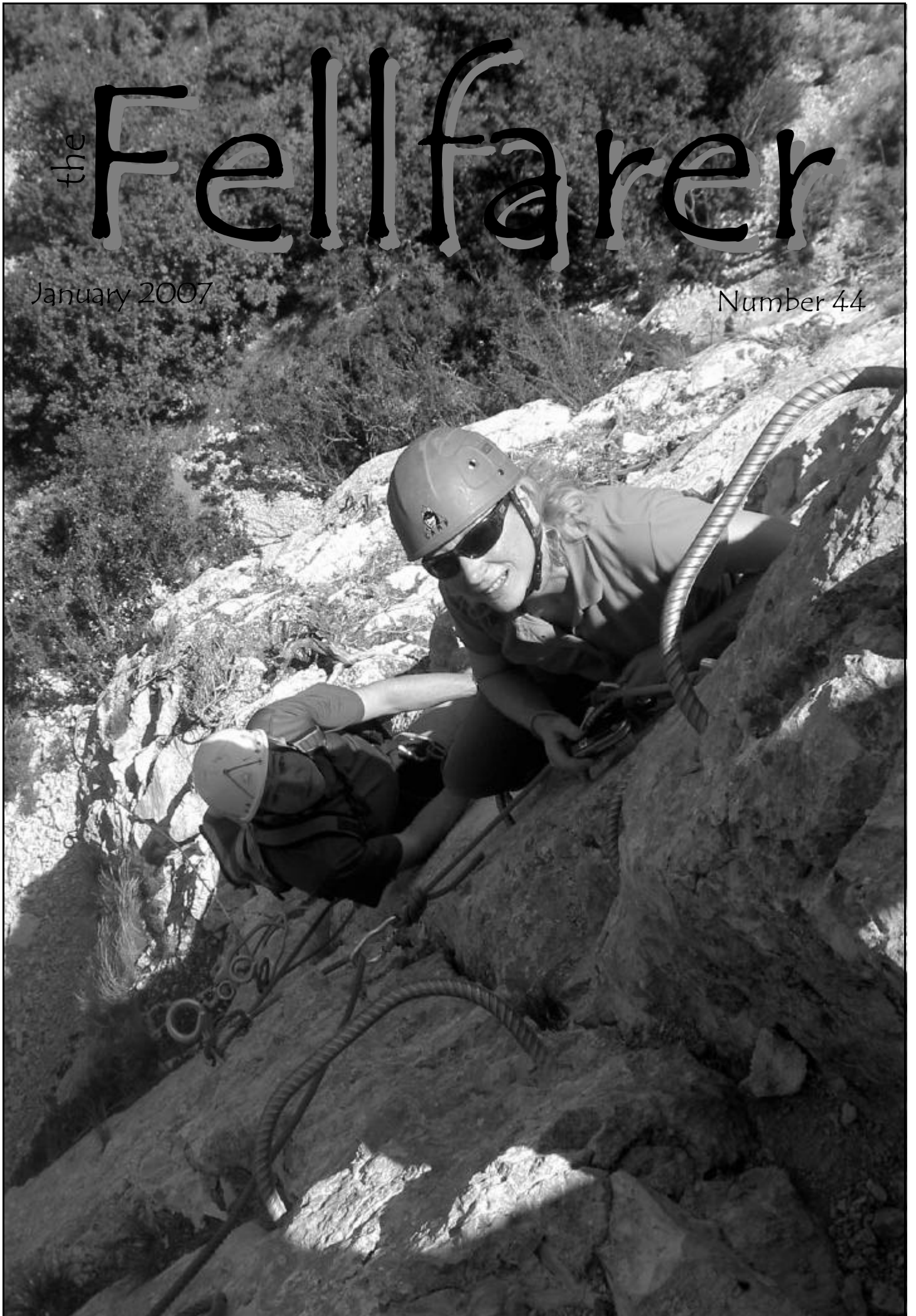


the Fellfareer

January 2007

Number 44



Ed

I hope you don't mind if I add my own little story to the tributes to Ian Underhill:

Sacky loved knowledge; an inquiring mind and a near photographic memory meant that there were few local questions that he couldn't answer. During a typical rambling Fellfarers conversation at the hut not so long ago, TheTwa Dogs, the pub at Brigham, Keswick, was mentioned and I wondered aloud where it's name came from. The following day a note was pushed through my door. Written in Sacky's immaculate handwriting was the following:

"TWA DOGS -the poem by Robert Burns about a dialogue between Caesar, a gentleman's dog, and Luath, a ploughman's collie. They end up by agreeing that it is better to be poor since the poor eat anything with a good appetite, sleep soundly because they work hard, stay at home with their families because they have no money for travelling and so on. The ploughman is presumably Burns himself:

The Twa Dogs by Robert Burns

'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle,
That bears the name o' auld King Coil,
Upon a bonie day in June,
When wearin' thro' the afternoon,

Twa dogs, that were na thrang at hame,
Forgather'd ance upon a time.
The first I'll name, they ca'd him Caesar,
Was keepit for His Honor's pleasure:
His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,
Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs;

The tither was a ploughman's collie-
A rhyming, ranting, raving billie,
Wha for his friend an' comrade had him,
And in freak had Luath ca'd him,
After some dog in Highland Sang,
Was made lang syne, -Lord knows how lang.
He was a gash an' faithfu' tyke,
As ever lap a sheugh or dyke.
His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face
Aye gat him friends in ilka place..... "

(the poem continues for many more verses and Sacky only provided an extract.) The letter wasn't intended to be a contribution to the Fellfarer, just a personal note to 'put me right'. That was Sacky and I'll miss him. Ed.

Dear Ed,

I'm not sure if any other members have said this but I think the work that has been carried out at High House over the last couple of years is fantastic. With the kitchen I think the committee has excelled itself and I can't wait to see phase 2.

I love reading about the antics (and seeing pictures) of the Last of the Summer Wine crew. I am so sorry Sacky is no longer amongst them and know that his presence will be missed by everyone.

Vicky Weeks

CONTENTS:

Club News	page 3
Ian 'Sacky' Underhill	Page 4
Bill Stockdale	Page 6
Climbing in Ailefroide	Page 8
Vercors, Torridon	Page 10
Night Walk	Page 12
Bonfire Night, Armistice	Page 13
Shinscrapers	Page 14
Short Walk in the West	Page 15
Jug Handles	Page 16
Social Calendar	Page 18
Club Information	Page 20

Cover Photo: Rose and Paul East enjoying the Via Ferrata de Chironne, Vercors, in September
Contents Photo: the Langdale Stone Axe Factory, the Editors home for a night in October (page 11)



Dear Ed,

'Climbing for All'

I thought I would tell you of an incident that happened to me the other day that might serve as a cautionary tale for those of you who climb with youngsters.

I was soloing recently in Langdale and kept getting this weird feeling that 'someone was there'. I'd heard somewhere that the crag was haunted by the spirit of a dead child, but just tried to laugh it off as ghoulish nonsense. But it was weird; as if someone was actually dragging me back - quite spooky! Occasionally I heard these spine-tingling childish shrieks.

Then, on the last pitch, I plucked up the courage to turn to face the 'ghost'...and then it dawned on me: I wasn't soloing at all; I'd forgotten I'd taken my 7 year-old nephew, Dirk, for an introduction to climbing! Poor little lad was on the end of my rope, covered in bruises and scraped to a pulp. I did buy him an ice-cream afterwards to make up for it though.

Yours,

W. E. Fingerling

Club News

(In no particular order)

Phase 2 of the **kitchen improvement work** (building more cupboards) will have started, in a small way, by the time you read this. Installation will take place in April and May 2007.

The committee has decided to replace the existing mixed **crockery** at High House with new all-white crockery. Please note that we no longer want members to bring along their discarded kitchenware.

The recent deaths of three members recently has created a dilemma for the committee: Is it appropriate for the club to continue with a **Memorial Walk** for just one member (Charlie Birkett) when other well-loved members pass on too? Should we have, instead, one walk in memory of all past members? Would that actually mean anything? Should we have individual walks for each past member when requested, and continue with each one as long as people turn up for the event? Should we simply hold one memorial walk in the first year (only) after each club member has died? The questions bring into focus the view expressed in this newsletter, when Charlie's walk was first proposed, that many past members deserve commemoration. Charlie's walk, although only in its third year, is proving to be a popular event; it goes a little beyond the simple enjoyment of walking together. What do you want the committee to do? If you have a view, please contact the chairman or any committee member before the next committee meeting.

The Fellfarers **AGM** will take place on the 19th January at The Fleece Inn (see page 18). Note that there are **vacancies on the committee**. The existing committee is hopeful that some newer/younger members might like to fill them. If you would like to take a more active part in running the club, call the chairman or any committee member to express your interest.

