

*the* **Fellfareer**

*October 2007*

*Number 47*





# Ed

There's quite a lot missing from this newsletter:

A canoe/camp weekend at Coniston in June, a canoe trip on the canal in June, a weekend in Wales in July, Fellrace weekend, evening walks around Borwick Fold and the Lyth valley, September's walk/meal - all took place but we have no record of what happened!

It's been a poor summer in the UK, of course. Several of the events listed were a little spoiled by rain and I suppose that not many photographs were taken. We all (*well nearly all*) lead busy lives and I know that keeping the Ed supplied with words and photos is not a priority but (*bring on the violins*) do you think, next time, you could drop me a line or email me a picture after a club event... (*whimper*)...please?

Something else is missing: The Shinscrapers Page. I expect a deluge of letters of complaint from outraged Fellfarers of course but what can I do? The "summer" put paid to all the plans we hatched to climb classic routes on all the lakeland crags and the Shinscrapers photograph album 2007 is just a series of empty pages. Perhaps we'll have a good snow and ice winter.....

Anyway, on a more positive note: On 21st September the Digital Slide Show Evening (about which, more in the next newsletter) seemed to be a great success. There was a vote of thanks from the audience for the man without whom it wouldn't have been possible:

Jason Smallwood lent us his very expensive projector, even though he wasn't able to attend, a projector which he had only bought a couple of days previously and hadn't used himself yet. Thanks Jason, we all thought you're a star.

Ed.



Dear Ed

I read with interest T M Snake's letter in July Fellfarer. I too am very concerned about the proliferation of the production of this chemical. The latest UK statistical records show a vast increase in production during June/July 2007 and one wonders whether the current storage facilities are adequate for the retention and eventual disposal of this potentially hazardous material.

Yours truly,  
A L Waters

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Cover Photo:

*Bill strides out*

*Little Langdale, 9 June 2007*

Contents Photo:

*Music in the Firepit*

*Cheryl + George, 8 July 2007*

Back Page Photo:

*On Nephin, County Mayo, 22 June 2007*

Dear Editor

I was concerned in the latest (July) Fellfarer by the over reaction shown by T M Snake for the use of the very common chemical Dihydrogen Monoxide. Though I share his concern for the vastly increased output in June 2007, I feel the main concern at present should be the output of a very common gas ie methane. This contributes enormously to Global warming and is emitted in vast quantities by farm animals eg cows, sheep, pigs etc, and to be frank about it human beings in certain circumstances! The other source of pollution which should be of concern to us is the proliferation of firework displays and bonfires. These cause the release of vast quantities of sulphur dioxide and carbon monoxide.

At least we should be thankful that the smoking ban from now on will reduce the emissions of carbon monoxide and nitrogen dioxide which might possibly give the November 5<sup>th</sup> at least a carbon neutral footprint.

Yours faithfully  
A. Pyrolater

# Club News

Welcome to **new members** Clive Wilson and Mike Walford and their families.

Note that the **post code** for High House given in the last newsletter was wrong. The one shown on page 20 of this issue is correct. We hope that not too many letters have gone astray!

The **kitchen** is practically complete and should only need a couple more visits from the Summer Wine Team to put the finishing touches to it.

The complicated situation with the **trustees** is nearly sorted out. The committee expects it to be resolved by the year end.

The similarly complicated situation with our club **insurance** is still some way from being resolved. Although we currently have valid insurance (*as we have always had*), the committee feels that is no longer adequate and is investigating cost-effective ways of improving the cover. This may (but not necessarily) have implications for all members in the future. It is hoped that the committee will have some answers for the AGM.

We have had a message from the Environment Agency that they are 'unhappy' with our proposal to build a small concrete **dam** at our water extraction point. Negotiations will continue.

The second annual **Risk Assessment** (*aimed at improving safety at High House*) was carried out in August. Some jobs were carried out at the Working Weekend. The remainder will be considered at the October committee meeting.

Work has begun on exploring the possibility of improving the **Fire Escape** from the upper floor (see page 14).

Several **mouse-deterrents** have been installed in the kitchen and elsewhere. They are the little white things in some of the electrical sockets. If they are working we should be mouse-free in a very short time. Please let any committee member know if there is any sign of droppings or of food being taken.

2009 will be the year of the club's **75th anniversary** (measured from the opening of High House). The committee will, sometime during 2008, be considering ways in which to celebrate this big birthday. It's not too early to put in your suggestions now! Contact a committee member or bring your ideas along to the AGM.

## Message from the Secretary:

### CHRISTMAS CARDS

I have Christmas cards for sale, featuring angels dressed in saris, designed by a disabled child in India.

A pack of ten costs £3.00

plus p+p. *unless I can deliver them to you personally*

All proceeds will go to ROSHNI, a training centre for disabled children and young adults in Gwalior, India.

**Please contact Clare— details on back page.**

## Message from the Chairman:

### OLD RUCKSACKS

Adam ,Rogers son is researching the history of Rucksacks. If anyone has a 1980s or earlier sac they have finished with Adam would be interested.

He may even exchange a small quantity of beer or similar for a good example.

**He can be contacted on 01539 732490 or by email at adam@theenvelope.co.uk**



High House 5th July 2007

## Letters from America

You will recall the thrilling, accounts (*in previous Fellfarers*) by our **International Correspondent** and **Honorary Fellfarer**, Mike Goff, of a couple of his experiences with bandits and bobcats in the Wild West. Plans are now afoot for some Fellfarers to join him for a for a trip across the San Felipe desert to climb a 10,000 ft peak in Mexico before the end of the year. You will no doubt be able to read an account of their adventures in the next newsletter, if anyone survives. Meanwhile, Mike has agreed that I can share his correspondence from the USA with you. I hope this is of interest and I hope that it might develop into a regular feature:

June  
West Virginia

Another year, another chance to do good things. Peter sent me the latest Fellfarer and, as usual, all else was put aside till I'd digested it. Peter also assured me my decision not to risk yet another mediocre May in the Lakes was the right one.

Instead I aimed my motorbike West to the Colorado Rockies. En route I traversed the pit of the Mid West where sixty tornadoes touched down in one day (a record). Emerging finally onto the sunny West Kansas plain I paused in Denver, then rode over the Rockies to the San Juan mountains, where in May of 1970 life in America began for me. On this trip I went to a wedding attended by so many old friends and acquaintances from all over the US, a wonderful reunion.

After climbing around the Rockies I returned to West Virginia to find my garden, planted up before I left, flourishing without my help. Now I am occupied with eating fresh vegetables but I won't tempt you with the details.

I'm leaving again on the chuff-chuff in mid-July, taking the trans-continental railway to the North Cascades in Washington State for a couple of weeks of semi-serious mountaineering. I hope in the meantime I can find my rack and woolly hat.

As summer will soon slide by I just wanted to let you know that should there remain enough enthusiasm amongst the Lakeland Stalwarts to head out to Baja, Mexico in late October, I am at your service. I don't need any strong commitment until later in the summer but I want anyone interested to know that I'm keen and the sooner I get a response one way or the other, the more details I can share. For the time being here are a few pointers:

Objective: Ascend Picacho del Diablo 10,500'

Location: Sierra San Pedro Martir, Baja California, Mexico

Duration: Three weeks total (includes other visitations in Mexico or US). Recommend last week Oct - Mid November

Travel: UK to US Phoenix or Tucson. Rental vehicle or bus to & from Baja (8 hours)

Climbing Details: 5 days rugged scrambling in unique canyon (3 in & 2 out). 5 peak granite ridge traverse (2 days).

Extras: Unique Baja / Sonoran Landscapes. Sea of Cortez coastline & resorts.

