

Shot Newsletter

Spring 2004

Well here is the much delayed and awaited newsletter. Sorry about the delay to everyone, as you might have heard Donna and I have changed jobs, moved out of Kent and are temporarily living on a narrow boat until we can find a house to buy. So this is the first newsletter written for SHOT whilst afloat on the Grand Union Canal.

So as my PC is all boxed all, and this held all my templates for the SHOT newsletter, this will be a stripped down basic newsletter.

Hopefully full service will be resumed in the next edition once I am back on solid ground

New Year Trips, 2004 and 2005

As some of you maybe aware there are various discussions about this New Year's Trip, i.e. location. Lynne has kindly arranged to organise the trip and is finding it hard to get a barn, so if you have any ideas/feedback please let Lynne know ASAP. It maybe also we have to book New Year 2005 this year to get the location and barn we want, so your ideas are needed for this as well.

But please note the first trip this year is coming up soon, March to be exact, so get in early and book up with Gus now to reserve a bed

19th-21st March 2003

Kilnsey, Upper Wharfdale, North Yorkshire

3 quotes



Kilnsey Crag

“What about us kids then?” Asked one offspring

“Yeah, we need small rooms to make lots of noise and play hide and seek” said another

“And my mum says small children have rights like all the grown up have” says the third

So responding to a parental request, and pre-empting a nightmarish scenario such as the above developing, the 2004 spring SHOT trip has been organised with a family friendly bunkbarn in mind.

Skirfare Bridge has been visited by many shot members' in the past who will confirm that it is much more commodious than the last one in Snowdonia! The bb consists of 6 heated bedrooms on the ground floor sleeping a total of 25(1*2, 1x3, 3x4, 1x8). A large spacious lounge and a well equipped kit on the ground floor. The lady's and men's washrooms are also on the 1st floor with an additional shower and toilet and dry room on the ground floor. There is ample parking and a grass activity area which maybe appreciated by the under 10s

The bunkbarn is situated near the junction of Littondale and Upperwharf Dale in the Yorkshire Dales. It is very easy to access from Skipton 12 miles to the south. From the Skipton bypass take the B6265 towards Grassington for 8 miles and then the B6160 at Thrishfield. Continue towards Kettlewell passing the Pennant Arms Hotel on the left hand side in the Hamlet of Kilnsey. Just beyond also the left, is the famous overhanging limestone cliff of Kilnsey Crag. About 800 yards pass the Pennat arms and just Old North Cote Farm on the right and immediately before the minor road junction and bridge for Littondale also on the right hand side is the bunkbarn, if anyone goes over the bridge and finds themselves in Kettlewell 2 miles late on then have a drink in the Racehorses or the Bluebell, concoct a good story and return the way you have come. This time the bunkbarn is just after the bridge on the left hand side.

Between Skirfare Bridge and Old North Cote Farm is the Confluence Centre. This is another very good but smaller bunkbarn, which has been booked for the same weekend by Nick and Suzy to celebrate both their 30th birthdays. Whether its fate, coincidence or natural synergy there birthdays are 1 day apart! They have filled their bunkbarn with friends but the plan is the SHOT contingent up the road will help celebrate their birthdays. Nick and Suzy are hoping to organise something down at the Pennets Arms for the Saturday evening. Details of this will either be forthcoming or be available at the weekend.

Excellent limestone scenery surrounds Littedale and UpperWharf Dale. Early spring lambs in nearby fields may apply to some people, but it will be the high fells of Buxton Pike, Great Wherside and Fountain Fell that will attract others. The Dales Way long distance path threads it way on a limestone shelf above the village of Coniston and gives plenty of opportunities to devise attractive walks of a less demanding nature. Both dales contain excellent village pubs, whilst the larger village of Grassington provides the usual tourist amenities.

Activities for kids will no doubt be provided by their parents, but if the kids become bored or in sufferable then interesting alternatives like seeing how many can be lost down a pot hole in 1 go could be a solution. Swapping kids for pooh sticks is another 1, and simultaneous kiddie bungee jumping at Kilnsey crag, would be a hoot as well

Preference will be given to families taking the small rooms, but they will be expected to make a generous contribution to the cost. It is anticipated that there will be more people then beds, so we cannot afford to sacrifice any spare ones. Some compromises will have to be made.

