

the FellFarer

Number 75
October 2014





Editorial

In the last issue's editorial I mentioned Mel Middleton's epic tale of his adventures in the Alps. After careful consideration and discussion with Mel and Hugh Taylor, we've agreed to put a small 'sampler' in this newsletter and to put the whole article on the website.

The sun is shining outside but it definitely feels like autumn is here and, with that, a sense of coming to the end of our 80th anniversary year. Many of the 80s challenges are complete or nearly so. The next issue, January 2015, will give a grand summary of the year's achievements. It will also mark the start of my final year as Editor. I announced quite some time ago that the 80th edition will be my last. Just thought I'd remind you. We have a fresh challenge next year, perhaps, when we need to renegotiate the High House lease with the National Trust. You will of course be kept informed of progress by email, website, Facebook and this newsletter. There are a couple of Club events missing from this edition. Sorry about that. The Fellrace weekend was very wet, and I received no report or pics from one evening walk. Never mind; thank you to those who contributed to this issue, including Mel Middleton, Tina Ford, Pam and Mike Hesletine, Roger Atkinson, Alec Reynolds and Clare Fox.

Ed.

Cover Photograph: Graham Ball and Kevin Smith
Another moment of inspired Midland lunacy
Coniston Water. Saturday 12th July 2014

Deadline for the January edition: 1st December 2014

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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: New Number TBA
- OREAD MOUNTAINEERING CLUB
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Fellfarers: £5.00 p.p.p.n., Guests: £9.00 p.p.p.n.

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High House OS ref: (Explorer OL4) GR 235119
High House Guest Night Fees: £5 p.p.p.n.

CLUB NEWS

High House Building Improvements - Report from Alec Reynolds:

Last year a fire safety review at High House was conducted in conjunction with the local fire brigade. Nine recommendations were made to improve fire safety, some minor, some major. All these improvements have now been made, but at significant cost to the club. Last year the major improvement was the installation of a new fire alarm system and additional emergency lighting. The associated procedures have also been updated accordingly.

It is imperative that, if you are first to arrive at High House for a visit, you test the alarm and emergency lighting system, and record that the test has been done. Instructions are posted on the notice board with the record book. Failure to do so may well result in the club having to pay someone to perform the test on a regular basis.

The brochure sent to visiting groups requires them to perform the test, sign that they have done so and return the form to the Booking Secretary. Failure to do so will result in the non-return of the key deposit.

In August the final phase of the improvements was completed by outside contractors, i.e. Renwick Bros. of Penrith. The work involved installing fire proofing to the Common Room and Kitchen ceilings, installing three internal fire door (Mens Dorm, Stairs and Drying Room), and installing a fire escape door in the Mens Dorm.

I would like to thank Nikki and Robert for giving the place a Spring clean after the builders had left.

Alec Reynolds

Which reminds me of Tim Vine's best one liner at this year's Edinburgh Fringe. Watch out for Fred repeating it :

"I've decided to sell my Hoover... well, it was just collecting dust."



Page 13 gives more information on the Summer Wine Team's work in July and more photographs of the new escape door (*left*). By the time you read this the Summer Wine Team will have returned for another session and we will have had the September Working Weekend of course. Details will appear in the next issue.

Display Boards Urgently Needed

The Social Sub-committee is currently collecting display boards for the November Birthday Celebration at Staveley Beer Hall (see page 19). They have a number already but need more!

If you have, or know someone who can lend us, some boards for pinning or sticking exhibition photographs, posters, etc. to, please contact Clare Fox as soon as possible.

Last chance to buy! 80th Celebration Clothing

One order has been delivered and another is due to be placed soon. If you want a new item of clothing to mark our 80th year, please contact Clare Fox as soon as possible.

The 80 logo will not be available after the end of this year and there will probably be no more commemorative clothing until 2024 (although the standard K Fellfarers logo will still be available in future years).

The range of items you can order is very large in a variety of colours and prices. Some examples are:

Ladies hooded sweatshirt
Men's microfleece full zipped jacket
Polo shirts (ladies or men's)
Men's ¼ zipped fleece
Full zip fleece – unisex
Lady fit full zip fleece
Sweatshirt – unisex
Hoodies - adults and children's
Children's fleeces.



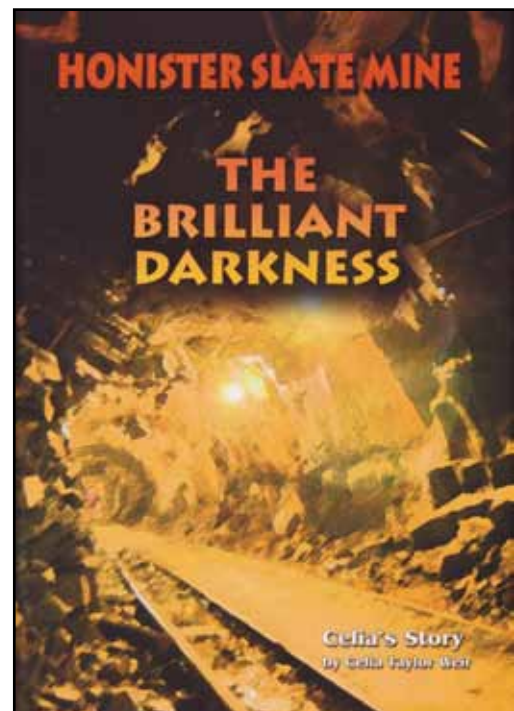
Clothing can be viewed on the Coniston Corporate Clothing website and fleeces start at around £17.

If you are interested please contact Clare and she can let you have full details of styles, prices and colours available.

To save you any delivery charges we will collect the items in person from the supplier in Coniston and get them to you.

Mark Weir and Honister Mine

Many of you probably know this already but if not, and if you still remember Mark with affection and admiration, there is a slender booklet about him for sale at the Mines. It was written by his mum, Celia, and describes with great pride the family background, Mark's childhood (always in trouble) and his relentless energy and ambition in opening up the derelict mine. It was published some time before his crash and so the words and photographs are particularly poignant now. It is only 40 pages long but well worth the price of £4.99.





Last year one of our members, Mel Middleton, had a superb week of mountaineering in the Swiss Alps. His most notable ascents were of the Dom and of Monte Rosa. The full account, with photographs, will be available on the website soon. Here is a much-edited 'taster' describing just one day:

Part 3. Monte Rosa

August 2013

Mel Middleton

A mountain railway climbs up over 1500m to the south-east of Zermatt, to the Gornergrat plateau, which is over 3,000m high. In winter this is an extensive ski area; in summer it is an ideal area for easy walking.

We caught the first train (8:30) up and in view of the misty weather expected it to be quiet but it wasn't. It was more than full. We alighted from the train at Rotenboden (2,815m.). The descent to the Gorner Glacier is gentle and on a good path so there are ample opportunities to admire the stunning scenery. Firstly there are reflections of the Matterhorn in the Riffelsee followed by silhouette views of the Riffelhorn to the side or in front of its giant brother, the Matterhorn. After that the views are dominated by the Gorner and Grenz Glaciers with our goal, the Dufourspitz, and some of its sisters on Monte Rosa, between and above them.

The cloud was more dispersed than lower down but it had not cleared by the time we left the train. However, as we began to descend towards the glacier, the mist gradually evaporated and we were left with views of the mountains to the south, crowned with blue sky.

The glaciers have retreated significantly in recent years so that there is now a rock face to climb down onto the Gorner glacier. We descended the relatively new system of ladders (not for the faint hearted) and crossed a metal bridge over a roaring torrent that plunged into and out of ice caves as it descended the glacier. The Gorner glacier and the ice filled moraine separating it from the Grenz glacier were crossed without difficulty but the north-eastern side of the Grenz Glacier is now heavily crevassed so crampons were a must. The route now changes from year to year as the glacier recedes and is consequently no longer well defined. We picked our way around the crevasses and eventually came off the ice after 2.5 hours from the train. Ropes and ladders lead up another rock wall created by the receding glaciers. Despite the increasing difficulty and the longer distance, (the new Monte Rosa hut is nearly 300 metres higher than the ruin of its predecessor) the trip is still popular with day trippers and over-nighters. Consequently progress up the rock wall was slow. We had all day so it didn't really matter and we climbed 500 metres in 1.5 hrs, arriving at the new hut at around 13:00.

