



LONG DISTANCE WALKERS ASSOCIATION

Kent Group

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

NEWSLETTER



"AIN'T GOT NO GNOME TO GO TO"

NUMBER 20

DECEMBER 1989

KENT GROUP PROGRAMME for January to April 1990

FRIDAY JAN 12th - NIGHT WALK 20 miles from Brasted. Contact Ernie Bishop [REDACTED] after December 1st for details of start time and parking arrangements.

FRIDAY JAN 26th - GROUP AGM at St Edith's hall, Kemsing, nr Sevenoaks. Meet at 7.30 for prompt start at 8 pm.

SUNDAY FEB 11th - TUNBRIDGE WELLS CIRCULAR. 25 miles. Meet at Tunbridge Wells Town Hall, Crescent Road for an 8.30 start. Pub stop will probably be drinks only so bring your own food. Leader Laurie Lowe, [REDACTED].

SATURDAY MAR 3rd - SEVENOAKS CIRCULAR MARSHALS' WALK. Meet at Buckhurst 2 car park, Sevenoaks, for an 8 am start. 30 miles.

SUNDAY MAR 4th - SEVENOAKS OUTCROPS WALK. Meet 10 am at the National Trust car park at One Tree Hill (GR 559 532) for a 9 mile walk visiting some rock outcrops in the Sevenoaks area and other places of interest including an iron-age fort. See article page 2 for full details. No pub stop so bring food and drink. Not for the well-dressed! Leader Martyn Berry [REDACTED].

SUNDAY MAR 18th - SEVENOAKS CIRCULAR - see Future events in [REDACTED] As usual all offers of help will be welcomed by Brian Buttifant [REDACTED]. This year the start is from the Rugby Club which is directly opposite the previous venue at Rayleys Centre.

SUNDAY APR 8th - 20 MILES OF THE TANNERS MARATHON. Meet 9am at the carpark near Leatherhead Station (GR 163 566) for 20 miles of the 1989 route. Pub stop, food available but fairly expensive. Leader Ken Heath [REDACTED].

SECRETARY - Dave Sheldrake, [REDACTED]

Suggestions for FUTURE GROUP WALKS for which leaders are required.

The following are suggestions from Mike Smith and his idea is that people who live in the relevant areas could check out a route and then offer to lead a walk at some time in the future.

TONBRIDGE TO LEEDS

231 miles? No, only 20. Meet at Tonbridge Castle car park (GR 589 466) for a walk to Leeds Castle. Return by train from Hollingbourne via Asford.

KENT'S EASTERN ISLE

Circumambulation of the Isle of Thanet. Meet Minster station for approx 28 miles. Buckets and spades optional. We have never had a walk in this part of Kent. Suitable publicity might bring in some new members. A weekend 'out of season' e.g. April would be ideal.

MINNI MARITIME MARATHON

No, not a spelling mistake. Meet at Kearsney station, 2 miles NW of Dover, for a 25 mile walk on the eastern Downs. North of Folkestone there are several hamlets with names ending with Minnis - this walk could link them.

ANTEDELUVIAN AMBLE

20 miles on the Downs to the west of Dover. Start from Dover Town Hall. This is in an area bounded by the A2, A20 and A260. For an explanation of the title see GR264 417

THE CHILTERN HUNDRED - 26 to 28 May 1990

The committee has offered the help of the Kent Group in providing the refreshments at the start/finish venue of the Chiltern Hundred. These duties will involve only providing meals, etc at the finish and do not include the recording of finishing times, etc. The venue is at a school in High Wycombe where the domestic science facilities will be available for preparing food.

It is envisaged that food for the finishers will be available from 4 am on Sunday until 12 noon on Monday, and it is proposed that we cover this period in three shifts of eight people. Therefore we need 24 volunteers from the Kent Group to run this service.

For those who would like to help out and do the walk, there will be a marshals' walkout over the May Day weekend (5-7 May) This will count as an official completion as well as counting towards the 10 x 100's award.

Those who are able to help make this another successful hundred should contact Peter Barnett [REDACTED] [REDACTED].

THE SEVENOAKS OUTCROP WALK - Sunday 4th March. Martyn Berry.

I invented this walk about 10 years ago and have led small groups, consisting mainly of pupils, colleagues and parents from my school plus some KTMA members, around it every spring since.

