

the Fellfarer

October 2010

Number 59



Editorial

Dear Fellfarers

As the work on *The Book* nears completion I am starting to look forward to a time when my only editorial duties will be on 'The Fellfarer'. It will feel like retiring all over again!

Coming up is another personal milestone as I prepare issue number 60 and I'll take some time to think about whether the magazine could be improved.

Tell me what you think - any constructive criticism will be appreciated.

I must say that the job has become easier of late for two reasons: The Social Sub-committee has taken on responsibility for not only planning the Social Programme but also providing all of the publicity material relating to it. That's a great help and so is the second reason; there seems to be a more willing response from members to contribute with words and pictures from Club events and occasionally from other activities too.

I used to use this space to regularly beg for contributions but now I'm content to use it to just say Thank You to all contributors.

ED.

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Cover picture:
On Loughrigg 21st July 2010
Contents Picture:
Bill Hogarth on Gouther Crag 3rd June 2010



Club News

Congratulations to **Mike Walford** and **Adele Jones** on their recent marriage.

We are sorry to have to report the death of **Alex McLean**. He was one of our early members, joining the Club in the 1930s and remaining a member during his military service in the war. Alex was a gentleman, always smartly dressed, and he led a very full life. He was an entertainer with a song or story to match every occasion, and he regularly took the time to entertain others, often - as he put it - the "old folk". On hearing this description his son John would mutter "Yes Dad, but you are older than they are" His passing means Kendal has lost another character. Many of Alex's memories of his early days at High House are recorded in the book '*K Fellfarers and High House*', to be published later this year - see opposite.

The **Work Plan** for High House is going well this year. At the time of going to press the only outstanding jobs for 2010 are: complete painting as scheduled, repair/replace rainwater gutters and down pipes, and provide an Accident Book. By the time you read this the first two should be complete (if the September Working Weekend goes as planned) and the Committee has now decided that an Accident Book is unnecessary.

The flushing mechanism of the **Ladies' WC** at High House has been replaced. That in itself wouldn't normally warrant a notice here but it is now a dual flush. This will put less water into the septic tank which should improve its efficiency - but only if you use the right flush ladies. Please read the instructions.

The **Club Management Sub-committee** has now begun to meet. The first issues it will consider are the limit on the number of members and the procedure for joining the club. It also proposes to extract any existing rules from the Constitution and the Hut Policy and put them together in an easy-to-understand set of **Club Rules**. If the Committee approve, these Rules will be issued to all members and will also be posted at High House.

Following some comments about difficulties associated with providing online copies of **The Fellfarer** magazine, the Committee has decided to revert to posting paper copies to all members/households. The full colour version will still be available on the Club website.

It seems a long way off at present but preparations are being made for the **Review of the Fellfarers' Year** slideshow to be held in January. Please let the Editor have your digital images from 2010 as soon as possible. Send anything that may be of interest to other members and remember that if you are emailing them, images need to be at full resolution. If you have traditional prints, negatives or slides the Editor will copy them and return the originals. Copies of all pictures sent will be put in the Club Picture Archive.

From the Book SubCommittee



Your last chance to order a copy of the book 'K Fellfarers and High House' at the special 20% discounted price!

Offer ends on 18th October, when the order will be placed with the printer.

Read about :

- What High House looked like in the 1500s and in later years
- The history of the people, farmers and wad-miners, who lived there through the centuries
- The story of that old picture of High House which has always hung in the Hut
- The story of the formation of K Fellfarers and how they found and rebuilt High House
- The achievements of club members who were ranked among the best climbers in the country
- The memories of members' early days at High House
- The club's many links with the Fell and Rock Climbing Club, Kendal Mountain Rescue Team, Kendal Caving Club, Kendal Mountaineering Club and the mysterious 'Lads'.
- How to spot a High House sheep
- Why Fellfarers should be grateful to Adolf Hitler
- All about the exploits and achievements of Fellfarers over the years
- Why we've been scouring the country for an old firescreen
- All about the Man in the Checked Suit
- ***In short, everything a good Fellfarer should know!***

240 pages, profusely illustrated with maps, diagrams, drawings and photographs.

A £5 deposit to Hugh Taylor before 18th October will secure your copy at a total price of £20.

After that date books will be available at the full price of £25.

The book will be printed as a limited edition so when they're gone - they're gone!

The book will be available for collection at a special Book Launch Evening at Kendal Golf Club on Friday 10th December (see the Social Calendar)

If you can't make it on the evening your copy can be collected or delivered as required.

Postage will be payable where applicable but there will be no charge if delivery by hand is possible

From the Social Subcommittee

We would like to start by thanking those of you who have helped organise events throughout the summer which have been a great success and very well attended. You will see from the pullout that the midweek walks have been a great success and seem certain to become a permanent feature, you will also notice that the impending dark and cold evenings have given us a great excuse to organise some evening events including the resumption of the ever popular slide shows. Incidentally, if you have any exciting adventures you would like to share with us all, please let us know.

One special event to draw your attention to is the **Book Launch Evening** at Kendal Golf Club on 10th December. The Editor will give a short introductory talk, with slides, about the researching and writing of the book before copies go on sale, all followed by a social evening with sandwiches provided.

We have now confirmed the booking of huts in Coniston, Derbyshire and the Moelwyns as well as the Glencoe meet. We have yet to decide on whether or not to organise a Ceilidh for 2011, it is quite a challenge to organise and manage the costs and would like to canvas your opinion on whether there is a desire to continue with potentially a small increase in admission charge or change of venue to accommodate more people. We would welcome any feedback via any means and will discuss further at the AGM.

So, enjoy the events organised for the end of 2010 and get in touch with any thoughts or ideas.

Finally, have a great autumn and let us be the first to wish you all a Merry Christmas (can't believe we've just written that!). Oh and a reminder to all of our lady members, you are allowed to enter the ATT trials you know! What's up girls, too afraid to mix it with the lads?

The Social Sub-committee

SPECIAL EVENTS

2011 - Trip to Newtonmore Scotland



The Lodge Hotel at Newtownmore in the Cairngorm National Park, has again offered us excellent terms for a return visit next year. After speaking to the Fellfarers who attended the meet last year (and obtaining a favourable response from 23 of them!) I have booked the venue again. The dates booked are 12th March to 17th March 2011 (5 nights); the price is £135 per person to include dinner, bed and breakfast. All rooms are en-suite with a £9.50p per night supplement for a single room. There is walking and activities in the area to appeal to all tastes and abilities. Interested? Then please contact me to book your place - the hotel will require a deposit; I will provide details when known. They also need to know of any special dietary requirements. Please note we all have breakfast and evening meals together at a set time. If you want to know more then come along to the Slide Show in November otherwise just contact me to book your place.

Clare Fox

4th Annual All Terrain Toboggan Trials



The 2010 ATT trials will be held on 31st December.

A reminder that the trials are judged on the following categories which are judged by a self important member with a clip board and high-viz jacket;

1. The classic downhill race – on the hill next to the hut, the surface may be grass, snow, ice or mud depending on weather.
2. The Time Trail – the fastest time down the High House track to the gate
3. (Kevin Smith's official record of 25.7 seconds still stands from 2008)
4. The Road Race – 100 yards on level tarmac beyond the farm yard without direct ground contact
5. The Water Time Trial – along a deep but short section of the River Derwent
6. Originality – special points for novelty, innovation or idiocy (usually given out of sympathy to Graham!)

The slightly amended rules for this year are:

1. Must be home made - Each constructor is honour bound to spend no more than £10 on research, development, acquisition, construction and testing of vehicles.
2. Must be complete for all categories - All aspects of the vehicles and the attire and equipment of the driver must be carried throughout the event. Repairs, tuning and alterations between events are at the discretion of the judges.
3. Must be self propelled – Any help from animate beings, that includes kids and dogs, will result in immediate disqualification, although you will still be entered into the water section, so there is no way out!
4. Must be an original design concept – It is expected that the ATT is an original design and made up of a combination of components from various different sources and materials. Utilising an entire existing vehicle with a few add-ons may result in disqualification prior to the first race.

For more information contact Jason Smallwood

Trip to York



We have decided to organise a weekend in and around York for February next year to cheer us all up during the bleakness of mid winter and to give us all the opportunity to expand ourselves culturally. The details are to be finalised, but it is likely that we will find B&B accommodation in Knaresborough or Harrogate for Friday and Saturday night with a train trip into York on the Saturday. York itself has numerous attractions such as York Minster, the Jorvik Viking centre, York Castle Museum and the National Railway Museum For those who want to combine this with some exercise there are numerous City walks, a good climbing wall in Harrogate and some excellent walking in the surrounding hills. Add to the mix a plethora of CAMRA award winning hostels should ensure there is something for everyone.

If you have any ideas or want to discuss the trip, please contact any of the Social Committee.

The Family Walk and Picnic 13 June 2010

Where were all the families? Fair-weather Fellfarers, they must all be. Well, despite the gloomy forecast, some of us turned up and made one big family: There was Grandma and Grandad Fox, Mummy and Daddy Smallwood, Auntie Val and that naughty Uncle Bill, and three youngsters: Joseph, Soren and George. Plus Lottie of course.

