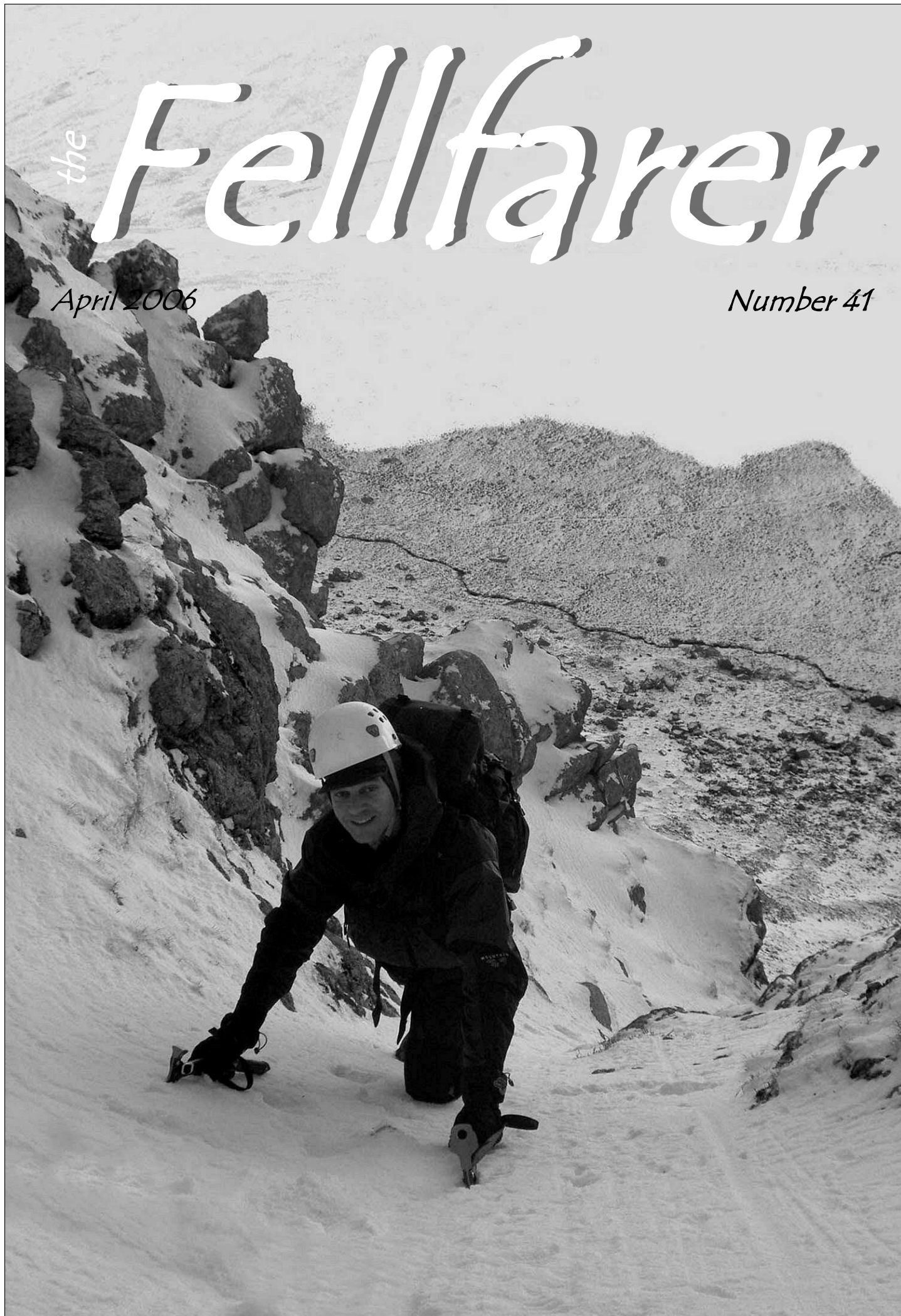


# *the Fellfarer*

*April 2006*

*Number 41*





*Ed*

Blinkin' 'Eck.

Look at May's Social Calendar. Never in the clubs history have Fellfarers been confronted by so much activity in one month. The Committee, optimistic beyond the realms of reality, expect a good turnout for every event. You wouldn't want to let them down would you?

And you wouldn't want these events to go unrecorded would you?

Most of the time nowadays there's a good turnout of volunteers for articles and accounts. This quarter has not been one of those times.

The main reason is that I'm not doing my job properly. An editor should badger contributors into acquiescence. I don't do badgering. I just sit in front of the damned keyboard and tap away. Help please, with words and images. Oh, and especially photographs suitable for the front cover.

Ed

## CONTENTS:

News from Committee	page 3
National Park Proposal for Seathwaite	page 4
AGM and more Committee News	page 5
Clachaig Meet	Page 6
Charlie's Walk	page 7
Three Men on the Piste	Page 8
Shinscrapers	Page 10
Krysia's Walk and the Annual Dinner	Page 11
A Short Walk in the West	Page 12
Working Week and Weekend	Page 13
From the Archives	Page 16
Social Calendar	Page 18
Club Information	Page 20

Cover Photo: Kevin soloing 'Brown Cove Central Gully - Left Branch' (400 ft grade 2)

Contents photo: Chilling the Empties, Working Weekend



21st, February 2006.

Dear Ed,

I look forward to receiving my copy of the Fellfarer, I find the Archive material particularly interesting.

Over the 1955 Whitsuntide Bank Holiday S. Fellfarers actually swapped huts with the FRCC at Birkness in Buttermere. My wife Jean was Club Secretary at the time (I was the treasurer) and the arrangement was made with Harry Ironfield who was the FRCC Meets Secretary from 1954/60. Harry became President from 1982/4 and has been a Trustee of the Club since 1994 and now lives in Threlkeld. Sadly he lost his wife Ruth a couple of years ago.

Jean and I were married on Thursday 19th May 1955, returned from Honeymoon on the 26th and went up to Birkness on the 27th for the Whit weekend, I remember that Peter

and Marjorie O'Loughlin were there along with Brian Stilling, Madge Thexton, the Duffs, Janet Airey and Tony Greenback (my climbing partner at the time) to name but a few. The Committee members at the time presented Jean & I with a Heaton Cooper painting of Buttermere which hangs on our Lounge wall to this day.

Regarding the photograph on page 17 - This was taken in the old Back Bar of the Scafell Hotel in 1954  
From left to right round the table, Bruce Greenbank, Jerry



Griffin, Derek Bell, Norman Holmes and Dixon Levens. Bob Physick is sitting between the Cockbain twins Mike and Norman from Seatoller, nursing Derek Hodgsons dog Kim (Derek took the Photograph.) Harry Crone is sitting in the window seat in the background.

## News from the Committee

First of all, a couple of clarifications:

- The first is something the committee hadn't considered until now: paying guest night fees for children. After some deliberation we have decided to amend the Hut Policy to include the following: Children of Primary School age who are staying as Guests of members shall pay half the standard Guest Night Fee. Children of Secondary School age shall pay the full fee.
- The second is a confirmation of agreed policy: Pets are allowed at High House, subject to the restrictions that they must sleep elsewhere and should not be allowed into any room but the common room.

Next, a couple of ideas have been floated for the future Social Calendar. If you are interested, please contact the relevant person now. The trips will happen only if enough people are interested:

- A Fellfarers 'Skiing For All' Trip next winter. See the article in this issue to see what sparked this idea. The emphasis would be on 'All', from complete beginners to experts. Contact Roger Atkinson.
- A Fellfarers Trip to visit the Great War Graveyards and other sights of interest in and around Northern France, probably in 2007. Contact Peter Goff.

