

Issue No. 63
October 2011

the Fell Farer





Editorial

Well, here's issue 63. I hope you enjoy it. After a good deal of thought I've decided to set myself a retirement deadline. I'm aiming to make issue 80 my last edition of this newsletter - if I last that long! It's still some way off: it will be in 2015.

I still enjoy putting the *FellFarer* together but issue 80 will represent 20 years of production by me and when I first suggested the idea of a club newsletter I didn't think it would still be me working on it after all that time.

In any case, the club and its members are moving on. Perhaps in the next few years the club will be able to channel all of its communication through the website or Facebook or whatever. Perhaps someone else will want to take over and you'll see a new rejuvenated magazine landing on your doormats.

Anyway, for now, thank you to the contributors this time: Helen Speed, Roger Atkinson, David Birkett, and Frank Haygarth.

Ed.

Cover Photograph:

Fellfarers at the Col de Madamete in the French Pyrenees
24th June 2011

Deadline for contributions for the next *FellFarer* :
December 1st 2011

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CLUB OFFICIALS

PRESIDENT:	Gordon Pitt	Tel: 015395 68210
VICE PRESIDENT:	Roger Atkinson	Tel: 01539732490
TRUSTEES	Vicky Atkinson Mick Fox Cheryl Smallwood Mark Walsh	Tel: 07971 408378 Tel: 01539 727531 Tel: 01539 738451 Tel: 01606 891050
COMMITTEE Chair:	Roger Atkinson	Tel: 01539 732490 198, Burneside Road Kendal LA96EB email: fratkinson@hotmail.co.uk
Vice Chair:	Bill Hogarth	Tel: 01539 728569 11, Underley Hill Kendal LA95EX email: hogarthjunemary@aol.com
Secretary:	Clare Fox	Tel: 01539 727531 50, Gillinggate Kendal LA94JB email: clarefox50@hotmail.com
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Booking Secretary:	Hugh Taylor	Tel: 01524 762067 Briarcliffe Carr Bank Road Carr Bank Milnthorpe Cumbria LA77LE email: JHUGH.TAYLOR@BTINTERNET.COM
Social Secretary:	Jason Smallwood	Tel: 01539 738451 129, Windermere Road Kendal LA95EP email: jason.smallwood@dhl.com
Newsletter Editor:	Mick Fox	Tel: 01539 727531 50, Gillinggate Kendal LA94JB email: michaelfox50@hotmail.com
Committee Members:	Kevin Ford Mike Palk Alec Reynolds Mark Walsh Tony Walshaw	Tel: 01539 734293 Tel: 01524 736548 Tel: 01229 821099 Tel: 01606 891050 Tel: 015395 52491
Club Archivist:	Fred Underhill	Tel: 01539 727480

OTHER INFORMATION

Seathwaite Farm (Janet -Emergencies only)	Tel: 017687 77284
Seathwaite Farm (Peter -Emergencies only)	Tel: 017687 77394
K Fellfarers Club Website:	www.kfellfarers.co.uk
High House Website:	www.k-fellfarers.co.uk
High House (and farm) Postcode:	CA12 5XJ
High House OS ref:	(Explorer OL4) GR 235119
High House Guest Night Fees:	£5 p.p.p.n.

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This newsletter is also available on the club website
Some back issues are available on request from the Editor

Book Update

The Club Book was entered for The Lakeland Book of the Year 2010 award on the recommendation of one of the contributors, journalist Tony Greenbank. Three Committee members attended the presentation lunch: Kevin Ford, and Clare and Mick Fox.

The book failed to win a prize but one of the judges, author Kathleen Jones, remarked that it only missed being shortlisted "by a hairsbreadth" and ended her short description of what the book is about by remarking that it was "absolutely brilliant".

Which is more than could be said for the lunch.

The Trig Point Quiz

No-one entered the quiz so Terry Johnson gets to drink his bottle of fine wine himself. Was it so hard? The illustration was of no use whatsoever of course but the clues told you: The top has "a special significance in the UK" and that it is "often visited on fund-raising challenges" The latter clue points to both 3 Peaks challenges but, with all due respect to Yorkshire, no-one would claim that Ingleborough, Pen-y-Ghent or Wharfedale are of special significance in the UK. Snowdon, Scafell Pike and Ben Nevis, however might all fit both clues. The huge number of ascents (100,000) in a year confirm that it must be one of those 3. Of the various structures found on the summits of each, only Ben Nevis has what can be described as "a shelter and the ruins of a former building (the Victorian observatory)". A little research would confirm the conclusion if necessary: only Ben Nevis has had a race to the summit and back since 1951. Chin chin, Terry.

Water Supply Problems

Continuing problems with the High House water supply since the National Trust carried out improvements to the farm supply (see last issue) came to a head again when a visiting club announced that the taps had all run dry at the beginning of July. The Chairman made a hurried visit to install a temporary supply from the Runner and investigated the problem which was revealed to be that the supply pipe was blocked - somewhere along its 150 yards (underground) length!

The Hut 'Summer Wine' Sub-committee were despatched there and, after much trial and error, managed to blow the blockage clear by stealing the farm's water for an hour. The water eventually ran free and clear but unfortunately the problems didn't end there:

When Allerdale District Council tested the water (as they do every 6 months), it failed because it was contaminated with coliforms and e. coli. These are naturally occurring bugs in Lakeland becks but are not acceptable in a piped supply such as ours. The filters and UV treatment we installed some years ago have always dealt with the bugs and we have never failed the test until now.

Another visit established that the silt which had blocked the supply pipe had also penetrated the two filters and a fine coating of muck on the UV treatment tubes was 'casting a shadow' which allowed the bugs to get through. The whole system was contaminated and had to be repeatedly drained down and disinfected (including dismantling taps to clean inside them). A mammoth task.

The Sub-committee has now agreed a 6-point plan to reduce the risk of this all happening again:

1. Install an emergency back-up system to provide water from the Runner when required.
2. Create a 'what to do if water fails' checklist to allow future members or Hut visitors to locate and deal with the problem more efficiently.
3. Add a flushing-out procedure (for the supply pipe) to the list of jobs for March Working Weekends.
4. Install a second filter at the water extraction point.
5. Increase the frequency of replacing the filters from every 12 months to every 6 months.
6. Increase the frequency of cleaning the UV quartz tubes from 'as needed' to every 12 months.

Incidentally, although the NT do not yet know the full extent of the problems that (we think) they caused us, they have assured us that they will never again carry out work to the farm's water supply without consulting us.

One last point: your Chairman did most of work needed to sort out this mess, making repeated visits to High House, often at short notice, as each problem arose. Buy him a pint next time you see him!

STOP PRESS: The water passed when Allerdale D.C. retested.

Washroom and Fire Escape 25 - 28th July 2011

Phase 1 of the Improvement Work to the Ladies Washroom and other works by the Summer Wine Team: Roger Atkinson, Kevin Ford, Mick Fox, Peter Goff, Mike Hodgson, Colin Hunter, Alec Reynolds, Hugh Taylor, Fred Underhill, and Tony Walshaw.

Peter and Alec arrived on Monday, just before the weekend visitors departed, and got stuck into lowering the ground level outside the window to the ladies washroom. Fred arrived at about the same time and apparently had a successful day's fishing at Sty Head Tarn.

When Mick returned late on Tuesday morning with the new door and windows there was already a full team assembled, drinking tea and eating Hughie's chocolate biscuits, outside the Hut. A hole had already been bashed through the wall to accommodate the new fire escape door. The team was all fired up:

The whole lot fitted perfectly, almost, in the newly created hole in the wall. Colin and Kevin fettled up the Men's End window so that



we can flee safely in that direction, once more, in the event of an emergency. Hugh and Fred trowelled and brushed the surface layers off our enigmatic archaeology beyond the Men's End.

On Wednesday we rebuilt the outer face of the stone wall around the window/door assembly. Walter had been concerned that we only had red builder's sand and so he sieved fine stone from the Runner for the mortar. A good decision.

Meanwhile, inside, Roger was grappling with the logistics of moving one washbasin, temporarily, and rehanging the door to open the other way, and moving the light switch....



Work will progress in stages over the next 12 months but the Hut Sub-committee hopes that members and visitors will already appreciate that High House is on the way to another big improvement and that any inconveniences along the way will be worth it eventually.

