

the **Fellfarer**

January 2009

Number 52



Ed

Phew! Some issues come quite easily and some are a struggle. This one, in spite of a return to the 20-page format, was definitely one of the latter. Losing the computer, again, to some bug or other as I neared completion didn't help. Now, though, it's done and I can go back to work on the Anniversary Book...

Anyway, I hope you all had a wonderful Christmas and are looking forward with optimism to a great 2009. I am.

There are a lot of interesting events planned for the coming year, including three parties! The No-cars Weekend at High House, in particular, should be great fun and it will be interesting to see how people manage to carry provisions and all their impedimenta with them. No cheating, mind! There are number of pieces in here that ask for your participation; providing photographs and information etc. This year is special; our best chance to put together a good book and archive of stories and pictures for you, the members of the club "because you're worth it". (Not all of you obviously!) Please read the pieces and help where you can. Finally, thank you once again to the contributors to this issue. I hope everyone enjoys reading it all.

Ed.

PS. I just thought I'd mention : Issue 52 - that means we're 13 years old now!

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Cover Photo:

Richard on Great End 6th December 2008

Contents Photo:

The Firestarter 5th November 2008

Back Page Photo:

On Bough Fell 29th November 2008

75th Anniversary Events

The sub-committee is now close to finalising the series of events, in addition to the usual Social Calendar, to celebrate our 75th anniversary.

The year of celebrations will kick off with a Ceilidh at the Castle Community Centre on 28th February from 19:30 until 23:30-ish with music provided by the fantastic Tumbling Tom. Tickets are available from all Committee Members at £5.00 for Adults & £1.50 for kids. We recommend you book your tickets as soon as possible with numbers limited. Examples of 75th Anniversary clothing will also be on display on the night and a chance to order from an extensive range.

The 75th Anniversary party is also confirmed as Saturday 2nd May with Kryisia and Ann volunteering to feed us all (although I am sure assistance would be more than welcome). Members wishing to stay overnight will need to book their bed in advance with Peter Goff.

The kid's weekend is now likely to take place during June with volunteers to help organise an orienteering adventure needed. (Please contact Jason Smallwood on 01539 738451 if you want to get involved or have any ideas)

Further confirmed events for the diary include:

- o No Cars Weekend on 3rd to 4th July - Contacts will be made available to suggest/ organise alternative routes (Any ideas contact Bill Hogarth)
- o Exploration and talk on the Wad mines - provisional date 15th August
- o 75th Anniversary Quiz night on 16th October with 5 rounds of 15 questions (that = 75, clever eh!) - Venue to be confirmed
- o End of Year celebration on Saturday 28th November at the Town Hall. The night will include the first chance to see the 75th Anniversary book (Nothing like a deadline chaps!), slide shows with a tremendous array of speakers and a buffet and bar. - Volunteers are requested to organise the buffet (please contact Clare Fox)

The organising committee would be delighted to receive any suggestions of feedback regarding the events calendar. Please contact Clare Fox, Peter Goff, Bill Hogarth or Jason Smallwood with any thoughts.

Jason Smallwood

CLUB NEWS

- Welcome to **New (actually returning) Member:** Terry Johnson, of Gillinggate, Kendal.
- We are sad to note the passing of Sheila, wife of Jack Parkinson and Peter O'Loughlin, a much-loved member of long standing . A tribute to Peter appears on page 4.
- The *Environment Agency* has now given us approval to rebuild the **Water Intake Dam**. This is the last significant stage in our programme of improvement to the water supply to High House. The work must be carried out during July 2009 and must be strictly in accordance with the detailed proposals we submitted to the Agency. These requirements are imposed by them for ecological reasons. Everyone can help by praying for a drought in June and early July. A building team will be needed for the mid-week operation which will take three days. More information will appear in a newsletter nearer the time.
- The *Lake District National Park Authority* has given us Planning Permission to convert the window of the Ladies Washroom to a **Fire Escape Door**. We can carry out this work at any time during the next three years. It will be done in conjunction with a general upgrading of the washroom, as announced in the newsletter some months ago. If you'd like to be involved in the detailed planning of the washroom, please contact the Chairman or the Editor. More information will appear in due course.
- The improvements to the Dam and the Fire Escape mentioned above are the main items in the **2009 Development Plan**. Other items proposed are: Provision of a new bookcase, additional storage for games etc., rebuilding of the rear corner of the Men's End, as well as finishing off some projects already started. If you have any comments, suggestions, or would like to be involved in the planning or carrying out of this work please contact the Chairman or the Editor.
- Representatives of the club, Hugh Taylor and Alec Reynolds, attended a recent BMC seminar for Hut Managers. As a result of that meeting, our **Constitution** is undergoing a radical overhaul. Apparently, nice simple documents like the one we have are 'not worth the paper they are written on'. It means a lot more work for some committee members and the resulting document is likely to be at least four times as long as the present one but at least the new Constitution should be fit for its purpose and should remove inconsistencies and omissions.
- The **AGM** at the end of January will be particularly important. As well as the election of a new President and new Trustees, there will be voting on a proposal to increase membership fees for 2010 and consideration of proposals for the overhaul of the Constitution referred to above. If the new document can be produced in time, there may be a vote to adopt the new Constitution. Otherwise a special meeting will be called later in the year.
- The Committee has been asked to clarify the policy on taking **Guests to High House**: Each member is allowed to take 2 guests. Children under the age of 5 are not counted as guests but children over that age are. That means that they count towards each member's allowance of two guests and that guest night fees are payable for their stay. This does not apply to the members' own children.
- The deadline for material to appear in next year's **Anniversary Book** about The Fellfarers and High House will soon be upon us. Please see page 9.
- The **Anniversary Book** will published as a limited edition. Club members will be able to **pre-order** it to be sure that they get a copy. The book is expected to be published at the end of the year (but in time for Christmas) but anyone who wishes to pre-order it in spring/summer will be able to buy it at a discounted price. More details will follow.
- Details of the **Commemorative T-shirts, Fleeces etc.** will appear in the next newsletter, for those who can't make it to the ceilidh.



Know your hills?

Here's another bit of Photoshop computer trickery. What's the fine hill shown stre-e-e-etching towards the sky here on the right? The answer is on page 9.

"KOFF"

Memories of Peter O'Loughlin

It was sad to hear of the death of our friend Peter O'Loughlin in October. Seeing him for one of the last times with his wife Ann at the K Hut's 70th birthday Party when he was in good form - as the lovely photograph by Phil Blamire shows in The Fellfarer of January 2005.

We first met when we were about fourteen - at the Kendal Lads Club in Castle Street, in 1938, which played a big part in shaping our lives. During the four years we spent there we made our own skis and canoes and became the first Lads Club in the UK to form a mountaineering section, getting a £50 grant which enabled us all to purchase boots and ropes and started our staying at the 'K' Hut, getting there either by biking up or to Great Langdale and walking over to the hut via Rosset Gill. Koff lived with his mum and dad and family over their shop in Stricklandgate, opposite Hall's Petshop, and his dad had a garage and petrol pumps in Sandes Avenue.

The Lads mob used to go skating every winter whenever there was ice - the Canal, Ratherheath and Whinell Tarns. In February 1941, whilst skating on Whinell Tarn, Wally Sanderson, and then Dick Pickthall, went through the ice in the middle of the tarn while the rest of us were left lying flat on the ice, hoping it would bear us. It did. Meanwhile, Wally had managed to lift himself onto the edge of the ice but Dick was still swimming around! We had been observed by a local farmer and his son who, with the aid of a plank, got Dick out and pulled Wally to safety. Very lucky! We were all taken to the Shepherd family at Shaw End, given warm clothing and hot drinks and then given a lift back to Kendal, for which we were very grateful.



