

MAY 2020



Past the peak

Well past the first virus peak at least although it is sobering to read that in the not dissimilar 'Spanish Flu' pandemic of 1918 the second peak in the autumn was far more deadly than the first. Here's hoping history doesn't repeat itself to that degree.

You will recall that at the beginning of the crisis thousands of Britons were caught overseas scrambling to get home as the emergency rapidly escalated in March. Two or three SMC members in different locations abroad at the time were thus affected. If you haven't time to read anything else in this edition 'A spot of bother in Nepal' by Dave Stanley on pages 4-6 is by any standards a remarkable account.



With the suspension of club activities due to the Covid 19 emergency I initially feared there would be nothing to fill this issue, however I couldn't have been more wrong. There is plenty to enjoy, in fact the material submitted has justified extending this issue to 16 pages rather the usual 12.

On page 7 a sample of members give a summary of how they have been spending their local exercise time. Beginning on page 8 Phil Holden recounts some serious mountaineering in his youth climbing Africa's second highest mountain.

Ironically Tim Tindle has spent the stricter Scottish lockdown writing about his favourite English walks (page 11) and this is followed by Catherine Allen's imaginary meet report.

Don't neglect the appeals information given on page 15. One of these, by Jon Yeeles merely seeks petitioning of Shropshire Council rather than a financial donation.

As for the Tuesday Evening Virtual Walking Programme I'm sure Gareth will explain.

This issue will cover:

- 3 Around the Hills in Eighty Days
- 4 A spot of bother in Nepal !
- 7 Lockdown Diaries
- 8 Climbing Mount Kenya, summer '88
- 11 A grand day out !
- 12 Rhobell Fawr, Snowdonia
- 14 Viral Verse by Bea Movey
- 15 Appeals page
- 16 Tuesday evening virtual walking

Thanks as always to all this month's contributors
Graham Daly, Editor

Cover photo:

Somewhat unseasonal given the gloriously sunny Spring of late but probably one of the most dramatic member's photographs to ever appear on the newsletter cover. Taken by Dave Stanley in Nepal on 14th March it shows an avalanche on Annapurna III.

For the full story behind this photo and plenty more besides please see Dave's extraordinary account of his recent trip to Nepal on pages 4-6.

Deadline for the next newsletter is 10th July 2020. Any photographs should be a separate JPEG.

Around the Hills in Eighty Days

All right they didn't cover the same amount of ground as the fictional Phileas Fogg, or indeed Michael Palin in the same time frame (nor could they have done with the increasing international travel restrictions being imposed earlier in the year). However clocking up all 60 of 'Phil's Hills' in just 80 days is still an impressive achievement in it's own right.



The accomplishment was achieved by current Harry Gregory Trophy holders Simon and Liz Shanklin early in the year (ie. before Coronavirus). Unable to commit to the 60 hills challenge in 2019 due to other priorities, including preparing for the Welsh 3000's they made amends in 2020 by romping through the list in just eleven and a half weeks !

They began by seeing in the New Year on the Wrekin (literally 00.00.01 on New Year's Day) and completed their 60th and final hill on 20th March just three days before the UK lockdown began on 23rd March.

Their final top was Caer Caradoc, no not *that* Caer Caradoc but the other less well known one which lies in the far south west of the county by the small village of Chapel Lawn near Knighton.

*Simon and Liz celebrate '60 in 80' on their final summit, the **other** Caer Caradoc near Chapel Lawn.*

At 399 metres (1,309ft) high it is 30th in Phil's list, but it's hill fort earthworks are probably more impressive than those of it's better known namesake near Church Stretton which is 10th at 459m(1,506ft). Indeed the latter's hillfort is now in need of some repair(see page 15).

In finishing Simon and Liz become the 12th and 13th members to complete the challenge. They were 'virtually' presented with their well earned completion certificate (in pdf format) by Phil on the club Facebook site on 12th April.

One or two other members are still aiming to complete all 60 hills, including Chris Wood (see 'Lockdown Diaries' on page 7).

