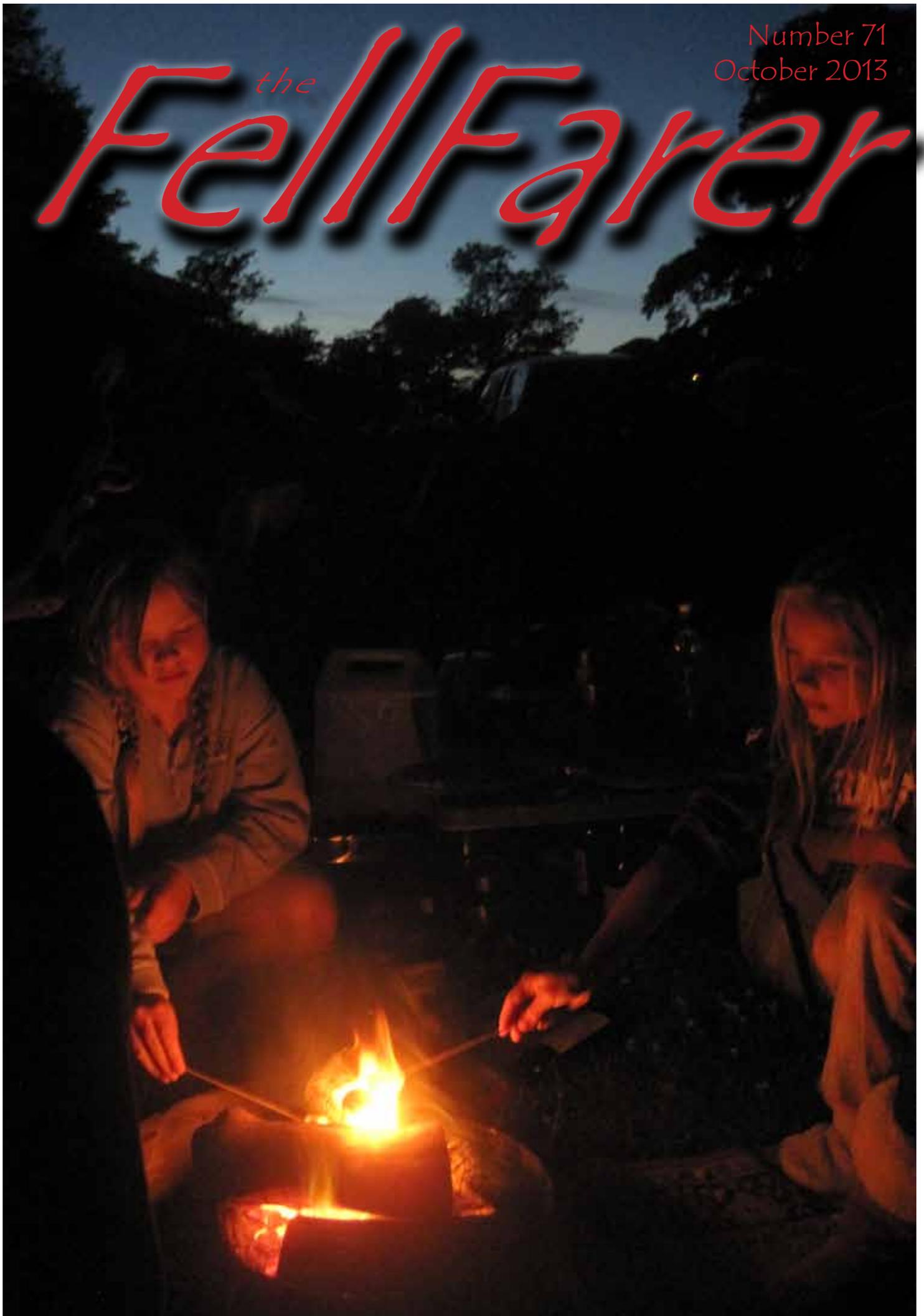


Number 71
October 2013

the FellFarer



Editorial

Sometimes you get a photograph that you know just has to be the front page picture. Sometimes you don't and you struggle to find any reasonable picture that will do. Then, perversely, they seem to come along like buses - too many all at the same time.

That's how it was this time; I had several photographs that would have all made great front cover shots. So which one to choose?

Well, most of the contenders were of the Shinscrapers on the crags around Kendal on Thursday evenings but there was just this one, a happy accident, taken in the dark at the campsite on the shore of Ullswater. I asked the Secretary to choose and she answered without hesitation. I was pleased. She was right so I used it.

Thanks you to this issue's contributors: John Peat, Paul East, Sarah, Matt and Emma Jennings, Helen Speed, Alec Reynolds, Joan Abbot, David Birkett, Ruth Joyce, Peter and Nat Blamire

Ed.

Cover Photograph:

**Jess Walsh and Kirsten Ball toasting marshmallows,
The Water Weekend
Side Farm Campsite. 6th July 2013**

Deadline for contributions for the next *Fellfare*:
1st December 2013

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Each Fellfarer has an individual Membership Number
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Ramblers Website: www.ramblers.org.uk
Fellfarers RA Membership Number: New Number TBA
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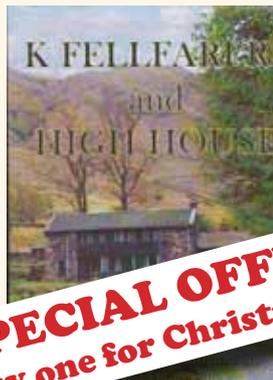
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High House (and farm) Postcode: **CA12 5XJ**
High House OS ref: (Explorer OL4) GR 235119
High House Guest Night Fees: £5 p.p.p.n.



SPECIAL OFFER
Buy one for Christmas!

WE HAVE A LIMITED NUMBER OF COPIES OF "K Fellfarers and High House" AVAILABLE AT THE DISCOUNTED RATE OF **£22.50.**

(When these few are sold the price will revert to the original £25)

The complete history of the Club and its hut, including what High House looked like in the 1500s and in later years, the history of the farmers and wad-miners who lived there through the centuries, the story of the formation of K Fellfarers and how they found and rebuilt High House, memories of members' early days at High House, the exploits and achievements of Fellfarers over the years, and much more.

"First impressions are fantastic. I was almost in tears. Thanks for all the effort in producing the book. It just became a family heirloom." A O'Loughlin.

248 pages, profusely illustrated with photographs, maps, and drawings.

available via the website: www.kfellfarers.co.uk
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We heard, with great sadness, of the death in June of John Alcock - a Fellfarer for some 50 years. He, with his wife Mary, had faced a long illness with courage and good humour so that he was able to end his life at home with her. They were very much family people, with four children and now many grandchildren.

John was a great outdoors man. He had a big garden which he really worked at. He greatly enjoyed the fells. He led all his children to enjoy and respect the fells - with a frequent complaint that the length of the walks and heights to be climbed were always more than promised! He joined many group walks with the Fellfarers over the years and enjoyed his visits to High House.

He worked at K Shoes and was always involving himself in something new. He was one of three Factory Accountants in a newly-created role in 1966 and went on from that in 1970 to manage the adaptations of K's systems and records for decimalization in 1971. From then on, for some twenty years, he was progressively involved in changes in manufacturing methods as changes came - new products, children's shoes, new ways of making shoes, the directly moulded soles for K Unimoks which morphed into K Springers, and finally completely new sources of closed uppers from India. Even after retirement from K Shoes he greatly appreciated an opportunity to go to China with Robert Perkins to see shoe and other manufacturers there.

This eagerness for something new was there in his physical activities too. He took on the really tough 'Great Outdoors Challenge' several times, the last at the age of 76, and in his sixties tried something quite new, 3 expeditions on a Sail Training Ship - one crossing the Bay of Biscay.

All Fellfarers who know John will have fond memories and we extend our warmest sympathies to Mary and their family.

John Peat
10th September 2013



Paul's a Wainwright Completer!

