

Number 72
January 2014

the FellFarer



Editorial

I think I owe you an explanation: I was delighted to receive an account this time of another sailing trip by Jim Duff from 'down under'. He provided me with photos too. It sounded very exciting, an epic similar to the last one published here in 2011. I carefully formatted the whole thing to fit on a single page and carried on with the rest of the newsletter. Then a chance remark in the Ring O'Bells by Tina Ford set me wondering and I went back to that 2011 account.

Oh no! The 'other' epic trip was the same one! Jim had sent me a completely different (and much easier to read for us landlubbers) account, with different photographs, of the same voyage. It even had the same title. He doesn't get the newsletter so I wasn't sure whether he knew that his first story had been published. Now I had a dilemma: leave it in or replace with something else? After much thought I decided to leave it in. Not all of our current members will have read the first one and those who did might find that Jim's reworked account will sound just as fresh and exciting the second time around.

Anyway, thank you Jim, and thanks also go to: David Birkett, Irene and Graham Ramsbottom, Clare Fox, Roger Atkinson, Colin Hunter, Hugh Taylor and Norman Bell for words and/or photographs for this issue. Hope you enjoy it. Ed.

Cover Photograph:
Kevin Allen in the Wad Mines, Seathwaite
9th November 2013

Deadline for contributions for the next *Fellfarer*:
1st March 2014

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- BRITISH MOUNTAINEERING COUNCIL
BMC Website: www.thebmc.co.uk
Each Fellfarer has an individual Membership Number
- RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION
Ramblers Website: www.ramblers.org.uk
Fellfarers RA Membership Number: New Number TBA
- OREAD MOUNTAINEERING CLUB
(Reciprocal Rights Partnership)
Oread Website www.oread.co.uk

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Tan-y-Wyddfa
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O.S. Grid Ref. 570527

Fellfarers: £5.00 p.p.p.n., Guests: £9.00 p.p.p.n.

Heathy Lea Cottage
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Fellfarers: £4.50 p.p.p.n., Guests: £6.50 p.p.p.n.

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High House OS ref: (Explorer OL4)	GR 235119
High House Guest Night Fees:	£5 p.p.p.n.

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This newsletter is also available on the club website
Some back issues are available on request from the Editor

CLUB NEWS

Ted Niepokojczycki

Most members by now will have heard the sad news of Ted's death in November. Many newer members will not be aware of his powerful influence on the lives of many Fellfarers in the past, especially on those who learned through him to enjoy the very steepest places in our mountains, in summer and in winter. There is more to be said about Ted on page 14.

High House Library

Following the death of her father, Krysia Neipokojczycki has donated a large part of his library to the Fellfarers. It is a fine collection of climbing and mountaineering literature. By the time you read this, they should all have been given 'Ex Libris' labels in his memory and some will have been installed on the shelves at High House:

On High Lakeland Fells	Allen	Bob
A Celebration of Scotland	Anderson	Janice
K2 Savage Mountain Savage Summer	Barry	John
Winter Climbs in the Lake District	Bennet	R.
A Dream come True	Birkett	David
Everest The Hard Way	Bonnington	Chris
Great Climbs	Bonnington	Chris
I Chose to Climb	Bonnington	Chris
The Next Horizon	Bonnington	Chris
Mountain Lakeland	Bowker	Tom
Geat Walks Scotland	Brown	Hamish
The Spur Book of Survival & Rescue	Brown	Terry
Black Cuillin Ridge Scramblers Guide	Bull	S.P.
Climbing Ice	Chouinard	Yvon
Mountain Men	Conefrey	Mick
Rock Climbing in the Lake District	Cram	Geoff
Ben Nevis Britain's Highest Mountain	Crockett	Ken
A History of Mountaineering in the Alps	Engel	Claire Eliane
Scrambles in the Lake District	Evans	R.B.
Journal 1934	F&RCC	
Journal 1971-72	F&RCC	
Gervasutti's Climbs	Gervasutti	Giusto
The Lost World of Everest	Gray	Berkeley
A Century on the Craggs	Hankinson	Alan
Camera on the Craggs	Hankinson	Alan
Scotland Rediscovered	Hardley	Dennis
The Cuillin of Skye	Humble	B.H.
The Ascent of Everest	Hunt	John
Lakeland's Pioneer Rock-Climbers	Jackson	Herbert & Mary
Rock Climbing in Wales	James	Ron
Nizke Tary (in Polish)	Kukacka	Ing.
My Vertical World	Kukuczka	Jerzy
The ABC of Avalanche Safety	LaChapelle	E.R.
Lake District Map Companion	Ledward	Elizabeth
The Mammoth Book of the Edge	Lewis	Jon E.
Rock Climbing	Livesey	Peter
Scottish Climbs	MacInnes	Hamish
The Price of Adventure	MacInnes	Hamish
Rock and Ice Climbs in Skye	Mackenzie	J.R.
Modern Rope Techniques in Mountaineering	March	Bill
The Book of the Climbing Year	McNeish	Cameron
All 14 Eight-Thousanders	Messner	Reinhold
The Challenge	Messner	Reinhold
The Second Death of George Mallory	Messner	Reinhold
Yosemite Climber	Meyers	George
The Guardian Book of Mountains	Nelsson	Richard
Great Ascents	Newby	Eric
One Man's Mountains	Patey	Tom
Mountain Navigation	Peter	Cliff
The Love of Mountains	Poole	Michael Crawford
The Magic of Skye	Poucher	W.A.
The Scottish Peaks	Poucher	W.A.
A First Rate Tragedy	Preston	Diana
The Mont Blanc Massif The 100 Finest Routes	Rebuffat	Gaston
Nanda Devi The Tragic Expedition	Roskelley	John
Elusive Summits	Saunders	Victor
The Cuillin	Stainforth	Gordon
Rock and Ice Climbs in Lochaber + Badenoch	Stead	A.C.
Encyclopedia of Mountaineering	Unsworth	Walt
Classic Rock	Wilson	Ken
Hard Rock	Wilson	Ken
The Big Walks	Wilson	Ken
Nature in the Bieszczady National Park	Winnicki	Tomasz
Mountain Craft	Young	Geoffrey Winthrop
Swiat Tatr (in Polish)	Zespol	Miro

Gear for sale

Ted also left a considerable amount of outdoor gear to the club. It will all be available for members to buy after the AGM in January. Also available will be two climbing guidebooks donated by David Birkett: The 1968 F&RCC Borrowdale guide and the 1990 Constable guide: Rock Climbing in Scotland. All proceeds will go to club funds.

Time for a change (1)

With the AGM approaching, the Committee would like all members, but especially younger Fellfarers, to consider putting themselves forward to help with running the Club. The Committee will be chosen at the AGM itself but there are three sub-committees which deal with specific topics. They meet only occasionally but their work is vital in keeping the club active and easing the work of the main Committee.

You don't need to be on the Committee to be a sub-committee member. In fact it would be better if you're not!

If you are interested in helping, or would like to know more about what's involved, please contact:

Management Sub-committee

Hugh Taylor

Social Sub-committee

Mike Palk

Hut Sub-committee

Mick Fox

Contact details are given on the page opposite but note that the lead person may change after the AGM on 24th January.

Time for a change (2)

Two present committee members are retiring at the next AGM: Tony Walshaw and Mike Palk will not be seeking re-election. All existing members (including Peter Goff who is co-opted) are willing to stand for election again. Clare Fox is retiring from the post of Secretary and of course the post of Social Secretary becomes vacant with Mike's departure. The Committee has nominations for both posts but see 'Time for a change (1)' above.

New Fridge

A new (extra) fridge has been delivered to High house to cope with the demand for more space. It is intended to put it under the kitchen worktop but it has been placed in a temporary position for immediate use before then.

Fire Safety (1) The escape door

A planning application has been submitted for the escape door from the men's dormitory.

Fire Safety (2) Fire doors

Prices have been received for the three fire doors required by the Fire Officer. It is expected that installation of the doors (to the drying room, the men's dormitory and to the stairs from the common room) will take place during the March Working Weekend.

Fire Safety (3) Alarm testing

A new testing procedure is being prepared. NOTE that all members will be asked to acquaint themselves with the process. The system must be tested every time High House is visited and ALL members will be expected to ensure that the testing is done and recorded. Full instructions for this easy process will be available.

Crows

The little rascals have been busy removing the new putty again. Fred has another plan:



BLUFFING IT

Jim Duff

Most of you will know Pete Goff, the tall handsome one who looks like Clint Eastwood? Anyway this is more about Pete's older brother Michael who lives in West Virginia and turns up regularly for the Lads Dinner at the Scafell hotel each December.

Mike and I have been climbing together for the last five decades and so it was that I tempted him to come out to Australia for a pleasant cruise across to Stewart Island at the south end of New Zealand because I had spotted some handsome granite peaks down there on a previous cruise. Mike flew out from America just before Christmas and after a climb on the organ pipes above Hobart we set off for New Zealand across the edge of the great southern ocean.