Club News continues on page 19

Fun at High House

Hebridean Adventure

David Birkett

Below: Pictures from the Spring Bank Holiday at High House, sent by Claire Walsh just too late to make the last magazine: Swimming in the dub near Stockley Bridge, Jessica Walsh in deep, and the two Matthews looking a bit windswept on the fells (or is that Billy Idol on the left?)



Some 17 years ago Brian and I met a young German in Glen Nevis Youth Hostel. He had just finished the West Highland Way and was celebrating in the usual way, drinking Guinness. We learnt he was a trainee doctor and that he visited the Lake District annually, often staying at Skiddaw House. His name is Marcus Herud from Langenfeld and we arranged to meet up for a days walking during his next visit. Seventeen years later, on the fells west of Bassenthwaite, our discussion led to 2011 holidays. 'I fancy the Outer Hebrides' he said in his perfect English. It had been a long held ambition of mine to journey the Islands from Lewis to Barra.

Nineteenth of April I left home early bound for Dalkeith and the home of Sue and Phil Blamire, stalwart Fellfarers. I arrived at 10.30 to coffee in the sun filled backgarden. Phil and Sue had planned two walks, the south and north Esk through the 'Old Wood' (ancient oak woodland) of Dalkeith House, the second in a country park at Vogrie, another fine wooded riverine area.

Wednesday saw us collect Marcus off the mid-day flight from Cologne. Phil made his way back to Cortleferry Drive by bus. Out on the Edinburgh ring-road, over the magnificent Forth Bridge, M90 and onto the familiar A9 bound for Inverness and Ullapool. Marcus had booked the hostels and ferry crossings online, our first hostel being the fine independent hostel at Dundonnell, in the shadow of the mighty An Teallach, 12 miles from Ullapool. We left the hostel in bright sunshine to board the 9.30 ferry for Stornaway. Breakfasted and food purchased, we left Ullapool harbour in 'millpond' conditions and settled in the stern, soaking in the sun, sea and majestic surroundings.

'Land ahoy' came the cry from the fo'c'sle, the mainland long since gone in the 2h.30 crossing. Stornaway and Lewis became a reality. We sought petrol - £1.61 a litre, an omen, for the isles are an expensive place to visit. Oh what joy, quiet roads with passing places, we turned onto the Carloway road heading for Garinin, a 'black house' village, our next refuge. En route we visited the majestic Callanish stones, one of the most significant and important megalithic complexes in Europe. It consists of large rows of Lewisian gneiss arranged in a cross shape with at the centre a monolith and a small chambered cairn. Four miles down the road was the equally impressive Carloway broch located on a rocky knoll above Loch an Duain. 'A broch is a iron aged structure, probably the home of a tribal leader, built with two concentric walls of stone with a stairway or gallery within the walls to the upper floors and dates back over 2000 years'. At the beautifully preserved village of Garinin we were to be disappointed, 'heating problems' was the cry 'we're not open'. Heating problems in a black house - there was a pile of dried peat outside! We turned tail and headed the 50 miles to Tarbert in search of an abode. Despite being a 'major' port Tarbert had a sleepy air in the setting sun, we phoned 'Roddy' as the notice stated and joined a father and son from the Czech Republic and their 'adopted' English companion. You couldn't swing a cat in the kitchen, our European friends had it cornered, patience prevailed and we ate heartily before visiting a typical Scottish bar complete with heavy metal music and the end of season pool competition. The players were quaffing heavily, a jovial leader was in charge, with an apprentice at his heels; two amiable Irish men (duff players) kept us involved; 'two bellies' (ear-ring and shaved head) was clearly the best player; others added to the noise and mayhem - the soup and sarnies arrived and all seemed to calm down - just like the Bridge in Kendal.

Friday dawned bright and sunny with a noticeable cool wind. It was our intention to climb the highest peak in the Hebridean islands, An Clisearn (Clisham) 799m on North Harris. I rose early to see the cheer-leader departing and nodded; Marcus as usual had his two cups of strong black coffee 'I don't want food in my bowels before lunchtime, so as to give maximum oxygen in my blood'. We drove up the expensively widened A859, parking on a section of old road and followed a burn, as with all the mountains we found them mainly pathless, cairnless, erosion free and rough going. The trig point was set in a substantial round shelter and gave impressive views in all directions; the ridge route to Milla bho Theas (745m) looked inviting and involved a 200m descent. To complete our return we clambered down the boulder fields of the south ridge involving truly wild glaciated country before a short climb to Lochan Cnoc Leathan. Wildlife was sparse with only golden plover heard and ravens swirling overhead - the main joy was a hare in ermine, zigzagging its way to safety.

The 23rd April was overcast with a strengthening wind and cloud on the peaks, we were not put off and proceeded towards Cleisabhal and Oriabhal; rain forced us to don full waterproofs. The day quickly became a 'fight' which caused us to return. The famous Hebridean beaches beckoned, we headed for the dunes of Luskenynte by the Sound of Taransay. The weather improved, our gear dried out, life was good. I read a headline in a local paper 'Scottish group backs bid for Harris National Park project' reading on the community had backed the application but the SNP government had refused on the 'grounds of insufficient evidence of benefits'. From my experience of Harris, South Uist and Barra would make a Hebridean NP. Leverburgh was the departure point for North Uist, after a snack in the 'butty bus' we walked towards Rodel. The road was sheltered, primroses and violets adorned the bank-side, two red kites swirled overhead, giving a pleasant interlude. The 1 hour crossing to Berneray was fascinating, zigzagging through a myriad of island and reefs on the Sound of Harris. Our hostel on Berneray island was

another SYHA black house, we were assigned to a room with a single occupant, an Irishman with a snoring and drink problem. Marcus was keen on walking the coastline of the island, an easy day we thought. Miles of white sands were enjoyed overlooking Pabbay Island. Sanderling and knots scurried along the beach, oystercatchers gave a raucous display overhead, a colony of 30 seals basked in the sunshine, truly idyllic. New Brasher boots and hot conditions caused my feet to ache and I struggled along the several miles of road walking back to the hostel. Rest was all I needed. Marcus drove the 60 miles through Benbecula to Tobha Mor (Howmore) and our third Black house hostel.

The Gatliffe Trust own and run four hostels on the islands, simple abodes but importantly preserving fast disappearing structures. Tobha Mor is the site of an early 9c ecclesiastical centre. Alongside 'Dougalls' chapel is the more recent grave of a naval person washed up on the shoreline and interred in this ancient site. The view from the hostel is magnificent with three peaks looming large in the scene, the traverse of this trio was to be the 'biggy' for the holiday, though only 620m above sea level they were remote and required stamina. I awoke to a strange noise from outside, later two other hostellers confirmed the presence of corncrakes. We left the road at the 'bards' memorial to two Gaelic bards Donald MacIntyre and John McDonald, uncle and nephew. Born at the start of the 20c, Donald was known as the 'Paisley bard'. An overgrown tractor track left the road quickly blending in with the tussock grass, heather and sphagnum bog, six greylag geese noisily circled us looking for a safe harbour. The drainage had improved with height as we gained the north ridge of Beinn Mhor (620m). We followed the fine ridge to the summit trig point set in a large open shelter, fabulous views were enjoyed down to the rugged coastline and southwards to Uist. The prospect of the next two summits was a little daunting with major descents between and pathless steep terrain. Beinn Choradail (527m) was our second summit with a ring of impressive cliffs on its north side, these negotiated, another long descent and an equally steep 200m climb to the magnificent Hecla (606m), brisling with cliffs where an eagle stormed by overhead. We took the direct way back to the road, reading the terrain and skirting the edge of ridges for 6 km before the final 'bog trot'. In Gleann Dorchaidd a herd of red deer, the first we had seen, quickly sought solitude. We walked apart, Marcus followed the 'high road' and I the 'low road'. That evening, after rest and a hot shower, we agreed that the walk was the best outside the Isle of Skye'.