Congratulations to Paul East who has now reached the summits of all 214 Wainwrights. He finished with an ascent of Lingmell. Here he is celebrating at the fine summit cairn with Rose on Tuesday 27th August 2013. Rose suggested that he now tackle a new list; perhaps the 8,000 metre summits. Shouldn't be too difficult - there are only 14 of them in the whole world.

HALF TERM AT HIGH HOUSE

24-26th May 2013

Sarah, Matt & Emma Jennings



Bank holiday weekend at the beginning of half term was another fun weekend with friends and sunshine. On Saturday, a group of us spent a while at the hut trying to plan a walk. It quickly became apparent that the main criterion was that it ended at the ice-cream shop in Buttermere. The result was a lovely (Emma says long) walk up Grasmoor. It was a hot sunny day and our choice of route up followed the beck, sheltered from the wind and baking in the sun. We were all pleased to pop out onto the saddle into the cooling breeze.....which quickly became the freezing wind. After reaching the summit, we sped down into Buttermere, tired legs forgotten, the children running ahead to be first in the queue for ice-cream.

Sunday brought more families to join us. Most of us spent the day around Jonny's wood geocaching. There were 12 geocaches in the circuit, some trickier to find than others. One of them nearly had us stumped when we were unable to open the padlock because we had not looked at some information earlier in the walk. A bit of ingenious calculating, a lot of patience and a logical approach did the trick and we were able to tick them all off. 3 Walshes, the more energetic members of the party, decided against rambling around Jonny's wood & instead ran/walked a large chunk of the Borrowdale fell race route.....in training for a future race? As ever, the weekend was full of laughter, relaxation, fresh air and.....alcohol. A typical weekend at the hut.





The Lune Valley – An Evening Walk

Tuesday 4th June 2013

Words: Helen Speed

Photos: Alec Reynolds

Starting from the Greyhound in Halton on a beautiful sunny evening the intrepid crew, consisting of Tony, Sandra, Roger, Margaret, Fred, Jean, Val, Alec and Helen, set off first of all on a history tour at St Wilfrid's Church.

Tony told us that the Halton Cross (*top and 2nd left*), which stands in the churchyard, is believed to have been carved over 1000 years ago by the Vikings.

After the history lesson we headed along the river Lune, past Sandra's old employer's premises where we stopped to look at the 'hidden' seated area with mosaic decoration (*bottom left*) by the river that Sandra used to visit in breaks from work.

We walked on up the river along the bank and through gentle woodland where we viewed shows of bluebells and ramsons before continuing on to Crook o'Lune. Here we dropped down to the riverbank again and walked another mile or so upstream to Waterworks Bridge where the Thirlmere aqueduct takes water from the Lake District to Manchester. Here we crossed this fine Victorian structure, to return along the opposite bank. There were good views of Clougha Pike and the Yorkshire peaks (*below*).

Eventually we reached the old railway road bridges, and walked back along the Millennium Route to the closed Halton railway station where we crossed the river and headed back to the 'Hound' for a welcome pint.

The 3rd KFF Continental Camping Meet

The Vercors National Park, France

15-22nd June 2013



This year we chose somewhere nearer to home than 2012's Dolomite trip: **The Vercors**. Usually the next question is: where's that? The map (left, ringed) shows the location: southwest of Grenoble and just west, but distinct from, the French Alps. It's a big broken plateau, towering about 3,000 feet above the surrounding countryside, the fortress-like cliffs (title picture, above) only breaking enough to allow road access in 3 places. On the plateau pleasant woods and farmland belie the drama of the place. Some of you will remember that several members were there a few years ago with Kendal Caving Club on a successful two-week expedition, led by Rose East, to reach the bottom of the Gouffre Berger, which only 50 years ago was the deepest known pothole in the world. Some of us returned a couple of years after that for more caves and some walking.

Anyway, this time we weren't there to plunge into the darkness below. Airy limestone peaks and sunshine was what we were after. Just seven of us managed to navigate our way across France for this year's Camping Meet. We had all travelled our different ways to arrive on the prearranged campsite amid the meadows of Autrans: Margaret and Roger Atkinson, Val and Colin Hunter, Joan Abbott, and Clare and Mick Fox. Margaret and Roger arrived a day early and commandeered a big grassy area for us to pitch the tents and park the vans.

The week began with a pleasant short walk to get a feel for the place. We drove up through forest and grassy ski-runs to the northeast edge of the plateau at La Moliere (*middle left*). The whole of the eastern horizon was filled with the snowy mountains of the Alps, the Ecrins massif being foremost. There was a haze in the distance which prevented good quality photography but the detail was clear to the naked eye. We rambled along the ridge southwards. Although we were on a high vantage point there were grassy alpine meadows below us before the ground plunged down towards Grenoble so there was no sense of vertigo - that was to come later in the week!

The walking was gentle, the sunshine was warm, and the flowers were beautiful. A little track down onto the meadows below marked the limit of our exploration and we descended to return amidst yet more flowers. A refuge, busy providing lunch for dozens of locals, managed to squeeze us in for coffee. We realised, over the last mile back to the cars, that many of the French families around us were strolling with arms full of flowers - all picked from the fields around us! Questions about the morality of what they were doing were answered with a Gallic shrug.

Next on the agenda was the 'must-see' showcave of the region, Les Grottes de Choranche. A tarmac road winds above the Bourne Gorge and across the huge limestone Choranche cliff to give access to the tiny tunnel excavated into the centre of it. Inside we were treated to an overwhelming display of limestone 'decorations' with perhaps the best being countless thousands of pure white straws (*bottom left*), known locally as 'macaroni', some of them as much as 10 feet long. After viewing many other wonders there we were escorted up a long flight of steps into an upper chamber for a 'Son et Lumiere' display. Very dramatic.



To complete our touristic day we continued down the gorge to Pont en Royan, where a bridge which once gave the only access to the Vercors became a focal point for commerce and buildings were put up on a site so restricted that many of the rooms project over the river on wooden cantilevers and stilts (*top right*). We explored the steep cobbled streets in energy-sapping heat and were delighted to find a cafe terrace with a big fountain, multiple jets of fine spray blowing from the pavement, to wander through to cool off.



A trip to the southern tip of the plateau, to the Col de Rousset, took us to the ski resort there. Joan wanted to experience the thrill of a via ferrata. Four of us already knew the Chironne route (La Chandelle) and advised her that she would need more than the harness and couple of slings that she had brought. An outdoor gear shop had the safety equipment for her to hire and, while Margaret and Roger walked up the stony track to meet us at the top, the five of us geared up and set off up the vertical face of rock. Joan's version of the experience is recorded over the page. When all the sweating and shaking was over, all seven of us strolled up across gentle meadows to the plateau edge to gaze down on the fields and woods around Die far below. Beyond that wide valley lay more big limestone mountains, mountains for evermore... Ah, the beer tasted good that night.



Days followed, each bringing new experiences. Val and Colin explored the 'Four Mountains' area by bike. Some of us made visits to other parts of the 'rim', always, after little effort, to be rewarded with stunning 'aeroplane' views down big big cliffs onto landscapes of tiny fields and villages. Joan spent a long day visiting some of the Resistance sites (The Vercors is proud of the very special part it played in fighting for freedom in the second World War).



All too soon it was our last day together. We decided on a mountain day and after morning coffee (obviously) we parked in the large empty ski carpark above Lans en Vercour. The top of the plateau is dished rather than flat and we set off once more to climb to the curled up edge, this time to the named summit of Pic St. Michel (1923 metres) A wide path led gently upwards through a forest of conifers onto typical karst landscape of limestone pavement and scree, interspersed with fragrant shrubs, with gentians, anemones and miniature rhododendrons. We were soon gazing over the treetops below us. The going got rough and steeper as the path swung east, taking a much more direct line upwards. The path followed a shallow valley up and then...**gulp**... we reached the edge of the world (*second right*). Whereas we had stood on top of great cliffs several times this week, those crags were always vertical. This one overhung - by a long way. It felt insane and it was difficult, just standing and looking at it, to keep one's sense of balance. Fortunately the path cut across the slope well back from the edge and we carried on as clouds welled up the cliffs from the valley below (*third right*). As we climbed the last few hundred feet we could see a figure on the summit with a model aircraft. It turned out to be a little quadcopter (4 rotors) with a camera. The chap, Olivier, spends his leisure time making films of dramatic places with his quadcopter (he picked a good one here) and then puts the results on Youtube. He flew the machine around our heads for a while and now our little group can be seen on the mountaintop. Just go to Youtube and type in :



Quadcopter - Pic Saint Michel alt. 1966m

You won't recognise us; we're just the tiny figures on the summit. Still it gives you feel for the sublime scenery of the Vercors and here's a close-up to show we really were there (*bottom right*).





