

Issue No. 67  
October 2012

# *the* FellFarer



## Editorial

Just one month ago (from the time of writing) I reported to the Committee that I had received no contributions to the newsletter and that it might have to be a reduced issue. Now the pages are full once more and the Editor can sleep at night. It seems almost miraculous how stuff turns up at the last minute!

If I fail to acknowledge contributions when your email arrives or on this page, please accept my apologies and believe that I am grateful for your help.

Thanks go this time to Claire Walsh, Hugh Taylor, Carol Smith, Ruth Joyce, David Birkett and Mike Palk for their articles on Club activities and thank you also to anyone who submitted a photograph (plus Fred for his sketch).

Thank you also to the four members who provided thoughtful responses (on page 4) to the "Matter of Geography" in the last issue.

Ed

### Cover Photograph:

Fellfarers on Yewbarrow  
14th August 2012

Deadline for contributions for the next *Fellfarer*:  
**30th November 2012**

## OUR PARTNERS

- BRITISH MOUNTAINEERING COUNCIL  
**BMC Website:** [www.thebmc.co.uk](http://www.thebmc.co.uk)  
Each Fellfarer has an individual Membership Number
- RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION  
**Ramblers Website:** [www.ramblers.org.uk](http://www.ramblers.org.uk)  
**Fellfarers RA Membership Number:** 1273727
- OREAD MOUNTAINEERING CLUB  
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**High House Website:** [www.k-fellfarers.co.uk](http://www.k-fellfarers.co.uk)  
**High House (and farm) Postcode:** **CA12 5XJ**  
**High House OS ref:** (Explorer OL4) GR 235119

**High House Guest Night Fees:** **£5 p.p.p.n.**

## CLUB NEWS

### ARCHAEOLOGY

The Chairman has been digging in the grounds of High House. He writes, "The jars shown in the attached photo are from the midden next to our 'Time Team' site, if anyone keeps digging who knows what the next find will be? The Holy Grail?"

The Ed thinks it's more likely to be a holey pail! Tee hee!

The jars have been added to the Club Archive (of objects) which is currently a box of old rucksacks, boots, climbing gear and other odds and ends in the Ed's cellar.



### INSURANCE

After making some enquiries of the Club's insurers the Committee were informed that its policy does not include cover for theft at High House. The Committee does not see any need to change its insurance but it did set minds thinking about responsibility for personal possessions. It resolved to add the following words to its High House Policy and to the information sheet given to visiting clubs to ensure that visitors are in no doubt about who is responsible:

*"K Fellfarers accepts no responsibility for personal possessions left in High House. The club has no insurance to cover loss by theft and all visitors must take appropriate precautions to ensure that their belongings are safe."*

Most members do take appropriate precautions already but it is important that we all know the situation.

### WATER SUPPLY

The water supply problems that have beset us since the National Trust started working on improving the supply for the farm have been resolved. The Chairman writes:

*"The water supply to High House has failed us three times recently, each time after The National Trust had been working on the farm water supply, so it was becoming increasingly obvious that they were causing our problems. Previously we had overcome the obstruction by using as much water pressure as possible to flush large amounts of silt from the pipe work, so it was a cause of great disappointment and worry when our proven cure failed to work this time. We therefore arranged an on-site meeting with an engineer from the Trust and after much prodding probing and rodding we narrowed the blockage down to some fifteen yards of pipe, an attempt to dig out the offending pipe by hand ended with the Trust engineer declaring "it's like trying to dig a mattress" a comment you could appreciate when the spade you had driven towards the sod simply bounced back.*

*So it was decided that a digger was the answer and a time and day arranged, as Mick was off enjoying the sun in Wales it fell to me to join the Trust working party. We had discovered, during our previous attempts at solving the problem an unexpected joint in*

*the system, so using that as a start point the digger driver followed the pipe which seemed to be skirting a large rock (Three tons was the guess) but no it didn't avoid the rock but disappeared directly under it, there must have been some mighty Fellfarers laying this pipe! A further poke with a spade under the rock soon found the site of all the trouble, the pipe was almost flat caught between the three ton boulder and another large rock, how had they got the pipe into that position?*

*Then a flash of common sense hit us, they hadn't, the huge rock had been excavated when the tanks for the farm supply had been installed and a surely monumental digger had dumped the rock fairly, squarely and unknowingly onto our pipe, where the elements had caused the boulder to slowly sink nipping the pipe tighter and tighter. Imagine my relief when the Fellfarers were proved blameless, it was "nowt to do with us".*

*The easy solution was to cut the pipe above the boulder and install a new length bypassing the offending stone and restoring a full flow of water to High House. But as the Trust Engineer cut the pipe he leapt backwards exclaiming "What the .....!" for among the water that gushed out there were what appeared to be two large "eels", and now imagine my jaw dropping embarrassment when the two "eels" turned out to be lengths of slime and silt coated High House garden hose which were helping to block the already narrowed pipe. Fortunately good humour prevailed and the blame for contributing to the original blockage has yet to be laid at our feet, BUT just in case I am thinking we should send the lengths of hose to a forensic lab for fingerprinting."*

### WAINWRIGHTS

We hear that Bill Hogarth has finally finished ticking off his Wainwrights with an ascent of Great Crag (above Rosthwaite) in the company of Roger Atkinson, Frank Haygarth and Andrew Kirk. It was also Kirky's last Wainwright. Well done both of you.

### LADIES WASHROOM

Phase 2 has been substantially completed. Although there are a number of jobs still to be done, the installation of the new basins was carried out by the Summer Wine Team. See page 13 for more information.

### DEVELOPMENT WORKS AT HIGH HOUSE

There are a number of projects planned for the immediate future:

#### **Plumbing**

Plumbers have now completed a major refit of the internal pipework at High House. Tanks and pipes have been removed from the roofspace and the whole plumbing system has been rationalised. Much of the copper piping has been replaced by insulated composite aluminium/plastic piping that is extremely resistant to bursting and the old header-tank system has been replaced by a sealed pressurised installation.

#### **Electrical**

Electrical contractors are scheduled to carry out improvement works in early October. This will include providing frost protection heating in the toilets and washrooms and background heating upstairs. The heaters will be programmed to a fixed time limit (to be agreed by the Committee) to ensure that they cannot be left on indefinitely. An additional double socket will be installed in the Common Room to remove the need for trailing cables to laptops.

#### **Insulation**

Following the work by contractors there will be a concerted effort to provide insulation to vulnerable pipework and to the whole roofspace of the main building. The roof will be cleared of any other materials and the access hatch sealed in some way. Members will have no reason to venture in there in future except for periodic inspection and/or repair work. **STOP PRESS:** much of this was done at Working Weekend - see next edition.

"A MATTER OF GEOGRAPHY"

See overleaf

## A MATTER OF GEOGRAPHY

There was a spirited response from some members to the Editor's little piece about the geographical spreading of the Club's membership over the last few years.

Emails came from Maja While, Dave McMillen, Sue Blamire, and Peter Blamire. Although some points are repeated in the different letters, they are printed here in full:

**Maja While** wrote:

I've been a member of the club in many capacities over the last 40 or so years – as a child of a K shoes worker, as a non K worker family, as a petulant teenager, as an (albeit brief) K employee myself and latterly as a single adult, a couple and a family, and ... a non-South Lakes resident!

Over the same time the club has evolved to take account of changing circumstances – the demise of K-shoes, change in demographics, increased mobility of the population, men not being allowed to slope off climbing without taking the family etc. I never thought this was an issue until recently.

The club has three main areas of activity – those centering on Kendal, those on the hut and away meets. Away meets aren't an issue – they are open and accessible to anyone. There seems to be an issue about which of the other two should be the focus of the club – why? Hasn't it always been that some people go to the hut and some don't? Some contribute to the club by their presence there and some by their involvement in Kendal, some in both. It seems to me that, regardless of location, the most important factor for members and prospective members is a love of the Lakes and a passion for the outdoors – be it walking, climbing, flora and fauna, canoeing, cycling or simply participating in Lakeland life (I'm talking the Scafell here!) and a willingness to contribute to the club by participation (wherever) and also by helping with the upkeep of the hut if they are regular users.

Since K's disappeared I imagine most new members have come as a result of their links with various other members – either through Kendal or the hut. I put my hands up to introducing the Heseltines 10 years ago and most recently Jan Lancaster (who incidentally is a native of the South Lakes and first visited the hut with me in the mid 1980s). I feel they all buy into, and contribute to, the ethos of the club. I wouldn't introduce anyone who didn't – don't we all jealously guard our privileged club?

In short, we do need to be sure that new members will be an asset to the club but not that they are from the South Lakes – involvement in the hut is just as valid as involvement in Kendal activities.

While I'm on a roll... at the last AGM, Roger asked for comments about the age profile of the club and how younger members could get more involved. We are all indebted to the work of the committee and the summer wine team in keeping the club and the hut going – the improvements to the hut in recent years (and future plans) are really appreciated and the program of activities seems to get better and better. My problem, and that of most of the younger members (though I don't feel that young these days), is a little matter of full time work and a family. I can promise that as soon as I have to work less I'll be more than happy to let some of the current summer winos retire – if they can look after the club and the hut for us, we'll look after it for the next generation and so on.

