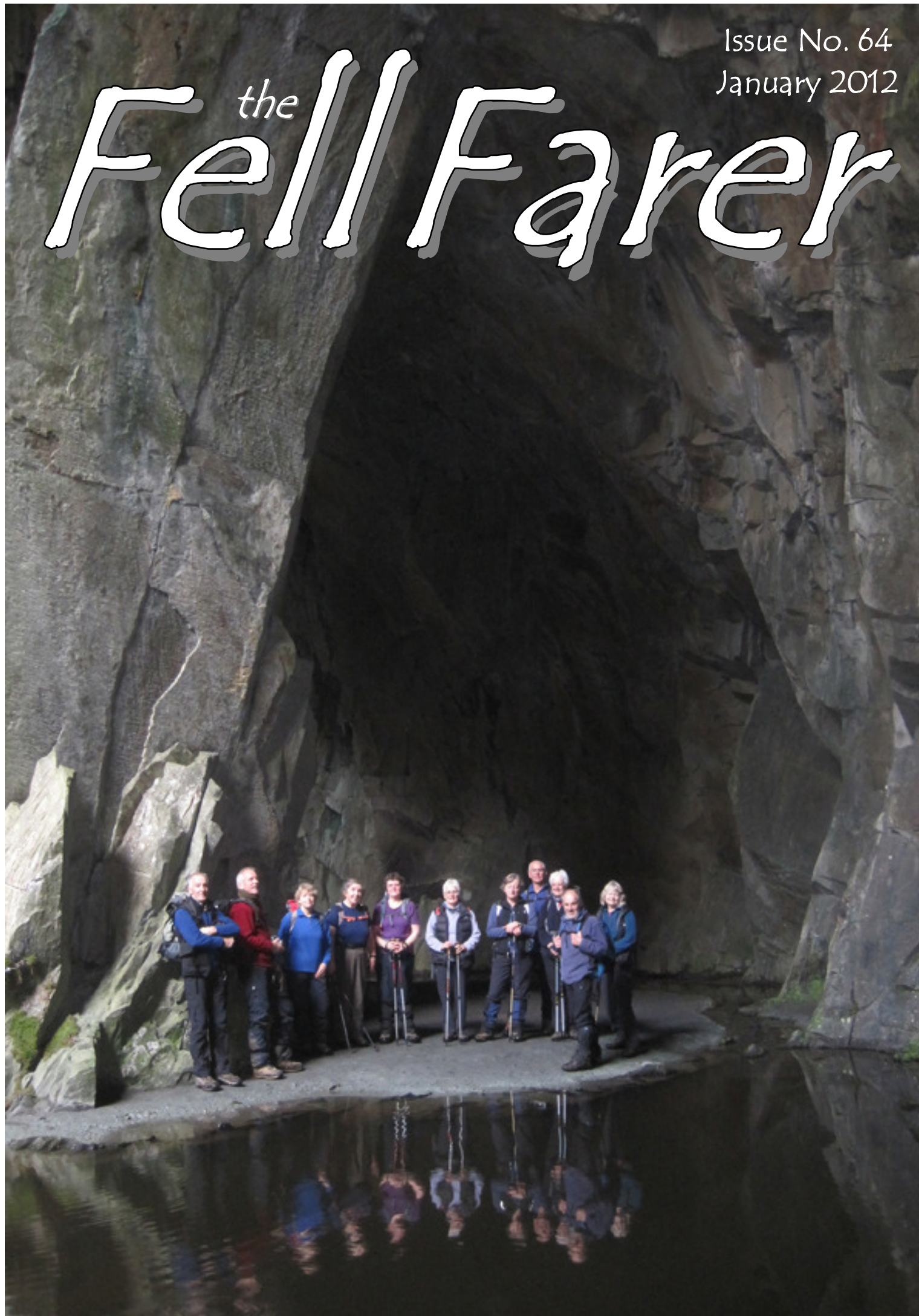


Issue No. 64
January 2012

the Fell Fareer



Editorial

I wish all Fellfarers a **Happy and Adventurous New Year.** This issue of the magazine shows, I hope, that life in the club continues to be full of interest and variety. The Committee has, for quite a few years now, provided a full and varied programme of activities while at the same time steering us through some difficult legal problems, continuing to maintain and improve High House, ensuring that Club finances are healthy, putting Club archives and documentation in order and publishing a history of the Club. It has been able to do this because the Committee itself has been comparatively stable and its members have been committed, enthusiastic and competent. They will also tell you that they are also getting older. While we have attracted some younger members to 'management' in the last year or two, the process must be a continuous one. Please think carefully about the first item on page 3 opposite and, if you fit the bill, put your name forward to join one of the sub-committees at the AGM.

Ed.

Cover Photograph:

Fellfarers in the Chamber of Cathedral Quarry, Little Langdale
16th November 2011

Deadline for contributions to the next *Fellfarer* -
March 31st

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Each Fellfarer has an individual Membership Number

• RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION
Ramblers Website: www.ramblers.org.uk
Fellfarers RA Membership Number: 1273727

• OREAD MOUNTAINEERING CLUB
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The Fellfarer
Jan 2012

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High House (and fam) Postcode:	CA12 5XJ
High House OS ref:	(Explorer OL4) GR 235119
High House Guest Night Fees:	£5 p.p.p.n.

Printed by Digital Impressions: www.digitalimpressions.co.uk
This newsletter is also available on the club website
Some back issues are available on request from the Editor

The 79th K Fellfarers' Annual General Meeting

Members should have already received notice of the forthcoming AGM, to be held at Kendal Golf Club in January. The Committee believes that the Club needs to have more younger members involved in its running and will use the AGM to ask for nominations (you can volunteer and your nomination will be organised).

It is hoped that we can attract younger members to join the Sub-committees in particular. Currently these are:

Management Sub-committee, which deals with looking at the way the Club itself is run.

Hut Sub-committee, which looks after maintenance and improvements at High House.

Social Sub-committee, which plans events for members.

The Sub-committees meet as necessary (the first two only a very few times a year and the last one perhaps eight times a year). Meetings are at a place and time to suit the Sub-committees members. Everything they recommend is considered by the main Committee before it is agreed.

Younger members will also be welcome on the main Committee of course. Two current members have given notice that they will retire at the AGM.

Note also that tickets for the KFF Ceilidh (see page 19) will be on sale at the AGM when the formal business is concluded.

Review of the Fellfarers' Year 2011

You will see that once again the first slideshow of the new year will be a review of the Fellfarers' past year. There's still time (just!) to submit your contributions and remember they don't have to be pictures of Club events. In the past the audience has always enjoyed a look at what adventures our members get up to when they're out without the rest of us. So, any photographs taken in 2011 that you want to share with other members are welcome.