Mike Goff explaining to Jim how it's done



Rejane preparing Dingo for the crossing



Wild weather in the Southern Ocean

The New Zealand Pilot states the waters around Stewart Island are a particularly stormy part of the world with frequent gales in all seasons that often last many days. *The Stewart Island Cruising Guide* cautions that there is little difference between the gale frequency in summer and winter months, seasonal predictions are highly unreliable and, that for cruise planning, wind strengths and directions in the vicinity of Stewart Island are a lottery.

So it came as no surprise that after seven days of mixed weather, two gales and a 30-hour calm, our passage from Hobart to Bluff, at the bottom of New Zealand, was ending with something nasty brewing. The forecast was for at least 3 days of gales and as we were closing on Foveaux Strait between Stewart and South Islands it was decision time. Tempting as it was to run into the strait, our lack of local knowledge and its reputation for breaking seas deterred us. Instead we headed south of Stewart Island and later that day, as the gale arrived, we lay 85 nautical miles SW of the southern tip of Stewart Island and 70 off the Snares, a group of small rocky islands.

We hove-to under storm jib fully reefed mainsail. By nightfall we had rain, squalls and 40 knots of wind that increased in the wee small hours. Gradually Dingo's motion became more violent as she fell off waves or was slammed by quartering seas.

In the morning the weather eased slightly and fearful of the forecast of more gales approaching we decided to run in toward the east coast of Stewart Island.

With a handkerchief of storm jib we were surging down the faces of five metre seas into the gathering dusk. As the wind increased the wind vane self-steering couldn't handle the downwind track so it was hand steering all night. In the dark confusion the helmsman needed intense concentration to keep Dingo upright and pointing down the steepening waves, with that and the cold we could only manage less than an hour on the wheel at a time. Mike earned his helmsman's badge that night!

Down below the noise of wind and water had taken on a continuous roar and it was impossible to heat food. Our hot flasks had emptied quickly and with warm drinks just a memory we made do with power bars and swigs of water. As the second night of gale force wind wore on sleep was no more than a snatched doze and, fearing a knock down or worse still a pitch pole (an A over T to the landlubbers) we tied into the settee berths and donned climbing helmets.

Stewart Island's hills appeared through the scudding cloud base of a cheerless dawn along with thoughts of shelter, warmth, food and dry clothes. We tried to make Port Pegasus but the wind, now fine on the port bow and blowing a hoolie, said no. Even motor sailing hard we were standing still in confused seas till we accepted the bitter truth and bore away to run further up the inhospitable cliff bound coast.

We needed advice and urgently. Rejane radioed Bluff Fishermen's Radio and 'good as gold' Meri, saviour of many a storm-tossed sailor in her 32 years as volunteer operator, advised us to head for the shelter of Lords River 15 miles ahead.

The wind now picked up to fifty knots with frequent squalls of sixty that mixed sea and air into a maelstrom making it hard to breathe and reducing visibility to a few boat lengths. On just the storm jib we were constantly surfing and making up to 9 knots in breaking seas. Over the next couple of hours we worked closer to the rocky shore, finally getting close in under Surf Head at the entrance to the River.

The wind spat us out of the river mouth three times before we forced our way in, the Volvo diesel making an angry snarl. As Mike and Rejane struggled to rig our anchor we spotted a fishing boat snugged up in a sheltered cove. Quick as a flash we secured alongside, stupefied, numb and exhausted after 56 hours with little sleep or food but plenty of fear, seasickness and adrenaline.

During the night the fishing boat dragged its anchor 100m up the cove, unprecedented the locals told us. Even when they started their motor during the night to reset the anchor, we were oblivious.

Four days later we dodged into Bluff having sheltered from further gales in two more Stewart Island anchorages. Over a 16 day period the forecast for the sea area off Stewart Island, was a storm warning every day but three. While we had been running in, a fishing boat in Port Pegasus was recording wind speeds of 60 knots and the wind speed recorder in Bluff Harbour recorded a gust of 84 knots. Gales kept us holed up on the fisherman's wharf for a week and at times we couldn't get back onboard Dingo as the motion was so violent, so off to the pub. Oh yes, what about those granite peaks on Stewart Island you might ask. Well perhaps that's another yarn.

Regards to you all

Jim and Rejane



The times they are a changing

Return to Zermatt after 50 years absence

David Birkett

You may remember of my writing of exploits travelling through the Outer Hebrides in the October, 2011 edition of the Felfarer with a 45 year old Kohn doctor friend of mine Marcus Herud. The following year on a walk out from Skiddaw House, where he usually stays when visiting the Lakes, we discussed the possibility of a holiday some where in Europe. I suggested the Black Forest and he in a E-mail stated he had always wanted to visit Zermatt. With the Black Forest being close to the border with

Switzerland in South Germany the suggestion was seized enthusiastically and so arrangements began in the winter of 2012.

Late July was suitable for Marcus, being one of four doctors in a laboratory testing blood samples. I was pleased to fall in with the request being in the happy state of retirement. It was nearly 50 years since my first visit to Zermatt so I was looking forward to reliving pleasant memories. As is always planning and early arrangements are vital - flights, air port taxis, my passport had run out, accommodation (YHA, Jugendherberge) clothes/equipment and most important for myself, choice of footwear for my long-suffering feet! Of the small number of E- mails exchanged one stated 'I will be bringing my 13 year old daughter with me', mmm, I thought, not ideal, but she was a strong walker, so I would make the best of the situation. Later I was to find life had changed for Marcus and Iris.

Airport dilemma

Saturday 27 July, 2013, the flight to Kohn via Amsterdam was un-eventful, I sat next to, on one side a Ugandan returning home and a woman returning to Kohn from Montreal. The change at Amsterdam can be fraught, this is the largest air terminal in Europe and it takes a brisk 25 minute walk to cross, I only just made the check in time and sat back for the 40 min flight. At the baggage carousel I waited expectantly, had my rucksack made the flight transfer, time went by, no sign and then that sinking feeling, it is lost. In the arrivals hall Marcus waited, I queued at the lost luggage counter giving my details and Marcus's mobile number and at last stepped into the arrivals hall and a warm welcome from Marcus and his 13 year old daughter Iris. To ease my mind the officials had phoned and said the luggage had gone to Basel Mulhausen and would be delivered to our hostel in Friburg. We emerged into sweltering heat, 34oC and began the 500km journey, speeding down the autobahn in a 2litre VW at between 100-150km per hour, the air-con saved my life and we arrived in the capital of Schwarzwald intact. A shower and a good meal revived me and we opted for a walk by the river, the locals were at play, stripped off and swimming, others seeking shade. Across the river Friburg(in the Bundes league)were playing a friendly with Bilbao so we joined the throng in the bar and quaffed numerous Rothaus Pils. The young, overweight Germans smoked their heads off and embibed heavily, as though the end were nigh. I said to Marcus 'I've never seen so many pregnant men in my life'. Back at the Jugendherberge my rucksack had arrived, the only extra expense 1Euro 30 for a tooth brush, bought in a moment of doubt.

Rain, wonderful rain

We slept like logs, despite the heavy rain through the night. It was the holy day and the population headed for prayers in the Gothic cathedral, situated in the 'old town'. The streets were deserted, so clean, with clear water running in gutters where later we saw children sailing small boats. The city is steeped in history with the new Rathaus(Town Hall) being 500yrs old. At the old Rathaus I turned and said to Marcus 'whats the St. Georges flag doing up there' 'Its also the Friburg flag' - clearly he got everywhere! In the cathedral, mass had finished, I was enthralled by the majestic organ music and a brass ensemble. At a chemist I bought some sun-screen, as mine had been confiscated at customs, too big a container; '15Euros 50', I said 'it says 13Euros on the ticket', '2Euros 50 on every item for Sunday opening' was the reply. A

short drive saw us climbing Schaubinsland(1284m), a renowned viewpoint, a 18m high steel tower brought us onto a platform, above the treeline with a wide vista over the county of Baden-Wurtemberg, with trees for ever and in every direction. At the summit a sign said 'Englischedenkmal', intrigued we descended 200' and found a memorial in Granite to 27 scouts who had been lost in a blizzard on the mountain in 1937, 5 of them perished. The memorial had been erected by German scouts to remember their fellow friends. Precipitation had begun so we opted for a visit down a 13c lead and silver mine, dry and cooler. The Schaubinsland mine had ceased production in 1954 and opened for visitors in 1977, this was an informative visit with a great deal of equipment to see. That evening saw us in the fine hostel at Totnau, thunder rain had begun and was to continue for 24 hours.

