

COMING SOON - NEW YEAR 2005  
THURSDAY 29<sup>TH</sup> DECEMBER - MON 2<sup>ND</sup> JANUARY (4 NIGHTS)  
SNOWDONIA!

**WHERE?**

We will be staying at:

Betws Y Coed YHA

Swallow Falls,

Betws Y Coed

Gwynedd

LL24 0DW

Phone:

01690 710796

<http://www.yha.org.uk/hostel/hostelpages/865.html>



24 Spaces have been booked at the Betws Y Coed YHA, about 2 miles out of Betws Y Coed and about 4 miles from Capel Curig. We have sole use of the hostel.

**HOW MUCH?**

The total cost for 4 nights is £50.00 + £1.50 booking fee which comes to: **£51.50 per person**. Note that this trip will be self catering.

**HOW TO BOOK!**

Bookings will open at the AGM in the pub immediately following the meeting. The trip may well fill up on the night so if you can't make it, phone a friend and get them to give us a cheque on the night.

**WHY?**

This trip is one of the group's most popular walking weekends away every year. The aim of the weekend is to sample a mixture of walks in Snowdonia. Depending on weather, group composition, interest and walks leaders being available, we can attempt some tough mountain walking and some lighter valley and coastal walks.

The walks may be challenging due to the nature of the mountainous terrain in Snowdonia and the fact that there may well be ice and snow underfoot as it is winter. But the views will be stunning if the weather is good.

There might also be the opportunity to try climbing at the Plas-y-Brenin indoor climbing wall. This will depend on interest from the group and be sorted out nearer the time.

Although it's a couple of miles into 'downtown' Betws Y Coed, the hostel is right next to the Swallow Falls Hotel where we'll be able to get a pint or two and food, if we don't fancy the self catering option.

On New Years Eve we will try to organise a meal for the whole party somewhere but we may well have to have a fine feast and (fancy dress?) party at the hostel as our group is quite large - we'll bring the decks so we're covered for all options - it'll be kabooming! We'll confirm this nearer the time.

If you'd like more information please contact either

Liz Rawding on 0115 9174361 email - [e.rawding@ntlworld.com](mailto:e.rawding@ntlworld.com).

Or David Millington 07808 170914 email - [djmillington@huginn-munninn.demon.co.uk](mailto:djmillington@huginn-munninn.demon.co.uk)

Cheers Liz and David

Please note: People staying in B n B's will not be accepted.

Also just to remind everyone this is a walking group weekend. Hopefully no-one will take the piss and opt out of walking altogether because its not fair on those who couldn't get a place.....enough said!

# Footprint

The Bi-monthly magazine of the Notts Derby Walking Group (NDWG) - October

## NDWG members walk past pub!



In what is believed to be a first for the NDWG on a weekend away, members of the group walked past a pub. The pub is believed to have been open, welcomed walkers and served something other than lager. A panel of experts has been

hastily assembled to try to explained this hitherto unobserved behaviour. Medical experts have suggested some form of tunnel vision may have been responsible. Sociologist favour a more cultural explanation, claiming that the pub in Stowe on the Wold was 'too

posh' for the NDWG, but this has been refuted by group etiquette expert Posh Mike ("tha's 'avin' a laugh youth"). Pragmatists suggest that the group probably saw a another pub a little further down the street. This writer's theory is that only a gear shop with a

closing down sale, staffed by Brad Pitt and Angelina Jolie look-a-likes and offering free tea and scones would be enough to tempt the membership. Attempts to locate such an establishment have however failed. Watch this space for developments.

Hi,

It is that time of year again...time to pretend to be everyone's best buddy and to get someone to propose and second you for some position on the committee. Varying levels of popularity will mean more serious forfeits for the promise "Oh, go on then, I will second you..." Neil R has been trying to deflect all of the "seconders' attentions" to avoid another term. When/if you join the committee, he does do a very funny monthly email naming and shaming all of the absconders. Long may it continue - join the back of the queue for seconding him! (I think he is joking when he seems to be canvassing for someone to take the role on)

It is a very enlightening experience being on the committee. You get to see the politics of the RA, how the group runs within the RA, help to administer the group according to the constitution...You could also put it down on your CV..."In my spare time, I input back into the community by helping on the committee, of my local walking group." Which could quite possibly be on a par with being on your local comprehensive schools PTA, in the eyes of your potential dewy-eyed future employer. "Fine young example here Hopkins, cancel the PM interviews!"

