

Ramble - Sunday Sept. 21st 1952.

A small party of four, accompanied by the Cherry Tree Hotel for the 10.18 am bus to the Rookery. En route we were joined by two more members. The weather to start with was rather threatening but began to improve rapidly.

After leaving the bus, we turned left down the road running alongside Millward's Park, a delightful stretch of hedges bordered with fine trees just beginning to show their autumn ~~to~~ colouring. Continuing on past Woodside Place, we passed an old cottage in process of modernisation & interrupted our walk to inspect it more closely. The general opinion appeared to be that the only original part of the building left was the roof & chimney.

We passed through the little hamlet of Wildhill & came to the cross roads outside the gate of Camfield Place. Here we were pleased to find a countryman selling fruit from a barrow. Most of the party purchased fruit & we rested a few minutes & refreshed ourselves. Resuming our walk, we turned left down the road & shortly were intrigued to find a cart dejected at the road side loaded with harness, chains etc. We speculated on the reason for this apparent jettisoning of useful gear but could arrive at no satisfactory explanation.

driving at another cross road, we turned right
 & shortly left along the edge of Bedwell Park.
 We were now on the route of our all-night
 ramble (June 7, 1952) ~~and~~ but in the reverse
 direction. After about half a mile on the road,
 we turned through a gate way on to a
 cart track through the woods, which dipped
 steeply to a bridge over a stream & then climbed
 again to a farm. Here we turned to the left
 along a cart track running along a ridge
 from which we obtained a fine view on all
 sides.

We decided to have a picnic lunch here
 but had only just finished eating when quite
 a sharp storm broke. We sheltered for about
 half an hour till the worst was over & then
 got out in rain which was still fairly
 heavy. The track led down through a
 short stretch of woods to a lodge. We kept
 straight ahead here to a farm yard, then
 swung right along a path, following the unusual
 notice "Public Footpath to Essendon". The path
 led past the new school & there was some
 discussion as to its architecture & its merits
 compared to the old-fashioned type of school.
 Arrived in Essendon, we turned right down
 the main road, left at the fork & arrived
 at the Wheatstack Inn. This was the inn
 outside which we had rested & fed during our
 all-night ramble & we felt that at least

we should give it our custom now. The inn was fairly full & we were interested to watch a very keen dart's match while we consumed a very welcome drink.

From Essendon we continued our way down the hill from the inn to the little hamlet of West End, passing the ~~cott~~ house owned by Miss Cicely Countess. Here we took a road marked "No Through Road" & then forked right along a winding lane with clusters of blackberries on the hedges & a grand view to the north. The weather was now delightful & the sun was really warm. The lane brought us soon to a small lodge on the left hand side & we admired its delightful setting, with a picturesque herd of cattle in the background.

A gate on the left hand side of the lodge gave access to a wide track leading straight ahead to Hatfield Park. A notice on the gate suggested that it was not a public path, but the gate was unlocked & no objection was raised by the people in the lodge. A notice further along the track at the actual entrance to the Park forbade "boys" under 21 entrance unless accompanied by ~~two~~ parents. This caused some amusement but at least suggested the existence of an acknowledge right of way. The track led directly through Hatfield

Park, a most delightful walk. We paused
to inspect the remains of an oak tree under
which Queen Elizabeth is reputed to have sat
& which is now shrouded up with chains &
concrete. Further on we paused to watch a
cricket match in full swing on the green in
front of Hatfield House, a truly
traditional setting.

As that walk drew to the gates of the
Park called us to catch a bus back to
W.G.C., very well interspersed with our walk.

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Ramble - Saturday Oct 6, 1952.

A party of 10, leaders Miss Wornack & Miss Gough, caught the 2.39 bus to the Clock.

Immediately on leaving the bus, we took a path on the left, leading diagonally across Daneshury Park. This continued along the edge of a ditch farm & then into a lane where we turned right for a short distance & then left again, ~~passing~~ past the backs of a few bungalows & into fields. From here an excellent view was obtained. The weather was quite fine, fairly mild & the sun making an occasional appearance. We continued along the path until it met another path at right angles, where we turned left along this new path over two or three fields to emerge on the Rabby Heath road. We turned left along the road & on route, paused to admire the ingenuity with which two carriage wheels had been fitted into the gates of a bungalow.

We now took a path on the right, somewhat ~~indefinite~~ indistinct & following the boundary line of two fields, now only shown by a shallow ditch. This led us very quickly to a delightful little valley with a small copse of trees showing beautiful autumn coloring. We descended into this valley & in a few hundred yards came to a stile (?) obstructed

with barbed wire. The right of way here was a little obscure but we climbed the wire into a cart track leading up hill to the left. Following this track, we soon reached Codicote Church. We were able to borrow the hay & spent some ~~extra~~ time inspecting the interior. A most unusual tombstone inscription took our attention in the churchyard. It read, on one side, "In memory of John Lyttelton who died Oct 25, 1874, in the 74th year of his age. Reburied a week later". On the other side, it read "A loving father & mother dear, Two sincere friends was buried here". We speculated for some time on the somewhat queer suggestion of the first inscription & the shaky grammar of the second.

