

Number 77
April 2015

the FellFarer





Editorial

Well, is that it? Winter over? It probably is in the Lakes. There was enough snow for a couple of snowballs to be thrown on the club walk on March 7th but generally things seem to be warming up.

It's not been a perfect winter but some of us have had good days out on the white stuff. The weekend at High House in January was particularly interesting for those who got out in it. February was good too.

For some of us too there is the potential for just a little more snow at the time of writing: the forthcoming Hotel Meet in Fort William. We'll see.

Here and now, though, the crocuses are out and the daffodils nearly so. A blackbird has just hatched three chicks only inches from our front door. Spring is here, and with it the promise of long days in the hills, evenings climbing on warm rock, swims in sun-warmed tarns, sitting with well-earned pints outside the ODG until well after dark.

So much to look forward to...

Ed.

Cover Photograph: Clare, Irene, Val, Sue, Tony, Graham, Hugh and Colin on the summit of Eagle Crag, Langstrath.

17th January 2015. See pages 10-11

Deadline for the July edition: 1st June 2015

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- BRITISH MOUNTAINEERING COUNCIL

BMC Website: www.thebmc.co.uk

Each Fellfarer has an individual Membership Number

- RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION

Ramblers Website: www.ramblers.org.uk

Fellfarers RA Membership Number: New Number TBA

- OREAD MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

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Oread Website www.oread.co.uk

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Fellfarers: £5.00 p.p.p.n., Guests: £9.00 p.p.p.n.

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

Oread Booking Secretary: Derek Pike
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OTHER INFORMATION

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K Fellfarers Club Website:	www.kfellfarers.co.uk
High House Website:	www.highhouse.talktalk.net
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.

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This newsletter is also available on the club website

Some back issues are available on request from the Editor

CLUB NEWS

Welcome to new Club Members

There have been four successful applications to join K Fellfarers in the last quarter :

David and Jane Robinson of Kendal (*right*).

They are both keen to take part in most Club activities, whether at High House or in the South Lakes.



Claire Heseltine of Richmond. She is interested in taking part in club events at High House.

Jan Sjorup of Kendal.

He lists his interests as walking, canoeing and photography and is keen to be involved with Away Meets and events at High House.

The AGM

1. There were no controversial issues to be discussed at the AGM. It was reported that, as requested at the previous AGM, the committee has investigated the possibility of finding Third Party Liability Insurance from a source other than the BMC.

Several brokers were approached during the last year. Some had no interest in providing cover and of those who could have helped, none could compete with the BMC's price. It was accepted that the club will continue its membership of the BMC for the foreseeable future.

2. Two members volunteered to join the committee. All of the existing members had offered to stay on and the committee prefers the vice-chair to remain vacant (to be filled only for those meetings when the Chairman is not present) and so, rather than have a ballot, the AGM requested the committee to co-opt the two new volunteers. The committee did so and welcomes **Vicky Atkinson** and **Maja While** to its ranks. Their contact details are listed opposite.

Access to High House - Road Safety

PLEASE NOTE: the National Trust have informed us that there have been complaints about the speed of vehicles coming through the farmyard at Seathwaite on the way to High House. Visiting clubs will be informed too but all members MUST ensure that they drive at a dead slow speed when passing through the farmyard.

Soft furnishings at High House

Someone donated some scatter cushions to High House recently. The cushions have no fire safety labels on them and so they will be removed and disposed of. Please remember that the committee has worked hard in the last few years to make sure that High House complies fully with current Fire Safety Regulations. That work includes the replacement of all of the non-compliant soft furnishings. We hope that the anonymous donor understands why the cushions have gone and we ask all members to consult the committee before donating anything similar in future.

High House Lease

Negotiations with the National Trust for the renewal of the lease for High House are progressing well. The negotiating team had a very positive meeting with representatives of the Trust at High House in February. A number of potentially difficult clauses that the Trust had suggested initially seem to have been resolved to our satisfaction. At the time of writing we await the Trust's revised draft for our consideration. There may be further issues to be resolved as more details are set down in writing but the team are confident that we will end up with a Lease that the club can feel comfortable with for the next 20 years. Full details will be given to all members once the negotiations are completed.

Meanwhile, see the next item:

Vacancy for a Club Trustee

Would you like to do a bit more to help with the running of the club? When it is finalised, the High House Lease will need to be signed on behalf of the club by four Trustees. One of the present trustees is taking this opportunity to stand down from the post so the club is looking for a volunteer to take over.

The job is a very easy one: once the lease is signed the trustees meet very occasionally (perhaps once a year) to consider whether the committee is meeting the terms of the lease. It usually is.

There is a Q + A sheet available to explain what being a trustee is all about for anyone who might be interested. For a copy of the sheet or for any other information, contact Mick Fox asap.

To register your interest, contact Mick Fox before April 14th.

If there is more than one volunteer, the committee will call a General Meeting to decide the matter.

Vacancy for Newsletter Editor

The Editor will be calling time on his 20 year stint of producing this newsletter early next year. Is there anyone willing to step into his shoes? The hours are terrible and the pay is worse. Please form an orderly queue outside 50, Gillinggate.

On the positive side, the Ed will be happy to help any volunteer to familiarise him (or her) self with the technicalities of the design software.

Anyone interested should contact Mick Fox asap.

Book Launch:

David Birkett would like everyone to know that he will launch his new book with a signing session at Pumpkins Bistro, Allhallows Lane, Kendal, on **10th April 2015, from 2.00 to 3.30 pm.** :

Life is for Living

by

David Birkett

a sequel to "A Dream come True", the life and times of a Lake District Park Ranger

David describes it as an autobiography with a difference - world travel - walking in the British Isles, Europe and other continents.

Features on local organisations - K Fellfarers - Friends of the Lake District - The Lake District National Park - Kendal Town Council - Kendal Town Council - Kendal Mountain Rescue - K Shoes Male Voice Choir.

