

the **Fellfarer**

OCTOBER 2001

Number 23



Fellfarers in action on rock this year.

Ed's Bit

(continued from page 3, Fellfarer No. 22)

and with one bound I was free. I covered my nakedness with tar-paper and olive leaves and crept out onto the moonlit wharf. I hid for three days until I got the chance to stow away on a tramp steamer bound for dear old Blighty. I hid in the hold, amongst the bales of prosthetic foreheads and redundant fish-parts. The voyage home lasted, by the reckoning of my regular bowel movements, twenty seven days.

I wish to draw a veil over my subsequent journey from Dover to Kendal. It is too painful to recall. Let it be enough to say that I arrived, if not safely, at least able to draw breath. Upon arrival at my penthouse flat I paid the woman I keep there to dress my wounds and then I betook myself to my study and a solitary cigar.....

An Apology

The article in the last Fellfarer entitled "Real Climbing" should have been called "Yesteryears".

The editor was too stupid to notice the title written on the disc.

I apologise to the author, Myers Ferguson, and to anyone else whose enjoyment of the piece was impaired by the false title. . .I'm sorry, I wont do it again.....I hope. Ed



Dear Ed,
I can't believe it! What is your excellent magazine doing, printing controversial drivel like that contained in the article entitled "Real Climbing"?

I have climbed a little in my time. I still remember the pinnacle of my climbing career, when several friends of mine guided me up a long hard climb in Langdale. It took us all day and must admit to having to be carried down (by my more experienced and fitter colleagues) some of the way in the dark.

The climb was, I think, called Middle-fell Buttress. Perhaps some members have heard of it?

Anyway, the point is, I am talking as a climber of some not inconsiderable experience and I wish to reply to your "Real Climber".

Surely the most important thing we should have in our minds, whatever we are doing, whether it is ten-pin bowling or crown-green bowling (to take opposite ends of the danger spectrum!) is the sanctity of life?

The point is that climbing has been improved over the decades by technology, by communication, and by training.

Technology, most of all, has meant that we can climb all sorts of routes without risk. What is wrong with climbing in comfort and without fear, for goodness sake? Let's face it, nobody really likes to be frightened, do they? It's only afterwards, in the pub, that the hard lads say how much they enjoyed the danger. Poppy-

cock!

The essence of climbing for me is being encouraged up a route by a very tight rope so that I can concentrate on where to put my feet and my hands. Surely that's what climbing is all about! It's not about danger is it? Of course not!

I hope that if any of your members disagree with my thoughts they will, after due consideration, keep their opinions to themselves.

Yours insincerely
DD Gripe
Kendal

Dear Ed,
I wonder if you, or another Fellfarer, can help. I finally took the plunge and after 40 years of tramping the fells in corduroy trousers, I bought some of those Ron Hill tricksters last year.

I think they look very smart, almost military, with that thin red line and I'm looking forward to wearing them in public soon. I'm puzzled, though, by the two little loops at the ankles. There seems to be no strict ruling on whether to wear them in front, underneath the feet, or behind. From observation I see that other Fellfarers seem to be equally divided and I've been afraid to ask for fear of being ridiculed. Please can you settle the matter once and for all?

Miss L. Winthrop

Dear Miss L

While some people would perhaps claim that Fellfarers are not at the cutting edge of outdoor chic I believe that they are at least sensitive enough to treat your question with the respect it deserves and you should not be afraid of ridicule. But for the benefit of other members who may be perplexed by this issue I contacted my good friend Jean Paul Gaultier who gave me the following advice:

1) There is no right or wrong way to wear the loops but it should be un-

derstood that each different way sends out a subliminal message to other Fellfarers.

2) To wear the loops under the feet is to proclaim your lack of imagination and spirit of adventure. It is likely that you wear grey woollen socks and carpet slippers with your Ron Hills and that you don't go in the bar at the Scafell because it's too noisy.

3) To wear the loops at the front is to tell your friends that you would like to be fashionable and sexy but that you have absolutely no idea what's going on. It's a sort of L-plate in fashion but you have a long way to go.

4) To wear the loops behind is the ultimate fashion statement, It tells everyone at High House, on the fells, in the bar, that you are confident, powerful and very very sexy. Try it in the Scafell on a Friday night and Fellfarers will cluster round you, eager to talk to you, buy you drinks, press themselves against the thin material encasing your thighs.....

5) Some members have been seen "au combination", that is one loop before and one behind. Frankly, these people don't know whether they are coming or going,

So I hope JPG has cleared that up for you all and that we can wear our tracksters secure in the knowledge that we are not sending out the wrong signals.

Personally I cut the bloody awful things off. Ed.

A New Munroist in our Midst !!!

Whoop-ee-do. Congratulations to **Alan Wilson** on his completion of all of the Scottish 3,000 footers on ???????. It was a Tour de Force of dedication and determination and er... something else beginning with d. probably. Slioch has never known such a day, apparently.

I think, with Alan's permission, we'll do a full report in the next issue. Watch this space.

Welcome to another new Fellfarer !

Joshua James Weeks became a member, at the age of 0 on 7th August 2001.

The chairman is very proud of his grandson, apparently, and why not?

I'm told he cost £7. 5 1/2 pence, which sounds like a bargain.....

Oh, that might be his weight!

The Fellfarer sends its Best Wishes on behalf of the club to Joshua and his proud parents.

Myers and Audrey have given us something to think about with this excellent picture and poem:



Margaret's mum, Audrey's mum, Audrey's dad, Margaret's dad, ?

OBITUARY

Dennis Henderson

It was with great sadness that we heard of the death on 22nd July of Dennis Henderson at the age of 84.

Dennis was a member of the Fellfarers before the last war. He was a keen walker and a photographer of some note.

Dennis fought with the Border Regiment in Northern France until he was wounded and invalided out of the Army. He then took a commission in the Army Cadet Force.

He spent most of his working life at K Shoes in Kendal, working mainly in Clicking and Leather Department.

Helvellyn 1928

Fellfarers when you talk of your conquests,
And boast of the climbs you have done,
Cast your minds back to the late twenties,
When our parents set forth just for fun.

No Gortex gear for our mums and dads,
Forth they ventured in what they had,
Come hail, rain, snow or sleet,
Just look what they've got on their feet.

Margaret's mum's coat, it's a beaut,
Audrey's dad is in his Sunday suit,
Ever seeking those lofty fells,
We think they're a 'bunch of swells'.

A & M

Lapland with Elanor

July/August, 2000

Thursday 27th

So off we set with some trepidation on the third day of rain in Stockholm. Although the weather had been good in the north, we did not expect it to last. A pint of Färsköl and a meal in the "Slingerbulten" repeated the start with Kryisia the previous year. The weather was no where near as hot which made the journey pleasant. The usual time in the bar was had, this being my third trip to the Arctic. We shared a table with three guys, one from England, one from USA and one from New Zealand. They were going to Lofoten and I gave them the tip of trying for a whale safari, which they had not heard of, but were interested in. Before we had reached Uppsala, half an hour north of Stockholm, the sky was cloudless and stayed that way. It is even so as I start this diary on Saturday lunchtime.

Friday 28th

The train arrived at Gällavare on time. The bus to Vakkotavare was similarly punctual and arrived on time, with a stop at Kebnats where Kryisia and I finished last year. The ride along the lakeside provided good views of Lulep Garkav, the mountain Kryisia and I climbed on our last day. At one point we had to detour off the road on to a temporary gravel track because a rock cube was completely blocking the road, having fallen from the adjacent cliffs. It was quite big enough to contain the Bowder Stone. We set off on foot at 12:30 expecting to reach the lake by 17:30. We actually made it by 17:00 despite the steep starting ascent and the blistering day. The short wait for the small motorboat ferry was a welcome respite, as was the journey across the lake with the cool breeze reviving us. The long haul up the steep, endless slope proved to me that the difference between 52 and 25 is more than one of mere transposition. Elanor rapidly disappeared from view, leaving me to struggle in her wake; and she was carrying the tent as well as her own gear! We intended to camp at the top of the waterfall, but the best place was taken and their seemed nothing suitable. A traumatic journey ensued via a midge-ridden lake and totally dry streams before we reached the main wide river and an ideal camping spot. But by then the 16km first day had extended another seven of the nine for the second day. We were weary and a little worried by mozzies as we pitched and cooked late. On the walk we had not been bothered at all, as we have not been today. I found the lack of running water quite surprising because on both previous trips there had been plenty of snow and ice melt running off the high mountain tops. Even some of the streams marked on the 100,000 scale map had been dry. So, to bed and sleep by 11:00.

