

# the Fellfarer

January 2011

Number 60





# Editorial

Happy New Year everyone,

Issue number 60 - a milestone of sorts and representing 15 years of producing the newsletter (I'm always quite pleased to hear some members refer to it as 'The Magazine'. A bit more upmarket eh?).

I like to think that The Fellfarer has become a key part of the Club's existence (as has the website) and it is interesting to see how willingly some members now submit contributions. Sometimes the problem is fitting it all in.

In the past I have increased the number of pages when the quantity of material has warranted it but now that the Social Calendar is produced by the Sub-committee as a supplement I have agreed to restrict the pages to 20.

Sometimes that means severely editing or even omitting material I'm given. This is one of those occasions.

I apologise, therefore, that there are no words to record the last Working Weekend (*stop press: see page 17 for Joan Abbott's pics*) and the two slideshows (The Far East and a combined Newtonmore/South Wales) in October and November.

The account of the Shinscrapers' adventures at El Chorro in Southern Spain has had to be cut short (to be continued), several accounts held over for the next issue and I have had to omit, reluctantly, David Birkett's account of his wanderings alone on Woodland Fell after missing the Mid-week Walk there.

I'm sorry for all of the omissions. There's too much going on in the Club and I can't keep up - but then that is a problem I'm happy to have!

**ED.**

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Cover picture:

*Hugh Taylor in Bulgaria. September 2010*

Contents Picture:

*Peter Goff - the makeover. 12th November 2010*



## Club News

The Club is sad to report the loss of its last remaining founder member: **Walter Dennison** passed away on the 17th September 2010. Walter was an enthusiastic climber and walker and a great influence on younger members in the early years of K Fellfarers. He made a significant contribution to the Club's newly published history with his memories and photographs. His old friend Myers Ferguson pays tribute to him on page 6.

The long-awaited book '**K Fellfarers and High House**' has now been published. The launch went well at Kendal Golf Club where a packed room heard the Editor give a short talk on the writing of the 248 page book before copies were released for sale. Sales are going well and at the time of writing over 165 copies of the 250 printed have been sold. If any members want a copy for themselves or for others, at a price of £25, they can contact any member of the Book Team: Roger Atkinson, Hugh Taylor, Fred Underhill, Kevin Ford or Mick Fox (all contact details on back page).

Two current **Committee members will be retiring at the AGM** on Friday 28th January 2011. They are Peter Goff, the Social Secretary, and Krysia Niepokojczycka. Tony Walshaw is currently a co-opted member who will be happy to fill one of the vacant places left by their departure if no-one else comes forward. All officers' and members' posts are available for re-election each year of course but these retirements mean that 1 or 2 posts need to be filled to maintain existing numbers.

Please nominate your preferred candidates to fill their places or, if you would like to serve, let the Committee know that you wish to be nominated. The Committee would welcome **younger members** to its ranks.

*"In the realm of ideas everything depends on enthusiasm; in the real world all rests on perseverance."* Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

The current system of working by Sub-committees (Social, Club Management and Hut Management) is expected to continue for the next year at least. Members of these Sub-committees do not have to be Committee members. Any Club member can join without too much commitment of time. If you are interested in helping to plan future social events, decide how the Club should be run, or plan improvements at High House, contact the Chairman for more information before the AGM on the 28th January.

The **Fellfarers Review of the Year 2010** will take place on **Tuesday January 18th 2011**. If you have **photographs** (any format - even snapshots can be scanned in) taken in that year that you would like to share please let the Editor have them as soon as possible. The absolute deadline is **Monday 17th January**.

Many older members will remember **Bryan Stilling**, a long-standing and influential member who died in July 2008. His wife Enid has just published a small book of the newly-discovered diaries and correspondence from his time as a prisoner of war during the years 1940-45. The book is entitled '**No Mail, No Parcels, No News**' and copies can be obtained (price £4) from Enid (tel. 01539 722349). There will also be copies for sale at the AGM on 28th January. See also page 8.

## From the Social Subcommittee

As another year draws to a close we thought we would take the opportunity to reflect on what we think was another great year in the ongoing and now superbly documented history of the Fellfarers.

Many thanks for all of your fantastic support, participating in over thirty five organised events on top of the usual weekends at the hut including weekend, mid-week and evening walks, climbing events, away meets and evening socials!

We sometimes wonder if we are putting too many events into the calendar, but the levels of attendance across a broad range of events is, we hope, evidence that the Social Sub-committee is listening to club members. We hope that the programme continues to be appealing to

the marvellous mix of ages and interests that exist in the club.

Once again we would appeal to you all to send in your ideas and give us your opinion on the calendar and events contained within.

One small apology for the occasional mistake in the social pullout since we took over production at the start of 2010, something we will endeavour to improve upon in 2011. Yet more evidence of the fantastic job Mick continues to do in the Fellfarer and of course the book.

That just leaves us to wish you a happy and prosperous 2011 and we hope to see you on the fells and crags soon.

Is anyone interested in joining a Fellfarers' camping trip to the **Pyrenees** in June or July 2011? If so please let us know by contacting a member of the Social Sub-committee, (Jason, Peter, Bill or Clare). We hope to have a planning meeting for all interested parties in the New Year to discuss further and sort out the details. We look forward to hearing from YOU!!

### Key dates for 2011

The following list represents the key events for your diaries in 2011; we will continue to keep you apprised of additional dates in the quarterly pull outs.

Date	Event
Jan 14-15	Glencoe Meet –Clachaig Chalets
Jan 21-23	High House
Jan 28	AGM at the Strickland Arms, Kendal
Feb 18-24	High House - Half-Term
Mar 12-17	Hotel Meet in Newtonmore
Mar 18-20	Working Weekend and Trustees Meeting at High House
Mar 26th	Walk and Annual Dinner at the Eagle and Child
Apr 15-16	Dan y Mynydd Hut Meet, North Wales
Apr 21-25	High House - Easter
Apr 29 - May 2	High House
May 27 - June 5	High House - Spring Bank Holiday
Jun 3-4	Tranearth Hut Meet, Torver
Jul 2-3	High House
Jul 29-31	High House
Aug 1-Sept 1	High House
Aug 6	High House - Borrowdale Fellrace
Sept 10-11	Heathy Lee Hut Meet Derbyshire
Sept 16 - 18	Working Weekend at High House and the Borrowdale Show
Oct 21 - 27	High House - Half Term
Nov 11-13	High House - Remembrance Sunday
Dec 23 – Jan 3	High House - Christmas and New Year

Seen outside 'The George' at Orton : "Customers wanted. No experience necessary. Full training given."





## 'What a Reunion'

Bumping into Adam Atkinson in June this year in Finkle Street I asked him if he and Vicky would be interested in a 'reunion' up at the Hut in Borrowdale. I would get in touch with Tracey and could he contact Maja and Emma. We all finally agreed on Wednesday 25th August. Yippee, couldn't wait.

I travelled up behind Tracey, Jasmine and Jade on the Wednesday afternoon. Nick was going to cycle up! The journey to Borrowdale brought back my childhood memories of singing songs with Maja and Emma - 'Yellow Submarine' was always a favourite and I can't forget all the 'sick stops'. Always a bad traveller - but fortunately something I grew out of.

On arriving at the Hut Vicky and her children Tom, Sam and Josh were already there. We had a jaunt up to Stockley Bridge. On the way back Maya and her 2 boys, Peter and Ted, and Emma were just arriving closely followed by Lindi, Margaret and Roger. Adam wouldn't make it till Thursday afternoon. Nick finally arrived - cycling up - well done that man! The first night was spent playing board games, drinking and laughing. I don't think I can count how many times my sides split that night - what a scream!

On the Thursday we all went for a walk, packed lunch in tow. We went up Gillercombe, all the kids were like 'crag-rats' up there in no time. When we reached the top we stopped for lunch. Some of the others walked onto Green Gables to do a bit of climbing, they made their own way down. We decided to go back the way we came up. 'Thanks Nick wouldn't have made it without you'. We hadn't been back long when Adam arrived - fantastic we were all together, 17 of us in total. So another evening meal over, more board games, charades, err drinking, chatting, laughing.

So Friday our last day arrived. The weather had been so good, we were very lucky. I decided I was going to go to our old pool under the farm tunnel, over the 2 bridges and to the right. It was a pool

we spent ages in as kids and it hadn't changed a bit in 30 years. That was the last time I'd been in, so here goes. Lindi decided to join me, a good idea back at the hut, so wasting no time off we went. Lindi was the first in - brilliant. Then me, oh it was freezing but exhilarating. I think in the end nearly all of us went in - it was such good fun.