"Hostel First Time. Biked it. Sept 1940"



*"Sid A and Koff.
Stockley Bridge 1942"*

One weekend Koff couldn't make it to the 'K' Hut

with us and caught a late Saturday night bus as far as Grasmere, hoping to hitch the rest of the way. He was in-between lifts and just walking along the road past the Manchester Pump Station at Wythburn at Thirlmere, when he was challenged by the Home Guard! He was taken inside for questioning. Unfortunately he had lost his Identification Card but, being Koff, he came out of it smelling of roses and given a lift to Keswick by the police!

The Lads Club obtained permission from Croppers Ltd at Burneside to stay at the Boathouse on Potter Fell. Koff intended to sleep well there because he lugged a great sprung back seat all the way up to the boathouse - it could still be there. It was a lovely place, with steps down from the living room to the boat. On the first day there we had had three meals when a walker passed and told us the time (none of us had a watch) which was about 2.15 pm! We had five meals that day.

Our main climbing and walking area was up Longsleddale, Buckbarrow and Goat Scar, which we frequently visited on our bikes. When we first visited the Slatemine at Wren Gill, it had not long been vacated and the living quarters and the Blacksmiths shop, with the huge bellows in, were still habitable. The farmer at Sadgill, Mr Fishwick, was fast filling his barn with wheelbarrows from the quarry, using them to fetch injured sheep down on!

This all ended when we reached eighteen and joined the Royal Navy. Koff trained as a Wireless Operator and served on the frigate HMS Taff, which was stationed at Mombasa, Kenya, before crossing to Colombo, Ceylon, to join the British Pacific Fleet.

I met Koff in Colombo and he was in poor shape, just recovering from rheumatic fever and still unfit - and no wonder. I went on board the frigate and the bare steel walls were dripping with condensation. Everything was damp - not fit to live in! We had a couple of days together at the Junior Fleet Club before we went our separate ways. We kept in touch and eighteen months later we just missed each other at Manus, a naval station in the Admiralty Islands in the Bismark Sea, on our way to Northeast Australia. Koff had just left a few hours earlier and we had to wait until we were both demobbed before meeting again. We spent the majority of our demob leave, about five weeks, up at the 'K' Hut with Wally Sanderson, Brian Stilling, Bill Ingall and others.

Just after the war beer was rationed and, having had a pint at the Scafell, then the Borrowdale Hotel, we decided to go down into Keswick. I then had a BSA 800 motorbike so the three of us ventured forth, Brian Stilling, Koff and me. All went well until we came to the bad corner before Grange-in-Borrowdale. The back two decided to lean the opposite way to my-

self and the bike twisted and we hit the road. The wheels of the bike were still spinning, Koff was sitting giggling in the middle of the road, when the Borrowdale bus came upon us. Fortunately, apart from bruises and lost skin, we were ok. Later in the week, when I called, limping, to see Koff, whose family now lived on Castle Road, his dad came to the door and asked if I'd been in the same climbing accident as his son Koff. What could I say but Yes!

Ah, Koff, happy lad with a great sense of humour who didn't let anything bother him too much. A good strong swimmer and with a good powerful voice. Coming back to Kendal on the 555 bus, all of us at the back of the bus, Koff started his favourite song: "I am the Bandolero", which prompted the conductor to stop the bus just out of Keswick and threaten to put Koff off if he didn't shut up!

On one occasion whilst at the Hut, we all decided to play Follow The Leader. After various tasks by different leaders, we ended up above Stockley Bridge, in Grains Gill near the big pool. The leader leapt into the water fully clothed. Everyone followed him, Koff included. Unfortunately, having become airborne, he realised he still had his wristwatch on. The last we saw of Koff, before he disappeared, was his hand held high. Happy Days.

Shortly after the war, the six of us: Koff, Brian Stilling, and myself and our respective spouses, had a climbing and walking holiday in North Wales, staying at Ogwen Cottage, close to the Idwal Slabs and to Tryfan. An ideal centre for us, good food but the first time we had ever been charged for a glass of fresh water - 2 pence a cup! But apart from that it was a fine-weather holiday.

In the early days, my wife-to-be, Audrey, climbed a lot with Koff and while he would never get to 'Jim Birkett' climbing standard, he loved to climb the crags, especially chimneys. His favourite was Kern Knotts Chimney on Gable and he often quoted:

"Those flake-like holds are quite alright
For those of fairy build
Or those who came up to the Lakes
In order to get killed
But give me a chimney Brother
Despite its dirt and grime..
Etc. etc...."

Later we were both at the first meeting and formation of The Kendal Search Team, later to become The Kendal Mountain Rescue Team. In 1954, for one of the first outings, I made a dummy up and, with Audrey and Walt Dennison, took it up to the top of Longsleddale. I dumped it in a nettle bed not far from the little stone bridge past the top gate, near the start of the path to Mosedale, Wetsleddale. We then took up a lofty viewpoint and watched them comb the valley. After the exercise I dumped the bottom half behind the sheep-fold opposite the entrance to Wren Gill, complete with boots, and wondered later if we had surprised anyone! Koff later, along with Brian Stilling, got very involved with the YHA and the Mountain Rescue Service.

Koff and I kept in touch over the years but didn't see much of each other after he moved to Uldale.

We did not attend Koff's funeral at Uldale but spent the day up Longsleddale and paused at the foot of the Dandle Buttress in Cleft Gill, the start of the first climb that Koff, Audrey and I had ever done, and remembered our old friend.

Rest in peace old mate

Audrey and Myers



Peter O'Loughlin's own account of the young lads' first trip to High House (first photograph) appeared in the 1946 edition of the K Fellfarers' Journal. See page 17.

In the last issue we left Mike deep in the Sierra Madre mountains of Mexico, eating roasted goat by the campfire with Fermin, Avaristo and a whole bunch of cowboys. They suggested that Mike join them for their cattle drive across Mexico. Here's the concluding part. Now, as they say, read on.....

HAPPY TRAILS.

Part Two

Sierra Madre, Mexico 1998

Mike Goff



The vaqueros slip out of the ramada before dawn to corral the riding horses and mules. Some local ranch hands have been recruited to help get the drive under way. Together with the family members who traveled several days on horse back, we number twelve. Most will be mounted on spirited mules which, I am told, have more stamina and agility than horses. I'm assigned an old work horse as befits my skill and station. Two extra pack mules and a burro (donkey) carry all provisions for the drive. I'll get to know the pack animals very well before this cattle drive is over.

The task of separating the animals to be sold from the breeding stock which will remain at the ranch begins in earnest. The corrals are equipped with a series of ingenious chutes and gates that divide the stock into their correct groupings. The breeding cows are confined to a sturdy corral while the cattle for the drive mill about an enclosed yard.

One animal, aloof from all the din and mayhem is El Toro, an old stock bull who, as a placid bell weather, will help guide the unruly herd across the mountains to the rattening pens of El Paso, Texas. A kind of bovine Judas.

Everything is ready for 11 a.m. and we're off in an explosion of panic stricken, frenzied animals that thunder out of the yard. Briefly a chaotic mass of cattle flee along every point of the compass with the vaqueros riding the periphery to contain the herd. El Toro and a few old barren cows move placidly up the trail, foraging on any living plant.

Me and my old nag have been assigned to the baggage train in care of a youth, himself a little short on marbles. With the pack mules and donkey we keep just ahead of the herd. Because of the confusion behind we can take our time, pausing to watch the frantic melee of cows and cowboys jostling about on the rough terrain. Occasionally, an errant steer breaks wildly past us only to be driven back into line by a stone-faced, rabbit eared mule and its whooping rider.

We're heading east up a rocky, narrowing canyon towards a ridge line high above. By late afternoon, having ascended about a thousand metres we enter the zone of stately Apache pines and reach a stockade made of interwoven boughs and branches. At this traditional halt is a welcome campsite with a free flowing stream. A truce is hereby declared as the animals are pummeled into the stockade.

