

# the Fellfarer

July 2008

Number 50



*The Secretary's Last Wainwright!*



Well, readers, here's a first:

I'm typing this in the cabin of the Cuma as we chug south down the Sea of the Hebrides, heading for Mingulay. The keyboard rocks in rhythm with the restless sea. Sometimes it rocks just a bit too much for comfort. The other Fellfarers, wrapped up against the midsummer weather, are all out on deck. They call out in their excitement from time to time and I have to stop work to rush out to view the Minke, the bonxies, the dolphins and the greedy diving gannets.....

No doubt you will be able to read all about this voyage in the October newsletter, along with another treat that's recently arrived on my desk - from the Wild West!

You might have noticed already that this issue is once again a bumper 24 pages long. I thought that the last one, also 24 pages, was to be a one-off but it looks like it could become a habit.

And now the Fellfarer is 50 (issues, not years). It seems to have come a long way since No. 1, back in 1996, which was (do you remember?) a single side of A4.

Thank you to all you contributors. Keep it coming!

*Ed.*



Dear Ed

Here is a picture of a friend we made on our half-term week in Patterdale. It was a wonderful week from the moment we pitched tent in Side Farm campsite alongside Ullswater, to the final day when we completed our twentieth Wainwright in six days.

Camping is a great way of getting away from busy Manchester-life and helps you renew your acquaintance with the beauty and tranquillity of the Lake District. Nature was certainly putting on a show for us throughout the week with the lower fellsides festooned with sweet-smelling Hawthorne bushes. All week the (mostly) blue skies were filled with the constant swooping of swifts, while one day we paused to watch the stonechats sitting on top of the ferns on Steel Knotts. The unmistakable call of the cuckoo would often break the silence of our peaceful walks - that is when Penny wasn't chatting.

By far the most memorable day of the week was the Thursday when we caught the bus to Pooley Bridge, and then walked the High Street ridge from Arthur's Seat back around to Angle Tarn Pike. We had decided to take in The Nab, which involves a bit of a detour, but were rewarded not just with another Wainwright, but also by seeing dozens of red deer in that quiet corner of Martindale. But the best was yet to come. We were on our descent towards Angle Tarn when we headed off the main path to

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### Cover Photo:

The Secretary celebrates on Haystacks. 10 May

### Contents Photo:

Steve eats a cream cracker off his nose, Calpe. 16 May

walk up Brock Crag. Just a few days before, I had been wondering about the name Brock Crag and whether the name meant there had been many badgers there in the past. As Penny and I walked down the fell towards the tarn I froze and exclaimed as there, about 10 yards in front of us, at 7 o'clock in the evening and in broad daylight, was a badger. He looked fantastic and not at all bothered about us. He must have heard us, but after he shuffled off up the grassy bank, he didn't seem to notice us following him. As we stayed down-



wind of him we were able to spend a good thirty minutes watching him snuffling around for worms and slugs. The funniest moment was when he realised he was being watched. He didn't run off as I expected. Instead, he lay down flat in the short grass. Maybe his black and white head is hard to spot at night, but with the sun still high in the sky, he did look rather comical! That chance encounter was a truly magical end to a long enjoyable day's walk.

So now we know that Brock Crag deserves its name. It got me wondering whether any other Fellfarers have been on a fell and, while there, seen the creature it is named after? Eagle Crag or Heron Pike for example?

*Damian O'Sullivan*

# CLUB NEWS

Welcome to **New Members** Frank Haygarth and Kayti Clegg, both of Kendal, and to returning member and ex-chairman Mike Crawford of Sedgewick.

It has been suggested that the club should adopt a more democratic approach to the **Election of its Committee**. Not everyone is able to attend our AGM and the suggestion is that we have a postal vote to ensure that every member has a say in the election. What do you think? If you have a strong opinion on the matter, please write to the Editor or to any committee member. We'll take everyone's opinions on board.

**HELP!!!** A group of committee members is putting together the history of the club in preparation for next year's Anniversary celebration (see below). Part of our valuable archive is the collection of **Visitors' Books** which runs continuously from the opening of High House in 1934 until the present day, WITH THE EXCEPTION OF ONE: the Visitors Book 1955-1962 has been missing for a long time. Does anyone know where it is or what might have happened to it? Even if you don't know where it is now but know something of its history, the committee would be delighted to hear from you. **PLEASE !!!**

Are you interested in taking a course in **First Aid** in the Hills? We can arrange training under a certified instructor for our members if enough (minimum 6) people are interested. The cost would be £30 per person for the day. Alternatively, a shorter evening course could be arranged which would cost about £20 each if a dozen people were interested. If you want to learn more, please call Hugh Taylor.

As an experiment, the Committee has agreed to offer a **Special Rate for Members** wishing to book High House mid-week. The present normal rate is £115 per night. If it hasn't already been booked by 2 months before the date you want, you can book the whole of the hut for yourself plus friends and family for nights from Monday to Thursday at a very substantial discount. Call Hugh Taylor for rates and to discuss details if you are interested.

## Next Year's Big Birthday Book

Fred Underhill's cartoon says it all, nearly

There's a team of members working hard on producing a History of K Fellfarers and of High House. Areas of research include, at present, the history of High House as a farm and as a family home, the formation of the club at K Shoes, the work that went into rebuilding High House, the subsequent history of the club, the achievements and stories of its members, the changes which have happened to the club and the hut as years have gone by.....

Some members have already responded magnificently with loans of photographs and some of their thoughts and recollections but there is still a long way to go. If you have some stories to tell (from as far back as possible right up to the present day) and would like to write them down, please start now. **If you would prefer to tell your stories and let someone else write it, that's fine—just give the Chairman or any committee member a call and we'll be in touch.** If you have some snaps of members or the hut in the past, please dig them out now and let us know. It's a big undertaking for the club and we don't want to miss anything out, no matter how small.

**Please don't leave it until it's too late - contact us now!**



## Suddenly it Wasn't Funny !

Trek to Everest Base Camp and Kala Patthar made by Joan Abbott, Mary & Brett Forrest, Tom Forrest & Anto Birsan. October - November 2007

*Continued from Issue 49*

*Mary Forrest*

### Trek Day 2 Phakdino - Namche Bazaar 3,440m 25/10

In 35 years Brett and I had never shared a mountain tent. What a "first"! Bulky gear compounded by 2 mugs of "bed tea" and 2 bowls of washing water zipped into the entrance of the tent - obstacles to the early morning dash to the facilities! Joan's solitary state seemed very attractive despite her lament that "If I die in the night I can't wake anybody up and tell them"! On route an English voice moaned "It's like the Pig Track on Easter Sunday". Lunch by a river where a white pony walked across the table cloth' and drank the cup filled washing up water. Joan was feeling too ill to eat. Across a bridge suspended over a high gorge and about 2pm we began the steep ascent to Namche Bazaar, the deep 'steps' taxing both Joan and I. We passed a porter on the ground writhing in agony with food poisoning, a trek' doctor came to his aid. Eventually as it went dark we walked through Namche, tiny streets, steps, colourful shops and dozens of people. Joan had been helped by the Sirdar and Chaptay. Our camp behind the tea house stunk of effluent. The loo, up 'steps' was a two hole affair with brush and straw to cover. No one was surprised when one of the steps collapsed in the night hurling a head torched visitor to the ground.



### Day 3 Acclimatisation Day 26/10

Camp had to be moved but Joan and Anto were both ill. They were well cared for by Pesang(1) whilst we went to the Everest View Hotel. On the way the clouds cleared and we got our first view of snowy peaks and then the magical view of Everest in the far distance and the beautiful Ama Dablam to our right. We had lunch on the terrace of the hotel and then returned via the Hillary School at Khumjung and back down to the colourful, ever expanding Namche Bazaar terraced on the hillside.

### Day 4 Namche Bazaar to Tangboche 3,860m 27/10

Over the shoulder of the hill we descended along good, broad paths with magnificent views of mountains, trees

and far, far below the Dudh Khosi river with Everest ever before us. We met children walking 3 miles to school, old men mending the track with large stone setts, cheerful women selling souvenirs and the American Jennifer's friend being carried in a large basket on a porter's back. By lunchtime we were at the new wooden bridge over the river at Phunki Tenga having descended 1,000 feet. We had lunch but ate little and then set off through the lovely rhododendron and magnolia trees to Tangboche Monastery 2,000feet above. Brett was unwell on the way and Joan and I found regaining the height very tiring. Coming through an arch we saw the colourfully decorated temple at Tengboche, rebuilt after twice burning down. It was now cloudy and cold. We had hot food in the bakery and then went down newly made stone paths and steps to our first Veal' camp - frost on the ground, toilet tent and dining tent. I was now feeling ill.

### Day 5 Deboche to Pheriche 4,270m 28/10

Ice on the tent, clear blue sky and a walk through moss draped rhododendron trees - up the hillside and then to the village of Pangboche for lunch. Brett had egg and chips. The scenery became more desolate along the banks of the Lobuche Khola then up to the chortens on the Pheriche pass and down to the boards balanced across the river, temporarily replacing the washed away bridge. We reached Pheriche which was once only a summer habitation but now has a few tea houses and the well used hospital staffed by volunteer doctors from all over the world. Some mattresses were wet so Anto, Tom, Simon and Lee got rooms for the night. We enjoyed sitting in a warm tea house but Tom and Anto were both feeling ill.



### Day 6 Acclimatisation Day Pheriche 29/10

A much needed rest day for washing and re-packing then a visit to the hospital for a lecture on Acute Mountain Sickness. Some of us started acclimatisation tests.

#### Day 7 Pheriche to Lobuche 4.910m 30/10

Tom and Anto were both very ill, eyes like golf balls, nausea and headaches. The only solution - lose altitude as quickly as possible. Pesang(2), a porter and yak were to take them back in two stages to wait at Namche Bazaar. We said our farewells and set off, Joan, Chaptay and I walking slowly up the magnificent U-shaped Lobuche Khola valley - dwarfed by snow covered peaks. Lunch at Dughla and then up the terminal moraine of the Khumbu Glacier to the Sherpa memorials on the Thokla Pass. By now the sun was going and the trail through the lateral moraine to Lobuche was cold and wearying. In the distance we saw the tiny, black heap of Kala Patthar dwarfed by Pumo Ri. There was no human structure in sight. As darkness fell we entered Lobuche, (think Wild West shanty town). Joan and Bryan photographed the wonderful Alpen Slow on the Mehra Peak and the Nuptse range and I went to the doctor re the tests. I had suffered bubbly sensations in hands, feet and face all day. The doctor said I had very low oxygen absorption but agreed I could go on. We spent the evening in a crowded tea house and then looked at the most magnificent sky we had ever seen. No earth glow, just millions of stars, a full moon and cut out, snow covered peaks. Life was cold but good, this was what the trek was all about.