Joan's first via ferrata



La Chandelle Via Ferrata

Joan Abbott

19.6.13

"It's PD." they said
 "You'll do it fine."
 "OK." I said
 "Will I?" inside

So off we drove
 On mountain roads
 We turned a bend
 And there it was

"Oh wow." I said
 "Oh heck". I thought
 A towering cliff
 Of exposed rock

I'd hired the gear
 We'd parked the cars
 "Just have a go."
 "It's not too far."

We kitted up
 The stemples rose
 Into the distance
 Up above

They showed me how
 To use the gear
 So off I went
 With inner fear

I settled down
 Enjoyed some bits
 I daren't look down
 Just clip, re clip

Encouraged on
 By Colin's calls
 And holding tight
 So's not to fall

Until an awkward bit
 "Oh dear"
 Or words to that effect
 I fear

From round a corner
 Val gave cheer
 "Don't go on up."
 "Just come round here."

"Oh no! I'm stuck!"
 Then Colin's voice
 "Just look behind."
 I made the choice

My arms were tired
 My stomach sick
 Adrenaline
 Was flowing thick

At last I reached
 The very top
 And sat me down
 And had a stop

Applause rang out
 From all my friends
 "Well done." they said
 "Oh wow!" I felt

For this is what
 Fellfarers do
 Encourage you
 And see you through

But one last thing
 Was added on
 "It's 'Difficile'."
 "I got it wrong!"



Mid-week walk No.39 - Brim Fell or Coniston 3 Peaks Wednesday 26 June 2013

D. Birkett



With many Fellfarers on holiday, the June mid-week walk was always going to attract small numbers. So thanks to our President, Gordon Pitt, and Graham and Irene Ramsbottom on braving this glorious summers day, just ideal for the fells.

The access to the Coppermines Valley is tedious save the impressive Church Beck. A group of suitably dressed 'canyoners' were ready to descend the ravine as we crossed Miners Bridge and climbed the path above the strangely named 'Levers Moss Scrow'.

The path passes through redundant intakes and joins the main track to Coniston Old Man, wending it's way through quarry tips and derelict buildings. I remarked on the 'scrow' left by quarrying operations as they abandoned the site or as was said 'our industrial heritage'. Why don't they stabilize the buildings and artefacts and call in the scrap merchants for the rest ?

Alongside the idyllic Low Water we soaked in the scene and sun, leaving 'the Old Man'ers to their toil and climbed gradually to Raven Tor (*top left*) with good views of Great Howe.

The rough, but easy, vague ridge was followed to the summit of Brim Fell(796m) (*Middle left*) and a well earned lunch stop. The views of the Scafells as we traversed the busy ridge were impressive. In my view the Coniston Fells are some of the best vantage points in the whole Lakes.

At Swirl Howe our third summit picture (*bottom left*) was taken by a fellow walker before we descended Prison Band.

The gazelle-like Irene stormed ahead waiting for the slow 'old men' at Swirl Hause. Rested, we continued down to Levers Water. Once again they refused the opportunity to swim so we continued down the rough track until a a leat was followed underneath Kennel crag into Red Dell.

We marvelled at the endeavours of past miners, wheel housing, inclines, aerial towers, addits and numerous lengthy leats for the very necessary water power.

A peregrine falcon screeched as we viewed the remaining mine buildings, now a YHA, climbing hut and holiday accommodation. We agreed that the scene was the best possible following the heavy industrialization of the valley, employing over 400 persons during past centuries.

Above the miners bridge is the intake for the successful Coniston hydro electric scheme, surely this the way forward for part of our energy needs: after all we have enough water throughout the year !

A pint in the Black Bull ended a fab. day out in the hills.

Also from David comes this:



Some Questions for Cumbrians:

George was having a reet good crack wi' his neighbour farmer. "What wi' clart and thrattles in't yard, it were all claggy and slattery." What was troubling George's pal?

Margaret was cwoartin' our Harry. Ta-gidder tha went oot for a dinner. They ate heartily. Harry said, "Ah's fair brosson; ow'r much bumblekite pie, tha na's." Margaret replied, "Dinna fash yersel'."

Why do you think Margaret was so unsympathetic about Harry's discomfort?

Ah yance axed a fella what mak's 'im so lish.

"Ah's allus climmin fells wi mi clogs on, that ev greet cawkers on, grand when it's slattery.

What useful equipment helped this man stay in the shape he was in?

When ah went ta skool mi father said, "Watch ahint and luk afta books. Don't be rivin' pages. If teacher says ye'r maffly an' a guff, don't answer back, jus' tek it"

Was the child likely to be pleased by such a description?



The FellFarer

No. 71

9



WALTER'S WATER WEEKEND

Side Farm Campsite, Ullswater

5 - 7th July 2013



A fine forecast for the weekend meant some of us were eager to start - some too eager. Turning up at 11 pm on Thursday night was not acceptable to the campsite owners so some members spent their first night at High House instead!

Never mind, Friday came and Ullswater looked glorious in the sunshine (*title picture*). By Friday night the Fellfarers encampment was filling up, the fire was lit and, after a brief trip to the pub at Brothers Water, everyone settled down to a relaxed evening in anticipation of the fun to be had on the water.

It was not until mid-morning that we sorted ourselves out and our fleet of boats got onto the lake (*top and second left*). We paddled (and rowed) northwards, making for Howtown and the promise of coffee. A gentle breeze from the south was barely discernable on our backs and we gave no thought to the return journey....

It soon became clear that our different paces were widely varied and we fell into two parties. Four of us made it to Howtown and had coffee with Peter who had ridden there on his motorbike.

The paddling back was a challenge. We hugged the shore and used every bit of lee we could find. We met up with the second party, picnicking on the shore near Sandwick Bay (*third left*) and learned that Graham's 'secret weapon', a little electric motor, had a flat battery and he was facing a long row with a boat full of passengers back into the headwind. He didn't stop smiling though. The younger ones just enjoyed the water (*Bottom left - Toni Ann and Kirsten Ball with Jess Walsh*).

It all worked out fine, of course, and by teatime we were all safely back at camp and swapping stories around the fire. There were even marshmallows to toast (*see cover*) under the direction of Alan Brown who'd come all the way from Canada for the event.

Then there was Sunday. Three keen kayakers were out in the eerie early calm, exploring Goldrill Beck, before the lake awoke. More Fellfarers, day visitors, arrived and the boating fun continued.....

Where to next year? A new venue perhaps. Walter's working on it but most people agreed that Side Farm is a great place for a Water Weekend.

A sad postscript: two members who attempted to get on the site to camp on Saturday were turned away - it was full!





“...Remarkable Men” *

One of the things about being a member of a ‘multi-cultural’ club like Fellfarers (although there probably aren’t any quite like the Fellfarers) is that other members are often doing something extraordinary outside their club activities. Here are two achievements by members in 2013, both the culmination of several year’s work.

On 14th July Tony (Walter) Walshaw revealed his latest masterpiece when he launched his hand-built boat, Ella (*above and top right*) at The Royal Windermere Yacht Club.

Five years (at least) in the making, it has been fashioned from timber felled in the woods around the Walshaw home, cut, carved, bent, fixed all by hand. Many components are handmade. Even the lead ballast was patiently collected as scrap metal over the years and then cast into ingots by Walter himself. The magnitude of the job and the engineering skill manifest in every detail of the boat are awe-inspiring. Now it’s all ready for playing on!

