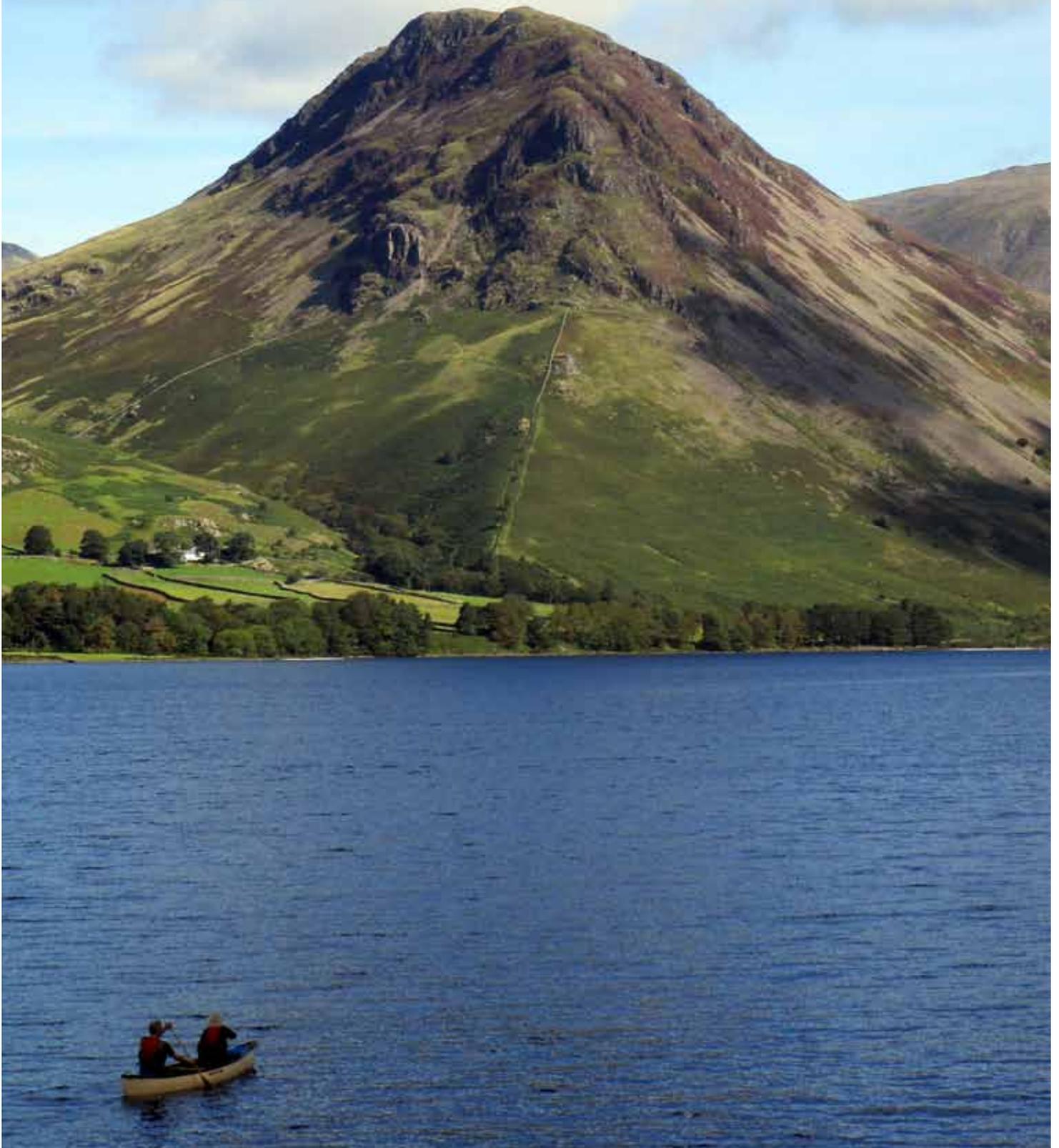


Number 79
October 2015

the Fell Fareer





Editorial

Sadly, the club has lost two of its most loyal long-standing members over the summer: Olga Niepokojczycka and Wilson Doherty. They are both fondly remembered by many older members and we will feel their loss for a long time to come. They are both remembered in this issue.

There are a number of club events missing from this issue; my absence over much of the summer meant that I missed them and indeed had no feedback about how they went. I apologise to the leaders of the various walks and weekend adventures that are not included here. If there are any photographs and memories that anyone wants to share from these events, I will make space for them in the next issue.

On a more positive note, there have been some excellent meets and walks since the last edition and I hope that the following pages do justice to them. Thank you, for your words and pictures, to the contributors Joan Abbott, Tony Maguire, David Birckett, Peter Goff, Hugh Taylor, Clare Fox, and Jan Lancaster.

ED.

Cover Photograph: Rose and Paul East paddling towards Wasdale Head, with Yewbarrow ahead.
Saturday 5th September 2015.

Deadline for the last edition: 1st December 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
(Reciprocal Rights Partnership)
Oread Website www.oread.co.uk

OREAD huts are available to Fellfarers at the following rates:

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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.

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19 St. Johns Drive,
Chaddesden,
Derby.
DE216SD
Tel: 01332 670459
email: derekpike1234@btinternet.com

CLUB OFFICIALS

| | | |
|---------------------------|-------------------------|---|
| PRESIDENT: | Gordon Pitt | Tel: 015395 68210 |
| VICE PRESIDENT: | Roger Atkinson | Tel: 01539732490 |
| TRUSTEES | Vicky Atkinson | Tel: 07971 408378 |
| | Mick Fox | Tel: 01539 727531 |
| | Cheryl Smallwood | Tel: 01629 650164 |
| | Mark Walsh | Tel: 01606 891050 |
| COMMITTEE | | |
| Chairman: | Roger Atkinson | Tel: 01539 732490 198, Burneside Road Kendal LA96EB <i>email: fratkinson@hotmail.co.uk</i> |
| Vice Chairman: | vacant | |
| Secretary: | Alec Reynolds | Tel: 01229 821099 7, Buccleigh Court Barrow in Furness LA141TD <i>email: alecreynolds@btinternet.com</i> |
| Treasurer: | Val Calder | Tel: 01539727109 86, Vicarage Drive Kendal LA95BA <i>email: valcalder@hotmail.co.uk</i> |
| Booking Secretary: | Hugh Taylor | Tel: 01524 762067 Briarcliffe Carr Bank Road Carr Bank Milnthorpe Cumbria LA77LE <i>email: jhugh.taylor@btinternet.com</i> |
| Social Secretary: | Clare Fox | Tel: 01539 727531 50, Gillinggate Kendal LA94JB <i>email: clarefox50@hotmail.com</i> |
| Newsletter Editor: | Mick Fox | Tel: 01539 727531 50, Gillinggate Kendal LA94JB <i>email: michaelfox50@hotmail.com</i> |
| Committee Members: | Peter Goff | Tel: 01524 736990 |
| | Helen Speed | Tel: 01539 733959 |
| | Laura Walsh | Tel: 01539 726235 |
| | Robert Walsh | Tel: 07769 588601 |
| Co-opted Members: | Maja While | Tel: 01748 821834 |
| | Vicky Atkinson | Tel: 07971 408378 |
| Club Archivist: | Fred Underhill | Tel: 01539 727480 |

OTHER INFORMATION

| | |
|---|--|
| Seathwaite Farm (Emergencies only) | Tel: 017687 77394 |
| 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. |

Printed by Digital Impressions: www.digitalimpressions.co.uk

This newsletter is also available on the club website
Some back issues are available on request from the Editor

CLUB NEWS

High House Lease

Negotiations with the National Trust for the renewal of the lease for High House are still progressing. The National Trust's approach has been very encouraging but the negotiating team feels that it has to consider every word of the proposed document very carefully. We are close to agreeing the 'Heads of Terms' (the main points of the lease) before it is passed to the Trust's lawyers. There are still a few points to clarify yet before that happens though. Watch this space.

Ash tree at High House

At the last Working Weekend it was noticed that the old Ash tree just below the fire pit (provider of many childhood swings across the beck over the years - see page 170 of the book *K Fellfarers and High House*) has split across its base. It is in danger of falling down and will almost certainly be condemned when the N.T. look at it. Meanwhile, please be wary when you are in its vicinity and, DEFINITELY, do not throw a rope over a branch to make the kids a swing.



IMPORTANT - FOR EVERY MEMBER:

KEEPING IN TOUCH AFTER THE NEWSLETTER

The next issue, No. 80, will be the last club newsletter in its present form because the Editor is retiring. No-one has volunteered to take his place so the Editor is not properly retiring yet. He has put a proposal to the committee that has been agreed. It is this:

The Editor will continue to ensure that members receive all the club information they require. That information will not be in the current form of a magazine but a simple one or two page newsheet, issued as and when required.

