

Number 69
April 2013



Editorial

Well that's number soixante-neuf completed, full of the diverse activities, from the sublime to the ridiculous,, that Fellfarers get up to. Thank you to contributors Colin Jennings, Irene and Graham Ramsbottom, David Birkett, Mel Middleton, Rod Muncey, Graham Stewart and of course the Club Photographer-in-Chief, Joan Abbott, for your words and/or your photographs. Fred Underhill too. There's rarely a week goes by without a cartoon popping through my door. Only a few do I get to share with you. Thank you Fred. I hope I remembered everyone and I hope you all enjoy reading this issue. You will be able to work out that a number of club events have taken place at the time of writing but I ran out of space. In the past this might have been a 24-pager but I've promised not to exceed my 20-page limit. Cost of postage you know. Still, on the positive side, it means I already have a few pages allocated (not written yet though) for no.70...

Ed

Cover Photograph:

Competitors before the All-Terrain Toboggan Trials at High House
31st December 2012

Deadline for contributions for the next *Fellfarer*:
1st June 2013

OUR PARTNERS

- BRITISH MOUNTAINEERING COUNCIL

BMC Website: www.thebmc.co.uk
Each Fellfarer has an individual Membership Number

- RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION

Ramblers Website: www.ramblers.org.uk
Fellfarers RA Membership Number: New Number TBA

- OREAD MOUNTAINEERING CLUB
(Reciprocal Rights Partnership)

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Tan-y-Wyddfa
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Fellfarers: £5.00 p.p.p.n., Guests: £9.00 p.p.p.n.

Heathy Lea Cottage
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Oread Booking Secretary: Colin Hobday
28, Cornhill
Allestree
Derby
DE22 2FS
Tel: 01332 551594
email: hutbookings@oread.co.uk

CLUB OFFICIALS



PRESIDENT:	Gordon Pitt	Tel: 015395 68210
VICE PRESIDENT:	Roger Atkinson	Tel: 01539732490
TRUSTEES	Vicky Atkinson	Tel: 07971 408378
	Mick Fox	Tel: 01539 727531
	Cheryl Smallwood	Tel: 01629 650164
	Mark Walsh	Tel: 01606 891050
COMMITTEE Chairman:	Roger Atkinson	Tel: 01539 732490 198, Burneside Road Kendal LA96EB email: fratkinson@hotmail.co.uk
Vice Chairman:	Mark Walsh	Tel: 01606 891050 20, Knutsford Road Antrobus Northwich Cheshire CW9 6JW email: m-a-walsh@hotmail.co.uk
Secretary:	Clare Fox	Tel: 01539 727531 50, Gillinggate Kendal LA94JB email: clarefox50@hotmail.com
Treasurer:	Val Calder	Tel: 01539727109 86, Vicarage Drive Kendal LA95BA email: valcalder@hotmail.co.uk
Booking Secretary:	Hugh Taylor	Tel: 01524 762067 Briarcliffe Carr Bank Road Carr Bank Milnthorpe Cumbria LA77LE email: JHUGH.TAYLOR@BTINTERNET.COM
Social Secretary:	Mike Palk	Tel: 01524 736548 18, Oxford Street Carnforth Lancs LA5 9LG email: mike.palk@toucansurf.com
Newsletter Editor:	Mick Fox	Tel: 01539 727531 50, Gillinggate Kendal LA94JB email: michaelfox50@hotmail.com
Committee Members:	Alec Reynolds	Tel: 01229 821099
	Helen Speed	Tel: 01539 733959
	Robert Walsh	Tel: 07769 588601
	Tony Walshaw	Tel: 015395 52491
	Peter Goff	Tel: 01524 736990
Co-opted Member:		
Club Archivist:	Fred Underhill	Tel: 01539 727480

OTHER INFORMATION

Seathwaite Farm (Emergencies only) Tel: 017687 77394
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.

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This newsletter is also available on the club website
Some back issues are available on request from the Editor

New Members



Welcome to new members Angela Shuttleworth and Graham 'Harry' Moffat. They live in Sedbergh and list their interests as walking, running and line-dancing (Angela) and running, fell-walking and cycling (Harry). Harry is (existing member) Rob Moffat's dad.

The AGM and Photograph Competition

The 80th KFF Annual General Meeting, planned for the 25th January, was postponed at very short notice because of heavy snow. It was held, finally, on 22nd February.

