

SAGA

Magazine of the Viking Road Club

&

EDDART NEWS

Journal of Essex DA Reunion Fellowship N°98



On the track of Thomas Hardy, near Sherborne, Wessex

Autumn 2016

VIKING ROAD CLUB

President: Barbara Crowley

Past Presidents:

Christine Smith, Alan Turner

Vice-Presidents:

J E Adams, Mrs E Paine, L Sirett

Secretary:

Christine Smith
Handicapper 11 Stewards Green Road

& Recorder: EPPING Essex

Saga Editor: CM16 7BX

01992 573591
smithepping@hotmail.com

Hon Treasurer:

Barbara Crowley
26 St Kilda's Road
BRENTWOOD Essex
CM15 9EX

01277 227590
john.crowley9@btinternet.com

Hon Auditor:

Bill Thorncroft
1 Cornsland Court
Rose Valley,
BRENTWOOD Essex
CM14 4HY

01277 231306

Hon Racing Sec:

John Wheeler
36 Warriner Avenue
HORNCHURCH Essex
RM12 4LH

01708 459843
Mobile 07890 610287

EDARF

Editor

Eva Paine
Grays Court Care Home
Church Street
GRAY Essex
RM17 6EG

(0137 5 383941)

Secretary

Sara Craig
13 Rous Chase, Galleywood
CHELMSFORD, Essex
CM2 8QF

(01245 353292)

Treasurer

Bernard Hand
169 Normanshire Drive
CHINGFORD London
E4 9HB

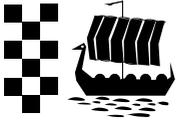
(02085 243356)

Committee

John Davis (Chairman)
Margaret Davis
Helen Tegg
Len Sirett
Joan Comport
Christine & Peter Smith

E-Mail Addresses

saracraig1@hotmail.co.uk
bernardsidneyhand@tiscali.co.uk
margaretdavis_123@talktalk.net
bridie1926@yahoo.co.uk (Helen Tegg)
gwdelmar@aol.com (Derek Marsden)
geoff.bonnett@btinternet.com
jengel@btinternet.com (Jill Bonnett)
smithepping@hotmail.com



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**EDARF
NEWS**



**Journal of Essex DA Reunion
Fellowship N°98**

Autumn 2016

The Summer Meet was once again an enjoyable lunch at Langdon Hills Golf and Country Club, they do look after us so very well. There were thirty one attending and together with a raffle we made a small surplus. Details of the Autumn Meet are enclosed with this magazine. The cost of the meal is being subsidised by a donation from Frank Blake's sister, Barbara Redman. Frank who sadly died last year, was a member of the Epping Forest Section and had always enjoyed our reunion luncheons. Barbara has requested that the donation be used towards the cost of our next Luncheon.

The sad news is that Eva Paine, our EDARF Editor for many years passed away in August. Also in June, Joyce Greet.

This edition will be my last one I will be able to produce as I am not at all well. Last November I got up one morning and my legs felt a bit weak and each day it got worse. After many tests and scans, the diagnosis, which I got in May, is motor neurone disease. It is progressive and there is no treatment or cure. I can no longer walk and my neck and arms are getting weaker. I am typing this with one finger of my left hand. I have enjoyed producing this magazine and hoped to continue for a few more years but unfortunately this will not be.

Another editor will be needed and whoever volunteers I will be willing to give all the help I can. I have a template for it and compile it as a Word7 document then save it as a PDF file for distribution by e-mail and printing.

Christine

OBITUARIES

Joyce Greet 1930 - 2016

A lot of Cycling Club members will remember Joyce Greet who died on 5th June 2016.

With the family, Dave Russell, Kathy Coldwell and Sara Craig we attended the Service of Thanksgiving for Joyce's life conducted at Chelmsford Crematorium. Easy to drift back into memories of Joyce helping with refreshments at cycle meets, with those big brown teapots and tables laden with cakes awaiting the rush of competitors at the end of events, good-natured Joyce was a reliable part of the team.

Sara remembers the warm welcome at EDARF committee meetings held at John and Joyce's home in Billericay (soup and homemade cakes!) Kathy reminisced about the many rides they had in the Essex countryside together.

Joyce will always be remembered for her gentle ways and happy smile. Our thoughts go out to her family at this sad time.