A ~~path~~ ^{path} almost opposite the church led us to the main road & then directly opposite, past a lodge, another path led along a football ground, with a keen match in progress. This path brought us to a road where we turned left, past a quarry, to Codicote Mill & the road leading to Welwyn. Here we turned left for a short ~~to~~ space & then right on to a track leading up the hill across the fields. The entrance to this track was by A got Lodge & a notice declared that it was a public footpath only, which in about half a mile brought us to A got Park & then a path leading off singly to the left brought us

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the gates of the Park in Agot St. Lawrence.
At the Brochet Arms, we stopped for tea
which was greatly enjoyed. A cheerful fire
& pleasant conversation made it a very
~~slow~~ happy occasion. Insertion of a penny
into an automatic piano provided a
flood of music (?) which was greatly
enjoyed at least by the 18-months-old
daughter of the house.

We resumed our walk in the fading
light of the evening, but the quiet, peaceful
air which now prevailed was not
enjoyable - we felt that this portion of
the walk was at least among the most pleasing
experiences of the day.

Our route lay along the well known
path to St. Peter's Church & Agot St. Peter &
calls for no comment except for the fact that
an electric fence forced us to make a
slight diversion from the path. If this is
to be a permanent feature of the path, some
means of crossing should be provided.

From Agot St. Peter, we walked along
the road, in the light of the rising full
moon to Agot Green & then through the
woods back to W.G.C., where we arrived
about 7.30 p.m.

Chilterns Ramble - Sunday Oct 19, 1952

A party of 20 left W.G.C. by special bus at 9.0 a.m. for the Chilterns, leaders Mr + Mrs Chen + Mr Francis Peake.

The weather appeared very unpromising & it was already raining when we left, but all the party appeared in high spirits. Our route lay through St Albans & Hemel Hempstead to Little Gaddesden & Ashridge Park. Here, in spite of the rain, we were fortunate to see a magnificent blaze of autumn colour, which seemed to have a light all of its own. Leaving Ashridge, we descended the steep slope of the ridge to Abbotsbury, one of the prettiest villages in Herts. Here we had time to see the village green & park & ancient stocks. Passing through Tring, we reached Wendover our starting point about 10.30.

It was now raining quite heavily & steadily & three members of the party decided not to walk but to stay in the coach. The remainder set off along a path leading from the bridge over the railway. The path climbed Blunck Hill, skirted along the edge of the wood & after about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile turned south. The going was rather muddy & the rain persisted, but in spite of these disadvantages, all enjoyed the beautiful display of autumn foliage.

Reaching a road at a right angle bend

we turned right down the steep slope of Lodge Hill. At the bottom of the hill we were interested to find ourselves opposite one of the entrances to the Chagwey estate. Unfortunately there was no sign of the Pinnacles.

We turned left along the main road for about 2 miles in steadily descending rain. We then took a public footpath to the right leading to a bank of woods. Although the track seemed clear enough at first, we were unable to find its proper course. After a certain amount of wandering through the woods, during which we came upon some fine apple trees & partook of the fruit, we eventually emerged on a lane close to a notice stating "Trespassers will be prosecuted."

We turned right up the hill in the direction of Great Hampden & after consultation with a local lady, turned right at the crossroads at the top of the hill & after about 2 miles we were greatly pleased to see an inn sign in the distance.

Here we stayed to eat our lunch & quench our thirst. The inn was unable to find chairs for us all, but otherwise welcomed us well. Some cigarettes were also there, sheltering from the weather.

We enjoyed the rest by the fire & then set off through the rain which was even heavier now. There was some discussion whether we should go the rest of the way by road or continue by

footpath. It was decided to adhere to the latter
 plan. We turned right at the cross roads
 just beyond the inn & after about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile,
 opposite a large farm, found the path resumed
 running into a wood. All around was
 allayed with colour in spite of the steadily
 falling rain. We ~~crossed~~ crossed a road &
 continued on another path through a wood
 spiking a house known as Coffee House,
 & soon reached a second road, at the
 junction of one or two tracks. Almost
 directly opposite was a house, with a
 footpath on its right hand side. From the
 map, we noticed this was the well known
 Green's Ditch. We followed this for a
 hundred yards or so & then turned right
 through the hedge on to a fairly distinct
 path which kept a fairly straight line,
 under a row of pylons eventually emerging
 at the cross roads about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile N.W. of
 Lacey Green.

From this point ~~at~~ it was decided to
 finish the rest of our journey to Bledlow by
 road & this was done by way of
 Loosley Row & the Upper Richmond Way
 to the lower slopes of Bledlow Ridge & to
 Bledlow village. Little could be seen
 of the ridge owing to the low-lying mist.
 At Bledlow, we called at the local
 inn for cups of tea. These were supplied

in so gooding a manner, that we all decided that in future we should take our custom elsewhere. This was the only dividend note in the whole day, which had thoroughly been enjoyed by all in spite of the atrocious weather. Nearly all of us had more or less wet feet but all were cheerful + we now rejoined the other members of the party in the bus. Leaving Bledlow about 4:30, we reached W.C.C about 6:15 after a most unusual day.

W.B.