120 pages with many illustrations

£10 with a free copy of A Dream come True (while stocks last)

If you can't make it to the book signing, you can obtain a copy from Pumpkins Bistro, Kendal Library, or by contacting David:

dbirkett@talktalk.net

01539 738280

RESTON SCAR

Midweek Walk No.56 and Christmas Lunch

Wednesday 10th December 2014

The reconnaissance had been carried out a week before in warm clear weather but today they forecast high winds and squally wintry showers - and they were right.

Thirteen of us gathered in Wilf's for cosy coffee and chat and there was a noticeable reluctance to step out into the chilly Staveley air when the cups were all empty. Still, step out we did, and of course once we got walking it was fine. We ambled up Reston Scar from Barley Bridge. Several members admitted that it was a first ascent of the Scar for them. A brisk breeze blew in from the west but we were all well wrapped up (*below left*) and when the odd wintry squall passed it didn't matter at all. The

Scar has been opened up quite a bit since Wainwright said in his *'Outlying Fells of Lakeland'* that "impassable walls bar the way" to further wandering and, via new gates, we walked a circuit of the top around to Hugill Fell (*below right and title picture*) before descending to the Kentmere road, now looking quite wintry (*bottom left*). We turned left to Scroggs Bridge and the bridleway through Scroggs Farm, then alongside the Kent to the new footbridge back into Staveley.

A festive lunch in the Eagle and Child (*bottom right*) finished off a short day in which we probably spent as much time inside as out!



The Rifleman's Arms

Social Evening

Friday 12th December 2014

It was billed as a darts and dominoes evening but not enough Fellfarers turned out to make a decent competition of it. Some of those who did come (10 of us) were keen to get out the dominoes at least but in fact pub was so busy that we'd have struggled to find space for the tables. It didn't matter - the atmosphere there was buzzing and we all had a really great evening. The sandwiches which Anita, the landlady, prepared for us were shared with the other customers and we gave the prizes to her to say 'thank you'. We didn't leave until very late.



Arnside Knott

A Starlight Walk

Saturday 13th December 2014

The Social Calendar said a "Moonlight Walk" but there was a slight miscalculation: the moon was not due to rise until about 11 o'clock. It didn't matter really because the sky over Arnside at teatime was covered with cloud and rain was forecast for the evening - which is why it was such a surprise that we had quite a good turnout:

Cath and Mike Palk, Roger Atkinson with Josh Weeks, Rose and Paul East, Richard Mercer, Hugh Taylor, Clare and Mick Fox.

We gathered by the village Christmas tree on Arnside promenade (*top right*) and, all wrapped up, followed Mike along the shore westward. A loud clatter and some grunting and muttering told us that a Fellfarer had located at least one of the shoreline seats in the darkness. One or two put on their headtorches then and we negotiated the little ginnel (*second right*) up to reassuring streetlights and so on towards Newbarns. We climbed steadily up through the dark woods towards the Knott. We got rather strung out and it was wonderfully atmospheric to pad along in the blackness, hearing only faint murmurings of conversation and little flashes of distant torches in the trees.

We took a diversion to Heathwaite Cave. It's not extensive (about 80 feet in all) but has passages on two levels linked by short chimneys. Josh was particularly keen to discover its secrets (*third right, Josh and Rose with Mick behind*) and was delighted to discover a geocache hidden in there.

Brushing off as much of the dirt as we could, we carried on up to the summit area of the Knott. As the trees thinned we realised that the poor forecast was proving to be wrong. Coastal lights down to Fylde and out to Furness were clearly visible and the cloud had broken up enough to reveal many stars. We passed the remains of the Knotted Trees, pale and ghostly in the light of our headtorches, on the way to pose for photographs at the summit trig point (*bottom right*).

We strolled down to the Albion to finish off the evening in the usual Fellfarers' fashion. What a great way to spend a winter's evening it had been. Thank you Mike.



THE ALL TERRAIN TOBOGGAN TRIALS 2014

Wednesday 31st December

Joan Abbott

There's a famous old bunkhouse called High House
That's noted for fresh air and fun
So as usual the Fellfarers gathered
The All Terrain Toboggan Race to run

They didn't think much of the weather
The wind and the rain plus the mud
The trees were all bending and bowing
With ne'ery the sign of a lull

The building was crammed packed with people
All donning their waterproof gear
Except for the doughty contestants
Whose costumes began to appear

There was Santa all suited and booted
His wife in her fishnets and shorts
With a reindeer to steer her toboggan
And a boob job escaping 'her' coat

There was Care Bear in pink with his love hearts
And Elvis with sideburns and specs
With a wing on the back of his outfit
And floats on his wheels for the beck

There was Old Farmer Giles with his moustache
His paunch and his knee breeches too
He'd a flat cap, a waistcoat and brown boots
And hidden away 'he' had boobs

But large in the line was the Frauline
The Tyrolean barmaid with Steins
Her plaits and her short skirt and stockings
And a cleavage to water the eyes

So off to the field all went bravely
And each took their place on the line
The spectators watched with enthusiasm
And at last "They're off" someone cried

The Austrian's craft was set backwards
And steering just wasn't a prime
So out on a tangent she wandered
And had to jump off several times

Farmer Giles, on the sidelines went missing
Into the reeds 'he' had veered
While Elvis fell off on the hillside
As Care Bear sped by in fourth gear

Mrs Claus was the out and out winner
With Care Bear close by on his heels
Then Elvis and Santa soon followed
Farmer Giles and the wench dragged their wheels

Next down High House Lane was the order
The last going first was the deal
So the Frauline sedately rode sidesaddle
And this time was able to steer

Farmer Giles had a speedy run downhill
But scattered spectators around
'Cause her steering reacted too slowly
As she screamed and shouted out loud

Next Santa came down on 'The Floater'
With his wobbly wheels holding firm
As he headed off over the river
And went for a look round the farm

Now Elvis was soon speeding swiftly
The record to break with aplomb
Then over the bridge in a flurry
To fall in a heap on the turn

Care Bear came with brown boots a trailing
To steer as he quickly rolled down
With his number plate leading the action
And his ears waving round to the crowd

Mrs Claus with her reindeer swept past us
It's red nose aglow as he went
She wasn't as fast as she wanted
But by all it was classed 'a good run'

A break was declared to eat luncheon
And High House was packed to the brim
As fifty or so wet spectators
Milled about eating outside and in.