Highs and lows

A dramatic fall of temperature had occurred from 34 to 23C, the rain drove against the hostel windows, what were we to do, go and see the highest waterfall in Germany of course! Close by Totnau is the 160m water fall with made-up paths and bridges, we descended from the top and marvelled at the highest section(97m)in full spate. Damp but elated we moved on to Bonnerdorf and continued the wet theme by visiting the Japanese gardens, an extensive area with all the features expected including the 'Archimedes spiral' which raised water from below by turning a wheel, fascinating. As we were too early for the hostel opening Marcus suggested a visit to Donaquelle(source of the Danube)at Donaueschingen village. This was disappointing, a hole in the ground surrounded by a Victorian edifice which was under repair. After a coffee and dryout we walked around a geology garden, naturally in the rain and then returned to the large Bonnerdorf hostel and an en-suite shower followed by a large meal with several beers. A group of geology students from Heidelberg University were to visit the Wutach Gorge a 20km Limestone fissure next day, we deemed it too wet. Feldberg, the highest mountain in Schwarzwald

An early start saw us heading for Heblehof hostel to begin an ascent of Feldberg(1493m), thick cloud enveloped us but it was dry, the flower meadows were past their best with the rare Martagon Lily surprising me. The first summit, Seebuck had a viewing tower, throngs of walkers milled about, a number arriving by cable car. The cloud was clearing and glimpses of wooded valleys emerged, an unsurfaced road led to Feldberg summit with its telecommunications installation, surrounded by a tall fence. I was disappointed by what should have been Schwarzwald's pride and joy. A more pleasing descent to the Todtauer Hut and a Black Forest delicacy, Torten und Apfelsorle(cake and apple juice). Iris was flagging, Marcus used his charm, back at the hostel Iris opted to stay with her 'tablet' and study fashion, while we headed for our second summit of the day Herzogenhorn(1412m). The usual ski-lift paraphernalia was negotiated and we settled into walking through alpine meadows and rolling hills before a steep rise to the summit with a traditional wooden cross (*below*). This was more what I had expected.



Returning the same way, we had completed a satisfying 15km walk with 500m of ascent - a normal day in the Lakes. Val rang me, I was having problems with charging plugs ! All was in order at home and Tony, my elder brother was out of hospital after a 16 week stint in Lancaster.

Bound for Zermatt

I awoke early, excited at the prospect of returning to Zermatt, the 'human air' had cleared. The objective was distant, we could only get a hostel 40 miles from the mecca in Fiesch; en-route a Heimat Haus lured us in with old Black Forest artefacts, everything made of wood and pottery, a step back in time, fascinating. Onwards towards our goal, Marcus suggested a deviation to the Rhine Falls, truly awe inspiring (*below*). It was hot again and we joined the hoards viewing the limestone phenomena. We then drove to Zurich, Luzern, Meiringen over Grimsel Pass, which had only been open for a month following heavy snow falls during the winter and finally arrived in Fiesch. En-route we had walked the famed Aarresschlucht, a 2km limestone gorge, with walkways, having significant drops to the glacial waters below and 180m walls above. This rounded off a memorable day, back in wonderful Switzerland after 50 years absence.



The Iconic Mountain

7.30 breakfast, away by 8.15, bound for Tasch and the train to car-less Zermatt, the car parking facilities at Tasch are vast, with trains running every 20 minutes. We alighted into warm sunshine and cloudless skies at 10.15. Marcus and Iris opted for a low level day. I had six hours before the agreed train time, where was I to go? The crowds, of mainly walkers pushed me along towards the iconic mountain, I latched on to the signs 'Matterhorn Trail' and climbed through alpine meadows flanked by traditional wooden barns on raised stone plinths, to keep the rats out, and arrived at Kleiner Dorf - Smutt a 500 year old village where I ordered a Apfelsorle and abluted (*below - the Zmutt valley*). The magic words Schonbielhutte emerged on signs, I had always wanted to visit the hut, maps were 25 Francs in Zermatt, for a one-off visit I declined. My memories of Zermatt were a small quaint village with horse drawn carriages, the Gornergrat railway existed and some ski-tows. Today everywhere is developed, new buildings rising up the flanks of the valley, many more cable cars, zip-wires, a multi purpose football pitch in one of the few flat areas - a thrill seekers paradise. For myself, in dominant visual terms was the major hydro-electric scheme in the Smutt valley with its associated pylons, what has man created?



Moan over, back to the thrilling landscape, at my present height (2,200m) the Matterhorn dominated the sky-scape (*above*), the remnants of the lower Smutt glacier lay ahead, and the SAC hut was another 1.30 min at 2,634m, I opted for the safe option, having lost time on a major 'steinslag' deviation and began my descent. At Stafelalp hut, complete with bouncy castle (what next in the high alps?) I rested and avoided the expensive fayre. The authorities have made a play for mountain bikers, with special routes carved out of the landscape, I heard a swishing sound and behind me was a scooter with balloon tyres, the parent and child, with helmets, hurtling down the track - the ultimate 'thrill-seekers'. Onwards, the views of the Monta Rosa (Dufourspitze) Breithorn and Rimpfischorn were magnificent, I returned to valley level with re-energised memories and joined the mayhem of frantic shopping full of cash laden tourists, small electric carriages had replaced the horse drawn ones and crept up on you to emphasize the urgency of life. My purchases being a ice-cream for 3.50 Fr. and a adaptor, for the mobile at 10 Fr. At the Bahnhof I was re-united, Iris was unhappy with her day, we returned to Fiesch.

The Swiss National Day

August the first is the National Day of Switzerland, described as 'a proud flag waving day', (oh for St. George) in Fiesch we were sitting outside of a local bar, 20.00hrs, the church bells rang-out; in the square members of the town band assembled, struck up and marched off; later fireworks lit the night sky, silhouetted by mountain ridges and a faint alpen-glow. Father and daughter left for bed and I joined the locals in a open air party, beer flowing freely, a duo on piano, guitar and trumpet played Swiss favourites, country and western and finished with rousing umpa music to tumultuous applause.

Our last day, and a long drive to Langenfeld near Koln, as ever Marcus found interest, the Furka pass one of Switzerland's highest(2,446m); a stop at the Rhone Glacier remnants with the stylish Belvedere Hotel taking centre stage, 7Fr to see the glacier close-up, I walked up the road. Motor bikes roared up the pass, but the oh so impressive cyclists just kept on going; on the summit, ridges with diminishing snowslopes rose boldly, 'what once was white and grey is now green and grey', the times they are changing. The long descent began, by glaciated coombe to Re-alp, displaying its new golf-course; through the Schulugden gorge with rock-faces and no doubt climbs for ever to the beautiful, placid Lake Luzern. Aufviedersehn to Switzerland, onto the autobahn, the day was boiling, Marcus was tired and suggested a drive through the Rhine valley. We stopped in a elevated position above the river along-side a 30m effigy of Emperor Wilhelm 1 (he began the first world war) declaring victory over the French in 1887. The view was stunning, over looking vast vineyards(home of Riesling wine), the river dominant and powerful. Driving alongside the Rhine was superb, close to a shipping highway yet strewn with nestling villages and castles (*below*), Lorely and Napoleon's crossing and all that.

Iris was noticeably happier on her return to Langenfeld, surrounded by her own familiar belongings. After a late take away and a few beers Marcus made up a bed and then showed me pictures of his Polish grandparents, he was surrounded by their beautiful furniture, his heritage.



A Bird's Eye View of the Mountains

Irene Ramsbottom



'I've always wanted to do that' words which came back to haunt me as my children bought me a paragliding experience in Zermatt. "You can back out if you want to" said my daughter, but no it was a challenge and an adventure so no backing out for me!

Zermatt is a special place at any time of the year and we had had a great weeks walking before the day of the planned flight. The weather had to be just right and the day dawned with thick mist in the Zermatt. However a quick check on the mountain webcams showed clear blue skies and an inversion in the valley. I checked with the paragliding office and it was breaking up so O.K. to go. Graham had wimped out so he stationed himself in the landing field to watch my descent.

My co-pilot was brought up in Braithwaite and got his love of the mountains in the Lake District. He assured me that the Swiss were very strict on safety and he was a trainer which was somewhat reassuring. Three lifts later I emerged at the top of the Rothorn 3100m into blue sky. I did wonder about my sanity, it looked an awful long way down! We didn't jump off the mountain but had to walk, run until the wind took hold of the canopy and lifted us up. Then I could sit down and enjoy it safely strapped to my pilot in a seated harness. Nerves must have got the better of me and I sat down too soon making the take off slightly dodgy.

It took a couple of minutes to relax into it and really appreciate what I was doing then "wow" was it special? I was flying like a bird with the towering snow covered mountains and glaciers around Zermatt as a backdrop. Blue sky above and the inversion below has to be pretty memorable. It was about to get even better when we looked down to see a perfect Brocken spectre of us in the cloud below, my first and what a special one.

You could see all the mountain paths below and we discussed which were the best walks. All too soon he asked if I wanted to do "twirlies" on our descent into Zermatt. By this time I was up for anything so we swung from side to side and my stomach left its normal place.

I was assured that weather conditions would make for a perfect landing and they did. It was like stepping from a bus. Graham was sat in the sun watching and later admitted that he felt a little jealous. All that remained was to text the children to say 'I did it and it was fantastic'.