The important difference, though, is that the newsheet will not be printed and posted to members. It will be sent by email. The committee recognises that there are still a few members who do not have internet access and so the following 2 message are for them:

1. *If you do not have email access, please make contact with a club member who has such access and ask him/her to ensure that you get the latest news.*

2. *If you do not have email access and have no-one to supply you with the information you want, and you want to stay in touch with what the club is doing, please write to the committee via the Social Secretary:*

Clare Fox
50, Gillinggate
Kendal
LA94JB

The committee will make sure that you do not lose contact with the club. If you have any concerns about all this, please let us know! So, if you want to stay in touch:

You must let us know before Christmas 2015!

Congratulations to Kati and Garry Sandys on their getting married in August (*left*). Finally she has made an honest man of him! Well done you two and best wishes from all of the club.

More congratulations: Well done Sarah Jennings on completing her team charity run (*below*) to raise funds for the Neuro Drop-In Centre in Lancaster.

<http://neurodropincentre.co.uk>

They have raised well over £300 so far and are still collecting sponsorship. If you want to donate to this worthwhile cause go to:

<https://mydonate.bt.com/fundraisers/neurocare>





'A six mile summer evening stroll encompassing fields and canal.'
An evening walk, Tuesday June 9th, 2015

Present on the walk: Sandra and Tony, Jean and Fred, Roger and Margaret, Val, Irene and Graham, Tony and Sue

A pleasant evening in June, a ramble through meadows and alongside water, dramatic views of Morecambe Bay at sunset and a pint in the an 'olde worlde' workers pub to finish things off. Such was the feast of attractions laid on by Sandra and Tony on this evening Fellfarers walk from Nether Kellet.

There was a good turnout, 11 of us in all, and we set off from the Limeburners Pub car park at just after 6.30. Our route took us along tracks and paths to our first vantage point: a viewpoint in Crawstone Wood where we had our first vista across the Morecambe Bay to the north west. From there we descended to the Lancaster canal and crossed to the west bank near Bolton-le-Sands.

There is always something gently spectacular about the environs of a canal and this stretch, south through Bolton-le-Sands to Hest Bank is no exception. Somehow a stretch of tranquil water can transform an otherwise quite unremarkable landscape: the eye is drawn to features that might otherwise go unnoticed or taken for granted. We were treated to close-up views of magnificent homes, gardens cascading down to the canal, each one a testimony to the care and individual style of their owners. Blossom aplenty adorned the banks which at this time of year were bursting with greenery, whilst on the tow path side we were close-up to inviting pub gardens, lanes leading off to the Bay and narrowboats, cosy inside and colourful out, moored or chugging along at no speed at all. Such is the pace of life on the canal.

We made progress at a fair old speed, though, to our turn-off at Hest Bank where we headed up the road to the A6 and the splendid very old manor house on the junction (17th century). Our

route then took us up the hill, past Ancliffe Hall to the summit view, which, at about 8.30 in the evening provided us with breathtaking views of the sunset west towards the Lakes with the silver sea shimmering at our feet. We still had a couple of miles to tick off as the light faded but this is a time of year when days are long and our walk took full advantage of this. We headed under the motorway and back into Nether Kellet for about 9.30. Everyone decided to sample the liquid fare at the Limeburners Pub, traditional indeed, and the general consensus of opinion was that we had had a ramble in north Lancashire well designed and most enjoyable. Thanks to Tony and Sandra for leading the walk.

Tony Maguire



Fairfield via Greenhead Gill and Stone Arthur

A Weekend Walk, Saturday 13th June 2015

David Birkett

Possibly for the first time no one in the Fellfarers opted for an advertised walk. The competition was massive with the Great North swim, over 30,000 (9,000 competitors) milling between Ambleside and Windermere – this event is just too large for the local infrastructure. Add the 'Continental Camping Meet' and the 'Sam Houghton' charity ride in Staveley and an indifferent weather forecast may have caused the 'no showing'.

Undeterred I entered Greenhead Gill – passing through 'mansion city' set in glorious gardens with impressive rhododendrons and azaleas in full bloom. I had decided to walk in the steps of the Elizabethan miners and entered the steepening gill with waters tumbling down from the lofty verdant slopes of Great Rigg. An early speculative adit was passed on the N. bank before reaching a neat walled structure, the Thirlmere/Manchester aqueduct. A second manmade feature is found higher up – a ideal looking swimming pool some 10' deep – part of the mansions water supply. Unusually other persons were in the gill, 5 students looking for Heron Pike, 'off course' in this instance.

The wild gill broadens leading to the Elizabethan mine, W. T. Shaw in his 'Mining in the Lakes Counties' describes the scene, 'four small veins have been tried by opencast and shallow shafts and a

crosscut adit appears to have been driven towards them lower down the gill. In 1569 Dutchmen erected a stamping mill driven by a water wheel with box buddles to dress the crushed ore. The mine closed in 1573.' (*below left*). Grey Wagtails followed me up the water course – bobbing and ducking ahead, underfoot Butterwort and Sundew flowered trying to entice insects to their sticky surfaces only to be consumed. Tormentil, Heath Speedwell and Hawksbeard completed the floral scene.

The cloud enveloped Great Rigg, rain threatened and a distant rumble of thunder caused cowardice or was it common sense, so I descended steeply into Tongue Gill joining the main path at Rowan's Ground. Twenty five years earlier I had assisted a Grasmere resident to plant trees and reinstate walls on a small intake in memory of his 10 year old son who had died of Leukaemia. Below is an intake for one of the now numerous hydro-electric schemes completed in 2014, the adjacent land has been gifted to the Friends of the Lake District who have planted thousands of trees, a scheme started by myself in 1999 (*below right*).

My thoughts returned to the 'no showing', should we cancel events in the height of the holiday season? Or should we inform the leader if we are coming, perhaps we need a re-think for next year.



Wilson Docherty

1942 - 2015

Wils was born in Belfast, and on leaving school worked as an electrician. In a total career change he joined the RAF, serving with the RAF mountain rescue in Wales. On finishing with that, he came to live in Kendal. When joining Kendal Mountain Rescue he became instrumental in teaching the team at that time stretcher lowering techniques, mostly on Buckbarrow crag in Longsleddale which gave the team an extra string to its bow. This was always followed by a fun evening in the now defunct pub The Plough at Selside.

He became a member of K Fellfarers in the 60s and along with John Walsh, using their expertise in electrics rewired parts of HighHouse. Of course this was done on a voluntary basis, something of a tradition among Fellfarers. Wils was a capable climber and mountaineer, spending time in the French and Italian Alps, the Pyrenees and Wales, Scotland and the Lakes.

Wils certainly had his moments but was very loyal to the Fellfarers and others and his company in the pub was second to none. He will be sorely missed by his friends, as was shown by the turnout at his funeral. RIP Wils.

Peter Goff

Left: Happy days. Wils on the Bowderstone with Krysia and Peter

Gran Paradiso

The 4th Continental Camping Meet

The Italian Alps

17th - 24th June 2015



This year the team consisted of Val and Colin Hunter, Carol and Kevin Smith, Hugh Taylor, Norman Bell and Clare and Mick Fox. We had agreed to meet for one week in Valnontey, a tiny mountain village in the Gran Paradiso National Park, but as always, some of us extended the whole trip to a month or so:

We'd set off on the 2nd June and had travelled slowly across France, never planning more than one day in advance. We'd walked some grand hills in the Jura, and after ten days arrived in Chamonix, where the good weather encouraged us up on the cable car to walk amongst ibex and marmots beneath the rock spires and eternal snows.

A message from Colin told us that they were in the Aosta valley and that Kevin and Carol had, by chance, arrived at the same site. There were still a couple of days before our 'official' meeting but it was now raining on our side of Mont Blanc so we packed up the tent, paid our 43.50 euros and an hour later we popped out of the tunnel into a sunlit Italy. We found our chums on their little campsite and were able to pitch our tent to dry in the sun next to the Smith's big van. The site felt like someone's back garden, full of fragrant lime trees, and our neighbours all turned out to be English and very chatty.

We had a great party that night with the neighbours. Stan and Lily, both geordies, invited us all into their monster of a campervan along with Mary-Jane who was, frankly, bonkers. It was way after midnight when we prised ourselves out of their company, still laughing. Next morning we said goodbye and never saw any of them again.

We chose a walk, all six of us, and caught a bus up into the hills. We couldn't communicate with the driver but a young American girl used her smartphone to work out where we were going and told us when to get off. We were enjoying Italy very much so far.