I was excited about our next excursion – a visit to the Isle of Barra, a friend of my parents, Teddy Wright, who used to be the landlord of the Sawyers Arms in Kendal had a holiday home, and had long spoken of the beauty and solitude of the isle. The first ferry left Eriskay at 8.10 for Barra, we were travelling as foot passengers, using the island's excellent bus service and returning on the last sailing at 17.30. 'Like a mill pond' would be the description for the hour long crossing to Aird Mhor close by the unusual Traigh Mhor coastal airfield. We boarded the bus for Castlebay that went round the villages on its 45 min. trip and cost £1.20! Castlebay is a magnificent location with the island Caisteal Choismuil dominant, behind the castle is Vatersay with its inviting white sands. After our customary pint of Guinness we set off for the highest mountain Sheabhal (383m) and its northerly neighbour Thartabhal. Marcus took the direct route and I veered to a marble statue of the Madonna and child, for this is a deeply religious island, nothing stirs on a Sunday – apart from churchgoers. We skirted the flanks of Giranan to our cost and landed in 'a leg-breaking', physically shattering mixture of bog, deep heather and tussock grass. The relief was palatable as we joined the main island road and as luck would have it a bus to near the ferry terminal. The weather had been fantastic on Barra making this a magical visit, on the mountains red kite had been our companion, at ground level wheatear darted by ravine and moorland. To end a fabulous day we had a meal in the Lochboisdale Hotel, watched Man U. ease pass Shalke in the European Championship, incidentally this was Marcus's home team so he had more Guinness than usual.

Our final day of the Hebridean adventure, an early start as usual, we visited Flora (Flory) McDonald's birthplace at Milton (1722), at her funeral in 1790 'over 3,000 people attended, the cortege was miles long and 300 gallons of whiskey consumed'. Before heading for Loch Maddy we visited the famous Loch Druidibeg National Nature Reserve, established in 1958, covering 1677 ha and stretching across South Uist from the Atlantic almost to the Little Minch. A self guided trail of 6 miles traversed part of the reserve alongside lochans and nearly to the Atlantic shoreline (which was in military use). April was too early for the Machair but I understand it is 'a riot of colour'. Everywhere you go on the islands the Iris is to be seen, in German this is the 'Schwert Lillie' or sword lily and Iris happens to be the name of Marcus's daughter. During our walk we counted 16 bird species including the whooper swan, greylag and lapwing. At the comfortable Loch Maddy outdoor centre we ate well and retired for our usual beverage. Thursday 7.30 we left the islands for Uig on Skye in thick fog, the klaxon sounding every 2 minutes. In time we could see the outline of Vaternish and the start of a long drive to Edinburgh. The traverse of the Outer Hebridean islands was exceptional, an ancient landscape made up of the oldest rock in Europe over 3,000 million years, Lewisian Gneiss.

(Did you know – that by law, Harris Tweed must be woven in the homes of the weavers; being dragged tree times around Loch Maree used to be a cure for madness; and travelling folk have their own language called 'cant'?)

*Below:
Sue and Phil in The Old Wood, Dalkeith.
The Callanish Stones, North Harris.
Carloway Broch, North Harris
Hecla and Beinn Choradail from Beinn Mhor*



Hut Meet

LC&CC Hut, Tranearth, Torver

3rd - 5th June 2011

Cheryl and Jason Smallwood, Cath and Mike Palk, Bill Hogarth, Richard Mercer, Frank Haygarth, Sarah Jennings, Wayne Collins (non-member), Mick Fox.



A fine weekend was forecast but only seven members turned up on Friday to lug their gear (was that it?) up the half-mile stony track from the car park to this brilliantly positioned hut (*above*) underneath the Old Man and Dow Crag.

The Editor arrived at lunchtime and made the most of the weather with a walk/run down into Coniston, up to Walna Scar and White Maiden and then back down amongst the old workings around Tranearth. "Quite like old times," he thought, "only at half the speed." He was rewarded with fine views across to the Scafell hills (*top left*).

In the Church Inn, Torver, that night, the party resolved itself into 3 teams for Saturday:

Cheryl and Jason were for "Eliminate A", claimed by some to be the "greatest VS in the country". Bill and Mick were going to climb something considerably easier on the same crag, and Richard, Mike and Cath planned to walk on Coniston's fine main ridge. We would all walk up to Goat's Water together.

An early arrival on Saturday, Frank making a day visit, delayed us not at all and we were soon climbing the grassy track to the Walna Scar Road and beyond. We had a quick look at Chamer's Grave just below Goat's Water and then the climbers split from the walkers.

Cheryl and Jason, focussed on their route, lost no time in gearing up and getting started. 'A Buttress', studded with beetling overhangs, looked forbidding, as always, and Bill and Mick felt suitably forbidden; they wandered round to the right flank of 'B Buttress' to look for Woodhouse's Route. Even that easy route felt unfriendly, the rock dank and lichen-covered, cold and out of the sun. An awkward chimney scowled down at them while below, in bright sunshine, a party were laughing, having fun on 'C Ordinary'. Bill and Mick wanted to have fun too and so they scrambled down to start again.

A hot and sweaty pair, Sarah and Wayne, also day-visitors, appeared at the top of the scree, announced that they were also bound for 'Eliminate A', and set off to follow the Smallwoods. Four Shinscrapers on the greatest VS in the country! Things are looking up. Well, Bill and Mick were. They hadn't started climbing yet.

They were soon romping up the 'Ordinary' on C Buttress (*middle left*), discovering that even a mere 'Diff' can have its moments, while the walkers were disappearing over Goat's House and on towards Brim Fell and beyond.

Later, the climbs all done, a late lunch was followed by a leisurely stroll down to Tranearth and big mugs of well-earned tea. How was 'the greatest VS in the country'? I asked. "It was all right." said Cheryl. "OK, but not the best I've done." said Jason. There's no pleasing some folk.

Anyway, the climbing wasn't finished yet. The sun still shone and it was too early for the pub so there were repeated attempts at the Tranearth Traverse (*bottom left*). Harder than Eliminate A, apparently, and still waiting for a first 'ascent'.

The walkers returned after a fine outing and the day was rounded off with a nice meal and a few pints in the Church Inn.

Plans were made for more climbing on Sunday but the weather had other ideas. Stopping for coffee in Ambleside was the most exciting activity we could manage. Still, it had been a great weekend. Shame you missed it, most of you.



GREAT ASBY SCAR

Midweek Walk No. 15
Wednesday 8th June 2011

David Birkett

Billed as the Great Asby Scar Horseshoe, nine Fellfarers met in the square at Orton- the 'queen' of the old Westmorland limestone villages. An inspection of the recently refurbished loos proved successful, that's the way to do it South Lakes!

After a short 20 minute walk by quiet roads and bridleway Frank our leader tempted us with tea at Scar Side on the Coast to Coast walk, we easily succumbed. Several small groups passed us by traversing the 21 miles between Shap and Kirkby Stephen, an average stint on this 190 mile walk.

We climbed the well worn path through a herb-rich meadow, the first of many, pausing at a bridleway cross roads before entering the Great Asby National Nature Reserve famous for Solomons Seal. The grass was rank with little evidence of flowers, trees could be seen emerging from the limestone pavement, our path wended through limestone bluffs and emerged on to pasture.

To spoil the enjoyment the rain came, full waterproofs on as we entered Copper lane, the arch of a fine addit was in view, the tempta-

tion to enter being too much for some, after 50m a collapse was met so they returned satisfied with the adventure. After a short section of the Gt. Ashby road we climbed steadily on a farm track towards Maison Gill and lunch.

A short distance from the lunch spot was the remains of an 'ancient settlement', little could be seen; on entering the next pasture Sally, Hughie's dog was of interest to cows with calves (the worst combination for dogs and their owners) causing us to make an alteration to our route. In the same field Frank and I saw a Texel sheep 'cessened' (on its back) and unable to get up, we set it uprights, our good deed for the day.

At Little Kinmond we descended towards Sunbiggin and Raisebeck following fabulous herb-rich meadows and viewed a stone circle near Knott Lane. Additional footpaths brought us back to the delightful village of Orton.

Our thanks to Frank Haygarth who is local to the area, having been brought up at High Shaw Fam, Langdale, the eldest of eight children. He attended Longdale School, and then the family moved to Petty Fam, Orton and later to Kendal where Frank set-up a building firm with his brother.

Our final act was to visit the 'best tea-shop in the NW' – the Old School House at Tebay where Frank had attended for wood-working lessons.



Fellfarers Camping Meet - The Pyrenees 21st - 28th June 2011



Margaret and Roger Atkinson, Sue Mitchell and Tony Maguire, Val and Colin Hunter, June and Bill Hgarth, Clare and Mick Fox, Richard Mercer and Alan Wilson.