The vaqueros hobble their mounts which are turned loose. The pack mules are unloaded and I'm warned against approaching from behind. The mule packs a mighty punch. Coals from the gigantic bonfire heat up the beans, tortillas and coffee. Avaristo takes a jute sack that has been hanging from the donkey's pack saddle all day. Well away from the throng, now pulling heartily on the tequila bottle, he makes a nest of straw into which a tiny mongrel pup is tumbled. A tin with milk is set nearby. He tells me not to approach the animal which will be reared as a goat dog at the next village. It will be raised with the kids as a virtual goat. A dog amongst foraging goats will keep predators at bay by its very presence. To stay permanently with the flock the dog must believe it is a goat. It gets its food by suckling any nanny it can steal from and will develop a taste for goat droppings.

It's time to relax and tell stories. Only one man smokes; I christen him Marlboro Man.

The night is still and peaceful as tired men and animals slumber but just before dawn the alarm is raised. Some of the wilder steers have broken out of the corral and headed deep into the pines. They won't go far in the dark, says Avaristo. A party mounts up and half an hour later the wayward steers race back into the camp.

We eat breakfast standing as dawn lights up hoar frost forming on the forest floor. The vaqueros are not too warmly clad and kick the fire into a blaze. Its time to move off. My companion Raul is the goat boy at the ranch and is returning there leaving me in charge of the pack animals. He departs in a hail of tormenting jeers, part of the goat herders lot. My mules

are blindfolded while being loaded and they stand stock still. The tiny pup is bundled into its sack and hung off a pack saddle, but today rides with its head poking out.

All but one of the vaqueros are well turned out in smart print cotton shirts tucked into clean blue jeans with broad tooled leather belts with big shiny buckles. All wear immaculate white straw stetson sombreros. None wear high heeled western cowboy boots. They prefer locally made low cut boots, light and comfortable for rough country use. Three of the Rascons pack flat silver pistols stuck straight into the belt behind the right hip. Thomas the exception, is the real pro; a raggy arsed fulltime wrangler rides his fiery mule like a madman. He favours a Winchester rifle stuck down the saddle boot and a holstered colt revolver.

In the saddle, they ride one hand on the reins the other dallying a rawhide lariat.

This morning the herd is surprisingly placid after yesterdays high jinks, following El Toro and the barren cows across the high tableland. The rough trail winds in and out of dry gulches and amongst rocky outcrops. Today, I ride arguardienne, bringing up the rear. There are dangerous gullies to cross and all dismount, moving cautiously over the slippery bedrock. I am largely in the care of my old horse; it knows when to start and stop, never losing track of the advancing herd. The cowboys laugh when the nag does'nt respond to my commands. It's been driving cattle on this trail for twenty years and needs no help from this old gringo. So I just sit tight and talk to it. It does'nt have a name, its a horse.

By mid day the cattle are hungry and tired. When we encounter a flush of dry grass forage the whole cavalcade comes to a halt. The riders dismount and loosen the lattigo, the thick webbing belt that cinches the saddle and leaning on their mounts, pass the bottle. The cattle tear into the rare fodder, then one by one they sink to the ground with deep sighs and begin chewing cud contentedly, eyes shut.

Time to cinch up and move on. We are now on the high point of the plateau and the view is limited only by the light purple haze along the entire horizon. Broken ridges behind us contrast with the truncated tableland rising like barren plains bounded by steep canyons and faulted basins. There are no signs of human degradation and yet, later in the afternoon as we descend the head of a long valley we intersect an old logging road bulldozed into the hill side. We descend towards rainbow coloured domes and outcrops of magmatic rocks indicating the location of the fabulous mines of Mineral de Dolores where extraordinary rich deposits of gold, silver and copper chanced to the surface in this remote corner of Mexico.

The easy picking are long gone, hauled out by mule trains to finance global plundering by the Imperial Spanish Throne. The mines are soon visible honeycombing the crumbling pluton. A settlement remains, perhaps fifty assorted dwellings plastered across the hillside. A tottering bunch of old municipal buildings set on a terrace marks the colonial town centre. In a tin shed the throb of a large diesel engine is a reminder that the wealth of Mineral de Dolores is not yet completely exhausted. But the men outside in yellow safety helmets leaning on a brand new pickup truck are not Mexican. Hi, they greet us in Canadian.

We drive the stock into the centre of town, it's the only way through. The whole town turns out to lend a hand. The vaqueros are in high spirits, here we'll spend the night and things are beginning to warm up. Central to the town is a huge circular walled prison compound, a relic of more prosperous, rowdy times. The massive iron gates are flung open and a festive crowd funnels the cattle inside. Several of the older cattle have already gone lame from two hard days on the trail. Avaristo lights a fire against the prison wall and is roasting lechugia (aloe) to treat sore hooves with the hot juices. The lame animals are lassoed and thrown down in the compound. The roping antics trigger a lassoing frenzy. The vaqueros can put the noose wherever they choose and they demonstrate their skill on dogs, pigs, donkeys and children. Any object may suddenly be ensnared in a noose thrown by a slick, mounted cowboy. The kids are out of school now and come riding up on a variety of mounts. The knots of teenage girls have an eye for Malboro Man. All is termoil in the compound as El toro, overweight and lame is thrown down. Now its the turn of the riding mules, some need new shoes from the blacksmith kit we carry.

The prison gates clang shut and a local mariachi band seranades us at dinner. The vaqueros want to dance but the girls are shy, but hang around anyway. A goat herder and his five year old son call in to collect their pup and ride back into the sierras. The Canadians stop by with a welcome crate of beer. Canadian companies have bought mining claims all over Mexico, indeed, across the world. They bulldozed the dirt road from Madera to Dolores just a few years ago. They'll sit on the claim till its deemed worthwhile mining the precious ore. The Sierra Madre range is almost entirely igneous rocks containing many rich ore bodies.

Next morning the cows are released from jail. Their spirits are much mellowed now except for a few wild eyed steers on which we keep a close watch. The rainbow herd is well bunched as we head steeply out of town. These are no showy Hollywood Herefords but a blend of every breed out on the desert range; brahma, angus, charollais, hereford, santa gertrudes and even shorthorn. Many are polled but a few carry the exquisite spread of the ancient longhorn breed. Except for El Toro, none carry much flesh after subsisting on thorn bushes, cactus and occasional dry grass for a treat. They look like walking hat racks today but they will fatten on grain in the feed lots of Texas.

The procession of kids following us out of town soon tire, But a few ratty, dogs seeking attention or adoption follow us all the way to the river. Passing the cemetery the riders doff their hats and salute the dead. They repeat this mark of re-

spect at the roadside icons looking naked without their sombreros which they rarely remove and almost never loose while mounted.

The cavalcade descends a thousand metres into a deep canyon carved by the Rio Tutuacca which I crossed at its junction a week ago. The canyon is carved entirely into massive beds of conglomerate forming terrifying cliffs that overhang the dirt road. The cliffs look unstable and the cattle are uneasy. Not so the vaqueros, todays there's singing and joking and much pulling at the bottle. The Patron, Fermin Rascon, draws his shiny pistol and lets fly at wild bee nests in the overhangs high above.

The cattle hurry on down to the river and eschew the plank bridge for a ford upstream where they pause to suck down full bellies of clear water, anticipating the hard climb ahead. The dogs, uncertain of their next move, race howling back to town when the boys take pot-shots.

We follow the road up out of the canyon then break off into the dense chaparral, back into the mountains with little semblance of a trail. Today is hot and sticky, stock ambles in a trance like state and wont be hurried. We all dismount to prod and bully the herd onwards. I have a telescopic ski pole which is very effective. Nevertheless, when El Toro halts to chew on shrubs and I give him a hearty poke, he just closes his eyes and keeps on chewing.

