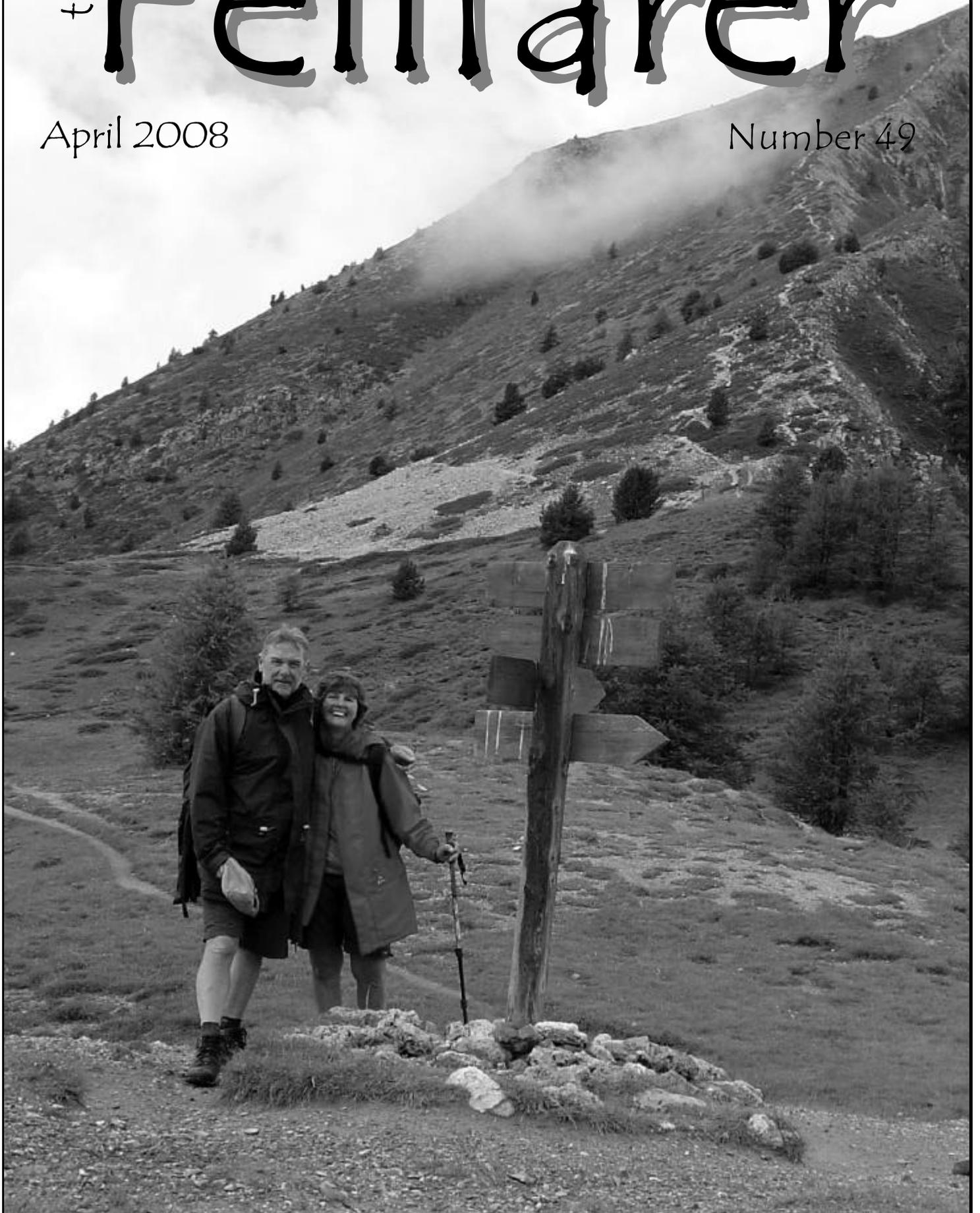


the Fellfarer

April 2008

Number 49





Ed

I don't know whether to apologise for costing the club more money for postage or to thank you for your efforts. I said in the last issue that some items were held back because of lack of space. Well, this time I've bitten the bullet and put it all in. Result: the first 24 page Fellfarer and I still haven't fitted all of my own story of our Mexico trip! Anyway, let's be positive: to heck with the cost and well done all the contributors. Keep it coming!

Next year is our 75th anniversary - see page 3 - and by the time you are reading this, the Committee will have (we hope) made decisions about some form of publication to mark the event. There are a number of options, ranging from a special edition of this newsletter to a proper hard-bound book setting out the history of the club. Whatever the Committee decide, it will need a concerted effort from everybody to pool together our photographs and our memories of the club, of K Shoes, and of High House. Please, please start searching through the old photo albums and scrapbooks, through the slide collections, and, most importantly, through your memories.

This is a great opportunity for us all to share our stories and our pictures. Please contact the Ed very soon if you think you might have something to contribute.

Ed.



By email:

Dear Ed,

Happy New Year. The photo you have reprinted in The Fellfarer and are asking about was given by me to Fred Underhill as he said you would be interested.

It is so dark and Bryan and I couldn't recall it accurately. On talking to Peter O'Loughlin we have come to the conclusion it was taken in Langstrath, Blackmoss Pott, and it shows Peter with his late-wife Marjorie. Bryan and someone else are on either side. Happy days! Wish we could do it now! We do enjoy reading The Fellfarer. Thank you and everyone else for all your efforts.

Best wishes,
Enid Stilling

Dear Ed

You have asked for local names for places you encountered on your nocturnal walk on Whitbarrow. I will do my best!

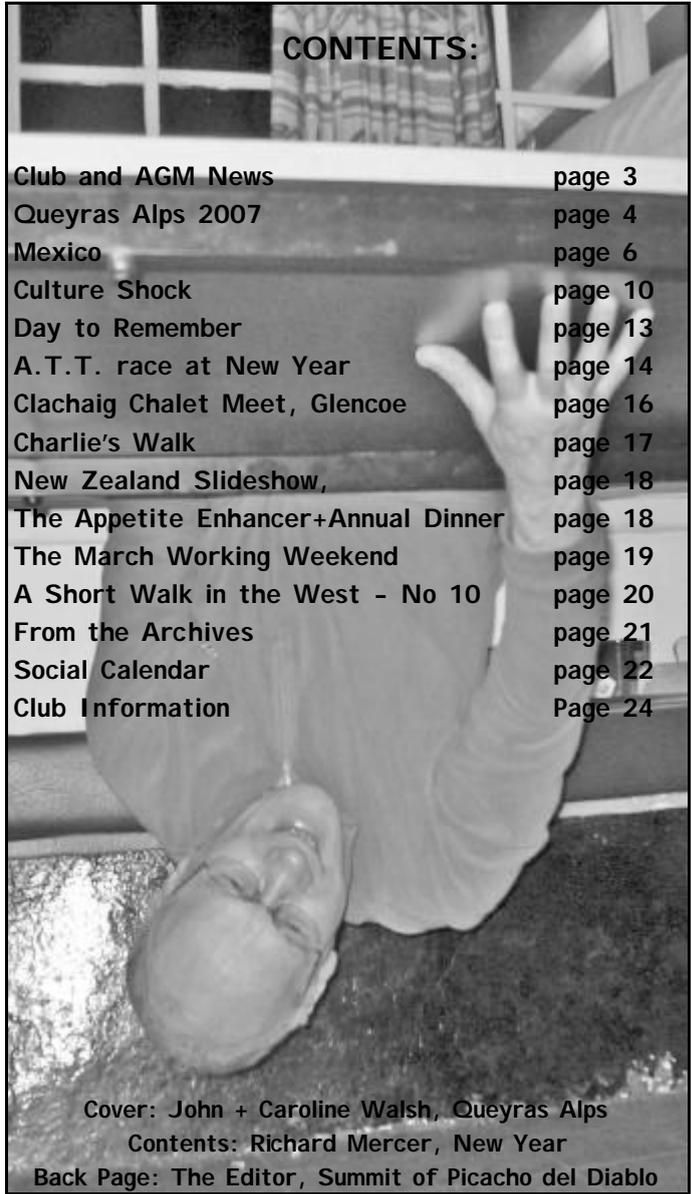
The steep hill on the minor road that leads to Whitbarrow is "Turner Hill". After ascending through "Buckhouse" wood with "White Scar" quarry on your right you reach "Buckers Head". As the path levels out and you walk forward through "Farrer's Allotment" with "Anastice" down to your right, you pass "Sampson's Grave" a small pothole quite near to the stile over the wall you cross into "Flodder Allotment" (the Hervy Nature Reserve). To your right is an area of small lime stone crags and clints known as "Pether Pots" and beyond that to your right are the larger crags of "The Band". On your left are the very large crags of "Chapel Head" (named after the chapel that used to be at Witherslack Hall before the church was built.)

When you reach the summit of Whitbarrow, "Lord's Seat", you can see "Township Allotment" ahead of you with "Toby Tarn" to your right and "Bell Rake" to your left.

When you descended from Whitbarrow, you came down by the steep path known as "Black Yews" and walked back to your car through "High Park", "High Crag" and "Low Crag" woods.

