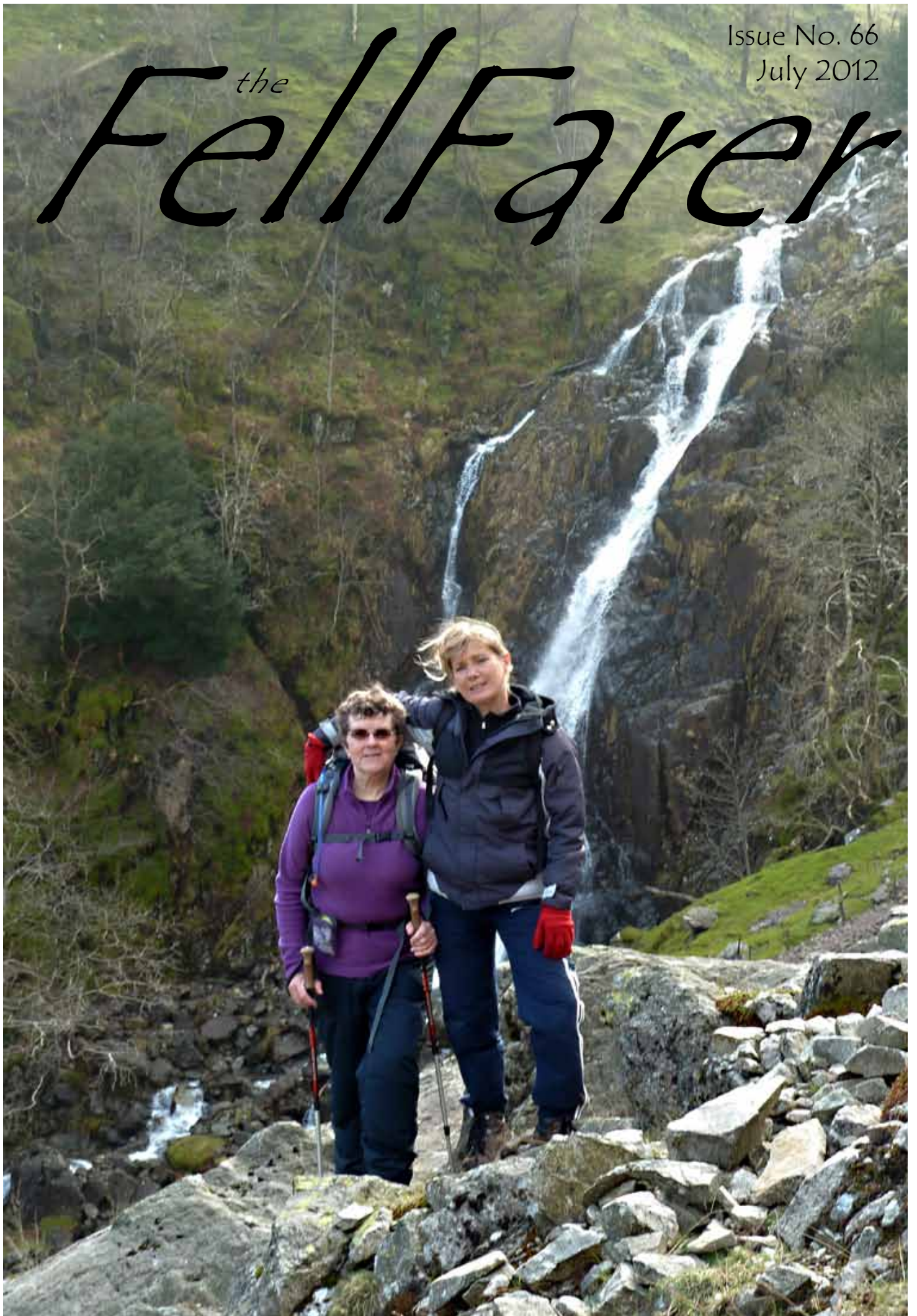


Issue No. 66  
July 2012

# *the* FellFarer



## Editorial

Well I finally got to grips with the software that the BMC bought us for this newsletter. Hooray for me but I won't know whether there's a perceptible improvement in the quality until the printed copy lands on my doormat - just like yours - and it's going to be a while yet before I manage to control all the little idiosyncracies....

Anyway, having been out of action myself for almost 3 months, I was very worried that I seemed to be short of material and was beginning to wonder if I was going to have to cut down to a 16-pager. Somehow it all seemed to work out though, so here's number 66, delivered with grateful thanks to all the contributors, especially those who volunteered material without being asked. I was once told (a long time ago), when I said that I wanted to be in a club of members who were enthusiastic about what they did, that I was in the wrong club. On the evidence of this issue I disagree.

Ed

### Cover Photograph:

Joan Abbott and Nancy Moulin above Taylorgill Force  
11th March 2012

Deadline for contributions for the next *Fellfarer*:

**August 31st 2012**

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- BRITISH MOUNTAINEERING COUNCIL

**BMC Website:** [www.thebmc.co.uk](http://www.thebmc.co.uk)  
Each Fellfarer has an individual Membership Number

- RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION

**Ramblers Website:** [www.ramblers.org.uk](http://www.ramblers.org.uk)  
**Fellfarers RA Membership Number:** 1273727

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**Oread Booking Secretary:** Colin Hobday

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**High House Website:** [www.k-fellfarers.co.uk](http://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.

**Printed by Digital Impressions:** [www.digitalimpressions.co.uk](http://www.digitalimpressions.co.uk)

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

## CLUB NEWS

For those who don't have the details already.

**Cheryl and Jason Smallwood** have moved to:

Millers Cottage  
Eagle Tor  
Birchover  
Derbyshire  
DE4 2LY  
Map OL24 (GR 231 626)  
Tel: 01629 650164

**Children working at High House.** The Committee recently received the following letter:

*I would like to say, "what a good turnout" we had at the last working weekend, with all prepared to put in hard hours and give valuable input into the clubs upkeep. A question on my mind though is, at what point do youngsters become eligible to join us for a couple of days graft, listen to some yarns, and a slap up jacket with cheese and beans, Mmmm a real meal. I have been working with children for several years now and I have been very impressed with what I have seen. Some youths are even more committed and willing than a lot of my adults. I can completely understand that it cannot be turned into a Brushes and Babies weekend but there are children in the club who can grasp the concept of a working weekend and should be encouraged to help maintain and learn about the huts inner workings.*

*It seems imperative to me that we should empower the young in all walks of life as soon as possible, giving them the benefits of our wisdom and space to grow for we are merely stewards of what they will inherit.*

*Graham Ball*

The Committee have responded positively and would like to invite parents of children who wish to work at a Working Weekend (and are of a suitable age) to bring them along, with the following, rather obvious, proviso:

- Parents, or designated guardians, must actively supervise, and take full responsibility for, the safety and the behaviour of their children at all times

In addition, we ask you to inform the Committee Meeting before the event (in the next case September 4th) of your intention to bring children. A work list suitable for those children who are attending will be drawn up.

**For discussion: A Matter of Geography?** There was recently some discussion at a Committee meeting about the geographical spread of the Club. A few years ago, at a time when the membership was rising rapidly, it was agreed to limit total numbers to 150 (principally to reduce the risk of overcrowding at High House). We never quite reached that limit and numbers have now settled back to about 133. Some Committee members, however, perceive that the proportion of members who 'live away' is increasing. No-one has analysed the figures yet so this hasn't been proved one way or the other but it does raise a question (again) about the very nature of this odd, and probably unique, organisation that we have:

Is it a Club for people who live in the South Lakes who are lucky enough to have a base in Borrowdale which the Club is generous enough to share with others from further afield?

Or is it an association of people from all over the country who have, by good fortune, discovered this idyllic (and very low cost!) base, run by a minority in Kendal?

Is it something else entirely? Where should the balance lie? Do we need to worry about the balance anyway?

On a practical level, as there is a limit on total membership, should there be a linked limit on those who live beyond South Lakes and whose principal contact with other members is at High House? If you have any thoughts that you would like to share in the newsletter, please write to the Editor. (Note that this item comes from the Editor and not from the Committee)

## Welcome to a New Member:

Jan Lancaster (right) has been accepted as a member of K Fellfarers.

She lives in Knutsford, Cheshire and lists her outdoor activities as : kayaking, canoeing, sailing, scrambling, fellrunning and biking.