Please send a £5 deposit to Gus, to bag a bed(and/or your requirements) by end of Feb. He will be in Majorca during March, so Julian will take reservations from then and be in charge at the weekend. Hopefully everyone will be accommodated satisfactorily without any undue problems. It promises to be a bumper weekend

Thursday 17th June - Sunday 20th June **Llanrhian, North Pembrokeshire**



As many people know XXXX is how Australians spell beer. However, XXXX is also how old Julian will be on the Sunday of this weekend. Yes indeed, another member of SHOT joins the veteran section. With this in mind and the fact that Pembrokeshire is such a long way from anywhere in Britain (especially Ipswich) the Summer solstice trip will be THREE days long this year. It misses the weekend traffic by starting on the Thursday. Preference will be given to people staying for the entire weekend.

Caerhafod Lodge is a short distance from Llanrhian in an elevated position overlooking the sea just a few hundred yards away. It consists of 5 en suite rooms (3 x 4 beds, 1 x 5 beds and 1 x 6 beds) at £12 per person per night and children at £9.50. Bed and breakfast accommodation is also available (1 twin and 1 double plus bunk beds) at £20 per person. Youth Hostel accommodation is found at Trefin less than one mile away. Further Bed and Breakfast accommodation will also be available locally. The Lodge has all the usual amenities including a patio with benches, outside tap and hose for washing down wet suits or kids,

lockable storage for bicycles or kids, and limited bicycle hire. Access <http://www.caerhafod.co.uk/> for further information.

Some members of SHOT have walked the Pembrokeshire Coastal Footpath and will vouch for the stunning scenery on this section between St. David's Peninsula and Strumble Head, especially the virtues of the Inn at Porthgain just a short walk across the fields. Despite its seemingly depressing industrial The Sp surroundings, when it was one of Britain's busiest ports in the 19th Century, Porthgain is full of interest in marked contrast to nearby Fishguard.

Naturally the coastal walking from Solva to St. David's (Britain's smallest town), past Ramsey Island, around St. David's Head towards Porthgain will appeal to most. The path continues to Trefin and Strumble Head and the monument at Carreg Wasted Point (commemorating the last invasion of Britain by the French in 1797) and beyond to Fishguard. For the bucket and spade brigade the superb sandy beach at Whitesand Bay will be the daily target with perhaps the closer, smaller Abereddy Bay being an alternative. The area is also noted for the seabird population (sparrows etc), ancient cromlechs such as Pentre Ifan and further a field the source of the stones used for Stonehenge on the Preseli Hills. Sea angling, scuba diving and chocolate factory visits are also possible.

Reaching Caerhafod Lodge does not require excessive navigation skills. First of all target Croesgoch village (The Artramont Arms) at a minor crossroads on the A487, which lies 6 miles north east of St. David's and 10 miles south west of Fishguard. Follow the minor road north west for one mile, signposted Llanrhian and Porthgain. Turn right (north-east) at the minor junction at Llanrhian, signposted Trefin. Drive past one minor road coming in from the right and then reach Caerhafod Lodge, also on the right after one half mile. The grid reference is SM 827 317. Access the [multimap](#) or [streetmap](#) web sites used before by SHOT if need be.

Despite the paucity of Italian restaurants in the area, Julian will hopefully be able to organise a suitable meal in one of the local pubs on the Saturday evening to celebrate his big XXXX. Details about that will be forthcoming nearer the time once names and monies are collected. In the meantime please contact Gustav in the usual way to secure a place with a £5 deposit.