Saturday 29th

A glorious day again - when we finally got up at 09:00. Very few mozzies - so a pleasant breakfast was had after a refreshing wash in the river. We were away by 10:30 with just 2 km to walk to the bunkhouse marked on the map where we had a cool soft drink. We have just stopped for an hour's lunch break above a splendid, wide, fast flowing river with a green stone bottom. Wide open, cooling breeze, c.25 degrees and no mozzies. We intend to press on now to where the plan said we should be at the end of the third day, not the second.

The day was brought to a close a little further on than we thought, but we are camped high on a glacial moraine in one of the most splendid valleys in Lap-



pland with a cold stream straight off the snow clad fell gurgling to a lake. There is a stiff breeze keeping the mozzies away. It has been a very hot day and Elanor walked in shorts and t-shirt all the way. The route took us from our lunch stop across the river which widened into a mile wide valley - splendid easy walking for several miles before taking the direct route towards the foot of Kebnekaise, the highest mountain in Sweden. It was a long uphill struggle but the mountain and valley views from above were well worth it. Elanor commented about the "vast empty silent wilderness" over which we were looking, and she was quite right. There was nothing moving within our ten mile panoramic vista other than our quiet breath and a silent breeze. For an instant I thought I heard a faint echo, "You know Alf...". As we were approaching an upland lake - we were well above 1,000 metres - we saw a couple of walkers and a white horse. However, it was not theirs and it persistently dogged our trail for a mile or so on the lookout for grub. It only gave up when we descended through a rock field, but

it tracked away for half a mile, found a descent and galloped back to us. It was only shaken off by a more serious descent. We went to bed at 21:00 and did not get up until 09:00.

Sunday 30th

Another fine morning, although there were wisps of high cloud. The descent through the zigzag valleys was splendid, even for me and I have done this section before. I remember thinking then "what a splendid place to camp" and now I have done so. The valley in which we camped has enormous shattered sides, which dwarf Wasdale Screes by a factor of three at least. Splendid! As yesterday, we walked a while and then had nearly an hour's lunch break with several shorter water refuelling stops thrown in, arriving around 4 p.m. By then the clouds had come in and one or two are grey as I write this section. There may be



a shower tonight or tomorrow. Our first job on arrival was an ice-cold draught beer, which Elanor announced was the best beer she had ever tasted. It is amazing what deprivation does to the senses and judgement. The beer was followed by our booking a couple of beds for the night. We are in a two-bunk alcove in a large room - so have some privacy. The showers were splendid, but also served to show up physical problems such as tight muscles and, in my case, the onset of mortality. (I had suddenly realised that when Elanor reaches my age I'll be 79, and she'll have to carry more than the tent!) It also pointed up more mozzie bites than either of us had felt. It really makes a difference trekking with someone who is not allergic -- one does not become supportively paranoid. We had a splendid meal in the communal kitchen and are sipping a second beer whilst writing cards and this diary. It is 19:50 and both of us are ready for bed! The weather forecast is for some rain tonight and tomorrow, though I suspect showers only and fine again for the last day.

Monday 31st

We awoke late in the Fell Station to find that the

clag had descended in the night but there was no rain. We got up and went for breakfast during which time it did start to rain. We lingered over breakfast and Elanor had the good idea of staying for "dinner" because we had kitchen access until 13:00. We could then set off and have our "lunch" in the evening without the need to cook, if it was wet. Splendid lateral thinking, especially the bit about having two meals before earning either! After breakfast we went to the lounge and played cards. After lunch it was still raining so we headed back to the lounge for more cards and a soft drink. Before the second hand was played the rain stopped and the sky brightened. We set off in waterproofs because the trees and bushes were dripping wet. It did not rain again and we were soon stowing waterproofs. At the impressive gorge one kilometre from the Fell Station Elanor took a photograph from the bridge of the downhill surge caused by the rain. Just before the halfway mark to Nikkaluokta we found an ideal campsite with soft flat pitching just off the track near a stream. There were a lot of mozzies but with waterproofs and repellent on, they proved to be no problem. We even managed to play cards before a twelve-hour doss. It drizzled occasionally in the night, but not since.

Tuesday 1st

We emerged from the tent at 09:00 to find that the three Finns sharing a two-man tent close to us had decamped. The sky looked brighter, so we breakfasted and were soon on our way on the last nine kilometre easy stretch. We had one drinks stop and lunched at about four miles when we reached the ferry quay. The ferry cuts out about 5 kilometres of walking for the faint hearted, but we had declined. I had fresh-made waffles, apricot jam, cream and coffee. Elanor had a coke and a reindeer burger from the quaintly named barbecue "LappDonalds". We put our waterproofs on to keep warm but they were soon off again when we got going on the last short stretch. At Nikkaluokta the sun was trying hard to break through while we had a light beer, but we did not fancy camping when we could have a 4-berth log cabin to ourselves for £25. No lavatory and an outside water tap, but it was warm and had electric light and cooker. Our meal consisted of everything we had left: two minestrone soups from last year, one of which Kryisia brought with her from the Kendal ASDA, a small pack of veggie burger mix, a bag of peanuts, half a bag of dried fruit and lots of salt, pepper and water. It was not bad, and did not kill us in the night! The showers were 5 SEK for 1½ minutes, but were well appreciated. We went to the Saami Centre where I bought a t-shirt and Elanor a solid silver pendant with a black rubber necklace. We had two strong beers, the second in the cabin while playing cards, before a welcome sleep.

Wednesday 2nd

The sun was shining this morning and we had an easy time over breakfast because 90% of the re-packing had been done the night before, and the bus was not due to leave until 12:00. We even had time at 11:00 for a lunch in the restaurant - pie, salad, soft drink and coffee. I had fresh broccoli quiche with a layer of spud at the bottom. Elanor had sliced reindeer pie. (No Xmas presents this year - Elanor had eaten her way through Rudolf in the last two days!) We arrived in Kiruna on the bus with an hour to spare and had a beer outside a pub in the town in the sun. We are now on the first leg of the train journey to Boden (14:17 to 17:08). We change there to the night train (17:20) to Stockholm (07:40). Elanor is peckish so I guess we will head for the buffet car as soon as the change is made. (I remember the days when I could eat like that, but they are long gone.)

Thursday 3rd

We had a splendid meal on the train, several beers and then went to the cinema on the train where we saw "Gone in 60 Seconds". Strange really because I did the same with Kryisia last year and Vinnie Jones was in both films, acting the only part he knows, i.e. his real self. After a good night's rest, we arrived in Stockholm on time, and so to home to recover from the trip.

Post Script

Thank you, Elanor, for such a splendid holiday and being such great company. It was a treat to spend so much time with you after so long.



Alec Reynolds

CRYPTIC CLUES FOR FELLFARERS

A PUZZLE FROM MR. MERCER

*THE ANSWERS ARE ALL MEMBERS NAMES.
A BOTTLE OF CHATEAU ENIGME
TO THE PERSON WHO GETS THE MOST RIGHT ANSWERS
ANSWERS TO THE EDITOR
- BEFORE THE DECEMBER COMMITTEE MEETING.*

1. German says "Yes" to the child that has a little driver.
2. Kipling's hero returns round about female bovine.
3. Power station without it's big room follows a reversing loo.
4. Bennet's precursor sounds like mine.
5. Mixed up Crawley Moll gathers scattered dosh.
6. WC fuel.
7. Reverse the words and it's a car, cor, no.
8. Invoice for swine, painting and aspiration.
9. About the French about the Foreign Office unknown.
10. Dwindle down and depart very loudly.
11. He's well off the main road, a soldier of fortune? Nay not here.
12. Drugless ale with an old railway and a local shepherd's one.
13. Cleaner deceit with the milling knight and tribe.
14. Favourite monarch—block the unending loch.
15. Embrace type of current? Yes, noble without a penny.
16. Pole joins with the first of many unusual novels concerning early years.
17. Unfashionable rogue, a traitor, their family and offspring.
18. Got up to the point.
19. Spoil the attic, we hear, and equal king and queen.
20. Voice collector and throat precede the river crossing.

Treasure hunt

A handful of teams totalling, oh, about a dozen members turned out on a pleasant Tuesday evening for a complete walking tour of Kendal, with clues.

The event, and especially the scoring, was enlivened by the controversy which is so essential to a really good treasure hunt. When the arguments had died down (the judges verdict, although often much debated was final) the prizes were distributed over an early evening pint or two.

Thank you to the Robinson family for organising an excellent evenings entertainment.

Leighton Moss

It was a lovely, July evening with clear blue skies when we all met at Leighton Moss Nature Reserve for what proved to be a very interesting, informative and enjoyable event. Fifteen fellfarers gathered at the entrance to the reserve for a group photograph (minus the photographer!).