The youngest cabronies, little more than calves, are falling asleep as they stumble and nod up the steep incline. Men and beasts walk together in a dreamy haze when suddenly, without warning, one of the steers lets out a weird, eerie bellow.

Instantly, the herd explodes into a stampede across the rocky hillside. The vaqueros leap to saddle and spur off to encircle the stricken animals before they come to grief. The panic is over in minutes when the herd is safely bunched again. Avaristo is very agitated saying the animal that bellowed had a nightmare as it dozed spreading instant terror to the other animals. This dangerous condition can lead stricken animals to stampede over cliffs. This strange trait is common amongst bison herds too.

We regain the pine forest as light fades. The stock have found forage and will not stir far before dawn. We are tired too. Clouds have been building in the west and a cold wind is blowing at this high camp. There is an old cabin nearby but the boys do not approach it but fire up a great blaze in the open. I set up my little tent While the vaqueros roll out a large heavy canvas sheet on the pine needles. They roll out their saddle blankets upon half of it in a tight row. At "lights out" they clown around for a bit before drawing up the other half of the sheet to envelope the entire gang. There is much joking and laughter from under the mass bed-roll and they call me over, But I am content.

Next morning snow has fallen and the stream is frozen solid.

The vaqueros tumble from their cozy cocoon and kick up the fire. I ask about the empty cabin but they respond with mysterious gestures and queer looks. There is a hex on the place and I don't pursue the matter. At this point five of the cowboys are paid off including Malboro Man and Thomas, the real pro. They will return to their various ranches across the sierras. There is much back slapping and hand shaking and pulling at the bottle before they gallop off to Mineral de Delores and beyond.

Now we are five riders including the Patron and his uncle Avaristo who has swapped his palamino pony for a mule. We are late getting started and can only find half the herd. El Torro is the trouble maker, disappearing with a bunch of steers. I take off with the pack mules driving the remaining stock before me. After a while I'm surprised to see a fence line cutting across the range. I hold the stock at a gate until the truants have been rounded up and come galloping back to join us. There are other cattle on the range on this section who come racing to inspect the intruders. As they are chased off the nosiest animals are lassoed just for the hell of it, while our herd pays not the slightest heed to the galivanting visitors.

Leaving the tame topography of the range land we begin to traverse high forested ridges rising over two thousand metres above sea level, the highest we have so far crossed. This is our hardest day and the cattle, weak and hungry fan out into the open forest where its hard to keep them bunched. The five of us are on foot again today. Its easier to keep warm in the slanting snow showers and cold wind. I feel sorry for the lighter clad vaqueros especially Avaristo who is seventy years old.

We cross the exposed ridges and pick our way through snow drifts lying in the hollows then light a huge fire at lunch time while the stock rest.

Late in the day we cross the last ridge where the terrain eases as we come down onto a broad plateau. Beyond is the deep cavernous trough of the Rio Sirupa which is our destination. It's almost dark when we reach the canyon rim and the convenient corral. This, our last nights camp is adjacent to extensive cliff house ruins of the old Pueblo Culture. The river valley is laid out below us, lights twinkling in distant ranch houses.

We rise on this, our last day an hour before dawn and shake the hoar frost from our canvas shelter eating the eternal beans and tortillas standing tight round the fire. Sunrise is welcome but we're already driving the stock into the gloom of the valley. Its a difficult descent breaking through cliff bands and holding to steep narrow spurs. By the time we reach the

river the day is throbbing with warmth. The cattle find forage and we loll on the river bank in the eye aching sun.

Cowboys ride out from Rancho Sirupa and take over, driving the herd across the ford into the giant stock pen. The cattle sense the change of venue and roll their eyes. But we have extra hands now and the animals are soon weighed and immunized before their long, last ride to the stock yards of El Paso.

At the ranch house chiles, onions and thin beef steaks are seared for us in screaming hot aromatic oils. Beer cans pop and the boys can relax.

I board the bus in Madera next morning as the vaqueros prepare to ride hard back across the sierras to Rancho San Antonio.

Pictures for the Slideshow 20th January 2009

You will see in the Social Calendar that a Slideshow is planned for January—a Review of the past Year. Some members of the Committee have thought for a while that, although the big trips get a well-deserved public showing at our winter slideshows, many of us have shorter trips, odd days out or more specialised outings that don't warrant a show all on their own but, taken together would provide an entertaining evening for us all.



The Editor is putting together a selection of pictures covering the whole of 2008. Subjects include most of the walks, meets and other events organised by the club, including working weekends and other times at High House, plus a selection from memorable days out on hills in the UK and from members international trips. The photographs he has already look great but there are gaps in the collection so:

IF YOU HAVE ANY PHOTOGRAPHS THAT YOU WOULD LIKE TO SHARE WITH THE FELLFARERS, FROM CLUB EVENTS OR JUST FROM GOOD DAYS OUT, HOLIDAYS, PICTURES YOU ARE PROUD OF, TAKEN IN 2008, PLEASE LET THE EDITOR KNOW IN TIME FOR HIM TO ADD IT TO THE COLLECTION, say 15th January.

There may also be a short collection of "From the Archives" photographs to round off the evening.

It would be nice to think that this could become a regular annual event - please help it get off to a good start!

Deadline for Material for Publication in the Anniversary Book

The Editorial Team, Roger, Hugh, Kevin, Fred, and the Editor, are still working hard on the book, getting increasingly aware that deadlines are looming.



There are still big gaps (in stories and pictures), gaps that we know our present members can fill. Are you one of those who are meaning to contribute but haven't got round to doing something about it yet ?

We hope to start collating the material at about the end of January so, if you have something for us and are willing to help, you must let us know before then.

We will do all the work - just let us know that you have something of interest.

Know your hills - the Answer.

It's Pen y Ghent, of course, looking rather disappointing when properly proportioned. The photo was taken from Darnbrook Fell on 25th November 2008



Johnnie Walsh's Mystery Tour 13th September 2008

David Birkett

On an encouraging -weather day in September, ten Fellfarers caught the Coniston Rambler from Kendal; anticipation was high; John and Caroline Walsh were in charge - with a "I don't know where I'm going - mystery tour" approach - the guessing was on.

The 25 seater bus, complete with worn clutch, was full at Windermere and was delayed for 30 minutes between Brockhole and Low Wood by traffic lights and the first ever Great North Swim, with 2,000 competitors (including 5 gold medal olympian swimmers) helicopter, rodeo atmosphere and all the paraphernalia of modern living. Mutterings went up and down the bus: 'was this the right location..', 'this road is always busy at weekends anyway...!', 'where are you going to put all the cars...!'. We finally passed a jazz band and swimmers emerging from the water, and drove off into normality, picking up more passengers in Ambleside.

Our arrival in Hawkshead was about 40 minutes behind schedule. A dash was made for the facilities before a walk through the quaint streets and alleyways of this classic Lake District village. The pace was brisk and Johnnie was 'told' by a septuagenarian to 'slow down' as we climbed above Walkerground, emerging into the Forestry Enterprise woodland near Goosey-foot Tarn.

Mountain bikers were numerous on the forest roads to Moor Top. We then crossed the Grizedale road, turning for High Barn before entering the 'sitka sea'. We headed for Sunnyside, which was a good omen for the hours to come. John called a halt for 'butties', members sharing the banter of a typical Fellfarer's gathering.

The whip was cracked by the 'fuhrer', the pace picked up and we were back on time. We passed to the west of Grizedale Tarn, a shallow peat moss tarn and former emergency water supply for the hall in the valley below, built by the Brocklebank family. The hall was a former prisoner of war camp, featuring in epic films and is now demolished. Today the location is a camping site and visitor centre.

This area comprises of vast plantations with names such as 'New South Wales', 'Potato Peg', and 'Black Apple Tree'; one could be in another country.

