

# the Fellfareer

April 2007

Number 45





Ed

Mrs Ed says that I have too many beer-related things going on in the newsletter, that it reflects an unhealthy interest in the subject, and that it sets a bad example to young members. I usually reply, "Wassup withhh thaa? Mmmmm?" followed by deep snoring from wherever I have fallen.

This does raise some serious questions in my mind, though. I think that the newsletter, by and large, fulfils its main aim: that of informing the members about past and future social activities, about decisions that the committee have made on behalf of us all, and about matters relating to High House generally.

Should it do more though?

Does 'The Fellfarer' reflect the character of the club? What impression would an outsider, knowing nothing about us, have of the Fellfarers after reading a copy of the newsletter? Come to that, what impression do our non-participating members have of the club?

People are *usually* complimentary about 'The Fellfarer' and that is very gratifying. Without these occasional pats on the back I would find it very difficult to keep up the enthusiasm to begin with 20 blank pages once more every three months

The point, though, is that the newsletter is produced in a sort of vacuum. I take pictures and describe stuff, receive contributions (with delight), and put it all together in the best way that I can. I don't know if that is the best way possible.

There is no-one saying, "Wouldn't it be good if....." or "Why not try this:....." or even "That's rubbish and no-one ever reads it." and it seems to me that someone *should* be saying them (when they are appropriate). Otherwise the Fellfarer becomes just a vehicle for the editor's self-indulgence.

So, a plea to you: if you enjoy the Fellfarer and if you think it is a benefit to the club, please spend a little time to think about *how it could be better*. Give me call, or write, or even better, come round for a chat and a beer.....no...  
.... no .....I meant ....a coffee!

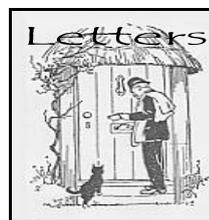
Ed.

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Cover Photo: High House Window, New Year 2007

Contents Photo: Walters Walk Down Memory Lane



Dear Ed,

Re: Last issue, page 19:

Whit Sunday, or Pentecost, as it is more properly known, is on May 27th, not on May 6th, as implied in your Social Calendar. You did the same thing last year. I diot!

Yours,

W.E. Fingerling

## QUESTION TIME

The fine mountain range shown on the left was snapped in January 2007 by a wandering FellFarer. Can anyone identify the hills?

Here's two clues:

1. You will all know the hills personally.
2. The photograph might have just been subject to a bit of computerised tinkering.

Answer on page 17



## Club News (In no particular order)

We welcome new member **Pamela Heseltine** to the club.

And belated congratulations to **Doctor Roderick Muncey** on achieving his PhD. He's now *officially* the Cleverest Fellfarer Ever.

There has been talk for some time of the club holding a **Fellfarer's Memorial Walk**. Proposals were put to the April meeting of the Committee. Meanwhile, if anyone has any views about, or ideas for, the concept, please contact any member of the Committee.

Most members will have heard that **Peter Goff** is successfully recovering from his knee replacement and is now waiting to have his hip replaced, probably in July. We wish you a speedy recovery Peter.

Already making a speedy recovery is **Alec Reynolds** who took the brave decision to return after only a month on his 3 month trip to New Zealand and Tasmania, after breaking his ankle. The plaster is off now and he should be striding across the fells very soon now.

It is looking very likely that High House will become a **No-Smoking building on July 1st 2007**. Smoking will be banned in enclosed public places in England from that date. According to the website [WWW.politics.co.uk](http://WWW.politics.co.uk) : " All offices, factories, shops, pubs, bars, restaurants, membership clubs, public transport and work vehicles used by more than one person will have to prohibit smoking. The Health Act 2006 also means the end to indoor smoking rooms."

It is very likely that High House, as the premises of the "membership club" of K Fellfarers will not be exempt. High House is in Allerdale District Council's area and we have heard from their Environmental Health Officer that she considers that the ban will apply. The BMC have also been asked to advise us on whether the ban will apply to all Climbing Club Huts.

If it *is* confirmed it will mean that from that date anyone smoking at High House will be liable to a fine of £50 and K Fellfarers will be liable to a fine of £2,500 for each occurrence. If confirmed, the committee will take the smoking ban seriously and require all members to ensure that the law is followed. Note that the law will apply to the premises at all times, irrespective of the number of occupants and of whether they are all smokers or not.

Details of the AGM are reported elsewhere, but the complicated matter of the **Trustees** is being sorted out by a sub-committee. It has emerged that, although the Committee thought that it had done the work required to change trustees when necessary, they were mistaken. At the present time the trustees are still the original four who signed the lease back in 1994. The Committee is acting to put matters right as quickly as possible. A full report will be given when everything has been resolved.

High House has now been listed on the **UK Climbing** website: [www.ukclimbing.com](http://www.ukclimbing.com) Click on 'Databases' and then on 'Campsites and Climbing Huts' Under 'Region' put 'Northern England and you will get an alphabetical list of all the Cumbrian entries. If you think anything useful could be added to our entry, please contact the Ed.

Did you lose a **fleece jacket** at the March Working Weekend? If so and you can describe it accurately to Pete Barnes (01539 728807) it will be returned to you.

In May 2007 a new tourist attraction will be opened at Honister Slate Mines: England's first Via Ferrata. Anyone who would like to experience being frightened on a big crag, without the danger of climbing up there, will be able to do so. The route will follow a miners way up the steep eastern flank of Fleetwith Pike (above the Honister Pass road). We have no more information to date But it is likely that access will be restricted and that there will be a charge for using it.

Shown right is a picture of 'What our Brave Adventurers were up to in New Zealand' :

Roger and Alan . February 2007



## SIXTIETH BIRTHDAY TRIP TO KILIMANJARO

*Melvyn Middleton*

Some choose a party, a holiday or a piece of jewellery to celebrate their 60th birthday but not Hugh Taylor and myself. Along with Alan Wilson we chose to scale Mount Kilimanjaro, the highest free standing mountain in the world, whose highest point Uhuru Peak at 5,895 metres (nearly 20,000 feet) is the highest in Africa. The massif is a large dormant volcano covering about 800 square miles, with a number of former cones in various stages of erosion. Kibo, which has a large crater and was the most recent to erupt, being the highest.

Hugh and I have known each other since we were both about fourteen and growing up in Leeds. Hugh is two days older than me and about five years ago, when out walking in the Lakes and discussing being 60, we hit on the idea of doing something special in the mountaineering field. Subsequent research into what was challenging but within our capabilities led us to

Kilimanjaro. Although the trip had been simmering for about five years it was not until late in 2005 that we definitely decided to go for it. Other Fellfarers expressed an interest but competing adventures distracted all but Alan Wilson.

Early last year the final arrangements were made through KE Adventures of Keswick. Freelance

walking is not easily allowed on the mountain. In addition to expensive park fees, climbs up Kili should be accompanied by guides and other than on the Marangu route, which has huts, by an army of porters as well. The cost per head declines with increasing numbers. Rather than bear the expense of organizing a climb ourselves we decided to join a KE Adventures trip. In the end we were only joined by three other walkers and a British guide, which is a comparatively small group but was no more expensive than if it had been much larger.

To get most enjoyment from the trip (we didn't want to get wet through each day and see nothing but mist), the date of the climb had to be carefully planned to avoid the south-east monsoon season and the spring rains. December to February and May to October are the driest periods, although Kilimanjaro has its own micro climate and it rains somewhere there most afternoons. We had about three hours of rain one afternoon on Kili but apart from a shower on Zanzibar no more all holiday.

The massif is in Tanzania close to the Kenyan border and is probably the easiest of the seven continental high points to reach. Although almost on the equator (two degrees south) there are glaciers near the summit but these are rapidly retreating due to global warming. No rock or ice climbing skills are needed to reach the top but some physical fitness is necessary. The walking is no more strenuous than mountain walking in Britain and much of it less so. The big unknown and why more than half the people attempting the ascent do not make it is altitude sickness. The top of Kili is higher than Everest base camp, which mountaineers often take several weeks to reach in order to acclimatize.

The time taken to reach the top of Kili is normally six or less days. The longer you take the better your chances of acclimatization and success. Altitude sickness can in part

be prepared for. It helps to take things steady and to drink lots of water to prevent dehydration. I have dehydration problems normally so was geared up to drinking lots. On the long summit date I managed about seven litres. However, until you experience high altitude you don't really know how your lungs and brain will react to the oxygen shortage at any point above 3,500 metres.

