



May 2001

Hi there and welcome to the latest and might I even say bumper, fun filled SHOT newsletter. As you will notice this is a bit of a flash new edition with colour pictures and all, please don't be too impressed!!

In this edition we have the much awaited wedding photos and articles on passed and future trips as well as articles from our more over'

adventurous members!! Well Hope you enjoy and hope to see some of you on the Macclesfield trip (Cheques in the post Gus!!)

Please remember:

THIS IS YOUR NEWSLETTER (so use it or you will just get me waffling on to fill space!!)

Donna

THE TRIPS

OFFICAL SHOT TRIP

Walker Barn, Peak District, 12th -14th October

Yvonne and Anna J have birthdays on consecutive days for this trip when we stay at The Setter Dog pub near Macclesfield on the western edge of the Peak District. Depending on how controlled their celebrations will be will dictate the walking exploits of some people during daylight hours.

Close nearby is Tegg's Nose Country Park and Macclesfield Forest. Shining Tor, the Goyt Valley and Shutlingsloe 'the Matterhorn of the Peak District' are also very easily accessible and enjoyable targets. Just slightly further a field are the millstone grit outcrops of the Roaches and the limestone landscape around the Upper Dove Valley. A sprinkling of excellent country pubs will also be an attractive bonus for the Birthday Babes in an area that has plenty of variety.

We are the first group booking for new accommodation at The Setter Dog (phone number 01625 613700), Walker Barn, which is situated 4 miles east of Macclesfield on the A537 to Buxton. Access Multimap.com on the Internet for an exact location. They have three group-shared rooms above the pub (1 x 10, with a wood burning stove, 1 x 6 and 1 x 4) a total of 20, which may be increased if they are given sufficient notice.

There are no self-catering facilities, so we shall have to eat in the pub - what a shame. They also appear to be quite flexible on times for breakfast, which should be a blessing for the Birthday Babes.

An approx. cost for bunk and breakfast is £12.50. Bring a sleeping bag. Some folk may decide to stay with Cara in Macclesfield and join the main group for walking and/or the evening if they wish.

Please send £5 deposit to Gustav to secure a bed.



Tobermory Youth Hostel, Mull

27th December 2001 - 5th January 2002

According to the [SYHA website](#)

"This small island is big on things to see. There's even a sunken Spanish galleon in the bay. Coastal and woodland walking is excellent round Tobermory. It's worth taking a trip to Iona, or to Staffa, home of Fingal's Cave, which inspired Mendelssohn's Hebridean Overture, and don't miss your chance to see the UK's smallest theatre at Dervaig - Mull Little Theatre. Climb Ben More (over 3,000ft) for an excellent view of the Isles"

According to Darren

As well as Ben More there are some Corbets and a few other decent hills, plenty of walking.

Practical Details

The last ferry to the island is around 10.00pm, so it should be possible to get there on the 27th. As yet I don't know if it'll be possible to leave the island on the 2nd.

The hostel has 38 beds arranged in 8 rooms, there are a two or three 4-bed rooms that will be reserved for families or couples prepared to pay premium rates. If we don't get 20 people or too many leave early it begins to get expensive, if it gets too expensive then we'll have to look for somewhere smaller or think about spending the last few days on the mainland. If you can rule yourself in or out as soon as possible that'd help.

[Darren.](#)

Can Mash be serious about not turning up, thus breaking a 15-year streak?

Chris's 30th Birthday Bash!

25th-27th Jan 2002, The Golden Lion, Horton in Ribblesdale

As some of you may know, I'll be becoming an Old Git on Christmas Eve this year. I think the only suitable way of celebrating this is to have a weekend in Yorkshire. Obviously Christmas Eve is a bit of an inconvenient time to have a birthday so I've decided to put it back a month to the 25th-27th January next year. This is a bit far off at the moment but Gus has found what looks like a good place so I've booked it already.