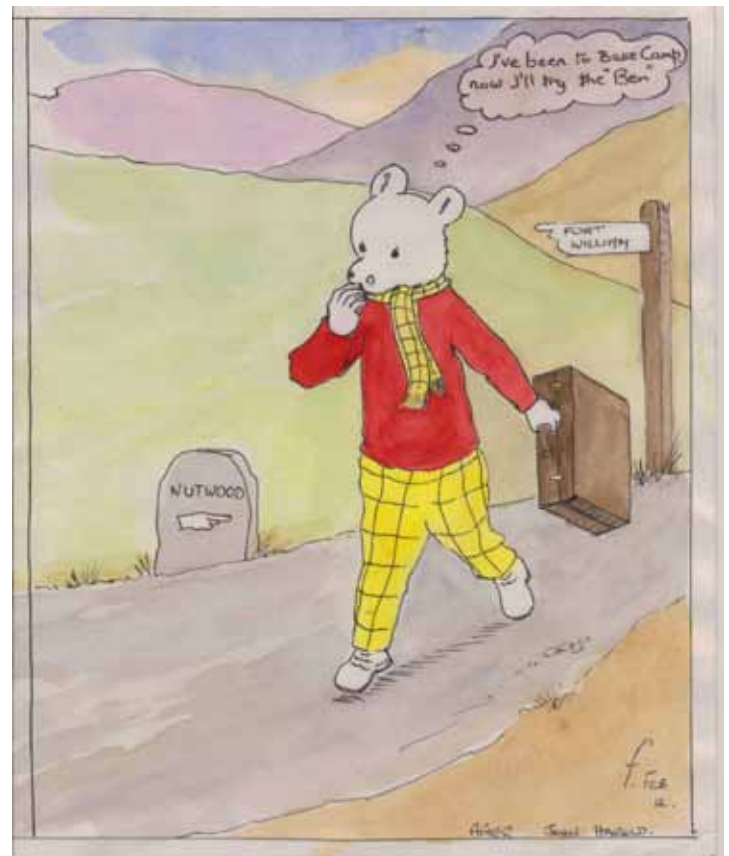
Welcome to the club Jan.



**Improvements at High House.** The Hut Sub-committee has put a number of jobs out to tender: New heating to protect pipework and for the dormitories, replacement of old pipework, and painting of the outside of High House are all being priced by Contractors. New cushions for the benches have been ordered and the Committee are investigating the cost of replacing all of the mattresses.

Work will recommence on the ladies washroom on 23rd July (see page 19). Volunteers are needed. Names asap please to the Chairman (so that we can plan the work effectively).

**The bridge at High House.** The mystery of the broken bridge has been cleared up. The damage was, as suspected, caused during coal deliveries but the Committee are now happy that the driver was not to blame. The supplier now has a larger (and heavier) wagon and the driver reported that on two occasions when he drove over the bridge he heard sharp cracking sounds as the rotten timbers collapsed under the weight. The handrail fell away because it is fixed to the timber, not because it was hit by the wagon.



Above: Well done Fred Underhill, for being the first Club Archivist to reach the summit of Ben Nevis this year (probably). See page 12

# A COAST TO COAST WALK

## St Bees to Robin Hood's Bay

May 2011

Ray Wood

The idea for this walk came from a friend of mine who is basically a non-walker. I liked the idea and thought it wouldn't be too taxing if we did it over 2 weeks, so in October 2010 we booked our accommodation based on approx. 15 miles daily chunks where possible. We also factored in 2 or 3 nights at home in Kendal when we were within collectable distance of our spouses. We also booked our baggage transport in advance, so that by Xmas 2010 we were totally organised for our journey to commence on Friday 6th May 2011.

Once the worst of Winter 2010 /11 was over, I arranged a couple of practice day's walking with my non-regular walking mate and we did Harter Fell and Kentmere Pike from Sadgill on one Sunday and then a round trip of Ingleborough from the Hill Inn on another Sunday. My friend managed it ok although we did have quite a few 'rest' breaks along the way but I thought we would manage an average of 15 miles a day in daylight hours in May.

Two weeks to go before we depart and my mate if walking up Sedbergh Road to the Greyhound, just to get

some practice in, and he starts getting chest pains but he gets home ok but within 24 hours he is in Lancaster Infirmary with the prospect of a Triple Bypass urgently required. After being transferred to Blackpool Victoria he was given his operation day which coincidentally was Friday 6th May 2011 at 9 am, which was exactly the same time and date we were to set off on the Coast to Coast!

After consulting with my mate, we agreed I would do the Coast to Coast walk on my own, so after alighting off the train at St. Bees railway station, in driving rain and a steel grey sky, I set off just as my mate went under the knife. I was quite melancholy at this time and not at all enthusiastic about the two weeks ahead but then I thought about what my friend was undergoing and I suddenly realised how lucky I was and from that moment on, I thoroughly enjoyed every minute of the next two weeks!

The following is a daily summary of the route and any highlights encountered:

### Day 1. St Bees Head to Ennerdale Bridge (14 miles)

Took sister-in-laws dog (Max) for company and the rain stopped 1 hour into walk. The walk took me through Cleator Moor (not pretty) and Moor Row and over Dent Hill before arriving at the Shepherds Arms at Ennerdale

Bridge.

### Day 2. Ennerdale Bridge to Rosthwaite (15 miles)

Walked along length of Ennerdale Water and along the forest track past Youth Hostel at Gillerthwaite and then on to Black Sail Hut. From Black Sail it was up Loft Beck and across Brandreth Fence and over to Honister Quarry and down to the Visitor Centre. By this time it was 'lashing down' and the Visitor Centre café was a welcome sight. I then walked down to the Scafell in Rosthwaite with a retired American teacher from Wisconsin who was kitted out in cotton jacket, shorts and the smallest knapsack

I had ever seen – but he was happy! Sorry but I didn't kip down at the hut but instead booked in at Gillercombe B & B so that I was close to the pub!

### Day 3. Rosthwaite to Grasmere (1/2 day) (9 miles).

Woke up feeling fresh and raring to go only to discover the dog (Max) is walking on 3 legs instead of 4. The fourth leg had about 1 inch of pad missing of its paw, presumably sliced off on Honister slate the day before. Anyway the dog had to 'retire hurt' and be transported home by my wife

while I walked over Greenup Edge and down Far Easdale into Grasmere with a drinking partner from the night before. Caught the 555 bus home for the night.

### Day 4. Grasmere to Patterdale (10 ½ miles)

Today I was humanless and dogless, so I got off the bus in Grasmere and set off from the main road up to Grizedale tarn from where you could either take the easy route into Patterdale or via the more strenuous route via Dollywagon, Nethermost and Helvellyn. Not wanting to get to Patterdale (or White Lion pub) too early, I decided to take the latter route which went well until at the top of Helvellyn, with sandwich and coffee in hand, there came the biggest crack of thunder I had ever heard. I don't like thunder or lightning, so I set off like the 'road runner' to Swirrel Edge only to get halfway down when torrential rain and lightning started. I tried sheltering but after 20 minutes when the storm had finally passed, I was absolutely soaked but very relieved and I eventually arrived at Patterdale with wet undies and nappy rash!

### Day 5. Patterdale to Shap (16 miles)

After the worst night's accommodation of the whole trip (Twiggy would have struggled to get in the shower never mind a 14 stone big boned lad) I set off in very wet and windy weather up to Angle





Tarn. At this point the wind became so strong that I and about 20-30 other Coast to Coast walkers sheltered behind walls for up to ¾ of an hour before realising it was not going to abate and then deciding whether to go on or turn back. I decided to carry on and headed on to Rest Dodds and The Knott before ascending Kidsty Pike on my hands and knees. The route then dropped down into Haweswater, where the weather improved markedly and I started to sweat profusely along the banks of Haweswater and into Shap, via Shap Abbey, to get a lift home. I later found out that only 3 walkers had decided to proceed and that the rest had returned to Patterdale and caught the bus round to Shap (sensible or cheats?)

#### Day 6. Shap to Kirkby Stephen (20 miles)

My wife dropped me, and another mate (Mike Atkinson) plus my daughter Jenna's black Patterdale Terrier, back at Shap and we proceeded over Orton Scar into Orton for lunch in the Square. From Orton we followed Wainwright's route past Sunbiggin Tarn and wondered why everyone else was going ½ mile to the other side of the tarn (my book was old and the route had been amended). We eventually caught up with other Coast to Coast walkers and crossed the disused Kirkby Stephen to Tebay branch line and arrived at the beautiful Settle to Carlisle station on the outskirts of Kirkby Stephen, to meet the wife for our lift home.

#### Day 7. Kirkby Stephen to Keld (13 miles)

Back to walking alone again, I set off from the railway stations, in mist and rain, passing through Kirkby Stephen town and up to Nine Standards. It was here that I met two Londoners, also walking the coast to coast, and who would become drinking pals



for the rest of the trip.

From Nine Standards, the route went across very boggy ground towards Ravenseat, en route to Keld. By this time it was lashing down, so lunch and shelter was taken in a shooting hut 2 miles short of Ravenseat, where pinned to the back of the door was a notice advertising tea and scones for 75 pence! Deciding this was a cracking deal, the three of us left some of our lunch to make room for 'cheap' tea and scones. Upon arrival at Ravenseat (which featured on ITV's The Dales) there was a notice saying CAFÉ CLOSED and apparently the farmer had had an accident and had gone to hospital for treatment (I think he was ok). Anyway we marched on to Keld and eventually arrived at the Keld Lodge, which I can recommend for its food and Theakstons bitter.

