

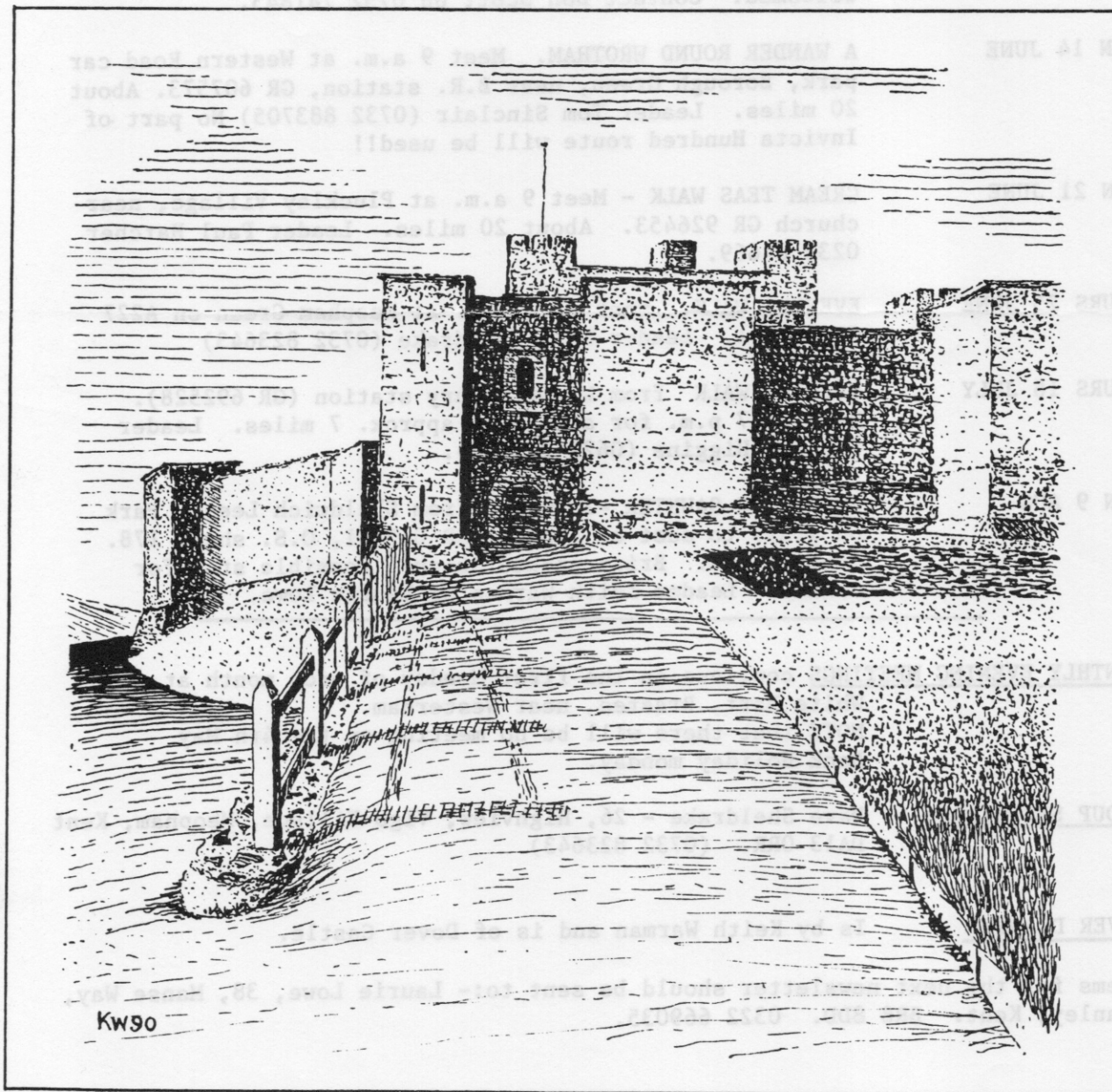


LONG DISTANCE WALKERS ASSOCIATION

Kent Group

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

NEWSLETTER



COMMITTEE

CHAIRMAN.....PETER BARNETT

TREASURER.....RON ROWETH

SECRETARY.....DAVID SHELDRAKE

COMMITTEE MEMBERS...BRIAN BUTTIFANT

TREVOR BLAKE

BRYAN CLARKE

PAMELA PRINCE

NEAL O'ROURKE

KENT GROUP PROGRAMME TO AUGUST 1992:-

SAT- MON 2/4 MAY INVICTA HUNDRED MARSHALS' WALK. This walk is for those who have agreed to help on the main event.

SAT-MON 23/25 MAY INVICTA HUNDRED MAIN EVENT. Offers of help will still be welcomed. Contact Don Scott [REDACTED].

