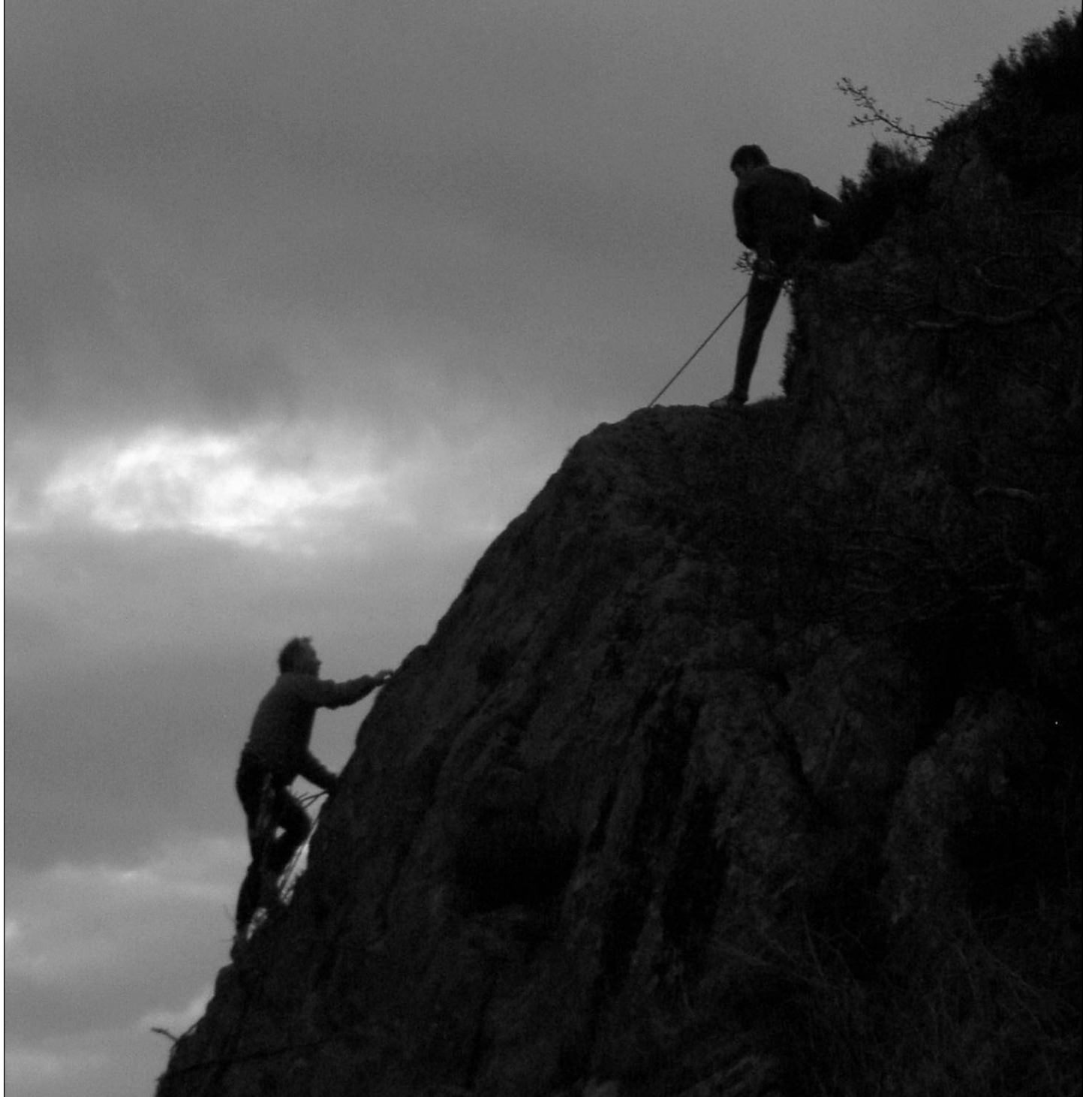


# *the Fellfarer*

*July 2006*

*Number 42*





# Ed

First, I would like to express my disappointment: there were no angry letters about the parking proposals in the last issue. It was, of course, a special April 1st story and I know it caught some people. Nobody is admitting it now, obviously, but I had hopes of one or two expressions of outrage. Perhaps people thought it was actually quite a good idea, or perhaps Fellfairies are becoming a bit more wary. Oh well, till next time.....

It's been a good summer for activities so far, with lots of events being blessed with good weather and being very well attended. Let's keep it up! And keep writing.

Ed

**PS:** The term 'Shinscrapers' comes from George Abraham of Keswick, who, 100 years ago, called himself and his climbing friends 'Enthusiastic Shinscrapers'.

If it's good enough for old George it's good enough for us.

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Cover Photo: Alan and Bill on Elk (V Diff) at dusk, Whitestone Crag

Contents: Reflection in Llyn Gwynant, 7th May 2006

## Letters



Dear Ed,

I read with amusement your snippets referring to alcohol in the last issue, especially the one quoting from Proverbs 31, verses 6 and 7.

Solomon may have had great wisdom, but he did not have the poetic genius of Robert Burns who included this dialect interpretation of those verses as a preface to his poem "Scotch Drink".

Gie him strong drink, until he wink,  
That's sinking in despair;  
An' liquor guid to fire his bluid,  
That's prest wi' grief and care;  
There let him bouse, an' deep carouse,  
With bumpers flowing o'er,  
Till he forgets his loves or debts,  
An' minds his griefs no more.

Yours, somewhat enviously,  
Alec Reynolds.

Dear Ed,

Photograph page 16 (April Issue).



### Back Row L to R.

Marjorie O'Loughlin (I think) Jack Ingall, Works Engineer and son of William Ingall, Founder of the Club, Mop Heigh, ? , Peter O'Loughlin

### Centre Row L to R.

Bruce Greenbank, Alice Macdonald, one time Head of the Typists Dept. at K Shoes, promoted to J.S.N's private Secretary. Alice lived alone and failed to turn up for work one day. Subsequent enquiries established that she had died at home in her sleep. This was a great shock to everyone at the time as Alice was a robust character. Mrs. Jack Ingall, Marjorie Noble, Private Secretary to Mr. F.C. Mair, Chairman of K Shoes, ? , Mrs. Norman Hine, ? , Mr. Eric Sutcliffe, Personnel Manager K Shoes, Mrs Eric Sutcliffe, Jackie Bewsher (a Legend)

Regards

Bruce Greenbank

## From the Committee

- It is with sadness that we learn of the passing of a well-loved Life Member, Alec Duff. Our thoughts are with Marion, Jim and Alex.
- The committee welcomes Jim Duff as a new member.
- Some Fellfarers may not yet know that **Bill Hogarth** had a nasty fall when climbing at Oxenber Scar on a Thursday 'Climbing for All' evening. He is bearing up well after breaking both ankles. The Committee, and we're sure all of our members, wish him a speedy recovery.
- **All members:** Remember that, if you are staying at High House at a time when another group has paid to be there, you must behave at all times with consideration for that group. If in doubt, ask a member of the group if it's ok to, for example, use the kitchen while they cook, smoke in their presence, allow the dog into the common room. Remember that they have paid to be there and we want them to return.
- A reminder: work will begin in earnest on the kitchen during the week beginning **Monday 17th July**. Expect some disruption for the foreseeable future after that!

### Errata in the April 'Fellfarer'

There were 3 transcription errors in Bruce Greenbanks letter in the paragraph on the Lakeland Walk: 'Steven Gorton' should read 'Steven Norton', 'Kiristone' and 'Hariapp' should be 'Kirkstone' and 'Hartsopp', of course.



Slate fence. Nant Ffrancon. 7th May 2006

### Alec Duff 16/01/1921 - 09/06/2006

So we say farewell to another Fellfarer, Alec Duff, a long-serving Member, Secretary in 1946 and past Committee man.

As a close friend I found him a likeable and interesting friend with a great love of the countryside and the Lake District. My near neighbour for many years and best man at my wedding. Happy-go-lucky, affable and never known to lose his cool. He was very good with prose and verse, contributing in the Fellfarer magazine many times, and a very good voice especially when rendering his favourite song 'Galway Bay'.

He served in the Army during the Second World War in Europe, returning at the end with the rank of Sergeant to re-commence his job at K. Shoes on the factory floor, aspiring to top Management.

Life was not always kind to Alec and Marion losing their elder son Bill just after he had qualified for University in a tragic traffic accident on Aynam Road, Kendal.

Later he was very proud that his younger son, Jim, who had qualified as a doctor, was selected and went on Chris Bonnington's Everest Expedition.

In later years the family with their daughter Alexandra moved to Grange over Sands and apart from an occasional meeting on the golf course, I saw little of him. The later years were not kind to him physically.

As a person he will be sadly missed - not only by his family but by all who had shared his company.

Rest in Peace Old Friend

*Myers Ferguson*



Alec in 1956

Do you have photographs or memories to share with us in a tribute to Alec in the next Fellfarer? Original material + photos will be returned.

*Ed*



## "UP HELLYHA" for FRANK

April 5th 2006

*Ian Underhill*

It was a year since Frank died. The Fellfarers have always been looked after by him at The Scafell, a worthy successor to Bill and Iris.