Paul then led the way to the different Hides in which to view the birds without them viewing us. I found the Hides were amazing - suddenly after a walk, either through the marshes surrounded by tall reeds and kingcups (feeling like Gulliver in Brobdingnag), or past quiet wooded areas with bracken and brambles, you enter a wooden hut with large glass windows. Suddenly a wonderful vista of lake, hills and beautiful countryside is opened up and you have to blink in wonderment. I forgot to mention also the amazing variety of birds either swimming on the lake or flying over it. We visited four hides – Tom Jackson Hide, Lillian’s Hide, Grisedale Hide and out in the open air to the Public Hide. The birds we saw included: Magpies, Tufted Ducks, Shovelers, Greylag Geese, colony of black headed gulls, Rudy Ducks, Mallards, Swifts, Swallows, House martins, Shelducks, Coot with two babies, Teal, Wigeon and Lapwing. The most spectacular bird was the Marsh Harrier which we saw in flight going to its nest – a magnificent sight. Paul was very helpful and informative and had a superb telescope which he set up so we could all take turns in looking through – it was a very professional piece of equipment which really magnified the distant birds and I’m sure has a proper name and cost lots of money.

All shared a special moment when a tiny reddish brown fawn with white markings was spied in the reeds all curled up and waiting for his/her mum to return. It looked so sweet and vulnerable.

We nearly lost Rose towards the end of the evening when she disappeared under a giant fungus.

At the end of the evening Paul explained about the reed warblers specially constructed nests, which were designed by Leighton Moss staff and had won a national award.

Fred then gave a vote of thanks in which he stated that he’d never spent such an enjoyable evening with so many birds before – what on earth did he mean!

I believe most fellfarers then departed to a nearby hostelry to discuss birds further.

A big thank you to Paul for a wonderful evening and thanks to Fred for his help in enabling me to write this account. Truly a magical evening worth repeating.

C.Fox

Fell Race Weekend

Even the Duke of Edinburgh came!

Working Weekend 15th September 2001



They came from all over. It was the biggest Working Weekend turnout for a long time: 31 members, including children and Millie., and there must have also been a record number of cars parked outside High House. The Duke of Edinburgh didn't turn up though.

The major event was the construction of the **Chairmans Wall**, impeded a little by the heavy showers which swept down the valley from time to time. For those who weren't there : it's a wall for sitting on and contemplating Sour Milk Gill.

There was a good mix of new and older members employed in the usual tasks: principally trenching outside and painting inside. Temporary roof repairs to the men's end slates meant we could tackle the spreading black patch on the ceiling. The plasterwork proved to be fibreboard and was ripped out in soggy chunks. The roof timbers exposed are rotten (wet rot) and will need to be replaced soon. A temporary patch now covers the nasty hole.

The work was punctuated regularly, of course, by tea stops and everyone took the opportunity to indulge in the fellfarer occupation of "milling", the Chairman's Wall providing a particularly good focus for this activity.

18 members remained for the meal at 5.00 –and everyone got stuck in with great gusto. Just when everyone was pushing back their chairs and loosening their belts with sighs of contentment, Krysia produced....cakes!

Val provided the post-prandial entertainment with an amusing game called "Hang the Curtains". Amid cheers and hoots of derision our treasurer reduced herself to a nervous wreck, ably assisted by Sue. Such rude language!

Mr. Bell tried to follow it with a variation called "The Cushion Game" but Val's was an impossible act to follow.



Gritstone and Barnsley Bitter. The Wilkin Hill Meet 21 –23 September

I arrived just after closing time on Friday Night and in my search for Wilkin Hill and/or the nearest pub I came across two committee members blinking under a solitary street light at Lower Bradfield. Faces lit up on recognition of my voice, more at the prospect of a lift up the long hill, I suspect, than the pleasure of my company. I asked Kryisia and Peter where everyone else was and was told Wils was ill in bed and that was it! More would (perhaps) arrive tomorrow. At the Centre a hearth full of glowing coals was soon converted to a blaze, a bottle of red wine was uncorked, and a pot of tea brewed. We pulled chairs close around the hearth and talked of climbs and people and life and love until the embers died.

The morning air was as grey as a gulls wing but it was a friendly autumn mist, which promised to burn off as soon as we were ready for the sun.....

We drove to meet Brenda at Stanage End at 12 (ish) and left Wils in his sleeping bag, supine and mending, we hoped. A gentle stroll of a moor land mile from the parked car took us to the first route (of 824!) on the crag. We sat on a boulder with guidebook, tea and roll-ups, waited and wondered at the brilliant emerald green stained rock. Brenda's smile appeared in the distance, followed by the rest of her and the tranquillity was replaced by a louder, but no less welcome atmosphere. Peter and I geared up to climb and the ladies set off across the Edge for a less technical but, I imagined, a much more strenuous day. Right on cue, the mists had begun to dissolve and within minutes the sun was warming our faces. The rolling moorland, sliced by deep valleys and sometimes crowned with neat conical tops became clear and distinct as far as we could see. The whole sky turned Mediterranean blue. Peter even removed his cap.

I've never been to Stanage before and I'm not experienced on gritstone. Today, with the experienced Mr. Goff for company and a sun borrowed from a July day overhead I was optimistic that the rock didn't have a chance. As it turned out, we were all winners.

The guidebook says of the Edge:

"It is undoubtedly the premier gritstone edge offering climbing of every type in abundance. West-facing, the edge catches what afternoon sun there may be..... Classic routes are available on every area of the crag. For the first time visitor just for the sheer number of quality routes at every grade....."

So where were all the climbing Fellfarers on

this perfect day?

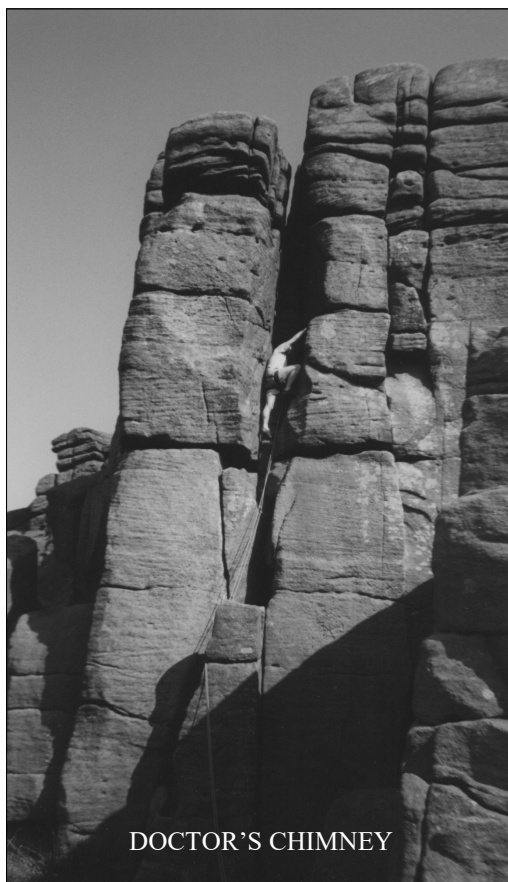
Peter chose the routes:

1. The Pinion 14 m VD *

It was as green as a parrot's wing. I would like to say we flew up it but perhaps the right verb is 'flapped'. The green staining had no effect on the frictional qualities of the rock but the lack of holds took some getting used to. Smearing on steep rock is a satisfying technique but not with hands as well as feet!

2. Prospero's Climb 12m VD*

Being enclosed in a recess, it's even greener than (1) but the sequence of moves, including a short layback, is delightful. I threw off my t-



shirt and basked in the heat as Peter climbed to join me. I was already realising that these little routes crammed a lot of climbing into short distances. And the grades bear no comparison with Lakeland or limestone grades. They deserve respect!

3. Doctor's Chimney 18 m VD *

An impressive dark cleft promised dirty thrutchy climbing but delivered a very clean and neat ascent. Nothing is what it appears here!

We rambled along the sunlit crag. I was happy to let Peter select routes. Youngsters kept appearing above the crag in groups, twos, threes, half-dozens, dozens, each one carrying an enormous rucksack. They all asked varia-

tions of the same question: "where's Stanage Edge?" The replies from climbers varied from helpful to unprintable.

4. Mars 6 m VD

Note the height and the grade. The guidebook says it's hard to start. What it doesn't tell you is that the start lasts all the way to the top. It was the most strenuous route I've climbed this year.

We walked past a break in the crag to CrowChin where a clean and warm wall shone in the sunlight.

5. Kelly's Crack 10 m D

A 'traditional' route of 1915.. Now this was a surprise – it had one or two holds!

6. October Crack 10m D

The climbing was delightful here, and thought provoking even at this grade.

7. Kelly's Eliminate 10m D *

This route had fewer holds and a very steep (overhanging) start. I was openly laughing now at the grades. "Traditional you see!" said Peter.

8. Bent Crack 10m HD *

A green slimy-looking start proved to be an imposter and the climb gave pleasant, steep, interesting moves.