In passing Simon set an intriguing lockdown quiz question on the club Facebook site in mid April. Many of you will have already seen it but if not it is reproduced here:

Quiz question

I was a Shropshire hill, 140 metres or so, Roman once, and proud possessor of a trig point, but I'm not now. Why not – where am I ?????????? Clues on Pages 5 & 7. Answer on Page 16.

A spot of bother in Nepal !

A must-read account of a recent trip to the Himalayas by Dave Stanley

Having arranged to visit Nepal for 3 weeks with a flexible itinerary leaving March 5th I believed all the stuff from our Government and media. This included Coronavirus didn't transmit within aeroplanes, was definitely detectable by illness before you could spread it and the 87 or so cases reported in the UK (with only 2 not fully traced to source) was correct so nothing bad was going to happen ! In any case Nepal and my transit stop Turkey did not have Coronavirus. There seemed no reason not to go !

Arriving in Nepal I did decide not to attend a large cultural evening for recently arrived tourists from all over the world but otherwise it was life as normal. Then it rained overnight when it was supposed to be the Spring warm dry season. However, believing in the seasons in the same manner as the British Government's Coronavirus assessments I decided on the Annapurna Circuit Trek.

I was keen so see if my ageing asthmatic body could rise to the task of Thorung pass at 5416m. If it did, I had a plan to attempt another alp 4000'er in August after a 17-year break. This was encouraged by a lack of aches and pains (probably just due to flying business class) and a lack of the considerable asthma aggravation I had experienced previously in Nepal. However this was most likely just down to the fact it had rained. With hindsight I probably has a better chance of dating a 25-year-old super model.



12th March : onwards from Chame early in the trek

After a single rest day, we set off by bus to Ngadi then proceeded with guide DR, a porter and a tag along trekker called Louise who had been staying at the Grace Home orphanage. The weather behaved and the tag along became a sort of fixture but not paying the guide more than an independent trekker. Two other trekkers seemed to appear as well, Gerard and Connie who were acceptably amenable. They saw the advantage of choosing and using DR to select lunch venues and overnight accommodation, as well as acting as translator.

All was looking good until we arrived at Upper Pisang at 3300m on the 12th March. Then it snowed heavily suggesting we should go back and trek somewhere else as the Thorung Pass would be blocked. However, next morning it was bright and sunny so we thought a few days of this would mean we would be OK. Off we went, then Gerard managed to fall off the path doing a complete somersault in the air, a forward roll on the ground then a landing in bushes about 20 feet below.

Amazingly he was badly grazed on his face and one knee but otherwise OK. Using my veterinary skills, I decided not to recommend euthanasia and patched him up with materials from everyone's first aid kits then straightened and stuck the lenses back in his glasses with surgical tape. At lunch time it snowed hard again and froze. After adding clothing layers we proceeded carefully on to an overnight stop at Nawal, altitude 3360 m.



14th March : location of the avalanche (arrowed) on Annapurna III, the 42nd highest mountain on earth 7,555m, 24,787ft. For close up view see cover.

The morning of the next day 14th March was again warm and sunny so we once more decided to continue in the hope the Thorung Pass would be clear by the time we got there.

During the morning there was a loud crack and rumble of an avalanche. We all looked around anxiously to locate it. It was spotted near the top of Annapurna III. My first thought was relief as we were quite high on the opposite side of the valley and the valley was deep. Next thought was camera. I took one picture quickly then just as rapidly tried to adjust zoom and settings to improve. Through no photographic skill at all really

except being in the right place at the right time I managed to get a photo of the avalanche in full swing (see photo above and on cover- Ed). We then proceeded to Manang (altitude 3540m) for our next overnight stay in good spirits and bright with optimism.



14th March : yaks sheltering in the village square



15th March : big freeze up in Manang

During the night it snowed again to about 8 inches and the temperature dropped to around minus 15°C. In addition, I felt quite ill with the altitude. With no prospect of the Thorung Pass being possible soon I split from the accumulated company and with DR

and porter we headed down the valley in deep and continuing, often frozen snow to Lower Pisang. Because of the snow we followed the 4 x 4 track not the trekking paths. We kept overtaking a column of stuck 4 x 4 vehicles full of tourists who had also abandoned their trips. We beat the vehicles to Lower Pisang by around 4 hours !

