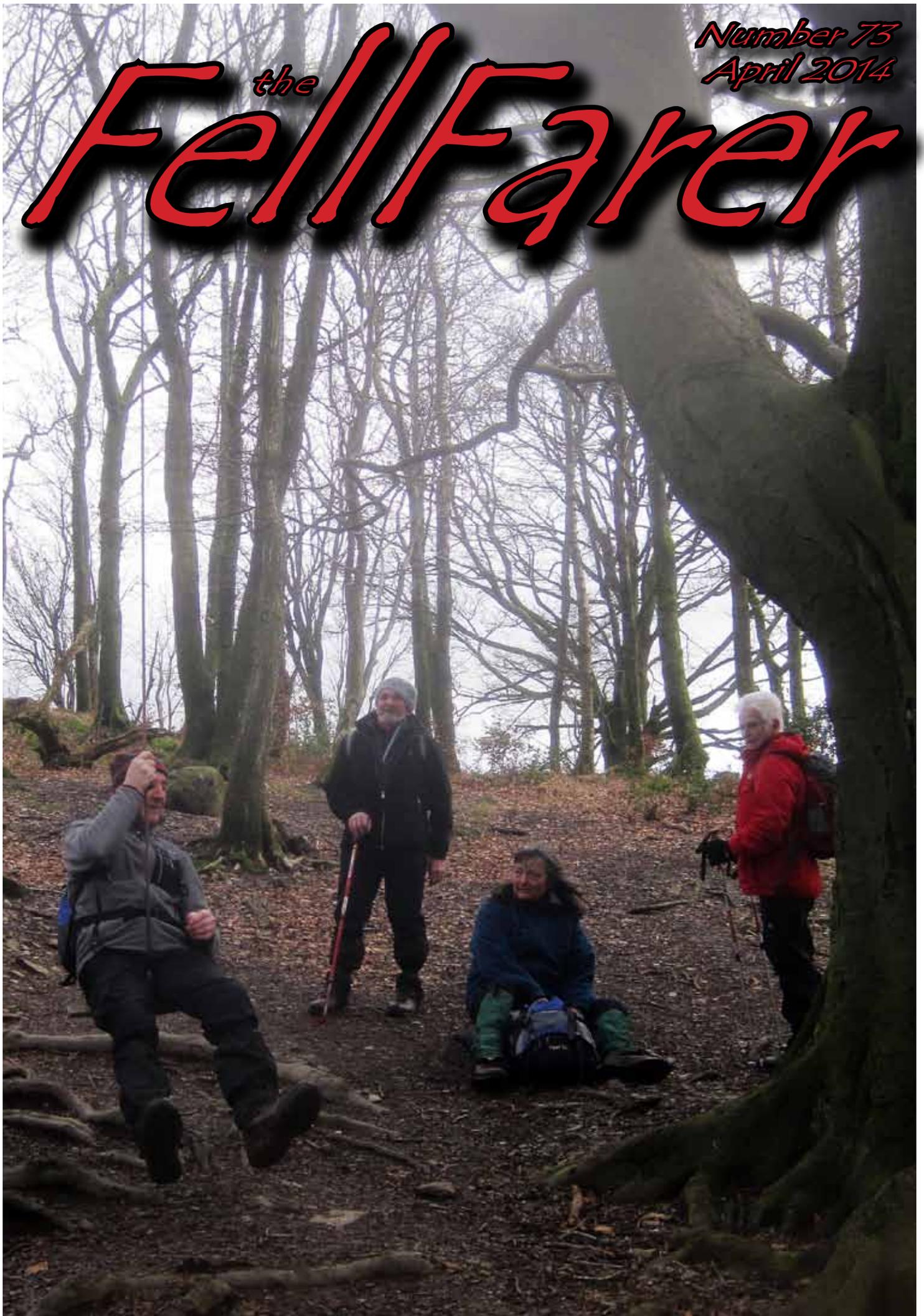


Number 73
April 2014

the FellFarer





Editorial

Up until a week ago this issue was going to be rather thinner than usual. For a number of reasons (but mainly the unrelenting poor weather I think) there seemed to be much less material than usual and, for the first time in many years, I started to plan a 16 page magazine rather than 20 (obviously I can only work in multiples of 4). Having made that sad decision, I set to work on the layout page by page and was nearing completion. Then the new Social Secretary casually dropped into a conversation, "Oh, by the way, we'll need an extra page for the 80th celebrations again this time."

I had no space to spare in the 16-pager and so the result of that little bombshell was your editor staring at the screen wondering what was going to fill the extra 3 pages.

There was only one way: the whole magazine had to be laid out again. Well, as you can see, I managed it. I hope the joins aren't too obvious and that you enjoy the issue.

Thank you to contributors Joan Abbott, David Birkett and Clare Fox.

Ed.

Cover Photograph: Colin and chums enjoy the swing in Craggy Wood
22 February 2014

Deadline for the April edition: 1st March 2014

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- BRITISH MOUNTAINEERING COUNCIL
BMC Website: www.thebmc.co.uk
Each Fellfarer has an individual Membership Number
- RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION
Ramblers Website: www.ramblers.org.uk
Fellfarers RA Membership Number: New Number TBA
- OREAD MOUNTAINEERING CLUB
(Reciprocal Rights Partnership)
Oread Website www.oread.co.uk

Oread huts are available to Fellfarers at the following rates:

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

Fellfarers: £5.00 p.p.p.n., Guests: £9.00 p.p.p.n.

Heathy Lea Cottage
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Fellfarers: £4.50 p.p.p.n., Guests: £6.50 p.p.p.n.

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OTHER INFORMATION

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K Fellfarers Club Website: www.kfellfarers.co.uk
High House Website: www.k-fellfarers.co.uk
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.

Something to Think About. from Joan Abbott

The AGM

There was a good turnout of 30 members for the 81st K Fellfarers AGM on the 24th January.

There were some changes to the Committee:

Alec Reynolds replaces Clare Fox as Secretary.

Clare replaces Mike Palk as Social Secretary.

Mike and Tony Walshaw left the Committee, leaving two vacancies which were filled by Laura Walsh and Peter Goff. There are at present no co-opted members.

There were two matters requiring a vote:

1. The Constitution was amended to include a clause covering the review of new memberships 12 months after joining.
2. The Constitution was amended to change references to 'Hut Policy' to 'High House policy'.

Both were agreed.

There were no controversial issues to be voted on but a series of questions emailed by a member to the Committee on the subject of the Club's membership of the BMC were read out and were answered by the Hut Booking Secretary. The Committee has agreed to review BMC membership during the coming year.

Amongst the various officers' reports the following may be of interest to members:

- Hut bookings by other clubs and groups were up last year from 102 nights in 2012 to 118 nights in 2013. Last year's figure has only been beaten once since 1996.
- The Treasurer reported that in 2013 expenditure over income was £921.90. This consists of £1120.88 more spent on High House than we received in income from it, offset slightly by a profit of £198.98 for the social side of the club.
- The Work Plan for 2014 consists mainly of those measures which were set aside last year after the Fire Officer's visit, plus the completion of the Fire Officer's requirements. More information on building works plus an update on the Work Plan will appear in the next Fellfarer.

The evening finished with the Photographic Competition. See Page 11.

I am sure many of you will have noticed how the children in the Fellfarer families reach an age when they discover other activities and start to disappear from the club. This is quite natural as they test their wings in their mid teenage years.

Some return to the club, sometimes to introduce their own families, but quite a few don't. I wonder if we can develop a love for some of our many activities so that youngsters stay with the club.

I am looking for ideas and maybe some offers to pass on skills, with input too from the current young people about anything they fancy having a go at. Maybe we could have an activities weekend or week where they can try out new things.

When we are at the hut we mix and match our walks for different levels of ability and we have trips across to the slabs for a taste of climbing. The Water Weekend caters for all ages successfully but, for instance, 'Climbing for All' on Thursday evenings are not really possible for many of the youngsters.

Can we bring some along to the slide shows to whet their appetites? Can you offer to help even if it's only going along to give a bit of support? Can we include some of the youngsters when we are doing other activities? Are you one of these youngsters; are there any activities you want to try? Here are a few that I think some of our members do: Hiking, climbing, via ferrate, mountaineering, map reading and navigation, caving, canoeing/kayaking, geocaching, orienteering, fell running, cycling, mountain biking and swimming.