9. October Slab 10m S

It competed with no.3 for best route of day and worth two or three stars, I thought, and was *the only route of the day with the right grading.*

Brenda and Kryisia hove into view, having covered about 12 miles along the Edge and back, via Hathersage for flapjack and a brew. Everyone chatted happily as we strolled back, watching the moors turn to hazy blue and purple silhouettes beneath the westering sun.

Brenda departed with much smiling and waving and tooting of the horn.

Paul and Rose arrived at the Centre later. They didn't match the drama of their arrival at Blackrock cottage, in full evening dress, a few years ago but their vast array of bags, and hatboxes, suitcases, trunks and picnic hampers had me wondering where they had managed to park the container-lorry. Wils remained silent in his bed.

With that concern so typical of Fellfarers we cleared off to the pub and left him. The traditional Wilkin Hill pub, "The Haychatter", is now a private house so we resorted to the next nearest, the Plough. Your architectural correspondent will draw a veil over his opin-

ion of the pub interior décor but that's not the point. Peter had waxed lyrical over the pubs' bitter. In fact he'd talked of little else. So we drank Barnsley Bitter. It was indeed a splendid pint. On Sunday the Easts departed early for a caving trip and left us milling and cleaning up. The editor admits, to his great shame, that he only managed



the milling. The day was dreary and enthusiasm had gone missing.

And on the third day Wils rose again....(no, on second thoughts I won't follow that line.) He was partially recovered and began swabbing floors, eating breakfast etc.

Then we went home.

I did almost manage to lose myself in thick mist, walking from the top of Snake Pass to Bleaklow, a route which is paved for much of the way and marked with painted arrows on cracked stones for the rest! It seemed a very very long two miles. Ed.

GIANT'S HOLE

The Round Trip

Rose and I arrived at Wilkin Hill just after 7pm and were greeted by a depleted collection of Fellfarers. After a quick dinner and bottle of wine it was off to the local hostelry (local to me normally means next door but to be fair, this one only seemed like a mile or so away). After numerous pints of Bradford's * finest, we were heading back to the hut looking forward to our sleep and an early rise in the morning to prepare for Giant's Hole, a cave just up from Winnats Pass near Castleton.

Rose and I were up at the crack of 10.30am, and had breakfasted, tackled up and had found the cave by 12 noon! We went up to pay our admission to the farmer and found the entrance to the cave some 500yds from where we had parked the car.

The first part of the cave is large and the walking passage slopes downwards quite steeply which means that you descend quite a way without needing any equipment.

Eventually the first pitch of 18ft is reached which lands in chamber with the infamous crabwalk leading off, almost 1500ft of sideways walking in a tall narrow rift. Des Mar-

shall describes this in his Selected Caves book as "an extended sick joke!"

As you can imagine, I was not looking forward to this but having taken off my SRT gear I found it quite easy to negotiate, certainly easier than some of the Yorkshire Passages. I was wondering whether I could get past the "vice" (a narrowing of the passage) which requires all but the skinniest people to wallow in the stream to get past it. Was I thin enough to do it? Of course I wasn't and a wet wallow later saw me past the constriction and suitably refreshed! Rose, of course, managed to pass it standing up and dry. A couple of free-climbable cascades led to Comic Act Cascade which is 10ft deep and has an iron ladder in situ. The ladder is placed in the full force of the waterfall, (of course) but on this occasion the water levels were low and the descent relatively painless. Carrying on along the passage led to one of the most depressing sumps it had ever been our misfortune to encounter.

Just before the sump, a passage off to the right led to the Eating House and a rope assisted climb up to Maggin's rift. Before the climb, we had a look along the passage that led to the lower series, low in places but leading to walking passages and a small pitch. The area smelt of resin, owing to cavers putting in new hangers further on in the series (we knew this because we met the cavers exiting the cave, having got up earlier than us and obviously much earlier than the editor of this august publication!) **

A muddy passage led from Maggin's rift into the North-East Swallet and eventually to a 25ft climb up a "cascade" although on this occasion it was practically dry. On to a junction where turning left led us to the "Giant's Windpipe" the crux of the round trip with only about ½ hours caving to go to reach the entrance. Imagine our despair when we got to the low entrance of the windpipe only to read the following notice,

"Do not dive this sump, it is about 25ft long" The sump line had also been removed. Not relishing having to turn back and the 3hr return this would involve, we heroically dived the sump, no sorry, we had a look to see what the situation was. There seemed enough airspace so we continued along a flat out but not intimidating passage and, after a section of low airspace passage

we emerged, after a right turn into walking passage with fine decorations. Eventually, we regained the crabwalk although we were 40ft above it! Thankfully those nice Derbyshire caving chaps had put some p-hangers in the rock which allowed us to rig up a pull through rope so we could descend into the passage. Unfortunately trying to pull the rope down afterwards proved impossible, mainly due to the instructions insisting that the rope went through maillons rather than the P-Hanger (Pulling rope through a P-Hanger apparently wears the P-Hanger out). After several attempts trying to free it we admitted defeat and, after making the rope safe, we continued out of the cave and regained daylight after 4 ½ hours underground. A fabulous day, full of variety and the novelty of a round trip making it one we would recommend to anyone.

Paul and Rose East

Ed's notes:

* Bradford and Barnsley are both above ground and therefore indistinguishable to a caver. And a caver doesn't care where his beer comes from, or taste like, of course. As long as it gets him drunk.

** Oi! Cut that out!

At the August Committee Meeting

The Chairman was asking for apologies. None had been forwarded by one absent Committee Member (He was not alone in his crime), but in mitigation the Treasurer said: "It's too late in the month for it to be the first Tuesday for Charlie."

Krysia's Diary *continued.*

We left her as she prepared to fly to the States on her return journey.....

5.6.00. MONDAY.

Haven't written anything for a week, so I'd better catch up briefly.

Got the flights altered to miss out Fiji because of the coup. Things were getting a bit nasty over there, so decided to give it a miss and go straight the States.

Spent the night in Darwin airport and got the flight to L.A at 7a.m. Then on to San Francisco where we were met by Rogers's friend Bill Campbell, with whom we were to stay for a week. He and his wife Andrea and 4-year-old son Matthew live in Boulder Creek, about one and a half hours drive from San Francisco. He took us back to his house and I went to bed fairly soon – Jet lagged and jaded.

The day we lost on the outward journey to

we went to pick it up. Quite an experience!

Left hand drive automatic on 8 lane freeways – eek! The hire car is a Mitsubishi Mirage, also automatic, and very easy to drive. We left Bill's on Sunday morning,

4th June, and drove west to have a look at Yosemite. Stopped at a fairground campsite at Mariposa just outside the park for the night.

This morning we went into the park and paid \$50 for a Golden Eagle annual pass which gets us into any National Park in the U.S.A. We intend to visit several, so it is the best deal. We drove up to Glacier Point at the head of Yosemite Valley first.

This has stunning views of Half Dome and the surrounding waterfalls and peaks. It was very busy, as one would expect. Bridal veil, Yosemite

peaks, with pine trees growing out of the tiniest cracks. God knows how they find enough nutrients to survive. Saw a 'whistle pig', or Marmot at the top of the pass. I remember them from when Pete and I visited Mike last time.

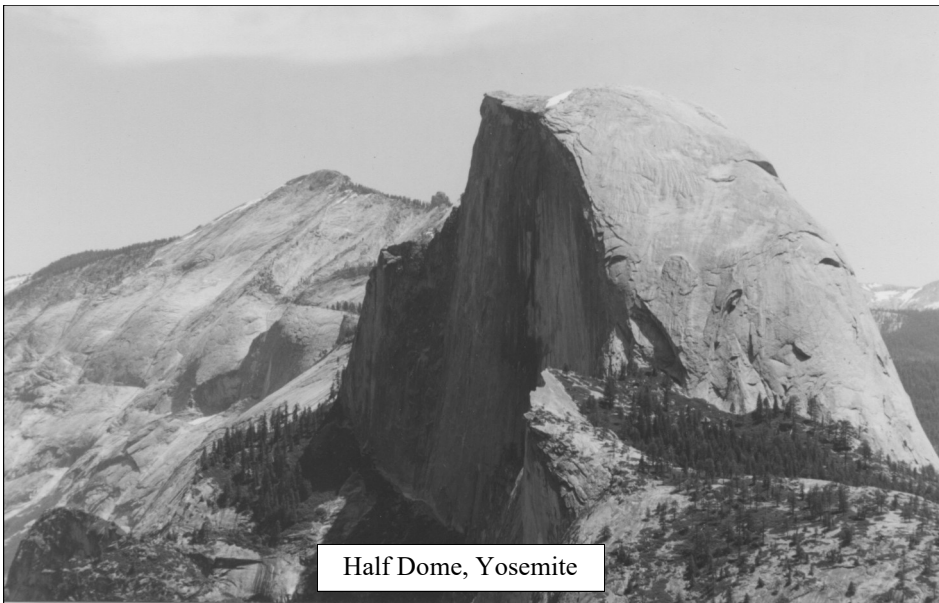
It's good to be back on the road again.