In terms of simple dedication to a task, Richard Mercer’s effort puts even Walter’s 5 year’s labour into the shade. Over ten years ago Richard started scratching away at an insignificant little hole in the rock by the roadside on the outskirts of Kendal. The small opening was filled with mud and Richard started to remove the dirt, bit by bit. He’s had other people help him from time to time but it’s been his project and he has spent much time alone there in that dark and muddy tube, getting deeper and deeper underground.

The mud, often solid gritty clay, had to be scraped away with small hand tools and collected in plastic bags. Digging in such a confined space was extremely uncomfortable. Each bag, usually containing not much more than a single shovelfull of clay, had to be hoisted up by rope (after a few metres the passage being excavated turned downwards and became a vertical shaft) and then dragged along the passage to the open air. Time spent down at the bottom was limited by the amount of oxygen available down there and a good session for two people in one day would excavate perhaps another 4 inches. Then Richard hit a rocky floor with very narrow apertures. He was determined to push on and started ‘capping’ (controlled small explosions to break off pieces of rock) to enlarge the most promising openings. Sometimes he seemed on the verge of giving up but then he’d be back down there, grovelling, spurred on now by a small draught...

Earlier this year Richard was finally able to announce that he’d broken through to some pristine rock passage with flowstones, stalactites and other decorations (*middle and bottom right*). This new passage, still very confined, suddenly added 35 metres to the cave that he had by now named Helm Gate.

The exploration continues and it now seems that every time I speak to Richard new passages are opening up, revealing their mysteries to him - the very first human being ever to see them.

** from the book by G I Gurdjieff “Meetings with Remarkable Men” It seemed apt - Ed.*





Peter seems to have an inexhaustible supply of evening walks around his home territory and he has generally been very lucky with the weather over the years. This was no exception and a good crowd of 23 Fellfarers and friends gathered in the sunshine at Yealand Storrs road junction (*top left*).

Peter led us off into Yealand Hall Allotment where tracks wound through leafy woodland whose tranquility was disturbed only by the happy chatter of our chums.

We emerged into meadows, the flowers long past their best but the grasses glowing gold in the westering sun (*above left*). Somewhere ahead an unearthly din started up, a bull perhaps, bellowing and apparently in great pain. We walked on and climbed a stile into a field of cows. More bellowing and then the realisation that the sound came from our field. Heads up. At the top of the slope a big beast, enraged by something, roared and came charging towards us, kicking its hind legs into the air. 23 Fellfarers broke into as close to a trot as we can manage at our age. The next gate looked a long way off. A slight rise hid us from view and whatever was irritating the bull (a wasp perhaps?) decided to leave him alone. The bellowing ceased and he returned to peaceful grazing. With sheepish grins, we regrouped and walked on with what little dignity we could muster.

Yealand Storrs - an Evening Walk.

Tuesday 16th July 2013



The chatter soon resumed. We passed back into woodland and then almost immediately emerged in a large clearing. Water! A fine shimmering lake reflected sunlight onto our faces as we took advantage of the seats there while Peter had his customary smoke (*bottom left*). Hawes Water is a strange phenomenon - a deep natural lake in limestone. Peter tells us that the bottom is well below sea level and that the water is retained by a naturally occurring clay lining.

Cigarette finished, Peter urged us on; northwards into Gait Barrows National Nature Reserve. Many of us had been there before but it is a magical place that bears many repeat visits. We spent a happy hour there searching for orchids and other exotic flowers on what must be one of the best limestone pavements in the country (*bottom right*).

The air grew cooler and the last of the sun could only be seen now on the golden boughs of Scots Pines overhead (*title picture*). We turned southwards, walking with purpose. There was some hesitation when we passed into a field and someone recognised it as the one which held our friend the noisy bull. The pace quickened even more and we were soon back at the road.

A short drive took us to The New Inn where a glass of beer rounded off a perfect evening very nicely indeed. Thank you Peter.



The FellFarer
No. 71
12



The Swale Gorge, Swinner Gill and Kisdon

Sunday 21st July 2013

Ruth Joyce



Eighteen Fellfarers met for this memorable day's walk in Swaledale led by Maja While. With families included in the party, ages ranged from teenagers and young adults through to the well-seasoned (*above*). The Lancaster family from Cheshire had stayed in Richmond at Majas' and at Pam's the night before. It was to be a steady and unhurried walk from Muker in the kind of balmy weather we had become used to this July.

There is a sense of separation from a bustling world in Swaledale. Time stretches out to touch us from the most distant past. Consider the Carboniferous limestone of the Dale. Built 300 million years ago by countless tiny creatures who sacrificed their exoskeletons to construct it. The famed Swaledale barns are as transient as field mushrooms by comparison. Still, it is good to know they have stood solid since the 18th century and are now being preserved. *The barns are found in hay meadows and were used to store the hay from their surrounding fields over winter. Cattle overwintered on the lower floor in stalls and were fed on the hay. Their muck was spread on the meadows to feed the next crop of hay. The siting of the barns meant that heavy hay and muck never had to be carried very far from where they were needed. Sensible, these Yorkshire folk.*

Through the village, past the church set back from the road, and along a paved path through the hay meadows to a footbridge over the Swale. From there the path led upstream (*top right*) behind Kisdon Hill, which hid the main valley from sight. Such tranquillity. We struck up the hillside with the stream on our right, following a stony track with Swinner Gill as our objective. The sun came out. There were bees. There were louder bees. Oh no, not bees at all, but distant trail bikes. They were gaining on us! They were ever so politely barging past us in an urgent pack! Well, some of our party enjoyed watching and exclaiming at their agile manoeuvres up the slopes and down, but I reckon that was just making the best of a bad job.

Anyway, we gained Swinner Gill for lunch within its rocky confines. There are the remains of the mine workings up here, including sturdy arches at a mine entrance and bridging the Gill (*second right*).

Over the bridge and back to the path, steadily gaining height above the Dale. Here the view right down the valley opens out. Near its head we dallied at Crackpot Hall. Abandoned in the 1950's as mining subsidence betrayed its solidity, it commands a fine prospect. The old ranges are still in situ, rusting away.

From here we dropped down over a shoulder to East Gill, following it down to join the Swale. Everyone here chose the riverside walk in preference to the haul up to the summit of Kisdon Hill. In parts it was rough and slippery, with a scramble up at one point as we gained height above the river. We negotiated round an impressive pillar of rock which has separated from the cliffs behind. Then a slippery short descent holding onto a very necessary length of fixed rope, to gain the flat rocks (*bottom two, right*) by the river at Kisdon Force. Not very forceful after all the dry weather, the main fall opened out into tiers of wide rocky pools which only Maja's dog swam in as we had to press on.

And so we got back with pleasant conversation through the meadows, with views across the valley to our outward route, to regain our original path into Muker. The day was completed with icecreams and farewells.





“Outliers”

Two of us had arrived early - 24 hours early. Colin had declared that this walk would be one of Wainwright's "Outlying Fells of Lakeland" and the Editor had just one other of those "Outliers" - nearby Stainton Pike - to do before he had the complete set. So the Ed. and the Sec. arrived on the day before on the Corney Fell Road near Waberthwaite.

Rowantree Force was delightful but the Ed much of the day apologising to the Sec. for saving such a rubbish walk for the climax of 4 years collecting hills on the perimeter of Lakeland. It wasn't until later that the Ed. took in the words of 'AW': *This is a tough walk, by the route described, much of it over pathless terrain of easy gradient but rough underfoot.* Of the final part of the 8 3/4 miles walk he is less than complimentary (quite rightly) and of the finish: *"The mile of roadwalking needed to return to the parked car, much of it uphill, is a severe tax on the last vestiges of strength."*

Never mind, we completed it, the two of us, with some swearing, and enjoyed a celebratory night in the Woolpack Inn in Eskdale.

