

the **Fellfareer**

January 2008

Number 48





I had hoped to wish everybody a Merry Christmas, knowing that this issue would land on your doormat well before Christmas Day. The computer died, however, and it was, effectively, 10 days before I was up and running on the new machine, with no chance of meeting postal deadlines. Sorry about that. I hope you did have a Merry Christmas and I do wish all the Fellfarers (and any would-be members) a happy and adventurous 2008.

I'd like to send a special thank you to Alec for his 'catch-up' piece on the clubs activities in the summer and also a big thank you all the other contributors. This was one of those rare (and gratifying) times when I was tempted to increase the number of pages to hold all of the articles!

Good sense prevailed, however, and the Fellfarer is its usual 20 pages but I've had to withhold some material, including my own account of the Shinscraper's Expedition to Picacho del Diablo in Mexico in the company of the incomparable Mike Goff. It was a memorable trip and will require quite a few pages to do it justice - next time.

Anyway, this issue is, I think, an interesting and eclectic mix of articles which illustrates the varied nature of our membership. I hope you enjoy it.

Ed.

PS. There's lots of blank space still in the Fellfarer No 49 !



Dear Ed

A couple of extracts from The Lake District and the National Trust by Bruce Thompson. The Preface is dated Martinmas 1945, the book was published 1946.

1 "One of the sights of Seathwaite used to be the yews described by Wordsworth in his poem *Yew Trees as the "fraternal four of Borrowdale."* Very old and very picturesque, they were much damaged by a storm in 1883 and only the battered remnants of them now exist." They seem to have recovered well!

2 "At High House a few hundred yards from Seathwaite farm, a hostel for the "K Fell-Farers" was skillfully constructed in 1934 out of the ruins of a former farm. It deserves mention as a praiseworthy example of using an old site rather than a new one. The old building, dated 1747, had settled itself into the ground here, and sycamore and other trees had grown round it. Now the hostel has accepted this inheritance and seems as if it had been built for many years."

The first of the summer wine team must have been good!

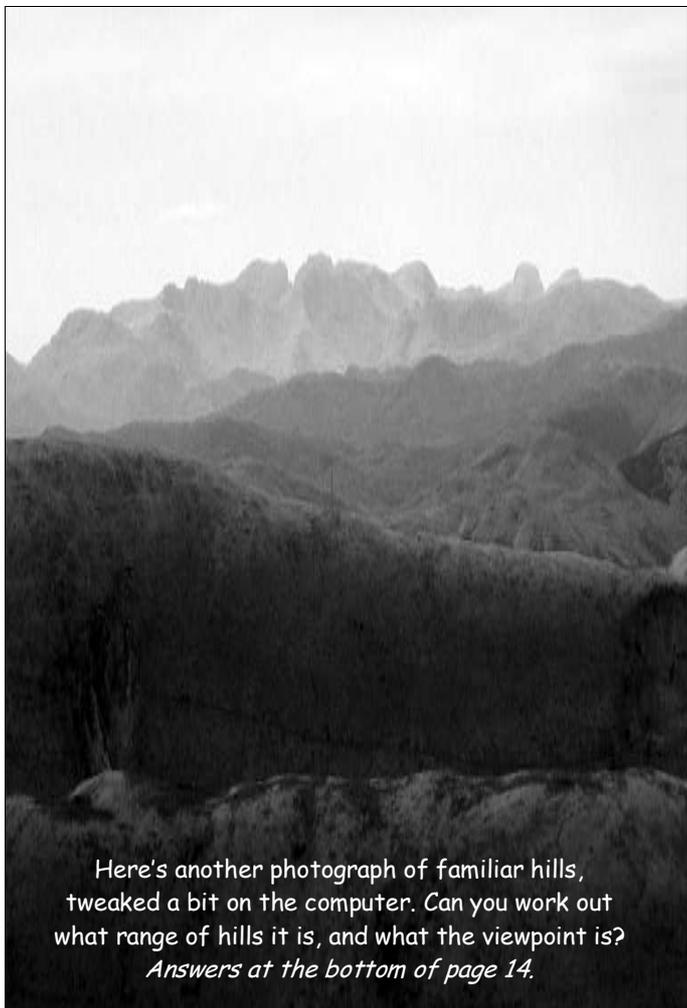
Roger.

CONTENTS:

Club News	page 3
Queyras Alps 2007	page 4
Better Late than Never	page 6
Leaving the Path -HH at half-term	page 8
Fungus Hunt and Bonfire Night	page 10
Night Walk	page 11
Kala Pattar and Everest Base Camp	page 12
Landschaftspark Duisberg	page 13
Leaves from a Climbing Notebook	page 14
Shinscrapers Gallery	page 15
Short Walk in the West	page 16
From the Archives	page 17
Social Calendar	page 18
Club Information	Page 20

Cover Photo:
*Dame O'Sullivan is The Sphinx !
 Wasdale, October 2007*

Contents Photo:
*Apple Crop
 High House November 2007*



CLUB NEWS

Note that there will be some changes to the **Constitution** proposed at the next **AGM** along with a discussion and vote on serious issues relating to Insurance of Members, with implications for Club Finances, and **Membership Fees**. It is vital that there is a good turnout for this very important meeting. Please be there if you can.

The **Club Website** is up and running. Hugh Taylor is its creator and will ensure that it is kept up to date. If you have any suitable photographs of club activities, please pass them on to Hugh, to the Editor, or to any **Committee Member**. Although it's active, it isn't finished yet. Hugh will welcome any constructive criticism or ideas for improvement. See the back page.

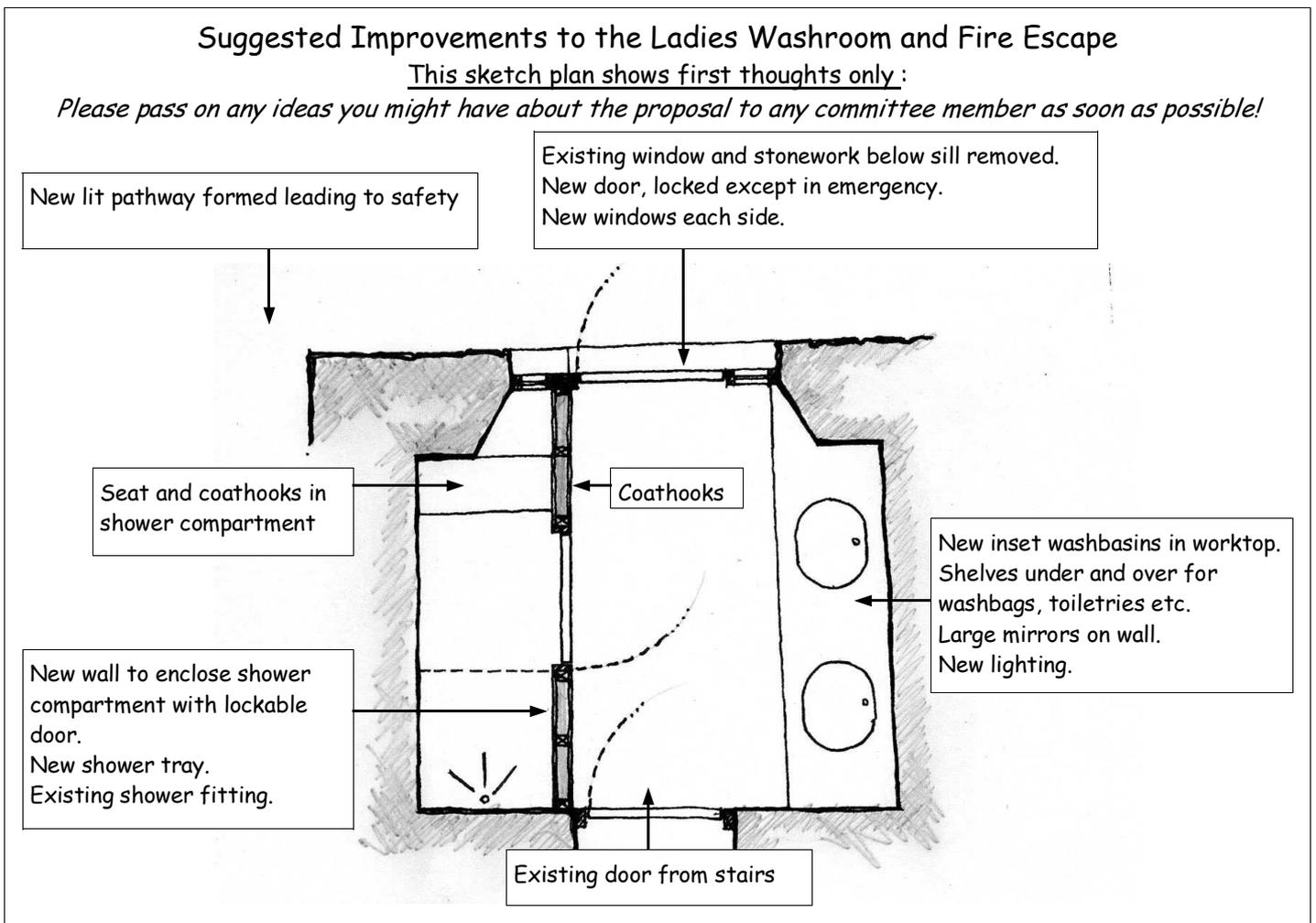
2009 will be the 75th Anniversary of the opening of High House. It is not too early to begin thinking about ways to mark the occasion (Kendal Caving Club found that it took 18 months to bring their 50th Anniversary ideas to fruition). Ideas please to any **Committee member**.

