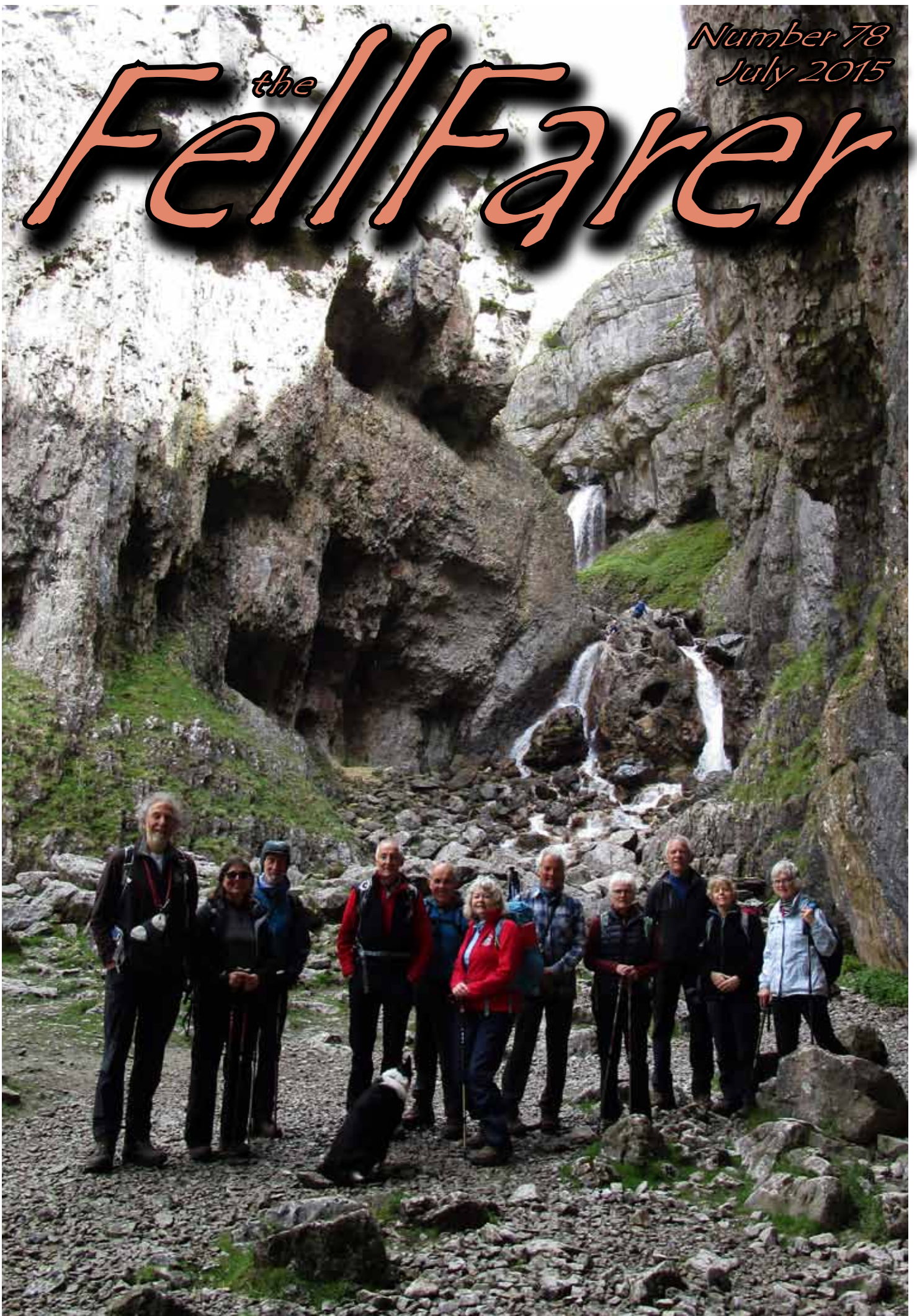


Number 78
July 2015

the FellFarer





Editorial

I'd better begin with an apology. The sharp-eyed amongst you will note that there is a certain deficiency in this issue, a lack of bulk. It is rather like the fellrunner after a good winter's training: "nicely emaciated". If you were in need of a good thick wedge of paper to stick under the short fourth leg of a wobbly table, you should go back to issue 77; this is not the answer to that particular problem. Have you worked it out yet? Of course you have: there is no page 17 here and page 18 is similarly absent. Of pages 19 and 20 you will also find no sign. In short, if you will pardon the pun, you have the first newsletter of fewer than 20 pages for many years. I'm sorry.

The fact is that this summer is about to become one of unmitigated holidaying and I find that almost 2 months have been taken from my usual publication programme.

This means that my time is limited for spending on the publication itself but also that I'm missing a few events. I'll say it again: I'm sorry. The important thing, though, is that the calendar and the news page are with you on time. At least, I think that's the important thing

Ed.

Thank you to contributors Roger Atkinson, Irene Ramsbottom, Kevin Ford, Jan Lancaster, Colin Jennings and Tony Maguire

Cover Photograph: Hugh, Elaine, Sam, Colin, Frank, Clare, Norman, Val, Tony, Sue and Ellie at Gordale Scar on 20th May 2015

Deadline for the October edition: 1st September 2015

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Each Fellfarer has an individual Membership Number

- RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION

Ramblers Website: www.ramblers.org.uk

Fellfarers RA Membership Number: New Number TBA

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

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This newsletter is also available on the club website

Some back issues are available on request from the Editor

CLUB NEWS

High House Lease

Negotiations with the National Trust for the renewal of the lease for High House are still progressing.

The KFF negotiating team feels that it has only one outstanding item to resolve: the protection of its trustees, officers and members from claims against them which might result in personal financial loss. Most of this has been dealt with to our satisfaction and at the time of writing we are waiting for a reply to what we hope is our last question on the matter.

