



LONG DISTANCE WALKERS ASSOCIATION

Kent Group

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

NEWSLETTER

No. 8



JULY 1985

OFFICERS AND COMMITTEE

Chairman.....Peter Barnett
Secretary.....Brian Buttifant
Treasurer.....Ted Laundon

Committee members:-
Martin Bartlett
Trevor Blake
Bryan Clarke
Graham James
Keith Warman

FUTURE PROGRAMME ACTIVITIES

SEPT 14/15 - WALKING THE WEALDWAY - starting from Eastbourne early on Saturday morning to walk the 81 miles to Gravesend. Although this is a group walk, it is anticipated that natural groups of similar walking ability will be formed en route. Further details from Pete Barnett. [REDACTED].

OCT 6 - SURREY/KENT BORDER WALK. A 22 mile circular walk from Oxted station. Surrey members are very welcome to join us. Leader John Probert. [REDACTED].

OCT 19/20 - WEALDEN WATERS WALK - challenge event organised by the Kent Group. 100 km, starting from the Pantiles, Tunbridge Wells and passing the three reservoirs of the Weald. Entry forms and offers of help to Mike Smith. Tel. [REDACTED].

OCT 31 - SLIDE EVENING - on the Annapurna Range of the Himalayas by David Goodban, a leader on a number of Himalayan treks. Please support our guest speaker at the Kelsey Arms, St. John's Road, Tunbridge Wells. 7.30 for 8pm.

NOV 2 - Join us on the Group's brief invasion of Europe - the first time we have been to France as a group. Using the Folkestone/Boulogne ferry, we will have a walk in that area of France. Also a good opportunity to stock up your Christmas drinks cabinet. Ring Graham for further details [REDACTED].

NOV 24 - FAMILY LUNCH WALK - a new venue is being arranged (probably in the Cranbrook area) Meeting at 10.15am for a walk of approx 6 miles, before sitting down to a meal at 1pm. Further details from the Secretary. Bookings and cash (£6 per head) to Ted Laundon before 16th November. Ted's telephone [REDACTED].

DEC 13 - Pre-Christmas DRINKS at The Bull, Otford, 7.30/8pm. Join us at this popular gathering. Many wives do each year, so there must be something other than walk talk to commend it! Maybe it's Moira's sandwiches. Some members, who maybe anticipate an expensive Christmas, may like to pay their group subs. Ernie Bishop will also be there, weather permitting!!

LOOKING AHEAD TO 1986 :-

JAN 24 - Kent Group AGM at St. Edith's Hall, Kemsing, Sevenoaks.

MAR 16 - Sevenoaks Circular - 12th promotion of this popular 30 mile event organised by the Kent Group. A new route is planned.

Further details of any of the above activities or any group enquiry to the Secretary, Brian Buttifant, [REDACTED].

STOP PRESS! Christmas lunch at The George hotel, Cranbrook. 3-course menu comprising:- Egg mayonnaise. Roast turkey,cranberry and bread sauce, bacon roll,chipolatta sausage,stuffing, roast potatoes, parsnips, Brussel sprouts. Christmas pudding. Coffee. Price £6 per head(including VAT)

COMMITTEE NOTES

Your committee has met twice this year, in March to approve the minutes of the AGM, and to discuss final details of the Sevenoaks Circular, Group involvement in the national AGM held at Folkestone and to accept Laurie's offer to continue to edit the newsletter. Continue the good work Ed., it's greatly appreciated.

In May we formulated the programme detailed on page 1(the Oct 6th walk was added later). Fresh stocks of Sevenoaks Circular Badges and group stationery have been obtained since the beginning of the year.

Social events have flourished with the continued success of the Bricklayers Arms. Landlord Ken wishes us to look upon it as being the Group's local. Also a very successful after-walk barbecue was organised by Pat and Graham at their home in Folkestone. With the help of Graham, we are hoping to increase our membership in that area of Kent and thus become more representative of the county.

Brian Buttifant, Hon. Sec.

PS. I have heard that there should be LDWA ties available by Christmas. I know three or four of you have already got one, but this is our opportunity to finally have our own. Roger Michell is looking for orders, so get in touch direct or through me.

THE YORKSHIRE DALES '100' - A WIFE'S VIEW

Pauline Barnett

FRIDAY 24th May - 6 am, the Rickards family, my companions-to-be for the next few days, arrive to collect me we take off! 11 am, we land at Settle after a supersonic trip up the A1. We find the cottage - very impressed - this is going to be good! My wayward husband duly arrives and regales us with stories of the past few days at the School House. I privately decide that I enjoy my creature comforts too much to partake in that kind of expedition. Still, that is probably my loss.

A good meal and a few glasses of wine later, an early night is decided upon. I sleep badly, thinking of the morrow (good heavens woman, you aren't competing!)

SATURDAY - Early morning tea all round and a good breakfast. We leave the men to check their kit etc., while we concentrate on packing Elsa the dog and everything that will be needed for the next 12 hours into the back of the estate car. "Don't forget, you must meet us at Hardraw above all else, this is the most important checkpoint before the night section." "OK, don't panic!"