After the shock of paying the parking fee at Ferry Nab we recovered enough to climb aboard the ferry for the short crossing to the Ferry House. We strolled northwards along the delightful lakeside road/path under a canopy which increasingly failed to keep off the slight drizzle that had begun to fall.

A sharp turn at Belle Grange took us away from the lake and steeply upwards on the Guide Posts track. Uncle Bill's tummy started to rumble and so we perched on the spreading roots of a large conifer for our Family Picnic.

It was a very nice picnic but we didn't linger. Another family, this time *Culicoides impunctatus*, joined us and they, of course, declined the cucumber sandwiches in favour of our blood.

We hurried away, on past Wise Een Tarn and Moss Eccles Tarn. By now the rain was no longer holding back and by the time we reached the Claife Crier in Far Sawrey we were leaving puddles on the bar-room floor.

A pint (hot chocolate for some) restored the will to live and by the time we returned to the ferry we were all in the mood for ice creams. What a fine family we were!



REASONS TO BE CHEERFUL:

Anniversaries to Celebrate with Parties



YEAR	ANNIVERSARY	EVENT
2009	75th	Birth of Club
	75th	Opening of High House
	250th	First pictorial representation of High House
2010	75th	Signing of Original Lease
2011	60th	Edition of the Fellfarer (15th year)
	150th	First appearance of High House on a Map
	30th	Wad mines passed to NT
2012	600th	First recorded use of Wad
	170th	R Somervell started business
	90th	T Howard Somervell's first Everest Expedition
2013	100th	First known photograph of High House
	20th	Club removes 'K' and 'non-K' differentiation and becomes open to all
2014	-	Signing of a new Lease (we hope!)
	70th	First K Fellfarers Journal
	70th	Seathwaite and High House purchased by NT
	80th	Birth of Club
	80th	Opening of High House
2015	90th	Demolition of High House by falling tree
	90th	T Howard Somervell's second Everest Expedition
	450th	First record of High House in Baptismal Document
2016	20th	First KFF Website
	20th	First Edition of The Fellfarer
2017	270th	Rebuilding of Farmhouse
2018	?	?

What? Nothing to celebrate in 2018? Surely there is something.

Come on then, let's have suggestions for the best / funniest / most convincing reason for Fellfarers to celebrate 2018

LITTONDALE CAMPING MEET

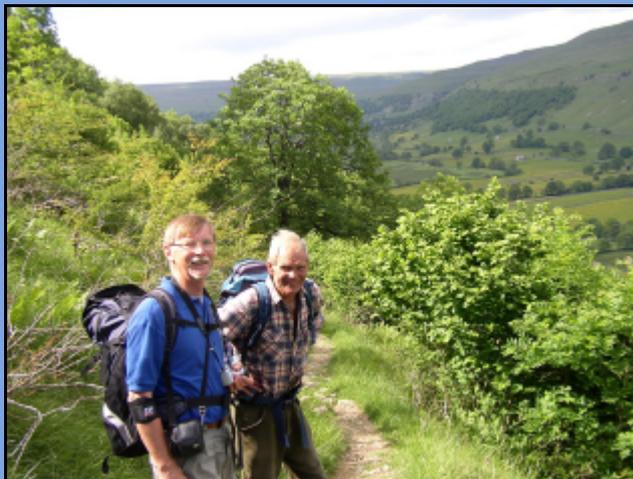
18-20th June 2010

Margaret Cooper

The Littondale camping weekend proved to be a very exclusive one with Krysia, Alec, Peter and myself camping a short stagger from the pub and Frank, Dorothy and the 'boys' on a nearby caravan site. My drive from Langcliffe via the steep track leading over the tops to Arncliffe was amazing with its panoramic views, on a fantastic summer evening and on dropping down into Arncliffe it was obvious that the dale remains as unspoiled as ever. On my arrival I found the others were already established in the pub and enjoying the local guest ale.

Next morning Frank and the 'boys' joined us for a walk from our site at Litton over to Buckden on what was once an old pack horse route with stretches of huge paving slabs at intervals. We saw many wild flower species and the views over Littondale were of hay meadows filled with flowers and old field systems with walling and barns in great condition. We arrived in Buckden to find the local show in full swing and after tea and cakes watched the start of the well attended fell race up Buckden Pike. We followed their progress as we walked along the banks of the River Wharfe to Starbotton and then back over to Arncliffe and Litton. A great days walking, which was to be rewarded with a few beers but with the previous barrel emptied and a 'jumpy' replacement, Peter had to resort to lager for the first and probably the last time.

Sunday was hot and sunny; climbing was on the agenda so my plan was to visit the flowers called Jacob's Ladder, growing in Malham Cove, that Alec and Peter had discovered, plus view the resident nesting Peregrine Falcon. It was a hot trek up the cove with the usual Sunday traffic but I was pleased to find the flowers but disconcerted to find them also growing in my neighbour's garden! It was a great weekend, weatherwise and so pleasing to re-discover my personal favourite dale.



MID WEEK MEANDER on WILD BOAR FELL

Walk Leader R. Atkinson

Wednesday 23rd JUNE 2010
F. M. Underhill.

On an overcast but warm morning 12 members set out from the roadside car park at Cotehill Bridge for

the summit of Wild Boar Fell (2324'). In the absence of a clear path we cut diagonally across the fellside to the deep, rocky and tree lined gully of White Kirk, which we did not descend, but climbed straight up the steep fell to cross the stream at the top of the gully. Mick, however, had descended into the White Kirk and taking advantage of the low water levels due to the recent hot weather, climbed up the limestone gorge, emerging at the top in a damp and muddy state.



Still no clear path so we made a route through the long tufted bog grass with many wet and sodden mossy areas despite the long spell of dry weather, hard going until we reached the fenced off area around the many Angerholm Pots. A collection of 20 limestone potholes explored in 1922 by The Yorkshire Ramblers Club and most of the shafts needing ropes and ladders to descend the 65-foot drops. We didn't explore but continued up an easier grassy track towards the Nab end of Wild Boar Fell stopping at the foot of the winding track to take lunch in the sunshine with stunning views across the valley and the white limestone pavements below us.

On top of the Nab we met with a very chilly wind; glad we'd lunched lower down; and then continued climbing up to the ridge cairn of Wild Boar Fell where we took photos of the superb panorama of the fells around us then continued up to the trig. point summit with a small drystone wind shelter built around it, more photos.

The path dropped about 400 feet and, whilst taking a short tea stop before climbing up to the summit of Swarth Fell (2235'), the mist rolled in and obscured all the surrounding hills. By the time we had reached the Swarth Fell summit the mist had blown away giving the party another chance for more panoramic shots.

We continued down across Swarth Fell Pike to the cars at Cotehill Bridge in warm sunshine. a perfect end to another grand Monthly mid week walk. Thanks Roger.

In the established custom Tea and Cakes were taken at Farefield Mill on the way back home.



COUNTRYSIDE ELATION AND WORLD CUP BLUES

27th June 2010

David Birkett

June 27, the last chance saloon for the England football team in South Africa. The other members of the quartet were not available, what was I to do on such a perfect day, part of the driest Spring and early Summer known for years? I have been increasingly attending early morning church, dividing my interest between my boyhood upbringing at Methodist Sunday School and across the road where I was married 38 years ago, St. Thomas's. The Rev. Tim is always topical and commented on the forthcoming match, hoping for the nation's euphoria.

I drove up the A6, where a cycling race was in progress, with competitive participants, one was reckless. I drove slowly behind a hay-time tractor and trailer, near Low Borrow bridge a sharp bend loomed with no sight lines, the cyclist overtook and only just snooked in before a 'chels ea tractor' sped by in the other direction. At the 'Jungle Cafe' (now a caravan sales site) I took the minor road heading for Crookdale and parked on the brow below Nab End. The trackless terrain was steep and unrelenting to the first spot height at 429m, en route the grass was rank with fresh growth. Clearly the fell was benefiting from a reduced stocking rate through a Environmentally Sensitive Area Scheme with profuse showing of heath bedstraw, tormentil, milkwort and bilberry. A sheep trod developed and I gladly followed it wending through rocky bluffs and dried sphagnum mosses, carpeted with hares tail cotton grass. Above skylarks rendered their noisy song and ravens croaked in accord. Derelict stone grouse butts were passed through Fawcett Forest (not a tree in sight) to point 528m before descending 200' and a steep ascent to White Howe trig. point. I had a butty and soaked in the 360 degree view, with the central fells distant and the Kentmere group within touching distance.