Choose life, choose a bobble hat, choose red hiking socks and the opportunity to eat your own sandwiches as covertly as you can in the Beer garden of some Landlord, who makes Pinochet look like your fave' granddad...(Skill level on this one - pretty pathetic going by recent occasions I have witnessed, MI5 are not missing out on your covert skills). Or you can choose to go down the avenue of waiting for the PTA/Cucumber sandwiches/Volvo estate/4 x 4...please pass me the knitting pattern! I digress...slightly.

The AGM is always a good night, give it a go...I will second you! Especially you there, yes you...Membership secretary!!!

Work hard - play hard and make it your day...tic tic.

**Martin**

## NDWG Committee

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## Magical Mountains of Glenoce...cont

of the best ice climbs in Britain. As we got higher the low cloud started to steal the view away from us, until the ridge walk became a walk in the mist. It reduced the exposure, but sadly also the views, except for the occasional gust of wind that scoured the cloud from Coire Leis, on our right or Coire na h-ursainn on our left, leaving one great bowl briefly naked and spectacular and the other brim full of mist. One last head down effort saw us on the summit, fog bound with the ruined observatory and the many cairns looming eerily from the mist. Another quick stop for chocolate and we were on our way down the tourist path, keen to get back to Fort William for a well deserved Balti. Tired after our long day we stayed in the bunkhouse that evening, just taking it easy and enjoying being out of the rain and wind, excitement over for the day. We all turned in, Phil Robey being the last man up.

The next morning we awoke to a surprise. Two girls were asleep in the living room on the sofas. Two more girls that we'd had with us on the trip. Phil Robey denied all knowledge but clearly the Robey pheromones had been doing their thing and these poor innocent girls had been lured up from the campsite and into our bunkhouse like a pair of Caledonian Bisto kids. Quite how they got so tired is anyone's guess but from Phil's snoring that night he was obviously pretty tired too and it doesn't take a genius to put that particular puzzle together. Having despatched our unexpected guests we made our plans for the day. The weather had worsened (it was August Bank Holiday after all) and the rain was constant, the cloud on the deck and the wind gusting strongly. Various plans were made so we passed the day walking, gear shopping and in the Clachaig drinking, reading the papers, playing 'Risk' and running outside into the rain to get a phone signal to get the Ashes latest (in your face Huggins!). Not a bad way to spend the day if the weather sucks.

Having missed out on the Sunday, some of us were keen to do something on the Monday, even if it meant an early start. The Ring of Steall was talked about but rejected as a bit am-

bitious for a morning's walk. Rob suggested an attempt on the three sisters of Glenoce, above the pass of Glenoce. Much fnarr fnarr - later we discovered he meant the three mountains on the south side of the pass. We were booted up and ready to go by 7am. We walked down from the car park, to the 'Meeting of the Three Waters' and then started up to the 'Hidden Valley'. Finally the weather relented and the mountains decided to don their summer splendour to see us off. Glances of blue sky become long lingering looks and golden slashes tigered the billowing green tented hillsides. The water from the past couple of days hurtled from the tops in silver white veils and streamers. Clouds scudded across the pass, snagging on the topmost peaks before being tugged away again by the nagging insistent wind. The path followed a roaring burn up amongst a tumble of trees and rocks before being blocked by a cascade of boulders. We picked our way over the treacherous moss slathered stones until we emerged into a utterly beautiful grassy valley bottom with the burn lying tranquilly over bright pebbles and pooled under the green banks. The valley walls were cupped hands clasped about this magical place, held to the mountain's breast. We moved a little way back down the valley and up to our right, with a steep path leading to a scramble up the shoulder of the hill. We soon stood on the hill's headland over the pass, then worked our way to the head of the western valley and back down alongside the helter skelter burn. It was a lovely walk with a little of everything and it was enough to sustain us on the long drive back down to Nottingham and the workaday world. Can't wait to go back – utterly recommended. Many thanks to Rob and the posse for another great weekend.