Are there any more you can add? The children are the future of K Fellfarers so can we find ways to keep their interest?

These are my thoughts, what are yours?

You can contact me via email at: pinkpianoster@googlemail.com

Or you can message me via the Fellfarer's facebook page:-
<https://www.facebook.com/groups/220251061471904/>
Just find me in the members list at the top of the page and send a message.

Or you can phone or text me on: 07979773757

Important Notice

Please note that the 80th Celebration Party at High House will be on 31st May 2014

(Not on the 24th as originally planned)

The booking of High House for Fellfarers from 23rd May to 2nd June is unchanged

Mice

On the weekend of 17-19th January (see page 10) it became clear that the perennial problem of mice overwintering at High House needed to be dealt with. After much talk about the difficulties of managing humane traps a decision was made by those present to purchase some traditional mousetraps. Half a dozen were bought and were baited with chocolate. Five mice were killed over the weekend but it is quite likely that there are more. The traps have been left at High House but please **do not** set traps overnight unless you are prepared to dispose of the dead mice in the morning. Do not leave traps set when you leave.



School Knott and Grandsire

Midweek Walk No. 44

Ings

Wednesday 11th December 2013

The last midweek of the year and the shortest. The four mile circuit was planned with a view to getting back to the Watermill Inn at Ings for a celebratory Christmas lunch. Eighteen people, members and guests, liked the idea and it was a large jolly party that set off in the hazy winter sun that morning (*top right*).

We turned off the tarmac onto the squelchy bridleway to Whasdike and thence onto the even squelchier path through Schoolknott plantation to the open fellside of School Knott. A haze obscured the more distant fells but there were fine views of a tranquil sunlit Windmere for us as we gathered on the summit (*second right*).

The visual highlight of the walk, though, was probably the mirror surface of Schoolknott Tarn with its perfect reflections of pines against a pale blue sky (*bottom*).

We climbed to the second top of the day, Grandsire, at 818 feet the highest of the many minor tops between Staveley and Bowness, and descended (*inset below*) to Hag End.

"Which way?" we called to our leader. "Right!" she declared, sticking out her hand to the left. Oh how we laughed.

We crossed fields to Borwick Fold and then turned north, back to tarmac for the last half-mile to our starting point.

Lunch was a jolly affair, everyone choosing from the standard pub menu, with not a piece of turkey in sight. We all agreed that it had been a fine turnout for the end of another successful year of midweek walks.





Ladies Triumph at The Rifleman's Arms

*A Social Evening of Darts and Dominoes
Friday 13th December 2013*

It's just as well there were only a dozen Felfarers and friends present. The Rifleman's Arms filled up steadily as the evening progressed and by the time came for the competition finals there was barely room at the oche for the darts players to flex their elbows. The dominoes competition culminated in a final between Val Calder and Mick Fox. Val emerged as this year's KFF Domino Champion.

Jean Underhill batted through the preliminary stages to face guest competitor Sandra Shuttleworth (*above right between her husband Bill and the Social Secretary*) in the darts final. Sandra triumphed. So our two champions this year are ladies. Well done to both of them but come on lads! Let's show them some competition **next year!**

The River

David Birkett

I have walked the mile and a half into Kendal alongside the River Kent many hundreds of times over the last thirty years. The Kent is the third fastest flowing river in the country, rising high in the mountains underneath the 'High Street', these waters flowing from their mountain springs, descending through valley, woodland and town, finally dispersing into Morecambe Bay. Over the centuries water has been harnessed to drive flour, wheat, corn, woollen and bark mills; formerly the water was used in tanning laeather, dyeing cloth and producing gunpowder. Today the only surviving mill makes paper and cardboard; increasingly hydro power schemes will emerge to provide communities with electricity.



The river has many moods - perhaps the most contrasting are to be seen in late Autumn and Spring of the year. The might and power of the river is seen in late October and November when the rainfall is at its highest. Falling on a vast catchment area with many tributaries - scouring, cleansing, moving man's detritus and vast amounts of alluvial material and depositing the same further down stream. The water rives trees from their stations throwing them against the buttresses of bridges - destroying others - the ferocity and power is awe-inspiring - sometimes leading to the flooding of streets and houses, the consequences are filth and grime followed by tears and dismay. Valued possessions and memories lost within minutes. Yet wild life thrives in this mayhem - Goosander in particular dive and reappear at another point; mallard, in groups stay at the edges seeking shelter and yes the Otter is now seen, being playful and even showing off as it hunts for food.

Tranquillity best describes the Spring by the river, lower water levels expose rocks, and aquatic growth is visible. The river begins to meander, moving from bank to bank, leaving eddys and pools - the whole is one of genteel serenity. The re-awakening of tree and plant growth begins, Willow and Alder in particular like their 'stocking feet; in water; reeds and rushes offer 'safe harbour' for bird life - Dipper darts from rock to rock, bobbing freely, its white breast a give away. The first brood of Mallard chick appear, often decimated by mink and voracious gulls - the females

are a little 'feckless' only the darting and scurrying save them. Sometimes river levels are so low you can cross to the opposite bank. Children build causeways to ease egress; skimming and the throwing of stones must be one of the major pastimes of the nation, though goes unnoticed. Come a prolonged sunny spell the rocks are bleached white; aquatic plants bloom only to be washed over by a sudden rise in river levels caused by snow melt. In part the river may freeze over, ducks and mute swans walk the ice; bird life struggles especially the wrens and wagtails. The 'big freeze' is often short-lived, the river returns to normal until the next great flood.

*Still glides the stream and shall forever glide
The form remains, the functions never dies*

William Wordsworth

Very softly:

*It is winter, moonless night in the small town,
starless and bible-black, the cobblestreets
silent and the hunched, serpentine wood
limping invisible up to the sloeblack, slow,
black, crowblack, hills.*

*The houses are blind as moles (though
moles see fine to-night in the snouting,
velvet dales), blind there in the muffled
middle by the town clock, the shops in
mourning, and all the people of the lulled
and dumbfound town are sleeping now.*

*Hush, the babies are sleeping, the
farmers, the tradesmen and pensioners,
cobbler, schoolteacher, postman and
publican, the undertaker and the fancy
woman, drunkard, dressmaker, preacher,
policeman, and the tidy wives.*

*Young girls lie bedded soft or glide in
their dreams, with rings and trousseaux,
bridesmaided by glowworms down the
aisles of the organplaying wood. The boys
are dreaming wicked or of the bucking
ranches of the night and the jollyrodgered
sea. And the anthracite statues of the
horses sleep in the fields, and the cows in
the byres, and the dogs in the wetnosed
yards; and the cats nap in the slant corners
or lope sly, streaking and needling, on the
one cloud of the roofs.*

*You can hear the dew falling, and the
hushed town breathing.*

*Only your eyes are unclosed to see the
black and folded town fast, and slow,
asleep. And you alone can hear the
invisible starfall, the darkest-before-dawn
minutely dewgrazed stir of the black, dab-
filled hills where Time passes.*

Listen. Time passes. Come closer now.

*Only you can hear the houses sleeping in
the streets in the slow deep salt and silent
black, bandaged night. Only you can see,
in the blinded bedrooms, the petticoats
over the chairs, the jugs and basins, the
glasses of teeth, Thou Shalt Not on the
wall, and the yellowing dickybird-watching
pictures of the dead. Only you can hear
and see, behind the eyes of the sleepers,
the movements and countries and mazes
and colours and dismays and rainbows
and tunes and wishes and flight and fall
and despairs and big seas of their dreams.
From where you are, you can hear their
dreams.*

With abject apologies for taking such
liberties with the words of Dylan Thomas.

More prosaically: just the two of us crept
from our beds as the 'bible-black' town lay
sleeping.

Just two passed the horses asleep in the
fields.

Just two in the mist with 'the dew falling'.

Just two in the 'darkest-before-dawn' stir.