All dried off and warm we walked up to the slabs and the kids did some climbing and messed about for a while before we went back to the hut to start packing and cleaning up.

So that was the reunion spent with fantastic company - Many thanks for making it happen: Tracy, Jasmine, Jade, Nick, Maja, Emma, Lindi, 'Bob', Peter, Ted, Vicky, Josh, Sam, Tom, Adam, Roger, Margaret, Georgie.

See ya next year guys. Georgie Goff X





## In the Footsteps of Arthur Ransome

*or The Ten Mile Walk that was only Eight Miles!*  
Saturday 4th September 2010

*Mike Palk*

We met at 10.30 on a fine September day, almost feeling like the last day of summer, shorts and t-shirts weather. A good turnout and a couple of guests too.

### **The route:**

Gummer's Howe, then east to the reservoir and follow the forestry track through Birch Fell Plantation, then the footpath north and west to Ludderburn Park. Branch off right (north), through Moor How Park and towards the Ludderburns, coming out on the road by the Oaks. Follow this south and then switchback north to Great Hartbarrow, then south again, along the bridleway to Hollins and the Mason's Arms at Strawberry Bank. A fine spot for lunch, or dinner, or just a beer (or even a cup of tea!). And really, only five miles but full of interest and fabulous views.

Then south along the minor road to Cartmel Fell, turning right opposite Cartmel Church and up on to the fells at the monument (not marked as a footpath on the map), then on to Heights Cottage, once a Quaker Meeting Place, and to Sow How Tarn - a beautiful spot and who says that man can't alter the countryside for the better. -Then to Sow How Lane and back to the car and if you are really lucky a waiting Ice Cream van, and we were lucky and they were delicious! And yes that was only three miles - but it was after lunch!



## WALLABARROW CAMPING BARN WEEKEND 10-12th September 2010



As you all know Seathwaite is an ancient name for wet weekend and the Duddon Seathwaite lived up to its literal translation.

But a wet weekend and climbing just don't mix, as the intention was to lay siege to Wallabarrow crag and climb till our fingers had blisters on them. Unfortunately that wasn't going to happen but never mind - that's the Lakes for you, so all you can do is set another plan into action, and go for a walk.

I arrived on the Saturday morning, as the previous night I was at the Torchlight Procession, but I got there to find the others breakfasted and nearly ready for off. They had a route in mind, but I had a plan to knock off a Wainwright, so we went our separate ways and despite the weather had a good day out.

The accommodation was very cosy and the toilet was a

privilege to use, there was supposed to be a shower but we never did find it, much to Peter's distress.

Saturday evening in the Newfield Inn was very pleasant, but the walk home was to test all of our night navigational skills and experience.

Sunday morning dawned much the same as Saturday so we decided to give the day to the Queen, as the weather was showing no signs of improvement, so after a pleasant morning drinking tea and chatting we went our separate ways. But not to worry we will just have to go back and blitz that crag another weekend.

*Bill Hogarth*

## Walter Dennison 1915 - 2010

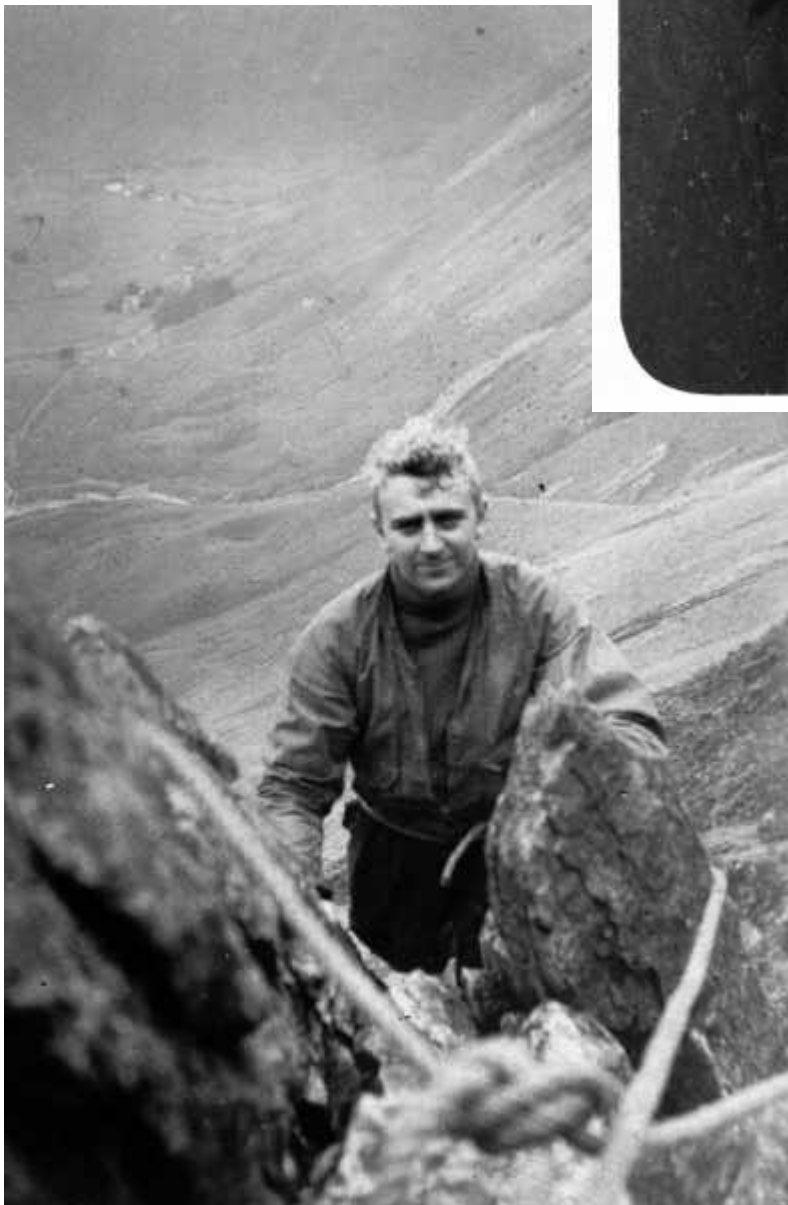
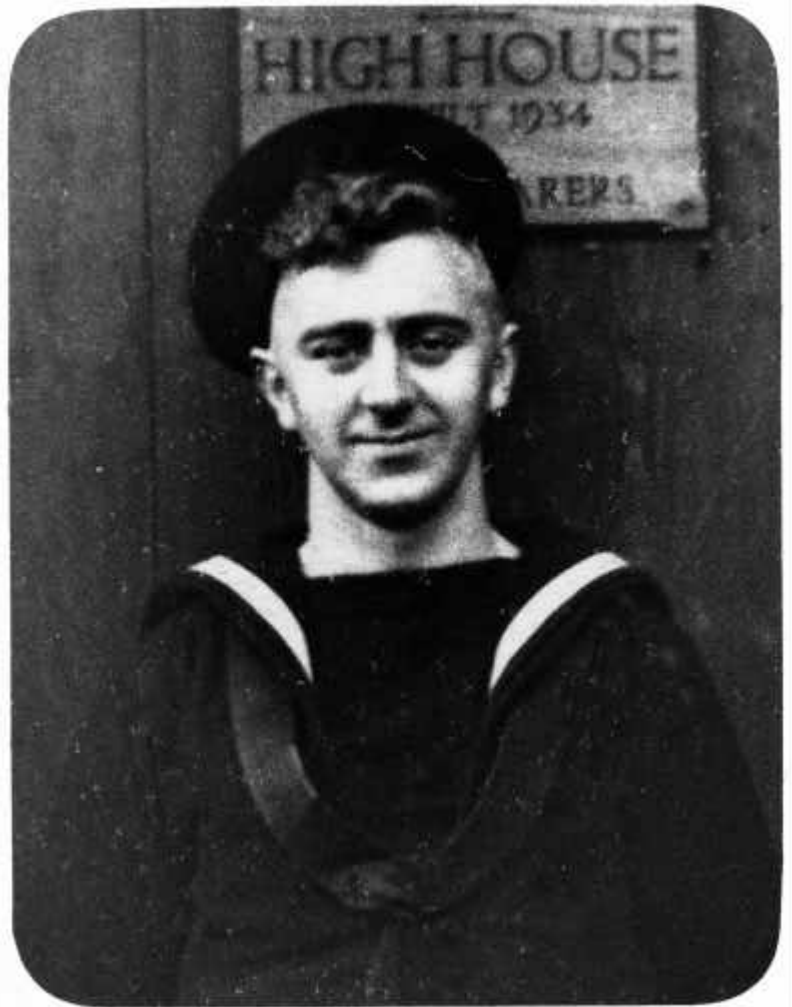
Walter, whose membership of K Fellfarers went back to the very beginning of the club back in the early 1930s, passed away on 17th September 2010. Myers Ferguson remembers their long friendship here:

I first met Walter Dennison way back before the start of the Second World War when Walter and his mate Cammy took a party of 'climbers to be' from the Kendal Lads Club on their first winter snow climb up at the top of the Longsleddale Valley in 1940 when I was just sixteen. Walter would have been about twenty-six at the time and apart from the war years we've been good mates ever since.