So it was a nice relaxed start for us, with only ten minutes drive to the meeting point. for:

The Circuit of Devoke Water

Midweek Walk Number 40

24th July 2013

What a fine turnout! Twenty two Fellfarers, friends and offspring gathered on the Birker Fell road on a fine warm day (*top left*). We followed the rough track towards Devoke Water and then veered off right to climb the gentle slope to our first top, called..... what? Not one of us could remember (*second left*). Ah, Rough Crag, that's it of course! We all knew that.

On we went, along the broad ridge, with fine views in all directions when we stopped chatting to look, to summit 2, Water Crag, before dropping down to the outlet at the western end of the tarn.

Last time I was here the ground was in its usual state: very very wet, but today, after these weeks of sunny weather, we crossed dryshod to the ancient cairns, a suburb, perhaps, of the extensive prehistoric settlement, 'The City' of Barnscar, a mile away to the west.

The big ascent of the day rose before us. The pathless 600 ft. climb to White Pike looked daunting and one or two opted to stay with the shore of the tarn and meet us later. The rest of us sweated up the sunlit slopes and then enjoyed our sandwiches by the superb cairn on that fine rocky vantage point overlooking Muncaster Castle and Gardens and the Esk estuary. The Manx hills were lost in the haze though.

Rested and fed, we strolled the easy half mile to the rocky ramparts of Yoadcastle (*third left*), our high point of the day at 1610 feet. The little outcrops added some fun to the ascent for those who like to get their hands on rock. The views to the eastern skyline, to Wasdale, upper Eskdale and the Duddon, although hazy, provided just as much fun for those who like to point at distant hills and name them.

A short traverse to Woodend Height, completed our time at high level and we trundled down the still pathless slopes back to the tarn. We were stopped occasionally by the wildlife (*inset*) but were soon reunited, with those who'd stayed by the water, for a second picnic (*bottom left*) next to the boathouse.

There was much discussion here about swimming. Hugh's Wednesday Gang were all for skinny dipping in the tarn and the ladies were all for watching them. Modesty prevailed, however, and the four blokes remained hot and sweaty. Some of us scrambled up the little rocky tor of Seat How, summit no. 6, while others strolled along the track back to the cars. See the club website for what we found on the top of Seat How.

Hugh and Co. got their swim, unobserved, in the River Duddon and we were reunited again in the bakery teashop in Broughton for tea and sticky buns.

Forty midweek walks we've had now and this was one of the best so thank you Colin and Val for taking us there.

Whatever happened to the Shinscrapers?

Summer 2013

Well, after a long winter climbing 'on plastic' at Kendal Wall, we all look forward to a summer of lovely summer evenings on the real stuff. Last summer it seemed to rain forever and climbing outdoors simply didn't happen and with one or two key members dropping out it felt like things were falling apart.

This year has been different. What a difference a few sunny evenings make! In April and early May we made two visits to Hutton Roof, our 'warm up crag' for the year and then later on a small group climbed some of those hard polished routes at Farleton.

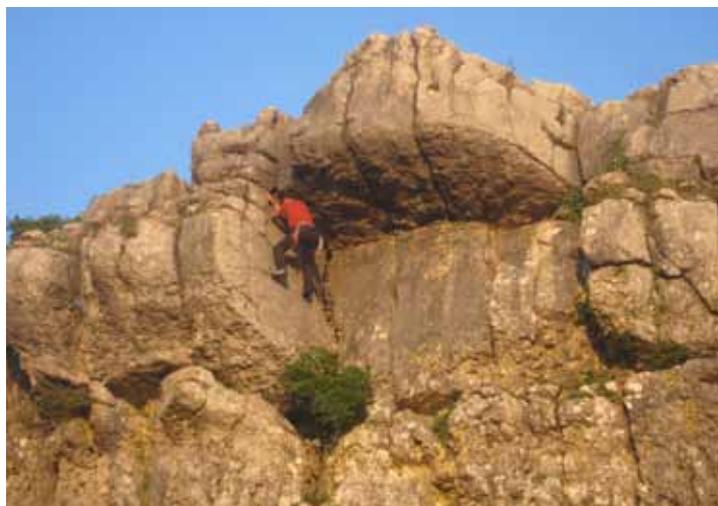
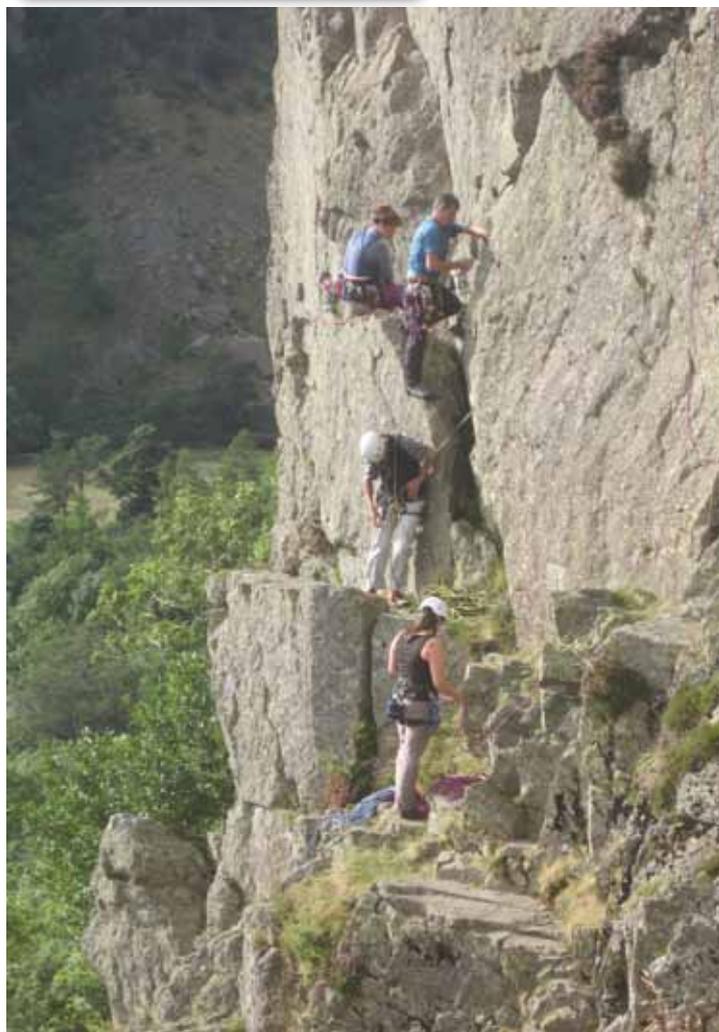
Then there were lots of holidays in June and so it was not until the glorious sunshine of July that things started to move.

On two consecutive Thursdays we visited Warton Upper Crag (*top right: Kevin on the crux of "Judith"*) and on the 18th July we climbed at White Stone Crag (*second right: Al and Val at the top of "Ridge"*)

On the following Thursday threatening weather forced a retreat indoors - only for the sun to come out once the entry fee had been paid! Never mind, on the first two Thursdays of August the weather stopped playing games and we had great fun on Raven and East Raven crags in Langdale, followed by some adventures on Castle Rock of Triermain (*bottom left*).

Perhaps the high point, not for the rock but for the weather and location, though, was Farleton Upper Crag on the 22nd August (*third and bottom right: Al on the crux of 'Rose amongst Thorns' and then enjoying the sunset at Wayne finishes the same route*).

Oh, and there's always a well-earned pint afterwards of course (*left: outside the Old Dungeon Ghyll*).





The Borrowdale Fellrace... Saturday August 3rd 2013

Once again the club provided ample marshalls for the race, as well as two competitors:

Rob Moffat had a very good run, finishing 40th in a field of 331 race starters. His time was an excellent 3 hours 36 minutes and 16 seconds.

Colin Jennings didn't manage to equal his best run of a couple of years ago but still managed a very respectable 4 hours 7 minutes and 31 seconds, coming 123rd.

This was the 40th Borrowdale Fell Race and the occasion was marked by the presentation of commemorative tee-shirts to all of the competitors and marshalls.