It has been decided that I shall drive, the estate being a more suitable vehicle to carry all the gear. Have we got everything? Off to Settle school and meet up with the rest of the Kent Group. Lots of nervous conversation - everyone seems quite happy - weather not too bad but the forecast is unpromising. So to the start, a few words from the LDWA chairman and they're off and so are we.

First to Clapham - we find the appointed meeting place quite easily, what a blessing to have an old hand like Moira to get things organised. Our two come through in due course - all well to far, but it is starting to rain! Next to Horton-in-Ribblesdale and by now the rain is very heavy, we have a while to wait so into the Pen-y-Ghent cafe for a welcome 'cuppa'. We repair to the car and consume a meat and potato pie each - delicious! Later we meet Celia Bishop waiting for Ernie and our menfolk eventually come through, beginning to look somewhat soggy but still cheerful. We provide the usual drinks and encouragement and they're off again.

Heavens, I must get some petrol! We are unable to find a garage until we arrive back in Settle, where I fill up feeling a lot happier, and then we resume our wanderings to the next meeting point at Yockenthwaite. This is a very circuitous route and by now the rain has become torrential. "Simon, are you sure this is the right way?" "OK then, YOU navigate Mum!" Peace is somehow restored. O ye of little faith - our young navigator gets us to just the right spot. The rain is quite relentless. Peter R arrives still cheerful, puts on some dry gear and sets off once more. Peter B arrives with companion "What would you like Terry?" We somehow produce a hot drink and off they go.

We drive on towards Hawes and the all important night-stop. What's this? Our rear number plate has fallen off. The trusty young navigator sprints off to retrieve it and eventually manages to tie it to the bumper. We resume our journey Oh God, is the car packing up on me? I finally decide that these gradients are very deceiving and having to change down to second gear is not the prelude to some complete disaster. At Hawes we fall in with a lovely Yorkshire lady who is supporting her husband in the event. She recommends the local 'chippy' and we all have fish, chips and mushy peas - absolute ambrosia! Thence to Hardraw, where we meet Eileen, Sue and Celia again - nice to see some familiar faces. Peter R arrives still cheerful and Moira tends him. My Peter eventually arrives, still with companion. "Who is this bloody Terry?" I tend the pair of them and they go on their way quite happily.

So ends the first day and we return to the cottage pretty well exhausted. Simon goes straight to bed, Elsa who is the least concerned of any of us, is fed and also goes to bed. Moira and I have a drink and study the map for the next day, we both look very wise but are too tired to make much sense of it. We retire.

SUNDAY - Refreshed, we set out for Ribbleshead, our first rendezvous. A lovely morning - we wonder how things have gone during the night. Disaster! Peter R has had a very bad time with sickness and is forced to retire. He is in Sue's car feeling awful but is in good company with Don Scott. How is my Pete? Here he comes with Laurie Lowe who looks absolutely marvellous - we are convinced he has devised some secret formula for looking good after 70 miles, but no, he informs us that he retired the previous night and has had a good sleep before coming out again to support those still walking. So we turn our attention to the old fellow who is looking a bit strained but otherwise seems in good spirits. He has a 'top-up' and sets off once more. Moira and I try to persuade Peter R to return to the cottage to recuperate but he insists that we proceed with the itinerary, so putting him in the front seat, we carry on to Nethergill.

Some pretty weary bodies coming through now.

And so to Buckden.....more weary bodies.

Thence to Arncliffe.....even wearier bodies, but they will all make it from here to the finish.

The weather seems to be set fair now and we return to Settle and the school and then back to the cottage. I calculate that Pete will finish around 9 pm, so after some welcome refreshment, my trusty navigator and I return to Settle. We notice a number of people hobbling around the town and school, all casualties of a very tough event.

We pick up the route and go on up the track to meet Pete. "Come on Pauline" says Simon, leaping up the hill. I tell him that I was built for comfort, not speed, so on he goes up to the top to meet the men. I recognise some familiar faces, don't know who they are, but have seen them many times over the past 36 hours. Here comes Peter with 'Mac' MacArthur. Heavens, they look as if they are out for a Sunday evening stroll! "Hallo old girl, how are you?" and the so-and-so walks on past me - still I'm used to it by now! Down to the school - get the formalities over - a welcome hot meal and then into the pub for a swift pint. Back to the cottage - congratulations - commiserations - bed - crash out!

THANK GOD THAT'S ALL OVER FOR ANOTHER TWELVE MONTHS!!!

REPORTS OF PAST EVENTS

THE SURREY SUMMITS - March 30/31. Brian Buttifant.

The Group entered 12 members in the 10th promotion of this popular 100 km walk, and our chances of winning The Leith Trophy were high. Until now the trophy has been awarded to the team of three who completed the course in the fastest time. Over the last few years there has been considerable concern about the running that has quite clearly taken place on the event. As this is billed as a strictly walking only event, obviously the organisers have felt that to remove some of the speed element would help to stop the outlawed runners. So now the trophy is awarded to the LDWA group (outside Surrey) with the greatest number of finishers.

