

the **Fellfarer**

APRIL 2001

Number 21



Ed's Bit

Those of you who have been members of the Fellfarers Committee will be aware of what an uphill struggle it is sometimes to plan club activities which might generate a degree of enthusiasm.

Many a Tuesday evening has been spent sitting in our shirtsleeves, pushing back our flat 'ats and scratching our heads in despair in that little smoke-filled room at the Rifleman's Arms as the Committee looked into a bleak future of huts booked and left empty, sandwiches curling on the trays as darts and dominoes lie unused in empty bars.

But at least we had the solace of the hills. Now the hills are no longer available to us. The social calendar is sadly depleted. If you can help the club with suggestions for events in the long months ahead, please tell a committee member. And please support the events that can be arranged.

A big thank you to helpers and contributors to this edition. It's a bit of a nostalgia issue, with not much happening in recent weeks, but none the worse for that.

Ed.



Sir,
While stuffing some pages of your degenerate rag into a pair of wet boots, my eyes chanced upon a couple of pieces of tendentious drivel that provoked rage, bile, piles and a re-post.

Firstly, why do you, in the last edition, imply that I am wine-critic for the "Fellfarer", while not even being a member? If you expect me to be the Fellfarer's *arbiter bibendi* you could at least provide me with a Fellfarer's bib!

Secondly, concerning the point raised by Professor Reynoldaus of Stockenholme (whom God preserve), about the microwave. No doubt all your readers will have read the recent article in the "Journal of the New South Wales Society for the Investigation of Mammalian Coliforms: Symposi-ums series: IXI", pp15-39, by Ewey and Shaggaway. These Australian researchers repeatedly passed water through a u-v filter and found that (as well as an unfortunate physiological effect), in 0.05% of cases the water was not fit for drinking. This has been digested, for once, by the relevant beaurocrats, and under the "Standing Waters section" of the "Huts and Miscellaneous Outhouses Regulations:1998", which incorporates the EU Directive on Percolating, Piping, Plumbing, and Pumping" (EU/727531/97), it is necessary to microwave any water that has been passed through a UV filter. Only then is it safe to be placed in a boiler to make tea with. I trust this clears things up (and clears the water).

I remain; yours,

Mr R.J. Moxenholme.

Dear Mr Editor,

In the last issue of Fellfarer you made reference to the front page headlines in the *Westmorland Gazette*. As we don't receive the *Gazette* in Ulverston, may I submit an advert that appeared in the sales column in our very own "esteemed" North-west Evening Mail just before Christmas?

" 20 toilet rolls, hardly used, xmas bargain, £3.50. 01229 877861 ask for Dinx "

Now am I being naive, or does your mind boggle as well?

Regards,

Garry Nicholson

Dear Editor,

I enjoy reading your newsletter and would love to contribute to it, if only to see my name in print again! I can't think of anything to write about though. I never seem to do anything interesting.

So I thought I'd write a letter to you because that would be easier than an article

.....no, I still can't think of anything.

Yours sincerely,

Miss Lolita Winthrop

Dear Mr Moxenhome,

The comment that gave rise to your displeasure was, I am pleased to say, one that had nothing to do with you at all. The RJM mentioned in the editor's apology was, of course, that well-loved and long-serving Fellfarer, Mrs R.J. Muppet . She won a bottle of Asda's finest and most economical vintage and pronounced it undrinkable. I wonder what the odds are against two members of a club having the same initials? Even if one of them is not actually a member? And anyway, how come you're reading the newsletter if you're not a member? Clear off you, it's secret and you can't look at it. So there.

Thanks for the advice on the microwave though. Ed.

The Clachaig Meet

12–14 th. January 2001



Friday 12th. Jan.

We pick up Kryisia at her house at 2.15 and we turn the car northwards. The sun shines in a powder-blue sky and we're heading for Glen Coe.

It feels good.

A quick coffee at Stirling breaks up the journey and we arrive at the Clachaig Inn, "No hawkers or Campbells", after 4h. 30 mins. Val has allocated us a room in her chalet and Margaret is there too, taking a long bath. She has done her hill for the day, Ben Vane, with Hughie and Mal.

We eat and then gather in the climbers bar. Members arrive at intervals and by 10.15 we are all present. Sixteen of us. Every bed is taken!

Time is called and we leave the bar. The moon has risen and the mountains, towering over us as we walk back, glitter in the cold diamond light. We celebrate Mel's birthday with strong drink in our chalet after closing time.



Val in party mood in her yellow Marigolds!

Saturday 13th. Jan

Clare writes:

This was to be my first Winter trip to Glen Coe and, in the car on the way up, I turned to Kryisia to tell her that one of my ambitions this year was to climb Buchille etive Mor. So when Mick announced on the following morning, Saturday, that was the plan for the day I felt really excited but also a tad nervous. There seemed to be a lot of snow about and I must confess I have limited experience with crampons and ice axe. However, looking at the beautiful day outside – blue, clear skies and wonderful views, made me feel that today was as good day as any to gain some more experience. Steve was already up and out with his photography equipment to capture the mountain at sunrise. I felt that this was going to be a

very special day.

We drove down through the Glen and parked opposite the mountain, admiring the sight of it, towering above Blackrock Cottage, the scene of our last Fellfarers meet. We set off towards the mountain, well wrapped up, although it was a beautiful day it was very cold. We crossed the sparkling half frozen stream and made for the north ascent of the mountain. The sun hadn't hit the valley yet and the ascent was in shadow. As we climbed it became snowier and snowier underfoot and soon we were surrounded by wonderful scenery – rocks cloaked in beautiful ice formations with elegant icicles dripping down like chandeliers. Mick was very patient as I clambered after him – I never can keep up with him – but he both encouraged and kept a watchful eye on me – moving me along when necessary (which was pretty often). The snow deepened and got quite slippery and steep in places so I put on my crampons and found the going much easier especially with the help of my (or rather Richard Mercer's) ice axe. We arrived at the site of the next big climb up with the choice of three snow gullies to choose from – Mick told me to choose the route. I picked the route on the far right as it looked to be the shortest – how lazy is that?

Mick gently touched my arm pointing to the highest visible point of the mountain as the sun lit the top turning it pink – wonderful.

He then led the way and after creating a snow platform for me gave me strict instructions to stay put until he called to me top follow, as he forged ahead trying to find the safest route up. He found the snow much softer than expected and quite powdery in places and felt that there was a real danger of avalanche so I waited patiently below until the call to follow came. I had to duck every now and then to avoid the snow and odd icy bits that came tumbling down as a result of his efforts. At last he yelled it was safe to follow and I did and I must admit I couldn't resist humming to myself snatches from Good King Wenceslas as I stepped in Mick's footsteps 'where the snow lay dinted'. I must admit I quite enjoyed that bit but





Climbing Buchaille Etive Mor

not as much as reaching the top of the gully and the breathtaking views that met me. Wow!! Snow capped mountains all around as far as the eye could see under a beautiful blue sky – the beauty was hard to take it and I can't begin to describe it. I only know that I felt very privileged to be there.

The walking was now much easier as we made our way to the summit - the snow was crisp on the surface and soft underneath. As we approached the summit we passed groups of people with ice axes, crampons and ropes – serious stuff. We reached the summit and stopped for a lunch break which was wonderful surrounded by such stunning views - in fact what could be better! Before we set off back again Mick led me to the edge and pointed out Crowberry Tower and the top of Curved Ridge – next winter who knows I may try that way up – on the other hand I may try it in the summer first!

*The way back always seems that bit quicker than the way there and before I knew it we were back at the ridge with the snow gullies below us. Mick suggested that going down the first gully might be a good idea as there was a snow run and we could slide down very quickly. Innocent me thought that might be a good idea too and took off my crampons as Mick gave me a quick lesson in sliding down mountains using ice axe as a brake. I should have taken my plastic leggings off first because I literally **flew** down that slide losing control completely, ending up going sideways at great speed arms and legs (and ice axe) all over the place. Luckily Mick had stopped half way down and so halted me, physically, in my tracks – I picked myself up and gingerly climbed out of the run making my way slowly down the snow covered mountain. Mick continued his icy slide alone and had a long wait for me as I made my way down on trembling legs – adrenalin levels running high.*

When I caught up with him he led the way to a comfortable rock and we had a welcome tea-break with entertainment provided by a group of lads ice climbing on the rocky ledges opposite us – it looked like hard work. The sun was setting now so we continued our descent stopping every now and again to gaze as the snow topped mountains in the distance acquired a rosy hue. We were soon down in the valley and as I crossed the wooden bridge Mick disappeared into the field below in order to take some last minute photos capturing the beautiful end of a wonderful day.

We celebrate that night to the sounds of a solo performer who, in his wildest moments hammers out his guitar riffs while standing on one leg. He sounded good but then I think every performer sounds good in the Clachaig.

Sunday 14th Jan

Another perfect day has dawned. The snowy tops of the Aonach Eagach are lit up in a golden light. The air is crisp and clear.

Everyone else had cleared off. There's just Clare and Val and me in the chalet. Steve is lying in. We decide to wait for him to rise and then follow Kryisia and Alan up Beinn a'Chrulaiste.

Rannoch Moor is glowing in the sunlight as we set off from the Kingshouse Hotel, following the Allt a'Bhalaich. We meet Kryisia and Alan as they are descending to the car before driving home. They are full of praise for the hill and Kryisia is ecstatic about the views. We boot our way up the easy snow slopes, in no hurry, but looking forward to the hilltop rewards. The snow is crisp and the crystals shine like diamonds in the light of the low winter sun.

