped round the heel to take the spring loaded, coil wire binding. On one day when skiing was out because of dense snow falling, we earned our keep by packing tins of kerosene up to the top hut. Later that day found us digging in the newly fallen snow trying to find where the meat had been buried for cold storage.

The Club tramp often divides in two after lunch, the more energetic walking out cross-country where the hazard is herds of local residents. The nervousness of those trampers who are uncertain of beef on the hoof is matched by the nervous behaviour of the cattle which are farmed with minimal human intervention. No running-with-the-bulls type maulings are to be found in Club archives but we keep up a reasonable pace past the beasts. There is also the thought that if we walk fast we could have enough time to stop at the Springfield pub.

Bob Ryburn.

Flagpole

The origin of the name is a mystery and don't expect to find a flagpole on the 896m Flagpole hill. But you will get commanding views from the top. Flagpole is situated a few kilometres inland from Whitecliffs and rises abruptly from the wide valley plain. The Selwyn River curves in behind it, making it into an isolated hill giving uninterrupted views in all directions; inland the nearby Russell, Big Ben and other foothill ranges stand out, while in the east Banks Peninsula is visible. The Selwyn Plantation Board forests in which we tramp occasionally can be seen close by.

My interest in this intriguing hill was aroused several decades ago when I read Lady Barker's description of her party's ascent in 1867 in her book *Station Life in New Zealand*. For many years I wondered where Flagpole was and then about ten years ago I went on the reconnaissance trip to check out the route for a Club tramp to Flagpole.

Our first Club tramp started from Lady Barker's homestead, Steventon, and we probably followed her trackless 1867 route which she relates had a very steep section where she pulled herself up with the help of flax bushes. Our route was steep too, at one point but we kept out of the gully where she probably encountered the flax bushes. Later tramps have followed easier grades on farm roads on the other side of the hill.

Personally I enjoy tramps more when I can walk beside someone else instead of single file and these farm roads are wide enough to do that easily. The route winds up above the Selwyn River which is confined to a narrow valley and the moderate gradient allows for relaxed tramping to appreciate the expanding views as you ascend.

Flagpole is now controlled by the Selwyn Plantation Board and a few years ago there was a public outcry over their plans to plant the whole hill in pine trees. Fortunately they modified their plans so that the prominent summit ridge will be kept clear of trees. The character of the tramp up the hill will change greatly as the trees grow.

Lady Barker's classic ascent was made with the object of camping out on top so that her party could see the sunrise. She relates that at sunrise, peaks in the west stood out against the dark sky while in the east she saw a glow of light. To the left was the Waimakariri River and the sun shining on the windows of the houses of Oxford. A slight haze covered Lake Ellesmere. She saw the dark line of the banks of the Rakaia River and in the distance the faint gleam of the Rangitata. Towards the

coast were cultivated green patches and tiny homesteads. These were few and far between in those early days of settlement. A short extract from Lady Barker's book has often been read at the summit as we have lunch.

The clarity of the air in the middle of the day cannot compare with that of the sur-rise but the view from the top remains superb. David Eddy

Hoon Hay - Otahuna

When I retired in December 1993, I had intended to maintain my fitness by playing more tennis and golf. My wife, Doreen, and I had for many years enjoyed walking together, and in early 1994 Bert and Natalie Upjohn invited us to join the Bishopdale Tramping Club as guests for a day. That first tramp was Random Spur and with perfect weather, afternoon tea at the Maxwells, plus the very pleasant company (including a long walk and talk with Ted Walker), you can imagine how keen we quickly became. Wednesday clashed with a golf arrangement but it was not long before golf lost out to tramping.

So many tramps have been enjoyed by us both over the past 11-12 years and we are still just as enthusiastic as ever, even to the extent that overseas holidays must include some hiking, trekking, or whatever they might call it. To select a favourite tramp is difficult because so many are favourites, but I will choose one which seems to me to combine variations of scenery and terrain, and is not too hard as we are both now in our 70's. Doreen, by the way, would nominate a different "favourite" - one of the farm walks. My selection is the Hoon Hay to Otahuna walk. It follows the Crater Rim Walkway for the first 2-3 hours, giving wonderful views of both the city and plains, and the Lyttelton Harbour. No matter how many times I look down upon the harbour, the beauty never ceases to amaze me. There is always some difference with the light, the colour of the water, the cloud formations, or the angle from which we view it. There are also some parts where we walk through the bush with often a bellbird to serenade us, or a fantail to flirt with us. Then we can lunch near Cooper's Knob with perfect 360 degree vistas, if the weather is suitable!! From there the afternoon takes us down through the Omahu Bush Reserve, preferably following Kirk's Track. This is a very lovely bush area, and although steep in places is a perfect route to lead us down to Otahuna and the welcome sight of the bus, usually reached sometime between 2.30 and 3.00 pm.

We sincerely hope that we can remain fit and active members of the Club for many years to come. We are so glad to be part of it. RayWithington

Random Spur

Undulating hills clothed in lush green pasture being grazed by belligerent black bulls, constrained by electric fences; panoramic vistas of the Cheviot landscape, extending from the coastline and Hurunui River mouth to Banks Peninsula and around to the Kaikoura Ranges; sitting in the picturesque garden at the Mt Catherine Homestead sipping tea and eating freshly baked countrystyle muffins, buns and brandy balls; entertainment provided in the brilliant blue sky by Red Baron pilot, Richard Maxwell, performing aerobatics in his home-made aircraft. These are the memories we take back on the bus after walking the Random Spur Track.

Our last visit was on October 26, 2005 in perfect weather conditions. It is traditional for David Eddy to give a brief address on the bus, as we approach the Mt Catherine Station, about the historical significance of the track we will follow, officially named Tormore Road. It was used first

by the Maoris and later by the settlers, coaches, and stockmen in and out of the Cheviot District. Transport was initially by horse or sledge but a wheeled dray was used in 1860 and William ("Ready Money") Robinson took his private coach to Waikari and Christchurch by the Random Spur route in 1866. From then on it became the artery for transporting goods imported through Port Robinson at Gore Bay and exported from the farms in the Cheviot hills. It retained this role until 1878 when Robinson built a bridge across the Hurunui south of Cheviot to open up the present direct route through Glenmark to Waipara and Christchurch.

The Historic Trail is the first option available on this tramp and is usually taken by about half of the fifty members who participate in the trip. It is a relatively easy walk along the flat to the gently undulating old road. From the start at the Ethelton end to the finish at the Mt Catherine Homestead is 12 km and takes about four hours, including lunch and a deviation to the airstrip. During the first hour of the walk there are pleasant views along the Scargill Valley to the south-west with Mt Grey in the far distance. To the west is Mt Alexander and Mt Tapuaenuku in the Kaikoura ranges to the north. Three kilometres on, two features dominate the landscape, the rocky outcrop known as Tormore (1437 feet) and the hill, Mt Catherine (1207 feet) named by "Ready Money" Robinson after one of the many women in his life. Near the end, the Random Spur Track descends towards Cheviot down a spur line that forms part of an earthquake fault line. On the left of the track is the old Crystal Brook Station, once owned by former Prime Minister George Forbes, now a part of the Mt Catherine property. Those who chose the "road route" normally arrived back at the Mt Catherine Homestead thirty to forty minutes earlier than those who took the second option.

The second option is a cross-country, around-the-farm route through the Mt Catherine Station. It is a strenuous tramp up steep inclines, called "undulations" by Allan Williams in his briefing on the bus, but called by the participants with their chins almost bumping on the ground. The final slope up through a clump of pines feels like a forty-five degree angle, at the top of which everyone collapses, thankful at having survived the ordeal. But the overwhelming consensus was that it was all worth it. The experience of walking through the long grass interspersed with the miniature white flowers of subterranean clover, splattered here and there with large brown watery pancakes left behind by the overfed bulls grazing nearby, was a superior venture to walking along the historic road.

There were about 1200 Black Poll bulls on the Mt Catherine Station farmed by Richard and Jane Maxwell. By taking the cross-country route we were able to experience what it must take to operate a farm this size, made up of greywacke, haematite and limestone rock covered by a layer of loess, which in wet weather turns to soggy clay and causes serious slipping. We admired the high quality of the pastures, the absence of weeds, the well maintained fences and gates and the healthiness of the bulls. There were times when we thought they were too healthy as they took up threatening stances as we carefully tiptoed past them. On one occasion some of the men needing to respond to the call of nature went ahead down a slope out of the view of the main party to do what was necessary. The women roared with laughter as the bulls began to bellow in apparent amusement at what they saw, or at least at how little there was to see!

On arrival at the homestead we found the "easy option" trampers lounging alongside the swimming pool, some with their feet in the water, others lying in deck chairs in the shade of the large gum trees. It was a beautiful finale to an active day in such a picturesque garden with the wisteria and clematis in full bloom, lavender perfume pervading the atmosphere, bellbirds and tuis warbling away in the larger trees and fantails flitting from flowering branches.

To complete the scene there was Jane Maxwell standing by the barbecue at the poolside pouring tea and coffee for fifty thirsty trampers. Alongside were tables laid out with plates of homemade muffins, buns, sandwiches, brandy balls and delicious lemon cake. It was almost incongruous to

see our colleagues in tramping gear enjoying "high tea" in garden seats on a carpet-like lawn in a beautifully manicured garden. We thought this was the picture of perfection but then came more. A single-seater red and white aircraft circled above us and put on a superb display of aerobatics. The pilot was Richard Maxwell who not only flew the plane, but built it! The task took twenty-three years, because of tragic events during the process but he persevered and completed the project — a self-built aeroplane with a V.W. engine in it.

It was with great reluctance that we returned to the bus. This day had all the ingredients that trampers desire — some strenuous exercise in an interesting landscape, opportunities for social interaction and an increase in knowledge. Yes, Random Spur is one of my favourite tramps and judging by the happy faces on the bus, I am not the only one who feels that way.

Colin Knight

Teviotdale

The very name Teviotdale conjures up the picture of an early pioneer Canterbury sheep station, no doubt named after the Teviot River area in the Borders area of Scotland, a well-established farming area. Teviotdale was established by the Greenwood family in the later 1800's, and the Greenwood name became well known in early Canterbury.

