

the **Fellfarer**

October 2008

Number 51





Ed

It seems such a short time since I was typing the editorial to issue No. 50 and looking forward to a couple of months of walking and climbing in the summer sunshine in the Lakes, in Scotland and in Wales. So what happened, eh? I don't know if it's climate change or just part of the rich pattern of British weather that refuses to follow any rules, but it's clear that, like last year, summer was confined to a very few weeks in what we used to call spring. Anyway, the point of this is that you might expect, in these circumstances, a much reduced newsletter reporting events cancelled or failing through lack of support. Not so! Some events coincided with little fair-weather breaks and were supported by record numbers of Fellfarers and friends.

Some events were not so lucky with the weather but still went ahead and were enjoyed by the 'stalwarts', and accounts and photographs were sent on to me with apparent enthusiasm.

This is good news for the editor but it's also great news for the Fellfarers. If enthusiasm is the lifeblood of a club, then ours appears to be in great shape.

Thanks once more to all the contributors to Fellfarer No. 51.

Ed.



Dear Ed

Reading Mr O'Sullivan's letter about seeing a brock (badger) on Brock Crag in the last issue set me thinking about my days in the hills and trying to recall whether I had seen similar phenomena on appropriately named hills.

The nearest I could get was a dog on Catbells. Does that count?

W E Fingerling

No. Ed

OK. What about when I saw an elderly gentleman on Coniston Old Man, then?

No that doesn't count either. Ed

A policeman on Sergeant Man?

Nope. Ed

I saw a bird on Starling Dodd but I don't know what sort it was

Stop this stupidity now. Ed

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Cover Photo:

*Hampsfell Hospice, The President's Walk
15th July 2008*

Contents Photo:

On Mingulay, 16th June 2008

Chickens in a farmyard after I'd been on Hen Comb?

I said stop it. You're wasting my time and trying the readers' patience with all this drivel. Ed

Ok, let me tell you about the time I had a picnic on Meal Fell.

Stop

Snow on Cold Pike?

Stop. Stop. Stop. Stop. I'm going to find something to fill the space below so that you can't annoy me with any more of this nonsense. So:

POINTS TO PONDER

- A conscience is what hurts when all your other parts feel really good.
- What happens if you get scared half to death twice?
- The sooner you fall behind, the more time you have to catch up.
- A good pun is its own reward.

CLUB NEWS

Welcome to **New Members**: Elaine & Sam Bracken, Eve Morgan, Jane Birkett, Margaret Harriman & Helen Speed.

Many Fellfarers joined **Fred Underhill** in celebrating his 70th birthday in his garden in July. Many Happy Returns Fred.

We are sad to report the death of **Bryan Stilling**, an energetic, lively club member in past years. An obituary by David Birkett follows on page 7.

You will see in the Social Calendar that the subject of our **January Slideshow** is "Fellfarers in 2008". The Editor already has a fair collection of photographs of the events that he attended, but there are some big gaps. If you have photographs, slides, videos of events in 2008 that you'd like to share, please contact the Ed. as soon as possible. He will arrange the contributions into a digital slideshow. There may also be a "From the Archives" section in the show, depending on how much material is available. Perhaps this Review of the Year might become an annual event.

Good News: The Fellfarer is available in colour! Bad News (for some): only on your computer. If you have internet access, just go to the club website: www.kfellfarers.co.uk and click on 'Publications' in the left-hand menu. Numbers 50 and 51 should be there in colour, with, we hope, a growing collection of back issues in black and white.

Some members have asked what our **Reciprocal Membership with Oread M.C.** is all about. An explanation of the benefits that it gives you is set out on page 19.

As we draw closer to the end of the year, the thoughts of the committee turn to the **2009 AGM** in January, bringing with it questions about future membership fees as a result of our joining the BMC. It is hoped that there will be an article on BMC club membership and the committee's proposals in the next copy of The Fellfarer.

The appeal for contributions to the book gathers pace: the Chairman, the Archivist and the Editor appear in a short presentation, filmed at High House, on Border TV's 'Lookaround' on 3rd September. The piece was recorded, apparently, so it will no doubt be appearing on laptops at the hut soon! The Editor of CUMBRIA magazine has expressed an interest in publishing an article next year about K Fellfarers and its 75th Anniversary. Watch this space.

75th Anniversary Book Progress Report and Urgent Plea

Some of you will have seen the prominent adverts in Cumbria's local newspapers. We have been contacted by the well-known author, Audrey Salkeld. She is keen to work with us on our book and for us, perhaps, to help with her project: the permanent exhibition about K Shoes (including K Fellfarers) which will be housed in the new K Village. We have already been presented with a superb collection of photographs from some of our senior members: climbing and walking, group photographs, etc., from the 1940s, already numbering about 500 (see page 20 for an example).

Now, what about everyone else?

We urgently need photographs showing your outdoor activities and club events from the **50s, 60s, 70s and 80s**. Did no-one have a camera through those decades? Were you meaning to dig out your old snapshots but haven't got round to it yet? **Time will run out very quickly!**

If you have any photographs, slides, drawings or other memorabilia at all, please contact one of our publication team to let us know:

Roger Atkinson

Kevin Ford

Hugh Taylor

Fred Underhill

Mick Fox

And we'll do the rest.

All items will be returned to you after copying.

75th Anniversary Events

A sub-committee is planning a series of events to mark our 75th Anniversary in 2009 thus, we hope, making it a special year for all our members.

We're hoping to start off the celebrations with a ceilidh in Kendal, something that everyone can join in. Hughie Taylor's band, Tumbling Tom, will provide the music.

Easter is the time for the children to enjoy their own special weekend at the hut with lots of activities, such as canoeing, climbing, orienteering, on offer.

Around the 5th May, the date of the 75th Anniversary, a special party at the hut will be arranged with all Fellfarers invited to come and join in the celebration.

In July and August events will continue at the hut, including a High House weekend with a twist—no cars allowed (maybe no electricity too)!. Just copy how it was done in the past, in fact how it was done 75 years ago.

An evening slide show followed by visit to a wad mine will also be arranged at the hut on another weekend.

October seemed a good time for a Pub Quiz with (you've guessed it!) 75 questions.

In November at the Armistice Weekend Fellfarers will be encouraged to bring along their musical instruments and spend the Saturday evening in harmony.

The year will finish with an event at the Town Hall with an exhibition, a buffet and bar, slide shows and a guest speaker. A good way to end what we hope will be an interesting and enjoyable 75th year.

Clare Fox

The Mingulay Marathon (or, "Never again Tony!") The Fellfarers' Boat Trip to the Outer Hebrides 14 - 21 June 2008

Alec Reynolds

This was the third trip to the Outer Hebrides to spend a week with Murdo and Kathy on their splendid boat "Cuma". The first was to St.Kilda and the second was to North Rona, but this trip was to take us further than we had travelled before. Mingulay is the last but one island at the southern end of the Outer Hebrides and was selected because of its reputation for offering a wild location, towering cliffs and plenty of wildlife. We were not disappointed.

We (Anne, Clare, Helen, Krysia, Margaret, Alec, Chris, Gordon, Mick, Peter, Roger, Walter) travelled by various means and met up in Ullapool for the ferry trip to Stornaway. After an evening in the pub and a night in a splendid bed and breakfast we travelled to Uig on the west coast of Lewis via the impressive standing stones at Callanish. The jolly party and crew embarked on the Saturday afternoon and the boat headed south to moor off Taransay for the night as a stopover on the way to the Monarch Islands, which the skipper maintains is the best place for wild flowers in the whole of the Hebrides. In the morning the weather forecast was predicting rough seas to the west, so the decision was taken to head east through the Sound of Harris and then south to Castlebay on Barra, sheltered all the way by the Uists. This was a very long way to sail in a day, but meant we were in the right place to spend the whole of the next day on and around Mingulay.

The weather was mixed when we set off, but our spirits were high as we ploughed the sea southwards past Vatersay, Sandray and Berneray until the high cliffs on the east side of Mingulay came into view. These sea cliffs are the most impressive in the UK apart from St. Kilda. There are many climbing routes described in the appropriate guide book, all put up on three expeditions by Chris Bonnington and partner, and Mick Fowler and partner (twice). The sea swell on this side of the island threw us around a bit, but the crews on two small fishing boats seemed to ignore it as they bobbed from one lobster pot to another. At one point a Great Skua was spotted swooping over the sea looking for lunch and was seen taking a puffin as it sat on the sea.



When we had rounded the rocky east and south sides of the island, the gentler west side came into view and we looked forward eagerly to going ashore because seals were spotted on the silver beach beyond the pale blue shallows.



The island is no longer inhabited and there were no signs of sheep put ashore for summer grazing, as is the case of many of the uninhabited islands. However, there are ruins of a number of crofts, the school house and the church. The latter is of the strangest design with the minister's house on the ground floor and the church upstairs, presumably on the basis of "Nearer, my God, to thee". When we were all ashore, different individuals and groups headed off in various directions as their fancies took them. The group I was with spent a long time exploring and, in my case, photographing the wide variety

of wild flowers. The highlight was finding a large patch of Spring Squills, which I for one had never seen before. The group then visited the schoolhouse and headed uphill to the highest point, Càrnan, which at 273 metres (896 feet) is a Marilyn. There was much hilarity by some members of the group at the thought of mentioning this to a well known "Marilyn Bagger" of our acquaintance. From the high point we headed to the east coast and made ourselves feel queasy by looking over the edge of the severely vertical cliffs we had admired earlier from the sea.



On the way down we had a look at the ruined church and made our way to the beach via more wild flower meadows where we did find some good examples of the wild celery mentioned in our island guidebook. Near to the beach we met Kryisia who asked if we had been to "Puffin City". We had not, but followed Kryisia back the way she had come to a splendid colony in the sand hills near the beach. It has been reported in the press recently that puffin numbers are down this year, probably because many had not survived at sea where they spend their time when not ashore in the breeding season. However, there were literally hundreds in this splendid colony and they were almost as tame as budgies because they see so few humans. On the beach we found a baby seal which did not appear to be in any trouble, but there were several adults bobbing up and down just off shore keeping an eye on it. Hopefully, it regained the sea when the tide returned.



