



LONG DISTANCE WALKERS ASSOCIATION Kent Group

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

NEWSLETTER



~~NUMBER 39~~

AUGUST 1996

COMMITTEE

CHAIRMAN.....PAUL HATCHER [REDACTED]
SECRETARY.....DAVID SHELDRAKE [REDACTED]
TREASURER.....ALAN BALL [REDACTED]

MEMBERS

TREVOR BLAKE [REDACTED] ANDREW BOULDEN [REDACTED]
BRIAN BUTTIFANT [REDACTED] DIANE JAMES [REDACTED]
JIM JAMES [REDACTED] NEAL O'ROURKE [REDACTED]
KEITH WARMAN [REDACTED]

KENT GROUP PROGRAMME AUGUST 1996 TO JANUARY 1997

SUN AUGUST 11 HIGH WEALD WALK
Meet at Commemoration Hall next to 'The White Hart' in Wadhurst,
GR 641318. 8.30 a.m. start. 25 miles. OS Maps 188 and 199.
Entry forms from/offers of help to Ernie Bishop [REDACTED].
SAT/SUN SEPT 7/8 WEALDEN WATERS MARSHALS' WALK
For those helping on main event. Entry forms from Paul Hatcher.
Offers of help to Neal O'Rourke. ('phone numbers above).
SUN SEPT 22 LES TROIS CHATEAUX ENCORE UNE FOIS
34 miles approx. linking Scotney, Bodiam and Sissinghurst
Castles. Meet Cranbrook C.P. near windmill, GR 776359. Start at
7.30 a.m. SHARP. Possible pub stop. Leader: Maurice Faircloth
[REDACTED]. N.B. This is a long unsupported walk and
there is no provision to transport anyone back to Cranbrook.
SAT SEPT 28 1066 AND ALL THAT
20 miles approx. Walk the conqueror's route from landing to
battle site. Meet C.P. Battle station, GR 755156, for 9.03a.m.
train to Pevensey (change at St. Leonard's) OR meet Pevensey stn.
9.45 a.m. Pub stop. Leader: Ernie Bishop [REDACTED]
SAT/SUN OCT 12/13 WEALDEN WATERS WALK
Contact Neal O'Rourke [REDACTED] to find out how YOU can help.
SAT OCT 26 STAPLEHURST STUMBLE
20 miles approx. Meet 9 a.m. Staplehurst PCP, Bell Lane,
GR785431. Pub stop, food available. Leader: Shirley Higgins
[REDACTED].
SUN NOV 10 WROTHAM REMEMBRANCE RAMBLE
Meet West St. C.P., Wrotham, GR 612593, for 8.30 a.m. start.
Food available at Pub on Village Green. Leader: Tom Sinclair
[REDACTED] - 'phone him for route from Borough Green R. Stn.
SUN DEC 8 ANNUAL FAMILY LUNCH AND WALK
Morning walk followed by sit-down meal at Weald of Kent Golf
Club, Headcorn. Booking form enclosed. Enquiries to Andrew
Boulden [REDACTED] to whom form should be returned ASAP.
SUN 29 DEC MYSTERY 20-MILE SEVENOAKS CIRCULAR
Meet 8 a.m. Buckhurst 2 Car Park, GR533546. Carry own food.
Possible pub stop. Leader: Brian Buttifant [REDACTED].
FRI JAN 3 1997 CAULDRON NIGHT WALK
20 Miles approx. Meet 9.30 p.m., 'The Rose and Crown', Wrotham,
GR609589, 10.30 p.m. start. Leader Ivan Waghorn [REDACTED]
FRI - SUN 17-19 JAN 1997 BRECON BEACONS GROUP WEEKEND
Contact Pete Barnett on [REDACTED] for information.
MONTHLY MEETINGS are held on the first Monday of each month
(except if that coincides with a Bank Holiday when they are
postponed to the second Monday) at 'The Provender', Pye Corner,
Ulcombe, in odd-numbered months and at 'The Horse and Groom',
Wrotham Hill, A.20, in even-numbered months, from 8 p.m. onwards.

Dear Fellow Kent Group Members,

The map on the cover is a slightly enlarged copy of one which appeared in 'The Times' on 10th July alongside an article headed "Your route from beyond Barnsley to the Bosphorus - on foot". The trans-pennine section of the 2,000 plus miles route, from Liverpool to Hull, was due to be opened in Barnsley in mid-July and the report quotes our national LDWA President, Sir John Johnson as saying he wants to walk the whole route when he is 70! One presumes he will, like others, take the ferry from Hull to Rotterdam but I wonder if the cargo ferry which took a few passengers very cheaply in the mid 50's is still running?

Thanks to all those who have sent in contributions large and small including one illustration which may appear on a later page or may be reserved for the cover of another issue. Thanks also to the 5 people who took the trouble to send their solutions to the April Crossword Puzzle to Shirley Higgins who tells me that only two, from Cathy Mahon and Laurie Lowe, were correct - so was mine but I didn't see it in. No prize was offered but the Editor could be persuaded to buy drinks for winners and compiler on some suitable occasion or other. The solution is on page 6 where you will also find details of a book by one of our members, Joyce Tombs which is titled "By Way of Beachy Head" and which looks like a good read at a very fair price.

Those of you who helped at the finish on the Yorkshire Dales Hundred will have received a letter from Paul accompanied by a letter from John Sparshatt who was very appreciative of the Kent Group's efforts in the kitchen. John says there were 369 finishers out of 484 starters and Paul says there were 19 Kent Group finishers out of 23 starters: this means, I reckon, that we had an 82.6% completion rate as against 76.24% overall. Never mind the statistics all our lot looked in remarkably good fettle when they came in and are to be congratulated as are the other four who also walked a jolly long way by most yardsticks.

Talking of "Hundreds" Paul Hatcher is already looking out for volunteers to staff the finish on the Downsman Hundred on the second Bank Holiday in May 1997 and early volunteers may be able to secure a place on the Marshals' Walk, to be run as three group walks at different paces over the first Bank Holiday in May. Contact Paul [redacted] for details and to offer help.

In writing to me about his report on the Yorkshire Dales '100' - see later pages - Roger Thornburgh wrote as follows:-
"About 16 of us enjoyed an excellent walk yesterday (16 June) from Lympe - superb weather, of course, a light breeze cooling us down from time to time. Splendid company, too."

Reports on other Group Walks appear on later pages. Please could anyone willing to lead a walk during 1997 contact David Sheldrake (01732-823643) to discuss dates, distances, pub stops etc.

Please let me have contributions for the December Newsletter by Monday 4th November (pub meeting) or, at a pinch, Sunday 10th November (Group Walk from Wrotham). Tom Sinclair.