Just two when:

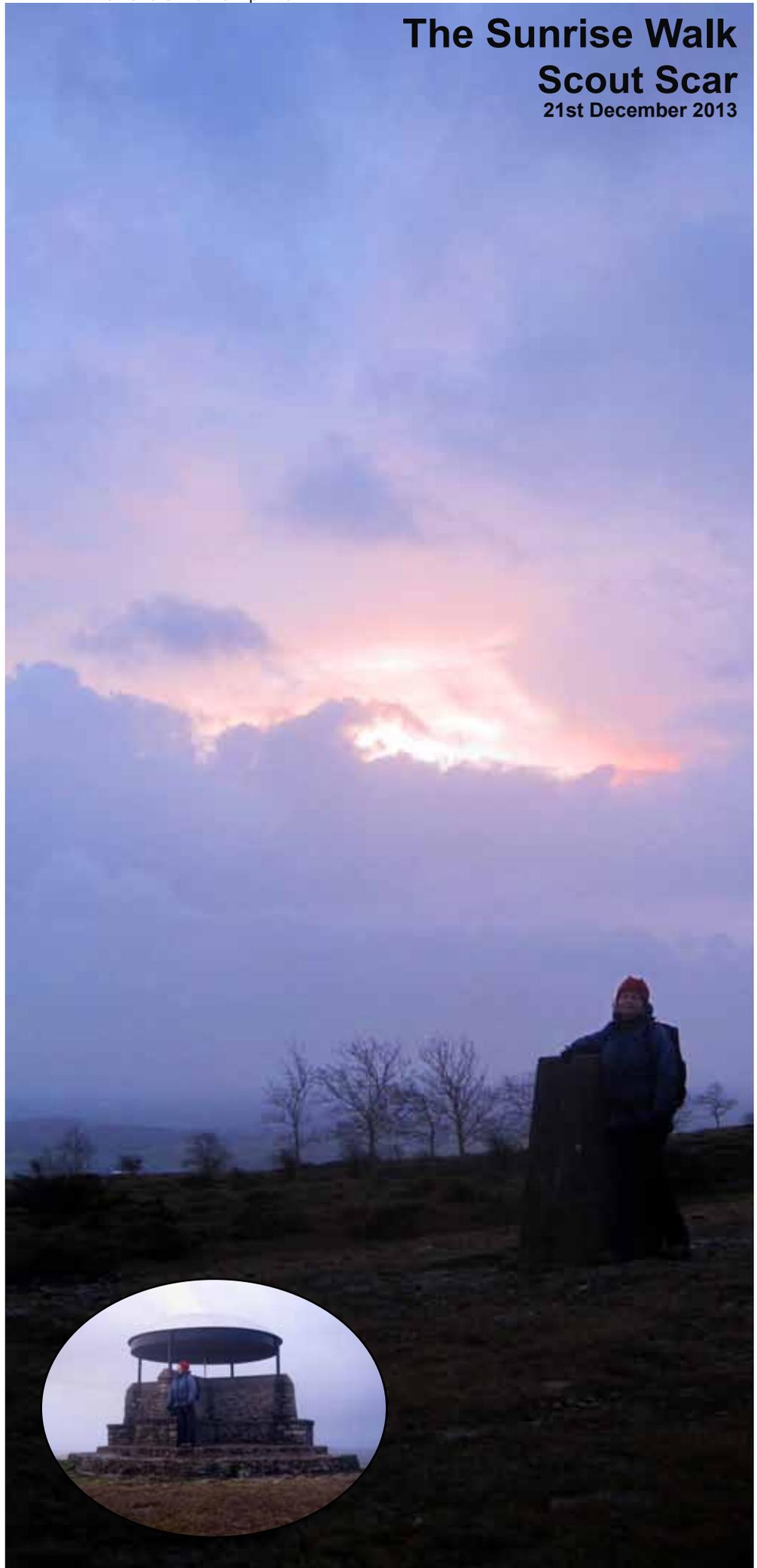
*The principality of the sky lightens now,
over our green hill, into winter morning
larked and crowed and belling.*

And later, just two ambled back to an
awakening town, to breakfast and a whole
new day....

The Sunrise Walk

Scout Scar

21st December 2013





The 7th Annual KFF All-Terrain Toboggan Trials
31st December 2013

The Fellfarer's year climaxed with yet another display of serious athletic competition. The young ladies set a jolly tone on the High House catwalk on the night before with a display of fashionable onesies (*top left*) but on the morning of **Race Day** it was back to grim reality (*top right*).

The racing machines had to be fine-tuned. There was no margin for error and the tension was palpable (*circle inset*).

There was further stress for the men: this year there was a serious female contender, Laura, driving for the Walsh Engineering Team (*middle of the prerace line-up, second right*). The full line-up, from left to right is: Graham Ball, Mark Walsh, Laura Walsh, Kevin Smith, and Colin Jennings as the Grim Reaper.

Laura acquitted herself extremely well and ATTT cognoscenti are putting their money on her becoming champion sometime very soon. She won the downhill field event and set a ladies course record of 31 seconds on the downhill track.

The full results (points scored) are:

	Field	Track	Road	Beck	Overall
Colin	7	6	9	9	4th
Mark	6	7	7	8	5th
Kevin	8	8	6	10	3rd
Graham	9	10	10	6	1st
Laura	10	9	8	7	2nd

The ATTT Competition Supreme Executive Adjudication Committee decided that points awarded for costume should not count towards the overall result, otherwise Graham would win hands down. So the overall results are:

Competition: Graham Ball
Costume: Graham Ball

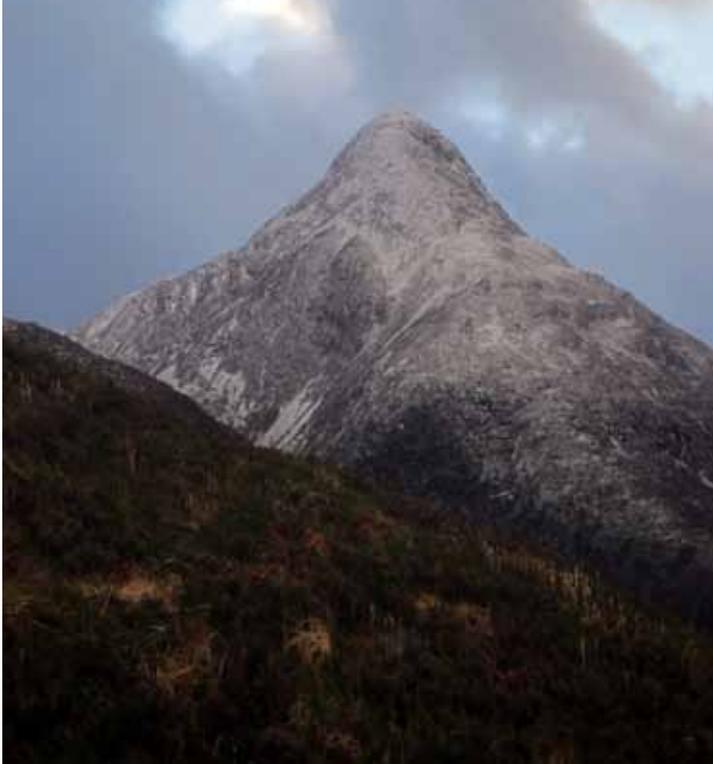
Oh bugger!
(Bottom 3 photos: at the prizegiving ceremony, The Scafell Hotel)



The 32nd KFF Clachaig Meet The Clachaig Chalets, Glencoe

10th-12th January 2014

Hugh, Alan, Mel, Charles, Alvin, Frank, Graham, Veronica, Mick



The Kendal team and Mel's Bassetlaw MC team set off a day early, on Thursday 9th. We had booked beds in the old and quirky Drovers Inn at Inverarnan so that Mel could finally manage the ascent of Ben Vorlich that he'd been hankering to do for several years.

He climbed his Munro with Alvin, in absolutely horrible weather, on Friday. The rest of us, Hugh, Alan, Mick and Charles set off for the nearby Corbett, Meall an Fhudair. We reached the first top, Troisgeach, and decided that on such a day none of us was 'driven' enough to continue to the summit. We scurried down with no regrets.

Later that day, all dried out again, we gathered in the bar of the Clachaig and were joined by Frank, Graham and Veronica from the Furness chapter of the club.

Saturday was another story entirely. The dark clouds were ripped apart by the winds and we all had the prospect of doing exactly what we wanted in sunshine (well, some of the time at least): Frank and Graham took to the ski slopes above Rannoch Moor. Veronica and Alan explored the scenic Lochan Trail in the woods behind Glencoe village.

Mel, Charles, and Alvin had a long day on the Munro Sgurr Eilde Mor from Kinlochleven.

Mick and Hugh walked up Garbh Bheinn, the Corbett sandwiched between the Aonach Eagach ridge and Loch Leven. The top four photographs are from their day.

