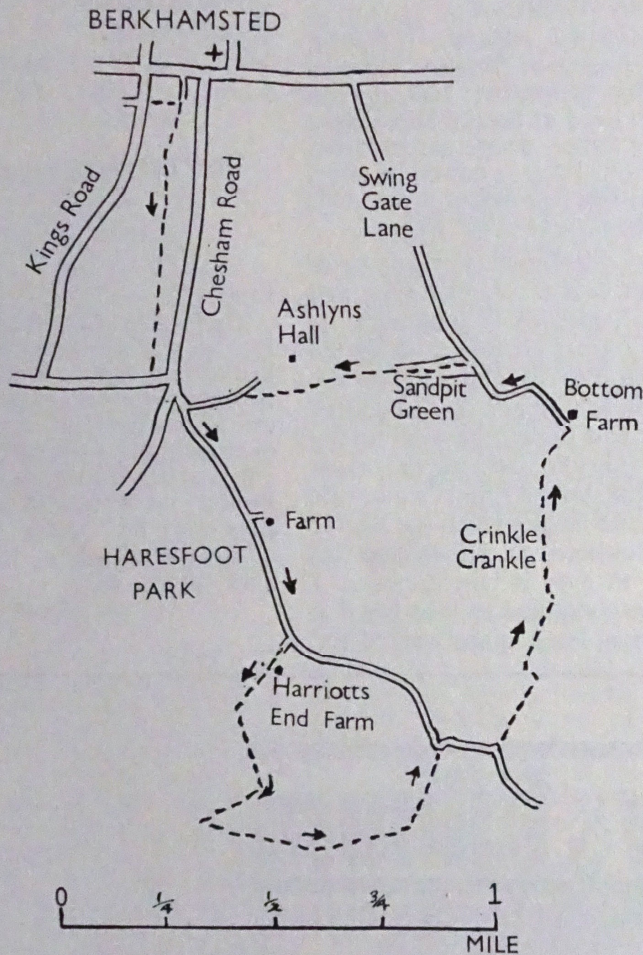


BERKHAMSTED'S BEST WALKS—9

THE CALL OF THE CRINKLE-CRANKLE

by Townsman



If you have never heard of the Crinkle-Crankle, you may wonder whether it is the name of a bird or a particularly eccentric piece of mechanism. In fact, it is the old country name of an old country byway, one I have known, man and boy, for more years than you are entitled to ask.

Walking up (and sometimes down) the Crinkle-Crankle, I often met an old gamekeeper known as Oily Jack. This unkind nickname was bestowed upon him by the poachers whom he often outsmarted. I cannot pass on Oily Jack's comments on the people who disturbed or purloined the game he was

paid to protect, but when he spoke about the wild creatures that shared his solitude he was a good hedgewise companion.

Many years have passed by since my last chat with Oily Jack, who lived in a tiny cottage near Bottom Farm, but the Crinkle-Crankle still looks as inviting as it did all those years ago. The dictionary advises me to use the spelling 'crinkum-crankum' for things intricate or crooked, but my version is a fair representation of what we called the rising, winding track which starts at Bottom Farm and climbs up the Buckinghamshire side of the lovely valley of the Bourne, the intermittent tributary of the Bulbourne.

Our route includes another away-from-it-all spot, the valley beyond Harriotts End Farm. I think you will enjoy this pleasant, pastoral scene. But a word of warning: there is one ploughed field, not a wide one, to negotiate, and at the time of my last visit few people had been there to tread down a path. So, if you do not care for a little rough walking, continue along the narrow road to the top of the hill and then start the homeward walk via the Crinkle-Crankle.

I think you will enjoy this shortish excursion into Beechy Bucks; it is made to measure for the short days of mid-winter. But be prepared for mud!

THE ROUTE

The path from the town to the hilltop starts in Butts Meadow (off King's Road) and runs steeply uphill, then through the school playing fields, to a road, in which turn left, then right, then left (avoid a left turn to Ashlyns Hall).