It's only about 9 miles in its full form, but takes (usually) about 6 hours as, after an innocent start, it is full of incident. The normal route starts at the car park at One Tree Hill and wanders deviously to Oldbury, south to Rasput Hill, then Ightham Mote, and back along/up/down the greensand ridge to One Tree Hill. Opportunities for (optional) near-vertical muddy scrambling have been sadly curtailed after the hurricane made two of the major outcrops dangerously unstable. But we still get some good genuine rock-climbing (no ropes needed) and a real caving through-route (both optional), paleolithic archaeology, the largest Iron Age fort for very many miles around, and (of course) medieval architecture.

It's definitely not for a large group (for pity's sake keep it out of Strider), has no pub stop, and isn't very long; but it's fun, through mostly excellent and interesting country, people tend to do it more than once, and I enjoy it every time - in snow (thrice), rain (often), wind or sun (sometimes). Kev Reynolds did a special two-man round with me and enjoyed it too.

The 1989 TANNERS FIFTY The Kent group were well represented again in this event. With nine starters and nine finishers we won the LDWA TROPHY for 50 milers. Surrey group were second with six starters and finishers.

Representing Kent were:-

Ron Roweth	12-48	Peter West-Kelsey	13-30	Keith Warman	14-15
Brian Buttifant	13-30	Len Wilson	14-04	Pam Prince	15-00
Trevor Blake	13-30	Ivan Waghorn	14-08	Ken Heath	15-00

Well done all!

A HELL OF A HIKE - Saturday 22nd July.

Anon.

If hell can be described as a place where people struggle and toil in intense heat, suffer hurts and gasp for breath and fluids, then this was it. Four volunteers (for the French Foreign Legion Sahara Corps?) set off from Tunbridge Wells at 7.45 am. in very warm conditions (it turned out to be the hottest day for thirteen years - but the next turned out hotter, see next report!) to check the route description of the Tunbridge Wells Centenary Walk to be held on Sunday 6th August 1989. The temperature rose steadily and we were soon well down our water bottles. A long pub stop topped up us and the bottles. And we were glad to repeat the treatment later. Our pace became very slow during the mid-day and afternoon heat as we passed through dry, dusty fields and leg-stinging, lacerating footpaths in a broiling sun. Drink stops were frequent and we were slow to get going again. Tunbridge Wells was reached at 5.40 pm. and a purchased bottle of coke was mostly gone before we were in the car. In cooler conditions this will be an excellent walk, passing through a varied scenic and interesting route.

You will have an opportunity to try this walk on February 11th - see programme for details.

ESTUARY WALK - 23rd July. "PHEW WHAT A SCORCHER!"

Laurie Lowe.

Only 12 people and 1 dog assembled at the Lower Upnor car park beside the Medway for an easy 20 mile ramble on what was to be one of the hottest and most humid days of the exceptional summer of '89. The low numbers may have been due to the fact that the marshals walk for the T. Wells Centenary walk had been scheduled for the previous day or the fact that no pub lunch had been promised. However, a pub stop - drinks only - was arranged at 14 miles.

From the Medway at Upnor we struck north past the Chattenden Barracks and then on past the Bomb Disposal Unit, where armed guards eyed us suspiciously as we filed by. Across open fields to Cooling Castle, where we joined the Saxon Shore Way going east past Cooling church, Eastborough Farm and on up to the nature reserve. Here we paused on the only hill in the area for elevenses, before turning north once more past Decoy Farm and across the marshes to reach the embankment alongside the River Thames. It was now very hot, although a thin veil of haze filtered out some of the rays of the mid-day sun and the most gentle of breezes occasionally cooled our perspiring bodies.

We had a brief lunch break on the riverside bank at St Mary's Bay but the often repeated question "How far to the pub?" indicated that the group had more interest in fluid intake than food. Just short of All-Hallows we turned south away from the Thames and thus losing that slight cooling breeze. As we toiled up past the gravel workings, it was like walking through a giant oven and what little conversation there was centred on how many pints of shandy each thirst-crazed walker was going to consume when we reached the pub. So important had the pub stop become that I now began to have doubts. Had the landlord said they closed at 3 pm. or was it 2? If it was the latter we would be too late! Could the village water supply be cut off and the pub closed? Would I be the first LDWA walk leader to be lynched and hung from a pub sign post? But all was well, we arrived at 'The White Horse' in Stoke with 50 minutes of drinking time to spare - and we made good use of every single minute!