Then, a notice of forthcoming building activity at High House:

- Work will begin and, we hope, end on the repair of the back half of the roof in the week beginning May 8th. This is weather dependent, of course. The re-roofing will be carried out by members and so, obviously, the more willing hands the better. If interested please contact the chairman.
- The installation of the kitchen cupboards (Phase 1 of the Grand Plan for the kitchen) will take place during the week of July 17th. This is not weather dependent and the electrician has been booked to work with us for that week so, if you don't mind some discomfort and you fancy a bit of hard work, come along. Otherwise, don't.

Finally, and most importantly, look at the National Trust's proposals for dealing with the Parking Problem at Seathwaite on page 4. There have been hints and rumours in Local Government circles for the last few months (see the last two newsletters) but no indication that they had planned anything quite so radical. The Committee will lodge a protest of some kind and would like everyone who has an opinion on the scheme to write to us in support of our protest.

Incidentally the week I spent at the hut in August 1952 (the other photograph) it poured down the whole week.

Referring to the article on Armistice Weekend. I last attended in 2002 after a gap of many years, it being the 50th Anniversary of my first visit in 1952. I was amazed to see people queuing from the top of Green Gable, down into Windy Gap, and up Gt. Gable as far as the eye could see. I met up with Des Oliver from Keswick on the summit, he was also there in 1952. In those days Des used to call the silence at 11 am. We used to bump into each other on the crags in subsequent years and although many years had passed since we last met he remembered me as being from 'K Boot'.

Here's a thought for Pete Goff:

In 1975 the Club organized a trans Lakeland walk from Wet Sleddale across to High House. I took part walking with my son, who was 17 years old at the time, and Steven Gorton. There were Refreshment stops on Kirkstone and Dunmail Raise. I remember we three dropped down to Steven's cottage in Hartsapp for a coffee break. There was a tatie pot laid on at the hut and everyone who completed the walk re-



Bruce and Des Oliver, Armistice Sunday 2002

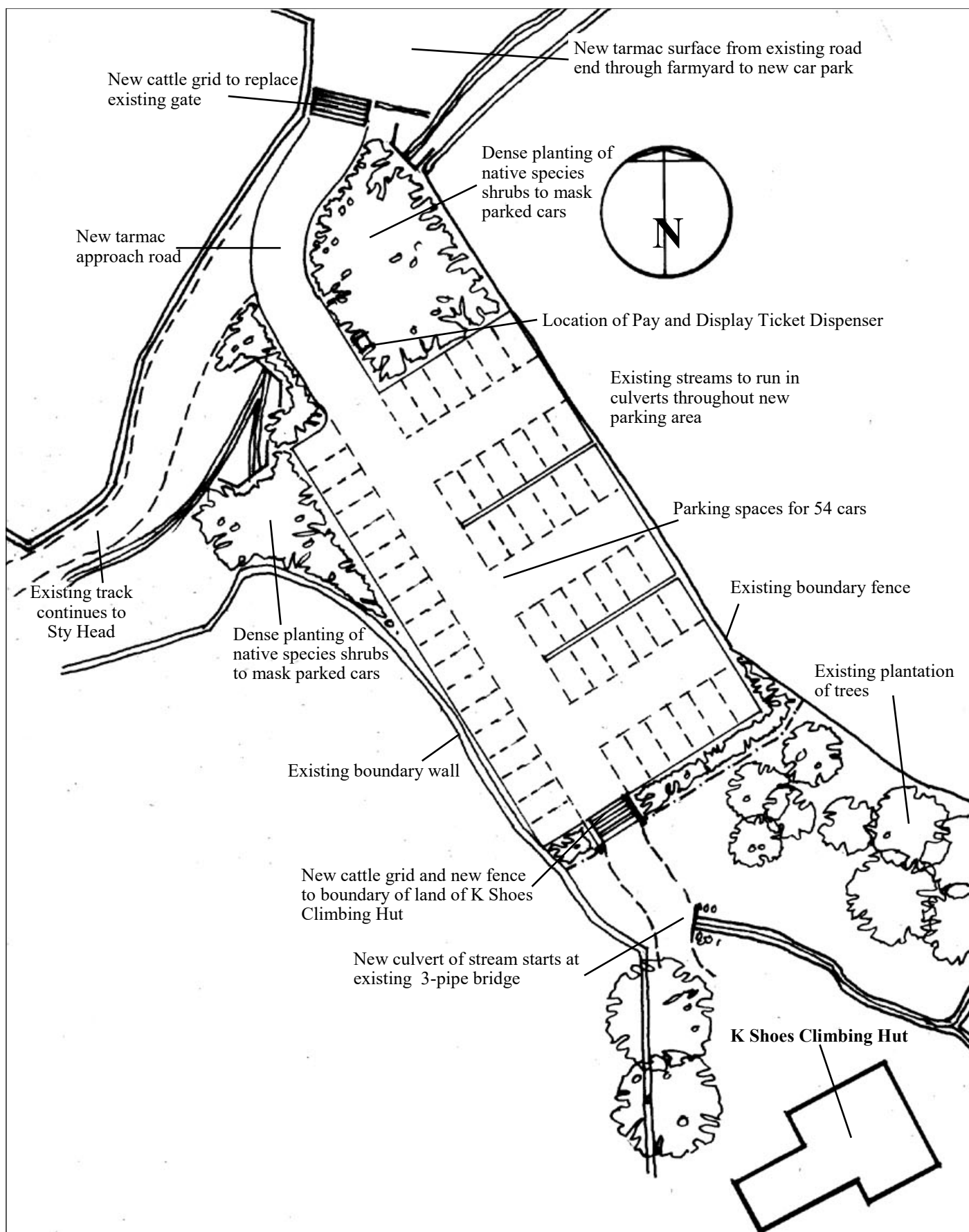
ceived an Official Certificate signed by Robert Somervell. Is it time for another walk?

I hope these snippets will be of interest to your readers.

Regards

Bruce Greenbank





**Sketch Proposals for the Rationalisation of Parking at Seathwaite Farm, Borrowdale**  
 For the National Trust and the Lake District National Park Authority with Cumbria County Council and Allerdale District Council  
**"Working Together for the People of Cumbria"**

Scale 1:50



## The 2006 AGM and more Committee News

- The existing Committee were unanimously re-elected to serve for another year.
- The Committee's proposals for a new Constitution were unanimously agreed. A copy is enclosed with this newsletter. Please destroy all previous copies.
- The proposed High House Policy document and the Development Plan for 2006 were accepted. Copies of both, together with the Constitution, are to be found with other information, in a ring binder at the Hut. It is intended that this will eventually form a complete information pack for visitors and members. If you have any ideas about what information may be useful for people staying at High House please let a member of the committee know.
- The enclosed sketch drawing (opposite) shows the National Park's preliminary scheme for solving the parking problem at Seathwaite. It has a significant effect upon the setting of High House and members are likely to have strong feelings on the subject. The Committee will prepare a robust response to the proposal. The National Park is a strong opponent but, given their current financial problems and the outspoken criticism of it's recent decisions the Committee have good reason to believe that this scheme will never happen. **But we will need members support!** Write now to the Chairman or the Editor, or any Committee member, so that we can respond with the conviction that all of the Fellfarers are behind us.
- It almost seems irrelevant, given the above, but we are planning to put up a name-plate to let passers-by know that this is High House and we're proud of it. It will look a bit like this (below). Comments please to the Chairman.