Sunday's weather was forecast to be poor, and so Alan, Hugh and Mick decided to stay off the hills and visit the island of Lismore instead. A short ferry crossing (*bottom right*) meant the club could tick off its 2nd island of the year. Only another 78 to go!

The weather proved to be better than forecast and Mel, Charles and Alvin ticked off another Munro, Beinn an Dothaidh on the way home.

So ended another great weekend amongst the incomparable peaks of Glencoe.



Charlie's Walk

11th January 2014

Words and photographs: Clare Fox

David, Val, Gordon, Mike, Jan, Lyn, Caroline, John, Laura, Joan, Mary, Tina, Kevin, Ali, Clare, Margaret and Ellie.

Seventeen eager folk, plus one dog, turned up at 10am for the first Fellfarers' walk of 2014. After so much rain we couldn't believe our luck as the sun shone in a beautiful blue sky. Needless to say we all set off in high spirits across the race course heading to Scout Scar. Familiar ground, situated for many of us on our doorstep, yet it remains a special place, especially on such a glorious day. Squeezing through the kissing gate on our way to the Scar caused a few comments, some quite unkind and to do with overindulgence at Christmas!

Anyway we all managed to get through and we strode up through the heather and gorse making our way to the trig point. Once reached and duly photographed, we set off for the Mushroom and rested there awhile to admire the stunning views and pick out the distant fells and checking them off with the profile on the inner circumference of the Mushroom. We then carried on the track towards the road (and yet another kissing gate!) through the car park and out onto Cunswick Scar. Blue skies stayed with us all the way we couldn't believe our luck.

We arrived at Charlie's spot and there we rested, the distant views magnificent. Time to pause as David handed out sheets of paper outlining a Portrait of Ben Nevis which in 1650 was known as Bin Novesh on maps. The first recorded attempt at climbing Ben Nevis was in 1767 by a plant collector. His talk was very interesting (ref: SMC guide book by Ken Crockett). He ended by telling us about himself and Charlie's first ascent of Ben Nevis in 1957 at the ages of 15 and 16 respectively. The following day whilst descending Buachaille Etive Mor Charlie slipped on a slab knocking out several of his top teeth. This necessitated many trips to Fort William to extract and make good the remaining teeth. Poor Charlie!!

After our interesting Scottish sojourn, which also included refreshments for some, we made our way back home by various routes. Some strode off to Staveley for a longer walk, some made their way back to their parked cars and some walked back to Kendal. Some even rushed to the Rugby Club, I believe. Six of us, however, agreed that lunch at the Union Jack Café in Kirkland would be a lovely end to the day and that is exactly where we ended up. Very tasty and cosy it was too!

So a big Thank You to David for a great walk in stunning weather. What a great start to the Fellfarers' 80th year.



THE WINTER QUIET WEEKEND

17 - 19th January 2014



Sixteen members took a chance with the poor weather forecast for the Winter Quiet Weekend at High House:

Margaret and Roger Atkinson, Sandra and Tony Atkinson, Val Calder, Angie Mitchell and Hugh Taylor, Sue Mitchell and Tony Maguire, Mark Walsh, Fred Underhill, Clare and Mick Fox, Andrew Campbell, Nancy Moulin and Paul Wilson.

Friday was a day of fast moving showers. Some Fellfarers braved them on the way to the Hut:

Mick made a swift ascent of Causey Pike via Rowling End. The driving rain turned to sleet and snow on the summit but he was rewarded with some fine atmospheric views of the Newlands fells (*top right*) between the squalls. He spotted just two people on the distant summit of Catbells. They may well have been other Fellfarers: Sue and Tony parked at Seatoller and took the bus back to Keswick so that they could walk the Catbells ridge back to their car.

A full moon made a brief appearance through the trees that night (*title picture*) but the sky had clouded in again by daylight.

Andrew Campbell won 1st prize for dedication: he's not a member yet but was determined not to miss a chance to be out on the hills. He set off from Bristol at 4am on Saturday, arrived at breakfast time and went straight out to visit Bow Fell, Crinkle Crag, Esk Pike and, just to finish off the day, Great Gable.

Sue and Tony set off to Cockermouth in search of mousetraps (see page 2) and Mark went for a run over the Newland fells.

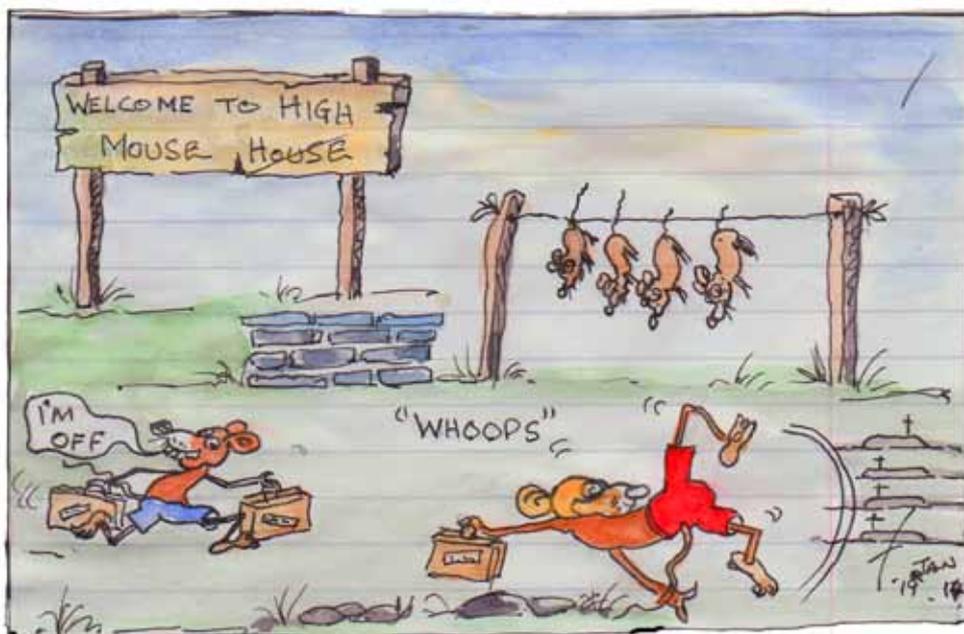
The rest of us went in search of coffee somewhere in Borrowdale. Mission Impossible apparently. We went our separate ways, one large party to walk the lakeside to Keswick and the Editor and Social Secretary to walk a little round of Birketts based on Sale Fell above Bassenthwaite Lake (*second above*).

Nancy and Paul arrived at teatime and stayed in for the evening while the rest of us dined at the Scafell Hotel.

Sunday's weather was unpromising too and almost everyone was content to just go home. Not Andrew though; he planned to visit Kirk Fell before setting off on the long drive back to Bristol.

The traps were baited and set overnight. By the end of the weekend the mouse population of High House had been reduced by 5.

So, for the humans at least, it had been another grand 'quiet' weekend. Those present are delighted that the Committee has agreed to provide one in the summer too. Thank you.





**The KFF AGM
and
Photographic Competition**
Friday 24th January 2014
(The AGM report is given on page 3)

There was another impressive collection of members' photographs on display for the meeting. When the main business of the evening was finished, everyone present was invited to vote for their favourites amongst the many great images on show.

