

Long Distance Walkers Association

ESSEX & HERTS GROUP



NEWSLETTER No. 135 June 2020

www.ldwa.org.uk/essexandherts

www.facebook.com/groups/ldwaessexherts/

[@EssexHertsLDWA](#)



Essex & Herts LDWA Group Committee

Chair	Deb Garfield	essexandherts.chair@ldwa.org.uk
Secretary	Jackie Burnett	01279 442167 essexandherts@ldwa.org.uk
Treasurer	Elaine Oddie	07850 193625 essexandherts.finance@ldwa.org.uk
Walks Secretary	Rita Williams	07434 276719 williams.rita.pam13@gmail.com

Committee Members

Membership Secretary	Ginny Powell	01245 223589 vmcpow@hotmail.com
Minutes Secretary	Brian Martin	01371 856664 walkingbrian47@gmail.com
Webmaster & Strider Input	Peter Hogg	01992 446189 peter.hogg@btinternet.com
Health & Safety	Peter Tremain	01245 442117 peter.tremain@live.co.uk
Equipment	Richard Haynes	01462 670914 richardhaynes@ntlworld.com

Newsletter Editor	Jackie Burnett	01279 442167 jackieburnett92@btinternet.com
Facebook	Deb Garfield	https://www.facebook.com/groups/ldwaessexherts/
Twitter	Jackie Burnett	@EssexHertsLDWA
Merchandise	Linda Fordham	01702 202853 linfordham@googlemail.com
Honorary Members	Pat & Brenda Ryan	

Next Newsletter: October 2020 – a special ‘Lockdown’ edition . All contributions to Jackie Burnett by 1st October please

Chair's Report

Well, when we were asked in 2015 where we'd see ourselves in 5 year's time, I'm not sure anyone in the world had worked this one out! But here we are. Thank goodness the weather has been glorious - one silver lining among the many clouds.

It's a time where technology has really come into its own in terms of keeping in contact with loved ones, working for some, and holding meetings. Even the LDWA committee have had to get to grips with Zoom! It's been fantastic seeing so many of you keeping in touch via the Facebook page, and I've been following your 100 miler exploits on the main page too. I also know that others are keeping in touch with people from the group via more traditional methods such as the telephone.

I've been busy working, running, sunbathing, drinking cocktails and renewing my love of tapestry! I've not done much walking (other than the dog) but I've been running daily to keep my fitness up. I'm hoping that it won't be long before we can all get back together and catch up over a long walk. We'll have SO much to talk about!



Stay safe everyone, Deb x

Your Essex & Herts committee embracing Zoom (minus Deb who managed to miss the photo shoot)!

From the LDWA Chair's Newsletter June 2020

LDWA NEC Coronavirus sub - committee

The LDWA NEC Coronavirus sub-committee continues to meet every Monday.

It is currently working on guidelines that might see social walking reintroduced in England in the near future.

Local Group Chairs and Walk Secretaries will receive information in the next few weeks which will outline how social walks might commence.

There will be limitations on the number of people that can walk socially and the sub-committee is aware that not all our members will always be able to participate.

The process will be challenging but by providing guidelines, there will at least be an opportunity for people to start walking together.

The guidelines will alter as the Government advice in the four nations is updated.

Walk Secretary's Report : January – May 2020

It's hard to remember now, but looking back through my diary I found that we did actually have a busy and successful start to our January to May Social Walks Programme.

After hosting another brilliant Stansted Stagger (the report was in the February Newsletter), the following four Sundays saw us walking in Epping, Dagenham, Ongar and Hertford, encountering varying degrees of mud. At Epping, a couple of our lucky walkers even came across some stray £10 notes as we strode out at the beginning of our walk. Unfortunately we cannot guarantee that on every walk!

The following weekend was the well-attended AGM, with many members opting for the afternoon walk from Coopersale Hall, Epping. We had two Wednesday walks in this programme, the first at Danbury in February and the second, a pop-up walk, around Chelmsford in March. Thanks to a bit of speedy re-routing from walk leaders, our walk at Hadleigh at the end of February managed to have NO MUD at all, which can't be said of the Marshals' Walk for the Essex Way. Despite a lovely route and Peter T, Gill, Rob and Ginny looking after us extremely well, my main memory is of a dark, flooded, muddy path just before the end. After sending Richard in to test the depth we decided it would be more prudent to stick to the tarmac.

