

Aston End, Birmingham, Watton-at-Stone.
 Easter Monday April 2nd, 1956.

A party of 15 met for the 9.50 bus to the North Star (London E.M. Bain), where we started our walk by the well-known route along Robbery Bottom Lane, Roman Rd, to Datchworth Green. The weather was much brighter + milder than it had been during the earlier part of the Easter holiday. On Datchworth Green we stopped to examine the old whipping post, last used in 1665. We then walked down the road, straight ahead, past Hawkins Hall, to a narrow track on the left. This we followed for about half a mile or more, with some difficulty in part where the track had been ploughed into the field, to emerge at Peffer Green. Here we kept straight forward along the road, down the hill + under the railway bridge to emerge at Hosh's Cross.

By this time, the weather was rapidly improving + the sun was breaking through

the clouds.

We turned left along the main road for about 200 yards & then took a stile on the right, which led across a stream to a track on the edge of a plantation. This we followed & at the end of the wood, we turned half left, across a field & along the ^{edge of} the grounds of Astorbury House. Shortly we came on to a country lane where we turned left & very quickly left again, along the drive to Astorbury House but which is also a public footpath.

This route gave a very good view of the house, which is a large mansion of possibly Elizabethan style, with extensive grounds & outhouses. We passed straight down ~~the~~ the drive, crossed the Astor road & by a gap in the hedge entered the fields alongside the road. We turned right, to follow parallel to the road, & then climbed a wired-up iron gate at the edge of a small copse.

In the next field, we kept straight ahead, over two stiles, at the site of some large "air-raids" hollows (?), past some army huts

into the road, close to Aston Church. We went straight down the road almost opposite the camp & at the bottom of the hill, turned right along a stream bed on a path which in about a mile brought us to Aston End.

The weather was now brilliantly sunny & we were glad to stop for lunch at the Crown Inn. Many of the party decided to have their lunch in the unexpected sunshine.

After refreshment, we took the path leading westward from Lord's Farm. This led over a good deal of ploughed fields & one obstacle of barbed wire to the Walther road, which we crossed to a track immediately opposite running along the side of High Wood. This took us past Skife Farm to ~~the~~ Benington Park, where the party enjoyed a rest in the warm afternoon sunshine, with a delightful view of Benington Lodge, the old Castle & the Church.

Entering Benington, we paused to admire the perfect setting of the village green & then entered the churchyard. Here the

daffodils were not fully out but sufficient were in bloom to make a worth-while sight. We also admired the Easter decorations in the Church, carried out with daffodils, jonquils & primroses, with the front terminated with Christmas roses & white hyacinths.

Resuming our walk, we turned down the hill past the Church & shortly entered a track on the left, marked as Cotton Lane on the map, & followed this up the opposite side of the valley, along the top of the hill, with excellent panoramic views to emerge on Leatherfield Common. This was another excellent view point & in the distance could be seen Wotton, the end point of our walk.

We followed the road downwards for a short distance, then through a gate on the left, across a ploughed field to the valley, where we turned right along ill-defined paths, although marked on the draft map of the parish. These took us to the outskirts of Wotton, & a barbed wire fence. This was negotiated

with two minor casualties to cattle & we then turned slightly to the ~~right~~^{left} & the ~~left~~^{right} along the side of the hedge to emerge in about half a mile beside the mill at Watton.

Here we had our picnic tea in the last of the sunshine & in the slight chill of the early evening, most of the party decided to take the bus to Hatfield & thence to the Garden City. Three stalwarts, however, elected to walk further down the Beane Valley to Waterford.

Codrington, Langley, Whitwell, Knignton, CodringtonApril 15th 1956

After 9½ days of almost continuous rain it was delightful to start the day with a blue sky and a promise of sunshine for at least a few hours. It was, therefore, in light-hearted mood that we caught the 10.15 Bus back to Codrington. After ordering tea for 11 of the 15 members present we walked until lunch time over exactly the same route as on April 23, 1955 except that we did the whole thing in reverse. We met surprisingly little water or mud underfoot and once again thoroughly enjoyed the first wild flowers which were out in variety if not in very great quantity. The 'Farness Bay' at Langley proved most welcoming and we were greeted by the lady of the house through a narrowly opened door with the remark 'we don't have bushes here'. After a short exchange of words we took ourselves off to the cafe on the main road and were allowed to eat on our sandwiches there while we shared a large enamel pot of tea for 13 which gave us all at least two cups of very good strong tea for 5½ a head. Two of our members who had afternoon appointments had already caught the 1.0 Bus home here.