Pondel is a tiny tumbledown hamlet in the notch of a steep sided valley below the Grivola. Snow and black rock towered high above us but we walked in steep sunlit fields amid walnut groves and banks of wild strawberry. The Roman bridge there (3 BC.) is famous, rightly so. The more we looked the more impossible it seemed that it could have been built at all, never mind standing, perfectly preserved, for over 2,000 years (*top left*). We walked through the remains of terraced vineyards, now taken over by wild flowers and butterflies. Pods of wild peas tempted us to taste them. The track carried on downhill through abandoned gardens and orchards, to the town of Aymavilles, from where a short bus ride took us home.

Colin went for one of his strenuous high-mountain bike rides early next morning while we packed and headed up the valley to Cogne and our rendezvous with Hughie and Norman.

We settled in on our new campsite in Valnontey and surveyed the scene. It was awe-inspiring. Gran Paradiso, the mountain after which the National Park is named, reared up at the end of the valley, its snowfields and glaciers glittering in the sharp sunlight (*second left*). Closer to hand were rock walls, scree slopes and steep forest, all climbing up many thousands of feet from a valley floor no wider than that of Seathwaite. The tiny village seemed to consist mainly of bars and restaurants, all housed in ancient wooden buildings that told of an agricultural past. Just to be on the safe side, the campsite had its own bar too. While Carol and Kevin wandered up the mountainside to look at an ice cave, the rest of us got our ice in cones on the terrace of a little cafe. Some had beer. The valley is so deep-cut that the sun disappeared from our tents at 6 in the evening. The temperature dropped noticeably but the light stayed on the snowy uplands for hours, leaving the very top of Gran Paradiso last of all.

The campsite bar was a delight and we sat in the corner by the fire happily anticipating the delights to come. It felt like we'd made a good choice in coming to this part of the world.

We set off all together at 10.30 the following morning. A rough road led up the valley to a narrow track that climbed up through the trees to a terrace, the Alpe Money, about 2,000 feet above. Sunlight filtered through the trees, lighting up the many colours of the flowers. Above the treeline the view across the valley was spectacular: The huge bulging snouts of the glaciers gleamed green above steep bare rock

and skeins of tumbling water (*third left*). Parts of the path were cable-protected as it threaded through rock outcrops. We reached a high point, sat and ate our lunch, all the while gazing at those icy heights and improbable rock pinnacles. It was enough for our first day and we wandered back to the valley, quite content, for a meal and another excellent evening by the log fire in the bar.

The following day, with a car strategically left at the nearest town Cogne to carry the shopping home later, six of us walked through woods and flower-filled meadows to the village of Lillaz. The village nestles below imposing slabby crags sliced through by a series of magnificent tumultuous waterfalls (*bottom left*). We followed the tourist path alongside and marvelled at the combination of drama and indescribable beauty. Rainbows decorated the mists churned up by the thundering water and we saw perhaps the richest mix of alpine flowers seen so far. There were many others there too: walkers like us, climbers on a friendly-looking bolted slab immediately next to one of the main falls and, in the rushing waters between high intimidating cascades, a party of schoolchildren were being taught to swim. We watched, open-mouthed and wondered if a Risk Assessment had been carried out. Feeling rather overcome by it all, we wandered back along the riverbank to Cogne, with Mont Blanc, pale and ethereal, seemingly hanging in the air many miles away.

On a clear cold morning (duvets and gloves), we set off to walk up to the Rifugio V. Sella. It's probably the most popular day-walk from Valnontey and we had quite a lot of company on the 3,000 foot climb from the valley. It's a good path, for the most part zigzagging at a consistent gradient (presumably for donkeys) and the eight of us kept together reasonably well. Kevin found himself

a small tree-trunk which he thought would make a good walking stick for the day. Tumbling glacier-melt streams tumbled down the rocks around us. The refuge was busy but we found a table and warmed ourselves with coffee before choosing to eat our lunch outside. The sun shone but we stayed wrapped up. We wandered along a path beyond the refuge for some way to take in the sublime views (*top right*).

That night the village celebrated the Feast of San Giovanni with a bonfire and free food and drink for villagers and visitors alike. It would have been rude to say no.

Wanting a quiet day on Sunday after the Feast, Carol and Kevin went to see the Lillaz falls and the rest of us wandered around the alpine botanical garden in the village, followed in the afternoon by climbing on those slabs by the falls. The climbs are all bolted and of an easy grade so

we had lots of relaxed fun in the sun (*second right*).

Someone remarked that this was indeed 'Paradiso'. It got better: Colin brought his guitar to the bar that night and he and Norman took it in turns to entertain us with songs from a wide range of sources (Lonnie Donegan to, er, Norman Bell). We were filled with admiration when Norman told us that one tub-thumping number was one he had written (*words above*).

On Monday Carol and Kevin said goodbye. They were bound for Strasbourg so they had more good times ahead of them. The rest of us returned to Villaz and set off for the Lago di Loie, a stiff climb to a high mountain lake. The views back down the valley to Mont Blanc were glorious. The lake, a tarn by our standards, was beautiful; a glassy turquoise mirror cupped in a fold of the mountain below rock pinnacles. We picnicked amongst vanilla orchids on its shore before beginning the long walk down the back of the mountain (*below right*). We spent



Norman Bell's Walking Song:

CHORUS:

*C'mon let's get high, where the ravens fly,
Wanna walk on the high line, where the land meets the sky.
We can stay all day, you know the hills won't mind.
The pleasure they give, is not the asking kind.*

*I like to lie on the grass, feel the soft wind blow;
Make a bed on the heather, 'til I'm ready to go;
Feel the rocks that are hot, by the water's side;
And the beck's cool flowing, this is just one great ride.*

*Grab your bag and let's go, it'll be alright;
Maybe a shower, we can dry off tonight,
Or stop off in a bar, and quench that special thirst;
If we have another, this time won't be the first.*

*Way out on the scree, you can feel the height;
With air all around, like a hawk in flight;
And on the rocky ledge, like being in mid-air;
The valley below, better not look down there.*

*Up the winding track, in the early light.
You won't see the eagle, but, then again, you just might.
We'll go up in the snow, feel the icy flakes;
Slip-sliding back down, no matter how long it takes.*

our last night together in a friendly little pizzeria which we'd discovered earlier in the week, followed of course by one last beer in our campsite bar.

We waved goodbye to everyone in the morning but for the two of us there was one last night in this beautiful valley. We'd been tenting by this time for 3 weeks so we treated ourselves to a night in a room at the Hotel St. Orso in Cogne. We could still see the snows of Gran Paradiso from our flower-decked balcony and it made a perfect end to the week to see them gleaming in the moonlight late at night.

This is a rather brief, hurried account of our Meet. Watch out for the slideshow!



after Gran Paradiso

An ascent of Mont Charvin in the Aravis Range, Savoie
Saturday 27th June 2015



We were on our way home now and I'd become increasingly peak-hungry over the last few days. We stopped for a few nights by the achingly beautiful Lac D'Annecy and had walked some of the gentler grassy ridges together but on Friday night, over pizza and beer at the beach bar, Clare persuaded me that she would be fine alone on the campsite while I tackled a route on nearby Mont Charvin. It's not an Alpine giant but its 2,400 metre summit looked unassailable above soaring knife-edge ridges and contorted limestone cliffs. We'd driven up 3,000 feet to the Col d'Arpetaz earlier that day (*top left*) and had spent some time trying to work out where an ascent might be possible. We couldn't spot anything. It promised plenty of excitement for an aging fellwalker and I slept badly that night.

Still, after breakfast in the sunshine, a sense of proportion returned and I packed quickly and waved goodbye. A climb in second gear for 45 minutes took me back up to the col and I parked under the jagged south-west ridge at les Bassins. My pulse was racing.

It took another hour of plodding up steep flower-filled meadows to reach the first rocks. The route is known as a via ferrata but is really a climb/walk with intermittent cable protection for the most exposed sections. The weather was less promising than it had been and there were rumblings of thunder coming from distant dark clouds. Did I really want to be attached to a giant lightning conductor if a thunderstorm broke?

I put on my harness and clipped in. Route finding was tricky where there was no cable and the going was very rough. I worked my way into the Golet de la Trouye gully where the scenery was awe-inspiring but the rock was loose and the climbing scrappy. I worked hard (had to beat that storm!) and emerged onto the ridge (*second left*).

I was on terrain that made the senses spin, where one stumble could mean death. I loved it but I was trembling inside. There was just a huge void on each side. Where there was rock there was a cable and I clipped in gratefully but the route was often on vegetation so steep that I was hauling myself up on all fours. I thought I caught a glimpse of someone far above me and it helped my resolve. Rock and vegetation, safety and danger, alternated. I climbed and climbed as mists came rushing up at me, obscuring the ridge at times.

