

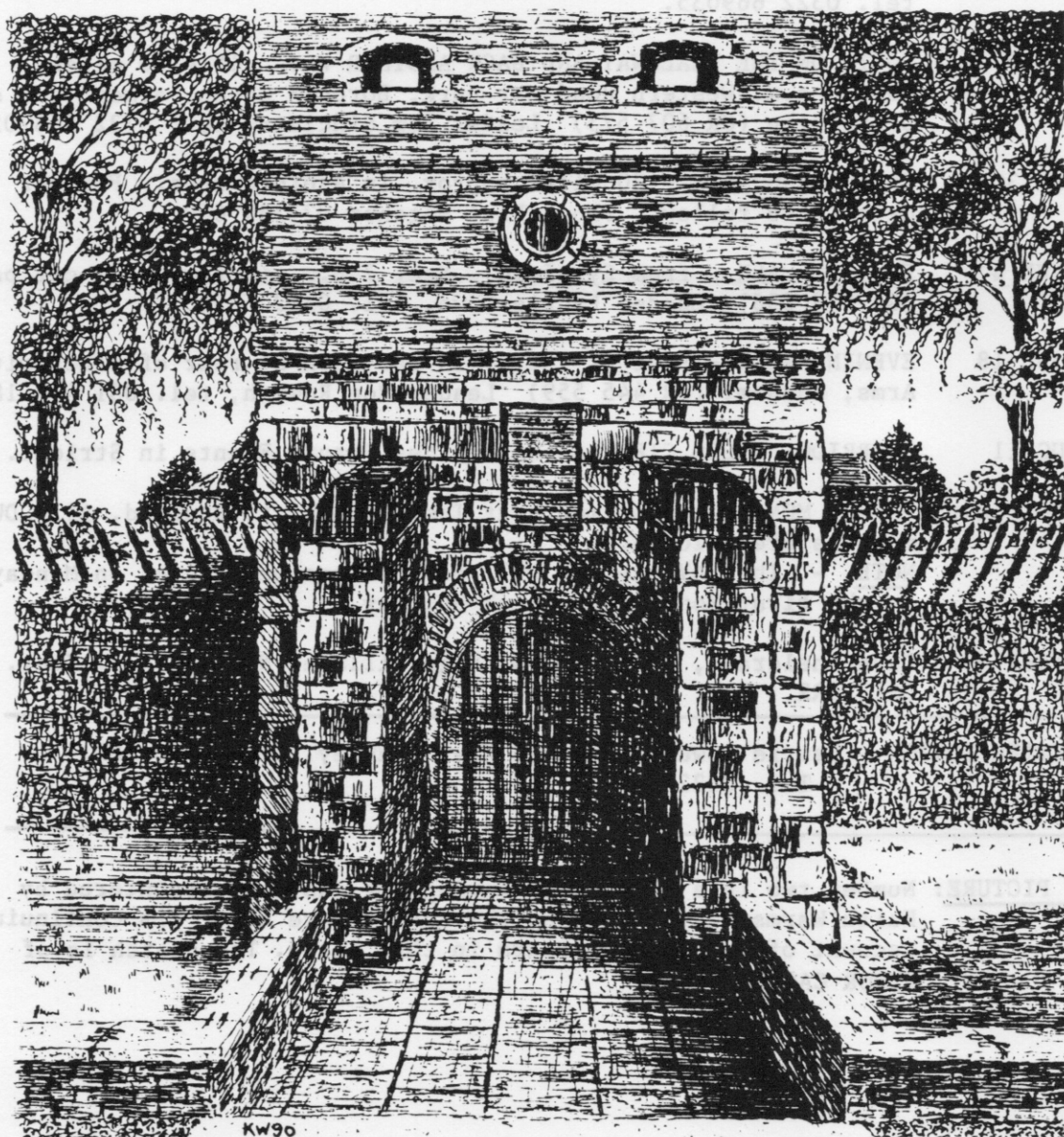


LONG DISTANCE WALKERS ASSOCIATION

Kent Group

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

NEWSLETTER



COMMITTEE - At the AGM held on 25th January 1991, the following were elected:-

CHAIRMAN.....Peter Barnett	COMMITTEE MEMBERS....Brian Buttifant
TREASURER.....Ron Roweth	Bryan Clarke
SECRETARY.....David Sheldrake	Paul Hatcher
	Neal O'Rourke
	Pamela Prince
	John Probert