The location is The Golden Lion Hotel, Horton in Ribblesdale, near Settle, which is near Pen y Ghent and Ingleborough. I've booked their 15-bed bunk room (£7/night), and they also have double rooms as well. They have a web site: <http://www.goldenlionhotel.co.uk/>, and the place looks pretty good.

I like the bit about "Awards for the keeping of the beer include Camra Pub of the Season and Theakson Grand Master Trophy for winning the award of excellence on three occasions."

Obviously it's a while till that weekend, so I'll remind you nearer the time.

[Chris](#)

Brittany 2002

[Chris Turton](#) is thinking of organizing a trip to Brittany for a few days over the May Day Bank Holiday weekend.

He is planning to use the ferry service from Portsmouth to St.Malo and rent one of those marvelous French gites somewhere along the coast or perhaps just inland a bit. Much of Brittany resembles the Cornish coastline, except for the western pink granite coast. The attractive interior landscape is very familiar with a certain French *je ne ce quois*. He already has had some interest, but needs a few more to make it viable. Please get in touch with him if you are interested.

Conway Carry on's

At the end of June, with Foot and Mouth slowly letting up, at the first opportunity off we all trotted off to the middle of nowhere in mid Wales, well the Conway Valley to be precise. Don't ask me to spell or indeed remember the name of the village, apart from the fact that the food was very nice in the pub and in great abundance, oh and the rather sad landlord who had a larger collection of Man-U shirts than was good for him quite frankly! Still he made the gurlies giggle, something the boys in the 'gurlies' dorm didn't need reminding of at 1am in the morning or indeed at 7am in the morning!

On Saturday most of us walked up a mountain or two on the Carneddye range (some further than others!) and most realised just how unfit they had become over the recent walking drought (or was that just me!). No matter what anyone did that weekend it just felt rather splendid to be out in the fells again, (a very spiritual moment there!)

On the Sunday a glorious heat wave ensued and Yvonne and I were forced to follow Nigel on one of his strolls, which actually meant being dragged up steep hills of varying gradient, only not to find the trig point at the top! But still we got a great view of Tryfan, and a cream cake in Betsy

All in all a fab weekend was had by all and we all waited in great anticipation for the next weekend in the Lake District.

Walking with Wainwright

A bumper crowd arrived at the Barclays Bank Fell Walking Club Hut in Langdale, Lake District to join Gustav and Dobrzynski Junior, David his 8-year-old nephew, to climb Tarn Crag above Grasmere, their last and first Wainwrights respectively. After the novel experience of dipping their boots in the disinfectant bowls at the New Dungeon Ghyll pub next morning it was a short and stiff climb in warm and humid weather up to Stickle Tarn where the group reassembled and met Andy Tech and Amanda.

Throwing stones and splashing in the water may have enticed a few to stay at the Tarn, as the main group departed across country for Coldale Tarn and Tarn Crag, led by an over energetic Dobrzynski Junior. The last summit at a large cairn and superb viewpoint justified the celebratory photographs. The group was refreshed by champagne, cherry liqueur and a litre bottle of Highland Park malt whisky, which may have helped explain some of the wayward skills when the football was brought out for a quick kick-a-around amongst the craglets. After some time Neil sliced his shot (allegedly), Nigel failed to react fast enough (allegedly) and the football bounced over the cliff and disappeared amongst the boulders and bracken. End of game.

Turton, Julian and others extended their walk whilst an even smaller party returned the same way. Back at Stickle Tarn young David was eager for a swim and had to cajole Darren to join him because he felt it was too cold - the softie. Julian arrived back in the twilight having failed to collect the summit he was after. Things then got worse for him.

Next morning there was the Wainwright Quiz - twenty related questions where the answers could be swapped or bought. This proved to be especially difficult for some people. *No.7* [What is the married name of the woman who famously seduced Benjamin Braddock ?](#) Defeated all comers. Andy B got 3rd prize with 9 correct answers, whilst Julian (5/4

favorite) despite hawking an incorrect one for right answers only got 10. Howsey surprised even himself by getting 12 and Curly Chris got the wooden spoon with a rather poor 2. Dobrzynski Junior made £6.60 selling the question sheets and some of the answers, and was well pleased with his pocketful of coins for his return to London.