When we were all back on board, the skipper headed north and we sheltered in the lee of Vatersay for the night. The sea state to the west put an end to our hopes of visiting the Monarchs on this trip - there will just have to be another one in a year or two. The following morning we had a splendid, sunny, relatively calm sail northwards and through the Sound of Harris to spend the night in the shelter of Taransay. The next two days were spent on Taransay and Scarp separated by a trip up Loch Resort where a lone sea eagle was spotted. On the last day the short journey up the west coast of Lewis demonstrated that Murdo's decisions about the sea state were entirely correct. For a couple of hours we were thrown about on a ten metre sea swell with a few waves at about fifteen metres, according to the skipper.

This was a splendid trip and Mingulay made an impression on us all for different reasons, but for me...

*"To Mingulay and the cliffs of Heaven
Rising skyward from their wave crashed base;
Then onward to the fields of Elysia
With every bloom in its perfect place."*

John Walsh's Walk to Witherslack 28th June

Kayti Clegg

10 30 am - 5 pm (before the pub !)

I am sorry if this is a somewhat vague description of John Walsh's walk. Having only recently been made a Fell Farer and returning to the area after 30 years. I was told (by Gary) that it wouldn't be a difficult walk, and as it said in the newsletter 4 - 5 hours.

Please forgive me if the names are wrong. We met at the Rifleman's in Kendal at 10.30 am (yes all of us at the same time!) John, Caroline, Roger, Margaret, Dave, Bill, Val, Frank, Myself, Gary and Oscar (the dog).

We then set off over the golf course. Having been sworn at by golfers, a stray golf ball was then lobbed back onto their green to confuse them ! Kendal Fell successfully traversed, there was the " take your life in your hands " crossing of the dual carriage way.

After that I think I got a bit lost. I know we went past Underbarrow on our left hand side and then through Crossthwaite. I was just merrily following the rest of the team who had blind faith in John's directions.

Lunch was eaten overlooking the Crook to Crossthwaite road and the fine views beyond. Some where along the route Bill said " Look out for the car ! " I have looked at the map but can't decide exactly where we were. The car had obviously got SATNAV and gone completely astray. The young lady walking in front was clearing the debris and stated they were " not lost " but taking the scenic route !

Also, having been assured that one of the lanes was Oscar friendly, I let him off the lead. I then had to run after him (something I am not accustomed to doing) while he rounded up the sheep !

After a steep descent to Witherslack Hall and a leisurely walk through Latterbarrow nature reserve we had finally reached the still derelict Derby Arms.

So having been told at lunch that I had done my first mile I asked John how far we had been. His approximation was around 12 miles, but my boots said further and were binned ! A pint at the Strickland Arms made up for the leg ache (but not for those who then had to walk to the Bus !)

As for the weather, we didn't get wet, but nearly blown away on the top of Whitbarrow. Walking up there the pollen was so thick in the air you could see it and taste it.

Thank you John for a lovely day. One day I will get my own back !

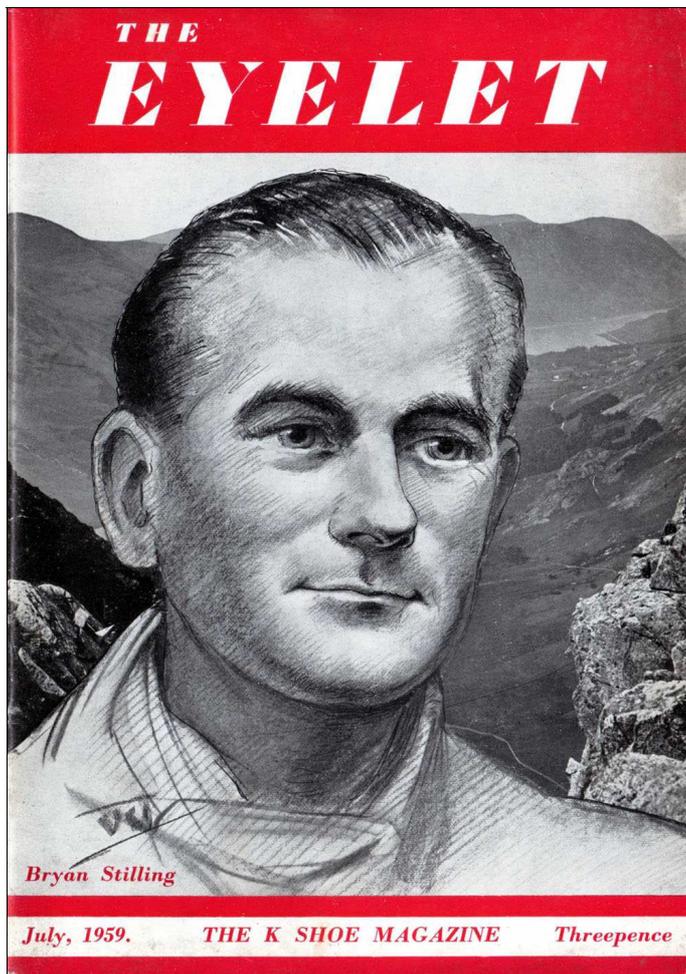
P.S. The plant at Middle Bank was a Coridendron Bookernium, the Lantern Tree - don't ask Gary he's only a gardener !

Far be it from me to judge, but the photographs supplied by Kayti suggest that a lot of the day was spent picnicking, rather than walking. Ed.



Bryan Stilling
3rd November 1918—4th July 2008
An Appreciation

David Birkett



Bryan was born at Rawse Yard in Wildman Street on 3rd November 1919, the son of Fred and Rachel Stilling. This part of old Kendal was known as Doodleshire, and had its own school, 'the British school' (Castle Street School). It has its own mayor, even to this day. Bryan was particularly proud of this and would often comment on his heritage. At the tender age of 14 he joined K Shoes, the major employer in Kendal, working in the welting department. Seven years later the Second World War started. Bryan joined the T A Border Regiment and was sent to France, where he was later captured and spent five years at the courtesy of the German nation in a Polish camp. Stalag 8B Lambsdorf.

Following his wartime experiences, Bryan returned to K Shoes as an operative. This was the start of an illustrious career, leading the Technical R. and D. Department, resulting in the K Skips and K Aqua Skip ranges. Spencer Crookenden, a former Chairman of K Shoes, said in his book (K Shoes - the first 150 years) "Bryan made a major contribution to the Company's growth".

Bryan, both at work and in his volunteering life, did everything with energy, whirlwind leadership and enthusiasm, all leading to a positive outcome whatever the subject or task. His characteristic use of a pipe - sometimes with matches and baccy; adjustment of the trousers; the regular rising from his chair at a meeting - gave him the endearing nickname of "Yoyo Stilling" - given his forthright speaking and obvious humour, he would take all in his stride.

High House, the K Fellfarers hut, was opened by WH Somervell in 1934; Bryan would be 15, so whether he attended I am unaware, but later he became the Secretary for the club and spent many happy years with friends Harry Sherratt, Peter O'Loughlin, Alec Duff, Myles Ferguson and their partners, walking and

climbing. In an article on Mountain Search and Rescue in 'Our Cumbria' by Jack Gillespie, Bryan said "I was never a good rock climber, but I did a lot of it".

In his late 30s Bryan married Enid (1957) and lived in Sandgate before moving to Carlingdale, Burneside, where Keith, James and Shelagh, their children, grew up and were enthused in the 'Stilling Way'.

The Easter of 1954 saw several deaths on the Lake District mountains, and the Kendal Mountain Search and Rescue Team (KMRST) was formed by Bryan and his friends to meet a growing demand. Bryan was its first Secretary - four years later the team was re-formed when local rambling and youth clubs were trawled for likely individuals. That is when I, a callow youth of 15, met Bryan. In the same year, Bryan was one of fifteen persons who formed the Lake District National Park Voluntary Wardens (LDNPVW). The legendary Rev HH Symonds was the Chairman of the Lake District Special Planning Board Committee, who made the decision to establish the volunteers. Twenty years earlier he was one of the founding fathers of the FLD. Two other members of the fifteen voluntary wardens, were men in their mid-twenties and became Bryan's firm friends; Frank Leaver and Mike Mitchell. They were also heavily involved in KMRST. Once again, Bryan was the driving force behind these volunteer organisations taking on the role of Secretary, Chairman, Treasurer, whenever required.

On my return from working in Austria and Switzerland in 1968, I saw an advert for the 4th full-time National Park Warden. I applied and asked Bryan to be my referee - "of course" was the reply. I felt fortunate to join John Wyatt, Des Oliver and Donald Angus and took on the Ullswater, Haweswater, Troutbeck and Kentmere areas. During 1956. Bryan had gone to the first meeting of the Lake District Mountain Accident Association and assumed the Secretaryship in the following year - he became the Incident Report Officer for the National Rescue Committee for England and Wales. How and when Bryan saw Enid and the children I don't know - one thing was they were never neglected, just encouraged.

The LDNPVW had an area system to administer the then 300+ volunteers, and the LDSPB appointed a full-time administrator. Jim Cannon, to work with them. Once again, Bryan was active in helping to form and run the Wardens Committee, who advised the now National Park on countryside and access matters. I saw Bryan less frequently during my Ullswater days, but on my return to Area 2 and Kendal in 1983, our paths crossed more frequently. "Let's get something done", and "We need to resolve this" was the cry of an ever active Bryan. His deep Christian convictions saw him become church warden at St Oswalds, Burneside, along with James Cropper. "I must get back to cut the churchyard grass" was a comment after radio duty at the Waterhead Ranger base. He was a Burneside Parish Councillor - and the community benefited from his energy to care for footpaths, trees and the fine Millennium Green. Low Tagglesshaw (Potter Fell) access was negotiated with his influence. Latterly, birds became one of Bryans passions. He was instrumental in the building and manning of the bird hide at Brockhole and was Treasurer of the local RSPB group.

As the years roll by, our bodies become less willing to carry out the demands of an active mind, as happened to Bryan - now in his eighties. He was asked to assist in the writing of 'Putting Something Back - a celebration of 50 years service of the Lake District Voluntary Wardens' by Sheila Richardson. The last five years of Bryan's life saw him making visits to the hospital. He would bounce back and I would see him walking in Burneside, no doubt viewing the changes and improvements to village life. Enid, Shelagh and James were ever present and attentive to his needs. I visited Carlingdale on several occasions for 'the crack', reminiscing and updating him on the Park, MR and landscape challenges. He remained alert but frustrated that he could no longer achieve an outcome to a problem or issue.

