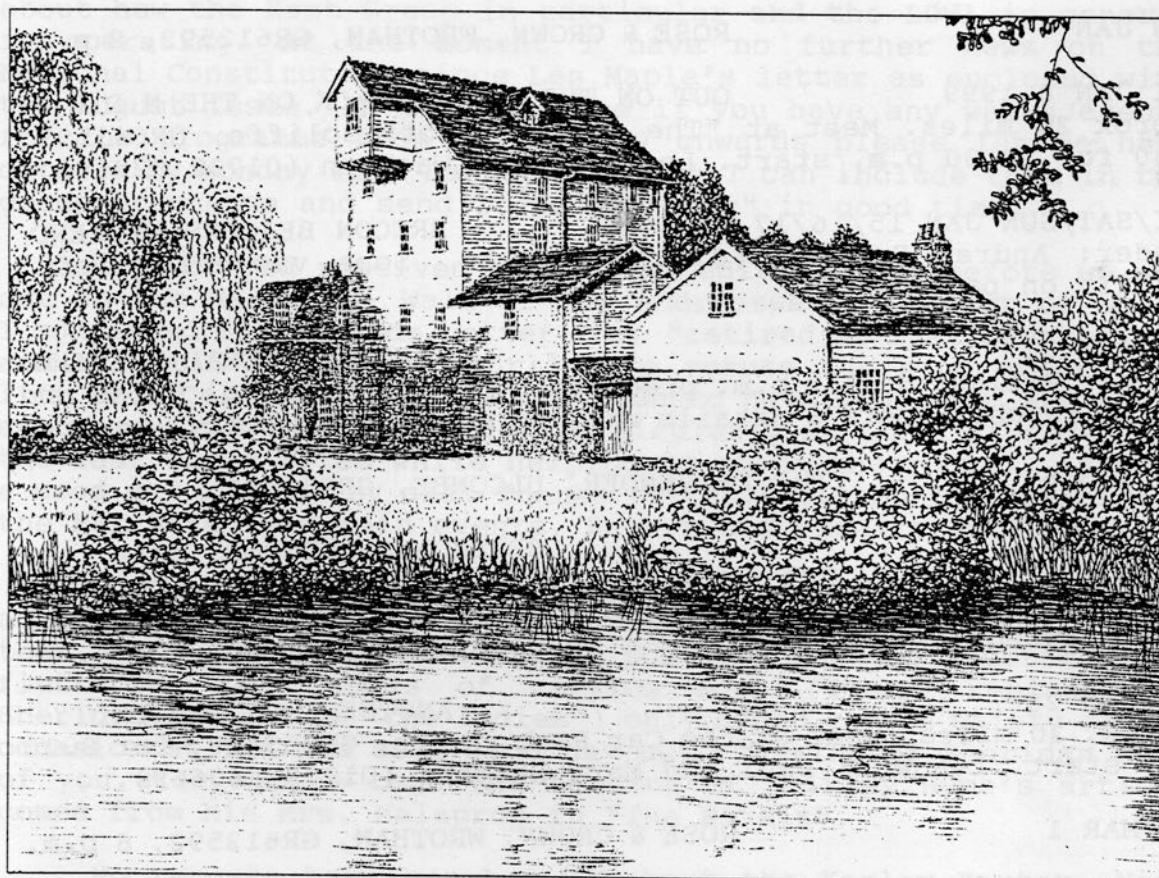




LONG DISTANCE WALKERS ASSOCIATION *Kent Group*

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

NEWSLETTER



Number 47

December 1998

COMMITTEE

CHAIRMAN.....PAUL HATCHER [REDACTED]
SECRETARY.....TOM SINCLAIR [REDACTED]
TREASURER.....NEIL HIGHAM ([REDACTED])

MEMBERS

ANDREW BOULDEN ([REDACTED]) BRIAN BUTTIFANT [REDACTED]
JIM ODDY [REDACTED] HILARY THORNBURGH [REDACTED]
ROGER THORNBURGH ([REDACTED]) KEITH WARMAN ([REDACTED])

KENT GROUP PROGRAMME DECEMBER 1998 TO APRIL 1999

SUN DEC 27 A SOCIAL SEVENOAKS TWENTY
Meet 8 a.m. Buckhurst 2 c.p. (GR 533546) Pub stop. Leaders: Brian Buttifant ([REDACTED]) and Tom Sinclair ([REDACTED])

MON JAN 4 ROSE & CROWN, WROTHAM, GR612592, 8 p.m.

FRI JAN 8 1999 OUT ON THE W.W. & BACK ON THE N.D.W.
Approx 20 miles. Meet at "The George", Trottiscliffe, GR641599, 9.30 for 10.30 p.m. start. Leader: Ivan Waghorn ([REDACTED]).

FRI/SAT/SUN JAN 15/16/17 1999 BRECON BEACONS WEEKEND
Leader: Andrew Boulden ([REDACTED]). Some vacancies left.
Details on page 11.

SUN JAN 31 ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING
Bredgar Village Hall 2 p.m. preceded by optional social walks and buffet lunch. Papers & details will be sent out in early January.

MON FEB 6 THE PROVENDER, ULCOMBE, GR853486, 8 p.m.

SUN FEB 21 SEVENOAKS OUTCROPS WALK
10ml. Meet 10 a.m. One Tree Hill N.T. c.p. GR559531. Visiting local places of interest, old clothes preferable. No pub stop. Bring packed lunch. Leader: Martyn Berry ([REDACTED])

SUN FEB 28 ANOTHER WYE WANDER
Approx. 20 miles. Meet at the Car Park in Wye, GR053468, for 8.30 a.m. start. Leaders: Paul and Mary Hatcher ([REDACTED]).

MON MAR 1 ROSE & CROWN, WROTHAM, GR612592, 8 p.m.

SUN MAR 7 SEVENOAKS CIRCULAR MARSHALS' WALKS
For those helping on main event ONLY. Offers of help to Brian Buttifant ([REDACTED]) 8 a.m. Buckhurst 2 c.p. (GR 533546).

SUN MAR 21 SEVENOAKS CIRCULAR WALKS
HELP! Contact Brian Buttifant ([REDACTED]) with your offer.

MON APR 5 THE PROVENDER, ULCOMBE, GR853486, 8 p.m.

SUN 25 APR SHIRLEY'S SELLING STROLL
20 miles. Meet at Selling Station, GR052572. 8.30 a.m. start. Pub stop Stalisfield Green. Leader: Shirley Higgins ([REDACTED]).

Dear Fellow Kent Group Members,

November is upon us and even before tonight's group gathering in the "Rose & Crown" I seem to be surrounded by paper. Many thanks to all who have sent it - most of it will be used in some way, incorporated in the newsletter or in the form of enclosures namely reports and results of the Andredsweald Circuit and the Wealden Waters and an up-to-date membership list. Once again my thanks are due to Keith Warman for the illustration on the cover. Many of you will have seen it before but it will be on the Millennium Hundred route and anyway I like it. By the time you read this I hope to have seen many of you at the Annual Lunch on Sunday 6th December and/or at the "Gatliff".