Digital images are preferred but traditional photos can be scanned in (and will be returned). *Last chance now! Deadline for contributions January 13th.*

Mid-week Bookings of High House by Members

The Hut Booking Secretary would like to remind members that they can book High House mid-week (*Monday night to Thursday night inclusive*) on the same terms as visiting dubs but at a discounted rate. At present the discount means you can get it for half the price. This makes it ideal as a venue for celebrations and/or outdoor events for your family and friends. Contact Hugh Taylor if you're interested.

Club Archives

The archives, at one time consisting of boxes of assorted (and unsorted) papers, were painstakingly put into chronological order as part of the groundwork for writing the history of the Club. Now we need to know where to put them - they take up quite a lot of space that is needed for other things! Negotiations are taking place with the County Archivist but the Committee is agreed that the Club should retain ownership and control of the documents. Watch this space.

Book Update

Sales of the book 'K Fellfarers and High House' has now reached almost 220 at the time of writing. There are currently no marketing plans to dispose of the remaining 60 copies but they still continue to 'trickle out' as word spreads. Two members of the Mountain Heritage Trust, including the chairman, have both bought copies in the last couple of weeks, after only briefly glancing through the pages. If you know of anyone who might be interested in purchasing a copy tell them to contact us now, while there's still some left!

Revision of High House Policy

The Policy document has been streamlined by removing all of the elements relating to maintenance and improvement work at the Hut. It is now a 2-page document that sets out how use of High House is managed and the agreed rules of behaviour for those staying there. The parts that have been removed have been included, in edited form, in the Work Plan. The revised Policy can be viewed online on the Club website.

Revision of the Membership Application Form

The Application Form for membership of the Club has been substantially revised to ask for more detailed information to help the Committee decide on the suitability of the applicant. It puts more emphasis on the expectation that new members will participate and contribute to the life of the Club. Most importantly, the form tells applicants that their membership will be reviewed after one year to assess whether the participation and/or contribution has actually happened.

If, after a trial period, the scheme is considered to have worked, the Committee will propose to a future AGM that we embody it in the Constitution.

Risk Assessment

The annual Risk Assessment 2011, carried out in August, identified no urgent Health and Safety hazards but asked for action on the following points:

1. Mice in the kitchen (hygiene risk)
2. No fire resistance labelling on the common room cushions
3. No fire escape signs in the upstairs rooms
4. Floor covering in the men's dorm (trip hazard)
5. Stove in the men's dorm (burn hazard)

Item 3 has already been done and item 2 was already on the agenda (see Work Plan below). The other three items have been noted as work to be done in the near future.

Electrical Work

Further improvements to Health and Safety have been made at High House in response to items raised in previous Risk Assessments: Two additional emergency lights have been installed (in the two upstairs dorms) and external emergency lights have been added to light up the areas around the building in the event of an emergency evacuation. Like the internal lights, they are only activated if the power fails (ie if the fire alarm is set off). There may well be another fire drill at the March Working Weekend to see how effective the improvements have been so far. Remember to go to bed with your socks on! The whole electrical installation has been inspected and certified.

Work Plan 2012

Not all jobs identified as high priority for 2011 were completed. A reduced list, featuring the unfinished targets, has therefore been agreed for next year:

1. Finish replacement of rainwater goods
2. Remodel the ladies' washroom - phase 2
3. Replace pipework to upper floor and roofspace
4. Insulate all pipework (H & C) where appropriate
5. Install frost protection heating
6. Install new cushions to common room bench
7. Complete painting as scheduled in Appendix 4

It is hoped to have some details of the phase 2 improvements to the Ladies Washroom available at the AGM.

Access Bridge

The access bridge was quite badly damaged by a person unknown in December. It is still possible to drive over it with care and temporary repairs should have been completed by the time you read this.

A permanent repair is planned for the spring.

ONE OF THE GREATEST WALKING TRIPS ON EARTH

30th - 31st July 2011

D Birkett

Three Kendalians, one a kitchen assessor the other a CID officer in the Cumbria Force and myself discussed a weekend away in the Lakes, Garry, my nephew, said 'I've never climbed Scafell Pike or Great Gable'. 'Well, that's it, we'll stay at Wasdale Head overnight, and climb both.' was my suggestion.

The last weekend in July, the weather set fair, 07.30 Saturday morning we set off for Borrowdale arriving at an already car crowded Seathwaite, walking by 08.45 passing a deserted High House and so to Stockley Bridge, all familiar ground to Fellfarers but new to my colleagues. Grains Gill was fairly dry following a prolonged period of good weather; the air was heavy and humid as we toiled up the pitched path towards the iconic face of Great End. On the verdant walls of the gill Alpine Ragwort was in full bloom, the pale Roseroot leaf contrasted with the darker grasses, the yellow flower long since over; at our feet Starry and Yellow Saxifrage were at intervals on the path. Our heavier than normal rucksacks were lowered as we rested at the junction with the main Langdale track. Garry and John marvelled at the majestic gullies of Great End – Central and South East – I gave them a winter description and relived some memories.



The well pitched path passes to the west of the four walls and joins the walkers' motorway towards England's highest peak. I felt the less visited peak of Great End was worthy of taking in. I will remember the memorable ascent in full winter condition three years ago during early December when at a 'Lad's dinner', a perfect winters day, etched in the memory of those present – most of them Fellfarers. The path to Scafell Pike is over boulder fields and up eroded slopes passing the pointed Ill Crag, looking down into Little Narrow Cove and over the flanks of Broad Crag. The summit was awash with people, we sloped off and sought quieter climes overlooking the rocky bastion of Scafell crags. At Mickledore we watched rock climbers, in perfect conditions, it was busy for this high level crag (750m) with four parties on the east face and eight on the central section (*top left*). On my return I identified from the guidebook one party on Chartreuse (Extreme 1) climbed in 1958 by Smith and Leaver and two parties on Ichabod (E2) climber by Oliver and Arkless in 1960. On the central sections Central Buttress (Hard Very Severe) was the popular choice climbed in 1914 by Herford/ Sansom/ Holland, a remarkable feat for those days. Garry was itching to climb Broad Stand but 'killjoy Birkett' though not, given heavy rucksacks and some inexperience. Down to the foot of Foxes gully route and so to the start of a 1000 ft climb to Scafell. The ravages of several hard winters had caused rock falls and erosion in the gully, I descended the previous year in waterfall conditions, at least it was dry on this occasion. Foxes Tarn had virtually dried up and overcome by fallen rocks and scree, the company took some convincing it was a tarn.

