

Issue No. 68
January 2013

the FellFarer



Editorial

Well that's another issue completed. Now I can relax for Christmas, right? Wrong! There are already two articles in the editorial in tray for the next issue and there's no let-up in the Social Sub-committee's programme over the winter so there's never a quiet period for the editor.

That's not a complaint - please keep the contributions coming. I've written before that it's always good to receive accounts of member's adventures beyond the limits of the activities organised within the club. I was particularly pleased, and rather envious, when Sarah's account of her short break in the Alps arrived. What a week that must have been (pages 4 + 5). Thank you also to Joan Abbott for her excellent photographic record of the September Working Weekend and also to Alec Reynolds, David Birkett, Roger Atkinson and Matthew Walsh for their contributions, plus of course anyone else that I've forgotten. Anyway, once again, I hope you enjoy the following pages.

Ed

Cover Photograph:

Roger Atkinson on the Bad Step, Crinkle Crags
22nd September 2012

Deadline for contributions for the next *Fellfarer*:
1st March 2013

OUR PARTNERS

- BRITISH MOUNTAINEERING COUNCIL

BMC Website: www.thebmc.co.uk
Each Fellfarer has an individual Membership Number

- RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION

Ramblers Website: www.ramblers.org.uk
Fellfarers RA Membership Number: 1273727

- OREAD MOUNTAINEERING CLUB
(Reciprocal Rights Partnership)

Oread Website www.oread.co.uk

OREAD huts are available to Fellfarers at the following rates:

Tan-y-Wyddfa
Rhyd-Ddu,
North Wales.
O.S. Grid Ref. 570527

Fellfarers: £5.00 p.p.p.n., Guests: £9.00 p.p.p.n.

Heathy Lea Cottage
Baslow,
Derbyshire.

Fellfarers: £4.50 p.p.p.n., Guests: £6.50 p.p.p.n.

Oread Booking Secretary:

Colin Hobday
28, Cornhill
Allestree
Derby
DE22 2FS
Tel: 01332 551594
email: hutbookings@oread.co.uk

CLUB OFFICIALS



PRESIDENT:	Gordon Pitt	Tel: 015395 68210
VICE PRESIDENT:	Roger Atkinson	Tel: 01539732490
TRUSTEES	Vicky Atkinson	Tel: 07971 408378
	Mick Fox	Tel: 01539 727531
	Cheryl Smallwood	Tel: 01629 650164
	Mark Walsh	Tel: 01606 891050
COMMITTEE Chairman:	Roger Atkinson	Tel: 01539 732490 198, Burnside Road Kendal LA96EB email: fratkinson@hotmail.co.uk
Vice Chairman:	Mark Walsh	Tel: 01606 891050 20, Knutsford Road Antrobus Northwich Cheshire CW9 6JW email: m-a-walsh@hotmail.co.uk
Secretary:	Clare Fox	Tel: 01539 727531 50, Gillinggate Kendal LA94JB email: clarefox50@hotmail.com
Treasurer:	Val Calder	Tel: 01539727109 86, Vicarage Drive Kendal LA95BA email: valcalder@hotmail.co.uk
Booking Secretary:	Hugh Taylor	Tel: 01524 762067 Briarcliffe Carr Bank Road Carr Bank Milnthorpe Cumbria LA77LE email: JHUGH.TAYLOR@BTINTERNET.COM
Social Secretary:	Mike Palk	Tel: 01524 736548 18, Oxford Street Carnforth Lancs LA5 9LG email: mike.palk@toucansurf.com
Newsletter Editor:	Mick Fox	Tel: 01539 727531 50, Gillinggate Kendal LA94JB email: michaelfox50@hotmail.com
Committee Members:	Janne Greasley	Tel: 01539 737581
	Alec Reynolds	Tel: 01229 821099
	Robert Walsh	Tel: 07769 588601
	Tony Walshaw	Tel: 015395 52491
Club Archivist:	Fred Underhill	Tel: 01539 727480

OTHER INFORMATION

Seathwaite Farm (Emergencies only)	Tel: 017687 77284
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.

CLUB NEWS

Corrections:

Note that Cheryl Smallwood's telephone number and Mike Palk's email address were wrong on page 2 of the last issue. They have been corrected here.

Musicians

The Club is inviting interested musicians to join Tumbling Tom at this year's Ceilidh. See the panel at the bottom of the page.

Oread Mountaineering Club have announced an increase in their hut fees for 2013. See page 2 opposite.

Note that the fees payable at Tan-yr-Wyddfa of £5.00 per night for Fellfarers and £9.00 for each guest also apply to children of members and guests respectively.

The same rule applies to Heathy Lea (£4.50 for our members and their children, and £6.50 per night for guests and their children).

Note also that for those staying in campervans parked at either of these huts the full appropriate rates are payable and that there is a day fee of £1.50 per car for parking at Heathy Lea, even if not staying overnight.

Guest night fees at High House will remain at the standard rate of £5 per person per night.

Risk Assessment

The annual risk assessment identified that most of the major risks highlighted in previous years have been dealt with and that the major concern was piles of stone blocking the escape route behind the building. This was dealt with at the last Working Weekend.

Windows

Work on repainting windows at High House has revealed that some of the timber sub-frames to the metal windows have rotted. We've known for some time that some of the timber windows at the rear of the building are due for replacement so the next year should see the beginnings of work to repair and/or replace all of the windows. The National Trust and the National Park Authority will be consulted where appropriate.

Mattresses

A complete set of new mattresses have been ordered for High House. They should all be in place, and the old ones disposed of, by the time you read this.

The Owl Box

The owl box which has been home to several broods of tawny owls over the last few years has fallen apart. Is there a volunteer out there who can construct a new one before our favourite visitors start nesting?

The Silent Killer

It has become apparent to the Committee that there is a risk of carbon monoxide being produced from the two stoves and from the gas hobs **if they are not working properly**. The risk is very slight but carbon monoxide is poisonous and is undetectable by humans so the Committee is taken the possibility very seriously.

It has been decided, therefore, to instal CO alarms in the kitchen, common room and men's dormitory and to add their maintenance to the list of working weekend jobs. There is an information sheet, available from the Editor, for anyone who wants to know more about the risk and dealing with it.

Fire Escapes

Some members will be aware that the acceptability of the fire escape from the men's dormitory is under consideration. A look at the relevant legislation, The Regulatory Reform (Fire Safety) Order 2005, suggests that we may be breaking the law by using a window as a final exit. The Committee is to carry out a full assessment of fire safety in the building and will let members know the results before there is any further action.

Note that if the final result is that we must put in a door, it does not necessarily mean that it must go in the gable where the present window fire escape is. All options will be considered in due course.

