



GET THE OUTDOOR HABIT IN 2005

Weekend at Trericket Mill, Nov 19th-21st 2004

By Hannah Noton (with a little help from Chris!)



"A grade 2-star listed water corn mill overlooking the River Wye in Mid Wales, between the market towns of Hay on Wye, Brecon and Builth Wells. It offers a range of informal accommodation from camping and bunkroom (with optional bedding and breakfast) to en-suite vegetarian B & B in guesthouse, cosy traditional bunkhouse and campsite set in an old cider orchard."

FRIDAY

After a long drive in the dark, we found Trericket Mill but nobody was there, so I had first choice of bunks – the top right hand bed as you come in the door. Chris made our meals and we sat outside until Adam got cold so we moved into the boys' room where it was much warmer. Everyone else came home much later after eating at the pub. We went to the common room and Adam and I played Monopoly.

SATURDAY

Molly kept us awake by sniffing around the room all night. We got up and found it was snowing so Chris made us a cooked breakfast and we sat outside to eat it! Everyone else went to breakfast in the Mill. We had a snowball fight. Then we were going



to go for a long walk (*in the Elan Valley, which I've wanted to visit for ages – Chris*) but the car broke down so we came back to the mill. The snow was melting and it was raining, so we went inside and played Cluedo. Then we decided to go for a walk, or rather Molly took me. We watched people abseiling from a bridge (complete lunacy! – Chris, who prefers something solid under his feet) and went to an old station where we had tea and cakes (*Errwood Station, says Chris. Recommended – good craft centre, too.*) Then we came home in the rain, got covered in mud, Molly included. Chris didn't feel like cooking so we went to the pub. (*Needs must, you understand! – Chris*)

SUNDAY

We had breakfast outside. Molly stayed with me. Then we went on a long walk, to the top of a hill (*Mynydd Forest, I think – Chris*) and down through the trees to the river. We walked beside the river back to the mill. Then we went home.



New Year In The Lakes With Bolters' Babes, Bolters' Breakfasts, and Balderdash !

By Norman Roberts



The successful NOGS year of 2004 was rounded off in style with the annual New Year trip, this time to the purpose-built Duddon Estuary hostel in the South West of the Lake District. A smashing little hostel with just 18 beds accommodated 12 NOGS (Dave, Sarah, Aly, Ian K., Nigel, Phil, Dawn, Jayne, George, Martyn, Jackie, and Norman, for the now traditional pilgrimage to a rent-a-hostel for post Xmas festivities.

Not only was the hostel very well equipped and very cosy, but its location on the banks of the Duddon estuary provided wonderful views of the nearby Lakeland fells, AND afforded a short 5-10 minute walk to the local Duddon Pilot hotel which catered for the needs of the hungry and thirsty NOGS on two occasions, including New Year's Eve, with ample meals and liquid refreshment.

Everybody contributed to the enjoyment of the 5 night stay, with hostel meals provided by Jackie (pasta bolognese) and Phil (sausage casserole), matched on the last night by a Chinese takeaway (delivered direct to the hostel) the contents of which exceeded the stomach capacity of the 9 NOGS, (the others had pizza!) leaving Nigel to take a portion of lemon chicken home for supper.

Weatherwise, we broke even, with a mixture of sunshine, gales, sleet, hail, and generally a low cloud base, but with relatively high temperatures for the time of year.



On Day 1, following a grade 2 Bolter breakfast (somebody forgot to bring the cooking oil!), 11 NOGS (Ian travelled to Ambleside for the day), led by Dave ascended a local fell called Black Combe (a short drive from the local town of Millom). We had tremendous views along the coastline before climbing into the cloud and reaching the 600



metre summit for a bite to eat (was this really lunch Martyn?). Dave demonstrated his map reading skills during the descent and we completed the 9 mile walk as darkness fell.

