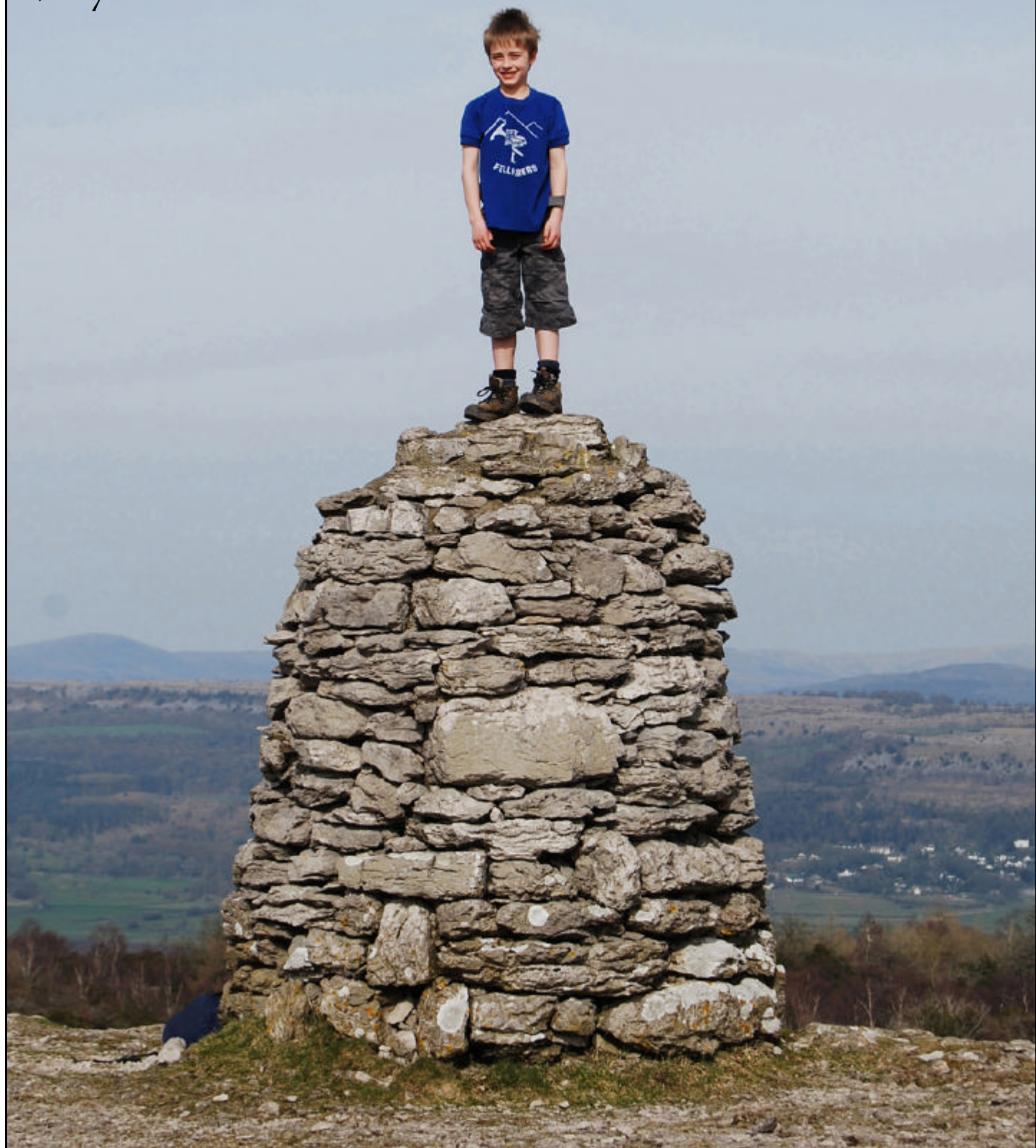


# the Fellfarer

July 2010

Number 58





## Editorial

Here's something you didn't know:  
Redactophobia – A fear of editing or of editors.

*“with my other Editor's hat on” :*

Whether the forthcoming Book setting out the history of the Fellfarers is well received or not, working on it has been a fascinating experience: Apart from those delightful moments of discovery, finding out by ‘hunch’, detection and sometimes sheer hard work, what no-one else knows, there is great satisfaction in meeting friends and hearing them talk about their lives when they know that what they say may end up in print.

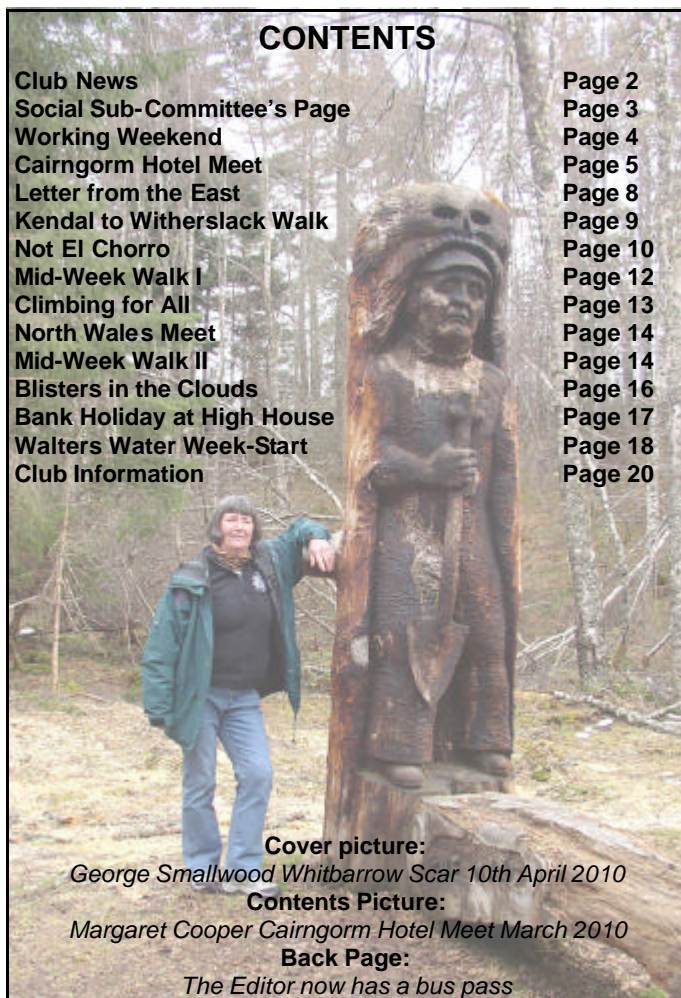
After 15 years of editing this newsletter (*“time to retire and let someone younger take on the job”* you all cry. *“OK”* I reply) it's become obvious that every one of us has some brilliant, funny, perhaps illuminating, stories to tell but that for many of us it's impossible to step into the limelight and volunteer to speak or to write.

It will be easy for the Book Sub-committee to say, when the inevitable criticisms come in on the Book's publication, *“well we asked you to send in your stories/memories/photographs and so on”* but I've learned that these memories only really get unlocked in conversation. If we've missed you, please accept our apologies. If you think you might have a tale to tell, even at this eleventh hour, call the Editor or the Chairman. It might not be too late.

ED.

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**Cover picture:**

George Smallwood Whitbarrow Scar 10th April 2010

**Contents Picture:**

Margaret Cooper Cairngorm Hotel Meet March 2010

**Back Page:**

The Editor now has a bus pass



## Club News

A trawl through the minutes and notes from the last three months reveal that there is very little Club news:

The **Book** on still on target, with the text expected to be complete in the next couple of weeks. The next job will be to assemble the text and the photographs on the pages so if you still have a picture or two (don't forget that even last week is now part of history) you still have time (but only just) to submit it. Publication is still expected to take place in November.

