

the FellFarer

*Number 76
January 2015*





Editorial

Once more I found myself in that difficult position: too many events for me to cover them all properly in twenty pages. I could probably have filled thirty pages with this last quarter's programme.

I'd planned to devote three pages to tell you all about the recent trip to Morocco and another three for the Summer Wine Week/Working Weekend. In the event they both got nudged down to single pages by other material. I'm sorry I couldn't do justice to either in this issue. They both feature in slideshows soon though so make sure you don't miss them.

The 80 years Celebration was of course the main culprit: not content with a page of its own in each issue this year, it kept elbowing its way into other parts of the magazine. Well that year is over now and the challenges all put to bed. It's January and time to look to the future...

Meanwhile, many thanks are due again to contributors: Sue Blamire, Irene Ramsbottom, Fred Underhill and Tony Maguire for their words, and to Carol Smith, Sue Blamire and Joan Abbott for their photographs.

Ed.

Cover Photograph: David Birkett relaxes en route to Nine Standards Rigg on September 14th 2014.

Deadline for the April edition: 1st March 2015

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- 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: New Number TBA

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

Heathy Lea Cottage
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Fellfarers: £4.50 p.p.p.n., Guests: £6.50 p.p.p.n.

Oread Booking Secretary: Derek Pike
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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

High House Lease

Negotiations with the National Trust for the renewal of the lease for High House have begun. The Trust have written to the club suggesting a number of issues for discussion and the Committee has responded in writing. The next stage will probably be a meeting with representatives of the Trust.

The Management Sub-committee (Hugh Taylor, Roger Atkinson, Kevin Ford, Helen Speed, Mick Fox) will consider the detail of any communications with the Trust and the negotiating team will be led by Gordon Pitt (President), with the support of Roger Atkinson (Chairman), Helen Speed (Committee member) and Mick Fox (Trustee).

The Lease is due for renewal at the end of March 2015.

BMC and Club Insurance

The Committee were asked at the last AGM to reconsider the club's membership of the BMC (Members will recall that the club joined the British Mountaineering Council several years ago to take advantage of the Council's insurance). The Committee agreed that it was a reasonable and timely request to see if other insurance is available. The Management Sub-committee were asked to carry out the investigative work. It has now reported its findings to the Committee and that report has been accepted. The Committee will report fully to members at the AGM.

Parental Consent Forms

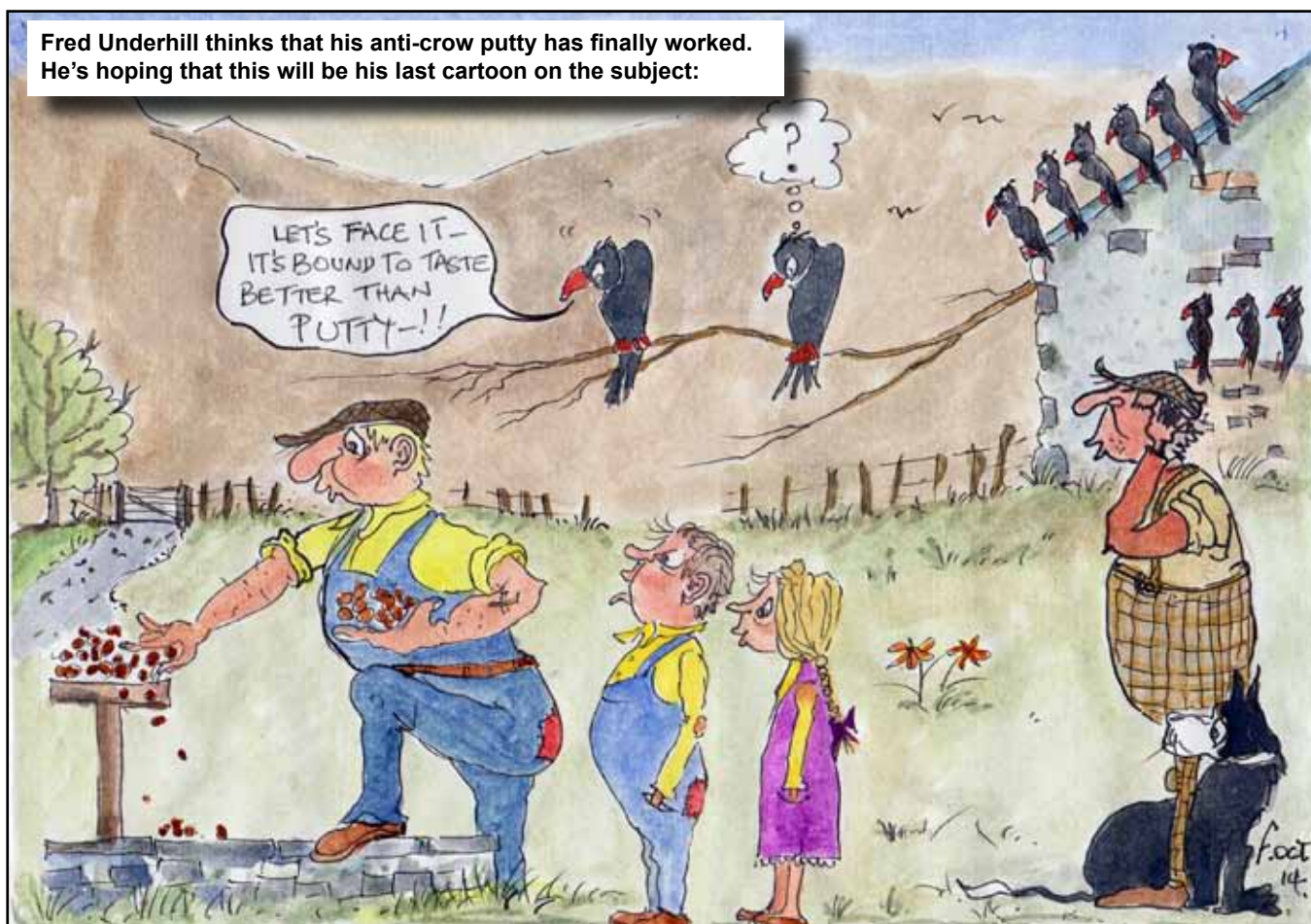
The Committee has carried out a revue of its standard documents. One of these is the Parental Consent Form. This is a document that should be used when taking a child or group of children (other than your own children) to stay at High House. It has not been used since it was introduced but it will remain available on the club website for the foreseeable future.

Archaeology or Rubbish?

In September the Summer Wine team were carrying out preparation work for covering the recent archaeology with turf (see page 9). They required coarse material for fill and some fine stuff to provide a bed for the grass and so they started to excavate the 'Midden', the old rubbish dump close to the boundary wall. Much broken glass came out, along with a whole lot of rust and 'agglomerate' (stuff stuck together and no longer recognisable). What was more interesting though, was the number of glass bottles and jars which emerged unscathed. If the evidence of the bottles is anything to go by, earlier generations of Fellfarers lived at High House on a diet of meat paste and Brylcreem. The display below shows part of the haul. There was nothing of real value but the glassware was given away to someone with an interest in such things.



Fred Underhill thinks that his anti-crow putty has finally worked. He's hoping that this will be his last cartoon on the subject:



80 for the 80th – Ardeche Ambles and Poteau Hunts

Sue and Phil Blamire, Lis Blamire Dubreuil, Alex Dubreuil (and Cleo the dog)

The challenge – walk 80km in the Ardeche in June (Sue and Lis) and walk past 80 footpath signs – or poteaux - in the Ardeche and Vaucluse (Sue)



The Veroncle Gorge (Vaucluse)

Woke to bright sunshine and stiff breeze which cooled things down somewhat. A look at the gorges of the Veroncle river was the plan for the day. Off we went, down towards the Veroncle – pleasant walk across rather fairly open woodland with extensive views across the Veroncle Gorge, out over the plain towards the Luberon Hills (*right*) and back towards Murs. After what seemed ages (and looking at the map I still can't figure out how it took so long) we came to our first poteau, at Vezaule where we stopped for lunch. From there we walked along the top of the Vezaule Ravine to where it joined the gorge of the Veroncle – fab views all the way. We could just see down into the gorge, loads of interesting rock formations, like battleships. The sides looked very steep. The track took us steadily but not precipitously down to the Moulin Jean Mare and from there down into the gorge itself and across the rather sorry trickle of a river. This side was a much gentler climb up to Lauziere where there was a shepherd's cabin. After that it was a steady trudge back to Murs. All in all an enjoyable walk with smashing views. 6 poteaux collected, 12 km walked.