Then off down the road we all wended
And a length of the tarmac soon picked
And the race on the flat set off grandly
As the wind and the rain played their tricks

Farmer Giles was soon leading the action
Blue and white broly aloft
As he flashed past the finish post swiftly
And went off down the road like a toff

Elvis was next with his sideburns,
Mother Christmas then pink Care Bear too
Soon followed by Santa who struggled
But the Frauline had nearly turned blue



The rain was still heavy and drenching
The wind was still blowing a gale
But off to the dub all soon hastened
As the weather continued to wail

The first in the water, the waitress
Her face being stoically set
Sat astride her canoe as she paddled
With only her feet getting wet

Mrs Claus now entered the water
And swam very bravely we thought
While Rudolph was happy to be there
Cause his bit of the sledge was afloat

Next Elvis swam through the cold water
His wig staying put very well
But the stress and the strain of the venture
On his face was beginning to tell

Now Care Bear abandoned his hoodie
A flat cap was called for it seems
But he grounded a bit on the gravel
So he paddled and swam to get free

Up in the sky a loud roaring
As a Sea King flew low overhead
And we wondered if they even noticed
The folks on the wet riverbed

Then Santa came next with some gusto
As he knelt and then stood on his craft
And he laughed until Elvis tried sabotage
But he managed to keep paddling fast

Farmer Giles was last in the water
Struggling a bit with his craft
His broolly fell off and got drowned
But he managed to keep his moustache

Then the Scaffell's warm bar with its fire
Was calling to one and to all
So toboggans were soon left abandoned
Though hidden a bit by the wall.

Hot coffee and beers were soon ordered
Contestants got into dry things
Then Goffy read out all the details
Of the order and who'd made the win

Mrs Claus was this year's clear winner
(With Rudolph to help and to guide)
Then Elvis had come in as second
But had broken the record in style

Farmer Giles joined with Santa for third place
Care Bear pipped the Frauline for fifth.
But we all felt that we were the winners
Cause we'd laughed till we nearly broke ribs

So goodbye Fellfarers to this year
And welcome to twenty fifteen
Get working on what you'll be wearing
For the ATTR next New Year's Eve

For the record, here are the results of the four races. **Colin Jennings** won the whole event and is the proud holder of the trophy for the next year. **Graham Ball** deserves a special mention as well: he broke the record for the High House Track race. Well done too, to **Maja While** for a spirited first entry in the Fellfarers' most prestigious race event of the year. Well done, in fact, to all the competitors for providing such great entertainment on an otherwise gloomy last day of 2014. Thank you all.

	Hill Points	Track Time	Track Points	Road Points	Beck Time	Beck Points	Total
Laura	6	37 secs	7	10	1 min. 33secs	8	31
Maja	5	1 min. 41 secs	5	5	1 min. 52 secs	6	21
Kevin	7	22.5 secs	9	6	1 min. 29 secs	9	31
Graham	8	20.5 secs	10	9	1 min. 38 secs	7	34
Colin	10	32.5 secs	8	8	1 min. 18 secs	10	36
Mark	9	41 secs	6	7	2 min. 59 secs	5	27

THE WINNER !

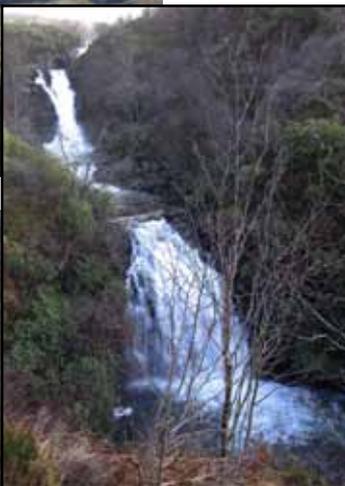
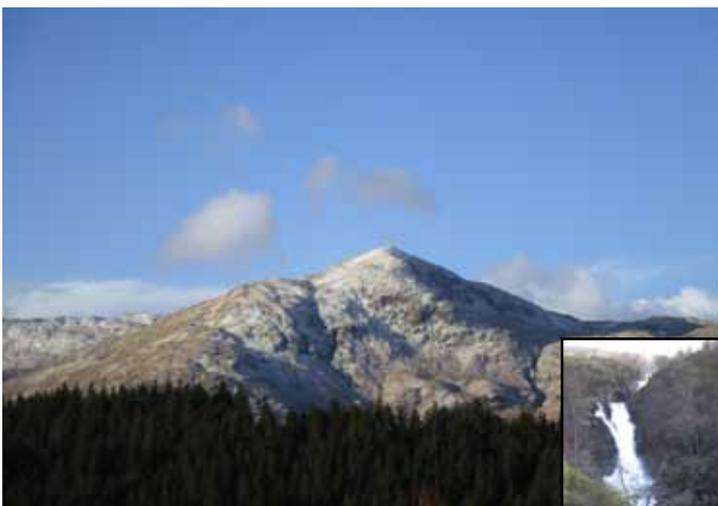


Above: Nearly 50 Fellfarers and guests gather in The Scaffell Hotel for the award ceremony. Photographs: mainly by Joan Abbott

The Glencoe Meet

The Clachaig Chalets

Weekend 9th - 11th January 2015



The last few Glencoe meets have been blessed with better than normal weather so I suppose it was inevitable that we would 'get a bad one' sometime soon. We drove north in poor weather and, for the first time for a few years, didn't stop en route to tick off a hill. The forecast for Saturday promised heavy rain and storm-force winds but we had a bad-weather plan - a Corbett, Carn a'Chuilin, up near Fort Augustus, promised forest shelter for much of the ascent.