I had started a conversation with a young Scottish lad and his girl friend who had driven up from Bristol the day before, arrived in the dark, found the full sign up on the campsite and pleaded successfully with the warden to stay. They were doing the three peaks and were heading for Ben Nevis the next day. They were to shadow us for the remainder of the walk. The slope up to the vague plateau of Scafell is steep and was one of the earliest pitched paths in the Lake District, the work has now all but gone and shows this was an unwise decision to commence the scheme in the first place. We sat and marvelled at the rock scenery at the top of Pisgah Buttress; some of the rock looked precariously poised; onto the summit and the start of a diabolical descent into Wasdale. The erosion was palpable and needed care to negotiate. A wrong decision to go straight down instead of contouring caused us grief; the Scots lad's girlfriend stumbled and had to be consoled. We survived and quickly forgot our ordeal, passing by Brackenclough (FRCC) hut and alongside the NT campsite to our goal, the Inn and a pint of 'Cocky Blond' and 'Wasdale Gold'. The sun was warm and life was good (*middle left*). Our arrival at Burnthwaite Farm was greeted by the farmer, Mr. Race, who showed us to our rooms. Garry and I had the twin and John 'the cupboard', tight under the eaves. I had booked us into the hotel or a meal, knowing the place would be seething; this was a fortuitous move for we could peruse the fabulous pictures in the Abraham's restaurant. En-route to the Inn we looked at 'Britain's smallest church'. St Olaf's, and toured the grave stones of fallen climbers, a sign said 'do not scatter your ashes in the graveyard' giving a certain reverence and poignancy to the location, the cradle of world rock climbing. Into the 'Ritson bar', more 'gold' as an aperitif before an excellent, if slightly expensive (in my terms) meal; yet more 'gold' and a whiskey to finish, what a day!

Sunday, a distinct change in the weather, cloud on the tops but

still dry. After an excellent farmhouse breakfast we said *'auf wiedersehen'* to Gillian (Mrs. Race). The evening before I had been in conversation with her husband who new farmer Peter Edmondson well, he had been over to Borrowdale for a night out and had driven 100 sheep over Sty Head that day, our discussion drifted onto the National Park, the National Trust and Friends of the Lake District, *'first two's own top heavy and t'uther lost its way'* was his comment then 'the three peaks' races came up: They, the community were wanting a bigger slice of the tourism cake so more car parks, campsites, toilets etc. were needed, I gave the other view, we parted peacefully. Mosedale is a fine valley with towering peaks, at its head, Pillar mountain and the 'worn out' Dore Head scree to the south. Good time was made to Black Sail Pass and the view into upper Ennerdale, 802m. The wind had picked up and Great Gable veered up out of the mist looking mighty, and impregnable, we gasped and commented. Kirk Fell Tarn was full and Black Head Tarn dry, the 1000ft climb to Great Gable daunting. This is a heavily used and eroded approach requiring much 'head down' attitude. At

the summit, surprisingly all was quiet, the FRCC bronze plaque, now weathered but still displaying the proud names of the fallen – Oppenheimer and Pritchard some of the climbing elite of their age. I had brought up the rear, the younger men were now feeling their age, spirits were lifted when we stood at the now partially derelict Westmorland's cairn and soaked in the stupendous view. *'Thanks for bringing us here'* said John. *'It is 'the' place on the Lake District mountains'*, I replied *bottom left*). The Scafell's were shrouded in mist, looking dark and moody and we commented on our fortune the previous day.

More desperate erosion down to Windy Gap and up to Green Gable where we viewed the impressive Gable Crag. At Gillercombe the drizzle began and slightly anxious voices could be heard from the buttress area. We pressed on down to the valley. Nothing could be seen of High House, wholly enveloped in trees.

Tiredness had overcome us; I suggested a pint of the 'black stuff' in the Scafell and we reflected on one of the greatest walking trips on earth.

The late Harry Griffin, writing in The Lancashire Evening Post in September 1960, described an ascent by him of what he called *"perhaps the most prosaic round in Lakeland"* – the Fairfield Horseshoe. By way of a preamble to his story, he also described an ascent by a party of four Cambridge undergraduates of the same round *"about a hundred years ago"*. These adventurous spirits provisioned themselves for the trials ahead with: *"thirty-six bottles of bitter beer, two bottles of gin, two bottles of sherry, one gallon of water, four loaves of bread, one leg of lamb, one leg of mutton, two fowls, one tongue, half a pound of cigars, four carriage lamps, and two packs of playing cards."* They also carried umbrellas and took a horse to carry a tent. They arranged to be watched by telescope from Ambleside and a gun was fired in the village when they were seen to have reached the summit. Students, eh, what are they like?

Well, times have changed and when our party of four set off on the 'prosaic' round we just took sandwiches and flasks. Only four of us! Was 9 am too early for Fellfarers? After a longish wait at the café, inside of course, for possible late arrivals (the traffic was bad that morning), we shouldered our packs and set off through the streets. No-one seemed to be setting up telescopes or even noticing us, which was just as well because we hadn't bothered looking at the map and we fumbled around uncertainly for a while before picking up the right lane to take us towards the two Sweden Bridges. Nook Lane threads its way through the estate of the former Charlotte Mason College and it was depressing to see most of the buildings boarded up, apparently no longer needed. It was particularly sadening for the Editor who had designed and built the new Outdoor Studies Centre and the Library there only about 10 years before.

Never mind. That was then and this is now! The fell-tops were clear of cloud and we had the promise of a fine day ahead of us. The path took us across Low Sweden Bridge and then up by delightful zigzags to join the wall that accompanied us to the rock-step at Brock Crag and then to the rocky top of Low Pike and beyond. The ridge rises at such a gentle angle that we were able to chat and admire the ever-improving views as we wandered upwards.

We overtook another party heading upwards and then they overtook us. That's not noteworthy in itself except that one of the young ladies was wearing, in addition to cagoule, big boots and the rest of the fellwalking essentials, a bright flowery skirt. How often do you see that nowadays?

The fine weather was misleading; a chilly breeze from the north raked across the higher tops of Dove Crag, Hart Crag and Fairfield. We found a calm spot in the lee of an outcrop for lunch, though, before strolling across the stony plateau of Fairfield summit.

Towards the end of our descent, somewhere near the summit of Heron Pike, I pointed out the strange little feature of Rydal Beck in the dale far below: the curious natural dam and waterfall called 'Buckstone Jum'. It's a popular picnic and swimming spot but did the mapmakers get it wrong and miss a 'p' off the last word?

Well, we zigged and we zagged down the end of Nab Scar to the road and found that we had raced round the Horseshoe in the magnificent time of 6½ hours. The fastest time for the round is 1 hour 15 minutes (Mark Roberts in 2000) and even the Editor has done it in 1 hour 30 minutes (many years ago, obviously) but who in their right mind wants to race round this magnificent set of hills when they can stroll round in such good company?

'Prosaic' indeed Mr Griffin!

The Fairfield Horseshoe

Saturday 20th August 2011

Val and Colin Hunter, Roger Atkinson, Mick Fox.



On the Edge of the Future

28th August 2011

David Birkett



Bank Holiday Sunday in late August. The forecast was good; sunshine with isolated showers. I parked on the high level Barbondale road at Keldishaw, at the start of a lengthy bridleway traversing South Lord's Land. The bridleway (*top left*), some 4½ miles long, links Barbondale with Kingsdale, and is both well drained and constructed. It gives access for all manner of uses, farming, turbarry, quarrying and coal mining. Two other bridleways join the principal route from Dent village and Nun Houses in upper Dentedale. Above the Dent turning can be seen Garnett's Man, a solitary cairn, and Megger Stones - a distinctive scree with more cairns.