We had many a good day on the fells but then all came to a stop with the onset of the War.

Walter went into the Royal Navy and after Atlantic Convoy Duty was stationed in the Shetlands until he was demobbed. Whilst later on I went into the Royal Navy but spent the War in the Far East. At the end of the War we spent our demob leaves together at High House before re-starting work.

After the War Walter went back to work at Somervell Bros. (K Shoes) and spent all his



working life there finishing in a top management position.

From then on Walt and myself were close friends for the rest of our lives and with our families spent many holidays together home and abroad.

We climbed all over the Lake District, Scotland, Wales and abroad and spent many happy hours up at the K Fellfarers Hut of which Walter was a founder member.

For the next forty odd years we climbed, skied, skated and sailed, fell walked and caravanned from the Cairngorms to the Welsh mountains, spending many happy days along with our families all together traveling in our Austin Seven cars which we both had.

Up until a couple of weeks ago he was well with a very active memory but then quietly passed away on Friday, 17th September, 2010.

During the later years of Walt's climbing along with Bill Peascod and George Rushford he made a push on the Eel Craggs in Buttermere and made quite a number of top grade new climbs.

Farewell Old Mate.

We had some Great Days together

*Myers Ferguson*



## MID-WEEK WALK NO. 6 - PENDLE HILL

Wednesday 22nd September 2010

Leader: Joan Abbot



An international team of eight assembled in the car park at Barley where they were pleasantly surprised to find free toilets, a café and all day parking for £1! The weather forecast for the day told of sunshine and broken cloud with rain by four o' clock. Joan eventually managed to prise us away from our coffee cups and off we went along the Pendle Way passing solid local stone farms and heading for the steepish climb up Pendle's Big End and onto the extensive plateau, an easy stroll then took us to the summit with it's white washed Trig Point and extensive views of Lancashire which were slightly marred by a distant haze. From there we headed west dropping into the upper reaches of Ogden Clough where lunch



was taken, in the sun, but protected from the gentle breeze. Moving on we followed the Clough for some time before climbing again onto Black Hill, then passing above Deerstones, we crossed Spence Moor and descended back into Ogden Clough, which by this time has swung through 180 degrees to head east. From here Joan's route took us past Upper then Lower Ogden Reservoirs, with their well built Victorian dams and overflows, to Barley and a welcome return visit to the café for tea in the sun, at an outside table. The day came to an abrupt end at exactly four o'clock as the first drops of heavy rain fell. Those Lancashire forecasters are accurate!

*Roger Atkinson*



## THE LAST PRESIDENT'S BIRTHDAY WALK REVISITED.

9th October 2010

*Bill Hogarth*

As you all probably know the first attempt at this walk was thwarted by torrential rain, so this time we meant business, we were going to do it whatever the weather.

But as a small select bunch of Fellfarers gathered at the Hare and Hounds car park the weather gods smiled upon us and produced a nice sunny autumn day.

Johns walk would take us from the church at Cartmel fell through woodland to Simpson ground allotment and then round to the delightful Simpson ground reservoir, where we had a short break before heading back to the monument, (A view point above Cartmel fell church.)

Eventually returning to the delightful church where we had a look around before heading back to the Hare and Hounds for our tea. Our numbers where swelled by four more members who had decided to come and join us for a bite to eat after their daily commitments had been made.

The evening went well and we all had a really nice get together, although I couldn't help but think had there been a full compliment of Fellfarers the lady behind the bar would I am afraid gone into melt down, as her duties seemed to cover the bar, the food ordering, the dishing out, and the taking away of the plates afterwards.

Lucky for her some of our regular members where in Skye, some were on their way to the Himalayas, and some were in Leeds, had this not been the case we could have been in for a long night. But that wasn't the case and we all had a wonderful day.



## Impossible Rainbows

### or *Why I Should Always Carry the Camera with Me*

1. It was perhaps four weeks ago and late afternoon. I was unloading some stuff from the back of my car and, as I reached up to pull down the tailgate, I saw out of the corner of my eye a flash of colour in the clear blue sky. I locked the car and stood back to look. The sun was just about to drop below the improbable silhouettes of those fairytale houses at the top of Gillinggate and there was a faint feathery haze of cloud before it.

In the haze could be seen glimpses of multi-colour that were clearly part of a large rainbow which, if it had been complete, would have encircled the sun.

Not unusual, that phenomenon. I have seen many complete circles around the sun over the years but what set this apart was that sitting on top of the circle was another rainbow but this one was *upside down*. It was more complete than the one below.

I heard a sound from the opposite pavement and glanced across. Paddy, who lives on that side, was standing with her young son gazing upwards. We all had open mouths. She glanced across; I shrugged at her and she shook her head. Body language for "What on earth is happening?"

Let me make this plain: we were looking at an upside down rainbow sitting on top of an incomplete circular rainbow centred on the sun. Impossible but true. I watched it wax and wane in strength and then decided to act: I rushed into the house for my camera. When I returned the sky was clear and the colours had gone.

2. Yesterday, on the 12 October, I was returning from Leeds and I turned off north into Wharfedale and then into Littondale. There's a little-known hill there, Birks Fell, that I planned to do. It used to be considered a 2,000 footer but has apparently been resurveyed at 608 metres which knocks it off the list. Still, it is a hill and all hills are good things, aren't they? I always prefer to be in unknown territory.

It was mid-afternoon and I had to hurry if I was to avoid benightment. In my present state of unfitness simply ascending at walking pace had the heart racing and I was glad to reach the wall that defines the top of this rather flat moor-like ridge. The summit was about a mile away and, having caught my breath again, I walked and trotted northwards.

The sun was well down in the west, ooh barely a thumb-length above the horizon and the air was cold. A penetrating wind blew from the east, a Helm Wind. It produced the classic Helm Cloud on the long ridge from Yockenthwaite Moor to Buckden Pike and Great Whernside - a continuous black blanket pouring over the whole ridge bounding the Wharfedale valley on its eastern side, perhaps two miles away. It seemed to stretch from horizon to horizon, north to south, before me.

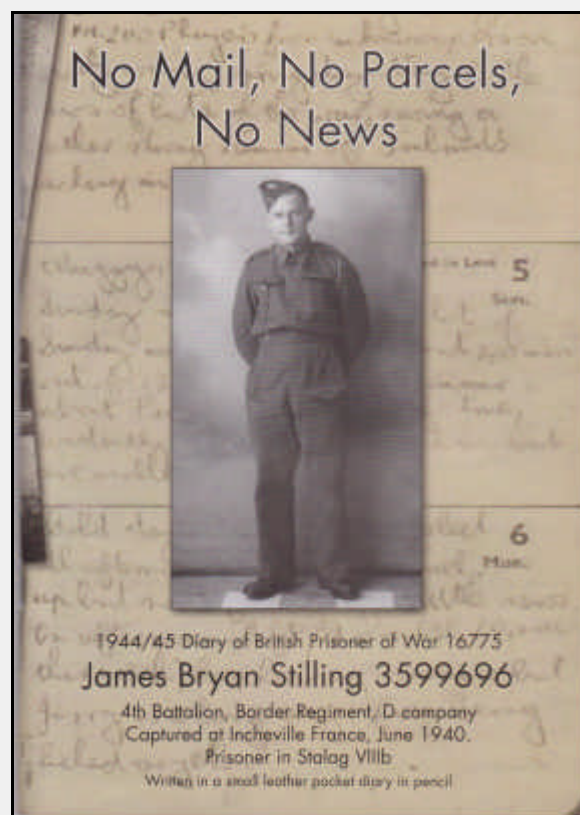
Dark tendrils of vapour snaked down the flanks of the fell, for all the world like some nightmarish outpourings from the imagination of Tolkien or Lovecraft, seeming to menace the little villages of Yockenthwaite, Buckden and

Starbottan which cowered in the shadows below.

