

the Fellfarer

April 2010

Number 57



Editorial

April already !

We are poised between a perfect Lakeland Winter and well we can only hope and pray for the summer. At the time of writing we still have snow and ice in perfect condition on crags and in countless gullies on the high fells while here, on lower ground, there is a definite sense that spring is upon us:

On the 18th February I heard the first song of a skylark of 2010, up on the Walna Scar Road. I don't think I'd ever heard a lark before March until then. An hour later I was teetering up steep snow with only my ice axe keeping me from slipping to the frozen surface of Blind Tarn far below. What a wonderful world this is to be sure!

So then, are you enjoying what has been a bumper year so far? Write and tell us all, or send a picture or two.

This issue sees a departure from what we have become used to from the Fellfarer. If all goes to plan (we haven't reached the printers as I write, obviously), you should receive a Social Calendar Supplement with this newsletter, a page you can pin up in your kitchen, karsey or bedroom so that you no longer have the embarrassment of missing events because you used the Fellfarer in the cat litter tray and it had got too soggy to take out again and read.

Let us know how it works for you. Please.

Finally, a request : As you read these lines, don't stop at the bottom - make sure you carry on to read page 3, especially the bit about the need to increase involvement from members. It lets you know that the Social Sub-Committee has resolved to ask members (you!) to be more active in hosting/leading/organising or at least helping at club events. Hooray for them! As Editor I would also like to see more members contributing to the Fellfarer.

It's no good sitting there in the shadows hoping no-one will notice you - soon the karaoke spotlight will shine on you and you'll have to get up and sing!

Ed

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Cover picture:
On the Walna Scar Road 18th February 2010

Contents Picture:
Alan in the North Cove of Red Screes 6th February 2010

SHELTER BELT

Roger Atkinson

It has been seven years since the shelter belt of trees was planted at the back of High House. Where does the time go? I, and I



suspect others, who helped to plant the trees originally have been watching over them like anxious parents and I am happy to be able to say all have done well even if some have succeeded better than others. The lone alder was the first to gain height and is making a fine tree, the larches and Scots pines are fighting hard and managing to keep pace with the leader, the oaks, a slower growing tree, are starting to adopt the pleasing traditional shape of their species, the ashes are gaining height and even the smallest ash which was for some reason a very slow starter is now making an effort to catch up with its companions. To have not lost a single tree is an immense piece of luck.

The fences which were built to protect the young saplings, and overpowered them in the early days, and are still doing their job, look set to survive until the trees are mature enough to stand on their own two feet, a very pleasing outcome.





- Welcome to Mike and Kath Palk whose membership applications were accepted in March 2010. Mike's principle interest is rock-climbing and Kath is a walker and an artist.
- We regret the resignation of Alec Reynolds as a **Lease Trustee of K Fellfarers**. Alec felt that it was inappropriate for him to remain in post if we are to continue our membership of the BMC. Following the vote at the A.G.M., however, the club is pleased to welcome Mark Walsh as a **New Trustee**. The usual legal paperwork will follow now and we will inform you when that is complete and the club is back on a solid legal footing.
- Alec Reynolds also resigned from the Committee, as John Walsh also volunteered to step down. The A.G.M. voted Mark Walsh and Jason Smallwood to be **New Committee Members**. Mark is enthusiastic about every aspect of the club and, although a member for only a few years he's keen to 'put something back'. Jason has been a member for some time longer. Both have young families and are regulars at High House with their children. Both enjoy climbing. Both are participants in the ATTTrials on New Years Eve and have therefore one of the most important qualities for being a committee member: the ability to not take oneself too seriously! Both are keen to promote family use of High House. The Committee welcomes Mark and Jason and looks forward to working with them in the future.

We've talked about it before but this year it becomes reality: **Sub-Committees**:

- The **Social Sub-Committee**, having had a year to cut its teeth on the 75th Anniversary celebrations, has now taken over the whole Social Programme and the responsibility for publication of the Supplement enclosed with this issue. Its members are listed on its dedicated page in this newsletter - see page 19. The S.S-C. has declared that it intends to contact members individually to invite them to become more involved in the social life of the club, whether by organising an event, by suggesting an activity, or in some other positive way. In this way it hopes to broaden the geographical spread and nature of activities to better reflect the diversity of the club. It also invites non-Committee members to join it at its regular planning meetings, an invitation that gives you a chance to become involved with the running of the club without a regular commitment. If you are interested, let us know.
- The **Hut Sub-Committee** will only meet infrequently to monitor the Work Plan, programme and budget for repairs and improvements at High House and to organise Working Weekends and 'Last of the Summer Wine' working parties. It has managed to do this so far this year by email and by informal conversation before and after Committee meetings. Members are: Roger Atkinson, Mick Fox, Peter Goff and Tony Walshaw. A Copy of the 2010 Work Plan are available to all members - contact the Editor if you want a copy. The H.S-C will also take responsibility for the two documents at High House: The Visitor's Information Book and The Maintenance Book. If any members wish to become part of this team, again without regular commitment, let us know.
- The **Club Management Sub-Committee** has not yet met. Although it has some pressing matters to attend to, its constituent members are primarily those involved in writing the forthcoming book and they feel that a further set of meetings would be an unwelcome distraction at present. The C.M.S-C. should begin to operate in earnest some time this summer.
- The **AGM** agreed, with some minor changes, the propositions from the Committee to amend the Constitution and to ratify the amendments made to the Hut Policy. Every member received a copy of those propositions by post so they are not repeated here. A short account of the meeting appears on page 11. Both amended documents will be available soon on the club website and minutes of the AGM are available on request from the Secretary.
- Note that the committee has, for the **Fellrace Weekend** in August, made a change to the usual happy-go-lucky arrangements at High House. Priority is given to Race Marshals. It shouldn't make the slightest difference to members' enjoyment of High House but if you plan to stay there on that weekend please read the relevant notice on the new Social Sub-Committee's Page (page 19).

Aparima Hut – New Zealand

A Short Walk in the South – Number 4

17-18 February 2009

Alec Reynolds

On the previous trip to the South Island of New Zealand (by which time I was at home with my leg in plaster), Krysia, Margaret and Roger had a day walk in the Takatimu Mountains to the Aparima Hut. Krysia had been so impressed with the area that she wanted to return and see more of it. This we duly did and spent a night in the secluded Low Princhester Hut. At this point I should admit to cheating because you can drive to this Hut, and we did. However, we did do a steep, gruelling walk into the mountains through temperate rainforest which totally hid the path in many places with dense wet foliage. I described it at the time as the worst walk I have ever been on, and I haven't changed my mind since. However, on the following day we drove to the other side of the Takatimu and repeated the walk done by the team two years previously. We took two days over it and stayed the night in the splendid Aparima Hut.