#### Day 8. Keld to Reeth (11 miles)

The weather had improved so I set off to Reeth on the higher route which visits the disused lead mines in Swinnergill and Gunnerside and the wonderfully named Surrender Bridge. This was a shorter day and I arrived in Reeth at 3 pm but it gave me a chance to explore this charming village. A good meal and superb atmosphere was then had in the Buck Inn, where the local Darts Competition was taking place with dozens of participants.

#### Day 9. Reeth to Richmond (10 miles)

This was another short day of 10 ½ miles so after another B & B fried breakfast, I set off towards Marrick Priory and Marske where the trail picked up the beautiful Swale valley and into the centre of Richmond. My wife and sister and partner met me in Richmond and we had a good Saturday night out in the town. Richmond is the largest town on the Coast to Coast route and is a lovely place, very similar to Kendal.

#### Day 10. Richmond to Danby Wiske (14 miles)

After a morning visit to the Castle and Green Howards museum, I set off, following the Swale to Catterick Bridge and Bolton-on-Swale. From there the rest of the way became flat country road walking which combined with the advent of fine drizzle was quite boring and uneventful. I was relieved to arrive at the White Swan at Danby Wiske by late afternoon. The pub was quite nice and the food good but it was obvious that it relied on Coast to Coast traffic as it wasn't frequented by locals.

#### Day 11. Danby Wiske to Ingleby Cross (9 miles)

This was another short day but just as flat and boring as yesterday, although added excitement was included when trying to cross the A167 and A19 Trunk roads with body and rucksack in one piece. Upon arrival at the Blue Bell Inn at Ingleby Cross, and two pints of Guinness later I decided to go by bus to Northallerton, along the same road that had tried to claim my life earlier. What a mistake! Northallerton was shut, bar for a branch of Betty's Tea Room which served a superb lunch, and I had to wait an hour for the bus back to Ingleby Cross and my B & B.

#### Day 12. Ingleby Cross to Great Broughton via Clay Bank and Battersby Junction (19 miles)

Ingleby Cross is at the foot of the North Yorks moors so the route took me over several ups and downs through Scugdale, Carton Moor, Cringle Moor, Wainstones and Hasty Bank with constant views of Teeside along the way.

My B & B in Great Broughton was 2 miles away from

Clay Bank, and as I had arrived there at 1.30pm I decided to walk there via Battersby Railway Junction which added a further 7 miles to the day and saw me arrive at my digs at 5 pm.

**Day 13. Great Broughton to Lion Inn at Blakeley Ridge (11 miles).**

Walked back onto the North York Moors at Clay Bank and then up to Urra Moor and along to Blewath Crossing and along the track of the disused Rosedale Ironstone Railway all the way to the Lion Inn at 1.15 pm. This was fatal as my 2 London friends were on their first pint and so followed a 'session' which lasted well into the evening and even included a pub crawl to the Faversham Arms at Churchhouses, some 1 ½ miles away. I was staying at the Lion Inn, which was famous for being 'snowed in' for a week during the snows of Xmas 2010 and my head and legs were wishing I had been 'snowed in' today.

**Day 14. Blakeley Ridge to Grosmont (14 miles)**

I love steam trains, so I had decided I was going to meet my wife in Grosmont, to catch the 2.30 train to Pickering on the branch line used in filming Heartbeat. This meant walking 14 miles in less than 5 hours, so I set off like a train over Danby High Moor, Glisdale Moor into Glaisdale village, past Beggars Bridge and Egton Bridge and arriving in Grosmont at 1.30 pm with no stops, but sweating profusely. The train ride was brilliant and a good end to the day was capped by having 'Spotted Dick and Custard'



and a few nice pints in the Station Tavern in Grosmont. How often do you see Spotted Dick on menus nowadays?

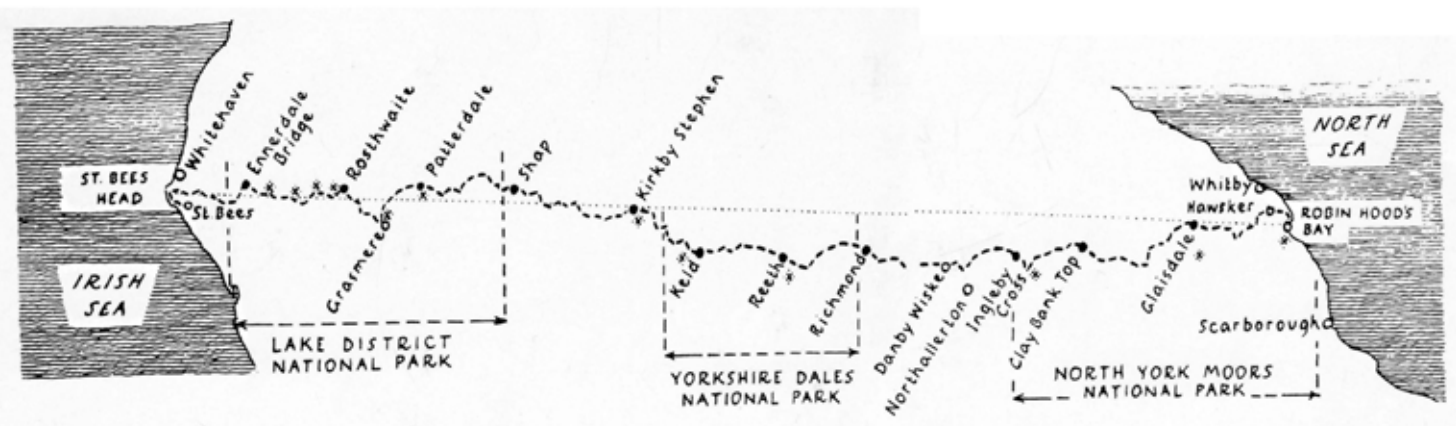
**Day 15. Last Day Grosmont to Robin Hoods Bay (15 miles) Total Miles 200.**

The last two weeks had flown by and as I set off up an immediate 600 ft incline onto Sleights Moor I recalled the people I had met and the laughs and experiences shared. The weather was very pleasant and the route over the A169 (again) and through Littlebeck on to Hawkser was covered in sunshine. Through Hawkser village, you arrive at the local Caravan Site and this is where you glimpse the North Sea for the first time and following a 3 mile cliff walk, Robin Hoods Bay is finally reached although you have to drop down the narrow street to the beach to stick your boots in the sea. The Bay Horse pub is right next to the beach and this is where you finally celebrate your achievement with fellow walkers and newly made friends. I was quite amazed at how many nationalities were walking the Coast to Coast and how many people in all were walking, during my 2 week slot, because I did not recognise half the walkers in the pub!

Anyway, while I was doing the walk my mate was recovering well after his operation and we were texting regularly to enquire about each other's progress with a view to repeating the walk together in the future. In the meantime here's to the Pennine Way in August/September 2012 to celebrate my 60th!



**THE ROUTE**



Mount o'er the Vales, and seem to tread the Sky;  
Th'Eternal Snows appear already past,  
And the first Clouds and Mountains seem the last:  
But those attain'd, we tremble to survey  
The growing Labours of the lengthen'd Way,  
Th'increasing Prospect tires our wandering Eyes,  
Hills peep o'er Hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

*Alexander Pope 1711*



*Great Langdale from Bowfell by Alan Wilson 21st February 2012*

### **The Stylish (Appetite Enhancer)**

A Walk with 17 stiles

3rd March 2012

*Brenda Deauville*

This was the pre-dinner walk led by Kryisia. Eight people - Kryisia, Brenda, Peter, Fred, Gordon, Alec, Helen and Walter - assembled at the duly appointed hour clad in wet weather gear. Waterproofs were soon not needed as the sun soon burst forth.

Initially starting from Mealbank the walk took everyone at a leisurely pace towards Patton and onwards to Lambrigg and Grayrigg before the return home to get ready for dinner.

The meal (at the Eagle and Child, Staveley) was excellent, even though I had a highly peppered soup. The top of the pot was loose, unbeknown to me. As I began to shake it a little, the entire contents of the pot descended with force and a not inconsiderable splash into my bowl. Ah well, at least the rest of the meal was lovely.

Thanks to Kryisia for a very enjoyable day.