6.6.00 TUESDAY.

Back up to the top of the pass, or thereabouts, after having breakfast at a Diner in Lee Living. Beautiful sunny day again, with superb views of Half Dome and Tenaya Peak and Lake. We hadn't got a plan as such, just wanted to be out in the mountains again. Went up a bare granite ridge and over the other side. We could see a ridge and peak we thought would be accessible for the day and made our way towards it through aromatic pines and rocky outcrops. We hit a track and followed it for a while. There are bears here and food lockers are provided for campers to stow their tucker in (bit of Australian creeping in there). Apparently a bear can wreck your car if it smells food inside! We were at the snowline and the track had 12-foot drifts on each side where it had been ploughed from the other side. We could see the ridge and struck off through the pines towards it. Started to climb quite steeply, the views opening up the higher we went. We crossed a big snowfield, which ended at a rim of high cliffs with a trig point on a rocky summit to the left. We scrambled up and round it to see the top of Mt. Hoffman at 10,850 feet. An unplanned summit is always a bonus and the vista was certainly worth the effort. There were blue, snow filled tarns at the base of the cliffs and a 360-degree panorama of the surrounding peaks. Marvellous. We had seen no one all day. After a good long sit drinking in the view we retraced our steps and got back to the car around 4.30 pm, having started 9.45 am. A good day out.

Drove on and into Nevada to a town called Hawthorne and a motel for the night. The hills around are very arid and sandy. Real cowboy film stuff. I had the unpleasant experience of being stopped by the police. It was just like the movies.

Flashing lights and siren behind me; I pulled over and looked in the side mirror to see the archetypal fat small town cop ooze out of his car and waddle over, gun on hip. Apparently I'd been doing 30 mph in a 25 mph zone. I



Half Dome, Yosemite

N.Z has now been gained back. My body clock is all to cock with these time zones.

We spent a relaxing week at Bill's not doing very much. We went to Monterey and I laid some flowers on Mum's sisters grave and took some photos for her. See Mum? I hadn't forgotten.

We had a couple of shortish walks in the environs of Boulder Creek, which is in a hilly, wooded area near Santa Cruz. We visited the Monterey Aquarium with Bill. I can remember going there with Auntie Aileen in 1975, also Carmel where Clint Eastwood lives.

Managed to arrange to pick the hire car up on the 3rd of June instead of the 8th. I drove Bill's car to San Francisco and back when

ite and Nevada Falls are pretty spectacular and we were awestruck by the size of El Capitan and the minute figures of climbers on the faces 3,000' up. Wow! (As they say in America).

Went into Yosemite Village, which was a mistake. It was very crowded and detracted from the surrounding grandeur. We left pretty quickly and took the Tioga Pass road north. This is a spectacular scenic drive over the pass at nearly 10,000 feet. We were looking for a campsite and eventually found one over the other side, which was very quiet. We decided to go back up tomorrow and do a walk form the top of the pass.

There is so much rock up there – great granite domes and slabs running up to ridges and

put on my poshest English accent and overdid the politeness and he let me off! He even said "enjoy the rest of your stay" – which was awfully nice of him, don't you think?

7.6.00 WEDNESDAY

Left Hawthorne and drove on good roads (what bliss!) to Fallon where we stopped for a brew and to check the e-mail. Got a nice message from Hugh but the machine went down before I could reply. Carried on to Elko and another motel.

8.6.00 THURSDAY

Making for Sawtooth National Park in Idaho today. Took the mountain road out of Elko that climbed up to a plateau. This is Paiute and Shoshone reservation land. Stopped for a coffee in Owyhee, a bit of a run down Indian town – but the coffee was cheap! On the rough wide-open spaces with mountains drawing closer, some of them snow capped. Found a lovely free campsite in Sun Valley on the edge of the Park, which is a premier ski resort in winter.

I took a walk up hill above the campsite in the evening. It turned out to be a lot steeper and further than it looked but the view from the top was worth it. Also the wild flowers – loads of wild lupinus and bright yellow daisy-like flowers – lovely. On the way up I disturbed a bird, which must have had a nest nearby because it was most put out with me and fussed and clucked and led me away from the spot. It looked rather like a partridge, but bigger. A bit further up I saw the male bird, his tail was all fanned out and his throat inflated so maybe I'd interrupted their nuptials or something.

It got quite cold at night and I didn't sleep very well, but at least it was nice and quiet.

9.6.00 FRIDAY

Up and into Ketchum for breakfast – Mexican potatoes and

poached eggs – yum.

Drove up into Sawtooth Recreation Area, over 8700 feet. The Sawteeth Range looked really inviting so we stopped off at Pettit Lake to have a walk up to Farley Lake and get a closer look. This was a pleasant walk through pine forests – very aromatic – to the lake below snow streaked peaks which looked to have some challenging snowfields and rock bands to gain their summits.

We returned reluctantly to find a camp for the night. The road followed the Salmon River through some amazingly diverse scenery – the colours of the rock changing every mile. We took a turning to a supposed camp at Bay Horse Lakes but couldn't find it, so decided to put the tent up by the side of the gravel road near an old mine.

It was at this point I found I'd lost my passport. Oops! I searched the car and my bags but it wasn't there. I always take it with me in my rucksack on walks, along with my driving licence and air tickets, both of which I still had, so I concluded it could only have fallen out of the bag back at the car park at Pettit Lake, one and a half hours drive away. So we set off back to look for it there. Roger suggested we also stop and look at the places we'd stopped on the drive over. There were only two of these – Sunbeam Dam and some hot springs by the roadside. There was nothing at the dam, and we pulled into the hot springs without much hope – but lo! A miracle! There it was on the tarmac! I couldn't believe it, what a relief. We found a campsite not far away at Basin Creek. I was determined not to be cold tonight and wore nearly all my warm clothes, plus the thermal inner for my sleeping bag, and consequently slept much better.

10.6.00 SATURDAY

Made our way east to take a look at another Craters of the Moon (remember the one in New Zealand?) volcanic area. It was a nice drive through mountains, including Mt Borah the highest in Idaho, over 12,000 feet. Looked

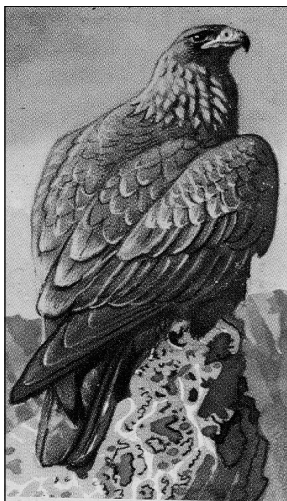
good.

The craters cover 75 square miles. Most of it is solidified lava flow, with cinder cones, lava tubes etc. A lunar landscape. Had a walk around the craters and looked into some of the lava tubes. Spent an interesting couple of hours in this weird landscape, then went in search of a café and found one in Arco, where the hill behind the town was covered in painted numbers on the rock faces. These are done by graduation students, dating from 1920.

We carried on fortified with coffee and hot buttered cinnamon rolls, past some atomic power stations with NO TRESPASSING signs for miles around them, to Idaho Falls and a rather expensive motel (\$53) for the night. Going to press on Grand Teton National Park tomorrow. We saw a rather spectacular thunderstorm across the plains on the way here – fortunately it was moving away from us. Watched some TV and cleaned ourselves up in comfort.

11.6.00 SUNDAY

Had an enormous waffle with hot apples and cinnamon and fresh cream for breakfast. Delicious. American breakfasts are wonderful. I find I don't need another meal all day. And they are cheap too, about \$6, with as much coffee as you can drink. Great Value. Drove on to Grand Teton, hoping to find a camp for a couple of days. This is a popular park and we weren't sure how busy it would be. The Tetons are great looking Mountains, nearly 14,000 feet high, with jagged peaks and several glaciers. We got a good look at them driving up to Colter Village. We booked a "tent cabin" for two nights. These are canvas and wood structures with bunks and a stove inside and a covered dining area outside for around \$32 a night. There are black bears in the area so you're not allowed to leave food or cooking utensils, stoves etc. outside. There are also elk, moose, mule deer, wolves and coyotes. We plan to do a



The Eagle

*He clasps the crag with hooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure world, he stands.*

*The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from the mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.*

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

classic 20-mile walk in the Tetons tomorrow. Sounds quite a hike but we should be fit by now!