This tramp was first reconnoitred by a Club group consisting of Noel Parker, Herb Smeith, Jack Sleeman and Elsie Erby.

My own first venture to Teviotdale was in 1957-58 to judge a school garden of the youngest member of the Greenwood family, Phillipa, then a pupil at Amberley School.

The landscape has changed quite dramatically on Teviotdale over the years the Tramping Club has been going there, mainly because of the changes through afforestation. What hasn't changed is the steep grassy hill near the beginning of the tramp (before one has time to get really warmed up or get a second breath). However, the magnificent view from the top of the hill back down to the homestead nestled in the trees below is good compensation and an excuse to stop and catch a breath while still admiring the view.

In the early days of the Club tramps, once the hill was climbed, the tramp continued on through a mature pine plantation. This was always a good spot for morning tea, although the sticky buns that seemed to be in abundance on the floor of the forest didn't appear to be quite suitable for the morning tea menu. That part of the tramp has changed dramatically with the old trees now milled and with new plantings appearing amongst the rubbish of the milling. Cut over pine plantations are not the most scenic of views.

In 2005, a new feature was added to the tramp. Allan Williams advised us that a short five minute diversion from the top of the hill would give us a view over the Kate Valley landfill area. There was some scepticism expressed about Allan's five minute diversion (I wonder why?). However, at Noel Parker's command that all would take the diversion, we found that Allan was correct (sorry to doubt your word, Allan) and that no more than five minutes walk indeed brought us to a lookout over Kate Valley.

The Teviotdale tramp turns south from the top of the hill. There is another magnificent view from the top, south along the coast from Amberley beach and the Waipara River mouth to Banks Peninsula in the distance. The flats at the bottom of the hill are a welcome sheltered area for a lunch break. The track down the hill can be quite overgrown with broom which is often a nuisance.

After heavy rain, the flat beach area forms quite a lagoon, with a big variety of water fowl often making their presence known with plenty of noise. There is always that little creek with steep sides to negotiate immediately after lunch. Then it's along the beach flats before turning inland and heading for home over the pleasant green rolling downland. Memories of this part are of Ron Waterman (and others) roaming over the downs gathering mushrooms on the occasions the tramps were held in autumn. And that pleasant last part of the tramp has turned into anything but pleasant on occasions when the nor' wester has sprung up and made the return journey, battling into the wind, a real struggle.

Bad weather isn't usually a major drawback on Teviotdale, but many of us remember the time in April 1999 when steady rain, but thankfully no wind, set in shortly after we started our tramp. After some debate, half the group turned back to the bus while the rest of us continued on. Do you remember eating soggy sandwiches on the beach flats? When we arrived back at the bus, we found that those who had turned back to the bus were ensconced in the shearers' quarters with a blazing fire going. We were glad of the fire too, to dry out a bit.

The earlier Teviotdale tramps were mostly held in the autumn (mainly April-May), but latterly October has been the favoured time. Teviotdale is a great tramp, not the least because of the variety of landscapes you pass through. It has ever-changing views and at 16.5 km is reasonably demanding without being too exhausting. And there is always the Amberley pub or the ice cream shop to look forward to on the way home.

Ron Smith

Waipara Gorge

This tramp is best on a hot summer day when it is just wonderful. The route follows the Waipara River downstream, passing some fascinating limestone outcrops. One ridge of limestone escarpments looks like a row of elephants, lined up with their backs to us. Our resident geologist can tell us all about these, explaining that there are three different types of limestone here, formed at different times. Boulders in the cliff face are concretions formed in the same way as the Moeraki Boulders.

Before lunch we leave the riverbed to clamber up a slumped area for a view over a small lake; that is if we go up the right ridge. This is a difficult scramble, but the anticipation of the gorge itself keeps us going.

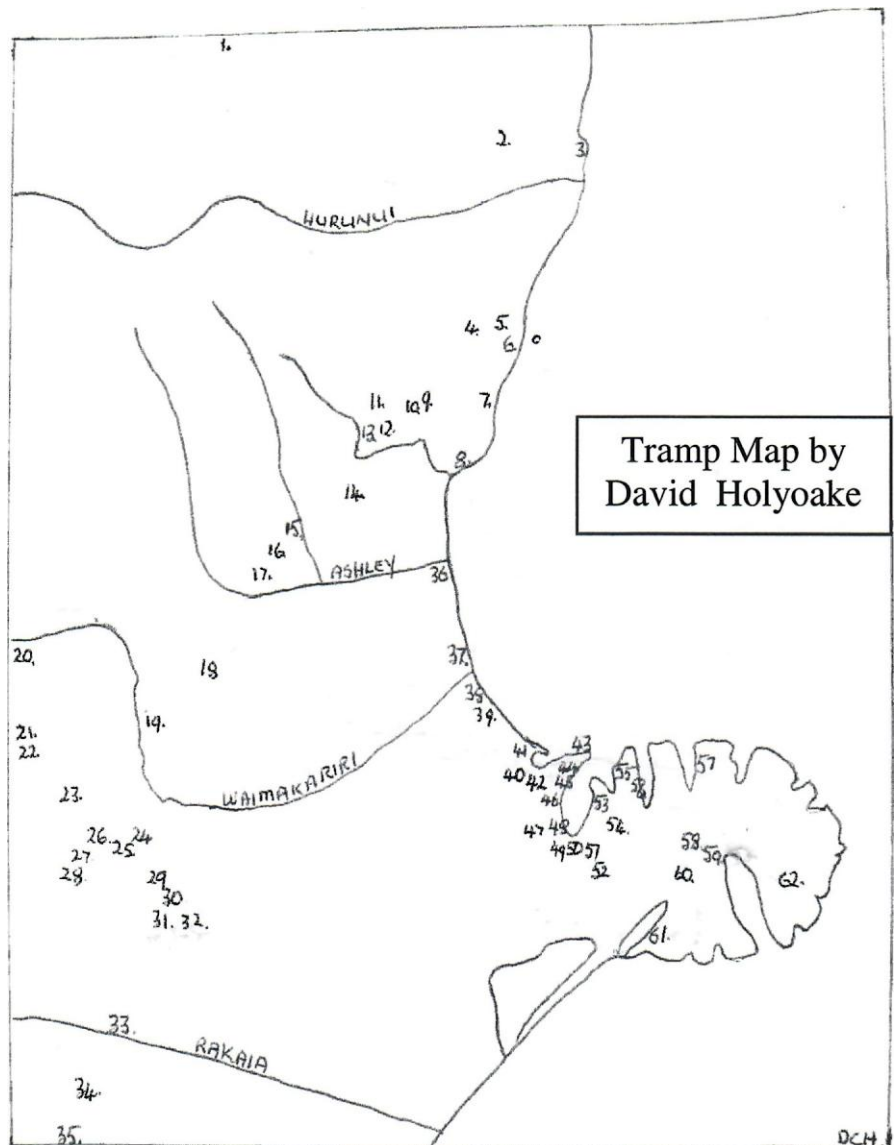
After lunch, we can then wade through the gorge itself — a narrow cleft between limestone cliffs with beautiful water flowing through, and, inches away, a pigeon sitting in a small hollow in the rock wall. This is where a small group of us rebelled — very slightly. We changed into bathing costumes and, after we had waded through and dumped our gear on the banks, we were able to have a quick swim, boots on and all. This was so refreshing, and our shorts didn't get wet. Having to get dressed quickly and rather publicly was the only downside, but despite this short delay, we were first to arrive at the meeting point with those who were "over the hill" (to avoid getting their clothes wet they took a detour around the gorge by going up the hill).

After some more walking downstream, over a rickety swing-bridge, and up a farm track, we were back at the bus.

Jenny Abrahamson

Map of Tramps.

- 1 Mt Isobel
- 2 Random Spur
- 3 Hurunui - Gore Bay
- 4 Mt Alexander
- 5 Greta Valley Walkway
- 6 Mt Vulcan
- 7 Glenafric
- 8 Teviotdale
- 9 Glenmark
- 10 Old Weka Pass Road
- 11 Doctors Range
- 12 Three Deans
- 13 Waipara Gorge
- 14 Mt Grey
- 15 Pinchgut
- 16 Mt Thomas
- 17 Mt Richardson
- 18 Mt Oxford/Ryde Falls
- 19 Woodstock
- 20 Bealey Spur
- 21 Camp Saddle
- 22 Dracophyllum Flat
- 23 Prebble Hill
- 24 Lake Rubicon
- 25 Kowai River
- 26 Mt Lyndon
- 27 Rabbit Hill
- 28 Lyndon - Coleridge
- 29 Dalethorpe - Annavale
- 30 Wyndale Forest
- 31 Flagpole
- 32 Coalgate Forest
- 33 Rakaia Gorge Walkway
- 34 Awa Awa Reserve
- 35 Alford Forest
- 36 Ashley River - Waikuku
- 37 Kaiapoi - Woodend Beach
- 38 Brooklands - Spencer Park
- 39 Bottlelake Forest
- 40 Avon: City to Horseshoe Lake
- 41 Travis Wetlands-South Shore
- 42 Heathcote River
- 43 Evans Pass - Godley Head-Sumner
- 44 Sumner - Lyttelton
- 45 Evans Pass - Gondola
- 46 Redcliffs — Ferrymead
- 47 PMH – Bowenvale



- 48 Halswell - Takahe
- 49 Crater Rim Walkway
- 50 Hoon Hay Reserve - Otahuna
- 51 Living Springs - Governors Bay
- 52 Gebbies Pass - Orton Bradley
- 53 Charteris Bay - Purau
- 54 Mt Herbert
- 55 Camp Bay - Port Levy
- 56 Port Levy - Adderley Head
- 57 Pigeon Bay Walkway
- 58 Hilltop - Cooptown
- 59 Hilltop - Onawe
- 60 Okuti Valley - Saddle Hill
- 61 Birdlings Flat - Little River
- 62 Hinewai