**David Millington**

## Magical Mountains of Glencoe

The usual traffic related fun started for Guy and myself with a car fire closing the A50 about 5 miles from his house. We sat in a fug of smoke for 20 minutes and not even the arrival of two truckloads of hunky firemen could cheer us up. We made an overnight stopover at New Lanark Youth Hostel, basically a big Victorian brick built factory village and recently accorded 'World Heritage Site' status. This provided a welcome respite and proved that, like A level A grades and a divorce from Tom Cruise, some things are getting far too easy to get hold of.

The next morning Guy and myself left a little early so Guy could get a haircut, presumably so he could look his best should we encounter any more firemen. A mere 120 miles to Glencoe remained, not the quickest journey but there's no hurry to pass the bonny bonny banks of Loch Lomond or the other stunning scenery that lines the road North, all of which would merit a weekend away in itself. We found our accommodation without any trouble, a pleasant bunkhouse midway between the Clachaig Inn and Glencoe village. A quick change of clothing later and we were off to climb our first mountain. Rob selected Stob Dearg, a 1100M hill at the South side of the pass of Glencoe. The route was very simple, straight up a corrie to a saddle, and then left along the ridge to the summit. The weather was varied, with strong winds, drizzle, rain and fog all making their appearance in turn. Rather than head along the ridge to bag another Monroe (walking's not about box ticking kids!) we headed back down the way we came. After a quick stop at the Glencoe Spa for cake and extra bog roll (the bunkhouse came with one to last 12 people for 3 days - even using both sides it'd be a tough ask) and we were back at base and looking forward to the Clachaig Inn.

The Clachaig Inn did not disappoint. It's one of those places that most walkers in Britain have heard of, like Pete's Eats in Llanberis and the Grindleford caff. A warm welcome awaited us and we soon had a pint of decent beer each and were settled back with the rest of the crowd, all ages and all countries, chatting and listening to the 'turn', a chap called Graham McPherson.

Graham was brilliant, a true entertainer and real pro – lots of sing-a-long stuff, plenty of jokes and even the old trad song thrown in to please the old folkies (like me). At one point most of the crowd formed a conga to 'Puff the Magic Dragon' and some of the more impressive members of the group joined in (not me though - it's a very moving and sad song – it used to make me cry as a child! Loser!). We all made it to bed later than planned but having had a great night.

The next morning we were up at the crack of 9am to get ready for a pop at the grand old lady of British mountains, Ben Nevis. We started up from the Youth Hostel in Glen Nevis, the old girl herself frowned down from leaden skies, her head wrapped in a cloud fashioned stole, aloof and disdainful. Her suitors were the usual selection of serious walkers and day trippers, the former wearing North Face and Berghaus, the latter in jeans, trainers and hoodies. After a few minutes walking everyone wore frowns. The path up from the Glen was a slightly strange experience, with the sort of crowds one would expect on a busy day at Chatsworth but the scenery was considerably more imposing and the path considerably steeper. At about 500 metres the first bit of the climb was done and we took the path less travelled just after the mere of Lochan Meall an t-Suidhe, forking left and leaving the crowds on the tourist route behind. Rob had more ambitious plans for us. While the 'tourist path' winds straight up the western face of the mountain, we were working our way around, in a clockwise direction to the great Coire Leis, which leads southwards toward the summit of the mountain with great 1000ft side and headwalls hemming in the steep corrie bottom. We were to head into the corrie to the mountain rescue hut and then turn sharp left up to the ridge of the Carn Mor Dearg Arete. We stopped for a quick lunch in the lee of the mountain rescue hut and then ventured out into a strong wind to work our way up the very steep corrie wall. On the opposite side of the corrie we could see the great rock gouges of 'zero gully' to 'point five gully', that make some

## Shell (Suit) Island

As a newcomer to the NDWG, I'd intended to go on few Sunday walks before embarking on my first weekend. Instead, due to a couple of "flaps" at work, I'd managed to miss my planned Sunday walks so I was going into the weekend without actually knowing anyone! It was daunting to say the least, but it's a credit to the group that I needn't have worried at all!