After 3½ miles I turned west at a tall iron gate, the entrance to a defunct quarry. The track was overgrown with tussock grass and led to a fine limestone kiln surrounded by nettles. At 530m this must be one of the highest locations in Cumbria (*second top, left*). The kiln is on a small limestone escarpment known as Birks. I ate my butties surrounded by large hewn limestone blocks, perfectly useable but totally isolated. A narrow grass ridge developed broadening into a steeper slope; swifts darted to and fro and disappeared as quickly as they came. Walls follow the summit ridges in the Casterton and Barbon fells, here leading to my objective Great Coum (687m) giving a 360° panorama with Whernside to the East, Ingleborough to the SE., Calf Top to the West, the Sedbergh fells to the North and a distant glimpse of the Cumbrian mountains to the North West.

The wind had increased, shades of autumn in the air; the scene was captured for posterity, dappled light adding to the picture (*third top, left*). On Great Coum you are standing on the edge of the future for the wall system marks the boundary of the present Yorkshire Dales National Park. Hopefully the coalition will affirm the designation to embrace the fells to the South and West of Leck, Casterton and Barbon. I followed an obvious track towards a fine cairn built on a rocky promontory; the track petered out, my way was back to the ridge wall and to the second summit Crag Hill (628m) giving fine extensive views to the west. A family group mused at the ageing walker in his shorts and passed by.

The boundary of the present National Park follows a dilapidated wall in a westerly direction towards Barbondale, the rock types hereabouts are layers of limestone, mudstone and sandstone giving a good walling material. The descent was gradual, trackless at first via Grey Stones and then joined a good path near Lord's Well*.

A ravine had developed with growing issues culminating in a fine waterfall plunging over a cirque of rocks adorned with stubby trees and flowers, heather being dominant (*bottom left*). Below the fall the water disappeared into the ground leaving Short Gill waterfall dry - however the rock scenery and tree cover made up for the loss. My feet were 'singing' so I let the air to them before joining the Barbondale road at Fiddler's Hills. Numerous cyclists passed by on the gently rising road; the Calf Top escarpment towered above me as I walked the one km to Keldishaw.

I drove back by Dentedale to Sedbergh and relaxed in a busy tea shop, comparing my £4.50p at the Temperance hotel with £2.80p in Sedbergh for the self same thing!

All references OS, OL 2 Yorkshire Dale—Western Area.

***Ed's note:** David's account above mentions passing Lord's Well on his descent of Crag Hill. The spring is what is known as a 'Chalybeate Well' and the Ordnance Survey note it on their 1:2500 maps. 'Chalybeate' water contains iron salts (usually sulphates) and tastes of iron. In the early 17th century such water was treasured for its healing and health giving properties. There are many Chalybeate springs in the UK, the most famous being those in Tunbridge Wells, Bath and Harrogate. An early name for the water was "Saint Anthony's Miraculous Water". There are other Chalybeate Wells in Cumbria too, probably the best known being the one in Finglandrigg Wood, a National Nature Reserve on the Solway Plain, about 10 miles west of Carlisle.

Pen-y-Ghent from Horton in Ribblesdale

Mid-week Walk No. 18

14th September 2011

Clare Fox

Roger and Margaret decided on a late trip to France so Frank stepped in to lead four intrepid Fellfarers, namely Hugh, Val, Frank and myself, to the summit of Pen-y-Ghent.

The rain was pouring down as I got up that morning and I wondered whether this walk was really a good idea. However, skies had cleared somewhat at nine as Frank arrived to pick me up and then drove on to collect Val who was having a well-earned day off work. Who said the mid-week walks were for pensioners only?

We arrived in Horton in Ribblesdale and parked in the main carpark but luckily Hugh arrived with the news that there was parking down the lane for free before we parted with our £4 parking fee. Needless to say we parked the car there. It appeared to be just the four of us. So we donned our jackets and some also added gaiters in preparation for anything the weather could throw at us. As we strode off the sun was shining in a watery sky and an amazing rainbow arched over the village producing aahs and oohs from appreciative Fellfarers (*top right*).

We made our way towards Pen-y-Ghent. Climbing straight away, we soon gained height (*middle right*). We heard in the distance the sound of a steam train in the valley and, continuing our climb, we could soon make out the plumes of steam issuing forth from the train, a lovely sight. A bit over-shadowed by the limestone quarries surrounding the village but on the other hand people do need to make a living.

We continued up at a steady pace and by crossing a few gated stone stiles en route we joined the Pennine Way track. Our path steepened on rocks and we had an interesting little scramble up and over the rocky terrain. By now the wind was getting stronger and we had to battle on until the summit was reached. The sky was darkening and with some difficulty and help from Val I managed to don my waterproof trousers in anticipation.

With some relief we arrived at the summit shelter complete with inbuilt seating. 'A good time for lunch' was the general feeling (I think Sally agreed) as we sat in the shelter out of the wind to enjoy our packed lunches and the views. Unfortunately not for long as now the rain, described by Frank as 'Scotch Mist', decided to descend.

As we ventured on the rain became heavier and together with descending clag and gusty winds it made the journey a tad difficult. No wonder the Celtic name 'Pen-y-Ghent' means 'the windy hill' – very apt! However it didn't take too long to walk along the ridge and in no time we were making our way off the summit and were heading back towards the path to Horton. The weather was now improving and the rain had stopped. At the bottom of the hill (on Roger's prior suggestion) we took a detour. There were three paths going in the suggested direction so we chose the middle one and made our way to Hull Pot.

This detour was really worth the effort (*bottom right*). Peaty waters, increased in volume due to recent rains, cascaded noisily down the limestone crags with smaller waterfalls tumbling down alongside the main waterfall. It was a truly spectacular sight and we spent some time there just marvelling.

Reluctantly we tore ourselves away to return to the village pausing to admire interesting limestone crags and features on our journey back.

At three o'clock we arrived back at the cars. By now the skies were blue and the wind had dropped; doesn't it always! In true mid-week walk the thing to do next was find a café for tea and where else could we go than to the Pen-y-Ghent café? Which we duly did and enjoyed a good cup of Yorkshire tea and slice of cake!

A great walk – thank you Roger for the suggestion including the detour, to Frank for leading the walk and to Hugh and Val for their company.



Working Weekend

16-18th September 2011

A very good turn-out should have ensured that all of the jobs listed would be completed but the weather had other ideas. In fact everyone did very well and only a couple of minor jobs had to be left for another day because of the rain:

Work progressed around the new emergency escape door: plastering and tiling inside and sealing the threshold outside. Further work was done on the scheme to replace all of the rainwater gutters and downpipes. Emergency exit signs were put in place upstairs. Work to protect a farm wall that has been undermined by our 'overflow channel' (down by the gate) was completed. Ladder storage was made safer.