Remember that **ordering the book** in advance (and paying £5 to Hugh Taylor) guarantees you a copy and reduces the final price by another fiver on top of the one you've already paid. There will be a limited print run and any books not ordered in advance will be sold on a first-come, first-served basis.

This is the last chance to buy one of the special **75th Anniversary Mugs**. Stocks are now down to the last half-dozen. A very limited number were made and they'll be worth a fortune on a future Antiques Roadshow. They now cost just £4 and are available from Bill Hogarth.

The Hut Sub-committee is planning to rebuild a section of the **back wall to the Men's dormitory** during the week 16th-20th August. Volunteers to help with the work (and one or two other little jobs) will be very welcome. Call the Editor or the Chairman if you're interested. There should be no significant disturbance to members who are there to just enjoy being at High House but workers on the wall will have priority claims on beds.

An advance notice for the **September Working Weekend**: The major job will be the replacement and repair of all the rainwater gutters and downpipes. This will need to be done in a professional and safe manner. Please put the date in your diary and make a point of attending, with harness if you have one. There will need to be some digging too to provide effective soakaways and many other tasks.

The **Mid-week Walks** have already become an established club event, relying so far on email publicity from the Secretary. They have become an integral part of the Social Sub-committee's work now and will only be advertised in the pull-out Social Supplement.



## From the Social Subcommittee

Well would you believe it, summer has arrived again with the now characteristic early April heat wave and warm and wet mix of May. Let's hope the pattern stops there! No matter, if the first six months are anything to go by the intrepid Fellfarers will not allow the Great British climate to dampen the spirits! (With the exception of volcanic activity of course)

We are delighted at how well supported the events of the year so far have been attended and if bums on seats are anything to go by the Sub-committee must be doing a fine job (are we allowed to say that Ed?) ('sigh' Not really, but carry on - Ed).

We are now planning feverishly for next year and are looking into booking huts in Coniston, Derbyshire and the Moelwyns as well as the old favourite Glencoe meet. We are also looking into an exciting new 'wet weather weekend' venue for February, with a trip to York being considered, possibly involving accommodation in the Knaresborough/Harrogate area with a short trip on the train into the City.

In addition we will also be slotting in the usual mix of potential camping meets, weekend and evening walks and evening socials. This is where we need your help! We can't help feeling that we are becoming class bullies, having to rope folks into leading walks and sharing their experiences at slide shows. Please don't hesitate to get in touch via what ever medium that suits (We may even get Peter an e-mail address and Bill is practically always in the Rifleman's) with ideas, suggestions and comments, we can help with the organising.

A great example of a new idea that came from outside the Sub-committee is the Mid-week Walks which are growing in popularity at each event. Don't forget to check out the upcoming walks listed in the latest Social Calendar.

Well that's enough from us in the Social-committee; we are off to form a coalition with the Book committee who seem to have all the cash and much more generous deadlines!

Jason

## Special Events

### Force Crag Mine Processing Mill

Force Crag Mine Processing Mill is situated at the bottom of Whinlatter just outside Braithwaite. We have an opportunity to visit the mill with a one hour tour of the site and the building. Groups need to be over 10 years of age, with no more than 10 persons going through the building at a time. More than one group can visit but with a 10 minutes staggered start. The cost will be £2 a head. Would members be interested in a visit the Mill plus a walk in that area in October, say 1st to 3rd October when High House is reserved for Fellfarers? If so please inform Bill Hogarth as soon as possible. At least four weeks' notice is needed in order to pre-book the tour.

### Borrowdale Fell Race 2010

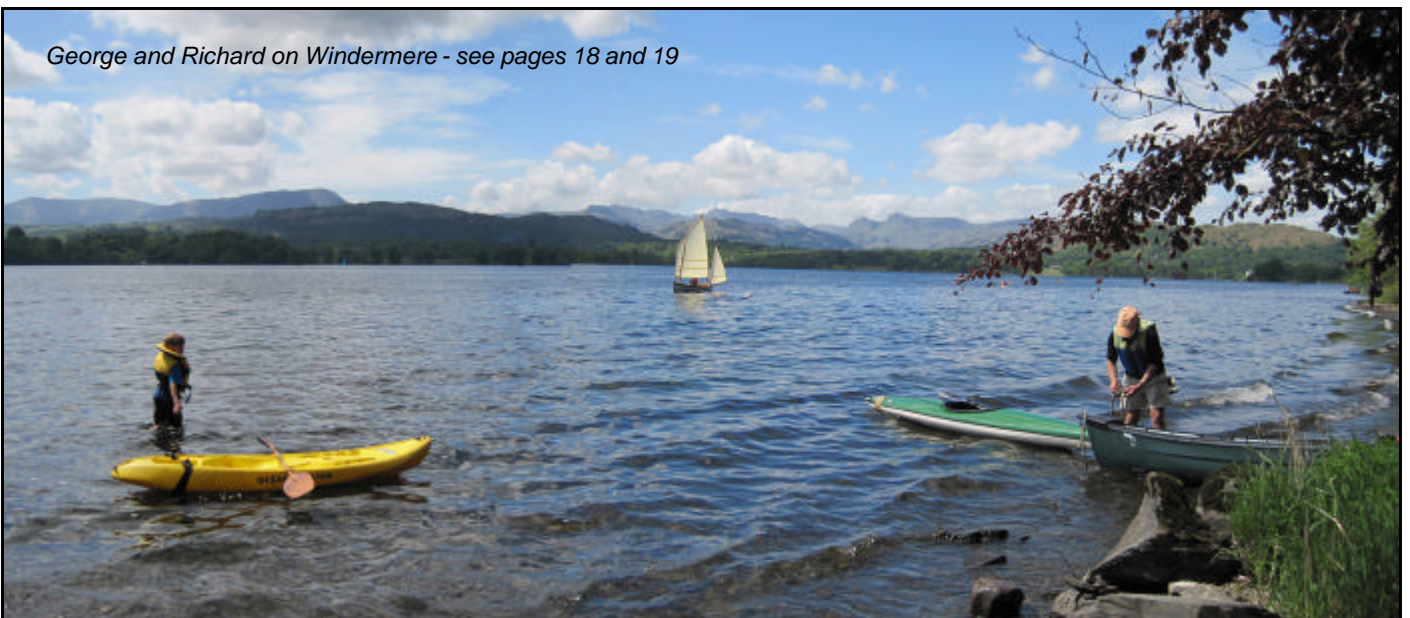
Just to remind you that due to the tremendous popularity of last years Fell Race weekend we will split the bed booking arrangements to ensure that those intending to marshal are guaranteed a bed. As described previously, this does not mean that we are limiting the number of marshals; it just guarantees that we have the minimum number of marshals and have enough beds available to them.

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

### Wallabarrow meet, Duddon Valley

The Camping Barn for the Wallabarrow meet is now fully booked, however for those of you who wish to join in the array of climbing, walking and cycling delights of the Duddon Valley there is the Turner Hall campsite which is only a few hundred yards along the valley – Grid Reference 234965 (OL6). For further details contact Jason Smallwood.