SUN 14 JUNE A WANDER ROUND WROTHAM. Meet 9 a.m. at Western Road car park, Borough Green, near B.R. station, GR 607573. About 20 miles. Leader Tom Sinclair [REDACTED] No part of Invicta Hundred route will be used!!

SUN 21 JUNE CREAM TEAS WALK - Meet 9 a.m. at Pluckley Village, near church GR 926453. About 20 miles. Leader Paul Hatcher [REDACTED].

THURS 25 JUNE EVENING WALK. Meet at 7 p.m. at Meopham Green on A227 GR 640651. Leader Dave Sheldrake [REDACTED].

THURS 16 JULY EVENING WALK from Watlingbury station (GR 692528). Meet at 7 p.m. for a walk of approx. 7 miles. Leader Shirley Higgins [REDACTED].

SUN 9 AUG SHELDWICH SAUNTER -20 miles from Sheldwich Lees. Park on grass to east of lane at GR 015561, O.S. sheet 178. Start 9 a.m. Bring packed lunch. Possible stop for drinks. Leader Keith Warman or Laurie Lowe.

MONTHLY EVENING MEETINGS continue on the first Monday of each month at the White Hart, Brasted, near Westerham.

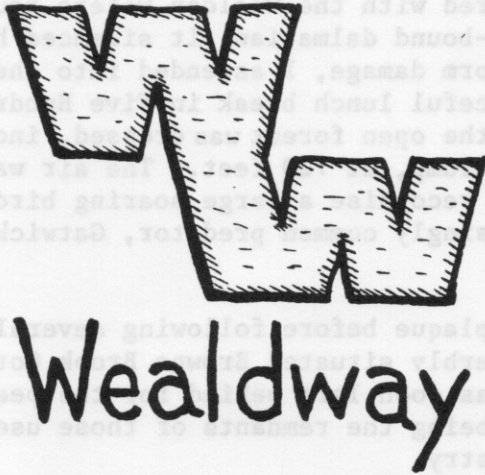
NOTE that there will be no meeting on the 4th May Bank Holiday monday.

GROUP SECRETARY: Dave Sheldrake - [REDACTED]

COVER DRAWING - Is by Keith Warman and is of Dover Castle.

Items for the next newsletter should be sent to:- Laurie Lowe, [REDACTED], [REDACTED].

EASTER ON THE WEALDWAY.....Keith Warman



It was 7.30 on a damp and overcast Good Friday morning; this was no time to be under the Town Pier at Gravesend. But here I was, determined to get my feet wet at the start of my 85 mile Wealdway traverse to Eastbourne.

With an authentic Plimsoll line of Thames mud around each trainer, I set off through the sleeping town towards the A2. The route proper starts behind the Tollgate Motel and a good track was followed to the quiet hamlet of Nash Street. A left turn onto a recently-improved footpath led me past trim houses at Sole Street,

where an added bonus was a glimpse through the hedge of the National Trust's beautiful Yeoman's house.

After crossing the railway, the route takes a stony track alongside thick hedge-rows to emerge high above Luddesdown. Morning haze masked the view with the church and cricket ground below and this only four miles from the invasive A2. Good local waymarking (courtesy of the Rights of Way Group) was evident on each stile, together with mini-footpath maps. The farm buildings around the church had a Scananavian feel, very modern with much timber in evidence. A short climb and I was soon striding diagonally across the superb Bowling Alley thinking what the M.O.D. might have done here a few years ago.

From Great Buckland, the way slowly climbed through Luxon Wood and lush fields to the crest of the North Downs. Nervous new lambs sped to their mothers as I passed by. Whitehorse Wood had been subject to mass felling and coppicing but the view across the Weald gave the ideal excuse for a break.

Leaving the North Downs Way and Coldrum Stones behind, the path through Ryarsh Wood was shared with a cunning fox. Under the M20 and along good paths to cross the A20 at Wrotham Heath. The humidity was increasing as I toiled up the delightful bridleway through Valley Wood, aware of the distinctive acidic aroma often found in peaty parts. After Platt and Mereworth Woods, the way joins (and follows for a mile) the Greensand Way and Invicta 100 routes, through the site of a mature avenue of limes which sadly succumbed to the 1987 storm. West Peckham provided a pleasant shandy stop, before I meandered through the rich arable and orchard scenery of the Medway Valley. Near Barnes Street, a stile attached to an uprooted tree caused an amused glance.

Upon reaching the Medway, I rested on a grassy bank to put on my peaked sun-hat. Four lovely miles along the towpath brought me to Tonbridge High Street. Pigeons were basking in the early evening sun up on the Castle walls as I strolled through the public gardens. A further two miles alongside the river and I turned south before the flood relief barrier to Hayesden, the end of the 30 mile first day.