We finally emerged at Low Dale Park, climbing up the bridleway to Whitestile and the Graythwaite Hall road. John had gained permission from the Sandys family to walk direct to High Dam by way of their fishing tarn at Green Hows, with its new boathouse and dam walls. The so-called path was expertly followed through bogs and plantations, staked with posts at intervals, before emerging onto Great Green Hows (229 m.).

The air was warm, the sun shining and the oldies were flagging (including myself). I noticed a red deer hind slither into tree cover as we had our second break of the day.

'Not far now' proclaimed the leader. We quickly found the Rusland path skirting the edge of the idyllic High Dam nestling in the Bannisdale slate landscape clothed in heather and dying bracken. The artificial tarn provided water for the Stott Park Bobbin Mill, built in 1835 and now a working Visitor Centre. For the technically minded, the driving wheel was 32" diameter, 5" width, high-breasted and developed 35 hp. (Davies-Shiel).

The final part of the walk was from Finsthwaite village, through the fields to Wintering Park and Summer House Knott woodland, descending steeply to Newby Bridge. The area was alive with traffic and wedding guests drinking expensive beer at the Swan. We crossed the A590 to the Newby Bridge Hotel and quaffed beer and ate very expensive chips. Our merriment was curtailed by the need to board the X35 bus, which was full of travellers heading, no doubt, for the Torchlight Carnival and oblivion.

Thank you John and Caroline for a grand day out.

Picture right: "I want that number plate."



Working Weekend 19-21st September 2008



By lunchtime on FRIDAY, some of The Summer Wine Team were already hard at work doing on the jobs that were best done before those still in gainful employment arrived. The light fittings were all replaced, plasterwork on the men's end gable wall was patched ready for painting and all the broken glass was repaired by the club Glazier and Archivist.

Saturday turned out to be a quiet day in comparison with previous working weekends. Just 18 members turned up but at least we weren't wandering round looking for extra jobs!

The rusting corrugated sheets which covered the septic tank filter bed has been replaced by a solid timber structure, too heavy for children to lift and much better for tap-dancing on.

The most exciting job was carried out by a team of three: Richard waited at the new soot-box door next to the stove while Mike (Ali) manoeuvred the sweeps brush on the roof (below). Bill was the co-ordinator and *almost* got it right with his calls. The result was a bucket full and a face-full of soot for Richards. We now have a nice clean chimney though, for the first time since the stove went in!

Mark, working without the rest of the Heavy Gang but with new recruit Frank, did a magnificent job of burying the water pipe and cable which were exposed last time as part of the project to improve the fire escape from the upper floor (see page three for news about the Planning Application for the building work). It took a lot of thinking-out as well as deep digging and muscle-power to complete the work. This was a job which we didn't expect to get finished this weekend and it's saved the S.W. Team an extra visit. They must owe him a pint for that.

The four tell-tales which have been installed to monitor the cracks in the two gable walls were checked and show no sign of the walls moving since they (the tell-tales) were installed earlier this year. They'll be checked at every working weekend for the foreseeable future and the results recorded.

The drying room wall got creosoted just before the Ed leaned against it in his nice clean fleece jumper.....

One bit of bad news is that during a survey of timbers, a considerable amount of woodworm was discovered in the loft. All loose wood was removed and burned and the National Trust will be informed. When it is treated High House may be unusable for a day or two.

The Chairman's Wall which had been partly demolished (I wonder what the vehicle looked like after that bump?) was rebuilt and part of the fire-pit which had been intentionally taken apart to create a hole to put a little fire in (children?) was repaired. Because of reduced numbers, one of the really important jobs didn't get done -the repainting of all the windows outside. That means it will be top of the list for the March Working Weekend. Put it in your diary now!

All the usual checking and cleaning jobs got done of course and by Sunday lunchtime High House positively gleamed in the sunlight.

Three of the Trustees held their usual Sunday morning meeting and were pleased to note that the club is making great advances towards full compliance with all the terms of the National Trust Lease.

Well done us!



Westmorland Beer Festival 10th October 2008

Bill Hogarth

Well, I was sat at home wondering if anyone would be daft enough to want to go to the Beer Festival on the worst night we had seen for a long time. Then the phone rang. The voice at the other end said, "Richard here. Are we still on for tonight?" "Yes, why not?" came the brave reply. As it was horizontal wind and rain that evening, it didn't seem to deter his enthusiasm. You see it's all right for Richard as he is at the forefront of cave exploration and for him it was just a walk in the park. So it didn't matter a jot to him, but me being a soft climber these days it did, but what the heck. "See you there", I said. And that was that.

On our arrival at the Town Hall quite a few hardy Kendal folk had made the effort, and once we had sampled a few fine ales the world seemed a better place. Ray Garnet and Steve were also there, bringing the Fellfarer contingent up to four. On our departure the weather had eased quite a lot so Richard set off to walk home. I jumped into a taxi. As a climber you need to look after yourself you know. I couldn't afford to get my hair wet twice in one night.

THE FELLFARER'S FUNGUS FORAY Roudsea Wood 12 October 2008

Bill Hogarth

When the fungi walk was advertised in the Fell farer I made a point that I would like to go on it, and on arriving at the Anglers Arms in Haverthwaite, it seemed everyone else had the same idea, I didn't do a head count but I think there where about twenty five to thirty Fellfarers and friends eagerly assembled (top right), and this was without some regular stalwarts who where on route back from Skye, And others who where on there travels in India, other wise we could have had another six or so more. Now here's the down side: unfortunately we only had one Helen. But after a brief talk at Rowdsea wood car park, we set of into the wood and set about spotting our various species of Fungi, it was a bit like celebrity spotting and we where the paparazzi, the poor old Fungi must have wondered what had hit it, one minute they where quietly spouring away or what ever Fungi does when it's minding its own business, and the next minute they where surrounded by a crowd of flashing cameras, some of the fungi we spotted where quite discreet delicate little things, others seemed to advertise them selves, like the fly agric with its bright red cap, and the stinkhorn with its terrible ardour, and its lets say strange shape, you will have to look one up to see what I mean.

Before long three or four hours passed quickly by and poor Helen was bombarded with all manor of questions but she held up well.

We all had a very enjoyable morning, and I for one found it really interesting, and there's no doubt I will be purchasing a field guide next time I'm in a bookshop. I would like to pass on our thanks to Helen for her time, and look forward to another woodland walk sometime in the future. That's once Helen has recovered from her ordeal and has had chance to clone herself half a dozen or so times.

1. Amanita	citrina	false death cap
2. Amanita	muscaria	fly agaric
3. Amanita	rubescens	blusher
4. Armillaria	mellea	honey fungus
5. Betulinus	polyporus	birch polypore
6. Bjerkandera	adusta	smoky polypore
7. Calocera	pallidospathulata	spoon shaped jelly disc
8. Clavulina	cinerea	grey coral fungus
9. Clitocybe	geotropa	trooping funnel
10. Clitocybe	metachroa	
11. Collybia	butyracea	buttercap
12. Coprinus	picaceus	maggie fungus
13. Cortinarius	croceus	
14. Cortinarius	sanguineus	blood-red webcap
15. Crepidotus	mellis	Peeling oysterling
16. Crepidotus	variabilis	variable oysterling
17. Daedaleopsis	confragosa	blushing bracket
18. Entoloma	rhodopolium	wood pinkgill
19. Grifola	frondosa	hen of the woods
20. Hygrocybe	coccinea	scarlet waxcap
21. Hypholoma	fasciculare	sulphur tuft
22. Kuehneromyces	mutabilis	velvet toughshank / sheathed woodtuft
23. Laccaria	amethystina	amethyst deceiver
24. Lactarius	tabidus	birch milkcap
25. Maramius	androsaceus	horsehair fungus
26. Marasmius	oreades	fairy-ring champignon
27. Marasmius	ramealis	twig parachute
28. Mycena	galopus	milk drop mycena
29. Mycena	galericulata	bonnet mycena
30. Mycena	pura	lilac bonnet
31. Nectria	cinnabarina	coral spot
32. Neobulgaria	pura	jellydisc
33. Phallus	impudicus	stinkhorn
34. Pluteus	cervinus	deer mushroom
35. Postia	stiptica	bitter bracket
36. Russula	cyanoxantha	charcoal burner
37. Russula	nigricans	blackening brittlegill
38. Russula	ochroleuca	common yellow brittlegill
39. Scleroderma	citrinum	common earthball
40. Stereum	hirsutum	hairy stereum
41. Trametes	versicolor	turkey tail
42. Trichaptum	abietinum	purplepore bracket
43. Tricholoma	sulphureum	sulphur knight
44. Xylaria	hypoxylon	candle snuff

Fungi spotted at Roudsea:

I managed to ID / record the ones listed above right:

I was defeated at the species level by a couple of Cortinarius spp. (including one very handsome specimen) and a couple of Inocybe spp.

