

the **Fellfareer**

January 2006

Number 40



Here it is, Number 40. Thanks again to the contributors, especially our foreign correspondents, Alec and Mike, for giving us glimpses of life beyond this murky wet island. Mike promises more adventures in the future and Alec has committed to continuing with his series 'A Short Walk in the West' I'm sure there are others out there who have ideas for a series of pieces or who have a particular story to tell, a joke to share or a photograph to show us. The empty pages of Fellfarer No 41 are waiting. Anyway, it's a New Year. I hope you all have an adventurous one and that some of you at least feel moved to write about it..... Ed

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Cover Photo: Alan Wilson on his first rock route on a (UK) crag - Dandle Buttress, Buckbarrow, Longsleddale. 16th November 2005
 Contents photo: Richard and Cara, Mallorcan mountain top



Dear Ed,
 Re: John Longmire (issue no 38)
 Yes, I have visited these carvings in the small quarry near to Lake Windermere in the grounds of Cragwood House, now belonging to Impact DTC, bought from Mr Norman Buckley, a Manchester solicitor who owned the Low Wood, Wild Boar and Langdale Chase hotels and devoted much time and expense breaking various speed boat records on Windermere. My son-in-law, Tony Parkinson, is with Impact and will arrange a visit if you so wish. Cragwood is next to Brockhole on the Troutbeck-Ambleside road.
 Cheers
 Myers Ferguson
 (see article page 3 - Ed)

Dear Ed,
 RE: Photo in last journal
 It was taken at Whitsuntide 1955 on the way up to Scafell Pike from the F&RCC hut at Brackenclose, Wasdale when the K Fellfarers swapped them huts.



Fergu-
Marga-
Sherrat
mond
(Mop) Marjorie O'Loughlin
Helen Ferguson Adele Sherrat
Myers
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Ray-
Heigh

Part of a larger party, one of them being Harry Sherrat who lost a leg in the war but still achieved his ambition to climb Scafell Pike in spite of his disability, showing a lot of guts
 Cheers
 Myers

News from the Committee

1. **Best wishes from the committee to all Fellfarers for 2006!**
2. The rucksacks advertised in the last issue were sold for £50 which went into club funds. Thanks to Jeff and Sylvia.
3. *You will receive (probably have done already) papers for the AGM. Please take the time to read them and come to the meeting prepared for a good verbal interchange! There's loads of changes to the Constitution, together with the formal proposal of a Hut Policy and a Hut Development Plan (if you were there last year you will be expecting it!).*
4. The Kitchen Working Party meets regularly and is coming to final decisions about what will probably be the single biggest item of expenditure that the club has ever undertaken. If you want to know more, come to the AGM!
5. *There have been lots of comments made about the lighting at High House. The committee is considering a complete overhaul of the lights in the next couple of years. We believe it to be really important that all of the members views are taken into account before any decision is made. We know already that some members think it's fine as it is and that others think that the strip lights should be replaced. How important is it to you? Please let a member of the committee know **IN WRITING** so that we can make a decision in keeping with your wishes.*
6. On a similar note, it is apparent that not all members agree with the committees priorities when it comes to improvements at High House. Is there anything that you think is long overdue for a change? Once again, let a committee member know what your ideas are.
7. *Just a reminder - there is no longer a key kept at the farm. Members who want to access the hut during times when it isn't booked can have their own personal key upon payment of a deposit to the Chairman.*
8. One issue that we know little about at the moment, is the matter of the parking at Seathwaite, and the discussions going on between the National Trust and The National Park Authority. Whatever the outcome, it will have a bearing on High House. Watch for more information in the next Fellfarer.
9. *The Committee is proposing to increase the guest night fee from £3 to £4. If anyone wishes to object to this proposal it can be discussed at the AGM.*

Some readers (including Myers-see letters opposite) will remember a short request for more information on some carved stone referred to in an old book that I was reading at the time. Myers very kindly loaned me a copy of volume 25 of the Transactions of The Ancient Monuments Society which records these stones in detail. These are some extracts from the Transactions:

QUARRY-FLOOR INSCRIPTIONS AT ECCLERIGG CRAG, WINDERMERE

'Between the bustle of water sports on lake Windermere and the incessant traffic of the main A591 road, there are still some peaceful, forgotten corners which modern life has passed by. Ecclerigg Crag quarry, at the north-west extremity of White Cross Bay is just such a place. There is no public access, for the quarry is in the grounds of Crag Wood house....'

'.....as an important source of building stone and slate, the quarry had its own barge dock, traces of which survive east of the modern boat houses and dock, and Crag Wood House, built in 1910 for a Mr. Warburton, is only one of many local houses which incorporate its stone. Perhaps the best known of these is the remarkable circular house built for Thomas English in 1773 on Belle Isle, to which over 800 tons of stone was ferried by three men in barges of 6 and 9 3/4 tons capacity.'

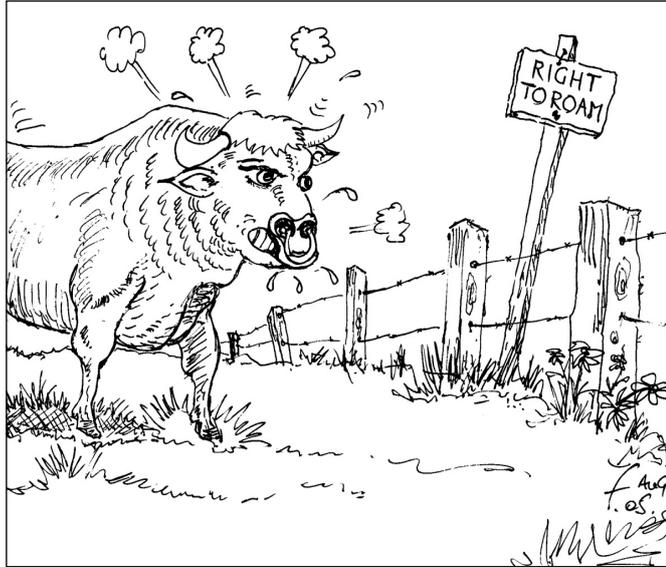
'On the quarry floor and dipping uniformly south at 22°, five huge slabs of bed-rock all bearing meticulously carved inscriptions in large letters up to 350 mm. Tall. At first sight they present an apparent jumble of names, quotations and comments which, except for some well-known names, require some explanations to show their significance. They are said to have been carved by an eccentric monumental mason named Longmire from Troutbeck...'

'Four of the slabs are dated 1835 to 1837 and there are two further fragments lying just within the lake.

Unfortunately frost and other hazards have taken their toll of the inscriptions and the purpose of this article is not only to comment on their historical associations but also to record what is left of this intriguing and unusual monument before more is lost.'



In response to Myers offer of access, we are planning a short visit sometime in April (see Social Calendar) probably during a weekday evening. The date and time are to be arranged nearer the time. If you are interested, please contact the Editor. If you have done so already, better remind him. His memory isn't too good. Copies of the Transactions will be available to those who are interested.



Fred Underhill

Quiz Night

This was staged in the Cock and Dolphin in early autumn, and provided a grand evening of interest, with just the right degree of competition. Refreshments included of course. Called the Great Natural History Quiz, with 50 superb photographs by Alec Reynolds, mostly native wild flowers, but also a few birds to identify, it was certainly thought provoking. Olga was quiz master and quickly sorted out any dissent.

The winners were Kryisia and Peter Barnes with an astonishing score of 40 out of 50. Very good.

This quiz, with a similar format, will certainly be held again in autumn 2006, with Alec busily clicking away in spring and summer. Could be a career move here Alec? Remember, all the wild flowers shown could be found within a ten mile radius of Kendal. So lets get a few more people there and knock Kryisia and Pete from their perch. It won't be easy!

Peter Goff

Fellfaring in Mallorca October 2005

Mick Fox

My first experience of Mallorca was a couple of years ago when Kendal Caving Club organised a caving and canyoning trip. I jumped at this chance, and having enjoyed it so much then, I did the same thing when a return trip was proposed.

Richard and I, on our usual calculation that if a holiday is worth going on, it's worth going for longer than anyone else, booked flights that would give us two weeks rather than the KCC single week. The saving on flights (out of half-term time) paid much of the additional accommodation cost.