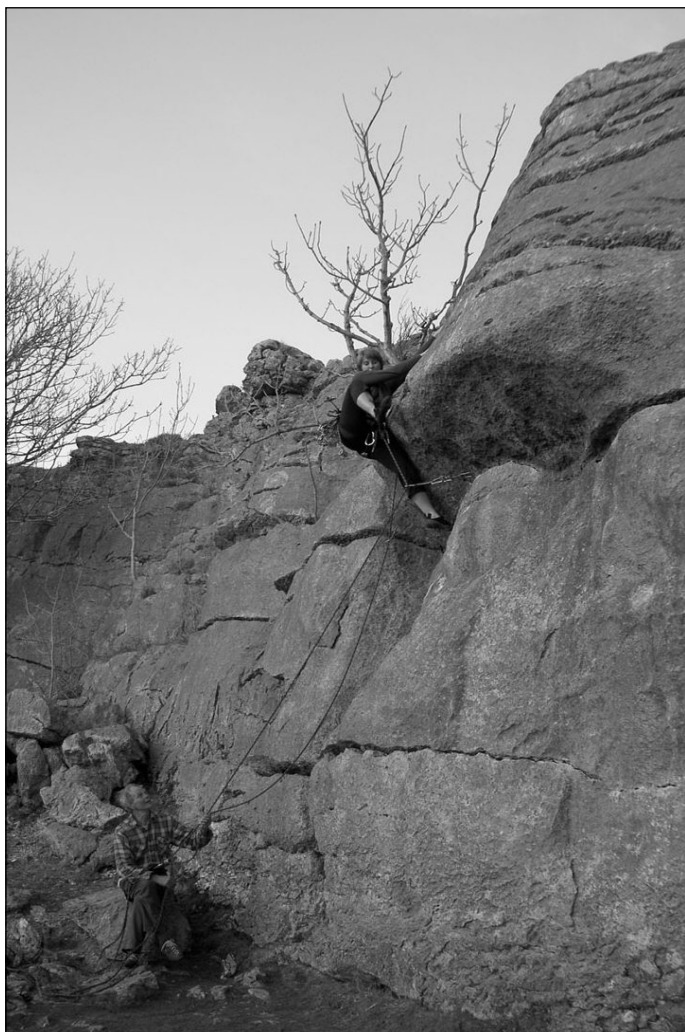
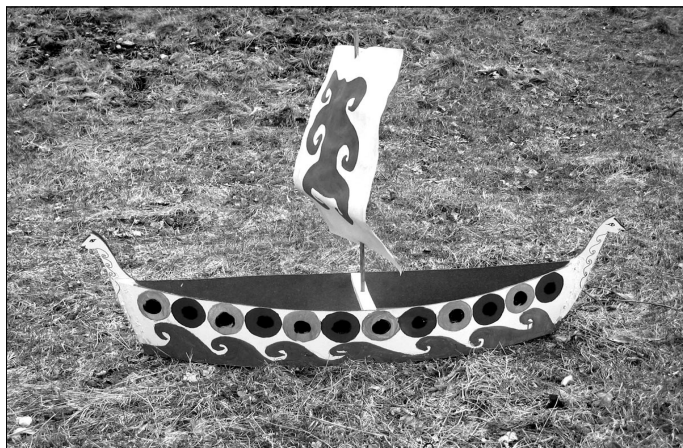
Frank had always talked about having a Viking Funeral when the time came. Funerals are getting a bit more relaxed now but a pyre was a bit too much to ask. Several members and staff thought it a good idea to grant him his wishes.

Walter and Krysia set to and built a replica galleon brightly painted and complete with dragon's head. When darkness came we all made our way down to the Chinese Bridge on the River Derwent where it flows into the lake.

The boat was packed with - let's say - 'inflammable material'. Krysia lit the boat and the night sky was illuminated by the blazing inferno. On it's way to the lake it was being blown back; perhaps it was making it's way back to The Scafell.

As the flaming boat made it's way down to the lake we all toasted Frank with a 'wee dram' as his spirit went to Val-halla.

A perfect end for a true friend.

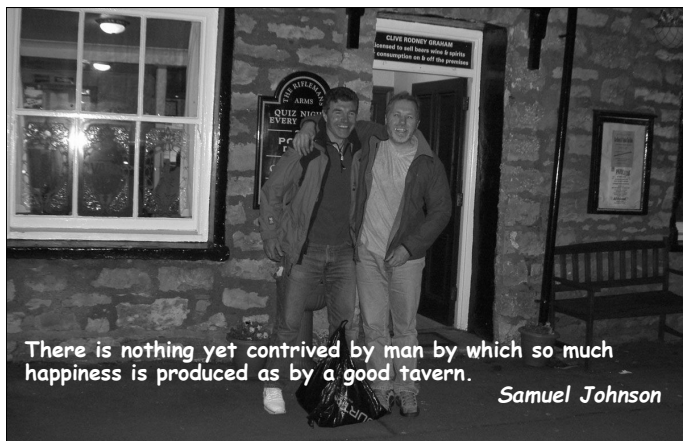


## First Climbing for All Evening

20th April 2006

*Peter G, Alan, Bill, Cheryl, George, Mick.....oh, and Lottie*

Black skies over Kendal did not bode well for our first evening of 2006 on real rock but we turned up anyway. We were well rewarded. The rain stayed away and we enjoyed a pleasant evening of soloing and practicing gear placement on old favourites before Cheryl put the rope up ( left ) on Pegasus ( VS 4c ) for us all to follow. George enjoyed running down the steepest slopes he could find and Lottie, as always, chased sticks. We watched the storm clouds blowing up from the south as we coiled our ropes. The rain veered off into Yorkshire, though, and we stayed dry. For some ( below ) the best part of the evening was just about to begin:



There is nothing yet contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern.

*Samuel Johnson*



## The Stone Carvings of Windermere 26th April 2006



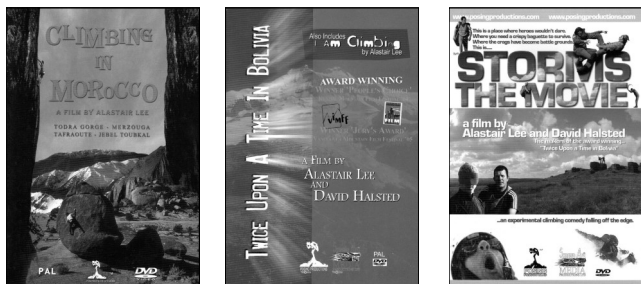
*Ann & John, Margaret & Roger, Audrey & Myers, Clare & Mick,  
Val, Penny, Rod, Peter B, Peter G, Kevin A, Dale,*

It was a good turnout even though half a dozen members who were interested couldn't make it on the night. The inscriptions are carved on the floor of the old quarry right on the shore of the lake, at Ecclerig, the source of the stone for the big house on Belle Isle. The land is owned by Impact, the development training organisation, and we were fortunate in having Tony, of Impact, to take us around the grounds and to provide us with coffee (free) and beer (not free) afterwards. A copy of the Transactions of The Ancient Monuments Society, which describe these 'practice' carvings of the reclusive John Longmire, is available from the editor.

*A repeat visit could be organised for those who missed the first one, perhaps combined with canoeing on the lake? We will need permission to enter the grounds again.*

*Give your name to the editor if you are interested and you haven't done so already.*

## Climbing DVDs for sale



Mary Forrest has donated some new DVDs to Fellfarers to sell for club funds. Their recommended retail prices are: £14.99 (Climbing in Morocco) and £17.99 (Twice upon a Time in Bolivia & Storms - The Movie).

**They can be bought from the Ed for £10 each or £25 for all three.**

Read Climb magazine recent review of all 3 films :