After lunch we turned up by Langley farm and the footpath 7 down through Roundwood Dell with lovely views all along. When we came to the road we turned right for about ½ mile to Eastwood ^{halls} farm. Here we took footpath 6 on the left to Reynold's wood. The stone

to the wood was a pasture with carpets of white anemones. It was an obvious place to take a rest and for about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour we gazed our fill.

Continuing through the wood & straight ahead to the road we crossed and entered the grounds of St Pauls walking by following footpaths 5 and 31 across the estate we came down to Whitwell by footpath 8. All day long the sunshine had continued and by midday the evening breeze had dropped and we were enjoying a very pleasant warmth. The marshes on the Tye river which has divided here into two stretches of water and with the farm structures and canal wandering around it made a lovely approach to the village. Passing into the main road by way of the corn mill we turned right and almost immediately took the steep little footpath up on the opposite side of the road. At the top we followed the ledge along for a short way and then crossed the field by footpaths 2 to Shacleston lane. Turning right we took the left hand fork about 50 yards further on - deviating from the map where footpath 30 appears to be cut off - position - we continued down the obvious track by Kippure End plantation & along the edge of one meadow field before making a diagonal crossing of the next rough grass field to Baly's Spring. This last stretch needs re-checking against the County map before walking it again. Turning left by Mrs Parks cottage we turned into the field opposite & took footpath 27 round Mrs Parks Wood & along the copse to the north of this wood. Here there is another path which needs checking on the droop map as an obvious footpath exists across to Rye End farm which is a great

help as it obviates the necessity of going right down to the road to get round the watercan beds. At the cottages we turned right and came to Green (w hock) house at Knight's Hill. We were early so we sat by the fire in the sunshine for about half an hour, two members catching the bus which was due at the Hill only a few minutes after our arrival. The remaining eleven continued along Green house to Colchester bottom, over the gravel pit and into Colchester to the 'Red Lion' for a very good tea.

After tea, as usual, the party split up into buses and walkers and the Linnæus journey was made according to inclination. A warm clear spring day and wildflowers in plenty had made the walk a great success.

Margaret Stan. Bayly.

The Greens Saturday April 28thleaders: Miss Ritchie Taylor &
Miss Conch

We met early, a party of 13, at the Bus Station for the 2.26 bus to Cole Green, & encountered a long queue. Fortunately there was an accommodating conductor who agreed, on persuasion, to take the last two of the party after the bus was "full".

At Cole Green, having left an order for tea at the Gypsy Arms, we turned left along a footpath shortly before the hotel is reached. This is a well defined track & soon runs beside a small brook. After about 1/2 mile, we turned right up a path which crossed the railway & took us to Betty Green. Here there was a short spell of road bearing left then right up the hill until we reached the polo ground at Woolmass Park. We turned left here, and diverged from the public pathway, which should be reached at the approach to Red End Green but is more or less impassable, by cutting across a field, and incidentally a corner, in a S.E. direction where we joined the path again and proceeded down to the gravel pits (looking like a miniature mountain range) near Water Hall. There we ^{turned} left

left and followed the path to Roxford (a pretty farm)
 by the side of a pleasant water meadow with
 extensive views all round. At Roxford we turned
 left up the hill, skirted a copse marked "Private",
 and keeping to the path reached the road again
 N.E. of East End Green. Crossing the road, we took
 another path across the railway, enjoying the
 sight of a wild cherry in full bloom looking
 brilliantly white in the sunshine against the clear
 blue sky, and walked up to Birch Green, the
 footpath having been left under an archway between
 some new houses which have been built there.
 We crossed over at Birch Green to take a path
 which led us down the hill to rejoin our original
 path, returning left we emerged by the now
 disused Cole Green railway station, and so
 down to the Copse Arms for a very welcome tea.
 We all returned by bus from Cole Green.