**David McMillen** wrote:

I feel obliged to respond to the Ed's comment asking for our views about club members who are lucky enough to live in the South Lakes and "distant members". I feel this is a symbiotic relationship. I know the Committee and South Lake-Landers do a superb and often unrewarding job keeping the club viable, Thanks to you all, but must point out without the support of the "others" it would not be the club that it is now.

How many "away members" support the Working Weekend/Fell Race and the New Year Celebration, and all the big events over the last few years compared to the local members? I must also point out that I have noticed that there are very few South Lakes couples with children participating in

the club activities, nearly all are "distant members" with second and/or third generations children. Surely this is a good thing for this, as you say, unique club. I would love to be able to input more to this beloved club, but living over 160 miles away it is, as you say, a geographical problem, but that does not say "We" do not appreciate all the Committee do. (Not that I agree with everything.) Anybody who joins this club is keeping it viable and would not become a member if they did not want to input something back. I do agree that the numbers must be kept at around 150 though. One last thing I feel quite strongly about is that the possibly small minority who voiced this question in the first place didn't think it through or had another agenda.

**Sue Blamire** wrote:

It was my good fortune when I became an employee of K Shoes to discover the K Fellfarers and its idyllically located base of High House. At that time I was beginning to explore the eastern fells near my home in Shap; membership gave me an opportunity to get to know another part of the Lakes by staying at High House as well as to participate in many other Fellfarer activities, including time on the committee.

Although Phil and I started our Fellfarer lives as 'home' members, now we are most definitely 'away' members and it is fair to say our principal contact with other members is at High House. I cannot overstate the value we put on our membership and our visits to High House – for us it is much more than a 'low cost base', it is a truly special place with a truly special spirit where we can enjoy being in the best part of the country and spend time with a very fine group of folk who we count as good friends. No two visits are ever the same, you never know who is going to be there, or exactly what you are going to be doing, and that is part of the fun.

The cost of petrol precludes our attending mid-week and weekend walks and other social activities based in or near Kendal, although we have done in the past. We would most certainly join in some of them if we could afford the travel costs.

Any organisation is run by a minority in terms of the admin type matters and legalities that have to be overseen by a committee of management, and sometimes it can seem to be a bit of a thankless task, this I know from experience. Let there be no doubt that in this quarter at least, the hard work of the committee, and of the Summer Wine Team is greatly appreciated. It is also worth noting that working weekends are always well supported by 'away' members who between them give many hours of hard work to the maintenance of High House, thus helping to meet one of the objectives of the club.

Back when I first joined the club, there was concern that membership was falling and that activities were poorly supported. Now we seem to have a club where there is lots going on, with good use of High House and a good social life for those lucky enough to live in or near Kendal. It seems to me that we have the balance about right but if there is a concern about the geographical spread of the club then some sort of analysis should be done.

**Peter Blamire** wrote:

Having read the article in July's Fellfarer I feel compelled to make the following observations.

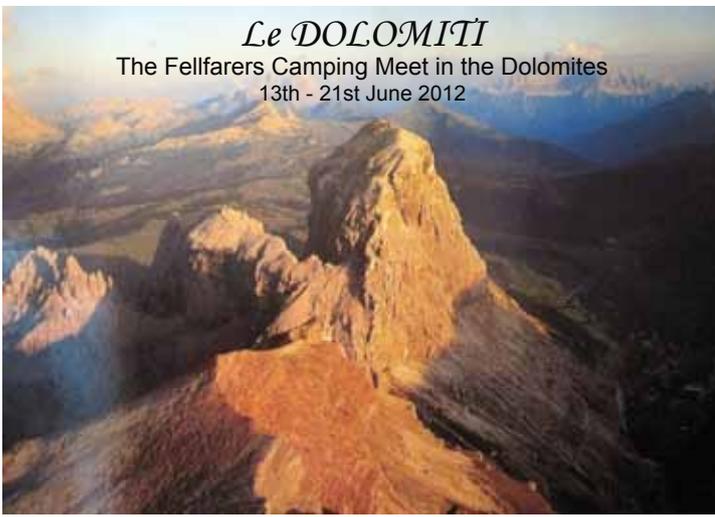
Firstly, all clubs and other organisations are run by a minority for the benefit of all members. I am sure that we all appreciate the work the committee does, often unnoticed.

Secondly, I am unconvinced that there is any reason for concern regarding the proportion of 'away' members - many of whom play an active role in the club. I am sure you will be aware of the number of 'away' members who marshalled at the Fell Race, or who turn up for Working Weekends.

Also many of our 'away' members bring their children to High House. Speaking from my own experience this could well be the start of a love of High House and the outdoors which will last a lifetime. In so doing they are contributing to the future of the club. In short I can see no reason to change the status quo.

## Le DOLOMITI

The Fellfarers Camping Meet in the Dolomites  
13th - 21st June 2012



Margaret and Roger Atkinson, Val and Colin Hunter,  
Sue and Tony Maguire, Clare and Mick Fox.

Eight Fellfarers made their separate ways across Northern Europe to meet at Camping Colfoscu in Corvara this summer.

We had experienced mixed weather en route (Sue and Tony had fared better than the rest by travelling beyond the Dolomites to sunny Venice) and as we gathered in the late afternoon and watched the black thunderclouds rolling around the peaks we all had the same thoughts: "What are we doing here?"

The first night was uncomfortably cold and everyone woke groggy from shivery sleeplessness but above us was a peerless blue sky arcing over pale crags soaring thousands of feet above us. Over a sunlit alfresco breakfast we became chirpy and enthusiastic about Colin's proposed easy 'introductory' day - a circular walk up to the Gardena Pass and back.

We set off at 10.30 along the "Wasserfallweg" which threads below the great towers and precipices of the Sella Group (*top right*). The sky became cluttered with cloud but they were friendly clouds. Val was in her element: an unlimited supply of wild flowers. Every one noted, named and, when Colin could keep up, photographed.

We lunched at the pass, at about 2,000 feet above our start, and then spent a long hour over coffee in the toasty warmth of one of the several pass hutes.

On the long glorious descent, Colin, overcome, spun on the grassy alp, arms outstretched, and burst out, "The Hills are Alive..." Someone had to do it - it was corny but funny. We descended past superb old barns in lovely alpine meadows. "I feel I'm in heaven." said Val. "We are," said Clare, "We all perished of cold last night."

The following night was much warmer. Communal breakfast in the sun was delightful. Colin suggested, for those who were interested, an ascent of Sassongher (*title photograph*). It looked huge and impregnable from the campsite, a veritable ogre. Not everyone said yes....

Colin set a fierce ("Alpine") pace up to Utia Col Pradat and Sue and Tony coped better than I did. From the col, a long traverse led to the start of our ascent on the mountain proper. All vegetation ceased and there was nought but rock, rock, rock. The path weaved craftily through stupendous crags to land us eventually at the tiny rocky col of Forcella di Sassongher (*middle right*). We followed the steep stony path upwards (straight up the front of the dominant peak in the title photograph) to a cable-protected section. Then easy shaley paths took us to the summit at 2,665 metres and a perfect 360° panorama. Spires, crazy pinnacles and big blocky lumps, all magnificent, project skyward under a blazing sun. To the north, sweeping in a huge arc, the Austrian Alps, all snow-capped, formed an impressive backwall to it all.

Photos taken, still grinning, we set off back down that perfect path (*bottom right*) to the 'furnace' of a campsite - to sit and gape upwards at the mountain and ask ourselves "Did we really do that?"

Colin suggested, over another breakfast in the sunshine, that we drive to the Passarella Pordoi cablecar to give us access to the Sella plateau





and an easy stroll to Piz Boe. The ride up was pricey but it took us to another world: at the top station, at 2,950 metres, we gazed out onto drifted snow. Instead of wandering across a stony karst plateau as expected, we ploughed through snow, often plunging up to our knees (*top left*), towards the Pordoi refuge.

Once there, the only enthusiast for sticking to the original plan was the Ed. No-one objected so I set off alone.

A well-trodden trench across a big soft snow-slope led to the plateau, where, hooray, the snow had been blown and trodden away. At the final steepening of the summit pyramid the path was protected by cables. The path was busy here with incompetents stumbling and slipping. I wandered off and found my own way. Soft snow, hard ice and friendly broken rock (it could have been a good winter day in Scotland) led me to the summit refuge - still closed so early in the season (middle of June!). I sat there alone, relishing the magnificent vista, too thirsty to eat but incomparably happy.

Red faces and burning ears were the major concerns on awakening next day but after a brief chat over breakfast (in the sunshine again - yawn!)

we decided on an ascent of Nuvolau (2,574 metres).