Anyway, the weather was nice when I picked up Robyn and Gazza and headed off to Wales and Shell Island. Having a couple of passengers on the drive was a good ice-breaker in its own right. The weekends aim was to explore the Rhinogs, the (often overlooked) small mountain range located east of Harlech in North Wales. Kevin's group had already pitched camp at Shell Island but by the time we got there, it was packed to the rafters and we had to turn

back. Luckily, Pearl and Phil had found a nearby campsite at Tal y Bont and hired the field for £40 per night. This was a bit of a bargain as it was a great spot; nice and peaceful with only the occasional bugle call from the school outing in the next field to break the tranquillity.

More people slowly arrived and by eight o'clock, a small group of eight tents was scattered around. Introductions were made, I was made to feel welcome by the rest of group and

after a few beers at the local we retreated to our tents ready for tomorrow's walk. So far, so idyllic (unless you were Gazza who'd forgotten his ground mat. He used the foot mats from my car...)

Saturday dawned to the sound of hammering rain. A couple of tents had sprung leaks in the night and the sky was a grey as bathwater. Still, Gazza at least said the car mats were comfy...

After a soggy breakfast, Kevin's group joined us with the occasional dark mutterings about their campsite (alt known as the Chavfest). We huddled under the canopy of a derelict barn where a (sane) decision was made to abandon any serious attempts at exploring the Rhinogs. Instead, we opted to

see the delights (or otherwise) of Barmouth. After a quick explore, Johnny improvised a small walk over the estuary and into the foothills north west of Cadair Idris. Slowly the rain stopped and we were treated to a nice (if humid) hike up onto the moors. Kevin did a nice marketing job regarding his new Cotswold store on Castle Boulevard (it paid off too, by the way. I treated myself to a new Mountain Equipment jacket there the other day...) and eventually we were rewarded some nice views over Barmouth Bay. By the time we returned to Barmouth the



(Shell Suit Island cont...)

sun was shining. Hope at last for tomorrow!

After a not so few beers at the local, I awoke on Sunday nursing a not so slight hangover. I emerged from my tent to blue skies and warm weather. After yesterday's rain frenzy, we hadn't time to waste. So, after a few delays the group headed directly from the campsite and, after a brief lunch by LLyn Erddyn, on up the minor peaks south of Diffwys. By this time, the weather had broken completely and as we walked along LLawlech we were treated to some glorious views over Barmouth and Cardigan Bay. Not a bad day, after all.

So, my first NDWG weekend was over. And my impression? Well, by the groups own admission it wasn't the best. Horizontal rain tends to put the boot into the best laid plans. However, I found it well worth it. I met some great people, had a good time and I've already booked my place a couple more. That says it all really.

As an aside, the first time meeting a new group is, by its nature, a bit nerve racking. You simply don't know what to expect. So a big thanks to those members of the NDWG who were present and – from first experience – a small recommendation that a newbie weekend or two gets added to next year's weekend list.

Phil Storer

## Walks Planning Night - Wednesday 5th October - The Flowerpot - Derby

Come along to the walks planning night at the Derby New Members meet and get your name down to lead a walk or two or maybe even a weekend away.

Leading a walk can seem daunting at first but it's a real buzz to do and very rewarding. If you've got a lot from the group it's your chance to 'give something back to the kids'.

There are a few new locations in this programme, places we've never been to before...where are they? That'd be telling! If you get along on Wednesday you'll get a sneak preview thought!

See you there - Dave and Rob



## NDWG MEMBERS DISCOUNT DAY Thursday 6<sup>th</sup> October 9.30am – 8.00pm 20% off all clothing & equipment\*

The Cotswold Outdoor store on Castle Boulevard (Abbey Bridge Roundabout) in Nottingham is again offering all NDWG members a special members day with 20% off the price of clothing and equipment.

All the new winter ranges are now in stock - for a preview of what's on offer go to [www.cotswoldoutdoor.com](http://www.cotswoldoutdoor.com)

Don't forget to present your RA membership card and quote account code **N2051** in order to receive the special discount.

\*Excludes books, maps and GPS Not available in conjunction with any other offers or discounts.

