

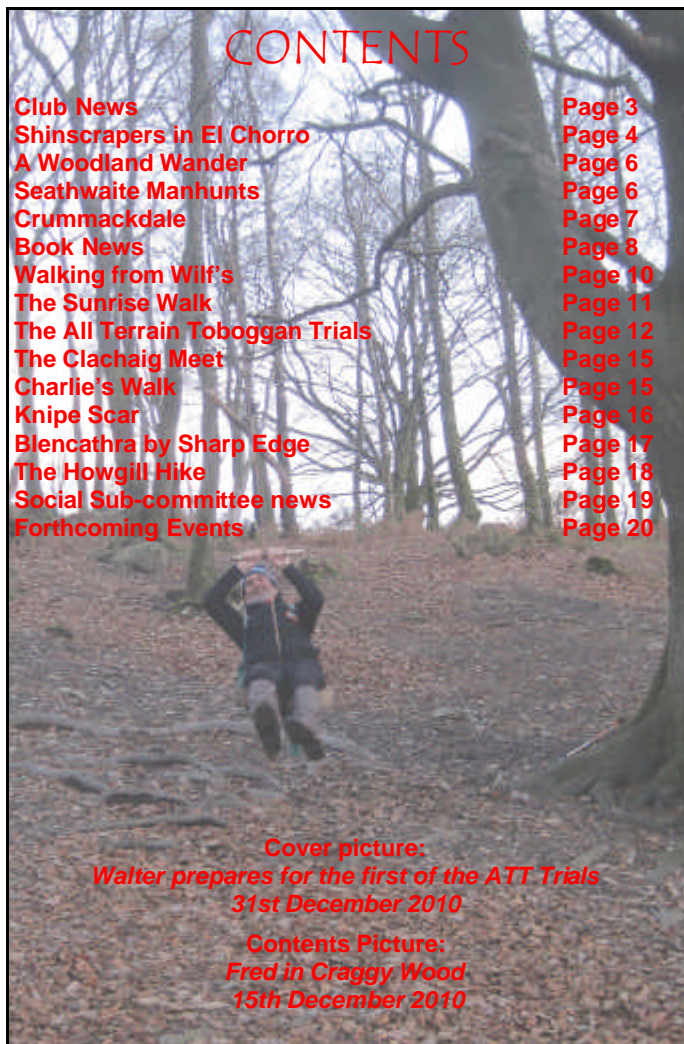
the

Fellfarer

April 2011

Number 61





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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.

OUR PARTNERS

- BRITISH MOUNTAINEERING COUNCIL
BMC Website: www.thebmc.co.uk
Each Fellfarer has an individual Membership Number
- RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION
Website: www.ramblers.org.uk
Fellfarers RA Membership Number: 1273727
- OREAD MOUNTAINEERING CLUB
(Reciprocal Rights Partnership)
Oread Website www.oread.co.uk
Oread huts -available to Fellfarers at the following rates:

Tan-y-Wyddfa Rhyd-Ddu, North Wales. O.S. Ref. 570527
Fellfarers: £4.50 p.p.p.n., Guests: £7.50 p.p.p.n.

Heathy Lea Cottage Baslow, Derbyshire.
Fellfarers: £4.00 p.p.p.n., Guests: £6 p.p.p.n.

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Editorial

Well, it's not exactly a makeover, perhaps more a bit of spring-cleaning of this newsletter. You will notice that a couple of things have moved around and there will, we hope, be more clarity in the important information we give you.

In particular I have been asked to include more information from meetings of the Committee and other groups. The Club News column has in the past included key decisions made on behalf of members but was not necessarily comprehensive in its coverage. I'm sure that members don't want full minutes of every meeting but this time I've been a bit more rigorous in combing through the last few months documents to make sure that members get an idea of everything going on behind the scenes. Let me know what you think. And don't forget that the *Fellfarer* is your newsletter and that Club News should not just be about Committee stuff. If you want to let other members know that you've ticked off all the Wainwrights, climbed your first E6 or had another baby, please contact me.

ED.

Next Issue:

July so the deadline for contributions is 1st June

Club News

The 78th KFF AGM 28 January 2011

A well-attended AGM at The Strickland Arms heard that Krysia Niepokojczycka and Peter Goff have resigned from the Committee after many years of service. The meeting voted for Mike Palk and Alec Reynolds to replace them as committee members and Jason Smallwood to replace Peter as Social Secretary (backed up, of course, by the Social Sub-committee). Tony Walshaw stays as a co-opted committee member and all other officers, members and trustees are unchanged.

Membership of the Club stood at 147 in 2010.

Club finances continue to be healthy, although income from letting High House still subsidised membership benefits in 2010. This situation arose when the Club joined the BMC to establish a realistic level of insurance for members and the Committee resolved to stage the necessary increase in membership fees over 3 years. The step up to £25 this year is the last of those staged increases and it is hoped that Club finances (as distinct from Hut finances) will be in balance again in 2011. No increase in membership fees was proposed for next year. The Club had total assets of £21,589.69p. at the year end.

Guest night fees will remain unchanged (£5 pppn) for 2011.

Hut bookings by other clubs dropped significantly from 102 to 77 nights last year, the lowest since at least 1985. Bookings for 2011 and 2012 are showing a healthy increase however.

Hut Booking fees for 2011 have been increased to £130 per night but will not increase in 2012. From 2013 the Fees will increase annually in line with increase in the Retail Price or Consumer Price Index (to be decided). In addition, the deposit required for booking has been increased from 10% to 25% to reduce losses made when groups cancel at short notice.

There were no propositions affecting the Constitution or High House Policy.

The list of priority jobs at High House, as contained in the 2011 Work Plan was given to the meeting.

Full minutes of the meeting are available on request from the Club Secretary.

Breaking News - from 1934!

A chance look at the website of the Cumbria Archives Service by the Editor recently revealed that some Club documents which were believed to be long lost have just come to light. The *K Fellfarers Minutes 1934 - 1955* were contained in a large collection of K Shoes documents which had lain unsorted and uncatalogued since the demise of the company. They were finally catalogued last year - but only after the Book Sub-committee had searched the Kendal Record Office files (on 18th February last year) for useful docu-

ments! A very brief look at the first few page confirms what had been deduced by the Editor about the formation of the Club: At a General Meeting held at 7.30 pm in the Shoe Room of Somervell Brothers on 20th March 1934 the Club Rules were considered and adopted and '*K*' *Fellfarers* came into existence.

Trustees Meeting 28 September 2010

The Club Trustees are primarily responsible for the Lease between the National Trust and the Club. The Trustees meet once a year to consider whether the Committee is fulfilling its obligations under the terms of the Lease. At their last meeting the Trustees expressed concern that at the September Working Weekend at least one job *that is a requirement of the Lease* (sweeping the chimney) was not done. They have asked the Committee to ensure that this and any similar work is marked on the Working Weekend jobs list as compulsory. The Hut Sub-committee have included that requirement in the Work Plan.

Marketing High House

High House is now in the Independent Hostels Guide 2011.

Emergency Repairs

Visitors to High House over Christmas will know that a rather catastrophic scene met the first to arrive. Multiple burst pipes caused by the protracted frost in December had caused flooding in several places. A small team of members did a splendid job of clearing up and making emergency repairs to the pipework (and to a broken window). The Committee has expressed its thanks to those members for their prompt action. They are: Roger Atkinson, Mark Walsh, Peter Barnes, Kevin Smith and Graham Ball.

2011 Work Plan

Priority jobs agreed for the coming year are:

- Finish replacement of rainwater gutters and downpipes
- Improve the ladies' washroom
- Replacement and insulation of pipework
- Fit emergency lights in the two upper rooms
- Fit escape signs in the two upper rooms
- Carry out test for live woodworm in roof space
- Revise Working Weekend list to make lease-related items compulsory

A copy of the full Work Plan is available to anyone who requires it. It will also be available on the website.

Health and Safety

The BMC have issued new guidelines on Health and Safety for Hut Managers. The Hut Sub-committee will be studying these to see if the Club needs to make any changes to the building or to its current working methods.

Lost and Found

The Committee has agreed that any unclaimed items left at High House will be sold or thrown away after being advertised on the Club Website's 'Swap Shop' for at least 6 months. Sales will be at Club slideshows or similar events and any money made will be paid into Club funds.

Slideshows - the Future

All of this winter's slideshows have been very well attended and, at the time of going to press, the latest of these (the double-header of 'Walking in Bulgaria' and 'Climbing at El Chorro') achieved the room's maximum capacity of 42 members and friends. This continuing success poses a question about the venue. The Strickland Arms has proved to be the most popular centre we've ever had for evening events but is it time for the Social Sub-committee to look for a bigger room? The SSC would welcome your views and suggestions. Contact details for Jason, the new Social Secretary, are given opposite.

