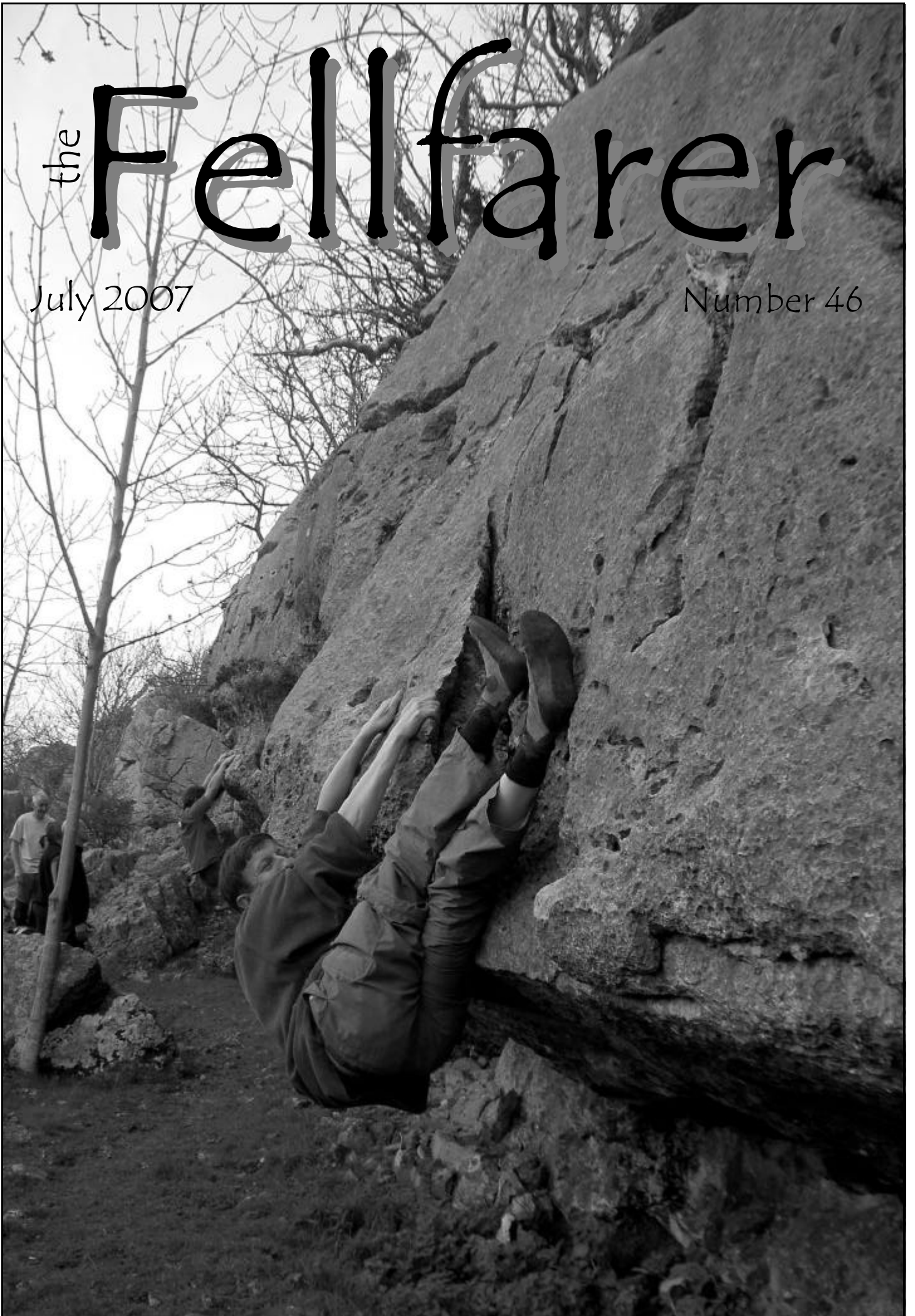


the **Fellfarer**

July 2007

Number 46





Ed

The letter below from H C Anderson (strangely, his name doesn't appear in the list of club members and I suspect he may be a teller of fairy tales) poses some interesting questions : Can the glib assertion, based on qualifications alone, in the last newsletter, that Dr Muncey is the cleverest Fellfarer ever be supported *in fact* ?

Mr Anderson recounts two tales, whether true or not I cannot tell. I know that many more similar, often apocryphal, tales of Fellfarers exhibiting fiendish, uncanny and sometimes downright unbelievable examples of cleverness abound. I hear them every time more than one Fellfarer is gathered together in a pub.

Clearly, now that the question has been raised, it is time to record for posterity the many stories of the talented, the cunning and the ingenious members of our club. So get writing and send your stories in please, all of them. You know me; I don't care whether you send them anonymously, whether they are libellous, or even whether they are actually true or not.

I order to set the ball rolling I'll begin with a story which no-one has heard before (for reasons which will become obvious) of my own 'cleverness': In the days when I was faster and fitter than I am now I was out enjoying a hot sunny day by running across the fells in the west of the Lakes. I came upon a perfect pool of deep green water. I threw my sweaty clothes down and dived in. After a few minutes I heard the chattering of a large party of female ramblers coming. I climbed out of the water quickly, only to find that my clothes had disappeared! I stood there, stark naked as the voices got louder. Quick as a flash I

(continued on page 21)

Ed.



The Chitterings, Langwynd Lane, GOO 2LL

Dear Editor

Thank you for what is again another fine edition of The Fellfarer. I must however take issue with you over your assertion that Doctor Muncey is the cleverest Fellfarer ever. Who has kept records of these things? By what standards are they judged?

I think that if you were to delve back into the folklore of the Fellfarers you would find many examples of cleverness, showing what fine all round intelligence has been demonstrated by members over the years. Book learning is alright at times but tends to be in very narrow specialised fields, and is not aimed at producing a well rounded general education, or enhancing natural ability.

To illustrate my point I will, relate two tales of the cunning of old Fellfarers. Firstly I recall being told of a member who in the

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Cover Photo:

Dr Muncey demonstrates his 'Extreme Layback' technique at Hutton Roof, 26th April 2007

Contents Photo:

Fellfarers at Greenburn mine, 9th June 2007

Back Page Photo:

On Sgurr nan Gillean, 27th May 2007

1930s was cycling to High House when he fell victim to a puncture on Dunmail Raise, not having with him a puncture repair outfit he proceeded to seal the leak employing only evaporated milk, badger dung, and bark from a fence post and using some old scraps of gold coloured metal, he found under a roadside cairn, as tyre levers

My second saga occurred just after the war when equipment was hard to come by, one Friday evening an elderly member left High House intending to visit Seathwaite Fell to view the sunset, knowing that darkness would fall before his return, and not having a compass he knew he would have to rely on his highly tuned skill of stellar navigation. When he returned to High House at lunchtime on Tuesday, having visited not only Seathwaite Fell but eleven other summits, Eskdale, Wasdale, Langstrath, both Little and Great Langdale, and Grasmere village he was welcomed with open arms and his journey was declared one of the most significant achievements by a Fellfarer at that time. Skills like this are not achieved by academic study but by being a keen observer of nature and our fellow men and learning from the mistakes of others.

Yours in truth

H C Anderson

Club News

Welcome to new members Mark Walsh and his family of Antrobus, Cheshire.

The second phase of the improvements to the **kitchen** is getting near to completion. The 'summer wine' team returned on 12th June to plaster the new walls. The ceiling and lighting are the next big priority, after which the work is mainly fixing of shelving, cupboard doors and drawer fronts, followed by tiling and decorating. The target is to finish it for the September Working Weekend, when there will be a Grand Opening.

Ornithology Update: our man with the binos reports the following recent activity at High House:

A **Redstart** was spotted on Mayday weekend. **Tawny Owls** have successfully reared 2 chicks - seen Whit Week, as was a **Pied Wagtail** with chicks. **Pied Flycatchers**, apparently feeding chicks, have been seen amongst the big trees around the parking area after colonising 3 of the nesting boxes. A **Wood Pigeon** has reared at least one chick in the yew and has been seen feeding it in the big sycamore. Fledged **Great Tit** chicks were in the sycamore by the Men's End. **Siskins** have been using the feeders, as well as **Grey Wagtails**, the **Woodpecker** and the usual **Finches** and **Tits**. A **Goldfinch** was also spotted feeding her chicks. You are warned that the hut is beset by a Mad **Magpie** at the moment - he's apparently taken to attacking his own reflection in the windows—started at about 4.30 am !

The Editor attended a meeting of **BUG** (the Borrowdale Users Group) on behalf of K Fellfarers on June 11th. The group was set up by the National Trust, mainly to tackle problems caused by over-use or inappropriate use of the landscape within the Borrowdale Valley. Items discussed included erosion around crags and damage to trees as a result of climbing and abseiling by commercial groups, woodland fires (3 fire brigade call-outs this year so far in Borrowdale), bolting of crags, the Honister Via Ferrata and so on. On a more positive note there will be an archaeological tour of Borrowdale mines in October. One or two representatives from the Fellfarers will be able to attend. This may result in a 'spin-off' day out for the club. As is often the case, there was probably much more of interest (to the club) said outside the meeting than in it. The Editor will report to the committee.