We arrived at the Clachaig Inn to find the whole building in darkness. The staff were trying to keep the pub going by candlelight but we soon realised that any plans we might have could be compromised if the problem didn't get fixed soon. The water is supplied by pump and so we had no water for drinking, cooking, showering or flushing. We ate in the bar and had a couple of beers but the usual crowds had stayed away and the bar was quiet and gloomy. We spent a quiet candle-lit evening reading in the chalet (*top left*).

In the morning there was still no power or water for Hughie's birthday. The prospect of spending a day getting very cold and very wet and then returning to the same conditions put us off our plans for Carn a'Chuilin. We had a relaxed breakfast and then went in search of morning coffee and flushing toilets. On the way we stopped where power engineers were working by the roadside. They told us that the storm had brought down a tree on the power line and that they would have it restored that day. Hooray!

As we sat in the rather grand lounge of the Ballachullish Hotel, watching the white horses racing up the loch, the weather seemed to transform: the racing clouds tore away and revealed gleaming snowy peaks under a blue sky. Sgurr na h-Eanchainne (*second left*) looked particularly grand. It was too late now to travel up to

Fort Augustus so we parked outside Paddy's bunkhouse at Inchree and wandered up the track to view the fine waterfalls (*inset left*) where the Abhainn Rìgh tumbles out of its hidden glen. The forestry people have waymarked several walks through the plantations and we followed the longest one as the sky blackened again and sleet turned the ground white. We had a very late picnic lunch under the trees (*third left*) and hurried back to the Clachaig to hot showers, tea and food we could cook ourselves.

Things weren't quite back to normal though. The band had been cancelled and the bar was almost deserted again. Our team (*bottom left - Veronica, Graham, Hugh, Mel, Charles, Kevin, Alan, Mick in front, photo by James*) provided most of the custom and the staff closed the bar at 10pm.

Never mind, James had brought his banjo and guitar and so we had a several hours of great traditional music from him and Hughie before bedtime (*below*).

Sunday was wet again. One team planned to venture onto the hills above Bridge of Orchy but the Kendal car came straight home. It had not been a classic Clachaig Meet but it did have some fine moments. Next year's will be one of perfect snow under calm blue skies. I promise!



CHARLIE'S WALK

BRIAN (CHARLIE) BIRKETT'S MEMORIAL WALK

Saturday 10th January 2015



The day dawned, following a horrendous spell of wet and windy weather. Fortunately, the rain reduced but the wind continued to rage. Seven hardy souls, Clare, Val, Krysia, Caroline, John and Walter braved the conditions. Meeting at Bradley Field farm we walked over the old racecourse and directly to the trig point on Scout Scar. The wind was particularly strong at 'the mushroom' – we sought comparative shelter at the car park and Gamblesmire lane where curtains of hail and sleet traversed the landscape.

Cunswick Hall looked unoccupied as we passed by. Improving conditions greeted us for the walk by the tarn and climb onto Cunswick Scar. At Brian's crypt I laid a posy of lemon carnations and variegated laurel leaf – the sun shone momentarily and the wind calmed. The walk was completed over Kendal fell (golf course) through Coffin Wood and down into the sanctuary of the Rifleman's.

David Birkett



A Quiet Weekend at High House

Weekend 16th - 18th January 2015

Roger & Margaret, Jean & Fred, Colin & Val, Mick & Clare, Tony & Sue, Graham & Irene, Val, Hugh, Colin & Ruth, Jon & Helen

It was Friday night. Clare and Mick had enjoyed 'jungle-bashing' one of Wainwright's more obscure routes up Dodd on the way to High House while Colin, with guests Ruth, Jon & Helen, had tackled a more heroic route on Blencathra in full winter conditions (*top left: above Scales Tarn and second left: the summit ridge from Hallsfell Top*). The stove was lit and we were all settling in nicely when the lights flickered. They flickered again and went out. No power at all. Hugh and Mick began to think they were jinxed after experiencing the same problem in Glencoe the previous weekend (see page 8).

A walk down to the farm revealed that the whole of Seathwaite was being powered by a generator after a cable failure down in the main valley some days earlier. We were told that the generator had run out of diesel and that the power company had been called. There was no knowing when power would be installed so we abandoned our plans for a quiet night in and shot off to The Scafell Hotel for dinner.

They were still working on the generator when we returned at about 10pm and we were told that it was not lack of fuel but the extra load from High House which had caused the system to trip out. Power was restored but we were asked to keep our demands to a minimum until the cable was repaired and we were back on mains electricity.

Saturday dawned clear and cold but the clouds raced across the sky and it would clearly be a challenging day on the felltops.

Roger's team had planned to drive over to Buttermere for a walk there but Honister was impassable due to ice. They walked, instead, to Keswick and enjoyed the bus drive back.

Colin led his group up to Styhead, planning a direct ascent of Great End. They too had to change their plans when they found themselves in a white-out when a heavy snow shower hit them on The Band. They were happy to turn back and still had a great day out.

The larger group fell in with Mick's plan to do Eagle Crag and Sergeant's Crag. The team, consisting of Tony & Sue, Graham & Irene, Colin & Val, Hugh, Clare and Mick, left their cars in Stonethwaite, crossed the bridge and walked up the Greenup Gill bridleway. They soon left the snow-free valley bottom behind and there was some discussion about whether crampons might be needed higher up. Black clouds appeared over Glaramara's shoulder and more snow began to fall. Our two tops looked impressive (*upper right*) and someone remarked that they wouldn't look out of place in Glencoe. Greenup Gill thundered below us, its waterfalls decorated with icicles and some of the party were unconvinced that we would be able to cross it without incident. Somewhere up above us, though, Wainwright had promised a dry crossing at a sheepfold on an island. Sure enough, just before the path turns away from the beck and climbs up towards Lining Crag, the sheepfold, now in ruins, appeared and the island splitting the beck allowed us, but only just, to cross to the western side.