The Herts Way, part 3 this time, St Albans to Ashridge, continued in March when we were joined by a few walkers from other LDWA groups. A tiring but enjoyable day was had by all – not least by the small deer whom we all cheered as he finally managed to jump the fence and be reunited with the rest of his herd.

Our final walk was at Saffron Walden (one day I am going back to explore this delightful little town) and then came LOCKDOWN and the cancellation of the rest of our programme. So, many thanks to those Walk Leaders who were able to lead walks – Maggie, Rosemary, Bob, Terry, Rita, Jackie, Peter A, Ian, Kim, Eddie, Richard and Philippa - and commiserations to those whose walks were cancelled (don't worry, you can't escape, I know who you are!).

As yet, we are unable to resume our Social Walks programme and our Herts Way Missing Link is, I'm afraid, still missing. Thank you to all our Walk Leaders who planned, recced and volunteered to lead walks from April through to August. Hopefully we will just be able to move them along a few months to later this year. I'm sure that many of us are looking forward to resuming our social walks in the company of old and new friends.

Annual Walks Day – Hatfield Heath – July 26th. A decision will be made later in June as to whether or not we will be able to safely hold this popular event. We will let you know in plenty of time and the decision and/or details will be on our website and on Facebook.*

Hope to see you all soon. Keep walking. Keep safe.

Rita Williams

* Plans are afoot to hold a virtual Walks Day if we are unable to go ahead with the real thing. Look out for more details in the next monthly update and on Facebook and Twitter.



The Essex Walker was unfortunately cancelled this year, but a few lucky members completed the Marshals' Walk back in March. The Essex Walker will now be held in April 2021.

An enjoyable, albeit wet and muddy, time was had by all: "Great route and weather until the rain came along. Well done to Peter Gill Rob and Ginny for feeding us on route. 😊😊"

ANN SAYER

16.10.1936 -15.4.2020



*Ann (centre)
on a 1981
social walk*

To lose Ann, for me, is like losing a close relation. It's one of the spin-offs we get from an association like our LDWA – contacts can become valued ties. Ann was my children's godmother, she lived in my Mum's house for a while; we were friends with each other's relatives.

Our association began in 1976. Though stronger L.D.W.A. walkers had found Centurion qualification beyond them, I succeeded in a track race, so the message was out: "If Jack can do it, I can do it." L.D.W.A. members did at the next opportunity, and have been doing so ever since.

To my surprise it was the friendly, mild-mannered Ann, a fellow Essex-Herts committee member, who showed the greatest interest at the time. My friend George Eastwood, twenty years older than me, had beaten me by over half an hour in the race. He had been coached, so I put Ann on to his trainer. Tom Richardson was President of the Centurions; his "100", in the year of Ann's birth, was completed immaculately in 17 hours 34 minutes, and held in such esteem that though he was the 99th qualifier, they discarded the number to acclaim him Centurion 100.

Tom taught Ann to approach long-distance racing scientifically. I didn't train with her, but soon became her roadside assistant, and had to learn her preparation. Blisters? You expected them, didn't you? You did not. Ann learned to be cross with her inefficiency if she got a single one. Her shoes were to be insulated with cross-layered lamb's wool; she had cotton socks next to the feet, wool socks over them, and a snipped-off sock over the top of the shoe to stop stones getting in.

The worst of Ann was intolerance of inefficiency. I gave her a coffee one afternoon, only to have it chucked in the gutter. Coffee was for the early hours of the morning, when she needed to stay awake. These – very rare – flashes of anger were justified: there's no place for sloppiness if you want to be the best in the world. And that was a realistic

target. The woman to beat was Annie Van der Meer, who was marginally slower than 8 k.p.h. over 24 hours. Ann felt she could do better.

But this was when women were restricted in many countries in the distances they were allowed to race. They were threatened with bans for taking part in the marathons organised by L.D.W.A.'s founder, Alan Blatchford. Ann was barred from entering long walking races, and the organisers had their hands tied.

But they were sympathetic. We started with Manchester-Blackpool (53 miles), and were greeted with a response we got used to. "We can't recognise you as a competitor, but we can't stop you using the roads while our race is on." With me on George Eastwood's bike carrying all provisions, Ann duly completed the walk in a very respectable position, and was warmly received at the awards ceremony. There was a genuine feeling she'd brought something special and historical to their event.