Following a letter of protest from the committee about our **wheelie-bins** being left lying on the path in the valley bottom, Allerdale District Council have *once more* assured us that their Refuse Receptacle Evacuation Operatives will return our bins to the enclosure after emptying. Please let a member of the committee know if they do not honour their promise.

High House becomes a **No-Smoking building** on **July 1st 2007**. Allerdale District Council's Environmental Health Officer has confirmed that the ban will apply and that they will monitor our compliance with the law. It means that anyone now smoking inside High House will be liable to a fine of £50 and K Fellfarers will be liable to a fine of £2,500 for each occurrence. The committee takes the smoking ban very seriously and requires all members to ensure that the law is followed. Note that it applies to the premises at all times. *even if you are the only person in the hut.*

Work is continuing on sorting out the anomalies in our legal/insurance position. A full report will be given when the work is finished.

Dear Editor,

May I use your letter page to warn Fellfarers of the invisible killer substance to be found all around us?

In this age of environmental awareness it seems incredible that no-one is expressing concern about the omnipresence of Dihydrogen Monoxide:

Dihydrogen monoxide (DHMO for short) is colorless, odorless, tasteless, and kills thousands of people every year. Most of these deaths are caused by accidental inhalation of DHMO in its liquid form, but the dangers of dihydrogen monoxide do not end there. Prolonged exposure to its solid form causes tissue damage and contact with its gaseous form causes burns.

DHMO use is widespread. For those who have become dependent on it, DHMO withdrawal means death. DHMO can be an environmental hazard: it is a major component of acid rain, contributes to the "greenhouse effect", leads to the erosion of natural landscapes and hastens the corrosion of most metals. Being so prevalent (quantities are found in every stream, lake and reservoir), DHMO contamination could be said to be at epidemic proportions.

Despite the dangers, DHMO is often used as an industrial

solvent, as a fire retardant, in nuclear power plants, terrorists consume it and it is found in many food products. Companies dump waste dihydrogen monoxide into rivers and the ocean, and nothing can be done to stop them because this practice is still legal. It is quite likely that the soil in your garden contains huge quantities of it.

The American government and the United Nations have refused to ban the production, distribution or use of this chemical due to its "economic importance." The navy and certain other military organizations are highly dependent on DHMO for various purposes. Military facilities receive tons of it through a sophisticated underground distribution network. It is also stored in large quantities for military emergencies.

BUT IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO ACT!

You can help to fight the complacency that allows this substance to contaminate the world. Act now ! Write to your local newspaper, to your MP and your councillors. Start and sign petitions. Send e-mails. Find out more about the chemical compound and inform your friends about the dangers.

T M Snake

ADRIFT IN NEW ZEALAND

January and February 2007

Roger Atkinson

In January this year six Fellfarers set sail to New Zealand, this is the personal thoughts of one of them.

A first and lasting impression was how pleasant the people are, a coffee and cake, petrol, a beer or a bag of shopping, no trouble and how many smiles would make that perfect for you. It was a pleasure to be part of such a relaxed easy-going way of life.

I have always had a fascination for things volcanic and in N.Z. I got to see plenty first-hand. Active volcanic sites like White Island, the tip of a submerged volcano, all steam and sulphur, to the Tongariro crossing, a walk that traverses an active volcano fascinated and entertained me.

Plants, trees and animals are all very different than home occasional something would resemble a U.K. species but some 75% are different if not unique, I threatened, every week to buy a guide book and never did, how I regret it now. Two highlights for me were the diversity of hawks and a close encounter with stingrays from the safety of a kayak.

It was good to see the effort the Department of Conservation is putting into the preservation and restoration of the countryside. Things like the elimination of introduced predators, to protect native wildlife, and the reintroduction of trees and vegetation that have been over felled or over grazed is being achieved on a grand scale. The cost is an eye-opener when you realise it is funded by a population of less than 4 million people.

I was aware before we arrived that N Z, had a reputation for scenery but it is so much better "in the flesh". Highlights like Milford Sound, Mount Cook, Cathedral Cove, Kauri trees and Doubtful Sound (Thanks Bill and David) should not be missed but there is so much more that hardly gets a



mention that is within a midgets of being as good. Nelson Lakes and Paradise in Glen Orchy spring to mind but if I had to pick a favourite "unknown attraction" it would have to be the Takitimu Mountains. We took a *day* walking into a hut and out again in this small range, we never saw a soul all day and the hut had not been visited for 4 days, and yet there are 12 huts in the area and enough Striding Edges to keep you occupied for a week.

Food and coffee became a very important part of our daily routine, and it was a joy to become aware of the variety of stops available from old mining saloons to swish modern cafes and restaurants general serving good or excellent fare, never expensive and always with a side order of smiles. An extra in the fun stakes was the oddball attractions we came across from time to time like The Water Works (Photo in the last Fellfarer) and Puzzling World, with its tilted rooms and a challenging three dimensional maze providing entertainment for the children in the party.

We tended to avoid cities as far as possible but I have to say that being a city hater I was never unhappy in any of them, and even found Christchurch a pleasure to be in. Breakfast at the cafe in the Botanical Gardens was a good start to what was our last day, even the gull which pooped in Kryssia's coffee added to nearly everybody's joy.

Having said all I have, the best advice I think I can offer is not to listen to me or all the other Fellfarers that have been to New Zealand but go and see for yourself, you won't be disappointed.



WHIST & RUMMY IN TASSIE (OR 'THE GREAT WOMBAT HUNT')

February and March 2007

Krysia Niepokojczycka

"Right", says Richard, "so it's just us, then". This was in reference to Alec's untimely departure after his accident, leaving just Richard and I to continue for the last month in Tasmania. "Blimey," I thought, "I hope he's going to like it!" It didn't start too well. After arriving in Launceston and tramping the deserted streets looking for a pub that was open and failing miserably, Richard's comment was "Good grief, Krysia what kind of place have you brought me to?"

However, things improved after we'd picked up the hire car and got out of the 'city'. We drove to the beautiful Freycinet peninsula and camped at Coles Bay to do some walking and kayaking. Richard got a 'tick' by swimming in the world famous Wineglass Bay, and another by seeing his first wallaby in the car park. We had a pleasant day kayaking round the coastal bays and then moved on down the east coast to Eaglehawk Neck on the Tasman Peninsula. We camped on the lawn at a quirky little backpackers owned by an eccentric old lady, where more shadowy wallabies hopped out of the forest at dusk to stare at us in the gloaming. We did a walk on Cape Hally from Fortescue Bay to view the Totem Pole where that chap had a nasty climbing accident a few years ago and wrote a book about it. Looked pretty intimidating to me just getting to the bottom of the sea stack—but then I'm a bit of a wimp. Richard found 5 dead little penguins on the beach but I'm not sure they count as a 'tick'.

In the days of convict occupation the 100 metre wide isthmus of Eaglehawk Neck had a row of unsociable dogs chained across it to prevent escape.

Dog platforms were also placed in the narrow bay to the west to prevent convicts wading around the barrier. There is a statue of a snarling cur and a museum at the old Officers Mess to commemorate those awful days.

We moved to the west of the peninsula and camped at White Beach near Nubeena. The pub in the village sold 3 bottles of decent wine for \$20 a time so we thought it best to inject some capital into the local economy—purely philanthropic reasons, of course. We had a lovely walk along the coast at Lime Bay Nature Reserve and saw two sea eagles and 4 enormous rays in the shallow water from the cliff tops. We also looked around the coal mines historic site at Premaydena. Dug in 1833, the mines were used to punish the worst of the convicts, who worked in terrible conditions. The buildings which are left are in poor repair but there are some well preserved solitary con-

finement cells, tortuously small and dark, which give a flavour of the conditions endured by the convicts. The following day we visited Remarkable Cave, a long narrow sea cave where the waves come rushing through quite alarmingly on a windy day, and then trekked up Mt. Brown via the Blowhole with great views of Cape Pillar and Cape Raoul with their 300m cliffs. I may, or may not have glimpsed a quoll in the bush—I'm counting it as a tick though.

Our next destination was Bruny Island off the west coast south of Hobart. We caught the ferry from Kettering and drove to Adventure Bay to camp at the Captain Cook Memorial campground by a creek. The island is 2 lumps of laval joined by a sandy isthmus less than 100m wide and 5 km long, home to penguins, mutton birds and other waterfowl. On the way I spotted an echidna by the side of the road (another tick for Richard) and we stopped to watch it for a while. It seemed supremely indifferent to our presence, but they don't see too well and spend their time nose-down in leaves and soil.

