

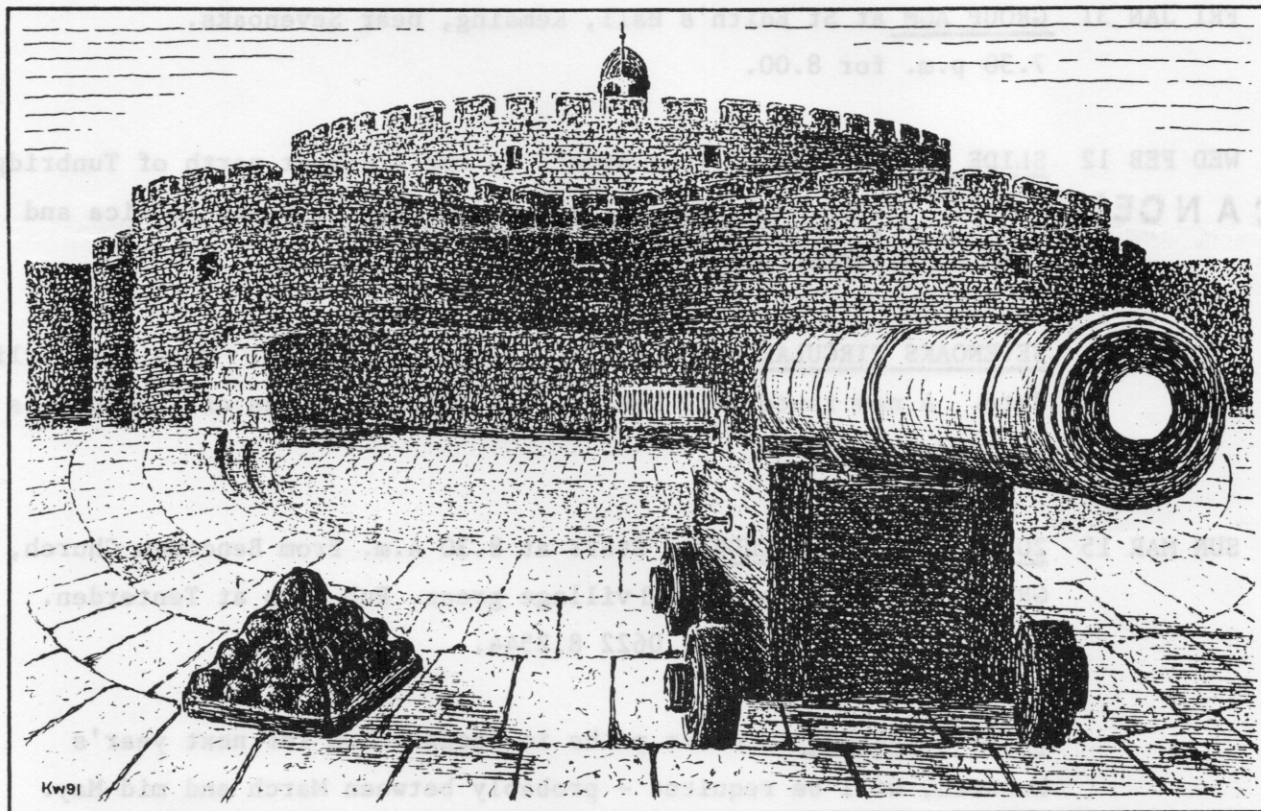


LONG DISTANCE WALKERS ASSOCIATION

Kent Group

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

NEWSLETTER



NUMBER 26

DECEMBER 1991

COMMITTEE

CHAIRMAN.....PETER BARNETT

TREASURER....RON ROWETH

SECRETARY....DAVID SHELDRAKE

COMMITTEE MEMBERS...BRIAN BUTTIFANT

BRYAN CLARKE

PAUL HATCHER

NEAL O'ROURKE

PAMELA PRINCE

JOHN PROBERT

KENT GROUP PROGRAMME TO MAY 1992

FRI JAN 10 NIGHT WALK IN MEDWAY AREA. Meet at "The Bush", Aylesford, GR733592 at 9.30 p.m. for 10.30 p.m. start. About 21 miles. Route follows part of the Invicta 100 route. Contact Ivan Waghorn [REDACTED].

