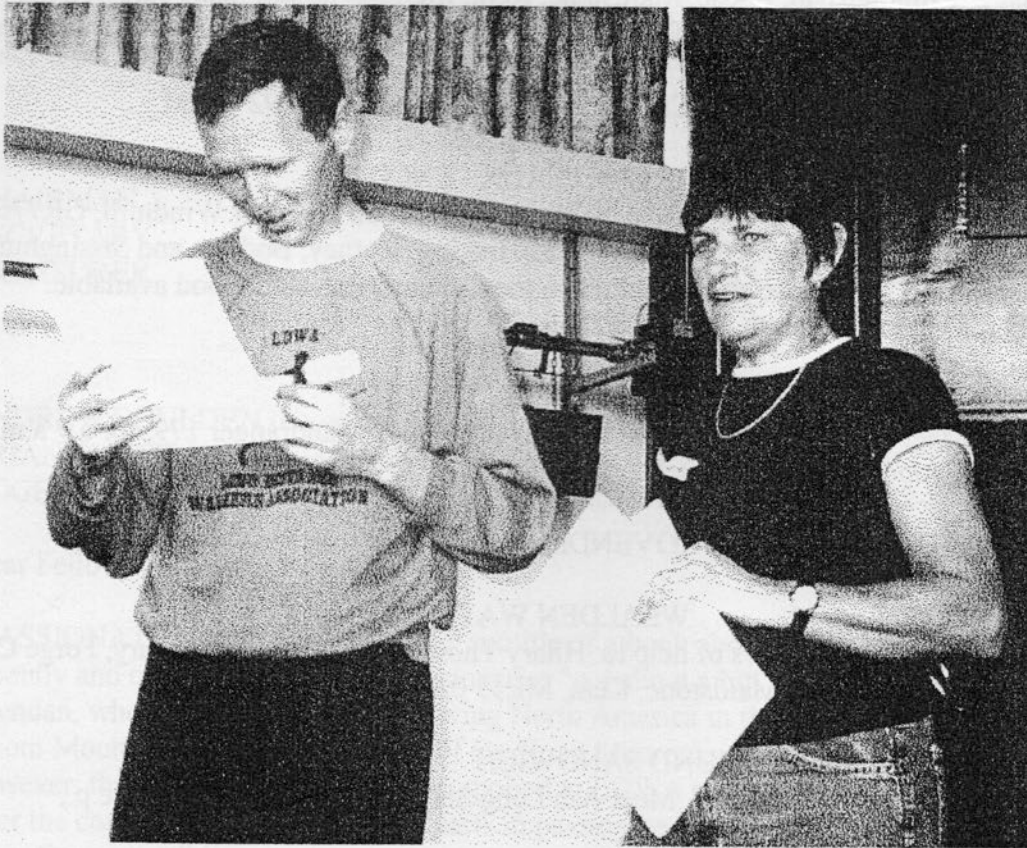




LONG DISTANCE WALKERS ASSOCIATION *Kent Group*

aims: to further the interests of those who enjoy long distance walking

NEWSLETTER



Andrew Boulden and Janet Chapman
receive their Ten Hundreds Badges
at the Millennium Hundred event

Number 52

August 2000

LDWA KENT GROUP PROGRAMME AUGUST 2000 - JANUARY 2001

SUN AUG 6 HIGH WEALD WALK
Offers of help to Ernie Bishop [REDACTED]

MON AUG 7 THE PROVENDER, ULCOMBE, GR853486, 8 P.M.

SUN AUG 20 PENSHURST PERAMBULATION
c.20 ml. Meet 7.45 a.m. for 8.00 a.m. Start at c.p. on South Side of Penshurst Station,
Chiddingstone Causeway, GR 519465, O.S Explorer 147, Landranger 188. Approach from
B.2176. Pub Stop. Food available. Leader: Shirley Higgins [REDACTED]

SAT/SUN SEP 2/3 WEALDEN WATERS MARSHALS' WALK
For those helping on Main Event. For entry form send s.a.e. to Hilary Thornborough, [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] and make sure you get it back to
her by Monday 21st August AT THE LATEST for marshalling and catering purposes.

MON SEP 4 ROSE & CROWN, WROTHAM GR612592 8 P.M.

SUN SEP 24 LES TROIS CHATEAUX - ENCORE
c.34ml. Meet for a PROMPT 7.30 a.m. start at Cranbrook c.p. near Windmill, GR776359,
OS Landranger 188. UNSUPPORTED walk linking Scotney, Bodiam and Sissinghurst
Castles. ONLY for those able to complete the distance. Pub stop. Food available.
Leader: Maurice Faircloth, [REDACTED]

SUN OCT 1 MICHAELMAS MINNIS MARCH
c.20ml. Meet at Ivy House, Stelling Minnis, GR147483, Landranger 179, for a 9 a.m. start.
Pub stop. Food available. Leader: Liz Keeler, [REDACTED]

MON OCT 2 THE PROVENDER, ULCOMBE, GR853486, 8 P.M.

SAT/SUN OCT 14/15 WEALDEN WATERS WALK
Details in "Strider". Offers of help to: Hilary Thornburgh, Entries Secretary, [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

SUN OCT 29 AROUND SANDWICH
c.20ml. Start 8.00* PROMPT. Meet Ash Long Stay (NOT SHORT STAY) c.p.,
GR289584,
OS Landranger 179. Pub stop. Food available. Leader: Tom Bowman, [REDACTED]
*N.B. CLOCKS CHANGE.

MON NOV 6 ROSE & CROWN, WROTHAM, GR612592, 8 P.M.

SUN NOV 12 A HORTON HOBBLE
c. 19ml. Meet Westminster Fields c.p., Horton Kirby, GR561686, OS Landranger 177.
Start 09.30. Nearest Station Farningham Road. Train from London due 09.16, from
Ramsgate 09.08. Figure of eight, Pub stop. Food available, or picnic area at start.
Afternoon walk starts 13.45.
Leader: Bryan Clarke, [REDACTED]

SUN NOV 19 ANNUAL LUNCH AND WALK

The Shant. Charlton Lane, East Sutton, GR835484, Leader: Hilary Thornburgh, [REDACTED]

Details on a later page. Booking form on a separate sheet, returnable to Hilary by 16th October.

MON DEC 4 THE PROVENDER, ULCOMBE, GR853486, 8 P.M.

FRI JAN 5 2001 WAGHORN'S WINTER NIGHT WALK

c. 21ml. in Darenth Valley. Meet Wheatshef PH, Kemsing, GR555587, OS Landranger 188, 9.30 p.m. for 10.30 p.m. start. Bring own food. Leader: Ivan Waghorn, [REDACTED]

MON JAN 8 2001 ROSE & CROWN, WROYHAM, 8 P.M.