I sensed the summit nearing, the mist clearing, and I found new energy. I stepped confidently over the crest and was confronted by a dozen French ladies picnicking on the tiny flat top! I don't know who was more surprised. I'd had no idea that there was a 'route facile' on the other side of this splendid mountain. They seemed quite appreciative of the route I'd taken (*third left*) but I was still pumped and didn't feel like lingering. Besides my French is terrible. Descent by the way I'd come up is severely discouraged (not that I wanted to go back down it) but there is a third way, also partially cabled, called the Via du Pas de l'Ours.

I stepped gingerly onto the ridge. It was as disconcerting as the ascent, another very delicate knife-edge with huge gulfs on each side. Lower, where the ridge gave way to steep slabs, cables allowed me to lower myself hand-over-hand. I was tiring now and old snow filled the cracks and gullies I was climbing down. Far below Lac du Mont Charvin lay in flowery meadows and I focussed on reaching that level before I allowed myself my late lunch of bread and cheese. It wasn't quite over yet, though, because the lake is high on the mountain and from there I had to continue my descent by the Mene Noir, a long crumbling ledge cutting through monumental limestone precipices, still a long way from safe ground (*bottom left*).

I moved swiftly now (for my age), exhausted but loving the whole mountain day, still running on adrenaline. The sky had cleared; I was going to survive.

I unclipped from the last cable and followed zigzags forever downward through the meadows to the dirt road where I knew the car was still over an hour away. I finished my water and jogged along the track, constantly looking up at the impending rocks towering above me and thinking, "Was I really above all that lot?"

I bought a couple of beers in the supermarche on the way home to celebrate. My peak-hunger was satisfied... for the time being.

Olga Niepokojczycka

1925 - 2015

Olga was born in Derbyshire to parents Ernest and Elsie, from farming and mining backgrounds. She was something of a 'tom-boy' and her main childhood passion was climbing trees. As a teenager she discovered classical music and those two great enthusiasms, adventure in the outdoors and music (classical and folk), stayed with her all her life.

During the Second World War she served in the Air Cadets and then in the Land Army, working on several farms. She went on to work in a dairy after the war and there met her husband Ted. They had two girls, Janet and Krysia, and enjoyed family walks together in the Peak District.

It was Ted's dream to live in the Lake District and in 1962 that dream came true when the family moved to a mobile home in Oxenholme.

Olga never lost her 'tree-climbing' adventurous spirit and throughout her life she embraced challenges on and off the hills. The two photographs below hint at such a life. She loved Scotland and in her 60s twice took part, with Peter and Anne O'Loughlin, in 'The Ultimate Challenge', a 200 mile crossing of Scotland coast-to-coast, on foot and carrying camping gear. She was, of course, a regular at the members' Skye Meet each October.

Olga worked for many years at K Shoes and became manageress of the factory shop there. She became a member of K Fellfarers and served on the club's committee with great dedication for many years. More than that, though, she was constant smiling presence at so many club events. She was always interested in what other club members were doing and her words were never less than encouraging and positive. Her kind and warm personality ensured that she gathered many friends throughout her life. Some of those friends, the McMillen family, she introduced to High House and the Fellfarers and so now, many years on, we have a strong membership in Nottingham and Leicester. At her funeral Dave McMillen said, "I think Olga didn't realise how much people admired and loved her, this kind, gentle lady who never had a bad word for anyone. She will be greatly missed and mourned by a lot of us, young and old. We will treasure our memories of you Olga."

Olga left the following quotation for Janet and Krysia to find after she had gone:

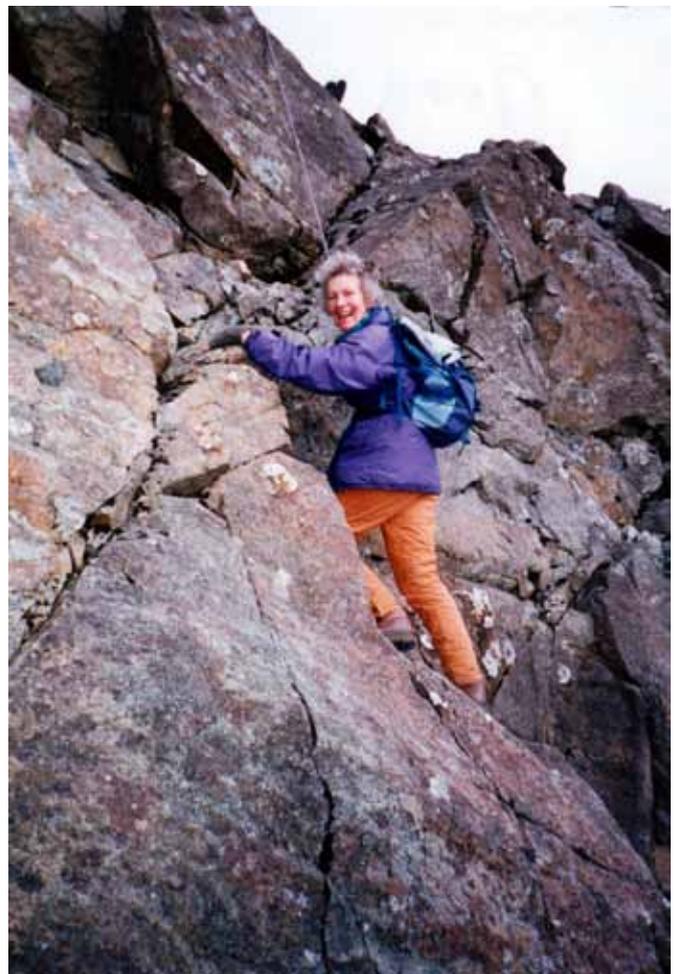
*"Where my caravan has rested
Flowers I leave you on the grass,
All the flowers of love and memory,
You will find them when you pass"*



Above: Olga as we remember her in recent years.

Below left: Olga in 1949 at the age of 24, all set to cycle around France and Italy.

Below right: Nearly 20 years ago: Olga in her 70s, climbing Sgur nan Gillean in the Skye Cuillins



Fox's Pulpit and the River Lune

Midweek Walk No. 62
Wednesday 24th June 2015

David Birkett



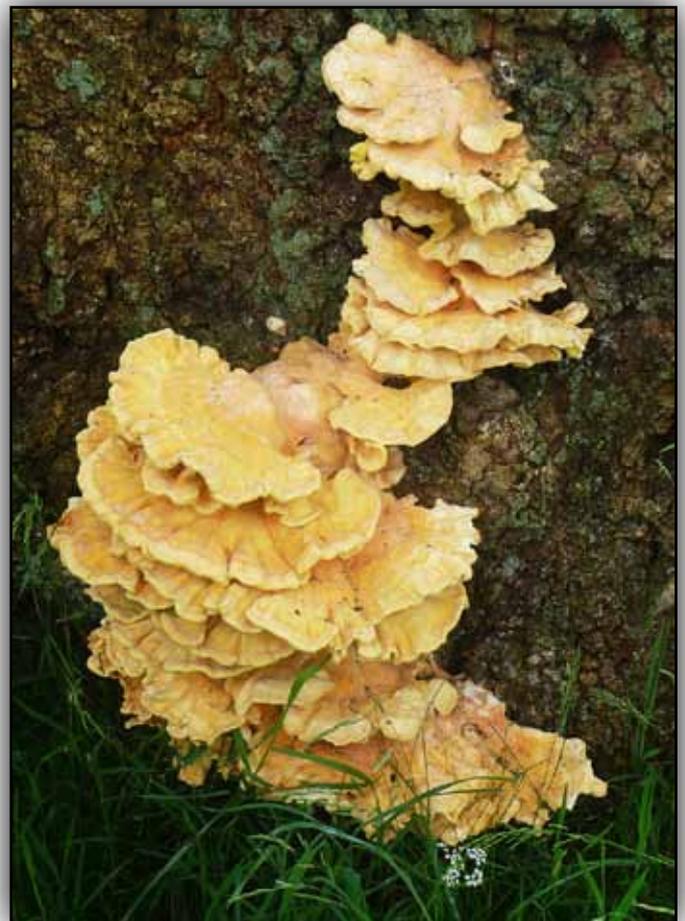
Under the expert and convivial leadership of Irene and Graham seven Felfarers gathered alongside the magnificent and elegant Lowgill viaduct on an overcast and leaden day. The viaduct was part of the Ingleton branch line built in 1861 and closed in 1967. The structure has 14 arches, 45' apart and max. 100' in height. Interestingly Frank used to ride the steam/coke trains to Hellifield in his youth.