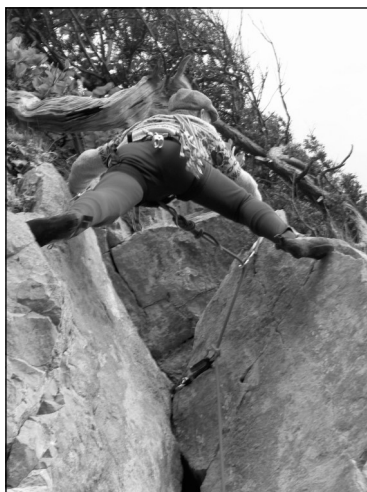
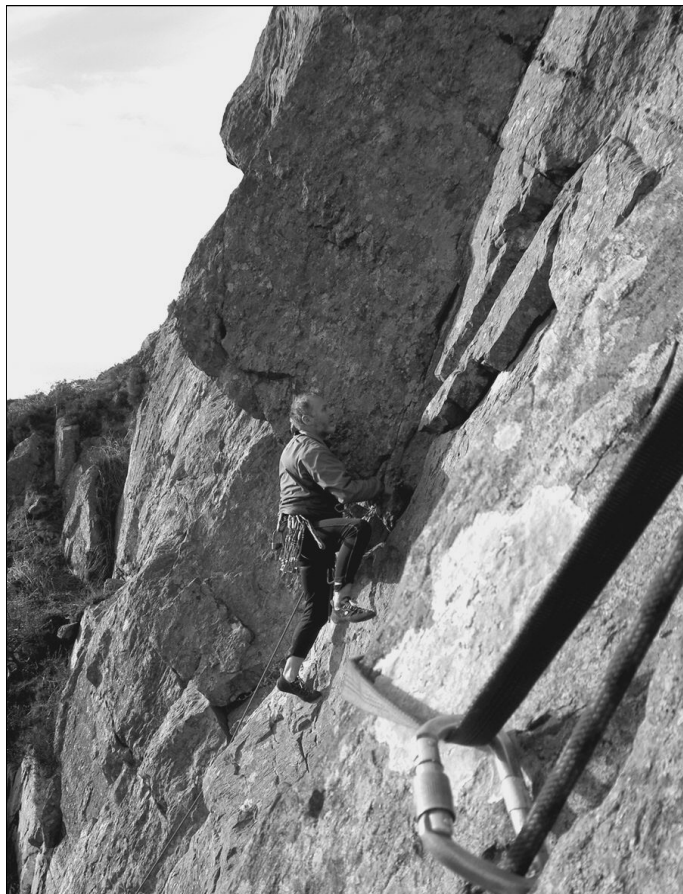
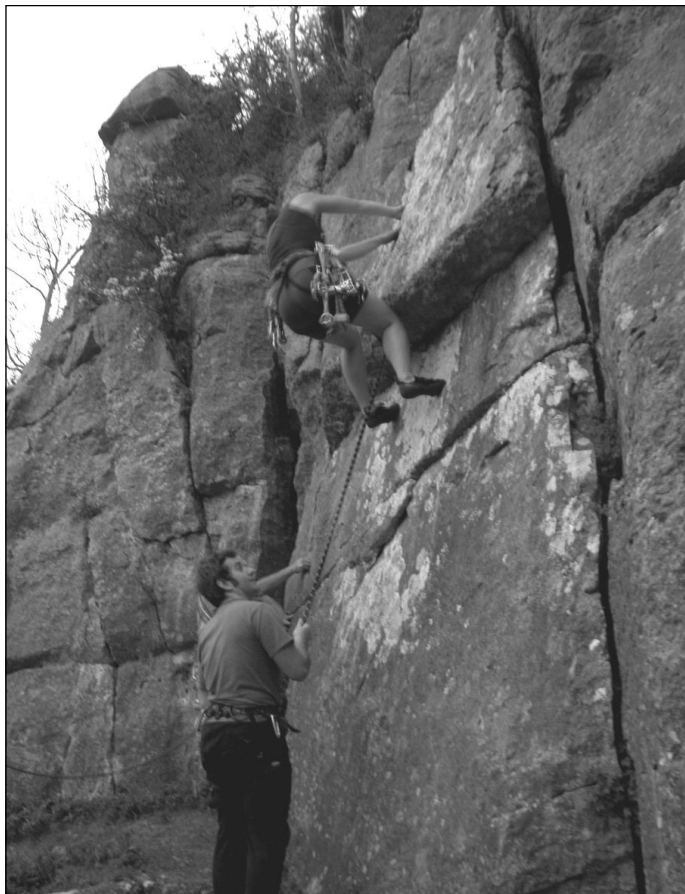
Until recently, Alastair Lee ploughed a lone, brave furrow as a unique stand-up comedy/climbing lecturing crossover artist. More recently his forays into film have produced climbing-themed movies like no other. His early production, *Climbing in Morocco*, was neither travelogue, nor climbing documentary, nor situation comedy. Instead it combined elements of all three in an anarchic mélange of gorgeous cinematography, visual gags and climbing footage. The end result was a confection of music and image which made Morocco look a compelling must-visit destination. Joining forces with like-minded Lancastrian David Halsted added another dimension to the Posing Productions output. *Twice upon a Time in Bolivia* followed a similar premise to *Morocco* but upped the comic content to the extent that the phrase 'Cult Classic' springs to mind. Purportedly charting a trip to climb a snowy Andean mountain it is more akin to Peter Kay's 'Max and Paddy's Road to Nowhere' on a South American expeditionary theme -but with

some wacky jump-cuts, inventive graphics and camera angles thrown in. It wowed the audience at the Kendal Film Festival in 2004 where it won the People's Choice Award.

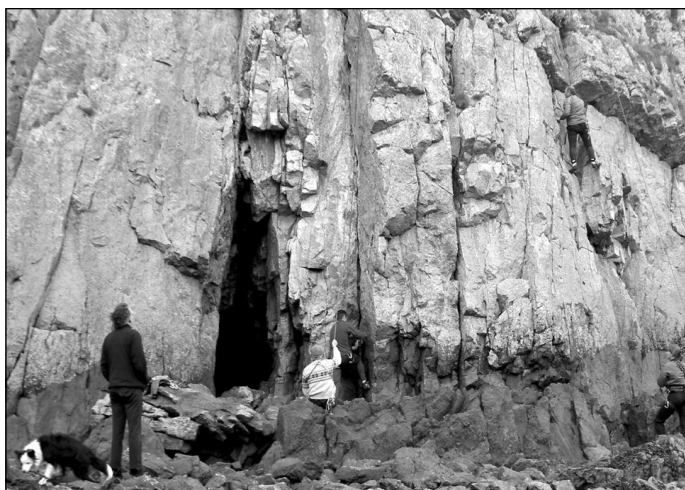
But now with *Storms the Movie* - a DVD based very loosely on a stage production *Storms of Laughter* which Lee and Halsted toured, the duo have dispensed entirely with factual footage and gone for a straight half-hour satirical sketch show based on climbing. This was a huge gamble - a project like this had the potential to be monumentally terrible. Instead, they've pulled it off to produce a show that, consciously or not, nods in the direction of influences as diverse as *The Fast Show*, *The Goodies*, *That Peter Kay Thing* and even the venerable *Michael Bentine's Potty Time*. One of the many highlights is undoubtedly Lee's over-the-top lampoon of Chris Bonington. No one else has quite captured that slightly camp intonation that Bonington employs to deliver his worthy pronouncements. Lee's depiction of Bonners as a crazed old egomaniac obsessed with potting sheds and boring mountains is augmented by subtle background visual gags - like the book titled *Quest for Adjectives* stacked on the shelf behind him - blink and you'll miss them. Other splendid sketches include Dave Halsted attempting all 14 Woolworth's checkouts in Burnley dressed as Alan Hinkes. There's also a pastiche of the film *Touching the Void* ("I couldn't believe it, I'd broken my baguette, we'd never be able to get down on pies alone"), several sick animations at Leo Dickinson's expense and sundry other sketches satirising bouldering and the peculiar Yorkshire cult of John Dunne worship. Coming as it does out of a couple of punters' computers, the technical proficiency of this piece is quite staggering - many mainstream TV series exhibit inferior special effects. And many television comedies have inferior scripts to this DVD as well.

You get the distinct impression Halsted and Lee have really come of age in terms of film-making - surely the next leap is to leave the ghetto of Mountain Film and head for the real world? Maybe *Storms* might just give them that launchpad.

## Shinscrapers page



Top left: Cheryl leading The Morning After (VS) at War-ton Crag  
 Top right: Bill leading Cracked Wall (HS) at Whitestone Crag  
 Left: Mike leading Brants Little Brother (VS) at Jack Scout Cove  
 Right: Bill again on Cracked Wall  
 Bottom left: The team at Jack Scout Cove  
 Bottom right: What it's really all about: some of the team at chucking out time!



## Tan-y-Wyddfa, Rhyd Ddu

5th-6th May 2006

Roger, Margaret, Val, Ian, Mick

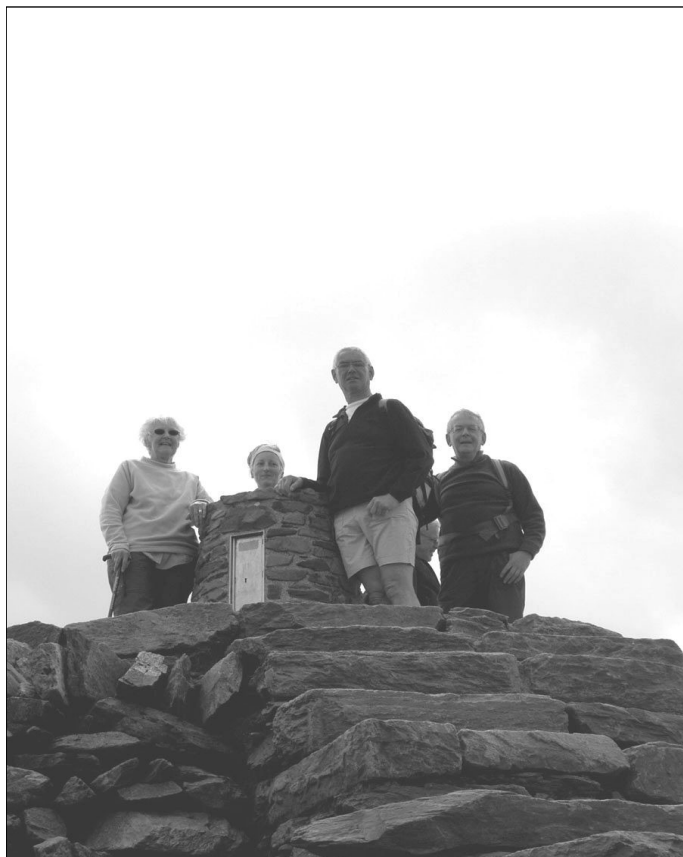
The first event in a crowded May diary saw a small turnout. That's a shame because it costs the club money and, more importantly, because Tan-y-Wyddfa is such a great venue and it's a shame that members deprive themselves of the experience of being here.

Actually the weekend didn't start brilliantly. The advance party (first four on the roster above) had some navigation problems, apparently, on an attempt on Moel Hebog. I will draw a veil across that because worse was to come: the Cwellyn Arms closed on time at eleven o'clock sharp! We vowed never to go there again.....