Each climber is affected differently and success in reaching the summit has more to do with the capacity and health of your lungs, breathing preparations and time spent acclimatizing, than physical fitness. Hence Alan Wilson, who was by far the most experienced mountaineer of the three of us, had breathing problems above 3,000 metres and was unable to reach the summit of either Kili or Meru. He subsequently turned out to have serious health problems in this respect so in reaching the summit of Little Meru (3820 metres) and the Barafu hut (4550 metres) on Kili, his achievement was probably the best of all three of us. Hugh was fine until above 5,500 metres on Kili, when he succumbed to altitude sickness in the form of nausea and dizziness. I have by far the least mountaineering experience of the three of us but comfortably made both tops.

The trip in early October was governed by Hugh's retirement in August and his inability to get three weeks leave in January, when we were 60. The last day's walking before the summit begins at midnight. This is supposedly so you



**Mount Meru from the Park entrance**



**Alan, (Ian) and Hugh in front of Kibu at Barafi (highest) camp**

can watch the dawn over Africa, which sounds more romantic than it is. The sun rising is no different from that at the top of a high British mountain at mid summer or from aircraft for that matter and the African plains are far below the clouds. Moonlight by which to see, rather than head torches, is a distinct advantage. There was a full moon two days before we reached the top, which is another of the reasons we chose the KE ascent in early October.

The more acclimatization you get the better your chances of reaching the top so we decided to take a trip that included the longer but not very popular, Shira route and a climb up neighbouring mountain, Mt Meru first. At 4565metres (nearly 15,000feet) this is another dormant volcano complete with a crater and an ash cone. Its Africa's fifth highest peak and Tanzania's second. Mt Meru is a very attractive and challenging mountain. It has a long ridge curved around the remaining precipitous sides of a crater and backed by a steep sided ash cone. A half of this disappeared in a massive explosion a couple of hundred thousand years ago so that if it wasn't for recent volcanic activity that has created a classic secondary ash cone in the former crater, its volcanic origins would not be obvious from a distance.

This climb took us four days staying in huts at night. Like Kili, the lower slopes are vegetated with tropical forest giving way to mountain cloud forest on the higher slopes

and then high altitude desert. Mt Meru is significantly less frequently visited than Kili (less than 20 people summited on the day that Hugh and I did). As a result wild animals such as water buffalo, elephants, giraffes, monkeys and zebras are common sites on its lower slopes, whereas they are rarely seen on the frequented parts of Kili.

It took seven days to ascend and descend Kili, four days being spent between 3 and 4,000 metres, walking across the Shira plateau (an old, very large but extensively eroded crater) on shallow gradients, in an attempt to build on the acclimatization achieved in part by climbing to the top of Mt Meru. At these altitudes Kili is covered in heath and moorland with stunted junipers being replaced by giant heathers at higher levels. Weird looking Giant Lobelia and Groundsel can be found in the sheltered gorges that cut into the higher slopes. Above 4,000 metres, life gives way to a sort of high desert moonscape with volcanic rock and ash everywhere. Each night we camped and until the fourth night when various ascent routes began to converge we saw few people.

The summit D-Day began at midnight and involved climbing about 1300 metres (4,600 feet), a similar height and at a similar gradient to Ben Nevis. The walk is mainly up ash scree on a zigzagging path. The walking on all the holiday was the slowest we'd ever experienced because of the pace set by the guides in the name of acclimatization but on summit day I couldn't believe how slow it had become,

largely because of congestion. It took six hours to climb the 1100 metres to Stella point on Kibo's crater rim and another hour to walk the mile or so and 200 metres of ascent to reach Uhuru peak the actual highest point on Kibo. The slowness on the crater rim was due to altitude but lower down was in large part due to the hundreds ascending, some of whom were resting on the path while others were literally being pushed or pulled up by friends. The top is a great sight with glaciers all around and views into Kibo's dormant crater.

The summit day was particularly long and tiring. We were awoken at 23:00 and set off walking at 24:00. We got back to the camp just before 11:00, spending nearly an hour on top and sliding down much of the ash scree. After a meal and a couple of hours sleep we then walked for over four hours to the Mweka hut. In all I walked up 1400 metres and down 2,900 metres (about 11,000 feet) in 18 hours. The next day was an easy walk through tropical forest to the Mweka Gate (1600 metres) and civilization.

Kili and the game parks of Tanzania are an invaluable source of revenue for the country and region so much so that the area has its own international airport with daily direct flights from Amsterdam, other international flights via Nairobi and many trans-african flights. The Kili massif and Mount Meru are designated National Parks, with no one allowed in without purchasing permits on a daily basis, which in the case of Kili are expensive. No one is allowed in without official guides and all food and equipment has to be carried by local porters. Unless the climb is by the most popular Marangu route from the south east (we climbed by the Shira route from the west, which is longer but gives a better chance to acclimatize) then it is necessary to camp and porters have to be hired to carry the tents. As well as guides, a cook and camp helpers are needed. In all the seven walkers employed 31 porters for seven days whilst climbing Kili. The tented accommodation was pretty good and given that all food and waste had to be carried in and out the meals were pretty good. African pumpkin soup is among the best I've tasted.

The region is centred on Arusha which is a base for the



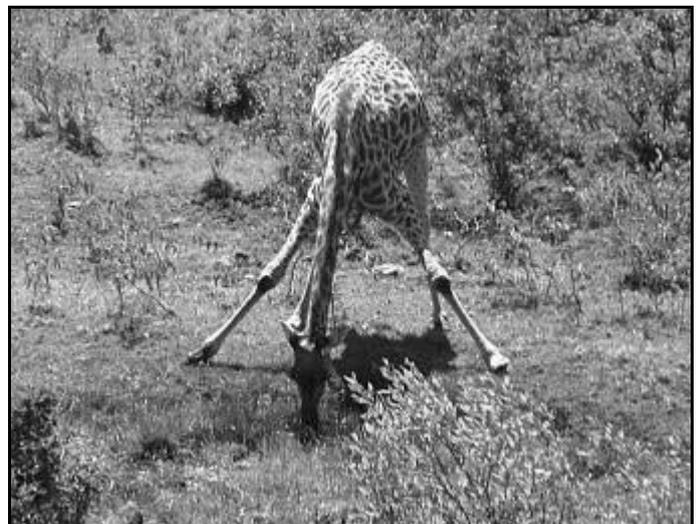
Mel on Uhuru Summit

Tanzanian game parks as well as mountain expeditions. The local economy is based on subsistence farming and coffee plantations, both of which benefit from the volcanic soils and the temperate climate an altitude above 1500 metres brings. However tourism supplements the income of many locals. The effect has been to

noticeably improve the local standard of living above other parts of Tanzania and Africa.

We couldn't go to east Africa without visiting game parks so after climbing Kili, we visited the Tarangire, Lake Manyara and Ngorogoro Crater game parks. East Africa is worth a visit just to see its wild life. We were lucky in that we saw all the usual big game except cheetah, crocodile, leopard and rhino. The Ngorogoro crater is an incredible place, an intact volcano that is one of the world's natural wonders. Its sides are a thousand or more feet high and it's about ten miles wide. The floor is covered in grass or water (the extent of each varies with the season) and its teeming with grass eating game of all descriptions and their predators.

We completed our trip of a lifetime with four days on the east coast of Zanzibar where we snorkelled among the coral reefs and enjoyed tropical, white beaches and surf.



## The Natural History Quiz

8th December 2006

Maureen looked very confused. We were confused too. It's not often that a FellFarer turns up for a quiz night in a glittery frock and shiny lipstick. She was, of course, on a Girl's Night Out and when she entered The Fleece she found herself surrounded by Boring Old FellFarers. She laughed and chatted with us for a while. When she worked out why we were there, she quickly made her excuses and left. We suggested that she come upstairs with us but she graciously declined that pleasure. Twenty or so members did come for the quiz, though, and did enjoy the evening.