The walk followed the Aparima River and at the start this was through open country with a broad vista to the distant mountains beyond. The grassland gradually gave way to bush and the forest as we got nearer to the Hut. The river was never far away and at times we looked down on it from a good height where it had worn its way through the rolling countryside. Eventually we got our first glimpse of the Hut perched high above the opposite bank of the river. The Hut is reached by crossing the wide river on a narrow, bouncy wire bridge.

The Hut is a splendid little billet with eight bunks and a wood burning stove. There is no electricity and no running water. When we stayed there was drinking water in the outside tank which collected rainwater from the roof. A quick scan of the visitors book located the names of the three aforementioned Fellfarers. Beyond the hills the path continues through some ancient woodland, which eventually opens up into more grassland with splendid views to the hills beyond. There are a couple of trails leading into the mountains, one of which goes to the Hut we had stayed at the night before. After a very comfortable night we rose early, returned to the car and moved onward to the Mount Cook area for another of the innumerable highlights of this three month trip.



Forest of Bowland Walk. 12th December 2009



On Saturday the 12th of Dec, 17 Fellfarers and 6 dogs met at the Priory Café in Scorton for a walk in the forest of Bowland. It was bright but chilly, just the right weather for a walk.

We went down the lane to where we crossed the motorway. We came up to a sign for the Trough of Bowland. Then we found ourselves on a footpath that took us to a wood. After the woods we crossed a lane into a muddy field and followed the path beside a river to a wood and a reservoir.

In the wood our dog Bailey found a dead pheasant to chew on, but this did not put us off our food and so we stopped for lunch on the edge of the wood. After lunch we walked over some fields, past a farm and we started going up Nicky Nook dodging falling birds as we made it to the summit.

At the end of the walk we went into the café and had a drink.

Thanks to Sarah for organizing the walk and thanks to everyone for making it a good day.

By Jessica Walsh, thank you again.

Which North African country is associated in name with a tradition (now defunct) belonging to one of Westmorland's great houses and linking, it might be said, toppers and topiarists?

Answer below

Morocco - A strong ale made from burnt malt, used in the annual feast at Levens Hall, Westmorland, on the opening of Milnthorpe Fair. It was put into a large glass of unique form, and the person whose turn it was to drink (called the "colt") had to "drink the corn-stable", i.e. stand on one leg and say "Luck to Levens as long as Kent flows", then drain the glass or pay a forfeit. The custom ended in the late 1870s.

Source: *Brewers Dictionary of Phrase and Fable, Centenary Edition 1970*



The ATTTrials

31st December 2009

"Glorious stirring sight !" murmured Toad. 'The poetry of motion ! The real way to travel ! The only way to travel ! Here today - in next week tomorrow ! O poop-poop ! O my ! O my !"

*Kenneth Graham
The Wind in the Willows 1908*

This, the 3rd **All Terrain Toboggan Trials**, proved that the event is beginning to live up to the promise of the first competitors that it would become a fixture in the Fellfarers' Calendar. More than that: it continues to grow.

I would like to say that the All Terrain Toboggans themselves are becoming more sophisticated, more elegantly designed, more attuned to their purpose. I would like to say it but I can't because I'd be lying. A steady influx of new competitors guarantees that there is always someone at the bottom of that learning curve to give the spectators a performance to laugh at. The real battle for dominance was likely to be between arch-rivals Kevin Smith and Jason Smallwood but the quiet men of the competition, Richard, Mark and Colin (plus Graham, who can't be described as quiet), were all contenders to share the podium. Dean seriously hampered his chances in these, his first Trials, by omitting to include steering as part of his vehicle's specification. The eighth contender and a guest at High House was Rob. He and his vehicle defy description. Just look at the pictures.

The first of the Trials was the **Classic Downhill Toboggan Run**. Eight vehicles lined up at 11.30 am on the 'Fine Terrace' this year. A good covering of snow meant that the thoughtfully designed ATTs (well, just Graham's) could truly toboggan down the field on runners. Tension mounted. The flag went down and, well, at least three vehicles set off. There was the usual bumbling around as recalcitrant mounts bucked and reared but steadfastly refused to slide or roll downhill.

Meanwhile Jason, on his surfboard/bicycle, crossed the finishing line in seconds, closely followed by Kevin and then by Graham. It was the very first time a competitor has actually toboggan a course during these races. He celebrated his role in history with a satisfied puff on his pipe.

Rob, predictably, finished well behind everyone else in his modified bath called, perhaps prophetically, Bob Slay. Rob had remembered to make his machine steerable but I suspect he was by now wishing he hadn't. It certainly didn't help.

"So the last will be first, and the first will be last."

Matthew Chapter 20 Verse 16

Next came the **High House Track Time Trial**. As Matthew had predicted all those years ago, Rob set off first and proved that his terrible performance in the first race was no fluke of bad luck. I'm not saying he was slow but his time over the course (for which the record is under 26 seconds) took him 3 minutes and 15.19 seconds. The other competitors, reassured that they couldn't possibly perform that badly, duly completed the course, with Jason once again taking first place. Graham once more deployed the runners rather than wheels and even managed to negotiate the Cresta-Run banking on the halfway turn. And his pipe stayed lit throughout the run!

Mutterings could now be heard amongst competitors and spectators about the eligibility of a bike strapped to a surfboard. It was decided that although Jason had stretched the concept of 'home-made' to its limit he hadn't actually broken the rules. Next year, though, the rules may well be tightened up. Serious stuff, this.

Anyway, Jason came nowhere near breaking Kevin's record on this course, probably because of the damage done to the track in the recent record-breaking downpour.

Next came the **Seathwaite Farm Road Flat-out Dash**, in which propulsion becomes a vital factor. Jason's pedal power ensured another victory and Kevin could only manage 3rd place after making the frankly daft decision to propel himself one-handed



with a bar bolted to one of his front wheels. I think we may see more modifications here next year.

Passing motorists drove around the crawling competitors, shaking their heads in bemusement.

Rob maintained his unenviable record of coming last and managed to pick up 3 passengers en route. It's not a competition for buses Rob!

Then came the event that competitors hate and spectators love: **The Nicholly Dub Water Torture**. This is another Time Trial and Rob set off first, of course. Here he comes into his own, we all thought, he might even win this if he has remembered to put the plug in. Wrong. When Rob lowered his generously proportioned body into it, it sat very low in the water and every movement sent little waves lapping over the stern. It was a very cautious sailor who paddled across the dub but he did manage to keep everything but his backside dry!

Colin wore caving gear which was just as well because he was relying on plastic pop bottles to keep him afloat. They didn't. At least he crossed the finishing line, unlike:

Poor Dean. His box on wheels just didn't want to be involved and soon Dean didn't either. Still, he got a good soaking and we all got a good laugh. That's the main thing.

Mark's ladder was well-buoyed up and he floated comfortably, finishing in under a minute.

His record was soon broken however, when Kevin, despite his unease at kneeling on a wobbly board, cruised across the line in under 44 seconds.

Richard started well but then began to flounder, hampered we think by the drag of his newly-bearded chin in the water.

