

the Fellfarer

January 2010

Number 56



Editorial

That's it then, the 75th Anniversary year has passed. Nothing to look forward to now, is there? Wrong, obviously. The 75th Anniversary Social Sub-Committee, which organised this year's special events, is to take over the role of managing all of the clubs Social Calendar. See page 3 opposite. This means, apart from the obvious effect that we will have a more varied and interesting calendar of events (*they tell me!*), that the two Social Calendar pages of the newsletter will be replaced by a separate insert detailing all the forthcoming events for the following quarter. This sheet will be wholly produced by the sub-committee. You'll be able to pin it on your kitchen wall so there'll be no more of those excuses that you forgot about an event... It also means that there will be two extra pages in the newsletter for your record of what we've already done. Think on.

When people say nice things about this newsletter they tend to say them to me and (thank you) that makes it all worthwhile. Now we have reached something of a crossroads in the life of "The Fellfarer" with the retirement of our printer, Steve Edgar of 1st Impression, I feel that I should make sure you know how much the club owes him. Since Steve took over the printing of the newsletter many years ago he has handled the frequent technical problems I caused him with a professional calmness that belied the many hours needed to sort them out. He has helped improve the quality of the printed newsletter beyond anything I imagined when this venture started 14 years ago. Most importantly for you, while running his business, he's given his time free of charge. You all owe him a pint. More than a pint, actually. You also owe more than a pint (orange juice, not beer) to Val Calder who has worked with Steve on all the folding, stapling, enveloping, posting, etc. A lot of work. Thank you Steve and Val.

I am working on the next newsletter (the next one always starts before the current one is finished) on the assumption that a printing solution will be found when Steve hands his business over. Watch this space.

While I'm in a thanking mood, I'd like to mention David Birkett too. His contributions arrive regularly and without being asked for. They are always just the right length and rarely need editing. They are almost always about walks done outside the compass of club events and help provide what I hope is a good mix of articles within the newsletter. Thank you David.

Now I'm going to finish on a downer: We have almost no photographs from the Town Hall Celebration! There were lots of cameras but it seems that members just forgot to click away. I should explain why there was no official photographic presence there. I had ordered my paparazzi to be present but just after dark on the night before, the Head Office of The Fellfarer received an anonymous tip-off that the guerrilla wing of the Fellfarers, the Monkey-nut Gang, had decided to begin their campaign of civil disobedience by taking a chainsaw to all of the signs proclaiming the existence of that imaginary country, the "Lake District Peninsulas". The camera team, anxious to record this seminal event in what we hope will become a popular uprising against the arrogance of the Highways Engineers and other official vermin like them, blacked up and set off on foot along the grass verge of the A590, heading west. It was a cloudy night, with no hint of moonlight, and perhaps that is why the Monkey-nut Gang had decided to begin operations on that particular night. The camera crew, not wishing to betray their presence to passing police officers, had eschewed torches, preferring to trust in their innate sense of direction and their night-vision. It must have been just after Sampool Bridge that they went wrong. I heard later that sometime after midnight loud screams were heard from Foulshaw Moss and

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Cover picture:

*Kati and Fred hamming it up
Halloween 2009*

Contents Picture:

*The Last Post Castle Crag
11 am Sunday 8th November 2009*



Dear Ed

Though you might like to know that the lad who'd fallen while gill scrambling on fell race weekend (photo page 16 of the last Fellfarer) recovered fine and went off to Uni in September as planned. Our son, Richard, (John and Anne Peat's grandson) was one of the group and it certainly scared them all!

They were very impressed with the Mountain Rescue and the Air Ambulance, although disappointed not to get a ride with the casualty.

It hasn't put him off the fells, but he is a bit wiser now, and realises they were very lucky, it could have been so much worse.

Thanks for Fellfarer, Dave and I don't get involved with club activities as much as we'd like but we enjoy reading everyone's exploits and who knows, perhaps we will get up to High House one day, last time I went was 30 years ago when I was Richard's age!

Best wishes

Lesley Angell



CLUB NEWS

- Congratulations to Robert and Nikkie Walsh on the **birth of Benjamin**, a brother to Sarah and Caitlin. We hear the event was a rather sudden affair. We hope they didn't charge you for parking the car Robert !
- We are saddened to hear of the passing away of **Alan 'Cammie' Campbell**. Tributes appear on page 19.
- During this coming year much of the Committee's work will be done by three **Sub-Committees**. They will deal with: Club Management, the Social Calendar, and Management of High House. Membership of these informal groups is not limited to Committee members and meetings will be held when required rather than at fixed intervals. If you are interested in helping in any of the areas covered, or would like to know more, please contact any Committee member.
- The Committee receives many complementary remarks from visiting clubs about the quality of the library at High House. Most of the books came from Brian 'Charlie' Birkett who willed them to the Fellfarers when he died. We are sad to note, then, that two books which were of special significance to Charlie, and therefore to the club, have disappeared. They are the pair of **Scrambling Guides to the Lake District**, both by Brian Evans. Other books have disappeared previously and the Committee has assumed that they were cases of 'forgetful borrowing' and that may be the case with this pair. The books belong at High House. If any member has borrowed them, please return them as soon as possible. If they have departed with a visiting club, then we shall not see them again. Please do not remove books from High House.
- This has been another difficult year for the Committee as it continues to wrestle with the problem of **Civil Liability Insurance**. The Committee has voted, by a narrow margin, to remain with the BMC for a further year, in the expectation that our continuing doubts will be laid to rest in that time.
- The next **Annual General Meeting** will be held on 29th January 2010. Note that the current Committee has served, unchanged, for several years. Whilst it is quite possible that some of its members will continue, if asked, there is a general feeling that the club would benefit from some younger (or at least different!) members taking part in its running. Please take some time to consider yourself or another member as a prospective Committee member and make sure we have some new nominations at the meeting.
- You will find details of the 2010 **Annual Dinner** in this newsletter. If you wish to attend, please mark the menu with your choice of meal and return it to Val Calder by the 19th February at the very latest.
- There is a new **range of clothing** available with the club logo on (not the 75th Anniversary logo). The catalogue can be seen and orders taken at the major Fellfarer functions or by contacting Bill Hogarth. It is expected that by the time you read this, the new range will be on the club website.
- At the time of writing, there are a small number of **75th Anniversary Mugs** left (see picture right). They are available for £4 each from Bill Hogarth.
- The book, "**K Fellfarers and High House**", is coming closer to completion. Included with this newsletter should be a brochure from the Town Hall Celebration telling you a bit more about the book and an advance order form which, if you use it, will give you a £5 discount when the book is published in 2010.
- The Editor wonders how many complete sets of **The Fellfarer** there are in existence. He knows of only two. If you have saved every copy since it began in May 1996, would you mind letting him know (by email, phone or letter) please?



THE YEAR AIN'T OVER YET!

That's right - it's not over until we've had the "**Review of the Year in Pictures**", a slideshow of all our activities in 2009 within or outside the club. You will see that it's coming soon - the 19th January. Some have remembered to keep the Editor supplied with photographs (thank you) **but have you?**

We know that Fellfarers have been up to all sorts of interesting things in 2009, in spite of the poor summer. Please check through your photographs, slides and digital images and let the Editor have copies of ones you want to share with the club. Anything that you think will be of interest to members. If in doubt, send it anyway! Not babies and puppies though. If you can't attend the slideshow, please don't let that stop you sending the pictures. Some background information (who, where, when) would be helpful too. Any originals will be copied and returned immediately. The resulting collection will be added to the club archives and will be available on CD to all after the slideshow. **Closing date: Friday 15th January 2010**

Tarn Shelf - Tasmania

A Short Walk in the South - Number 3

10 January 2009

Alec Reynolds

I was looking forward to Tasmania, mainly because it was one of the places I did not get to on the trip two years ago when an accident resulting in a broken leg prevented me from getting beyond New Zealand North Island. Tasmania lived up to all expectations.

Just before the previous trip I met an Australian in Copenhagen airport. When he found out I was going to visit Tasmania he immediately responded "Best place in Australia, mate!" and he wasn't from there. Tasmania has a wide variety of scenery in a relatively small area, but it was not difficult to choose one day.

The Tarn Shelf walk in the Mount Field National Park is one of the best, if not the very best, fell walks I have done. It starts with a 16 km drive from the campsite up a steep gravel road to Lake Dobson. From there, the walk follows the banks of the lake and then ascends through beautiful forest with open views and past several Ski Club Huts to the bottom of one of the ski tows.

This is the start of Tarn Shelf, which is exactly as its name suggests - a couple of miles of gradually sloping rock shelf that is home to a dozen or more tarns. They are all slightly different because of the variety in the surrounding rock and flora, and the nature of the tarn bottom, i.e. sand, gravel or rock.

Two of the best examples are photographed here. In one you can see one of several Huts along the route in which it is possible to stay for a night or two if you wish to strike out and go higher and further than is possible in a single day. Unfortunately, the one actually shown is at Twilight Tarn and has been condemned as structurally unsound - a great pity because it is in the most beautiful place.

Beyond the shelf, the path drops rapidly to a lake and then along one side of it. This is followed by a stiff ascent over a saddle and down to another lake along banks of which the path continues until Lake Dobson is regained.



ALL FOR THE BEER

Summer 2009

David Birkett

I was talking to the conductor of the K Shoes Male Voice Choir, Martin Webster, in conversation he said that his son Andrew had taken over as manager of the Shepherds Inn at Melmerby, which in turn had been refurbished by the mini brewery from Hesket Newmarket. This gave me an idea of sampling real ale after a walk in the area.