FRI JAN 31 GROUP AGM at St Edith's Hall, Kemsing, near Sevenoaks.
7.30 p.m. for 8.00.

WED FEB 12 SLIDE SHOW at the "Kelsey Arms", on the A26 just north of Tunbridge Wells. Trevor Blake will be showing slides of South America and also of wildlife in Africa. 7.30 p.m. for 8.00.

SUN MAR 1 SEVENOAKS CIRCULAR. See Future Events in Strider. Note the earlier date. A new route will include the final 20 miles of the Invicta Hundred route.

SUN MAR 15 20 MILES FROM BENENDEN. Start at 8.30 a.m. from Benenden Church, GR 808327. Parking around village green. Pub stop at Tenterden. Leader Shirley Higgins. [REDACTED]

WORKING PARTIES to clear paths in preparation for next year's hundred, will be required - probably between March and mid-May. Further details will be given at the regular monthly meetings.

Details for any future walks, etc. should be sent to the secretary not later than January 14th for inclusion in Strider.

Group Secretary:- David Sheldrake, [REDACTED].

COVER PICTURE - The drawing by Keith Warman is of Deal Castle.

MIKE SMITH

Kent member Mike Smith died suddenly in mid-August at the age of 45. He will be remembered by Kent members and also many walkers outside the Kent Group as the main organiser of the Wealden Waters Walk and more recently of the Tunbridge Wells Circular Walk.

It was around 1980 when Mike proposed a 100 km challenge walk linking three reservoirs in the Wealden area of Kent and Sussex, and the event was run for the first time in 1981. In 1989 Mike was asked by the Tunbridge Wells Borough Council to organise a 25 mile circular walk around the town as part of the Borough's centenary celebrations. The event was a success and was repeated in the following two years. There is now a proposal to make the route an anytime walk with permanent waymarking and a route description in booklet form. It is hoped that this route will be dedicated to the memory of Mike.

In addition to challenge walks, Mike also liked to organise thematic social walks and many of us will remember his "Castles" walk and the more recent "Minnis Marathon".

Mike was a keen supporter of the RNLI and once completed a solo charity walk from Tunbridge Wells to his home town of Weymouth, pushing a pram bearing a model lifeboat and collecting money for the Institute along the way. He also had keen interests in the YHA and the Scout movement. While studying at Swansea 25 years ago, he was involved in rescue operations at the scene of the Aberfan disaster.

Mike leaves a widow and two teenage children, to whom we extend our sincere condolences.

Dear Laurie & all members of the Kent Group,

2 October 1991

I should like to thank everyone for the very kind messages of sympathy and support we have received, and also Thankyou to those that attended the cremation service. I was sorry not to have been able to speak to everyone personally.

I know Mike derived immense pleasure from walking and was always toying with new ideas for walks. I am glad he was able to do this.

This time of year will always hold memories of the Wealden Waters Walk and I wish you all every success with it this year.

I was sorry to hear from David Budd the other health problems the group have encountered this year. I hope they have all been resolved.

With thanks and very best wishes,

Terry Smith, Andrew and Karina.

MIKE SLINGO

54 year old Mike Slingo died in a mountain accident on Mont Blanc in the French Alps on Wednesday 7th August 1991. He will be remembered in the Kent Group for his involvement in manning checkpoints on the Sevenoaks Circular with his Scouts and as an entrant. Mike was a keen mountaineer and climbed most weekends. He was an active member of many local organisations in Dartford including the Operatic Society and the town twinning association with Hanau in Germany.

Mike leaves his wife Pat, sons Cavan and Dominic, daughter Shona and grandson Kristopher, to whom we express our deepest sympathy.

Bryan Clarke.

Mike's ashes were scattered on Striding Edge in the Lake District in a ceremony held on Saturday October 5th. In a short, simple ceremony, a minute's silence was observed before Mike's widow and children scattered his ashes.