In a few months we'd moved up to the 24 hours race, in France. This again was a men-only race where she was unofficially made welcome. It was on a 7 kilometres circuit, so I should see her at least once an hour. The kindly locals lent me a bike so I could keep her company, riding behind her. It didn't matter to her that she was in last place for several hours: she kept her pace metronomically, and gradually overhauled all but the first five men.

A provision of this race is that once the leader has completed the last full circuit he can achieve within 24 hours, all other competitors will stop when their current circuit is completed. A mayoral party with beaming smiles and bouquets were ready for Ann's special moment. But she was having none of that: she was after the 24 hour record, and wasn't going to be stopped. With a small entourage she'd gathered by then (not including me – punctured), she brushed past the ceremonious officials, leaving shockwaves and mutterings of "Madame Thatcher". Her distance at 24 hours wasn't measured, let alone recognised – the world record wasn't to be had that day.

Not that it was a wasted exercise, in view of its leading up to England's 1977 Centurion race. This was held in October, and by now, with much wrangling, women were to be recognised officially, though still in a predominantly men's event.

Late in the year, the race started late in the day, in damp, cold weather, and so misty that the person standing next to me was my shadow in a wall of fog, cast by a car's headlights. Provisions that walkers were to wear shorts throughout had been waived because of the cold, and almost everyone was pleased to be allowed long trousers. Not Ann: Tom Richardson had got her used to coating her legs with olive oil and a thick blobby layer of Vaseline. It made an unusual appearance with her little flowery shorts, but that's how she stayed throughout, and she reckoned she kept at least as warm as anyone else.

This was a 10-miles circuit; I had a car parked up and a bike to accompany Ann on route. She unfailingly gave it her all, and made history. Tom appropriately took the bike to support her on her tenth circuit. He was a fine speaker: you felt at the awards ceremony this was his proudest moment as a president and a coach.

L.D.W.A. members were now qualifying: I knew at least six others, including the phenomenal Martyn Greaves (by now with over forty L.D.W.A. 100'S to his name.)

Without a change in rules, he must always be the youngest qualifier, as the race was held on his 21st birthday.

Following this, Ann went on to record-breaking over longer distances, needing groups of helpers. I was a team-player from now on; her achievements have been well documented.

Though she became famous in the walking world, she never neglected our connection. We've walked thousands of miles together, by ourselves or with other people. In our heyday we completed the Pennine Way, Offa's Dyke Path, and Wainwright's Coast-to-Coast. In our later years we strolled from our homes, hers being a fine house in Teddington within easy reach of the Thames towpath. Every year she gave me Christmas presents of fine books – this year it's Bill Bryson's "The Body".

People ask me on occasion if we had any romantic connections. We were happily free from even considering them. Ann was so sane, and I enjoyed the holiday from entanglements. On her side, she had a complete world beyond mine. She was a geologist for B.P., when they had one of London's tallest buildings, near Liverpool Street.

In the lift you pressed for the 23rd floor, your stomach jumped through your head and in seconds you were outside a door with her name on it. Inside, a map of the Pacific Ocean sea-bed. She travelled the world extensively, often with groups, and must have had tens, maybe hundreds of friends like me.

Goodbye, Ann. I'm overwhelmed with gratitude for how you've enriched my life, with our expeditions, the books you've given me, and for enabling me to win my best achievement in sport – my little contribution towards bringing about equal opportunities for women.

Jack Rossiter



Ann Sayer and Jack Rossiter cutting the Essex and Herts 40th Anniversary cake

This report of one of Ann Sayer's many remarkable achievements was first published in the Essex and Herts Newsletter No.15, October 1979.

British Three Peaks – Ben Nevis, Scafell Pike and Snowdon

For many years attempts have been made to climb all three peaks in as short a time as possible. Usually a car is used on the road stretches between the mountains, though this is now frowned upon as it involves driving well in excess of national speed limits to get anywhere near the current record. Until a few weeks ago the record for the complete journey on foot was held by London policeman Arthur Eddlestone and stood at 7 days, 11 hours and 40 minutes.

Ann Sayer, who has already had a very successful record breaking season, set out from Fort William at 6.00am on Saturday 8th September with the intention of not only making the first traverse of the route by a woman but also breaking the record.