Saturday morning was foggy and damp, wet feet being my reward for the plod up to the ridge at Bidborough. The church occupies an idyllic, almost alpine-like setting overlooking neighbouring roofs and the churchyard has steps hewn out of the sandstone. An undulating section led through Modest Corner and Speldhurst to the ancient Avery's Wood. At Fordcombe, the cricket pitch is crossed from gully to long leg to follow a fine track with far-reaching views to the west to Stone Cross. From here the route takes a beautiful grassy path hugging the 300 foot contour prior to dropping to cross the Sussex Border Path, the border itself and the now smaller Medway. I followed the valley upstream for two miles to unspoilt Withyham where I stopped for refreshments and nature's

calling at the Dorset Arms. The metalled road up to Fisher's Gate was a slog in what had become a very warm day, but extensive views all around were just rewards for the effort. During the short section shared with the Wealden Waters route, I tested my Dazer on a seemingly angry garden-bound dalmatian; it silenced him instantly and he sulked away. Amidst much storm damage, I ascended into the central part of Ashdown Forest and took a peaceful lunch break in Five Hundred Acre Wood. Following discreet oak waymarks, the open forest was crossed, including the Wealdway's highest point, Greenwood Gate Clump, at 720 feet. The air was filled with birdsong and I squinted to try to recognise a large soaring bird. Surely not a buzzard? No, it was that increasingly common predator, *Gatwickus Arrivium* heading back to its colony.

On Camp Hill, where I inspected the Wealdway plaque before following several paths requiring full concentration, passing the superbly situated Browns Brook Cottage to Oldlands Corner. A noisy football match was soon left behind for the peace of rich pastures and ancient woods, probably being the remnants of those used to fuel the furnaces of the Wealden iron industry.

Buxted Park was a delight, yet I felt out of place threading my sweaty way through the hotel guests taking the air. The day was cooling down as I crossed the River Uck at Hempstead Mill and followed a stream to Tickerage Mill, with its hammer pond, in a sylvan setting. One mile later I arrived at Blackboys hostel to spend the night after my 26 mile day.

Easter Sunday too was damp at first, but with the promise of another warm day. The ornamental gardens at New Place, complete with a lake, waterfalls and daffodils and cowslips in profusion were followed by typical Wealden scenery. Before Great Wood, I obtained the first of two electric shocks of the day, my fault this one, trying to avoid a rickety stile. From East Hoathly, more field paths and stiles to the dominant Chiddingfold church, with its 128 feet high stone spire, I paused here, remembering our 1:30 a.m. rendezvous with Ernie Bishop on the Group's Vanguard Way trek in 1989. The South Downs now beckoned, the route passing through Gun Hill, Hellingly (with the crescent of cottages bordering the churchyard) the moated Horselunges Manor and Horsebridge, with interest to the eye at each step.

After crossing the A22 I made a navigational error but was soon back on course, courtesy of a kind farmer who let me cut through his fields. A frightful din was emanating from the 14th century Michelham Priory, there being a bit of a do on; I hastened through the grounds avoiding cars, candyfloss and thumping disco music. I really wanted to bop, but didn't have the right shoes on. Shock number two, around a horse paddock illegally across the right of way, and I was glad to reach the sanctuary of Upper Dicker.

The infant river Cuckmere was joined and followed to Arlington, where I availed myself of the Yew Tree's cellar and sanitation facilities. The Long Man of Wilmington was now clearly visible four miles ahead; across thick meadows and the fearful A27 to eventually arrive at the quaint village of that name. A glimpse of the 23 feet girth yew in the churchyard was followed by the procession from the car park to the base of the 226 feet high chalk artifact, the largest of its kind in the western hemisphere.

Being aware that my evening meal was several miles away, I passed on along a terraced track, with lovely views back over the Weald, to Folkington. In a sunken section I tried to avoid a rare muddy patch and managed to tear both my trousers and my leg. An undulating plod brought me to Jevington and up Combe Hill, where I took my final rest and donned my jersey in the now cooling and windy late afternoon. Bitts Brow car park was popular but soon left behind for Willingdon Hill, the golf course and Eastbourne Hostel. My 25 mile day finished at 6 p.m., in good time for the sustenance.

Following a comfortable night, I leant into the gale and forced my way through low mist along the ridge, down to St Bede's school, then along the promenade to the pier; four miles in all. Bemused trippers looked on as I staggered down the pebbly foreshore to wet the trainers and complete my Wealdway crossing.

On the train home I reflected upon a lovely journey over varied and undulating terrain, with much to please the eye. The weather had been kind and the guide-book first-rate; a well-waymarked route but beware! 302 stiles or gates (one every 500 yards on average) does make it seem a bit of a steeplechase.

"The Wealdway Guide" including a continuous strip map, notes drawings and photographs at £3-50, including postage from Sussex Area Ramblers Association, 11, Old London Road, Brighton, East Sussex. BN1 8XR.

Letter from CHRIS FOSTER of Southgate, London.

Date 1st March 1992.