Fred Underhill

## Chlachaig Chalet Meet

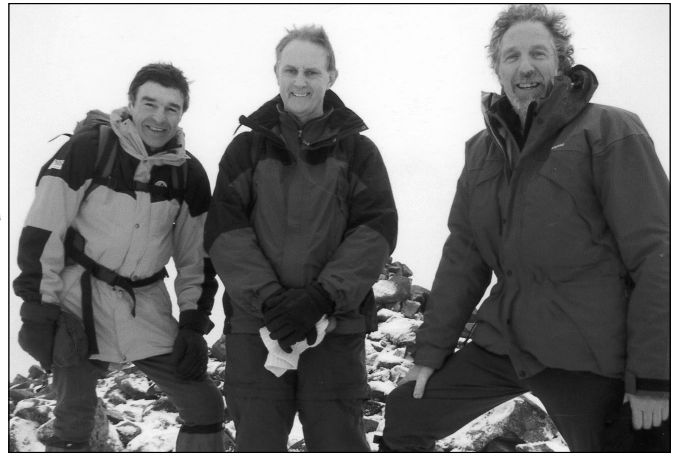
### Glencoe January 2006

Graham, Veronica, James their son, Frank, Cheryl, Jason, Steve, Krysia, Rod, Margaret, Alan, Mel, and Hugh

The plan was simple. Mel and I had just had our 60<sup>th</sup> birthdays. I had 57 Munros, so 3 more over the weekend would bring the list up to 60, which would be a fitting celebration for my 60<sup>th</sup> birthday. 2 on Saturday, 1 on Sunday, and if the weather was good we could stay on until Monday for more.

For a change, Mel drove up to Arnside on the Friday morning, which meant picking Alan up early Friday afternoon, and Margaret up Friday tea time. Having bumped into Steve at the Hamilton services, we all met up in the Clachaig bar that night. Saturday was full of promise. We decided to drive back over Rannoch and do the two Black Mount hills above Loch Tulla. The morning was superb and we stopped for photos of the lovely reflections of Forest Lodge in Loch Tulla. We decided to do the hills anti-clockwise, and arrived on the top of Stob A'Choire Odhair in reasonable time, having entered patchy cloud and snow. We dropped down to the bealach for lunch, and started the snowy ascent. It was icy in places and care was needed, having left our axes and crampons behind. The Aonach Eagach (not the Glencoe one) was traversed, and we passed the bad step without realising it. We arrived at the top of Stob Ghabhair in cloud and snow underfoot. Having taken more photos, we dropped off the summit and took a variation descent into the glen instead of down the ridge, arriving back at the car in darkness. A satisfying day out. Arriving back at the chalets, we heard mixed news. Krysia and Rod had been over the Corran Ferry into Ardgour for a walk and spotted various wild life. Cheryl, Jason, and Steve had been up Bidean via Gearr Aonach and had an exciting day in winter conditions. Graham, Veronica, and Frank had had an unfortunate day having been up the Pap, but Veronica had slipped on a piece of wet wood, broke her ankle in 3 places, and was now in Inverness hospital. (Latest news is that she is still on crutches, improving slowly, but not expected to be back on the hill this year). Entertainment that night in the bar was a solo singer guitarist - I've heard better. We ended the night in Krysia's chalet for the usual cheese, biscuits, and wine. The next day was wet, with a bad forecast for Monday. This must be the 6<sup>th</sup> year running that we've had bad weather on the Sunday. We decided not to stop until Monday, and everyone drifted back to Kendal via their own routes. We took the coast road round to Oban to have a close up of the arched circular structure above the town which we had previously admired from afar. It's actually the start of an early arts centre built by a local worthy, but he ran out of money before it could be developed further.

So that was the end of the grand plan. 59 Munros, and still one more required this year. Hopefully I'll get that with Angie at the end of May when we have a week on Skye.



**Hugh**

*Below: Celebrations at Hugh's 60th Birthday Party. All had a great time; it's just that some had a little more decorum than others!*



## Charlie's Walk

Saturday 14th January 2006

We counted 17 of us, not counting the 3 dogs, gathered at the roadside by the Old Racecourse at one o'clock on a fine

Charlie would have been pleased with the turn-out.

We stayed awhile at 'his' place, less talkative now, and then descended across the fields and the golf course to the edge of Serpentine Woods.

We paused for a while at the stone dedicated to Darwin Leighton. The talking was in full swing again now and members could be heard delivering snippets of information about this man. Was he interesting enough for someone to write a piece for the newsletter?

The woods, although stark and bare of leaves, were becoming shadowy and chill now. Some walkers picked up speed and we began to spread along the narrow paths.

A last regrouping at the Fairy Ring, now cleared and opened up, was lit by the last few rays of the days sun, causing cagoules and rucksacks to blaze briefly in a multitude of brilliant colours before the gathering dusk consumed us.

We said our farewells to each other and took different pathways through the trees to our respective destinations.

Till next year, Charlie.



winters day.

We wandered westwards towards the Scar with the glimmer of the sun in our eyes. We didn't notice the glare because everyone, nearly everyone, was talking. We talked ourselves up to the crest of the Scar and we talked ourselves down to the edge.

The waters and the sands of Morecambe Bay shone brightly in the distance and the sun picked out every little pool and runnel on the flat fields of the Lythe valley, turning them all to silver. We turned our faces to the north where black clouds cast grim shadows over the Lakeland Fells. We didn't notice the shadows because everyone, nearly everyone, was talking.

The sun shone on our backs and on the pale winter grasses as we passed the Mushroom.

A thought had occurred to a few of us as we had collected earlier: "Wasn't it strange that no-one from Charlie's family was with us?"

It was not until we were approaching Cunswick Scar that the reason became apparent: there, walking towards us, was David, Val, Tony, and friends. They had turned up, at the right time, but in the wrong place. *The moral is: read your newsletter!*

We chatted and posed for an (enlarged) group photograph and then went our separate ways.

At the summit cairn of Cunswick we were joined by a 24th member hurrying up behind us.





## Three Men On The Piste

To say nothing of the Dog!

Ed

There were three of us—Al, and Roger, and myself. We were striding down Langstrath, puffing and grunting in the rain, and talking about how bad we were—bad from a medical point of view I mean. We blamed the weather. It was supposed to be winter but the only indication of wintriness was that the rain was quite cold.

We were all feeling in need of a holiday, and we were getting quite nervous about it. R said he felt such extraordinary fits of deprivation, not having had a winter holiday for two years, that he hardly knew what he was doing; and then Al said he had fits of holiday deprivation too, and hardly knew what he was doing. I joined in by saying that I felt deprived of holidays too but A and R both began to guffaw heartily at that. R said that it was the funniest thing he had heard since Christmas and A thanked me for quite cheering him up. I couldn't see the joke myself and so I walked on ahead in silence.

R said: 'Let's go skiing.' He said we should have fresh air, exercise, and fun; the change of scene would occupy what was left of our minds and the hard work would give us a good appetite, and make us sleep well.....

We gathered around the computer and dipped into that huge electronic bran tub, the World Wide Web, to see what holiday opportunities might come up. What did come up was a week in Andorra, the tiny principality perched high in the Pyrenees.

A couple of weeks later we were stepping out of the aeroplane into the dazzling Catalan sunshine. The bus driver took us on what he erroneously thought was the scenic route. That's the only explanation for a journey which took the best part of 5 hours to transport us 70 miles, as the crow flies, from the airport at Girona.

The little town of Pas De La Casa, right on the border between France and Andorra, has only come into existence in the last few decades. It's purpose-built for the skiing industry, a charmless huddle of hotels, bars and burger bars. The scenery is wonderful, however, and the snow, when we arrived, was piled high enough to satisfy any winter sports enthusiast. Black crags and snowy hills surrounded us and the sun shone from a deep blue sky. We wandered around, getting our bearings and beaming a lot.