Graham had two more tricks up his sleeve: he had earlier pulled from his rucksack a car inner tube and a box of bicarbonate of soda. A little water in the tube gave him instant inflation - without the need to carry a pump. Genius! He next reduced drag and excess weight by stripping down to a little pink thong (that's another story). He lay on his tiny craft and, buttocks flashing, paddled his way to victory. We preferred not to look really.

Anything Jason did after that would have to be an anticlimax but he did cheer us up by completing the course bone-dry - and then falling in!



The afternoon finished in the traditional way - in the Scafell Hotel, with the presentation of a trophy skilfully crafted by Kevin - oh that's why he didn't try very hard this year. Well done to all the competitors and thank you. See you all next year!

Results of the 2009 KFF All-Terrain Toboggan Trials	The Classic Downhill Toboggan Run		The High House Track Time Trials		The Sea'waite Farm Road Flat-out Dash		The Nicholly Dub Water Torture		Judges' Bonus Points	Total
	Position	Points	Time	Points	Position	Points	Time	Points		
Go-Go Graham Bell	3	8	73.87s	8	2	8¹	33.78s	10	-	34
Krazee Kevin Smith	2	9	40.47s	9	3	4¹	43.31s	9	-	31
★ Jason "The Jet" Smallwood	1	10	31.56s	10	1	10	65.50s	7	-	37 ★
"Rather Rapid" Richard Mercer	5	6	99.52s	6	6	5	149.45s	5	-	22
Mark "My Word" Walsh	4	7	103.28s	5	4e	6¹	57.40s	8	-	26
Cruisin' Colin Jennings	7	4	82.65	7	4e	9¹	117.40s	6	-	26
Dynamo Deano Jackson	6	5	116.62s	4	7e	7¹	DNF ³	-	-	16
Rob "Bob Slay" Pollard	8	3	195.18s	3	7e	3¹	215.06s	4	3 ²	16

NOTES by the Editor

1. Any anomalies in the awarding of points are entirely the responsibility of the judges. I'm just reporting them as I was given them.
2. There were no points awarded for innovation this year, perhaps because it's so difficult to distinguish between innovation and idiocy in this event. The judges did decide, however, to award completely gratuitous points for their own whimsical reasons. They awarded Rob an extra point for giving younger members a lift in his vehicle *during the race* in the Farm Road Flat-out Dash. You don't get that kind of generosity in Formula 1 racing now do you? The other two points were awarded to Rob for some other reason that I cannot recall, probably out of pity.

Clachaig Chalet Meet, Glencoe

8-9th January 2010

Hugh Taylor

Graham, Sarah, Eve, Rod, Angie and Hugh.

The great winter conditions over Christmas continued into January, and the weather forecast was set for a great weekend.

Following the problem of empty spaces last year, and the consequent underwriting required from the Club funds, it was decided to only book two chalets for this year. Mel and Chris drove up from Nottinghamshire to Arnside as usual on Thursday night, but the cold Friday morning start exposed their leaking radiator, causing them to abandon thoughts of Glencoe. Consequently, with a

late start, Eve and Rod travelled up with Angie and I. With temperatures on the way up occasionally clocking at -14C, there were amazing views with trees by the roadside dripping in hoar frost.

On Rannoch Moor, we set off for a short walk up Meall Mor, but the lateness of the day and very powdery snow caused us to cut it short. On arrival at the chalets, we found that the temperature had warmed up to -4C, and curiously there was less snow than in the Lakes, but it was still cold enough to freeze the chalet water supply. Eventually the plumber arrived to thaw us out, but in the meantime we were engrossed by a rescue in progress on the path alongside Clachaig Gulley, a path that is poor in the best of conditions, but in the dark and with ice underfoot, it must have been horrendous. Many lights were visible from the Rescue Team head-torches, and after a flare had been set off, the helicopter arrived to carry off the injured party. Graham joined us soon after with his daughter Sarah, Frank Slater having been lured away by the pull of good skiing conditions in Europe, and over a quiet pint in the bar later that evening we planned the following day.

Saturday dawned bright and cold, but not as clear as we had expected. Sarah and Graham set off early to get on the ski runs before they were too busy, whilst Eve, Rod, and I set off for Beinn Sgulaird, leaving Angie (& Sally our border collie) to walk to the village and do some sketching. We parked at Druimavuic and approached the hill by walking up alongside the Allt Buidhe because the going was good. We arrived at the top of Coire Buidhe and turned north up the slopes of Meall Garbh. It was hard going in the very powdery snow, and with the clag coming down and the lateness of the day, we decided to turn back. (Memo for next year, set off earlier!)

A joint curry had been planned, so Sarah & Graham joined us in our chalet later that evening with nann breads, chutneys, and a lovely fruit crumble, and we had a splendid feast. The live music act (Davy Tait) was best forgotten, though some will have enjoyed him.

Sunday was again cold and clear. Sarah & Graham decided to walk round the lochan down near the village and then have a leisurely drive home, whilst we headed for Rannoch Moor and another 'wee hill' - Glas Bheinn. It only took an hour to the top but there were great views all round (see the web site Gallery). We returned to the car and drove off to the Green Welly Stop, where I was supplied with my birthday cake – hurrah.

With the continued uncertainty over this meet, it has been decided to only book one chalet for 2011, but I bet it'll be great winter conditions again and everyone will want to book a place!



Sigmund Freud on Munro-bagging and 'ticking off hills' generally:
"The impulse to collect experiences is a form of acquisitiveness associated with the neurosis of obsession"

CHARLIE'S WALK

18th January 2010

D. Birkett

The annual memorial walk for Brian (Charlie) Birkett took place on Saturday 16th January when 9 stalwarts gathered at Helsington church on an overcast and in some respects uninviting day. The morning gave us heavy rain, though the forecast was for 'improving conditions with isolated showers'.

On the Thursday (14th) the day of Brian's birthday the thaw started following the best start to a Lake District winter for many years. I never particularly like a walk that starts descending, so when we turned downhill towards Brigsteer village I gave an inward sigh, fortunately in a short distance we followed a footpath towards Barrowfield farm underneath Burnbarrow Scar. A large tract of conifers had been removed beneath the scar, ready for a deciduous makeover. The right of way veered into Honeybee wood before rejoining the farm access track, a steep descent followed through woodland and fields to an idyllic cottage close by Garth Row Lane. A group of gunmen were 'flushing' and shooting pheasants in nearby fields, part of so called country life. A vegetarian nightmare. The lane joined the Underbarrow road and was followed to Lightbeck cottages and Helspot farm where the surrounding land had been heavily planted with native deciduous trees.

Gamblemire lane is a by-way open to all traffic and is well used by walkers and cyclists, the drainage in parts is diabolical, so we picked our way up the land and the steepening ice bound track before stopping for sustenance by a prominent limekiln. 'Kirky' entertained us with stories of expensive drinks (£15 for a vodka) while on holiday in Europe and a story of being 'caught short' while running home from Underbarrow in the snow. With his trousers around his ankles two cross-country skiers appeared said "ow do" and went on their way. Bill exclaimed "David I've dropped a testicle. We should have gone via Cunswick Hall. Do you want to go to the top?" I trailed behind the team owing to a recent foot operation; we gathered at Brian's place, I made a few comments on his forte, navigation, and read from a 'Cairngorm Blizzard' by the father of Scottish Mountaineering, W. H. Murray.