We showed the grandchildren the DVD and I think I've gained a bit of 'street cred'. Zermatt will never look the same again but that won't stop us from going back! Maybe Graham might be persuaded to have a go.

Weather as predicted – cloudy with showers. I arrived at Arnside station with Roger and Margaret (who kindly gave me a lift) and there we met up with Gordon – the only other Fellfarer who had braved the elements for the train trip.

We caught the train to Ravenglass and settled back to enjoy the journey. It was very interesting running alongside the coast and passing local stations. Looking outside at the rain we felt very snug inside the train until we became aware of raindrops inside the coach. Typical, of all the places to sit we had chosen the carriage with the leak! Still we moved and enjoyed the rest of our journey to Ravenglass in the dry. We then crossed over platforms and caught the L'lal Ratty for a very cosy trip (a bit of a squeeze for 4 in the small carriages) to Eskdale. On arrival, in true Fellfarers' style, we made a beeline to the railway café and enjoyed a cup of coffee whilst planning our day.

We thought we would go to the local inn for our lunch and then have a walk to the waterfall. We made our way to the Inn as the heavens opened and we rushed inside securing a table, complete with lovely rainy views, in the conservatory. We had not long had coffee but it seemed sensible to lunch now in the dry where we could sit admiring the views whilst waiting for the rain to stop.

And stop it did, so we set off for our waterfall walk after lunch passing quite a lot of excited people carrying baskets and boxes of fresh flowers to the local church. They were all going to a wedding and providing the flowers for the ceremony and petals for the confetti. All very pretty. We passed the wedding party and admired the outfits particularly the groom who was wearing a kilt!

We carried on our walk ignoring the stepping stones over the river that looked a bit slippery (made worse by the recent rain). We found a bridge further down the footpath and made our way over this and a number of bridges to Stanley Ghyll Force (right). The weather was showery but the appearance of blue skies and sun periodically kept us in good spirits.

Making our way back we noticed that the wedding reception was being held in the Railway restaurant and a special steam train had been hired to take the guests back to Ravenglass (what a good idea!) So after a quick coffee we hopped on the next train back to Ravenglass avoiding the wedding party's departure. We didn't have to wait too long for the train back to Arnside and apart from some young and very noisy lads we enjoyed the return journey. A good day out in spite of the weather and a brilliant way to spend a wet Saturday!



The La'l Ratty Excursion

Saturday 7th September 2013

Clare Fox





Bram Rigg and Arant Haw The Howgill fells

Mid-week walk No 42

Wednesday 25th September 2013

Roger Atkinson

Well another mid week walk, after sticking my nose outside to sniff the air and a quick check on the forecast, I set about my ruck-sac, throwing out hats, gloves, over trousers and extra warm gear. What a summer, and it's still going on, but it surely owes us one!

So on to designated meeting point, where a party of eight regulars and three prospective Fellfarers met, and after the usual hover, off we went across enclosed land and onto the open fell. We traversed the shoulder of Seat Knott to ford Bram Rigg Beck, from here the hard work started, a long gradual ascent of the south west ridge of Bram Rigg saw trousers being rolled up and shirts and sweaters discarded as the first drops of sweat bubbled up in the humid, windless conditions, an "elevenses" stop eased the strain and eventually the ridge was under our feet. From here an easy stroll took us to lunch just below the summit of Calders and time to admire the rather hazy shortened views. Lunch and chatter over we crossed Arant Haw, then onward following the almost trackless west ridge to Croasdale Beck and its associated buildings. A barn here which housed some fine looking bullocks, who were above knee deep in their own muck, proved a worrying sight to many in the party. Moving on from Croasdale a short road walk led us to a lane which took us by the "back door" into the tiny but delightful hamlet which nestles against Howgill Church and the end of the active bit.

Tea and cakes was the subject of much debate and the end solution was a café in Sedbergh which filled the bill to perfection and put the tin hat on another first class day on the fell. Thanks to Irene for planning the jaunt and Graham to acting as her deputy.

The plight of the mucky bullocks was reported to the relevant authorities.

Top: the summit team (photo by Les), Nodge, Norman, Roger, Frank, Hugh, Fred, Jean, Graham, Laura, and Pam.

Second down: ascending Bram Rigg.

Bottom right: lunch between Calders and Arant Haw



A Sardinian Diary

Colin Hunter

On the 29th Sept. a last minute decision was made to book a holiday in Cala Gonone, Sardinia to join four climbing friends, and the 4th Oct. found us packing all the holiday necessities plus climbing gear into one small hold bag and two day sacs for the cabin. Another bag with more clothing would have been more sensible but we were too mean! As we were flying from Luton Airport, Val and I had booked a room in the airport Ibis Hotel which included car parking for the week. Very luxurious for us but highly recommended.

Saturday 5th

We joined our friends in departures for a Full English and after 2hr 15min flight landed at Olbia on the N.E. coast of the island where we rented a car and made the 1 ½ hr drive to Cala Gonone and checked in to the excellent, reasonably priced, Hotel La Favorita, the guys having booked an apartment elsewhere in the village. Dinner for everyone that evening was (you guessed it) pizzas and red wine.

Sunday 6th

After breakfast Mama Mia style we made the short drive to the next bay, Cala Fuili and climbed down steps into the cove where we were amazed to find a rock climbers paradise - a beach bounded by 25 - 30 metre crags each side and a warm turquoise sea just waiting to be swum in.

A couple of routes were climbed, followed by a swim and a sunbathe and after three more routes and more swimming we returned to the village to meet the guys, who had been climbing elsewhere, for a few beers overlooking the harbour - a pattern which was to be repeated in the days to come.

Monday 7th

The guys having gone inland cragging again we bought bread and ham etc. for lunch and drove ¾ hr to the start of a fairly remote valley and embarked on a rather tedious (wooded, no views) walk to a stupendous canyon called Gola di Gorropu. After shelling out 3.50 euros each we entered the gorge and were immediately overawed by the 500 m walls which appeared to be almost closing in above us. Progress through the 1 ½ k of accessible gorge was interesting, involving climbing over endless huge, polished boulders, some the size of buses. Craning our necks almost to breaking point we looked up at the longest bolted route in Italy - 500m 8b. Sadly we didn't have time to do it as a recce for the Shinscrapers! Back in the village that evening we joined the boys in their apartment for an excellent meal cooked for us by Wilf, with entertainment provided by a spectacular light show courtesy of an almost continuous electrical storm over the Med.

Tuesday 8th

A hangover in the morning meant a relaxed day walking along the coast above an ultramarine and turquoise sea before returning to the beach for chilling and swimming. Later we mooched around the few shops in the village until a phone call from Ken found us in a bar again where we compared our respective days.

Wednesday 9th

A pattern repeat. Supermarket, beach, climb, swim, meet the boys in a bar. Creatures of habit!

Thursday 10th

A longer walk along the coast today to the bay of Cala Luna with a detour to the Grotto Bue Marino. Accessing the grotto had it's moments, involving climbing down a polished 10m slab aided by a knotted rope handrail seriously past it's sell by date, to land on a wonky 18" wide plank which gave access to a walkway cantilevered out from the cliff, from which we could reach the grotto. All this above a boiling sea crashing in beneath us. Having had enough excitement for the day we decided against paying 10 euros each for the guided tour, so retracing our steps we continued along the coast to Cala Luna, a wonderful crescent of golden sand with, once again perfect crags either side. Returning to Cala Gonone by boat gave us another perspective on this stunning coastline, backed by mountains and pockmarked with caves and grottoes many of which contain bolted routes. Later that evening the lads joined us at our hotel for a special dinner of " Piglet and Roast Potatoes", a welcome change from pizzas and pasta.

Friday 11th

We finished the week pretty much as we started it - climbing, swimming and dossing until evening when the boys joined us for a last carafe or three of the red stuff, but before we could leave we were presented with a rather large piece of Sardinian speciality cheese called Casu Marzu and another carafe. However just before we were about to tuck in, Val said, in a horrified tone " There are things moving in it!" and sure enough there were dozens of small, white maggots crawling in and out of it. Apparently the maggots are introduced to break down the texture and improve the flavour. Only the brave tried it, all of whom survived! It was certainly the most interesting (or revolting, depending on your point of view) end to a holiday any of us had ever experienced.

Sat 12th

Last day, not a lot to report. Chilled out on the beach until 1pm, drove back to Olbia airport, returned to Luton, waited interminably for baggage reclaim and drove home in a torrential downpour - welcome back to England!

To summarise - as a holiday destination the area we stayed in offered everything the discerning Fellfarer could wish for - beauty and adventure in equal measure and plenty of reasonably priced accommodation. We are pretty sure we will return someday.



WARCOP MILITARY RANGE

Sunday 6th October 2013

Leadership of this walk was a bit like 'Pass the Parcel', with Mike, and then Mick, handing over the honour. Roger ended up with the prize of dodging the unexploded shells and taking this small group up to High Cup Nick on a damp morning with low cloud. From left to right: Prospective members Maggie & John, Angie & Hugh, Frank, and Roger.