SUN JAN 28 2001 ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Make a note of the date NOW. Details in next Newsletter.

COMMITTEE

CHAIRMAN.....PAUL HATCHER [REDACTED]

SECRETARY.....TOM SINCLAIR [REDACTED]

TREASURER.....NEIL HIGHAM [REDACTED]

MEMBERS

ANDREW BOULDEN (co-opted) [REDACTED] TOM BOWMAN [REDACTED]
BRIAN BUTTIFANT [REDACTED] NEAL O'ROURKE [REDACTED], HILARY and
ROGER THORNBURGH [REDACTED] and KEITH WARMAN [REDACTED]

Dear Fellow Kent Group Members,

"PASSIONATE WANDERERS" is the subtitle of a book about Celtic Saints I was given recently and certainly those early missionaries "got about a bit" - most notably, perhaps, St, Brendan, who is credited with discovering North America in the 6th century and after whom Mount Brandon in Kerry, one of the "Irish Munros", is named. It occurred to me, however, that the phrase could also be applied to LDWA members - many of us wander all over the country and even to foreign parts in passionate pursuit of our common interest in long distance walking.

Thanks to Bryan Clarke for the cover photograph and to Pat and him for arranging the production of this edition. Thanks to all those who have undertaken to lead social walks, not only those in the current programme but two offers for the Spring programme. Keep them coming!

Thanks also to those who led social walks in April, May, June and July - it is surprising that, with all the Millennium Hundred activity anyone found time to plan a walk, check the route and the pub. Oral reports on the social walks have all been good. Thanks to all contributors and correspondents.

Contributions for the December 2000 issue by 6th November 2000, please to:
Tom Sinclair, [REDACTED]

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT - INVICTA HUNDRED

Injury in '92 forced me out of the event so, on a weekend in September 1999, a bright sunny morn saw Jan and myself pass by the gates of Wildernesse School, Sevenoaks (original H.Q.) at 6.35 a.m. We joined the Greensand Way near Ightham Mote grounds, scene of many a Sevenoaks Circular. Top up with water at West Peckham Church (first drinks point) as temperature is still rising. Stroll downhill into Linton village for our lunch stop and a very welcome pint at the Bull Inn. We soon cross a busy road at Sutton Valence, home of author Florence Marryat, and step smartly past the prison. Thirst quenched again at Egerton we arrive at haunted Pluckley of "Darling Buds of May" fame where we are greeted by Paul Hatcher and purchase two delicious meat pies. Mary and himself kindly allow us to use their home for a nice cup of tea and a freshen up. We leave the Greensand Way near Hothfield's famous acid bogs and find a chip shop at Tutt Hill for our first warm meal - we had now covered 34-odd miles and it was to be another 42 miles before our next.

After some tricky navigation around the Channel Rail Link workings, due to lack of direction signs, we joined the North Downs Way near Dunn Street Farm (CP 4). Pressing on in the fading light torches are needed by the time we cross Charing Hill. Night sounds around us now on our passage to Hollingbourne where we swing into nearby hostelry for the night is still very warm. Next stop for us is Bluebell Hill - strange sight of Jan and myself tucking into fruit and rice and a very welcome hot drink at a very draughty picnic tanle at 3 a.m.

Over the Medway Bridge to Cuxton Church, near the '92 breakfast stop, then, still on NDW, clamber carefully down steep Holly Hill, pass through Wrotham before meeting Jan's family at Otford BR station where we had a warm "Mac" breakfast and used the very basic facilities for a wash and brush up and a change of clothes. Over the motorway (M.25) and then a climb to Knockholt and along the Downs. Above Westerham willage briefly into Surrey then down (leaving NDW) to Limpsfield Chart for our final meal stop. Now on the Greensand Way again we continued up and over Toys Hill (new markers in place now), down through trees and then the haul up Ide Hill. On encountering two ladies one remarked to me that I must have walked a long way - no doubt noticing my beard growth. I agreed but did not say how far we had really travelled at that point; some 95 miles! Soon along the escarpment with fine views over Bough Beech Reservoir and Wealden Waters country. Had a bit of trouble in Sevenoaks finding a hidden path near garages. We finally returned past the school gates at 9.35 p.m. - 39 hours: PHEW!!!

Neal O'Rourke.

As some of you may have guessed that was a revised version of the piece which Neal gave me in such good time for the December 1999 Newsletter that I managed to lose it before going to print with that issue. A report from Brian Russell met the same fate for the same reason: profuse editorial apologies to both. Neal having taken the trouble to write it out again the least I could do was to give it pride of place while giving some of us an opportunity for a trip "down memory lane". *Tom S.*

Now for something more up-to-date.....

THE MILLENNIUM HUNDRED

In my role of editor of the route description, I have received many favourable comments about the finished article. I have tried to stress that it was a team effort - I merely edited into a common style (or "Kentspeak") the results of much hard work by other people. I feel these comments should be passed on to those involved in the initial walkouts, writing the first drafts and in identifying possible checkpoint locations. They are:-

Canterbury to Walmer -	Brian Buttifant	Dave Sheldrake
	Joe Stuart-Smith	Ivan Waghorn
	Pat and Jackie Clay	
	Kelvin and Rosemary Carter	

Walmer to Castle Hill -	Neal and Jan O'Rourke
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Castle Hill to Farthing Common -	Roger and Hilary Thornburgh
	Nick Dockree

Farthing Common to Hastingleigh -	Shirley Higgins	Jean Dunton
	Laurie Lowe	Tom Sinclair

Hastingleigh to Canterbury -	Trevor Blake	Jim Oddy
	Liz and Andrew Keeler	

Thank you all very much. You should be proud of your part in a job well done and in maintaining the Group's hard-earned reputation of providing accurate route descriptions.

I would also like to thank Paul Hatcher and Kevin Puttock for hatching the line of the route in the first place; Ernie Bishop, Ron Roweth and Ann Beeching who, at different times, walked the whole route checking my drafts; Mary Hatcher for her company (with Paul) on one of the sections; Avril Stapleton, Janet Chapman and Elaine Edwards who did likewise as part of their event preparations; Bryan Clarke for his layout and printing work and for the speed and enthusiasm in which he coped with my many demands, alterations and deadlines; those who gave comments following the Marshals' Walk and anyone else I've forgotten to mention; finally but not least to Shirly Gill who, as well as accompanying me on my two entire route walkouts in August 1999 and February 2000, acted as a sounding board for awkward text, checked for ambiguities and generally gave me unstinting support throughout the whole project. Thank you very much.

I have now walked the whole route three times, plus many short sections several times, so I don't think you'll see me for a while on this wonderfully-varied route. There must be plenty of other paths to explore.....

Keith Warman

LETTERS TO THE CO-ORDINATOR AND OTHERS

Dear Neal,

Thank you and all your helpers for all the work that went into organising the Marshals' 100 last weekend.