George and Richard on Windermere - see pages 18 and 19





## WORKING WEEKEND 13-14th March 2010

The first Working Weekend since the November floods had us, naturally, thinking about watery things and ways of minimising future damage when Big Rains come again and The Runner becomes once more

*"The raging Force,  
With torrent hoarse—  
Dim-seen through greenery"*

It's also good to have an excuse to play in the water. We started high on the fellside, in the top field, where the beck has carved a new course for itself, cutting a trench up to 7 feet deep in places (top left) and discharging its water onto the field below rather than into the little gill behind the hut. This has taken many years and is the reason that all of the land north of our access road is now so wet - at one time it was dry pasture that could be comfortably camped upon. About an hour's hard labour saw phase 1 completed: a robust boulder and turf dam now plugs the top of the trench. It won't be enough, of course, and this promises to be a little project that will keep the Strong-Arm Boys busy for the next couple of years. The ripping of the beck through the pasture had left much turf lying in the trench and the obvious thing to do was to bring it down to finish the landscaping of the firepit (left). Slightly less obvious was the way they chose to do it. They carried the wheelbarrow up, filled it with turf and carried it back over the wall and down the steep gill! Well it worked and the firepit is starting to blend nicely into the hillside as intended (left and compare with the artist's impression which appeared in the Fellfarer when work began).

The beck had completely filled with stone above the Firepit Bridge and so that had to be played in too. A substantial bank of boulders, shingle and turf should now contain storm

water rather than allowing it to wash over the sides - as long as the little ones don't throw it all back in of course.

The plug was pulled on the Water Intake Dam and the pool emptied quickly (it worked - hooray!) to allow us to build up one side where water was disobeying instructions and seeping through the turf. Another job quickly despatched.

The Emergency Escape Route behind the Hut was further extended as a safe (and rather attractive) pathway from the steps to beyond the Men's End (bottom left).

Many other less interesting and routine jobs were quietly dealt with of course and the workforce enjoyed the usual excellent catering.

Next time we really must get to grips with those internal painting jobs but meanwhile - well done everyone who was there. It was another great KFF weekend.





## TASMANIA

*The Last Slideshow of the 09/10 Winter Season*

16th March 2010

Another good crowd of club members gathered for the last instalment of Alec and Krysia's tour of those strange and beautiful lands on the other side of the world. Tasmania was, I suspect, a complete unknown to most Fellfarers. It certainly was to me. Our two protagonists opened up the island for us and we liked what we saw.

The landscape looked comfortable, with huge areas of unspoilt natural scenery. The images of lakes and hills and trees were not too different from pictures of landscapes 'back home', except that the wonderful scenery is untainted by car parks, hotels, road and their signs, and all the other impedimenta of western life.

The slides gave, perhaps, a view of how the Lakes might have been before the railways, Wordsworth and Wainwright. The wildlife in Tassy, it soon became clear, is something else and Alec's shots of wombats and echidna and other strange beasts were very impressive.

It was one more good evening to be added to the catalogue of successful Fellfarer events. Thank you Alec and Krysia.

## CAIRNGORM HOTEL MEET

NEWTONMORE

18th - 23rd March 2010

*David Birkett*



The second Cairngorm winter visit took place in late March, staying at the comfortable Lodge Hotel. Twenty four Fellfarers and friends commanded the full attention of Hotel Staff.

'Was it to be as good as last year?' was the common theme traveling up, for weather, snow conditions and hospitality had been superb in every respect and all for £90 for 5 days full board, the cost had risen by £40 but it was still good value.

The great unknown in any visit for walkers and climbers is the weather and snow conditions, the latter was to disappoint, though the snow was fulsome; the weather was variable yet tolerable.

The 'holiday atmosphere' determined a late breakfast and evening meal - this suited the majority. A large cooked breakfast is not the ideal start for a fell day but it 'kicked in' in energy terms about midday so saw us through with modest fruit and chocolate supplement.

Friday dawned, the weather was overcast with 'strong winds and blustery showers' - we split as for most days on a lower level and interest walk; the higher level but slower peak-baggers and the faster (disappointed climbers) who turned their attention to unclimbed peaks.

I was one of the trio who opted for a walk in the Monadhliath above Kingussie, this turned out to be the most testing day I have had on the hills for years, owing to the very strong winds and snow conditions. Rod and Frank were my companions, not forgetting the white terriers Oscar and Henry - what tough dogs they turned out to be. Our objectives



were Beinn Bhreac and Cam an Fhrecadin - on the Corbett list - John Rooke Corbett was from Bristol and a keen member of the SMC. The area was delightfully wild - save the stalkers roads - with abundant prostrate Juniper. Golden Plover, with its plaintive cry greeted us as we neared the fine cairn on Cam an Fhrecadin; we 'dug into' a snow filled shelter and had vital sustenance for we were 'cream crackered' due to the fierce winds. Oh to be a dog in those winds, a low profile, Red and Green coats, they scooted about the landscape and amazed us. The views were good despite the stinging driven sleet, the descent brought us to the Laird's lunch house and respite on the veranda. Back at the Lodge we heard of days at high and low level - 8 persons on the Fara, a better choice than us, the route being in the lee of the mountain above Dalwhinney. On the summit they too experienced the wind, good views and beautiful rainbows. Angie said 'if I'd stood on Hughie's shoulders it would have been a Munro'.



Ten Fellfarers started from Insh church to follow the Badenoch trail via Feshie bridge and Uath loch. On the summit of Creag far Lietre (340m) Fred hoisted the Union flag much to the disgust of Alex Salmond who was in Aviemore for the SNP conference. Shelia said 'it was a fantastic day out'. Dorothy went to Inverness to escape the weather, no doubt wishing she was with Oscar and Henry (I think not).



Saturday saw a better forecast; six of us plus Sally (sheepdog) parked at Melgarve alongside the river Spey, walking the military road built by General Wade and his followers in 1731. One of the road bridges en route was intact, two had collapsed and a fourth relied on a pallet to see you safely across. The road leads into a wild valley and gains height by a series of zigzags to the summit of Corrieyairack pass at 2500' before the long descent to Fort Augustus. A series of pylons march up the glen with a substation on the pass where we sheltered after the 5 km trudge. Little height is gained before the first mountain Corrieyairack Hill. Ptarmigan, red grouse, raven and golden plover were seen as we progressed along 'the undulating ridge', with two drops of 400', I think the book got the description wrong. Geal Charn and Gairbeinn are visited on the ridge, with slightly firmer snow conditions, this was a delight and we were rewarded with good views from the rocky summit. The descent to the car was interesting with club mosses, bog asphodel and red fruiting cladonia lichen. A true mystery emerged 'the case of the three large strawberries', had some one consumed a pavlova? were these the earliest strawberries in the UK? Had an eagle dropped them after a visit to Sainsbury's? Will we ever know? Birdman Rod informed us he had seen crossbills and snipe at Melgarve, in the valley hundreds of red deer straddled the road looking longingly for food. Back in the Lodge we shared our experiences - five had parked at Garva bridge and climbed Meall na-h-Aise, one of John Corbett's collection; eight had climbed Cam Beag via a lochan and gained good views before devouring ample tea and cakes, finishing up in the Ruthven Barracks - but were not detained! Ray and Mike had been beaten back, short of the summit of Creag Megaidh by deep snow. Dorothy was in Grantown-on-Spey hunting with her dogs for a short while (little divels) - they got off the lead and picked up a deer scent. The evenings were mainly spent in the bar planning for the next day, talking, drinking and sleeping in differing amounts.



What was a disappointing forecast proved a better day, the teams spread out far and wide; Hughie lead a band of ladies to Aviemore and Corrie-an-snechta for ice axe training - 'bloody fantastic' said Sheila 'what a good trainer' said Angie.