In addition, of course, all of the regular cleaning jobs were carried out. The Committee, in its revue of the weekend, agreed that in fact the primary purpose of the Working Weekends is, and always has been, to carry out these checking, repairing and cleaning tasks. It's often more fun to get involved in the one-off tasks that make obvious changes (improvements we hope) at High House or its grounds but the single most important job we have to do is to *maintain* the building at as high a standard as possible. So thank you to all the members who quietly get on with those jobs.

Some of the workers, clockwise from top right: Birthday Girl Carol Smith, Ray Wood, Sue Blamire and Alec Reynolds, Jenna Wood, Margaret Cooper and Clare Fox, Fred Underhill, Peter Goff, Rob Moffat.

Photographs courtesy of Joan Abbott.



Kalymnos 21-28th September 2011



Regular readers will recall that some of the climbers in the club have, for the last few years, ventured abroad in search of Hot Rock. We all love the Lakeland crags and the Yorkshire outcrops and quarries but sometimes we like a change from wet and greasy rhyolite and limestone so polished you can see your face in it.



Calpe, Ailefroide and El Chorro have been favoured with our presence in the past but this time, after many planning meetings in the Rifleman's Arms, we chose the little Greek island of Kalymnos.

For a number of reasons the squad was reduced this year: Cheryl and Jason Smallwood, Alan Wilson, Mick Fox, and non-climbers Clare Fox and Richard Mercer flew together to Kos and then made the short ferry crossing, in worryingly dull weather, to Kalymnos.

A couple of taxis threaded the busy narrow streets of Pothia and took us over the hill to the jaw-dropping scenery on the western side of the little island. The large and modern hotel in Masouri proved to be excellent. Each of our rooms had a superb panoramic view, over the hotel pool and bar terrace and the sandy beach beyond, to the mountain island of Telendos, apparently floating just offshore in the blue Adriatic Sea. It provided the perfect scene later when the sun set in great glory, promising better





Climbing is why we're here of course. It's difficult to believe that climbing only started here on the island in the late 1990s because there are now 64 bolted crags and there have already been 5 guidebooks published. The growth of the sport here has been explosive and it is easy to see why: It's a matter of quantity and quality: Distant views here show that the island consists almost entirely of steep limestone crags (many not 'developed' yet) and, as becomes apparent after only a few minutes of climbing, the rock excels anything any of us have ever experienced before.

Minute razor sharp edges give superb slab climbing on what look like blank faces and, when the rock steepens (see Jason, left) juggy holds on tufa mean that problems can be tackled with confidence. Shiny stainless steel bolts complete the picture. Climbing is as safe (and as hard) as you want it to be and you can concentrate on having fun. Brilliant!



Masouri village comes alive at night. Each day, after the climbing, we soak up some sun by the pool and swim in the sea. Later, we meet by the poolside bar and watch the sky catch fire as the sun sets while we sip the first ice-cold 'Mythos' beer. We step from the door of our hotel into the narrow main street, now thronged with happy climbers and other holiday-makers. Once in a while we have to step aside as a slow car or a buzzing scooter threads through the strolling groups. Brightly lit shops, restaurants and bars display welcoming rooms, terraces and courtyards every few yards as we promenade. The difficulty comes with selecting a place to eat. So many enticing menus (even for the veggie!). It doesn't matter really, we are never disappointed and the food is invariably delicious. The air is warm and still and we smile with the memory of the day's achievements and with the anticipation of the days to come. Not to mention the rest of the evening - there are always a lot of bars to pass before we return safely to our hotel.



What a divine form of transportation! The island is so small and the weather so reliably sunny that it would be foolish to consider hiring a car. Scooters are the way to go! Many crags are by the roadside and these little two-wheelers enable us to zip about, avoiding the full-on sun and perhaps climbing on two or three shaded crags in a day. Alan and Mick, all 'climbed out' on the last day, particularly enjoyed a complete circuit of the island, riding in t-shirts and shorts and without helmets, on empty roads 'over the hills and far away'. Diary entry: "The sea turquoise-edged blue and flat-calm sparkles in the sunshine while above us the crags rear impressively under the flawless deep blue sky. The machine's top speed is about 40 mph but even at that speed, with the wind in what's left of my hair, the ride is exhilarating."

We think of renaming ourselves for the week:

Another diary entry: "Hell's Fellfarers", perhaps shortened to "Hellfarers"? It doesn't catch on and as my machine is a baby-pink I think I won't be able to project a convincing hard-biker image anyway. Perhaps "The Mild Bunch".



The island's only via ferrata is the chance for the non-climbers in our team to get their hands on rock. Four of us go looking for it and after an hour or so's leg-scratching wandering in the thorny scrub above Masouri we find the odd cairn that shows where the path ought to be. The first section should be done roped but we don't bother. Some nice slabs (see left) take us on a diagonal line up the high crag. The via is not graded but proves to be easy. As we rise on the rock face it delivers superb views over the village to the little island of Telendos. That's where Richard and Clare sailed to for a day's exploration and where they found a Byzantine settlement, complete with a wealth of pottery shards, undisturbed for perhaps 1,000 years until Richard rearranged them for his photographs. We visit the gothic-arch cave that is so prominent from the coast far below and then clamber on. At the top of the crag, amongst the thorns, is a belay bolt which allows us to abseil the 120 foot free-hang (see the title picture) back to the base of the cave. Very exciting stuff. Then we climb back to the top for the even more leg-scratchy descent over the pathless hillside.



On another day, while the Smallwoods climb, Richard, Al, Clare and Mick set off for the 'Top of the Island', the summit of the 676 metre peak called Prophitis Ilias. We set off on our scooters up steep winding alleyways where large women wave and shout directions to us from upstairs windows. We wave and smile and go the wrong way. Later we creep back, hoping they've gone. We find the way eventually, a 'smooth track', according to the map, which is a composed of broken brick and rubble, and begin to walk. We're soon up on the hillside, blasted by the sun and serenaded by the tinkling goat-bells, amongst the sad remains of a once-thriving agricultural society. At the summit building, marked as a church on the map but appearing to be a café, we ask for tea. The man serves us clear green liquid with a few twigs in the bottom of each mug. When we attempt to pay, he shrugs and says no. It's not a café, it's his home! Our descent is accompanied by much embarrassed chuckling.



Craggs with silly names (Belgian Chocolates, Local Freezer, and E.T.).
 Rock so sharp that your finger-ends are shredded after a couple of days and you wonder if your rock-shoes will last the week.
 Weather so hot (in September, remember) that you have to stop climbing by 3 pm.
 Empty roads and bustling bars.
 A luxury hotel cheaper than some bunkhouses in the UK.
 Breakfast, as much as you can eat (and parcel up for lunch), included in the price.
 Swimming pool, beach, warm seas, all inclusive.
 Transport that is as much fun as whatever you're travelling to for only a tenner a day.
 Are we going again?
 You bet!