It was 15.00 hrs, the gloom descending, two left for a direct route to Kendal, the majority set off on the one and a half hour walk back to the cars. Once again I trailed behind, Fellfarers waited by the Mushroom on Scout Scar for the slow coach. As we walked the final mile a temperature inversion developed giving an atmospheric yet beautiful scene in the valley below.

An excellent walk was concluded with a pint in the Kendal Arms—thanks Bill.



REVIEW OF THE YEAR IN PICTURES

A slideshow of the Fellfarers in action in 2009

19th January 2010

Fellfarers have held slideshows (long ago) in the past in which each member was asked to bring along half a dozen of their own favourite slides. I don't know how well that worked - it was 'before my time' - but the Review of the Year has an element of that in it. There were noticeably more contributions this year from members' own collections and the result was a slideshow as diverse as you could possibly imagine.

Digital photography has increased the number and quality of images that people record of course and the Editor had a difficult job reducing the number of shots down to a manageable level. It's the kind of difficulty he likes. Photographs were arriving right up until the afternoon of the show so the collection wasn't finished until about an hour before kick-off!

After the main show, the evening was rounded off, over beer and sandwiches, with several other photographic collections - the 'reserves' from 2009, the 'Lad's Dinner' collection 1994-2009, and a small selection from the Fellfarers History Collection. We didn't pull the plug until closing time!

Shall we do it again next year? I think so, don't you?

So get out adventuring, taking snaps and, most importantly, sending the results to the Editor!

Don't forget we now have three ways of sharing our pictures: by the Fellfarer, by the Website, and by this Review.

*Right: Stuart 'Clanger' Bell. The Lad's Dinner. 1994.
Photo courtesy of P. Beesley.*



Return to the Hills

David Birkett



The telephone rang: 'It's Roger. Do you fancy a walk tomorrow? The forecast is not good; perhaps we had better go to the SW, it looks better.'

I readily said yes, knowing this would test my foot following a bunion operation. The quartet was minus one; Kirky was keeping the nation in beer. We sped on down a quiet A590 and turned towards Broughton, taking the Coniston road in the square. We were bound for a lesser known area of the National Park to climb Caw from Stephenson Ground. The Knott, a Forestry Enterprise woodland had virtually been clear felled of conifers. Roger parked in a wide access gate above Water Yeat bridge and we set off up the forestry road walking 1.5 km. alongside the infant river Lickle, passed only by two vehicles from the Duddon and Furness Mountain Rescue Team heading for an exercise.

Having crossed Yewny Sike at Natty Bridge we joined the adjacent bridleway. A female runner passed us and disappeared into the cloud. Two mountain bikers were descending into the valley.

We turned west over the steepening trackless terrain crossing firm patches of snow. The whole of Caw fell is strewn with rocks and fallen crags making navigation interesting. I sought a subsidiary summit (pt 469m Pikes) first and then descended 200', following a faint track for 0.5 km. over steepening terrain. On the rocky summit a trig point is found; the cloud was thick, almost edible so we had our butties. A couple with a hungry dog passed the time of day. The dog hoovered up the strewn crusts.

The now clear path was followed, descending steeply down 'Broadslack'. The mist was clearing; I could see the path taking us down into Dunnerdale so we changed course for the rocky summits of Fox Haw and Stephenson Haw. The views were extensive over to Black Combe and the Duddon estuary; for once the wind farm on Broughton moor was operational. The low fells towards Thurston Water (Coniston Water) looked inviting. Our return path was through bracken and bog which eventually joined a beautiful walled lane above Jackson Ground. The walls hereabouts are magnificent, the fell wall incorporated boulders at strange angles. Some of the hogg holes had triangular supports. A stream ran inside the linn and passed through the wall with horizontal slate bars to stop sheep egress. We sought an ancient settlement I'd heard about; nought was found. On viewing the map later, the settlement is in Tyle Hawk Wood above Hawk Bridge.

Over a pint in Broughton we talked of the recent slide show and the forthcoming AGM.

The K Fellfarers' 77th Annual General Meeting

The turnout of 29 is a healthy number for an AGM and the fact that members turned up, with questions prepared, wishing to express differences of opinion about club policy matters is heartening. It demonstrates that the club is alive and well and that many people beyond the Committee are thinking about what is right for the club and for High House.

NOTE that anyone requiring more comprehensive information about the Meeting should contact the Secretary for a set of the minutes.

The Chairman's Report reported on the mass of legislation that the Committee has been dealing with during the past year, in addition to the work on the forthcoming book and referred to the effect this has had on our improvement plans for High House.

The Secretary reported that club membership stood at 146. She explained why the proposed changes to the Hut Policy were being presented to the meeting for ratification.

The first change was the introduction of a procedure to cover members taking children other than their own to High House. It was explained that this was introduced on the advice of the BMC and is entirely voluntary.

The second change confirmed that the Committee, in its management of usage at High House, may at times exclude children and/or guests.

The third change was the introduction of a section on Health and Safety to the policy document.

The 2010 High House Work Plan was outlined and the Secretary concluded with a reminder that the range of Fellfarer clothing is still available, now with the standard club logo instead of the 75th Anniversary logo.

The Treasurer's Report demonstrated that, although our bank balance improved by £930.27p. last year, there was no significant spending on High House and we should have been able to bank very much more. The (temporary) problem is that Hut Booking Fees subsidised Club Membership by approximately £10 per member.

It was agreed to increase the Annual Membership Fee to £25 in 2011, which should bring Income and Expenditure for Club Membership broadly in line.

The Hut Booking Secretary reported an increase in nights booked from 81 in 2008 to 102 in 2009, mainly due to an increase in mid-week bookings.

Nights reserved for members were increased from 83 to 91 per year.

He reported too that he is pleased with the performance of the two websites.

The Social Secretary reported that the year's events had proved to be very popular and that the Social Sub-Committee were hard at work planning the 2010 calendar.

It was agreed to amend the Constitution to require the Committee to recommend a limit on membership numbers at each AGM.

It was agreed to limit current membership to 150.

It was agreed to amend the Constitution to include the confirmation that the Committee must meet all legal requirements relating to High House.

The amendments to the Hut Policy referred to in the Secretary's Report were agreed with some minor amendments.

Trustees, Officers and Committee members for 2010 were all voted into office. Names and contact details are all set out on the rear page.