HOW SHOULD YOU COPE WITH AN UNFRIENDLY DOG?

John Probert(524)

With reference to the RSPCA leaflet in Newsletter No. 24:-

First let me dispel once and for all the myth that John does not like dogs. From a very early age I was taught with some force not to fuss anyone's dog and never on any account to feed it and old habits die hard.

So now onto the RSPCA Leaflet which had some very sound advice - but today we have the threat of the pit bull terrier and other fighting dogs, so what do we do if - heaven forbid - we should be confronted by one of these? The Survival Training Manual of the Elite Military Corps states "Every breath you take and every move you make can be detected and an attacking dog can be on you before you know it, so beware! All dogs have very poor eyesight but can pick up a scent at 200 metres, even against the wind.

If you are unable to evade the dog, then you have to immobilise it, and you can only do this when the dog is within attack range. Wrap your jacket around your arm to protect it, then offer your forearm - let the animal bite you! Don't discourage the dog's attack, but do make sure that he takes the protected arm, you will not get a second chance! When he has his teeth firmly in the padding you are able to take anything within reach to use as a club, providing that you are still standing. If you have been knocked to the ground, roll over so that you are on the top with the dog's back towards you. Get all of your weight onto his ribcage, crushing the breath out of him and hoping to break a few ribs at the same time.

German guard dogs - and there are plenty of them on factory sites running loose (although it is illegal) - are trained to hit anything that moves and weighing in at 45 kilos and travelling at 15 metres per second, you have very little chance if you hang about. Should one spring at you, grab a handful of throat and pull the animal close to your body, and then pray. If you are near a building, get well above ground level as dogs have difficulty in seeing at this height. A dog's eyesight is only half as good as a man's, its range of hearing is about twice as good, but he has an amazing sense of smell - many thousands of times greater than ours.

There are various sonic dog stoppers on the market that are very effective but they are no good against a trained animal, when it comes to the crunch, it is up to you!

MY FIFTH 100 MILE WALKIES

Barrie Morgan

Six o'clock and the alarm goes off. It must be holiday time again! Now to get ready for the 100 mile challenge walk around the Forest of Bowland in Lancashire.

First breakfast with plenty of muesli, toast and coffee, then a shower, more coffee, tea and water. Vaseline is smoothed on the places where clothes rub against the body and on my feet I use lanolin. Other people use different things from surgical spirit to Vaseline and one I heard of used "that stuff they put on cows' udders".

The registration takes place in Skerton High School, Lancaster. They check to see if you have a torch, waterproofs, map and compass, (nobody ever asks if you can read these), whistle and route description. Then we are given a list of amendments to the route. This time there are very few. Finally, I hand over a small bag which is taken to the half-way breakfast stop at Pendleton.

The start is over the bridge by the River Lune at 10 o'clock on Saturday morning. It was warm but cloudy. I was saying goodbye to my wife when I suddenly realised that it was very quiet. They had started and were gone!

The first 10 miles followed an old railway track and woodland paths beside the river which was all very nice and pleasant with bluebells and other wild flowers carpeting the way. The river sparkled and the fields were lush and green. Then it was up and over High Salteron on rocky tracks where it was easy to trip and fall, as one or two found out. The views were good with the hills and isolated farms and cottages. We carried on to Croasdale checkpoint, then up over Whitendale on marshy (David Bellamy type) country to a lovely valley with a small road running along it to Dunsop Bridge checkpoint at 28 miles. We were well looked after here and I think I had the last of the rice pudding. As we left, we passed a Health Farm and I wondered how much they were paying to do what we were doing.

The next checkpoint was at Slaidburn (32 miles) where we sat in a cobbled yard in something like an old coaching inn. Again we were well looked after with one lady trying to find me a chocolate-free muesli bar. Just after I left there I found my shoe had rubbed my foot sore and I had trouble getting anything to stick because of the lanolin but I found some black fabric tape like we use at work which stuck well and lasted until the end of the walk.