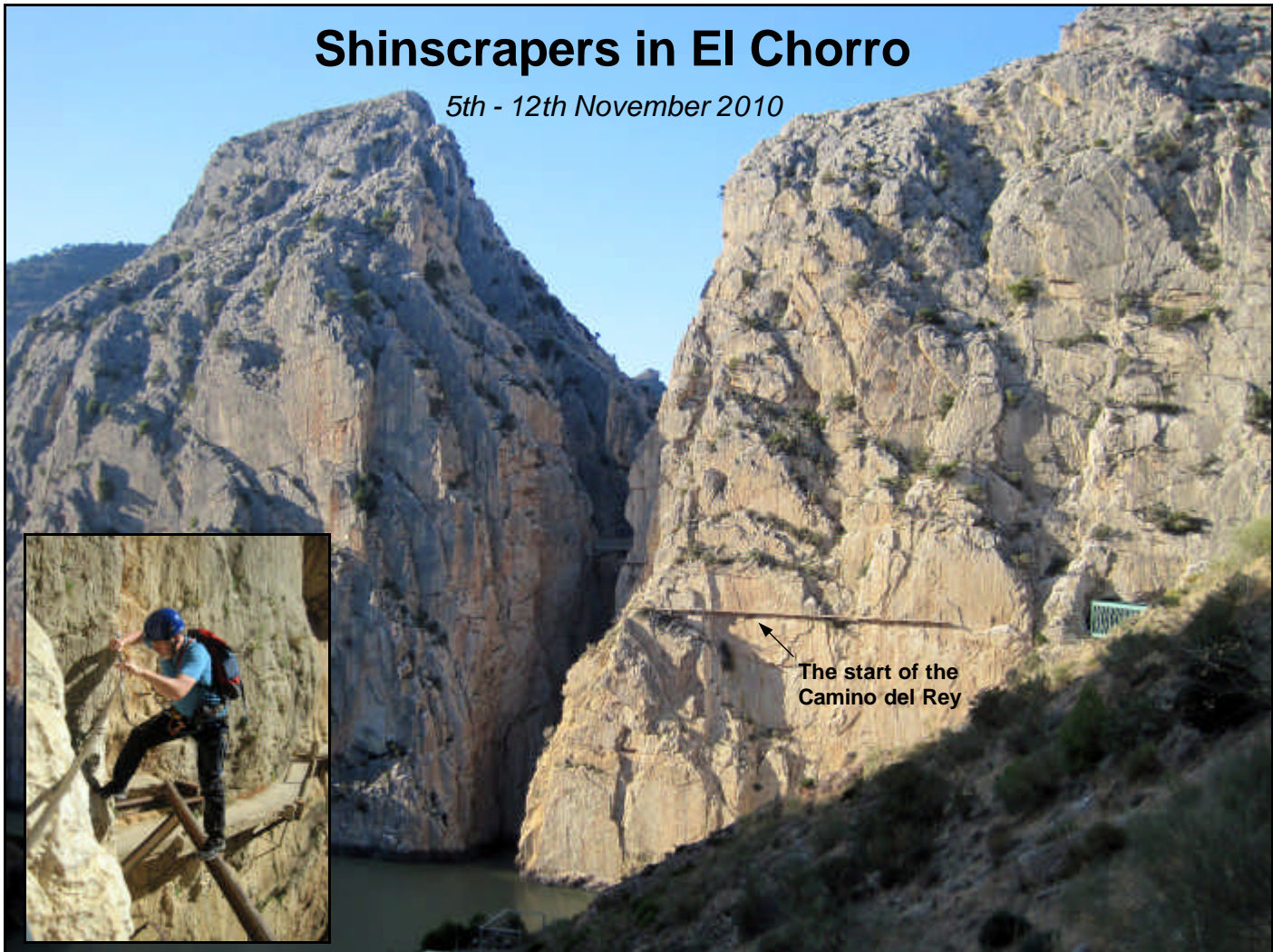
The Review of the Year

At the AGM the President recorded that he was impressed by the wide scope and variety of the club's activities as demonstrated at the Review of the Year Slideshow (there were almost 450 slides, many of them - and often the best of them - of our members' activities outside the bounds of Club Events). Please remember to keep supplying the Editor with your favourite photos of your days out. Every picture supplied goes into the Club Archive and stands a good chance of being included in the Review.

Club News and Social Sub-committee News continue on page 19

Shinscrapers in El Chorro

5th - 12th November 2010



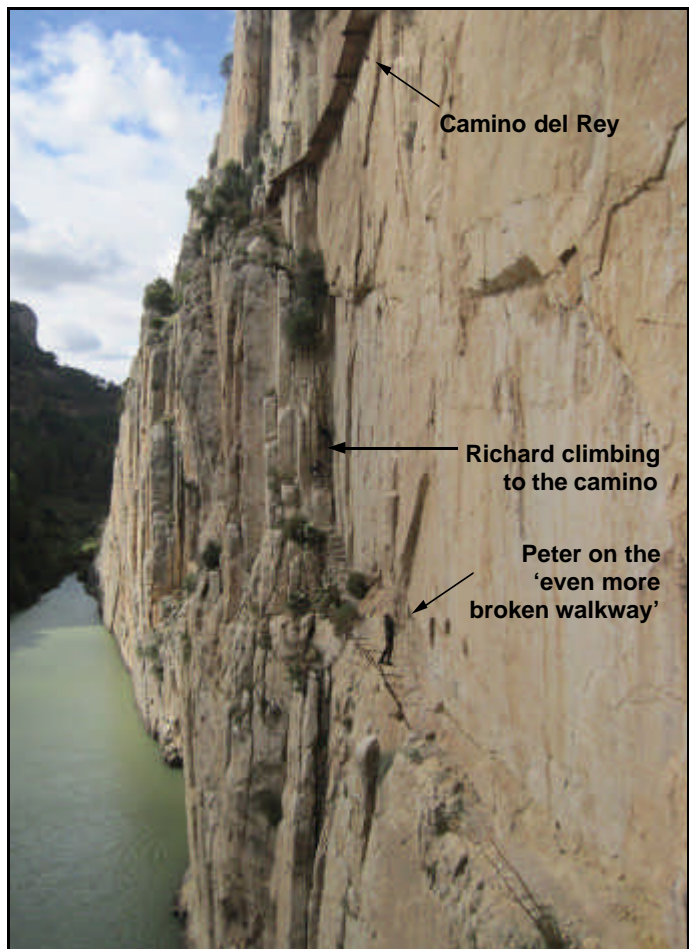
(continued from page 17 in the last issue)

Despite having to negotiate a massively expanding road system, not yet signposted or shown on maps, through the Aldalucian mountains, we arrived at the villa in good time and before the next six arrived from Malaga airport. When the first car arrived (Jason, Cheryl and Jeff), they reported that car No. 2 (Bill, Richard, Peter) was last seen heading towards Gibraltar. This practice of setting off from the airport in the wrong direction is becoming a *Shinscrapers' Spanish First Day Tradition*. In fact Bill has declared that it is his ambition to drive around the whole coastline of Spain *the wrong way*.

The villa was perfect for our needs - lots of bedrooms and lots of space so that, as Cheryl said, when we fell out we could avoid each other all week without having to leave. Like the Calpe villa of two years ago, this one had a deep pool set in a big wide terrace. It also had a covered porch across the back of the house with sofas and a table big enough for about 20 people to dine al fresco. Perfect in every way.

Well, not quite perfect. It is set on the edge of a tiny village, midway between Alora and Pizarra, with no obvious shop or bar. Shops we can live without but no bar! The owner had given directions, however, to a very good bar-restaurant hidden away nearby and on that first night our intrepid eight set off with headtorches shining into the blackness...

Three quarters of an hour later, after a river crossing (bridge demolished), ferocious dogs barking in the darkness on all sides, and the negotiation of a construction site, we were stumbling along a dirt-track towards a railway crossing. A single large headlight appeared ahead and with a roar a train rushed towards us. We tensed, some shrieked and some leaped for safety, *even though we weren't on the railway line*. Oh how we laughed. Anyway, to cut a long story





short, we did eventually find a bar; not the right bar, but a bar. Sarah and Wayne arrived later in the week. The rest of the holiday was mainly a succession of sunny days, climbing on warm rock (*this page, top - just one of the many crags, right - Jeff and Bill, below left - Cheryl, below right - Sarah*). High on everyone's list was the negotiation of El Chorro Gorge by the famous Camino del Rey (*opposite page, top - entrance to the gorge*). Built over a hundred years ago and neglected for the last 80 years, it's a narrow walkway clinging to the sheer cliffs of the gorge. Its parapet is long gone, the ironwork is rusting and the crumbling concrete floor is missing in many places (*inset - Bill on a 'missing bit'*). After several tourist deaths on it the authorities chopped the ends off and now only climbers can access it via an even more broken lower walkway and a climb (*opposite page, bottom*). We can report that all 10 Fellfarers and friends successfully walked the camino and survived. Just one highlight in a brilliant week.