Letters from the East

Graham and Irene Ramsbottom

Tuesday 26th January 2010

Hi Everyone

Settled into life in Vietnam. Hanoi was something of a culture shock, busy, noisy Asian city with thousands of scooters, motor cycles hell bent on transporting you into the next world. Watch out and keep on walking slowly seemed to be the key and after half a day it seemed a lot easier just to cross the road. Hanoi seem to live on the street, cooking, washing, selling and shopping from the same bit of pavement in front of where they live. It was a fascinating experience to both of us.

The downside was the weather which reminded us very much of being at home. Even when we went to Halong Bay, a world heritage beauty spot it managed to rain in torrents, which certainly gave an ethereal feel to the place. At least there were no scooters near our boat. The big contrast in Halong Bay to the big city was the isolated communities living on floating islands, complete with dogs, cats, children and toddlers, who have to learn to walk steadily very quickly or need to swim even sooner!



After returning to Hanoi and a visit to Ho Chi Minh in his glass case and mausoleum we caught the overnight train to Da Nang and on to Hoi An. Very little here in common with Hanoi, apart from the anagram It has finally stopped raining and you can easily dawdle away time visiting the odd temple and bar/restaurant. .

Overall we seem to have taken to travelling very well helped no doubt by lovely hotels and the excellent food. We are learning to cook it for ourselves tomorrow although by the time we have the opportunity to cook we will surely have forgotten everything.

We are off to Saigon and the Mekong Delta on Thursday, hope that everything is OK with you all

Graham and Irene

Monday 8th February 2010

Hi Everyone

How time flies when you are having fun! We are nearly at the end of our Asian experience and experience is probably the right word. We think that it has exceeded our expectations, culturally, gastronomically and certainly temperature wise. However we don't think that either of us

Letters from the East *continued*

are any good at haggling. Too many people have had a huge grin after our feeble attempts at finding a "good" price. We visited Ho Chi Minh City, Saigon, to most of us, and despite the dire warnings in the guide books, about the place being unsafe, were delighted at our time there. Gone was the frenetic mayhem of Hanoi, replaced by less traffic, wide roads and a mad rush to decorate every tree, lamppost and anything else that didn't move in readiness for the Vietnamese new year on 14th February.

We had arranged a tour of the Mekong Delta in the middle of our 4 days in Saigon which proved to be fascinating. It included a stay in a rural homestead on one of the islands. They provided a meal that would have been sufficient for all, it was a challenge to eat enough not to insult our hosts.

It was interesting to see how people live, work and shop on the river. There were floating markets with individual boats showing what wares they were selling by displaying them on the mast. You should always buy from the boat lowest in the water as that has only just arrived and has the freshest produce. However we think we need more practice as to the depth of a boat! Big boats selling nothing but shallots didn't really appeal anyway!



Some barges looked in danger of sinking as they were arriving from Cambodia weighed down by enormous quantities of sand, fuelling the demand for building in Saigon.

On our return to Saigon we visited the war museums and tunnels used by the Vietcong, which gave a one sided view of the war with America but the ingenuity of man to inflict damage on other men is amazing. The weapons and tactics used by the US and the mind boggling booby traps on a much less sophisticated scale from the Vietcong must take an enormous amount of energy, intelligence and time to develop.

We arrived in Siem Reap in Cambodia and visited a lot of big temples. This doesn't really do justice to the Angkor Wat complex but there are rather a lot of temples which really are incredible given their age and many good fun to go round, lots of Indiana Jones type climbing near vertical steps etc. However you can get templed out and I am afraid that we had competing half price G&Ts back in Siem Reap.

We are now in Phnom Penh and again have witnessed man's inhumanity to man in the killing fields of Pol Pot. What is upsetting is that this is all modern history, we remember snatches of things on the news but to be confronted with a glass tower full of skulls and to be told and shown how 2 million men women and children out of a population of 8 million were brutally murdered. It is as if we never learn lessons from one generation to the next, and it is still happening today.

It's our last day in Asia tomorrow and we are off to Sydney on Wednesday and onto cooler climes and a different experience in New Zealand
Hope it's not too cool in England

Irene and Graham

Tuesday, 23 February 2010

Hi Everyone

After fond farewells to Asia, i.e. cheap meals, happy hours in bars that last for 4 hours and wall to wall sunshine, it was hello to Australasia, none of which of the above applied. However everyone spoke English and we could understand the menus. We had four full days in Sydney and weather wise 2 good out of 4 wasn't too bad.

Sydney was a really fun place to be, the Aussies are noisy, brash, out to all hours and incredible friendly and helpful it was an absolute delight to be there. Downside was that the worst day weather wise was the day we had arranged a tour to the Blue Mountains. We had a great guide who tried viewpoint after viewpoint to give us something to look at and only after taking us to see a film about the place did it actually clear for a few moments.

Sydney is a very beautiful city built round a huge sea inlet with a big Runcorn Widnes bridge connecting the two sides. The place just revolves round the water front and the restaurants are very busy until late at night. Highlight for us was a top of the pops opera, all the tunes that you can hum along to, at the opera house which is a stunning building that lives up to its reputation from whichever angle you look at it. It had the wow factor! This was on Valentines day which was all very romantic. We had an enjoyable meal afterwards surrounded by all these couples, the oldest of which were probably not half our age, gazing into each others eyes and longingly holding hands across the table.

We then flew to Christchurch which was definitely more English than England, or it was what England was 40 years ago. Unfortunately it had the English weather to go with it. We had to stay in Christchurch for three nights before we could pick up the campervan, which was possibly two nights too many. There wasn't a lot to see and do in Christchurch.

We felt that the holiday we came for really began when we picked the campervan up. We were in charge of our own destiny, not beholden to any time schedules for the next eight weeks and we suddenly had cloudless skies.

We went North to Kaikoura which is on the sea. Irene is still drooling about swimming and snorkelling with the dolphins. I declined the chance seeing as I like to be able to touch the bottom when I swim. I acted as wildlife photographer and despite being surrounded by a large pod of these very fast moving mammals failed miserably to get a photograph of a single dolphin actually out of the water. Irene fared better and by her grin since obviously rates the experience as one of the most memorable that she has ever had.

We are now at Franz Josef glacier having done a fairly exhausting and demanding walk, by Lake District standards, up the side of it. The sun was still shining but the clouds obscured the best views of the tops. We remain hopeful of still seeing Mount Cook.

So far New Zealand has lived up to all expectations, the scenery is stunning and virtually no cars on the roads. The people are very friendly and helpful and we can understand why so many brits come out here to live. We have settled very easily into life in our campervan, which is very comfortable and relaxing after a good days walking and a G&T.

Looking forward to meeting up with Ian and Anne Charlotte to do a fairly serious trek

Graham and Irene

A Day out with Al

Snow on Red Screes - Saturday 6th February 2010

Bill had an all-weekend pass - June-Mary was away - so we thought that the three of us would have a potter in some easy gully somewhere. Bill then got ill and spent the weekend at home feeling sorry for himself but Al and I thought we'd 'have a look at something' anyway.

The forecast told us to expect a dull but dry day and that was good enough for us.