#### Day 8 Lobuche to Gorak Shep 5.140m 31/10

Hot and sunny - up the valley then scrambling amongst the boulders of moraine from the Changri Nup and Changri Shar glaciers. The view was unbelievably magnificent, Nuptse and its flanks on the right, Lingtren and Khumbutse forming a head wall and the Pumo Ri ridge on the left. The Yak man and his son appeared with the great kettle of hot orange and biscuits, no conversation but a wonderful smile. Then we were looking down on the blue roofs and flat valley of Gorak Shep and the steep black cone of Kala Patthar dwarfed by the snow capped summits. We had a teahouse hot meal and felt better.

#### Day 9 Gorak Shep to Everest Base Camp 5.364m 01/11

An 8:30am start and off along a lakeside then up and onto the lateral moraine. Ahead in the far distance a view of the jumble of the Khumbu Ice Fall and a minute yellow dot, Everest Base Camp, below on the right the great ice and rock waves of the Khumbu Glacier. Down amongst the big boulders and onto the ice, across to flags and cairns and then up and down dirty grey waves to EBC. Joan led as always counting steps and rests, I followed and Chaptay carried our bags. No one spoke. The air was cold, the scenery overwhelming, would we ever get there or home again? The domes and flags grew larger - we had arrived at EBC to be greeted by Neema saying "We leave in 10 minutes or we lose the light". We ate, rested, took photographs and gawped. Tiny specks on the Khumbu Ice Fall - climbers? We were too exhausted to speak but we had got there. It was busy but not the horror we had been led to expect. Surrounded by all this grandeur we felt so very privileged. We set off back, Joan increasing the pace of walking so

that we were never too far behind the others. The sun began to sink below the peaks. Scrambling to the top of the moraine we saw the mist rolling up the Lobuche val-



ley. Shadows lengthened and the cold began to bite. The yak man came bringing a flask of hot orange and biscuits, once again a welcome sight. Then it was a race as darkness fell. Along the rocky side of the lake by head torch (the guides had none). Then we were back. Joan went to her tent and was cared for by Pesang who took her boots off and brought her soup and pop corn. The rest of us ate in a hut lit by kerosene lamp - then it was off to bed. I woke suddenly 'gagging' for breath but had been warned, so ate biscuits and drank water admiring the ice on the inside of the tent, the sleeping bags and Brett's wool hat, then back to sleep and more 'gagging'.

#### Day 10 Ascent of Kala Patthar 5.623m 02/11

A broad sunlit path became rougher and colder as it ascended, culminating in a flag decorated rocky summit and one of the finest views in the world; Everest from Kala Patthar. At 18,556 feet it was magnificent and we were blessed with perfect conditions. Everyone took photo-



graphs, chatted and ate. Then reluctantly and bitterly cold we began the descent, in every direction seeing majestic peaks, ice falls and glaciers and hearing the rushing and banging of avalanches. We had turned for home' and the route back stretched towards the far horizon. Back at camp we rested and then met in the teahouse. Brett burst through the door and collapsed. Lee and Simon got him to a seat and the doctor from the Cancer Research Trek treated him with Hypo Stop - he had

suffered a diabetic low. He would need to supplement his diet more carefully.

#### Day 11 Gorak Shep - Panoboche 3.930m 03/11

By morning Brett was well again and we set out on the long walk to Pangboche. Starting in sunshine and seeing different aspects of the view, things seemed easier. We ate lunch at Pheriche and then off again but the hurried descent and fast pace were hurting Joan's hip whilst I was feeling much better. Our camp was on a terrace by a tumble down teahouse. The toilet tent reached by climbing a wall, which fell down in the night and the yak drinking the washing up water didn't dampen our spirits - we were going home. I know we should have felt sad but we didn't and I smiled for the first time in days.

#### Day 12 Pangboche to Namche Bazaar 3.440m 04/11

The walk through the warm sunny woods was magical and when Joan and I looked back we saw the view which we had cherished since childhood; Everest through the trees. We could have cried it was so lovely and we were actually seeing it for ourselves. We spent an enjoyable hour or two at Tangboche visiting the brightly decorated Temple and the museum with its beautiful souvenirs. Then we looked back at Everest without realizing that it would be our last view of it. We then set off down to Phunki Tenga, enjoying seeing the arch and chortens on the way. On the long ascent towards Namche Bazaar, a man on a pony nearly knocked us off our feet. We passed porters carrying several huge beams of wood and one carrying a complete flat packed glass shower cubicle. The cloud came down and it became chilly. We passed beautiful memorial paintings on the rocks and houses without chimneys where the smoke escaped where it could. We just couldn't gauge how far we had to go. Two figures stepped unexpectedly out of the mist, Tom and Pesang(2). We were almost in Namche Bazaar. Tom and Anto had fully recovered and had visited the Hillary School and the Sherpa Museum. We shopped for souvenirs and then went to bed.

#### Day 13 Namche Bazaar to Phakding 2.610m 05/11

Another day and the busy descent down the rock steps were very difficult for 'little legs'. Eventually we reached the Sunrise Teahouse and all booked a meal there and gave the chef a 'night off'.

#### Day 14 Phakding to Lukla 2.840m 06/11

On the way back to Lukla we had time to enjoy seeing the chortens and prayer wheels, the entrance to the National Park and the many children 'playing' outside their houses. Then it was back along the colourful, only street of Lukla and 'mission accomplished\*' into the teahouse opposite the airport; flush toilets, washbasins and bunks. We had to wear our head torches to see even when the light was on but who cared. We ordered our evening meal at the teahouse and then said goodbye to the guides and porters after drinks and a last Day cake made by the chef Relay.

#### Day 15 Lukla to Kathmandu 07/11

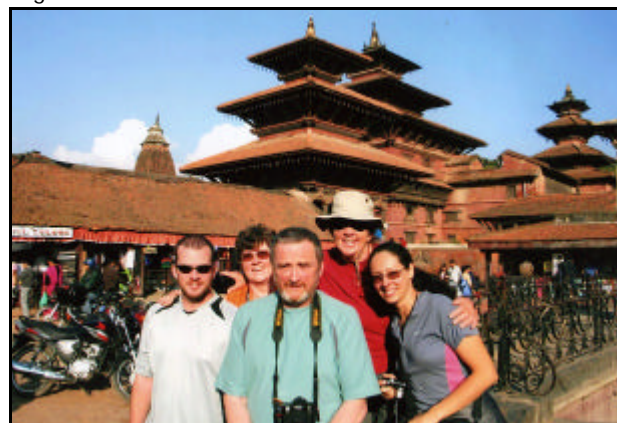
6am, Lukla airport, dense cloud, no lights, weigh your own baggage and wait. We waited. Finally at 12 O'clock aircraft began to land, empty, reload and take off in a 4. minute turn around. We were up and away in the mist. Sunshine, a mad ride back to the hotel, it was all unreal - our trek was over. We bathed, slept in beds, bought souvenirs and then went for a celebratory meal at the 'Rhum Doodle Restaurant', the walls adorned with 'footprints' and signed photographs of summiteers and trekkers. Joan and I learned the nickname the chaps had for us 'The Ever Ready Bunnies' - after the battery advert - we felt honoured.

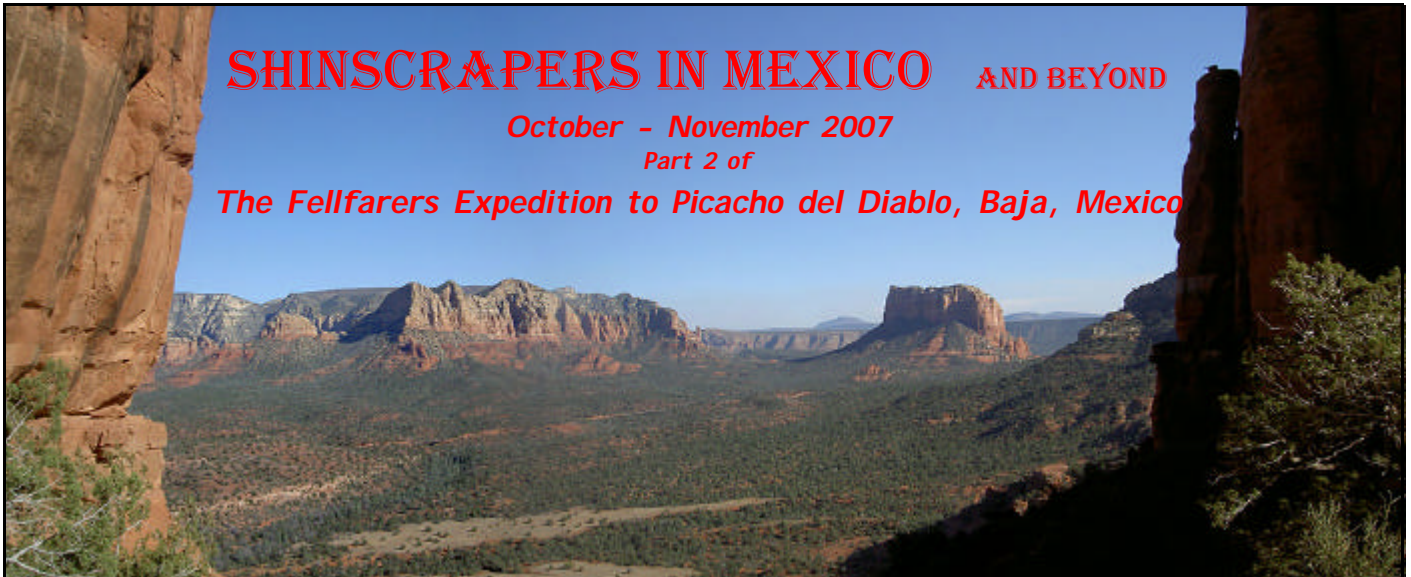
#### Kathmandu Durbar Square 08/11

In the afternoon we booked taxis to Durbar Square in Patan. What a place, hundreds of people, a dozen or more temples and towers and one soldier with a gun directing people to pay because it is a World Heritage Site. After a few confused moments we hired a 'guide' at 100 rupees (75 pence) each, well worth it. He pointed at all the lurid and sexual details of the statuary and fresh blood from sacrifices and finally took us into the 'Golden Temple' where the rats crawled over the statues eating the offerings. We had been viewing the artistic and ornate for three hours and we couldn't take anymore in. We were all "ready for home". After a final meal in the hotel we said goodbye to the chaps and retired for the night. Unfortunately Brett's kidney stone decided to move and his trip ended in a blur of painkillers and agony.