Group Size: Max. 6 Min. 3

I'll be in touch

Cheers,

Mike

*And, after a positive response (letting him know about the record-breaking summer of rain here) from the Ed:*

4th July  
West Virginia

Thanks so much for your letter. News is coming in of foul weather. Jim Duff & Rejane sailed into a Force 9 in the Minch and dragged an anchor at moorage. West Virginia is more sublime with unusual cool dry sunny summer weather so far. Good for all outdoor activities, especially gardening.

In a few days I embark on the train ride to the Washington Cascades where I'll open a couple of weeks with auld acquaintances on both sides of the International Border, cragging and perhaps scaling the ever diminishing ice.

Glad to hear there's keenness for the excursion to Canyon del Diablo. I'm not going to get involved in the fine details in this letter, just to let you know I'm committed. However, glancing at a satellite image recently of the Baja Peninsula and the Gulf of California, I realised what unique landforms this region is made up of. And I know them all.

If a small dream team of Shinscrapers can rendezvous in Tucson Arizona and be transported in my truck we could, with a little conniving, climb / traverse the five peaks of Picacho(s) del Diablo, rest and recuperate on the Gulf, drive down the incomparable Baja Peninsula to La Paz - take the ferry over the Sea of Cortez to Los Mochis. Ride the train to view Copper Canyon (potential site for future exploration). Then drive north to Tucson through the incomparable Sonora Desert. All in three weeks. Anyone with more time in hand could then tour the US Southwest.

A larger vehicle would be advantageous but I'm sure we couldn't take a rental vehicle across to Mexico from Baja, but it's worth checking. It would not be an expensive excursion and the weather should be reliably pleasant.

I'll send a more detailed prospectus as soon as I get back from the Northwest.

If the group size does dictate a larger vehicle for transportation, never fear; Baja has enough extraordinary terrain to keep us happy for eternity and I'm sure we can rent a van.

I'll make sure I talk to you soon Mick.

PS I'd love to commit to the "Letter from America" idea.

Cheers

Mike

PS While searching through old papers I came upon this guide: narrative and maps, which is all we need to climb Encantada (Diablo). It should whet your appetite and give you an idea of the terrain. We can modify our goals as we see fit but should have Pinnacle Ridge as our objective.

The Canyon Diablo approach is rigorous especially with our heavy packs (15 kilos min.) but not technical. It is truly beautiful.

It will take three days to Base at Campo Noche. There may be other parties in that long section.

The Pinnacle Ridge (five peaks) has plenty of V. Diff. But no big faces; with scrambling between short pitches. The ridge takes two long days and is not suitable for more than six climbers total.

The Slot Wash ascent is an easy alternative to the ridge. Takes 6-7 hours

If we approach Canyon Diablo on foot across the desert as we should, it will be a short pleasant day.

Check airfares to both Phoenix & Tucson. Tucson is the preferred venue, especially for culture and college girls, but if Phoenix is much cheaper we can always slip down to Tucson.

Food and gear we can deal with later but I'll mention that standard specialised rock shoes are not recommended at all. A light, sensitive dual purpose boot or trainer that will suit the boulder hopping & rock climbing is recommended.

I'll be in touch again soon; don't be afraid to comment or question owt that I've suggested. I'm already ready.

Cheers

Mike

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*And then after much confusion about who might or might not be joining the expedition:*

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27 August

Howdy Bill,

I got your card from french France. Your talent for languages will certainly be challenged in the Arab Quarter of Baja.

Mick sent an arty-farty card from Frogs-end also. He claimed to be incommunicado during August. That sounds awfully painful for a grown man. Hughie (*Wilkes - Ed*) was next with a note withdrawing he & Chick from the entire expedition. He didn't mention Fleetwood, but you might suggest that alternative.

So now the core group of Young & Restless is back to a manageable quartet and, I assume, poised to tackle our original goal. But first one final sugar lump in the tea: Pam Banks is my climbing friend who you (and certainly Mick) met at the K Hut a couple of years ago. She has been interested in the Canyon Diablo venture since we first talked about it amongst the Kendal Lads. She is fit & fifty and a good mountaineer who would blend in well with our gang. Pam would only be around for the Baja climb and her participation would not interfere with our flexible plans. She'll fit in with whatever travel plans you decide on.

With Chick & Hugh out of the race my truck should take care of our transport needs for both the Baja and Arizona segments. I'm drying batches of vegetables to supplement our camp rations and I'll send more details on the food when I put the equipment list together shortly. So we should be able to keep the expenses down thereby saving cash for nightclubs and buying slave girls.

I'll give you a call in a week, Bill.

Cheers to everybody, Mike

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Tuesday 10 ?

Dear Bill, Reginald and Mickelmas

What a splendid organiser you are. Glad to hear the three of you will be soon winging it West under protection from the Warsaw Convention. I thought they were Commies (check with Krysia). You seem to have all the requirements for entry to Mexico and re-entry to USA covered. Philadelphia is a fine airport, quite small. Hope you've time for a snack. I'll be waiting at Phoenix airport to meet your flight and deliver you to a suitable hostelry favoured by drunken Apaches.

Next day we'll head south by southwest to Baja where I anticipate little trouble crossing into Mexico.

If you take the train to Manchester Airport be aware of possible delays at Greater Preston and don't listen to Krysia. She nearly got me stranded in Bolton last time I flew to US.....

I'll try and take care of some food buying for the trip up the canyon but you should each bring about 2lbs of firm English cheese, 100 tea bags (total), about 2 doz. Oxo or Bovril cubes and Mick should search out a few vegetable extract packets to add to dinner soups. I intend to supply lots of fresh dried garden vegetables to keep weight down in the Canyon. We will have good opportunities to get the best food available in both US & Mexico.....

The weather in the lowlands (Phoenix to Baja) may be hot days, mild nights.

The highland weather, (5,000 - 10,000 ft) including the Baja Peaks and all northern Arizona, may give light frost nights, warm days (20°C). If hurricanes affect the Baja Peninsula, rains could be heavy tropical downpours. We can adjust our plan to suit.

I recommend the following items of personal gear to cover diverse weather, diverse activities. If you forget anything, all is available here. Don't overload with excess gear; eg. no air mattress (cactus) etc.....(the full list is omitted -Ed)...

Group Equipment:

My truck has four legal seats. The bed, containing all personal & group gear, will be covered by a watertightcamper shell. I will supply the following items:

1. **Camping:** Tents 2-with groundsheets. Fire grills (expedition use) Propane stove (roadside camps) Cooking pots, pans, utensils, soap, water containers, wash bowls, toilet facilities, shovel, saw-wood.
2. **Expedition:** Ropes, rack, including slings.