In any case I look forward to seeing lots of you at the A.G.M. on 31st January 1999. It is your opportunity to have a say about how the Kent Group in particular and the LDWA in general is operating. At the moment I have no further news on the National Constitution since Les Maple's letter as enclosed with the August issue. In the meantime if you have any walks/events for the programme from April 1999 onwards please let me have details by Monday 11th January so that I can include them in the group programme and send it to "Strider" in good time.

Some of you received the August edition just before we set out on the Marshals' Walk of the Andredsweald Circuit of which I completed 88% (sounds better than "retired at last checkpoint" and it would have been churlish to refuse the kind offer of a lift from Celia and Pauline and then to have kept them and their spouses waiting at the finish particularly as I had already done the last three miles while helping to check the route). Anyway, a good day was had by all. Thanks to Ernie Bishop for organising the Marshals' and main events. Report and results enclosed.

Just too late for inclusion in the last issue Paul and Mary achieved a record attendance of 35 on their traditional cream teas walk. Good route, excellent pub stop and the flustered and fluttering tea ladies of varying ages (I was reminded of Sheridan's toast to "the ladies") only added to the gaiety of the occasion at the end of a good day out. Talking of Sheridan some of you will notice that the heading of Shirley Hume's article comes from his Mrs. Malaprop in "The Rivals".

No reports have reached me about the Keeler Kanter, Neal O'Rourke's East Kent Expedition or Maurice's Trois Cheminees. I wonder.... is this because if the editor goes on a social walk others expect him to write the report and if he doesn't go he doesn't think to ask someone else to write it. Something like that I suspect and NOT, I am sure, lack of appreciation of the walks organisers' efforts in arranging the day out.

In the last issue I mentioned as one of the reasons for retiring from the White Peak Hundred "incipient apoplexy due to inferior route description", BUT no mention of Ann Beeching's 10th "hundred" on the White Peak Marshals' Walk. Sorry!

Contributions for April issue by the first Monday in March, to:
Tom Sinclair, [REDACTED]

GROUP EQUIPMENT

In an effort to rationalize the group's equipment in a sensible allocation, as suggested by Jim Oddy, I have divided the equipment into the following different categories:-

1. Signs and notice boards
2. Miscellaneous Equipment
3. Food & associated equipment
4. Electrical appliances
5. Gas appliances and gas bottles
6. Water containers and associated equipment (A)
7. " " " " " (B)
8. Plastic sheeting, awnings and shelters.

Various members have agreed to store and be responsible for the items in each category and their names and telephone numbers are shown beside the heading in the detailed list below. Please ensure that any equipment you are holding at the moment gets to the right person as soon as possible so that they can check the items held against the list and keep me informed. (You may find that you have returned an item to the "wrong" person after the W.W.W. but the new system seems logical and should spread the load a bit more evenly as well as easing the burden on such people as Pauline Barnett and Brenda Buttifant who may have felt that their homes have been cluttered for years! Ed.)

If this procedure (i.e. returning all items to person responsible who then informs me) is adopted after each event I should be able to ensure that our equipment list is up-to-date and reliable. Your co-operation is vital and appreciated.

TREVOR BLAKE

LIST OF LDWA KENT GROUP EQUIPMENT AS AT 1.12.1998 SHOWING CATEGORIES AND THEIR KEEPERS

SIGNS AND NOTICE BOARDS

Jim Oddy

- 1 zigzag notice board, floor standing,
- 2 plastic notices "Ladies" and "Gents", 9 plastic aprons,
- 8 checkpoint signs. 1 Finish Board,
- 2 Road-crossing "Caution" signs.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS

Ivan Waghorn

- 2 folding tables, 2 Tilly lamps, 22 clippers,
- 1 First Aid Kit, 19 marshals jackets,
- 7 six-foot marker posts with yellow painted tops.

FOOD & ASSOCIATED EQUIPMENT

Paul Hatcher

- All items of tinned and dried food, 28 plastic bowls,
- 101 plastic mugs, 11 plastic mugs. for sale, 87 Thermal plastic cups, a box of plastic cutlery, kitchen aprons.

Neil Higham

ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES & TEA POTS

Dave Sheldrake

- 2 electric toasters, 1 electric sandwich toaster,
- 1 electric can opener, 1 electric striplight,
- 5 electric urns, 7 tea pots, 1 kettle.

GAS APPLIANCES

Trevor Blake

1 gas urn, 2 gas burners, 5 gas bottles,
5 pump flasks, various mixing bottles

WATER CONTAINERS & EQUIPMENT (A)

Bryan Clarke

7 x 5 gallon water containers, 1 filler hose, 3 funnels,
4 jugs, various mixing bottles

WATER CONTAINERS & EQUIPMENT (B)

Tom Sinclair

7 x 5 gallon water containers, 2 filler hoses, 2 funnels,
4 jugs, various mixing bottles

PLASTIC SHEETS, AWNINGS & SHELTERS

Laurie Lowe

7 packets of plastic sheeting, 4 plastic awnings,
2 plastic shelters

Many thanks to Jim and Trevor for their work on this project - I must give that kettle to Dave Sheldrake! More seriously many people find that our monthly group gatherings (now listed in the programme) provide a good opportunity for transferring food and equipment before and after events. Talking of Trevor, Pat and Bryan Clarke have sent me the following report.

NEWS OF KENT GROUP MEMBERS

Some of you saw Trevor Blake helping out on the Wealden Waters Walk for a time. He has recovered from his operation to some extent and is able to drive, to walk on smooth surfaces (no stiles) and to work with his lathe so at least he isn't chewing his finger nails with boredom. However, unfortunately, there is still a lot of discomfort, sleep is often evasive and doing challenge walks etc. remains a distant dream. (As he might say himself, "it's being so cheerful that keeps me going!" Ed.)

A note from Susan Verrall says that she has just been for a check-up on her broken leg. They are pleased with her progress and she can now gradually increase how much weight she can put on it, going from two crutches to one and then, when she feels it right, doing without altogether. She doesn't go back to hospital for three months. It has been a long job but hopefully she and Ivan will be covering those miles again soon!

We have also had a letter from Ann Beeching as we had 'phoned her while we were in the Lake District but she was in Scotland climbing Munros. Ann says she finished climbing the "Wainwrights" at Easter 1997, meeting Andrew Boulden on her last as she was leaving Scafell Pike, and is now trying to complete the Munros.

PAT & BRYAN CLARKE.