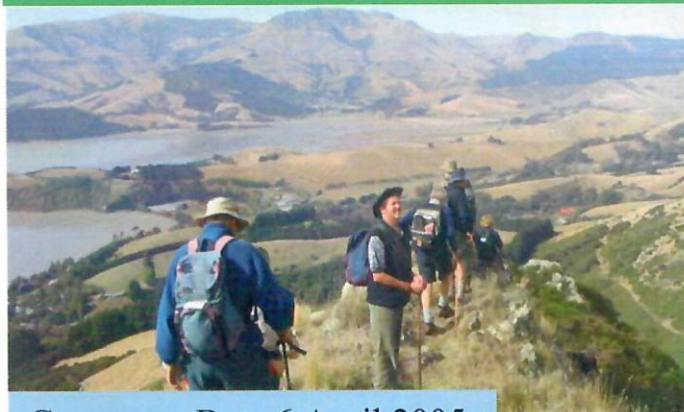
Bealey Spur, 9 March 2005



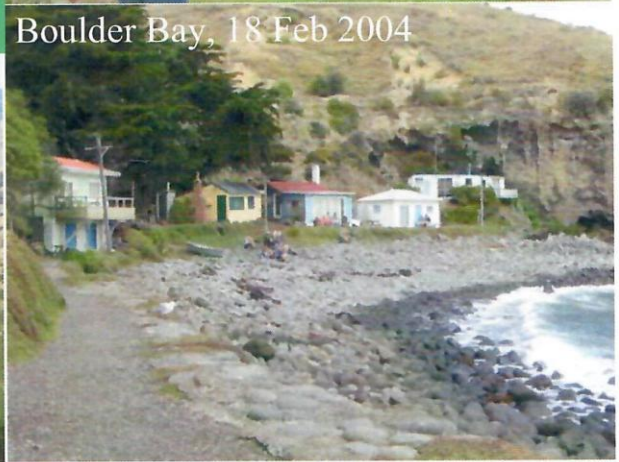
Heathcote River, 21 April 2004



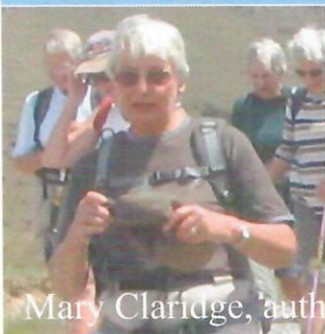
Bellbird
6 Apr 2005



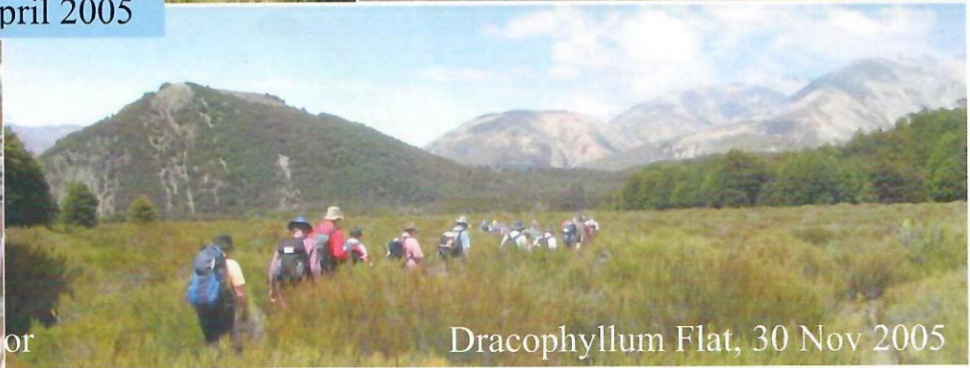
Governors Bay, 6 April 2005



Boulder Bay, 18 Feb 2004



Mary Claridge, author



Dracophyllum Flat, 30 Nov 2005



From Cooper's Knob, 12 Feb 2005



Jane Maxwell & Food at Mt Catherine, 2004

Teviotdale, 15 October 2003



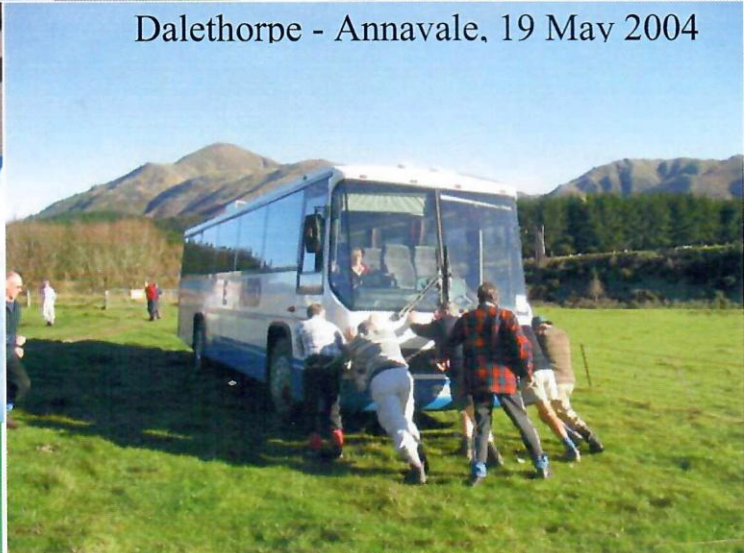
Waipara Gorge



Dalethorpe - Annavale, 19 May 2004



Lightning Flash - Evans Pass
aborted - 11 August 2004



REMINISCENCES

Walking is an activity which gives the trumper time to look about and think about life's important values whether this arises from the trip itself, conversation with others or in the scenery around. Sometimes that evening or even years later. The poet, Wordsworth, called it — "Emotion recollected in tranquillity". Several members have been brave enough to air their thoughts and for this, we are grateful.

1986-2005

When Allan asked members for stories of "Tramping Days" with the Bishopdale Trampers, I thought what will I write, where will I start? So I will go right back to the beginning, February 1986 to be exact, and write about some of my most memorable times.

I joined after reading the advert in one of the small local papers. I had been out of circulation for the previous five years through caring for my aged mother and I might add, I had never belonged to a club before, so it was rather daunting walking down to meet the small group at the car park! But I need not have worried as everyone was so nice and I have to thank a lot of those people for their friendship, Greta, Gillian, Ethel, Frances, Jeanette, Donna and Lou and of course dear Harry, who was one of the few men who belonged to the Club. The others were John Sutherland, with whom I always travelled in his car, and Les Little. Harry always entertained us with stories of his life as a seaman. His favourite quote was "he started life with a bunch of men and ended it with a bunch of women." Those leisurely days with Greta at the helm are still fresh in my mind!

There was a lot of social activity in those days with breakfasts at Pancake Palace etc. and one of these occasions turned into a surprise 50th birthday for me. My daughter—who was eight months pregnant at the time, lured me into Pancake Palace to the happy tune of "Happy Birthday to You". You can imagine my surprise. The following month my first grandson was born — he is 16 years old now and I was proud to take him with me on one of our recent tramps.

I was completely unfit in those days — my first walk was Ryde Falls and, to be honest, I did not think I would make it back to the cars. I did, though, with the insistent coaxing of Beverley Fergusson. Over the years the Club has grown — we are now blessed with an equal number of men and women. We have conquered spectacular mountains, have enjoyed tranquil walks on the Port Hills and Banks Peninsula, marvelled at Springtime blossom in Mona Vale and followed the Avon from there to Burwood.

I feel privileged to be associated with such a fine group of people and with our 20th Anniversary just gone, I feel satisfied that tramping over the past nineteen years has been one of the best things I have done with my life, not only for health and fitness reasons but also I have learned a lot about people from all walks of life. The saying is surely true "It is people who make the world go round."

I smile and think of kilometres walked over the past nineteen years with four of our longest standing members.

Herb Smeith has been with the Club for twenty years. He was our spokesman in the early days, always a perfect gentleman and was super-fit until just last year. I remember his last walk was Waipara Gorge when he waded through the waist deep water. Well done, Herb.

And then there is Noel Parker who is still a very active member after seventeen years. He has led many a tramp with his usual merry quip of "Plan A and Plan B". I well remember the laughter, centred on Noel, coming from the back row of the bus.

We shouldn't forget Ron Roy, our oldest member, who was seriously hurt in a car accident but keeps regular contact with the Club. Most of us have talked with him of his varied life from seaman to university to educational inspector, and his never-ending knowledge on things in general. It is nice that he is walking with us again.

Last of this group is Allan Hunter, a member for eighteen years and now finds it time to resign for health reasons. He has been a tower of strength to the Club, always passing on his experiences and sharing family moments with us. On one occasion on the bus speaker system he told us of his grandchildren giving him a pair of blue-stretch jeans. I had visions of him trying to fight his long legs into them! I am proud to have been associated with him and will miss our Wednesday contact. What a way to resign from a Club — to edit a book about it and invite everyone to contribute their "Magic Moments with the Bishopdale Trampers!"

Thanks, Bishopdale Trampers, for precious memories.
Colleen Holland

(Editor: Colleen has been a member since 1986. She was then a young mother joining her first club. Now a very experienced trumper she is a popular, caring person who photocopied rolls in the early years and helped to discover new tracks. Her first overnight tramp was on the St James Walkway under Ken Fitchett's leadership. As they left the bus in falling snow the driver called out "You're mad!" but all eight members still talk about it as a wonderful trip.)

Glenafric

Glenafric is one of three walks over private farmland on the coast north of Christchurch, the other two being Teviotdale and Mt Vulcan. As well as enjoying views of beautifully kept downland and amazing views of seascape, I am always conscious of the fact that we have been made welcome by the farmer who owns the property. The best aspect of the walk, however, is that it allows two or three people to walk side by side for the whole distance. As a result, I have had friends stirring my social conscience, people confiding their problems that have been the result of their parents ageing or of their grandchildren growing older, while I, in turn, have spoken of the things that have been of concern to me. I am often so engrossed that I am half way up the long hill at the end of the tramp before I remember to start puffing. This is yet one more example of the joy of good fellowship in an atmosphere unimpeded by a lot of the usual social restraints. Long may I continue tramping! Margaret Morton

Hinewai - 1

(This reserve is west of Akaroa with the entrance off Long Bay Road.)
The last time we walked the Hinewai reserve was a time of reflection for me.

After we disembarked from the bus, it was a downhill walk following the road into the reserve at the bottom of the valley, near the sea. It was cold and we warmed up in a patch of sunlight as we ate morning tea. The beautiful reserve of native bush, which we followed up the valley was aweinspiring. It lifted my spirit and made me think of all the tall green new growth in my life.