KENT GROUP PROGRAMME TO AUGUST 1991

SAT APR 20 THE "NEW" SHOREHAM SHUFFLE - 20 miles plus. Meet 8.30 a.m. at the layby on A225 opposite Shoreham station (GR 527 615). Lunch stop approx. 1 p.m. at Farningham (pubs and picnic area) Restart at 2 p.m. Walkers for morning or afternoon only also welcome. Leader Bryan Clarke, [REDACTED]

SUN MAY 12 SHIPBOURNE SHAMBLE - Circular route of about 22 miles east of Shipbourne. Meet at 8.30 a.m. at Shipbourne Green (GR 593 523) O.S. map 188. Carry some food and drink. Leader Laurie Lowe, [REDACTED]

SUN JUN 9 SOUTH ON THE WEALDWAY AND BACK ANOTHER WAY. 18 - 20 miles. Meet 9 a.m. Western Road car park, Borough Green, almost due south of station (GR 607 573) Leader Tom Sinclair, [REDACTED]

SUN JUN 30 CREAM TEAS WALK - 20 miles approx. in Ashford area. Further details to follow. Phone Paul Hatcher [REDACTED]

THUR JUL 4 EVENING WALK - from Eynsford. Meet 7 p.m. in riverside car park (GR 538 656) Leader Laurie Lowe, [REDACTED]

THUR JUL 18 EVENING WALK - Meet at 7 p.m. in car park at rear of Blacksmiths Arms, Cudham, (GR 445 559) Leader Ron Roweth, [REDACTED]

SUN AUG 11 TUNBRIDGE WELLS CIRCULAR WALK - See Future Events in Strider.

MEETINGS on the FIRST MONDAY in the month at The White Hart, Brasted. All LDWA members are welcome.

NOTE - The MAY meeting will be held one week late, on Monday 13th as the first Monday is a Bank Holiday.

SECRETARY - Dave Sheldrake, [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] R. [REDACTED]

NEWSLETTER EDITOR - Laurie Lowe, [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

COVER PICTURE: Number two in a series of drawings of castles encountered by Keith Warman while walking the Saxon Shore Way. His continuing account of this walk appears in this issue. The sketch is of UPNOR CASTLE.

CONGRATULATIONS TO:-

CHRIS and ELIDA BARNETT

on the birth of a son

PETER GERARDO - born 9th November, 1990.

INVICTA 100: Weekend 23rd-25th May 1992

As most of you know, Kent Group is organising the 1992 Hundred and unless the rumours of shifting the Spring Bank Holiday weekend come true it will be held over the weekend of 23rd-25th May.

Kent Group itself will be marshalling the start/finish at Wildernesse School, Sevenoaks throughout the event. The purpose of this note is to ask for volunteers of help in this. You, your relations and friends will be needed and appreciated by all concerned - not least of all by the participants.

At the moment all I am looking for are names, addresses and telephone numbers. I appreciate that there will be few who can volunteer their time for the entire weekend so if you want to stipulate available times, this will be helpful in making out a rota. If there is any particular task you would like to do include that too, although this cannot be guaranteed.

There will be others involved in the organising who may be making separate calls for your assistance leading up to the event. But judging by the many comments I heard from those who had looked after everyone at the finish of the Chiltern Hundred, a thoroughly good time was had by all concerned so I hope you will volunteer on this important occasion.

Finally, there are some of you who have already been told by people on other events that they would like to help on the Invicta 100. If you are approached, please ask them to contact me direct and, for good measure, take their name address and telephone number and let me know these so I can contact them.

My address and telephone number is [REDACTED]

I look forward to hearing from you.

DON SCOTT.

RSPCA LEAFLET - 'HOW SHOULD YOU DEAL WITH AN UNFRIENDLY DOG ?'