Behind me the sun sank behind indigo clouds, pink edged, flouting in sky which was turning from blue to pale green. A last burst of light flooded the moor before the sun touched the horizon and I turned back to that Helm Cloud. The blackness was overlaid with a silvery glittering in the last of the sunlight. The scintillations were diamond white but then began to take on colours. The colours strengthened and resolved themselves into the red-to-indigo rainbow range *in a perfect straight line* across the front of the horizontal cloud. A straight rainbow - once more impossible but true. The camera was many miles away and the phenomena would only last for seconds I knew so I just watched, spellbound. The sun switched off its light and the world turned to cold grey. The light would now fade fast and I hurried down the steep fellsides to the rather appropriately named Crystal Beck and so to the car.

I still remember a fair bit of the physics 'A' level course from my schooldays but I remember nothing in all those studies on the diffraction of light that suggested that an *upside-down rainbow directly above the sun* and a *dead-straight* rainbow are remotely possible. Can any Fellfarer suggest what (apart from "these are signs that the world is about to end") was going on?

## Bryan Stilling's War Diaries



**Size A5, 64 pages Price £4**

**All profits to Help for Heroes**

**Copies from Enid Stilling (tel. 01539 722349).**

**and at the KFF AGM on 28th January.**





## Mid-Week Walk No. 7- Woodland Fell

visiting Yew Bank and Wool Knott

20th October 2010

*Graham and Irene Ramsbottom*

Some members had made paltry excuses not to venture out on the oldies' mid week meandering. *"I've no socks to wear, they are all in the wash", "I've shirts to buy", "We are almost at Everest Base Camp"* but they all missed a little gem. Woodland Fell and its surrounds were claimed by Wainwright as "A connoisseur's piece, every step an uninhibited joy, every corner a delight". I think that the nine members who ventured forth would agree. The day was a perfect blue sky autumn day with Lakeland's first real frost still lying on parts of the very narrow road down the Woodland valley.

This was virgin territory to us all and it was delightful to explore. The route led over several tops with old cairns, new cairns and all with wonderful views of Dow Crag and Coniston Old Man seen from a different perspective. Were we led astray as we walked through pathless heather and bracken? Wainwright shows a fairly straight line from Yew Bank to Beacon Tarn in his book, but this was a mid week meander and we were rewarded by flocks of birds, fieldfares arriving, house martins departing perhaps, where were the ornithologists when you needed one? There was an injured fieldfare hiding in the heather which no one felt they could end its suffering.

A glorious place was found for lunch at Beacon Tarn, in the by now warm autumn sunshine. Suddenly other folks appeared and we discovered that we were on the Cumbria Way. The tarn had water lilies and apparently is a recommended place for wild swimming. Unfortunately no-one had brought a towel so we had to forego that pleasure.

Refreshed from lunch, the high point of the walk, Wool Knot at a commanding 730ft, rewarded us with more magnificent views of the Coniston range, the Woodland valley and in the distance the Helvellyn range. The way back was just as memorable as we visited the old workings of medieval bloomeries, which were used to smelt iron ore by our distant ancestors. Where did the iron ore come from, why in that particular spot, why are there always more questions than answers? As we dropped down to the remote Green Moor farm intriguing dated and initialed stones, one back to 1710 kept us guessing, unsuccessfully as to their origins.

Thanks to Mick and AW for such a gem. Everyone agreed that it was definitely a good to be alive day and much better than washing your socks! Incidentally Wainwright dedicated his Outlying Fells book to the OLD-TIMERS ON THE FELLS.

How appropriate!





# WALKING IN BULGARIA

4th - 11th September 2010  
Hugh Taylor



*Thinking about a walking week in the Europe, I suggested to Alan that Bulgaria could be a possibility, and he quickly agreed. A new country for both of us, on the cusp of Europe and Asia Minor, it appeared to offer some interesting walking. As an extra incentive, I knew a little of its Balkan music in weird (to western ears) rhythms of 11/8 and 13/8 from the likes of Andy Irvine, and was looking forward to hearing more of it if possible.*

*Freeing itself from the Russian yoke in 1989, it remains the poorest member state of the European Union. It has many remnants of old industrial sites, and now sees itself as a key European energy hub, producing energy from a variety of sources including nuclear and thermal, and is classified as one the fastest growing wind energy producers in the world. It is also rapidly expanding its tourist industry, especially on the Black Sea coastline, and the skiing industry is making rapid strides in the Rila and Pirin mountains. The use of the Slavic language gives a more exotic feel to the place than would be expected of a country in Europe, leading to interesting experiences with the language and road signs.*

Flying into the capital Sofia, we quickly transferred to Samokov for a few days in the Rila Mountains. The next day, we used a gondola to lift us up 3,000 ft from where we made an 2,500 ft ascent of Musala, which at 2,971m / 9,748 ft is the highest peak in Bulgaria and indeed the entire Balkan Peninsula. Not a wilderness walk by any means as it seemed to be the hill that everyone wanted to do, and were doing it on that day.

The following day was a long one, visiting the Seven Lakes area where Michael Palin in his New Europe series televised a large crowd of people dressed all in white and known as the White Brotherhood, perform a dance in concentric circles on a patch of grass annually. The indentations produced in the ground could still be seen. Following the ascent of Razdel at 2,620m / 8,595 ft we dropped down long grassy ridges to emerge at the wonderful Rila Monastery. This UNESCO Orthodox Christian site was a magnificent end to a long 10 hr day with over 4,500 ft of ascent.

Another long day in the Rila area was spent ascending to the Macedonia Hut at 2,166m / 7,107 ft before turning the ridge

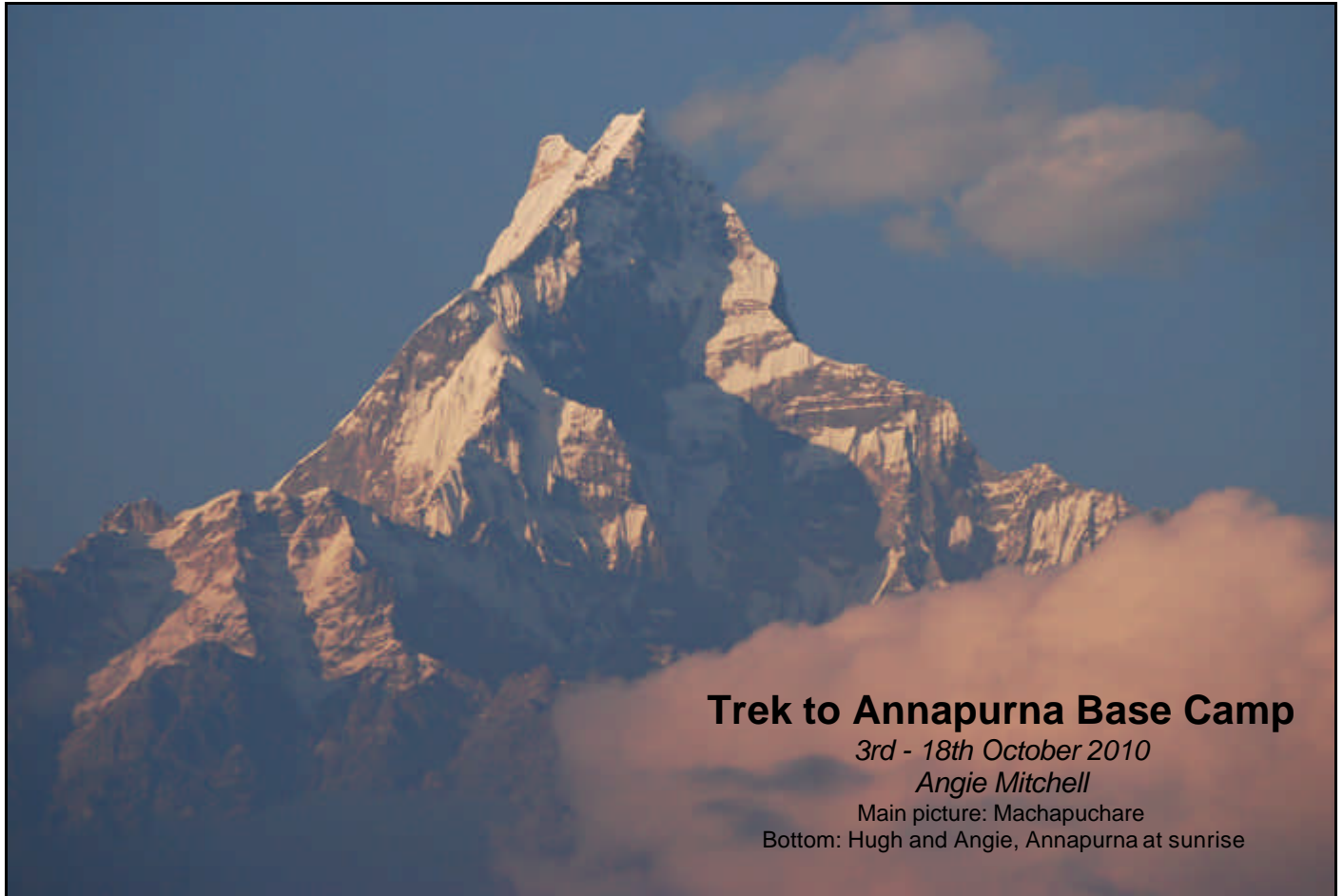
and descending to the village of Dobarsko. The huts in Bulgaria are not as well developed as in the Alps, and the Macedonia Hut was currently unmanned. We stayed that night in the village of Godlevo which is near Bansko, the horrible booming ski resort tagged onto a lovely old town.