Continued

Quiz question first clue *Even if you've never done a single one of Phil's hills it is almost certain that you have been to this spot. Further clue on Page 7.*

A spot of bother in Nepal concluded

The next day we walked to Timang. At first this was in snow and then it melted but froze all over the route making things extremely tricky. The day after was Timang and on the way we heard from a German tourist that his flight home had been cancelled due to the virus. We tried to check my flights but internet in the valley had been disrupted by the snow – it fills up the satellite dishes and there was no mobile reception.

During the next day we passed through Tal and stopped and made enquiries at a large guest house that accommodates some of the major tour groups. They said there was a big problem developing with travel and a group had arrived then almost immediately left Nepal because of it. Because of this (and being unable to locate a 4 x 4 to move quicker) we pushed on hiking to Chyamche overnight, Ngadi the next night then buses to Kathmandu. All the time, where we could, we tried and failed to contact Turkish airlines.

Back in Kathmandu on 20th March we went immediately to the Turkish Airlines office. Despite having received no contact from them at all they said my flight on 25th March was cancelled along with all flights very soon. We also learned that the Nepali government had said all flights in and out would be grounded on 23rd March. The Turkish Airlines flight

on 21st March was full but I could travel on the 22nd via Istanbul then on to Heathrow. Leaving Nepal with some relief on 22nd March everything seemed OK. I had a long overnight wait in Istanbul airport for my flight to Heathrow. An hour before departure the Heathrow flight was cancelled! Turkish Airlines then arranged for me to fly to Athens but could not sort a flight seat from Athens to Heathrow with their partner Aegean Airlines. Instead they found I could book and pay for this direct on the internet which they helped me to do. Things then seemed tense till I reached Athens and my Heathrow flight took off.

Back in UK I easily found a taxi to my daughter's house where I had left my van. She threw the keys out the window at me to eliminate coronavirus risk and I drove home extremely relieved.

Connie waited one more day in Manang then found a 4 x 4 and flew back to the UK on the 19th. Gerard waited in Manang a week or so and did go over Thorung Pass but was then stopped by the police in Ghasa. After a few days wait a bus took all the tourists in Ghasa to Kathmandu where he still is. I don't know where Louise is.

Dave Stanley

The Nepal based Guide DR (seen left in 2012) who accompanied Dave on his trek is a long standing friend of the SMC. He has guided many members on treks in Nepal but his income is now heavily affected by the Covid-19 crisis. Details on how to donate to the Grace Home orphanage he runs in Kathmandu are given on Page 15.



15th March : trekking out in snow



DR. Photo:Jan Campbell

Lockdown Diaries

Some members describe what they were doing with their permitted exercise time during the early weeks of lockdown

Chris Wood

As I'm the sort of person who can't sit still and have been working from home even before lockdown started, I've been trying to continue to do as many Phil's Hills as I reasonably could during the lockdown period without being able to drive, i.e. by biking/walking, which is certainly helping fitness!

So far in April I've managed seven and a half hills by bike/walk - Hope Bowdler, Wilstone, Helmeth and glimpsed Ragleth (but didn't quite make it, hence half a hill), also Adstone, Grinshill, Nesscliffe, and on 28th April The Ercall.

This brings my total to 28.5 (I'll revisit Ragleth!). Not sure how many more I'll be able to do this way as they are getting considerably further away now.

Alenka Toinko

I've been enjoying the Shrewsbury river loop walk (Belvidere-Underdale) and it's a nice time of year for it - the sand martins are busy. I can also recommend the Rea Brook for wild garlic : made some lovely pesto !

Mike Blakemore

The Blessing of a Life Behind Bars



and a Beautiful Backyard !

Tim Tindle

What have I been doing in lockdown in the Trossachs?