Editors Note: As you know Pembrokeshire is famed for its famous coastline, and some of you may have heard of Coasteering, basically an activity where you travel the coast line by the base of cliffs, swimming and jumping around on the cliffs. I am looking to organise a group to do this one day, cost will be around £30 for a day with full use of a guide and safety equipment, if you are interested in signing up, please let me know and we may get a discount as a group, an example of companies running this activity is; <http://www.preseliventure.com/activities/coasteering.shtml>

One for the Diary

Details for this trip will be coming soon, but the October trip will be at the Brecon Beacons, 22-24th Oct, staying by the Brecon canal, just outside Brecon

News, Births, Weddings

Congratulations for the following engagements, more members getting married to each, or married to family of members

Zoe and Mark (Percy), who are off to Hawaii for their wedding, after getting engaged on their round the world trip

Mike (Mashy) and Kate (Lisa's sister), who have just recently announced their engagement

Wedding Belles at Peckforton Castle

Arriving slightly late, a hot, flustered and breathless Julian was relieved to find a large party of guests still congregating on the lawn of the inner courtyard at Peckforton Castle in Cheshire for the wedding of Chris Hesketh and Jean Scott in September. Chris had the foresight to put on the invite an erroneous time to ensure that everybody would arrive with plenty of time. This also applied to the registrar who only managed to turn up with five minutes to spare. Andy Baker, the Best Man, didn't appear either hot or flustered, but he was certainly breathless every time he breathed in for all the official photographs.

Shortly before mid-day, a large contingent of SHOT and the rest of the wedding guests retired to the Great Hall of the castle where the civil wedding service was to be held. Here they were entertained by a harpist playing the Top Ten harp tunes, racing green Austin Seven car that Chris and Jean had arrived in. Andy had to spend more time being breathless for those with cameras; whilst everyone else mingled with glasses in their hands. Those with kids gravitated to the large oak tree for playtime.

The reception was held in the castle Drawing Room. Some more harp tunes and an excellent meal in these pleasant surroundings were followed by Andy's entertaining speech. He mentioned of course Chris's prodigious drinking exploits at the Sair Inn, and his predilection for baked beans in his youth, but failed to mention that Chris was also SUHC'S champion burger eater! Any expectation that Jean would escape undue attention were dismissed when her closest and oldest friends from their ladies dinner club took turns to talk about Little Jean, Scottie or Jeanie Beanie. Her prodigious sleeping habits were revealed, but more disturbingly was one of Jean driving along a very foggy M56. After some time she asked her companions what all the flashing blue fog signs meant! Scalextrix

and which gave some of us the opportunity to look at the details of this mock12th Century Norman Castle built in red sandstone for Admiral Tollemache in the 1870's.

At the appointed time, a beaming Chris and Jean walked into the hall for their great day. The service was simple but meaningful, and minus all the hymn singing surprisingly quick. A prominent green emergency exit sign on the wall directly in front of the wedding couple gave neither of them any second thoughts about the end result of the occasion. A traditional clapping of hands denoted the deed done and everyone followed the newly married couple out onto the sunlit lawn of the courtyard.

Nick Whelan produced the biggest smile of the day and also the quickest photograph when he spotted the shiny black and Hesketh and Beam-Me-Down Scottie offering lifts should be treated with caution. An evening of music, dancing and drinking was held back in the Great Hall. Chris and Jean and their friends from the Salsa dancing club impressed all the leaden-footed SHOT guests with their virtuosity on the dance floor.

This was interrupted by a further spell of buffet food and cake eating and concluded with some SHOT diehards sampling the delights of a rather grand cellar bar.

Many SHOT folk stayed overnight in the castle with its spiral tower staircases, labyrinthine corridors, intriguing rooms on split level floors, banging doors, the intermittent water and electricity supply, and more bizarrely the polystyrene bells and leaking roof. Some people also experienced a Fawltyesque meal service the previous night.

All in all it was a memorable occasion to celebrate our two wedding belles. We wish them well for the future.

Snowdonia, 2003, Yvonne

Once again it was time for the October SHOT trip that unfortunately also signalled that it was time for Anna and Yvonne to turn another year older. Oh well at least it was an excuse for cake!

This time the trip was to the Celwyn Arms' bunkhouse at Rhyd Ddu in Snowdonia. Unfortunately for all, despite the bunkhouse being run by the pub, it wasn't adjacent to it (as some of us had thought!) but a mile up the road at the end of a dirt track through two gates. The bunkhouse was shall we say, different – comprising a dormitory with bunks and two alpine platforms in loft areas accessed via stepladders. The 'kitchen' wasn't big enough to swing a cat in let alone cook breakfast and the dining facilities turned out to be a picnic bench outside! We must be getting too used to five star accommodation these days.