Murs to Joucas and back (Vaucluse)

The wind had got up again during the night. Off we went to walk to Joucas, a village a short distance away, on a poteau collecting mission. Slow amble to la Lauziere, then along a nice track to Borne les Trois Eveches, apparently where three bishoprics met – a bit like the three shires stone I suppose. After the three bishoprics we had a steady drop to Joucas along a very enjoyable easy path with lovely views across the Luberon plain, and a good few flowers too. At Joucas, lower altitude and much warmer now that we were out of the wind, we found an establishment of refreshment where we supported the local economy by enjoying ice-cream and shandies – and a nice long sit. We decided to walk back to Murs via les Rouettes and Notre Dame de Salut. It turned out to be a good choice, a really lovely track through the sort of provençal countryside you imagine from Jean de Florette. The going was easy but every step was uphill and by now it was hot! The map shows there is an ancient chapel at cat ND de Salut but I was too hot and tired to bother going to look. We noticed again how prosperous the area is, with expensive looking hotels and smart villas, some with really spectacular views. At Murs there was a Provençal fair going on – a Provençal band and about 18 folk in traditional dress, performing traditional dances. A band of elderly gents provided the music for the dancers, one gent, 2 or 3 young girls and the rest all ladies of more than a certain age, carefully and rather self-consciously doing their steps. Very charming. Another smashing walk, 7 poteaux, plus some we had already visited, and about 10km.

Balazuc to Pradons (Ardeche)

Lis and Sue decided a walk was in order this afternoon so as to get a start on the 80km ardechois, and continue the poteau collection. Balazuc to Pradons via the old railway line was proposed, about 5 km. Phil and Alex would pick us up at Pradons. At the first poteau there was a little map which persuaded us to change our plans and do Balazuc-Pradons by a longer but more interesting looking route. A quick text to the chaps and we were on our way. From the Serre Bouchet poteau, for that is which it was, a steepish steady ascent along a narrow track to Serre Rimbaud. Rather hot but very pleasant ramble with lovely views as we gained height, looking out over the valley towards the mountains. The path was a little eroded in places but never problematic. A goodly number of flowers to look at, including orchids. We didn't see a soul the whole walk, as is usual on our Ardechois rambles.

From Serre Rimbaud we had a pleasant track (now wider than a mere footpath) through oaks and pines, presently arriving at the crest where we could see across to the Lagorce valley, our path going along the boundary between the Lagorce and Pradons communes. Views opened up further. Indeed, we had a real panorama - across to Privas and Col d'Escrinet, west along the mountains to Tanargue, the upper Ardeche gorges, Largentiere and behind, across the plain down to Joyeuse area, Les Vans mountains, Cevennes, Sampzon and the Ibie Valley, all under glorious blue sky. Superb! The track undulated and gradually started to drop a little. Finally we arrived at Serre Juliet, a place we have visited before in previous years. It was quite satisfying to approach it from a different direction and of course we didn't miss the fact that it brought to mind another walk possibility,



from Balazuc to Lagorce. (provided we have willing folk to do the transport back-up). From Serre Juliet it was a steady descent to Les Granges, just outside Pradons where Phil, Alex and Cleo were waiting for us. We all adjourned to the biker bar in Pradons for a beer each - well, you have to do what you can to support the local economy. All in all a very pleasant walk, total distance 11.1km, and five poteaux collected! On the Blamire-Dubreuil grading system we reckon it was worth at least 4 stars, and with the added bonus of an establishment of refreshment at the end.

Mirabel

Sunny and fresh this morning and a prompt start to do a walk from Mirabel, where it was a little hazy but nonetheless a terrific viewpoint, you can see across to Aubenas and its hinterland of mountains, all down the Ardeche valley as far as Vallon, across the plateau du Coiron and far away to the SE, the big hazy smudge of Mont Ventoux. This really is a lovely ramble along a lane under the great black slash of basalt cliff that curves away from Mirabel and up the valley, yet another instance of the varied Ardeche rock scenery. The dry stone 'murets' which border the lane have octagonal shaped stones, being basalt of course. Close by, you have flowers to admire and birdsong to try and identify and further away you have the splendid views to look at. The lane becomes a country road as you reach les Rochers, a tiny hamlet perched in a gap in the cliff. In the woods we heard nightingales, blackbirds and a golden oriole or two as well as a cuckoo. At les Rochers we spent a while watching a large, distant bird – was it an eagle, was it a buzzard, was it a black kite? Too far away for a definite ID. Back along the top of the cliff we went, very close to the road side in parts and no fence to stop you falling off if you were coming along in pitch dark, fog, state of advanced inebriation etc. A solitary sweet chestnut grew in one of the fields, its bark screwed into a spiral pattern up its trunk. Flowery verges, and swallow latticed fields, by now in warm sunshine until we got to the tower of Mirabel, a landmark for miles, dramatically situated. There is a steep set of steps at the side of it which take you down into the village with its narrow streets, vaults etc. All very picturesque and seemingly deserted. An excellent walk, lacking only an establishment of refreshment where we could have supported the local economy. 5.1km and 4 poteaux.

Les Balcons de l'Ibie

Our chosen walk today was 'les balcons de l'Ibie' from our guidebook. In the event it was a walk which we all thought promised more than it delivered, meriting only two stars in the Blamire/Dubreuil system.

A steady but easy climb took us up to the top of the Gorge from where we could see across to Prayer Flag Rock which we visited last year and beyond that Sampzon. A nice wander among scrubby oaks, box, juniper and oak (our tree book suggests this could be either evergreen oak, small leaved oak or kermes oak) along a fairly level path with occasional views further. At cirque d'Estres we had a good view across the Gorge and of the Cirque itself. By now it was pleasantly warm and sunny too. A long and meandering path with occasional views took us into some ravine or other (Combe Longe I think), not that you'd know it was a big ravine, it was so heavily wooded, to the poteau at Bois du Roi. By now we were

in dense woodland, oak and olive trees too, not very high but plenty of shade. It was still pretty warm though. Lots of birdsong, mostly blackbirds, nightingales, long-tailed tits and goldfinches. Tree cover too great to see enough expanse of sky to look for big birds. A steady ascent brought us to Pousaras where our footpath came out onto a cart track, easier, going but not a very interesting part of the walk, no views, not much in the way of flowers or birds, not much shade either. At last we reached the poteau at Serre de la Desferres. Here we turned and started a long, descent, into the valley of the Ibie. This was better, we had good views for some of it. There was a lot of construction noise, in the valley they are building a big visitor centre to do with the Grotte de Chavet, a cave of neolithic art discovered only 20 years ago and unsurprisingly deemed too fragile for the hundreds of visitors it would attract. In the heat the going was tiring. Eventually we crossed the Ibie and came to a poteau. Slight milling ensued and we decided rather than continue along the road and let ourselves in for more 'up' only to have to go down again, we would deviate from the



designated route and follow the course of the river. A river in name only I might add, for there was not a drop of water to be seen. This we did and after the long stoney descent we had done it was really pleasant to walk along a sandy riverside path and find ourselves back at our start point a whole kilometre sooner than expected! In all we walked just over 11km. It was very hot and although the walk wasn't especially difficult, it was quite strenuous in parts. Moreover there was no hostelry at the end for the support etc etc. 8 poteaux.

Ailhon

Overcast when we got up and much cooler. The weather forecast was predicting rain. We picked out a walk from Ailhon, intending to lunch at the wee restaurant in the village square on return. This walk was along woodland tracks, many 'calades', possibly ancient mule tracks. To start with we were in forest of aleppo pine and sweet chestnut and had a long, sometimes washed-out descent deep into the woods at le Chauzet, the site of an ancient monastical grange, a very large and imposing building, quietly and leafily situated. To get to it you crossed a small bridge over a trickle of a stream. The resident frogs complained as we went by. Indeed much of the walk was tree shaded apart from a brief crossing of the Plaine de Rompudes – lovely hay meadows, then back into pine forest. The understorey is heather, it would be interesting to see it when that is in bloom. Later, along more country lanes, past small holdings, some well-tended, some not quite, back to the forest below Ailhon and back along the terraces and up the calades. All in all a pleasant walk of about 8km and 5 poteaux. Very different landscape from yesterday, that is one of the joys of Ardeche. The village square in Ailhon is photogenic – aren't they all – with its flowery balconied houses and beautiful church with such a distinctive bell tower. It was very quiet, we seemed to be the only visitors. The restaurant was closed alas. It is in the process of coming under new management and we were two days too early! So we had to lunch elsewhere.