On Day 2, following a grade 1 Bolter breakfast (we bought some oil on Day 1!), we elected to make use of the improved weather to climb the old Man Of Coniston. Arrangements were made to drive to Coniston and meet in the village, but in true NOGS fashion, everybody managed to park in different places, and we didn't start climbing until nearly midday. The route up followed the main tourist track and passed the Coniston Coppermines hostel, before climbing up to Low Water, where Jackie and Jayne earned themselves a good rest, and then on up the ridge to the summit at 803 metres. After a difficult start, by now George

was well into his stride and looking resplendent in his new walking jacket and hat.

Talking of new gear, Aly bought a new pair of boots for the trip, but elected not to wear them at all (contact Alyson Bristow for further details). It was very windy and cold on the summit and we didn't hang around there, although time permitted a photo of Nigel with his Bolter Babes (Jackie and Jayne) on the top of the Old Man. (excuse the expression). Following the walk, tea and coffee was welcome at a local hostelry in Coniston village, the Black Bull hotel.



You might think that the highlight of the trip would be the New Year's celebrations, but on this occasion the Group failed to find a local pub/club with a lively atmosphere, and had to make do with the charms of the Duddon Pilot hotel with its top of the bill solo artist and free giveaway party hats! Never mind, we'll try harder next year to find a disco for Nigel to dance with his Babes !

Day 3 – by now Ian Kerr who arrived at Duddon with a nasty cold (supplemented by every medication



imaginable), had done his best to pass on the virus to a number of other NOGS, and a large bout of coughing ensued during another grade 1 Bolter breakfast. That did not stop us walking however and today we chose to walk from the hostel to the village of Haverigg, a short 5 mile jaunt. The route took us along the coast to the Hodbarrow Lake Nature Reserve, where we sat in a hide for 20 minutes, drinking coffee and listening to Martyn explain the habits of the bird population including lapwings, coot, and widgeons. Then came the exciting bit. On leaving the hide, the heavens opened and with an extremely strong wind, we were nearly all blown off our feet and we received a drenching from the sea splashing over the barrier surrounding the Reserve. The mid afternoon refreshments in Haverigg were most welcome. (even though George fell asleep!)

That evening, Jackie, George and Norman sampled the delights of the Station Hotel in Millom, leaving the others to enjoy playing the game of Balderdash (an Xmas present brought by Dave and Sarah). This game was particularly enjoyed by those taking part and is likely to become a NOGS favourite. (Phil was the winner of course!)



On Day 4, it was time to split into two groups, and after a fairly late start, party A (Dave, Sarah, Nigel and Dawn) drove to Sellafield for a presentation of the operation of the nuclear energy plant, which was enjoyed by all. Party B (everyone else) made best use of the remaining hours of sunshine to drive to Ambleside and 6 NOGS led by Norman, climbed Loughrigg Fell



at 335 metres. This was a really satisfying short 5 mile walk with excellent 360 degree views from the summit overlooking Windermere, Elterwater, Rydal Water, the Langdale Pikes and the Coniston fells. Meanwhile, Jackie and Jayne ambled around Ambleside.

Back at the hostel, there was an amusing interlude when Norman lost his mobile phone, and ended up speaking to Dawn on the same phone moments later. Then came the Chinese and Pizza banquet (with Martyn supplying a round of nibbles!), followed by another game of Balderdash which sadly we were unable to complete due to arrival of the witching hour and the need for an early bed.

That left everybody (especially Dawn) looking forward to their next visit to the Lakes with appetites fully whetted, and Jackie trying to compose a new NOGS song (we'll keep you posted!)

P.S. How many synonyms of the word Balderdash can you come up with? Answers to the Editor, please.