One of the proposals for the Hut Development Plan 2008 is an improvement to the **Ladies Washroom and Fire Escape**. Please study the sketch plan below and pass on any helpful comments to any **Committee member**. If you have any questions, the Editor will be happy to help you.

The **Committee** is about to conduct a **Fire Safety Survey** (looking at Structural Matters rather than the Risk Assessment stuff) as we go to press. Results will appear in the 2008 Development Plan.

The National Trust are 'quietly' fencing off areas of riverside in Borrowdale. The reason? **Otters** are returning to the upper reaches of the River Derwent. They have already taken up residence in holts near to Grange and there are signs that they are exploring as far afield as the drainage ditches around Seathwaite. The herons at the fishfarm will soon have some competition. There are also a number of **mink** abroad in the Keswick/Watendlath area but the good news is that mink and otters will not live peacefully together - and it's always the otter that wins! As one local said, "Now that's one fight I'd really like to see.....especially now they won't let us do that badger-baiting."

It appears that all those members who scoffed at the idea of planting **Apple Trees** in the harsh Borrowdale climate have been proved wrong. The Worcester Pearmain tree bore fruit this year. The entire crop can be seen in the Contents Picture, left. They tasted delicious - the Editor scoffed the whole bloomin' lot in one go!



Queyras Alps 2007.

John Walsh

Having spent our alpine holidays in the '70 and '80 generally slumming it, Caroline and I felt that we'd reached the time of life when we needed a bit more comfort. An alpine tour staying in hotels, all meals, except lunch and your luggage transported every day, leaving you free to wander with your day sack and camera, sounded just the ticket.

An eight day tour of the Queyras, covering about 110km was promptly booked.

The Queyras is a small area in the Haute Alps de Provence. It's most northerly point is the town of Briancon and to it's east the Franco-Italian border. The highest peaks are in the 2900-3400 m range and most of the high passes will reach 2500m. Due to it's latitude, not too far from the Mediterranean, it enjoys relatively good weather, as far as the Alps are concerned. Snow will only lie on Northern slopes through the summer and then usually only in gullies. The walking is fairly gentle and the paths, well marked as is usual in the Alps.

We had chosen to go in late June, a) because it was cheap and b) because we felt that the flora would be at it's best. The journey began after work on Friday. Dover was the initial destination and as usual it proved a bit of a nightmare to get to. Once in France all our driving problems melted away and we covered some 500 miles in no time at all.



CEILLAC

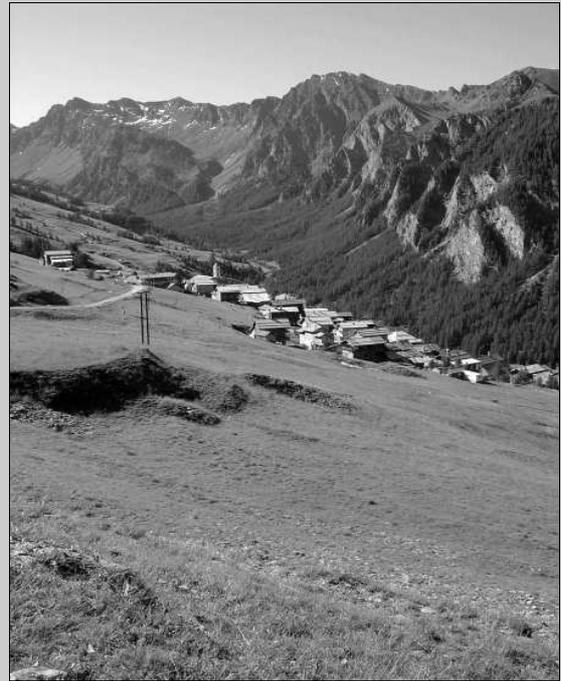
The village of Ceillac was our starting point. We arrived in the afternoon with plenty of time for a look round and a beer before dinner.

The area is very unspoilt and very french, the villages being much as they were for the last 300-400 years.

Day 1 Ceillac-St. Veran. 16km.

After buying some fresh bread and goats cheese for lunch, we left Ceillac. A steady climb up a good track brought us to a summer pasture at around 2000m. A family of Marmots entertained us for a while before we began the long climb to the Col des Estronques at 2651m, our high point

of the day. The climb was fairly easy, zig zagging upwards with frequent stops. Once on the col a brisk wind prevented us from over staying our welcome and we set off down. Soon the wind had gone, the sun shone and we settled down for lunch surrounded by a mass of pink and red azaleas. After lunch, a fairly easy descent into the Larmaron valley, with lots of picture stops, found us at the bottom with a short sharp climb up to the village and our hotel for two nights.



ST. VERAN

Day 2 St. Veran.

St. Veran at 2040m, is recognised as one of the highest villages in Europe and dates from mediaeval times when the local industry was copper mining. We spent the day here climbing the Pic Cascavelier, 2579m. This peak although not a great height provided us with fabulous views of the surrounding peaks and an entertaining scramble over the rocky summit, which by the way is made of a green, almost translucent rock, evidence that this region was underwater at one time.

The day was made even better by the total lack of people. We had walked the whole day with only the company of marmots and a couple of elusive Chamois.

Day 3 St. Veran-Molines en Queyras 18km

A fairly long day today, especially as we also intend to bag another peak. Pic de Chateau Renard 2989m stands directly behind St. Veran.

A track brought us after a lot of sweating to a ridge at 2700m. After 1km along the ridge we arrived beneath the final pyramid and after a short scramble, we stood on the

pointed summit. The route to the Pic de Chateau Renard, was a detour and we hadn't really made any progress towards our goal of Molines, so we set off quickly down the South East ridge. A rock step caused us to do a bit of skirting around but we arrived at the Col de Longet 2701m, without any real problem. After descending a few hundred metres to the tree line we stopped for lunch. Once in the tree line the landscape takes on a much more colourful aspect with flower filled meadows showing every colour. The rest of the walk followed the valley floor ever downwards and in increasing heat, though the village of Pierre Grosse, (yes there was an enormous boulder there) until we arrived at Molines and our hotel, where a cool beer awaited.

Day 4 Molines en Queyras-Abries. 18km

Today started with a bit of a cheat. Our starting point was near to the Italian border at the Refuge de Agnel 2508m. We were to be transported there by the baggage truck! The rest of the day was going to be easy and except for the first hour, it was all downhill.

As we started walking, the powerful sun made looking ahead difficult but I was aware of a peak that stood to the right of our high point. The Pain Du Sucre (a local name) at 3208m, was a rocky pointed peak outlined black against the sun. We soon reached the Col de Vieux 2806m. From here began the long descent to Abries or perhaps we should have a look at the Pain du Sucre, after all, we are Fellfarers, what problems could it pose for us?

One hour and a half later we were pulling up the summit rocks. What views! To the east Monte Viso, a 4000m snow covered peak and beyond, the Italian plain. To the north, the Mont Blanc Massif and to the west, the Ecrins. Once again time began to press and we made a careful descent arriving back at the Col de Vieux to continue our "easy day".