The following day was cool and grey. The tops were hidden in low cloud. R, undeterred, was up early and away with his ski pass for a day exploring the pistes. The snow was too deep for A and I to set our own course on foot and so we followed a 'bullied' track which snaked upwards across a hill which unaccountably had no ski-lifts on it. We became disorientated in the cloud and kept stumbling off the track into knee-deep powder. After an hour we turned back. When we dropped out of the cloud again found that we'd

wandered onto a different track and were heading into a valley miles below the town. We girded our loins and took a brief but tiresome direct route to the road below. We floundered waist-deep at times and both reached the road exhausted. To make matters worse, as we sat hugging mugs of coffee back in town the cloud dispersed, revealing blue sky and sunshine again.

The fine weather stayed with us and, next day, after R had rushed off to ski again, A and I set off again up our track. Two and a half hours later we were on the summit. Snowy mountains stretched to the horizon. Not one of them did we know the name of. We didn't even know the name of the peak we stood on. We were perched on a little rocky knife-edge, surprisingly equipped with a steel cable, with what looked the whole of the Pyrenean range visible around us. The sun burnt our faces. Below us we could see the wide runnels and chaotic debris of past avalanches. The mountain (later we learned that it is the Pic Dels Pedrons, 2715 metres) is free-standing and huge gulfs separated us from the neighbouring rocky ridges, arêtes and pinnacles around us. We were a little disappointed because we had plenty of time and had hoped for a high-level wander. There was little to do but eat our lunch and enjoy the glory of the view. On our return we attempted to short-cut our route by taking 'sitting glissades' but, in spite of the steepness of the slope, the deep powder refused to let us slide and we ended up wallowing down knee-deep in the stuff. It was a short day but, as we agreed over our coffee on the sunlit café terrace, a very satisfying one.

R also had had an excellent day and over a beer or two that evening we agreed that it was time for A and myself to strap ourselves to a couple of planks and join him.

R had the following morning having fun again before returning to teach the two tyros the rudiments of skiing. The boots! It felt liking having both legs encased in plaster to the knee. We had to develop a curious rocking motion as



Nearing the summit of Pic Dels Pedrons

we walked to prevent our legs snapping off at the shins. But then so does everyone else.

We tottered onto the very gentlest of the nursery slopes, where we observed a very strange phenomenon: An area of snow which is absolutely horizontal when seen with other skiers on it becomes a steep and aggressive slope as soon as one ventures on to it oneself. We had great fun somersaulting and pirouetting and sitting down suddenly while R very patiently coaxed us into some semblance of proficiency. Meanwhile knee-high 3 and 4 year olds were swishing past us, ploughing and telemarking and other such ski-stuff. I think we grinned as much as they did though.

Thursday was a rest day for the beginners. Stiff and tired (after one half-day!), we caught a bus over the pass to Soldeu. There was less snow here in the main valley of Andorra. No buried cars by the roadside. The ski-runs too were different. The runs around Pas are on bare slopes but here they ran picturesquely through pine forests.

The landscape here suggests that it would it would be



The view from the edge of town



The ski runs finish right in the heart of the town

worth a summer return. Now there's an idea for the Fellfarers.

Friday's return to the skis saw us venturing onto the proper mountain slopes, the blue runs. I was feeling well below par and struggled with the increased gradient but there was no holding A. He zoomed off. He was even overtaking the 3 and 4 year olds.

He enjoyed it so much he went back, alone, on the last day!



Stream in Soldeu



Alan on the nursery slopes

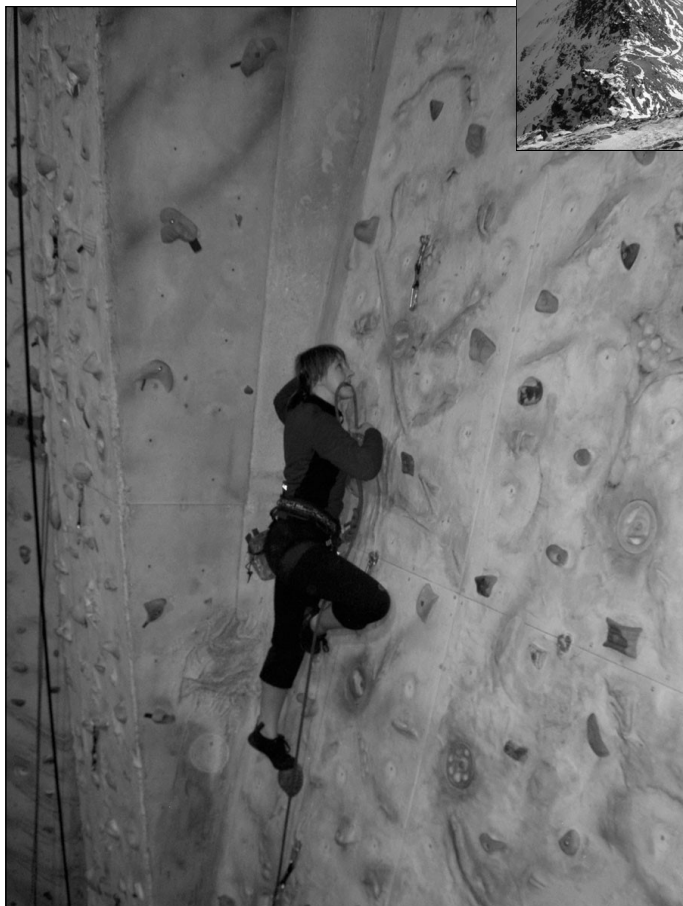


From the Café Terrace

## The Enthusiastic Shinscraper's Page

Every one a contender for the front page ! Climbing action in the first quarter of 2006, clockwise from top left: Kevin Ford at Browncove Crag, Alan Wilson at Tarn Crag, Grisedale, Bill Hogarth also at Tarn Crag, Cheryl Smallwood at Kendal Wall. Inset: Alan and the Ed descending to Striding Edge

*Why "Enthusiastic Shinscrapers?" See next issue.*





## Krysias 'Appetite Enhancer' and the Annual Dinner

### Saturday February 25th 2006

A cold bright morning was the setting for one of Krysia's more esoteric wanderings around Killington.

Sixteen pairs of legs limbered up in the roadside quarry where we were to start. Six pairs belonged to dogs, however.

Perhaps we'll be changing our name to the K Dogwalkers soon? :-)

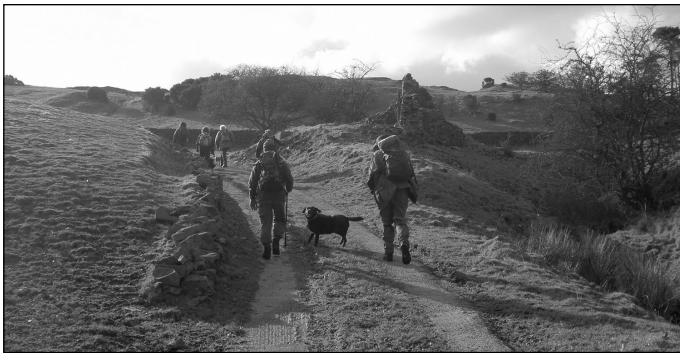
We watched with interest as a lively young lady from Bendrigg Lodge scrambled up and down the edge of the quarry fixing ropes. She told us that they were for a busload of girls from Liverpool who were to arrive at any minute. We departed hastily.

The quiet country road took us past fields waiting for the spring, past reed beds and duck ponds, and onto a rough track to Wakebarrow Scar.

We had fun negotiating stepping stones, with varying de-

en leaves, before turning towards Hallbecks converted barns and expensively 'improved' houses.