Just before the next checkpoint at Grindleton (38 miles) we came upon a baby rabbit which we caught and put well away from the path. He was so small and just fitted inside my cupped hands. Here we grouped up as it was dark now and the organisers had asked us to do this. One of the group was Keith Warman - he had gone over some of the route before, so it was a case of following him through woods, over hills and streams, smelling the night smells of plants and trees and listening to the sounds of the night. It was a light night, so very pleasant walking to Downham Checkpoint at 44 miles. This was a camping barn and we were here a long time as some of our group were feeling a bit poorly. Then it was off again, over Pendel Hill. There were torches all over the place, trying to find the beginning of the path which was marked by some pump covers. Eventually it was found and then it was a steep climb. Just before the top we had a rest and we could see a string of lights coming up the hill. However, before we left, I was sick, which seemed to cause much amusement. At the top we had our cards clipped by some very brave lads and lasses standing on the top of a very cool Pendel Hill, but they managed to give us a cheery greeting. Then came the descent. 350 year-old steps which were all shapes and sizes. My poor old legs were like rubber when we got to the bottom. Next came a gentle walk to the village hall at Pendleton (54½ miles) for breakfast and a wash - about ten men to one washbasin.

We had about 1½ hours rest here which included time for eating, sorting out foot problems (all at the meal table), washing and changing.

Then we were off, into a new day, to Mitton checkpoint at 58 miles. Walking along the river Ribble to Hurst Green, we thought we had found one of the walkers ill, but fortunately, he was only sleeping. There was some sort of show going on here with the men dressed up in top hats and tails, the women in smart dresses and amongst them - a lot of smelly walkers. Everyone seemed to be enjoying it. Funny old world.

More pleasant walking now over Longridge Fell watching the gliders, then on to Chipping where I bought a pie and had a half of bitter. The next checkpoint was another camping barn where we saw a notice congratulating Peter Barnett on completing 9.7 x 100 mile walks. There's a special badge when you have walked 10 of them. I really enjoyed the food here. I had onion soup, crisps, sandwiches and cakes and my meat pie (only I wished I had bought two)

The route then took us through Oakenclough and Calder Vale. These were lovely little James Herriot type villages with little paths, streams and country lanes. The stone houses and churches glowed beautifully in the afternoon sun. It all helped me to forget my aching feet which had been flapping up and down for 70 miles now. Still, only 30 miles to go and it was time to start crossing the M6. We did this about six times before the walk ended.

The Garstang checkpoint (80 miles) did us well with as many hot dogs as you wanted, quiche and jelly. I had four hot dogs and here I met a real dog called Barrie. Now for some rather boring walking around the M6 which eventually led to a nature trail. At the top of the last hill called 'Nicky Nook', it was a pleasantly cool and we had a lovely view over the sea at Morcombe. We could almost see the finishing point at Lancaster from here. Our cards were clipped again by cheerful, windswept youngsters. Are the younger generation so bad? After zig-zagging across the M6, more bits of pleasant walking through woods and green lanes. An ice cream on the way helped. Who said 'healthy eating'? Next came Gargate checkpoint (92 miles) and then along a canal which, at night in the mist, was rather boring. The helpers at Condor Green checkpoint (95 miles) were determined to send us on our way happy, which they did. A nature trail at night isn't very interesting except for the cartoon which one of organisers had put up, telling us how many miles we had left - 4....3....2....1.

Now into Lancaster, where even at 1 o'clock in the morning, people were outside the school giving us encouragement. Before I checked in, I went in search of my car which I had a job to find because the brain gets foggy after two nights without sleep, but there it was, so I drove it back to the school and checked in. It was then that I found that wives and supporters were not allowed inside the school building but when I came out, I found Vi. She had been asleep in the car and had left it to go back to the school just before I got there. It was lovely to see her again and made a nice end to the walk.

We drove back to the caravan and after a quick wash, food and drink, I slept. The total time including finding the car, stops and checkpoints, etc., was 39 hours 38 minutes. I have a badge and certificate to prove it.