The island was sighted by Abel Tasman in 1642 and later visited by Furneaux, Cook Bligh and Cox between 1770 and 1790. It was eventually named after Bruni D'Entrecasteaux who surveyed it in 1792. Needless to say it was originally called Lunawanna-Alonnah by the aborigines who lived there. Many of the landmarks are named after indigenous individuals.

We walked the Labillardiere peninsula circuit (5 hours) and saw 2 snakes (tick). In the evening we went to the isthmus to watch the little fairy penguins come in to their burrows after dark. We managed to see one, looking

pretty fed up as it trudged up the beach under the glare of torches from the assembled naturalists.

We walked to Grass Point and up Fluted Cape and visited the Blight Museum of Pacific Exploration which details the Adventure Bay landings and the exploits of early European explorers like Bligh, Cook and Furneaux. The collection has maps. Charts and manuscripts – many of them originals or First Editions – as well as globes and information on early Antarctic explorations. Fascinating place.

We were wondering where we could get a beer and were directed to the Bowls Club where we spent a pleasant couple of hours chatting to locals and deciding what to do next. We saw lots of wallabies on Bruny, some of them are white for some reason, and lots of the noisy native hens by the creek.

We headed off the island and south to camp at Dover, in-



tending to walk in the Hartz Mountains. However, overnight rain and black clouds in the morning dissuaded us from this course. We drove instead south to Cockle Creek and the lovely Recherche Bay. This is the most southerly drive one can make in Australia and follows a gravel road. It is an area of peaks and endless beaches, ideal for bush walking and camping. If I ever return I'd like to spend some time in this area. Cockle Creek is on the edge of the enormous Southwest National Park and there is lots of free camping but no facilities except pit toilets. You need to bring all provisions with you, including firewood and even water as the tanks could be dry in summer. If you fancy going, I'd go soon as it seems the pristine far south of Tasmania may not remain so much longer. In 2004 the government gave private owners permissions to log the forests of the northeast peninsula of the Recherche Bay. This has stirred up much controversy and tensions are high between pro- and anti-logging groups. Watch this space.

The following day, though gloomy, was not wet so we walked up Hartz Peak, with a very cold wind on the summit. In the small tarns on the way we kept hearing a



strange popping sound, like someone playing ping pong. This in fact was the call of the Moss Froglet, only discovered in 1996, but as we didn't actually see one it's only half a tick. Off we went north through Hobart to Mount Field National Park on the edge of World Heritage Area of the S.W. National Park. There were lots of pademelons on the campsite here (smaller, darker wallabies with thinner tails and rattier faces) and in the creek by the tents we were delighted to see a platypus in the shallows (mega tick). We drove into the S.W. National Park to climb Mt. Wedge, 1147m. This was a relentless slog up through forest, then opening out to a rocky summit with fine views all around - well worth it in the end. On the drive in we passed a protest camp demonstrating against the clear felling of old growth forest in the Styx Valley. It is known as the Valley of Giants as it contains white-trunked specimens of Eucalyptus Regnans that are the tallest trees in the southern hemisphere and the highest-standing hardwoods in the world, with heights up to 95m recorded. The area is the subject of an ongoing tussle between government-managed forestry and conservationists. Logging companies are very active in the region already, primarily for wood-chipping, which I find incredible and a desecration of the tremendous environment. I'm sorry now that we didn't stop to give the protesters our support.

The weather turned inclement as we travelled west to Strahan, then north to Burnie and east to Ulverstone. From here we visited Leven Canyon, Preston Falls (no water) and had an entertaining tour of Gunns Plains Caves. South from Devonport we camped at Mole Creek, a limestone region with caves, gorges and sinkholes. We visited

Alum Cliffs gorge lookout and drove up to walk to the Devil's Gullet where there is a platform bolted to the top of a dramatic gorge.

Next day we had a really excellent walk in the Walls of Jerusalem National Park. It took 7 hours but was full of interest with great views and left us wanting more. However, time was pressing so we headed east again to Beauty Point. Richard was bemoaning the fact that we had seen no kangaroos or wombats yet, so with this in mind we went to Narawntapu National Park in the hopes of glimpsing some. An evening walk up Archers Knob and along Bakers beach gave us 2 more ticks. The place was alive at dusk with pademelons, forester kangaroos and - yes - wombats! Lots of 'em. Job done!

Two walks the following day. One through Holwell Gorge, a stream canyon festooned with jungly growth, tall trees and a remote mystic feel and then a coastal circuit from West Head to Pebbly Beach in the afternoon.

Only a few days left now, so onto Lilydale to climb Mt. Arthur (1000m) which has a fine rocky summit. Nearby is a small cabin, which contained a genial

fellow whose job it was to come up here every day in the fire season to watch for wildfires. Gizza job! I could do that!

Our departure was fast approaching so it was back to Launceston backpackers. A pleasant walk up Cataract Gorge on the South Esk river in the afternoon and then only one day left!

On our last day we drove out to Ben Lomond National Park and hiked up to the highest point, Legges Tor (1573m), second highest in Tasmania. It is an elevated, craggy alpine plateau, with superb dolomite columns popular with climbers. We even saw wallabies up here. A worthy end to a great month of exploration.

If you're wondering where the whist and rummy come in, these were the only two card games Richard knew, so we spent most nights playing these - usually in the dark, on a picnic table, drinking wine with our head torches on! (Richard usually won - smug buggery.)

Some Tasmanian facts:

Population: 482,000

No. of Tourists: 745,000 (2003)

Area: 68,332 sq.km.

Surviving Tassie Tigers: 0

Nat. Parks: 19

Wilderness Heritage area: 1.38 million hectares

Kilimanjaro and the Roast Potatoes - Slide Show - 23rd March 2007

The evening started slowly. Very slowly. We sat, Peter and I, in the nether regions of the public bar of The Fleece Inn, waiting and wondering where everyone was..... They all turned up eventually, of course, and a score of Fellfarers wandered upstairs to wait for their roast potatoes. The air was rich with the smell of roasting as we gathered in the darkness. Mel and Hugh gave us a brief and informative introduction to their trip to Kilimanjaro, an expedition to mark both their 60th birthdays (plus Alan, a lad of only 57). Alan, fortunately, had a set of slides to distract us from our rumbling tummies. He took us on a trip from the steamy jungle of Tanzania to the harsh uplands of Kilimanjaro, the highest free-standing peak in the world, a world where roast potatoes are a distant memory. The interval was announced and mmmmmm, steaming bowls of roast potatoes arrived. Enough to sustain us on the second part of the trip, to the equatorial snows of the summit of 'Kili'. It was an excellent evening. Thank you to Alan, Hugh and Mel.

North Ridge of Tryfan - May 2007

Maja While

This classic scramble has been a favourite of mine since I lived in North Wales back in the late 80s. Straight out of the car and into the best part of 2000 feet of scrambling to the summit which is just over 3000 feet as a bonus. Back then we used to combine it with Bristley Ridge and the Glyders for a great day out.

We'd planned a camping trip to North Wales with some friends and family and I thought it'd be a good chance to introduce the boys - Pete (9) and Ted (7) to its delights. In the end a large jolly party was assembled to finally make the ascent - seven adults and eight children age between the ages of 6 and 12! Between us we sported 2 pairs of trainers (I forgot to pack the boys' boots!!), 3 pairs of jeans (luckily it was warm and sunny) and a few snacks, but you'll be pleased to know we did manage to rustle up a map and plenty of water. I could almost hear the mountain rescue tut-tutting as we set off sometime after 2pm!

The first 500 feet is a steep walk up to the ridge and then the scrambling starts in earnest - the children all tackled it with relish, shame the same couldn't be said of some of the grown ups. Some of the climbing was trickier than I remembered, especially when you're less than 4 feet tall but the children all loved every minute of it. We had the



obligatory stop half way up to photograph the braver (or dafter) adults on the Cannon Stone - sticking out of the ridge over a serious drop! Kids were banned from this. The one seriously exposed bit involves either a very steep climb and airy traverse or a path round to a very steep

gully that you climb for about 50 feet but drops away for about 500 feet below. We opted for the latter (mainly because I'd forgotten about the gully), unfortunately this reduced one of



the party to tears - it wasn't a child! The summit is a small rocky plateau crowned by two large flat topped boulders named Adam and Eve. It is traditional to jump the four feet or so gap between them but not many have the bottle. Of course the children all wanted to try but since the consequence of failure is fairly certain death they had to be content with just touching the stones. The sense of achievement amongst them all at reaching the summit made every heart stopping moment on the way up worth it.



The walk off is very rough and bouldery for the first part but then easy going back down to our camp site by 6.30 pm and swiftly on to a very welcome bar meal. Pete and Ted declared it to be 100% mint (I think that's good) and can't wait for the next time.