A track had developed from the summit, descending at first before meeting a ridge wall heading for 'the end of Borrowdale' beyond Long Crag. Owing to my date with the 'Pride of England' and my elder brother Tony in 'Bootleggers' I cut short the valley circuit. With the majority of the landscape being in 'Open Access' I crossed the wall at a new provision and descended steeply over dried mosses and tussock grass towards Borrow Beck. En route dozens of green veined whites and pearl bordered fritillary butterflies darted over the meadow buttercups and marsh thistles. A convenient gate was found in the outer fell wall which led to the dry beck, I chose to cross the riverbed rather than a rickety wooden bridge. Below was a large, well maintained 'bank fold' with a solitary sycamore growing from one of the compartments. The 300' climb to the saddle south of Robin Hood was made easier by following a quad bike track, en route a partially dried stony issue displayed yellow saxifrage and our two main carnivorous plants the sundew and butterwort. During a rest period I looked back at the neat white painted fascia of High House - yes there is another High House in a Borrowdale. To the west of the steading was a recently erected deer fenced area adjoining an existing deciduous woodland. Natural regeneration was evident although this had been supplemented by planted species. Two runners passed me on the 1 km narrowing ridge to High House Bank, 495m where I rested and contemplated the 3 pm kickoff; a direct route to the car was needed.

The open access stretched well down into the valley and I spied gates leading into the High House access track. I would not recommend the descent route over steep ground, craggy bluffs and deep bracken. Sheep tracks eased the way and I swiftly joined the track leading to Borrowdale Head Farm, sleepy, undeveloped but still working. The beautiful herb-rich meadows were a credit to the farmer. The road down to the farm is well maintained and has public access; I climbed the hill back to the car looking at my watch, 14.40, twenty minutes before kick-off.

Count down - back in Kendal for 14.50. A quick change and Val dropped me in Kent Street. Tony was in his chair with two friends. I was five minutes late. I purchased a pint of Trophy and settled down in anticipation, just like a sizeable number of the nation. Twenty million watched TV. What a rush, what a let down, for a brief interlude I was a fan of the beautiful game. No longer - as a person said 'they are a group of individuals and not a team'. So much for the divine intervention by the Rev. Tim.

SHEEP

Want to increase your 'fell-cred'?
How about learning all those strange names
the farmers have for their sheep?
Here they are:

First summer: **lamb**
First winter: **hogg**
Second summer, after first clipping: **shearling**
Second winter: **twinter**
Then: **gimmer** until
After first lamb: **yow** (ewe)
Ram: **tup** or **tip**
Castrated ram: **geld** or **wether**

Fellfarer To The Rescue

Sarah Jennings

Desperately trying to put the disappointment of the cancelled El Chorro climbing trip out of my mind I escaped to the hut for a couple of days in April. On arriving I discovered a leader from a group staying there waiting for a party to come down off the hill. She told me that she had heard they were escorting down an injured walker with a suspected broken ankle & she was going up to Stockley Bridge to help them. I offered to go and

assist but she assured me they would be ok. However she asked me if I would help by driving the man back to his car or to the hospital when they got him down. Of course I agreed.

Sometime later, a party arrived at the bottom of the drive so I drove the car down & was greeted by the team leader & the injured man with his 2 friends. I was a little confused about the broken ankle as the man was walking without any difficulty. 'Are you ok?' I asked. 'No' came the reply as he held a cut finger up in the air. After a short discussion, it was apparent that the only injury was the cut (possibly broken) finger and all that was required was a lift back to their car. I didn't know why a lift to the car was needed at all when the man was able to walk without any difficulty but I could only assume that in the 'panic' of the situation they had arrived off the hill a long way from their car, perhaps even in the wrong valley. I prepared myself for a long drive.

I got everyone loaded into the car and asked where they were parked. 'Seathwaite Farm' came the reply. I asked again but received the same reply. All I could do was set off through the farm & hope that they would realise their error when they saw where we were. About 30m past the farm, one of them began to speak. I expected to hear 'Oh, how silly, we are actually parked at.....' but what I heard was 'Here we are, there is the car!' I couldn't believe my ears. At this point, they all piled out with much thanks & were on their way. My moment of true heroics, assisting with a mountain rescue, actually amounted to me driving someone with a cut finger to the other side of the farm!



The Cumbrian Traverse

27th June 2010

Colin Jennings

The Cumbrian Traverse is a long distance Lake District challenge. It goes from Broughton Mills to the Moot Hall Keswick and visits 21 fell summits in between. It is about 35 miles long and includes some 12000 feet of ascent.

Why Did We Do It? – A very good question! Well, a friend from Garstang running club, Graham Tagg, wanted to do the Bob Graham this year but due to various injuries and lack of training opportunities was not ready for such an undertaking. However I found out about the traverse and asked if he would like to do this instead. He was keen and so a date was set – 27th June for the attempt.

The 27th June was good because we had 19 hours of daylight but bad because the forecast was for the hottest day of the year! Therefore we organised some support helpers to be at Wrynose Pass and Honister Pass with the essentials (water, water, water and of course pork pies).

The 27th June dawned bright and very early (we left

Garstang at 4:25 am). We parked up in Broughton Mills and hit the trail at 5:35 am! Our thinking was to get up high before the sun got too strong. The still morning air was already very warm and I was glad we had made the effort to go early. The hills around Broughton Mills are very impressive (for their modest height). Wainwright described these fells as a mini Cullin ridge and the skyline is filled with spiky, dinosaur backed, rocky peaks.

The views were superb and we had the hills to ourselves. However by the time we left Caw the cloud was thickening and the clag was coming in. We disappeared into the mist going up White Maiden and did not emerge fully until the Wrynose Pass. This made it refreshingly cool though.

We had a 15 min stop at the Three Shire Stone to re-fuel and re-fill our water and then were off up to Cold pike and then over to Crinkle Crag. The clag had lifted somewhat so we made good progress all the way around to Bow fell (summit number 12). This is about halfway and from here we could see where we had come from (Great Stickle and Stickle Pike) and, looking north, where we had to go (Great End and Skiddaw). We were still feeling good and still had not shared a summit with anyone (it was now 10:40 am).

Over Esk Pike and Great End we went and then we decided to descend via the band to Sty head. This was very loose and a bit hairy but we slithered and stumbled our way down on shaky legs (we had been running for 6 hours by now) to Sty Head. We had originally guessed that the Traverse would take us 12 hours and had instructed our supporters accordingly. We were doing well and were over an hour up on the schedule so I had to make a quick call to Sarah to be at Honister early.

The next half an hour was pure purgatory as the sun came out, the wind dropped and we had the long slog up over Kern Knotts to the top of Great Gable. On and on and on the climb went. My malt loaf had run out. My fruit loaf had run out and I was down to a small bag of salted mixed nuts. These were rather dry and I was gasping to try and eat them slogging uphill without drinking the last of my precious water. At last we arrived at the summit and could now relax a little as we had done all the high tops and all the hard ascents. A quick nip over to Green Gable and then it was downhill all the way to Honister with 18 summits visited. On the way down we saw a Bob Graham group coming down. We were feeling quite heroic until we realised these guys had run twice as far as us!

Sarah and children and dog were there to cheer us in. A feast of cold pizza, pork pies and pasta followed. A change of shoes, top and water bottles and then 17 mins after we arrived we set off up towards Dale Head with the Bob Graham party.

Luckily the traverse does not require a visit to Dale Head. So we said our goodbyes to the Bob Graham group and bore off to the right to go over High Scawdel and then joined the path up to High Spy. Up until this point I felt ok but now the excursions of the day were taking their toll (or a dodgy pork pie?) Also I had only drunk water all day and now I started to feel sick. Even though the last couple of summits are not particularly high or hard we made quite a meal of them and even Cat Bells felt more like K2. Eventually we heaved ourselves to the last summit and then lurched down the hill towards Derwent water. We were both struggling now. Graham had fallen coming off Great Carrs, banged his knee and was bleeding. He had also twisted his ankles a few times. I had twisted one ankle and developed a shooting, grinding sensation in my right knee on descending. 'Must be getting old' I said as we hobbled to Hawes End boat landing.

It was now 'just' 2 and a half miles along the lake shore. This was a mixture of running until Graham's knee was too painful and then we had to walk for a bit and try again. Eventually we were back in Keswick and running past the pencil museum. We got a few strange looks but the staff at 'Up and Running' applauded as we went past! We tried a final sprint finish but were glad just to finish. It had taken 10 hours 7 mins. (an unofficial record as the best published time is 11 hours 16 mins). I slumped down and was feeling very sick and dehydrated. The plan was to go for chips and a pint but we just hung around to see a Bob Graham finisher in and then we left. As we were waiting for the Bob Graham chap to arrive we chatted to his supporters. We had to apologise because they thought we had done the Bob Graham. Sorry, we said we have only done 35 miles and 21 peaks!



Four Wells and a Rubbish Bin – The Wells of Silverdale Walk

Tuesday 29th June 2010

Mike Palk

Those who ignored the grid-reference and got to the start anyway were: Peter G, Tony W, Val C, Steve E, Mike P, Cath P, Sheila M, Hugh T, Angie M, Roger A, Margaret A, David B, Val B, Clare F, Mick F, and assorted 4-legged friends

What Well? Where Well? Woodwell, of course! The meeting point for the start of the Wells of Silverdale Walk. By 6.30 the trusty team of K Well-Farers had assembled on a beautiful summers evening for a fascinating walk around the village.

