

Roll: **20231019-20321**

Camera: **Canon EOS 5D Mark III: E53**

Film: **Full frame digital**

**Subject:**

U3A Walk around Lambley.

**Notes:**

Only decided to join the group the night before, this was when I actually read the email and found that the start was at Gedling Country Park, only 15 to 20 minutes drive away. The decision was confirmed when I consulted the Met Office weather forecast which was predicting a pretty dry morning in the area. I Was chuffed to find that the journey time being reduced by several minutes by Waze as I drove past Colwick.

I arrived at the car park about twenty minutes to ten. As usual my preparations seemed to go very much more slowly than those of the other walkers. Putting my boots on is a particular struggle, although I did find I was able to lift each leg up to the hatch back opening of the car which made it easier than usual to adjust and tie the laces. It was a warm day so I opted for shorts and a mid weight, long sleeved, shirt. This proved optimal for most of the day. There were many light showers but my shirt quickly dried most times in the breeze.

On the "good days, bad days" front this proved to be a remarkably good day. I felt relaxed and was strolling easily and, although it felt to me to be very much of an amble, everyone else very rapidly fell behind. The same group of people on the three previous walks seemed to go at a pace which, for me, was painful to maintain. I stopped frequently to check that the others were within one or two hundred yards of me but they seemed to fall further and further behind. I had the map that was supplied in the email which I had traced onto the OS app and I was tracking the walk too so I always knew exactly where I was and that I was on route.

As I came down the hill toward Bateman House I stopped and talked with a chap about a buzzard that was wheeling around in the sky above us and the state of the mud should I turn right across the fields at the bottom of the hill.

I got the camera out and took some pictures, put on my waterproof and broke out my snap but there was still no sign of the pursuing group coming down the hill. I decided that they must have stopped for coffee up on the ridge and moved on to a small wood for better protection from the rain. At this stage it looked as if quite heavy rain was settling in for the day but after about ten minutes walking with my coat fastened over the camera the skies brightened again and I was able to pack away the waterproof.

I was now seriously puzzled by the silence. You can usually hear a U3A walking group some time before you see them but there was not a sound. I thought about waiting for 20 minutes to see if they caught up but as I was now only a couple of miles from the pub I decided to soldier on and wait for them there. As I wasn't pre-booked for a meal I might even take the opportunity to order something independently.

I was then surprised as I walked down the road to the pub to see the others in the front garden taking off their boots. Clearly they had diverted from the route shown on the supplied map and taken a shorter path. No harm done but it did occur to me that if I had waited for them I would still have been there and worse still, if I had slipped and been hurt, the anticipated cavalry would not have arrived.

The bitter at the Lambley was "Butterly" from Osset Brewery. An excellent, pleasing brew using Goldings and Challenger Hops. The Pub management was less endearing. I stood at the bar, by myself, waiting to be served while all the staff were in kitchen. When they did come out they told me that service was at the table and pointed to the U3A table. I told them I wasn't with the rabble and they then condescended to serve me. I sat with diners and they were finally offered refreshment after being there for fifteen or twenty minutes.

When I returned to the bar for the other half I was told rather crisply to take a seat and that I would not be served for at least five minutes. I was gobsmacked. In fifty six years of buying beer in pubs I have never been told to sit down and wait because the staff had other priorities, nor have I ever seen it happen to anyone else. I was the only goddamn customer at the bar for God's sake, they had a modicum of diners to deal with but the place was far from heaving. The barmaid/landlady glowered at me when I remained at the bar and asked "is that alright?". I said it was ok but it would be more alright if I was served sooner. Her response prickly and defensive, as well it might be. I remained at the bar and after a couple of minutes a male member of staff came through and served me.

When I returned to the table the management were making a fuss about an extra "fish finger sandwich" that had been pre ordered that was no longer wanted as the walker had dropped out. Had this been any other pub I would have offered to help out by paying for and consuming the bloody culinary master piece but as things stood between us, I opted not to do so.

I have since discovered that there is at least one other Lambley pub that I could have reached within five minutes of being declined service in the Lambley.

In my ire, when we left I neglected to photograph the joint, which I regret, as I think the story would be worth repeating on Facebook with appropriate recommendations.

**People:**

Clifford W Fulford.

**Dates:**

Dates and times are verified from original exif data.

**Frames:**

F47B7531 20231019 09:49:04 A tree.  
F47B7533 20231019 09:49:27 Headland.  
F47B7534 20231019 10:02:15 Headland.  
F47B7535 20231019 10:02:38 Farm track.  
F47B7536 20231019 10:13:18 Farm track.  
F47B7537 20231019 10:14:58 Farm track.  
F47B7538 20231019 10:15:11 Farm track.  
F47B7539 20231019 10:16:50 Damp day in Nottinghamshire.  
F47B7546 20231019 10:25:52 House in country.  
F47B7547 20231019 10:41:01 Farm yard.  
F47B7548 20231019 10:41:22 Farm yard.  
F47B7549 20231019 10:59:57 Path through the hawthorn.  
F47B7550 20231019 11:00:03 Path through the hawthorn.  
F47B7551 20231019 11:00:20 Path through the hawthorn.



F47B7531.jpg



F47B7533.jpg



F47B7534.jpg



F47B7535.jpg



F47B7536.jpg



F47B7537.jpg



F47B7538.jpg



F47B7539.jpg



F47B7546.jpg



F47B7547.jpg



F47B7548.jpg



F47B7549.jpg



F47B7550.jpg



F47B7551.jpg



F47B7531 - A tree.



F47B7535 - Farm track.



F47B7536 - Farm track.



F47B7539 - Damp day in Nottinghamshire.



F47B7546 - House in country.



F47B7548 - Farm yard.



F47B7550 - Path through the hawthorn.