I thoroughly enjoyed the walk. My particular memories include the carpets of bluebells and the views from the Downs across Kent and out to sea. Circumnavigating Folkestone was an experience - the Channel Tunnel terminal was interesting, if not attractive, and it was quite a relief to reach the tranquility of Hythe.

The support provided was marvellous, with frequent and friendly checkpoints serving superb food. The home-made cakes and flapjack were particularly appreciated. I know how tiring it is to serve at a checkpoint that is open for many hours with relatively few walkers coming through and I am most grateful to all who helped.

The route description deserves special mention - it was a masterpiece of precision and the team who produced it deserves high praise (I know that other walkers think the same).

So, thanks to you and everyone else involved for a good weekend. I look forward to seeing you again at the end of the month, and to what, I'm sure will be a highly successful Millennium Hundred.

With best wishes,

Ken Falconer.

Hello Paul,

What a good time we had during the Millennium 100 Marshals' Walk. Three words describe the whole event:- Superb, Superb, Superb.

The route description was faultless. I carried the appropriate map with me but it stayed in my rucksack throughout the event, even during the night section. It was obvious that a lot of hard work had gone into producing it.

Another of the many highlights were the checkpoints and those who staffed them. We were always encouraged and the choice of food was out of this world. I'm convinced it put a couple of hours on my time trying the various menus. Meeting so many friends at the checkpoints was a bonus, but a welcome one.

Finally even the mud that was arranged for us was first class, none of that slippery on the surface stuff, but thick, sticky, over-the-ankles, stop-you-in-your-tracks, type and in large quantities, enough for everyone to have more than their fair share.

What a credit it was to everyone involved, please pass on our regards to everyone involved: they did the LDWA, the Kent Group and, more importantly, themselves, proud. Look forward to seeing everyone again at the end of the month in Canterbury.

Yours in Walking, Percy & Janet Wellor.

MILLENNIUM 100 MARSHALS' WALK

The Marshals event starts from Wye, (the main one will go from Canterbury), and people will set off at different times so that they won't be on the exposed cliff top paths in the dark. In the absence of Roger Cole or Martyn Greaves, both of whom usually take about the same time as I do, I walk off at 11 o'clock with Roger Michell and Ken Falconer, amongst others.

It is a warm sunny day, though April's exceptional rains have made some paths very wet. The chalk mud has a particularly effective clogging quality and the soles of my trainers can't cope. On this walk I'll regularly be slithering around hopelessly and getting more and more frustrated. Curiously, my shoes grip

better if I jog. Ken's Brasher boots with their studded soles seem much more sure-footed. I wish I'd brought my Walsh fell running shoes. Apart from the mess underfoot, things are really enjoyable; shady woods with wall to wall carpets of bluebells, orchards in blossom, the song of the cuckoo and villages with old thatched and half-timbered houses.

We are walking at some 4 miles per hour and gradually pass people who started before us, some as early as 8 o'clock. Roger loses the pace and falls astern. Soon I see Linda at a checkpoint and she asks, accusingly, "Have you ditched Roger already?"

I don't know if it's because I've carefully paced myself to a maximum of 75% effort, because I'm not jogging much or because the 'SiS' electrolyte replacement drink I'm sipping regularly has normalised my digestion, but I'm suffering barely a hint of my usual stomach problems and manage a little light food at every checkpoint. The fare is excellent: lots of rice pudding and fruit, soups, (including one delicious home-made vegetable one), and, for those who can face more solid stuff, regular offerings of crisps, sandwiches, baked beans and even fry-ups. Some of the helpers have seen me suffer in the past and ply me with little extras like lemonade, to quell any incipient stomach iffiness.

We walk into a clear night. Saturn and Jupiter are still just visible in the

western twilight and, as the night goes on, the rising summer constellations greet us. The clouds that appear later are less welcome - what do they herald? The weather forecast was good. I've been spending the afternoon and most of the night with Hugh Romer whose wife, Renata, has met him at several checkpoints - she is a regular helper on 100s.

We reach the breakfast stop at Kingsdown just as it opens, at 3 in the morning, and will have to stay here until first light. This was quick progress for me - while I've not been running, I've not had to stop to recover from feeling ill. Roger arrives 50 minutes later but isn't ready to leave when they let us go.

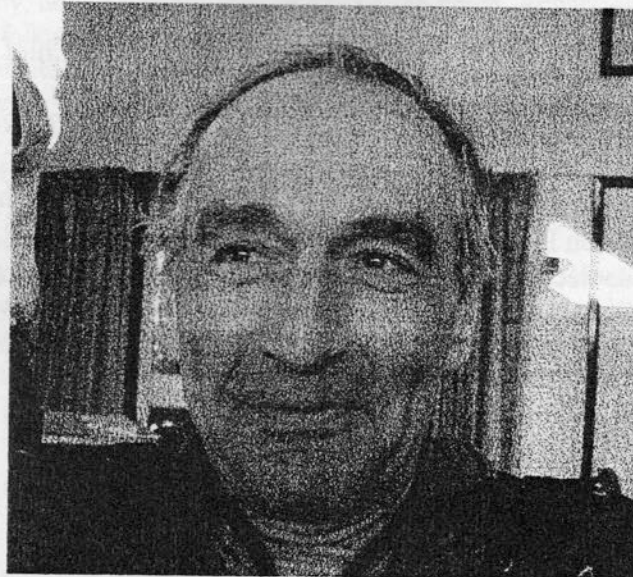
The dawn that greets us is gloomy, grey and drizzly. The sea is dead calm and the early ferries, looking like funeral candlelit longboats, do a ghostly dance in and out of harbour. The drizzle turns to rain and we become more and more miserable. In this mood we resent the Channel Tunnel terminus as a great throbbing concrete cancer eating into the virgin chalk. The long distance paths seem to have to

squirm round it all in an attempt to escape being crushed out of existence by steel and cement.

The rain is turning the path into quagmires and making this the muddiest, slipperiest 100 I have ever done. Folks at checkpoints keep assuring us the sun will come out - Ha! Ha!

Ken Falconer and I have been together all day, metaphorically pulling each other along. It's so unpleasant underfoot that all we want is to finish the thing, even though the sun does eventually appear in the afternoon. When a sub 31-hour time seems feasible Ken avers he doesn't care, then sashes along at a cracking pace that has us back with 5 minutes to spare.

Another 100 bites the dust.



PETER SCHICK
(Author)



Feetnote

MILLENNIUM HUNDRED

Congratulations and thanks to all the organising committee for all the time and help that you have put into the Millennium Hundred. From the feedback since I feel that whatever the deficiencies that were apparent to us over the weekend, the walkers and checkpointers were unaware of them. It has been a pleasure and a privilege to be a part of such a good team.