Thanks must go to Tim for booking the hut while he is still working for Barclays Bank.

Any other trips going on?

If you are organising a trip just email me the details and I will add it all in the next newsletter. If you are booking a trip, it maybe a good idea to send me the details so I can check dates of trips don't clash.

Dates for the Diary

- **Xmas Meal 2001- Barcelona 7th – 10th December, see Mark for details**
- **27th Dec-5th Jan Isle of Mull**
- **25th-27th Jan, Yorkshire Dales**
- **March, SHOT Trip, TBC**
- **21st-23rd June, SHOT Trip, destination to be confirmed**
- **11th-13th Oct 02, Braithwaite, Lake District**

The Grapevine

This section I intend to use for general information, exciting news, new members etc, so if you have anything to contribute, please get in touch.

Births/Marriages/Jobs/Social Events! Congratulation to all of the following!!!



Jane and Paul, Las Vegas Paul and I were married in Vegas sometime around 6th July (there's a time difference making anniversaries very complicated!). Although there was no Elvis at the ceremony we'd like to thank all those "Hollywood Stars" who helped us celebrate in Manchester at the beginning of August.

Steve and Lisa, Liverpool, Day in the Life at Liverpool Town Hall

A large SHOT contingent gathered early at Starbucks Coffee opposite the Town Hall watching all the quests arriving for Steve and Lisa's wedding. Two smartly dressed men in morning suits appeared at the entrance. The tall one was identified as the Best Man, so it was deduced after a while that the shorter one, minus his sandals, had to be Steve.

This was the signal for everyone to reconvene in the grand surroundings of the Town Hall with its Master of Ceremonies, marble staircase, statues, oil paintings of notable scousers and 140-year-old chandeliers. Quests milled around on or near the colonnaded balcony as Lisa arrived in the back of a vintage old banger. Everyone then settled into the packed Assembly Room, with a string



quartet playing in the corner, waiting while

Lisa got full value from the wedding photographer making good use of the location. Young Emily Whelan was one of the bridesmaids when Lisa eventually appeared with her father to put Steve out of his misery. A pleasant lady undertook the civil ceremony. Midway through the service Lisa seemed to suffer from a bout of giggles. Perhaps this was the point that

she had finally recognized Steve in his outfit, or when he had to say "I will thee obey". They were then married.

Another mammoth photo session was held inside the Town Hill before spilling out into the neighboring Exchange Square for the group photos. Maximum use was made of a large Victorian statue which, ominously for Steve, was decorated with naked men tied in chains, before the party wandered back for the last shots in the Council Chamber.

The evening reception was held in the grander Banqueting Room complete with high ceiling, full-length mirrors, a string quartet playing in the gallery and even more chandeliers. People took their places, including someone called Dodrynzky on Table 7, as the Bride and Groom were led into the room by Lisa's nephew dressed as a tartan clad drummer boy. Two hours of eating and speeches passed very quickly before the room was

Dodging the Midges in Dingwall

The Flower of Scotland Tartan was in full bloom amongst the men folk when Richard married Caroline in a country church near Dingwall. Even Ivor, the kirk minister who came over from the Isle of Skye to deliver the service, was wearing a kilt. Caroline arrived looking very bride like and was led into the church by her father to the accompaniment of a solo piper playing in the gallery. The minister made a valid point that Beatles' songs made Falling in Love sound like Falling in a Ditch. The ceremony was aided by some robust singing from the family and friends in the congregation. Julian gave a powerful rendition of his version of 'Bind us together Lord, Oh please bind us together now'. Indeed. Katherine also gave a reading much to the consternation of her daughter after this simple and meaningful service the piper played everybody out and then it was off to the reception.

Strathpeffer is a surprisingly attractive, small Victorian Spa with the grand looking Ben Wyvis Hotel at one end. Large, sloping landscaped grounds dotted with mature trees with Ben Wyvis

cleared for the evening's party. An excellent nine-piece Jazz band ensured that most people did plenty of dancing until very late as SHOT out danced the Scousers.