It was another superb day. We drove to the Passarella Falzarego and followed the waymarked path. Past little pools where locals swam and drank wine, we worked upwards to the Forcella Averau, where there was only rock and WW1 gun



emplacements. A superb track across huge scree slopes took us to the Avarua refuge and lunch.

We followed the path, sometimes, up the slabby slopes (*above, second down*) to the summit of Nuvolau where a band played noisy 'oompah' music and hundreds of ascensionists laughed, ate big plates of dumplings and drank great glasses of beer. We celebrated too - with wee cups of coffee. Nobody can accuse the Brits of not knowing how to have a good time. We walked down amid gorgeous mountain scenery that was becoming the norm for our days out (*third down, left*), past the Cinque Torri and back to the flower-decked meadows of the valley.



On the following day, our bus passes were no use at all but, never mind, we paid the bus driver to take us down the valley to Pedrace for a visit to the Santa Croce Sanctuary. A superb silent chairlift hoisted us above the trees to arrive at the little church at about 2,000 metres, where we drank coffee beneath the towering 1,000 metre cliffs of Sasso della Croce. We spent the day walking ever downhill, the path winding pleasantly through fragrant pines and across bright flowered meadows, always with glorious vistas glimpsed between the trees (*below*).



Tired but still smiling, we arrived back at Pedraces with just two minutes to spare before the last bus came.

The last day arrived, far too soon. Sue and Tony had already departed and Margaret and Roger opted for another walking day. The Hunters and the Foxes headed for the Gardena Pass where a climb to a limestone peak was apparently protected with a via ferrata.

It was a steep slog up the track towards the Tschierspitze pinnacles and we couldn't work out from the guidebook which of the many spires we should be aiming for. After much discussion it all began to make sense eventually and we began the crawl up the grassy rib to our chosen route, Tschierspitze V. (*top right - the shapely central pyramid*).

Helmetted and harnessed but not yet clipped onto anything, we scrambled up the scree and broken rocks in a gully at the base of our route. We only knew that the way was correct by the faded splashes of red paint which led us to a short ladder and the protecting cable. The way was exposed but never harder than about 'moderate' or 'diff' climbing (*second right*). We climbed on rock for the whole route, the only metalwork after the ladder being the cable. Big steps, big holds, big stances. All great fun.

All too soon we're hauling ourselves up onto the tiny summit at 2,520 metres. The views are astonishing but the top is too pointy for comfortable sitting and we descended the full height of the pinnacle (by a gully very reminiscent of Langdale's White Ghyll, we thought) before we found a grassy spot for a picnic lunch.

To sum up; the week we spent there was far too short a time to do more than taste the delights of the Dolomites but our varied journeys there (and back) meant that most of us were away for about a month. It was a great holiday blessed with much fine weather in what has been a poor summer and the 'core' time spent by eight Fellfarers when we came together, not just on the hills as described here, but over shared meals and convivial evenings, made the whole trip truly memorable and great fun. Where next?



## An Evening Walk on Warton Crag Tuesday 19 June

Ruth Joyce

Way back in June there was a sunny spell; good timing for a walk. Val Calder came straight from work with her sandwich, I joined her with mine, and we sat on a sunny rock in the car park at Warton Little Quarry letting the working day ease into the relaxation of evening. When all were gathered we numbered seven in all – Val, me and my friend Robin Hargreave, Krysia, Mike and Cath Palk, and our intrepid guide Peter Goff.

Most memorable were the bee orchids (*right*) in the main quarry, and if we saw anything else on the short path parallel to the road which led us there, I have forgotten it as the grand scale of the quarry sheltering the unique flowers was a David Attenborough moment. Peter had carefully marked and guarded the plants as they came into flower by putting sticks in the ground, so they could not be damaged by accident. The flowers really do look like bees perched on a stem, each with a purple bonnet of petals.

We exited the quarry and threaded our way to the top of Warton Crag. The vegetation is rich and varied, like an overgrown garden. I particularly remember the wild marjoram. Then up the steep path, limestone outcrops showing now, and trees growing from the clefts. To the summit – well summit of a summit – 163 metres of elevation and a panorama all the way round from Ingleborough via Blackpool tower to the Kent estuary. What a lot of view for such a modest effort. Peter talked knowledgeably about changes in the landscape over time.

A little walk along the limestone at the top to find the labyrinthine paths descending the north side of the crag. Maybe I could cope with bagging the trig points of North Lancashire and South Cumbria, as I have missed the chance at my age of going for the Munros. Has anyone counted them – like the famous holes in Blackburn, Lancashire?

From there we went along the base of a crag well-used by climbers. We made a scrambly descent of the limestone for a short distance. Peter pointed out a detached pillar of limestone rock. The straggly woodland and undergrowth makes it difficult to see rock features if you don't know what to look for.

From there we joined the road along to Crag Foot. Then we turned onto a path heading east, skirting patches of woodland. Across an open field we got a good sighting of a young fallow deer, seemingly

alert to us but doing nothing about it for a while before heading into the trees.

The last stage of the walk started along a puddly track. Mike and Cath left us at this point and headed off. The rest of us walked up through the woods in its peaceful shadows, and so back to the car park. Peter and Krysia finished off the evening in time honoured style at the New Inn, while Val, Robin and I departed for home with the sun still up and about.

A great little walk – thanks, Peter.



## Ingleborough - not!

Midweek Walk number 27

Wednesday 27th June 2012

*Hugh Taylor*

The Mid-Week Walk up Ingleborough at the end of June was a very wet affair, and what with the weather and some members still coming home from the camping meet in the Dolomites, only three members turned up. Rod, Norman, and Hugh waited in the car for the rain to abate, but it didn't, and so in time honored style they moved down to Inglesports for a cuppa. With no let up in sight, the decision was made to head for the coast - Arnside.

At least the rain wasn't as hard there, and a walk was managed round the shore to White Creek and back over the Knott. Will we ever get a decent spell of sunny weather?

*Right:* Norman and Rod having lunch at Blackstone Point.



## *The Spirit of '34 Weekend*

*or rather Spirit of '3' to '4' Weekend*

29th June - 1st July 2012

*Margaret Cooper*

Having been unable to attend the previous such weekends it was with a sense of anticipation that I left my car in Windermere and boarded the bus, as I had done in my youth. My rucksack, of suitable vintage that I'd unearthed, was packed frugally, I thought, though on clambering onto the bus I seemed to have acquired several other packages which were hung around me. However, having stowed these safely, it was a relief to see a fellow 'Fellfarer' on board, Mick. As we eventually tramped up the road from Seatoller, the realisation dawned that had he not been there I had no key for High House

which would have been a problem since we found no other 'Spirited 34ers' in residence. There was also no water and no fire.

Mick set about dealing with the water problem while I made a feeble effort with the stove (not having read the instructions). Eventually having cleaned it out first, washing my hands in the stream and fetching a pan of water from the stream for a brew, I began to feel the real spirit of '34. Water restored, fire roaring we waited for anyone else to appear, perhaps when the pub closed!!

Next morning, no-one else having arrived, Mick set out to research



a planned walk on the mist shrouded heights, whilst I took the bus to Buttermere and enjoyed a walk around the lake. It was great having time to watch the scenery from the bus, which following my walk, continued over Whinlatter to Keswick and onwards via the back of Derwent Water, through Grange and on to Seatoller. We had to wait at one point while a trail of hounds streamed across the road, a sight I'd not encountered for some time.

On returning there was still no sign of any others. However, then no.3, a cyclist, Roger arrived (*right*) and no.4 Alec who had eaten at the Scafell, so we were then the 3 to 4.

It was a very peaceful and enjoyable weekend only marred by the amount of 'guano', to put it politely, on the window ledges and a pesky rook tapping on the window at 6.30 in the morning, not appreciated. I had a great weekend and staying there whichever way I arrive certainly restores my spirits.



*The Editor continues:*

Having arrived home only the day before after some time away, I had no time to prepare for a trip to High House under my own steam as on the two previous occasions so I opted for the buspass-assisted route on Friday afternoon.

I was there for a purpose: to reconnoitre the route of the next midweek walk. A few years had passed since I last traversed the south face of Great Gable and I wanted to remind myself of the detail of some parts of the route. I thought it would make a fine outing for the '34 weekend.

It was a cloudy Saturday morning and I was hoping, as I strolled down to Seatoller in the company of Margaret, that we would have a brighter day when the midweek walk came. I got off the bus at Honister and called in for coffee. Only instant (or 'regular' as the young girl insisted on calling it) was available so I had tea. No need to linger so I was off in minutes, climbing the steep path up to the site of the old Drum House and leaving the tourists behind. One small group of descending 'D of Eers' passed, wet and tired looking after their night out, and then I had the whole glorious landscape to myself.

Dark clouds rushed in continuous cover over from the west, dragging grey veils across the wet fellsides. In the long dark tunnels of Buttermere and Ennerdale the waters of both dales gleamed like old pewter.