The long hot Summer had arrived (we hoped), thundery conditions were forecast for inland areas, we set off in hope of a dry experience. Melmerby is one of those delightful East-fellside villages set around a green with minor roads leaving the hub destined for the nearest neighbour village or leading to a farm steading at the foot of the fells. We set off on the Ousby road, leaving in a easterly direction for Gale Hall; the footpath entered a coniferous plantation and climbed steeply towards open farm land and the strangely named Meikle Fell above the outer fell wall. Cloud hung over the objective, Melmerby fell leading to the highest point in the Pennine chain - Cross fell. A light breeze kept the temperatures bearable as we progressed speedily to Knapside hill (685m) and rested alongside the fine cairn and shelter. Wisps of cloud greeted us on Melmerby fell (709m), Curlew, Skylark and Golden Plover were our constant companions as we descended towards Meg's cairn (tumulus) and Maiden's Way - a Roman road rising from Kirkland in the Eden valley. The next 4 km was virtually pathless over moor, bog and peat hagg; gently rising and peppered with flat sections of gritstone forming beds, rather like the clints and grikes of limestone. We traversed the steepening landscape and joined the bridleway from Kirkland - the area was covered in cotton grass with heath bedstraw, tormentil and patches of starry saxifrage forming the understory. Tufts of Polytricum commune moss rose from the grassy sward adding a different dimension to the ground surface. As we entered the cloud cover numerous swifts darted frantically through the air as though armageddon was nigh. Having left the bridleway we followed a faint path that led to a band of gritstone boulders which brought us to the plateau and the summit cross walls. The view cleared momentarily giving extensive views of the Eden valley and the shrouded Lake District mountains.

The Pennine way runs over the summit of Cross fell (882m) which is the centre piece of the largest AONB in England and Wales, in my view this has been a successful designation but should have been given National Park status in the first instance. It was 1400 hrs, Roger was ready for the off, the plateau was followed to Cross fell well, a low wall delineated the issue which quickly spread to give a mire habitat with a sea of cotton grass. Having reached the bridleway we followed the partially eroded surface towards Kirkland and Ardale which has a impressive cirque of crags, we talked of the rock climbing possibilities but doubted the quality of the rock and the distance from the road for modern climbers. As we descended, the skies cleared and the temperature rose, the bridleway zig zagged down the fellside passing a collapsed bothy; below a footpath was taken to the foot of Ardale where we found a fine double lime kiln with three brick burners in each compartment.

Our next objective was Town Head at Ousby, a quiet idyll with an attractive church, as we walked the country lanes a posse of trials motorbikes passed us looking for green or white roads. Our final 3 km were on minor roads, exploring local footpaths in the constant heat was dismissed, the anticipation of a cool beer was just too strong. The Shepherd's Inn was doing good business, of the six real ales on offer, Roger chose High Pike and I opted for the Ennerdale blonde - delicious !

Shinscrapers' Gallery

Sarah, Wayne and Bill at Jack Scout Cove

Brant's Little Brother

13th August 2009



Ailefroide and Mont Ventoux

August / September 2009

Colin Hunter



Where to go in August? That was the question. The answer turned out to be a week in Ailefroide after listening to the Shinscrapers raving about their trip (one we couldn't go on due to a major family wedding - we were Parents of the Bride!). This was to be followed by a further week in Bedoin, a village at the base of Mont Ventoux, of Tour de France fame, to do some biking. So with the camper van provisioned and fuelled, and the Porta Pottie primed (I can't believe I just wrote that) we followed in the footsteps of fellow Fellfarers.

After the usual, tedious drive to Dover spent dodging traffic cones we arrived with about three hours to spare before the 4 a.m. sailing to be told we couldn't stay and have a much needed kip, we

would have to leave the dock and come back later. Luckily, before we left the harbour we spotted a staff car park and sneaked in, hoping no-one would notice. They didn't - phew. Landing at Dunkerque we continued the journey, arriving at a campsite 6 hours later in Langres, with a flat tyre. Oh well it's not much hassle changing a wheel, is it? Then came the storm. Still, me working in a deluge seemed to keep the other campers amused. The local garage - wonderful people - fixed it for free. Good old "entente cordiale".

Another long, but this time scenic drive by-passing Grenoble, crossing the Col du Lauteret and descending to Briancon took us to the campsite at Ailefroide - a huge glade surrounded by coniferous woodland and overlooked by a ring of stunning mountains including Mont Pelvoux.

After the obligatory bottle of red, a good sleep and a relaxed morning, we wandered over to the adjacent glaciated granite slabs for a bit of a scramble. Interesting stuff, fairly holdless but with reasonable friction, it felt a bit iffy to someone brought up on Lake District crags. Our grip can't have been that bad though as we each managed to hold onto a few glasses of wine later.

The following day saw us heading for the Glacier Blanc, a very popular path - a bit like walking up to Gable but with sunshine. In fact it was so hot we didn't make the Glacier Blanc refuge, choosing instead to opt for the lower but abandoned old Tuckett Hut to soak up the fantastic view of the Barre des Ecrins and surrounding peaks.

An easy couple of days were next, involving more routes on the slabs and having the crack with two ageing (well, same age as us) English climbers - one of whom, John Davidson, knew quite a few of



the Kendal climbing fraternity. (Anyone remember him?). Then driving to Vallouise for info. on the local Via Ferrata, collecting wood for the campfire on the way.

In the latest French guide book the left hand route of the Vigneaux Via Ferrata is listed as being AD. It is, however, long - 400m, polished and very exposed and I heard Val start to sing here and there as she thought about the situation! Hot again but a brilliant day out.



This brought our stay in Ailefroide to a close. It was time to move south to Bedoin and do some biking. On the way we camped overnight in Nyons, a typical Provençal town, where we visited a lavender distillery. A simple process - pack it in a pit, force steam through it and collect the condensed water, burning the spent lavender to provide the steam.

Moving on to Bedoin, we stayed on a very pretty terraced site on a wooded hillside from which we had a couple of days on the bikes getting to know the area while we waited for Roger Dangerfield and Grace to arrive from the Ardeche. The plan being they would camp with us for one night to allow Roger and I to cycle up Mont Ventoux pretending we were Lance Armstrong. However when the next day dawned we were greeted by Grace crying

"We've been robbed". It seems they had gone to sleep leaving one of the front doors of their camper unlocked and while asleep some opportunist thief had relieved them of their cash, credit cards and passports etc.

Initially this kicked our plans for the ride into touch as Roger and Grace had to go to the local Gendarmerie to make statements before driving back to the Ardeche. Val and I then stoged around for a while until Val said "You came here to ride Ventoux, you might as well do it". As the temperature was now 30 deg. I wasn't too keen but was soon bullied into it.

The road up Mont Ventoux climbs for 14 unremitting miles to the summit at approx. 6000ft, most of the way through pine forest, which at least gives a little shade but two thirds of the way up it comes out into a desert of sun bleached stones at Chalet Reynaud (Mick and Clare would appreciate that!). Seeing people sitting on the terrace drinking cold beers when you're pretty dehydrated yourself is a bit of a cruel joke, made worse higher up as you pass the shrine dedicated to Tom Simpson, who died at that spot during the race in 1967 of dehydration, exhaustion and alleged amphetamine use, but the top is in sight now so just pull yourself together and press on pretending it's good for you. At the summit you are greeted by one of the most extensive views in France, lots of other daft cyclists plus tourists in cars and coaches, some of whom even applaud the madness! All that's left now is the long freewheel down - wheeee - to a cold drink and a hot Val.

Our verdict on a wonderful holiday - we must go back to the Ecrins someday.



PENNINE PALS

7th September 2009

David Birkett

Should you ever believe the forecast ? Experience tells us it is not far out, just a matter of timing. This year has been an exception with predictions of a "barbecue summer" expectations were high so after a reasonable forecast 'with a dry morning in the west, drizzly rain in the afternoon and heavier burst later' I thought I'd go east and possibly get away with it - no such luck. Roger and Andy were available, Bill was caring for June following an operation on her foot, so we set off for the Pennines on Bank Holiday Sunday, 30th August, thinking at least of empty fells and traffic-free roads.

Murton, four miles east of Appleby was tranquil with little activity save a vehicle across the road and locals chatting. Neat gardens and houses lined the road as we headed for the fells and 'open access'. Near the access information was a sign and flag for Warcop, for we were on the N. edge of the military range with little access to the forbidden mountains. Our conversation dwelt momentarily on the range and I promised to get information when the range was open so a visit could be made.

The surfaced track rose gradually at first, we diverted on to the public right of way and climbed steeply over grassy swards before joining the track underneath Murton crags, a steep limestone escarpment 10m in height. The path had wended through Sweety Briggs, Cringley hole and Moley hill before joining the track. After a short distance we left the surfaced track and aimed directly for the ridge leading to the summit of Murton Pike (594m) with its freshly painted trig point., this was easily attained and we sheltered from the elements. The wind was freshening and a comment was made about the lowering cloud and impending drizzle.