Well Number One was, of course, the aforementioned Woodwell and in spite of weeks with little or no rain, the spring is still sprung and trickling crystal clear water into the pond below, complete with lilies and spearwort. A short scramble up the cliff and through woods and village lanes led to...

Well Number Two – Burton Well – like Woodwell, provides an almost constant supply of water in spite of the dry conditions. Just as Well really, as the Wells were the source of Silverdale's water until very recently. The spring flows into Lambert's Meadow, once used by drovers and their herds, now frequented by Well-Farer Orchid spotters (lots of them, orchids, that is!).

Nearby, lie the next two – Well Number Three, Bank Well, is more pond than Well. Re-excavated in the 1990s, it is now beginning to be overgrown again, but provides a good habitat for all sorts of plants, insects and waterfowl.

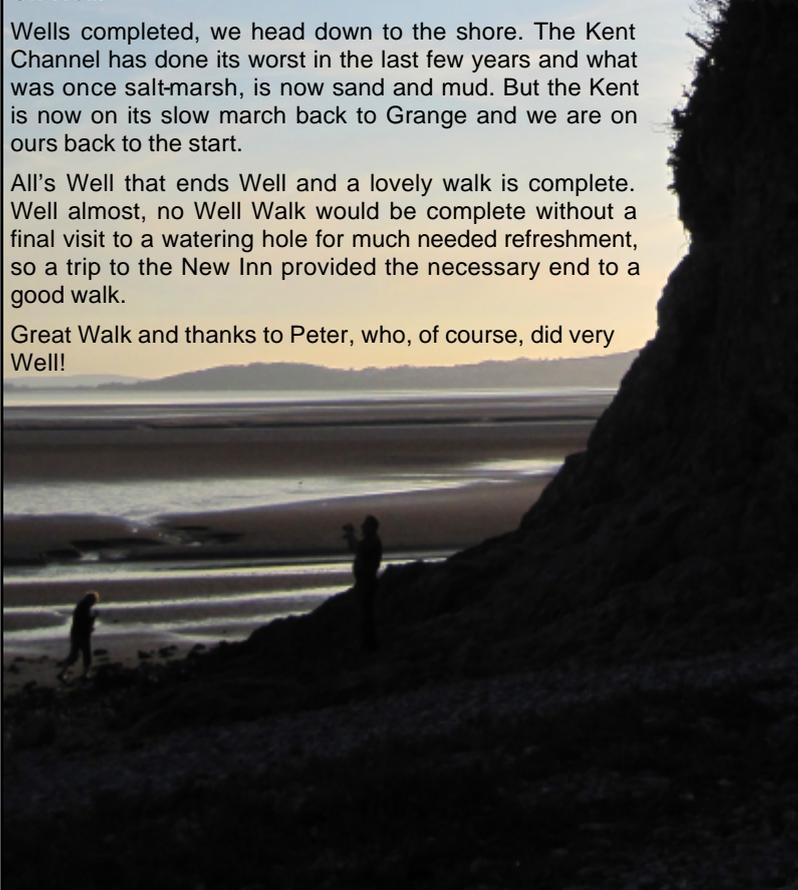
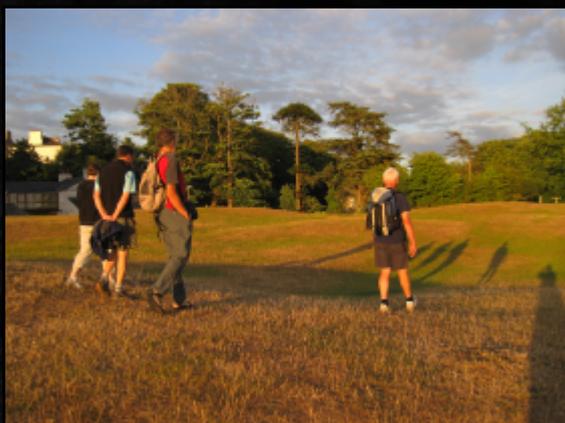
Well Number Four, Well that's just down the way. Dogslack Well is a proper Well, with a proper pump but just lacks a proper washer to work...properly! And just a few yards away, lies some very ordinary looking greenery but in May is the home of the very extraordinary Ladies Slipper Orchid.

So now a long track through Well-trodden Eaves Wood, leads, allegedly to Well Number Five. We get ever closer and then finally, there it is, Elmslack Well. Except it isn't! The Well has long gone to be replaced by a rubbish bin! Oh Well!

Wells completed, we head down to the shore. The Kent Channel has done its worst in the last few years and what was once salt-marsh, is now sand and mud. But the Kent is now on its slow march back to Grange and we are on ours back to the start.

All's Well that ends Well and a lovely walk is complete. Well almost, no Well Walk would be complete without a final visit to a watering hole for much needed refreshment, so a trip to the New Inn provided the necessary end to a good walk.

Great Walk and thanks to Peter, who, of course, did very Well!



High House Family Weekend 2nd-4th July

Claire Heseltine

with some input from the rest of the Heseltine clan

On Friday the 2nd of July, we arrived at the hut, greeted by warm sunshine and a variety of youths playing cricket on the lawn. Already settled in were the Whiles, the Jennings, the Smallwoods, the Walshes, the other Walshes, two enthusiastic dogs, and long standing veteran of the hills, Goffie.

Saturday dawned brightly and, some earlier than others, everyone awoke, eager to start the day's activities. Jason, Colin, Mark and Bob-not-the-dog, set off earlier to set out the course, their labour of love. And then, joined by little Nat, the children divided into two teams, they were unleashed upon the hills. Sarah, Mark and Goffie had already set up the ropes for the first challenge and with the energy of an army of Duracell bunnies, the first team began to scale the slabs.

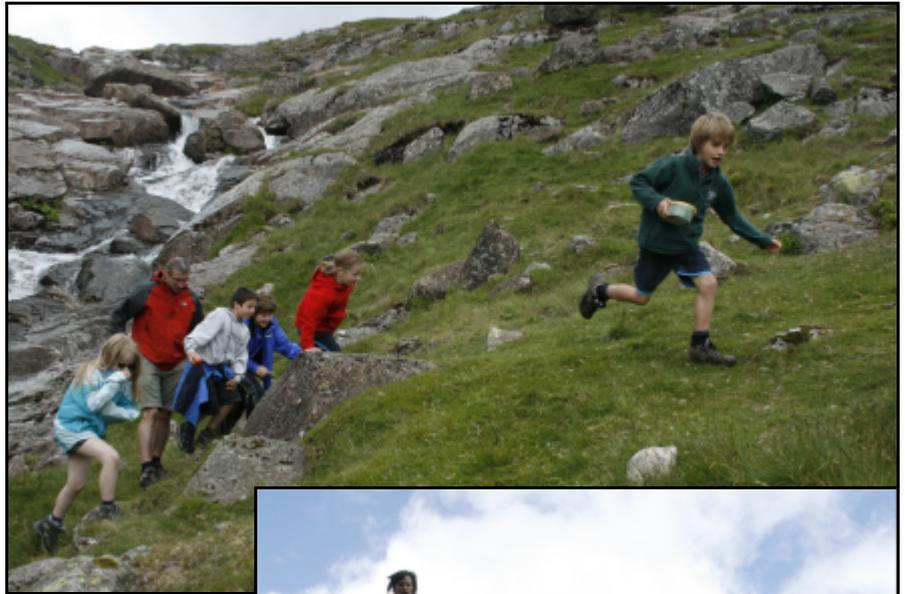
The treasure stashed at the tip of the mountainous slabs was retrieved by brave young Matty and then, for the second team, his sister Jess retrieved the first prize. The envelopes contained the clue for the next checkpoint and the first component of the tying machine. The teams set off across the fells, scrambling through heather to retrieve the second clue.

Misguided Adam was led astray by a distracting boulder but finally the team, led by Sarah found the second treasure. Unfortunately, young Ted discovered at this point, that, having taken charge of guarding the first piece, had accidentally let it slip from his hand/ rucksack/pocket somewhere on the arduous journey up Taylor Gill.

The next checkpoint was a welcoming sight to the tired walkers, a bountiful feast of food prepared by Cheryl, Maja and Bob-the-dog. Having eaten their fill and hugged the fluffy dog for moral courage, they continued onwards. Spurred on by food, they continued through all the rest of the checkpoints they found themselves at the thousand foot stone and the second team was struck dumb at the surprise of the missing log needed to locate the penultimate clue. No one could fathom how the log had moved, wherever by earthquakes, gale force winds or two mysterious mountain blokes/imps going by the name of 'Copse & Robbers'. (Jason **Smallwood** and **Robert** Walsh. Get it?) They trundled along and returned the glorious hut of doom, a few straying off the path to go for a dip in the wintry waters, fully clothed no less!