Thank you to all those members who helped the committee by writing the initial route description, looking into footpath problems, finding checkpoint venues and the many other tasks that were put your way.

Finally a big THANK YOU to all members of the group who volunteered and gave up their Bank Holiday weekend to help. Although, at times and in some areas we could have done with extra helpers, everyone pulled together and, in true Kent Group tradition, the job was done to everybody's satisfaction. This is borne out by the many congratulatory letters received from the walkers thanking us for our organisation and hospitality. (Extracts elsewhere in newsletter).

I look forward to welcoming you all at the Family Lunch on Sunday 19th November (brief details below, menu on page 20, booking form enclosed) when we can all sit down together, reminisce with a relaxing drink and a good meal and have someone wait on us for a change!

If any of you have any anecdotes, photos or items of interest relating to the Hundred, please send them to Laurie Lowe who is putting together a scrapbook of the event.

Paul Hatcher, Chairman and Chief Co-ordinator, M.100.

ANNUAL LUNCH AND WALK - SUNDAY 19TH NOVEMBER 2000

We do hope you're able to come - if not to the walk, at least to the lunch, which will be at: *The Shant*, Charlton Lane, East Sutton (south of Maidstone - GR 835 484). We had a good time last year, so decided to book it again. Please see menu on page 20 and separate sheet for all the details and booking form. If you would like to discuss it further, please 'phone Hilary on [REDACTED] I do need to know numbers by **Monday 16th October**, please.

Hilary Thornburgh, Annual Lunch Organiser.

"When you have lost your inns, drown your empty selves, for you will have lost the last of England."

Hilaire Belloc as quoted in the Norfolk and Suffolk Group Newsletter.

"Nobody ever died of laughter".

Sir Max Beerbohm as quoted inside a margarine tub.

A MILLENNIUM DREAM or A HUNDRED ODYSSEY

Ever since I knew that the Millennium Hundred was to be held in Kent, I kept hoping that I could get fit enough to return to the area of my one and only successful Hundred completion – the Kent Invicta Hundred in 1992. Sadly it was not to be and I had to turn to my dreams and fantasies in order to obtain my enjoyment of the route and event.

First and foremost – this is not a ‘Canterbury Tale’ as my name is not Geoffrey Chaucer. I’m more likely to be called Cwpan Saucer (being a Welsh idiot). No doubt there will be many ‘Canterbury Tales’ to be told in the months to come. Anyway, I put on my best blouse and skirt as I felt this was the only way they would let me into Simon Langton Girls’ School. They thought there was something fishy when my bra fell off – well I didn’t have anything in front to hold it on. After having a sex examination and drugs test they let me start. I was glad when I reached the first drinks point because by then I had a bad bout of hiccups (well it was Ickham after all). The shock of finding that they didn’t have any water cleared my demise and I was able to continue.

Two miles before reaching checkpoint 1, I saw this road sign that read ‘To Sandwich’. Strange I thought, it is pointing the wrong way. I was looking forward to getting a salad sandwich and some flapjack at the checkpoint.. When I got to the village I stopped to ask a bystander if this was Eastry. Standing under the branches of a large oak he replied ‘No, this is west tree, east tree is at the other end of the village. Funny chap I thought and headed for the village hall. At the checkpoint John was in a flap (actually it’s his wife who makes the nice flapjacks, he only gets the credit) trying to deal with about 400 people all at once.

Shortly after leaving the checkpoint, there in a field was this blazing donkey. I had to use all my water to put it out. It meant I had to rush to get to the next drinks point so that I could fill up again. I had also read in the route description that I could get a great slice of Monge Ham at the church. That would go down well, I thought but then started to have doubts as to whether I could keep up with all this eating and drinking for 100 miles. Going down Cherry lane I didn’t see a single cherry on the trees but being a hot day again the church at Ripple did exactly that – ripple. At Cold Blow level crossing I found out why the place was so named as this express train came whistling past at well over 100 miles an hour. Perhaps I should head for Walmer Castle to get some heat treatment.

When I reached checkpoint 2 I saw that the marshals were holding someone on the floor. Seeing a crown nearby, hello I thought they’ve got a King down. Apparently it was King Canute. The Kentish folk were blaming him for not being able to stop the sea from causing a large loss of the white cliffs in the St Margaret’s Bay area earlier in the month. Poor fellow. Heading towards Dover I came upon a wild looking man running frantically back and forth along the path. I wasn’t quite sure whether he was an asylum seeker or simply seeking an asylum. An elderly man sitting on a bench seat informed that the wild man was well known locally and that I shouldn’t go anywhere near him. It seems that his name was Cliff Edge and that he was considered to be dangerous.

At Checkpoint 3 Long Don was waiting for me in the NT car park. Hastily shoving a jam bun and an apple in my hands he quickly sent me on my way. ‘Bananas to him’, I thought and headed off to the Yacht Club. There, I asked a sailor why they had Royal Cinque Ports in this part of the country. It came as no surprise to find out that one year they had had a terrible storm in the Southeast and all the boats in the harbours sank. Adrian Street, a member of one of the largest families in the country, led me to the Redoubt. The trouble was – there are so many fortresses in the Dover area I had some doubt if I was really at the Redoubt or not. I was taken aback somewhat when someone said that they wanted to check my passage. At least I now knew that I was at the right place.

Shortly after leaving a small lad came up to me and kicked me on the shin. He was obviously from the Young Offenders’ Institute. Somewhere along the way Cliff Edge had passed me because he was running riot over here now. He mumbled something about looking for his half-brother – Cliff Top Café. Checkpoint 4 was Capel le Ferne. Capel, I thought, was welsh for chapel. I hoped and prayed that they didn’t have one of those renowned Welsh Baptist Ministers there. They are real Bible thumpers and tend to put the fear of God into one. Le Ferne, of course, is French. I thought that now that the White Cliffs are slowly working their way over to France that the local Council may be getting ready for a cross channel walk. I wonder if they will book the Queen (or King) to open it when its ready.

Having left Cliff Edge far behind, I next met up with another peculiar fellow. This one's name was Guy Wire. He must have had more than enough to drink because he was hanging on to a telegraph pole to stop him falling over. I made a wide circle around him, as I didn't want him to trip me up. 'Look out for the Channel Tunnel' he yelled after me. It was getting dark by this time and I couldn't see any tunnels at all - that was until I reached Etchinghill. 'This is not a very big tunnel', I thought, 'fancy paying all that money for this tiddly little thing.'

