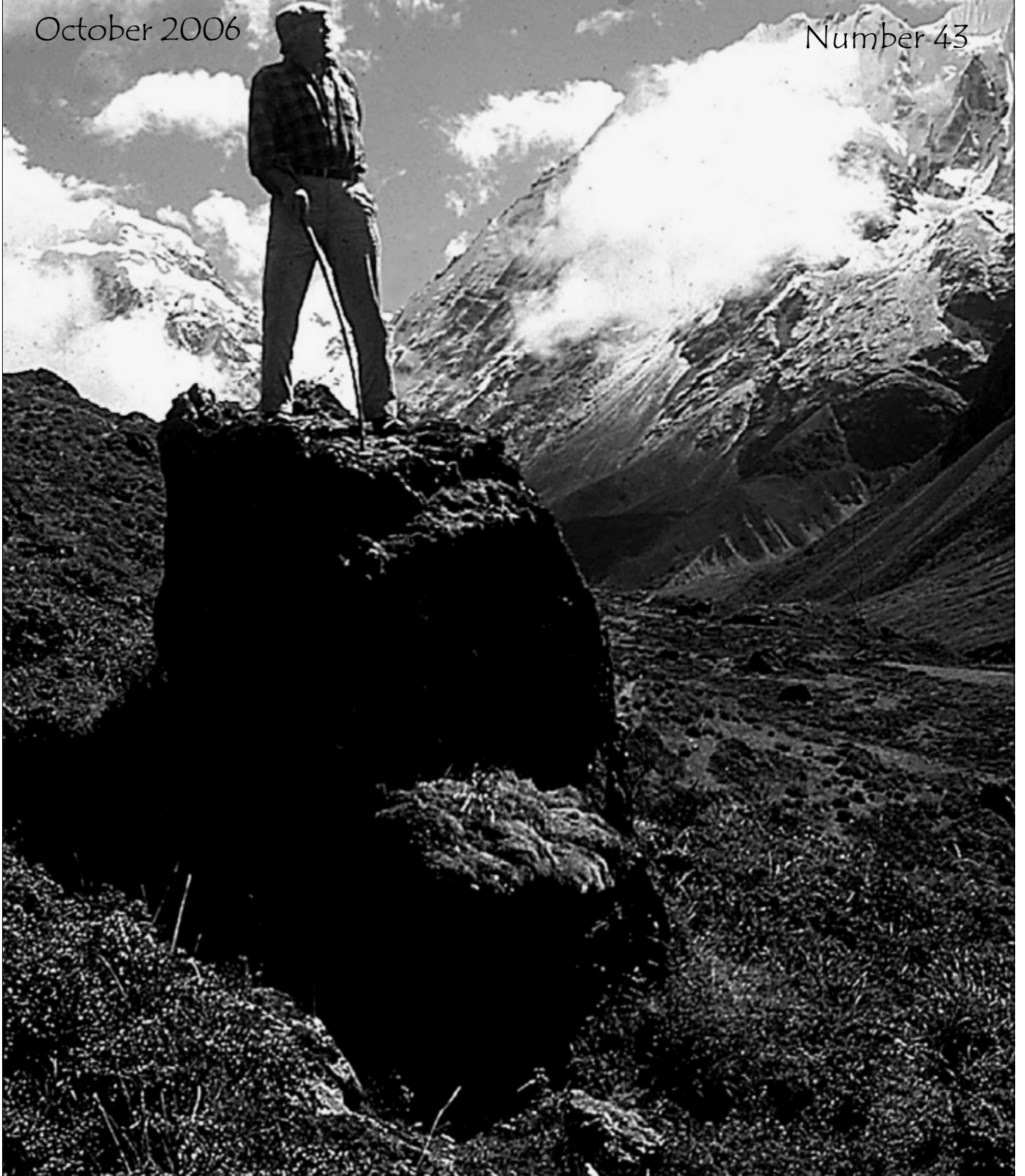


# the Fellfarer

October 2006

Number 43





Ed

I had already prepared a completely different editorial but recent events have rendered it a bit irrelevant.....

The club is reeling a bit after the loss of two more long-standing members so soon after Alec Duff's death. I am particularly moved by the loss of Sacky from my circle of friends and it makes writing this editorial especially difficult. I'm not usually at a loss for words when stuck in front of a keyboard but I'm struggling now.....

**There will be tributes in the next issue of The Fellfarer so please send me photographs and your memories of Bill and Sacky.**

You will see below that an ex-pat former member has died too. This all brings to the fore the thoughts in some members minds about the fragility of a small club whose membership is generally 'getting on a bit'. Should we do more to encourage youngsters (my definition: under 40!) to join or do we let matters take their natural course?

You know where to write to.



Dear Ed,

The idea of creating a car park at High House on the face of it may seem ridiculous but, when given some careful thought, could be an asset. A percentage of the parking tariff should be donated to the Fellfarers' coffers and a proportion of the parking spaces held for the exclusive use of the members. Consider the foliage created to obscure the construction from passing visitors; this, as it grows, would enable further levels to be built giving a greater income to the Club and as time goes by the structure may well grow tall enough to support a television aerial thus enhancing the available facilities on offer and pandering to the requirements of the Coronation Street Supporters Club.

Yours, Gruntled  
Haverigg

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**Cover: Alec Duff at 65, 4300 metres up in the Longtang Himal**

**Contents: Alan and the Ed at Castle Rock, 2006**

Dear Ed

### In Memory of Bryan Andrews

I wrote some years ago about the group of fifteen or so college lecturers from Norwich who used to enjoy an annual July trip to High House Sadly, I have to report that the guiding light behind these visits and the inspiration for the original concept, Bryan Andrews, died earlier this year.

Bryan was a former K Shoes employee who ended up in Norwich many years ago becoming a lecturer in what was affectionately known as The Boot and Shoe Department at the City College. We have had some wonderful times at High House and the visits spanned some ten years or so from the mid 1980's onwards. Then the visits ended, due mainly to Bryan's heart problems and the fact that more and more of the group were retiring from active service. A handful of us have retained membership of the Fellfarers but rarely visit these days.

We are all saddened by Bryan's death and would like to place on record our gratitude for all the work he did on our behalf. The few days we spent together each year were to become indelibly etched on all our memories. Wonderful companionship in beautiful surroundings; without Bryan it would never have happened.

*James Clayton.*

## From the Committee

- Two more well-respected and much-loved members have been lost. **Bill Stockdale** and **Ian Underhill** (Sacky) both died on the same day: 30th August. Bill died after a long illness. Sacky's death was a shock to all who knew him. He was still very much an active member, contributing much during 'Summer Wine' working trips to High House and enjoying days out on the fells with those closest to him. ( See *Editorial re: tributes in the next newsletter* ).

- The committee welcomes new members: **Robert Walsh and family**  
**Colin Hunter and family**

This column omitted to say in its welcome in the last edition that Jim Duff's membership includes his family too.

- **Important Notice for members visiting High House**—There have been a number of recent incidents involving paying visiting groups and (?) members. The question mark is there because the 'members' in each case are anonymous, not having signed the visitors book, and therefore **we do not know if they actually were Fellfarers**. As a result the Committee has decided that the present very informal arrangement for sharing the hut is not adequate.

Take note, therefore, of the following :

1. You are reminded that **there is no longer a key for members at the farm**. If you are visiting at times other than when the club is booked in **you must take your own key** (available from the Chairman).
2. Visiting groups will be told that **unless people purporting to be members produce valid membership cards they can be turned away**.
3. They will also be told that members and their guests **must be signed in on arrival or they can be turned away**. They must state in the book whether they are members or guests.

These changes should simply ensure that the hut is not being abused by non-members and that in the event of future problems we can discuss the circumstances with those involved.

**TO SUM UP: IF YOU ARE VISITING THE HUT WHEN IT'S NOT RESERVED FOR FELLFARERS YOU MUST TAKE YOUR KEY AND YOUR MEMBERSHIP CARD AND YOU MUST SIGN IN ON ARRIVAL.**

- **BUG**. 'Borrowdale Users Group'. The National Park Authority and the National Trust see a problem caused by over-use in some areas of Borrowdale and have set up this group to resolve some of those problems. We are invited to take part because we are a significant provider of accommodation in the valley, and therefore considered to be 'users' ourselves. The committee is not unanimous in agreeing to take part in discussions . **What do you think?**
- **TANT** We are in the process of joining the Association of Tenants of the National Trust. It is apparently there because some tenants are suspicious of the Trusts policies and decided to group together for mutual protection. We don't know if it will be of advantage to us but there is little to lose by joining for a trial period. You will be kept informed of developments.
- **Kitchen** It's begun! Phase One is not complete, but it's, let's say, *established*. . It has been a long and tiring business for the small number involved and it is now agreed that Phase Two will not be installed until next year. There is still much to do in Phase One but we hope it will be complete in the next few months. Reactions so far have been quite favourable. Let the committee know what you think, including any negative reactions please. For those who haven't been able to visit yet, here are a couple of pictures (taken July) below.
- **Committee Meetings** Please note that from November 1st Committee Meetings will revert to the **1st Tuesday in the month** ( now that Hugh has retired and has aaaaaaall the time in the world! ). A new recruit to the Summer Wine Club?