It all made a fine impression on the guests, which included some of Steve's Swiss relatives. SHOT numbers exceeded 30 and it was good to see some old faces. Lieutenant Tregaskis from the Royal Navy (known as Nicky to her friends), Jeff Kuo still surviving Sellafeld, Pierre, Catherine and Family from France and even Jon Eagle from Salford turned up. Many people then dispersed to one of the new hotels built around Albert Dock. Steve and Lisa drove away out of sight possibly until they could find where they had stashed their bikes.

PS If you want to know what happened on the [Stag Do](#) see later.



mountain as the background made a perfect location for guests to circulate and the wedding couple to have their photographs taken in various combinations by Andy Tech helped by Amanda. They coped admirably with what looked at times like a wandering herd of well-dressed wildebeast. A group photo was taken of all those in kilts, but not one for those with beards! Nessie's new floppy hat did manage to get her included in some shots.

Over a 100 guests sat down for the main wedding meal. Neil was alone on his table to refuse the rather excellent venison with redcurrant and juniper sauce for a hefty looking chicken chasseur and chips. Some

time later though he had to admit defeat and the refrain 'Chicken beats Neil' was quickly passed on. The speeches and meal were effortless before people moved to the hotel lounge for the Ceilidh evening. Scottish dancing continued unabated when, all too soon, Richard and Caroline

got up for the last dance. They retired to the bridal suite or a tent somewhere for a well deserved rest after an excellent day, only to reappear, fresh as a daisy, for breakfast next morning. Well Richard, I suppose if you have paid for it you might as well eat it.

Whilst we would also like to say good luck to Cat and Martyn on their up coming Wedding this October.

Also good luck to Zoe and Mark who leave this October to travel the world for 7 months, we look forward to regular updates for this newsletter!

Cologne 29th June - 2nd July - Steve's Stag Do

Da Boyz did their duty and headed out to Deutchland for Steve's Stag Do.

After an incredibly early start we made it to Cologne Airport picked up by Steve 'Eco Friendly' in his "Stretch Punto". The fridge was stacked full of Beer but all we wanted was a cuppa at that time of the day. We went to town to meet the rest of the gang and did the Cathedral and a few sites on the way, before heading out to the countryside for a few beers. Duly refreshed we attempted the 'Cresta Run' well the safe version although Gus had a few mishaps!

More beers a cable car ride and a bit of walking culminating at the Castle on an impressive viewpoint followed by more beers. The return to Cologne was uneventful but the beers ensued and the lightweights returned to bed and the hardcore hit the town till dawn.

Saturday was more eventful, caused mainly by Fridays Castle visit. An early start was never on the cards and we chilled till lunch, then all the messages and phone calls arrived along with Mashy and Steve's Brother. I had lost my passport was the message, first I knew, called the UK and yep the German Police were trying to contact me, they obviously need a SHOT address list to be supplied for any further trips. A few phone calls by Steve (My German is a bit weak) and we located a village in the middle of nowhere

where my passport was. The Sat Nav in the car insisted in sending us on a wild goose chase but we eventually arrived and a nice couple handed back the passport found - yep you have guessed it at the castle we visited the day before. Back in Cologne the rest of the boyz were on the ale, and we soon joined them in a few beer halls. The beer exhausted (or was that us!) we trawled the bars for more beer and a bit of entertainment (if you know what I mean) a suitable pole dancing club located and beers at the ready we waited for the show unfortunately the girls had already gone home. But we had some suitable substitutes; although somewhat amateur they (Mashy and Steve) performed with enthusiasm if not expertise. More beers followed by you guessed it some more beers and in the early hours crashing out and some well earned kip.

Sunday the day of leisure and we did so, lounging around in the swimming pool, thermal baths and being subjected to Sado Masochistic Heat in a variety of Molten Lava fired saunas. Before a leisurely few beers and some sleep.