On the 4th July Bryan passed on - ten days later, several hundred people joined Enid and the family in St Oswalds to celebrate an outstanding person. Keith had returned from America and spoke of a warm and giving father, Rachel Little sang 'I know that my Redeemer liveth', while the Rev Davies said while visiting him in hospital Bryan asked "What's all the problems with the Church of England then?".

Bryan, thank you for 50 years of friendship and guidance.

Tan Hill – the Highest Pub in Great Britain

Walking in Upper Swaledale

Explore map OL19 Distance 20km

David Birkett

Would you go walking if you had a hangover? Of course it is a sure way to clear your head – sadly Andy and the 'Black Stuff' had clashed the night before, never the less the quartet were complete. The Honda sped effortlessly through the Lune valley on the line of the old railway (A685) turning off just before Kirkby Stephen. After passing through Nateby the road narrows and climbs via Tailbridge Neck, Jingling cove and so to Rowantree Gill where we parked on the side of Birkdale road.

The footpath to Whitsun Dale was over rough tussock moor at first before joining on an access track leading to a shooting box alongside Little Gill. A line of well-constructed stone and turf grouse butts was followed to Ney Gill where the track crossed and re-crossed the now swollen beck. A farmer herded his flock of Swaledale sheep from a quad bike as we joined the minor road at idyllic Whitsun Dale, a remote farm steading at 400m. Peewits, skylarks, oystercatchers reeled overhead with the haunting curlew cry punctuating the air. The sign for Tan Hill pointed to behind the steading where the path turned steeply alongside Pryclose gutter. Nearby is High Force, a small amphitheatre where water cascades over the mudstone sill, typical of Pennine watercourses. In the shallow ravine or gutter adjacent the path a variety of deciduous trees have been planted proving what might have been had the sheep not dominated the landscape. Robert's Seat (549m.) is the highest point on the walk, below the summit we sheltered by a dilapidated building and surveyed the view including our objective Tan Hill.

The geology of the Pennines is complex, the higher landscape is of Great Scar limestone with mudstone and sandstone; at a lower level grey mudstones and siltstones predominate with a thin layer of coarse pebbly coal. The coal seam is well demonstrated at Thomas Gill where a deep ravine has been created over millennia exposing small buttresses of pure coal. Below, the stream tumbles on its way down the fellside to join the ample Stonesdale beck. A new stone bridge has been erected, the old wooden structure looked forlorn and derelict; we followed the E. bank and crossed Tan Gill before climbing abruptly to join the road at Tan Hill Inn. A former drovers inn, at 526 m, claimed to be the highest hostelry in Great Britain; the vicinity was teeming with bikers of every shape and size all in distinctive apparel – mostly brightly coloured and tight. Inside the pub was bustling, humanity at its best – laughing, joking, drinking and eating; we sat with our pints (not Andy he was still subdued) and watched two large manly ladies devour an insipid looking chicken and an enormous Cumberland sausage with Yorkshire pudding. Our eyes were averted by a shapely young woman who flaunted her attributes. My three companions were facing the display and sunk further into their comfortable settee.

'Time gentlemen please,' we filed out into the blustery wind and must have looked odd striding out onto the Pennine Way surrounded by bikers and vehicles. The noise soon abated, we were alone with the wind and bird life. Work was being undertaken on the 250 mile long distance walk, England's first (LDF) and now upgraded to bridleway in sections; surfacing and drainage was traversed for some 2 km. Across the valley shouts and whistles could be heard, farmers were gathering at Wetshaw Gill, some stock were being fed and then penned in a stone sheep fold by Stonesdale beck. An ambulance sped up the valley road followed by a RAF helicopter, both heading for Tan Hill and perhaps an injured biker.

The 'open access' continued until we entered Frith Lodge land, a mosaic of fields falling steeply to the beck and crossed by the broad way. My eyes failed me in the inbye land, as of late I did not don my glasses, this caused a faux pas and we wandered through several meadows before rejoining the path at Carr house (Carr – ON 'a thicket in swampy ground'). At this point the gill narrows to a ravine and is delightful passing West Stonesdale and emerging at Park Bridge near Keld in Upper Swaledale, a most agreeable part of the Yorkshire Dales National Park.

On the northern bank of the noble river Swale is Cotterby Scar a 20 m. high limestone escarpment, topped with native trees, the path passes behind the trees rejoining the valley road at Low Bridge. There were signs of weary legs as we walked the road to High Bridge and followed farm-land footpaths; at Firs several ponies paced the small muddy paddock, fortunately a lady came from the house and ushered us through to safe and cleaner ground. The path was indistinct, climbing abruptly passing Birkdale House where a wind turbine stood motionless, before eventually gaining the road. When you come to the end of an inspiring day the one thing you don't want is 2 km. of road walking – Bill forged ahead, Andy had now recovered, Roger the fittest and I was at the back flagging.



The Tan Hill Inn

The Presidents Walk

The last walk of John Peat's 'reign' as President.

15th July 2008

A dull day developed into a clear and sunny evening and we had another superb turn-out of 22 members and aspirant members.

We met below Fell End on the Grange - Cartmel road and took every bit of roadside parking that was available. We soon formed little chatting groups as we ambled across the eastern flanks of Hampsfell. The chat ceased though, when we stopped and turned, seeing revealed the breath-taking view across The Sands (*top right*), its many channels glittering in the evening sunshine.

Our disparate groups became a crocodile as we followed our leader across grassy slopes below a delightful little limestone scar, unnamed on the OS Explorer map (*right*). Surely it has a name! Does any reader know of one? Those of us who have walked here often over the years and thought we knew Hampsfell reasonably well were astonished that we had somehow missed such a positive geographical feature before.

Never, ever, think that you know a place.

John led us across the northern ridge of the fell and into Heaning Wood. Now we were looking northwards to the Lakes but the view was soon hidden as we dropped down the slope and into the trees.

We exited the wood briefly into a field with a superb stepped and gated stile and turned eastwards towards Great Wood, passing the biggest limekiln that the Ed. has ever seen.

High Hampsfield Farm has a wonderful old *shippon* barn with a cantilevered *pentise* canopy running along the front (*right*). Those of us in favour of the idea of a porch at High House saw much to inspire us here. Those not in favour looked away, muttering about it making things dark inside.....

Opinions were also divided about the modern, very expensive-looking house which squatted like a stranger in the walled garden at Hampsfield.

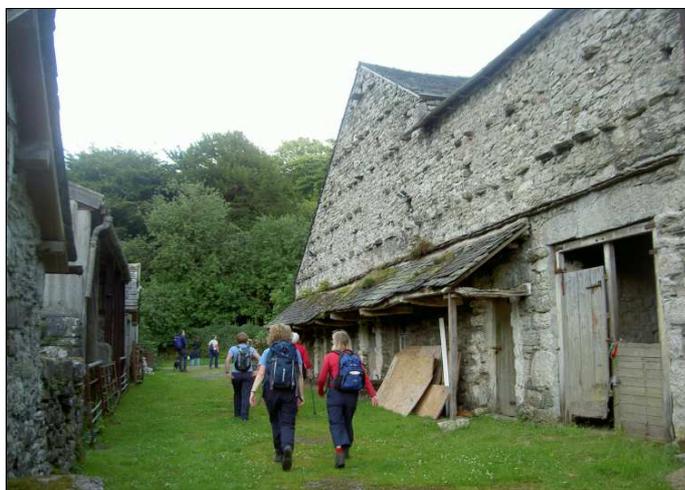
Back into woodland, sunlight filtered down through the branches, creating bright splashes of colour in the shade.

John had been looking after us well, stopping regularly to offer short-cuts and variations. Olga now accepted his easier alternative and as we climbed up towards the Hospice we watched her striding out on the track far below, pausing to wave from time to time.

Last time the President brought us to the hospice, two years ago, it had loomed out of the mist and we had all huddled inside, seeking respite from the foul weather. What a difference this time! We posed in the sunshine for a team photograph (*front cover*) and were able to study the distant fells from the roof.

A gentle stroll down the sheep-cropped turf saw us reunited with Olga and we were soon gathered together in The Guide Across The Sands pub in Allithwaite, each with a drink in hand, courtesy of our President.

Thank you John for another in your series of excellent walks, and for your generosity.



North Wales Meet 18 - 19th July 2008



An Oread/Fellfarers Joint Meet At Rhyd Ddu

We're Fellfarers and therefore optimists, aren't we? You can tell: every bed at Tan-y-Wyddfa was booked, in spite of the poor weather experienced last year. Some members were turned away. Boots were polished and plans were hatched for a full weekends climbing and walking. Some Shinscrapers had bright shiny climbing gear, newly bought, that needed 'scratching up a bit' to take the newness off. Oh it was going to be a great weekend!

Meanwhile, over North Wales, the clouds gathered.

Some early arrivals on Friday, Hugh, Angie, Val, Clare and the Ed, popped down to Beddgelert to stroll down alongside the swollen tumbling Afon Glaslyn as far as the railway tunnel exit at Nantmor. The new rails have been laid beyond this point and the ladies, despite assurances that no trains are running yet, refused the short cut back through the tunnel. The river was worth a second look, though.

As it turned out, not every bed was filled; a shame because Mel and Chris had booked into the Snowdon Ranger YH in the belief that there was no room for them. Three Oread members came along, much reduced numbers for them because it coincided with an Alpine Meet.

Saturday dawned as grim and grey as the forecast. The Oreads had made their own plans and we Fellfarers split into 3 walking parties, all bound for Snowdon summit. Two parties walked up by variants of the Bwlch Main path and the Shinscrapers went on a pilgrimage to Clogwyn Du'r Arddu, the Black Cliff (*top and 2nd top*). It was wet and forbidding. Not even the simple scramble up its slanting terrace tempted us.

Unplanned meetings on the mist-shrouded, tourist-ridden building-site summit of Snowdon resulted in a combined descent of the Llechog ridge. We had it to ourselves and the cloud lifted to give clear views to the Nantlle Ridge, Mynydd Mawr and the Llyn Peninsula (*bottom 2 photos*).

A combined and rather exotic banquet (we should do that more often) left us too full of food to do justice to the real ales on tap at the Cwellyn Arms and some of us came home early - with money in our pockets!

Let's hope the Welsh weather's better in September.

