



SEVEN GO TO SEATHWAITE

It's an undulating drive to Seathwaite!

Louise and I decided not to take the van as we thought the flak from real campers would be too much to bear, so, car loaded, off we set.

On arrival at Turner Hall Farm Campsite we were greeted by the site of Mark already setting up his tent. That makes three!

Chris arrived shortly after and then Mandy turned up, having walked over from Coniston, via the Walna Scar road (and Copper Mines Valley!), to try out her kit for a forthcoming trip on the West Highland Way. Well done young lady, a right good effort in very hot conditions.

David and Heather turned up just as the A team drinking club were off to the pub so they had to catch us up. That makes seven!

Owls hooting, cuckoos calling and a woodpecker pecking wood made for an interesting night and we all awoke to a beautiful sunny morn. Quick breakfast all round and off on the first walk. This was a combined route from David and Malcolm, taking in Harter Fell and Green Crag, with David and Heather planning to shoot off to cover some outlying Birketts and to meet up on Green Crag later.

The walk went up Dunnerdale to Fickle Crag and on to Grassguards and then via forestry paths to the foot of Harter Fell. David and Heather left us here to bag their Birketts and we assaulted Harter Fell via the East face. I think everyone agreed that this was bloody steep, but at least it wasn't undulating.

From Harter we crossed the saddle to Green Crag, luckily not too boggy, thanks to the dry weather. We had lunch in a little sun trap and then climbed Green Crag to await David and Heather. It seemed like ages before they finally arrived. Must have been going slowly (you know what these A+ walkers are like!)

Anyway, they had bagged enough of the outlying fells and so the full team set off downhill, across the newly deforested slopes back to Grassguards, where we contoured off right towards Wallowbarrow. Down the zig-zag path, over the narrow arched bridge and into the New Fields Inn for a well-earned pint.

Educational note/blarney. David reckons that whether it's a Zig or a Zag depends on whether you are right or left-handed. Must have confused the German U-Boat commanders!

Back to the campsite for a shower, cup of tea, listen to a bit of the test match and it was soon time for that A team activity, drinking. Another pub meal and a couple of pints, how we suffer for our sport! Heather got some well-intentioned morale boosting for her charity abseil on the following day and David decided it was time to go before we demoralized her completely.

One of the team went back to his tent for some secret drinking but most of us just collapsed into the sleeping bags to listen to owls/cuckoos/wood-peckers as per the previous night. Unlike previous visits I did not hear foxes yapping but it may have been that I was too fast asleep.

Having knackered ourselves completely on Saturday we shortened our Sunday walk to a circuit of Seathwaite Tarn, via the Walna Scar road. We packed all the tents up and vacated the pitches, leaving the cars nicely out of the way in case a horde descended on the site in our absence and set off across the fields to pick up the Walna Scar road and then the service track to the dam on Seathwaite Tarn.

It was a lovely little ramble around the tarn, truly undulating.

We also learned a lot about the dam and its role in supplying Barrow with water as Mark is ex N.W. Water and has worked on most, if not all of the water supply infrastructure in the North West.

We made a slight detour on the way back to the campsite to investigate the small monument which graces a craggy hill just north of the campsite. Malcolm claimed to have visited it about three years ago but couldn't remember anything about it so there was some doubt as to whether he had actually been or just dreamed it.

From there we returned to the campsite, jumped in the cars and shot off. I am pleased to report that Mandy was spared a return trip on foot to Coniston as Mark gave her a lift.

That's all there is to tell really. Good campsite, cracking company, brilliant weather, two good walks and in an area that the club cannot easily reach.

We surely have to do it again. Bet you'd like to come.

Malcolm.