Roger and Fred with four more climbed Creag Dhu near Newtonmore - very steep was the verdict. Kevin and Frank climbed the Drumochter two from the Hugh Munro collection. Dorothy gave Rod and me a lift to Moy Bridge where we took the track to Lochan na-h-earba where four whooper swans graced the lochan. We left the stalkers path for the corrie between Creag Pitridh and yet another Geal Charn, en route snipe alighted with their zigzag flight. As we neared the first summit it started snowing and later sleet and rain continued for 1.30', at the col we decided to leave the second peak for another day. The soft snow on the extensive snow-fields hampered our descent, we were glad to rejoin the stalkers path. Above the south ridge of Binnein Shuas a golden eagle circled, my first sighting this year. The evening saw the majority visit the Glen Hotel in the village - the code on the door taking some remembering.

Monday, our last day, we were starting to feel a little jaded - The Wildcat trail was followed by five 'wild cats', Sheila had an encounter with a bull, the bull won 'what a load of bull' she said. Jean, Margaret, Val, Steve, Fred and Roger started from Feshie bridge and visited lochans in the area. A large contingent climbed Geal Charn (not again) from Nethy bridge, the area teemed with wild life - six mountain hares were seen along with lapwing, curlew and two pairs of golden plover; on the



summit two flocks of snow buntings scurried over the snow. Views were exceptional toward Ben Avon and Cairngorm. I teamed up with Tony and Sue returning to my previous days location to climb Binnein Shuas, a peak sitting in the centre of Glen Spean with panoramic views. We followed the south ridge onto the rocky crest of the mountain, a virtual full clearance took place and we were rewarded with a stupendous vista. Binnein Shuas (747m) is a rock fortress and is on yet another list, the 'Grahams' compiled by Fiona Graham. The map does not do the terrain justice, we followed a faint path leading north and picked our way through the impressive cliffs, finally leaving the rock curtain we gained a small dam midway down Lochan na-h-erba and followed the landrover track on the eastern shore. The track gave us tremendous

views of one of the most renowned rock climbs in the Highlands - Ardverikie Wall a 620'(186m) Severe, the rock is described 'as a strange microgranite and feldspar, coarse grained, giving painful jamming and becomes horribly greasy when wet' - you have been warned;

Back at the hotel baths, food, bar were the order of the evening, the finale being the arrival of the K knitting club whose deafening needles forced us to retire to the Glen for an interlude, only to return for last orders. Clearly I hardly have to say this was a great holiday, so think about it for next year? Finally our thanks must go to Clare for all the arrangements,





# Letters from the East *continued...*

**Graham and Irene Ramsbottom**

*New Zealand  
Thursday 8th April 2010*

Hi Everybody

Several weeks ago whilst still on South Island We met up with Ian and Anne Charlotte again, at Kaikoura this time, and again I had to endure the "swimming with dolphins look" on their faces, when they finished at the same place where Irene had swum earlier. At least we didn't have to get up at 5 a.m. this time. The plus side was that we went North with them to Blenheim where I was dragged kicking and screaming onto a bike, however we then went round several vineyards sampling as we went. The journey back was very easy, apparently the wind was blowing in the right direction. After tiffing with walking on the Queen Charlotte Sound, which was again stunning scenery, we reluctantly said good-bye to South Island.

We then went in search of the wow factor that we had found in abundance on South Island. We certainly didn't find it at the Kiwi Aussie test match in Wellington. We weren't late but NZ had lost two wickets before we arrived and two more as we walked into the ground. They continued to lose another 6 during the day on their way to an innings defeat by the Aussies. The sun shone very brightly and it was a wonderful excuse to sit in the sun and drink beer!

The geothermal area around Rotorua was pretty good with clouds of steam and sulphurous smells and even the odd geyser but still didn't compare with the South.

We attempted a walk up to the crater lakes of a still active volcano, Mt. Ruapehu, but seemed to get mislaid on our way, crappy map was to blame! Rain wind and tempest halted our attempt on finding the wow factor until we did the Tongoriro Crossing with Ian and Anne Charlotte. A 22 km walk around one volcano featured as Mt. Doom in Lord of the Rings, and up another, Mt. Tongiriro, in absolutely fabulous weather, not a cloud in the sky, any misty stuff on photographs was steam from the volcanoes. Boy had we found the wow! This is regarded as the best day walk in New Zealand and we couldn't argue with that. It was incredible to walk, at times into what could be described as the gates of Hell, such was the volcanic scenery. Whilst we waited for the good weather we were forced to sample the delights of various hot spring pools complete with pampering activities, so it wasn't all bad.

Ian and Anne Cha had to leave us and return to Europe. It was lovely spending time with them and the two big walks we did with them were very special.

Things went downhill pretty quickly after that, how else can you describe a trip on a jet boat, to incredible water falls and whirling 360 degrees around at silly speeds that had one of us looking decidedly green by the end. Another wine tour in Napier brought some semblance of order to the trip.

Easter bunny has been and gone which means that we have only a few days left in New Zealand. It will be quite difficult to return to normality after what has been an amazing experience. It isn't just the big events and places that have made the trip worthwhile. Nights spent in the campervan next to a crashing ocean on campsites like those that were around in England when our kids were little, Maori villages that exist for them and not the tourists, empty roads and the fabulous wildlife have all contributed hugely to the holiday.

We are now North of Auckland in The Bay of Islands for a few days, cruising on a yacht today, before we head finally to the west coast and return to Auckland and to begin our journey home, stopping in Singapore BA, strikes permitting.

Can't really wait to get embroiled with all the excitement of an election campaign.

*Graham and Irene*





Easter at High House was apparently a very successful weekend but we have no report or photographs.

## KENDAL TO WITHERSLACK

*(or from The Rifleman's Arms to the Derby Arms if you prefer)*

10th April 2010

*Bill Hogarth*

When is a walk meal not a walk meal? Answer; When you don't think you are going to get a meal? As around twenty one Fellfarers stood on the green outside the Rifleman's Arms I had to announce that, "We may not get anything to eat." as my arrangements with the Derby Arms had gone pear shaped, so I gritted my teeth and waited for the repercussions.

But not to worry everyone seemed to take the news quite well and they put a brave face on it, so we set off on our walk over Scout Scar and down to Helsington church where we rendezvoused with Walter, Krysia, and Alec.

We then wandered down to Brigsteer village with a full compliment of Fellfarers. But just as we set off across the Lyth Valley we lost contact with Walter, Krysia, Alec and Peter as they had gone on ahead, so it was only to be a brief encounter but it was good while it lasted.

Although not to worry it was such a nice day you could take what ever course you liked and it would have been a good one.

After crossing the Lyth Valley bottom we headed up on to Whitbarrow Scar and did a bit of bouldering. George and Richard did a bit of speleology. Oh, there was no end to the excitement up there.

Once over Whitbarrow we made our weary way down the lanes dreaming about a meal we couldn't have.

On to the Derby Arms, and then a minor miracle happened. It was all a bit confusing but we could have a meal, but we could only have it in the bar, personally I could have eaten it out of a pigs trough, it wouldn't have bothered me, I was just relived the party got fed, and my reputation as a walk organiser was restored - although it may also have had something to do with the fact that the Witherslack mafia were on the walk and their leader Ann 'machine gun' Walshaw was feeling peckish.

So that was it we had a meal a few pints and jumped on the bus back to Kendal. Perfect. But no, it got even better, the decision was made to go to the Rifleman's on the way home, so after a few more pints we wandered home well fed and well watered, we had rescued success from the jaws of disaster.