Full details will be given when we have reached a satisfactory conclusion. Meanwhile:

Vacancy for a Club Trustee

Two people have expressed an interest but the committee has agreed that it will not proceed with the appointment of a new trustee until the issue referred to above has been dealt with.

Water Quality

It's been another anxious time for the committee. Those of you who have been to High House in the April or May will have seen the notices saying that the water failed its health check. A KFF team went up at short notice to sterilise the system and immediately found the fault: the ultra-violet lights were not working. There was no point in sterilising the system if it was failing anyway.

We sent a contractor to High House and he reported that the u.v. tubes and the starters had burned out. The system was repaired and the committee, on the advice of the contractor, gambled on the clean water flushing out the remaining bugs (rather than spending another day sterilising the whole system).

A second test was requested from Allerdale District Council and fingers were crossed.

It was good advice; the water was pronounced safe to drink once again on the 27th May.

Tent for sale

THREE PERSON 'OUTBOUND, CALYPSO' tent, poles, fly sheet etc. Hardly used. £30 ono.

Call David Birkett on 01539 738280 or email : dbirkett@talktalk.net

Book for sale

The launch of David Birkett's second instalment of his life story was advertised in the last issue. The book, "Life is for Living", is now available to buy from Pumpkins Bistro on Allhallows Lane, Kendal, from Kendal Library, or from David himself at a cost of £10.

Those of you who read his first book, "A Dream Come True", will remember that the story finished with his coming to terms with retirement after a full life as (amongst other things) a National Park warden.

"Life is for Living" is not just a sequential account of life after retirement but a series of reflections on the things that have mattered to David, the people and events that have shaped him, going right back once more to his birth during the second world war.

It is book to dip into, a medley of writings on many diverse issues: his travels, walking, singing, volunteering, local politics, and the many organisations that David has actively worked in. It is full of opinions and, most tellingly, deals critically with the direction the LDNPA has taken of late, something which should concern us all. Most touchingly it deals with the great difficulties that David experienced upon the death of his brother. Those of us who knew Brian 'Charlie' Birkett and those of us who still take part in his commemorative walk each January will understand.

The book is well illustrated in colour and is a limited printing. If you are quick you will be able to get both books for the price of one (while stocks of the first book last). Contact details are as above.

Presidents for Half the Life of the Club, all in one photograph!

It's not news at all but the Social Secretary insisted that the Editor include her photograph of John Peat (President 1975-2009) and Gordon Pitt (President 2009-2015) having fun on the 'Pepperpot' evening walk. She was right to do so. (See page 10):



The 7th Scottish Hotel Meet

(Incorporating the 59th Midweek Walk)
 Alexandra Hotel, Fort William
 22nd - 27th March 2015



The Scottish Hotel Meet continues to be a popular part of the Fellfarers' Social Calendar; twenty seven members and friends attended this year. It's an irresistible combination: the chance to test oneself on the best of the Scottish hills in winter conditions... with the promise of showers, good food and a comfortable bed at the end of the day, all at a reasonable price.

(Above: The last evening in the hotel.

Standing: Hugh, David, Mike Wilson, Clare, Graham, Mike Walford, Irene, Ray Wood, Frank, Steve, Val, Margaret Atkinson, Fred, Mick (behind), Dorothy, Roger, Ray Garnett, Kevin, Tina, Norman

Sitting: Margaret Cooper, Ellie, Sheila, Lynn, Jan, Adele, Jean)

It would be a mammoth task to record everyone's daily experiences during this week. People moved from group to group taking part in outings as the weather, their interests and their abilities dictated. Here's a broad (and incomplete) outline of the hill-walking that took place, followed by three personal accounts.

On Monday a large group ascended Carn a'Chuilinn, a Corbett above Fort Augustus *(left and bottom left)*.

On Tuesday one group set off for Meal Dubh above Loch Lochy, another group drove over to Glenfinnan for more Corbetts and two, thinking they would have a 'rest day', ascended Coire an Lochain in the Mamores - which turned out to be the hardest outing that day!

On Wednesday five had a winter skills day in Coire nan Lochan (see page 6). Roger walked from Torlundy up to the CIC hut for spectacular views of the north face of Ben Nevis.

On Thursday a poor forecast suggested that we'd be better staying low. Some parked at the end of Glen Nevis and walked through the spectacular gorge to Steall meadow and its famous bridge. For others, the target was Tom Meadhoin, a Graham above Gleann Rìgh. In the event the pathless route through the forest was too much and the group settled for a circuit of the valley tracks instead.

Sgorr na Ciche

Irene Ramsbottom

Sgorr na Ciche (The Pap of Glencoe) always beckons you from the Ballachulish, so Frank, Clare, Irene and Graham responded to the call. A sunny day, near perfect conditions with little or no snow on the ground was in complete contrast to the conditions from last year. A pleasant ascent was made with a couple of stops for a drink. Just two others and a dog were sharing the path with us, they too were from Kendal you can't get away from them! We gave them details

about Fellfarers but I don't think we've heard any more.

The short sharp easy scramble which this year was easier to route find with no snow, led to the summit and a fantastic extensive view point (*below left and right*). Ben Nevis and the Paps of Jura were spotted. We descended more or less directly West before we reached the bridge over the burn and a last chance for a drink ended a very enjoyable day.



The Fort William Sea Level Team

Roger Atkinson

Monday and a team of seven set out to conquer the Ardnamurchan Peninsula, after an enjoyable and scenic drive punctuated by coffee stops the venture was thwarted by a closed road so we turned tail and headed back towards the hotel stopping to walk through Ardmorlich Wood to a small nameless top with stunning views down Loch Moidart.

Tuesday saw seven of us at Fort William Station eagerly seated on a train bound for Crianlarich via Rannock Moor, but our day was disrupted by the announcement "This train will terminate at Fort William". Two hardy souls choose to take the replacement bus to Crianlarich, the rest of the party walked up Glen Nevis (*below left*) to the wire bridge followed by coffee at Nevis Range and shopping in Corpach.

