

Surrey Group  
**NEWSLETTER**  
June 1998

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**Items for the Newsletter**

Reports of past events, letters and other items should be sent to the Editor before the end of August for inclusion in the next Newsletter. Preferably they should be typed but legible manuscript will be gladly accepted.

#### **LDWA Constitution**

After some useful to-ing and fro-ing between our Group and the National Committee our Motion (reported in the last Newsletter) was altered to become an amendment. In so doing it maintained the original concern that the National Committee was attempting to steamroller through a set of changes without adequate consultation with the membership. Notwithstanding the continuing validity of this concern the National Committee managed to persuade the AGM held in Llanwrtyd Wells in mid-March to reject the Amendment and give them authority to proceed. Arguments used in favour included the claim that the new constitution would make little if any difference to the way in which Groups operate. Another was that the AGM should trust the National Committee to do what is best for the membership.

I can only comment that for the first of these arguments to be true there will need to be some radical changes made to the White Book before it is implemented. One hopeful feature of the current situation is that the National Committee now must be aware that the outcome will not be welcomed if it significantly departs from the assurances given at the AGM. Time will tell.

*Brian Haigh*

#### **Margaret Steer**

At the Planning Meeting held on 14 May our Chairman, Ann Sayer, presented Margaret with a framed map of Surrey to mark her farewell to the county in which she was born and has lived for more than fifty years. Margaret, the widow of Chris Steer, one of the founder members of the LDWA has gone to live with her son Martin near Helston in Cornwall. She will be remembered by marshals and entrants alike for her welcome smile and help provided at many checkpoints over the years.

#### **En Cri de Coeur**

I can sympathise with the pill popper, drug user, alcoholic and cigarettesmoker now, something I've never done, or tried to do before. They are noxious habits and, if ingrained into the system, they are difficult to get rid of. I am a druggie, my particular snort is long distance walking and I'm out of action, cast up on the shore, shipwrecked, disgruntled and deep in

*cont on page 9*

As the cars arrived at Pattenham common for this mid-week summer it was a definite case of 'US and THEM'. At one side of the huge car park was the unmistakable caravanette of Jim Danster (probably with his kettle on the boil) with Margaret's little Fiesta alongside. On the other side of the car park was past Chairman Keith, Secretary Brian and Leader Dave reinforced with a group of familiar faces making up a grand total of thirteen. It rather gave me the impression of going in to battle! It was a cold morning but after plucking up immense courage to cross the great divide the united company proved to be very warm and friendly. Phew, had me worried for a while. A big welcome to Ian, who says he is semi-retired (or was it 'just tired?')

The route took us onto the NDW and over to the sands. This was familiar territory for me as I had used for my training for the London Marathon. Forgetting this was a walk and not a run I was soon up front until I was heeled into line by our Leader who asked "Who is leading the walk". Upwards next to the trig point on Crooksbury Hill where Molly quickly parked herself on the bench for a well deserved cup of coffee. Dave tried in vain to share his knowledge of the Waverley Abbey ruins which could be seen on a clear day but we were all to busy following the example of Molly. That will teach him to make us walk for two hours without a drink!

At the Leaders command it was onward to the Barley Mow at Tilford for lunch. Perhaps rightly we were put into the separate Tea Room to keep us away from their other customers. The service was excellent and the beer pretty good. However someone had the audacity to put concrete in Gillian's chips which was obvious to all as she tried to climb the first hill of the afternoon. Jim stayed in the bar where Surprise, Surprise he met a stranger who turned out to be my HUSBAND.

Before long we crossed Thursley Common where sadly we did not see - or hear - the Danford Warblers but we did see lots of mud where Keith went in deep enough to nearly lose one of his new boots. Not long afterwards we arrived back at Pattenham. On reflection we, the lucky people who do not need to work any more had had a lovely day out, all thanks to Dave. But there was a sting in the tail. I was persuaded to volunteer to lead a walk AND write this report.

Margaret Adams

## PROG

**Thursday 11 June**

**Winkworth Wander**

17 miles. Start at 9.30am in top National Trust car park at Winkworth Arboretum, GR 990 412. Pub stop for lunch. Leaders: Molly Groundsell (tel: 01483 762 843) and Peter Bell (tel: 01344 842508).

**Tuesday 23 June**

**Midsummer Walk**

Evening walk led by Louise and Tony Cartwright from their home at 12 East Meads, Ouslow Village. Light refreshments to follow. Please advise Louise if you intend to take part. Her telephone number is 01483 503768.

**Sunday 19 July**

**Goodwood Gyration**

20 miles. Start 9.00am in car park at Goodwood racecourse, GR 879 114. Pub stop for lunch. Leader: Elaine Edwards, tel: 01243 262475.

**Saturday/Sunday 1/2 August**

**Surrey Hills**

50 miles on the route of the very first LDWA walk held on 13 March 1973. Start 17.00 at Tatsfield, finish 10.00am approx. at Frensham. At least one pub stop can be expected. More details from Keith Chesterton, tel: 01483 563392.