Nearly fifty of Alec Reynold's photographs of birds, mammals, flowers and butterflies were laid out on tables and there was an informal wandering around and writing of names on answer sheets. The photographs were excellent but it was all a bit daunting for some of us Natural History Ignorami. People were rushing round, scribbling constantly and giving the impression that the answers were so easy that it was probably going to end with a penalty shoot-out, with every contestant involved. I knew nothing except a mammal or two and a few birds. I suggested a creative approach-just making the names up, but my partner was not impressed. I decided then that my personal strategy would be to wait until Olga had finished and then mug her for her answers but I was restrained, with the cosh in my hand, by several burly members of the BOFF Security Force. Eventually everyone came to rest and sat looking longingly at the huge trays of cling-filmed sandwiches. The floor was becoming dangerously slippery because of the pools of saliva forming around the buffet table. It was time to eat and to see how we had all done. The eating was easy; the cling-film was ripped off and the sandwiches were supplemented by big bowls of roast potatoes. Mmmmmmmmm. As it turned out, the competition did end with a penalty shoot-out, or at least with a 'sudden death' finish between the reigning champions of Barnes & Niepokojczycka (K) and the challengers, Muncey & Mercer. The crucial picture was selected on Alec's Laptop. The finalists were presented with the image. It was a nail-biting moment. On the screen was what looked like a miserable weed to me but the champions recognised its unique charms and declared the correct name. I've no idea what it was. We applauded briefly and got stuck into the roast spuds again. And now Barnes and Niepokojczycka are gold medallists once more.

The upstairs room in the Fleece turned out to be just right for the event, even though we are now having to pay, for the first time, for the space, and in spite of the quality of the beer ('nuff said). The competition was well organised (round of applause for Alec) and the general feeling was that the Fleece will provide a good venue for future events. Especially if they continue to serve those roast spuds.

## Christmas and New Year

(all on the usual dates)

Christmas Eve began quietly enough in the Rifleman's Arms.....until Jason and Cheryl turned up with handfuls of carol wordsheets 'borrowed' from the Brewery carol-singing that afternoon. The sheets were in great demand, not only from the dozen Fellfarers present but from other customers too. Perhaps more could be copied for next year? Soon all the old favourites were being belted out with great gusto. It was a great start to the Christmas festivities.

.....

Arriving, as we did, on New Years Eve, the day after Jason's birthday, we were not surprised to find the occupants of High House in a very subdued mood. The previous evening had been one of rollicking good fun, apparently, and most people seemed to be nursing themselves very carefully through the daylight hours. Actually the word 'daylight' does seem inappropriate for the last day of 2006. Trees thrashed about wildly under roaring black skies and squally showers raced down the valley at regular intervals. Inside High House, however, the stove quietly roasted the recovering fellfarers and the ceiling twinkled brightly with a mass of colourful decorations. With the interior being so bright and toasty-warm it would have needed a very determined person to step out into such a night to walk to the Yew Tree or the Scafell. Needless to say, the club contains such people. In fact one member (anonymous) was so 'determined' that he didn't return until after 11 the next morning. He thinks he may have slept in a bus shelter but he's not sure. The rest of us enjoyed a great evening, culminating in a huge midnight buffet. It was not until 4.30 am (I am told) that High House finally settled down to sleep.

New Years Day was also a poor, wet and windy day and only a few members managed short local walks. The highlight of the day was almost certainly Kevin (Smith) 's demonstration, in the field next to the hut, of his new toy: a big 'canopy' kite. Jason had a go and found himself leaping across the tussocky grass, unable to control the powerful pull of the kite. An audience gathered, shivering, to watch over the wall as Kevin showed Jason how an expert does it. The wind was kind to us (the audience) and promptly turned up the pressure. Kevin began a leaping run, just as Jason had, but then found the speed of the kite too much for him. He hurtled across the field on his belly, unwilling to let go of his beloved kite, to shrieks of laughter from the onlookers. Fortunately for Kevin and kite, they both came to rest before reaching the wall at the field edge. My only disappointment is that I was shaking with laughter so much that my photographs are just a blurred mess. People left as the day wore on and by nightfall we were down to a 'select' nine. A couple of early pints at the Yew Tree set us up for a quiet candle-lit evening in and a fairly early night (well, before 4.30 am anyway).

Most of us drifted away on Tuesday, leaving our two stalwart 'hut wardens' remaining in residence to make sure that everything was spick and span for the next visitors.

## Glencoe Meet

### 12 - 13th January 2007

Kevin & Tina, Val, Frank, Graham, Joan, Mary, Paul, Jo, Hugh, Angie, Mel, Chris, Rod.

The Met office had been predicting doom & gloom for several days ahead of the weekend and the journey up showed they weren't wrong with wind, rain and at least one overturned lorry.

Kevin, Val and I arrived mid-afternoon, settling quickly into the warmth and comfort of the lovely log cabin, becoming too settled to venture out. Others arrived as the day progressed with Frank and Graham, as usual, being the last to arrive shortly before the relatively deserted Clachaig closed.

No-one exactly rushed up on Saturday morning but various plans were hatched, including walks up Stob Corrie Nan Lochan (Graham and Frank), to Blackwater Reservoir (Hugh, Angie, Mel, Chris, Rod and Margaret & Alan Parker, who were staying at Black Rock Cottage) and to the very spectacular (due to the sheer volume of rain!) waterfalls of Glen Nevis (Kevin, Tina, Val, Joan, Mary, Paul & Jo).

The SCNL party made it - the BR party didn't - the GN party (in two parties) made it to the cable bridge below the Steall waterfall. After drying out, Kevin Val and I then went to the climbing wall at Kinlochleven for a couple of hours.

If anyone else had been mad enough to venture towards the tops, those on Bidean may have been stunned to see the vaguely perverse sight of two Fellfarers hacking at the carcass of a deer with their ice axes just short of the

summit. No, they hadn't been defending themselves after being mistaken for a couple of does by a rutting stag out of season but had found a skeleton and wanted to claim the antlers (the Barrow branch of FF has a strange initiation ceremony).

Saturday evening was once again spent at the Clachaig which was busier than the night before, but still a little quiet, due no doubt to the onset of persistent gale force winds, driving rain and sleet - those whose plans weren't as fixed as Fellfarers' had decided to stay at home in the warm and dry for the weekend. Graham even commented that it was the wettest Glencoe meet that he could remember in twenty four years!



Rod, Mel, Hugh, Angie, Chris, & Alan

Sunday morning began dry and still, and there was a chance for a better look at the snowcapped peaks from the warmth of the chalets, but soon the winds and rain returned, broken by the delightful surprise of a golden eagle hunting high overhead, darting in and out of the gathering clouds, as we watched from the windows.

Homeward journeys included visits to the (not now so) new Glencoe visitor Centre (where we were treated to an impromptu lesson in Gaelic hill names pronunciation by the receptionist, and told about a

family of Pine Martins that had made their home under the shop during the summer), to Stirling Castle and to New Lanark.

All were agreed that despite the rather inhospitable weather it was a real treat to be in Glencoe again and already looking forward to next year.

*Tina Ford*

## Charlie's Walk

### 13th January 2007

Well what can I say. I arrived at the race course car park wondering who on earth would drag them selves out of their nice warm houses on such a nasty afternoon but I was pleasantly surprised to find fourteen Fellfarers and two dogs raring to go. It just goes to show what a hardy bunch Fellfarers are.

Unfortunately we could not have a team photo as my camera had a flat battery and no one else had one. So off into the gloom we went. Our first stop was the mushroom, where the Smallwood family decided to beat a retreat, as George was a bit concerned about Jason and Cheryl getting cold. Lotty carried on for a bit longer before she realised her owners had gone back to the car.

So the party travelled on along the Scar to the police mast and then to the summit of Cunswick Scar where we stood by the little outcrop, said our hellos to Charlie and at this point our numbers were swelled by another fellfarer Mr Barnes joined us for our little moment of remembrance.

But as the weather was about to turn nasty again we said goodbye to Charlie and set off towards the golf course. It was at this point where the Chairman came into his own by cutting off corners and getting us back to the cars as quickly as he could as the weather had started to take a turn for the worse. Well done Roger.

To finish of the day some members went to the Rifleman's for a pint as some of them were leaving for New Zealand the following day for a short two to three month holiday.

*Bill Hogarth*

## AGM

### 19th January 2007

Twenty three members attended the 74th Annual General Meeting of the K Fellfarers.

Some encouraging figures were reported:

Club membership last year stood at 84 (including family memberships) compared with 79 in the year before.

The Hut was booked by outside groups for 121 nights last year compared with 95 in the year before.