Lussas

Blue sky service was resumed this morning. Alex opted out of walking altogether, his back was aching. Phil offered to take Lis and I to a drop-off place if we wanted to do a point to point. We chose to walk from Lussas to Vogue via Lavilledieu and he decided he would set out from Vogue to meet us after having coffee with Alex. The temperature this morning was perfect for walking and we made a good choice, it was a really lovely walk. Leaving Lussas we passed through barley fields, vines and orchards (apples, pears, cherries) all overlooked by the tower at Mirabel (another potential walk there, to rather than from Mirabel), and very flat, easy walking. We

remained on gravel tracks and country roads for 2 or 3km, through quiet, pretty hamlets. At Mias we finally left the road and continued along a nice little lane across field and into woodland. Here there was a short diversion to visit a dolmen. It had a massive slab atop its two supporting slabs, what a task it must have been to construct it, and by and for whom we wondered. We had a very easy level smooth path, between low walls, through woodland so lots of birdsong all the way. Pretty flowers too, under oak with box and juniper to a lesser extent, very enjoyable indeed. How blessed we have been this holiday! And so through Lavilledieu which is quite an attractive village with the usual narrow streets and occasional vault and on up to Beysac, the only real gradient of the day. By now, it was pretty warm. We were now in a slightly wilder (as in not farmed) terroir, oak woodland, lots of undergrowth, as we made our way along the path to Baume des Bois, knowing Phil was on the way to meet us. The walking was still through verdant trees and flowers but a little rougher underfoot. This stretch is noticeably lacking in waymarks in contrast to many of the walks we have been doing, maybe it falls between two communs and they can't agree whose job it is to wield the yellow and white paint! We met Phil close to the Baume des Bois poteau and from there made our way along the familiar path to Vogue (*the cliffs at Vogue, left*). The last part of the walk, over le Gras (aka Vogue plateau) was very hot and I was pleased to reach the drop down into Vogue where we met Alex and adjourned to Hotel la Falaise for beer and fancy ice-creams. It is probably one of the most enjoyable walks so far and the Lussas-Lavilledieu section is definitely worth a repeat. Five stars, 12.4km and 9 poteaux.

St Andeols les Vans

Another day, another landscape type, another flora. We settled for a shortish (7km) walk from St Andeols les Vans, beautifully situated in the mountains behind Aubenas. We left the village and descended through lush, flowery meadows and chestnut groves to a pretty bridge spanning the river Sandron – a proper beck with actual water in it! The countryside hereabouts is wooded, very steep hillsides, tall trees reaching up to get the light I suppose. The tracks are mostly old mule tracks and of gentle zig-zag construction. They need to be, given the slope of the hillside. Respect to the path makers, these tracks look to have been here a long time and remain mostly in good condition. We were accompanied by much birdsong and many flowers along the paths which contoured the valley so that you walked a long way without getting far, as the crow flies, from your start point. The trees here are very tall, taller than even Ailhon, so quite a contrast to Balazuc and along the sides of the main gorges. Among the groves and meadows were tiny jumbly small-holdings, complete with goats, pigs and poultry: indeed at times you felt as if you might have blundered into somebody's back yard. Eventually we arrived at the hamlet of Fontbanne, perched high above St Andeols and enjoying a splendid view across to the tower of Mirabel on the horizon. It is clear that this part has a much higher rainfall than round Balazuc. All is lush and green, things growing abundantly and even little streams and muddy patches. You don't see those round Balazuc or Vogue. Our path continued through more chestnut groves, past a collection of beehives, and ponies watching us curiously. The groves bore evidence of coppicing. In more open country as the narrow path wended across the steep hillside you could see the walls retaining the terraces they constructed so as to be able to farm. All the while, that is outside of the woodland, we had views of the valley below us in a sort of bowl, the walk taking us round St Andeols, up to Col de Montgros after Fontbanne and then zig-zagging steadily down, very overgrown, and even brambly, in places. We crossed the Sandron a second time before a steady, sweaty climb back to up to St Andeols. All in all, a good walk. We graded it three stars, marking it down ½ a star because there was no place to have a drink at the end! 6 poteaux, 7 km.

Lanarce

Our walks seem to get better each day! Every morning a new landscape beckons and today was upland meadow in nature. Just more than an hours drive took us up the N102 to Lanarce just beyond the col de Chavade and, we noticed, in the Loire watershed. So the rivers we saw probably finished up in the Atlantic. This walk had a truly lovely start across high meadows, coloured with drifts of wild pansies and wild narcissus. Unfortunately Phil didn't get very far before he could hardly walk because of real discomfort in his right calf muscle and he decided to cut short his walk, urging the rest of us to continue. Satisfied that he could safely get back to Lanarce and the car, we agreed. Actually, in some respects, he probably got one of the best parts of the walk, along between meadow and pasture with lovely countryside views, birds (kites? Buzzards?) and the occasional glimpse across to the countryside of Haute Loire and Correze. The N102 was not far away but we were in another much lovelier world! We traversed a boggy lane, bright with kingcups and then crossed among broomily yellow hillside (broom like we have, not the spanish broom of lower slopes) and down to the pretty hamlet of Trespis and down to the river Espezonette where we abandoned Phil. He walked back along the road from there to

Lanarce. What a pretty river valley it was! With a proper river, with water in it! Next came the uphill part of the walk, a long plod up to Praneuf (easy when you do it Clanger style) and a booty stop. As we gained height we left behind lime, sycamore and pine and passed under spruce and beech, so yet another change of flora. All this along a 'piste carrossable' so very easy going. At the high point, rather less than 1400m I think, we had extensive views across to col de Chavelade and Abraham peak, sadly a bit hazy. It must be a fantastic view in the right light conditions. And so onwards, easily across open heathy countryside, dotted with pines and broom to Genistet. From there it was downwards along a lovely grassy track to la Maisonneuve and back to the Espezonette. By now the sun had come out and it felt hot in this peaceful, idyllic little river valley. And so back to Phil in Lanarce. This was definitely a five star walk and had the bonus of a bar a mile or two away at the col de la Chavelade for the end of walk beers and fancy ice-cream. 11.7km and 7 poteaux.

Balazuc to Uzer

The plan was to walk from Balazuc to Vinezac but for various reasons we only got as far as Uzer.

What walk we did achieve was very enjoyable, down through Balazuc, across the bridge and on to Viel Audon, already at 9.30 very hot in the rocky cauldron of the gorge. The Audon flock of goats was not to be seen but we did pass the home of half a dozen young pigs enjoying a Sunday morning lie-in. The steep pull out of Viel Audon was much our toughest gradient of the day. It is a much visited place of course, and the cobbles are very polished. Already visitors were starting to arrive, the only time we saw anybody. (As usual - we saw no other hikers yesterday either, or the days before that.) At the top of the climb we stopped for a breather and enjoyed watching a small lizard busily eating a spider. The next part of the walk took us along a gently rising lane which became a track as it came onto the Chauzon plateau and fantastic views all round. We were glad that we were going from Balazuc towards Uzer as that way we had the best views ahead of us. It's a lovely open stretch, nicely flat so easy going. Ahead we could see from Largentiere right down the valley beyond Joyeuse, many hill top villages poking up out of the woody, vineyardy, landscape. Down to the left were the mountains of Les Vans, skirting round the top of the Chassezac valley, over towards Grospierres and Sampzon. To the right was the hump of Vogue heights, Mirabel and the Coiron plateau and in the far right hand corner at our backs the hazy lump of Mt Ventoux (*Lis and Alex pick out Mont Ventoux, below*). Splendid. And hot. From the poteaux signs, so often enticing, we picked up that there is a potentially fine walk to Chauzon 'par les cretes'. Sounds good, so filed away for future exploring. Quite suddenly you come to the edge of the plateau and hence down into Uzer, where we met Phil and Cleo and adjourned to the local bar in order to support the local economy. It was a little disappointing not to continue, but it was also seriously hot by then so maybe for the best to abandon. 6.4km, 8 poteaux. A very hot, very inactive, afternoon followed.