## Alec Duff

16 January 1921 - 9 June 2006

### POEM

Oh! Grant that I may see again  
 Those mighty piles of rock and earth.  
 To some they don't mean anything,  
 But I can never tell their worth.  
 Those rocky slopes and grassy fells  
 Waving bracken and secluded dells,  
 And burning sun, the heated brow!  
 Icy winds and driving snow.  
 Some are not cloaked with wood or grass.  
 They appear cruel and naked to some who pass.  
 And yet those rough and mighty hills.  
 To those who love, a peace instills.  
 Ah! To climb a rugged slope  
 And rest awhile-to feel fresh hope.  
 And new life surging over you.  
 Then climb again with strength renewed.

*Alec Duff 1946*



### RACING THE SUN

Alec and Marion loved cycling, a great escape from town to the countryside they loved. Rumour has it that dad, with shouldered pack, steered and pedalled while ma had her feet up at the back of their tandem. I'm not sure if they cycled up to Rossthwaite for their honeymoon at the Royal Oak, or caught the bus. But I know they went to London (they saw a ballet) via Wales and Stratford on Avon by tandem.

When Bill came along they stuck him on the rear in a dickie seat and when I arrived they added a sidecar. I'm sure that's why my hair went prematurely white. Cycling up to the hut must have been fun with a weekend's gear and two small, lively boys. As soon as we could walk it was bike or bus to the ODG and over Rosset and Esk Hause. I can remember walking the flat bits (age 3 or 4) and being humped up the steeper bits on the top of dad's Bergen rucksack.

As we moved house from Kirkbarrow to Castle Grove to Heron Hill then Oxenholme road, the hut seemed to be the one constant abode. It was home. Happy days with nose pressed to damp glass watching the rain tumble down, where did it all come from, the great watering can in the sky? Bill and I certainly helped Borrowdale's reputation, as wettest place in Britain, by peeing in the rain gauges every time we wandered by on our fun and games excursions.

Dad and ma hosted the Kendal cubs there for a weekend of climbing and general mayhem, and there are warm memories of the Sherrat and Tatham kids ganging around the nooks and crannies.

Summers always included helping with the haymaking, I can just remember horse drawn carts and pitchforked hay stacks, sadly soon replaced by tractor and baler.

So here's a story that speaks volumes about Al's good humour and generous spirit. As a kid it was my want to rise at dawn in summer (which meant anytime after 4.30 am) and pester dad to 'race the sun'. Now consider a fella who has laboured hard all 5 and ½ day week, ridden and walked the family over Rossett, had a pint (and a wee dram) the night before and now it's Sunday 5 am. "C'mon dad, let's race the sun!" And he

did, every time, without a groan, moan or reservation. Dragged out of bed to run down through the farmyard across the bridge and up by Sour Milk to meet the sun as it chased the shadows down from the lip of Gillercombe.

Aye he was a good dad and I'm sure the twinkle lives on in the hearts of all those who had the pleasure to call him a mate.

Dad's last act was to propose me for K Boot membership. It was also one of his last laughs as he hammed up his hesitation to mark the proposal when I read out the criteria for membership, 'probity' and 'good character'.

One summer morn I will race the sun again and strew his ashes with joy in my heart for a good dad, good friend, good man.

*Jimmy Duff*





## A Personal Reflection

When I arrived in the Lake District in January, 1986 and joined the K Fellfarers, I was immediately impressed by several people. One was Alec Duff.

I first met Alec at a Working Weekend at High House where, as I recall, he spent most of the Saturday sat on the "Ladies Loo" painting the walls.

In the evening, the migration to the not-so-local hostelry took place. After a lengthy evening, and after the ladies had been found lifts back, the five remaining stalwarts set off on foot. I might add that, for me, the pilgrimage has since been often repeated. As the lights of Rosthwaite dimmed behind us, I remember making the casual remark, "That was a great evening, I could have done with another drink!". At once, Alec withdrew from an inside pocket a full bottle of whiskey, spun the top which clattered on the tarmac and handed me the bottle. It went to and fro' between the five of us and was dropped empty into the dustbin in Seathwaite farmyard.

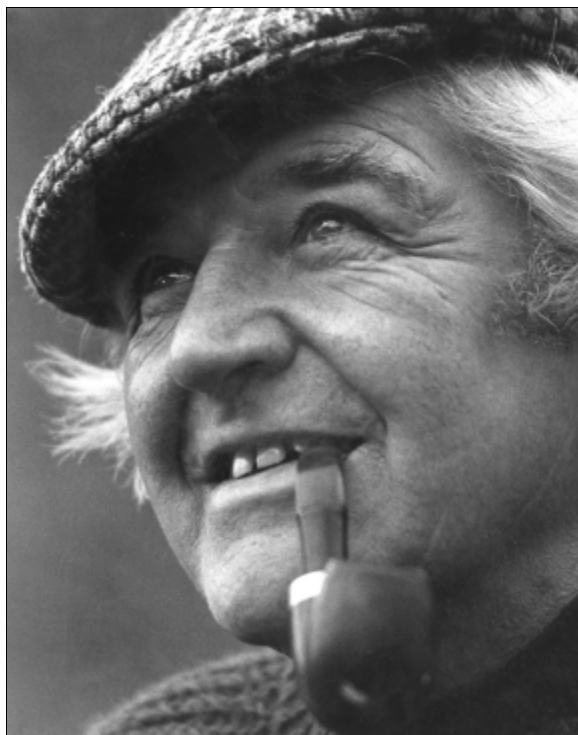
A year or two later, at an Annual Dinner, Krysia and Alec had a real verbal "set to" on matters political, which were clearly out of place on such an occasion. As I recall, being an observer to the incident, quarter was neither offered nor would it have been accepted on either side. However, by the next available post, a letter dropped through the Newlands Farm Cottage letterbox, offering Alec's sincere apologies for acting in the way he had.

Some years later, just after Krysia and I had followed separate paths, I went on a Walk Meal that fortunately ended up in Dent. During the evening, Alec, with Marion and Alex, arrived to join us. I was at the bar seeking an-

other pint of solace. Alec strode up and said straight out, "Is it polite to ask?". It was, and the comfort was gratefully received.

All of us who consider ourselves friends of Alec have our own personal stories to tell. The three I share here illuminate the man – a generous gentleman with a keen sense of consideration for others. He is missed, and the world is the poorer for his passing.

*Alec Reynolds*



I first met Alec Duff when I was a skinny shop floor worker at K Shoes 40 years ago. He was the 'boss' from Kendal and I was in awe of him (yes I have changed since those days). He was such a handsome man and I never imagined he would both change and enrich my life as profoundly as he did.

It was due to Alec that I was trained and became a time study officer. This gave me a confidence, which remains with me today. Both he and Guy Flint pointed me in the direction of the Fellfarers. I would go as far as saying they insisted I joined this illustrious group of people.

Over the years both Alec's family and mine became close friends. We've spent some great weekends at the hostel and visited their

home in Grange over Sands.

There are many happy memories of Alec. His love and generosity, which extended not only to people but also to the Lakes, nature, and of, course a good whisky.

One outstanding feature of Alec's that I adored was his dark velvet voice. Not only was it deep and warm, but it also seemed to command attention from all around him. Cruelly, the last several years of his life we were robbed of his dulcet tones.

Alec had many life experiences to recall upon. Some, as we know were the saddest anyone could endure. But to his credit he always remained positive and fun loving.

The saddest thing for both Tony and me was to see Alec failing whilst in the nursing home. But when he was able he would enjoy a good chat to Tony about birds the war and the hostel. One subject, which remained close to his heart, was K. Shoe. He would ask us to remove a shoe and he would examine it with an expert eye, sometimes being critical of today's workmanship.

One feature of his, which remained, was a good head of hair. His silvery locks continued but the yellow streak created by pipe smoke disappeared in the later years.