Just beyond Newington I was stopped again. A Marshal, in uniform, informed me that I was now entering a Military Training Area and that I would have to exchange my rucksack for a full military backpack. Gee these Kent folk certainly want to make you feel that you have done a 100 by the time one finishes. Non-entrants don't know what they are missing. At Hythe, I saw the Royal Military Canal for the first time. A fleet of barges, carrying tanks and IBM carriers, were slowly making their way along,

I limped my way into Lympe Village Hall (checkpoint 6). I may not have been setting a blistering pace but I had unusually developed one or two small blisters. Nearly half way I thought. I hadn't fallen over either. Maybe my luck was changing. Out of sight of the beady-eyed marshals I managed to borrow a bike and cycled quickly past Pedlinge Church, pedalling as fast as I could. I was certainly pleased to reach Tolsford Hill. Here I was able to ditch my military backpack and resume carrying my day sac. I had ditched the bicycle at the bottom of the hill, with a note attached so that it got back to its owner okay.

They were touting for business at Stowting. The marshals there were dragging in anybody they could get hold of. They were selling jam and cream cheese sandwiches in an endeavour to make up some of the loss caused by the low turn out of entrants on the event. I had managed to creep in and got forty winks in the 'Peace Room' before they realised I was there. I made my way, disappointingly, through Partridge Wood. I didn't see one single bird. By the time I got to checkpoint 8 I was feeling tired, miserable and totally fed up. I posed the question which I am sure has been asked by many a Hundred entrant. Wye does one do it? At least I was able to tuck in to a hearty breakfast.

Six miles further on it began to get very cold. A row of fairly large fans had been placed outside the entrance door to the checkpoint. The marshals had been instructed to Chilham as the walkers came in. It was ploy to get rid of some extra tea and coffee. Ah well ever onwards. I was determined to finish this walk. One thing I had noticed a couple of times in the walk description was the warning - 'Beware possible electric fence'. I wasn't quite sure whether I was supposed to test them to see if they were or not. I decided not to as I had experienced this kind of thing before - leaping six feet in the air in the process.

When I was young I used to listen to the Goon Show. I had often wondered where Henry and Minnie Crun had come from. Now I knew, it was from the village of Crundale. Wye Downs? I don't know the answer to that one. It is even more peculiar to know that, more often or not, one has to make ones way UP to the Downs. What a topsy-turvy world we live in. I made haste through Hastingleigh and headed for Elham. I had now completed 88 miles and I was feeling like 'hell warmed up'. I am going to make it I thought. I couldn't wait to get to Middle Pett Farm, where I hoped they had some nice young ladies there. I felt that I needed a good petting to get me through the last two miles.

I was wavering from side to side as I passed St Anselm's School. 'Almost there', I thought as I turned left to climb the steps of the Girls' School. I had just reached the top step when I stumbled and went crashing to the ground. I had fallen out of bed and had woken up with a start. I wasn't near any steps but on the bedroom floor. I never did make it to the finish. 'Ah, well', I thought, 'there is always the Cumbria Hundred next year.'

I would like to dedicate the above tale to the Kent Group, in particular to Tom Sinclair, who disappointingly will miss the main event due to hospitalisation; to all the Marshals and helpers (no offence intended to anyone in the tale); and to all the entrants/walkers/runners. I hoped you enjoyed the event as much as I enjoyed dreaming it.

Les Maple (C)

APPEAL FOR EQUIPMENT

Subsequent to the Millennium Hundred there seems to be quite an amount of equipment not yet returned to the various keepers. Therefore anyone holding equipment would they please contact the keepers and arrange for its return, maybe at the monthly pub meetings or at a place and time agreeable to both parties; it would be greatly appreciated.

New equipment to be added to lists.

The Group has been able to purchase some more equipment which has been allocated to the appropriate keepers as follows:

A. Ivan Waghorn

12 small padlocks, each with 3 keys, and 12 chains.

These are to secure clippers, which Ivan already holds, to remote stiles, etc.

B. Bryan Clarke

Telephone Extension Lead

C. Ivan Waghorn

2 Bath Plugs (for use at indoor checkpoints if none in sink)

More miscellaneous items for Ivan.

During the 100 one gas lamp was broken and this should be replaced. (N.B. Committee)

Up-date of equipment keepers.

<i>Equipment</i>	<i>Name</i>	<i>'Phone Number</i>
Signs and Notice Boards	Jim Oddy	
Miscellaneous Items	Ivan Waghorn	
Food and Associated Equipment	Paul Hatcher	
Electrical Appliances, kettles & teapots	Neil Higham	
Gas Appliances	Trevor Blake	
Water Containers & Associated Equipment	Tom Sinclair	
Water Containers, etc., Clip Boards	Bryan Clarke	
Floor Coverings, Awnings & Shelters	Laurie Lowe	

APPEAL FROM THE HEART

Any person holding a green, enamel, twin-handled, large pan, please 'phone me on [REDACTED] as my wife needs it for jam making.

Trevor Blake

Trevor and I realise that, with the best of intentions, some people may hold on to a piece of equipment in readiness for the next event, but **TREVOR STILL NEEDS TO BE TOLD so that his list of equipment is up-to-date at all times.**

Tom S.

"Adventures do occur but seldom punctually"

Source unknown

Millennium Madness

I knew when I packed my snorkel and flippers for the Millennium 100 that I would probably find a use for them. With hindsight I should really have included a periscope, collapsible dinghy and well sharpened machete [or possibly just have stayed at home] - but then you never have the right kit at the right time.

At least I didn't take an umbrella, one walker ended up in Cromer after his umbrella caught a gust of wind on the White Cliffs and transported him there before the spokes collapsed, depositing him in a sand dune. Rumour has it that he has decided to stay there until the Poppyline 50 to get maximum benefit from all the overnight kit he packed.

You may have heard on the news about the long queues of people waiting to get into a field near Lympne on Sunday morning to view the large number of crop circles which had appeared overnight. Believe me, these were nothing like as long as the queues of people actually in the field on Saturday night trying to find their way through the crop. It is remarkably hard to take a compass bearing and follow it through a collapsed field of rape [in the dark] especially when the rape is some inches taller than you are - hence the reason why a periscope would have been handy, as well as the machete.

Another slightly puzzling landmark which appeared on Saturday night [or perhaps I should say disappeared] was on Sandling golf course. The route description said we passed close to a trig point, but all we could see was a collapsed tent draped over something unseen [there were quite a lot of collapsed items along the route, mainly trees and walkers]. Just in case this turned out to be a mystery kit check we ventured inside the tent, to find the trig point and two garden chairs in solitary splendour. If anyone can explain why the tent was there, or in fact why the trig point had two electrical sockets implanted in the concrete, I would be interested to hear. We did wonder afterwards if this was the tent that had blown down at Tolford Hill, but as there was no sign of a wild eyed Ken Falconer clinging to a tent pole we decided it probably wasn't.

As we marched on into the stygian gloom and the rain got progressively heavier we heard the faint sound of hysterical laughter on our left. We are still uncertain whether this was a member of the Kent Group realising that the weather forecast was in fact going to be correct, or the hyenas in the wild life park on the approach to Lympne checkpoint. For our own peace of mind we settled for the hyenas, but I am not convinced.