We are not disappointed when we reach the top. We are all grinning and pointing cameras. This lowly Corbett must be one of the best viewpoints in the Highlands. The unfamiliar view into Glen Coe, in particular, is excellent. It is late afternoon and there is little daylight time left. We discuss strategy. The vote is unanimous: we don't want to go down yet. We follow the vague ridge round to Meall Bhallach. The views are more limited here but the light! The sun is down and we are treated to a display in the sky that has us all spinning, open-mouthed. The colours on each horizon, constantly changing, are like nothing I've seen in Lakeland. Deep dusty yellows, turning to burning orange, predominate in the west and dreaming erotic pinks merging into the darkest indigo line the eastern horizon. We have only one headtorch between us so we cannot linger but this world is so beautiful that we cannot *not* linger...

We descend in the deepening gloaming. We stumble a little and grow hesitant on the steep dark heather but we reach the faint path alongside the burn and then find the comfort of tarmac underfoot. The four of us enjoy a couple of rounds in the Kingshouse before driving back down the Glen for baths, dinner, oh, and more drink.



On Beinn a'Chrulaiste

Monday 15th Jan

Steve and Val go home today. There's just Kevin, Margaret, Clare and me left. We set off at first light and drive up to the foot of Glen Finnan. We are aiming for two Munros "in an area of unusually rough and steep complexity" (SMC Hillwalkers' Guide). We stride up the tarmac road in the valley bottom, under the surprising concrete viaduct, for a mile or two, watching the rising sun catching the tops. It's feels quite early but already we know it's not early enough. I delay us by having to run

low light. We can see where our feet are going but have lost our sense of where we are. It's o.k. though, we are low enough by now to feel that we will succeed. I catch sight of the track below us. We step onto it and stride out again, side by side in the darkness. There is a comfort in walking together in the dark after a good day in the hills. And this was more than just a good day.

Tuesday 16th Jan

Margaret had the morning on Beinn a'Chrulaiste. And we all went home, eventually.

Steve throws off his inhibitions and *larges it!*

back to the car to lock it. When we reach the end of the road at Druim Coire a'Bheithe the air has warmed and we each toil up the steep slopes at our own pace, regrouping every so often. The grass gives way to snow and we enjoy the extending views. Strep looks particularly good. As we near the first summit (Sgurr Thuilm) the vista to the west opens up and we see from Skye's Black Cuillins down to Ben More on Mull. We find an exposed little snow ledge just north of the summit for lunch. A bit too exposed for some! We descend to the lumpy traverse to the next Munro, Sgurr nan Coireachan. The descents give nice gentle bumslides for some. We reach the summit just before sunset. We have a headtorch apiece so the only source of anxiety is that we have no idea of the best way down. There is the potential for a memorable, if not worse, epic.

But the sunset is glorious. We gape and revel in the wondrous light. There is none of that in-your-face-pollution-caused-bright-red stuff. This is clean, delicate and truly beautiful. The snow reflects the roseate hues on our shining faces. But we are still at 3,000 feet! We stumble down in the fast fading light, training our night eyes as long as we can. We manage a few spectacular falls on ice before the night wins and we turn on the lights. The vague dark shapes of hills and valleys disappear, to be replaced by total blackness pierced by little circles of yel-



Buchaille Etive Mor on 16th. January

A Walk Meal from High House - Saturday 20 January 2001

Friday evening arrived and I picked up Fred Underhill to make our way up to High House. The recent weather had been snow and freezing conditions so ice axes and crampons were included just in case they were required.

The journey up was very quiet on the roads, and as we pulled up in front of the Scafell Hotel two familiar figures walked out of the gloom, Peter B and Peter G. Over a couple of drinks they informed us that there was very little water inside High House due to the pipes being frozen, they had brought in plenty of water from the stream for every ones use, and that they would sort it tomorrow.

We eventually made our way up to High House knowing that both stoves had been lit and therefore at least the common room and men's dorm would be warm.

After a bite to eat we retired to our sleeping bags and I slept right through till well after light next morning. I awoke and was certain that I heard someone seeing to the common room stove, so I stayed in my bag for a while longer to make sure everything would be warm when I got up, before quickly putting on some clothes and dashing into the common room. I was certain that I would find Fred there as he is always up first, but I was surprised to find it deserted and no lights on. Spooky, I was certain I had heard someone, was it the High House Ghost again!

Eventually the other three got up and breakfast was eaten, and as we sat having yet another cup of tea Hugh Taylor and Rod Muncey arrived. It was decided that the 2 Peters would stay to sort out the water and the rest of us would go for a walk.

As time by now was getting on we decided that we would just go up Grains Gill and return via Allen Crag and Glaramara. The path near the top of the gill was very icy and detours had to be made to avoid it. We eventually got to the top and found a sunny spot for a bite to eat and watch the climbers on the face of Great End. We thought it was rather late for some of the larger parties we saw to be just setting off.

We set off for Allen Crag and the snow along the tops was crisp and white. After Glaramara the decision was made was to carry on down and to come out at Mountain

View, and then return to the hut to hopefully have a shower before going down to the Scafell for the meal.

All day the rescue helicopter had been buzzing around and now it was mostly around Great End, and as we walked back down the valley to the farm in the fading light we could see the search light scanning its face just below its summit. The helicopter then came back and landed near the farm where the Keswick Mountain Rescue was also parked up. On questioning, they informed us that some climbers were needing assistance, but we later found out that it was that the body of that missing walker had at last been found.

Back at High House water had been returned to us, and hot showers were enjoyed by all. Fred and I packed up our gear as we were returning home that night, then we all drove down to the pub and had a very pleasant meal.

An enjoyable time was had by all, I hope, and due to the foot and mouth my memory of it will have to keep me going until we again can visit High House. Let us hope it will be soon and that there will still be Herdwick sheep on the surrounding fells.

Val Calder

MOUNTAINS

Mountain tops are very satisfying.

They are well-defined landmarks, usually indicated by a cairn.

They are attained only after exercise of the limbs, the satisfaction of surmounting them being in direct proportion to the effort involved - the harder the task the greater the reward, which is as it should be.

They are remote, detached from everyday life.

They are new viewpoints, reminders of true values, places to refresh the soul, to banish worries, to sweep away the cobwebs that so confuse the urban mind.

In a changing world they remain unchanged.

In the modern swirl of shifting and transient loyalties they are the anchors. One always feels better after climbing a mountain.

The Pre-Dinner Walk—24th. February

With Foot-in-Mouth having just been announced, the proposed walk from Sandside via Arnside, Silverdale, Fairy Steps, and back, had to be hurriedly re-arranged to avoid all grazing land, contact with farm animals, and farmyards. Having checked the previous day with Hazel Slack Farm whether walking through their farm up to Fairy Steps was OK (it was, but I decided against it anyway) the walk went ahead with modifications.

With many Fellfarers under the illusion that the walk had been cancelled, or deciding not to go for altruistic reasons, only five of us left the car park at the Ship Inn, Sandside – Krysia, Peter Barnes, Margaret & Alan Parker, and myself.

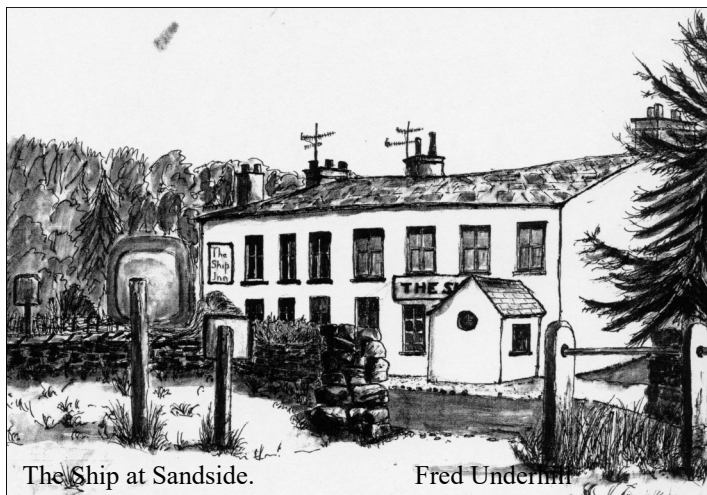
Along the embankment, over the railway line at Arnside, up Park Lane past the fine mullion windowed house of Saltcotes Farm, past Arnside quarry (a little known fact) and into the woods on The Knott. Over the summit and down to Arnside Cave. This is a major expedition (Grade 2) which we accomplished in a few minutes, before dropping down to White Creek Bay and the iron mine trials. The first looks like it needs digging out, and the second goes perhaps 50 metres.

On through the woods to the shore at Silverdale and the first contact with caravans. Two more holes to explore, a high narrow one, and a phreatic one, before heading in land to the Woodlands pub in Silverdale. This is a little known gem with a large open fire, good selection of real ales, and bloody awful décor.

Sandwiches eaten and ale drunk, we headed back through Holgate's caravan site to the shore at Far Arnside, where we had to navigate carefully along the cliffs to avoid the high tide.

Then back along the shore and in land through New Barns caravan site to my flat in Arnside for a cuppa and a view. Not a bad walk really, and not a farm animal in sight!

Hugh Taylor



The Ship at Sandside.