Advice for postmen, meter readers and other visitors to help cope with all too common situations. Copies free (send S.A.E.) from:- RSPCA, Causeway, Horsham, W.Sussex. RH12 1HG.

WEALDEN WATERS - Letters received by Mike Smith.

Please pass on our thanks to everyone who helped make the WWW so enjoyable. Despite the heat and Chris's cramp, we had an excellent day out, as usual, even if the conditions were a little disappointing! --Perhaps I need to add a bikini, sun hat and sun glasses to the inflatable dinghy and snorkel!

Anyway we are looking forward to the next record you try to break - perhaps you could manage snow next time? We have the new badge prominently displayed on the badge board secured by a red pin - symbolic drop of blood? Look forward to receiving my invitation to a 16 hour self-abuse session next year.

Best wishes, Shirley Hume. Bristol.

P.S. I am not nettle and bramble proof!!

I have finally got around to putting pen to paper to thank you and your team of helpers for what I thought to be a well organised Wealden Waters Walk on Oct 13th/14th. I have encountered the Kent LDWA friendliness on previous events i.e. Sevenoaks Circular, and this high standard prevailed at all checkpoints during the WW walk. Even more so when they found out I was doing it as a sponsored walk. When I was flagging towards the end, I was given every encouragement to go on and complete the walk, which I did with only half an hour to spare.

Three weeks before the event I had pulled a muscle in my left calf and at one time was wondering whether I would even make it to the starting post....so coming in last (but within the time limit) was a godsend.

Thanks again Kent LDWA for an enjoyable day (and night) and for some very friendly and encouraging checkpoint helpers.

Yours sincerely, Les Maple. Winsor.

P.S. I have raised between £400 - £500 for a spina bifida two year old I sponsored - thank you.

Another marvellous Wealden Waters. I have completed it 5 times and on 4 of those the weather has been near perfect!! Highlights of this year? Well first and foremost completing it with Annie, my wife. It was her first walk longer than 35 miles so both she and I were thrilled that she completed it and in such a good time of 20 hours 40 minutes. Mind you, I had deliberately chosen the WW for her first experience of night walking, knowing how good the support would be. In fact this year, not being in such a hurry, I could savour the checkpoints for longer and really appreciate the excellent care and support provided.

You must have been pleased to have over 100 starters (I believe for the first time) Let's hope word of this event continues to spread and more people realise it is worth travelling to. Long may it flourish!!

With best wishes, George Foot. Exeter.

This is a long overdue letter to thank you and all who helped on the WW. It was an excellent walk and we were pleased to be able to participate once again. In particular we want to say how much we appreciated the large print of the route description. The cheery welcome at all the checkpoints helped us on our way.

With our best wishes, John and Diana Wharton. Llandrindod Wells.

NIGHT HIKE - January 11th.

BARRIE MORGAN compiled this report for his company magazine:-

"Just going down to the pub with the lads" I said. So off I went to 'The Bush' in Aylesford and over a half pint, I met more members of the Kent Long Distance Walkers. It was a 10.30 p.m. start and at 11 o'clock we set off. Boy, was it cold! Across the footpaths we went, up to the car park on Bluebell Hill - fifteen men and one lady. We re-grouped at the top and as it was so clear, we had a very good view over Maidstone and Aylesford. Then off along the North Downs Way, past the 'Robin Hood' pub to the M2 bridge over the Medway. Just before reaching the bridge, we had the first of the rain but it soon stopped. At Cuxton, we sat on the wall of a garage and had some coffee and a word with the police. Apparently, someone had tried to steal a car. They must have thought they had found sixteen convicts in one go! After watching the police cars zoom around for about ten minutes, we set off to find the checkpoint for our 100 miles walk in 1992, then up along the ridge, following the North Downs Way towards Vigo Village, with some more rain and lots and lots of lovely, wet, sticky, slippery mud, until we reached the Country Park where we had a picnic in the last of the rain. A quick change of muddy socks for some of us and then the return to Aylesford. Poor old Phil's torch was like a glow worm and there was a comment from someone that he was glad he hadn't brought his wife, as it would have been his fault that it was so muddy!