I am sorry to have to report that the provider of the cover illustration and the "Cotswold Maggot" (see a later page) has had to have an abdominal (perhaps even abominable) operation. However he is now recovering at home and already promising to write something for the next Newsletter. Alan Ball has recently had an operation for a knee-joint replacement and is also recovering. Best wishes to Keith and Alan and to Shirlie and Ann. Tom S.

WELLINGTON BOOT - 100K

Organised by Cornwall & Devon Group and in particular George and Annie Foot the Wellington Boot represents one of the best over-night events on the calendar. The event is now in its 4th year and is much improved from the opening outing in 1995. On that occasion route-finding in the dark was very difficult and it was necessary to pull yourself up and over some very large stiles. I remember it took me 7 hours to complete the last 12 miles. At the finish I swore that the event would never again be graced with my presence. How quickly you forget!!

So what makes the event so good? Could it be the parking which is only 20 yards away from the start. This may not be that important before the event but once finished it is an absolute luxury. Perhaps it is the excellent route description or indeed the lovely views over to Wales from the Quantocks. All of these add to the event but for me it's the hospitality of all the helpers and home-made cooking which leaves a lasting impression.

This year I arrived in Wellington with the rain falling as quickly as the Stock Market. Even the 20 yard dash from the car resulted in a good soaking. Once inside the School Hall I was greeted with a line of people waiting for the 8.30 start all dressed in full waterproofs. I pinched myself but alas it was no dream and therefore I sat down and put all my wet-weather gear on. It was still raining when I started at 9.02 but within 15 minutes the sky was blue and apart from the odd brisk shower it remained dry for the next 17 hours. During this time I had kept my gaiters and waterproof trousers on and so when the heavens opened in the early hours of Sunday morning I remained dry. As it happened the rain only lasted 30/40 minutes.

Back at the finish hot showers were waiting. The only problem which soon became obvious was that the run of shower nozzles were prepared for infants. As I stand 6 foot 3 inches they were akin to a stand-up bidet although more areas were washed than with the traditional sit-down variety! Enough said other than, given a wee bit of stretching, a decent shower was had. It was then off to get an hour's sleep before a cooked breakfast and a 4 hour drive home.

I have left the best to the last. Yes, the food. At Checkpoint 2, which was about 3rd distance, the Village Hall was set out with a banquet in mind. It was so good that even I sat down for 10 minutes to see how many of the dozen or so goodies I could eat. I gave up counting after 6 although I must have tried nearly all of them as the climb back on to the Quantocks seemed a long way. This high standard continued at the next checkpoint before consuming a hot meal at 58K. It was now getting dark so more food was necessary at checkpoint before sitting down to spaghetti and waffles at just after midnight. The food was made to taste that much nicer given the good cheer and encouragement of the willing volunteers.

It was disappointing for the organisers that only 71 of the 90 entrants turned up as the standard of the event deserved better support. Make a note in your diaries now for the 2nd weekend in September 1999 and you, too, could walk 100K and still put on weight.

Andrew Boulden

(Can Andrew tell me what the correlation is between darkness and food and were the spaghetti and the waffles served together? T.)

WANDERING AROUND THE PEMBROKE COAST

Torn between returning to the Lake District and exploring a new area Bryan and I finally decided to explore the Pembrokeshire Coast last July, after a suggestion by our eldest son. We spent a few happy evenings studying possible B & B's and finally selected one. However someone must have forewarned them so we weren't able to sample the hospitality of the 17th Century farmhouse but instead stayed in a modern house perched on the hillside at Broad Haven (not to be confused with Broad Haven further down the Coast!!). This one was adjacent to Little Haven. It was a good centre and a local pub and hotel provided good and very reasonably-priced food. The short but sharp climb back to our B & B meant that many of the Calories were burnt off before we reached base! The view from our picture window in the bedroom was spectacular. The artificial plant in our room was easily hidden for the duration! We would also warn that the cereal chosen on the first morning was what you got every morning thereafter. Other than these small quibbles it was a good clean, reasonably priced and friendly lodging within yards of the Coastal Path. An evening spent looking for circular walks in the area in the Country Walking supplements proved productive and we photocopied suitable ones to take with us.

We thoroughly enjoyed our rambles along the cliffs and paths of Pembrokeshire. We even managed to have most of the week clear of rain - just one morning of drizzle - which was surely a record this summer. It was very quiet - we had chosen World Football week but had a good TV in our room for evening games. Some days we went for an hour or more without seeing a soul. We didn't attempt to cover long distances because there were too many distractions along the way. My interest in Wild Flowers was well satisfied. One day I counted 53 different varieties in response to another guest at the B & B who said he had counted over 60. We spent time watching birds through the binoculars (the two-winged variety). Many were nesting on the cliffs but we also saw and heard lots of skylarks. It was perfect conditions for them with plenty of natural grassland. Because it was so quiet - walking single file meant that there wasn't much conversation going on between us either - we saw linnets, yellowhammers, choughs, and other timid birds up close. I gave myself a gold star for actually recognising the yellow hammer's call before we saw it. We spent one day over on Skomer Island where we saw puffins entering and leaving their nests in the ground only a few feet away. The climb from the Ferry on the Island is certainly only recommended for those who are fit so don't take anybody with problems - it is steep and rugged. The area can also compete with Kent for stiles. One route description mentioned 41 stiles. We thought it was a printing error - it wasn't!!

We'd certainly recommend the Pembrokeshire Coastal Path for those who haven't yet explored the area. There seems to be plenty of accommodation not too far away and it's far less well-trodden than Devon and Cornwall but just as spectacular.

Pat Clarke

A COTSWOLD MAGGOT

The Cotswold Way has been in existence since 1970 as a recreational route, although I believe it is shortly to become a National Trail - this will surely make it more popular. For 107 miles (according to my "string measure") it meanders along the Cotswolds scarp from Chipping Campden to Bath, between which the proverbial crow would need to be in the air for only 51 miles.

Shirlie and I decided on a 6-day jaunt and duly set off one autumnal morning from the superb old wool town (built of golden oolitic limestone) of Chipping Campden. The season of mists and mellow fruitfulness had definitely arrived as we fought our way through clusters of cobwebs to climb up to Dover's Hill, scene of "Olympick Games" from 1612 to the 1800's. We breached the 1000-foot contour at Broadway Tower but were disappointed to be confronted by a bold sign requesting us to pay the entry fee even if we stepped off the public footpath onto the surrounding grassland. Although the sun was starting to burst through, we doubted if many of the 13 counties supposedly visible could be seen that morning.

Broadway seemed busy, mostly with tourists like us but who, unlike us, hadn't arrived on foot. We delighted in watching a male motorist, who had parked inconsiderately, getting a full ticking-off from the local Margaret Rutherford. Steady climbs amidst delightfully quiet scenery took us past isolated farmsteads and ancient settlements to Stanton, the most beautiful Cotswold village my limited eyes had seen. Craftsmen were splitting stone to form roofing tiles - only the obligatory radio spoilt the scene.