The British Government has given notice that its agreed **Ban on Smoking in Public Places** in England will come into force on July 1st 2007. The committee is to make enquiries to the District Council but there is every indication that the ban will apply to High House, in which case the club will have no alternative but to strictly enforce it. The penalty on the club for non-compliance would, it is understood, be a fine of £2,000 for every transgression. If that is the case the club will obviously expect every member to respect the ruling. The situation will be fully explained to members when the committee have all the details.

The **Annual Dinner** will take place on the 24th February. Note the new venue. The Eagle and Child is enjoying a good reputation for its food and welcoming atmosphere nowadays and the 555 bus provides a good service between Kendal and Staveley (and back!). Seats must be booked in advance by contacting Val (phone number on back page) and giving her your menu choice by 10th February.

The **Booking Secretary** has moved house. Note his new address on the back page. We're sure that all Fellfarers send their Best Wishes to Hughie and Angie in their new home.

Peter Ford, one of our **Trustees**, has also moved. His new phone number is on the back page.

The **Social Secretary** is to have some new body parts. Peter's long anticipated knee/hip replacement looks set to happen sometime in January or February. We all wish you a speedy recovery when it happens, Peter, and look forward to seeing you skipping about on the fells in the near future.

Dave Halstead, the son of Fellfarer Joan Abbott has achieved great success at the **Kendal Mountain Festival**. His film 'Set in Stone', made with Alistair Lee and featuring the achievements of 'climbing superstar' David Birkett, won two prizes: 'People's Choice' and 'Best Climbing Film'. Very well done Dave. *Note: The Editor still has some DVDs of previous climbing films by Alistair and Dave, as advertised in the last Fellfarer, for sale (they were donated to the club by Dave) . If you're interested, make him an offer.*

Congratulations to Fellfarer Mel Middleton on his successful ascent to the summit of **Kilimanjaro** in October. Alan Wilson and Hugh Taylor almost made it, succumbing to altitude sickness only on the last day. We can all look forward to a slide show in the new year. See page 19.

The Editor survived his week of **Sleeping Rough in the Lake District**. Those who sponsored him should receive his written account of the journey at about this time. Fellfarers, friends and family responded magnificently to the plea for donations and the total promised, at the time of writing, is **£1,481.00**. The money will all go to ROSHNI, a centre for disabled children in India. The tour took place during half-term week in October, a week of generally poor weather, and the first half, in particular, was quite harrowing. He has dried out now and wishes to thank everyone for their support. For more information about the charity you can visit the Website : www.friendsofroshni.co.uk

Plans are being hatched for a few trips away during **2007**: A party of six members are setting off for an extended visit to New Zealand and Tasmania in January. There is talk of climbing in Sardinia and in the Alps in the summer. A trip to Iceland has been mentioned and there is to be a Shinscraper's expedition to climb a remote peak in Mexico with Mike Goff in October. *Do any other members have plans that they would like to share with club members, ideas for a Fellfarer trip, or just personal holiday plans to tell us about? Contact the Ed if you have.*

I an 'Sacky' Underhill



Remembering Ian

"Is your Lad coming?" or "Where's Sacky?"

These were the first things I was asked when I arrived at the Hut for a meet. On reflection it showed how his company was valued and his comments in general, were appreciated; even if they were not always what they expected to hear.

Our Family home was 138 Highgate from the mid 30's to the 60's and became a meeting place for all our friends. We had no car, so even from an early age we walked everywhere; at weekends and Thursdays we'd go with our mother to the Scar, Serpentine Woods or to Kettlewell Quarry and boil water for a picnic tea

When Ian went to the Grammar School he made more friends; Mike Hodgson, Roger Atkinson and later Trevor Swainbank, Tommy Close, Fred Jones and others.

Ian Joined the Y.M.C.A. and at 13 went to Lakeside Camp for 15 days; this had a great influence on his future and gave him a love and understanding of the mountains, wildlife and the flora and fauna

around him. He boxed for the Y.M.C.A.; our father had given us Boxing gloves so that instead of scrapping, as brothers do, he taught us to box in the correct way.

Ian played the washboard in our Skiffle group in the late 50s, Ted Huck on drums, me on Guitar. Around this time we all met up in the Billiard room at the top of our house and listened to the Goon show, where Ian got his nickname SACKY.

At School Ian was a keen sportsman, excelling at sprinting and

playing rugby, he later joined Kendal Athletics club and played for Kendal 2nds.

He joined Kendal Caving Club and did several trips, but will always be remembered for walking with Mike Hodgson all the way from Kendal to Clapham for a Caving Club dinner. Climbing in the Kendal Quarry and in the Langdales on a Wednesday night started almost 47 years ago with "the lads" and continues today, now on Thursday nights. The Fellfarers, Kendal Mountain Rescue, Caving and long walks took up most of his youth but he still found time to go to Jazz concerts, dances with the girls and ride and mend motor bikes.

He worked a short time at IBIS as a draughtsman, Trevor Swainbank worked there also, and this was where he learnt his neat, methodical, and analytical approach to all his projects at home and at the hut. High House and "the Lads" played a big part in our lives, and still does to this day and Ian loved to be at the hut. He met Anne and spent many a holiday and weekend there walking in the mountains he loved. The old back bar, dances in the village hall, dinners at the hut, then at the farm, and now in The Scafell Hotel.

He played badminton and during a match had a severe heel injury; an operation and long rest almost cured it so he then spent a lot of time in his garden, which he loved and became an expert. He took up bird-watching and loved his trips to the Orkney Islands - his roots.

When Ian and Anne parted he moved to Nether Street with only a small garden that he tended with loving care, he was very generous with his time and advice on other peoples gardens and problems. Later he met Dianne, with whom he formed a loving friendship, going on holidays, shopping trips and to the shows together.

He became famous in the club for his crossword knowledge, setting quizzes and Treasure Hunts around the town. His knowledge of old Kendal and Kendal people was outstanding.

Ian would get phone calls asking him "Who wrote what?" or "Who married who?" If he couldn't answer right away, which was rare; he had a book with the answer in it.

We were brothers who got on well together with similar interests and friends, we lived and worked in Kendal and saw each other frequently through our work in K Shoes, where he was a Senior Inspector. He was thoughtful, deep thinking, very knowledgeable and loved his gardening. During the summer he looked after our tubs and garden whilst we were away, on our return he informed us our garden

was - too packed and needed thinning out (what he really said was "its rubbish! Dig it out and start again!!")

His untimely death has saddened a great number of people who knew and loved him, he will be sorely missed; more than he ever could imagine.

Fred Underhill



Sacky (centre) outside High House

The Last Walk

Having just spent an enforced temporary retirement due to my mishap while climbing on Oxenber scar, one thing that I am extremely grateful for is the way the Fellfarers rallied round to keep me occupied during my time in plaster and rehabilitation, and none more so than Sacky, who couldn't do enough to keep me occupied through this time. Prior to my accident, Myself, Roger, Kirky and Sacky had been quite active most weekends out on the fells, each day out was a pleasure as you could imagine. So as my injuries got better I decided it was time to attempt my first walk. So one Sunday after dinner I decided today was the day, and thought a walk from the car park by the Police mast to the Mushroom and back would be just enough. But not wanting to do it on my own asked Kirky if he wanted to accompany me, and he was only too happy to oblige. So off I went to pick him up, and just on the off chance I called in on Sacky on my way round, luckily he was in and had just returned home from a weekend at the Hut, and although he had a swollen knee said he would be happy to come along. So it was like old times again, out on the hill having a laugh on a lovely summers day. So on our return to Kendal we had a cup of tea at Ian's and planned our next weeks walk, (Humphrey Head it was to be) we said cheerio and went home. That was to be the last time I would see him alive again, as he passed away a day or so later. So how important my decision was on that day, to call in on Sacky as the last memories I will have, will be of us being out on the hill and having a laugh in good company.

Bill Hogarth.



Sacky and chums USA 2004

Sacky

What can I say about Ian. A good friend, quiz master, keen ornithologist. Tony and myself have spent a lot of time with Ian over the years. He was a solid and loyal friend.

Ian loved the hostel, as I do, but one evening we very nearly deprived the Fellarers of this first class accommodation. I was up for the weekend with Ian, for a working weekend. We were the first to arrive at the hostel so we light the stove in preparation for a warm return from the pub. In our eagerness to get to the Scaffell a chair was left too close to the stove. Now we all know chairs are made of material and wood, and if they get too warm they singe around the edges before bursting into flames. How lucky were we that someone arrived at the singeing stage. The common room was full of smoke and a disaster was averted. Took some living down did that one.

Sandra Atkinson

A Perfect Gentleman and a True Friend

To say it was a shock when I got the phone call to say that Ian had died would be an understatement. After I had put the phone down and shed a few tears I began to recall happy memories of times in his company, especially up at High House in the K Factory Holidays or on away meets such as the Oread hut in Wales.

Ian and I had the kind of friendship where I was able to say to Steve "I'm going to spend a few days with Sacky at the Hut" or "I'm going away for the weekend to Wales with Ian", in the knowledge that I would be in good company, and "looked after".