Apparently this bush was not always like this, I was told. It used to be open paddocks and gorse. It was fenced off and protected from animals, predators and weeds. We passed an opossum trap or two. Then we were surrounded by emerald green forest with gentle trickling water flowing beside us and spears of sunlight shining through like diamonds.

As the morning wore on, we moved higher up the valley. The beautiful bush turned into smaller shrubs and more gorse and grass. The higher we went the less the native bush grew, and the more the gorse took over again.

I began to see that if you apply boundaries to your areas of life and take away the weeds and predators, you could, given time, heal the land of your life, restoring it, back to what was originally intended. Oh, and if it's watered enough, and given plenty of God's loving care and sunshine, restoration and wholeness come again into your life.

Maebry Pink

Hinewai - 2

While endorsing Maebry's feeling of peace in tramping through Hinewai Reserve, I can appreciate it as well in a more practical sense — the part played by two key men in taking over a declining native forest and returning it to its former beauty.

The first is Maurice White who formed a Trust which bought the land and then saw its area expanded by working in closely with that owned by the Department of Conservation. Maurice was fortunate in gaining the second key man as curator, distinguished retired Lincoln College staff member, Hugh Wilson. His goal was "the restoration of native vegetation and wild life", then adding to it another three significant words "with minimum interference". Although gorse was cleared from boundary fences, he saw it as useful for sheltering native plants while they grew.

Eventually, to the surprise of local farmers, the gorse began to disappear under the revegetating bush and today it is only to be seen on the margins and slopes which bush cover has not yet reached. There was no artificial planting, reliance being made on Nature's own seedlings.

On my first walk there we went from the Lodge downhill to Otanerito Bay where we ate our lunch. The return walk was so hard on the lungs that it has not been repeated. Succeeding walks have been planned to ensure more balanced round trips though we always stop for a moment to gaze at the great totara tree about one thousand years old. I wonder just what was the state of the world when that seed first started growing?

The project has attracted world attention with many visitors offering to stay and assist Hugh for varying times. It is something so close to my heart that I class it as my favourite tramp.

Allan Hunter

Friendship

In January, 1990, two Bishopdale friends, 52 and 50 years of age, decided to give up work and do something for themselves. An advertisement in The Papanui Herald by the Bishopdale Tramping Club inviting new people to come along caught the two friends' eyes.

On the last Wednesday of January, 1990, Dawn and Lyn turned up at the Bishopdale car park ready to go. The bus was full and it was suggested that because we were inexperienced we go by car and tramp the "Captain Thomas Walkway". Val Greig and Harry volunteered to take us and four other new people that day.

We have never forgotten our first tramp: Temperature 31 °C, gorse 2 ft high both sides of the track, but still we came back for more. (Dawn 10years and Lyn 12 years)

Four months after we joined the Club, the first Committee was formed. We both served on the Committee at different times Lyn was secretary for the next four years, and Dawn did a wonderful job as bus reservations, cancellations and weather person. At this time we had ninety active members.

Through Dawn and her husband Les, Omaka campsite was made available to the Club for many of our Christmas parties, which were well planned by Social Convenor, Thelma Durant. We made some wonderful friends, tramped many interesting tracks, and kept good health over those years. "Wednesday was Tramping Day".

Since leaving the Club, Wednesday is still our day, walking around Hagley Park with past and present members.

That is friendship for you !
Dawn Meikle and Lyn Lapslie

Cancellations Lightning Decision

Wednesday, August 11, 2004, was scheduled to be our next tramp and we were to go from Evans Pass to the Gondola. The night before, we tuned the radio to NewsTalkZB ready to listen for cancellations in the morning. The forecast was for rain and drizzle to clear away leaving a fine day, but everyone knows that forecast weather changes are often late, so it was going to depend on the decision of our cancellation subcommittee at around 6 am on the morning of the tramp. If they decided against, we would hear the cancellation on the radio at about 6.45 am or 7.15 am plus or minus ten minutes. If you don't hear it at 6.45 am, you still have to keep the radio on in case they forgot to announce it then.

NewsTalkZB isn't everyone's cup of tea with the incessant advertising and often mindless phone-ins, but sometimes you have to smile. "Bishopdale Trampers have cancelled their tramp to Bob's Knob. I wonder what they were going to do with Bob's nob! Perhaps he has a very big nob! and so on." Then, a few weeks later, "Bishopdale Trampers have cancelled their tramp to the Doctors. Ooh, I wonder if they were going to take Bob's Nob to the Doctors etc.

But the morning of Wednesday 11th had us listening right through from 6.45 am to 7.30 am without a cancellation, so we set out for Bishopdale car park hoping that the grey skies and intermittent drizzle would suddenly turn into a blue sky. Everyone boarded the bus and settled down for the drive to Sumner. I was sitting next to Molly in the aisle seat two rows behind the President, Edward Clark, in the front row. The weather didn't improve and the conversation in the bus was somewhat dominated by that subject. The conditions were not promising for my digital camera, but I am always on the look out for new things to try and you don't find out what you can do without experimentation. I was well placed for a photo through the front window of the bus, so I took two photos and the camera used its flash automatically because of the low light level. Just after that the rain increased and the driver had to turn on the windscreen wipers again. Edward was holding a little meeting up at the front of the bus. He began to speak through the microphone: "The weather is not getting any better and we have just seen two lightning flashes, so we have decided to cancel and return to Bishopdale."

Two hours later there was a blue sky with the clearest views of the Southern Alps stretching down to the south that we have ever seen. Edward wasn't very pleased when I told him later that the lightning had come from my camera!

P.S. We do appreciate the valuable, free and good-humoured service provided by NewstalkZB!

Up to the Snow on Mt Richardson

The worst job in the Club is that of our cancellation people. The official weather forecasters can gaily forecast this or that as the most probable future, given their limited data, and no one expects more but our cancellation people have to walk with the rest of us in the rotten weather when they get it wrong by not cancelling. April 7th, 2004 was a day when the weather forecast was doubtful and they cancelled.

Looking out from our house up the hill in Cashmere, Molly and I could see that it was fine over the Southern Alps and they beckoned to us. Mt Richardson? We phoned Ray and Doreen Withington and arranged to pick them up. Stopping briefly at Bishopdale in case anyone else might be interested in a walk in the Alps, we found Ward Clarke, Nola Cowie, Colleen Holland and Bill Tonkings wondering where to go. Without hesitation they filled up another car and we set off for Glentui at the bottom of Mt Richardson.

It was cloudy for the first part of the tramp and snow lay on the track low down on the hill. We were soon pushing our way through trees and bushes bent over by the snow, and as we climbed higher the weather improved and the sun brought a sparkle to every snow crystal around us. What a happy cancellation!

John Andreae

In Memoriam

We were talking along the way to the Pinchgut Hut. He wasn't a member of the Club but Derek Fountain sometimes joined us on our North Canterbury tramps: a lawyer and hardy farmer. It turned out that we were the same age. He didn't have any trouble with the hilly bits. My digital camera occupied me later on as I tried to get a record of the tramp. The last picture (page 47) I took that fateful day, 21 January 2004, showed Derek talking with Bob Ryburn. Ten minutes later he was dead! Just fell flat. What a way to leave this world! . . . but a shock for Club members. A shock that would reverberate for months, as we questioned our preparedness for similar events. His family were very understanding as they took the loss themselves.

Of course we were out of cell-phone range, so Allan Williams and I raced back to the road and Allan managed to raise the police by standing on a high point.

Three trampers had stayed with Derek. Two young police officers arrived and dashed off down the track, disdaining the offer of guidance from us oldies! A few minutes later they were phoning us to ask which way they should go! The bus returned to Bishopdale with all of us except Robert Davidson, Arthur Liggett and Graeme Frew, who waited with Derek for the rescue helicopter to carry him out. Molly and I took the three weary men home after they had walked out and been driven back to Rangiora by the police.

A year after this, one of those weary men, Graeme Frew, gave us another shock. Graeme was looking after The Book and one Wednesday (I don't remember which) he turned up in the morning to tick people's names off as they paid Bill Tonkings for the bus. But he couldn't come on the tramp because of other commitments. When we got back that evening, we heard that

Graeme had collapsed and gone into a semi-coma. He remained like that until he died on 25 March 2005. He was a good member of the Club, warm and friendly, and contributing in many ways. He is sadly missed.

John Andreae

Memories Camp Saddle

"Just GO, Molly!" This sudden, loud command from Ward Clarke is one of my memorable moments of tramping with the Bishopdale Tramping Club. It was over 50 years since I had „glissaded" down a scree slope, and this one was somewhat awe-inspiring. I hesitated, wondered if I could do it, and then that voice rang out ... so I "just went." Wonderful! I stopped, part way down, to watch Colleen Holland, who appeared to dance down the scree, beautifully upright, with a very happy smile on her face. Off again, and the bottom of the scree came far too soon. I'd love to have done it all over again without stopping in the middle — and without the effort of getting up to the top. The grin of delight didn't leave my face till we reached the bus.

Awa Awa

There are two strong memories of Awa Awa, the first one being the surprise of arriving at this wonderful display of azaleas and rhododendrons, which I had not known existed. The second memory is of another occasion when snow had fallen. It was sunny without a breath of wind (most unusual!). The strong contrast of colours in the sub-alpine scrub, with the patches of new snow sparkling in the sun, and the view of Mt Hutt, with a few skiers making the most of the new snowfall, will remain with me for a long time. That was one of "the feel of it" days, as much as "the sight of it" — one of those occasions when everything joins together to make a perfect day.

Mt Richardson

This memory has been recorded by other people. In a way it was a day of magic. The eight of us on that trip will each have our own idea of what "magic" means.

It happened because of a cancellation due to snowfall to low levels. Several times, John and I had been up or part way up Mt Richardson following snowfalls, and it was always very beautiful, so we decided to try it again, and to visit an old friend at Oxford afterwards. We easily persuaded six others to join us and the day just became better and better. From the bottom of the track the snow lay heavily on the trees, with no wind to blow it off. Higher up, there was an increasing amount of snow on the track — dryish powder, so no problem. The sun began to melt the snow on the trees, so there were shouts of surprise and laughter as great heaps of snow fell on someone's head or down a neck. With the sun, snow sparkled on the trees and on the ground in clearer areas. It all looked just like fairyland. Near the top the leaders took it in turn to force steps into the kneehigh (sometimes deeper) snow, which was hard work. My John, who knew the track better than any of the others, lost it at one stage — not surprisingly.