STOUR VALLEY WALK

On 5th May, after a minibus ride from Lenham, 16 members started out from Sandwich Bay just after 6.30 a.m. to walk the Stour Valley Path. It was a bright morning and two, pairs of hardy knees were on view as we left the sea heading inland towards the source of the river - a distance of 50 miles.

The party crossed 'The Prince's' Golf Course (does anyone know which Prince? Ed.) and walked around Sandwich on a raised Rope Walk glimpsing the ancient Cinque Port with the river never far away. The morning sun shone as we walked through neatly-manicured orchards of pears in full blossom and apples in coming into bloom. After 11 miles we reached the river again at Grove Ferry picnic park - a good place for breakfast- at 9.30 a.m.

Many of the old properties in this area of Kent are built in the Flemish style dating from the 16th century when Huguenots settled here (having fled from persecution in R.C. France, Ed.).

Large areas of wetlands and reeds were passed in Stodmarsh Nature Reserve where groups of twitchers eyed us strangely. On we went through the bluebells of Trenley Park Wood to Fordwich - once the old port for Canterbury - and soon entered the Cathedral City itself. After passing through the attractive Westgate Gardens we were met at 12.30 by Diane, Jackie and Mary who plied us with tea, coffee, buns sandwiches and yoghurt - very welcome!

When fortified we set off, following our companion river and soon through orchards at Howfield Farm (familiar to some as the last checkpoint on the Pilgrims' 100). By now seven faster members had opened up a gap - was it something we said or did they just want an early night?).

The girls met us again at Godmersham with more refreshment - much needed as the weather was getting warmer. We now left the river valley to climb on the Crundale Downs where we began to see primroses, cowslips and violets. The landscape had changed to the familiar Kentish Downs before we dropped down to Wye.

We sat by the church wall enjoying a drink and a nibble from our rations in the early evening sun. In Wye we joined the river again and it was never very far away as we progressed towards Ashford. The sight of Eurostar caused some interest as we passed the International Station. We were pleased to get out into the countryside again, soon crossing Hoathfield Common (on the Invicta 100 route) on our way to Little Chart Forstal which was our final checkpoint - thanks a lot girls for all your support.

It was now dark but as we crossed a railway bridge later on there were scenes from "The Railway Children" as we got a toot in response to our waves to a Eurostar driver. Some sore feet caused our pace to slow although spirits remained high as we pressed on to the finish at Lenham. The 'A' team had arrived an hour earlier. Most of the route was new to me so I found it both interesting and enjoyable. As I had missed the Surrey Summits I was pleased to get the mileage in. Thank you, Paul, for organising a successful walk.

Brian Buttefant.

Mention of Brian B. reminds me that a new route has been planned for the 1997 Sevenoaks Circular, using a section of the Darenth Valley Path between Otford and Shoreham. The main event will be on 16th March and the Marshals' Walk, as usual, a fortnight earlier on 2nd March.

- 4 -
STOP PRESS

19 AUG 1996 EXTRA EAST KENT PUB MEETING
8 p.m. onwards at "The Tiger" at Stowting, on North Downs Way,
O.S. Landranger Map 179, GR 012 414.

BEST PUB

Members may be interested to know that the Five Bells pub in East Brabourne, Kent, has just been awarded the title of "Britain's Best Pub" by the trade magazine, The Licensee, and sponsored by brewers Whitbread.

Points were awarded for a combination of friendly welcome and good quality beer and food. (It is not known what welcome awaits muddy walkers!).

It may be a good meeting place for a social walk sometime (hint to those members down Ashford way).

Bryan C.

EYNSFORD WALKING EXCURSION - 16th MAY 1996

Well I won't beat about the bush, the attendance was poor. In fact it was very poor; extremely poor; inordinately poor; you could say nearly non-existent! There appears to be no excuse for this. It was raining during the day and it was raining all evening so the walk was decidedly damp and moist. However the Kent Group has never let a minor thing like that put them off, has it?

One attendee had rung earlier in the week to say he'd be there so felt he had to put in an appearance. Another had a document to pass to someone and came along to do that. The third had been offered a lift by the Leader and wasn't given a chance to refuse. So it was that four dedicated Kent Group members set off at 7.05pm after a brief debate on whether or not to do so. (There were no volunteers from spouses, partners, etc. Even the Leader's wife risked being disciplined by saying she was staying at home to work in the garden).

After a brisk one and three-quarter hour trudge around Lullingstone Park through the dripping trees the intrepid quartet came back to The Plough PH where one ran to his car and went home. The other three, feeling dry, went in to the bar for some liquid refreshment and stood in puddles at the counter and steamed gently while they put the world to rights.

After half an hour or so they all agreed the walk had been absorbing and thought the absentee members had definitely missed out on a stimulating trekking experience.

Those who are being considered for the Distinguished Award for Most Puddles (DAMP) were: Trevor Blake, Laurie Lowe and Andrew Melling.

Bryan C (Führer)

THE 50th PARIS - COLMAR RACE WALK

This race walk, which first took place in 1926, is reputedly the hardest and longest in the world. The challenge comes not only from the distance (320 miles for the men and 207 miles for the ladies) but from the constant threat of disqualification for failure to keep up an average walking pace; this is 4mph for the ladies - more for the men.

Kent Group member Jill Green was privileged to take part this year on the basis of completing tough qualifying races in France at Roubaix (119 miles in 28 hours) and at Torcy and Bazancourt (both 107 miles in under 24 hours). Only the world's best ultra distance race walkers can expect to get an invitation. This year there were just 32 men and 13 ladies.

Lucky Jill arrived in Paris on 13th June and was given the number 13 vest for the prologue, a short race (presumably something under 207 miles Jill?) around the heart of the city to be introduced to the French people and TV.

The main race weaved its way along mostly country roads towards the Swiss border - this year amidst a sweltering 50°C heat. Just 11 men completed their distance, but all 13 ladies made it to Colmar. Jill finished this race in 1993 in 54 hours 15 minutes and again in 1994 taking 1 hour longer. For her hat-trick ("definitely my last one") she was looking to beat 54 hours 45 minutes, this being an hour for each year of her life.

After 55 miles, a compulsory 2 hours stop is enforced during which time a strict medical check is undertaken and another 1 hour stop occurs after 155 miles. Jill's superbly dedicated back-up team, including husband Dave and fellow LDWA members Ken Watts, Boyd Millen and Sue Ramsey, kept her fed, watered and cool with the aid of a large umbrella.

Great strength of mind and concentration through three nights ensured Jill was the 8th finisher in a remarkable time of 52 hours 20 minutes. She is justifiably delighted with her effort.

A contact telephone was set up on the Isle of Wight which relayed 60 messages from friends and supporters during the race. Dave was able to pass these on to Jill, who wishes to thank all those who telephoned and also the staff of the Hambleton Hotel in Sandown, where Jill works as a walks' leader. (I was one of the 60, and my call was met with the greeting "Hello, the Jill Green helpline").