Tayvallich – The Jewel in the Argyll Crown

4 – 6th May 2007

Alec Reynolds

This particular Fellfarer's away meet was a long way to go, even for a three day weekend, but it turned out to be well worth it. The weather forecast was not good, particularly for the Sunday, but we were only inconvenienced on Monday while we were driving home.



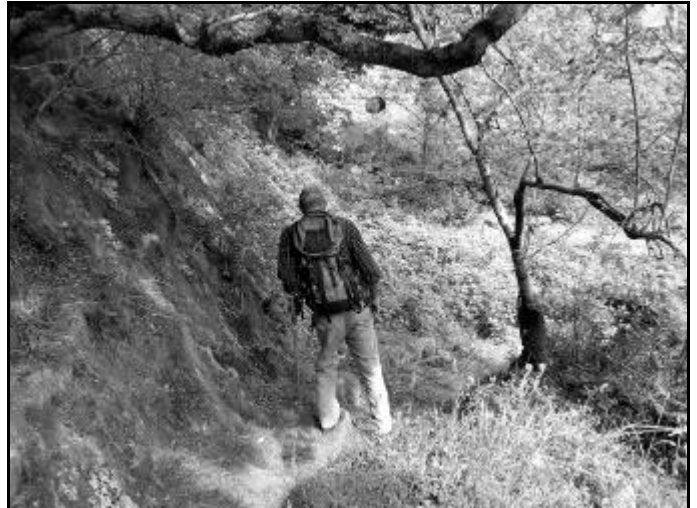
Eight "intrepids" arrived during Friday afternoon/early evening. The sunshine was splendid and it took the canoeists a while to prize themselves off the caravan veranda and take to the water for a calm, evening paddle out of the harbour and northwards along Loch Sween.

The four landlubbers did eventually manage to move from the veranda to the park bench on the adjacent seashore. The best aspect of the campsite and its luxury caravans was that ours was nearest the entrance and the pub next door. The highlight of the evening was the look on Walter's face when he found that the "Seafood Platter" he'd been talking up all day was in fact £24.95. He declined.



Saturday saw another sunny day, but the wind was strong, which led to much discussion amongst the paddlers. Eventually, only Richard attempted the open sea crossing to Jura, but he was turned back at about the halfway point by choppy water. The other three took to the sheltered Loch Sween, this time heading southwards. Garry and Jack took to their bikes and cycled to the distant Crinan Canal that

we had passed on the way in. Peter and I drove to the start of a splendid woodland walk, which we managed to take most of the day over at an average speed of one mile per hour. Given our recent leg impediments, we were rather pleased and really enjoyed one of the best



stretches of woodland I have been in anywhere. The wild flowers were particularly splendid, being all out together due to the early, warm Spring. At the end the splendid village teashop was gratefully reached for coffee and cake. Sunday started out somewhat overcast, but the weak sunshine held for the day. I decided that the drive to yesterday's walk was in fact a good walk to do in itself, so I set off to do this with Rod. It was most enjoyable with many botanical and ornithological stops eking out the morning. After detouring to ascend to the highest part of the peninsula, I returned the way I had come while Rod set foot in hot pursuit of Krysia and Walter who had decided to combine both my one day walks into a single outing. When I got back, surprise, surprise, Peter was in the teashop. Gary and Jack also had a splendid day, but where they went has escaped me, although they did go "chapel hunting" on Monday while the rest of us set off home. A celebratory evening was called for on Sunday evening before the long, wet drive home on Monday.

Walk/Meal 12th May 2007 Hartsop to Ings.

John Walsh

After the wonderful April weather I watched the forecasts with dismay. As the day of the walk approached the weather deteriorated to "periods of heavy rain", being frequently mentioned.

The phone rang, "Walter, I mean, Tony Walshaw here, is the walk still on"?

"Hello, Walter, yes the walk is still on", I replied.

"Did you know there is a beer festival on at Ings", said Walter.

"Yes I did".

"Oh well, I'll see you on Saturday then".

I had two other calls, from Roger and Krysia, both of whom seemed more concerned that there was a beer festival on than the weather details. I suppose somebody has to get their priorities right.

On the day we had a reet gud turn out, twelve altogether and Frisky. Bill Hogarth and others were waiting at the bus station. They must have heard about the beer festival! Roger got on the bus at Windermere Rd. He sat adjacent to Bill. Bill spoke first, " I could have got on here, saved me a walk into town and had another half an hour in bed"! To which Roger replied, " once an engineer, always an engineer".

We arrived at Windermere and it started to rain.

The 517 Kirkstone Rambler arrived on time. All aboard and we were off like a shot, literally. The lady driver was out to prove she was faster than all them bloke drivers! We had to wait ten minutes at the Brotherswater Hotel cos she was early. We could have got off there and walked into Hartsop but what the hell, we'd paid for the full journey, well some of us had, and we were going to have the full journey.



Sun shines on the righteous and we set off from Hartsop in the dry. A steep walk up to Hayes Water followed by an even steeper walk onto the Knott and we were back in the rain again. Waterproofs on and we set off along the ridge toward High Street. A couple of hours walking from Hartsop saw us huddled against the summit wall on High Street having lunch. There were a few mutterings about descent

below the cloud level but these fell on deaf ears. After lunch we set off on the middle leg to Garburn Pass. Miraculously the weather started to show signs of improvement. First a brightening in the clouds, then the odd view into the valley. By the time we reached Froswick we were getting more views than not, even down to Windermere and beyond.

On the ascent of Froswick we had a mutiny and some decided for expediency it would be better to bypass the summit. The stalwarts pressed on for the summit, all of ten minutes away. The weather continued to improve, water proofs were coming off. The party was getting a little strung out but we all met up again on Ill Bell, " I thought you would have bypassed Ill Bell", I said. " we were going to but we missed the path and ended up on the summit", oh well c'est la vie! The sun was shining now and the temperature rising steadily.



The route from Garburn Pass follows the small cluster of fells including Sallows and Sour Howe. Sour Howe overlooks Troutbeck and provides superb views. Turning left here we followed footpaths

towards Ings arriving there some seven hours after leaving Hartsop and guess what, there was a beer festival on!

Anne had arrived to join us for the festivities and to make sure Walter made it home ok.

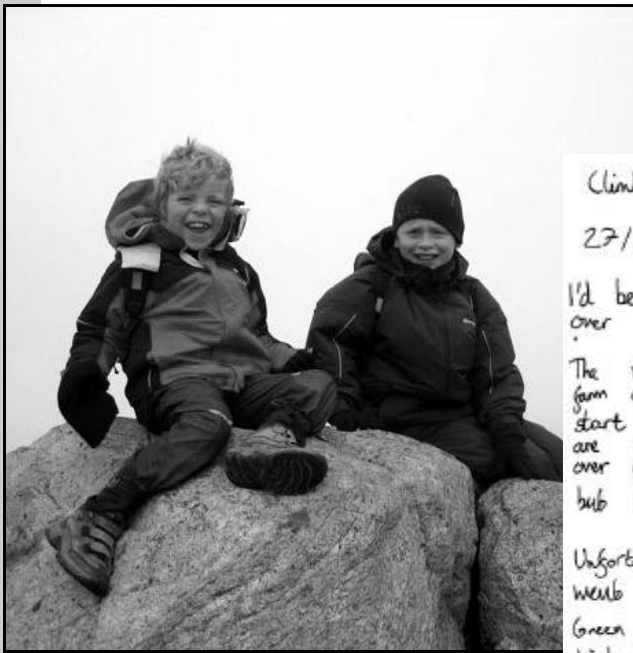
The food was good, the beer was great and the company excellent. We caught the 8.00 pm bus back to town and said our goodbyes to Bill, Richard and Roger at Windermere Rd. I'd like to say we were sensible and went straight home but we weren't, finally arriving home at midnight after the odd one or two.



The walk of three mountains (Base brown, Green gable and Great Gable)

~~Adventure~~

Getting there was a bit annoying and the first few steps up Base brown but then it got better. After that I kept on asking are we at the point we get on to Green gable and mum answered no. Then finally yes. Next we had lunch and it was very windy after lunch we had to put water trousers on. I tried to put a stone on every ~~each~~ ^{when we passed} ~~each~~ ^{each} ~~we~~ ^{we} ~~passed~~ ^{passed} ~~we~~ ^{we} ~~got~~ ^{got} to the top of Green gable but there was still one left. When we got to windy ~~it wasn't windy~~ but Base brown was brown green gable was green and great gable was great, then we saw it great gable the summit didn't look far at all but it was very way, Peter started getting scared. The first bit was walking and we did it quite fast now for the scrambling that was good but not the best. Mum for final bit of walking that took us the longest. Finally at the top of Great Gable. Mum kept on that was the best part of it. I found the bit which was right at the top. Mum kept on that was the best part of it. I found the bit which was and carried on and went down. Suddenly a stream came from nowhere. After that we could here stream under and we finally got down.