We took a curving route to avoid unpleasant-looking bouldery slopes. The snow was now deep enough to conceal ankle-traps and so we stayed on the smooth stuff. The sun came out and we stood for a while (*bottom right*) to admire the splendour of our surroundings. A gentle uphill stroll took us to the wall corner just below Eagle Crag's summit where 'combined tactics' got us up the awkward little rock step. We were now in the full blast of the wind but after posing for a hurried summit photograph (*cover*) we managed to find shelter behind the topmost slab of rock for a brief lunch-stop.

We followed the ridge top, still marvelling at the fine wintery views



all around us, to the summit of Sergeant's Crag where another, quite fierce, snow shower hit us (*top right*). Visibility dropped to near zero in the swirling squall. Mick's plan had been to continue southwards along the broad ridge to beyond Brown Crag and then to descend into Langstrath for a leisurely stroll back along that fine valley bottom. The conditions were unnerving for some, however, and one or two wished to return by the way we had come. No-one wanted to split the party up and so we all turned our backs to the driving snow and picked our way down the featureless slopes into the huge combe at the head of Greenup Gill, heading towards our approach path. We were soon out of the wind and a short while later we dropped out of the murk too. Lining Crag appeared, a black fang, and its presence gave us a reassuring visual 'fix'.

Irene and Val were in playful mood now and had fun creating snow angels (*second right*). A short time later the sunshine returned too. We were soon at our island crossing and then back on the bridgeway. Down at Smithymire Island we varied our route by walking into Langstrath as far as the first footbridge, near Johnny House, before crossing the river and returning through Stonethwaite hamlet to our cars.

That evening there was another short powerless spell but then full mains electricity was restored in time for us to cook meals and have hot showers. Hooray!

Colin had brought his guitar and we had a evening of music from him and Fred (*third right*). A wonderful end to an eventful day.

Some members didn't come to High House: Tina and Kevin were on Brown Cove Crags, Helvellyn for a spot of gully-climbing that weekend. It seems that quite a few others had the same idea (*bottom*) but they had a great time anyway.





The Train to Cark

and Midweek Walk No. 57
from Cark to Grange

Saturday 21st January 2015

They came from all directions, by bus, train and car, until we had fifteen Fellfarers and friends gathered together at Cark railway station (*top left: Graham, Les Ord, Sam Bracken, Elaine Bracken, Jane, Mike, David, Frank, Irene, Hugh, Jean, Margaret, Roger, Fred with Mick taking the photo*). Hugh, our leader, wasted no time looking for coffee shops - straight into the walk we went, through Cark, heading north.

We were soon off-road, following the Cistercian Way/Cumbria Coastal Way on mixed mud and wet snow (*second left*). Judging by the happy chatter, no-one minded the conditions.

Hugh had planned to take in the little top of How Barrow for the fine coastal views but snow began to fall and any views would have been hidden. We turned eastwards instead, towards Cartmel.

The partial felling of Park Wood, just above the racecourse, meant that we could find stumps and trunks for seats for our picnic lunch in the shelter of the remaining trees.

Sandwiches finished, Hugh herded us onward, not pausing in the streets of Cartmel although the racecourse toilets were a welcome feature. Hampsfell looked like a Pennine giant of a hill with its topcoat of white and the path up its western side from Pit Farm looked daunting. We slipped and slid and staggered up it though, and were soon on the snowy ridge, looking down on the farmlands of Cartmel (*third left*). To the south the waters of the Bay had a coppery sheen in what must have been a little sunlight peeping through but on Hampsfell top, apart from the odd patch of dead bracken, all was white and grey and distinctly chilly (*bottom left*).

The steep climb had strung us all out and so we arrived at the shelter of the hospice in little groups. Hugh made a point of getting there first. He had asked some of us to bring firewood and by the time the last of our team had arrived, Hugh had a nice little blaze going in the fireplace (*below*). Unfortunately there is only seating for about half of our number so we took it in turns to toast ourselves by the flames. Mike had had the foresight to bring his newspaper with him so he settled into a corner quite happily. Outside was a strange sight: the original flue, a cast iron pipe, is broken and the smoke from the fire just poured out of joints in the wall, *most of it at ground level, below the fire!*

The fire burned down quickly so we raked the embers to leave it safe and set off in the snow again, down through Eggerslack Wood to Grange. It was too close to the time for the next train for some to risk refreshments and so we all went our separate ways. Only four of us finished our day in the proper manner, with pots of tea, serenaded by, amongst other bands from long ago, Elias and his Zig-Zag Jive Flutes. Remember them?

Thanks Hughie for another good day.



The Appetite Enhancer

Saturday 21st February 2015

*Krysia Niepokojczycka, Helen Speed, Val and Colin Hunter,
Gordon Pitt, Roger Atkinson, Alec Reynolds, Mick Fox*



Stribers Farm is perched right on the southern boundary of the National Park, on rising ground overlooking the various mosses that make up the Roudsea National Nature Reserve. On this morning a chilly breeze was blowing in from the west as we gathered there and, after waiting a while for any latecomers (there were none), we were glad to start walking. Krysia led us up through steep woodland (where the signs and map tell a lie about there being a path) to emerge on a rough rising track with a fine view across the Leven estuary and to the Lakeland hills (*top left*). That view included a big black nimbostratus shedding rain coming towards us from the southwest. We hurried on up to the Ellerside/How Barrow ridge and descended the fields to Speel Bank Farm where we joined the Cumbria Coastal Way, heading north.

Up on Stribers Allotment we found a fine spreading oak bursting from a shattered outcrop and we stopped for coffee in its 'shelter' (*second left*).

The threatening cloud arrived but it just dropped just a little light sleet on us as we set off again. The immediate scenery here is a delight, all craggy outcrops and pastureland, and Krysia pointed out a fine perched boulder on the skyline as we joined the track down to Grassgarth. Someone said the spring flowers here are a worth a visit.

A path climbs gently upwards through the woods to Bigland Heights and there, amongst the windblown thorns and patches of bracken, we found some mossy stones to perch on for lunch (*third left*). The views are wide. Fleeting spells of sunlight picked out features: the Hoad, Chapel Island, distant snow-topped hills and the broad silver expanse of the estuary. Tides this weekend were predicted to be the highest for 18.5 years and, although we were some time off high tide yet, the water already seemed to be lapping against the underside of the Leven Viaduct about 3 miles away. A little train crawled across it as we watched and Roger suggested that the next train might create a bow-wave as it crosses. We didn't wait to see though.