We followed the Dales Way for a short distance and gained height through farm fields to join the minor road leading to Fox's Pulpit (*second left*), where George Fox the Quaker pioneer preached to a 1,000 followers in 1652. In the adjoining grave yard, once a church stood, now a solitary grave stone is to be found. The minor road was followed to New Field and we descended towards Hawkrigg wood where we lunched enjoying fine views down the Lune valley, unchanged for centuries.



In the valley at Lincoln's Inn farm, alongside the river, we turned and followed the east bank of the Lune passing underneath the impressive Waterside viaduct (*third left*) and climbing to Bramaskew farm. Throughout the walk herb rich meadows gave interest, a further 3 km brought us to the fine Crook of Lune bridge and a steep road climb to the cars. A most enjoyable ramble was finished at Half Island House where Mark served scones, muffins and copious amounts of tea (*bottom left*). The unusual name derives from the presence of three streams that create a half-island. Tony, Sue, Frank, Val and myself were most appreciative of the outing, though no tips were given.

Below: one for Helen to identify...



The proposed Brathwaite and Buttermere Railway

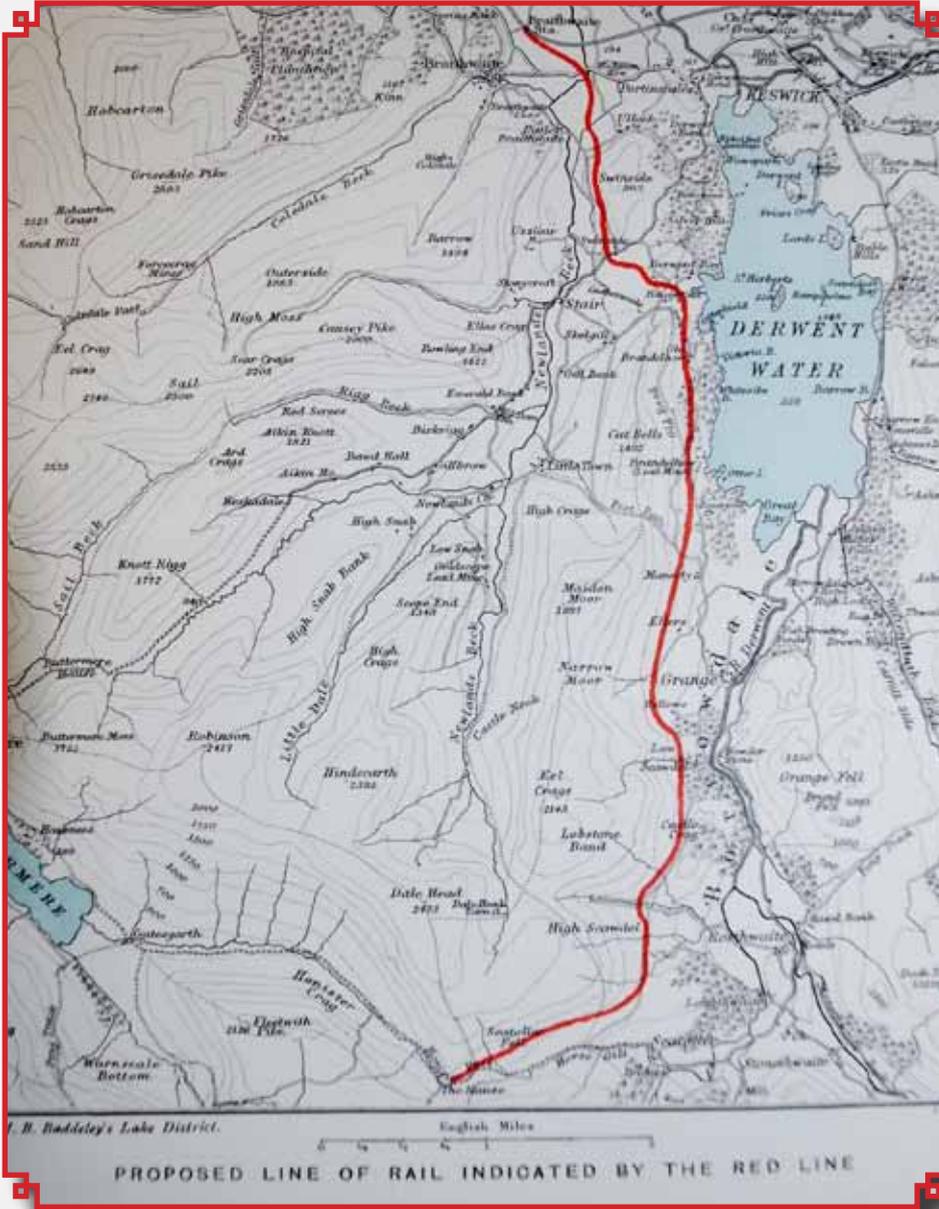
Hugh Taylor

During my research into the history of High House for the 75th commemorative book (still a few copies left!) I came across references to a proposed railway line down Borrowdale. During further recent research I came across references to a map of the proposed route held in the Cumbria Record Office at Carlisle so I thought I'd check it out.

In the early 1880's Honister Quarry was leased from Lord Leconfield, and the new lessees proposed various ways of modernising the quarry. In 1883 work started on the Honister Crag Railway. The plan was to construct a line from the summit of Honister Hause, across the fell side to the foot of Honister Crag and then diagonally up the Crag face to a point almost at the top. It took 13 years to complete this remarkable venture and the Honister Crag Railway operated for about 30 years.

Also in 1883 they put the Braithwaite and Buttermere Railway Bill before Parliament. It proposed building a narrow gauge line from the top of Honister Pass some eight miles down Borrowdale and Newlands to link up with the Keswick and Cockermouth Railway at Braithwaite station, three miles west of Keswick. In justification of this Bill, Ed. Waugh Esq, the MP for Cockermouth, said that it would improve the carriage of slate from the quarry, currently running at nine horse drawn cartloads per week through Borrowdale, ease the inconvenience to the public on the roads, and stop the cruelty on the horses engaged in pulling the carts. He also said that the trains would improve the scenery.

A Derwentwater and Borrowdale Defence League was quickly formed to counter the Bill, and the committee overseeing the fighting fund included H D Rawnsley, then the Vicar of Wray near Ambleside, and later a co-founder of the National Trust in 1895. Also on the committee was Gordon Somervell of Hazelthwaite in Windermere, the son of Robert Miller Somervell, and by that time one of the partners in the Somervell shoe business later renamed K Shoes.



The Derwentwater and Borrowdale Defence League joined forces with the Commons Preservation Society, and together they put forward their counter arguments to those of Ed. Waugh MP above. The route taken by the horse drawn carts was a new route as up to two years ago they were taken via Buttermere to Cockermouth and there was nothing to stop this route being used again. As there were currently daily coaches running a round trip from Keswick over Honister and Newlands and back to Keswick, there was plenty of evidence that the horses were not overloaded. There were also concerns about 'runaway trains' on the steep gradients as had happened recently at Troutbeck. As well as these arguments, there were scores of letters in the local and national newspapers condemning the impact on the scenery.

Eventually the Bill failed in Parliament, and the line was never built. It is interesting to speculate why the railway was named the Braithwaite and Buttermere Railway as it was never planned to go near Buttermere, or was there a longer term plan to continue the line down into Buttermere? It is also interesting to wonder whether we would consider a narrow gauge railway running down Borrowdale a welcome sight now, like Lal Ratty in Eskdale!





WHITBARROW

END TO END

Midweek Walk No. 63

Wednesday 29th July 2015

Gordon Pitt, Margaret and Roger Atkinson, Tom and Sam Weeks, Sue Mitchell and Tony Maguire, Irene and Graham Ramsbottom, Val Calder, David Birkett, Mick Fox.

We'd all arrived, those listed above, but were expecting two more knew they were coming so we hung about, dithered, walked up and down the road looking for the late arrivals. Someone mentioned a wrong grid reference. Was that it? No doubt we'd find out later.

Eventually we set off, looking at the little roadside stall by Raven Lodge but, having no need for postcards or notelets, moved on without buying anything. The limestone crags of White Scar soared above us against the bright blue sky.

Tom and Sam played energetic climbing and chasing games on the broad bedding-plane slabs under the scar while the older folk trudged up alongside. We climbed the narrow track through the trees of Backhouse Wood to emerge at the little clearing which gives such fine views from the southernmost extremity of Whitbarrow's summit plateau. We sat awhile and basked in the sunshine.

Back through the woods, the path wandered on, climbing gently across Farrer's Allotment where a herd of fine-looking cattle appeared to bar our way. Unlike on some of our Fellfarers' walks of late, they were too comfortable to be concerned by our presence and just watched, lazily chewing, as we passed.