Wednesday was the, by now traditional, Ladies Day outing to Mallaig

which included several coffee stops and a glorious walk northeast of Mallaig with stunning views of Skye and her sister isles. The trip was enhanced when two "honorary ladies" were allowed to tag along, I took a nostalgic trip to the CIC Hut with fair weather views of Ben Nevis's spectacular north face (*below right*).

The final day saw again seven of us park at Clunes and have an out and back trip along the west shore of Loch Lochy with distant views of the Ben and the Aonachs, we finished the day with the inevitable coffee stop overlooking Neptune's Staircase.

I must add that no height records were harmed in any way but laughter limits may well have been exceeded.



Stob Coire nan Lochan via Broad Gully

Jan Lancaster



Our plan had been to reach the coire (*top left - in the distance*), do some snow and ice technique training and then do Stob Coire nan Lochan and possibly Bidean. We reached the north facing coire in perfect snow, sunshine and deep blue skies and as with many coires, it had a real sense of place (*second left - Jan entering the coire*). As we faced the steep wall of the coire, the summit of Stob Coire nan Lochan was our left and the skyline swept away in an arc to the right. At the point where the skyline dropped in height, someone had skied down into the basin leaving sweeping curves in the snow.

At that point any thoughts of playing in the snow went out of our minds as Broad Gully beckoned. It looked very inviting and although my normal route would have been to walk round and access via the ridge, I was excited at the prospect of ascending the gully. We put on our crampons and began to ascend the lower snow slopes, before turning off left towards the entrance to the gully (*third left - Jan, Hugh and Norman below the Dorsal Arete*).



As we traversed I heard Hugh's voice from behind me, declaring 'And then there were three'. I looked round and Mick and Kevin were making their way to a much steeper gully with the parting shot 'we'll meet you all on the summit'. In my concentration (or lack of it) I had missed the fact that we were not all ascending Broad Gully!

We soon reached the base of the gully and began to ascend. As we set off – myself, Norman and Hugh – we had a few debates about the best way to place one's feet, whether sideways or head on. Also as we zigzagged up the gully, we debated which side or indeed the centre was best, as the snow changed in firmness in the space of a couple of feet. In the end, we decided on whatever felt safest and we soon settled into a steady plod, making our way upwards, focusing (or I was) on a) keeping going up b) having at least 3 points of contact c) not looking down and d) trusting that steady away would get us safely to the top, which it did.

Ascending the gully was exhilarating and as we approached the top the gradient seemed to ease and it was very tempting to rush to the top. We switched to placing our toes directly into the snow and stepping up, but the pull to the top was misleading – it was hard work! It was an exciting moment to step out onto the narrow ridge at the top and look back down the gully, which seemed so steep as we looked back down into it, although it was the shallowest of the coire.



We were unable to see or hear Mick and Kevin as there was a rocky outcrop that blocked our view along the ridge, so after a photo opportunity (*bottom left - Norman with Bidean nam Bian behind*) we decided to start ascending the summit of Coire nan Lochan. This would ensure we kept warm and may give us a better view of their whereabouts. Sure enough, after ascending a hundred feet or so, we saw them following up Broad Gully as they'd been turned back from their chosen gully by a party already in situ.

We quickly reached the summit of Stob Coire nan Lochan which opened out into the largest and flattest area we'd seen all day – seriously you could hold a dance on it! We had the most amazing views in all direction and especially of the Aonach Eagach Ridge and the Ben. Again, more photos before we descended along the ridge for a well earned lunch (*below - a happy Jan at the lunch-stop*)

Ed: I should add to Jan's account that we did do some 'safety' training (ice axe arrests) on the descent although it was mainly for the fun of bum-sliding down the steep slopes of the coire.



EASTER AT HIGH HOUSE

3rd-6th April 2015



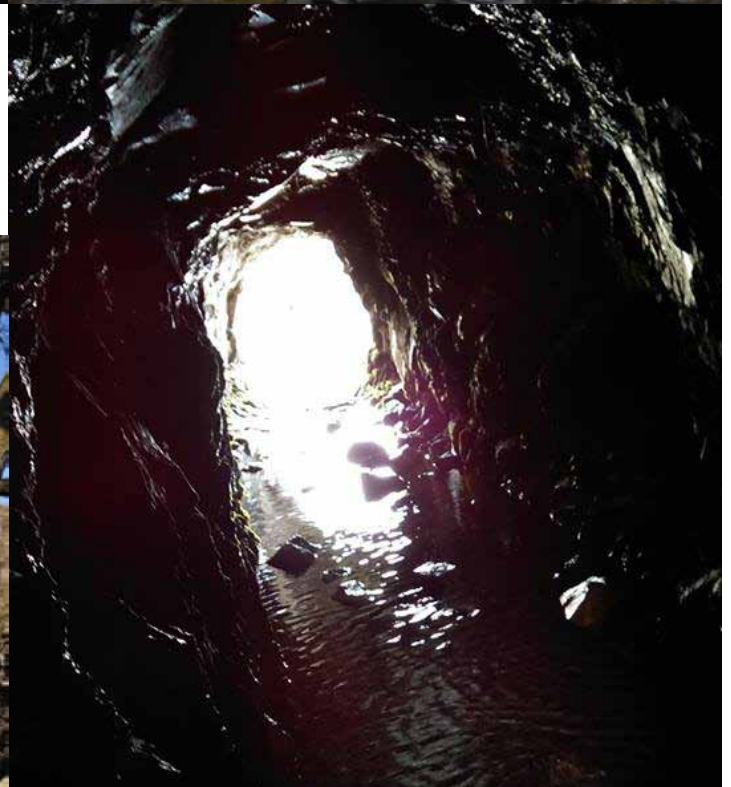
Colin Jennings and Ruth had a fine time with their families at High House over the Easter weekend.

Top: Marley and Matthew looking down on Seathwaite from the wad mines on the way to Honister.

Middle left and right: on Castle Crag.

