

the Fellfarer

July 2009

Number 54



Ed

We now have a dependable bunch of regular contributors to *The Fellfarer*, people who rarely say no, and that is great for the club. It's a very small bunch though, given that our membership is now almost 150, and it's not enough. What were **you** up to today, or last weekend, or last month? On the hills, or the lakes, or the rocks, or the fields, I mean. Something good, interesting, exciting, funny? Even a bad day can make good reading. Please drop me a line. Tell us all about it. Or just one photograph. Even if it's in the pub after a wet day, or your children* looking miserable when you tell them to put the mattresses back on the bunks. It's all good stuff. None of it will ever be wasted. Every contribution goes into the club archive so that some future historian will be able to look at the pictures and the text and conclude: "Here's a bunch of people who, unlike most of the population in the UK at that time, knew about real life and how to enjoy it." I hope that's how it will be.

Ed.

PS Yes, the picture of Kevin in an heroic position on the right has been tilted a little bit. I t felt that steep but it wasn't really.

*On the subject of children, Mark Weir turned up for the party in his helicopter in May. The children had an exciting 'go' in the pilot's seat:



Here's George Smallwoods picture of the machine, drawn from memory. Personalised, of course. Pretty good eh? Let's have more contributions from the children please.



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Cover Photograph : After the Party 2nd May 2009
Contents Photograph : Kevin near the top of Raeburn's Gully, Creag Meaigaidh 17th March 2009
Back Page Photograph The Ed, also in Raeburn's Gully



Dear Editor,

Just to put the record straight, I didn't say "Bugger" (your Winter Walk Report in the last issue). What I most likely said was, "Damn it." I wouldn't use that kind of language in front of a lady and certainly not in front of Rupert.

The Archivist



CLUB NEWS

Welcome to **new members**: Sue and Tony Maguire, Irene and Graham Ramsbottom, David Kellett, and Janne Greasley of Kendal, Sarah Jennings of Garstang, and Gavin Noble of Cheshire.

Someone at the 75th Birthday Party left a pair of **boots**, complete with a pair of red woolly socks inside, at High House. The boots are of olive-green leather, with Vibram soles. If they are yours, please contact the Secretary.

The BMC leaflet on **Insurance for Members** posted with the last copy of the Fellfarer may have been misleading to those who didn't read it very very carefully. The Committee would like to clarify the situation as far as it can at the moment: The Insurance that members now have as an integral part of their club membership is for Public Liability in connection with Mountaineering Activities only. *It is not Personal Injury Insurance and it is not Travel Insurance.* The £10 million cover is against the possibility of you being sued by someone because you have in some way caused harm to that person while you have been engaged in walking, climbing, scrambling, or similar activities on mountains. *It does not cover Skiing, Fellracing, Road or Mountain Biking, any form of Boating, Caving, Mine Exploration, etc.* The Committee understands that the Policy is being reconsidered by the Underwriters and/or the BMC at the moment and has a number of questions to ask to clarify some grey areas (particularly in relation to people staying at High House). If you have a question you would like to have answered by the BMC, please contact Hugh Taylor.

The Committee is finding that its work is becoming more complex as it tries to deal with all the stuff imposed by the outside world. It has recently dealt with several issues by forming small sub-committees to do the work and then report back to the Committee. It seems to work. As a further experiment there will soon be three new small **sub-committees** which will deal with the following areas of club business: **Club Management, Building Matters** and **Social Programme**. The sub-committees will meet as and when they need to, rather than at fixed intervals as the Committee does. We may call upon the expertise of other members, from time to time, to deal with some of the matters which crop up.

A plea to all **dog-owners**. It was noted during the pre-party tidy-up at the beginning of May that there was some dog-poo in the grounds, some of it quite clearly visible from the track/lawn etc. Some had also been collected in plastic bags and left hidden in a bin by the outside store. There was also some fresh muck discovered *after* the party. *Please be sure that your pet has left nothing for someone else to clear up.*

The Committee is increasingly concerned about the use of **candles at High House**. The main problem is of course the fire risk that they pose. Remember that much of the building is constructed of wood and that there are no fire/smoke barriers between rooms and between floors. Less serious, but just as annoying, is that some people have been using kitchenware (presumably as some sort of fire precaution) to put the candles in and then not cleaning up the waxed dishes and pans when they leave. The Committee asks all members, therefore, to refrain from taking candles to High House and to not light any inside the building.

Hugh Taylor would like all members to remember that he is keeping a **gallery of photographs** of club activities on the KFF website. He can only include whatever pictures members send him and he comments that there seems to be a preponderance of climbing photographs amongst those submitted. He asks that all the walkers, canoeists and kayakers, fellrunners, mountain bikers, skiers, scramblers and sailors consider letting him have a picture or two for the gallery. They don't *have* to be of club events.

Two recent little changes at High House :



King's Canyon – Central Australia

A Short Walk in the South – Number 1

4th December 2008

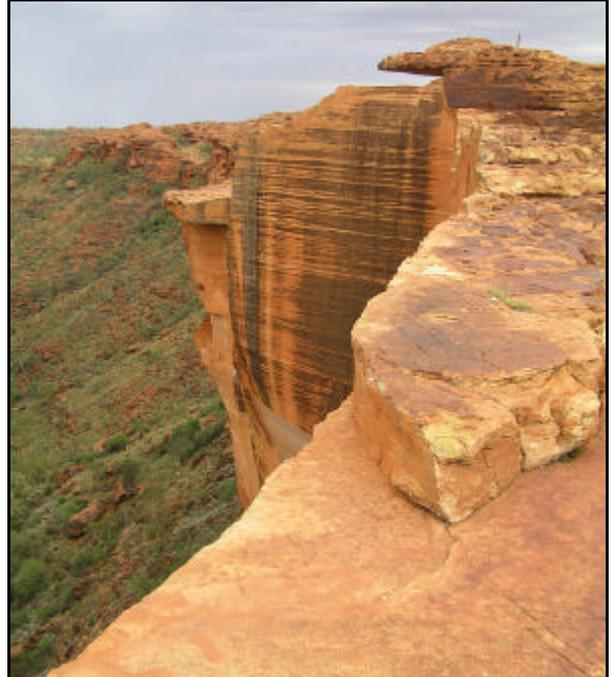
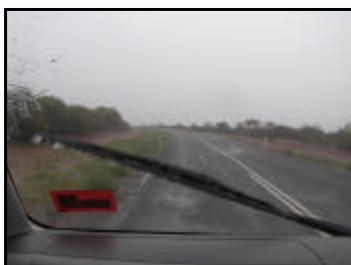
Alec Reynolds

When Mick asked me to do a write up of the 95 day trip to Australia and New Zealand that Krysia and I had just completed, I was somewhat daunted at the prospect of condensing so much into a few pages. "Well just pick a good day and write a piece on that" was Mick's suggestion. After some thought I decided to do four, the reason being we had four separate holidays in the three months: Central Australia, Southern Australia, Tasmania and New Zealand South Island.