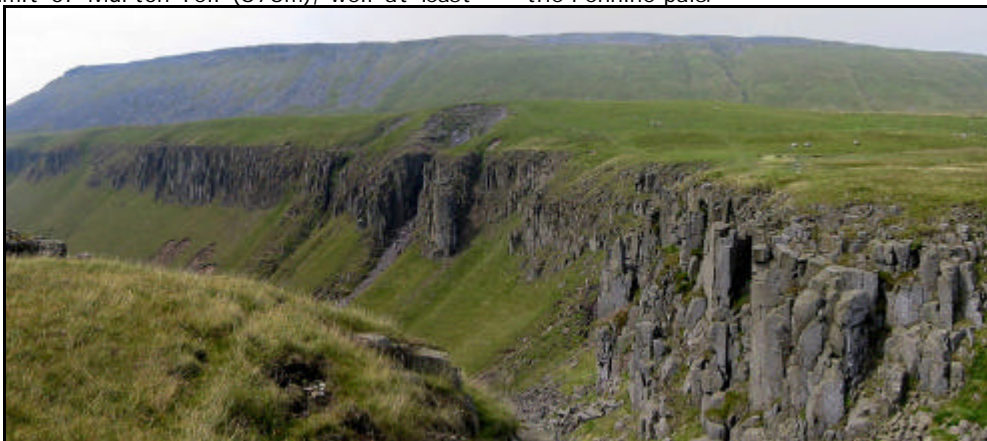
The day was significant, as Roger reminded us, for three years previous on this day two pals had passed on, Ian Underhill (Sacky) and Bill Stockdale - a shock to everyone concerned. We reminisced, as we often do, over the good times we had with Ian and Bill. After some bait, we set off, climbing into the dense wetting mist - a 2 km trudge through bog, heather and mud where the 'hunters' had driven in search of their prey, & arrived at what we thought was summit of Murton fell (675m), well at least

the highest ground and followed a N. bearing for High Cup Nick. The next 2 km was arduous, up and down peat-filled 'grykes', over deep heather and tussock grass & green glowing bogs. Relief came when we hit a series of shake holes giving drier underfoot conditions. Dying cloudberry leaves and gaunt clumps of cotton grass stood out from the soggy scene; several grouse rose and noisily disappeared into the mist. Andy was steering the ship and we arrived at the first of two steep scree-covered slopes, clearly shown on the map. A large dilapidated sheep fold was passed before emerging onto flatter ground and the edge of the impressive cirque - High Cup Nick. Andy was elated at having arrived precisely at the Nick and seeing the basalt pinnacles. A few metres further and we arrived at the infant High Cup Nick beck and the eroded Pennine way. A halt was made by the ravine, the first walkers of the day passed us, two fell runners hovered looking for a descent point in this improbable terrain.

To say, and publicise, that a public right of way descends into High Cup Nick gill, is a little bizarre, for this is steep craggy ground with dire consequences. We climbed from ledge to ledge and finally the slope relented into grass, scree and boulder strewn slopes. It is difficult to match the wildness and grandeur of this valley in Cumbria, certainly one of my favourite locations in the hills. Around you, once youthful becks disappear underground, only to emerge hundreds of metres in distance below. Dry beds are evident, so this is an ongoing process. Green oases are found in the landscape, flanked by boulder-filled runnels, the whole a glorious scene. Underfoot, the relentless squelching continued.

Lower in the valley the uncommon grass of parnassus bloomed, flanked in part, by sneezewort. We could see the cirque of cliffs behind us and climbed to a diminutive ridge below Middle Tongue crags, before descending to Harbour Flatt farm and the valley road. The 1.5 km road dragged a little, lightened only by the sight of a flock of goldcrest, wayside flowers and conversation.

Our regular custom is to seek a hostelry, this time the Board Inn in Appleby where we toasted and remembered the Pennine pals.



Heathy Lea Hut Meet

11-12 September

A quiet weekend at the Oread Hut, with only three members present. Fine weather meant they had three good days walking, though.

Working Weekend

19th September 2009

Clare Fox

Val picked me up just after eight in the morning leaving poor Mick at home poorly after a weeks holiday in Wales. We set off to Asda to buy food for hungry, busy, hard-working Fellfarers. Imagine our dismay to find all the staff and customers standing outside the store and a big fire engine parked at the side! Should we wait and see what happens? We decided no, and duly set off to Morrisons to buy the necessary provisions. We bought plenty of biscuits so our aim was to arrive before the first coffee break.

As we approached the hut we could see lots of cars, the sign of a good turn out for the working weekend. Luckily we managed to squeeze Val's car in near the hut, we certainly didn't fancy walking up the path with over 30 potatoes in our arms plus the biscuits etc. Ladders adorned the front of the Hut with lots of people, namely Fred, Cheryl, Sarah, Terry, Colin and Keith with paint brushes in their hands busy painting the window frames.

Val dashed in to say hello to Val, Sue, Carol, Joan and Margaret who were busy cleaning inside, armed with the biscuits for the coffee break. Whilst I with Pete Barnes leading the way rushed off over the wall and up the field to see the 'Dam Busters' and give them Mick's plans for the dam. Needless to say they had been hard at work for ages and the dam was near completion with, as Roger informed me, not a trace of cement escaped into the stream. That was very good news. Although not an expert I must say the dam looked very professional, and the team namely Roger, Walter, Mark, Alec, Gavin, Ali and Peter Goff had done a really good job. Going back to the hut Pete and I passed Phil with his camera on the way up the field to take photographs of the new dam. I also noticed Frank sitting on the roof hugging the chimney – what



was that all about?

Bill and June Mary arrived shortly after I returned to the hut and Bill and I set off to do the risk assessment. We had a break for coffee and biscuits and some very nice 'I don't believe it's not Mars Bar' cake that Sarah had made for us all. It was so delicious she had to write out the recipe for Val Hunter who has been instructed to email it on to us all! This led the ladies to suggest that maybe the Fellfarer should include a page for our favourite recipes – not sure what the editor would say to that! Bill and I returned to the Risk Assessment after our break and as we were just commenting on there being no accident book, a loud crash was heard. Poor Val had come a cropper on the newly washed steps leading to the ladies washroom. She had a bruised swollen arm and spent the next hour sitting by the fire with her arm wrapped up in wet tea towels. She still managed to wield a paintbrush later that day in the members' room. What a star!



After lunch some Fellfarers set off on separate errands. Peter to get some slate from Honister to finish off the steps outside the ladies' fire escape exit. They were being built by the tough guys, Jason, Graham, Kevin, Mark and Richard. At this stage I am not going to say anything about Graham's new hair style but I do hope Joan took a photo!

And Margaret (one of our newest members) offered to take the grubby curtains in the men's dorm into Keswick to get them washed at the laundrette. She got back just in time for dinner with curtains gleaming - we were all very impressed.

As usual lots of jobs were completed and were ticked off the list - chimney swept, brasses shone, books dusted, kitchen gleaming, windows cleaned and newly painted, dams built, steps built, chimneys huggedI could go on and on. Suffice to say everyone worked very hard and it was great to finally sit down together for supper. We had salad as well as beans (well done Val!) and pork pies as well as baked potatoes (thanks Kevin). It was a great day with lots done and at the end of the meal the Chairman thanked everyone for their hard work.

Just before Val and I left Val volunteered to help Margaret replace the curtains in the men's dorm. (I think she just wanted to see Alec come out of the shower wrapped in his bath towel). The majority of the Fellfarers were staying overnight and we left them to enjoy an evening together as we followed Roger home to Kendal.

If you've not been to a working weekend for a while why not come along to the next one, it's a great way of getting to know other members and although it's hard work it's also great fun. Not only will you be given a warm welcome but you'll also be given a delicious supper too. Go on give it a go!

SEE ALSO PAGE 11

Happy Fungi Fail to Fruit (much) Roudsea Woods 27th September 2009

Helen Speed / Alec Reynolds



A happy band of about 10 aficionados set out on what has all the hallmarks of becoming "Helen's Annual Roudsea Romp". Given the previous dry weather I was not expecting to find much, but we were intrepid and persevered. So, over to the expert...

Most mushrooms are driven by hydraulics, so appear in 'flushes' that follow rain, but what switches on a particular fungus to produce fruiting bodies in the first place is not understood. 'Poor' conditions for mushrooms (the fungal fruiting bodies) are really an indicator of good conditions for the fungus – a happy fungus stays where it is, growing its mycelium and only fruits as a response to 'environmental stress'. We are nowhere near understanding the complexity of the factors that affect fruiting in the majority of fungi. As many fungi are symbiotic to trees and their mycelia are closely associated with tree roots, the environment includes the health (or otherwise) of another biological system, let alone the environmental conditions.

The conditions were dry, making it difficult to spot a number of features in some fungi e.g. viscosity, and to find jelly fungi at all. We did not find any milkcaps, waxcaps, parasols, funnelcaps or jellyfungi. We found only one webcap and a handful of brittlecaps and Amanitas, and mostly we found fungi that grow on wood*. Of those fungi that were about, many specimens were far from fresh or present in low numbers so that all the growth phases and features could not be seen. Wild fungi often exhibit considerable variation by species and attempting to identify to species level without the full set of information is foolhardy! We ended up with confident identification of about 30 species:



Amanita citrina	False Death Cap	
Amanita citrina var. alba	Pure white variant of the False Death Cap, which looks very similar to the Destroying Angel, but smells of raw potato	
Amanita muscaria	Fly Agaric	
Amanita vaginata	Grisette	
Armillaria mellea*	Honey Fungus	
Boletus badius	Bay Bolete	
Bjerkandera adusta*	Smoky Polypore	
Cantherellus tubaeiformis	Yellowlegs (previously C. infundibuliformis)	
Collybia dryophila	Russet Toughshank (a woollyfoot)	
Cortinarius spp.	Webcap – too few features to assign a species	
Crepidotus mellis*	Peeling Oysterling	
Crepidotus variabilis*	Variable Oysterling	
Hypholoma fasciculare*	Sulphur Tuft	
Inocybe spp.	No species, but a handsome fibrous grey cap	
Laccaria amethystina	Amethyst Deceiver	

Leccinum scabrum
 Lycoperdon pyriforme*
 Maramius androsaceus*
 Marasmius ramealis*
 Mycena pura
 Paxillus involutus
 Phallus impudicus
 Piptoporus betulinus*
 Pleurotus cornucopiae*
 Pleurotus ostreatus*
 Russula cyanoxantha
 Russula ochroleuca
 tlegill
 Scleroderma citrinum
 Stereum hirsutum*
 Trametes versicolor*
 Tricholoma saponicum

Brown Birch Bolete
 Stump Puffball – yum!
 Horsehair Fungus
 Twig Parachute Fungus
 Lilac Bonnet
 Brown Roll Rim (poisonous or edible, depending on which book you read!)
 Walter found a perfect stinkhorn ‘egg’
 Birch Polypore
 Branching Oyster
 Oyster Mushroom
 Charcoal Burner
 Common Yellow Brit-
 tlegill
 Common Earthball
 Hairy Stereum
 Turkey Tail
 Soapy Knight

Thought for the Day — Compared to going out and randomly eating plants in the woods and in flower beds, eating wild mushrooms is quite safe. Only about 10% of the poisonous species are potentially deadly. Plant toxins are far more common, more often deadly, and generally much faster in their action. The difference is that people usually do not go around randomly sampling plants growing in flower gardens or in the wild...