Bottom left: Strange fruit hangin' in the trees, Castle Crag.

Bottom right: one of the wad levels.





A Mardale Meander

A Weekend Walk on High Street
Saturday 11th April 2015



A dull unpromising day in Kendal became something quite different beyond Shap: blue sky dotted with bonny fair-weather cumulus. Every distant detail of the landscape was pin-sharp in the rain-washed air. So it was a surprise to find that only five Fellfarers had turned up.

The dale-head car park was busy but we squeezed in and, well wrapped up against the chilly breeze, we set off up the track towards Nan Bield. The scenery is magnificent; Harter Fell (*top left*) in particular *"whose furrowed and stupendous precipices frown over the head of the dale...Haweswater is fortunate in getting only the broken faces, the riven buttresses, the soaring sharp ridges of hills which from other directions are tame enough."*

At Small Water (*second left*) we surveyed the way ahead; Roger had elected to try a new route, the east ridge of Mardale Ill Bell. It's recommended by Wainwright as ranking high amongst the many excellent climbs from Mardale Head but clearly never became popular; there is no discernible path from the tarn. We climbed very steep grass slopes, threading through craggy outcrops (*third left*) to reach the old quarry workings on Piot Crag at about 2,000 feet. We snuggled into the lee of a craglet and shared tales over coffee while the breeze drew patterns on the tarn below our boots.

"Onward" our leader cried, and we followed. The angle eased and we were soon stepping onto the broad stony path across the summit of Mardale Ill Bell. Kentmere lay below us *"with the great scree slopes of Ill Bell and Froswick dropping down into the upper mere, and Rainsborrow's blue, broken cliffs standing guard at its foot."*

We climbed the easy grassy slopes to High Street's summit for lunch in the company of others, all sheltered behind the wall. Behind us the magnificent Lakeland ridges receded into blue distance and before us the broad Eden valley stretched to the high wall of the Pennines. Thrice blessed we are: to live here, to appreciate it all and to be fit enough to experience it like this. The sandwiches were good too.

Northwards we marched, along the Roman Road (course of) to *"the Brig o'Dread. Bleawater and Hayeswater, to the right and left, more than a thousand feet beneath, and Riggindale, another pit of black crag, narrow up the footway, encroaching bit by bit. The road swoops to the dangerous edge, and swerves at it, and climbs again."*

We paused for a while on the little top of Short Stile, watching ravens mobbing a very big bird around the crags of Riggindale far below us. The eagle? We like to think so but none of us could identify it with certainty.

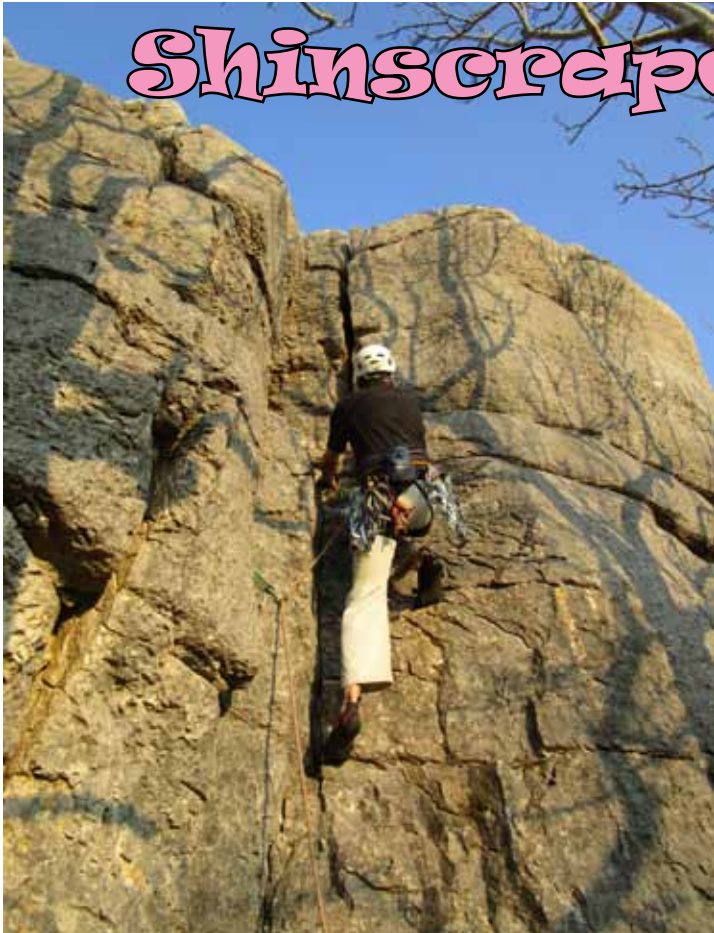
On the path to Kidsty Pike (*bottom left*) we were mobbed too - by mountain bikers, dozens of 'em it seemed, mainly pushing their machines and looking very hot and uncomfortable.

And so it was time to abandon the heights; rather reluctantly, we strolled down the ridge to Kidsty Howes, across Riggindale (*title picture above*) and over the Rigg to our starting point. Sirens and blue lights on the road and a circling helicopter told of trouble somewhere above (we learned that one of the bikers had hurt his shoulder and had been airlifted off Kidsty Pike).

It had been a glorious day, full of good companionship amid the very best of scenery and there was only one fitting way to complete the experience: with tea and cakes at the Haweswater Hotel while red squirrels scampered in the garden outside. Thank you Roger.

All quotations are from 'More Odd Corners in Lakeland' by William T. Palmer.

Shinscrapers Gallery



It's been another very good spring for the climbers in the club. Evening sessions on local crags started on 9th April with a visit to Farleton Crag (*top left: Mike on Eggyoka*).