The Pirin Mountains were a different proposition all together from the Rila, being predominantly rocky and jagged from their part marble and part granite geology. A 10 hour day saw us ascending and descending over 5,000 feet, the first highlight being the knife edge ridge of Koncheto, nicknamed 'the horse' due to some people feeling the need to straddle the ridge to make progress. This was followed by the ascent of Kutelo at 2,908m/9,541 ft, a long drop to a col and a further steep ascent to the summit of Vihren, 2,914m / 9,561 ft, the second highest peak in Bulgaria. In superb weather, there was an extensive view of not only the Rila and Pirin Mountains, but also the lesser known Rodopi Mountains and the mountains forming the borders with Greece and Macedonia.

The next day was one of ridges through the Pirin Mountains, passing over a high col called the Mozgoviska Porta, and down and up to a superbly situated refuge by the Tverno Ezero Lake. A beer outside in the setting sun was very welcome, though the home made wine inside the refuge with the meal later on was rather better! The refuge was small and well run, with solar panels creating a welcome supply of electricity. It is huts like this that need to be more widely established throughout the region, as per the Alps, before a thriving walking and climbing scene can become better established. The next day was a short one by this holiday's standard, and consisted of walking over the Kralchedvorski Pass to reach the Popovo Lakes. Following a cold and brief paddle, we continued on to the refuge by Lake Bezbog where we had lunch, followed by a chair lift down Bezbog. A look around the old part of Bansko followed by a beer made for a fitting end to an excellent weeks walking.

Bulgaria certainly has a lot to offer in terms of mountains, with the Pirin being better than the Rila. Culturally, I never did get to hear any Balkan music though, apart from some dancing on a hotel TV Folk channel, though both Alan and I did manage to watch England play a European cup qualifier on the same TV.





## Trek to Annapurna Base Camp

*3rd - 18th October 2010*

*Angie Mitchell*

Main picture: Machapuchare

Bottom: Hugh and Angie, Annapurna at sunrise

Having recovered from jetlag and what I feared was going to be a nasty and prolonged tummy bug, I can now reflect on our Nepalese adventure! Both Hughie and I were at times amazed, appalled, delighted, disturbed, exhausted and excited by what we saw and experienced.

It was certainly an adventure of contrasts; the wealth and almost pristine heat of Doha followed by the squalor and extreme poverty of Kathmandu. Our visit happened to coincide with the feast of Dashain, a Hindu festival when, throughout Nepal the goddess Durga is worshiped with innumerable pujas (religious rituals), abundant offerings and thousands of animal sacrifices, mainly goat. We saw hundreds of live goats being bought and sold and stowed onto the backs of motor bikes, on the tops of buses, or stuffed into the boots of cars. A few days later we witnessed the same goats being beheaded and skinned, their blood being used to drench vehicles and temples as an offering to the gods.

We were overwhelmed by the contrast of the stench of the burning pyres on the Ghats at Pashupatinath with the beautiful coloured prayer flags floating against the blue sky and the white domed stupa of the Buddhist temple of Boudhanath.

We were most impressed by the genial and accommodating nature of the village people. Wherever we went we were greeted by cheerful 'Namastes' by both men and woman carrying huge and heavy loads on their backs, to-ing and fro-ing between the lodges on the trail to the Annapurna Base Camp. Also by children making their way to school through the rhododendron forests kitted out in immaculate school uniforms. We saw less fortunate children living beyond the reach of a school working with a grandparent shelling and sorting lentils for drying or playing with improvised toys of stones or balls made from rolled up paper.

The snowy white peaks of the Annapurnas were amazing and provided us with endless photo opportunities most memorably Annapurna 1 illuminated by the rising sun at 5.30 in the morning, but to me the most memorable aspect of the trek were the people who service the lodges, fetching and carrying, cooking, growing, cleaning, serving, and most of all welcoming!

Unfortunately I didn't get to see the Bhaktapur potters working on their gigantic wheels because it was raining and it was the festival of Dashain and therefore a public holiday, and even potters need a holiday!



## KATHMANDU to EVEREST BASE CAMP AND BACK.

9<sup>th</sup> - 26<sup>th</sup> October 2010



Everest and Nuptse seen from Kala Patthar at sunrise

As we arrived at the rather grand Hotel Shanker in Kathmandu, and met Steve Stout our trek leader and our companions for the trip, we got the unwelcome news that Lukla Airport had been closed for 3 days due to poor visibility, and as it had reopened a minor plane crash, fortunately with no injuries, had added to the chaos, so after a delay two and a half days we were offered the option of sharing a helicopter to Lukla, the start point for our walk, or risking not getting to Everest Base Camp, so helicopter it was. 14 of us, 12 Russians and 6 crew, the hold and the gangway full of trek bags and cargo, the plane was FULL, none of your seat table up and baggage in the overhead locker on this flight.

Forty minutes later we were in Lukla, met our sherpas and porters and took the first steps of our climb to Base Camp downhill to follow the river, crossing long metal suspension bridges on the way and finally up the rough path and stone steps to our lodge at Phakding, arriving in the dark. An evening meal of soup, dal bhat (Rice with a lentil sauce), apple fritters and loads of tea, a meal which set the tone for the trip, a mostly vegetarian diet using predominately local ingredients.

Next day following the rough path to Namche Bazaar we climbed alongside the white fast flowing melt water of the Dudh Kosi and across a long suspension bridge 200ft above the river, where we waited whilst a train of Yaks and Zepkiops (a cross between a cow and a yak) laden with trek bags and equipment made their way over the bridge, you wouldn't want to argue with them! The climb to Namche was up and up and up, relentless step counting, a small rest, continuing upwards at a steady pace, altitude starting to be felt, groups of trekkers, porters and yaks passing up and down laden with goods for villages higher up. The price of bottled water increased from 100 rupees at Lukla to 350 rupees at Gorak Shep, everything

had to be carried in. At last the path leveled out as we approached Namche, what a view, the amphitheatre of coloured houses, with coloured rooftops in terraces, we passed through the narrow street with shops and stalls selling climbing gear and trinkets on both sides, climbing from one level to the next and the next until we finally found our lodge at the very top of the village. We were to stay here for two nights as part of our acclimatization programme. The next day we walked straight up behind the lodge to the Everest View Hotel, a steep walk, we had lemon tea on the terrace but no clear views of the mountains as the mist was down, we returned by a different route passing the airstrip above Namche and then a steep descent into the village.

The next morning, a little better after some acclimatization, we set off along a broad sandy path that climbed steadily up the hillside and along stone edged paths where four men were repairing the walls and path edges with hand dressed stone and at one point a collection box where you could donate towards the repairs and sign a book. The local version of "Fix the Fells"

Along the way you gain a good height then you drop down again to the river, a stop for lunch and the rain started so on with the waterproofs and up the hill to Tengboche Monastery as we were wet and cold a quick visit did not really do justice to the elaborate gilded religious building before a quick descent to Devoche, for the night.