Clearing fallen trees out of the wood, now logs. Made poly tunnel. Bonfires, Cycling the forest tracks, baking bread for the village "olds" coordinating community lock down initiatives with the National Park Authority. Located the Dippers nest ,Heard a Cuckoo, had visits from a Pine Marten & Badger and at last was visited once again by a Red Squirrel.

Quiz question second clue *You might need the OS map of Shrewsbury, sheet No.118 to help you.
Answer on Page 16 (back page)*

Climbing Mount Kenya, summer 1988

West Ridge - Grade V. First ascent Eric Shipton & Bill Tilman Aug 1930

Phil Holden recalls a challenging climb on Africa's second highest mountain. For years he thought his only surviving copy of the manuscript was lost. However it resurfaced unexpectedly during a lockdown tidyup at home in Pulverbatch !

Lying awake listening to the rats running round the floor of the little tin shack, I suddenly panicked. I got up and put all the ropes in my rucksack, worrying that nylon might suddenly seem appetising to our roommates. Nervous energy prevented sleep and I was glad to wake the others at 4.30am, impatient to get going.



The West Ridge is the left skyline here



Location. Note : Kilimanjaro, just within Tanzania, is not shown. Copyright EB 2011

Outside, the stars glittered and the moonlight cast a cold, blue light, while way above us loomed the north face in a huge, dark shadow. Time passed slowly as we stumbled over steep scree and rocks by the narrow beams of our headtorches. As the sun came up, stones clattered down the face as the overnight frost thawed. By the time we reached the crest of the ridge the red granite was glowing in the warm sunshine. In sharp contrast, the south face follows the seasons of the southern hemisphere and was a cold world of shadow, snow-custed rocks and icefalls. Travelling south from here you would pass the white dome of Kilimanjaro and then not see snow again until reaching Antarctica over 4,000 miles away.



Robin on one of the first pitches, above the Firmin Col (no helmet !!)

The first few easy pitches flowed delightfully after the hard slog to reach the ridge. On the fourth pitch a large overhang barred the way and had to be bypassed. But which way? A tricky looking slab on the left beckoned but led to unknown, invisible ground. I hesitated, but then remembering how much lay ahead and the need for progress, decided to go for it. The moves were interesting, but not as bad as they had looked, and round the

corner easy rock led unexpectedly to the top of the Petit Gendarme. 11am – good going, I thought.

I didn't sleep that night either. No room to lie down, I sat on our little sloping ledge trying not to slide off (though I was still tied on). The afternoon had gone badly – Robin and I had had to wait two hours for the other two and we were then halted for a further 2½ hours by a violent hailstorm. We had moved only a couple of hundred feet since midday. After a fantastic sunrise I was keen to get going again. The first pitch was hard and with the heavy pack and as stiff, frozen ropes meant a body belay, it felt as exciting as any lead I'd done.



Phil with a builder's helmet on a scrappy bit

At the short steep wall crux above (UK 4c) we climbed without our rucksacks, and laboriously hauled them up after us. The angle eased and the jagged knife edge curved gracefully up and right towards the summit. Exciting, exposed scrambling followed and after a short abseil into a notch in the ridge the top looked tantalisingly close. Way below us green, forested slopes levelled out to the dusty, brown plains. I thought of the lions and elephants roaming about down there. What did they think about this great wedge of rock rising 10,000 feet above them? But the clouds were welling up and soon my world was once again the rock ahead of me. Finally, breathless and tired by the altitude, I joined Robin a few yards below the summit. We scrambled together the last few feet up to a small platform above with its little cairn, and shook each other by the hand. It was exactly midday.

By the time Eddie and Chris arrived it was snowing hard and there was an alarming amount of electricity in the air. I could hear a loud buzzing noise and felt the hairs on my head crackling. We wasted no time in dropping a couple of quick abseils down from the top. Finding ourselves at a good ledge and realising how exhausted and dehydrated we were, we decided to bivvy again. After melting some snow for water, munching a few biscuits, ten hours of solid sleep and another amazing sunrise, I felt much better and almost started to feel at home in this strange, vertical world.