I don't know if you want to publish this or not, do as you think fit.

All the best
Walter



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Cover: John + Caroline Walsh, Queyras Alps

Contents: Richard Mercer, New Year

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CLUB NEWS

Sylvia Forrest thinks that her little grand-daughter's **Pink Jacket** was left at High House before Christmas. Does any member know where it is? If you can help, please ring Sylvia on 0191 548 9069.

David Birkett has some **footwear for sale** (20% of proceeds to Fellfarers). If interested, call him on Kendal 738280 :

- One pair of Regatta grey fabric/leather walking boots, size 10 (euro 45) - as new - £10
- One pair of Clarks brown leather lace-up shoes, size 9 (euro 44) - never worn - £25

Welcome to **new members**: Steve Crame, Steve and Penny Lee and family, Steve and Julie Mason and family.

Mike Walford would like everyone to know that his **cottage in the Pyrenees** is available for holiday stays (rent-free, just pay for gas and electricity) to club members. The cottage has two double bedrooms and is in the village of Olette, between the Mediterranean and Font Romeu on the RN 116. Super walking straight from the door and good public transport - a car is not be essential. If you are interested and want more details, you can call Mike on 015395 52102.

NOTES FROM THE AGM

(in the order in which they were discussed/agreed)

1. Myers Ferguson was unanimously awarded **Life Membership**.
2. The club spent £1,072.07 more than it received in the last financial year, principally because of the improvement work on the kitchen. The bank balance at the end of the financial year (End Nov '07) was £19,895.09.
3. There was a general feeling that **Guest Night Fees** are not always being paid. Remember that if you take non-members to stay at High House, it is your responsibility **1.** to ensure that they sign the visitors book and **2.** to collect their fee and pass it on to the Treasurer.
4. The main business of the meeting was to consider the Committee's proposals for dealing with its current unsatisfactory position as far as **Insurance and Liability** are concerned. It was explained that the Committee and all club members are liable in the event of a claim for personal injury by someone staying at High House or taking part in a club event. Our insurance does not adequately cover this and it has proved to be impossible to get such cover through normal channels. After much research the Committee came to the conclusion that only insurance available through **Club Membership of the BMC** would meet the club's needs. The meeting accordingly approved the proposal that we upgrade our present Associate Membership of the BMC to Club Membership. The club will have to pay the BMC membership/insurance cost for each individual member and (based on current adult numbers) this will cost the club an extra £762 per year.
5. The BMC only recognises individuals (rather than families) as members. The club's membership structure needs to be aligned with that of the BMC and so it was proposed that **K Fellfarers drop Family Membership**. This was approved by the meeting, with immediate effect. There is now only a single Category of Membership, open to Individuals of 18 years of age or over. The Committee wishes to stress that this has no effect upon the welcome afforded to children who come to stay at High House or take part in Club activities.
6. The committee sketched out its **Proposals to Cover the Increased Cost** of BMC Club Membership:
 - In 2008 the increased cost will be met from club funds, with no effect upon membership subscriptions.
 - In 2009 a substantial part of the difference will be met by having removed Family Membership. The present discount for unwaged members will also be removed (this was introduced to help workers made redundant during the dismantling of K Shoes). The remainder will be met from club funds.
 - In 2010 there will be an increase in the Membership Fee. This will be put to next year's AGM for approval, when the financial situation has become clearer.
7. It was agreed to make the Newsletter Editor an Officer of K Fellfarers.
8. An amendment to the **Hut Policy**, which makes **Guest Night Fees** payable for children of 5 years or over, was agreed. This does not apply to children of members and the amended Hut Policy makes that clear.
9. Some minor amendments clarifying details of maintenance have also been made to the Hut Policy.
10. The existing **President, Officers, and Committee** all agreed to re-stand and were re-elected unanimously. Gordon Pitt was elected Vice-President.
11. The present **Lease Trustees** were confirmed. Peter Ford may be standing down soon and a volunteer (*preferably a young member*) will be needed when that is confirmed. The club would welcome a volunteer.
12. In 2009 the club will celebrate **75 years of The K Fellfarers at High House**. The 'Hostel' was opened on 5th May 1934. It was agreed that the committee would consider ways to mark the occasion. Krysia Niepokojczycka and Anne Walshaw agreed to form a sub-committee to plan some events. Please consider how you think we should celebrate this important anniversary. Send your ideas to Krysia, Anne or to any committee member.
13. Votes of thanks were given to the Officers and Committee Members and to Val Calder and Steve Edgar for their 'behind the scenes' work, publishing and posting the newsletter.

Copies of the revised documents (Constitution, Hut Policy etc.) are available in the Visitors Information Book at High House. If any member requires a copy of any of the documents referred to, please contact the Secretary.

Queyras Alps 2007.

John Walsh

Queyras Alps 2007 (continued)

Our walking trip in the Queyras (Haute Alps de Provence) was already half over. We had reached Abries, our farthest point North East of our start and were now turning West.

Day 5 Abries – Aiguilles 18.5km.

Another beautiful morning found us climbing up a gentle track out of Abries. Our route for today lay via the Grand Laus, a mountain tarn at 2579m. This meant a total climb for the day of around 1000m. In this part of the Alps, as in others there are a lot of shrines, all brightly decorated and most with posies of flowers laid at them. The path levelled off and we contoured high above the Guil valley. There were thousands of crickets on the path. At first we tried not to stand on them but after a short period of what must have resembled hop, stepping and jumping, we gave up.

Soon we reached the point where we turned off the Guil valley. Following a narrow path we came to the remains of previous settlements. Mountain farms long since abandoned. These high pastures still support some sheep but mainly, the only inhabitants are the wild life and the flowers. The valley narrowed and we found ourselves high on the right hand side with the river cascading far below.



Grand Laus

We seemed to be walking into a dead end, with no apparent means of escape. All around the fell side loomed steeper and steeper. Surely there was a way out. Then we saw it. A faint line zigzagging its way up. The path picked an intricate route up the craggy fell. I wondered who would have picked this way in the first place. It certainly would not have been me! The slope relented and led us eventually to Grand Laus. We found a comfortable seat and settled down for lunch. It was one of those days when an after lunch nap would have been in order. No rest for the wicked and soon

we were back on the path, this time on the way down. Many fell walkers are not over enthusiastic about descent, aching knees and all that. Not so with Caroline, what little speed she may lack on the ascent is certainly made up for on the descent. We arrived at the tree line in record time. The pace slowed considerably and we ambled the rest of the way, taking photos and looking at all and everything as we went. The Hotel Belvedere was home for the night and we sat on the balcony taking in the views before dinner.



Caroline on the way to Souliers

Day 6 Aiguilles-La Chalp D'Arvieux 22km

Although a slightly longer route today, there is not as much climbing.

A steep slog back up to the balcony path that runs the length of the Guil valley occupied the first half hour. From then on it was plain sailing, downhill in fact! An eagle was spotted but it was too far away and drifted out of sight before we could photograph it. Not an eagle then, you might say. In the distance we could see the fortress of Chateau Queyras. The imposing chateau stood in the narrow valley below and had been used as a defence position in bygone years. At the village of Meyries, the path took a right turn following the Peas valley. This climbed gently until we reached the Bergerie de Peas, which was some kind of small hostel, unfortunately it was shut. A sign giving our next destination, Souliers said 1hr 30mins.

The heat intensified just as the path turned from a gentle slope to vertical. The col on the skyline seemed a long way off. Surely the previous sign must be wrong!

As we climbed we were confronted by a large dog (very large). We had read signs earlier explaining the presence of these dogs. They are sheep dogs. They stay with the sheep on the mountain and look after the sheep, without

the need for a shepherd. I was wondering what they ate, until I met one! Luckily this one wasn't too aggressive and wandered off once it realised we meant no harm. The path eventually turned left and contoured the mountainside until it looked down onto the small village of Souliers.

We descended through woodlands to arrive in Souliers at 2 pm. Lunchtime. Above us the impressive peak of Rochebrune formed the perfect backdrop. Lunch over we continued along a level path to the Lac de Roue famous for its different species of dragonflies. From the Lac de Roue we entered the Izoard valley. Our path took a fairly straight diagonal line through the village of Maison and on to La Chalp arriving there at around 4 pm. We had taken a liking to a locally brewed beer called "Tourmente", normally sold in bottles. In our hotel for the next two nights it was on draft.....excellent!



Rochebrune

Day 7 La Chalp D'Arvieux

A free day today. A day for exploring. Two walks had been suggested, but I didn't fancy either of them. Instead I decided to head for the next village up the Izoard valley, cross the river and follow a path which led back down the valley but at a much higher level. The French call this kind of path a Balcon (balcony). They tend to be easy and usually enjoyable with good views. All was going well; we even managed to get a photo of a butterfly that had eluded us previously. The path did the usual thing, in, out, up and around until it arrived at the crags. After negotiating some tricky bits, where you wouldn't have wanted to slip, came the steep, unstable scree then the boulder field, then the river, full of snow melt that we couldn't cross. The only way out was up, so we followed (loosely speaking) the river until we found a suitable place, which wasn't very suitable, to cross. Finally we were back on a good track and heading down. Perhaps we'll do the recommended route next time.