The approach to Killington was a delight. Old rooftops and church tower appeared first, nestling in the little fold of land that the builders of 'the big house' chose so many hundreds of years ago. At closer quarters the hamlet didn't disappoint but we didn't linger. Krysia drove us onwards, back over fields to Aikrigg, to Three Mile house, to our cars where we were finally allowed to get out sandwiches and flasks. The young liverbirds, finished with their abseiling, or climbing, watched in silence through the bus window as we munched and slurped and removed boots from steaming feet. Our 3 hour walk had taken just a minute or



grees of success, and then watching the others before realising that the whole awkward manoeuvre could be avoided by a simple 5-yard walk across grass. (This phenomenon of little difficulties that, afterwards, we discovered to be unnecessary became one of the themes of the walk)

There is a crag marked on the map on Wakebarrow Scar. We didn't visit it. It faces west, like all the limestone scars hereabouts. Is it limestone? Is it of interest to climbers. Do any Fellfarers know?

Krysia kept us striding along at a fair old lick and we didn't have time to cool down even when we stopped to regroup. A team photo-stop was the only chance we got to get our breath back.

From Harprigg (you can follow this on the map you know!) we crossed fields where the view opened up to reveal the splendid prospect of the Vale of the Lune, a broad expanse of rich farmland backed by the Middleton and Barbon fells near at hand, but more impressively to the north, by the high snow-topped wall of the Howgills.

At Beckside we entered a narrow lane, still noisy with fall-



two more than two hours.

Well done and thank you Krysia.

There was the usual excellent turn-out for the Annual Dinner. Well, the combination of Fellfarers, food and drink has never failed yet, has it?

Nearly thirty members sat down to dine at the Gateway Inn again. After several years of 'casting around' for the right place in Kendal we seem to have found somewhere to suit all tastes. They managed the task of serving all of us at the same time almost perfectly, without requiring a pre-ordered menu. It will be even better when they have hand-pulled beer, as promised. See you there next year?



standing: Angie, Walter, Caroline, Joan, John, Krysia, Laura  
kneeling: Sheila, Rod  
missing: the Ed

## Black Combe from Whicham (A Short Walk in the West - Number 3)

For the Spring when the sap rises even in the oldest of members, I think a "proper walk" is called for, so I am going to share one of my favourites with you. Since moving to Barrow, I have often taken to the heights of Black Combe, especially when the weather is clear and sunny. On such days the outline of Snaefell on the Isle of Man is clearly visible from the beach at Walney, but from the giant stone shelter on the top of Black Combe it is far better. Remember to take the binoculars.

All the routes to the top involve a severe ascent of varying degrees, except from the highest point on Corney Fell. However, from there the bog trot seems endless and can be very wet at any time of the year. By far the best route in my opinion is to park at Whicham Church at the southern end of the hill. From the free, and usually empty, car park make your way north down the short alley that runs between the churchyard and what was obviously the village school in years gone by. At the end turn left and stroll up the pleasant back lane and onwards behind the farm until a stile comes into view on the right. Climb over the stile and then start the serious stuff. The best thing about this steep ascent is that however long you make the walk, all the vertical effort comes at the start. Frequent stops to

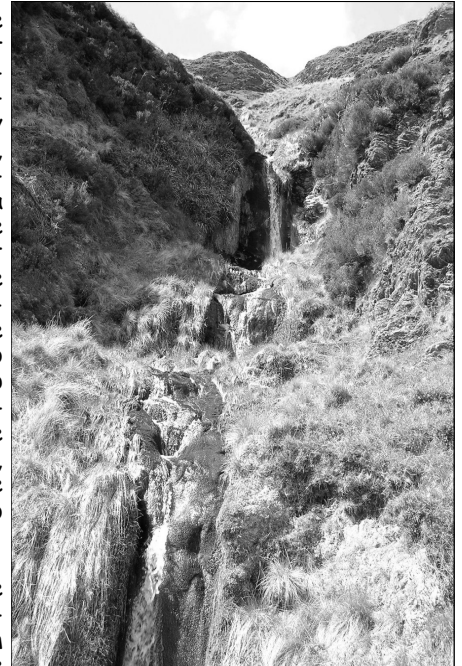


catch one's breath are well-rewarded by splendid views to the south and east, and eventually to the north and west. If you care to take a detour, the hillside to the west has one or two sheep trails on it, and a bit of grass scrambling brings the prize of wonderful views of the sea and an exceptionally steep gulley before tracking east to regain the main path.

When the summit has been gained, the large circular shelter is guaranteed to shield you from the wind usually pre-



vailing from the west. Lunch is best taken here. Sometimes, I have returned immediately by the same route, but on more energetic days, a "yomp" along the fell top is most exhilarating. The choice is then either to reverse the whole journey or to descend the steep sided valley between Black Combe and White Combe, and return via the rather busy road to Whicham.



Whichever route you take, do explore Whicham Church. There are a number of war graves in the churchyard and the inside the wood carvings and stained glass are magnificent for such a small hamlet. I have always found the Church to be unlocked, which is presumably why the VC on display, awarded to a local First World War hero Tom Mayson from nearby Silecroft, is a second replica. The first replica was stolen, a sad sign of the times. However, the original can still be viewed in Carlisle Museum. If you feel in need of liquid refreshment after all that effort, I recommend the Slater's Arms in Silecroft. It's near the railway station. Did you know they still have a number of request stops along that stretch of the line?

*Alec Reynolds*



## Working Week And Working Weekend 6th - 12th March and beyond.....

### The plan was simple:

The Summer Wine Crew would arrive early on Monday morning with about £700 worth of plywood and other stuff and by the time the youngsters ( *i.e. those still in work and paying tax to support the S.W. pensioners* ) arrived there would be an impressive array of kitchen cupboards constructed (the word 'built' is inadequate for these cupboards, they are definitely 'constructed'). It nearly turned out like that. Nearly.

The Men's End was turned into a sawmill for the reduction of the '8 by 4's to cupboard components. Setting up the workshop and carrying in the sheets ( *Have you ever lifted a full sheet of half-inch ply? Heavy isn't it? Some of our sheets were one inch.* ) took a good bit of what was left of day one but we were soon ripping into those slabs of laminated timber. The air was filled with whirling motes of birch dust, injurious to the lungs and potentially explosive when exposed to a naked flame but, let's be honest, it smelled quite nice.

Over the next few days the basic team of four S.W. members (the Chair, Peter B., Sacky, and the Ed) was supplemented by enthusiastic and hard working day-visitors : Gary 'the Van', Myers and Audrey, the Archivist, Kevin F., and Alan all risked life and limb to contribute. Teamwork at it's best.

The list of 'jobs to do' didn't quite get all ticked off but only because of mechanical malfunctions of various kinds. The humans performed perfectly, and they didn't even go to the pub.....

So, Friday night came and, with it, (let's be honest) the arrival of the riff-raff.

No, it was an excellent social evening: There were no fights.

Everyone kept their clothes on.

As Alli kept reminding us: it doesn't get much better than this.

He's right.

Saturday dawned, not surprisingly, unseen, but fellfaring folk were soon scurrying about, carrying planks and clipboards and trying to look busy so that they didn't have to do any work. Some just quietly, and with great deliberation, focussed their energy on breakfast.....

And then, of course, there was lunch. Barely had the bacon grease been wiped from slavering bristly jaws ( the men were still in bed at this stage of course ) when Sheila produced huge steaming cauldrons of home-made soup. There was suspicion. There has not been a communal lunch at a working weekend in living memory. What was going on? The newly arisen men, thumping fists on the table to emphasise their earnestness, wanted to know, before they touched a

spoonful, if this meant that there would be no beans and cheese and stuff at tea-time.

They were allowed to count the tins of baked beans and to run their grubby fingers through the grated cheese to allay their fears. They were reassured by the gentle-voiced ladies and by Kryisia telling them to sit down and shut up and eat the soup, two flavours and seconds too. Oh, that soup! Has man ever tasted such? Nivver! There was, for a long while, just the sound of happy slurping, broken only by apologetic murmurs of: " I'll just go and get a drop more, if there's any left." There was a unanimous vote: Sheila's contribution now constitutes 'tradition' and must be perpetuated evermore. So that's that then Sheila. Think on.