There were no contentious issues and all existing Club Officers were re-elected with the exception of Janne Greasley who did not stand. He was replaced by Helen Speed, who is welcomed by the Committee.

A further nomination was also received and Peter Goff was co-opted onto the Committee also. Good to get some 'young blood' on board!

The KFF Photographic Competition took place on the same evening and winners in five categories were selected by those members present. Joan Abbott won the 'Best Overall Photograph' award. Lack of space prevents giving full details in this issue but the winning shots will be shown in the next issue.

Archives

A further decade of Club Archives, the '90s, plus all the High House Visitors Books have been deposited with the County Archive Service and are now available for anyone to study. The first decade of the Millennium will follow in due course, together with drawings, photographs etc.

Newsletter Delivery

This is something of a long shot: With postal charges having risen so steeply recently, it's worth asking if anyone would like to become the KFF 'paperboy' (or girl) for Kendal? If anyone would like to earn a little pocket-money (or even provide the service free) please contact Mark Walsh to discuss details.

KFF 80th Anniversary Celebrations

Next year is the 80th anniversary of the founding of the Club. This will not be marked by events on the scale of the 75th but at least one party is guaranteed. If members have other ideas to mark the occasion, please pass them, via any committee member, to Mike, the Social Secretary.

Fleeces

Fleeces and other clothing with the Club's standard logo can be ordered at any time of course but there will be an 80th Anniversary logo for next year. You will be given full details in due course. Note that if you want more information about, or wish to order some, Club clothing, you should contact Mark Walsh.

March Working Weekend

Once again, lack of space prevents giving a full report until the next issue but two items of interest for users of High House are worth noting: the men's shower has been repaired and moves have been made towards getting phase 3 of the ladies washroom completed.

Trustees

The Club Trustees held their annual meeting on the 5th of February. The purpose of the meeting is to examine the Committee's actions in the last year to ensure that the terms of the Lease are being met. They were able to report to the Committee that there were no matters of concern.

Fire Safety

A meeting of the Hut Sub-committee and Fire Service officers has been arranged at High House on the 25th of March. The aim is to see what, if anything, we need to do to make sure that the Club meets all relevant requirements of current Fire Safety legislation. By the time you read this the result will be known. Watch this space.

Crows

Windows damaged by the resident family of crows at High House have been repaired but it is unlikely that the birds will just go away. Please inform the Committee if you see any further damage or if you have a solution. Here's Fred's take on the problem:



And finally, although it's not Club News:

During the January Winter Weekend at High House, some members visited Grange Methodist Chapel. They came across this object (two actually, either side of the altar). They had electrical flexes coming from the base. The central 'flying saucer' and the plates above and below it look precision-made in polished metal. Nothing moves on it. Not a single sensible idea about what it is came forward. Can you do better?



A Season of Wet Socks

(Six months of Lake District Fell racing)

Colin Jennings

This year (2012) has been a new record for me – six Lake District fell races entered. Unfortunately the record didn't extend to any victories but I have enjoyed my season very much nevertheless.

9th June – Duddon Valley Fell race (18 miles, 6500 feet of ascent, 6 million drops of rain)

This was the first time I had done this race but I had wanted to run over these fells for a while. Race day was foul – wet, windy, cold and clagged. However 99 brave souls started from the Newfield Inn, Seathwaite (no the other one). Up past Wallabarrow crag we went and through deeper and deeper mud onto Harter fell. From there it was a free for all in the thick mist and I found myself all alone slogging up a gill towards what I thought was Hardknott fell. There were more wanderings before the horrible ascent of Little Stand and then the pathless wonderland around Cold Pike. Eventually we were on decent paths over the Coniston fells before dropping down into the bog land that is the area around Caw. By this time I was very cold, wet and tired but rallied myself for a big finish. However this turned out to be me running up the wrong hill twice before finally finding Caw summit and dropping out of the mist to the pub field below. I lay down to feed the midges and found it had taken me 4hrs 21mins, only 1hr 11mins more than the winner!