Lunch over, we descended to the delightful Bigland Tarn where a solitary angler was spending his day in quiet contemplation (*bottom left*). Does anyone know of a *cuter* boathouse than the one at Bigland (*below*)? Built by hobbits surely?

We returned by road, via Grassgarths again, to our cars and then on the Anglers Arms at Haverthwaite for refreshments. Very jolly it was; it had been a grand walk and our appetites were suitably enhanced in preparation for the Annual Dinner that evening....





There was another good turn-out of Fellfarers for the Annual Dinner at The Eagle and Child - 34 members and partners attended (*above*). Meanwhile, in the great outdoors, February turned out to be perhaps the best month of the winter to be out on the fells. Here's a grand view of Pavey Ark in sunshine and snow, taken from Lingmoor Fell by the Ed:



Crossing the Border - Cartmel Fell and Gummer's How

Midweek Walk No.58

Wednesday 25th February 2015

Val and Colin Hunter, Jane and David Robinson, David Birkett, Hugh Taylor, Norman Bell, Ellie Woodburn, Frank Haygarth, Clare and Mick Fox

Frank led us off from the carpark of The Hare and Hounds at Bowland Bridge, heading south. Standing water gleamed on the fields around us and we had fun negotiating deep verge-to-verge puddles on the road. Frank expressed his fears that the end of his planned route would be very very muddy.

We crossed a field to the 17thc. Lobby Bridge (*top right*) which proclaims in carved limestone plaques that it marks the old boundary between Westmorland and Lancashire. The wording read "Cartmel Fell Lancashire Crosthwaite and Lyth Westmorland" and on the opposing wall: "C.C. Lobby Bridge". We crossed to Lancashire and were soon climbing the fields to Pool Garth, a fine collection of buildings set around a tumbling beck with, yes, a beautiful little pool. More fields, the right of way less than obvious, led us to the enigmatic St. Anthony's church. Squat and unprepossessing on the outside and with a roof structure inside perhaps more suited to a barn, it contains some architectural gems: 300 year-old box pews and a rare 3-decker pulpit plus beautiful stained glass set in carved stonework that may have come from Cartmel Priory. Colin noticed the rope hanging in the bell-tower; "What will happen if I pull this?" Outside there is a puzzle: a curious rounded plinth with steps and a neatly carved square hole in the top (*second right*). It is a Grade II listed monument *even though no-one knows what it is*. Suggestions have included a mounting block or sundial base; neither is convincing. Above the church the path climbs through lovely mixed woodland and plantations (*third right*), across the open fellside of Raven's Barrow to our lunch-stop above Gateside. We enjoyed fine sunlit views across the Winster valley to Whitbarrow Scar.

Onwards, then, through Foxfield and the hidden landscape beyond to Sow How. Frank offered us the option of a diversion to Gummer's How. We took it and Norman in turn offered Frank an improvement to his planned return to Sow How. Frank, still worried about very muddy fields at the end, gratefully accepted.

So it was that we climbed the rocky steps of the tourist route (*bottom right*) to the crumbling trig point on the summit of Gummer's How. There were superb views along the length of Windermere of course but a cool breeze made us shelter on the leeward side for coffee. Norman took control now and led us confidently down into the bog on the edge of the Birch Fell plantation. A vague path threads through the dark trees, past the nameless reservoir, and down to the road, where Norman told us he hadn't meant to come that way. Never mind, a short walk downhill brought us back to his planned route: a grand scenic stroll on tarmac to Addyfield and then down through fields and wierd mossy woods (*below*) past Hollins to Bowland Bridge, where we passed the border guards back into Westmorland. We finished, of course, with pots of tea and pints of beer in the Hare and Hounds, and everyone agreed it had been a grand walk. Thank you Frank (and Norman).





Ward's Stone and Grey Crag

A Weekend Walk in the Forest of Bowland

Saturday 7th March 2015

David Birkett

Billed as a '16 km. with 400 m. of ascent' this walk was for the determined. Eleven Fellfarers met at the Jubilee Tower above Quernmore. Sadly, Hughie had to leave us owing to the 'no dogs' rule on the Duke of Westminster's Estate. The party carried on in two cars to Tarnbrook, a neat cluster of dwellings at Clough Head. A fixing on a farm gate caused me to lose ground, above me oystercatchers and lapwings wheeled and called.

At the outer-fell wall the estate track steepened (*top left*) before joining grouse butts at the 'cat and kittens' where we lunched. A line of new butts led towards the summit of Ward's Stone (561m), (*second left*) distant views opened up in all directions, dappled light in the valley contrasting with the verdant-grey scene.

Bluffs of 'mudstone' formed sculptures, described on the OS map as the 'Queen's Chair' and 'Grey Mare and Foal'. Throughout the walk grouse squawked and fluttered by having escaped the 'sportsman's gun'.

At Grey Crag we sought the shelter of a ridge wall, negotiating peat hag and bog-hole before going 'cross country' over tiring heather and tussock grass to join an estate track in the 'Duke's playground'. Three kilometres of gravel track (*third left*) descended alongside Gables Clough and Tarnbrook fell to the hamlet of Tarnbrook.

Clare, Mick, Jan, Lynn, Roger, Cath, Mike, Frank, Dave and Ruth opted for the cafe at Ashton Memorial Park in Lancaster (*bottom left*) – a fitting conclusion to a fine walk.

Thank you Mike and Cath.

Here's a Forest of Bowland question for you (which has nothing to do with this walk):

What is the geographical significance of Whitendale Hanging Stones, on the south side of Wolfhole Crag?

The grid reference is SD 64188 56541 but that won't help you. Neither will this picture of it:



Here's a clue which might lead you towards the solution. To establish the answer to a question which has been asked many times over the years, the Ordnance Survey had to use a "projection to the Airy ellipsoid which was then flattened using the Transverse Mercator projection".