Well, after that all I can do is thank Helen for a splendid day out. However, we did find one species not listed above that Hugh found last year — Sluggus Mucilaginous!



Below. The results of a very productive Working Weekend (page 9).

left: The new Water Intake Dam and right: New steps show great progress made on the Fire Escape Route





Moonlight Walk

2nd October 2009

No Moonlight. No Walk



THE PHOTO-SHOOT

5th October 2009

We were contacted recently by the climber/journalist Tony Greenbank. He had been commissioned by Cumbria magazine to write an article commemorating the club's 75th Anniversary. He invited us to join him for interviews and photographs at High House in October. This is what he wrote (for those who missed it) for the December edition of Cumbria :

See also page 18

K FELLFARERS AND HIGH HOUSE 75 YEARS OLD THIS YEAR

K Fellfarers is a walking and climbing club that is celebrating its 75 birthday. Next spring it will launch a book on its remarkable story. And it is remarkable, a self-admittedly "humble" gathering of 150 like-minded people with a claim to fame that ranks it with the major climbing clubs in Britain.

What brings Fellfarers into this "elevated" position is it has always had a climbing hut that is not only the second oldest in the country, but is set in a dazzling situation. Like the Climber's Club has Yrws Ettwys at the head of the Llanberis Pass, the Scottish Mountaineering Club has the Charles Inglis Clark high on Ben Nevis and the Fell and Rock Climbing Club has Brackenclose on the shores of Wastwater, Fellfarers have High House.

This substantially built mountain refuge - its postal address being Seathwaite, Borrowdale - is set beneath the waterfalls of Sour Milk Gill in a Never Never Land setting. Gillercombe Buttress towers above it in the clouds, and a few trees set it off on its emerald green grass bank, with a bubbling beck alongside.

It was the first climbing hut I stayed in, back in the days when I began rock climbing under the guidance of Fellfarers member Bruce Greenbank. He was no relation but delighted in signing our death-defying exploits in the High House book - no doubt in homage to Keswick's famous Abraham Brothers - as the "Greenbank Cousins".

Those were the days of *The White Tower* starring Glenn Ford and *The Mountain* with Spencer Tracey literally in the lead, and much blood and guts in evidence as climbers went hurtling down the face of the cinema screen - events we were not unfamiliar with during our Sunday epics on the crag in nailed boots.

And, oh, how we metaphorically belayed to our red moquette seats in Kendal's Palladium (or was it the Roxy) as the dramas unfolded in glorious Technicolor, gripped to the eyeballs. But we also laughed our white wool seaboot socks off at what we perceived from our elevated position (not just being on the balcony but being "real rock climbers") as howlers perpetrated by Hollywood.

So to stay in a real climbing hut, as featured in these films, was real. Bruce, who worked in accounts in K Shoes, first introduced me, ashen-faced, tight-lipped and trembling like a leaf through the hallowed portals of High House into a crowded world of steaming wet clothes drying in the firelight and with tree branches scraping the windows in the howling gale.

Everyone was shouting across the room to each other as the door opened to compete with the roar of the wind and Sour Milk Ghyll in spate.

The piratical-looking figures looming in the flickering lamplight gave it the appearance of a robber's den. It was only enlivened by the dazzling beauty of the women accompanying this band of ruffians and the roaring log fire beyond.

If I looked wan-faced it was because I had been trying to stay on the back of my mentor's 500cc Matchless motor bike as

he cranked it over on the bends of the Borrowdale road from Keswick between Grange and Rosthwaite.

But my travel sickness was soon forgotten in the buzz of High House. Here was a veritable home from home in Borrowdale, full of Kendalians, some K Fellfarers, some guests.

From Dixon Levens to Dinger Bell, Bernard Morris to Tom Philipson (and daughter Pavia, named after Pavey Ark), Pete Walker to Alan Sutton and his girl friend Ada Roper, everyone seemed to be here. Plus also among the throng Janet Airey and Bryan Sutton, Alan's elder brother.

Here was everlastingly good-natured Mop, aka Raymond Heigh, and Brian Stilling and Marion and Alec Duff, parents of Himalayan climber Jim Duff. Not forgetting Ron Fidler and Jackie Bewsher, legends I had heard of but who were now here now face to face.

Oh, and Big Pete O'Loughlin and his wife Marjorie. Then there was Beryl, Dinger's girl friend, and Jean Lambert who was to become Bruce's wife. I can see them all now.

K Fellfarers originated at K Shoes and many of the people here were employees at the Netherfield factory on the banks of River Kent in Kendal. K Shoes is of course one those household names that have sadly long departed in the passage of time, like Royal Enfield bicycles, John Collier suits and Woolworths. It was taken over by Clarks Shoes, a firm that has kept the brand name but otherwise the name is not in current use.

The club was started in the 1930s by the Somervell Bros (who later became K Shoes) for the benefit of its employees. During this time a lease on High House was taken to convert the former farmhouse into a bunkhouse. And today? The ownership of High House has long been passed to the National Trust, with the Fellfarers still being the leaseholder.

Howard Somervell, the Kendalian who twice visited Everest on expeditions did the honours at the official opening of High House in 1934. On one of his attempts for the summit he and Edward Norton set the world record for the highest altitude reached. His hopes that K Fellfarers would prosper have proved far-sighted to this day. Now totally independent, it is still a thriving club that anyone can join - with High House continuing to be its focal point.

Far removed from those origins when the 4,500 Netherfield employees (and associated plants at Lancaster, Shap, Workington) produced 100,000 pairs of shoes of week, it still has active members today who were among that esteemed workforce producing quality footwear for the K Shoe shops around the UK.

Long-standing club chairman Roger Atkinson is one such luminary. He began work on the shop floor in "Lasting" and eventually became a manager at Netherfield. He has a fund of tales involving the skivers, clickers, welters, sole channelers and lasters who became K Fellfarers as a weekend respite - far removed from the work bench permeated by its aroma of good quality leather.

One of the names of the past was the late Sid Cross of Kendal who first climbed *Great Eastern Route* on the East Buttress of Scafell with Maurice Linnell (after walking over in the dark after work from Langdale via Rosset Gill and sleeping out below the overhanging crag under a sheet).

Once he worked at K Shoes. It was only afterwards he and his wife Jammie began their successful tenure as mine hosts of the Old Dungeon Ghyll Hotel in Great Langdale for many years.

Roger laughs at the memories of the camaraderie of the throng, bringing to mind the ghost of High House - a man in a check suit who has been known to rearrange ropes and boots and who appears in the dormitories even when full of people - as experienced by Ginger Cain, the mountain artist who has his studio in Llanberis.

Many other occurrences have happened here through the years from comic to epic, from romantic to sad - including times when Eskdale Outward Bound school and Keswick mountain rescue team have used the hut as a temporary base.

Like any High Houser he has first-hand experience of these tales. He met Margaret, his wife-to-be, at High House before asking her for a date when they did a Cross Bay walk on a Fellfarers 'do'.

And several are the other couples in the club who also met on the fells via High House and who are still together these years later.

He was staying at the hut during the floods of 1966 following torrential rain. "Sour Milk Ghyll was thundering down, the noise was terrific" he says. "High House itself was above the water level, but fields were submerged and Seathwaite was flooded. Cars were even floating downstream heading for the valley.

"I sat in window and watching a wall by the track up Sty Head topple over like a pack of dominoes as the force of the water got underneath. We could only rescue our cars the following weekend as the road through the valley became choked with gravel and boulders."

Roger had not realised that the saga to build a road over Sty Head from Borrowdale to Wasdale Head had resulted in Parliament giving this controversial project the go-ahead. It was an "honorary" K Fellfarers member, the late Stan Edmondson from Seathwaite Farm, who remembered as a small boy watching the tar boilers and steam rollers and gangs of navvies already starting work widening the road at Seathwaite when war broke out in 1939 - which stopped the proceedings for good.

High House would have been a different place today had that road been built. And one far removed from my unforgettable introduction to the K Fellfarers that Saturday evening all those years ago.

"I like your Three Musketeer Shoes," remarked one of the throng, glancing at my feet.

"Three Muskeeter Shoes?" I repeated, not realising this was a stock in trade Netherfield cobbler joke.

"Aye, lad. Dark Tan Yans."