The road runs through Haresfoot Park; about 100 yards after leaving the park, look for the sign 'Harriotts End Farm' and go up the little farm road. Keep straight on, passing the farmhouse on your left, other farm buildings on your right. Beyond a fieldgate (it is accompanied by a rather obscure stile), the track veers left, downhill, and then right, slightly uphill, towards the far end of a row of trees. So far, a good, clear track. The next instalment is not quite so easy to follow.

Turn left (beside the trees) and then keep on in the same direction. You will see a stile straight ahead. Then, crossing a ploughed field, make for the tall pylon in the valley. Go right of this pylon to a stepless stile, then half-left up the rather steep meadow. You will pass, on your left, a row of trees which extends into the meadow; keep straight on to a field-gate and stile. Go over the stile and turn left along a wide, shady track

CRUICKSHANK, RHYS & JUDE

A. J. CRUICKSHANK, A.F.C., F.S.V.A., G.W. KNOX, F.F.S., D. F. GREAVES, F.R.I.C.S., A.M.T.P.I., R. H. NEALE, F.S.V.A. (TRING)

Estate Agents, Planning Consultants, Surveyors, Valuers

236A HIGH STREET, BERKHAMSTED. Tel. 2364/5

also at

TRING

CHESHAM

HIGH WYCOMBE

MARLOW

THE CALL OF THE CRINKLE-CRANKLE—Cont.

to a road, in which turn right, uphill. Where the road turns sharp right (a white bungalow just ahead of you) turn left by a small iron swing-gate beside a large iron gate.

Go ahead along the level track, hedge on your left; soon you veer left but then go ahead as before. On reaching some trees, turn sharp left through an iron swing-gate (*not* the wooden gate ahead) and keep on down the track, which soon levels out and veers right to Bottom Farm.

You are now at the far end of Swing Gate Lane. Go ahead between the barns, along the winding lane. Where it ceases to rise steeply, and where the hedge on your right no longer obstructs a fine view over the fields, go *left* along a track through Sandpit Green. Keep straight on; soon you enter the Ashlyns Hall drive and are back at a junction of roads, ready to start the descent to Berkhamsted via the playing fields.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE REVIEW

If you have a contribution to the *Review*, your magazine, please let the Editor have it by 15th Jan. at the latest.

Remember that this could be your platform.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

DOGS IN CHURCH

From Sir James Craufurd, Bart.

Brightwood,
Aldbury.

'Beorcham's' article referring to dogs in church reminds me of something similar in our village.

My grandfather, the Rev. R. M. Wood, was Rector of Aldbury and died in 1889. My great-aunt Mrs. Emma Bright, who lived at Stocks and gave a home to my father, whose parents lived abroad, died in 1891. A cousin of mine, in giving her recollections of Stocks tells the following story:—

'For many years there was a bone of contention between Aunt Emma and the Rector, Mr. Wood, although she was really great friends with all the Wood family. This was that she insisted on taking her dog to church with her, and though he was usually quite good, he sometimes made snorts and yawns, and made the congregation laugh, which the Rector naturally objected to. The Bishop was appealed to over it but, as far as I know, she continued to take her dog to church as long as she wanted to.'

In my time, dogs no longer came into church, though when he was old and bronchial our old dog used to come into the church porch during the service and utter coughs which could be heard to the congregation. I remember once when he had been doing this that when I read in the lesson 'Beware of dogs' a reverent smile illuminated the faces of the congregation.

Yours sincerely,

J. G. CRAUFURD, BART.

BERKHAMSTED BREWERIES

4 Chesham Road
Berkhamsted
Her

Dear Sir,

The article in the *Review* was interesting to me as my Father worked for Locke and Smith Brewery and drove two black horses and also wore a white coat. Starting work at 6 a.m. and I often getting home until 9 or 10 o'clock. I remember taking his breakfast to the Brewery on my way to school with other girls who had fathers working there.

Benskin's couldn't have taken over until 1911 or so.

Yours truly,

Y. F. NEWELL

Shaw & Kilburn

LARGEST VAUXHALL - BEDFORD DEALERS

FOR ALL VAUXHALLS AND BEDFORDS PLUS QUALITY TESTED USED CARS

You'll get quicker delivery, wider choice
and best after sales service by experts.
Sensible part exchange prices too.

STATION GARAGE, BERKHAMSTED

Telephone 2232