Walking from Silverdale to Carnforth

Saturday October 15th 2011



Silverdale certainly lived up to its proud boast on this day. The sun shone with a summery warmth on the 15 Fellfarers who gathered at Silverdale station. We came, by car and train, from all directions, in an operation planned with military precision by our ex-president.

Heads down, we scurried across the golf course to Silverdale Green and thence to Scout Wood and Woodwell.

Progress was slowed at Wolf House when we encountered Silverdale rush-hour (*top picture*) but eventually the road was free again and, pondering about naming of Gibraltar Farm, we were soon on the delectable coastal path above Jack Scout Cove (*2nd picture*). Some had never been this way before; some were regular visitors. Someone thought it the best bit of coast in Cumbria, despite it being in Lancashire.

The sun reflected on a sea like polished silver as we strolled amongst the little outcrops and contorted junipers on the sheep-cropped turf that always invites barefoot wandering.

All too soon we reached Jenny Brown's Point and the enigmatic industrial relics there: the remains of a harbour and the fine limestone flue (*3rd picture*). We ate sandwiches and wondered what the purpose of the chimney had been. Even Peter Goff didn't know, although he did point out that its twin, at Crag Foot across the marsh, belonged to a pump that at one time kept Leighton Moss dry, long before the RSPB took over.

We followed the sea-defence bank (*4th picture*) around Quaker's Stang to Crag Foot and began the slow climb up the old coach road over Warton Crag. Climbers reminisced about routes on the crags we'd passed and were to pass yet. Back on turf again, we ambled under dark trees still leaf-clad to the ugly metal structure on Beacon Breast and the unveiling of the fine views south and west. Thoughts were now turning to food and beer and there below us, only a mile away, was the Canal Turn pub where they could be found. Smiling with anticipation, our crocodile descended through the Nature Reserve (*below*) and filed into Carnforth.



The Glendramackin Valley and Souther Fell

Midweek Walk No 19

26th October 2011

Joan Abbot



Mary and I haven't done a great deal of walking lately but we have kept telling ourselves that we needed to make the effort and get out more. So after studying The Fellfarer we determined to go on the mid-week walk. During the ride up we thought of various alternatives should it rain. A heavy shower on the A66 made us think we may be using one of these options but it cleared and we arrived at Mungrisdale village and drove through wondering just where we were to park because there were various possibilities. We settled for opposite the Village Hall and were soon joined by others. Before long there was a good party of 15 people.

Boots were donned as we chatted and caught up with each other's news. Colin and Val arrived to lead the walk and we were soon heading up the path to very gradually climb beside the Glendramackin river. Hughie had brought Sally (the dog) and she was eagerly running backwards and forwards as she shepherded us along making sure we were all present. Roger's grandsons, Tom and Josh were happy to have her there and as we approached different clusters of sheep Sally eyed them up but readily responded to a firm 'Stay'. The boys took over keeping her in check and we all chatted as we walked on.

Very gradually we gained height and the weather stayed fine although there was cloud on Blencathra. Here and there one of the boys would voice a thought of turning back but a bit of distraction or encouragement soon had them heading on. Roger pointed out to them where the path started to turn down to cross over the river at the foot of White Horse Bent and head back along the other side to rise up Souther Fell. The consensus

of opinion was that this was a good point to eat our lunches so we settled down on rocks or the edge of the little bridge and ate our sandwiches or salads and had a drink.

Revitalised the boys were soon running ahead as we made our way to the ridge. We got a good view of the countryside around us although it wasn't too clear. After a few small false summits we were there and we admired the view back onto Blencathra and the other fells around us. Then it was a steady walk down that eventually became steeper. Val's sister, Maureen, found a deep bit of bog and ended up with a rather soggy leg but soldiered on laughing. Frank hadn't got his lunch with him and when we stopped to finish off any leftover sandwiches and yet again admire the view, he declined all offers of sharing. Roger didn't get chance to stop because Tom and Josh had run on ahead and he needed to catch up with them.

After picking various places out in the distance we descended, scrambling down rough sections of the path. At the bottom it deviated off to the right for a while before turning through a gateway to the road. Then it was back to the cars to change footwear before a well earned drink in the Old Mill Inn close to the car park. Val and Clare shared a scone that had so much cream in it neither of them wanted it all. It was the usual end to a midweek walk, a drink in the pub (or a café) while discussing this or that point of the walk.

Soon we were heading off to our cars and driving home discussing how glad we were that it hadn't rained to distract us into Keswick. We were tired but had thoroughly enjoyed the company, the walk and the views.



The Fellfarer

Jan 2012

13

THE 1ST KFF PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION - RESULTS

After a little bit of last minute persuasion the normally reticent Fellfarers came up with a magnificent display of over a hundred photographs for the competition and exhibition. It should be placed on record that not everything went to plan. Joan Abbot, who was the only person to submit her pictures before the original deadline, discovered that they had been temporarily mislaid and they missed the judging and the exhibition. The Club has apologised to Joan and she has said that it won't stop her entering next time!

The entries were judged by professional photographer Jon Allison (website: www.lakedistrictlandscapes.co.uk). The range of subjects was broad and the overall standard of photographs was superb. The newsletter printing process can never do these pictures justice but, with that obvious reservation, we present the winners in each category here, together with Jon's comment on each entry:



Category: MOUNTAIN SCENERY

1st Prize

Top: 'Chapel in the Dolomites'
Colin Hunter

"Light and composition perfect, really interesting and very dramatic."

2nd Prize

Above left: 'Chough (Dolomites)'
Colin Hunter

"Unusual subject, nicely balanced."

3rd Prize

Above right: 'The Amphitheatre, Draakensberg Mountains'
Mick Fox

"Good clarity and light, maximised the detail."



Category: HUMOUR

1st Prize

Right: 'Pigeon Post'
Steve Edgar

"Very cleverly caught - really makes you smile."

2nd Prize

Below left: 'Dame and the Sphinx'
Penny O'Sullivan

"Really clever photograph."

3rd Prize

Below right: 'Bills knees - Pyrenees'
Colin Hunter

"Good stuff."



Category: PEOPLE ON THE FELLS

1st Prize

Opposite page, bottom: 'I'm listening - Blencathra'
Colin Hunter

"Sums up the feeling of being on the fells with other people - the camaraderie."

2nd Prize

Below left: 'Peter belaying in the heather'
Mick Fox

"Really captured the joy of being on the fells."

3rd Prize

Below right: 'Above Wastwater'
Mick Fox

"Striking, good sharpness and composition."





Category: OPEN

1st Prize

Top: 'Stone Circle'
Steve Edgar

"All the ingredients for the perfect photograph. Strong representation of subject, wonderful."

2nd Prize

Right: 'Winter's evening scene - Green Boat'
Steve Edgar

"Fantastic balance and composition - atmospheric."