Breakfast was a welcome break from the unremitting rain, even if the hall was starting to resemble a World War 1 trench by the time we left it [and that was after only 9 people had made it that far]. The following trek through the woods to Chilham, in the strange half light of a dawn that refused to break, gave us the first sight of real trouble. Bright beady eyes gazed at us from the muddy puddles - alligators or hallucinations? Hard to tell, but 6 of us left Wye together and only five arrived at Chilham - you must draw your own conclusions.

To escape from this area we were able to white water raft down the fast flowing road to Chilham using two fallen trees and a fence post for a paddle, but it wasn't long before we hit Crundale Woods. The puddles here were so deep that we were reduced to sending Phil [6ft 2in] in first to make sure it was safe for the 'little people' to follow. Fortunately the calf deep puddles on the lane after the woods washed off all the mud, so we were clean and tidy for our visit to Crundale checkpoint.

Wet plastic trousers and plastic garden chairs are not a great combination! At one point I thought they might have to tip me out of the chair as it was so difficult to get up without sliding back down every time. However the rest of the group were having none of this excuse and we were soon underway again - Dunkirk spirit well in evidence, although on a practical level one of the Dunkirk boats would have been of even more use.

As route descriptions started to turn to papier mache, the checkpoints were sponsoring competitions to see who could make the best model with the sheets of description they had just abandoned. Thanks to Bobby at Hastingleigh for turning our route descriptions for us, we assume that on the Poppyline 50 we will see a huge papier mache model of a poppy made from all those soggy sheets.

Tramping through the streets of Elham [where Devon and Cornwall appeared to have short circuited the entire village with their tea urn], we narrowly avoided an embarrassing encounter with immigration officers. Acting on a tip off from Dover they were looking for a bunch of illegal Zeppelin immigrants. Picked out as they passed the Zeppelin detector on the White Cliffs, they had made a break for freedom by heading inland. Witnesses reported strangely dressed people wearing a curious selection of clothes and carrying all their possessions on their backs. Immigration officers were deployed inland to apprehend these people, having been told that they would try to claim they were doing a 100 mile walk. Since nobody in their right mind would do 100 miles in these conditions [or probably in any conditions] they could be immediately detained for further questioning.

Fortunately as we passed they were busy taking a statement from a local, who was convinced he had already seen 5 of the wanted people, so we managed to nip into the checkpoint without being spotted.

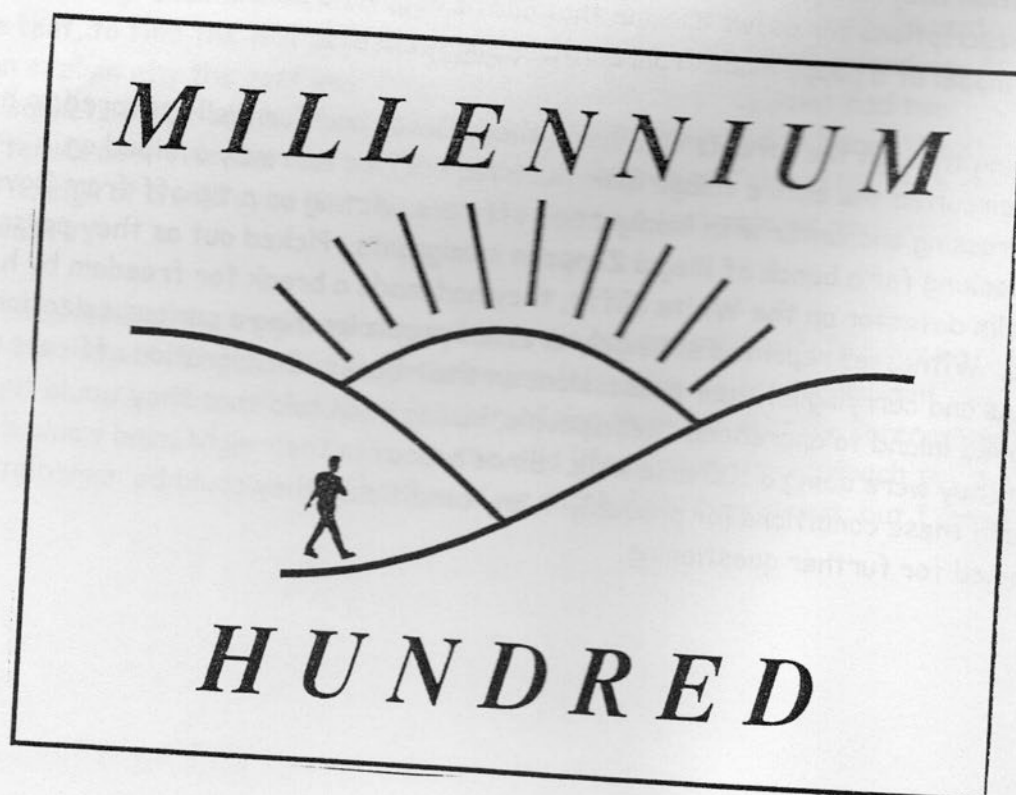
The rest of the event was a doddle. Only a couple of thunderstorms, enough enclosed waterlogged bridleways to make you want to take up flower arranging, and a 'small undulation' up to Bladbean checkpoint that required crampons and oxygen. And so to Canterbury, where all weary pilgrims come to rest. Thankfully by the time we arrived they had stopped serving porridge, as reports were that it looked suspiciously mud-like in consistency. I know Kent were short on numbers, but this sort of economy smacks of opportunism and is not to be encouraged.

Talking of finances [which I was, albeit obliquely] you probably haven't realised quite what a bargain the Millenium 100 turned out to be. I am reliably informed that a full body mud wrap would cost almost double the entry to the 100 and would last only a very small fraction of the time. So if anyone asks you the secret of your smooth, silky, youthful skin - you know the answer, even if they won't believe it.

And finally [thank goodness for that they all said], many thanks to everyone who made the experience so much fun. To all the organisers and the checkpointers who did so much to help us on our way, to my travelling companions for being such good company and to everyone who was there over the weekend for their support and camaraderie.

Shirley Hume

Bristol and West Home for the terminally insane



THE OFFICIAL LETTER AND CROSSWORD SOLUTION

25 June 2000

Dear Paul,

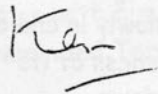
At their meeting today, the LDWA National Committee asked me to convey their most sincere thanks to you and your committee for organising the recent Millennium Hundred. We very much appreciate the enormous amount of planning and effort that you have put in over the past three years to ensure a successful event and are most grateful to everyone who has been involved in any way.