Salavas to La Bastide en Virac and back

Today has been very hot indeed, over 35 this afternoon and even now, late in the evening, it is still very warm. Our walk was a round trip from Salavas to La Bastide en Virac and back, a distance of about 14km. A steady climb out of Salavas, then a pleasant walk between low walls passing through fields and vines, then light woodland to a pretty roman bridge. From there we made our way along wooded shady tracks. The undergrowth either side of the path was very dense – box, bay, juniper, white-oak – typical gorges flora. Nightingales were much in hearing and Alex saw a young deer. Looking at the map it seems we were going along les pas des Moines, We

climbed steadily and hotly up as the sun got above the trees. Presently we arrived at the Centre de Virac. Here Phil decided to take the abbreviated walk back to Salavas and set off down the road. The rest of us continued along a very straight box-lined track, which brought us out at the Sous Salyeron track from where it was a slightly rough descent to La Bastide en Virac. By now we had completed our 80km – hurrah! I suggested going into La B en V for a beer to celebrate but was outvoted. And it did actually make more sense to head back, it was getting very warm indeed. So we turned right onto the GR4 towards Salavas. There was a longish stretch along a country road with some nice patches of shade which provided an agreeable lunch stop. But after that it really did get very hot and for a long way there was little shade to be had. It was good to leave the road behind and get onto a track even though there was still a shortage of shade. We were experiencing the opposite of wind chill – stone-heat (or stone-blast back maybe), - where the path reflects the heat back at you and the few shady passages we had were very welcome indeed. In the heat it was hard going. ! But we did have some pleasant views and all in all it was a good walk. Another 9 poteaux added. 80km achieved, celebration beers were in order at the village bar.



Balazuc to St Maurice

Well, we've done it. Both parts of our challenge completed. 101.4 km walked and 84 poteaux collected. We are well chuffed with ourselves and we have enjoyed the challenges.

Lis, Alex and I did the final walk, from Balazuc to St Maurice d'Ibie. It's an easy walk, down to the railway line, then up across the vines, through maquis, past a group of beehives, to the Lagorce road and then the steepest bit up to hameau de Leyris. Lovely views behind us to the cliffs of Balazuc, Queen Jeanne's tower and the mountains from the Tanargue right round to Sampzon. From Leyris it was an easy walk up to the Route Royale and the 79th poteau at Montagu. The flora is garriguey – white oak, juniper, box, and flowers of dry scrubby plains, lavender fields, a bit unkempt. Valos arrived, or rather we arrived at Valos, the 80th poteau, hurrah! But the real bonus was at the next one, Petit Montagu, where we saw what we believe was a booted eagle, swirling high above us on the thermals. Here we veered off to the left onto a narrow, pleasant track which led down to the Ibie (*Sue, Lis and Alex on the descent to the River Ibie, above*). Cue some 'swimming' to 'ford the river'. There were notices advising of an alternative route should the river be in spate. It wasn't. In fact there was not a drop of water to be seen and it didn't look as though any drops of water had been seen for quite some time. We admired the ancient retaining terraces on the hillside above us and on the other side of the path a hillside neatly stacked with timber arranged in very tidy blocks, like giant hay bales. We had arranged to meet Phil on the village green at St Maurice, but he was delayed. So we repaired to the local tavern for beers to celebrate our triumph (and quench our thirst). Phil eventually arrived. An attempt to lunch at the local tavern was thwarted, there were no parking spaces to be had. So it was back to le Frigoulet, now baking in the sun, for a very hot, very lazy afternoon. 14.3km, 10 poteaux.

What a fab holiday we had, definitely 5 stars!

Sue Blamire



Not a Canal Trip as We Know it.

Midweek Walk No. 52

Wednesday August 27th 2014

Irene Ramsbottom



There was not enough interest to make the proposed canal narrowboat trip viable (*which is a shame, the canal looked particularly good that day. See above - Ed.*) so a Plan B had to be found over coffee in the sun at the Crooklands Hotel by Mick, Clare, Angie, Hughie, Irene and Graham. Mick had one that he had prepared earlier: into Yorkshire and Wainwright's limestone country.

We set off from Masongill, virgin territory for us all. Follow a lane across a field with shakeholes towards isolated trees, these sheltered a large hole in the ground, Marble Steps Pot (*top left*). A wonderful shaped hole with fixed ropes, crying out for some exploration. Mick duly obliged, Clare was needlessly concerned about a lack of life insurance! Hugo had a little dabble, the rest looked on in admiration and trepidation. It was a good spot for lunch with a glorious view down to Morecambe Bay.

A pleasant traverse across the Tow Scar limestone escarpment with Ingleborough providing the backcloth made a very enjoyable stretch.

The many unusual freestanding limestone formations had Angie waxing poetically (*second and third left*). We failed miserably to find the one named the "Cheese Grater". Fairly obvious where it was when we looked back from the day's highpoint, Hunt's Cross.

Back along Tow Scar Road, the walk still held one last surprise. A small chapel-like building held a sandstone arch (*bottom left*), which had travelled all the way along Drove Roads from Scotland. It was built and dismantled by the artist Andy Goldsworthy at 22 locations along the way before finally coming to rest here at Toby's Fold in 1997.

Thanks to Mick for a very enjoyable alternative to the Canal Trip. Perhaps another time?

NINE STANDARDS RIGG

A WEEKEND WALK
SUNDAY 14TH SEPTEMBER



A fine morning at home but we watched the clouds racing overhead as we drove from Kendal to Kirkby Stephen. Clouds gathered in dark clumps and we wondered if we were in for a wetting. So distracted by the sky were we that we paid little heed to the 'Road Closed ahead' sign at Tebay. "They'll not just close a main road," we thought. Beyond Ravonstenedale we came to barriers that told us unequivocally that the A-road WAS closed completely. Another car stood there - our leader, Mr. Birkett, and Frank Haygarth were waiting to see if anyone else would arrive at the blockage.

We drove on the minor road over Wharton Fell into Mallerstang and arrived at Stenkrith only a few minutes late. Ray Wood was waiting; he had taken a different diversion, through Waitby.

So our party was just five in number, three in shorts (*top right*) - that's how good the weather had been in Kendal. David led us off down the disused railway line for a way, then out into the fields below Nateby Common. It was an interesting line, through thorns laden with berries, past the only dual-carriageway field bridge I've ever seen, under the long crag of Ewbank Scar (has anyone ever climbed there?) to Lathwaite.

From there we were soon above the intake wall on open moorland climbing gently to Nine Standards Rigg (*second right*). We passed a heavily-laden chap attempting an unsupported Coast-to-Coast. He seemed keen for us to linger and chat but he was moving very slowly and our knees were feeling the cold.

The way got rather squelchy above Faraday Gill and the wind was really biting by then. We hurried on to the Standards (*third right*) and had a hurried lunch. The big round cairns gave little shelter from the wind.

We nipped up to the summit trig point (*bottom right*) and turned back west towards the bridgeway which is so clearly marked on the map and not on the ground. We bumbled down the rough fellside until a path of sorts appeared, leading us back down to sheltering walls and trees.

The route sprang another surprise: a bridgeway across fields and through Hartley Quarry has been completely obliterated by the landowner: no gates or stiles and barbed wire across the walltops.

We soldiered on down to old railway line again and were soon admiring the magnificent sculpted rock where the Eden squeezes under the road bridge (*inset left*).

Ray had a flight to catch and so rushed home but the remaining four of us called into the Fat Lamb for refreshments after what had been another grand day out. Thanks David.





Summer Wine Week and Working Weekend 15 - 21st September 2014

A combination of good weather and a superb turnout for the Summer Wine Week meant that all of the outside jobs listed were finished.

The area outside the men's dorm (site of our recent archaeological dig) was cleared, levelled with unwanted stone and old debris and then covered with a fine tilth of ash and soil. The tilth came from the 'midden', the old rubbish heap built up before the days of refuse collection and recycling (see page 3). The rubbish was painstakingly riddled and the results were spread, raked and trodden to provide a base for the turf, which arrived late but was still laid before the weekend was out. The walls around the enclosure were rebuilt to make them safe. The result now looks very tidy (*bottom left*). During the weekend the adjacent area was cleared of large boulders. A fine cairn appeared in the process (*third left*).

Inside there was much work to finish off after the builders had completed their labours in August, as well as a wide range of other improvements. The new fire-resistant linings to the common room and kitchen ceilings have been repainted (*second left*). The ladies washroom was finally completed and the drying room has been insulated and a heater installed.