I remember one time at High House we had made our sandwiches, packed our rucksacks and planned our route. We drove over Honister to park in the car park at Buttermere and yes it started to rain. We sat in the car waiting for the rain to stop. The rain came on so hard that it bounced off everything, so, deciding that we were not going to set off while it was like this, it was agreed that we should go for a drive and maybe find a "tea shop" (we all know how Ian liked his tea shops). We eventually ended up at the Whinlatter visitors centre. By now the rain had stopped and we decided to don boots and do a short forest walk. Ian convinced me that we didn't need to spend the £1 (or something like that) to buy a route map as we could just follow the red waymarkers. As you can guess the short walk turned into an epic as we got well and truly lost!

Ian was always willing to give a helping hand if you needed one. He and Ali felled an out of control elm tree in our back garden this last spring. I know an elderly disabled neighbour of his will miss him terribly, because even changing a light bulb for her is a great task. And the "summer wine" crew will be missing one of its members, because he always turned out if any work was needed at his beloved High House.

The last time I saw Ian was whilst I was recuperating from an operation. I was lying dozing in bed when there was a knock at the door, and found it was Ian "visiting the sick". We sat in the kitchen for about an hour and drank a cup of tea and chatted about everyone and everything while watching the birds on the feeders. A quick peck on the cheek and wishes for a speedy recovery and he went on his way.

Ian I will miss your companionship and your great knowledge on just about every subject. God bless you, a perfect gentleman and a true friend.

Val Calder

Sacky Underhill

Sacky and I first met in the early 50's at Grammar School and as part of a group of lads we began to explore what life had to offer. As we slowly grew older we graduated from coffee bars and rock and roll to the world of work motor bikes, cars, dances, girls and an odd pint in the Nags Head.

It was at this time in our late teens that we realised what a wonderful playground we had on our doorsteps and we began our life-long love affair with outdoor life.

A day on the fells with Sacky was always a joy, always interesting and informative and often very funny, and you always respected his fell craft and local knowledge. I recall one day some years ago we were walking from Rosset Pike, heading towards Sticks Pass and eventually Langdale, in a heavy mist, I had taken a compass bearing which we set off on, but I could see the doubt on Sacky's face when he eventually said "We need to be more to our left" Well I believed him until we dropped below the cloud level in Langstrath! "Well they both start with L" was his only comment.

Sacky was like a Hoover soaking up knowledge on history, natural history, trees, flowers, place names and people, a habit which never left him. If on a days walking a question arose about something we saw, and the group couldn't supply an answer it was Sacky who went home, looked it up and rang round with the answer. This quest for information also made him the ideal companion on a trip away, he always turned up armed with a sheaf of notes on the area to be visited, often in the form of pages from magazines which he must have stored for years. What a filing system!

As a Kendalian Sacky would often put me to shame with his memory of Kendal's people past and present, his "Do you remember so and so?" and my negative reply would often be followed by his "Of course you know him." and then telling me when I last met them. How I envy his recall.

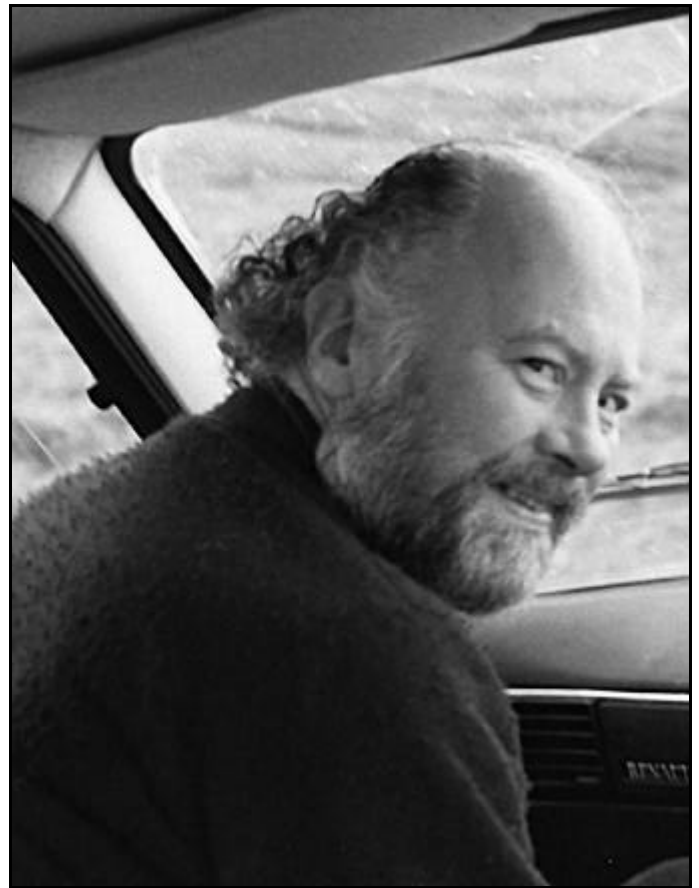
It occurred to me to remark that Sacky was the Fellfarers answer to Google, but when you think about it logically Google is the worlds answer to Sacky.

Roger Atkinson



(See also page 16)

Bill Stockdale



Bill

My memories of Bill Stockdale are that he was real monkey with me !! He used to take the rise out of me terribly. On one occasion he was wearing my tights. Now I think about it, the fact I used to take tights to the hut was odd but walking into the common room and finding this larger than life man in my tights was too much for a sweet young girl. I'm sure this was done to embarrass me, and it worked. You had to be there, as they say, to appreciate the effect it had on all persons present. He may have taken the mickey but it was always done with love and affection. He was so full of life and humour; it was always a pleasure to be in his company.

However, one evening he parted company with the home-bound group from the Scafell. Overflowing with merriment (Jennings) he stumbled into the roadside wall. His wobbly legs continued striding onwards and upwards and Bill ended up face down in the neighbouring field. His relaxed state (pissed) ensured he rose from the damped earth without a scratch. Just walking home from the pub with Bill could result in mayhem.

Unfortunately, his illness deprived him of walking over his beloved fells. How cruel life can be to such lovely people like Bill. His legacy is leaving some fabulous memories for both Tony and me. What a sweetie he was.

Sandra Atkinson

Bill

I first met Bill at High House in the mid-sixties. By that time he had already completed all the Wainwrights in the Lakes, but I soon realised that he wasn't your common or garden fellwalker.

We were in Wasdale and I took a walk with him to Pillar. On reaching the head of Mosedale he went straight up the fell to the summit. "Once through the intake wall," he said, "you can go wherever you want. You don't have to stick to the footpaths." This happened many times when out with Bill; even the dullest fell was made more interesting by getting off the beaten track.

I also went with Bill and Colin Hunter to do what he called his 'last summit' to bag in the Lakes. We spent well over an hour on the top of High Man on Pillar. It was a lovely warm summers day, not a bad place to be, and Bill was over the moon.

No day out was ever complete, however, without a visit to the pub in the evening, which he did with great enthusiasm; the crack was superb. He told us of the time he was on the Corridor Route, walking to Scafell with his dog, Fleet. He changed his mind and decided to go up Skew Gill and Cust's Gully to Great End. He managed to heave the dog up the steep bits and emerge on the summit. It is not known if the dog enjoyed this scrambling route as much as Bill did.

Bill was a mountaineer with his own ideas on how to reach the tops, be it gills or gullies or rocky buttresses. His dof Fleet must have done more miles than Peter Edmondson's sheep dogs.

His enthusiasm for the fells affected everyone, be it in Skye, the Lakes, Wales or the Pyrenees and he will be sadly missed by his wife Joan and family, and all who knew him at High House.

Peter Goff



A butterfly and Bill, KFF trip to the Pyrenees, 1980s

BILL

I'm sure many Fellfarers who have known Bill Stockdale a lot longer than I have will be able to tell enough stories, many of them hilarious and even more un-PC, to fill a book. I however have two memories that have stuck with me from a very young age. The first is the way that each Wainwright Fleet and Bill completed was marked in his book. As a child I thought this was fabulous and a great way of recording his walks.

The second is that if you walked with Bill you could expect to walk straight up the front of a mountain and forget the namby pamby zig zag roundabout route.

I'm not entirely sure whether I remember either of the above from first hand experience or because of the number of times these things have been talked when I've been out walking but it does go to show that Bill will not be forgotten and will continue to bring a smile to my face whilst walking.

Vicky Weeks

Bill Stockdale

Bill fitted me with my first school uniform at R.W. and T.K. Thompson's and from this simple act a friendship grew between our two families.

The friendship could have become the basis for a book, in fact several books. A few chapters would be needed to tell of holidays, expeditions and visits to High House Bill's family and mine shared, including a day on the beach in Pembrokeshire when Bill volunteered to take a very young Adam to the waters edge. We watched them walk slowly all the way and immediately turn back, when they arrived back at the picnic site Bill's only remark was "He needs a clean nappy" (or something nearly like that.) and disowned Adam for the rest of the day. There where also some Legendary lads holidays on Skye, parts of which would struggle to get passed the censor.