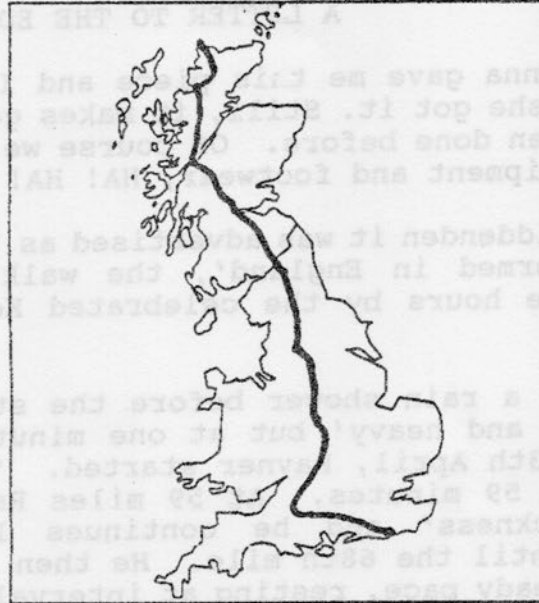
For the record, the first man home was a Mr Urbanowska, from Russia, in 60 hours 30 minutes. The ladies' race winner was a young French lady, Isabelle Duchene, in an amazing 42 hours.

Congratulations Jill, on your wonderful achievement.

Keith Warman
(Unravelled from notes
supplied by Jill Green)

BY WAY OF BEACHY HEAD by JOYCE TOMBS

Order from:
Praxis Books
Sheridan
Broomers Hill Lane
Pulborough
West Sussex.
RH20 2DU.
Tel: 01798 873504



The story of a 1,000-mile end-to-end walk, made by Joyce Tombs when in her late 60s. The walk covered 1,000 miles and was made over two summers, starting at Beachy Head in East Sussex and finishing at Cape Wrath. Most of the walk was achieved alone.

The book is written in a light simple style which perfectly captures the experience. A lifelong walking enthusiast, Joyce still manages to get lost, fall over and meet with all kinds of setbacks, as well as discovering the ancient Heart of England and the wilderness of Northern Scotland. This book has something for every reader, a timeless classic which will appeal to walkers and armchair travellers alike.

224 pages. Paperback with maps and drawings. £6.00 plus 75p postage.
ISBN: 0-85384-20-0
Publication date: 15th October 1996. Pre-publication offer - £5.00 post free, cheque with order, payable Praxis Books.

CRYPTIC CROSSWORD SOLUTION

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A LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Tom,

Marianna gave me this piece and I can't remember where or from whom she got it. Still, it makes good reading and proves it has all been done before. Of course we could do better with our modern equipment and footwear, HA! HA!

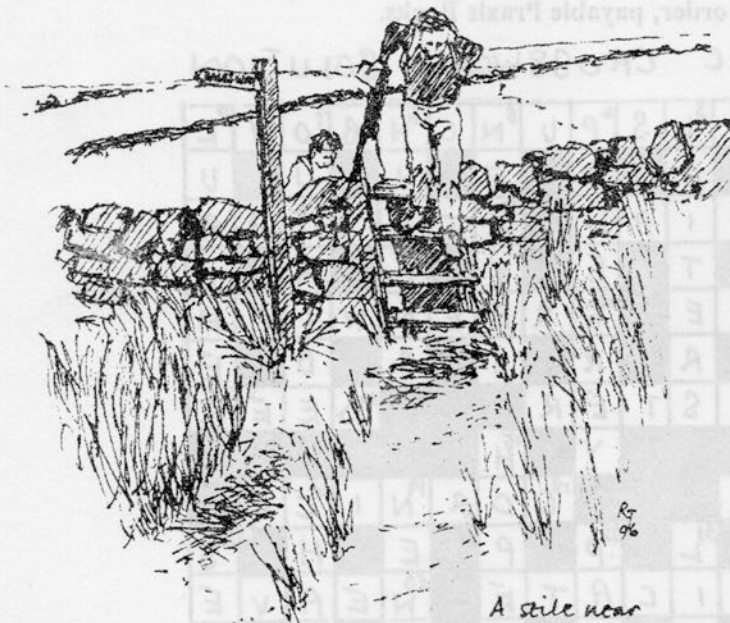
"Held at Biddenden it was advertised as 'The Greatest Undertaking Ever Performed in England', the walking of 100 miles in 18 consecutive hours by the celebrated Kentish pedestrian Edward Rayner."

"There was a rain shower before the start which made the road 'difficult and heavy' but at one minute before six o'clock on Tuesday, 13th April, Rayner started. The first six miles were covered in 59 minutes. At 59 miles Rayner was affected by 'a slight sickness' and he continues labouring under similar distress until the 68th mile. He then recovered and 'kept up a regular steady pace, resting at intervals only for refreshments, until he completed the course, coming in cleverly at full speed, as if in a mile heat, at 7 minutes before 12 o'clock on Wednesday, 14th April, 1824, with 8 minutes to spare.' He was greeted by tremendous 'hurrahs' from the crowd, a band played and even Biddenden's church bells were rung joyfully in celebration."

Trevor Blake.

Thank you, Trevor, an interesting piece which leads neatly into Roger's article on the Yorkshire Dales 'Hundred' for which he has supplied the illustration below, a drawing which he did from a photograph by his daughter, Imogen.

Tom S.



A stile near
Cam Houses

YORKSHIRE DALES 100 : 'a tale told by an idiot'.

21 May: Increasingly apprehensive about this year's '100'. Zoë (daughter) and I have run the London Marathon and I walked a fast 22-miler yesterday - both giving me some toe problems - but I haven't done the necessary distance preparation to allow me to feel confident.

24 May: Weather reports are far from promising. Do I really want to tramp round in the wet for a couple of days and nights? And it seems we might well go into a second night, given the difficulties of some parts of the route as reported by Kevin Puttock after the Marshals' Walk.

Arrive at Settle after a long drive from Kent - via Nottingham to pick up my younger daughter, Imogen, who has volunteered to help Hilary in her supporting role and with the serving of meals at the end. Zoë, up from Manchester, has been waiting for us for two hours or more. We have a good pasta meal at the Italian restaurant in the town square, served by a little lady who looks as though she's understudying Julie Walters in 'Acorn Antiques'. Then up the road to find our B&B just south of Horton in Ribblesdale. One largish room for all four of us and very comfortable for Hilary and me; perhaps not so good for two girls in their twenties in children's bunk-beds.