At the Hut they were greeted by hot chocolate and then later on roasting meat. Large amounts of fuel were imported and Mark 'Fire-Starter' Walsh produced such an inferno that people were forced to retreat from the fire-pit for fear of scorched eyebrows. The children enjoyed trying out the planes they made from the parts earned at each checkpoint on the course. Catering courtesy of Booths and the gold catering van, young munchkins tucked in to their veretable feast and were quite exhausted by the days escapades. Sadly, the day afterwards the weather was not so good and the merry walkers were deprived of more gay merriment on the fells.

Pam adds: *Thank you to Jason and Colin for organising it all.*



"All Aboard the DaiLark"

Minibus/Youth Hostel Tour of the Brecon Beacons and
Pembrokeshire Coast - 3 -10 July

David Birkett



he?' 'oh he's dead'; Fellfarer arrived at the Hut without a sleeping bag. a member kindly offered a spare. In the morning it was duly returned, the owner said it has sentimental value, 'my dog died in it'.

Sunday turned out to be a testing and trying day for all concerned, the idea was to traverse the main ridge taking in Pen y Fan, the highest in the Black Mountains and Cribyn then to join Mick at an agreed point. We started at the Storey Arms with hoards of people heading for the 'Brecon plum', spits and spots of rain soon developed into steady precipitation with an ever increasing wind requiring all available gear. By the time we had reached the summit ridge the strength was gusting 50 mph, life wasn't easy, Clare told me of an accident to a friend in such conditions, cheering me up no end; we huddled momentarily by a cairn at 886m and headed down Craig Cwm Sere, a steep pitched ridge. All sorts of ill equipped people passed us, a family with children crying, a broad built man dressed in shorts and shirt, school groups, elderly walkers (just like us) all heading for their goal. The majority did not want to stop so I snatched a butty and felt energised for the climb onto Cribyn 795m; a long descent brought us to a bwlch. On the edge of exposure, we unanimously headed for the valley. Mobiles failed us to arrange a earlier rendezvous so we trudged the 5 km over open moor and by coniferous woodland to join Mick at the car park at Nant Bwrefwr. Every day has a silver lining, after changing in the open, we found a delightful cafe run by an American family and downed copious amounts of tea and cakes. On leaving Hughie said 'which ever way we turn from here it will be wrong!' The drive to Broadhaven on the Pembroke coast was uneventful, we sat bathed in sunshine drinking 'Brains bitter', perhaps we should have had some before

To call this collection of K Fellfarer's 'youths' would be stretching the definition a little too far, for Hughie, Norman, Roger, Margaret (Cooper), the Foxs, the Easts and myself are no 'spring chickens' - as Rose called us 'all complete, utter old gits'. This comment set the scene for an hilarious week to come.

08.30 hrs saw the first of the party assemble at 50 Gillinggate, the Editor's home, boarding a hire bus with WESTMORLAND blazened across the sides, this was I feel a good omen and we sped on time to the square in Milnthorpe, picking a further four bodies. Margaret, with the honour of being one of Peter Goff's first girl friends joined us at Jctn. 31 on the M6 and we were off. Chester, Hay-on-Wye were our first drink stops. Question: how many Fellfarers does it take to obtain a car park ticket? answer five. The book town was bustling and we found one of Michael Winner's 'Welsh winners' with sumptuous cakes. Enough of this good living, Mick suggested a walk from Gospel Pass on to Lord Hereford's Knob, a good short walk and seemed to amuse some of the ladies? On through the Welsh countryside to Brecon and our first hostel at Libanus where a wholesome meal awaited us. An evening walk was suggested to a National Nature Reserve -Craig Cerrig - in the Fforest Fawr(The Great Forest) The Reserve has a good population of alpine plants such as the purple and mossy saxifrage. Earlier I talked of hilarity - some of the quotes and comments of the day are as follows -Margaret informed us of the location of her 'long drop' toilets; Wife to husband 'should I iron your pyjamas for the trip?'; Rose - friend told me 'John Lennon's been shot' I started laughing, 'how is

setting off for the walk; the label on the bottle told us of Nye Bevan, the founder of the NHS, who said ' people who stay in the middle of the road get run over!' The fire alarm sounded, all was O.K, the girls had a sewage smell in their room and had to be evacuated and then Richard arrived; I think it was in that order? After a good meal we all went to the pub and had a bit of 'Rev. James' bitter.

Monday saw perfect weather for walking, sunny with a bracing wind, we alighted at the NT car park at Marloes, down the lane to the beach (*above left*) flowers were abundant; Red



campions in profusion, cow parsley was inter twined with hedge bindweed, the whole being aromatic. The cliff top path was followed (*opposite below*) via Dead Man's Bay and The Anvil to Wooltack Point an iron age fort, the largest in Wales. After grub the path passed by Martin's Haven and Musslewick sands; our RSPB representative (Paul) had set us 'the bird of the day' the chough, something of a rarity these days, having quickly



ticked off the target, Whitethroat, Gannet, Razorbill, Guillemot, Puffin, Cormorant, Raven, Wheatear, Carrion crow, Skylark and Meadow pipit were added to the list plus Dolphin and Seal - what a haul. It was warm and sultry following the lanes back to Marloes village where we all had tea in the pub! I said to one of the ladies 'what will you be when you see a Chough 'happy' the reply 'no chuffed'; how is the new government referred to Lib/Con, Con/Lib or Con/Dem pact? Say 'Ken Dodd's dad's dog's died' several times. And so to bed.

It had been very hot through the night, I rose at 6ish, had a shower, made some noise in the process, for we were living in a 'shoe box, that is 5 burly men, sadly I had broken the 8pm rising curfew and was given a 24 hr sentence of 'comment' from some of the team. Our objective for the day was a visit to Ramsey island, the boat left from St. Justinian at noon, so we spent a cultural hour in St. David's cathedral, a magnificent tilting structure followed by coffee of course. Richard our visiting canoeist was not keen on negotiating the 'bitches' through the strait so we were ten on the boat and boarded at the life boat station, most reassuring. Entering the magic RSPB island the heat and the fresh breeze was noticeable, we set off on a 4 mile circular walk of the holding. Once again the flowers and birds were numerous with Linnet, Stonechat and Kestrel to add to Tuesday's tally; Wheatear were the most abundant bird. The RSPB shop did good trade as the 'last boaters' waited.

We were back late so eating out was in order 'we'll walk to Little Haven and back' 'but it's raining' was the cry' we'll get wet then' the Chairman replied! That night following a too hot curry and plenty of booze I was suffering, unknown to me at

the time I had heat stroke and was burning up, sweating heavily, fortunately I recognised the problem and took two lots of Solpadine, plus copious water and was o.k. in the morning. You're never too old to learn

The 'air' had cleared but the weather was diabolical as we loaded the WESTMORLAND coach for Camarthen and Tesco Extra. A long drive ensued to the famous show cave Dan yr Ogof we arrived in pouring rain, the entrance was more like a theme park and the entrance fee colossal just like the plastic wooly mammoths and dinosaurs - £13 each ! Off to the cafe I

ordered a tea and promptly put a pepper sachet in the cup and stirred, all brown packets look the same to me. Hughie's comment, 'what a horrible place'. The weather did not let up, so we headed over the Rhiw Wen pass and followed minor roads to Llanddeusant hostel, a former pub, the Red Lion; en



route we had passed another former pub which was now the Red Kite centre, later the birds could be seen wheeling majestically overhead. This was to be by far our best hostel and proved an excellent find by Clare.

Thursday dawned with good weather in prospect, Mick drove us to Glyntawe and went of on his 'Nuttal quest', our task was to walk back to the hut over the Fan Foel ridge. The path took us alongside the Afon Tawe

leading to a farm with a strange landowner awaiting us, after 'words' and instructions we followed the prescribed route, 'miserable t....t' was Paul's comment, nods of agreement. The path rose steeply passing an ancient settlement and mysterious 'burnt mound', at Fan Hir the old red sandstone outcropped giving a steep escarpment plunging towards the Llyn y Fan Fawr below. At the Bwlch Giedd a group of D of E asked about a suitable route, Hughie put them straight, the rest of us climbed the steep slope to Fan Foel summit, 802m. In the church at Llanddeusant was a pictorial expose of the excavation of a round barrow - a prehistoric funerary and ritualistic site on the summit plateau, this caused some discussion, later I read ' bones of a 12 yr old had been found, perhaps a chieftains child, alongside were the bones of two pigs and a dog with Meadowsweet pollen grains'. Upland birds are not as numerous though Wheatear, Buzzard, Skylark entertained us and two spectacular Red Kites were a highlight. The ridge continued for miles passing Bannau Sir Gaer, below was a smaller, drawn down Llyn and onto Waun Lefrith at 677m, the final climb was onto Twyn Swnd with its two ancient cairns and so to complete a fine expedition onto Carreg Yr Ogof where limestone had been taken commercially. We luckily found the 'ogof' (cave) Rose removed the recycling bin lid and ventured down the abyss a short distance, no gear and inclination, after discussion it was thought that R.V.D.C. on the lid stood for Royston Vasey District Council. Down in the valley the ticks were at work and the real sting in the tail was a very steep hill to the hostel. After a good meal the company settled down to Black Grouse, courtesy the RSPB sales department.