**Thursday 20 August**

**Punchbowl Circular**

21 miles. Start 9.00am from NT car park at Waggoners Wells, GR 863 343 - follow SP from south side of B3002. Pub stop for lunch. Leader: Margaret Ackers, tel: 01428 605893.

**Tuesday 22 September**

**Planning Meeting**

New Venue. 7.30 for 8.00pm at the Percy Arms in Chilworth. GR 031 473. Slide show to follow.

**Sunday 27 September**

**Dansfold Karrier**

12 or 20 miles from clubhouse at George IV playing fields, GR 006 370. Entry on the day only. Start 9.15am. SAE for details to Brian Haigh, 17 Lower Edgborough Road, Guildford, Surrey GU1 2DX.

Fri/Sat/Sun 2/3/4 October

Wales Weekend

More details available from Molly Groundsell, tel : 01483 762843.

Thursday 18 October

Hampshire Villages

17 miles. Start 9.30am Selbourne at bottom of Zig Zags, GR 743 332. Pub stop for lunch. Leader Keith Chesterton tel : 01483 563392.

Saturday 24 October

An Afternoon Around Ashstead

About 12 miles followed by refreshments at the home of Dave and Pat Challenger, 44 Agates Lane, ASHTEAD (GR 178 577). Start 12.30. Please advise Dave in advance if you intend to go, tel. 01372 277138.

Thursday 12 November

In Roman Footsteps

17 miles. Start 9.30 am in car park on Bignor Hill GR 973 129. Pub stop for lunch. Leader Brian Haigh tel : 01483 303029.

Sunday 22 November

Gillian's Jaunt

20 miles. Start at 9.00am from Bourne car park at Virginia Water railway station, GR 001 677. Pub stop for lunch. Leader Gillian Bull, tel 01344 842508.

Saturday 5 December

Christmas Dinner

Date for your diary. Walk from Village Hall followed by Dinner in Sun Inn. Organiser Mervyn Harvey, tel : 01798 344309

Tuesday 15 December

A Richmond Round

16 miles. Royal Parks and Palaces. Start 09.30 Diana Fountain car park in Busby Park - GR 160 693 - unobtrusive entry - turn off A208 near Zebra crossing. Pub stop for lunch. Leader Ann Sayer tel : 0181 977 9495.

A good turn out. No less than eighteen Group members and friends collected in the car park in Friday Street to be led by John Lay on an 18 mile walk in the Surrey Hills. The regulars were well represented but there were some new faces, one from Kent and another from Southampton. Gillian had done the Oxon 20 the day before and Reg Chapman, recovering from his back injury, joined us for lunch. First of all John gave us the good news. It would be eighteen miles not twenty. Then the bad news. There would be a few hills!

The weather was warm - it always is when John is leading. Everybody was looking forward to an enjoyable day out. And we were not disappointed. Initially we headed off in a westerly direction with a fair amount of the promised ups and downs to reach the Volunteer in Little London just before noon when the pub opened on the stroke of twelve. The food and beer were both very good - good choice John -and soon we were enjoying a welcome rest. But not for too long.

Shortly after 1pm we were on our way again, heading towards the Greensand Way. As we set off John had told us we were following a figure of eight of route so we were asked to test our memories and navigational skills by identifying the crossing point. Some identified the cross-over but I have to say it was not many. Not long afterwards we reached the top of Jolley's Hollow and passed the Windmill before climbing up Pitch Hill for the mandatory - and welcome - stop to examine the toposcope erected to commemorate Alan Blatchford and Chris Sizer, the two founder members of the LDWA. Holmbury Hill followed and of course that was not the end. Oh no. John had decided we also needed to climb Leith Hill. If it had not been for the snack bar in the Tower less than eighteen might have made it to the top. As this was the highest point in South East England there was a fair chance we could believe John when he told us the remainder of the walk was downhill. Another 45 minutes and we were back in the car park. It had been a hard day from time to time but enjoyable never the less. Many thanks to John for leading the walk.

Brian Hough

Just six of us left Liphook station in fair weather which stayed dry all morning. Unusually for a walk led by Keith on mud was encountered for the first hour. Could it be that Keith had not walked out this section? We headed in a northerly direction passing the Canadian memorial then crossing the busy A30. This was exciting - a car sounded its horn - our new Chairlady responded with a finger sign that I thought was foreign to her, then we all hoped the impatient driver was looking in his mirror.

As we crossed the fields and followed the footpath we found the banks were enhanced with a variety of wild flowers. When our leader heard me call out their names he felt this was an excellent reason for me to write the report. Next a drinks stop was called not really for drinks but to enable Keith to give the PH our lunch orders after which he pointed out the Land of Nod in the distance. We then proceeded through open country for awhile before reaching Alice Holt Forest where we did a complete tour of the area before we were allowed to rest at the Bell. A table had been reserved for our lunch which promptly arrived.

