

**Trip Report: Shropshire**

**Date:** 28th December 2008

**Group:** Colin and Amanda, Selina and Mike, Lynn and Tony, Les (organiser) and Mike (navigator), Chris S, Jim G, Ian, Penny, Amy and Tom, Sue L, Gerry, Shirley, Rachel and Lucy, Ann, Neil, Caitlin and Eilidh, Sarah and Rachel, Sandra, Chris, Zoe and Jack, Chris, Olivia and Emma and finally Gerry M -chips only

**Route:** The Stiperstones

**Total Distance:** 5 miles

**Total Ascent:** Unknown

**Weather:** Dry and slightly dull and very cold - -5C at car park

**Time:** 4 hours

Gathering at 8.30 am at the Bunbury Pavilion car park a steady stream of would be walkers turned up at the start of an intensely cold day, but one to be remembered in the tradition of BUMS Family Walks—this the fourth to date. Numbering 32 walkers and assorted dogs this group was big!

Off set the convoy on an hour and 20 minutes drive to The Bog, name causing much hilarity amongst the group, particularly as there was no toilet, but for the vast array of trees and hillocks.

The walk set off through a small and well marked pathway up across a minor road until we soon made the ridge of the Stiperstones. For anyone who has never been here I think the whole part would recommend it as something for everyone. A series of rocky outcrops formed 480 million years ago when a beach of quartz was lifted by volcanic eruptions (throwing up Cader Idris and Snowdon to the west). The freezing action of the last Ice Age split away the softer rocks leaving a jagged line of quartzite tors which we walked on that day. The children enjoyed the scramble up all of these, which carry wonderful names such as Cranberry Rock, Manstone Rock, Devil's Chair, Shattered Rock and Shepherd's Rock. The grown ups managed the highest scramble on which lies the Trig Point at 536 metres but preferred to keep their gloves on against what must have been a wind chill of - 8 or 9 C on the tops.

After a brief coffee stop the party then left the ridge and walked down towards the village of Stiperstones (pub named after village with toilets you'll be glad to know), and also conditions were warmer here. Poor Penny had been assured by the walk leader that it was a flat walk but the leader had forgotten the steep climb up a lovely wooded field to the lunch spot, where I believe the leader was forgiven!

Over the top went the party and then we found ourselves walking along

the line of the Stiperstones with the Devil's chair silhouetted against the grainy wintery sky—a lovely sight indeed. Down a path we could see the Bog reappearing and stopping only to offer some helpless Shetland ponies some mints, before we were soon back at the cars.

The walk was just far enough, given the cold conditions. I have to say the children were a joy to have with us and even hard man Jim G, who swept manfully up at the back enjoyed it.

The home to the Dystart for chip butties by 3.45. Many thanks to Pia and her staff for coping with such big numbers.

It looks like the Family Walk is a tradition now, so pass on the word to friends who might like to join us next year. If anyone is thinking of joining the BUMS proper, we are meeting next on the 19th January at 9.00 at the Dysart.

Lesley