King's Canyon is in the Red Centre, a mere stone's throw from both Alice Springs and Ayers, i.e. in Australian terms just a few hundred kilometres from each. On the day we arrived at the King's Canyon campsite, it topped out at 44°C and we spent the afternoon standing up to our necks in the swimming pool wondering if we would be able to do the walk. The Park Wardens in the Red Centre will not let you start a walk if it's too hot and they think you might die on the trail! We spent the evening in the local pub (Gills Bar) drinking extremely good local microbrewery beer, the highlight being the most tremendous thunderstorm and downpour that put most of the four wheel drive tracks in the area out of commission – washed away. I also had a chat with a local who told me his grandfather had emigrated from Barrow for £10 many years before. His great grandfather had worked in the shipyard.

We got up in the dark at 04:50 determined to get a good start before the sun became too hot. To our surprise the sky was completely overcast and remained so all day – splendid walking weather. Softies can just do an hour or so walk along the Canyon floor, but the classic trip is to walk the rim. As we ascended from the desert floor in the emerging daylight we were surprised to see so many different wild flowers in profusion. Once the rim is gained, the views out across the desert are stunning and the vertical sandstone walls are most impressive and somewhat daunting when you stand with your toes over the edge!

When you get most of the way along the canyon rim the path descends, with the aid of stairways in places, to the canyon floor from where you can proceed to the beautiful, permanent pool of water, which is well named as "The Garden of Eden". Swimming is allowed and there is no prize for guessing which of us did and which did not. After returning to the descent point, the pathway leads up to the opposite side of the canyon. From there you get a good look at the vertical nature of the cliff along the outward path. Two of the photographs included show the same point from opposite sides of the canyon. By the time we got back the sun was shining strongly and a few "stubbies" were the order of the day. On the next morning we headed out for Ayers Rock and just to show the world's climate has gone mad, I include a final photograph showing the centre of Australia at the height of summer:



The Appetite Enhancer and The Annual Dinner

7th March 2009

KRYSIA

After a glorious 3 months in the sunny Southern hemisphere it was a rude awakening arriving back to winter in good old Blighty. Nevertheless I turned up at Cinderbarrow car park along with other hardy Fairies for Peter's appetiser walk. It wasn't raining initially but sadly that wasn't to last. We took to the Lancaster/Kendal canal for a while where we saw a great number of swans and teal, together with goosanders and a few buzzards overhead.

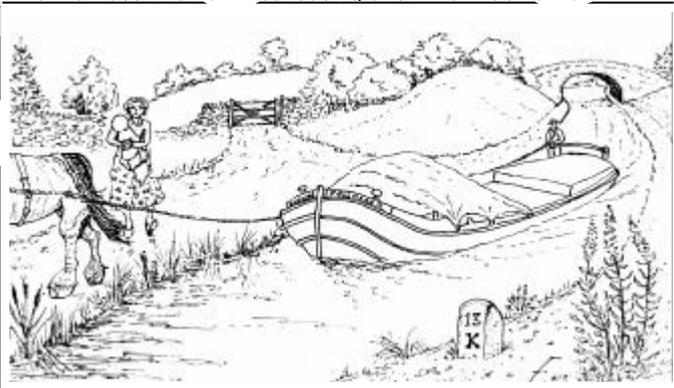
We passed Burton Wharf which looks as though it needs some repair at the north end. We passed over two aqueducts before leaving the canal at Sheernest to go east through parkland to the lane from Clawthorpe.

It was raining by now which made the going very muddy, especially down Slape Lane which is supposedly a Neolithic trackway. It wouldn't be Peter's walk without a decent tree or two to admire and fortunately there was a belter of a small-leaved lime halfway down. Reputedly around 1,000 years old too.

On we squelched to emerge in Burton in Kendal - no stopping for a pint either! -then back over the motorway before traversing over Hanging Hill, with its medieval ploughing slippage lines still visible, and back to the canal to return to Cinderbarrow—still raining.

Everyone was pretty soggy and muddy but all in good spirits. A great pity about the weather but nevertheless I enjoyed being out with the Fairies again.

Thanks Peter for an interesting and informative walk.



Below: Over thirty Fellfarers, now dried out, enjoy the Annual Dinner at the Eagle and Child, Staveley





Working Weekend

13-14th March 2009

Working Weekends seem to start earlier each year. By lunchtime on Friday, the grounds of High House were a hive of activity. The Busy Bees were dealing with the aftermath of last October's severe storms. Our nicely bedded-in track, laid only a couple of years ago, had been ripped up and washed away by the overflowing beck so Job number one was to relay it. Job number two was to prevent it happening again.

Peter Goff had spent some time considering possible prevention measures and had proposed an overflow channel from the beck, above the 'pipe-bridge', to the drainage ditch which runs alongside the track. He was already hard at work, with his strong-arm team, on the digging in the morning.

By lunchtime Peter was considering damming the beck to force the water down the overflow channel. Meanwhile, we expected the delivery of, oooh, many tons of 'quarry bottoms' to restore the track.

The temporary dam was built and the beck diverted to scour out the overflow channel. Why work when gravity and water will do it for you?

Teatime came and, showman that he is, Mark Weir turned up in person with his monster quarry-lorry full of stone for the track. He manoeuvred the giant Tonka Truck backwards across the beck and through the gates with about minus half an inch on each side. He bent each gateposts sideways by exactly the same amount. Brilliant.

We started shovelling the stuff up and down the track until twilight but then relaxed with a few drinks, secure in the knowledge that no-one else could get up to High House because the track was still blocked solid with stone!

Saturday saw a continuation of the roadworks and the waterworks - well, playing in the beck, really, for the blokes.

A determined effort to get to grips with painting the windows, in an organised way, started well, with many enthusiastic workers, but it all came to grief. "It's the wrong sort of paint - it's too sticky," they cried, the wimps.

OK, we'll get some less sticky paint for September, but take note: **THOSE WINDOWS HAVE TO BE PAINTED!**

Work continued to improve the fire escape route behind the Hut. I love that work. All that sweaty humping of big boulders. Digging out soil and stones laid down by glaciers millions of years ago. I could watch them doing it for hours.

The inside of our Hostel got a good going-over, of course, dusted, polished, painted, hoovered even, and by 5 pm. it was a fairly exhausted 20 odd! people who sat down to "the second best meal of the year²". Scrumptious, it was.

So High House looks spick and span again, ready for the big birthday party and for, we hope, a long hot summer.

Notes

1. *Very odd people, some of them*
2. *The Best Meal of the Year will be in September, at the **next** Working Weekend. Don't miss it.*

A Cairngorm Meet at the Lodge Hotel, Newtonmore. 15th-19th March 2009



Coire Ardair

It wasn't in the Newsletter and it wasn't in the Calendar. It was late, last-minute deal.