Epping Forest. Sunday 15th May 1956.

Leader Rupert Thor-Borgh

Eleven members & visitors bussed via Potters Bar to the Wake Arms at the northern end of the Forest. We had an ideal day - not too warm, but sunny all the time; and the date was just right, for all the trees were just out in fresh leaf, and many spring flowers were to be seen. We had a stroke of luck just after beginning the walk when we paused for a moment to get a view through a break in the trees across the Lea valley towards Waltham, where a man & his dog were resting. Having made friendly overtures to the dog, his master informed us that they had just disturbed a herd of deer which had run off in "that direction". So we followed "that" way, and were lucky enough to get a reasonably good view of these shy animals.

Our route took us, beating through the unfrequented parts of the woods from Wake Arms to popular centre High Beech; thence to popular centre Cornaught Water. Here we stopped by the lake for lunch, helped down with fizzy drinks from the refreshment stall. Our visitors, two young ladies of school age and one young (but not quite so young) lady from abroad spent most of their lunch hours being rowed round the lake. One might add here that the little fish helped

considerably to enliven the day which in part became a hunt for tadpoles and caterpillars - it was that sort of day!

Striding back northward again we passed behind the Museum opposite Houghton and paused awhile at a pond covered almost solid in a sheet of white - water crowfoot. Across Fair's path by the pond; skirting Blackwater Hill, across Goding's Hill by the warden's house and on (passing little more than a stone's throw from Wake Arms tho we couldn't see it) and, with anxious enquiries every few minutes from the young members who were dawdles timing by news but kept steadily on, we were shortly standing on Amblesbury Banks, the remains of Queen Boadicea's camp from which she sallied forth in her knife wheeled chariots against the Romans.

A last 20 minutes brought us to Epping Village where we had welcome tea.

After the meal a half hour stroll - past a cricket match on the village green - brought us back to the Wake Arms where a bus was just due to leave for the return journey to Potters Bar and on home.

A most enjoyable outing to a renowned beauty spot (or area?). And we walked 12 miles.

R.T.B.

All night. Ramble May 26-27, 1956

Only six turned up at Valley Road corner and it seemed that some may have been put off by the weather forecast of a cold windy night with ground frost almost everywhere. We took the same route as on previous years through the woods to Aycliffe Green, along the Water End Road and then the long footpath that runs through to Aycliffe St. Lawrence. At the top of the hill before dropping into Aycliffe St. Lawrence we sat down for a rest in a sheltered spot from which we could see the cluster of lights of Wharfedale. There was a full moon a bright orange colour but it did not rise far above the horizon. In Aycliffe we wandered round the ruins of the old church in the dim light but did not rouse any ghosts. From Aycliffe across the Park to Codicote Bottom, we collected the bucket of water from Rose Cottage and on reaching the top of the heath lit a fire (and the Primus after a struggle) & cooked large quantities of sausages. Two numbers heated up soup and a steak & kidney pudding. After hot coffee we rolled up in our blankets or sleeping bags & dozed or slept for a few hours in a very sheltered spot.

At ten to four the bird chorus began and within half an hour they were all going strong except the

nightingale which we did not hear once during the night. Being now awake we stirred up the fire and had one morning cup of tea and went back to bed. But not for long. One member left us and went off to Padich to catch a bus home for breakfast. The rest of us cooked a jolly good breakfast & then made for Kington Mill where we all had a wash.

After lingering for a while by the stream we took the track opposite Kington Mill to Abbotsley & on to Aylot St. Lawrence. From there we took the same route homeward which we had traversed in the dark the previous night, halting only once for a half an hour to bask in the sunshine. We reached home at about 1 o'clock.

[Signature]

Sir Francis Peake

June 10th. Watersend. Hartford. Gustard Wood. Kington Hill. Ayr.

Water - water all the way.