We headed for a little town on the south coast of the island, a little nervous that we might find ourselves in part of the notorious chips 'n beer holiday area. We knew very little about what to expect. In fact the town of Cala Figuera was quiet and pretty much unspoilt. It's centred on a gem of a fishing harbour where to walk around the waters edge meant stepping over fishermen mending nets and traversing the wooden doors of quaint little boat-houses. The adjacent coastline is craggy, mainly undercut limestone cliffs, never very high, with tiny golden beaches nestling in the coves. Some, not all, of the beaches were busy in the usual way and we did not turn down the opportunity to sit, ice cream in hand, and admire the

scenery....

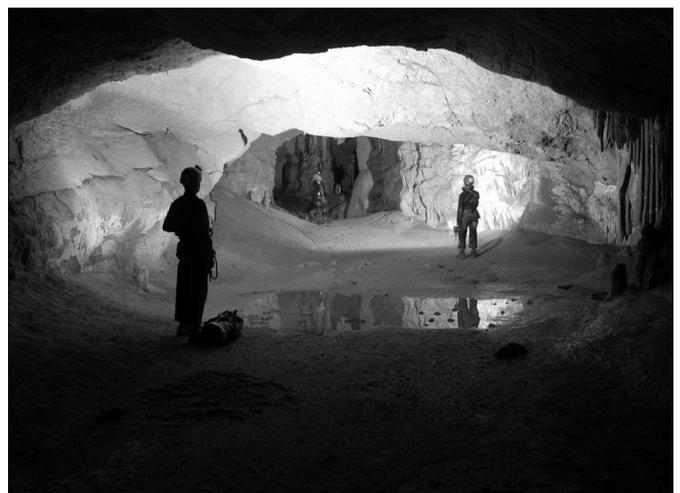
There's climbing to be had here too : lots of bolted routes on the steep and sunny coastal cliffs and miles of less imposing stuff to explore for adventure climbing. A convenient rock ledge runs almost continuously just above sea level for much of the coast.

We were there for serious business, however, and after a day or two the first cavers, Miranda and John, called from the north of the island. We drove to join them and went in search of the first cave: Cova del cal Peso.

It's not in any guide and our search of the rough vegetated hillside was based on word-of-mouth information. We found the little entrance hole and crawled in. It was immediately apparent that Mallorcan caves are very different to Yorkshire caves. We were warm! The floor was sandy and dry. A cotton boiler suit provided all the protection we needed. And the stal decorations in the roomy passages were superb. Short mud slopes hampered progress a little but gave us a few laughs.

Later in the week the Cova de sa Campana, by far the biggest cave in Mallorca impresses us with its three Gaping Gill-sized chambers. One of them contains, on its roof, acres of the finest, maddest helictites any of us have ever seen. Made me laugh out loud.

Cara, another of the advance party, joined us for an ascent of Puig Tomir, the island's 4th highest peak. The whole island is limestone and we climbed through wooded karst scenery - big fluted boulders sitting on pitted lime-





stone pavement. Bells clanged on the necks of goats as we walked upwards on steep scree to a little wire and steel staple assisted scramble to the summit. The magnificent profiles of the bigger hills westward were hazy in the heat.

When the cavers had arrived on the island in force we set off, in two parties, for a fun trip down the gorge of the Torrent d'Almadra. We started late but hey, we had a couple of headtorches between the 7 of us! We soon overtook the family party, taking their time over getting the children down the many pitches. It began to rain very cold rain and we began to regret setting off in t-shirts and shorts. Black clouds began building above us and the air cracked with thunder. A burst of sunlight caused us to ignore the one escape route and we carried on down, landing in pools now that require wading and then swimming. We were counting the pitches, 9, 10, 11...already totally committed. We worked well as a team, continually pushing a rope on ahead for the next descent. It stopped being fun and then it stopped! We were out. Hooray! Just the long haul up then as daylight faded and a thunderstorm raged, properly this time. The military building on top of Puig Major, sending out beams of light into the darkness and lit by constant lightning, could have easily been Mordors Dark Tower. Deliciously Scary.

The Serra de Cavall Bernat, Mallorcas 'must-do' ridge, is also deliciously scary. We scrambled on the knife edge ridge, perched 1,000 feet above the grumbling surf. What was it Kipling said?

*"With a drop into nothing beneath you
As straight as a beggar can spit."*

My mouth was too dry to spit.

A return trip into the bottom half of the Torrent de Pareis in roasting heat was fun, such a contrast to the last time Richard and I came this way when we were swimming with full RST racks after our 12 hour epic in the Gorge Blau. The shallow pools were now refreshing and we moved quickly through the superb scenery.

The Formentor peninsula provided a superb relaxing 'tourist' day of driving, strolling and eating ice cream.

Unbeatable coastal scenery of naked white rock and deep blue sea perfect in this warm October weather for swimming....

The biggest accessible hill is Massanella and we followed guidebook descriptions which led to a short but interesting scramble through intimidating cliffs to the summit of bare limestone. Within a few yards of the topmost rocks is a huge shaft dropping down into darkness. We wondered and came to the conclusion that if the pothole is formed by water, as it must be, then the shaft must have been formed before the mountain was. Like a hole in a polo mint existing before the mint. Er... perhaps not.

The cavers had gone home by now and we moved on to stay at Lluç Monastery, high in the mountains. This gave us a good base for the last couple of days exploration: the mountain roads around Port de Soller and the Castell d'Alaro, an impregnable mountain-top fort and then, by way of a deliberate anti-climax, a last afternoon sampling



the dubious delights of that beer 'n chips stretch of coast that we had done so well to avoid on this brilliant holiday on this seriously under-rated island. I'll be back.



Autumn in Skåne

Where? I hear you ask. Skåne (pronounced "Scorner") is the region at the foot of Sweden whose main town is Malmö (pronounced "Mal-myrrh"), and which is now connected by the five-mile rail and road bridge across Öresund (pronounced "Urh-ra-sund") to Köpenhamn (pronounced "Copenhagen", well alright "Sherpanham"). I have been working since mid-September in the beautiful, old university town of Lund, close to Malmö. Although I worked here frequently four or five years ago, I was air commuting weekly to and from Stockholm 300 miles to the north. So this is the first time that I have been able to spend weekend time exploring the place.

Krysa will be pleased to learn that there is virtually no "trees-and-water", which she concluded on her visit to Stockholm and parts north was all there was in Sweden. Skåne is best summed up as "a well-ironed map of Lincolnshire". There are no forests, no hills, just miles of farmland all the way to the horizon and beyond.

I was not greatly looking forward to being here. However, when I first left the mountains of home for the forests around Stockholm I felt the same way, but came to love both equally, but differently. The endless horizon in Skåne is beginning to work its magic. For one thing, it's a cyclist's paradise. When you take your car to one of the



many edge of town garages for a service, you have a choice of a courtesy car or a courtesy bicycle for the day, both bearing the usual advertising.

The number of footpath and cycle tracks is endless and many of them do not run alongside the roads, but make their own way across the countryside through avenues of trees.

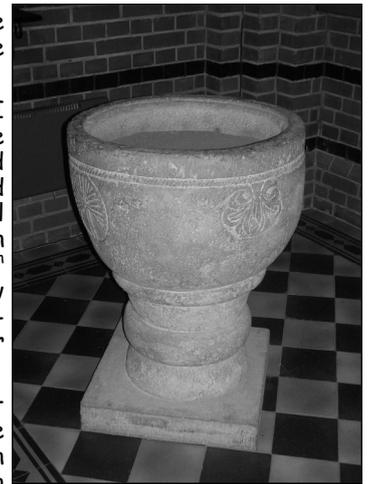
I have spent many weekend days cycling or wandering along these paths, and have been surprised at what I have discovered. For example, I was tramping along a country road one Sunday morning and saw a sign that advertised "Café, Gallery, Bed-and-Breakfast". I was intrigued, and fancied coffee, so I turned into this very long gravel drive that ended up with a large country house to the left and an even larger barn to the right, which housed the gallery and the café. I had spent a few minutes looking at the exhibits in the gallery when it dawned on me that they were all the same, i.e. fire-glazed urns with lids, of a rounded square shape and in the ancient Sicilian classical style. It then further dawned on me that I was basically in a shop that sold up market funeral-ware. The prices ranged from £800, presumably for kids and pets, to £3,000 for the spherically



challenged. But the coffee and homemade apple pie were wonderful.