I skirted Green Gable on a very squidgy Moses' Trod, giving only the briefest glance upward to that mythical 'Goff's Trod' and was soon climbing steadily below Gable Crag to the rocky little col above Beck Head. Here was a definite transition: one moment I had Ennerdale below my right elbow, then the cloud enveloped me for 30 seconds, I was stepping down slowly and suddenly the whole of Wasdale zoomed into view. I almost fell over with the surprise.

Another brief lowering of the cloud ceiling was enough to make me miss that all-important but still secretive turn-off across the screes. I climbed back to where I should have been, marked the configuration of the boulders for next time and set off across the sodden grass. I was delighted to find a vague trail across the scree underfoot and even more pleased when the cloud lifted briefly to find that it was just the right line. Hooray!

The rock, greasy after a summer of what seemed like successive fill-dyke months, demanded great care and I slithered and stumbled where once I would have skipped. Painfully aware of my limitations but, nevertheless, joyful at being 'here' I worked my way across the awkward terrain. Every so often the cloud would lift a little and reward me with that wonderful birds-eye view of Wasdale Head (*right*).

Further on, dark shapes appeared, mysterious and menacing, in the mist above. I was below the Napes and thought, for a second or two, that one of those black imposing shadows might have been the Needle. Across Great Hell Gate I went. I looked back for a glimpse of Tophet Wall but the cloud refused me.

All too soon I was clambering over the boulders of Kern Knotts and then the 'interesting' part of the walk was over. At Sty Head I met a couple who were wondering whether to set off up the Breast Route (it was still early afternoon). They were the first people I'd met since that Duke of Edinburgh crowd just above Honister - on a Saturday in summer for goodness sake! They went for it.

I strolled back to the hostel, content, and found that Roger (bus and bike) and Alec (bus from Barrow) had also celebrated the Club's beginnings by arriving as those pioneers had arrived. Well done us!



# WALTER'S WATER WEEKEND

6 - 8th July 2012



On the date of the Water Weekend the weather suggested it was going to be just that - it was pouring. As we headed further up North the roads were flooded and it took us the best part of an hour and half on top of our journey time. We had a break when we reached the Strickland Arms - just for one.

When we finally arrived at the pavilion to be greeted by Walter, Peter and Krysia, the clouds had opened and the sun was shining: What rain?

It was a quiet first night but we headed off for a stroll to the local where at 10.30 we were asked to leave because their guests were off to bed. "WHAT?" we asked. Laughing quietly, we left.

The next day we got ready and headed off for for 6 hours of canoeing through various coves, bays, and a marina.

Saw some beautiful boats - all that money and nowhere to go!

We were so lucky with the weather; not a drop of rain, just broken clouds and sunshine. As we headed back to camp we were greeted by Hugh and his son Liam and Helen, Roy and Alec.

We then prepared to have a BBQ : sausages, burgers and 12 super naga chillies, which Alec my friend had kindly bought for Kevin and Graham (whom I was travelling back with the next day - but lets say no more about that!) Thank you Alec - I owe you.

Some of the members who were coming for the weekend were put off by the weather forecast but we were so lucky. So come on guys, don't miss out on this fantastic chance to camp on a beautiful quiet spot next to Windermere.

Please join us next year, water babes or not, let's get together.

*Carol Smith*

## Know your Borrowdale - Troutdale

Troutdale is the minor valley, probably better known to climbers than to walkers, which runs eastwards from the Derwent between Lodore and Grange. Its insignificant beck is called Combe Gill and is not known to contain trout so how did the dale get its name?

In fact the valley has a unique place in history: It was the site of the world's first commercial fish hatchery and it was only after that initiative that the name first appeared on maps.

Fish had been farmed for food throughout history but, some time before 1860, a Dr. Parnaby, who lived opposite the Borrowdale Hotel, conceived the idea of raising young fish from ova to sell to people who wanted to restock rivers and lakes. It was a great success and stone and timber rearing sheds soon filled the little valley. Within 15 years the business, now owned by Dr. Parnaby's business partner, a Mr. JJ Armistead, had outgrown its premises and expanded to new premises in Dumfriesshire. It listed amongst its 'products': Anglo-Swiss Trout, Kennet Trout, Buttermere Trout, Loch Leven Trout, Rainbow Trout, American Trout, American Black Bass, Red Char, Alpine Char, Welsh Char, Grayling and many more.

Meanwhile, Dr. Parnaby followed his own interests: he was fascinated by the lifecycle of salmonidae and he retained the Troutdale premises to enable him to conduct his research. Two things puzzled him: Why were there no salmon in Borrowdale when they were common

elsewhere in the Derwent, and was it possible that salmon returned to the river of their birth?

He obtained Derwent salmon spawn from further down the river and reared thousands of smolt. He marked every one on the adipose fin and released them into the Troutdale stream to run the gauntlet of pike, otter, heron, cormorant and gull on their journey to the sea.

In the autumn of the following year an employee rushed into the Borrowdale Hotel, where Parnaby was enjoying a quiet drink, and exclaimed, "Doctor, theer yan o'them cum back." A single marked salmon had returned. Parnaby caught the fish and took it to London in a tank, living proof that his theory of salmon returning was correct. It soon died but continued to be exhibited, now stuffed, by Parnaby. The answer to the mystery of the absence of natural salmon in Borrowdale was answered later by observation of the raging torrents that pour from Seathwaite and around: the upper Derwent is simply too violent for the successful hatching of salmon ova.

Some time before the end of the 19th Century, the Troutdale experiment died. A flash flood caused damage to the tanks and eventually the buildings were dismantled. Now there are just a few long slate-lined holes beside the beck. Not much, but perhaps worth a look next time you're passing, now you know the story.

*Source: 'Around the Lakeland Hills' by F.J. Carruthers*

# What a Revelation!

Thursday 12 July

Mike Palk

Finally three hardy Shinscrapers make it for an evening out on Lakeland Rock! After a summer spent at Kendal Climbing Wall, with increasingly frustrated plans made every week, the day finally arrives and some last minute text messages follow... 'The sun's still shining, meet in Staveley 6.00'.

And so the three of us, Sarah, Wayne and Mike, meet at the appointed hour and head off to Langdale, with Raven Crag in mind. It's a great spot for an evening climb, just a few minutes above the ODG and with loads of quality routes. It's been a favourite haunt of mine over the years but it's relatively new to Sarah and Wayne.

We have two routes in mind, the three starred Revelation followed by the two starred route of Centipede, an excellent combination according to the Langdale guide. Sadly both routes are on the 'morning side of the crag' for which I receive a bit of stick from my climbing buddies "Why aren't we climbing in the sunshine?!" But I hope the quality of routes will make up for that!

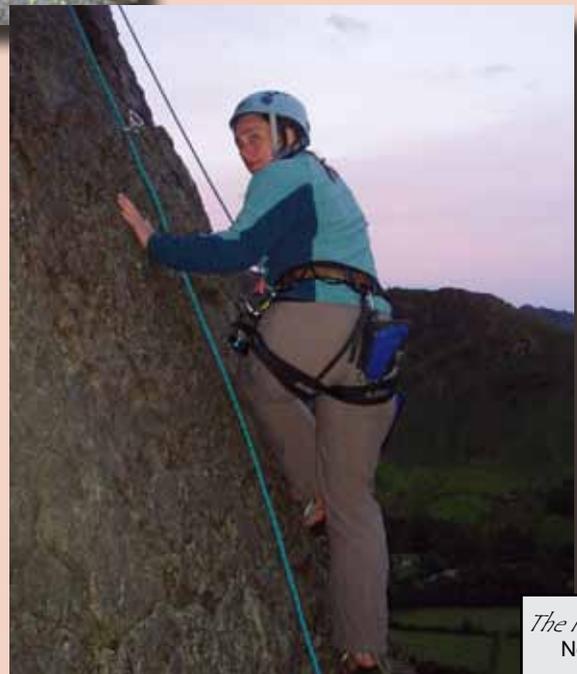
Revelation is a good route from start to finish but the exciting climbing is on pitch two which Wayne is easily persuaded to lead. I'm up for the first pitch and after gearing up ("how does all this climbing gear work?" we joke) and tying on to the ropes, I set my hands on Lakeland rock for the first time this year. Warm, rough Lakeland rock – wonderful and so good to be moving in the vertical again! After what feels like just a few minutes, I'm at the stance, soon to be joined by Wayne and then Sarah.

The gear is handed over to Wayne and off he goes. The start of the second pitch has some steep and strenuous pulls for a couple of moves, easily dispatched and not bad for a man who broke his arm but three months ago! It's a wonderful pitch over steep ground, with some exciting moves and plenty of exposure (especially if it's your first route of the year!). Sarah and I chat on the belay stance, whilst Wayne moves ever upwards, as confident as ever. Soon he's at the top of the climb and Sarah's turn next. "See you up there."

The summer light glows a warm yellow over Lingmoor Fell. Time seems to stand still, the frustrations of the week gradually ease away and the beauty of the Lakes becomes all-consuming.

My reverie is broken by a shout from above "Taking in" and suddenly the rope is tight and I'm away, moving over familiar ground, reminiscing to myself about friends I've climbed this route with. It was only graded severe when I first climbed it but has now been upgraded to Hard Severe, probably about right, I reckon.