What followed was superb to say the least. After a short steep descent from the col we followed the dramatic Bouchouse valley past two glaciated lakes, Foreant and Egorgeou, bounded on either side by some of the most impressive slabs I have ever seen and not a soul on them. As we dropped lower the valley turned green and lush, then finally it became almost a gorge with the river forming waterfalls and rock pools.

Abries lies in the Guil valley and was historically the main town for trade in the Queyras region due to its proximity



BOUCHOUSE VALLEY

to the Italian border. It has a few shops and bars and gives off a very warm and friendly aura. Throughout the last few days we had been looking at the many varieties of flowers that abound the area. One of which was rather elusive, even though we had seen a few, the Edelweiss. As we walked up the main street in Abries an attractive streetside bar with a sunny position, lured us in. Top of the beer menu was... Edelweiss, a local weiss beer. Ah well, if you can't have the real thing!.....



ABRIES

To Be Continued.

John Walsh's Quiz

19th October 2007

This took place in the salubrious upstairs room of the New Inn, Kendal. As John said, there were some lovely days this summer and the photos proved it. All the photos bar two were taken in the Lakes, the exceptions were one in the Howgills and the other in Craven. All the pictures were superb but very few were easy to identify, all adding to the fun. Alec and Peter won the prize but all were left with the feeling that perhaps we didn't know as much about the lakes as we thought we did. My own personal favourite was a photo of Scafell Pike taken from Lords Rake, but then come on, everybody knows Scafell Pike, or do they?

Many thanks to John and Caroline Walsh for a wonderful if puzzling evening.

Peter Goff

Better Late than Never

Summer 2007

The editor wrote in the last issue that "There's quite a lot missing from this newsletter...". Well, this is an attempt to put things right, although at this distance full cast lists and itineraries escape me. Apologies to all those who attended. Every comment about the 'Fellfarer' that I've heard says how much the readers enjoy it. However, as they say in my former profession: "no source material, no document" Think On!

A relatively large group of Fellfarers and friends spent a jolly August weekend at the lakeside campsite between Coniston and Torver. The weekend was memorable for two reasons that stand out above the rest, i.e. the weather (woof, woof I hear from Lotti) and Cheryl's maiden voyage on a sailboard (copies of all the photographs are available at a reasonable price in alcohol).



The late June canoe trip on the Canal from Tewitfield to Carnforth and back via the "Canal Turn" was feebly attended. Only three turned up, Krysia, Walter and myself to brave the very wet weather, although an honorary appearance was put in at the pub by Peter Goff.

However, when we got going, the rain stopped for most of the time. The trip was memorable for two reasons associated with the passage of time. I had not been canoeing for many years and this trip had me bitten by the bug again. It was the last day on which smoking in pubs was legal. Walter took full advantage and smoked his first cigarette for more than twenty years. It behoves me to add that he has not indulged since.



Ryd Ddu in July was also wet and truncated everyone's plans to stay on for an extra day or two. I arrived with Krysia and Walter soon after lunchtime and spent a pleasant, but damp, afternoon tramping around the mainly disused quarry near the far end of the Nantlle ridge pondering how all the dereliction had looked in its working heyday, and photographing the plethora of wild flower species. On the Saturday the whole team went on a long river walk from Beddgelert that turned into a very wet countryside walk on the return leg. This weekend was memorable for the green of the vegetation and the grey of the water that gave rise to its verdancy.



Fellrace weekend was also wet. A full team of Fellfarers "personned" all the checkpoints, including Scafell Pike, which was unfortunate because that part of the route was removed from the race just before the start. As it turned out, Scafell Pike was safe enough for the checkers and the many spectators, but apparently not for the runners. It is a sad sign of the times that the race organisers could not risk the legal consequences of rejecting MRT advice. The race was memorable if only for the number of people who have subsequently told me that the winner must have been some runner to have knocked about half an hour off Billy Bland's record.

The Borwick Fold walk saw a group of nine Fellfarers enjoying a very pleasant, sunny evening close to home (well for most attendees). It proved once again just how much beautiful and still secluded countryside there is in the Kendal area. I can-

not understand why some of these easy going, socially pleasant occasions are not better attended.



The Lyth and Whitbarrow walk (photographs by John Walsh) started at the Lyth Valley hotel, which was memorably unfortunate because it was closed for the evening! A direct ascent was made on to Whitbarrow Scar from opposite the hotel, and from there directly to Lord's Seat on a dry and bright evening. The other memorable aspect was the descent through the woodland in increasing gloom to Low Row and back to the vehicles, and thence to the Gilpin Bridge for the usual celebration.



A group of eight Fellfarers set off on this well planned walk meal. Can you spot the only difference from the Borwick Fold group? No prizes, you just missed a great day out.

The walk started at High Newton and proceeded northwards to Bortree Tarn, part of the way on a private footpath for which Walter had obtained prior permission. It was well worth it. From there we circumambulated to Rusland church, which I found to be a splendid place for a number of reasons, especially the quality of the stained glass windows. I did not know that such a famous author was buried beneath a fine old tree in a corner of the churchyard. The next point of call was to the remains of Stony Hazel cast iron forge, dating from 1718, the last remaining example of its kind in the country. From there another circuitous route eventually brought us to the pub at Haverthwaite and a few pints and a good dinner in the open air. Hurrah for summer at last!



Alec Reynolds

LEAVING THE PATH

(High House half-term, October 2007)

Penny O'Sullivan

We only had one night to spend in Borrowdale this half term. We had intended to go to High house for the best part of the week, but with me working in Manchester and Dame in Salford, our half terms weren't the same week (as we discovered about a week before mine). Add that to a good friend's wedding the weekend in between our breaks, and we didn't have much time left! So we had to make the most of it.

Not being the most organised people in the north of England, we arrived in Borrowdale well after dark. We expected the place to be full, so were surprised at how quiet it was. But, you don't need a big crowd to have fun when you have a bonfire, carrot cake, and Cheryl and Amy on their guitars. As the evening wore on, not wanting to let a perfectly good fire go out, Rex insisted Dame help him drag half a fallen tree down the hill to keep the fire blazing. I expect it is still blazing now. I think it could be seen in Keswick. Late in the night we listened in stunned silence to Rex's didgeridoo-less didgeridoo playing.

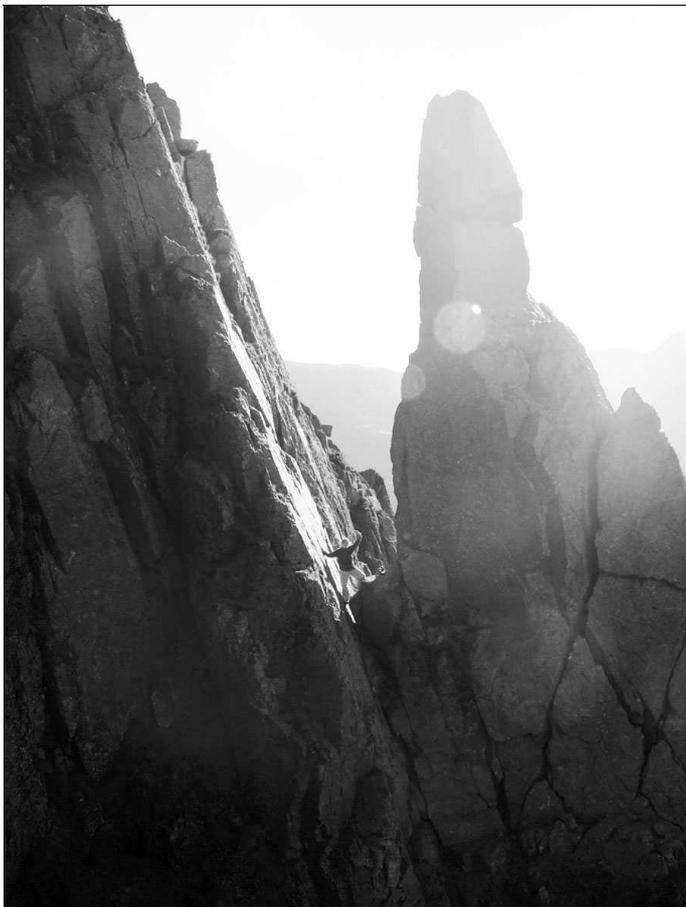
The morning dawned clear, and after watching the goldfinches at the bird table over our breakfast, we set off walking as the sun was just starting to light up Base Brown. I love autumn, and as the sun rose over Glaramara it coloured the fells opposite the most beautiful shades of gold



and bronze, from the top right down to the valley bottom as the morning wore on. Poor old Dame is colour-blind; he just can't appreciate autumn in the way I do. Maybe I shouldn't rub it in so much by gushing about the beauty of autumnal leaves all the time!