In a thicket, before Stanway, we spied a stoat hurtling for cover. At Stanway, with its thatched-roofed cricket pavilion perched upon staddle stones, we chanced upon a film set complete with mobile canteen. Closer inspection revealed actors in period costumes lounging between shooting. The superbly-ornate entrance gate to Stanway House was closed but, through a gap, filming in progress could be seen (we spied Timothy Spall) for "A Clandestine Marriage" coming to your local terrestrial televisual receiver soon, no doubt.

With the disappointment of a tea room being closed the day we passed, we strolled on to reach Hailes Abbey, where ice creams were slurped in the afternoon sunshine. The small church here has medieval wall paintings. An encounter with a herd of frisky cattle led us to the delightful town of Winchcombe, where the old stocks had provision for seven (!) limbs. This puzzled us for quite a while. A steady but pleasant climb up to the Stone Age burial mound of Belas Knap was spoiled by a circling helicopter.

With threatening clouds building up, we crossed a high plateau reminiscent of the western part of the Ridgeway, to reach the open pasture of Cleeve Common. This is the last remaining unenclosed section of the Cotswolds and an eerie place it was too. In a cold wind, we climbed through gorse and sheep to reach the trig point, just off route, at 1083 feet and the highest point on the Cotswolds. The Way over the Common seems to have been diverted over the years, if our guidebooks were to be believed, and the waymarked route we followed was different again. If you go this way, take care - as well as your map and compass. After Cleeve, the views westward over the Severn Plain would have been extensive had the haze cleared, but we nestled down in a sunny hollow for lunch.

A long descent and equally long ascent of the Chelt valley took us through Lineover Wood, the first of many Woodland Trust sites we were to encounter. From Hartley Hill, a wide view from the narrow contour-hugging path included Cheltenham. In the afternoon warmth we sat on Leckhampton Hill overlooking the weird shape of The Devil's Chimney, a limestone stack left by quarrymen years ago.

The next day began in glorious sunshine with autumn's myriad tints at their best. Small birds agreed with this. Rosehips and hawthorn berries were in abundance, as were the fat juicy blackberries we feasted upon on most days. Shadey woodland led us to Crickley Hill Country Park, with first-class toilets and a warden trimming dead rosebay willowherb. Whilst crossing the A436 at the Air Balloon Inn, we had a close encounter of the automobile type, narrowly missing a visit to the local hospital.

We met a couple of Cotswold Way wardens at The Peak, and they gave us useful tips to watch out for. The sun's rays were filtering through 3 miles of lovely mixed woodland from which we emerged at "The Haven", a tea room beside the path at Cooper's Hill. We rested in the garden with drinks, resisting the temptation of "Kotswold Komeagain" (local fudge to you and I) before rounding the lane to reach the foot of the 45 degrees hill from which the village takes its name. This is the site of the annual cheese-rolling contest, in which locals with scant regard for their joints chase whole round cheeses down the death-defying slope. Our meandering route climbed through the adjacent woods to arrive at the top of the hill, adorned with a magnificent maypole.

In the thick woodland which followed, a roe deer was spied feeding just 20 yards ahead of us. Soon we were dropping into Painswick with its famed churchyard containing ornately-carved stone tombs and 99 trimmed yews. The church was huge, reflecting the prosperity of times past. The warm sunshine meant warm work climbing and dropping through the undulating landscape dotted with old quarries. Eventually we came to the superb promontory of Haresfield Beacon, from which Gloucester Cathedral and the lower Severn Valley were clearly visible. With house martins swirling around us, we lay on the cropped grass and my thoughts turned to a short nap, but Shirlie soon prodded me into action and reminded me of the need to push on.

Standish Wood and then fieldpaths led down into the Frome valley near Stroud and past the Victorian red brick mass of Stanley Mill, one of 2 surviving mills hereabouts - there were over 100 once. A couple of route hesitations led us through Middleyard, then along the crest of the scarp inside more woodland to reach Uley Bury, a huge Iron Age fort. It seemed a bit overgrown so we resisted the temptation to walk the mile-long circuit around its perimeter. Instead, we lounged on the ramparts to devour our Iron Age sandwiches and drink our Iron Bru.

A long descent soon took us, in warm sunshine, to Cam Long Down and a short steep ascent to an airy summit with a 360 degrees view, including a great length of the escarpment. Over Peaked Down, Dursley was the next habitation. A glance at the close contours of the next climb suggested a liquid respite was needed. The town's shops gave us amusement - one called "That New Shop" and a bakery offering "5 yum-yums for 99p".

A straight track up through bent trees led us to the golf course on Stinchcombe Hill and a 2-mile wander around its perimeter. After the delightfully-named village of North Nibley, we climbed yet again

to the Tyndale Monument, erected in memory of one William Tyndale, who was burned at the stake in 1536 for translating the bible into English. Clear tracks through more high-level woodland and we were soon strolling down the High Street of Wotton-under-Edge, complete with ancient almshouses and a tiny chapel behind.

Quiet, undulating country wove us up the Kilcott valley, the site of long-deceased mills. Just beyond Hawkesbury Upton, we chanced upon waymarks for the Monarch's Way - further investigation later revealed this to be a 609 miles long recreational route from Worcester to Shoreham-by-Sea, via Devon! Our mere stripling of a route soon dropped to a secret fold in the hills and Horton Court, at the heart of which is a Norman hall house. Little Sodbury hill-fort provided the perfect excuse for a peaceful rest amongst the inquisitive resident sheep.

On through Dodington Park, we darted across the treacherous A46 to reach Tormarton, a sleepy backwater of a village inconsiderately built right alongside the drone of the M4. Planners, huh. The crossing of the motorway (well, not literally, but via the roundabout of junction 18), was the real lowpoint on the whole journey. Wending our way through the A46 "picnic area" brought us back to earth for a while as we kicked our way through the litter scattered everywhere.

Back along field edges and through copse and hedgerow, we followed the parkland wall of Dyrham Park down to the village of that name, where we had our only glimpse of the ornate gardens leading to the splendid house. In Dyrham Wood, we added our message in the travellers' book found in a wayside box. Three rats were spied diving into the undergrowth ahead of us before the last real climb took us, under black skies, to the Somerset Monument, just a few miles from Bath. Within minutes, the promised rain and high winds engulfed us, which was a pity as the views are as good as any on The Way. Groups of loudly-dressed golfers bid us "good-day" and we passed 3 walkers with large packs heading for Chipping Campden, no doubt. The limited visibility meant that Weston, on the outskirts of Bath, was not really seen until we were stumbling into it, seeking refuge in the church. Alas, it was locked, but a park shelter gave us the perfect place for a change into dry clothes.