These groups are notoriously difficult to ID and are strictly for the zealots.

Helen Speed



Joan and Mary take a Walk—Everest Base Camp Slide Show 14th October 2008

Roger Atkinson

A good turn out of Fellfarers met at the Strickland Arms to share a journey with Joan, Mary and family. We landed at Kathmandu and toured the sights, magnificent religious buildings and a very different culture; then, after a flight to Lukla, we started walking to Everest Base Camp. Our switchback route crossed rivers on bridges which would bring joy to the heart of a Elf and Safety geek, passed through local villages with their ancient buildings, tea houses and hostels; but not for us; we were camping and all the way we absorbed the local atmosphere and ambience.

After nine days we scrambled over boulders and ice to reach Base Camp, our final goal. But no; there was a sting in the tail: We were expected to climb Kala Patthar, a 5,623m. (18,556 ft.) trekkers peak the following day. All of this took place in mainly good weather with the Himalayas as a stunning backdrop which was reflected in the dazzling photographs. The commentary added the detail which eluded the photos, much of it of a lavatorial nature.

So, Joan and Mary, thank you for letting us share a marvellous journey with you.

Bonfire Night 5th November 2008

The Walshaws did us proud again, acting as hosts for the Fellfarers Bonfire Night celebrations. Thank you Ann and Tony. A superb pyramid of wood, nursing a heart of red diesel and other highly flammable substances, greeted the twenty-five club-members who finally gathered there (some had navigation problems en route).

Guy, who looked suspiciously like one of our number was duly reduced to ash on the pyre and the two barbecues produced much, slightly less ashy, food for us all. The Peters, G and B, were busy all evening producing co-ordinated pyrotechnic displays with the fireworks we all brought. Busy, that is until Tony's phone rang and he learned that he had forgotten to inform a farming neighbour of the event. We hope he's talking to you again Tony, and that he managed to round up his cattle eventually.

This slight contretemps wasn't allowed to put a damper on the evening but it did mean no more fireworks though. That's ok. We had seen plenty. Now we've lots of fireworks left for Christmas, New Year.....Any ideas anyone?

Remembrance Sunday 9th November 2008

Clare Fox

I made a conscious decision to go to Castle Crag instead of Great Gable this year. It just sounded a more personal event somehow and Castle Crag to me is a rather special top with everything going for it, rocks, trees and of course wonderful views particularly down the length of Derwent Water. It really seemed a very good place to remember the local lads from the Borrowdale valley who had died in the war. Also to remember as well all the brave men and women who have given up their lives fighting for justice and peace in different conflicts all over this fraught world of ours.

The weather had been awful and we were all prepared for a wet windy walk. I went in Phil and Sue's car down to the Scafell Hotel carpark. It very cosy with Peter Barnes sandwiched between myself and Joan. He didn't seem to mind at all!

The weather was kind to us and surprisingly dry as we set off for Castle Crag. Fabulous views came into sight as we climbed steadily through the fields towards the Crag. It was an enjoyable walk and we were soon joined by other Fellfarers making up a party of 11 for the ascent onto Castle Crag. The autumn colours were stunning and I couldn't help stopping every few minutes just to drink it all in. People were appearing from everywhere and by the time we arrived at the top of the crag there must have been well over 100 people gathered there. The number of Fellfarers were increased too by the arrival of Robert and his family.

Poppies, wooden crosses and wreaths were laid at the foot of the war memorial and just before 11am Miles commenced the proceedings with a reminder why we were there. This was followed by a prayer for all who had died, and were still dying, on the battle fields around the world. Then a minute's silence ensued and a woman (I am sorry I don't know her name) beautifully read the poem 'In Flanders Fields' by John McCrae. It was just right and I must confess bought a tear to my eye..... I was not alone.

The weather was changing and spots of rain were falling as we all made our way down from the summit of Castle Crag. We hurried across the fields, crossed the river and made our way down to the welcome fire at the Scafell Hotel. We were all soon in front of the fire and warming up with cups of coffee or hot chocolate. One or two brave souls actually managed something just a little bit stronger!

As we all sat together in the hotel we reflected on the ceremony and we all agreed that it had been a very meaningful experience and most fitting for the occasion. We were all very glad we had played our small part in it.



In Flanders Fields by John McCrae, May 1915

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep,
though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

Note from the Editor: I took Peter Burgess, founder of The Online Fellwalking Club, to High House as my guest this weekend. His account of the experience can be read on his club website. Here's a couple of extracts :

"Gladly, I parked up at High House and was immediately welcomed into the fold.....There was nearly a full complement of members in for the night ranging from young children to some of the more established members. I was really impressed with the whole set up....If you were to place a pin or two where you wanted such a club hut you'd choose upper Borrowdale..."

"Back at Seathwaite I wondered where Mick might be, but as I turned onto the driveway at High House there he was greeting me. The outside of my garments were soaked but I was warm and dry inside and it had been a new experience for me. It was a wonderful feeling to set forth from such a location in the morning and the brew of tea waiting for me on my return was just grand. Wonderful walk, wonderful venue and wonderful company. I think the OFC should try it some time."



The Moonlight Walk over the Howgills (14th November) was called off because of low cloud and cold wet weather. It wouldn't have been fun.

The Ed may have another go at full moon in the New Year. Maybe February? Let him know if you're interested.

The Voyages of the Cuma

The Fellfarers in the Outer Hebrides Slideshow - 18th November 2008

Another wopping turnout of 35 members watched the 3 voyages of the 'Cuma' as it rode the rough Atlantic waves, transporting us to the furthest points west (St Kilda), north (North Rona), and south (Mingulay) of the Outer Hebrides on three separate trips over the last four years.

Alecs video clip of the little boat bouncing over the waves at the end of the show made a few members feel a bit green but it wasn't enough to stop us demolishing the buffet when it arrived.

Makes you hungry, all that sea air.

Walking The Furness Way

A Slideshow by Janet Niepokojczycka - 10th December 2008

A disappointingly small audience turned up for this evening. Was it the change of day to a Wednesday, the cold weather, or pre-Christmas partying that reduced us to a third of our usual turn-out? Never mind; those who did come were given the treat of being taken from Arnside to Ravenglass over four days with a glass of beer in their hand - and never a drop spilt!

Janet has, of course, spent a lifetime exploring our countryside and giving talks about what she has discovered so I was not really surprised to learn that evening that there are still a hundred and one things I didn't know about our wonderful South Lakes landscape. I've now got a new list of things to go and look at and think about. It was a delightful evening. Thank you Janet.

"The Best Day Out This Year"

6th December 2008

It was Bill's idea, I think, to go up on Friday and have a walk out on Saturday "like we used to" before the dinner.