Our last day, and the long road to the Lakes, 09.45 fond farewells to the warden and her friends, three vintage ladies who were good 'crack' the night before. Drove to Libanus (our first hostel) to retrieve Rose's glasses, coffee at the Honey Pot, lunch on the Long Mynd (517m) followed by a climb to the summit (*left*) and so to join the Friday night traffic queues, home 20.00 hrs. To end another story courtesy Norman - about pigeons - one particular pigeon visiting his garden was quite fat so he named it 'fat pidge', his next door neighbour heard him calling 'fat pidge' 'fat pidge'

she thought he said 'fat bitch' and told other neighbours what he had said!

And finally our thanks must go to the drivers Hughie, Roger, Paul and Mick and of course Clare for the arrangements and mothering us in the nicest possible way.



Rain Stopped Play

(John Peat's Walk)

14th July 2010

Roger Atkinson

Nine keen Fellfarers joined John at the appointed time at the picturesque Cartmel Church, after a brief discussion regarding the weather the consensus was it would only be an odd shower. So two hundred yards and a few minutes into the walk waterproofs were hastily donned and trees found to shelter under after five minutes of this the next decision was head to the pub, The thunder gods won the day.

The photo (left) was taken less than 45 minutes after the start of the walk.

Loughrigg and Silver How

The KFF 4th Mid-week Ramble

21st July 2010

Colin Hunter

An overcast, threatening morning saw two erstwhile Himalayan Mountaineers plus the usual entourage of ageing Sherpas, porters and hangers on assembled at Kendal Bus Station for the free ride to Ambleside and the start of the Retirees Ramble taking us to Grasmere via Loughrigg and Silver How.

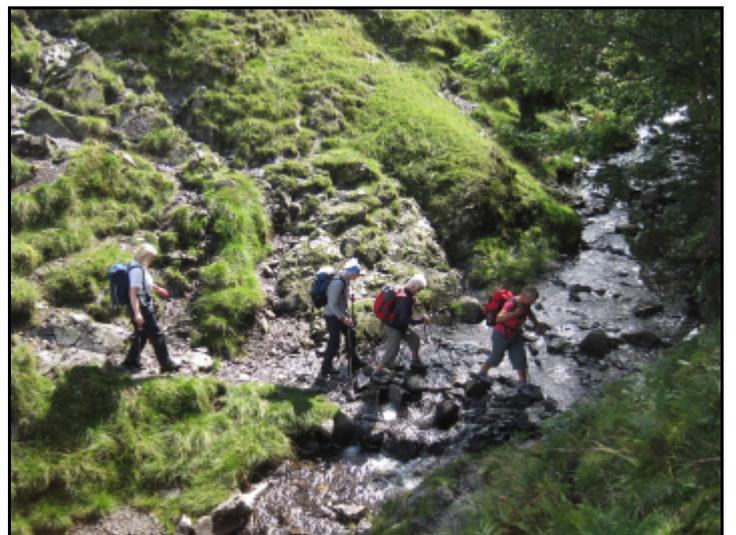
After establishing Advance Base in a coffee house and with the sun starting to appear, Rothay Park was negotiated without difficulty - global warming having caused the glacier to recede somewhat. The steepness of the lane leading past Miller Brow Farm however, had some members of the expedition calling for oxygen. In fact the thinning atmosphere was now curtailing conversation - a distinct boon to those Sherpas aiding the Archivist / Resident Comedian!

Reaching open fellside and now following a pleasant, undulating rising path and with the red mist slowly clearing from our eyes we could enjoy the view back over Windermere. Continuing toward Loughrigg summit we passed a small tarn thick with pondweed and surrounded with yellow Bog Asphodel, among which were many electric blue Damselflies many of whom were mating, whereby their bodies link head and tail and form a heart shape - how romantic, though I didn't notice it stirring any passions in my fellow pensioners!

After the summit was gained and views enjoyed we descended northwest to the Red Bank road and started the second climb via a path, alongside which, the Ed pointed out what he considered to be his favourite wall (sad person). This was of normal dry stone construction but the through stones were flat slabs of slate approx. 18" wide and 3" thick projecting about 12" from the wall. Fairly normal you're thinking but these were arranged in pairs one above the other 2' apart each being pierced by a 3" diameter hole through which a fence post was slotted thereby allowing the farmer to add a fence above wall height - clever stuff.

Continuing the ascent brought us to the summit of Silver How where lunch was delayed somewhat while the Himalayan Mountaineers porters erected the kitchen tent. Then rested, fed and watered we made our way down to Grasmere following Wray Gill with its waterfalls, rowans, junipers and views toward Dunmail Raise a constant delight.

On reaching the village and after paying off the Sherpas etc. coffee was taken again while the rest of the expedition members tried to remember in which pocket their bus passes were kept prior to boarding for the uneventful ride home, during which thanks were offered to the Ed. for his choice of walk. He told us he used to run it - must've been a long time ago.



THE SPIRIT OF '34

A Weekend at High House without Cars. 30 - 31st July 2010

David Birkett

The second of the 'no cars' weekends was held at High House, the first having been a resounding success, the idea of getting to the hut under your own steam appealed to my adventurous spirit. I had phoned Bill but he was among kitchen repairs, so I arrived well before the 9.39 bus bound for Keswick, strange, no other Fellfarers appeared. At Staveley Val and Colin boarded the bus bound for Castlerigg to traverse the flanks of Borrowdale over Falcon Crag calling at High Lodore Farm for a cream tea.

The busy bus trundled through the central Lakes and I alighted at Dunmail Foot with a heavier than normal rucksack full with sleeping bag, food and washing gear. The initial steep climb at the entrance to Greenburn valley reminded me of how unaccustomed I'd become to weight carrying. Greenburn is a delightful valley, secluded, away from noise and traffic save on this occasion a mewing buzzard. The forecast was not encouraging 'mainly dry, showers with heavier bursts' - translate that into Borrowdale weather!

I climbed steadily to the Calf Crag ridge and paused near Brownrigg Moss looking down the mires of Far Easedale, numerous people passed en route for Helm Crag, I ate an energy bar and drank water before the relentless climb onto Greenup Edge. The standard fare of birds and flowers was seen, skylarks were my constant companion with the squawk of the raven interjecting the twitter; underfoot tormentil, buttercup, sundews and bedstraws were profuse. At last downhill, onto the apex of Lining Crag, an essential descent to the east to avoid the crags and down the stone-pitched path, the pitching in this location has been done up the 'erosional groove' and has blended in well. On down past the magnificent Eagle Crag where in earlier years Brian my brother dislocated his shoulder on the last pitch of Falconer's Crack - a classic route of it's day. Jim Duff saved the day, lowering a rope and Brian climbed the remaining pitch with one arm and a bit of help from the rope.

On down passed Smithymire Island, on the opposite side of Langstrath Beck the strangely named structure '*Alison Grass Hoghouse*' stood alongside a very full Stonethwaite campsite. I called in at Mrs. Jackson's for a coffee and sticky cake plus a grand 'crack', she was full in her B&B for all of August and most of September, mainly with 'coast to coasters'. At the exquisite church I sang a verse of 'Guide me O thou great Jehovah' - yes I've finally flipped.

Leaving the building, I noticed that the Rev. Gay Pye was in charge, on the end of Church Row a notice in the window said '*visitor welcome family by appointment*' which seems to sum up Borrowdale folk, so I'm told.

The heavier bursts had started and I was treated to a typical wet Borrowdale welcome, at the hut all was quiet, door locked, no key, oh dear! 17.45 hrs no cars, no people, I walked round the hut and found a mountain bike - I was not alone, 18.00 hrs a car arrived, a young Kendal couple, they had a key, but had not read the Fellfarer, no problems, we settled in*.

19.00 hrs Colin, Val and Mark arrived, wet through but happy. They had been in the pub and left others in the warmth. A loud roar was heard and three motor bikes came up the track, sinister helmeted people entered the hut. It was Kevin from Leicester with two mates. Were bikes exempt? - the jury's out**. More arrivals from the pub - Clare, Mick and Roger, the last of all was Pete and Alec all having walked via Harrop Tarn and Watendlath. The convivial evening was ended with beer, wine and whiskey, Val and Colin were longing for their pillows, fresh coffee and salt still on the table at home.

Having dried out I was looking forward to the return journey over the fells on Sunday with a lighter sack, this was not to be for the morning dawned as the night it had finished with rain and a brisk wind. Pete, Alec and I aimed for the first bus from Seatoller to Keswick, typical Lake District weather the sun came out but, it was too late for us, back to Kendal and putting with the grandson.

A great weekend, thanks for the idea.

** The couple were quite contrite and did at least hide their car down at the farm so they were forgiven - just this once!*

*** Someone else hadn't read the Fellfarer! The consensus amongst those present seemed to be that it's ok to arrive by motor bike - but only if it's a pre-1934 model !*



Clare and Roger descending to Watendlath on the way to High House.