Dove Crag from Brothers Water

Midweek Walk Number 43

Wednesday 30th October 2013

Graham and Irene Ramsbottom

Perhaps many Fellfarers had been held to ransom by the Sicilian mafia or were counting their blessings that Cumbria, for once, had missed the great storm but only three set out on the Mid-week walk up Dove Crag from Brothers Water. We could wax lyrical about the autumn colours but we couldn't say too much about the view as the mist was a tad on the low side. However given the conditions and the fact that this walk had already been cancelled once because of the weather Tony, Graham and Irene valiantly set off from Brothers Water.

It was a steady climb up the waterfalls of Dovedale and as we got higher the wind got stronger and the mist got thicker but fortunately it wasn't raining yet. We didn't have to wait too long for that! We duly joined the Fairfield Horseshoe and passed the summit of Dove Crag without even thinking of stopping for lunch. By the time we had descended down to Scandale Pass the elements had abated which gave us an opportunity to eat our butties. We returned to Brothers Water down Caiston Beck. Even when we took the mandatory photographs by the time we had got back home they had disappeared amid mutterings of 'modern technology'.

Brothers Water and the surrounding area and fells were a significant area in our introduction to the Lakes and the Sykeside camp site was the our first taste of camping, so it was a step back down memory lane for us and neither of us know why we haven't been back for a long time. We were therefore grateful for Tony for leading and reminding us what a great area it is.

The Fellfarers who had good excuses for not been there missed a very enjoyable day; after all it's always good to test yourself against the elements every now and then!

In the absence of photos from Dove Crag, here's one of Mount Etna erupting in October. Why? Well, you'd better read on....

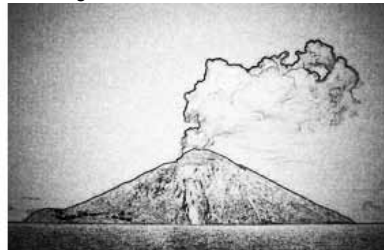


Fire and Brimstone

A Tour of Sicily's Three Volcanoes

18th - 30th October 2013

This story starts when I was about ten years old. A comic I was reading had an image, a simple line drawing, of a smoking volcanic island called Stromboli. The name, and that image, a bit like this:



has lurked in the back of my mind ever since. I wanted to see it someday.

Fast forward now to late 2012. After our trip to Morocco earlier in that year, we were looking for another destination with the promise of adventure.

Into the mix of distant snowy mountains I threw the suggestion of Stromboli and any other volcanoes of Southern Italy that we might manage. It won the vote and we set to work: we soon found that Sicily and the Aeolian Islands had 3 volcanoes that are still considered to be active: Etna, Stromboli and Vulcano. Italy's fourth active volcano, Vesuvius, was dismissed as being too far away to include in a short tour. We were slow with our planning, missing the spring 'window' of 2013, and so began working out an itinerary for October, the last month before the tourist industry shuts down for the winter. The logistics were complex and when we discovered that several travel companies had tours that matched our plans exactly we decided to make life easy and sign up with one of them. So it was that Roger, Hughie, Norman and I flew from a cold wet Manchester airport very early on the morning of Friday 18th October.....

A last minute hiccup in flight connections gave us the opportunity to explore some of Rome's ancient wonders (*top left*) before Alitalia flew us to Catania, Sicily's liveliest city, in time to finish a hectic first day with a few relaxing beers in the warm night air outside our hostel.

Day two: another hiccup. Our guide was not at the agreed meeting place and we were obliged, when we gave up hope of him arriving, to hire a taxi to take us on to our first destination, a hostel/restaurant high on the slopes of Etna. The guide wasn't there either! He'd taken the group out for a ramble over the lava flows and would be back later. We went on our own walk through the walnut and hazel woods growing from the black ash slopes, navigating by instinct in the high-altitude fog. We returned without mishap, pockets full of sweet juicy nuts, and finally met our guide, Luca, and the rest of the group. The errors that resulted in that very expensive taxi ride were laid at the feet of the company's (Explore!) head office and we were promised a cash refund so all was hunky-dory once more.

Up bright and early for a good breakfast, we packed up food and gear for a day on the big hill which we could see smoking through the trees above us - and climbed on a bus! We were driven (a big-wheeled 4x4 for the last section) to the upper slopes of Etna. Imagine Skiddaw but more than three times the size and all black ash, not a living plant in sight. Hey, you don't need to - there's Hughie toiling upwards (*second left*). As we neared the summit any comparison with a lakeland hill became foolish. Clouds of sulphurous steam poured from huge summit craters. Actually 'craters' does them an injustice. Great gaping bottomless chasms, edges vertical and crumbling (*third left*), far sides invisible through the belching vapours, that's what they were. And the noise! We thought it was thunder but it came not from the perfect blue sky, it was from below our feet. The guide reassured us, "The noise is good. When Etna makes that noise we are safe. When it is silent, we stay away." **Five days later Etna blew it's top** (*previous page*)!

It took all day to descend from the summit, across the black desert slopes (*bottom left*) and down out of the brilliant sunshine into the clouds (a brief Brocken Spectre on the way) below. We gazed into fumaroles, picked up 'lava bombs', discovered snow banks under the ash, many marvels, and it was an elated group that sat down to dinner and a few well-earned beers that night. Etna had delivered much more than we had expected - and there was more to come!

An 'easy' day followed, exploring a short lava tube, wandering through the pines and birches that are colonising the flanks of Etna - temporarily. Everything is temporary here. It was only in 2002 that a ski resort, cable



cars, hotel, roads, everything, was wiped out. We crossed the solidified flows and spotted a little bit of hotel roof poking out of the spikey, crunchy lava!

We rose at 4 am on Tuesday, watched the sun rise from Messina as we waited for the hydrofoil, and then cruised across that gorgeous Tyrrhenian Sea to the Aeolian Islands. The boat provides a bus service for the islands' inhabitants and visitors and we made several stops before we approached fabulous Stromboli, looking, it must be said, just like the image I'd carried around for 50+ years (*top right*).

We lunched and settled into hotel rooms before gathering for the ascent. Stromboli is in a state of continuous eruption and its summit can be safely visited *most of the time*. Luca had planned for us to arrive on the summit just before sundown. His planning was perfect and we sat on the ash to watch the most beautiful of sunsets over the sea, while the craters below us crashed and roared and threw out rocks and ash in great clouds.

It was after the sun had gone, and a delicious dusk had turned the sea black far below, that Stromboli really showed his magic to us. The bangs and roars were now accompanied by the spewing of great showers of incandescent lava onto the slopes below us (*second right*). The showers of hot rocks splattered on the ground and lay there glowing, thousands of red pinpoints of light in the blackness while we waited for the next outpouring. Health and Safety fans will be pleased to know that we had been issued with lightweight plastic helmets against the threat of being buried in tons of molten rock. The show would go on all night, every night and every day, but after an hour or so Luca gave us the call and we turned on headtorches for the descent of 3,000 feet of soft steep ash. Perhaps the best spot in the world for scree-running, especially in the dark. The downside was that my feet were painfully wedged into my boots by the mass of sharp grit that had built up on the descent. Still, boots emptied, we sat on the terrace of the bar late into the night and celebrated one more, to use a cliché, 'truly memorable' day. Meraviglioso!

That day could not be bettered and we so we potted on Wednesday: a short boat trip to Panarea to see a superb Bronze Age village in a dramatic cliff-top setting and a long swim in the warm seawater at the sandy cove of Zimmari. Another boat took us to lively Lipari, the biggest island in the archipelago.

Thursday was Vulcano day: another day, another island, another volcano. Oh, life can get so repetitive. After a pleasant breakfast in the sun on the roof of our hotel, a short trip on a little boat took us into Porto di Levante, the island's only town. Vulcano is squat, an old man of a volcano, ugly and smelly and with little life left in him. The smell of bad eggs hits you before you set foot on the shore. We strolled up the 1200 feet or so of solidified lava to the rim and found that even here there was a delight or two for us. The crater had a solid bottom and we were able to descend the steep rocky sides to its floor to examine the fumaroles emitting superheated steam, full of sulphur, into the air. We climbed out through a fog of vapour, our boots crunching fluorescent sulphur crystals (*third right*) and walked the crater rim to enjoy the glorious views of sun, sea and smokin' rock. Back at sealevel, some opted for wallowing in natural hot water mudbaths but we settled for another warm sea-swim and sunbathing on the black sandy beach. Luca had a surprise for us on the trip back to Lipari: the boat pulled into a little secret cove, bounded by tall black cliffs, and we were invited to jump in for a swim to shore. Luca somehow contrived to land on the beach with an octopus wrapped around his arm! The crew were calling for him to kill it to eat but he bowed to our English sensibilities and put it back in the water.

