

# Newport Outdoor Group (YHA)



## Editors

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## Web Site

<http://walk.to/nogs>

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**Get  
The  
Outdoor  
Habit!**

## **LANGSETT MEMORIES** by Jessica Letalle

Our journey to my first ever hostel at Langsett was an eventful one, what with the meeting with the two new friends I made and the unforgettable moment when we had to return to retrieve the handbag belonging to my aunt, we did not have chance to ascertain boredom. With the satellite navigation system voicing out its directions and the sound of the Archers travelling to our ears, the journey was an experience indeed.

Our first view of the hostel that we were to spend the next two nights in was an interesting one indeed. The standard was higher than was personally expected, with me never having previously visiting one. The same cannot be said for the others in the group as they had had the pleasure of visiting higher standards of accommodation. After meeting a few of them, who welcomed me warmly, we retired to our rooms with the anticipation of our first walk sending us off to a peaceful night sleep.

Our first morning dawned bright but cold, and we spent the first hour deciding the routes to be taken as we were to be split in two groups. One group, consisting of the members of the group who wanted a more strenuous journey set off over the mountainside to circumnavigate Strines Reservoir and Dale Dyke Reservoir, returning to the car via High Bradfield, whereas the other group wanting the less vigorous walk of eight miles set across the fields and other local countryside to return also via High Bradfield.

The day that started off as being wet and cold, began to warm up and each group began to appreciate the peaceful surroundings of the Peak District. The few hours spent tackling the walks was an enjoyable experience. The beautiful countryside and wildlife added to the breathtaking scenery.

Each of the groups met up back where we had parked the cars earlier that morning, with the news that each group had successfully accomplished their tasks. After each having refreshing showers, we started the communal meal. It was a happy experience viewing and contributing to the preparation of the meal. Seeing every member of the group pulling together, laughing, joking and relaxing after the days work, was something I had scarcely seen before this visit. After having filling our belly's with the delicious meal, and returning from a trip to the Waggon & Horses pub for a night cap, we then retired to our bedrooms again to rest and sleep before the following day's activities.

With a morning greeted by the horses in the fields surrounding our accommodation, followed by breakfast, we decided not to split up this time and travelled the 10 miles past the lakes and mountains, taking photographs as mementos as we went. The route went via Langsett Reservoir and the Cut Gate path to Cold Side overlooking the beautiful Derwent Valley, with views to the High Peak and Kinder Scout. I found this distance particularly strenuous, however, pushing myself to the limit both mentally and physically was an

accomplishment to be proud of.



Langsett reservoir

On returning to the hostel, we sorted out all of our belongings and visited a little café where we had toasted teacakes, coffee and scones, a particular delicacy that was absolutely delicious. The trip altogether as a group had come to an end and this was the time where we had to say our goodbyes. The group split up and ventured home, memories of the weekend still fresh in everyone's mind.

I, however, along with a few other members, had another destination to visit before we travelled home; the home of The Last of the Summer Wine. The little village of Holmfirth was beautiful, and the visits to the memorable Betty's café and Nora's house were another highlight of the visit.

The weekend was finally at an end and departing from the breath-taking countryside and travelling home to our daily lives was the final thing we had to do. I want to say one final thank you to the group for welcoming me and making me feel at home. I enjoyed the weekend and I have to say it is an experience everyone should try at least once.



## NOG STREET PARTY by Chris Nevines

### THE PROLOGUE:

Picture, if you will, a small training group. The training session is about *Working with The Media* and *How to Sell Your Story*. I am about to undergo a mock interview for radio/TV and am asked what I will be doing this weekend...

“Ah”, I say confidently, “Well, I belong to a walking group and this weekend I will be heading off for the Christmas Street party....”

“**STREAK PARTY?!!**” my Interviewer interrupts excitedly, sensing that coveted prime slot on “Wales Today”, not to mention the scandalous headlines in the Argus and Western Mail – You could almost smell the sweat of the paparazzi on our trail...

I started to laugh. “No, no...STREET party. We’re having our Christmas party at the Youth hostel in Street”.



### Newport Outdoor Group Gets My Goat!

Chris would like to thank all the NOGS who contributed to the scheme this year to buy a goat for someone in the Third World. Over £50 was collected, which was used to purchase :-

- one goat
- safe drinking water for 25 people
- 25 saplings for planting.

How about a camel or alpaca next year? No kidding!!

So, it’s that time of year again when snowmen, reindeer and fat bearded men in red hats start taking over the world. For NOGS, this heralds the time-honoured ritual of “the pre-xmas trip”. Every year, in December, a faithful following of NOGS, bearing gifts and assorted woolly hats, descends on an unsuspecting hostel for the traditional pagan festival of drunkenness and gluttony, now presided over by Pammie, The Supreme Goddess of the Hostel Kitchen.

This year 28 of us turned up, notably excluding Ken (21 again), who went off to Poland to celebrate his coming of age, and Martyn Dad (101) who Cant Say what he got up to on his birthday (He probably just forgot to come). Dai and myself were first to arrive on Friday, which gave us time to explore Street and the famous Clarkes Shopping Village. I was very strong willed and didn’t spend much, but spent a happy half hour browsing through copies of “Grumpy Old Men”, “Are you a Miserable Old Git?” and “When I am old I shall wear purple”. We finished up with a fine leg of lamb (each) at The Bear, and then staggered (or, rather, slid) back to the hostel, just as the later arrivals were staggering out to the nearest pub.

Saturday dawned bright and beautiful and, more surprisingly, stayed that way. Reesie led us on an excellent walk, cunningly designed to take in all available high spots around the Somerset Levels. A few people sneaked off early to go shopping, but Sheba managed to keep most of her flock together till the last mile or so, when some of us broke ranks and formed a splinter group to dash back for hot showers (only to find that nobody had put the water heater on).

With the full moon in ascent – (which had a rather unfortunate effect on Dai, who turned a funny shade of green and retired to his bed ) - the main hall was solemnly prepared for the feast and festivities, including the Bran Tub ritual, which allows men and women to present gifts to each other anonymously. (As far as I know, nobody got any frankincense, myrrh or gold but I got a rather interesting vodka cocktail complete with hip flask).

The meal - as ever - was excellent and between courses we had a team quiz, bravely hosted by Sue and Jackie. Competition was fierce between the 4 rival teams, namely *The Snogs*, *Over the Broomstick*, *Phil’s Floozies* and *Under the Floorboards*. The atmosphere grew tense. Pam and Brian were soon exchanging Gaelic insults that would have made Gordon Ramsey blush, while bread rolls and ribaldry were hurled across the tables with equal gusto. (Our Phil never was much good at controlling his Floozies....) I rather suspect I must have exceeded my wine limit as I could have sworn Catherine Zeta – Jones had grown a beard in the identity quiz.

Needless to say, The Floozies won – and on this occasion, I don’t think it was down to Phil’s brain power!

On Sunday we did the Grand Tor – first taking in the many car parks of Glastonbury to round up any stray NOGS, and then heading up onto the gusty heights of the sacred hillock. Fortunately, nobody had to be sacrificed that day so we wandered back down to browse the town and check out the crystals. (I suspect Reesie went on a longer walk, but it remains a dark secret who went with him and where!)

***Thanks again to Pam for cooking the meal and to Dawn for organising the party games. And a Happy & Prosperous New Year to NOGS everywhere!***