#### Hotel Malla to Kendal Friday & Saturday 09 & 10/11

The hotel and CAT staff did all they could to help Brett, extolling the joys of Kathmandu hospital but he hung on until finally arriving at A.A.E. at Westmorland General Hospital two and a half days later on Sunday 11/11//2007. Despite upsets, as a family we had experienced the trip of a lifetime' with Joan, Brett and I realising childhood dreams. We had met wonderful people and seen both magnificent and harrowing sights. But above all it made us realise just how far 'good old' England had come since the days of Elizabeth 1st and how much we take for granted. Now with the changes in the political climate we also realise that perhaps for once our timing was right too. So, "Thank you very much Eric Shipton and Doug Scott\* for 'a daft idea!' realised.





**SHINSCRAPERS IN MEXICO** AND BEYOND  
*October - November 2007*  
 Part 2 of  
*The Fellfarers Expedition to Picacho del Diablo, Baja, Mexico*

*At the end of part 1 we left our four heroes stranded in gathering darkness on the mountainside after successfully reaching their summit. They had no sleeping bags and no warm clothing, no food and no water. Even at these latitudes, the nights are very very cold at nearly 10,000 feet. Things looked very serious indeed...*

### Night on the Mountain

It seems so stupid. The canyon is almost directly below us - we could almost spit on our base camp from here - but the terrain is so complicated and so full of dangerous traps that we can't contemplate a descent, even when the moon rises. How are we to keep warm?

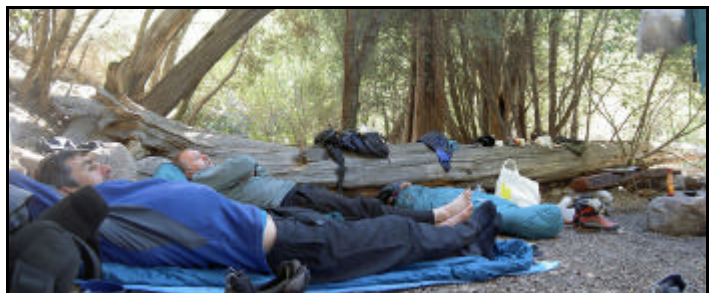
We search through our pockets and bags for anything that might give us the illusion of comfort during the next 12 hours. There are a few scraps of salty cashews - not ideal when we have no water! - and then Bill, bless him, realises that he had forgotten to leave the lighter behind at base camp. Hooray! We can have fire. We immediately begin gathering dead wood. Even at this height the mountainside is littered with it, dried by many years of bleaching sun.

We soon have a cheery blaze and we take it in turns to roast by the flames and then freeze in the shadows. Mike keeps us all distracted for a few hours with stories from the apparently fathomless well of his memory. Eventually he becomes silent too. I have a dehydration headache and cannot fully lose consciousness.

At first light we pee on the fire to put it out and set off back down. The sky is once more a peerless blue and I note with a degree of detachment that the scenery is just as wonderful as it was yesterday but none of us shows any interest. We descend in silence, mainly, for two hours before dropping through the trees to Campo Noche. A fire is lit in double-quick time and we're soon clutching mugs of hot tea, even thinking we start smiling again later.

We spend the day eating, dozing, keeping the fire lit. We're clearly not going to attempt one of our aims, the Pinnacle Ridge, on this trip so we're in no hurry.

Later, as darkness falls and we're talking around the fire I produce - kept secret for the last week - a small hip flask of celebratory whisky. Never in the history of mountaineering has so little alcohol been so warmly received!



## Canyon and Desert

We've all slept well and Mike wakes to find we have a big pan of coffee boiling already. We take down the ropes, left hanging high in the trees for the food to be hung from. Nothing left for breakfasts now but crispbreads but even they taste wonderful now. The packs feel much lighter now and I no longer dread putting it on. The food content is diminishing and I suppose we're getting tougher after a week of this.

The bushwacking seems less hard too and we have time to examine and photograph the flowering mistletoes, the prickly pears, century plants, bamboo. Familiarity with the canyon has perhaps lessened the wonder a little but it has also removed the threatening aspect. The passage of time has changed and we seem to be covering the ground much more quickly than on the way in. I look forward to the difficulties we found on the way in.

The vegetation stops, crowded out by the canyon walls that rise almost sheer from the stream bed. The rock is red and rust and ochre. The light bouncing off the upper walls turns the air around us gold and creamy. A few ferns, mid-summer green, brush our ankles and the water tinkles merrily from pool to pool. I feel strong here and very happy.

After eight hours we stop and begin the evening ritual of finding a perfect spot to sleep, gathering wood, brewing tea, cooking and eating, talking. Another perfect nights of stars, cicadas, and embers glowing in the darkness. No whisky though.

Our last day in the canyon is started with a sort of grim determination - Mike wants us to cover nearly two days walk-in in one day to get us out into the desert before nightfall. It seems an impossible task when he tells us but his logic is perfect - we will then be able to cross the desert in the cool of the night.

The canyon continues to be friendly, keeping the ferocious sun off us for most of the day, its vegetation remaining benign, and the awkward rock problems proving to be less of a hindrance. When we cross sunlit patches, butterflies crowd around us and flowers bloom where we noticed none before. The rock has changed to white granite, beautiful to look at but sometimes testing on the steep slabs where we rely on the friction of our battered trainers.

We make good progress again and by mid-afternoon are back at the Bad Step which requires a good grasp of the hanging wire and a determined approach to the pendulum across the wall above the pool. No-one fell in and Mike treated us to a burst of yodelling as he swung across. We reach the site of our first campsite, have a brew and tortillas and a last dip in the delectable canyon waters, before stepping out into the desert once more.

We walk until dark. We are too far south to see the Pole Star and the distant mountains no longer guide us. We lie on the sand and sleep, waiting for the moon.

She rises, only in the last quarter now and not bright enough for us until high in the sky. We trudge across the cold sand in a black and white world, heading towards where we hope the pick-up might be.

The stars fade. Our moon-shadows fade. The eastern sky lights up and the Sierra turns rosy. Unseen coyotes howl their haunting cry. We breakfast on the sand, faces turned to the warmth of the sun. Nearly home now.





## Granite Mountain and Grand Canyon

'Home' being Antonio's, of course, and the pick-up. He welcomes us and makes us coffee. He proudly unveils a DVD player and insists that we sit and watch a film with him. We haven't seen a living soul for over 10 days, we're filthy, unshaven, smelly and exhausted and here we are at 8 o'clock in the morning (no idea what day it is) watching a third-rate cowboy film in the shack of a complete stranger who doesn't speak English. My grip on reality is slipping .....

We get away eventually, pass the military roadblocks, and drive to San Felipe, the seaside! Later in the day, showered, rested, fed, we laze by a pool, the sun now a friend rather than an enemy, tasting our first beers and listening to the Sea of Cortez lapping the shore. We're all in bed by 11, our latest night so far.

We travel north, back over the border, crossing hundreds of miles of Sonora desert, passing a million huge saguaro cactus, followed by dust-devils, passed road signs warning of road-runners, to reach Arizona. Sick-ness passes through our group and we take it in turns to be ill as we drive on for the next few days until we reach Yavapai Campground.

This is Mike's old University stamping ground and he's keen to show us the superb climbing to be had at Granite Mountain. Bill and Alan decide to walk on this first day and so Mike and I wander up the dusty trail to stand under the huge, creamy, blank (and more than a little intimidating) rock. I spend some time picking the fine cactus prickles from my leg and then gear up to climb. Four pitches of perfect but nearly holdless rock follow. I'm tested by pitch 3 (Mike led it all) when I can't remove a piece of gear but Mike sorts us out and we're soon on the exhilarating 3 pitch abseil back to ground level. Bill and Al tell us later about the tarantula they saw - it might be difficult to sleep tonight now!

Mike climbs on day 2 with Al. I'm sick again and can only watch. Later Al returns shaking his head, which means he found it very hard.

We drive north again and camp on the Canyon edge. It is impossible to convey in words or pictures the immensity of this hole in the ground. It has to be experienced in real life. Even then you can't take it all in.

Bill decides not to attempt to reach the bottom and climb out again; signs everywhere warn against trying it; but Alan is keen to get down to the river. We agree that Mike will go with Al and I'll go with Bill. We set off before dawn. The way is not a problem, mule tracks, a relic of mining operations, run down at reasonable gradients the whole way. Bill and I were content to view the river from half-way down, in many ways the best view-point and to stroll back to 'Grand Canyon Village' to wait for Mike and Al over coffee and beer. Al came back shaking his head again.

We have a delightful, civilised day in Flagstaff and in the wonderful country of buttes and mesas around Sedona before one last night sleeping in the roadside dust before Mike drops us off for our early flight home.



## Shinscrapers in Mexico - the Slideshow 25th March 2008

Another record-breaking event for the club! 33 members and guests arrived to watch the antics of Bill, Alan and the Ed in desert, canyon and mountain last year. The event was a great success. People said nice things about the slides and the food and beer went down very well. The room was just the right size for our numbers but it begs the question: if our slideshow are likely to increase in popularity, should we be looking for somewhere bigger?

Oh no, just when we think we've found the perfect venue in the Strickland Arms, we now have something else to worry about!