We decided we were going to head for *Great Gable* and *Napes Needle*. Dame threaded the needle earlier on in the year, but I hadn't yet, and wanted to do it before the year was up. So we headed off towards *Styhead*, then as the other walkers around us peeled off towards *Scafell* or up through *Windy Gap*, we headed on towards *Wasdale*.

We left the path as we reached the head of the valley, not exactly sure where *Napes Needle* was. So we just pottered really. Scrambled up and across the fell roughly in the direction Dame thought it was, until we came to it. And thread it I did. It's a nice little scramble, and Dame ran across the scree on the other side towards the *Dress Circle*, a little ledge to take a photo of my victorious moment. The ledge made a perfect picnic spot; we sat with our boots hanging over the edge, looking out over *Wastwater*, and we munched happily on our sandwiches in the October sunshine, sighing wistfully and proclaiming how very lucky we were to have the chance to just sit there on a glorious autumn day and enjoy being in the best place in England.





Maybe even the world. We also decided that Nape didn't look much like a needle, it looked like something altogether less savoury. So we renamed it. But I won't tell you what we called it in case children are reading this.

So then what to do? We knew we wanted to go and see the Sphinx (which looks remarkably like my husband, incidentally). But then, should we climb to the top of Great Gable, a summit we first ticked on our Wainwright list a long time ago? Or head back down and over Sethwaite Fell for a new tick? It was on the way to the Sphinx that we realised it - we were having one of the best days we had ever had on the fells, picking our own routes and scrambling across the intricate ridges of Great Gable's ribcage. So you know what? We just kept going, round and round, up and down, grazed elbows and knees, chipped nails, without concern at keeping myself looking nice for the wedding in 2 days time. Who cares? We were having the time of our lives. Some hairy exposed bits, some bits you could scamper up, bits you had to think long and hard about, and all day long, fabulous views and brilliant blue skies. And we had it all to ourselves! Only the ravens, showing off with their upside-down-flying antics, to share it with.

We didn't see any other folk until we headed back towards the Borrowdale side of Gable, back down towards Styhead. Then the crowds gathered, and we followed them back down towards Seathwaite. Can you believe that on a won-

derfully sunny half term day, with hundreds of people in Borrowdale, we could have so much of the fell to ourselves? Dame and I don't get up to the Lakes as often as we'd like now we live in Manchester, so we tend to focus on reaching the summits. But as they say, happiness is in the journey, not in reaching the destination. Or something like that. It felt great NOT to go to the top, and follow the crowd up the path! But instead to be in the privileged position to have time to waste on our very special fells. I recommend it to everyone - get off the path, and find your own adventure!



Fungus

Roudsea Wood

1st November 2007

On the 1st of November Krysia, Walter and myself took a walk in Roudsea with Helen the fungus expert.

I thought that perhaps we were a bit late in the year to find much, but then I know nothing about fungi. Anyway we spent about four and a half hours in the wood, and at the risk of being pedantic, here's a list of what was found.

- | | |
|---------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1. Scleroderma citrinum | Common Earth Ball |
| 2. Hypholoma fasciculare | Sulphur Tuft |
| 3. Russula ochroleuca | Common Yellow Russula |
| 4. Collybia butyracea | Butter Cap |
| 5. Piptoporus betulinus | Birch polypore |
| 6. Mycena galopus | Milk drop mycena |
| 7. Laccaria amethystea | Amethyst deceiver |
| 8. Daedaleopsis confragosa | Blushing bracket |
| 9. Xylaria hypoxylon | Candle snuff fungus |
| 10. Pluteus cervinus | |
| 11. Cortinarius (Telamania) sp. | Unidentified genus |
| 12. Galerina mutablis | Velvet Toughshank |
| 13. Clitocybe nebularis | Clouded agaric |
| 14. Hypholoma lateritium | Brick Cap |
| 15. Hygrocybe coccinea | Scarlet Wax Cap |
| 16. Hygrocybe conica | Blackening Wax Cap |
| 17. Clavulinopsis helvola | Yellow Club Fungus |
| 18. Suillus bovinus | |
| 19. Hydnum repandum | Hedgehog Fungus |
| 20. Clavulina cinerea | Grey Coral Fungus |
| 21. Lactarius vellereus | Fleecy milkcap |
| 22. Russula spp. | Small, red-capped, unknown genus |
| 23. Rhytisma acerinum | Tar Spot |
| 24. Russula cyanoxanthia | The Charcoal Burner |
| 25. Amanita muscaria | Fly Agaric |
| 26. Clitocybe flaccida | Tawny Funnel Cap |
| 27. Crepidotus variabilis | |
| 28. Lactarius tabidus | |
| 29. Collybia maculata | Spotted Toughshank |
| 30. Cantharellula cyathiformis | The Goblet |
| 31. Coprinus lagopus | Hare's Foot Inkcap |
| 32. Lactarius vietus | Grey Milkcap |
| 33. Tricholoma album | |
| 34. Tricholoma saponaceum | |
| 35. Inocybe spp. | 2 inocybes- unknown genera |

Helen identified most on the spot, but some had to be taken home for tests.

We had a chat with Helen about the possibility of a K Fellfarer's fungus hunt next Autumn and she agreed to do it. It would be fun to do and we could find out what was edible etc. Details in a later Fellfarer.

Thanks Helen for a fascinating woodland walk.

Peter Goff

Bonfire Night

4th November 2007

There must have been about thirty of us, Fellfarers and friends, gathered together at Tony and Ann's to celebrate bonfire night. There was no Guy Fawkes this year but the splendid bonfire made up for that. We were all treated to a magnificent firework display thanks to the grand work of firework lighting from the two Peters (G and B), aided by some of Tony's grandchildren. The rockets soared through the night sky and wonderful firework displays crackled, sparkled and glittered around us, producing the usual 'oohs' and 'aahs' from an appreciative audience. Sparklers twinkled merrily all around. Olga even bought her own chair in order to have a comfortable and great fireside seat, I think she really enjoyed her sparkler too. There was a hearty spread for all which included the usual barbeque fare, sausages and beefburgers, plus an assortment of treacle toffees, marshmallows and homemade cakes. To add to the fun Karen, Tony's daughter, arranged a chocolate fountain which was, needless to say, much visited during the course of the evening, particularly by the triplets, all dressed in their light anoraks, (poor mum). The weather held out and the evening ended with us all gathered around the bonfire enjoying a drink and each other's company. A big thank you to Tony and Ann for another great evening and I am already looking forward to next year's bonfire night!

Clare Fox



Sometimes Walter's bonfires get just a bit scary!

ONE WEEKEND IN NOVEMBER

The 3rd Fellfarers Nightwalk and the Oread Annual Dinner 23rd & 24th November

It's always a gamble.

If the sun is up, even if it's hidden behind a mass of black cloud which is chucking quantities of water upon your head, you can set off for a walk on the hills or in the woods, your only concern being the effectiveness of your waterproof gear in keeping you warm and dry.

If you plan a walk at night and in the winter, though, you know that you're pushing your luck maybe just a bit too much.....

So, after a brilliant 2nd Nightwalk last winter, we pushed our luck again: Eight Fellfarers (Roger, Bill, Adele, Mike, Tina, Kevin, Clare, Mick) met under the shivery full moon at the phone box in Millside and wrapped themselves up in fleeces and buffaloes as late tractors roared by, drivers rushing home for their Friday night beans on toast. Something scurried into the moon-shadow under the roadside bench. We didn't know what.