A week in the Pyrenees. It seems such a short time for such a distant location but of course the journey there and back was part of the holiday. In fact several Fellfarers arrived early at our site just north of the Cirque de Gavarnie (*above*). The site was rather remote but was advertised as having its own bar and restaurant. The early birds discovered that the 'season' hadn't started yet, site facilities were poor or non-existent, and that a move to a campsite with a bit more life seemed a good idea. One was found in Luz St Savieur, a small but lively town nearby, and a bargain struck with the nice young lady there. Texts were sent out to divert those on the road to the new destination.

On day 1 we climbed the many hairpin bends to the Gloriette dam and wandered around the lake, our attention split between the sublime scenery and the thousands of flowers there.

More hairpin bends took us even higher to the grand scenery of Cirque de Troumouse and a perfect picnic site. Cowbells clanged and huge eagles circled above us as we dined like kings on bread and cheese. We wandered the high meadows below sublime walls of rock and snow until rumbles of distant thunder sounded. Within minutes we were scurrying in our waterproofs back to the car as lightening crackled from a black sky.

A couple of gloomy days restricted us to local walks but on Friday we decided that the morning cloud would burn off and we were proved right as we climbed the trail from the Pont da la Gaubie (*bottom left*). Tony lead us on a circular walk that he'd done 20 years ago, a beautiful route through meadowed valleys and below rocky spires to the Col de Madamete. The heat became oppressive and some members turned back but a number toiled on to be rewarded at the col by a new panorama, the gorgeous mix of lakes and snowy peaks of the Neouville (*cover photograph*). We climbed higher, across a small snowfield and then the path wound down through a complex of little lakes, backed by fierce shadowed peaks, before we rejoined our outward route. It was a slightly subdued and very tired group of Fellfarers at the campsite that night.

A perfect blue sky greeted us on Saturday and some of us took Tony on his first via ferrata, a fine route up the steep limestone cliff below the Pont Napoleon. A crux bulge at about 1/3 height was enough to deter the others from trying it but we all enjoyed the celebration ice creams afterwards. Lunch at the campsite under a blazing sun left us wondering what to do with the rest of the day. A stroll into the Cirque de Gavarnie, a well-known tourist trail, seemed to fit the bill. On getting out of the car, Alan gazed up at the 5,000 foot cliffs and said, "I've never seen owt like that." Indeed. (*title picture*). Words become useless and the mind struggles to comprehend the scale of the tier upon tier of crag and snowfield, cut by innumerable roaring waterfalls.



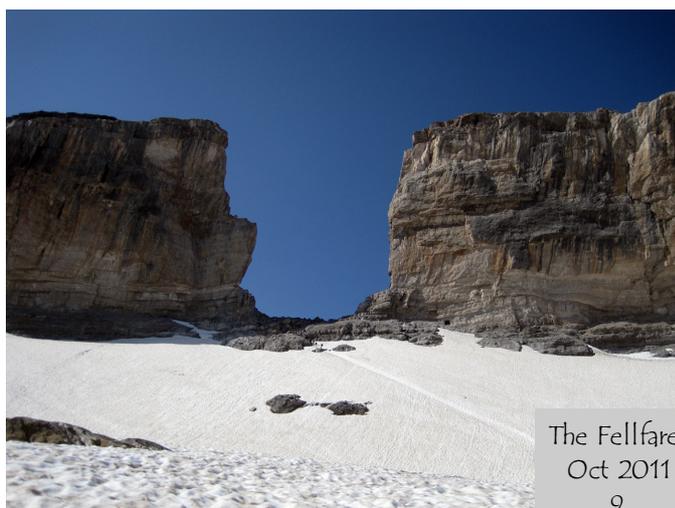
Sunday's sky was an eye-aching blue again and we planned to return to the Gloriette dam to spend the whole day amongst the flower-meadows. Rename the club K Flowerfairies. We started with a coffee at the roadside café in Gedre where we watched coaches and convoys of family cars heading uphill, making us feel uneasy about finding space to park. As it happens, we found possibly the last 3 spaces there and, shouldering our packs, reversed our walk of a few days before. Flower-naming was the game of the day. Multitudes of different orchids, squills, gentians, buttercups and wild roses carpeted the ground and the blue-green lake glittered in the sunlight. Limestone walls towered all around us (*top right*) as we followed the trail towards the Cirque d'Estaubé. Far away to the south gleamed the perpetual snowfields of the lost mountain, Mont Perdu. We followed the delightful little river, babbling and bustling through meadows, and every few yards revealed a new perfect picnic spot, a new flower and new views to rocky tops thousands of feet above us. We lunched and lazed above a fierce little cascade and bathed hot feet in the icy water. Bells jangled on the necks of the huge creamy-coloured cows. Alan discovered a solitary eidelweiss and we watched marmots venturing from their burrows as drowsy afternoon turned into evening.



Colin rose early on Monday and, as we relaxed over breakfast, he powered his way up the everlasting zig-zags to the Col de Tourmalet on his bike. A magnificent achievement but as the morning developed into the hottest yet we wondered if he was wise to attempt it. We needn't have worried; he returned triumphant at 10.30 to applause and photographs. The temperature rose into the mid-thirties and any activity seemed impossible but there was another via ferrata along the road which had to be done. In the late afternoon, five of us gathered our gear and drove to the Chaos de Coumely. Part of the main road had fallen into the gorge and roadworks there delayed us for an age. This meant that the crag was now, mercifully, in the shade. The rock was steep and the views soon became spectacular. The ringing of metal accompanied our happy voices as we ascended. The rungs soared straight up an overhanging bulge, the 'tres difficile+' section, and there was some nervousness there until the steepness relented and there was room to rest. The rest of the route was steep but simple until we came to the high-light - the 'passarelle', a very twitchy bridge (*right*), followed by a descent under 'hanging death' boulders held in place by steel nets. We spoke in hushed voices as we passed under them but later, back at the car, we all agreed that the route was probably the 'best ever'.



On our last day together we were to revisit the Cirque de Gavarnie but at high level this time to visit the star attraction, the Breche de Roland. I wanted to go further, to reach a summit, and so Al and I set off at 7 am to drive up to the high level start. A faint haze cast a blue tint on the mountains and subdued the brilliance as the sun touched each top in turn. No matter, it promised to be another fine day. We agreed to each walk at his own pace and so separated at the tamac end. I hurried under the huge slabby cliffs of Le Taillon, my selected peak, to the bottom of the Taillon Glacier. Many holes in the snow revealed tumbling roaring water underneath and crossing the snow-bridges was a nervous business. A snow-plod led through a col to the wonderfully situated Refuge de Roland (*right*), which looks right across the cirque to the contorted rocks and the peaks of Marlboro. Straight up the snow slopes from the refuge looms the wall of rock, hundreds of feet high, which sits on the crest of the ridge and forms the border between France and Spain. The great gash in the wall is the Breche de Roland (*bottom right*) and was supposedly caused by a sword-blow from that great hero. For me it was the doorway to my summit. With lungs burning (it's at about 9,000 feet here) I pushed on up the slopes and soon stepped through into Spain. I was greeted by a breeze and a completely new landscape. A right turn and another thousand feet of ascent on snow and stones landed me on my first Pyrenean summit at 3114 metres. Hundreds of peaks stretched around me to every horizon and I could only name a handful of them, Cylindro, Perdu, Vignemal, Marlboro. A lifetime's fun there but perhaps discovered too late for me. Maybe there's time for a few return visits, though. The cool breeze masked the fierceness of the sun. It was only 11 am. Reluctantly I headed back down and met Al, still doggedly pushing on upwards. We returned to the Breche, had lunch and waited for the others. They arrived, puffing a bit, some of them, and we had more lunch down at the refuge before tackling those dodgy snow bridges and the long descent back to the cars. A thunderstorm, hail and heavy rain, gave us a good soaking over the last mile but nothing could dampen my spirits that day.



Our last evening together was spent having fun with pizza and beer at the Central Café. Excellent! Now, where shall we go next year?