And so on to Centipede and we just beat another party to the route! Wayne leads out on Pitch One (top) – it's ok, one of those 'getting there' pitches but still has a couple of good moves. We all meet up on the spacious stance below the pinnacle. My lead and I can't quite



remember which way to go. I try the right side of the pinnacle – nope, not that way. How about straight up – no - not that way either! So that just leaves the left and sure enough I'm on top (*middle*). I place a small wire behind a dodgy looking flake (owt's better than n'owt!) and tackle the 'tricky mantleshelf' (as it says in the guide). The climbing eases off but the situation under the overhang is quite impressive and the move round left looks intimidating but is quite straight-forward. I belay in a midgey, vegetated corner – it's going to be cosy with three of us here!

Wayne's up next and then Sarah (who stops just a few feet lower down, it really is only a two person stance!). A bit of kit swapping and Wayne sets off on the final pitch, the famous arête – there's a photo in the ODG, if you're ever in there! Sarah takes a couple of photos – the flash goes on the camera, it must be getting dimpsy. It really is a brilliant pitch though (*bottom*), a fantastic sharp arête with the ground dropping steeply away – it's just not long enough and all too soon, the three of us are reunited at the top. There is a fourth pitch but I've never climbed it, it looks very broken and besides we were fast running out of light.

I remember that the way off is to the left (looking out) but with the wet summer, the ferns have grown to tropical proportions and in the ever-increasing gloom, the path is not obvious. But after jungle bashing, stream hopping and stumbling around, we make it back to our rucksacks. A quick look at the watch and it says 10.40. Time seems to disappear so quickly but equally be of little importance when you're climbing!

And so, weary but pleased with a great evening's climbing, we stagger back down to the ODG, resist its temptations and head for home. Let's just hope it's not the last climb of the year but it's not looking promising!

So the Shinscrapers still climb on a Thursday evening, a little depleted in numbers this year. And just occasionally we'll have a climbing night to remember! Why not come and join us?

# The Midweekers' Celebration at High House

Midweek Walk No. 28  
Wednesday 18th July 2012

Margaret and Roger Atkinson, Val and Colin Hunter, Sue and Tony Maguire,  
Irene and Graham Ramsbottom, Clare and Mick Fox, Fred Underhill.

The series of midweek walks, originally proposed by the Chairman I think, have been one of the Club's more popular initiatives in recent years and after two years of successful monthly walks in the South Lakes/ Yorkshire hills we thought that a sort of celebration event at High House would be worth trying.

The Editor had a proposed walk which would be dependant on fine weather (see his account of the Spirit of '34 Weekend) to be safe, comfortable and scenically rewarding. The South Traverse (or Climber's Traverse) of Great Gable is no place to be for midweekers, or anyone else really, if it's in the clag.

Oh well, sometimes you just have to accept the hand that you've been dealt and on Tuesday it was clear that the weather had left the jokers in the pack as clouds massed on the felltops, leaving us in no doubt that the poor forecast for the following day was going to be followed to the letter. Never mind, nine of us arrived early to settle into High House and then 'met' at the Scafell Hotel for a meal.

Later, gathered around the glowing Romesse, discussion turned, not unnaturally, to the possibility of a 'Plan B'. In fact there were already Plans B, C, D and E, each successive letter representing a slightly easier option than its predecessor. Plan X (staying in bed) was reserved for inclemency of catastrophic proportions.



On Wednesday morning, at 8.30, the sky was still a low ceiling of billowing dirty grey and the Editor added Plan F to the list: staying on the bus from Seatoller to Buttermere, instead of exiting at Honister, and walking the simple circuit of the lake. The plan was accepted unanimously and we laced up our boots with a newfound enthusiasm. The Archivist was even heard to whistle a tune as he checked that the creases on his shorts were correctly aligned. Departure time 9.20 am. arrived and we set off in little groups, leaving one last member searching desperately for his bus-pass. Minutes ticked by and it became apparent that the unfortunate member must resign himself to that most unfortunate eventuality for a midweeker; having to pay for his bus-ride! With a philosophical



The FellFarer  
No. 67  
12



shrug he locked the door and hurried to catch the others.

Irene and Graha waited to join us at Seatoller, where we were so busy in 'catching up' conversations that we almost missed the bus. *Note: you must stand on the left-hand side of the road, not by the bus-stop sign, if you're heading for Buttermere.*

We hoped that no other Fellfarers had decided to join us at Honister (as advertised) because we stayed on the bus as it sailed by the slatmine and plunged down into the Buttermere valley.

The anticlockwise circuit of Buttermere was completed under a sky that constantly

reassured us that we had made the right decision (*Haystacks, far left*). It was a walk that several of us had never done and we stayed dry throughout (*bottom left*). A wandering randy tup in a field of 'yows' enlivened our picnic stop at Haasness with its antics before we ventured into the tunnel (*above*).

The missing bus-pass revealed itself just as soon as the owner stopped looking for it, prompting a discussion on the philosophical concept of 'Resistentialism'. *The basic proposition, one which had gripped French thinkers in the middle of the 20th century, is that life is actually a war of resistance between things (choses) and humans (nous). The French summed up the concept with admirable simplicity: 'Les choses sont contre nous'. Fellfarers who wish to know more can read the essay 'Resistentialism' in 'The Jenguin Pennings' by the much underrated British writer Paul Jennings - the essay includes the results of the famous experiment in which buttered toast was dropped onto a range of different carpets and in which it was proved that the incidence of the toast landing buttered-side down increased in direct proportion to the cost of the carpet.* During the course of our walk we concluded that it was not just the bus-pass that had followed the call of its kind but that the mobile phone (behind which the pass was found to be hiding) was part of the conspiracy. So it goes.

We returned to Buttermere in good time for the early bus back to Seatoller and the last mile of walking back to our 'base camp' where the preparation of a communal feast occupied us until early evening. What a meal it was. Salads and pasta dishes, Meat dishes and veggie options. Puddings and cakes. All good fare.

There was just one more unanimous agreement: "Let's do this again, lots of times." I think we might.



# CROOK EVENING WALK

## Tuesday 24th July 2012

David Birkett

On a moist, misty, humid evening nine Fellfarers gathered west of Gilpin Lodge on the Crook road. The party - Sandra and Tony, Peter, Tony W., Alec, Krysia, Tenia (Krysia's cousin), Helen and myself set off on the Dales' Way via Cleabarrow to the Hagg End Farm, a known tea shop on the 'Way'.

We then traversed towards the Yews - a lovely former old Westmorland farmhouse - now a holiday home. At Whasdike a flock of shorn rough fell sheep (Kendal Roughs) paraded, Peter pointed out they were out of their true area (Sedbergh).

On through School Knott plantation, where fragrant and spotted orchids were admired, before passing School Knott tarn and rejoining the Dales' Way.

A pleasant, convivial evening was ended in the Sun Inn Crook. Thanks to Krysia for the arrangements.



## The Summer Winos at Work Ladies' Washroom Improvements Phase 2 23 - 27th July 2012

A project that had been fraught with indecision and procrastination is now well underway....probably.

Memories are probably already fading of the washroom as it was a little while ago (*top right*) before we punched a hole through the wall to provide an acceptable emergency escape route. One basin was moved (*second down*) and sparked much speculation about 'whether it would work'.

After some time of deliberation it was clear that the work must begin in earnest and a group of regular "Summer Winos" assembled at High House, armed with assorted tools, old jokes and crates of strong ale in the backs of their cars.

The wall tiles and plumbing were stripped out in no time. It wasn't all plain sailing - a few of the tiles were actually stuck to the wall. Most just fell off. Battens were fixed back into the stonework (*third down*). The Chairman burnt out a few drill bits in the process but the finished job gave us the required secure fixing for the boarding, shelves, basins and pipework which were all to hang off it.

The curvaceous woodwork had all been prepared in advance and assembly on site should have been straightforward. Unbelievable as it seems, it was! With a bit of brute force the timber pieces all locked into place.

Meanwhile, team members were going underground in search of the mythical 'Lost Drain' - a gully that some remembered being in one corner which it was thought had been tiled over. It was thought that reinstatement would be a good idea to allow the floor to be properly swabbed down. By the time a large hole had been knocked through the concrete floor and out through the wall into fresh air, we came to the (by then, rather obvious) conclusion that it wasn't there any more. A bit like "Goff's Trod". Anyway, we'll have to put a new one in now - if only to fill up the hole.

On day 3 the plumbing was installed. Copper pipe was replaced with plastic (this may be upgraded after the plumbing contractors have finished - see page 3) and tested. Then, when we'd mopped up the water we tightened the joints and tested again. It all seemed fine and some final varnishing of the boards could be done.

There are still lots of jobs to be done there before we can say "job done" but at least the washroom is useable and, we hope, giving lady members an idea of what they can expect when the whole refitting is finally finished (*bottom right*).