Later on the same day I arrived at the small village of Nöbbelöv (pronounced "Nurba-lurf") that had the most wonderful church. It was built in 1901 to replace the 12th century original. The new one still contains the original font and other similar artefacts.

In 1676 the village was at the centre of one of the bloodiest battles in human history fought between the Swedes and the Danes. Half of the 16,000 combatants were killed on the day, the wounded not being counted. It was winter and the ground was frozen, so the bodies were just piled up and left until Spring. In 1995 a cloakroom annex was built on to the new church and during the excavation for the foundations a mass grave was found that dated back to the battle.



Another joy in this wide-open countryside is the windbreak avenues, many consisting of some form of willow. The one in the photograph is particularly interesting because the trees have been continually pollarded for well over a hundred years. Every one of the trees in the quarter mile avenue had a completely hollow trunk.

The farm buildings in the area are far more interesting than in the Stockholm area and many are thatched. The photograph shows a feature I have not seen elsewhere, i.e.

timber crossbeams to hold the thatch ridge in place. As you might guess, the agriculture around here is mainly arable. Vast quantities of sugar beet are grown. The government requires farmers to grow it because of some ancient law introduced to ensure that there is no shortage in time of war. For the last month or so since mid-October, enormous tractors pulling even bigger ten-wheel trailers have been delaying traffic as they trundle along the roads to the factories. The nature of the farming has also had a great influence on the wild flower species in the area. The variety of "arable weeds" is enormous. Near the end of September I cycled the 10-kilometre cycle path from Lund to Södra Sandby and spotted more



than 30 different wild flower species. It took hours and I pushed the bike most of the way, ending up in a beautiful area with the wonderful name Fågelsångdal (pronounced "Forgal-song-dar!") which means "Bird-song-dale". If I am here in the Spring, I shall return. The

first photograph is of Chicory, which is endemic in this part of the world.

However, the second has me beat. From the side it looked exactly like a rayed knapweed, but from above it looked different and the flower was a most wonderful



lilac colour. Any ideas?

One of the first things you notice in this area is that there is nothing, except yourself, to stop the wind. The locals have a saying, "turn any corner and you'll be facing the wind". What this has led to is the most wonderful collection of well-preserved windmills, as well as a growing collection of modern ones.

I have spent my allotted space talking about the countryside and have not mentioned the town of Lund itself. It is a wonderful place full of cobbled back streets and ancient half-timbered buildings. The mediaeval wooden clock in the cathedral is an amazing sight. I was intrigued to see on one of its outer dials the signs of the zodiac between the hours, an interesting perspective on religion and mysticism.

Oh, and by the way, there are trees here, all deciduous and their autumn colours are too magnificent to be reproduced in monochrome.

Alec Reynolds



Extract from a Temporary Felfairy's Diary November 5th 2005

I sit here in the darkness listening to the tumult of descending rain outside the door. I am filled with an odd foreboding and the sound of the rain somehow eases that discomfort but I don't know why. I know very little and my memory is so short. I just sit and listen. And wait.

Rain lashes the glass of the door in wild angry bursts. Gutters are brimfull, downspouts plugged with gobbets of sodden november leaf. I hear the sound of falling waters increase as the night passes slowly.

I am almost happy as the blackness beyond the door fades slowly, almost imperceptibly, to grey without a cessation of the downpour. It is day now, but not much lighter than night. Some sense within me tells me that each passing hour of rain is, somehow, a reason for hope. But I don't know why. The bars of my chair cut into my back but I cannot shift to a more comfortable position. I endure the pain. It seems unimportant somehow.

There, are noises on the floor above me. The people in this house are breakfasting. The man comes down to join me, scowling at the rain on the glass as he does so. He circles me and smiles to himself. He seems to like what he sees. No words are exchanged and he departs again, leaving me to my thoughts, to my *feeble* attempts to remember...was there something in my distant past that I can bring back? Was I somehow *significant* ? Important even? I don't know. I give up and listen to the rain. The sweet, loud and copious rain. The day passes slowly, as did the night.

The man returns. The door is opened. I realise with a suddenness like a blow on my head that the rain has dwindled to a drizzle. A deep sadness, a melancholy bordering on fear, grips me. But I don't know why. We go together out into the drear afternoon and I am bundled quickly into the car. The few cool drops of moisture that touch my face *refresh* me and I relax a little. I sense that this is to be an adventure that few people experience. Have I been here *before*? Many times perhaps. There is no colour in the landscape. Roadside trees and fields are all grey and sodden and then there is nothing. The man doesn't talk. He listens to the radio. I am silent too, still trying to remember. We travel quickly and journey for many country miles before he stops beside an old house. We go behind the barns.

Wet geese browse a wet pasture there. Patches of blue, gaps in the iron grey cloud, appear overhead and little bursts of light from the setting sun gild the leaves of the surrounding woodland. I am helped to a high seat on a sort of pedestal and I sit, comfortable now, in the fading light, knowing that I need do nothing but wait again.

Darkness envelopes me and I sit quietly under the diamond light of an occasional star, listening to the hoot-owls abroad in the trees around me.

Lights come on in the barns. People arrive and talk, quietly at first. Murmurings grow louder and I hear that strange, unusual sound, laughter. I feel, for the first time that I can remember, a sense of excitement, a *feeling* of belonging. I almost persuade myself that these people, arriving in greater numbers now, are here because of me, perhaps in my honour. Electric torches flash across the meadow, sometimes catching my face, pale, I know.....

I see the partying people below me: old and young they are, and all smiling. I see three little girls and marvel that they have the same pretty face.

The man I know arrives, and others. Small fires are burning in the barns and I smell the meats cooking on them. Bottles are opened by laughing men and golden ales are poured. Children shout.

A tall man stoops to the ground with fire in his hand. He steps back quickly and the air is filled with showers of sparks, brightly coloured. The children shriek with delight.

I am aware of activity behind me but I cannot turn. Smoke envelopes me and for a moment I cannot see. Then all is clear. A flame licks my outstretched hand and I understand all. I have been here many times before and it is for this that I am. My left arm is ablaze, as is my chair and my left leg. My blackened hand bursts asunder and people around me are cheering. My memory now spans the years; hundreds of years, always ending in this.

I remember. I remember.

BONFIRE NIGHT PARTY

Little Strickland Hill
5th November 2005

The venue was perfect. Walter (Tony) and Ann's spot, with it's huge tree-girt paddock and many workshops provided a wonderful place for a bonfire do, whatever the weather.

The combination of the Walshaw family and Felfarers worked really well and everybody smiled. The editor missed most of the fireworks because he was exploring the Aladdin's Caves that are Walters workshops. Note the plural.

I've just looked down and seen how close to the bottom of the page I am so I cannot tell you about the wonders that can be seen therein but I will advise you:

Tony and Ann will do this again next year.....don't miss it!

Armistice Weekend

13th November 2005 - Remembrance Sunday

There is no getting away from it; it was a dismal turn-out. With a nominal membership of almost 90 memberships, the actual number of Fellfarers must surely be 2-300. Six people turned up to honour those lads who gave their lives for us. Think on.*

After a spell of poor weather, Sunday was a brilliant sparkly day. The frosty start didn't stop Fred setting off in shorts. His little white knees twinkled in the sunlight all the way up to Sty Head.....