FOR DISPOSAL :- Two maps, 1:50,000 for the Tour du Mont Blanc.
Four Austrian maps; Kitzbuheler Alpen, 1:50,000.
Innsbruck Stubai - Sellrain Brenner, 1:50,000
Silvretta - Verwallgruppe, 1:50,000.
Raticon, Silvretta & Verwallgruppe, 1:100,000.
Map, 1:200,000 and leaflet for the Faroes.
These are available free from Harold Mann, [REDACTED]

The day after completing the section to Ham Street, I drove to Rye to again sample the Marsh Link back to Ham Street. Mistake number one - brought that watch again; mistake number two - sat on a wet plastic station seat and was rewarded with an embarrassing damp patch.

Things could only get better, and they did; a fine clear morning saw me leaving Ham Street along the footpath by Viaduct Cottages, soon with four free range pigs for company. Their paddock reminded me of some of Surrey and Kent's best winter mud-paths but they seemed content and quite affectionate. I hoped I had left the ham out of the sandwiches.

In the distance, Warehorne church beckoned and several fields were crossed on the pleasant path, including an odd tarmacadammed section. Rabbits were darting around, right up to the lane at the quiet hamlet. The sleepiness was awoken by a local boy racer, who, not being satisfied with screeching past in one direction turned round and gave me a repeat performance in the other. Bung a few stripes on your Escort, and you will be amazed how much faster it will go.

Whilst passing through the churchyard, I took a grave view of that driver's antics but soon the multitude of sparrows, blue tits and wrens noisily returned, as if to demonstrate the usual chorus. The church is in stone but the tower is brick, this being the result of lightning damage in 1777.

Resting cows with young calves were carefully skirted in the next field, just as did Alan Sillitoe seven years before me, as the way drops down to rejoin the canal again. Just before the bridge to the levée, I passed a couple carrying a huge plastic bag filled with mushrooms and sloes. The slab of Dungeness Power station was clearly visible 11½ miles away, together with the radiating power lines crossing green sheep pastures.

Along the open canal bank, with far-reaching vistas on both sides, I thought about the effort required to construct this barrier. 60 feet wide, 18 feet deep and 23 miles long from Hythe to Iden Lock (where it joins the tidal River Rother), it was built between 1805 - 1807 during the Napoleonic invasion scare. As well as for defence, it also served for the conveyance of stores, troops and later road building materials. Signal houses were erected at mile intervals and concrete pillboxes were added in 1940. This delightful section between Warehorne and Appledore is now owned by the National Trust, although about half of the total length has a right-of-way along the bank.

Swans gracefully paddled past and towards Higham, anglers were evenly spaced along the bank opposite. The sky was clear and the sun struggled to lift its November rays onto this lovely section towards Appledore, with trees and shrubs now decorating the bank. The unmistakable hum of a local monoplane was heard and seen, flying across the Lydd of the world.

I parked myself on a pillbox for tea and a couple walking from Rye to Ham Street passed, their warning of a ploughed field edge being gratefully received. I knew the field in question, being one crossed on my Rye social walk in 1987.

Just before Appledore the canal was left to follow an enclosed path to the High Street, a charming scene. Opposite the two-tone Hillman Minx, I took the path to the promontory of Mill Mount, from where the Ferry Inn at Stone, and beyond, the Isle of Oxney could be seen. Away to the left, the canal made a beeline

for Rye. Reading Sewer, which was once navigable almost to Tenterden, meandered to the bridge by the Ferry Inn. A board displaying tariffs for using the old ferry was fixed to the wall, but closer inspection was avoided; instead I followed the Sewer, really a wide ditch, over the tractor bridge and up to Luckhurst Farm. A few spots of rain fell, but did not threaten worse.

My compass was required to cross two stubble fields to Stone village. This path was blocked by oilseed rape on the Rye social, which meant a road detour, so I was pleased to cross unhindered now. The 1980 route notes say "cross fields to Stone Street Post Office" but a sign of the times followed, this building now being the 'Old Post Office', Bed & Breakfast. Opposite the church I ate my lunch on a stile leading onto The Glebe (National Trust) overlooking Walland Marsh.