As ever the less attractive, but more important, jobs were tackled by a willing team. The cleaning was carried out with painstaking thoroughness to leave the hut sparkling once more. Working Weekend proved to be, as it always is, a great social occasion too (*top two photos and bottom right*).

It was a great team effort and all those who played a part should be thanked by the club for helping to make High House "the best Hut in the Lakes".





Alleluia!

Midweek Walk No. 53 - from Backbarrow to Latterbarrow Wednesday September 24th 2014

It was certainly the first KFF midweek walk to begin with hymn-singing; perhaps the first of any walk in the club's 80 year history. We all travelled by bus to the starting point: Roger, Frank, Fred, Val, Clare and Mick boarding the X6 in Kendal and Mike, Adele, Hugh and Les joining them at Witherslack.

At Backbarrow there was a strong bid for coffee from some but that meant a big deviation and Mike was keen to press on. As we turned off Backbarrow's main street, however, the ladies spotted a sign on the front of the church hall : "Wednesday - coffee mornings". We wandered in and ordered coffees from the small group gathered there. They provided biscuits too. We chatted to them about the club as we sipped from the mugs. When we had finished and asked how much we owed they replied that there was no charge; the coffee morning was just for their church group, not for the public. Before we could beat an embarrassed retreat, they handed us hymnbooks and said they had chosen a hymn just for us. And so we found ourselves belting out the words (*top left*) :

*"When through the woods, and forest glades I wander,
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees.
When I look down, from lofty mountain grandeur
And see the brook, and feel the gentle breeze.*

*Then sings my soul, My Saviour God, to Thee,
How great Thou art, How great Thou art....."*

When the little organ wheezed to a halt at the end of the last line, Adele managed to make excuses for us before they continued with the homily and we departed, giggling, for "the woods, and forest glades", leaving donations on the table.

The blue sky was dotted with fair-weather cumulus and we walked in high spirits through shoulder-high bracken over Bigland Allotment to Canny Hill. We crossed to the A590 and climbed forest roads into Chapel House Plantation for lunch at Simpson Ground Reservoir (*second left*). Fred brought out his fishing tackle and made a few casts into the sunlit tarn to add another one to his '80' list. We descended past the fine ruin of Simpson Ground Farm, collecting footbridges as we went (*third left*), to Cow Head Wood and across the wide Winster Valley.

A short climb through the woods brought us out onto the fine little ridge of Yewbarrow. Sheep-cropped turf on a bed of limestone gave easy walking and we strolled slowly along, taking in the fine views of the Whitbarrow crags, the Lakeland hills behind us and the broad sweep of Morecambe Bay before us.

We sat in the afternoon sun for a long spell, not wanting to leave (*bottom left*). Mike dragged us away eventually, down the surprisingly long descent southwards, woodland and fields, to pop out onto the road only a short distance from the Derby Arms. Mike's timing was perfect: we had time for a relaxed pint before the bus was due to pick us up. We were still giggling about our 'coffee morning' as we quenched our thirsts. It had been a fine day's walking with a lot of interest and, of course, many laughs. Thank you Mike and Adele.

A Shore Walk

Saturday 27th September 2014

Fred Underhill

Sandra, Tony, Roger, Margaret, Val, Jean and Fred

The 5 of us left Kendal in bright sunshine but when we arrived at Bare Lane it was quite dull; but it brightened up again as the day progressed.

First we looked round the beautiful garden and vegetable plot they have created in the short time they have been there.

leaving the house we crossed over the railway line in Bare Lane and along the side roads onto the Prom near Happy Mount Park. We stopped outside the Leisure Centre to talk to Sandra's brother, then along the shore line with small coves and inlets, a popular path for

dog-walkers, joggers and walkers. After some time we left the shore, crossed over the railway bridge, down the road and over the gated railway crossing at Hest bank to a small inviting cafe which we passed and joined the shore path again. Another popular place to walk dogs, jog or just park up for a picnic. We continued for some time then left the shore and up through a field (full of cows) to a memorial for the drowned cockle-pickers, a praying angel with shell wings. Then over the fence and through the static vans onto a road to the Red Bank Farm Camping Site and Cafe. Time for lunch, an excellent lunch in a very busy cafe. Suitably fed and watered, we took a field path to another road, to the shore, then up into Bolton le Sands, across the road then onto the Lancaster Canal path back to Bare.

We passed many beautiful houses and passed many beautiful fishing places and many moored canal boats (*top right*). A lovely stroll in the sunshine. After a while we left the canal and made our way back to Bare along lanes, old railway tracks, past a golf course and back to Sandra's for afternoon tea. An excellent day along a variety of paths in sunshine and no hills. You missed a good one. Thanks Tony and Sandra.

Clougha Pike

Sunday 19th October 2014

The little car park under Clougha Pike was busy. A group of volunteers were preparing to set off with Bowland Forest wardens to do some tidying up somewhere but we managed to squeeze our cars into the last spaces. It was a gloomy morning and the forecast promised worse to come but that didn't put ten of the club stalwarts off (*second right*). Mike led us on the grassy path through flowering gorse and upwards through woodland to Windy Clough, well named on such a day. Above the treeline the landscape changed to slopes of coarse grass and heather, liberally sprinkled with gritstone outcrops and boulders.

We climbed higher, following the rising peaty path along Clougha Scar. Several stops were needed as each one of us felt the need to add more layers of protection. The wind was increasing in strength and it was becoming bitterly cold. We wondered how long we had before the promised rain came.

Those of us (quite a few) who had not been this way before were surprised at the rough mountain atmosphere of the comparatively lowly slopes leading to the top of Clougha Pike. There is, thank goodness, a shelter on the summit just big enough for ten walkers.

We snuggled in and ate lunch.

Out in the wind again (on our backs now and less troublesome), we strode on across the heather moorland to the slightly higher summit of Grit Fell. Just beyond the top is a rather enigmatic carved benchmark stone (*left*). What is it that is 1,263 yards away? A study of the map comes up with another enigma over in that direction: "Castle of Cold Comfort". Perhaps they are linked. Anyone know?

Mike's plan had been to continue to Ward's Stone but in that cheerless wind there was no real enthusiasm. "Another day," we said. We took the landrover



track down across Black Fell, past Andy Goldsworthy's triple niche-sculptures in a disused quarry (*third right*) and triple cairns by artists unknown (*bottom right*). Out of the wind now, we enjoyed the fine scenery across the Lune valley. The last mile or so back to the cars was along a pleasant level track which sits on top of the Thirlmere-Manchester water pipeline. The rain had held off all day.

We called into the Ship Inn in Caton for pots of tea and agreed that the Bowland Forest will be worth further exploration. Thank you Mike and Cath.





“A Walk in Timeless Dentdale” Midweek Walk No. 54

Wednesday 29th October 2014

Tony Maguire

*Roger and Margaret Atkinson, Josh, Tom and Sam Weeks,
Clare and Mick Fox, Mike and Adele Walford,
Val Calder, Graham and Irene Ramsbottom,
Frank Haygarth, Tony Maguire and Susan Mitchell.
(plus Chris and ??, prospective members).*

There are few pleasures in life that can match that of a walk in the Yorkshire Dales. Take one of the Dales' most beautiful valleys, add one of its most idyllic villages and combine that with magnificent early autumn colours on a perfectly clear day and you have the walk we enjoyed in late October, led by Graham and Irene Ramsbottom.

Starting from Church Bridge (*top left*), our route took us up through the enchanting village of Dent climbing through trees (*Flinter Gill, second left*) past an old barn displaying antiquated farm machinery, alongside waterfalls and to our first viewpoint. A day and a place made for lingering. Soon after we joined a charming green lane and our main climb had finished as we sidled along the lower slopes of Crag Hill, past disused quarries and over High Lane Gill until we emerged on to Barbondale Road (*lunch stop, third left*).

The vista that we enjoyed along the length of Dentdale during our lunch stop was breathtaking – stone barns, dry stone walls, the meandering river Dee along with nestling hamlets – an example of the beauty of the northern British countryside that could stand comparison with any pastoral landscape in any part of the world.

The public footpaths, cottages, roads and footbridges on our descent reminded us just how well man and nature can sometimes combine to produce a glorious harmony (*bottom left*). This tapestry of gentle beauty eventually took us to the line of the Dales Way, which ultimately runs from Ilkley in the east to Bowness in the west and at this point travels along the south bank of the river Dee. Our enjoyment was enhanced by the possible challenge of avoiding the spray from a marauding muckspreader, but the walker-friendly farmer took pity on us and kept well away! Another kind of pastoral harmony!