Walters Woodland Walk No 5

Whitbarrow and Yewbarrow

22nd July 2008

Peter Goff

The title is a bit of a misnomer because tree felling on a part of the planned walk made it impassable. However, a quick decision from Walter to alter the route proved to be a winner as we shall see.

On a beautiful summer evening a record number of 32 folk set off from the carpark at Witherslack Hall, crossing a field and into the native woodland at the foot of Whitbarrow Scar. Following a little used footpath and crossing the basement series of limestone we emerged at the foot of Bell Rake.

After a very steep ascent, through the different series of limestone rocks that make up the Whitbarrow escarpment, plus millions of years of evolution, we came to the old lead mines and an easing in the ascent.

A short distance further on was Lord's Seat, the summit of the fell. The views from the top were superb, an advantage nearly all the South Lakes limestone hills share.

The nationally declining juniper is abundant here, another trait this area seems to share.

A short stroll further on brought us to a large pond, a rarity in limestone country. Walter showed us an uncommon little wild flower, a pure white Selfheal, instead of the usual purple colour. This certainly had Alec busy with the camera.

A walk across the fell brought us to the edge of the scarp, with more stunning views into Witherslack and beyond. We were taken down a very cunning little path which found its way through very steep ground to the foot of Chapel Head Scar.

With its impending rock and bolt 'ladders', this crag is a proving ground for modern rock climbers. It is also the nesting site for Peregrine Falcons so a ban on climbing is in place from March to July.

A short descent took us back to the carpark.

Another quick decision was made and the party made for the Strickland Arms. With its excellent choice of draught beers the evening was rounded off to perfection.



Borrowdale Fell Race Weekend August 2nd 2008

David Birkett

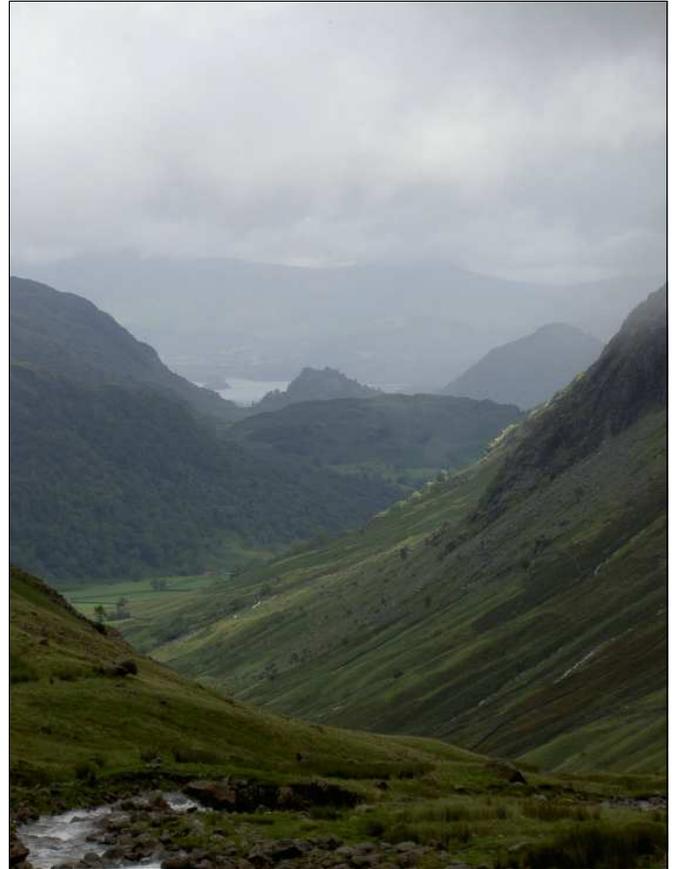
My return to marshalling in the annual Borrowdale fell race after an absence of a decade was a revelation in many respects - the support by the Fellfarers was excellent, 17 members and friends. Our briefing by the Chief Marshall Peter Goff - 'just go anywhere you fancy' - Esk Hause, Scafell Pike, Great Gable, Honister or Dale Head - check points over the gruelling 17 mile circuit. Race day dawned with a not too promising forecast, I'd plumped for Great Gable and was pleasingly with Fred and Krysia.

First things first - 8 o'clock breakfast at the Scafell.

Back in the real world the marshals were off getting in place for the 11 am kick off. It was dry but muggy as we trudged up Aaron Slack. Fred was testing himself in readiness for Armistice - we were on time - a warm glow came over the septuagenarian as we reached the summit and settled in for the long vigil. The Bowland Mountain Rescue team were out in force, we liased over the non-starters / retireds and prepared to count through the 460 runners - the first was expected through at 13.00 hrs - sure enough at 13.10 hrs. out of the 'pea soup' came a figure followed closely by Simon Booth, the eventual winner. I shouted the numbers, Krysia and Fred acted as scribes. Some runners asked for a 'bearing' others said 'which way now?' 'have you got a drink of water?' 'will you take this?' - thrusting a drinks bottle in my hand. One had a strained muscle 'which was the best way off?' The last one through was from Todmorden he had a leg co-ordination problem - clothing, water and a piece of cake and he was on his way and so were we, descending to a now clear Sty Head tarn and welcoming High House.

The evening saw some to the pub, the majority settling into wine, beer, cheese and biscuits injected with anecdotes and laughter until the 'wee small hours'.

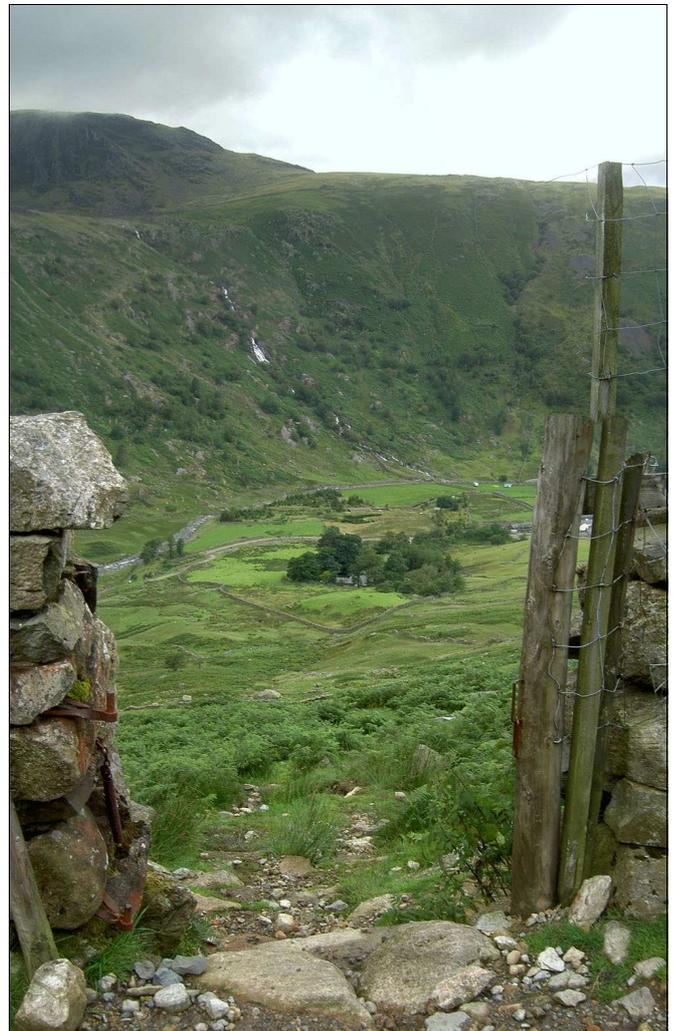
Sunday morning - Bill was up and keen to go - he had a 'Wainwright' to finish in the Skiddaw Fells - so we 'snook off' and drove via Bassenthwaite and parked at Orthwaite at the foot of the Ulldale fells. The weather was much improved as we climbed the west ridge of Gt. Cockup (526 m)- the grass was rank, heather abounded - wet with overnight rain. The vista was magic with cloud swirling over Skiddaw, the white streak of Dash Falls, Criffel and the glistening Solway Firth. Trusmadoor is an unusual place, a low point on the ridge to Great Sca Fell giving access north and south to side valleys. The flanks of Meal Fell where the River Ellen rises, beginning its 30 mile journey to the sea at Maryport. A fine shelter is found on Meal Fell summit before the steep climb to 'bare top fell' (ON) Great Sca Fell (651m.). We paused awhile on 'kleiner' Sca Fell and absorbed the view, mile on mile of fertile farmland stretching from the coast to Carlisle. We followed the bridleway to Lowthwaite and Longlands Fells and descended steeply in a westerly direction to join a track leading to the junior River Ellen where we had a 'fight' in a bracken filled ravine before regaining the track and our senses. Buzzard and kestrel gave flight as we crossed the flanks of Little Cockup and viewed tranquil Overwater - Lakeland's 4th largest tarn nestling in Ulldale - the Wolvesdale (ON).



Above: The Seathwaite Valley from Grains Gill

Below: High House from Hind Gill

Both taken on Fellrace day, 2008



Walter's Wet Railway Wide on La'al Watty 9th August 2008

Kayti Clegg

The day dawned to wet gray and heavy duty rain as the extreme weather walkers set off for Ravenglass.

After arriving and finding no-one in the car park and the rain still hammering down. We thought we were going to be the only ones brave (or daft) enough for the day. Beginning to wonder whether we should have rung Walter.



Then out of the gloom they arrived. Walter and dog first then followed by Roger, Margaret and Val. It was decided due to the beautiful English summer weather (not!) that no walking would take place other than to the pub (got to keep up the tradition). Soaked but none the less cheerful we arrived and dripped. After a glorious scenic ride with Oscar hanging out both sides of the carriage (and Walter muttering that we got more for our pound dog fare than he did!).

A short walk to The Boot where we indulged in a beer and turned the bar into a swimming pool.

Walter and Co left us to dry out (at least on the outside!). Then we made the return journey to Ravenglass where a big steam engine was sitting in the station. Even though we had brought the van we decided to go home, stopping in the mist for an afternoon nap.

Lakeland Bothy Weekend Mosedale Cottage 15-16th August 2008

Alec Reynolds

Illustration by Fred Underhill

Only three intrepid Fellfarers attended this away meeting with a difference. On a bright sunny morning Walter picked up Krysia and I, and we set off for Longsleddale. Our first stop was at Sadgill where Walter showed us the environs of his childhood at Sadgill House. Following this Krysia and I were mighty pleased that Walter was able to drive the Landrover all the way to the head of Longsleddale, thus removing the tiresome effort of carrying heavy rucksacks uphill. We parked at the gate just before the bridge over the beck. It was a short easy walk from there over the saddle and down to Mosedale Cottage.