The Fell Quiz

(from an original provided by Graham Ramsbottom, with slight amendments. Answers on page 18)

- | | | | |
|----|--|----|--|
| 1 | Sounds cracked (3,4) | 16 | Reaching for the sky (7) |
| 2 | You may find an aura is elevated here (5) | 17 | A dropped knife sharpener (5,4) |
| 3 | Flank of venison (8) | 18 | Pulling? Wear this (4) |
| 4 | The car's full what a mix up (8) | 19 | Did this fish support Stalin? (3,4) |
| 5 | Would they warn Jerry that Tom was coming? (8) | 20 | Rattle raw orb for a good view (12) |
| 6 | A Franciscan (4,5) | 21 | It could be changed to be as neat as all fells (9) |
| 7 | A good place for shops (4,6) | 22 | Could make poultry look more presentable (3,4) |
| 8 | Would be difficult to take apart (4,5) | 23 | Make leaner grand scab more beautiful (10,5) |
| 9 | Young goat and fish surrounds the pig's place! (6,4) | 24 | Miserable Native American greetings? (4,5) |
| 10 | An African damsel (6,4) | 25 | Could a girl get her own way up here (7) |
| 11 | A companion for Friday (8) | 26 | Sounds like stretch limos here (5,5) |
| 12 | Well it could be a form of lady's transport (11) | 27 | Strange this is inferior to 2 (4,5) |
| 13 | Oh dear sexism in the army (8,3) | 28 | Well that's why you put fertiliser on the garden (8) |
| 14 | Half of Lizzie's footwear requirements (9) | 29 | Debar further progress to a cleric (4) |
| 15 | That's not a bad finish (5,3) | 30 | Was 007 an astronaut? (4,3) |

No Sweat Cycling for Girls

Helen Speed

As a new cyclist, I was struck by the number of cyclists (mainly men) who race around the place in tight clothing looking purposeful.

I knew instinctively that this was not for me, so I went about finding my own approach to enjoying cycling and appreciating the countryside that I cycle through. Having now completed a couple of long distance rides and an amount of local pootling about, I have developed the art of 'no sweat' cycling – as proficiency at the technique increases, it becomes increasingly possible to achieve this. It is suited to the aged, the infirm and the inveterate loafer, but I particularly commend it to like-minded girls.

Key technical points to observe:

1. Don't rush, it will still be there tomorrow.
2. Never worry about hills. Get off and push so you can enjoy the roadside flowers all the better. Cycling is more efficient than walking, so getting off your bike and pushing actually requires more effort and is therefore an act of heroism. Never try to feign fitness as you will look twice the fool if you keel over in a red sweaty heap further up the hill.
3. Never cycle past a tearoom. They are there for a reason. You carry the responsibility for upholding this fine cycling tradition and a modest slab of cake never hurt anyone.



not a tent. Ideally someone else's. That way if you fail to book ahead and have to stay in the most expensive place in town, it won't hurt your bank balance. You're worth it.

Tips borne of experience:

1. A word about bike maintenance. It is prudent to carry tyre levers and a spare inner tube, but on no account trouble yourself with finding out how to use them. I employ the 'hope for the best' approach and have tested its validity through extensive field research. If your bike breaks, a lycra-clad young man will be along shortly to fix it for you. Have faith, it has never been known to fail.

2. Friction areas. By and large Chamois crème deals with it nicely. Failing that, send me the question in writing and try to phrase your query as delicately as possible.

The Way of the Roses in brief. A 170 mile C2C cycle route from Morecambe to Bridlington

Generally the tea room quotient was OK but it would benefit from better signage around Airton, where we inadvertently missed one.

Place to stay: Lyngarth B&B at Pateley Bridge is fantastic. The rooms are lovely, with quality complimentary items e.g. Out of Eden toiletries, sweets, biscuits, mineral water etc. Really impressive fresh fruit and yoghurt at breakfast as well as the usual killer fry-up. Top notch.

Highlights: The Yorkshire Wolds, where quiet roads framed by flower-filled verges gently wound their way through lovely undulating countryside and visited villages with quite the rudest names imaginable. Astonishingly, it was possible to ride up hills without effort.

Low points: Bridlington. Good grief. 170 miles of cycling for that. Arrange an early pick-up.

Whitbarrow

An Evening Walk

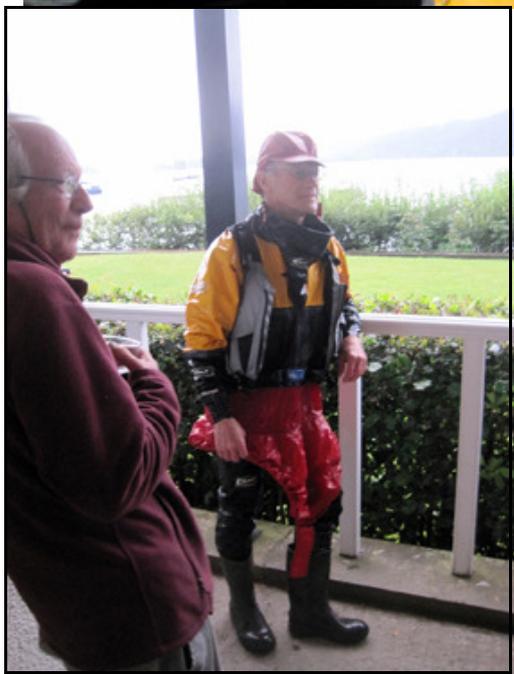
Tuesday 28th June 2011

David Birkett

I arrived rather late, 6.25 for the evening walk over Whitbarrow, the quarry car park was deserted. 6.35. Had I the wrong date, time, venue? After reference to my Fellfarer, no. It was such a lovely evening so I climbed through the quarry where the Peregrines were particularly raucous. Since my last visit self seeded colonising trees (birch, willow) were dense on every limestone bench, all competing but not all to survive. Up through the mature woodland onto the broad ridge. Four mountain bikes, off the legal route as usual, passed by; two runners joined me at the summit cairn, a memorial to Canon Hervey.

I soaked in the view, this must be the best low-level view in South Lakeland. Down through the woodland towards Whitbarrow Hall on by Chapel Head scar and High Crag woods to Beck Head where the resurgence was fulsome. A brief climb to join the bridleway to Ravens Lodge, passing close to Whitbarrow Lodge, home of the Farrer family.

The following morning I rang Tony Walshaw to see if a change of date had occurred. He had mistakenly done the walk the week before – 'not another cock-up!' was the exclamation! There is always another day.



Cheryl and Jason Underwood, George Underwood, Carol and Kevin Smith, Tony Walshaw, Richard Mercer, Krysia Niepokojczycka, Tenia Walgora, Alec Reynolds, Mick Fox, Helen and Ray Speed. Day visitors: Peter Goff, Hugh Taylor....

Friday it poured down. I'd planned to arrive early on Friday afternoon but as the hours passed I found many 'displacement activities' to keep me occupied. Did I want to sleep in a wet tent all weekend? I could 'commute' and still have fun on the water. I chucked the pop-up tent in the car any way and, windscreen wipers waving wildly, drove to Windermere School's excellent lakeshore pavilion. A few tents were already pitched but I was still uncommitted and left mine in the car. We stood on the verandah and discussed

the rain, wondered about the coming weekend. Richard was unconcerned; he was dressed for any eventuality (*left*). Walter solved the problem of what to do on the Friday night by inviting us all to the Royal Windermere Yacht Club and even offered to drive us there. What a fine man he is. Richard decided that he wasn't dressed for the occasion (*left again*) but the rest of us accepted, donned tuxedos, glittering evening dresses and just a



little jewellery (one mustn't be too ostentatious) and piled into Walter's Landrover.

We sat in the club's fine lounge and watched the weather outside the plate-glass windows begin to fair-up. The members were friendly there and the quality of the beer didn't matter. We were in good heart when we returned to the pavilion to cook suppers and/or drink another couple of beers later.

I even found the perfect place to pitch my pop-up tent, dry and problem-free - on the verandah (left) of the fine Windemere School pavilion (below).

On Saturday the Smallwoods swam back and forth past the shoreline and then the FellFarer Flotilla formed on the lake, a fine sight. Kevin found enough wind to make hoisting his sails worthwhile



The Ecclerigg Stone Carvings

Thank you to Myers Ferguson for the loan of the 'Transactions of the Ancient Monuments Society' in 2006 for the Fellfarers first (land-based) visit to the carvings in April of that year. The information here is taken from those transactions. Members can get a full copy of the complete document from the Editor on request.