A Woodland Wander

Sunday 13th November 2010

David Birkett

Armistice Day - while many Fellfarers were climbing Gt. Gable or Castle Crag to commemorate the fallen in two world wars and today's conflicts, I was in the Woodland valley. The K Choir had been performing at the Platform, Morecambe for a remembrance concert on the Saturday night, similarly so I had not been available for the mid-week walk in the Woodland area so I thought I'd play catch-up.

The valley is a delightfully quiet area, unsullied by the trappings of tourism and on this day deserted. I parked at the church and met the morning service participants, all five of them including the vicar. We agreed it was a wonderful day and suitable for a walk. The forecast was good 'sunshine with a cold wind and a possibility of showers'. I followed the footpath to Raisthwaite farm which developed into a walled lane leading to Green Moor an isolated steading with a derelict air, smoke was rising vertically as if being funnelled towards the atmosphere. A single slate bridge crossed the bubbling Green Moor beck, the bridleway was well worn by mountain bike tracks and ascended graduWy to a saddle called .4 'High kep'. From the map an intriguing name 'coultter stone' took me to a fine view over Beacon tarn and the Coniston fells beyond, the tops shrouded in cloud. I could not determine which was the stone so I returned to the saddle; numerous mountain bike tracks had strayed towards the tarn, illegally so for the 'open access' is only for pedestrians.

If I was concerned about mountain bike use, the damage caused by motor bike use would drive me to despair for the rest of the walk; one small 'benefit' was they had ploughed away through the undergrowth making walking easier and the way obvious. A snipe alighted as I walked through the Silurian hollows, the zig-zagging flight a joy to observe. The summit of Blawith Knott(248m) is a cairn on a rocky outcrop, I sought shelter on the lee side and marvelled at the views over the Duddon estuary and Black coombe, the tide was out exposing rivulets of water and ridges of sand, glistening in the autumn

sunshine. Earlier I talked of motor bike damage, the condition of the fell was diabolical on the descent towards Subberthwaite common road, my anger exploded and I 'dived' into the bracken and heather joining the bridleway leading to Tottlebank. Near Birch farm, on the common was a dump of wire and general litter including a cooker - man's contribution to the landscape. Footpaths now follow pasture land to Crooked Birch, enveloped in conifers and leading to a minor road. I followed the road in a westerly direction and joined the common on the lower slopes of Little Burney which in turn leads to Gt. Burney(298m) complete with trig, point and stunning views. The cloud had lifted off the Coniston Fells, they looked alpine like, the Scafell's remained shrouded, the whole was a joy to behold. To the south you are in touching distance of the Kirby Moor wind farm, for some reason only one of the ten turbines was working, yet out to sea the 'forest' of turbines turned relentlessly.

I descended steeply over trackless terrain and watched a hovering kestrel, below was Burney tarn, an attractive wild life haven between a minor road and Knittelton farm. On the slopes of Gt. Burney I could hear and see two shepherds gathering stock; at Knott End farm, now a pristine holiday let, I fought my way down a overgrown footpath to the main Woodland road. The road passes by Heathwaite and emerges onto the open common, below is the large expanse of Heathwaite moss draining into the Kirby Pool. After 2km I followed the access road to the Thornthwaite holiday complex, adjacent to Woodland Hall. The footpath out of the buildings was far from clear so I asked the farmer for directions, 'where do you want to go to me lad' 'to church' 'you go back down't drive and along't road or thro'wt field' 'I've just come up the drive' said ! Flocks of Fieldfares rose as I passed through the pastures, over an awkward stone stile, across a muddy gutter and finally to a series of stock gates surrounded by mud and slurry - that's why he wanted me to go to the road - I avoided these by climbing a wall into a bridleway leading to Ringhouses and so to the church. This is truly an idyllic area within the Lake District National Park - as A. W. states when describing a walk 'every step an inhibited joy, every corner a delight' - in my case not quite true.

The Seathwaite Man-Hunts

It's a constant source of wonder to me that we members of the human race live together amongst our circles of friends, often in close proximity to other groups, without the slightest idea what they are doing.

What's the Ed going on about now? Is he drunk again?

Well, I might be, a little bit, but I've just finished reading an excellent little book called *'The Riddle of Sphinx Rock'* by Ronald Turnbull.

Glad you enjoyed it. And?

I love reading books about the Lakes - but only if they tell me stuff I didn't know already. This book delivered a real jaw-dropper amongst its many gems.

Chapter 10 starts with a quotation from H H Symonds' *Walking in the Lake District 1933*: *"Did you ever hear of the 'Lake Hunt' of past days? -when there were no motor coaches, and the day's letters jogged up in pony carts, something after twelve, and there were no hot-baths there, nor cold baths either, but the same Elysian pool** under the big rock, where there is a footbridge today and curious eyes? In those great*

days of old, men ran upon the fells, chasing fleet long-distance champions and high hopes of dinner in the evening."

Turnbull then goes on to describe, in graphic detail, his participation in a man-hunt over **our** fells - the land between Seatoller, Seathwaite, Sty Head, Beck Head, Upper Ennerdale and Honister.

A little research discovered a Seathwaite tradition of hunting men (and women) on the fells going back over 100 years:

Three undergraduates at Trinity College, Cambridge: George Macaulay Trevelyan (1876-1962), whose family owned estates in Northumberland and Warwickshire, Geoffrey Winthrop Young (you climbers know of him) and Sidney McDougall, devised an adult version of the game of 'tag' to be played on the Lakeland Fells back in 1898. The game was inspired by Robert Louis Stevenson's great manhunt in *Kidnapped* and is still played twice a year today right on the doorstep of High House.

Participation is by invitation and in 2008 Tony Greenbank (journalist and contributor to the Club book) was invited: *"...Up the craggy ground by Sour Milk Gill*

they clambered 16 days ago; first, the four hares - including a lady hare - in scarlet sashes. Twenty minutes later, the hounds gave chase, locating their quarry by the taunting sounds of the hunting horn each hare is obliged to carry. Once in full cry, and to shouts of Tally-ho!, the hounds gave chase over felltops such as Great Gable, Kirkfell and Haystacks, depending wherever a hare was sighted before vanishing like a mountain wraith. ..."

At some time in the past, the Hunt became two Hunts, one organised by the family and one by the college. Nowadays the **Trevelyan Hunt** is carried out in May, with the **Trinity Hunt** following in June. Participants in both are based at Seatoller House.

So, come May or June, if you see an anxious-looking runner wearing a scarlet sash tearing across the fells on the far side of the valley and looking over his shoulder, look kindly on him and, when the hunters come, shake your head and deny all knowledge.

***I think this 'Elysian' pool is the one used in the last round of the ATT Trials.*

Crummackdale

Peters Winter Wander.
27th November 2010
Roger Atkinson



After an interesting and sedate journey on snow covered roads 7 Fellfarers met at the appointed time in Austwick and after hanging about for the statutory twenty minutes we discovered we were leaderless, so after taking another twenty minutes to make a plan B we set off on the route we all knew Peter would have taken.



As we climbed to the Norber Boulders a shout from behind us but from a different path announced the arrival of our, delayed by sheep on the road, leader and two more Fellfarers, so much for our mind reading skills. As a united party we gazed with awe at the Norber Boulders and speculated how something as big and clumsy as a glacier could perform such delicate balancing acts.

It didn't take us long to realize that despite the bright sunshine to keep warm in the keen wind we needed to walk so off we set heading for Thieves Moss and admiring the crystal clear view of Pen y gent in the distance before enjoying lunch and banter in the welcome shelter of a cross wall. From here Peter led us across the head of the valley onto a path which skirts the edge of Moughton and Studrigg Scars pointing out on the way the huge sickle shaped depression on the west side of the valley which was excavated as the glacier scooped out the stones which are now the Norber Boulders.

Our itinerary then took us over a small pointed but unnamed summit which in Peters opinion is the "Matterhorn of Crummack Dale" from

here a small diversion a steep climb and some VS fence climbing took us below the crag known to climbers as Crummack where routes were admired and promises made to come back "and do them" when it is warmer. A quick descent then took us through the charming ancient hamlet of Wharfe then via a lane wide enough for only the narrowest of carts and back to our start point. A pint or a coffee and even more chat in the New Inn Clapham finished a splendid Yorkshire winter walk.



BOOK NEWS

As reported in the last *Fellfarer*, the launch of the book, '*K Fellfarers and High House*' went well and sales since then have been steady. The Committee had underwritten the cost of production in the hope that, eventually, enough copies would be sold to at least break even. So how are we doing so far? Here's the latest figures at the time of going to press:

Number printed: 274 (250 ordered + 24 printer's 'extras')

Number sold (or ordered) to date: 189.

Cost of production: £5,560

So there are still 85 copies left and the Club needs to sell most of the remaining copies to cover its costs. Have you bought yours yet?

For those who weren't at the Book Launch in December, here's the story of one small chapter in the book:

THE OLD PICTURE AT HIGH HOUSE



For as long as anyone can remember the old photograph of High House had hung on the walls of the common room but all that anyone could tell me about it was that *'if you look very closely you can see a little dog in the picture'*.

