



Jan 2002

Please don't forget if you haven't paid your Subs for the 2001-2002 year we are still collecting. For this year it is a bargain £3 per person (or £5 for a couple sharing the same address). You might ask where the money is spent, well it is spent on the newsletter (postage, paper, etc), tea/coffee for trips and also subsidising those trips which don't quite make ends meet. Cheques are to be made payable to [N.P.Venables](#)

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## THE TRIPS

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### OFFICAL SHOT TRIP

Friday 1st - Sunday 3rd March, 2002 - [Burnham Deepdale](#), Norfolk.

The first official trip kicks in earlier than usual to allow some regulars to go skiing and also because Easter comes at the end of March. We are staying at the Deepdale Granary Bunkhouse, which is situated in Burnham Deepdale, a village adjacent to Brancaster Staithe halfway on the A149 between Hunstanton and Wells-next-the-Sea on the North Norfolk Coast. The AA Phone Box in the village is a listed building! The Jolly Sailors and The White Horse will cater for our nocturnal needs.

The marshes along the coast contain a number of famous bird reserves linked together by the North Norfolk Coastal Footpath which passes our front door. Burnham Market 3 miles SE is one of Norfolk's finest villages and nearby Burnham Thorpe was the birthplace of Horatio Nelson. The stately home and grounds at Holkham Hall are unfortunately closed at this time of year. The footpath network inland is not as highly developed as elsewhere in the country and the walking will not be of a demanding nature. It is ideal cycling country with many country lanes and enough hilly bits however, to convince aching muscles that Norfolk is not totally flat.

The bunkhouse itself lies in the village a few hundred yards east of the natural harbour, almost opposite the church and between the Saltwater Gallery and Kushnz 'n' Kwiltz (sounds like one of Gustav's distant cousins). There are 18 beds in rooms of 1x2 beds (reserved for family), 1 x 4 beds and 2 x 6 beds and the bunkhouse is fully equipped with all the usual facilities. We are having to pay southern prices of £9.50 per night. Ouch! If we manage to fill the place then SHOT funds will sub it to a more reasonable level. Unlike the recent trip to Walker Barn, a £5 deposit to Gustav will definitely reserves a bed.

Useful web sites for those afflicted are :-

[www.multimap.co.uk](http://www.multimap.co.uk)

[www.deepdalegranary.co.uk](http://www.deepdalegranary.co.uk)

[www.burnhamdeepdale.co.uk](http://www.burnhamdeepdale.co.uk)

[www.visitnorfolk.co.uk](http://www.visitnorfolk.co.uk)

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### 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 marvellous 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.

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## TRIP REPORTS

### Birthday Babes Weekend, Setter Dog Walker Barn near Macclesfield

**Anna Jenkins**

Well this would not be a weekend I was going to forget as I hit the big three zero on the Friday and Yvonne a mere year behind, celebrating her birthday on the Sunday. The Setter Dog pub is a small cosy pub situated at the edge of the Peak District and I would recommend it for it's food and beer, the accommodation however was interesting.....

We had been warned that the 'barn' had not been completed due to Foot and Mouth and subsequent lack of trade to fund the project, but I think a few people were asking Gus where the beds that they exchanged £5 for were. We also only had one tank of hot water and one loo between everyone. It certainly reminded people that they have become used to more luxurious accommodation, but also brought out all the old nostalgic stories of University trips where there was no heating or water and everyone slept huddled in the one room with a fire. However judging by the number of boxes full of bunk beds sat at the top of the stairs, it may be well worth a revisit when completed.



The bar was cosy and very warm thanks to a roaring open fire, which I think was a ploy of the Landlord's to get everyone one to drink lots, not that he need to have worried. It also turned out to be Darren's birthday, so we ended up with a birthday boy as well!

The following morning after a hearty breakfast we were joined by those who had stayed at Cara's again and everyone dispersed to indulge in the countryside close by. Tegg's Nose Country Park was a popular choice, as was a pub walk offered by Gus. Unfortunately not all the hostleries were open as they passed them, but Bernie and I managed to bag one of the few they couldn't get to when we visited the reservoirs so I could try out my new binoculars!

Saturday night was another night of fine food(and Gus was it the long walk or one beer too many?) and drink topped off by chocolate birthday cake which Yvonne had organised, and then all too quickly it was Sunday morning and after a breakfast during which Yvonne had a present opening session – with a huge one from Mike! – We all said our farewells and made our ways home.