As has been stated, twelve members started out but sickness and other problems, increased by the difficult conditions brought about by the mud, reduced our number of finishers to seven. The Anglian Group had entered seven members and all seven finished! This resulted in a tie between the two groups. In such a case times had to be taken into account and the Kent Group had the better aggregate time. So until we defend the trophy on April 12/13th, 1986, the holders are :-

Ivan Verrell.....	20 hr 39 min.
Ron Roweth.....	21 27
Brian Buttifant....	21 27
John Stew.....	21 37
Laurie Lowe.....	22 28
Jack Burgoyne.....	22 48
Dave Sheldrake.....	23 23

The Leith Trophy is a wooden bowl with the annual winners shield attached. It will be at the Bricklayers Arms, Chipstead, on the first Tuesday of each month!!

NORTH DOWNS WAY LOOP-the-LOOP - April 12/13. A Personal View by John Probert

Having just returned from walking the West Highland Way on Friday 12th April, there were tent and rucsac to clean, clothes to wash and trainers to get into shape. So I decided to take a run down to Chilham and walk the NDW Loop, just for the hell of it!

We left the pub at about 10.30 pm (late again) and started out at a brisk walk - some 16 of us - following our no. 1 leader, when we suddenly hit the mud and water also the uphill bit that appeared to go on and on for hours!

Having left my map case at home on the table, I had not the slightest idea in which direction we were going, apart from the fact that we were on the North Downs, but then I had not been to bed for 36 hours and would not have a great interest in a map or route in any case. However, we are coming into Wye when we are joined by Ernie Bishop, making the number up to 17.

Leaving Wye by the church yard, we head for the fields once again and the mud. It is about this time that I found that the mud was getting into my new trainers and balling up under my toes, so a pit stop was called for. Some bright spark suggested that I have a decoke and tyre change (such remarks at this time of night are totally uncalled for) Off again with most everyone in good spirits and for the first time I find that my eyes are closing and I am dropping off to sleep. On to the road again, still not knowing where the hell we are or where we are going! I try whistling to keep myself awake, only to be told by our leader to shut up - not sure if he dislikes the tune or if he thinks I might wake the local peasants - still, I can see his point. Lights by the thousand on our right and someone said "That's Ashford over there." What a revelation at this time of the morning! Ashford disappears in the gloom and a very cold wind hits us as we climb to the top of yet another hill. From this point the walk is very vague as more and more I try to hang on to my sleep-fuddled senses. There are three bright red lights in front that we are moving towards but never actually get any closer to, but eventually we drop down into field, over the many stiles that get larger as you try to lift your other leg over. The three great red lights are now high above us and they turn out to be on the top of a radio aerial of some sort. Silly place to put an aerial!!

Down hill again now and stop for food and drink in field. Decoke the socks once more - mud has caused blisters. Remember hip flask in rucksack - poison or T.N.T. - it doesn't matter which, it turns out to be T.N.T.!! It's uphill again now, very sharp, dawn is approaching - what the hell is she doing out here at this time of the morning!

Lights of Folkestone on our right, on down a lane, water over my ankles, does nothing for my frame on mind, am permitted to sing now or at least no one tells me to shut up and personally I like to sing when I feel down. Push on past Folkestone thinking that if my house was as near as Graham and Pat's (the only lady in the party) I would not be pushing on past it. Soon heading towards Dover and almost walk off the clifftop with eyes shut. Stop for about 10 minutes for stragglers to catch up - strangely enough I am not one of them. Sit down, close eyes but am wide awake now. Have something to eat and a snort out of the hip flask (tastes like meths, must be the early morning) On again in a light shower of rain. Some tricky foot work on the cliff edge and belt down to Dover for breakfast of eggs, hamburgers and chips with lots of coffee. Then wash socks in Gents handbasin, purloin some Savlon from no. 1 leader and then head for the hills in bright sunshine.

Brain tells me to get rain gear off as I look as if I am overheating; the fact is I am too tired to bother. We follow various footpaths and lanes - quite easy walking and I remember dropping back to keep someone going as he is having quite a bad time with blisters. Am able to see the tops of houses at Canterbury and and going very well, having caught up with leader again. Somewhere we had a pub stop, was it before Canterbury or after? The rain wakes me up and have decided that it is in for the day, but no, on reaching the town we have bright sunshine again. Leave the town and head for the country once more, with its ever present muddy footpaths, through woods and orchards, over stiles and railway lines, along roads and through villages, sleeping on the move, waking with fire coming out of my lace holes! Feet feel as if they are twice the size of Thames barges.

Eventually we follow the sound of church bells back to Chilham. A quick pint in the pub and into the car. Fall asleep for forty minutes before reaching my own car. Drive home, garage car, sit down for five minutes and then will get drink and go to bed..... Wake up frozen stiff, 3.45 am! Take off big jacket, crawl up to bed and surface again at 4.15 pm. See daughter in the evening and she asks "Did you have a good day Dad? Where did you go?" WHERE DID I GO ???????