In the morning after an 8am start we were on our way, a gradual climb up the mountain side with steep sections and through small groups of houses all in dressed stone with stalls selling trinkets, water, sweets and snacks. Soon after passing Pangboche we arrived at Shomare for lunch, Chips and





Monos (Vegetable parcels in dough), altitude was starting to kick in, I had a slight headache. Then on up the mountain passing many walkers, porters and yak trains, once again down to the river across a bridge the up onto the ridge, the long stop for lunch had helped with the acclimatization, then on to a sandy plateau which gradually went higher, I began to suffer, it had been hard with very little acclimatization since Namche and with two and a half days to catch up we had to keep up a good mileage each day. Soon we started a rocky descent to our lodge at Dingboche by 4 pm. The Sigg bottles were filled each night with boiled drinking water and these inside a sock were a good hot water bottle and the warmish water could be used for washing in the morning. The next day's path went up behind the lodge to a large Gompa with rows of prayer flags, we then climbed along the valley before descending to a tea house for noodle soup and a little snooze for a few minutes in the sun, then up an almost vertical rocky path crowded with trekkers, most of the high mountains topped with snow but obscured by mist. We walked several miles in the pass rising slightly all the time to arrive at Lobuche at 2.30 pm, our room was very basic, no light and no duvet so I sleep with extra clothes on. At 5.00pm trekkers were coming in with snow on them and in 10 mins there was 3 in on the tables outside the lodge. We went to bed early with our hot water bottles – up at 6.0, breakfast at 6.30, it had snowed again during the night and windows in the room are frozen on the inside. VJ one of our companions went back to Lobuche due to not feeling very well. We set off at 7.30 in very slippery snow, bitterly cold along the valley bottom before climbing over huge moraines and making our way down to Gorak Shep for lunch, at long last the sun was shining on the fresh snow on the mountain tops; these were what we had come to see. In the afternoon we set off to Everest Base Camp I was having pains in my chest due to shortage of breath, my lungs were bursting, my mouth dry and even when taking a sip of water it

closed my airways and choked me but I walked along the moraine onto the ridge. The two young ones from Askam turned back as both had been ill with dysentery. Here we were on the final stage of the trip to see Everest Base Camp. Of our party two were still in Namche, one had gone back to Lobouche, two gone back to the lodge and me still having breathing problems as we moved up higher. (At 18,000 ft there is only 50% of the oxygen there is at sea level) After about one hour I spoke to Steve and the Sirdar and Steve said "Just follow the ridge one foot at a time" and on I went slowly, the group was spread out along the ridge several yards apart when I saw base camp and was just about all in when Roger shouted some encouraging words "Stop bugging about and get up here" Off I sped till I joined him near the end of the ridge, photos were taken with Base Camp just below us, at that point I set off back down the ridge and the party continued the 100 yards or so to the end of the ridge and returned, they soon caught up with me, it was dark when we arrived back at Gorak Shep.

The next day Roger, Bob and Andy with sherpas and Steve climbed Kala Patthar (It translates as Black Rock), setting off at 3.30 am under a crystal clear sky with more stars than you can imagine, and arriving at the summit as the sun rose behind Everest, an unforgettable experience, followed by a quick descent in time for breakfast, after which we began our return journey, covering the last two days trek in one day. So there we are I'd done what I dreamed I'd like to do and very pleased with the result. Thanks to the team and to Roger for coming with me and his encouragement on the hill, as our leader Steve said "Go for it". On the way down Pat, was taken ill and was walked down to the hospital in Periche where she was advised she should be evacuated to hospital in Kathmandu for further investigation, for a suspected heart condition. The evacuation took place at 6.00 am the next





## Ama Dablam



morning, Bob going with her.

The group left after breakfast for lunch at Thangboche Monastery at then down to the river and up and up to the Ama Dablam View Lodge at Kyangjuma. At dinner Steve announced that Catherine had taken a turn for the worse and the trots had turned into de-hydration, despite the quantity of water she had drunk she now had a kidney infection which if it developed could be life threatening, so another "heli vac" was arranged for the morning, Joe had to sign a payment of \$5000, no money, no "evac", so in the morning off they went by helicopter leaving only seven of us for the final descent to Namche, The tracks were now very busy, Yak trains on the move alongside porters and trekkers. We stopped to buy gifts etc. in Namche then down the steep descent to the long suspension bridge, lunching at Monjo, setting off for Phakding at 2.00pm. The same lodge as before but Roger and I had a better room with en-suite, of a sort. A good evening meal a good sleep and an early breakfast then off to Lukla – still 40 mins of hard uphill walking and then into Lukla, its stone paved muddy streets – Yes we're back – the magnificent seven, we walked round the top of the airport to our lodge and what a surprise, Mary and Alan, who we had left in Namche Bazaar on the outward leg, were there to greet us and the Sirdar to give us all our white Khatas, blessing scarves. We had done it E.B.C. and back lots of thrills, lots of mountain tops and lots of good friends made on the trek. We went down into the village and had an excellent coffee in Starbucks, YES STARBUCKS in Lukla, what next McDonalds? After dinner our tips were shared between the Porters, Sherpas and the Sirdar. Chang was drunk in small glasses whilst the porters had theirs in mugs full, they started dancing and they got us up - we had a great night. Sunday morning at 6.15 catch the flight back

Kathmandu and the Shanker where the team were reunited, that evening at steak and chips at Kilroy's in Tamel were a welcome change and Steve was given his gift, he was off early Monday morning, others left Monday but Pat and Bob, Andy, Roger and I left early Tuesday. Good flights but at Heathrow my baggage didn't turn up, but all's well as it arrived Friday morning. A great end to a marvelous three weeks – lots of photos and tales to tell for a long time.

*Fred M Underhill*



*and Rupert*



## Greenburn Horseshoe - Little Langdale

7th November 2010

*David Birkett*

Sunday 7th November - bonfire night over - the weather forecasters heralded a good weekend, after a frosty start the day became one of those superb autumn days you should not miss, drop everything and just go. My family had a week long celebration starting with the birth of Harry James Birkett on the 30th October, an eyewatering 10 lb. 7½ oz to my son Andrew and Kelly his partner. On the 6th November it was Finley's 4th birthday he's a Boulder and we thought we would have a joint party complete with fireworks. My other grandson Joshua, he's a Wood, arrived from Huddersfield, so we had all the ingredients for a great, if noisy time.

The clocks had gone back the previous weekend (the last time I hope) so I had an early start leaving the house at 08.15 knowing it would be dusk at 16.00 hrs. Very little is astir at this time so I had a trouble free run into Little Langdale and parked at Fellfoot bridge. In my rush to be away I'd no socks apart from my trainer ones 'they'll have to do' I muttered; a lone dog walker greeted me as I strode, with a little urgency towards Bridge End Cottage and onto the Greenburn mines track. I was on my own for the quartet have been moribund of late though Bill was in Spain and Roger had just returned from his 'base camp' experience with Fred Underhill. As this was a fantastic photographic day I composed the iconic shots of the Langdale Pikes and Little Langdale Tarn.

A faint track left the miners road and climbed steeply through the Great Intake towards Blake Fell col. A frozen wooden stile caused me to 'kevel' about, reminding me of my lonely existence, onwards and upwards to join the Tilberthwaite track near a 'prospect' surface mine entrance. Below was a noisy group of students, their chatter breaking the cold still air; I had

skirted the summit of Blake Fell and pause in the warm sunshine at the foot of Wetherlam Edge. Crinkle Crag and Bowfell looked magnificent in a dappled sky so I bagged a shot, a lonely black Herdwick provided the foreground. In the shadows all was frozen and slaps so I followed the eastern escarpment of the Edge in the sunshine and scrambled over the steepening terrain, rejoining the main track near the summit. Wetherlam is a fine view point; my final picture of the day was the Scafell range looking truly magnificent capped in a white hoarfrost. Tucking into my butties, I soaked in the vista. A gent said 'You've got a good view'. The best in England' was my retort. An older couple walked at just my pace, as it turned out we played 'cat and mouse' all the way back to the car, overtaking and being overtaken; at Swirl Hawse another group of students ranted on, the lone fellwalkers passed by. I thought I'd beat the couple to the summit of Swirl How; no chance they forged ahead; I nodded as I passed by the cairn.

A simple wooden cross is to be found at the crash site of the Canadian aircraft 'S' for sugar, surrounded by twisted metal, and now supplemented by a stone tablet giving the names of the dead, the main in their late teens and early twenties, a sad ending to promising young lives. Below Gt. Carrs I sheltered from the freshening wind and looked down the full length of Greenburn towards a verdant valley. Ravens swirled and croaked overhead as I descended the long yet gradual Wetside Edge to High End and down through Rough Crag. The NT. have improved a large intake by walling numerous gaps, no doubt for lambing purposes. In a short distance I crossed an infant river Brathay and joined the road above Fellfoot Farm. The National Trust has given access to the 'Ting Mound' or moot, a terraced, built structure used by the Scandinavian people as a sort of countryside parliament where elders, leaders and workers discussed the issues of the day alongside a major highway built by Roman invaders.