Now feeling refreshed we continued south past Tudor Farm to rejoin the Medway and The Saxon Shore Way at Hoo. On the way we passed a field sprinkler system which proved too much of a temptation for several of the group who broke ranks and were seen cavorting under the cool spray.

The final few miles were alongside the Medway, passing a succession of boat-yards, derelict hulks, marinas and marine-based industrial buildings. My efforts to keep the group together failed when I was forcibly dragged to a tea bar by six of the tailenders and made to drink a refreshing cup of tea while the advance party blundered on leaderless to the car park at Upnor.

In spite of everything, we all survived to drive home hot, damp and very sunburnt. I was just thankful that I had not planned a longer walk!

THE ROYAL TUNBRIDGE WELLS CENTENARY WALK

Bryan Clarke.

Just after 7am. on 6th August 1989, members of the Kent group began to gather at the Assembly Hall in T. Wells to lend their expertise to the borough's Centenary walk. They were to man the start/finish and the five checkpoints, while the council provided refreshments, a minibus and communication - a telephone in the minibus and at the hall.

My job was to enter the participants' names into the computer and eventually to produce a list showing the order in which they finished. There were 79 pre-entries and we were surprised to have as many as 65 entries on the day which made 144 of whom 15 did not arrive for the walk.

The start was at 9 am. and by 10 am. I was left to man the emergency phone and to finish entering details into the computer. The council catering staff were busy in the kitchen getting refreshments ready for the participants when they returned. The telephone was very useful during the day but thankfully not for an emergency. Two instances come to mind - once the caterer asked the minibus to bring extra milk in and later in the day when finishers reported that the gate to Calverly Park had been locked at 5 pm. we were able to get council officers in the minibus to get the gate re-opened.

During the latter part of the morning members who had been working at checkpoints began to arrive and the finish table was ready for those runners who were expected around 1 pm. and in fact, it was at 1-14 that the first two arrived (both male LDWA members) and about 20 minutes later the third finisher appeared (a lady runner) who was very impressed by the event, it being the first occasion she had taken part in this kind of cross country course. She made enquiries about her club affiliating to the LDWA in order to get information on more events of this type. At around 2-15pm. more finishers began to arrive and that continued more or less steadily until the last arrived at 7-12 pm. One hundred and fifteen finished of the one hundred and thirty one starters.

The St John Ambulance had a few blisters to attend to and the refreshments were well received by all. Many participants praised the route and the route description and the helpful and friendly people at the checkpoints.

We cleared up our equipment and left at about 8-30 pm. thanking the council staff for all their help in what to them must have been an entirely new experience. It was satisfying to have helped in the organisation of a new challenge walk but I was pleased to step out into the fresh air after a day indoors.

IS THIS A RECORD??.....

Jill Green from the I.O.W. is the proud possessor of the famous burgundy coloured Kent group sweatshirt. On a recent trip to Tanzania with husband Dave, she reached the summit of Mount Kilimanjaro and made a point of wearing the sweatshirt for the final ascent to the summit at a height of 19,340 feet. Is this a record, or has anyone been higher in the Kent colours?

THE GUILDFORD BOUNDARY WALK-17th September.

Harry E Bishop.

Where once the coach and horses clattered along the A31 there now spawns an ever-increasing tide of traffic, the consequence of which is the demise of the Guildford Boundary Walk.

September 17th saw the end of this scenic route, although the intention is that an alternative walk will be organised in the same area in future years. It is some time since I last pursued Bert, Ron, Keith and Co at speed around the boundary but whereas then there were a couple of hundred souls about, this time I was told that there were circa 120.

I fell in with B. Haigh who refutes the charge he's an ex-Yorkshireman (he is still eligible for Hutton's place, he says) This of course, was my first and last mistake, 'cos after 14 miles of a brisk pace with him and a two month lay-off from walking, I was just about ready to crawl home when fortunately a check-point loomed. So with a cheery if somewhat forlorn wave I indicated to him to go on. He needed the practice as he was off the next week tramping around some eighty volcanoes in the Massif Central with our Editor.

I remember Twyman T. who, four years before, at some hillock on the route, saying to me, "Lift your knees up as you go up, it rests your legs" and he illustrated it by drawing his own spider-like limbs up to his chin. It didn't help then and it certainly didn't on Sunday, so I gave him a silent earful.