Arriving back at Church Bridge we all decided to look for somewhere to enjoy a cup of tea, but Dent is a popular place and even on this Wednesday in October, the café was full so we bestowed our custom on the George and Dragon pub (*bottom right*), probably increasing their takings several hundred percent on this autumn afternoon. No ale was consumed!

A walk in beautiful countryside satisfying in every respect from beginning to end – thanks to Graham and Irene for a thoroughly enjoyable day.





On the Beach

Crossing the Sahara in the company of Berber tribesmen and camels

1st - 8th November 2014

Let's get it straight from the start: we didn't cross *all* of the Sahara, just one teeny-weeny bit of it, up in the top left-hand corner. 'We' are: Roger Atkinson, Hugh Taylor, Mick Fox, Norman Bell and a lady called Sandra who appeared unexpectedly in Marrakech to join our walk, all organised by KE Adventure of Keswick.

We flew into Marrakech in the early evening and were met by Hassan, our leader for the trip. Later, after dinner in our hotel, Hassan gave us a briefing and then left us to wander the streets, busy with food stalls, fires and noisy crowds, before we opted for an early bed.

After breakfast at dawn we boarded a minibus to cross the High Atlas Mountains via the 'Tizi n Tichka', at 2260m the highest road pass in Morocco. We descended to Ouarzazate and then south into unfamiliar territory: through the huge palm grove of Draa stretching for more than 60 miles in a landscape otherwise dry and dusty. We passed through small towns, Agdz, Zagora, Tagounit, and then on just dust roads across blank country as the light faded, to reach Ouled Driss on the edge of the Sahara desert. We camped overnight in traditional Berber shelters of mud walls and tented roofs. A noisy French party shared the basic dining room, open to the warm night air. Tired by the long drive, we went to bed early again. It was still dark when we rose for a simple breakfast while the camels were being loaded. We left the village, heading west. The scrubby, stoney land gradually gave way to sand and small dunes as we began to penetrate the Sahara. Our guide appeared without warning, setting a good pace for us to follow. Mohammed is one of the semi-nomadic Ait Atta Berber people who have lived in the area for centuries, before the Arab and Islamic influences arrived in the 7th century. He spoke no English, carried no gear except a stout wooden stick, and was a silent enigmatic presence throughout our trip. The first day set the pattern: 4 hours walking with only one short break for water, then a long lunch break before another long walk to the overnight campsite. The camels almost always took a flatter route; they are apparently not good at traversing duned landscapes.

We rested and lunched in the shade of a tamarisk tree near the small dunes of El Mazouaria before continuing to a well where the camels arrived and we set up camp. We sat on the ridge of a nearby dune and watched a wonderful sunset.

Up early again for a chilly breakfast before sunrise. Now we felt that we were in the true desert. Apart from distant low hills to the north our whole world was sand and stone. Mohammed led on, steering us, presumably, by the sun. There are occasional tamarisk trees poking improbably from the dunes and when we caught up with the cook and the camels again, preparing lunch for us, it was in the shade of a tree. We started with mint tea, ate and then relaxed. The desert gave us a little warning on this day. Wind, descending from a snowstorm in the Atlas, whipped up the sand. It was not serious enough to be called a sandstorm but it obscured the ground and penetrated every defence we had. I'm still finding some of that sand a month later. Norman, with grit in his eye that night, endured the Berber 'remedy' of provoking tears to wash it out - with onion juice!

We had all fallen into the routine now and the camp was soon packed away on the following day. We were delighted that the wind had dropped and we were back to the only weather being 'sun'. We crossed large wadis, more dunes and a wide rocky plain to an oasis at Foumlaalg. A deserted fort-like village is a sign that western life is drawing people away to the cities. The fertile land there is a surprise - we walked through a green plain of rocket growing wild before climbing the giant dunes of our destination - Chegaga. We sampled some of beautiful curved ridges, deeply shadowed by the sinking sun, before dropping down to the camels and our tents. A few other camps were scattered around the bases of these dunes which are like miniature mountain ranges. It's becoming a popular destination.

It took us an hour or so to reach the highest point on the following morning, about 200m vertical height gain and from there we tottered happily along many unstable shifting dune ridges that day before eventually descending to flatter lands and our final campsite in a grove of tamarisks.

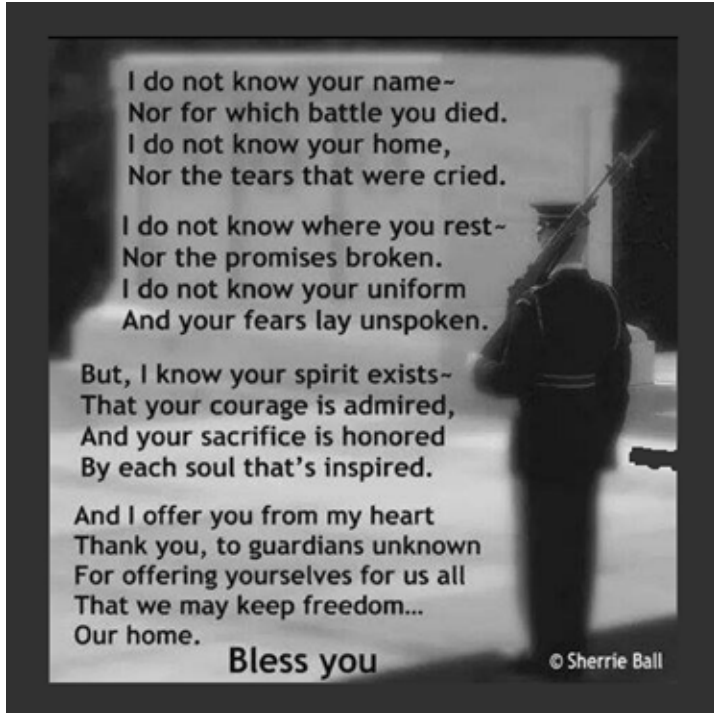
On the following morning a couple of 4x4s raced us across the remaining miles to the road head at Zawyat Sidi Abdenbi, for the long drive back across the Atlas to Marrakech. Once there, we had a short time in the famous square, the Djemaa-el-Fna, (acrobats, musicians, food stalls, snake-charmers, water sellers) before dinner in a nearby restaurant.

A late afternoon flight on the last day meant we could enjoy the delightful Jardin Majorelle (a walled garden, an oasis in the heart of the city) in the morning before a leisurely lunch on a rooftop above the Djemaa-el-Fna, still full of activity. A perfect ending to our too-short experience of those wide empty spaces under the enduring sun.

"ARMISTICE"

REMEMBRANCE WEEKEND IN BORROWDALE
7-9TH NOVEMBER 2014

There was a good turnout at High House once more and almost everyone there walked to the summit of Castle Crag for the Borrowdale Remembrance Ceremony.
Carol Smith provided these photographs of the day.



Wetherlam and beyond

Saturday 15 November 2014



Tina and Kevin Ford, Ray Garnett and Karen Wilkinson, Frank Haygarth, Hugh Taylor, Mick Fox.

Kevin's carefully planned round of the Greenburn valley began at Tilberthwaite Quarry carpark and, because some of us arrived very early, we had time to inspect Andy Goldsworthy's fine Touchstone sheepfold there (*above - website photo*). Four panels of tightly-packed slates from the quarry line the fold interior but are invisible on the outside walls. It's playful and clever but 'is it art?' you may ask. Answers on page 21.

Meanwhile the rest of the day's seven Fellfarers gathered in the car park and put on their boots (*top right*). A grey ceiling of cloud hid the felltops but Kevin's forecast promised that the sky would clear during the morning. We set off in high spirits after being entertained by the antics of a minibus-load of oddly-equipped 'walkers' wandering back and forth, rotating maps in an effort to work out where they were and where they should go.

We climbed the nicely-graded miner's track on the south side of Tilberthwaite Gill, peering into the narrow slot-quarries on the left as we went. We had a little excitement crossing Crook Beck (*second right*) but no-one fell in and we were soon standing underneath the fine sharp steep ridge of Steel Edge. Now here's a puzzle: The Edge is clearly marked on OS maps and several guidebooks and websites recommend it as perhaps the best way up Wetherlam. It is an obvious and compelling line when seen from the Tilberthwaite Fells below so why did the usually meticulous Alfred Wainwright ignore it completely? Not only does he not recognise it as a route, he doesn't even show it on his carefully-drawn map. An odd omission.

