**Lyall Campbell**

We like to tell people that “we learned to ski when we lived in Manila”. In fact, until I retired in 2002, our annual two weeks’ at Snow Farm corresponded to my home leave trips from the Asian Development Bank, firstly from the Bank’s headquarters in Manila and later from the Bank’s South Pacific office in Port Vila, Vanuatu.

Our first visit was in 1995, a superb year for snow—when we arrived, there were still some snow piled on the sides of the streets in Wanaka. We had been in touch beforehand with Mary Lee and we showed up at Waiorau Nordic Ski Area in our resurrected New Zealand tramping clothes. In those pre-Lodge years we used the Manuka Crescent Motel, which was then run by club members—the Grant family—as our family base.

Mary suggested that we should join the club, and introduced us to Lyall Campbell. It was Lyall who willingly helped with tips and hints on how to use our skis and on classic skiing technique, between our more formal lessons with the ski instructors. It was Lyall who introduced us to the mysteries of ski waxing, and who taught us the basics of gear maintenance and off-season storage (vital when storing cross-country skis in the tropics). Much of this was done in the old club hut, which I recall as being a converted shipping container fitted with an electric jug and a heater that routinely tripped an overload relay—a great place for lunches and for meeting other club members.

An invitation to dinner at Lyall’s place in Hawea showed us what an incredible outdoorswoman she was. The old ice axes hung proudly in her lounge, as she told us of some of her tramping trips she had done with her husband, tough trips into the Olivines and elsewhere. She told us of the old days, when the ride up to the Pisa Range was made on the back of truck and the skiing was essentially back-country—I’ve almost forgotten the bit about a bridge which, we gathered, was crossed on skis; it’s approaches, were most often icy with over-use and had to be negotiated very carefully.

As we returned year after year, it was always good to catch up with Lyall either with other club members (so many of whom are no longer with us) on the trails,, skiing with her grandchildren or doing with others what she had done so well with us—introducing them to the sport of cross-country skiing. When our son Ian commenced his university studies in Prescott, Arizona, Lyall could recall skiing at a cross-country ski area at North Rim, Grand Canyon. Particularly we recall Lyall wearing her yellow Ski Friend jacket as she guided complete novices when they clipped into their bindings and took their first wobbly steps along Main Street.

We try to follow Lyall’s example when we meet newcomers to Snow Farm. We hope that her example will not be lost.