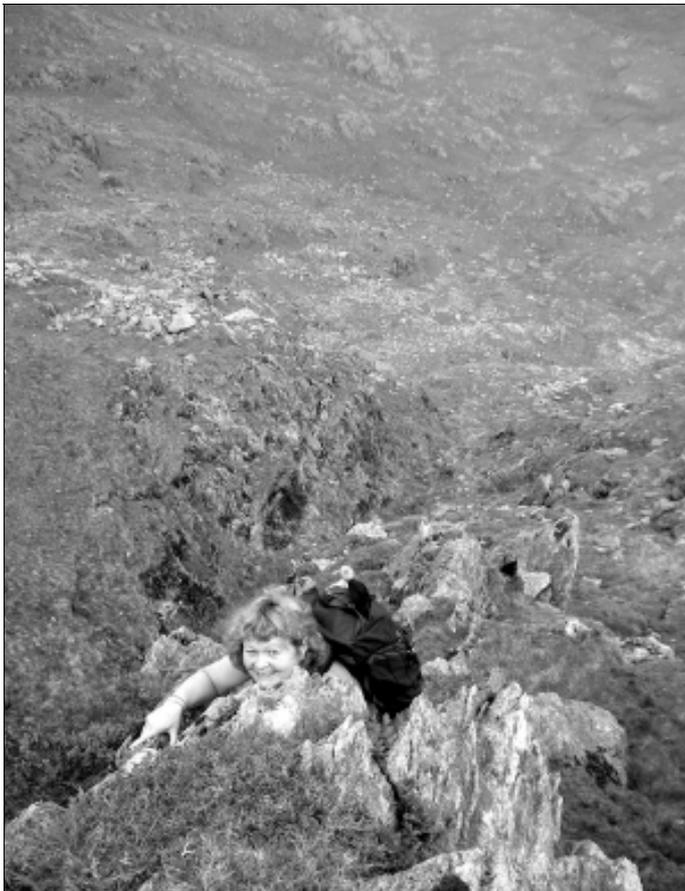
On the ridge we will mostly be moving together, often roped, with occasional easy pitches on sound but exposed granite and one abseil. The traverse will take about 2 days with a bivouac in the open. We can escape the ridge in bad weather or other problems. The ridge traverse is best done in the approach footwear (not climbing shoes) and a day pack carrying food, water (4 litres) and necessary clothing is sufficient. Each of us should have a reliable headtorch and some First Aid.

Mike

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*So that's it. The flights are booked and three excited Fellfarers are packing their gear. Watch this space!*



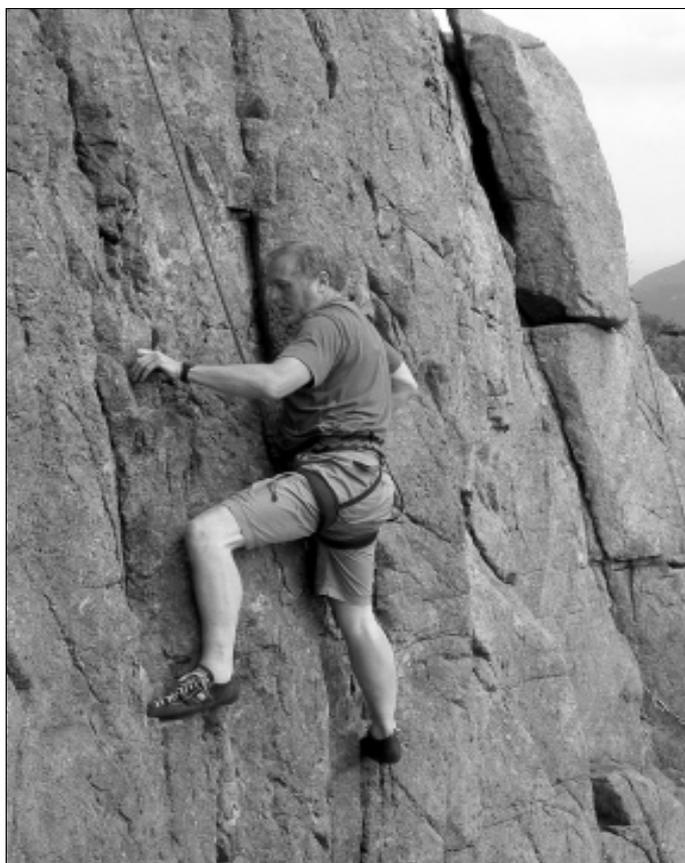


Mick and myself on the summit of *Great Carrs* for lunch. Mick and I did a grade 2 scramble up the central buttress of *Great Carrs*. This was a bit daunting for me in places and in one or two particularly steep ascents I was advised by my minder to take an easier route up. The last leg of the scramble proved to be the most difficult encountering a steep climb up wet rock with no good holds. It was therefore quite a relief (for me at least!) to get to the summit and find Bill sitting there awaiting our arrival. A few spots of rain deterred us from lingering too long so we made our way down to *Wet Side Edge* via *Little Carrs*. Luckily it didn't rain for long as we continued a gentle descent past *Rough Craggs* through bracken and crossing *Greenburn Beck* we soon arrived back at the hut. The others were all there apart from *Walter* who had returned home looking forward to tripping the light fantastic later in the evening with *Ann*.



After showers and food we all made our way up to *Cathedral Quarry* for a quick visit. It doesn't matter how many times I visit it I am always struck by its sheer majesty—a truly amazing place. We spent some time just exploring with camera lights flashing—it's a place just crying out to be photographed!! We eventually torn ourselves away and proceeded to the *Three Shires* pub. A good way to end a grand day out.

Sunday and the parting of the ways. *Kryisia* and *Roger* set off for a walk over *Ling Moor Fell*. *Peter* was going to potter around the quarries. I joined *Mick* and *Bill* for a spot of climbing at *Black Crag* above the *Three Shires Stone* on *Pike O'Blisco*. *Mick* and *Bill* climbed a number of routes. The first one was *Sky Ridge*, which they flew up. Things rapidly went downhill after that with the climbs getting harder and harder *even though they were graded easier*.



*Mick* noted that these craggs were far busier than he's ever known them perhaps because they had recently been featured in *Trail Magazine*. Maybe that's why a group of rambblers (from *Brum*) were there, being hauled up the climber's descent route by a leader who thought that something similar to a hangman's noose around the waist of each person was the best way to protect them. Climbers who were forced to take another route down were not amused. We had a well earned lunch and then set off back to our cars with thankfully no sign of any minis around to make our way back, in convoy, to *Kendal* separating at *Windermere Road*. On reflection it was a very interesting location, a comfortable hut, good company and a weekend well worth repeating!!

*PS Can you spot a Horizontal Hogarth in the picture left?*

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It's rained for ever, it seems. The wettest June since records began and, one week in, July is following suit. I arrive at mid-day and find that I'm the first here so I light the stove and make a brew. Then I make another brew. Showers are raking across the fells from the southwest and, even when a brightening of the sky lures me out, there is always an obscuring wall of grey rain in at least one direction.

I'm torn between my initial plan to seek out a previously missed 2,000 ft top on Seathwaite Fell, finding something worthwhile to do here, or 'festering'. I make another brew while I think about it.

The grounds of High House are thickly green. It must be a while since the sheep were put in and the grass has taken the opportunity to run to seed while it can. Foxgloves, just passing their best, shake the rain from their heads in numbers I've not seen here before and the ground everywhere is lit with sunny buttercups. I drink my tea and sit, watching the birds at the table and listening to the splashing of the Runner as it tumbles past the hut. It looks like festering has won...."for peace comes dropping slow, dropping from the veils of the morning..."

My reverie breaks as Alec arrives, bright and cheerful after reaching his first proper mountain top, Pike O'Blisco, since breaking his leg in N.Z. His account, told with relish in spite of the soaking he received, stirs me into activity and I rush outside, only to see a impenetrable grey wall sweeping down from where Great End should be. I go back in for another brew.

Others arrive: Peter B and Clanger, Gary, Jack, Sandra and her friend Linda (here for an evening of culture at The Lakes Theatre). We don't expect a big turnout in this weather but I'm hoping that a Shinscraper or two will arrive with ropes and stuff before Sunday's promised improvement in the weather.

It's a quiet night in on Friday, until, that is, the theatre buffs arrive back.....

Saturday promises no improvement in the weather but Alec is soon once more clad in newly-dried waterproofs and boots, sandwiches packed and ready to be off. He departs for Great Gable. I decide that even I can't manage two consecutive days of inactivity so I grab my bag and my camera and clear off.