During the first 8½ hours she climbed Ben Nevis and crossed both the Mamores and the Devils Staircase – a total of 23 miles and 9000 foot of climbing. After changing into road shoes, she covered another 27 miles. For the next five days she averaged 57 miles and was walking for about 14¼ hours. The route provided many contrasts with stretches of very busy main roads, a few country lanes and of course Scafell Pike.

On the last day Ann left Frodsham at 6.00am and arrived at Pen-y-Pass youth hostel at midnight. After a meal she set off up Snowdon where the summit was reached in two hours. Less than four hours was required for the descent of Snowdon and the final 8½ miles of road into Caernarvon – which was reached just after dawn – a last day of 83½ miles in 24½ hours.

Her overall time for the 420 miles was 7 days and 31 minutes – a record that will be hard to beat except possibly by an ultra long distance runner.

During the walk Ann was supported by a team of 5 using a motor caravan and a car, though many other LDWA members and friends were involved at some stage - notably those who provided accommodation at very short notice

Mike Powell Davies

This is the record of the miles Ann walked each day

1	Day	Fort William – Crianlarich	50½ miles
2	Day	Crianlarich - Hamilton	61 miles
3	Day	Hamilton - Lockerbie	54½ miles
4	Day	Lockerbie - Stonethwaite	59½ miles
5	Day	Stonethwaite - Lancaster	51 miles
6	Day	Lancaster - Frodsham	60 miles
7	Day	Frodsham – Caernarvon	83 miles

PETER BOSTOCK - 20.5.1929 – 18.4.2020



Within three days of our losing Ann, another great loyal friend of mine, known to some of you, also passed on.

Peter came to us in 2000, aged 70. I'd advertised a challenge walk in a newspaper, and he took up the challenge, with the reservation that he couldn't read a map. I found a trio of entrants who were confident of getting round just within the time limit and were happy to take him on board with them. It all succeeded – he was satisfied with his own endeavour and charmed by our colleagues.

I don't have records of how long he walked with us, but it must have been the best part of ten years. His swan song was leading a group social walk in Enfield. He took the responsibility so seriously that we went over the route at least three times together beforehand. On challenges he got used to 25 miles, with Stansted Stagger and Chiltern walks, and I believe he got as far as our St Peter's Way in a day. I wasn't with him on that occasion, but otherwise he wasn't sufficiently sure of himself to find his way without me tagging along.

He enjoyed everything about our events, the people taking part, the atmosphere at the end. A thoughtful, observant man, with his only-child's independence and resilience, he was appreciative of others, always courteous and benign. He spoke slowly, choosing his words carefully; I savoured his conversation like a quality coffee, an expensive cigar.

I had the benefit of his company often, as he lived half a mile from me. My yearly visit to London hospitals for heart-pacemaker checks became one of the best days on the calendar as he would always come along. He was a Londoner, born and brought up in Islington; not a cockney but a blue-collar gent, working till retirement as a type-setter in a book-printer's. His epithet for his city was "wet pavements".

Peter married young, enough for he and Marjorie to renew their vows after sixty years. She was never well enough to come on walks, so he would always pause somewhere in the afternoon to phone her with a progress report. "Hello, Pal..." In time she needed to call on him for full-time care, and he survived her by little more than six months. They had no children.

For some years till Marjorie's confinement Peter had been taking my big dog on walks, often for hours on end, on a daily basis. They once got as far as Bishop's Stortford, along the canal, at least 25 miles. Usually they made for the Lea Valley Regional Park, when I was starting work at four in the afternoon. In summertime I envied him, but in the fading light of December I told him he was a hero. He assured me there was still something to be said for that atmosphere of those marshlands in the growing gloom. I guess that's where I'll go and talk with him in time to come, God willing.

Jack Rossiter

Updates from The Ramblers

From Ian Glen:

Essex Ramblers Parish Path Adopters

Essex has over 4000 miles of Public Rights of Way (PRoWs) spread across more than 300 Parishes.

The vast majority of these PRoWs are in satisfactory condition and fit for walking. A significant number however have been obstructed by new buildings, fences, irrigation reservoirs, over-cropping, or are subject to regular flooding, or are severely overgrown, or just need better signing.