Day 8 La Chalp - Celiac 16km.

Another cheat today. A lift in the baggage truck from La Chalp to a village called Montbardon. This village is famous for its cheese production. Unfortunately there didn't seem to be anywhere to buy any.

This morning it is raining. The first and only rain of the trip. Our route today follows the valley to the Col de Fromage 2301m, (obviously named after Montbardon), and



On the way to the Col de Fromage

then traverse the summit of the Crete de Chambrette 2582m and finally down to Celiac. The traverse is not recommended in bad weather so we are a little disappointed. However no need to make the decision now.

We don the waterproofs and set off up the valley. Mist is hanging in the trees and somehow we don't mind the rain. Shortly we come across a couple who have bivouacked the night, they are packing their wet gear. The rain stops. In what seems a short time we are approaching the Col de Fromage. The Crete de Chambrette is still shrouded in mist with the odd glimpse of the upper parts. The traverse is a ridge, steep on one side, vertical crags on the other. We decide to go for it; the weather is improving all the time. An hour or so later we arrive on the summit. This was the site of an old observatory and the buildings still remain. The mist is coming and going and the views are spoiled. We don't stay long, a couple of photos on our final summit and it's time to leave. The descent on the other side goes without problem and soon we are at the far col. The sun has come out and it's getting hot. Jackets off, something to eat and then continue.

This descent proved one of the best on the trip. Beautiful upper meadows followed by steep zigzagging paths through the woods. We stepped out at the bottom and were back in Ceillac.

The next day we left for home.



Monte Viso

SHINSCRAPERS IN MEXICO

October - November 2007



The Fellfarer's Expedition to Picacho del Diablo, Baja, Mexico

We shared the beginning of our story in previous newsletters: Mike Goff, the Fellfarers' US outpost, suggested a trip that was a favourite of his back in the days when he taught at Prescott. It would involve wilderness backpacking, being entirely self-sufficient, for up to two weeks in desert, canyon and mountain terrain. The objective was to reach the summit of the highest peak in the Baja peninsula of Mexico, the 10,126 foot Picacho del Diablo (Peak of the Devil), sometimes known as the Cerro de la Encantada.

Although we would be climbing virtually from sea-level, the height gain would not be the main challenge. It is the remoteness of the peak that would test us.

Only three Fellfarers responded: Alan Wilson, Bill Hogarth and the Editor. The outward flight was booked for late October. The desert crossing would be impossible in the heat any earlier in the year. The expedition was outside the experience of all three of us and so Mike supplied us with a basic checklist. Everything we needed would be carried on our backs so each item was scrutinised carefully: Soap? Don't need it. Change of underwear? Don't need it. Tent? Don't need it. You get the idea. Even so, our packs would be much, much heavier than anything we are used to carrying. We would be sleeping under the stars each night and living the most basic lifestyle possible. We would have no access to rescue facilities. We would have no map and would be relying on Mike's memory of the terrain for many days. Perhaps most important of all; we would expect to see no other humans and we'd have to learn to love each others company!

Mike was waiting for us in the evening at Phoenix airport, hustled us into the tiny seats of his pick-up to drive us out of the city and across Arizona to Gila Bend. We arrived at 9 pm and checked into a motel. The diners and restaurants

Picacho del Diablo on the Baja Peninsula



were all closed. Ironically, we had passed two 24 hour pet-food supermarkets en route but now couldn't find an eating place for humans! We found a Subway take-away, eventually, and were quite content with sandwiches and beer in our rooms.

The following day was filled with the long drive south into Mexico. At one point it looked like a night in a police cell was ahead of us but we finally pitched tents in San Felipe, by the lovely Sea of Cortez.

A morning stroll along the beach, watching the pelicans bobbing on the silvery waves, was all the relaxation we allowed ourselves before we packed up the truck and set off, through two military roadblocks, into the Desert de Trinidad.

We threw our gear onto the sand and gathered dead cactus wood for our fire. We lay on the warm sand, cooked our meal and made endless brews as the stars came out.....

The Desert Crossing

We rise before the sun does; under Lucifer's watchful eye we pack our rucksacks, grimacing and grunting as we test their full weight on our backs for the first time. After Mike's many stories we are grateful, with perhaps a *tiny* touch of disappointment that we'd had no encounters with rattlesnakes, sidewinders or scorpions during the night.

The Sierra to the west glow rosy-pink in the pre-dawn light. The range looks very close and our objective peak, clearly visible as the highest point, looks nothing like the 10,000 feet of height above us. It's difficult to take in that it's a day's walk before we even reach the edge of the desert and that those minor ridges and foothills squatting below the Picacho would rank among the best and highest mountains back home.

We take the pick-up to the remains of an abandoned cattle-ranch, where solitary Antonio lives with his many dogs. He invites us into his shanty-home for coffee. We sit on plastic garden chairs while he proudly takes the cloth cover off...his television! He treats us to US news bulletins of the fires raging just over the border in California.

The sun is up and we mustn't delay. We wave 'adios' as his dogs scamper round and turn our faces to the distant wall of mountains. In addition to our packs we each carry a hand-held gallon of water. It will be our only fluid until we reach the mountains.

We realise that this seemingly burnt, dead land is not as dead as it looks. Mike tells us that the withered twiggy bushes are just dormant, waiting years for rain. Ironwood trees thrust roots down 100 ft and more in search of water. We see mice and lizards scurry over the burning sand. Red-tailed hawks drift on the air above us and jackrabbits bound away as we pass. It still feels like desert to us, however, as the hours pass and we seem to get no closer to the rocky barrier that fills the horizon before us. We agree that we (Mike excepted of course) have never experienced heat quite like this. The sunlight hammers down and bounces off the white sand into our faces. We squint against the glare and feel our skin becoming parched.

The shadows on the mountains swing slowly leftwards as the day passes.

We are down to shuffling pace and the reserves of water in our bottles are dropping at an alarming rate. We stop to rest, panting, in the thin shade of an occasional tree but there is no real respite. The straps of our packs are causing real pain now and when we stop it's difficult to take the sacks off; mainly because we don't want the agony of putting them back on! Mike had referred to this crossing as 'a short pleasant day', by which he obviously meant 'hardest day of your life—so far'. The Sierra come nearer - far too slowly - as the sun begins to dip below the horizon. Our bottles of water ran out, one by one, and we shared the last few drops a while ago. There is a sense of desperation as we reach the far edge of the desert and scramble and stumble over boulders up into the mouth of the canyon.

Some way up we reach good clean water, rock pools and a lovely sandy terrace. We drop our packs, strip off and jump naked into cool green water.

The day is transformed and we smile again.





The Canyon

Days and nights in the canyon follow a pattern. Two events, sunrise and sunset, determine our lives and clock-time quickly becomes irrelevant. At night I soon learn to tell the time by the position of the stars.

Morning begins at first light with a rekindling of last night's fire so that Mike's big black pan can be boiled up for coffee. A cereal bar or crispbread has to be enough for our rapidly shrinking stomachs.

Our progress up the canyon, day by day, is marked by slowly changing vegetation and by an awareness that each night becomes colder as we gain height. In fact the only perceptible changes in height are at the frequent rock steps and waterfalls. Although comparatively small, some of these climbs are risky and cause delays. The very first 'bad step' almost results in the total immersion of the Editor and his pack when he doesn't put quite enough vigour into a pendulum swing to get himself and his pack across a smooth rock wall above a deep pool....

Between the rock pitches and huge jumbled boulders, the canyon bed is often thickly vegetated and, although the sidewalls are often only yards away, it is an exhausting process trying to beat the right way through. We frequently turn back from a seemingly impassable problem, hot, tired, frustrated, flesh torn on thorns and cactus spines to find, after exhausting all other options, that it is the right way after all. Our packs seem to get no lighter.

We generally manage a couple of hours walking before the sun peers over the canyon rim to stoke up the furnace once more. The white granite walls and slabs reflect every bit of light and heat our way.

Mid-day means a stop for a swim, if there's a pool, a meal of crackers, jam, peanut butter and water, and a brief rest. It is halfway through the second day that we see our target summit, still far away and high above us, a gleaming white pinnacle. Hooray!

We see and hear little life except birds during the day. The one benefit of leading the way (and there are no others!) is the occasional sighting of humming birds, usually heard before seen. One memorable one is a brilliant, almost iridescent green beauty, no bigger than my thumb which hums and hovers before me over an equally brilliant, but red, flower for a while before darting away.

When the sun disappears we generally have another hour before we search for a campsite. Little sandy beaches appear regularly, perfect for sleeping on. We develop a routine: gather wood, light up the fire and are soon snug, hot brews in grubby hands. Heaven!

A simple meal is cooked in the multi-purpose black pan and it's immediately followed by supper: We mix dough for home-made tortillas, cheese and chilli sauce. And more brews. We're in our sleeping bags by nightfall (about 6 pm) and often asleep not long after. The blazing logs reduce to glowing embers and the banner-tailed rats and ring-tailed cats come sniffing around us, hoping to steal food. They nearly manage it too.