Bill had many interests, but his main claim to fame was his fellwalking. Things that stick in my mind are, at the end of a very wet day on Healabhal Mhor, on Skye, Bill gave a passable impression of Gene Kelly's Singing in the Rain complete with the foot splashing in the water. His other memorable and often repeated saying was "We could take a short cut here" This always seemed a good idea until you quickly realised that to qualify to be a short cut in Bill's eyes it had to be close to vertical.

When Bill worked at R.W. and T.K. Thompson's he was part of the Finkle Street Mafia, and as the Wainwright guide books were being published at the time he seemed to be able to get a copy from the local book shop a day or two before the official release date. He managed this again with book seven, which was due for publication on a Thursday, Bills half day off. So having scoured the book from cover to cover Bill was tuned in to the bit about buried treasure on Lank Rigg (You know the bit I mean.) Any way to cut a long story short Bill arrived on the summit of Lank Rigg, on publication day mind you, to find the treasure had gone and had been replaced by a list of treasure hunters, and Bill became sixth on the list. He could still laugh about it through gritted teeth.

Roger Atkinson

Climbing BIG in Ailefroide, The Ecrins, French Alps

June 2006

Cheryl Smallwood

Saturday 24th June

Having enjoyed exceptional views of Monte Blanc, before descending into the fog of Turin, and an exciting drive on high mountain roads, dodging Tour de France fanatics we arrived in the Alpine village of Ailefroide, home for the next 7 days.

We arrived just in time for a huge thunderstorm, only just managing to put the tent up as the first drops of rain began to fall. I quickly volunteered to put up the inner tent! At an altitude of 1500m Ailefroide is located amongst the impressive Ecrin Mountains, their huge granite crags making for a premier climbing venue, in the Alps, second only to Chamonix for the number of quality of routes.

Sunday 25th June

We awoke to clear blue skies and headed off to sample our first taste of those sweeping granite slabs we had looked so eagerly on the previous years family holiday.

Our crag (Les Petites Dalles) was just a 20-minute saunter. We thought we would try our hand at a most amenable route (Zombie Fute 5a). This proved to be so much harder than it looked! But we managed to get to the belay at around 25m without too much of a fuss!

Next up (Luc y Luc 5a) - very thin slabby route, again around 25m.

We soon realised why we were the only people there, as the hot sun soon came around onto the face, and we were burned off, and headed back to the village for some well earned liquid refreshment.

Monday 26th June

Crag - Le Draye - droite - (all around 25 m)

This was a popular area, but with the only access road up to Ailefroide closed, for resurfacing, all the crags were distinctly quiet for the entire week we were there.

Here the character of the rock changed slightly, although still largely slabby, there were a few more breaks in the rock giving way to some very satisfying flakes. None of the routes were easy, with 5b being the average grade.

Tuesday 27th June

Sous La Fissure

The character of this crag can only be described as

SLABBY, hardly a feature to be seen. The rock looks very inviting, and at a fairly pleasant angle. Most routes are split into two 23m pitches. Sweeping delicate granite slabs rising up to an overhanging roof!

We warmed up on some pleasant 4c slabs, which to me would have all been starred routes back home. The 3rd route on this crag (Le Toboggan 1st pitch 5b, 2nd pitch 4c) was to be our first two pitch climb, involving the dreaded

abseil, sorry rappel! The overhanging start proved O.K. The slab above soared up to the glinting belay stance. The rock was quite polished and the moves thin and very sustained. Just when I thought I had got over the hardest part, it just got harder! I was relieved to finally reach the exposed semi-hanging belay. I managed to relax and take in the view of the surrounding mountains and the splashes of coloured tents down at our campsite. Jason soon joined me to lead the top pitch. This pitch was less sustained but of a fine quality.

Now the time had come, to tie the ropes together! Many a week had been spent studying articles, asking other climbers that big question "which knot to use?" After reading a rather harrowing article on the Needle Sports Website, I decided on an overhand knot.

This looks far too simple to be safe, so I took some other advice from another excellent website www.aqvi55.dsl.pipex.com/index.htm and tied another overhand knot immediately after the first, this looks much better! As it turned out the knot was the easy part.

After rappelling to the next belay we gave little consideration to pulling down the ropes, which resulted in 300 foot of rope tumbling down on top of us, arriving in a bundle of knots at our feet! This then took an age to sort out, with a lot of huffing and puffing, and yes, the inevitable hot sun burning down on us! You live and learn.

Wednesday 28th June

Whilst staying in Ailefroide you are constantly looking up at the huge multi pitch slabs that soar up into the azure sky. I just kept thinking, "I don't think I'm up to tackling one of those imposing routes" So the pressure to climb something BIG, and all the expectations of a multi-pitch climb, was now sitting heavily on my shoulders.



This coupled with yet another even hotter and much more humid day we decided to pack up after a couple of routes back at La Draye and go for a jolly good walk! Well we were on holiday after all!

The walk up the valley to the Refuge du Sele was beautiful. The pine forest, that so cunningly hides the 500 pitch campsite, meanders its way along side the river, which roars relentlessly down the otherwise peaceful valley. We were lucky enough to see a woolly marmot and a chamois that was more inquisitive to see us than us of it, it ended up following us up to the headwall of the valley for a photo shoot.

Darkening clouds prevented us dimbing up the final 500ft scramble to the hut. The streams we had crossed on the way up, which were trickling quietly down the mountainside, now raced down at high speed bringing down gravel and small stones, in fact the whole streambed! Jason took his chances and plunged straight across. I however, was left leaping around on the moving streambed like a demented marmot, until I finally reached the other side, only to be greeted with Jason's huge grin! I showed him my bleeding finger, but received no sympathy!

Thursday 29th June

It was no use procrastinating any longer; a big route had to be done. Flicking through the guide book we ummd and arrd and with much trepidation we headed off for an 18-pitch epic! Well if you're gonna do a BIG route!

A pleasant walk soon turned into a thrash about in the undergrowth!

Sweating and grovelling around amongst brambles and hawthorns, trying to find the start of our route, we finally came away defeated. We managed to cheer ourselves up by doing a couple of routes, one 5c which had eluded me the on the previous attempt. So confidence restored we headed back to camp for some more delicious dried food. Yum! Yum!

Friday 30th June

No, we were not going to be beaten! We took another closer look at the map and realised our error and set off again. The Fellfarer needed its story and we were jolly well going to give it one!

Marked by the obligatory pink tissue, we found the first pitch of our climb. I cannot begin to describe each pitch of this mammoth climb, but I will try and pick out the highlights of this momentous route.

Just when you want to be eased into route I was faced with a 5c overhanging start, "Just think of it as Hutton Roof" I told myself. This followed by a now familiar, slab

at 5a. I was ever hopeful for a short pitch, but it turned out to be a very efficiently bolted route, with every pitch being just about a full rope length! I was now very glad of my newfound friend "the landyard" which I clipped into the belay bolts with some relief.

An exposed 4b pitch followed which rather set me on edge. When I reached the belay I realised it had done the same to someone else as they had fixed a maillon and rappelled off the route! It did cross my mind for a second.

All thoughts of retreat were dispelled on the next 5a pitch. What a cracking pitch. Another slab rose up high above me. A fantastic position, delicate ripples and pock-ets and the bolts just spread out enough to make your heart race, brilliant!

At pitch 7 we were at the hardest part of the climb. A 5b pitch on very delicate and sustained rock. The full heat of the day was now on our backs and the muscles in our calves were beginning to feel the strain. The constant pressure of slab climbing taking it out of your feet, calves and buttocks!

The climb now eased for a bit but then raised its game again to 5a and we were back some more screaming calves!

Hungry and thirsty we now took a break. Our 4 litres of water was disappearing fast and what was left was now hot! We were both, at this point, very tired and it was with some nervousness that we looked at the guide book so find our position. Half way! We were only half way! I looked up towards the distant summit, which from here, looked very steep! I looked at Jason. I carried on.

We now climbed in a state of automation. Make the moves, clip the bolts, get to belay point, repeat. No more looking at the book, just keep on going, keep on going.

We finally got to the last steep pitch (5a) and I just remember thinking "just let it be O.K. and not too hard, please?" It was O.K. it went just fine and I felt so emotional as I reached the last belay station. I have never been so glad to see two shiny bolts! As I brought Jason up the realisation of what we had achieved now dawned on me and in true girly fashion I started to cry! I was shaking and tired and just so pleased to be at the top because after the half way point we were so spent I did not think I had the mental and physical energy to finish!

Jason arrived and we collapsed into nervous giggles and did not untie our ropes until we were safely on the tourist path back down the mountain.

Two hours walking and we were back at the tent! Hot food, loads of water and blissful sleep.

Would we do it again? What do you think?



VERCORS

August/September 2006

Mick Fox

This was a Kendal Caving Club trip to the famous *speloe* region in France, but, as five of the nine participants, Rose and Paul, Richard, Clare and myself, are also Fellfarers, it's worth a mention here.