Bath was bustling, with cars frantically searching in vain for parking spots. The gardens along Royal Avenue were a gloriously-colourful display, especially so as this was the end of September. For a while, we became mass tourists (other than the lone ones we had been for the previous 6 days) and duly arrived at the Abbey, the official end.

We both thoroughly enjoyed this walk - it was a real journey of discovery and delight. The waymarking, except in a couple of places, was excellent, but our guidebook (the 1995 version of Anthony Burton's Recreational Path Guide from The Aurum Press) does need close scrutiny if, like us, you are following the yellow line superimposed onto his maps. It does "wander" from the waymarked route on the ground in many places.

Oh, I nearly forgot! Where did the Maggot come in, I hear you ask? No, it's not the soft limbless larva of dipterous insects seen on the route, but an ancient meaning of a fancy, whim or favourite thing - a good summary of our feelings for the Cotswold Way.

Keith Warman

DURHAM DALES 100 - MAY 1999

It says on page 3 of the August "Strider" that "A supply of entry forms and details for the Durham Dales 100 will be issued to Group Secretaries from 1 November". A small supply has reached me and the forms will be available at group gatherings from now on or can be obtained by sending an s.a.e. to:- Peter Morrill,

Entry forms for the main event must be returned by 27 February 1999 but the closing date for the Marshals' Walk on 1-3 May is 31 DECEMBER 1998 so please would any of you who have offered to help on the main event who wish to do the Marshals' Walk get hold of a form from me as soon as possible. Tom S.

MILLENNIUM HUNDRED

A lengthy but useful meeting was held in early September and the next one is planned for April 1999. Meanwhile much has been and will be going on behind the scenes with lots of different people writing and checking descriptions of sections of the route, visiting and booking village halls etc. for checkpoints, finding other groups to man the checkpoints (many have already volunteered), planning menus, designing entry forms, certificates, badges, etc., arranging a communication network, liaison with councils and police, finding sponsors and much more. If you would like to help with any aspect please contact any member of the group committee (see page 2) who should be able to put you in touch with the appropriate person.

FOR SALE

The more observant among you may have seen in "Strider":- "Strider Nos. 14, 17, 24-28 (inc.) 30,32, 33,34, 37-46 (inc.) 48, 49, 50. £1.00 each or £20 the lot, both plus postage or collect. Also Trail Walker issues 1-44 with three binders, offers please. Keith Warman,

Keith tells me that he has received a nil response to his small ad and is now willing to offer these valuable items to Kent Group members at severely reduced prices. MAKE HIM AN OFFER!

BRECON BEACONS WEEKEND

Vacancies remain for the Group's trip to South Wales (Friday 15th to Sunday 17th January) so please give me a call on

The cost will be £60 per head to include full board for 2 nights and packed lunches for both Saturday and Sunday. Those wishing to extend the weekend into Monday can do so for an extra £10*.

Arrangements need to be finalised prior to xmas so please let me know as soon as possible to avoid disappointment.

ANDREW BOULDEN

*This figure covers overnight stay and D.I.Y. breakfast on Monday morning but not the Sunday evening restaurant meal. Tom S.

Les Vioques de Mercredi en Auvergne** - Sept '98 Laurie Lowe

We had intended to walk in the Auvergne region of France in June, but the prospect of the World Cup and "les hooligans anglais" encouraged us to postpone until September.

After a smooth train journey from Ashford, we stepped from the air-conditioned carriage into the oven like atmosphere of Clermont Ferrand. A local train took us up into the hills and deposited us at Volvic station, which has been built 4 kms from the town - presumably because that is where the railway line is!

A Night To Remember:- It was very hot and humid in Volvic, so it was necessary to have the bedroom windows open in an attempt to get some air circulating. In the event, there was not much air but there was plenty of noise! A group of youngsters stood in the square chatting and laughing until about midnight. Cars came and went, and those which parked in the square below the hotel all seemed to have at least ten doors each. Motorcycles and lorries came past at intervals into the early hours of the morning. The ever present French mopeds buzzed around like angry bees and during the few periods when there was no human activity, dogs came out on opposite sides of the square to have barking competitions. And as a constant accompaniment to these various noises, there was the gentle tinkling of a water fountain beneath the hotel window. But the 'pièce de résistance' was the church clock. This was one of the refined instruments of torture which the French have developed and installed in many churches in this region. The idea seems to be that no one is expected to sleep for more than half an hour. In addition to sounding the half-hour, these clocks strike each hour - twice! I went to bed just before 10.30 and so was able to listen to 10.30 (1 dong), 11.00 (2x11 dongs), 11.30 (1 dong), midnight (2x12 dongs!), 00.30 (1), 1.00 (2x1), 1.30 (1), 2.00 (2x2), 2.30 (1), 3.00 (2x3), and 3.30 (1). My next recollection was of hearing 2x6 dongs - so I must have slept for 2½ hours.

Weather Or Not:- The weather for our first week was not good! Low cloud, low temperatures, strong winds, sometimes with rain or sleet. We saw little of the superb scenery which I knew surrounded us each day. It was not until we reached the Pas de Peyrol below Puy Mary on day 7 and were sat in the cafe consuming warm food and hot drinks, that a bright light flooded in through the windows and we saw for the first time the true beauty of the scenery which surrounded us. The weather then improved to near perfect for walking and we were able to see the Cantal region at its best.

The Fell Race:- We spent our third night in the gîte d'étape at Pessade and the next morning, as we prepared to leave for another day in poor weather conditions, two men arrived and started to examine the kitchen facilities, etc. It all seemed a bit familiar and we soon learnt that they were there to set up a checkpoint for a fell race which started at the summit of Puy de Dôme and finished on the summit of Puy de Sancy (1885 m) Later we were overtaken by the front runners and when we reached the Col de la Croix Morand, we found that the conditions were considered too dangerous for the lightly clad runners and that their route was

2
-13-

diverted down into Le Mont Dore. We settled for the same path, arriving in the town with the dishevelled stragglers of the race.

A Taxi Ride:- The ascent of Puy de Sancy - at over 6400 ft, the highest point in mid France - was to have been one of the highlights of the trip. Because of the poor weather conditions we decided to get a weather forecast from the information centre in Le Mont Dore. The forecast spoke of snow at 1200 metres, 40-60 kph winds and poor visibility. The lady at the office was so concerned that three such 'mature' persons were even considering the crossing, that she brought in her English-speaking colleague to make sure that we understood the situation. We took her advice to heart and consoled ourselves with luxury accomodation at the Hotel de la Paix - recently fully restored in the Belle Epoque style. It was 3 degrees on the windowsill outside the room the next morning, and we took a taxi around the mountain to Besse-en-Chandesse from where we commenced walking. The first few miles were done in bright sunshine but heading into a cold wind. It soon clouded over and rain set in for the rest of the day. We had made the right decision!