Next morning we were all up bright and early, having planned to stroll up Snowdon on this 'boring' side. We set off at about 9, Sacky commenting on how much better it is to start with the whole day before us, instead of the usual 'we'll just have another brew before we think about it....' He's right. We walked up the gentle well-made paths in bright sunshine and marvelled that on this lovely weekend we had the path virtually to ourselves. We met only five people on the ascent.

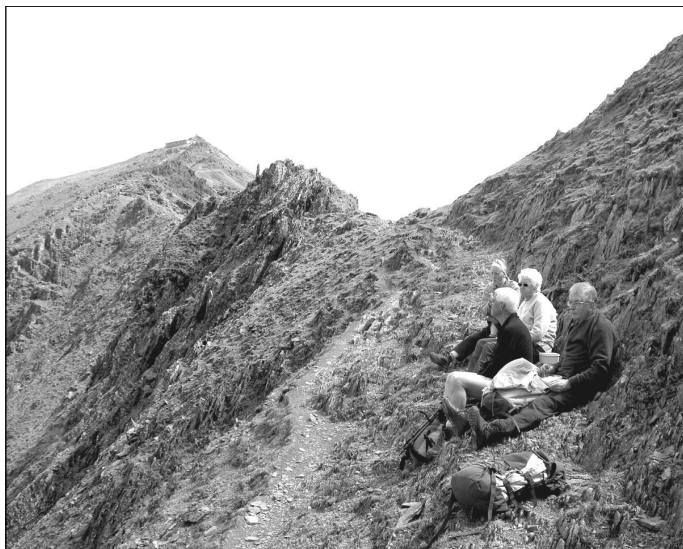
The scenery opened out below us as we ascended and we stopped frequently to take in the surroundings. The views were, arguably, as good as any in Lakeland. *(Please send letters of outrage to the Editor)*

A cool breeze blew from the south, prompting us to find a sheltered spot for our first lunch on Bwlch Main, only a short way from the summit (see above).



Needless to say, we were in the Cwellyn Arms that night. On Sunday we split up. Mick explored some slabby climbing above the Nant Ffrancon and the others had a rewarding walk from the Sychnant Pass.

*Question: Why don't we go to Wales more often?*



It was fortunate that we chose this spot for our quiet repast because when we arrived on the highest point of Yr Wyddfa we had to elbow our way through the multitudes to visit the summit cairn. There were hundreds of people milling about there. Perhaps one in ten were using mobile phones to share the news of their 'conquest' to less active friends. Below us we could see even more heading upwards.

*One overheard conversation:*

*Young Girl to 3 Young Lads, " Dave's just phoned. He can see us. He's about 50 yards behind us."*

The summit station becomes no less ugly as time goes by. It was closed and shuttered up. Does anyone know what is happening here? There were plans to replace it with an underground building but none of us knew whether they are still current.

We took advantage of a rare clearing of the hordes to get one quick snap at the summit (above).

We followed the Snowdon Ranger Path down, pausing to peer over the cliffs of 'Cloggy', before turning off on a well-marked, but sometimes boggy, path through the slate quarries to Rhyd Ddu. We were rewarded by the sight of the little steam train puffing its way along the valley towards Rhyd Ddu (below).





## *Extract from a Fellfairy's Diary-9*

*Sunday 7th May 2006*

As I'm buckling on my bum bag I look down at my white legs and wonder: when was the last time I did this? - 'this' being setting off onto a hill in vest, shorts and trainers. It feels like a lifetime ago.

The sun is shining and it's heat feels good on my shoulders. The scrubby roadside trees are loud with birdsong. I shade my eyes to look around. On the far side of the valley, above where the busy A5 runs, slopes shoot up, rocky and rough, to 3000 feet. Here, on the narrow and deserted old road, I stand below steep green sheep pastures speckled with uncurling fronds of bracken and topped by a huge area of slabs a thousand feet high and two thousand feet across. Slabs so big that one is named after an ocean. It is perhaps this country's best kept secret and yet it's plainly visible from the main road. I have wanted to explore here for years.

I step off the tarmac and can't resist a grin of anticipation. My route will take me up the middle of those slabs and I relish the prospect of solitary scrambling in unknown territory. If only my back wasn't so painful. A couple of weeks now of intermittent pain. I stretch and decide to ignore it. On such a glorious day I can't let it hold me back.

The slope is steep and I'm soon gasping, pushing with my hands on my knees, as I try to maintain a fast upward rhythm. It doesn't last long. I'm much much heavier than I was in my racing days and it shows. I pause frequently to look around and to enjoy the new scenery and the sunshine; to enjoy just being here, being alive and knowing it.

Faint zigzags in the grass help me up the steepness. I'm nearing the lower rim of a big Cwm and the slabs are coming into view again, bigger and much more impressive now.

I see a solitary figure above me. Another lover of lonely rock places? I push on, knowing that I am catching him fast. I can feel the runnels of sweat from my torso running freely down my back and then down my legs. I've not felt that for years. I kid myself that I am moving quickly and I sometimes believe it. Nothing else matters. I just love being here; doing this.

I am over the lip of the Cwm and can now see the full extent of these amazing slabs, close to. I take out the climbing guide. It's such a big area of rock that I'm struggling to locate myself in relation to it. Even with the guidebook it's difficult to identify features that will help. I spot the solitary figure again. He's sitting on a stone with a big rucksack beside him, looking exhausted. I move on, rounding a boulder quietly so that he doesn't even know I'm here. A minute later I spot another figure, also rucksack laden, a long way beyond his mate. I decide that they must be climbers.

I catch the leader after a while and chat briefly. They had been climbing here yesterday on a two star V Diff and the thunderstorm had frightened them into a retreat. They are returning to retrieve their gear, hoping that today's forecast thundery storms will wait until their property is safely collected. I wish him well and scramble on up over the rough bouldery slopes until I'm standing under the lower edge of the slabs. It looks like the right place according to the climbing guide but it's all a bit vague. Down below I can see that the two climbing partners are still well separated, invisible to each other, and wandering further apart. I whistle and wave to the chap I spoke to, indicating where his partner has got to. His wave suggests that he's understood and he picks up his rucksack and moves in the right direction. I tell myself not to look their way again. I've got my own adventure to cope with.

My hands grasp the granite edge and I swing upwards. Another involuntary grin breaks out on my face. Can it really be 1,000 feet of this above me? My back is throbbing gently but I am committed now.

I am absorbed in the climbing. Cracklines zigzag across the slabs, giving toe and finger-holds. Blank spaces necessitate friction moves from time to time but generally the climbing is effortless and wholly delightful.

I gain confidence and begin to search out difficulties rather than take the obvious easy line. Sometimes the difficulties are too much and I begin to feel trapped by my own optimism, or stupidity. I retreat or battle on, as the mood takes me.

To my left the main slab stretches, in the words of the guidebook, in a "vast expanse almost too large to comprehend". It also warns that "the run-outs are so long that you can suffer from loneliness when trying to choose a way." I am not lonely but I do have a few moments of anxiety. I am following the right-hand edge and a step of fifteen or twenty feet separates me from the next slab rightwards.

I'm perhaps half way up and the rock above me is smooth and holdless. I drop down onto the lower slab and climb on, finding that the rock has changed from a coarse and wonderfully grippy granite to something smooth and quite greasy. The only holds are little tufts of heather. I come to a halt, unable to move in any direction. The slabs sweep down beneath my heels for many hundreds of feet. My heart rate picks up. I breath deeply and control myself. I edge leftwards, back towards my original slab. Gasping, I climb steeply up and over the edge. I still have no holds and I know that if I slip I will tumble and slide down over five hundred feet of cheese-grater granite. The fear has gone, though, and I'm full of climbing again.....

Strangely, the slab finishes on the very top of the mountain ridge. I step, reluctantly, off the rock and stroll a short distance on grass to the rough bouldery summit where I sit and let the sweat dry. It's the northernmost top of this most famous ridge and the views down across the prodigious slate quarries to the sea are wide and wonderful. Down below, behind me, is the dam and the huge mountain reservoir which fills and empties daily. I see crags and slabs across there, by the dam, that I didn't know existed. Another guidebook; another day, perhaps.

I trot down the broken slopes, picking up a square flat piece of stone that I think will be of use to my daughter in her garden path-building. It's too big for my bum bag and I have to constantly pass it from hand to hand as I follow narrow trods steeply down to the old road and my car.

## A Feast of Pinnacles - Liathach - 30th May 2006

Kevin and I spent the early May holiday weekend in Torridon this year in the company of Clare and Mick, with the idea to traverse the 7km long ridge of Liathach, incorporating the Am Fasarinan pinnacles. It was also a chance for me to achieve my 50<sup>th</sup> Munro. We travelled independently as Kevin and I initially spent time on Skye, attempting to ascend Sgurr nan Gillean via its "tourist" route. Sadly, we didn't achieve this due to the poor weather and eventually turned back very close to the summit.