The winners in the 3 categories were:

Above: (Open Category)

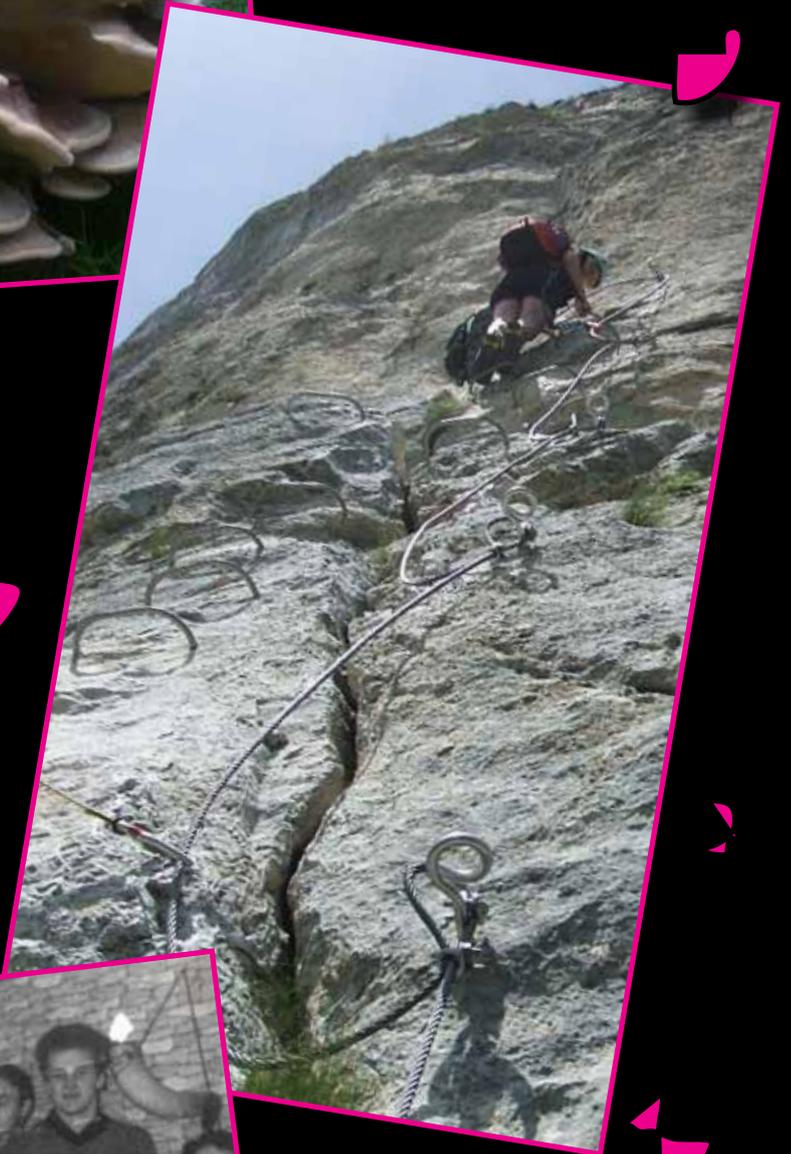
Fungus at Burnbank, Haweswater,
Clare Fox

Right: (Fellfarers 2013)

Val on Via Ferrata, Caming Meet, The Vercors
Colin Hunter

Below: (Blast from the Past)

21st Birthday Party at the Moorcock Inn, 1962
Mike Hodgson



PS. How many current club members can you spot at the birthday bash on the left?

The editor recognises Peter Goff (far left), Colin Hunter (2nd left), Stuart Bell (front), and Roger Atkinson (far right).

The Trough

Midweek Walk No.45 Silverdale to Arnside

Wednesday 29th January 2014

Hugh's midweek walk set a new record: 25 Fellfarers and friends turned up to explore the geological feature called The Trough. Perhaps the weather forecast had attracted them: one dry day in a spell of seemingly never ending grey skies and drizzle. Perhaps it was the excitement of a train journey to begin with.

Twenty one of us gathered at Arnside station for the 10.50 train to Silverdale, joining three more members who had caught the train in Grange. Ruth travelled from the other direction to meet us at Silverdale where we rather overwhelmed the cafe at the RSPB reserve at Leighton Moss when we piled in for coffee.

The Trough is a sort of corridor with vertical limestone walls which cuts through the landscape for about 2 miles from the Leighton Moss wetlands northwards to Storth. We entered its southern portal and Hugh gave us a finger-puppet show to demonstrate how it was created (*top right*) in the Silverdale Disturbance.

We walked on, passing Trowbarrow, and popped into the quarry to see if Jean Jeannie and the other classic climbs on the Main Wall had fallen down yet. We walked a circuit of the quarry and passed under Red Wall "where the big boys play", a climbing wall so overhung it stays dry in the rain.

Back in the Trough we climbed a wall (*second right*) and entered Leighton Hall private land. Well, we didn't see the Private - Keep Out sign, did we?

The Trough fades into nothing at Haweswater in the Gaitbarrows Nature Reserve. There were tempting seats by the lake but there was no life on the water and we rambled on to take lunch in a field just before Leighton Beck: the county boundary between Lancashire and Cumbria. A low limestone outcrop gave plenty of seating room for us to gaze out over Silverdale Moss as we munched. We watched a large flock of lapwings (a desert or a deceit of lapwings, Hughie tells us) doing a perfect imitation of a murmuration of starlings. Egrets stood and stared and seven swans flew in perfect formation over our heads.

We passed by the huge ruined limekiln in Back Wood and over Creep-i-th'-call Bridge into Cumbria.

In the fieds beyond Hazelslack Farm some of us attempted to keep feet dry, unsuccessfully, by recourse to a little more mild trespassing and then we picked up the Trough again in Storth at Cockshot Lane. Is 'Through's Lane' a corruption of 'Trough'?

We returned to Arnside along the old Hincaster to Arnside railway line. The man-made cutting (*third right*) between The Ship Inn and St Johns Cross is not part of the Trough but it is an interesting and atmospheric feature.

We stepped out onto the shore of the Kent estuary (*bottom right*) for a splendid mile or so's promenade to finish the walk. Hugh apologised later - the route was about 8 miles rather than the advertised 5.

Well no-one complained; it was a grand and interesting excursion into unknown territory for almost everyone there.

Thank you Hughie.





Levadas

Walking in Madeira - February 2014

It is somewhere I'd never even considered as a holiday destination. I knew it was popular but I had never been curious about why. I was not even sure where it is.

Then a walking magazine (it must have been from the Ramblers or the BMC because I never buy them) came through door containing an article on the superb mountain walking on the island. The photographs of craggy pinnacles bedecked with unspoilt forest and gorgeous flowers were compelling. One feature unique to the island is the system of levadas, man-made water channels that thread through otherwise impossible terrain and give easy walking across the mountain sides.

We got fed up with this miserable winter. Hasn't everyone? We talked of a short break in the sun somewhere. I remembered the article and suggested Madeira. It turned out that some fellow Fellfarers had been there and we looked at their guidebooks and maps. Thomas Cook did the organising for us and we were soon flying out over the southern coast of Ireland, south over the Atlantic (yes I knew where the island is by then).

We spent the first day in the capital, Funchal, attempting (not very successfully) to get bus timetables and other information. The sun shone all day but, worryingly, the peaks, which fill the centre of the island and should have been towering over 6,000 feet above us, were invisible, swathed in cloud.

I hired a car on the following day and we drove up to a road-end col high in the hills. Cloud was drifting against the craggy mountainside not far above our heads. We soon walked up into it and for the next few hours we might as well have been on some Pennine moor for all we could see. Never mind, I had the satisfaction of gaining a couple of tops and, more importantly, a sense of 'getting the measure' of the hills. The drive down the vertiginous cobbles and tarmac back to sea level ("I don't remember it being this steep on the way up") was the most exciting part of the day. Back at the hotel, people were sunbathing and swimming at the pool.

A taxi took us to the the high town of Monte on the next day. We followed a levada for 10 miles through forest, banana plantations, gardens and tunnel (*top 2 pictures, left*). The water ran smoothly beside us the whole way, the only indication that we were travelling ever so slightly downhill. The scenery changed by the minute and the sun shone the whole time - except in the tunnel obviously. It was a brilliant walk with a lovely tea-garden appearing at just the right time halfway along it. When we arrived at our end point in Camacha (the levada continued for many more miles) a bus arrived within minutes to take us back to Funchal and our hotel. And a beer by the poolside. I took a bus alone on the following morning and found the starting point of another levada. This was described as 'rocky, difficult and exposed'. It was. In parts the channel hangs off bulging cliffs, sometimes with a low rail and sometimes without (*third left*). Having negotiated this 1 1/2 mile section, and when my heartrate got back down to normal, I had to turn round and reverse it...

I now had to abandon my plans for the high mountain tops. Snowfall up there had forced the police to close the access road. We hired a car for our last two days and tootled along to the easternmost part of the island for an exhilarating wind-blown walk along the huge cliffs and jagged crags of the Ponta de Sao Lourenco (*bottom left*). The seas crashed onto the rocks, probably just as they were crashing on seaside proms back home - but with sunshine.

All too soon, it was the last day and I wanted another mountain experience. Round on the north of the island lurked a fierce baby mountain. Only 1,932 feet above sea level but it does rise vertically out of the sea, guarded at first sight by cliffs all round. We traversed the Penha d'Agua nervously on a path described in the guidebook as 'steep, rocky, crumbling, narrow, overgrown'. More adrenaline-producing stuff but it was fine. Hey, we're Fellfarers after all.