25 May: The day of reckoning - and the weather doesn't look at all happy. Enjoy an excellent breakfast, pack rucksac with several pairs of socks and plenty of plasters as well as fleece, waterproofs, emergency rations and a borrowed plastic mug with 'Idiot' printed on the side - how apt. Decide to take both trainers and boots so that I can change along the way, even though it means carrying extra weight.

Down to Settle - it's raining - and with an hour to spare we visit one of the outdoor gear shops where I buy a second Polartec shirt, the advantages of which I am only just beginning to appreciate. So to the school, which is thronged with walkers, officials and supporters - and reeking of liniment. Recognise lots of faces, remember fewer names. See the cheerful-looking David Graham (Cornwall & Devon) with whom we have often walked, though he invariably finishes well ahead of us. Register, collect my tally, then search for a loo; can only find one at one end of the school where there's a queue, and two at the other where there's no paper! How on earth do all the kids manage? There's a queue for tea as well, so abandon *that* idea. Zoë takes our breakfast-stop bags to the appropriate room and we shuffle out to the start, saying goodbye to Hilary and Imogen whom we won't see until later in the day as they are off to walk the last 12 miles from Arncliffe with other Kent and Surrey marshals, led by Paul Hatcher.

09.59hrs and a bit, and without any gun or obvious ceremony we are on our way. Amazingly the rain has stopped (and mercifully holds off for the next 28 hours). Consulting my schedule for the whole walk, which has us finishing about 11.30pm on Sunday night, I see that the first section to Clapham requires 4mph, so Zoë and I stride out, alternately pursued and passed by Ann Beeching (and unidentifiable others), through Feizor and Austwick. Concerned that we cannot locate the Self Clip A, we come down into the Clapham CP to be told that there isn't one. Quick drink and nibble of broken biscuits (one way of saving money, I suppose), and we launch ourselves along the road to Newby Cote and up the hill to Ingleborough. At this stage, 1874 ft of ascent doesn't seem too arduous; lesser climbs later will seem a lot harder. Reach the summit CP and, pausing just to have our tallies clipped, we turn east to clamber down the rocky slope and across the strange, almost alien, limestone pavements to Horton in Ribblesdale. Numerous other day-walkers on this path as well as us 'hundreders', and I overhear a comment from someone coming up that it's like the M25. Feeling quite energetic still, so only a short break at Horton before heading out across the footbridge - 'Due to be renewed: only five pedestrians at a time'

and there are four others apart from me, two of whom I think are D of E expeditioners with huge rucksacs and carrier bags full of provisions. The bridge holds, however, and we are able to walk through the village and up a track, passing Dub Cote - finding Self Clip B just beyond - and on to Churn Milk Hole. Lovely names you come across when out walking; and how did they get them? Surprisingly, and to my relief, we do not have to climb massy Pen-y-ghent ahead, but turn to follow a track, road and more track - miles of it, and with a lapwing demonstrating its acrobatic tumbling skills - down to CP4 at New Bridge near Litton. Over 20 miles done, and time for a change of footwear for both Zoë and me - from boots to trainers, and new socks too; if it doesn't exactly put a spring in our step, it gives some ease.

16.15hrs and 40 minutes ahead of our schedule - very encouraging. If we can make up 1½ hours, we could finish before nightfall on Sunday. We walk through Litton and struggle up the steep path over Old Cote Moor - very discouraging. Coming down towards Buckden isn't much better as it's quite boggy, but we eventually arrive at the village hall CP just as Hilary and Imogen arrive by car. They have had a good walk - a little fast in places for some of the participants, perhaps, but enjoyable. Zoë and I have a 10-minute stop - were the nice apple pies here, or was it the wonderful dishes of banana and custard? Probably neither. Remembering what was where after the event seems extraordinarily difficult. It is definitely here, however, that some members of the the plain-speaking Yorkshire team accuse Zoë of peeing on the floor as she tries to refill her water-bottle! North now, with lovely views back down Wharfedale and to our left along Langstrothdale. The wife of a friend of ours thought the area so beautiful that her dying wish was that her ashes be scattered on the hillside between Cray and Hubberholme. Road and track take us up across Cragdale Moor - a relatively straightforward section - and down to the school room CP at Stalling Busk. Hilary and Imogen are here to greet us, and Imogen offers to walk with us to Hawes, by which time they want to get back to the B&B. Since Zoë and I are feeling less and less inclined to talk, her cheerfulness and company is welcome. We pass through the hamlet of Marsett and then climb steeply up to a Roman road, which I completely forget to look out for. Annoying, as I have a penchant for things Roman. So down via Burtesett to Hawes, where Hilary meets us. We bid each other good night, and while she and Imogen drive off to the luxury of their beds, Zoë and I continue into the fading light towards Hardraw. Lively music from a nearby ceilidh echoes across the fields as we approach the CP; neither of us has any desire to take part. Our CP stops are growing longer, but since we are about an hour ahead of schedule, we are happy to take some rest and refreshment at each one. Is it here that I have some delicious tomato soup? I doubt it.

It is 22.00hrs as we leave Hardraw along the Pennine Way. Somewhere near, according to the map, is Hardraw Force, but we neither see nor hear it. Forsaking the Pennine Way, we contour the hill and descend to CP8 at Cotterdale, a cosy barn with straw-bale seats and television, as well as the usual food and drink. The soles of my feet are feeling rather sore by now, so I slap a plaster on the left one which is the worst, hoping that it will prevent a blister forming. It doesn't! We also both don boots again, ready for the night-time section and in case it rains. Another ascent soon after leaving the CP, takes us up through forest. The 'feint' path of the route description turns out to be fairly clear at first, many other feet having already trodden it, and further on there are helpful and reassuring flashing beacons and yellow stars on sticks as markers; but the path is long, tedious and variable in quality.

26 May: Eventually we come down to CP9, a tent beside the B6259, manned by a willing band of scouts, some of whom seem to think that they were supposed to be on duty for the afternoon, not the whole night! I sink into a chair alongside a young lady who says the hills are too much for her, she's had enough, and she's thinking of

pulling out. I try to encourage her to go on, telling her that she's bound to regret it if she does withdraw. She says she knows, and promptly falls asleep. So it is a delightful surprise when I see her walk into the finish less than 24 hours later. Andrew Boulden appears - unfortunately without Peter Barnett who has decided to retire. Unsurprisingly, we don't see Andrew again.