### **A Miscellany of History for High House**

In 1769 the Poet Thomas Gray described Borrowdale: *"The rocks at the top deep-cloven perpendicularly by the rains, hanging loose and leaning forwards...The road on both sides is strewed with piles of fragments, strangely thrown across each other, and of dreadful bulk."* He didn't get further into the valley than Grange: *"All further access is here barred to prying mortals."*

In 1772 William Gilpin, in his *Observations on Lakes and Mountains* wrote that Borrowdale was *"Beauty lying in the lap of Horreur."*

Thomas West, in his *Guide to the Lakes* of 1778, writes of one of the local farmers' annual tasks, *"The most gigantic mountains that form the outline of this tremendous landscape, and inclose Borrowdale are, Eagle Crag, Glaramara, Bull Crag, and Sergeant Crag. On the front of the first, the bird of Jove has his annual nest, which the dalesmen are careful to rob, but not without hazard to the assailant, who is let down from the summit of this dreadful rock, by a rope of twenty fathoms, or more, and who is obliged to defend himself from the attacks of the parent birds during his descent. The devastation made on the fold in the breeding season, by one eyrie, is computed at a lamb a day."*

In 1819 Christopher North in his *Letters from the Lakes*: *"Insensate Seathwaite, what art thou but an assemblage of rocks, stones, clods, clumps and trees? Our imagination it was that vivified thee with beauty - till thou becamest symbolical of all spiritual essences, embodied poetry of a paradisial state of being."*

And did Beatrix Potter in her *Journal* (1881-1897) really complain that *"the Keswick toughs have a habit of getting drunk on a Saturday night,"* and subsequently falling into the lake. *"One hardly likes to go up the lake with such things in the water. They ruin the lake for boating."*

We feel much more comfortable with Alfred Wainwright's proclamation of 1963, *"No high mountain, no lake, no famous crag, no tarn. But, in the author's humble submission, it encloses the loveliest square mile of Lakeland - the Jaws of Borrowdale."*



## WORKING WEEKEND

9 -11th March 2012

Another weekend gone in the endless cycle of building maintenance. Well that's one way of putting it. A better alternative might be: Another great weekend with our mates, all having fun working together to keep our shared bit of heaven in good order (top).

There was a good turnout once again and all but one of the scheduled jobs got done. Well done us.

The chimney was proofed against the Borrowdale rain but will need rebuilding in the not-too-distant future (below left).

The fine weather meant that the boys could play with stones and water outside all day long (upper middle).

The bridge repair was the biggest job of the weekend and the rotted/broken sleepers were replaced before the safety rails were re-installed (bottom middle).

Perhaps most importantly, those unexciting cleaning and polishing jobs were all done (below right). This weekend used to be known as 'High House Spring Cleaning Weekend' and its main purpose is to maintain the building for ourselves and for our guests.







## Little-Used Paths on Wakebarrow

Midweek Walk No. 24  
14th March 2012

Hugh Taylor

Led by club president, Gordon Pitt, seven members had a delightful seven miles walk around Wakebarrow and Whitbarrow, starting and finishing at Gordon's house at Dawson Fold. As well as using many paths that were new to members, the day also included visits to Slape Scar and Joe Hole.

Slape Scar is described in Lancashire Rock and is a limestone scar of good rock up to 11m high with around 30 routes on. Various club members have climbed on it from time to time, but its rather overgrown and not very fashionable.

Joe Hole is a cave at the foot of a limestone face, and described in the Northern Caves guide book as being a bedding plane crawl 6m long. Consequently, Fred didn't think it was worth getting his trousers dirty for!

Top left is the coffee break on top of Slape Scar.

Below is the cairn on Lords Seat. From left to right - Fred, Margaret, Clare, Gordon, Hugh and Roger, with Ellie taking the photo.

Thanks to Gordon for the interesting walk, and to Pam for the excellent tea and cakes on our return.



### The Fellfarer with an Olympic Gold Medal



OK, he probably never paid membership fees and so should perhaps be termed an 'honorary Fellfarer' but as a brother of one of the Club's founders, as a regular user of High House when he came home from India and as a contributor to *The FellFarer's Journal* in the 1940s, Theodore Howard Somervell, is unarguably part of our Club history.

Many members will be aware of the recent much publicised ascent of Everest by the *extremely well* publicised mountaineer Kenton Cool with the Olympic medal given to Arther Wakefield for the part he played in the first expedition to Everest. It is one of 21 medals which were awarded to members of that British expedition of 1922, including our Howard Somervell.

Baron Pierre de Coubertin, founder of the modern Olympics, admired the ethos behind mountaineering and wanted to recognise exceptional achievements in that field with an Olympic medal. The leader of the '22 expedition, Charles Bruce, was invited to attend the first winter Olympics in Chamonix in February 1924 to accept the medals on behalf of the team members but was too busy preparing for the next expedition and so he sent his deputy, Edward Strutt. Strutt promised that no effort would be spared in meeting De

Coubertin's wish that a medal be carried to the summit of Everest but after Mallory and Andrew Irvine disappeared on the mountain in June 1924 that pledge was forgotten – until now. Hence Mr Cool's appearance *once again* in the headlines.

It is likely that the Mallory/Irvine disaster, together with a natural modesty borne of his strong Christian beliefs, is the reason that Somervell never celebrated his personal award. In fact he didn't even tell his family that he had it. His son, David, was amazed to discover the medal, inscribed "Paris 1924" in a box of trinkets after Howard died.

Before their great mountaineering days, both Wakefield and Somervell joined the Royal Army Medical Corps during the Great War. Both men were deeply affected by what they saw and Somervell became a devoted pacifist. A brilliant surgeon, he operated in a large hut during the Battle of the Somme. This 'casualty clearing station' was built to cope with 1,000 men but 10 times that number arrived in the first two days. He was forced to choose those men with the best chance of survival and abdominal cases, for instance, requiring long operations were simply left to die. "He didn't have to go over the top, but he saw the consequences," His son said. "He didn't talk about it but then he didn't talk about Everest much. He was a relatively modest chap."

As well as his exceptional artistic abilities, Howard was a talented musician. He transposed Tibetan folk songs he heard on the way to Everest and arranged them as the accompaniment to John Noel's 1924 film *The Epic of Everest*. The British Film Institute recently announced its plans to restore this early classic documentary.

Somervell was, of course, a brilliant mountaineer. "He stands alone," was the verdict of the '22 leader, Charles Bruce. His abilities at high altitude surpassed those of his friend George Mallory, whose mysterious disappearance with Irvine on the mountain in 1924 meant that he became the better known.

After Everest, Howard Somervell rejected the chance of a profitable career at London's University College Hospital to work as a surgeon in Neyyoor in India. His Olympic triumph was forgotten.

"It's extraordinary in a way," his son says, "but it's very human. You see suffering and you want to do something about it. I think he thought that London already had plenty of doctors."

# THE KFF SCOTTISH HOTEL MEET - FORT WILLIAM

*or: Coffee drinking in Lochaber* 18th - 23rd March 2012



The Scottish Hotel Meets started in 2009 with a visit to Newtownmore. This proved very successful and was followed by two more visits in 2010 and 2011. Thinking we ought to try somewhere else if we could get a similar offer, hotels were written to and asked if they were prepared to match the Newtownmore offer. We had a good response and a survey was carried out in order to book the most popular choice. This proved to be Fort William and another trip was planned and advertised to club members. We had a good response and 26 people signed up for the trip:

Fred and Jean Underhill, Roger and Margaret Atkinson, Val and Steve, Sue and Tony Maguire, Alan Wilson, Kevin Ford, Hugh and Angie, Joan Abbot, Mike Wilson, Ellie Margaret Cooper, Sheila Mason, Lynn Whitehead, Frank and Dorothy Haygarth, Chris and Mel Middleton, Lyn and Adrian Parkin, Martin Smith and Clare Fox.

Alan, focused as ever, started his hill-walking early. Whereas most members were happy to spend Sunday 18th travelling north in leisurely fashion, he left Kendal at 5.30 am and had parked his car north of Callander by 9 am. The sun shone as he climbed Ben Each and he reports that the views from the summit were very good. Happy with another Corbett in the bag, he carried on to Fort William to meet up with the others.



The hotel staff were very welcoming and the rooms were ready for us. The hotel was bigger than Newtownmore so perhaps not so easy to yell down the corridor to each other! However, the rooms were all en suite with coffee and tea making facilities plus biscuits! and were very comfortable although some of us did have better views than others! Our evening meal was good which set the standard for the five days; we had been allocated three round tables for our meals during our stay so it meant we could all sit with different people each morning or evening, unlike Newtownmore.

Monday 19th was dreich - a wet day. Alan, Frank, Tony, Sue, Hugh, Clare, Kevin, Lynn and Mike did Cow Hill just above Fort William. Hugh was very upset that they couldn't get coffee at the Visitor Centre in Glen Nevis! From the summit the group followed the West Highland Way back to the town. We were all very wet and wind-blown so we all made use of the drying room specially created for the group by the hotel staff. They had turned a hotel room into a drying room by covering the carpet with a plastic sheet and putting a humidifier in the room with a clothes horse and some coat hangers. Ten out of ten for trying!!



Mel led another group of about a dozen around the head of Loch Linnhe and along the southern part of the Caledonian Canal. They were lucky with their coffee-hunting, finding a conveniently located pub and an 'interesting' tunnel provided shelter for lunch. For those who hadn't got wet enough during the day a trip to the swimming pool followed.

Tuesday 20th was an improvement on Monday but only just. One group, Mike, Clare, Kevin and Joan, led by Alan, set off for the winding road along the shore of Loch Arkaig to climb the long ridge to Sgurr Mhurlagain, a Corbett which despite the wet and windy conditions at least gave them a view from the summit. The highlights for some was the impressive Eas Chia-Aig waterfall, close encounters with deer and the sighting of an eagle.