The memories of this lovely man will remain with me forever. I consider myself to be very lucky, not only to have known Alec Duff but to have been the recipient of his affection and respect.

Thank you for being there Alec xxx

*Sandra Atkinson*

**SEE ALSO PAGE 17**

**OUTER HEBRIDEAN TOUR:-  
PART TWO - NORTH RONA  
JUNE 2006,**

*Roger Atkinson Photographs by Alec Reynolds  
(‘Corrie’ photo by Gordon Pitt)*

Margaret and I left Kendal on the Thursday morning and met the rest of the Fellfarers team, Walter, Gordon, Kryisia, Alec and Peter, at lunch time in Doune. where Kryisia introduced us to the spectacular castle, then on to Inchree for the night.

Friday saw us take a leisurely meander through the Highlands arriving in Ullapool to catch the evening ferry to Stornoway. A walk into town for an odd beer confirmed our last years opinion, its like the wild west.

Saturday saw a leisurely start before meeting up, in Stornoway, with Murdo the Captain and Gary the crew along with the Warwickshire group, Libby, Jan, Noreen, Joy and her son Tom, who we where to share the boat with for a week. Then by car to Miavaig, to renew our friendship with Kathy, Murdo's wife and also the cook, and with M. V. Cuma the boat, and our home for the next week.

achieved the main objective of the trip in my eyes, how lucky can you get? Lunch over and we where put ashore on Rona and given ample time to explore, and explore we did, everywhere you looked there was somebody gazing, prodding or poking at something.

In my case the object of the trip was to visit the scene of an aircraft crash and it's associated sites, where a relative of mine and his colleagues had lived for three weeks whilst they recovered the aircraft, and also discovered a body that was never identified, a bit of a Boys Own tale I had been told years ago. As an aside the aircraft flew again and the body is still on Rona.

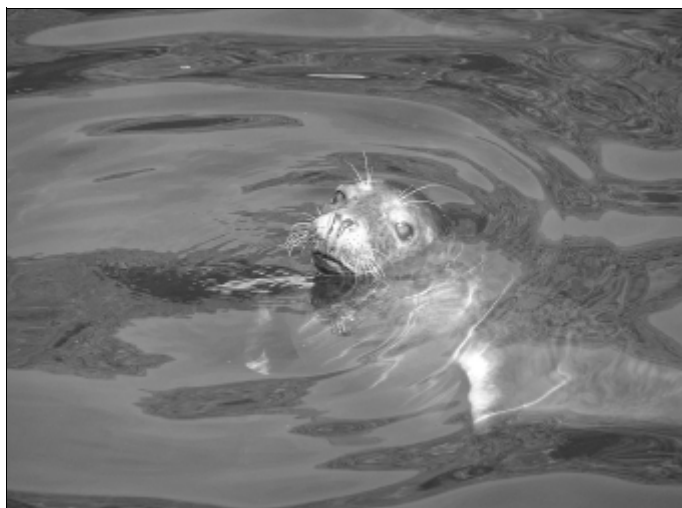


We left Miavaig in a moderate swell and cruised North to the Butt of Lewis where we enjoyed dinner and an overnight stay being rocked in the swell, very therapeutic.

Back to the boat for dinner and to compare suntans( North of the North of Scotland, don't be silly, its true I swear it.) and to compile a list of wildlife seen that day, Porpoise, Dolphins, Minke Whale, Seals in abundance and birds and birds and birds. Stayed overnight at Rona.

Sunday started with an early breakfast and a four hour, forty five mile sail north, in a lessening swell and bright sunshine, to the uninhabited island of North Rona. Day two and we had

Monday we left N. Rona and motored almost eleven miles due West into a flat calm Atlantic heading for the low rocky island of Sula Sgehv again those who wanted to went ashore, the island was covered in nesting seabirds, some with eggs others with young- There seemed to be a social division, mostly Guillemots on the





lower rocks, followed by spitting Fulmars at mid level and an enormous colony of Gannets in the penthouse all areas being interspersed with many other species, an awesome site which none of us had experienced before but the least said about the smell the better!!! Leaving Sula Sgeir we headed back to overnight at North Tolsta on the West coast of Lewis, a four hour journey that was made to seem shorter by Murdo spotting White Nosed and Common Dolphins, Killer Whales( Orca) and Basking Sharks for us, also a Naval exercise thrown in for good measure. Yet another day to tell your Grandchildren about.



Walter catches up on 'Corrie'

Tuesday we left North Tolsta and sailed South to the Shiants, an uninhabited group of islands in The Minch which were once owned by Crompton Mackenzie and are currently owned by Tom Nicholson son of Adam Nicholson a journalist and author. Again it was calm enough for us to go ashore and explore two of the islands which are of the same Basalt which forms Fingal's Cave and Giants Causeway, and gives the North of the island very distinctive "Organpipe" cliffs. Whilst on the island we met a group of archeologists who were excavating several old dwellings to help determine the history of the island and it's people, they seem to be at the beginning of a fascinating tale of a very hard lifestyle.

Our intended overnight stay at the Shiants is cut short by worsening weather so we cross the short distance to Loch Tarbert East, on Harris, for a peaceful overnight stay.

Wednesday, we sailed south and then west round into the Sound of Harris, and whilst the boat was refuelled, we had an hours

walk round Leverburgh (Named after Lord Leverhulme, who owned a large chunks of the Hebrides) Then on to Taransay to conquer its high point (267m) and explore in general, avoiding the area we visited last year in which the BBCs programme Castaway had left so much debris. Back on the boat the rising wind forces us to retreat to the inland Loch Reasort for a sheltered nights sleep.

Thursday we sailed to the head of Loch Reasort then on to revisit Scarp where we climbed to it's highest point



(308m) and returned along the West shore effectively circumnavigating the island. Heavy rain started to fall as we left Scarp and motored to a sheltered bay under a 900 foot high crag for a brief view of a sea eagle and dinner. With very little soil on the island the water runs off very quickly and in no time turned the crag into a series of huge waterfalls, as spectacular a water feature as you will see in many a day.

With the weather forecast to be worse by morning it was decided prudent to sail back to our starting point of Miavaig for our last night on board, this was an exciting trip in the darkening evening with the white waves catching the last of the light.

Friday, after breakfast it was time to say our goodbyes. The Warwickshire team were to return home that day whilst the Fellfarer team went their separate ways, but we were all staying on the outer isles for at least a few more days, having enjoyed first-class experience, a dram or two, and the crack.



The north Rona team- a mix of Fellfarers and normal people.

## After North Rona

*Peter Goff*

*Photographs by Alec Reynolds*

With the boat trip over, five of us, Walter and Gordon in the Land rover. Krysia and me with Alec headed south from Lewis to the Gatliff hostel at Reinigeadal in North Harris. This little township was known as the most remote in Great Britain before a single track road was put in sometime in the 1960s. On Saturday morning we clambered into the Landrover and chugged off to the main road and car park under An Cliseam at 799 meters the highest top in the Outer Hebrides. It was a pleasant and pathless walk up to



the bealach between An Cliseam and Tomnabhal. The higher we got the stronger the wind blew so we contoured to the leeward side of the hill. After scrambling through the summit rocks we came to a lovely ridge with a circular stone shelter built round the trig point. It was a relief to get into this shelter and out of the wind, which was blowing about force 9. After dropping down to a bealach towards Mulla-Fo-Dheas and heading to the Abhain Scaladail Walter contoured away under a very impressive gneiss crag below Sgurr Scaladail to get to the Landrover, whilst we followed the beck to the road bridge. A pint or two in the pub at Tarbert finished the day nicely.

Sunday found the five of us walking found the five of us walking down Gleann Mhiabhaig which runs parallel to and a little east of Ulladale, where we walked the previous year from the boat. Sron Scourst, half way down the glen was a most impressive peak, if it could be transported to the Lakes it would be a famous and much ascended hill. On the strength of this it was decided to continue to Ston Ard above Loch Boisimid to have a look. It proved a disappointment; still it was a lovely day for a walk. Before going back to Tarbert for a pint Walter decided to drive us down the amazing single-track road to Huisinis at the road head. It was worth the drive, a beautiful white sand beach with the machair covered in wild flowers and a lovely view of the abandoned island of Scarp just across the sound. There was also a jetty at Huisinis still used by a few crofters who keep sheep on Scarp. In Tarbert the local bar was shut, it being Sunday. Instant panic. However all was saved; the

hotel bar was open. As we sat outside in the hot sun Roger and Margaret turned up so we had a crack over a couple of pints.