Summit ! Altitude 5,199m (17,057ft)

Continued

Climbing Mount Kenya, summer 1988 concluded

The rest of the descent is a blur in my mind. Seemingly endless abseils, nervously going over the edge first (why always me?), worrying about the anchor, not knowing whether the ropes would reach the bottom (only once they didn't), frustration at trying to pull down jammed ropes (only once they didn't come), and oh so tired. Gradually the constant fear of three days and an impatience to be down and safe again subsided.

With incredible satisfaction I later saw a dark cone on the horizon over fifty miles away knowing that I had been one of the privileged few to get right to the top. There is something very elemental in climbing.

Great forces in the earth - heat, water and wind, determine the minute details in the rock which in turn dictate how we must move our bodies to progress over them. Through our hands we intimately feel the earth, explore its texture and structure in a bizarre communication filled with an intense feeling of being alive. An unforgiving environment will sometimes allow our presence and impart rich rewards.



From left to right (a youthful) Phil with climbing buddies Robin and Eddy. Picture by the fourth member of the team, Chris.



A silhouetted Mount Kenya viewed from the Aberdare Highlands

Phil Holden

A grand day out !

So locked down in Scotland, with lovely sunny weather, my thoughts turned to my favourite walks in England. Here are my top three.

In **3rd place**: The Cornish cliffs from Porthcurno to Sennen Cove, a wild cliff top walk passing through wonderful coves such as Porthgwarra and over the cliffs of Chairladder which brings back memories of climbing Commando Ridge. This was a walk I often did with my Father as a boy.

In **2nd place** Shropshire and the Long Mynd: Up Minton Batch to Pole Bank and switch back down through Ashes. (it would have been Nesscliffe but over the years the increased traffic noise from the A5 has ruined it methinks).

1st place has to be a full on day out in the Lakes starting at the Rosthwaite Campsite (I still recall Chris Holgate pitching up in a Goretex bivibag and being awoken by the bag being thwacked with a stick by the lady who owned the site for her £1.00 camping fee). Anyway lets get going:

Walk down the lane to Stonethwaite keeping the campsite on your left up the track into Langstrath. Marvel at the brook crashing over waterfalls, deep pool, for swimming coupled by mini gorges yet as you get higher it burbles peacefully keeping you company as you climb steadily up the valley bottom where it steepens up to Tongue Head. Pausing for breath you can enjoy the wonderful view down Langstrath with High Raise (I was last up there in March 1975 on my Gold D of E expedition).

Rucksack back on, taking the path NW you ascend Great End and skirting round Broad Crag you will inevitably head to the top of Scafell Pike, the top of England. It is (of course) a sunny day with clear blue skies so take the opportunity drink in the view in all directions but don't dally there's a way to go yet!

Leaving the Pike we head for Scafell and then down towards Wasdale. After Back Crag we switch right and thread our way through the rocks and into Corridor Route, watch your step, and emerge close to Styhead Tarn where we can lie in the sun, listen to the skylarks and lazily chase a few fluffy clouds across the sky.

Time is pressing, so leaving Great Gable to your left head down Styhead Gill to Seathwaite for a well earned pot of tea, scones and cream. While you enjoy this well deserved treat look over at Seathwaite Slabs (I will sit with a wry smile remembering my first rock climb was there). Vacating the table for other hungry walkers coming off the fell, leaving the farm and wander down the road back to the campsite and take those boots off!

Late in the evening return from the climbers bar at the back of the Scafell Hotel for a well earned sleep.

Now that's a day out!

Tim Tindle

19th April 2020

Rhobell Fawr, Snowdonia

Catherine Allen imagines a day that might have been

I was meant to be leading an SMC walk up Rhobell Fawr on this day. Thanks to Covid-19, we will have to be patient, but in the meantime, you are all invited for an imaginary day on the hills instead [photos courtesy of Google].....