I sometimes lie and watch the full moon rise, obliterating the million stars, so big and so bright that I can see colours by its light.

The Peak

Halfway through the 5th day we reach our proposed base camp, right at the foot of our mountain, now hidden again. This place marks where our route joins the easier and more popular route from the west. The area has clearly been used as a camp by many people in the past but is deserted now. We have gained 6-7,000 feet and the water in the pools is a bit cool for bathing but hygiene generally has become an alien concept now. We light a fire and spend the afternoon resting and making tortillas. Our hands get clean and the tortillas are grey....but they're delicious.

We hang the food up in a tree, safe from ring-tailed cats, and sit up very late tonight - 8 pm! Mike proposes that, before we tackle Pinnacle Ridge, we go for the Slot Wash route, an easier but still complex route. We start early and climb through thick vegetation up steep loose rock, scree and boulders to emerge on a notch in what proves to be a very minor rib of the mountain. Our first close-up view of the mountain is before us: a huge complex amphitheatre filled with ridges, gullies, buttresses, ribs, all dotted with sporadic cover of tree and shrub, climbs up to several gleaming white summits. Mike tells us that navigation across here to hit exactly the right spot for the summit is a big problem. We believe him.

We now find 'ducks' (single-stone cairns) and the odd red ribbon tied to a shrub give us occasional clues. These help but we frequently lose our bearings as we clamber across boulder fields and through dense prickly scrub. Huge buttresses rear above us now: pristine granite covered with soaring crack-lines and corners; perfect rock for climbing. We have no ropes and the little bit of climbing we do is not demanding. The day is getting hotter though, and we seem to be progressing very slowly. We get high under the summit crags and the way seems impossibly steep. There are no more clues to the way. We commit ourselves on several awkward pitches, struggle ever upwards without knowing whether this is the right line.

We arrive at a notch and peer over. The view is heart-stopping. We are looking straight down onto the desert we crossed days ago and now 10,000 feet below us. We are on the roof of the mountain, mid-way between the north and south summits. The way to the north top is barred by a very exposed and steep pinnacle. We stop for lunch and consider our position. It has taken eight of our twelve daylight hours to get to this point and we've not reached a top yet. We tentatively explore the slabs to the south. Finger traverses and foot traverses on granite flakes lead to one last little scramble and we're on the South Top. We can see the full width of the peninsula, perhaps 100 miles, from the Pacific in the west to the Sea of Cortez in the east. North and south of us the Sierra stretches, ridge after ridge, to the horizon.

Feeling like Kings of the Mountain, we begin the descent.

If only we were Time Lords too. By sundown we have only just cleared the upper crags. We won't get down today. We find a sheltered niche and prepare to sit out 12 hours of cold and dark, without food, water or sleeping bags. It's going to be a long, long night.....

Well, readers, will they survive? Don't miss the next Fellfarer to find out!



Culture Shock

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

Continued from Issue 48

Mary Forrest

To Manchester and beyond 20/10/200

5_day sacks, 5 adults, 5 holdalls. We packed the car several times and then set off, leaving my favourite fleece and trousers forgotten on a chair. A couple of hours delay, sleep on chairs and window ledges and we were off to Doha. For Joan, Brett and I this was our first long haul flight. I couldn't work the TV on the way out nor coming back - Harry Potter in Arabic - not good! Doha Airport — bright and spotless and my first encounter with non-european women en masse, displaying a total disregard for hygiene in public conveniences. More sleep and all aboard for Kathmandu.

On approach to the Himalaya the Nepalese man next to Joan kindly suggested and exchanged seats and gave her a resume of the wonderful mountain range stretching across the horizon. A taste of the kind of Nepalese hospitality we were to receive again and again.

Kathmandu Airport 21/10/2007

Immigration forms to fill in, strings of marigolds from the CAT representative, porters demanding money for baggage they had not handled and then we were in a minibus hurtling across Kathmandu to our hotel in Thamel. Noise, people, buildings, soldiers, rubbish tips, gilded pagodas (only 2 sets of traffic lights in 20 minutes) and then we were whisked past a guard and a commissionaire into a lovely hotel -The Mala.

We were reeling from the noise and sheer 'violence' of the journey. Sound your horn louder than everyone else and the gap between converging traffic is yours. We were told that as there was a three day festival, traffic was lighter than usual! We weren't believe it could get worse. We were welcomed by cool drinks and soon we were in our rooms overlooking gardens, fountains and a swimming pool. We unpacked, slept, swam and then after a chat with the CAT representative we changed cheques for rupees and prepared to go out.

Thamel Market

The market was a maze of small streets, stalls, barrows and shops filled with brightly coloured goods. No need to bring trekking equipment from home, every brand name was on sale, (direct from China) waiting to be bargained for. Pashmeenias, ornaments, photographs, jewellery on all sides. All you had to do was barter. I hated it but Brett and Anto loved it. We passed the butcher's boards with red bristly pigs meat on top and a fat rat skipping along underneath but amazingly no flies. People offered things at 'best prices' but accepted a firm 'no'

with good grace. I felt nervous about getting lost but not of the crowds. The noise was unbelievable. We passed shrines smeared with food and blood, offerings to the Gods.

On our way into the market we passed a pale thin boy of perhaps fifteen leaning on a long slender shovel in a huge pile of gravel. When we were returning 2 hours later we passed him again, still in the same stance. We realised that we were not lost but had an uncomfortable feeling that perhaps he was. Later we ate an excellent Nepalese buffet in the hotel restaurant, walked round the flood lit garden and went to bed.

Magical Visions and New Friends Monday 22/10/2007

An early start, a mad ride across Kathmandu and we were at the 'local side' of the airport. After an anxious wait and false calls we boarded a fourteen seater plane for our EVEREST FLIGHT. Each seat had a window and we were taken in turn to the cockpit to view EVEREST. The views were so beautiful I just wanted to cry. Very few photographers can do justice to those white peaks against a vivid blue sky, but we all tried. It was magnificent but over all too soon.

We went to meet the rest of our group, five men; Bryan about Brett's age, had made the trek previously, Robert his younger brother and friend David were seasoned walkers, and Simon and Lee, from London who had walked up Mont Blanc and trekked in the Atlas Mountains. The group just 'clicked' and after an evening of traditional food and dancing displays we all retired.

A Great Day Out Tuesday 23/10/2007

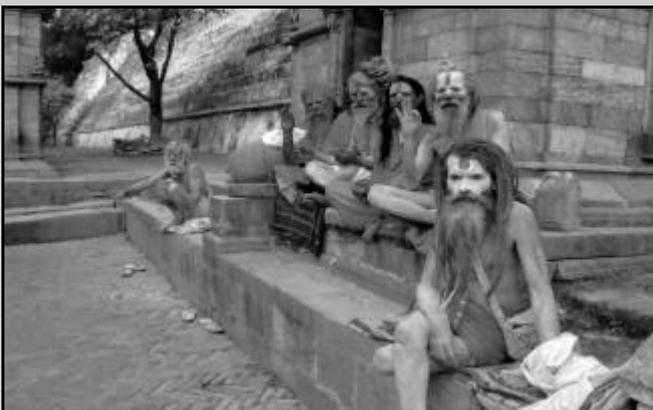
The CAT representative, Krishna, organised a guided tour for us around Kathmandu. First we went up the 360 steps to the huge Buddhist Stupa at SWAYANBHUNATH. We climbed up through trees filled with monkeys until we reached the top where we walked in a clockwise direction past temples, monuments, shrines, souvenir stalls, prayer wheels and people. We entered a monastery and saw Buddhas and butter lamps and then came out and looked at the vast sprawl of Kathmandu under the gaze of Buddha. It was beautiful but overwhelming. Then we walked down the steps on the opposite side under thousands of prayer flags and past young mothers begging with toddlers on their laps. We went back across the traffic, no white knuckle ride could compare with this:- motorcycles carrying 5 people, buses and vans with 20 people on top, a child in the middle of 3 lanes of stalled traffic tapping on the window begging; paupers living in shelters in the filth on the



The Stupa at Swayabhunath

side of the main road; chairs and tables 5 stories up in houses with only 2 walls and no staircase; a woman sorting through rags on a rubbish pile next to a dead dog. An injured victim of a road traffic accident unceremoniously dumped on the side of the road so that the traffic could proceed. It was frightening, disgusting, exhilarating.

Finally we arrived at the Hindu Temple at PASHUPATI-NATH on the holy Bagmati river (just above where the rubbish tip falls into it). Here we all experienced a crisis of conscience. Should we take what would be some of the most unique photographs in our collections or should we exercise common decency and walk on? We were facing the cremation ghats where mourners were bidding farewell to their loved ones and then bathing with their newly cremated remains in the water.