Answer below.

It is the exact geographical centre (the centroid) of Great Britain, including all of its islands. Perhaps we could visit it on the next Bowland club walk Mike?
The exact centroid of The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland is off limits for a club walk though. It is in Morecambe Bay, about 1.5 miles off the coast at Morecambe.



THE SUMMER WINE WEEK AND WORKING WEEKEND

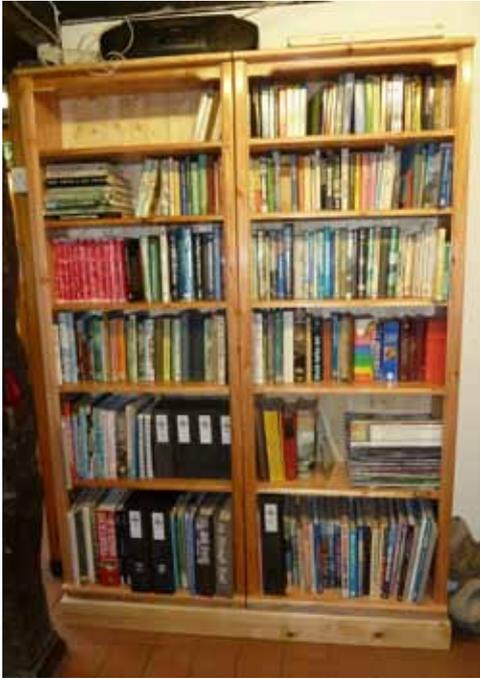
9th - 15th March 2015

With a very long list of jobs to be done, including the complete refurbishment of the men's washroom, the Hut Sub-committee asked for a good turn-out for the Summer Wine Week leading up to Working Weekend. The club responded magnificently: the usual group of retired members was augmented by some who had taken time off work to bring their skills to High House. Work started with the stripping out of the washroom on Monday and by Thursday every room was in a state of chaos. Just a few of the Summer Winers are seen here: Alec (*top left*), Fred (*top right*), Frank and Graham (*second right*), Gavin (*third right*), Kevin (*bottom right*), Hugh, Joan, Carol and Sue (*bottom left*).

All photos courtesy of Joan Abbott.

Amazingly, out of the chaos came order and when Working Weekenders began arriving on Friday night and Saturday morning, the supply of jobs (on probably the longest job list in the history of the club) was starting to dry up. There is always extra cleaning and touching up of paintwork to be found though and no-one was stuck without work for long. No idle hands - perhaps this





is a model for how the country should be run? Discuss...

Anyway, High House looks extremely well cared for again and there are one or two special improvements worth a mention:

A new bookcase built especially for High House by Steve Edgar from a larch tree felled by Walter from his garden (*top left*). The bookcase is beautifully made, a real asset to High House, and now contains the complete K Fellfarers' library, much of which has been in storage for so long.

After much hard work by the team of Kevin Smith, Graham Ball, Frank Slater, and Gavin Noble (with some support from others), the

men's washroom has been refurbished. It looks immaculate (*top middle and right*). No excuse for not showering now men!

The Leslie Somervell memorial seat has finally been replaced. The old one had been patched and repaired many times but its time had come. The plaque has been cleaned up and transferred to the new hardwood seat (*below left*).

So it was a rightly contented group of Fellfarers that sat down to the club tea (*below right*) (or went to watch the rugby instead). A job well done. The Hut Sub-committee thanks all those who worked so hard during these few days, especially those mentioned on this page.



Solo in Kentmere

Sunday 15th March 2015

The forecast stated 'dry but overcast', good enough for a March day. An early start saw me miss traffic and find a park in Kentmere; walking by 07.30, unheard of in the Birkett household. All was quiet and sleepy at Hallow Bank and Overend as I passed by. Heavily pregnant Rough fell ewes nuzzled feed troughs at Tongue House. A new small footbridge is to be found above Whether fold one of the few washfolds in the area. I passed the time of day with a lone male, looking very much like a junior Max Biden, who lives in the valley, before attaining the track on the west side of a very full Kentmere reservoir.

As I crossed the infant river Kent, a dipper bobbed repeatedly on a rock. I rested at a second washfold and contemplated the reinstatement of the structure with walling friends for posterity. A steep climb brought me to the third fold, enshrouded in cloud and fresh snow in the heart of Hall cove. A second dipper claimed

the gill, leading to the source of the Kent, a verdant-mossy issue, oozing from the scree. The steep snow demanded an ice-axe before joining the traverse path from Thornthwaite Crag. In 2km, I rested at Nanfield pass, having negotiated several old snow banks where I enjoyed extensive views of Ill Bell and Haweswater. Spurred on by the clearance I climbed Harter Fell and descended towards Kentmere Pike, a flock of snow buntings chattered noisily and then departed. A scantily attired fell runner passed by, dressed for summer, the 'gods' were with him; other walkers passed in trainers, nothing changes. I headed towards Withered Howe on a steep, rough permitted path, joining the main valley path at Hallow Bank. Content, I arrived home at 15.00 hrs convinced that early starts were for the future.

David Birkett

SOCIAL SUB-COMMITTEE NEWS

Well the last Slide Show for the winter has taken place and we are now looking forward to the summer.

I really can't believe we're already planning the summer social programme even though there is still some snow left on them there hills!

A big thank you to all who've given a Slide Show this season and we'll be delighted to hear from any Fellfarer out there willing and able to give a Slide Show later in the year.

The easy scramble planned for June is postponed and will now take place in August. Don't forget Climbing for All on Thursday nights (outdoor, weather permitting) will start again in April so why not come along and join in?

You may have noticed that we have not one or two but three camping meets taking place over the next three months so shake the mothballs out of your tents (or polish up your camper van) and come and join the fun!

Finally another big thank you to all of our walk leaders, we do appreciate your willingness and enthusiasm to lead walks, without your help we wouldn't have a social programme.

And finally we hope you all have a great summer with plenty of sunshine and lots of fun.