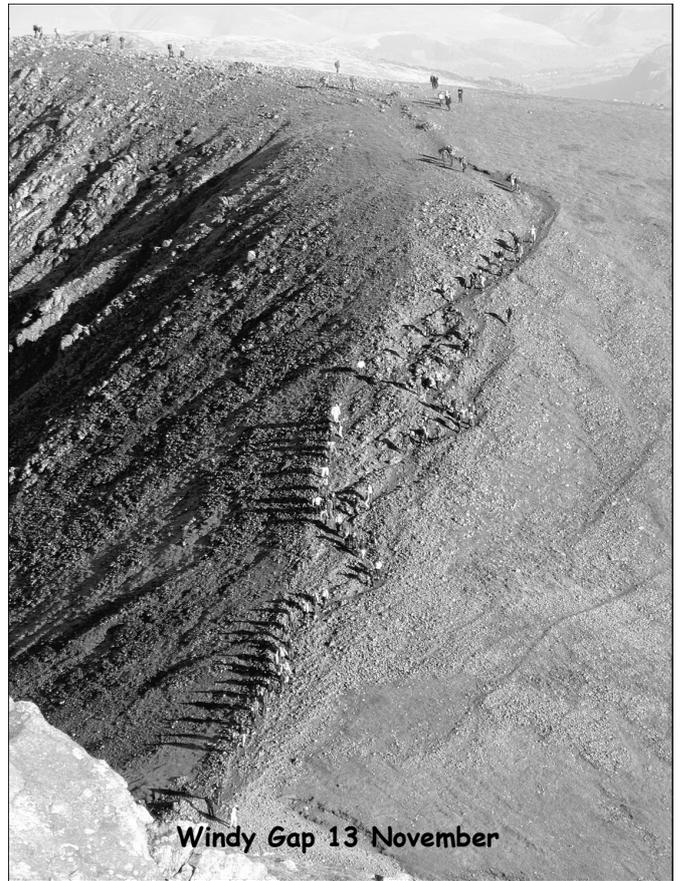
Bill followed on, and then the Ed. Two attended the 'alternative' do on Castle Crag.

It was a glorious morning! Light from the still-invisible sun streamed down through chilly mists below Great End and, halfway up Aaron Slack, it seared the Ed's neck as he climbed, all alone!, towards Windy Gap.

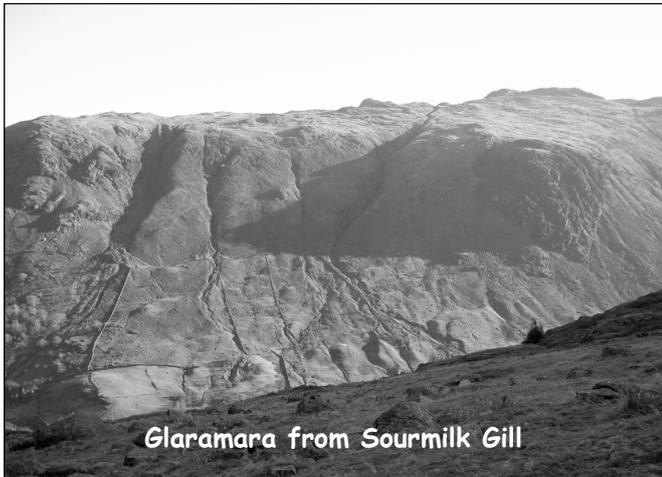
Bill and the Ed wandered back down, taking snaps and talking so much that they missed obvious tracks, but finding a brilliant scree run into Gillercombe.

We followed the 'Shepherds Way' rather than the obvious tourist track beside Sourmilk Gill and were soon enjoying brews and more brews back at High House.

*Richard M, committed to other things, paid his respects on Friday.



Windy Gap 13 November



Glaramara from Sourmilk Gill



"It's blooming cold up here. Any ideas for warming me up a bit?"

DARTS AND DOMINOS

8th December 2005

The Annual Darts and Dominos competition was held at the Rifleman's Arms, and what a night it was. First of all it had a truly international air about it, as Mike Goff had traveled all the way from America to be there. Also we had a highly competitive bunch of Fellfarers just bursting with raw adrenalin and in no mood to take any prisoners.

But as the competition developed there was only going to be one winner of the darts and the dominos, our very own treasurer showed why she is cool under pressure as she swept through the field at the darts, then turned her attention to the dominos.

Stuart Bell could put up little resistance in the final as she swept him away to become double champion.

The evening was full of surprises: a five piece folk group arrived and as it was there practice night the entertainment was completely free of charge.

Then with out doubt the most impressive part of the evening, was the wonderful buffet we where provided with. In Stuart Bells own words: "there's enough there to choke a donkey", As we didn't have a donkey with us that evening, we will just have to take his word for it, but there was plenty for everyone, the folk group and the blokes at the bar as well.

So that was it: Anyone wanting a good night out, could do a lot worse than the Annual Darts and Domino Night, so make a point in next years diary and get yourself there.

Bill Hogarth

We don't want to depress you but, for those few people left who might be sceptical about such things, here's some facts and figures which demonstrate how quickly this Global Warming is coming upon us. The information is gleaned from several sources so you may notice a few inconsistencies in style. Never mind; heed the content and think about the future. Get that winter route done now, while you can. And turn down the central heating for goodness sake.

Climate Change *What's Happening to the World's Wild Places ?*

Alps:

Alpine permafrost is disappearing fast, causing increased rockfall and summer routes on the high mountains are becoming much more dangerous.

The weather is becoming more erratic.

75% of Alpine glaciers will have melted by 2050.

Melting reduced glacier volume by 10% in 2003 alone.

One of the Alps most famous ice features, the White Spider on the Eiger North Face disappeared forever last year.

Himalaya:

2,500 glaciers in eastern Himalaya have disappeared during the last century.

Ice-dammed lakes being released by melting are causing devastating flooding.

Throughout the Himalaya, within our lifetime, glacier retreat has increased from a few centimetres per year to 10 metres per year.

Rockfalls are increasing as snow and ice volumes reduce, even at high altitude.

Russia and Asia:

The average snow cover across the Eurasian Plateau from June to August is 2.2 million km² since records began in 1967.

In 2005, the snow cover was reduced to 1.35 million km²

The Tien Shan range has lost 25% of it's volume of glacial ice since the 1960s.

Africa:

Kilimanjaro, for the first time ever, had no snow at all on its summit in the summer of 2005.

There will be no snow at all on any equatorial mountain by 2040.

African Alpine routes will contain many more objective dangers as broken rock is freed by melting ice.

Andes:

There has been a massive retreat of glaciers since the 1980s.

Snow and mixed peaks are becoming more technical and dangerous; many north faces are now black.

Snow level on some peaks have risen 300m in a few years.

Fatalities are increasing due to rockfall.

The North West Ridge of Alpamayo, formerly an easy snow route is now unclimbable due to loose rock exposure.

North America:

There is a huge reduction in snow cover on Mexico's volcanoes.

Easy snow slopes have turned to sheet ice or have disappeared altogether.

Glacier cover in the west of Canada is reaching it's lowest level in the last 10,000 years.

In the U.S. Rockies snowfalls are diminishing noticeably and melting earlier.

In Yellowstone snow now melts two weeks earlier in spring than it did in the 1950s.

In Washington and Oregon it is almost a month earlier.

Arctic:

The ice shelf has melted for the fourth straight year to its smallest area in a century, driven by rising temperatures.

It is the least amount of Arctic ice since records began (in at least a century).

The Arctic sea ice area had dropped from 2.70 million square miles to 2.05 million square miles since 1978.

If melting rates continue, the summertime Arctic will be completely ice-free before the end of the century.

The Arctic is warming faster than the rest of the globe because water or bare earth, once uncovered, soaks up more heat than ice and snow.

This process means melting can spur even warmer temperatures and more melting.

Inuit hunters, threatened by the melting of Arctic ice, plan to file a petition in December accusing the United States of violating their human rights by fueling global warming and opting out of the Kyoto Treaty to reduce greenhouse gas emissions.

In Alaska the average winter temperature is now 4.5° higher than in the 1970s.

98% of all glaciers are retreating or stagnant.

Permafrost melting is accelerating, releasing more greenhouse gases into the atmosphere as it does so.

In Greenland the ice cap is currently losing ice at the rate of 50 cubic kilometres a year.

Antarctica :

The 1,250 square mile, 650 feet thick, Larsen B ice shelf collapsed in 2002 - 500 million billion tons of ice sheet disintegrated in less than a month.

The speed of glacier movement is increasing as peripheral ice shelves continue to deteriorate.

Scandinavia :

Norway has recorded its warmest autumn for 150 years, upsetting the natural order of things.

Temperatures across the country are 6 - 7 ° higher than average.

Vegetation in forests is reacting out of season. Wild strawberries are blooming - eight months early.

Norway's northwest coast has seen summer-like temperatures, and thermometers hit a record 21C (71F) in Namdalen, Nord-Trøndelag, on Nov 1. Forecasters say that the ground is too warm for snow, when it comes, to stay long.