QUIZ 75

14 October 2009

The upstairs room at the Strickland Arms was almost filled with members keen to test their General Ignorance. We divided up, after much confusion and manoeuvring, into five large teams: *The Questionables*, *Skye Raiders*, *Qumbling Quom*, *Oh! I Know This!!*, and *Them*.

The first round, a tour of Cumbria entitled 'Lake District Landmarks', lulled everyone into a false sense of security and scores ranged from 7 to 13 (out of 15) except for the abysmal *Them* who only managed 4. They really must get out more. All those in attendance now know that the beck that runs in front of High House is called 'The Runner'. Did you?

The next round, a picture round on 'Local Flora' produced much head-scratching and not much writing and scores dropped to 2½ (*Them* again) to 5, except for the suspiciously knowledgeable *Skye Raiders* who managed 9½.

'The Great Outdoors' came next, a round in which knowledge of climbing and caving came in useful. Everyone did well with scores ranging from 12 to 15. Even *Them* managed 14 this time.

A round on 'Kendal' separated the sheep from the goats, except that this time the goats were the inaptly named *Oh! I Know this!!* who only managed 3½. *Qumbling Quom* did best with a score of 10, aided by the knowledge that the 'Alternative Mayor of Kendal' was Frankie Cunningham and not Dickie Doodle.

The next round, on 'General Knowledge', and encompassing politics, folk music and beer, exposed *The Questionables* weakness: they scored lowest in a range that went from 4½ to 10½.

The last round wasa round of sandwiches, with chips! Ha ha. The *Skye Raiders* were the overall winners and came away with bottles of bubbly. Thanks to the question setters: the Ed, Alec Reynolds, Bill Hogarth, Fred Underhill and Jason Smallwood and to Jason for organising the event.

A Letter From America

Mike Goff
Milom
West Virginia
U.S.A.

October 2009

Time to send greetings and a spot of news from the woods. Summer was slow getting started with August being the hot month. It came too late to help the chillies form their incomparable fruit but all else in the garden flourished. I have been awash in food; vegetables, fruit and berries. So far, I haven't planted nuts but as I wrote earlier, my friend Chris and I discovered an American Chestnut in my woodlot last winter, a remarkable specimen given that all that species have been ravaged by and decimated through Dutch Elm disease. I soon got a rope up in to the crown and have prussicked up regularly to observe the seasonal processes; budding, foliage, flowering and finally fruiting. Like all other world-wide sweet Chestnuts the seed casing is armed with sharp spicules to keep squirrels of the immature nuts. Most of the nuts are eventually spilled out from aloft when the seed casing ruptures quite violently. Naturally, I have been trying to harvest the chestnuts as they fall, but I have to compete with the forest animals that lurk beneath the canopy: deer, racoons etc. Historically, the squirrels' symbiotic relationship with oaks and chestnut, burying the acorns and nuts for winter food also helped in the process to establish new seedlings. So far I have only been able to rescue four fat chestnuts which I am hoping to germinate.

I kept busy in the garden most of the summer but before the pace heated up I drove out to highland Arizona to Kayak the Salt River in glorious spring, Sonoran Desert sunshine. During a lull in the hectic summer I rode my Kawasaki up to Massachusetts and joined friends on a sailing trip down the granite coastline of Maine. Our vessel, a wooden yacht built in 1922 caused quite a stir amongst the flashy yachting set. But we were outdone by several magnificent four masted schooners of much earlier vintage that are in regular use as training vessels.

I got a slow start with rockclimbing this spring suffering still from knee and thumb injuries I sustained from a bad fall while mountain biking in Utah last autumn. However, during long walks up North Fork Mountain which helped my knee, I found a section of cliff with lots of potential for new routes and no evidence of past development. It's in a sensitive nesting area for peregrines, hawks and black vultures with ravens always flying in to cause trouble to the other birds. So I was in good company and saw lots of territorial skirmishes amongst the species. Since the cliff is an outcrop capping the summit ridge a thousand metres above the valley the updraughts provide ample opportunities for spectacular aerial displays by birds on the wing. The ravens take the cake as they glide in noisy squadrons over the cliff inverted, legs stretched up into the heavens.

The cliff itself is tough Tuscarora sandstone/quartzite same as Seneca Rocks, except being at the crest of the anticline The bedding is horizontal, so it provides a fresh alternative to upended strata of neighbouring cliffs. I have shunted about ten very pleasing climbs which I hope to lead before the season's over. Because it takes about forty minutes to walk in I don't expect a lot of competition from the bolting fraternity. In any case the cliff is half a mile long and around fifty metres high. I will send some picture of the action if I ever get a ropeboy/girl to abandon Seneca for a few days. Next week marks the end of climbing season here. It is to be celebrated with the usual wild weekend party. Already the forest is ablaze with brilliant autumn fire that draws the leaf peeping folk out from the cities and into the woods. I have built two sun decks on opposing corners of the Milam schoolhouse and piped water indoors via a submersible pump down the old school well. My new kitchen at the garden boasts double sink units in a mock granite counter top and full length cabinets; all my own work. Next door in the parlour I have comfort and tunes, mostly Bela Bartok. I may get a toaster soon. Things are on the move round here, perhaps its time for a visit from across the pond?

Mike

ODE TO KINGSDALE

Club Walk Saturday 17th October 2009

Colin Hunter



Peter Goff said Kingsdale,
But found he couldn't go.
So Roger Ack then took the helm,
The plucky so and so.

The team comprised eleven,
Fellfarers through and through.
Hardy souls who never moan
(unless a moan is due!).

Fred and Jean were in the team,
Fred showing off his knees.
Next time you're out with us we beg,
"Wear some trousers please".

With Mary, Joan and Bill and Val,
Roger and Margaret too.
Colin, Frank and t'other Val
Make up the famous few.

We tramped along the Turbary Road
(named from cutting peat).
Though Marble Steps eluded us
On this pertickler meet.

On we strode past potholes many,
A scary looking bunch.
'Til we arrived at Rowten Cave,
Where we partook of lunch.

Some brave souls went down a hole
To see if they liked caving
T'others stayed on terra firma
Thinking they were raving

We wandered on along the fell
With Yordas in our sights.
Arriving there we clambered in
And lit it with our lights.

From there we went to cross the beck.
T'was dry through little rain.
This time Margaret got across
Without an ankle sprain

Rising ground now lay ahead,
Past Apron Full of Stones
Our stalwart walkers reached the top
With hardly any moans.

Easy peasy now ahead
With difficulties nowt.
We stride toward the setting sun
(That is if t sun was out).

With Ingleborough on our left
And Kingsdale on our right,
We cross the limestone pavement
A clinty, grikey sight.

Decending t' ridge we're near the end.
Walk down? We damn near ran,
For there ahead a wondrous sight.
Twas Joseph's ice cream van.

11 cornets pleeeeeease

Hallowe'en

Saturday 31 October 2009

The previous week had poured huge quantities of rainwater on the carefully constructed bonfire in the field behind the Walshaw's house in Witherslack. Would it ever light? Saturday's weather helped by sending a dry breeze through the pile of branches, carpets and old furniture but more importantly, Walter had put his inventive mind to work to ensure success: his 'firelighters' were fertiliser bags full of wood shavings soaked in red diesel thrust into the heart of the stack. The wood itself was liberally doused in the red stuff too. There was more. Walter climbed a ladder carrying his 'piece de resistance' - a dram of diesel which he hung upside down in the topmost part of the pyramid. There being no small children to send into the pgre to light it, the adults did the job with a burning rag on the end of a very long stick.



Within seconds there was a roaring inferno in the heart of the pile and orange flames leaped high into the black sky. Showers of sparks drifted away into the orchards and the woods around. Egelashes shrivelled and singed on those too near the blaze. The flames licked the underside of the suspended barrel and it began to spout and spray fuel onto the fire below. There was a loud angry hissing as the diesel hit the already red-hot wood and was instantly vaporised. Everyone backed away a few paces.....

The diesel had done its job and the fire settled down to a still-impressive but quieter conflagration. More people arrived. The Phantom of the Opera was there with Cat-woman. A splendid witch, complete with snake, spider and the remains of several dead animals hanging from her, created a stir and several small grimacing monsters, ogres and trolls arrived from Windermere Road with Jack O'Lanterns and some ferocious-looking weapons. We must have numbered nearly thirty humans and non-humans by that stage.

Soup arrived, in three delicious home-made varieties. Bread, cheese, cakes, nuts, sweets, the food was piled up.

Being Fellfarers, of course, we got stuck in. Only Peter G. looked glam- he couldn't unwrap his toffee-apple!

Further entertainment was provided by the firing up of Walter's old Ariel motorbike. We gathered to admire the machine and its side-car, one of many treasures in the workshops there, and only left when we were near fainting from the exhaust fumes. It was a brilliant evening, full of fun and good 'crack'. Thank you Tony and Ann Walshaw for looking after us all so well, and thank you to the 'catering staff' for the soup and cakes.



Do you know what? We didn't miss the fireworks one little bit!

REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY

(usually known amongst Fellfarers as Armistice Weekend, 7-8th November 2009)

Fred and Gavin set off in good time to join the throng in the clouds on Gable summit. The rest of us, about a dozen or so, joined the much smaller number gathered together on Castle Crag to remember and honour the men of Borrowdale who fought in the two wars and didn't return.



Miles added a touch of poignancy this year by inviting the 1st Battalion of The Duke of Lancaster's Regiment to attend. Twenty five squaddies came from their barracks in Catterick to join us. They stormed up the wet grassy slopes from Rosthwaite in full kit and stashed their camouflaged Bergen rucsacs in the quarry just below the summit.