26-29 August 2005 – Anglesey - Diane Hennessey and Gary Olds

## Anglesey Sun and Sand Make for Scorcher

You could tell it was going to be one of those special NDWG weekends the evening we arrived. The long drive made for thirsty work and luckily there was a pub nearby that was up to the job. We were soon to learn the early arrivals had worked hard to track the pub down when a simple "cross the beach" instruction led the group into a private garden party almost a mile from the required destination. Some felt they had already climbed a midi mountain by the time they hit the pub so rewarded themselves with copious amounts of ale...The cricket had been on at Trent bridge all day, spirits were up, the beers went down and by the end of the evening, we were all singing "no nay never no more" along to the Celtic band with heartfelt passion.

A 12-mile linear walk had been organised for the next morning. Maps were produced, multiple choice options were provided and off we set towards the coast of North Anglesey. While the cars were being "organised" (ha! ha!), the rest of the group headed off to stuff themselves with bacon and sausage cobs. James's hangover cure consisted of eating a cheese, pickle and magnum cob - it seemed to work.

The grey, slightly chilly start turned into a complete scorcher. We started to relax into the rhythm of the day, taking in the stunning coastal views, almost beginning to be reassured by the constant patter of Gary's wise advice on all matters. Out of the blue, a thundering sound made us look up and see a heard of cattle charging towards us at full pelt. The next thing we saw was that they were chasing after our very own walking group Buffalo Bill (Ian Bell) who was holding on to his hat while running for the cliffs in the opposite direction. It happened so suddenly that there was no time for any of us to react, it was almost as if we couldn't quite believe we were about to be trampled to death. Luckily for all, Becks was in the line of fire and must have given the stampeding herd one of her "special" looks. They soon thought better of it and started to wheel in large arc and stampeded to another corner of the field. It was a lucky escape, in many ways actually, because we managed to loose Gary for bit - on a coastal walk - call ourselves a walking group! The walk provided some spectacular views over the Irish sea and one of the nicest lunch spots you could imagine having. We all watched with traditional disbelief as Gazza disrobed and went for a swim, true grit. The walk itself became quite hardcore with a large number of ascents and descents up and down the sea cliffs. "It was flat on the map" type excuses were given but there were greater challenges than that ahead of us - how to get home. 'nuff said.

That evening, when a few determined members headed off laden like donkeys, equipment was set out for the signature ndwg barbeque on the beach. The atmosphere amongst the group was hearty and relaxed and there did not appear to be any quabbles over whose sausage was whose... (always a BBQ faux-pas). We proved ourselves to be quite nocturnal creatures, determined to stay put until all the fine wine had been drunk but eventually the problem of tracking down your food, wine and faculties in the pitch dark encouraged us to return to base. The evening continued with a special treat for the birthday girl amongst us. A cake was produced but as it became apparent the cake candles were missing, they were soon replaced with foot long garden candles - hence a display of indoor fire dancing ensued. What a memory!

The next day's walk started off in gale force winds along some coastal cliffs. Robyn, our back marker, inadvertently became our front marker when the rest of the group popped into a bird look out to escape the wind for a bit. Robyn failed to spot this and continued to give chase right up to the top of Holyhead hill. Unaware of this, some of us headed down to Holyhead lighthouse, others simply waited around. Gary's valiant attempts to re-organise the group later paid off and half way up Holyhead hill, we were finally all together again, for about 10 seconds.

The day finished off with England winning the cricket, hurrah! To be quite honest we were all finished off but some still managed a highly competitive game of Articulate. Di won the day with "Something you fire a bow with" - quality.

Neil organised a walk for the Monday and the people that stayed on for it were rewarded with a beautiful coastal walk with weather improving from "ever such a fine drizzle" (classic Gary O) to wonderful sunshine.

All in all, a great many thanks to Gary and Di for organising the weekend. We came back with some great memories and the effort they put into planning the walks, the hostel, the barbeque and the cabaret entertainment were very much appreciated. Please do it again.