22nd July – Kentmere Horseshoe Fell race (12 miles, 3500 feet of ascent, 300 mph winds)



My next Lakeland adventure was at Kentmere. A clear, dry day in the valley lulled us all into a false sense of security as when we got onto the high ridges a fearsome wind was raging over the hilltops. The race passed without incident for me until I made the mistake of following some very fit looking local runners. I was pleased with myself for keeping up with them until we reached Thornthwaite Beacon (not on the race route). Muttering curses we set off for High Street. Descending the Nan Bield pass was quite a challenge as each time I took a stride my foot was blown a good six inches to the right of

where I was intending it to land. I was also running bent over against the wind. When I did look up I could see fellow runners and walkers being blown sideways or blown over in the conditions. Eventually we reached the final checkpoint on Kentmere Pike. The marshall there gave me a cheery 'its downhill all the way now' and I promptly fell over and gashed my knee. Muttering more curses and hobbling I raced down back to Kentmere to finish only 18 mins behind the winner.

4th August – Borrowdale Fell race (17 miles, 6500 feet of ascent, 1 day warm enough to be called Summer)



Dodging marshalling on top of Scafell Pike yet again saw me entering Borrowdale for the third time. I had had a very good race last year so knew this year might be disappointing. The day was clear and actually very warm (for Borrowdale). The race was excellently marshalled and I received mars bars and drinks as I went round. Things were going well until the ascent of Gable. My lack of long training runs caught up with me and I got slower and slower as I climbed. I could not get any speed up after that and when I fell over on Grey knots both of my thighs cramped up. I managed to get going but the last part of the race was a real struggle. I was pleased to get in under 4 hours, only 89 places behind the winner.

1st Sept – Grizedale Horseshoe Fell race (10 miles, 5000 feet of ascent, zero feet of flat ground)



The Grizedale is a great race and is very tough as it is all up and all down for its 10 miles. It starts and finishes at Glenridding and takes in Catstye Cam, Hellvellyn, Dollywaggon Pike and St Sunday Crag. The weather was cold, wet and misty (as usual) and my Forest of Bowland fell running training was no match for the steep, rocky descents on this race. I finished 34 places behind the winner but enjoyed it v much, especially the homemade sandwiches, cakes and tea at the finish.

13th Oct – Langdale Horseshoe Fell race
(14 miles, 4000 feet of ascent, 1 beautiful cloud inversion)



A real Lakeland classic of a race and my first time of running in it. It was freezing cold and misty in the muddy start field but by the time we started climbing above Stickle tarn we broke out into blue sky and warm sunshine. People were

pulling hat, gloves and tops off in the heat. Fantastic views were had as we ran above the clouds. More fun was to be had on the tricky traverse under Esk Pike and up to Bowfell as there were patches of ice and snow to negotiate. I thoroughly enjoyed the race and the fact I fell flat on my face in a bog coming off Pike o'Blisco did little to dampen my spirits as I only finished 1hr 37mins behind the winner!

10th Nov – Dunnerdale Fell Race
(5 miles, 1500 feet of ascent, 5 million cars parked along a very small lane)



A small race and an even smaller availability of parking makes this event not so popular. However the route goes over arguably the best fells in the lakes (for their size). I also like the race due to the excellent, hot meat pies and cups of tea that each competitor can get at the finish. This day had it all – sunshine, wind, rain and hail. It was over all too quickly for me as I finished only 7 and a half mins behind the winner (but the race was only 50 mins long) and I was tempted to go round again. But then I smelt the pies...

Colin



Some photos from 2012 arrived too late to be included in the 'Review of the Year' Slideshow, including this fine shot of the Matterhorn taken by Mel Middleton on his ascent of Monte Rosa in July.



Walking on La Gomera

November 2012

Graham and Irene Ramsbottom

It may be the Canaries but Tenerife it isn't. Unfortunately you have to pass through the throngs, and throngs, on the beach at Los Christianos on Tenerife to catch the boat to go back in time to the island of La Gomera. The ferry takes you to the island's capital of San Sebastian, the last footfall before Christopher Columbus discovered America. A transatlantic rowing race still starts from there each year.

We wanted to escape November, the weather and Christmas preparation as well as boosting our immune systems to face the winter. We succeeded, no sign of Christmas, no midges, temperature hovering around 25C and plenty of very good walking.

The island is approximately circular 26 by 24 Km and shaped like a lemon squeezer with the high point Garajonay a healthy 1482m with very deep ravines falling down to the sea. The volcanic origins form almost vertical drops but also provide rocks with excellent grip for walking. It makes for our kind of walking, catch a local bus up, walk along the ridges, down the steep ravines and gorges, through villages clinging to both a way of life long gone and to the sides of the ravines. The island now has a good road system thanks to EEC money which has been pumped into the infra-structure. The tortuous paths were well made for donkeys and people to trade with the next village and market. The signage is excellent so navigation is not a problem and it is easy to link walks together to make them longer or to catch the return bus or taxi. The top of the island is often shrouded in mists and has a unique eco rain forest which is truly magical to walk through.