Thank you also to Jonathan Stevens of Impact for providing permission to land at Ecclerigg

"These enigmatic slabs, at the north-western extremity of White Cross Bay (on private land) are in and around Ecclerigg Quarry which was an important source of stone and slate locally. Many local houses were built of stone from here, including Crag Wood itself and most famously, the circular house of 1773 on Bell Isle. Traces of the barge dock used for shipping the stone still survive. On the quarry floor and dipping uniformly south at 22°, five huge slabs of bed-rock all bear meticulously carved inscriptions in large letters up to 350 mm tall. They appear to be a jumble of names, quotations and comments and are said to have been carved by an eccentric monumental mason named Longmire from Troutbeck, although no documentary evidence has been found to prove this. Four of the slabs are dated from 1835 to 1837. Further fragments of carvings lie just within the lake. Frost, moss and other destructive agents are slowly taking their toll on the inscriptions.

The earliest and largest, (LIBERTY) has the letters in raised relief. The others have the letters cut into the rock face. Many of the names are of National or local heroes.

The carver's knowledge of names, events, and quotations suggests that he was unlikely to have been a practicing apprentice. Rather, they indicate an older craftsman looking back at people and events which impressed him in his lifetime and which he considered worthy of dedicating considerable time and effort to record in this way."

1837
NATIONAL DEBT £800,000,000
O, SAVE MY COUNTRY, HEAVEN!
George 3, William Pitt.
MONEY IS THE SINEWS OF WAR
FIELD MARSHALL Wellington
Heroic Adm Nelson

SHAW of the
Life Guards
at WATERLOO &c

1835
LIBERTY
ROSS LANDER NELSON
BYRON
PRO WILSON
JAS WATT.
J. HOGG.
PARRY
Watson
Newton
DR JENNER

while the rest of us paddled in canoes and kayaks (*top right*). The sun shone and Windemere was placid and friendly. We soon came to stony shallows protecting the entrance to Troutbeck. One or two kayaks forced their way through to explore the tree-lined stream as far as they could before tumbling waters forced a return. We paddled (and sailed) across White Cross Bay to Ecclelrigg Crag to examine the strange Stone Carvings there (*2nd. down right and bottom of page 12*).

The White Cross itself, commemorating a tragic accident on the lake many years ago, had a thought-provoking inscription: "We know neither the day nor the hour, so make ye ready." We checked our buoyancy aids. That's about as ready as we could be.

Back on the lake the flotilla reformed to journey across water to the seclusion of Wray Crag for a picnic lunch. (*3rd down right and title photograph*).

Paddling on northwards, we left Kevin behind as he needed to tack into the headwind. Walter led us through an artificial channel behind Bee Home and into Pullwood Bay.

A sharp turn by Walter and he seemed to disappear into the shrubbery on the shore! Our kayaks followed, tentatively, one by one to discover a different world there.

Blelham Beck winds and squeezes its secret way beneath overhanging trees and it seemed impossible that we were only yards away from the motor boats and whooping holiday-makers on the lake. Limbs and roots projected from the water and branches dipped their leafy fingers too. Sunlight filtered through the greenery and dappled the surface of the beck. Birdsong and the occasional splash of our paddles were the only sounds.

We could only progress by dipping the paddles where there was clear water and then we ducked and weaved with paddles pointing fore and aft until another clear spot appeared. We could have been deep in the Amazon basin.

The exotic effect was heightened when, incongruously, the spiky tops of tepees came in sight. The National Trust campsite at Low Wray seems to feature both yurts and tepees now. What is going on in this land of ours?

We reached our 'limit of navigation' again and reluctantly turned (not without difficulty in such a narrow streamway) back towards the lake.

We emerged, looking for the canoeists and the sailor. No sign. We headed for Waterhead for there were to be found tea and coffee and ice cream and beer. We caught up with the rest on the shore there and we all enjoyed our refreshments (*bottom right*).

The journey back south to our base was, well, a struggle. The breeze and the motorboaters had whipped up a little frenzy on the water and the paddlers worked hard to return to base. Kevin reported that he had capsized and lost gear during the day but managed to keep smiling. We just wanted to have a beer or two and enjoy the barbecue (*bottom left*) until the night stole in.

On Sunday Hughie arrived and everybody paddled out southward across the lake. I went home so I don't know what they did.





An Evening Walk in the environs of Beetham 19th July 2011

Cath and Mike Palk, Margaret and Roger Atkinson, Clare and Mick Fox, Val Calder, Margaret Cooper, Krysia Niepokojczycka, Gordon Pitt, Hugh Taylor, Peter Goff.

A cloudy but dry evening; about the best we could have hoped for in this miserable summer.

A dozen of us waited for any latecomers and then strode out across the fields south of Beetham and then into the picturesque woodland of Beetham Park where luxuriant moss is blanketing everything that doesn't move (*top left*).

The owners are clearing expanses of ground and Peter lost no opportunity to explain to us all his theories of woodland management (*top right*).

A maze of paths weaved through plantation and clearings and frequent stops were necessary to ensure that back-markers, intent on chatting rather than the scenery (no names) stayed with us.

A little limestone pavement appeared to provide contrast to the usual leaf-litter underfoot. A perfect little gem (*bottom left*).

We crossed the road near Slack Head and ventured into the older woods of Beetham Fell, dark and atmospheric in that dim evening light.

The path climbs slowly through the trees

and then, in a grand theatrical gesture, bursts out onto that splendid promenade above Fairy Steps. We sat for a while, soaking in the view across the Kent estu-



ary to the distant fells and then Peter and Krysia remembered the old coffin ring. They couldn't remember exactly where it was though, and we had a good hunt

round before Krysia found it, hidden away in a cleft (*centre*). It was used when coffins had to be manhandled on ropes up the crag on their way to burial in Beetham churchyard.

See if you can find it next time you're there.

We strolled on through pheasant-thronged woods to Haverbrack and onto roads and lanes once more.

A crossing of Dallam Deer Park revealed the herd of beautiful fallow deer there and we paused at some of the grand old trees to admire and wonder (*bottom right*).

We decided to finish the evening with a pint in the Wheatsheaf at Beetham. We wandered, via the back door, into a room full of people. Not an empty seat in the room. Two of our members (no names again) recognised a lady there and stopped for a chat. The room went silent and the pair eventually realised that they were being regarded by everyone there with icy stares. Our pair backed out of the room and the pub quiz resumed...

An entertaining evening again. Thank you Peter.



A COLLECTOR'S ITEM

Midweek walk No. 16 -The Dunnerdale Horseshoe
Wednesday 20th July 2011

Roger Atkinson

Due to holidays and babysitting a smaller than usual group of pensioners, assembled at the correct time and place, The Blacksmiths Arms, where we were allowed to park our cars after promising to have buy drink on our return.

Setting a leisurely pace we began our clockwise assault on The Dunnerdale Horseshoe, the traverse of a number of small tops all much steeper and rockier than their height would suggest, and all an absolute delight which we had to ourselves.

The first top of the day was Great Stickle which sports a rather unusual grey painted Trig Point, the only one I remember in The Lakes, although I am sure one of you will correct me.



Although the weather was on the grey side there was enough visibility of the distant fells to allow innumerable stops to take in the views and ask the usual "What's that?" and debate whether "This is really The Dunnerdale Horseshoe?"

Of course it was, but all too soon we began our last descent to The Blacksmiths, arriving after closing time, and breaking our promise to the landlord. "Oh well next time", and we did manage to finish a splendid day with tea in Broughton.

And, you ask, was it a collector's item because The Editor is knocking off Wainwright's Outliers. Not at all, it's because it's a round to treasure.

A triptych of Stickle Pike Pics

Top: Heading towards S.P. from Great Stickle

Middle: Hugh, Roger, Margaret and Clare on the summit of S.P.

Bottom: Looking back to S.P. from an unnamed summit



In Search of Goff's Trod

Borrowdale Fellrace Weekend

5-7th August 2011

The club managed once more to field a full set of marshals, and more, for the race which is part of Fellracer history and the staff at the Scafell Hotel were kept busy serving free breakfasts at 8.30 on Saturday morning. Not only that, two members, Colin Jennings and Mark Walsh, were competing in the race itself. Big day.