Joan Comport

A poem read at the Service of Thanksgiving for Joyce's life.

Cycling in the Countryside

In my spare time, I love to ride
My bicycle out in the countryside
I love to leave the town far behind:
Inner peace, I am hoping to find.

When I am cycling, I can take my time:
Enjoy the fresh air and the warm sunshine.
Time is my own: there's no need to rush,
And I am able to savour the welcome hush.

Powering the pedals can make my legs ache,
But the wind on my face makes me feel so awake.
I love to freewheel down never-ending hills:
A simple pleasure, but, oh, what a thrill!

I hear the village church bells joyfully ring,
And, the call of the cuckoo, when it is spring.
I see cattle grazing in the green fields;
I see sparkling streams and rolling hills.

I pass cottage gardens looking all nice and neat:
I pass people out walking and fields full of wheat.
I notice so many details as I ride on my way;
I find myself wishing that I could stay all day.

by Angela Whybrow

John and Joyce



Eva Paine

On 25th August 16 we said goodbye to our very dear friend from the cycling world, Eva Paine. Eva passed away after short stay in hospital, although her health had been failing for several years. She made the decision to spend her final months at Grays Court Care Home where she welcomed all visitors. For many years she was editor of the EDARF News and she was determined to continue as long as possible. EDARF was for her a labour of love and she attended every lunch until Spring 2016.

Eva and her husband Wally were keen cyclists all their lives; they had no children of their own, but she was known as a ‘cycling mum’ to the young men in the Thurrock section of the CTC and the Viking Road Club. She was famous for her catering skills and many of us remember her tea-stops at Willingale Village Hall for Edarf Rides and her delicious contributions to the EDARF lunches at Mountnessing Church Hall.

Many friends attended a Farewell ceremony at Basildon Crematorium. Memories of Eva’s life were shared by her neighbours in Grays and stories recounted of her tremendous friendship and kindness, not to mention her tendency to be cantankerous at times! This raised smiles from the assembled throng! This is exactly what Eva would have wanted.

Our condolences go to her niece Joy and her husband Steve, who promised to keep in touch with us in EDARF.

Sara Craig

Memories of Eva by Fred Wotton

One of my earliest memories of Eva was a few months after I joined the Grays/Thurrock D.A. of the CTC. It was Coronation Day on 2 June 1953 when Eva, Olive Turner and myself went for a long ride instead of watching the Coronation on TV or listening on radio. The three of us met at Chadwell St. Mary and went to Brentwood, Braintree, Lavingham, Clere, Braintree, Billericay and then home, which in my case was East Tilbury. We covered 124 miles in very wet conditions. I still have my 1953 CTC diary with the above notes in it. All the roads were absolutely deserted that day. The one thing we overlooked was that just about all businesses including cafes and restaurants were closed because of the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth. We had “iron rations” with us and eventually found a ‘high class’ tea place which we would not normally frequent, and this saved the day. They had no other customers while we were there.

The other thing for which I remember Eva is her more recent editorship of the EDARF newsletter, which has helped me keep in contact with my old cycling friends on the other side of the world. Also her concern for my safety on the road when cycling back to central London after staying with her on my last cycling trip to the UK in 2003.



Tramping (Hiking) Instead of Cycling

Millenium Year 2000

by Fred Wotton

After participating in cycling at the February 1999 Masters Games in Wanganui in the North Island of New Zealand, we took our caravan to the volcanic mountain area in the centre of the North Island for a few days relaxation in unspoilt alpine country. We stayed at Whakapapa on the lower slopes of Mt. Ruapehu in a campground at an altitude of 1120 metres. While there we did several walks, but the highlight was the 6 to 7 hour, 19.4km Tongariro Crossing, which skirts active volcano Mt. Ngaurahohe (2291 metres) and crosses the Tongariro Crater (1978 metres). The scenery was awesome and parts of it resembled a moonscape – it was so unreal. We found out afterwards that this walk has the reputation of being the best and most spectacular 1 day walk in New Zealand. It is also listed as one of the top 10 single day walks in the world.