# What a great place to spend time! The Fellrace and after

4th August 2012

Claire Walsh



For the last few years we have spent a week of the children's summer holidays staying at High House. We always start our stay with the Fellrace Weekend which has never failed to be anything but a brilliant time, with great teamwork being lead, as always, by the never failing Mr Goff.

This year proved to be no exception. Members came from far and wide to support the Borrowdale Fellrace on this English Championship race year. The children had proven their value last year at Honister when they kept the weary racers well hydrated, while learning the art of number calling from the master himself. So this year they were set to help further afield.

So, with the weather suitable, some of the "future of the club" from Antrobus and Garstang joined their responsible adults (debatable on occasions!) at the checkpoint below Esk Hause, along with representation from Leicester, Kendal and Richmond. Matthew Walsh was delighted to be allowed the honour of number calling and was commended on a "excellent job\*" by someone better qualified than I.

Scafell Pike was cover by those from Leicester, Glasgow and Nottingham, these guys had to manage without the help from the little people but reports from mountain rescue suggest they did an admiral job! Great Gable was marshalled by guests from Sedbergh and a member from Kendal.

Unfortunately Honister had to deal with the absence of Peter Barnes for the first time in many a year. However, they struggled on with help from Dalkeith, Nottingham, Barrow and Wharton. The regular Dale Head gang from Kent and Kendal were assisted by representation from Witherslack.

We had three competitors running this year; unfortunately husband of mine, Mark, was unable to better his last year's time as he had to retire injured at Esk Hause. However, Colin and Rob went on to finish well. I'll let you ask them who won between them!



Ricky Lightfoot from Ellenborough Athletic Club won the race in 2hrs 49 mins.

The hut was busy and bustling the whole weekend. Some went to support the local hostelries and others played games such as poker with matchsticks and again the younger generation proved to be able to teach their elders a thing or two!

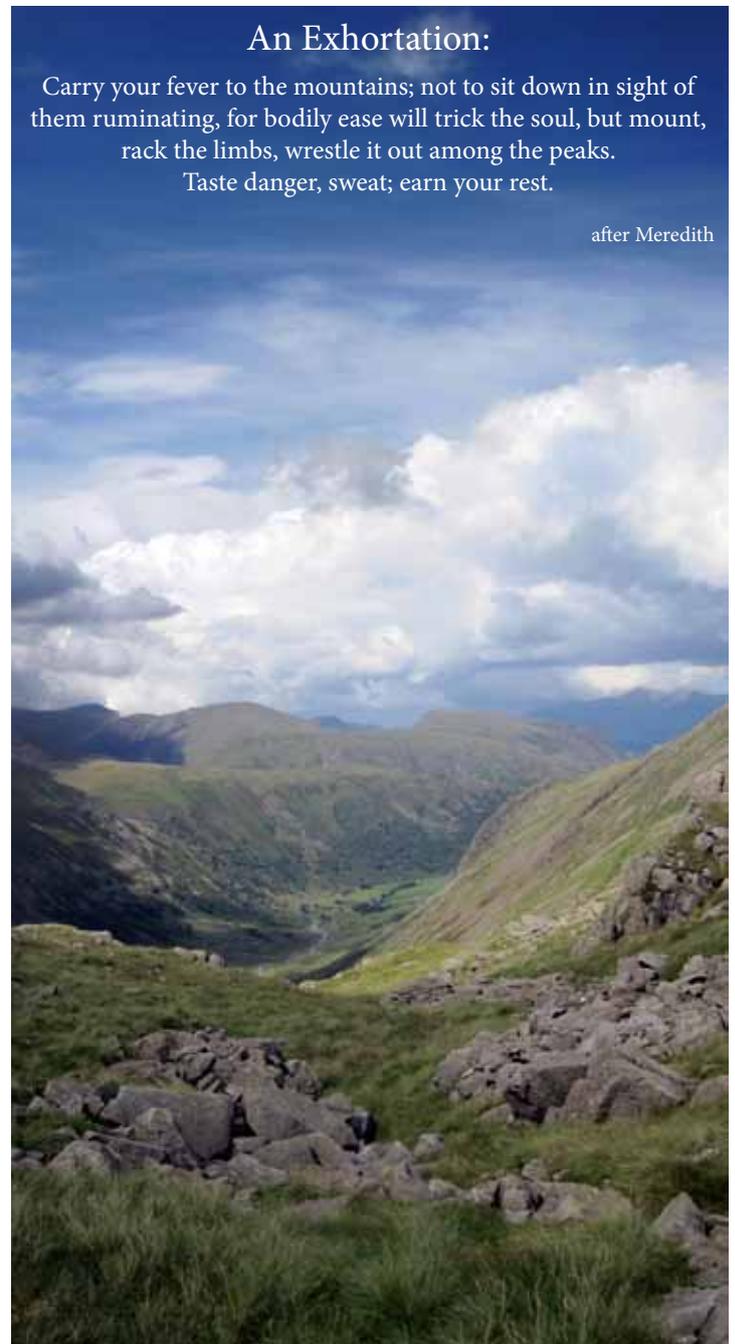
Various people stayed various numbers of nights but as we came to the last couple of nights we found ourselves alone, which meant for some real quality time as a family without electronic interference! This is what delights me about High House: you never know who's going to be there and if you know them very well or have never met them before, but you can be guaranteed they have the same love and appreciation for the outdoors, whether it be conquering great peaks, climbing tricky crags or enjoying a stroll learning about wild flowers from those better educated than yourself (I think you know what I mean, Alec!).

But should you find yourself alone, you would have time to stop and really enjoy the peace and quiet that our beautiful little bit of Britain gives us.

*\*We made a few mistakes when the runners were coming through thick and fast but when we checked our numbers against those of the Bowland Mountain Rescue Team we found they'd missed much more than we had, so yes, it was an excellent job - Ed.*

*Top far left: Matthew prepares for the challenge  
Middle far left: Carol and Sarah do the paperwork  
Bottom far left: Marshall's eye view of the race  
Bottom left: Mark retires at 'Four Walls'*

*Right: The Editor's view of the Seathwaite valley as he descended from Allen Crags after the race. This is not a recognised route to ascend or descend the fell and is one which you could justifiably (to quote Wainwright describing somewhere else) "commend heartily to one's worst enemy".*



## An Exhortation:

Carry your fever to the mountains; not to sit down in sight of them ruminating, for bodily ease will trick the soul, but mount, rack the limbs, wrestle it out among the peaks.  
Taste danger, sweat; earn your rest.

after Meredith

## Family Orienteering at Grizedale

Saturday 11th August

Mike Palk

Possibly not the best attended event ever but then it was Olympics Weekend! But thanks to the few folks who did turn out...

The winners of the Cycling Challenge were Steve and Ollie Lee (*below left*).

The winners of the Walking Challenge were Eve and grandsons Josh and Nathan (*below right*). Well done Eve, that's two competitions you've won this year!



## The Bullman Hills

8th August 2012

It was my first visit to Garrigill. My opinions of this general area 'on the wrong side of the Pennines' had been coloured by what I had read of its lead-mining history and then reinforced by cold gloomy weather whenever I've passed through. In my mind the South Tyne Valley had always been grey and inhospitable. This day, however, was a revelation.

I drove down the minor road to find pretty cottages surrounding a tiny village green. People pottered, tidying gardens that were already immaculate. Children played in the road and the river glided across a ford, inviting me to drive across it, splashing and whooping, just for fun. I resisted that temptation and also the even stronger draw of the village inn which already had its welcoming door wide open, the dark rectangular opening in the sunlit façade hinting at secret delights within.

My view may have been influenced, of course, by the general sense of well-being that I felt after a brief stop a short while earlier at the Hartside café. A mug of good fresh coffee and an unhealthily large slice of chocolate confectionary before what must be this country's grandest café panorama had set me up to view the whole world with genial good humour. If a Garrigill dog had rushed up this morning and attempted to chew my leg I'd probably have patted its head and said, "There, there, Fido. Who's upset you today?" No dogs bit me, however, and I was able to lace up my boots without hindrance. I followed the Pennine Way out of the village, off the main road and past a little row of cottages with neat sunlit gardens at the foot the stony track that winds up to the old lead mines high on the back of Cross Fell. An elderly gentleman at the gate of one cottage smiled as I walked by.

"Bound for Cross Fell?" he asked.

"No, not that far. Just up to the mines and over the Bullman Hills."

"Ah, then you'll be going on down the Cash Burn to Leadgate then?"

I didn't feel that he would understand my ticking off insignificant 2,000 footers so I just replied, "Well, I'll see where I get to and what the weather does."

"I remember 'em when they were working you know."

"What, the mines?"

"Aye"

"How long ago was that then?"

"80 years ago. Of course I was just a lad then."

This was a difficult point. It was now clear that, with the slightest encouragement, he'd have been happy to chat for half the day about the mines, his life in Garrigill and anything else that came to mind. He looked at me expectantly. I suspected that it would have been time well spent but then I wouldn't get my hills done. Reluctantly, I edged away, smiled goodbye and promised myself that I'd spend some time chatting if he was there when I returned.