The Ladies' Washroom

As phase 2 nears completion, the 3rd and final phase has been included in the 2013 Work Plan. This will consist of the creation of a seperate shower cubicle within the washroom and the finishing off of all the little tasks not yet completed.

Fred Underhill's vision of the finished project is shown below but frankly, he's deluded; we're never going to paint it pink.

Work Plan 2013

The list of the year's proposed projects has been agreed by the Committee and will be made available at the AGM on the 25th January.

It will also be posted on the Club Website.

Would you like to join the ceilidh band at Kendal Rugby Club in November?

Having booked Hugh's band Tumbling Tom for the past couple of years, the intention this year is to use the core of that band and build on it using good musicians from the club with some sight reading skills or the ability to learn by ear, in the form of a community band. We are mainly looking for people to play melody - **fiddle, woodwind, saxophone** etc - or riffs on **brass** etc.

If you are interested, please call Hugh on 01524 762067



September in Switzerland

Saas Grund, September 2012
Sarah & Wayne



Here are a few photos and a few notes on our week in Saas Grund. It was a stunning location and we had some truly memorable trips out.

The Allalinhorn (4027m)

This was my first climbing trip to the Alps. I was fortunate to be climbing with someone with much more experience so we were truly able to make the most of our week. Setting out on the first day, I was a little anxious about my ability to cope at altitude but it turned out to be a relaxed day of acclimatisation. A glacier crossing and a snowy walk from the high Mittelallalin train station gave us the opportunity to relax in the sunshine at the top and begin to acclimatise for the week ahead. The greatest danger to avoid was possibly the skiers whizzing across the glacier!

Top: the saddle on the ascent (with the very obvious Matterhorn in the background)

Right: The Allalinhorn.



The Nadelhorn (4327m)

This was a step up in height and difficulty. Day one of the two day trip out involved a long and steep but interesting walk with a large section of via ferrata up to the Mischabel hut. An early start the next day took us first up the top section of the scrambly ridge, across the Hohbalm glacier at sunrise, then onto a long snowy ridge with just a few rocky sections. The views at the top were well worth the effort but the walk to the valley thousands of feet below was endless!

Left: Descending the Nadelhorn



Monte Moropass (2868m)

Fortunately it rained the next day which forced a much needed rest and the following day was wild and windy so we had a walk up to the Monte Moropass. The views over into Italy, particularly of Monte Rosa, were stunning. After much discussion on the way up about what the glinting gold structure at the top might be we discovered it was a huge statue of the Virgin Mary!

Left: Monte Rosa from Monte Moro



Weissmies (4023m)

The final adventure was a traverse of the Weissmies. We took a long winding path with some interesting rope bridges and scrambly sections up to the Almageller hut. It was great to have a view across the valley to the summits of the previous days. Another early start from the hut took us up the very long and rocky south-east ridge almost to the top. From there, it was just a short, exposed snowy section to the summit. The way down the north-west face took us across the Hohsaas glacier, quite exciting at times under ice cliffs and over snow bridges.

Top right: the view across the valley on the way up to the Almageller hut,

Second right: scrambling on the ridge on the ascent.

Below: on the short snowy section just before the summit.

Bottom right: on the descent-with the summit behind.

I am told that I was very spoilt with the weather & I mustn't expect to always achieve so much in only a week. My expectations are high now, though, and I can't wait to return.



The Welcome in the Hillsides

7-10th September 2012

Alec Reynolds

This was a return visit to the Lancashire Caving and Climbing Club Hut in Blaenau Ffestiniog, and was as successful as the first one in April 2011, despite only five members attending this time (Kryisia, Mark, Peter, Walter, Alec). The success was primarily due to good weather and because the Kings Head is simply the best pub in North Wales. The singing on Friday evening was provided by a sizeable contingent from the Molwyn Male Voice Choir, primarily singing Welsh Methodist Hymns. Saturday evening mainly comprised Welsh Folk Singing, while Sunday evening provided an eclectic mix of modern songs rendered by a younger clientele. Across all three evenings the only song in English was "This little light of mine..."

Oh! Between times there was much walking, running in Mark's case, a working slate quarry exploration and a visit to the seaside.





WORKING WEEKEND

14-16th September 2012

All photographs by Joan Abbott

Some familiar faces were missing this time due to other commitments but still, most of the jobs listed were completed. Most significantly, perhaps, the renewal of the plumbing work had been finished and so the loft space was stripped of its tanks and pipes and could be insulated properly for the first time. Toasty!

This page:

*Top left: Walter puts the finishing touches to the new stove.
Top right: Roger and Gavin stripping paint from the windows.
Middle: Mark and Paul insulate the loft.
Bottom left: Hughie scrapes up more archaeology.
Bottom right: Nancy and more paint-stripping.*

Overleaf:

*Top left: Krysia and the never-ending riddling of ashes.
Top right: Margaret keeps the kitchen clean and tidy.
Second left: Kati washes up.
Second right: Frank and his apprentice, Matthew, walling.
Third left: Ellie and more kitchen work.
Third right: Mark working on a new soakaway.
Bottom left: Paul and Richard doing likewise.
Bottom right: Claire fighting the perpetual dust.*