We followed the clear path upwards and soon had our hands on rock as the ridge steepened. Up into the clouds we climbed, the promised clearing of the skies showing no sign of fulfilment. Black crags loomed ominously in the surrounding mists. A great atmosphere on such a day.

The little nameless tarn which marked the top of Steel Edge and our arrival on the Lad Stones ridge gave us a suitable place for a coffee stop from which we could admire the lack of a view. We turned sharp right and followed the ridge easily up to the first cairn (Were the two ladies enjoying lunch there under the impression that they were on the summit? Didn't like to ask). We had Wetherlam summit all to ourselves (*third right*).

It was too early for lunch so we strode on down the perfect mountain path below Black Sails to Swirl Hause where a group of happy walkers were having a celebration smoke. We swapped a bit of banter and clambered on up Prison Band to Swirl How summit where the view was exactly the same as that from Wetherlam. More jokes with more passing walkers as we munched our sandwiches. There was no wind and the mist wasn't the 'wetting' kind so we felt relaxed and comfortable with the conditions. On down to Great Carrs we went, forgetting to look for the undercarriage of the crashed Halifax bomber above Broad Slack, following the edge of the crags to our right until, at about 1500 feet we dropped out of the clouds. As we ambled down the sky began to clear, about 4 hours too late for us but welcome nevertheless. Late sunlight bathed the eastern fells and blue patches appeared above us. Behind us the flanks of Cold Pike smouldered as the setting sun burned off the mist. The descent of Wet Side Edge into Greenburn was indeed wet and Karen had an unfortunate slip that badly twisted her knee. She was in great pain and the last two miles on stony track and tarmac must have been a trial for her. It was a shame that an otherwise great day out (three new Wainwrights for her) was marred by the fall and we all hope she gets well soon. (*Stop Press. diagnosis: torn calf muscle*) We reached the cars as the last of the light faded and noticed that the Oddly-Equipped Walker's minibus was still standing there in the gathering gloom. Hmmm.

Three of us rounded off the day with glasses of the excellent Bit'er Ruff in the Watermill at Ings. Well, why not?



A Walk in the Woods

Midweek Walk No.55

Wednesday 26th November 2014.

Roger Atkinson, Val and Colin Hunter, Val Calder, Frank Haygarth, Hugh Taylor, Norman Bell, Sam Bracken, Les Ord, Jane and David Robinson, Clare and Mick Fox.

Would this midweeker happen? The forecast was poor and when John phoned to say that he would be unable to lead the walk because of Anne's recent illness we wondered.

Anyway, a replacement leader was found and instructed over the telephone by John. The rest was down to chance.

The day started miserably, as expected, with drizzle falling from a grey ceiling of nimbostratus (or was it altostratus? Answers on a postcard please to Michael Fish).



The Fellfarers are by nature optimists however, and so are their friends, so it was a jolly crowd of 13 that gathered at Grange Railway Station. The rain had stopped too!

The list above includes Jane and David Robinson. They are hoping to join the club in the near future. They are well-known by many existing Kendal members and are very welcome.

We set off through the grounds of the Netherwood Hotel (top right), past Blawith Farm's derelict buildings (worth some rich person's investment surely?) and into the Brown Robin Nature Reserve.

Following the thin blue highlighter line on the Ed's photocopied map, the team pressed northwards. A mistake or two was accepted with the usual banter until the right line, down slape rocky steps, was found through the trees to The Slack and a crossing of the Windermere Road.

North again we wandered, past the spring / well where Sally enjoyed a chilly dip. No-one joined her.

Beyond Merlewood we reached the northern edge of Eggerslack Wood where a broad grassy track led southwards again. John's instructions had been very clear though: DO NOT GO THROUGH THE GATE!

We followed his plan, using the winding nebulous track through the trees on the east side of the wall rather than the easy track just over on the west side. It was clear that John meant what he said when he called it 'A Walk in the Woods'.

We reached a crossroads of tracks, as expected, and climbed the stile to the civilised (west) side of the wall.

Out of the woods, the day's guide realised that (1) we'd climbed the wrong stile and (2) it didn't matter because everyone was happy to visit Hampsfell Hospice (left) anyway.

Two of our members (who will remain nameless) had an animated but inconclusive discussion about whether they had ever been on Hampsfell before. Well you have now, Mr. and Mrs. H. !



We had a lunchstop at the hospice, reminiscing about our early teenage years and the music of those years. There was singing from some and the Ed. made a particularly embarrassing confession about the first record he ever bought. It was suggested that it might be very valuable because everyone else who ever bought a copy would surely have destroyed it by now. Brrrrrr. We all got chilled and took some time to warm up on the wander down to Fell End to rejoin John's planned route.

Down past Spring Bank we went to the signed pathway round the north and eastern boundaries of the private wood of Eden Mount. November woodland at its best. And so down into the busy metropolis of Grange over Sands.

We proved that Fellfarers are nothing if not cosmopolitan by choosing to sit outside at the pavement cafe on the main road for our coffee and carrot cake (bottom right). Well there wasn't enough room for us all inside.

We agreed that it had been a really good walk: a pleasant route, no rain, good company throughout, only a few navigational errors, and no need to call out Mountain Rescue. What more could we expect?

**"Thank you John" for your walk
and "Get well soon Anne" from all of us.**



The 80th Anniversary Party

A few last minute technological hiccups, a few worries about people turning up, a lot of hard work, stress, and then.....

And then it all seemed to go to plan: the displays were set up, the slideshow was working, the bar was open and the buffet was in place.

Best of all, the cake had arrived (*top right*). And what a cake! The more observant Fellfarers will have observed that we were all on it: hillwalkers, cavers, kayakers, climbers, fungi and wild flower spotters, church collectors, cyclists, skiers, ATTT competitors, wild swimmers, campers and was that a solitary fellrunner I spotted too? Well done Joan Abbott, it was a tour de force of cake decoration. See also page 17.

The rest of the party went well too. Speeches and suchlike, buffet eating, drinking, laughing. See for yourself:



THE '80S' CHALLENGES

Well done all you '80' collectors who faced up to your challenges so magnificently. What a fantastic club achievement! Although we didn't make 80 Fellfarers at the party there was a good turnout with 69 members and friends present. The results of the challenges were all on display showing what a lot of work and effort everyone had put in, and demonstrating the diversity of interests and activities within the Club.

- Mr. Goff won the fungus competition. Well done Peter!
- Unfortunately Pam's boot quiz was put on hold because she couldn't make the party at the last minute.
- A special thank you to Joan for her wonderful cake. What a shame to have to cut it, although it was really delicious!

Totals achieved for the '80' challenges are:

SHARED CLUB CHALLENGES

- Wainwrights in a week - **92**
- Islands - **98**
- Footbridges - **120**
- Climbs - **204** (+ **155** bouldering routes by Cheryl and Jason)
- Indoor Climbs in one evening - **109** (12 members on 27th November)

PERSONAL CHALLENGES

- Ardeche kilometres walked (Sue and Lis) - **101**
- Ardeche Poteaux spotted (Sue) - **84**
- Bird species spotted in one day (Rose and Paul) - **85**
- Fungi species spotted (Helen) - **209**
- Paddles in tarns and rivers (Margaret and Ellie) - **80**
- New hill and mountain tops (Mick) - **119**
- Fishing in tarns rivers and lakes (Fred) - 'about half' but his fine sketches and cartoons more than make up for this!
- Westmorland churches visited and history researched (Kati and Gary) - interrupted but still collecting
- New experiences (Ebbie and Paige) - **80**
- Miles by bike in a day (Colin) - **80.88** (on 23rd November to High House and back in 6 hours 19 minutes)
- Pints of blood donated (Roger) - **83**, but not all in 2014, obviously.

THE FELLFARERS' WAY

The competition to devise a Fellfarers' Way was won by Mike Palk with a special mention for Mick Fox's entry:

Mike's WINNING walk: "K Shoes to High House", a five day walk across the Lakes

Day 1 – Start at K Village and follow the river Kent to almost its source at Kentmere Reservoir. Camp at the Reservoir.

Day 2 – Kentmere Reservoir to Mardale Ill Bell, High Street, The Knott and down to Brothers Water.