It shows High House as a traditional farmhouse, abandoned and boarded up. The roof appears to be in good condition and there is an intriguing diamond-shaped lozenge, set high in the wall, which may well have been a date-stone.

A group of girls in Edwardian clothes sit on the ground in front of the building and there is a glimpse of some white tents in the left foreground.

The frame, backing and mount of the picture had deteriorated badly and a few years ago I decided to reframe it. I also hoped that I might find some information behind the backing that might give a clue to the date but when I took it apart there was nothing there at all.

I made a good copy of the photograph for the new frame and hung it back on the wall. The original was put for safe keeping in a folder in the Club Archives. I assumed that the story would end there.

In 2004 Matthew Entwistle published the biography of Millican Dalton who was known as the 'Borrowdale Caveman' and also as the 'Professor of Adventure'. It contained photographs of Millican and various ladies and schoolgirls camping in Borrowdale (pages 50 and 51). There are references to one of the ladies, Mabel Mary Barker, whose photographs they were. Mabel went on to climb regularly with Millican and with other partners and became perhaps the country's best female climber of her time.

In 2006 Jan Levi published '*And Nobody Woke Up Dead*', a biography of Mabel Barker. Mabel's story is fascinating; she was no less a character than Millican himself. As I read her story I wondered where in Seathwaite they would have camped back in 1913. There was obviously no campsite at the farm then. The photographs in the two books don't give much away – they were taken to picture the people, not the landscape, and the odd bit of field-wall with blurred distant trees or fellside give no real clue to the location.

In February 2008 our Committee agreed to a 75th Anniversary Commemorative Book being produced. A sub-committee was formed in April and we began the task. The work was laborious but the commitment to it meant that, even when not actually working on the book, it was difficult to stop turning things over in my mind.

It was during a long sleepless night that the idea came: what if there's a connection between our *early 1900s photograph of a large group of girls camping at Seathwaite* and Mabel's *early 1900s photographs of a large group of girls camping at Seathwaite*? What now seems so blindingly obvious had been then very difficult to see. The question was: how to find out, conclusively, that there is a connection?

The starting point was the two authors. I eventually managed to contact both Matthew Entwistle and Jan Levi. Neither could answer my questions but both thought that my hunch might prove to be correct and encouraged me to continue with the search.

Meanwhile, on my visits to High House over the summer, I was often to be seen wandering up and down the track, photographing bits of wall or standing with one of the books at arms length, trying to marry up one of the photographs there to the landscape behind.



The photograph on page 51 of Millican's biography, entitled '*The Walden Gypsies – 2nd week, The Tribé*' (above), in particular has two clues as to the location. In the background on the right is a field of grass whose slope matches that between High House and the farm and in the distance on the left, pale and blurred, is what could be the sloping ground of the Wad Mines. If this photograph was taken at the same time as ours it would make a great deal of sense: the girls' clothes, some of them school uniforms, and the tents, are similar. A large stand of mature trees fills much of the background where the roofs of the farm should be visible, however, and the tents are pitched on what is now boggy ground, planted up some years ago with alders. It was tantalisingly close but not really very convincing.

Then, late in the summer of 2009, I came across an Abraham Brothers' photograph taken in about 1900 from a location close to the Borrowdale Yews and showing Seathwaite Farm. It also shows that in those days there was indeed a *large stand of mature trees* between the farm and High House



(above). Another encouraging piece of jigsaw fell into place, still not conclusive but enough to stir me into action again.

I now had the address of Mabel Barker's nephew, the holder of her collection of photographs, but I knew that he was old and frail and I hesitated to disturb him on what might be a wild goose chase. The question had to be answered, however, and eventually I wrote a letter to him explaining what I was doing and asking if I could possibly visit. A few days later Mrs Barker rang me to say that I would be welcome.

So I found myself nervously knocking on the door of their beautiful cottage in Caldbeck. Mrs Barker invited me in with a big smile; she had found an album entitled 'Seathwaite Camp 1913' and had it on the kitchen table waiting for me. If the answer was anywhere it was going to be in that rather scruffy homemade album, bound together with string. I showed her a copy of our High House photograph first. She shook her head and said she didn't remember seeing it. I felt let down and rather reluctantly opened up the album. My hands were shaking.

There, at the top of the first page (below left), was 'Our Photograph'. I felt like a firework had gone off inside me.

The album gives dates (July and August 1913), names, and comments; its pages are packed with photographs and notes from that holiday. A selection of those at High House are included in the book. Interesting comments include 'We used the inside of the house as well.' and 'All tents were made and supplied by Millican Dalton.' There is even one photograph taken inside High House.

That was it then – proof positive that the hunch that had been niggling away for over a year was correct but, more than that, a small treasure trove of High House history had been found. I told Mrs Barker that it was more than I'd dared hope for. She was delighted and asked if I'd like to borrow the album.

On the way out, clutching my prize, I was called back by Mr Barker who then told me about his early climbing experiences as a young lad on Carrock Fell with his Auntie Mabel - but those are stories for another time.

I copied the many photographs and notes into my computer for the Club Archives and returned the album two days later. I expected to hand over the album, with a thank-you bunch of flowers, in their doorway but Mina and Lindsay Barker invited us both in, sat us down and brought out a big carrier bag full of old albums. "These are some of Mabel's other climbing albums."

So, lunch forgotten, I spent the afternoon skipping through page after page of climbing history. The albums revealed, amongst many other things, photographs of Mabel and her chums climbing on Seathwaite Slabs ('our gymnasium') and a group around a campfire inside the barn which is now 'the Men's End'. They camped at High House, or nearby, every year for at least a decade. One album revealed the date when

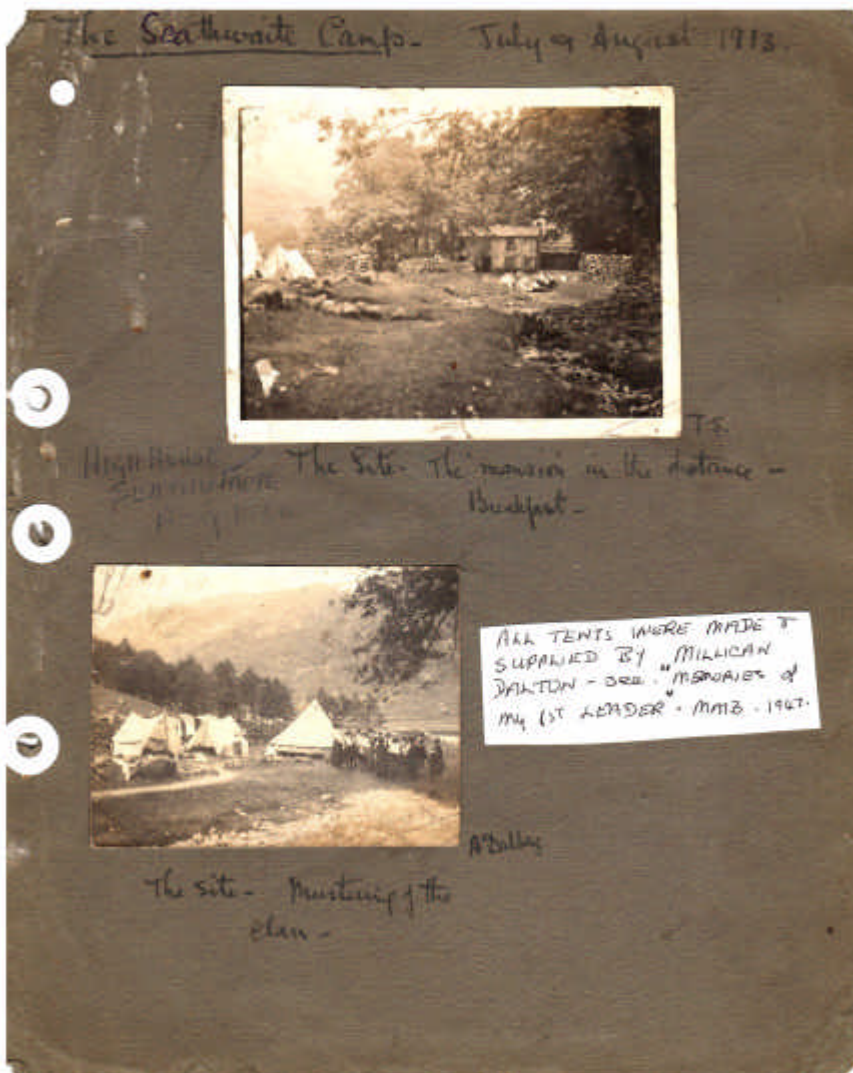
High House was wrecked by a falling tree and letters from William Ingall to Mabel explained how the photograph came to High House back in 1934.