Another team, Hugh, Angie, Mel, Chris, Lynette, Adrian and Martin set off for Glen Roy via that important coffee-stop at Spean Bridge. At the head of the glen, at Brae Roy Lodge, Angie forsook the company of others to spend some time painting, while the rest walked on past the Falls of Roy to Luib-chonnal. On climbing up the hillside to examine the parallel roads, they were disappointed to find that the phenomenon is much less striking at close quarters, "not much to be seen on the ground". Later that day they drove up Glen Nevis to see the impressive Steal Falls.

Wednesday 21st . The day was cloudy but dry. Alan was on the

track of a remote Corbett. It needed an early start to catch the 7.40 train from Fort William to Corroor Station. Hugh and Mel went with him. Corroor, out in the wild northern edge of Rannoch Moor is the highest railway station in the UK. The building was closed until May so Hugh had to manage without his morning coffee once more.

The team split, with Hugh and Mel setting off for the misty Munro Beinn na Lap, followed by a circuit of Loch Ossian to the YHA, perhaps the most beautifully sited hostel in the country - but also closed. With caffeine levels dangerously low, they returned to the station to rejoin Al who had been enjoying the company of grouse and ptarmigan on the lonely Corbett Leum Uilleim before catching the 3.21 train back to Fort William.

Val, Jean, Margaret A., Margaret C., Joan, Angie, Chris, Martin, Ellie, Lynn, Sheila and Clare set off on the 8.30 am train to Mallaig. After a scenically stunning journey they got off the train at Arisaig. After a visit to the golden beach they left Chris and Angie who were hoping to spend some time painting. As there was nowhere to get a morning coffee in Arisaig (hotel closed!) the rest of the party walked to Mallaig and were rewarded by some lovely coastal views. Here they managed to get that well-earned coffee, plus sticky buns of course. Then everyone dispersed to do their own things. Martin was met by Lynn and Adrian, who had travelled to Mallaig by car, and the three of them boarded the ferry to Rum returning in time for Martin to re-join the group for the train journey back to Fort William. Val, Clare Margaret A and Jean went off for a walk up to the cliffs looking down on the harbour whilst the rest of the party explored the town and the harbour. Angie and Chris caught the train to Mallaig and met up with the rest of the party around lunch time. The party returned by train to Fort William. A grand day out!

Kevin, Sue, Tony, Mike, Frank, Roger and Fred set off to bag two Munros, Stob a Choire Mheadhoin 1105m and Stob Coire Easain 1115m to the west of Loch Triage. The start of the walk proved very boggy and the distant mountains were covered in cloud.. Roger and Fred climbed part way up and then decided to do their own thing, leaving the rest of the party plodding onwards and upwards towards the cloud covered mountains. As they climbed higher they had to trudge through two snow fields but were rewarded by the sight of a large white mountain hare scampering across the snow. The two Munros were duly bagged and the group returned to meet up with Roger and Fred (who had helped to provide the transport) and they all returned to the hotel for a well-earned relaxing evening.

By Thursday 22nd the weather had turned fine and sunny. Alan returned to Loch Arkaig with Hugh to do Fraoch Bheinn. The views into Glendessary, to Knoydart and out to Rum and Eigg were 'tremendous'.

Mike had an appointment with Creag Meagaidh after last year's disappointment on the hill. He set off with Mel from Aberarder Farm onto Carn Liath (1006m) and along the ridge to Stob Poite Coire Ardair (1054m). There was a lot of snow in the north facing gullies. Lunch at The Window was followed by a stroll to the summit of Creag Meagaidh. One solitary walker, a couple at Mad Megs Cairn and a mountain hare were their only company that day. Extensive views from the summit included a very close-looking Ben Nevis and (perhaps) Skye's Cuillin Hills.

An easy descent over the snow-slopes of Sron A'Ghoire led them back to Aberarder. Mel said, "A beautiful walk on a beautiful day".

Kevin set off alone to climb Stob Coire Sgriodain 979m and Chno Dearg 1046m, plus two Munro tops, immediately to the east of Loch Triage. He had a glorious day and waved to the party on Ben Nevis from the top of his mountains. Although they couldn't quite see him he did get a text message to say 'hello'!

Margaret Steve and Jean all visited the gem shop to admire the array of gems and crystals on display (a few purchases were made during the week by different members!) They then had a trip on the mountain Gondola up to the north face of Aonach Mor (2150ft). This mountain gondola is the only one of its kind in Britain. They stopped at the restaurant for a coffee then enjoyed two walks on the mountain trails, having a short break in the middle for their picnic lunch. The panoramic views of the Scottish Highlands, the Great Glen and Ben Nevis were breathtaking, especially on such a stunning day. At the end of their gondola journey back down the mountainside they finished their day out in true Fellfarer fashion





with a nice cup of tea! As Margaret remarked later it was 'a very pleasant day out'.

Joan decided this was going to be her day for just relaxing and unwinding and so she spent the day exploring Fort William further and even managed a little retail therapy as well.

*The above was compiled by the Secretary from individual accounts. Sheila Mason continues with her story:*

## Ben Nevis or Bust!

We travelled up to Fort William on a lovely March day. I had no notion of going up Ben Nevis. Our first day, Monday, was very wet, Tuesday and Wednesday dull but fine but the forecast for Thursday was for wall-to-wall sunshine. At our Wednesday evening meal I asked Lynn what she thought about making an attempt of getting some way up Ben Nevis, she said okay. We then asked Margaret and Ellie if they fancied a try – they also thought it a great idea. Frank who was sat across the table from us heard us discussing it and asked if he could accompany us. We thought 'great' – a good reliable man to lead us – just what we needed. Lynn named us 'Frank and his four fit fillies'. At breakfast next morning we arranged to meet at 9.15 outside the hotel. To our surprise the group had risen to 8 fillies and 3 males. The sun was shining, we were all in high spirits as we set off from the car park.

40 years ago when I last went up the Nevis the path was not paved and we walked all the way up in a thick mist. I found this time that the surface was much harder to walk on. There again it might be just me being much older. We had many stops to look at the views and catch our breath. Eventually we reached Lochan, Meall-an-t-Suidhe, breathtaking – the sky was blue, the lochan the same, we had a fuel stop here. Fred even took his shirt off. It was at this point I decided, come hell or high water, I was going to reach the top.

We met a group of young people coming down – one young man had a plastic chair strapped to his back – he was raising money to go to help build a school in a country, whose name I can't remember, later this summer – he did quite well out of us.

After this on the steep zigzags we got more strung out. You could look down and see everyone below you, Roger did a superb job at the back encouraging anyone who was struggling. Frank was out in front followed closely by me, a woman with a mission. I felt so privileged to be there.

As soon as we hit the snowline I knew I was going to make it to the summit. The sun was so hot it had melted the surface of the snow so we were able to walk safely without crampons - which not many of us had taken. It was so magical as the snow shimmered and glistened. I reached the summit soon after Frank. We had a big hug and I shed a tear. Lynn who had been struggling earlier soon arrived. The rest came almost all together. We all hugged – we were all so excited. I had expected there to be more people on top – just three men in helmets who had come up one of the ridges. They took a group photo for us. The snow around the stone shelter was about six foot deep. We had such fantastic views through 360 degrees. You had to be there to appreciate it.

Now began the long descent – getting down to the Lochan was fairly quick, Frank, Fred and Val left us here as Frank had to get back to give one of his Westies an injection. Lynn and I were next but found it increasingly difficult from now on – the paving steps were very uneven and we were getting increasingly tired. I was frightened to stop in case my back went into spasm. Roger again brought up the rear giving everyone encouragement. It had taken us 8 hours from leaving the hotel to getting back – all jubilant but tired and ready for a hot shower/bath and a well-deserved dinner.

Thank you to Clare and the Fellfarers for arranging these holidays. It was the most thrilling and satisfying experience I have had for a long time.

Some others agreed:

Hugh: *Another great and successful meet. They just seem to keep getting better and better!*

Mel: *Thanks for organising a great trip to Fort William.*

Mike: *Really enjoyed the trip to Fort William. Thank you for all your hard work organising it!*

Al: *Good trip. Good hotel. Good company!!!*

# *A Walk of Stiles, Smiles and Excuses*

## *Midweek Walk No. 25 - Farleton*

*Wednesday 18th April 2012*

Mary Forrest



Distance: 6 miles  
Planner: Mick Fox  
Leader: Roger Atkinson  
Start: Hideaway Cafe, A65 at 11 a.m.

Roger & Margaret Atkinson, Clare Fox, Val Calder, Colin Hunter, Jean & Fred Underhill, Mary & Brett Forrest, Margaret Cooper, Hugh Taylor & Sally.

The hardest part of the walk was getting out of the car park, despite some having 'done it' before. Val Hunter and grandchild didn't even try; they decamped to a shoe shop! The 'Planner' couldn't try either because he was detained at home with a previously sustained injury! The cafe owner tried to detain the rest of us with fine views of Farleton Fell, a welcoming atmosphere and hot beverages.