The Borrowdale Fell Race 7th August 2010

Colin Jennings



Friday night saw a worried looking fell runner arrive at the hut. He was so worried that he sipped a single bottle of beer and was in bed before 10pm. What was the cause of this behaviour? The reason was that the following day he was to attempt to get round the Borrowdale fell race – 17 miles and 6,500 feet of ascent – without embarrassing himself or coming last.

The morning of the race was very warm and overcast with low cloud. I forced down a large bowl of porridge and took my nerves down to the field opposite the Scafell, arriving much too early, just after 10am. I hovered in the field and perused the kit on offer from Pete Bland. I was an easy target for a salesman and when the Pete Bland man said I would need shoes with good grip I immediately bought some and put them on for the race straight out of the box.

The crowds gathered and at 11am we were off. Before the race runners assured me that you must get a good start and really get into a good position by Bessy Boot so as not to get held up! However I was the one doing the holding up as we slogged our way up the first steep section into the mist towards Bessy Boot. A good shout from Pete Goff and co at the top revived me a little and off I went into the

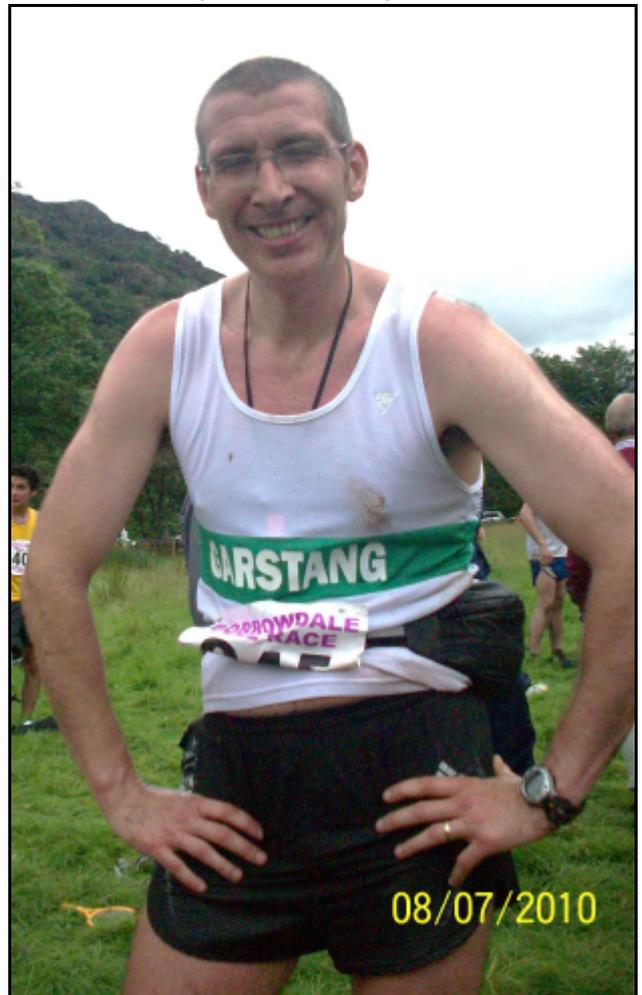
thick clag trying hard to follow someone who knew the way.

As I was sinking into a bog somewhere near Glaramara a voice called out 'you must be Colin'. I was a little surprised but then found out this was Wayne Collins, a regular climber on a Thursday night with the Shinscrapers. I knew Wayne is a good runner so I tried to keep him in sight as we squelched our way past High House Tarn. As we past the top of Allen Craggs I was really pleased to pass him. I realised however this was because he was taking a pee! It was quite cold as we crossed Esk Hause so the cry of 'Go on the Badger!' from Kevin Smith helped to spur me on. The top of Scafell Pike was a relief because I could get a Mars bar from Mark Walsh and at last look forward to some downhill. Off we went like out of control go karts, bouncing and sliding down the scree to the corridor route. I was impressed that I only fell once and nobody knocked any big rocks down onto me.

The next part was quite pleasant – a good path and downhill – all the way to Sty Head. This was where the fun well and truly ended however as a grim silence fell over all the runners as we slowly tramped up to the top of Gable. The reward was a bottle of Lucozade from Bill Hogarth at the top and then off across the boulders. This was a low point as I got an attack of cramp that was so bad I thought my race was over. I had to stop and stretch, drink half a bottle of Lucozade, eat half a Mars bar and only then hobble down to Windy Gap. My legs recovered a little as I skirted the top of Green gable which was good but then I found

myself completely alone and lost which was bad. I headed downhill to see if I could find the path to Brandreth and on the way heard 'voices in the mist'. I headed for these and found a group of runners. They looked at me and said 'We're lost, do you know the way on?' Compass and maps appeared and we decided on the best way forward. However within 100 yards I was on my own again but was more confident that I was going the right way. Eventually I appeared out of the mist near the fence to Grey Knotts. The descent to Honister was hard on tired legs and all my get up and go had well and truly gone. My right knee was hurting (I think it had been hurting for a while but so was everything else so I hadn't particularly noticed it). A refreshing cup of squash and some friendly faces at Honister and I was off up the last climb to Dale Head. This went on for ever and the sun had come out to warm us up a bit more. Back into mist for the last time, a shout from Gary and Katie and then a very painful descent down to Dale Head tarn. My knee was not at all happy about this and made its opinion felt as every step sent shooting pains through my right leg. I was longing for some flat ground and eventually got it as we crossed some more bogs and then down through the quarries. Even though gravity was helping I was finding it very hard to run and was overtaken many times on the descent. My knee was now grinding and swollen, making me run like Quasimodo after ten pints of Guinness. I eventually crossed the bridge and hobbled into the finish making pathetic whimpers with each step.

My army of well wishers saw me coming and gave a loud cheer and then an 'oooooh, that looks painful' as I crossed the line after 4hrs 20mins in 133rd place. At the finish I just stood. 'Do you want a drink?' someone said. 'Do you want to sit down?' someone said. All I could say was leave me alone, I don't know what I want'. Eventually I gathered myself enough to hobble to the sandwiches and cups of tea. I sat with my knee feeling like it had been hit with an iron bar. 'Are you going to do it again next year?' someone asked. Luckily I couldn't get up and didn't have the strength to throttle them!



The Resurrection of the Fellfarers Orienteering Event *Scout Scar* 11th August 2010

After approximately 20 years since the last dub O-event, the maps (*produced even longer ago than that by members Mike Walford and Terry Johnson*) were dug out of the Fellfarers Archive for Steve Lee to plan his course. The evening was dry and bright and a good turn-out saw members seeking out 'controls' hidden all over Bradleyfield, Helsington Barrows and Scout Scar, all traveling at paces varying from 'hurtling round' (R Mercer) to ambling (nearly everybody else probably). Occasionally we passed each other, like ships in the night. Some of us had time to chat. R Mercer didn't. Too busy hurtling.

How do you score minus points? It's easy. The time limit is one hour and for every minute that you take over the hour you get points deducted. The Fox/O'Sullivan team got over-ambitious in planning their route and it is *very* difficult to hurry two little ones along when it's way past their bedtime. In the case of Mr Underhill, I believe that no-one told him there was a one-hour time limit and that he was still hurrying round collecting points in the dark, after everyone else had gone home or to the pub. He wasn't helped by the fact that his pencil broke and he spent the evening writing his answers with twigs, dirt and sheep poo.

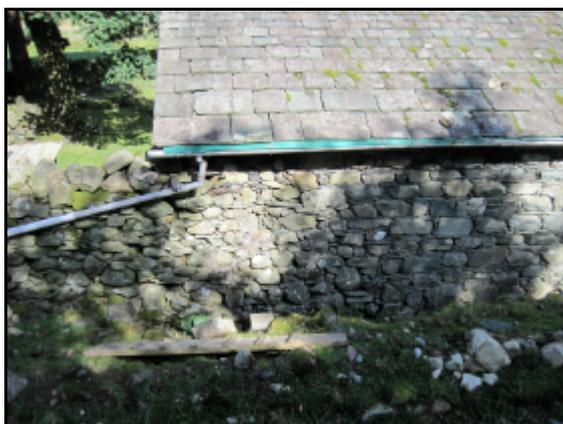
Thank you to Steve (and to Mike Palk) for putting in the time to make the evening a great success.

PS Where were you Mike Walford and Terry Johnson?

PPS Well done Richard. By the way, the winner organises next years event.