WESSEX FIFTY - April 28th.

Ted Laundon

Oxford - three o'clock on a Sunday morning. Is long-distance walking a sensible pastime or are we all mad? Mary drove like the wind to get us to Winchester at five, and we were directed to Rugby Club HQ by Wessex Group members, valiantly braving the cold and trying to keep awake. The clubhouse was so pleasantly warm and free of bodies at that hour that I toyed with the idea of transferring to the 30 - as several people did - and catching up on my sleep. However, the Wessex members behind the table briskly asked my name and number and I was registered, given route details and told to look at route alterations.

Twenty bodies surged out of the door leaving four of us behind and wondering whether we would see them again. Two minutes later the twenty were back with us having taken the wrong route!

10.30am - Back at the clubhouse after the twenty mile circuit, we enjoyed our rice and fruit and other goodies. At 10.45 we were away again led by two of the Wessex group who had checked the route some two weeks earlier. They assured us they knew the route, so Stuart Harding of Bath and myself decided to stay close and forget the route description. After a couple of hours or so we two must have strayed slightly because on rounding the next bend our two leaders were no longer in sight! A few miles on we managed to catch them to be told that they had taken a short cut! So once again we pocketed our route description. But only for a few miles, because one of our guides disappeared (this time permanently) and the other leader retired with blisters.

And so successfully to the last checkpoint. We were now passing some of the 30 stragglers - we felt very good about this!! Then to our surprise two 50 walkers caught up with us (we thought we were the last) and we prepared to march into Winchester in style. After all, we could already see the Cathedral. BUT,.....Yes! You've guessed it.....!

THE TWO CROSSES CIRCUIT - April 28th.

Brian Clarke

Two walkers from the Kent Group were among the 182 starters who left Tottington Youth Club at 9am for the 25 mile LDWA challenge walk organised by the East Lancashire Group.

The event started in brilliant sunshine from a clear sky but with a bitingly cold wind which persisted all day, but at about 11 am, the sky clouded over and we wondered if the forecast rain was about to arrive. The route took us along some quiet roads in Tottington, then out into the countryside by footpaths through pastures and farms via the 'First Cross' at Affetside to Jumbles Country Park and reservoir and then on to Turton Tower, which is actually a house, and on over the railway by an unusual battlemented bridge.

Belmont Reservoir soon appeared on our left and we progressed over Turton Moor to go on a pleasant level path along the side of Turton and Entwistle Reservoir which was lined by fly-fishermen who seemed to be spending their time whipping the water and putting us in fear of the back-lashes! Later we climbed Bull Hill to the flag-mast and trig point, then over Holcombe Moor

to pass the 'Second Cross' during a period of fine powdery snow which petered out as we came down to lower levels passing Holcombe Tower. We then walked through pastures, paddocks and lanes to come back into Tottington as it began to rain lightly, to join the Urban Footpath (on the route of a dismantled railway) for the final mile and a quarter.

We checked in at the Youth Club and refreshed ourselves with several cups of tea and quite a few home-made cakes (all free) Then we collected our certificates and badges and came out to find that it was now raining very heavily - lucky us! A very good event, varied terrain, friendly checkpoints, gradients not too steep and (this year) little mud.

THE 10th MAGOG TROPHY - May 5th.

Phil Hastings.

This is a five-way international inter-county race walking event with teams of four walkers for each of the 20 km and 50 km road walks. The five counties are made up of teams from I'lle de France of Paris, Flandres of France, Hainaut of Belgium, and Kent and Sussex of England. The venue alternates each year and this time our hosts were to be Hainaut. The walks to take place at Mouscron, which is right on the Belgium-French border, just north of Lille in northern France.

I was asked if I would be available to take part as a walker and I walked for the Kent team in the 50 km event which of course is 31½ miles in Christian units and is more my type of event as a long distance walker.

The travel arrangements were made and we met up with the Sussex team at Dover. Mouscron is only a short 50 or so miles in from the coast, so the journey is in fact shorter than travelling up to Yorkshire or the Lake District. This rather friendly meeting is like an annual reunion of friends and old boys network as we all seem to know everyone else from previous years. The racing is serious!! We had a very sociable Saturday evening and enjoyed the hospitality and the atmosphere on the occasion.

For the 50 km walkers it was an early 6.30 am start for breakfast as we were scheduled to commence our walk at 9 am. Now it is fine if you are young, fit and able to do 4 hrs 30 mins, but for me it was likely to be a 5 hrs 45 mins job and anything less would be a bonus. Off we all went! I walked along with Ian and we soon worked our way to the back of the field. We were required to do 15 and a bit laps of a 3.2 km course. Some quick mental arithmetic meant that Ian and I would have to go round in about 22 mins a lap. This we did very well and judged our pace correctly. By the 4th lap, the leader, from I'lle de France, came past us going like a train. There was one official feeding station where we were ably attended by Rod Parkins, the Kent County Walking Sec. Black-currant drinks and Mars fun bars. We were making our steady regular pace, not too bothered about being last, when we caught up with Alan Buchanan of Sussex. Surprise! Surprise! Because I know Alan to be a very swift 20 km man, but he is a bit suspect over the longer distance. So we pressed on and soon caught up to Ken Till of Sussex who was having a bad time with blisters. We offered words of encouragement as we passed him and in the end we were also able to pass a Frenchman from Flandres. Our final positions were 15th and 16th, my time was 5 hrs 38 mins and the Kent team finished equal 3rd. Paul Blagg of Kent won the 20 km race in a meeting record time of 89 minutes.