A few minutes up the road leadership of the evening route effectively passed from the Ed to Mike and Adele. The Ed had a vague route-plan but Mike and Adele live nearby and run this route regularly so their expertise came into play. Bill, expert pace-setter, pushed on up the steep leaf-strewn path which threads through the trees on the southern flank of Whitbarrow. The traffic noise (*why do all those people - not us - other people - have to keep travelling about so much?*) was distracting at first but, after a while, became irrelevant as we stepped cautiously upwards over tree roots and loose stones, lit only by dappled moonlight.

In no time at all we had passed through the gap in the wall and were on the stony paths of the summit ridge. The air was pin-sharp but only the brightest of stars were able to compete with the dazzle of the moon. The sweeping arc of lights along the rim



of Morecambe Bay gleamed behind us (*"fairyland" said Clare....."light pollution" replied the Ed*) as we wandered up to the first of the several tops on the Whitbarrow ridge.

Is it unusual that the quite distinctive subsidiary tops of Whitbarrow are unnamed? We crossed two on this evenings walk but there are others to the north of the highest point. Does any member have information to share?

We strolled and chatted, surprised that our exercise kept the cold at bay so easily, until we reached the edge of the Nature Reserve. The wide view had occupied us until we crossed the stile (*Is that really Levens?-it looks huge! I didn't even know they had*

streetlights!) but now it closed in. Dark shadowy juniper, crouched at our knees, seemed to bar our way, while other shrubs (*oh they're juniper too!*) sprang upright from the little limestone crags to our right and bowed, servant-like, to the east, away from the wind that shaped them. We gathered, soon, around the nice rotund cairn on the summit, Lord's Seat, at just over 700 feet, for team photos. Lots of 'em.

The steep descent into Witherslack Woods, in the dark shadow of the Scar, proved to be troublesome and a torch clicked on to light the way.

We were soon gathered in the blaze of moonlight again in the valley bottom to walk past the silent bulk of Witherslack Hall, intrigued by the smell of cigarette smoke on the apparently empty moonlit road. Do ghosts smoke?

We took the easy road and bridleway back to the frosty cars.

Later, we discovered that the Gilpin Bridge Inn had a good selection of hand-pulled beers on offer. What a shame we had driven there and couldn't sample all of them.

Out of the blue came an invitation to the Secretary from the **Oread Mountaineering Club**, our reciprocal rights partners: The invitation said: Come to our Annual Dinner on Saturday and bring a guest.

The Committee agreed that the Secretary and the Editor would be acceptable people to represent Fellfarers at such an event so off we went!

It's a different scale of club to Fellfarers. There were, I think, nearly 70 members present at the dinner. Clare and I were honoured to be seated at the top table, with the President and his wife, Neil (meets secretary) and his wife Tracey, **Val Hennelly** from the (*ladies only*) Pinnacle Club, Guest Speaker **Andy Kirkpatrick** and **Karen Darke**.

Andy is well known in climbing circles and lived up to his reputation as a supremely funny raconteur of episodes from his climbing life. He gave us a rambling unscripted story of his experience with a wealthy but incompetent (and very very scared) client who desperately wanted to ascend El Cap, in the Yosemite Valley. The client didn't make it beyond the first couple of pitches and the whole episode became a wild and life threatening farce. The client still phones Andy even now asking if he would consider giving it another

go.....

Andy's story, despite being wildly funny, had a poignancy because he didn't once mention the fact that the beautiful lady sitting next to him in her wheelchair, Karen Darke, has become a celebrity in her own right, having just *succeeded* in climbing a route on the 3,000 foot vertical wall of El Cap with him. She is paralysed from the chest down as a result of a serious climbing accident on her local sea cliffs near Aberdeen and has since dedicated her life to doing things that we feeble so-called able-bodied people would shy away from. Like El Cap.

It would have been nice to talk to her, to find out what motivates her and what her plans are for the future, but I confess that I was too much in awe of her to even approach and say hello.....

Oread Club members were brilliant: Neil and Tracey, Rob, the President, and Colin Hobday, the hut booking secretary, were particularly friendly but others: the couple who implored us to dance and others who just came over to chat; made us feel, for the evening at least, like members of the club.

We were invited to the club walk on the following day but the Ed, stupid man, had forgotten to bring his boots

Thank you Oread.

THOUGHTS ON THE FELLFARERS TRIP TO KALA PATTAR & EVEREST BASE CAMP OCTOBER/NOVEMBER 2007

MARY FORREST

Who's Idea Was It Anyway?

Eric Shipton's Idea?

Back in the late 1950's when steam radio was 'the media' a real treat for some of the children of Burnley was the annual series of lectures and film shows at the public library. Thanks to the gift of a ticket each from a relative, Joan and I sat through many educational and I am afraid to say, for us, boring films and lectures. But one lecture stirred our imaginations. It was Eric Shipton's slide show about the Ascent of Everest. One slide in particular stood out in our minds—it was taken on the fifty mile 'walk into Everest Base Camp'. (No airport at Lukla in those days). We knew that one day we would go and see that view for ourselves. Time passed—family came along—grew up—moved on. As we staggered from the dizzy heights of Pendle Hill to the more daring paths of the Alps we often joked about 'when we get to Base Camp'.

But what about Everest Base Camp? Evidently it had become a slightly non PC place to go:- full of discarded expedition rubbish, toilet paper, decaying tents, real climbers, bemused trekkers and memorials to those who had died in the area.

No self respecting rambler would want to go there! But two not so young girls did.

Doug Scott's Idea?

In June 2007 Joan and I enjoyed Doug Scott's talk about his misadventures on the Ogre—in his younger days. We envied those who dared to bid for his beautiful signed photographs of the Himalaya. We came away with a growing feeling of regret that somewhere in our own lives we had let the desire for comfort and safety smother that seed of hope and adventure we once had. We also clutched copies of Community Action Treks latest brochure.

Tom's Idea?

My youngest son Tom (33) listened as I read out the attractions of the Chitwan National Park; elephant rides, views of Bengal tigers, river rafting, sleeping in catered lodges. We agreed, this sounded great but then the page of the brochure turned over and there it was in all its glory Mount Everest.

What could I do?

We had to go. But saving grace, my husband Brett would never agree to such a silly idea. How could I know that he too had always had a secret dream of seeing the highest mountain in the world for himself!

Within 30 minutes Tom had rung his fiance' in Romania, he had accosted Brett as he came in from work and everyone had agreed to go. A family trip to Everest Base Camp. Joan was quickly contacted and what did she say? 'Yes—Of course—Fantastic—No question—Yes!' So we BOOKED.

What Had We Done?

Then we read the small print: sleeping in tents, daily walks of 4–6 hours, locally produced food, -16°C at night, danger of acute mountain sickness, and uphill to 18,448 feet. The good points being—porters and yaks would carry our heavy bags and the porters would erect the tents each day and cook the meals. It was no joke—the trip would be the real thing—no excuses- no bus home—no calling it off if it began to rain!

Preparation—How did we prepare?

Five individuals attempting the trip of a lifetime :- two dancers, one paragliding flyer and 2 snails gallop rambles. The weeks passed in a confusion of practising. Joan and I by car in the rain in the Alps, Tom and his fiance, Anto, by dancing and cycling in Portugal and Brett by shaking his head in his shed, scaling the Helm and working. Buying gear—We bought mountains of it from sleeping bags to rubber bands. Applying for visas and new passports, being vaccinated and inoculated against everything from rabies to the common cold. Having our teeth checked, filled or extracted. We became part of the debate about the use of Diamex (to aid acclimatisation), Joan's doctor said take it ours said he couldn't advise it! We became more and more nervous and confused.

Nearly a Miss.

At last the trip was 4 days away. We would be leaving Manchester Airport on Sunday 21st October—work had been arranged, car parking booked and then CONFUSION. Anto said her 'e-ticket' said 6.40am on Saturday 20th October! Many frantic telephone calls later it was confirmed. Our departure had been brought forward by a day but no-one had informed us.

The Blossoming Of A Seed.

About midnight on Friday 19th October 2007 two not so young girls laughed until the tears ran down their faces. The bags had been packed, weighed and re-packed. Joan looked at me and said 'Next time you have a bright idea don't involve me.' But it wasn't my bright idea. It was the blossoming of the seed planted fifty odd years earlier by Eric Shipton's photograph. A photograph of the triangular tip of a mountain with a banner of cloud, peeping out above the snowy range of the Himalaya and framed by the trees in a wonderful forest of rhododendrons.