Many ski competitions are being cancelled. Even the ski resorts in the mountains see little point in manufacturing their own snow at present, because most of it would melt on impact.

The Scandinavian ski season has almost been cut in half the last 30 years.

UK :

Warming in Scotland is greater in winter than in summer.

North and West areas are becoming cloudier, with warmer, wetter winters.

Precipitation will increase by up to 7% in the next few years.

Snow lying on the ground will probably be extinct in Wales by 2020 and in Cumbria by 2050.



The view from Dove Crag to the Coniston Fells on Tuesday 22nd November 2005.
The whole of the North of England was enveloped in fog. We weren't. He He.

Discount Evening 24th November 2005

It went very well. There was none of the buying frenzy that might have been seen in previous years but plastic cards seemed to pass over the counter of KENTDALE OUTDOOR at regular intervals and Fellfarers were seen to leave the premises with big smiles and bags of stuff they didn't really need.

Best of all was the rest of the evening in the Wine Bar. A good selection of Real Ales, a bag full of goodies at knock-down prices, and the best company in the world. What more could you ask for?.....Apart from a win on the lottery.

Rock Talk

In a light-hearted discussion, the theme of which was: " You know you've been climbing too long when..... " some wag stopped the conversation by finishing the sentence with: "you have a sudden feeling of weightlessness, there is a rushing sound in your ears, and then it all goes black."

Here's another of Mike's pieces about life in the States:

NO SEA SHANTIES AT CAT POINT.

MIKE GOFF

An emerald sea lies athwart the rifting gulf that threatens to tear the peninsula of Baja California from mainland Mexico. It is called The Sea of Cortez. The gaping maw of this gulf opens south of the Tropic of Cancer, gobbling at the Pacific Ocean around the old Spanish Main.

At its northern terminus the gulf pinches out in a maze of shallow wetlands and tidal lagoons reaching almost to the Arizona state line. But the active rift rives northwards, troubling the topography of California all the way to San Francisco as the infamous San Andreas Fault.

The bleak marshland at the head of the gulf is the remnant delta of the once mighty Rio Colorado, architect and excavator of the Grand Canyon. Before the dams went in rich effluence eroded from the American southwest flowed into and blended with the nutrient wealth of the Sea of Cortez as epic flood tides roared up the gulf. The Rio Colorado no longer reaches the sea. Its waters are consumed entirely by cities, farms and casinos upstream.

However, the awesome setting for the Sea of Cortez is staggering to behold. The gulf in which it is enfolded is a vast cleavage torn into the Sierra Madrean volcanic field of North western Mexico. Rifting and opening of the Gulf of California, began a few million years ago. This breach was invaded by the Pacific Ocean, flooding the young rift valley to great depth. Today, this splendid bathtub sits within an enormous, dynamic basin, still subject to earthquakes and marine vulcanism.

The Sea of Cortez is enclosed east and west by steep, parallel mountain chains block faulted from the old volcanic plateau into rugged hog-back ridges. From pine clad heights, the evergreen sweep of the highlands descend abruptly to the shoreline. From the mainland interior river drainages disgorge into the sea through canyons cut deeper and more rugged than the Grand Canyon of the Rio Colorado.

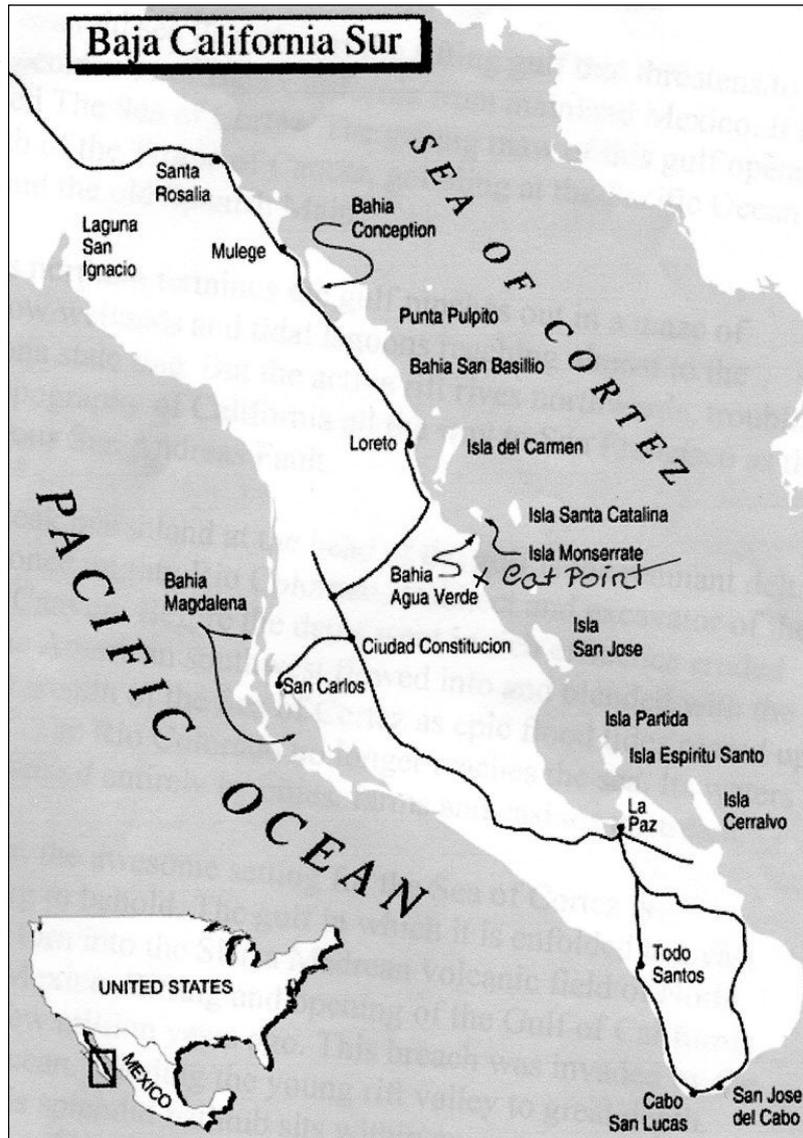
The entire gulf region is one of the planets richest life zones. The tropical waters of the Sea of Cortez are home to a startling array of marine fauna; giant squid, toothed and baleen whales; an abundance of sport and edible fish and shell fish. Great White and Hammerhead shark are common, also the enormous but harmless Whale shark. Dolphins and sea lions vie for the attention of ecotourists and Manta Rays flash briefly airborne on primeval fin-wings.

Sea and shoreline are wintering grounds for a variety of migrant wading birds and water fowl that join the native Boobies, sea bound Ospreys and cunning Frigate birds for their southern holidays. Great bobbing rafts of Brant, Northern Divers [Loons], diverse ducks and milling Grebes idle away the shorter days on oil-calm waters

The gulf region lowlands lie within the surprisingly fecund Sonoran Desert. Meagre summer and winter rainfall nurtures an astonishing mass of arid land flora. Diverse plant types form mosaic clusters of different species, which the cactus family dominate. Sahuaros are sixty foot branching, succulent, spiny columnar monsters. Chollas rise bushlike with thorny limbs and the ability to release a nightmare of spiny pads on passers-by. Agave and Yuccas form a ground cover of the

stabbing persuasion, such as Shin Daggers and Spanish Bayonet. In Baja, the spiny, fluted columns of Organ pipe cactus keep company with Cedrus, or Boojum, a thirty foot upside down carrot-like form, festooned to its whip-tip with twiggy thorns that sprout mouse ear leaves briefly, in the rainy season. Among the enchanted cactus colonies woody thorn bushes make their unwelcome appearance; Cat Claw Acacia and Wait-a-minute Bush.

Spring rains herald the desert orgy of blooming and fertilization. Awash in rainbow brilliance, the desert becomes a perfumed Eden before the Fall. Intoxicated



moths, bees and humming birds by day, and bats by night sup nectar in their frantic round of symbiotic pollination.

This jewelled sea is named for Hernand Cortez .In the early fifteen hundreds he initiated the Spanish conquest of Mexico. By 1530 the Conquistadors reached the northern end of the sea in their search for slaves and plunder. On the mainland, they encountered the Aztec high culture extending northwards alongside sophisticated agriculture. On the Baja Peninsular, however, the aboriginals hunted, fished and foraged. Showing a savage disposition towards the invaders and missionaries won them two more unholy centuries of freedom.