Tony Cartwright saw us across the A31 and then we plodded on down and round through the woods and by the river - but you all know the route - then the climb to Newlands Corner and dear old St Martha's where I've lain gasping for breath on many occasion. The day, warm and humid, I was accompanied by a myriad of flies and other flying objects, all eager to participate in my very own waterprivatisation scheme (with salt)

Good, I thought, I'm at the top, I'll run the last few miles - what a hope when you're old, a sometime poet and hopelessly unfit! I tried to cadge a sandwich from Roy and Olive Barnsley at the last checkpoint but they had eaten them and so with an occasional 50 yard jog and walk routine I got back to Conduit Farm to be faced once more with that final sting in the tail, the south face of the Hog's Back. Taking a deep breath I charged up the hill at my usual pace, gasping and wheezing and holding onto the nearby fence for grim death. Heaving myself onto the track at the top, I slowly sauntered nonchalantly to Henley Fort. As I entered, on the point of collapse but with a sickly grin writ large upon my face betokening the triumph I didn't feel, Haigh - just departing, cool, immaculate, not a hair out of place and ready for another 20 miles, said "Goodbye" - did I really look as bad as that?

"Best of luck for the week ahead", I said and buried my nose in the life-giving cup of tea thoughtfully provided by Barbara Blatchford and Co.
That's it then -

R.I.P.,
Old Guildford B.....
You 'was' a good old route!!

KENT WALKING

Martyn Berry.

At the end of July and into early August, Bruce Kent did a sponsored walk of about 250 miles around London, linking Aldermaston and Burghfield, to raise money for CND'S anti-Trident campaign. He walked more than 20 miles each day and addressed a public meeting each evening. Last year he walked from Warsaw to Brussels, via East and West Germany, so linking the HQ'S of the Warsaw Pact and NATO. He has done several other very long walks, and was 60 earlier this year.

As a member of both national and Christian CND, I was notified of his walk and also was asked to chair the Sevenoaks public meeting. I noticed that the finishing point on August 1st (and starting point for August 2nd) was Kemsing church. So the first thing was, with the agreement of the Vicar and Wardens, to invite Bruce and anyone else walking with him to join our regular weekday Evening Prayer at 5 pm. - an invitation which he and others gratefully accepted.

I then thought that here was a man with a good long-distance walking record and an irresistible surname. Would it be possible for someone high up in Kent LDWA to meet him at Kemsing and present him with 'honorary membership' of the Kent Group? I would be walking with him into Kemsing and anyway I'm a late-comer to and regrettably irregular participator in the group. I put this to a few high-ups, suggesting that irrespective of people's feelings about his job at least he was doing a lot of walking, had done a lot of walking, and his name was Kent: and that anything said or given to him should stress that, as with the public generally, reaction within the Group to his CND activities covered the whole spectrum, but by all of us the walking was noted and appreciated. Soundings were taken, and the response was distinctly chilly. Anyway, it was pointed out, it was a sponsored walk. (Which rules out Ian Botham, presumably).

Let us remember that our late great president, Dick Crawshaw, was a Conservative MP and later Peer; and that he made his mark with a non-stop walking record following ultra-long marches with his army unit. Any world record attempt of this kind is undertaken basically in the hope of boosting the record-breaker's ego, whatever else may result; and long-distance efforts by the Services are rarely purely recreational.

I regret the decision not to mark Bruce's passage through our patch. I think it showed a lack of imagination and (forgive me) a touch of irrational fear. The chance to make a nice, cheerful, virtually cost-free gesture was lost, and so was a fine opportunity for good publicity.

But at least Kemsing church was welcoming.

CENTURION NOTES.....

According to a result sheet received from one of our members, several Kent members and other LDWA 'names' featured well in the Metropolitan Police Open 100 miles walk. This event also incorporated the RWA National Championships held on 29/30 July 1989 at Hendon.

Second to finish in the RWA National Championships was Gordon Beattie in a time of 18 hr 46 min 16 sec. Our congratulations to Gordon! Slightly farther down the field was our old friend Phil Hastings in a time of 23-07-02. You can't get lost on a short circuit! First lady home was Sandra Brown of Surrey. Three others with LDWA affiliations were Ian Elmore, Keith Wilson and Martin Crawley - all of whom became New Centurions by completing the 100 miles inside the 24 hour time limit.