## 'A Sting in the Tail'

A Walk in the Pennines from Dufton Village

David Birkett

Once again we had settled into the abysmal conditions of a Cumbrian winter - heavy rain, strong winds, and declining snowfalls. It was with delight that the forecast gave a mainly dry day with sunny intervals in eastern valleys—not bad for a late January day. I had seen Roger and Bill at the AGM of the K Fellfarers—in conversation Bill mentioned he had not climbed Dufton Pike in the Eden Valley. This sowed a germ of an idea for a walk in the Pennines—one of England's last wildernesses. We arrived after a 40 minute drive from Kendal. Dufton village had a sleepy air; little was astir save some farm animals. The small but adequate car park housed the re-cycling centre and an attractively designed and built toilet facilities with provision for the physically impaired. Through the archway could be seen an equally attractive bus shelter built in the local red sandstone—all to prove living in the so called 'sticks' is not a disadvantage.

The East Fellside villages of Milburn, Knock, Dufton, Murton and Hilton have a distinctive architectural style, the buildings set around a village green with a focal points of chapel and public house, all built in the rich red sandstone. A bridleway leaves the road at the S.E. end of the village alongside working farm buildings and bifurcates in a short distance to form the Pennine Way—England's first long-distance footpath. The sunken lane, flanked by hedgerows, was very muddy caused by vehicles and stock en route to the fields, fell and Pusgoll House, a converted barn with the air of a holiday home. Underneath the Southern flanks of Dufton Pike the 'open access' land begins—all very clearly marked on access map signs and where appropriate, gates or stiles have been provided displaying the now familiar brown and white discs with the silhouette of a walker. The broad track continues between Bluethwaite Hill and Brownber Hill (519m) and enters an amphitheatre with striking similarity to nearby High Cup Nick. In times gone by the track must have been of significant importance leading to a lead mining complex and a large limestone kiln.

On the Western side of the Cross Fell range, there is an inlier of lower palaeozoic rocks, extending as a narrow band of up to 1 mile in width and about sixteen miles in length, and in a general N.W. and S.E. direction—this introduction to the 'Cross Fell Inlier' in \*Postlethwaite's book gives an indication of the complex geology in the area. Millstone grits predominate on the higher fells with limestone, granite and slate infusion giving a rich flora in the springtime. The track had been widened, surfaced and drained. I assumed this was for the lead workings, on the plateau the answer was clear—a shooting lodge. Numerous spoil tips were passed en route to the lodge—mainly from lead spoils—banks of coal slag were a more surprising find. Coal measures sometimes outcrop alongside limestone and has supplemented the incomes of generations of 'East fellsides'. Dufton Fell mine dates back to the Roman times producing galena ore in large quantities; in 1874 some 1,372 tons were extracted, falling to only 19 tons in 1888. On the plateau a keen wind was blowing causing ripples on the surface of Gt. Rundale Tarn—one of sources of Maize Beck feeding into the mighty Tees. The walking for the next 2 km was decidedly rough over intermittent peat hags and soft, soggy ground, relief being afforded on the stony summits of High Scald Fell (716m) and Knock Old Man (794m) where we rejoined the Pennine

Way. The view from the summit is extensive with Meldon Hill to the E. and Mickle Fell to the S.E., the latter deep in the Warcop Firing Range. To the N. lay the giant golf ball and towers on Gt. Dun Fell—a telecommunications site. The uplands are not noted for bird life during the winter months, so we were fortunate to see a 'snowflake' of snow buntings and the larger and rarer dotterel—both foraging for seeds by turning mosses and grasses.

The Pennine Way has lost its popularity, shown by light surface erosion on the descent to Dufton; waymarking has been undertaken by introducing half metre high sandstone carved plinths with directional arrows—I found them aesthetically pleasing even in this pristine landscape. The descent from Green Fell is gradual, crossing and re-crossing rivulets that join the major Swindale Beck cascading down the steep fellside. At the 380m level the path crosses the beck by a fine new bridge with flagstone surfaced approaches. We paused awhile and admired the landscape with the fertile Eden Valley stretching out as far as the eye could see; the Lake District fells were obscured by banks of dark clouds with shafts of afternoon sunshine highlighting the manicured countryside. Alongside the beck a tree planting scheme had been undertaken—stabilising yet enhancing the landscape. As we contoured the slopes of Brownber Hill a snipe alighted from an area of soft rushes, zig-zagging its way to freedom, disappearing within seconds. A very muddy lane led to Gt. Rundale Beck and the prospect of our second major ascent of the day—Dufton Pike. A right of way follows the southern bank of the beck, climbing through enclosed land and passing a fine natural alder woodland, crying out for some management.

Above the fell wall we gained the N.W. ridge of the Pike climbing over spongy turf, pock marked with rabbit holes. Earlier I had warned Roger and Bill, the walk had 'a sting in the tail', this was it—a steep 250m climb. The reward on the cairnless summit was exhilarating and dramatic. The conical shaped mountain afforded panoramic views both of the Pennine range and the Eden Valley. The only blots on the landscape were the British Gypsum factory at Kirby Thore and the numerous new farm buildings. Some would argue that these structures give employment and add viability to a hard pressed industry. If only the design and materials used were in keeping with the area. The daylight was rapidly diminishing as we descended the S.E. ridge of the Pike and rejoined the lane to Dufton Village. Tired but content we revived our bodies and spirits with a pint of beer at the Pin and Cushion in the former county town of Westmorland—Appleby.

*\*Miner and Mining in the English Lake District'*

*by John Postlethwaite*

*All references from O.S. Landranger 91 Appleby in Westmorland  
12 km distance    850m height gained    6 hrs. Time taken.*



Dufton

## 'The Hundreds' Walk/Meal March 8th 2008

*John Walsh*

The previous night had probably been the wettest of the year and the morning was no better. I phoned Walter to see if the walk was still on. "Well I'll be going because I don't know who will turn up, but if I were you, I'd stay at home", was the reply. Not wanting to be seen as a wimp I continued. "Where are we meeting?"

"Kendal bus station for 9.30am, then the 555 to Brockhole".

"I'll meet you at Brockhole then".

Caroline and I drove up to Troutbeck Bridge, parked the car and then walked the mile or so to Brockhole. The rain eased. We arrived at Brockhole early so decided to have a quick look round. The grounds and building are quite splendid with views across the lake to Claife. Apparently the LDNPA want to replace this building with something more appropriate. Whatever that means!

The bus arrived and three stalwart members alighted, Walter, Krysia and Alec. Walter took control and we promptly set out up Mick Lane. Mick Lane climbs until it meets Robin Lane. Robin Lane runs between Troutbeck and Ambleside. It makes an excellent short walk in itself with good views. We crossed Robin Lane and continued towards the 'Hundreds'. This is a collection of sheep intakes covering an area of 100 acres, hence the name.

By this time the wind had picked up and we pressed on, contouring a boggy stretch until we joined the path between Troutbeck and Wansfell, where we stopped for lunch. 11.30am! After lunch we headed down in Troutbeck village. The rain had slacked off a bit. Going passed the Mortal Man Inn, Walter announced that we wouldn't be calling there as the price of a pint exceeded £3!

We continued to the Queens Head. At this point Walter announced that we could cut the walk short or press on. I thought, "this is it, straight into the Queens Head" but no one was man or woman enough to suggest it, instead we all trudged off into the mist, heads bowed.

As it happened it wasn't a bad decision. We turned off the Kirkstone road onto the old bridleway known as Kingsway. This was the original route over Kirkstone Pass. It undulated along the fell side below the modern road. At one point it passes through a stone circle, although you wouldn't realise that unless you were told. It then follows the beck steeply towards Woundal where it joins the modern road.

We needed to cross the beck, which proved a little tricky because it was in spate. With all of us safely, if not dryly across, we descended back into Troutbeck. It started to rain, heavily. We splashed along the valley bottom finally climbing back up toward Troutbeck village and passed the Queens Head. No messing this time, straight in!

As we wandered through Troutbeck it stopped raining and the sun came out. We followed the lane down past the YHA and down to Troutbeck Bridge and the Sun Inn. A couple of pints later and we were on our way home.

After what had started as a very mediocre day everything turned out alright in the end, as they say. Thanks to Walter for a surprisingly interesting trip.

## The 1st Climbing For All Evening Hutton Roof Crag 24th April 2008

A number of Shinscrapers had gathered to hear a talk (Bill & David Birkett on their climbing family and their relationship with The Lakes) at The Brewery on the previous evening and there was uncertainty in the bar afterwards: We were going through an unsettled spell of weather, typical of April, and we couldn't decide whether we would be outdoors at Hutton Roof as planned or hauling ourselves up the coloured plastic at the Climbing Wall.

Decisions were left until the last minute and at 5 o'clock on Thursday the phones started ringing. Heavy rain in the morning had given way to warm sunshine in the afternoon so the optimists won: Outdoors it was to be - Hooray!

The crag was quiet when we arrived. A young couple were just packing up to go and one solitary member of *Kendal Mountaineering Club* fetched up at the same time for an evening of soloing.

Peter G and the editor played on a couple of easy routes until the others turned up. This was Peter's first climbing evening since his knee + hip replacement and he was pleased to get his hands on rock again.

Club members kept arriving. Richard M even turned up on his push-bike. He had no intention of climbing but eventually succumbed to the lure of the crag and had a go at soloing some of the easier routes.

More Fellfarers arrived and our numbers rose to a round dozen.

Joan A came for a walk and to watch but, like Richard, found herself tackling one or two routes.

David B had dusted off his harness and helmet and came to climb for the first time for a number of years. Welcome back David!