Up the lane and over fields, I sheepishly crossed several stiles before soaking up the view over the Rother Levels and descending 200 feet down Stone Cliff. Some sheep had red paint daubed on their backs, resembling Saxon Shore Waymarks for which I thanked the farmer. Rabbits shot down burrows in the cliff. At the foot, the field had been freshly ploughed to the ditch edge, making for the dangerous passage I had been forewarned of. A dead fox lay half in the water.

At Iden Lock, I crossed into East Sussex for the last few miles along the bank of the River Rother. More anglers here, also many gulls and one final heron. The rubbish at the high tide mark was a reminder of one awful memory on the whole way.

With Rye's ancient streets less than a mile away, I steamed under the railway bridge and up to the A259. Here, on a new metal post, were two brown S.S.W. finger signs in the style of the historic tourist signs popping up on roadsides everywhere. The arm pointing to Rye was about 500 yards from the end of the 145 mile route! A Gravesend-bound walker would soon realise this to be the best signpost he or she would meet.

Passing the Salts (complete with trawlers), I ascended the fifty seven steep and very worn steps and a-Ryeved in the High Street at 3 p.m., or 7.20 p.m. according to my watch. I sat in the car and reflected upon an interesting, varied and enjoyable six days along with the horned helmets. But why stop here? There is always the South Coast Way to Eastbourne (for the South Downs Way) or the Sussex Border Path to Emsworth. These, alas, would have to wait for another day.....

Keith has since tackled the Weald Way and his report will appear in the next newsletter.

SOME ANAGRAMATICAL GROUP MEMBERS..... Compiled by HIGH SIN GIRL, YES!

PET RAN BETTER (Spotty must have moved fast!)

AL, CHAT HER UP (Then treat her to a cream tea)

SLAP HIS THING (The wheel!)

FIT A TIN BRAN TUB (Yes, with room to spare)

BARLEY CRANK (A corny clue)

THIN WEAK ARM (But strong legs)

RARE BIG ROMAN (Of Celtic origin?)

BLUER TORY (Or his manservant?)

HOP IS IN BEER (Drinks it at his palace?)

CAMEL IN PAPER (It belongs to royalty)

Note: Use of the membership list is only allowed as a last resort.

LIE LOW, ARE U ?

WEALDEN WATERS WALK 12/13 October 1991

Bryan Clarke

Arriving at the Toc-H hall, Tunbridge Wells at 8.00 a.m., the Kent Group set to work to get the walk underway. The start was promptly at 10.00 after a brief period of silence in memory of the late Mike Smith, who inaugurated the event.

The ninth walk took place with some alarming "back stage" incidents both before and during it. However, the event was successful, as many walkers testified when they expressed their thanks at the finish for the quality of the route description, the food, the checkpoints and the route itself.

The fastest time for the event was set in good walking conditions, though some walkers had problems during the night when mist slowed them down and/or temporarily lost them, especially at a place where logging operations had created a 'main' track where before it was very minor. Elsewhere, a fallen tree caused some confusion. The number of entrants was a record at 132. There were also a record number of starters at 112, but 27 retirements resulted in the percentage completion rate to be disappointingly low.

Catering at the finish suffered an early set back when it was discovered that the mince stew was "off". Urgent action resulted in the purchase of 50 tins of baked beans and the menu was altered from a choice of vegetarian or meat stew to vegetarian only! It may therefore be an idea to save work and the chance of another disaster by going 'veggie' at future events. It was also cheaper!

There were two injuries which caused retirements. In one incident a man fell from a stile and dislocated his shoulder which had to be relocated at the casualty department of the local hospital. The other was when a fall resulted in a dislocated thumb. This was promptly put back by the owner, but being unable to cope with holding his route description, torch, compass, etc., to his disappointment he had to retire. A compulsory retirement had to be made at checkpoint 4 of an entrant who arrived 29 minutes after the closing time, but who insisted that he was going on in spite of the pleas of the checkpointers. He has not been seen since! It may be argued that such as he should not be accepted as an entrant at future Kent events, as it seems that he does not take the signing of the entry form seriously. The rules state clearly that a walker out of time can be retired.