The new Monte Rose hut's facilities are state of the art. Despite being crowded in the day time and full at night, it is quite comfortable with spacious small dorms containing up to eight bunk beds. After lunch I had a sleep in preparation for the ordeal of the next day, whilst the guide Anders went to reconnoitre the route we would take. By the late afternoon the skies had fully cleared. I sorted out my gear and then soaked up the sunshine and the amazing scenery.

We had an excellent dinner where we talked to two Scots guys who had done the climb the previous day and found it challenging but straight forward. Their talk of good snow and ice conditions and their comparison with the Aonach Eagach in winter sent me to bed with confidence, but not before I had watched the sun go down behind the Matterhorn.

My alarm woke me at 2:00 am. and along with most people in my dorm I arose in a daze, got dressed and took my gear to the boot room.

The path was pretty clear to begin with, following the top of a moraine. However it soon began to rise steeply over rocks where it became less clear. We put on our crampons, left our ice axes in our sacks and began the long ascent up the Monte Rosa glacier by torchlight. There is extensive crevassing in the lower reaches but the previous week's snow had now frozen solid and there was a good path that was easy to follow. We plodded on for what seemed like forever, gradually getting higher. Eventually a flicker of light in the eastern sky got brighter and outshone the torches. By this time we were nearly 1,000 metres higher than the hut and on the edge of the Satteltole, a shallow snowfield from which the glacier sources its ice. We stopped for a rest shortly before the paths diverge. The left arm continues up the snowfield to a col, the Silbersattel, on the frontier ridge to the north of the Dufourspitz. From there it climbs a steep snow slope to join the East Ridge shortly before the summit. This was to be our return.

We took the right track, which heads up steepening snow slopes until a col on the west ridge is reached at about 4,300 metres. Plodding up this snow slope, the altitude began to kick in again and I had similar feelings to those on the latter stages of Dom. The view to the south was amazing. Across the Grenz glacier far below us, were the twin peaks of Liskamm (*top left, in background*) connected by a corniced ridge that is about a kilometre long and above a 1,000 metre partly snow clad rock face. The whole mountain looked spectacular in the clear morning air. Tragically, we

learnt later that day that two alpinists traversing the ridge that morning had missed their footing and fallen through a cornice to their death. Fortunately we didn't know that at the time and exhilarated by the scenery we began the steep ascent up a 50° degree snow slope that marked the start of our ridge walk. The route to the summit is a mixture of up and down snow slopes interspersed with pinnaced rocky sections that have to be climbed over (*second left*) or shuffled around. There are lots of natural belay points so providing you remembered not to look down the steep cliffs (*third left*), either side, the traverse was amazing fun.

Eventually we ascended a rock tower from which there were superb views back down the ridge and valley towards the Matterhorn (*bottom left and top right*). About 100 metres further on was the actual summit. It had taken us about five hours all told, the last hour on the west ridge. Switzerland was basking in sunshine, Italy was shrouded in thick cloud that was buffeting the frontier ridge beyond Liskamm. The southern summits of Monte Rosa were poking out of the cloud like fairytale castles. On a clear day the Italian lakes and Milan are clearly visible beyond but not that day. Immediately to the south-east was the Zumsteispitze where I had been a year previous in far less inviting weather. It was only a few hundred metres away but connected by a snow ridge that is reached by scrambling down icy rock outcrops. I understood why the previous year's guide had been reluctant to take novices across it. Immediately to the north was Nordend beyond its snow-capped knife edge ridge that was glistening in the morning sunshine (*second right*). Beyond this were the north and the east Pennine Alps that we had been in the middle of three days previously when we had summited Dom. The Matterhorn was clearly visible in the west as were its neighbours, the Dent Blanche and Dent d'Hearns. Beyond these the view extended along the Glacial Haute Route to the Grand Combin and Monte Blanc.

After lingering at the summit for more than half an hour we began our descent. The start lay over a similar rock scramble to the pre-summit for about 100 metres. There followed a very steep descent down the snow slope to the Silbersattel. As this is aided by fixed ropes there was no need to set up belay points with ice screws. Unfortunately, there was the inevitable queue but at least it was the first one that day and in the lee of the mountain it was more sheltered than it had been on the summit. We used the time to admire Nordend's southern snow ridge and its 2,300 metre east face.

By the time we had descended to the col, a number of groups were taking advantage of the excellent conditions to ascend Nordend. Anders asked if I felt up to it and I responded that it was too good an opportunity to miss. We gradually inched our way up and down the increasingly higher snow slopes that constitute Nordend's south ridge, taking care to keep away from the cornices that overhang the eastern face. After half an hour we had traversed it. All that was left was to scramble up a rock face to the summit. With plenty of rocky belay points we quickly climbed this (*third right*) and sat on the top.

The east face, Europe's highest climbing face fell away to the south-east. The Italian mist was buffeting it today. Nothing was now in between us and the Allalin group to the north, with its ridge culminating in the summit of Dom. To the south the profile of the Durfourspitze, with its west ridge, where we had been a couple of hours before, dominated the view (*bottom right*).

The wind was much less than on the Durfourspitze and it was difficult to tear ourselves away from the incredible panorama. However, the surface ice on glaciers has a tendency to melt in the sunshine, more so on comparatively warm days like this. Slushy conditions are not good for glacier travel, particularly over crevasses and these conditions lead to avalanches in the late afternoon. This is why high mountain ascents involving glaciers tend to set off in the middle of the night and return as early as possible. We therefore set off back, inching our way along the knife edge. Whilst this time it required little exertion it still demanded the same level of concentration.

After another rest at the Silbersattel, to take in where we had been on both mountains, we set off down the steep slopes of the upper Satteltole. As the gradient lessened, deep crevasses were more in evidence and we crossed our first snow bridge. We also came across a Polish climber negotiating a route through the crevasses without a rope. His partner had dropped out on the way up but given the good conditions and weather he had decided to carry on alone. Of course he hadn't bargained for the crevasses and the surface thaw that had developed. We hitched him onto our rope and he descended the rest of the glacier with us. His mate was sat waiting for him at its snout.

We took off our crampons and retraced our way over the rocks to the moraine that led to the hut with as much difficulty as in the middle of the night. Back at the hut around 14:30 we celebrated with beer. The trip had taken us 12 hours. Needless to say I was shattered and retired to bed for a well earned sleep. At dinner we shared our experiences and discussed Europe with a father and son team from East Germany. The evening was calm and warm with a sun set comparable to that on the return from Dom. We sat outside drinking and soaking up the views in the changing light.





A MOOCH AROUND MELLING

Tuesday 10th June 2014

Sandra and Tony Atkinson, Margaret and Roger Atkinson, Sue and Tony Maguire, Val Calder, Hugh Taylor, Mick Fox.

The sun had been shining all day but when teatime came the sky turned black in the south. The first drops fell as the car left Kendal but we could see that it was falling in isolated showers, with some clear sky between the inky clouds. A double rainbow arced over the fields to the east as we passed Thurland Castle.

Just nine of us parked in the cul-de-sac behind Melling Hall and prepared ourselves for the Mooch. I placed my small rucksack on a garden wall while I put on my cag and a very agitated resident hurried out to ask me to remove it immediately. We all thought that rather strange. Ho hum.

When we were sure no-one else was going to turn up, Sandra and Tony led us off. The rain had stopped and we strolled down the road and chatted optimistically... for a little while. A lane leads off the road, heading towards the River Lune. On this day it seemed to contain the Lune. Deep muddy puddles filled it from side to side (*top left*). Only when the lane swings under the railway line does it get dry. But then on the other side it becomes a rutted green lane. The ruts were filled with rainwater and the ground was a very squidgy mud. Hidden in the grass to the right was a narrow ditch with deeper water to catch the unwary. Oh how we laughed at each other as we floundered along.