Eventually we crowded round the 'Leader' and his instruction sheet at a double fence where the stile was obscured by a hawthorn bush. Having fought our way through that, we tried the second stile. "Don't stand on the foot bar or it will throw you to the ground!" All now safely in the field, we headed for 'pretty' houses where some finger posts and paths were disguised in 'pretty' gardens. Later, after a small detour, we sauntered along hedgerows coming alive with bluebells and primroses.

Fred and Brett assumed the lead but didn't follow instructions. They were talking about fishing! No-one cared. On and up past an immaculate garden where the owners warned ominously (and, as it turned out, needlessly), "If you think this is windy, wait 'till you get up there!"



Lunch behind a sheltering wall and then on to the fell with fine views all around and glimpses of the famous limestone. No rain, no high wind but a dramatic atmosphere courtesy of ominous low cloud. Decision time! Up and along the lip of the scar or down and cross below it? Up, of course! More convivial conversation and excellent views. Then another stile. In keeping with the earlier ones, this posed a problem! Perched on a limestone edge and tastefully festooned with wire, this boasted a 'sheep' or 'dog' gate but no step, ladder, rung, block or anything for humans to mount. Not even a hawthorn bush. But, undaunted, everyone went up and over or round and then Hughie lead the way to a fine viewpoint. Clare took the obligatory group photo; first with Val falling over and then with everyone in place.



Down through a delightful head-high forest of flowering gorse. The cafe and the promise of hot beverages then came into view. More consultation of the instructions and we now headed away across the foot of Farleton Fell, past the steep tracks up and pleasantly down to the A6070. A mad dash across the road, over the bridge and down onto the peaceful path along the Lancaster Canal, with its cowslips and level grass. relief that the largest bull most of us had ever seen was on the far bank and hopefully could not swim. Then leisurely back to the end of the navigable water, up a surprisingly slippery bit of road and back to the cafe. No pain! No passion! But a very pleasant walk in good company on an otherwise unpromising day.

*No Members took up the weekend booking of the Oread hut at Rhyd Ddu.  
Costs will have to be covered from Club funds*

# KFF's Best Young Climber - and he's got the silverware to prove it!

When Kendal Climbing Wall announced the results of their 2011-2012 Bouldering Ladder, there amongst the winners was:

## Junior - 1st. George Smallwood.



George then went on to compete further afield, in the BMC Youth Climbing Series 2012, and so the Ed. asked his mum to tell us all about it. Cheryl wrote:

The BMC YCS is split into 5 categories as follows:

- A - born 1995 to 1996
- B - born 1997 to 1998
- C - born 1999 to 2000
- D - born 2001 to 2002
- E - born 2003 to 2004

George is in group D

The requirements for the competition are: to complete 3 roped climbs (top roped). These vary in difficulty starting with fairly easy (for the competent climber) ending in, what is usually an eliminator climb, at around 6b+/6c. Then there are 3 boulder problems with a similar range, the competitors have 3 attempts, scoring more for the least amount.

The competitor starts off with 480 points and is then deducted points with each hold he or she fails to reach, although you do get points for touching a hold even if you don't "hang it".

### 1st Leg - Newcastle. 25 February

George was quite nervous to start with as he had never been in a competition before; however the group from the North East were so friendly he soon relaxed and enjoyed the event.

After the three roped climbs it was clear that George and his now nemesis Sam Bullock, were the ones to beat. The bouldering went well, which is George's strength.

#### Results

- Bouldering - Sam Bullock 180
- Bouldering - George Smallwood 180
- Route - Sam Bullock 298
- Route - George Smallwood 285
- 1st - Sam Bullock
- 2nd - George Smallwood

### 2nd Leg - Sunderland. 17 March

After the friendly atmosphere of the Newcastle climbing wall, Sunderland seemed much more intimidating, even more so when we saw the competition routes which ranged from off vertical to overhanging! The first route turned out to be harder than the second and became more and more overhanging. George got to within 3



holds from the top and then "came off" under the pressure. The second route went much better and he managed to "top out". The third was really hard and overhanging and he only managed about 3/4 of the way up before the exposure of the route became too much. Sam managed to get to the top, although he did say afterwards that he had already done the route before as it was his home wall!

Georges bouldering went much better, and he came 1st beating Sam who took two attempts to George's one, to complete it.

#### Results

- Bouldering - George Smallwood - 180
- Bouldering - Sam Bullock - 169
- Route - Sam Bullock - 300
- Route - George Smallwood 253
- 1st - Sam Bullock
- 2nd - George Smallwood

### 3rd and final leg - Kendal. 21 April

The final leg, and George's home ground! George was full of confidence and felt really good after a week's climbing on the Greek island of Kalymnos, doing some fantastic 6a+ 28m routes. (left)



The event turned out to be very competitive with 3 boys completing all of the climbs and all of the boulder problems. It was time for the "tie breaker" climb. This was very tense, with neither competitor being allowed to watch the other attempt the route. It was set in the bouldering room and Tom (Kendal walls route setter for the comp.) thought it

would split the 3 boys. It didn't!

Tom now had to set a roped climb. This proved to be much harder with Sam, once again, gaining the highest point and George and Thomas from the North East reaching the same hold and very hard to split. Tom decided Thomas had got a more controlled grasp on the hold and was awarded an extra point and second place.

#### Results:

- Bouldering - Sam Bullock - 180
- Bouldering - George Smallwood 180
- Bouldering - Thomas Dumble 180
- Route - Sam Bullock 302
- Route - Thomas Dumble 301
- Route - George Smallwood 300
- 1st - Sam Bullock
- 2nd - Thomas Dumble
- 3rd - George Smallwood

So, the overall standing, after the 3 legs was; Sam 1st, George 2nd, and Thomas 3rd. All three had now qualified for the grand final in Ratho, Edinburgh on the 23rd June. How exciting! George will be working on his strength and technical movement and also practicing jumping for the next hold, even if he's about to fall off, to gain those crucial points. He has struck up a great friendship with Sam and they both encourage each other to do well. When the competition is over they still have the energy to keep bouldering for another couple of hours!

There will be 330 competitors at Ratho in June, 33 of which will be in George's category. To give you a taste of the standard in the final, Sam, who is a brilliant climber came 18th last year! Watch this space for the final results!

George will be competing for The Peak District after the finals in June, where he will be moved up to the Group C category. I have a feeling the standard there will be very high in need.

# Departure Party

21st April 2012

Perhaps the best turnout of Fellfarers for the year: Cheryl and Jason's party filled The Rifleman's Arms when they said farewell to Kendal (but not to the club). Space doesn't permit showing everyone who was there; here's just a few:



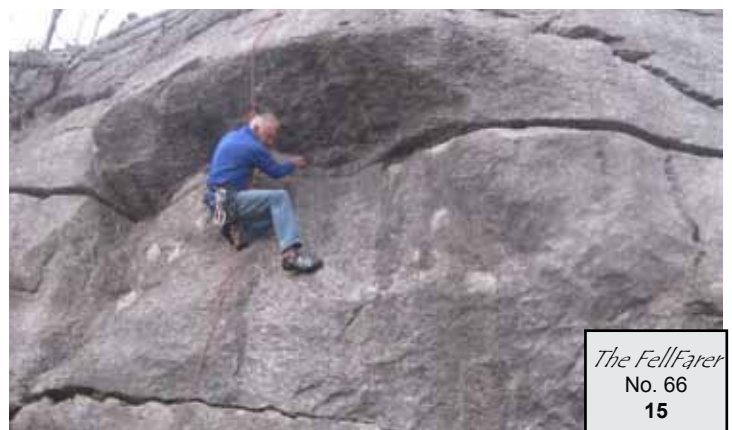
# Hutton Roof Crags

26th April and 3rd May 2012

A handful of walkers turned up for the 'combined' evening of walking and climbing but the Shinscrapers wimped out and opted for the relative warmth of the Climbing Wall.

Some climbers did venture out into the real world however, blinking at the unaccustomed light, on the following Thursday. Attention was

concentrated on the technicalities of the Pegasus area, where Alan staked his claim to compete with George Smallwood as KFF's Best Young Climber by finally conquering the seriously undergraded (according to all those that haven't done it) 'Winged Traverse' (bottom left). Also pictured below are: Janne (top) and Colin.



# Holes and Hills.

April 2012

Hugh Taylor

During the late '80s when I was caving regularly, I had an advertisement on my desk cut out of a magazine/newspaper with the headline 'Pot Holes filled in'. I used to imagine turning up at Alum Pot to find the shaft had been filled in with concrete! This came back to me in April when Mel suggested a trip over to Eskdale to take some photos of a pothole in the road that he had managed to run into whilst he and Chris were staying over New Year near Silecroft with friends in Bassetlaw MC. He was determined to claim for the damage to his car from Cumbria CC, but needed some photographic evidence. Hence a trip was planned to collect evidence, and combine with a walk up Scafell and a descent of Lords Rake.