Income for year - £17,717.17 Expenditure for year - £14,631.37 : resulting in an increase in money in the bank of £3,085.80. The clubs bank balance stands at £20,967.16.

There was some discussion about whether the club should hold this much money in its account. The following points were considered: completion of the kitchen will cost several thousand pounds; the long term Development Plan (see below) includes a porch, improvement of the fire escapes and an upgrade of both washrooms, all of which will cost thousands of pounds. In addition, the club needs to hold a reserve to cover itself against unforeseen maintenance costs (for example there is a rumour that the National Trust is looking at the condition of the septic tank—any work on that would be at our expense). It was agreed that in the circumstances £20,000 is an appropriate bank balance at present.

Alan Bryan has resigned from his position as Trustee. He has not been replaced yet. The club has traditionally operated with four Trustees but there is no legal requirement to have that number. There was some discussion on the responsibilities and liabilities of trustees and committee members. The issues are being investigated by a sub-committee (see page 3).

There were some personnel changes to the Committee : Rose East has resigned from the post of Secretary. Olga Niepokojczycka has resigned from the post of Vice-Chair. All other existing committee members remain in post. Alec Reynolds is the new Vice Chair and Clare Fox is the new Club Secretary. New members of the committee are Kevin Ford, John Walsh, and Tony 'Walter' Walshaw. Relevant contact details are on the back page, as usual.

John Peat announced that he will stand down as President 'in the year of the 75th anniversary' - 2009

The **HUT DEVELOPMENT PLAN FOR 2007** should have been reported to the AGM but it was inadvertently omitted. An extract is included here. A full version is available at High House. You can have a personal copy by asking the Ed.

#### SHORT TERM (THIS YEAR)

Internal equipment.	Replace the men's shower unit. Provide clear instructions on use of all equipment.
Internal construction.	Improve the kitchen, phase 2 Investigate and rectify failure of the floor in the men's dormitory Increase provision for books
External construction.	Build and line the water intake dam. Provide temporary flashings around chimney
Grounds	Complete the fire-pit. Provide a sign where visible to passing walkers.

#### LONG TERM

Internal equipment	Consider increasing and improving wall coverings + items of interest- photos, maps, etc Provide a larger, permanent bookcase for the library. Provide a secure place for more valuable library items. Assess lighting requirements in all rooms. Replace existing lighting where appropriate.
Internal construction	Upgrade plumbing fittings and pipework, including the installation of isolation valves. Improve internal finishes generally. Improve provision for clothes hanging and storage in dormitories. Improve fire escapes. Upgrade both washrooms.
External construction	Rebuild the external chimney Consider the construction of a porch on the front elevation. Consider the provision of a fixed barbeque area
Grounds	Remove rubble Renovate stone walls. Upgrade boundaries. Increase and improve tree and shrub planting. Improve existing ground drainage where appropriate.

## Night Walk No 2

2nd February 2007

Val, Kevin, Tina, Amy, Clare, Mick

Those Fellfarers who didn't come along couldn't even claim nyctalopia \* as an excuse; a glorious full moon had risen two hours before we met outside the Jolly Anglers and the road out of the village shone in its light. Burneside Hall stood silent among the trees, a black and broken fist of stone raised against the moon's radiance. A tawny owl called from the trees somewhere on the banks of the Kent, or it may have been Kevin having us on. Headtorches were unnecessary, even when we turned off the road and climbed the hump-backed field which led us to the dark and silent farmstead of Beetham Bank. Clare spotted a shooting star in the northern sky but couldn't think of anything to wish for.

We climbed the green lane northwards and the twinkling lights of Kendal receded behind and below us. The air was cold but our walking was more than enough to keep us all toasty-warm. The track from Shepherd Green took us to the tarmac of the Potter Fell Road where we turned east. Pricks of light illuminated the grey valley of the Sprint below us and moving car-lights flickered through the trees on the old north road but we needed only moonlight to light our way. In fact I almost lost our way at this point, seduced by an open gate into the wrong field, but the ground felt wrong and we returned to the road and quickly put matters right. A stiff pull up two steep fields took us to a gate on the Occupation Road. I reassured Amy, who'd had no idea what she was letting herself in for, that the hard work was over now and we all strolled, still chatting, to the gateway into the Potter Fell 'Access Land'.

Gurnal Dubs looked dark and beautiful, its surface providing a perfect reflection of the moonlit hills behind. Two swans sat in the darkness of the far shore. We paused for a while on the dam for a snack and to drink hot chocolate. Yumm. Frost had begun to glitter amongst the grass blades and the cold soon began to find its way through our high-tech jackets and fleeces so we were soon moving on again. I told my Gurnal Dubs half-a-duck story one more time and we climbed the stile to



see a new landscape below us. We were now looking west, to the much busier lights around Staveley, and across to the Lakes. The little crag just north of the track, almost unnoticed in daylight, changes its character entirely at night. In the moonlight it thrust aggressive bouldery fingers of rock at us in a way that seemed to defy gravity.

Potter Tarn has none of the scenic values of Gurnal Dubs and we passed it by without comment. A large stationary light seemed to hang in the sky to the south, somewhere over Silverdale way. Tina reminded us that Silverdale is a UFO 'hotspot', with many reported sightings. We should never let the truth get in the way of a good story so I can report that we definitely saw a UFO that night.

We followed the stony tree-girt lane down from Ghyll Pool with the beck splashing merrily below us and stopped at

the tree-swing. Fortunately the swing was caught up in branches so none of us was tempted to risk our necks on it. We soon reached the tarmac again at Mirefoot and bowled along the road towards Bowston. The river slid black and silent under the bridge and I considered following the Dales Way footpath along its bank but I didn't think the frost would have taken hold of some wet patches there and, besides, it was nearly ten o'clock and we were getting near the Jolly Anglers again!

The mile of road walking back to Burneside passed quickly. It seemed odd to be back amongst streetlights, to see televisions flickering in cosy sitting rooms, to see empty streets, after so much beauty out on the hill. We talked about life, about seizing opportunities, about breaking out of the comfort zone to seek new experiences. Well, it kept us going until we got into the pub.

I had wanted a reason to go into the Jolly Anglers for years. I just like the name. We caused a bit of a stir when we went in. Everybody turned to look. Obviously non-local drinkers are a rarity. We sat in the corner listening to loud sixties pop on the jukebox, Clare and Kevin having to fight the urge to jump onto a table and dance. We talked about what a brilliant evening it had been; literally brilliant—the moon had made all the difference. We had walked for almost 3 hours and the beer, even though all three hand-pump beers were off, was especially good after that. It had been an excellent evening in great company. Some of the locals said good-night to us when we left. It's that sort of pub.

\* an inability to see in the dark

## Beacon Tarn

### (A Short Walk in the West - Number 6)

This walk is over an area not often visited except by locals. That is surprising because the ground covered and the views from it are a real joy. There are several options, but the one described here is a circular walk taking in the heights of the Beacon and the length of the Tarn.

Park at Water Yeat in the lay by near the Country Furniture Workshop. Take the road to the left and walk up the road past Water Yeat House, then take the left fork that heads towards Greenholme farm. Just after the cattle grid, take the grassy path to the right through the bracken. This path is shown on the map as a "black dash" path. The whole area is an "access area" and is covered in a maze of tracks and trods. Take a map - it is easy to lose your way. The map shows two "black dash" paths and this is the lower one to the east. The Beacon is on the higher one to the west and this walk takes you from one to the other.



The path parallels the road for a while then turns sharply away to the right and up a valley. If you miss the turning, you will soon end up back at the road. When the summit is reached, Coniston Water can be seen away to the right. Press on down under the power lines and up the other side keeping the telephone lines to the left for a while. A good guideline is to keep roughly parallel with Coniston Water. At one point the path breaks left and down across a boggy area before breaking right and upwards in the original direction. Eventually a tumbledown stone ruin heralds the approaching summit. Carry on uphill until you meet a fork coming in from the left. This can be used as a direct descent to Beacon Tarn if you wish to shorten the walk. The intrepid will continue heading uphill to the cairn at the summit of the Beacon at 255 metres. This is a wonderful place with both the full length of Coniston Water and the full panorama of the Coniston Fells in view.