Climbing Great Gable by Peter White
27/05/07

I'd been looking forward to this walk for a few weeks. It crosses over three mountains: Base brown, Green gable and Great Gable. The walk started at high house. We walked down to the the farm and through the gate that leads to Base Brown. The start of the path was so muddy - I'm glad my new boots are waterproof, I'd've been wetter than a waterfall! We climbed over a stile and reached a big wall in about five minutes - but that used to be. Unfortunately our walk did not take us to the summit, so we went round the back instead and soon found ourselves on Green gable. With not too much difficulty we reached a significantly high point on the mountain however from there to the top was challenging. I was really pleased when we got to the top and I think my brother Ted was as well. He had a photo taken at the summit but then the real challenge started.



It was a real scramble from there to windy gap. Mum got there first and -tried to scare us by pretending to be blown in the wind. Once we got down there we had the small scramble up to the top of Great Gable. It was a great moment. Ted and I climbed the rock to be at the very top. We ate our snacks and knew that all that awaited us was the easy scree run down.

Derbyshire Camping Weekend 18 - 22nd May 2007

Peter Goff

I just knew that this was going to be a great weekend when Cheryl rang to say that the campsite at Footow was closed and we would camp behind the Three Stags Head pub at Wardlow Mires. Anyway Krysia and I sat off on Friday morning down the M6 in a blinding rain storm that lasted all the way to Manchester. The weather improved after Knutsford and over the Cat and Fiddle and we pitched tents at Wardlow and waited for the others to arrive. They duly did, Cheryl and Jason, Alan and Bill and Richard, Oh! and Lottie. We all then retired to the pub for a pint. Just a word about the Stags Head, there are not many pubs like this one left anywhere, but I'll not spoil it, you'll have to go and see.

Saturday dawned with a very cold wind and the odd shower rattling in across the Cheshire Plain so Cheryl opted for a ramble down Cressbrookdale. After breakfast in the café across the road, (Full English for £2.99) off we went. Keeping high up on the valley side I for one was not prepared for the beauty of the place. We walked amongst drifts of yellow mountain pansies, thousands upon thousands of meadow saxifrage, a wild flower that is rare in the Lakes area, and hundreds of early purple orchids. There was also salad burnet, black medick, bugle and a few bluebells still hanging on. As we dropped down to the valley floor cowslips covered the valley sides. We also saw the introduced Exmoor ponies that were imported by the nature people to graze this unimproved limestone grassland area to give the wild flowers a better chance. It certainly seems to be working. We walked on down the valley through mainly oak woods with a hazel understory where Krysia pointed out that pretty little member of the geranium family, shining cranebill, growing on the footpath. The valley opened out onto the River Wye with its imposing Mill and best of all a café for a brew stop. Then across the river and onto a disused railway, part of the Monsal trail to Monsal Head. On each side of the old track grew leopard's bane, a large yellow daisy, very pretty. A stop at the pub, then back to Wardlow. A very rewarding day. In the pub that night Bill Hogarth gave us an impromptu French lesson and about 10 o'clock a group of musicians arrived with sundry folk music instruments. Cheryl and Krysia joined in proving the vocals until the landlady had enough and we had to go. Superb.

Sunday was warmer so the venue was that peak district mecca, Stanage, while Richard departed for a day's caving in Oxlow Cavern. We got to Stanage but the place was crawling with climbers. Being one of the best gritstone edges it's also one of the most popular. A quick decision and it was over the top to Burbage. A two hundred yard walk brought us to Ash Tree Wall, a nice very clean buttress where Alan, Bill, Jason and Cheryl gave Krysia and I a faultless exhibition on how to climb steep, nasty and holdless gritstone cracks. Make no mistake, gritstone grades are nominal, which means simply they are all bloody hard. After a couple of hours Krysia and I left the others to play and headed for the Winnats. Unfortunately the road was closed so it was back over the Cat and Fiddle, the M6 and home.

Well done Cheryl, it was a grand weekend, one we will have to repeat in the future.

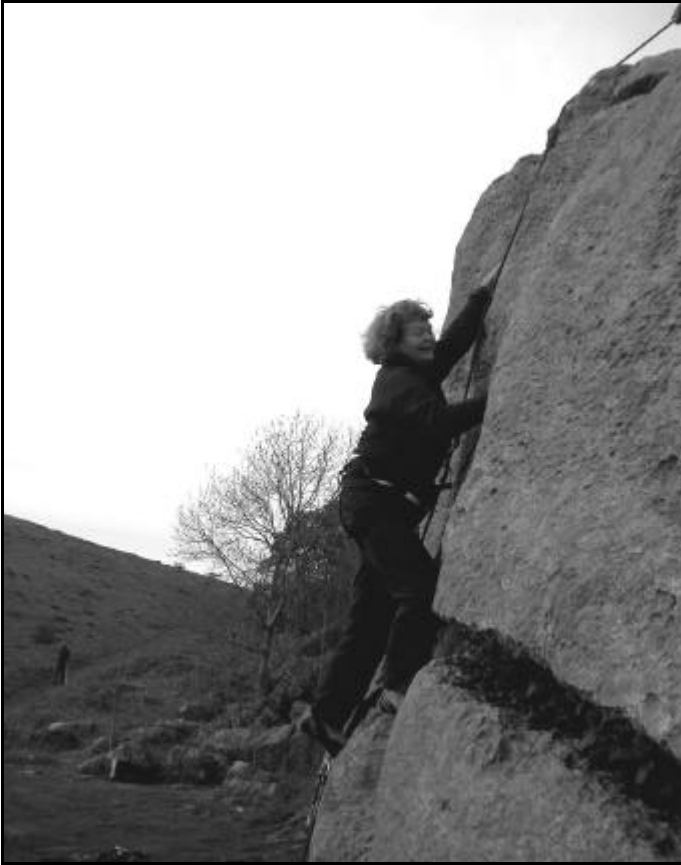
This is not strictly a Fellfarer photograph but it's historically interesting nevertheless. It's from c. 1940.

The chap in the centre is Mr Goff Senior - Peter's dad. The location is obviously near 'four walls', below Esk Hause. Being dressed like that, I hope they have their mobile phones with them to call Mountain Rescue if the weather turns bad!



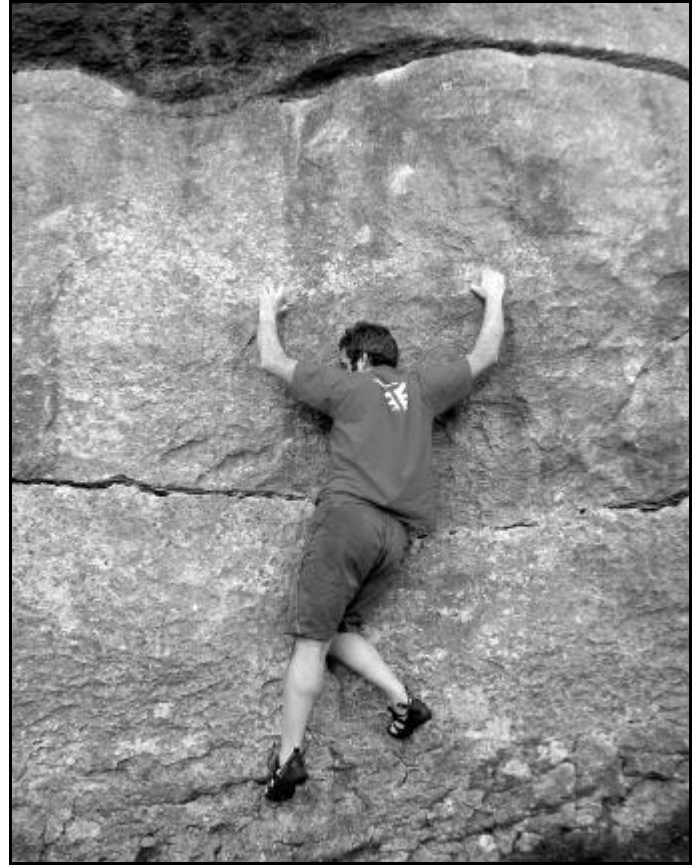


The Shinscrapers Page



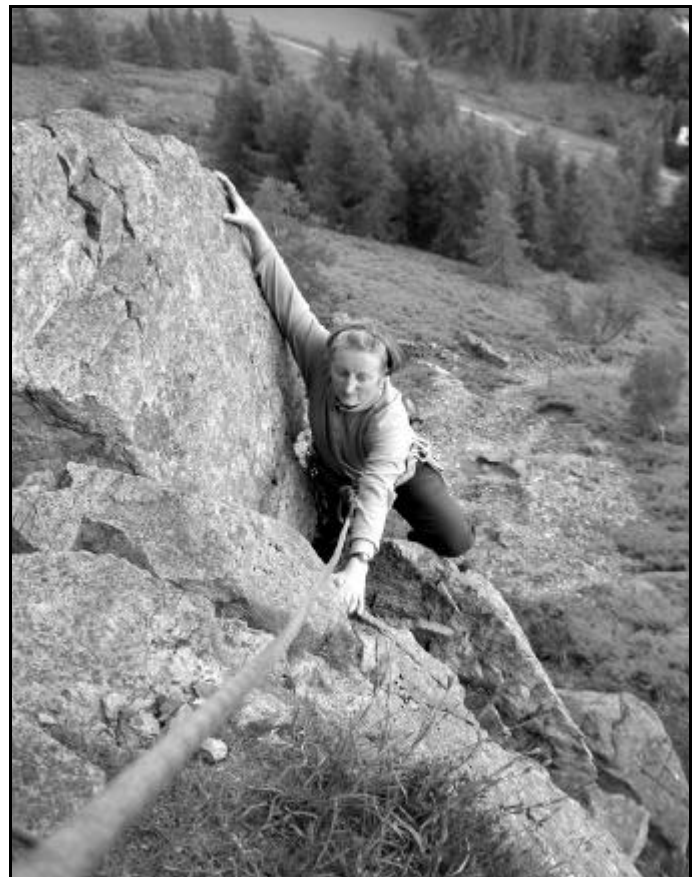
Above: Clare on one of the Four Walls, VD, Hutton Roof. 26th April 2007