WEALDEN WATERS WALK

May I through the Group newsletter, thank all those who helped make this year's Wealden Waters the best yet. Hopefully we have 'laid the beast' as far as the weather is concerned. Thank you all.

Mike Smith.

P.S. I have calculated that if we continue holding the walk on the 2nd weekend in October then the 10th event will be on the 10th day of the 10th month in 1992. Since 100 is 10 squared we may reach the magic number of starters then!

We have received many letters from participants expressing their enjoyment of such a well run event, and in particular asking for their thanks to be passed on to all of the cheerful marshals at checkpoints. Below are just two examples of the letters received:-

From GEORGE FOOT: Another superb Wealden Waters. A lovely day with beautiful Autumn colours and a fabulous moon at night making torches almost superfluous. In fact of the four W.W's I have done, three have been in excellent conditions, for me 75% probably higher than any other event I do regularly.

Two memorable and unusual incidents. Crossing the bit of common land before the minor road before Check A, we saw ahead of us on the track a bridal couple in full regalia. As we passed them we saw the photographer and then I looked back. They were completely framed in autumnal colours. She was looking stunning. It was going to make a most lovely picture. Then later, after dark, I suppose about 9 pm. when we were crossing the 'prairie' we saw this figure ahead and assumed we were just catching up with someone. But then as we got near we saw it was someone just standing there strumming a guitar. Very wierd. I expect he was serenading the moon rather than us.

I thought your new approach to Tunbridge Wells excellent and a great improvement over the old way in. A pity about the leg from CP6 to CP7 which was now almost all road and track. I gather something to do with problems caused by people losing their way on the old route last year. Hopefully you will be able to come up with something more interesting by next year. Actually if it entails finding a new venue for the last checkpoint that might not be a bad thing. No problem for the walkers but I always feel sorry for the good souls manning that last checkpoint. They have the longest stint in a very bleak place. All the other checkpoints have such a nice atmosphere.

Thank you and all your helpers once again for what is a very special event. Long may it flourish!

From CHRIS & SHIRLEY HUME: Just a quick note to say thank you for a marvellous event. Obviously we were a bit disappointed with the weather - it cost me a fortune to hire the wet suit, snorkel and flippers and it weighed a ton in the rucksac. The route description, company and checkpoints have always been excellent, but to see the scenery as well was an unexpected bonus.

For us one of the great charms of the WW (apart from meeting all our old friends in the Kent group) is that it is a small event. I know this puts a bit of a strain on the organisers financially to make ends meet - but the atmosphere just seems so much better and you don't end up walking in a crocodile of people all day.

As history records, we are in danger of becoming addicted, so I have no doubt

you will see us lined up at the Pantiles again next year. In fact I suspect you may find your numbers are a bit up as people go for the Southern Triple Challenge.

Anyway thanks again and especially to all the checkpointers and the finish team who are unfailingly cheerful and provide service second to none.

ALONG WITH THE HORNED HELMETS - Part 1.

Keith Warman.

Like myself, many may consider the Saxon Shore Way to be generally boring, messy and uninteresting, but if you are looking for an uncrowded, historical and at times surprisingly lonely route where the stiles represent the most taxing climbs, then this may be worth investigating.

This summer I decided to start at Gravesend and tramp Rye-wards in sections as the fancy took me, and some observations of my journey follow.

With the promise of another scorching summer day in August, British Rail safely delivered me to Gravesend where I strolled down to the pier, and a map check and early morning start sent me searching for Gordon Promenade. The tugs were moored lovingly in pairs awaiting their next duties while a poor dog was getting several earfuls of abuse from its lady owner. My hopes of finding peace soon were not enhanced crossing the canal lock and passing between both established and derelict factories - shipwrights, timber importers and other river-related activities. Much banging emanated from one such works, together with the obligatory radio blasting out distorted noise.

A proliferation of signs hereabouts told me what not to do.... "Private - No Entry", "Danger - Keep Clear - Deep Wharf", "No Unauthorised Persons Allowed Beyond This Point", or plain "Keep Out" most of them rather amateur jobs done with a bucket of white paint and a 2 inch brush. I obeyed these instructions and pondered would it not have been easier for the signs to tell me what I could do ?