The Secretary received a mail-shot from this Lodge Hotel, inviting the Fellfarers with a ridiculously cheap offer of 5 days (bed, breakfast and evening meal) in March for £90.

The offer was discussed at Committee and in the streets of Kendal. Initial reactions were sceptical. These were surely not proper hotel prices. What was the catch? We convinced ourselves that the hotel was seeking to cover its costs, to keep staff employed, rather than closing as so many do in winter. One or two adventurous couples decided to give it a go. Knowing this, more added their names and the list grew to 20+, all by word of mouth.

We said yes and so, when the time came, we all converged on Newtonmore, some of us straight from the Working Weekend, some from other directions.

First impressions were comforting. It didn't smell damp and there were no rats. In fact, it was rather nice!

The hotel has a strangely comforting routine. It's main source of income is from coach parties. It delivers a set menu and asks that everyone is seated for the meal at the same time. We, being Fellfairies and quite happy about being bossed around, agreed.

The menu was very simple, *circa 1970*, and, although the veggie options were rather hard work, everyone cleared their plates and no-one went hungry.

The weather seemed settled. There was a big High hanging around somewhere and each day was forecast to be fine. We gathered together each evening in the bar and planned the following days walking or climbing, safe in the knowledge that we would probably be in sunshine.

With over twenty people present, there was plenty of choice each day. Some set out to tick off Munros, some to do Corbetts, some to explore

the landscape at valley level.

Perhaps the most satisfying day out saw most of us heading to Craig Meaghaidh. We walked up towards Coire Ardair together and then split into two parties. The Walkers veered right up the slopes to Carn Liath and the Shinscrapers wandered into the heart of Coire Ardair to 'have a look' at Raeburn's Gully. It was worth a look. 1200 feet of tendon-stretching steepness, followed by a stroll across the eerie icy summit plateau as the sun set. The Window gave a little sting in the tail of the day and everyone donned crampons to descend its steep snowy slopes.

P.S. The Newtonmore Hotel has offered us another special deal for 2010: £130 for Dinner, B and B, for 5 nights (including a weekend) in March. Are you interested? Let the Secretary know now (without commitment) to give her an idea of how many provisional places to book.



Fred practices his skills with the caber



Clare and Frank on Gairbeinn

Sergeant Man Walk / Meal

28th March 2009

David Birkett



A dour forecast was given for the Lake District with strong winds and wintry showers, a feature for the walk/meal on the 28 March led by the knowledgeable Tony Walshaw. Fortunately our weather gurus got it wrong and we enjoyed a fine, mainly sunny but cold day. Stagecoach did us proud despite the busy roads and frequent stops to pick up more 'silver riders'. The nine members alighted at the foot of Dunmail Raise - President Gordon, Secretary Clare, Editor Mick, Krysia, Peter, Frank, Bill and David B. We left the A591 motorway for the quiet lanes leading to Town Head, at Helnside the steep access was taken to the beautiful Greenburn and more solitude. Two dams are found in the valley, one near the lodge and the second some 300 feet higher up the valley, no doubt installed as water supplies but in today's hungry energy needs could be used as small hydro schemes. The National Park has identified some 52 sites suitable for hydro schemes - a return to energy from our bountiful becks.

Tony engineered numerous stops, one by a sheep pen above the defunct tarn, now Greenburn bottom, where the glacial debris wall had been breached and released the tarn's contents a thousand years plus ago. Tony's extensive knowledge, was demonstrated by his 'off piste' walk to the head of Greenburn, traversing and reaching one of his 'special places' in the vicinity of Rough Crag. A tumbledown sheep pen was found, with large split blocks above, each having its obligatory rowan growing from a fissure. On a nearby crag Devilsbit Scabious (*succisa pratensis*) grew. He delighted in sharing these features. At the col on Greenburn horseshoe the wind noticeably strengthened and caused a wind chill; we battened down the hatches and passed the open water of Brownrigg Moss before stopping at the head of Far Easdale. Peter left the group in search of fallen fragments of Deer Bield crag - The Crack, Buttress and Chimney - rock climbs now in pieces, horizontal on the scree below. In the summer of 1977 an enormous flake in the centre of the crag had slipped and disintegrated.

After butties we started the long climb through Deep Slack, following the old county boundary 'path' to Codale Head and Sergeant Man; the graceful pyramidal summit afforded stunning views in every direction: Helvellyn range to the east and the Scafells to the west. The snowline was about 2000' and gave a 'blue hue' to the scene. Below was Bright Beck falling dramatically towards Stickle Tarn, a principle feeder of this iconic upland water. Our next objective was Blea Rigg, the party now strung out at differing descent speeds. Tony stopped at one of his 'specials' a large fallen flake of rock offering a 'cave' and an ideal bivouac. From the ridge a path has developed over the past two decades descending to Easedale tarn - as Mick and I approached the outlet he remarked on the old tea shop adjoining the large boulder. I confessed to being party to its demolition in the late sixties when it was a ruinous, litter strewn structure. The 2.5k descent into Grasmere is straight forward and rewarding passing the fine cataract and the historic Brimmer Head farm. The path, from tarn to valley level was one of the early upland path improvements, and is now in need of repair, a better site for 'fix the fells' than the recently proposed improvements to Striding Edge!

It was 5.30 as we entered the Lamb Inn and purchased our 'Tirrel Best'. Clare appeared from nowhere with three candles on a large chocolate cake - it was the Editor's birthday; with candles blown a chorus wrang out to waken exclusive Grasmere. An eating venue was chosen - The Mill Inn at Ings.

All aboard the skylark for home and food.

Clapham Hut Meet 3-4th April 2009

Peter Goff



Lowestern, The Yorkshire Ramblers Club hut is situated just outside Clapham. It is in an enviable position at the southern end of a plantation of mature trees open to the south and west, from Pendle Hill to the Trough of Bowland, overlooking rolling farmland. Once a Golf Club hut belonging to the Ingleborough Estate it has been refurbished over the years and is now a superb venue.

Arriving on the Friday afternoon a walk was taken from the hut up past Ingleborough Cave, Trow Gill, and on to Gaping Gill that majestic hole in the ground that swallows Fell Beck. Later in the evening John and Caroline Walsh arrived and after the pub shut three cavers turned up from Kent to swell the numbers. Keen lads. On the Saturday John and Caroline set off from the hut and walked up Ingleborough unfortunately in the cloud on a very cold day. Three others drove to Feizor and walked up past Pot Scar, continuing via the Craven Heifer at Stainforth, Gatrigger Force and thence to Langcliffe and eventually back to the car. One member strolled to Austwick, then through the Norber æratics and under Robin Proctor's Scar. It was here that one of the first recorded routes on Yorkshire limestone was put up in 1948. Central Gulley, a severe, is well worth the walk. Appropriately, the first æcent was done by a Yorkshire Ramblers' team.