Richard and I drove up in the dark on Friday night and were a bit dismayed that, as we drove north, the snow seemed to retreat from the roadsides. By the time we reached High House there was not a hint of snow on the fields stretching up onto the dark fellsides. Richard, who'd hoped for a good walk on snowy hills, thought he might spend the following day walking to Rosthwaite for a newspaper and then reading it in the Scafell Hotel.

Saturday dawned bright and sunny. The snowline was way up near the top of Sourmilk Gill but Great End looked impressive with its coat of white gleaming against the deep blue sky. The hut was full of bustling bodies. Flasks were hastily filled and sandwich boxes were crammed with goodies. Richard thought he would come along after all and so nine of us set off, soon after 9 o'clock, heading towards Stockley Bridge.

The path between Stockley and the 'White Bridge' was treacherous with ice and we moved at a snail's pace. I thought our objective of Great End would prove to be impossible. We had three ice-axes between us! We worked our way upwards, however, kicking steps where the snow allowed it and hopping from grass-patch to grass-patch where it didn't.

When the ground steepened, Richard, Kirky and I committed to the snowy flanks of Allen Crag. The snow was a consistent cover now and getting deeper; and the two of them, both with axes, took it in turns to lead. We were deep in shadow but way above us the sunlight streamed across the snowy slopes, its promised warmth drawing us upwards. We caught occasional glimpses of the rest of the team toiling on the path far to our right. We felt the need to comment on the wonderful day that this was becoming but soon ran out of superlatives.

Richard was the first to step into the golden sunlight and we soon followed, enjoying the moment as if we'd reached a summit, taking photographs galore. Gable peered, huge and white, over the summit ridge of Seathwaite Fell and behind us, beyond the dark brown trough of Borrowdale, Skiddaw and Blencathra did their best to look alpine. Ice crystals glittered on the snow in the intense light all around us. Distant dark figures stood, hesitant, at the bottom of Central Gully and we could see other parties, roped-up, dotted about on the steep face of Great End rearing above us.

An awkward plod across the level ground at the head of Ruddy Gill; you know the kind of thing - several steps made confidently on firm frozen snow followed by a plunge, knee-deep or more, through the crust into soft powder beneath - took us across to join the others. A few minutes from there took us to Four Walls, where we tried to scoop drifted snow off the seats so that we could have a first lunch-stop. While we wolfed down sandwiches, Peter G had a good nourishing smoke.

We crossed Wainwright's "execrable stones", stopping to chat to a pair of climbers who had ascended Central Gully. "Awesome", one said, and I believed him.

The summit was a delight. Every fell was visible in the still clear air. Snaefell, on the Isle of Man, was too low, or perhaps too much affected by the sea, to have any snow on it but Criffel, in Galloway, had a light dusting. Everything nearer to hand was plastered with it. Everyone was chattering and smiling. "The best day out, ever" was repeated a few times. We seemed

to be one of the few walking parties. Everyone else seemed to be tooled up for winter climbing. We had our second lunch and Stuart forced some of his fluorescent orange drink on Peter. "You can tell it's powerful stuff from the colour." said Mike. "Is it still warm? He's only just filled that bottle." said someone else. Reluctantly (it was now about 3 o'clock) we made ready to descend. Someone made the inspired decision to head down towards the Band and thence to Sty Head. There was no path visible and the crags around Cust's Gully and Branch Gully were deep in drifted snow. Somehow we managed to pick our way down, tumbling down steep drifts, weaving between the rocky places, sometimes finding a few reassuring footprints and the losing them again. We were never quite sure if it would all end badly but we eventually reached the comparative safety of the Band without any deaths. The snowy tops were beginning to turn pink now and it would have been wonderful to linger for an hour as the sun set. We were probably as badly equipped with torches as we were with axes, though, and we had an appointment with the Scaffell Hotel, so we carried on down. Styhead Tarn was a perfect mirror, reflecting distant Blencathra (how many can say they've noticed that?) in one direction and towering Great End (just catching the last rays of the sun on its summit) in the other direction. We cut down across the fellside above the Thousand Foot Boulder and missed out much of the icy path by doing that. We soon gathered at Stockley Bridge once more to stroll, content, back to High House with a perfect day behind us.

Below, clockwise from top left: The Lads at Four Walls, Peter approaching Great End Summit, Descending to the Band, Mike and Richard looking across to Base Brown and beyond.



From The Archives

Here's an extract from Peter O'Loughlin's account of his first visit to High House, taken from the 1946 K Fellfarers' Journal. See pages 4-5

THE FIRST OF MANY

P. O'LOUGHLIN

On looking back to the first visit I made to the K Hostel I realise now how much things have changed.

Well do I remember how I enjoyed my initiating visit and the trip to the Hostel by bicycle. Will I ever forget it? Never, even if I live to be a hundred years old. The feeling that I was venturing forth into Lakeland, a place that was both new and strange to me filled me with intense gratification that my wish to see the mountains and lakes surrounding me was at last going to be filled. Many times when I was abroad used to think about that journey, and I often wondered if I counted too much on things being just as they used to be. Perhaps that is why everything appears to be different.

Anyway I will just give you an idea of that journey, then maybe you will join me in fathoming my misunderstanding of the present state of affairs.

The arrangement to go up to this Hostel was the outcome of many and varied discussions with Dick Pickthall (a man whom I'm sure you all know).

We were all dead keen to go up, so we decided one week-end to cycle there, setting off at 6-30 p.m. and going via Keswick. There were five of us altogether, Dick Pickthall, Myers Ferguson, Wally Sanderson, Frank Hayes and myself. At 6-50 p.m. Dick had a puncture - our first mishap. We repaired it and carried on. 7-30 p.m. found us passing through Staveley and everybody stared at us as though we were freaks, which I supposed was quite a justified conception as we were dolled up in any old togs, with huge rucksacks on our backs, and rather shaky bicycles.

At 8-45 p.m. we entered Ambleside feeling rather peckish, so we nipped smartly to the nearest fish shop and satisfied our hunger.

Then in better spirits we continued our journey. We passed through Grasmere at about five miles per hour, and when we got about halfway up Dunmail Raise we decided to have a rest.

Myers must have misunderstood Dick's statement that we were only stopping for five minutes, because he promptly went to sleep. We managed to shake him and get him on his bike, but what we couldn't understand was why he seemed so ungrateful. Anyway we reached the top of the Raise, finding out when we got there, that it wasn't the top at all, but nearly halfway down the other side. The wind had been so strong against us that we hadn't realised we were walking downhill. No wonder it had taken us an hour to do it.

We had a nice run down the rest of the hill and were soon approaching the outskirts of Keswick. There Dick had another puncture, but sooner than repair it we decided to ride two on a bike, and wheel Dick's bike alongside our own, taking it in turns.

In Keswick Market Place however, Wally, who had Frank on behind him, got stopped by the Constable on duty, who made them get off.

Therefore we walked through Keswick and then proceeded on our way as before. We rode for about four miles like this, and then decided to repair Dick's puncture, the time then being 1 a.m. We managed that and then carried on, feeling dog-tired but still dead keen. Another two miles further on I ran into the pavement edge and buckled my wheel, which meant taking out my front brake blocks. Myers and Wally insisted that I had fallen asleep on my bike, but of course I knew better - it was just a strange road that I was on. So we pedalled on until at last, with Seathwaite Farm in sight we were too tired to even ask Dick "How much further?"

Wally had the misfortune to get cramp in his legs. He dropped off his bike and started to hobble up and down the road in an effort to restore circulation. We decided to walk the rest of the way as we were all very saddle-sore and a little bit weary of cycling, so we trudged on through the farm and up to the hostel. It wasn't a very impressive sight in the dark, in fact it was like a dilapidated farm house silhouetted against the sky, but to us it represented a haven, our goal. In fact, a goal to which we had travelled hard with rucksacks that seemed to weigh a ton and be tied together with string which cut into our shoulders. But we were satisfied, and when we entered it after seven hours in the saddle we realised it had been worth it.