The flank of Seathwaite Fell just beyond Stockley Bridge, on the Grains Gill side, is intimidatingly steep at the top and I can't see from here a way through the crags. It looks quite broken though, and I'm sure there will be a way. I leave the path and trudge upwards. I move slowly and make a point of stopping every time my breathing quickens. There's no rush today. My feet skid on the steep grass and I'm reminded that my Walshes, usually trustworthy on any terrain, are sorely in need of a retreat.

I head up into the rocky head of the slope. Walls close in around me, green and black and slimy. I'm in a short chimney and I'm committed. A little greasy slab rears up before me and there are rock walls either side. There is no other way for me now. I've committed myself by climbing several steep grassy steps that I dare not reverse. There is one small mossy toe-hold high on my left and nothing else for my feet. I reach as high as I can and grasp two thin clumps of grass clinging to the slab. I count to three, take a deep breath, step onto the minute toe-hold and pull myself up. The grass continues to grip the slab; I step up onto the top of it and reach left to throw my arms around a detached tooth of rock. One more precarious stride up and I'm safe; puffing a bit but alive.

The ascent becomes a stroll now, into increasing wind. I put my bag on. I'm soon at the northern top of Seathwaite Fell - the one that Wainwright called the summit, although it's not the highest point. The views are good, though, between the showers, and I can see sunlight on Castle Crag and Derwentwater.

I wander to the real top, checking out the sheep: are they "cropped and ritted near ear, upper and under fold bitted far ear" -in other words, are they High House sheep? The ears on some of them look right but none carry the "red sword" on their side (*see the Fellfarer no 46*).

I take a diagonal line down across the eastern side of the fell. It's uncomfortably steep. I look for garnets amongst the scree. I find none but the slopes are bright with purple thyme and tormentil and the wet patches are thick with sundew. I arrive, inevitably, at the stony track running just above the tumult of Grains Gill and wander back to High House.

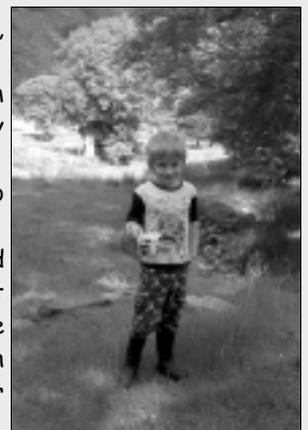
Sandra and Linda have gone. They are replaced by Jason, Cheryl, George, and , later, Bill.

We have an excellent evening: early drinks and drawings of dinosaurs (from George) in the Yew Tree, followed by the singing of the first verse of many Lancashire folk songs ("oh...I can't remember the rest.") into the night.

On Sunday Alec (is there no holding him?) sets off for the hills again. So does Bill, and then Jason. George explores, looking for animal remains →

We have visitors at 10.30 am: members of the Stuart family of Threlkeld come calling. Nick is working on his family tree and has found that his great great grandfather lived at High House and worked in the Wad mines in the late 1800s. He's brought his father and brother. His father passed High House countless times when he was a lad, bound for climbs on Gable, Pillar and Scafell, never realising that one of his forebears lived here.....

The sun shines now, but time has passed and I must go home. Oh poo.



6-7th July 2007

## Walter's Woodland Walk Part Four 20th June 2007

Tony Walshaw

Due to an unexpected telephone call, the "leader" was almost, but not quite, late at the rendezvous point at the Anglers Arms in Haverthwaite. I quite expected the crew to be getting a quick one in first as the Chairman looked anxiously at his watch.

However we quickly loaded into 2 cars for the 2 mile trip down to the small car park at Roundsea Wood. Once there the leader set off for the Nature walk in an anti- clockwise direction rather than the recommended clockwise route, (this was to cause confusion later on and change the title of the walk from Walter's Woodland walk part 4, to Walter's Woodland wanderings part 1). The first half mile was on a well made unsurfaced road which must have had some importance in the past as it continues over private land southwards to Cark. We passed a nice lime stone O.S. bench mark before turning left on to a Natural England footpath to Roundsea Tarn (more like a "lile dub of watter in a gurt bog"), but the botanists and entomologists were well pleased. About here the bedrock changes from Silurian slate to Carboniferous limestone and the tree cover from Oak and Ash to small leaved Lime and Yew. Some grow out of cracks in the small lime crags and over time become incredibly contorted, unfortunately due to our widdershins rotation we missed the two finest examples and also rather a nice potash kiln. Perhaps this could become Walter's Woodland wanderings part 2 at a later date. From here on, the wanderings got worse or better depending on your point of view. A diversion was taken, due to the leader leading from the rear and some recent coppicing. This deviation led us to the most southern corner of the reserve where an alternative route back along the shore outside the reserve was thwarted by the Holker Hall gamekeeper who very courteously told us there was a man with a rifle on the route we would like to follow. An about turn was performed and the route retraced to the coppicing and then onwards on the correct track passed an imposing ruined barn- used originally for storing oak bark- and including a small trespass to view the old powder house (originally the gunpowder magazine for the Low wood gunpowder works, now a delightful bothy/summerhouse) back to the car park from which a smart exit was made to the Anglers Arms, ten different real ales, always open all day, need I say more! See you next time the right way round!

### CAPTION COMPETITION

The winning entry is printed below. The winner wishes to remain anonymous but rest assured that he / she will get to consume the bottle of wine that the Ed promised!

Now, has anyone else got a likely photograph for another Competition? The Ed will once more pledge a bottle as a prize.



## The Walkers Haute Route—Chamonix to Zermatt July 2007

*Hugh Taylor*

Being now retired, and having walked the Tour de Mont Blanc (TMB) in 1993, my interest turned towards walking the Walkers Haute Route. This route links the two alpine centres of Chamonix in France and Zermatt in Switzerland, and follows a line lower than the original Haute Route. It avoids glaciers and never quite manages to reach 10,000ft. Mel expressed an interest also, but trying to find a suitable two weeks slot proved difficult. Angie and I were planning to visit Ladakh in August, and Mel and Chris hoped to visit the States to see their son and wife in September. That left July, but I needed a break on returning before Ladakh. Hence we decided on the first 2 weeks in July.

This resulted in Mel having to re-schedule his work diary as he gets booked up 4 weeks in advance. It is not recommended to trek before the start of July due to the risk of heavy snow on the high passes, something we only just managed to avoid.

I drove down to Mel's on the Thursday night to fly out the next day on Ryan Air from East Midlands to Geneva.

An uneventful flight and a one hour bus ride found us in Cham. Due to a mountain marathon and a mountain bike event on the same weekend, we hadn't managed to book any cheap accommodation beforehand, and ended up taking the first beds we could find.

### **Day 1. Chamonix to Col de Balme**

7.5 miles, 3,200 ft up, 2,500 ft down

The first day proper was warm and clear. We walked to La Praz and varied from the normal route by taking the cable car up to Flegere as I wanted Mel to see the Mont Blanc range from the Grand Balcon. This route follows the TMB route along and down to Le Tour where we had a drink. Then up to the Col de Balme. I took a ride from half way, but Mel preferred the 'ethical' route. I had visited the refuge before on the TMB but hadn't stayed there. I don't recommend it as both food and beds were very basic.

### **Day 2. Col de Balme to Champex via Col de Bovine**

11 miles, 3,000 ft up, 2,900 ft down

During the night, the weather turned wet and very windy, and we set off into the rain and wind down the pass to Le

Peuty with our waterproofs on. The intention had been to take the Fenetre d'Arpette route to Champex, but this is not recommended in bad weather. We had a coffee at the hotel at the Col de la Forclaz and proceeded over the Col de Bovine, having a bowl of wonderful soup at the refuge near the col. It was here that we first met up with Lance and Tiffany from Montana in the USA. Following a very wet and rough path down, and managing to get past some ponies carrying bags for TMB trekkers, we eventually reached Champex in the sun, where we booked into the Pension En Plein Air.