We all arrived at Torridon's youth hostel early evening on bank holiday Saturday. The hostel is in a wonderful lochside location, with Liathach towering over it, and is modern, comfortable and well-run. The anticipation of the day ahead kept me awake most of the night, but when morning came at least the weather was relatively fine and dry and staying just above freezing on the tops. I don't remember much of the climb to the first Munro, Spidean a'Choire Leith except that the cloud lifted as we approached - my mind was racing with anticipation of the Pinnacles - but we were all astounded by the amount of soft snow still lying. On the top we met a group of four lads who had turned around from the Pinnacles as they thought the conditions to be too serious. They had already traversed An Teallach the previous day so were probably reasonably experienced but hey, we're Fellfarers, so on we pressed.

There was no chance to consider by-passing the pinnacles as the path was mostly under thick snow and, where it was visible, getting to it was too dangerous to contemplate; today was definitely a day for sticking to the ridge except for one dodgy traverse. Progress was slow as great care had to be taken scrambling up and down and traversing in the snow and in one place a walking rope and sling came in very useful (for me) for a particularly steep gully filled with rotten snow. The views were spectacular when I dared take my attention from my feet to look at them. Those who know me will be aware that I'm not fond of pinnacles, and this particular

set in the snowy conditions were a bit of an endurance test! Still, I had the anticipation of achieving my 50<sup>th</sup> Munro to look forward to and that kept me climbing, with my objective tantalisingly in sight for a very long time. But reach it we did and what a joy it was; not just because the pinnacles were over with and because I'd achieved my "number 50" but also because, yet again, I'd had a fantastic day out with my three companions of many of my other "adventures" and had pushed my boundaries and gained some really valuable experience.

Kevin and I returned to Kendal the following day but Mick & Clare stayed on; sadly the weather deteriorated but they still managed to add Ben Vrackie to their Corbett collection. I've already decided that I need to do this same journey again at a different time of the year so that I can (a) get to the top of Gillean and (b) traverse Liathach's ridge again without the snow! Truly a great adventure and a memory I'll be treasuring for a long time to come.

Tina Ford



Clare, Tina and Kevin approaching Spidean a'Choire Leith

## Colonsay

29 April - 6 May 2006

If I could retire to an island, Colonsay would be my choice. It lies 2 Hrs 20 mins from Oban, situated behind Jura + follows on from Tiree for it's sunshine.

Through the kindness of friends + family I was able to revisit at the end of April. Spring was late and we didn't see the wealth of wild flowers out but cuckoos and corn-crakes were doing their best to welcome us.

Colonsay and Oronsay are rich in archaeological remains. It was a Viking stronghold + St Columba is said to have visited during the 6th Century. Oronsay certainly has the remains of a monastic settlement, the old priory ruins + sculptured stones are much in evidence, dating from the 14th Cent. The beaches are amazing, safe for swimming on hot days + little or no people.

The tidal strand across to Oronsay is well worth a visit but

there is no camping or caravans allowed on these islands. The laird owns holiday lets and a bunkhouse and there are a few B+B's. The amount of rainfall is half that of mainland Argyll, 25 miles to the east.

No ground predators, no foxes, weasels or grey squirrels, but rabbits thrive on the dunes. Goats are there but no deer. Otters too but I haven't been lucky enough to see one so far.

Have I praised the place enough? Well, I have tried.

Olga Niepokojczycka

Right The Social Secretary at play

Left Fellfaries on Colonsay, doing what they do best.



## If Something Can Go Wrong, It Will. (Renewing the roof at the rear of High House) 8th -12th May 2006.....

It was all organised so well, by our standards anyway. All of the materials for the new roof were to be delivered to Seathwaite on Monday morning. We had checked the forecast and we had at least three days of sunshine ahead of us. We had the Summer Wine team lined up, together with some reserves who would be calling in on different days to help. The only thing we could imagine going wrong was that we might find more rotten timber under the old leaking felt than we could deal with in our five days.

We remained optimistic, however, and began tearing off the old roof covering with gusto. The ridge tiles yielded easily to our hammers but the cement bedding stayed firmly fixed to them. We shrugged, "New ridge tiles it is, then." The felt tore off fairly easily but we were confronted by the sight of a million and one nails projecting from the timber decking. We began the bruising and blistering work of removing them. One nail left in would be disastrous. Meanwhile we learned that the delivery man had panicked at the sight of the little bridge at the Seathwaite Road junction and had dropped our materials at Seatoller and run away. The Chairman's car ferried the heavy rolls up to High House. The timber looked remarkably rot-free, with only two tiny areas to repair. The sun shone and we thought that it would all be plain sailing from there.....

By the end of day two the timber work was finished, the nails removed and we were ready to start rebuilding.

Wednesday dawned bright and sunny. Nothing could stop us from finishing the job now we thought.

Rolls of underlay were unfurled, measured meticulously, and cut to size. A worried frown appeared on the Chairman's face. There was a problem. The backing paper refused to part company with the self-adhesive underlay. It was bonded solid and not even a sharp blade would separate them. We tested all the rolls. All fifteen underlays

The weekends guests were arriving and some of us had other plans, family commitments, and needed to be away. We were reduced to making the roof temporarily watertight. We climbed up the newly clad slopes after lunch to find that the roof was so hot in the sun that the new covering was beginning to tear under our feet.

We beat a hasty retreat and kept our fingers crossed.

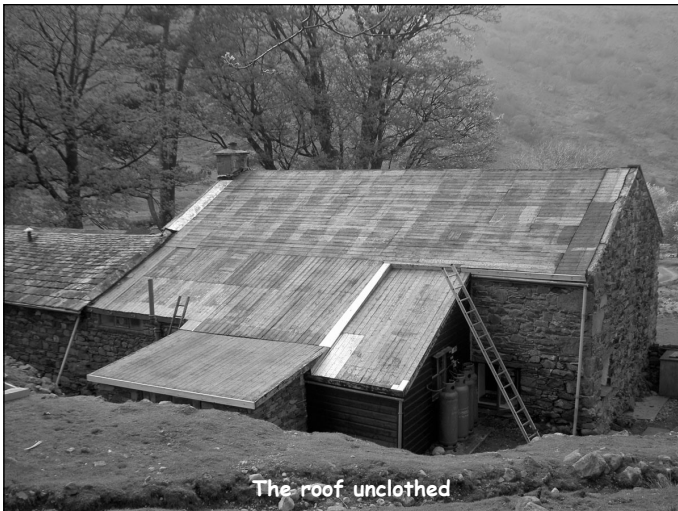
Next Wednesday we returned, finished the top coat of felt and laid the edging flags. We felt that we had reached a defining moment although there was still much work to do. At least the roofing felt itself was protected from storm damage, even if a strong wind with rain would drive water into the many weak spots.

On two more day trips after that, the team, getting smaller in number each time, returned to lay the ridge tiles and seal the roof edges.

What's left to be done now?

Chimney flashings, trimming of all of the felt edges, replacing broken gutters, are still to be done.

It's going to take at least one more day before we can relax and say, "The job's a good 'un. Now, about that kitchen?"



The roof unclothed



The team at work, mostly, on the top-coat

were affected. The top-coat rolls were fine.

A marathon session in the phone box (chap at the other end said : " A phone box? Oh, I didn't know people still used them.) resulted, eventually, in a promise of a delivery of replacement underlay before 9 on the following morning. One day had been lost but other useful jobs were found and there was still considerable optimism that we would have the place watertight by Friday teatime.

At ten o'clock the next morning the rolls had not arrived and the phone calls started again.....

An hour later we were unloading the new rolls and cracking on with the laying work, conscious that almost another half a day had slipped by. We pushed on but, a day later, Friday noon, we were considering contingency plans.



## Leighton Moss

12th May 2006

Paul, Rose, Val, Margaret, Roger, Pete B, Bill, Mike G, Mick

The evening sun shone softly through the bright new foliage as we gathered at the entrance to the centre. With binoculars dangling from (most of) our necks, we strolled the pathways threading through the head-high reeds. Our ambitions were thwarted a little: the bitterns refused to boom and the marsh harriers kept their distance. Ducks, plovers and geese of various species kept the waters alive with their squabbles and shoutings as we sat patiently in the hides.

The sun slipped coyly behind a thin veil of cloud and the evening took on a gentle melancholy air as the light began to fade. As we walked we listened to the bright warblings from the reeds but Paul, feeling the need to compensate us for the lack of excitement, took out his electronic bird-song simulator and gave us a selection of his favourite rude bird calls. It was a.....restful evening, and none the worse for that. Thank you Paul and Rose.



A Quiet Evening at Leighton Moss

## Crook Evening Walk

16th May 2006

Krysia, Roger, Walter, Gary, Mike G, Mick

Perhaps the threatening sky kept a few of the 'evening regulars' away. Certainly the windscreen wipers were used on the drive to Crook Memorial Hall and we all wore or carried waterproofs. Those that did arrive were keen, however. The Chairman remarked that it must be a Fellfarer record -5 of us were early! The rain stopped and the air was clear as we set off. Krysia led us across the fields to Crook Hall. We could see the ruined tower of Crook old church nearby but that was to be saved for our return. We passed more farms: High Leys and Low Fold, remarkable for their untidiness, before climbing a little hill to look down on the gull-packed Bolton Tarn.

A stile led us onto the common land that is Lord's Lot. Mike pointed out all the farms around that he had worked on when he was a lad. He remembered coming to Lord's Lot, along with all the other local farm lads to scythe bracken for animal bedding. He told us the cut bracken was taken away by horse and cart.

Walter was searching for an 'interesting' stone. He found it, carved initials and a date being just visible. This was a puzzle: it appeared to be a boundary stone but common land shouldn't have had a boundary across it. Was it a gravestone? If so. Why was it carved on both sides? Does anyone have any answers?

