

Newport Outdoor Group (YHA)



Editors

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Web Site

<http://walk.to/nogs>

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***Get
The
Outdoor
Habit!***

Tintagel in January by Sally Gillespie

My name is Sally and I am famous in the Bristol YHA social group for testing out many of the weekends. They send me to quiet lonely spots and even with treacherous diffs wondering whether these places will ever be quite the same again.

When two men turned up at the door I knew that Richard, chairman Bristol, had advised them that I needed two men to look after me on these weekends. The journey down was quite uneventful when I tell you that 3 women from Bristol got lost in thick gooey mud near Tanners Hatch on the previous weekend.

At one time they PDMPed some hostels and we all know that PDMP stands for “Peoples’ Dispensary for Mental Patients”, which is why we all go away. Or really this is a hoax name so as not to attract too many people to these locations, far from the maddening crowd, with delicious NOG food and the most delightful company I could ever dream of.

On Saturday most of us set off on a walk to Boscastle only 5 miles away but the route went up and down. The highlight was the two lovely Exmoor ponies that provided several photos on our digital cameras. Luckily there was The Cobweb pub in Boscastle where boots could be worn. I decided to escape on the bus, but Jane who has met my sort before, thought that Lorna would give me a lift to Port Isaac, where Doc Marten was filmed. So having imbibed I sat on a wall only to be chatted up by a man with his paper and Mars bar.

The intrepid walkers had to walk back to Tintagel and had a meal to cook. I had a leisurely walk and photo-shoot with Lorna while Jane tested out the coffee in the only business premises open, being January.

The chicken ratatouille with curly pasta followed by tart and cream was excellent. I had cut up several onions and cried my eyes out but no one cared. However, one of the twisted pasta pieces that had got friendly with the tomato type sauce decided to go on a walk down my white sweatshirt that my parents had purchased for my fiftieth birthday. Luckily I have Shout

stain remover at home. This led me to wear the same sweatshirt I had worn on Friday on Sunday.

I stayed last year with the Redhill and Reigate Group, but slept in what was now the men’s 6-bed dorm. Under the disguise that we were going to look at the lovely views, both Sally’s went into the men’s dorms, but found nothing



selling at a car boot sale! When we went to bed that night I had no idea that a NOG was thinking of labelling the dorms “May contain nuts”.

Next morning (you’ve met my type before!) I was just about to do something with a dish cloth when I was asked to listen to Victoria read her school book. She was fun to listen to and I am sure Ben also reads well.

Sunday was a 7mile walk via the Port William pub where Norman had purchased a sweatshirt 23 years ago. Jackie thought it would be an opportunity to fit in a bit of retail therapy but the latest design just advertises the beer.

Someone had sweet talked the warden to let us cause yet more havoc as we went back to have a mug of tea, more tart and say good bye to the hostel WC. Clun Hostel Manager, be warned!!!!



Clun Mill Rent A Hostel In March by Brian Turner

Those who took up the offer to walk part of Offa's Dyke will, I am sure, join with me in declaring the weekend a huge success.

It was a joint adventure with contingents from Newport, Worcester and Bristol Sally (of course), and Annie on her first trip with us.

The Hostel handbook mentions a total of 24 beds but to my surprise when I went down to have an early breakfast on Saturday

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morning, it was evident that Nigel had had difficulty in finding one of the 24 beds and had spent the night in the common room. Nigel seemed cheerful enough and appeared to have endured his experience with typical Welsh stoicism. Then on Sunday morning, I was again surprised to hear another lodger (young Brian), this time on the sofa in the reading room, melodiously snoring. So with great consideration I quietly shut the door between the kitchen and the reading room, had a quick breakfast

before leaving the hostel for an early morning walk around the small town of Clun. So was the handbook information correct I pondered, or do some NOG's prefer their own company?!!

Clun is a most attractive little town with a long history. There are Iron Age hill forts in the vicinity, evidence of Roman occupation within the area of the present town, the fine remains of a Norman Castle, and an attractive stone packhorse bridge dating from 1450. There is also an Italian Opera to be heard in the immaculate modern public conveniences! Such contrasts! Regarding the walks these went extremely well. The long walkers took multiple occupancy cars to Knighton on Saturday morning, followed by bacon butties in the Knighton car park. Then it was onwards and upwards along Offa's Dyke Path, with splendid views for about six miles. Thankfully, Ian Reese remembered to turn right to allow us to return to Clun, rather than walk on to Prestatyn. Time permitted a call at the pub in Newcastle to see 6 Nations rugby (Italy v. Wales – enough said!!)



The short walker's explored Clun and its environs. We all sat down to an excellent meal and drinks at the hostel thanks to Phil and his short walkers. Then on Sunday we all had a circular walk from the hostel in an easterly direction, with more great views. In conclusion, a very enjoyable and successful weekend, and I personally would like to see more visits to this part of the border country. Roll on Easter and Stainforth.

Noggin The Nog



Bicycle For Sale

Townsend Oregon Trail hybrid bike (see photo right) for sale to a good home. Adult size with Shimano 10 speed derailleurs gears, and front/rear mudguards. Shamefully hardly used and kept in garage for some years. Hence asking price of £40, as a little rusty, and new tyres probably required!

If interested, contact Mike Alder-Woolf.