Day 3 – Hartsop above Howe, Fairfield, Great Rigg, Grasmere

Day 4 - Grasmere, Easedale Tarn, Sergeant's Man, High Raise, Harrison Stickle, Dungeon Ghyll and finish at the ODG.

Day 5 – ODG, Mickledon, Rossett Pike, Allen Crag, Glaramara and finish at High House.

Mick's walk: "The Seathwaite Skyline"

A circular route around the valley visiting the principal features of the skyline as seen from High House, something like:

1. Walk from High House to Strands Bridge, into The Combe and onto Thorneythwaite Fell to Capell Crag.

2. Continue along the western flank of Glaramara, keeping the valley bottom in view (but visit High House Tarn) to Allen Crag.

3. Cross Esk Hause to the summit of Great End and descend the Band to Sprinkling Tarn.

3a (option) Go direct from Allen Crag to Sprinkling Tarn.

4. Visit the far top of Seathwaite Fell, drop down to Styhead Gill, and climb to the summit of Base Brown.

5. Walk around the head of Gillercombe to the top of Raven Crag, then descend to the intake wall above the wad mines.

5a (option) Descend Base Brown to the head of Sourmilk Gill and on to the intake wall above the wad mines.

6. Follow the intake wall to Seatoller Fell and descend to the the old Honister road down to Seatoller and return to High House.

Distance: approximately 14 miles. About 10 miles if the two options are taken.

continued next page

Spotted on Joan's cake, tucked away out of sight, just like the real one : High House.



SOCIAL SUB-COMMITTEE NEWS

What a fantastic 80th year we have had culminating in the Celebration Party at Staveley Beer Hall on the 29th November. This was attended by many of you and I'm sure you all enjoyed looking at the displays, collections and challenges of the last 12 months as much as many of us enjoyed doing them! All I can say is 'didn't we do well?'

In the meantime we've been kept busy lately planning the social calendar for the next few months which will take us up to the end of April 2015. You'll see there are quite a few old favourites on the calendar including our away meets to Glencoe in January and to Fort William in March. Places are still available for both meets.

We hope to have a winter skills training day before or during the Fort William meet, weather conditions permitting. I will send out an email with more information on this when and if the snow starts. If you want to come along but haven't email access please let me know and I'll get in touch with you.

Slide shows continue during January, February and March so if you've not been along for a while why not make it a New Year's Resolution, it would be good to see you! Don't forget to come along for the Review of our 80th Year in January and if you have any good photos please share them with us.

Then there is the Annual Dinner to enjoy (again at the Eagle and Child) in February after the AGM at the end of January in a new venue this year at the Ivy Leaf Club.

We hope you have had a great Christmas and look forward to seeing you in the New Year.

With best wishes from the social sub-committee

Clare Mark Tony and Joan

ps The Sub-committee will be looking at all the "Fellfarers Way" entries detailed here with a view to incorporating them into the Social Calendar over the next year. Watch this space!

THE FELLFARERS' WAY CONTINUED

Hugh Taylor's walk 1. "Two more High Houses"

From Ings, walk through Grassgarth to High House near High Borrans. Walk via Broadgate Farm, Heaning, Blackmoss, School Knott, Windermere Golf Club, Lindeth Lane, cross the A5074 to High House Farm. Return via Winster, Knipe Tarn, Gilpin Farm and back to Ings.

Distance around 18k

Hugh Taylor's walk 2. "Borrowdale to Borrowdale"

Reprise the old Fellfarer's Borrowdale (Westmorland) to Borrowdale (Cumberland) walk but with an overnight stop at Kirkstone Pass, either in the pub, or with support to take us home and drop us off again.

Mel Middleton's walk: "High House to Buttermere and back".

Up Gillercombe from Seathwaite to Brandreth, then over Haystacks, High Crag, High Style and Red Pike, descending into Buttermere via Scale Force,

Return via Robinson, Hindscarth and Dale Head, descending to Honister Hause. Cross the flank of Grey Knotts to the top of the Sour Milk Gill cascades. Join the footpath and descend to Seathwaite.

Option: return from Buttermere to Seatoller by bus and walk back to High House

Both halves of the walk can be done in reverse, with or without the bus option.



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.

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 10th January.



The KFF Annual Winter Hotel Meet Fort William March 2015

Five nights at the Alexandra Hotel in Fort William
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 room supplement : £10 per night
Dogs are charged at £5 per night.

As usual we have had a lot of members who have booked their places already. There are still places available but you do need to book soon. Just call Clare Fox as soon as possible.

Camping Meet in Europe June 2015

Are you interested in camping in Europe in June? In previous years we have had successful meets in the Pyrenees, Dolomites, Vercors and Ecrins. Now it's time to start planning the 2015 trip.

Campsite based, in campervan or tent, members enjoy day walks in beautiful mountain scenery.

If you think you might be interested and would like to know more please contact Clare Fox before the end of January.

KFF CLUB EVENTS JANUARY - APRIL 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.

January

Weekend 1-4th

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

Weekend 9-11th

High House is booked for Fellfarers (continuation of Christmas break)

*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 502 917). 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 walking. Meet before 10.44am. Arncliffe station. Or before 10.50am. Grange-o-Sands for the train to Cark. Please confirm train times are correct before setting out. Leader Hugh Taylor

Tuesday 27th

*Slide Show – Review of the Fellfarers' 80th Year 2014. Meet 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 (01524 736548)

February

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

Week 13th-19th

High House is booked for Fellfarers (Half-term)

Tuesday 17th

Slide Show - 'Across the Sahara 2014'

Meet 7.30pm. The Strickland Arms. Sizergh. Sandwiches provided. Guests welcome.

Saturday 21st

The Appetite Enhancer Walk – The Bigland Tarn Area. 6-7 miles easy walking.

Meet 10.30am. Striders Farm between Haverthwaite and Holker Hall (GR SD 352 812) Park neatly on left at turn into farmyard. Leader Krysia Niepokojczycka

Saturday 21st

The 2015 KFF Annual Dinner at the Eagle and Child, Staveley. Booking essential

Wednesday 25th

Midweek walk. - Cartmel Fell. Approx. 8 miles (10.5 with Gummerys How)

Meet 10am. Hare and Hounds Car Park, Bowland Bridge (GR 418 897).

Parking allowed if money spent at the bar. Leader Frank Haygarth. 01539 723948

Every Thursday evening Climbing for All. Kendal Wall. Info: Mike Palk (01524 736548)

March

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

Saturday 7th

Weekend walk - Ward Stones and Grey Crag. 16 km. 400m ascent. (8km if weather poor)

Meet 10.30am. Jubilee Tower above Quernmore (GR 542 573).

Share lifts to start of walk at Tarnbrook (limited parking) (GR 587 557). Leader Mike Palk (01524 736548)

Tuesday 10th

Slide Show - 'A Himalayan Journey' Mel Middleton.

Meet 7.30 pm. The Strickland Arms, Sizergh. Sandwiches provided. Guests welcome.

Weekend 13th-15th

Working Weekend at High House

Week 22nd-27th

*Scottish Hotel Meet. Alexandra Hotel, Fort William. Contact Clare Fox to book your place.

Wednesday 25th

Scottish Midweek walk(s) to be planned in Scotland.

Every Thursday evening Climbing for All. Kendal Wall. Info: Mike Palk (01524 736548)

April

(Committee meet at the Rifleman's Arms on Tuesday 14th. Social Evening 9 pm onwards)

Weekend 3rd-6th

High House is booked for Fellfarers. Easter Bank Holiday.

Saturday 11th

Weekend Walk – Mardale Meander. Approx. 6 miles with a low level alternative if weather is poor. Meet 10.30am. Car park at head of Mardale (GR 489 108) Leader Roger Atkinson.

Thursday 23rd

Evening Walk – 'The Pepperpot'. 2 hours of easy walking.

Meet 6 pm. National Trust carpark, Eaves Wood, Silverdale (GR 470 760). Leader Peter Goff. 01524 736990

Thursday 23rd

Climbing for All - First outdoor climbing evening of the year.

Meet 6 pm or after. Warton Upper Crag (GR SD 494728). Info: Mike Palk (01524 736548)

Walkers and climbers will meet after sunset in a nearby pub (to be agreed).

Wednesday 29th

Midweek Walk. A walk based at High House, with one or two nights staying there (optional) and a communal meal after the walk. More details in the next issue.

Every Thursday evening Climbing for All. Different crag each week. Info: Mike Palk (01524 736548)