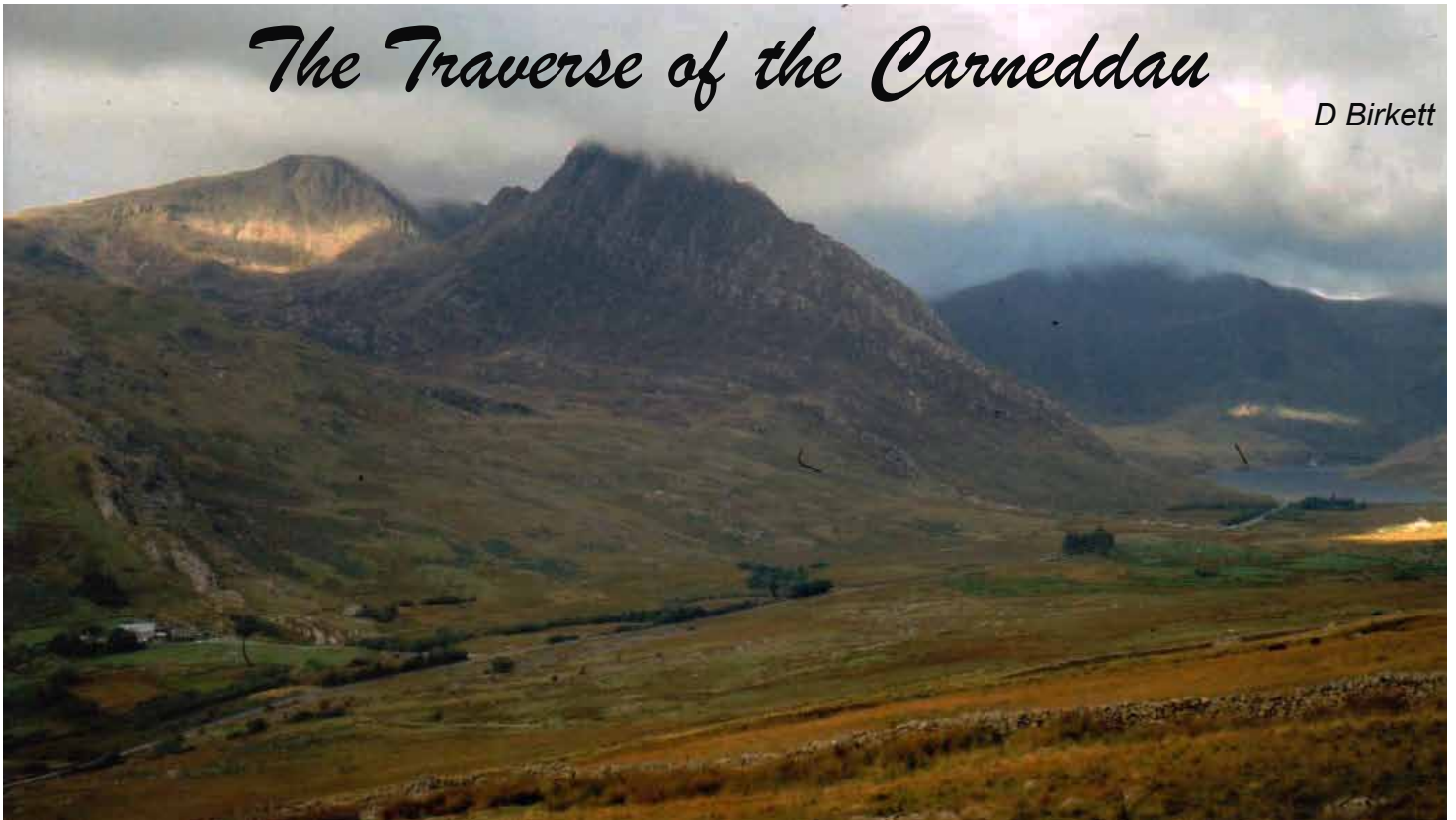


working weekend continued:



The Traverse of the Carneddau

D Birkett



Our autumn break was planned for a week in late September on Ynys Mon, Anglesey, only a 3 hour drive away and on the door step of the Snowdonia massif.

Having tasted the magnificent coastline, beaches and fine ancient settlements, I thought that a day on the fell was due. It was at least 30 years since I've been on the Carneddau, on an away meet with the Kendal Mountaineering Club.

The day dawned dry and sunny, the cloud sat on the higher peaks as we drove the A5 through Bangor, dejected Bethesda and the sublime Nant Francon valley. Val was having a problem with her knee so she was happy to settle in the car with a book and some knitting plus short walks alongside the shores of Llyn Ogwen. I left the busy A5 at Helyg, the Climbers Club hut, and followed the bridleway towards Tal-y-braich-uchaf, a National Trust farm. Ahead of me was a group of Army personnel, corporal and sergeant marines on a leadership exercise. They maintained a good pace so I shadowed them until Carnedd Llewelyn summit.

The broad grassy ridge of Y Braich is followed, gaining height gradually over a 2 km distance. At the 420 m contour you cross a water leat gathering issues and depositing them in Llyn Cowlyd reservoir. I caught the 'army' up on the airy Bwlch Eryl Farchog. Below, a vast quarry tip could be seen in Cwm Eigian.

The ridge gives good views of Craig Yr Isfa cliffs; on my last visit we rock climbed on the amphitheatre of this impressive crag. Today I scrambled up the ridge to Penywaun-wen (the top of the white

moorland). Three Ring Ouzels sounded their distinctive call, a 'chuckling chack chack' as I vied for the 'lead' with the marines.

We arrived in a 'gaggle' at the summit of Carnedd Llewelyn (1064m). Nought was to be seen for the cloud had enveloped us. I sought shelter in the lee of the plateau and hungrily devoured my butties.

With the advent of mobiles I have taken to carrying a 'Nokia' especially when I am on my own. My first attempt to inform Val of my whereabouts gave 'a network not available' comment, on two other occasions the same response, 'caller busy' was the fourth comment and finally with a quarter of a mile to go success! – so much for a mobile as a safety device.

The next two and a half kilometres to Carnedd Dafydd (1044m) involves a 100m descent and ascent along a broad ridge. Ravens 'croaked' and performed acrobatics, the cloud base heightened and the sun picked out shapely summits in every direction.

Pen yr Ole Wen (978m) marks the end of the Carneddau round, ahead was a steep and eroded descent to Ogwen Cottage. Several 'late starters' passed me, ahead of them a seven-hour round of continuous interest and reward. Val, ever patient, met me outside the Youth Hostel and remarked on my late arrival.

OS Map: OL17 Snowdon /Yr Wyddfa

Top: Tryfan. Below left: Tryfan and Glyder Fach. Below right: Cwm Bochlwyd, Cwm Idwal and the Glyders



THE SECOND CRINKLE

Saturday 22nd September 2012



Up and over Wrynose Pass we drove, Val, Clare and the Ed, marvelling at this single fine day in a long sequence of cold wet ones. The air was crisp and clear and full of the promise of a good mountain day.

Many others had responded to that promise and the verges around the Three Shire Stone was crammed full with cars as we squeezed by. Not so at Cockley Beck Bridge though, where only three cars disgorged a disappointing seven Fellfarers (*top left- Roger, Val, Clare, Frank, Sue, Tony plus the photographer*). Even the walk leader failed to turn up! (Actually Mike was ill and Roger was deputed to stand in for him).

Still, we said, the quality of the company is what counts, not the quantity. We waited a while for the non-existent latecomers while Roger tried to work out where Mike would have led us. The only clue was a green bridleway marked on the map; it rises from the bridge and climbs diagonally across the front of Little Stand but as it is clearly one of those ancient rights of way that has no reality on the ground we dismissed it and forged our own route.

It was splashy underfoot for a while but as we neared the intake wall at the boundary of Gaitscale Close the wetness gave way to bouldery roughness. A party of three, fitter and faster, passed us on the same line but otherwise we had the whole glorious sunlit fellside to ourselves.

The way was steep and we often clambered over the boulders on all fours (*second left*). Well, the Ed. did anyway. Dogs barked, a lonely sound, somewhere in barns or yards far below us as we sat on stones, panting and sipping on water bottles.