Peter G, on a fag-stop there, tried to persuade various Fellfarers to go and have a rummage in the sacks for sandwiches. Not very respectful Peter! There were no takers anyway.

We gathered around the summit plaque before the eleventh hour. The air was still and warm and little patches of fleeting sunlight pierced the ceiling of cloud to play upon the slopes of Latrigg and Skiddaw. The Derwent slid through dark bronzed woodland towards the silvery lake. The autumn dale looked impossibly beautiful, seen through the thinning veils of



golden needles on the hilltop larches.

Do we sometimes forget just how ridiculously privileged we are to be able to stand here like this?

Their officer read the names of those of the Regiment who have died in battle since it was created in 2006 from The King's Own Royal Border Regiment, The King's Regiment, and The Queen's Lancashire Regiment; nine dead in all.

A bugler blew the Last Post and we stood silent. The uniformed lads, what were they thinking? Not yet shaving, many of them. Were they wondering; is it my turn next? They're soon to be in Afghanistan.....

Miles read, with some emotion, the famous fourth stanza of 'For the Fallen':

For The Fallen

With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,
England mourns for her dead across the sea.
Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,
Fallen in the cause of the free.

Solemn the drums thrill: Death august and royal
Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres.
There is a music in the midst of desolation
And a glory that shines upon our tears.

They went with songs to the battle, they were young,
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted:
They fell with their faces to the foe.

**They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.**

They mingle not with their laughing comrades again;
They sit no more at familiar tables at home;
They have no lot in our labour of the day-time;
They sleep beyond England's foam.

But where our desires are and our hopes profound,
Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from sight,
To the innermost heart of their own land they are known
As the stars are known to the Night;

As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust,
Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain;
As the stars that are starry in the time of our darkness,
To the end, to the end they remain.

Laurence Binyon (1869-1943)

Laurence Binyon, was a British academic and poet. He worked for the Red Cross during the First World War, and did not visit the front line until 1916, at the age of 47, two years after writing this poem.

The Guardian
Monday 9 November 2009
Country diary

Lake District
Tony Greenbank

The building looks bleak as only a climbing hut can appear when unoccupied in a spell of bad weather at dusk. Wind gusting down from the crags of Thornythwaite Fell flails the boughs of the surrounding trees, the beck outside rages against the dying of the daylight and on the opposite hillside Sour Milk Gill roars away during its turbulent descent. I would once stay here at weekends in the days of sea-boot wool stockings, soggy anoraks and sponge-like balaclavas. How the sound of the ghyll would penetrate the inside of the hut like a distant electrical generator as clothes steamed in front of the fireplace.

Turning away from the door last Monday, we were met by rain driving in on the wind causing Gore-Tex seams to leak, hats still to resemble sponges and boots to squelch – just like mountain attire has always behaved. Like when, in the 1950s, I clattered back down Sty Head Pass in nailed boots from climbing a streaming wet Kern Knotts Chimney with two stalwarts who worked for K Shoes at Kendal. Then it was I began my cragging days here in the company of K Fellfarers, one of the longest established outdoor clubs, and in possession of one of the oldest climbing huts in Britain. It still looks as alpine as it did in those halcyon days with its boardwork and stonework and rows of windows. Harry Griffin once told me it was amazing that K Shoes – which was originally called Somervell Bros (with family member Howard Somervell going on two Everest expeditions) – never manufactured climbing boots. Fitting, though, that the invitations for the 75th birthday of Fellfarers in Kendal Town Hall later this month accompanied a Somervell painting, Kanchenjunga from Darjeeling, and that its wonderful hut (now owned by the National Trust) still stands.



Does any Fellfarer recognise this mountain prospect? Answer below.



The tarn is Llyn y Fan Fach with Fan Foel, Bannau Sir Gaer and Waun Lefrith overlooking it. The Black Mountain, South Wales. Photographed on 15th September 2001 by the Ed.

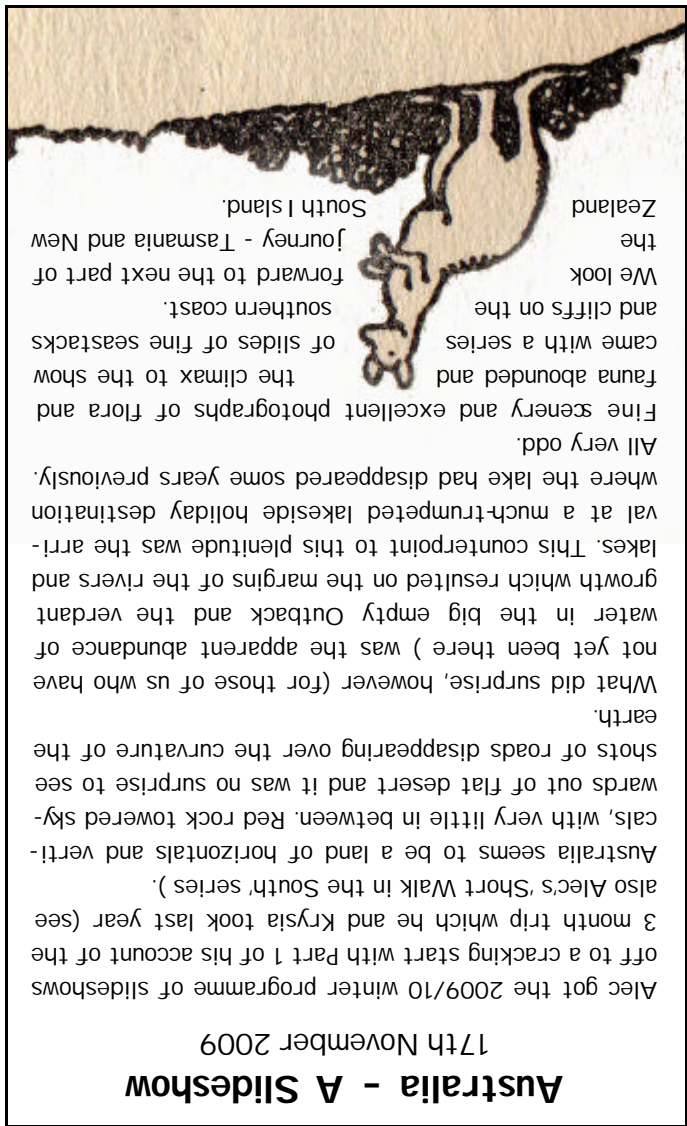
Tony Greenbank (see page 12) featured High House and the Fellfarers once more in print, this time in The Guardian on the 9th November.

Tony now occupies the Country Diary slot that once was Harry Griffin's.

You will remember that Harry also had a soft spot for High House and the club and referred to us now going on "from strength to strength" in the last book he wrote before he died, *Coniston Tigers*.



Anyway, for those who didn't catch it, here's Tony's piece



Alec got the 2009/10 winter programme of slideshows off to a cracking start with Part 1 of his account of the 3 month trip which he and Krysia took last year (see also Alec's 'Short Walk in the South' series). Australia seems to be a land of horizontals and verticals, with very little in between. Red rock towered skywards out of flat desert and it was no surprise to see shots of roads disappearing over the curvature of the earth. What did surprise, however (for those of us who have not yet been there) was the apparent abundance of water in the big empty Outback and the verdant growth which resulted on the margins of the rivers and lakes. This counterpoint to this plentitude was the arrival at a much-trumpeted lakeside holiday destination where the lake had disappeared some years previously. All very odd. Fine scenery and excellent photographs of flora and fauna abounded and the climax to the show came with a series of slides of fine seastacks and cliffs on the southern coast. We look forward to the next part of the journey - Tasmania and New Zealand South Island.

Australia - A Slideshow
17th November 2009

Alan (Cam) Campbell

4th March 1938 – 23rd October 2009



Cam lived in Sedbergh, Yorkshire, and travelled to Kendal each day on his faithful Commodore motor bike where he was an electrician with Whitesides. John Mansfield worked there and told him about a meeting to start a Caving Club in Kendal (1957).

I met Cam there and we became good friends and were Founder Members of the Club. At the same time Alan started and became a Founder Member of the Kendal Judo Club and so started his legendary rise to fame and respect in the Judo world becoming a Black Belt, National Champion International Coach to the English Women's Judo Team and President of the Club loved and respected by all in the sport.

His Caving continued along with his enthusiasm for all his outdoor sports and his reputation as a raconteur became well known and many long and happy Saturday evenings were spent around the fire of The Flying Horseshoe, Clapham, with cavers from Red Rose and Bradford Clubs drinking Rum and Peps recalling highlights from trips or the trials of strength between him and Mansfield on who could carry the most rope ladders, belays or lifelines, all taken in good part.

Cam climbed in the Lakes and in the Alps and in the early days visited High House as a guest (1958-60) and later as a member with Hilary and the family. Those early rides up and down the Valley on the back of his bike could beat any White Knuckle Ride.

He suffered Asthma as a youth but this didn't stop his outdoor activities taking part in "It's a Knockout" both here and abroad (along with other Fellfarers)

When he left Whitesides he became a Salesman for an Electrical Co. where his electrical knowledge and his ability to "get on with people" soon made him a key man in the company and highly respected in the trade. He had two children, Jamie and Andrew whom he adored along with his grandchildren who delighted in his company, his stories, wit and his lifetime experiences: In later years his

illnesses increased and he developed Cystic Fibrosis and with the loving care of his wife, Lyndi they enjoyed many holidays abroad revisiting the scenes of his early climbing days and the Italian Lakes. His enthusiasm and his support was always evident whether for Judo, Climbing, Caving, Lads Dinners, Fellfarers and most of all for his family, grandchildren and friends.