So we returned to a cold wet battered Britain after much too short a break and with some ambitions unfulfilled. It was a great 'taster' for the island but Madeira: we have unfinished business.

Wear your boots; fill your boots
 The Appetite Enhancer and the KFF Annual Dinner
 Saturday 22nd February 2014



Nine Fellfarers gathered to block the pavement outside the Spar shop in Staveley at 11 on Saturday morning (above).

It was a gloomy morning but in this dreadful start to the year that almost counts as good weather. Claire and Mark, up from Cheshire, made welcome additions to the usual local faces there.

Krysia led us off at her usual no-nonsense pace, over the river by the fancy new wrought-iron footbridge and up the slippery slope from Staveley Park Farm to the Bowston back-road and Spring Wood.

Up the rough road we went to Side House, a lonely unkempt dwelling that, as Krysia said, just makes you want to go and have a look inside. Last wallpapered for the Coronation, I'll bet. It has a gorgeous location that must make it worth a fortune when it does eventually come on to the property market. The waterfall tumbling alongside the track (top right) is a miniature Lakeland gem. Go and have a look but don't tell anyone.

The track climbs gently under Potter Fell and then veers off through Birk Field, lovely in summer when its garden walls are decked with flowers, and thence to the fields of that little secret valley which the OS has not named. Walter, you used to live there: does the valley have a name?

On fieldways we wandered (second right) to Craggy Wood (third right), in sunshine now. The mud no longer mattered. The world, all fallen beech and oak leaf, shone golden brown as we traversed the steep ground high above Staveley to the Rope Swing Tree (cover) where we had (some of us) our lunch, perched on mossy stones and stumps.

It's a steep way down then and we were soon back at the village, saying "Goodbye" and "See you tonight at the dinner", or not in my case.

I couldn't make it to the dinner this year but I hear that it was a great success. Of course it was. Look at the picture below if you don't believe me.





It's raining, it's pouring...

Midweek Walk No. 46 Ings and Kentmere

Wednesday 26th February 2014

It was the Chairman's walk but Roger had craftily wrecked his shoulder to get out of leading it. Drastic but effective. Now I was to lead it but with a chesty cold coming on and with a forecast of heavy rain until teatime, I really just wanted to sit in front of the fire with a mug of tea and a good book. An omnibus edition of H.P. Lovecraft's short stories was the main contender.

Duty called, though, and so we packed our rucksacks and set off for Ings. We took the car instead of using the bus passes so that when no-one turned up ("*Surely nobody will come out on a day like this?*") we could scoot off to Wilf's for a coffee and then home without having to wait for the 555.

Typical Fellfarers - they never let you down when you want them to. Our hearts sank when we recognised, through the rain-bleared windscreen, Hughie's car waiting. Nothing personal; we just didn't want *anyone* to be there. We couldn't see who was inside through the condensation but Sally had her muzzle pressed against the back window. We parked behind and waited for the bus. "*If no-one is on it perhaps Hugh could be persuaded to go back home*", we thought.

The bus arrived and sprightly Frank bounded off, obviously eager to get some miles in. "*That's it, the day is lost*", we thought and then, to seal our doom, Graham and Irene arrived too.

Hugh only had one passenger, Sam. The other two of his Wednesday Gang had set off for the higher fells above Coniston. What's wrong with these people? It's time they were slowing down a bit, my dad would have said.

Anyway, we quickly made a joint decision and within minutes were all cozy in front of the fire drinking coffee at The Watermill (*top left*)....

An hour later we couldn't avoid the issue any longer. We stepped outside again. The rain had just stopped and for a second or two there was a brightness in the sky that might have been the sun. I suggested that we follow Roger's planned route in reverse, missing out the field sections which might turn out to be boggy. There were a few options for cutting the walk short if we wanted to.

It's never as bad, is it, once you get going? We tramped up the lane to Grassgarth, cut out the field section via High House, and stayed with the enclosed track (*second left*) to the junction next to the ancient British Settlement at Huginn.

We were beset here by muddy mountain bikers and runners coming at us from all directions. This was our first option to reduce the walk and I got out the map to compare distances. "*Do you know where you are?*" said one concerned young fellow. Cheek!

We continued, splashing across Mickle Moss to the stepping stones across Park Beck (*third left*). We decided to lunch here but, just as we crossed the beck, the rain started again in earnest. A standing lurch then, behind the wall (*see the website pic*). A passing mountain biker called out that we were mad and we returned his pleasantry.

The rain didn't let up then for the rest of the afternoon, which is a shame because the return path to Croft Head and Browfoot, high above the Kentmere valley, is undoubtedly the best part, scenically, of the walk (*bottom left*). As it was we had to just note the view in passing. The little cottage at Black Beck, doorless and windowless but with roof intact, would have been a much better lunch-stop if any of us had remembered it. Hugh and Sam set a good pace now. There was no reason to linger. Everything streamed with water and deep muddy puddles filled the lane from wall to wall above Heights Farm. The farmer at Huginn Hall Farm gave a big cheery grin from his Landrover as we passed. Perhaps because we were outside and he wasn't.

The mud got worse on the walled lane down down to the Grassgarth road and we were happy to get back onto tarmac for the last couple of hundred yards. Then came that exquisite torture of peeling off wet gear and trying to get into the car dry - in pouring rain. Still, at least we got out, as they say.



Inset: The beck above Browfoot Farm

Catstycam 6*An introduction to...***A hidden gem?**

Some of the editor's friends know that much of his hillwalking is guided by lists. Well, it keeps him off the streets.

One of those lists is of every route in Wainwright's guidebooks to the Lakeland Fells*. While cataloguing which of the 800+ routes he has done and which he hasn't, he realised that he'd never got round to a little classic: the northwest ridge of Catstycam (left).

AW says of this route: *"Walkers with red blood in their veins should give their attention to the north west ridge. This looks formidable (from White Side it looks impossible)..."* and *"...a good airy climb in its later stages, giving a fine sense of achievement when the summit is gained."* Who could resist that invitation?

And how had the editor missed it over all those years of running, scrambling and walking in the Lakes? It is true, of course, that Catstycam is, for most walkers, *"no more than the abrupt terminus of a short spur of the higher mountain"* (AW again) and is usually seen as just a little bonus peak at the end of an exciting day on the classic circuit of Helvellyn's two 'Edges'

The editor decided the ridge would have to be done soon and that decision coincided with a request from the Social Subcommittee to lead a walk for the Fellfarers. The achievement of a personal ambition and a good club walk could coincide. A date was set. The only element of chance was the weather:

Was March too early in the year to make a day of it by (safely) including Swirral Edge and a walk round to Whiteside for the impressive retrospective views promised by Wainwright?

* It is known that Brian 'Charlie' Birkett (see page 9) had completed all of Wainwright's routes many years ago. Sadly, if he kept any records, they would have been on his computer which was password-locked and was destroyed when he died.



"Walkers with red blood in their veins should give their attention to the north west ridge..."

The North-west Ridge, from White Side

The editor kept watch on the weather and felltop conditions during the week before the planned walk. Despite the mild winter the Helvellyn range had received a huge amount of snow, much of which was soft and unstable. Avalanche risk was high. Then it became apparent (*the KFF website and Facebook*) that the mountain was experiencing a lot of Fellfarer action during that first week in March: Kevin Ford made the most of glorious weather on Monday (below) by soloing a snow gully on Brown Cove Crags and wandering onto Helvellyn summit. He reported *"Near to Lower Man there were old snow filled cracks in the cornice... almost 8 metres from the edge!"* Inspired by Kevin's photographs, Hugh Taylor and his chums visited the summit on Wednesday, when the weather was less than perfect, and peered down through the big broken cornice onto the Swirral Edge exit which was banked up with deep snow. Then Colin Jennings announced that he was planning to be there on Friday, another fine day, to *"go up the back way on to Catstycam and on to Helvellyn and Raise"*. "Hey" the editor thought, *"That's where we're going on the day after!"*.....

Kevin's two photographs below, from his great day out on Monday 3rd March, both show Catstycam's northwest ridge (on the left in each case).