Unfortunately they had devastating fire this summer, started deliberately after 18 months of drought. This destroyed 18% of the rain forest. Nature always seems to compensate and the week before we arrived they had torrential rain and while we were there the island noticeably started to green up and even fresh green leaves were sprouting from blackened tree stumps. We felt desperately sorry for the National Park wardens who had spent 30 years tending native trees only to see them become blackened, twisted stumps.

Many of the walks pass through terraced hillsides, which must have taken a huge effort to build but are no longer economic and have been abandoned. Similarly abandoned 'levadas' or aqueducts line the hillsides theoretically collecting water but in broken concrete channels to the terraces. The footpaths are relatively unfrequented and well maintained adding to the enjoyment. The flora of palm trees, banana plantations and an incredible variety of succulents make for an unusual environments for Cumbrian exiles.

If you want a day off from walking, sea kayaking or whale and dolphin watching is possible. We did manage the former which was great fun right until the end when Graham got an unexpected dunking! Fortunately the sea was a balmy 22C so he didn't complain too much. The views from the sea were wonderful.

I think we may be back to explore more and miss another chunk of November in the future.

Photographs:

Top: Imada – typical village clinging to the hillside

Second: Spot the path, it's easy to find when you are on it!

Third: Remnants of the fire at the high point of the island Mt Garajonay 1482m

Bottom: Start of a walk into the largest of the barrancos (ravines)

Meeting Old Friends

November 2012

David Birkett

A chance meeting outside the Brewery Arts Centre resulted in the gathering of four friends and former colleagues. On a bright crisp autumn morning I turned into the oasis which is the garden in front of the centre. A tall figure was standing alone on the grass. "Bill, how are you?" "Good thanks." We shook hands firmly. Our last meeting was at my retirement in 1999. The conversation today was brief for my German class beckoned. "Here's my card. Give us a ring when you've time." The card read 'Bill Shaw. Cumbria Natterjack Toad Officer. Millom.'

Some weeks later I called Bill at his Broughton home. An early date was chosen and I suggested we invite a mutual friend Keith, a former Ranger colleague. Tilberthwaite is where Keith lives with his partner Mo. Both are keen botanists and undertake freelance work in Scotland and the North of England for National Park authorities and The National Trust.

It is acknowledged that the summer of 2012 was one of the worst on record so, when the weekend came in early November, I was relieved that the forecast was good. We met at Tilberthwaite on a dry bright frosty morning; overnight the first significant snowfall of the year had laid an icy coating above 1500'. Keith and Mo live a short distance from the car park, so Bill and I greeted them at the door of their cottage. Behind the cottage is an old mine track on the north bank of Tilberthwaite Gill leading into a broad coombe beneath the towering Hen Tor. The coombe is littered with coppermine levels, testimony to the former industrial life of the area. The friends reminisced of times and individuals gone by.

After a steep climb we arrived at the foot of Wetherlam Edge, clothed in snow and ice. "Let's have some butties in the sunshine." exclaimed Bill, for the way ahead was in dark shadow. "Good idea." was the chorus of approval. Mo, a Liverpudlian with a strong accent, and small in stature makes up for this with her 'terrier-like'

nature. She is one of the few women to have been awarded the MBE for services to mountain rescue, with 42 years dedication - and still counting.

The 200 metre climb to the summit of Wetherlam required considerable care. Mo donned her crampons; although the snow was 'kickable' she felt more secure as we climbed over a mixture of rock, snow and ice. The views from the Edge improved with every step. The Scafells and Langdales looked particularly photogenic and digital cameras clicked at will. Later we agreed that the ability to delete a poor image or composition was beneficial. The summit of Wetherlam (762 m.) has a 360° panoramic view presenting yet more photographic opportunities.