Mike Walshe

## Feisty Fun in the Cotswolds

What a top weekend! Great weather was experienced by all over the whole weekend proving that old proverb that the sun does always shine on the righteous. Well we moseyed on down to the one horse (but 10 pub) town on the Fri and soon found ourselves - me, Ian and Daz, sitting in the 8<sup>th</sup> best pub in Britain (Eagle and Child) next to the oldest inn (the Royalist) circa 947ad enjoying a pint of Hooky. Could things get better?! Well they did, as gradually we all congregated quite early due to the short distance from the east midlands. A good mixture of old and new members and an unusual balance of men and women on a weekend, in fact after a couple of male drop-outs the women outnumbered us. After going out in dribs and drabs later on, we finished in a very posh hotel bar listening to the sweet warblings of Michael Buble, before dashing back to the hostel sometime just after 11pm. Despite the threat of the doors being locked at 11, the aussie warden was very unangie-like, and stayed up for us which was very good bearing in mind I'd reminded her about the cricket score when we checked in. (2-1 to us Robyn). Saturday was upon us pretty quickly and some ladies looked like they had a rough night. Nothing to do with the alcohol or any amorous adventures, some excuse about the town clock chiming every 15 mins and it being too hot. Anyway I digress; onto the walk. A short drive to the Slaughters where we parked up and met Sam from Smalley Common, now in Oxford who joined us for the day. Within 40 mins, after a team photo we were into Bourton On the Water where Sian had to dive off for a cooked breakfast in a pastry from the bakery, and others strolled down the pretty main thoroughfare for an ice cream! Jeese! it was only 11 o'clock! (it was that kind of weekend). We reached Naunton without much more effort, and enjoyed another nice pint or two enjoying the late September suns rays. The rolling hills were pleasant and reminiscent of White Peak territory but without any outstanding views. Another few miles down the road and we back in the Slaughters enjoying tea and cake at the quaint mill. 9 and a bit miles led gracefully by Steve K had flown by.

Back to Stow, and it was down to the chav pub for a bit of relief from the posh places in the rest of the town. All scruffy and smelly we fitted in just right, and



hogged the pool table and juke box for a while, listening to the footy results coming in. Forest drew, Derby and Leicester lost so not a good day for the east midlanders. Another pint to drown the sorrows. Onto the highlight of the weekend, Andy's curry! We all ate together in socialist harmony at a banquet. Full of wine (so was Andy) and very hot Egyptian curry powder; this jalfrezi emerged from the cooking pot. Well most people were struggling, Ian was crying, but to be

fair it was tasty and there was enough to go around. The Naan was delish. Three cheers to the chef and his helpers, Steve K and Andy C. The veggies were spared with Helen's mushroom risotto. It was also some old git's birthday so we rounded it off with a lovely decorated cake and some very useful presents gratefully received. After that we stumbled back into various pubs and had a relaxing finish to the day despite the shenanigans of Gemma trying to get into Ian's trousers on the sofa. I think she was after his mobile phone for some reason, or so she said. Sunday was equally gorgeous, but slightly cloudier. We waved goodbye to this quaint pretty market town and ended up in Blockley just north for an 8 mile stroll. This had better long distance views and a few tougher climbs. I was highly visible from a distance in a fetching pair of paisley Laura Ashlaey pantaloons, that suited me all too well. Another stop in a top camera pub followed despite having one of those bars where the locals take up 90% of the bar top and don't move when you step up to order. A classic quote from the bar owner was heard upon a customers request to know what one of the vegetarian options was. "Sorry mate, I don't know what that meal is like, Im a meat eater, I don't eat any of the vegetarian options on the menu".

Mmmm top quality service methinks- not! Anyway more pretty views were had walking back, and we even took in a Cotswold stone quarry to see where the material for the chocolate box houses comes from. All in all a quality weekend, brilliantly and meticulously organised by Andy H. 2<sup>nd</sup> best weekend of the year, IMHO, after Long Mynd of course! Haha! Well done Andy and thanks for the birthday surprise. Well done to Steve K who led a walk and to Andy C for also helping with the recy and cooking.

Neil Thompson

## The Thoughts of Chairman Jonny

How quickly does this year seem to be passing?! Already its late September, the summer is over and there is a chill in the air. It's been a great summer of walking and weekends away and this will carry on into the depths of winter. As I write the new Walks Programme is being organised. Plans for Christmas and New Year have been well under way for some time (see elsewhere in FP) but the Programme leads further into next year and already Easter 2006 has been arranged... Big Thanks to Dave and Rob for all their hard work. If you want to be part of the Walks Programme and lead a walk come along to the Walks planning night at the Derby Pub Meet.