Dear Laurie.

I have recently returned home from having finished the Sevenoaks Circular, my first ever LDWA event in what was for me a satisfying 8 hours 39 minutes.

This is a letter of appreciation to everyone who helped make this a wonderful day for me - despite my aching limbs I thoroughly enjoyed myself. Every aspect of your organising skills were superb and I thought your merry teams of helpers just might like to know that. My fellow walkers were also most complimentary with what they thought of today - many of whom wouldn't bother to write unless it was a moan!

The commentary and route instructions were excellent (nice big writing too!) The only thing I couldn't understand was that we appeared to go off the edge of O.S. map 188.

The feed stations/checkpoints were well-manned, well-stocked and most "well-come" by the walkers. The friendly faces serving us all made things even more enjoyable.

Congratulations on a great day - I would be grateful if you could pass my comments on to everyone concerned.

The following item was gleaned from the Daily Telegraph of 23/11/91:-

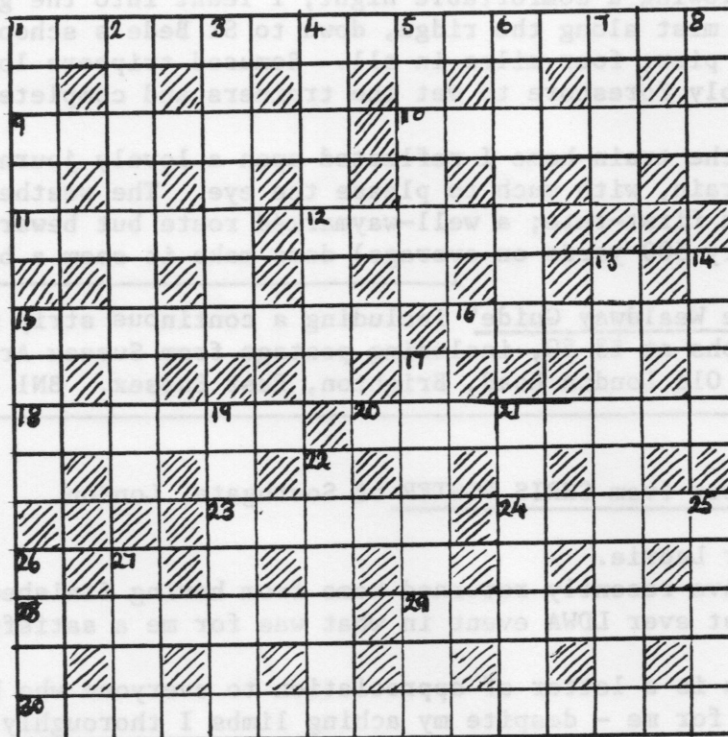
SMALL STEP. Dr Dick Rodgers, vicar of Northfield, Birmingham, who set off from Milan on Sunday for a 1,000 mile trek to highlight the plight of refugees, gave up after one day suffering from blisters, weariness, lack of cash, dangerous road traffic and loneliness.

NEWSLETTERS FOR DISPOSAL :- I have a number of old issues of the Kent Group newsletter which I wish to dispose of. There are several copies of each of the following numbers - 1,3,4,5,7 & 14. Anyone who would like to have these should contact Laurie Lowe. [REDACTED] [REDACTED]

AN INVICTA HUNDRED CRYPTIC

CROSSWORD compiled by

Shirley Higgins.



ACROSS

1. What to do when you reach the A249 - deranged scarecrow hits it (5,2,4,4)
9. Affirm time - mean (7)
10. Ken harbours craving, but John is in charge here (7)
11. The whole amount to Trevor and Laurie initially (5)
12. Left foreign article by church for refreshment (5)
15. Emigrates to the States or walks from Wrotham to Otford (4,4)
16. Flickering fire before the North Downs is not hostile (6)
18. Be quite or begin to suggest what might be worn on the event (6)
20. Brave about amputation of end of leg after about 30 miles (8)
23. Fifty one in current for what you may have after injury (1,4)
24. Short man goes in front of single person. Don't walk like this at night (5)
28. Once more saint is in opposition (7)
29. Summit is level for superior accomodation (3,4)
30. The environmentalists with habit for part of the route (3,9,3)

DOWN

1. See 22 down.
2. Gone too far past the summit (4,3,3)
3. Bird permit following direction (7)
4. Tap this to ascertain pressure - could be tumbler (3,5)
5. Colour two points on square where most of the route will be (2,4)
6. Plotter who deals with the route description (7)
7. Suffer pain inside tea chest (4)
8. No one should take this long - ages (4)
13. Mark depression for road out of Sevenoaks (4,6)
14. Transport manager has unusual end of convoy (4)
15. Troubled intestines might blow you over!(4)
17. Circle long distance path at start of hill section - Pilgrims Way and Icknield Way perhaps (3,5)
19. Simulator worn on one foot (7)
21. Muscular pain, short one, not necessary unless route is covered with ice(7)
- 22 & 1 Down. Small plan of checkpoint area (6,5)
25. End of alien endeavour dealt with by Laurie (5)
26. Headless joint seen at Reason Hill (4)
27. Neal is confused by what follows Blackhall, Roughway and Telston (4)

ASSOCIATE WALKING IN THE BRECON BEACONS

Pat Clarke

"A weekend in the Brecon Beacons in January? No thank you! I've no intention of freezing to death or being snowed in at that time of year. You go if you want. I'll stay at home."