Our descent was hampered by soft drifted snow; Keith estimated some 30 cm had fallen overnight, nearly every step we sank to our knees. Steel Edge provides a short, but steep, descent to valley level bringing you close to Hen Tor and the buttress climb. "I've always wanted to climb the buttress." I commented. Mo said, "It's a difficult route." I knew the rock finished in a vertical garden si perhaps I'd give it a miss. Mo had taken to gingerly sliding down on her bottom to overcome some sections; 'each to their own' I thought. Owing to Bill having to be back early for Hilary and the children, we did not dawdle. "Which way back?" asked Keith. "We'll take the south bank of Tilberthwaite Gill." I said. This is a fine fissure in the landscape, teeming with tree and plant life.

Sadly a drama had just concluded at the car park: the engine of a 7 year old BMW had self-combusted, a most unfortunate end to a day's walk for a Windermere couple.

Sadly Bill had to leave the quartet of friends but not before we pledged to meet again. The day concluded for myself with tea, cake and a lively discussion in Mo and Keith's idyllic Lakeland cottage.

Social Evening

Rifleman's Arms

Friday 7th December 2012

There were just two of us at the appointed start-time and we were just wondering whether to go home when I finished my pint. Never fear, though; members started to drift in and by the time Cheryl and Jason arrived from Derbyshire we were up to fourteen. Not a pubfull by any means but enough for a knockout contest in both sporting disciplines. For the record, Ray Wood and Alan Wilson were the darts finalists, with Al triumphing as KFF 2012 'Arrers Champion. Alan proved his 'All-Rounder' abilities when he also emerged as a dominoes finalist but perhaps the strain of two top-level competitions in one evening was too much for him and he was beaten by Krysia Niepokojczycka - who is therefore the KFF 2012 Doms Champ. The two prizes were chocolates and wine and Krysia, given the choice, magnanimously allowed Alan to have the chocolates. An excellent evening.





High Knott

Midweek Walk No. 33

Wednesday 12th December 2012



Margaret and Roger Atkinson, Val and Colin Hunter, Irene and Graham Ramsbottom, Clare and Mick Fox, Val Calder, Fred Underhill, Hugh Taylor, Frank Haygarth, Anne and John Peat.

The forecast suggested that we would have a chilly misty day sandwiched between fine sunny ones, with just the slight possibility of the mist clearing as the day advanced. A dozen optimists gathered under a white sky at Ings for the Midweekers Christmas Walk. When our bootlaces were all tied and our cags all zipped up the Chairman led the march across the busy A591 - and back towards Staveley.

We soon turned off, though, at High Reston Farm, and climbed the steep grassy fields northwards. Thin snow speckled the frozen turf but winter showed itself most clearly on the many stone step-stiles where a glaze of ice made crossing the walls perilous and time-consuming (*top left*). Many crossings were made in an inelegant 'au cheval' shuffling movement but who cares? The main object was to survive without broken limbs to enjoy lunch back at the Watermill.

The dangers didn't end there however; the Archivist was horrified to discover a small herd of highland cattle, inquisitive and hairy, occupying our route. We formed a protective wall and he scurried across to safety on the road to The Heights (*second left*).

Beyond the farm the Chairman led us up, via grassy fields and desperate manoeuvres with a wall/fence crossing, to Williamson's Monument, a fine cairn (*title panel*) with an explanatory plaque. Go and look for yourself if you want to know what it says. Even at this lowly height (901 feet), the mist had enveloped us and there were no views.

Back down on the track, we continued northwards but it was becoming clear that the Chairman was growing anxious about our rate of progress (we all blamed the icy stiles) and, on reaching the next significant junction, he opted to head south towards Grassgarth and so back to our starting point.

This all worked out very well because, only a little further on, we encountered Mr and Mrs ex-president, John and Anne (*third left*). They had been unable to start with us but didn't want to miss the lunch!

We wandered back to Ings where the staff in The Watermill escorted us to our own private dining room (*bottom left*).

The food and service were excellent, a fitting finale to another fine year of KFF midweek walks.

Thank you Roger for the original concept and for this walk.

The Sunrise Walk

or not, as the case may be

Saturday 15th December 2012

Cath and Mike Palk, Val Calder, Fred Underhill, Clare and Mick Fox



The alarm crashes into his dreams, repeating like a jackhammer in his skull. "What the b..... ..?" Bedsprings creak as urgent fingers fumble for the stop button. It is still dark, the room as black as wad. She is still oblivious, gently snoring - no, best say breathing rhythmically - beside him. The clock tells him in stark blood-red numerals that it is that mythical time of 6 am. He knew it existed, 6 am, but he didn't know why and he didn't know that people really experienced it. He drags himself from the bed, limps to the bathroom and looks into the mirror. He scowls, not liking what he sees there. At this hour who would?