At last the mud came to an end where a gate led into a field. The rain started again in earnest and more waterproof layers were put on. The rain was soon forgotten though as we dealt with the next problem: A large herd of cows and calves became spooked by Sally's presence and there was much charging about by cows, dog and humans before we reached the safety of the stile out of the field. We reached the banks of the River Greta, its peaty waters rushing into the Lune, and followed it into Wrayton.

A climb between chicken and duck pens took us onto open fields again (*second left*). Hares raced away from us and the shower passed. The distant Bowland uplands were bathed in bright sunshine and the sky was filled with drama, a cloud-lovers delight (*third left*). Rainbows and bright crepuscular rays competed for our attention to left and right.

*"For after the rain, when with never a stain
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams
Build up the blue dome of air,"*

Percy Bysshe Shelley, 'The Cloud'

The next field gave us more bovine fun/fright (depending on whether you are a dog or a human) before we dropped down to Wennington Hall and a section of tarmac road.

A track leads south then, climbing once more over a hill with some curious large mounds on its summit dome. Tony began to tell us about them (they are spoil heaps from the excavation of the 1230 yard long Melling railway tunnel which ran beneath us at this point) but we were rather distracted by yet another stampeding herd of cattle. We sent Hughie and Sally off in a different direction to distract them while the rest of us bolted for the safety of a stile into the next field. Who'd have thought that a simple Mooch could generate so much adrenalin?

The roofs of Melling could be seen in the trees below now and the sun finally appeared to brighten the flower meadows as we strolled slowly down to the village (*bottom left*). Honeysuckle hedgerows and curious topiary, quaint cottages and fine large houses, Melling delivered delights at every step as we completed the walk.

The evening was rounded off nicely with a drink in the Lunesdale Arms in Tunstall.

WORDS TO SUM UP THE MELLING MOOCH?

MUDDY, MOODY, MUCH MOOING, MARVELLOUS!

First Time in the Lairig Ghru

An extract from a Munro-Baggers Diary
16-18th June 2014



I'd already had a good couple of days, with a quick ascent of a Corbett, Ben Gulabin, on my journey north to Braemar, and a full day out on Beinn Mheadhoinn, a Munro in the heart of the Cairngorms. I'd used my bike to cover some of the long miles into Glen Derry and out again and had had a fine time on a day when the hills were shrouded in dark mist which receded and dissipated in sunlight as I reached the superb rocky summit 'barns' standing like castles on Beinn Mheadhoinn's summit plateau.

I had a message from Kevin, somewhere in the far north-west. He was travelling to join me on my three-day trip into the Lairig Ghru. We discussed plans that evening over a couple of pints of poor beer in the Fife Arms Hotel.

The 16th dawned bright and clear and we were full of optimism as we locked the car at Linn of Dee, shouldered our heavy packs and set off on the 10 mile walk-in to Corrou bothy. Glen Dee is wide and flat for the first few miles to the White Bridge, the track is good and we swung along at a good pace, savouring the sunshine and bright clear air. We couldn't name a single hill of the many in view. A short break at the bridge and then we turned north. The Dee, above the junction with the Geldie Burn, turned from a broad river to a babbling burn and we stopped often to photograph its many delights (*top left*).

The big hills hove into view and we started to guess at names. We were usually wrong but the huge slab-sided Devil's Point (*second left*) was unmistakable. The last couple of miles on wet ground seemed to take forever but we arrived comfortably at the famed bothy just after lunchtime. With our packs off and sandwiches inside us, we relaxed in the silence and solitude. "Solitude - at Corrou?". It is famous not just because of its perfect location in the very heart of the Cairngorms but because it is often crowded. Walkers are advised to take tents and there are stories of attempted tent-pitching in the dark on ground used for decades as a latrine (without a shovel). That's all in the past, though. Corrou now has a composting toilet and campers can pitch where they like without worry (*third left*). We didn't take tents and our gamble paid off: there were two packs dumped inside but otherwise we could choose our spaces on the floor.

Kevin got itchy feet then and wanted to attempt the Day 2 walk during the evening of Day 1, reducing the outing from 3 to 2 days. I put my foot down; I didn't want two consecutive big days with big packs. Anyway I'd planned two bothy nights and he wasn't going to do me out of them.

We compromised on an ascent of The Devil's Point because it really was too fine a to be lounging around. So at about 4 pm. we climbed the steep path up to Corie Odhar behind the bothy. High on the slope a fine snow-arch, about 20 feet high by 20 feet across spanned the tumbling little burn. The cascades beneath the arch gave an interesting slippery scramble. We were soon sitting on the summit of the Point, admiring the boundless panorama, hills, hills, hills. We shared the bothy that night with just three others and had a delightful evening making brews, eating and chatting until dark.

Up at first light, we climbed the same path to the ridge, this time turned right and climbed (*bottom left*) to Cairn Toul and beyond to Sgor an Lochain Uaine. Some cloud and a light breeze kept conditions just right for mountain walking. We separated on The Angel's Peak, Kevin to continue northwards to Braeriach and back by the Lairig Ghru, me to head southwest across "the ultimate in desolate wilderness" to Tom Dubh, "the most meaningless 3000 ft. top in all Britain" (words of Irvine Butterfield). I quite enjoyed it.

We arrived back at Corrou within an hour of each other and on our second night had it to ourselves, although a group of apprentices on a factory-sponsored outing from Dunlops camped nearby.

Day 3 was perhaps the biggest day - the walk back out with full packs. We climbed the Coire Odhar path yet again. The snow arch was now on the verge of collapse. So was I - the day was roasting (*below*) and the 15 mile or so route across to Loch nan Stuirteag, over Monadh Mor and Beinn Bhrotain to Glen Dee and back to the car contained 3 miles of deep pathless heather towards the end. My boots steamed when I finally took them off.

Oh, but we did enjoy the rubbish Fife Arms beer that night!



The North Winster Valley

A President's Walk



Midweek Walk No. 50

Wednesday 25th June 2014

Gordon Pitt, Roger Atkinson, Irene and Graham Ramsbottom, Clare and Mick Fox.

Deep in the holiday season again, when Felfarers might be expected to be off on other adventures, Gordon had generously volunteered to lead a midweek walk. So there were just six of us assembled at Winster Church on that fine summer morning.

Gordon's walk had no particular objective; it was a circular ramble of the undulating landscape of just one corner of our lovely South Lakeland: The North Winster Valley.

From the church we followed the road south for a while and then turned NE onto Crag Lane, through fields and bracken land (*title picture*), below the splendidly named Bow Mable Breast, around by Bateman Fold and onto the southern edge of Undermillbeck Common where we picnicked amongst the thistles and the butterflies (*second right*).

On then to Lindeth, Barker Knott Farm, Bellman Ground and Rosthwaite Farm, home to the Swinton Insurance family and their expensive versions of garden gnomes (*third right - the horse, not the Social Secretary*).

We were soon out into the open again, on the lovely bit of ground called Rosthwaite Allotment, and walking up to the Heights where we rested on a grand carved slate seat (*bottom right*), about 400 feet above Windermere, and had our second picnic.

We left, reluctantly, that glorious viewpoint and headed south to the Ghyll Head Reservoir, turned sharp left onto Birkett Houses Allotment and were soon stumbling down the steep stoney lane to the magnificent Winster House.

Gordon gave us a choice and we all opted for the longer alternative: south past the impressive kiln (potash, not lime as expected) to the ford and fine clapper bridge, Birks Bridge (*bottom left*).

Up by Hawkearth Bank we went, toiling now in the late afternoon sun, to circle back to Bryan House Farm and the short stretch of road back to the church and our parked cars. No morning coffee or afternoon tea this time but it was another great addition to the tradition of K Felfarers President's Walks. Thank you Gordon.



The Summer Quiet Weekend

27-29th June 2014

Margaret and Roger Atkinson, Val Calder, Jean and Fred Underhill, Tina and Kevin Ford, Sue and Tony Maguire, Clare and Mick Fox.