The Northwest ridge of Catstycam

Saturday 8th March 2014

Hugh Taylor, Ruth Joyce, Sue Mitchell, Tony Maguire, Irene and Graham Ramsbottom, Jan Lancaster, Lynn Savage, Clare and Mick Fox.

Had the pattern of miserable winter weather finally broken with the coming of March? Several fine days in the preceding week suggested that it had (*opposite page*) but Saturday's sky was an unbroken grey as we ten put on our boots in Glenridding (*top right*).

We were (more or less) equipped for winter mountaineering but of course there was not a trace of snow to be seen from the village. What would the day bring?

The approach march up past the Greenside mines took us, within an hour, to the promise of shelter for elevensies in the lee of a big boulder. A strong blustery wind was by now buffeting us from all directions and the promise of shelter was an illusion - the boulder had no lee-side.

By the time we reached Keppelcove dam it was obvious that today was not going to be one of great views. Catstycam was completely hidden in grey cloud and only a few streaks of snow rearing sharply upwards into the mist showed where its north face began.

Some of us defied the wind and crossed the dam (*that's Ruth, second right*) and some of us preferred the safer option of dropping to the beck and climbing out again. We clambered up into the entrance to Brown Cove and bumped our head on the clouds there. There is no obvious path onto the northwest ridge at this level and so we picked our way up grass and stones so steep that we could reach forward and touch the ground. It was a shame that there was no view of the 'formidable' ridge above us to set the pulse racing. Hey ho.

A path materialises higher up. Hughie found it and waved us over. I found myself constantly counting to ten as we ascended; the mist was so thick by now that we could easily have lost each other. The track was no easier to climb than the pathless lower section but it gave some reassurance that we were not straying. The ridge appeared to narrow and it was easy to imagine the airiness of the view if there had been one. Snow patches intruded onto the path, hinting that we were nearing our summit. A couple appeared above us and asked for confirmation that they were descending on the right route. They told us that the exit ramp from Swirral Edge was iced up. We left them still studying the map and laboured upwards (*third right*).

The tiny summit offered no shelter from the gale and there were no objections to the decision to ignore the Swirral Edge option. We trod the wide path (*bottom right*) to Red Tarn which burst into view, part frozen and surrounded by steep avalanche debris-strewn slopes, as we dropped below the cloud. We sat for lunch in a scene that Graham said 'could be anywhere on the planet' (anywhere distant, cold and mountainous, he meant, obviously).

Wouldn't you know it? As we strolled slowly back down to Glenridding the clouds broke apart, blue sky spread, the sun appeared. The fells were revealed in all their glory (*below*) and behind us Catstycam's fine summit appeared, a snow-streaked arrowhead peak, inviting us to come back, come back...





I am sure you are all aware that this is our 80th year as a Club. As mentioned in our last newsletter we are focussing our 80th celebrations on what the club is about now and what our active members are up to in the great outdoors. Hence we hope to spend the year busy completing Club Challenges by climbing 80 Wainwright Tops, visiting 80 islands, climbing 80 routes or completing our own 80th personal challenges.

One of the year's highlights will be a celebration party at High House. Here is your personal invitation:



NOTE THE CHANGE OF DATE. A savoury buffet and soft drinks will be provided. Bring your own alcohol and any contributions of cakes, biscuits, tray bakes etc. from members will be gratefully received!

CLUB CHALLENGES

1. To visit 80 islands. January 1st - November 29th

Well, the challenge has started and we have a total of 4 islands visited but with Kath and Mike heading for the Outer Hebrides this total is set to rise! Just a reminder that the challenge here is for us to visit and land on 80 different islands before the closing party in November. Hugh Taylor is keeping a record of islands visited on the website so please let him know if you can add to the list. A photo must be taken on each island as evidence.

The island must have a name and can be anywhere in the world. It must be surrounded by water but may be connected by bridge or other manmade structure. If one name covers more than one island in a group, each island will count as one. Don't forget you must set foot on the island and not just touch it! Each island will only count once towards the total

2. To visit 80 Wainwright Tops. May 21st - 31st

The aim is to 'bag' 80 of the 214 tops listed in Wainwright's Pictorial Guides to the Lake District during the eleven days from 21st May to 31st May inclusive. Hugh Taylor has kindly agreed to keep a record of the tops visited during this time and it would be very helpful if you could let him know which tops you intend to visit well in advance to avoid accidental repetition. It all sounds a bit complicated but we're Fellfarers – we can work it out, just let Hughie know which tops you'll be climbing!

3. To climb 80 routes. January 1st - November 29th

The Shinscrapers are hoping for a good summer so that they can notch up 80 rock climbs, again this can be anywhere in the world and although photographs are not required they would be

welcomed! They must be outdoors on rock and named in a guidebook. Grade doesn't matter and soloed routes are allowed. Again each route will only count once towards the total. Mick has agreed to compile the list so don't forget to let him have the details. Please note that all members are encouraged to join in but the Club does not want members to put themselves in danger so make sure you are climbing with an experienced partner. Why not join in the 'Climbing for All' events?

And then there's:

PERSONAL CHALLENGES

And finally don't forget your Personal Challenges this year. We have had a few ideas from members with Fred hoping to fish in 80 different bodies of water, Mick visiting 80 new tops and Kati and Gary planning to visit 80 old churches of Westmorland. Has anyone else started an 80s collection yet? Maybe visiting 80 new tearooms for coffee and sticky buns could be a good one for me! Is there an 80s challenge that the children could have for their own? How about your own 80 Wainwright list for the year? Or 80 other Tops? 80 Wild Swims in tarns, rivers and seas. 80 Race Miles for the runners? 80 miles paddled, swum, cycled.... 80 something we've not thought of? Something impossible, something silly, something easily achievable for you, it doesn't matter. Don't forget to let us know your ideas and how you're doing.

THE FELLFARERS' WAY



This is a competition to devise a Fellfarer's Way to complete our celebrations.

There will be a prize for the best entry received.

Closing date: 1st November
Here are some ideas to help you in planning your Way but you do not have to stick to them. Just use your imagination - and a map of course:

1. A route taking in historic landmarks connected to the Fellfarers either in Kendal or elsewhere locally that were salient in the history of K shoes.
2. A circular route from High House which would make an interesting day walk.
3. A route linking Kendal and High House, could be a multi-day walk taking in highlights along the way and including overnight stops (inns, pubs, campsites, hostels or even hotels).
4. A cycle route linking Kendal and High House.
5. An orienteering route between Kendal and High House.

Along with your proposed Fellfarer's Way could you include a short piece on the reason for your choice? We will look at including your ideas in the Social Programme next year.

Please send your completed entries to me. Good Luck!

And finally:

IN NOVEMBER

Information about the party in Kendal at the end of November will be in the next Fellfarer.

Clare Fox

SOCIAL SUB-COMMITTEE NEWS

Greetings from the Social Sub-committee. Well the year certainly seems to speed by when you're involved in planning the Fellfarers' Social Programme. We've just completed the programme up to July already, a pity we can't arrange the weather for these events too, but here's hoping for a long, hot summer!

We have tried to devise a full and varied programme for you all this summer. You'll see that the season of evening walks begins again in April, together with our 'Climbing for All' evenings. By way of a change the first venue for both events is Warton Crag so if you haven't visited this lovely area yet, do come along and be pleasantly surprised! We also have some great walks lined up for the summer months; an overnight stay at Skiddaw House; a visit to Rhyd Ddu, a camping trip to France and, of course no summer is complete without our annual Water Weekend, this time in Coniston. So don't forget to mark the events on your calendar and come along to them. We'll look forward to seeing you.

After our successful Winter Weekend at High House in January which was attended by 16 Fellfarers, a summer weekend was requested along the same theme so it was agreed to designate a weekend at the end of June as a 'Quiet Summer Weekend'. If this weekend proves as successful as the one in January a weekend will be made available next summer.

Now read on to find out what's happening for our 80th year celebrations and remember if you've already started your own personal 80's collection don't forget to keep a record and let us know how you're doing.

With best wishes from the social sub-committee

Clare Mike Tony and Joan

North Wales Meet

Oread Hut, Rhyd Ddu
11th to 13th April 2014

This is a great hut in a brilliant location and has hosted some memorable KFF meets in the past.

Snowdon is right outside the front door and there are opportunities for biking, walking, scrambling and climbing all around. Meals and real ales a few minutes away at the Cwellyn Arms.