I only saw a fraction of the photographs there. One stands out in my memory: Mabel at Castlerigg Stone Circle balancing on top of the tallest stone there. She is wearing a huge billowing black ankle-length frock and has one arm in the air in a very modern gesture of victory. In most photographs she looks stern, quiet and dignified, but here she looks like she's having fun. Lindsay told us that she often wore gym shoes on the rock and would sometimes wear out a pair in one day's climbing. He told us that they still have her serious footwear- her boots "hails all over the place", in the house along with her hemp rope "weighs a ton when it's wet".

I confess that, by the middle of the afternoon, I wanted to ransack their house to discover what other treasures lay there. Instead I closed up the albums spread on the sofa around me and had to say, "Well, we've taken up far too much of your time so thank you for sharing some of Mabel's pictures and your memories with us"

So what now? I've achieved much more than I had hoped to accomplish when I got 'the itch' to find out about this one picture in 2008 but I've now seen where it led: there is a wealth of pictures and information hiding in that little cottage. The significance of one tiny part of that collection (in this case, to K Fellfarers) was never imagined by the owners. Makes you think, eh? I made no arrangements to go back to see the Barkers but now the book is finished – who knows?

Ed



Walking From Wilf's

Mid-Week Walk No. 9. Potter Fell & Craggy Wood on Wednesday 15th December 2010

Leader Clare Fox



Roger & Margaret Atkinson, Fred & Jean Underhill, Colin & Val Hunter, Hugh Taylor & Angie Mitchell, Val Calder, Graham Ramsbottom, Frank Haygarth, Clare & Mick Fox.



Two walks in one week? Some members were sceptical about all this unprecedented activity, especially in the middle of winter when throwing darts into a dartboard used to be the most exercise that the Club got.

Still, coffee at Wilf's café is always a good start to the day, especially if that start is at 11 a.m. Well, 13 Fellfarers thought so anyway and we tarried long around that big table, mainly because the Secretary was so busy chatting that she forgot to say, "Come on now; to rest is not to conquer." We dragged ourselves away, eventually, and tottered unsteadily along the ice-paved paths which took us over the Kent and into the fields of Staveley Park. (Avoiding the ice meant almost certainly treading in poop that hadn't been scooped. How do non-dog owners of Staveley tolerate it? End of rant.)

The sky was strangely marked with wide bands of grey, silver and deep blue clouds which allowed only a pale melancholy light through to light up the frozen pool and packed snow which marked our route across the fields.

Road and ice-bound farm track took us to the picturesque (but sorely in need of some TLC) Side House, its

cascades and the rough track heading north.

Above Frost Hole we climbed the grassy slopes towards Potter Tarn, the only snow now being the remnants left banked in the shadows of the field walls.

We paused to look back at the dramatic panorama of Langdale and Coniston fells rising above the green fields in the foreground. The sun forced its beams through the bulging clouds to dapple the distant snow-skeined slopes with golden light. If only the outlines were not so familiar, it could have been a scene in the far North-west of Scotland.

Tummies were rumbling as we reached Potter Tarn but our leader stopped chattering for a moment and asserted her



authority, "No lunch until we get to Gurnal Dubs!" Muttering and scowling, we followed her.

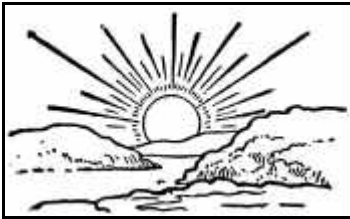
In fact, it was a good choice; we settled down by the boat-house there, out of the chill breeze which had sprung up, and tucked into sandwiches and pies, a lunch which was only spoiled by the Editor telling his "I came up here many years ago when Gurnal Dubs was frozen...." story. He was gratified by the groans of revulsion that it produced.

Lunch was followed by a quick circuit of the tarn and a return past Potter's Tarn to lower levels, to Birk Field and then Littlewood Farm, where everyone was surprised by a left turn up and over the fields to enter Craggy Wood by a little, almost invisible, stile.

The narrow path threading between the close-packed plantation trees high on the steep slope above Staveley took us to a magnificent old beech, bedecked with half-a-dozen rope swings. Some swung and some watched.

We almost became crag-fast after losing the path in drifts of fallen leaves but the late afternoon sun chose that moment to peek beneath the clouds and flood the slopes with gorgeous golden light.

From the gate at the bottom of the wood it was just a short stride back to Wilf's and pots of tea. Even cake for some.



The Sunrise Walk

7 am start. Scout Scar on Saturday 18th December 2010
Leader Bill Hogarth

"What a good idea!" everyone said, "I quite fancy that". The beauty of watching the sunrise at (well, near) the Winter Solstice rather than the rather clichéd Summer Solstice at Stonehenge or the top of Helvellyn is that you get much much longer in bed.

Added to that was the idea of breakfast in the Union Jack Café on Kirkland shortly afterwards and we had an obvious winner...er... weather permitting.

It would have been perfect on the Friday (and, with hindsight, on the Sunday) when the sun rose majestically in an immaculate rosy-hued sky. It looked pretty good at 3 am and at 5 am, I am reliably informed, on Saturday too.

The alarm goes off at 6. The slates outside our bedroom window are covered with more than an inch of fresh snow and the air is filled with big feathery flakes floating inexorably down. No cars are going to get up the Underbarrow Road in this but we get up and breakfast anyway, peeking out often. An Alpine start is rare on Gillinggate but tea and toast is welcome at any time. 6.30 am. Bill rings and calls it off. More phone calls. Spread the word. Relax. Another cup of tea and back to bed perhaps.

Another call: The Smallwoods refuse to have it called off. It's on again. Scramble Scramble. Plan B: meet at the Rifleman's Arms at 7. That's now!

Feet scrunching on virgin snow. Sounds amplified in the dark. A sense of adventure rarely, if ever, felt on the street where we live.

We meet, 10 of us, on the now inappropriately named Green. Cars are anonymous humps of white and we pedestrians can claim the roads for ourselves. The odd huddled stranger hurries downhill into town, bound for early work no doubt, but

we walk with heads up, the whole day and the glorious frozen Helsington country before us.

We leave the streetlights behind us and climb the snowy Brigsteer Road to the old racecourse. Head-torches soon become redundant as the sky brightens and the snowfall slackens. Kati and Gary have disappeared somewhere behind us. George and Joseph enjoy the snow as all young lads do - noisily.

The clouds recede and begin to break. There is no sunrise to awaken the day but the sky in the east turns pink as we breast the Scar. We gaze across the white plain of the Lythe Valley, farmland destined, perhaps, to return to wetlands when the pumps are turned off. We turn north towards the Mushroom and are met there by another pair of Fellfarers: Fred and Jean had not had the time to respond to the late change of plan and had taken a 'direttissima' line to intercept us.

We share a flask of coffee and wander back, via Bradleyfield Farm and Richard's secret way through the ginnels of the Underwood estate where we joke and chat with residents on communal road-clearing duties.

And so to the 'fitting end': we all sit, beaming, as the staff of the Union Jack serve us bacon buns, full veggie breakfasts and, for some, 'The Full Monty'. Another two late arrivals, Sarah-Jane and Kevin, arrive from Windermere for breakfast only (or so they thought- the whole Underhill contingent were later spotted in town belting out Christmas Carols with the gusto that can only come after a hearty breakfast).

So what about the others? For a variety of reasons too complex to list here, lots of Fellfarers couldn't or didn't come along. There's only one answer for all those who didn't make it: we'll have to do it again!





The ATTT - A Competitors Viewpoint

Colin Jennings

With a years experience of the trials I was feeling I knew what to expect this year. However pre-event tinkering was curtailed by the -10 degree conditions in my garage.

We arrived at the hut on the afternoon of the 30th. Various vehicles in various states of assembly were scattered outside the hut. Graham was trying to join half a chopper bicycle to a wooden chariot with string. Mark was adding yet another barrel to his craft. In fact all that could be seen was a raft of barrels (hi fear of water is obviously increasing). There was also a strange looking vehicle which consisted of a canoe balanced on 4 racer bike wheels.

The mood was light but competitive with slurs and Duck tape being swapped in equal measure. By evening the carts were all ready and assembled (apart from Graham who was still wrapping more string on his by light of his head torch).

The big question was who was going to ride in Walters canoe/bike hybrid? Rumours were flying around that Walter had been injured in a freak go-cart building accident and would not be able to take part. Ashley from Leicester was being lined up as a stunt double. Everyone was keen on this idea (as they wanted to see what Walters machine could do) except Ashley who was refusing to go near it.

Race day dawned grey and cold. I went out early to find Graham just adding a bit more string to his craft. Final lubrications were carried out (cups of tea for us, oil for the ATT's). A quick change of clothes for the contenders and then, much to Ashley's relief, Walter arrived, looking very dapper in striped blazer, bow tie, leather crash helmet and goggles.