Friday was a fine day and some of those lucky enough to be without work were able to make the most of it. Jean and Fred arrived early and strolled up to Sty Head for a spot of fishing. Margaret and Roger followed soon after and did a grand job of lighting the stove with a hodfull of wet 'nutty slack' from an almost empty coal bunker. Sue and Tony added a walk to their drive up and Clare and Mick added Tarbarrel Moss (a Birkett top in Whinlatter Forest) to the Ed's list of new tops for the year. The fine day was followed by a beautiful evening, the last of the sun lighting up Allen Crag as the rest of the valley fell into shadow.

The kitchen was a busy spot on Saturday morning as we all prepared sandwiches. We were all on the same schedule: to catch the 11.30 bus from Seatoller to Buttermere, where we were to divide into two parties; one to explore the valley bottom and return by bus and the other to return to High House by way of Robinson, Hindscarth and Dale Head. In fact the 'felltrop team' were ready by 10 and set off down the road to catch the 10.30 bus. The driver was a lively character who enjoyed banter with his passengers and at Honister he shouted out, just before the plunge into Buttermere, that we should all be prepared to Meet our Doom. It brought to mind those great photographs in the club archives showing members posing on that very spot by an old roadsign with the simple message: "You Have Been Warned."

After coffee in the Bridge Hotel, the six of us began the long haul up the winding path onto High Snockrigg (*top left*). We waved as the 11.30 bus passed by far below us but the 'lakeside team' on board were oblivious. Buttermere Moss, normally a difficult boggy impasse on this route, still delivered a few splashy footfalls but was soon passed without our getting too wet. The final slope leading to Robinson's summit ridge looks formidable but the good path clambers up diagonally at a reasonable gradient. We were soon strolling across the bald top to find shelter behind the curious parallel outcrop 'walls' there. The day had started very warm but at 2,400 ft. a cold breeze blew. We had commented earlier that the Lakes seemed very quiet for a good weekend in mid-summer but this place was rather busy, mainly with several groups of teenage girls who were clearly on their 'D. of E.' expeditions. We lunched and were entertained by the young ladies rotating their maps in puzzlement and arguing about which way they were to go next.

Even that palled after a while and, as the breeze didn't encourage hanging around, we moved onward again (*second left*). By the time we had dropped down the well-marked path to Littledale Edge we had spotted runners, well spread out and moving quite wearily, flanking Robinson and Hindscarth to join our path towards Dale Head. We turned off the main path and took the diagonal line to Hindscarth's summit, a fine viewpoint. Some thought the finest of the day. We rejoined the main ridgeline (*third left*), and the struggling runners, for the climb to Dale Head's summit cairn where checkpoint officials told us that the race was the Buttermere Horseshoe. Those tired-looking runners still had a long way to go.

As we descended towards Honister it became apparent that number-wearing competitors were coming up towards us – in the opposite direction to the race. A 10 Peaks Challenge, even longer than the Buttermere race. When another organised group, this time carrying and pushing mountain bikes, appeared we agreed that the Lakeland fells are indeed becoming overused.

Never mind, we stopped for a cuppa at the Honister Visitor Attraction and the Editor reminisced about the days when Fellfarers used to explore the mines by headtorch without it costing a penny. You had to know how to get in of course, and if you climbed one of the big inclines it was possible to emerge from a small hole near the summit of Fleetwith Pike. Happy days.

Still, these are happy days too. Tea supped, we set off to follow a non-existent track up and over the shoulder of Grey Knotts. One of those lines that you can see from a distance but which disappears when you set foot on it. It's a short climb, though, and we were soon tramping over the level tussocky grass with the Seathwaite valley opening up before us. Down we went to the new stile (it shines like a beacon when seen from High House) over the intake wall and the steep mine track down to the farm (*bottom left*). No-one had thought to bring headtorches so mine exploration was limited to entrances only.

The 'lakeside team' had arrived at High House not long before us after a good day's exploration (and some more fishing for Fred). Everyone was in high spirits and we enjoyed an excellent relaxed evening.

On Sunday the 'lakeside team' set off again for Styhead. Fred had lost some fishing tackle and it **had to be found**.

Walter's Water Weekend

11-14th July 2014

It is starting to become a tradition for some to come early. This year the Water Weekend was blessed with a fine weather forecast and so tents began to appear on the KFF encampment on Thursday. Walter had once more taken control of arranging the venue (last year's emergency arrangement on Ullswater had been great fun on the water but the campsite's rules had been just a little constraining for the fun-loving Fellfarers). This year Walter's general view was that this year's Coniston Hall campsite (*top right*) is a winner. The Ed. went for a walk on arrival on Friday afternoon and found that the site is as convenient for a wander into Coppermines Valley and onto the Coniston Fells as it is for boating on the lake.

We camped close to the shore where a wide stony beach gave us all the room we needed.

By Friday teatime the northern end of Coniston Water had been fully explored by the assembled kayaks, canoes, inflatables and single dinghy. In addition to that there had been some swimming, paddling, stone-skimming and general splashing about in the sun. Everyone was thirsty. An 'early doors' visit to the Black Bull in the village put that right (see opposite). We all strolled back in the early evening to eat and sit around the barbeque/campfire until late into the night. Some opted to forego the tent and sleep under the stars.

Just before bedtime the Ed. wandered down to the shore. The water shone in the starlight and little groups from around the campsite had gathered there to sit in that sublime place. Murmurs of subdued conversation drifted from the shadows as bats swooped silent through the air. One or two tiny fires had been lit, more for the company of the flames, it seemed, than for the warmth. The air was, that inescapable cliché, balmy.

It was quite a convoy that assembled on the water just after 11 on Saturday morning as the Gondola steamed past. The sky had clouded over (*second right*) and there was the faintest of breezes blowing from the south but the water was warm and that particular bit of the world was full of fun.

We journeyed south. South, to the sun, to lands and seas of high adventure, to the Spanish Main, well to "Wild Cat Island" anyway. Now I have to confess that I have not (yet) read *Swallows and Amazons* and I bet a lot of other Fellfarers haven't either. Somehow, though, we all know what the book is about and we know that Peel (Wild Cat) Island is the perfect island for adventures of the imagination for children. For grown-ups too, if they're not properly grown-up. So that's where we headed for.

We paddled the length of Coniston Water at a leisurely pace and kept together until the excitement of approaching the island caused some to break away. The island 'harbour' was busy with boats and people but we managed to land and claim a spot for our picnic (*third right*). Jessica (*inset*) and Kirsten had a swim.

Picnic over we relaunched (*bottom right*) and divided.

Some set off back to the campsite while the hard men and women carried on south to explore the lower lake, the river and Allan Tarn. They returned weary, some of them, but very happy with their day. We all were.

And there was still Sunday to go, for some.



Water Weekend Madness

There is a bewildering choice of ales available on Friday night at the Black Bull, all of them brewed on the premises. Some members found it difficult to choose but Graham and Kevin solved that problem by choosing three at a time. Now, quite a few pubs offer samplers with three 1/3 pint glasses held in a wooden bat and that is what they chose. For our pair, however, sampling wasn't enough. It had to be a competition. So it became a race to finish the three drinks without removing the glasses from the bat (right). Think about it. As you tilt the glass you are to drink from, the other two tilt too. Spilt beer would result in disqualification so all three glasses must be kept with the same level of beer in them at all times. Now you know the rules you can play it too. Graham won. Well actually, when these two are on the scene, we all win.



(See also the cover photo)

And then there was the 'Walking on Water' episode (left): Graham had worked out that with enough bouyant material wrapped around Kevin's feet he would be able to wander about *on top* of the lake. He produced the huge roll of bubblewrap and began to encase Kevin's lower legs. It didn't seem to occur to Kevin to say no. He did, however, suggest that Graham might join him for his stroll across the water. So, to the bemusement of many people passing by, the two of them completed their preparations. It was pointed out to them that being in deep water with the only bouyancy at the bottom (ie the non-breathing) end of their bodies was not a good idea so they put on flotation jackets too. A rare moment of sanity. They stood, ready, on the beach (1) and on our shout of "Go!" charged into Coniston Water (2). "Into", not "onto" (3). And so it all ended in tears...of laughter. It always does.