On Sunday, after a night in the New Inn, John and Caroline drove to Malham and walked over to Littondale, that little gem of a valley. With its wonderful field barns and the Falcon at Arncliffe, one of the finest hostelryes known to man, it should not be missed. The others found the shortest possible route to the summit of Pen-y-Ghent. It was decided to go down by the climbers descent route to the foot of the gritstone crag made famous by one of its routes appearing in the book Classic Rock. From there another 200 foot descent, not recommended, to below the limestone band was made giving access to the normal way off.

During the course of the weekend, a very beautiful high mountain flower was found. Although in Yorkshire it is at its most southerly limit and nationally rare, locally it can be abundant, if that makes sense. Nevertheless with that and excellent company this pretty active weekend was a great success. Lowestern should definitely be booked again!

Easter at High House 9-12th April 2009

Sarah Jennings

I had been hearing stories of 'the hut' from the other Shinscrapers on many winter Thursday night trips to the climbing wall. The word 'hut' conjured interesting images, none of them fitting the descriptions I was hearing, leaving me feeling I had to go and see for myself what all the fuss was about.

I eagerly awaited confirmation from the committee that my application to become a Fellfarer had been accepted. The e-mail arrived from Mick and so it was that I found myself, with husband Colin and children Matthew and Emma, heading to Seathwaite at Easter.

Our first view of the hut as we headed up the driveway was incredible- amazing building and stunning location. We had looked at the pictures on the website but they can't truly do justice to the surroundings. The weekend wasn't to disappoint on any level. The hut was fantastic, well equipped, cosy and much more than we had imagined. We received a true Fellfarers welcome from the others at the hut that weekend and spent the time in good company, with great weather to begin to explore the surrounding area. The kids loved it too with Matthew collecting old sheep bones to use as Star Wars spaceships and Emma throwing balls for Lottie again and again and again.

It was with a little sadness that we said goodbye to the hut on Monday but I am looking forward to many future adventures from Seathwaite and **the Grandest Hut I've Ever Seen**.

All about Fungi -The Slideshow 21st April 2009

Twenty four members and friends gathered to hear Helen's talk on boletes, cortinari, agarici and the like. Loosely based on the walk in Roudsea Wood last year, Helen took us on a speedy tour (*do you see what I did there?*) of the fascinating world of fungus.

She explained how she was drawn into the study of the subject: when she used to take her rowdy young children for walks in the woods, fungi were the only things that didn't run or fly away, so they were the only wild things she saw.

An overview of the huge range of fungi, tips on identification, personal anecdotes and culinary advice all followed, illustrated by excellent photographs.

I particularly enjoyed the audience reaction when Helen explained that that nice fluffy top on the stinkhorn was a mass of bluebottles.

Helen's expertise, in a field which has most of us quite baffled, was matched by her enthusiasm and humour.

It was a very entertaining and informative evening..... although I think I'll still stick to supermarket mushrooms on my breakfast plate.

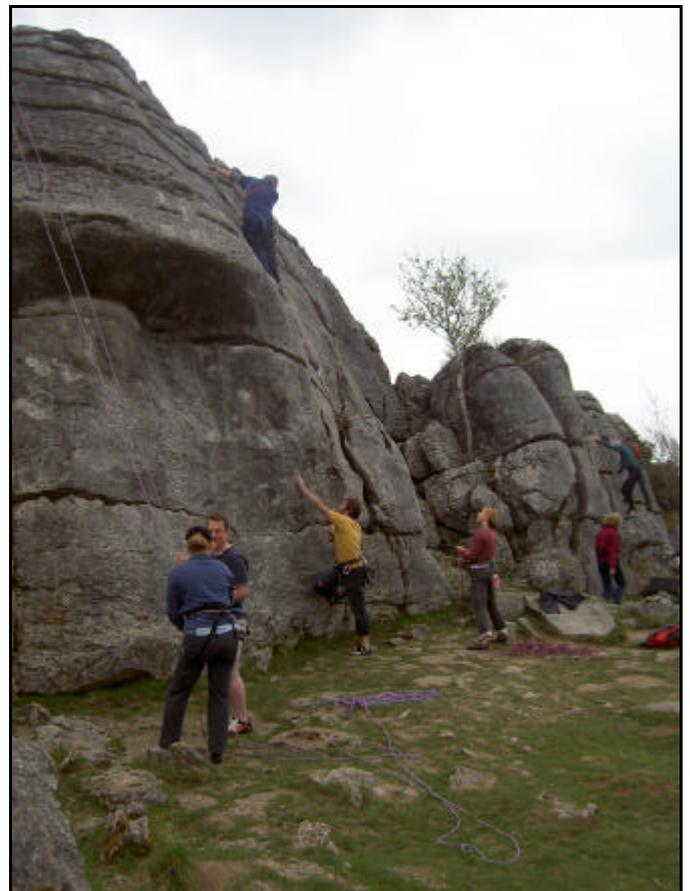
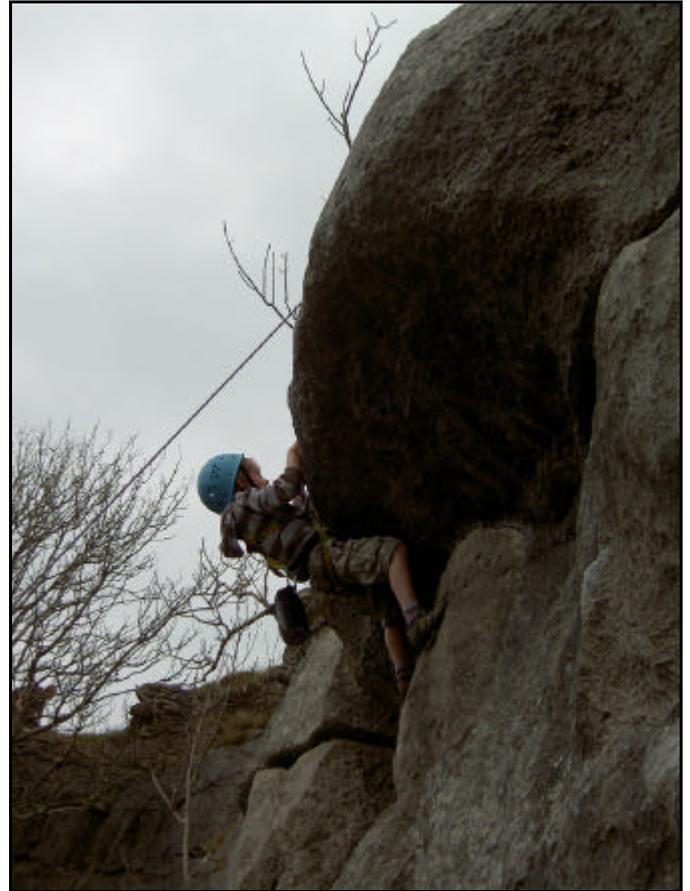
Thank you Helen.