This was my first long day walk and I was blown away by it. Afterwards I said to my wife Mary that we had been talking for the past 25 years about walking the 4 day Milford Track in the South Island, sometimes referred to as the most outstanding multi-day walking track in the world. If we delayed doing it for several more years neither of us would be physically capable of doing it. So I suggested that I gave up my cycling in mid December 1999 (the middle of our summer) and get into walking mode for walking the Milford Track in February 2000. Mary was already a keen day trumper.

In June 1999 I contacted the Milton Rotary Tramping Club and booked on 3 of their “Freedom” multi-day tramps in the wilderness of the Aspiring and Fiordland National Parks. These were the Routeburn, Milford and Kepler tracks, with just 2 to 3 days of rest in between. “Freedom” meant that you carried all your belongings plus a share of the food in a backpack. There are “Guided” walks by other organisations where you only carry a small day pack and your belongings are transported by helicopter between the “Guided” huts. The cost is about 5 times higher than “Freedom” walking.

These tracks are among the listed 10 “Great Walks” in New Zealand, and the standard of maintenance and the hut accommodation on these tracks is much superior to other tracks in New Zealand. The huts have gas stoves for cooking, communal bunkrooms with mattresses, cold running water and flush toilets. Most of them have electric lighting, usually from solar power.

South Island Tramping Trip - 28 Jan to 18 Mar 2000

At the end of January 2000 we took our caravan on the Interisland ferry to the South Island. Our first stop was 2 nights at St. Arnaud in the Nelson Lakes area where we climbed to Parachute Point (1400 metres) on the St. Arnaud Range track. Then on to Punakaiki Rocks where we walked the picturesque short Trueman Track and the slightly longer Pororari Gorge track. As we completed the Pororari track we were attacked by a Paradise Duck at the mouth of the river – but no damage. Going further south to Franz Josef Glacier we walked to Alex Knob (1295 metres) from sea level. The clouds came down just before I reached the summit lookout, and just after seeing my first Himalayan Thar. There are 2 glaciers in this area which come down to almost sea level and advance and retreat very rapidly, depending on the amount of snow which has fallen in their mountain catchment area during the previous 6 years. We went on to see Fox Glacier which had been advancing during the previous 15 years and was about 1km nearer the sea than the first time we were there in 1983. This time we were able to walk right up to the terminal face of the glacier. We had a lot of rain on the West Coast, but it did not interfere with our walking too much. Their average annual rainfall is 5 to 10 metres.

We then went over the steep, spectacular Haast Pass over the Southern Alps mountain range to Lake Hawea and Wanaka where we ascended the Mt. Roy track to the summit of Mt. Roy (1582 metres). The weather was a lot drier and warmer on the eastern side of the Southern Alps. Then on to Queenstown for 2 nights before the start of our first multi day tramp.

The Milton Rotary Tramping club had booked the overnight hut accommodation for the group with the Department of Conservation, bought all the food and divided it up into approx.. 2 ½ kg bags for each person to carry. They also provided about 3 experienced trampers to lead and give advice if the weather turned to custard as it did on the Routeburn Track. One of them also acted as “tailend Charlie” to make sure that no-one was left behind. Neither Mary nor myself would have gone on any of these 3 multi day tramps without the reassurance of having experienced trampers in the group, as neither of us had any experience of wilderness country.

All costs of transport, food, and overnight hut fees were spread equally amongst the group. The only additional cost was having to join the Milton Rotary Tramping Club – annual fee NZ\$35 – which was a fund-raiser for Rotary.

Routeburn Track - 10 to 13 February 2000

It is a 3 day, 32km tramp starting from near Glenorchy which is at the head of Lake Wakatipu. We were picked by a coach in Queenstown and the group of 40 trampers overnights in a guesthouse in Glenorchy before being driven the next morning to the beginning of the Routeburn Track (308 metres). The weather forecast was good, but to deteriorate in the days following.

It was a relatively flat walk of 2 hours, including several swing bridges, to Routeburn Flats hut for lunch stop. Then a 1 hour ascent to Routeburn Falls hut (1005 metres). I did not feel tired, even though having carried a 15kg backpack and 2 ½ kg of camera gear. As the forecast was for deteriorating weather the next day, 5 of us decided we would walk (without our backpacks) for a further 1 ¼ hours to the summit at Harris Saddle (1272 metres) and then return to Routeburn Falls hut after seeing the spectacular views. I was hot and tired when arriving back at the hut and took a quick dip in the fast flowing, icy cold Route Burn just outside the hut to freshen up just before dinner was ready.