Cam was a "Larger than life" person, a great spokesman for his sport, a great orator, a great family man and a good friend who bore his health problems with great courage and dignity and will be greatly missed by many. Rest in Peace old friend.

F. M. Underhill

I first remember Cam in the early 60s, a big man with a larger than life character; he seemed to be the ultimate all-rounder with his interests in judo, caving, climbing, walking, and storytelling. He served on the Fellfarers Committee for a time and it is obvious from the minutes that he was, as always, the man to be put in charge of obtaining that essential bit of kit or carrying out the technical job, a practical man blessed with an abundance of nous.

In the 60s and 70s a lot of families with children were visiting High house on a regular basis and the Campbells were often among them, these gatherings brought out another side of Cam, he had a knack of pushing kids to be a little more adventurous than they thought they wanted to be, always devising an extra exciting element to their games, but always ready to lend a sympathetic ear to a child who felt they had stepped outside their comfort zone.

He was good company, whether sat round the fire in the Hut or in a bar, he could hold his own with the best storytellers and could and would inject a controversial element into a discussion which generally produced a lively debate. This often came to the fore at The Lads Dinner where he was a regular for many years; we will have raised a glass to his memory by the time you read this.



C.H./R.A.



I can't pretend to know as much as many other members about the early years of Cam as a Fellfarer, climber, caver, judo man, It's a Knockout contender and mate. It has been a real pleasure and source of comfort to the whole family in the few weeks since he died to hear lots of the stories that he used to tell us repeated by his many friends.

For as long as I can remember he has been around the edges of my life but came into it big style some 20 years ago when he got together with Mum (Lyndi). Since then he never ceased to amaze with the determination he had to overcome the many health set-backs life dealt him. Up to the last year Mum and Cam enjoyed many trips away in the camper van, the all terrain wheelchair got him to places that technically shouldn't have been possible and if he couldn't get there himself he loved to hear all about it from those of us who had! He was an inspiring dad to us all – Jamie and Susan, Andrew, Emma, Jim and I and a hugely loved and missed granddad to Pete and Ted.

Cam dealt with an extraordinary amount of pain with courage, grit, wicked humour and latterly, enough morphine to kill a horse. He was admitted to hospital to have his toes amputated at the end of August but became very ill with the compli-

cations of his many conditions and fought through several life threatening episodes. He was determined to make it home to Mum and he finally did, two days before passing away very peacefully in his own bed.

I can't possibly do justice to Cam in a few paragraphs. Enjoy your own memories of him.

Maja While

The Kendal Town Hall Anniversary Celebration

28th November 2009

Some members asked, "Why the Town Hall? We've had a party at High House. Why bother with another "do" in Kendal?" The question almost answers itself. Although most Fellfarers consider that their spiritual home is in Borrowdale, the truth is that the club "K Fellfarers" came about as a result of the labours, the foresight, the inspiration, of Kendal people. The club and its hostel were for Kendal people. Of course we should celebrate our 75 years in Kendal as well as in Borrowdale.

Many clubs and individuals agreed. We had an excellent turn-out of about 170. Amongst those present were

- guests from Oread Mountaineering Club, Burnley Mountaineering Club, Swaledale Mountaineering Club, Sunderland Mountaineering Club, Phoenix Mountaineering Club and Leeds Mountaineering Club
- Kendal Mayor, John Bateson, and the Deputy Mayor, John Veevers, honoured us with their presence.
- K Shoes Male Voice Choir joined in the party because they are celebrating their 40th Birthday this year. They sang a song or two. I still can't get "*mama's little baby loves shortnin', shortnin'...*" out of my head.
- Jonathon Somervell represented the family that gave us our existence. We are still grateful.
- Bill Birkett, famous Lakeland climber and author, and his wife.
- Ex-employees of K Shoes and "friends of Fellfarers"

Now, wouldn't it be nice to see some photos from the event? Oh no! Circumstances (what's the opposite of serendipity?) conspired. Excuses offered. Result: no proper record of the most important event in the club's history since Clanger used his climbing rope to.. No, perhaps it's not appropriate to go there right now. Never mind, it was a great night:

There was an exhibition of photographs and documents from the clubs history, many of which have never been made public before. They may be on display at the AGM in January if you missed them.

There was a running slideshow of a selection of photographs from the club archive (which is now well over 1,000 photographs!) . That might also be on show at the AGM in January.

There was a "merchandise stall" where an apparently infinite catalogue of clothing with the **club logo** on was (and still is) available at competitive prices. Mugs too! 75th Anniversary Commemorative mugs were on sale at the ridiculously low price of £4 each. *Antiques Roadshow fans take note.*

There was an excellent buffet provided by our members (*with an interesting if somewhat scary interpretation of the term 'finger buffet' from a member of our Arnside chapter*) .

There was a superb spirit of camaraderie from many members who helped with running things, helping people, being there.

The evening didn't end when the Town Hall closed at 10.30: there was a brilliant "de-briefing" session when we rushed up to the Rifleman's Arms after everything had been cleared away at the Town Hall. It went on, if my hazy memory serves me correctly, until after 2.30 am. Nobody got injured.

The addresses at the start of the evening, from Roger Atkinson, John Peat, and Gordon Pitt, explained what we're about. Here's a sample from John:

The Ex-Presidents Address

John Peat

I have been asked to say a few words about the History of K Fellfarers and the Hut. Looking at the people here tonight, there are many who might justifiably say, "Who's he to talk about the History? He's nobbut an offcomer - just got here like." Actually I came here in 1965 and have spent more than half a lifetime here. Better still, I have been given a sneak preview of THE BOOK - The History, to help me put these few words together.

It all started as a dream, of course, there was then in the early 30s a group, a club apparently, within Somervell Brothers which organised walks in the Lake District, sometimes booking a charabanc (as coaches were then known) to take them to some spot not otherwise accessible and then of course the dream developed: "What if we had somewhere to stay overnight so we could do overnight trips..." There were perhaps two climbing huts in the Lakes at the time - was the Fell and Rock Club perhaps the first? That would likely have been regarded as a bit posh though there have certainly been Fellfarers who were also in the Fell & Rock.

The idea of a hut was apparently encouraged by one of the Somervell Directors 'Mr. Leslie' and he helped with the project but it seems always to have been pushed by the members - not sponsored or taken over by the Company. The trips and excursions developed - there was one to the Isle of Skye for which members saved 1/6d (71/2 p today) for a twenty four hour trip. There was another to the Isle of Wight which must have been just as far - I guess these 'day trips' were 24 or perhaps 36 hours. There were surpluses from these trips which, with whist drives, Darby draws and such-like, a 'Hut' fund was set up. Anyway, after various possibilities were looked

at, including two which are now beneath the waters of Haweswater, the High House ruin came to be the one. An Ambleside architect was appointed to do the reconstruction plans and things proceeded slowly. The only part standing was the now Men's dormitory. There is talk of a gang of lads moving rubble and sleeping in the hut over the weekend—the beginning of the working weekends perhaps.

Interesting how the names run through one. Eddie Caton was I think Somervells' buildings supervisor and father of Raymond Caton, head of planning in the 60s/70's, and William Ingall, father of Jack Ingall who was head of Engineering in the 60s/70s. Also Gordon Stables, son of Jonathan Stables, the Ambleside Architect was there in the 70s/80s. So I guess these people, Eddie Caton and William Ingall, with encouragement perhaps of Mr. Leslie, made some of the resources and skills of themselves and their departments available to help with the reconstruction.

The 'Hut' was then in a fit state for the formal opening by W. H. Somervell, Chairman of K Shoes in May 1934.

So what had we got - literally a hut - there were no showers or wash basins just one sink in the kitchen. They did manage proper w.c.s with a septic tank - no earth closets. I think they managed a wash room for the ladies by 1955.

So now we had our dream come true, a Hut in the heart of the Lakes - the wettest place in England- so we could really get into the Fells at weekends starting our walks from there. But then how did they get there for weekends? Remember that they would have worked on Saturday mornings then, the 5 day week didn't come until the late 40's. Few indeed would have had cars. I knew one who had cycled to Grasmere up Easedale and then carried his bike over with whatever other kit he could carry, and the bike then

had 3 gears at most.

So we had a Hut and a Club - I think it became the K Fellfarers some time in the 30's though Somervells did not become K Shoemakers until perhaps 1970.

So the Club and the Hut have always offered companionship and friendship. Group walks and outings, whether from the Hut or apart from the Hut have always been fairly loosely organised. On my first walk, by the time I got off the bus at Dunmail Raise almost everybody was half a mile up the Fell and I did not have a map or an idea where we were going. However a friend, Allan Bryan, saw my plight and got me in good order to the bus pick up point and the meal. In the Hut people join in groups or not as they please and indeed, you can relax there for a weekend without walking at all, no questions asked, but if you seek company for a walk it will be freely offered.

People have found release, respite or restoration at the Hut from all sorts of problems - from work related stress or from personal relationships. Some have drowned their sorrows here, others have perhaps pulled themselves out of some pit. But there was never any censor but always somebody to listen, somebody to talk with or walk with - always you could be supported. High House has burned itself into many peoples' memories and those memories have helped people through difficult times. Think of those letters from members with the Armed Forces overseas from 1939-45 which we see in our 'Fellfarer' from time to time: - and what a fantastic magazine that is!