We, that is Krysia, Walter and myself, were allocated duties on Great Gable summit and the plan was to walk along Moses' Trod from Honister to Windy Gap. Peter had given Krysia some valuable advice about the route on the previous night: There was a secret way, a narrow trod under the summit crag of Green Gable, which gave a simple approach to Windy Gap without toiling over the top or scrabbling up the scree.

So, forearmed with this knowledge, we three strode across the fell from the drumhouse site above Honister. The weather was fine and visibility was excellent. The outlines of Galloway could clearly be seen beyond the Solway, framed between the Buttermere fells.

"That'll be Clisham," said Walter.

"Blimey, that operation on your eyes must have been miraculous," I said, "I can only see as far as Criffell!"*

"Oh yes, that's the one."

It's a long time since any of us had been that way and the scenery was a source of constant delight. Nearby, classic ever-changing views down into Buttermere and Ennerdale, competed for our attention with distant views across the countless ridges to the north and east, where little bulbs of cloud were bubbling up from the hidden dales. Pillar Rock stood impassive, a timeless reminder of the beginnings of climbing history. I was entranced by it all. We all agreed that we could never tire of all this.

It was a surprise to us that our objective, Great Gable, remained hidden for so long. It's not often that Gable can be called 'retiring' but on this route it is. Not until we rounded the backside of Brandreth did Gable's fine curved profile and impressive rock-face come into view.

As we followed the obvious track (we lost it only once) towards Green Gable now, our eyes were scanning the fellside for Peter's secret way. No sign. Never mind, we all had confidence in his knowledge of the fells. "It'll be there somewhere."

We left the track leading to Green Gable's summit and began contouring across the grassy slopes...

Fifteen minutes later we were struggling across steep scree, never before trodden by the hand of man. Every footfall shifted loose stone downwards and the air turned blue with our curses as we sweated and stumbled slowly, very slowly, towards the distant Windy Gap. We rounded a rock buttress, expecting to see Peter's little trod, somehow, to materialise somewhere before us. It didn't. That path does not exist. Feet, ankles, shins, all got bashed as we persevered. The scree got worse. We began to wonder whether we would reach Gable summit before the race leaders. Ooer - disgrace for the club.

Windy Gap reached, three Fellracerers agreed that our 'advisor' needed a kicking. I volunteered to kick his right shin, Walter his left shin and Krysia all points between.

We reached the summit in good time, of course, and did our best to record the runners as they came through. Colin had a storming race, surprising us by appearing in the first 50 (top right).

The weather deteriorated; cloud enveloped us; we shivered and waited. Mark appeared (bottom right) and then, long after, the last runners had come through and we could gather up the sodden sheets of paper and head for home. At Windy Gap we didn't even glance to the left towards those hateful scree and 'Goff's Trod'.

Back at the race-field, where the prize-giving was going on across the road from the Scafell Hotel, we found Peter and confronted him. We told him in great detail of our trials. "Well I can't understand that," he said, "it was there forty years ago."

There was jubilation in High House that night. Colin had a great run, finishing in 42nd place in a time of 3 hrs 40 mins, prompting some speculation of a 'Fellracer record' ** and Mark was very pleased with his run: finishing the race was a great result after a year of injuries.

Not only that but a couple of our lady members are thinking of entering next year too.

* *Clisham is in the Outer Hebrides, of course.*

** *Phil Clark completed the 1987 Borrowdale Race in 3 hrs 07 mins*



The Head

The Last KFF Evening Walk of this Summer
Tuesday 9th August 2011

Margaret and Roger Atkinson, Sandra and Tony Atkinson, David Birkett, Tina and Kevin Ford, Peter Goff, Krysia Niepokojczycka, Anne and John Peat, Jean and Fred Underhill, Clare and Mick Fox.



Pictures from Krysia's fine walk through fields and woods from Levens Hall to Heversham Head :

Above: team photo

Top right: Krysia and Sandra played human conkers and middle right: Clare and Tina manage to avoid each other.

Bottom right: Admiring the fine view from Heversham Head

Below: Tony is hugged by a tree.

I wish there was room for more pics and more words; the walk deserved both!



Moughton Scars from Clapham

Midweek Walk No. 17
Wednesday 17th August 2011

Margaret and Roger Atkinson, Clare and Mick Fox, Frank Haygarth, Val and Colin Hunter, Tony Maguire and Sue Mitchell, Jean and Fred Underhill.

Frank Haygarth

A group of 11 of us assembled at Clapham for this walk lead by Tony Maguire at 10.30. The weather was fine and it boded well for a walk in nice dry conditions.

Off we headed up Thwaite Lane through the dim light of the tunnels.

After about a mile, a left turn was made into a field containing a herd of cattle which Fred appeared to be a little apprehensive about, caused, I assumed, through a bad experience in the past. He need not have worried, however, as they barely looked the side we were on. We proceeded on under Robin Proctor Scars and Nappa Scars, (top left) where three people were looking up at the rock faces; probably climbers preparing for a climb.

We were now entering Crummack Dale, where a stream was soon reached by all except me, as I had to stay back on higher ground to take a rather important phone call. They crossed the stream via a large stone slab and kindly waited until I caught up (middle left).

This area of stream appeared to be where the washing of sheep took place, maybe in days gone by.

A narrow overgrown lane was now entered which I imagined would once be used for driving stock up onto higher ground.

I was not sorry to be out of this lane due to the fact that most of the vegetation was bracken which harbours ticks!

There was a bit of a flurry to don waterproofs due to a sudden shower, thankfully this was only of short duration. On attaining the edge of Houghton Scars a stop for lunch was made. Glorious views from here across rural countryside to Pendle Hill in the far distance, and in the nearer vicinity Pen-y-Ghent and Ingleborough could be clearly seen. Lunch completed we made our way along the edge of the Scars (bottom left), and over an area of limestone pavement with its deep grikes in which various plants were growing in their own micro-climate.

I took the opportunity to do a bit of rock hopping, good for practicing the balance. Upon reaching Sulber Gate we headed towards Long Scar and Trow Gill cave. Then joined Long Lance for the return trek to Clapham.

This area revived memories of caving trips for Fred and Roger, as they commented on humping heavy loads of caving gear along here in their younger days, must have been fit strong lads!

On reaching the village we headed for the nearest tea shop where tea and scones/cakes were enjoyed.

A very pleasant outing in an interesting area.
Thank you Tony and Sue.



Answers to the Fell Quiz (on page 10)

- | | | | | | |
|----|-------------|----|--------------|----|------------------|
| 1 | Ill Bell | 11 | Robinson | 21 | Seatallan |
| 2 | Raise | 12 | Dollywaggon | 22 | Hencomb |
| 3 | Hartside | 13 | Sergeant Man | 23 | Bannerdale Crags |
| 4 | Ullscarf | 14 | Bessyboot | 24 | Sour Howes |
| 5 | Catbells | 15 | Great End | 25 | Latrigg |
| 6 | Grey Friar | 16 | Steeple | 26 | Great Carrs |
| 7 | High Street | 17 | Steel Fell | 27 | High Raise |
| 8 | Hard Knott | 18 | Yoke | 28 | Grasmoor |
| 9 | Kidsty Pike | 19 | Red Pike | 29 | Barf |
| 10 | Maiden Moor | 20 | Latterbarrow | 30 | High Spy |



Above: the new Emergency Exit from the outside.

News from Honister Pass

It's not really Club news but in view of the close relationship the club had with the late Mark Weir (last issue), it is perhaps worth mentioning that Honister Slate Mine is having a difficult time at present: They have been successfully prosecuted for extending the Via Ferrata and adding a zip-wire (again see last issue, page 4) without permission, costing them more than £28,000 in fines. They cannot use the facility until they have resolved the problems to the satisfaction of Natural England and the Lake District National Park Authority.

Shortly after that court decision, the LDNPA Planning Committee refused the company's application to install a much bigger zip-wire from the summit of Fleetwith Pike to the Pass. The Company has stated that the zip-wire was essential to the long-term future of the mine (which needs additional income to make it viable) and so the story may not end here.

Social Sub-committee News

I usually start this column with an optimistic comment regarding the weather, however the past three months have been such that I won't even try to put a positive spin on it! However we stand on the brink of another proper winter. Clear cold days, knee deep snow and roaring fires – bring it on I say.

We have now formulated the bones of next year's calendar and, by popular demand, planned a Ceilidh in February and some exciting trips in Scotland and Wales.