We woke to our last full day with the Explore! group. The hydrofoil carried us back to Sicily and we climbed on board a bus to take us somewhere completely different: limestone country. Luca had pointed out to us from the top of Etna a superb looking pointy peak, quite unlike anything else in the landscape. "It is called The Matterhorn of Sicily" he said. Now we were to go there.

On closer acquaintance, Rocca Novara is a minor craggy top (*bottom right*) that could almost be in Yorkshire. Still, it was a nice scramble to its top, at 1340 metres - which makes it just 4 metres lower than Ben Nevis so maybe it's not to be sneezed at after all.

On Saturday, with Etna's clouds hanging over us, we said our goodbyes to the rest of the group at the airport, picked up a hire-car and set off to... who knows what? With the Rough Guide to Sicily to lead us, we headed south from Catania and discovered Pantalica, Sicily's great necropolis,





where a fine limestone gorge has been rendered other-worldly by the cutting of hundreds of tombs in its rock walls (*top left*). The bodies are all long-gone. By teatime we had arrived in Siracusa where we found a fine hotel in the middle of the old town and spent the evening wandering the narrow streets and squares. We found perhaps the best pavement bar in the world (*top right*), the perfect spot to watch the world go by, beer in hand, as the sun set over the Ionian Sea. The city was buzzing that night, in almost exactly the same way that Kendal isn't, and the bars and restaurants were full to bursting. Great fun.

Siracusa has extensive Greek and Roman remains and the following day was spent exploring them. The Greek theatre (*second right*) is superb; almost everything you see in the photograph has been cut from the bedrock. Not the Fellfarers obviously. After our 'day of culture' we finished off with a dip in the sea and hurried off to regain our table on the pavement at our wonderful sunset bar. Our heads were still full of volcanoes and the clink of our first glasses of the evening was always accompanied by our own personal toast: "Stromboli!" Hughie coined a fine new expression later that night: "Can we go somewhere else for a drink? I feel under-drunk."

We moved on, wanting to see more and aware that the days were slipping by. The Reserva Naturale di Vendicari gave us perhaps the finest swimming of all (*third right*) in a gorgeous sandy cove over two miles walk from the road. Little fish swam around us, bright colours flashing in the sunlight, in the warm water. We drove on to Noto, a town of marvelous baroque architecture, and found yet another great b&b.

Our last day arrived. We crammed in a visit to Noto Antica, the original town, which was destroyed by earthquake in 1690 and never reinhabited and a walk into the Cava Grande, Sicily's 'Grand Canyon'. It is not really to be compared with its American namesake but it is a limestone gorge with several natural swimming pools (*bottom left*) along the river bed, so far below its rim that the sun didn't reach us. Back to Catania we drove, to be welcomed back by the owner at our first hostel, to beers and a fine meal at the lively Agora (*bottom right*). A brilliant end to a brilliant trip.

The photos here cannot do justice to the trip - come to the slideshow on 18th February



Ted Niepokończycki

(Tadeusz Kazimierz Andrzej Niepokończycki)

1929 - 2013



We are sad to note the passing of Ted, a much-loved and respected Felfarer of many years standing. The following are extracts from the thoughts of friends and family, as read out at his funeral at the end of November:

Ted was the youngest of four children born to a professional soldier in the Polish Army and brought up in garrison towns. Ted grew from the age of ten under German occupation. He witnessed acts of resistance, participated in "liberating" scarce coal from moving German trains. In September 1944 Ted, then aged 15, and his older brother, Zbysek, were seized at night, given 5 minutes to collect a coat, and became forced labourers repairing allied bomb damage to Dutch railway tracks. The Allied advance into Holland allowed escape in March 1945, sheltering in large drainage pipes in a Dutch field while a Canadian Artillery barrage crashed overhead.

They were evacuated via Italy and Austria to be reunited, at Cark airfield, with their father, now an Officer of the Polish Resettlement Corps. Ted resumed his education, training to become a highly skilled central lathe turner, and in the 1950s settled in Nottingham where he met and married Olga and his two daughters, Janet and Krysia, were born.

Simon Tomson

We all meet people who make a difference to or influence our lives. Ted was one who made a difference to my life and my family. I met Ted in 1960 but we didn't get to know him properly until 1974 when my family and I were invited up to the Lakes to camp in their paddock adjacent to High Park Farm in Oxenholme.

He was passionate about a lot of things: politics, world history. We enjoyed arguing and discussing these matters many times. But the thing that made the difference was his love for his adopted country and its people, waxing lyrical about his beloved Cumbria. He taught me the safe way to climb and undoubtedly saved my life on more than one or two climbs by hauling me up the rock face by sheer brute strength. The generosity he showed to me, my family and friends I will not forget. He and his family invited us for years to share their home, time and food for weeks. I owe him a great debt. I will remember. Good bye, Tadeusz, my friend.

David McMillen

My memories were numerous, but so were others in the hut: Peter Goff said 'He was a man of the high crags; a true mountaineer, he liked winter climbing best. He had climbed every buttress on Ben Nevis. In the Lakes he loved Scafell Crag and Pillar'. My memories are of numerous rock climbs on high crags. I remember especially one in the winter, Hen Gully on Wetherlam. A fine picture exists in the hut of Ted coming out of the gully.

Peter Blamire said 'He took me up Gable for the first time by Sphinx Gully, encouraging and enthusing up and down, I'll never forget'. Phil remembered an aborted traverse of the main ridge on Skye when Ted was all for 'pushing on' and had to be outvoted.

Bill Hogarth remembered, 'I first met Ted in Preston when I was eighteen; mountaineering brought us together, climbing on those rubbishy crags around Preston. Then we had a weekend in the Lakes'. They both fell for the area and Ted sought work in Kendal at Gilkes's. His reputation in his work preceded him and they offered him a job. A caravan was found to live in and Olga and the girls arrived in the town they were to call home.

Ted, 'the unpronounceable', we salute you, thank you for your wisdom, enthusiasm and above all friendship.

David Birkett

He was proud of Poland; of being Polish. And over recent years I have started to understand the history; the Polish in my Dad. I taped his story, filling nine 90 minute tapes. Dad gave me eyes to see his history, and heritage, and family. His hobbies took him out into our beautiful Lakeland, and beyond. Walking, camping, climbing, cycling and photography - all tackled with strength and enthusiasm. Dad could be stubborn, argumentative, generous, and passionate about many subjects.

His legacy is here in his family - he was a father, a grandfather, and great grandfather. It is in Poland with those who cannot be here today - Tenia, Pawel, Marcin, Danuta, Andrez, Maciej and others. It's in the memory of friends and fellow climbers; those days on the crags, on the fells. Thank you Dad, for helping to make me who I am.

Janet Niepokończycka

Ted, I'm far away from where you are now, but still so close to you with all my warm thoughts and memories.

Had you been here, I would once again thank you for all those wonderful moments I have spent with you. Walking all those paths in Cumbria, sitting by the fire at night, chatting. It seems impossible for them to fade away just like that. You have shown me Britain, the land that became your second - or maybe first - home. You let me know about so many dilemmas and longings that split your heart in two on so many occasions. On one hand, a thoroughly Polish heart filled with love for the land of your fathers. And at the same time, a heart that learned to love what life has brought; a heart with passion that affected so many there. In recent years I spent holidays with you and the family in England; these were the times to cherish. When we were travelling it was a rainy, English, summer afternoon and this beautiful rainbow filled the sky. We kind of entered through it and I remember you saying: "Tenia, we are on our way to heaven..." There were plenty of moments like this when I felt happy, filled with joy and peace - farewell Tadzik.

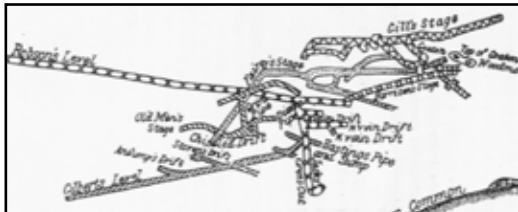
Tenia Waligóra

“Armistice”

Remembrance Weekend at High House

8-10th November 2013

Fred and Gavin have made it something of a personal tradition to venture into the wadmines on this weekend each year. This time they planned to take electron ladders for a descent of the Grand Pipe from Gill’s Stage, shown at the top of this small plan of part of the workings, to (I think) Farey’s Stage:



(Actually, the diagram gives no real idea of the complexity of the tunnels and shafts deep under the fellside opposite High House)

Fred had mentioned their plans to one or two members and so, on a miserable damp Saturday morning, the team assembled and started to kit themselves out. Fred, Gavin, Kevin, Roger, Hugh, and Mick were joined by two last-minute adventurers: Margaret and Ellie. Old site helmets were tied on with string, Headtorches were stuck on with gaffer tape. We did the best we could (*top right*).