PS There has been talk of another Fungus-spotting Walk in the autumn. Watch this space.

The Shinscraper's Photo Gallery. I



The Last Winter Night at the Wall. 16 April 2009
Bill, Steve and Val climbing. Sarah, *unknown*, and Kevin belaying. Jason and Cheryl pondering.



The First Summer Night Outdoors 23 April 2009
Top: George on Pegasus.VS.4c
Bottom: Fellfarers take over Hutton Roof Crags

The Shinscraper's Photo Gallery. I I



An impromptu trip to Northumberland on the weekend of 25-26th April for four Fellfarers: Jason, Cheryl, Peter G. and the Ed.

Above: The delectable approach to Kyloe Crag

Below: Jason leads Handrail VS 4c at Bowden Doors.



Above: Peter on Flake Crack Severe 4a at Kyloe Crag

Below: Jason attempts the awkward start to Tacitation, at Kyloe



John Peats Walk 25th April 2009

Steve, acting as taxi driver, picked Roger, Margaret and myself up and together with Val and very kindly drove us all to St. Mary's church, Windermere. We then met up with John and Ann and were soon joined by Bill and Mary. The Kendal bus arrived with no more fellfarers on board so we set off on our journey to Ambleside.

We were led up a private drive, having lived in Windermere John knew the right shortcuts to take, and through the wood onto Orrest Head. This was Val's first visit to this lovely view point. It was raining as we all stopped to admire Lake Windermere looking very busy, full of colourful sailing boats all taking part in a local regatta. We tore ourselves away from the view and headed to Near Orrest hoping that the rain would stop—it did! We crossed a beck, then a road and made our way along field footpaths to Far Orrest. As we walked across the fields I was busy collecting sheep's wool as instructed by daughter, Penny. She had heard that putting it around her vegetables would keep off the unwanted attention of local slugs. Let's hope it works!

We carried on past Frank Leaver's cottage. He was a past member of the local mountain rescue team and known to members of our party. Next to his cottage was a wooden bench dedicated to the memory of Annie Leaver (obviously a relation of Frank's). A wonderful site for a bench with superb views looking down onto the beautiful gardens of Holehird. The visibility was now very good and the views really beautiful (like a Constable painting). The weather was brightening and we had a lovely sunny afternoon.

We passed Troutbeck making our way to Holbeck Lane and then onto the bridle path called Robin's Lane. On the lane we all noticed a monument on top of a hill so adventurous Roger climbed over the stile to investigate. He returned to inform us that it was just a monument of 'no great significance'.

We continued to make our way to Ambleside through Skelghyll Wood having a well earned rest on a lovely rocky view point known as Jenkin Crag. The sun was shining as we sat sunning ourselves on the rocks and enjoying the views. Bill took advantage of the stop to have forty winks.

We continue on our way looking down on Waterhead and were soon found ourselves in Ambleside and it was here that Bill and Mary ran away to catch the bus. The rest of us, however, very cleverly, found a nice restaurant and had an enjoyable and well-earned meal at a very reasonable price. Thank you John for the wine. What a good way to end a walk.

The fun was not yet over as we all scrambled up the stairs of the open topped bus going back to Windermere where Steve met us and took us back to Kendal, (our knight in shining armour)

It was a really enjoyable and interesting walk with beautiful views, taking some of us to places we had not visited before. A big thank you to John and Ann for suggesting and leading it. A lovely day out with a delicious ending!

A Letter from America

(from our emissary to West Virginia, Mike Goff)

April 26

Dear Bill and Friends,

Great to hear from you and many thanks for the mug which I need for camping at Seneca. After Easter 6 inches of snow fell on Dolly Sods. Days later temperatures soared into the 30°+ C and the kayaking was splendid. The garden has taken off as this heat wave continues.

My luck seems to have returned after a blighted winter. I drove out to Arizona late March to join friends on a week long boating trip down the Salt River Canyon. All sun, spring and merriment.

I got my Green Resident Card replaced that same week and today I got a \$250 cheque from Mr. O'Bama just for being old. I'm supposed to use it to save the economy.

I'm envious of you climbing with Peter and Clanger. I had some great days out with young Stuart.

Glad to hear Peter is going with you all to Ailefroide. Just keep him out of thunderstorms and don't let him handle the compass.

My lame knee is much recovered as the weather warms up.

Got to give this to the Postman so more later

Cheers and thanks

Mike

P.S. Tell Mick I'm heavily into the NZ (?) sun bonnet Y'all gave me now the heat wave has begun.

P.S. Missed the Post Lady so this note will take till Whitsuntide. I just cut the grass this morning with the mower and the place looks handsome in the sizzling heat. I'm going to ride up the hill for dinner and come back when it's cooler, to do some hoeing. Might have a Siesta too while I'm at it. It's great not having a boss. Well I am the Boss.

Give my regards to All and have a pint on Peter for me. Tell him I have just found a rare tree in my wood which is almost extinct call Castanedus Americanus (Chestnut). I think I'll chop it down for me coffin. (Not now)

Ta Ta

Mike



After all the hard work, everything turned out really well. The pictures, here and on the next page, tell the story better than words can but it's worth recording a few names: The group who planned this and all the events this year are: Bill Hogarth, Clare Fox, Jason Smallwood, and Peter Goff. The caterers, Krysia and Clare, with lots of helpers, provided a handsome buffet. Gordon's off-the-cuff presidential speech was just right for the occasion. Clare's cake, complete with 75th logo to match our fleeces, was also just right. Angie's commemorative tile was much acclaimed (it will be fixed permanently inside). Mark Weir provided the excitement by turning up by helicopter. The pictures shown here are just a tiny number of those taken. Watch out for future slideshows! Throughout the day, an exhibition and laptop-slideshow gave everyone a peek into the pages of forthcoming book. The panel below appeared as part of the exhibition. It's included here for those that missed it.

**The 75th Anniversary of What?
A Mystery Solved—Probably**

It is well documented that the rebuilt High House was opened on 5th May 1934 so there is no doubt that in 2009 we can celebrate the 75th Anniversary of the opening of High House.

There seems to be some confusion, though, about how old the Club itself is.

A "K Fellfarers 50th Anniversary" party was held at the Brewery Arts Centre in Kendal in 1982. - 48 years after the opening! It was, however, the year in which the 50th AGM was held so does that mean that "K Fellfarers" existed as a club for two years before High House was opened?

The answer is: not really.

"K Fellfarers" existed only as a name on the bank account set up with Martin's Bank in the early '30s for the purpose of accumulating funds for the building of a new hostel somewhere in the Lakes. The records show that all the work carried out, and all of the correspondence, before 1934 was done in the name of "The Hostel Committee". All of the meetings, including General Meetings were called under that name.