We yarned a bit: Frank remembered the last time he was at Cockley Beck, when he passed a car parked "very neatly" in the middle of the river itself. The Ed recalled, many years ago, leaving the car at Cockley Beck one Thursday evening after work (*I checked - May 1987 - Ed*) and running up Grey Friar with a couple of fell-running office colleagues. They ran the ridge to Dow Crag and dropped down to Seathwaite for a few pints at the Newfield Inn. A moonlit stroll was followed by a bivouac in the trees somewhere on Hollin House Tongue. They rose at first light and ran back to the car, drove back to Kendal for a quick shower and were back at work for 9 am. Happy days!

These days are good too. We continued the slow climb upwards, marvelling as the view opened out behind us. The waters of the Bay shimmered and grew as Caw, Stickle Pike and Black Combe dropped below the horizon. Waters which are now filling with the countless white turbines that will keep lovers of this landscape arguing for many years to come. What will future generations think of us for allowing things to come to this?

Still we climbed on, threading our way through delightful little crags of clean rough rock, a scramblers playground, until the angle lessened and we now trod rough grass. Two hours had passed since we set off and we could still hear the plaintive calling of those two dogs 2,000 feet below.

We were closing in on the summit of Cold Pike now, and a breeze, slight but icy cold, made it difficult to get the layers of our clothing exactly right. We sought the lee-side of a craglet with success and enjoyed a superb picnic lunch in the sunshine (*third left*).

It was only after we'd finished burping our appreciation and wiping the jam from our faces that we thought to look for the summit cairn - to discover that it was only a few yards away behind us. It is flanked by two beautiful tarns, only one of which is marked on the OS map, and commands a superb view down the length of Eskdale and, on a clear day such as this, the vision of the Isle of Man apparently floating in the Irish Sea. It was a smiling bunch of Fellfarers that clambered over those summit rocks (*bottom left*).

The Ed noticed a small ball, verdigrised, which was firmly anchored to the very summit (*inset left*). He called to the Chairman, "Have you seen this strange lump on the summit rock?"

Roger looked up. "That's no way to talk about Frank," he replied.

THE SECOND CRINKLE

The rocky summit of Little Stand gave way to a broad grassy ridge where we could wander at will, punctuated by another rocky top, that of Stonesty Pike. A path, now that we didn't need one, traversed the ridge, making a beeline for the first Crinkle, where we joined the wide eroded track, busy with walkers, which rises from Red Tarn.

We joined the queue scrambling over the first top and stepping around the picnickers massed on its summit, pausing briefly to gaze on that superb view of Great Langdale and its flanking fells (*top right*).

Now we could see the fun part. The highest Crinkle, Long Top, rose before us, split by the scree-filled gully and its feature which Wainwright christened 'The Bad Step' back in the 1950s. The line of walkers ("chicken-hearted" according to the great man) ahead of us were opting for the easy track which curls around to the west of the crag and avoids the difficulty. It didn't need much discussion to establish that we were all happy to tackle the Bad Step (*bottom three photographs: Val and Sue, Tony, Frank. See also the cover picture*).

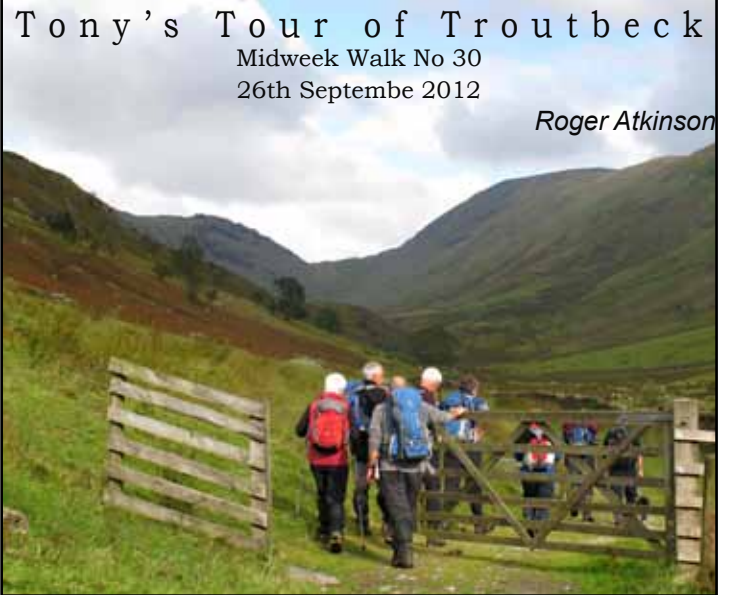
Within minutes we stood on the summit (*second right*) at 2,816 feet, enjoying the 360 degree panorama and debating the next move. The ridge stretched northwards to Bowfell, the advertised objective for today's walk, but the day was well advanced and there was little enthusiasm for continuing to walk away from our starting point. There was absolutely no enthusiasm for returning by our direct approach so Roger suggested the descent back to Wrynose Bottom by Gaitscale Gill.

We took the chicken-hearts path down from the rocky top and skirted the first Crinkle. Pathless once more, we dropped down into the steep grassy hollow between Little Stand and Cold Pike. The beck gurgled below us and around us rose an astonishing amount of steep clean rock, enough to keep a cragman happy for a summer or two. In fact one solitary climber was playing on the rock on Gaitkins, self-belaying on a fixed rope and then abseiling back down.

Down we went, stumbling and sometimes falling on the ever-steepening grass, until we reached the intake wall. With much water underfoot, we followed a faint track westwards until it joins the line of the Roman Road.

Crossing Mosedale Beck by the fine clapper bridge brought us back to Cockley Beck and the cars, where we all smiled in the sunshine and agreed that it had been another grand day, thanks to Mike and to Roger, our leaders virtual and actual.





Tony's Tour of Troutbeck
Midweek Walk No 30
26th September 2012
Roger Atkinson

Nine Fellfarers met at the appointed lay-by in Troutbeck on what for this so called summer was a decent Lake District day. After the usual milling and waiting "just in case" someone else turned up we set off down a snicket to join Ing Lane and followed it to cross Ing Bridge and shortly after Hagg Bridge where we left the lane and walked on the track to the east of Troutbeck Tongue following Hagg Gill until at the start of Scot Rake, it becomes Blue Gill. Here we left the main path and followed the fell wall, after a pleasant and animated lunch stop, we headed towards Threshthwaite Mouth, but before we gained this objective our guiding wall took us down to the valley bottom where crossing a swollen Trout Beck proved something of a challenge which was tackled by various means in several places, Norman's mighty staff providing a third leg for many of us, and remarkably for a Fellfarer expedition the whole party crossed dry-shod. Where is the bridge when you need one?