The return was made under a starry, frosty night which was by now clear and dry as we walked back by a different route nearer to the M20. Somewhere along the Pilgrims Way, I think we frightened one car driver on a small lonely road, who suddenly found himself with sixteen muddy, scruffy refugees from hell. Then later on, a paper boy tried to cycle between us without us hearing him approach. It must have been one of the worst moments of his young life.

We finished the walk zig-zagging across the motorway on footpaths and bridges around the Reed Paper Mill to the car park at Aylesford. All in all, it was a good walk, about 25 miles, and well led by Ivan and David. Now home to food, bath and bed to refresh ourselves for the Winter Tanners on Sunday; a 30 mile challenge walk to be completed in 10 hours or less, across country and along tracks and footpaths.

ME AND THE ANIMALS

by HAROLD MANN

I sometimes wonder whether my excursions into the countryside cast some malign influence ahead, as I seem to encounter more than my fair share of creatures in some sort of difficulty. The first that I can recall was a ewe on a North-umberland fellside with its head stuck in the bars of a crib. I took hold of the head, but can't say which one of us gave it the extra twist to effect an exit. Some men were about at the farm, and told what I'd found, one asked anxiously "Where is it?" I assured him that all was well, but left out that my reason for reporting the matter was to gain kudos for walkers in general.

Leaving Ponden Hall to continue on the Pennine Way, I heard a strange clattering sound; a kestrel was in a trap fixed to a stone wall, so without starting a moral debate I released it, with I fear a damaged leg, and off it flew. Later I learned that such a trap was almost certainly illegal, so I reported to the RSPB with a grid reference.

The next victim was a lamb seen by a friend and me across the Medway, where it stood at the water's edge, unable to scale the low but steep bank. We came to

a bridge and made our way to the farm, where no one was about. We crossed the meadow and by luck came to the bank right above the lamb. The next move was not too obvious, as we didn't want to scare it into the water. I lay down, grabbed its top-knot, the lamb did its share, scrambled up and was away. Leaving the farm the wife and children met us, she with a rather hostile look, soon to be converted.

The next occurrence was a bit more serious, and readers of a nervous disposition may wish to skip this paragraph. Walking in Essex along the river Crouch sea wall, I came upon a hunched figure down towards the water. Nearly mid-day, it seemed an odd time to be asleep or drunk, and there was no reply to my "Are you alright mate?" He certainly wasn't, he was as stiff as a board, and roundabout lay the agents of his sad state - pills and the remains of a bottle of vodka. I got a tractor driver to the scene who observed "I reckon he's a gorner." So he went off to the farm while I sat and ate a sandwich; eventually two policemen turned up. I took photographs which in the end were not wanted, and was soon allowed to continue. The poor man had been under treatment for depression, and was already reported as missing when I found him.

A year later to the day, and a mile or so to the east, I came up with a small crowd on this loneliest of walks. A lady told me that a yachtsman had found a heifer swimming in the river, so now there was an inshore rescue boat, sundry LandRovers, winches and people. The beast was got ashore, but friends at Burnham later told me that it had died after a couple of days, adding that a Harold Mann warning should be posted when I next came that way.

Nearer home, at Graveney, I saw a sheep in a dyke, seemingly helpless. I crossed a gate and approached; another Medway job I thought, but not a bit of it. The creature wouldn't help at all, and it seemed a toss-up whether it come out or I went in. With much straining and no doubt cussing, I dragged the sodden animal inch by inch up the bank, where like its predecessor, it trotted off. No farmer to be found, so I left word with the occupier of the house. A lighter interlude was provided when at work on the river. Gravesend Radio reported a cow stuck in the mud below Tilbury; a PLA launch was there when we passed the scene, and that night I asked Gravesend what the outcome had been; the duty officer replied cheerfully "Oh, it took one look at our skipper and made a dash for it!"

Once, walking at Conyer, I could see a rather dead looking sheep across the dyke. On my way back it was still there, but I was able to find out who had the grazing and alert someone. On the same route a very dead Friesian heifer had been washed ashore, about which I did nothing, though a note of its ear markings might have been useful to some body. I was sure it wasn't a 'local' as I've never seen Friesians in that area.