The Storth GeoTrail

An Evening Walk

Tuesday 15th July 2014

Peter Goff, Margaret and Roger Atkinson, Irene and Graham Ramsbottom, Sandra and Tony Atkinson, Val and Colin Hunter, Anne and John Peat, Cath and Mike Palk, Jan Lancaster, Krysia Niepokojczycka, Caroline Walsh, Laura Walsh, David Birkett, Val Calder, Tony Walshaw, Frank Haygarth, Margaret Harriman, Clare and Mick Fox.

How come Peter Goff's walks are *always* on warm sunny evenings? Does he have some secret pact with higher authorities? Well, whatever the reason, he did it again and, as you can see, Fellfarers responded with an excellent turnout (*top right*).

The Geotrail is a tour of geological points of interest in and around Storth and Peter was able to guide us round the 3 mile circuit with great authority because, as he told us, he had it all "on a bit of paper". Three periods of limestone building at the bottom of the sea, together with a lot of crashing together of tectonic plates and a smothering of glaciation in an Ice Age or two, produced the all that gorgeous scenery just for us to wander through in the sunshine. Fossilised coral, bedding planes, monoclines and anticlines and, of course, erratics from all over the South Lakes were pointed out as we dodged cyclists and bewildered local residents with our numbers. We eventually emerged from darkening woodland on Haverbrack Bank to the theatrical

delight of Peter's 'Surprise View' - the superb vista of the Kent River where it enters the estuary at Milnthorpe Sands.

And it didn't finish there: we rounded off the evening with a pint outside the Ship Inn, watching a marvellous sunset over the water. A brilliant evening Peter. Thank you.



The Geoteam gathers in the carpark of The Ship Inn



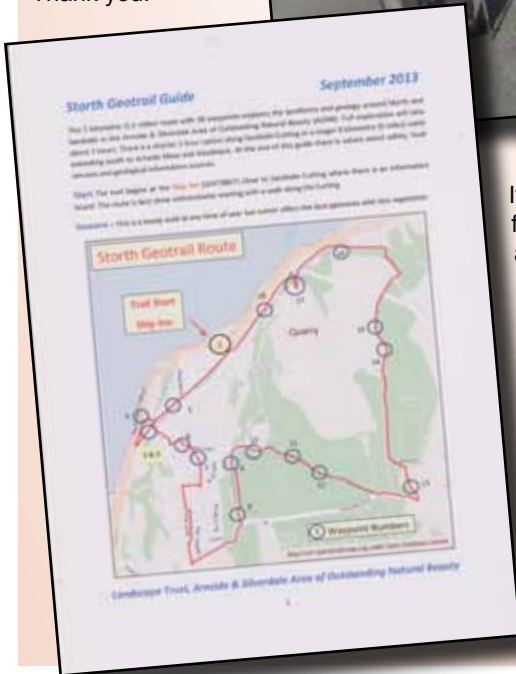
Emerging from the railway cutting into the sunlight again.



Cyclists beware!



Enough for two teams and a ref. - and we forgot to bring the football!



If you want to follow the Geotrail and make sense of what you see, Peter's 'bit of paper', all 16 pages of it (*first page left*), can be downloaded free of charge.

Just Google "storth geotrail".



The Surprise View



The Summer Wine Working Party

21 - 25 July 2014

There were a couple of big jobs and any number of smaller ones on the list for the July Summer Wine week at High House. The main work inside was the removal of the old hardboard wall lining between common room and kitchen (*top left*) and its replacement with plywood sheets. We were blessed with fine weather all week (*top right*) and the big job outside proceeded really well:

- The tin shed was moved to a new temporary location, pending its replacement with a larger wooden one.
- A rainwater gully was installed on the corner of the men's dormitory and a drain was laid (*left*) to a new soakaway (under the slate slab in the photo).
- The archaeological dig was covered with a protective layer of sand.

This all cleared the way for the heavy work:

- The 'midden' was excavated and the material dug out was riddled. The coarse stuff was used to build up the ground level. This was primarily against the gable end in preparation for the new escape door but extended around the paved shed base and across the whole area. The fine material from the riddling was raked over the top to produce a level surface in readiness for turving (*below left and right*). This work is not finished yet (at the time of going to print) but should be complete by the time you read this.
- The building contractor took over in August and, amongst other things, installed the new escape door and window (*bottom left and right*). See also page 2.



WALNEY ISLAND WALK

26 July 2014

Tina Ford

In attendance: Roger & Margaret Atkinson, Helen & Ray Speed with dog Max, Sandra Atkinson, Alec Reynolds, Clare Fox, Val Calder, Tina Ford

Another very warm day for the 9 people and a dog who met at West Shore car park, Walney.

We had set off by mid-day after the fair skinned ones amongst us had donned a liberal layer of sunblock, and hats.

The walk, led by Alec, took us through extensive grasslands and sand dunes where there were vast numbers of wildflowers (see below). There were also bees, butterflies and dragonflies in abundance.

On the North Walney Reserve there are several fresh water ponds created artificially by gravel extraction processes between 1930-1970, and on our walk we enjoyed seeing herons and oyster catchers as well as a swan with her young brood. The area to the north of the reserve is grazed by cattle (on our visit Belted galloways with calves) and sheep to create an ideal habitat for the rare natterjack toad. The adult toads only emerge at night from their underground hideaways, so there was no chance of us stumbling across any.

We found a great spot on the beach for lunch during which we watched a tandem sea kayak glide past, then almost missed the sight of the Jubilee Bridge being raised to let a large craft pass as we were distracted by some noisy jetskiers.

Continuing our walk, our visit coincided beautifully with a vast area of Sea lavender in bloom which seemed to stretch as far as the eye could see. We then had an opportunity to sample samphire, which was delicious and which I had only ever heard about on certain celebrity TV chef programmes.

Before we knew it we were heading back, eventually arriving at the West Shore car park where a very welcome ice cream van was parked, then for some of us on to the Ferry Hotel for a pint of something cold and refreshing.

For those who are interested in the plants of the area, a selection of those observed on the day included:

Tansy, Hearts ease, Bird's foot trefoil (Bacon and eggs), Sorrel, Sea holly, Woody nightshade, Dog rose, Samphire, Yarrow, Yellow rattle, Ragwort, Harebell, Rockweed, Black medic, Lady's bedstraw, Wild thyme, Great willowherb, Sea lavender, Sea spurge, Hawkweed, Purple loosestrife, Bloody cranesbill (pink variety), Hemp nettle, Yellow vetch, Tormentil, Maisewort and purple Heather.

Thanks to Alec for a terrific walk which I will definitely be repeating, and to Helen and others who were able to identify the plants for us.



Tony & Sue McGuire, Mick & Clare Fox, Roger & Margaret Atkinson and Sam Weeks, Mike & Pam Heseltine.

After several weeks of beautiful sunny weather, the day of the walk was cloudy with a distinctly cool breeze. The group met in Carperby village with the walk to be led by Tony and Sue who had spent a year working nearby at the now closed Aysgarth Youth Hostel. The party also had the benefit of local knowledge from Mike who was brought up in the area and Roger who regularly visits family in Carperby.

The walk started on the footpaths down to the Aysgarth Upper Falls (*top right*), which were low after the recent dry weather.

Those of you have seen Robin Hood-Prince of Thieves may recall this as the location for the fight between Robin Hood (Kevin Costner) and Little John (Nick Brimble). From the falls we climbed the steep steps up to the church yard of St. Andrews Church, walked through the church yard (one of the largest in England) and out through the church gates. Here Mike stopped to pay his respects to the two Heseltines named on the war memorial. These were his father's cousins killed on the same day on the Somme. Just above the church we passed the former Youth Hostel where Tony and Sue worked shortly before it closed down in 2003.

From there we headed down towards West Burton encountering the tree and dry stone wall, behind which Mike left his bike every morning to catch the bus to the grammar school at Askrigg. The views up the Bishopdale valley definitely threatened rain but only a few spots fell as we headed across the valley and reached the village with its large village green. Just off the green are West Burton falls (*second right*), much smaller than those at Aysgarth but still worth a visit. From there we headed up towards the lower slopes of Penhill (*third right, the Chairman takes a class in musical grass blowing*), glad of a little shelter from the trees to eat a quick lunch. We followed the green track Morpeth Gate for a short while then cut across to the Preceptory of The Knights Templars above the village of Swinithwaite.