On the top we all had difficulty in putting into words what we were feeling but the expressions on the faces told their own happy story. There was still no wind and there we were, surrounded by snow and sun, having reached the top after a climb which felt even more perfect from having been undertaken on the spur of the moment. Molly Andreae

Cave Stream

24 January 1996

One of the most enjoyable, exciting and exhilarating tramps I have done with the Bishopdale Tramping Club, was through Cave Stream at Castle Hill. On our way we did a short walk among the amazing rocks in the area, then on to the Cave car park. We had all been told to wear warm clothing, have a torch and a change of clothes.

Only seventeen were brave (or silly) enough to venture into the cold dark cave. Those not going shouted encouragement as we slowly began. It was wetter and colder than I had imagined. We had to battle into a strong current going upstream, climbing up small waterfalls and along narrow passages. Some people were quite apprehensive and had to be coaxed along. Shining our torches up into cracks and crevices, we saw large spiders and cave wetas. At one point it was "torches out" and it was so eerie and black. Plenty of squeals and shrieks were heard. It took us about an hour to reach a large cave at the top end. All cold, tired and wet we then had to pull ourselves up with a rope on to a large rock. There were sounds of laughing and grunting, with people pushing and pulling. It was then an exciting and scary crawl along a low narrow ledge to our friends waiting to hear of our adventures. Everyone was on a high and some were shivering from cold and excitement. We were all glad to see the bus and change into warm, dry clothes. Of course there was a lot of laughter and chatter all the way back to Bishopdale. Another wonderful day!

Wendy Aldridge

Twelve Years as a Bishopdale Trampler Thoughts in Retirement

Oh dear, kind Allan Hunter has set me a composition to write. It's not-too much of an ordeal because I have happy memories of being a trampler from 1988 to 2000. I'm pleased to recall some of the personalities of those years.

The members strode out in fine form in those early days and I'm sure the Club is still possessed of a vigorous outlook. Old timers are fond of saying "more power to your elbow". Perhaps more power to your anterior fibular muscle or the vascular laterale would be more appropriate (p.3 of All You Ever Wanted to Know About Physiotherapy But Were Too Ashamed to Ask).

As trampers we came up against the thorny problem of added safety responsibilities of landowners, e.g. a collapsed bridge. A big advantage of belonging to the Bishopdale Tramping Club was the chance to cover far more of the North Canterbury countryside than is ever available to the general public.

I think it was the American humourist Robert Benchley who said "The only exercise I receive is walking behind the funerals of my friends who belong to fitness classes!" It is true some trampers and joggers have collapsed during their activities. The answer to that one is — how long would they have lasted if they had not taken up jogging or tramping?

I think with sadness of some who have passed on — Ken Fitchett was one. As a leader a fortnight before, he had led us over snow-covered ground to the waterfall above Purau Bay. On another occasion he had taken us up Mt Herbert under appalling conditions of snow and wind — a great leader. A memorial totara was planted in his memory in Bowenvale Valley. It was typical of Club members' spirit that they strove to save the tree in a harsh drought. Members emptied water bottles and even the contents of their vacuum flasks in a forlorn attempt. A second tree was planted. Later some six totaras were planted in Thompson Reserve in memory of all deceased members.

Some characters stand out by reason of their personalities. A good deal has been written in the earlier history about Harry Franklin, the retired sailor. The uninhibited Max Cullen was a man of many talents zoologist (bats was his field), ornithologist, yachtsman and kitemaker. He also played the clarinet. We'll never forget Max's ability to throw himself down on the ground at morning tea breaks in the manner of a cast sheep and escape into oblivion. Another member, Bede Cosgriff, occasionally wore bright yellow gaiters. Max classified him instantly as "the lesser crested Bedis cosgriffi in full mating plumage" (See page 50). (Bede has since stopped tramping because of eyesight problems but keeps in touch with the Club regularly.)

Dick Durant was another extrovert (also mentioned in the Social Chapter). Not too many men would dress up in pink tights as Tinkerbell the fairy and descend by flying fox at the Omaka Scout Camp during our summer picnic. Or as a gorilla at Orana Park Zoo.

Red-headed Jim Strangman, along with his friend Neville Britt, were wags with a fund of wisecracks. Jack Sleeman, Ex Grim Dig, was one who could spin an interesting yarn. His friend, Jack Ritchie, could do the same.

Among the characters was Londoner, Bob Debonnaire, a natural pianist. At Gethsemane Gardens he soon had the old upright working. A remarkable man, he was discharged with the doctor declaring he was the fittest of all allied prisoners released from Japanese war camps. Bob told me his secret was to eat anything — peelings, banana skins and locusts. He is now in his late eighties and still tramping with the Bishopdale Ramblers.

Two members who had a natural flair for leadership and organising were Alan Whittaker and Ray Withington (past president and composer of the Bishopdale Trampers song). On one of Alan's trips to Queenstown everything functioned seamlessly. Lunch boxes arrived, transport appeared and I think he brought most of us home! An above-average sprinkling of retired headmasters helped. Such people have administrative skills and knowledge of chairmanship.

We had history as well as hiking. Allan Hunter gave us background information on the breakup of Ready Money Robinson's Cheviot Hills estate. As did David Eddy at Flagpole. The mushroom pickers enjoyed free takings from the rolling countryside of Teviotdale.

I must mention another colourful character, Basil Nottingham, who was always glad to act as leader. He revealed recently that while leading a Club tramp at Woodstock, Oxford Forest, he took a wrong turning which was corrected by having to walk across private farm land. No trampers noticed so he kept quiet! On the very wet Teviotdale tramp mentioned in Ron Smith's account elsewhere, Basil came back early and lit a fire in a shearer's hut to help dry out clothes for the main party. The fire at first released a great cloud of smoke as swallows had nested in the chimney but he persevered. On our Heathcote River walk he gave an interesting account of the Woolston Cut.

The aptly named, Ted Walker, a retired professional photographer, enjoyed ten years of creative activity and regular tramping following angioplasty.

Congratulations on your fast approaching 21st birthday. I hear a plaintive cry — Why no mention of the many wonder women and warrior princesses within the organisation? A simple explanation. The writer is the equivalent of the little boy who only does it to annoy, because he knows it teases.

"Keep right on to the end of the road".

Alex Smeaton



Estuary, 17 Sept 1986



Glenafric, 20 April 2005



Hinewai, 24 Aug 2005



Hinewai, 3 Nov 2004



Omaka Campsite



Mt Richardson, 7 Apr 2004



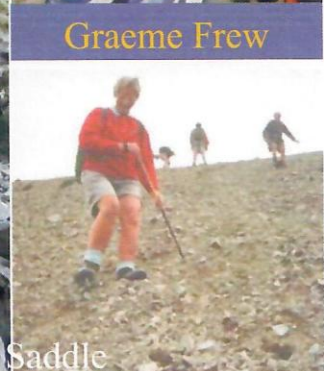
Pinchgut, 21 Jan 2004



Camp Saddle



Graeme Frew



Awa Awa, 11 Nov 1998



Mt Richardson, 7 Apr 2004



Exiting Cave Stream



Totara for Ken Fitchett



Dick Durant as Gorilla



Bob Debonnaire at piano.



New Brighton, 7 Dec 2005



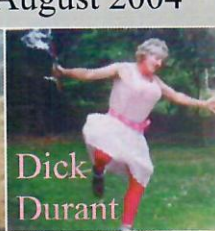
Hats, 2 December 1992



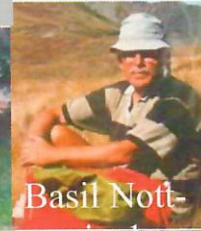
Brooklands, 4 August 2004



Tree-planting in Bowenvale, 15 June 2005



Dick Durant



Basil Nottingham



Kaipoi, 8 Dec 2005

CONCLUSION

Over the years, members have tramped more than 100 different walkways, paths, tracks and sometimes places where no tracks existed. They have walked through the city, across the plains, along suburban streets, beside rivers, along riverbeds, through rivers, up bush-clad hills and above the bush line and even, on occasions, snow-clad tops. They have sweltered under the burning sun on nor'westerly day. They have been nearly flattened by howling gales. They have crunched over frost-covered ground on a crisp winter's morning and marvelled at the beauty of the snowcovered Alps or the reflections in the mirror-like waters of Lyttelton and Akaroa Harbours on a calm day. They have walked from Quail Island to the shore.

Their walks have ranged from Kaikoura in the north to Peel Forest and Mt Somers in the south and from Craigieburn and Bealey Spur in the west to the Peninsula in the east. They have walked in brilliant sunshine, in gales, through mist, fog, rain, hail, sleet and snow. Through all of these outings members have been able to share not only the grandeur of the countryside and the power of nature but also the fellowship of their fellow members. They may have finished the day footsore and weary but they have always been ready to accept the challenge of next week's tramp.

Some memorable occasions would be walking through Cave Stream, climbing Mt Herbert in the snow, up Mt Lyndon and meeting blizzard conditions near the summit, sheltering under trees in pouring rain, eating sodden sandwiches, dropping to the ground on Castle Hill to avoid being blown over by a gusting nor' westerly, being caught in a hail storm on the Crater Rim walkway but above all the exhilaration of reaching the summit of a mountain and taking in the breath-taking views, and finally the relief on flopping into a bus seat at the end of another wonderful day.