After several days of damp gloom mixed with torrential rain it was not surprising that only 6 members turned up. Before starting the three male members discussed the various prices of their rainwear and having ascertained that they were protected from the weather ^{at} for a joint cost of about 33/- the ramble started. It had been planned for planning June the idea being to stay within reach of water for most of the day.!! We crossed Brocket Park to Watersend & taking the path directly opposite followed the Lea almost to Hartford Bridge. Actually we had to leave the path & go through the hedge to slightly higher ground than this became the only alternative to 'sink or swim'. Just before the Bridge we went over the stile up on the right & turned left along the hedge to the wider track up to the level Crossing. Here having obeyed all the notices to Halt. Beware. Stop and Proceed with caution we did all manage to cross in safety and continued through the old gravel pits across the Wheatonslead road & straight on through footpath 40 to footpath 36. Here we turned left & continued straight on until we reached Hillgate Spring. This was the 'piece de resistance' - and resist it did! Earlier in the year when the leader went though it was a delightful little wood - a triple evergreen but well worth walking. Now it had turned into a damp dark

knees high in nettles, wilderers. We ploughed our way through & the feelings of the party could only be gauged by their silence. Incidentally throughout the walk Wellington would have been the best footwear as the long grass, loaded with moisture piled on shoes from above & rocks were soaked in a matter of minutes. Emerging with joy at footpath 12 we turned left & followed on noses direct to the Ln. Here was draught cider and good it was.

After lunch we continued back on our tracks on footpath 2 & right on to the hedge at the end of the drive from Lower Home. We followed the road round turning left up by the new church and following footpath 5 to the corner where it meets 37 to the right - a path which takes us by the Abbotsbury duck farm. The junction of 5 & 37 is completely walled up & if footpath 37 is to be used this must be dealt with. So far as we could discern the wiring is the responsibility of Mr Johnson at Busy Farm Kingston although this is not absolutely definite. We managed to climb over or through the wire & passing the ducks which were a lovely sight we left Abbotsbury by the farm gate - turned left & at the pond left again down a track which leads to Kingston Hill. This is a very attractive path having wonderful views in a wide arc - which views were of course obscured by mist. At Kingston Hill we entered Green (in back) lane and had a pleasant though damp dog by the water. This was instead of the

swim which had been planned. Here two members left us by bus. The remaining four continued through the lake, made a detour up to Codrington Heath to show the two who had not spent the night out in May where we had our bonfire & then back to Codrington Hill. Here we turned left and followed the road until we came to the right hand turning leading to Coyot St Lawrence. Turning left at the end i.e. away from Coyot St Lawrence we almost immediately took the field path on the left (actually a bridle road) and followed this right through to the remains of St Peter's Church. Then right by road past the new church and so on to Coyot Green and through the woods home. We had covered between 16 and 17 miles and were gratified to reach home without having resorted to transport of any kind. The spirits of the party remained very good through out - which says quite a lot for the party!!!

Foraynie John Bayly.

June 23rd

A Visit to Stratfield House

The party met at 25th Mill Bridge
musem, eleven in all

We took the path from Woodhall Farm,
to Mill Green. We had received permission
to enter the park by the lodge gate
at this point.

We then took the path up by the river,
leaving the vineyard on our left, we
made for Queen Elizabeths oak, or
should we say lump of concrete, then
along the lovely ride, to the front-door,
and into the house, where we went on
a conducted tour of the house, all very
beautiful, and interesting, this took us just
over an hour.

While we were there who should arrive
to have tea with Lord Salisbury, but Harry,
Freeman, the late President of the U.S.A
he were not invited to make up the company,
but adjourned to the Bishops Palace, where
we all enjoyed a very good tea for 2/6

of London

8th July Our annual visit to Lollington.

We left the Garden City for once punctually at 9.0 clock on a very fine morning 26 in all and every one keeping their fingers crossed as the weather had been very wet and stormy.

We arrived at Lollington at about 11.10. Going straight down to Woodrope, most of the party went to Single Hills, remaining in bathing attire all day long, the water being very warm.

An interesting point was two of our Swans friends told us this was only the second time they had seen the sea, and the first time they had bathed in it, incidentally they were both good swimmers.

All very pleasantly left this delightful spot about 4.0 clock, to get our tea at the cafe in Lane Street, after collecting strawberries and honey we embarked for B.G.C. lady home at about 10.0 clock all agreeing it to be a very delightful day.

← F. GARROD →

F. Garrod