Up, up the track, I climbed out of the valley, pushing myself onward but pausing every now and then to gaze back at the opening vista of fields and woodland behind me. Butterflies sipped at nettleheads, the only movement apart from my own. Once my breathing settled, there was a profound and overwhelming silence. No birds, no wind, not even an aeroplane to break the absolute stillness.

The track, sandwiched between stone walls, climbs at a constant gradient, not taking a direct line to the mines but presumably ascending, or descending at just the right rate for laden horses. It curls northwards and then south just when the high Pennine watershed comes into view; Cross Fell and Great Dun Fell and all their attendant hills.

I passed a grassy bump on my left, Pikeman Hill, one of my tops but saved for the return. I did the same as the track passed Long Man Hill.

Now the rest of my day was laid out before me. The stony way curled across the fell towards the distant broken ground that marked the central area of the old mineworkings. My first top lay just beyond them, an un-named point that promised, on the map, to be difficult to locate; a sort of mini-Mungrisedale Common. And there, out to the right, two bumps, shining bright green in the sunlight, rising from the dark heathery moorland; the Bullman Hills.

I was soon threading through the mineworkings. Broken walls, hushes, rusting ironwork and poisoned spoilheaps lay everywhere around me, inviting exploration. Another reason to return one day, when I'm not on a mission.

I took a bearing on the Great Dun Fell 'golfball' and stepped, for the first time, off the miner's track, heading due south. The ground was rough and I stumbled around, skirting black pools, on the eastern flanks of Cross Fell. It occurred to me that I was only a few hundred feet below the highest point in England outside the Lake District but it never crossed my mind to climb that little bit of extra height. Instead I bumbled around trying to find an apparently non-existent summit. I found a tiny grassy ridge which terminated in the faintest bump at what seemed to be the right point. Good enough for me.

Back on the miner's track and amongst the fascinating remnants of the old timer's despoliation, I took stock. The next two tops were the Bullman Hills, due north. They looked extraordinary. Above a dark landscape of peat and heather moorland rose two perfect little domes of bright green grass, streaked with what appeared to be tiny runnels of white scree, all gleaming in the bright sunlight. They appeared to be a perfectly matched pair and my first thought was that if this was Scotland they would surely have been given a more appropriate name. The Paps of Garrigill perhaps. Still, whatever their name, 'pert' would be a good description of their aspect from here.

I had a mile of rough walking ahead of me to reach the two tops, and the same to return to the track. It didn't look far but with a dysfunctional hip it could prove to be a trial. I soon found myself bog-hopping and telling myself to be patient. No matter how bad the ground the destination can always be 'drawn in' in time.

A little valley appeared, just a hidden hollow a few feet deep but sufficient to provide a different habitat: the re-entrant was filled by a miniature forest of thistles, chest high, their heads, bright imperial purple, nodding as I passed. Elsewhere was just heather and coarse tussocky grass.

My patience paid off eventually and a skip across a large peat-field landed me on the flank of the first little hill. The transition was startling: dark heather and claggy black peat stopped on a clear line around the base. I now stood on typical limestone ground; bright green sheep-cropped turf with little patches of 'clitter', limestone scree. I climbed zigzag sheetrods up the steep side and sat in the lee of a tiny craglet to eat my sandwiches.

I now saw that I had walked through a line of shooting butts, so well camouflaged that I had passed within a couple of yards of one without seeing it. The enclosures, dozens of them, looked brand new, timber linings freshly creosoted and floors of new raked gravel. Piled turves hid them from the unsuspecting grouse. As I munched I became aware of a mechanical drone from nearby. I shifted myself and gaped in astonishment. Here I was, on moorland 5 miles from the nearest road, building or garden, seeing a young lad working away below me with a strimmer! He visited each shooting box in turn, dealing with any untidy turf he found there. The 'Glorious Twelfth' was only four days away and I suppose the landowner didn't want any claims for scuffed brogues from the 'sportsmen' that would be driven up here for the onslaught.

Leaving the lad to his vital work, I descended to the moor again to make the short crossing to the second hill, almost identical to the first but populated by dozens of Swaledales. These two islands in the peaty moorland were the only place that sheep could be seen.

Rather reluctantly, I left my two islands and set off back towards the miners' track. I had finished my small bottle of water sometime earlier and began to feel dehydrated - on ground that was oozing black water everywhere. Just below the track I came across a perfect little beck; little cascades and bubbling pools only orange-brown rather than black. The water was icy and delicious.

I ticked off the tiny lumps that I'd ignored on my outward journey and decided that I'd earned a lie-down. I watched the white fair-weather clouds sailing overhead and induced a strange vertigo by imagining that I was looking down through clouds far below to a peerless blue Aegean Sea. I had to stop in the end - it frightened me.

The 'old feller' wasn't at his gate when I returned to Garrigill so I'll never know what stories he could have told. I had to make do as a finale with a mug of tea back at the Hartside Café, gazing across the fields of the wide Eden valley far below to the incomparable Lakeland skyline.

It'll do.

# The Worst Pub Crawl I've Ever Been On

## An Evening Walk over Yewbarrow, Witherslack

### 14th August 2012

Walter Walshaw must have been disappointed with a turnout of 'only' 17 Fellfarers. It was just a couple of years ago that 35 people turned up to follow him on a glorious evening over Whitbarrow. Tonight, though, it was half that number.....



We were blessed with fine weather on this night too, a rarity in this summer-to-forget, as we gathered at Witherslack Church. The air was as warm and still as it can only be in the evening of a late summer's day.

A short steep ascent in the cool woodland shade led to a grassy promenade on the scar edge (*top*). Walter told us that down below, near where we had started, us were the remains of the old Spa Inn, on the packhorse route from Ulverston. It had once boasted accommodation for 16 horses and an assembly room.

We entered a tangle of winding paths on the Yewbarrow ridge where Walter declared that he had no idea where we would go - he'd made no plans for the walk - and the evening would just be one of seeing what turned up. This land is virtually his back garden of course so we knew that we'd see the best that it had to offer.

We wandered eastwards and came to the margin of the woodland, overlooking Beck Head. There Walter told us that the field before us was the site of another old packhorse inn, The Coppack Inn, which had fallen into ruin following its enforced isolation after a plague-stricken traveller had arrived there. Upon its closure a temporary alehouse, The Rising Sun, had opened; but that is also gone and it's now the Nether Hall farmhouse.

To rub salt in the wounds Walter also told us of a fourth pub we weren't going to get beer at: The Black Bull, further down in the valley, was also a Packhorse Inn but is now Black Bull farm.

Sighing somewhat at this terrible waste, we turned back into the trees and picked our way through the dark labyrinth. Josh discovered a ladder leading to a vantage point in a small Ash. Fred wanted a go too but Josh beat him to it (*inset*).

We approached the high point of Yewbarrow, open land and the freedom to wander where we liked (*bottom left*) and the views opened up delightfully - considering the top's lowly 715 feet altitude. Whitbarrow's crags reared above the hazels around Witherslack Hall but in other directions the land rolled on and on, across the Mosses around Meathop to Lancashire, to distant Ingleborough of course, and to the north and west the Lakeland giants. A gorgeous scene.

Belted Galloways browsed amongst the juniper as we descended to a collection of houses called The Lawns. Everyone seemed to have memories of the place and I felt like the only one present who hadn't lived there or had visited friends there at some time. An idyllic spot. More woodland paths, now heading towards the setting sun, finally deposited us back on tarmac for the last mile back to our cars. The road passed the Walshaw's house and so Walter treated us to a preview of his latest project (*bottom right*). It's magnificent. We look forward to the launching.

We finished in the Derby Arms of course. An excellent evening all round. On reflection, perhaps it wasn't such a bad pub crawl after all.





Present: Fred Underhill, Frank Haygarth, Hugh Taylor, Jan Lancaster, Clare and Mick Fox.



I must admit that I couldn't see how Fred was going to get us from Ambleside to the summit of Red Screes and back in the advertised distance of 5 miles, especially as he was taking us the long way round - via the Scandale Pass. It turned out that the information was wrong; it's 5 miles to the summit by that route, and more like 9 for the whole day.

Six members turned up in Ambleside and the prize for "Most Dedicated Fellfarer" goes to new member Jan who drove up from Cheshire, despite the terrible weather forecast, to walk with us.

We had difficulty getting Hugh out of town - people kept accosting him in the street, wanting to chat to him. The sky was grey but no rain was falling yet and the stroll up the lovely lane to High Sweden Bridge (*top left*) was a delight. Behind us the southern sky was a blackness which engulfed everything south of Arnside. Jan told us it was pouring down when she left home.

We had a 'first lunch' at the head of Scandale, perched on little stones, as thunder began to rumble around the felltops and clouds threw misty wreaths around the crags.

We climbed up to the pass where the track drops down into Caiston Glen and there played guessing games about peaks and dales around us. No-one could name with confidence the individual 'Harstop ones'.