The Vercors is a very well kept secret. It is almost a 'Lost World' in that it is a plateau, generally three or four thousand feet above the surrounding French countryside, and is guarded almost continuously around its perimeter by huge limestone cliffs. Very few roads manage to pierce these barrier walls. The northern half is popular as a ski resort in winter but the southern half is almost untouched by commercialism. We stayed in a gite in the south.

The keenest of the cavers were underground, hiding from the glorious weather, every day and so missed some wonderful scenery. Clare and I walked most days, often to the perimeter ridge to gaze down on most, it seemed, of southern France without too much uphill work to get there. It felt like cheating really. On clear days Mont Blanc and much of the western Alps were spread before us.

One of the highlights was the Via Ferratta de Chironne, so good that some of us had to do it twice! It was on a big limestone roadside crag so it doesn't compare with the Dolomite mountain experience but the exposure was exhilarating (the cliff overhangs at mid-height across most of its width and is vertical everywhere else). Every Fellfarer on the trip had a go. (See the cover picture).

I had my climbing gear with me because 'I had a dream'. On the previous KCC trip to this area I had seen a picture of a local mountain that had held me spellbound. I discovered that it is called Mont Aiguille and I found the relevant map. My initial visit, then, proved that the only safe access to the summit would require ropes and climbing companions so I returned to base disappointed.



Mont Aiguille

This time Richard and Paul accompanied me and my rope. It was a long drive and an even longer walk up to the summit cliffs. There is only one easy passage (English grade: Severe) through the thousand feet of vertical limestone and we couldn't find it!

Once more I had to abandon hope of reaching the top. Then, just before we left, I had a quick

scout round in an unlikely place and found the obvious route upwards. Merde! It was too late in the day for us to go for it so Mont Aiguille has still not had its first ascent by a Fellfarer.

I might be down that way again next summer. Anyone interested?

TORRIDON

September 2006

Bruce Greenbank

I have been walking the tops and climbing the Gritstone Edges of the Peak District over the past 20 years or so with my eldest son John, punctuated with occasional trips to the Lake District to do some proper rock climbing. I was, therefore, pleased when he telephoned me back in May to say that he and two of his friends were going up to Torridon for a few days at the end of September and would I like to join them. We would stay at the Youth Hostel from Saturday 23rd. to Wednesday 27th inclusive and a room for four was duly booked.

Three of us therefore (one having given backward) caught the 07.45 hrs. flight to Glasgow from East Midlands Airport on the Saturday morning, the fare was Nil and we paid £22 Airport Taxes for the return flight, arriving in Glasgow at 08.30 hrs. How things have changed. I remember in 1953 three of us taking a whole day traveling to Glencoe from Kendal on motor bikes on the old roads via the Erskine Ferry.

We hired a Mondeo Estate at the Airport and drove up to Fort William where we spent an hour in Morrisons purchasing food and wine to cover our stay. The girl on the check-out told us there was a good chip shop about five minutes walk away where we duly purchased lunch. We arrived in Torridon in the late afternoon.

Sunday dawned fine with cloud and sunshine but the forecast was for rain by lunch time. We decide on Ben Alligan and the Horns. We parked the car in the small Car Park on the Torridon to Diabeg road at 08.30 hrs. There followed a steep and relentless climb up Coir an Laogh. On emerging from the Coir the view is sudden and spectacular. Close at hand lies the Trotternish Ridge of Skye and beyond it the hills of Harris and the low lying profile of Lewis. An added bonus was a pair of Golden Eagles circling above. It was but a short walk to the summit of Tom Na Gruagaich 3025 ft.



The summit of Tom Na Gruagaich

Care is required on the descent to the col thence round the rim of Toll a' Mhadaidh Mor and after passing the great gash of Eag Dubh na hEigheachd a steepish climb leads to the main summit of Sgurr Mhor 3235ft. By this time the wind had risen to Gale Force and rain clouds threatened. We dropped down to the col before the first

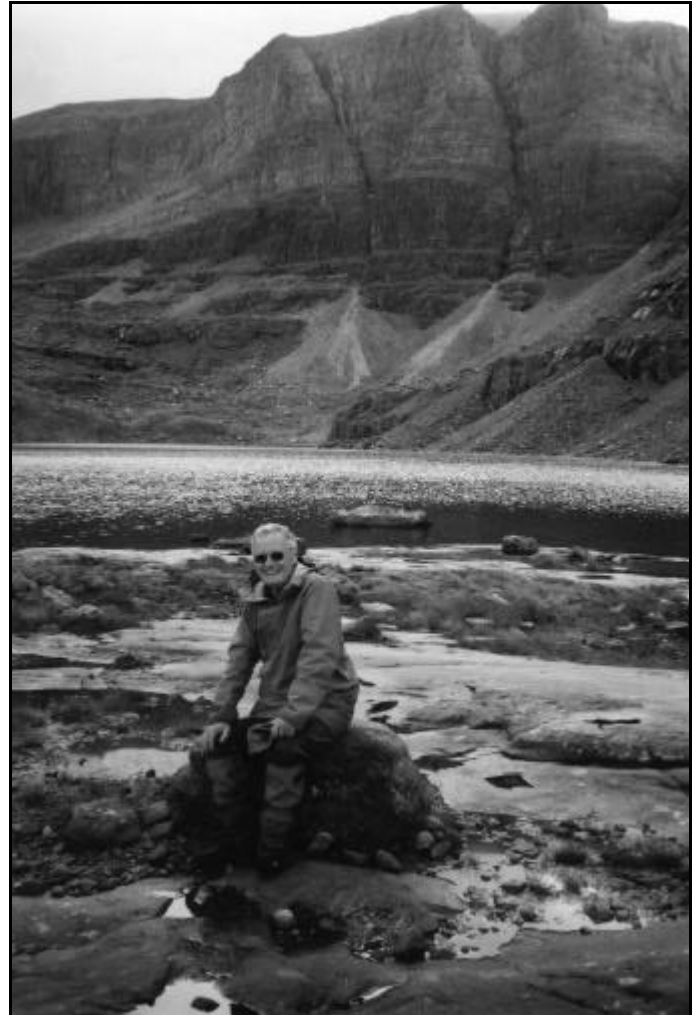
horn but so unfortunately did the cloud and it started to rain. The combination of wind, Cloud and rain added a certain spice to the traverse. Coming down off the third Horn the rain stopped and the cloud lifted to clear the tops. We descended to the moorland below, where a stalkers path to the Coire Mhic Nobuil footpath led us back to the car. We had been out walking for seven and a half hours and were somewhat chastened to read later that Cameron McNeish in his book on the Munros gave a time of 4-6 hours (was he timing Joss Naylor?). However we cheered up on referring to John's Guide Book which gave a time of 6-8 hours for the complete traverse, Monday's forecast was for winds gusting up to 60 miles per hour so we abandoned our idea of traversing Liathac. Instead we decided on Beinn Liath Mhor 3038ft. We parked on the car park opposite the Ling hut. We encountered a couple of Stags and several Hinds on the way to the summit and envied the way they seemed to glide up the mountainside. A long and steep slope of heather and boulders, with no path in evidence, leads to the summit. The view from the top is breathtaking, big mountains on all sides. A steep wet and slippery descent led us back to the main path and back to the car.

The forecast for Tuesday was a bit iffy so we again parked opposite the Ling hut and took the footpath up into Coire Dubh Mor. The path divides at a cairn and we took the right fork which goes round the prow of Sail Mor and up past some fine waterfalls into Coire Mhic Fhearchair. This coire has a fine lochan and is dominated by the magnificent 1000ft high Triple Buttress. A truly impressive place to savour whilst eating lunch. The route continues round the back of the lochan then up a very steep and horribly loose scree gully onto the summit ridge of Ruadh-Stac-Mor, 3314ft. It is an easy walk from here to the summit. On returning to the top of the scree gully it was felt it would be too dangerous to reverse it. The more pleasant but longer alternative was to follow the main ridge over another col to reach the Trig point on Spidean Coire nan Clach 3258ft. From there a spur led down into Coire an Laoigh from where a Stalkers path leads down to the road about 1 1/2 miles north of the car park.

Wednesday was again cloudy and windy. We felt an easier day was called for (if there is such a thing in Torridon) and decided on Beinn Damh, 2960ft. Parking the car in a layby near the Beinn Damh hotel we took the path which climbs initially up through a pine forest. Then follows a very wet steepish slope to the col. From the col a grassy slope followed by a boulder field leads to the lower summit. There is a fine stone shelter at this point, where we had lunch. The main summit is about a mile distant along a fine ridge walk ending in another boulder field which is climbed to the main summit. There is a splendid feeling of isolation here and views all round of mountains and total wilderness. We retraced our steps to the car savouring the views as we descended.

So ended four magnificent days and we all agreed that the weather had been kind to us. We celebrated with a slap up meal in the Shieldeg hotel.

The main thing which struck us about the trip was the number of people we met, or rather didn't meet when we were walking. We walked for an average of seven hours a day over the four days meeting nine people on the Sunday, six people on Tuesday and not a soul on Monday or Wednesday.