Fred Underhill

Events arranged due to the Foot and Mouth cancelling our outdoor activities

Darts and Dominoes Evening – Wednesday 14 March

Ten people arrived in time to take part in the competitions with another couple arriving in time for the sandwiches.

The usual high standard of play took place. Finishing on that double can be a real killer! Sheila Parkinson scared us when she took out two sets of darts from her bag but it didn't put Fred Underhill off his stride. After a nail biting final against Roger "Chick" Atkinson, and going all the way to three sets, Fred was declared the winner.

The dominoes was eventually won by Cheryl Dickinson who beat myself in the final. Can we not play with six dominoes in future because pub ones are just so big and slippery that I cannot pick up all seven at once!

Thanks to all those who attended, and to the rest of you we really don't take it that seriously. So even if you have never thrown a dart or matched the spots on the dominoes before, come along next time and just have a good night out.

Settle – Carlisle Railway Trip – Saturday 7 April

This was cancelled due to the lack of interest.

Please support our next event which is the Treasure Hunt around Kendal on Sunday 22 April. It will be great fun for all the family, so bring along the wife and kids, and even their grandparents will enjoy it.

The Song of the Ungirt Runners

We swing ungirted hips,
And lightened are our eyes.
The rain is on our lips,
We do not run for prize.
We know not whom we trust
Nor witherward we fare,
But we run because we must
Through the great, wide air.

The waters of the seas
Are troubled as by storm.
The tempest strips the trees
And does not leave them warm.
Does the tearing tempest pause?
Do the tree-tops ask it why?
So we run without a cause
'Neath the big, bare sky.

The rain is on our lips,
We do not run for prize.
But the storm the water whips
And the wave howls to the skies.
The winds arise and strike it
And scatter it like sand,
And we run because we like it
Through the broad, bright land.

Charles Hamilton Sorley

Here are some 'Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellfarer' :

The Plague

I drove north over Shap Fell and the sight of the pale snowy Pennines, floating in the bright sunshine above the blue mists of the Eden valley, set me thinking.

The hills looked impossibly high and far away, like a lesser Himalayan range, and now, the illusion has become reality : Cross Fell is no more accessible to us than the worlds great mountains.

And, later that day, on the way south again, I stopped on the high road north of Penrith to gaze westwards. The beautiful blue hills stretched across the horizon, from High Street and the head of Ullswater to the 'Back o' Skidda'. Little snowfields glinted on the saddle of Blencathra and the scene should have been enough to gladden any hill-lovers heart.



The Eden Valley and the Northern Fells

But below me, in the wide sunlit valley, smoke columns rose from the fields of six separate farms. I was glad that the fires were some way off. I was at least spared the smell of burning carcasses.

The plague rampages now, the slow insidious creep has turned into an all-out charge. Panic chokes the farmers throats and despair hangs in the hedgerows and the dykes. Beasts are slaughtered, carcasses are left for days for crows to pick at and feast upon before the pyres are lit. The crows fly from farm to farm. So the plague spreads.

The grey suits have stopped using the words 'under control'.

Meanwhile day follows glorious sunlit day. Each perfect dawn reveals the delights we all took for granted - the hills, now distant and unreachable. The nights new snow gives form to the lovely uplands and we must look away. We are shown the beauty but we must not

let our heartbeat quicken as it used to. We are learning to suppress our disappointment.

We are shackled and earthbound, denied the upper airs and the wide views. We are tied to the narrow lines of tarmac in the valley bottoms, trapped on the hard lands of man's making.

We are Fellfarers no longer. We must learn to live in cars, in towns, indoors.

At home the boots, the crampons, the ropes, all gather dust. Maps and guidebooks are only used to remind us of days past.

They play no part in our immediate future.

Only the bicycle enjoys a new lease of life; cobwebs and rust-spots are rubbed away, tyres are filled with fresh air and cables are tightened. The wheels hum once more upon the road and we relearn the delights of travelling slowly on the highway.

Muscles ache and nether parts become tender, but our bodies are moving and we are in the sunshine and the good air.

We travel in, amongst, around, between, the things we love.

We know, however, that all this is a poor substitute for the magic of the hills.

Oh hell, there is no substitute for the magic of the hills.

And now the hills are silent:

There is no scuffle of boots on tired tracks.

There is no click, click, click of walking poles.

There is no clink of carabiner on rock.

No groans on toilsome slopes.

No sighs of satisfaction on each mid-day summit.

No throb from the blades of the yellow helicopter.

No friendly calls

No shared laughter.

No voices, no voices at all.

The hills are not silent:

But no-one hears the Raven's rusty croak.

No-one hears the swish of melting snow sliding from the steep places.

No-one hears the doomed sheep calling.

No-one hears the steady drip of meltwater from the tip of each shrinking icicle.

No-one hears the wind rustling the winter grasses on high summit domes.

No-one hears the creak of the ice as the sun warms the high frozen tarns.

No-one hears the rush and splash of the tumbling becks.

And other senses :

There is no colour-chaos of tents at Sty Head and Sprinkling Tarn

No-one smells the blue woodsmoke drifting up to the sunset-ruddy rocks from the inn at dusk.

No-one watches the slow clumsy wing-beat of the buzzard in the air above our crags, our fields, our empty footpaths.

And what of High House?

Water in the pipes is turning to ice in the long hours of darkness. There are no fires to warm the belly of the

building in the coalblack hours, when the reflection of the stars glint on the night-blind windows.

No smoke, no song, no drink-loosed words, no children's joyful cries, no steaming boots, no plans made for a glorious tomorrow, no sorting of ropes and climbing gear, no snuggled sleeping bags.

And in the day the sunlight streams through the afternoon windows, gleaming on the table-edge and lighting the motes drifting down through the cold still air. A thin film of dust is building upon the furniture and the red floor.

Old members gaze unblinking from the frames on the silent walls. Their times at High House were not like this.

The Man in the Checked Suit wanders from room to room, wondering why he is now alone. He has no way of knowing what is happening in the outside world. Perhaps he believes that war has returned to steal us all away. Perhaps he is right.

And who will feed the mice?

Outside, the grass is sprouting, young, tender and green, between the untrodden stones at our door. The benches lie upturned and forlorn, unwarmed by bodies taking that first, and best, cup of the day in the clear



Taylorgill Force

morning air. Chaffinches and robins and quick green siskins come to the bird-table in vain. The bread is long gone.

Base Brown and Glaramara and icy Great End look down upon our silent valley and watch and wait. It will be a long, long wait.

And when will we return to the fells?

The snows will be a distant memory.

The ravens and the peregrines will raise their crag-borne broods.

The eagles will breed, or fail, and will have no watchers.

Spring and summer flowers will bloom and die unseen. Hillside scars will begin their slow green-heal.

Lichen and soft mosses will reclaim the rock faces. No prying anxious fingers and polishing rubber sole will wipe them away.

Perhaps even the orange peel will begin to melt away...

Perhaps the next seasons frosts will arrive...

.....all before we can return to the fells.

And when we do return?

The whole walking, climbing, running world will come with us.

Picture the first weekend the fells are declared 'open' again. Every valley will be choked with cars. Every slow-healing scar will be torn open again. The deer and the fox and the quick little shrew will retreat from the booted invasion. In one single day man will reassert himself.

But what will we return to?

We might return to hills shorn of sheep forever. This may be the beginning of the end of our close-cropped landscape.

Will our fellsides turn dark with growing trees? Will sunlight give way to shade? Will the birch and the thorn and the pinewood reclaim their lost territories? Will the exuberant song of the skylark be replaced by that of the thrush and the creeping blackbird and the ghostly hoot-owl?

Perhaps the slow-tumbling walls will be left finally, to rest where they fall. The skylines will grow jagged with pine-tops. Stone paths will become soft-carpeted with fallen leaves. Wide views will be reduced to window-glimpses through tangled boughs.

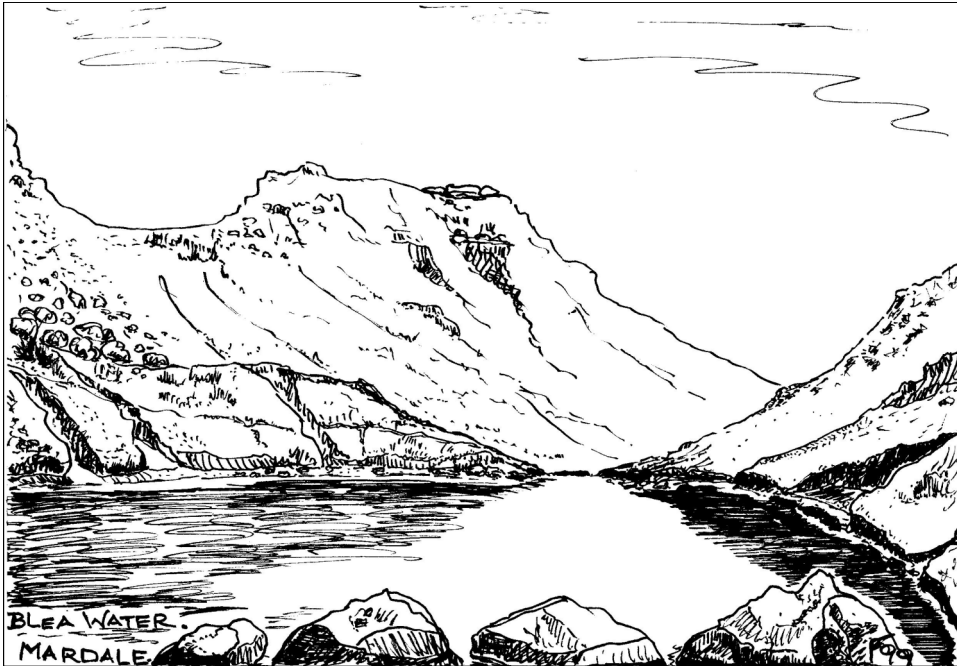
Or perhaps a different future awaits:

Angry letters will be written to the Guardian.