We were finally going to see for ourselves. We were setting out on our own trip to walk into Everest Base Camp. (Mary Forrest, Joan Abbott, Brett Forrest, Tom Forrest and Anto Birsan).

But were we successful?.....

THE LANDSCHAFTSPARK DUISBERG, GERMANY. SUMMER 2007

Jeff Forrest

A short series of programmes on BBC Radio 4 about gardens in Germany alerted us to one in Duisberg which sounded to have a fascinating collection of individual gardens laid out in the storage bunkers of an old iron works. We decided to pay a flying visit on our way home.

Duisberg in the Ruhr valley was part of the Ruhr industrial complex, the largest in Europe and of course a prime centre of activity by both sides in the Second World War.

In 1985 production ceased and since then the sites have been converted into museums and a nature trail wending their way for 400 kms through North Germany. The Landschaftspark in Duisberg is the site of Thyssen's old steel works and covers an area of 200 hectares—so large that bicycles are provided to get you around.

All the old buildings are still there: blast furnaces, gasometer, switch house etc. The scale is huge and quite awe-inspiring, however the starkness and sheer brutality of the buildings has been softened in places by the extensive greenery and general greening of the plant which is now becoming quite mature.

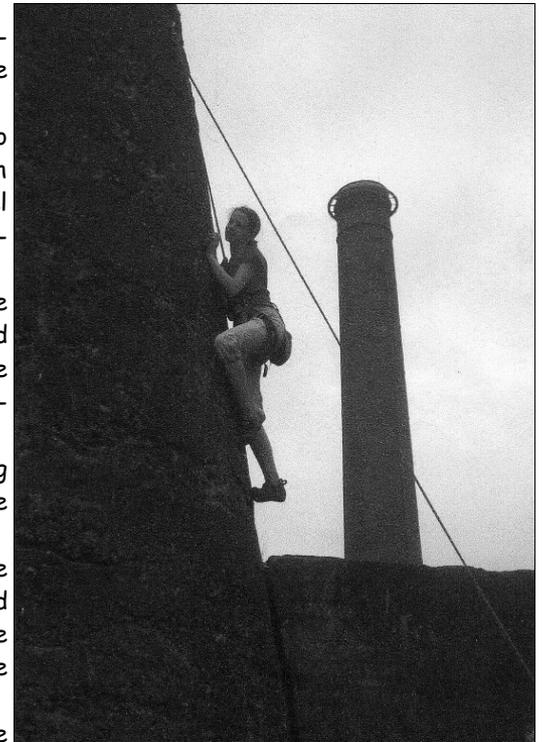
Frankly, the gardens laid out in the concrete bays were a bit disappointing although not without interest. However, the rest of the place was quite amazing and quite an eye-opener.

To begin with one of the Ruhr's four rivers runs through the site and there are numerous water storage ponds all of which are now full of plants and aquatic life. Apparently all the iron ore coming from distant lands in huge freighters brought many unusual and varied species of plants which have naturalised, but don't ask me what they are.

It is however the huge reinforced concrete structures, the buildings and the enormous rust-coloured iron superstructures that take your breath away. There is a guided tour but we just wandered around in view of our time allowance.

To begin with the huge gasometer, now partially screened by mature poplars, has been filled with water and with the aid of special lighting has been converted into a flourishing diving school.

Then there are the massive reinforced concrete storage bunkers for the ore. These are up to 30 metres deep, or high in their present context. Under the sponsorship of the German Alpine Club they have been converted into various climbing walls with in one case a connecting rope bridge from one top to another. In another instance there is a climb of 70 metres. The park was quite busy when we were there and all the climbing walls were well subscribed to. What was amazing however was the spread of ages participating. In many cases there were children of about 8 or 9 years and expert in handling the equipment. We watched fascinated as youngsters climbed up one wall crossed the rope bridge moving their karabiner from section to section, then abseiled down the other side. It really was quite uplifting to see so many youngsters spending their leisure time in such rewarding activities. And they can do so from the age of 5 or 6!



The administration buildings have been converted into a Youth Hostel for those following the museum route or who want to spend more time in the Duisberg Park.

There are also play areas with BMX courses and volley ball fields etc and the switch house has been converted into a visitor centre with a bistro café and of course the obligatory biergarten.

The garden is open 24 hours a day every day of the year and at weekends there is a lighting spectacular created by an English light artist which is renowned throughout Germany—this apparently included the blast furnaces coming alive again.

If this isn't an imaginative use of what would otherwise be a derelict old industrial site I don't know what is—and it's all free.

LEAVES FROM A CLIMBING NOTEBOOK

(With apologies to Harry Griffin)

It was a cool grey day in October 1952 as Brian Stilling and I stood looking up Route 1 on Raven Crag, Walthwaite, described in the old Langdale Guide book as a 90 foot Severe and delicate, single pitch climb, with its crux at the very top.

It was to be my first 'Severe' lead. I donned my pair of Woolworths pumps and tied on to my full weight hemp rope. Placing my one and only hemp sling over my shoulder I set off up the climb with a certain amount of trepidation.

About half way up the climb it started to rain. Retreat was impossible so I pressed on shaking slightly by this time. Hemp ropes don't turn the water, they absorb it and as I got near the top it felt as though I was hauling a sledge. I reached the crux of the climb and cast around desperately for a spike of rock to drop my sling over to offer some protection. There wasn't one!

I looked down into Brian's upturned ashen face and I would have given anything to have been standing where he was. However, there was nothing for it. I was getting wet. The old man's well past its sell by date gabardine raincoat, cut down to anorak length, and my R.A.F. uniform trousers had similar waterproofing properties to the hemp rope. I drew a deep breath, counted to three, tried not to think of the consequences of a slip (without much success I might add) and went for it. That I am able to write this little piece some fifty five years later is testimony to the fact that I got away with it.

I repeated the climb in the early 90s on a nice warm day wearing rock boots and tied onto two 3/4 weight ropes and brisling with Wires, Nuts, Friends, slings and all, and was able to arrange some protection adjacent to the crux. A different kettle of fish entirely, though not quite as exciting.

Anon.



The hills shown in the photograph on page 3 are, of course, the Lakeland hills seen from the east (above).

Mickledore is the prominent notch just left of centre and the familiar pudding shape of Great Gable is towards the right edge.

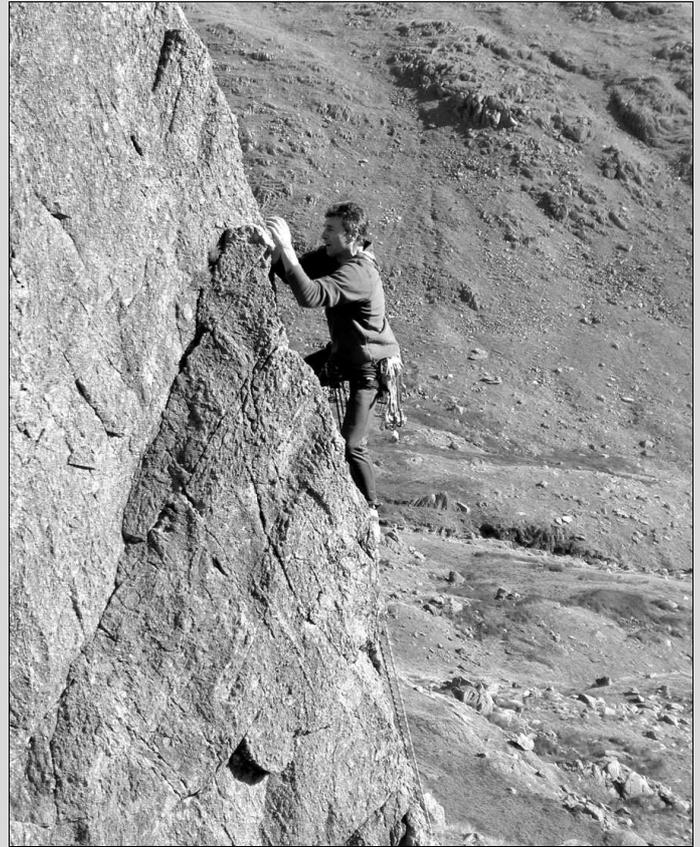
The viewpoint is just north of Yarlside summit in the Howgills.

