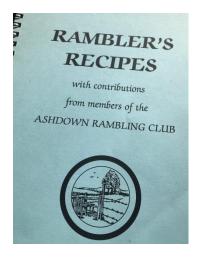
Ashdown Ramblers Newsletter 06/04/20

I hope that you, your family and your friends remain safe and well in these difficult times.

I will be posting copies of the newsletters, the quizzes and answers on the website. The quizzes will be put on the website each Friday, with the previous week's answers. The theme of last week's quiz was Leith Hill and a copy is attached. I plan to rename the Events web-page as Events and Communications. Some of the quiz answers might be open to discussion or there might be a deliberate mistake to catch you out! Please let me know if the quizzes are of interest, so I know whether to continue providing them. I am happy to receive any suggestions via e-mail and also any contributions to the next newsletter.

The birds definitely think spring has arrived. A friend of mine, at Ardenrun, has seen a swallow. Has anyone seen any interesting birds?

Thank you to Mollie who found a book of Ramblers recipes and the club badge, when helping Trevor with his spring cleaning! Does anyone know when the recipe book was published or the Ashdown Rambling Club badge was created? Has anyone else got the badge?





Pre-heat oven to 425f, 220c, Gas 7 and grease 7 in cake tin. Fry onions and pepper until soft. In a bowl mix nuts, breadcrumbs, garlic, herbs and curry powder toq, add onions and pepper, season and mix thoroughly. Add the beaten egg. Pack mixture into the cake tin and bake for 30-40 minutes. Serve hot or cold. Pat's comment: I did half this quantity, put it in a pastry case and cut it in slices like a quiche. Jean's comment: Serve with rice and mango chutney.

ANTHONY'S	SYRUP	FLAPJACKS
	Ingredients	

Beat the butter and sugar until creamy. Stir in the warmed syrup, then work in the oats and salt until well blended. Put the mixture onto a small baking sheet, press down to firm. Bake for 30-45 mins until golden brown at 375f, 190c, Gas 5. Cut into strips, and leave to cool. Cakes could crumble if removed from tin while hot. Anthony's comments: I use double quantities and sometimes add honey.



Thank you to Pat J for sending the following poem, which she received from New Zealand.

I'm normally a social girl I love to meet my mates But lately with the virus here We can't go out the gates.

You see, we are the 'oldies' now We need to stay inside If they haven't seen us for a while They'll think we've upped and died.

They'll never know the things we did Before we got this old There wasn't any Facebook So not everything was told.

We may seem sweet old ladies Who would never be uncouth But we grew up in the 60s -If you only knew the truth!

There was sex and drugs and rock 'n roll The pill and miniskirts We smoked, we drank, we partied And were quite outrageous flirts.

Then we settled down, got married And turned into someone's mum, Somebody's wife, then nana, Who on earth did we become?

We didn't mind the change of pace Because our lives were full But to bury us before we're dead Is like red rag to a bull!

Keep safe!

Grace

So here you find me stuck inside For 4 weeks, maybe more I finally found myself again Then I had to close the door!

It didn't really bother me I'd while away the hour I'd bake for all the family But I've got no bloody flour!

Now Netflix is just wonderful I like a gutsy thriller I'm swooning over Idris Or some random sexy killer.

At least I've got a stash of booze For when I'm being idle There's wine and whiskey, even gin If I'm feeling suicidal!

So let's all drink to lockdown To recovery and health And hope this bloody virus Doesn't decimate our wealth.

We'll all get through the crisis And be back to join our mates Just hoping I'm not far too wide To fit through the flaming gates!.