That was before reinforcements were brought in to argue the point. I don't remember what Pete Barnett's line of argument was but suffice to say Bryan and I plus friend Philip duly nosed our way through the fog to Danywenallt on the 17th January to join the rest of the group, my arguments being, as usual, treated with the derision they didn't deserve!

However, I was pleased to find two other kindred spirits who didn't feel that an 18 mile walk in the Welsh mountains trying to keep up with the superfit members of the LDWA was quite their idea of enjoyment. That being so, Bryan professed himself happy to lead the rebel group on their own walks although Tony as the organiser did worry a little, I believe, that he hadn't got all his party together under his watchful eye. We were safely armed with our own map of the area and all experienced walkers with suitable clothing, etc.

After a more than sufficient breakfast cooked for us by the centre staff, and enough packed lunch to fortify everyone for the day, we waved goodbye to the serious walkers and made our way along by the reservoir. It was a cold day with clear views at that point and really peaceful. We kept up a brisk pace to keep warm and before long turned uphill through woodland and climbed steadily till we came out of the wood and into an open space where a brief stop enabled us to catch our breath and admire the view across the reservoir. By the time we reached the snowline we were all thoroughly warmed up and stripped off our sweaters and outer clothing. We paused at the summit to have a drink and biscuit and to take in the surrounding spectacle of snow-sprinkled mountains.

We made the descent down the steep but grassy side of the slope and returned to Danywenallt glowing from the cold, exhilarating air and were able to shower with hot water and sit by the log fire to eat our lunch and indulge in a hot cup of tea. Thus refreshed and cleaned up we sneaked off to Hay-on-Wye for a happy afternoon browsing among the second-hand bookshops. It was pleasant to rejoin the group for dinner and the evening, though some of us chose not to join the excursion to the local pub, being already comfortably replete with good food and several glasses of wine, felt it would have been nice to have had some board games or cards to pass on hour or so.

As our friend Philip had to return to Stevenage that evening after collecting his car from Dartford, we once again rejected Tony's invitation to join the main group and, joined by Susan, we spent the morning tracing a beck and a series of waterfalls to their source. Once we'd reached the height where the snow still lay in drifts it was a considerably colder day than Saturday with quite a strong wind blowing. We had to find our way back before we actually reached any summit, and somehow managed to find a route through the worst bogs and snowdrifts so that we were very happy to avail ourselves of the showers when we returned to base. Having finished my shower I discovered to my horror that I'd left my towel back in the cottage and was somewhat relieved that the wall between the men's and ladies' showers wasn't soundproof! Fortunately Bryan heard my call for help and obligingly brought me his damp towel to dry myself on!

Thank you everyone concerned for a really enjoyable weekend. My only regret being that I feel I deprived Bryan of the longer walks. Perhaps if it is repeated and there are enough of us preferring shorter walks, it would be possible to find a local walker willing to lead them.

The CHANCTONBURY MARATHON

Tom Sinclair

At a rough count there must have been about 17 Kent Group members at the start, including Brian Buttifant whose support was very welcome. His cheery smile would have been the icing on the fruit cake, washed down by hot tea, at the fourth checkpoint, but he must have left earlier to join his fellow "Bell" walkers from Kemsing whose fast time I attribute to Dave Cowley's stick. However, the sustenance was sufficient to revive us for the remaining 4 miles to the finish where there was more tea (or coffee) and a choice of baked beans on toast or tomato soup and a bap. Before that there had only been cold drinks and biscuits and it was later deduced (by Ron Roweth, who else?) that the organisers must have spent a large proportion of the entry fees on the fine engraved glasses - one cannot have everything!

There was puzzlement on the face of one of the Kent group when, having run most of the way, he thought we had reached checkpoint 3 before him. He was greatly relieved when he realised that, for us it was checkpoint 2! There was a loop to the south of Cissbury Ring, crossing Worthing Golf Course before returning to the checkpoint (2 & 3) via the other side of the Ring. Because cards were not stamped on the way out, only on the way back, and thus only one time was recorded, there was scope for an unscrupulous walker or runner to go round the Ring only. I have no reason to believe that anyone did so but we had observed quite a number of people saving themselves a few yards by not passing as close to Chanctonbury Ring as the route description indicated - 'O Tempora! O Mores!