Now, at 01.45hrs, it is up the slope onto Wild Boar Fell. Here the path is 'feint'. In fact so 'feint' and 'ill defined' as to be non-existent, and we struggle up the hillside for some time, not sure which way we ought to be going, despite the fact that Zoë has pre-walked this stretch. Petzls seem to be bobbing about all around us giving us little clue, but finally we strike a track that takes us up onto the ridge. Zoë, being more agile than I up hills, has forged several hundred yards ahead and I follow, wondering why she hasn't turned left along the ridge. I shout, but the wind is blowing towards me and she evidently doesn't hear. She must know where she's going ... mustn't she? But we're going down! I shout again, as loud as I can, and a voice replies. She *has* missed the path. Fortunately, we haven't strayed too far and she rejoins me on the climb up The Nab to the top and CP10. Even in my distress, I feel great pity for the poor souls manning this cold and windswept site, and we only stop for the tally clip. As we move off, I become aware of a glow in the sky behind us. Is it the dawn breaking? If so, it seems to be in the wrong direction, but I suppose the sun knows where it ought to be, and clearly the skylarks of Swarth Fell think it's dawn. From the amount of noise, it is difficult to believe the RSPB report that skylarks are in increasingly short supply. At the Moor Rigg CP, we thankfully remove our Petzls - they can become like some torture band round the head - and rest awhile. Next stop will be breakfast - a real incentive. To Garsdale Head station is easy enough - *and* we remember the two Self Clip points - but beyond we can see a line of walkers toiling up the road onto Garsdale Common, and it proves quite an arduous climb. The track round Great Knoutberry Hill seems to go almost full circle, but suddenly we turn right and descend the uncomfortably stony track to Artengill Viaduct. Dentdale YH, just along the road, is a joy to behold.

Arriving at the CP at 07.45hrs - a nice 1¾ hours ahead of schedule - we get clipped, collect our bags, un-boot, and head straight for the dining room. Washing and changing can wait until after the corn flakes, orange, toast and tea - I don't think I can manage the fry-up as well! I have allowed ¾hr for this stop, but we both use the services of the St Johns Ambulance ladies on our feet, and tarry a while longer - by which time it has started to spit with rain. So much for the red sky last night; presumably the red sky this morning superseded it. The rain doesn't come to much, however, and, plodding up onto Blea Moor, I wonder whether I was right not to change into trainers. As we approach the signal box, and with the magnificent sweep of the Ribbleshead Viaduct in the distance, two familiar figures come bouncing towards us - Hilary and Imogen have obviously had a good night's sleep! At the Sussex Group's tented CP beside the road, we meet Bernard Clifford (of Rottingdean Windmill Walk fame) who is amongst the crew that feeds and waters us and, when we depart, Imogen volunteers to accompany us to the next stop. Turning off the road onto the Dales Way, we come across Alison Roebuck and David Townend, who have been shadowing us - usually from in front - for much of the walk. Here, presumably to show how easy it all is, they are lying on the grass dozing. We pass them, with a brief and sarcastic comment, but they soon overtake us as we climb up to Cam Fell. A procession of five 4-wheel drive vehicles also overtakes us, and rather more noisily. They stop further up the track, screw around and gouge great ruts into the peat, then one of them overheats and there is a cloud of steam; at which point, one of the Land Rovers tries to haul another vehicle along and nearly overturns. Should they be here? Should I take their numbers and report them to the National Parks Authority for

damaging the ground? I ignore them and carry on; they probably have the right to drive on a Roman road - after all, the Romans did. Nasty boggy bit down to Cam Houses, and not much better for some distance thereafter. Curlew are to be heard uttering their strange bubbling call, though it's more difficult to spot them. Arriving at Oughtershaw we find several walkers sunk into really comfy chairs in the Old School Room. I choose one that is not too cushioned in case I nod off, while Zoë gets a massage from a nice aromatherapist lady who offers her 'invigorating oil', and she *does* nod off! Hilary is here but now has to leave us to get back to Settle to start her 4pm-1am stint of duty, serving meals; Imogen goes with her. Zoë and I set off for the next CP, and on coming down to the River Wharfe, find Alison and David nonchanantly lazing on the grass again. We press on, spotting a dipper on a rock in the river. By Yockenthwaite it is beginning to rain; by Buckden it is pouring - *and* blowing in our faces. Up at the *Buck Inn* we find that someone seems to have moved the village hall CP, but a look at the route description soon reveals that we are on the wrong side of the inn! We give ourselves a 20-minute break, but can afford no more if we are going to stand any chance of getting to Settle by 10pm - still my aim. The Dales Way for the first couple of miles is easy going, but then comes another stiff climb, which even the massed primroses cannot transform, onto Old Cote Moor (again) and a descent to the Arncliffe village hall CP. This section has taken longer than I anticipated and we only stop for 10 minutes. The rain continues to fall on and off - mostly on - and we trudge up the path which the map calls 'Monk's Road'. A pretty mad monk to come up here. The path goes on and on, and eventually I ask Zoë if she's sure we're going the right way. She says she is. I am not convinced, although it *does* seem to be the only path, and there *are* some other walkers behind us. Confirmation comes with the derelict *Middle House* and then with a figure who emerges to direct us across to the telephone poles that lead to Malham Tarn and the Field Centre CP. David Graham, still smiling broadly, comes out as we go in. Not far now, but time is getting short - we have about 8 miles to do in under 2½ hours. We get talking to Jenny Campbell, who impressed us when she raced past on the last Wealden Waters Walk, and we all decide to do the remaining part together.

19.35hrs and we're off round the tarn and into the wind and rain again. Up at Langscar Gate, Jenny is met by her husband Jeff who has driven up to cheer her on. He finished about 7 or 8 hours ago, and now looks so relaxed - makes you sick! More climbing up onto Kirkby Fell, and I find it difficult to keep up with Zoë and Jenny who are maintaining both a fast pace *and* a conversation. On the descent it's easier - I have the longer legs. We arrive at the tented CP18 at 21.15hrs and, though invited to take some refreshment, determine to push straight on. Thankfully, the rain eases off as we approach the brooding Attermire Scar, but we're thoroughly wet now. Imogen appears out of the gloom, having decided to come to meet us but not really expecting us so soon, and as the lights of Settle come into view, we know the end is nigh. At the bottom of the stony track down into the town, Zoë and Jenny break into a trot and I, urged on by Imogen, follow suit. Through the square, along the road, under the viaduct - I don't remember the school being so far down the road as this. But at last - and with 3 minutes to go - we are there, the tally is taken, the time recorded, and we are given a round of applause. Thanks to a lot of people, we have managed to complete the course in a time that I am well satisfied with, and almost enjoyed it! The next hour is given over to resting, eating and drinking, and lots of reminiscing. Then it's back to the B&B and bed, though hardly a sound night's sleep.

Roger Thornburgh (13,352)

THREE LLAMAS AND A POSSIBLE FLASHER

I am penning this just two days after completing the Surrey Summits 100km walk and I am still basking in the euphoria of actually finishing it. I set off from Witley with Keith Warman at precisely 9.36 a.m. having "passed" the kit check with flying colours. The main field had left very promptly at 9.30 a.m. so we had space and peace as we set off in brilliant sunshine and a cheery wave and "Good Luck" from Jill and Dave Green who booked us out.