## Armistice Weekend

13th November 2010



On the Saturday morning of the Armistice Weekend Joan, Jess and myself left the hut and met Colin, Matthew, Emma and Ollie at 10.30 as planned at the Scafell car park for a walk onto Kings How.

We crossed the river to join the Watendlath path and had hardly gone any distance when we came across three small deer happily eating grass just on the other side of the fence. How nice to see these animals so close; they stayed around long enough to have their picture taken and then like a flash they were off.

After following the path for short time we broke off left signed for the Bowder Stone. This path dropped away but soon we headed right over a ladder style and onwards and upwards over the front face of Brund Fell and then along the well marked path onto Kings How, from where the views of Derwent Water were superb.

Lunch was had sheltering from the

wind, and then we headed down through the trees to the Borrowdale Road, which we then followed back to the car. We all had a really good time. The weather was kind and the company excellent.

Sunday dawned a little duller than the day before. Fred was first away heading for Gable, while the rest of us made good use of the tea pot before making our way to Castle Crag. Some walked and some drove. Roger, Margaret and Gordon who had just come up for the service joined us as we walked.

There were a large number of people on Castle Crag, more I think than the last few years. Miles, as always, conducted the service well with some very well chosen words. With the service over it was time to depart. Some went back to the hut, others went home and I suspect one or two may even have nipped into the Scafell.

*Mark Walsh*



## Officers in Andalucia

27th October-5th November 2010

Once again the Secretary and the Editor were able to make an early start with a week and a half of rough hill-walking in the hills above the Costa del Sol before the climbers arrived for a Club assault on the crags of El Chorro.

The most memorable day out was perhaps when we set off without a map into the Sierra de las Nieves in search of the Penon de los Enamorados, the 'Loved Ones'. We had a short guidebook description of a route to this remote top *from the other side of the mountain range* but, hey, the sun was shining. What could go wrong?

We drove 7 miles along a dirt track into the heart of the sierra and left the car in a sloping field. We had parked here once before when in search of another mountain (yes, without a map) and now we very quickly got lost in exactly the same place we had got lost before. A steep pathless climb through spiteful thorny bushes got us back on track and we were soon cruising the ridge-top at nearly 6,000 feet. The Rock of Gibraltar was a distant molehill; the Atlas Mountains, dark smudges across the glittering sea and the Sierra Nevada living up to their name, a shimmering snow-clad mass of mountains in the east.

I navigated by sun to try to meet the guidebook route coming the other way but, just like in the Lakes, paths often turn out to be sheep or goat or deer trods. We floundered, clueless, and found ourselves to be heading downhill amongst wonderful craggy limestone summits, any one of which could be the one we were after. You know how it is, whether you're climbing, walking, caving or driving in a strange town; your brain makes where you are fit the description in the book. And it's always wrong.

The key here was apparently 'a solitary Portuguese Oak'. The slopes around us were dotted with S.P.O.s as far as the eye could see. The one other clue we had was a tiny photograph taken from the summit of our hill and I happened to notice a distinctive bump on the skyline that nearly matched one in the photograph. That meant our top might be behind us somewhere.

More toiling upwards through prickly bushes, over razor-edged rocks and loose scree, skirting craglets, we emerged onto open ground to find, yes, a solitary Portuguese Oak and, more importantly, a path. Fifteen minutes later, after an interesting scrambling ascent, we sat on our summit. The view exactly matched the photograph in one direction and stretched forever in every other direction. The sun had been hot until now but an icy breeze had sprung up and we wrapped up in cags to eat our lunch and try to take it all in - the endless sweeping slopes of naked rock and barren soil.

I was relaxed now. I had spotted a thin continuation of the path we had just recently found which headed off in exactly the right direction to get us back to the car. Even if it petered out it would halve the time it had taken to get here. We dropped down the rough slope (*main picture above*) and found that the path did indeed take us safely home.

Other mountain walks and a few days in sublime Sevilla (*inset above*), days on the beach and an exuberant Halloween Fiesta in the village passed the time nicely until the rest of our gang flew out on the 5th November and we could say

## "Finally we get to El Chorro"

*Oh, sorry, we seem to have run out of space to do that trip justice. See the next issue. Meanwhile, here's a photo of the exit of the gorge, with the infamous Camino Del Rey cutting horizontally across the right-hand side, to whet your appetite:*



## El Chorro



Still, that does give me a bit of room to squeeze in some snaps from the Working Weekend in September:





# A Letter from Peru

*The Ticlio Pass, 4818 metres*



## **Sunday 7th November 2010**

*We have just got back to Bogota after 2 lovely weeks in rain sodden Cartagena on the Caribbean coast. Interesting it was, cos you look out of the hotel window and it looked for all the world like a sodden, mist bound day in the Lakes, but when you leave the air-conditioned atmosphere of the hotel you find yourself in a warm blanket of air and a sea that's warm enough to wallow in - so we did: wallow that is. Nice change after the cold climate up here in the Andes. Tomorrow we fly back to Arequipa in Peru and next day bus to Arica in northern Chile from where we hope to go to a little know national park called Lauca, on the Bolivian border. After that to the warmth of Salta, Iguasu Falls and finally Buenos Aires and home on 7th December.*

We're on the way to the tourist haven of Cusco in search of some trekking. But we're on a little frequented route to the fabled Inca capital, little frequented by tourists that is; and there's a good reason for this. There are three main routes from Lima, the sprawling capital, to Cusco: you can fly in just over an hour; you can take a luxurious bus, which will take you most of a day; or you can go via the Central Sierras, over high Andean passes and plateaux, through deep canyons with braided, emerald rivers, huge cacti and adobe villages. This is the 'inland' route and it'll take you a minimum of 4 days bus travel with journey times between 8 and 10 hours a day. In the dry season, that is. Much of the road is single track and unsealed with barely room for vehicles to pass. In the rainy season the journey can take 2 weeks or more. We chose the dry season!

Day one is a sort of gentle limbering up. The road from Lima to Huancayo is paved and in good condition. Peru's very best buses run this route and they are something to marvel at. Very comfortable with waitress service, panoramic windows and climate control. But there's no control over the feast of scenery that passes by. This must be one of the most dramatic ascents by public bus in the world - from sea level in Lima to the Ticlio Pass at 4818m in just a few hours - literally breathtaking (with oxygen on board if you need it). From there we descend to another world - until recent years a world relatively cut off due to the activities of a Peruvian terrorist group called 'Sendero Luminoso' (Shining Path). Based around Ayacucho, where we were due to spend a couple of nights along the way, the Shining Path created havoc in the highland areas of central Peru in the

80's and early 90's making this part of the world a 'no-go' area for tourists and Peruvian army alike. Their demise followed gradually after the capture of their maniacal leader and only in the last few years has the British Foreign Office given the all-clear for traveling.

Day two of our Peruvian bus odyssey is altogether more meaty. This bus is a true workhorse capable of covering the 320 km from Huancayo to Ayacucho in about 8 hours. Impressed? We certainly were as the sealed road gives out after 70 km, the road descends into the Mantaro valley proper and hugs the often sheer sides for most of the next 7 hours. And if you sit on the right hand side of the bus you get to witness vertiginous drops of 2000m plus from the 'safety' of your rickety armchair, just a couple of feet away! It feels a long way from anywhere high up on the side of the valley. I think, if it were not, and if it were easily accessible, this valley would be a 'honey-pot' destination for outdoor enthusiasts. As it is the people who live along it in small villages and high, impossibly steep farms, scratch a living in this, a much neglected part of Peru.

The sense of isolation continues even into the heart of Ayacucho, a quiet, proud city, sitting at 2700m, with a liberal sprinkling of Spanish colonial buildings and as unhurried a place as you could wish to see. The climate is pleasant sunshine for much of the year, though a little cool in the evenings. And the place boasts history galore with the decisive battle for Peru's independence fought here in the early 19th century.

Our final two days requires some sedentary stamina, each day consisting of 10 hours a piece as the bus weaves its way over plateaux over 4000 mts, via the small town of Andahuaylas and on, finally, to Cusco. As we reach the outskirts of this beautiful city we are glad to have witnessed the magnificent scenery of the central highlands, to have been guests of the quiet, polite people of Ayacucho and Andahuaylas and to be coming to the end of our Peruvian bus journey.