## It's Rock but it's not EL CHORRO

### *The Shinscrapers Climbing Trip to Southern Spain 16th - 26th April 2010*

*Freud on climbing : "climbing is sublimated penis worship"  
The Ed on climbing: "blimey, it's a good job we don't take it seriously"*

**Volcanoes;** dontcha love 'em? Well, sometimes. The Icelandic eruptions destroyed the Shinscrapers' aspirations of climbing bolted routes in the sun but, as it happens, Cumbria, Yorkshire and Wales all enjoyed much better weather than the Costa del Sol during the time we should have been there and, being a resilient bunch, we decided we'd enjoy our climbing vacation at home. Here's some of our holiday snaps.

First stop was **Chapel-le-Dale** on 16th April when only Bill, Al and the Ed climbed on the small but perfectly formed lower crag. Limestone without bolts and without polish - sublime!

1. Al climbing 'Uncle Jerry' \*\* Severe

Saturday 17th April was another glorious day and, after a leisurely start with coffee and sticky buns in the sunshine outside the Naked Man café in Settle, 11 of the team visited the wonderfully scenic **Attermire Scar**. Richard and Clare wandered off to look at caves and things while the rest climbed.

2. Sarah and Mark ponder the options while Cheryl belays Jason on Spider Wall \*\* HS and Frances belays Wayne on Power Drain HVS

3. Al on Flakey \*\* Severe and Cheryl topping out on the excellent Fantasy \*\*\* MS.

The day finished with beers in The Ring O'Bells and takeaways in the Ed's cellar, with music from his old vinyl collection. Some Shinscrapers didn't make it home that night!

The weather stayed fine and on Tuesday 20th the Ed showed Al a couple of mountaineering routes on **Pavey Ark**.

4. Al on Crescent Climb \*\* Moderate, which was followed, of course, by Gwynne's Chimney \*\* Diff.

On Thursday 22nd the team paid a pre-Climbing-for-All visit to **Hutton Roof** and on the day after the holiday scene shifted to Capel Curig where Peter, Cheryl, Jason, Clare and the Ed set up camp for the weekend.

5. The stunning **Craig y Clipiau**, where the Ed (left) is belaying Peter (out of shot) on Africa Rib \*\* V Diff and Jason (centre top) is bringing up Cheryl on Asahel \* Severe.

The following Thursday, the 29th, was of course the first Climbing For All evening (see page 13) at **Hutton Roof**.

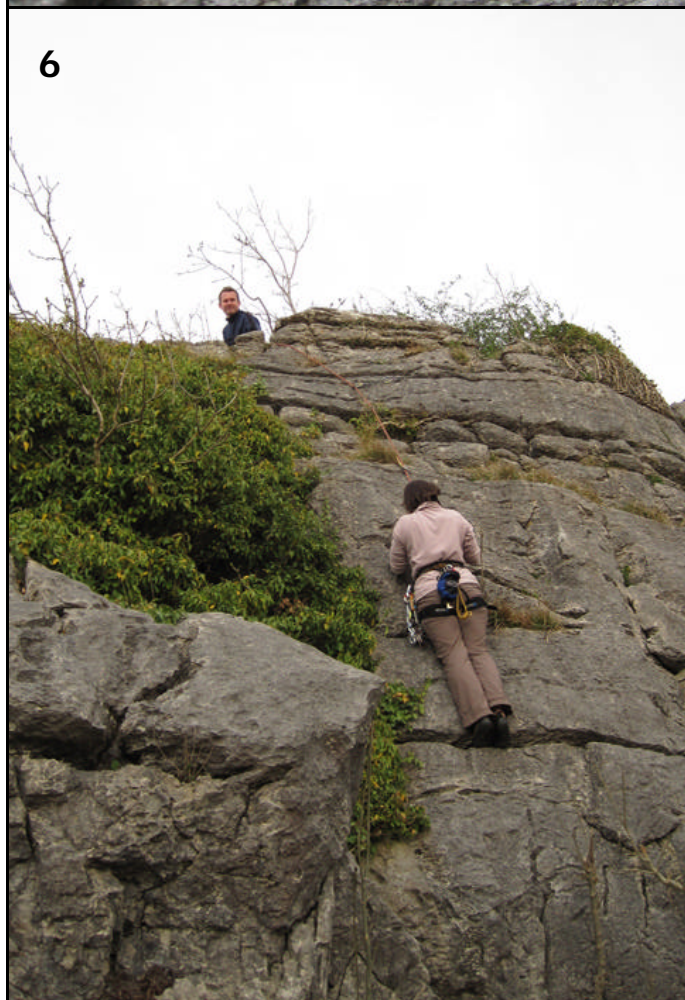
6. Mark and Sarah on Hedera Wall Diff.

The Spanish contingent left a small party of other Shinscrapers to brave a chilly Whitestone Crag on the following Thursday but on Saturday 8th June Jason Al and the Ed delivered Bill's birthday present - an ascent of Arete Chimney and Crack \*\*\* MS on **Dow Crag**.

7. Jason and 8. Al and Bill topping out on the 300 foot route.

*Excellent routes all, and not a bolt among 'em!*







# A Day Out For The Pensioners I

28th April 2010

Clare Fox

Ten of us, Roger, Margaret, Jean, Fred, Colin, Val, Clare, Mick, Hugh and Sally, (Hugh's dog) met up on a Spring morning in April to launch the first of our Retirees' Rambles (aptly named by Roger).

We met in a lay-by, just off the Appleby Road, in the Westmorland Borrowdale valley. Although the sky was grey with broken clouds and a fresh breeze blowing, the weather was dry and we set off in high spirits, ladies setting the pace and leading the way.

We made our way along the lane for a while and then took a good path on our left leading up to Grayrigg Common. The path was a steady climb with two huge pylons on the skyline beckoning us on. The men took over the lead. We all took our time stopping every now and then to admire the views opening up below us as we climbed. There was no rush, the day was ours to enjoy, no clocks to watch, no deadlines to meet. We passed flocks of sheep with their skipping lambs, one particular little chap caught our eye, with his one totally black leg and three white ones, most odd. As we climbed, passing the pylons and heading towards the summit we could see Kendal in the distance nestling under Scout Scar and the Kent estuary beyond that. Visibility was clear as we gazed at the Howgill mountains and the Pennines with patches of snow still evident on the some of the tops. We continued our way along the ridge to the summit cairn, it had become quite windy with a cool breeze reminding us that it is still only April. So remembering that old saying, *Don't cast a clout 'til May is out*, most of us donned jackets and made for some shelter in order to have a lunch break. What a great spot was chosen, soft, dry, spongy moss with a fabulous view of the Howgills complete with fell ponies, and the M6 motorway way down below us. We all enjoyed our butties and Hugh settled down with Sally for 40 winks with one or two others reclining on our mossy beds (well we are retired!!). Conversation centred on what we should call our group, retired ramblers, recycled teenagers, were a few suggestions. Fred then donned his base ball cap and plucking a union jack flag out of his rucksack waved it in the air - no one was quite sure why but then you do have to make some allowances.

The way back was all down hill. We passed a delightful little gorge en route which necessitated another stop. It was great to see all the trees coming into leaf but one tree further down the valley caught our eye, it was a thorn tree with a foreign tree growing out of a fork in its trunk. No-one was quite sure what species of this tree this was as the leaves were not yet unfurled, was it a lime, or a beech, (we could have done with Peter Goff!). We decided we will have to return in a few weeks time when the leaves are out to see what this parasitic tree could be.

Back at the car park we all gathered for a discussion and examination of Hugh's camping van, Mick and I were the only couple there who do not own a camper van, (yet!). We then decided a walk could not be concluded without tea and sticky buns so we all headed for Tebay. We found an excellent tea room, the Old School House, and sitting in comfy armchairs we all drank out of bone china cups and consumed some delicious cakes and scones. We all agreed it was a very good way to finish the first Retirees' Ramble. A big thank you goes to Roger for having the idea in the first place. Plans are now afoot to make this a regular event, so watch this space.