Through the delightful wind-sculpted juniper and limestone craglets of the Nature Reserve we wandered and chatted. It's been noted that we've had quite a few walks on this fine ridge in the past few years and *the weather has always been sunny*. Except for the moonlight walk of course, but that was fine weather too.

The summit, Lord's Seat, was stroked by a slight cool breeze so Gordon led us down the Bell Rake path to peer into the old drift mine (iron ore?) where we could sit on the grassy bank for our lunch in the full warmth of the summer sun.

Lunchboxes emptied, we took the short climb back onto the plateau and walked northwards over the Township Allotment, a broad, almost trackless, expanse of limestone pavement with a thin covering of Blue-moor Grass, Bird's-foot Trefoil and Limestone Bedstraw, perfect for wandering at will. We reached the 'Two and a half cairns' (Gordon's name) and began the descent past The High Farm and via a series of green lanes to Crosthwaite where tea and cakes (no prices - donations in an honesty box) awaited us at The Crosthwaite Exchange. Also waiting was Ellie Woodburn, who had turned up for the walk with Margaret Cooper - at Millside "where we always start walks on Whitbarrow". Ellie had enjoyed the sunshine in other ways and was keeping Pam Pitt company until we arrived. The hall was crowded with Crosthwaite folk and entertainment was laid on by the girls from a local dancing school. A rather surreal end to a club walk perhaps but isn't that just typical of Fellfarers?

Thank you for another grand day out Gordon.



Around Sizergh

An Evening Walk Tuesday 11th August 2015



Clare & Mick, Tony & Sue, Graham & Irene, Sandra & Tony, Val, Hugh

We attempted this walk in May but were rained off, so this was our second and successful attempt. Meeting again at the Strickland Arms (second right), Clare led us down Nanny Pie Lane to the river (top - reflections in the river from the gunpowder works footbridge at Wilson Place) and all the way northwards until Hawes Bridge where we turned eastwards and up to Prizet. Crossing the A6, the route led up to Briggs House Farm (below left) where we appeared to walk through someone's back garden, and along to Helsington Church via some frisky cows which enabled Val to demonstrate her nifty wall climbing techniques. Timing was spot on as the sun was just sinking below the Coniston skyline (below right and bottom). Then back to the Strickland Arms via Sizergh castle and a well earned pint (or two).

Thanks to Clare for a well thought out route. Even in an area that we all think we know well, there are always new paths to tread.

Hugh Taylor





Two Scrambles

Dungeon Ghyll and Jack's Rake

Saturday 15th August 2015

The forecast promised fine weather for Saturday but the South Lakes woke to a fine drizzle. Kevin and Mick travelled together with Mike and Cath to the New Dungeon Ghyll carpark in Langdale and, despite the poor start to the day, were surprised to find that Hugh was the only other Fellfarer to turn up. Was the prospect of two Grade 1 scrambles, both given stars for quality in the guidebook, putting members off because they're too easy - or too hard?

Whatever the reason, just four of us booted up and, as the sky cleared, entered the dark ravine of Lower Dungeon Ghyll. Cath set off alone for a less arduous (but no less rewarding) day with her sketchpad.

At the very entrance to the gill we came across a large metal plate fixed to a post, inscribed with a welding rod to the memory of someone's pet dog. Why do people think it's acceptable to litter this wonderful landscape with trite and sentimental 'memorials'?

That was soon forgotten, though, as we concentrated on (1) staying dry and (2) staying alive. Boulder-hopping in the stream bed gave way to awkward route-finding on the steep vegetated walls (*top left*) as we ventured further into the confines of the ravine. Sunlight now streamed through the leafy canopy overhead and dappled the water and the mossy rocks. I last went this way a long time ago in studded fell-running shoes and I was surprised at how clumsy my feet felt now in boots. Or is that more to do with the many years that have passed?

We reached the last safe exit point. The main waterfall, 60 feet or so high, could be seen ahead, the water squeezed between vertical black walls under the boulder bridge above us. We clambered out into hot sunshine.

A little higher up the fellside Mike led us back down to the beck, now tumbling down in a much more open gill, bounded by bracken-covered slopes. We crossed and recrossed the beck as we followed it upwards, scrambling over boulders and admiring the many pretty cascades. We each found our own ways over the little obstructions (*second left*). Great fun. We reached the second impassable waterfall, a superb and elegant drop into a tiny pool just big enough for one person to bathe in. Not today, though; we climbed up the steep left-hand side and were soon on the grassy moorland below Harrison Stickle, striding out to a rendezvous with Cath at Stickle Tarn. I noticed while we lunched a second 'memorial to a much loved pet', complete with cross and little flowers, right on the water's edge (*memo to myself: must return and declutter fellside*).

Lunch over, we said goodbye to Cath again and walked the tarn edge towards Pavey Ark. We watched climbers at work and reminisced about routes we'd climbed there. So when a young chap with long corkscrew hair made a point of catching us and asking if we were 'going for it', I assumed he meant a climb. We eventually worked out that he meant Jack's Rake and he asked if he could join us.

When we began climbing the Rake (*third left*) it became clear that he had never done anything like it before and admitted that he had been steeling himself to do it for a couple of years. A big day for him. He got lots of encouragement from us (*bottom left*) and quite a lot of technical advice from Kevin and, despite his obvious nervousness, was soon standing proudly with us on the summit of Pavey. He turned out to be a professional guitarist with a folk band fronted by Jackie Oates so he and Hughie had much to talk about. Tristram stayed with us as we headed across the wet ground to Sergeant Man (unplanned but it was too early to head down on such a fine day). The descent from there to Stickle Tarn is a superb way down for anyone who has just done Jack's Rake; it gives such clear views of the Rake and its setting. There was still a string of coloured dots climbing that wonderful diagonal.

Down at the Stickle Barn, Tristram tried to buy us all a pint for our guiding services but, being gentlemen and not wanting to damage our amateur status, we bought our own. Jolly good it tasted too. It had been a wonderful day visiting old friends in the landscape.

An inspired idea for a Fellfarers' day out, Mike.

A Walk in Wensleydale

MIDWEEK WALK No. 64

26th August 2015

Clare Fox

Sue and Tony, Colin and Val, Clare and Frank.

The clouds dispersed and the sun shone through a brightening sky as 6 Fellfarers met in Carperby, just beyond the village green, for the August midweek walk. After the obligatory team photo (*top right*) and a quick goodbye to Dorothy we set off, waterproof trousers safely tucked away in our rucksacs, weather forecast predicted showers.

We headed for Castle Bolton walking through the delightful village of Carperby admiring the lovely chocolate box cottages and beautiful gardens we passed. After a short while, however, we left the road and entered a rather mucky farmyard, walking very carefully in order to avoid the muddy puddles and cow pats, as you do in these situations. We then reached a footpath heading to Castle Bolton. Shortly we could soon see the castle in the distance. We passed through a series of stiles on our way including a very elaborate wrought iron stile (*second right*), not sure who would have put that there but we all admired it.

We then walked on passing a very different farmyard, a real story book farm complete with a dovecote, peahens, pigs, donkeys, sheep and horses all looking very contented and well cared for. The view of the castle became more dramatic as the ancient building rose before us in all its glory (*third right*). It was built in the fourteenth century and is a fine example of a quadrangular castle, and although it was damaged in the English Civil war much of it remains. Mary, Queen of Scots, was moved to the castle by Elizabeth in July 1568 and stayed there until the following January when she was taken to Tutbury Castle in Staffordshire.

On arrival at Castle Bolton disaster struck and poor Val came a cropper and experienced a very nasty fall hurting both her hands and her knees rather badly. After her wounds were cleansed and bandaged up and she was fortified with a hot chocolate, which helped bring the colour back to her cheeks, it was agreed that she should return to the car with Colin.

So then there was four.....We set off on the higher path and waved goodbye to Val and Colin as made their way back down to the car. Our path soon flattened out to become a veritable green carpet (in Tony's words!) and as the visibility was good we were rewarded with some lovely views of Penn Hill across the valley.

A sheltered spot out of the wind was chosen for lunch and the odd drop or two of rain cleared up to give a dry and bright afternoon. After lunch Frank decided he would go on and complete the walk as he had a few hours to kill before Dorothy returned for him. However, as the rest of us had shared a lift with Colin and Val, and had agreed to meet up with them at around 2.30pm we had to cut the walk short. We duly said goodbye to Frank as he set off on the higher path and we descended onto the lower path back to Carperby.

