

## CHIPPING SKYLINE 5 TRIGS 19TH JUNE 2012



I had looked at the idea of doing some sort of bike run combination around Chipping since I had used my bike to get from Waddington Fell to Longridge Fell on my Bowland Marilyn's route in August 2010. The crossing of all the lowland farmland in the Loud valley was easily solved by biking it.

Just the logistics of locking the bike and what to carry/wear to sort out. On Sunday morning sat on Parlick I looked at the route and figured it out. The trig at Spire (SD 680 466) above Cow Ark was a good place to start with the bike and I knew I could park it opposite Bradley Hall (SD 652 417) at the base of Longridge Fell. Then I could cycle all the way to the summit of Beacon Fell. At Fell Foot I had found a way of threading a cable lock through part of the dry stone wall behind the old barn. So at 4.35 pm I left Crimpton (SD 681 471) on the bike and a very steep start but short journey to the trig at Spire.



Spire Trig, Cow Ark.

Then along the roads and the undulations to Bradley Hall. I parked behind the hedge and was lucky to avoid the tank trap hawthorn cutting that impaled the side of my shoe. Then up the fell I decided to go direct for the trig. The bracken was pigmy standard but above that the old woody heather was in need of a good burn.



Spire Hill Trig, Longridge Fell

At the summit the whole route was visible in the afternoon sunshine of a day that at last felt like a midsummers evening.

It was an awkward descent and I managed one fall before I was back on my bike and off to Beacon Fell. After the initial downhill it seemed a long grind up to the aptly named Height Lane and then via Back lane to Beacon Fell.



Beacon Fell Trig

The trig point was deserted and this was a situation that would persist throughout the evening and give me an idea

for later on. Fells swept clean by the England Ukraine football match!

Off the summit I descended via Rigg Lane and then after Blacksticks via the Glider Station to Fell Foot.

There were few about as I stashed the bike behind the ruined barn and had a pot of rice pudding and flapjack before the final running leg along the tops.

I took the low steady western traverse of Parlick and arrived at a deserted Paddy's Pole. The Lakes crenelated skyline marched westwards above Morecambe Bay.

Northwards Gragareth, Whernside, Great Knoutberry and Ingleborough huddled under a blue tided horizon.



Fairsnape Trig

After a few photos I set off on the long trudge to Totridge.

I know it won't be dry so make the best out of the first section to the top of Saddle Fell. Once on the bog cratered fence line I try and loop out northwards on paths that seem to skirt the bogs, but they are intermittent, consumed by the morasses that stretch their grasping tendrils into the moor.

It seems to take forever to reach Burnslack corner and I pause here to reflect on where Bill Smith was found. There peaty pool still bears witness to the tragic event and I say a few words to a gentleman of the hills.

I keep on the south side to the fence corner and the path much better here. Once across the plant free prairie of peat I pick up a better path that weaves through the warp of peaty gullies running north to the Langden valley. The pond approaching the walled section before Totridge is a subdued puddle of its winter self and once alongside the

wall underfoot is much drier. I finally see the timid trig amidst the peat hags ahead. The fifth and final trig but not the end.



Totridge Trig

As I have woven my journey through the peat Ian Roberts's idea of using national events to conduct a trespass has come to mind. It will be the start of the second half now and no one will be bothered watching a plummeting trespasser run down their drive. Besides the 'Private' signs can't be read for this side. So I plunge down a lovely grassy slope to Whitmore(SD ) I had once watched the Queen and her cavalcade drive up here from Tunstall Ing but today they are letting riff raff in! Over the gate across the field and I am running down the drive and past the signs deterring travellers coming north. I am soon at the hen huts and cutting across to the Little Bowland road. As I run down through buttercup jewelled fields I scatter a couple of hares and arrive at a deserted New Laund farm. Then a grassy descent to the stepping stones over a tree mirrored Hodder.



The Hodder at Whitewell

I ascend the road here as I am hungry and can't be bothered with the faff of anonymous paths through the fields. But as I ascend past Hell Hole I go too far right and am meandering through a bovine mired field of sedge.

The architects of the mire even come over to greet me and a few strong words deter them from getting too close. Finally I climb the stile and meet the wind felled devastation of the wood. I gradually pick my way through and emerge into crepuscular fields. Sun tonsured tops march off above the shadowed Dunsop Valley. The sun descending over Whins Brow illuminates two deer that undulate over the fence. At last I reach the road and as I consume a sandwich and drink I listen to the dying embers of the match that marks the end of a memorable evening out threading a sun jewelled necklace of trig points in Bowland.



Buttercup meadows at New Laund



Sunset over Totridge