Col de Termin

### **Day 3. Champex to Le Chable**

8 miles, 350 ft up, 2,470 ft down

The day was warm and sunny, and we took the leisurely walk down to the valley and along to Sembrancher for a break. The weather turned cloudy, but held off until we reached Le Chable where it started to rain. We enquired at the Tourist In-

formation Office about B&B, and the lady recommended one that she ran! It was in their log cabin chalet, and very comfortable.

### **Day 4. Le Chable to Cabanne du Mont Fort**

5.5 miles, 5,400 ft up, 0 ft down

Still raining, we set off up the hill. Most other people we met seem to cheat on this section by using a combination of buses and cable cars, but we would have none of that. We intended to stop for lunch at Clambin where there was a café, but we found it closed just as a thunder storm started. In desperation we found a way in round the back, and sat in the cold and wet eating bits of cobbled together sandwiches. Moving on up the hill through the forest, we broke out onto the hillside just as it started to snow hard. We managed to take refuge in a ski station, and continued on up to the Cabanne du Mont Fort when it bated. This is a lovely refuge at 2457m (8,000ft), and we met up with Lance and Tiffany again, and a couple from Macclesfield, Simon and Catherine. It continued to snow all night, and we had to wait until the following day to make a decision whether to proceed, or go back down due to the unseason-

able weather.

#### Day 5. Cabanne du Mont Fort to Cabanne de Praflieuri

8.7 miles, 2,900 ft up, 2,400 ft down

The morning was fine, but clagged in all round and snow covered. The refuge guardian said we should make it through OK as others had gone before the previous day. We were concerned about route finding in the snow, but set off nonetheless. We were following in the steps of a group of four men from Luxembourg whom we had met the previous night. The path was OK up to the Col Termin, but after that it deteriorated and became unpleasant walking through snow covered boulders etc. We found out later that at least 4 other people had dropped out on this section because of the conditions. We reached the Col de Louvie at 2921m with relief and dropped down a steep snow slope beside the Grand Desert glacier. This continues to

recede over the years, making our route easier, and the line of footprints in the snow we were following took a line across the base of the glacier, thus avoiding a long drop down. We found out subsequently that a guide with clients had made these steps, having aborted the Haute Route due to poor weather. Spirits were rising as we made steady progress across the

frozen landscape, and even the cloud started to lift slightly. Eventually we topped the highest col of the day at 2965m, the Col de Praflieuri, and dropped very steeply down to reach the Cabanne de Praflieuri after 9 hours of walking in snow. A long day, but very satisfying to reach the refuge!

#### Day 6. Cabanne de Praflieuri to Arolla

12 miles, 2,100 ft up, 4,500 ft down

Mel, amongst others, had a bad night with snow blindness, having forgotten to put on sun glasses in the snow the previous day, so we opted for an easier route down the valley to the Barrage de la Grande Dixence (claimed to be the highest in the world at 248m). Catherine and Simon came with us, with Lance and Tiffany seeking help for her snow blindness. Then along the Lac de Dix and up to the foot of the Glacier de Cheilon. We should have had great views of the Mont Blanc de Cheilon at the head of the glacier, but instead we had cloud. We plodded up the side of the glacier and over the Col de Riedmatten at 2919m. The scenery changed from one of boulders and desolation to one of

greenery as we descended to Arolla. This attractive village is situated at the head of a steep sided valley and is a ski resort in winter. We booked into the Hotel de Glacier.

#### Day 7. Arolla to Le Sage

6 miles, 700 ft up, 1,830 ft down

Mel's eyes began to improve as we had a short day walking down the valley to Les Hauderes and up to Arolla. A lovely sunny day with views for a change - hurrah! We stopped in a dortoir at the Café-Restaurant L'Ecreuil, with stunning views from the window.

#### Day 8. Le Sage to Barrage de Moiry

6 miles, 4,100 ft up, 2,200 ft down

A sunny start to the day found the 4 of us ascending to the Col de Torrent through alpine pastures - a real delight. We reached the top in 3.5 hours and were greeted with

cloud and drizzle. So much for the 'tremendous views'. Dropping quickly down, we had a wet lunch, and continued down to the Barrage de Moiry. The only accommodation here is the Chalet du Barrage which is self catering, but the restaurant 400m away at the barrage cook meals. The chalet turned out to be a real delight, and Mel lost no time in brewing up. We



Col de Riedmatten

met up with another group led by Hilary Sharp the guide book writer. The evening meal at the restaurant was booked for 7pm and was one of the best on the holiday - a real surprise given its situation. We returned back to the chalet in the rain.

#### Day 9. Barrage de Moiry to Hotel Weisshorn

6 miles, 0 ft up, 1,500 ft down

It was still raining the next morning, and we decided to walk down the valley towards Grimintz and then to contour round the hillside dropping down to the valley floor at Mottec. The plan was to then go up the hillside and arrive at the balcony path which gives 'one of the great walks of Switzerland ..... with stunning views'. In reality, the weather showed no sign of improvement on arrival at Mottec, and we decided to catch a bus down to St. Luc, and then use the funicular to take us up to Tignousa. Here we said farewell to Catherine and Simon who were staying at the Cabanne Bella Tolla, whilst we walked the 2 miles to the Hotel Weisshorn. This atmospheric hotel dates from 1882, and is perched 1000m above the valley below, giving

superb views of the Rhone Valley and the Bernese Alps beyond. Well it does in clear weather - we saw only cloud, rain, and snow.

#### Day 10. Hotel Weisshorn to Gruben

6 miles, 1,950 ft up, 3,600 ft down

Having met up with Lance and Tiffany again, we set off in the snow up to the Meidpass at 2790m. A damp and cloudy day again, but we were getting used to that, and walking in snow.

Here we said au revoir to the French speaking part of Switzerland, and bade Guten Morgen to the German speaking sector. We dropped down the long track to the small village of Gruben, also known as Meiden, and stopped in the only accommodation, the Hotel Schwarzhorn, along with about another 30 trekkers. We were now sharing the route with the Tour de Matterhorn, hence the increasing numbers.

#### Day 11. Gruben to St Niklaus

10 miles, 3,500 ft up, 5,800 ft down

Not surprisingly, the next day was cloudy and damp as Mel, Catherine, Simon, and me headed up the hill to the final col of the trek, the Augstbordpass at 2894m. The walk up was steady and nowhere steep. Towards the top however, we started meeting icy patches which gave cause for concern with no crampons, but we finally made it. Dropping down the other side we were on a real high, and had great fun in the snow. A traverse round the hillside out of the corrie led us to a stretch that should have given us some of the best views of the whole walk. Needless to say it didn't. The walking was enjoyable however, and we began the long descent to St Niklaus in the valley bottom. Simon took a cable car down from Jungen, but the rest of us walked the whole way, having consumed a coffee and apple strudel in the café at Jungen. Four of us stopped in the Hotel la Reserve and eat an indifferent meal (I'm afraid I can't get on with German cuisine) with beer in the evening to start celebrating the completion of the walk tomorrow.

#### Day 12. St Niklaus to Zermatt

11 miles, 1,580 ft up, 0 ft down

Now we were in the valley bottom, the weather was warm and sunny. Most groups appear to miss this last section out by catching the train to Zermatt. We wanted to complete the walk in the best style, but by the time we reached Zermatt, we realised why most people catch the train. The



Matterhorn from Hohbalmen

walk was uninspiring after what we had been through, and a bit of a comedown. A bit like the approach to Zermatt really, with its builders yards and cranes, but the first view of the Matterhorn made up for that. What a superb mountain. Mel and I stopped in a small hotel just off the centre that had been recommended by Hilary Sharp, and found it superb.