After a shower and clean up, there was a presentation at the sports exhibition. A glass of wine, Cheerio to everyone and "Thank You" to our hosts for a wonderful weekend before making a wild dash down to Calais for an early boat back home. This is a good way to get to know club members and friends. It was a most enjoyable weekend.

NATIONAL 20 Km ROAD WALKING CHAMPIONSHIPS - THAMESMEAD, 11th May.

Phil Hastings.

This was a new venture for our national 20 km championship, but for those LDWA members who may have taken part in the Pearl Assurance $\frac{1}{2}$ marathon, they will know this course.

On a cold overcast day we set off. One friend of mine remarked that he was fed up with walking in the rain, cold and damp and was longing for a warm sunny day. Apparently the prevailing conditions suited the winner Ian McCombie of Cambridge Harriers, because he rattled around in a new U.K. record time of 82 mins 37 sec. Ian represented Great Britain at the Los Angeles olympic games last year. This time would have won him the gold medal. I modestly pressed on in my new improved style and technique to finish in a time of 124 minutes.

HEVER HIKE (PART 2) - May 19th

Ted Laundon.

Nine of us assembled at Hever village hall, including some hardy souls who were going to do the Hundred later in the week and who came to 'limber up'. Nick Woollett led off at a steady pace having told us he'd recce'd half the route only-- but this, I think, was said so that we would use our maps.

Lunch was at a pub, where the publican curtly told us "Get those rucsacs off my chairs", and all of us sat munching our own sandwiches out of sight of said publican who would probably have had a fit had he known we were not buying his food!

Tea break at about three thirty in the middle of a field when Nick showed us how to control frisky bullocks. About thirty of them surrounded us and watched us drinking tea. When we moved, they stayed looking at the space we had left! And so back to the village hall and a fine tea, thanks to Nick's wife and daughter. And then we didn't want to get up and go. An excellent day. Many thanks Nick, and we hope you'll ask us all to come again.

SAINT OEDENRODE CONTINENTAL RACE WALKS - 18/19 May

Phil Hastings.

Last year we had won the 100 km road walking event, so this year we felt obliged to defend the trophy. Quite a number of my race walking friends expressed interest in joining us to take part in one of those multi-staged walking events that are organised over the weekend of 18/19th May. The 24 hour or 100 English miles event, as well as the 100 km walks, were selected as those best suited to our style.

Arrangements were made to take over a party of nine walkers and one attendant to St. Oedenrode in Holland. Our party stayed over with friends which is all very much part of the atmosphere for the weekend. Sandra and Richard Brown of Surrey W.C., John Bellwood of York Postals and Paddy Dowling of Sheffield set off at 3 pm on the Saturday to walk the 100 mile event. Richard "The Lion Heart" Brown had failed in his previous attempt to complete the 100 mile walk. This year he had all the incentive in the world to do well and this he did with devastating effect. Richard won the 100 mile event in a magnificent time of 18 hrs 33 mins. Sandra "Twinkle Toes" seemed content to walk around in her own time. She was the first lady home. They are a talented pair. Young Gareth Davies of Dawlish and South Deveon and Roger

Michel of Surrey W.C. finished 1st and 2nd in the 100 km race, while that tried (tired) and tested pair of Hastings and Hayes from Cambridge Harriers made up the team. Frank Dolan of Border A.C. had set out but was unable to finish due to an injury to his foot. This was just rotten luck and bad timing.

It was a splendid walk by our members up front. All those who walked were a credit and it was indeed a wonderful all round team effort. For the second time we won the 100 km team event. We also collected the 100 mile team trophy. Our grateful thanks again to Mick Marshall - our road side manager - for his untiring efforts. It was equally pleasant to have the presence of that sturdy upright official Les Hollis of the Leicester W.C. at the main control point.

OUR LEAD UP TO THE 'JAM BUTTIE 100' or 'TREVOR'S TRIUMPHANT TON'.

Brian Buttifant.

Sixteen group members started arriving in the Yorkshire Dales at various times during the week before the LDWA's annual 100 mile event. Our party arrived from different directions on Tuesday/Wednesday at the School House at Outershaw, our base before leaving for Settle on Friday. Some had stayed there before so were familiar with the routine but all agreed the accomodation was ideal.

On Tuesday we saw a familiar backpacker jogging past the school house, so we invited a very surprised Peter Young (Surrey Group) in for tea and cake, whilst we listened to his experiences while checking the 100 route. For the next two days our intention was to do some checking on the two night sections!