Essex Highways have responsibility for maintaining most of those PRoWs, but unless they get informed about problems when they occur, it can be years before anything is done. In the worst cases, PRoWs can be lost forever.

At the start of this year Essex Ramblers set up the Parish Paths Adopters initiative (PPA). This initiative aims to get each Parish in Essex adopted by a volunteer, who agrees to walk all the paths in their adopted parish once a year (average 30 paths/13 miles) and to report any issues found.

So far, around 40% of the 300 or so Essex Parishes have been adopted, and approaching 10% of the network has been surveyed.

Anyone can adopt a Parish. You don't need to be a Ramblers member. You don't even need to live in the Parish. You can adopt a remote parish, work out a walking route that incorporates all the paths in the Parish (from the colour A3 Parish maps provided to you), drive there, walk the paths in a single day, report any problems found and make a note in the shared online spreadsheet of when you walked them and a note of what you found. You just need to enjoy walking and be committed to keeping the public right of way network open!

Most of the parishes in West Essex have been adopted. There is good availability in north Essex, around Braintree, south of Colchester, and in South Essex.

To find out more visit the website at <https://sites.google.com/view/essex-ramblers/home>. From there you can click through to the District you are interested in, and see which parishes are available. If you are interested, you can ask any questions from a fellow LDWA member at telecall@essexarearamblers.co.uk.

From Brian Martin:

At some time in the future when we are able walk socially again some of you may be thinking of visiting the Epping Forest District.

Should you find any problems, I have recently been in contact with a Mr. Brian Smith of the West Essex Ramblers Footpath Working Party, which is a roaming P3 group whose patch is the 28 parishes that make up the Epping Forest District.

He asked me to pass on his details (briansmith24922@btinternet.com) to anyone who is interested in reporting problems in this area. So if you let him know what problems you find, using the reporting sheet (which he has sent me*) plus a photo if possible, they will get them sorted.

*An electronic copy of the report form has been sent out with this newsletter.

My first walk

As we haven't been able to do a lot of group walking lately I thought it would be an idea to reminisce instead about past walks - particularly your first taste of the LDWA. Thank you for the following contributions. If these accounts jog your memory about your first outing with the LDWA, then please do share your walks with the rest of us.

Newport Roundabout 1983 (reprinted from Essex & Herts Newsletter 24)



My last trip into North Essex was the idyllic Painter's Way last September, so I was not prepared for this change to bleak open country where hedges have been rooted out, further isolating copses – the remains of the great hunting forests of medieval England.

Our first joint walk with Anglia brought a heartening 27 for Henry Bridge. He had made considerable efforts to provide

a pleasantly varied, yet tough walk, and it was a disappointment that the afternoon's continuous rain on already sodden ground meant that we trudged on, eyes down, and oblivious to all except the weight of mud. The rain forecast for late afternoon started as we finished lunch at 1.25pm and Henry's carefully chosen coppice - clearly a rural delight in sparkling sunshine- became yet more gloomy and was rapidly vacated. Until then the weather had been brisk.

For the future one must record a failure in communication – the Anglia people were aware that there was not to be a pub-stop while we always anticipate a place to shelter/ rest sandwiches/ repair feet / and gossip. Consequently, two of the five people who split off at Elsenham were E-H folk, more than capable of the 23 miles, who had taken no drink. And others were excessively dehydrated as we panted up and over yet another ploughed field. (since I have had nothing other than a pint of lemonade and lime in three years' walking I object to the insinuation on a group walk that a pub -stop marks you out as a demented alcoholic!)

But well done Henry! We probably mostly forgot to say 'Thank you' as we huddled in cars changing boots and wringing out vests. You're breeding them tough in Anglia (making them carry all the water they'll need) and we have all of us the example of your own sprightliness and doggedness to show us how.

Brian Elce (2575)

Footnote

This was my first social walk with the LDWA. I have to confess to being one of the five who split off at Elsenham – because I knew there was a very nice, warm welcoming pub less than half a mile away from the middle of the very wet, cold field where Henry had stopped for lunch.

Jackie

The Three Forests Way - 3rd-4th November 1984

I was working for Cossor in Harlow when two colleagues approached me to make up a team of three for a walking event called The Three Forests Way.

I don't know where the team requirement came from, but I said OK and as an afterthought asked how far. 62 miles came the reply. I decided that I needed some preparation.