The ground was sodden but as we squelched steadily upwards we were thinking that the thunder was passing and that we "might just get away with it" when an almighty squall hit. We huddled behind the wall (which did no more than take the sting out of the horizontal hail and rain) and put on waterproofs.

The rain passed and we hurried up into the cloud to the summit (*second down*) to be subjected to a second battering and soaking. All thoughts of a second lunch were abandoned and we marched down the ridge with a purpose. We just wanted to get down.

Then, miraculously, the mist lightened and began to dissolve and within seconds we had emerged into glorious sunshine where we stood and gaped under a blue sky (*far left*). The air was clear and every detail of the landscape could be picked out, pin-sharp, with ease. Tiny fluffy white clouds sailed by below us, casting their little shadows on the fellsides. We laughed with the joy of it.

We did have our second lunch of course, sitting just below the cairn of Snarker Pike, munching happily on our sandwiches and steaming in the warmth of the sun. Our leader called upon the services of his batman, Frank, to remove the layers of waterproofing (*above*) and it was a smiling group that strolled then, no longer wanting to lose height (*bottom left*), down the ridge back to Ambleside and big mugs of tea in Daisy's Cafe.

So, a day which, if you were to believe the forecast, held no promise at all (except for the exercise and the company of course) turned into one of the best outings of the year. Funny old thing, the British weather. Thank you Fred for a great, memorable, day out.



## SOCIAL SUB-COMMITTEE NEWS

Message from the Sub-committee:

First, a warm welcome to a new member of the Sub-committee: Joan Abbott. Winter is on the way, the days are getting shorter but there's plenty in the social calendar to give you good cheer!

First, High House is booked for **half term** from 28 October to 2nd November but please note that the weekends either side are not free this year. High House is booked for **Remembrance Weekend** – 9 & 10 November.

It's a season of some of the old favourites...

- There's **Darts and Dominoes** at the Rifleman's Arms on Friday 7th December
- The **Sunrise** (we hope!) **Walk** on Saturday 15th December
- And the year finishes with the great **All Terrain Toboggan Trials** at High House
- And after a truly stunning **Clachaig Weekend** in Glencoe last January, there's another trip booked for January next year.

The **Review of the Fellfarers' Year 2012 Slideshow** takes place at The Strickland Arms on January 15th. If you have any contributions, please could you email them to the Editor by the end of the year. And don't forget the **Photographic Competition**, which will take place at the **AGM** this year (25th January). See right for more information. As the nights are so long, there seems to be only one sensible thing to do at night...go for a walk! Friday 30 November will hopefully see a full moon rising over Whitbarrow, so if you fancy a romantic **Moonlight Walk** or even just a night out with a bunch of Fellfarers, be there!

There will also be a **Winter Weekend** for members at High House in January, with a walk/meal on the Saturday. The walk will be planned on Friday evening so please come along with ideas. Please note this weekend is planned as a 'Grown Ups only' weekend.

The **KFF Annual Dinner** will be at the Eagle and Child on Saturday 9th February. More details on that in the next Fellfarer.

Looking further ahead into 2013, after the success of the **Scottish Hotel Meet** for the last few years, there are plans for another one next year. The **Scottish Small Isles Trip** is planned for May next year. There's more information about both below.

As ever, if you have any ideas for walks, trips, slide shows, do let us know.

*Mike Palko*

## The Fellfarers' Photographic Competition 2013

Just a reminder...

There are five categories to enter:

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

No photos from last year's competition please.

Please hand printed copies of your photographs, marked with your name and the category, to Mike, Joan, Clare or Tony by 15th January (at the Review of the Year perhaps).

**No larger than A5 please.**

Judging will take place at the AGM and will be by your choice this year. You may cast your votes throughout the evening and voting will close at 9.15. The winners for each category will be announced shortly afterwards.

The winning photos will be published in the Fellfarer.

## Review of the Fellfarers' Year 2012 Slideshow

Please share your adventures and other experiences (with or without the Club) with other Fellfarers - just send your photos (explanatory notes if needed) to the Editor **before the end of 2012.**

Every year the Ed. hears members say that they planned to contribute pics but then left it too late. Don't let this happen to you - send them now!

### The Annual ATTTrials 31st December 2012

End the year in style - it's time to start building your own vehicle for the premier competition of the KFF year!



If you're just going to spectate, the starting gun goes off at 11 am. or thereabouts.

### High House

Be there!

### HIGH HOUSE WINTER WEEKEND

18-20th January 2013



A Club Walk, followed by a Bar-Meal on Saturday will be planned on Friday night. Bring along your suggestions!

No Children please.

### Hotel Meet. FORT WILLIAM MARCH 2013

By popular demand, the Alexandra Hotel, Fort William, has been rebooked for 5 nights from and including the 17th March.

The price will be just £29 per person per night - a total of £145 for five nights. This price includes dinner, bed and breakfast.

Single rooms will incur a supplement of £10 per night. In order to book your bed please give your name/s to Clare as soon as possible.

*Please note payment needs to be made a month before the date.*

### Scottish Small Isles Trip May 2013

About 10 people are already interested in this tour of Rum, Eigg, etc.

Accommodation needs to be booked early and so a planning meeting will be held at the Rifleman's Arms, Kendal on 9th October 2012 at 8 pm.

If you cannot attend the meeting but still wish to come on the trip please let Clare Fox know before that date.



*The FellFare*  
No. 67  
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# KFF CLUB EVENTS OCTOBER 2012 - JANUARY 2013

Where the contact person's phone number is not given below, full contact details can be found on page 2  
Events marked with an \*asterisk are described in more detail on page 19

## October

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

**Sunday 7th**

**Weekend Walk** - Warcop Range (re-arranged from July). The walk may be subject to change, if the military are firing but we will still meet there and walk in the safe area!  
Meet 10.30 am. Murton Car Park (GR730 220). Leader: Mike Palk

**Tuesday 16th**

**Slide Show** – "Fellfarers in the High Atlas Mountains and the Deserts of Morocco 2012".  
Meet 7.30pm. The Strickland Arms, Sizergh. Sandwiches provided. Guests welcome.

**Week 19th–25th**

**High House** is reserved for Fellfarers for half term.

**Wednesday 31st**

**Mid-Week Walk** – 'Leisurely limestone ramble to watch the salmon leap'. Distance 6 miles.  
Meet 10.30am. Watershed Mill at Settle (GR816 643) on the B6479, immediately left after bridge over river towards Langcliffe (free parking!) Leaders: Graham / Irene Ramsbottom. Tel: 01539 725808

*Every Thursday*

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

## November

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

**Weekend 9-11th**

**High House** reserved for Fellfarers for Remembrance Weekend  
Ceremonies at 11 am on Castle Crag and Great Gable on Remembrance Sunday.

**Wednesday 14th**

**Mid Week Walk** – Gibson Knott and Helm Crag via Greenburn. 7 miles.  
Meet 9.30am. Kendal Bus Station. Leader Colin Hunter 01539 730177

**Tuesday 20th**

**Slide Show** – "The Fellfarers Camping Meet in the Dolomites."  
Meet 7.30pm. The Strickland Arms, Sizergh. Sandwiches provided. Guests welcome.

**Friday 30th**

**Moonlight Walk** – Whitbarrow Scar. Distance 4 – 5 miles. Time 2 ½ hours.  
Bring a torch! Please Note: This walk is weather dependent. In the event of bad weather, it may be shortened or even a virtual walk in the pub! Refreshments at the Derby Arms afterwards.  
Meet 6.30pm at layby off A590 on Mill Side road (GR452 840) Leader: Tony Maguire. 01539 737033

*Every Thursday*

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

## December

*(Committee meet at the Rifleman's Arms on Tuesday 4th. Social Evening 9 pm onwards)*

**Friday 7th**

**Christmas Darts & Dominoes Social Evening.** Mince pies provided!  
Meet 7.30 pm. The Rifleman's Arms, Kendal.

**Wednesday 12th**

**Mid-Week Walk** – Ings, a low level walk. 7 miles. Plus Christmas lunch at the Watermill Inn.  
Meet 10am, bus shelter on western outskirts of Ings (GR 444 987). (The 555 'bus from Kendal Bus Station at 9.40am) Leader: Roger Atkinson

**Saturday 15th**

**Sunrise Walk** – Scout Scar followed by breakfast at the Union Jack Café, Kirkland.  
Meet 7 am. Outside the Rifleman's Arms, Kendal. Info: Clare Fox

**Week 21st -1st Jan**

**High House** is booked for Fellfarers for Christmas and the New Year. Including.....

**Monday 31st**

**\*5th Annual All Terrain Toboggan Trials** at High House. Starting around 11 am

*Every Thursday*

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

## January 2013

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

**Weekend 11-13th**

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

**Saturday 12th**

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

**Tuesday 15th**

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

**Weekend 18-20th**

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

**Friday 25th**

**\*AGM** followed by a Photographic Competition  
Meet 7.30pm. Kendal Golf Club. Sandwiches provided.

**Wednesday 30th**

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

*Every Thursday*

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