P.S. By the way even if you're not retired you're more than welcome to join us!





## Climbing For All

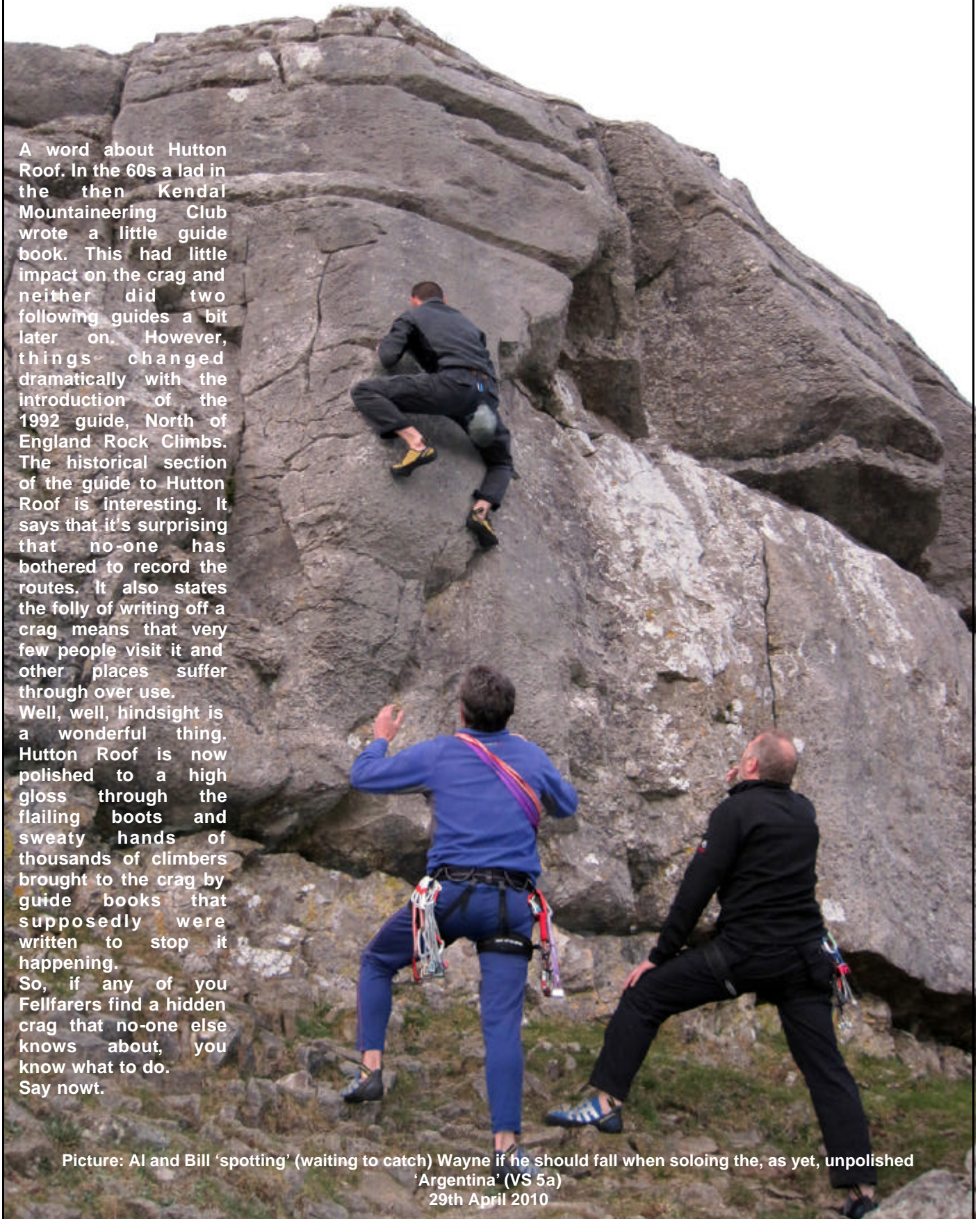
*The First Evening of Summer*  
Thursday 29th April 2010

*Peter Goff*

There was a good turnout of Fellfarers for the first 'Climbing For All' night at Hutton Roof. On a cool but dry evening a lot of routes were climbed, mainly to keep warm. Young George Smallwood treated us all to a demonstration of how to climb Pegasus in good style. Very impressive.

A word about Hutton Roof. In the 60s a lad in the then Kendal Mountaineering Club wrote a little guide book. This had little impact on the crag and neither did two following guides a bit later on. However, things changed dramatically with the introduction of the 1992 guide, North of England Rock Climbs. The historical section of the guide to Hutton Roof is interesting. It says that it's surprising that no-one has bothered to record the routes. It also states the folly of writing off a crag means that very few people visit it and other places suffer through over use. Well, well, hindsight is a wonderful thing. Hutton Roof is now polished to a high gloss through the flailing boots and sweaty hands of thousands of climbers brought to the crag by guide books that supposedly were written to stop it happening. So, if any of you Fellfarers find a hidden crag that no-one else knows about, you know what to do. Say nowt.

Picture: Al and Bill 'spotting' (waiting to catch) Wayne if he should fall when soloing the, as yet, unpolished 'Argentina' (VS 5a)  
29th April 2010





## Oread Hut Meet, North Wales

22-24 May 2010

*Sarah Jennings*

Colin, Sarah, Matt & Emma Jennings & Mark, Claire, Matthew & Jessica Walsh



It was a small group that gathered at the Oread hut for the weekend, partly due to the clash with Steve & Janet's wedding. However, the forecast for a hot & sunny weekend was a real treat for those of us that were there.

Saturday, we decided to do a linear walk from the hut over to Bethania bridge via Bwlch Cwm Llan. Sarah & Mark rose early & delivered a car to Bethania bridge, giving the perfect excuse for an early morning run back to the hut. Later, the 8 of us enjoyed a more leisurely walk in the hot sunshine with stunning views – Snowdon not covered with cloud! On the way the mines were explored, future climbing routes were pondered & a picnic spot at our high point for the day all added to the experience. On reaching Bethania bridge, hot feet were dipped into Afon Glaslyn. The 7 seater car for 8 people gave Colin the opportunity to run back to the hut via a nip up Yr Aran. The rest of us went to Beddgelert and enjoyed home made ice cream. The day was rounded off at the pub in Rhyd Ddu, sitting outside watching the last trains leaving the top of Snowdon. Sunday was again hot & sunny but everyone had things to get home for so Sunday's walk was a short walk in the forest at Cae'n y coed. This led to another great view spot for lunch, looking out to Moel Siabod and snow at the top of Carnedd Llewellyn. We enjoyed our first visit to the Oread hut & look forward to going back there again – hoping the weather will be as good next time!

## A Day Out For The Pensioners II

26th May 2010

*Hughie, Sally, Norman, Roger, Margaret, Fred, Jean, Colin, Val, Joan, Mary, Nancy, Clare, Mick  
(although Nancy is nowhere near being a pensioner of course.  
Neither is Sally, come to think of it)*

The first mid-week walk had gone very well, especially the teasop finish, and so some of the participants came up with lists of similar routes for future walks. Hugh's idea was first out of the hat and so we were told to meet at 'The Temperance Hotel' at Cautley for that best of all ways to start a walk - a coffee before we even got our boots on.

