

THE ANNUAL DINNER, January 2013.

The Annual Dinner took place on 19th January at the Crispin Inn, Great Longstone and was attended by countless members and families. This doesn't mean there were a lot of people there – it just means I couldn't count 'em due to some kind of blonde beer which proved very attractive, but which would have led to lengthy arguments with Ian in the old days.

This year's fancy dress theme - The Rural Poor - was faithfully observed by the men, though the ladies failed to enter into the spirit and dressed up for the occasion. In what's surely a club record, not a single tie was on show, though the displays of baler twine below trouser knees were quite tasteful.



The event was superbly organised as ever by Judith, and everybody got the meal they ordered, even if nobody could remember what it was. The President addressed the comatose drunks after the meal, and introduced a game, in which the newly-weds, Nicky and Ben, were to be dressed entirely in toilet paper by two competing teams. This provided great entertainment but mis-fired slightly in that Ben wearing toilet paper was by far the best-dressed bloke in the room. The reward, a box of chocolates, was prised out of the hands of the winners and passed round.

After which we all staggered out into the snow and went home.

THE WALK

You might have gathered I wasn't paying much attention at the dinner; not expecting to be asked to write about it, but for the Walk I wasn't even there. I looked out from under the blankets and decided not to risk my shiny motor car on the journey to Matlock, so I read the paper and walked with the dog to the Sun, by way of Middleton Moor, a pale and pathetic foothill of its mighty neighbour above Bonsall.

I'd a seat by the bar, and was getting outside some very pleasant Doom Bar and watching the football on the telly, when in came a wet, but sweaty, gang of hobbledehoys claiming to be the Derwent Mountaineering Club, and completely ruined the ambience. To this day I'm not sure how they got there, but they claimed they'd walked from Matlock, so I edged a bit further away. You can't be too careful with these people.

Fortunately most of them seemed to have taken their medication and were soon chatting away like normal people, so a very pleasant hour or so passed and then we all tipped out into the snow and grey murk and headed off in opposite directions. I walked back to Bonsall with Grant, who then, in gathering darkness had to walk back to Darley Dale over the mighty Bonsall Moor, but he's probably got home by now.

How the DMC returned, or indeed got there in the first place, I've no idea, but if you happen to find any of them still wandering about please don't mention Navigation Courses.

Ask them what the route was - somebody needs to record it for posterity. And produce some photos.

Mick Biggin