The forecast was for some rain, with snow above 2,000ft, but undaunted we set off. Having at last found the offending pothole and taken umpteen photos, we parked the car by Wha House Farm and set off towards upper Eskdale. A fine day but cool, we walked steadily uphill and arrived at Slight Side, and the snow line, in good time. We walked through the occasional passing cloud and sheltered from the cool northern wind just below the summit, with a fine view over the delectable upper Eskdale.

Passing over the snowy summit (*above*), we descended towards Wasdale and found the entrance to Lords Rake. I hadn't been along it since the rock-fall in 2004 left a precariously perched rock at the top of the first rise (whilst ascending), and Mel hadn't been along



it since a winter traverse many years ago with his son Mark. There was some snow in it, but it looked rather slushy. Mel slithered down the first descent (*below*) and I followed along with my dog Sally. Up the next rise, over the col, and then down and up to the second col to be faced with the perched block. The NT sign advising people to avoid this area has been removed, but the Wasdale web site states that the area remains unstable. Negotiating the perched block entails a bit of a scramble underneath it, with due care exercised not to knock it! The descent of the rest of the rake was simple enough, if loose. Turning right at the bottom we ascended underneath the crag on the slushy snow to arrive on the superb position that is Mickledore.

By now the sun was out and the afternoon was turning into a good



one. Having taken some photos of each other, we trotted down the slope and on to Cam Spout, that lovely waterfall issuing into upper Eskdale. The return via Taw House was uneventful, and we both agreed it had been a good day out.

Thanks to Cumbria CC Highways Dept. for having caused the walk in the first place, and 'get that hole filled'!



# The Kellet Seeds

An Evening Walk Led by Sandra and Tony Atkinson  
Tuesday 15th May 2012



After the 'Wettest Drought on record' had passed we were still experiencing mixed weather - an April mix of sunshine and showers in May. The sky was split by a dead straight line directly over the M6: black and moody to the east and summer-blue out over Morecambe Bay. Would the walk keep us in the sunshine?

And what are the Kellet Seeds anyway?

Seventeen of us, including one prospective new member, gathered in the car park of the Limeburners Arms at Nether Kellet to find out the answer to these questions (*top left*).

We set off southwards through suburban streets, negotiating the obstacle of an interestingly-parked bus (*inset left*), and out into the wilds of Lancashire.

The sun stayed with us as Sandra and Tony led us along road and lane until, on our right, the huge hole of Dunald Mill Quarry, now abandoned, "Lancashire's answer to the Grand Canyon" opened up on our right (*2nd left*). There's a natural cave here somewhere, complete with decorations, but tonight was not the night for going underground.

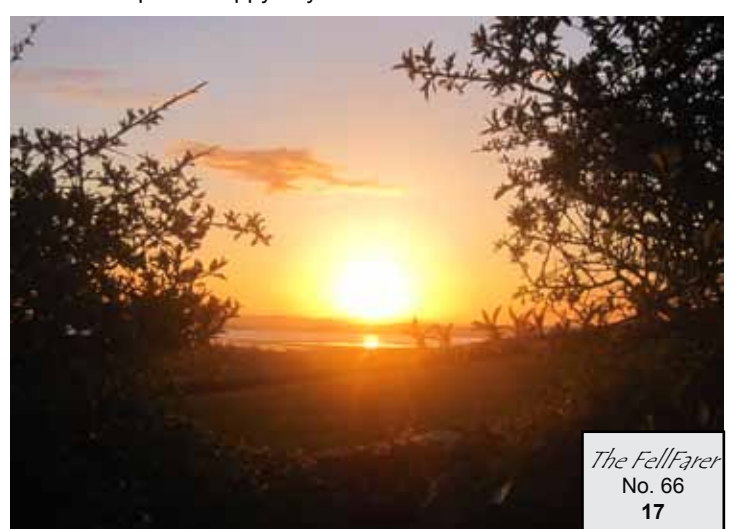
Green lanes and fields took us north towards Over Kellet and a sky growing blacker by the minute (*3rd left*). The grass was long and the paths looked rarely trodden.

A short climb gave an unnerving experience; a cold wind blew up from nowhere and we donned jackets and hats as the hilltop trees roared. Minutes later we dropped into the village and springtime weather returned. The views northwards from above the village were extensive and we gathered in the evening light to point out nearby Hutton Roof Crag and Farleton Knott, with many more hills disappearing into the clouds beyond (*bottom left*).

Now for the nitty-gritty: we climbed sloping fields towards Kellet Seeds, the wooded hill, rising to 470 ft. above sea level and separating Over Kellet from Nether Kellet. It was recorded in times gone by that 'from the summit fine views can be obtained' but now it is not even named on OS Landranger maps. In fact there's not much to put a name to. Tarmac have been busy eating into the hill from all sides for limestone to build our motorways. Two quarries, High Roads and Back Lane met about 20 years ago and now are only separated from the third, Leaper's Wood by the narrow ridge that is all that's left of Kellet Seeds.

Never mind, our path took us through fragrant shadowy woods rich with bluebells, orchids and wild garlic and eventually emerged on the southwestern slopes overlooking Carnforth. From there we walked down with a fine prospect of a fiery sunset over the Bay (*below*).

The Editor, on his first Club outing since experiencing a hip injury at the start of March, got left behind here and was not missed until the team arrived back at the Limeburners Arms. A search party set out but, in a comedy of errors, missed him. He hobbled to the finish unaided and when the search party returned, worried and empty-handed, he was just settling down to enjoy his first pint in that most excellent of pubs. Happy days.



# Borrowdale Edge and the Flower Meadows – not!

## Midweek Walk No. 26

Wednesday 23rd May 2012



Some may say that these hills are lacking excitement, that they have no drama. It's true that there are no fearsome crags, no shimmering lakes, no swathes of golden daffodils, but they also have no hordes of day-trippers, no puerile adventure-seekers (with one exception – see later), no peak-baggers.

Alfred Wainwright, the man himself, appreciated the Shap Fells for what they are. To paraphrase him: *“This is not Lakeland, but it is fine open country.”* He considered that the *“wide horizons and the vast skies deserve the brush of Turner”*. Who are we to argue with that?

Even better, that great mountaineer, Geoffrey Winthrop Young, (*you know, lost a leg in the 1st World War and still managed to climb the Matterhorn afterwards*) confessed to an excitement generated by these modest hills when, as a student, he travelled north by train to the Lakes: *“and so my breathless expectation looked out first on grey snow, or grass slopes smelling of rain, under a wintry or a summer dawn far up among the mountains. Ah, that first rough hug of the northern hills, where the arms of Shap Fell reached down in welcome about the line, and the eye, bored with the dull fleshiness of plains prostrate and flaccid under their litter of utility, can delight in the starting muscles and shapely bones of strong earth, stripped for a wrestle with the elements – or with the climber!”* Blimey, he couldn't half write couldn't he?

Anyway, with the spirit of GWY in us, nine midweekers parked up in the lay-by in glorious sunshine and, with white knees peeping out from beneath baggy shorts, set off to 'wrestle'.

Borrow Beck was low and so the stepping-stone crossing went, unfortunately for the photographers, without mishap. A cuckoo cheered us on as we began the only climb of the day, the ascent of the Breasthigh Road which links Borrowdale with Bretherdale to the north. This is a *'byway open to all traffic'* and consequently much used by the 4x4 set (see comment above about puerile adventure-seekers). Unbelievably, we passed a team of men and vehicles repairing the damage to the surface caused by these idiots – to make it safe for them to continue damaging it! Who says there's a recession? Letters expressing outrage should be addressed to the Chief Executive, Cumbria County Council.

Once we topped the ridge we sat on grass tussocks and soaked in the sunshine and the *'vast skyline'* around us. The air was filled with lark-song. A solitary walker overtook us, bound for a longer day than ours was planned to be. We watched him stride off on the faint Borrowdale Edge path and, eventually, followed.

The easiest of strolls took us over Dennison Hill, skirted Whinash and brought us to Winterscleugh summit for lunch. A summery haze obscured distant details but the sheer breadth of the view in every direction was breathtaking. We sat on the rocks and lazily studied the flanks of the Whinfell Ridge on the far side of Borrowdale, spotting ancient ways not marked on maps and ruins hidden from below. There were some resolutions to explore that secret landscape on another day.

We ambled on, over Roundthwaite Common with its enigmatic triangular enclosure, skirting the odd squidgey patch, to pick up the bridleway which drops easily to Low Borrowdale Farm in the valley bottom. A lamb's carcass was definitely past its 'best before' date but the live ones skipped joyfully on the brilliant green turf.

The ruins of High Borrowdale Farm provided a shady resting spot (*a rather long-term resting spot for the leader's walking pole, as she discovered much later*).

Several of the team had predicted that we would be far too early for the planned highlight of the walk – the flower meadows. They were right; we were about a month too early and only the odd Mayflower brightened the uniform green of grass and Ribwort Plantain there. Still, puddles yielded newts and tadpoles for us to watch and no-one minded the lack of flowers on such a fine day.