12.6.00 MONDAY

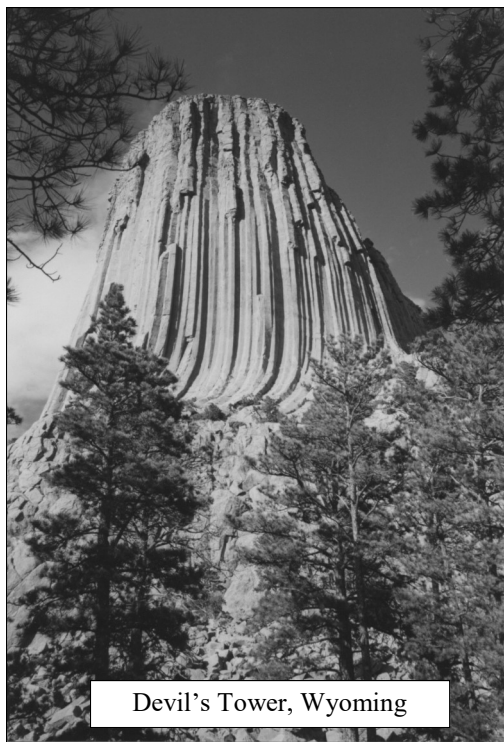
Woke up to rather a claggy day. Had breakfast in the Chuck wagon restaurant on the site and drove down to String Lake trailhead to start the walk. It was quite warm, the tops were in mist and there was drizzle but we set off with high hopes. The first part of the trail led through pinewoods, which had been burnt in a fire started by a lightning strike in September 99. It was allowed to burn out naturally which took until November when it snowed. We walked part way round Jenny Lake and then turned up Cascade Canyon and into the hills. We gained height gradually, walking beside a rushing river of clear water through open pine forest. The rock walls rose up either side with snowfields higher up and the summits wreathed in mist. A very alpine setting, with the flowers to go with it. We were making for Lake Solitude at the head of the valley where the trail led over a pass and down to Paintbrush Canyon. It was 8 and a half miles to the Lake and we hit the snowline after about 6 miles. The weather was worsening but we pushed on. The trail became covered in snowdrifts and we followed the footprints of others to arrive at the Lake, which was mostly frozen over, and in a lovely mountain setting in cirque toe low the headwall of the valley. The rain was now persistent and getting worse and it was very cold. We estimated the lake to be at about 9,000 feet. We could see the way on up a rising traverse, crossing several steep looking snow-fields and ending at a rock band. We didn't have a detailed map and had no idea what to expect on the other side of the ridge. After a short debate, we decided to go back the way we had come, which turned out to be a good decision as the weather closed in completely and the rain got heavier all the way back. It was rather like a Scottish day out and quite a novelty after 4 and a half months of sweating up hills in the boiling sun. So it was only 17 miles instead of 20 but still very enjoyable in a masochistic sort of way. We got back to our "tent" and lit the stove to dry all our wt gear out. Quite cosy really. Wildlife tally for today as follows:

1 Woodpecker. 1 Moose, 1 Marmot, 1 Squirrel, Chipmunks and several unidentified small birds. Not bad.

13.6.00 TUESDAY

Going to explore Yellowstone today, which is only a few miles up the road from here. First stop was one of the thermal zones where Old Faithful spouts off every hour or so. There were lots of people about, but the area was so fascinating it didn't seem to matter. All the ground in the vicinity is so unstable so there are wooden walkways to take you round all the features. The whole landscape steams and bubbles. There are numerous geysers, fumaroles and boiling springs – some of them quite beautiful with coloured bacteria mats and turquoise waters. We spent a couple of hours here and took loads of photos. A river runs through the area and the boiling spring water runs into it, creating even more steam.

We carried on into the Park following Firehole River and stopping to look at various features and rock formations. Didn't see any bears, but saw bison, coyotes and elk at close quarters.



Devil's Tower, Wyoming

At Mammoth Hot Springs we spent another hour or two wandering on the travertine terraces and marvelling at the colours – from pristine white to bright orange. Incredible.

Then to view the Grand Canyon of Yellowstone – a spectacular gorge 1200 feet deep, cut by the Yellowstone River – and walked down to the brink of the 309 feet high Lower Falls. Drove back to Colter Bay by the shores of the massive Yellowstone Lake as the sunset. A most rewarding, and fascinating day.

14.6.00 WEDNESDAY

Heading east today. The sun was out again and Tetons looked spectacular against the blue sky. Spent the day driving through Wyoming, stopping only Dubois's for coffee. More super scenery on the way. Followed the Wind River through its canyon. I think this is where Roy Warner and Pete Turnbull came to climb a few years ago.

There's certainly a lot of rock to go at. Stopped in a motel at Thermopolis, which has the world's largest hot spring and a free bathhouse. May visit that in the morning before leaving.

15.6.00 THURSDAY

Dull, damp and chilly, so didn't go to the bathhouse. Drove on through Wyoming to arrive in Sundance, near the Devils Tower – and yes, The Kid did get his name here. Booked in a motel for 2 nights. Nipped down to look at the Devils Tower about 30 miles away; (Remember "Close Encounter's?") It's 867 feet high, a solidified magma core. Walked around the base. There were some climbers on the east face, also the remains of the wooden ladder by which it was first climbed in the 1800's.

It's an impressive lump of rock, the lava cooled in huge columns, which makes for very photogenic shadows.

16.6.00 FRIDAY

Exploring in the Black Hills of South Dakota today. Drove through Rapid City and past Mt Rushmore with the Presidents heads carved into it. They're much smaller than I imagined – George Washington's nose is only 20 feet long – I thought it would be more like 200 feet.

Further on is Crazy Horse Mountain. This is undergoing a transformation to blast out the image of an Indian on a horse. A rather belated, and inappropriate tribute to the Native Americans. We didn't stay.

Deciding we needed a walk, we chose one at random which turned out to be a bit of serendipity. We parked at Sylvan Lake and took the trail to Harney Peak, which at 7242 feet is the highest point east of the Rockies and west of the Pyrenees, apparently. It is the also the only summit I've been on which has a dam built on it. There is a fire lookout tower and I can only assume the water would have been used to put out any fires in the area. Rainwater filled a rock basin dammed at one

WHAT IS KENDAL LIKE ?

Overheard on Highgate on 19th Sept.: "Kendal?..... well, it's just like Lancaster isn't it?" So now you know.

end, but would only hold a few thousand gallons. Most peculiar, but it was a lovely viewpoint.

We also spent some time in the small town of Custer, which had some quaint frontier – type buildings, including a charming coffee house, which used to be the bank and had some photos of the town in the old days.

Drove back to Sundance via Iron Mountain road, dodging buffalo and wild burros (donkeys) and passing through Deadwood, which looked like Blaenau Festiniog on a bad day.

17.6.00 SATURDAY

Left Sundance and made for the Beartooth Mountains in Montana. Passed the Little Big Horn battle site and through Cheyenne and Crow Reservations – high plains and rolling grassland and low, pine clad hills. I couldn't help imagining what it was like at the time of the Indian wars – it's not that long ago, Passed through Billings and on to Red Lodge, a pleasant looking town even though it's a ski resort in winter. Booked in for 3 nights here. Weather cool and damp but forecast to improve tomorrow.

18.6.00 SUNDAY

Bright and sunny this morning. Had an excellent breakfast at P.D.McKinneys – Hueros Raucheros – and drove up West Fort Creek road to walk into the hills. A pleasant trail led through lodge pole and timber pine forest by rushing river reminiscent of the walk in the Sawtooth Range. After 4 miles the track divided and I decided to walk up to St Mary Lake. Roger carried on up the valley. The Lake trail gained height steadily with spectacular views of the snowy peaks at the head of the valley. There were actually 3 tarns at the top, one of which was still more than half frozen. This was an idyllic spot and I stayed here sunbathing and enjoying the view for an hour. Reluctantly I returned to the valley floor and waited for Roger, who'd managed to get onto the ridge and encountered a lot of snow and rough ground. These hills look very inviting – they're certainly picturesque.

19.6.00 MONDAY

Rest day today – a good one to pick as it rained on and off all day, quite heavily at times. Spent time looking around the shops in Red Lodge trying to pick presents for the family, but ended up with hardly anything except "shopping overload".

20.6.00 TUESDAY

Left Red Lodge to drive over Beartooth Pass on our way to Big Timber and the Crazy Mountains. This is a spectacular road wind-

ing up to nearly 11,000 feet – a huge engineering feat. It turned out to be quite an adventure. We left the valley bottom in reasonable sunny weather but as we climbed higher up the switchbacks, the clouds lowered and it soon began to snow – and blow. The snow was blown onto the road from surrounding drifts and visibility was totally obscured at times. We crawled over the summit plateau through intermittent sunny spells and near whiteouts. Weird but exciting. Over the other we stopped at the "Top of the World Store" for a coffee, then continued to the north entrance to Yellowstone Park via Cooke City, a picturesque old mountain town. Through the Park's

my way up very gingerly, but what wonderful views from the top! Stunningly beautiful scenery all round – I renamed them the Magic Mountains.