Trial 1 – The downhill race

This is the most scary stage for me (I crashed on this one last year) and the atmosphere was tense as we lined up at the top of the field. Stuart dropped his arm and we were off. The race went in a flash. I could not look left or right as I was fighting to keep control and stay straight. I crossed the line in what seemed a very quick time but looking around I found out I was only 4th, as everyone had sped down the hill without mishap. The winner was Walter but we did not see him at the finish. Eventually we spotted him, about 100 yards away in some reed beds. He had gone down the field so fast he had to turn sharply to avoid hitting the wall, scattering sheep in the process.

Trial 2 – The hut drive

This section produced a new record and other fast times. I knew my ATT was quick but was amazed how quickly I sped down the drive and down to the finish. I carried on over the bridge, onto the Stockley bridge path, turned sharp right and ended in the farmyard (good job the gate was open!) Kevin also did a fast time but the best driving was shown by Walter as the high speed was too much for his thin wheels



Top left: The start of the Downhill Trial.

From the top: Richard Mercer, Graham Ball, Mark Walsh and Walter Walshaw, all descending the High House track at speed.





Top: The start of the Farm Road Dash.
 Above: Colin Jennings is first across the line.
 Below right: Some time later Walter and Mark finish too
 Below left: Kevin Smith demonstrates style on the water.
 Bottom right: Graham does at least keep his pipe alight!



and axles. They were bending all over the place as he raced down the drive, fighting to stay in control.

Trial 3 – The road section

This stage was a thriller with the lead changing hands a number of times. Mark pulled away at the start, followed by Graham with me and Kevin stuck at the back due to a crash between Richard and Walter in front of us. The crash cleared just enough for me to get past and then my wheelchair action enabled me to catch up with Mark who had slowed right down due to a jammed wheel. I went past and Mark nearly ended up last – bad luck!

Trial 4 – The river section

The top of the leaderboard was very close going into the final stage. Walters went in the water first and his craft was perfectly suited to the river, gracefully meandering through to the finish. In contrast my craft turned into a ship wreck and had to be dragged along with bits floating off it (I didn't know go carts dissolve in water). To help my motivation Kevin dropped some wellies full of water on me from the bridge.

Graham took his slightly less buoyant ATT into the river and despite swimming and dragging it in water up to his neck, he kept his pipe lit for the whole course. Kevin showed the best balance by standing on his craft and paddled down to the finish.

The trials were over and by mid afternoon and we were safely in the Riverside bar. I had been in with a chance of the trophy until my ATT had dissolved and I found out there were bonus points for style. Therefore Walter was a deserved champion – Well Done!

I am now off for some style lessons. The standard is getting higher each year and there is already talk of making it harder next year – Jumps? Slalom? Flying? Watch This Space!

Continued overleaf



This year's six ATTT competitors. They all deserve a prize!

Results of the 2010 KFF All-Terrain Toboggan Trials	The Classic Downhill Toboggan Run		The High House Track Time Trials		The Sea'waite Farm Road Flat-out Dash		The Nicholly Dub Water Torture		Judges' Bonus Points	Total
	Position	Points	Time	Points	Position	Points	Time	Points		
Graham Ball	6	5	38.30	7	3	8	92.60	5	5	30
Colin Jennings	4	7	23.50	10	1	10	85.30	7		34
Richard Mercer	5	6	66.70	5	4	7	57.30	9		27
Kevin Smith	3	8	25.40	9	2	9	83.40	7	5	38
Mark Walsh	2	9	52.30	6	6	5	66.80	8		28
★ Tony 'Walter' Walshaw ★	1	10	26.40	8	5	6	43.40	10	5	39 ★

Tony "Walter" Walshaw is this year's winner of the ATTT Trophy

Notes

The Judges Bonus Points were given to:

Walter Walshaw for his innovative vehicle design, **Kevin Smith** for managing the Nicholly Dub crossing while standing up on his vehicle - and not falling in, and to **Graham Ball** for falling in on the Nicholly Dub crossing but completing the course with his pipe still lit - a magnificent achievement.

A special mention must be made, however, of **Colin Jennings'** performance. Not only did he win two races outright (as did Walter) but he set a new World Record of 23.50 seconds for the High House Track Trial. Indeed he set a new standard in this race by not stopping at the finish but continuing over the bridge and along the track into the farmyard. (*When Kevin and then Walter followed him over the bridge it set the crowds of spectators wondering whether a new longer course should be set for next year.*) In fact Colin's performance overall was such that if no Judge's Bonus Points had been awarded, he would have shared the victor's rostrum with Walter in equal first place.

The Clachaig Meet - Glen Coe

14-16th January 2011



It's been a long time since I've been on this long-standing traditional Club Meet and during that time the number of chalets booked has fallen from three to one. There are perhaps a number of reasons for the falling turnout but this is not the time to go into all that.

After the huge snowfalls and prolonged sub-zero temperatures of December we were optimistic about the possibility of good winter conditions on those fine peaks, ridges and gullies of Lochaber. Sadly, things warmed up in the New Year and the snow turned to rain, culminating in the heaviest downpours and gale force winds on this particular weekend.

There was no rush to be in Glencoe in those conditions and so Mel, Hugh, Alan and I took all day over the journey. Coffee at Annandale Water was followed by a diversion off the M74 to Wanlothead for a stroll over the Lowther Hills, the highest point of which, Green Lowther, is a 'Marilyn'

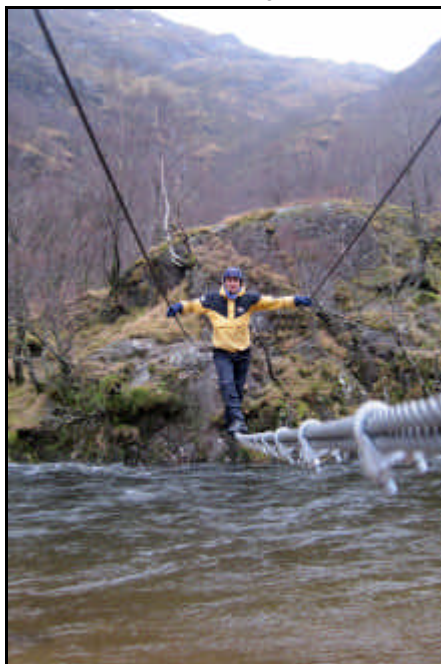


and therefore on Hugh's ticklist. The sense of remoteness that these hills *should* enjoy is somewhat spoiled by the tarmac road that runs along the ridge to give access to the telecommunications clutter on both major summits (top picture).

Another coffee stop at the execrable Green Welly Shop ensured that we arrived at the chalet after dark to find Graham well settled in after a few ski-runs on the White Corries slopes.

Saturday morning was spent watching the grey curtains of rain sweeping across the glen but we forced ourselves out for coffee in Nevisport before heading up Glen Nevis to the Steall Waterfall (bottom left) and, obviously, a crossing of the Steall Bridge (bottom right). I wonder how many Saturdays I have spent doing *exactly* the same thing there?

Never mind, Saturday night in the Climbers Bar of the Clachaig was great fun. I think I might go back next year; after all, the weather might be better.



Brian (Charlie) Birkett's Memorial Walk

15th January 2011

Four brave souls met at Ratherheath Tarn for the eighth memorial walk. The forecast was diabolical with 4" of water at valley level and 8" predicted in 24 hours at hill level.

I arrived to cries from assembled beaters (Mr. Cropper's shout), "Stop that car! Stop that car!" I opened the window, "You've got a flat tyre sir." A good start, I thought.

We walked in heavy rain on footpaths via Moss Side and Bank End to the Crook Road and ploughed through mud and dubs onto a drier Cunswick Scar. Two bunches of roses had been left, presumably by his daughter, and I added an 'in bud' bunch of daffodils.

This would have been a 'hallmark' year for Brian - his 70th year.

Despite, at times, Brian's serious side, he was very humorous and so I had prepared a reading (which, because of the conditions, I did not deliver) from Tom Patey's book *One Man's Mountains*.

I'd like to share Patey's Glossary of Climbing Terms with you now:

A solo climber - *One man falling alone*

A roped party - *Several falling simultaneously*

A running belay - *A cowardly second*

Safety helmet - *A safety device for climbers falling head first*

A novice - *Someone who should be kept off the mountain at all costs*

An experienced climber - *Someone whose death was unavoidable*

Considerable exposure - *No privacy*

Free climbing - *No charge for spectators*

A 'Super charlet' (French) - *A proper charlie*

And unfortunately for Patey who was killed at 38 years of age while abseiling off a Scottish sea stack:

Abseiling - *Showing off, pretending to fall*

Our return to the cars was done at speed. Bill kindly helped with the flat and Fred and Roger wisely went home.

D Birkett



KNIPE SCAR

Mid-week walk No. 10

26th January 2011

Hugh Taylor

Jean, Margaret & Roger, Val & Colin,
David, Clare & Mick, Tony & Sue,
Alan, and Hugh.

As Shap is approached when heading north along the A6 or M6, the view over the Lowther valley is dominated by a limestone escarpment known as Knipe Scar. Its name is well given as Knipe derives from the Old Norse gnipa' meaning jutting crag. It is a modest height at 1,122 ft, and besides forming a chapter in Wainwrights Outlying Fells book, was the target for the first mid-week walk of 2011.