Even today, despite a torturous road running the length of the peninsular, the Baja coastline of the Sea of Cortez remains inaccessible and remote through most of its cliff bound, desert entirety. A few fishing villages occupying sheltered coves and the odd rare spring provide sanctuary and a few provisions for small boats. These attractive coastal waters have become a magnet for sea kayaking expeditions. It is on such a venture that our tale unfolds.

PUNTA GATO. [CAT POINT] BAJA CALIFORNIA.

Four days out from the fishing village of Loretto, we end a long days paddle close to Cat Point. There are ten of us, students and instructors bent on a coastal survey and marine study on the Sea of Cortez.. Tired and hungry we point our boats to shore, riding light swells to an attractive beach. We set up camp close to shore, to catch the evening breeze. Sheltering sand dunes undulate inland while nearby the rocky point promises good fishing.

As the harsh desert light mellows, a few of us make for Cat point. We cross the rocky promontory and descend coarse cliffs jutting from the deep water. The barnacled rocks at our feet are awash in the suck and blow of tireless waves, Aye, a good spot to fish.

Our tackle is crude; heavy line wound onto a plastic bottle. But my lure is a wicked device. The barbarous hook is concealed amongst long white hair cut from the tail of a Hinkle mountain deer and bound to its shank. At the point of attachment, an enamel lead ball has a blood red dot for each eye. It looks like a good fish meal. A Thors cast shoots line and lure from the bottle, arcing far out into the bay. SPLOSH.

Rewind; the white nymph is returning in seductive, graceful jigs just at the surface. A gentle tug as the Sea Bass mouths on the lure; then the hook strikes and the fish careers off on a hopeless, frenzied dash. It follows the line into shore, at last, back arched, gills flared and great gob gaping.

The short bewitching twilight of the desert casts brooding shadows over the rainbow rocks as we head back to camp. The day ends beneath a black sky prickly with the glitter of stars.

It has happened before, animals of the night slipping under my shelter in search of a snack or just plain curios. But this creature trampling across my chest is no light weight. Am I awake, or is this a nightmare? It's too close to my face. I want to brush the vagrant aside where it can make its exit. With a sweep of my arm I make rude contact with a hairy, muscular beast.

The sudden, sickening pain of dagger fangs going through my hand draws a scream of terror that shatters the night.

Screaming, screaming. In my agony I am being hauled across barnacled rocks; dragged screaming into that deep green pit of the sea.

But this is no nightmare. My screams are more than a yell for help, more than an instinctive weapon of defence. I feel the terror beyond fear; the paralysis of being prey. My unhinged mind is singing the ultimate swansong in screams that thrill the executioner.

The Beast Will Not Let Go.

I am kneeling now, in my sleeping bag, trying with all my strength to back out of the dreadful confines of my shelter; out into the starlit night. But I cannot draw away. The Beast will not let go.

It has uttered no sound and I catch no rank smell from it. But now, in the gloom I can make out its crouching cat-like form. My left arm separates me from this animal that has shown such fury and its nearness terrifies me. I scream helplessly.

People are approaching; I hear their anxious, hushed whispers. Reaching my tent they call out, frantic and alarmed. My attacker responds, I feel its wet gums pressing torn flesh as fangs are withdrawn. Hope; I throw myself backwards out into the starlight rolling up onto my knees before a tense half-circle of friends. My mangled hand is dripping blood onto the sleeping bag still skirted round my waist.

"Be careful, there`s a cat in there!"

It`s 2 A.M. and my friends so rudely roused form a motley band of half dressed miscreants armed with kayak paddles and fishing spears. They surround me where I kneel on the soft sand like a confessor before his interrogators. But their questions are garbled and confused and I`m in shock.

The nylon shelter quivers raising a murmur of alarm as a Bobcat, big as a boxer dog ducks under the fly sheet into the open. The Bobcat glares defiantly; it is so close, too close.

Then it springs.

My companions turn and run, splattering down the wet sand at the waters edge. In the rear, Robin stumbles and falls as the cat hits her square between the shoulder blades. The runners turn and beat the animal vigorously. Free from my sleeping bag I join the group and grab a paddle. One of the lads had slipped on his hiking boots when roused by my screams. Now he gives the cat a smart kick. Finally, it slinks off, but we can see it glowering from the cover of a desert shrub. The attack on Robin got our blood up, and some of the lads favour a spear- ing match, but with discretion we hold off.

When the Bobcat disappears into the shadows we huddle by the sea and lick our wounds. Robin`s back is raked by deep scratches and my hand has swollen like a rotten turnip. The attacker looked old and malignant, its behaviour vicious and untypical. We are convinced the cat is rabid. Our situation is serious.

After an uneasy night three volunteers set out overland to contact another kayak party a mile away, to ask for assistance. They return with alarming news. During the night the Bobcat paid them a visit and attacked one of the guides severely lacerating him around the head and neck before being driven off with rocks and paddles. How peculiar, he is also British.

Our two groups unite to discuss an evacuation strategy and this large group assembled on the beach attracts the attention of local fishermen netting off shore. They know about the demented Bob Cat and are willing to transport the injured to the nearest road head. The remainder of the group agree to continue their coastal

traverse to La Paz where we will all rendezvous in four days time. They are of course apprehensive about remote beach camps and plan to make for fishing settlements each night.

The kindly fishermen procure enough fuel for the long boat ride to Loretto. I feel relieved at this sudden rescue but concerned about further delays if we have contracted rabies. It takes six hours to motor up the coast to Loretto, but when we arrive a bus, decked out in the finest Mexican livery of shiny chrome and interior bead work is waiting to deliver us to the medical facilities in La Paz, six more hours along the mind bending Baja Highway. The bus is comfortable, with traditional Mariachi music thundering out of ancient speakers, to the delight of local passengers. But the interior décor of religious icons, especially the eternal pained smile of the Virgin of Guadalupe and a much bloodied Jesus pinioned to his cross on the windscreen, did suggest perhaps, riding a hearse on a final destination.

In La Paz we are treated at an emergency military post. Our wounds are cleaned and Tetanus shots administered. The Doctor, who is fascinated by our experiences with the cat assures us that the onset of rabies after infection is quite slow, and does not require immediate vaccination. However, we have an appointment at the general hospital next day. We are much relieved by this news but I can't help wondering if I'll wake in the night frothing at the mouth and growling at Robin.

The general hospital, when we arrived was under attack by that multitude of mothers and babies that are such a focal point of Latin America. The staff, coping very well was able to give us immediate attention. First, two doctors explained in detail the course of treatment we could receive at that facility. There would be a rather complex sequence of injections of the Rabies Vaccine using the most advanced French product in eight simple intramuscular injections over six weeks. If we left the country after treatment started, we could take the remaining doses in an ice-chest and have them injected at our country of residence. [Robin and I each took our two final doses back to the U.S.A. and I had my last injection in Moorefield, West Virginia.] The injections and wound dressing came thick and fast, beginning that day. Our injuries soon began to heal and after the rendezvous we moved some distance down the coast to a reef which is the most northerly coral bed known. We spent the remainder of our sojourn diving and recuperating with scheduled visits to the hospital. All drugs and treatment at the Mexican medical facilities we visited were free. Robin delivered a large consignment of coloured pencils, paint boxes and colouring books to the children's ward by way of appreciation.

A group of vigilantes armed with shot guns and rifles left La Paz heading for Punta Gato. They were too late. A few nights after our altercation with *Felis rufus* the animal attacked a Mexican fisherman, sleeping on the beach. He rolled it in his blanket and stoned it to death with big rocks. Coyotes dragged its corpse away and ate it.

FOULNEY ISLAND (A Short Walk in the West - Number 2)

Rather than "a short walk", this quarter's excursion would perhaps be better described as "a lazy dawdle on a Summer's afternoon". For those of you who have driven the coast road from Ulverston to Barrow, you probably turned right at the roundabout at the Barrow end. Next time, carry straight on along the shoreline at Rampside which eventually swings you left on to the causeway to Roa Island with Piel Island a short sea trip beyond. However, halfway along the causeway, there is a little parking area on the left which is the gateway to Foulney Island, now a SSSI Nature Reserve. Choose your day with care - it's not the place to be in the rain; and choose your time even more carefully - the Foulney causeway is breached in a couple of places and the place reverts to being a proper island at high tide (see photograph).