I could see Roger on his peak across the valley and timed my descent to meet up with him at the bottom. We plunged down the snow slopes we'd slogged up earlier and were soon back at the lakes. I was sorry to leave the heights – about 10,500 feet – they looked so pristine and there was no sign of anyone else up there.

A real highlight of the trip so far.

22.6.00 THURSDAY



Crazy Mountains Montana

Northern extremity to Mammoth Hot Springs again, then out on Highway 89 through Livingstone and on to Big Timber and another motel. Planning to walk in the Crazy Mountains tomorrow.

21.6.00 WEDNESDAY

18 miles on a dirt road brought us to the trailhead for our walk. Set off through forest on a wide track, crossing the river a couple of times and steadily gaining height. Branched off the main trail to climb to lakes and possibly a summit. Soon got into snow and had some problems following the track through the drifts. Reached the lakes in a glorious mountain setting, snowy peaks all around. Which to go for? Climbed higher up a broken rocky ridge between snowfields and were rewarded with fabulous views of Crazy Peak and surrounding hills, separated by huge snow filled corries. I decided to go for rocky summit in the middle; Roger went off left to climb the slightly higher top. The steep boulder slope to "my" summit was extremely loose and required a light touch only for steep rocks to start moving, so I picked

Slowly making our way north towards Glacier Nat Park and the Canadian border. Don't know when we'll get there. Headed towards Butte, thriving once again since the copper mine reopened in the 1990's. Then on to Philipsburg, a quaint old mining town with some attractive old buildings. Drove up steep dirt road from here to view the remains of Granite, once a hugely important silver mining town 1890 to 1912. Not much left of it now but a few dilapidated wooden cabins and the ruins of the Miners Union Hall. 3000 people once lived and worked here and there were 18 saloons!

There were great views into the Pintlar Wilderness area and we may do a walk there tomorrow. Couldn't get a room Philipsburg, so went back 12 miles to Georgetown Lake. This reservoir was dammed to provide electricity for the Granite mines in their heyday – it's now a popular boating and fishing area. We talked to a bloke in Granite who was doing a bit of renovation work and he recommended a walk for us tomorrow. Can't beat local knowledge!

23.6.00 FRIDAY

Turned out to be a good tip from that bloke. Even bought a map of the area – bound to get lost! A dirt road gave access into the Anacanda – Pintlar Wilderness and we parked at the trailhead for Carpp Lakes and Warren Pass.

Set off through the pine forest and reached Lower Carpp Lake after an hour of steady walking. The view of Warren Peak was superb – a beautifully shaped mountain, real chocolate box stuff. We climbed to Upper Carpp Lake and then up to Warren Pass below the craggy face of the Peak. We had hoped to climb it but I took one look and knew it wouldn't go from this side – too steep with too much snow. Roger, however, thought otherwise and we set off to have a go at it. I decided to follow the ridge back, which had a spot height of 9300 feet on the map. I followed the broken ridge, which was not without its difficulties. There was no track and the rock was shattered and very loose, with snowdrifts and pine trees to boot. I reached the high point and sat for half an hour listening to the silence and appreciating the extensive views over the surrounding hills. You can keep the National Parks. Although beautiful, they're far too busy and expensive.

These less known wilderness areas get my vote every time. The hills are just as spectacular and all the more appreciated for being quiet. I followed the ridge to its end and made a hairy descent through vertical forest to the valley floor, singing silly songs so the bears would hear me and hopefully run a mile from the din. After scrambling through deadfall like a mah – jong game I reached the trailhead at 6pm.

Roger arrived back an hour later after something of an epic, trying to reach the summit. He didn't make it, but I didn't say a word! (I must be mellowing). Another great day out in splendid mountain scenery.

24.6.00 SATURDAY

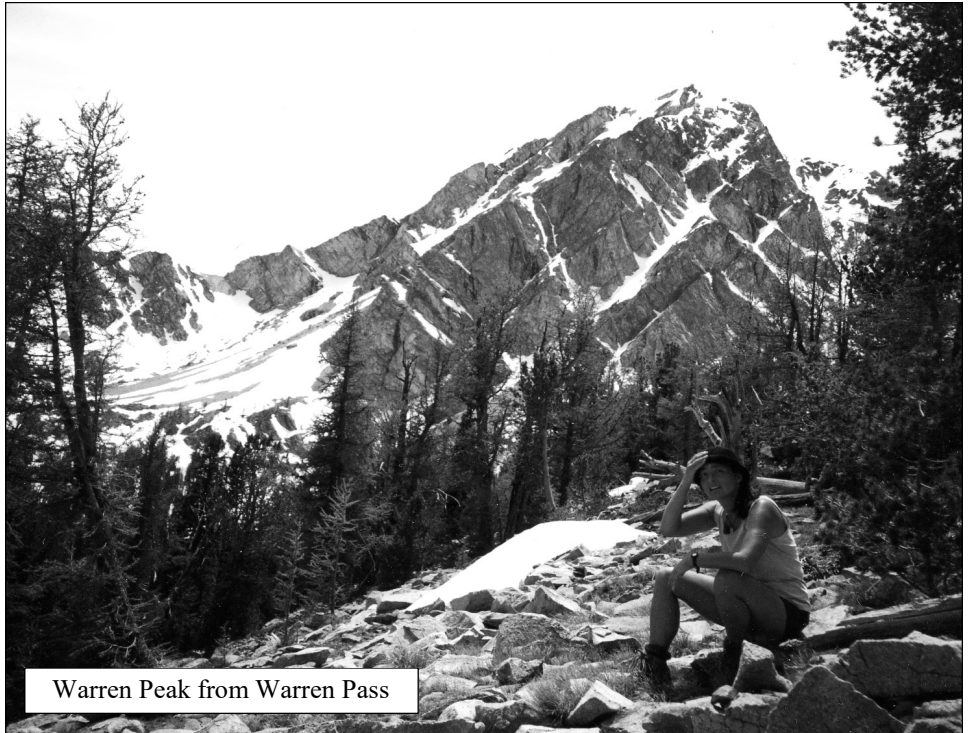
Left to move north again with no definite plan in mind. Stopped in Helena for a brew in a

great old-fashioned soda fountain and candy store called The Parrot. Very 50s, with one of those old jukeboxes straight out of "Happy Days." An old gold rush town (the gold was found in Last Chance Gulch!) it had some pleasant old buildings and a couple of art galleries, where I could have spent a fortune. Carried on to Holter Lake and took a boat trip 6 and a half miles up the Missouri River through Gates of the Mountains Canyon for \$8.50, Good value for a 2 hour trip up the limestone gorge (yes! Another gorge) and back. Some

keep our spirits from flagging. The idea is to get as far north in Canada as possible in the next week, hopefully to the Yukon or N W Territories, find somewhere interesting to stay and explore for another week, then make our way back through British Columbia to Vancouver for the homeward flight. Feeling a bit less jaded and homesick now we have a plan.

25.6.00 SUNDAY

Left the "Psycho" motel at Wolf Creek and



Warren Peak from Warren Pass

interesting caving opportunities and a few Native American pictograms on the rocks, but these were only 200 years old (spoken like a real rock art veteran).

After this we were going to look for a campsite but didn't take much persuading to book in at a motel instead – well, it did look like rain! This is the cheapest one we've found at \$37 but it's pretty run down and seedy with no T.V. (Horror).

Have had a team meeting (!) and decided we need a project for the last month of the trip to

drove up to enter Glacier Nat Park by the West entrance. Another spectacular journey through mountain scenery which constantly craning my neck and oohing and aahing. Went over Logan's Pass at 2026 m and down to St Mary Lake, then on to the Canadian Border. Crossed with no hassle and shopped at Pincher Creek at a motel where we had a chat with a couple who lived in Mootah near Cockermouth! He was a Yorkshire man and talked just like Moss – made me a bit homesick for the Scafell Hotel!

A Very Short Conversation.

I was lying in my hospital bed, minding my own business, and browsing through the October edition of *Climber*; the one with some scrape-head Beckham-look-alike upside down on an E5 problem in Mongolia (really!) on the cover. The ward was very quiet.

The new (elderly) chap in the bed opposite cleared his throat and then spoke:

"Are you interested in climbing and fellwalking, then?"

I put my magazine down, anticipating an instructive and entertaining conversation.

"Yes." I said, "Are you?"

"No" he said.

26.6.00 MONDAY

Continued north over crows nest pass, then west for a bit, then north again to Radium Hot Springs where we stopped.