The afternoon was wet, above and below. We followed the river Wey for part of our return, the trees were coming into leaf as we walked through the woods. The ground was covered, like a carpet of snow, with beautiful wood anemones, a faithful indicator of an ancient woodland. We had our tea stop under a large tree at Headly which helped us to keep dry. Heading south we crossed over the A3 to stand on the bank to discuss the best way back to Liphook. We decided to cross the recently planted field beneath us to arrive at the obstacle challenge of the day. A narrow, slippery log of great height across a deep, muddy ditch. Keith went first followed by Ann. The writer was glad to follow Dave because he was always steady with a helping hand which gave great comfort. Finally Jim and a rather verbal Shirley. Shortly we found ourselves on a new housing estate. "Are you lost?" came a call from a window. Our leader replied he just wanted to know the way to the station!

On arriving back at Liphook station six bedraggled beings looked as though they had been in a duck pond rather than on a pretty 21 mile walk in an area not frequently visited by our Group. Thank you Keith.

Gillian Bell

A memorable walk, memorable for a variety of reasons. Memorable because eleven members, including our leader Joan Wrcen, managed to locate the start at Sheep Church - it would have been twelve but sadly Gillian arrived after we had seen the engraved windows in the church and had left to follow part of the Hangars Way. However Gillian did have the consolation of finishing first and was waiting for us at the end. Memorable for having Harry Bishop with us again for part of the walk - see his Cri de Coeur elsewhere in this newsletter. Memorable for the route we followed to reach the pub stop at 1.30pm, fortunately food was still available and the quality was very good. Memorable for the two readings by Keith of some of Edward Thomas's poems (competition from two low flying helicopters for the first and loud bleating from a flock of sheep for the second did not deter him or spoil our enjoyment). Memorable for the almost vertical path downwards from Ashford Hangars past the memorial stone to Edward Thomas. Yes, it truly was a memorable walk. Thank you Joan, your walk will not be forgotten.

*Brian Haigh*

#### **White Peak 100**

Janet Presland, the Secretary of the Beds, Bucks and Northants Group which organised the 1998 hundred, has sent thanks to the Surrey and London Groups for running Check Point 4. More information about Surrey Group participants and the Durham Dales 100 will appear in the October Newsletter.

#### **Going to Sweden**

Gareth Morgan, a member of the Surrey Group for two years is moving to Sweden for both work and pleasure. He has enjoyed walking and talking with the group, especially with Molly (*No he is not a vicar - Ed.*) who shared his interest in education. He will be continuing with his membership and will look forward to receiving the Newsletter. All his walking chums in Surrey wish him well in his new venture.

*Janet Chapman*



self pity. It came about that whilst indulging myself last June in a Pennine fancy on footpaths fast and free I fell down a ditch and damaged my already much troubled right knee. For months I staggered around trying to do 20 miles including a Tibburstow Terror where I enjoyed a joyful bibulous lunchtime with one old soldier friend. Episodes like this gave my fertile imagination much aid throughout the dreary winter months as I 'rested' to use an actor's euphemism. A surgeon had a look inside in January and pronounced 'fin'. "Try and walk properly down the street again in April; if you can't I'll have another go." he said. "As for your 20 and 30 miles etc, forget it, you ain't got no cartilage left, it's bone to bone, take up swimming!"

I stood, crab like, to attention in my hospital room, my rhubarb and custard MCC cravat decorously tied and said "You can't do that to an old Royal Signaller who was excused boots for months on end to save his pampered feet for some really good 100 mile walks." "Clear off", he said, "if you come back here again I'll make it work with a bit of metal and plastic". Obsequiously I retreated, my cowardice plain to see.

I returned home, I try his physio regime, the knee gets setchy, I give up, retire to the bottle, I get more overweight and salty tears of pity well up in my already whisky puffed eyes, if I had a cat I'd kick it.

I'm dreaming of other long gone happy days out on the moors amid the dales, climbing 'terrible rocky hills with Roweth, specking through the Summits, meandering up monooes with Yong Choo and Hughes, and being waited on attentively and affectionately at checkpoints by glamorous local handmaidens in the middle of the night, now it's all come to a bitter and poignant end. The Methadone man can go for a cure, the smoker a Nicorette, the drunk has got the A A A but if you've got a hinky joint without all the bits in it, you're smookered. Now there's an idea, I could start limping around the table down the local Working Men's Club again.

I'm on my own private beach and like MacArthur I must and will come back again and, with a Carlsberg Special or two in my knapsack,

|                         |                          |
|-------------------------|--------------------------|
| I'll numb the pain,     | With all might and main, |
| Put a friend on a rein, | Around 20 good miles,    |
| Get him/her to drag me, | Once more yet again.     |

*Harry Bishop*