Blue patches of sky were appearing now and sunlight dappled the fields and woodland around us. The gorse was smothered with gorgeous gold blooms as we picked our way down through it to the road near Starthwaite Ghyll.

A short burst along the road led us to another bridleway and then on to another untidy farm: Birk Moss and thence to the ruin of St Catherine's Church. Only the tower remains but it is worth a visit if you are passing that way. A plaque gives a brief history.



Thank you Krysia for an excellent walk; the scenery in this area is delightful and the fields and hedgerows were full of interest. Another brilliant evening.

*More photos - page 13*

## THINGS ABOUT CLIMBING YOU LEARN FROM EXPERIENCE

by Charles Arthur Mar

*Experience, it's said, is the teacher that won't let you skip classes. While there are truckloads of books that will explain what a rockover is and how to tie a Figure 8, how many are there which honestly give beginners the information they need - the sort of thing that somebody who's been at it for years just knows? That's right. None.*

*Here's a list of things which will help you survive at the crag, in your tent, on the moors and most importantly in the pub when you come to tell your tale of why it all went wrong.*

### CLASSIC CLIMBS AND CLIMBERS

The reason those chimneys are graded V.Diff is so nobody has to do them - if they were given HVS everyone would have given up climbing ages ago.

Those routes were all done before sticky boots, you know. Routes put up by Joe Brown are always hard for the grade. When Johnny Dawes wears a hat like that, he doesn't look like a prat. You, however, are not Johnny Dawes.

### LEADING

If you wear a helmet, you will bang it on every overhanging piece of rock on a route.

You always spend more time avoiding falling than falling.

A confident attitude and a full rack will get you to places that you may regret.

Skilful use of tongue and teeth will get you the wire from the krab when you're hanging from one hand....but try not to think how clean the wire's last placement was.

You will always find a perfect jug and protection placement just after you have struggled endlessly and nearly fallen off trying to place some fiddly pro, which even when it finally went in you were a bit doubtful about.

Flexible Friends are a gift from God when you're in a bad situation.

If you're wobbling on the crux and a passing tourist shouts "Oil Are you doing Everest next week?" it's considered impolite to tell them to b\*gg\*r off.

### BELAYING/SECONDING

When belaying, stand up until the leader has clipped the first bolt or piece of gear. It's easier to dodge if he or she falls off than if you're sitting down.

You always spend more time waiting to climb than climbing.

Leaders always place gear where you want to put your fingers, and always put it there after climbing that bit so it doesn't trouble them.

The gear you had to pull up on will then get stuck.

Don't look up when someone above you shouts "BELOW!!"

Flexible Friends are the spawn of the devil when your tired and you're in a strenuous position and they've walked into the crack.

### GRADINGS/GUIDEBOOKS

Just because the guidebook says a route's there doesn't mean you'll be able to work out where the line goes.

Just because there's chalk on it doesn't mean you'll be able to work out where the line goes.

Just because there's someone leading it doesn't mean you'll be able to see where the line goes.

Routes that feel easy for the grade are.

Routes that feel hard for the grade aren't.

For any grade, the easier it looks from the ground, the harder it will be once you're on it.

The guidebook statement "A popular choice for a first E1" doesn't necessarily mean it's easy for that grade.

New editions of a guidebook will have nothing new at your grade, but will have upgraded loads of VDiff's to VS's and downgraded E7's to E6's.

### "WALL-BRED" CLIMBERS

You're outdoors now. You don't need all that chalk.

Just because there's chalk on it doesn't mean it's a hold.

Despite all the time you've spent honing your body, it's actually colder outside than indoors, so keep your shirt on.

Having shiny new gear doesn't impress anyone except the bloke in the shop you bought it from. He's on commission.

Just because you don't know how to do a hand or fist jam doesn't mean you won't need to do it on the next route.

Few things are more amusing to watch (and listen to) than people who have "led an E1 indoors" trying to lead their first VS jamming crack.

There is no such thing as a painless hand jam.

Laybacking hurts less than jamming until you fall off.

### CAMPING AND REFRESHMENT

There is no comfortable way to sleep on a slope.

Petrol stoves are a bad idea in a tent. So are paraffin ones.

Drinking Snakebite the night before does not improve your chances of pushing your grade next day.

Drinking lemonade the night before is just feeble.

Drinking alcopops the night before is not a "happy medium".

When camping, take an empty two-litre orange juice bottle with a screw-on cap with you. You'll understand why when, having drunk seven pints and passed out, you wake up and realise it's pouring down and freezing cold outside.

Never drink out of orange juice bottles at camping sites in the morning, especially if you have a hangover.

Sleeping bags and tents never fit back into their stuffsac.

### WINTER AND ALPINE CLIMBING

Being uncomfortable is what it's all about.

You always spend more time walking to the climb than climbing.

Alpine crevasses are much easier to find if you're not wearing a rope.

When you buy your first pair of gloves for winter climbing, buy an identical pair at the same time.

Don't hold krabs, pegs, or in fact anything metal in your mouth when ice climbing.

If the locals are turning back at the end of the walk-in, it's for a very good reason.

No amount of cosy ice-axe arrest practice prepares you for the reality of somersaulting down a steep slope at high speed with a long drop at the end of it.

### MISCELLANY

Good climbers make hard climbs look easy.

Bad climbers make easy climbs look hard.

Make sure you have your car keys when leaving the crag, especially if it's a downhill walk.

The last route of the day always takes longer than you think it will.

Learn the Italian Hitch before, not after, you drop your belay device down a cliff and are forced to use it.

Don't stand around gawping at the end of a long, rapid abseil unless you want to see how quickly a hot Figure 8 can melt your rope.

Expensive clothes will not make you climb better, though they may keep you warmer (or cooler) while you're failing.

You can hit someone harder with a large Hex than with a large Friend.

Owning every climbing video ever made may seem impressive to you, but it says bad things about your social life.

Beer towels really are the ideal size for cleaning climbing shoes, which is why pub landlords are so attentive if you're wearing a fleece.

Tales of your success will travel slowly, if at all. Tales of your failures/accidents/epics will develop a life of their own and spread faster than you can deny them.



Above and below: Fellfarers on Lord's Lot  
16th May



**Mountaineering Madness:**

Question: Which mountain was climbed with the aid of a picture torn from the label off a tin of processed meat?

Answer: Mount Kenya in 1943 by the Italian mountaineer Felice Benuzzi. He was a prisoner of war, held in Nanyuki POW camp in Kenya. He made crampons from the mudguards of scrapped vehicles, high altitude climbing suits from blankets and fabricated ice axes, tents and a flag for the summit! He escaped with two comrades, climbed the mountain and then re-turned to the prison camp, 'breaking in' undetected before giving themselves up.  
Read it all in 'No Picnic on Mount Kenya' by Felice Benuzzi!



## Walk/Meal - Coniston to Langdale

20th May 2006

As I sit in my study gazing at the Lakeland fells, I can only cast my mind back to wonderful days roaming these hills. (Sorry about this I've just read a book by Harry Griffin and I think I'm turning into him) As you all will probably know I had a slight mishap while climbing the other evening, and I think I am going a bit mad, so as I will be laid up for a couple of months I can only read about mountaineering, the good thing is though I am still in one piece.

Any way back to the article in question Coniston to Langdale what a tempter that is, cutting through the best fells in the south lakes but unfortunately on the day that we did it, you had to use your imagination a bit for the weather on the day wasn't that brilliant to say the least.

So on the morning of our walk there were only a hand full of Fellfarers present, Myself, Walter and Krysia. But not being daunted by the bad weather we waited for our bus to arrive and so it did bang on time. The first shock of the day though, occurred when we got on the bus, "single to Coniston please". "£7.05." Came the reply from the Driver after a deep gasp of breath we paid up, but when Walter asked the same question with his over sixty bus pass he got it for free so you could say every cloud has a silver lining.

So with out further ado, off we set on our travels when we arrived at Ambleside there where more reinforcements with John and Caroline Walsh joining the party. When we arrived at Coniston the day was a little brighter, so we set off up the Copper Mines Valley and up on to Swirl How where the weather closed in again and me as meet leader had all the responsibility of the route finding, but not wanting to impose myself on the party I left the job up to Walter and John, and what a good job they did. (Because my navigation can be a bit erratic at the best of times but I didn't tell them that) So as we headed through the mist we duly arrived at the top of Wrynose Pass as if like magic, then the weather picked up for the last part of the walk over into Langdale.

When we arrived at the Dungeon Ghyll we had a well-earned pint and the first one was kindly supplied by Walter by way of compensation for having a free bus ride, so every cloud really does have a silver lining.

Bill Hogarth

## The Fellfarers 'Caving for All' Evening

Tuesday 23rd May 2006

Gary, Krysia, Peter G, Walter, Hugh, Angie, Mick

The poor weather forecast seemed to put off some of the regular cavers and perhaps some would-be beginners too. As it happened the rain held off although a cruel cold wind was blowing up Kingsdale as we donned helmets and wellies. This was a 'first time ever' for Angie.

A brisk walk up to the little valley behind Wackenburgh Hill took us to the covered concrete pipe that is the entrance to Illusion Pot. One by one we descended the ladders in the forty foot shaft.