We agreed to return for an evening walk when the meadows are at their best. Watch this space.

STOP PRESS. *The leader's pole was restored to its owner by the Chairman who returned to Borrowdale that evening to retrieve it.*

## SOCIAL SUB-COMMITTEE NEWS

Time to think about the Autumn, even though it's only May (it feels like the Autumn though!).

But late summer first....As ever, we will be looking for marshals for the Borrowdale Fell Race. This year's event is an English Championship Race. If you would like to volunteer, please let Peter know – thanks! There might even be some Fellfarers to cheer along the way!

The Warcop Range walk, which was scheduled for July has now been postponed until Sunday 7th October.

As mentioned in the last Fellfarer, the evening slide shows start again in October, kicking off with the trip to Morocco in March this year. Sure to be some good tales to tell from that trip, so make sure you're there!

Following the success of the March Scottish Hotel Trip to Fort William, we hope to plan another similar trip in March next year. Everyone who attended seemed to enjoy it – the hotel was good and there were lots of interesting things to do. It would, therefore, be worth repeating the visit if we can get a similar deal for 2013. Further details will be in the next Fellfarer but in the meantime if you are interested in coming along please let Clare know.

The Scottish Small Isles trip didn't happen for logistical reasons but

there are plans afoot to run it next May around the same time (18th May). A few of you have expressed interest in the proposed 2013 trip and a meeting will be arranged sometime in the autumn to discuss this further. We propose to visit the islands Canna, Eigg and Rum, by ferry, staying in hostel type accommodation. As accommodation is soon booked up on the islands we will have to ensure that this is all booked by the end of this year. Interested? Then watch out for further information via email – if you are interested in this trip please let Clare know and let her know if you have no access to the internet but want to be kept informed about the trip.

As mentioned in the previous Fellfarer, there are plans to run the photographic competition again this year - see below. The competition will take place either at the AGM or the annual dinner (TBA in the next edition). The photos will be judged by everyone attending rather than by a professional photographer, so it will be the popular vote this year!

And last but not least, welcome to the Social Sub-committee to Tony Maguire.

Enjoy your summer.

Clare, Tony, Peter and Mike

### Walter's Windermere Water Weekend Weekend 6th-8th July 2012

Back by popular demand - Camping Meet at Windermere (formerly St Anne's) School's lakeside base (GR401 992) Water sports to your taste followed by barbecue and beer. Basic facilities (showers etc. No cooker) in the pavilion



Camping £5pppn.

Limited area so booking is essential but day visitors are welcome too - even if they don't have their own boat.

### Reminder:

### The 2012 Fellfarers' Photographic Competition



There are five categories :

1. People in Wild Places
2. The Lakeland Fells
3. Sunsets
4. Wild Nature
5. Something Humorous

Keep snapping - Full details in the next Fellfarer.

### An Anniversary Walk.

(To celebrate two years of KFF Mid-Week Walks)  
Wednesday 18th July 2012



A Circuit of Great Gable from Honister via Moses' Trod and the Traverse below the Napes (*suitable, says Wainwright, for children, dogs and well-behaved women*), with alternatives for those who are so inclined, to Sty Head and back to High House (about 6 miles) for a communal meal.

Meet Tuesday evening at High House  
or 10.30 am. on Wednesday at Honister Mines Cafe.

Meal co-ordinator: Clare Fox

Everyone Very Welcome

### LAST OF THE SUMMER WINE WORKMEET

23rd - 27th July 2012  
VOLUNTEERS NEEDED



After much deliberation, consultation and general argy-bargy, the Summer Wine Team are going to attempt to carry out Phase 2 of the Ladies' Washroom Improvement Scheme. The water will be turned off! If volunteer numbers and weather permit, they will also carry out some other external jobs and complete the archaeological dig (long overdue). The work will finish a week before the Club month at High House. Come early and work!

# KFF CLUB EVENTS JULY - OCTOBER 2012

Where the contact person's phone number is not given below, full contact details can be found on page 2  
Events marked with an \*asterisk are described in more detail on page 19

- July** *(Committee meet at the Rifleman's Arms on Tuesday 3rd. Social Evening 9 pm onwards)*
- Weekend 6th-7th** \***Camping Meet** - Walter's Windermere Water Weekend. (GR401 992) Water sports and lakeside camping at £5pppn. Booking essential but day visitors welcome. Info: Tony Walshaw or Mike Palk
- Wednesday 18th** \***Mid-Week Walk** – 2nd Anniversary Walk. A 6 mile walk finishing at High House for a meal. Meet Tuesday at High House or 10.30 am. on Wednesday at Honister Cafe. Leader: Mick Fox
- Tuesday 24th** **Evening Walk** – Crook. Distance 5-6 miles circular walk. Meet at 6.30pm. Crook Rd west of Gilpin Lodge (GR423 962) Leader: Krysia Nieopokoczyska. Tel. 015395 60523
- Weekdays 23rd-27th** \***High House** is reserved for the Summer Wine Team. Volunteers welcome. See page 19.  
*Every Thursday Evening Climbing for All. A different local crag every week. Everyone Welcome. Info: Mike Palk / Mick Fox*
- August** *(Committee meet at the Rifleman's Arms on Tuesday 7th. Social Evening 9 pm onwards)*
- Month 1st-30th** **High House** is reserved for Fellfarers *(note change from dates given in the last issue)*
- Saturday 4th** **Borrowdale Fell Race** – Marshals required please. Names to Peter Goff 01524 736990
- Saturday 11th** **Family Orienteering Event** – Grizedale Forest. Not the Grizedale Orienteering course but something a little more devious! A prize for the winning team! All welcome. 10.30 am.-2.30pm. Meet from 10.30 am. Car-park & picnic area just north of Satterthwaite GR336 933. Info: Mike Palk
- Tuesday 14th** **Evening Walk** – Yewbarrow. Distance 4 – 5 miles. 2 ½ hours. Drinks at the Derby Arms afterwards. Meet at 6.30 pm. Witherslack Church (GR431 842). Leader: Tony Walshaw.
- Wednesday 29th** **Midweek Walk** – Red Screes via Scandale Valley. Distance 5 miles. Ascent 2400 ft. Meet 10.30 am. Ambleside Bus Station (9.30 bus from Kendal Bus Station). Leader: Fred Underhill  
*Every Thursday Evening Climbing for All. A different local crag every week. Everyone Welcome. Info: Mike Palk / Mick Fox*
- September** *(Committee meet at the Rifleman's Arms on Tuesday 4th. Social Evening 9 pm onwards)*
- Weekend 7th – 9th** **Welsh Hut Meet** – A return to the LCCC's Dan y Mynydd Hut in Tanygrisiau, Blaenau Ffestiniog, (GR: SH 684452). £9 pppn. A delightful cozy bunkhouse, once a miner's cottage, which provides a superb base for climbing and walking in the Moelwyn hills. Limited numbers (11 bunkbeds) so booking is essential. Info: Jason Smallwood. Tel: 01629 650164. To book: contact Mike Palk
- Weekend 14th – 16th** **Working Weekend** – High House. Lots to do, as always. Please make a point of attending. Evening meal provided on Saturday
- Saturday 22nd** **Weekend Walk** – Crinkle Crag and Bowfell. Explore well-known fells from a different approach. Meet 10.00 am. at Cockley Beck Bridge (GR247 017). Leader: Mike Palk.
- Wednesday 30th** **Mid-Week Walk** - Troutbeck Valley. 9 miles. Undulating with 300m ascent. Meet 10.30 am. Lay-by north of Limefitt Park entrance (GR 414 033) Leaders: Tony Maguire / Sue Mitchell. Tel: 01539 737033  
*Every Thursday Evening Climbing for All. A different local crag every week. Everyone Welcome. Info: Mike Palk / Mick Fox*
- October** *(Committee meet at the Rifleman's Arms on Tuesday 2nd. Social Evening 9 pm onwards)*
- Sunday 7th** **Weekend Walk** - Warcop Range (re-arranged from July). The walk may be subject to change, if the military are firing but we will still meet there and walk in the safe area! Meet 10.30 am. Murton Car Park (GR730 220). Leader: Mike Palk
- Tuesday 16th** **Slide Show** – "Fellfarers in the High Atlas Mountains and the Deserts of Morocco 2012". Meet 7.30 pm. Strickland Arms
- Week 19th – 25th** **High House** is reserved for Fellfarers for half term.
- Wednesday 31st** **Mid-Week Walk** – 'Leisurely limestone ramble to watch the salmon leap'. Distance 6 miles. Meet 10.30am. Watershed Mill at Settle (GR816 643) on the B6479, immediately left after bridge over river towards Langcliffe (free parking!) Leaders: Graham / Irene Ramsbottom. Tel: 01539 725808  
*Every Thursday Evening Climbing for All. Kendal Climbing Wall. Everyone Welcome. Info: Mike Palk / Mick Fox*