So then there were three.....We continued on our way enjoying the lovely Yorkshire Dales and the glorious views of the surrounding hills. We then had a bit of a scramble down a limestone outcrop to make our way towards the gate leading into a field of cows. It was quite amusing to watch the cows playing 'follow the leader' up a small mound in the field, and at one stage there must have been at least six cows all perched on top (*bottom right*). When they saw us they decided to leave their playing and followed us into the farmyard and cowshed. We felt it was a bit early for milking but what do we know, the cows seemed to think differently.

Back out onto the road, we found ourselves soon back in Carperby. Colin and Val were sitting on a bench enjoying the afternoon sun having just finished their lunch. And then there were five! We were delighted to see that Val was now fully recovered (*inset*) so to celebrate we stopped in Bainbridge for a delicious local ice cream. We agreed that we enjoyed the walk so much it should be repeated in its entirety and included in 2016's social calendar.

So thanks to Sue and Tony for a great walk and I am already looking forward to doing the full walk next year.





Hostel Meet

Wasdale Hall Youth Hostel

4th - 6th September 2015

I had been a lover of science fiction and fantasy as a young boy and when I became a student I spent rather more of my grant than I should have done on these tales of other worlds. One of my favourites, re-read many times since I purchased it for 4 shillings, is set on the planet Mercury but opens with the following words: "There was a man named Lessingham dwelt in an old low house in Wasdale, set in a gray old garden where yew-trees flourished that had seen Vikings in Copeland in their seedling time....Thick woods were on every side without the garden, with a gap north-eastward opening on the desolate lake and the great fells beyond it: Gable rearing his crag-bound head against the sky from behind the straight clean outline of the Screens." It was several years later, when I discovered the wonders of the real world of Lakeland that I remembered that opening chapter and compared the words with my brand new 1" OS map of the Lakes. So I discovered that E. R. Eddison's 'old low house' was a real building and was now a youth hostel. It became a minor ambition to stay there one day.

And so when we all met up at Wasdale Hall (*top left*), in blazing sunshine on the Friday evening, I brought that 40+ year old paperback '*The Worm Ouroboros*' for another reading. There was much excited chatter amongst us all as meals were prepared in the little communal kitchen, lots of plans for the weekend.

On Saturday we devolved into paddlers and rambles: Sheila and Lynne were to walk from Wasdale Head to Burnmoor Tarn, on the old Corpse Road. It was new territory for them and so I told them to look out for the Ghost of Burnmoor. Unfortunately I couldn't remember the story so it just remained as a vague threat (story below).

The Ghost of Burnmoor

The track linking Wasdale Head and Boot in Eskdale, running along the side of Boat Howe, is a corpse road, in use until as late as 1901.

Legend has it that a packhorse carrying the body of a young man, Thomas Porter of Wasdale, took fright, and bolted (with the coffin still strapped to its back) into the mist over Boat Howe and couldn't be found.

His mother was told of this and suffered a heart attack. A few days later she died. She, too, was carried in her coffin by horseback over Burnmoor. Her horse bolted at exactly the same place.

The moor was searched again and the son's horse and coffin were eventually discovered but the mother's corpse was never found.

In times of storm and mist, the sound of hoofbeats can sometimes be heard and some have claimed to have seen a distant shadowy horse, with a dark, box-like burden, galloping over the moor.

The lawns of the old house roll down to the lake shore, making it an ideal base for canoeists. Tina had brought her magnificent inflatable canoe (*second left*) and spent the day paddling the placid waters of the lake, end to end. Rose and Paul also spent their day on the water (front cover and see also KFF Facebook).

Meanwhile, Irene and Graham, Kevin, Clare and I set off to walk along the base of the Screens. The classic view of Wasdale Head opened up at the lake foot, a perfectly symmetrical Great Gable against a blue sky peppered with little fair-weather cumulus (*bottom left*). Graham said, "That's not a view, its a logo". The hostel looked exquisite in its setting on the far side as we progressed slowly along what is probably the roughest lakeside path in the country (*bottom left*). The views gave us lots of excuses to stop 'for just one more photo'. Rose and Paul paddled past close enough for us to chat but they declined to carry our rucksacks to the lake head for us. Morning had passed before we reached the end of the low-level part of our day and we were pleased to find some stones where we could sit and eat our sandwiches in the sunshine.

Refreshed and relaxed, we resumed our scramble out onto the level fields of Wasdale Head Hall farm, where we met Sheila and Lynne descending from Burnmoor (*top right*). They reported no ghostly horses sighted. We waved goodbye to them and began to climb the gentle, rather featureless, grass slopes of Illgill Head. There was some disagreement about which of the two large cairns marked the summit. The OS map shows a significant difference in height but the northern (lower) cairn looked distinctly higher on that day.

We traversed the long easy mile to Whin Rigg, ignoring the main path and keeping to the thin trod which follows the cliff edge, enjoying, in Wainwright's words, "scenery that not even Scafell or Gable or Pillar can match". No argument there. Kevin kept disappearing as he scampered up and down the little rock promontories looking for perfect views down the precipice. I don't think he was disappointed. We spent some time wondering where the climb *Nowt but a Fleein' Thing* (E8, 6c), famously climbed by David Birkett (no, not ours - the other one), went. We didn't explore too much; we remembered more words from Wainwright: "The chances of survival of a simple-minded walker in these fearful chasms are nil." So we stayed on the sunlit grassy ridge, all strolling at a gentle pace to the summit of Whin Rigg.

Kevin and I had a couple of tops to visit. They were of no interest to the others so we separated, Clare and the Ramsbottoms to descend by Greathall Gill to the hostel directly below while the two of us walked on to the grassy bump that is Irton Fell. From there the map shows it is only a short distance to the second top, Great Bank, but clear-felling of the land by the Forestry Commission had turned part of it into an assault course. We clambered over mounds of brashings and rotting wood, trying to avoid the deep tyre-tracks full of muddy water, all the time focussing on reaching the green summit dome ahead. When we reached that and began climbing through the deep tussocks and boulder-strewn bracken, Kevin remarked that, on balance, he preferred the felled forest. Never mind, we gained our top and, with our two new 'Birketts' in the bag, returned to the top of Greathall Gill and stumbled on tired legs back down to the hostel to rejoin the band of Fellfarers. We'd all had a brilliant day and there was a lot of happy chatter as we sat down together to a meal from the hostels excellent menu. We were treated later to a wonderful display as the setting sun lit up the Screes across the water (*second right*).

Sunday morning - sunny again! We posed for a team photo, not quite all of us (*third right*) and set off on our various adventures for the day. Kevin and I did a quick ascent of Lord's Rake and the West Wall Traverse to find that we had the summit of Scafell all to ourselves. From the top of Symond's Knott (*bottom right*) we could see that Scafell Pike was already teeming with people (including, we found out later, one chap who ascended it barefoot). As we prepared to leave, a couple joined us and called out, "214!". It was their last Wainwright. We gave them a round of applause (not very effective when there's only two of you clapping) and left them to enjoy their champagne. We came down the Green How route and realised that yesterday's experience on Great Bank was not so bad after all.

Down at the Wastwater Hotel by lunchtime, we met Sheila and Lynne again, happy after their wander up towards Sty Head, and then Tina, Clare, Irene and Graham, all of whom had spent the morning in canoes on Wastwater. Rose and Paul had gone onto The Screes to round off their weekend. We had a fine pub lunch and then mooched around the church and graveyard, spotting dead famous climbers there, before the Fords departed for home. The weekend was not quite over for some of us; Clare and I joined the Ramsbottoms in their caravan at Nether Wasdale and on Monday we enjoyed another sunny day traversing Muncaster Fell after a ride on La'al Ratty.

What a great weekend it had been! A perfect location in perfect weather, all with the best of company. Let's do it again!

Postscript: Readers of the book "K Fellfarers and High House" will remember that there is a chapter on John Musgrave, the man who wanted to build a road over Sty Head. Wasdale Hall was his summer holiday home.