The walk was complete, and the six of us celebrated.

Total distance - 97 miles

Total up - 28,780 feet

Total down - 29,700 feet

The other four went home ahead of Mel and I, which meant that we had two full days of walking from Zermatt to ourselves, all of it in the sun. The first day we took the train up to Gornergrat and walked down to the glacier and back to Zermatt. Superb views of the Mont Rosa massif round to the Matter-

horn. The second day we took the cable car up to Schwarsee at the foot of the Matterhorn, then walked down to the valley and up to the balcon path which leads to the superb view point of Hohbalmen. This gives unsurpassed views of the Matterhorn, and is a classic. The path drops down to Trift and back to Zermatt. Two great walks.

The journey home was uneventful. Great train ride down to the Rhone valley, and onto Geneva, followed by the flight home. The walk was good and satisfying, and felt slightly harder than the TMB, though that may have due to the poor weather. We recommend it.



Group photo in Zermatt

# The President's Walk 11th July 2007

Last year John picked the only thoroughly wet day in a long dry spell. This year, to redress the balance, he picked a fine, sunny, *almost summery*, evening in what is starting to feel like a monsoon which began in early June.

Eleven Fellfarers and one Frisky dog arrived at Cartmel racecourse. Perhaps it was the venue that caused our leader to set off at a gallop; perhaps he was just eager to show us the delights that awaited us. Whatever the reason, when he reined in for 'regrouping' after a breakneck race through the lush fields and woods to the northwest of Cartmel he announced that we were already halfway round. We checked our watches. Just over half an hour we reckoned!

We strolled, more slowly then, and were rewarded with John and Ann's 'Surprise View': Howbarrow is a lowly height but the panorama drew gasps of admiration from all of us. The men (+ Krysia) made themselves busy pointing out stuff (below left)



while the women admired the view in the other direction and talked about something or other (above right).

Eventually, we tore ourselves away and wandered through more lovely wood and field landscape back to Cartmel. We expected a burst for the line across the racecourse from John but he restrained himself and kept to a canter. He did, however, buy us all a drink in the Royal Oak. Long may he reign as President I say!

Thank you very much, John and Ann, for an excellent evening walk.





Young Shinscrapers in action on Seathwaite Slabs August 2007

left: Kate Walsh right: Sarah Walsh



Mark, Alan and Jason rebuild the wall

## Working Weekend 14-15 September 2007

A fine, cool day on Saturday was ideal for heavy outdoor work and gang of strong lads soon got to work on the big job of the day : moving back the retaining wall behind the ladies washroom....again! No, it's not moved forward since last time, but the committee have agreed to pursue the possibility of improving the fire escape from the upper floor by installing a door instead of the window. This means lowering the ground level and widening the space outside where the door will open. The work was partly exploratory - we didn't know what problems we might find. There was a lot of grunting and swearing but barrowloads of stone and soil continued to appear (to be piled on the flanks of the firepit) throughout the day. The digging job was finished and a fine stone wall was built. There's still much to do - watch this space!

We didn't quite achieve our objective of being ready to 'cut the ribbon' on the new kitchen but the first coat of paint went on the walls (along with lots of other finishing jobs) so we're nearly there. There was much sorting and cleaning of pots and pans, worktops and windows until everything sparkled, except the frying pans, of course.

The long, long list of cleaning and minor repair jobs throughout the hut were tackled quietly and efficiently, as always.

This year's Risk Assessment had been carried out in advance so a number of Health and Safety jobs were tackled, including some improvements to the Men's End fire escape, fixing of fire extinguishers, etc.

The floor in the Men's End, which caused so much concern last March, was checked, thanks to the access hatch put in then, and the beams were found to be sound and bone dry. The hatch was extended to allow inspection of the other under-floor void. That was found to be ok too.

The firepit wall was topped off with a sand/cement seat and one side was faced up with turf so now we can see much more clearly how it might look when finished. Kevin remarked that, with maps produced from satellite photographs now, we can expect to see a sheepfold marked on the next OS sheet for Seathwaite. Oops.

The usual baked spud dinner was taken upmarket this time with Krysia's delicious *homemade* soup starter and huge quantities of salad and *homemade* dressing, followed by *homemade* cake from Clare. It just keeps getting better and better.

Later, after a couple of pints in the Yew Tree, the firepit top was found to have 'gone off' and could be sat upon. A bonfire burned into the night and even the light rain that began to fall couldn't persuade some Fellfarers to leave it.

I think that 25 sat down to eat, although 28 had appeared at some time during the two days.

It was another excellent and productive weekend!



Joseph and Olly keep busy

## Flat Fell

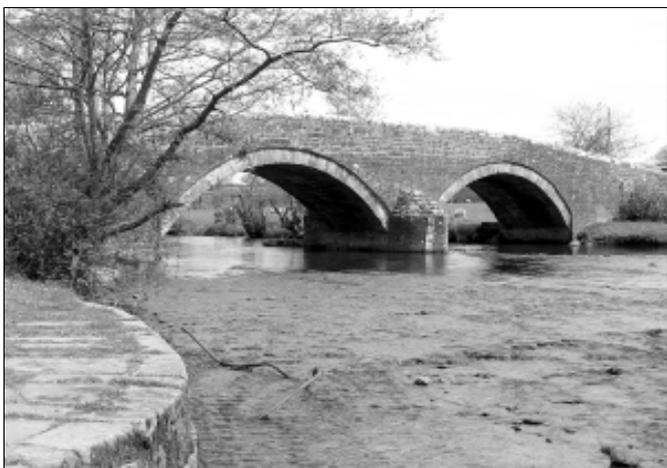
(A Short Walk in the West - Number 8)

*Alec Reynolds*

*This issue's walk should have the title "Corney Fell" on the basis that the walk in the last issue was on "Corney Fell", but had the title "Flat Fell". Apologies to anyone who noticed.*

This Flat Fell walk is over an area not often visited much by anyone, which was great for me because I had it to myself on a warm and sunny Sunday, especially as the only time I had ascended this top was on a wet Fellfarer's weekend at Rowrah Hall many years ago. The fell itself is unimpressive, but is well worth the effort for the views. Also, for those who want a longer walk, Flat Fell can be combined with Dent, the fell on the other side of the Nannycatch Road. A full description can be read in Wainwright's "Outlying Fells", which is still accurate apart from one aspect - there is now a cairn at the summit and a rough track along the fell top.

Drive to Cleator Moor and at Wath Brow turn down the hill towards the River Eden. There is plenty of parking along the river bank just before Wath Bridge. Cross the bridge and walk along the Ennerdale road for a couple of hundred yards before turning right into a lane that is metalled at first. This lane has the wonderful name "Nannycatch Road". Continue until the road becomes a track and go through the gate. Those wanting a shorter walk can drive to this point and park.



Keep to the lane until the wall on the left turns sharply away up the hill. There is no path up the hill, but none is necessary. Take the easiest slope to the north-western end of the Flat Fell top. The gentle walk along the fell top gives rise to splendid views to the north and east. The cairn at the highest point (for the want of a better word on a well-named fell) provides the only focal point for a lunch break. From the top continue to the south east until further progress is abruptly halted at Flat Fell Screes. Make your way to the right until you are above the south eastern end of the Nannycatch Road. From here descend carefully in zigzag fashion to the Nannycatch Gate. This descent is one of the steepest I have encountered in Lakeland that can be accomplished without artificial aid, i.e. a rope.