Work WAS done, however. Of course it was. Members worked tirelessly ( *especially those who hadn't been there on Friday night* ) and everything that needed to be done was done. As well as all the ( visual and nasal ) checking and the cleaning and the minor repairs which members tackle so enthusiastically, the jobs done include: building of a bin enclosure, finishing work to the new kitchen cupboards, staining external timber, finishing the repair to the

cracked joist in the common room, making the Men's End chimney water-tight, repairing the bird-boxes, clearing soakaways, clearing the beck of debris.....

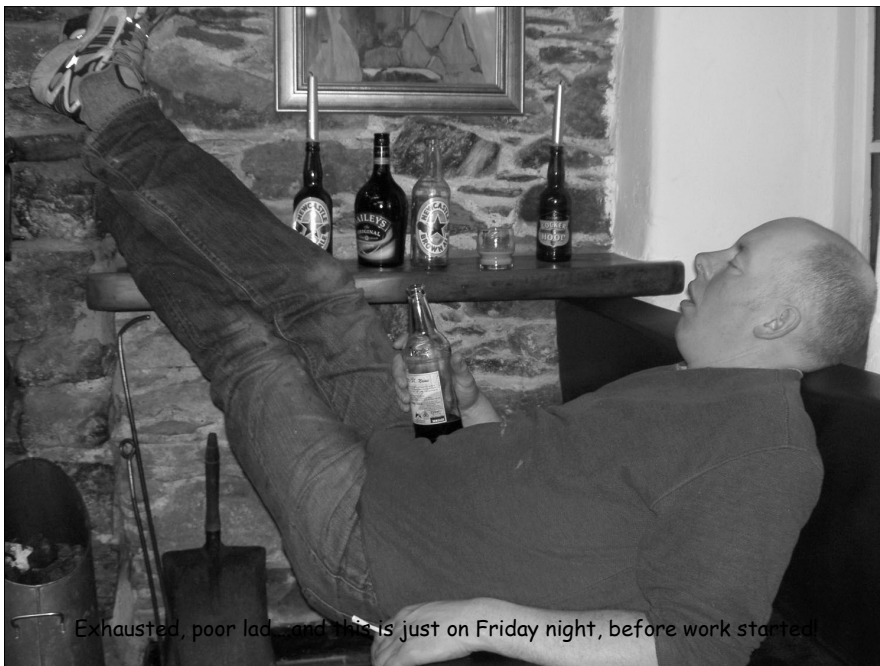
The most arduous job was probably the proposed fire-pit. John and Caroline Walsh attacked the problem with gusto. No other word for it. They worked tirelessly ( it seemed as I leaned wearily on my shovel, watching them for hour after hour ) at the task. They didn't work alone, of course, and as the day wore on, more and more helpers appeared but, it has to be said: "if the drainage works and if, one day, we can

have a bonfire without the fire and it's watchers disappearing into the swamp.... it will be all down to : Mr and Mrs Walsh!" Hoorah! Hoorah! Fireworks explode. Ticker tape descends from the heavens.....

Moving indoors now, and moving inexplicably into the present tense, what do we see?

It's teatime and the men-folk have come in wearily from their watching and waiting tasks. They have stacked their shovels, blades unsullied by clod or clout, in the Chair's tinfoil shed, and are muttering amongst themselves. The words 'tea', 'baked potatoes', 'beans', can be distinguished behind the clarion call that has become this weekends motto: " It doesn't get much better than this".

So are the ladies scurrying to serve the manly crew? Hah ! The kitchen gleams as it has never gleamed before. Goffy,



Exhausted, poor lad, and this is just on Friday night, before work started!

I decided to stop drinking with creeps. I decided to drink only with friends. I've lost 30 pounds.

Ernest Hemingway



wanting a brew, has to borrow Walter's Gucci shades before he can face the kitchen tiling without his eyes watering. Meanwhile a female team is scrubbing it's way through the common room, intent on eradicating MRSA, PRP, AR-CUK and all the other evil bugs of the world. They almost certainly succeed in High House this Saturday. Anyway, the old blokes, stamping the mud off their boots on the immaculate tiled floor, finally get their food. What a feast. The table groans under the weight of spuds and cheese and beans. Especially beans. More beans than a man could count in a lifetime. There'll be groaning tomorrow and it won't be the table, me lads! The oceans of little orange blobs are poured down open gullets and, unbelievably, the huge pans are emptied. The spuds and cheese and bread follow and eventually everyone is leaning back in their chairs, burping contentedly, scratching extended bellies and looking forward to the extravaganza of flatulence to come. Oh, life is good, isn't it?

Evening brings relaxation. Everyone relaxes in their own way. Many read quietly. Some have a drink or two. High House is a centre of tranquillity until Krysia tells Bill to give us a song. He complies and all hell ( *Preston version* ) breaks loose. The editor has a series of video clips for anyone who has nothing better to do with their time.....

Bed-time comes eventually and with it a winter storm. Out beyond the thin glass the sycamore and the pine roar with the passing air. Outside is an excitement, a night of vehemence and danger. A joy if you want it. The wind roars up aloft and booms exultant in the branches. The wily owls are silent tonight. Will High House tear from her anchor and sail away in the white sky? For white is what it is now. Snow has been falling for some time, blowing and bellying in the shouting chaos. A man would feel like a king out there, like an emperor, or like a breathless madman.

Meanwhile, and here, we each snuggle down an extra inch or two into our warm bedding. There is a solid comfort in a roaring storm heard from a snug bed. One by one, we drift away into a secure dreamland as the elements rage about us.

Sunday morning is a shock for some. Plans are immediately discarded. Drifts of snow discourage attempts to move any car. A Quixotic Gordon departs in his little green roadster and soon returns, smiling, to report that his car's back end is off the bridge. We decide that we are stuck there; we brew up and settle in for the day.....

Except that Peter G wants to watch the rugby on TV. A brave party elect to accompany him to the Scafell. We brave ankle-deep drifts and flurries of spindrift. We right Gordons car and together we

get Mr Goff to the Scafell safely. We are soon watching the TV screen in eager apathy, with pint glasses in our hands. It is just after 2 o'clock on a Sunday afternoon. It's going to be a long time till bedtime.....

The Leicester lads do well at pool. They do very well indeed. They are now Pool Champions of All Borrowdale. Money has changed hands as a result of the match so they can afford to buy their own Bailey's instead of stealing it from sleeping ladies. The marathon draws to an end. It's midnight and Peter's Land Rover bumps us all, impervious now to the cold, back to the farm.

Monday morning. Work and school a long way off. Anxiety on some, not all, faces. Shovels were retrieved from the shed and a team set to work on the drifts. It was almost lunchtime before our convoy set off creeping down the farm road. We held back and took each little hill in turn, wary of sliding into each other.

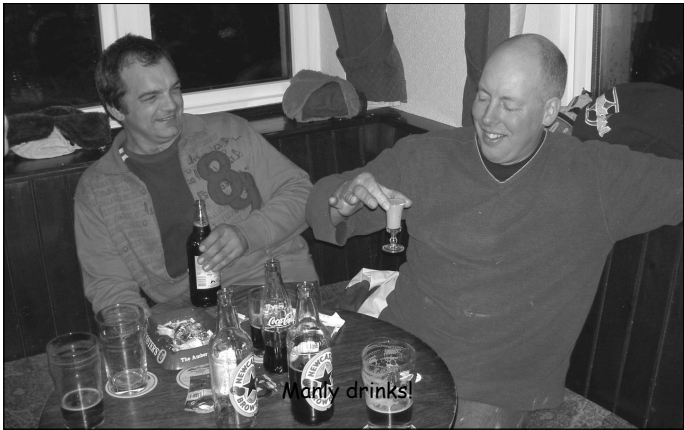
Safely gathered together at the Seatoller road, we all bade farewell to each other and journeyed home from a memorable Working Week-end.