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### Southern Christmas Meal

[Yvonne Ledger](#)

On Saturday 1<sup>st</sup> December several intrepid members, namely Donna Chambers, Chris and Rachel McCarthy and Tim Porter arrived early for the SHOT South Eastern Christmas Meal. They were enticed by the thought of a mystery walk in the Harpenden area lead by Yvonne Ledger. The route, not yet tried and tested, proved interesting to say the least!

Heading south from Harpenden we crossed the muddy fields to eventually reach Sandridge where it was hoped that one of the three pubs would be serving food all day so we could have a late lunch.

Unfortunately, having not carried out earlier research, two pubs were closing and the other had stopped serving food five minutes previously. So the good old trusty village convenience store did good business –Chris just about managed to leave some food for the locals to purchase!! Having crossed the next few, not so muddy, fields the next pub (and Yvonne's last hope to keep the fellow walkers stomachs happy) was reached and relief felt all round at the sight of the sign outside – FOOD SERVED ALL DAY. What with beer, food and a roaring fire it was some time before we were able to drag ourselves away and return to Harpenden.

Unfortunately, on walking outside we suddenly realised that the light was rapidly failing and the shortest route back was through the wood! Of course being a group of highly experienced walkers we were all well prepared as usual – not a torch between us! Donna bravely lead the way along the path through the trees and whenever we heard a scream we knew the path had become rather muddy once again! However, we all made it back in one piece and not too muddy.

The gathering then transferred to Chez Mashy where we awaited the arrival of the remaining participants. Anna Jenkins kept us in informed by telephone as to the progress that she and Mark Hows were making on their journey to Harpenden – car trouble meant Mark had to keep tinkering with the engine but they eventually arrived. Donna and Nigel entertained us in the

meantime with their attempts at blowing up their airbed with a faulty pump!

It was then time to move to the restaurant for the meal, via the Carpenters Arms for a swift pint or two. Mike Ashton joined us there in 'joyful mood' (not) having just witnessed Ipswich being defeated by two goals at home against Arsenal. A scrumptious, large and filling Italian meal washed down by lots of wine was then enjoyed by all at Pasta Cibo. Everyone then managed to stagger or should I say wobble back to Chez Mashy where accommodation was provided.

A fry up was enjoyed by all on Sunday morning before everyone made their way back to their respective homes and Mike flew off to the US.

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## Barcelona, SHOT Christmas Meal



### Donna and additional reporting from Gus

Ok so it didn't quite start or finish for all quite as smoothly as it did with me and my party (see Gus's article) but I think this was soon overlooked by all!

I had never been to Barcelona before so wasn't really sure what to expect, but I wasn't disappointed. I think you could have left me on the underground all weekend it was fantastic we were all particularly impressed by the flashing lights on the underground!!

Above ground was just as impressive. Between us all I think we visited most of the sights, I'm sure we only touched the surface though!

We visited the Sagra de Famile; we even managed to convert a few traditionalists to the work of Gaudi! This has to be some of the most impressive and yet bizarres't architecture that I have ever seen.

We took a ride on the cable cars, which is when Yvonne and I realised that it is not to reassuring travelling with someone who doesn't like heights!! We visited sights such as the Olympic stadium and pool, the famous dancing fountains, and much more.

We also had to experience the Catalonian night life (rude not to!) where much beer and the most generous spirit measures were consumed by all. On our final night the lads all went of to watch the footie at Nou Camp, while the girls and Nick had a much better time!

We found one of the best restaurants in Barcelona and had a rather sumptuous meal and copious amounts of wine, by the time we got to dessert, it was all getting a bit too much for some of us, all I would say about that girls is that Penny thoroughly recommends the sticky chocolate cake!! We were certainly cheered up by the effect it was having on Penny!!!

Barcelona was the most wonderful place and no one got mugged this year so safe as well!! Big thanks to Tim and Mark for organising it all, and here's to next year in Lisbon!!!

Donna

## Postscript Barca Blues -Gus

The Baker's Half Dozen (Andy, Bernie, Nick, Fiona, Gustav, Nessie and the Nesslet) were due to fly back to Liverpool on Tuesday afternoon. Careful arrangements were made to maximize the remaining time, but as in all good plans things had to go wrong and increase the pulse rate.