Self-Catering:- Before leaving Egliseneuve d'Entraigues we phoned ahead to book beds at the gîte d'étape at Lugarde and learnt that there would be nowhere to get an evening meal in the village. No problem - we would buy food and self-cater using the kitchen facilities at the gîte. Except that it was Monday and all the shops in Condat were closed when we arrived there for a midday break. We tried to buy food from the small bar where we took our break. The owner was reluctant to sell us his stock but he did direct us to the only shop in the town which opened on Mondays. This mini-market was hidden in a back street and once located, provided us with coffee, powdered soup, fruit cake and fruit. This was enough to line our stomachs later that evening before we crossed the village square to consume a bottle of wine in the Café de la Poste. We also managed to talk the owner into providing breakfast the next morning.

A Brèche Too Far:- To the south east of Puy Mary the GR4 passes through the Brèche de Rolande. This is a narrow cleft in a high ridge and Rolande - a famous figure from French history - is said to have defended this gap single handed against invading hordes. Today the brèche presents the walker with a 30-40ft scramble down one side and up the other. I have negotiated this point on the GR4 twice previously without much hesitation. This time - from the top - it appeared more formidable, advancing age perhaps? If we were to proceed along our planned route, we would have to cope with it. I descended carefully to the bottom, removed my rucksack, steadied my trembling knees, and went back up to encourage Jean and Shirley to descend. We were thankful that we did not have an audience! The Joe Simpsons of this world would have found our combined antics hilarious - as did we - once it was all over.

The weather was now much improved and we spent several days on the GR400 in the Cantal mountains in perfect walking conditions.

A River Too Far:- Late one afternoon we were descending from the Col de Cabre on a 'variante' to reach Mandailles for the night.

At one point we had a choice of 3-4 miles along a good road or continuing on the 'variante'. We chose the latter. It descended steeply through a root strewn wood to reach a swift flowing river. "Good" I thought, "a nice riverside stroll into the village". Wrong! Jean pointed to a waymark on the far side and when I expressed disbelief, she gleefully pointed to another mark on a rock protruding from the water in mid-stream. We carefully negotiated the knee-deep strong current with the aid of my trusty stick and then squelched our way onward (crossing yet another river) until we arrived at the Auberge au Bout du Monde in Mandailles. The walker-friendly owner gave us old newspapers to stuff in our soggy boots and then took them away to the drying room for the night. This establishment also provided the best breakfast of the entire trip.

A Waymark Too Far:- We crossed from Mandailles in the Jordanne valley to Thiézac via the Col de Pertus in glorious weather. At the roadside on the Col we met two people - a French walker who offered us a sip of his 'infusion' (camomile tea with honey) from a large Thermos, and an English man who was checking out accomodation in the area for a trekking company. We started the descent in relaxed mood, which gradually evaporated as we began to realise that we were not losing height as quickly as expected. The waymarks led us onwards until I reluctantly had to face the fact that we were ascending in a northerly direction instead of descending in a southerly direction! The track began to look familiar and closer examination revealed our own boot prints coming towards us. We then noticed another set of waymarks to the left which we followed, only to come back to the same place again! The third attempt to find a safe way around the cliffs which separated us from the fertile valley which we could see far below us, led us to a T-junction of tracks. This time we took the unmarked way and eventually found our way down to the foot of the Cascade de Faillitoux. We could at last be sure where we were on the map, so we headed for the nearest road and followed it into Thiézac. It was on this descent that Jean fell and damaged her finger - later diagnosed as a snapped tendon. It was some consolation to learn later from Maurice Faircloth that he and Peter had had exactly the same problem while walking this path. When we arrived at the hotel in Thiézac much later than expected, we at least had the consolation of a feeling of superiority as we mingled with a SAGA coachload of guests.

A Loaf Too Hard:- After descending from the summit of Plomb du Cantal we stopped at a roadside bar for elevenes. We were told that there was no food available so we made do with drinks until I noticed what looked like a slab of cake amongst the tourist souvenirs. The label translated as 'spicey bread', a local delicacy no doubt. When I purchased it the woman behind the bar handed me a steak knife, but even this proved to be no match for the texture of this remarkable product. We hacked and chewed our way through about half of it before giving up in despair. It must have been a by-product of the Michelin tyre factory in Clermont Ferrand and was probably meant to be used as a door stop. The woman had been correct when she said that there was nothing to eat!

The fine weather stayed with us for the final two days of fairly

easy walking via Valuéjols to St Flour. Here we took a room in which to shower and have a change of clothes before a good meal and the night train to Paris.

And my companions did not complain once throughout the entire trip!

** "The Wednesday Wrinklies in the Auvergne"

"NEW EUROPEAN SPELLING"

"The European Commissioners have announced that agreement has been reached to adopt English as the preferred language for European communications, rather than German, which was the other possibility. As part of the negotiations Her Majesty's Government conceded that English spelling had some room for improvement and has accepted a five-year phased plan for what will be known as EuroEnglish (Euro for short). In the first year 's' will be used instead of the soft 'c'. Certainly sivil servants will resieve this news with joy. Also, the hard 'c' will be replaced by 'k'. Not only will this klear up konfusion but typewriters kan have one less letter. There will be growing publik enthusiasm in the sekond year, when the troublesome 'ph' will be replaced by 'f'. This will make words like 'fotograf' 29 per sent shorter. In the third year publik akseptanse kan be expekted to reach the stage where more komplikated changes are possible. Governments will enkorage the removal of double letters, which have always ben a deterent to akurate speling. Also, al wil agre that the horrible mes of silent 'e's in the languag is disgrasful and they would go. By the fourth year peopl wil be reseptiv to steps such as replacing 'th' by 'z' and 'w' by 'v'. During ze fifz year ze unesesary 'o' kan be dropd from vords kontaining 'ou' and similar changes vud of kors be aplid to ozer kombinations of leters. After zis fifz year ve vil hav a reli sensibl riten styl. Zer vil be no mor trubils or difikultis and evrivun vil find it ezy to understand ech ozer. Ze drem vil finali kum tru."

Thanks are due to Bryan Clarke for the foregoing contribution. He doesn't know its origins and although Jenny's brother sent me something similar recently I don't know where that came from either. It obviously has nothing to do with walking but it did seem an appropriate item to follow Laurie's French piece - NO, Maurice, not THAT sort of French piece!

Just to fill a few lines on ths page and round off the European section I will mention that Jenny and I spent a very enjoyable week's walking in Cyprus in early Oktober (note the German spelling). We went with Holiday Fellowship and found their organisation good but not fussy. The temperature was still high (80F) but our hotel was in a village at over 2,000 ft above sea level so the conditions only became oppressively sultry on the days when we went down to the coast. The walks (there was a choice of two on each day except the Wednesday) could not be described as long (12 miles was the longest) but in that heat nobody wanted to rush. The leaders were competent, our fellow walkers (9) good company, the hotel comfortable, the scenery beautiful and the food and drink excellent. Tom S.

