

Trip Report: Shropshire**Date:** 30th March 2012**Group:** Jean (Leader), Jim W, Colin, Mike H, Chrissie, Lynn, Lynda, Ann and daughter Eilidh, Roxy and Nicky**Route:** Callow Hill & Wenlock Edge**Total Distance:** 10 miles**Total Ascent:** 1526 ft**Weather:** Unknown

In theory the journey to Craven Arms is quite short and straight forward. However a combination of people going to work (can't remember much about this!!!) and a John O'Groats to Lands End tractor event slowed progress down. Anyway two plus points; the car parking was free and there were toilets. These were a bit strange (but I suppose we were in Shropshire) in that they talked to you, and played classical music.

With the promise of sunshine to come later in the walk we set out in high spirits towards Lower Dinchope and to the climb up to Callow Hill - the highest point of the walk. It was immediately apparent that we had a youth with us as the early pace was set by Eilidh. Somewhere along the way Nicky picked up an old ball and when she tired of playing with that contented herself to run around with a stick in her mouth. Unfortunately as the stick was about 4 foot long, this resulted in several of us receiving numerous blows to the backs of legs.

The climb to Callow Hill was quite steep and a much needed coffee break was taken at the top, beside a tower known as Flounders Folly. Flounders Folly is an 80ft tower built by Benjamin Flounders, a wealthy Yorkshire businessman who had been involved both with railways and canals in the north of England, but I have no idea why he built it.

The path then descends through woods and eventually to the village of Westhope. This is a very quaint place with fabulous houses, old fashioned telephone boxes and a burial ground still in use today where they plant trees instead of headstones. From Westhope we crossed fields, climbing once more to Wenlock Edge. By now the sun was out and lunch was taken in a glade in the woods. Fallen trees were used as seating by some, although the leader disgraced herself by falling off her perch! Colin has obviously been an excellent carer of late as his lunch had been beautifully prepared and wrapped by Amanda. Gone was the slice of bread with a hunk of cheese and cling filmed rolls and pie were produced. Much envy all round.

Back along the Edge through Strefford Woods where a slight detour was taken and we ended up on a very picturesque path beside a ford on the

River Onny. We had to pause a little while here whilst Mike H checked out the fishing rights. We followed a path along the riverbank to rejoin the planned route back to the car park.

The drive back to Bunbury was quicker than the outward leg, and only spoiled by the grey skies in Cheshire when we had left bright sunshine. However all that was forgotten when we were rehydrated in the Dysart. Conversations in the Dysart are always fascinating and this time the subjects ranged from girl fights at school and the wearing of gym knickers and vests. It is a girl thing but the males present seemed quite intent on listening to the conversation!!

Jean