The forecast was wrong; it was a glorious morning! We parked at Kirkstone and clambered up the half-frozen fellside directly opposite the Inn to the base of Kilnshaw Chimney.

The gully gets some early - morning sun which had removed much of the winter's snow. The going was soft; we kicked steps easily but it was soon clear that we were not going to have the simple steep snow-plod that we'd expected. Little rocky steps, which looked insignificant from below (*top left*), created awkward barriers which had to be surmounted by bridging, by delicate balancing on steep wet rock and by pulling on our axes in frozen turf. Great fun.

We emerged close to the summit (*middle left*) to sip tea in hot sunshine. We were surprised to see a cloud inversion stretching to the horizon to the south and west. We could have basked there for hours but the snow of the North Cove was calling.

We found the descent gully. It was as steep as our ascent route and we tip-toed down backwards on the front points of our crampons. The snow was perfect here where the sun never reaches and our crampons bit crisply into the crust.

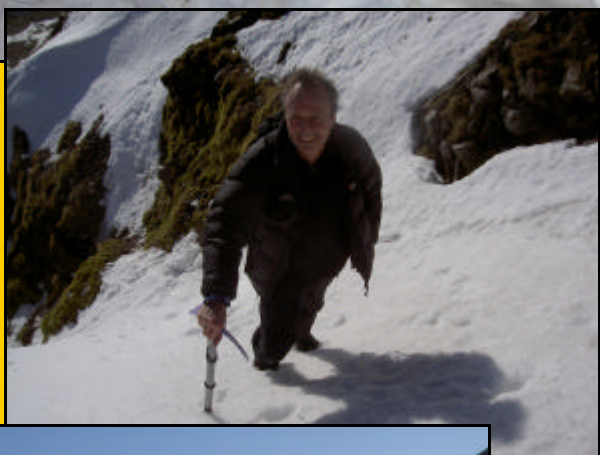
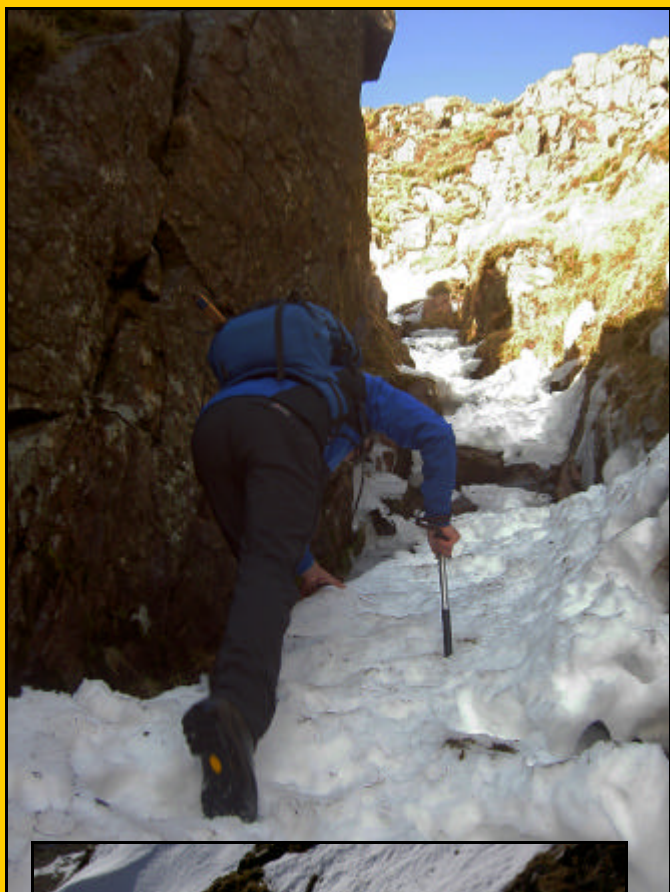
Below us a young couple, fully racked up, helmeted, and roped together were belaying each other as they WALKED across the sloping floor of the cove. Strange.

Four ice-falls, short and technical, looked tempting but we had left the ropes behind so we examined the Grade II gully we had come for. It looked very short and very lean, almost all rock, not at all inviting and so we headed for a steep ramp of snow further left (*contents and below left*).

The axes and cramps came into full use as we crunched up the steep incline (*below right*) and onto the mixed climbing above. Behind and far below us the dale and the slopes around the head of Ullswater shone gold in blazing sunlight.

Later, over mugs of coffee in front of the Kirkstone Inn's fire, we agreed that for a short easy day it had been unbeatable.

You should have been there Bill. *Eh bien, mon ami, c'est la vie.*



Fellfarers and Friends in the Alps

a slideshow about The Shinscrapers' 2009 camping meet in Ailefroide

9th February 2010

The chairman counted an audience of 33 members and guests. Another great turnout, with every seat taken, left us wondering whether we might need to look for an alternative, bigger, venue sometime in the future.

For this evening, though, we were fine:

The Ed. kicked off with some snaps of his journey south with the Sec., visiting en route Le Corbusier's stunning chapel of 1950 at Ronchamp, Bartholdi's Defiant Lion at Belfort, the magnificent scenery of Chamonix, and a couple of Via Ferrata routes in the Vanoise Alps.

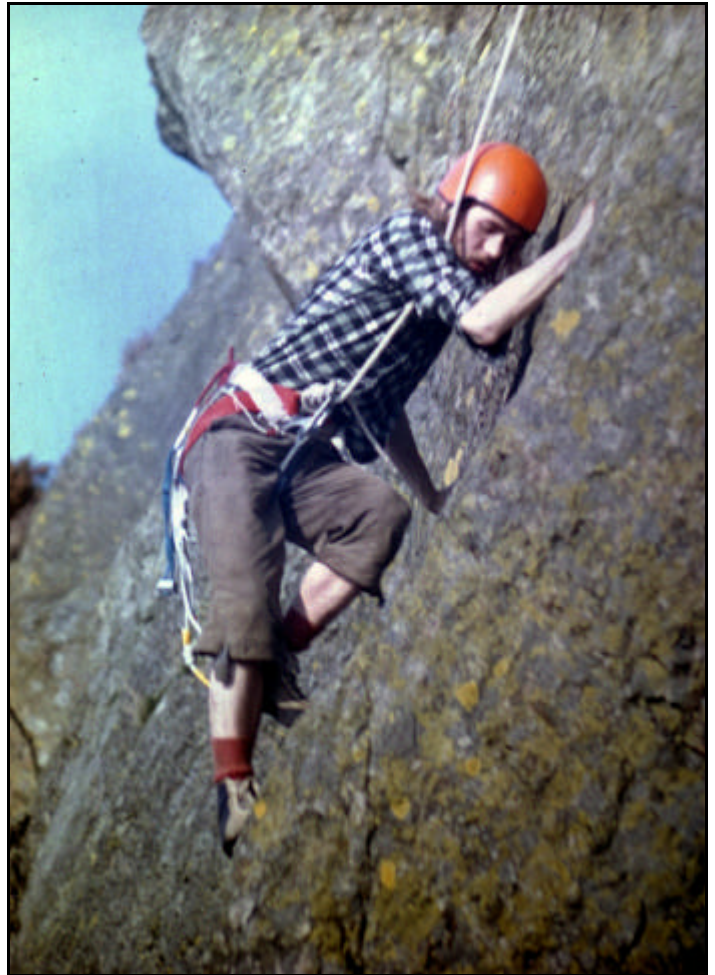
Cheryl Smallwood took control of the mouse and transported us to the break with her account of the scary drive north from the airport at Nice, via the Demoiselles Coiffées and the Col de la Bonette.