12 members met at Bampton Village Hall, and set off along the bank of the River Lowther. Crossing the river on a bridge reminiscent of the one that used to be in Levens Park (does anyone remember that?) the route turned uphill onto Knipe Scar and into the keen north-easterly wind. The stone circle put our imaginations to the test, but it is apparently an enclosed cemetery containing burnt human bones. After persuading Tony that the remaining stones were not suitable as a picnic table, we headed along the moor to a kink in the wall that provided some shelter from the wind, and a table for Tony.

Appetites slaked, the sunken trig point was visited prior to walking along the ridge over Knipescar Common to the south east and a view of Shap Beck quarry. An interesting descent was made to view another High House which is clearly marked on all maps but is nowhere to be seen, though the next farm Low Scarside was visible but semi ruined. An interesting 'shelf' on a field gate in Bampton Grange caused much puzzlement, until it was decided that it was a continuation of the path along the wall top: useful for when the river overflows its banks!



Mick & Clare had arranged with the café in Bampton that they would open specially for us, and so the day ended with wonderful home made scones and pots of tea. Thanks to Janet and John for that, and to Clare and Mick for the walk.

BLENCATHRA by SHARP EDGE

12th February 2011

Bill Hogarth, Alan Wilson, Frank Haygarth, Richard Mercer, Hugh Taylor, Eve Morgan + Neil, Val + Colin Hunter, Clare + Mick Fox.



The sky had been gloomy in Kendal but the forecast had said that the early mist and cloud would soon clear. Sure enough, as we drove west from the M6, a window appeared in Blencathra's summit cloud and the forbidding profile of Foule Crag and the Edge appeared high above us, silhouetted against the blue sky. After some initial confusion over where to park cars, enough of us to make a football team gathered outside the White Horse Inn at Scales. A short warm-up stretch on tarmac took us into Moushwaite Com b.

Frank was off up the hill like a greyhound but Bill, leading from behind, was not to be rushed. The diagonal path brought us to Moushwaite Col, where ahead of us was the River Glenderamackin heading east and behind us the same river heading west. Most eyes were on the drama of the skyline though. Extra layers of clothing went on at a windy Scales Tarn and then we charged uphill to the ridge. We found that the overnight rain had not dried from the rock and it was a very wary bunch of Fellfarers who teetered across the greasy ledges. *"Has anyone ever been killed here?"* someone asked. *"Yes - it happens every year."* was the reassuring reply. Someone 'up there' thought we were finding it too easy and sent a short shower of rain and sleet to liven things up but teamwork got us across the ridge and up the 'brant and slape' slabs above to a well-earned picnic perched on top of Foule Crag.

A short stroll to the crowded summit left us feeling that it was too early to head down so we wandered on along the best of all Lakeland promenades to Gategill Fell Top.

Black clouds were gathering over Borrowdale but we walked in sunshine back over the Hall's Fell Top, Doddick Fell Top and down the ridiculous track that our 'Fix the Fells' friends have bulldozed over Scales Fell.

The White Horse was closed (despite the sign *'Open every day 12 till late'*) so a short drive to the Sportsman Inn near Penrudeock saw us all refreshed with our drinks of choice, ready for the drive home after this most excellent of days.



A Howgill Hike

Midweek Walk No. 11 - Harter Fell and Wandale Hill
23rd February 2011

Roger Atkinson, David Birkett, Clare and Mick Fox, Frank Haygarth,
Gordon Pitt, Irene and Graham Ramsbottom, Jean and Fred
Underhill.

Wainwright describes this, in his "Walks on the Howgill Fells and Adjoining Fells" as "A beautiful walk on a fine day; good views and lovely valley scenery." That's all very well AW, but what about when the day is not so "fine", eh?

Never mind, a good bunch of 10 Fellfarers gathered damply for the start of the walk. Some of them gathered in the right place, Handley's Bridge, at the grid reference given so carefully by the Chairman in the newsletter. Most of us just drove to the biggest bridge on that particular bit of road (Rawthey Bridge), about half a mile further on, and waited.

The Chairman found us, eventually, *top right*, and adjusted his plans to accommodate the new starting point. The adjustment, though, took us into unknown territory and we found ourselves straddling rickety fences and contouring across steeply banked fields above Sally Beck before we resumed the planned route at Murthwaite.

In 1972 Wainwright recorded that the last residents of this large farming community had moved out some years earlier, leaving the buildings ruined and deserted. AW would be glad now to see the house occupied and with a smart new extension built on the back.

We splashed along a cart-track which slowly climbed the flank of Harter Fell, occasionally heartened by breaks in the mist revealing trees, fields and buildings in the valley below. The Chairman steered us off our comfortable track for the steep pull to the little summit cairn, *middle right*. He needed a compass bearing then to lead us down over Little Harter Fell to the Adamthwaite farmroad. A few fell ponies browsed amongst the damp sedges and mosses, unconcerned by our close presence.

We sheltered, for lunch, in an open barn where a straw bale provided seat and table. We shared the building with a couple of dozen cattle and the rich aroma that comes with them. The President entertained us by throwing his mobile phone into the straw-filled crevice between a tottering pile of straw-bales and our table. "Let's see if I can find it!" he said before disappearing into the gap. Fifteen minutes later he emerged, triumphant and grinning, *bottom right*.

After feeding the beasts with some of the farmer's precious hay (doubled in price since last year, apparently) we emerged once more into the mist and the rain. A fine standing stone, unaccountably ignored by AW, marked the point where we left the track and climbed the grassy side of Wandale Hill. Strange blobs of milky-coloured jelly dotted the grass but despite over 600 years experience of life between us, none of us could explain what it was.

The wind got up as we climbed, driving the rain at us. Hoods were pulled tight and conversation almost ceased. I say 'almost' because of course we're Fellfarers and it would take more than a bit of weather to stop a bunch of Fellfarers talking. There was no pause on the summit and we descended rapidly, the Chairman telling us to imagine what a fine view we would have had before us if the weather had been better. Narthwaite Farm had the Builder reminiscing about a young lady who had lived there many years ago and who had been worth making the long journey from his home in Orton to see when he was a lad. "That is a long way - on horseback." said the Chairman.

Back in our cars, cold and damp, we were concerned to see two large coaches and several cars parked outside the Cross Keys Hotel but we had no cause for alarm. A stream of muddy boys, and girls, jogged over the footbridge and onto the waiting coaches. It was a Sedbergh School cross-country run and there'd be none of the comforts of the hotel for them.

A fire burned brightly in the parlour of the Cross Keys and we had it all to ourselves. When tea, coffee and scones had been served there were smiles all round, smiles which were only briefly replaced by scowls when the Archivist read out one of the 'jokes' from the compendium of one-liners which some thoughtless person had left where he could find it.

William Blake's opening line from his poem "Great Things Are Done" is carved over the doorway of the hotel. "Great things are done when Men & Mountains meet. This is not Done by Jostling in the Street."

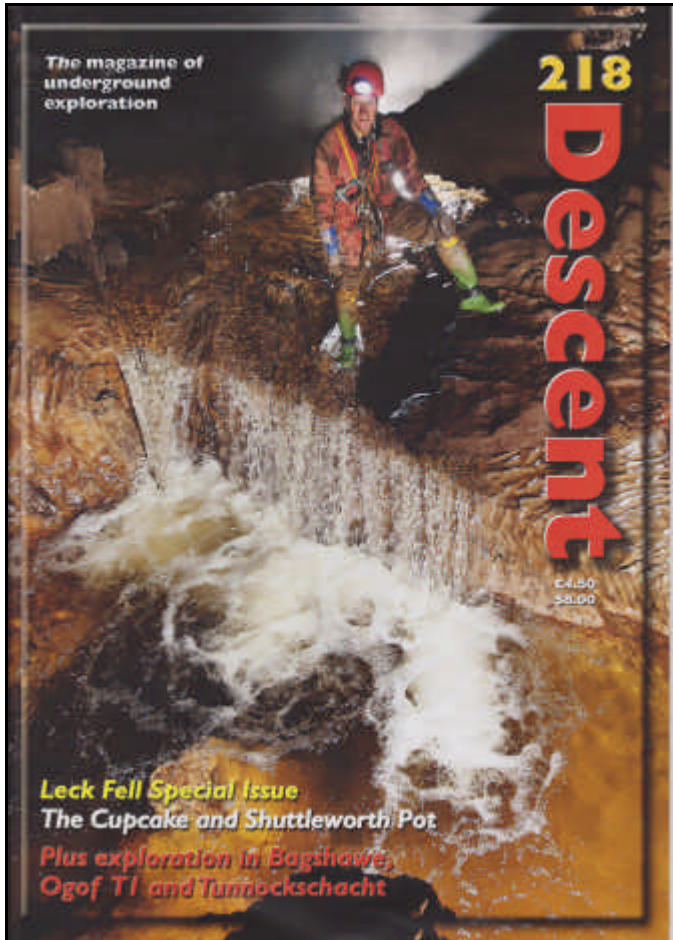
I'm not sure that Great Things were done today but, as someone said, "at least we got out". Thank you Roger.