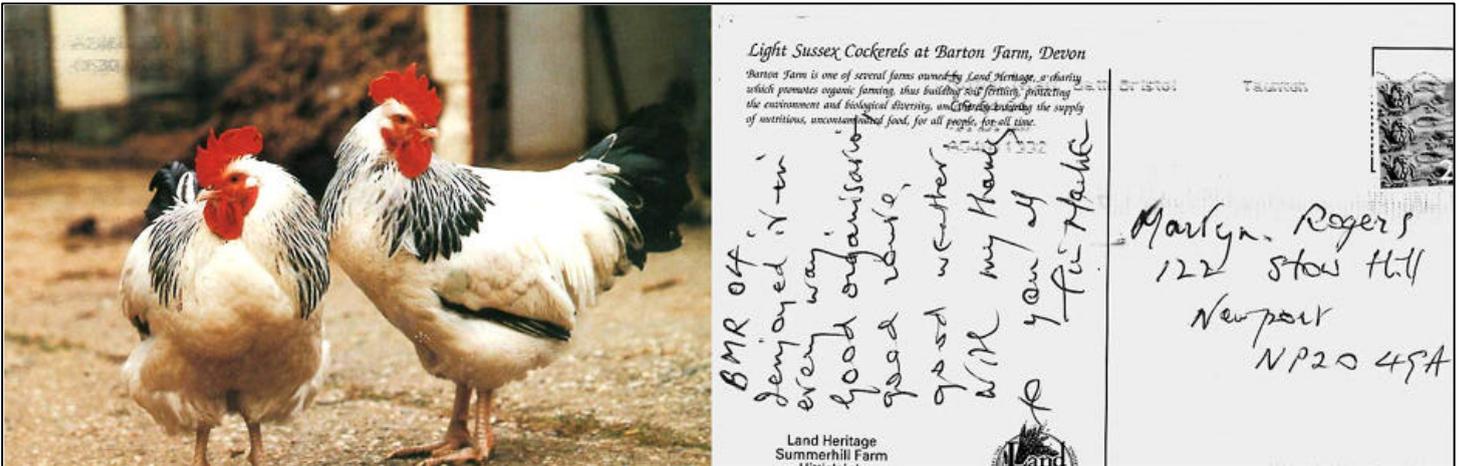


THE NOG ANNUAL CHALLENGE WALKS

By Martyn Rogers

Both the BMR and the TT have continued to go from success to success in recent years; not only in terms of the revenue raised, but also with regard to the satisfaction and enjoyment of both the entrants and the helpers.

We have had many positive comments, both this year and last from entrants (see postcard below) saying how much they've enjoyed the events, and how well organised the events have been.



This of course is because of the efforts of both NOG members and the Brecon Mountain Rescue Team on the day of an event, **particularly with regard to the numbers of NOGs who have helped on the day**. At least twenty NOG helpers are needed to ensure that the entrants are properly catered for with regard to registration, car parking, kit checks, and refreshments.

Not only has the day of an event been enjoyable for everyone (thanks for the wonderful full English breakfasts Pam!!!), but loads of money has been raised for both the Mountain Rescue Team and ourselves. This year, over £2000 for the Brecon Mountain Rescue Team, and over £1000 for ourselves.

Traditionally the BMR profits help towards the £20,000+ the Brecon Mountain Rescue Team needs to fund its work annually; and the profits from the Talybont Trial benefit ourselves.



This money is vital to keeping our funds healthy. A healthy bank balance increases significantly the options open to us as a group. It has, for example, enabled our committee, and in particular Nigel our Booking Officer, to book several rent-a-hostels for the coming year (which have to be paid for, in full, in advance).

Also the annual members subscription can be kept to (an amazingly good value) nominal sum. Currently NOG membership stands at around 50. Not a lot of mental arithmetic is required to show that helping with the BMR and the TT is worth at least £20 per each NOG member.!

So thank you, you NOG helpers, and here's looking forward to another enjoyable BMR and TT in 2005.

Don't forget!

Saturday 23rd. April 2005 for the BMR
Saturday 8th. October 2005 for the TT

HAWORTH WEEKEND

In October last year, Ken, Deanna, Chris, Molly the dog, Ray and Ian ventured to the north of England in search of literary edification in the town of **Haworth, Yorkshire**, home of the Bronte family.

Saturday's walk took us up to the high moors above the town, where Emily had set Wuthering Heights and then a trip on the Keighley and Worth Valley steam railway gave the walk a fascinating end. In true NOG fashion was the less edifying but no less enjoyable visit to a local pub for an evening meal and the local 'real ale'.

Sunday brought our first sunshine of the weekend and a walk down the Worth valley, with some taking a short cut by means of the railway – I wonder if this had anything to do with the fact that the buffet car had 'real ale' on board ?