Our strategy was to take it easy and definitely not rush. Consequently a stream of walkers who set out after us constantly flowed passed us and I did wonder if our strategy needed reviewing! However, we stuck at it and enjoyed the superb countryside, the budding blossoms, the verdant virgin tree foliage and the echoing call of the cuckoo. The sun beat down relentlessly and very soon we needed to stop to attend to a blister Keith had sprouted. We pressed on to St. Martha's Hill and I could not make out why I was having trouble tackling it - I put it down to the heat and we arrived, very thirsty, at Checkpoint One where we both had half a dozen cups of drink. We thought we were last at this point but heard that there were still a few behind us.

Off we set again, through more superb countryside and within about ten minutes we came across the strangest creatures we had ever encountered on a walk. Coming through the woods towards us were three very large, very white, very beautiful llamas! Keith had warned me about the possibility of hallucinating on long walks but it seemed a bit early on for this to be happening. I rubbed my eyes, but, sure enough, there they were, each being lead on a rein and each carrying a set of bright red embroidered panniers. We stepped aside to let them brush past to the sound of a cuckoo softly crooning in the midday heat. It all seemed somewhat mythical and magical. I doubt it will ever happen again.

I spend the next 5 miles trying to think up some suitable names for them. Keith thought "Dalai Llama" would not be allowed. I think the sun must have started to affect me at this point as the best attempts I could come up with were: Drama Llama, Pyjama Llama, Suit of Armour Llama and Llama Clock!

The sun still shone as we entered Checkpoint Two - a little haven of happy souls who greeted us with fruit and rice which tasted like ambrosia(!). We sat and chatted for a while and soon left but with murmurs of sympathy for Derek Wisdom who sadly was having to retire under the influence of influenza.

Our spirits were still high as we neared Norbury Park and we decided to stop on a seat for Keith to investigate two more blisters and for me to take a couple of painkillers for some mild ankle pain. Below us on a lane some children had chalked out a hopskotch. I suddenly got the urge to "have a go" and, to Keith's amazement, I burst into activity and had a quick whiz up and down the hopskotch and tried to explain to Keith the intricacies of the game but I think it was a bit lost on him! So, after a quick hop, skip and jump down memory lane, we pressed on.

It was about a mile later it happened. We were halfway up a very short incline and every ounce of energy and life just left me. I could not believe it - just a short while before I was skipping on a hopskotch and now I just wanted to lie down, curl up and die! I was somewhat bewildered but struggled to the top, rested and had a drink. At that point I did not think I could make the next Checkpoint but ahead stretched a beautiful bright green very flat wide track across Mickleham Downs so I trudged on with a little prayer repeating itself inside my muddled brain: "Please, please God, let me be sick!" Alas, it was not to be and so I gradually grew accustomed to feeling like a flavourless blancmange, i.e. all white, wan and wobbly!!

About a mile from Checkpoint Three was quite a steep climb and I was definitely in trouble, having to stop every few steps. At the top looking out for us were Jill and Dave Green and they kindly walked on with us to the Checkpoint. Here I decided to try and make the next Checkpoint where hot food was being served - so we stopped for just five minutes and set off with the warning from one Marshal of "Watch out for the easy women on Box Hill". (I secretly wondered where the "easy men" gathered!)

Just minutes after leaving the Checkpoint we passed the bottom of some gardens and a man and his two sons were leaning over the fence encouraging us on and thrusting a box of Quality Street Chocolates under our noses. It took us completely by surprise and for the next few miles I worried in case we had not thanked them enough.

I was grateful when the sun went down and managed to step it out a bit on the straight stretches but each hill was a major problem energy-wise and breathing-wise. Poor Keith - I bombarded him with questions about every single incline to come - how long, how steep, etc. so that I could prepare myself mentally for the effort that would be needed!

We decided to use our torches from Betchworth Quarries and, having just purchased a new head torch the day before, the novelty of using it helped me on towards Wotton Hatch. Then, in the black of night, whilst climbing up to Ranmore Common on a trail with woodland either side and not another soul in sight, we suddenly heard a voice very close by telling us to "Keep going by". Now we knew there was not another walker in front for quite a way, so, in the pitch dark, in the middle of a wood, this was somewhat alarming. I moved my torch around and suddenly, there on the path in front, was a chap (no torch and I could not see a backpack), standing up but with his trousers half-mast! We did as he bid and walked on by but we shared many a whispered conjecture over the next few miles.

Wotton Hatch finally hove into view and we arrived at 11.30 p.m. I was amazed when we entered the hall - a sea of identical white washed-out faces peered wearily at us! Some of them were retiring and waiting for a lift; a few were asleep; a few were eating. We tried to eat but, sadly, without success. Effusive energy emanated from the kitchen and from the Marshals - I quite envied them!

We set off again at midnight - our teeth chattering in the cold night air. The owls were hooting and little furry creatures were rustling in the undergrowth. At one point I screamed out as a rabbit shot across my feet on the path - it frightened the life out of me but helped wake me up.

We finally made the Holmbury St. Mary Checkpoint at about 2.30 a.m. - its hallway was adorned by two very tired ladies leaning over tables, either asleep or unconscious! My body was desperate for food (I had only managed an apple in the last 12 hours) but I knew it was pointless trying to eat anything. It was a bit late for a brainwave but I had one anyway and asked for some milk which I forced down hoping it would provide food and drink. I rested on the floor for ten minutes and Keith slept over a table. There were just 16 miles to go and the Marshals were saying that they did not allow retirements at this Checkpoint! Albeit, a few more had to succumb and we learned that about a quarter of the field had retired overall.

We set out about 3.10 a.m. and I knew the 9 miles to the next Checkpoint would be a struggle - I was right! However, the dawn of the day arrived and the birds sung encouraging choruses to help us on our way. Their song sounded like infinite exquisite ecstasy to my numb dumb emotional brain.

At last we reached the Checkpoint at Smithbrook Kilns and the seats were manna from heaven. I persuaded my body to accept two spoonfuls of rice and two mouthfuls of coffee. We chatted to three fellow walkers, had a short rest and then set out in the sunshine on the very last leg - on our last legs!

Still the cuckoo was calling to us, urging us ever forward. We finally reached the point where we joined the outward route to backtrack it the last 2 miles to the finish. I counted every step until I saw Witley Hall. We finished at 9.09 am. - probably in the last half a dozen, but the way I felt, I was just, no, EXTREMELY, overjoyed to finish!

For me it was my first (and last?!!) Surrey Summits. For Keith it was his tenth and he certainly deserves a medal for pulling me up all those blasted hills! Special thanks go to everyone involved in the organisation and marshalling of the event - we were well looked after and made welcome at every Checkpoint. If you have never tried a Surrey Summits event I suppose I can honestly recommend it as an experience of a lifetime!