The walk started on a grey & damp November morning from Burnt Mill, Harlow.

Somewhere between Harlow and forest number one, Hatfield I found myself following a gentleman resembling a walking army surplus shop complete with a large knife with a compass in the handle. I wondered what I'd let myself in for.

I didn't see him again but that may have just been down to the camouflage.

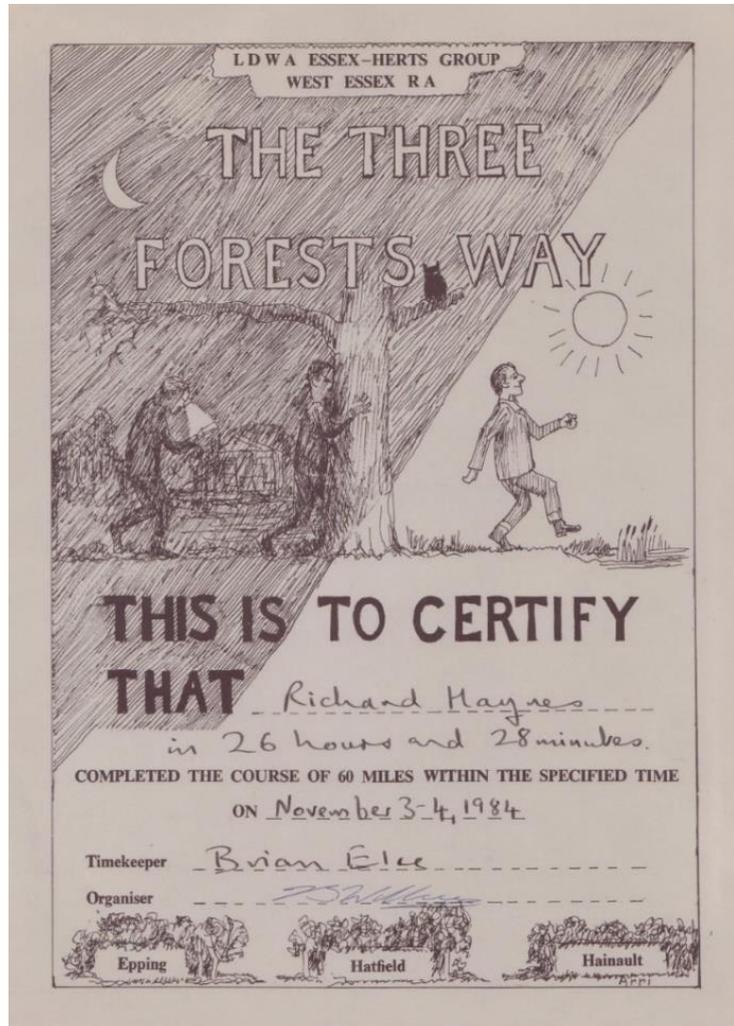
At Ongar, with darkness descending, my two companions decided that they'd had enough.

I chose to see if I could get a bit further.

I remember seeing distant bonfire night fireworks and getting very confused in Epping Forest.

Later (much later) back in Harlow I received my first LDWA event certificate.

Richard Haynes



Georgie's first walk

My first social walk was, I think, Pat Ryan's first time leading a walk. I had joined the LDWA the year before from the Ramblers but was too nervous to venture out. However, Sheila (can't remember her surname), another Rambler, and I decided we'd brave it. It was a lovely sunny day; Pat was taking no prisoners and only when we were absolutely gasping for a drink did we get a break and then he blamed the women!!

The walk was glorious and boosted confidence. However on getting back to Stansted Mountfitchet I got in my car, elated at completing the 20 miles, only to take the wrong turn out of the car park and it took 2 hours to get back to Broxbourne by which time my body had seized up and it was at least two days before I could walk properly again.

Georgie

My First walk

My first ever LDWA walk was led by Ginny (she of Strider front cover fame) out of Danbury. Fifteen minutes into the walk we lost Melvyn who despite best efforts to find him remained missing for nearly half an hour. I didn't know Melvyn and Anne at the time but I noticed that Anne was not the slightest bit worried about his absence and I did wonder whether his wanderings on walks was a frequent occurrence!

It soon struck me that nearly every male on the walk was called Brian. I was introduced to Big Brian and Little Brian and by process of deduction soon found myself walking with Medium Sized Brian.