Actually Jack's loving the attention (above) and isn't the result worth it (below)?



When we drink, we get drunk. When we get drunk, we fall asleep. When we fall asleep, we commit no sin. When we commit no sin, we go to heaven. So let's drink and go to heaven!

Brian O'Rourke



Two Ways of Looking at It

Why do I drink? So that I can write poetry.....Jim Morrison  
...Actually, I'm a drinker with writing problem.....Brendan Behan

Slide Show  
23rd March 2006

The idea of a 'Bring Your Favourite Slides' evening has been raised a few times at Committee meetings over the last few years but has never become reality. Would it work or not? Would all those treasured images stay locked up in members lofts while a few embarrassed stalwarts filled the empty evening by downing more drink than is good for them? Frankly the Committee had no idea but booked the room at the Cock and Dolphin anyway.....  
What a feast of images for those lucky enough to be there!  
Joan took us onto the vertiginous upper slopes of Mont Blanc, and the Ed conducted a lightening ( back-to-front) tour of New Zealand. Kevin gave us a hint of Australia and then reminded us of the beauty of our own Lake District, particularly the unique legacy of the drystone wallers, all photographed in wonderful light.  
Walter set the evening alight with his slides from a scientific expedition to Iceland many years ago, backed up by hair-raising accounts of flirting with the anger of the erupting volcano they were trying to collect data from. Particularly memorable was his account of fleeing for his life as chunks of blazing stone thudded to the ground around him. He ran back to retrieve a camera, only to find out later that a leg of the tripod had melted!  
Krysis's old shots of Old Fellfairies (when they were young and had too much hair) provoked a lot of laughs and some guessing games. Some of those shirts are probably still being worn today.....  
Alan finished with some beautifully photographed views of wild and lonely Highland scenery.  
There was no doubt that it had been a special evening and there was general agreement that we must do it again soon.  
So, about those slides in **your** loft. Time to dust them off and sort through them for next autumn?

## FROM THE ARCHIVES

Does anyone remember the dedication of this seat to 'Mr Leslie'? Who's in the background? Can you help? The piece is from the back page of 'The Eyelet', The K Shoe Magazine of July 1961 (price threepence).



*On the seat in front are Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Nicoll and Miss Madge Thexton. The photograph is by Norman Hine.*

## L.W.S. Memorial at High House

By Madge Thexton, Secretary of the K Fellfarers

DURING THE LAST YEAR many visitors to the K Fellfarers' High House at Borrowdale will have enjoyed resting on a comfortable wooden seat just outside the house.

This seat which is made in teak was contributed by K Fellfarers as a memorial to the late Mr. L. W. Somervell who was their President at the time of his death.

On Sunday the 15th May, 1960, a small party gathered at High House

to witness the hand-over of the seat to the Fellfarers by Mr. J. S. Nicoll, the new President, who was introduced by the Chairman, Mr. Peter O'Loughlin. Mr. Nicoll said that the seat was an appropriate memorial to Mr. Leslie who would never begrudge anyone a rest after a good day's climbing or walking.

The seat is a constant reminder to all of the friendship of L.W.S. and the K Fellfarers.



**Here's a rather poignant combination of pieces from the '45 Journal  
Can anyone add their personal reminiscences of Jack Heap, his life or death, to these few inadequate words  
about him? What happened when he went "all out" North?**

#### LETTERS FROM MEMBERS IN THE FORCES

S. Coy, 2nd Batt. Coldstream Guards,  
C.M.F.

**4-11-44**

Dear Sid,

Well I just thought I'd drop you a letter which I feel is so very long overdue. I must thank you very much for the Journal which mother informs me has arrived at home. By now I expect it is on its way over here, at least I'm hoping so.

How's life going on down in the factory : still plodding along as usual I guess.

Has the weather back home permitted you to do any climbing lately or not ? Life out here is going on as usual, raining hard at present, but its a change if nothing else. I expect it won't be long before we've snow on the hills, though we're expecting to drop on to the Lombardy Plain soon and get away from the mountains for a wee while.

Oh, incidentally I've just finished reading " Mountaineering " by a bloke called Peacocke. I had to laugh at a part in it which said " Beginners should begin with Peaks around n and 12,000 feet and not go straight on to the high ones." Anyway it's quite interesting to a beginner like myself.

At present I am in Hospital with a piece of shrapnel in my finger. It's just about better now, so I'll be back with my unit before long.

I have been reading in the papers that the Home Guard has stood down. I suppose you'll be thinking " Not before time."

By the way I wrote you a letter about three months back, but I got it back as the post truck fell in a river making all the letters useless. I also owe you an apology for not writing the piece I promised you for the Journal, but at that time I was in Cassino and although I managed to write a piece I was unable to get it censored. If it had been censored, I'm afraid a crossword puzzle wouldn't have been in it, so I gave it up as a bad job.

" After Cassino, as you know, we were "going all out" North, and I really had not time so I hope my excuse is accepted and now I must close by saying or rather wishing you a very Merry Xmas as I might not get the opportunity again, and now Good Bye and all the very best.

L-Cpl. J. Heap, 2701419

Ed. note. See In Memoriam (below).

#### IN MEMORIAM

Jack Heap joined the Kendal Lads' Club just after he left school. He was at once outstanding by showing a very keen desire to put his very best into every activity he took an interest in, and by his boundless enthusiasm helped to achieve the strong and healthy position the Club holds to-day.

He was a very modest lad, and I for one did not share his low valuation of his own abilities. A lad such as he, with his deep-rooted love of the country, of hills and glens, rivers and woodlands, had a terrific power for good over other boys.

We who were privileged to share his company both at the Lads' Club and at the K Fellfarers' Hostel will miss him sadly. We will miss his comradeship, his cheery smile and his extreme willingness to share our troubles. He lies now amid the beautiful mountains of a foreign land : beauty that he wanted all his pals to share with him.

He gave his life so that we all of us can enjoy the freedom of the hills, freedom that he loved so much. Jack will not be with us when once more we roam, but his spirit will always remain to remind us of the glorious and happy days we spent together, and to guide us in trying to attain the high standard of character and good qualifications which he possessed.

R



# april



The committee will meet on Tuesday 11th April at the Rifleman's Arms.  
Come and join. We can eat roast bunny sandwiches..... HOT CROSS BUNS!  
EASTER EGGS! Lets have them at committee! Join us for a pint.!

13-16 April 2006



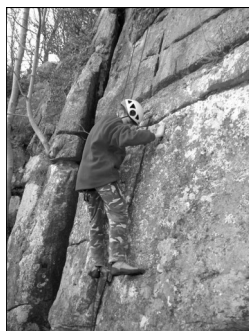
**Easter Weekend**



**HIGH HOUSE**  
Is booked for

Thursday 20 April 2006

**'CLIMBING  
FOR ALL'**  
STARTS TONIGHT!



*Hutton Roof*

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

Wednesday 26th April 2006

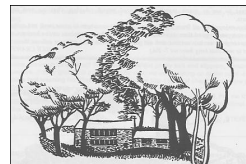
A VIEWING OF THE  
CARVED  
STONES  
OF  
CRAG WOOD  
WINDERMERE



Meet at County Hall  
To share transport  
6 pm

Or at Cragwood House  
GR 391006  
6.30 pm

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.  
*You'll have to bring your own ale  
this time though.*

5-6 May 2006

North Wales Meet

A weekend at the excellent  
Oread 'hut' at the foot of  
Snowdon.