People have contributed hugely in different ways over the years. It would be invidious to mention names (because I would give hurt for those I fail to mention) but we have administrators, hut bookings, treasurer, secretary, do-it-yourselfers who have gained a second pastime/hobby from their contribution to the continued maintenance and improvement of the hut way beyond the working weekends. Then there are those who organise events, walk/meals, away meets, and the development of kindred activities, rock climbing, pot holing, slide shows, a really wonderful range of activities and a good social life - and there all the time when you want it - the Hut and Friendship.

Books, Mugs, Beanies and Other Stuff

The club has made some financial commitments this year in the firm belief that members will support sales of club merchandise. Here's an update on sales:

- The 75th Anniversary logo clothing has been a great success and have more than covered the club's initial outlay. Well done you.
- *The 75th Anniversary logo mugs (only 108 made) are almost sold out. Hurry if you want one! See page 3.*
- A new series of clothing is now available, featuring the club logo without the surrounding 75th Anniversary text and numbers. It all looks extremely smart indeed and, not having any dates on, will be fashionable in perpetuity. There is a wider variety of gear, including woolly hats, scarves, almost anything really. **K Fellfarers - Say it Loud. Say it Proud!** Contact Bill Hogarth or just turn up at a major club event and ask.
- *The book, "K Fellfarers and High House", is coming closer to completion. Included with this newsletter should be a brochure from the Town Hall Celebration telling you a bit more about the book and an advance order form which, if you use it, will give you a £5 discount when the book is published in 2010.*

THE DAY IT RAINED FOREVER

19-20th November 2009

"The rain continued. It was a hard rain, a perpetual rain, a sweating and steaming rain; it was a mizzle, a downpour, a fountain, a whipping at the eyes, an undertow at the ankles; it was a rain to drown all rains and the memory of rains. It came by the pound and by the ton, it cut the trees like scissors and shaved the grass and tunnelled the soil and moulted the bushes. It shrank men's hands into the hands of wrinkled apes; it rained a solid glassy rain, and it never stopped."

It did stop, of course, and then came the numbers. Seathwaite became the UK's 24 hour record-holder with 314.4 mm, or about 12½ inches, falling in just one day. The rain didn't just fall for just one day, though, and we understand that Seathwaite also claimed several UK rainfall records for up to and including 1 week. To put this into context: the highest monthly rainfall ever recorded in the UK is 658 mm, just over twice the amount put down on that day.

The "Warm Conveyor" that brought all this rain from the tropics is still working at the time of writing and is set to bring yet more through December.

So what about High House? Our beck, The Runner, carved tons of stone and soil out of the field above and dumped it in front of the Hut, forming a dam where the track crosses at the 'Three-Pipe Bridge'. On the following Tuesday a work party arrived to find the beck had changed its course and was running down what used to be the track (*top*) ! A day's hard digging, backed up with more work on Thursday, restored the beck to its proper course and put the stone into the ruts cut into the track. Well done those men!

The new Water Intake Dam withstood the test magnificently of course (*bottom*) .

The work isn't finished yet: the little slate bridge next to the picnic table has also been turned into a dam and it's impossible to cross dryshod to the firepit. That could do with digging out too.....



January 2010

8 - 9th January
2010

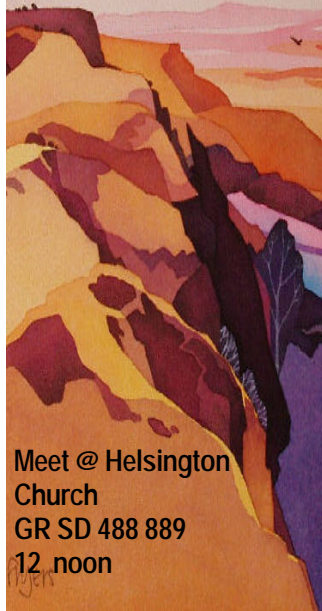
Glencoe Meet



The Clachaig Chalets

10 beds - 2 nights
Approx. £35 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)

16th January
2010
Charlie's Walk



Meet @ Helsington Church
GR SD 488 889
12 noon

15-16th January
2010

High House

is booked for the club
Including

A Winter Walk

Route to be agreed by those present on Friday. Followed, possibly, by a bar-meal and a bus-ride back to the hut.

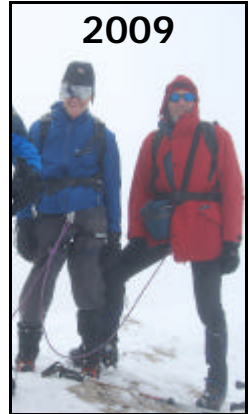


Mark on last year's walk

Tuesday
19th January 2010
SLIDESHOW

"Review of the Year in Pictures"

2009



The Strickland Arms
7.30 pm

Guests are welcome
Buffet provided

Still January February

The **NEW Committee** will meet at 7.30 pm on **Tuesday 2nd February** at The Rifleman's Arms. We'll be assessing whether it's true that: "Friends come and go, but enemies tend to accumulate." Come and join us for a pint.

FRIDAY 29th JANUARY
2010

The 77th K Fellfarers
A.G.M.

will be held at

The Strickland Arms

7.30 for 8

Followed by a buffet
and Social Evening.

For those members that were unable to attend the Town Hall Party there will be an opportunity to see the Exhibition and to buy Fellfarer clothing and 75th Anniversary Mugs (if there are any left!)

Tuesday
9th February 2010
A Multimedia
Presentation
(slideshow + music really)

**Fellfarers
and Friends
in the Alps**

**STRICKLAND
ARMS**

**7.30
buffet**

12-18th February
2010

High House



Is
Reserved
For
Fellfarers

20th February 2010
Back by popular demand:

The 2nd KFF Ceilidh

With music by
Tumbling Tom



Castle Street Centre
Kendal
Adults £5
Under 16s £2.50
Refreshments
Tickets from Clare Fox

Saturday 27th
February 2010
Walk/Meal

Meet at 10 am at
the Fell Gate
(Walna Scar Road)
OS GR 288 970



Blind Tarn-Dow
Crag-Coniston
Old Man.

Bar-meal in Coniston
More Info:
Tony Walshaw

March

6th March 2010
Krysia's Appetite Enhancer
 Meet at Lane Ends,
 Haverthwaite at 11 am
 OL7 GR 341 844
 For a 6 mile walk over
 Trundle Brow, Bishop's
 Allotment + Haverthwaite
 Heights.

followed by the:



The Annual Dinner
 The Eagle and Child
 Staveley
 7.30 pm
 Please return the
 enclosed menu to Val Calder
 to book your place

12-14th March 2010

High House Working Weekend

Tuesday 16th March
 2010

The last slideshow in
 the 2009/10 Winter
 Series:

Part II of Alec and
 Krysia's 2009 trip
 Down Under:



Tasmania

THE STRICKLAND
 ARMS
 7.30
 Buffet
 Guests welcome

18-22nd March 2010
 The 2nd KFF Scottish
 Hotel Meet :

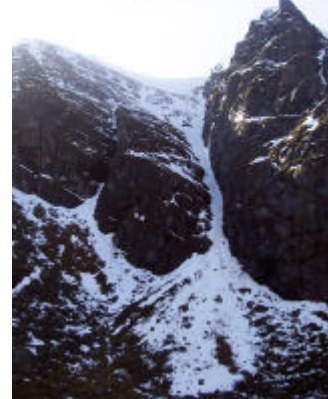
The Lodge Hotel Newtonmore

(on the northern edge of the
 Cairngorms)

5 nights dinner, bed &
 breakfast - £130 each

15 beds taken already

to book, call Clare Fox



April

1st-5th April 2010



High House
 Is
 Reserved
 For
 Fellfarers
 With
 Easter Eggs
 And
 Chocolate
 Bunnies

The Committee will meet at 7.30 pm on **Tuesday 6th April** at the Rifleman's Arms. We'll be considering the book sub-committee's basic premise that: "To steal ideas from one person is plagiarism; to steal from many is research. Come and join us for a pint.

10th April 2010

Walk + Meal

Meet at 12 noon

The Rifleman's Arms
 Kendal

A walk of about 10 miles to

The Derby Arms,
 Witherslack

For a meal and refreshments
 Return to Kendal by bus



More details in the
 April newsletter

16-26th April 2010
Spanish Meet

Villa + Camping at
 Alora, Andalucia

(about 25 miles north of
 Malaga and about 60
 miles west of Granada)

for:

Climbing :
 El Chorro

Walking :
 Parque Natural
 de Torcal

Birdwatching :
 Laguna de Fuente de
 Piedra

Culture :
 Generalife, Granada
 and sunshine !

more information:
 Jason on
 01539 738451

Thursday 29th April 2010
 The "Climbing For All"
 Summer Season
 starts here.

Hutton Roof Crag

Grid Ref SD 565 782

Anytime between 6 pm and
 dusk, finishing in
 The Rifleman's Arms

Info: Peter Goff

30th April-3rd May 2010



CLUB OFFICIALS

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 Alec Reynolds Tel: 01229 821099
 Cheryl Smallwood Tel: 01539 738451
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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 an individual 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 the following rates:

Heathy Lea Cottage Baslow, Derbyshire.
 Fellfarers: £4.00 p.p.n., Guests: £6 p.p.n.

Tan-y-Wyddfa Rhyd-Ddu, North Wales. O.S. Ref. 570527
 Fellfarers: £4.50 p.p.n., Guests: £7.50 p.p.n.

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

Next Edition of ^{the}Fellfarer:
 Beginning of April, so material for
 publication by 8th March, please.



A full colour version of this newsletter is available on our website: www.kfellfarers.co.uk

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