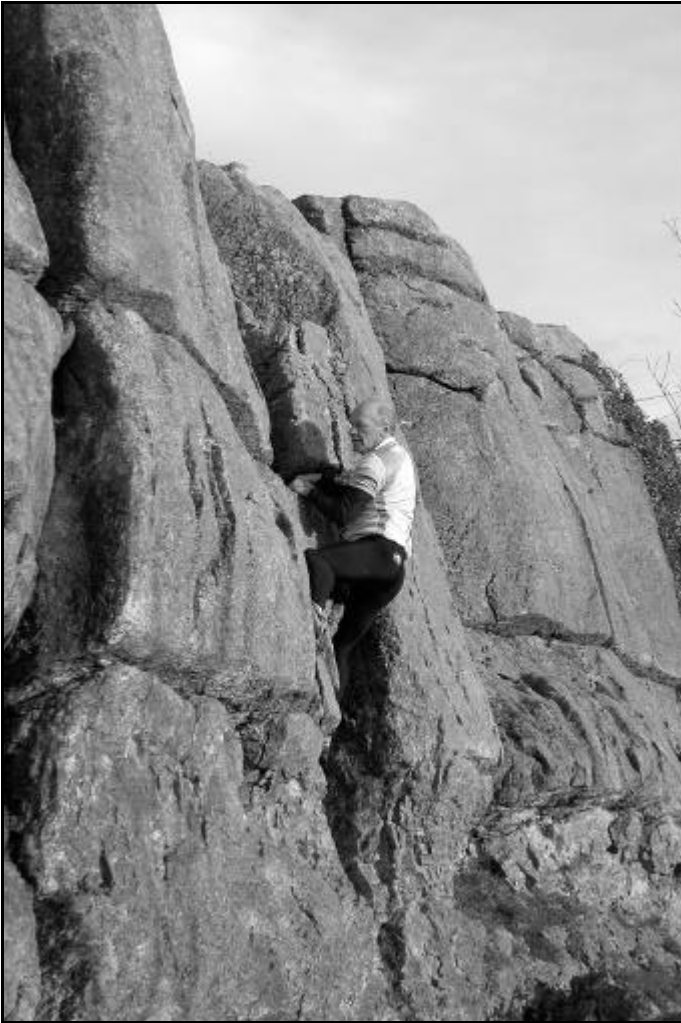
The sun shone but it was Hutton Roof in April and therefore a bit cool for belaying. As always at a 'Climbing For All' evening, however, the emphasis was on the 'for all' bit and several doughty Shinscrapers (mainly Kevin) shivered on the crag-top to provide a rope as we lined up to clamber up our own personal challenges.

Steve and Janet took the opportunity to practice sport climbing techniques in preparation for the Shinscrapers holiday in the Dolomites - er, no, in Calpe, on the Costa Blanca.....and we will draw a discrete veil over the horseplay that the Editor chanced upon below the Gorilla Buttress.....

The evening's climbing culminated in a determined effort by Alan W to complete the delicate rightwards moves of 'Winged Traverse' (VS 5a) which starts below 'Pegasus' and finishes on 'Cyclops'. A thin horizontal finger-crack combined with nothing for the feet defeated him twice and he fell but his gear held him and he retired, unhurt, determined to solve the problem next time.

The evening finished, as always, back in Kendal at The Rifleman's Arms, with excellent music, excellent beer and fairly moderate company....well, Shinscrapers, you know.

*See over and on page 20 for pictures.*



Richard Mercer (above) and David Birkett (below) getting to grips with limestone at Hutton Roof on the first 'Climbing for All' evening of the summer. 24th April.



The Chairman's Walk and the Vice -Chairman's Birthday Party  
**26th April 2008** *Bill Hogarth*

Seven Fellfarers congregated just outside the Station public house at Oxenholme on a bit of a dull Saturday afternoon. Also with us was Frank Haygarth he joined us for the walk, but at this time he was just thinking about becoming a Fellfarer, he must have liked our company, as he couldn't wait to get his application form in after he'd got home and is now a fully-fledged Fellfarer. The walk took us along Paddy Lane to Windy Hill, then on to Hawkrigg, Low Blease and Blease Hall Wood, round the bottom of the Helm and back to the cars. It was unfortunate that the weather was a bit unkind to us on the day, as I am sure on a pleasant afternoon it would be a nice little walk.

*There is a description and map in the Ramblers' Association (Kendal Group) booklet: Walks in the Kendal Area (£2.95)*



At the Wishing Tree: "I wish it would stop raining!"

AND: At least 18 people turned up at various places in Yorkshire and at varying times during the day to celebrate Alec Reynolds' 60th Birthday:

A surprise welcome in Yordas Cave was enhanced/spoiled (depending on who tells you the story) by the decision to light a bonfire in the cave before the escort (Walter) arrived with the Birthday Boy. The smoke had nowhere to go upwards and so, by the time the BB arrived, the cave was, apparently, just like Smaug's Lair, dark and noisome.

Later, we ate at the Station Inn, Ribbleshead and many were the groans from those of us at the bar at our inability to drink on a full stomach..... It must have turned out alright, though, because most of us looked a bit green when we came into the bar for breakfast on Sunday morning. It rained as we hugged and said our goodbyes. It didn't matter. Enjoy your 70th decade Alec!



Kev and Graham enjoy their manly drinks

# The Secretary's Last Wainwright

10th May 2008

Our worries about sufficient car parking spaces at Gatesgarth Farm came to nothing. The cars were all neatly tucked away by 10 o'clock sharp and we were all lacing up our boots and smiling greetings to each other, glancing up at the dark shadowed mass of crags today's hill, Haystacks.

Conditions were perfect for walking. A thin sky-haze took the fierceness from the sun and the gentlest breeze stroked the flanks of High Crag as we ambled upwards, pausing often, to Scarth Gap and onwards, scrambling to the summit.



More friends met us there, increasing our number to 24. We perched on top for lunch. Corks popped and we shared a couple of bottles of bubbly, sadly not at the correct temperature, and chocolates in celebration of Clare's completion of all 214 Wainwrights and her birthday.

We rambled on, in no hurry, and learned that the second largest tarn is not Innominate at all, but properly called Loaf Tarn. Even those of us who have been on the fell a few times expressed surprise at how this little hill manages to delight and impress with it's complicated geography.

The sky turned dark and threatened us with a soaking as we passed Little Round How on the descent but the little shower did no more than refresh us and the sun returned to light up our descent of the Dubs Quarry track, across Warnscale Bottom to the waiting ice cream van at our starting point.

The day was rounded off with a party, birthday cake and all, in the house and garden at Gillinggate.

Clare said it was a luurvely day. Well done you! Now, about these Munros.....



## A Highland Fling The Tay Vallich Camping Meet 16-18th May 2008

*David Birkett*

The second away meet of 2008 saw six Fellfarers in a comfortable caravan on Leachive Farm, Tayvallich, Argyll. Walter and Peter arrived with a spring in their step at 08.30 sharp loading my meagre belongings into an already laden landrover, complete with sea kayaks. Krysia, Olga and Rod awaited us on the Shap road for a further transfer of bodies and baggage. We were off, speeding through the transformed Cumberland Gap and onto the Erskine bridge and the Loch Lomond and Trossachs National Park (hurray). On the banks of the loch at Luss we topped up the suntans and discussed minor politics. Glen Douglas was a delightful find for myself complete with M.O.D. installations before joining the shores of Loch Long with its majestic backdrop of the Cobbler. An added first for myself was a visit to the tiny port of Crinan and the impressive 16 lock canal before our arrival at idyllic Tay Vallich. It was not long before the canoeists were at it, paddling Loch Sween; the walkers relaxed and watched locals struggling with an effluent pipe coming from a nearby pub.

Tay Vallich is on the Taynish Peninsula famed for oak woodlands, dripping with mosses and lichens and, for us, abundant spring flowers. The woodland has thrived for over 6,000 years, influenced by man in terms of charcoal burning, coppicing and bark collection (for tanning leather).



Today it is an important National Nature Reserve and available to the public. On a rather, cool, dreary, windy day, too cold for canoeing we chose the woodland walk. Just imagine a running commentary from Olga and Peter on flowers, trees and birds, a delight—but *Sanicle Europea* had them stumped. On Barr Mor the views were distant with the Paps of Jura in cloud to the south; to the north of the island could be seen Barnhill; George Orwell 1984 and all that. My foot was hurting, having damaged a toe on the Hutton Roof meet, so I opted for Taynish Mill and waited for Peter and the octogenarian. The mill was absorbing, for 150 years from 1824 grain had been ground; corn and bere (a sort of barley) had been collected from the Taynish Estate and contributed to self sufficiency of the area. That night the pub was heaving with students preparing for a canoe trip by drinking expensive beer and so

were we.

That evening the mystery of the bleeping watch started, Krysia accused Rod, a swift denial followed, 10 to the hour 'beep beep'. Was it Walter? - 'No' he exclaimed.

Sunday dawned and Rod was away at 05.30 hrs for his birdwatching on behalf of the British Ornithology Trust, surveying grid squares, recording species and locations—he should be salaried, I'll see my M.P. The species included Lesser Redpoll, Black Guillemot, Razorbill, Gannet, Rock Pippit, Wood-Willow and Sedge Warblers, Whitethroats, Stonechat, Buzzard and Sparrowhawk.



It was a peach of a day—the party split—canoeists to Carsaig Bay—flat calm, down to Saileen nan-h-Airde where seals amused and taunted them. A sudden surge of water caught them but they coped, all dry, until the dismount, when a deshabelle was caused to a lady member, owing to her wet clothes. The walkers opted for a cultural day—visiting the famous Kilmartin Glen—a wide fertile valley, colonised by man for millenia. The area is peppered with hut circles, henges, burial chambers, standing stones and cup and ring markings - a veritable gem. The Nether Fergie burial cairns form a 2 km linear cemetery, where the most impressive, the mid cairn, has a chamber you can descend into, with carved axe heads on a large slab. At Dunchraigaig a cup and ring on an outcrop was equally impressive. Our final visit was to a hillfort at Dunadd above the Moine Mhor (coastal heath) where early man had made fine jewellery—a truly magic location.

Back at Tayvallich the plot thickened: Who had the bleeping watch? Olga—a wind up watch, Peter—no watch. 'Rod it must be you' exclaimed Krysia.

The expensive beer had taken its toll, the young and working were broke—the retired just went to the pub—then the pub ran out of beer, real beer that is. Back at the caravan, wine and whisky flowed and eventually bed beckoned. I travelled back with Walter, the bleeping watch started. 'It must be mine' said Walter, I said nowt. To finish a memorable weekend we had coffee on a paddle steamer docked at Balloch, visited a 'greasy spoon' in Crawford; got caught in a traffic jam in Dumfries and were thrilled by Caerlaverock Castle.