The remains of the stone built chapel were uncovered in 1840 and have been preserved. In the centre of the main floor are three stone coffins and we puzzled for some time over their small size. Were they for children or had people really been so much smaller then? With the weather now brighter and warmer we descended the stony lane to the village and on to the path down to the river Ure, pausing for a while to admire a family of curly haired pigs and the fantastic views of Bolton castle and Castle Bolton! The path wound its way between the many drumlins which are a feature of the lower slopes of the valley and finally entered the woods along the banks of the Ure. We paused again for a while at Redmire falls and then continued back along the river bank to Aysgarth, passing the much less visited lower falls (*bottom right*). Retracing our steps back through the churchyard and over the bridge to the National Park Centre, we hoped to be in time to visit the tea rooms. Luckily, we arrived before closing time but cleaning had already begun so tea, coffee and cake had to be "take aways" and eaten outside!

Refreshed we walked back towards Carperby through Freeholders Wood. By now, tiring slightly, we could have done without the detour forced upon us by a "Private Road" sign which forced us to walk an extra half mile rather than a couple of hundred yards along some one's sacred tarmac. On the other hand without the detour we would have missed the amazing "high rise" of rabbit warrens which had been constructed in the embankment of the now disused railway line.

A big thank you to Tony and Sue for organising an inspiring walk in Wensleydale.



Around Wensleydale

Midweek Walk No.51

Wednesday 30th July 2014.

Pam and Mike Heseltine

Our Chairman writes:

"I was recently sent a copy of this poem, written about Stan Edmondson by Stanley Jackson, a farmer friend of Stan's from Nook Farm, Rosthwaite.

Many members will have treasured memories of Stan and Nancy who were, along with present and previous generations of Edmondsons, good friends to many individual Fellfarers and the Club.

I hope that reading the poem will revive those good times."

STAN EDMONDSON

*Now when you venture to the hills
Where they work gay hard to pay the bills
You'll meet a man they call him Stan
And no-one farms like he can.*

*Well in his youth he was a runner
And on his day a real stunner
Up and down the craggy fellside
It seemed so easy, he'd almost glide.*

*He worked all day and half the night
And everything he did was right
He sheared the sheep he made the hay
Was anyone better?-- not in his day.*

*He met a young lass at a dance
A pretty la'al thing they called her Nance
Three children were to come their way
All of which made Stan's day.*

*Prize winning Herdwicks are Stan's flock
He also keeps good Limousin stock
Cockermouth Auction are his favourite trips
From where he won three championships.*

*And as you wander through his yard
He'll quiz you silly, he'll mark your card
He'll ask your name and where you've been
He'll want your history and what you've seen.*

*With years of toil under his hat
He now rides round like Postman Pat
His little red van is his domain
As he rides up the valley in the pouring rain.*

*There'll never be another Stan
A truly remarkable, likeable man
His wit, his charm, his wealth of knowledge
He couldn't have learned more at some fancy college.*

*There wasn't a happier man on this planet
Living in the fells with his good wife Janet
But alas-- poor Stan has passed away
The end of a legend I would say.*

Stanley Jackson
Nook Farm
Rosthwaite

Top right: Stan after winning the Blencathra Race, Keswick Sports. 1947

Bottom right: Stan clipping a Herdwick ewe, Seathwaite Farm. September 1967





I have long wanted to visit the Isle of Man, just a 'stones throw' across the Irish sea. As we know on a good day the Island can be seen from the Western fells.

Ben My Chree

Early August, I boarded the 'Ben My Chree', one of The IOM Steam Packet Co. fleet. The crossing was fairly calm, past the vast Robin Rigg wind farm, arriving in Douglas 3.5hrs later. My first task was to purchase a 7 day 'explorer' ticket, giving unlimited bus and rail travel. In the warm sunshine I walked the Prom to Athol House, my abode for the week. A warm welcome was given by mother and daughter, Adrienne and Kate into their elegant Victorian home. Showered, I sought food, the long Prom affords a plethora of restaurants, stuffed with a Chinese meal I slept sound and thought of the day ahead, as the remnants of hurricane 'Bertha' were promised.

Radd Ny Foillan

After breakfast I boarded the Isle of Man steam train for Port Erin, opting for a short section of coastline, given the impending weather. Erin is an attractive coastal village set in a classic inlet with steep cliffs guarding the scene. I climbed Mealyic Hill where the 'coastal heath' was at its best; a profusion of vivid colour, gorse and heather being dominant, peppered with white yarrow, sea campion and lemon coloured cats-ear. Stonechats called and darted ahead; meadow and wall brown butterflies fluttered too and fro, failing to oblige the photographer. The whole an idyllic scene. Calf Sound came into sight with its vicious tidal races, the island, now a bird reserve stands proudly on the southern tip of Mann. The inevitable cafe is found at a viewpoint, with a futuristic building made of stone and glass with a grassed roof, opened by the King of Norway in 2002. A steep climb ensued to Spanish Head and 'The Chasms', natural fissures in a vertical cliff, all in the ownership of the National Trust. A gradual descent led to Perwick Bay and Port St. Mary, 8 miles of the 95 mile coastal walk completed, the heavens then opened and drenched me while I waited for the bus to Douglas.

Douglas to Castleton

The forecast was good apart from a strong westerly, a short bus ride brought me to Oatlands. Field footpaths brought me to Pistol Castle and Santon Head with impressive cliff scenery. Near Port Grenhaugh 'contorted strata' rose from the angry sea, part of the Barrule slates. The geology of the island is complex: granites in Santon, limestone at Castleton and sandstone in Peel. Interestingly, Pike O' Stickle axe heads were found at Ronaldsway showing a strong trading nation. I rested at Port Solderick in the warm sunshine and dealt with blisters from my 'Bridgedale' socks, so much for their claim! Alongside Santon Burn the path was on a boardwalk, shared with cows, in places the cows succeeded and mud overwhelmed the situation. As I approached Ronaldsway Airport the footpath was hemmed between the perimeter fence and a man-made spit - an extension to the runway. I was fascinated as the jets zoomed into land, roaring engines, undercarriages within touching distance, or so it felt. The path joined the road at Derby Haven bay, linking with a pleasant path along Castleton Bay, passing the impressive King Williams College buildings and so into one of the ancient capitals of Mann - Castleton. This as beautiful port, dominated by the castle, I sat with a beer and soaked up the sunshine, life was good.

Down but Not Out

Owing to the blisters and a foot pain, I thought a day off was in order and so a journey through the heart of Mann to yet another ancient capital of the Isle - Peel, with its equally impressive, yet less intact fortress. This is an unrivalled port with golden sandy beaches, history running through its veins, yet clearly thriving in modern times. As with Castleton pleasure sailing craft support the fishing fleet. After 2 hours I took the bus to Ramsey and Laxey, where I visited King Orry's impressive grave. A short walk brought me to Old Laxey, the Manx name for Salmon. I had turned into a real tourist, soup in the shoreline cafe, then after a short 'promenade' to Laxey station, cake and tea. One of the marvels of Mann are the railways, at Laxey I caught the Victorian Electric Railway for an 1 hours journey to Douglas, noisy, clattering over the rails,

frequent triple blowing of the whistle as we crossed road crossings, excited chatter of children and adults, oh what an experience.

Just One of those Days

With a favourable forecast I opted for a light rucksack, crucially leaving out my overtrousers, a decision I was to regret. Port Erin was bathed in sunshine, down through the Bradda Glen, out to Milners Tower on Bradda headland, a fine Gothic revival tower, built by William Milner a Liverpool safe maker, who in 1864 built a breakwater to safeguard Erin. A spiral staircase led to a viewing platform with terrific views of The Calf of Man. The cloud enveloped Bradda Head (766'), a strong wind buffeted me as I descended the steep flank to Fleshwick Bay, an equally steep climb found me on Thiattaemy my Beinee(966'). Intermittent showers reminded me of deteriorating conditions. I climbed steadily to the summit cairn of Cronk ny array laa(1634'). By this time my undercarriage was wet and cold, in gale force winds and driving rain I followed a bearing, only for the path to come to an abrupt end at a memorial. Returned to the cairn and followed a second track on the bearing leading to a second Celtic plinth, but was also veering off the bearing. Back to the summit and I went from visible rock to rock and finally located a path that was true to map and compass. By this time I was suffering, seeking shelter I donned extra clothing and ate ravenously, then began the long descent to sea level and Gob yn Ushtey. The traverse path rose yet another 480', and then dropped to sea level, my objective, Niarbyl was in sight, the only obstacle a 150' cliff, up through giant 'phragmites communis'(common reed) covering a board walk, what a fight and so to the famed view point for coffee and tea cakes. I had missed my intended bus, which allowed me to dry out. I reckoned the height gained was 3,200' not bad for a coastal walk. This was a great walk, but in the conditions a bit of a nightmare.