The Triple Buttress in Coire Mhic Fhearchair

On Thursday, the day we were leaving, we awoke to heavy rain. It had rained all night and there were some spectacular streams cascading down the mountainside opposite the hostel. It rained all the way down to Glencoe reinforcing our opinion that we had indeed been fortunate with the weather. We stopped off in Glencoe to have a look at the Fell & Rock hut (for the future maybe) and had a couple of pints in the Kingshouse Hotel. We caught the 2200 hrs flight from Glasgow landing at East Midlands airport 45 minutes later.

Incidentally, my family had been trying to persuade me for some time to start using Walking Poles and I had always resisted. After all I'm still nobbut a lad. However on the occasion of my seventy-fifth birthday in August I was presented with a pair of Craghoppers and ordered to take them to Scotland. I have to say they remained firmly strapped to my rucksack on the ascents but I did feel they were useful on some of the descents, particularly the wet and slippery sections. Who Knows, perhaps in another 10 years I might start to use them on the uphill bits!

Night Walk

Friday 13th October 2006

"Loughrigg at night? I can't imagine anything worse! You can easily get lost in the daylight up there, never mind in the dark." said Walter when I rang him. Presumably other members agreed, or suffered from paraskavekatriaphobia because Ray was the only Fellfarer to turn up at the bus station for the 5.05 bus. In fact, because nobody had rung me, I'd assumed interest was zero and I'd told Kevin and Dale, who were interested but would struggle to be on time to not bother. I only went down to the bus station myself to make sure nobody was there.....*

So Ray and I climb on the bus and submit to Stagecoach's highway robbery. No wonder the buses are all empty.

The fields around Ambleside are swathed in pale mists and a menacing black doud envelops the head of Fairfield but the air above us is clear and the western sky is turning a delicate pink. It is as warm as a summer evening.

We wait at Clappersgate in case anyone else might turn up but my impatience gets the better of me and we leave before 6.30. We climb the steep narrow lane almost hidden between the houses. This is my favourite route onto Loughrigg's mazy summit plateau but I haven't been this way for at least 15 years - since my fellracing days. I tell Ray that I never seemed to go the same way twice when I used to race it. He looks apprehensive. It is his first time on the fells in the dark and he'd expected to be with someone who knows his way around. Too late Ray, there's no turning back now.

The sun has disappeared and houselights begin to twinkle amongst the dark trees below as we follow the delightful path which contours along Loughrigg's southern slopes. This narrow trod is the epitome of lovely Lakeland paths. It is only just above the treetops but the views are far-reaching and it surprises the traveller as it curls through bracken amongst craggy outcrops and stunted thorns. Of course it's getting dark now so we miss most of this.....

The top is wet underfoot and squelchy bits catch us out from time to time. We plan to avoid using torches as long as possible and, although our night vision improves as the light fades further, we still get one or two wet surprises.

I'm navigating almost on instinct now. Dark humps rear up all around and I steer in whichever direction feels right. Every once in a while I recognise a little crag or a pool of water and am reassured.

We are startled by a dark solitary figure striding down past us. He probably thought he was last man on the fell and is perhaps even more surprised to see people heading upwards.

We climb a 'pitched stone' staircase (a scree gully last time I came this way) and catch sight of the trig point silhouetted against a deep indigo sky. I make a mental note to let Walter know that didn't get lost once, and torches and maps hadn't left the rucksack yet.

We gaze for a while at the valleys filled with fairy lights all around us, at the brooding black shapes of the hills filling our horizon, at the moving necklace of car-lights threading down from Dunmail Raise into the woodlands of Grasmere at our feet. Strangely, only one star shows itself above. Red it is; perhaps Mars?

We move more slowly now, downhill towards Red Bank. The way is steep and rocky. The stones of the path still show white, vaguely glowing, but the height of each downward step is becoming more difficult to judge. About halfway down to Loughrigg Terrace the torches are switched on. We exist now in little pools of light and what little there was of our surroundings disappear. The terrace path takes us round past the shores of Rydal Water (almost *into* the water at one point) and onto the back road into Ambleside, via the park. We have made good time and we have a choice of buses now.

We catch the 8.50 bus which allows us to visit the Westmorland Beer Festival, rather than drink in Ambleside until 11.15. It is a good choice and we finish the evening in pleasant company drinking strange beers from little glasses.

Anyone fancy another walk in the dark; say sometime in February? See page 18

* *Fear of Friday 13th*



Ray on a dark Loughrigg summit

Bonfire Night

Sunday 5th November 2006

The fire-building team (aka the Summer Wine Gang) had toiled away on Thursday afternoon to build a magnificent heap of branches from the garden and surrounding woodland. Walter had inserted, deep within the pile, a large and highly combustible 'fire-lighter' of his own making.

Unfortunately the bonfire was so big that we couldn't reach this flammable heart to set the thing off. Someone suggested sending a small boy in with a match but there were no volunteers. Walter finally succeeded with Walshaw's Patent Fire

Lighting Fluid - a couple of gallons of red diesel. The resultant inferno was a joy (and not a little scary) to behold.

Guy was dressed this year in a wet suit, not historically accurate but a great and smoky addition to the conflagration. The fireworks were a marvel. Most contributors had gone for the large 'public performance' fireworks and the results were noisy and spectacular. It'll be months before the wildlife returns to the Witherslack woodlands.

There was an excellent turn-out of people; family and Fellfarers, and the two barbecues produced what seemed like an unlimited supply of food for us all. There were baked spuds galore and even a special super-spud (measuring about 2 feet across I reckon) which was earmarked for Bill. Un-



Bill Hogarths supper - the super-spud.

fortunately Bill hadn't turned up *but no-one else was allowed to touch it*. It was wrapped up in foil and delivered to Bill's house that evening for his supper.

It was yet another very successful Bonfire Night. We just have to ask Walter and Ann nicely if we can do it again next year.

Remembrance Sunday

Sunday 12th November 2006

In spite of the poor weather and the uncertain forecast for Sunday the cars kept rolling up and disgorging more Fellfarers on Friday evening and on Saturday. On Friday evening it rained and no-one stirred from their seats around the stove. Saturday was also a day for not stirring but some strange impulse drove almost everybody out: three got soaked on Green Gable, two got soaked on Ling Fell, and three got soaked on a tour of the Wythop Valley. One got soaked without wandering far from the hut. Two members stayed put and stayed dry.

By Saturday evening High House was approaching full capacity. The rain had stopped and word was out that the Yew Tree was still open. Nine of us set off and arrived to find that it was a 'good news'—'bad news' evening. The bar was open but it was the last evening before the winter closedown and the only beer left was a rather repulsive 'Creamflow'. It was a very jolly party, though, and we did enjoy Mr Goffs' 'two thumbs' joke immensely.

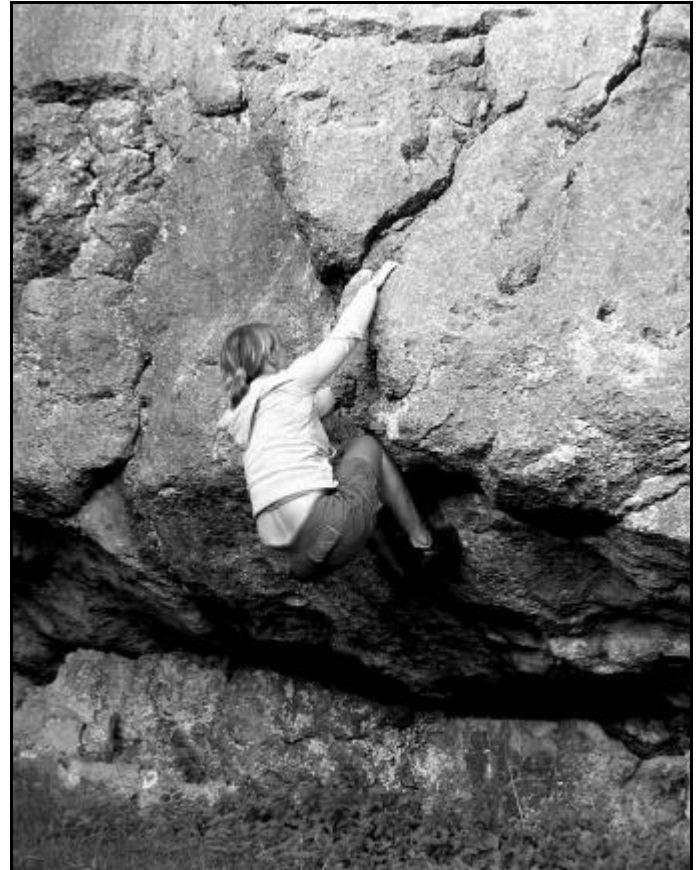
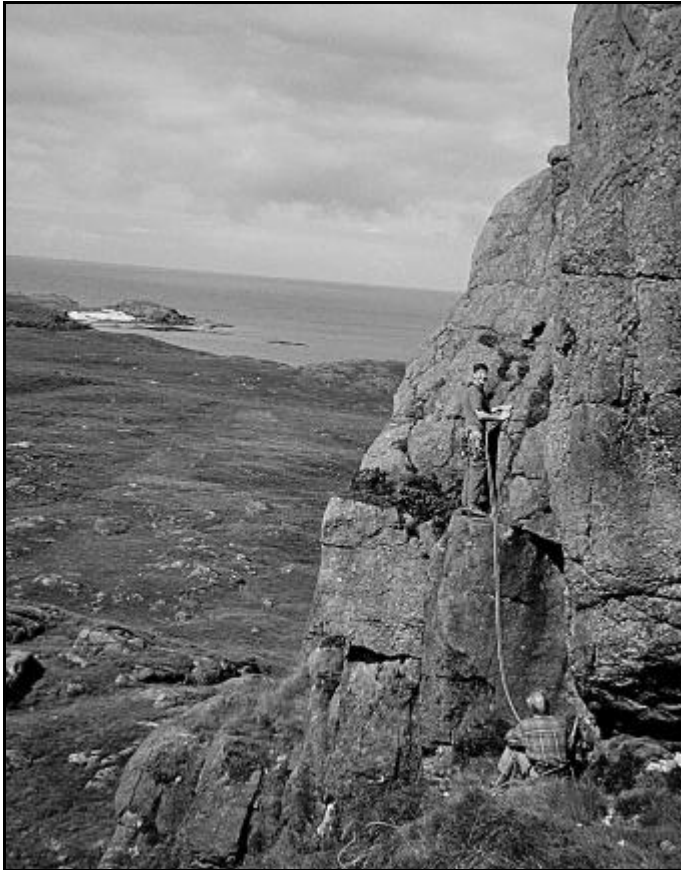
On Sunday nine of us visited Great Gable for the FRCC Remembrance Ceremony and seventeen Fellfarers were present at the Castle Crag for the 'locals' version.