Foulney, the "Island of Wildfowl", is a two kilometre shingle and grass spit that extends well into Morecambe Bay and provides the best views of Roa and Piel Islands to the west, good views of the Lakeland Fells to the north, and a blot to the south east, i.e. Heysham power station, which on a clear day seems surprisingly close. The processes that formed Foulney began at the end of the last ice age when melting ice deposited a thick layer of boulder clay in Morecambe Bay. Over the 10,000 years that followed, the action of the sea eroded the clay, releasing the rocks and stones it contained. This has become the rounded shingle and cobbles that form the basis of Foulney and the other islands. The Norse name of Foula suggests long occupation of the island by bird colo-



nies. In Domesday it is referred to as Fugl Ey. Records from Furness Abbey show that in 1292 there was an abbey farm nearby known as Rameshede. The Roa and Foulney causeways, constructed to prevent the silting of the Piel Channel, were built from slate from the Furness Railway's branch line to Haverthwaite, but there are sections which have been built out of slag, possibly from the iron works at Backbarrow.

South Walney and Foulney comprise one of the best are-

as of vegetated shingle in Britain. Above high water, out of reach of all but exceptional tides, is a zone of bare shingle with scattered plants - sea kale, yellow horned poppy, curled dock and sea campion (see photograph). Vegetation cover and species diversity increases with distance from the sea. Bird's foot trefoil, biting stonecrop, herb robert and scurvy grass are all found here, and meadow saxifrage is abundant between the concrete block house and the main island.

Foulney has long been known as a bird island. In the summer, tern, ringed plover, oystercatcher, lapwing, skylark,



black headed gull, herring gull and eider can be seen. In winter, the area provides a feeding and roosting area for large numbers of waders including curlew, knot, dunlin and oystercatcher. Great crested grebe, red breasted merganser and common scoter are frequent off shore, and a small flock of dark bellied brent geese has been present each winter for many years now.

Alec Reynolds

Little Known Facts

1. If all the pieces of Lego in the world were divided equally amongst us all, we'd each have 30 pieces.
2. Peat is measured in Litres... not kgs.
3. If all the OAPs in Aberdeenshire were laid down, end to end, more than half wouldn't be able to get up again.
4. Golf was banned in England in 1457 because it was considered a distraction from the serious pursuit of archery.
5. The Irish government has a back up plan to meet it's Kyoto targets by culling all cattle over the age of 3. The national herd's rear emissions are responsible for approx 30% of Irelands greenhouse gas production.
6. The **UK Climbing website** is full of people putting stuff like this in the 'Chatroom' on a Friday afternoon while they are waiting for the clock to tell them they can finish work and go home.

FROM THE ARCHIVES

FROM THE WESTMORLAND GAZETTE OF 25 YEARS AGO October 17, 1980

A K Shoes team won the 1980 Meltonian Charity Marathon and the brand new trophy - donated by K Shoes. In 1979 the marathon was held for the first time. K Fellfarers represented K Shoes with two teams and one finished first. However, they were not allowed to win the trophy as they had run most of the way. So for this year's competition, K Shoes provided a trophy for the fastest team. The Fellfarers running team finished first to win their own trophy. Graham Huddleston was the individual winner in four hours and they also had two 3rd equals and a tenth place. Fellfarers sponsorship for the marathon raised £250 for the charity, The Boot Trade Benevolent Society. Judy Vernon, Graham Huddleston, Janet Metcalfe, Jim Nicholson, Peter O'Loughlin, Gordon Pitt, Jim Bloomer, Susan Kyle and Ann O'Loughlin took part.

From the 1945 Fellfarer Journal:

A VISIT TO NORWAY

H. MAWSON

Towards the middle of 1939, W. Dennison and myself thought we would like our Summer Holiday abroad, so we sent for a booklet describing the Holidays organized by the W.T.A.

Looking through the itineraries was a pleasure itself, and each tour seemed to be better than the rest, but the nearness of the holiday, and the tension in Germany, decided us against a booking across the Channel, thence to Switzerland. There were a number of tours to the Scandinavian countries and these we thought would be to our liking, so we decided on a tour to the Hardanger Fjord, Norway.

The cost of these tours is quite comparable to that of a good week at Blackpool. We read that the " All-in " terms (from Newcastle) for 13 days would be £15.5s. The bookings were arranged, passports seen to, a small amount of Norwegian currency purchased, and in the short time left, we were keenly anticipating the event.

Leaving Kendal on a Saturday morning, we spent the afternoon looking around Newcastle. After tea we took the train to Tyne Quay, passing through the black industrial area of Tyneside with all the congestion it entails. What a comparison this was to our own district and that which we were going to visit.

When we boarded the Vega, a ship of 9,000 tons, we looked to our quarters and luggage. We delayed going down to dinner as our interest was taken up with all that was taking place on the Quay, and the view of the Docks and the ships lying alongside as we sailed down the Tyne.

After dinner some time was spent on deck, and we saw the English Coast recede in the distance, as we sailed tranquilly across the North Sea.

Next morning the decks were busy with promenaders in the pleasant atmosphere that prevails when one is starting one's holiday in good weather.

After lunch we sighted the Norwegian coast as one Island after another came into view. Then we sailed into the Bukn-Fjord on through the islands, some rocky and barren, others heavily wooded with strips of green pasture dotted with wooden dwellings. Stavanger, our first calling place, mostly built on a peninsula, rises steeply from the Quay with terraced houses, similar to our Fellside, but with a more pleasing appearance because of the multi-coloured roof tops, and the different designs of the timbered dwellings.

After the landing of passengers and merchandise, we sailed back for some distance, and then our route lay between the islands and mainland, except for a short length of open sea. Towards Haugesund, our next calling place, careful navigation was necessary because of the narrowness of the channel, and the protruding rocks. We had cause to remember Haugesund some time later when we read it was there that the crew of the Cossack boarded the Altmark, and rescued the English prisoners.

We steamed on our journey through narrow waterways sheltered by the fringe of islands with high, rocky cliffs or wooded slopes with a sprinkling of gorse moorlands. Then just as dusk had fallen we entered Bergen Harbour to disembark at 10-0 p.m.

We spent the night at a good class hotel where we met the remaining members of the party of eighteen.

After breakfast we set off by Motor Coach on a 60 mile journey to Øystese on the Hardanger. The old part of Bergen is on a peninsula, but it now extends to seven surrounding hills. Our road out lay between two of these hills, a steep, zig-zagging road nicely wooded, with houses here and there and frequently one had excellent views of the city and harbour beyond.

The run to Øystese, and the views obtained are beyond adequate description : pine-wooded mountains on one side of the steep zig-zagging road, a deep gorge on the other, and an occasional view down a fellside with a single track railway—Bergen to Oslo—far below, covered here and there for protection from drifts. This run down to and alongside a fjord, and then up again and over a mountain pass, puts our Lakeland passes in the shade. The narrow road lay up deep gorges bridging the rushing, tumbling rivers, and high above, one could see a waterfall crashing through a cleft in the rocks. Then from a high plateau one could see in the distance the Folgenfond Icefield. The descending road wended its way through a canyon, on a shelf cut out of the cliff face with a drop of 200—300 feet into the gorge below, and through several tunnels. Fine views of the road and valley below, as we went round

the horse-shoe bends, were a prominent feature. A short run along the valley and coast road brought us to the village of Øystese, where we were to stay for a week.

Rain prevented us from going far the first two days, though visits were made to a waterfall behind which you could walk dry-foot. Easy climbs were made through the woods on the plateau behind, where fine views of the fjord and mountains around were obtained.

A full day excursion by steamer up the Hardanger to Utne, where several smaller fjords branch off, was most impressive, particularly the rocky face of the mountains and the thickly wooded slopes going right down to the water's edge. On any small clearing there would be a house or two and a jetty, with a motor

boat moored, and a raft of timber ready to be taken to the pulp mills or saw-mill.