Members : £5 per night Guests : £9 per night.

All 16 beds allocated for Fellfarers have been taken but the Oread Booking secretary has offered more if we want them. It's not too late! To book a bed contact Joan Abbot (contact details: page 2).

Walter's Water Weekend

Coniston Water 11th - 13th July



This camping meet will take place on the shores of Coniston Water at the Coniston Hall Campsite. You cannot book a place but when you arrive at the camp-site just mention Tony Walshaw's name!

The owner of the site is Brian Wilson and the telephone number is 015394 41223. If you are arriving late on Friday night can you phone him and let him know. The price is £8 per person per night and £2 per car.

The site is on the lake shore so don't forget your boat. If you prefer dry land, though, there's lots of good walking too. In fact there is something for everyone. Fingers crossed for some sun!

Skiddaw House Meet

Overnight stay Wednesday 21st May 2014

Four years of Midweek Walks celebrated with a 'mini-meet' and, we hope, a flying start to the collection of 80 Wainwright Tops too!

GETTING THERE:

There are two separate approach walks planned (so far):

1. From Caldbeck via the Cumbria Way over High Pike (*leader Tony Maguire*), a walk of about 10 miles that could see this group achieving the first tick of our 80 Wainwrights challenge. Transport can be arranged back to Caldbeck on Thursday if required.
2. From Bassenthwaite village over Skiddaw via Southerndale and Carlisle Col (*leader Mick Fox*). Thursday's walk back to Bassenthwaite is planned to take in Great Calva and Great Cockup but there is the much easier option past Dash Falls.

Details on the back page.

Please let me know if you intend to go on either walk so we have an idea of numbers and can make travel plans where necessary.

You are welcome to join either route or to devise your own. Other obvious starting points are: Mungrisedale, Threlkeld and Keswick. The easiest way is to park in the parking area opposite Peter House Farm and follow the track heading south-east, past Dash Falls, all the way to Skiddaw House.

You can always join us for a walk without staying at the hostel.



THE HOSTEL:

You will need to book your bed at Skiddaw House yourself.

You can book online (easy) or by phone (tel. 07747 174293). Please mention 'K Fellfarers' and my name.

The price is £15 for YHA members, £18 if you are not.

The hostel is self-catering. You can buy basic supplies for a meal there and breakfast is available for a small charge. You can order fresh produce in advance for an evening meal.

The hostel opens at 5 pm. There is no phone signal. Bedding is provided but you will need a towel.

To sum up, if you plan to join us:

1. Book your own bed at Skiddaw House
2. Let me know you're coming and which route you are taking

Clare Fox

Continental Camping Meet

June 2014

Over the last few years this has provided a great opportunity for Fellfarers travelling in Europe to meet up for a week to explore those beautiful mountainous areas together. The 'core week' this year is from Thursday 12th to Thursday 19th June. The preferred location so far (all options still under consideration) is The Parc des Volcans D'Auvergne, an area of interesting relics of volcanos, less challenging than the Alps or the Pyrenees but with what looks like great walking potential. If you're interested, please contact Clare Fox.

MINIBUS TRIP

19th to 26th July 2014

There are plans afoot to have another mini bus trip this year. The trip would consist of a week's touring of the chosen area, with accommodation in a hostel each night

Three venues were suggested at a brief planning meeting: Northumberland, Mid-Wales and Somewhere else entirely.

The next meeting will be held on **16th April** at The Rifleman's Arms. If you are at all interested, please come along (or contact Clare Fox if you can't attend).

KFF CLUB EVENTS APRIL - JULY 2014

Where the contact person's phone number is not given below, full contact details should be found on page 2.

Events marked with an *asterisk are described in more detail on page 18 or 19.

Dates given for multi-day events are from day of arrival to day of departure.

April

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

Weekend 11-13th

Away Meet. The Oread Hut, Tan-y-Wyddfa, Rhyd ddu, North Wales. Booking essential. £5 per night for Fellfarers, £9 per night for guests. To book contact Joan Abbott (tel: 015396 21357)

Weekend 18-22nd

High House is booked for Fellfarers. Easter Bank holiday

Thursday 24th

Climbing for All Evening The 1st outdoor meet of the year. Warton Upper Crag (GR SD 494728). Go direct to the crag or meet as for walk below. Everyone welcome. Info: Mike Palk (01425 736548) and:

Thursday 24th

Evening Walk – Warton Crag
Meet 6 pm. Warton Main Quarry Car Park (GR SD 492 144) Leader: Kath Palk (01425 736548)

Wednesday 30th

Mid-week Walk - Birkwith and Alum Pot. Distance 10.5 miles. Easy walking. Time 5 hrs
Meet 10am. Pen-y-ghent café, Horton in Ribblesdale. GR 808725. Leader Frank Haygarth 01539 723948

Every Thursday

Evening Climbing for All. Kendal Wall until 17th, then a different crag each week. Info: Mike Palk (01425 736548)

May

(Committee meet at the Rifleman's Arms on Tuesday 13th. Social Evening 9 pm onwards)

Weekend 2-5th

High House is booked for Fellfarers. May Bank Holiday

Tuesday 6th

Evening Walk- 'A Whitbarrow Wander'. Distance 5 miles approx.
Meet 6.30pm. GR 442 840. Drink after at The Derby Arms. Leader Mike Palk (01524 736548)

Midweek 21-22nd

***Midweek Walk** with Overnight Stay at Skiddaw House. NOTE: Two different start points:
1. *Cumbria Way Route* via High Pike. Approx 10 miles. Height gain 2500ft.
Meet 10.30am. Kirkland Stores + P.O. Caldbeck Village (GR 325398) Leader Tony Maguire (01539 232597)
2. *Skiddaw Route* via Southerndale. Approx 7.5 miles. Height gain 2800ft.
Meet 10.30am. Sun Inn, Bassenthwaite Village (GR NY 230 323) Leader Mick Fox

Week 23-31st

High House is booked for Fellfarers. Spring Bank Holiday week, Including:

Saturday 31st

***80th Birthday Party** at High House. Note change of date.

Week 21-31st

***Club Challenge** – climb 80 Wainwright Tops during this time.
Please send photographs from each summit (with details) to Hugh Taylor

Every Thursday

Evening Climbing for All. A different crag each week. Info: Mike Palk (01425 736548)

June

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

Weekend 1-2nd

High House is booked for Fellfarers. Continuation of May booking.

Tuesday 10th

Evening Walk – 'A Mooch around Melling'. 5 miles.
Meet 6.30pm at Melling Hall (GR 6071). Leader Sandra Atkinson (01524 423776)

Week 12-19th

*Camping trip in Europe. See page 19.

Wednesday 25th

Midweek Walk- Northern Winster Valley. Circular. 6 miles (+2 perhaps). Height gain 600ft.
Meet 10.30am. Winster Church (GR416930) Leader Gordon Pitt (015395 68210)

Weekend 27-29th

High House is booked for Fellfarers. Summer 'Quiet Weekend'
Saturday's walk(s) to be arranged on Friday evening. Communal barbeque on Saturday.

Every Thursday

Evening Climbing for All. A different crag each week. Info: Mike Palk (01425 736548)

July

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

Weekend 11-12th

***Walter's Water Weekend** to be held at Coniston Hall campsite. £8 each plus £2 per car per night.
No booking. Just turn up on Friday. (GR SD 304 963). Details on page 19. Info: Tony Walshaw 015395 52491

Tuesday 15th

Evening Walk – 'The Storth Geo-Trail'. 5 miles. Easy.
Meet 6.30pm. Ship Inn Car Park, Sandside. Leader Peter Goff (01524 736990)

Saturday 26th

Saturday Walk – 'Walney Island'. 6-8 miles. Easy. Leader Alec Reynolds
Depart 9am X6 bus from Kendal Bus Station. Meet Alec in Barrow and then to meet drivers:
Meet 11.30am (approx) West Shore car park, Walney (GR170699) Please let Alec know if and how you're coming. Buses to Kendal: 10 past each hour through late afternoon and early evening.

Wednesday 30th

Midweek walk - 'A Figure of 8 Walk in Wensleydale'. 9 miles. Easy. Undulating.
Meet 10.45am. Village green/stone cross, Carperby (GR 006897). Leader Tony Maguire (01539 232597)

Every Thursday

Evening Climbing for All. A different crag each week. Info: Mike Palk (01425 736548)