Seminars will be held on the importance of maintaining the fragile eco-tourist-system. Local groups will meet in pubs on Saturday nights to drink Jennings and Hartleys Best Bitter and discuss, with increasing incoherence, the Great Plan For Saving The Fells As We Know Them.

And each Sunday morning, from all around the edges of Cumbria, teams of earnest volunteers will set off into the fells armed with shears and lawnmowers.....

A DAY AT BLEA WATER-(MARDALE)-MAY 18TH.



The sun shone brightly that morning as I drove past the Town Hall at 5.30 am on the way to the Head of Haweswater on a walking-fishing trip. When I arrived at the top of the valley the small carpark was almost full and at 6.45 am I couldn't understand why there were so many cars and vans there, they all couldn't have spent the night on the fells.

The problem was soon solved as there had been a Dawn Chorus Bird Watch that morning and I would think they had gone to Riggindale.

I checked my fishing tackle, bait and sandwiches and set off alongside the Mardale Beck and up towards Blea Water. The ground was still wet even though the weather had been hot for several days and in the wet marshy areas there were the usual plants, Lousewort, Bog Cotton, Wild Spotted Orchids and the smaller version of the Venus Fly Trap (Sundew). The footpath became indistinct in parts so I went straight up the fell to the higher path which was easier going. I about 1 hour I arrived at the lip of Blea Water, a good flat area for an overnight Bivvy. I took the right hand path along the shore line to the opposite side of the tarn under Blea Water Crags.

I tackled up with a small red worm and settled down to sunbathe but soon a cool breeze sprang up and started to ruffle the water but more importantly blew terrestrial flies onto the water. Stoneflies, having spent 2-3 years in the silt, hatch out and start to crawl along the lake bed and up onto the rocks to mate and start the cycle again. A small black fly like a Hawthorn Fly (Bibionidae), Mayfly and the occasional wasp were also blown onto the water. The fish in Blea Water are small brown trout about 6 to 9 inches long and a light mottled green in colour. The water is crystal clear and your shadow on the water will send the trout down or off to other parts of the tarn. A bite at last and it drives deep as Blea Water is one of the deepest tarns in the lakes, I land the fish about 8 inches long but thin so I returned it to the water. In winter the fish go into deeper water and only rise in the spring as the water warms up and feed becomes more plentiful.

The sun hatches out the May flies, etc, and they either make their way up through the water and to the surface where they take off—mate and land on the water again to lay their eggs. At this time the fish gorge themselves and soon grow fat after their long winter fast. I then change my bait to artificial fly, one that imitates the May fly—a

Greenwells Glory—a pattern from the 1850's named after Canon William Greenwell and used on the Tweed but now an international pattern. At 3 pm the fish started to rise but it only lasted about 30 minutes and cold wind ruffled the water and sent the fish down, time to go.

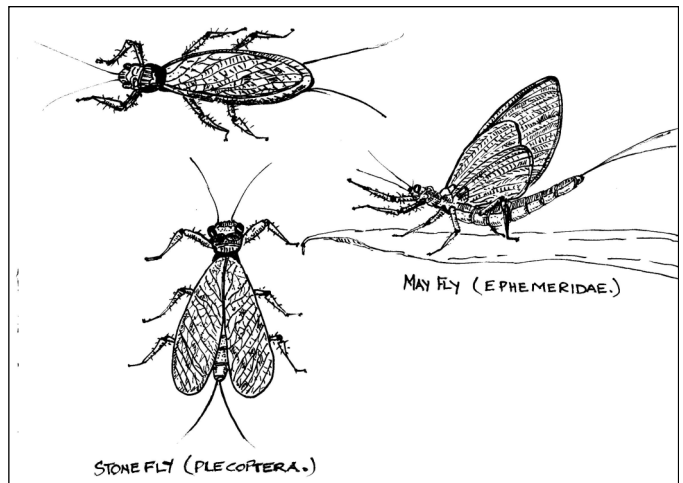
I packed away my telescopic rod into my rucksack and climbed up the slope to Caspel Gate and then straight up Long Stile onto High Street where the wind was now quite fresh. I made my way along the ridge, not stopping on Mardale Ill Bell but going down Nambield Pass to the shelters along by Small water. I have not caught any fish in there. I finished off my flask and made my way back to the car I was home about 6.30 pm. A good day out which started very hot but ended chilly; one fish caught and a little wiser—maybe—about the feeding habits of the trout.

This year I hope to visit the tarns around Sty Head—Sprinkling and Angle Tarns about the end of June—anybody interested?

Fred Underhill.

Tarns about the end of June—anybody interested?

Fred Underhill.



No-one had a go at the competition in the last issue. Which means it was too hard, or too boring. Ah well, more wine for me! Here are the answers anyway:

Cumberland Dialect Competition

- | | |
|------------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Clip't an Heel't | In proper trim |
| 2. Dirlin' | Singing |
| 3. Edge o'dark | Twilight |
| 4. Fairly good ta nowt | Good for nothing |
| 5. Girt | Friendly |
| 6. Hugger Mugerin' | Idling |
| 7. Jimmerly | Week-kneed |
| 8. Lairy | Dirty |
| 9. Mair din nor dow | More noise then work |
| 10. Nowder says giss nor sty | Never speaks |
| 11. Ratch | Thievish greedt dog |
| 12. Speatt o'rain | Torrent of rain |
| 13. Thrummel't | Crowded |
| 14. Whidderin' | Trembling |
| 15. Yammer | Chatter |

Club member Jeff Forrest sent me some information about:

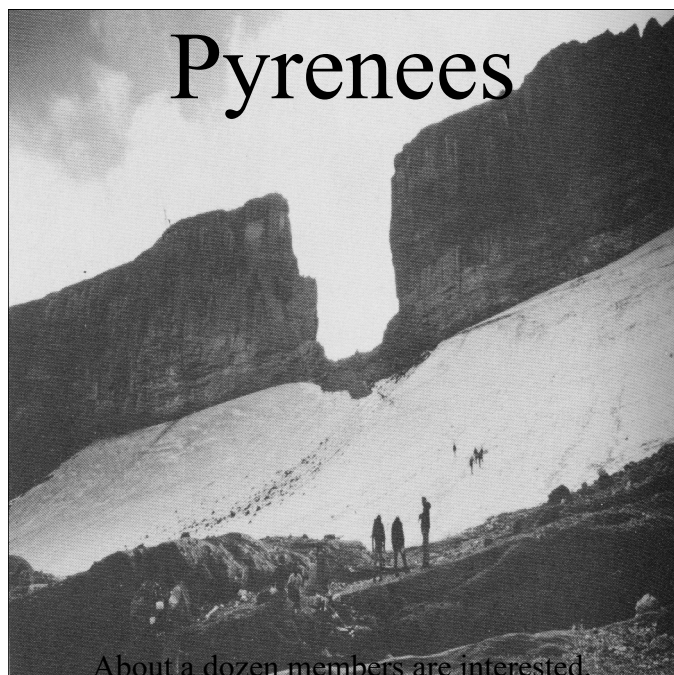


Treking in Nepal

Are you interested in a 14 day trek in 2002? We are hoping to arrange a talk by the organiser if there is enough interest.

The cost would be about £500 + airfare (for the trek, not the talk, silly!) and the money goes to the villagers of Nepal to improve their standard of living.

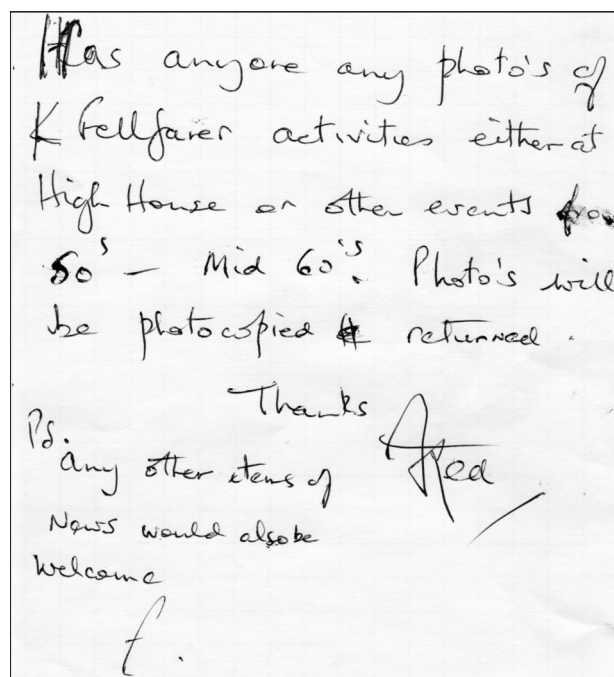
If you want more information call the Ed. on 01539 727531



About a dozen members are interested.