A description of those times, written for the Journal ten years after the opening, by two of the chief activists, H Whitehead and J H Ingall, contains the lines, "...the main work of reconstruction (of High House) was carried out, and during the Spring of 1934 the equipment was installed by the members themselves. Also at this time a General Meeting was called and "K" Fellfarers Club was officially formed with a Committee, and a set of rules drawn up."

So, unless any evidence to the contrary comes to light, it can be quite confidently stated that:

**2009 is the 75th Anniversary Year of the
rebuild High House AND
of the birth of the club, K Fellfarers.**

**75th Anniversary Party
2nd May 2009**





Sunset Walk 12 May 2009



It had been blowing from the north-east for two days, a wind like the breath of a witch, cold and malevolent. Trees moaned and writhed in self-flagellation. At night the rooftops roared. On Tuesday it blew across a peerless blue sky, ignoring the ineffectual golden sun, an icy rush of air all the way from the Steppes.

Nevertheless, eleven of us gathered in the sunshine on the Joss Lane car-park in Sedbergh, just after 7 o'clock, and set off, chattering, up the path which climbs alongside the pretty Settlebeck Gill and leads to the Winder/Arant Haw ridge.

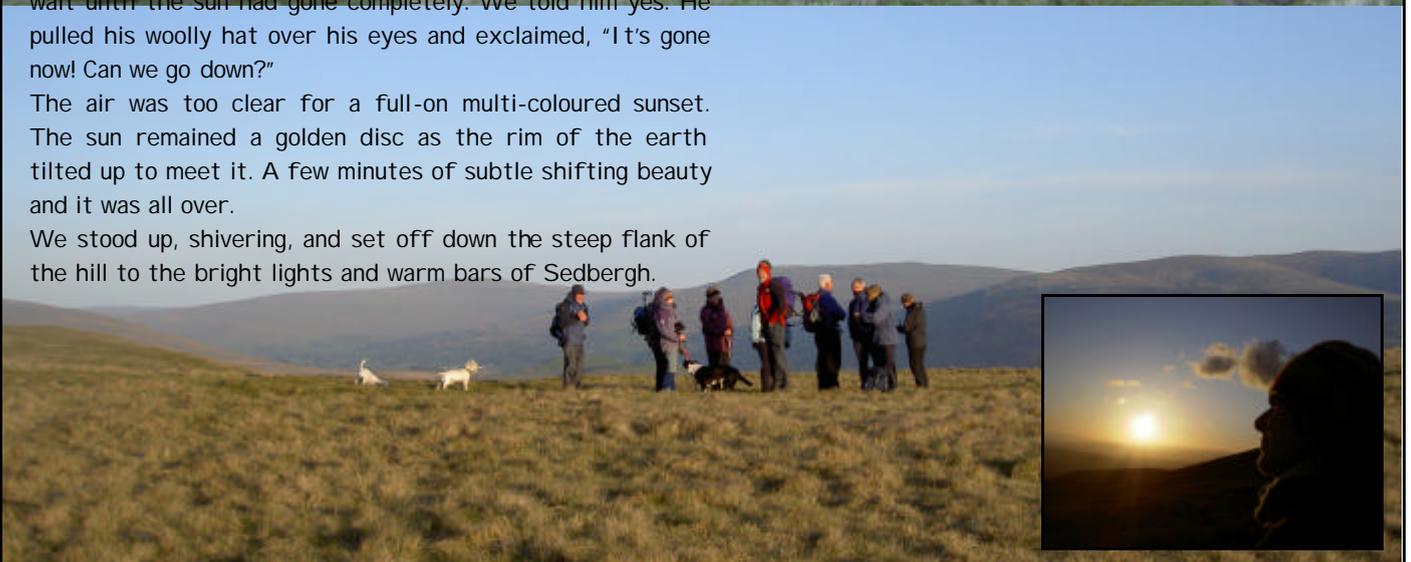
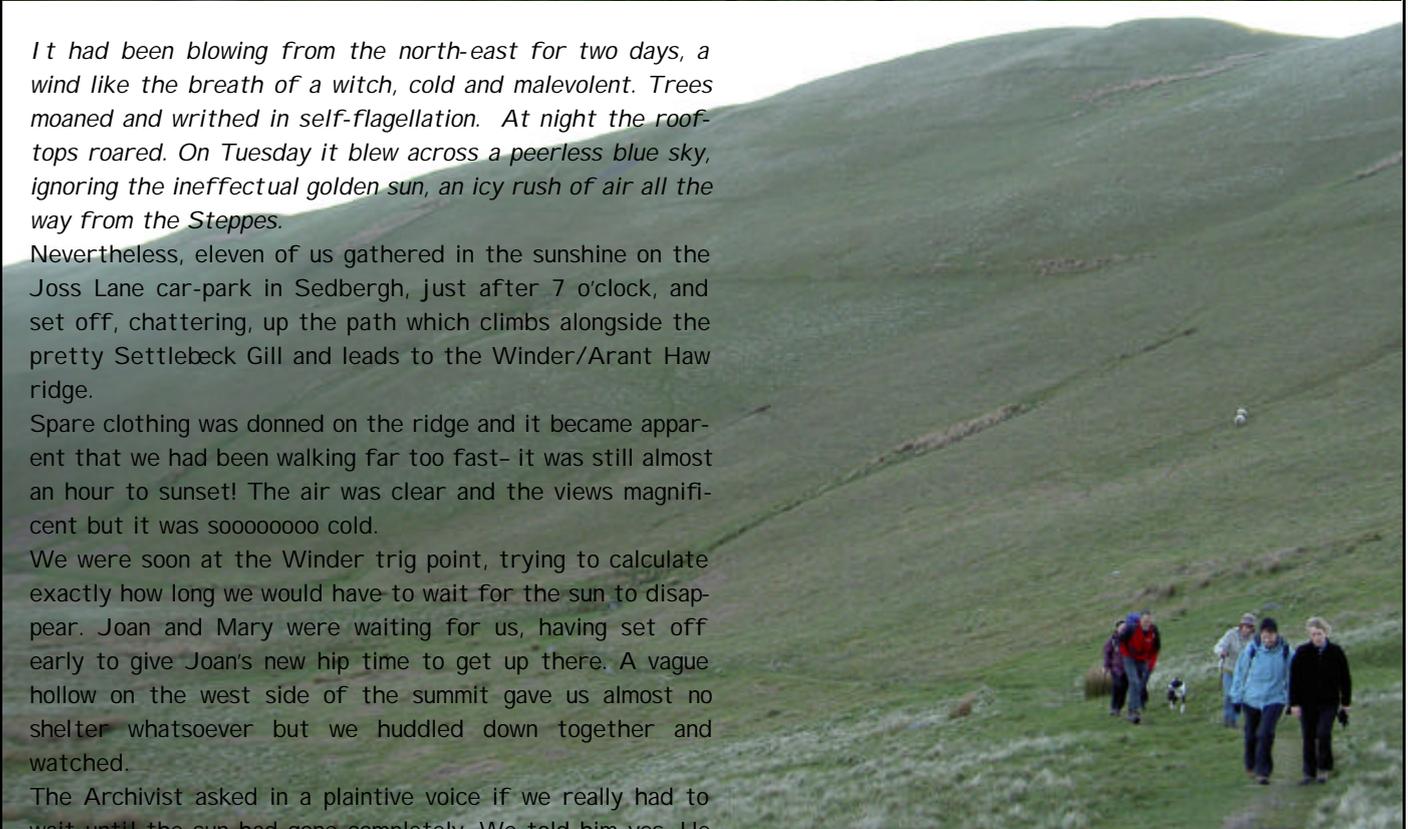
Spare clothing was donned on the ridge and it became apparent that we had been walking far too fast- it was still almost an hour to sunset! The air was clear and the views magnificent but it was sooooooo cold.