We have heard many favourable comments on the Hundred from both walkers and helpers, and it is clear that most participants found the weekend enjoyable, with the excellent support and cheerful helpers more than compensating for the appalling conditions on the day. For many LDWA members, the Hundred is the highlight of the year, and the Millennium Hundred will certainly be remembered for a long time.

Your efforts have given many people a great deal of pleasure, and you have done much to further the aims of the Association. Thank you very much indeed.

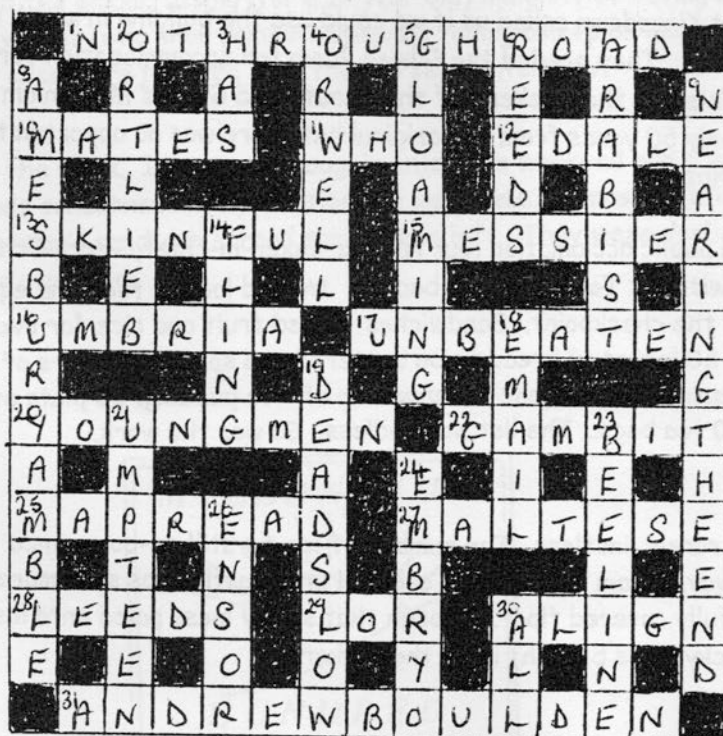
With best wishes.

Yours sincerely



Ken Falconer

(On behalf of the LDWA Committee)



THE MILLENNIUM HUNDRED

27th - 29th May 2000

I have taken part in the Hundreds since 1985. Three years ago, when the White Peak hosted the event, I decided it was time to put something back and join the marshals. Working at a school in Nottingham gives me access to lots of willing helpers and we formed a team of 13 and 14 year-olds who ran a drinks point at six miles. It was an ideal way to cut our teeth. We didn't even have to clip tallies or take numbers. Just slosh squash and give lots of encouragement.

The same team went back into operation at Frosterley for the Durham Dales Hundred. In contrast to the "quick-in-and-out-and-all-bunched-together" drinks point, Frosterley was within $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles of the end. We took up residence for the weekend and slept (in turns) on the job. Once again a good time was had by all and the team looked forward to Kent.

But by this stage the youngsters concerned were 15 and 16 years old. G.C.S.E. exams, Saturday jobs and girlfriends and boyfriends took their toll. One by one they dropped out, the last two, rather unsportingly, at 3.30 on the Friday evening as we got ready to drive down. However, enthusiasm made up for experience and our new team of 13 and 14 year olds set off for the deep south.

It was raining. Hard. The heater and de-mister on the bus packed up. "It will be quicker on the M11," met with standing traffic. Back to the A1 and as we got to the M25 the sort of gridlock that only London knows (sorry London). Painfully slowly in and out of South Mims Service Station. "Are we there yet" learnt the pointlessness of its asking. $7\frac{1}{2}$ hours after leaving Nottingham we reached a sleeping Kingsdown International Scout Camp. It was still raining.

However, the indoor facilities which we had hired soon made up for the journey. After a good rest, Saturday dawned bright and sunny and we were on the beach before 7.30 a.m.

The staff at Kingsdown asked us if we could use the building in which we had slept for the checkpoint. They needed the Gilwell Room for accommodation for washed out campers. This was the weekend of the Scouts' and Guides' Millennium Camp. Our new venue was only 50 yards from the original but there was no opportunity to alter the route description.

In between public acclamation (our number-taker-in-chief, Terry Griffiths, had been presented with his Ten Hundreds badge) we had loaded food and equipment needed for the checkpoint. Sandwiches, tinned fruit and rice for over 400 people is a tall order. 50 loaves of bread to be buttered and spread. 20 jars of sandwich spread; 6 kg of margarine; 2 kg of jam; 18 large tins of rice pudding; 30 pints of milk; 15 litres of squash; 480 tea bags... The list was endless. So was the work.

Enthusiasm is rarely limitless. The number of loaves-still-to-do seemed to grow as time-left slipped away. Adam ladling fruit cocktail into plastic cups spilt more and more juice onto our carefully covered floor. Though that sticky mess paled onto insignificance with the muddy sticky mess brought in by the walkers.

They arrived shortly after two. The lads helped gamely, though we are indebted to three members of the Kent group who came to finish the sandwich mountain and David Keward, Janet and Percy Wellor who arrived to "muck-in" wherever seemed necessary. Our lads clipped, poured tea, replenished sandwiches, poured yet more fruit cocktail juice on the floor and directed walkers to and from the new venue. By this stage the Millennium Camp was in full swing. Many a walker, not carefully following the compass bearing, found themselves in the middle of the celebrations, both sides being equally perplexed.

But manage we did. We managed not to run out of boiling water, or sandwiches, or fruit and rice. Our new venue was small, but the sunshine and picnic benches outside the door gave a continental feel in keeping with the proximity of France. The last man through came just before 6 p.m. That left time to check all the numbers and make sure that we hadn't lost anyone. Then into Deal for kebabs or fish and chips and a walk on the pier. Saturday had remained more or less fine all day.

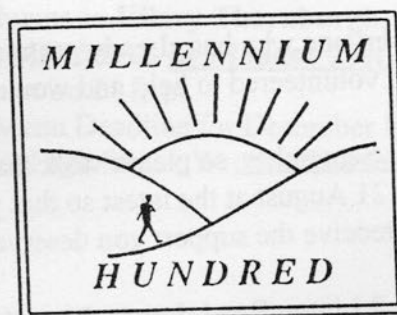
Another late night and another very early morning. Awake for 5 on Sunday morning to pack up and drive to Lympne in order to "sweep" 16 miles of the route. The weather was as bad as it had been on Friday evening. It had rained heavily and the Scout Camp was awash. Waterlogged tents and blown-away flysheets. We were thankful for the roof over our heads.