The current committee had their last Committee meeting last week, a fun and productive event. A few things were confirmed which you all should know about:

### NDWG T- Shirts

Some time ago I had the idea of designing a t-shirt for our group with the NDWG logo on which we could wear on walks and in the pub, to help promote the group but also to give us a bit of identity and to look the business. We have arranged this with Cotswolds Outdoor Shop and the t-shirts will be available to view and to order at the AGM. The cost will be about £20, (actual costs have yet to be confirmed by the supplier) which allows for a technical t- shirt at trade price! We have been informed it will take about a month to receive them. There will be only limited numbers available so make sure you are at the AGM!

### ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

As well as buying your coach trip tickets and ordering your NDWG T-shirts there will also be the small matter of voting in a new committee to organise and run the group. Several long term members will not be standing again, nor will some of the more recent members so we need a few fresh faces. Why not give it a thought? There are several different types of positions available as discussed David Millington's recent article. All you need is a bit of enthusiasm, a bit of willpower and the desire to help NDWG. You will need someone to nominate you and someone to second you.

The AGM will be held on Wednesday 12<sup>th</sup> October at the Mechanics Institute on North Sherwood Street (near Shakespear St) opposite the Orange Tree Pub. This is the same venue as last year. Please be there for 7.20pm as proceedings will start at 7.30pm sharp. Afterwards we will be meeting in a pub nearby where we have arranged free food!

If you have any queries about the above please drop me an email on [JonnyboyBramley@hotmail.com](mailto:JonnyboyBramley@hotmail.com).

### Personal Note

The AGM will be a sorry time for me as I will be standing down from the Committee after nearly 5 years of being involved with it. It was great to be involved and I have thoroughly enjoyed it and feel privileged to have worked with several other people (and characters) in overseeing the group grow from strength to strength. Its now time for new blood and I wish the new committee all the best.

See some of you at the AGM and some others on a walk.

Take care - Jonny Chair



# NDWG Web Forum

Coming to the NDWG Website on the 3rd of October...

The NDWG will finally have it's own forum. Our own forum just for our members! Not the RA forum that we've used before! How cool is that?

You can use it to keep bang up to date with

- ◆ Walks
- ◆ Socials
- ◆ Weekends

You can talk about

- ◆ New ideas for socials.
- ◆ Find out who's going on what weekend
- ◆ Give feedback about the NDWG
- ◆ Swap recipies for Jam
- ◆ Sell stuff to other group members
- ◆ Anything else you fancy

So on Monday the 3rd of October, go to [www.ndwg.co.uk](http://www.ndwg.co.uk), click on the forum and get chatting! It's your resource.

You will need to set up a username and password - please follow the instructions on the site for details of how to do this.

**Advance warning of a Social! - Friday 9th December 2005**

**Fox and Crown, Basford 7-9pm**

**The Lion, Shipstone Street 9-11**

**11- late - a club in town.....**

**For details contact - Doug Deritter - 07746237403**

# Christmas Coach Trip and Disco

## The Bear Inn near Alderwasley

### Saturday 17<sup>th</sup> December - £25

This year our annual coach trip is again going to The Bear Inn near Alderwasley, but the day will have slightly different arrangements than last year. In the past the day normally peters out once the coach arrives back in Nottingham having dropped the Derby and Long Eaton lot off along the way so we thought it would be a good idea to have a Disco at The Bear Inn to keep the merriments going under one roof and bring us together for a final dance before Christmas. This also allows us to do a walk further a-field in the Peak District, have the meal in the early evening before the disco at The Bear Inn.

So keep Saturday 17<sup>th</sup> December free. A day not to be missed and bring your cheque books along to the AGM.

Chriss Robinson will be your organiser and she will be taking bookings then, with your cheque. The cost will be £25 approx. (Cost may change due to coach costs not being confirmed at time of writing). Please Note there are only 50 places available so get to the AGM! No cheques in the post until after this date. The Menu will be available on the day and you will need to make a choice when you book.