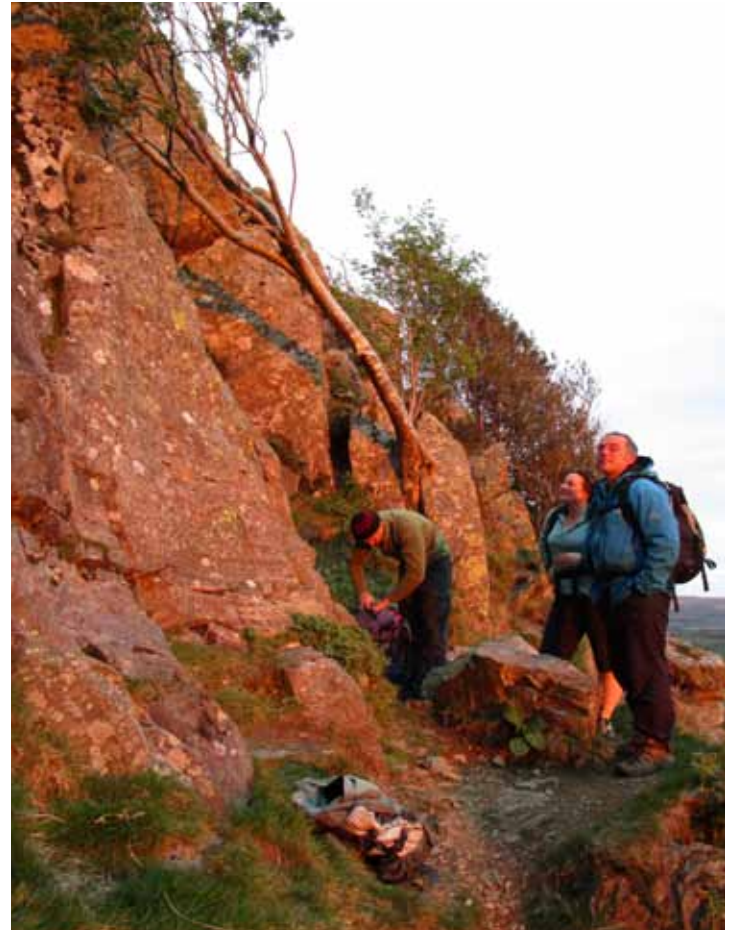
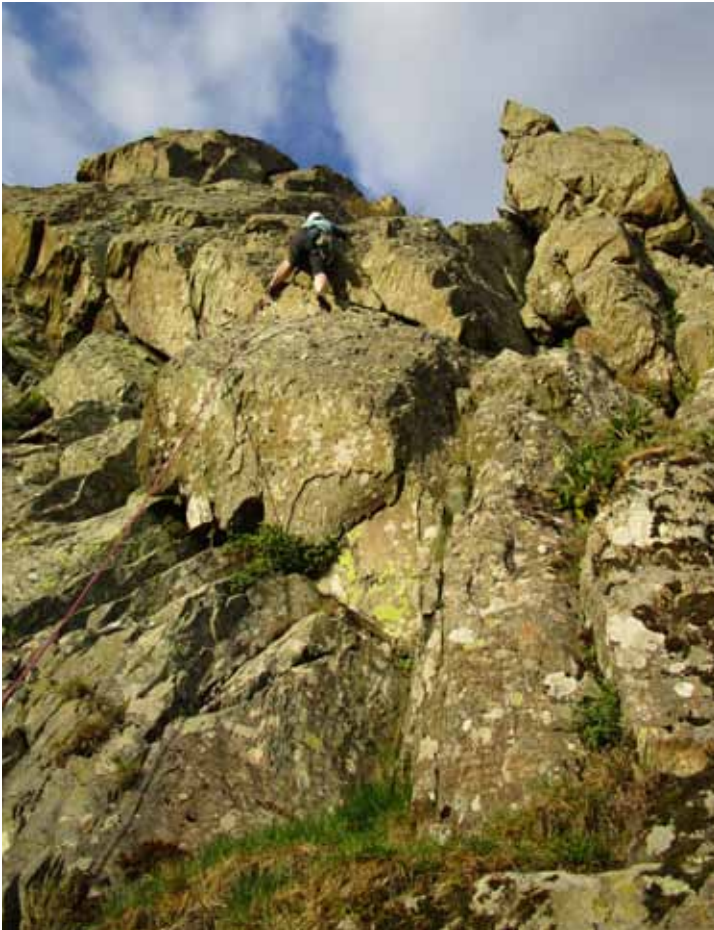
This was followed by a fine evening at Jack Scout Cove (*top right: Alan on Question Mark*). Both finished with glorious sunsets.

Next came the walk/climb evening (see page 10) when the climbing was at Warton Upper Crag. The Editor enjoyed that evening so much

that he forgot to take photos.

Nesting peregrines halted plans for one evening at Warton Main Quarry and Sarah and Wayne had to make do with bouldering at Pinnacle Crag.

Then on 14th May we visited Whitestone Crag (*bottom left: Sarah making the very hard move on Original Route, and bottom right: packing up in the light of yet another wonderful sunset*). Isn't life great?



The Pepperpot: An Evening Walk Tuesday 23rd April, 2015



Peter Goff led a walk from Eaves Wood car park on this lovely evening in April – not the first time Peter's walk in this area has been blessed with fabulous weather. The turn out was again impressive with 19 (*above*) people gathering for this two hour circuit which took in two railway crossings, Middlebarrow Quarry (a view from the entrance), Arnside Tower and, finally, the Pepperpot above Silverdale. This area guarantees magnificent ambience, particularly if the weather is conducive, which it was this evening and we were treated to a kaleidoscope of nature in the form of flowers bursting into colour, majestic trees waking into leaf and sunset over the local villages and Morecambe Bay, the latter serene and breathtaking in equal measure. From the National Trust car park on the edge of Eaves Wood we made our way over the railway line at Waterslack and headed up the road to the quarry where we stood to admire the huge man-made amphitheatre under a sign that threatened the possibility of death for anyone venturing further in. No-one did and we took the lovely path on the northern edge of Middlebarrow Wood and up to Arnside Tower (*left middle and bottom*), set on a promontory at the end of a delightful meadow. Back into the woods heading south now, we arrived, via Holgates Caravan Park and limestone pavements, at the finest viewpoint on the walk where we took in the extensive panorama of Morecambe Bay with the village of Silverdale at our feet. The Pepperpot (*bottom right*): a stone monument built in 1887 to commemorate Queen Victoria's accession to the throne 50 years earlier, marks the spot. From here back to the car park was just a ten minute walk by which time there were plenty of takers for a celebratory pint in the Woodlands Hotel at Silverdale. Another beautiful walk in perfect weather. (*See also page 3*)

Tony Maguire



A Quiet Weekday at High House

Midweek Walk (s) No. 60

Wednesday 29th April 2015

Margaret and Roger, Jean and Fred, Irene and Graham, Hugh, Mick.