We trudged up in the mist to Gill’s Stage, fairly high on the fell, and wandered inside. Easy walking, with some stooping and crawling, plus a little climbing (*see cover*) and squeezing, was enough to completely disorientate those who hadn’t been in before. Our two leaders knew their stuff though and we were soon gathered round the Grand Pipe, a big hole in the floor. The pitch was longer than expected and both ladders had to be used to reach the bottom. This meant no further descents were possible that day but we climbed out and ventured into Farey’s Stage, with an awkward traverse around the edge of the Grand Pipe (*second left*) to reach its inner branches. It was a grand few hours underground, with quite a few ‘moments’. Hughie said he hasn’t had such a good laugh underground for years! The next trip will be with SRT gear to complete that through-trip.

Sunday was like a different season, a different country. The clouds had cleared overnight and a sharp frost had stripped the moisture from the air. The sun shone brightly, creating frost-shadows in the fields and lighting up the bracken and trees like a firework display (*bottom right*). A faint river-mist threaded through Borrowdale and distant Skiddaw was topped with fresh snow (*bottom left, seen from near Rosthwaite*). The paths leading to Castle Crag were dotted with brightly clad civilians and camouflaged soldiers (“Are they goodies or baddies?” one granddaughter asked, looking anxiously over her shoulder as the troops advanced) heading for the summit. The ceremony was moving, as ever, and made poignant by the presence of the young soldiers reading out the names of their comrades killed in recent action. The many Fellfarers (30 or so?) present were in agreement: Gable’s ceremony will never match that.



BLACK COMBE

and Broughton Village Bakery

Saturday 16th November 2013



Top left: Mick Fox, Cath Palk, Mike Palk, Clare Fox, Roger Atkinson, Josh Weeks, Frank Haygarth and Margaret Harriman (behind the camera) all met at Broughton Village Bakery on a gloomy Saturday morning. The shop is deservedly famous after being voted 'The Best Bakery in Northern England' on ITV's "Britains Best Bakery",

A cheerful log fire burned in the stove, the coffee was good and the sofas were comfy. The hardest part of the day was dragging ourselves out again.

We drove in convoy to meeting point number two: Becks Farm, under the broad southern flank of Black Combe. The summit was hidden in a cap of white cloud and we were not really surprised that no more Fellfarers arrived to join us.



Second left: A well marked miners' track leads up into the fine steep-sided valley of Whitecombe Beck. It continues past the disused mines, climbing the fellside easily in zig-zags to the col at Whitecombe Head. The map shows that the path is a curiosity, a public right of way that goes nowhere. At Whitecombe



Head it divides and both sections curve round and dive back down on the same side of the fell; all three 'ends' arriving in the valley within a mile of each other. Perhaps someone else knows the story? Anyway, we left the enigmatic path and wandered southwest, climbing the gentle but boggy slopes of Hentoe Hill into the cloud. At the summit shelter Cath produced her lunch - the biggest pasty any of us had ever seen. Another advert for the bakery.



Third and bottom left: There was little point in admiring the view from the summit. There wasn't one. Mike told us how wonderful it would have been if there had been one and, when Cath had finally munched her way through her pasty, we set off downhill, back the way we came initially. At the col again, just out of the cloud, Mike led us off over the broad grassy ridge of White Combe while Mick scurried off in search of an obscure 'Birkett' top, Stoupdale Head, hidden away in the peat-hags.

Re-united at White Combe summit shelter, we descended the improving path which led down to the fine little arete of White Hall Knott. We paused for photos in front of Black Combe's huge bulk, considered a direct descent of the Knott's steep front (rejected) and resumed the easier diagonal line of the footpath.

The views southwards improved noticeably as we lost height but Black Combe's cap of cloud got grimmer, darker and threatening. Never mind we were down safely now and, wouldn't you know it, as we arrived back at the cars, the sun came out (*below*). Still, it had been a fine walk, thank you Mike and Cath, and we finished off the day with pots of tea at.... well, you know where.



Around Lord's Lot Midweek Walk No. 43 27th November 2013



Sharp sunlight broke through as we drove over from a gloomy Kendal and the Lyth and Winster valleys were filled with that beautiful melancholy mix of light and mists that occurs only at this time of year. We numbered eight present, with several apologies sent (*inset above*).

Our President led us from Crosthwaite Church (*inset right*) onto Broom Lane, heading northwards, before turning off on footpaths through tree-studded fields (*title picture*) to the 'crossroads' at Low Fold where Tony contrived to make us all laugh, just by sitting on a farm sign. It would have made a fine cover photo but the censor banned it. We visited the summit of Lord's Lot, all of 209 metres above sea level, for more atmospheric views of fields and farms below (*inset below*). We returned to the 'crossroads' and completed the encirclement of Lord's Lot via Birk Moss and alongside the River Gilpin, back to Crosthwaite Church (*inset bottom right*). A short stroll through the village took us to The Exchange in the village hall where tea, coffee, ice cream and cakes and much more are available every Wednesday. Highly recommended.



Have you noticed, these pages seem to be filling up with free advertising for catering establishments nowadays?





This is our 80th year as a Club and no celebration of this event would be complete without a party, or in our case two parties, one at High House in May and one in Kendal in November.

There will also be a competition (prize included!) to devise a "Fellfarer's Way" walk.

More details of the two parties and the competition will be given in the next newsletter.

The 75th Anniversary Celebrations were rather focussed on the past: celebrating the history of K Fellfarers. This time, for our 80th birthday, the emphasis will be a bit more on what the Club is now, what our active members are up to in the Great Outdoors. Various members have suggested a few targets for us all to aim for. Please join in! We're also inviting you to set yourself a personal target, just for the fun of it.

CLUB CHALLENGES

1. To visit 80 islands. January 1st - November 29th

Hugh Taylor has set the rules here and is keeping the record on the club website. The challenge is for members to visit and land on 80 different islands before the closing party in November. A photo must be taken on each island as evidence. Let Hugh Taylor know as you visit each island and he will update this list.

The criteria for what will count are:

- Anywhere in the world
- Must have a name
- Must be surrounded by water, but may be connected by bridge or other manmade structure.
- You must set foot on the island, not just touch it.
- If one name covers more than one island in a group, each island will count as one.
- Each island will only count once towards the total



2. To visit 80 Wainwright Tops. May 21st - 31st

This challenge is for Club members to 'bag' 80 of the 214 tops listed in Wainwright's Pictorial Guides to the Lake District. The tops must all be visited in the eleven days preceeding the party in May, from 21st to the 31st inclusive.

Photographs are required here too please. Selfies are allowed. Each fell will only count once towards the total.

There will be a contact person who will co-ordinate and put the list on the website.

More details in the next issue.



3. To climb 80 routes. January 1st - November 29th

The Shinscrapers have suggested a target of 80 rock climbs. Photographs are not required but would be very welcome. All members are encouraged to join in but the Club does not want members to put themselves in danger - make sure you are climbing with an experienced partner. Look out for the 'Climbing for All' events.

The Editor will compile the list. Just provide him with the following details: Name(s), Crag name, Route name, Grade, Date.

Criteria are:

- Anywhere in the world
- No minimum (or maximum!) grade.
- Must be outdoors, on rock.
- Must be named in a guidebook.
- Soloed routes are allowed.
- Each route will only count once towards the total.



And then there's:

PERSONAL CHALLENGES

The Archivist's 80 tarns, lakes and rivers

Fred hopes to fish in 80 different bodies of water in 2014 but he's willing to share this with other members. You don't have to catch anything to qualify so anyone can have a go. If you want to join in Fred will compile the list so let him know.

The Editor's 80 new tops

Mick is setting out to visit 80 new (previously unvisited by him) tops during the year. He might have to scratch around a bit to find new ones but he hopes that with a few Munros and lots of Corbetts, Grahams, Hewitts, Deweys and Birketts to go at, he'll manage.

What about you? Or the next generation - is there an 80s challenge that the children could have for their own?

How about your own 80 Wainwright list for the year? Or 80 other Tops? 80 Wild Swims? Swimming in 80 tarns, rivers, seas (but not while Fred is fishing in them please). 80 Race Miles for the runners? 80 miles paddled, swum, cycled.... 80 something we've not thought of? Something impossible, something silly, something easily achievable for you, it doesn't matter. Just let the Social Secretary know what you are doing for the 80th Celebration.



And finally:

IN NOVEMBER

The party in Kendal at the end of November will include displays about the Club's history but, more importantly, the records and photographs from this year's activities

SOCIAL SUB-COMMITTEE NEWS

As we write this in November, the spring still seems a long time off but it's good to jot the words 'first outdoor climb of the year' even if that's a while off yet! There's a busy programme of activities throughout the winter though, with many of the old favourites for you.

Don't forget the photographic competition, which takes place at the AGM (don't forget the AGM either!). The categories are as follows:

1. Fellfarers 2013 – your best photo from a Fellfarers meet during 2013.
2. Open – your best photo with an outdoorsy theme (mountains, wildlife, sunsets etc) from 2013.
3. And as 2014 is the eightieth anniversary of the club – 'A Blast from the Past'. So either a photo that you took or one that you are in, with an outdoorsy theme, and the older the better! So get rummaging in those old photo albums!