Sadhus at Pashupatinath

We took the photographs! But inside ourselves we experienced that crawling feeling that we had somehow let ourselves down and that this wasn't what the trek was meant to be about. The day had lost its sparkle, we viewed the golden roofed temple and the two leper hospices (one for rich and one for poor) across the river. We saw brightly coloured Sadhus (holy men) who would allow themselves to be photographed - for a fee. We fought off aggressive souvenir sellers and stepped over a leper, lying on the ground, his wounds open to view, with a tin cup for alms by his side. And we retreated to our minibus—just wanting to 'get away*'. This was what organisations like CAT had been set up to fight. Some of us salvaged our consciences by putting money in the 'collection box', others made 'good bargains' with the souvenir sellers. It was a day we would not have missed for anything and we greatly value the experience in hindsight. But we all returned to the hotel feeling rather dirty and diminished. But the following day was the start of the trek and we had to pack our kit. You could wear as much as possible but the baggage had not to exceed 15 kilos that was for big bag and day sack. We packed and repacked.

To Lukla and our first night 'under canvas' Wednesday 24/10/2007

Up to this day we had experienced glorious weather with sunshine and clear blue skies. But we were told that it was raining at Lukla. We kept our fingers crossed. No visibility - no flight!



Zopkioks

After some delay we took off from Kathmandu in a fourteen seater plane. We flew in thick cloud then someone saw a snowy peak. There was a THUMP, our teeth rattled. We had landed at Lukla airport on one of the shortest runways in the world. The airport was built under Sir Edmund Hillary's influence and is situated at 2,800 metres above sea level.

Our Sirdar (leader), a smiley Sherpa called Pesange introduced us to the other Sherpa guides, Neema, Pesange 2 and a smiling boy who looked about 15 but was in fact 21, called Chaptay. Whilst our bags were loaded onto Zopkioks (a cross between yaks and cows) we experi-

enced our first 'tea' from the great iron kettle. We inspected the loo - a porcelain 'squat' which Bryan said last year rated 5/10 at the start of their trek and 10++ on the return, OMINOUS! Then began our 14 day love affair with toilet rolls and antiseptic hand lotion. They were NEVER to be out of reach day or night.

Day packs on our backs and nervous expressions on our faces we set out along the one street town of Lukla, signed out at an army post and we were on our way. The path was rugged and wound gradually downhill between well set out fields, cloudy hill tops and trees. We passed breeze block 'shops' and tea houses with blue roofs. We crossed our first long 'chain bridge' and began the up and down which quickly became familiar but tiring. We climbed up a stepped path to have lunch in a garden overlooking the valley of the Dudh Koshi.

Simon had a cloth 'Tigger'¹ hung on his rucksack and several children tried to liberate it as he walked past. The lunch of Spam, cheese, hot orange juice and bread followed by limes was hardly touched - the reason - most of us had dozed off where we sat. Once back on the trail we were constantly overtaken by porters often wearing 'flip flops' carrying baskets piled high with huge loads. We passed piles of beautifully decorated Mani/prayer stones, taking care to keep them on our right. At a desk we paid a 'voluntary' contribution of 50 rupees each (35pence) to the Maoists and received a receipt. Although quiet in this area they had attacked whole villages in other parts of Nepal.

We crisscrossed the river on long swinging bridges and eventually arrived at Phakding and our first camp at the Sunrise Lodge. We had to wait whilst our small green mountain tents were put up and then it was unpacking. Someone pointed out that the lean to at the bottom of the field where the 'chef and kitchen boys were cooking tea was next to the hut which served as a loo. We chose to ignore this and after a meal we went to bed.

I slept like a log and was woken by the voice of an American lady called Jennifer who was taking photographs of "the British in their quaint tents!"

Our trek had really begun.



To be continued



Bridge on the way from Lukla to Phakding



Mani Stones



At Sunrise Lodge, Phakding



Sunrise Lodge kitchen and (far right) toilet

Saturday 8th December 2008—A Day to Remember



David Birkett

The Fellfarer said 'A stroll from Kendal to Ings' and gave the meeting place and time—what could be easier? In the foulest of conditions, suitably clad individuals—Kryisia, Clare, Mick, Stewart, Bill and your Chairman—sheltered in the doorway of the Riflemans and awaited our leader, Johnnie Walsh, and the adopted West Virginian (Mike Goff).

Ten-thirty came and went, "where was our 'rudder' and the 'tiller' boy." Stewart piped up "I met Caroline earlier - John was setting off at ten." Ugh!! and other exclamations cut the damp air. What were we to do. Would the party flounder? Where was Dick Barton? Eventually the 'old lags' pointed the way and we walked via Kendal Fell to Gamblesmire Lane, crossing the bypass without mishap. Everywhere the ground was sodden, and our gear being tested to the full. Certain 'woodland trackers' thought they had recognised footprints of the lost duo, but hopes faded and we trudged on.

Despite the conditions this was an interesting walk—deep cut tree-lined lanes, limestone kilns on the escarpments, intriguing names like Cold Harbour, Bonfire Hall and Capple Rigg led us to the Crook Road. We had passed the Five Oaks Retirement home; should we book in? "No, onwards, onwards," was the cry. Our only map was sheltered from the elements by a 'close huddle' before aiming for Ashes coppice and lunch in shelter of the woodland. We had a crack with two farmers cutting holly, while listening to tales of Walsh on the 'Ing Pin' and minor epics on Dolly Sods in West Virginia.

The second part of the walk was hardly memorable as the elements seemed to intensify and trickles of water invaded boots and clothing. Route finding was at a minimum as we followed the Dales Way from New Hall via Wain Gap, skirted Borwick Fold and headed for the comfort of the Watermill at Ings. Water oozed from every orifice as we disrobed to make ourselves presentable for the pub—14.30 hrs.—just nice time for a drink and catch the 16.00 hrs. bus, or so we thought. As is ever with walking or mountaineering in the elements, it's nice when it stops! And so the

beer, mulled wine and brandy were enjoyed. "Five to four" Roger commented, so a sharp exit was in order. The 'fleet of foot', Bill and Roger, were first out of the 'gates' - the rest watched as the bus left the lay-by and bemoaned they would have to have another drink.

Second time around we were already standing in the pouring rain, waving furiously and hoping the bus would stop. Not a chance. It sailed on by. We were not happy—talk of taxis, phoning brothers and friends ensued. The pub phone was out of order, no money on the mobile. Oh dear! We'll have to get the six o'clock and get out our flash lights was the consensus. Still the rain came down, driven by a strong wind. We stood in a staggered formation waving our lights—at last the bus indicated and we were bound for home. Guess what? The missing duo were in front of us and had caught the 3 o'clock bus. What is the moral of this story? Buy John Walsh a watch? Don't trust bus operators. Drink less or just stay at home on lousy days!

P.S. I did enjoy the day.



The High House All-Terrain Toboggan Competition - 31st December 2007

(Judges' Independent Report)

I leave to others to describe in detail the "daring do" of the three competitors in the inaugural "High House All-Terrain Toboggan Competition - 2007". This report records the naked facts (or rather the well-covered facts, as it turned out!) as recorded by Krysia and myself, the self-appointed judges.

The arrangements for the competition were discussed at great length on the eve of the affair by the competitors and judges over many beers in several Keswick pubs, which appeared to have lousy draft beer, according to the "Leicester opinion", because none of the hostellers had a below ground cellar. When Krysia and I returned earlier than the competitors, we drafted the judging categories and the points to be awarded. Each of the four races was to be awarded 10, 5 and 2 points, or zero for a non-finish. It was a great surprise to me that a zero score was not awarded at all. Well done chaps (or rather - well done toboggans!) The non-race categories were to be assigned 6, 3 and 2 points.

On the damp and drizzling morning of the competition, the alcohol-induced bravado of the previous night had completely disappeared. None of the competitors appeared in the agreed dress, i.e. headgear, underpants and boots, and none of the "trolley dollies" appeared in bikinis or equivalent underwear. Before commencing, the judges required the competitors to sign a "disclaimer" absolving the Fellfarers from any responsibility. This resulted in two "X"s and a "K" because Kevin couldn't spell "X". The complete occupancy of High House spent the whole day taking part or supporting the event, ending up in the Scafell Hotel after the water race at Rosthwaite. When the "Fox party" arrived at High House in the late afternoon, the building appeared to be imitating the Marie Celeste, i.e. door locked, lights on, upstairs windows open, but nobody home!

The results were as follows:

Category	Graham	Jason	Kevin
Fashion (Style & Flair)	2.5	2.5	6
Equipment (Style & Flair)	3	6	2
Downhill Race - in the field adjacent to High House			
Downhill Race (Fitness for Purpose)	2	4.5	4.5
Downhill Race (Result)	2	5	10
Speed Trial - from High House down to the gate			
Speed Trial (Fitness for Purpose)	*6	2	3
Speed Trial (Result)	2	5	10
Flat Race - down the road from the farm gate			
Flat Race (Fitness for Purpose)	**6	2.5	2.5
Flat Race (Result)	2	10	5
Water Race - from the stepping stones at Rosthwaite to the bridge			
Water Race (Fitness for Purpose)	3	6	2
Water Race (Result)	5	10	2
Special award for invention	***5	0	0
Total	38.5	53.5	47
Speed Trial Time Result (in seconds)	124.70	61.29	26.23

Notes:

1. More effort is needed next year in the fashion category.
2. Fitness for Purpose was judged before the race. (Oh well!)
 - * - Short wheelbase.
 - ** - Large rear wheels, similar to a sports wheelchair.
3. In a few cases a tie resulted in a sharing of the points.
4. *** - Graham built his toboggan entirely from scrap garnered from skips outside private houses in Keswick.