We were soon at the Winder trig point, trying to calculate exactly how long we would have to wait for the sun to disappear. Joan and Mary were waiting for us, having set off early to give Joan's new hip time to get up there. A vague hollow on the west side of the summit gave us almost no shelter whatsoever but we huddled down together and watched.

The Archivist asked in a plaintive voice if we really had to wait until the sun had gone completely. We told him yes. He pulled his woolly hat over his eyes and exclaimed, "It's gone now! Can we go down?"

The air was too clear for a full-on multi-coloured sunset. The sun remained a golden disc as the rim of the earth tilted up to meet it. A few minutes of subtle shifting beauty and it was all over.

We stood up, shivering, and set off down the steep flank of the hill to the bright lights and warm bars of Sedbergh.



CAMPING MEET IN ASSYNT

23rd - 30th May 2009

It's a full day's drive from Kendal to the land that the Vikings called Sutherland but those of us that had been there before know that it's worth it if you get that combination of fine weather and freedom from midges. If you are going to gamble on it, the bank holiday week at the end of May is a pretty good bet. Hugh and Angie were going anyway and Frank and Dorothy were already there so, despite the unpromising forecast, we squeezed four adults, two tents, and all our gear into the car and set off.

A 6.30 a.m. start meant that we had a good chance of having the tents pitched by teatime and we made good time until we were within a stone's throw of Ullapool. A fatal accident there meant the road was closed for three hours. Look at the map; there is no simple diversion route. We waited in the rain, wondering why we had set off that morning, our frustration mollified only slightly by the thought that 3 hours lost was no big deal, compared with what the young motorcyclist had lost.

The road was cleared eventually and we resumed the journey, passing amongst those wonderful hills of Assynt, all, unfortunately, invisible in the poor weather.

Hugh and Angie welcomed us at the campsite where, miraculously, the rain stopped and the sky began to clear from the west. After pitching tents under a sky turned blue and settling in we wandered around the site, admiring the little sea-cliffs and the delightful sandy bay. The waves turned to gold as the sun sank towards the horizon.

Sunday was cold, damp and grey. Our optimism during yesterday's fine evening was unfounded. We four decided on a tour, by car, of the road through Inverkirkaig towards Stac Pollaidh, with a picnic. If the day faired up, we told ourselves, we could 'have a look' at the hill. Frank said he had always wanted to climb it but didn't think this was the day to do it and so declined to join us. We drove slowly, stopping at a coffee-shop of course, giving the day as much time as it wanted to improve.

It didn't improve but at least Stac Pollaidh was visible, its bristling pinnacled ridge just failing to reach the ceiling of cloud, when we pulled into the busy car-park at its base. I remembered a deeply eroded trench running straight up the slope to the lowest point of the ridge when I was here many years ago but now the path is a pavement of gravel and stone steps leading round to the 'back' - the north side - of the hill. The erosion on the front has disappeared completely. It seemed to take no time at all to reach the saddle and we were soon having fun amongst sandstone spires. The 'mauvais pas' just before the summit seemed particularly daunting with a blustery wind blowing across us and with raindrops spotting the stone. Combined tactics got all four up ("worry about getting down later") and we hunched up on the summit for a brief photographic session. The rain increased and it was time to get down.

Combined tactics brought us down to safety by a different route, the slanting chimney on the south side of the awkward bit. We resumed our circumnavigation of the peak, stopping every few minutes to take photographs of the mist curling like smoke among towers above us.

The sky cleared once more in the evening and we sat in the bar at Lochinver bathed in warm sunlight as well as the warm glow of satisfaction at having been on one of Scotland's best little peaks.

Back at the campsite, Walter and Krysia had arrived with their two superb hand-built sea-kayaks. The sea had been rather too wild for launching and they both seemed unsettled about their plans.

Monday dawned miserably like Sunday but we had already decided that another hill was to be done. Walter and Krysia packed up their gear, having decided to go in search of calmer waters. Frank and Dorothy were to drive eastwards in search of sunshine. Angie was unwell and wanted a quiet day so Hugh joined us for a stroll up Canisp.

The clouds came and went as we gained height but at the summit cairn they just came, so we were denied what is perhaps that hill's greatest attribute: its famous view of Suilven and the surrounding land. We were soon out of the cloud again, watching patches of sunlight racing across the lochans and the land below, so we won second prize in that day's lottery.

Tuesday was a fine morning, with fair-weather clouds racing across a blue sky. I was dropped off for a day on Quinag, while the rest of the family dashed off to Ullapool to catch the boat to the Summer Isles.

The wind buffeted me mercilessly on the several summits, threatening to knock me off some of the more exposed parts and forcing me to wear all my gear as long as I was in its chilling stream. I didn't care. I was enjoying the day and as I walked on I realised the hill is something of an imposter. All of its impressive stuff is facing the road and, generally speaking, once you're on its back it's just a big grassy pussy-cat of a hill.

Our timing was immaculate; I reached the road and had just enough time to munch through an apple before the sailors arrived, full of tales of seals and seabirds, to pick me up. We had celebratory coffee and biscuits in the decidedly quirky Drawing Room of the Inchadamph Hotel, roasting in the sunshine streaming through the windows.

Wednesday was the day we deserted. Hugh and Angie were away first thing, heading south as they had planned and we were the only car-load left. Pen and Dame were very keen to climb Suilven but the weather was against us. The wind had roared through the night, keeping us awake by shaking our tent, and had abated only a little in the morning. Rain was forecast. We tried to take the tents down while they were still dry but the rain was one step ahead of us. We stuffed them, wet, on top of everything else and set off for home.

Well, we all agreed that it had been a worthwhile trip. It wasn't a perfect visit to the wonderful North-West of Scotland but it'll do until one comes along.....