Our return route took us through wet boggy ground and through an area marked in Wainwright as an "ancient settlement" but it is also an area where, to quote Norman "they burnt charcoal on an industrial scale". Shortly after this point, just to remind us we were in The Lakes the heavens opened and anoraks were speedily donned although the downpour was short lived. Here we also encountered the third bridge of the day, a remarkable slate slab structure on many stone piers and of a width that would surely allow two carts to pass although there is no sign of a matching track on either side. Strangely for such a remarkable object, perhaps the largest of its type in the Lakes, it is not named by the Ordinance Survey or Wainwright. but I was told some time ago by a chap born and bred in Troutbeck that the locals call it Romans Bridge. Carrying on we arrived at Troutbeck Park Farm to be greeted by a mob of noisy sheep dogs and pens of sheep, the grey ones waiting to be dipped and the orange ones emerging from the dip trying to shake the liquid from their fleeces and not look embarrassed by their new colour. A pleasant amble from here took us back to our starting point, a change of footwear, and a short drive to The Queens Head for some welcome refreshment and the chance to thank Tony and Sue for an excellent day on the fells.

(left: Sue and Tony Maguire, Colin Hunter, Roger Atkinson, Frank Haygarth, Hugh Taylor, Val Hunter, David Birkett. All photographs: Norman Bell)



Postponed from the middle of what, if you were of an imaginative nature, you might have called summer, this walk was always planned by Mike Palk as a 'make it up as we go along' sort of outing. There was the added excitement of course that it might be a 'dodge the bullets as we go along' sort of outing too.

Well, not really; Mike had done his homework and this was one of the 12 scheduled weekends in the year when Warcop Defence Training Estate is open to the public. For the rest of the time our troops are out on these hills preparing for the hostilities (if not the weather) in Afghanistan.

Walkers on the hills during the rare 'open' weekends are advised to watch that they don't tread on anything suspicious - because it may explode.

David Birkett tells our tale:

"What a lousy summer we have had in Cumbria but our optimism was spurred on by thoughts of an Indian Summer.

September passed us by and then, early October, the possibility came. One such day was Sunday 7th when eight Fellfarers, Cath, Mike, Val, Clare, Roger, Hughie, Mick and I, gathered in the attractive East Fellside village of Murton, alongside the Warcop Army Range (*top right*).

We left Kendal in sunshine and arrived in Murton to a blanket fog caused by a temperature inversion. The first kilometre, through fields, walking 'blind' and pathless, the Fellfarer 'homing pigeons' brought us to the right stile. A decision was taken to ascend steeply to join a parallel footpath under Delfekirk Scar. We followed a gradually ascending path along the slopes of Mell Fell where a sudden clearance took place and Roman Fell loomed large and bold (*second right*).

Above Mason Holes is 'Top Shop', a large structure with several rooms. In the 1840s some 200 German miners toiled for lead in Scordale. They must have thought they were in a remote 'hell-hole'. The path became distinct and we followed a limestone shelf, passing leats and lagoons under Brock Scar (*third right*) before descending to Scordale Beck for a lunch stop.

A rising traverse was followed along the flanks of Hilton Fell, crossing Great Augill before striking up for the plateau of Burton Fell. The going was difficult over tussock grass, bilberry and cowberry. Sally set up a hare, giving chase in vain and someone commented "Hare today; gone tomorrow". Several fortunate grouse arose noisily, flying to comparative safety.

The stonework of the trig point on Burton Fell (745 metres and not the highest point) is badly eroded despite being set in a walled enclosure. We enjoyed the fine panoramic view, with Mickie Fell nearby and the Pennine chain marching on in a northwest direction.

There are few defined paths on the Range so our descent was over wet moorland to join a bridleway near Christy Bank (*bottom right*). A final stop was made low down on Swindale Edge before the lower slopes of Mell Fell brought us back to our vehicles.

Our thanks go to Mike Palk for the 14 kilometre trek, completed in 7 hours.

Postscript from the Ed.

It was my first time inside the restricted military area and I was very impressed with the wildness. Considering that it's a playground for soldier boys and their big toys, they keep it very nice!

In fact Clare and I returned a month later, on the next scheduled open weekend and ascended the bridleway over Christy Bank to spend a superb few hours walking in fresh snow, 3" deep, under a pure blue sky. We traversed the tops of Tinnside Rigg and Long Fell and descended over Roman Fell to Murton's neighbouring village of Hilton. That's two excellent hill days courtesy of the Army - thanks lads.

The Warcop Walk

Sunday 7th October 2012



A Wet Walk up King's How 30th October 2012

Matthew Walsh



On the 30th of October, during the half term break, the Walshys, Hesletines and the Whiles set off on a walk up King's How. Parking at the square lay-by next to Red Brow wood, we walked along the bridleway and came out at the top of the wood where we could see the ladder stile.

We carefully climbed over the very slippery stile and then slowly made our way up the steep incline and steps until we could then see the summit of King's How.

We headed along the footpath towards another stile which led to the summit. After the stile we all scrambled

and climbed our way up the slippery rocks to the summit. There were great views of Derwent water and Skiddaw.

We then descended until we could find a sheltered spot where we could have lunch.

After lunch we walked down the very slippery steps until it flattened out onto a bridleway where we saw a cave and looked in, but we didn't find anything interesting.

We carried on down the bridleway where we had a look around the Bowder Stone. Then we carried on along the road back to the cars at the lay-by. All in all it was a very good day out.

Wainwright's Buried Treasure.

Roger Atkinson

On a recent Wainwright bagging expedition to Ennerdale the last peak of the day for the four of us was Lank Rigg. We took advantage of the mild weather, stopping at the trig point to take summit photos and admire the view, as we sat and talked I recalled Wainwright's act of "magnanimity" when he hid a two shilling piece under a stone close to the trig point and subsequently told his readers of its whereabouts in book seven of his Pictorial Guides. This brought back vivid memories of Bill Stockdale and his race to be the first to recover the bounty. Bill was an avid Wainwright fan,

always buying each new guide on the day of publication, which he did on this occasion, so having read of the "buried treasure" on the Wednesday evening, he set forth the following afternoon, at that time Kendal shops enjoyed a proper Thursday half day closing, and when after a long drive and a quick ascent of Lank Rigg he arrived at the trig point he was devastated to find not only that the loot had been claimed but the finder had left a note proclaiming his triumph, to which four other disappointed treasure hunters had added their names, thus Bill "signed up" to become number

six on the list. Although obviously disappointed to have missed the coin Bill, always a raconteur, polished the story and often retold it over a pint in one or other Lakeland pub.

There is now no obvious stone, close to the Trig Point under which Wainwright could have left his bounty, but a small cairn has been built. Out of curiosity we searched under the stones around the edge of the cairn, more in hope than with any real belief that any form of treasure could be there, so imagine our delight when we found under one stone not THE COIN but a whole hoard of coins many of them decimal and some pristine, but several pre-decimal and looking as if they had been in place for many years.

Whilst we didn't actually count the coins I would guess that if A.W. were to return and collect them he wouldn't gather enough to buy his fish and chips proving that even buried treasure can become a victim of inflation.