August looks like the most popular month. There will be a planning meeting after the committee meeting on May 1st. If you can't attend, or would like to come but haven't put your name down yet, please let Hughie know.

A message from the Club Archivist:



If you have any pictures or material to give or loan, please contact Fred direct on: 01539 727480

Here's more nostalgia from the 1944 Journal :

WILL RITSON REFORMS !

Will Ritson sat in his study – a snug nea-uk int' kitchen at Row-Foot – his weary head bleached by the winds of many a mountain blast. Beside him a vase of budding willow unfolded itself – a portent of the coming Spring. Above him hung a portrait of his idol, George Washington, of whom tradition said "He never told a lie".

Wrapped in the quiet of his thoughts he mused, for he was of that timorous type of manhood whose silent eloquence bore the hallmark of England's gentry at their best.

Strange happenings were afoot in the dales in these early fifties; pedestrians clothed in shaggy garb, alien to swallow tail or crinoline, flitted about like elderly ewes amongst the ling and bracken.

Monsters of iron, driven fast by steam, were disgorging their cargo of interlopers to taint the highways and byways of Lakeland. "Tw'ill not be long" sighed he "before these tranquil moments will be but a memory".

Whilst he thus mused, wrapped in meditation, he was called back to his immediate surroundings, for there was a knock, a loud unruly knock, not the quiet tapping that had hitherto ushered souls into the company of so illustrious a personage as Will Ritson. "Come in, pray be seated; and whom may I have the honour to address? Is it male or female" said he with merry twinkle in his blue eyes, as he ushered in his visitor.

"I beg your pardon, William Ritson, if rumour is as rumour says, then William Ritson is no oil painting."

"Hold now friend, no innuendos. Atmosphere in these sacred precincts is not bettered by your unmannerly disquisitions.

"Well spoken, Will. Fair speech for a simple dalesman, but thy speech and thy looks they betray thee. So cut out the cackle and lets hear a bit about the Highest Peak, Deepest Lake, Smallest Church and Biggest Liar."

"So I'm to cut out the cackle, am I? Why thoo li'le strutting banty, I was sure thet nowt good fetched tha here, but since thoo is here thoo sal ave as mich es thoo's amind ta tak he-am with a.

Nae need to ex whear thoo hails frae: metropolis is written plain as a pike-staff; bath thee phyzog and thee brazenness leav tha es wide open as a par ev barn-dooers. En what might bangin' on yon's knocker mean if it's nobbut ta tell a fella to cut out the cackle? Whats thy bisnes, for times mon-ey here? For it's time to sarrat caulves en a bran-mash ta git ready fert li'le cuddy int' paddock. En by the way, I'd es sean talk tull him es thee and they kind onytime."

"Now William, we're shaping. Nothing like showing one's true colour. A fair question, a fair answer; that's the line of approach. Reminiscences, that's what I'm after, William, plain honest to goodness Kings English. And gossip has it that Will Ritson has a pile of them as high as Scafell Pike. But from what I can deduce from them scraggy specimens of quadrupeds hung aloft on the walls, folk wouldn't be led to think that anything in the way of adventure had come Wasdale way, would they?"

"Mangy what dusta caw'em" yelled Will. "Let me tell thee Mr Clever, them specimens err filled wit saam make ev stuff es is in't skoups eft maist interloupers es cums these parts – sawdust; But frea sound English yak."

"But William you don't mean to tell me that that dog hung up there with half a face is a work of art, do you?"

"En what's wrong wi it might I ex? They nebber cood, niver will see't likes ef that poor mungrel Jacob. Jacob's cooet for he had as many fadders es Jacob's cooat had colours. But pull up't chair, en I'll fetch thee a drink. Hesta bin weaned yet/ Could ta deu a li'le drop ev real stingo? Say when, and if thoo dusn't mind, don't sup oot eft jug. Thairs a mug fer that purpus and thood better put jug besides me. It'll be mich safer."

"Noo me lad, if thoo's set, lets be getting on. What sic seet hesta? Canta maack oot thus sta-ak atween Deep Ghyll en Scafell Pinnacle? Thoo can't; Naither can I. But just ahead of it beyint sky-line thoo'll find it, en atween me en thee that sta-ak and Jacob mad history. Hoo funny that et shud maack his tombsteane as weel. Lang may it keep fra rotting, for that's whaar he cocked his teas, afoore he fand his nitche aboon dooer."

"It was this way," continued Will, "Prowling around es was allus his bent. He chanced to put up an hare near Burnthwaite the likes of which, fer wind and love of spooet we may niver see again. Away they streak't like't wind through't hay-cocks. M'lad, I can tell tha, a pack of hounds runnin' alang Blackcoombe is a seet fert Gods, but fer yance I gie-way to Jacob and the Devil in hares clobber. "Tally Ho!" Shoots I et a poor auld mungrel. A mitek me-be, but did he hang on; I'll say he did. Away up't slope ef Kirkfell, in amongst bracken, across Gavell Knees to Sty Heed, doon an across foet ef Skew Ghyll. Did he loup fra yan side ef Piers Ghyll ta't tuther? Nut he. Like a peregrine he simply flew across; nae kidding aither. For a bit we lost him in't bracken, or in about Ling Mell, but doon they's dropped inta't valley. What a reace across top of't leake. Vicar said when he spotted um thet they were runnin' about half an hour in twenty five minutes by his watch. But Ministors due to exaggerate sometimes; If they're nut talkin' of fleeing dra't Devil, they're puttin' yan ready ta flee fra' that wrath ta come. But dang t'Vicar; whear were we. Oh my; didn't they scutter; time an again the ran awmost alongside yan anudder. Et times you could hardly see their backsides for dust, dodging here and thear, twisting an turning in less room than

there is atween them collups of ham en eggs in't frying pan. Through Brackenclouse Wood, thro't back ta Broon Tongue, te't Hollow Steans.

Last we see on um was near Deep Ghyll. Remember that, waint ta, fer that spot is sacred en so is Scafell Pinnacle. Atween em they witnessed the last but grandest run ever seen in these parts. A scraggy specimen was it, en wasn't it? Nut in these breeches. Did they turn up eventually? Noo thoo's oxin' summat. En I tell tha lad it maks a lump cum up in mi throat when I think about it. As neet drew on, weel did I mark whaar et was I last saw him. Were it a lang neet? I, langest I'd ever put in I can assure tha. Yance, es I was dozing off I fancied I heard him whining outside't dooer. But it was nobbut wind rummeling around en mudder's inside. Was I glad when it was morning? You bet I was. Away be dawn, eyes glued on't spot whaar mi instinct told me summat was aboot ta happen, and happen it did. Reet ahead of us loomed that sta-ak, and deead ahead a branch, sharp es en axe, covered whi haer en gore lay

all the evidence I needed, for es sure es tha-irs a God aboon, Jacob, his mind bent on bisness, had met his Waterloo.

He must hev hit it fair an square head on. Twenty yards farther on I fand him; well, net him really, but two hoves ev him, for yan holf hed gone ta't reet and tudder ta't left. Weel may thoo ex was thet end ev him, Just wait a minut, let's finish. Would ta believe it, but just ahead of him a couple ev yards or so-aa lay that hare, his eyes popping ott like hat-pegs, surrounded by that was yance poor auld Jacob. A mangy specimen wan't it? Ay lad, if thoo could have seen the leauk he gev me, if thoo could have seen his split tail he was trying his best to wag afoore he gave up the ghost, thoo'd withdraw thee ridicule wadn't ta. Satisfied thoo is? Weel thoo's a bigger liar than Will Ritson."

Editor's Notes.....

Five Youth Hostellers—Easter 1944

After queuing in the usual style,
We piled in the bus bound for Keswick.
We greeted the world with a smile,
As the sunshine was just the right tonic.

The Trees, Lakes and Hills were a picture,
Always so fresh, though frequent the sight.
Messrs. Lion and Lamb there at Grasmere,
Beamed down upon us from their height.

As we stepped off the bus we were thirsty and hot,
"Oh. For something to drink" sang out Winnie.
So we went to the café to see what they'd got,
And had tea made with milk that was tinny.

At last we set off with a light-hearted swing,
And the regular rhythm of nailed boots and shoes.
Along with the sunshine - we couldn't but sing,
And soon put an end to the blues.

Through Portinscale, and into a picturesque wood,
Where our temperature started to rise,
'Till Clara remarked "Well this is no good,
I cannot proceed in this guise."

Off came our jumpers, scarves and our gloves,
And each had a sweetmeat to crunch.
Then on again 'till accosted by boys,
Selling daffodils at one shilling a bunch.

"Let's have some tea at the farm down at Grange,"
Said Clara, near fading with hunger.
So sitting outside 'neath the Borrowdale Range,
We had tea, then felt 20 years younger.

Choc. Biscuits were served - strange to relate,
Which were relished by all but our Rita,
Who pocketed hers for her Ma to "ate",
If temptation did not defeat her.

Duly refreshed, on to Longthwaite we tramped,
For the night at the Hostel to park,
And doing our duty, like good "little" girls,
We rose in the morn with the lark.

Across fields and meadows and out at Seatoller,
Then slowly and upward we climbed,
'Till Winnie looked up, and did holler,
"We're there, and it's another mealtime."

Three consecutive heights were our Saturday's goal,
Dale Head, Hindsgarth and Robinson,
And these we achieved - quite good on the whole,
Having time for a snooze ere returning.