You Can't Argue With That

We were driving back from a stroll on Great Dodd in early October this year. We came back to Kendal via the Penrith junction onto the M6 and turned off at the Shap junction. It was about teatime and, as we turned off the sliproad onto the west-facing link to the A6, the sun shone brightly into our eyes.

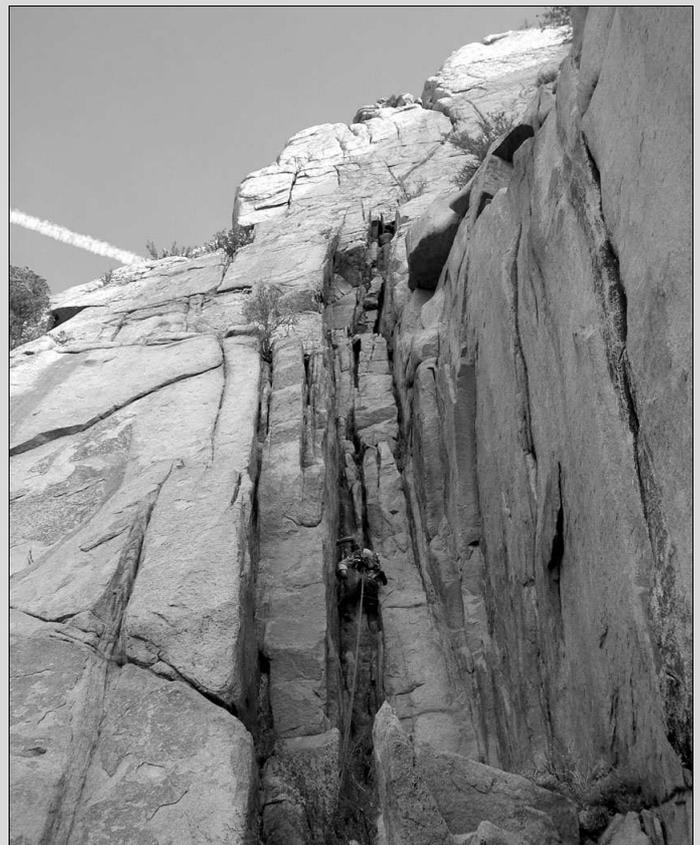
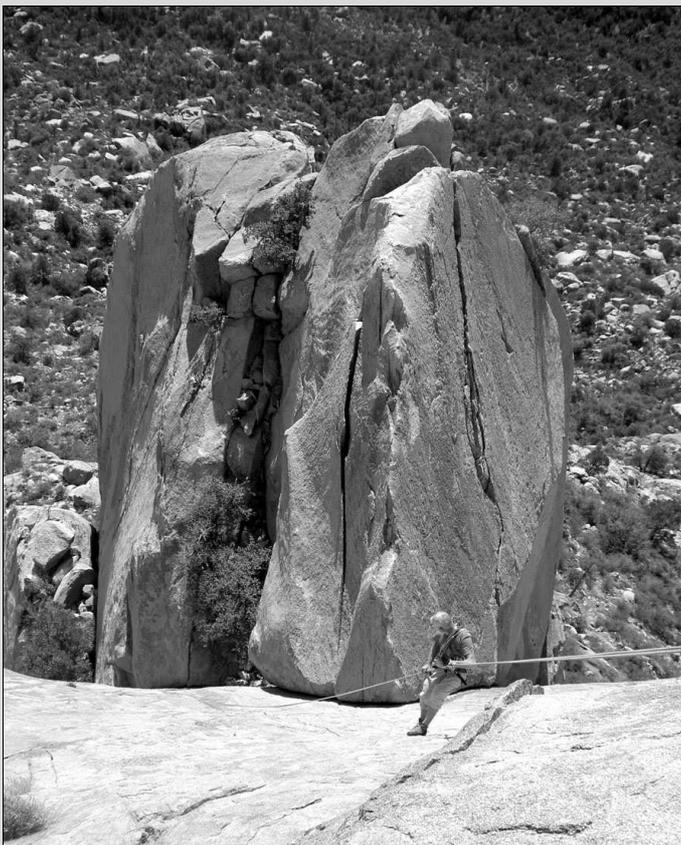
"That's the trouble with this time of year," she said, flipping down the sun visor, "you get such low sunsets."

The Shinscrapers Gallery



Above: Cheryl on Thunder Slab, Hard Severe
Little How Crag, Coniston. 15 October 2007
Below: Mike Goff abseiling off Classic, 5.7,
Granite Mountain, Arizona. 6 November 2007

Above: Alan on Sunshine Arete, Diff.
Little How Crag, Coniston. 15 October 2007
Below: Mike Goff on Chim-Chimney 5.7
Granite Mountain, Arizona. 7 October 2007



Woodland

(A Short Walk in the West - Number 9)

The area of Woodland between Broughton in Furness and Torver is well named. This walk takes you through the woodland and over the fell to Beacon Tarn, returning via a different route. Driving on the minor road towards Torver from Grizebeck, keep an eye out for Woodland Church. About 350 metres beyond it the road forks. You can park either on the far side of the triangular traffic island or just off the road past the junction. Start the walk by heading up the right hand branch of the junction and into the wood. The road starts off as tarmac but becomes increasingly rural. When a another fork in the road appears, take the left branch. The other is the return path from Green Moor Farm. Eventually, the road branches to the right to the Hawes Farm, which comes into sight. At this point, take the left fork that heads straight on via a splendid walled green lane heading towards the Knott and Yew Bank. The wild flowers are many and varied, and the views are splendid, especially as height is gained.



Close to the highest point take the path to the right that ascends towards Yew Bank. This is indistinct at first, especially when the bracken is at its peak growth, but eventually it becomes an easy winding path to follow to the magnificent cairn at the top. Continue on the path due east for about 300 metres to the remains of a tumulus, marked on the map as a cairn. From this point head south east crossing a number of streams to another cairn on Tarn Riggs. The track is not clear and the use of a compass is a distinct advantage. Continue on in the same direction and descend to Beacon Tarn.



Turn right and follow the edge of the tarn to its southern tip just before its outlet. This is a splendid place to stop for lunch, or just to look at the scenery, i.e. the Coniston Fells rising magnificently beyond. Take the path to the right that heads up to the twin tops of Wool Knott. Return by the same path for about 100 metres and then turn west down the slope to the path that leads to the bridleway that takes you gently downhill to the old slate bridge at Green Moor Farm. There are more wonderful views from this bridleway. Beyond the farm the track becomes another green lane through the woods and back to the start.

From The Archives

Hugh Taylor passed on the following email received from a former K Shoes employee who, it seems, might have been a little put off joining the club by his weekend experience! Any more information anyone?
 Yes, we know they're the Chairman's legs.

Hugh,

I was looking on the web, as you do, and found this photo from 1973ish. I am far right with Afro, It was a taster weekend for new members. I think a guy called Fred Underhill organised it.

I've just gone 52, still feel about 28 and act like I'm about 18. I still run and cycle plus I coach football, thus have to play to show the young bucks how its done! When we were young guys over 50 were past it!! The weekend sticks in my mind because of several things!.. but the one I can tell you about is after a 'Climbing taster' on (nice) Shepherds Crag, the next day I was deemed experienced enough to be taken along to Kern Knots Chimney on Great Gable. I spent the most terrifying hour, week, month ? Who knows ? of my life to date....climbing on a very exposed chunk of Lake District.

The weekend went something like: Friday night the whole group, of which there were many more than on the photo, walked down to Shepherds Crag and got the chance to have a climbing taster. We then had the choice of a long fell walk, short fell walk or a 'proper climb' Being macho I went for the climb....it turned out to be the last climb: A far far too hard route for a novice. I remember someone having a guitar and having a bit of a sing one night. I can still remember huge chunks of it after 35 odd years so it must have made an impact.

The only people I can name are on my right is Christine Hunt, R& D, to her right is her younger sister.

To the left of Fred Underhill is my now brother-in-law David Milburn.

The guy at the back with the red rucksack was a Scot and on the management training scheme.

Was the guy second from the left David Airey?