The Secretary and the Editor travelled there together and when they arrived the Editor pulled into the lay-by next to the Cross Keys Hotel. "No, no!" said the Secretary, "We're supposed to meet at the Temperance Hotel." The Editor pointed out the word "Temperance" underneath the hotel name on the gable wall and the Secretary, being reassured, read the other signs. "Oh," she said, "It's unlicensed as well." We gathered in the cosy sitting room where the seats were comfy and the coffee was good. We could have sat there until lunchtime but the Archivist's terrible jokes eventually drove us out. "I promised not to be silly today," he told us as we watched the trout from the footbridge over the Rawthey, but it was a promise he soon forgot.

The heat of the sun filtered through the cloudy sky and fleeces and trousers were soon exchanged for shirtsleeves and shorts.

Now some members may not be aware that the Archivist is soon to realise a lifetime ambition when he visits 'Base Camp' in the company of the Chairman. Inevitably the talk turned to Himalayan matters as we crossed the flats by Cautley Holme Beck. The Archivist was worried about keeping his hands warm when they are up among the snows. The Cyclist was able to reassure him, "the traditional way, of course, is to open the flaps of your sherpa and stick your hands in until they warm up again. That, or hack open a yak and thrust your hands into its entrails."

The Archivist considered the options, "I'm not sure that, with frozen fingers, I'd be able to open the flaps of my sherpa. I'd need some help."

"That's ok," the Cyclist said, "I'm sure he'd be happy to help you. The sherpa, that is, not the yak."

The Archivist thought for a moment or two, "Yes, you're probably right. After all, even a sherpa has to have some perks."

We hauled ourselves up the steep path which climbs alongside the 700 foot cascades of Cautley Spout, still impressive in spite of this long dry spell we've had.







About halfway up, the Editor stopped and knelt to take a video shot of the Spout. He panned up from the lower pools and falls, paused at the green midway waterslides and then zoomed in to the rock-girt upper fall. At this moment he was surprised by Sally who had crept up on him and now thrust her tongue into his mouth. The video ends with a sequence of shots of sky, ground and all points between. It's one thing to be given a quick surprise snog but quite another to be kissed by a female who has just been running around the hillside chewing and swallowing sheep-poo.

We conquered the slope and regrouped in the little secret valley of Red Gill Beck where a thin wind caused previously discarded layers of clothes to be put back on again. We filed up the narrow trod towards the Work of Art. Andy Goldsworthy's sheepfold divided opinions in our group but not enough for fights to break out and the breeze kept our lingering brief.

We climbed the pathless slopes to the ridge and Calders summit where well-meaning but misguided people are creating a highway for walkers. The summit was less windy than the lower slopes and we found a snug spot, just a few feet in its lee, for our picnic lunch. An opalescent sky spread over and before us and misty-blue ridges and tops receded to the horizon but over our left shoulders, to the north, ominous black cloud and disappearing fellsides told of different weather nearby.

As we crossed Great Dummacks, Hugh decided that the planned walk was not going to be long enough and we veered of southwards, down the ridge leading to Fawcett Bank Rigg. The descent was enlivened by much laughter as the Lady Cyclist explained how she came to be canoeing in the Ardeche in just her knickers and why she'll never go in a canoe again. You see, you younger members who have to spend your days working, what fun you're missing?

A steep drop off the flank of the ridge brought us to a bridleway which led us north again towards our starting point - and into the foul weather. In fact the shower only lasted 15 minutes but was enough to cause waterproofs to come out. We strolled, damp but not dispirited, back to the Cross Keys.

The tables had been piled with teapots, lemon drizzle cake, scones, jam, cream (Archivist: "A man goes to his doctor with a strawberry growing out of his head. The doctor says, "I can give you some cream for that." You see what we have to put up with?) but pots, cups and plates were soon emptied and a little nap wouldn't have been impossible for some when in burst yet more Fellfarers! Cheryl and Richard are regular Wednesday Cyclists and are hoping to tick off all the cafes within a large radius of Kendal. They had coincidentally chosen Cautley as their starting point today but had ridden north into severe weather which stayed with them in Ravonstonedale, Kirkby Stephen, and down into Mallerstang. Almost hyperthermic, they had retreated over the "Tommy Road" and were in urgent need of hot tea. They chose seats which were least likely to be harmed by moisture from wet bums and slowly warmed up as we chatted the rest of the afternoon away.



*Another good mid-week walk, thanks to Hugh. The next one, in about a month's time will be advertised by email and word of mouth and it is hoped that a programme of walks for several months in advance will be added to the Calendar in the Newsletter.*





1st Aug 2009 – Race Day! There we were, at the highest point of England, me and my fellow companions (Mark Walsh, Mick Fox and Kevin Smith) trying to keep warm in our own ways: Mick was hunkered down behind the summit shelter, Kevin curled up under a rock in the foetal position and Mark and I were suffering out in the mist, wind and driving rain trying to spot the runners in their vest and shorts. Even though the lead runners looked extremely fit and very fast I was pleasantly surprised to see that a lot looked quite normal (that is, tired and cold like me). This got me to thinking that maybe you do not have to be super human to do the fell race and so with only a year to go to the next one I thought I would start getting fit.

8th Aug – The Invention of Fell Jogging. I went out following the yellow brick road (well the brown scar across the fellside) and did a reconnaissance of the fell race route. The day was grey and dull but navigation was not a problem due to the vivid trail left on the fells by the runners the previous week. I followed the route up to Bessyboot and up again past Glaramara and Allan Craggs to Esk Hause. Up again through the crowds to Scafell Pike (in cloud of course) and then dropped down the scree to the Corridor Route. I was feeling rather tired at this point when I met a large party of lady ramblers. As soon as they saw me the cry went up 'Oh look everyone, a Jogger!' I tried to smile through gritted teeth but they then all stopped, lined the path on either side (with calls of 'look out for the jogger everyone') to watch me hobble past. As I made my painful way through the pastel clad posse they all cried out 'well done jogger'. It was a close call but I nearly pushed the sweetest looking one (with the badges on her walking stick) down into Piers Gill!

The jogger incident spurred me on up to Great Gable, along the ridge to Honister and ever so slowly up the never ending climb to the top of Dale Head. At last the climbing was over and I could put my efforts into searching out little streams for gritty mouthfuls of water before I finally ended up in Rosthwaite about 5 hours or so after it began.

13th Feb – My Robinson Crusoe moment. The weather looked ok so I set off up the steep icy Hind Gill. The higher I went the more misty and snowy it got. On the top

I was following compass bearings and eventually ended up on top of Rosthwaite Fell which I had mistaken for Bessyboot. I pushed on past Tarn at Leaves (frozen) and made the top of Bessyboot. I could now start my recce of the race route and set off for Allen Craggs. By now a blizzard had started and the visibility was bad. My lightweight Ron Hills were feeling just that as I plodded through the knee deep snow trying to stay on the fell race course. I was intently following the compass (South South West) and had a slope on my left. My mind drifted to thoughts of hot baths and chicken soup and just a moment later I looked down and found I was now traveling North but still had a slope to my left! Confusion kicked in and in desperation I went up the slope on my right until I got to a ridge with slopes to my left and right. By now I was getting rather cold so decided to descend. As I started to go down I spotted footprints in the snow. 'At last!' I thought 'I have reached a path that I can follow'. On closer inspection I realised that the footprints were my own from an hour earlier! This rather shook me a bit so I scuttled down the fell and eventually appeared from the blizzard and mist in Langstrath.

I pulled myself together, had a mars bar and continued up to Angle Tarn (frozen), stopping to watch climbers on the gullies on Bowfell. On I went through the Alpine like terrain, running past walkers dressed like Scott of the Antarctic with crampons and ice axes. From Esk Hause I slid my way down the ice passing Sprinkling Tarn (frozen) and Sty Head Tarn (frozen). From here it was the familiar slog up to Great Gable, over to Base Brown and back to Seathwaite.