Undoubtedly the hero of the weekend was Bill Hogarth, who is still recuperating after his climbing accident but showed great determination and climbed Great Gable, accompanied by his 'minders', Alan and Clanger, in three hours to arrive for the Silence with only seconds to spare! He then took four hours to accomplish the more painful descent.

Well done Bill. And well done all of us. It was another great High House weekend.



The Shinscrapers Page



Above: "I'm off the ground!" Rod M + Peter G. 'Plocaig Walk', Achnaha Buttress, Arnamurchan. 23.Aug.06

Above: Cheryl on Ape Buttress, the little monkey, Hutton Roof. 24.Aug.06

Below: Hooray! He's back! Bill's return to climbing after his long lay-off. Kendal Climbing Wall. 09.Nov.06

Below: Alan looking for that little pink one. Kendal Climbing Wall. 30.Nov.06



West Dunnerdale Fells (A Short Walk in the West - Number 5)

More than twenty years ago on one of my first walking weekends in the Lake District with friends from the deep south, we had a short, hot day in the West Dunnerdale Fells. "PH" the map said adjacent to Broughton Mills, so we headed downhill and were almost through the village before I turned around and there before me stood the magnificent sight of the Blacksmith's Arms, and soon after four pints served from a jug by Mrs. Tyson. This quarter's walk can easily take in the same hostelry, indeed a variation is to start and finish there.

The key point about this walk is not the height gained – there isn't much – but the splendid views into the valleys below, especially the Duddon. Park at Whistling Green and head south on the road for about 100 yards, then take the track going left towards Yew Pike. At Low Birks this unmetalled road becomes a muddy path that heads steeply uphill for a while under the North side of Yew Pike. The easier choice through the gate just goes into the valley fields, so don't take it. When clear of the trees the path becomes indistinct, but just keep heading upwards until you find a wooden way mark post.



Continue on the grass path through the bracken over the shoulder of the hill. This is a particularly good point from which to enjoy the views into the Duddon Valley, both to the north and south. The path heads down to a tumbling stream and up the other side with a splendid view of Caw emerging as you ascend. Part way up the shoulder the path diverges. Either fork will do. The left one brings you out at the cattle grid on the Seathwaite – Broughton Mills road and a short walk uphill to where the right fork meets the road at its high point. This is the start point of the walk to Caw I shared in a previous issue of the Fellfarer, and a splendid place it is for a rest.

Continue down the road to Hoses farm. Immediately before the gate across the road there is a footpath sign on the right pointing uphill towards Hare Hall. Follow the wall uphill and turn left when it does. Proceed along the intake wall. Hare Hall is below the path and out of sight until



you're almost past it. I spotted it with the help of the smell of fresh coal in the smoke from the chimney. Soon after, there is another tumbling stream coming down the fell side, and this is where I stopped for lunch amidst the sound of water and to the south views of the woodland surrounding Broughton Mills. Continue along the path and through the gate, where the path becomes a splendid green lane. When the open field is reached, don't bear right, but continue straight on down to the picnic table and tree (of "Ladies Dinner" fame), and another green lane coming in from the right. This is the way back to the start, but I recommend that you sit at the table for a few seconds contemplating a cool pint in the Blacksmith's Arms. "OK, we'll go that way!"



Head downhill, through the gate and along the wall through the woods to Green Bank and the short walk down the lane to the pub. Afterwards, retrace your steps to Green Bank. At this point you do not have to return to the picnic table, but can take the path to the left (both are signed on the same post). At the second field the path disappears, but the gateway in the wall opposite is the obvious point to aim for. Once through it, head diagonally right uphill to the top corner of the woodland. Eventually, you meet the bridleway coming from the picnic table, which is gained via a splendid stone stile in the wall. Follow the bridleway to the left. Not far along it, there is an old barn standing on the left.



Do go inside and have a look at the two ancient crook beams holding up the roof. There is a multitude of paths and sheep trods beyond this point. The one you want tracks along under the fells to the right. Avoid the low pasture to the left. Continue along the path which eventually leaves the wall on the left behind. When the path forks, take the left fork for a scenic descent into the Duddon Valley. When the path forks again, this time sharply, take the right fork and head steeply downhill to the road which takes you north back to the start.

Alec Reynolds

From the Archives:



In the main chamber, Gaping Gill, '58 or '59.
Top: Ian Underhill. Bottom Left: Mike Hodgson.
Bottom Right: Fred Underhill

Jug Handles.

Or, Memories of an Octogenarian.

Peter O'Loughlin

"Now, toe into there. Great! Straighten up and reach for that hand hold."

"Where is it?" Some 'piano playing' - and it's there! A jug handle, easy. But, for a second I was desperate. How often have you come across a hold like that.

I was never a great climber, but I loved it. I had done an awful lot of diffs, very diffs and a few severes, and about four or five very severes. But, I loved climbing on a sunny day; that was, perhaps, the best time with the rock very dry. Climbs like the Needle Ridge, or the Arrowhead Ridge on Gable. Great!

I've climbed some very hard climbs like the Innominate Crack and Eagle Nest Ridge on Gable and felt really pleased with myself, but on more than one occasion I've been sure that I've had it; I've felt uneasy. They weren't for me; I did both of them once only and that was enough, whereas I did Tophet Bastion many times and loved every one.

My very first climb was the Dandle Buttress in Longsledale. I belonged to the Kendal Lads Club and one Sunday morning six of us cycled there. The sun was shining and it looked set to stay that way. Nevertheless, we couldn't help feeling apprehensive as we looked up at the buttress. As it turned out we had no need to worry as the climb was a succession of jug handles'; it was lovely! I thought at the time, not knowing any different, that it was a very exposed climb!! At the top we felt quite pleased at having conquered this, after all, we were only fourteen years old. I remember some of those who were there - - Dick Pickthall, the Lads' Club leader; he led the climb. There was Myers Ferguson, Wally Sanderson, Jack Heap, and others I can't remember.

That was the start. We went regularly to the Dandle until we had all led it. Then we found Seathwaite in 1940. Most of us worked at Somervell Bros, so we were able to use the 'K' hostel. One weekend we cycled there. We went on Friday night after work and stayed until Sunday night. What an adventure! The same group went and I remember thinking as we arrived in the dark after midnight, what an eerie place it was. We eventually found out where we were to sleep and after putting out the paraffin lamps, we went to sleep eating chocolate! In the morning we got out of the blanket sleeping bags, courtesy of the K Fellfarers, and had breakfast. We had great difficulty with the primus stoves, but Dick knew all about them.

Dick took us on to Seathwaite Slabs and we thoroughly enjoyed that and after a light lunch we set off for Dove Nest Caves. We got there and without torches, entered the caves at the bottom. Inside we climbed around and after some pushing and pulling we arrived at the top. The Attic cave, which, when we looked out, frightening though it



Left:

**Great Gable
Summer 1940**

Peter O'Loughlin, Roy ?, ?
Myers Ferguson, Wally Sanderson, Jack Heap.