After settling in and having a quick lunch, we set off to scavenge for firewood and then to investigate the quarries above the cottage. More firewood was collected on the way back. Halfway through the evening a youngish couple arrived for the night, having driven from Oldham to Wetsleddale. A pleasant evening was passed in the usual manner.

On Saturday we ascended Branstree and from the summit Walter headed to Longsleddale and home while Krysia and I investigated the fells to the north and east. During the afternoon, while we were sat in the sunshine watching swallows swooping in and out of one of the outbuildings with a continuous supply of insects for their hungry brood, one of the two Bothy wardens arrived accompanied by a lad. The wardens have a splendidly appointed billet in one of the outbuildings.

They were steadily joined by 5 or 6 other lads, all from Shap. They had a splendid night carousing in the billet while Krysia and I had the Bothy to ourselves until the lads arrived at around 3am making a lot of noise "shooshing" each other in an attempt not to wake us up. They succeeded with Krysia, but not with me.

In the morning it was our turn to clatter around having breakfast and packing up. We left them around lunchtime making toast for breakfast in the old fashioned way using a toasting fork through the open door of the stove, which was now fuelled by red hot coals. On the way down to Wetsleddale, Krysia and I visited Sleddale Hall, now in a sad ruinous condition compared to how it appears in the cult film "Withnail and I", which was made there some 20 years ago. On leaving we met Walter who had arrived to drive us home, albeit via the Station Inn at Oxenholme.

This was a splendid weekend and, despite the awful forecast, it only rained at night.



It looks like the summer of 2008 will be recorded as yet another long miserable ordeal for the British. As I type this, in August, the bracken is already turning and we still haven't seen much real sun since, oh, about May, wasn't it? For those of you who are heartily sick of this country's cold grey skies and sodden landscape, here's one of Mike Goff's tales of the real Wild West, a true story of sun and dusty desert:

Ed

HAPPY TRAILS.

Sandes Avenue, Kendal. 1945.

Mike Goff

Me and Terry Howarth sit in the plush seats of the Palladium cinema having raided our pocket money to watch our hero. On his famous horse Trigger he will surely lead a posse of vigilantes down a steep rocky gully, riding down towards the endless desert.

They will be ruthlessly ambushed by swarthy Apaches outnumbering the gallant cowboys ten to one. But our heroes will prevail, vanquishing their deadly foes. The cowardly Indians will retreat in full flight, howling through the chaparral into the desert sunset.

But me and Terry are in for a shock. As seven year-olds we have miss-read the credits. Instead of our hero, we suffered two hours of Ginger Rogers with Fred Astaire thrown in for kicks.

It took me fifty years to get even with old peachy face Roy Rogers.



Sierra Madre, Mexico. 1998.

No country for Roy Rogers.

For more than two decades I've come each year to explore the Sierra Madre del Norte, the mother mountains who's great divide forms the highland boundary between the Mexican states of Sonora and Chihuahua.

The sierras are dramatically eroded, uparched volcanic field of immense magnitude. The eastern flank falls away to the arid grassland of the Chihuahuan desert. All run off flowing east is lost in the desert basin except the Rio Conchos which merges with the Rio Grande near El Paso, Texas.

In contrast, the sierran western watershed is rifted into spectacular stepped escarpments gouged by head-water canyons that converge into major rivers draining across the Sonoran desert and emptying into the Gulf of California.

My interest is in the deep wild canyons, the source tributaries of the Rio Yaqui.

Madera, Chihuahua; a logging town high in the pines is the end of the road. I leave the bus and follow a rough, dirt track for ninety kilometres into the heart of the sierras. In two days I'm looking into the canyon of the Rio Papagochi and the Pima indian settlement of El Cable.

Next day I head off downstream. A few locals see me off as the Black Vultures begin to spiral overhead. The first few days the river corridor is a thoroughfare for horse and foot traffic between occasional settlements and isolated ranches. A cavalcade of mules and burros follow the ancient Indian trade route used for millennia. A couple of drunken hombres try to sell me a huge carp caught in the river last night. A handsome woman rides by at a trot with an infant strapped on behind.

The Rio Papagochi winds amongst eroding volcanic hillocks forming deep, still pools shaded by willows and mimosa. Here the river has little gradient and alluvial banks widen into broad terraces where maize and beans are being cultivated as they have for two thousand years. The people are friendly and the countryside utterly at peace; muy tranquilo, the locals say

with a smile.

Later there is a mild uproar down stream where the Rio Tutuaca tributary flows across a gravel bar to join the Papgochi. At the junction an old Indian settlement lies abandoned. Now the river has a new name which will change at each conjunction.

Now I'm following the Rio Arros along a common path that wanders amongst cottages thatched with native palm fronds. The simple habitations have gardens and forecourts resplendent with flowering plants and shaded by citrus trees; orange, grapefruit, lemons and limes now in season. This is no place for haste, it is dreamland for the tardy. I am greeted, seated and plied with fruit. coffee and conversation follows.

Many of the older men once followed the cycle of migration to the U.S. picking fruit and tobacco and working as ranch hands. Many of the youths are there now. But who can blame them for returning to this paradise. Some ask my destination. I'm not sure myself but deep in the canyon of the Rio Arros, remote and mysterious lies Rancho San Antonio. The more I consider it, the more I'm lured towards it. The locals are curious and look at my maps with excitement. The children talk wild-eyed about the canyon's "serpientes" and "vampiros".

I wander on to the last settlement, El Refugio, after which the river runs wild in a labyrinth of deep canyons. El Refugio looks like a robbers roost; a cluster of ramshackle cabins set above the river with a grim aspect, lying in the shadow of La Mesa Simona; haunt of mountain lion and perhaps jaguar.

I wade the river to avoid the bulk of the habitations, but a crowd gathers on the bank and waves anyway. I find myself in a shady courtyard with a smiling family and more coffee. I've been walking the river for three days now and my new friends guess two more to Rancho San Antonio.

I'm not so sure.

A horse trail climbs out of Refugio, winding up to the canyon rim. The rim trail provides spectacular views of the narrow gorge and its white water river obstructed by enormous boulders and rock slides. Dripping springs cascading down the canyon walls sustain a vertical jungle of strange plants and shrubbery. Giant spear-leaved Lechugia succulents and spiny Organ pipe cactus hang in defiant profusion over the void, the woody stems of rock-rooted shrubs are bearded with epiphitic air-plants and curtains of moss and lichen. Some day hence I'll float that river, but that's another story. I traverse the surprisingly well used rim trail all day. Towards evening the path descends to a sandy beach at the rivers edge; a good spot for the night.

The anxiety that plagues me at the start of my sierran ventures has given way to euphoria and I'm excited for what lies ahead.

Even the faint tang of wood smoke wafting from beyond causes me no concern. I should not be so complacent.

Though rugged and mountainous the sierras are overlain by pockets of fertile soil derived from the volcanic bedrock. Early Indian farmers first worked the rich alluvial terraces. Farming expanded across the region climaxing as a sophisticated pueblo (village) based culture with major urban centres supported by network of outlying settlements. The pueblo culture flourished from 500 to 1300 A.D. engaged in trade, fine pottery and architecture. By the 13th century for reasons poorly understood, the Pueblo Culture collapsed. When the Spanish Conquistadors arrived a century later only the spectacular ruined edifices and abandoned fields remained.

I follow the river next morning along a broad terrace. There is a lone adobe building there in good condition. A smouldering camp fire gives of a haze of blue smoke. In the one main room lies the equipment of a well kitted party; saddle bags, bed rolls, work tools and heaps of canned food. Neatly stacked in a corner are hundreds of marijuana plants, each in its own tiny plastic grow-bag.

This is no place for a gringo!

Now I'm in a fix and need to avoid an encounter. My options are to retreat or outflank; I choose the latter. A rocky gully cuts up the steep canyon wall. I climb a thousand metres to the mesa top arriving at sun-down utterly spent. But in the mild, crystal clear January evening, thoroughly pleased with myself, I watch the sun set across the sierras and the stars, in turn prick the blackness.

Next morning I study the map for an overland route to Rancho San Antonio. Away to the southwest twin peaks roughly mark the location of the ranch, nestling deep in the river canyon. There is no direct route across the huge tabular plateau riven with canyons and cliffs lying across my path. Local landmarks named on the map don't help my confidence either. I worry about Espina del Diablo, (Devils Backbone), Cordon Mala Noche, (Bad Night Ridge) and Canyon Muerte, (Death Gorge). But I resist the urge to retreat, head off into the chaparral and I'm lost for two days.

Afternoon of the second day I finally regain the rim above the Rio Aross, relieved to see the twin peaks below. Descending

a faint cattle trail through thick scrub in the general direction of Rancho San Antonio I pass an old dilapidated ranchhouse with a sweet water spring, my first drink in two days.

The trail, much improved now, leaves the scrubby brush entering pleasant open oak grassland and drops into a huge amphitheatre with a broad U shaped aspect. Just as I'm wondering what kind of reception to expect at the ranch I hear the tumultuous bawling and bellowing of cattle under stress and the yells and whistles of riders. Dust clouds partially obscure the mayhem below but I can make out phantom horsemen and bunched stock breaking out in frantic surges across the craggy hillside. I've walked slap-bang into a Sonoran roundup.

Out of the chaos some progress is made down the valley interrupted by explosive defections as pods of cows, calves and steers break ranks and thunder helter-skelter in all directions.

The vaqueros pursue each breakout with improbable skill; spurring their mounts up steep embankments, side-slipping loose talus slopes, down over rocky outcrops and plunging through thorn and cactus thickets. The laughter of these Mexican cowboys rises above the din. This is no place for Roy Rogers. I sit and watch like a kid at the circus.

The drive is making headway, the older and more docile cattle are already streaming down towards the river. The tempo is mellowing and the vaqueros begin to notice me. An older man on a pinto pony rides over and we shake hands. He is Avarisco of the family Rascon who owns Rancho San Antonio. The cowboys drop back and greet me; it is the way of Mexico. There are about half a dozen of them working perhaps a hundred cattle. Fermin Rascon, a clean cut young man tells me to go to the ranch, they will be there in an hour when the cattle are corralled.