A police patrol car eyed me somewhat suspiciously as I spotted the first "helmet" sign to confirm I was on route. As the sun began to rise, I climbed onto the start of the sea wall proper, just by the 'Ship and Lobster' pub. The grey net curtains probably hid generations of sea-faring tales, but it seemed the place had seen better times. From here, the sea wall is followed for over three miles and I was almost keeping abreast of the many pleasure yachts sailing downriver for a day's activity. Soon, the first positive landmark, Shornemead Fort, was passed; the half-demolished site now having been taken over by trees and shrubs.

The dust track towards Cliff Fort gave me my first experience of stenching tidal rubbish, but the wayside was alive with rabbits and butterflies, all respectively darting and flitting around me. As I turned inland to follow the rough quarry road towards Cliffe I said farewell to the Thames as an old sailing barge with full rust-coloured sails slipped effortlessly by. Through Cliffe village and across the fields to Cooling Castle; the moat, gatehouse and sections of the walls are all that remain of this formidable fortress built in the late 14th century to protect the lower Thames from marauding intruders. Past Cooling church, which is claimed to be the setting for the opening chapter of "Great Expectations" and the mind was imagining the old shore line in the near distance to the left. Through Cooling village and Eastborough Farm towards the radio masts and I was still no wiser as to the initials on the buildings below the masts. (a recent TV programme described how this was an early shortwave transmitting station for sending telephone messages to America - Editor)

At the entrance to the nature reserve a welcome drink was taken. No herons were to be seen today (there is a heronry here run by the RSPB). Through the welcome shade of the reserve, across the duckboards (no ducks either) and over fields to turn right into Bessies Lane, an old green lane. This was so overgrown that I had to walk alongside it to the road. The next section around Fenn Street garage had been pre-read in Alan Sillitoe's excellent guide-book, in which he warned of the overgrown path, and of clambering over derelict cars abandoned in a thistle-strewn yard. Nothing much had changed in six years and for the first time I regretted wearing shorts. I meandered around the cars and could not help noticing all the cherished car numbers on their rusting masters. The correct line was eventually found via a paddock and a caravan park to the green lane which was followed over the railway to a littered lay-by.

I don't know about a nation of shopkeepers, a nation of fly-tippers more like; from bags of rubbish thrown out of cars to disused electricity pylons, I felt very sad at the way we litter the countryside.

With Kingsnorth Power Station looming ahead, the path circled a lake before dropping down to the road by a pretty school. Over the road and down the stoney track to meet the sea wall on the bank of the Medway, which was followed inland through the boatyards and caravan park at Hoo. This was where we had paused for refreshment on a group walk earlier in the year and a quick glance at the time told me there would be no tea in china cups today.

As the tide was out, I opted to walk along the shingly shore and under the brick ruins of Cockhamwood Fort. The leaning pillbox seemed likely to topple at any moment, the base being slowly washed away by successive high tides. A huge container ship, dwarfing the bobbing leisure craft, came downriver.

I decided to take fluid on board, not by drinking from the river, but by courtesy of the "Tudor Rose", before proceeding along the river past Frindsbury church and down to Strood. More decorative factory signs here including one which read "No Parking - In Use 24 Hours Day and Night". My attention was not on the route as I was nearly mown down by a careering flat-backed Transit van.

Over the Medway bridge and along Rochester High Street I felt rather conspicuous amongst the shoppers and tourists, but the best way through the Medway towns must surely be through the middle, which involves several miles of road walking. The correct track up to the memorial on the Great Lines was missed but a friendly householder re-directed me up a stiff pull onto the common, and towards Gillingham. Two further plodding miles brought me to the Strand, which was teeming with cars and people enjoying the glorious sunshine. The river walk was soon picked up, however, and followed through the Country Park and equestrian centre and past Bloors Quay.

Another navigational error on the road to Motney Hill; the wrong footpath off the road meant half an hour floundering in a potato field. Ironically, 200 yards further along the road was the best Saxon Shore Way sign so far, taking me over the footbridge and around the marshy inlet to re-join the raised wall towards Otterham Quay. Just before the quay, the first orchard of the day was met.

A busy road section, then more orchards to meet the sea wall again at Ham Hill. Looking across the marshy coastland, the four towers of Kingsferry Bridge 8½ miles away, were spotted. The bridge was my target for the day, but the heat was beginning to take its toll.....

Keith's description of his journey along the Saxon Shore will be continued in the next newsletter.