Hugh and Mick arrived on Tuesday to spend a pleasant quiet evening at High House. Everyone else arrived on Wednesday morning.

We had a short 'mainly downhill' route planned from the Honister bus stop but when the Underhills and the Atkinsons arrived they announced that they had their own plans, a circuit of Loweswater.

So just four of us set off for Seatoller for the bus-pass funded trip up Honister. One person, who shall remain nameless, tried to board with an Oyster card. She'd left her bus pass at home and her husband had to pay her fare. Never mind, it was a bright and breezy day with spells of sun lighting up the fells. Honister crag looked particularly impressive (*top right*) as we strolled up towards Dale Head. At about the halfway mark we veered off to find the little-visited top of High Scawdel (*below left*). Patchy fresh snow lay all around and the air was chill but there seemed to be no reason to go with the easy option of descending into the valley. Irene in particular was enthusiastic about staying high. We climbed to High Spy where a couple from Leicester were grappling with a map. They seemed to have no idea where they were. We put them right and wandered on to the big cairn on Blea Crag. We found a bit of shelter on the path to Maiden Moor (*below right*) and sat for lunch.

On Narrow Moor we passed from winter to spring (*bottom left*) and by the time we'd traversed Maiden Moor and dropped to Manesty it felt like time to remove a layer or two. By Grange it felt summery enough to enjoy tea and scones on the cafe terrace. We followed the riverside bridleway through the Jaws and on to Johnny Wood (*bottom right*) and Mountain View and the path back to Seathwaite.

All eight of us enjoyed the magnificent 'Jacob's Join' feast (with a discussion about the origins of that phrase) before packing and clearing up to go home.

Oh, and our short walk was later measured at just under 12 miles.





The Shortest Walk

An Evening Walk around Sizergh

or not

Tuesday 5th May 2015

We sat in the car outside the Strickland Arms as the minutes ticked away. The rain drummed on the roof and every so often I turned on the ignition so that the wipers would clear the windscreen.

A young couple who'd been out for a country walk with their baby sprinted through the cloudburst to the shelter of the pub. They weren't Fellfarers and there was no-one else in sight.

"Only three minutes to go. With a bit of luck nobody will turn up and we can go home again."

Then cars appeared and friendly faces peered through the downpour with that familiar "What are we doing here?" expression. The rain eased to a drizzle and we got out to count up: Val and Colin, Sue and Tony, Irene and Graham, Val, Hugh, Clare and Mick. Ten of us - once more the Fellfarers had not let us down when we wanted them to.

The rain came on again and, by unanimous agreement, we took the soft option: we dashed into the pub and settled down with crisps and drinks for an 'early doors' session.

I was about three-quarters of the way through the first pint when some-one said, "Hey look outside, blue sky and a bit of sunshine." Drinks were supped hastily and we rushed out again to don boots and jackets. By the time we were ready for the team photo (*top left*) the sky had blackened again but we felt too self-conscious to return to the bar.

We set off down Nannypie Lane and under the dual carriageway. By the time we reached the far end of the tunnel another cloud was dumping its content on the landscape. Hoods up, we forged on, down to the river and over the Wilson Place suspension bridge. With ten of us on it the bridge swayed in an interesting manner (that may have been Graham's fault) and the thought of crossing it with the maximum load of 25 people was alarming. It was a first crossing for some Fellfarers. The rain eased away and we followed the path alongside the Kent, chatting as we went.

The original plan had been abandoned because the walk had been devised to finish at dusk and we had spent (but not wasted!) that half-hour or so in the pub. We still had a Plan B. and a Plan C. At a path junction we opted for Plan C, following the lane away from the river, across a field to Larkrigg Hall Bridge (*second left*), one of the many fine stone bridges left marooned in fields when the Lancaster Canal was filled in. We followed the line of the canal back towards Sedgewick, into Larkrigg Spring Wood.

Sue and Tony led us away from the canal line up into the woods to admire the lovely display of bluebells (*third left*). Even in the poor light and damp conditions the show was heart-lifting.

Back on the route of the canal, we crossed fields into Sedgewick and descended the steps from the aqueduct onto the road. Where the road past Sedgewick House reaches the junction at the bottom of the hill there is an intriguing footpath sign - pointing straight into the river! The map confirms that there is indeed a right of way across the Kent here but the swollen black waters rushing by stopped any thoughts of fording on this evening. Instead, we wandered back to the suspension bridge (*bottom left*) and so on back to the Strickland Arms as night began to fall.

It had been just a fraction of the walk planned (only a couple of miles in all) but when we gathered in the bar again we all agreed that it had been an excellent little outing on an evening when we wouldn't otherwise have stirred from our firesides. The mood was elated as we discussed, yes, religion and politics, amongst other things, over another couple of beers.

Sometimes the best of experiences can come out of the most unpromising of circumstances. Thank you to all of those who turned up so that we had to "get out and do something" and for being such great company.

No doubt the planned walk will reappear in the Fellfarer's calendar in the near future. Don't miss it!