Below: Colin, Cheryl and Dr. Rod sharing a bouldering mat, Hutton Roof. 26th April 2007



Above: Jason gets off the ground, just, on Cyclops, HVS, Hutton Roof. 26th April 2007

Below: Val on this summer's first real rock: Original Route, Severe. Raven Crag, Langdale. 7th June 2007



Flat Fell

(A Short Walk in the West - Number 7)

Alec Reynolds

This walk is over an area that the majority of people drive through without stopping. However, it is well worth a visit because it combines extensive views of both fell and coast. From the road Corney Fell appears to be grassy and rather flat, but the fells are higher than they appear and several have very rocky tops. This walk is one that can be tailored to the requirements of all levels of ability and inclination because the start is high up and the distance can be adjusted to suit the day and the energy level.

Park where the road reaches its highest point before dropping sharply westwards to the sea. There is plenty of parking space for vehicles. Cross the road and head northwards along the right side of the wall, which takes you directly to the first rocky high point. The first time I walked here I detoured in true Charlie Birkett fashion to every small rocky hump that could conceivably be construed as a top. There are plenty of places to sit and while away the time, especially on a warm, sunny day.

Make your way over a top or across the saddle to view the long ridge running east-west beyond the valley bottom in front of you. My favourite route from here is to head down and leftwards to cross the boggy bit in the bottom close to the fence and then head up to the top of the west end of the ridge. There is a bit of a farmer's quad-bike track most of the way up. At the high point there is a small cluster of rocks to use as a back rest from which to sit and take in the extensive coastal view.

When you set off again head in



a roughly eastward direction towards the large cairn at the far end of the ridge. There is no clear path and the destination is not visible until you are roughly halfway there. In poor visibility navigation can be tricky. On one occasion I was about halfway along the ridge when the sea mist rolled in and I was left in a complete white-out. The only sensible thing to do was to head south on a compass bearing to pick up the path that runs from the east end of the ridge back to the first top reached from the car park.

The large cairn at the end of the ridge is a splendid place for lunch as long as the wind is in the prevailing direction because the shelter has been constructed with its back to the west. This top is sufficiently prestigious to warrant a trig point. It also has a code name to "short wave radio top baggers" or whatever the correct term is that I have forgotten. I was once sitting here in the silence when a large temporary radio mast was hoisted into position by a lone "ham". Conversation with this enthusiast elicited the fact that he was setting up the mast so that other "hams" could radio to him from all over Europe and beyond. Having spoken to him, each could then tick off another top. If only Munro bagging could be so easy, but then it wouldn't be worth doing at all, would it?

From the cairn pick up and follow the path that curves down, then to the south and eventually upwards to the first top. Return to the car park by the outward route.

Here's a piece of fiction : Ridiculous? Alarming? Not so far from the truth? What do you think?

One Man's Wilderness

Bobt

Sam stretched his arms high above his head and felt the bones 'crack' as his body moved from sleep mode to day mode. The ache in his limbs, which had been with him since the mountains, was beginning to subside and the thought of a relaxed day's climbing filled him with excited anticipation. After the stresses of wilderness mountaineering this would be fun and he could begin to feel the enjoyment of touching rock again.

He'd been away for almost a year, struggling with the challenges of Canada and Alaska. Pushing further into the wilder parts. Taking on the unknown. He looked at the clock - 5.30 am - and remembered the conversation with his old friend Aden, a climbing partner from the past. "Have to get up early if we want to get in and parked," his friend had said.

He'd thought it an odd comment at the time but hadn't pursued it. He'd been awake early most mornings anyway since his return. He also hadn't had many opportunities to climb with his mate since Aden had settled down to suburban bliss. It was odd, though, that they were only going to the local crags and, although popular, there'd never been any problem parking before.

Sam had a quick shower to clear his head. The water reminded him of the crisp, cold rivers of the Canadian mountains. That breathless shock as you hit the pool from the kamikaze leap made a split second before. The sting of the cold liquid engulfing your body and the exhilaration of surfacing to take your first gulp of air. Butt naked and only your climbing partner near you for a hundred miles in any direction. That was living.

Two slices of toast, a bowl of cereals and a cup of tea. Breakfast was finished and he wouldn't need to eat again 'til the evening. He'd found that he didn't need to fill his gut as often as he had before and felt much better for it, leaner and fitter.

He heard the car pull up and went to the door, grabbing his pack as he passed through the hall. He met Aden half way up the drive. "Christ you're efficient," said Aden, "no hanging about and everything in the one bag. I suppose that's what comes from looking after yourself for so long". Sam just smiled.

"Oh by the way, Sara sends her love and says to tell you to bring me back safely." "Safely?" thought Sam. 'What does she think we're going to do, take on Everest?' but he kept the thought to himself. His views on life, its dangers and the cotton wool world of modern Western culture had changed since his trip.

It was 6.30 am, an hour in the car to the crags and his friend rambling on about stresses of work, kids, the mortgage and lack of a decent sex life. Sam switched off and watched the rolling countryside through the window of the car. Not quite the wild, untamed world of the North

American continent but better than the four walls of his bottom floor flat on the outskirts of Manchester. Aden turned down the narrow road to the crag and pulled up to the barrier. "You're lucky," said the man in the kiosk, "car number seventy five and I've only been open half an hour." Aden drove through.

Before Sam could speak, Aden began to explain. 'Whilst you were away, the access issue got really heated. There were large demos in all the cities and the Government was on the back foot. In response to popular opinion they rationalised all the uplands and put them under the control of a committee made up from all interested groups. A quango really with English Nature, RSPB, National Trust, the BMC and the Ramblers all having an equal share of the vote. Similar set-ups in Scotland and Wales. The first thing they did was to restrict car traffic to all the major park areas. I think it's a good thing except you have to get up early to get in."

Sam nodded. It was no bad thing to keep car numbers down. They pulled in to a lay-by below the crag and slotted into one of the newly-painted parking spaces. Aden got out. "How long do you think we'll be?" he asked. "Only its £3/hr and a £50 fine if we go over time. I suppose it's only fair, though, as it stops people hogging the spaces."

Something was now beginning to nag at Sam. How the hell should he know how long they would be out for and, anyway, watching time shouldn't be part of the experience. Aden made the decision for them. Three hours was long enough and he'd promised Sara that he'd take the kids to MacDonaldis later that day. They slung their packs and started up the slope towards the crag. Sam began to feel at ease as they approached the rock. The weight of the pack and the strain in his legs brought him back on familiar territory. He sat down and started to gear up. A young man in a bright blue uniform approached them from further along the crag.

"Morning gentlemen," he said. "Got your permits ready?" "Ah yes," said Aden, "I've got them here," and passed over two red cards for the lad to inspect. He looked down at Sam and winked. "Got them in Manchester yesterday as they are a pound cheaper if bought in advance and I knew you wouldn't know about needing them. Only a tenner each which isn't bad for a day out these days and some of it goes to running the Parks and looking after the environment which must be a good thing, eh?. The BMC did object to this one but were out voted by everyone else."

The lad turned to Aden and smiled, "Everything in order, just need to check you've got your helmets and know how to tie in to a harness properly." Sam choked, wanted to tell him to piss off but could sense Aden urging him to comply. "He's a nice lad that one," said Aden when he'd gone. Ex-army I think, but I've only seen him throw one person off the crag before and that was because he was soloing. I

mean, how irresponsible can you get?"

They climbed a few short routes, getting back into the feel of it. Touching rock, the ache of forearms, calves straining and the metallic taste of anxious tension. These all came swimming back to Sam. The feel-good factor as he topped out. This was why he climbed. Taking himself to mental and physical limits. Scaring himself. But something was missing this time. There wasn't the same sense of freedom.