Either bring your photos along on the night or hand them to the social committee beforehand. We will take great care of your old photos and will not display them with pins. We will be happy to accept scans of old photos, if that is easier.

Copies of entries may also be displayed during anniversary celebrations.

2014 is the 80th anniversary of the Fellfarers and there will be plenty of ways to celebrate. More information on the 80th Anniversary Page.

With all good wishes for 2014.

Clare, Joan, Tony and Mike

Continental Camping Meet June 2014

Is anyone interested in meeting up in Europe in June for another camping meet? One suggestion has already been made (Chamonix) but we will need a meeting to agree details.

MINIBUS TRIP July 2014

There are plans afoot to have another mini bus trip this year. Two venues have so far been suggested: Northumberland and Iceland! Or somewhere else entirely. A meeting will be needed to sort out details.

A meeting will be called to begin planning both of these trips early in the new year. **Let Clare know as soon as possible if you might be interested in either of them.** No commitment yet and the planning meetings are always a good night out!

Skiddaw House Meet

Overnight stay Wednesday 21st May 2014

Skiddaw House is the highest youth hostel in Britain and stands in an isolated position, 1,500 ft above sea level. It is only accessible on foot and enjoys extensive views over the Caldbeck Fells, Blencathra and down the Caldew Valley. What a great place to kick-start our Fellfarers collection of 80 tops! (see page 18). They have no mains electricity. 'Dark Skies' for stargazers are guaranteed - unless it's cloudy.

Nothing is booked yet - just tell us whether you are interested



Review of the Year Slide Show

14th January 2014

**Your digital photos from
2013 urgently needed!**

Please send the Editor your photos for inclusion as soon as you can, preferably before Christmas. It does not have to be a club event; just share your favourite outdoor moments from 2013 - and then come along to see what we've all been up to!

Winter Weekend at High House

17-19th January 2012.

The wording used to advertise the above event in your last Fellfarer was confusing, for which we apologise.

Last January's Winter Weekend was well received by those who attended and another one is planned along the same lines this year. After much discussion by the Committee it was agreed to call this a 'Quiet Weekend' and it is aimed at members (and their guests) who want to escape from the bustle of everyday life and retreat to the peace and quiet of Borrowdale. No partying!

Saturday's walk(s) will be planned on Friday evening and if required there will be a choice of a high or low level walk. Don't forget to come along with your suggestions!

Wherever we all head off to during the day, the plan is to meet up in the Scafell in the early evening to enjoy a drink and a bar meal. If you would like a quiet weekend at the hut in January why not come along?

Hotel Meet Fort William

23rd - 27th March 2014

A LAST REMINDER

This year's Scottish Hotel lucky enough to be booked by K Fellfarers is, once more, the Alexandra Hotel, Fort William. We have almost 30 members and friends booked for this 5 night break already. If you are interested, it's not too late to join us but you must book soon. The price for dinner, bed and breakfast is £30 pppn, or £150 for five nights.

Dogs - £5 per night

Single room supplement - £10 per night. To book call Clare Fox as soon as possible.



We will need to book early in the year and pay in advance. For YHA members the price is £14 for the one night (includes bed linen).

A small shop sells basic supplies and there is a self-catering kitchen. Breakfast is available - or bring your own.

Routes to and from the hostel (from Keswick, Bassenthwaite or Mungrisedale) can be sorted out once we know who's coming, or you can work out your own.

Does it sound like fun? Do something different in 2014!

If you're interested, names to me asap please.

Clare Fox

KFF CLUB EVENTS JANUARY - APRIL 2014

Where the contact person's phone number is not given below, full contact details can be found on page 2.

Events marked with an *asterix are described in more detail on page 19.

Dates given for multi-day events are from day of arrival to day of departure.

Please note two time changes (marked in red) since the last newsletter: **Charlie's Walk** and the **Arnside Midweek Walk**

-
- January 2014** (Committee meet at the Rifleman's Arms on Tuesday 7th. Social Evening 9 pm onwards)
- Weekdays 1st-2nd** **High House** is booked for Fellfarers (continuation of Christmas booking)
- Weekend 10-12th** **Clachaig Chalet Meet** – Glencoe. Booking essential. Info/booking: Hugh Taylor.
- Saturday 11th** **Charlie's Walk** - Cunswick Scar. Distance approx. 4 miles
Meet **10.00am**. Bradley Field, Brigsteer Road (GR 502 917). Leader: David Birkett (tel: 01539 738280)
- Tuesday 14th** ***Slide Show** - "Review of the Fellfarers' Year 2013"
Meet 7.30pm. The Strickland Arms. Sizergh. Sandwiches provided. Guests welcome.
- Weekend 17-19th** **Winter Weekend at High House**. With Club walk(s) on Saturday and bar meal at the Scafell Hotel.
Please note this is one of two weekends in the year designated as 'Quiet Weekend'.
- Friday 24th** * **The AGM & Photographic Competition** – Kendal Golf Club.
Meet 7.30pm. See Page 19 for details of the Photographic Competition. Sandwiches provided.
- Wednesday 29th** **Midweek Walk** - 'Exploring The Trough' - by train to Silverdale and walk back to Arnside. 5 miles.
Meet for the **10.50am** train. Arnside Station. Leader Hugh Taylor.
- Every Thursday* *Evening Climbing for All. Kendal Climbing Wall. Everyone Welcome. Info: Mike Palk*
- February** (Committee meet at the Rifleman's Arms on Tuesday 4th. Social Evening 9 pm onwards)
- Weekend 14-20th** **High House** is booked for Fellfarers.
- Tuesday 18th** **Slide Show** - "The Three Volcanoes Trip, Sicily, 2013"
Meet 7.30pm. The Strickland Arms. Sizergh. Sandwiches provided. Guests welcome
- Saturday 22nd** **The Appetite Enhancer Walk** - Spring Wood and Craggy Wood via Birkfield. 5 miles. Moderate.
Meet 11.00am. The Spar shop. Staveley. GR 469 982. Leader Krysia Niepokojczycka
- FOLLOWED BY:
- Saturday 22nd** **The 2014 KFF Annual Dinner** - at the Eagle and Child, Staveley. Booking essential.
Contact Val Calder to book your place and book menu choice.
- Wednesday 26th** **Midweek Walk** - 'A Walk from Ings'. Distance 7miles - gentle ascents.
Meet 11. Ings bus shelter GR444 987 (555 bus. 10.40. Kendal bus station). Leader Roger Atkinson.
- Every Thursday* *Evening Climbing for All. Kendal Climbing Wall. Everyone Welcome. Info: Mike Palk*
- March** (Committee meet at the Rifleman's Arms on Tuesday 4th. Social Evening 9 pm onwards)
- Saturday 8th** **Walk** - 'Catstycam via the north-west ridge'. Ascent 2500ft. Return route to be agreed on summit.
Meet 10am. Entrance to main car park. Glenridding (GR NY 386 170) Leader: Mick Fox
- Weekend 14-16th** **Working Weekend** at High House
- Tuesday 19th** **Slideshow** - 'Les Fellfarers en Vercors 2013'.
Meet 7.30pm. The Strickland Arms. Sizergh. Sandwiches provided. Guests welcome
- Week 23-27th** ***Scottish Hotel Meet**. Alexandra Hotel, Fort William. Includes this month's Midweek Walk.
Information: Clare Fox.
- Every Thursday* *Evening Climbing for All. Kendal Climbing Wall. Everyone Welcome. Info: Mike Palk*
- April** (Committee meet at the Rifleman's Arms on Tuesday 1st. Social Evening 9 pm onwards)
- Weekend 11-13th** **Away Meet**. The Oread Hut, Tan-y-Wyddfa, Rhyd ddu, North Wales. Booking essential.
£5 per night for Fellfarers, £9 per night for guests. To book contact Joan Abbott (tel: 015396 21357)
- Weekend 18-22nd** **High House** is booked for Fellfarers. Easter Bank holiday
- Thursday 24th** **Climbing for All Evening** The 1st outdoor meet of the year. Warton Upper Crag (GR SD 494728).
Go direct to the crag or meet as for walk below. Everyone welcome. Info: Mike Palk
- OR:
- Thursday 24th** **Evening Walk** – Warton Crag
Meet 6 pm. Warton Main Quarry Car Park (GR SD 492 144) Leader: Kath Palk.
Climbers and walkers can then meet to compare their evenings over a beer at The New Inn, Yealand, after nightfall.
- Wednesday 30th** **Mid-week Walk** - Birkwith and Alum Pot. Distance 10.5 miles. Easy walking. Time 5 hrs
Meet 10am. Pen-y-ghent café, Horton in Ribblesdale. GR 808725.
Leader Frank Haygarth 01539 723948
- Every Thursday* *Evening Climbing for All. Kendal Wall until 17th, then a different crag each week.
Everyone Welcome. Info: Mike Palk*