The Great Laxey Wheel

After the previous knacker day, I awarded myself a day off to visit the the famed Laxey Wheel, a unique construction to pump water from the vast lead and zinc mine. I alighted from the electric railway at Laxey station, start point for the Snaefell Mountain railway. The wheel is iconic, dominating the glen, 72 steps lead up a spiral staircase to a platform (*below*). The wheel, known as 'Lady Isabella', is the largest in the world, designed by the Manx engineer Robert Casement in 1854. Next I donned a hard hat and entered an addit finishing in only a short distance at a ore truck. Back on the train I visited Ramsey, second to Douglas in size and importance. Ramsey is a true fishing port, having a pleasant atmosphere and environs. Back at Douglas a pint of Guinness rounded off an enjoyable day.



The Highest in the Land

On a glorious sunny morning I took the early bus to Laxey and walked the steep road to Agneash (*title picture*), an attractive hamlet with a expensive air. The footpath climbed out onto the open fell, ahead was a delightful heather clad landscape with Snaefell, the highest in the land behind. The broad track led to a bog ridden slope, two mountain bikers passed me, and so I joined the A18 mountain road, where would-be TT racers roared by. From 'The Black Hut'(well known in racing circles) I entered a railway 'restricted area', climbing steeply for 300' to the railway and summit (2036'). Though clear, the wind was strong and cold, families having alighted from the warm train, looked distinctly out of sorts, cowering by the trig. point, still a warm meal was only a 100 metres away. The view is stupendous, being 360 degrees, from shore to shore and North to South, only marred by the tatty buildings and pylons. Not being a 'phillistine' I had a warming soup and began the descent, only as far as 'The Bungalow', a half-way station for the railway, and boarded the next train. Without question this is a Victorian engineering triumph begun in 1895 and completed in seven months.

Homeward bound, after a fabulous holiday, I have first time memories of a magic Island, 'flush' with public toilets, low car park charges, no wind turbines and expensive petrol.



Challenges Progress Report:

SHARED CLUB CHALLENGES

1. To visit 80 islands in the year

At the time of going to press the club had visited 79 islands when, in September, Irene and Graham Ramsbottom paddled a canoe across to Norfolk Island on Ullswater. With only one more to go success seems assured.

2. To visit 80 Wainwright tops. May 21st - 31st

As previously reported, 91 tops were visited in the allotted time



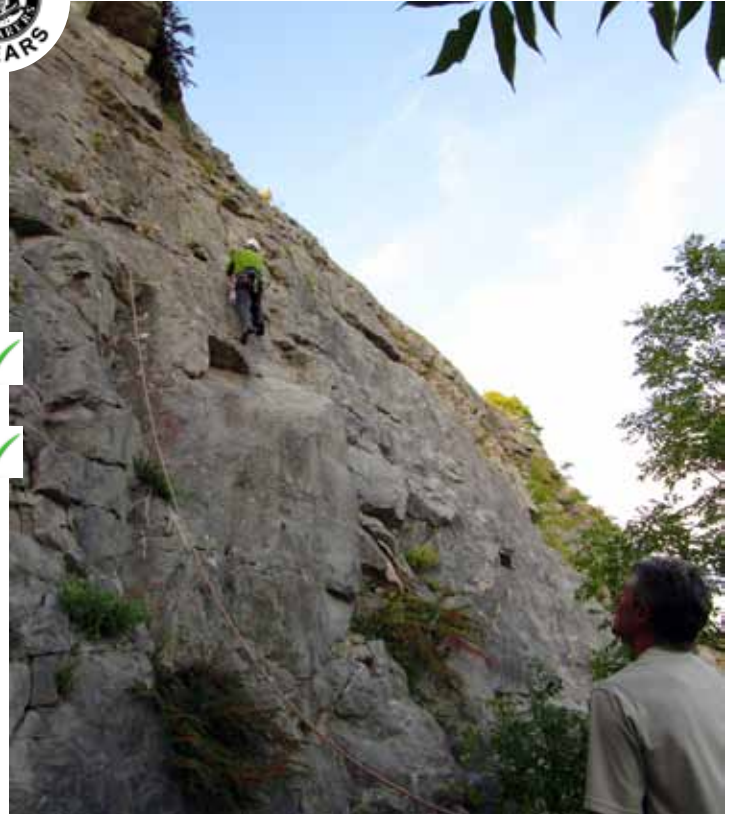
3. To climb 80 routes in the year

Climbers in the club passed their target in August and at the time of going to press had climbed 116 routes ranging from 'Difficult' to 'Hard Very Severe'. Alan Wilson has been by far the most prolific collector but it is a fine team effort. There's still a few months left too! Top right is Alan belaying Mike Palk on 'Polo', a 'Hard Severe' route at Warton Main Quarry



4. To cross 80 footbridges in the year

Jan Lancaster and Ruth Joyce have turned their footbridge challenge into a communal one. They invite any club member to send in details and photographs of footbridges crossed during the course of this year to Jan or Ruth, or to Hugh Taylor. The record is now kept on the Club website and at present the tally is 40.



PERSONAL CHALLENGES

1. Rose and Paul East spotted 85 different bird species in one day on Friday May 23rd.



2. Sue Blamire and Lis Blamire Dubreuil completed both their challenges in June: 80 kms walked in the Ardeche (they walked 101 kms) plus 80 footpath signs (they collected 84 signs. We don't know where they're keeping them though).



3. The Editor passed his target and has now visited 88 mountain or hill tops that he had never previously stood on. They are not all big hills; left is Oliver Hill. It's only 513 metres above sea level, the highest point in Staffordshire. He's still collecting.



8. The O'Sullivan girls (ages 6 and 7) are bidding to do 80 things they have never done before. They have just slept overnight in a cave (raising over £700 for charity), which takes them up to 68.

4. Helen Speed has declared 17 Fungi on the Facebook page but has hinted that she is quietly confident as we go into 'mushroom season'.

5. Fred Underhill is still fishing his 80 bodies of water.

6. Margaret Cooper and Ellie Woodburn are paddling in 80 bodies of water.

7. Kati and Gary Sandys are visiting 80 Old Westmorland Churches.



THE FELLFARERS' WAY

Don't forget to enter the competition to devise a Fellfarers Way to complete our celebrations.

Just plan a walk of any length, in any location, with or without High House as a focal point, and send details to Clare Fox.

There will be a prize for the best entry.

Entries in by 1st November please

If you have a personal 80s challenge that isn't listed here, please let the Editor know before the next issue.

SOCIAL SUB-COMMITTEE NEWS

Hello from the Social Sub-committee. You'll see we have welcomed a new member onto the sub-committee, Laura Walsh. It's good to have a younger point of view.

We hope you all had an amazing summer it's hard to imagine that Autumn is now here, fingers crossed for an Indian summer.

The 80's collections are coming along and we hope you are all having fun with either your personal collection or joining in with the club's collections. We appear to be doing very well and hopefully having a lot of fun too!

You may have noticed that we are having an 80's Quiz in October with prizes for the winning team. It should be good evening and a great way to kick off our monthly winter get together at the Strickland Arms.