Rancho San Antonio is strategically situated on a broad river terrace above the river shallows where a ford leads to the west bank. The cluster of run-down buildings indicates that for the present, the remote ranch is used mainly for cattle roundups though there is a flock of bleating goats occupying a spacious compound. But for centuries this was a Way Station for the for the pack mules shipping precious metals and equally precious salt en route to Chihuahua city in Spanish colonial times.

I pitch my tent by the river, surprised to see more horsemen riding in from the west beyond the sierras. This is quite a rendezvous for the Rascon clan, and though it hasn't dawned on me yet, something special is taking place.

The men return from the roundup and help prepare dinner. At the goat pen a young billy is selected and I'm handed the knife. But I defer and stir the blood instead for some future black pudding. A huge mess of pinto beans, enough for a week is boiled after sorting out tiny pebbles. The crew ask if I'm looking for gold. Naturally they take me for a prospector. I'm urged to strike my camp at the river and join the vaqueros under the sheltering ramada. Delighted to join the clan.

The goat is roasted over an open fire which draws everyone to its warmth. Fermin Rascon is the young Patron or head honcho. He says he recognises me from an encounter many years before when I visited another Rascon ranch in Chihuahua with some students. Of course, now I remember meeting him, his wife Maria Lopez and their small son, Freddy. Fermin's father was also there and first told me of the wonders of the canyons around this ranch. Sadly, the old Patron Rascon was killed the following year, thrown from his mule during roundup at the Chihuahuan Rancho El Agua. Thus his son, Fermin became the new Patron.

After dinner, Fermin and his uncle Avaristo ask me if I want to go with them next day.

Where?

Across the sierras on a five day cattle drive to the main road near Madera. So that explains the gathering of the clan.

But, I said, I don't have a horse. Avaristo laughed; we have just the horse for you.

Bulls eye; another jackpot for me.

Departure is set for 11 a.m. next day.



To be continued.....

Sacky Underhill's Memorial Walk

North Walney - August 30th 2008

Fred Underhill

On an overcast but dry Saturday morning 7 Fellfarers boarded the X35 at Kendal Bus Station for Barrow Town Hall collecting Ann and John at Grange. Alec met us at the Town Hall, a magnificent Victorian-Gothic sandstone building where we caught another bus to the west shore, meeting 6 more Fellfarers who had travelled by car. Greetings and introductions done, 16 of us followed Alec along the shore-line path.

Alec lives in Barrow and his knowledge of the area and its fauna and flora was to prove invaluable as the walk progressed. Black Come, across the channel, was just visible through the mist as we turned from the shore-path onto the sandy scrubland of North Walney. Alec and Peter pointing out and naming many species of flowers and plants along the way: Common Toad Flax (*Linari Vulgaris*), Yarrow (*Achillea Millefolium*) and Black Medick (*Medicago Lupulina*). Soon we came across a large Parasol Mushroom (*Lepiota Procera*) and Helen told us how good it was to eat. Peter stopped at a clump of Ragwort (*Senecis Jacobiea*) and explained how poisonous it was to cattle and horses but was the home of the Cinnabar Moth and showed us the beautiful yellow brown banded caterpillar which feeds on the plant.

We turned off the track and walked alongside the Walney air strip fence and its razor-wire and saw many more flowers along the fence side. (The black seed pods could have been from a Birdsfoot Trefoil?) Soon we were walking along an old concrete path maybe part of the wartime defences. We stopped for lunch at a large pond amongst the sandy heath where fishermen were catching carp, roach and rudd. We eat sandwiches whilst Helen went off to find more fungi. Onwards towards the East side of the island and the large salt-marsh, seeing 3 roe deer scampering off in the distance. The salt-marsh is not grazed and was covered in a carpet of sea asters and the sea lavender, which was past its best, but with herons standing like sentinels, curlews and the sound of oyster catchers in the background but few other birds just gulls. Skirting the salt-marsh, damp from the receding tide, we came onto the sand-dunes proper where we stopped for tea and buns on the East shoreline looking over the Walney Channel onto the distant slag heaps of the old Iron Works. Roger unearthed a

round object from the sand. Walter was called, and although not sure, thought it may be an old land mine!! (I thought it was a wheel from a child's buggy) but we didn't poke it.

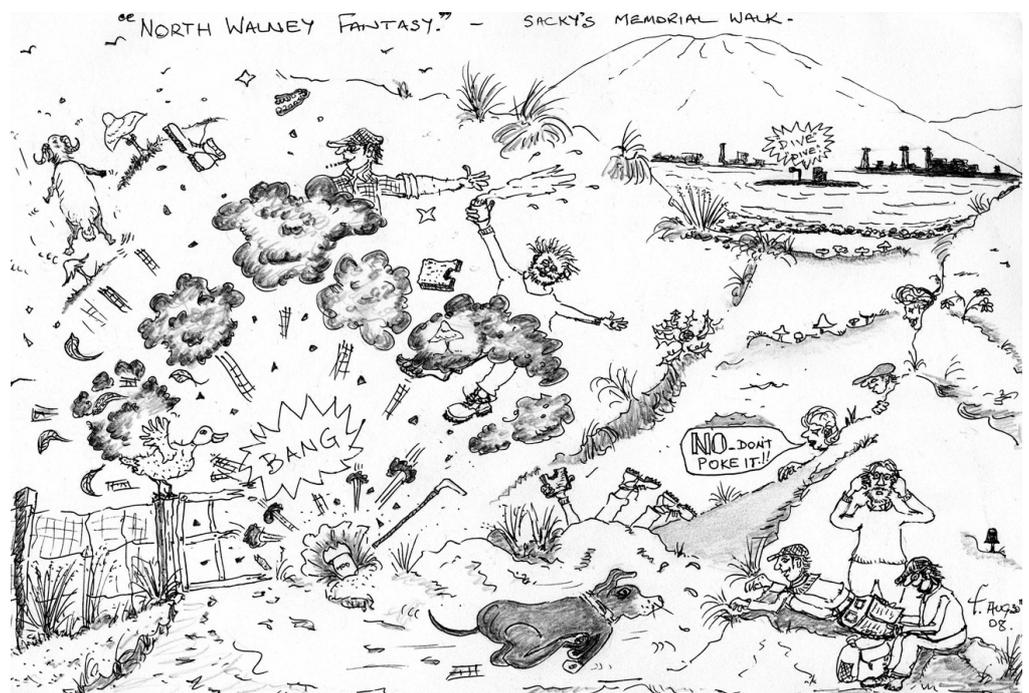
We left the shoreline and climbed up into the dunes finding many more flowers and fungi species, Seaside Centaury (*Centaurium Littorale*), *Viola tricolor*, Sea Holly and Heartsease and then we found the fungi. On the grassy areas in the hollows of the dunes we found not only large Parasols but Parrot Wax Caps, Scarlet Elf Cups, Puff Balls and further on a real Mushroom. Helen identified all of these and collected many—some to eat and some to study later. We then climbed to the highest point of the dunes and beheld the beautiful panoramic view with Alex pointing out the various landmarks, I was completely disorientated and amazed at the vast area of North Walney.

We made our way down the steep dunes to the shoreline seeing Belted Galloways grazing in the distance. On the shoreline we turned back to West Shore and then left the stony shore path for the heath, seeing more Sea Holly and the rare Bloody Cranesbill (pink flowers) (only found on Walney). The path continued for some way passing more small ponds with ducks and swans until we rejoined the shore path again. Here we said our Goodbyes to those returning home by bus and car and the rest followed Alex along the north side of the Air Field to "The Crown" at North Scales where we had excellent food, drinks and a good crack. We said our thanks to Alec and then caught the bus back to Barrow and home.

I would like to thank Alec most sincerely, for an excellent Memorial Walk, Sacky would have loved it, full of interest and in an area not known to most of us, bringing us closer to nature and posing questions and stimulating discussions for another day.

Nature Watch—Eat your heart out.

P.S. Don't forget the 'Fungi Walk'. 12th October.

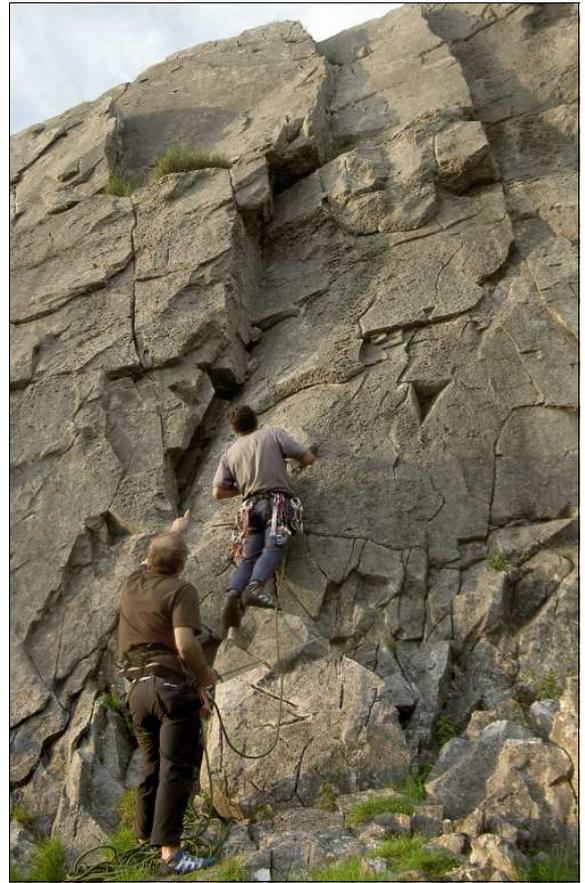


The Shinscrapers' Gallery (including a little bit of From the Archives!)