Gustav spent too much time dawdling around the Gothic Quarter and Harbor and had to rush to meet the others on the Airport train en route at the Sants Estacio station. Counting his coins for the exact fare seemed to be a good idea at the time only for him to miss his metro stop, and then waste valuable time queuing with Catalans buying international tickets instead of local services. When the RENFE train came with minutes to spare there was no sign of the others.

Meanwhile, Andy, Bernie, Nessie and the Nesslet had used up precious time on the Cable Car across the Harbor before shooting across Mont Juic to visit the Olympic Stadium and the funicular back down only to find that the funicular was closed. So they had to shoot back even faster the way they had just come for an alternative way to the Hotel Aragon to collect their luggage and retrieve passports from the safe. By this time the RENFE train had left Clot station for Gustav and the Airport.

Nick and Fiona had spent a more leisurely time in the morning appreciating the finer points of Gaudi architecture and had arrived back at the Hotel in good time as arranged. However, as the minutes ticked away they became slightly more worried about missing the flight. Their passports were locked in the safe and you can guess that the key was in Andy's pocket! A super-fast taxi to the airport saved everyone's blushes.

Check-in was quick and efficient. Only when they approached passport control did they notice that all flights to Liverpool and Luton were CANCELLED because of fog in England (except for a later flight on BA to Gatwick). Easy Jet staff coped admirably with an orderly queue of Brits explaining the situation and all the options. The end result was that Andy had to be back at work and the Whelans had to rescue Granny Whelan from the Baby Whelans. At great cost they flew to Gatwick and hired one of the last remaining cars for a late night foggy drive back to Cheshire. (The problem with cars parked at Andy's and Liverpool Airport, and the car keys is a story in itself)

Gustav, Bernie, Nessie and the Nesslet were forced to take an evening flight on the following day. This meant another night in Barcelona at a hotel in Placa Reial, the square with Taxidermist and the palm trees and another full day sightseeing and shopping. Nessie became slightly queasy seeing chopped off sheep heads and sliced up animals in La Boquera market and managed to test the patience of the La Fonda restaurant staff in the Gothic Quarter with her dietary requirements. Was it a coincidence that they took turns to serve her? It was another beautiful day as well.

The return journey was faultless apart from the midnight traffic jam on the M6. Bernie arrived home to find the house in darkness with several messages on the answer phone. Andy had been out for a few beers in Manchester and having caught the last train to Holmes Chapel was now walking 6 miles down a country road in a suit and shoes, because he couldn't get a taxi home. The next message said that Bernie had just driven past him and could she come back and pick him up. This she did just before 1am. He only had 2 miles left to do as well.

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## Scotland 2001/2002 – Tobermory

### Darren Bagnell

Eventually a total of 28 (inc. 3 JSHOTs) made it to Tobermory. Notably such luminaries as Andy and Bernie made their first trip, Mashy missed a trip for the first time since 1987. Gus can't remember how many trips he's been on I've been on 14 (I think) and can barely remember any of them. Anyway, Mull was new destination for New Year though there were a handful of survivors from Gus's 40<sup>th</sup> birthday - last Munro trip which was on Mull many years ago.

Remarkable everyone who was meant to be in Oban for the 4.00pm ferry on the 27<sup>th</sup> made it in time, Lynne had the most interesting Journey having scraped her car on Loch Lomond, thus putting an early bid in for crash of the trip. Mere scrapes aren't enough these days, Andy B who had a forgettable first trip didn't settle for scraping but managed to scrap his new BMW by somersaulting from the main Craignure to Tobermory road. Tim, Chris and Andy were all shaken and stirred but fine and thankful to have missed large rocks and sea. In fairness to Andy, who was going slow and was sober (police reckoned so anyway), the roads were perilously icy.

But really we were there to climb mountains (at least in principle) and many managed to climb the islands Corbet and the hill that is either the worlds shortest Corbet or the largest Graham. Nobody managed a single Munro with icy conditions and high winds causing main assault to be aborted. Still there was plenty of activity, Tom and Astrid did a number of mountain runs (I stayed in feigning knee trouble), a few of us tried Mountain biking (Pete and I are now Torvil and Dean of Mountain biking – (but without romantic angle) having slid around somewhat on New Years day). Gus managed a curious three-day trans-Mull expedition (but obviously needed lifts to and from Tobermory every day).