On Wednesday, Laurie, Ivan, Trevor, Chris Coates(Surrey) and I decided to walk the 20 mile section from Cotter End to Cowgill, taking us over Wild Boar Fell. Here I will mention that Richard Tombs and wife Joyce had walked the entire route at Easter and had written a more detailed route description, a copy of which was given to me and further copies taken. I used this all the time and found it very good - thanks a lot. The weather was warm and the track was dry, making it a pleasant walk (not so on the event after all the rains) The climb onto Wild Boar Fell was easier than anticipated and on reaching the Nab, we paused for the view and a drink and sandwich. We crossed the plateau on the given bearing of 210 and there coming from the opposite direction were Pete and Ron, who had left their car at Grisdale, after driving up from London that morning, so they were able to confirm our route down. Driving to Cowgill, they met us again from the reverse direction.

On Thursday, Eileen and Susan joined us on a gentle walk from Arncliffe to Settle. Before leaving Arncliffe, we had coffee and walnut cake at a tea shop that Susan knew of - she certainly knows where to find them! Another nice day as we started out on the last 12 miles of the 100 route, with another stop near Malham Tarn for drinks and then on to pass the dramatic Attemire Scar before dropping into Settle. Not a moment too soon, for as we settled in to a fish restaurant, the storm finally broke. After the rain had stopped we found a walker's shop that resulted in us going on a spending spree. Later that day, we spent our third and final evening at "The George" at Hubberholme, drinking and eating - a favourite pastime when we are not walking.

Friday we moved to our B&B in Settle and the day was spent lazily in preparation for tomorrow and in having some good meals. After a good night's rest, we went to register at 8 am and then returned for a hearty breakfast before leaving for the 10 am start.

Our final tally of successes were eleven including two first timers, one was a first attempt at an event over 40 miles - well done Trevor!! What a fit and relaxed fellow he is, there were no real after effects apart from tiredness, but then Trevor can sleep anywhere whilst others keep watch - what else can they do?? In the title was a reference to jam butties - you may be wondering where they come into the 100 - well just about everywhere where food was served!! I used to enjoy them, this has cured me!!

DALES '100' FINISHERS:-

Peter Barnett.....	35 hrs 10mins
Gordon Beattie.....	37 35
Mike Smith.....	39 18
Richard Tombs.....	39 54
Ivan Verrell.....	44 52
Ron Roweth.....	44 54
Jack Burgoyne.....	44 54
Trevor Blake.....	44 54
Brian Buttifant.....	44 54
Harry Bishop.....	45 22
Phil Hastings.....	46 32

WHITE CLIFF WALK - June 16th.

Laurie Lowe.

The stalwart gang of Kent Group 'regulars' made the trip to the nether regions of Kent to participate in Graham and Pat James' walk from Folkestone by clifftop to Dover and on to Deal.

After assembling at 'Chez James', we set off (accompanied by four dogs -is this a record?) to climb onto the tail end of the North Downs and work our way round the back of Folkestone to pick up the cliff path towards Dover. We must have immediately entered some form of time warp, because it was at least two hours and what seemed many miles of tramping before we eventually lost the back view of Folkestone!

Those of us who had recently done the NDW Loop were more appreciative of the cliff scenery on this occasion. John (Brunel/Telford) Probert could be seen hanging over precipitous drops trying to photograph entrances and exits to the railway tunnels hundreds of feet below us. On entering Dover, the group walk became a "multi-group" walk. At one time there were four distinct parties milling around looking for each other. Eventually we all regained contact at the right pub, except that is, for two ladies who strode through the town and on to Deal while the lesser mortals were supping ale. Another slight hiccup happened between Dover and Deal. We all followed Graham down a path which headed for the cliff edge and then fizzled out. On the way down, a rather startled old lady stood aside as we charged past. She had just time to recover her composure, when we all turned round and came charging back the other way! It must have quite spoilt her otherwise peaceful afternoon walk.

It was late afternoon when we arrived in Deal and met up with the missing female contingent. After a short wait - just time enough for a swift pot of tea - the minibus arrived to take us back to Folkestone, where an excellent barbecue awaited us at Pat and Graham's. Food has never tasted so good!!

I am sure all present will echo my thanks to Pat and Graham for organising an interesting walk and the subsequent open-air 'nosh-up'.

THE THREE FEATHERS WALKS

Laurie Lowe

The Three Feathers Walks are a series of three walks in the Northern National Parks. The story behind the origin of these walks is told as follows.

It all began with the failure of three members of a walking club to complete an attempt at the Three Peaks of Yorkshire circuit and the subsequent harassment of these three by the mysterious "Bard of Barking", who sent each of them three white feathers as a mark of cowardice and to goad them to change failure into success. They could only redeem their honours by completing each of three designated walks, and on each successful completion, a feather could be returned to the Bard. The three walks had to be undertaken within one year and each was to be completed in a single day's continuous walk. The three walks are :-

First Feather - The Yorkshire Dales, 30 miles. Start and finish Kettlewell.