We hope to have another Christmas walk with lunch this December which has become a popular way of meeting up at this festive time of the year. Also another good social evening to mark down on your calendar is the Darts and Dominoes evening, complete with mince pies, at the Riflemans' Arms, always good fun! This will be followed by a moonlight walk on Saturday

Our big event for 2014 will be the 80s celebration party at Staveley Beer Hall on 27th November. We are hoping for a good turn out and for catering purposes we do need an idea of numbers so we would be grateful if you could contact us to let us know if you are coming. More importantly we would love to see you there, the more Fellfarers the merrier!

As ever any ideas for walks, away meets, slide shows, events are always very welcome.

Very best wishes for an enjoyable Autumn followed by a very Happy Christmas to you all.

Clare, Mike, Tony, Laura and Joan



Quiz Night

Tuesday 14th October 2014

A Lakeland Quiz evening at the Strickland Arms. The questions will be loosely based around the Trivial Pursuits topics of Art & Literature, Sport, Science & Nature (all with a Lake District

theme). And as it's the club's 80th, expect a few questions on the club's history - so dust off your copy of the Fellfarers Book and get your quizzing heads on! Find yourself a team of 3 or 4 and come along for a fun evening.

There will be a prize for the winning team.



There is just one chalet booked for the Fellfarers at the Clachaig Inn this year, sleeping 5 people.

More chalets can be available if required.

If you fancy tackling Glencoe's beautiful big hills in winter, with the luxury of warm comfortable accommodation right next to the pub, contact Hugh Taylor as soon as possible.

THE 80TH BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION

Saturday 29th November 2014



Staveley Beer Hall

Please keep that date free! Guests are welcome.

The party starts at 7pm and finishes at midnight.

Buffet by Wilfs and beer brewed on the premises!

There will be an exhibition and continuous slideshow of our activities in the Club's 80th year and throughout its history.

The 555 bus provides an excellent service to and from Staveley until very late in the evening.

If you are in touch with any past members of the Club please do pass on the invitation to them. They'll be very welcome.

We would like to have an idea of numbers for catering. Please let Clare or any member of the Social Sub-committee know if you hope to attend.

REVIEW OF THE YEAR SLIDE SHOW 27TH JANUARY

This is the chance to share your adventures and other experiences during 2014 (especially your 80s collecting) with other members.

They do not have to be Club events.

Please send your photos, with explanatory notes if needed, to the Ed before the end of the year.



Coming up soon:

Hotel Meet Fort William March 2015

We have managed to secure another five nights at the Alexandra Hotel in Fort William from Sunday 22nd March to Friday the 28th March 2015.

The cost is £32 per night – a total of £160.

The price includes dinner, bed and breakfast.

Single rooms will incur a supplement of £10 per night and dogs are charged at £5 per night.

In order to book your place please give your name/s to Clare Fox as soon as possible. Please note payment needs to be made a month before the date.

KFF CLUB EVENTS OCTOBER 2014 - JANUARY 2015

Where the contact person's phone number is not given below, full contact details should be found on page 2.

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

Dates given for multi-day events are from day of arrival to day of departure.

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- October** (Committee meet at the Rifleman's Arms on Tuesday 7th. Social Evening 9 pm onwards)
- Tuesday 14th** *80s Quiz Night at the Strickland Arms Pub. Teams of 3 or 4 people. Prizes to be won! Meet 7.30pm. Sandwiches provided. Guests Welcome. Contact Mike Palk (01425 736548)
- Sunday 19h** Weekend walk – Clougha Pike and Grit Fell (option of Ward Stones, weather dependent). Distance 7 miles (9 miles with Ward Stones) and 1300 ft of ascent. *Please note: dogs not allowed.* Meet 10.30am. Rigg Lane car park. (GR526 604) Leader Mike Palk (01425 736548)
- Week 24-30th** High House is booked for Fellfarers. October Half Term.
- Wednesday 29th** Midweek walk – 'Timeless Dentdale' 6 miles. 700 ft ascent. Fairly easy walking. Meet 10.30am. Limited parking at Church Bridge (GR SD 7074 8715) Leaders Irene and Graham Ramsbottom (01539 725808)
- Every Thursday* Evening Climbing for All. Kendal Wall. Info: Mike Palk (01425 736548)
- November** (Committee meet at the Rifleman's Arms on Tuesday 4th. Social Evening 9 pm onwards)
- Weekend 7-9th** High House is booked for Fellfarers for Remembrance Weekend. Ceremonies held at 11am on Castle Crag and Great Gable on Remembrance Sunday.
- Saturday 15th** Weekend walk – Wetherlam, Swirl How, Great Carrs, Wetside Edge from Tilberthwaite. Approximately 13 km, 900m of ascent. A mountain walk with some easy scrambling on Steel Edge. Meet 10am. Large car park at Yewdale Beck, (GR NY 306 010) Leader Kevin Ford (01539 734293)
- Tuesday 18th** Slide Show – 'A Retirement Adventure' by Tony and Sue Maguire. Meet 7.30pm. The Strickland Arms, Sizergh. Sandwiches provided. Guests welcome
- Wednesday 26th** Midweek walk – A Walk in the Woods. 7 miles. 250 ft. ascent. Footpaths. Meet 10.30am. Grange over Sands railway station (GR SD 411 781) Leader John Peat (015395 32244)
- Saturday 29th** *80s Celebration Party at Staveley Beer Hall Displays of our 80th year, the club history, results of our 'Fellfarers Way' competition plus some surprises! 7.30 pm to Midnight. Buffet provided by Wilfs.
- Every Thursday* Evening Climbing for All. Kendal Wall. Info: Mike Palk (01425 736548)
- December** (Committee meet at the Rifleman's Arms on Tuesday 2nd. Social Evening 9 pm onwards)
- Wednesday 10th** Midweek walk and Christmas lunch - Reston Scar and the Kentmere valley. 4-5 miles depending on the weather, followed by lunch from the standard bar menu at The Eagle and Child. Meet 10am. Wilfs Cafe. (GR SD 471 983). 555 bus leaves Kendal bus station 9.40. Leader Mick Fox
- Friday 12th** Christmas Darts and Dominoes Social Evening. Meet 7.30pm. The Rifleman's Arms, Kendal. Mince pies provided. Guests welcome
- Saturday 13th** Moonlight walk – Arnside Knott. 5kms and 160m uphill. Meet 6.30 pm. Arnside Pier (GR 456 788). Drinks after in the Albion. Leader Mike Palk (01524 736548)
- Week 23-31st** High House is booked for Fellfarers for Christmas and New Year, including the:
- Wednesday 31st** KFF Annual All Terrain Toboggan Trials at High House. Start approx 11 am. Guests welcome.
- Every Thursday* Evening Climbing for All. Kendal Wall. Info: Mike Palk (01425 736548)
- January** (Committee meet at the Rifleman's Arms on Tuesday 6th. Social Evening 9 pm onwards)
- Weekend 1-4th** High House is booked for Fellfarers (continuation of Christmas break)
- Weekend 9-11th** *Glencoe Meet – Clachaig chalets. Winter walking and climbing. See page 19. Limited beds so booking is essential. Info/booking Hugh Taylor.
- Saturday 10th** Charlie's Walk – Cunswick Scar via Gamblesmire Lane and Cunswick Tarn. 8 km. Meet 11am. Bradley Field Farm (GR 502917). Finish at the Rifleman's. Leader David Birkett (01539 738280)
- Weekend 16-18th** High House is booked for Fellfarers. *Please note this is a 'Quiet Weekend'.* A Winter walk(s)/meal on Saturday to be planned on Friday evening.
- Wednesday 21st** Midweek Train Ride and Walk – Cark to Grange via Cartmel and Hampsfell. 7 miles. Meet Arnside station for the 10.44 to Cark, or 10.50 in Grange-o-Sands. Leader Hugh Taylor NOTE: Train times to be confirmed. Timetable not yet available for January 2014.
- Tuesday 27th** *Slide Show – Review of the Fellfarers' 80th Year 2014. Meet at 7.30 pm. The Strickland Arms, Sizergh. Sandwiches provided. Guests welcome.
- Friday 30th** Annual General Meeting Meet 7.30pm. The Ivy Leaf Club, Kent Street, Kendal. Sandwiches provided
- Every Thursday* Evening Climbing for All. Kendal Wall. Info: Mike Palk (01425 736548)