Shirley Gill

I have noticed that KCC has recently announced 2 new Path Creation Agreements alongside the Royal Military Canal. This will no doubt be part of KCC's aim to have a legal right of way on the whole length of the canal from Seabrook to Pett (via Rye).

The first agreement creates a public footpath from Appledore along the eastern bank for approximately 3 miles to the East Sussex boundary. I only hope that a similar agreement has been created by East Sussex C.C. to continue this path to the existing right of way at Iden Lock.

The second agreement creates a path, also from Appledore, but in the opposite direction, following the north-western bank, also for about 3 miles, to the junction of existing rights of way on the canal bank just south of Warehorne.

Keith Warman.

Thank you, Keith, you and others may also have seen from 'Pathwise', the KCC Public Rights of Way Newsletter, that the Saxon Shore Way has been refurbished, re-waymarked and re-interpreted (whatever that may mean). A new guidebook has also been published at £10.99 and can be ordered from Tim Ratledge or Judith Roberts on [REDACTED]. The guidebook seems expensive but a friend and I walked the Way in stages a few years ago using O.S. maps and Keith's series of articles 'Along with the Horned Helmets'. There may be room here to reproduce an outline map.

T.S.



Manx Mountain Marathon - 30 miles
Kent's Representatives
Saturday 6th April 96

The day began with brilliant sunshine glistening over the Irish Sea. From our Guest House in Douglas we believed the day would be wonderful and convinced ourselves that trainers would be the perfect footwear. The minibus collected us from the sea front at Villa Marina at 6.45am. We had our first glimpse at the competition as other people emerged from the deserted side roads and filled the bus. We were treated to views of our route together with a helpful commentary from the driver as we rode the backbone of the Isle to the start at the port of Ramsey.

Nervous glances at the sheer ascents and plummets in store for us. The sky had now changed from azure to ominous grey - the sun had gone. We assembled in the local church hall with around 30 other walkers to register and pin our numbers on with pride. All our careful preparation using the route description went to pieces when the amendment sheet was handed out just one minute from the start - only to be further corrected with verbal updates seconds before being despatched on our way. This was a taster for things to come!

As one we went along the promenade, through some sleeping residential roads, across a hairpin bend escorted by the local bobby and suddenly up up and away in a steep gully to emerge at the road. The route description said cross and continue ahead...a dry stone wall with barbed wire! This was to be a feature of the day - no regard for rights of way or obvious crossings of walls - just up and over.

The weather had closed in now and the sea mist enveloped us as the hearty 30 people thinned out to 6 visible bodies all stumbling over rough gorse and drainage channels - we began the first big ascent to North Barrule (1854 ft). Frantic lunging for the compass and a need to disregard where others were walking - visibility down to 15 feet, heavy underfoot but good compass work got us to the summit and our first clipper checkpoint at the cairn.

An easy traverse of the ridge in varying visibility, with old snow drifts to our left and right, to reach Clagh Ouyr (1808 ft) the second clipper checkpoint.

A steep descent to the Black Hut taking in a wonderful bootful in the bog at the bottom. A quick bite on something chocolate and wry comments from the St John's Ambulance crew before the ascent to Snaefell at 2036 feet. Weather had cleared slightly and this afforded us panoramic views of the Isle. No sooner were we clipped at the summit when, you guessed it, straight down to the road, a counter check point at the Bungalow Station to ensure no cheating, and along to begin the slog up to Beinn-y-Phott at 1790 feet. It was here that the first of the elite runners overtook us.



An easy descent across a gorse ridge in ever increasing sunshine was followed by an mild ascent to our next clipper check point at Carraghyn (1640 feet). First major navigation blunder occurred when following people off the steep edge of Carraghyn but map, compass and composure soon had us descending to cross the river to the base of Colden to the next counter check point where a feast of jelly babies and stream water were consumed with gusto. The fun stopped here.

The ascent to Colden (1599 feet) began by negotiating the slippery rocks over a fast running stream and then an energy sapping haul across knee high gorse which did it's best to keep us in one position. Many a walker and runner's bodies were found in this gorse massaging tired and exhausted limbs. The summit was littered with Colden survivors taking on board nutrition to desperately try and replace that lost on this, the most taxing of the mountains so far. Our exhaustion at Colden began to tell, we were now slipping far behind our target times for each checkpoint. People disappeared into the distance as we traversed another ridge to Slieau Ruy (1570 feet).

We were completely alone as we descended to the Grebba summit (1383 feet). Our eyes fixed on our watches as we were in real danger of missing the cut off point for the next counter check point. Only the need to conserve energy at this time stopped us from physical violence when a passing cheery standard class runner asked us, if we were "the tail end charlies". Summoning up our reserves we sped along and encountered a charming, if undocumented, checkpoint that was kindly giving out Easter eggs and boundless moral support. We scooted along to the St. John's checkpoint with a tight 6 minutes to spare before shut down. A quick swig of water and we were off to ascend to the next target, mountain number 9.

With the legs feeling like lead we climbed through Forestry Commission tracks to emerge into open grassland to begin the ascent to Slieau Whuallian (1094 feet). We were surprised to see a cluster of 8 people ahead, all apparently caught up in dense thistly terrain. Our attempts to catch up with them proved futile as we also had to negotiate this vertical and hostile scrub land. Alone again we slowly climbed to the clipper point and were cheered on by a lone marshall who advised us of yet further route changes. We knew as we began the painful descent to the Castletown Road that we were now right on the edge of checkpoint closing times. The previous range of mountains had taken their toll and it was apparent that our calculations based on 3 miles an hour were now heartily optimistic. In the late afternoon sun we dragged our weary bodies to the lone 24 mile checkpoint at the Cross Vein Mine. It was here that we admitted to ourselves that we could not continue and meet the deadlines for the remaining checkpoints. Across the road we could see the distant mountain range that sat proudly between us and the finish.

With heavy hearts we discussed the realities of this prospect and our condition privately for a time. We also had it firmly in our minds that there was the second of the marathons to come in just 24 hours and so announced to the marshall that we were to retire at this, the gateway to the last, but by no means the least, 3 mountains to come. The relief at making this sensible decision was almost overwhelming and we polished off the checkpoint's remaining food and drink before being taxied to the finish at Port Erin.

AN EVENING WALK FROM THE HORSE & GROOM - MONDAY 3rd JUNE 1996

A dozen or so enjoyed this excellent walk led by Jim Oddy on the rolling North Downs before joining another half dozen in the bar of the Horse & Groom for refreshments. We started in a shower of rain but it soon stopped and the rest of the evening was dry and bright. It was good to have, from nearby West Kingsdown, an LDWA member with a friend joining us.