Second Feather - North York Moors, 30 miles. Start and finish at Kilburn.

Third Feather - The Peak District, 26 miles. Starting and finishing at Yorkshire Bridge.

Details of the walks were subsequently published and are available to anyone who feels like tackling them. They can be undertaken in any order and on completion of all the walks, authenticated by time sheets and a brief resumé, a badge may be purchased which denotes that you are one of the distinguished "Order of the Bard".

In both 1983 and 1984, I had joined Brian Haigh in Yorkshire to do the Three Peaks (which he has now done for each of the last 11 years !) and while in the area we also took part in the Mallerstang Marathon as part of my preparations for the Snowdonia and Dartmoor Hundreds. We decided that this year we would have a go at the Three Feathers walks and throw in the Three Peaks for good measure. Thus it was that, whereas the Feathers rules required completion within one year, we were to attempt to complete each of the Feathers and the Peaks within a few days at the end of April.

Brian made all the arrangements and booked B&B accommodation, I only had to turn up and walk ! The planned itinerary was :-

Sunday 28th April - The Three Peaks.

Monday 29th April - First Feather - Dales.

Tuesday 30th April - Travel to Coxwold.

Wednesday 1st May - Second Feather - N. Yorkshire Moors.

Thursday 2nd May - Third Feather - Peak District.

SUNDAY - We arrived at Horton-in-Ribblesdale at about 8 am. only to find that we had chosen the day of the Daily Mirror sponsored Three Peaks Race ! Following Brian's tradition, we set off on the official anti-clockwise circuit in good weather at 8.30, with the knowledge that the fell runners would be starting at 10 am. The first of the runners caught us at Lodge Hall and the final stragglers were clear of us near the top of Whernside. We actually passed one of the stragglers who was in a bad way, but the donation of my emergency bar of chocolate revived him and he was soon away again into the distance.

Our only real stop was for a pint of shandy at the Hill Inn. By this time the weather was looking ominous and snow flurries accompanied us on the final climb of the day onto Ingleborough. Thick mist and snow at the top resulted in the briefest of stops at the summit cairn and the snow continued as we descended to the lower levels at Sulber Nick. By the time

we reached Horton most signs of the race had disappeared and only the roadside Daily Mirror posters remained. Our time for the 23 miles was eight and a quarter hours.

MONDAY - We started the First Feather from Kettlewell at 9 am. and were soon gaining height on the track to Cam Head. Here mist and a covering of snow, which obscured the tracks, caused some delay in finding the correct route past a memorial cross and on to Buckden Pike. The cross was erected by the sole survivor of a Polish aircrew whose plane had crashed into the hillside one January night during World War II.

At Cray we paused for a quick pint in the White Lion (ignoring the sign "No Muddy Boots") before climbing over Horse Head Pass and down to Halton Gill. Here, to our considerable surprise, we met Ernie and Celia Bishop and Chris and Margaret Steer who were walking the route of the forthcoming Dales 100. It was odd that the only walkers we were to encounter that day in the northern hills were from our local groups of Kent and Surrey! This meeting took place at about 3 pm. and we suddenly realised that we still had 17 of the 30 miles to do! We therefore pushed on with some haste, crossing the desolate Foxup Moor and climbing over Penny-Gent for the second time in two days. We reached the summit at 5.15 and then took the route down to Dale Head and on through Cow Close to Litton. For some reason we assumed that the remaining miles were along easy riverside paths to Kettlewell. However, when I turned my map over at Arncliffe, I was startled to discover a sting-in-the-tail. There was a final climb over Middlemoor Pasture and by this time we were running out of daylight. The final descent over limestone crags in the gathering gloom was somewhat hairy and to cap it all, the pubs had stopped serving bar food when we eventually arrived in Kettlewell at 9.30pm. However, a kind landlord's wife rustled us up some sandwiches which we devoured before driving back to Hawes where we arrived at our B&B at 10.45. Our hosts at the Brandymires Guest House were quite concerned by now and were considering if they should contact the local rescue services. The problem was that they had no idea where we had been walking all day! Our total time for the 30 miles was 12½ hours.

TUESDAY - Was a rest day spent in a leisurely journey across North Yorkshire to the village of Coxwold, where we stayed at the School House. It was here that an elderly local lady, having listened politely to tales of our completed and intended heroic walking activities, uttered what was for me the quote of the week - "My father firmly believed that third class driving was better than first class walking!" She made it clear that she shared his poor opinion of walking as a pleasant activity, and went on to describe how, as a young woman, she had learnt to drive her father's ancient two-cylinder-engined car by practising on the then unsurfaced steep gradients of Sutton Bank! This was presumably before the days of driving tests.

WEDNESDAY - The Second Feather starts at the White Horse near Kilburn and by 9am we were gasping for breath on the steep climb up past this landmark to the gliding club airstrip at the top. The route then took us across farmland and through the desolate and aptly named Cold Kirby and on past Murton Grange to Hawnby, where we stopped for a bite to eat. On to Moorgate and another welcome break at Helmsley, where we drank cans of shandy and ate a delicious apple pie (purchased at the local Co-Op) while seated at the foot of the cross in the town square. On the outskirts of Helmsley we noticed an example of some rather thoughtless planning. A group of new and very pleasant old peoples' bungalows had been sited directly opposite the local cemetery!