Early Monday morning at Reinigeadal and it was time for Walter and Gordon to get the early ferry from Tarbert to Uig on Skye. They were going to explore the Quirang before heading home. Still, we'd had a couple of good days out, and enjoyed ourselves in North Harris. Anyway Krysia, Alec and me had to leave for the ferry in South Harris, the terminal being at Leverburgh or Ob as it is called locally. An interesting sail this, the Sound of Harris is full of islands, skiers, shipwrecks, light buoys, bell buoys and god knows what else. So the ferry makes a big detour to avoid all this before reaching the terminal on a beautiful island called Berneray. Close by the slipway is the causeway over to North Uist.

We spent two nights at the Gatliff Hostel at Baile on Berneray, situated on the sound of Harris. Sitting in the sun on Monday afternoon with a brew, we met the only other occupant of the Hostel, one Harold Minns from Lincolnshire, Well into his eighties, Harold was an amazing character. He was enthusiastic about, well, everything.



He'd spent decades walking and mountaineering in Scotland, using public transport. Someone mentioned that a couple of our crowd had completed all the Munro's, and he said "Yes, I remember doing my last Munro in the early 1960s". Wonderful.

We did a circular walk of the island on Tuesday, on a very hot day, following the east coast, then up to the island's main top, Beinn Shleibhe. Marsh and heath orchids were plentiful and the view from the trig point was extensive. We could recognise peaks on the Scottish mainland, but looked in vain for St Kilda out to the west.

We dropped down to the white sandy beach that stretches from the northern to the southern tip of Berneray, we walked along it for a couple of miles, then back across country to Baile. These beaches, or traighs as they are called, have to be seen, to be believed.





Wednesday morning, and time to go south, no one was keen to leave such a wonderful place, but the weather had broken somewhat, and that made it easier. So it was off across the causeway and into the North Uist. After a detour down a side road to look at a couple of Duns built in the middle of fresh water lochs, we stopped for a brew in Loch Maddy.

South again across the causeway and via the island of Grimsay into Benbecula, and a pub stop. Yet another causeway linked Benbecula to South Uist. After another couple of stops to look at roadside memorials with their horrendous numbers of First World War dead, we arrived at How Mor. This Gatliffe hostel is next to a most beautiful ruined chapel, and because the weather had improved, the big hills of South Uist were visible to the east. Beinn Mhor, Beinn Corradail and Hecla, now there's a good day out. Harry Minns was already there, having got a lift from Berneray. In the evening we walked to the beach, with its white sand that stretches for at least twenty miles almost without a break. That's what you call a beach.

Next day, with only two days left, it was time to head for Barra. Statistics say that Barra is the windiest island in the world! With just one more stop in South Uist to visit Flora McDonalds birth place, we crossed over the causeway with visible signs of storm damage, onto Eriskay, that of Whiskey Galore fame. From there a short ferry trip took us to Barra. Once booked into the Dunard Hostel in Castlebay, we took a small boat to Caisteal Choismuil, the McNeil stronghold and the one you see in all the photographs. It's

worth a visit. A drive around the islands main (!) road, past a lovely fresh water loch where, we were reliably informed, we had seen a couple of Red Throated Divers, with a relaxing evening in the bar in Castlebay, that was Thursday over.

Friday, the last day and because the ferry wasn't until seven in the evening, we had time for a last walk south of Barra, on a little island called Vatersay. We drove over, you've guessed it, a short causeway to a monument overlooking Bagh Siar, and the start of the walk. This monument was built in memory of three hundred and fifty men, women and children, who were all drowned in a storm in the bay. They were all buried in a mass grave, and the monument placed on top. Very tidy. Whilst we were stood there, Alec noticed movement in the rocks below, and a sea otter ran across the sand and up on to the Machair in full view. Needless to say Alec got a photograph. This was great; because it was the one thing we hadn't seen the whole fortnight. In many ways I thought this the best walk we did. There were carpets of Orchids, we counted four species, Marsh, Heath, Common Spotted and Fragrant, and the views were especially good. To the south beyond the island of Sandray, and Pabbay, we could just see part of Mingulay. It appeared that the Outer Hebrides go on forever.

The five hour ferry trip from Castlebay to Oban was also interesting, passing to the south of Canna, Rhum, Muck and Eigg with Skye in the background, and north of Col. When we reached the Ardnamurchan lighthouse and Sound of Mull it was almost dark. A fitting end to a wonderful two weeks.

Just a word about these Gatliff Hostels.....

There are five of them, from Lewis through to South Uist, All of them are situated in beautiful and often remote areas, and surprisingly all are accessible by car. They are looked after by people living locally and they also collect night fees. Having stayed with Krysia and Alec in all five, we thought that Baile on Berneray had the edge, but that's a matter of opinion. If you go to the Outer Hebrides, seek them out, there's plenty of information to be found in the Tourist Info shops and the like. They deserve patronage and you wont be disappointed.

*Top Left:  
Clisham (or An Cliseam)*

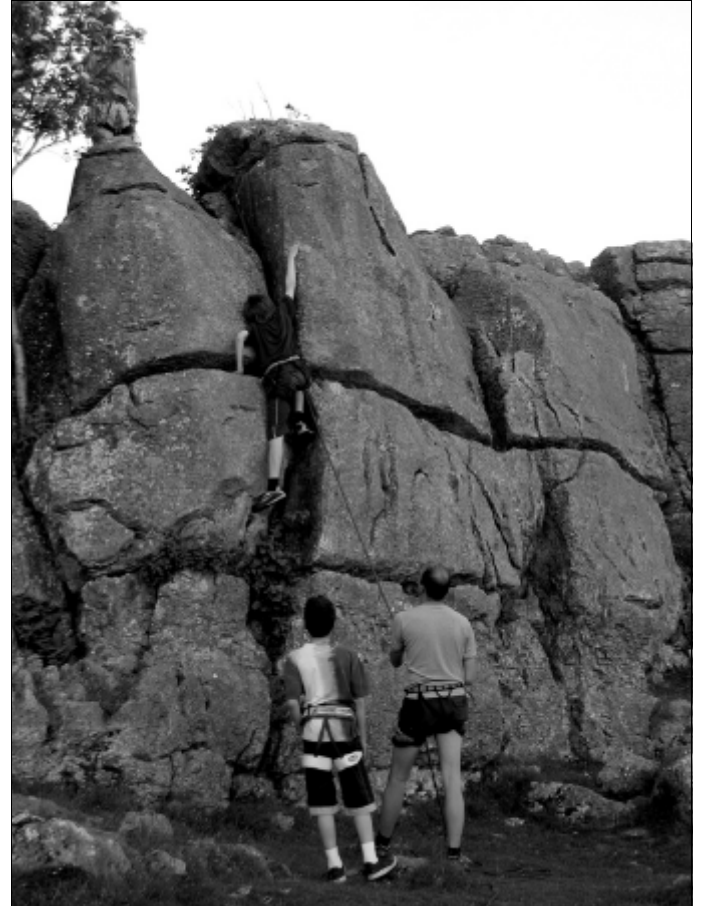
*Lower Left:  
Gatliff Hostel, Berneray*