And now the last, or should I say latest, in this rather macabre litany. Crossing a marsh field at Luddenham Court I was giving a wide berth to a bull, so as to have a start on him if need be; in a low place lay a very sick looking calf. I poked it with my foot and it opened an eye for a moment. So back to the farm, and a young man came to the scene and himself went for help. Two days later I phoned and was told that the calf was on its feet and taking food and medication.

P.S. - This is an instance I had forgotten and like the calf affair it has an element of co-incidence. From the Dove at Dargate, I had taken a wrong turning and so found myself walking along the southeast side of Blean Wood, where stood two parked cars and two policemen. "Not a crime wave here, surely?" I remarked. "Well, things do happen sir." said the law. I looked into the car and saw a figure slumped in the driver's seat. "I see what you mean." I said. "I'm afraid I must ask you to move on sir." an offer I couldn't refuse. Later I saw a news-

paper item and learned that the poor devil, having an incurable illness, had driven out there from Canterbury and shot himself.

All this hardly has the makings of a TV series, but if James Herriot thought "It Shouldn't Happen To A Vet" then I'm convinced it shouldn't happen to a walker either!!

Harold Mann.

WOMEN'S SECTION - "MEN AND THEIR BORING ARGUMENTS"

One man on his own can be quite good fun
But don't go drinking with two -
They'll probably have an argument
And take no notice of you.

What makes men so tedious
Is the need to show off and compete.
They'll bore you to death for hours and hours
Before they'll admit defeat.

It often happens at dinner parties
Where brother disputes with brother,
And we can't even talk among ourselves
Because we're not next to each other.

Some men like to argue with women -
Don't give them a chance to begin.
You won't be allowed to change the subject
Until you have given in.

A man with the bit between his teeth
Will keep you up half the night
And the only way to get some sleep
Is to say "I expect you are right".

I expect you're right, my dearest love.
I expect you're right, my friend.
These boring arguments make no difference
To anything in the end.

Authoress Unknown.

RANGITOTO

Harold Mann.

A walk of a mile to attain a height of 1000 feet sounds a trivial affair, but if the summit is an extinct volcano it is a bit more significant. Rangitoto stands at the entrance to Auckland harbour, from which it is easily accessible by boat, and regular pleasure services call there. The date of the last eruption is debatable from 225 to 700 years, but the result is a low conical island, a mass of lava and scoria or cinders. This provides a unique environment for the development of flora and fauna and an extensive bush has grown up, including tall trees. The radiata pine has even become a pest to other flora and has to be felled. The island also has wallabies, opossums, fallow deer, wild cats, stoats and weasels among its animal population. These have mainly crossed over from neighbouring Motutahu and are kept under control. There is no permanent population, but there are a number of temporary shacks or 'bach's'; these are being phased out as titles lapse, which may take some

time as they are being handed on to some quite young citizens.

But we were mainly concerned to reach the summit and urged all our party of four to it. We were well rewarded for such a meagre effort, and the view must be one of the best for a mere 1000 feet. Auckland, the harbour and bridge, the adjacent coast and islands for up to 35 miles made a memorable prospect in the fine weather which honoured our visit.

For further reading; Rangitoto, The Island and Its People, by Angela Woolnough MA, 113 Braemar Rd., Castor Bay, Auckland, N.Z. Or I may have a copy somewhere!

Harold Mann.

PUZZLE CORNER

On the right is the list of 20 words to be found in Bryan Clarke's Wordsquare puzzle, together with the exact locations of the words within the square. The puzzle appeared in the December 1990 issue of the newsletter.



BLISTERS
BOOTS
CHECKPOINT
COMPASS
DRINKS
FIRSTAID
FOOTPATH
FRUITCAKE
HILLS
MAP
MARSHAL
MILES
MUD
RAIN
ROUTE
RUNNER
STILES
SUN
WALKER
WIND

WHERE IN THE WORLD.....?

(Another teaser from Don Scott)

Lefty Boot was pretty proud of his navigational expertise and was for ever telling his friend Knobbly Knees how good he was at mapreading skills.