Don't forget to book early for next year.

## Not the Dolomites

*The Shinscrapers in Calpe 17 - 24th May 2008*

*Cheryl and Jason Smallwood, Bill Hogarth, Alan Wilson, Janet Wilkinson, Steve Crame, Steve Lee, Clare and Mick Fox.*

The trip, conceived one Thursday night in the Rifleman's Arms and planned, over a few pints, on many subsequent Thursday nights, was to be a 'ropes and rock-shoes' week. The Dolomites were finally rejected as too snowy at this time of year and Cheryl + Jason suggested Calpe, a winter rock-climbing Mecca on the Costa Blanca.

When they found a luxury villa which would only cost us about £50 each if we filled it, we very quickly filled it!

We had some fun finding the villa: the crucial road to Calpe had been closed and our instructions therefore failed to make sense so our 3 hire cars circled the town (independently - the original plan to travel in convoy having been scuppered by a Le Mans - type start from the airport) for a couple of hours. We all arrived eventually, in the late afternoon, too tired to do anything but shop for essentials : beer, wine, crisps. We stayed in that evening, enjoying the ambience of the superb garden, the terraces and the pool. Bill, his large bottle of wine soon opened, quickly hit his stride and Cheryl decided to keep a record of the 'Wit and Wisdom of W Hogarth'. Publication soon.

With such an overwhelming presence of rock we didn't know which crag to try first, so we opted for the one which is right next to a road: Toix far Oeste. Lovely slabby rock bathed in sunshine, a friendly place (*top two photographs*). It was Sunday afternoon and the place was busy with locals and with guides and clients, but that didn't matter - it was warm! Grades climbed were from 3 to 5+, which is not surprising—that encompasses about all the Shinscrapers ever climb!

The second day saw us arrive, full of confidence, at Olta, steeper and with a longer walk-in, but with superb views down to Calpe and its impressive thousand foot 'thumb' of rock, the Penon de Ifach, rearing out of the sea (*3rd photo- note the Hogarth twins in this one!*). The climbing was fierce, much harder for the grades than the previous days' crag, but a few routes were done (*bottom right—Alan, Jason and Janet leading*). Our return was enlivened by a team-building exercise to get us through the locked front door - achieved with a pool cleaning net and climbing gear through the bars of the bathroom window. It's a long story.

Lest you think that we were fully-focussed hard-nut climbing for the week, I've included a photograph (*bottom left, one of many*) of some of the team allowing their breakfasts to digest, a process that usually took lunchtime on most days.



We tried several crags that week but agreed that Toix far Oeste was the most enjoyable. We climbed there a few times. Our primary objective, a classic route on the Penon (*background - picture right*), was impossible. One side was closed because of nesting and the other because the rock was tumbling down. We had to content ourselves with walking up the rough path to the summit and peering down the 1,000 crag to the sea and the town below.

Our second aim (*for 7 of the team*) was to traverse the Bernia Ridge, a route compared with the Cuillin Ridge. We were up at 5 am, nervous and unsure of ourselves but full of enthusiasm. The sun was up but masked by a thin haze, mercifully, as we reached the East Summit (*top right*). There were still some jitters in the team on encountering the knife-edge arete, broken by loose chimneys and steep little walls. It's certainly no place to make a mistake but as the morning wore on we began to relish the difficulties. The ridge looks wonderful, an awful lot of rock crammed into a mere couple of miles (*middle right*). Much of it is only about grade 2 scrambling (*below left*) but some requires rope, gear, experience and a good head (*below right*). We had spent a lot of time agonising over splitting into smaller parties, gear to take and so on, being a little overwhelmed by the fearsome reputation of the ridge. In the event we abandoned all our careful plans and romped along as one big jolly party. It was brilliant. We finished comfortably within the range of times we had estimated (*it took 8 1/2 hours*) and by mid-afternoon were enjoying beers and letting our blisters throb at the little bar where we had parked the cars.

The Last Great Challenge took place on our last evening, after the first beers had been cracked open - the 20 m. + traverse of the villa walls. Alan and Janet tried and fell off, plunging 6 inches to the ground. Steve L did well until he pulled a hold off and fell (*bottom left*). Cheryl completed the route to great rejoicing (*bottom middle*). Jason later tried, unsuccessfully, to impress us all by balancing a half-baguette on his head.

*We're already planning next year.....*





## A Walk on the Wild Side - Gaitbarrows 20th May 2008

Angie Mitchell



There are many good things about living in the Arnside and Silverdale AONB. Apart from lots of good walks on our doorstep, and watching a Marsh Harrier from our garden, there is the proximity of the Gaitbarrows National Nature Reserve, so when Peter arranged another visit similar to last year, Hugh and I jumped at the chance. The reserve is managed by Natural England, and is considered a very important site, not least for its magnificent limestone pavements. It also includes Haweswater, which surprisingly is the largest natural lake in Lancashire.

Peter had organised the permit that is required to visit the reserve, and no dogs are allowed, though a public path runs through the edge of it where dogs are permitted. 17 members assembled at the car park on a pleasant spring evening and set off on the Yew Trail which took us around the east side of the reserve. We then looped back on the Limestone Trail and onto the limestone pavement.

Amongst the flowers we saw were Herb Robert, Angular Solomon's-seal, Lily of the valley, Bugle, Guelder-rose, Yellow rattle, Rock rose, Tormentil, Spindle, and Tutsan. I'm sure some of the other 15 members present could add lots more, but what a delightful place and it's surely worth visiting more often than once a year just to see how nature comes and goes. We finished off an excellent evening with a drink in the Wheatsheaf at Beetham.



*If you want to have a walk round yourselves away from the public right of way, you will need to contact Rob Petley-Jones on 015395 31604 for a permit*

## Little Langdale Hut Meet Low Hallgarth 6-7th June 2008

Tony Walshaw

I set off on Friday afternoon, the first to arrive. I went for a wander into Cathedral Quarry as Peter held the key for the hut and wasn't due for two hours. Cathedral Quarry was, unfortunately, full of thousands of children in bright yellow hats so I went up through the upper quarries noting with interest the vast amount of gear left hanging from the quarry sides. I could have fitted the whole Shin-scrappers out with new ropes, descenders, karrabiners etc. Reluctantly, but perhaps wisely, I left them there. Eventually the rest of the gang arrived, (Peter, Alec and Krysia) and after supper we retired to the Three Shires for a practise session for Peter's birthday. Saturday some of us went to Margaret Atkinson's 70th Birthday party in Kendal (*picture below*), a nice gathering of friends and Fellfarers, returning that evening for a quick swim in Little Langdale Tarn. We were joined later that evening by David Birkett in time for Peter's 65th Birthday Bash at the Three Shires. On a unusually midge free evening a good time was had by all. Two birthdays in one weekend; what a treat! After a slow start Sunday morning Alec set off for a marathon walk on Lingmoor while the more fragile of us set off to explore Cathedral Quarry, fortunately now childless. Then we went further up the fell to locate Lanty Snee's cave and whisky still, the still unfortunately now long gone. Then further up the fell to visit Betsy Crag quarry and the interesting concealed traverse through the crag to Tunnel Hole quarry (a 50 yard tunnel into a large circular quarry with no other access). After that we returned to the hut to tidy up and depart for home, some via the Blacksmiths Arms at Broughton Mills.



# An Evening Stroll over Docker Fell

10 June 2008

A thin wind greeted us with cold greedy fingers when we stepped out of our cars at the quarry entrance. A lumpy black sky was gathering overhead.

Our team of 15 included new members Frank and Kayti, and a prospective Fellfarer, Eve.

Our route-finder, Krysia, was put to the test when Oscar the dog refused the first hurdle, a locked gate on the entrance road to the windfarm, but a new way was soon found and we strode boldly along the stony track into what looked like a gathering storm.

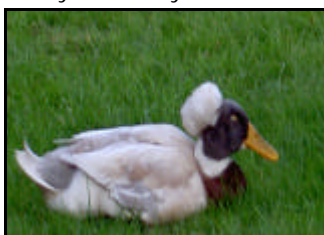
The threat of bad weather quickly proved groundless; the wind dropped and the cloud broke up. We entered an area apparently frequented by young women in the process of getting married (inset), which proved to be a revelation and a delight to those of us who had never been this way before.



It seemed that we had found a little bit of Pennine Moorland, all heather and stunted thorn trees, within a few minutes drive of Kendal.

The view opened up as patches of blue appeared overhead. Kendal was hidden by Benson Knott and our eyes were filled with hills and fields. We descended into the valley, watchful for the flowers in the hedgerows marking the passing season. A pause at a tumbling verge saw us grubbing for pig-nuts. We rubbed *most* of the dirt off before eating them. Grand!

After a very short spell on tarmac, we turned off into the yard of Myers Farm.



We all agreed that the ducks there, each one apparently with a fluffy pom-pom on its head, were quite the silliest-looking we have ever seen. The footpath wound through fields already

aromatic and summer-striped with grass cut down and ready for silage.

The air was warm and filled with the song of calling birds, jackets were tucked away in rucksacks; it was

certainly a different evening to the one we had expected. We crossed more fields, approaching the Kendal-Sedbergh road, where the more naive amongst us expected a short finishing sprint on tarmac to the finish. Not a bit of it!

Krysia had plans for a few more miles yet. We crossed the road and wandered a long way down a lane threading through farms and converted barns, glancing anxiously up to our left where an ever-steepening slope lay between us and our cars.

We turned left off the tarmac eventually and found the sloping field to be less of a problem than the barbed wire fence at the top—but even Oscar managed that somehow!

We posed for the team photograph at an anonymous trig. point above the quarry as the sky turned black again and the wind soon had us scurrying back to the cars.



Another grand walk—thank you Krysia.

## Shooting House Hill

### (A Short Walk in the West - Number 11)

Some of the recent walks might better have been entitled "A Long Walk in the West". This one returns to the original premise. "Shooting House Hill, where's that?" was the response of some Fellfarers when I mentioned I had been there. It is, in fact, in that out of the way, infrequently visited area "at the back of Ulverston".