The two journeys culminated at the campsite at Ailefroide and after the intermission Cheryl's show took us, with music, on a tour of the climbs, the flowers, the scenery and the walks there.

It was a great reminder of an excellent holiday for those that were there and perhaps something to whet the appetites of those who haven't been yet.

The evening was rounded off by the first public viewing of a selection of Bill Hogarth's early climbing photographs of the 1970s.

Pictured right is Bill as a fit young lad. He's just made the crux move on The Moose, Whitestone Crag



MY HALF TERM WALK

Matthew Walsh

(High House Half-Term Week 12-18th February 2010)

On Saturday the 13th of February, me and my family went on a walk up to Sty Head Tarn. We left the Hut at about 10 o'clock. We went through the farm, crossed the bridge and followed the river up to Taylor Force Gill.



We scrambled up the rocks by the side of the waterfall, and cut across the scree to the path that went towards the wooden bridge. It was icy on the path so we had to be very careful as we headed up towards the tarn.

When we got to the tarn we found that it was all iced over. So we decided to try and break it by throwing heavy stones on it. We had a quick sandwich and walked back down towards the 1000 foot stone which I ran to on my own closely followed by Jess.

On the way I saw some icy snow so I sled down it on my tummy like a penguin which was great fun.

When mum and dad had caught up at the 1000 foot stone I ran down to Stockley Bridge, and waited for everyone to catch up.

We walked back by the river and on the way I spotted a fence post on the opposite side. I went across the river and carried the pole back so we could have a fire that night. Everything was a bit damp so the fire didn't burn very well but hopefully we can burn what's left at Easter.

Walter's Wonderful Walna Scar Walk

A Second Attempt

(See Walters Worst and Wettest Walk - issue 55)

18th February 2010

Roger Atkinson

As what was to prove to be the lucky seven met, following the instructions in the Fellfarer, at the Fell Gate leading to the Walna Scar Road there was still some doubt as to whether Walters intended route, to Dow Crag via Blind Tarn, would be feasible due to the depth of snow, so off we went following the Walna Scar Road and telling ourselves we would make it up as we went along.

As Brown Pike came into view it became obvious that we had been worrying unnecessarily and so we turned off the road and followed the quarry track to Blind Tarn. Here, after a



choice of tea break or fag stop, the headwall behind the tarn was tackled over snow and mixed ground before we emerged onto the ridge just below Buck Pike.

We continued, with the usual Fellfarers chatter ranging across subjects from A to Z, to the summit of Dow Crag for lunch and time to admire the spectacular all round views with the Scafells and Howgills outstanding.

From here we made our way to Goats Hause where the party split with Hughie heading for the Old Man saying "I need to stretch my legs!" and the rest of the party, Walter, Mick, David, Bill, Kirky and Roger taking a traverse line across the screes to the stretcher box at the foot of the main crag. Here more tea was drunk and a nostalgic conversation on past exploits and future ambitions was held.





The route from here to the outlet from Goats Water was now in view but as we joined the main track from the Hause Walter took us on a small diversion to visit the grave of a hound that had become cragfast overnight; when a climber tried to rescue her the following day she became agitated and started to "frisk about on her ledge", lost her footing and fell to her death, the huntsmen eventually retrieved her body and carried it to her present resting place, perhaps the nearest soft ground, and erected a carved stone: CHARMER 1911. We should make a return visit next year to mark her centenary; from here it was only a short walk to the parked cars and the end of a near perfect Lakeland winters day for those lucky few . You don't know what you missed!

Wainwright mentions the grave, and includes an illustration, in his *Southern Fells* remarking about the stone that "it has been uprooted and cast aside on occasion" and for this reason does not reveal its location, which proves that every club needs a Walter!

More information about Charmer's grave can be found in Vol. 4. No. 3. (1919) of The FRCC. Journal.

THE APPETITE ENHANCER

6th March 2010

Peter Goff

Krysia's pre-dinner walk started from Lane Ends, near Haverthwaite, and a dozen Fellfarers turned out on a lovely day to enjoy it.

After a nervous crossing over the A590, a much quieter back road led through the village. On the way we passed what appeared to be a walled-up well. No further information on this other than the rumour that it was haunted. This was possibly the proximity of The Anglers Arms to the well as to anything else.

Once through Haverthwaite, the way led up through Low Wood on a track called Trundle Brow. This seemed to be a very old trackway indeed.

We came out onto Brow Edge close to a pub that had been changed into a house. The sign was still there: THE FORGEMAN'S ARMS.

Up the road and out onto Bishop's Lot, a native reserve of unimproved grassland and acid heath.

Crossing the Lot, we headed down to Backbarrow, recrossed the A590 in fear of our lives and followed a sign saying "Lakeland Village", a misnomer if ever there was one.

After crossing the River Leven on the road bridge, still only open to foot traffic after the November floods, and looking at the impressive damage we found a picnic bench ideally situated in the woods for a break.

The railway we walked under just prior to stopping was The Lakeside and Haverthwaite branch line of The Furness Railway.

The Heights in which we found ourselves is a continuous area of ancient woodland separated into several named woods by boundary walls. Unfortunately exotic conifers have been planted within the native woodland. However, the OS map of 1888 shows conifer symbols as well as broadleaves. Anyway, we climbed steeply up through Parrock Wood, on to a view point in Knott End Wood, and thence onto a track, with Rigg Wood on the right, which led back to Lane Ends and the starting point. This track also looked very old; a section of it was a Holloway.

It is hard to believe now but the area we walked in was once a hive of industry. In 1747 Low Wood had a blast furnace for the Furness iron industry. It closed in 1785 and reopened as Low Wood gunpowder works in 1799. Backbarrow got its blast furnace in 1712. The Iron Industry needed coppice wood for making charcoal to fire the furnaces. The leather industry needed oak bark peelers for the tanning process and people were burning brash to make potash.

When you consider that Backbarrow was still using charcoal in 1920 (it converted to coke in 1921) there must always have been a good supply of wood. It is a tribute to the Iron Masters, who maintained their native ancient woodland, that they are still there and we can still walk through them.

Thank you Krysia for a fascinating walk.



The KFF Annual Dinner 2010

6th March 2010

The Editor forgot his camera again so we have no photographic record of the event but imagine if you will.....