Roll on next year, all members (and their dogs) are welcome. I can't wait.

Alec Reynolds



More Hogmanay Shenanigans

It appears that the fun didn't stop when the last All Terrain Toboggan sank pathetically into the icy-cold waters of the nascent River Derwent and the sun went down on the bedraggled Tobogganeers. A few hours in the bar of the Scafell Hotel set just about everyone up for another few hours of song, stories and, well, even more stupidity really. Here's the pictures to prove it:



Clachaig Chalet Meet, Glencoe

11-12th January 2008

Hugh Taylor

With a good forecast for the Saturday, the annual visit to Glencoe and the luxury of the Clachaig chalets was keenly anticipated. Mel and Chris drove up from Mansfield via Leeds on the Thursday to stop with Angie and I, enabling a reasonable start on Friday morning. We arrived at the top of the Glen Ogle road and had our sandwiches, intending to walk up the Corbett Creag MacRanaich. Due to the powdery condition of the snow, and the time, we only managed half-way, but the views over to the Tarmachan ridge above



Killin during the sunset were stunning.

Alan and Rod soon arrived, followed by Paul, Neil and Josh. After a couple of pints in the bar, Frank and Graham arrived to complete the group. The fact that we were three places short was surprising given the usual good attendance and one of the best forecasts for years. Where was everyone?

As expected, Saturday dawned to brilliant weather. The main group of Rod, Mel, Chris, Angie, and Hugh, drove up the pass and parked above the new bridge on an icy car park. The path up the Lairig Eilde was also icy, but soon we turned uphill to enter the snow as we ascended to the bealach on the Buachaille Etive Beag ridge. The views were great and the conditions excellent – good firm snow but not needing crampons. We turned NE and ascended Stob Coire Raineach, the 'new' Munro, for lunch. With a 360 degree view, and the Ben clearly visible, it was a superb lunch stop. We retraced our steps downhill to the bealach and ascended the lovely snow slope of the intermediate top before walking along the ridge to top out on Stob Dubh.

Another brilliant view, but with cloud cover out to sea. Reluctantly we descended, to reach the car at dusk, having had one of the

best Glencoe days for weather for some 5 - 6 years.

The other groups also had interesting days. Alan made an early start to photograph the sunrise on Buachaille Etive Mor from near the Kinghouse, and ended up standing next to Colin Prior. Having put Colin right on some of his techniques, Alan then drove down Glen Etive and increased his Corbett count by adding Beinn Maol Chalum.

Graham and Frank had brought their skis with the intention of trying the Glencoe ski runs. However, in response to

a radio article the previous day saying that Saturday would be the best day for skiing that winter, so had everyone else in Scotland it seems, and the ski centre was overrun with people and cars. They decided against battling with the crowds and had a walk up to Stob Coire nan Lochan instead. They returned via Coire Gabhail, noting that a snow-boarder had also descended from the bealach between Stob Coire nan Lochan and Bidean. Paul, Neil, and Josh in the fourth group played around in the snow in the Lost Valley.

As per the previous 5 years, the Sunday was raining, so everyone made a steady drive home. We returned via the Falkirk Wheel which is a mechanism for lifting canal boats from one canal to another.

Well worth the detour.

The club have been booking this same weekend now for 20 years or so, and we are the only group that is allowed to stay for 2 nights, all other groups must stop a minimum of 3 or 5 nights. When booking the same weekend for next year, I asked whether we could have a similar weekend for the same rate, and was told we could provided that the chalets were in their slack period. Hence a weekend in say the end of February may be possible, either instead of or as well the usual weekend. Any interest?



Brian (Charlie) Birkett's Walk

Saturday 19th January 2007

David Birkett

(with interruption by Bill Hogarth)



Victor Meldrew would have said "I don't believe it": a dry, bright, calm day amongst the dross we have endured during our so-called winter. The company was convivial from the outset, 14 Fellfarers and Walter's two terriers - Bill was our guide and Mick the photographer.

The team photograph was taken on the steps of the Registry Office, setting off mutterings of who was to be the next bride or groom!

Maude Street is the entrance to Noble's Rest, once known as Dawes Meadow, the home of Kendal RUFC, with the backdrop of Fellside and Serpentine Wood. Alongside the steep stony lane is Gandy Nook, the former home of Thomas Sandes - mayor of Kendal in 1647/48. The lane leads to Serpentine Road and on to Queen's Road, constructed in 1869, perhaps Kendal's first bypass. Above the road is the extensive Serpentine Woods planted in 1790 and opened in 1824 by private subscription with a sixpence admission fee. Today the walks are free and you can visit the cuckoo house (former summer house), the fairy ring (where several K Fellfarers attempted to play on the recently installed wooden xylophone) or contemplate the 19th century time gun plinth where daily at 1 pm a cannon was fired from a watch makers in Highgate by remote control.

Charlie's brother confused the leader coming out of the woods by saying, "we should exercise our ancient rights and cross the greens and fairways on the public right of way". (Bill adds: "It was Saturday competition time and the place was festooned with golfers, and not wanting to upset them we tried to stick to the rights of way, but after nearly being hit we just made a bee line for our stile as best we could. No one said any thing to us as probably they realised just who we were and how important we were. After all we had with us the new President in waiting, the Chairman and his Wife, a former Mayor of Kendal, Doctor Muncey, the Secretary of the Coniston Fox Hounds, the Chief Architect for Cumbria (ret) and his Wife, just to name a few. It must have seemed like a royal visit to the humble golfers of Kendal on that day.") We dodged the golf balls and headed for Coffin Wood and Boundary Bank Farm.

For the second time in five weeks we tried to reduce the K Fellfarers membership by crossing the A591 (western by-pass) - the odd car honked, but we made it, climbing through the sodden fields to Gamblesmire Lane where Bill called a halt by the limestone kiln overlooking the Crook valley, and we 'chewed the fat' and scoffed our bait.

Nearby the fine Cunswick Hall, large quantities of multi-coloured paper sludge had been dumped. Kevin informed us that it had been tested and it was alright to spread on the land. I hope the flowers like it—so if walkers complain of multi-coloured fields near Cunswick, it is all in order. I always like the landscape near Cunswick Tarn, through Ash Spring wood and out into the sheltered meadows leading to the tarn. Then the steep climb through the natural scar wood and out onto the open escarpment strewn with furze, and ash trees. We gathered at Brian's chosen place—flowers were laid and the Chairman said "Brian liked flowers, to eat them that is" - "especially daffodils" someone said. I added "to drink the odd beer filled ashtray was in order" - this was in his beatnik period, followed by his budhist period and then his astrological, geological eras, and his final mountaineering, caving, Munroing, Corbetting, all intertwined with folksong and dance. Add one wife and three children—what a busy and fulfilled life.

Walter's two terriers took the lead after we had 'filled our boots' with the wondrous vista - down past the targets we strode where in earlier times the Birkett bros. played on the pulley walls. No problems with the A591 this time, a bridge led to the east bank and down to the partially derelict Helsfell Hall with its mullioned windows and blocked doorways. Fields lead to under Helsfell Nab where Fred led a splinter group to the entrance to Helsfell Cave, a local subterranean passage.

All good things come to an end and the party dispersed, thanking Bill and having experienced a memorable walk.

Slideshow Evening - The Fellfarers in New Zealand 2007

12th February 2009

We wondered beforehand whether it would prove to be a mistake holding a club slideshow out of town and on a Tuesday night. We needn't have worried. The turnout, almost 30 members and friends, was the best for a slideshow for many years. Deservedly so, because the venue proved to be ideal and the beer and sandwiches were excellent too. Even the Treasurer gave it the thumbs up after paying the bill so we can probably expect more evening events at The Strickland Arms.

Alec (digital images) and Alan (traditional slides) took us on a tour of North Island with images so powerful that we could almost smell the sulphur from the volcanoes. Alec, of course, didn't make it across Cook Strait because of his accident so Alan had South Island to himself for a while. Some might say that with such scenery it's impossible to go wrong with a camera but Alan's expertise with SLR and slide film really showed itself with stunning images of the snowy Southern Alps.

When it was all over, we were so satisfied we almost forgot to get the sandwiches! There were many thoughtful faces and quite a bit of tentative discussion about another Fellfarer trip to NZ sometime soon.....

Thank you to the team (photos from Roger, Margaret, Richard, Alan, Alec) for a brilliant evening.

The 'Appetite Enhancer'

Saturday 23rd February 2008

After a superb fortnight of calm and frosty weather the weather broke a day or two before this and we gathered under a gloomy sky in the expectation of getting blown about a bit and soaked before the morning was out. Faces were smiling, though, and a round dozen of us set off in good heart, following Krysia up the narrow lane to Black Yeats and Owert Field. Our heads were almost touching the low cloud as we crossed the soggy field before dropping down to the splendid group of farm buildings at Preston Patrick Hall.