Another day we took motor boat down the fjord to a point where we could make the ascent to the Folgenfond Icefield (6,000 ft.), but we had only time to go to the foot of the Glacier (4,000 ft.). Our way was just a steady climb up a boulder-strewn U shaped valley, with its ice-torn crags towering up each side. A tarn hemmed in by the crags was crossed by a rowing boat. This part reminded me of Loch Scavaig, in Skye.

The glacier lay there with its pastel shades of blue and green—a wrinkled mass of ice 70—100 yards wide, that had torn its way between the rocks on each side—a dripping slowly melting mass—a relic of ages past that had given birth to life in the valley below.

To the left was a waterfall leaping down crags 300-400 ft. high. This part of the Hardanger alone, would provide a good rock and fell climbing holiday. Various other walks were taken, each with a particular interest, one of them being up the Laupsa valley by the gold-fish lake at Froostad, to a fine view-point high up above the Fykesund Fjord, which branches off the Hardanger and has steep mountains on each side, their rich colours being mirrored in the smooth waters below. In the distance across the neck of the Fjord was a large suspension bridge which carried the new Bergen-Oslo motor road. At Froostad, built out of the hill side, through a run-way between the pines, was the staging for Ski-jumping. One could well imagine the excellent sport in such surroundings.

Time was found for bathing and rowing. We also enjoyed watching a village dance, where the folk-dancing and gaily coloured costumes were of interest.

The food was excellent—always a good variety of fish and salads.

Our return to Bergen on the Monday was along the same road, and it still held our attention for the varied views to be seen.

Bergen, an old Hanseatic port, was full of interest with its quaint old houses, fish market and quays. In one part of the town modern buildings replaced the old wooden ones destroyed by a disastrous fire some years ago.

By Funicular railway we went up the Floen mountain. Here fine views were to be seen of the mountains, town, harbour and the islands beyond.

On Wednesday we took leave of Bergen and sailed for Stavanger where we were allowed ashore for an hour.

A rough sea during the night and early morning added to the variety of a short but fine holiday, and as we took our leave of the boat at Newcastle, on Thursday at midday, it was generally agreed that it had been a well arranged tour, and a useful introduction to future free-lance holidays.

Bruce Greenbank setting off to spend a week at High House. August 1952 >

But who are these likely lads, where are they, and when ?

∇



January

The committee will meet on Tuesday 10th January at the Rifleman's Arms. Come and join us for a pint.

13th—14th January

Saturday 14th January



**The
Glen
Coe
Meet**

The Chalets
Clachaig Inn
Glencoe

14 Bedspaces
£15 p.p.night

Call Val to book your
place asap

Charlie Birkett Memorial Walk

Start at 1 pm. from
The Old Racecourse
Brigsteer Road
Kendal
(a gentle walk of about 2-3
hours)

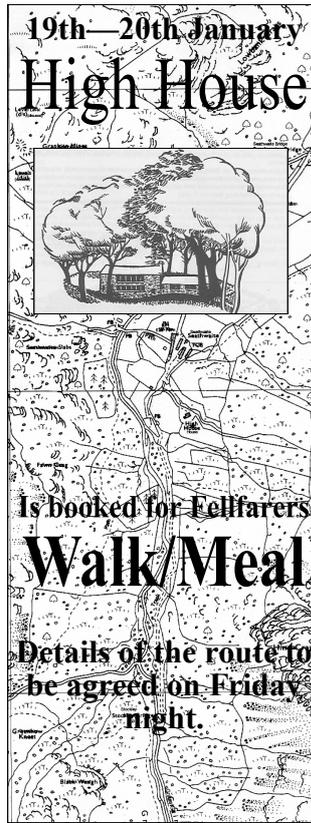


Details: Bill Hogarth

19th—20th January High House



Is booked for Fellfarers
Walk/Meal
Details of the route to
be agreed on Friday
night.



Friday 27th January

The K Fellfarers' Annual General Meeting Cock and Dolphin 7.30

Revolution is in the air!
Sweep away the old regime!
Time for some new blood!
Scrap this stale administration!
Bring on the young and the bright!
Give us the ideas people!
Or we could just vote the old
committee back in and get on
with eating the sandwiches!

February

The **New Committee** will meet on Tuesday 14th February at the same old pub. Come and join us for a pint.

FRIDAY 10TH FEBRUARY 2006

CHAMONIX

2005

SLIDES BY ALAN WILSON



COCK & DOLPHIN
7.30 PM
BUFFET
BRING A FRIEND OR TWO

17-18th February 2006
HIGH HOUSE



IS
BOOKED FOR FELLFARERS

25th February 2006
Krysia's Appetite Enhancer
Meet at 10 am at GR: SD 597 881
(park at small roadside quarry near
Killington Village) for a 3 hour walk
THE FELLFARERS ANNUAL DINNER

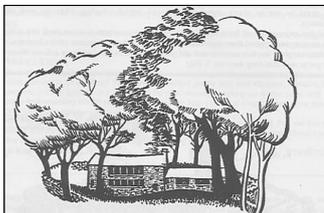


The Gateway, Plumgarths
7.30 pm
Menu available on the night
555 leaves bus station at 7.30
And returns to Kendal approx 11.50
To book your seat:
call Val before 11th February

march

The committee will meet on Tuesday 9th March at the Rifleman's Arms.
Come and join us for a pint..

10-11 March 2006
High House



Working Weekend

Work to be done includes:

Building a new bin enclosure, laying a drain to the new fire pit, completing the repair of a cracked beam, repainting, staining outside timber, maintenance of field drains, depleting the supply of teabags, cleaning/replacement of water filters, repointing of some stonework, cleaning, and probably lots of work in the kitchen (if rebuilding work goes as planned).

And, of course, consuming the communal dinner.
Yum!

Thursday March 23 2006

at
The Cock & Dolphin

An
Exhibition
of

Members Favourite Slides and Photographs

Important Notice:

We are hoping that everyone (whether they can attend or not) will provide a number (no limit) of slides or photographs (framed or unframed) of their own on any subject to share with other Fellfarers.

You don't have to talk about them if you don't want to. All contributions will be looked after carefully and returned to you afterwards.

The event is being co-ordinated by Peter Goff. Please make a point of calling him to let him know if you can contribute before the March Committee on the 9th so that we can, we hope, make it an entertaining evening.

The show starts, as usual, at 7.30 and includes a buffet.

april



The committee will meet on Tuesday 11th April at the Rifleman's Arms.
Come and join us for a pint..

13-16 April 2006
Easter Weekend



(All bright and sparkling after the work you put in during the working weekend last month)

**Is booked for
Fellfarers**

Yippee !

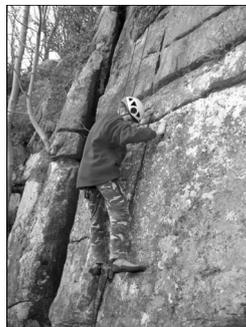
???? April 2006
(date to be announced)

A
VIEWING
OF THE
CARVED
STONES
OF
WINDERMERE



SEE PAGE THREE
AND THEN TELL THE ED IF
YOU WANT TO COME
ALONG

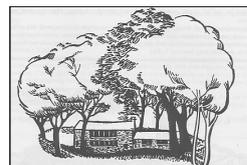
20 APRIL 2006
**'CLIMBING
FOR ALL'**
STARTS TONIGHT !



Hutton Roof

*From teatime till dusk
(then maybe a pint ...)
Call Peter Goff for details*

28-30 April 2006
Whitsun



More properly: *White Sunday*. The seventh Sunday after Easter, to commemorate the descent of the holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost. It used to be one of the great seasons for baptisms and the candidates wore white garments, hence the name. Traditionally the Church brewed a special ale, called Whitsun-ale, and sold it at this time to increase revenue.

Anyway **High House** is ours for the weekend and most of us will probably make do with cans of Stella, thank you very much.

CLUB OFFICIALS

1

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Other Information

2

Seathwaite Farm (for Emergencies only)
Tel: 017687 77284

High House Website www.k-fellfarers.co.uk

OREAD HUTS (cost £2.50p. per night.)

Heathy Lea Cottage,
Baslow, Derbyshire.

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

Oread booking secretary

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Next Edition of the Fellfarer:
Beginning of April, so material for
publication by 8th March, please.