27.6.00 TUESDAY

North again through Kootenay Nat Park – more stunning scenery – to Lake Louise, near Bauff. The Ice fields Highway from here to Jasper through the Canadian Rockies is 236 km and allegedly the most scenic road in Canada. Never a truer word spoken. I can't begin to describe it here – I just advise you to do it, if you do nothing else ever again. In fact, I recommend a Fellfarers trip to this part of the world – it's a must.

We stopped for short walks at the Odiver Mines and Marble Canyon, plus numerous viewpoints along the way, including the gorgeous turquoise Peyho Lake. I have to say I felt quite weepy looking at all that splendour – you know how mountains get to you sometimes? (soft bugger!) I urge you to see it for yourselves. Quite Sublime.

Past Jasper and out of the Park, past Mt Robson, at 3954m the highest point in the Canadian Rockies, finally stopping at Tete Jaime Cache after a truly gob smacking day. Phew!

(Western anemones, white mountain avers and moss campion were flowering above Peyho Lake – and I also forgot to mention that a black bear crossed the road in front of the car just out of Radium Hot Springs this morning. The first I've seen, but probably not the last as there are loads of bears in Canada.)

28.6.00 WEDNESDAY

A bit dull and damp this morning. Continued northwest towards Prince George. I had a close encounter with a moose on the road. It ran out in front of me and I wore a lot of rubber off the tyres, but managed to avoid hitting it full on. I think I just touched one of its hind hooves, but it kept running so I hope its O.K. The speed limit is 60 mph on the highway and now I know why. Also saw another black bear by the roadside. (yawn!)

Stopped in Prince George to pick up maps and provisions. This is by far the largest town for miles around. We got onto Alaska Highway from here. The sun came out and it got pretty hot for a while. We're out of the big hills now for a while and the landscape is densely wooded and interspersed by lakes, hence the proliferation of moose and bears. Stopped near one of these lakes, Whiskers Bay, and got a lovely cabin with fridge, cooking facilities, crockery and cutlery, bathroom with shower and toilet – all for \$46. It's a

pretty place, but there's no big hills around here and apparently you can't walk in the forest because of grizzly and black bears so there's not much to do except fish on the lake or go rowing. A pity, because the cabin is such good value. Oh well, its nice and peaceful, but the mozzies are HUGE AND HUNGRY!

29.6.00 THURSDAY

Still north, through the Peace River country. Nothing much of note. Stopped in Chetwynd, which is the Chainsaw Sculpture Capital of the World – allegedly. (!*)

We struggled to find any, but the 2 we did see were very good. On to Fort St John for the night.

30.6.00 FRIDAY

Have decided to go our separate ways for the last 3 weeks and do our own thing (s). The Yukon seems too far in the time we have left, but Roger may decide to go for it. Anyway, I set off back south on my own. Called in at Dawson Creek for some info and then back to Chetwynd for the night. Rather weird to travel

on my own, but not unpleasant. Just tootling along and stopping where and when I want to gives a nice sense of freedom.

To be continued.....

**Myers and Audrey have provided us with the words to the song which, they assure me, was on every Fellfarer's lips as they climbed and walked many years ago:
The tune is from the Mikado. Does anyone have the music? Ed**

K. Boot Fellfarers Climbing Song

*We are climbers great and we dwell in state,
On the slopes of the Glaramara.
We won't wash up and we've nowt to sup,
So we're 'garring yam' tomorrow.*

*We've been up't Needle and Gable too,
And now we don't know what to do,
And when it rains - don't we feel blue
On the slopes of the Glaramara.*

*Now when we go climbing up the crags,
We grow long beards and we're clad in rags.
We wear long nails in sole and heel,
And then at night we drink John Peel.*

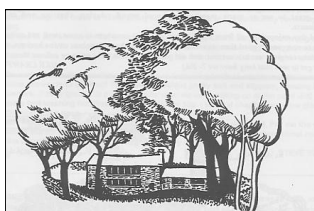
*And when we leave T'Scafell
Don't we feel weel!
On the slopes of the Glaramara.*

Social Calendar

OCTOBER

COMMITTEE MEETING ON 2nd OCTOBER AT THE RIFLEMANS ARMS.
COME AND JOIN US FOR A PINT AFTERWARDS – APPROX 9.30

HIGH HOUSE



Is booked for Fellfarers
5-11th October 2001

THORPE FARM MEET



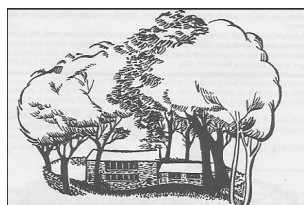
19-21st October 2001
THE OLD STABLES
THORPE FARM
HATHERSAGE
HOPE VALLEY
DERBYSHIRE

Thorpe Farm is a family-run dairy/mixed farm. It is 2 miles away from Stanage Edge and 1-2 miles from the historic village of Hathersage, where Little John's grave and various connections with the Brontes can be found. Hathersage has 6 pubs, several eating places, general stores, banks, post office, climbing shop, railway station, open air swimming pool and tennis courts. Sheffield is 10 miles away. 6 miles further up the Hope Valley is the village of Castleton with its ancient castle and many caves. 6 miles to the Southwest is the famous plague village of Eyam. Edale, the start of the Pennine Way is 8 miles away, giving you access

to Kinder Scout.

Please book asap
Cost: £5.00 p.p.n.
(children half price)

HIGH HOUSE



Is
booked for Fellfarers
22-28th October 2001

A GUIDED TOUR OF THE MAYORS PARLOUR 25th October 2001



A unique opportunity for Fellfarers. An invitation from the Mayor himself to view the treasures of Kendal Town Hall, free of charge! Maximum numbers : 25, so book early.
Meet at the Town Hall at 7.30 pm.

NOVEMBER

COMMITTEE MEETING on 6th November AT THE RIFLEMANS ARMS.
COME AND JOIN US FOR A PINT AFTERWARDS – APPROX 9.30

ARMISTICE MEET At High House



9-11th November 2001

Darts & Dominoes
Friday 16th November 2001



Yes, soon!!!
At the
Riflemans Arms
PRIZES!
Start of proceedings
at 7.30 pm.

Discount Evening

Tuesday 27th November
2001

At the Kentdale Rambler

Up to 20% discount
Anytime after, ooooh, 7.00
pm. Is that alright?

Followed by the usual gath-
ering at agreed
licenced premises,
probably the wine bar,
to compare goodies

deCEMBER

COMMITTEE MEETING ON THE 4TH DE-
CEMBER AT THE RIFLEMANS ARMS.
COME AND JOIN US FOR A PINT AFTER-
WARDS – APPROX 9.30

A.G.M

13TH. December

At the Cock and Dolphin

7.30 pm

Bring along a good old gripe or
two.

Let's give the Committee Hell !

Let's have a grand Barney!

(official notification will posted
separately)

The Editor is considering
planning a 'Skylark' trip to
tour the Hills of Ireland.

(Camping/minibus)

If you are interested please
come to the first planning
meeting immediately after
the AGM (or contact the
Ed if you can't attend)

2002

January

The Clachaig Meet, Glencoe 11/12th January 2002



13
in 3
lets.
£5.00

beds
cha-

Deposit

to Val Calder to book your place.

Hurry!

Some booked already!

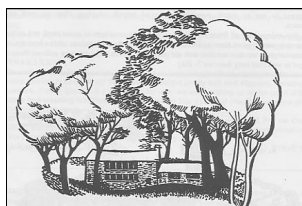
24th December

8.00pm onwards

Carols and Beer

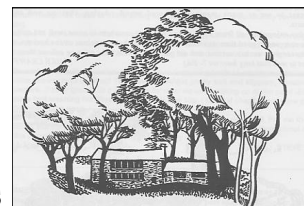
Rifleman's Arms

HIGH HOUSE



Is booked for Fellfarers
21st. December – 1st.
January 2002

HIGH HOUSE



Is

booked for Fellfarers
18 – 19 th Jan. 2002
Club walk on Saturday
to be agreed by those
present.

Advance Notice – ANNUAL
DINNER – 23rd February.
Details in next issue

CLUB OFFICIALS		1
President:	John Peat Tel: 015395 32244	
Trustees:	Alan Bryan Tel: 01458 446499	
	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	
Booking Secretary:	Hugh Taylor Tel: 01539 815089 (work) 5, Stonegarth High Knott Road., Arnside, LA5 0AW	
Social Secretary	Peter Goff Tel: 01524 736990 170, Main Street Warton	
Newsletter Editor:	Mick Fox Tel: 01539 727531 50, Gillinggate, Kendal, LA9 4JB	
	<i>email: MichaelFox@Southbank50.fsnet.co.uk</i>	
Members:	Rose East Tel: 01524 761083	
	Brian Birkett Tel: 01539 726895	
	Bill Hogarth Tel: 01539 728569	
	Krysia 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 December so all contributions before
15th. December please.



Ed