We visited Goose Green and Challon Hall, places most of us had never heard of, let alone visited, before reaching Peasey Beck at the point where the canal feeder still carries water off to keep the Lancaster Canal topped up. Walter informed us that the level track across the field and the stone abutments on the river bank are all that remains of the Gatebeck Gunpowder Works Tramway.

We were soon walking through the automobile graveyard behind the garage at Crooklands and out onto the main road, half a mile from our starting point. We thought it was all over but



Krysia swung right through a tiny gateway in the hedge and up to Preston Patrick Church. We paused for a while at the Duff family grave before heading downhill to a slippery slab bridge over the Skip Burn. The stains on the editor's backside are testimony to the slipperiness—he almost ended up upside-down in the beck. A dark cattle-creep tunnel took us back under the motorway and back to our starting point. We realised then that the threatened poor weather had failed to materialise and we congratulated ourselves on our splendid, and dry, little walk. Thank you Krysia.

On the downside, the Ed found that his keys had disappeared. The chairman kindly took him home for a spare and then back to Crooklands to retrieve the car. The beck below the 'slippery bridge' was the obvious place to look but the water was deep and brown with peat. (*On Sunday morning the water had dropped and cleared. The keys glimmered on the stony bottom and it only took a few seconds to retrieve them. Hooray!*)

followed by:

The K Fellfarer's Annual Dinner 2008

32 Fellfarers turned out for an excellent meal at the Eagle and Child in Staveley. Here's most of them:



Working Weekend

The first day of March 2008

A bumper list of 'jobs to do' was matched by a bumper turn-out. Some turned up on Friday; some on Saturday. Some went home at teatime on Saturday; some stayed on until Sunday. Whatever. I don't think that anyone did a definitive count but there were *at least* 38 Fellfarers present, including a fine and enthusiastic bunch of young people. Well done us!

So what did we do? The list ran to almost 50 jobs (a list from 10 years ago named fewer than 20), many of which were the most important items of general checking, repairing, cleaning, and painting. These jobs should not be underestimated. They are the basis of our Working Weekends. They have always been done and, if we do nothing else, will need to be done at every WW in the future.

It's funny how apparently simple jobs get complicated :

Simple Job No. 1. It seems that, for the last 74 years, our lease has required us to removed bird's nests from the chimney pot and then sweep the flue. No-one remembers our ever having done either job. Sweeping the chimney has been impossible since the Romesse pot-bellied stove was installed because there has been no way of accessing the bottom of the flue. Bill had made up a stout steel access hatch and all we had to do was take out a couple of stones from behind the stove and build it in. Simple! Gavin (top right) set to with enthusiasm. A couple of hours later he had demolished much of the stonework behind the stove and still hadn't found the flue! Amazingly, by teatime, the whole thing had been rebuilt, with the access hatch in, and cleaned up. Even Gavin himself had time for a quick rub-down with greasy rag before he sat down to our communal meal.

The Heavy Brigade did a superb job of removing another large bit of Glaramara so that we can escape from the upper floor of High House in the event of a fire. It's one of those jobs that will go on for some time, with no immediate benefit, but one day it will all fall into place. Excellent work. The soil and stone that came out had to go somewhere, of course, and the slopes of the Firepit (see middle right, background) was just the right place. Another job creeping towards completion.

In the foreground of the picture, middle right, is Mary, cleaning out the land drain/ overflow channel in her own way. She confessed that she 'quite likes cleaning out drains'. Shame we got rid of the Fat-Trap, eh?

Simple Job No. 2 We wanted to strip the blue paint off the back of the entrance door so that we can varnish it. The door came off its hinges. Steve M removed the big hinges so that we could clean them up, which necessitated removing all the timber boarding on one side of the entrance. The bottom boards were riddled with woodworm so they had to be treated..... So it went on.....

Simple Job No. 3. An area of mildew on the wall at the far end of the Men's End needed cleaning. Soon the bunk beds had been hauled back and scrapers were at work removing rotten paint and plasterwork over the whole gable end and much of the side-walls. Big cracks were discovered for the committee to worry about. The gang of younger Fellfarers managed to find a scraper each and did much of this work, making it fun, before finding the really important work of the weekend: building a den behind the wooden shed. (bottom right: *standing*: Jake, Joe, Alice, Ollie, *sitting*: Katy, George, Tom.)

Sunday morning saw the den being demolished and turned into a something even better: a blazing bonfire in the Firepit.

I think we all had fun.



Kirkby Moor

(A Short Walk in the West - Number 10)

Kirkby Moor provides an interesting combination of rural and industrial landscape, and has obviously done so for many years. This walk investigates both aspects.

From the Kendal to Barrow road head towards Kirkby-in-Furness, and then turn right at the crossroads near the village pub. Follow the winding lane through the village and up the hill. At the fork in the road take the left signposted "Chapels" rather than the left signposted "No through road". Continue until you reach a public footpath sign on the right to Kirkby Moor. Park in the lay-by on the left just beyond the sign. Before starting the walk investigate the profusion of wild flowers on the left amongst the trees, including blue and white English bluebells. Also, before starting the walk proper, walk up the aforementioned footpath and have a look at the splendid walled green lane.



From the lay-by continue walking up the road a couple of hundred yards to the corner and take the footpath on the right to Peppers Wood. Once out in the open there are paths and sheep trods everywhere – take a map, especially if you want to do your own exploration. For the less intrepid, follow the track just above the intake wall and proceed beyond the point where the path coming up from Friars Ground joins via a field gate on the right. The next point to look for is a marker post with a yellow top and a small round sign identifying that you are on the "Furness Link". The top of the nearest windmills are now in view up on the left. Head onwards down the slope to another marker post that has six yellow direction points. Continue down the slope into Gill House Beck and uphill towards Gunson Height. When the path becomes a vehicle-wide dirt track you need to take a left and contour round below Gunson Height. There is no path shown on the map, but there are innumerable sheep trods heading in the general direction. When the track and the wall to the right start to diverge another grassy, farmer's track forms a crossroads. Head up the slope well to the right of the wind farm. When the moor top is reached a radio mast can be seen dead ahead. Meander across the moor through the heather and past the lone seven foot fir tree towards the mast until you reach the unmade road that leads to the wind farm.



Turn left and head for the wind farm. At the first junction decide how much exploration you want to do, i.e. to the right – more, to the left – less. The short route heads down to the edge of the quarry. Turn left and follow the edge of the quarry. (Before turning left it is worth exploring the various industrial features to the right.) At the first windmill follow the signposted footpath dead ahead through the heather and downhill. On the downhill section you will be able to see your car and journey's end. There are splendid views across the Duddon Estuary to Walney Island and Black Combe, and to the right into the heart of Lakeland.

Alec Reynolds

From The Archives

The Editor was handed some copies of 'The Eyelet', the K Shoes newsletter, recently "because they might be of interest to the Fellfarers". Here are some extracts: "Going Up" is from April 1953 and "G. Goff takes a Stroll" is from 1955. So now we know how it all started for the Social Secretary! The little advertisement is from 1951.

Thank you to Frank and Barbara Wilson (who are not members) for the information. **Any more 'Eyelets' anyone ?**

Going Up

G. Goff.

DURING the course of our many jaunts in the country, the two youngsters (Susan 6, Peter 9) often expressed the wish to get a close up of a real mountain, so that was why one Saturday afternoon in the late Summer we got off the bus at Wythburn Church and there on a signpost read "Helvellyn 3 miles," or something to that effect. To the challenge "Well what about it," we started to scramble up the path through the Fir Trees, then settled down to a more steady pace. Half way up we had a late lunch and a welcome rest, after that with some grunting and groaning we carried on to the top, to be well repaid for our exertions.

It is many years since I was there last, but along with the youngsters I shared their pleasure and wonder at the scene that lay below us, Striding Edge, Red Tarn, mountain and valley. The silence and solitude one experiences even on the well worn trails, that can be found nowhere else. Reluctantly we jog trotted down again and as we rested on a seat near the Church, we concluded that the six miles consisted of four miles up and two down. Nevertheless the following Saturday found us on the top of Garburn looking down into Troutbeck Valley and across to Red Screens dominating the back scene. We must "do" that, was our immediate reaction, and taking advantage of the fine weather the next weekend, we took the bus to Kirkstone Inn.

Descending the "Struggle" a hundred yards or so, we struck up a dried water course which made fairly easy going. After a while, splendid views of Windermere and Morecambe Bay presented themselves and made good excuses for resting. When we got to the top, which we had to ourselves, we found the view to the West and the North magnificent. I had been here several years ago but again I was able to share the enthusiasm of the children, who ran from one vantage point to another, taking in the panorama of mountain, lake and sea. It is a tiring stretch down to Ambleside, though Windermere in splendid view keeps the scenery lively, and after a rest and a snack, the keenness returns and there is much to talk about. Now this year they want to make an early start "Before all the snow has gone". If Anno Domini permits and I can raise the bus fares I'll have a go.

Spend your weekends with the K Fellfarers and their hostel at Seathwaite in Borrowdale this summer. Some think us mad, but we love the open air, and are fond of walking and climbing mountains.