Malham

Midweek Walk No 61
Wednesday 20th May 2015



"Meet at the carpark", said Colin. We did, although funnily enough we all chose to park on the road. Fellfarers' reluctance to part with £4.20 of our pension money I suppose. So, there were 12 tightwads gathered *near* the carpark on a disappointingly cold day. Colin had ditched his advertised route to Weets Top in favour of the classic round of Janet's Foss, Gordale Scar, Malham Tarn and, of course, the Cove.

The village was busy with school parties and rambles of retirement age and we watched one large party of teenage schoolgirls head towards the river only minutes before we were ready to set off on the same path. We dawdled, not wanting to be accompanied by the high-pitched chatter of the group. We had our own high-pitched chatter to produce thank you very much.

The wooded approach by the Gordale Beck was gorgeous with spring flowers, of course, and the air was filled with the aroma of wild garlic. Trees and ground cover were bursting into exuberant leaf and a pale sunlight filtered through the canopy to glint on the gurgling beck (*top left*). The Foss filled its stream-bed, a fine little cascade, with more water than I've seen before. As we watched, a dipper darted around in the spray and then, incredibly, flew straight into the top of the waterfall. I know that they swim (fly?) underwater but that was just showing off.

The path was busy and we walked up to the road at Gordale Bridge. We wandered across the sheep-cropped camping ground, past springs bubbling up through beds of water-cress, on into the intimidating canyon of Gordale Scar (*cover picture*). This was all new to some of our party and for those who had been before, it's still an overpowering sight. A couple of us put exploratory hands to rock at the foot of some of the obvious bolted climbs on the overhanging walls - and couldn't get our feet off the ground.

A small party were struggling on the ascent of the tufa staircase between the cascades at the back of the gorge. There was a lot of water coming down and the rock looked wet and awkward. Colin had decided in any case that the climb was out of the question for our mixed party and so we turned away and returned to the gorge entrance.

The field-path leading west led us to a wall-opening and a faint track up the grassy nose of New Close Knotts. Once on the top, we tucked ourselves into the lee of a perfect little outcrop and had a cosy picnic lunch with fine views straight down onto the waterfall in the gorge, 500 feet below (*second left*). Overhead, the clouds were breaking up and fleeting sunlight lit the mosaic of little emerald stone-walled fields stretching to the south. We were all smiles and sighs of contentment.

"What's that little pointy hill over there Hughie?" I asked. He sighed, "Norman's already asked me that and I told him: I don't know."

Minutes later, from Sam: "What's that wee pointy hill over there Hughie?" "I DON'T KNOW. I think it might be that Marilyn near Skipton. I did it with Rod years ago."

We moved on across the wide upland pasture, smooth enough to walk barefoot, amid orchids and groups of mountain pansy, towards Malham Tarn.

We turned at the plantations and cut across to Water Sinks, where the tarn's waters reach the edge of the underlying Silurian Slate and gurgles down through the grass into the limestone beneath. We found ourselves on the wrong side of a wall and had to clamber over to reach the good Pennine Way path. More delightful scenery (it would be 'spectacular' elsewhere but suffers from local competition here) was enjoyed now in warm sunshine as we followed the Dry Valley southwards, keeping our eyes open for apaches on the skyline.

There can be few walks in the country with a climax as grand as this one: emerging from the valley and stepping out onto the limestone pavement at the top of Malham Cove. It hits the senses like a bludgeon.

We settled down to finish off our flasks of coffee and any bits of cake we'd forgotten we had, while taking in the lovely view southwards and the fearful precipice below (*third left*). A young weasel popped out of a grike only a couple of yards away and darted off. The next few minutes were full of fun as we watched it constantly popping up, leaping over a couple of clints and then disappearing again. It ran a complete half-circle around the back of us, causing great excitement as we tried to predict where it would next appear. Well, I was excited.

We settled down again. "What's that little pointed hill over there Hughie?" said Colin. Much laughter and Hugh nearly exploded but Colin vowed that he really hadn't heard the question being asked on the three previous occasions. At least Hughie was consistent: he still didn't know what it's called. *

Down below the Cove was a collection of twitchers with big high-powered cameras on tripods, watching the progress of nesting peregrines. They had displays for passing for tourists but we didn't linger. We were on a mission now - back in the village we rounded off the day with pots of tea (cream scones for some) by the sun-lit lawn of the Lister Arms (*bottom left*). A fitting end to a fine walk. Thank you Val and Colin.

* *It's Sharp Haw.*



Out and About

There was to be a detailed drawing here of the archaeological dig which we have now covered over. An injury has stopped me taking up the pen, though, so here's something much more interesting: A selection of photos taken by Felfarers out on the hills over the last couple of months. None of them are from club events.

Top left is the red paper bridge in Grisedale, visited by Hughie with Les Ord. Top right is Roger's shot of the bluebells in Rannerdale. Bottom left is a brood of grouse chicks which the Ed. nearly trod on while out on Staple Moss in the Pennines and bottom right is the fine little peak of Roseberry Topping on the edge of the North York Moors



SOCIAL SUB-COMMITTEE NEWS

I mentioned in the last Fellfarer that we were looking forward to the summer I think we still are, I can't believe that in a few weeks time it will be mid-summer's day and we are still waiting for summer to arrive!

We have been busy planning the Autumn programme and hope that there is something in it for everyone. We have a great series of walks planned both locally and a little further afield in Yorkshire and for the more adventurous we have a scramble in the Langdales. There is a Fungus Foray in October but as places on this walk are limited to 10 please contact Helen to book your place.

Our Slide Shows begin again in October with Helen Speed opening the season with another amusing and informative slide show.

Looking ahead to next year is anyone up for another Fellfarers' Ceilidh possibly in Staveley? We will go ahead and arrange one if we get sufficient interest as sadly our last ceilidh had to be cancelled due to lack of support. Please let one of us on the sub-committee know if you are interested, thanks.

Finally on a sad note Tony Maguire has resigned from the sub-committee. Can I extend our thanks to him for all his sterling work, he has reassured me that he will be happy to continue to lead walks and give Slide Shows.