3rd Prize

Below: 'Frozen Pool'
Mick Fox

"Sweet, good eye for the subject, a bit different, keenly captured."



So there they are, the judge's selection of the best member's photographs in the first Club competition.

There was one more accolade though: People attending the slideshow and exhibition were given voting slips and asked to nominate their favourite from the 100+ photos there. The 'Peoples Choice Award' was awarded to Steve Edgar for his Green Boat shot above.

Well done everyone. A superb display.

There was a general feeling that we should have a similar event next year, perhaps with different categories. The Social Sub-committee will consider the possibility in due course so the challenge is there for all members during the coming year: **Get snapping!**

Two Meets: Half Term and Remembrance Sunday at High House

Words: 21st - 27th October 2011

Photographs: 12th - 13th November 2011

Sarah Jennings



Several FellFARers gathered at the Hut over October half term, some just for a day or 2 and some for most of the week. Every day saw groups of people heading out into the fells on various walks. Jessica Walsh and Matthew and Emma Jennings made their

first ascent of Glaramara on Saturday with huge enthusiasm and endless energy.

On Monday, after a typical Borrowdale slow start, a large group of Fellfarers with children, grandchildren and dogs made their way to Keswick. From there, a pleasant amble along Derwentwater led to an ideal spot for lunch. After refueling, some made their way up the steep Cat Gill and onto Walla Crag while others had a less energetic, but no less beautiful, stroll through Great Wood before all meeting up back in Keswick.

Ice creams helped many to re-gather their strength before a competitive game of pitch and putt in Crow Park for the boys and crazy golf for the girls.

Back at the hut, the competitive spirit continued with dominoes and various other games combined with the usual good 'crack'.

Good weather, good company and the beauty of Borrowdale made for a relaxing and enjoyable few days.

Photographs: 'Armistice Weekend'

TITLE PICTURE: Sunday on Castle Crag

Back Row: Stuart, Helen, Mark, Jenna, Alec, Rob, Kryisia, Peter.

Middle: Jessica, Emma.

Front: Matthew.

MIDDLE RIGHT: Saturday at Gillercombe Head

Matthew, Mark, Jessica, Sarah, Emma.

BELOW RIGHT: Sunday on Castle Crag

Gordon, Joan, Matthew, Fred, Phil, Gavin, Sue, Tom, Josh, Roger, Sam.



Around the Langdales

Midweek Walk No 20

16th November 2011



Would we need headtorches? Frank Haygarth had planned a slightly longer excursion than usual for this midweek walk, at 8-9 miles, and was worried that, now that the days are short, darkness might fall before we found our way back to the cars. A dozen of us thought we'd risk it (plus one pair of Fellfarers who arrived, took one look at who else had turned up and fled to the higher fells) on this beautiful, if slightly hazy, autumn day (*top left*).

Frank led us from Elterwater on the south bank of great Langdale Beck, the path being part of the Cumbria Way here, towards Chapel Stile. We passed within a stone's throw of *Brambles*, the café there, but a determined Frank ignored the whimpering and drove us on-ward. At Oak Howe our path became a walled lane and began to climb, bringing the delectable Langdale Pikes into view (*second down, left*).

A discussion on the climbing merits of Oak Howe Needle, high on our left side, seemed to conclude that it's not worth bothering with, although the crag behind yields several 2-star routes...for anyone who can climb at E3.

Raven Crag came into view. Now that's more like it! Climbing memories were invoked, some from as long ago as the '60s.

Colin: "I remember I had an old Austin A38 back then. We'd had a good evenings climbing on Raven, followed by an even better evenings drinking in the Old Dungeon Ghyll. You could drink and drive then and we were heading home after closing time. Clanger was on his motor bike with Jimmy Duff on pillion. They were riding alongside and hit something. My headlights shone on the two of them overtaking me, arms outstretched and flying through the air. I stopped and opened the door. Chick, who had been driving behind me, decided to overtake at this point and drove straight into my open door, breaking it and his headlight. We had to take the bikers to Westmorland General Hospital A&E, staffed by nuns during the night in those days, for treatment but when we got there it was all locked up. We eventually managed to attract a nun's attention and she told us she didn't know where the key was and couldn't let us in..... ah, happy days! You never did forgive me for breaking your headlight, did you Chick?"

Roger: "You haven't paid me for it yet."

We left the Cumbria Way at Side House, splashed across a field or two, and ascended the 'Fix the Fells' path that is such an eyesore when seen from across the valley. It soon brought us to the road below Side Pike and just enough suitable boulders to provide picnic seating for our lunch-stop.

Sandwich-filled, we crossed to the 'Blisco' side of the road and followed the path towards Blea Tarn, described by Wordsworth in 'The Excursion':

*"Beneath our feet a lowly little vale...
A liquid pool that glittered in the sun
And one bare dwelling. One abode, no more"*

The air was still and the hazy light lent a soft romantic feel to the scene, including the classic reflection of the Pikes in Blea Tarn itself (*third down, left*).

We were about half way by now and the sun was descending, casting a lovely golden light on Lingmoor Fell and Little Langdale (*bottom left*). Elterwater seemed a long way off now and the spectre of finishing in the dark began to crop up again. Frank stepped out smartly as we reached the tarmac of the Wry nose Road. He pointed out, wrongly, Castle Howe as the 'Ting Mound' but otherwise navigated impeccably as we crossed the valley to Low Hall Garth. The Yorkshire Ramblers' Climbing Hut there has been used a couple of times by Fellfarers in the last few years.

We were making good time and there was an opportunity for a last treat: a few yards beyond our planned turn-off is the justly famous Cathedral Quarry and we paddled along the short dark approach level to enter its awe-inspiring chamber (*cover picture*). Surprisingly, many of those present hadn't been there before and so there were lots of astonished faces as we wandered around.

The delightful Slater's Bridge provided another new experience for some and a photo opportunity for all before we strolled the last mile or so back to Elterwater and pots of tea at the Britannia Inn.

An excellent outing, Frank, thanks very much.



Social Sub-committee News

Message from the Social Sub-Committee:

Well here we are again, careering towards the end of another eventful year in which we can reflect on another packed and hugely well supported Social Calendar. I am sure you all have your favourites from the tremendously well attended mid-week walks and slide shows through to the longer trips across the UK and Europe.

I would just like to thank my fellow members of the Social Sub-Committee for their boundless enthusiasm and support and to all of you who contributed ideas and organised events. I would also like to welcome Mike Palk onto the Sub-committee and also ask you all to put your thinking caps on and get in touch with any ideas for future events!

You will find a pull-out, in this edition of the Fellfarer, detailing the key events for 2012 and we will continue to add more walks, weekends and evening socials to the quarterly back page throughout the coming year.

I have one personal apology to make to Joan Abbott who submitted some entries into the Photographic competition in November which I mistakenly failed to pass on. Joan was more than gracious about the absence of her prints but I would like to apologise anyway.