One group member who had used the later start for runners caught us up and walked with us on the FP across the golf course before disappearing in a flurry of swiftly swivelling hips. Later, as we ploughed through the mud in the woods on the north of Chanctonbury Ring, it was our turn for puzzled expressions as he overtook us a second time having become temporarily disorientated in the intervening hail/snow storm.

Apart from said storm the weather was kind and there were magnificent views to be enjoyed while the sun shone, which was for most of the time, not to mention snowdrops in the hedgerows and an early flowering rhododendron in someone's garden as the route threaded its way along tracks and minor roads towards the finish.

Desultory applause from a pair of 'Ashford Amblers' greeted our arrival at the finish and we joined them and other group members, including Kevin and Jackie who had accompanied Shirley and myself for large parts of the walk. Laurie and Ron came back from their cars to join us before it was time for the drive home to Kent. Friendly company before, during and after the event alleviated the ill-effects of hail, snow and mud and will be a less fragile memento than any glasses, however finely engraved. But I hope to go back for another next year!

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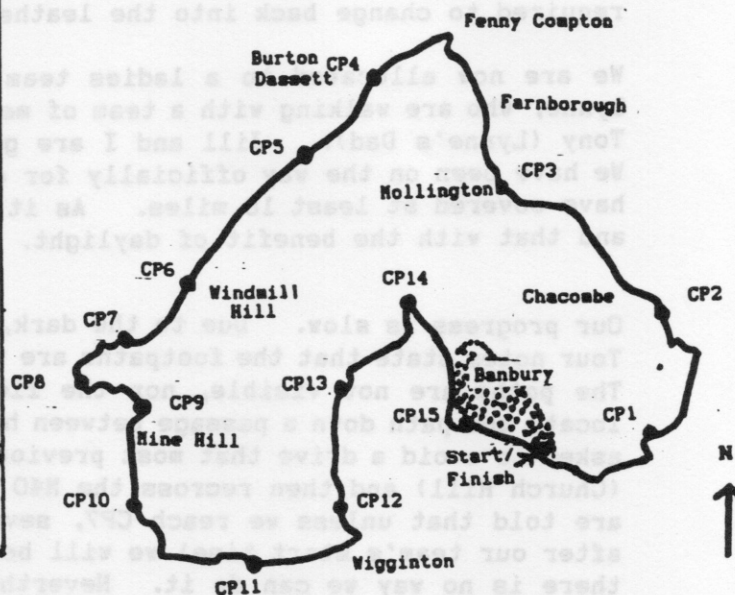
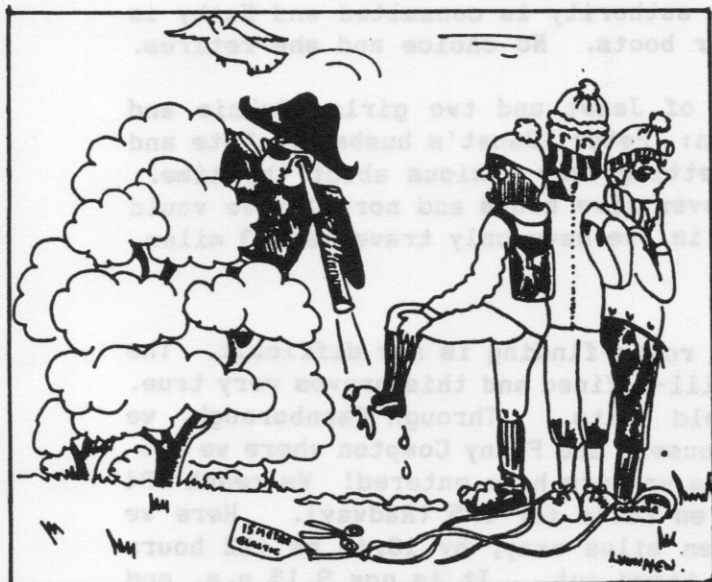
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The accomodation consists of:-

- Well equipped Dining Kitchen
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- Two Bedrooms, one with double bed, one with two single beds
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"A Jill Green 'phoned. Could you ring her back: it's about a walk in December." I 'phoned Jill and agreed to be part of her team for the Tour de Trigs. Kathy Crilley was to be the third member.

The Tour is a 50+ mile event organised by the Banbury and District Scouts and it is in its 26th year. A tough event with a retirement rate of anything from 50%-80%. It has rules and regulations which some LDWA members find irksome and as I sorted out my kit I wondered how many times the boot v. trainers controversy had been aired in Strider. And what sort of terrain Oxfordshire offered to require such substantial footwear as leather boots with cleated soles. It turned out to be fields: glutinous mud in warm conditions, ankle turning in the sub-zero temperatures of the weekend. Boots are bad news but I decided on my Brashers as being the least likely to cause problems. In the event they were fine, a swollen tendon and one small blister were the only damage.