WEALDEN (MUDDY) WATERS WALK - 1998

Friday, 9 October - Arrived in Tunbridge Wells early so as to be ready for the walk. I had been lucky enough to find room in the same B&B where Avril Stapleton, Peter Saunders and Margaret Robinson were staying. Went into town for our evening meal, during which time it poured down with rain. We knew then that this year's walk was going to live up to its name.

Saturday, 10 October (10.00am) - Not so many starters there compared with the last time I had attempted the walk. Following a few short words (perhaps he doesn't know any long ones) from Paul Hatcher, we were soon on our way. It didn't take me too long before I was near the back. I had calculated my pace and time and I was going to stick to it.

It didn't take too long before I found myself slithering and sliding in the mud. It was during this stretch that I caught up with Peter Saunders, who was doing as much mud slinging as I was. It was not quite so bad as my attempted bog-snorkelling episode on the Welsh 4 Day walks in September. Peter and I walked together until we reached the first checkpoint at the Bowles Outdoor Centre.

The day had turned out to be quite sunny and rather warmer than I expected. I thus had one more garment to carry in my rucksack than I actually needed. At the chalet some walkers had turned right, instead of left around the ski slopes, but they turned on hearing my yell. Even though I hadn't done the walk for a couple of years it was interesting as to how much of the route one remembers.

On arriving at the Number Check B drinks point, I found Margaret Robinson sitting down and looking rather sad. Sadly, she had had to retire early due to a very bad headache. There is nothing worse than attempting a marathon walk when one is not feeling too good. I think she made the right choice. On we went, no problems with the route finding, until we arrived at checkpoint 2 at Nutley War Memorial Hall. I was 5 minutes behind schedule.

It was here that I teamed up with Peter Saunders, Christine Edwards and Janet and John (from the Isle of Wight). All were hoping that my night navigation was still up to scratch. As it was going to be dark before we reached Forest Row, we decided to don our head-torches in readiness. We were all looking forward to paragraph 21 of the route description - we had been warned that navigation was a bit tricky at this point. The navigation turned out to be quite reasonable, however, on the way down through the bracken, first of all I slipped and shot head first into a sapling (I was glad that it was only a sapling) and then, a few yards further on, John crashed to the ground suffering from cramp. He made a fairly quick recovery though. Shortly after I jumped a line (in the instructions) and we spent 5-10 minutes deciding whether we were right or not - we were.

We arrived at Forest Row where we were looked after (as we were at every checkpoint) and were served a satisfying meal by a bow-tied Keith Warman. In the kitchen one could see Paul Hatcher in his baker's cum chef's hat supervising his team. He appeared to be eating as much as he was serving up - no doubt he and the team thoroughly deserved it.

During the next stretch to New Barns Farm my torch bulb decided to go phutt. I did not notice it at first because of all the other lights around me. A quick stop soon had a new bulb in place. We arrived at New Barns still on schedule. I have a great affinity with the ground, in Kent, in that I have a tendency to fall over and meet it. It was no different on this occasion when, just before Bough Beech checkpoint I slipped off a foot-bridge and landed, flat on my back in a ditch.

At first I thought all was OK and I continued on. It wasn't long, however, before I started feeling the effects and I slowed right down. I told Peter, Janet and John (and David Hammond (Cumbria) who had joined us) to continue on without me. Christine, who was struggling a little bit herself, stayed with me as we made our way, in fairly heavy rain, to Tonbridge School Pavilion. Despite the good intentions of 'Never give in' Brian Buttifant, both Christine and I retired.

A few days later I was informed that Peter, Janet and John had successfully completed the walk. I was pleased having got them almost through the night. As for myself, well it is strange how some bad things turn out for the good. Although I suffered a bruised back, the fall had actually cleared a trapped nerve? in my left buttock which had been affecting my sciatic nerve in my left leg.

It was somewhat ironic that this was the second time I had had to retire at Tonbridge School. The previous occasion was due to chest pains. Up until my fall I had been enjoying the walk, even though the night sky turned from clear, with moon and stars, to a cloudy, rather wet one. The service, support and encouragement, given by all the marshalls' and helpers at the checkpoints, including the start/finish, was as good as ever and is one of the main attractions for drawing me back to Kent Group events. Thank you one and all. (Yes....I'm a real crawler....but it is said with true sincerity.)

Les M

GOING ROUND IN CIRCLES

You may think what this little snippet may have to do with long distance walking. Well in all honesty it has not got anything whatsoever to do with that pastime. After my exploits of navigating through Ashdown Forest, and the night, on the Wealden Waters event, it is so easy for navigation to go wrong in the most simple of places.

Last Saturday (24th October) I went to the Royal Albert Hall, in London, to a massed male voice choir concert. This kind of event does attract us simple minded Welshmen you know. My first circular tour occurred when I attempted to find the correct door to enter the building. Once inside I was desperate to find a loo. It was here that I made a double circuit of the building. It was strange that every one I passed was closed due to renovation - but the notice on each one had an arrow pointing to the right. After completing my second circuit, I stopped and asked one of the ushers. Would you believe that it was only a few yards away from where I had entered. Up on the 3rd floor I turned left, went all the way round until I reached a dead end, then reversed my steps to my balcony entrance just a few yards on the right.

The moral of my story is - next time you pay a visit to the Royal Albert Hall make absolutely sure you take your compass bearings with you.

Les Maple.

To revert to the W.W.W. Les Maple was one of those who wrote after the event. Here are some excerpts from their letters:-

"My first 100K walk. I shall never forget the miles of liquid mud! But most memorable of all were the excellent checkpoints. The food was 1st class; just what walkers need. Many thanks for all your efforts."

Jessie Nicholls (37).

"Please pass on to all those involved with last weekend's event my thanks and appreciation for such a wonderfully well organised and executed event. We were almost spoilt at the checkpoints by the attentions of the people who manned them! The route directions were extremely good (I didn't get lost once!) and the route itself was very enjoyable - but I must say I have seen better stiles and why a kissing gate for giraffes? My thanks also for accommodating me so late, a superb effort all round."

Alan Rogers (104).

"Thank you for the swift return of my boot. Please find enclosed a cheque to cover the postage paid." (editorially anonymous)

"I would like to serve my thanks to all those concerned in a well organised running of the Wealden Waters Walk 10/11 October right from the registration and checkpoints through to the Finish and Breakfast. The most remembered part of the weekend for me was the excellent quality of the food provided, especially the meat dinner at Forest Row, with the waiter and his collar-less bow tie. Thanks again."