Below

**Dandle Buttress.
2nd May 1941.**

Wally Sanderson, Myers Ferguson, Peter O'Loughlin

was, gave us a lovely view. We turned round and retraced our steps and used the jug handles'. We hadn't noticed there were so many on the way up. We were quite elated as we walked down Combe Gill back to the hostel. We called it The Hostel then, or High House, but I know now it is called The K Hut.

Most weekends and holidays were spent at High House and when I got married I spent a lot of time there with my family.

Gillercombe Buttress was a favourite of mine and although it was severe it appeared less than that to me because of my height. Another was Kern Knotts Chimney, where the top pitch was interesting, (no jug handles), and, of course, I enjoyed Napes Needle. I also did Kern Knotts Crack, but found that an effort. I was led up Sepulchre before it fell down.

I did most of the diffs and very diffs in the valley and found Troutdale Pinnacle very rewarding. I'll never forget the first time I did that climb. There was Walter Dennison and Brian Stilling with me. There were two places; one at the end of the slab and one right at the top in a very exposed position. Just when I was 'playing the piano' and feeling vulnerable, I found those jug handles at my extremity. What a relief!

I'd like to finish by telling you about one of my failures. I was climbing with Walter Dennison and George Rushworth. George was leading Moss Ghyll Grooves on Scafell, I was second and Walter third. We progressed all right until we got to the bad step.' George walked across it but I got stuck. I tried but failed every time, so I brought Walter up to my stance and then he lowered me, as I climbed all the way down. He continued to the top with George. I was told later that it was classed as a hard Very Severe. That's when I made up my mind that in future, climbs would be no harder than V. Diffs for me, knowing that I would always, probably, find some jug handles.

Finally, something I often think about. The 'tigers', who



use all sorts of artificial aids and climb grade 6 or whatever the really difficult climbs are graded and use rope made of nylon and not hemp. If a jug handle appeared on a climb, would it be used?

January 2007

The committee will meet on **Tuesday 9th January** at the Rifleman's Arms. Under discussion will be the old Czech proverb: "A fine beer may be judged with only one sip, but it's better to be thoroughly sure."

12th—13th January 2007



**The
Glen
Coe
Meet
Is Fully
Booked**

Saturday 13th January 2006

For those not in Glen Coe:

The short walk in memory of Charlie Birkett will set off from the Old Racecourse, Brigsteer Road.

At : 1pm

For more information
call Bill on 01539 728569

26-27th January 2007
High House is booked for

Fellfarers



The editor pledges a prize for the best snowman built at (*er, outside*) High House! At least one photograph will be required for entry.

Winners announced in the next Fellfarer.

Friday 19th January 2007
Annual General Meeting

7.30 pm

The Fleece Inn

To be considered:

1. The 2006 Hut Development Plan - how have we done in the last year ?
2. The 2007 Development Plan - what should we plan to do in the next year ?
3. Election of the Committee for 2007.
4. Propositions from members to improve the club.
5. Should the AGM be a more social evening, with guest speaker, slides, etc. ?
6. Bring on the sandwiches and beer

February

The committee will meet on **Tuesday 6th February** at the Rifleman's Arms. Under discussion will be the proposition: 'The greatest invention in the history of mankind is beer. The wheel was also a fine invention, but the wheel does not go nearly as well with pizza.'

Friday 2nd February 2007

"Oh no, not another "

NIGHT WALK

A stroll of about 2 hours in the darkness over Potter Fell, starting and finishing at the Jolly Anglers Inn, Burneside.



Set off time: 7.00 pm

PS. There will be a full moon on this night but the organiser has no idea, at the time of writing, what time it will rise.

Headtorch essential!

More info: Call the Ed

16-17th February 2007

Half-Term.....what, again?

High House is booked for

Fellfarers



Half-term:

a time for the young at heart....as well as for all those young brats who don't know how lucky they are,

what, with their mp3 players and their playstations and their bloomin' asbos and all the other luxuries that you and I are paying for through our taxes and that's another thing: I read today about all

Saturday 24th February
2007

Kryisia's traditional

"Appetite Enhancer Walk"

Will be conducted by the Editor, in the absence of Kryisia herself, from the Eagle and Child at 10 am. The walk will be about 5 miles or so.

Followed, later, by:

The Fellfarers Annual Dinner

At the:

Eagle and Child Inn

Staveley

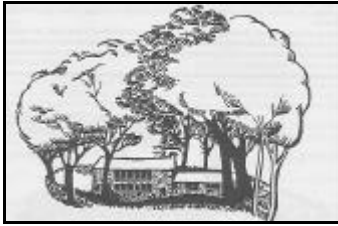
7.30 pm

Please note: If you want to attend, you must book your seats by calling Val (see back page for number) with your menu choice before February 10th.

March

The committee will meet on **Tuesday 6th March** at the Rifleman's Arms. Under discussion will be the Ancient Egyptian saying: "Do not cease to drink beer, to eat, to intoxicate thyself, to celebrate the good days."

9-10th March 2007



Non-Working Weekend

The Chairman has decided that we don't have to do any work at Working Weekends any more. He thought we'd get a better turnout if members thought that they could just turn up and laze about, doing nothing at all, like all the other club weekends. So that's what we're going to do....but.....er.....bring your toolkit and pinny and rubber gloves, just in case.

Sunday 18th March 2007

Pinnacle Ridge



The last attempt was called off because of bad weather, bad karma, bad vibes, bad something or other.... No such excuses now though: anyone interested; please call the editor, who will ensure that we have ropes and any other necessary gear for those that want it.

Don't forget: bring your camera!
For travel details, times etc:
Call the editor

Friday 23rd March 2007

A Slide Show



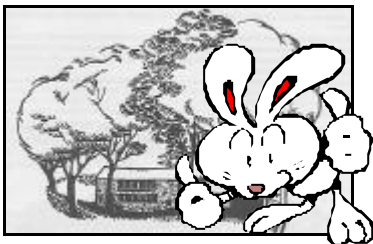
7.30 at the Fleece Inn
"Fellfarers on Kilimanjaro"
 Slides are by Alan Wilsons—so we know it'll be good!
And, if that wasn't enough:
 There'll be **Roast Spuds** as well as sandwiches, you greedy lot, you.

April

The committee will meet on **Tuesday 3rd April** at the Rifleman's Arms. Under discussion will be Jack Handy's observation: "If you ever reach total enlightenment while drinking beer, I bet it makes beer shoot out your nose."

5-8th April 2007

Easter Weekend



High House is booked for Fellfarers
AND.....

If you want to stay on until Friday 13th, you can!

The only drawback is that you will have to share the hut with the Summer Wine Team who will be working on Phase 2 of the Kitchen Improvement Scheme.

(if you want to help, contact Roger)

It's that time again!

Thursday 26th April 2007

Climbing For All



The Shinscrapers start the Summer Season at:

Hutton Roof

(of course)

Anytime after about 5 pm

More info: Call Peter Goff

30th April - 2nd May 2007

High House is booked for

Fellfarers

Woo Hoo!



It's the week before the Whitsun Bank Holiday

The only drawback is that you will have to share the hut with the Summer Wine Team who will be working on Phase 2 of the Kitchen Improvement Scheme.

Have you ever experienced the feeling of déjà vu ?

CLUB OFFICIALS

1

President: John Peat
Tel: 015395 32244

Trustees: Alan Bryan
Tel: 01458 446499

Gordon Pitt
Tel: 015395 68210

Peter Ford
Tel: 01900 85519

Mick Fox
Tel: 01539 727531

Committee

Chair: Roger Atkinson
Tel: 01539 732490
198, Burneside Road
Kendal
LA9 6EB

Secretary: Rose East
Tel: 01524 761083
10, Stewart Close
Arnside
email: rose.east@btinternet.com

Treasurer: Val Calder
Tel: 01539 727109
86, Vicarage Drive
Kendal
LA9 5BA

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:

Bill Hogarth
Tel: 01539 728569

Krysia Niepokojczycka
Tel: 015395 60523

Alec Reynolds
Tel: 01229 821099

Other Information

2

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

High House Website www.k-fellfarers.co.uk.

OREAD HUTS (cost £2.50p. per night.)

Heathy Lea Cottage,
Baslow, Derbyshire.

Tan-y-Wyddfa
Rhyd-Ddu, North Wales.
O.S. Ref. 570527

Oread booking secretary

Colin Hobday
28, Cornhill
Allestree
Derby
DE22 2FS
Tel: 01332 551594



More Thoughts about Beer from some Very Deep Thinkers:

Beer has long been the prime lubricant in our social intercourse and the sacred throat-anointing fluid that accompanies the ritual of mateship. To sink a few cold ones with the blokes is both an escape and a confirmation of belonging.

Rennie Ellis

What event is more important to an English colony than the erection of its first brewhouse?

Reverend Sidney Smith

I recommend bread, meat, vegetables, and beer.

Sophocles

There is more to life than beer alone, but beer makes those other things even better.

Stephen Morris

The problem with some people is that when they aren't drunk, they're sober.

William Butler Yeats