Nice to see the hut still there and indeed the club still rolling along.

Best wishes

Barry Postlethwaite

R & D 1972-75....Happy days.



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.

January

The committee will meet on **Tuesday 9th January** at the Rifleman's Arms. Wasn't it Miguel de Cervantes who said, "I drink when I have occasion, and sometimes when I have no occasion." *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
Almost all gone - 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 the
weather. For further
information, call Bill
Hogarth



18-19th Jan High House Fellfarer's Weekend



Snow - will it or won't it?

Friday
25th January 2008

K Fellfarers 75 th

A.G.M.

Will be held at the
Kendal Arms
Milnthorpe Road
Kendal
7.30 pm

There will be an important
discussion relating to
insurance of members, with
implications for future club
finance and membership
fees, and some proposed
changes to the Constitution.

Please attend!

February

The committee will meet on **Tuesday 6th February** at The Rifleman's Arms. We will try to bear in mind the old saying: "He who remains calm while those around him panic probably doesn't know what is going on." *Come and join us for a pint.*

Tuesday 12th February
Fellfarers in
New Zealand
2007

A Slideshow
at the
Strickland Arms
7.30 pm

(Our first time at this out-
of-town venue. The food
and beer are highly rated)
Sandwiches will be provided
If numbers are sufficient
there may be a minibus
from Kendal

IMPORTANT:
If you intend to come
please confirm to
John Walsh
by Tuesday 5th Feb.

8-14th February 2008
HIGH HOUSE
Half-term



23rd February 2008

Krysia's Appetite Enhancer

A 6 mile walk around
Preston Patrick

Meet at **10.30 am** at
GR 538825

(south of Crooklands, where
the A65 crosses the canal)

And



K Fellfarer's
Annual Dinner

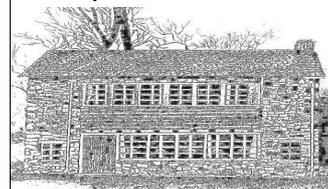
At the
Eagle & Child
Staveley
7.30 for 8

The menu is enclosed. Please
indicate your choice and
return it to Val.

29 Feb-1 Mar 2008
HIGH HOUSE
Working Weekend

Projects include
continuation work to the
fire escape path and
completion of the
surround to the firepit,
making an access door to
the chimney and various
joinery works, plus the
usual maintenance jobs.

Plenty of work for all!



Followed by, on Sunday
morning, a meeting of
the Trustees

March

8th March 2008

"The Hundreds"

Walk/Meal

An amble round the Troutbeck side of Wansfell Route and distance depends on weather



Meet - Kendal bus station for the 9.35 bus or at 10.10 at Brockhole.

Meal at The Sun Inn

Troutbeck Bridge and return to Kendal by the 555 bus

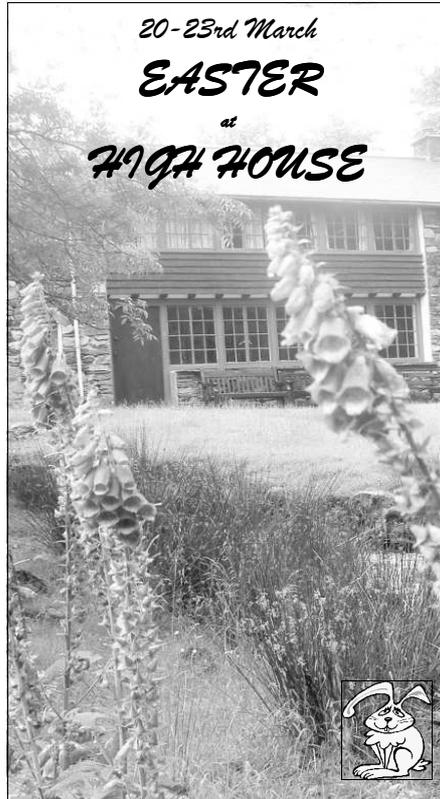
more info - call Tony Walshaw

*The committee will meet on **Tuesday 4th March** at The Rifleman's Arms, where the Summer Wine Team's motto: "You should never confuse your career with your life." will be considered. Come and join us for a pint.*

20-23rd March

EASTER

at HIGH HOUSE



Tuesday 25th March 2008

SHINSCRAPERS IN MEXICO

A Slideshow

at the **Strickland Arms**

7.30 pm



Sandwiches will be provided. If numbers are sufficient there may be a minibus from Kendal

If you intend to come please confirm to Bill Hogarth by Tuesday 18th March

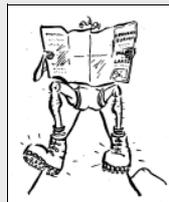
April

*The committee will meet, appropriately, on **Tuesday 1st April** at the Rifleman's Arms. We will try to work out what Ernest Hemingway meant when he said, "There are only three sports; Motor-racing, Bull Fighting and Mountaineering; the rest are merely games." Come and join us for a pint.*

11-12 April

High House

Fellfarer's Weekend

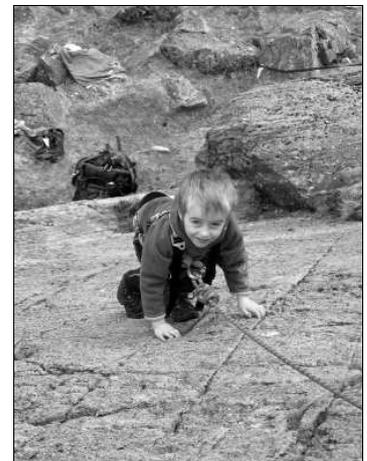


At the time of going to press this slot was vacant. The committee will decide on a suitable event and details will appear in the next newsletter. Meanwhile if you have any ideas for a suitable, preferably outdoors, event, why not call a committee member with your suggestion?

Thursday 24th April 2008

And every Thursday evening throughout the summer

1st Climbing for All Evening



Everyone welcome
Meet at Hutton Roof Crags at *about* 6 pm
More details-call Peter Goff

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

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

COMMITTEE**Chair:** Roger Atkinson Tel: 01539 732490
198, Burneside Road
Kendal
LA9 6EB**Vice Chair:** Alec Reynolds Tel: 01229 821099
7, Buccleuch Court
Barrow-in-Furness
LA14 1TD
*email: Alecreynolds@aol.com***Secretary:** Clare Fox Tel: 01539 727531
50, Gillinggate
Kendal
LA9 4JB
*email: clarefox50@hotmail.com***Treasurer:** Val Calder Tel: 01539 727109
86, Vicarage Drive
Kendal
LA9 5BA**Booking Secretary:** Hugh Taylor Tel: 01524 762067
Briarcliffe
Carr Bank Road
Carr Bank
Milnthorpe
Cumbria
LA7 7LE
*email: JHUGH.TAYLOR@BTINTERNET.COM***Social Secretary:** Peter Goff Tel: 01524 736990
170, Main Street
Warton**Newsletter Editor:** Mick Fox Tel: 01539 727531
50, Gillinggate,
Kendal,
LA9 4JB
*email: michaelfox50@hotmail.com***Committee Members:**

Bill Hogarth Tel: 01539 728569
 Krysia Niepokojczycka Tel: 015395 60523
 Kevin Ford Tel: 01539 734293
 John Walsh Tel: 01539 726235
 Tony Walshaw Tel: 015395 52491

Other Information**Seathwaite Farm (Emergencies only)** Tel: 017687 77284**High House Website:** www.k-fellfarers.co.uk**K Fellfarers Club Website:** www.kfellfarers.co.uk**High House Postcode:** CA12 5XJ**High House OS ref:** Explorer OL4 grid ref. 235119**OREAD HUTS (cost £2.50p. per night.)**

Heathy Lea Cottage,
Baslow, Derbyshire.

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

Oread Website www.oread.co.uk**Oread Booking Secretary:** Colin Hobday
28, Cornhill
Allestree
Derby
DE22 2FS
Tel: 01332 551594**Next Edition of ^{the}Fellfarer:**

Beginning of April, so material for publication by
8th March, please.

PLEASE NOTE THAT I CAN NO LONGER TAKE
MATERIAL FROM FLOPPY DISCS. THE NEW
COMPUTER DOESN'T HAVE A SLOT FOR ONE !

**ED**