Much of the talk was about the Yorkshire Dales 100 mile event of the previous weekend and there was general agreement that a great time was had by all those who participated, both walkers and marshals. The West Yorkshire Group had put on an well organised event. There are more details of Kent Group's success or otherwise elsewhere in this News Letter.

Bryan C.

A SUMMERS EVENING WALK FROM IDE HILL - THURSDAY 11TH JULY 1996

On this warm and sticky summer evening over a dozen members and friends joined leader Dave Sheldrake for a superb two hour walk. The terrain was varied and the company good so the time passed very pleasantly indeed.

From the escarpment overlooking the weald there were really good views which until the great storm of '87 were blocked by trees. The new growth is progressing apace and in ten years or so the views will again be impeded except where "Viewing Points" are provided.

At the finish we sat on the grass outside the pub in Ide Hill and refreshed ourselves with various liquids and more conversation.

Bryan C.

NEW BALANCE, FLIMBY, CUMBRIA

Without in any way recommending or endorsing New Balance footwear some members may be interested in the information below.

New Balance have a factory shop at Flimby in Cumbria where some products are sold at a fraction of their usual price. Typically a £70 pair of running (walking) shoes will be around £15. Callers only can get the benefit of these bargains, though it will be pointed out that the product may not be perfect. Anyone in the Lake District on a bad day on the fells may find it advantageous to call at the shop.

Flimby is situated on the coast, on the A596, south of Maryport and north of Workington. Driving south from Maryport the New Balance factory is on the left on the southern outskirts of Flimby.

Bryan C.

Castle to Castle Marathon - 26.5 miles

Kent's Representatives

Monday 8th April 96

An overcast day greeted us as we were scooped up by the minibus and taken at speed to the port of Peel and the Fenella Beach car park for 7.30am. Some 93 hopefuls had gathered on the quay side, all eyeing the sky to decide if we were in for a severe downpour. The sea mist closed in as we made our first ascent to the Tower at the top of Peel Hill. The gently undulating cliff top edge encouraged a fast pace and we were soon overtaking the field. A steep descent and an ascent at Glen Maye brought us to checkpoint number one, the Waterfall Hotel, 4 miles out.

A wet and steep gully took us out of the other side of the glen and into grasslands. The pressure was on us as we maintained a healthy and visible lead in front of the main group, almost turning to disaster as we turned cross country only to be confronted by deep and ominous bogs. Our well rehearsed bog hopping techniques had us crashing through the undergrowth and out onto the road where we joined a track heading for the base of Cronk-Ny-Airey-Laa (1,433 feet). The summit and most of the mountain was enveloped in a thick mist. We locked onto and followed a pencil thin line of torsos, slowly climbing their way up the track and disappearing into the mist. Our ability to maintain a steady pace on this ascent allowed us to pass more of the group and somewhere in the gloom we arrived at the inauspicious cairn and trig point. At this windswept, frozen, inhospitable spot we were greeted by the cheeriest of marshals. A sterling woman who had not only made the cruel ascent to her post with a table, paperwork, several large water containers and cups, but looked like a Cagoule catalogue model which she allied to an enthusiastic nature, a broad smile and an encouraging word for each and every one of us.

Collecting our numbered check card as evidence that we had reached the summit we ran the rapid descent all the way down to the Sloc checkpoint. Two more miles of undulating coastal path in ever thickening mist culminated in a knee and calf busting vertical descent to Fleswick beach and the next checkpoint. Beaches are at sea level and therefore the only way from here was up. A seriously testing steep track took us back into the cloud to reach Bradda cairn (787 feet) and finally to the Milner's Tower, a folly built by the key smith Milner in the shape of a large mortice key. A rapid and easy descent took us to the half way checkpoint at the Bradda Cafe. A five minute lunch, a sock change and we were off in now increasingly improving weather.

Exhilarating cliff top and bay walking were the order for the next 3 miles to the constant sound of sea gulls and the crashing of the Irish sea below. Checkpoint 5 proved difficult to leave, it was the Sound Cafe which had the most wondrous display of chocolate gateaux, pastries and high calorie delights. Tea was taken outside to reduce the temptation to purchase their entire stock.

Sea mist drifted in again and our interpretation of the directions lead us on the wrong track from Spanish Head across farm lanes, empty fields and stone walls. Utterly lost in this fog we trusted compass and map and headed back to the coast where we were pleased to rejoin the route which eventually took us to checkpoint 6 at Port St. Mary. Sea level walking took us to the sandy Chapel Beach where a few moments were spent idly watching the canoeists riding the surf.

A steep, stepped climb from the beach brought us back to the coastal road where a couple of miles of roadside fast walking presented itself to us. At checkpoint 7, Fisher's Hill, an innocent couple who were parked with their estate car boot up were surprised to have their boot contents rifled as we firmly believed they were part of the event and were supplying food and drink ! Disgruntled and empty we marched back to the coastal path and on to go through a farmyard. This was unusual in that it's perimeter ran to the sea, no electrified fence needed there to keep the cows in check.

In strong sunlight and clear skies we polished off the remaining 3 glorious miles over lush, manicured grass plains decorated with a purple haze of wild flowers, edged by the foaming Irish sea.

Castletown came into view with the Castle Rushen, our finish, a prominent and most welcome sight. From this moment to reaching the castle flew by, as we scooted through the town centre, passing the market square, the Smelt Memorial and the Police station at a gallop. With broad smiles we left the sunshine to turn the iron latch of the heavy wooden door leading into the dark, dank castle corridor that lead to the marshals and the finish.

Thanks to Pete Berry and Kim Dron for that report and the earlier one from the Isle of Man. I don't know whether this Newsletter has ever carried a report from Manx shores before but I daresay my predecessor, Laurie Lowe, will be able to tell me.

In recent months new members have received a letter from our Secretary, David Sheldrake, welcoming them and giving them an outline of our activities. These include Social walks, day, evening and night, for which new leaders are always welcome, walking weekends, e.g. in Brecon Beacons in January, monthly pub meetings and an annual family walk and lunch and, of course our three events:

Sevenoaks Circular (30/20 miles) on 3rd Sunday in March.

High Weald Walk (25 miles) on 2nd Sunday in August

Wealden Waters Walk (62 miles/100k) on 2nd weekend in October.

I am grateful to Bobbie of Norfolk and Suffolk Group for sending me a copy of their Newsletter and may very well, subject, of course, to receiving her permission, make use of parts of it in another issue. Please keep sending me material for future issues: illustrations are particularly welcome as I seem to have run out of suitable covers. Closing date for next issue:- 4th November 1996. Items, including social walks, for "Strider" to David Sheldrake by 15th September, 1996, AT THE LATEST.

Tom Sinclair
19th July 1996.