One aspect that has proved a challenge is regarding an alternative venue for the slide shows and AGM following a change in management at the Strickland Arms. We are negotiating with the new Manager and are also in discussions with Mike at Burgundy's Wine Bar in Kendal who has recently created a new room for events. If anyone has any ideas or alternatives, please contact the Social Committee. In the meantime the slide shows will be held at the Strickland Arms and if there is any change in venue you will be informed in good time by email.

Well that will do from me, please don't hesitate to get in touch with Peter, Clare or myself for feedback and any ideas for future events.

Many thanks and enjoy the events.

Jason

2012 Hotel trip to Scotland in March

After three successful trips to Newtownmore we are now looking at other hotels elsewhere in Scotland which will offer a similar deal for March 2012. The price will be around £130 to £160 per person for dinner, bed and breakfast for 5 days. Full details will be in the next Fellfarer and those who have already enjoyed this event in the past will be informed before then but, in the meantime, if you let Clare Fox know that you are interested in this trip you'll be given up to the minute information on the search.

Ceildih

We are holding our third Ceildih on 4th February 2012 at the Castle Street Centre with Tumbling Tom playing. Tickets will be £5 for adults and £2.50p for children. More details in the next newsletter bit don't forget to keep that date free!

The All Terrain Toboggan Trials 2011



The 2011 ATT Trials will be held on 31st December, as always.

This year we have decided to amend the 3rd stage of the trial which has, in the past, represented the biggest headache from an engineering point of view (we can't have Walter and his Engineering background providing too much of an advantage again!)

The revised stages are as follows;

1. The Classic Downhill Race – on the hill next to the hut, the surface may be grass, snow, ice or mud depending on conditions.
2. The Time Trail – the fastest time down the High House track to the gate
3. The Road Race – 100 yards on level tarmac beyond the farm yard without the driver touching the ground directly. A harness is to be built on the front of the craft to be pulled by the vehicle owner. The driver will be picked out of the hat seconds before a Le Mans style start!
4. The Water Time Trial – along Nicholly Dub, a deep but short section of the River Derwent

In addition, special points will be awarded for novelty, innovation or idiocy (this could be 5 years on the trot for Graham!)

This year's rules are:

1. Must be home made - Each constructor is honour bound to spend no more than £10 on research, development, acquisition, construction and testing of vehicles.
2. Must be complete for all categories - All aspects of the vehicles and the attire and equipment of the driver must be carried throughout the event. Repairs, tuning and alterations between events are at the discretion of the judges.
3. Must be self propelled – Any help from animate beings, except in Race 3, will result in immediate disqualification, although you will still be entered into the water section, so there is no way out!
4. Must be an original design concept – It is expected that the ATT is an original design and made up of a combination of components from various different sources and materials. Utilising an entire existing vehicle with a few add-ons may result in disqualification prior to the first race.

For more information contact Jason Smallwood

KFF CLUB EVENTS October 2011 - January 2012

Where the contact person's phone numbers are not given here, full contact details can be found on page 2

Events marked with an * asterix are described in more detail on page 19

October

(Committee meet at the Rifleman's Arms on Tuesday 4th. Social evening 9 pm onwards)

Saturday 15th

Walk - The Ex-President's Walk/Meal. Silverdale to Carnforth via coast and Waiton Crag. 7 miles. 3-4 hours. Meal after at Canal Turn Pub, Carnforth. To book seats, call: Clare Fox. Meet 2 pm. Leighton Moss car park, Silverdale (GR 477 750) Small parking fee. Info: John Peat 015395 32244

Alternative travel details:

11.30 am. X35 bus from Kendal & 12.45 train from Grange to Silverdale.
or: park in Carnforth and take the 13.41 train from Carnforth to Silverdale (arriving 13.47).

Return to Kendal by 555 bus at 20.39 pm
or: train at 20.26 or 21.26 to Silverdale and the Leighton Moss car park.
or: return by your own car from Carnforth.

Tuesday 18th

Slide Show - Double Bill: 'Fellfarers in the Pyrenees' and Hugh and Angie's 'Summer 2011 in the Dolomites'. Meet 7.30 pm. The Strickland Arms, Sizergh. Sandwiches provided. Guests welcome.

Week 21st - 27th

High House - KFF Club booking - Half Term

Wednesday 26th

Mid-Week Walk - The Glendemackin Valley and Souther Fell. Distance 5.5 miles. Meet at 10:30 am. Mungrisdale village (GR 364 303). Plenty of parking. Info: Colin Hunter: 01539 730177

Every Thursday

Evening Climbing for All. Kendal Wall. 7 pm onwards. Everyone welcome. Info: Jason Smallwood / Mick Fox

November

(Committee meet at the Rifleman's Arms on Tuesday 1st. Social evening 9 pm onwards)

Tuesday 8th

Slide Show & Photo competition - 'Climbing in Kalymnos'. Meet 7.30 pm at The Strickland Arms, Sizergh. Sandwiches provided. Guests welcome. Followed by The Fellfarers' photo competition and exhibition. **Change of entry details:** Send your entries to **Jason Smallwood** by 18th October. Entries should be photographs printed at 4 x 6 ins or A5 size with name and entry category on the back. See last issue or ring Jason for further details.

Weekend 11 - 13th

High House - KFF Club booking - Remembrance Sunday ceremonies on Great Gable and Castle Crag

Wednesday 16th

Mid-Week Walk - A low level stroll through the Langdales. 8 miles. 4-5 hours. Meet 10.30 am. Elterwater (GR 332 048). Parking just before village. Info: Frank Haygarth 01539 723948

Saturday 26th

Walk - Coniston. Route - weather dependent. 5 hours. Meet 10 am. Church Beck car park (GR 302 976) nr the Black Bull. Info: Jason Smallwood

Every Thursday

Evening Climbing for All. Kendal Wall. 7 pm onwards. Everyone welcome. Info: Jason Smallwood / Mick Fox

December

(Committee meet at the Rifleman's Arms on Tuesday 6th. Social evening 9 pm onwards)

Friday 2nd

Social evening - Darts and Dominoes evening. Meet 7.30 pm. The Rifleman's Arms, Kendal.

Saturday 10th

Walk - Sunrise walk on Scout Scar meeting followed by breakfast at the Union Jack Café, Kirkland. Meet 7:00 am outside The Rifleman's Arms, Kendal. Info: Jason Smallwood

Wednesday 14th

Mid-Week Walk - Bigland Barrow and Seatle. 5 miles. Return to Yew Tree Barn for tea and mince pies! Meet 10.15 for coffee at Yew Tree Barn café, or 11.15 at Canny Hill (GR 369 859). Parking on the road at the end of the track running south. Info: Hugh Taylor

23rd - 3rd January

High House - KFF Club booking - Christmas and New Year holiday

Saturday 31st

***4th Annual All Terrain Toboggan Trials** at High House. Start 11:00 am...ish

Every Thursday

Evening Climbing for All. Kendal Wall. 7 pm onwards. Everyone welcome. Info: Jason Smallwood / Mick Fox

January

(Committee meet at the Rifleman's Arms on Tuesday 3rd. Social evening 9 pm onwards)

Weekend 13 - 15th

Away Meet - Clachaig Chalet Meet, Glen Coe, for Winter Mountaineering. Booking is essential as only five beds are available in the luxury chalet. Info/booking/travel: Hugh Taylor.

Saturday 14th

Walk - Charlie's Walk, Cunswick Fell. Meet 1 pm. County Hall, Kendal. Plenty of parking. Info: David Birkett 01539 738280

Tuesday 17th

Slide Show - 'Review of the Year'. Please send photographs to Mick Fox by the end of December. Meet 7.30 pm. The Strickland Arms, Sizergh. Sandwiches provided. Guests welcome.

Weekend 20 - 22nd

High House - KFF Club booking.

Wednesday 25th

Mid-Week Walk - Lingmoor Fell and Side Pike. Distance 10.5 km. Ascent 400 m. Meet 10 am. Elterwater NT car park (GR 3280 0475). Info David Birkett 01539 738280

Annual General Meeting - Date, time and venue to be confirmed

Every Thursday

Evening Climbing for All. Kendal Wall. 7 pm onwards. Everyone welcome. Info: Jason Smallwood / Mick Fox