"Put me down anywhere you like," he said one day, "and provided I've got a map and compass I can locate where I am in a few minutes and find my way to anywhere you care to direct me. If you were to drop me in the middle of the Amazon Forest" (a thoughtful smile spread over Knobbly's face) "I'd have no problem. There's nowhere in the world I'd be lost in." He droned on for some time more in the same vein whilst Knobbly got a couple more pints in. Eventually his friend could stand it no longer.

"Tell me," he began, "imagine you are in a place, somewhere on the globe, and you walk 1 mile south, then 1 mile east and then 1 mile north....."

"I know," interrupted Lefty, "you are back where you started, shoot a bear and what colour is the bear, is that it?"

"Well no," said Knobbly. "Yes it's true you are back where you started but there is no bear anywhere around. Presumably you are thinking of the white one? No, you are miles away from there. Have you any idea where you are?"

Lefty thought for long and hard about it but had to admit himself lost, which in some ways you have to sympathise with him for because there are an almost infinite number of places he could have been. Mind you, if he had named just one of those places he could have claimed to have been right. Can you help him out?

"I've not got your navigational skills," said Knobbly in an effort to cheer up his pal, who seemed discouraged at not being able to decide where he was in answer to the question. "Not like some of the great navigators of old. Captain Cook, for instance. He sailed three times round the world and died on one of his voyages. Do you know which one, Lefty?"

Again Lefty thought for long and hard about it but had to admit he didn't know. "I was never very good at history," he said.

Here is Don's answer to "A Short Walk or Two" which appeared in issue number 23:-

Knobbly Knees walked a total of 116 miles 540 yards. He walked for 11 days, beginning with 100 yards, then 200, 400, 800 and so on until on the final day he walked 102,400 yards (58 miles 320 yards! if that can be believed).

It is a pity that he did not persevere for one day longer - he would then have become a 'Centurion' by completing over 100 miles in 24 hours!

MINNI MARITIME MARATHON - 24th February. by Keith Warman.

Despite the forecasted dull and showery day, a crisp blue sky greeted the nine stalwarts who assembled at Folkestone West station awaiting Mike Smith, our leader.

We were soon off, with the anticipation of exploring, I suspected, fairly unfamiliar territory to most of us. After a brisk mile, we had climbed 500 feet around Castle Hill to meet the North Downs Way, which was followed westwards along the exposed crest. The huge workings of the Channel tunnel terminus lay below us, dominating the seaward view. We left the Farnham-bound trail before Etchinghill to cross lush sheep-mown pastures and drop down an ancient sunken track to attractive Lyminge. On around the church, on the site of an abbey, where our mathematical leader dished out detentions due to our poor mental dexterity (the abbey was founded in 633 A.D., which makes it 1,358 years ago sir, or so my calculator says)

A steady climb took us to Rhodes Minnis, where a short break was enjoyed. We then struggled across two ploughed fields, with paths not re-instated, to meander through the wide expanse of Lyminge Forest. The party ground to another halt by the windmill at Stelling Minnis, for the morning was warm. The village appears to be pleasantly set amidst common land and off the beaten track.

Two steepish valleys and an arm of Lyminge Forest were crossed before the welcome descent to Elham, and lunch at the Rose and Crown.

Suitably replenished, we climbed out of the inn and the valley across fertile agricultural land to follow a green lane to Swingfield Minnis, and then NE to to Swingfield church. Another dry valley, then further belts of established woodland to the hamlet of Ewell Minnis, the fourth and final Minnis of the route.

Our compasses steered south now, to drop steeply to Alkham. What goes down must go up and we could see our intended lane snaking over the horizon. From the top, a series of I suspect little-used fields were followed, towards Capelle-Ferne. This section was a little tedious due to poor waymarking, ploughed up paths and having to negotiate the fences and excavations of what appeared to be a new road. In failing daylight, clear concentration ensured our arrival opposite the "Valiant Sailor" on the A20.

Light rain began falling, so the return via Creteway Down and Castle Hill was abandoned in favour of the coastal path down towards the harbour. The rain became steadier but the street lights were a boon. Our route through the town proved a minor problem; it seemed that every avenue we explored turned into a cul-de sac. So we aimed for the harbour and then up through the shops and residential areas back to the station. In all, 25 miles with some surprising ascents and descents in an interesting corner worthy of further attention. From the nine of us, thank you Mike for your efforts towards this invigorating excursion.