*Above:  
Berneray or Barbados?*

*Right:  
Vatersay*

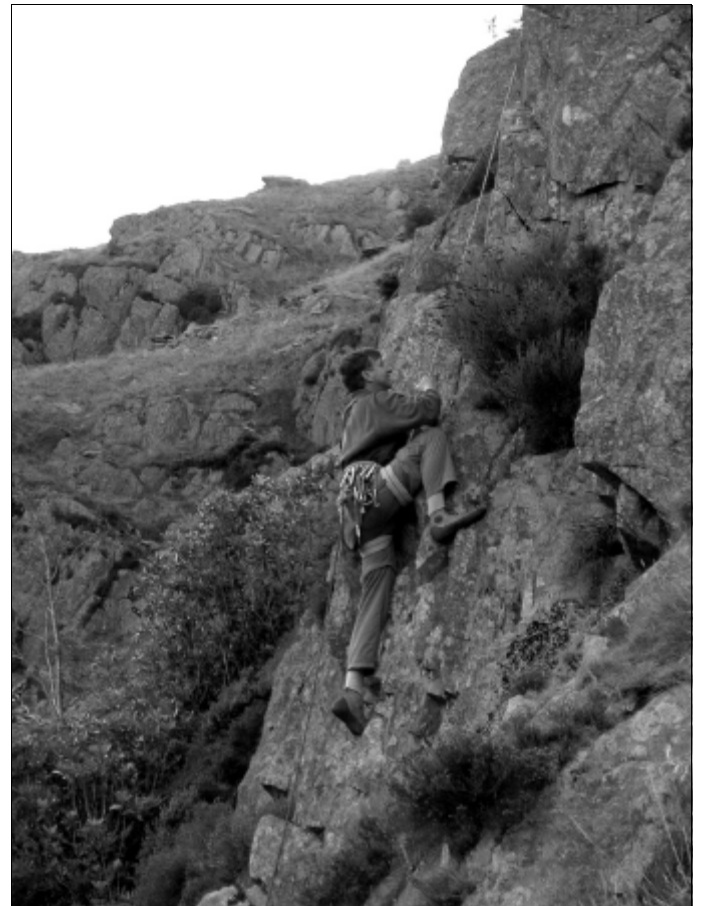
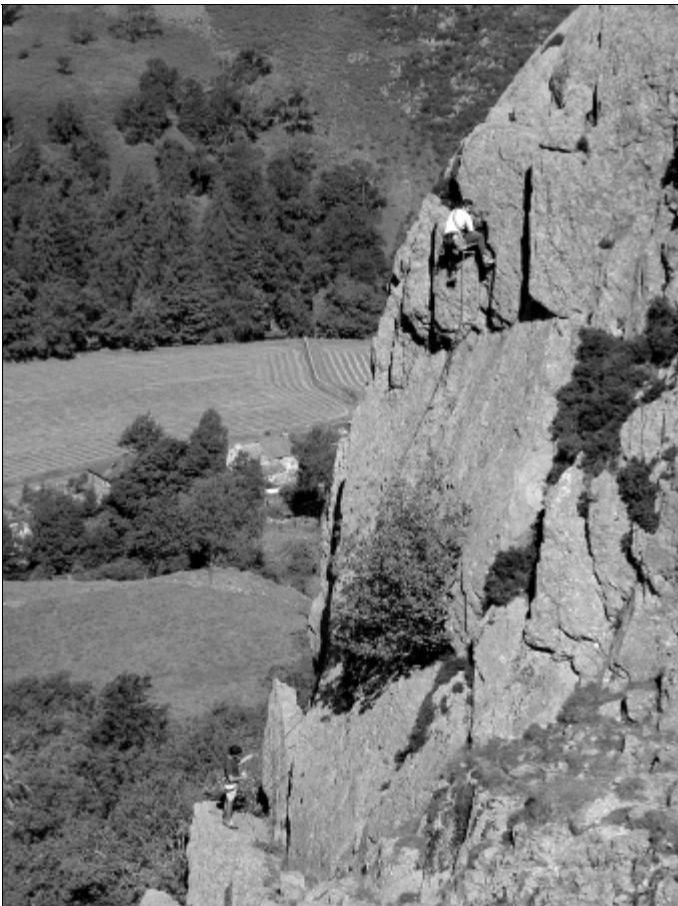


# Shinscrapers page



Above: Alan on the 3rd pitch. Centipede. Raven Crag, Langdale . 15th June  
 Below: Alan (leading) and Kevin. Wall Climb, Castle Rock. 14th July

Above: Dale climbing, his dad belaying, Jamie watching. Hutton Roof. 8th June  
 Below: Back after 4 years! Rod. Sadgill Wall. Buckbarrow Crag. 10th August



## A Midsummer Evening Walk on Gait Barrows

21 June 2006

It was a wild and stormy midsummer evening, following a day of frequent heavy showers, so it was particularly surprising to see such a good turnout: 21 of us! Excuse the wonky photograph (below left). It was taken by a drunken fence post.

The extensive limestone pavement of Gait Barrows has been stripped of much of its weathered surface stone for 'decorative' garden ornamentation but there is still a *huge* area of untouched pavement. Unique pavement. We all agreed that we had never seen anything quite like it. I'm giving no clues. You have to go and find it for yourself.

Peter Goff gave us a guided tour, pointing out the "pollarded hornbeams" and the "high coppicing", as well as telling us something of the history of quarrying activity here. Interesting stuff.

Once on the pavement the grown-ups gathered round for the excitement of viewing retiring flora like the Angular Solomons Seal (below right) while younger members made a lot of noise and hid down grikes (not illustrated).

The wind roared through the treetops as we skirted the Barrows but we walked in stillness below the troubled boughs.

Given the stormy conditions it was not surprising that we saw nothing of the Gait Barrows speciality, the butterflies, but we were treated to the sight of the biggest Common Spotted and Northern Marsh Orchids any of us had ever seen.

*We filled the New Inn at Yealand and had the satisfaction of completely blocking off the screen of the huge TV brought in for the World Cup. Ha ha!*



## The Presidents Birthday Walk

Wednesday 12th July 2006

It was forecast to rain and the forecast was correct. A dozen doughty fellfarers and three dogs braved the misty wetness, however, to explore the environs of Grange.

Our route climbed over Brown Robin, named on the map as Paradise Hill, revealing an unexpected view of the slopes of Eggerslack Wood, before dropping down to the Slack

The gentle climb up through the wood had another surprise for us, hidden in the trees: a number of yews on a rocky ridge, each enclosed in a little circular stone 'fold' of some antiquity. An early Goldsworthy work of art or just a sheep deterrent?

As we emerged from the woodland onto the open grassland of Hampsfell the President gave us a choice: continue to the summit hospice or scurry back to the pub. The unanimous vote was to continue. Even the dogs voted to go on. We climbed the gentle sheep-cropped slopes past wind-shaped juniper and thorn trees.

The air became thicker with mist and the drizzle increased as we neared the top. The hospice suddenly loomed out of the fog (bottom right) and we were all pleased to cram into it's tiny interior for a brief respite.

We passed a little while reading the inscriptions, although the Greek was beyond us, and gazing longingly at the logs, all ready to burn in the fireplace. Some climbed the steps to the roof, to admire the view, presumably. Ha!

Most of us fell silent as we strolled down, hoods up against the now-steady rain, to the wet and empty streets of Grange.

The Commodore Inn, bright and cheery, welcomed us and was soon noisy with a half-dozen simultaneous conversations. The President very generously bought everyone a drink and admitted that, on seeing the weather, he had hoped that no-one would turn up so that he could go home again.

Fellfarers are like that though - bloomin' awkward.





## Riverside Walk

18 July 2006

*John Walsh*

Five people, Krysia, Walter, Caroline, Laura and John set out for the Kent riverside walk on what was possibly one of the hottest evenings of the year. The riverside path on the south side of Kendal is not kept always at its best and can become quickly overgrown. The team were undaunted by this and quickly reached Scroggs Wood where the real path begins.

The Woodland Trust has made real efforts with this section and it is now a firm gravel path (*top left*). Once through Scroggs Wood the open fields that lead to Hawes Bridge were a delight as the southerly breeze just managed to temper the heat.

At Hawes Bridge we were provided with some entertainment by the local youths who were determined to prove their manhood by leaping from the bridge into the river some 10 metres below (*left*).

This must have had some weird effect on Krysia and Walter who on the first opportunity took to the water themselves, although not in such a dramatic fashion (*bottom left*).

On emerging from the water, Walter decided that it wouldn't be a good idea to put his dry shorts on, on top of wet underpants, so off came the underpants! He then managed to persuade Krysia to carry them in her small sack, (Krysia was the only one with a sack).

On we walked, through the Gunpowder Works caravan site and along Nanny Pie Lane to arrive at the pub for a well earned pint or two (*bottom right*).

We sat outside chatting and soon Anne arrived to collect Walter. "You had better not go without these", said Krysia, producing Walter's underpants, to a bemused look on Anne's face.

As darkness gathered four of us started the walk back. Krysia turned off at Larkrigg and headed for home and the three of us continued along the riverside path until we could see the lights of Kendal, finally arriving home at 11.15 pm after what had been a most pleasant walk.





## Fellrace Weekend 5th August 2006

Peter Goff was as close to panicking as he gets (admittedly that's not close at all) because, with only a couple of days to go, he didn't have enough members to act as race marshals.

Come the day, however, the promise of a free breakfast proved to be irresistible and a healthy number (14) reported for duty. Cloud hugged the tops of the fells and the warmth and humidity produced uncomfortable conditions for marshals and runners alike. The race was particularly slow this year; Simon Booth won yet again but his time was over 3 hours. Billy's record was never in danger.

Later, at Miles' Marquee Bash down at Rosthwaite, the air was still far too warm and sticky. The crowds braved the midges and sprawled across the field rather than boiling in the big tent which pulsated, almost empty, to the sound of the Steel Band...until the last set, of course, when, I'm told, the usual head-banging dancing rounded off another successful race-day.