Thelma Durant has described the social activities which have always played an important part in the Club's life. However, I would like to add a few of my impressions, especially about the Christmas parties at Omaka Scout Camp. The first time, some of the members prepared a BBQ meal and Colleen Holland's photo of "the five cooks" appeared in the publication Canterbury - The Best of Life. In following years The Roast Spit Co prepared the meal. These were very social occasions with the highlight being the boat race, a very competitive event tinged with "skullduggery" as boat owners raced along the banks urging their boats on to the finishing line. Other events included gumboot throwing, egg throwing and catching, a fancy-hat parade and on one occasion line dancing. The real highlight, though, was seeing Dick Durant dressed as a fairy complete with wings and a wand gliding down on the flying fox. On another occasion there was a treasure hunt with the prize being Jack Sleeman dressed as a green elf. Christmas gatherings were also held at the Diamond Harbour holiday homes of Edith Mitchell and Elsie Erby. These times were full of fun and fellowship and enjoyed by all. Other social events included tenpin bowling, film evenings, visits to the Court Theatre, the Theatre Royal and the Town Hall to see various shows.

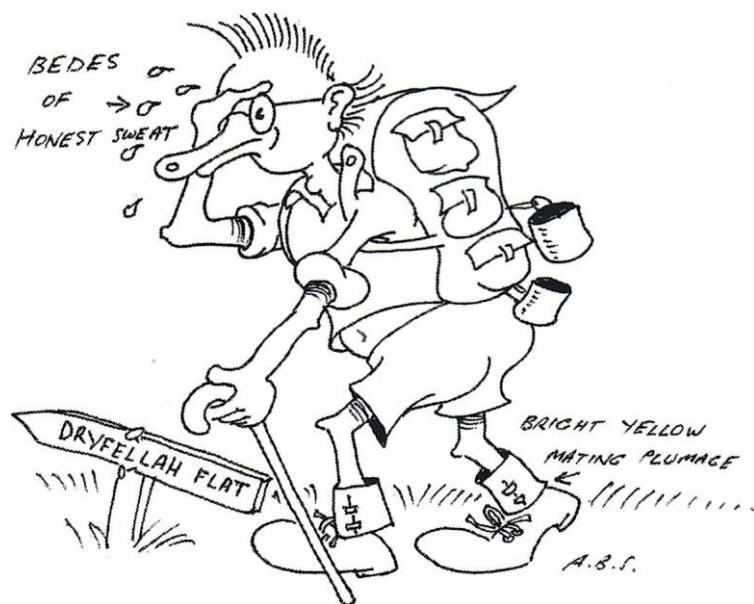
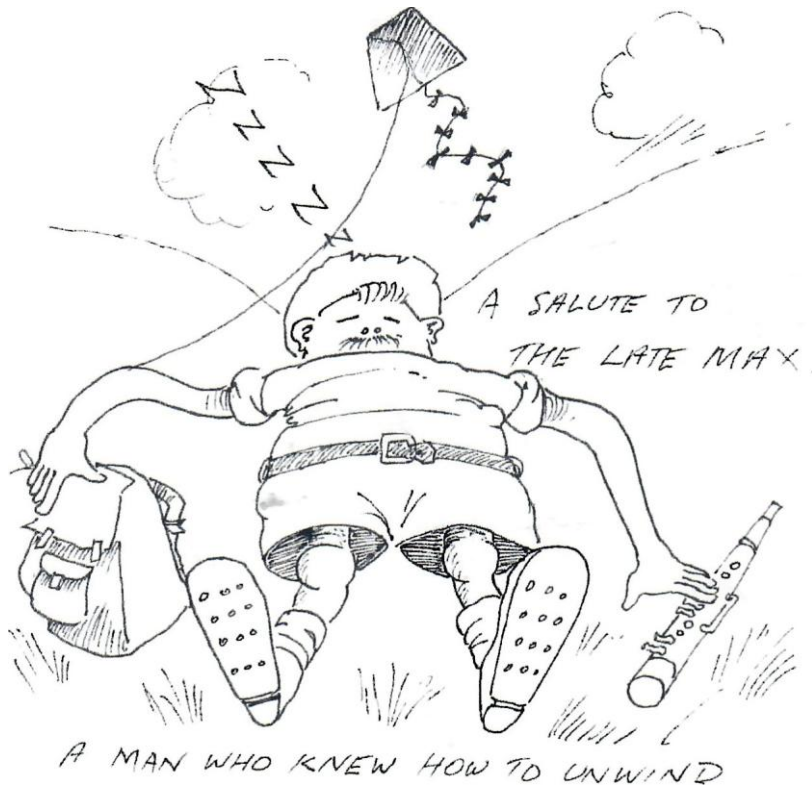
Finally some statistics. In 1994 the largest turnout was 66 for the Heathcote River walk from Sparks Road to Ferrymead and the smallest turnout was 32 for the Kennedy's Bush to Living Springs walk. That year 41 tramps were held with an average attendance of 44. Only four other tramps were cancelled because of wet weather.

Have you ever thought about how far you walk in a year? Say an average of 15 km a walk and 30 walks in a year — that's 450km. About the distance from Christchurch to Dunedin! In ten years with the club you would have covered 4500 km. That's about the distance from Cape Reinga to Bluff and back! Some walk!

(Extracts from a speech by Noel Parker at the Club's twentieth year gathering.)

"Walking on a regular basis is a great way to improve your health. . . . As an aerobic exercise, walking gets the heart beating faster to transport oxygen-rich blood from the lungs to the muscles. The heart and lungs grow more efficient with regular walking. Walking also has other benefits - to the environment and to your bank account. If you use your feet instead of your car, not only are fewer car emissions produced, but you will save some money as well!" (From Walk Your Way To Health by Canterbury District Health Board, Article "Health First" Nov 2003.)

Cartoons by Alex Smeaton (See page 46.)



APPENDICES

Officers

(Most statements are taken from annual reports.)

Over the years a series of fine officers and committee members have given dedicated service for which we are all grateful.

Presidents

1990: Jim Millen "began the move to a more formal form of control".

1991-1992: Herb Smeith: "A fine, steady leader who set the Club on the road to progress". (Herb and his wife, Jean, joined in 1986.)

1993-1994: Noel Parker: "An admirable successor to Herb, a very sound organiser". (Spoke splendidly at the 2005 reunion.)

1995-1996: Edith Mitchell: "Our thanks to her for her invaluable help and leadership".

1997: David Eddy was thanked by Edith "for his part in taking over her duties when she suffered an accident". He was pleased with the increased number of people who acted as leaders. "This broadening base is of benefit to the Club".

1998-1999: Harold Harris: "That the meeting congratulate Harold on the quality of his report and thank him for his special efforts while president".

2000: Elizabeth Barr was thanked "for the excellent job she has done as president and for her insistence that things be kept simple".

2001: Ward Clarke: "I have very much enjoyed my year as your president because of the sense of common purpose and camaraderie. Tree planting was re-instituted and went very well with Di Carter (City Council Conservation) and Allan Hunter".

2002: Molly Andreae was thanked at the annual meeting for "being a gracious, caring president, meticulous in all her actions".

2003: Ray Withington was thanked "for his sound organising and for his cheerful humour in bus speeches". (He composed the Club Song and combined very well with the secretary.)

2004: Edward Clark was "always reliable and an inspiration to all during a personal crisis".

2005: Neil Barr, who is just ending his term, presided over the recent 20th Birthday Reunion and has kept the Club in good heart.

Treasurers

1990 Ned Hitchcock "has adjusted to the rapidly increasing bus receipts".

1991-1995 Jack Sleeman: "The Club's finances are in a very healthy state, thanks to Jack's very careful budgeting"

1996 Audrey Jackson: "Special thanks to Audrey for her work as treasurer"

1997-2005 Bill Tonkings: "Bill has excelled himself as treasurer. He keeps immaculate records of the Club's finances and manages the income for bus fares so well. And all this is accompanied by his rollicking sense of humour"

2006 Audrey Jackson: "Her experience in accounting has been invaluable".

Secretaries

1990: Edith Mitchell: "A person who sees what jobs need to be done and quietly does them".

1991-1995: Lyn Lapslie: "Nothing is a bother to Lyn and she can be relied on at all times to have everything up to date. Her friend, Dawn Meikle, must have a special line to the weather gods judging by the small number of cancellations she has to make".

1996: Val Greig: "Thorough minute keeping and attention to detail".

1997-1998: Tina Goodgame: "Special thanks to Tina who took over from Val. Her secretarial work and public relations have been much appreciated. Our thanks to her for the land clearances she has made".

1999-2000: John Murdoch "has been an excellent and very efficient secretary. As well as overseeing minutes and correspondence, he has prepared the programme for publication. We value his considerable experience of both tramping and administration".

2001-2004: Doreen Withington 'has quietly done a great deal of work with detailed minutes and correspondence to farmers on whose land we walk". She is a gifted letter-writer.

2005-: Pauline Whitmore is a comparatively new member who, with her husband Bill, has shown a real interest in helping the Club.

Bishopdale Trampers' 20th Birthday: 20 July 2005

The 4 photos on page 58 were taken by Paul Daly Photography, and are reproduced under licence 180997L, 1 Sept 2005. The names of members present in each of the photographs are listed below.

1985-1990

Front Row: Bob Angus, Rita Gunn, Hazel Jannesen, Ross Lake, Kathleen Lake, Micky Walker, June Fulton, Jeanette Amer, Greta Martin, Gillian Williams, Frances Courtney, Beverley Fergusson, Edith Mitchell, Pat Johnstone.

Second Row: Elsie Erby, Betty Rapson, Beverley McLorinan, Moana Millen, Bernie Dorrance, Betty Nankivell, Joan Morley, Godfrey Jameson, Sue Fuller, Hazel Whall, Val George, Josie Snackers, Denise Duckworth, Henry Duckworth, Margaret Yardley, Carol Garland, Mary Sione.

Third Row: Tina Goodgame, Val Greig, Eileen Fletcher, Norma Searle, Lew McFadden, Donna McFadden, Dorothy Taylor, Ethel Hepenstall, Betty Fitchett, Val Taylor, Jean Henshaw, Wendy Aldridge, Colleen Holland, Noel Parker, June Kenworthy, Ethel Sandri.

1991-1995

Front Row: Hanny Stufkens, Bob Angus, Bob Debonnaire, Toni Thompson, Natalie Upjohn, Winsome Smith, Joan Eddy, Keith Cunningham, Syd Roxburgh, Audrey Jackson, Beverley McLorinan, Gillian Williams, Elsie Erby, Carol Garland, Tina Goodgame, Bede Cosgriff.