Continued from page 3

Famous Fellfarers

Congratulations to Richard Mercer on getting his picture on the front cover of the February/March edition of 'Descent', the national caving magazine. Richard has been part of the team which made a significant breakthrough in creating a non-divers entrance, now named Shuttleworth Pot, into the Witches II section of Witches Cave, underneath Leck Fell, in October of last year. He'll be happy to sign autographs.



Social Sub-committee News

Well we are getting to the wonderful time of the year when we can make plans for the fantastic Spring and Summer we are about to have. (The weather can't possibly go wrong again!).

You will notice a change to the format following feedback from some members about the presentation of information regarding the Social Calendar. We have now created a simple chronological list of information for events covering the next four months on the back page. Further details of some of the larger events are provided below.

Well I hope all that makes sense; please don't hesitate to get in touch with Peter, Clare, Bill or myself for feedback and any ideas for future events. Many thanks and enjoy the events,

Jason

North Wales Away Meet. Blaenau Ffestiniog

15th & 16th of April 2011

A chance for 11 Fellfarers to stay at the Lancashire Climbing and Caving (LCCC) Club's Tanygrisiau hut in the town of Blaenau Ffestiniog. The accommodation is split over two rooms, with bunk beds, and has cooking and shower facilities.

For the climbers amongst you the hut lies only ten minutes walk from several crags amongst the Moelwyns, boasting Welsh classics such as Africa Rib (VD) and White Streak/Honey Suckle Corner (HS) on Craig Y Clipiau. For the walkers the Moelwyns boasts 10 tops that rise above the slate mines at over 2,000 ft with the largest being Moel Siabod at 2,861 ft.

With limited spaces, booking is essential and costs £7 pppn. If you are inter-

ested please contact Jason.

Settle to Carlisle Railway Trip

Saturday 7th May 2011

This is one of the 'world's greatest train journeys' and runs through the 72 miles of spectacular scenery. So if you are interested in coming on this trip please let me know as soon as possible in order to secure your place.

Twenty tickets have provisionally been booked at the special discounted price of £15.70 for an adult return ticket and £7.85 for children.

The train will leave Settle at 9.50 am but please get there half an hour before to give you plenty of time to purchase your tickets. We will arrive in Carlisle at 11.34 am giving us nearly five hours to look around this lovely city. The train will leave Carlisle at 4.18 pm returning to Settle at 5.56 pm.

Bar meals are available in Settle and information will also be obtained regarding coach or mini-bus hire from Kendal to Settle if sufficient numbers. If you are interested in a bar meal or coach travel (or both!) please let Clare know when booking your place.

Lakes Away Meet. Torver

3rd & 4th June 2011

We have booked another of the LCCC's huts, Tranearth in Torver. We have 32 bed spaces available across a series of rooms with a large common room and kitchen plus plenty of shower facilities. It should be noted that no pets are allowed and the hut has no vehicular access with an approximate walk of 1 km from the car park.

The hut lies on the footpath from Torver, up towards Dow crag, with the option to climb, walk and mountain bike straight out of the front door. The excellent Church House Inn is only a 20 minute walk away with a longer but delightful walk into Coniston possible along the disused light railway line.

The hut costs £7 pppn. If you are interested please contact Jason.

Camping Meet in the Pyrenees

June-July 2011

The current plan is for members to travel as independent groups and to gather for at least one week together at a campsite in the French Pyrenees.

The agreed core week is Wednesday 22nd to Wednesday 29th June. Some people may arrive earlier and/or stay longer. Campsites in the Gavarnie area (mid-Pyrenees) are being researched. A site will be agreed upon, plus travel arrangements, at a planning meeting in Kendal sometime before Easter thus allowing for plenty of time to book ferries and campsites.

At present we have 13 people interested in the meet. Please contact Clare if you wish to join us.

Windermere Water Weekend

8th & 9th July 2011

Due to the great success of this event last year (despite being double booked with a wedding!) we have again booked the Boat House at St Annes School, Windermere. We have the use of the beautiful lawns surrounding the Boat House for camping with the use of shower and kitchen facilities (but no cooker) available for just £5 per night each.

Last years events provided a flotilla of steam, sail and paddle powered craft which were thoroughly enjoyed by all. We are limited to a dozen or so pitches so booking is essential through Jason. It is also possible for 'day visitors' to join in the fun, again contact Jason for details.

Also coming soon:

Photographic Competition

The social sub committee have had an idea about a photo competition. No hard and fast rules have been laid down yet, but it is hoped that there would be one or two different categories for example.

- Mountain panorama.
- People out on the fell.
- An afternoon or evening walk, where the pictures taken on that day would count.
- A kids section.

Then when all the pictures have been judged, hopefully by an independent judge. The best twelve will be made into a calendar and put on sale.

A Crossing to Piel Island

Travel on foot across the sands from Walney island or by kayak or ferry from Roa Island. Free camping for those planning to stay overnight. Full details in the next Fellfarer.

KFF Club Events April-July 2011

Events marked with an * asterix are described in more detail on page 19

April

Wed 13th

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

Midweek Walk - Far Easedale and 'The Lion and the Lamb'. Distance 8 miles

Meet 9.30 am bus from Kendal Bus Station to Grasmere. Info: Fred Underhill - 01539 727480

Weekend 15-16th

***Away Meet** - LCCC hut, Blaenau Ffestiniog, North Wales (GR SH 684 454)

12 places available at £7 ppn. Booking essential. Info: Jason Smallwood

Weekend 21-25th

High House - Club booking for Easter Bank Holiday weekend.

Thu 28th

Climbing. 1st outdoor 'Climbing for All' evening. Hutton Roof Crag.

Climbers meet at the crag after 6 pm. Info: Bill Hogarth

Evening walk - A walk over Hutton Roof Crag, later meeting up with the climbers for those who want to 'have a go'. Meet 6 pm at Hutton Roof Church (GR 569 788). Info: Clare Fox

29th-May 2nd

High House - Club booking for Bank Holiday weekend

May

Sat 7th

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

***Day Trip** - Settle to Carlisle Railway. Train leaves Settle at 09.50 am.

Special discount fare. Booking essential. Return bus to Settle possible. Bar meal possible.

Names to Clare Fox before 10th April.

Tue 17th

Evening walk - Rather Heath, Kent riverbank and Cowan Head

Meet 6.30 pm at road end north of Ashes Lane (GR 486 965)

Info: Krysia Niepokojczycka - 015395 60523

Wed 25th

Midweek Walk - 'Reservoirs and Corpse Route'. Distance 8.5 miles. Ascent 540 metres.

Meet at 10.30 am at Swindale beneath Bewbarrow Crag (GR 5208 1417) Plenty of parking.

Info: Graham and Irene Ramsbottom - 01539 725808

Week 27-June 5th

High House Club booking for Spring Bank Holiday

Every Thursday

Evening Climbing for All. A different crag every week. Everyone welcome. Info: Bill Hogarth

June

Weekend 3-4th

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

***Away Meet** - LCCC Hut, Tranearth, Torver (GR 281 957)

32 places. £7 ppn. Booking essential. Info: Jason Smallwood

Wed 8th

Midweek Walk - Great Asby Scar Horseshoe, Distance 8 miles. Ascent 825 ft. 4-5 hours

Meet 10.30 am at the Market Square, Orton. (Map OL19 GR 623 083)

Info: Frank Haygarth on 01539 723948

Week 22-29th

***Camping Meet** - Gavarnie, French Pyrenees. Info: Clare Fox

Tue 28th

Evening Walk - Whitbarrow. 4 miles.

Meet 6.30 pm at the old quarry, Raven's Lodge (GR 462 854)

Limited parking but more at the old road junction nearby. Info: Tony Walshaw - 015395 52491

Every Thursday

Evening Climbing for All. A different crag every week. Everyone welcome. Info: Bill Hogarth

July

Weekend 1-2nd

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

High House - Club booking for weekend

Weekend 8-9th

***Away Meet** - Walter's Windermere Water Weekend. Lakeside Camping. (GR 401 992)

£5 ppn. Booking essential. Info: Jason Smallwood

Tue 19th

Evening Walk - The Environs of Beetham

Meet 6.30 pm at Heron Corn Mill car park (GR 494 800). Info: Peter Goff - 01524 736990

Tue 26th

Evening Family event - Details in the next newsletter. Suggestions to Jason Smallwood

Wed 27th

Midweek Walk - The Dunnerdale Horseshoe. Distance 5 miles.

Meet 11 am at The Blacksmiths Arms, Broughton Mills (GR 222 905) Info: Mick Fox

Weekend 29-30th

High House - Start of Club booking for the **whole of August**

Every Thursday

Evening Climbing for All. A different crag every week. Everyone welcome. Info: Bill Hogarth