Salmon Leaping

Midweek Walk No 31

Wednesday 31 October 2012

Irene and Graham Ramsbottom,
Roger Atkinson, Val Calder,
Clare and Mick Fox.



The weather forecast (heavy rain from dawn till dusk) put off many Fellfarers who had said they planned to come along today, but the forecast was wrong and the half dozen members who did turn up were rewarded with a leisurely ramble in fine surroundings, full of interest, and all in the dry ... well, until the last half hour or so.

We met at the Watershed Mill in Settle, an old cotton mill that now calls itself a Visitors Centre and is actually a very large shop where you can buy all the sorts of stuff that nobody in their right mind wants or needs. Still, it has toilets. It has a cafe too but not one that a Fellfarer could face at 10.30 in the morning so Irene and Graham led us through a narrow ginnel into the centre of Settle so that we could start our midweek walk in style - with excellent coffee in The Naked Man. The Chairman paid the bill, fine fellow that he is, but grumbled at the Treasurer for ordering a scone with her beverage. Licking her lips, she made it clear that she didn't care.

So we started: It was a steep pull up the tarmac road out of the market place and the chatter was put on hold until we topped out above the Castlebergh Plantation and began to traverse the fields northwards.

Even at this lowly height, we could see the sky a long way northwest: it looked foul over the Lakes. Over our shoulders, to the southwest, little patches of blue sky teased us with promises never to be fulfilled. We wandered across the pastures below Attermire and descended into Langcliffe to have a voyeuristic peek at "The Naked Woman". The Chairman spotted the name of the cottage opposite and the ribald remarks and sniggers which ensued could have been lines from the script of a 'Carry On' film. No, I'm not telling - go and find it for yourself.

The continuation north from Langcliffe on Howson Lane passed a scruffy shed with holes in its timber cladding. The Chairman rushed to peer in, having passed this way before and knowing what treasures lay within. The ladies were less than impressed at the glimpses of 6 fine old vehicles lined up and quietly rusting away inside but K menfolk of a certain age, Fellfarers and Lads, will know what paroxysms of delight can be engendered by the sight of a shedfull of ancient tractors.

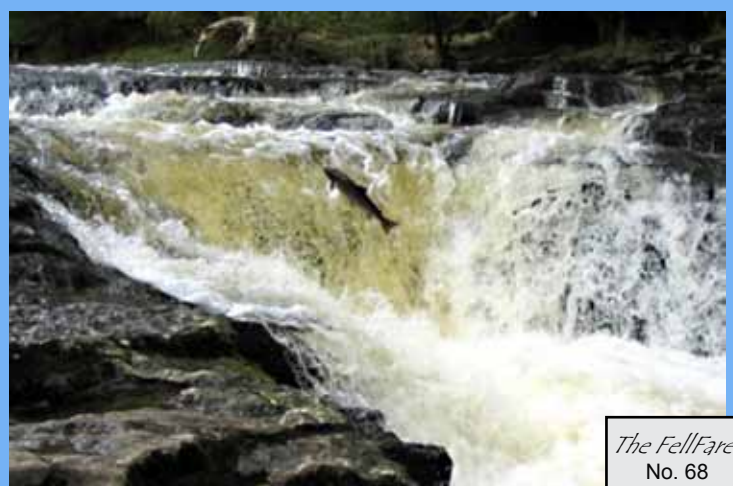
Tearing ourselves away, like schoolboys dragged from a sweetshop window, we carried on, climbing now above the steep face of Langcliffe Quarry to thread through gentle farmland to Catrigg Force (*properly: Catterick Foss*) "Craven's finest waterfall". We sat in the gorge at the bottom of the main fall for lunch. The peat-brown water poured through the tight gap in the crag above us and golden leaves drifted down, one by one, from the trees around.

Down the green lane we went, following a 'myxie' rabbit for a while, into Stainforth and the challenge of the Stepping Stones there. Is it intentional that the otherwise equally-spaced stones have a spooky gap-and-a-half space right in the middle? Our jokes about falling in were silenced by a memorial on the far side to a 14 year-old girl who died here a short while ago.

Out of Stainforth, like Langcliffe a lovely village 'that time forgot', we went, glancing back at that beautiful and intriguing glazed roof, like a gorgeous greenhouse, right on top of the big georgian house there, and down to the river Ribble.

Stainforth Bridge, "the Ribble's loveliest", a tight packhorse bridge, carried us over the river to the highlight of the walk: We stood for perhaps 30 minutes at Stainforth Force, in the company of others, watching huge salmon making their heroic efforts to leap up the thundering waters dropping over the shelving rocks. Now, at the tail-end of the day, we ran out of luck. We followed the Ribble downstream and a 'wetting rain' started up. The ground, hitherto dry and firm, became sticky and then downright sludgy. A fine classic resurgence right on the riverbank was dismissed as just a source of more water underfoot.

Still, we were soon back at Watershed Mill where, suddenly, the cafe there didn't seem so bad after all. Tea and toasted teacakes were the favourite finale - and three cheers for Irene and Graham for an excellent walk.





“Armistice” The Remembrance Sunday Ceremony in Borrowdale Weekend 9-11th November 2012

At High House (in alphabetical order and with apologies to anyone missed): Joan Abbott, Peter Barnes, David Birkett, Phil and Sue Blamire, Peter Blamire, Mick Fox, Peter Goff, Rob Moffat, Krysia Neipokojczycka, Gavin Noble, Alec Reynolds, Kevin and Carol Smith, Fred Underhill, John And Caroline Walsh, Laura Walsh, Robert Walsh, Mark Walsh, Ray Wood, Jenna Wood.

At the ceremony: Roger and Margaret Atkinson, Sam Atkinson, Colin and Val Hunter, Colin Jennings, Gordon Pitt.

This was one of those weekends when its traditional Fellfarer name “Armistice” holds true: Remembrance Sunday this year was on the 11th day of November and was therefore also Armistice Day. Still, never mind the pedantry: The stove was lit and High House was snug and toasty as the light faded and members arrived in ones and twos on a wet Friday night (*above*).

Saturday's weather was wild and unpredictable. Members spread to the far corners of Borrowdale; from Sale Fell in the North to Great End in the South, and from Glaramara on one side to Brandreth and Grey Knotts on the other. Everyone got wet, dried again in the sun (*below left - looking north from Base Brown*) and then got wet again. It was a day of drenching showers, rushing black clouds, rainbows and golden sunshine.