In the kitchen now, he turns on the kettle, slots a slice of bread into the toaster and then shivers and waits and wonders about this life. He looks at the uncurtained window. Unrelieved blackness out there. Upstairs the bedsheets will still be warm...

'Clunk' behind him and the room is now filled with that reminder of warmth, a convincing imposter, the smell of toasted bread. Tea steams as he fills his mug and life, of sorts, begins to return to his brain...

The two of them, spurred into action now at the insistence of the clock, gather hats and fleeces, gloves, scarves, layers of protection against the unfeeling December air out there. Minutes to go, flasks are filled, one last 'visit' and then the door slams on the warm empty house behind them. They step onto the dark silent street.

Numbers are down this year. It's no surprise. Five shiver on the roadside in the sombre predawn gloom. The world is perhaps half-awakening and the odd car passes. A distant voice is heard, sequences of footsteps. Those gathered will the unconnected sounds to translate into a familiar figure, a friendly face, but none come. That's it.

They set off, intent now on generating some warmth from movement. The ladies chat. They gain tarmac height and then there is a moment of mild drama: Through the dark mists they see that a motor vehicle has pulled into the farm entrance ahead. Two figures stand there, waiting in silence. Their presence feels threatening in this light and at this time of day. As the group approach, one of the figures jumps back in the car and drives away. Closer still, a voice calls, the face proves to be friendly and now they are six.

Across the grassy field they pace. The mist is perceptibly lightening now - day is coming, but reluctantly. Field walls and stunted trees, grey, drained of colour, appear and the six are soon squeezing through the gate onto the silent limestone landscape of the Barrows, most of it sensed rather than seen.

The ridge of the Scar, exposing them to a gelid breeze, reveals no views either and they feel no need to linger on their way to the shelter. Even there, after the briefest of pauses, they agree to push on. The descent is marked by a meeting: a stranger setting



off upwards and thinking himself to be the first of the day is clearly startled to see six figures striding down out of the mist towards him - at the end of *their* outing.

Later, they are sitting together in the cafe, the chill finally leaking from their bones. Tea in big mugs warms white fingers and the most unhealthy, large, delicious, fried breakfasts are served to each of them. The windows run with condensation but beyond the glass the town is just starting to wake up. Early drivers queue impatiently in their cars just outside while walkers pass unimpeded towards the shops. For them the day has just begun. For our few hardy club members the best part is past. They sit, contented, with bellies filled, and smile, "Bring on the next Sunrise Walk but next year let's invite the sun too."



The 6th KFF Annual All-Terrain Toboggan Trials 2012



Dean: Where's those bloomin reindeers when you want 'em?



Kevin: Brolly Power - Bring it on!



Richard: Am I nearly there yet?



Graham: I will not sink. I will not sink...



Colin: Free at last... free... very wet but free!



Mark: Where did it all go wrong? I buy this lovely pair of shoes.....



Everyone: Between races and time to get warm again.



As you can see, there were six competitors, all veterans of this brutal test of a man's design and construction capabilities as well as his nerve and athletic prowess (*that's right, I said 'man' - we've not had a female contestant yet - not a real one anyway*).

1. The traditional Downhill Race was enlivened by glutinous mud at the finish which made reaching the line difficult for some but Mark sailed across the swamp to take a convincing lead and Richard finished well too in second place.
2. The High House Track Time Trial proved to be a hard-fought one with only 3 seconds separating the first 5 finishers. Dean struggled with his vehicle and eventually resorted to carrying it down to the finishing line. He should have won points for effort but Kevin won this heat with only a second to spare from Mark.
3. The Flat Race was Graham's forte. Pedal power allowed him to race ahead of a confused melee of contenders at the start and

he crossed the line before the others really got going. Mark was second but Kevin had a trick up his sleeve: there was enough wind blowing down from Sty Head to enable him to breeze along by umbrella power.

4. The 3 events so far had attracted the attention of passers-by of course but not on the scale of number 4: The Water Trial. By the time our plucky lads were in the icy water the river bank was lined with walkers who had postponed their plans on the fells to watch the action. They weren't disappointed: from Kevin's so-cool 'Standing Surfer' to Colin's 'Doomed Beast Trapped in a Sinking Cage' there was much to marvel, and laugh, at. Kevin cruised it, with Graham, partly submerged, coming second.