Norman Evans (36)

Comparisons can be odorous

After the disappointingly warm, clear and sunny White Cliffs Challenge this was a valiant attempt by Kent Group to return to their glory days when kit checks included compulsory snorkel and flippers. Slightly thwarted by the timing of the rain [torrential on Friday night and again in the early hours of Sunday morning] they failed to catch all of us in the downpours but good quality mud helped to make up for the lack of overhead nastiness and everyone should have felt well satisfied that the Wealden Waters could live up to the challenge thrown down by the White Cliffs.

In previous years I have convinced myself that it is worth tramping through the fields from New Barns Farm to Bough Beech in return for the promise of a sausage sandwich when I get there – but now there is a new factor to enliven this rather painful section of the route. It appears to the uninitiated that every field in Kent only has a left hand side during the hours of darkness and we had to assume that, being the county nearest to Europe, this is the start of a creeping EU regulation.

Further research after the event revealed that EU Directive number 5,789 states that during the hours of daylight all fields will have footpaths running down their right hand sides while during the hours of darkness the paths will cross over and run down the left hand sides. This leads to all sorts of supplementary questions – will walkers on the paths at dusk be automatically moved across? Will there need to be two route descriptions, one for those who reach a certain point in daylight and another for those who reach there in darkness? The public needs to be told and LDWA PLC needs a company policy enshrined in their articles.

It occurred to me, while wandering down the [left hand] side of a field overnight, to wonder why it seemed such a long time since we had been in a similar situation [i.e. the two Humes wandering aimlessly around a field abjectly failing to find 'stile in hedgerow'], when suddenly the light dawned [metaphorically only] and we realised that we hadn't done the event together since 1994. We decided this must be why we didn't recognise any of the route when what we should have realised was that we didn't recognise any of the route because we weren't actually on the route. Luckily we were saved by our own incompetence as the one thing I am very good at remembering is where I have gone wrong on previous occasions. This means that most of the Wealden is pretty clear to me – *provided people don't go changing the route!*

Re-established on the correct route and managing to avoid all the pitfalls we had fallen into in previous years we made a good fist of the sections from Bough Beech to the finish. In the past I have always hated the section through Tonbridge shortly after chucking out time, but after the embarrassment of Canterbury this was a mere bagatelle, not in the same league at all.

Strangely I have a clear memory of being hopelessly lost on the last section of the WWW and I always approach the final chunk from Five Oaks Green with trepidation. It must indicate the onset of senile dementia as the more I think about it the more I'm sure it was the old route that always caused me problems – and how long ago was that?

So we made it round again, enormously cheered by seeing so many familiar faces at the

checkpoints, even if it was the end of an era with no stop at Weir Wood – Trevor and his caravan will be forever in my memory! The route description was as always perfect – what a pity we never seem to manage to read all the words in the right order! Impossible really to compare it with the White Cliffs Challenge – two very different walks with their own style. I suppose the views last year surpassed this year, but deep down I have such fond memories of the Wealden that it occupies a place in my heart [feet and washing machine] that it will take a few years for the White Cliffs to replace. But no doubt I will keep on doing whatever Kent throw up as an October challenge, even if you come up with something totally different in the future.

As I am writing this perched half way up a Pyrennean hillside in France [watching the torrential rain outside!] I will conclude by saying
'Vive la difference! Mais plus ca change'.

SHIRLEY HUME

After that contribution from our Bristol/ Pyrennean correspondent, commissioned before the event, some "unsolicited testimonials":-

"I have just returned home from my fourth Wealden Waters event and felt I had to write to let you know how much I enjoyed it, apart from the MUD! I found the route description excellent. The meal stop at Forest Row was a really good idea, everyone spoke highly of the meal offered and the service. Every Checkpoint gave us an excellent welcome with a really wonderful variation of food. Please thank the Kent Group for their friendliness and care shown to everyone on the event. Long may the Wealden Waters continue!"
Avril Stapleton.

"Just a short note thanking all of Kent LDWA Group for the very well organized Wealden Waters Walk held over the last weekend. The Check Points were first class: it was nice to arrive at a check point and be told to sit down and be waited upon. We really liked the soup, flapjacks, dinner (halfway), toasted cheese sandwiches and the breakfast at the finish and, of course, Keith's bow tie. We hardly ate any of our emergency rations, which is a good sign of a well run event."

Janet & John Whiteman.

"Thank you very much for once again organising the Wealden Waters. Despite the ominous forecasts earlier in the week, we could enjoy all the colours of Ashdown Forest during the day without having to walk head down through rain; and we had 2 or 3 hours of lovely moonlight in the night for much of which we could walk without our torches. A pity about the driving rain but even then we knew we had a nice hot shower to look forward to.

"It didn't seem quite the same not visiting the sailing club car park. On the other hand it never had quite the same cachet once you'd changed to the new route and we'd no longer walked along the far side of the lake seeing those enticing lights across the water. A meal stop in the Forest Row Hall was in fact a big improvement and much appreciated with excellent vegetarian food. Returning to the old route immediately afterwards was a nice bit of nostalgia, at least for a few of us. The pasta at CP2 was also an innovation that we much appreciated. Thank you for all the hard work you put in to ensure that yet again we had a very pleasurable and memorable weekend."

George & Annie Foot.

GROUP LIBRARY

Since the last newsletter, see page 8, the following book has been donated by Keith and added to Trevor's list:-
Guide to the Cumbria Way, by John Trevelyan, published 1981 by Dalesman Press, illustrated.

Contact Trevor on [REDACTED] to borrow it or any of the guides listed in the August 1998 issue.

CAPTION COMPETITION

Shirlie and Keith have sent me several captions for the photo taken by the former and reproduced on the back page of the August issue. Here they are:-

Keith - attributed to Phil with apologies to Brian:

1. "I don't care if you have retired, I was here first and that's MY seat!"
2. "No, you can't have seconds".

Shirlie - attributed to Phil with apologies to the knitter:

1. "Guess what I've got in my pocket."
2. "OK you're on. I'll bet you £5 Trevor finishes his custard first."
3. Good news Brian - here's your contact lens - I found it in the rice."
4. "Any more comments like that, Brian, and I'll get my Gran to knit YOU a jumper like this."
5. Come on boys, now let's practise one more time - and do try to remember you are meant to give the food to the WALKERS!"

Attributed to Brian: 6. "Don't point, it's rude."

7. "Er..... what lady?"

If there were a prize I think I would award it to Keith for his first suggestion. It has an indefinable Kent Group flavour. Tom.

DATES FOR YOUR DIARY

31 December 1998	Closing date for Durham Dales Marshals' Walk.
11 January 1999	Last day for social walk offers to Editor.
18 January 1999	Last day for nominations to Secretary.
31 January 1999	Kent Group Annual General Meeting.
27 February 1999	Closing date for Durham Dales Hundred.
8 March 1999	Closing date for April Newsletter.
12-14 March 1999	National A.G.M. in Scarborough.
1-3 May 1999	Durham Dales Marshals' Hundred.
29-31 May 1999	Durham Dales Hundred.