Sunday was hailed as a promising day,
With Gable again on the menu.
But the elements raged till at last we gave way,
And ate our packed lunch in the kitchen.

After lazing around with Lil' and the cat,
We noticed the rain had ceased falling.
So all except Clara donned caps and hat,
As tea at Seatoller was calling.

Monday came round bringing sighs and goodbyes,
Then off we tramped back to Keswick,
Making a bee - line for the bus - being wise,
As being first in the queue was our physis.

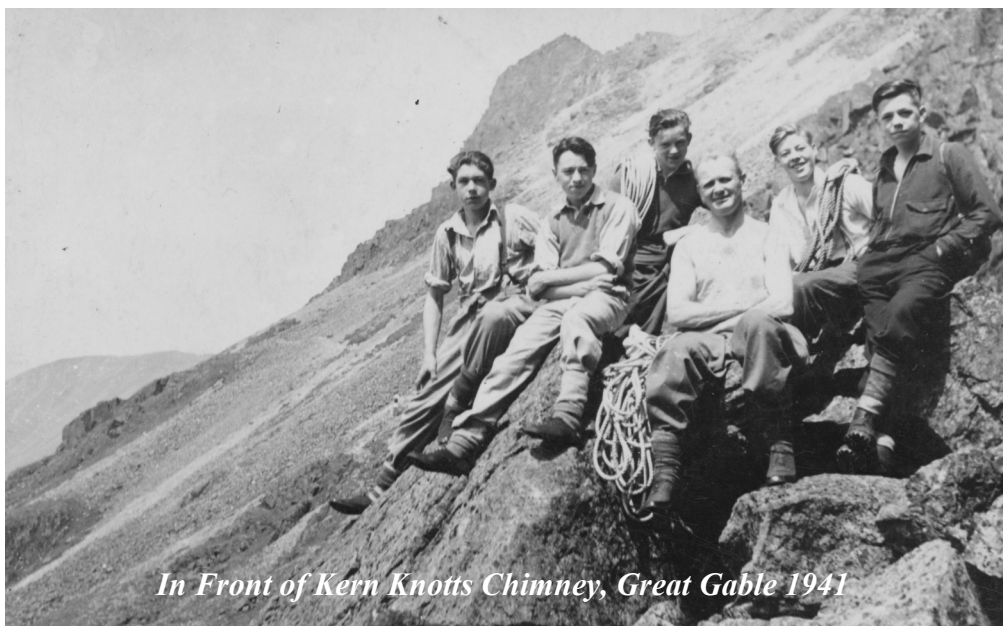
We spread out our macs and sat on the kerb,
Taking our place in the queue.
And folks pushing in tried our peace to disturb,
But we all stuck together like glue.

With a feeling of content, for a week-end well spent,
Homeward the bus quickly bore us.
Next Easter week-end, we planned as we went,
Yes, "Honister" said all in one chorus.

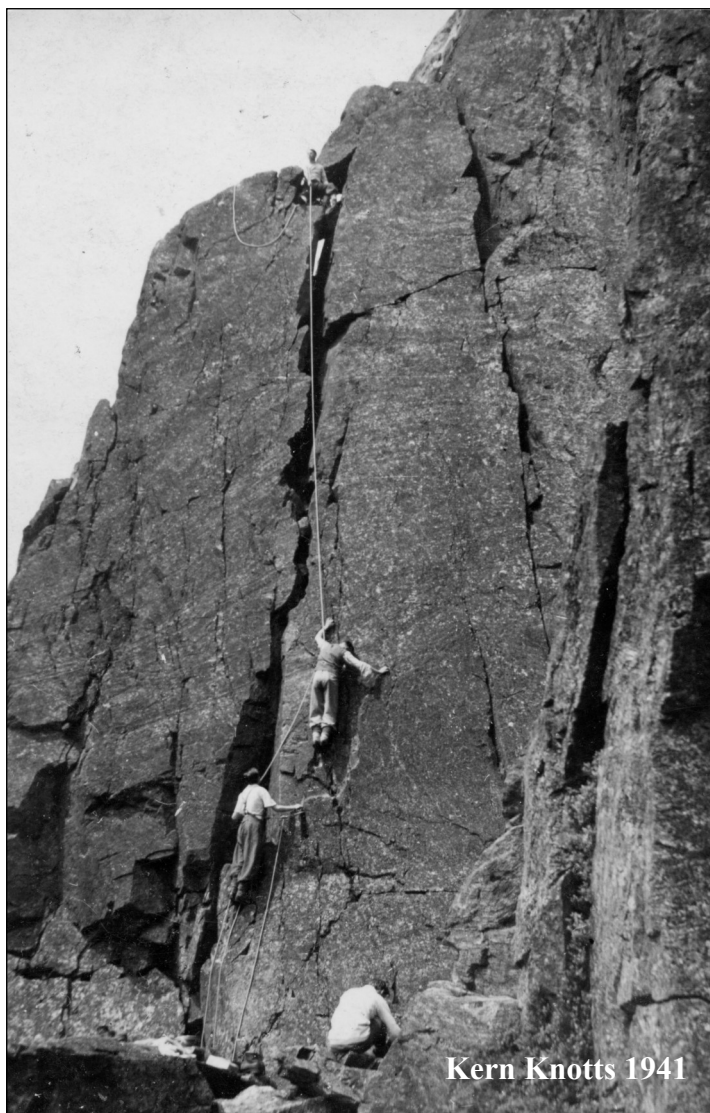
Real Climbing

I started off with the idea of talking about climbing in 'my day' compared to the present days, but then I thought - I know but little of modern day rock climbing so I thought I would collect a few thoughts and memories.

I think what started 'our crowd' off climbing was when as members of the Kendal Lads Club we applied, and were granted, a £50 grant from the National Association of Boys Clubs to start the first climbing section in the Country. With that vast sum in 1939/40 we all trooped up to Keswick and purchased a 60ft, 100ft, 120ft alpine climbing rope and each got climbing boots, nailed to our own choice, and still had money to spare!



In Front of Kern Knotts Chimney, Great Gable 1941



Kern Knotts 1941

Then at our first visit to the 'K' Hostel we initially tried out our new gear on the Seathwaite Slabs!

So that was the start of our Yesteryears climbing, then I believe more of a sport - not as I feel now - more of a league table with the urge to conquer. Even Hillary when he topped Everest said 'We've knocked the bastard off'. It will still be there when he's gone, even so degraded as it has been since - as Oscar Wilde said, 'Each man kills the thing he loves'.

I believe we were fortunate to climb when it was more of a game. The basic - really all the equipment - was a rope - with the 3 red strands running down the centre - a pair of soft iron nailed boots - generally single clinker nails with Triconi in the instep and three headed hobbs in the middle.

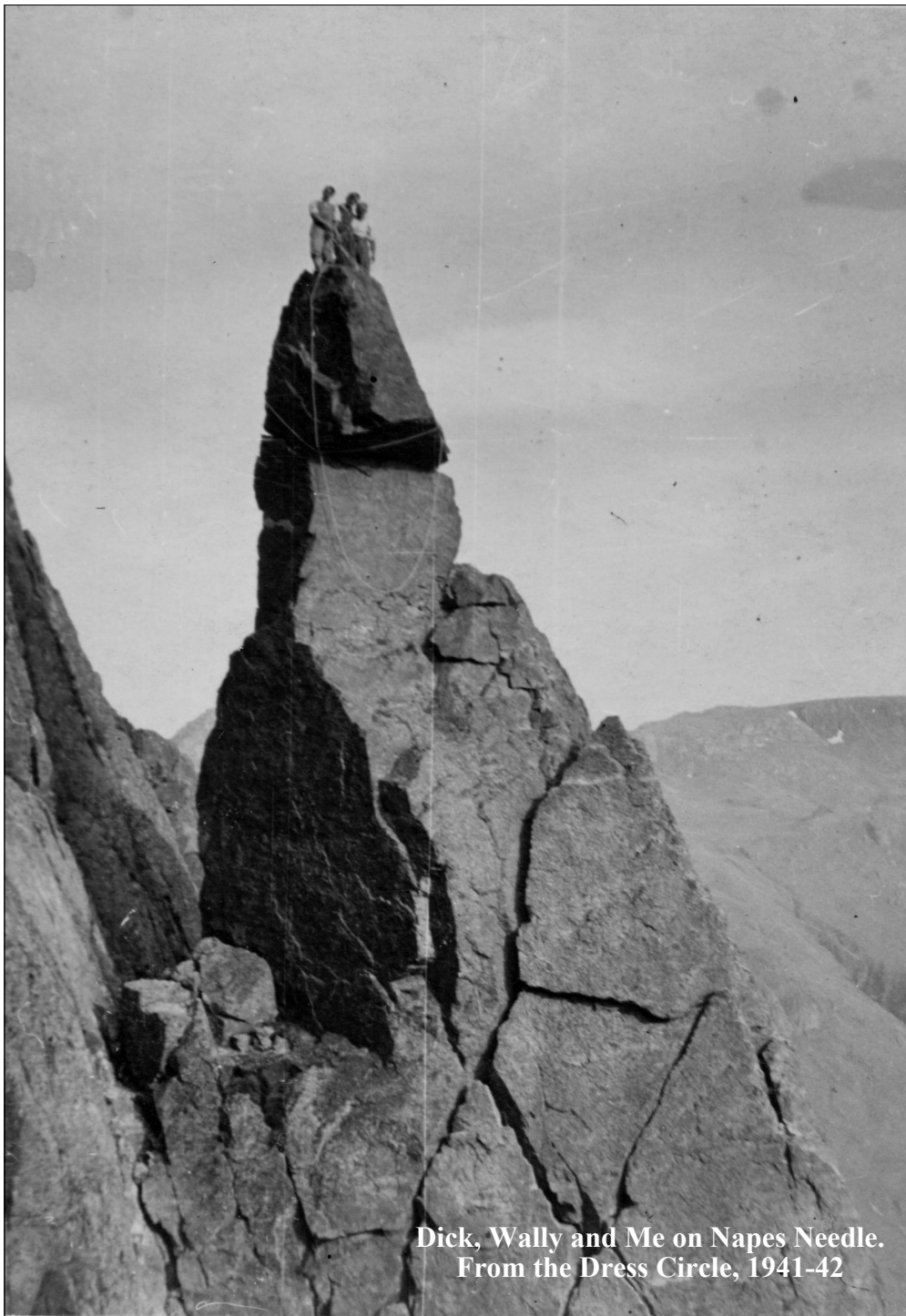
These plus a pair of pumps - goloshers - purchased from Darwin Leightons shop (Himself a good climber) in Highgate, Kendal completed the Equipment.