A large dining hall, of proportions and décor that might be described as 'baronial'. Archaic implements of unknown agricultural purpose and examples of ancient ordnance hang in the dark heights among the weighty timber rafters. Fine paintings in tumid and convoluted gilt frames bedeck the walls. Silverware glitters on huge tables in the light of myriad candles. Muted strings play concerti by Dvorak, Donizetti and Cherubini, the musicians hidden in some dim gallery high above us.

A small group of early arrivals are gathered before the flames which crackle and dance over the logs piled in the cavernous open fireplace. The men are elegantly dressed in dark and sombre attire. Their manner is thoughtful, solemn even, as they discuss worldly matters of great import. The ladies are set a little apart, all gay in their brightly coloured gowns. Genteel laughter tinkles over the hum of their menfolk's talk as they sip dainty aperitifs and share amongst themselves the latest society news.

More guests arrive and the room is full of laughter and welcomes, smiles and kisses. Sparks of light glancing from fine jewellery is matched by the flash of lustrous eyes as gaze catches gaze across the rapidly filling room.

When he is assured that all 32 members are present, the head waiter requests the guests to be seated and retires to administer last minute instructions to the serving maids. The ladies glide gracefully to their tables. The men, after assisting their *belles dames* to be seated, sit and surreptitiously let out belts and cummerbunds an inch or two in anticipation of the assault upon their waistlines to come.....

Well ok, I got a bit carried away perhaps but there were 32 people there so that bit is true.

The Social Sub-Committee's Page

Message from Peter Goff, the Social Secretary:

What a grand evening the Ceilidh provided on the 20th February! Many thanks to all who attended, and also to Tumbling Tom, that incomparable band, for the music. Remember that any money made on the night goes towards other Social Events, for example the Kids Weekend at High House. The Social Calendar for the next four months appears in this magazine in pull-out form, with extra information (and corrections to the 2010 Programme) appearing on this page.

This year's programme is full of variety and good things but we urge club members to take a more active role. Everyone has a favourite walk suitable for an evening or a fell walk for a day out. Help would be appreciated with the Kids Weekend and the Orienteering evening on Scout Scar, for instance.

Come on now! Get involved. You might even enjoy it! Get in touch with the Social Sub-Committee with your ideas: Clare Fox, Peter Goff, Bill Hogarth, Jason Smallwood.

CORRECTIONS AND UPDATES TO THE PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED PROGRAMME:

1. **Additional Walk: The Retirees Ramble on 28th April from the Westmorland Borrowdale.**
2. **Walter's Water Weekend will now take place on Bank Holiday Monday 31st May - Wednesday 2nd June.**
3. **The Family Weekend will now be on the 2nd and 3rd July.**
4. **The 'Spirit of 34' Weekend (no cars) will now be on the 30th and 31st July.**
5. **The Heathy Lea Hut Meet has been changed to Wallabarrow Camping Barn (Duddon Valley) on the 10th - 12th Sept.**

SPECIAL EVENTS:

The Minibus Trip to South Wales 3rd to 9th July 2010

After two successful mini-bus trips, one to Scotland and one to Ireland we have decided to book another mini-bus and, to cries of 'All aboard the Skylark', set off for Pembrokeshire in South Wales via the Brecon Beacons. This time, instead of taking our tents, we have decided to book hostels. We found a mini-bus has surprisingly little space for luggage! I'm pleased to say the trip is practically full and so, therefore, is on! A meeting will be arranged for all concerned in the near future to plan the itinerary, book hostels, select drivers and exchange ideas. We hope to set off early on Saturday and return by the following Friday, possibly staying at two or three hostels en route. There's lots to do in the area including wonderful coastal walks, bird watching, flora and fauna to look at, caves to explore and hills to walk. I am expecting the cost to be around £200 each to cover mini-bus hire, petrol and hostels, food will be extra. If you have any queries please get in touch with me at clarefox50@hotmail.com or phone on 01539 727531.



Family Weekend 2010 Jason Smallwood

After the rip roaring success of last years Family Weekend we are delighted to confirm that we will be repeating the fun during the first weekend in July. The hut is booked for the Friday and Saturday nights (the 2nd and 3rd) with another action packed day planned on the Saturday with a 10:00 start. Colin Jennings has volunteered to dream up another orienteering/treasure hunt course and we will have a picnic and BBQ, not to mention an enormous fire in the pit and of course ice cream! We hope everyone who came last year is up for another challenge and for those of you who didn't make it I would encourage you to come this time around. Last years event was a personal highlight for me and I know the kids really enjoyed it. For more information or to volunteer to help please contact me: jason.smallwood@dhl.com or on 01539 738451

Spirit of '34 Weekend Bill Hogarth

Last year we had the idea of a weekend up at High House where we could re create some of the atmosphere of 1934, the way we decided to do it was to have a "no cars" weekend.

At the time we didn't know how well this would work, and let's face it our modern lifestyle these days doesn't allow us to be parted from our beloved cars for too long, but on that weekend we put aside our reservations and went for it.

The result was a great success, some people walked all the way from Kendal, some cycled on the road and one member jumped on his mountain bike and took a more direct route. The rest of us caught the bus and walked over. But which ever route we took everyone enjoyed themselves thoroughly.

So much so, we have decided to do it all again. So why not join us on the weekend of the **30th & 31st of July**, and start working out your plan of attack, either individually, or with the large jolly party walking over. It's up to you.



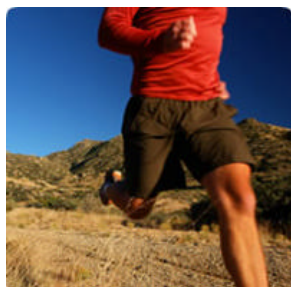
Fell Race 2010 Jason Smallwood

Due to the tremendous popularity of last years Fell Race weekend we thought it was appropriate to ask members to book beds for this years event.

The Fell Race Weekend is unique in that we are there for more than just the usual attractions of the Hut and surrounding pleasures. Bearing this in mind we thought it appropriate to split the bed booking arrangements to ensure that those intending to marshal are guaranteed a bed.

16 bed spaces will be allocated to those marshalling the race with the remainder going to anyone who wishes to be at the hut. This does not mean that we are limiting the number of marshals; it just guarantees that we have the minimum number of marshals and have enough beds available to them. Beds will be allocated on a first come first serve basis.

If you want to book a bed as a marshal or just to be at the hut during the Fell Race weekend please contact Peter Goff on 01524 736990.



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High House OS ref: Explorer OL4 grid ref. 235119

OUR PARTNERS

- BRITISH MOUNTAINEERING COUNCIL
BMC Website: www.thebmc.co.uk
Each Fellfarer has an individual Membership Number

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

- OREAD MOUNTAINEERING CLUB
 (Reciprocal Rights Partnership)

Oread Website www.oread.co.uk**Oread huts** -available to Fellfarers at the following rates:

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

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

Oread Booking Secretary: Colin Hobday
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Next Edition of the Fellfarer:
 Beginning of July, so material for publication
 by 8th June, please

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

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