The early morning news of entrants cars having been broken into at an overnight car park was received with dismay. A sad end to the walk for them at a time when they should have been able to recuperate in the hall, but instead had to give statements to the police and arrange for broken windows to be replaced.

The organisation from HQ went well. Having a telephone link has been proved essential in the past, so we had to hire a radio phone for this hall. Another extra expense was having plastic tally cards instead of the usual check cards which have fallen to pieces in the wet of past events.

After checking in the last walker, the hall was cleaned up and locked at about 13.00 hours. By the way, staying awake for around 30 hours is a good cure for insomnia!

Finally thanks are due to all those who made the event successful once again. Especial thanks are due to those who had to step in at a late stage to take over various tasks and to those who, though not walkers or even members, came along to help out.

A WEALDEN LIMERICK

There once was a walker from Kent
On a very long walk he got sent;
He gathered a crowd
But found them too loud
That fit young walker from Kent.

There's a long distance walker from Wight
Who got hopelessly lost in the night;
The darkness comes fast
She was already last
That silly old walker from Wight.

That long distance walker from Kent
Turned out to be a real gent;
He led all the way
All night until day
So to him grateful thanks are now sent.

from Jill Green (Wessex Group)

Keith's reply:-

There was a young lady from Wight
Who got into a Wealden plight;
After denting her pride
She followed her guide
Through the rest of the damp, foggy night.

It is nice to see Brian Buttifant back on his feet after a long stay in hospital. Brian incurred a serious injury to his leg while carrying out some path clearance in the Kemsing area. This resulted in the loss of some muscle tissue and tendon damage. After a muscle graft and a skin graft at East Grinstead Hospital, Brian is back home and has progressed from Zimmer frame to two sticks.

His request to have the route of the Wealden Waters Walk diverted through his ward at East Grinstead had to be turned down as no one could guarantee to write a route description which would allow walkers to find their way safely through the maze of buildings and corridors that make up this specialist hospital. Experienced navigators reported wandering lost for hours when they attempted to visit Brian. Anyone who likes a real challenge is invited to visit Brian when he has to return for further surgery at some time in the future.

I am sure that members will want to join me in wishing Dave Sheldrake's wife Jackie a speedy recovery after her recent lengthy spells in hospital.

DON & JACKIE NEWMAN'S BARBECUE WALK - A couple of weeks prior to their wedding in August, Don and Jackie invited Kent group members to take part in a walk in the Peaslake area.

It was a testing route of about 10 miles, passing 6 pubs on the way, which we were encouraged to sample. Members tackled the challenge with originality, one group had a dessert course at the first pub, a main dish at the second, and starters at the third. Liquid refreshment was taken on board at all the pubs, except the final one, where ice-cream was supplied.

The Barnett family - all three generations - finished last, arriving at the barbecue just in time to prevent the Peaslake Mountain Rescue Team being alerted. Our thanks to Don and Jackie.

LEFTY BOOT'S WALKING HINTS

by Don Scott.

Use alternate feet when walking, first left, then right, or vice versa, and so on. This is a quicker and easier method of progress than using one foot all the time and distributes the wear and tear fairly evenly over both trainers or boots. For as Lefty Boot told his friend Knobbly Knees, "After all, if you buy a pair of trainers, why not use both of them?", which Knobbly thought he couldn't argue with.

Another of Lefty's hints concerns navigation. He recommends against taking a compass bearing on either a sheep or a cloud. "These are no good for establishing your position," he explains, "because they are not marked on most maps. They are also not much good if used for following a bearing, based on a sighting obtained from a sheep or cloud, as both have an annoying tendency to move, change shape or merge with other sheep or clouds. However, a dead sheep might prove useful as they do not move about a lot."

A final piece of advice from Lefty is that when you reach the top of a hill, go no higher. "You have most certainly reached the summit", he says. "To attempt to climb further will be both frustrating and a waste of time." "Very much like your advice", mused Knobbly.