## Moidart 25-27th August 2006

*Walter Walshaw*

The flying caravan from Cumbria met up with the climbing division of the Fellfarers from Ardnamurchan mid afternoon on Friday. After the climbers had gone for a small walk and one of the caravaners had had a large pint or perhaps a quart in the Glen Uig Inn (very conveniently located, no more than 50 yards from the camp/caravan site) canoes were launched from opposite sides of a small peninsular in Glen Uig Bay intending a meeting but this was thwarted by the discovery of two sheep on a half tide rock. A local fisherman was contacted who assured us they would "float off", they were last seen with gentle waves lapping their vital parts. This prevented the rendezvous, but they weren't there next day so they must have floated off.

The following three days were characterised by half days of sunshine and the other half with RAIN which were either spent walking, Krysia assuring Peter that when he wanted to turn back it was far easier to go on which in fact was right on this very nice circular walk from Castle Tioram on Loch Moidart, or canoeing.

The planned canoeing trip down the river from Loch Shiel was abandoned on discovery of an interesting series of rapids in the last 200 yards before the sea and replaced by a fabulous trip out from Arisaig to the islands at the mouth of the loch accompanied by curious seals. We enjoyed crystal clear waters and white shell beaches before surfing a two foot swell on our return. Meanwhile our solitary walker, Rod, had had a fine afternoon watching sea birds on Rubh Arisaig and Goff and Anne, in the Land Rover, had had a pleasant sight seeing trip around Morar and the harbour in Mallaig (with a champion cup of tea!)

A good time was had by all and it was amazing how many cups of tea were drunk in the flying caravan by folk sheltering from either midges or rain.



## Fairfield Horseshoe Walk/Meal Saturday 9th September 2006

*Roger Atkinson*

A select party of Fellfarers (well four actually Krysia, Alec, Walter and myself) gathered at Kendal bus station for a very late bus and a very slow journey to Rydal (Too many tourists by far). A brief discussion about the weather saw us abandon the wet weather alternative, we are Fellfarers after all!

A steep start up Nab Scar soon had the lungs working then onto less steep ground over Heron Pike, Great Rigg and Fairfield in weather warm enough for tee-shirts, but with visibility that had the hills looking like a Chinese painting.

After a lunch stop on the summit of Fairfield we headed for Ambleside, descending over Hart Crag, Dove Crag and High and Low Pike, by this time the visibility had improved to give us first class evening views over Winder-mere and the surrounding fells, a pleasant end to a good walk.

Then came the serious bit, a pint in the Golden Rule, where we were joined by Ann then a first class bar meal in the Unicorn, well worth a visit, followed by the luxury of doorstep transport home courtesy of Ann, such bliss.

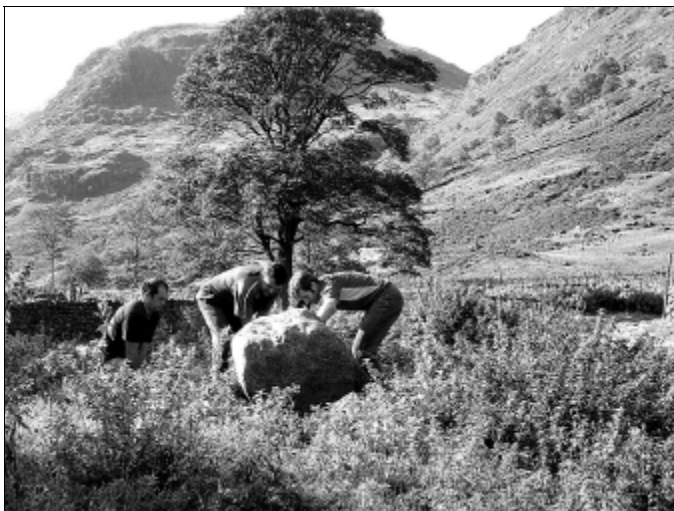


## Working Weekend

### 15-16th September 2006

It was a shirts-off day, hot and sunny, so it wasn't surprising that outdoor work was at a premium. Everyone was so busy rushing round that a head-count was almost impossible but on the basis of potatoes consumed at the evening meal we think that 34 Fellfarers attended. It might have been more.

All the usual cleaning and repair jobs were dealt with, of course. It is easy, in writing the weekend up, to be dismissive of these and to concentrate on the bigger, one-off, pieces of work but the scrubbing, painting and patching jobs are really what Working Weekends are all about. It's working on stuff that at home would be a chore but here, sharing the tasks, in good company, it is (usually) fun. And it's important to the upkeep of (admit it) the best hut in the Lakes.



A number of major jobs were carried out:

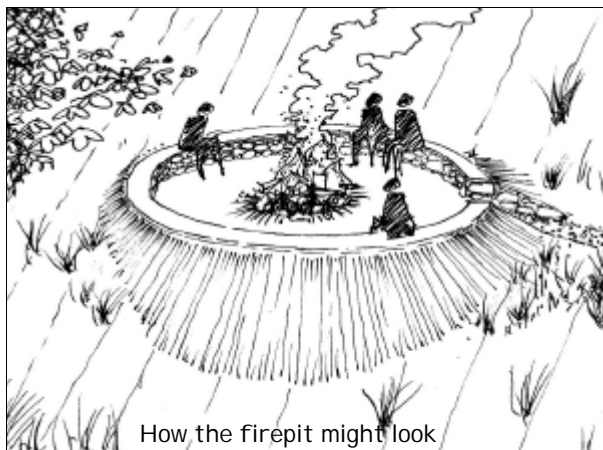
The big boulder (which will eventually carry our 'High House' nameplate) was moved into place by the bridge. We had expected to have to call on the farm tractor to do this but 3 members, mainly muscles rippling, managed it with crowbars. Well done Gary, Graham and Jason (left).

The edges of the new roofing felt were finished neatly with aluminium trim at the back of the hut and other trimming work was completed. We think that the only weak spot in the roof now is the flashing around the chimney. There are no signs of problems yet so that will wait until another day. The new felt seems less robust than the old stuff, despite it's longer (20 year) guarantee. It's especially vulnerable when the sun is on it so: no sunbathing on the roof, you lot! It has been agreed that 'Keep Off' signs will be fixed on the edges. To make it less easy to step onto the lower part of the roof, some of the dry-

stone retaining wall outside the ladies washroom was moved back a couple of feet. It was thought that this job would take all day but in fact it was finished in a couple of hours. Teamwork! Although the rebuilding of the dam wasn't done, much back-breaking work was done to clear the dub of reeds was carried out.

The rotted half of the window in the gable of the Men's room was replaced, thanks to Kevin.

Work was begun on clearing the mound of congealed bitumen and ash in the centre of the proposed fire-pit (the remains of the burning orgy which followed the removal of the old roofing felt earlier in the year). The obvious place to dispose of it was behind the encircling wall - which didn't yet exist. So.....a few stones were placed around part of the circle and ash was piled behind them and then a few more stones were placed and then more ash..... More members joined in the work and by teatime we had an almost fully formed stone-lined pit. Magnificent! The wall topping is to be finished and the whole outside area filled and turfed but it is now possible to imagine how it might look when complete (right). The slate lintel, saved when the chimney breast was removed from the kitchen, provides a dinky little footbridge across the beck to it.



There were so many members present that, even after some departures, there weren't enough chairs for everyone to sit down to the excellent communal dinner. Fortunately the weather allowed us to spread to the picnic table outside.

So, thirty-odd food-filled fellfarers sat loosening their belts and smiling contentedly as the sun slipped down behind Gillercombe Buttress and the wine corks began to pop.....

Actually, there is one issue that arose from this weekend, and it's one that makes the editors last April Fool prank seem strangely relevant: Car parking at times of heavy use like this is becoming a problem. The last few cars to arrive were forced to park on the track and/or reverse the full length of it. It was on a Working Weekend only a few years ago that the car-parking area was expanded significantly by the removal of a big stone wall. The feeling then was that it would solve the occasional overcrowding problem. Obviously it hasn't. There are more cars there than ever. So what do we do? Encourage car-sharing and deliberately reduce provision for cars? Do nothing? Move the huge pile of boulders beyond the parking area to give more parking space? If you had a problem this weekend perhaps you also have a solution. Let the Committee know your views.

---

The Editor called off his Walk (Pinnacle Ridge on St Sunday's Crag) at short notice for family reasons.

It can be re-scheduled in the near future if there is sufficient interest. Let him know.