Alaska was the most beautiful, desolate, awesome place he had ever been. They'd flown into a remote area in a small Cessna and put down on one of the many glaciers. The plane got as close to their objectives as possible and they had to walk the rest. The arrangement was for a re-supply every two weeks if the weather was good. Radio contact was marginal at best but they took their chances. Climbing there was out of this world and out of any rescue team's area. They were on their own and it had felt great.

He looked around, 9.30 am and only a few climbers on the crags. He made the comment to Aden. "That'll be the restrictions on climber numbers," Aden replied. "All the agencies, apart from the BMC, voted that one in. Said there was too much damage to the fragile environment, too many wild birds being disturbed. Even the rambles voted for it just so they could get a concession for their own issues. I suppose when you look around and see how some of the tracks have re-grown you have to admit that it works." 'Bugger all use if no one gets to see it,' thought Sam.

"And," said Aden, "a study has shown that 90% of people using these parks never go more than 100m from their cars. The argument is that if they restrict the other 10% then the environmental benefits will far outweigh any infringement of civil liberties. Mind you, the way things have started to overgrow since all the sheep were taken off the hills, I doubt many would want to make the effort."

Sam sat down. His head was pounding like someone had put him in a cell and thrown away the key.

"Anyway," Aden continued, "it's worse in Scotland. There

you have to gain a certificate of competence which involves a week-long course and that's only for summer access. If you want to go out in winter you have to complete an additional four weekends in winter conditions with a qualified guide, and he has to sign you off at the end of it. Part of the new insurance requirements. Still, it keeps the outdoor centres busy." Aden took his turn at the lead.

"I've climbed all over the world," thought Sam, "and never done a bloody course yet!" He was shaking now. The day was dead. He wanted to go home. He closed his eyes.

The bear was 300m away and running at them. Sam looked at his partner and his partner looked back. He didn't know whether to shit or go blind so he just shouted "run!" Hearts pounding, adrenaline pumping, they both made it to the tree-line with time to spare. The bear stopped at the camp, trashed the tent and ate most of the food. When it had gone they went back to survey the damage. No radio. Time to go home. It took over a week to trek to the road and they were half starved when they got there. The experience had been strange, almost spiritual, a smuggle to stay with it but the thrill of life was more tangible now. The experience had cleared his head and only the important things remained. When Sam had left for home his partner had stayed back saying that there was nothing for her back in the UK. How right she was.

Sam opened his eyes. Aden had topped out. "Time to get going or we'll be clamped."

On the way home they passed the tourist busses parked outside the new visitor centre where people could see all they wanted from the comfort of a warm cinema. "It's brought a lot of work for the locals," remarked Aden, "but I'm glad that I'm a real climber. It's good to get out into the wilds once in a while." Sam just smiled.

As the plane took off from Manchester airport, Sam could see the hills below. They didn't look so green anymore. This was the new Britain with its CCTV, speed cameras, blame culture and nanny state. It seemed to have missed the point. He wouldn't be back.



The adjacent photograph needs no comment from the Editor
.....except, er, would it make a good picture for a caption competition? If you think so, send in your entry. If you make me laugh I'll give you a bottle of wine. I'll get one of the idiots depicted to choose the winner.

Ed.

High House (formerly New House), Seathwaite, Borrowdale

(Family History compiled by Janet Martin for the National Trust)

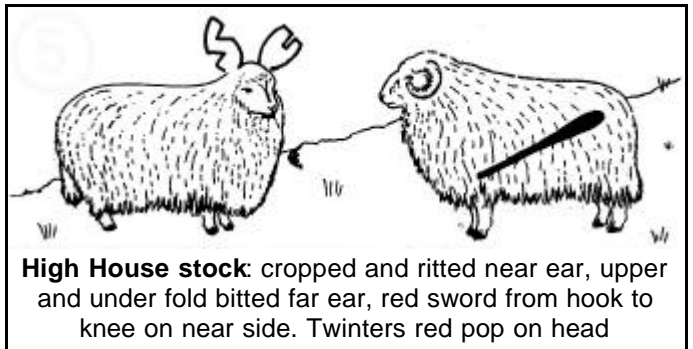
This former farm was quite derelict when it was leased in about 1931 by the K Fellfarers Club from the owner H.W. Walker (see Seathwaite Farm). It was rebuilt as a clubhouse by the architect Jonathan Stables of Ambleside and reopened in 1934.

High House seems to have been a prosperous enough farm in the past. There were Braithwaites at High House (it was one of the few farms in Borrowdale to have a name) in the 16th century and their history can be somewhat tenuously traced through the Crosthwaite registers. William Braithwaite who died in 1580 was probably the father of John (d.1610) who married Janet Birkhead of Seathwaite in 1575 and had six children at High House between 1577 and 1594. and his son William would have succeeded. His daughter Joyce married John Vickers of Taw House (q.v.) in 1633.

The family is not easy to trace in the late 17th century. Of the last two Braithwaites, Jonathan (d.1750) has no record of baptism at Crosthwaite. He married Alice Wilson of Stonethwaite in 1707 and had some six children of whom Thomas (b.1714) seems to have inherited and to have rebuilt or altered the house, which still has the datestone TBD 1747. Thomas's first wife was Hannah Embleton of Bolton but she died in childbirth in 1744, the year after their marriage. There is no record of his second marriage nor of any more children being born at High House, but his wife may well be the Dorothy Braithwaite of Seathwaite who died in 1757. There is no further record of Thomas.

The farm is not readily identifiable after this time and it is not known when it ceased to be independent and the land attached to Seathwaite Farm. The house was still inhabited in the 1870s and last appears in the census of 1881 when a quarryman was living there.

Quarrying may always have been important. In 1681 when William Braithwaite made his will he left to his eldest son Thomas, besides a chest in the 'outchamber' and a cupboard in the bower, a long ladder, a spade, a hack, a 'crawmel or gavelock, a hammer, and a blocker [an axe]. These may just be the ordinary tools of the farm which were often mentioned in wills, but they could equally well be connected with mining. The flock of sheep belonging to High House which is mentioned in the will of Jonathan Braithwaite in 1750 now belongs to Seathwaite Farm where it still preserves a separate mark:



High House stock: cropped and ritted near ear, upper and under fold bitted far ear, red sword from hook to knee on near side. Twinters red pop on head

SOURCES:

1. CRO, Will
2. Crosthwaite parish registers
3. Census returns
4. B.L.Thompson, *The Lake District and the National Trust* (1946), 103-4
5. *K Fellfarers Journal*, Sept. 1944 (typescript magazine seen 27 Sept.1986 at Ewan Kerr Bookshop, Kendal)
6. National Trust File, see Seathwaite Farm

High House or New House—what's in a name?

You will have noticed that the title of the piece above refers to a former name of 'New House'. What's that all about then? I had a look:

The first reference to the building in the Fellfarers archives is in a letter of 19th January 1933 from 'The Hostel Committee' to T Brown Esq., agent for the building's owner, a Mr Walker. The Committee were at this time considering building a wooden hostel on "the plot of land adjacent to New House ruins" but it is apparent from the letter that they had received much criticism about the proposal and asked if Mr Walker would consider leasing the "New House ruins site".

Subsequent letters between parties concerned all refer to it as New House or simply 'the Hostel' throughout 1932 (although one slightly worrying letter from Provincial Insurance is addressed to the *Hospital* Committee). Quotations from builders for the rebuilding works refer to it

simply as the "old building" or "house".

In 1933 it is referred to as "the K Boots Hostel at Seathwaite", "Seathwaite Hostel", "the Hostel Committee's House" and "the Borrowdale Hostel". In 1934 (the year of its opening) it was called simply "the 'K' Hut" or "K Hostel" but a letter of 13th March (before completion of the works) of that year refers to the lease for "New House, or High House". The reply, and subsequent correspondence, refer to "High House". There is no explanation of the change in name. In 1941 the club paid it's War Damage Contribution for the "K Fellfarers Hostel".

In the leases of 1958 and 1973 it is still called "New House" and in all the 1973 correspondence "New House" beats "High House" 13-1.

In 1983 the National Trust hedged their bets by calling it "New (High) House". Since then all correspondence, including the 1994 lease, refers to it as "High House".

What do you call it?

From The Archives

The last few letters home, taken from the 1945 edition of *The Fellfarers' Journal*:

RFA "WAR SUDRA,"
c/o G.P.O., London,
13th December, 1944.

Dear Sid,

I have just received your letter dated the 3rd November, 1944. It must have been chasing me round for some while. I honestly thought the Journal was a real worthy effort.

Now about producing something for No. 2, I will do my level best to gain once more a place amongst the contributors. Like many more members, I am not in a position at the moment to take an active part in the club's affairs, and I'm sure the Journal forms a welcome link with our native fells.