And finally, (you didn't really think the above was final, did you?!), Lefty leaves nothing to chance in his preparation for any LDWA event. But even Knobbly was surprised at what his friend was packing into his rucksack for the Poppy Line Marathon in Norfolk at the height of Summer.

"What's the altimeter for, Lefty," he asked.

"To ascertain our height," was the reply. "Some people might not think that important in Norfolk but I'm never without one."

"Won't be much good if you don't know the atmospheric pressure," said Knobbly.

"Which is why I always carry a barometer," Lefty retorted, pulling from the depths of his bag one large enough to have made the Met Office envy. "I also carry a sextant to check my position. Can't trust some of the route descriptions you get, you know. Kent Group, for example. Very sloppy in their magnetic bearings; sometimes half a degree out. Of course, it needs a really good chronometer to go with it," he went on, delving into the bag again and emerging with something like a grandfather clock.

"Surely you won't need that though?" queried Knobbly, pointing to 30 metres of 9mm climbing rope.

"Better to be safe than sorry. Wouldn't want the Norwich Mountain Rescue Team to be called out through my lack of prudence."

"What else are you carrying?"

"Tent, karrimat, sleeping bag, stove....."

"No, apart from your usual gear," interrupted Knobbly.

"Well, I've added a few extras this time," said Lefty. "I thought a snow shovel might be a precautionary item but decided to forego it, preferring to include these two new pieces of equipment I bought recently."

"A pneumatic splint and an inflatable dingy," said his astonished companion. "What are they for?"

"As you know, the last few miles into Sheringham are along some small cliffs. If I fall over them and hit the beach, I figure the splint may be handy."

"And the dingy?"

"Tide might be in"

"Should have guessed," said Knobbly. "Look, Lefty, you'll need to save weight somehow. Instead of your carrying these two gallons of drinks around, why don't you nip along to the outdoor pursuits shop and buy some dehydrated water. It is much lighter in powder form."

"Jolly good idea," said Lefty, making for the door.

PUZZLE CORNER

1	C	H	E	C	K	2	L	3	I	G	H	4	T		
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	R		6	W	E	7	A	L	8	D	E	N		I	
	C		A		N		E			9	N	I	G	H	T
	U		T		10	D	U	S	T		O				
	L		E		R		C			R			11	S	
12	A	I	R		E		13	R	O	U	T	E		E	
	R		S		D		I			H			V		
	14				S		15	P	U	B			E		
	U				16	W	E	T			17	D	O	W	N
18	T	I	L	E		I				R			O		
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	E				D			21	H	I	L	L	S		

On the left are the answers to Bryan Clarke's crossword puzzle which appeared in the last issue of the newsletter.

For those of you who like the challenge of a cryptic crossword puzzle, there will be one in the next letter. It will be based (loosely) on the Invicta Hundred.

A FRUSTRATING CALENDAR

by Don Scott.

R S E N I L S N O W D O N I
R E T R A H T A S W A Y A P
A S S E N E O F R L I D O A
E R V E N E F N A F T A R N
T Y E A R I L M F E A F A M
N K L L R V A D E G G F A A
A E N E Y D O L W W D O L W
W L H S L E T I W A E D C K
K S A W S R E A R N D I A R
T U O B A D N U O R E L P E
L E G E L H A H C W A D L H
E I L N Y L I K E S E L L I
S M E I H T U M L K T M U Y
T O N M P B I L S O C I M S

Lefty Boot did one Challenge event each month and the above grid spells out their names. Every letter of each word in the name commences on an adjoining square to the one before, ie horizontally, vertically or diagonally. Words do not necessarily carry on in the same direction before ending, though. Rather like the way in which Lefty walks, they stagger around, up, down, back and sometimes crossing their own path before ending. What you do know is that there are twelve of them, however, and Lefty did manage to keep a reasonably straight course for the first three before he got the wobbles. He also started his first one in the top left-hand corner. Where he finished is not important. Several of the events had optional long and short routes and Lefty always took the long route. He liked to keep a record of how far he covered during the year and the distances he noted from the Calendar of Events at the back of Strider. So the questions are, what were the walks Lefty did and how far did he do in total?