Rhobell Fawr: An Imaginary Journey

[Rhobell Fawr is one of the least visited summits in the Arenig range. The trig point sits at 734 metres above sea level, and marks the location of one of North Wales' ancient volcanoes (thankfully now extinct!). It offers fantastic views across the Arenigs, and beyond. The walk starts at a car park on the eastern side of the old school near Llanfachereth, just north of Dolgellau. Maps: Landranger 124 and Explorer OL23E, Grid Ref: SH792 226, Postcode: LL40 2BU. Walk distance: 8 miles].

"We were blessed with a beautifully cool but sunny day for our walk, today, with only gentle wisps of cloud to dapple the sunlight. Yesterday's rain had washed the air and the scenery clean for us, and the views were truly spectacular. We started to climb uphill on the old Bwlch Goriwared lane (now a designated bridle path). This part of the route took us through a lovely section of woodland in full 'spring', with birds singing their hearts out, and the new leaves lending everything a crisp, fresh green tinge.



Copyright Google

Once over the ladder stile by the old sheepfolds, we followed the stone wall as it climbed ever more steeply upwards. Here the country really started opening up around us; taking on the true character of Welsh hill territory. The combination of sunshine and height gain caused a few of us to shed a layer or two at this point, and in the pause it was possible to hear a skylark singing down in the valley below us. The going started to get a little soggy and rocky underfoot in places here, but thanks to the recent dry spell, it wasn't seriously boggy.

The summit of Rhobell Fawr is a bit coy from this direction, and we couldn't see it until we were almost there, but the views of Cadair Idris and the Arans opening up around us were a good distraction from our lack of objective. Then the path broke away from the stone wall that had been our companion for most of the ascent, and Rhobell Fawr trig point came into view on our left. It had taken nearly two hours to reach the summit, but it was well worth the effort. From the top we were treated to spectacular views across to the Rhinogs and north to Snowdon. This seemed like a very fitting place to break for lunch, despite the fresh breeze.

After lunch we retraced our steps for a short distance, before turning right towards Coed-y-Brenin. The paths are so little trodden here, it was quite tricky to find the path we wanted to reach our second peak of the day. There was a pause while we studied our maps. Thanks to some collective navigation, we didn't go too far 'off piste' and the sharp climb up the slope to Cerniau warmed us all up again.



Summit of Rhobell Fawr (2,408ft) Copywrite Google

Again, the path was virtually non-existent, and we had to pick our way through the exposed rocks and soft boggy patches. A welcome forestry plantation provided a wind break, and we picked up another friendly stone wall which guided us downhill. Soon the path (if you can call it that) became a stone track, and before we knew it, we were back in the village and anticipating a well-earned pint in The Holland Hotel. What a lovely way to spend a day!"

Catherine Allen (first posted on the SMC Facebook Site on 19th April)

And while we are in the Arenigs



Sean Toms sent in this photograph taken on the summit of Arenig Fawr. While Coronavirus fatalities continue around the world the monument is a poignant reminder of lives lost in another global event: World War Two. It commemorates eight American aircrew who were killed when their B17 Flying Fortress bomber, on a night time training flight from a base in Cambridgeshire, crashed into the mountain on 4th August 1943.

"Viral Verse" - By Bea Movey

So that was week eight, in Coronaspeak.
Is the future now bright or still just as bleak ?
We switch on the news - what has Boris to say ?
How many deaths in the Care Homes today ?
All the TV presenters are looking so sad.
We never guessed it could be this bad.

We've had a poem from that nice Pam Ayres,
Which doesn't scan any better than this one does really, but who cares ?
There maybe no rugby or soccer or darts,
But at Covid19 we're top of the charts.

So what shall I do when we go out again ?
I don't want to fly or sit in a train.
I won't want a pint in a crowded pub,
Or a meal out with hordes eating posh foreign grub.
We'll cheer for the nurses and just wait and see.
As Doris Day said " what will be, will be ".

The weather is great, the garden looks fine.
Sit there by the pond with a bottle of wine.
Let the sun warm your back and light up your face.
For now please accept just a virtual embrace.