At the bottom a decision is required, either to return directly to the start by heading north west along the road, or to head via Raven Crag up the ridge in front of you to the big cairn on the summit of Dent. The views from the top are splendid about which Wainwright waxes lyrical, "A wide panorama greets the eye". From the top head west downhill to the by-road at Black How, and from there to the right along the byroad back to the Wath Bridge.

## From The Archives

Here it is - the very last item from the Fellfarers Journal of 1945 :  
(in the next issue we move on to the 1946 journal)

### OUT OF BOUNDS

ROY PALMER

(Written 1/11/44, somewhere in Italy)

When they first *tried* to make me a soldier I was taken, along with others, to some fir woods in Yorkshire. Here I doubled up and down, dug slit trenches and the other things a rookie has to do. It was all a bit dull and for the first time I was away from my hills.

On the way to the post box, there was a rock of about 20 feet. The first time I saw it I was with another fellow. The words " Let's climb that" just tumbled out of my mouth. The expression and look of bewilderment on my chum's face made me wish I had never spoken. I just had to try and explain the idea, but he couldn't see any sense in it and it was quite hopeless to put it over.

After that incident, every Sunday I used to sneak out and scramble on the limestone rocks. I was pleased to see I was not the first to take this venture, but probably second. I managed to make about ten different routes wearing my ammunition boots. In those early days of Army Service I used to be very careful not to spoil my uniform—the thought of a torn battledress tunic rather spoiled the sport!

My next transfer was to Lincolnshire—the flattest, dullest country I've ever seen. There was not even a bump to fall over. Apart from the Suez Canal country I've not seen anything so flat.

The Authorities, perhaps sensing my discontent, hurried me off to Greenock, from which place I said " cheerio " to our green and pleasant land. I was hoping to see some more hills : little did I realise that the following winter would find me living on the mountains.

Our first sight of land was high ground. It turned out to be some fine hills on the Algerian Coast. They looked barren, rocky, savage hills, quite full of mountaineering if one could live with comfort amongst them. We landed at a port which looked rather fine, with its sparkling white city stretched on a hillside behind. In spite of the clean white houses I was to learn months later that there was a variety of smells ; not many nice ones either !

This city was not for me, and I was sailing down the coast in a few days' time. The African coast was at these parts quite fun, and it was here I started mountaineering. I dashed up and down those mountains with skill and ability which surprised even me. Alas, I never left the boat and had come down to climbing from the grandstand. It is great fun to pick out routes even when you never get the chance to do those same routes. By this time I considered myself the best climber in the Battalion—I don't know if there are any more !

The end of the African Campaign found me near Long Stop Hill. This had become a famous name. Even Winston Churchill came to see it, although you have probably forgotten that. Perhaps, fortunately for me, I never had occasion to go up the hill. It was big, there was no doubt about that, but to me it was very disappointing ; there were no crags. It reminded me of Grayrigg Combes, and that reminder gave me another game which has kept my Lakeland hills fresh. Whenever we come across new hills I try to figure out of which of the hills back home they remind me. So now I have some Derbyshire hills in Syria, Honister Crag in Italy, Scout Scar in Tunisia—a bit scattered maybe, but the expense stops us having them centralized.

Later, the Army, having nothing better to do with us, starting running up and down the coast. The first trip was taken at great expense. We marched, or rather staggered, to a train of sorts : on every carriage it said " 40 Hommes, 8 Chevals." Very quickly we learned we were by no means " chevals." After packing us in till the sides started to give, they found that 40 men with kitbags, etc. just don't go into one cattle truck. So we moved at 32 to a truck, and I spent the next few days, half in and half out of the thing, enjoying the trip very much ,as we passed some of the finest mountain scenery I have seen.

Here it became evident that really fine mountains impress most people. At least those were my deductions, judging from the difficulty I had to keep my position at the doorway. Amongst those North African hills there were always some Arabs wherever we stopped. A crowd would gather who wanted to buy our shirts and sell us eggs—they would pinch anything they could.

Rumour had it that we were going home, so everyone was in high spirits. The cards were busy making millionaires and beggars. The beggars sold their shirts, and pinched them back just as the train moved off. So the cards kept on moving the money round, and when we got off, the quarter blokes had quite a few headaches. Still, it left the Arabs better dressed !

While we passed through one particularly fine gorge I espied a falcon sailing round one of the heights. It brought back Longsleddale, where one could often catch a glimpse of these fine birds. Well, it was very different from Sled-dale, but a nice thought at the time.

These hills had a lot of what looked to me like limestone ; the rather wonderful watercourses, deeply cut and full of pools, suggested this. But, the water was nothing like our sparkling streams. No, it was a dirty khaki coloured water. Perhaps the " wogs " had been blancoing their equipment.

After playing at soldiers for a time we had to go back and we travelled in 31 open trucks by road. It was a good trip. As the drivers had to sleep we also got a night's sleep. That meant we did not have the nightly rugby match in the cat-

tle truck.

We passed some grand hills on this journey. At two of our halts the hills were so impressive that I had to do something about it. Well, obviously I could not climb them, nor had I a camera, and there were no picture postcards to buy. So here I found my third way of getting some fun out of the hills whilst being unable to climb them. The drawings which I made were poor, because lots of folk can't draw for nuts—I'm one of those folk ! However, on my pictures the crags are drawn to suit me, with the result that when I see them later they bring back the picture as I saw it. Now there will be little need for me to sweat up hillsides, I can climb the hills mentally, and need never pant and puff up them. This is a happy thought for my old age, which seems to be creeping on even now.

Then we went to Italy all along the coast. There were many very beautiful scenes, with lovely little white villages perched on the hillsides. On my arrival I was taken in the middle of the night to the top of a hill where we were thankful to sleep in a Castle—to be awakened by " Moaning Minnie." This made me realise that it was no fairy castle.

When I was doing my share of O.P. work I drank my fill of this lovely Italian country. Sometimes I think Jerry, if he avoided the more craggy parts of the hills, could always dodge my roving eye. We were pinned in this circle of hills for a few weeks, and came to look on them as a barrier.

Later we learnt to live on hills. We got onto some that had no Castles on them—not even a casa (Italian for house). There we couldn't even dig a decent slit trench, so we had to build one. We found that what keeps shell splinters out keeps out the draught if you take some care in building it. In fact, I don't think I will need any Hostels when I get back home. I shall have a little sanger (shelter or trench) on all my hills at home.

Still, even in the cold wet days in Sunny Italy I used to like the hills and thought of the fun we could have had had things been different. We saw some wonderful sunsets—even a dismal stand-to lost its terror, when there was one of these fine sights on tap. My love of hills used to make life bearable, how some of the fellows who had no feeling for the hills stuck it just beats me.

The volcano Vesuvius which used to beam on a clear night pleased me. I always looked to see if it was on show during my tour of guard—it was always a brighter two hours ! So we crept from hill to hill until the crocuses came through. I had some all round my mortar until the snow came and spoilt them. That fall of snow annoyed me, even if it did make a pleasant change : the hills looked even more beautiful or terrible—it depended whether we were going in, or out on rest. Then we did a smart move, and ended up in the desert where it was at least warm and very flat.

From here we made our way to the Scotch hills—the only fault was that these hills were in Syria ! Here were some smashing hills where we started playing soldiers all over again. We found a lot of corries amongst them, and it was great seeing the Arabs bringing in their herds of goats. Once when we had to do a practice shoot we watched the goats come in, herd after herd, with their Arab, looking like black patches moving over the rocks until they turned out to be yet another herd. These mountain people were, or at least appeared to be, fine

folk. Certainly much better than any Arabs we had previously met.