Gavin and the Archivist thought they had the right idea; they disappeared into where the sun don't shine, on an exploratory trip into the Seathwaite mines. The Ed was fortunate to meet up with them at the entrance to one of the levels as he came off the tops and so was led further into the 'Wad Holes' than he's been before. Fred showed him how to prospect for lumps of plumbago amongst the debris buried deep in the hillside; he even gave him a



free gift of a good sample he'd found himself. All excited, the Ed filled his pockets with Wad and waddled, heavily laden, back to High House in the rain to count up his treasures. He found he had one piece of the mineral (the one Fred gave him) and dozens of pieces of useless black stone. Ho hum. The Hut filled again with dripping smiling Fellfarers as evening approached. Stories were swapped, dinners were cooked and eaten and, for some, wet boots were laced up again in readiness for the long dark walk to the bar of the Scafell. Most members stayed behind for an evening of cork-popping, banter and snoozing before the stove.

The big day, Sunday, was fine, bright and settled. Everyone opted for Miles Jessop's 'local' ceremony at Castle Crag rather than the big Fell and Rock do on Great Gable. In fact the small event is now as popular as Gable was not so long ago, with more than 200 people present to hear the ceremony led by the Duke of Lancaster's Regiment (*below right*). We walked up from all directions and discovered even more members gathered there on the summit.

The crags echoed to the plaintive sound of the Last Post and, once more, those assembled had much to reflect on during the two-minute silence.

(*inset: the Hanging Stone, Base Brown*).



Old Path, New Path

Midweek Walk No 32

Gibson Knott + Helm Crag

Wednesday 14 November 2012

Val and Colin Hunter, Adele and Mike Walford, Margaret and Roger Atkinson, Frank Haygarth, Clare and Mick Fox.

Only two weeks after the last midweek walk the Busspassers gathered again and climbed aboard the 555 bound for Grasmere. The forecast promised us a dry day and so it proved to be - above ankle level at least. One of our number (*she shall remain nameless to spare her blushes*) was so excited that she left her rucksack behind at home in Mealbank. To make it worse, it contained Colin's sandwiches as well as her own.

Oh, how we laughed.

We disembarked at Town Head, Grasmere under a sky which had large patches of blue in it - but only 'on the other side', north of Dunmail. It was a happy chattering bunch that descended the road towards Ghyll Foot (if you go that way, just look at the lean-to porch at Town Head itself and imagine something like that across the front of High House - marvellous it would be).

We dropped into first gear for the steep tarmac which leads up and into Greenburn where, at the gate, we got our first indication of what lay in store. The track was deeply mired, trampled it seemed by many beasts after the rains. We avoided the worst by traversing, with worried faces, the slippery bracken slopes just above the s****y bits and were soon splashing, happy again, up the 'beck-bottom' stony path where the Green Burn tumbled noisily alongside.

The path gains height almost imperceptibly and in no time we arrived at the secret valley of Greenburn Bottom, sandwiched (*oops, don't mention sandwiches to Val*) between Steel Fell and Gibson Knott. Its wide flat bottom tells of a lake long silted up, punctuated only by drumlins from an earlier age.

The last time Fellfarers came this way we hopped over the stepping stones with ease. Today those stones were under water and two of our party didn't trust their boots. They preferred to 'bare their soles' and step gingerly across with boots and socks safely held aloft (*top and second right*). We all survived the crossing.

Tummies were rumbling now but a chilly breeze blew up the valley so we pushed on, climbing more steeply now on the 'old path' which AW considered to be the only worthwhile ascent route of Gibson Knott. A fine path it would be in the dry conditions but mud predominated. Never mind, we were soon on the ridge, snuggled in the lee of a bit of rock and tucking into our ... (*I said don't mention sandwiches!*)

The 'inner man' satisfied, *for most of us*, we strolled along the fine undulating ridge, admiring the near views down onto Easedale and the ever-changing distant prospects. Seat Sandal has a particularly fine pyramidal shape when seen from the ridge.

We were not alone; several parties passed us as we bobbed up and down towards the summit of Helm Crag and further, to the Lion and the Lamb. There was no more blue sky and we were all wrapped up now (*third right*) but we had that fine place to ourselves. I wouldn't swap that for a sunny Sunday afternoon amongst the crowds there.

Back we went to Bracken Hause and the descent of a superb zig-zag track, very neat and without a single short cut across its corners, which returned us to the Greenburn valley and so eventually to the Travellers Rest for pots of tea, coffee, beer.

Later, as we waited and waited and waited for the bus to take us home (*our leader had misread the timetable - those two, what are they like?*) we talked about that strange path which had served us so well on our descent. It was clearly not created by fellwalkers and it was not an obvious trade route; and how come it was so neat? The Chairman smiled, "I'll tell you, it wasn't there two years ago." It's a brand-new path carved out of the fellside by...whom? And why? What's going on here?

Anyway, it was another grand day out Colin and Val. Thank you. I hope you enjoyed your sandwiches when you got home.



Moonlighting

Friday 30 November 2012

Sue and Tony Maguire, Cath and Mike Palk, Val and Colin Hunter, Val Calder, Clare and Mick Fox



Nine Fellfarers arrived at Mill Side in the darkness before moonrise and set off into the unknown. Well, not really, we took the good track under the south end of Whitbarrow to Raven's Lodge. White Scar caught the light of the rising moon and glowed eerily above the trees, "like a great gothic cathedral" someone said. Round by Rawson's Wood we went, following one of the many forest tracks there up onto the higher reaches of the fell. As we climbed, the lights of Levens and Milnthorpe and beyond came into view. "Lovely fairy lights" or "light pollution", depending upon your position on the grumpiness scale. Most of us switched off our headtorches and walked by moonlight.

We reached the plateau at the southern end of the scar and enjoyed the vista of lights which had now opened up to the south and west. Inevitable discussions arose about what lights we could see. We were probably all wrong but that didn't matter; it was just wonderful being there, all of us toasty in our duvet jackets and fleeces in the sub-zero temperatures.

Our joint leaders took us down the fell to the delightful little trail which winds down through Buckhouse Wood to the track we started on and so back to the cars and thence, of course, to the Derby Arms.

Another grand Fellfarers outing, thanks to Sue and Tony Maguire.

And that same night, a number of Fellfarers were amongst those who gathered at High House for the 53rd Lad's Dinner. Saturday was a perfect blue-sky day, with fresh snow above about 2,500 feet. The Chairman, below, was one of a group that traversed Glaramara from end to end. A perfect way to work up an appetite.



SOCIAL SUB-COMMITTEE NEWS

At the time of writing, it definitely feels like deepest, darkest winter but that's always a good time to look forward to the new year and longer spring days.

The Key Events Calendar (enclosed separately) highlights key events (funnily enough!) throughout the year. More details about the individual events will be published in the Fellfarer and also on the website.

There are dates booked throughout the year for Mid-Week and Evening Walks. If you would like to lead a walk, please do let us know.

If you think there's anything missing or have any ideas for interesting/different activities, do let us know.

Wishing you all the best for 2013.