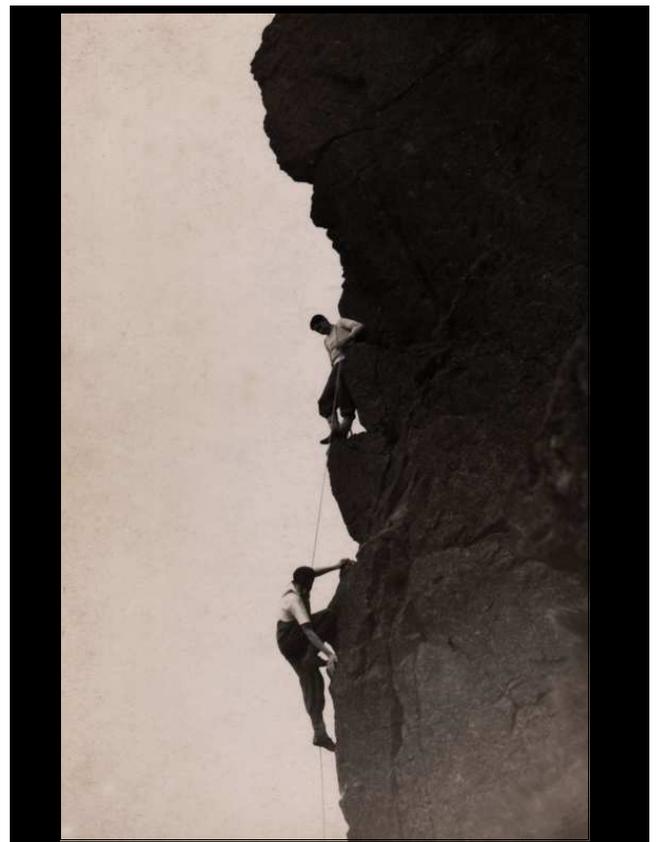
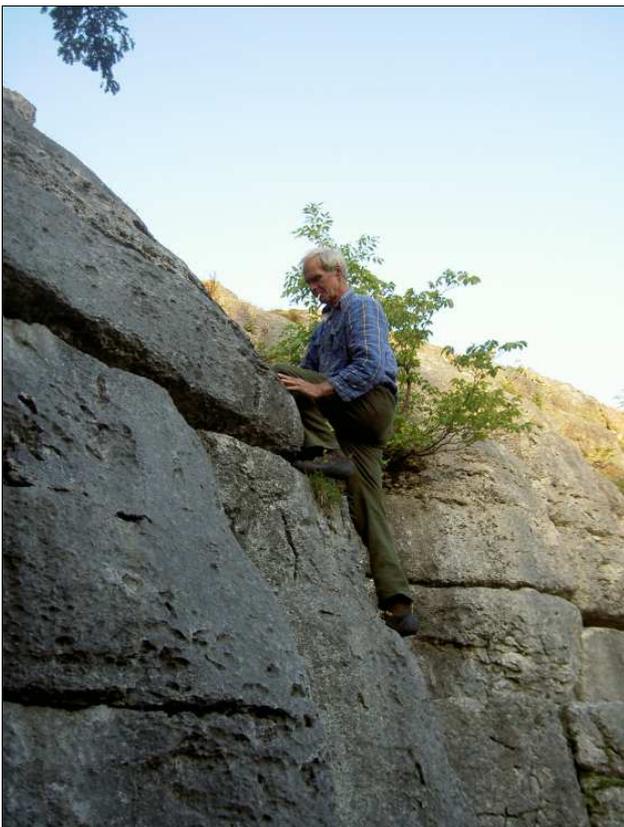
Above: Bill belaying Frank, Fantasia, Diff, at Fairy Steps. 29th May 2008

Below: Peter soloing Fantasia at Fairy Steps. 21st August 2008



Above: Bill belaying and guiding Alan on Nirvana, VS 4c, Pot Scar, near Settle. 24th July 2008

Below: Myers Ferguson and Wally Sanderson. The Shark's Fin, Tophet Bastion, Great Gable. 1946

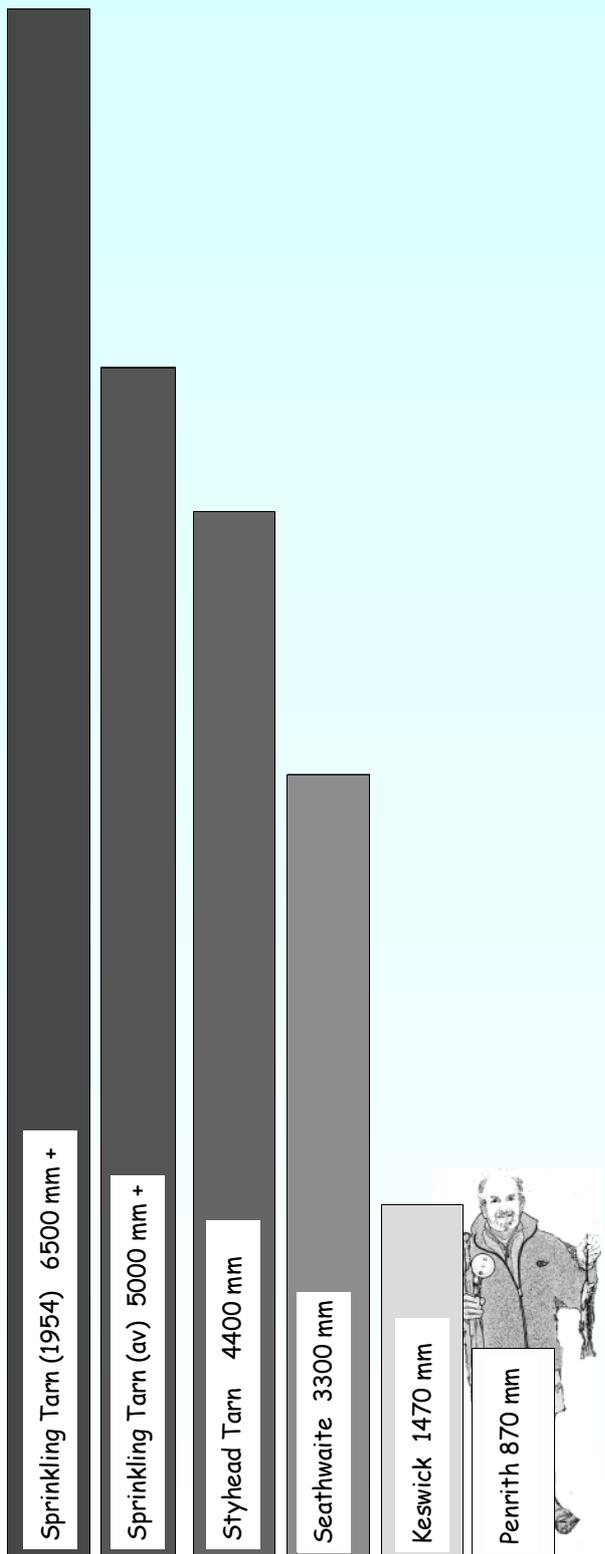


Annual Rainfall in Borrowdale

We know it rains a lot, but how much is 'a lot'? Does it rain consistently throughout Borrowdale or does it vary from place to place?

The chart below gives an idea of how the quantity of rain falling in a year diminishes as you travel from the mountains, down into Borrowdale and out to the Eden Valley. The first column shows a record year for rain at Sprinkling Tarn. The fisherman gives an idea of just what depth of water (falling on every square millimetre of land!) those columns represent.

No wonder we don't have a washing line at High House.



Reciprocal Membership Oread Mountaineering Club and K Fellfarers



There seems to be some confusion amongst members, even amongst committee members, about what exactly 'Reciprocal Membership' means. The arrangement has been in place for several years but seems to have been used very little, perhaps because we weren't clear about what it meant.

In a nutshell, it is an agreement between the Oread Mountaineering Club and K Fellfarers which allows members of the two clubs to use each others huts.

The details are:

1. Oreads' Welsh Hut

Fellfarers may stay in Tan-y-Wddfa (in Rhyd ddu, near Beddgelert), in their members' room (assuming that all 6 beds have not already been booked for the time in question) at any time, at a cost of £2.50 per person per night.

Fellfarers may stay in Tan-y-Wddfa, anywhere in the hut (a total of 22 beds), when it has been reserved for Oread members, over Bank Holiday weekends, and from mid July to the end of August, also for £2.50 p.p.n

2. Oreads' Derbyshire Hut

Fellfarers may stay in Heathy Lea (Chatsworth Estate, near Baslow, Derbyshire) anywhere in the hut at any time. There are 12 beds in the cottage plus 8 beds in the barn. The cost is also £2.50 p.p.n

Fellfarers who wish to book either of these huts may do so by contacting Oreads' Booking Secretary, Colin Hobday (details on back page), preferably 2 weeks in advance. He will forward a key to you. You will be required to return the key immediately after use, together with the appropriate fee.

If any members require more details of the facilities available at each hut, they can log on to the Oread website (address on back page) or contact the Ed, who has information sheets on each one.

3. K Fellfarers Borrowdale Hut

Oread members may stay at High House, during those times when it has been reserved for Fellfarers. They will again pay £2.50 p.p.n



From The Archives

Here's the first piece from the 1946 edition of The K Fellfarers' Journal

MY INTRODUCTION INTO OUR HILLS

CONSTANCE WALMSLEY

One particularly bleak Saturday morning in September, my friend and I started off about 9 a.m. from Lancaster on our bikes, to cycle to Dungeon Ghyll in Langdale.

We set off with a vague idea of accomplishing a feat which had taken our fancy when we read about it in a Cyclists' Magazine, although we didn't think it possible for it to be as difficult as the article implied. Later we found that there was no exaggeration, indeed we think it might well be classed as a great feat; we ourselves came nowhere near accomplishing our goal.

The idea was to cycle to Dungeon Ghyll, pull our bikes up Rossett, and through Esk Hause, to Styhead, round Gable and then drop onto Black Sail Pass, to the Y.H.A. where we had booked beds for the night. This trip was to be our first experience of actual fellwalking and climbing (previously cycling had been our sport) so we had no idea what was before us.

Having reached "Old Kendal" it began to rain in earnest (as usual). After donning capes and sou'-westers we left old Kendal behind us. It continued to rain steadily all the time. At last we reached Mickle Fell Farm and refreshments. After studying the map we casually asked the farmer what the prospects were. "What! cart yon bunking bikes up yon gorge, why ye must be daft," he said, "Hev ye bin up afoor?" Of course we had to say "No." "Well!" he said, "Ter-day's na fit day ter cart yersels up't Ghyll, let alloan t' bikes." This didn't sound so good to us, so we let reason intervene, and decided to leave our bikes at the farm as the good chap suggested. Then off we went through the valley to the foot of Rossett Ghyll. By this time we couldn't see much as we had got into the mist, not to mention the terrific wind and driving rain.