With best wishes from the social sub-committee

Clare Mike Joan and Laura

Walter's Water Weekend 3rd - 5th July 2015



Walter's Water Weekend goes from strength to strength. Numbers increase each year and last year's campsite at Coniston Hall was given a definite thumbs-up from all who stayed there. So we're going back this year!

Coniston Hall Campsite doesn't take reservations - just turn up. If you're arriving late on Friday, though, please ring the owner and let him know. The owner is Brian Wilson and his telephone number is 015394 41223. Price: £8 per adult per night. Children half price. Car £2.

A Fellfarers' flag will be flying to show you the location of the Club's tents; look out for our logo flapping in the breeze!

If water is not your thing there's plenty of good walking too!

Wasdale Youth Hostel Meet - September 2015

This popular hostel is fully booked with all ten beds being taken.

If you would still like to join us in Wasdale you might consider camping at Church Stile Campsite, Nether Wasdale (they also have caravans and Shepherd's Hut 'Glamping'), or we could put your name on a reserve list for the hostel in case we have a cancellation.

Call Clare Fox if interested.



A Fungus Foray on 4th October 2015



Helen Speed's popular Fungus Foray returns on the above date at Roundsea Woods Backbarrow. It is not possible to do this type of walk with a large number of people so sadly the number must be limited to ten. You must phone Helen to book your place on the walk.

If you cannot make the walk though all is not lost as Helen will give a slide show on different species of fungi the following week. Places will not be limited for this and sandwiches are provided!

The KFF Scottish Hotel Meet Oban, March 2016

The venue for 2016 is The Royal Hotel in Oban, booked from 20th March for 5 nights. The hotel stands in the heart of Oban, near to the harbour and local attractions.

Known as the Gateway to the Isles, Oban is the ideal place to stay to explore the Isle of Seil, and the Isles of Mull and Iona. Ben Cruachan is just one of the many mountains nearby and of course Fort William and Glen Coe are only just up the road. So there will be lots to do and see.

The price is £34 per night per person for dinner bed and breakfast.

If you would like to come along please get in touch with Clare



KFF CLUB EVENTS July - October 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.

July

(Committee meet at the Rifleman's Arms on Tuesday 7th. Social Evening 9 pm onwards)

Weekend 3rd-5th

***Water Weekend** at Coniston Hall Campsite (GR SD304 963). See page 19.

Camping cost: £8 per adult, £4 per child, £2 per car, all per night. Info: Tony Walshaw 015395 52491

Weekday 8th-10th

Summer Wine Team week at High House

Weekend 10th-12th

High House is booked for the Summer Quiet Weekend

Tuesday 14th

Evening Walk – 'Walter's Woodland Walk with a Glimpse at Ancient History'. 4-5 miles. Shorts not advised! Meet 6.30pm. near Witherslack Hall School (GR 437 859). Leader Tony Walshaw 015395 52491

Wednesday 29th

Midweek Walk – Whitbarrow End-to-End. 5 miles south to north, to finish with tea and cakes at Crosthwaite Village Hall. Note that arrangements will have to be made for transport back from Crosthwaite to our starting point so: it would be helpful if you share cars wherever possible. Please also let Gordon know in advance if you are coming.

Meet 10.30 am. Raven Lodge, off the A590 (GR 442 813) Leader Gordon Pitt 01539568210

Friday 31st

High House is booked for Fellfarers for all of August. Summer holiday

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

August

(Committee meet at the Rifleman's Arms on Tuesday 7th. Social Evening 9 pm onwards)

Month 1st-31st

High House is booked for Fellfarers for the whole month including....

Saturday 1st

Marshalling (or running) the Borrowdale Fell Race. If you are willing to help, please let Peter Goff know asap.

Tuesday 11th

Evening Walk – The Environs of Sizergh. (Let's try again!) 5 miles.

Meet 6.30pm. Strickland Arms (GR SD 500 873) Leader Clare Fox.

Saturday 15th

Weekend Walk and Scramble: Dungeon Ghyll and Jake's Rake on Pavey Ark.

Meet 10 am. Stickle Gill carpark (GR 293 065) free to NT. members. Leader Mike Palk 01524 736548

Wednesday 26th

Midweek Walk – A Walk in Wensleydale. 9 miles. Undulating terrain.

Meet 10.30am. Village green/stone cross, Carperby (GR 006 897). Leader Tony Maguire 01539 232597

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

September

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

Weekend 4th-6th

***Hostel Meet** - Wasdale Hall Youth Hostel, Wasdale.

(Check in 17.00 to 22.30 and check out on Sunday 7am to 10am). Info: Clare Fox

Sunday 13th

Weekend Walk - A Walk in Swaledale: A bit uphill and then generally easy. Distance 8 km.

Meet 10.45am. Reeth village green (GR083 993). Finish with tea and cake. Leader Pam Heseltine 01748 823558

Weekdays 14th -17th

Summer Wine Team week at HH prior to Working Weekend

Weekend 18th-20th

Working Weekend at High House

Wednesday 30th

Midweek Walk – Penrith. A gentle 6.5 miles with a historical interest.

Meet 10.30am Verge on side road off A66 nr. Brougham Castle (GR537 288) Leaders Sandra and Tony Atkinson 01524 423776

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

October

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

Sunday 4th

***Fungus Foray.** Roudsea Woods, Backbarrow. Maximum 10 people.

You must contact Helen if you are interested in doing the walk. Leader: Helen Speed

Tuesday 13th

Slide Show - 'More from a Woman of Dubious Morels' by Helen Speed.

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

Wednesday 21st

Midweek Walk – Black Force to Gaisgill. 9 miles. Ascent 600 metres in two sections.

Meet at 10am. Carlingill Bridge (GR 624 995). Leader Mike Walford 015395 52102

Week 23rd -29th

High House is booked for Fellfarers for half-term.

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