## Caw

### (A Short Walk in the West - Number 4)

There are many who say that Lakeland is spoilt in Summer by the overwhelming influx of tourists, but that just means that those who live here need to be a little more ingenious in their choice of destination. There are still isolated places, especially in the West, where one can be alone in the fells. I would like to share one of these with you. In fact when you go, if you meet someone, they are most likely to have read about it in these pages. I have been several times and have yet to see anybody closer than the southern extension of the Walna Scar Road.

The best place to start is from the high point on the road between Broughton Mills and Seathwaite in the Duddon Valley. There is ample off road parking and many of those just out for a drive stop for a while to take in the splendid views into the valleys to the north and south. The advantage of this starting point is that about half the total ascent from sea level is gained at no effort, but do not be fooled, the strenuous part comes near the summit.

From the car take the path heading just east of north. The map shows it leading to Seathwaite in an almost straight line. This is the leisurely part of the walk with height being gained gradually and without notice. For the first mile or so, Caw remains out of sight behind Brown Haw, but it comes increasingly into view as you approach the highest point on this old route to Seathwaite where it meets another path coming from Stephenson Ground to the southeast.



Take a rest here and look at Caw for a while, not only to admire it, but also to plan your route to the summit. There is no path on the map or on the ground, apart from meandering sheep trods. There is literally a range of options, from making to the low end on the left and ascending the ridge, to heading to the right and making a direct assault. I usually follow the path a little way towards Stephenson Ground and then scramble my way upwards through the rocks.



The effort is well worth it because when the summit is reached, you realise it is not so high, only 529 metres, but does stand in splendid isolation looking across to the higher fells to the north and west. The views all around make it an ideal place for lunch, especially on a warm, sunny day when a minimum of an hour is recommended.

For those wanting a short walk, returning by the same route is recommended, but for the intrepid, the jumble of low tops to the east are well worth exploring. I have visited them all, although care is needed with the boggy bits in between. Eventually, make for the main footpath from Walna Scar heading towards Stephenson Ground. The best point to aim for is the north end of the eyesore plantation, although the last time I was there, the chainsaws were being taken to it. Hopefully, it is no more or at least greatly reduced. The reason for heading in this direction is that the ways divide, with the forestry road on the east side

of the River Lickle and a much more interesting footpath on the other side. If you miss the parting of the ways, it's the devil's own job to get to the footpath from the forestry road. The path eventually takes you down to Stephenson Ground, skirts the north side of the farm buildings and leads directly back to the earlier footpath junction below Caw from where you can return to the start by the original route. An alternative is to take the path that zigzags from Stephenson Ground to Jackson Ground, Carter Ground, Stainton Ground and the road. However, the walk up the road to the start is steep and unforgiving of tired legs.

After relaxing back at the start and drinking in the views, one is faced with a final dilemma, which is whether to drive north to Seathwaite or south to Broughton Mills for refreshment. Both hostleries are highly recommended. On one occasion I solved this problem by visiting one before the walk and the other after.

*Alec Reynolds*



## FROM THE ARCHIVES

*Another extract from The K Fellfarers' Journal of 1945  
(The second of Mr Nuttalls spell-checker- boggling stories)*

### TALES OF BORROWDALE

*We sat back, Mr. Nuttall at one side of the fire and Mrs. Nuttall at the other. Mr. and Mrs. Park (son-in-law and daughter), A.M.C. and I completed the semi-circle, each one of us seated either in an old fashioned rocker or some other comfortable chair. Logs burned brightly on the kitchen fire, giving warmth and a mellow light to the room with its old beams blackened with age and well supplied with hooks from which hung the home cured hams and sides. The kettle warmed on the hob, to be used later for the numerous cups of tea we would consume before the evening was over ; the cats purred contentedly on the pegged rug at our feet.*

*In this setting, the kitchen of Side House, a typical old Lakeland farm, the " Tales of Borrowdale " were unfolded by Mr. Nuttall, a native of that valley, in the natural speech of a dalesman, with the rare sense of humour peculiar to these people of the Valley heads.*

*And now dear reader, I present Mr. W. Nuttall, Mountain View, Borrowdale, with Sky.*

### SKYLANDEROUS

W. NUTTALL

An mebbe noo yeh wad like teh hear about " Oald Sky." He gat that ne'am 'cos he us't teh gang what he co'at skylanders—monkey tricks he us't ca' them.

A lot o' boozers war on spree at Rostwaite an' war oa' nearly spent up. Sum o' them fa'and oot Sky Led hauf a croon in hees suit, seah they held a mock trial in t'pub kitchen an' fined hem hauf a croon. Bit Sky wadna pay t'fine. " Nay " he said " Sky is'nt ga'an teh pay neah fine ; teh git 't oot o'me yea'll ha'a teh hang meh."

Seah, t'jury me'ad preparashun fer hang'n Sky. Ellick P. was crissent " Calcraft " (he was hangman eh them days). Calcraft lait't up a strang length o'plew cword an'a three leg't milk'n steul, an me'ad Sky step up on till't. Than he he'uk't t're'ap ower a creuk eh t'seelin, pot a ne'use roond hees neck and tedd-er't hees arms wid a-nudder len'th o cword. When oa was riddy, punch't t'steul oot fra under t'condemm'd prisiner an he drop't till hees clog nebs war just touch'n t'flags ont' fleur.

Than they began teh see Sky was ganna hang, neah body hed owt bit a varra blunt bacca nife an efter a lot o'hassle'n an gisel'n Sky was on t'flags flat oot wid a not o'cword tight under hees left lug. T'pub o'ssler ran in an wid a laal thin bleadit nife, c'ot t' cword an' poo't off hees neck.

Than somebody sed " brandy," seay they teem't a noggin doon Sky's thropple an he reviv't a laal bit. Hooiver teh ga unconshus age'an reet away, seah mair brandy was horn't into Sky. An age'an he com'roond, nobbut teh toitle o'wer ag'ean. An seah't went on till Sky he'ard them say theer was neah mair brandy left in t'bottle.

An when they fin'ly gat hem on hees pins he was tighter 'ner ivver he hed been on that spree. An still hed hees hauf croon !

#### EDITOR'S NOTES

A tale of Old Sky, who got his name because he indulged in Skylanders (monkey tricks). A party of fellows were on the binge at Rosthwaite and had spent all their money, except for Old Sky who was holding back half a crown. He would not part with the money so it was decided to hold a trial. Sky was proved guilty and sentenced to be hanged.

Alec. P. was nominated hangman and christened " Calcraft " who was the hangman at that time. With the aid of some old plough rope, a hook in the beam and a milking stool Old Sky was strung up; the stool was kicked from under him and he dropped with his toes just touching the ground. The party realised they had gone too far and made haste to revive the victim with brandy. Sky made the most of his opportunity and refused to be revived until the supply of brandy ran out. And so Sky's skylandering obtained him much free drink and still he had **his** half crown in his pocket.





**Alec Duff, Happy Days in the Hills**

Above:  
Jean Greenbank, Marjorie O'Loughlin, Marion Duff, Enid Stilling



Right:  
Alec Duff, Bruce Greenbank, Peter O'Loughlin, Brian Stilling

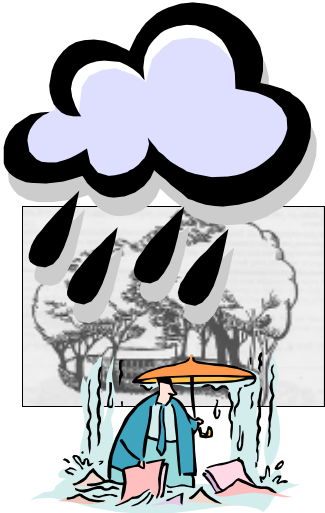


Just for the record, can someone write down for us who the unsavoury characters in this photograph are? The picture comes from a copy of the Eyelet, K Shoes staff magazine. We know it's a Mountain Rescue Team but they don't look capable of rescuing a line of washing from a shower of rain. What's that you say?..... The Chairman?..... Surely not?



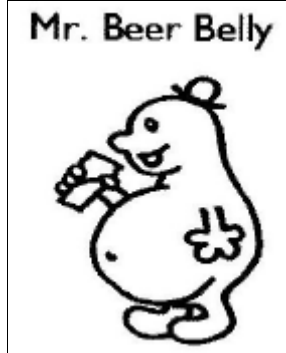
# October

6-7th October  
High House



Just kidding. It'll be sunny, honest.