We started the weary climb. Many times we were almost blown over the edge of the path into the gorge. Having then no idea of the depth of it made it more spicy, as we had visions of falling through space if we got blown over the edge. At last we reached what appeared to be the top and managed to discern an indistinct track going downwards. We couldn't help careering down this, and then found we had all but stumbled into a large tarn (which we found afterwards was Angle Tarn). After struggling up one or two tough bits we found it was getting colder and we could hardly stand up to the gale. To make matters worse we had climbed up a sheer rocky face, and were on top of a flattish bit, bounding from rock to rock, with gaps of considerable depth between. By then it was getting dusk, and we were feeling almost exhausted. Then I heard a yell,—my friend had slipped and fallen down with a nasty thud. Luckily there wasn't much damage, apart from a cape ripped and rendered useless, and which we threw away. We struggled up and up, not caring now what happened to us, until eventually we reached a memorial. (Later we found out that this memorial is on the summit of Scawfell!) This means we had climbed up Great End off Esk Hause, then up to Scawfell. We just flopped down behind the rocks, sick at heart thinking we'd have to spend the night on the summit. At last we decided to make our way down the other side to obtain more shelter. So we stumbled downwards for ages, and then,— "What on earth is that" I shouted. It looked like water to us, though this seemed incredible, but gradually as we got further down we could see it really was water (Wastwater). As we dropped further out of the mist we could just discern a tiny building far down below. Off we started down that mountain with renewed energy,—goodness knows where from,—and we seemed to get down in no time.

The building we had seen was Wasdale Head Hall, a really lovely place, in fact so lovely we would not have ventured in if we hadn't been dead tired and so very hungry. They prepared us a delicious meal, consisting of meat, potatoes, peas and Yorkshire Pudding, followed by a sweet, cups of tea and cake. Then we sat back in absolute contentment, thinking life really was worth while. However, we soon came back to earth—remember we had started off with the intention of staying all night at Black Sail Y.H. at a cost of 1/6, so naturally we had not brought much money with us. When the time came to pay what we owed, we were asked for 12/6 each. This was most embarrassing, as we simply hadn't enough money to pay, and having explained this to the proprietress we gave her all we possessed and she said it was alright, though you can imagine how we felt.

This was worth it at the time, but it proves what an asset a hostel like High House can be. Apart from anything else, I love most of all the atmosphere of helpfulness and friendliness. As soon as you enter, a cheery voice hails you and you forget your tiredness, especially when you sit down with a cup of "char" made for you as soon as you get inside the door.

Now,—thanks to the K Hostel and the Fellfarers, I would find it very hard to miss that track again.



The 2nd Fellfarers' All-Terrain Toboggan Trials

All day 31st December 2008

Following the great success of last year's ATTT, the organisers invite you to take part in the Fellfarers' biggest sporting event of the year. End 2008 with a bang!



Kate Earl and Bessie Smith, of K Shoes, anticipate the ATTT at Blackpool in September 1952

The Rules are simple.

The vehicle :

- Must be home-made
- Must be self-propelled
- Must be able to run on snow, grass and water
- Must be steerable

Remember that All-Terrain Tobogganing is a dangerous sport. A crash helmet plus other protective clothing are seriously recommended.

Categories:-

1. The Classic Downhill Race - on snow or grass, in the field next to High House.
2. The Time Trial - fastest time down the High House track to the gate.
(The record stands at 26.23 seconds, achieved by 'Reckless Kev' Smith in 2007).
3. The Road Race - 100 yards on level tarmac beyond the farm yard.
(Alternative + innovative means of propulsion may be acceptable in this category, but don't push your luck).
4. The Wild Water Race - on, or under, a short section of the River Derwent.
5. Presentation - special prize for a themed toboggan and costume.
(The rider and toboggan must compete in at least one of the races to be eligible).

All categories will be judged by people with clipboards.

Prizes for all categories and a 2008 ATTT trophy for the overall winner!

You can choose to enter just one or more of the categories but the overall winner will be the highest scorer in categories 1-4

For more information please call Jason or Cheryl on 01539 738451

Some Revision In Geography Needed Here

On 'The Weakest Link', BBC 1, 1st September 2008 :

Anne Robinson: "The Coast to Coast Long Distance Footpath, devised by Alfred Wainwright passes through three National Parks. The North York Moors and The Yorkshire Dales are two of them. What is the third?"

Contestant: "The Black Forest?"

And on 'Mastermind', BBC1, 5th September 2008 :

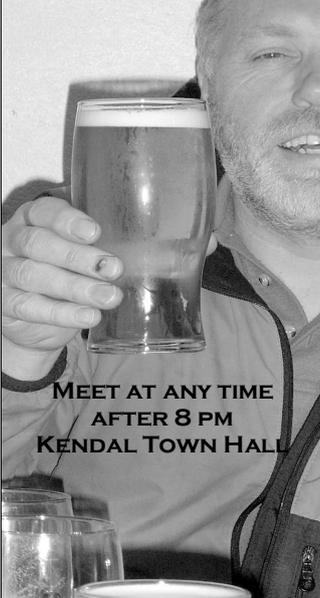
John Humphries: "The word 'dale' means what geographical feature, especially when used in the north of England?"

Contestant: "Hill?"

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

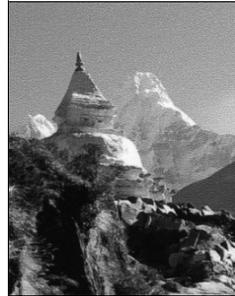
Sunday
12th October 2008
A Fungus-Spotting
Walk with Helen

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

November

The committee will meet on **Tuesday 4th November** at The Rifleman's Arms. The Chairman will address the meeting: "If it is true that man has the capacity to learn from his mistakes, this committee will learn a lot". *Come and join us for a pint.*

Wednesday
5th November 2008
Bonfire Night

You are invited again to the Walshaw's Barn and Field (Grid Ref SD 427 853) Witherslack for fun and flames.



Bring your own bottle, food for the BBQ, and a couple of fireworks.
7 pm start
More info: ring Tony/Anne
015395 52491

Remembrance Sunday
9th November 2008
11 am
Join the many on Great Gable or the few on Castle Crag to remember those who died for us



High House is booked for Fellfarers for the weekend, of course

Friday
14th November 2008
Nightwalk number 4
**A Moonlit Walk
on the Howgills**



About 7 miles to the Calf and back, starting from Sedbergh main car park (Grid Ref SD 659 921) at approx 7 pm (leaving Kendal at 6.30 - call the Ed to share transport)
BRING A TORCH
Note that this walk is weather-dependent. If in doubt, call the Ed.

Tuesday
18th November 2008
SLIDESHOW
Voyages of the Cuma (Fellfarers in the Hebrides)



The Strickland Arms
7.30 pm
Guests are welcome
Buffet provided

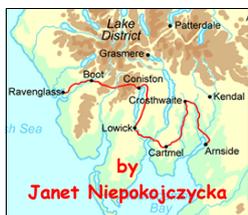
Don't forget the Kendal Mountain Film Festival 20-23rd November 2008

December

*The committee will meet on Tuesday 2nd December at The Rifleman's Arms. We'll be meeting to discuss the idea that: "If you had to identify the reason why the human race has not achieved, and never will achieve, its full potential, that word would be "meetings."
Come and join us for a pint.*

Wednesday
10th December 2008
SLIDESHOW
At the
Strickland Arms
**"Walking the
Furness Way"**

A 75 mile walk from
Arnside to Ravenglass.



by
Janet Niepokojczycka
Guests are Welcome
7.30 pm
Buffet provided

13th December
2008
**A Winter Walk in
Borrowdale,**
(the Westmorland one)

Meet at 10 am at the
layby just south of High
Borrow Bridge
OL7 Grid Ref 552038

The walk (about 5 hours)
follows the Whinfell ridge
eastwards and returns by
bridleway in the valley.
Followed by an evening
drink in Kendal - to be
arranged.

More info - John Walsh

24 December 2008



The club
Christmas Eve
get-together at The
Rifleman's Arms
(turn up at any
time), followed by
mince pies and
mulled wine at the
Secretary's house.

24 December 2008
to
1st January 2009
High House is
booked for
Fellfarers' partying,
not forgetting the
All Terrain
Toboggan Trials



See page 21

January 2009

*The committee will meet on Tuesday 6th January at The Rifleman's Arms. We'll be wondering whether there is a future in time travel.
Come and join us for a pint.*

9 - 10th January
2009

Glencoe Meet

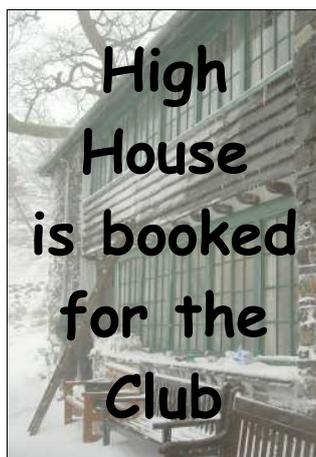


14 beds - 2 nights
£34 per person

Payable to the
Treasurer in advance.
(Address on back page)

Bookings are not
guaranteed until the fee
has been paid.
(but you will get a full
refund if you can't make it
and we fill the place)

16-17th January 2009



**A Winter Walk in
Borrowdale**
(the Cumberland one)
Route to be agreed Friday.
Followed by a bar-meal
and a bus-ride back to
the hut.

Tuesday
20th January 2009
SLIDESHOW
The Fellfarers' Year
2008



The Strickland Arms
7.30 pm
Guests are welcome
Buffet provided

Friday
30th January 2009
K Fellfarers
76th Annual AGM



The main business will be
the Election of a New
President and Trustee,
plus a vote on future
Membership Fees
The Strickland Arms
7.30
Buffet provided

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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 198, Burneside Road
 Kendal
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email: fratkinson@hotmail.co.uk

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Krycia Niepokojczycka Tel: 015395 60523
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
High House Website: 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
Each Fellfarer has their own Membership Number

- **RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION**
Website: www.ramblers.org.uk
Fellfarers RA Membership Number: 1273727

- **OREAD MOUNTAINEERING CLUB**
 (Reciprocal Rights Partnership)
Oread Website 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
 28, Cornhill
 Allestree
 Derby
 DE22 2FS
 Tel: 01332 551594

Next Edition of ^{the}Fellfarer:

Beginning of January, so material for publication by **8th December**, please.



ED.