The subscription is only 2/- per annum or 1/- for under eights, and the overnight charge at our hostel is 1/6 or 1/- for Juniors. Take your own food. We are glad to help new members, so contact Madge Thexton at Counting House and explore the Lake District with us this summer.



Mr. G. Goff with his daughter Susan (8) and his son Peter (11), now a member of the Kendal Grammar School. His other sons, Michael (17) is on a farm at Underbarrow, and George (19) is a marine commando. Mrs. G. Goff was a member of the Skiving Room before her marriage.

G. GOFF TAKES A STROLL

FOR those weary tortured souls of the Clicking Room who cannot sleep on Sunday afternoons because of scrambling and grass-tracking motor bikes and such modern distractions, I would prescribe a walk into the countryside where peace and quiet is undisturbed. A stroll over Hincaster tunnel and through Stainton village for instance. Over the tunnel along a sheltered path, flanked by high hedges will bring them on to the canal towpath, as pleasant and serene a picture as they could wish for. Making their way eastwards to the second bridge which leads into the village, I am certain they will be struck with the number of poultry hereabouts that appears to belong to no one in particular. The foxes in this locality, from what I am told, harbour the same idea.

Stainton is a long straggling village, or should it be hamlet? I saw no pub, nor can I remember seeing a Church. A beck runs the whole length of the village, turning to run under the road not far from the canal bridge. Leaning over the bridge, it is surprising what large trout can be seen in such a narrow beck. I was very surprised to learn that this was the River Bela on its way to that big sweep that it makes under the road near Beetham to double back to Milnthorpe and the Bay.

When I was there last with my two youngsters we called into the post office-cum-sweet shop for a drink of lemonade; to our embarrassment we found ourselves going through the living room into the tiny shop, under the watchful eyes of two cats and a dog. Quite close to the post office is surely the smallest bridge we have ever seen, whilst four legged animals of the species wishing to cross the beck have to ford it. A pair of Muscovy ducks lent colour to the scene, and if the preening and the antics of the drake was anything to go by, it isn't necessary to read the calendar to know when it is spring.

It is a fair stretch to the main Kirkby Lonsdale road which of course helps to give Stainton that placid charm, but by the way, what about those tired tormented souls to whom I gave such consideration, We need not bother about them, they will have fallen asleep long before this!

April

The committee will meet, appropriately, on **Tuesday 1st April** at the Rifleman's Arms. We'll be thinking about that classic line from Joe Brown when asked "What do you do if you can't reach a hold Joe?". He answered "I climb up to it!"
Come and join us for a pint!

11-12 April 2008

High House



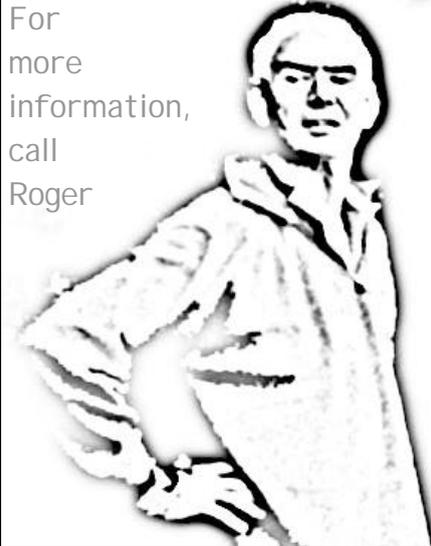
Fellfarer's Weekend

Saturday 26 April 2008

The Chairman's Walk

(approx. 3 hours walking)
Meet at the **Station Inn**,
Oxenholme, at 1 pm

For
more
information,
call
Roger



Thursday 24th April 2008

And every Thursday evening
throughout the summer
1st 'Climbing for All' Evening



Hutton Roof Crags

From 6 pm till dusk
Everyone welcome
For more details-call Peter Goff

May

The committee will meet on **Tuesday 6th May** at The Rifleman's Arms. We will try to bear in mind what Doug Lawson once said: "Some of the world's greatest feats were accomplished by people not smart enough to know they were impossible." Come and join us for a pint.

LOOK: THERE'S SO MUCH GOING ON IN MAY THAT THERE'S NO ROOM FOR PICTURES:

2-4 May High House is booked for Fellfarers

10 May The Secretary's LAST WAINWRIGHT (if all has gone to plan).

Clare Fox invites you to join her and her family and friends in a stroll to the summit of Haystacks for the last tick on her list, starting at about 10.00 am from Gatesgarth Farm, Buttermere (pay and display—£3 for day). Let Clare know if you want to share a car from Kendal (leaving 8.30 am).

Followed in the evening by a **Celebration Party** at 50, Gillinggate, Kendal. 8 pm onwards.

Please let Clare know if you're coming.

16-18 May Scottish Camping Meet

Camping at Leachive Farm, Tay Vallich. OS Landranger 55 Grid Ref. 745875. One 6 berth caravan is booked; everyone else will have to bring tents. Basic facilities and with a great pub nearby. Stunning scenery and an excellent place for walking, kayaking, and mountain biking. Probably one of Scotland's best-kept secrets. If you want to share transport and/or find out more, call Peter Goff

17 May The Shinscrapers Trip to Dolomites

will be a climbing trip to Calpe on the Costa Blanca, nowhere near the Dolomites. Sorry, it's fully booked.

Tues 20 May Gait Barrows Nature Reserve - An Evening Walk

Another chance to explore one of the most interesting Limestone Pavements in the country. Between Beetham and Silverdale. Access is usually restricted but we have a permit. Meet at 6.45 pm at the entrance (Grid Ref. 77478). Parking is very limited so share a car or, better still, come by bike. More information: Peter Goff

23 - 31 May High House is booked for Fellfarers

Don't forget we're climbing every Thursday evening. Everyone welcome, regardless of ability. Call Peter Goff

June

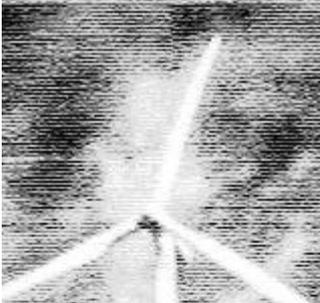
The committee will meet on **Tuesday 3rd June** at The Rifleman's Arms. We'll be considering Freud's conclusion that, "activities involving risk, such as climbing or gambling, are masochistic and are therefore explained as satisfying inverted sexual and aggressive motives"
 Come and join us for a pint. **Don't forget climbing on Thursday evening.**

6-7th June 2008
 (Friday - Sunday)
Little Langdale
Hut Meet
Low Hall Garth
 O.S. ref: OL6 309029



Cost per night - a pittance
Booking essential,
 call Peter Goff

Tuesday 10th June 2008



An Evening Walk
Docker Fell
and the source of
St Sunday's Beck
 Meet at 6.30 pm
 On the A684
 (GR 586929)
Roan Edge Quarry Road
(just before the windfarm)
 For more info, call Krysiá

13-14th June 2008
HIGH HOUSE
 Is booked for a



Fellfarer's
Weekend

28th June 2008
 A walk from Kendal
 via Brigsteer,
 Whitbarrow Scar,
 Latterigg, Witherslack.
 (Approximately 4-5hrs.)
Destination: the newly
opened Derby Arms for
meal / refreshments
if it re-opens on time !



Return to Kendal by the
 X35 bus.
Note - please ring John
Walsh - otherwise you won't
know where and when to
start!
He promises to wait for us all to turn up !

July

The committee will meet on **Tuesday 1st July** at the Rifleman's Arms, when we'll be pursuing the truth of the saying, "All the wisdom you need in this life can be found somewhere on a t-shirt". Come and join us for a pint.
Don't forget we climb every Thursday evening. Details- Peter Goff

4-5th July 2008
HIGH HOUSE
 Is booked for a



Fellfarer's
Weekend

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



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

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



A perfect base for
 Snowdon, Nantlle, etc.
Only £2.50 per night !
Early booking essential
 Call Peter Goff

Tuesday
23rd July 2008
Walter's Woodland
Walk No. 5
 A walk among the wooded
 undershirts of Whitbarrow
 and Yewbarrow.



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

CLUB OFFICIALS**PRESIDENT: John Peat** Tel: 015395 32244**VICE PRESIDENT: Gordon Pitt** Tel: 015395 68210**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
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- BRITISH MOUNTAINEERING COUNCIL

BMC Website: www.thebmc.co.uk**Each Fellfarer has their own Membership Number**

- RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION

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

- OREAD MOUNTAINEERING CLUB
(Reciprocal Rights Partnership)

Oread Website www.oread.co.uk**Oread Huts** (available to us at £2.50p. per person/night.)**Heathy Lea Cottage,**
Baslow, Derbyshire.**Tan-y-Wyddfa**
Rhyd-Ddu, North Wales.
O.S. Ref. 570527**Oread Booking Secretary:** Colin Hobday
28, Cornhill
Allestree
Derby
DE22 2FS
Tel: 01332 551594**Next Edition of ^{the}Fellfarer:**Beginning of July, so material for
publication by **8th June**, please.