With best wishes from the social sub-committee

Clare Mark Tony and Joan

Continental Camping Meet 17th - 24th June 2015

This year's destination is the
Gran Paradiso National Park in Northern Italy.

It is a short drive from Chamonix via the Mont Blanc tunnel but can be reached in other ways from France or Switzerland via high mountain roads. Gran Paradiso is Italy's oldest national park and has been protected for many years from much of the usual alpine development. The landscape is typically alpine: jagged snow-capped granite peaks and lovely meadow-filled valleys. The major peak, Gran Paradiso, is 13,323 feet high. Many well-signposted trails (suitable for all abilities) provide wide panoramas towards Mont Blanc, the Matterhorn and Monte Rosa.

High alpine pastures and wide valley meadows are filled with flowers and butterflies and the land is full of wildlife: ibex, chamois, marmots, hares, lynx, wolves, weasels and ermine. In the skies are golden eagles, alpine accented, rock ptarmigan, and the eagle owl.

The 'core week' when we meet, at a campsite yet to be decided, is:

Wednesday 17th June to Wednesday 24th June.

If you'd like to join us or would just like more information, contact Clare Fox

Wasdale Youth Hostel Meet - September 2015

Looking a little further ahead to September, the hostel meet advertised by email a few months ago has now been filled and all ten beds are taken.

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

Getting High, High, High!

well, sort of

Midweek Walk from High House

Wednesday 29th April 2015

High House is booked for Tuesday and Wednesday nights for this walk. The suggested plan is to:

Catch the 11.00 bus at Seatoller to Honister.

Walk to **High Spy** by way of **High Scawdel** (height gain about 850 ft.).

Return via **High Doat** and Seatoller to **High House**, about 5 miles in all.

The route may be varied on the day to suit the party and the weather. The walk will be followed by a communal meal and overnight stay. Staying on Tuesday and / or Wednesday night is of course optional. If you come on Wednesday morning for the walk, please try to be at High House by about 10 am.

If you intend to stay for Wednesday's meal please contact Clare and let her know so that the food can be co-ordinated.

Camping Meet on Skye

22nd to 31st May 2015



When the weather is good there is no better place to be than on Skye. I remember days when we stayed on the

Cuillin ridge until after the sun had set because we just didn't want to leave the tops. Then the next day we did the same again...and again... They are sublime mountains, the best this country can offer.

Put your adventure head on and come along!

There is no need to book to stay at Sligachan campsite - you can just turn up, although it would be helpful, if you're thinking of coming along, to let Clare know.

Food and refreshments are available at the Sligachan Hotel.

For more information, phone Clare or Mick Fox

Walter's Water Weekend

3rd - 5th July 2015

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

Coniston Hall Campsite doesn't take reservations - just turn up. If you're arriving late on Friday, though, please ring the owner and let him know. The owner is Brian Wilson and his telephone number is 015394 41223.

Prices: on page 20

It's quite a big site; look out for the Fellfarers' flag which should be flying over our encampment.



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

KFF CLUB EVENTS APRIL - JULY 2015

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

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

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

April

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

Weekend 3rd-6th

High House is booked for Fellfarers. Easter Bank Holiday.

Saturday 11th

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

Thursday 23rd

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

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

Thursday 23rd

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

From 6 pm till dusk. Warton Upper Crag (GR SD 494728). Info: Mike Palk (01524 736548)

Walkers and climbers will meet after sunset at the Woodlands Hotel, Silverdale.

Wednesday 29th

***Midweek Walk** - High Spy, High Scawdel and High Doat. Bus to Honister Pass. 5 miles return. Meet Tuesday night if staying or before 10am Wednesday morning at High House. See page 19.

Walk details may be changed to suit abilities and/or weather. Leader: Mick Fox

Communal meal after the walk. Meal Co-ordinator: Clare Fox

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

May

(Committee meet at the Rifleman's Arms on Tuesday 12th. Social Evening 9 pm onwards)

Weekend 1st-4th

High House is booked for Fellfarers. May Bank holiday

Tuesday 5th

Evening Walk – The Environs of Sizergh. 5 miles

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

Wednesday 20th

Midweek Walk – 'Malham – Janet's Foss – Weet Top'. 6 miles.

Meet 10.30am. Malham car park (GR 900 627). Leader Colin Hunter 01539 730177

Week 22nd-31st

High House is booked for Fellfarers. Whitsun Holiday

Week 22nd- 31st

***Camping Meet** on Skye. Sligachan Campsite. Reservations not needed. See page 19.

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

June

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

Tuesday 9th June

Evening Walk – 'A six mile summer evening stroll encompassing fields and canal.'

Meet 6.30 pm. The Limeburners Pub, Nether Kellet. Leaders Sandra + Tony Atkinson 01524 423776.

Saturday 13th

Weekend Walk - Fairfield via Greenhead Gill and Stone Arthur. Distance: 9km. Ascent:780 m.

Meet 10.45am. Lay-by north of Swan Hotel, Grasmere (GR 338 084)

Bus leaves Kendal Bus Station at 9.35.am. Leader David Birkett 01539 738280

Week 17th -24th

***Continental Camping Meet** in Gran Paradiso National Park, Northwest Italy

More information on page 19.

Wednesday 24th

Midweek Walk – Foxes Pulpit and the River Lune. 7.5 miles. Easy with little ascent.

Meet 10.30 am. Lowgill viaduct on B6257 (GR SD 616 965) Leaders Irene + Graham Ramsbottom 01539 232597

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

July

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

Weekend 3rd-5th

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

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

Weekend 10th-12th

High House is booked for the Summer Quiet Weekend

Tuesday 14th

Evening Walk – 'Walter's Woodland Walk with a Glimpse at Ancient History'. 4-5 miles. Shorts not advised!

Meet 6.30pm. near Witherslack Hall School (GR 437 859). Leader Tony Walshaw 015395 52491

Wednesday 29th

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

Please also let Gordon know in advance if you are coming.

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

Friday 31st

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

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