

## SURREY INNS KANTER, NEW YEAR'S DAY 2000

I was confined indoors all day but was told that the weather was good for both joggers and walkers: dry, sunny, cold to start, and quite foggy across Blackheath towards Shere.

66 entered the event compared to 89 last year, this was probably due to two other walks coinciding, the local Ramblers and the LDWA London Group who had a night walk with fireworks to see in the Millennium.

Hope you found all the clues easy, although I was told that the glass has now fallen out of the ninth window in Chinthurst Tower since I walked past it in October.

I would like to thank that happy gang of helpers who made the whole thing run smoothly, namely:

Gillian Bull who looked after the catering, Brian Haigh and Peter Bull for logging the results, John Moore, who stayed on after jogging round in under five hours and helped clear up the kitchen afterward and Tony Youngs for his scroll work on the certificates.

Thanks to you all for entering, hope that you enjoyed yourselves, please come back next year when there will be a completely new route.

John Lay

### Keith Noble Kanters there and back...

I arrived with ample time to mark up my Landranger maps. Unfortunately they were not only torn along the folds but smothered with numbers, names, symbols and highlights from every Punchbowl, Summits and Inns conceived by decades of Surrey organisers. I seriously considered cramming the large scale display sheet into my back pocket instead. With Hugh and Renate Romer we made rapid progress towards Chinthurst Tower. Thick mist prevented us even seeing the hill but Hugh remembered 1984 (I looked around nervously for Big Brother) and confidently led us to the top. We counted all the tower windows, debated the correct category for a window with **broken** glass and circled the tower again before answering '8 plus 1'.

Memories of the main track across Blackheath inspired confidence so we plunged straight ahead after the junction only to discover that the track was swinging subtly south. Wasn't it Chesterton who wrote 'The night we went to Brook by way of Farley Green'?

There is a lovely village and I remembered evening bells ringing during a Surrey Summits and at Gomshall railway bridge having such a soggy checkcard that I had to start memorising the quiz answers. This time, noting the CPO stone number was no problem. As we reached the wooded slopes of the Downs our minds focused on the climb and we misjudged the turn and to compensate followed several forestry paths with devilish twists into alien territory before we sorted ourselves out.

By now we had acquired the initials of numerous landlords and ladies without offering them much custom but time was of the essence, so we headed for home. I reckoned that even alone I could make it all the way back along the North Downs Way without problems but spotting two more places where I had erred on earlier events did little for my self esteem. Many times I have plodded up the sandy track to St Martha's Church but never seen so many locals enjoying the winter sunshine there. We paid our respects to Yvonne Arnaud, no longer shy about her date of birth, and descended past families with enthusiastic toddlers still making for the summit.

Back at the ranch house Gillian Bull welcomed us with a smile and a tasty soup, John Lay promised us a **special** certificate and I was delighted to find that many other walkers had slipped up with their navigation at least once. Unfortunately we couldn't blame the organisation as the GRs were spot on. Twenty miles was an ideal distance for a mid Winter kanter and there was plenty of variety. Many thanks to those who gave up their New Year's Day to make our start to the Millennium so memorable.

Keith Noble