The Club's part played in the history of the event, by marshalling every race, was also marked by the presentation of a slate plaque (*left*), only slightly spoiled by mis-spelling, for our mantlepiece .

...and Afterwards : Sale Fell

Peter Blamire

In the week following Fell Race we spent a very pleasant few days up at the Hut. It's always great to be there, and even more so when the weather is favourable. So having had a couple of fairly lazy days it seemed foolish to miss out on the chance of a walk out before heading back north.

The Walshes had suggested a trip up Sale Fell and we decided to join them. With a meeting place and time agreed, an advance party set off for Keswick and boot buying for the youngest Blamires (I can happily report the boots are a success). This done we met with the others at Beck Wythop.

Up we went, through the woods and out into sunshine. Crossing the fields we soon arrived at our first stopping point. Time for a look at the farm buildings at Lothwaite Side (very nice – shame they seem to be abandoned) and a jelly baby each. Soon we were on the move again and it wasn't long before we reached the summit and lunch.

Suitably fed and watered we made our way down past Kelswick and along to remains of Wythop Chapel. From here we headed down to the road for a while. More sweeties appeared, in the form of some interesting raspberry bootlaces – much to the delight of the younger members of the party.

Before too long we met our outward track and so arrived back at our starting point.
The full party:- Mark, Claire, Matthew, & Jessica Walsh & Teegan the dog, Rob, Nikkie, Sarah, Caitlin, & Ben Walsh, Laura Walsh, Phil, Sue, Pete, Nat, & Rachael Blamire, Stuart Bell.

(opposite page, bottom: Nat Blamire's fine drawing of High House)



July's fine weather continued into August and it would have been reasonable to expect a good turnout for the last evening walk of the summer. Perhaps everyone was at High House!

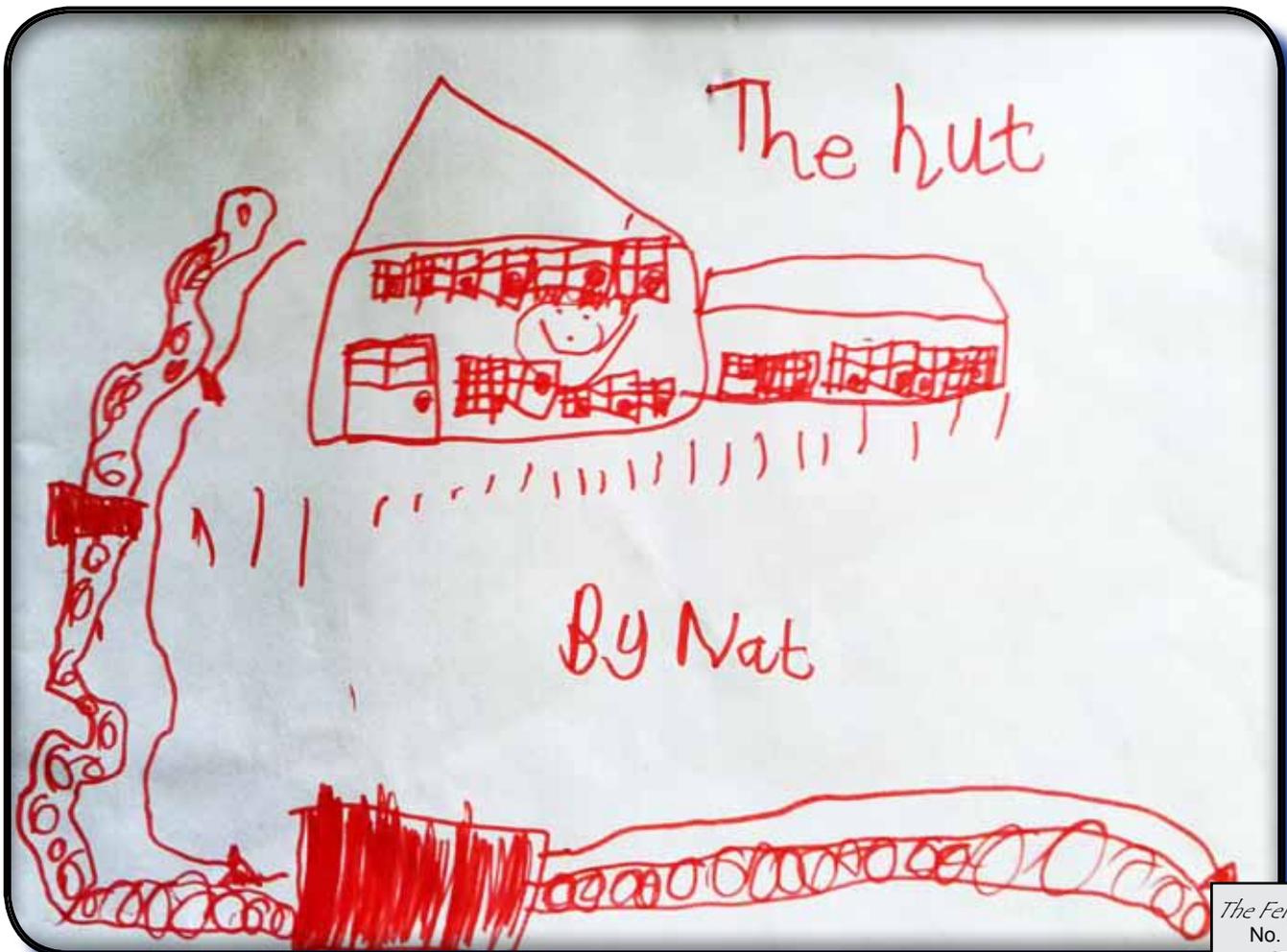
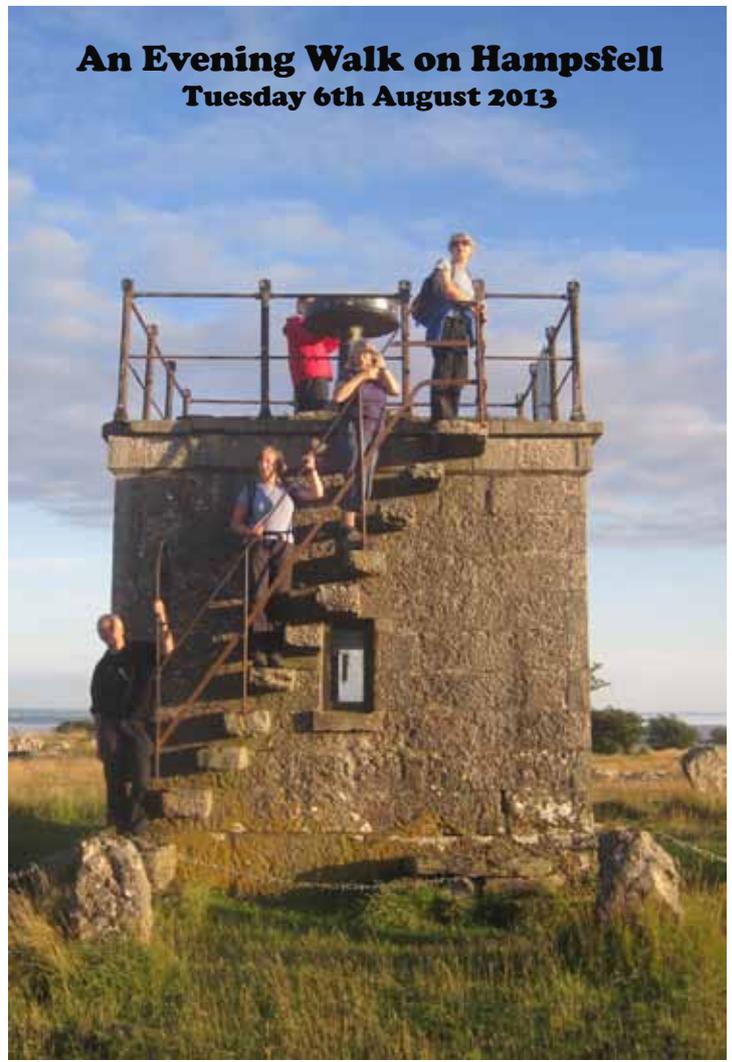
Anyway, only five turned up to meet Walter at Hampsfield Hall. Even he had to 'cry off' with a torn tendon that was eventually to result in his leg being encased in a plaster cast. He pointed the way and hobbled back to his Landrover, leaving us to it.