Saturday dawned bright and sunny and after an al fresco breakfast varying walks set off from the bunkhouse – some with the intention of making the most of the sunshine and others with reaching the pub for 1pm to watch England v. South Africa. The majority decided that Snowdon had been tackled once too often and headed for the ridge on the other side of the valley behind Rhyd Ddu – it also had various escape routes to the pub. Having reached the first top several made their exit to the pub whilst others continued along the ridge in the blustery wind. Gus strode on ahead on one of his epic walks and at the end of the ridge the rest of the party split in two – lads and lasses. The lads, lead by Nigel, headed off in the direction of what became known as the Venables Ridge – Julian still not being too sure about this option but deciding that it was still better than heading back with the lasses. The lasses took a more direct downhill route back to the bunkhouse inventing the new sport of moss tobogganing on the way.

England fortunately beat South Africa and on returning from the pub several required a late afternoon sleep in preparation for the evening session whilst the rest of us ate birthday cake. Strangely for Snowdonia, Sunday was also a nice day and having said goodbye people decided on various walks before heading home. Some tackled the 'Matterhorn' whilst others found the Bedgelert Via Ferreta!

The route home was tedious to start with along the A5 however the new stretch of dual carriageway was much appreciated. Donna and Yvonne even managing to get Nigel worried – a fantastic race track is all that is needed to be said (editors note- see *I am not the only mad driver must be something about 206s*)!

Another great weekend away – let's hope that next October's trip is just as good. My turn to by the cake Anna!

New Year 2003, Plockton, Scotland

Just a few photos from Plockton last New Year

On top of A' Ghlas Bheinn



Looking over to the Five Sisters



Gus and Neil impress the ladies with their dancing on New Year's night



Whilst Mark enjoys a beer, or two!

Berlin December 5th-8th 03

I'd only been in my job five days when I asked for time off, "where are you going" they said, well on past experience I responded, to Berlin to eat lots and drink beer!

On a very cold and early december morning we set off for Stansted airport to catch our Air Berlin flight to Berlin complete with refreshments!! We met up with the rest of the party and off we jettied into the sunset full of excitement and anticipation at our forthcoming weekend.

On arrival, we navigated the bus system and made our way to our hotel, by that point it was lunch

time, and our group headed into the city for food, ten people with about as many words of German between us, we had a very successful lunch and found some superb beer, after lunch we explored Berlin, by this point we were feeling a little underdressed for the weather, so we decided to visit the Reitstagh, to our disappointment we ended queuing up outside in the cold for over an hour only to get inside and realise it was an outside exhibition, we soon all cheered up when we were presented with mountains of food at dinner!! On the Saturday we met up with everyone at breakfast and exchanged plans for the day, we

wrapped up warm and off we went for a days sight seeing, we decided that the Germans loved queues more than us Brits that weekend, we started off with a visit to the TV tower where we met up with our resident tour guides for the day, (steve and lisa) we thought this would be a sensible bet, little did we realise that a walk to Checkpoint Charlie would take a three hour detour, including a play on the see-saw's! Saturday evening was the main event, the meal was at a superb restaurant that evidently wasn't expecting a bunch of beer-loving Brits as they didn't quite have enough beer glasses, still we did receive excellent waiter service, as soon as empties appeared they were promptly refilled. After the restaurant we then went on to a bar where we drank cocktails with sand under our feet!! A few of us then moved on to a few dubious bars, and drank copious more beers before rolling into bed at some unearthly hour of the morning, and didn't quite make breakfast!! On Sunday afternoon most of us pootled around museums and xmas markets, whilst Mark went off to meet some unknown twitcher that he had met on the internet to show him some German Birds! Monday was our last day, a chance to purchase those last minute pressies, a group of us went out on the train to the countryside to a place where we visited the grand palaces of the germanic royal families of yesteryear. The last of us left Berlin on the last Ryan Scare flight and we dropped out of the sky back to blighty about midnight, a particularly warm welcome awaited them back at the airport carpark in the form of a couple of flat tyres!! Berlin was as

ever an excellent choice of destination and cheers to Mark and Tim for organising it all so superbly, here's to next year's trip, the girls were hoping for somewhere a little warmer this year lads!