Shortly before 11am I was alongside a man not called Brian - he was called Dodgy Mick and informed me that we were shortly to arrive at Papermill Lock where we could purchase large quantities of tea and cake for elevenses. Much to everyone's horror, on approaching the tow path we found the entire area completely flooded and impassable. With flourish, Ginny produced a map and manoeuvred a course through a few hedges and copses to return us to our route.

Over lunch I sat with another man not called Brian. He was called Gerald and showed me how to repair walking boots with duct tape and Elastoplast.

What a wonderful day! By the end of the walk my love affair with LDWA was sealed and I showed interest in a walk that was to take place the following Wednesday in North Essex. Being 'without wheels' on that day, Big Brian and Little Brian drew straws to decide who would give me a lift. Clearly Big Brian won as it was Little Brian who collected me from a lay-by and off we sped up the A12. So enthralled was Little Brian by my company (I probably never stopped talking) that we missed the turn off for West Bergholt and sped onwards towards Ipswich, eventually arriving at our destination three minutes before 9am but nevertheless, before the walk leader!

Who Am I?



One of the Brians enjoying a socially distanced pint and cream tea during lockdown

Steve & Liz's first walk

Liz and I are relatively new members and I Steve entered my first challenge event in early January 2019 "The Stansted Stagger". I enjoyed it so much that Liz thought she would join me on our first group walk together in January 2019. "Circle In A Spiral " was from Liverpool Street Station and visited all the Circle line underground stations on the walk. We were welcomed by Brian Martin taking the lead and all there were very friendly to us both. The walk was interesting and most enjoyable. This photo of the two of us in West London on part of the walk.



Steve Wills

A message from Anita

Hi Deb,

As you most probably know, I have had a couple of accidents lately and have been quite poorly.

I have had lot of lovely cards from LDWA members, including one from Jean Bobker, a lovely Yorkshire lady.

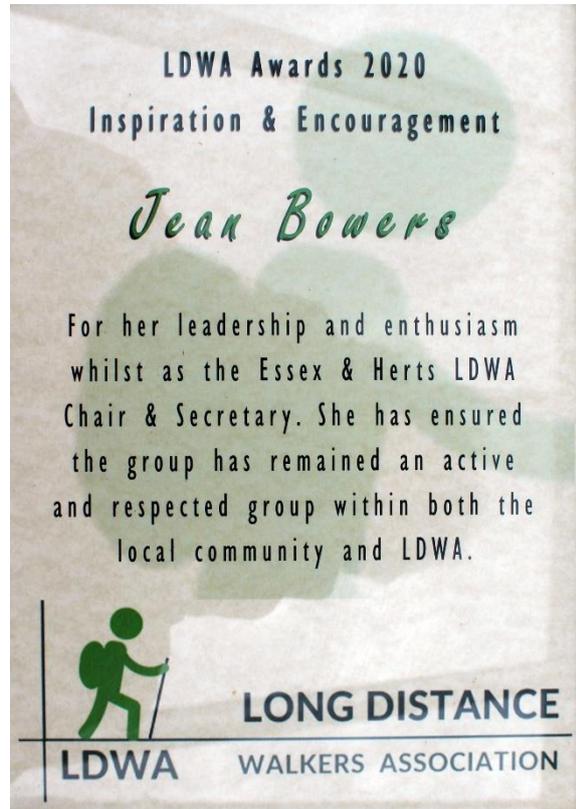
Please can you thank everyone again for me, as they are still coming. I hope to see some of you later in the year.

Best wishes

Anita Stamp xx



We were all delighted to hear that Jean Bowers was the well-deserved recipient of last year's LDWA 'inspiration and encouragement' volunteer award. Congratulations Jean!



Essex and Herts Group
Long Distance Walkers Association
Furthering the interests of all who enjoy long distance walking

www.ldwa.org.uk/essexandherts
email: membership@ldwa.org.uk

 @EssexHertsLDWA

 www.facebook.com/groups/ldwaessexandherts/



Thanks to Peter Hogg for designing our new business card – let Jackie know if you would like a supply once we're out and about again.

Thank you all for your contributions to this Newsletter.

Photo credits: Bill, Jack, Gill, Rob, Jackie, Ginny, Steve and Richard