We cooked a meal and sat talking for an hour, completely forgetting that earlier on we had vowed we would go to sleep as soon as we arrived at the Hostel.

Eventually we did go to bed and slept until 8 a.m. when we were roused from our slumber by Frank who had got up earlier and made some tea for us. After the tea we got out of our beds, washed, had breakfast, and then walked to the Seathwaite Slabs and endeavoured to do our best to conquer what we thought were very fine rock climbs.

Having satisfied our desire for rocks, Dick took us over Glaramara to Dove Nest Caves, where we spent a very enjoyable afternoon in the Caves, which captivated our interest straight away. We returned to the Hostel at night, thoroughly satisfied with our day's outing.

Early on Sunday morning we went to Seathwaite Slabs again and spent a few pleasant hours scrambling on the rocks.

We returned to the Hostel and cleaned the place up, after which we set off for home which we reached without any trouble at all.....

January 2009

9 - 10th January
2009

Glencoe Meet



The Clachaig Chalets

14 beds - 2 nights

£34 per person

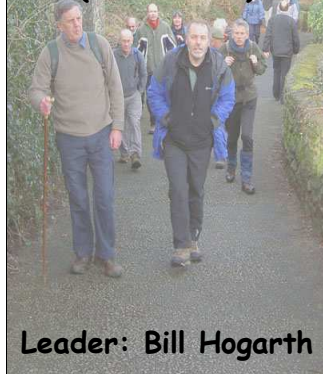
Still some beds left

Contact: Val Calder

10th January 2009

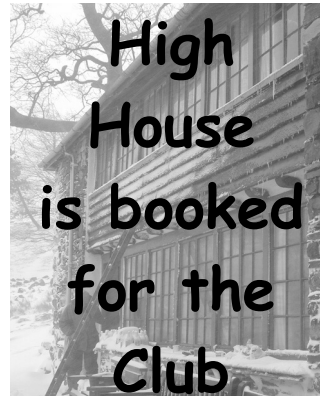
Charlie's Walk

Starting from the steps of County Hall, Kendal at 11.30 am and including a short detour into the fortified farmyard of Cunswick Hall (GR 934 486)



Leader: Bill Hogarth

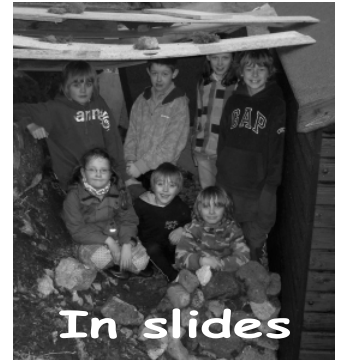
16-17th January 2009



A Winter Walk in Borrowdale (the Cumberland one) Route to be agreed Friday. Followed by a bar-meal and a bus-ride back to the hut.

Tuesday

20th January 2009
Review of 2008
The Fellfarers Year



In slides

The Strickland Arms
7.30 pm

Guests are welcome
Buffet provided

**Still
January !**

Friday
30th January 2009
K Fellfarers
76th Annual AGM



The main business will be the Election of a New President and Trustee, plus a vote on future Membership Fees

The Strickland Arms
7.30
Buffet provided

February

13-19th February
2009

High House
is booked
for the Club



IT'S
HALF-TERM

Saturday 7th February 2009
The Chairman's
Walk



Meet at Barbon church (near Kirkby Lonsdale)

10 am
Grid Ref 630 824

The Walk is about 8 miles, a mixture of woods, fields and fells on the edge of potholing country.
Parking limited-please share cars!

The **NEW** committee will meet on Tuesday 3rd February at The Rifleman's Arms. Who will be there? Come and join us for a pint.

28th February 2009
75th Anniversary

CEILIDH



Castle Street
Centre, Kendal

Music by Tumbling Tom

7.30 - 11.30 pm

Adults £5
Children £1.50

Admission by ticket
(limited number)
available from any
committee member

March

The committee will meet on **Tuesday 3rd March** at *The Rifleman's Arms*. We'll be discussing whether it's true that, for a man: Old age is not when you forget to pull up the zip afterwards. Old age is when you forget to pull down the zip before....
Come and join us for a pint.

7TH MARCH 2009

The Appetite Enhancer:
A 7 MILE WALK ALONG THE LANCASHIRE / WESTMORLAND BORDER Leader: Peter Goff
Meet: Cinderbarrow Model Railway Car-park, just off the A6, 2 miles south of Beetham (GR 758514)
11 am

Followed by :
THE ANNUAL DINNER AT: THE EAGLE AND CHILD STAVELEY 7.30 FOR 8

Return the enclosed menu, marked with your choice of meal, to Val Calder by **21st February** to book your seat

13 - 14th March 2009

Working Weekend



The main job at High House will be the rebuilding of the back corner of the Men's End, but there'll be lots of other work to do!

Followed by the hearty communal dinner, of course.

Sunday 15th March: Trustees Meeting

27th March 2009

Walk / Meal

Meet : Kendal Bus Station for the 555 Bus (9.39 am)
Start : Bus stop/lay-by at the bottom of Dunmail Raise 11 am
Route: via Sergeant Man, to the ODG, Great Langdale
Return bus: ODG to Ambleside 4.25 pm
Meal to be decided on the day.



Leader: Tony Walshaw

April

The committee will meet on **Tuesday 7th April** at *The Rifleman's Arms*. We'll be discussing what Yvon Chouinard meant when he recommended climbers to: "Get into good physical conditioning by training.....unless you are English."
Come and join us for a pint.

3-4th April 2009 Clapham Hut Meet

Lowstern Hut
(Yorkshire Ramblers)
Grid reference 736691.



"...in a secluded position in a small wood surrounded by farmland about half a mile from Clapham village."

AN IDEAL BASE FOR EXPLORATION OF INGLEBOROUGH AND THE NORBER / MOUGHTON / SULBER LIMESTONE PAVEMENTS

Sleeps 16
£7 per person per night

Details: Peter Goff

9 - 12th April 2009



is booked for the Club

It's Easter!

Tuesday
21st April 2009
A Short Slideshow on Fungus-Spotting



and
A Social Evening
Strickland Arms
7.30

Guests are welcome
Buffet provided

23 April 2009

Climbing For All

The first outdoor climbing evening of the summer.
Everyone welcome.



Hutton Roof Crag
GR 565 782

Meet there at any time between 6 pm and sunset.

CLUB OFFICIALS

PRESIDENT: John Peat Tel: 015395 32244

TRUSTEES

Peter Ford Tel: 01768 777238
Mick Fox Tel: 01539 727531
Gordon Pitt Tel: 015395 68210
Alec Reynolds Tel: 01229 821099

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John Walsh Tel: 01539 726235
Tony Walshaw Tel: 015395 52491

Other Information

Seathwaite Farm (Emergencies only) Tel: 017687 77284

OUR CLUB

K Fellfarers Club Website: www.kfellfarers.co.uk
High House Website: www.k-fellfarers.co.uk
High House (and farm) Postcode: CA12 5XJ
High House OS ref: Explorer OL4 grid ref. 235119

OUR PARTNERS

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

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

- **OREAD MOUNTAINEERING CLUB**
 (Reciprocal Rights Partnership)
Oread Website www.oread.co.uk

Oread huts -available to Fellfarers at the following rates:

Heathy Lea Cottage Baslow, Derbyshire.
 £2.50 per person, per night

Tan-y-Wyddfa Rhyd-Ddu, North Wales. O.S. Ref. 570527
 Fellfarers: £3 p.p.p.n., Guests: £6 p.p.p.n.

Oread Booking Secretary: Colin Hobday
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 DE22 2FS
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Next Edition of ^{the}Fellfarer:

Beginning of April, so material for
 publication by **8th March**, please.