THE RESULTS

1. Richard Mercer	160 points
2. Robert and Caitlyn Walsh	115 points
3. Janne, Soren and Nye Greasley	105 points
4e. Alice, Ollie and Pen Lee	90 points
4e. Bill Hogarth	90 points
6. Rosie and Jonathan Stevens	50 points
7. Neil, James and Ian McCloughlin	45 points
8. Cheryl, Jason and George Smallwood	40 points
9. The Fox and O'Sullivan Family	minus several points
10. Fred Underhill	minus lots of points



The Resuscitation of The Summer Wine Team *'Behind the Men's End'* 16 - 18th August 2010

This was one of the two big jobs in this year's Work Plan for High House, and one which the newly reformed Summer Wine Team approached with some trepidation. The corner of the Men's Dormitory has suffered from dampness for some time and the poor state of the external wall was thought to be at least a contributory factor. It's the corner that gets the most 'weather' - the full force of the wind and rain pouring down the valley from Esk Hause and Sty Head. We decided to rebuild the outer face, hoping that we'd be able to leave the inner face intact.

Taking down the corner of a 500 year old building that is mainly rubble with the odd bit of lime mortar is not a job to be undertaken lightly and we were reassured when (fairly) new member and builder Frank Haygarth volunteered to join the SWT for this project. We ordered slate, sand, and cement and turned up with acro-props and cement mixer and set to work pulling apart the wall. By the end of the first day we had cleared the bad stonework down to ground level and started to lay the first course.

Frank, ably assisted by 'Furness' Frank Slater, set to work rebuilding on day two with Fred, Walter and Roger mixing mortar and labouring. By teatime the wall was rebuilt to eaves level!

Frank Slater made a startling discovery: a demijohn half-full of wine buried in the soil behind the hut. The chairman promptly wiped some of the mud off it and took it inside for a tasting. He pronounced it "quite good". It should be; it's the only wine Tony Southwell ever made that managed to reach maturity before being drunk!

The work was finished and tidied up on the morning of day 3 but no, we didn't celebrate by drinking the Last of That Summer Wine.



Dr. Muncey's Last Wainwright

22nd August 2010

Rod Muncey, Hugh Taylor, Angie Mitchell, Richard Mercer, Alan Wilson, Cheryl, Jason and George Smallwood, Clare and Mick Fox.

Hugh and Angie wanted to mark Rod's 50th birthday and the word went round that the celebration would also include an ascent of the one 'Wainwright' that Rod had not yet ticked off - The Nab.

It was a glorious day so those who had arrived on time didn't seem to mind waiting for the ones who had misjudged how long it takes to get to the 'New' (1880s) Church on the Martindale col. Those who were on time hadn't had to worry about traffic; they'd paddled across from the far side of Ullswater.

When seen from the lovely 'Old' (late 1500s) church the Nab's perfectly symmetrical pyramid soars from the floor of the dale like another Great Gable and Hugh decided that we should respond to the challenge by making a direttissima ascent of its north face. A 'challenge' not only because of its steepness but because of the 'Warning Keep Out' notices attached to the gates. Well, we didn't get shot, or even shouted at, but there was a distinct sense of relief when we reached the Open Access land (top left).

The steep grass gave way to even steeper rocks (left) and we were obliged to use our hands to clamber through the broken crag of Nab End. Easier angled grassy slopes above took us to the summit where, after congratulating Rod, we sat lazing in the sun and watching occasional cloud-shadows chasing over the fellsides. (lower left).

The few stones there gave George and the Editor the chance to compete in creating a balanced-stone structure (bottom left). George won, obviously.

Richard spotted an 'unknown' waterfall far below on the western flanks of the fell and we agreed that we ought to descend for a closer look. The ground above Yewgrove Gill was desperately boggy, even while the Lakeland reservoirs were running dry, but the falls were well worth a look. We retreated to drier ground on a little ridge and stumbled down ever-steepening bracken slopes to the flat bottom of Bannerdale. A track alongside the intake wall led us past an apparently deserted Dale Head farm to the road and onwards back to the cars and Rod's Birthday Picnic.

We sat among the gravestones as the shadows lengthened, eating sandwiches and birthday cake (yes, candles!) and sipping the contents of a selection of bottles of celebration drinks (bottom right).

The paddlers returned across the lake and the motorists interrupted their drive home with a stop at that beautiful little village, Aÿkham. The plan had been to have a pint at the Punchbowl there but the windows were boarded up and a 'For Sale' sign hung outside. *What is going on when an attractive and popular village pub which serves good meals and good beer can't survive?*

Fortunately the village has a reserve and we sat outside the Queen's Head in the last of the sunshine trying to decide which of the dozens of lovely little houses around the green we'd like to live in.

It was a good end to a fine day.

Thanks to Hugh and Angie and well done Rod.



Evening Walk Leighton Moss

25th August 2010

The sun burnished the top of that delectable Assagai Wall of Trowbarrow Quarry as we drove the wrong way to the bird sanctuary. We were on time, however, and joined the throng (*can I call 22 Fellfarers and friends a 'throng'?*) gathered in the carpark.

The teatime rain had moved on and left us with a lovely sunny evening.

We tramped into the reed beds to see what Paul had in store for us. He predicted a 50/50 chance of seeing otters - just before the RAF sent a jet screaming overhead to protect our empire, sending every living creature (except the Fellfarers) into hiding.

We wandered down to the Lower Hide, reserved for the select few (RSPB members *and their friends - tonight that's us!*), spotting a lovely silvery slow-worm and a group of red deer on the way. We settled quietly, some of us, in the hide and waited. Cormorants perched on posts projecting from the laketop, spreading their wings and inviting us to admire them, fine fellows that they are. Egrets zoomed in against the dazzle of the setting sun and gathered on the far shore. The water shone like liquid metal - brass, silver and bronze. Rose loaned me her *very good* binoculars and I was lost to the outside world. I've not experienced that quality of image in 'bins' before. The chatter in the hide faded to a background hum as I was drawn into the waterworld. It seemed that I could see every ripple, every pond-skater's footfall, on the silver surface of that water. The sun allowed our bit of the earth to spin away from it and it disappeared behind the treetops. The magic of light and water continued as the hide grew dark.

Eventually we had to resign ourselves to missing the otters *tonight* and we wandered back in the gathering gloom, little thinking that more magic was to come: Then the eastern horizon dipped and there was a lovely honey-coloured full moon smiling down on us as we walked back through the dark woods. Paul set up his 'scope' for us all to see it in detail. Frank thought it looked like *"there might be some good climbing there"*. It's a long way back to the Rifleman's on a Thursday night though Frank

Even in the poor light 'Hawkeye' Kevin Ford warned us not to step on the newt which was toiling across the gravel path under our feet. Paul waved his 'bat-thingy' in the air and our old human ears could hear Pipistrelles chatting as they scooped up midges in the gloaming. Some technology ain't too bad. We gathered in the carpark again and counted up in the dark. There seemed to be no reason to call out a Rescue Team so we went to the pub.

The New Inn at Yealand of course.



Midweek Walk The Wasdale Horseshoe

26th August 2010

Roger (leader) and Margaret. Fred and Jean, Colin and Val, Tony and Sue, Mick and Clare, Rose, Frank, Oscar and Henry.

The Wasdale Horseshoe? Will they get round? Will they survive - our Club Pensioners? Should we alert the Mountain Rescue in advance? What on earth possessed Rose to come and join us? So many questions....



Well, as it happens it was the Westmorland Wasdale we were 'horseshoeing', the grassy 6-mile squidgey-underfoot and midgey-overhead one. Still, we'd have all got round the other one too, given a few more days and a sherpa each to carry us over the difficult bits...

Rose was soon wondering why she had voluntarily joined the 'old gits' (*for those members who don't know Rose - she still works - that's how young she is!*) as we floundered across the marshland between the A6 summit and the ruins of the Wasdale Head farmhouse. Never mind - what an intriguing place that farm is! Cyclopean quoins of pink granite bound myriad tumbled walls that suggest a substantial family commune in years past. Now all gone, all gone...

We startled a few deer on our way to Wasdale Pike, where the midges gathered to startle us in turn as we lunched - standing up mainly, to catch the breeze and keep the blighters away. The panorama was exceptional. It stretched eastwards from the Scottish Border hills, via Cross Fell, High Cup and the whole northern Pennines, Nine Standards and the Mallerstang Ridge, the Howgills, the Barbon Fells and Bowland Forest to Morecambe Bay glittering in the sunlight. To the west we enjoyed unpicking the tangle of lonely grassy hills and long dales between our little cairn and distant High Street. "Oh look there's a lovely little tarn!" said one of the team. "That's Wet Sleddale Reservoir" said another. It was.

The walking was easy now, interrupted only by the occasional fence or gate, and we were soon atop Great Yarlside, high point of the day and adorned with one of the most discrete trig points in the country.

As we walked Fred revealed, to no-one's surprise, that he had a great store of jokes, mainly gathered over the years from Christmas crackers, and that some of them were quite good. "Why don't you tell us one of the good ones then?" said Colin, with perhaps a touch of impatience. "Oh no," said Fred, "I've got to use up all the bad ones first." Of course he has.

We wandered over Whatshaw Common, wondering about the fine prominent cairn on its flank, until we found ourselves back on the verge of the A6 by the little GPO building now advertised for sale *"with planning permission to convert to a camping barn"*. The door was open and it's an interesting interior. In Borrowdale it would be snapped up. Top o'Shap? We don't think so.

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- RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION
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**Ed**

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