ALONG WITH THE HORNED HELMETS - part 5.

Keith Warman.

Leaving Dover, the Saxon Shore route coincides with the North Downs Way before shooting inland in a few miles and a confirmatory signstone adjacent to a quaint old shop took me along a paved enclosed path with neat vegetable gardens on the right and a leaning fence on the left. In places, this fence afforded little protection to the unwary, especially high over the entrance to the railway tunnel, and a major diversion must surely be imminent.

From the clifftop, good views were available of both Dover (and the castle) and Folkestone, 5 miles distant. Inland, the channel tunnel village was passed, all temporary living quarters, white staff buses and materials deliveries. From here, a slanting road enters a tunnel, which crosses the railway (also in a tunnel) to emerge onto the service tunnel workings ahead of me. I could trace the line of the railway underground using the line of brick airshafts.

The dust and noise of the workings were apparent well before arriving there. Whatever your opinion of this fixed link, you couldn't fail to be impressed by the sheer enormity of the operations below here, and this is just the service tunnel. Seven huge overhead cranes were unloading concrete tunnel linings from BR waggons onto narrower-gauged tunnel trains, which slowly disappeared below ground. A conveyer of chalk was forming a grey-white mountain and fat-tyred lorries were then taking the spoil to infill the new 'harbour'. I sat and stared in wonderment. All maps are now obsolete here. England has gained a few more acres.

It was a hot afternoon now, and butterflies abounded. Along here must be in the proximity of the proposed new A20 road, which has aroused much objection. I thought the route from Dover to Folkestone in a few year's time would be much different to now, and I am glad I walked this stretch as it still remains. Six days after my visit here, an unfortunate man fell off this cliff onto the railway far below, miraculously survived, and was taken to hospital in Canterbury by R.A.F. helicopter. A cold reminder of the dangers.

I pushed on over Great Farthingloe cliffs, past the remains of the odd concrete Zeppelin detector, to the rifle range. This is- I believe-now disused, so no red flags today. Abbot's Cliff was crossed, then after rounding a horse paddock and caravan park, I stumbled upon an oasis. A tiny cafe at Capelle-Ferne, complete with tables overlooking the Channel, provided much-needed

refreshment. To avoid the direct sun, I sat inside and spent half-an-hour studying wall-maps (including one of Kent showing where the doodlebugs fell) thesecondhand books - sold in aid of the R.N.L.I. - and several old photographs.

A train, just like a toy, sped along the Warren some way below. Suitably revitalised, I continued around the bottoms of crumbling gardens, which must point to another impending diversion, to notice Folkestone town and harbour below and the faint outline of Dungeness power station in the background. This would be in view for much of the remainder to the trek, in a similar way to Kingsnorth, all those miles ago. Near the Valiant Sailor pub, the NDW and the inland Saxon Shore Way turned right for Sugarloaf Hill and Ceasar's Camp, but I dropped down a chalky path, with the Warren campsite below, to pass three Martello towers and on down the grassy ride to the steps and the harbour wall. The beach was packed and humming with activity.

Seafood stalls, pubs and cafes; you can't go hungry here. Exercising great moral restraint, I resisted to halt for "Low Calories Chips" (?) or "6 Donuts.. for £1". Around the harbour to the seafront, only to be somewhat bemused by a sign proclaiming "Kent's Official No. 1 Night Club"; luckily it was 5 p.m. and the doors firmly locked.

I passed the funicular cars clinging to Leas Cliff and ambled through pleasant gardens between the shore and the toll road, 45 pence, to Hythe. A board advertised that £6,500,000 was being spent on sea-defence works hereabouts. From Sandgate Castle (built in 1540 at a cost of £5,544) I followed the A259 pavement to Seabrook. After a further drink stop, the delightful bank of the Royal Military Canal, with ducks and swans, took me past the Imperial Hotel's golf course.