An early start and we buzzed our way Home.

Mark

Vanvaer in the Vercors

Many people will remember Pierre and Catherine van Vaerenbergh, friends from Belgium, who came over for the Wainwright Weekend and Steve and Lisa's Wedding. They work in Grenoble in the French Alps and live in an excellent house designed by themselves up in the Vercors Mountains. The ground floor is a self-contained 'granny flat'

or gite that sleeps up to 4 people. This can be rented from Pierre and Catherine, so if anybody wishes to have a week skiing in the Vercors during the winter or use it as a base for walking in the mountains during the summer then this could be the perfect spot. Apart from speaking good English they also have a developed sense of humor which contradicts the view that Belgians are boring!. For anybody interested they now have a web site describing their gite - <mailto:vanvaer@free.fr>

Racing the Scottish 4000m peaks **[Tom Gibbs](#) describes the ultimate mountain duathlon**

Sitting in the back of the transit van at 7 am with the rain hammering down on the roof and the wind rocking the van to and fro, I was wondering why I was about to take part in the first ever Staminade Scottish 4000's Duathlon. 12 long hours later, I knew exactly why....

There are nine 4,000ft peaks in Scotland (and Britain) and they fall into two convenient groups – four in the Nevis Range in the west – Ben Nevis, Carn Mor Dearg, Aonach Beag and Aonach Mor – and five in the Cairngorms in the east – Cairn Toul, Angel's Peak, Braeriach, Ben Macdui and Cairngorm. In total 32 miles of Mountain running and 13,400 ft of climb. With a 60-mile road cycle between the two groups the route is tailored made for a terrific mountain duathlon.

Since this was the first such event, organiser Martin Stone decided to keep support to a minimum. Competitors were allowed a kit bag to store all the required kit plus a road bike – both of which were made available at the transitions with fresh water. A team of hardy volunteers helped Martin with the logistics of the race including placing the checkpoints on the summits and transporting kit and bikes around.

Time to get serious

26 competitors left Glen Nevis on that wet Saturday morning. To make sure everyone would finish at a reasonable hour Martin had staggered starts, with the first leaving at 3 am and the last at 7am. 7am was the 'serious start' with eight competitors including 7 time KIMM winner Mark Seddon, recent LAMM winner Jim Davies, and Team 9feet.com's Pete James and myself. After a brief take for the cameraman the race was on. Jim Davies set off at quick pace running the lower part of the Ben and was soon building a lead. I settled into a comfortable pace (walking rather than running) wanting to have something left for the long, lonely run over the Cairngorms.

The summit of the Ben was in its usual state – covered in cloud. The route over the Carn Mor Dearg Arete proved to be tricky with extra slippery rocks and a wind that blew hard just when you were on the narrowest part of the ridge. I was glad of the company of Alec Keith here – the knowledge that if you did fall at least someone would know and find what was left of you was strangely comforting. Once over Aonach Beag and then the broad grassy ridge of Aonach Mor only the descent to the Gondola remained. Here the dormant ski tows loomed in the mist as the strong wind and torrential rain whistled through them.

From the top of the Gondola to the bottom competitors had the choice – to run down, or mountain bike down the new downhill course. I chose the latter. (Only 9 of 25 competitors did.) Thanks to the overnight rain the route was particularly treacherous. After avoiding most of the "fun" bits – like big jumps and near vertical sections - I thankfully arrived at the road bike transition in one piece and was soon pedalling away.

With long races like these, road bike legs are ideal for having a good feed. I started tucking into my teacakes whilst enjoying the scenery and tailwind along the long road to Kinguisse. The weather improved and even the sun made an appearance. Piling along the road into Newtonmore at 30 mph certainly brought a big grin to my face. All too soon I turned into the headwind and slogged up Glen Feshie to the transition.

Onto the Cairngorms

Transitioning from run to bike and back can have terrible effects on unprepared legs, especially when you start to run after a long bike. For the first 10 minutes it feels like your legs are full of concrete. Not nice in general, even worse when you have 21 miles across the remotest terrain in Britain to cover.