At the bottom we began the crawling. Most of it was hands and-knees but occasionally we found ourselves wriggling flat out through muddy water and watery mud. Walter managed to light his hand-held 'Old Stinky'. It's odd that the quality of light from the old carbide lamps has never been bettered by modern lights, although some of the party were not pleased to be reminded of the smell of burnt acetylene.

Small chambers and rift passages allowed us to get upright and examine the superb decorations. Straws of up to two or three feet were quite common, some of them appearing translucent in the multitude of lights playing on them. Curtains banded in chocolate and cream colours and looking good enough to eat hung in niches along the passage and beautiful gower pools and flowstones appeared at regular intervals.

We had expected to reach a duck which would need baling before we could pass it but there has been considerable digging activity here recently and someone had already baled most of the water out. Not enough though to prevent the cold water reaching the tenderest parts of our various anatomies on the crawl through.

We were now in Dale Barns Cave, apparently, and the way went on to reveal more beautiful calcite decorations before we were stopped by 'hard stuff'. On returning, an upper passage gave us a side trip over gravel banks and around big fallen boulders to see bright red carrot-like stalactites and then a large chamber with a ceiling which gave the best display of straws in the cave.

We returned through the crawls and climbed the ladders to find that it was still gloomy grey daylight in the outer world. We stood like a herd of cows in Kingsdale Beck to wash the worst of the mud off before changing into pub clothes.

A lack of communication meant that we ended up in two pubs. The Marton Arms is now 'off limits' to some because of beer prices and a No Smoking policy. Three of us didn't know this and sat quietly waiting there while the others were pouring ale down their necks in the Wheatsheaf in Ingleton.

It was, however, an excellent evening caving trip and our thanks go to Gary for organising it.



## Walters Woodland Walk No. 3

### Tuesday 6th June 2006.....The Day of the Devil 6.6.6



It was a nice big turn-out of 20 members; count 'em yourself in the photo; on a lovely summer evening. Mr Walshaw guided us through the dense woodland south of Witherslack by little-known and sometimes non-existent paths. Some of the delights included the sighting of beautiful pale Butterfly Orchids, the scaling of the heights above Cat Crag Farm (all of 26 metres above sea level) the exploration of the excellent little Fairy Cave in the extensive crag bordering Nichols Moss, and the traverse of the Moss itself.

Nichols Moss is by unanimous vote 'a strange place', a large open area ringed by woodland and covered with heath, fern and bilberry, it is dotted sparsely with tall Scots Pines in a way that is very uncharacteristic of our part of the world.

A brief spell on tarmac turned us north and then eastwards and, too soon, we were heading back towards our starting point. Tumbled walls, barely visible in the undergrowth indicated former dwellings, and a very different life from ours of today. We returned to the world of garden centres and converted barns at Halecat, becoming well strung-out as we walked the last few fields to the silent and empty Derby Arms.

A convoy of cars took us all to the Crown at High Newton for the traditional ending to a grand evening walk.

Thank you Walter.

## Treasure Hunt

14.06.2006

*Billy the Wheels, Ali the Pusher, Richard, John and Caroline, Fred, Peter, Walter, Val and Steve, Mick*

"Hey, it's easy, this. The first one is an anagram of Bridge Hotel and the second one must be Sand Aire House<sup>1</sup>...I could almost do this at a run. I've already caught Walter and Peter up. Now, Finkle Street: 'water and figs', what kind of a clue is that? I can't see anything remotely watery or figgy. Aaargh I'm wasting time and I can't get it. ....W & P are getting away and Val & Steve have caught me up. Val generously offers: 'Oasis'. Of course, it's bloomin' obvious. And that date there is the next one, and the one after that's dead easy. I'm motoring now, hardly having the time to write the answers.....Stuck again. I've been walking this stretch of Stricklandgate for what seems like hours now. What 'brothers' does Sacky mean?.....Ahaa, 16 Coats of Arms on the Bridge. I bet nobody else thought to look for the ones overlooking the river<sup>2</sup>. I'm really cracking on now and the whole thing is just too easy.....'Royal yearning'? I just don't get it and I've spent far too long on Wildman Street. That 'lady' keeps giving me funny looks. I'll write 'Prince of Wales Feathers and hope for the best<sup>3</sup>....."and now the end is near"; I'm yards from Castle Inn, stuck on the last clue and everyone else is enjoying pints and pointing at me and mocking. I see no 'Bird of Prey'. Peter puts a foaming pint on the table for me and I give in. Beaten. But that pint tastes good. Thank you Ian, for an enjoyable, if rather humbling, evening.

<sup>1</sup> it wasn't

<sup>2</sup> they did

<sup>3</sup> Victoria Pine of course



## FROM THE ARCHIVES

### Re: JACK HEAP in the last journal

Jack Heap or 'Mucadar' as he was known to all his mates was a local lad who worked in the Gold Cross Section of \*K\* Shoes. He was a member of the Kendal Lads Club along with Peter O'Loughlin, Wally Sanderson, Freddie Grant, Eric Martindale, Bill Ingall and myself- all working at 'K' Shoes apart from Bill Ingall. The Lads Club in Castle Street was run by Dickie Pickthall and we all made our own canoes which we sailed on the River Kent and Windermere and Derwentwater Lakes. We also all made our own ash skis -the wood obtained from Staveley Bobbin Mill and when shaped was steamed for us by Ron Berry of Berry and Blacows in Highgate.

In these pursuits we were encouraged by Leslie Somervell who loaned us his two seater folding canoes and showed a keen interest in all our activities.

We applied and obtained from the National Association of Boys Clubs a £50 grant to start the first Mountaineering Section for Boys Clubs in the Country. With this vast sum we headed for Keswick to each buy a pair of climbing boots and three ropes (60,100,120 ft. in length).

Our boots were all nailed with clinker and triconis nails by Harry Nelson at 'K' Shoes on the Cobbling Bench. This was the start of a happy three years or so in the Lakes and at the \*K' Hut before all of us joined the Armed Forces. Jack went in January, 1943 to join the Scots Guards at Purbright in Surrey. It was there that I last saw Jack - hitch-hiking up from the Naval Wireless College at Eastbourne, thankful of a break from trying to fathom all the intricacies of the Japanese Navel Code. We spent the afternoon together, Jack looking very fit but his training was so disciplined that he never seemed to relax.

He then joined the Second Battalion Guards in Italy, being wounded in the summer of 1944. He was then wounded again in action in Northern Italy near Monte Del Verro on 2<sup>nd</sup> January, 1945 The citation stating that whilst during heavy fighting for three hours in pitch darkness and extreme cold where he jumped from his slit trench in face of an attack by a strong German force and firing from the hip chased them back.

Exposing himself he continued to fire from the flank and to showers of grenades Jack rallied his men to fling back two further attacks with enemy losses on both occasions and although wounded, insisted on remaining with his section till the following morning when the charge of further attacks was past.

For his gallantry he was awarded the Military Medal.

He moved on with his Battalion up north east Italy and was killed on 24<sup>th</sup> April, 1945 on the eve of Germany's surrender. He was buried at ARGENTA GAP War Cemetery. He was just 20 years old - a waste of a real grand lad. His father was presented with Mucadar's Military Medal by the War Office.

Myers Ferguson



**At the 'K' Hostel October 1943**

From left to right: Jack Heap, Audrey Ferguson, Walt Dennison, Peter O'Loughlin, Bill Ingall, Geoff Sharpe

**In Memory of  
Lance Corporal JOHN HEAP  
MM**

**2701419, Scots Guards  
who died age 20  
on 24 April 1945  
Son of Thomas and Edith Heap, of Kendal, Westmorland  
Remembered with honour  
ARGENTA GAP WAR CEMETERY**



**Commemorated in perpetuity by  
the Commonwealth War Graves Commission**



**Another extract from The K Fellfarers' Journal of 1945**  
 (This one had the spell-checker on my computer blowing steam out of it's ears) :

## TALES OF BORROWDALE

Yes, gay funny things have happened in Borrowdale in my time. Do I remember High House being lived in ? Why yes, old G. lived there—have you never heard the tale of Black Sal ? G. had something to do with that. Would you like to hear it—are you interested ? We sat back, Mr. Nuttall at one side of the fire and Mrs. Nuttall at the other. Mr. and Mrs. Park (son-in-law and daughter), A.M.C. and I completed the semi-circle, each one of us seated either in an old fashioned rocker or some other comfortable chair. Logs burned brightly on the kitchen fire, giving warmth and a mellow light to the room with its old beams blackened with age and well supplied with hooks from which hung the home cured hams and sides. The kettle warmed on the hob, to be used later for the numerous cups of tea we would consume before the evening was over ; the cats purred contentedly on the pegged rug at our feet. In this setting, the kitchen of Side House, a typical old Lakeland farm, the " Tales of Borrowdale " were unfolded by Mr. Nuttall, a native of that valley, in the natural speech of a dalesman, *with* the rare sense of humour peculiar to these people of the Valley heads. And now dear reader, I present Mr. W. Nuttall, Mountain View, Borrowdale, with Black Sal and Sky.

### BLACK SAL THE BORROWDALE STAG

W. NUTTALL

Did ah ivver tell yeh t'te'al aboot Black Sal T'Borrowdale Stag ? No ?

Weel noo, Sal was a girt hefty wench an' leaved in a laal hoose at Rostwaite wid her mudder. Sal hed a he'ed on her like a dog. In fact 't was oalas sed she was weel cum't on her mudder's side, bit her fadder was a mystey.