The Hythe terminus of the Romney, Hythe and Dymchurch Railway signalled the end of the day's walk on the route, leaving 24 miles to reach Rye. I strolled inland for a further two miles to Sandling station, the end of a 30-mile hot trek with real cliffs and splendid views.

FOR YOUR EYES ONLY.....

A problem I have with advancing years is that in a keen wind my eyes water, and not needing glasses out of doors, lacked protection against this nuisance. One idea was a pair of industrial goggles but the low quality of the plastic meant that I seemed to be walking in a mist. The solution came to me as I idly glanced at a display of sun glasses in Boots; I chose a pair which react to the light intensity and had a good wrap-around and can report initial success. I can do without more and keener winds to prove it totally.

Harold Mann.

HOT TIP.....

Advice from Bromley Council's Winter Warm Scheme :-

Get a thermometer. If the temperature falls below 70 degrees Centigrade you need to turn up your heating.

A free leaflet containing advice on keeping warm and healthy is available from council offices !!

THE ANGLEZARKE AMBLE - SATURDAY 23rd FEBRUARY 1991

This twenty-one mile walk is described by the organisers (LDWA West Lancs) as containing harsh moorland terrain and this proved to be very true.

Walk Headquarters, where registration took place, was in Rivington Hall Barn which is situated in Lancashire near Bolton. Rivington Hall Barn is a very large structure with huge sloping roofs. The barn's construction of massive wooden beams can be clearly seen inside.

An 8.30am start saw over 400 entrants swarm away from the start outside the barn. The runners started at 9.30am.

The first three-quarters of a mile was uphill (very steep in places) and strung out the walkers so by the time we reached the first checkpoint at Rivington Pike the marshalls could handle recording us easily. Rivington Pike is an ancient beacon site now surmounted by a stone tower. The rain began to be a little more serious. It was comparatively level going then with some rough moorland for the next couple of miles to the second checkpoint at the triq point near the masts at Winter Hill on Rivington Moor.

A downhill scramble over moorland followed to reach the road, Belmont village and the next checkpoint at Belmont Reservoir. We went across the dam next to cross fields and pick up a track leading to the A666. Crossing the road we floundered in the wet along a rough path to another road and then to the Turton and Entwistle Reservoir. Next we walked along the dam to reach checkpoint number four. After this we continued around the reservoir path, leaving it to climb away from the reservoir and pick up a forest track which eventually came to the A666.

Crossing the road we took an extremely wet track which headed westerly in a valley between Turton and Darwen Moors. Checkpoint five was reached at the A675 and thankfully the rain had stopped! We crossed the road and set off to climb Great Hill on the Anglezarke Moor. This was very hard going for me, being upward ever upward for almost two miles over really rough moorland. The wind became extremely strong, though not cold, and the gusts sent us staggering as we walked along the top of the hill. The view to the west was extensive and would be quite something on a clear day. Down we came to White Coppice and, after splashing along one of the muddiest tracks through a cow field I've come across for a long time, we reached checkpoint six at the road near the north end of Anglezarke Reservoir.

Leaving the checkpoint we then had a lovely walk along an undulating path with views of the reservoir to our right and later we passed Yarrow Reservoir to our left. Eventually we reached Rivington village and took the path to Rivington Hall Barn.

What a welcome we had at the barn. Checked in, we passed along the table, were handed a badge, certificate and a ticket. We took the ticket to the food counter and collected a plate of Lancashire Hot Pot, a plate of bread and butter and a piece of fruit cake. The barn was set out with long tables complete with red check tablecloths, places laid with serviette, knife and fork, cups and saucers, jugs of milk and sugar bowls. Sitting down we were served by ladies circulating with large pots of tea. Ideal for sitting, resting, eating, drinking (the bar was open) and talking, and all included in the entry fee.

It was a great day out: only twenty-one miles but in places very hard going. The day started with three hours of driving rain followed by a gale and ending with a pleasant route along lakeside woodland in a gentle breeze. The usual friendly LDWA checkpoints were appreciated, serving drinks, fruit cake and biscuits, checkpoint four also had hot soup. It was good value for four pounds, no wonder they close entries at 500 and do not accept entries on the day.

Bryan C.