If by letting my mind wander once more I can win a place on your "rope," I'm going to have a far-away look in my eyes between now and Easter.

There is just one snag, a mess-deck full of young bucks who are doing their best to emulate Hopalong Cassidy and his pals from morning to night, is not exactly the ideal place for inspiration.

I'm afraid the Norwegian holiday won't take pride of place, Sid, but I promise you something that smells of rope and heather.

Well cheerio, and may I take this opportunity of wishing all Fellfarers a very Merry Christmas and the very best of everything in the New Year.

W. Dennison, s/g., D/JX 247725

27, Romney Road,
Kendal.
11th October, 1944.

Dear Fellfarers,

What a delightful surprise the Fellfarers' Journal was.

I simply devoured it from cover to cover as soon as I got it. I think it's a grand idea, and sort of binds us all closer together. I'm sure all the lads and lasses in the Forces will appreciate it, they'll all be homesick for a while after reading it though.

Here's success to future editions and long live the Fellfarers.

Dot Bewley

Castle Green Farm Cottage,
Kendal.
7th November, 1944.

Dear Fellfarers,

Many thanks for the Journal which I received recently. I was just a newcomer to the Hostel and Fells before I joined the Forces, but I enjoyed reading all the different little articles very much and look forward to the time when I can once more take to roaming the Fells.

I was interested to learn how High House came into being as the K Hostel. I just took it for granted before and didn't realise how much trouble had "been taken to make it" ship-shape.

Here's wishing the Fellfarers all the best in the future and success with the next Journal.

R. Dacre, A/F (A)

17, Summerville Road,
Milnthorpe.
16th October, 1944.

Dear Fellfarers,

I am writing to thank you very much indeed for your kindness in sending me Vol. I of the Fellfarers' Journal. As you can see by the address I am now spending a few days' leave at home, and it couldn't have come at a better time.

I have just finished reading it, and in my opinion every page of the book is very interesting, and I really appreciate the thought of remembrance.

I would just like to voice my opinion on the part of one of my very good friends who was responsible for me being a member of High House, and that is Myers Ferguson. Although he hasn't been in the Navy long he has certainly been around and his description of the Far and mysterious East is excellent and personally I think he has missed his way and he should have been a Journalist. I conclude with my best wishes for the Fellfarers and sincerely hope the time is not far distant when I shall be able to join them in a happy time at the Hostel.

Alan Goddard

8th A.A. Area (M) Regt. R.A.,
Cardiff.

20th October, 1944.

Dear Fellfarers,

It was a very pleasant surprise to receive a copy of the Journal when I arrived home on leave last week. Needless to say being home on leave one hasn't much time for reading, but curiosity got the better of time, and on sitting down to read the book to-night, it brought back many happy memories to me.

It is quite some time since I visited the Hostel, but I hope before long to visit High House once more and to meet again all the friends I made there. I have spent some very enjoyable times in Seathwaite—in spite of the rain!—and hope, after the War, to see more of it.

I think the K Fellfarers' Journal is a great idea, and I will say that what interested me most was to read the letters written by members from abroad.

I remember the Hostel best for its spring clean—there was some excellent white-washing to be seen! Believe me, I didn't know whether it was the door, the floor or the walls that were to be white. Still, I will admit I never enjoyed spring cleaning so much before and was quite proud of the little I'd done when we laid down tools at the end of the day.

Life is much different these days—no hills to climb and no boots to wear. It's an indoor life and one that doesn't agree, but here's to the outdoor one and the future of all K Fellfarers.

W / 161089 Cpl. Jones, M.

Incidentally, it was recently said that the current committee of 12 officers and members is probably the biggest that Fellfarers have ever had. I have just noticed that the 1945 equivalent had 13 members!

Ed

July

The committee will meet on **Tuesday 3rd July** at the Rifleman's Arms. Under discussion will be *The Yorkshire Man's Creed* : "Heer all, see all, an' sey nowt. Eet all, supp all, an' pay nowt. An' if tha ever does owt fer nowt do it fer thissen." *Come and join us for a pint.*

6 - 7th July 2007



High House IS Booked For Fellfarers



Wednesday 11th July 2007
The President's Walk
Cartmel



Meet at 6.30 pm
Cartmel Racecourse car-park
A walk, the 'long way round' to the King's Arms, or the Caven-dish Arms or the Royal Oak or the Pig and Whistle or.....
For more details ring John Peat

20 - 21 July 2007
NORTH WALES MEET



Tan-y-Wyddfa
Rhyd-Ddu.

O.S. Ref. 570527

A superb location: you can walk straight up Snowdon (on its quieter side) from the door. Excellent climbing and walking in every direction.

To book your bed:
Call Peter Goff

July 27 -Aug 26th 2007
High House



Once more the hut is booked for a whole month for the exclusive use of the club. Reduce your carbon footprint. Walk or cycle there !

August

The committee will meet on **Tuesday 7th August** at the Rifleman's Arms. We will be discussing our dream of "a better tomorrow, a world where chickens can cross the road without having their motives questioned." *Come and join us for a pint.*

4th August 2007



Fellrace Weekend

Race Marshals required -
Please contact Peter Goff

Tuesday 14th August 2007
A walk in the vicinity of
Borwick Fold



Summit crags of Grandsire

Including part of The Dales Way
Meet at 6.30 pm near the Wild Boar Hotel, on the Crook Road.
Please park at the left turn just before, or in the lay-by just after, the hotel.
Followed by a beer in The Sun, Crook.

For more info: Kryisia

Tuesday 28th August 2007

Another Evening Walk, this time on the north end of Whitbarrow
Meet at 6.30 at the
Lyth Valley Hotel
GRSD 452 895
Please park courteously—preferably in the lay-by opposite the hotel



For more details, call Tony Walshaw

September

The committee will meet on **Tuesday 4th September** at the Rifleman's Arms. Under discussion will be Strindberg's assertion that "people who own dogs are cowards who haven't got the guts to bite people themselves." *Come and join us for a pint.*

8th September 2007

Walk/Meal

Meet at Kendal Bus Station for the X35 bus at 9.20 am
Arrive at Newby Bridge at 10.06
The walk: The Rusland Valley, finishing at the Anglers Arms, Haverthwaite, early evening.



Buses return to Kendal 7.37, 8.30, and 10.19 pm
Details: Krysia

14-15th September 2007

It's the **WORKING WEEKEND** and the **GRAND OPENING** of the **NEW KITCHEN**

(we hope)

followed by:

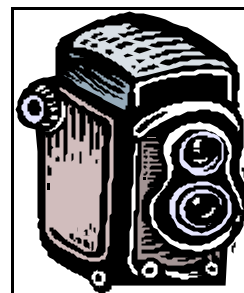
The Borrowdale Show



21st September 2007

Digital Slide Show

Meet at 7.30 pm at The New Inn, Kendal



Bring your own favourite photos on a CD to share.

Buffet provided

(if you have slides/photographs that you would like to be put onto a CD for this event, the Ed will be able to help. If you want to know more, call the Ed anyway)

October

The committee will meet on **Tuesday 2nd October** at the Rifleman's Arms. We will be deliberating the definition of adventure as: "Absolute misery looked back upon with great fondness..." *Come and join us for a pint.*

5-6th October 2007

High House



is booked for Fellfarers



Not Half-term

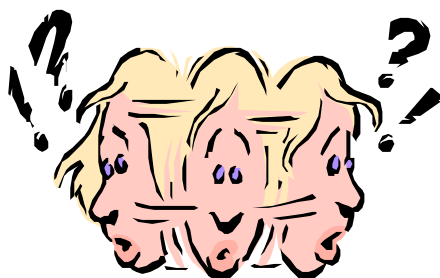
19th October 2007

Quiz Night

Meet at 7.30 pm at

The New Inn, Kendal

PRIZES
Buffet provided



Details : John Walsh

22-27th October 2007

High House



is booked for Fellfarers



't is Half-term

CLUB OFFICIALS

1

President: John Peat

Tel: 015395 32244

Trustees: Gordon Pitt*Alec Reynolds**(Other Trustees to be appointed-see page 3)***Committee****Chair: Roger Atkinson**

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Vice Chair: Alec Reynolds

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*email: michaelfox50@hotmail.com***Committee Members:****Bill Hogarth** Tel: 01539 728569**Krycia Niepokojczycka** Tel: 015395 60523**Kevin Ford** Tel: 01539 734293**John Walsh** Tel: 01539 726235**Tony Walshaw** Tel: 015395 52491**Other Information**

2

Seathwaite Farm (for *Emergencies* only) Tel: 017687 77284**High House Website** www.k-fellfarers.co.uk**High House Postcode:** CA12 4QG**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

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28, Cornhill

Allestree

Derby

DE22 2FS

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Next Edition of ^{the}Fellfarer:Beginning of October, so material for publication by 8th
September, please.**ED**