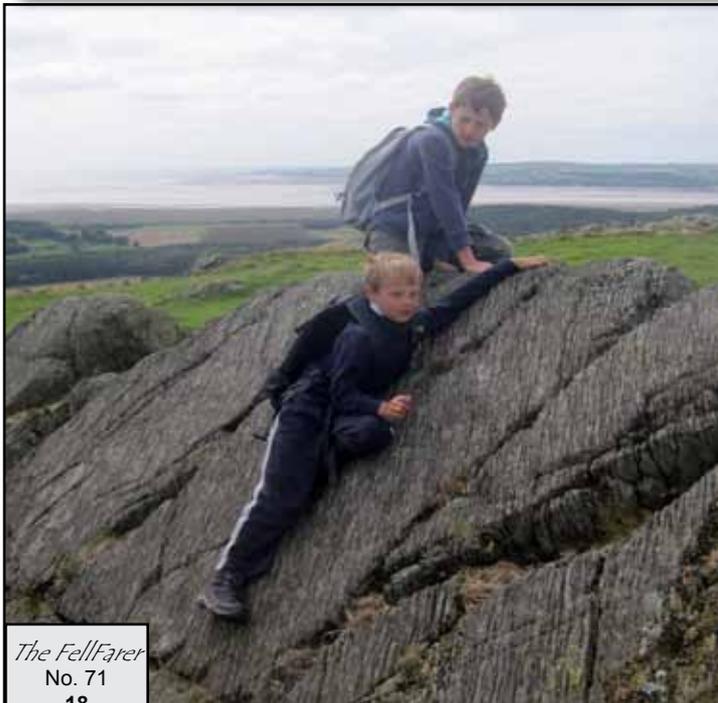
We were on familiar ground and the evening was no worse for that. The sun shone and the air was crystal clear. We climbed fields to Hampsfield and turned south to enter Bishop's Allotment, where life suddenly became very exciting. A dozen or so long-horned cows of various breeds got very frisky on our approach and two of our ladies leapt a wall into a brambly wood with surprising agility. The animals soon settled down again and the ladies emerged rather more slowly than they went in. Oh how we laughed!

The rest of the walk passed without incident on one of the most beautiful evenings of the year, with far-reaching views in every direction. What a wonderful place Hampsfell is at times like that.



An Evening Walk on Hampsfell Tuesday 6th August 2013





Lakes Camping Weekend - Santon Bridge, Wasdale - No report received

Cycling Weather - Not the Lune Valley - The Chairman reports: *Despite Saturdays appalling weather four intrepid cyclists turned up at Force Bridge, well three and one "sans velo", after fully thirty seconds of intense debate the decision was "To h**l with the bikes lets go straight for the coffee". An enjoyable warm dry chat in Sizergh Barn tearoom was had with the conclusion. "We must do it again sometime". Never mind. Next on the calendar was:*

Around the Cartmel Peninsula Midweek Walk No. 41 Wednesday August 28th 2013

Perhaps this would be the last of this year's midweek walks that we could think of as 'summer' walks. The forecast was good but the sky over Kendal was black at breakfast-time. Cartmel, however, lay under a blue sky for those who arrived early for a coffee at the Mallard tearoom. We sat outside and watched the tourists, still swarming, passing by.

We gathered, eventually, at the designated meeting place, the racecourse, and counted the turnout. For the record, the party consisted of: *Ann and John Peat, Margaret and Roger Atkinson, Josh, Tom and Sam Weeks, Irene and Graham Ramsbottom, Joan Abbott, Mary Forrest, Jean Underhill, Val Calder, Frank Haygarth, Clare and Mick Fox.* Sixteen in all. Count 'em.

Off across the racecourse we went, ducking under the course barriers (the youngest one of us proudly announced that he could walk under without ducking) to enter Park Wood.

John's route soon had us bewildered. Fields and woods, paths, tracks and roads, all followed each other in a mystifying sequence. Still, John seemed to know where he was leading us so we trusted him implicitly - until he started asking Ann which way we should go, that is.

John's route was an extended version of an evening walk he led a few years ago. I seem to remember the question raised then: Why is a very small elongated copse encountered en route called 'Tram Wood'? John still had no answer. Anybody know?

We joined the Cumbria Coastal Way. No sight of the sea but surely all plain sailing now? Well, no. Just north of Burns Farm (with an intriguing little outbuilding - go see) our path became, if not nautical, at least aqueous. We splashed awkwardly across marshy beck crossings. Once across, we counted heads. No-one lost in the crossing. One or two more such splashy encounters followed. All in the sun, we loved it.

At Speel Bank we spotted a family group of fallow deer grazing in the shade at the edge of the wood. John brought us to earth by telling us that the deer were farmed and not wild.

We left the Coastal Way (without a sight of the sea so far), turned west and so, after only a few minutes, breasted a rise onto the Ellerside ridge to a glorious view of the sea. Graham expressed his great delight with his version of Spike Milligan's glorious interpretation of John Masefield's Sea Fever. Spike's words are:

*I must go down to the sea again,
to the lonely sea and the sky;
I left my shoes and socks there -
I wonder if they're dry?*

I prefer Graham's version. There are not many people who can improve on the words of Spike. We lunched and pointed out to each other the many distant landmarks, from Blackpool tower to the intricate skyline of the Coniston Fells. Wonderful!

The inner man satisfied, John led us southward along the Ellerside ridge, all in amongst the cows grazing there, to the summit of How Barrow. The lads took it in turns to pose for photographs on the trig point and then we plunged down through the gorse and the slabby outcrops, back onto the Cumbria Coastal Way, where we could no longer see the sea. Woodland ways, with colourful fungi to add interest, led us back via Walton Hall and the intriguing ruined farmstead of Seven Acres to Cartmel.

We finished the day, of course, with tea and sticky buns (ice creams for those that the ex-president treated). It was a lovely heart-warming end, entirely appropriate, to a great Fellfarer day.

SOCIAL SUB-COMMITTEE NEWS

Greetings from the Social Sub-committee. Hope you had a good summer. At least we had one this year! Even the ShinScrapers were spotted out on Lakeland Rock more than once this year!

As ever, there's a varied programme of events for you this autumn. With the nights drawing in, the slideshow season starts in October with Rose & Paul East giving the first show of the year (their last one was brilliant, so make sure you're there!).

November's evening is a bit different: some of you may remember Simon Bainbridge from Lancaster University who led a Wordsworth Walk last year. Simon has kindly offered to talk on the Romantic Poets and Mountaineering... it should be a fascinating evening and if you'd like to know who coined the word 'mountaineering', come along and find out!

Don't forget this year's Ceilidh (with our very own Fellfarers' Band) at Kendal Rugby Club on 23rd November (details: middle right). There's a bar so there's no need to bring your own beer. Tickets are on sale from the Social Committee.

There's walks aplenty too; more details in the calendar and on the website.

At the time of writing (August) there are still places for the Langdale meet at the Robertson Lamb Hut (top right). Please let us know if you are interested in going. Looking further ahead to 2014 and the 80th anniversary of the club. There are plenty of suggestions for celebrations including:

- ◊ A weekend party at High House at the end of May
- ◊ An 80 Tops target (we'll try and bag 80 Wainwright Tops during one week in May)
- ◊ An 80th Anniversary Ceilidh
- ◊ A Kendal Treasure Hunt
- ◊ A Boat Trip on the Lancaster Canal
- ◊ The Fellfarers' Way - a competition to design a walk with Fellfaring connections and then walk the winning way later in the year
- ◊ A 'Closing Ceremony' and slide show in Kendal in November.
- ◊ Visit 80 islands during the year.
- ◊ Camping trip to Skye
- ◊ New commemorative fleece tops

Any other suggestions will be gratefully received!