The start of this walk is from Harlock, a farm on the road between Ulverston and Kirkby-in-Furness. It is named on O.S. sheet 96. There is parking on the north side of the cattle grid. Walk along the road towards Kirkby past the dilapidated wagon on the left until the footpath crossing the road is reached. Turn right on to the footpath and head downhill to the wooded enclosure in the valley bottom. The path is indistinct in places, so aim for the left corner of the wood. Walk alongside the woodland wall until you reach the gravel road. Your direction is to the left along the road, but spend some time investigating the splendid green lane to the right. From the road three near tops are seen with the Coniston fells in the background. Out Park is to the left, Shooting House Hill to the right and beyond it Gunson Height. Does that ring a bell? Of course, it was mentioned in the previous walk in this series! Eventually, a wooden way mark post is reached, which has a yellow top. Yes, it's the "Furness Link" again, approached on the same path but from the opposite direction.



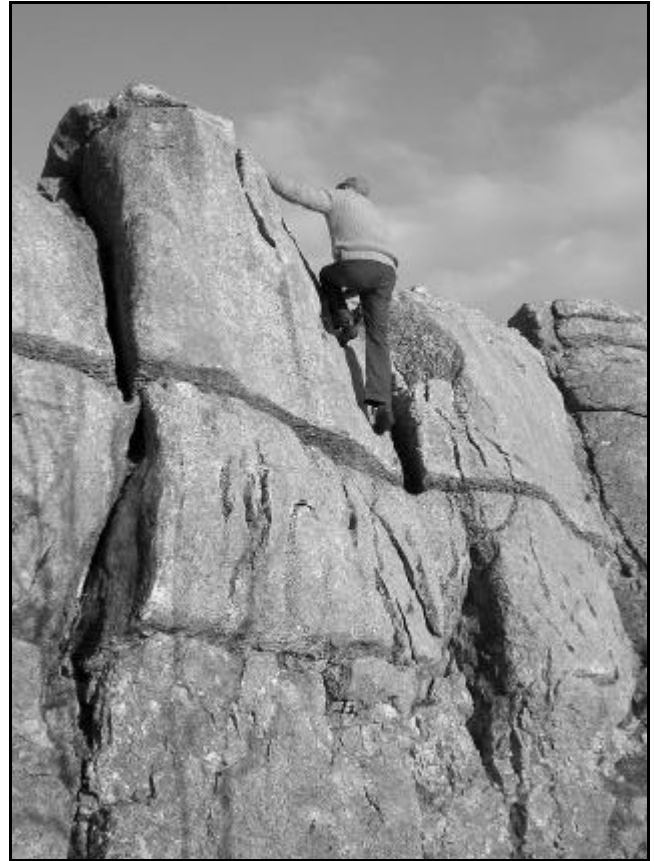
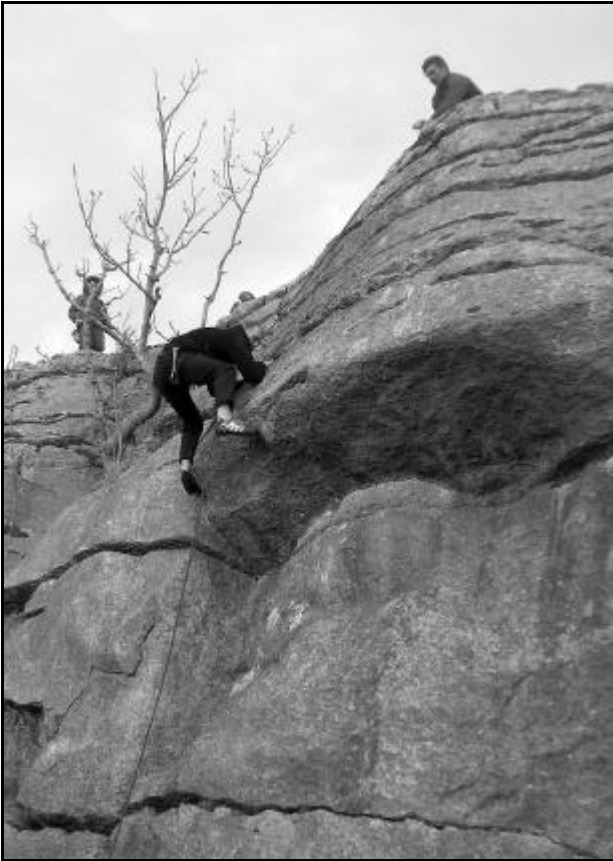
When the road forks, take the right branch on what rapidly becomes a track rather than a road. When the vehicle-wide dirt track becomes a path you need to take a right and head for Gunson Height. You are now on a section of the previous walk. However, rather than eventually heading leftwards to the wind farm, you need to bear right and head for Shooting House Hill. There are paths on the map, but they are not clearly discernable on the ground. If in doubt, when it appears, head for the long straight wall running left to right in front of you. When you reach it turn right and walk alongside it directly to the top of Shooting House Hill. From the top there are splendid views all around, but especially towards Ulverston, the Hoad being clearly visible against the waters of Morecombe Bay.



Follow the wall down the hill to the woodland mentioned near the start of the walk. You will notice a bird pen just over the wall in the woodland. If the same birds are in it as when I last did this walk, you will get a good view of some "Reeve's Pheasant", one of several introduced game bird species. This one has established itself in the wild in some Scottish woods. Return to your vehicle along the way you came. Those who want a "really long walk in the west" can combine this walk and the previous one into a single loop or even a figure of eight.

# The Shinscrapers' Gallery

From the first Thursday night 'Climbing for All' evening at Hutton Roof

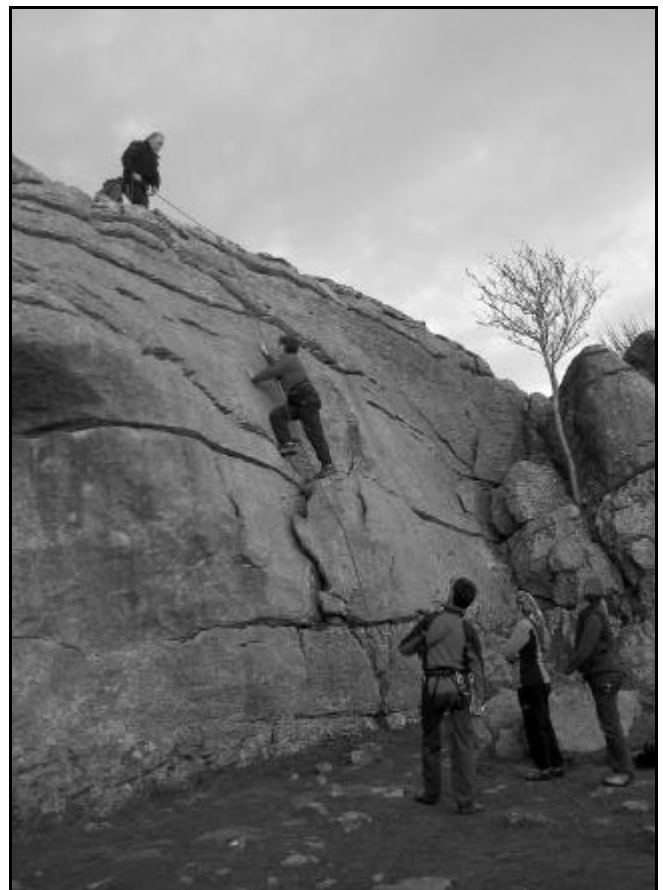
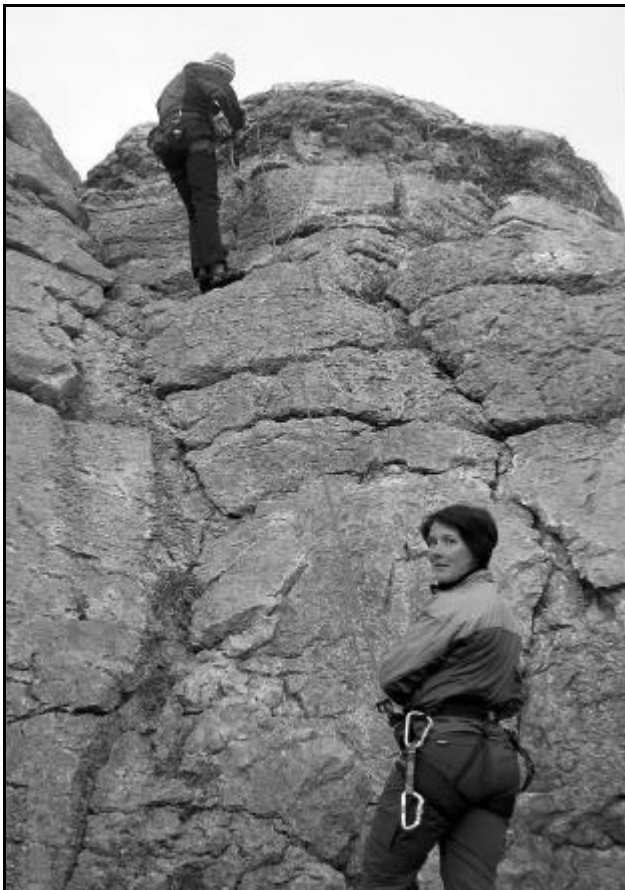


*Above:* Bill tackles the overhang on Pegasus. VS 5a

*Above:* Peter testing the new joints on Second Wall. V Diff

*Below:* Steve and Janet practising techniques for Calpe

*Below:* Joan on Ronson Kirkby. V Diff.



## HIGH HOUSE BIRDWATCH

Our ornithology reporter, Peter Barnes, sends us this update on birdlife this spring and summer at High House. The photograph below, taken on 19th June, is also by Pete:



The Tawny Owls have reared 2 chicks in the oak tree near the picnic table.

Pied Wagtails now have fledged chicks in a nest under the eaves to the left of the door.

Great Tits also have fledged chicks. They nested in the box on the Ash Tree near the fire pit.

Pied Flycatchers nested in the box near the bridge. They also have a brood of fledged chicks.

The Magpies have reared young in the Scots Pine. These are also fledged and can be seen being fed by their parents. A new generation of head-banging window-knockers!

*Seen feeding at the table are:*

6 Siskins, 4 Goldfinch, Blue Tits, Chaffinches, Coal Tits, Great Tits, Woodpigeons, Robin and 2 Great Spotted Woodpeckers with 1 chick.