Mike and the Sub-committee

Review of the Fellfarers' Year 2012 Slideshow

You should have sent the Ed your digital pics for the slideshow by now but if you haven't, he might just see his way to including them - if you hurry.

The show is on the 15th January. Don't miss it!

The Fellfarers' Photographic Competition 2013

The last reminder...

Five categories :

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

Printed copies of your photographs, marked with your name and the category, to Mike Palk, Joan Abbott, Clare Fox or Tony Maguire by **15th January** (at the Review of the Year perhaps).

No larger than A5 please.

Entries will be displayed at the AGM and members will be asked to pick their favourites during the evening.

The winner for each category will be announced shortly afterwards.

The winning photos will appear in the *Fellfarer* and on the club website. All photos will be returned to their owners.



Hotel Meet.

FORT WILLIAM

17-22nd MARCH 2013



The Alexandra Hotel, Fort William, is situated a 5 minute drive from the foot of Ben Nevis with the shores of Loch Linnhe and Loch Eil just 10 minutes walk away

The price, for dinner, bed and breakfast, is £29 pppn - a total of £145 for five nights. Dogs are charged at £5 per night and there is a single rooms supplement of £10 per night. To book your bed please give your name/s to Clare Fox as soon as possible.

Please note payment needs to be made by cheque, made payable to 'K Fellfarers'.

Cheques to Clare Fox by 15th February

Scottish Small Isles Trip

May 2013

A dozen people are interested in the KFF Tour of the Small Isles



The plan is to stay on Eigg for a couple of nights and then travel to Rum for a further 4 nights with optional day visits to Muck and Canna.

This trip will take place around the 11th May when we intend to travel to Mallaig and leave our cars there. We will visit the islands, via ferry, travelling as foot passengers.

Accommodation on Eigg and Rum will be booked in advance.

If you are interested in coming along please get in touch with Hugh Taylor or Clare Fox as soon as possible.

Continental Camping Meet

Summer 2013

After our great trip to the Dolomites last year (and the Pyrenees the year before!) there's some enthusiasm for another camping meet in Europe, with tents or campervans.

We haven't decided the best time to go yet (June or late August) or the destination but a meeting will be held in the New Year to begin planning.

If you might be interested you should contact, without commitment, Clare Fox as soon as possible.



KFF CLUB EVENTS JANUARY - APRIL 2013

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

January

(Committee meet at the Rifleman's Arms on Tuesday 8th. Social Evening 9 pm onwards)

Weekend 11-13th

Clachaig Meet – Glencoe. Booking is essential as only five beds are available in the luxury chalet. Info/booking Hugh Taylor.

Saturday 12th

Charlie's Walk – Kendal to Cunswick Scar
Meet 1pm. County Hall, Kendal. Leader: David Birkett 01539 738280.

Tuesday 15th

***Slideshow** - "Review of the Fellfarers' Year 2012"
Meet 7.30pm. The Strickland Arms, Sizergh. Sandwiches provided. Guests welcome.

Weekend 18-20th

***High House** is booked for Fellfarers – A Winter walk/meal to be held on Saturday 18th January. Members please note this is a 'no children' weekend.

Friday 25th

***AGM** followed by the KFF Photographic Competition
Meet 7.30pm. Kendal Golf Club. Sandwiches provided.

Wednesday 30th

Midweek Walk – Finsthwaite Heights. Distance 5 miles. Ascent 900 feet.
Meet 10.45am. Newby Bridge bus stop. (X6 bus - Kendal Bus Station at 10.00.) Leader: Clare Fox.

Every Thursday

Evening Climbing for All. Kendal Climbing Wall. Everyone Welcome. Info: Mike Palk

February

(Committee meet at the Rifleman's Arms on Tuesday 5th. Social Evening 9 pm onwards)

Week 8-14th

High House is reserved for Fellfarers. Half Term

Saturday 9th

Appetite Enhancer Walk - 'Moor How and Hartbarrow'. Distance 5 miles.
Meet 10.30 am. Parking via Strawberry Bank. GR 402886. (i.e. first gateway on the right 1/4 mile past 'Lightwood') Leader: Kysia Niepokojczycka 015395 60523

Saturday 9th

Annual Dinner – Eagle & Child, Staveley at 7.30

Tuesday 19th

Slide Show – 'Peru on a Shoestring' Rose and Paul East
Meet 7.30 pm. The Strickland Arms, Sizergh. Sandwiches provided. Guests welcome.

Wednesday 20th

Mid-Week Walk - Smardale Gill and Potts Valley. Distance 7-8 miles.
Meet 10 am at Lune Spring Nursery/Garden Centre Newbiggin-on-Lune GR 708052
Parking at Garden Centre (if we have coffee!) Info: Leader: Frank Haygarth 01539 723948

Every Thursday

Evening Climbing for All. Kendal Climbing Wall. Everyone Welcome. Info: Mike Palk

March

(Committee meet at the Rifleman's Arms on Tuesday 5th. Social Evening 9 pm onwards)

Weekend 8-10th

Working Weekend at High House.

Tuesday 12th

Slide Show 'Beauty and the Beast' Helen Speed's fun with fungi.
Meet 7.30 pm. The Strickland Arms, Sizergh. Sandwiches provided. Guests welcome.

Week 17-22nd

Scottish Hotel Meet – A return visit to the Alexandra Hotel, Fort William.
This month's Mid-Week Walk will on 20th somewhere around Fort Bill! Info: Clare Fox

27th – 2nd April

High House booked for Fellfarers. Easter, including...

Sunday 31st

Easter Egg Hunt at 10.30 and Family Walk to be decided on the day). Info: Mark Walsh.

Every Thursday

Evening Climbing for All. Kendal Climbing Wall. Everyone Welcome. Info: Mike Palk

April

(Committee meet at the Rifleman's Arms on Tuesday 2nd. Social Evening 9 pm onwards)

Saturday 6th

Walk. 'Dalton to Ulverston via Birkrigg Common and the Ulverston Canal'. 9 miles.
Meet Dalton Tudor Square. 11.16 am. (X6 bus from Kendal Bus Station at 10.00)
Return buses Ulverston - Kendal at 52 mins past the hour until 17.52 then 19.20, 20.50 and 22.20.
Tea time buses from Ulverston to Dalton every 20 minutes. Leader Alec Reynolds.

Wednesday 17th

Mid Week Walk - Dove Crag circular from Brothers Water. 8 miles. Ascent approx 2,000 ft.
Meet 10.30 am. Car park north of Brothers Water (GR 403134) Leader: Tony Maguire 01539 232597

Thursday 25th

Climbing for All - Hutton Roof. First outdoor meet of the year.
Meet at the crag from 6.30. Info Mike Palk

Thursday 25th

Evening Walk – Hutton Roof Walk
Meet 6.30 by Hutton Roof Church. (GR569 788) Leader: Cath Palk. 01524 736548