Rhyd Ddu

(OS ref on back page)



Details: Peter Goff

# May

Friday 12th May  
Leighton Moss  
**BIRDWATCH**



A chance to see the  
Bitterns, Marsh Harriers,  
and maybe an Osprey  
before the bird flu comes!  
Meet at the entrance  
at 6.30 sharp.  
Details: Paul/Rose East

The Committee should be meeting on Tuesday 9th May. But  
this is the week the SW team will be re-roofing (weather  
permitting). So it might be another evening.....

Saturday 20th May  
**Walk/Meal**  
Meet at Kendal Bus  
Station at 9.30 am

to Con-  
iston the



O.D.G.  
(approx 12 miles)  
Meal in Ambleside  
Details: Bill Hogarth

Tuesday 23rd May  
**Gary's Caving Meet**

Illusion Pot, a caving trip  
suitable for novices

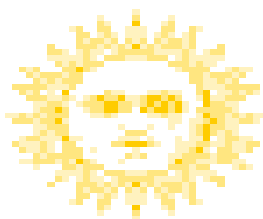
Wear waterproofs / old clothing /  
wellies / helmet and headtorch

If you want more information or you  
need to borrow any of the above ring  
Gary first on 015395 60523

Otherwise meet at lay-by in Kingsdale  
(north of Ingleton) GR 695765  
6.30 pm

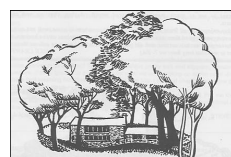
Tuesday 16th May  
**A Short Evening Walk**

6.30 pm start from :  
Crook Memorial Hall  
Finish at the Sun Inn



Further details: Kryisia

26 May - 3 June  
**High House**



Is  
reserved for  
Fellfarers

# June

## Tuesday 6th June 2006 Walters Woodland Walks - Part 3 !

Meet outside the  
**Derby Arms, Witherslack**  
at 6.30 pm  
Bring a torch for a little light caving !



The Derby Arms will be undergoing 'refurbishment', gawd 'elp us, so refreshments will be partaken at the Gilpin Bridge after the walk.  
It'll be grand as 'owt.

The editor apologises for the missing of a word in this text frame. He hopes that no-one will have taken offence. He is optimistic in this respect. In fact, he's optimistic that no-one will notice. Hal

The committee will meet on Tuesday 13th June at the Rifleman's Arms. Please don't come and join us for a pint.. Hell, we have such a good time without you. You'd only spoil the fun.

## 9-10 June 2006 Derbyshire Meet Heathy Lea Cottage (Details on back page) Baslow



*An ideal base for  
exploring the Peak.*

Information: Peter Goff

## Wednesday June 14th Treasure Hunt

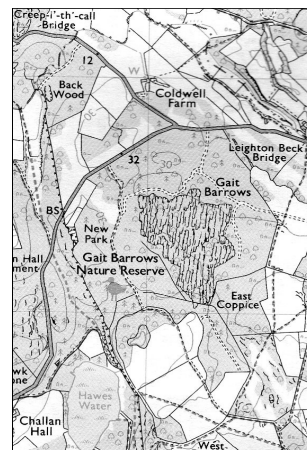
Start from St George's Church Kendal between 6.30 and 7 pm.  
The hunt should take about 2 hours on foot and will finish at the Castle Inn for judging and prizes.



Information: Ian Underhill  
01539 732397

## Wednesday 21st June Exploring Gait Barrows

Meet at the  
English Nature car park  
GR 477776  
At 6.30 pm



Refreshments later at  
The New Inn,  
Yealand Conyers  
Details: Peter Goff

# July

## 7-8th July High House



Is reserved  
for  
Fellfarers

The committee will meet on  
Tuesday 11th July at the  
Rifleman's Arms. **Come .**

Wednesday 12th July  
The Presidents  
Birthday Walk  
**Grange over Sands**  
Meet at Yewbarrow Terrace  
(near the shops, apparently)  
At 6.30 pm



And when its all over:  
Refreshments at  
The Commodore

John Peat will tell you where  
it is. For more information,  
ring him.

PS There's no reason to think we might be visiting Hampsfell Hospice (pictured) but it's the only picture in The Fellfarer Archive Library of anything at all in Grange.

## Tuesday 18th July John Walsh's Riverside Walk

Meet at Ford Terrace,  
(near Romney Bridge)  
6.30 pm



Refreshments at the  
refurbished  
Strickland Arms

Details: John. 01539 726235

July 28th-Aug 27th  
High House  
Is reserved for Fellfarers



A

Whole Month!

Just think of all the  
climbing and walking  
you can do in a month!



**CLUB OFFICIALS****1**

**President:** **John Peat**  
Tel: 015395 32244

**Trustees:** **Alan Bryan**  
Tel: 01458 446499  
**Gordon Pitt**  
Tel: 015395 68210  
**Peter Ford**  
Tel: 01768 777238  
**Mick Fox**  
Tel: 01539 727531

**Committee Chair:** **Roger Atkinson**  
Tel: 01539 732490  
198, Burneside Road  
Kendal  
LA9 6EB  
email: [rogeratkinson@amserve.net](mailto:rogeratkinson@amserve.net)

**Secretary:** **Rose East**  
Tel: 01524 761083  
10, Stewart Close  
Arnside  
email: [rose-east@btinternet.com](mailto:rose-east@btinternet.com)

**Treasurer:** **Val Calder**  
Tel: 01539 727109  
86, Vicarage Drive  
Kendal  
LA9 5BA

**Booking Secretary:** **Hugh Taylor**  
Tel: 01539 815089 (work)  
5, Stonegarth  
High Knott Road.,  
Arnside,  
LA5 0AW  
email: [Hugh.Taylor@clarks.com](mailto:Hugh.Taylor@clarks.com)

**Social Secretary** **Peter Goff**  
Tel: 01524 736990  
170, Main Street  
Warton

**Newsletter Editor:** **Mick Fox**  
Tel: 01539 727531  
50, Gillinggate,  
Kendal,  
LA9 4JB  
email: [michaelfox50@hotmail.com](mailto:michaelfox50@hotmail.com)

**Committee Members:** **Bill Hogarth**  
Tel: 01539 728569  
**Krysia Niepokojczycka**  
Tel: 015395 60523  
**Alec Reynolds**  
Tel: 01229 821099

**Other Information****2**

**Seathwaite Farm (for *Emergencies* only)**  
Tel: 017687 77284

**High House Website** [www.k-fellfarers.co.uk](http://www.k-fellfarers.co.uk)

**OREAD HUTS** (cost £2.50p. per night.)

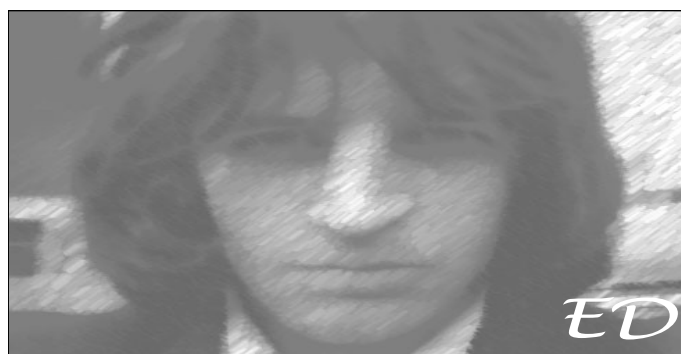
**Heathy Lea Cottage,**  
Baslow, Derbyshire.

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

**Oread booking secretary**

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

**Next Edition of the *Fellfarer*:**  
Beginning of July, so material for publication by  
8th June, please.

**PHILOSOPHY CORNER**

He was a wise man who invented beer.

*Plato*

Give beer to those who are perishing, wine to those who are in anguish; Let them drink and forget their poverty and remember their misery no more.

*Proverbs, Chapter 31 verse 6 and 7*

Beer: The cause of, and solution to, all of life's problems.

*Homer Simpson*