We awoke the next morning to a light drizzle. I was disorganised with my repacking and the last to leave the hut at 8.50am with the designated tailend Charlie. We soon caught up with the main group. The clouds were down and the light drizzle continued, but the temperature was warm. We had a very early lunch stop at Harris Saddle because there was no point going on the side trip to Conical Hill (1527 metres) for the spectacular views as it was totally obscured by cloud. We then sidled along a ridge and then on to a series of steepish zig-zags descending through a “goblin” forest of stunted, gnarled, twisted, lichen covered trees – very photogenic - to Lake Mc Kensie hut arriving 2.40pm.

From about 4pm the rain became heavier with the wind changing direction to a strong gusty southerly. After dinner the hut warden announced that he was bringing tent campers into the hut kitchen for safety reasons that night, as he was concerned that the wind gusts could blow trees down onto tents. The heavy rain continued overnight with 110mm (4 1/3 “) falling up to 7am, and the wind gusting up to hurricane strength.

We left the hut at 8.30am with steady heavy rain falling and gale force winds. Most of the track was like wading through a shallow stream with small raging torrents periodically crossing the track. Part way along the track we came across Earland Falls, a waterfall where normally the water cascade is many metres away from the edge of the track. Because of the heavy continuous rain, the cascade was many times larger, and the water was falling right up to the edge of the track, and the spray reduced visibility to just a few metres. There were marker posts about every 10 metres but they were almost invisible.

I was about the 10th and last member of the group to make it past the falls on the regular track. I was drenched, but it was an exhilarating experience. The experienced trampers then stepped in and led the remaining 30 trampers down an emergency track away from and around the falls, and then a scuffle back up to the main track beyond the falls.

We then descended steadily to Howden hut for a lunch stop. Then the final 45 minute walk in rain to The Divide – the summit of the road between Te Anau and Milford Sound, where there is parking, shelter and toilets. In reasonable weather there is a 1 hour return side trip to the views at Key Summit shortly after leaving Howden hut, but, needless to say we did not attempt to go there.

Our coach was waiting, and after all changing into dry clothes in the shelter, we left for Te Anau, where several of the group, including Mary and myself, disembarked to get another coach to Queenstown and back to our caravan with light rain still falling. We learnt that another 100mm of rain had fallen during our walkout making a total of 210mm (8 ¼ “) in 24 hours.

Continued

Re-printed from Spotlight Essex CTC MG Report re-discovered and sent in by Brian Stevens.

Romford Hardriders Sub Section

By J.E. Crowley, Hon. Runs Sec, Hardriders sub/section

Runs Section report for 1949

The section had a very successful year and pursued its intended object of providing runs at 'a slightly faster pace' with commendable zeal. Several weekend runs were held during the year, notably the Easter weekend in conjunction with the Romford Section. The weekend prior to this spent at Lichfield, Staffordshire as a preparation run for the Easter. This form of preparation was made doubly effective by reason of several delays which led to our outward journey of 130 miles being compressed into the Saturday afternoon! Supper was more than usually welcome that night.

Easter was spent in the Cotswold's and some of the very fine view obtainable in that locality made a welcome change from the back view of one particular tandem which had very advanced views on hill climbing. For Whitsun several members made the journey to Cannards Grave in Somerset. Whit Sunday was a lazy day spent at Weston-Super-Mare in severe contrast to the long fast run home.

August Bank Holiday found quite a number of members on holiday, but four intrepid spirits held a weekend based upon Ambergate in Derbyshire. Some of the scenery notably in Monsal Dales, more than amply repaid some of the 'hardriding' involved. The 165 miles home on August Monday were accomplished with an ease which leads us to believe that 'hills make you fit'.

Concerning the normal Sunday runs during the year. When the Hardriders formed in 1948 it was anticipated that since almost the entire membership was drawn from the active members of the Viking R.C., the section would practically cease to exist as a section during the summer months. It is gratifying to report that despite a very heavy 'non-touring' programme, attended may I add, by very considerable success, the Hardriders have an average attendance for the year of 9 for lunch and 11 for tea each Sunday. This seems to indicate a spirit of great keenness on part of all members of the section and all look forward to an even more successful year in 1950.