Carry on downhill keeping Stable Harvey and the hairpin bend in the road in view. This is the next objective. Beware of the tarn beyond and to the left. This is not Beacon Tarn. At the road turn left and at the hairpin follow the southerly direction pointed out by the signpost. You are now on the Cumbria Way. Continue on this path over the saddle and down to Beacon Tarn. This is a good place for lunch or a rest, depending on the time of day. Take the path on the right side of the Tarn. At the southern end of the Tarn a decision is required. The quickest return is to take the path heading east to Greenholme farm and the road to Water Yeat. For those wishing a longer walk, keep on the Cumbria Way south to Tottlebank or Kiln Bank and return to Water Yeat via suitable combination of paths and minor road.

*Alec Reynolds*

# Walter's Walk Down Memory Lane 24th February 2007

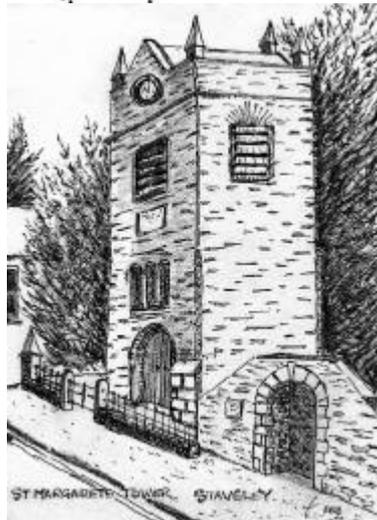
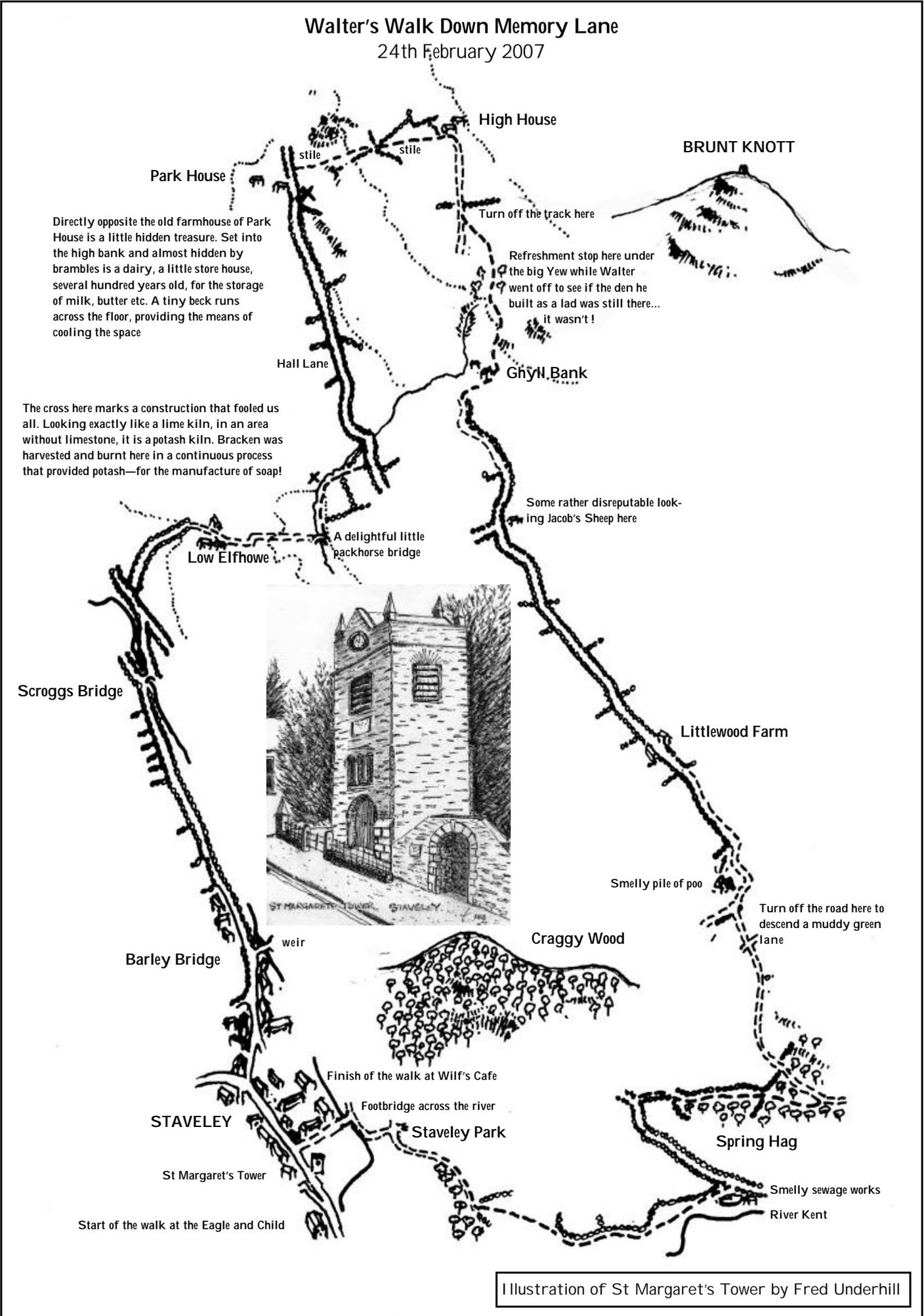


Illustration of St Margaret's Tower by Fred Underhill

## The KFF Annual Dinner 24th February 2007



The editor had gratefully accepted Walters offer to lead the walk around the *environs* of Staveley and so the Appetite Enhancer turned into **Walters Walk Down Memory Lane** (*opposite*). Walter took us around the landscape of his early years (he was last at High House, his former home, 18 years ago) and the editor can state categorically that it was a much better walk than the one he would have led. The occasional spell of fine drizzle dampened no-one's spirits and it was a cheerful bunch that gathered at Wilf's Café for a brew (although some members slipped quietly next door for something stronger) after three hours walking. As Bill said, "A good walk in the morning, rugby on the telly in the afternoon, and dinner in a pub tonight. It doesn't get much better than this, does it?"

*Given England's performance in the Six Nations Championship that afternoon, we can perhaps forget the rugby and move on to the evening's festivities:*

Even before we sat down to eat it was immediately obvious that the move 'out of town' was a success. The bar of the Eagle and Child provided a welcoming atmosphere, prompt and friendly service at the bar, and excellent beer. No pub in Kendal can come anywhere near it. We relaxed before the blazing log fire with our pre-prandial drinks, happily anticipating the evening to come.



Our seats were ready upstairs, we were told. The dining room was impressive but comfortable, easily accommodating our 23 members amongst the other diners there.

The service was excellent; everyone got their meals at the same time. Portions looked huge and everyone seemed to agree that each meal was cooked to perfection.

All these positive aspects are secondary of course to the main requirement of the evening: being in good company. Hey, we're Fellfarers and therefore the company was of the best; the very best.

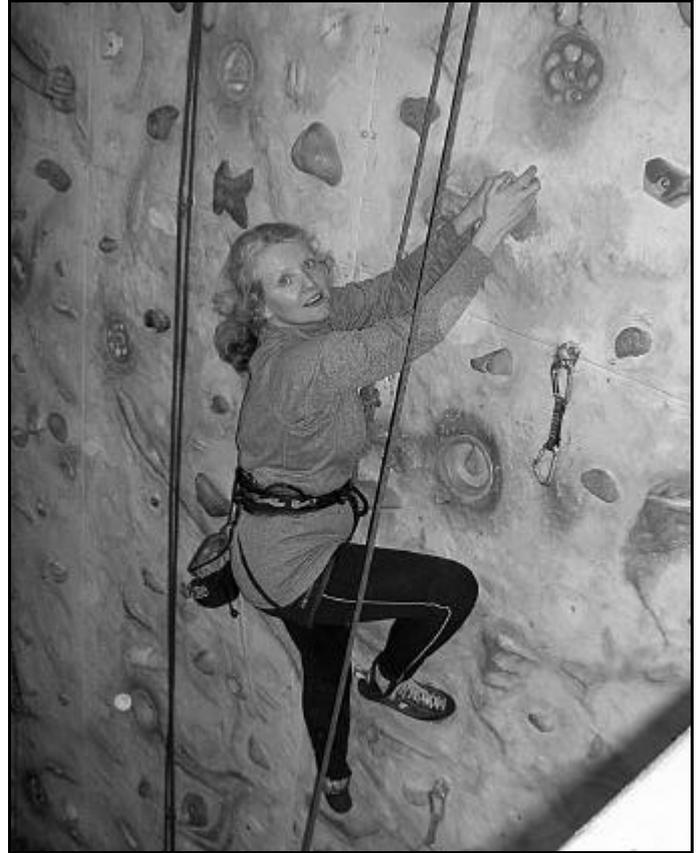
The evening passed all too quickly. We carefully descended once more to the cheery bar for a last drink and then it was time to go home.....Oh pool.....