This was in the days before Karabiniers, Friends, nuts, Wired nuts, Slings, Rock Crams, Brakes, Stient Plates, Snaplinks, Screwgates - Not Forgetting Jumars, Pitons, Wire Ladders, Harness, Crash Helmets, Sticky and Rock boots, Ghecko Pads, Bags of Chalk etc etc. How the hell did Syd Cross and Charlie Tatham manage with their clothes line?

Now each climber seems to have enough gear to tackle the North Face of the Eiger - speaking of which, when the Japanese 'conquered it' they rawplugged it from 'bottom to top'.

Then the rope was basically for climbing and belaying - the average run between 30 + 50ft for each pitch with no protection beyond the leading climbers ability, and how fast the belayed second could get the rope in , and hold him if the leader fell. Falls in most cases meant serious injury.

Now it is much safer - but even so - a lot of todays climbers seem reluctant to move upwards without a lot of protective



Dick, Wally and Me on Napes Needle.
From the Dress Circle, 1941-42

runners and fastenings

Last year I watched a chap climbing the Needle, and he had a heck of a job to set off, so loaded down with his ironware etc. and he placed two running belays before he got up the Wardale Crack - about twenty feet off the ground. Is this the modern adventure of climbing? It would have been quicker, and probably cheaper to have brought an aluminum ladder, like those they have strung out all over Everest - including the first and second steps - just below the SUMMIT!

I recall over 50 years ago sitting in the amphitheatre on Dow Craggs with Jim Cameron - professional guide - and Harry Griffin, sheltering from some heavy rain and Jim recalling some of his experiences with different clients he had taken on the crags. Nowadays I suppose to get his guide license he would need a degree in mechanical engineering - or an outdoor certifi-

cate in piton placing, crag gardening, chalk applying etc to become a guide.

Just after the War (1945) Not the Crimea! all the Hostel climbing gang had a day on Kern Knotts doing the Chimney, The Crack, The Innominate, Sepulchre and West Wall with the average run about 40-60ft - a test of skill and nerve. Now it is climbed with running relays, nuts etc all the way up, i'm rather surprised they dont have a crane.

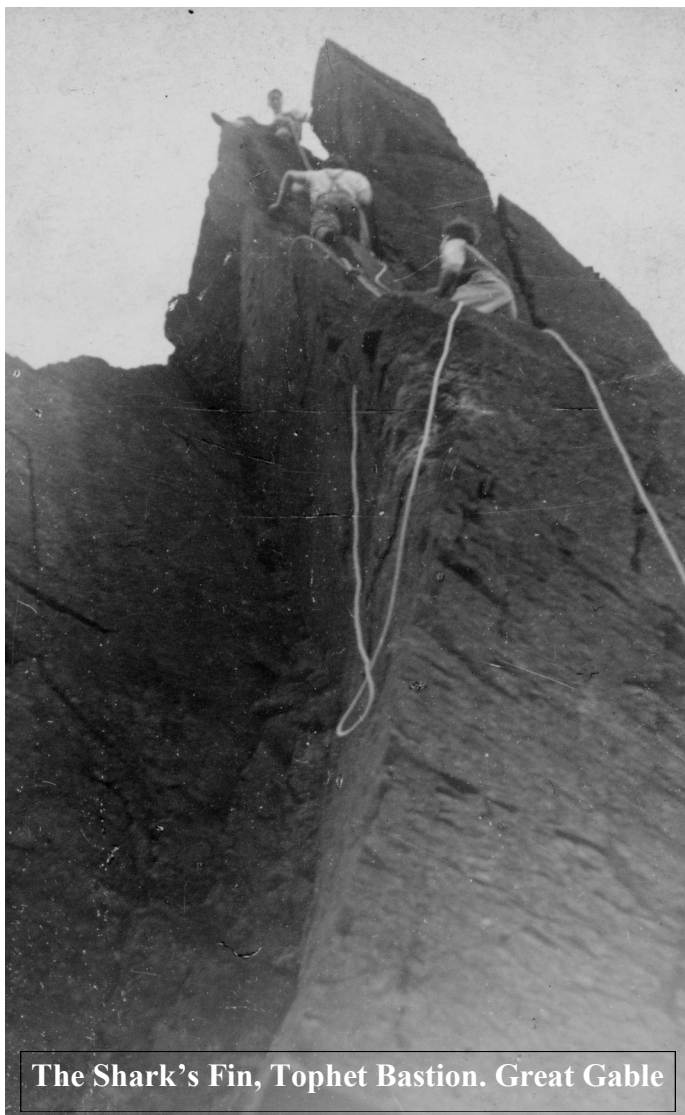
In passing the Sepulchre climb is no more, the lay-back start before the traverse left into the Innominate Crack collapsed a few years ago.

The first time we all visited the Needle in our early youth we had to wait as there was a lone climber flat out at the top - and when we reached the shoulder he came down - George Basterfield in an old pair of slippers - grace itself. It would have taken a lot of modern climbers ages to collect -stocktake etc with all his gear! And this "climb when you are ready" what else is he there for? then "Im climbing" what does he expect, a roll of drums!

Time and progress cannot stand still but it saddens me that a lot of the fun and adventure and enterprise seem to have been lost and clearly it is no longer a 'leisure' type of sport and up at all cost- pegs, rockets. I feel it wont be long before a form of rock sucker is invented which will do away with 1/2 Cwt of ironmongery, harness, helmets etc, or perhaps instead of the present 'sticky boots' a super glue or magnetic rock device is invented, which will enable a fly walk to be done on all grades of rock climb.

The 'K' Boot as the Hostel was known to the Borrowdale Folk has over the years played host to many of the top climbers. Bill Peascod, Jim Birkett, V. Veevers, Gilpin Ward, Dumbar Usher to name a few plus Fearless 'Koff' to whom the central but-tress on Scafell, or was it in the Scafell was no trouble - even in his 'wellies'.

I feel with the passage of time that a lot of the hail and well met fell friendship has gone. It used to be that you greeted everyone you met on the fells with a smile and cheerful word. Now people slide by like 'ships in the night' trying their best to appear invisible. And honesty - no more. I remember years ago someone had left his ruck-sack on the stretcher box top of Sty Head and it was still there over a fortnight later. Nowadays it wouldnt have stayed an hour! I see that even climbing ropes have been pinched on climbs. At one time the route up a very steep climb was difficult to pick out, now with more chalk



The Shark's Fin, Tophet Bastion. Great Gable

powder about than on 100 babies bums, direction is no trouble.

Present day climbing is now much safer, and enables the top climbers to do climbs which were impossible 50 years ago. but is it still a sporting contest, or purely a mechanical engineering test.

It shows the difference in climbing standards nowadays with all the technical and sophisticated gear, when one realises that by far one of the most difficult climbs pre-war - the Central Buttress on Scawfell is now graded Hard Very Severe (HVS) and that there are at least seven higher grades 1E to 7E - fantastic.

The climbers I really admire and have to watch are the free-solo climbers - Tom Patey style - with all the ability, nerve, and guts in the world.

Climbing on Gable crag with my pal Wally at the beginning of the War - we were very near to Jim Birkett and Les Muscroft surveying and checking on a possible new route. They studied the line, checked the

sections by sections till they'd got it right and climbed it.

Nowadays a possible new route is top-roped, gardened, spiked, odd clips placed - just in case - and possibly pegged aswell. Then the pitches are practiced on a top rope, powdered and finally climbed from below, and staked as a new ascent - doesnt ring true to me.

To fall off a climb was taboo - sometimes fatal and a leader had to be aware of his 'limits', but nowadays falling off is part of climbing and even practiced, which i suppose is why the present standard is so high - but I wonder how todays standard would compare say if the present day climber used the bare essentials of yester year - doing Central Buttress on Scawfell in nailed boots or perhaps the 1934 climb of Engineering slabs on Gable Crag where the leader needs 100ft of rope and after 80ft there isnt another belay before the top, another 100ft up with a lay back and the Cruz still to come - with the gear of yesteryear!