Obviously it's not all about the outdoors & Tobermory turned out to be a good place for indoor stuff too. It has a distillery, four bars, a Balti (alas it was closed for winter), a chocolate shop, a few restaurants, a chip shop and an excellent café. Spending a day idling around the place held no fears for anyone (apart from on windy days), token walks around Aros park, or to the lighthouse could be attempted. We enjoyed a rather pleasant meal out at the Western Isle hotel and some excellent meals in. Our mega meals will be subject of lifestyle TV one of these day, Aztec Pie and fluky (lucky not fishy) Thai meal were rather good, Thai meal won by a crumble (courtesy of Lynne's home-made apples). New Years Eve theme was circus, Gus really did turn up as bearded lady many turned up as clowns and true to form we joined town Cheiliegh as clowns. We watched fireworks at midnight as pipers played and clock chimed. Curly Chris was only person to be locked into Mishnish, but think opportunity was by that time wasted on him.

Anyway, all quite pleasant in the end and now we're thinking about next year suggestions so far are Ullapool, Harris, Jura or somewhere near Inverness anyone any ideas?

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## Births/Marriages/Jobs/Social Events!

Congratulation to all of the following!!!

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### Cat and Martyn's Wedding, 6 October 2001



Martyn and I were married at Acton Church, near Nantwich in Cheshire, with a reception at the very grand-sounding Peckforton Castle in nearby Tarporley. The church has a long family history, with my parents being married there in 1964 and then my christening (which the vicar apparently forgot to turn up for) in 1971!

I might add that the numerous SHOT and other Salford invitees did a grand job of keeping up a further tradition – a pre-wedding pint in the Star round the corner – again following in my dad's footsteps. Welcome back to ex-hikers who didn't make it into

SHOT – special mention to one Dave Beardsmore! In fact one of the most enduring images I have of the whole day is arriving in the car, hearing the bells – and seeing about 20 people stream up the path in panic seeing that I'd arrived before they had!

One other image sticks out in my mind too – the sight of Crimbo in a purple bridesmaid's dress, being held triumphantly aloft by Big Mike (usher and toastmaster supreme) as we came back down the aisle. Many of you will remember this foxy friend from Uni days, who suffered a number of horrific experiences at the hands of brutal hikers, such as being strung up from a youth hostel roof. Well, thanks to Mike, Sarah, Martyn and a few other people who were in on the joke, he finally had his day and was the star of the show, even looking down benevolently on various nervous speakers later on from a big mantelpiece in the castle.



The whole day was perfect and was rounded off by a fantastic disco in the evening, featuring lots of 80s music, Pav classics (yes...we all sat down to Sit Down...) and culminating in a rousing burst of Stand and Deliver to see us out of the door. What a way to go!

It really was the most fantastic day of our lives (cliché but true) and having our friends there really did make the day for us. Big thanks to everyone who turned up (esp. those who came from afar!) and for the presents (the official letters are still churning out) – and of course a special thank you to Mike for being the most cracking toast (Gromit) master of all time!

### Congratulation to as well for a new arrival:

[Andy and Mandy Connor](#) on the birth of their son, Joseph Peter Connor 20<sup>th</sup> Dec 2001; *Just to let you know that Joseph Peter Conner was born by caesarean section (after he tried to come out bottom first) at 11.27pm last night, he's a sturdy 9lbs 2ozs and has a good head of fair/ginger hair. Mother is OK and seems surprisingly untraumatised by a traumatic birth, father is shattered.*

Nessie and Dave, Good luck with you pregnancy

*Just a bit of news. I shall be contributing my own donation to the new generation SHOT club (in young Nessie style-dread to think!!). Dave and I have recently found out that I am expecting in June next year, so I just wanted to share our good news. I am still planning to come to Barcelona next weekend, so will see you all there for a fab time.*

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## Have you seen this Man!



***Dave Steed is Missing Last Seen in Scotland 2000-2001 The SHOT Lads are concerned!***

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### 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

1<sup>st</sup>-3<sup>rd</sup> March, SHOT trip, Burnham Deepdale, Norfolk  
Nov/Dec – SHOT Christmas Dinner, Lisbon, Portugal

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### Member's Websites:

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

### Lost Property

1 Hip Flask (containing Port) in the boot of my car after New Year. Please contact [Julian Mark and Karen](#), have from Scotland

- Katherine's crampons
- a spanner - possibly for either Eric's or Charlotte's bike
- a selection of CD's - possibly Darren's if he's willing to own up to such tastes.

### Contact Details

Email: [donna.chambers@btinternet.com](mailto:donna.chambers@btinternet.com)

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  
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