Because of the weather through Saturday night and Sunday, we decided to let the lads sweep in relay with Terry. ^{In his bus} Garry proved an invaluable navigator. At one stage we needed a diversion to avoid an "A" road blacked with a blown down tree. I met them every two or three miles. In fact most of them walked all of the second half of our sweep section with him, despite the mud and the rain. Andrew, especially, revelled in the mud. He reminded Terry of his grandson. Only ten years older.

Half way through the morning I drove into Stowting. Eyes lit up. I had a mini bus. Stowting had a mini-bus load of retired walkers, defeated by the rain and the energy-sapping mud. I drove them via Wye to Canterbury. Two of the lads came with me to help. Comments like "Aren't they old" were augmented with such as "Don't they smell!" (Sorry retirees, but children have a disconcerting habit of telling the truth.) Our smallest helper suffered the embarrassing (for a 14 year old) indignity of having a thoroughly soaked lady walker (who shall remain nameless) falling asleep on him for most of the journey. He was even more relieved than they to see Canterbury!

I hope we were up to the mark. It was a thoroughly enjoyable weekend and a valuable experience for the lads concerned. They slept on the way home. Almost all the way. We had a few of Saturday's sandwich spread sandwiches left. They were declined. We stopped at MacDonald's instead.

David Fox.
1st June 2000.



MORE LETTERS AND THE WEALDEN WATERS WALK (WWW)

Dear Paul,

Just a brief note to say how much all of us from the Northumbria group enjoyed our time at checkpoint 15 and to say well done for a well organised event.

You should be proud of yourselves in that, despite a cruel twist of fate with the weather and the many unexpected pressures put on your members, all the people we came into contact with remained efficient and good humoured. This is even more amazing when you consider how many of you had so little sleep over this period.

From our experience of last year, whatever 'crises' occurred during the event, which at the time seemed all important, to the majority of entrants and outside helpers, all went well.

If you get the chance, could you pass on our appreciation to your members for the hard work they put in to this event.

Yours,

Peter Morrill

pp George Elliot, Fred Elliot, Gordon Summers, Frank & Jessie Baggaley
Northumbria LDWA

Dear Tom,

Please pass on my thanks to everyone in the Kent Group involved with the organisation on the Marshals' Hundred. It was a thoroughly enjoyable weekend. A great deal of thought and planning had gone into making it run as smoothly as it did.

I enjoyed my visit to Kent. I was impressed by the countryside, the swathes of bluebells in the woods and one particular area which grew cowslips in profusion. The route was easy to find, pleasantly varied, and the description accurate.

I must also mention the food. Being a Marshals' Walk, I had wondered if the catering might be rudimentary, even sparse. Far from it, I don't think I have ever been so well fed on a Hundred! I was similarly impressed with the number of checkpoints which were indoors or, at least, sheltered. It makes a big difference.

Everyone involved gave us a warm welcome to Kent and I now look forward to returning at the end of the month.

With regards to everyone,

Yours sincerely,

David Fox.

Wealden Waters Walk: 14/15 October 2000

Thank you very much indeed to everyone who has already promised to marshal the WWW on 14/15 October. If you have not yet volunteered to help and would be able to do so, please contact me a.s.a.p.

The Marshals' Walk will be on 2/3 September, so please walk that if you can. Let me have a completed Entry Form by Monday 21 August at the latest so that you can be sent a Route Description and a start time – and receive the support you deserve!

Thank you.

Hilary Thornburgh,

Tel. [REDACTED]

ANOTHER DOGGY BIT (OR BITE!)

I found the following reference to the eternal dog/walker problem in the book "Rambling on the Road to Rome" by Peter Francis Browne. This book is an account of the author's attempt to follow in the footsteps of Hilaire Belloc who walked from Toul in France to Rome in the year 1901. In Browne's introduction to his account of the journey he reflects on the problem of dogs for the solitary walker thus:

"In dogs' collective unconscious there is an unshakeable belief that all lone pedestrians with rucksacks are hunchbacks incapable of self-defence"

Laurie Lowe.

FUTURE HUNDREDS

1. Cumbria Hundred - 26/27/28 May 2001

Kent Group has agreed to run the checkpoint at 44.3 miles. Some people have already offered help but more will be needed. Menu and precise opening hours are not yet known but we will need to be there (Threlkeld Village Hall, near Keswick) from Saturday afternoon (to set up) until Sunday morning. Volunteers please contact Tom on [REDACTED]

2. White Rose Hundred - Ripon, May 2002

West Yorks Group is running this event and organiser John Sparshatt has asked Paul to co-ordinate the team preparing and serving the food at the finish as we did for the same group in Settle in 1996. Paul has NOT committed the Kent Group to providing ALL the staff needed but he would like to have a good nucleus of our own people with him. It will be a long stint and probably need three or four shifts. Please contact Paul on [REDACTED] to find out more and offer help.

3. Exmoor Hundred - May 2003

As mentioned in the last newsletter (see report on National AGM) Paul and I have offered help and Hazel Bound has pencilled in Kent Group for the checkpoint in Monksilver Village Hall at 73 miles. Shirley Higgins tells me there is a good pub in the village. More of that anon.

KENT AIR AMBULANCE

The Rose & Crown, Wrotham (venue of pub meetings in odd-numbered months) is running a number of events to raise funds for this good cause. Although sponsored and charity walks fall outside the scope of the LDWA (as stated in the Membership Application Form) it is not unknown for participants in our Challenge walks to be sponsored, as individuals, for a particular charity. What about getting sponsors for the **W.W.W. Marshall Walk on 2/3 Sept?** (return entry forms to Hilary Thornburgh, [REDACTED] by Monday 21st August at the latest) or perhaps on Maurice's Trois Chateaux on 24 Sept.

P.T.O for Annual Lunch Menu. Deadline for December Issue: **Monday 6th November.**
Tom Sinclair, [REDACTED]

LDWA KENT GROUP

LUNCHEON MENU: SUNDAY 19 NOVEMBER 2000
at The Shant Hotel & Prince of Wales, East Sutton

HOME-MADE SOUP OF THE DAY

FANTAIL OF MELON

served with Fruit Sorbet and Fruit Coulis

AVOCADO MOUSSE

served on Toasted Brioche, and garnished with Pine Kernels & Feta Cheese

PENNE PASTA

served with Diced Chicken & Bacon in Tomato & Basil Sauce

ROAST BREAST OF TURKEY

with Chipolata, and Cranberry Sauce

FRESH SALMON

*wrapped in pastry with a Fish & Vegetable Mousse, baked,
carved to order, and served with Lobster Sauce*

HOME-MADE STEAK & MUSHROOM PUDDING

ROAST LEG OF LAMB

and Mint Sauce, with Yorkshire Pudding

BREAST OF CHICKEN

filled with fresh Mango, poached, and served in Cream Sauce

VEGETARIAN DISH

from the 'Shant' Menu

SELECTION OF VEGETABLES

SELECTION OF DESSERTS

COFFEE

£16.75