Nowadays one rarely sees anyone on the traditional climbs on the crags, we go off weekly, and rarely see anyone on Gable, Scawfell, Dow Crag etc. The modern climber seems to have moved into the valley and sea-cliffs - not as far to walk!

In many ways conditions are much better now. The Mountain Rescue Teams are well organised, equipped and trained. Seems a far cry from the luxurious headquarter, first class equipment - landrovers etc to the not so far distant past when the farmers, and quarrymen, Joe Cobham and his Seatoller mates, plus the Honister quarrymen went out and brought the injured back into the valley on a borrowed farm gate!

The inaugural meeting of the Borrowdale Mountain Rescue association was led by 'Rusty' Westmorland on the 14th Feb 1948 and it was decided that quarrymen and others who turned out and lost work-time would be re-imbursed up to £1 for each rescue!

Sheep-rescuing now gains awards, RSPCA certificates etc. but 'way back' it was just accepted and the Kendal Lads Club crowd lowered many a crag fast sheep down to Terra-Firma - especially in the Longsleddal area. I remember once being asked by Stan Edmondson to help him with a really crag-fast sheep up on Base-Brown.

Having made our way up the crag to the sheep and belaying



Doe Crag 1941



Hopkinson's Crack. "Wally + Me"
Dow Crag. Coniston 1941

Stan, I asked him if he wanted to tie the sheep on - the answer was Nay - and on reaching the sheep, Stan just pushed it off the crag. I thought 'Hell' - the sheeps had it, but no - landing on the scree, it just shook itself, and ambled off bleating! I thought well, Stans got his priorities right!

Then after being on a sheep-drive with Stan and his Dad over to Ennerdale they used to have grazing rights over there - may still have - and we were just coming back over the shoulders of Gillercombe when the hunt hound - I think it was Dancer - who had louped along with us all day, and had been boarded out at Seathwaite farm from the hunt, put up a big dog fox. Away it went, and by the time we had got to the top of Sour Milk Ghyll Dancer had got it. 'Young' Stan, in spite of his dad playing hell with him, brought it down into the farm yard on his shoulder to display it - a fine dog fox about 25lb's in weight.

We appeased the 'old-lads' feelings by me giving him a hair-cut - spared him going into Keswick for one. The fact that I had never cut hair before bothered neither of us - its a good good job it didnt! It wasnt a very artistic cut, plenty of quantity but short on quality!

Alas, we have no time to stand and stare - as W.M. Davies sayeth and the present weather do not seem as well defined - Summer and Winter - as of yesteryear.

I wonder how long we will have to wait for a proper winter as we had in 1947 that enabled us to go skating on Sprinkling and Styce-Head Tarns, then go down the valley and skate from the Borrowdale Hotel into Keswick Bay, then the following night skate on the River Kent between Victoria and Stramongate Bridges in Kendal!

One wonders at times if progress is any advantage? It was only earlier this year as we were up above Rusthwaite Lodge in Grisedale Valley and got involved in the middle of a Fox Hunt - The Huntsman had to tell the few hunt followers - those that had managed to get out of their four wheeled drive vehicles - in no uncertain terms not to use their mobile phones, as he couldnt hear his hounds up above in the cove! Shades of Joe Bowman - he'd turn in his grave.

Reading Krysiias Down-Under Diary in the October Fellfarer I noticed she had passed through 'The Blue Mountains' in New South Wales, which brought back memories.

When the war ended in the Far East we sailed home from Hong-Kong via Australia, and my ship mate, whose father was a Newmarket trainer, and myself enjoyed a fortnight's leave in the Blue Mountains - in Jan 1946 we hired horses, and wandered many a mile through the Blue Mountains, on horseback, a wonderful experience, not unlike wild west, as most of the hotels and hostels had hitching rails, and stables for our mounts. Wonderful scenery. The Blue Mountains - so called because of the unusual Blue haze given off when the light strikes the Eucalyptus oil in the air.

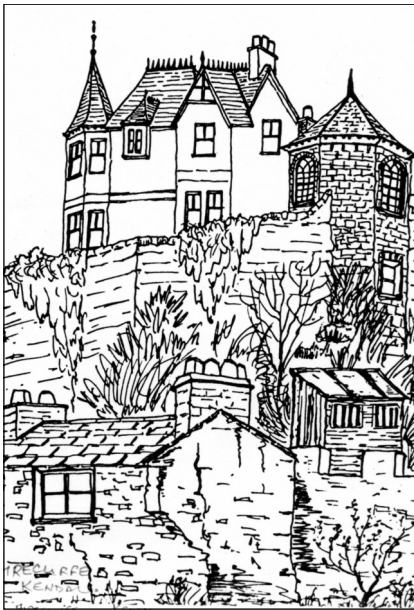
Yes, looking back I still think of them as the 'Good Old Days'. But perhaps with envy now at the youth of today, who have so much more opportunity and chance of world wide travel and achievement, which in my youth was only available to the priveleged few.

Myers Ferguson

Social Calendar

April

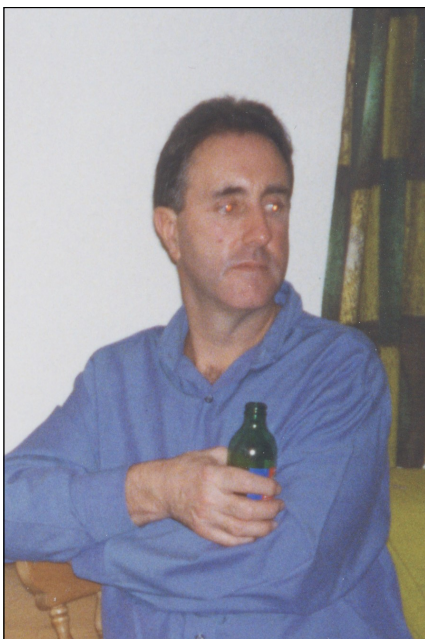
COMMITTEE MEETING ON 3rd APRIL AT THE RIFLEMANS ARMS.
COME AND JOIN US FOR A PINT AFTERWARDS – APPROX 9.30



Treasure Hunt Kendal

Sunday 22 April 2001
Starts from Kendal College at 10.30
am
Prize-giving and Sunday lunch
(optional)

Sandra & Tony are off to sunny Spain



They leave us in early May, we think.

Join them for a farewell drink at the Rifleman's Arms

26th April

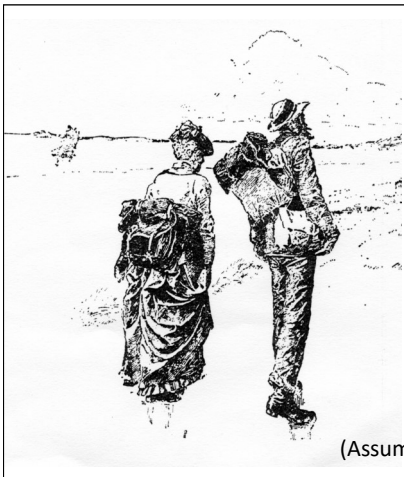
7.30 onwards.



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COMMITTEE MEETING 1st. May AT THE RIFLEMANS ARMS.
COME AND JOIN US FOR A PINT AFTERWARDS – APPROX 9.30

If you are interested in the PYRENEAN trip please come along.
There are about a dozen names. We need to begin planning now.
Planning meeting at 9.30



Cross-Bay Walk

(In the company of Cedric Robinson, Queen's Guide)

Sunday 13th. May 2001

Starting at 9.30 am.

From Arnside Promenade
Train back over the Viaduct

Ring Roger Atkinson for more
information / travel arrangements etc.



(Assuming there isn't an outbreak of fin & mouth disease in the next month)

Slide Show

“Tony Parkinsons Himalayan Trek
and other Adventures”

Wednesday 2nd. May

The Cock & Dolphin

Buffet

7.30 for 8.00



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COMMITTEE MEETING on 5th. June AT THE RIFLEMANS ARMS.

June's events— An evening walk at Leighton Moss and a camping meet at Wool-
er.....

Well we'll just have to see how the Foot & Mouth situation develops.
More information when things get clearer.

CLUB OFFICIALS		1
President:	John Peat Tel: 015395 32244	
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	Gordon Pitt Tel: 015395 68210	
	Mike Crawford Tel: 015395 60736	
	Mick Fox Tel: 01539 727531	
Committee:		
Chair:	Roger Atkinson Tel: 01539 732490 1 Mountain View Kendal LA9 4QT	
Secretary:	Tina Ford Tel: 01539 734293 4, South Road, Kendal LA9 5QH	
Treasurer:	Val Calder Tel: 01539 815126 (work) Tel: 01539 727109 (home) 86, Vicarage Drive Kendal LA9 5BA	
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	Brian Birkett Tel: 01539 726895	
	Bill Hogarth Tel: 01539 728569	
	Kryisia Niepokojczycka Tel: 015395 60523	

Other Information	2
Seathwaite Farm (for <i>Emergencies</i> only) Stan Edmondson Tel: 017687 77284	
High House Website www.k-fellfarers.co.uk	
OREAD HUTS (cost £2.75p. per night.) Heathy Lea Cottage, Baslow, Derbyshire.	
Tan-y-Wyddfa Rhyd-Ddu, North Wales. O.S. Ref. 570527	
Oread booking secretary Colin Hobday 28, Cornhill Allestree Derby DE22 2FS Tel: 01332 551594	

Next Edition of ^{the} Fellfarer:
End of June so all contributions before
15th. June please.