Anyway, it was so good that it seems extremely unlikely that the committee will consider anywhere else for next year's dinner (approx the same weekend).

**Put it in your diary now!**

"Gosh," said Clare, "It's like Lourdes in here, with all these crutches."

# The Lady Shinscraper Page



**Above:** Val making a strong comeback after her 'op' Kendal Wall .....1st March 2007

**Above:** Tina also making a comeback in preparation for a summer of mountain adventure.....1st March 2007

**Below:** Rose also making a strong comeback after not bothering for a bit.....15th March 2007

**Below:** Hooray! Outdoors at last! Cheryl leads the Ed up Ornithology, East Raven Crag, Langdale on his birthday.



## Bowies' Wall (or how Jean Jeanie got its name)

AI Evans June 2006

Once, some time ago, there was a wall. A wall of fossils; untarnished, un-blasted, inviolate. A wall for climbing, years ahead of its time. This was the Great Wall at Trowbarrow. It was 1965 and we used to gaze at its vast untappable potential. This wall was for climbing in 2001, 100ft of space, a space oddity.

It was climbable; we knew that, we could boulder on the fossils, features millions of years old, sea lilies, crinoids, a beautiful experience: rare features even on most limestone.

Ten feet up finger strength was shot, it was too high and there was no chance of protection, truly a wall for 2001. David Bowies 'Space Oddity' was a hit for the first time around.

At the time I was a photography student at Blackpool College, we climbed with the college climbing club every Wednesday afternoon, at Denham, Houghton, Wilton, Farleton and Warton, but mostly at Trowbarrow. At weekends, and in our holidays, we would work as 'smudgers' in Morecambe. A smudger is a photographer who takes pictures of 'grockels' (holidaymakers) with some sort of gimmick.

Our gimmick was monkeys! Squirrel Monkeys.

We, my then girlfriend Jean Horsfall and myself, worked four monkeys for the local smudger. We had to dress them, feed them and put nappies on them before we took them out to foist them on the unsuspecting public (wouldn't do to have them pissing on the punters or even worse).

One slow and boring day I found that if you took one off your shoulder and just chucked it at a wall, any wall, brick or stone, it would just stick! It would then proceed to climb upwards to the limit of their leads.

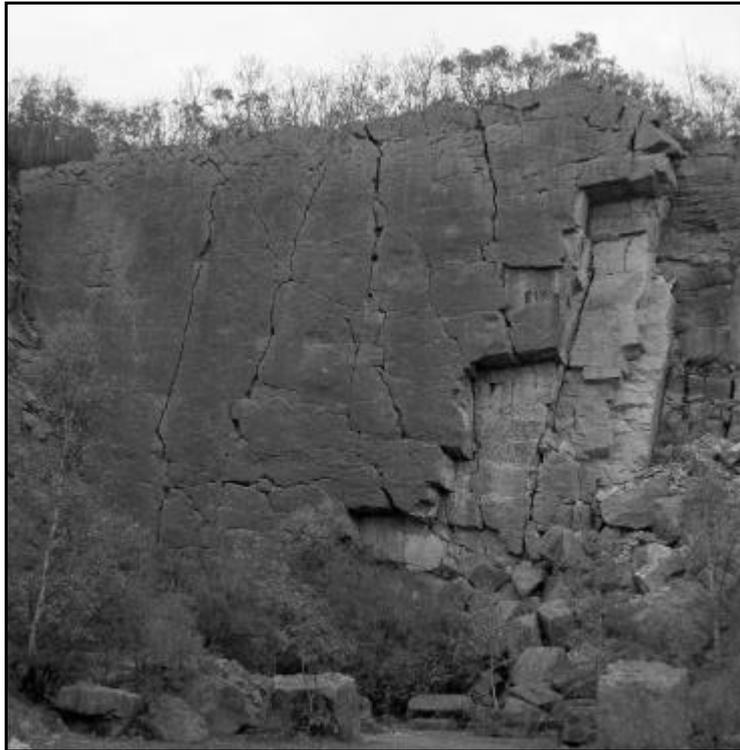
My mind turned to the Wall of Fossils, The Great Wall at Trowbarrow. Weeks of training ensued. They did all the boulder problems now being claimed as first ascents on the huge boulder at the foot of Trowbarrow with ease. One monkey in particular became our star, ironically he was already called Joe (Joe Brown became only the second best climber I have ever known). Jean was Joe's favourite person in the world and would go to her instantly at a call of his name and the wave of a banana. Joe was persuaded to

climb the boulders with a fishing line tied around his waist. We gradually made the routes longer and longer. Joe secretly joined us on the first ascent of 'Pigfall', but on that occasion I led.

The plan was simple. I would stand at the foot of the wall with Joe attached to his fishing line rope, Jean would go to the top and call him while waving a banana. Joe would lead the wall on 100ft of fishing line to Jean and the banana and then she would pull up a climbing rope which I had attached to the line and lay me up it. The first ascent was to be on sight 'Joe Monkey, AI Evans'. It would undoubtedly be the hardest route in the country (possibly the world) at the time, truly a route for 2001, a Space Oddity.

One night, a day or so before we were due to let loose Joe onto the wall, Jean, Dave Parker and myself were sitting in the 'Blue Room', the student's pub in Blackpool. Ed Grindley, then unknown but already a great climber and by chance an itinerant lecturer at the college crashed through the door.

"Bloody Tarmac have blasted the main wall at



Trowbarrow."

"It's to deter climbers."

"There's some bloody brilliant cracklines, but the whole thing is just about to fall down." (as it still is some 35 years later).

We decided to go and look the next day. Lectures forgotten we drove up to Carnforth and walked into the quarry. It was stunning. I'm not sure which emotion was predominant at the time, outrage at the vandalism by Tarmac, sadness, or exaltation at the superb lines which had opened, all virgin.

I have despised Tarmac for the rest of my life, this is not the only atrocity they have committed, but it was the most personal for me. But that day they gave me the chance to do two famous new routes, 'Cracked Actor' but more importantly 'Jean Jeanie', a classic VS, a rarity to find even in those days. It was no longer valid to call it 2001, but we stuck with Bowie anyhow, Jean got a climb named after her and sadly Joe never got his 15 minutes of fame!

### Blimey!

Here's some news to make you feel really inadequate: Swiss climber Ueli Steck, has just been out for a bit of a run. He reports: *"Finally I have finished my long time project I have prepared for years now. I climbed the **Eiger North Face** in **3 h 54 mins**. The old record was 4h 41 minutes. I am really happy and I now feel in good shape to go to Annapurna."*

## Working Weekend

### 9th-10th March 2007



Despite the Editor advertising it as a non-working weekend, there was, of course, plenty to keep people busy. John (Walsh) had carried out an inspection and prepared a schedule of work so that, along with all the routine checking of things and the list of items from September's Risk Assessment, there was a page-full of jobs (47 in all) to be attended to.

What was seen as the major job of the weekend, sorting out the bouncing floor in the men's dorm, proved to be quite easy in the end. We did get a surprise when we cut a hole in the floor to see this creature (left) emerge blinking into the light. He claimed to have been left down there during a working weekend in 1973 and had been waiting patiently to be let out since then. Phil did report that the suspected rotting beams were damp but otherwise sound and that the bounce was due to one of the joists not being supported on the mid-span dwarf wall under the floor. A bit of muscle-work and wedging sorted the problem out.

Hooray! The damp problem in that corner *should* be alleviated now; the ground level outside was lowered and the roof drainage was diverted away. We'll need to check under the floor again in September.

There was lots of sprucing up of walls and ceilings and fittings. Cheryl embarked on a labour of love with the window handles in the common room. The windows are immaculate in their fresh coat of paint but the handles, stripped to bare metal, gleam like new. It seems a shame to cover them with curtains. Kevin (Smith) installed a new window to the drying room. It's now a room with a view!

The observant members who were there will have noticed that the perennial 'job that doesn't get done' was no longer on the list. Peter (Barnes) had taken advantage of a quiet spell at the hut paint the step edges. We'll have to find another 'job that doesn't get done' to go on the next list, although, come to think of it 'Repair flashing around chimney' is starting to fall into that category.....