With thanks to Anne and Jon Yeeles for supplying this verse

Appeals page

Grace Home Nepal – Help Needed

As some of you know my guide in Nepal DR or Dashrath Rai in full runs an orphanage in Nepal called Grace Home. Coronavirus has meant all treks he has arranged for people this year have been cancelled and he cannot do his usual summer visit to the charity trustees and major benefactors in the UK. If you are charity minded and haven't suffered too large a loss of income or pension at the present time then a donation via the UK website - <https://www.gracehomenepal.org/> would be much appreciated. As well a one off donation a regular direct debit can be set up. As ever be careful of any similar scam sites but I haven't found any.

Dave Stanley

Fix the Fort

The Shropshire AONB Trust's 'Fix the Fort' appeal is raising money to repair damage along well-used paths over the ramparts of the Iron Age hillfort on Caer Caradoc (the Church Stretton one, for those of you who now know there are two Caer Caradocs...).

The hillfort is an important Scheduled Ancient Monument judged to be 'At Risk' due to this damage, which is thankfully localised and fixable! The work will involve careful backfilling of eroded sections of the rampart and creation of very short sections of new path surface to prevent further damage, all to a precise specification provided by Historic England. Volunteers will do some of the work, with most of the money raised going on materials. At the end of this, one of our favourite hills will be in better shape!

The appeal may then go on to further stages of work to address worsening path erosion elsewhere on the hill, such as on the steep north and south ends. More info at

<https://www.shropshirehillsaonb.co.uk/a-special-place/shropshire-hills-aonb-trust/fix-the-fort-appeal>

Phil Holden

Snailbeach Right of Way

Tuesday night walkers before the lockdown will recall that one of our regular routes from Snailbeach took us past the old engine shed and then on the old railway alignment down to Crows Nest. This pleasant low level footpath is currently blocked due to building work. Although regularly used it does not have official right of way status.

The temporary closure therefore carries the risk of morphing into something more permanent unless this route can be recorded on the definitive right of way map maintained by Shropshire Council (see also 'Countdown to 2026' by Gareth on page 9 of the January issue).

Jon Yeeles would like as many members as possible to provide evidence to the Rights of Way Officer of the use of the route as a footpath. Contact Shona Butter, Shropshire Council Officer. She will require you to complete a standard user evidence statement. The fence blocking the path is at Resting Hill, Grid Ref SJ 370 018.

<https://shropshire.gov.uk/media/6409/rights-of-way-evidence-statement.pdf>

Upcoming Meets / Events

All SMC upcoming Meets and Events of the traditional kind have been cancelled for the foreseeable future due to the Coronavirus Pandemic (but see below).

Cancelled Meets will be carried forward to 2021.

Tuesday Evening Virtual Walking Programme

Meet at 7.30pm or 9.00pm onwards in your drinking chair. Contact Gareth Egarr for further details.

Date	Meeting Place	Tipple afterwards
02/06/2020	A depression for separating wool	Ramdolyboy (2 words)
09/06/2020	Greyfriars and Montford	Lealear (2 words)
16/06/2020	Big trees for a small bespectacled one	Mealsdidano (3 words)
23/06/2020	Where the owl and the parson play	Snugsine (1 word)
30/06/2020	A King's hiding place	Greatpol (2 words)
07/07/2020	Phil and Grant's sheep enclosure	Aderakgovnonda (3 words)
14/07/2020	Holing a putt?	Newdietirwhy (3 words)
21/07/2020	"Oh Danny Boy....."	Treedwices (2 words)
28/07/2020	Buns in Lincoln Green	Kheamwistly (2 words)

Quiz answer Overley Hill (between Wrockwardine village and The Wrekin).

It is on the old Roman road, Watling Street which subsequently became the A5. For most of the twentieth century the hill's summit sported a trig point which was shown on the old 'one inch to one mile' OS sheet No.118. The trig point was swept away when the A5 between Telford and Shrewsbury was upgraded to dual carriageway on a new alignment in the early 1990's.