Second Row: Irene Cadigan, Judy Wilmer, Pauline Caudwell, Harold Mintrom, Rae Mintrom, Rita Gunn, Bert Upjohn, David Eddy, Joan Thacker, Hazel Jannesen, Bernie Dorrance, Hazel Whall, Bernice Baker, Betty Flanagan, Josie Snackers, Val Bassett, Enid Murdoch, John Murdoch, Hilda Martin, Beryl Wilkinson, Gail Yerby, Basil Nottingham.

Third Row: Barbara Bucknell, Margaret Morton, Val Greig, Eileen Fletcher, Norma Searle, Thelma Durant, Dawn Meikle, Lyn Lapslie, John Martin, Alex Smeaton, Ron Waterman, Rayne Hamilton, Betty Fitchett, Wendy Aldridge, Colleen Holland, Noel Parker, June Kenworthy, Edith Mitchell, Beverley Fergusson.

Fourth Row: Lorraine McLeod, John Morton, John Pilbrow, Leah Farr, June Atkins, Elizabeth Barr, Ron Smith, Harold Harris, Allan Williams, Garry Jeffery, Anne Cook, Ward Clarke, Bob Ryburn, Jim Strangman, Margaret Strangman.

1996-2000

Front Row: Bob Angus, Peter McKelvey, Toni Thompson, Doreen Withington, Edward Clark, Natalie Upjohn, Bert Upjohn, Margaret Nottingham, Basil Nottingham, Gillian Williams, Tina Goodgame, Elsie Erby, Ron Roy, Bede Cosgriff.

Second Row: Hanny Stufkens, Gail Yerby, Irene Kinsman, Robin Whittaker, Alison Lynch, Ray Withington, Winsome Smith, Rayne Hamilton, Bernie Dorrance, Hazel Whall, Betty Flanagan, Wendy Aldridge, Val Bassett, Enid Murdoch, Hilda Martin, Edith Mitchell, Beryl Wilkinson.

Third Row: Dawn Grenfell, Elaine Moore, Neville Britt, Molly Andreae, Pat Hudson, Thelma Durant, Dawn Meikle, Lyn Lapslie, Hazel Jannesen, Betty Fitchett, Maebry Pink, Audrey Jackson, Colleen Holland, Lyn Mason, Noel Parker, June Kenworthy, Min Lim.

Fourth Row: John Andreae, Bill Tonkings, Bill Hobbs, John Martin, Elizabeth Barr, Ron Smith, Harold Harris, Allan Williams, Garry Jeffery, Ron Waterman, Geoff Bassett, Colin Knight, Alan Whittaker, Elizabeth Williams.

2001-2005

Front Row: Lois Smith, Judy Wilmer, Margaret Heveldt, Toni Thompson, Bert Upjohn, Doreen Withington, Ray Withington, Neil Ban, Nola Cowie, Mary Claridge, Heather Ponder, Pauline Whitmore, Fay Coxon, Jenny Abrahamson, Gill Mendonca, Lesley McCall.

Second Row: Les Willis, Hazel Whall, Hanny Stufkens, Gail Yerby, Irene Kinsman, Robin Whittaker, Alison Lynch, Hazel Jannesen, Rayne Hamilton, Bernie Dorrance, Bernice Baker, Tina Goodgame, Wendy Aldridge, Val Bassett, Enid Murdoch, Hilda Martin, Edith Mitchell, Antje Nikolaus, Bill Whitmore, Robert Davidson.

Third Row: Janette Cullen, Colin Wormald, Elsie Erby, Dawn Grenfell, Elaine Moore, Molly Andreae, Pat Hudson, Loanne Metcalfe, Thelma Durant, Lyn Lapslie, Betty Fitchett, Maebry Pink, Audrey Jackson, Colleen Holland, Noel Parker, June Kenworthy, Min Lim, Diane Roxburgh, Katherine Peet, Elizabeth Williams.

Fourth Row: Ron Smith, Arthur Liggett, Zana Bright, John Bright, Chris Sparks, Bill Tonkings, John Martin, Elizabeth Barr, Ron Smith, Harold Harris, Allan Williams, Garry Jeffery, Colin Knight, Gus Gale, Geoff Bassett, John Peet, Alan Whittaker, Ken Dubar, John Andreae.

Membership List (1985 — 2006)

* Deceased; # Foundation member (1985-86)

M85-90 =Member at some time during 1985 to 1990.

M91-04 =Member at some time during 1991 to 2004.

M2005 = Member in June 2005.

M2006 = Members in May 2006

ABRAHAMSON, Jenny	M91-04	M2005	M2006	DAVIDSON, Robert	M91-04	M2005	M2006
ADAMS, Nicky		M2005	M2006	DEBONNAIRE, Bob	M85-90	M91-04	
ALDRIDGE, Wendy	M85-90	M91-04	M2005	# De Joux, Edna	M85-90		
# AMER, Jeanette	M85-90			DELLER, Sonia	M85-90		
ANDREAE, John	M91-04	M2005	M2006	DEW, Dorothy	M85-90		
ANDREAE, Molly	M91-04	M2005	M2006	DEW, Les	M85-90		
ANEN, Jenny	M91-04			DOLAN, Mary	M85-90		
ANGUS, Bob	M85-90	M91-04		DONALD, Ian		M91-04	
ANGUS, Don	M85-90	M91-04		DORRANCE, Bernie	M85-90	M91-04	M2005
ANGUS, Pat	M85-90			DOUGLAS, Annette	M85-90		M2006
#ATKINS, Betty	M85-90			DRAINE, Anne	M85-90		
ATKINS, June	M91-04			DUBAR, Ken		M2005	M2006
ATKINS, Nick		M2005	M2006	DUCKWORTH, Denise	M85-90	M91-04	
BAILEY, Denise			M2006	DUCKWORTH, Henry	M85-90	M91-04	
BAILEY, Lew			M2006	DUDDING, Bill		M91-04	M2005
BAKER, Bernice	M85-90	M91-04	M2006	*DURANT, Dick	M85-90	M91-04	M2006
BALDWIN, Sylvia		M91-04		DURANT, Thelma	M85-90	M91-04	
BARR, Elizabeth		M91-04	M2005	EBBORN, Gillian		M91-04	
BARR, Neil		M91-04	M2005	EDDY, David	M85-90	M91-04	M2005
BARRON, Jenny	M85-90			EDDY, Joan		M91-04	M2006
BASSETT, Geoff		M91-04	M2005	EDEN, Barbara	M85-90		
BASSETT, Val		M91-04	M2005	ELLIS, Maureen		M91-04	M2005
BIDDINGTON, Lee			M2005	ERBY, Elsie	M85-90	M91-04	M2005
# BLAIKIE, Vivienne	M85-90			EVANS, Chris	M85-90		
BOOTH, Frank		M91-04		EXTON, Elizabeth	M85-90		
BRIGHT, John		M91-04	M2005	FARR, Leah	M85-90	M91-04	
BRIGHT, Zana		M91-04	M2005	FERGUSON, Beverley	M85-90	M91-04	
BRITT, Neville		M91-04	M2005	FISHER, Marilyn		M91-04	
BROADHEAD, Pam				FITCHETT, Betty	M85-90	M91-04	M2005
BRUCE, Nettie	M85-90	M91-04		*FITCHETT, Ken	M85-90	M91-04	M2006
BUCKNELL, Barbara	M85-90	M91-04		FITZGERALD, Joan	M85-90		
BURBOROUGH, Graham		M91-04		FLANAGAN, Betty	M85-90	M91-04	
BURROWES, Janet		M91-04	M2005	FLETCHER, Eileen	M85-90	M91-04	
BUTLAND, Janet	M85-90			FORD, Liz		M91-04	
CADENHEAD, Peggy	M85-90			FORREST, Olive	M85-90		
CADIGAN, Irene		M91-04		**FRANKLIN, Harry	M85-90		
CALVERT, Ian		M91-04		FRAPWELL, Glenda	M85-90		
#CAMPBELL, Vi	M85-90			*FREW, Graeme		M91-04	
CARR, John		M91-04		FREW, Robin		M91-04	
CARTWRIGHT, June	M85-90			FULLER, Sue	M85-90		
CATANACH, Marie			M2005	FULTON, June	M85-90		
CAUDWELL, Pauline		M91-04	M2006	GALE, Gus		M91-04	M2005
CHADDERTON, Don		M91-04		GALLINGTON, Olive	M85-90	M91-04	M2006
CHURCH, Dorrie	M85-90	M91-04		GARLAND, Carol	M85-90	M91-04	
CLARIDGE, Mary		M91-04	M2005	GEORGE, Val	M85-90	M91-04	
CLARK, Edward		M91-04	M2005	GERMON, Diane	M85-90	M91-04	
CLARKE, Ward		M91-04	M2005	GIBBINS, Dorrie	M85-90		
COATES, Patricia	M85-90			GIBSON, Daphne	M85-90	M91-04	
COCKRAM, Cynthia	M85-90	M91-04		GISBERTES, Lenie	M85-90		
COCKRAM, Judy	M85-90			GOODGAME, Tina	M85-90	M91-04	
COOK, Anne		M91-04		GORDON, Mavis	M85-90		
COSGRIFF, Bede		M91-04		GRAHAM, Bruce		M91-04	M2005
#COURTNEY, Frances	M85-90			GRANT, Ellen	M85-90		M2006
COWIE, Nola		M91-04	M2005	GREIG, Val	M85-90	M91-04	
COXON, Fay			M2005	GRENFELL, Dawn		M91-04	M2005
CRAIG, Elva	M85-90			GRUNDY, Peter			M2006
CROMPTON, Frances	M85-90			#GUNN, Rita	M85-90	M91-04	
CROSS, Jack	M85-90			HALLAWAY, David		M91-04	
CROSSEN, Betty	M85-90			HAMBLIN, Rawley	M85-90		
CULLEN, Janette		M91-04	M2005	HAMBLIN, Rayne	M85-90		
*CULLEN, Max		M91-04		HAMILTON, Rayne	M85-90	M91-04	M2005
CUNDALL, Anneliese		M91-04		HARNETT, Graeme		M91-04	M2005
CUNNINGHAM, Keith		M91-04		HARRIS, Harold		M91-04	M2005
CURTIS, Dulcie		M91-04		HARROLD, Margaret	M85-90		M2006
DARRAGH, Grace	M85-90			HENSHAW, Jean	M85-90	M91-04	
DAUE, Judy		M91-04		# HEPENSTALL, Ethel	M85-90		