Some of the required painting, to damp walls in the ladies toilet and the men's dorm, was deliberately left until the walls dry out.

The editor spent most of the weekend carrying boulders and buckets of stones to create his 'neolithic burial mound' which will eventually become the fire-pit. Ray gave him a hand and at one point said, "How much more stone do we need to move?" Mick replied, "Just keep working until you're sick of it." "Sick of it?" said Ray: "That was three hours ago!" The ed was just quietly looking forward to the evening's entertainment :

It had been proposed to the committee that, as a result of the Risk Assessor's comments on the adequacy of the fire escapes, we carry out a fire drill. Because this is something we are not used to, everyone was informed beforehand. We did not want people injured as a result of climbing out of the windows too hastily. After our usual (excellent!) banquet of spuds, cheese and beans, and after it got dark, everyone retired to their bunks, the power was turned off and the alarm sounded. The editor took notes. It took 4 minutes 20 seconds for everyone (22 members) to get out by the two windows, even though everyone was prepared, dressed and sober. It took a further 1 minute 10 seconds for everyone to reach the

assembly point. Everyone was invited to write comments afterwards. The comments, along with the editor's notes will form the basis of a report going to the next committee meeting. One point was immediately obvious—the upstairs emergency light didn't work (it has now been fixed). Without torches the ladies would have had a real problem.

It should be mentioned that everyone who took part in the drill did so with great good humour (including Alec who manoeuvred himself through the window on crutches!) and the general response afterwards was that it had been an interesting and worthwhile exercise.

Maybe they wouldn't have thought that if it had been later in the evening (right).



## From The Archives

A couple of letters home, taken from the 1945 edition of the K Fellfarers Journal:

British Small Arms School,  
Saugor, C.P.,  
Indian Command. Tuesday,  
21st November, 1944.

My Dear Fellfarers,

Last night I received from home the September Journal. I was delighted, not only was it a pleasant surprise, but as luck would have it, it arrived on my birthday.

I have always found it difficult to express my appreciation, so when I say that the Journal is a wonderful success, I sincerely mean it. I should have written last night, but after dinner and having read every line in the Journal I did not feel like writing a letter : all I wanted to do was to sit quietly and recall the happy memories which I treasure so dearly. So I took a chair and sat outdoors, smoked my pipe and went over the good times I had in Borrowdale.

I was introduced to the beauty of Borrowdale by Ron Brennand who took me by car one Sunday afternoon. I was greatly impressed and vowed that I would never be happy until I had seen more. Shortly afterwards I did, and I owe a lot of it to Harry Mawson. My first week-end at High House would have put some lads off, as it rained all the time. Harry and I set off on a ramble and although I cannot accurately recall the route we took I remember going over Honister Pass and seeing the slate quarry. We returned over Cat Bells and passed the late Mr. Walpole's house. We reached High House very wet but exceedingly happy.

On another of my visits, Easter 1938, there was an accident on Gable which rather shook me up, but I got over it and was still very keen. Then came the War and my " happy wanderings " came to an abrupt end. Since then until lately I have done hundreds of miles on foot, sometimes saying to myself that on my return home I would never walk another step.

Of my short tour of duty in India, I'm afraid I have nothing to tell. But whilst in Ceylon I can say that I spent many happy and contented week-ends in what one may call the " Highlands " of Ceylon. The high country of Ceylon is really beautiful, with lovely lakes and high peaks, the most well-known ones being Adams Peak and False Pedro ; Bible Rock is another.

To conclude my letter I shall answer the question at the end of the Journal. Yes, I have enjoyed reading the Journal. I like all the articles, and the photographs are excellent. May I congratulate all the people who made it possible to produce such an interesting book.

So now, until next time, I'll say cheerio and Good Luck for 1945.

Staff Sergt. Inst. A. McLean, 9874

C.O.I.S. Eastern Fleet,  
N.H.Q. Colombo, Ceylon.  
3rd December, 1944.

Dear Sid,

Here I am again after receiving your welcome aircard : just in time, I think. When I received your letter the Mag. hadn't yet arrived, but lo and behold it's just arrived and believe me I didn't half devour it. It is great, and I was really surprised. I don't wish to insult anyone, but I had visioned something rather on the lines of the usual school mag., but except for it not being in the usual type it is the same as any of the mags, which are published by experts.

Yes, I was very pleased to get my copy and see what a wealth of talent we have in the Hostel mob.

I don't want to disappoint you, but anyway now I expect to get moved and then my mail will have " had it " as it will only catch me up once every three months. Anyhow, this next three months I will try—with grave doubts—to push something together and then post it around the end of March, unless, of course, I get an earlier chance. Anyhow, if possible, I will try and give you something in time for the 1945 Edition. Maybe you will get some topic from one of the gang—Walter Sanderson, Jack Heap or Peter O'Loughlin.

It really made me envious to see the fine programme the Club have got together, Walks, the Quiz, Brains Trust and Slide Shows. Still, Good Luck to you all and it is something extra to look forward to.

I believe Wally has been home on his foreign service leave, about 28-35 days in all, so maybe you have had a chat with him. I haven't seen him for over two and a half years.

I expect to spend my Xmas away from here, so I hope I can manage a decent time and maybe have a real tuck-in.

I am writing this before going on the Middle Watch and it's really a lovely night—fullish moon which almost makes it like day. There is, no doubt on one thing, the sunsets and evening skies back home have nothing on these—they are really lovely.

Well, this is the end, so I'll say goodnight and here's wishing you a very Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year.

D/JX 403329 W, M. Ferguson, Tel(s)



Answer to Page 2 question:  
It's the Howgills of course.  
Undistorted view left.  
Disappointing eh?

# April

5-8th April 2007



## Easter Weekend

High House is booked for Fellfarers until Friday 13th

After the Easter Weekend the Summer Wine Team will be working on Phase 2 of the Kitchen Improvement Scheme.

Volunteers welcome - call Roger Atkinson

The committee will meet on **Tuesday 3rd April** at the Rifleman's Arms. Under discussion will be Humphrey Bogart's summing up of life: "The problem with the world is that everyone is a few drinks behind."

It's that time again!  
Thursday 26th April 2007  
**Climbing For All**



The Shinscrapers start the Summer Season at:

### Hutton Roof

Anytime after about 5 pm  
**More info: Call Peter Goff**

30th April - 3rd May 2007



High House is booked for  
The Summer Wine Team  
It's the week before the Spring Bank Holiday

The Summer Wine Team will be finishing ( ha! ) Phase 2 of the Kitchen Improvement Scheme.

Volunteers welcome - call Roger Atkinson

Sunday 29th April 2007  
**Family Bike Ride**  
from  
Caton Lune Bridge,  
near Caton  
Map OL41 - GR 522 648



To The Golden Ball, Snachems, for lunch  
6 miles each way on cycletrack.

For start time / details call Cheryl or Jason on 01539 738451

# May

The committee will meet on **Tuesday 1st May** at the Rifleman's Arms. Under discussion will be Sandra Atkinson's summing up of life: "Life is like a toilet roll. The nearer you get to the end the faster it goes round."

4-6th May 2007  
May Bank Holiday



High House is booked for Fellfarers

but you may prefer:

## Camping/Caravan Meet

Leachive Farm  
Tayvallich  
(nr Lochgilphead)



A 6 berth caravan has been booked. Call Peter Goff to book a bed or bring your tent.

12th May 2007  
**Walk/Meal**

John Walsh writes:

"Mick, I've been conned into this one. Details below are weather dependent. An alternative will be available if the weather is crap.

**DEPART:**  
Kendal Bus Station  
Blackhall Rd.  
8.45am to Windermere  
Then by Kirkstone Rambler to Hartsop.

**WALK:**  
Hartsop (Nr Patterdale) to Ings. Via High Street and Kentmere fells.  
Distance 10-12 miles  
Time 5-6 hrs

**MEAL:**  
At the Watermill Inn, Ings"

For more details, call John

18-22 May 2007  
**Camping Meet**

Brosterfield Farm, Foolow  
OS map OL 24  
GR 189 762

## Derbyshire

£2 - £2.50 p.p.p.n



"a basic campsite, no showers but plenty of space and a short walk to either the pub in Foolow or the Three Stags Heads, Wardlow Mires. Excellent food and live folk music."