The first part of the run was a climb up onto the Cairngorm Plateau and across the Moine Mor, a desolate area of wild moorland leading to the eastern peaks of the group. Due to the dry summer the going was surprisingly good. Once at Cairn Toul the character of the area changes, the deep cleft of

the Lairig Ghru dominates the scenery and the route traverses over Angel Peak to Braeriach. The cloud started to lift and every now and then you would get a brief glimpse of where you were going before it returned. Soon Braeriach was reached and then came the sting in the tail - the steep descent down to the Lairig Ghru followed by an even stiffer 2,000 ft climb up Ben Macdui. All you can do is tuck into your favourite grub (I had a flapjack saved for this very purpose), remember that this is the last nasty climb, and resolve to kill the organiser at the finish.

Once at the summit of Ben Macdui there is a straightforward path along to Cairngorm. I realised that I had a very good chance of breaking the existing record (12 hours 35 minutes), and keeping the fourth place that I had held since the climb of the Ben. With Mark Seddon closing, I focused my mind to increase the pace. It was at this point that my map decided that it had had enough of my company and promptly went it's own way somewhere over towards Loch Avon. Lucky for me the cloud had risen and I was able to see the route to Cairngorm.

Final flourish

Once at Cairngorm the end was in sight and so was the ski complex. Here the debris that is the Cairngorm ski area is in complete contrast to the wild nature of the plateau. It is the first time that I have seen the new Funicular - a truly disgraceful sight on the side of Cairngorm. Originally, I had debated either cutting straight down from the top or following the path past Ptarmigan Lodge. With Mark breathing down my shoulder this was no time for subtlety and I took a direct route straight down to the main car park.

At the car park I was reunited with my road bike. Officially the race was over, but the time didn't stop until the finish line was reached – for some reason the organiser didn't trust us not to race down the fast and potentially hazardous road, as if we would.... A few minutes later I arrived at the Norwegian Stone – the official finish and was able to finally stop and graze back at the majestic Cairngorms and allow the realisation of a fantastic journey to sink in.

Staminade Scottish 4000's Results

1. Jim Davies	11:35:59
2. Pete James (9feet.com)	11:52:31
2. Steve Birkenshaw	11:52:31
4. Tom Gibbs (9feet.com)	12:21:49
5. Mark Seddon	12:35:41
14= Jane Meeks & Liz Cowell	14.18.52

Fastest Road Bike – Tom Gibbs (9feet.com) 2:52:28

All 25 competitors finished, including 5 women.

Farewell Hiking Comrades

Well there it is the Autumn Newsletter. Please feel free to now send me trip detail's etc for the next edition.

Please could you check that your address/email details are correct on the address sheet also

Member's Websites:

Lynne's adventures in Japan and lots of stuff can be found at <http://lynne.50g.com>.

Lost Property

Apart from the usual groceries left behind on the Langdale trip, all of which have been consumed, two items of clothing were left behind.

1) Blue pair of Brooker Jeans Size 20.

2) Black woolly socks with mountain motifs.

Please get in touch with Gustav, or otherwise they will be donated to a Charity Shop

Contact Details

Email: donna_chambers@buckfoods.co.uk

Or of course you can visit the web site

<http://www.shot.org.uk/>

Contact [Mark Hows](#) if you have any articles or pictures you would like to add to this site

Don't forget, to keep up with all the latest hiking club info, join the e-mail list at:

<http://www.egroups.com/group/shot>

If you have received this by email, and also by post, please contact me so that I can remove you from the postal group to save the club money on postage, and so you don't get two copies.

Wainwright Question

All those people still intrigued by this question can now rest easy. Benjamin Braddock was The Graduate who was famously seduced by Mrs. Robinson in the film of the same name, shown recently yet again on the TV. The stage play in London has been getting numerous headlines over the last year or so for its selection of leading ladies. Robinson is a major Wainwright summit in Buttermere.