We arrive in Banbury at 9.45 am and present ourselves for the kit check. Kathy's Asolo boots are rejected because of the Gore-Tex inserts. Allowed last year: not this. Poor Kathy, not at her best after the Everest Marathon and consequent health problems has to hire ill-fitting boots to add to her discomfort. We proceed to the start. Teams leave at 2 minute intervals and we are due to leave at 10.59. Half an hour is allowed to plot the route onto the map but because of the boots we have only ten minutes left and have to finish outside. This takes another half hour because it is so cold. Frozen to the marrow we set off at 11.30 am.

South through Bodicote, then east towards the M40. Kathy is already limping and we have several stops in the first stages. We pass a walker wearing similar boots to her rejected pair, and she decides to risk a change. Hobson's choice; all we could hope for was a tactful Nelsonian eye.

The countryside is beautiful in its frosty coat, the walkers fresh and cheerful, marshals encouraging and we pass through CPs 1 (Buston Farm) and 2 (Chacombe Hill Farm). As we approach CP3 (Mollington) we reach the first of many obstructed footpaths and climb barbed wire. Dave Green is waiting to give us an encouraging word before he goes off to his B&B. The hot chocolate and loos are very welcome. It is turning dark now and bitterly cold. Teams are still adding the route to their maps. We hope to press on quickly to benefit from the remaining daylight. I add a second fleece jacket and scarf to my attire and we are ready for off. Alas! Nelson has his telescope firmly fixed to his good eye and as Kathy emerges from the hall he pounces.

We now have to wait around while higher authority is consulted and Kathy is required to change back into the leather boots. No choice and she retires.

We are now allocated to a ladies team of Janet and two girls, Debbie and Lynne, who are walking with a team of men: Peter (Janet's husband), Pete and Tony (Lynne's Dad). Jill and I are getting very anxious about the time. We have been on the way officially for over five hours and normally we would have covered at least 18 miles. As it is, we have only travelled 13 miles, and that with the benefit of daylight.

Our progress is slow. Due to the dark, route-finding is now difficult. The Tour notes state that the footpaths are ill-defined and this proves very true. The paths are not visible, nor the field exits. Through Farnborough, we locate the path down a passage between houses, and Fenny Compton where we are asked to avoid a drive that most previous walkers have entered! We reach CP4 (Church Hill) and then recross the M40 en route for CP5 (Radway). Here we are told that unless we reach CP7, seven miles away, by 10.45 pm (12 hours after our team's start time) we will be timed out. It is now 9.15 p.m. and there is no way we can do it. Nevertheless, we crack on, across more barbed wire and through more thickets than I care to remember, and reach the road to Tysoe. The two girls in the team make valiant efforts. Then, although they had decided to try to walk on to CP7 Janet and the two girls decide to retire at CP6 (Windmill Hill) so that the rest of us may have a better chance of being able to continue. Peter is now suffering with a sore ankle and dropping back so we have to slow down. No more than 15 metres must separate each team member and I half expect Nelson to pop out of the hedgerow with a tape measure! We can see the bonfire on the hill and on we go through Lower, Middle and Upper Tysoe. It is 11.00 p.m. when we reach the top. Peter has had to retire at the bottom and Pete, Tony, Jill and I are allowed to form another Ad Hoc team. We inherit the men's time and now have less than an hour to reach CP7. Still, it's not too far away.

The way off Windmill Hill is tricky but we make the track, then in hurrying, Pete pulls a muscle and has difficulty in walking fast. Fortunately the path across the fields is well marked but we reach CP7 out of time. However, a beneficent Controller (Alan) allows us to proceed (what a relief!) with a warning that we are unlikely to finish in time. We lose Pete at this point. So from being two teams and eight people at Mollington, we are now three. We feel fit, and optimistic that we can make up the time. Tony has £100 sponsorship money to encourage him and Jill has never dropped out of an event, so we have lots of incentives to succeed. It is a beautiful, starry night and Orion seems to follow us round. No moon; it is very dark.

We are careful with our navigation and pass through CP8 (Highwalk Spinney) and on to CP9 (Mine Hill) with no difficulties other than a stream crossing which I dither over. The banks are very steep, but Tony comes down to lend a hand, despite his wet feet. CP9 is at the top of Mine Hill and here we have two other Ad-Hocers added to our team, Richard and Martin.

Off we go towards Rectory Farm. A slight dispute in navigation brings us to the road at the wrong point and we decide to turn right. 500 metres down the road it is obvious that this was wrong and we turn round. A Tour vehicle passes us, stops and enquires if we are all right? We explain hopefully but no hint is forthcoming! The car follows us down the road slowly and the track to Whichford Mill appears - 50 metres to the left of our entry onto the road!