So from there they called us back to Italy. The Bosche had been chased off our hills, but stuck out with stubbornness, which is one of his characteristics, on some more hills. Indeed there was a strong rumour that Jerry was building a new range of hills in his Gothic line. This was later proved to be false. (It was rivers he was digging.)

Now there are some of the best hills to cross before we can finally deal with Jerry. The point is, will the interest of crossing the Alps offset the discomfort ? A funny thing has also happened to us. Once we used to grumble about always fighting in the hills. Now our lads have had a bit of flat, they prefer the hills. So, have these Italian hills really made a few more mountaineers ?

I wonder !

Below:

### **Borrowdale**

#### **August Bank Holiday Weekend 1956**

Who's having fun in the beck? Which beck is it?

And what exactly are they trying to achieve?

Any information to the Ed please.



### **The English Way**

Bill Tilman writing about the first ascent of Nanda Devi in 1936 on a shoestring budget with a small expedition. It was the highest peak anyone had climbed at that time and was unsurpassed for many years. They must have been beside themselves with excitement: "I believe we so far forgot ourselves as to shake hands on it."

# October

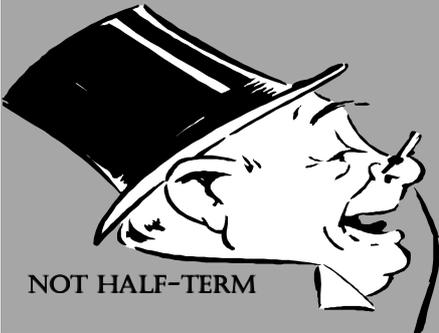
The committee will meet on **Tuesday 9th October** at the Rifleman's Arms. Under discussion will be the implications of the latest NHS pronouncement: "Good health is merely the slowest possible rate at which one can die." Come and join us for a pint.

5-6th October 2007

## High House



is booked for  
Fellfarers



NOT HALF-TERM

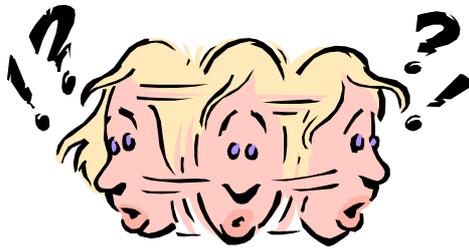
19th October 2007

## Quiz Night

Meet at 7.30 pm at  
The New Inn, Kendal

PRIZES

Buffet provided



Details: *John Walsh*

22-27th October 2007

## High House



is booked for  
Fellfarers



'TIS HALF-TERM

# November

The Committee will meet on **Tuesday 6th November** at the Rifleman's Arms. Under discussion will be the creed of the Unknown Fellfarer: "No one is completely useless — They can always serve as a bad example for the rest of us." Come and join us for a pint.

Sunday 4th November 2007

## Bonfire Night

Celebrate the fact that more pollution will be launched into your skies today than on any other day of the year!

Barium, copper compounds, dioxins, cadmium, lithium, antimony, rubidium, strontium, lead and potassium nitrate and a whole cocktail of other good stuff!

**Yippee!**

Tony and Ann Walshaw have invited us again to their field and barn for a bonfire bash. Bring your own fireworks, food for the barbeque, and drinks.

**Bonfire lit at 7 pm.**

Little Strickland Hill, Witherslack  
Grid Ref: 428 853

Camping available.

Details: call Walter on 015395 52491

Sunday 11th November 2007  
Remembrance Sunday



High House is booked for the weekend so that we can all pay our respects to the fallen of both world wars, on Great Gable or on Castle Crag

Friday 23rd November 2007  
Night Walk

44 years ago on this day the BBC broadcast the first episode of *Dr Who*, in celebration of which the Ed proposes a moonlit stroll over:

## Whitbarrow Scar



*It's the night before a full moon, if that helps.*

From Millside - Grid Ref. 448 842  
to Lord's Seat  
Starting at 6.30

Finishing at a pub of our choice  
*This Walk will only take place if the weather is reasonable. If in doubt call the Ed. Call him anyway to discuss sharing transport.* Altogether now: "exterminate...exterminate...exterminate...exterminate..."

# December

The committee will meet on **Tuesday 4th December** at the Rifleman's Arms. The Committee will try to recall "... when sex was safe and climbing was dangerous..." (Chuck Pratt). Come and join us for a pint.

## Saturday 8th December 2007 A Stroll from Kendal to Ings

Meet outside The Rifleman's Arms  
10.30 am.



A 4 hour walk to Ings along quiet footpaths and lanes, via Scout Scar, Underbarrow and Lord Lot  
Refreshments at the Watermill Inn  
Return to Kendal on the 555 bus  
Further Details: John Walsh



21st December to 1st January 2008

## High House is booked for Fellfarers

And featuring, on Sunday 30 December:

### The High House All-Terrain Toboggan Competition

Categories:-

1. Downhill Race - (either on snow or grass, depending on weather conditions).
2. Short Flat Race - 100 yds on road past the farm yard.
3. Time trial - fastest time from hut to gate (steering is a good component for this one!)
4. River section! - race on short section of River Derwent ending at Grange Bridge.



**Rules:**

- Must have be made by person(s) competing (not bought)
- Must be able to run on snow, grass and water \*
- Must have some steering
- Must be able to move on the flat

Note \* you can choose to enter just one or more of the categories although the overall winner must enter all categories.

All categories will marked by panel of carefully selected judges.

Prizes for all categories

Special Prize for the overall winner!

For more information please call Jason or Cheryl on 01539 738451

# January 2008

The committee will meet on **Tuesday 8th January** at the Rifleman's Arms. Appropriately, in the month of Janus, the Committee will consider the proposition that: "If you don't look where you're going you'll end up somewhere else" Come and join us for a pint.

## 11-12th January 2008 Glencoe Meet

The Chalets  
Clachaig Inn  
Glencoe  
14 Bedspaces  
Approx £15 p.p.p.night  
Call Val to book your place asap

Saturday 19 January 2008

## Charlie's Walk

will begin from

County Hall, Kendal

at

12 noon

The route to the summit of Cunswick Scar and back will depend upon weather conditions. For further information, call Bill Hogarth



Coming Soon:  
Second half of January 2008

Fellfarers in New Zealand  
A Slideshow  
Details : in the next newsletter

**CLUB OFFICIALS**

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**TRUSTEES (are likely to be:)**

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**Gordon Pitt**      Tel: 015395 68210  
**Peter Ford**      Tel: 01768 777238  
**Mick Fox**      Tel: 01539 727531

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**Next Edition of the Fellfarer:**

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

**YOU COULDN'T MAKE IT UP**

The Editor has just spent a few days in the Northern Pennines with family and friends. On one day we couldn't find the right place on a high moorland road to park the car for the start of our planned walk. I got the map out and looked around at the featureless landscape to try to work out where we were. One of our party, a well-respected academic and lifelong fellwalker, said, "Try looking for Lamson Road on the map. I think you'll find that that's where we are." After a fruitless search I looked around. A little further up the road was a farmer's hand-painted sign: "Lambs on road."

"The ability to climb difficult rock declines with age but thankfully so does the urge."  
*Geoffrey Winthrop Young*

"I climb much harder in my writings than I do in real life."  
*Geoff Jennings*

"The best training was to go to the pub, drink 5 quarts of beer, and talk about climbing."  
*Ron Fawcett*

"How do you keep your underwear clean anyway? Mine get pretty dirty after just a few weeks of wearing them even though I always wear them when I take my weekly shower. I will say more, I have to retire most of them after just a few months of use... I have heard that some people own several at the same time but I cannot believe it... I wish I could ask my climbing partners but I only climb solo..."  
*Old Man Caballo*