Top left:
"Don't go too near the edge!"
The first evening at Clachtoll Campsite

Top right:
On Stac Pollaidh

Left:
Suilven seen from just below the summit of Canisp

Bottom:
Sail Gharbh and Spidean Coinich from Sail Gorm, (Quinag)



July

The Committee will meet at 7.30 pm on **Tuesday 7th July** at The Rifleman's Arms. We'll be testing the wisdom of the saying, "Before you criticize someone, you should walk a mile in their shoes. That way, when you do criticize them, you're a mile away and you have their shoes." Come and join us for a pint.

3-4 th July 2009

It's 1934!

Are you up to the challenge?



High House is booked for us to recreate the pioneering spirit of the club's early days. Please yourself how much you take part once you've arrived but there is one hard and fast rule:

NO CARS MUST BE USED TO GET THERE!

Wednesday

8th July 2009

A Walk around
Middlebarrow

(rained off last year)



Meet at 6 pm at
Eaves Wood Car Park
OS map OL7 GR 470759
Details: Peter Goff

Sunday

19th July 2009

A Walk on the Fells
Meet for 9.35 bus (555)
at Kendal Bus Station



Start at: Stannah
Walking via Sticks Pass
and along the Helvellyn
ridge
Finish: Traveller's Rest
Grasmere
(about 9 miles)
More info: Roger Atkinson

Tuesday

21st July 2009

**John Peat's
Next Walk**

(a tiny bit of the Cumbria
Coastal way to Humphrey
Head Point)

Meet at 7 pm. at
The Guide over Sands
Allithwaite
Grid Ref. SD 387 764

August

The Committee will meet at 7.30 pm on **Tuesday 4th August** at The Rifleman's Arms. We'll be trying to answer that age-old question, "How do they stick Teflon to the pan?" Come and join us for a pint.

From
31st July

until

31st August 2009

High House is booked for
the club.

During which

**The Borrowdale
Fellrace**

Will take place on

Saturday 1st August

The club will, as usual, marshall the
race.

Volunteers required.

Names a.s.a.p. to Peter Goff please.

*NOTE that this year there is an
extra checkpoint.
(the Stretcherbox at Sty Head)*

More volunteers needed!

Tuesday

11th August 2009

An Evening Walk:
**Silverdale Moss +
Coldwell Parrock**



Meet at 6.30 pm at the
Entrance to
Gaitbarrows Nature Reserve.
(very limited parking)
Grid Ref. 478 776
Details: Peter Goff

14-15th August 2009

"Climbing for All" Weekend

Saturdays plan (weather permitting):

Climbing at Grey Crag,
Buttermere or in The Combe,
Glaramara

*Alternative venues if the weather is
less than kind.*



September

The Committee will meet at 7.30 pm on Tuesday 1st September at the Rifleman's Arms. We'll be trying to find out whether the best way to make headlines is to sleep on a corduroy pillow. Come and join us for a pint.

5th September 2009
Walk/Meal
 Meet at the Fell Gate
 (Walna Scar Road)
 OS GR 288 970
10 am



Blind Tarn-Dow
 Crag-Coniston Old
 Man.
 Bar-meal in Coniston
 More Info: Tony Walshaw

11-12th September 2009
Derbyshire Meet
 Heathy Lea
 (Oread Hut)
 Baslow



Take this opportunity to explore Derbyshire's glorious White Peak.
 Or to climb on more Gritstone Edges than you can shake a stick at.
 Details: Peter Goff

18-19th September 2009
Working Weekend
 and the Borrowdale Show



**THOSE
 WINDOWS
 REALLY
 DO
 NEED
 PAINTING
 THIS
 TIME !**

SUNDAY
 27th September 2009
 Back by popular demand:



Helen's Fungus-Spotting Walk In Roudsea
 Meet at 10 am. at
The Anglers Arms, Haverthwaite
 Grid ref. SD 347 840
 Now the bad news:
12 PLACES ONLY
 To book your place call: Tony Walshaw

October

The Committee will meet at 7.30 pm on Tuesday 6th October at the Rifleman's Arms. We'll be pondering the truth of the saying, "Some drink at the fountain of knowledge. Others just gargle." Come and join us for a pint.

Postponed from last November:
Friday
2nd October 2009
 Nightwalk number 4
A Moonlit Walk on the Howgills



About 7 miles to the Calf and back, starting from Sedbergh main car park (Grid Ref SD 659 921) at approx 7 pm (leaving Kendal at 6.30 - call the Ed to share transport)

BRING A TORCH
Note that this walk is weather-dependent. If in doubt, call the Ed.

Wednesday 14th October 2009
75 Questions Quiz Night
 The Strickland Arms
 7.30 pm

???? ????
 ??? ?
 ?? ?
 ??? ?
 ????? ?
 ??? ?
 ??? ?

More Info:
 Call Jason Smallwood
 On Kendal 738451

SATURDAY
 17th October 2009
Walk/Meal
 A 7 Mile Stroll along The Turbary Road to look at the Caves and Limestone Pavements of Kingsdale.
 Meet 10.30 am. at Grid Ref. SD 690 756 (North-west of Ingleton)



LIMITED PARKING SO PLEASE SHARE CARS
 More info: Peter Goff

23-29th October 2009
High House
 Is booked for
K Fellfarers



But watch out!
 There's kids about - it's Half-Term

CLUB OFFICIALS

PRESIDENT: Gordon Pitt Tel: 015395 68210

TRUSTEES Mick Fox Tel: 01539 727531
 Alec Reynolds Tel: 01229 821099
 Cheryl Smallwood Tel: 01539 738451
 Vicky Weeks Tel: 07971 408375

COMMITTEE

Chair: Roger Atkinson Tel: 01539 732490
 198, Burneside Road
 Kendal
 LA9 6EB
email: fratkinson@hotmail.co.uk

Vice Chair: Alec Reynolds Tel: 01229 821099
 7, Buccleuch Court
 Barrow-in-Furness
 LA14 1TD
email: alecreynolds@btinternet.com

Secretary: Clare Fox Tel: 01539 727531
 50, Gillinggate,
 Kendal
 LA9 4JB
email: clarefox50@hotmail.com

Treasurer: Val Calder Tel: 01539 727109
 86, Vicarage Drive
 Kendal
 LA9 5BA
email: valcalder@hotmail.co.uk

Booking Secretary: Hugh Taylor Tel: 01524 762067
 Briarcliffe
 Carr Bank Road
 Carr Bank
 Milnthorpe
 Cumbria
 LA7 7LE
email: 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

Committee Members:

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

Club Archivist: Fred Underhill Tel: 01539 727480

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

Next Edition of^{the} Fellfarer:
**Beginning of October, so material for
 publication by 8th September, please.**



A full colour version of this newsletter is available on our website: www.kfellfarers.co.uk

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