From Helmsley we followed the Cleveland Way past Rievaulx Abbey, later, on Scawton Moor, we were rewarded with magnificent views back across terrain which we had traversed during the day. We arrived back at the White Horse car park at 7.20pm. The 30 mile circuit had taken 10½ hours.

As we drove away it was decided that we would stop at the very first pub we came to for a quick shandy, before travelling to Huddersfield where we planned to spend the night. We found a pub in the village of Dalton and discovered that the landlord was also an LDWA member!

THURSDAY - After an early start from Huddersfield, we arrived at Yorkshire Bridge to start the Third Feather at 9am. The early part of the route was of particular interest for me, since I had covered it in the dark a few weeks previously while taking part in the High Peak Marathon. Win Hill, Lose Hill, Mam Tor, Edale Cross and on to Kinder Scout - they all looked more attractive on a bright sunny day. Lunch was taken at Kinder Downfall and then eastwards from Ashop Head down the long valley to the road near the Snake Inn. From here we followed the line of the Roman Road by Haybridge Farm to Crookstone and Wooler Knoll to eventually finish back at Yorkshire Bridge. The day's 26 miles had taken just over 9½ hours.

Thus ended a most enjoyable four days of walking in splendid surroundings. We subsequently applied for membership of the "Order of the Bard" and so became eligible for the Three Feathers Badge, our membership numbers being 190 and 191.

Full details of the routes and further background information are obtainable from :-

Keith Brown

SAD POSTSCRIPT :- These pre-Hundred preparations were to be of no avail. I packed up at Hardraw after covering only 40 miles!! The prospect of tackling the dreaded Wild Boar Fell on a wet and stormy night proved to be too daunting for me.

THE LONDON MARATHON 1985

Phil Hastings.

I had applied, along with tens of thousands of other hopeful people, to have the opportunity to take part in this year's London Marathon. My application form was returned, so that was that! As an alternative, I had entered for the Basildon 50 km road walk which was to take place on the day before the marathon. That was how I expected events to take their course. On the Thursday before, Brian Elce rang me up to ask for my assistance. Apparently Chris Brasher had contacted Chris Steer for help from the LDWA. An American lady who suffered with cerebral palsy was coming over from New York to do the event. She walks on crutches and needed some people around her to help and assist her for the duration of the race. Last year a group of venture scouts had helped but could not oblige this time. So! This is how I was to do my boy scout good turn.

It took Lynda 7 minutes to reach the start point from her position at the back of the mass of runners on the red start. Lynda was such a sweet young lady who simply and quietly got on with the event. Never a moan about a thing. Slowly but surely she made her way around the course long after the wild cavalry charge had gone. From time to time there were people about on the route but on the whole we followed the litter of cups and orange peel left behind by the mass of runners who had gone before. Initially Brian Elce and I walked along behind carrying Lynda's rucksack with a spare pair of shoes and her prepared drinks. I suspected it was

an old hill-billy moonshine brew, but she assured us it was only a black-currant drink. Sue Ramsey met up with us and followed along in a car at a discreet distance with other essential items. A policeman who had been on duty earlier in the day had quickly changed and joined in with us and the scout leader who had helped the previous year also managed to come along to make a jolly band of pilgrims making our way around South London. As we crossed Tower Bridge we saw the mass of tail enders passing under the bridge and along the cobbled section around the Tower of London. At that stage we were 8 miles behind, but never mind, keep going girl. You are doing this for Uncle Sam!

Eventually we rambled our way into the city and along the Embankment. Here we caught up to old Bob Wiseman, 84 years of age and an old club colleague of mine. Down Bird Cage Walk, past Big Ben and over Westminster Bridge to the finish in 8 hours 17 minutes. It was our view that Chris Brasher had made an error in judgement when he would not allow Lynda to make an early start. We thought a 5 am start would have been so much nicer for Lynda so that she could enjoy the atmosphere at the finish. Next year it is hoped that the LDWA will make a special effort to help.

PS. I successfully completed my 50 km road walk in 5 hours 50 minutes, not exactly olympic qualifying stuff but I did my best Sunshine!! Barry Graham of York Postals set a new UK record for a 50 km walk with a time of 4hr 6 min.

GROUP BADGES...GROUP BADGES...GROUP BADGES!!!

WE STILL HAVE PLENTY OF GROUP BADGES AVAILABLE FOR SALE TO MEMBERS.

HAVE YOU GOT ONE FOR EACH OF YOUR RUCSACS?

MAKE IDEAL PATCHES FOR HOLES IN SHORTS ETC!!

CONTACT BRIAN BUTTIFANT or TED LAUNDON

ONLY £1-10 EACH!!

Please send copy for the next Newsletter to Laurie Lowe,

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] [REDACTED]