The last four months have seen a slow thawing of the fells with me taking the odd chance to get out in the hills. I did the Yorkshire Three Peaks fell race in April (and if I was a girl I would have been fourth!) I managed a run up Yr Aran when at the Oread hut and did a long run over the central fells whilst at the hut at the end of May. I have also agreed to have a go at the Cumbrian Traverse with a friend from Garstang Running Club at the end of June. So I should be well used to the fells by the time Borrowdale comes round and I will let you know how I got on in the next newsletter. Happy Fell Jogging!



## It All Began The Night Before

Bank Holiday Weekend 30 May - 1 June

*Joan Abbott*

I arrived quite late on Friday evening having been determined that I wouldn't wait until Saturday. It was busy, as expected and I claimed one of the last few beds in the ladies dorm. On Saturday I had a much needed chill-out day whilst some set off for the great outdoors and others arrived from home.

That evening the Walshs started discussing a walk for the morning after. Three options were put forward, Moses Trod, Crummock Water or Dock Tarn and Watendlath but it soon became apparent that there would be more than the Walshs going...

The morning loomed bright and sunny, Dock Tarn was chosen and gradually everyone got organised. Breakfasts were eaten, bitties made and bags packed. Then we realised that we needed to be sure we weren't all waiting for each other! At last four cars and Robert's van set off out of Seathwaite and down the road and we all gave a sigh of relief that we weren't staying in our own valley because everyone and his mother seemed to be parked there. One large Mercedes had its front end sticking out so far into the road that we were all sure the driver would regret it.

Turning into the Stonethwaite road we knew we had to grab the first available spaces just a short way in. Luckily all five vehicles managed to park close together and we all piled out, got organised and did a head count. Nine adults, eight children, one baby and three dogs! Claire, Mark, Matthew and Jessica Walsh, Robert, Nik, Caitlin, Sarah and baby Ben Walsh with Fern their Springer Spaniel, Sarah, Matthew and Emma Jennings with Ollie the Lurcher, Mike, Pam and Adam Heseltine, and Maja and Ted While with Bob the Lakeland Terrier pup and of course me. Phew!

At last we were off and the short walk down the road was repeatedly interrupted by cars going in both directions as others sought out parking places. We were glad to turn off down the track and go over the bridge. The children studied the tiny fish in a stream and then we began the gradual climb towards the trees. Soon we were going steeply up Lingy End close to Willygrass Gill as the sunlight filtered through the trees and gave us much appreciated shade from the hot sun. Underfoot it was stony and stepped and some found it easier than others. For Ted, due to a recent ankle injury it was all too much so he set off back to play in the river with his Mum and the pup. Onwards and upwards we trooped with lots of sighs and laughter and several 'breather' stops on the way while Ollie and Fernscurried about around us. Eventually we were above the tree line and the slope lessened so we had a well earned rest and drink. As we looked back to the tiny tents in the valley and the gorgeous view of the surrounding mountains we knew we had chosen the right walk. Soon we were on our way again, over the top and across the heather to Dock Tarn where we all settled down to munch our packed lunches. After a while we set off again and the children were romping on and had to stop several times to let the grown ups catch up as we crossed the moorland towards Watendlath. Suddenly there was a "Sploosh" and we all giggled at Ollie who had unexpectedly landed in a pool of water. "She hates water!" Sarah exclaimed. Ahead the grassy path came to a junction and a group of the children waited shouting "Which way?"

"Think about it" Matthew Walsh replied with an exasperated sigh. "We're going to the tarn!"

Off they went towards Watendlath in the distance stopping frequently to check we were still in sight but spurred on by the thoughts of the ice creams waiting at the café.

As we approached the water we could see Ted and Maja waiting with Bob the Lakeland pup nestling, fast asleep in Majas arms, tired and wet from playing in the tarn. Soon we were sitting at the picnic tables with ice creams, cakes and drinks as the fancy took us. It had clouded in and we slipped our coats on against the chill. I begged a lift back in the car with Ted and Maja while the others





walked down the track to the Borrowdale valley and the final stretch along by the river back to Stonethwaite.

Once back in Seathwaite we were all amazed to see that the Mercedes was still there unscathed and decided that whoever owned it had been lucky that neither the farmer nor the emergency services had needed to get past!

Before long we were resting back at High House with cups of tea and all agreeing that we had had a cracking day out.

Sarah adds some details of what looks like a busy Fellfarer weekend! : *"Saturday, several of us went for a walk along Derwentwater from Grange to Keswick & got the bus back. Sunday, Colin went for a run with the aim to recce part of the Cumbrian Traverse & Mark & I fitted in an evening climb on Bowderstone Pinnacle - & were lucky enough to see a big bird of prey - no idea what! Mark thought an eagle but I know nothing about birds!"*



## Walter's Water Week-Start

1st - 3rd June 2010

It was to be a Weekend, but, the event was transferred to St. Lubbock's Day\* because of a wedding (*"they'll regret this day for the rest of their lives"* - Peter G. and *"It's a shame you can't have weddings without the stuff that comes afterwards"* - Richard M.) so we had a problem making an alliterative title, a problem which Richard solved quite nicely. He does crosswords you know.

Main picture: The lakeside pavilion (centre) that was 'home' to Fellfarers for the Bank Holiday as seen from Walter's wonderful steam launch (inset).







It may seem strange that more than a dozen Fellfarers would spend three days on Windermere in the midst of a Bank Holiday. However Walter had provided an idyllic and private camp on the shores of the lake. The group had brought along varying sorts of water crafts, a sailing boat, a rowing boat that could be fitted with an electric outboard motor, numerous kayaks, and a couple of Canadian canoes. Pride of place went to Walter's steam powered boat 'Laughing Water', a unique craft. Much of the time was spent out on the water to the delight of the kids who were there.

Evening barbeques and, or a couple of pints in the Sun at Troutbeck Bridge rounded off the days. Special thanks must go to Walter who enabled us to camp in this very private and beautiful place. We could have been a million miles from the busy Bank Holiday crowds. Also for the trips out in 'Laughing Water' with Walter stoking the boiler and passing becalmed yachtsmen who looked on in undisguised envy. It was a rare and privileged experience.

The amazing number of different activities that the Fellfarers are now engaged in bodes well for the club, variety is the spice of life so the saying goes, after all love of the outdoors, whatever the pastime is what the club is founded on.

*Peter Goff*



\* John Lubbock, later Baron Avebury, was the man who invented Bank Holidays! Until his Bank Holiday Act of 1871, there were only two public holidays in the year: Christmas Day and Good Friday, both of which were unpaid Holy Days.

Lubbock's Act established Easter Monday, Whit Monday, the first Monday in August and Boxing Day as *paid* public holidays. The British working classes considered him to be a saint and for many years the four days, and in particular Whit Monday, were referred to as St. Lubbock's Days. St Lubbock's Day of 1909 was described by one commentator of the time as 'an orgy, a drunken riot.'



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**High House OS ref:** Explorer OL4 grid ref. 235119  
**High House Guest Night Fees:** £5 p.p.p.n.

**OUR PARTNERS**

- BRITISH MOUNTAINEERING COUNCIL  
**BMC Website:** [www.thebmc.co.uk](http://www.thebmc.co.uk)  
**Each Fellfarer has an individual Membership Number**

- RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION  
**Website:** [www.ramblers.org.uk](http://www.ramblers.org.uk)  
**Fellfarers RA Membership Number:** 1273727

- OREAD MOUNTAINEERING CLUB  
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**Oread Website** [www.oread.co.uk](http://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  
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