Thursday 12th October  
At  
Kendal Town Hall  
Fellfarers, Shinscrapers,  
Summer Wine Gang, all of  
'em, will be at the  
**The 13th Westmorland  
Beer Festival**



**Free Entry**  
Meet there at about 9 pm

FRIDAY 13TH !!!!! OCTOBER  
**NIGHT WALK**



**ON LOUGHRI GG**  
Start : 6.30pm at  
Clappersgate  
555 bus leaves Kendal  
5.05 pm

A fumble to the summit and  
back, c. 5 miles, and refresh-  
ments ( and food, if required )  
in the Unicorn, Ambleside.

**TORCH ESSENTIAL.**  
If in doubt, phone the Ed.

23-28th October  
High House



Half-Term Week

# November

*The committee will meet on Tuesday 7th November at the Rifleman's Arms. Under discussion will be the proposition: "Fellfarers are unique, just like everybody else." Come and join us for a pint.*

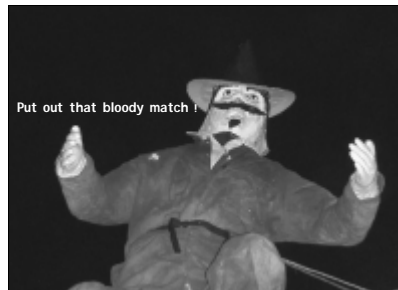
'Climbing for All'  
Is not just for the Summer!



Thursday Evenings throughout the winter  
At the Lakeland Climbing Centre,  
Mint Bridge Road, Kendal  
Meet approx. 6.30 pm  
Refreshments and live folk music in  
The Rifleman's Arms afterwards.  
Contacts: the Ed, Cheryl, 01539  
738451, Alan, 01539 720783, Kevin,  
01539 734293

Sunday 5th November 2006  
**Bonfire Night**

7 pm. at the Walshaw's  
Little Strickland Hill, Witherslack  
Grid Ref: 428 853



Bring your own food (for the barbe-  
cue) drink and fireworks. We provide  
the bonfire. If you were there last  
year you know it will be good. If you  
weren't, I'm telling you: it'll be good.  
Camping available.  
**More info: call Walter on  
015395 52491**

10-11th November 2006  
is Armistice Weekend  
at High House



Fellfarers will, we hope, gather on  
the summit of Great Gable to join  
in the brief **Act of Remembrance**  
at 11 am on  
Sunday 12th November.





# December

The committee will meet on Tuesday 5th December at the Rifleman's Arms. Under discussion will be the proposition: "There are 3 kinds of people: those who can count and those who can't." Come and join us for a pint.

**Friday 8th December 2006**

Natural History Quiz  
Night at the Fleece Inn  
Kendal



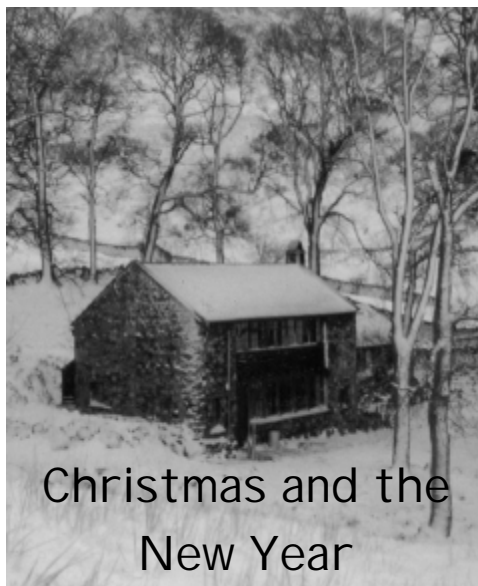
7.30 pm start

Prizes and sandwiches too!

Kryisia and Peter Barnes are the reigning champions. It's time someone knocked them from their perch. That someone could be you!

## High House

22 December - 1 January  
for



Christmas and the  
New Year

**Sunday 24th December**

Join us for a Christmas Eve drink (evening) at The Rifleman's Arms followed by mince pies and other stuff by the fire at the Ed's House



# Jan. 2007

The committee will meet on Tuesday 2nd January at the Rifleman's Arms. Under discussion will be the question: "If we aren't supposed to eat animals, why are they made of meat?" (Sorry Kryisia; couldn't resist it). Come and join us for a pint.

**12th—13th January**



**The  
Glen  
Coe  
Meet**

**The Chalets  
Clachaig Inn  
Glencoe**

**14 Bedspaces  
£15 p.p.night**

**Call Val to book your place asap**

Venue and date (in January) to be arranged:

## Annual General Meeting

To be considered:

1. The 2006 Constitution - does it need to be amended?
2. The Hut Policy - does that need to be amended?
3. The 2006 Hut Development Plan - how have we done in the last year?
4. The 2007 Development Plan - what should we plan to do in the next year?
5. Election of the Committee for 2007.
6. Propositions from members to improve the club.
7. There has been talk of making the AGM a more social evening, with guest speaker, slides, etc. would that improve the turn-out?
8. And, of course, chucking out the committee and replacing it with a better bunch of people.

More details in the next 'Fellfarer'

**CLUB OFFICIALS**

1

**President: John Peat**  
Tel: 015395 32244

**Trustees: Alan Bryan**  
Tel: 01458 446499

**Gordon Pitt**  
Tel: 015395 68210

**Peter Ford**  
Tel: 01768 777238

**Mick Fox**  
Tel: 01539 727531

**Committee Chair: Roger Atkinson**  
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*email: rose.east@btinternet.com*

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**Booking Secretary: Hugh Taylor**  
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*email: michaelfox50@hotmail.com*

**Committee Members:**

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Tel: 01539 728569

**Krysia Niepokojczycka**  
Tel: 015395 60523

**Alec Reynolds**  
Tel: 01229 821099

**Other Information**

2

**Seathwaite Farm** (for *Emergencies* only) Tel: 017687 77284

**High House Website** [www.k-fellfarers.co.uk](http://www.k-fellfarers.co.uk).

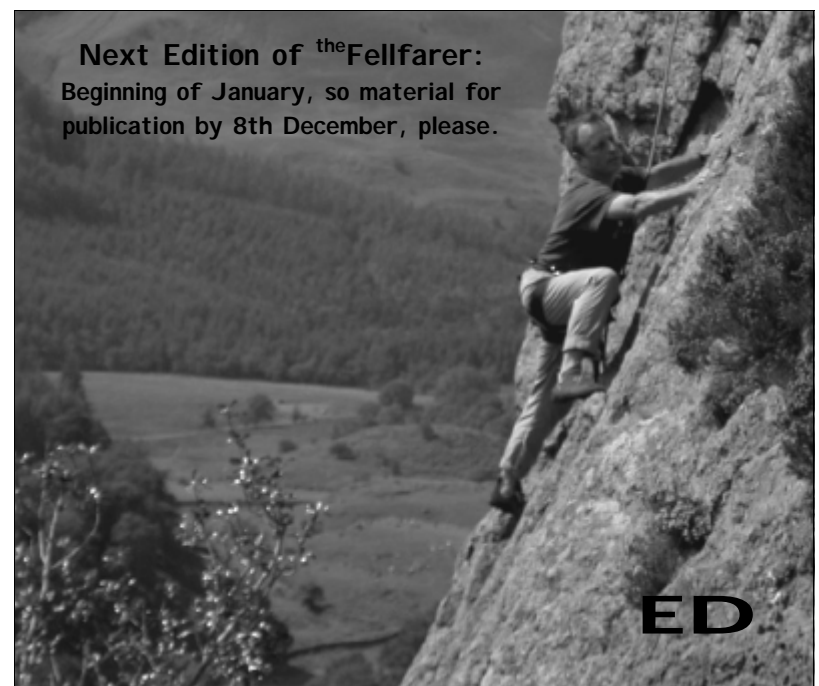
**OREAD HUTS** (cost £2.50p. per night.)

**Heathy Lea Cottage,**  
Baslow, Derbyshire.

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

**Oread booking secretary**

Colin Hobday  
28, Cornhill  
Allestree  
Derby  
DE22 2FS  
Tel: 01332 551594



**Next Edition of <sup>the</sup>Fellfarer:**  
Beginning of January, so material for  
publication by 8th December, please.

**More Beer-related Moments**

A woman drove me to drink and I didn't even have the decency to thank her.

*W. C. Fields*

Women and drink. Too much of either can drive you to the other.

*Michael Still*

What contemptible scoundrel has stolen the cork to my lunch?

*W.C. Fields*

I have taken more out of alcohol than alcohol has taken out of me.

*Winston Churchill*

I drink with impunity...or anyone else who invites me.

*W.C. Fields*

The Church is near by and the road is icy. The bar is far away but I will walk carefully.

*Russian Proverb*