We have no more problems in route finding, pass through Ascott and arrive at CP10 (Whichford Hill) in good order where we have two more added to our little band. I never did find out their names. To CP11 seems a long way, along a very rutted track. The ground is so hard that it is difficult to walk at

speed and I take a flyer. We wander round Hook Norton looking for the Checkpoint at Park Farm. A cosy barn and before we venture out into the dark where it feels even colder as dawn approaches, I put on my Gore-tex jacket and a Helly balaclava under my hat. Here we lose all the additions to our team and so we are three again as we set off for Wigginton Heath.

We now have serious problems. After one false start we go back to Park Farm and start again. Along the right track this time we hope. The path seems to go into a field with very frisky horses and, remembering the Wealden Waters, we beat a hasty retreat. Lots of consultations over the maps trying to work out the field configurations in the half light. Deep, uncrossable streams seem to bar our route but we eventually find a bridge and keeping on a bearing we reach a road. Dawn has broken. Beautiful, for more than one reason. It has been a long night. Now the morning mist comes briefly down. Right or left to Wigginton? This time we make the correct choice. The sweepers are waiting for us at the corner and follow us slowly across to CP12 at the Golf Course. Another team are just in front so although we are last, all others behind us having given up we are not totally alone. Alas, this team retires here. The CP is being dismantled but the team hastily throw back the cover over the loo for me.

We hurry on. Jill and Tony are good companions, cheerful and encouraging. We are in good spirits, and I ignore the pain from my right boot. We seem to be making reasonable time now. To CP13 (Jesters Hill) where the marshalls can see us approaching for miles and come to the edge to encourage us. Off the hill to the road, where Dave and Kathy are waiting to urge us on. "Alan is waiting at CP14 to reassess whether you can go on, so hurry!" Our ETA at the finish is 2.00 but surely we can better that. We determine that we are not giving up now and will carry on regardless! However, although we make an error in reaching Horley Sports Ground and have to scramble down a hill and up a steep sided wood, Alan allows us to continue. Wonderful! We offer to do it unsupported as the we don't like to think of all the marshalls having to hang around so long just for us. But he won't hear of it. Kathy, Dave and Pete are there to cheer us on.

Along the disused railway, across the valley to Drayton, we eventually reach the Salt Way and the route to the last CP (Crouch Hill). We hurry up to be greeted by the marshalls some of whom walk the last 1.5 kms. back to the finish with us.

We made it! Over an hour ahead of our ETA but nearly an hour after the Tour officially finished, and two hours after the previous finishers. Nevertheless we got a cheery welcome and our brunch was waiting.

I'm very glad that our brave words of continuing whatever were not put to the test as I feel quite strongly that anyone who enters an event has to accept the rules. You personally may think them misguided but no-one asks you to take part. It is voluntary! I can however recommend the event as a real challenge and test in navigation. No detailed route description telling you which way to go. Just a series of grid references and a few brief clues.

Thank you Banbury Scouts; you were just great. The organisation of the Tour is a mammoth task and from this walker's point of view it went like clockwork. We hope to be back.

The solutions to the ANAGRAMATICAL GROUP MEMBERS compiled by Shirley Higgins

(HIGH SIN GIRL, YES)

PET RAN BETTER	PETER BARNETT
AL, CHAT HER UP	PAUL HATCHER
SLAP HIS THING	PHIL HASTINGS
FIT A TIN BRAN TUB	BRIAN BUTTIFANT
BARLEY CRANK	BRYAN CLARKE
THIN WEAK ARM	KEITH WARMAN
RARE BIG ROMAN	BARRY MORGAN
BLUER TORY	ROY BUTLER
HOP IS IN BEER	ERNIE BISHOP
CAMEL IN PAPER	PAMELA PRINCE

The Answers to Don Scott's FRUSTRATING CALENDAR:- The walks and distances that Lefty Boot did were -

January	Reservoir Roundabout	22
February	Sheriffs Way	52
March	Daffodil Dawdle	27
April	Nene Valley Kanter	26
May	Sarsen Trail	23
June	Snowdonia Panorama Walk	30
July	Caerphilly Summits Challenge	42
August	Limestone Limp	36
September	Bullock Smithy Hike	56
October	Wealden Waters Walk	63
November	Wensleydale Wedge	20
December	Gatliff Marathon	31
	Total-	428

Further Brain Teasers, this time from Tom Sinclair:-

ANAGRAM PLACE NAMES IN KENT (all are towns or villages)

Moist Dane	Home map	Girt on bed
How tram	Gin stem wall	Skin gem
Hand in farm	Bedded inn	Traybuncer
Stoke felon	Oven sakes	Three scor
Gin hag mill	Mast where	Ombrely
Bard Set	Stiff lice tort	Poll tax
Rouge nog herb	Ruby tinge war	Slay new
Dry fones	Harm hose	Harf sod
Frodot	Killed far	Dell in fog