The bus reaches the brow of the final hill with Cusco laid out before us in the valley below. In the far distance the shimmering mass of snow-clad Ausangate stands like a sentinel over the ancient city. Our thoughts move from the rigours of our sedentary marathon to the more immediate task of organising horsemen and guide for our next taste of highland Peru: a 5 day trek around the Ausangate massif and an altogether different perspective on the beauties of the Andes.

**Sue Mitchell and Tony Maguire**



## Mid-Week Walk No. 8 - Mardale

visiting Measand Beck Waterfalls  
Wednesday 24th November 2010



Colin and Val's walk, this.

*Burnbanks is an odd sort of place. The settlement was built by Manchester Corporation in the 1930s to house the workmen building the Haweswater Dam and reservoir. Over sixty dwellings and hostels were provided, as well as a mission, recreation hall, canteen, dispensary, shop, tennis courts and allotments. Many such navvy townships came into being throughout the country and then disappeared when the construction job was finished. At Burnbanks, however, the settlement survived. Now the original buildings seem to have been replaced by inappropriately designed houses (holiday homes? commuter homes?) occupied by people with an unhealthy obsession with (if all the notices on garden fences are anything to go by) dog poo.*

A smaller than usual, but no less enthusiastic, group set off through the Haweswater Nature Reserve from Naddle Bridge, passing swiftly through Burnbanks and onto the broad track that climbs easily above the north shore of silvery shining Haweswater. Black clouds hung in masses over darkened fells around the head of the lake but the low winter sun was piercing them with beams of golden light and the brassy bracken slopes of Bampton Common above us promised a

later warmth on our midweek stroll.

We paused at The Forces, where Measand Beck tumbles out of its hanging valley on its long journey to the taps of Manchester.

Colin pointed out, on the far side of Haweswater, a pronounced ridge rising through the trees. Worth an exploration by the Clubs climbers and scramblers, we thought. *(The FRCC website lists two named routes on Wallow Crag here but gives no description or other details).*

We followed the track upwards and on reaching the Fordingdale footbridge veered north-west, ever upwards. The promised sunshine warmth was snatched away as we topped out on the un-named summit for lunch. We huddled against a craglet, out of reach of the bitter north wind that was about to bring so much early snow to the country. Then, sandwiches gone, we turned our collars up and headed downhill towards the picturesque farmlands of Drybarrow and Littlewater. Out of the wind again, we were able to stop to admire the sturdy fell ponies browsing there above the intake wall.

A little contouring through the bracken just above the Open Access boundary brought us back to Burnbanks and our transport home - via a teashop in Shap, obviously.

### Warning from the Chairman to Fellfarers bound for the Scottish Hills :

Roger received an email on Monday 22nd November 2010. It came from Pat Cook, one of his Everest co-trekkers, who had been staying at the FRCC hut in Aviemore for a weekend's hill-walking:

*I know this may sound like a Christmas gag, but it ain't. On Sunday I planned to do two Grahams in the Hills of Cromdale when this happened. I was attacked by a reindeer. It was a pretty sustained ordeal that lasted for two and a half hours.*

*I am badly bruised on my upper arms and thighs and can hardly walk today as I spent a long time, during the initial attack, on my back with my feet braced on the reindeer's antlers, bashing it over the head with my walking pole. There were times when I thought I wasn't going to make it off the hill alive. However, I did live to tell the tale. No bones were broken and the bruises will heal. And, if you're thinking of a Christmas gift, a subscription to the British equivalent of the NRA would be ideal.*

The full story of the encounter was in the local paper and can be read online: Google **'Caledonian Mercury'** and then put **'reindeer'** into the website's search box. The article also notes that in September 2002 two walkers were attacked and injured by reindeer, one so seriously that a helicopter airlift to hospital was required.

**CLUB OFFICIALS**

**PRESIDENT:** Gordon Pitt Tel: 015395 68210

**VICE PRESIDENT:** Roger Atkinson Tel: 01539 732490

**TRUSTEES** Mick Fox Tel: 01539 727531  
 Cheryl Smallwood Tel: 01539 738451  
 Mark Walsh Tel: 01606 891050  
 Vicky Weeks Tel: 07971 408375

**COMMITTEE**

**Chair:** Roger Atkinson Tel: 01539 732490  
 198, Burneside Road  
 Kendal  
 LA9 6EB  
*email: fratkinston@hotmail.co.uk*

**Vice Chair:** Bill Hogarth Tel: 01539 728569  
 11, Underley Hill  
 Kendal  
 LA9 5EX  
*email: hogarthjunemary@aol.com*

**Secretary:** Clare Fox Tel: 01539 727531  
 50, Gillinggate,  
 Kendal  
 LA9 4JB  
*email: clarefox50@hotmail.com*

**Treasurer:** Val Calder Tel: 01539 727109  
 86, Vicarage Drive  
 Kendal  
 LA9 5BA  
*email: valcalder@hotmail.co.uk*

**Booking Secretary:** Hugh Taylor Tel: 01524 762067  
 Briarcliffe  
 Carr Bank Road  
 Carr Bank  
 Milnthorpe  
 Cumbria  
 LA7 7LE  
*email: JHUGH.TAYLOR@BTINTERNET.COM*

**Social Secretary:** Peter Goff Tel: 01524 736990  
 170, Main Street  
 Warton

**Newsletter Editor:** Mick Fox Tel: 01539 727531  
 50, Gillinggate,  
 Kendal,  
 LA9 4JB  
*email: michaelfox50@hotmail.com*

**Committee Members:**

Kevin Ford Tel: 01539 734293  
 Krysia Niepokojczycka Tel: 015395 60523  
 Jason Smallwood Tel: 01539 738451  
 Mark Walsh Tel: 01606 891050  
 Tony Walshaw Tel: 015395 52491

**Club Archivist:** Fred Underhill Tel: 01539 727480

**Other Information**

**Seathwaite Farm (Emergencies only)** Tel: 017687 77284

**OUR CLUB**

**K Fellfarers Club Website:** [www.kfellfarers.co.uk](http://www.kfellfarers.co.uk)  
**High House Website:** [www.k-fellfarers.co.uk](http://www.k-fellfarers.co.uk)  
**High House (and farm) Postcode:** CA12 5XJ  
**High House OS ref:** Explorer OL4 grid ref. 235119  
**High House Guest Night Fees:** £5 p.p.p.n.

**OUR PARTNERS**

- BRITISH MOUNTAINEERING COUNCIL  
**BMC Website:** [www.thebmc.co.uk](http://www.thebmc.co.uk)  
**Each Fellfarer has an individual Membership Number**

- RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION  
**Website:** [www.ramblers.org.uk](http://www.ramblers.org.uk)  
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**Oread Website** [www.oread.co.uk](http://www.oread.co.uk)

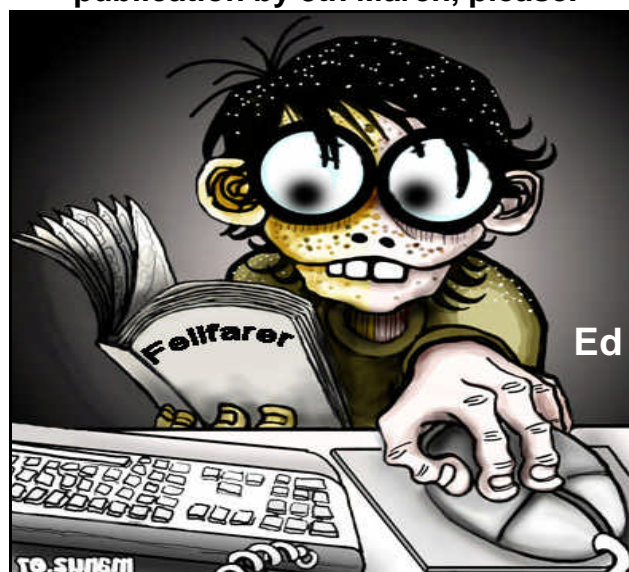
**Oread huts** -available to Fellfarers at the following rates:

**Heathy Lea Cottage** Baslow, Derbyshire.  
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**Tan-y-Wyddfa** Rhyd-Ddu, North Wales. O.S. Ref. 570527  
 Fellfarers: £4.50 p.p.p.n., Guests: £7.50 p.p.p.n.

**Oread Booking Secretary:** Colin Hobday  
 28, Cornhill  
 Allestree  
 Derby  
 DE22 2FS  
 Tel: 01332 551594

**Next Edition of <sup>the</sup>Fellfarer:**  
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