That just leaves me to wish you all a Merry Christmas and a prosperous New Year from all of us on the Social Committee please don't hesitate to get in touch with Peter, Clare, Mike or myself for feedback and any ideas for future events.

Many thanks,
Jason

PS The **CONISTON WALK** in November was cancelled at the last minute because of poor weather. Our apologies to anyone who turned up.

The 3rd KFF Ceilidh

4th February 2012

at the Castle Street Centre, Castle Street, Kendal
Music by **Tumbling Tom**

Entrance by Ticket only: Adults £5.00 Children £2.50
Tickets available from the Social Secretary + at the AGM



Ceilidh Minogue
Doors open 7.30 to 11.30.

Bring your own food and drink although tea, coffee and juice provided.

For those interested in sharing a barrel of Real Ale please contact Jason Smallwood

Review of the Year

A slideshow look at all the things that members have been up to during 2011, with the club and without it. Note the final reminder on page 3 to let the Editor have your contributions by January 13th at the very latest.

March Hotel Visit to Fort William

After our three very successful March hotel visits we have had another great offer from a Scottish Hotel. This time we are going to Fort William and staying at the Alexandra Hotel for 5 nights, from Sunday 18th March to Thursday 23rd March. The total price for this visit per person (sharing a twin or double room) will be £145 and includes dinner, bed and breakfast. If you would like to come please let Clare Fox know as soon as possible together with sleeping arrangements and any dietary requirements. There is a single room supplement of £8 per night. Payment will be required a month before the visit. Hope you can join us!

Scottish Small Isles trip in May



The idea for this trip is to travel by foot staying on each of the Small Isles as follows:

- Drive to Mallaig and park and leave the car
- Ferry to Rhum and stay 2/3 nights in Kinloch Castle
- Ferry to Eigg and stay one night
- Ferry to Muck and stay one night
- Ferry to Canna and stay one night
- Ferry back to Mallaig to pick up your car

Accommodation will be limited so we will need to book early. A planning meeting for all interested in this trip will be organised in January. Please let Hugh Taylor or myself know if you would like to know more!

Camping trip to the Dolomites

Another camping trip abroad is being planned for June/July this time to the Dolomites. We will be having a preliminary meeting early in the New Year in order to plan the trip, in particular choosing the area we wish to visit and agreeing on dates. If you would like to either come on the trip or just know a bit more about it please let Colin Hunter or myself know and we will be in touch with you in the New Year to invite you to the proposed planning meeting.



KFF CLUB EVENTS January - April 2012

Where the contact person's phone numbers are not given here, full contact details can be found on page 2

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

January

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

Weekend 13th-15th **Away Meet** – Clachaig Chalets, Glen Coe. Booking essential. Info: Hugh Taylor

Saturday 14th **Walk** - Charlie's Walk, Cunswick Fell.
Meet 1 pm. County Hall Kendal. Plenty of parking. Info David Birkett 01539 738280

Weekend 20th-22nd **High House** - KFF Club booking.

Tuesday 17th ***Slide show** – Review of the Fellfarers' Year
Meet 7.30 pm. The Strickland Arms, Sizergh. Sandwiches provided. Guests welcome.

Wednesday 25th **Midweek Walk** – Lingmoor Fell-Side Pike -Oakhowe- Elterwater. 10.5 km; 400 m. ascent.
Meet 10 am. Elterwater NT car park (GR 3280 0475). Info: David Birkett 01539 738280

Friday 27th **Annual General Meeting** – New Committee members required
Meet 7.30 pm. Kendal Golf Club. Sandwiches provided.

Every Thursday Evening Climbing for All. Kendal Wall. 7 pm onwards. Everyone welcome. Info: Jason Smallwood / Mick Fox

February

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

Saturday 4th ***KFF Ceilidh** – Castle Street Community Centre. 7:30 until 11:00 pm. Featuring Tumbling Tom

Week 10th-16th **High House** - KFF Club booking – Half Term

Saturday 18th ***Walk** - A guided walk around Rydal and Grasmere. Distance approximately 6 miles.
Meet at Rydal Hall Café at 10:00 (GR 366 064). Info Mike Palk

Tuesday 21st **Slide show** - Exploring the Pyrenees & Northern Spain. Plus the Isle of Man by motorbike, bus and foot!
Meet 7.30 pm. The Strickland Arms, Sizergh. Sandwiches provided. Guests welcome.

Wednesday 22nd **Midweek Walk** -9 miles, fairly low level. Finish at the Watermill Inn, Ings.
Meet 11 am at the bus shelter on the western outskirts of Ings (GR 444 987). Info: Roger Atkinson
(The 10.40 am 555 bus from Kendal will get you there)

Every Thursday Evening Climbing for All. Kendal Wall. 7 pm onwards. Everyone welcome. Info: Jason Smallwood / Mick Fox

March

(Committee meet at the Rifleman's Arms on Tuesday 6th. Social evening 9 p.m onwards)

Saturday 3rd **The KFF Annual Dinner** - Eagle & Child. Contact Val Calder to book your place

Weekend 9th-11th **High House** - KFF Club booking – WORKING WEEKEND

Wednesday 14th **Midweek Walk** – 'Little used paths on Wakebarrow'. 6.5 miles.
Meet 10.30am at 'Dawsonsfold', Lyth, on the A5074, 2.5 miles north of Gilpin Bridge (GR 457 889).
Parking available. Tea and biscuits on return. Info: Gordon Pitt

Week 18th-23rd ***Scottish Hotel Meet** – Alexandra Hotel, Fort William. Info: Clare Fox

Tuesday 27th **Slide Show**. 'The GR5 from Lake Geneva to Nice' Tony Maguire and Sue Mitchell.
Meet 7.30 pm. The Strickland Arms, Sizergh. Sandwiches provided. Guests welcome.

Every Thursday Evening Climbing for All. Kendal Wall. 7 pm onwards. Everyone welcome. Info: Jason Smallwood / Mick Fox


April

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

Weekend 4-10th **High House** - KFF Club booking – Easter (long weekend)

Wednesday 18th **Midweek Walk** – Farlton. Distance 6 miles.
Meet 10.30 am for coffee. The Hideaway Café on A65 (GR540 821). 11 am start. Info: Mick Fox

Weekend 20th-22nd **Away Meet** – Tan-y-Wyddfa, Rhyd Du. North Wales.
Oread Hut details on page 2. Info: Peter Goff

Thursday 26th **Evening Walk** – Route TBC, meeting up with the dimbers at Hutton Roof 

Thursday 26th **Climbing for all** – First Outdoor Climbing Evening of 2012. Hutton Roof Crag (GR 564 782)
Meet any time after about 6 pm. Info: Jason Smallwood. *And then:*

Every Thursday Evening Climbing for All. A different local crag every week. Everyone welcome. Info: Jason Smallwood / Mick