*Also seen in the grounds:*

Wrens, Blackbirds, Grey Wagtails and, of course, Grey Herons prowling around the fish farm.

## From The Archives

Here's another piece from a copy of 'The Eyelet', this time from September 1955. Did you know that Sherpa Tensing had visited K Shoes ? Did any member meet him? I'm sure we'd all be interested if you have a story to tell.



Sherpas Tensing and Chanjup on the roof of the Clicking Room.

### The Sherpas' Visit

On September 5th, two Sherpas who were staying at the climbing hut in the Langdale Valley came to see us on a visit organised by R. McAllister. They had taken part in many expeditions, including ones on Everest, Makalu and Kenchenjunga. Of particular interest to them were Dr. Howard Somervell's climbing boots which he wore on the Everest expedition with Captain Norton in 1924.



Sherpas Tensing and Chanjup examining the Everest Boots with Mr. J. Noble. (The Everest Boots were made by Mr. Wood, a K Craftsman and the father of Mr. P. Wood of the Westmorland Gazette, who took these photographs.)

### Troutdale Pinnacle, Black Crag, Borrowdale.

#### A climber's tale

Ganny Barber, a local lad, had been climbing at Black Crag in Borrowdale. A climber on another route had fallen and broken his ankle. Ganny, who owned an AJ motorbike and was a kind and caring person, offered to give the injured climber a lift to Keswick hospital on his pillion.

Ganny, however, did have a thirst. He decided to stop at the Lakes Hotel for a drink. He stopped his bike and popped inside for a quick double scotch, leaving the patient sitting on his bike. The bike had no stand and the kick-start was broken so Ganny didn't want to turn off the engine. The patient was, apparently, content to prop up the bike, with the engine running, on his remaining good leg for the brief time Ganny needed to quench his thirst.....

Ganny was collecting his change when he heard screams and the roaring of an engine outside. He rushed out, suspecting that the noise might be connected with his patient. He found both bike and injured climber lying in the road, the patient screaming with pain. The injured man had fidgeted a bit and the hot exhaust pipe had severely branded his good leg. The pain then caused him and the machine to fall over. The weight of the bike falling on him had broken his other leg too.

# July

The committee will meet on **Tuesday 1st July** at the Rifleman's Arms, when we'll be trying to remember who it was that told us, "I said no to drink - but it just wouldn't listen". Come and join us for a pint.....or climb with us every Thursday night.

4-5th July 2008  
**HIGH HOUSE**

Is booked for a

**Fellfarer's  
Weekend**

Tuesday  
15th July 2008  
**The President's  
Birthday Walk**  
(That is, the Current  
President's Last Walk)  
Around Hampsfield Fell



Meet **At 6.30 pm** on the  
Grange - Cartmel road at  
its high point, 1/4 mile  
east of the cemetery  
**G.R. 396 778**

For more details call  
John Peat

18-19th July 2008  
**NORTH WALES HUT MEET**  
Joint Meet with Oread M.C. at  
Tan-y-Wyddfa  
**Rhyd-Ddu**  
(O.S. Ref. 570527)



A perfect base for  
Snowdon, Nantlle, etc.  
**Only £2.50 per night !**  
**Stop Press - Fully Booked!**  
Call Peter Goff

**Tuesday  
22nd July 2008**  
Walter's Woodland  
Walk No. 5  
A walk among the wooded  
underskirts of Whitbarrow  
and Yewbarrow.



Meet at **6.30pm** at  
Witherslack Hall,  
Grid Ref SD437 859  
Park at the old kennels on the right.  
For more information call  
Tony Walshaw

# August

The committee will meet on **Tuesday 5th August** at The Rifleman's Arms. We will be trying to work out whether, "I have friends who swear they dream in color but it's just a pigment of their imagination." is funny or not. Come and join us for a pint, and don't forget we climb on Thursday nights

1-30th August 2008  
**It's High  
House Month  
Again!**

It's booked for our  
members - for the  
whole of August

Including The  
Borrowdale  
Fell Race  
On 2nd August



The club always provides  
marshalls for the race.  
About a dozen are needed.  
If you would like to help or  
would like more information,  
please contact Peter Goff.

Saturday  
9th August 2008  
**A Jolly Good Trip  
Out on The Ratty**

(Ideal for kids, parents and The  
Last of the Summer Wine Lot



Depart Ravenglass Station at  
11.30 am prompt for the 40  
minute ride to Dalegarth for a  
short exploration and/or lunch  
in the village and environs of  
Boot

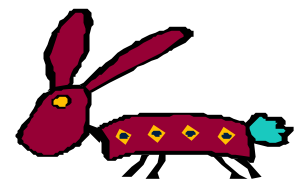
**For more details or to  
share cars,  
Call Tony Walshaw**

15-16th August 2008  
**LAKELAND BOTHY  
WEEKEND**



Friday / Saturday night at  
**MOSEDALE COTTAGE**  
(OS map OL7 GR 095495)  
Party 1 departs Swindale  
Friday a.m.  
Party 2 departs Sadgill,  
Longsleddale Friday eve.  
Bring food, cooking gear,  
sleeping mats and bags,  
climbing gear, etc.  
**For more information  
and for car - sharing  
call Krysia**

Sat 30th August  
An tour of  
**NORTH WALNEY**  
In memory of Sacky Underhill



Meet : Kendal Bus Station  
for the 10.30 bus to  
Barrow Town Hall where  
you will be greeted at  
11.50 by your guide for the  
day, Alec Reynolds.

A walk of 3-4 hours,  
finishing at the Crown  
Inn, North Scale  
Regular buses to the Town  
Hall and then return buses  
back to Kendal at  
16.15, 17.40, 19.07

# September

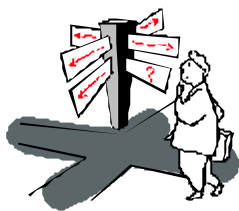
The committee will meet on **Tuesday 2nd September** at The Rifleman's Arms. We'll be considering whether to adopt as the Fellfarers motto: "If a thing is worth doing, it would have been done already." Come and join us for a pint.

Wednesday  
3rd September 2008  
**A Walk around  
Middlebarrow**



Meet at 6pm at  
Eaves Wood Carpark  
OS map OL7 GR 470759  
Details: Peter Goff

13 September 2008  
**Walk/Meal**  
Johnnie Walsh's  
Mystery Tour  
Even John doesn't  
know where it's going -  
just that you'll walk all  
day + finish at a pub!



Meet for the 9.50 a.m.  
Coniston Rambler  
At Kendal Bus Station  
More Info: John Walsh

19-20th September  
2008  
Doesn't it come round quickly?  
**High House  
Working Weekend**

Ignore the motto at the top of the page, put on your dirtiest overalls and come along for a fun-packed and exciting weekend of err.....hard work. Also: supervisors wanted to stand and watch, removing hands from pockets only to take a brew and biscuit from the tray..... oh, sorry, no, we've got enough of them already. There is once more a long long worklist. If you want to know more about the jobs which need doing, call the Editor.

27-28th September 2008  
**NORTH WALES HUT MEET  
No. 2**  
Oread M.C. invite US to join  
THEM at Tan-y-Wyddfa  
**Rhyd-Ddu**  
(O.S. Ref. 570527)



A second chance this year to climb, walk, and explore this brilliant part of Wales  
**Only £2.50 per night !**  
**Early booking essential**  
Call Peter Goff

# October

The committee will meet on **Tuesday 7th October** at The Rifleman's Arms. We'll conduct the meeting along the lines of Colin Kirkus' dictum, "Being in the right place, at the right time, with the right people is all that really matters. What one does is purely incidental." Come and join us for a pint.

10th October  
2008  
Friday Night at  
the Westmorland  
**BEER FESTIVAL**



Meet at any time  
after 8 pm  
Kendal Town Hall

Sunday  
12th October 2008  
**A Fungus-Spotting  
Walk with Helen**  
A tour of Roudsea Wood in  
the company of an expert  
to identify as many species  
of mushroom and toadstool  
as possible.



Meet at The Anglers  
Carpark,  
Haverthwaite  
**At 10 am**  
If you want to know  
more, call Tony Walshaw

Tuesday  
14th October 2008  
**SLIDESHOW**  
At the  
**Strickland Arms**  
**Joan and Mary's  
Trek to Everest  
Basecamp**



Guests are welcome  
**7.30 pm**  
Buffet provided

24-30th October 2008

**HIGH HOUSE IS  
BOOKED FOR  
THE CLUB**



IT'S HALF-TERM



**HAVE FUN**

**CLUB OFFICIALS****PRESIDENT: John Peat** Tel: 015395 32244**TRUSTEES**

**Peter Ford** Tel: 01768 777238  
**Mick Fox** Tel: 01539 727531  
**Gordon Pitt** Tel: 015395 68210  
**Alec Reynolds** Tel: 01229 821099

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 LA9 6EB

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**Booking Secretary: Hugh Taylor** Tel: 01524 762067  
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**Newsletter Editor: Mick Fox** Tel: 01539 727531  
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**Krysia Niepokojczycka** Tel: 015395 60523  
**Kevin Ford** Tel: 01539 734293  
**John Walsh** Tel: 01539 726235  
**Tony Walshaw** Tel: 015395 52491

**Other Information****Seathwaite Farm (Emergencies only)** Tel: 017687 77284**OUR CLUB**

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

**OUR PARTNERS**

- BRITISH MOUNTAINEERING COUNCIL  
**BMC Website:** [www.thebmc.co.uk](http://www.thebmc.co.uk)  
**Each Fellfarer has their own Membership Number**
- RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION  
**Website:** [www.ramblers.org.uk](http://www.ramblers.org.uk)  
**Fellfarers RA Membership Number:** 1273727
- OREAD MOUNTAINEERING CLUB  
 (Reciprocal Rights Partnership)  
**Oread Website** [www.oread.co.uk](http://www.oread.co.uk)

**Oread huts** (available to Fellfarers at £2.50 per night.):

**Heathy Lea Cottage,**  
 Baslow, Derbyshire.

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

**Oread Booking Secretary:** Colin Hobday  
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