Clare, Joan, Tony and Mike

Don't forget to come along to **the** KFF event of the year:

The ATTTrials

Starts 11 am on December 31st

High House

Don't just come to watch.

Bring your own vehicle and race against the regulars.

Start building now!



The KFF Photographic Competition 2014

Another chance for you to show off your photographic prowess at the 2014 AGM in January....and given the quality of last year's entries we're expecting great things again this year!

There will be three categories, with one prize for the winner in each:

1. **Fellfarers 2013.** Any club event during the last year.
2. **Open.** Any outdoor-themed photo from the last year.
3. **Blast from the Past.** Any photo that you took or that you are in, with an outdoors theme; the older the better. So get rummaging in those old photo albums!

Winners will be selected by popular vote on the evening and the winning entries will be featured in the newsletter and website.

Either bring along your entries on the night or (preferably) hand them to one of the social subcommittee beforehand.

We will take great care of your old photos and will not display them with pins. We will be happy to accept scans of old photos, if that is easier.

Entries may also be displayed during anniversary celebrations.



THE ROBERTSON LAMB HUT, Great Langdale.

Friday 18th to Sunday 20th October 2013

THE ONLY CLIMBING HUT IN THE LAKES
WHICH IS OLDER THAN OURS!

It is only half a mile to beer and food at the New Dungeon Ghyll, a perfect base for exploring the Langdale Pikes, Crinkle Craggs and Bowfell and for climbing on Raven Crag. Scout Crag, suitable for climbing beginners, is just across the road.

The hut is on the south side of the road at GR SD 304 066.

More info:

http://www.wayfarersclub.org.uk/robertson_lamb_hut.html

Only 12 beds available and **booking is essential.**

The cost is £10 pppn. To book, call Mike Palk.

The 4th KFF Ceilidh



Kendal Rugby Club, Shap Road, Kendal
Saturday 23rd November 2013

7.30 - 11 pm

Music by **'Banned from the Fellfarers'**
Bar

Tickets £5 for adults; £2.50 for children

From: Mike Palk, Clare Fox, Joan Abbott or Tony Maguire

Review of the Year Slide Show

14th January 2014

Your digital photos from 2013 urgently needed!

Please send the Editor your photos for inclusion as soon as you can, preferably before Christmas. It does not have to be a club event; just share your favourite outdoor moments from 2013.

Hotel Meet Fort William

23rd - 27th March 2014

Once again we have booked the Alexandra Hotel, Fort William for a five night hotel break. The hotel is situated a 5 minute drive from the foot of Ben Nevis with the shores of Loch Linnhe and Loch Eil just 10 minutes walk away.

The price for dinner, bed and breakfast is £30 pppn - a total of £150 for five nights.

Dogs - £5 per night

Single room supplement - £10 per night.
To book your place please give your name/s to Clare Fox as soon as possible.



The FellFarer
No. 71
19

KFF CLUB EVENTS OCTOBER 2013 - JANUARY 2014

Where the contact person's phone number is not given below, full contact details can be found on page 2
Events marked with an *asterisk are described in more detail on page 19

October

(Committee meet at the Rifleman's Arms on Tuesday 1st. Social Evening 9 pm onwards)

Sunday 6th

Sunday Walk - The Warcop Military Range. Route decided on the day (perhaps Mickle Fell). Meet 10.30 am. Murton Car Park (GR730 220). Leader: Mick Fox

Tuesday 15th

Slide Show - "Walking in the Throne Room of Gods". Rose and Paul East. Meet 7.30 pm. The Strickland Arms, Sizergh. Sandwiches provided. Guests welcome.

Weekend 18th-20th

***Langdale Hut Meet** - The Robertson Lamb Hut, Langdale (GR 304 066). 12 beds available at £10 pppn. Booking is essential. Info and booking: Mike Palk

Week 25th -30th

High House is booked for Fellfarers for half term (Leave Friday 1st November)

Wednesday 30th

Midweek Walk - Dove Crag circular from Brothers Water. 8 miles. Ascent approx 2,000 ft. Meet 10am. Car park north of Brothers Water (GR 403 134). Leader: Tony Maguire 01539 232597

Every Thursday

Evening Climbing for All. Kendal Climbing Wall. Everyone Welcome. Info: Mike Palk

November

(Committee meet at the Rifleman's Arms on Tuesday 5th. Social Evening 9 pm onwards)

Weekend 8th-10th

High House is booked for Fellfarers. Remembrance Weekend.

Saturday 16th

Saturday Walk - Black Combe. 7 miles. Ascent 1800ft. Low level alternative if wet. Meet 10 am. Broughton Village Bakery for a coffee or: 11 am. at Beckside Farm (GR153 847). Leader: Mike Palk 01524 736548

Tuesday 19th

Slide Show - "Mountaineering and the Romantic Poets". A talk by Simon Bainbridge, Professor of Romantic Studies at Lancaster University. Meet 7.30 pm. The Strickland Arms, Sizergh. Sandwiches provided. Guests welcome.

Saturday 23rd

***The 4th Fellfarers Ceilidh** - Kendal Rugby Club. Tickets on sale from the Social Committee. £5 adults and £2.50 children.

Wednesday 27th

Midweek Walk - Around Lord's Lot. 5 to 6 miles with a moderate ascent and tea and cakes at the Crosthwaite Exchange (we hope). Meet 10.30 at Crosthwaite Church (GR446 911), behind the pub. Leader Gordon Pitt 015395 68210

Every Thursday

Evening Climbing for All. Kendal Climbing Wall. Everyone Welcome. Info: Mike Palk

December

(Committee meet at the Rifleman's Arms on Tuesday 3rd. Social Evening 9 pm onwards)

Wednesday 11th

Midweek Walk and Christmas Lunch at the Watermill Inn - School Knott + Grandsire. 4 miles. Meet 10am. Ings (GR444 987). 555 bus leaves Kendal bus station at 9.40am. Leader Clare Fox

Friday 13th

Social Evening - The Rifleman's Arms from 8.00 pm. Darts + dominoes. Sandwiches, mince pies.

Saturday 21st

Sunrise Walk - Scout Scar, followed by the traditional fry up at the Union Jack Café! Meet 7.30 **am**. Outside The Rifleman's Arms. Info: Clare Fox

Week 23rd - 31st

***High House** is booked for Fellfarers. Christmas and New Year, and into January....

Every Thursday

Evening Climbing for All. Kendal Climbing Wall. Everyone Welcome. Info: Mike Palk

January 2014

(Committee meet at the Rifleman's Arms on Tuesday 7th. Social Evening 9 pm onwards)

Weekdays 1st-2nd

High House is booked for Fellfarers.

Weekend 10th - 12th

Clachaig Chalet Meet - Glencoe. Booking essential. Info/booking: Hugh Taylor.

Saturday 11th

Charlie's Walk - Cunswick Scar. Distance approx. 4 miles. Meet 12.30. Bradley Field, Brigsteer Road (GR502 917). Leader: David Birkett 01539 738280

Tuesday 14th

***Slide Show** - "Review of the Fellfarers' Year 2013" Meet 7.30pm. The Strickland Arms, Sizergh. Sandwiches provided. Guests welcome.

Weekend 17-19th

Winter Weekend at High House. A winter walk(s)/meal will be held on Saturday 18th January. Please note this is a **Members Only** weekend.

Friday 24th

***AGM & Photographic Competition** - Kendal Golf Course (snow permitting). Meet 7.30. See Page 19 for details of the Photographic Competition. Sandwiches provided.

Wednesday 29th

Midweek Walk - by train to Silverdale, coffee en route, return via 'The Trough' to Arnside. 5 miles. Meet for the 10.04am train. Arnside Station. Leader Hugh Taylor.

Every Thursday

Evening Climbing for All. Kendal Climbing Wall. Everyone Welcome. Info: Mike Palk