Sal mainly me'ad her leev'n be hand weev'n Herdwick woo' an' pilfer'n fra't oald wad whols at Sea'waite. And teh git away wid t'latter part ev her perfe'shun she hed teh be gaily nacky. Any wad she gat ho'ald on was mainly be neet wark. An darker an wilder t'neet better 't was fer Sal. She cud gallop thru " steel" wood an " Clwose " eh darkest neet, nivver mak'n a mistak eh direckshun. An if anybody was ligg'n wait on her 't was thowt she cud smell them lang afwor she gat nar them an' wad tak' anudder smoot.

Her wad was sell't teh Jews at use't teh cum teh t' Geworge Hotel, Kes'ick. Bit eh them days 't was ca'at Bunch O Grapes, an if yeh leut abeun 't doo-er ye'll see a bunch o grapes carv't on t' lintle.

Sal carri't on wid her pilfer'n till t'mine oaners gat gaily snirpy aboot it. Neah matter what kin' o' traps they set for her she was oalus yan up on them. They had her hoose sarch't an cud'nt fi-ind owt.

Then yan o't fwormen neamt G.... sed "what, yea'll nivver catch t' bitch ez lang ez D.... on watchman. Put me on an' ah'll se'un hev her rea-apt up." Seah D.... was displeac't an' G.... gat t' job. He lee'vt at Heigh Hoose, and was part farmer part miner and watchman, an carri't a girt lang bell mooth't gun le'adn wid horse shoe stumps, sparrables and " seck like. (Lword help Sal if ivver she was frunt t' bizzness end o' that when t' trigger was eh gud fworm.)

Hoo'ivver Sal was still lod'n her fworm. An' mair wad was miss'n. Than they fetch't blewd hoo'ns. They wad'nt hunt Sal an oalus teuk ghem teh Heigh Hoose. G.... sed t' hoo'ns, hed te'an a spite at hem an' war neah gud. Seah he was sent back in'teh t'mine teh work (an he was watch't an 'oa).

Efter that a manx man com' wid twea girt ruff leaukin' dogs ez big ez donkeys. They war walk't thru steel wood Clwose, an oa roond a'tween t'wad mines and Rostwaite, smell'n roond Sal when ivver they cud git a snifter.

An yah dark stwormy neet Sal hed what pre'uv't teh be her last run. She was kno'n teh her met G.... an' agat a le'aad o' wad. An' t' hunt was up. 'Twas a lang run ; Sal te'uk t' beck across teh varra n'ar Thorneywaite an' cr'cap in under twea girt steans eh Banks breest. Theer t' hoon's fa'and her and re'aave her teh ribbins like a fox in a whol.

Wad eh them days was valible (about 40s. a pund), an' wen t'minders finish't wark they war stark ne'ak't sarch't teh sea if they war carry'n any wad away. Suspishun was on G.... bit nivver a pickly o'wad was teh be fu'nd on hem. Seah a fella was set teh work wid hem and watch hem. Efter a lang while, fra informashun furnish't he was catch't. He hed me'ad what eh them days was quite a fortun ; in fact he o'ant a farm et Wyburn and anudder et Grasmer.

#### EDITOR'S NOTES

Black Sal was a native of Borrowdale at the time when the (Plumbago) Wad mines at Seathwaite were being worked. Plumbago was very valuable ; it was known that quantities were being stolen and Black Sal was suspected, but she could never be caught! For years this loss was suffered until, in the end, blood hounds were brought on the scene. Black Sal was caught and torn to pieces by the hounds near Thornythaite. G.... was one of Black Sal's accomplices : he lived at High House, now the Hostel. He was eventually caught.

Extract from " English Lakes "—John Baron.

" WAD HOLE MOOR. Borrowdale got its name from the Wad or Black Lead mines there. It was known in the time of Elizabeth and is mentioned in Camden. It formerly belonged to the Monks of Furness along with the Manor of Borrowdale ; at the dissolution it became crown property. Jews came to the George Hotel, Keswick, to buy the wad. The workmen's huts were built at the entrance to the mines, and in these the workmen could change before entering and again on leaving, under inspection, the Wad being too valuable for any to be carried away.

**Note: the second of Mr Nuttall's tales 'Skylanderous' will appear in the next 'Fellfarer'**

# July

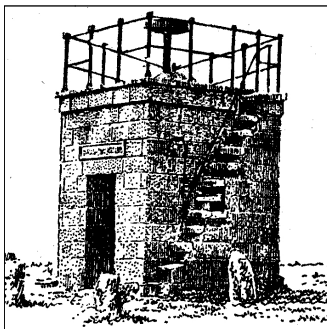
The committee will meet on Tuesday 11th July at the Rifleman's Arms. You are invited. Come . Oh please do come.

7-8th July  
High House



Is reserved for  
Fellfarers

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



And

when its all over:  
Refreshments at  
The Commodore

For more information, ring John Peat .

Tuesday 18th July  
John Walsh's  
Riverside Walk

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

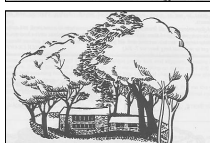


Refreshments at the  
refurbished  
**Strickland Arms**

Details: John. 01539 726235

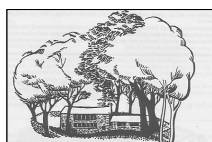
# August

July 28th-Aug 27th  
High House



A Whole  
Month!

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



Saturday 5th August  
Woo Hoo !  
It's Fellrace Weekend !



Sign up  
mar-  
job  
bathing and ticking off numbers for  
a couple of hours) and you get a  
free breakfast and free entry to  
the evening knees-up. It's bonkers!  
Ring **Peter Goff** to put your name  
down.....do it now!

for a  
shalling  
(sun-

25-27th August 2006  
**MOIDART**  
Camping / Bunkhouse  
Meet at Glenuig  
OS Landranger sheet 40  
GR 671773

There was only a small turn-  
out for this meet last year but  
those that did go enjoyed it so  
much that they are returning.  
Why not join them and experi-  
ence the magic of this  
'forgotten area' of Scotland?

'Climbing, canoeing and hillwalk-  
ing' in unsurpassed scenery'

Information on the bunkhouse  
and the campsite is available from  
Kryisia

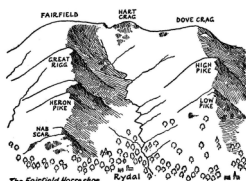


# September

The committee will meet on Tuesday 12th September at the Rifleman's Arms. You can come along with the confidence that the editor will not try to bum a pint off you, mainly because he won't be there.....

## Saturday 9th September WALK / MEAL

Rydal to Ambleside by the Fairfield Horseshoe  
(Suggested poor weather alternative: via



White Moss Common to Grasmere, return by Silver How and Loughrigg)

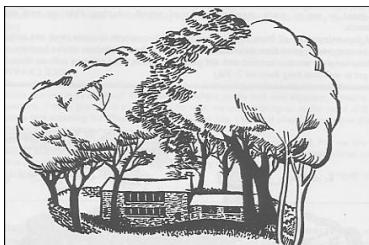
The bus leaves Kendal bus station at 10.30 am and Windermere railway station at 11.03 am, arriving at Rydal at 11.24 am.

Return buses leave Kelsick road, Ambleside at 7.25, 8.49 and 11.18 pm.

More info: Roger Atkinson

## 15 - 16th September Working Weekend

Best time to go to the Hut, everyone knows!



For the men:

There's a retaining wall to move back and a base for a big boulder to build and a dam to reconstruct.....

For the ladies:

There's a retaining wall to move back and a base for a big boulder to build and a dam to reconstruct.....

Don't forget the Borrowdale Show on Sunday.

## Sunday 24th September The Editor's Walk

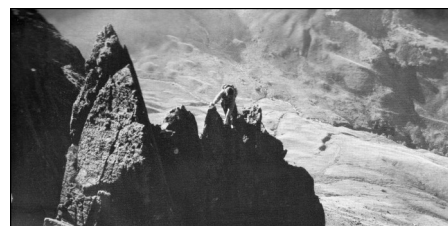
and a bit of scrambling, if you want to, Starting from Glenridding and ascending St Sunday's Crag by Pinnacle Ridge.

Ropes and guidance will be available for those who require it. The ridge is easily avoidable for those who want to miss out the scramble and there will be a 'poor weather' alternative.

Bring your camera!

Meet in Patterdale at about 10 am

For exact details (and to share transport) you will need to contact the Editor



# October

## 6-7th October High House

Just kidding. It'll be sunny, honest.



The committee will meet on Tuesday 10th October at the Rifleman's Arms. Unfortunately the Editor will be at this one so you may want to do your drinking at the Black Swan, or you could sit outside on a bench on the Green and sup cider from a bottle in a brown paper bag. I know what you're like, you lot..

## FRIDAY 13TH OCTOBER

Celebrate the anniversary of the death of the Roman Emperor Claudius I in 54 AD

With a:

## NIGHT WALK



## ON LOUGHRIGG

Start time 6.30

(just after sunset)

At Clappersgate

More details in the next newsletter but, if you have a headtorch and you are interested, let the Editor know.

## 23-28th October High House



## Half-Term Week

**CLUB OFFICIALS****1**

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

**Trustees:** **Alan Bryan**  
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**Gordon Pitt**  
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**Peter Ford**  
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**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**

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**Next Edition of the Fellfarer:**

Beginning of October, so material for publication  
by 8th September, please.