Sunny Swaledale

Sunday 13th September 2015

Jan Lancaster

Pam and Mike Heseltine, Mark, Claire and Jess Walsh (and Teagan the dog), Jan and Colette Lancaster

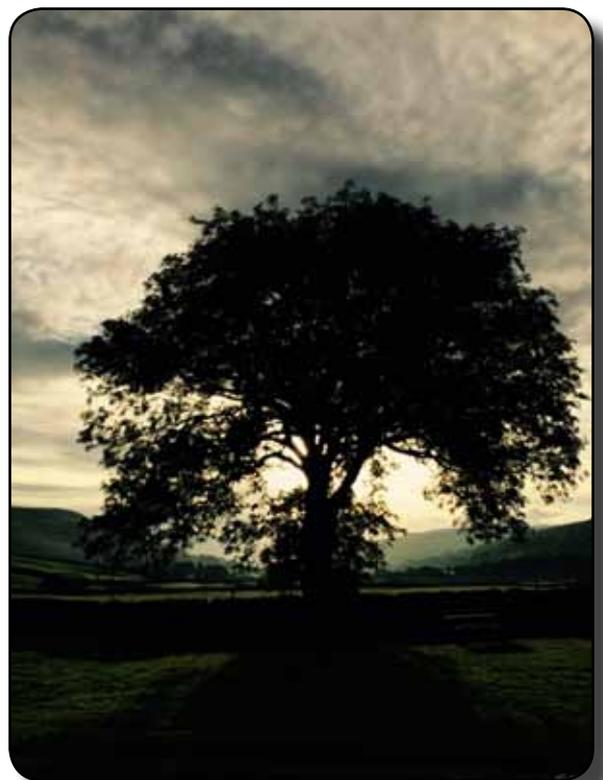
If the drive to Reeth village was anything to go by, this walk was going to be a beauty. As we approached from the west, the sun was highlighting the morning mist and sparkling on the last of the dew. We started from the market square where a Morgan rally was in full flow; we were a little puzzled to see so many cars all with a registration ending in 'MOG'. The village bakery drew us in before we set off up a delightful green lane, past the village school and headed west to Reeth Low Moor.

A vista opened in front of us with long views up the dale (*top left*), where neat hay barns made a tranquil picture. Unusually for the Dales, one of the first hay barns we passed had a thatched roof. We walked along the flanks of Calver Hill and Cringley Hill with a contrasting pastoral scene in the valley and peaty moorland (and even a pair of grouse) on the higher ground.

Once past Cringley Hill the path dropped down to a beck in a valley with steep steps on the opposite side. Ahead we could see an unfenced track with cyclists and cars. Pam and Mike had a surprise for us though and having descended, we turned south to follow the tumbling beck along a grassy valley to a perfect lunch spot (*second left*) at the confluence of two becks, both of which were racing along with distinctly peaty water following the rains.

After lunch we followed the larger Barney Beck, taking a path that initially ran through shoulder high bracken and then alongside a wall, with a dramatically steep drop to our right. This path led us into parkland of the beautifully situated Thiernswood Hall and along a tree-lined lane (*third left*) until we reached Healaugh village. We crossed a field and admired the wide and beautiful River Swale (*bottom left*). The water was high and fast flowing; too high to risk crossing the stepping-stones, several of which were under water. Instead we followed the northern bank of the river for the last mile to Reeth.

Back in the village we enjoyed cups of tea and scones and found out from a couple in a Morgan that many of the cars have number plates ending in MOG adding £1000 to the value of the car. It had been a beautiful day – and many thanks to Pam and Mike for 'a grand day out' in Swaledale.



SOCIAL SUB-COMMITTEE NEWS

We hope you are all enjoying our Indian summer after the rather poor summer weather we have just experienced. Now we hope for a good autumn with lots of sun and lots of colour. If you are stuck with ideas of what to do and where to go why not check out the social programme. We hope you will find something to suit you there.

Our slide shows start up again in October and always prove a popular way to meet up with other Fellfarers. Please note that the October slide show, 'More from a Woman of Dubious Morels' advertised in the last Fellfarer, has been moved to November. We will instead be kicking off our series of slide shows with a trip to the Gran Paradiso instead, it should be a great evening. Another change is to the October Midweek walk. Mike Walford is unable to lead his planned Howgill walk after recent medical problems. Get well soon Mike. The editor has stood in with a walk from Coniston. Details on page 20.

We hope to have a variety of walks for you to enjoy and this will of course include the popular Christmas walk followed by lunch. We also plan to have a social evening at the Riflemans Pub in December with mince pies for all and maybe a carol or two.

Our Annual General Meeting at the end of January will be held in the Duke of Cumberland pub for the first time for many a year so it may be a bit of a nostalgic evening for some of the members. We hope to hold a photographic competition after the meeting (details below).

With best wishes from the social sub-committee
Clare, Mike, Joan and Laura

PHOTOGRAPHS WANTED!

The Editor is once more looking for digital photographs to include in his 'Review of the Year' slideshow. We know that between us we have had many great experiences in 2015. We do every year!



If you have some photographs that you would like to share with other members, please send them as soon as possible to the Editor (if you send them by email, please make sure that they are at full resolution).

They do not have to be taken at club events. It's always especially interesting to see what everyone has done when they are not with the club.

If you can't make it to the slideshow, don't worry. Just let the Ed know when and where the pictures were taken, along with any other notes of interest.

Glencoe Chalet Meet

January 8-10th 2016

There is just one 5-bed chalet booked for the Fellfarers at the Clachaig Inn this year. The cost is £40 per person for two nights. If there is a lot of interest we can book more chalets and in the past some members have extended their stay.

Do you like the idea of climbing

Glencoe's beautiful mountains in winter with the luxury of warm comfortable accommodation next to the pub?

If so, contact Hugh Taylor asap to book your place.



Photographic Competition to be held after the AGM

Friday 29th January 2016

Advance Notice:

There will be prizes given for the best entries in three categories:

1. Fellfarers' events
2. Humorous
3. Open

Full details will appear in the next issue of the Fellfarer.



The KFF Scottish Hotel Meet Oban, March 2016

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

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

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

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



KFF CLUB EVENTS October 2015 - January 2016

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

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

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

October

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

Sunday 4th

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

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

Tuesday 13th

Slide Show - 'Gran Paradiso' by Hugh Taylor and Norman Bell

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

Wednesday 21st

Midweek Walk - 'Torver Back Common'. Lakeside + footpath. 6 miles. Ascent negligible.

Meet 10.30 am. The Information Centre, Main carpark, Coniston (GR 303 975). Leader Mick Fox.

Week 23rd - 29th

High House is booked for Fellfarers for half-term.

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

November

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

Weekend 6th - 8th

High House is booked for Fellfarers for 'Armistice Weekend'.

A choice of Remembrance Day ceremonies at 11 am. on Great Gable or Castle Crag.

Tuesday 10th

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

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

Sunday 15th

Weekend Walk - 'The Ups and Downs of the Dunnerdale Fells'. A lower level mountain walk, some rough ground. 12 km. 650m ascent. 6 hours. Meet 10 am. Reading Rooms carpark, Broughton Mills (GR 222 906), 50m. north of the Blacksmith's Arms. Leader Kevin Ford 01539 743293

Wednesday 25th

Midweek Walk - 'Alcock Tarn from Grasmere via Town End'. Approx 4 miles with 900 ft. ascent.

Meet 10.50 am. Broadgate carpark, Grasmere (GR 338 077) (555 bus leaves Kendal 9.40 am)

Leaders Graham and Irene Ramsbottom 01539 725808

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

December

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

Wednesday 2nd

***Midweek Walk and Christmas Lunch** - 'An easy stroll to the top of Lily Fell'.

Meet 10 am. at Wilf's cafe, Staveley. Lunch about 1 pm. at the Eagle and Child. Leader Clare Fox

Friday 11th

Torchlight Walk on Loughrigg Terrace (and beyond if conditions are good).

Meet 7pm. Road to Rydal Mount (GR 365 062). Finish at The Badger Bar. Leader Mick Fox.

Friday 18th

Social Evening at The Rifleman's Arms, Kendal.

Meet 7.30 pm onwards for a pre-Christmas get together. Mince pies provided!

Week 23rd - 31st

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

Thursday 31st

The KFF Annual All Terrain Toboggan Trials at High House.

Start approx. 11 am. Guests welcome

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

January 2016

(Committee meet at the Rifleman's Arms on Tuesday 5th. Social Evening 9 pm onwards)

Weekend 1st - 4th

High House is booked for Fellfarers (continued from Christmas 2015)

Weekend 8th - 10th

***Glencoe Winter Meet** - Clachaig chalets. Booking essential. See page 19.

Saturday 9th

Charlie's Walk. Kendal to Cunswick Scar via Serpentine Woods, followed by lunch at The Union Jack.

Meet 10.30 am. Outside The Rifleman's Arms. Leader Val Calder

Weekend 15th -17th

Winter Quiet Weekend at High House.

Saturday's walk will be planned over a bar meal on Friday night at the Scafell Hotel. Bring your ideas along.

Wednesday 21st

Midweek Walk - The Quarries of Tilberthwaite. 5 miles, including lunch at the Three Shires pub.

Meet 10.45. Low Tilberthwaite carpark (GR 306 010) Leader Hugh Taylor

Tuesday 26th

***Slide Show** - 'Review of the Fellfarers' Year 2015'. See page 19.

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

Friday 29th

***Annual General Meeting and Photographic Competition**

Meet 7.30pm. Duke of Cumberland pub, Shap Road, Kendal. Sandwiches provided

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