

May 1st – Bank Holiday Monday



An obvious choice for our first walk was to go to the seaside – Clevedon Seafront. We started after an early lunch from the peace and quiet of Dial Hill, past our gorgeous Acer. Down the Friary Path (A) past a monstrous new development, past the Pier and Landing stage. Along a very quiet sea front with very few people on the beach, towards the newly restored paddling area (B) and on to Poet’s Walk. Here the Broadchurch influence was obvious – St Andrews Church (C), which was a major player in the Series. No sign of the somewhat sinister Broadchurch Vicar. The day was fine with some sunshine



and no sign of any rain. It had not rained in Clevedon for several weeks. So the love of our lives – fungi – were rarely to be seen. We looked very hard and eventually sighted some lesions on leaves of the Red Campions. Yes, our first rust – *Puccinia arenariae*. Have to admit, the wild flowers were much more impressive – Bluebells, Red and Bladder Campion festooned down the cliffs. Red Campion also filled areas beside the new walk that has been developed alongside the Churchyard. Here there were new picnic benches and even some chickens – lots for the kids to enjoy. Close inspection revealed our second fungus – Anther Smut!



However, the edge of the Churchyard of the day, an Saddle (*Polyporus Wain’s Hill*, past the Pill. As the tide was mud and sand to be the Hill made us



provided the best fungus extremely large Dryad’s *squamosus*). On then to lookout and round to the out there was a lot of seen (D). Climbing over promise to come back in

the autumn. Surely there must be fungi to be found here. We walked past a concrete bunker which unfortunately has no information as to its history – presumably a WW2 construction. On our return



journey we found a magnificent Cuckoo Pint with spectacularly different from the normal white ones. By now it was 2.00 and the Bank Holiday crowds had clearly had their lunch and had arrived in force. Dogs everywhere, but thankfully all on leads. Past the pier again, but by now a local men’s choir singing sea shanties had attracted quite a crowd. The walk over the hill had clearly taken its toll on one of us and we avoided the steep hill and returned on the flat via



Wellington Terrace for a very welcome cup of tea. Nearly 4 miles.

