

Newport Outdoor Group (YHA)



Editors

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Web Site

<http://walk.to/nogs>

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**Get
The
Outdoor
Habit!**

EASTER TRIP TO YORKSHIRE by Stella Goodreid

Thurs 4 April

Had a lift up to Matlock (as we'd decided to break the journey up), with Dave F. and our new recruit John, on his 1st NOG w/e away. Arrived late evening and met up with Pam, Aly, Dawn, Norm & Jackie already perched in the pub, for a nightcap. Sad to hear the nice hostel is scheduled to close, tho' another will open in the town with better facilities.

Fri 5 April

Started the day with a piping hot shower and a hearty breakfast from Jackie. Then it was off for a hearty walk up a steep hill to the castle, stopping to enjoy the views across this pleasant old spa town and spying the YHA quarters in the distance. Plodded onto the heights of Abraham where we watched the cable cars ascending. Put off by the staggering price of £9.50, we decided to make the ascent on foot after people had re-fuelled on local ice cream. Lovely views again as we sat down for lunch and Pam finally pulled her earphones out. Back down the hill to Matlock Bath and finally Matlock, full of tourists milling around and enjoying the sunshine.

After this we drove onto our next destination, Malham. Dave took the motorway route skirting Manchester and was surprised by the empty quiet roads. Approaching Malham, however, was a different matter and we found ourselves constantly pulling over on the narrow roads to let 4 or 5 cars at a time go past.

We booked ourselves in with a rather abrupt Australian, for accom. & an evening meal which turned out to be either poor or good depending on what was ordered. Joined too by Chris & Molly who'd driven all the way up in one, long go. Finally off to the pub in the v. pleasant small village, where we met 2 young camper/walkers who planned to do the same walk as us the next day but in the opposite direction (perhaps they were trying to tell us something!)

Sat 6 April

Well the men in the group were real 'he men' and had decided the 3 peaks in the area needed tackling, so off set Norman and Dave at 7 am so they could fit in the 23 miles. When we finally got up at 9 we discovered that we were "intentionally disturbing" a Scotsman in the

hostel since 8am (apparently). He left us in no doubt what he thought about that during his nose to nose confrontation with Dawn. Anyway, the hostel staff were having no nonsense and he was asked to leave. Meanwhile, the ladies in the group were also decisive, and keen to exercise their girl power. They quickly and efficiently drew up plans for the walk, appointed navigators and guides, and skillfully orienteered their way across tors and dales with their map, managing to have interesting conversations as they trekked. We also took our new member John under our wing, promoting him to a beta male, after we had educated him about the importance of being in touch with his feminine side. We bumped into our 2 camper friends we'd met in the pub the previous night, as we stopped for lunch. We hiked 8 decent miles past streams running over glossy ancient stones, lambs sunning themselves in the fields, trees studded with coins & old walls green with moss. Loovly, it were!

Molly enjoyed a cool dip in the waterfall at Janet's fosse (Scandinavian for 'force' or 'waterfall') together with some Labradors who happened to be passing at the time. Stopped to watch a chap training his bird of prey, before we visited the ancient village of Kirkby Malham, with its pre-conquest church and old, old houses, their dates over many of the doorways.



Matlock YH

Trip to Yorkshire (Contd).

I chuckled at a lady talking to her dog in a strong Yorkshire accent, "Oh, you old trailaround". Noticed the fish/chip van parked outside the pub belonging to Granville Boocock named 'Granny Boo's!!' Oh, there's a different feel to life up in these parts.

After a nice pub meal in the evening we presented Norm and Dave with their NOGS certificate of achievement for their alleged 23 mile 3 Peak walk. Norm later cited this as the highlight of his weekend. (We thought John's must have been having all the women to himself for the day!)

Sun 7 April

Began Easter Sunday with a few of us walking down to the village (took about 1 min!) to the tiny Wesleyan Methodist church where we had a warm welcome from the half dozen smiling parishoners. Surprised to hear that this 9.30 service was already the 3rd service of the day for the speaker, his first being the dawn service at Skipton! Then we all went off for a look at some of the local attractions including Malham Cove (once underwater) and now a great look out point along the valley, (at least a nesting bird who'd built his nest near the top seemed to think so), the Tarn (a large pool of water) where Chris enticed Molly in for a dip, and where we snuggled against the dry stone wall out of the wind for our sarnies. "What have you all done to me?" asked John as he inspected his blisters. Finally, onto the Scar, a huge crevasse in the rock with a waterfall. A very impressive meal in the pub closest of all to the hostel that evening rounded off the day's activities, and not far to walk home to bed afterwards - about a stone's throw, in fact.

Mon 8 April

Sad to be leaving, but first fitted in a nice visit to Bolton Abbey, an Augustinian monastery built by Alice de Romilly in a wonderful situation beside a river. The stepping stones across the water created hours of entertainment as people tentatively tried to step across them, without falling in (not always succeeding). A pleasant end to a special weekend away.

CLYFFE PYPARD IN WILTSHIRE

by Jackie Roberts

As we set out on a whim one Saturday mid-morning, all seemed well with the world. Norman and I had telephoned a few nights earlier to book an overnight at the new bunkhouse advertised in the YHA magazine.

It seemed an ideal escape - £11.00 per person per night, staying in part of the main building of a public house, with CAMRA real ales a speciality. We arrived sometime after 5pm, having spent a few hours meandering along the Ridgeway. A circular route took us to eventually meet Libby, joint licensee of the Goddard Arms and warden of the newest YHA bunkhouse.

Her very warm welcome was exactly what was needed for a short break for walkers. Libby had travelled extensively around the world herself over a number of years and had a very shrewd eye in planning the facilities. Having to walk just through a single inner door to reach to the public house for our evening meal was most convenient.

After a very convivial evening with fellow travelers, the journey to our beds was easy enough. As mentioned earlier, the facilities were spot on, though we had to take our shoes off to enter the sleeping area because of the new carpets. Hopefully the group will be able to put a visit to Clyffe Pypard on the Events Programme sometime in the future, because it would be a shame to miss out on this little gem. It is a very short distance from the Ridgeway and would be ideal for a walking or inter-hostel cycling trip.

I know the closure of many well loved Youth Hostels is a sad thing, but change is inevitable and if this bunkhouse is a tiny example of what the future holds, then all well and good.

Noggin The Nog