CLIMBERS!

It's an ideal location for access to all the Peak Gritstone Edges

For more details ring Cheryl or Jason on 01539 738451

25th May - 2nd June 2007  
Whit Bank Holiday



High House  
Is booked for  
Fellfarers.  
Is this your first  
opportunity to  
see and use the  
new kitchen?  
Come along and get your  
criticism in early!



# June

The committee will meet on Tuesday 5th June at the Rifleman's Arms . They will be pondering the question : "What if the hokey cokey really is what it's all about ?" Come and join us for a pint after we've decided.

1-3rd June 2007

## Canoe Meet

Camping at  
Hoathwaite Farm,  
Torver, Coniston  
OS map OL6 GR 293 949  
£2.50 p.p.p.n



Very basic campsite with no showers or toilet.  
(Cheryl has a portalo)  
Picnic lunch on Peel island.  
Tea at Brantwood.  
For more details  
call Cheryl or Jason on  
01539 738451

8-9th June 2007  
Away Meet

(sort of)  
Low Hallgarth Climbing Hut  
Little Langdale  
OS map OL 6 GR 309 029  
£5 p.p.p.n



The hut has 12 beds. First come first served. A great opportunity to experience the fells close to home—without having to drive back at the end of the day.  
To book your bed, and for more info, call Peter Goff

20th June 2007

## Walters Wood-land Walk No. 4

Meet at 6.30 pm  
At the Anglers Arms  
Haverthwaite



## An exploration of Roudsea Wood

For details call Tony Walshaw

30th June 2007

Meet at  
The Longlands Hotel,  
Tewitfield  
(Map OL7 GR 520737)  
At 10 am.



Paddle and or walk along the Lancaster Canal for a pub lunch at The Canal Turn in Carnforth. Spare canoes may be available and it may be possible to alternate walking and paddling  
For details call Krysia

# July

The committee will meet on **Tuesday 3rd July** at the Rifleman's Arms. Under discussion will be the observation: "A large group of highly qualified professionals built the Titanic. The Ark was built by one keen amateur." Come and join us for a pint.

6 - 7th July 2007



High House  
IS  
Booked  
For  
Fellfarers

Good show !

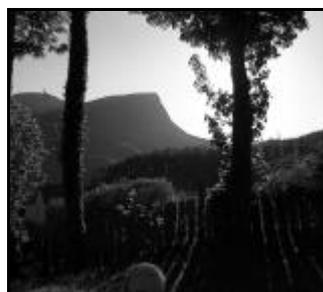


July 2007

There may be several evening events in July and possibly a day walk on Saturday 14th July

See the next Fellfarer for details

20 - 21 July 2007  
NORTH WALES  
MEET



Tan-y-Wyddfa  
Rhyd-Ddu.

O.S. Ref. 570527

A superb location: you can walk straight up Snowdon (on its quieter side) from the door. Excellent climbing and walking in every direction.

To book your bed:  
Call Peter Goff

July 27 -Aug 26th 2007  
High House



Once more the hut is booked for a whole month for the exclusive use of the club. Reduce your carbon footprint. Walk or cycle there !

**CLUB OFFICIALS**

1

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

**Trustees:** See 'Club News' on page 3. The trustees are, at present, Gordon Pitt, Alec Reynolds and Alan Bryan. This situation will change shortly.

**Committee**

**Chair: Roger Atkinson**  
Tel: 01539 732490  
198, Burneside Road  
Kendal  
LA9 6EB

**Vice Chair: Alec Reynolds**  
Tel: 01229 821099  
7, Buccleuch Court  
Barrow-in-Furness  
LA14 1TD  
email: [alec.reynolds@multicom.se](mailto:alec.reynolds@multicom.se)

**Secretary: Clare Fox**  
Tel: 01539 727531  
50, Gillinggate  
Kendal  
LA9 4JB  
email: [clarefox50@hotmail.com](mailto:clarefox50@hotmail.com)

**Treasurer: Val Calder**  
Tel: 01539 727109  
86, Vicarage Drive  
Kendal  
LA9 5BA

**Booking Secretary: Hugh Taylor**  
Tel: 01524 762067  
Briarcliffe  
Carr Bank Road  
Carr Bank  
Milnthorpe  
Cumbria  
LA7 7LE  
email: [JHUGH.TAYLOR@BTINTERNET.COM](mailto:JHUGH.TAYLOR@BTINTERNET.COM)

**Social Secretary: Peter Goff**  
Tel: 01524 736990  
170, Main Street  
Warton

**Newsletter Editor: Mick Fox**  
Tel: 01539 727531  
50, Gillinggate,  
Kendal,  
LA9 4JB  
email: [michaelfox50@hotmail.com](mailto:michaelfox50@hotmail.com)

**Committee Members:**

**Bill Hogarth** Tel: 01539 728569  
**Krycia Niepokojczycka** Tel: 015395 60523  
**Kevin Ford** Tel: 01539 734293  
**John Walsh** Tel: 01539 726235  
**Tony Walshaw** Tel: 015295 52491

**Other Information**

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

**High House Website** <http://k-fellfarers.homecall.co.uk/ff.htm>

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

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

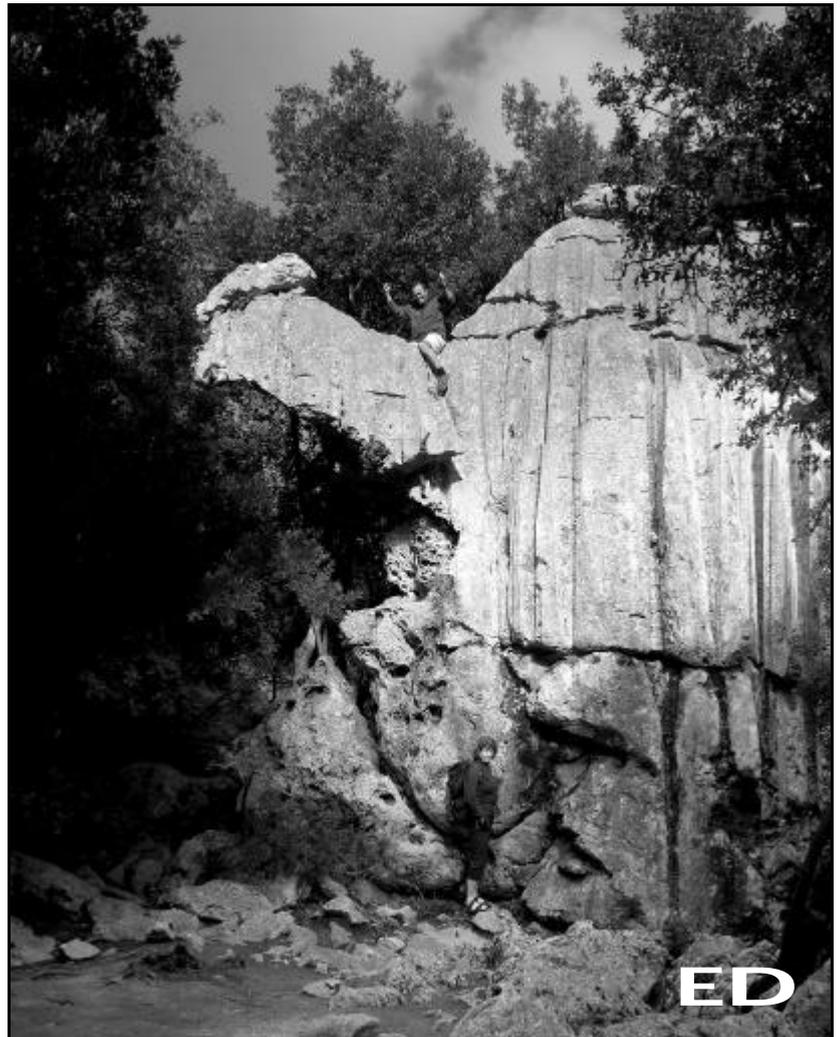
**Tan-y-Wyddfa**  
Rhyd-Ddu, North Wales.  
O.S. Ref. 570527

**Oread booking secretary**

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

## Next Edition of <sup>the</sup>Fellfarer:

Beginning of July, so material for publication by 8th June, please.



The Ed rides the Camel Rock, Lluc, Majorca. 19th February 2007

"looks more like a chicken to me"