HEVELDT, Margaret		M91-04	M2005	M2006	MURDOCH, John		M91-04	M2005	M2006
HICKFORD, Jeanette		M91-04	M2005	M2006	MURDOCH, Roger		M91-04		
HICKFORD, Robin		M91-04	M2005	M2006	# NANKIVELL, Betty	M85-90			
HILL, Jan		M91-04			NEAME, Mary	M85-90			
HITCHCOCK, Ned	M85-90				NEIL, Nola		M91-04		
HOBBS, Bill		M91-04			NELSON, Maureen	M85-90			
# HOLLAND, Colleen	M85-90	M91-04	M2005	M2006	NIKOLAUS, Antje				M2006
HOLLAND, Gail	M85-90				NOTTINGHAM, Basil		M91-04		
HOLYOAKE, David		M91-04	M2005	M2006	NOTTINGHAM, Margaret		M91-04		
HOWDEN, Graeme		M91-04			OAKLEY, Margaret	M85-90			
HOWDEN, Mary		M91-04			#*O'CONNOR, Elaine	M85-90			
HUDSON, Pat		M91-04	M2005	M2006	ORR, Ken		M91-04		
HUGHES, Bob		M91-04			O'SULLIVAN, John		M91-04		
HUGHEY, Dave		M91-04			PARKER, Noel	M85-90	M91-04	M2005	M2006
HUGHEY, Mary		M91-04			PEET, John			M2005	M2006
HUNTER, Allan	M85-90	M91-04	M2005		PEET, Katherine			M2005	M2006
HUNTER, Betty		M91-04			PILBROW, John	M85-90	M91-04		
HUNTER, Brian		M91-04			PINK, Maebry		M91-04	M2005	M2006
HURRELL, Sandra	M85-90				PONDER, Heather		M91-04	M2005	M2006
HUTTON, Alison		M91-04	M2005		PRITCHARD, Gerda	M85-90	M91-04		
INCE, Edna	M85-90				PRYOR, Dorothy			M2005	M2006
INCE, John	M85-90	M91-04			RAPSON, Betty	M85-90			
IRWIN, Annette	M85-90				RICHARDS, Malcolm		M91-04	M2005	M2006
JACKSON, Audrey		M91-04	M2005	M2006	RICHARDSON, Catherine		M91-04	M2005	M2006
JAMESON, Godfrey	M85-90				RICHARDSON, John		M91-04	M2005	M2006
JANNESEN, Hazel	M85-90	M91-04	M2005	M2006	RITCHIE, Jack		M91-04		
JEFFERY, Garry		M91-04	M2005	M2006	RITCHIE, Peter		M91-04		
JERARD, Ailsa	M85-90				ROBERTSON, Norma	M85-90			
JOHNSTONE, Pat	M85-90				ROBINSON, Colleen		M91-04	M2005	
# JONES, Val	M85-90				ROBINSON, Graham		M91-04		
KEARNS, Maureen	M85-90				ROBINSON, Win		M91-04		
KELCHER, Margaret	M85-90				ROXBURGH, Diane			M2005	M2006
KENWORTHY, June	M85-90	M91-04	M2005	M2006	ROXBURGH, Syd		M91-04		
KINSMAN, Irene		M91-04			ROY, Ron		M91-04		
KLINKUM, Patricia	M85-90	M91-04			RYBURN, Bob		M91-04	M2005	M2006
KNIGHT, Colin		M91-04	M2005	M2006	SANDERS, Margaret	M85-90			
LAKE, Kathleen	M85-90				SANDRI, Ethel	M85-90			
LAKE, Ross	M85-90	M91-04			SAUNDERS, Gwen	M85-90			
LAPSLIE, Lyn	M85-90	M91-04			SCHULZ, Margo			M2005	M2006
LASSCHE, Raoul		M91-04			#SEARLE, Norma	M85-90	M91-04		
LIGGETT, Arthur		M91-04	M2005		SEATON, Faith	M85-90			
LIM, Min		M91-04	M2005	M2006	SHAW, Alan		M91-04		
LITTLE, Les	M85-90				SHAW, Fred		M91-04		
LYNCH, Alison		M91-04	M2005	M2006	SHEPHERD, Barbara		M91-04		
MACRORY, Derek		M91-04			SHERLOCK, Sandra	M85-90			
# MARTIN, Greta	M85-90	M91-04			SIMPSON, John		M91-04	M2005	M2006
MARTIN, Hilda		M91-04	M2005	M2006	SIMPSON, Nan		M91-04	M2005	M2006
MARTIN, John		M91-04	M2005	M2006	SIONE, Mary	M85-90			
MARTIN, Margaret		M91-04	M2005		#SLEEMAN, Dorothy	M85-90			
MASLIN, Merle	M85-90				#*SLEEMAN, Jack	M85-90	M91-04		
MAYELL, Beverley	M85-90				SMEATON, Alex	M85-90	M91-04		
McCALL, Lesley		M91-04	M2005	M2006	SMEATON, Rae	M85-90			
#McFADDEN, Donna	M85-90				#SMEITH, Herb	M85-90	M91-04	M2005	M2006
#McFADDEN, Lew	M85-90				#SMEITH, Jean	M85-90			
McKELVEY, Peter		M91-04			SMITH, Ian			M2005	M2006
McKESSAR, Dorothy		M91-04			SMITH, Lois			M2005	M2006
McLEAN, Rema	M85-90				SMITH, Raoul		M91-04		
McLELLAN, Shirley	M85-90				SMITH, Ron		M91-04	M2005	M2006
McLENNAN, Margaret		M91-04			#*SMITH, Trixie	M85-90			
McLEOD, Lorraine	M85-90	M91-04			SMITH, Winsome		M91-04		
McLORINAN, Beverley	M85-90	M91-04			SNACKERS, Geoff	M85-90			
McSAVENY, Eileen	M85-90				#SNACKERS, Josie	M85-90	M91-04		
MEIKLE, Dawn		M91-04			SPARKS, Chris		M91-04	M2005	M2006
MENDONCA, Gill		M91-04	M2005	M2006	SPARKS, Len		M91-04		
METCALFE, Lianne			M2005	M2006	STERN, Dave		M91-04		
*MILLEN, Jim	M85-90	M91-04			STEWART, Faith	M85-90			
MILLEN, Moana	M85-90	M91-04			#STEWART, Marion	M85-90			
MILLER, Bill	M85-90	M91-04			STRANGMAN, Jim	M85-90	M91-04		
MINTRON, Harold		M91-04			STRANGMAN, Margaret		M91-04		
MINTRON, Rae		M91-04			STREET, Dianne		M91-04		
#MITCHELL, Edith	M85-90	M91-04	M2005	M2006	STRONG, Margaret	M85-90			
*MITCHELL, Neville	M85-90				STUFKENS, Hanny		M91-04		
MOORE, Elaine		M91-04	M2005	M2006	SUMMERFIELD, Frances	M85-90			
MORLEY, Joan	M85-90				SUTHERLAND, John	M85-90	M91-04		
MORTON, John		M91-04			SUTHERLAND, Kathleen	M85-90			
MORTON, Margaret		M91-04	M2005	M2006	TAYLOR, Dorothy	M85-90			
MOSELEY, Joyce	M85-90				TAYLOR, Lynn	M85-90			
MOSELEY, Ted	M85-90				TAYLOR, Val	M85-90			
MURDOCH, Enid		M91-04	M2005	M2006	TEWNION, Keith		M91-04		

THACKER, Joan		M91-04			WEBSTER, Jeanette	M85-90		
THOM, Stephen		M91-04			WHALE, Kaye		M91-04	
THOMPSON, Toni		M91-04	M2005	M2006	WHALL, Hazel	M85-90	M91-04	
TONKINGS, Bill		M91-04	M2005	M2006	WHITMORE, Bill		M91-04	M2005 M2006
TOPPING, Celia	M85-90				WHITMORE, Pauline		M91-04	M2005 M2006
#TREGONNING, Esme	M85-90				WHITTAKER, Alan		M91-04	M2005 M2006
TYLER, Shirley	M85-90				WHITTAKER, Robin		M91-04	M2005 M2006
UNDERWOOD, Laurie		M91-04			WHITTINGTON, George		M91-04	
UPJOHN, Bert		M91-04			WHYTE, Agnes	M85-90		
UPJOHN, Natalie		M91-04			WHYTE, Norman	M85-90		
VAN KUPPEVELT, Paula	M85-90	M91-04			WILKINSON, Beryl		M91-04	
VAN SLOOTEN, John		M91-04			WILLIAMS, Allan		M91-04	M2005 M2006
VAN SLOOTEN, Mark		M91-04			WILLIAMS, Elizabeth		M91-04	M2005 M2006
#VEALE, Ruth	M85-90				#WILLIAMS, Gillian	M85-90	M91-04	
WAGSTAFF, Olwyn	M85-90				WILLIS, Les			M2005 M2006
WALKER, Brenda		M91-04			WILMER, Judy		M91-04	M2005 M2006
WALKER, John		M91-04			WILSON, Jill	M85-90		
WALKER, Mickey	M85-90				WITHINGTON, Doreen		M91-04	M2005 M2006
WALKER, Sheila		M91-04			WITHINGTON, Ray		M91-04	M2005 M2006
*WALKER, Ted	M85-90	M91-04			WORMALD, Colin			M2006
WANHALLA, Janet	M85-90				YARDLEY, Margaret	M85-90		
WARD, Winifred	M85-90				YERBY, Gail		M91-04	M2005 M2006
WATERMAN Ron		M91-04	M2005	M2006	YULE, Yvonne	M85-90		
WATSON, Helen	M85-90				ZERVOS, John		M91-04	



The Team of 1990 at Summer Beach. (Names on page iv)

Hilltop - 2 March 2005





1985 - 1990



1991 - 1995



1996 - 2000



2001 - 2005

Mt Karetu - 14 January 1998



Bishopdale Trampers 1985 - 2006

Camp Bay to Port Levy - 29 June 2005



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