Well done everyone and thank you. I think it's been said before but it bears repeating: no matter who takes the trophy home, we all, competitors and spectators, are winners here. A brilliant event!

THE RESULTS: Note that the judges awarded Mark an extra 2 bonus points for completing every trial in his black high (very high) heels.

In fact he kept them on in the pub. These points were crucial to the final result: Mark won his first trophy by those two points.

*Think on lads: next year, if you want to get your hands on that coveted trophy: **choose your footwear carefully!***

	Downhill	Track Time	Track Points	Flat	Water	Bonus	Results
Kevin	4	26 secs	10	6	10	6	36
Graham	2	29 secs	4	10	8	6	30
Colin	6	28 secs	6	2	6	10	30
Mark	10	27 secs	8	8	2	8 + 2	38
Dean	0	1 min 30 secs	0	0	0	6	6
Richard	8	29 secs	4	4	4	2	22

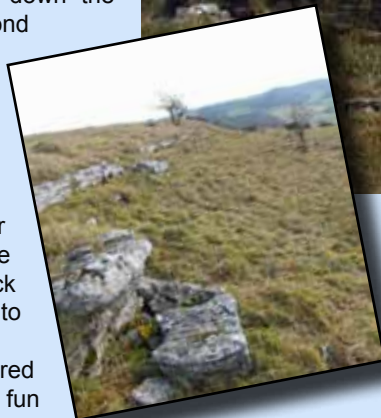


Right: Jan Lancaster, Tina Ford, David Birkett, Val Calder, Krysia Niepokojczycka, Janet Niepokojczycka (front), Mike Hodgson, and Rod Muncey. Roger Atkinson behind the camera.

Nine of us met up in the wintery sunshine outside County Hall and after a few minutes chat set off, being led almost immediately on a sneaky trespass through Wakefield's Yard for an unofficial view of the big house that fronts Windermere Road. Ally pointed out a 1809 date plaque on a wall near Noble's Rest. Then came the long uphill section through Fellside, with pauses for historic reminiscence: (1) outside The Hyena, (2) at The Xylophone in Serpentine Woods, and a pause for regrouping at Kendal Golf Club.

We then headed across the golf course on a footpath that I'd not been along before, which gave pleasant views southwards down the valley. This led to the lane beyond Kendal Fell Quarry, near that pointy little turret which looks as if it should contain a distressed or at least romantically-moping damsel. No chivalry was called for today, so we continued along the lane, crossing the bypass near Boundary Bank, and after a couple of saturated fields, to the main track along Cunswick Scar, and hence to the stone with the cross (*inset*).

Here we paused and remembered Charlie and how he had put more fun and interest into the World. The weather



Charlie's Walk

The 9th walk in memory of Brian "Beatnik Charlie" Birkett

Cunswick Scar

12th January 2013

Rod Muncey.



was clear enough (maybe for the first time this year) to be able to see the central fells (with slight snow cover today), and up Kentmere; it's a good place to end up.

And then up to the cairn and back directly to Kendal, people peeling away in ones and twos to make their own ways home.

Thanks again to David for organising and leading and laying on the best weather in Kendal so far this year.

The 31st* KFF Scottish Winter Meet

Clachaig Chalets, Glencoe

11-13th January 2013

Hugh Taylor, Mel Middleton, Alan Wilson, Graham Stewart, Mick Fox

After last years superb conditions it would be too much to expect good weather again wouldn't it?

Yes it would. Is it the possibility of bad weather that has seen this once popular Meet dwindle from 3 chalets (sometimes with folk sleeping on the floor) to just 1? Is it the distance we have to drive? Is it the cost? I suppose a combination of factors - I won't even consider the 'too old', 'too soft', 'too scared' possibilities - let's just

put it down to the risk that you might have to buy Hughie a birthday pint that is putting members off!

Five of us went again this year, secure in the knowledge that we'd just missed Hugh's birthday - only to get hit with Mel's birthday on the Saturday. Sneaky.

Four of us travelled up together again and stopped off en route to take in a wee hill called Culter Fell (for those who appreciate such things, Culter Fell is a 'Graham', a 'Donald', and a 'Marilyn'. It may well be other things too.) Whatever it is, we couldn't see it when Hugh parked the car in the Culter Water glen; low cloud obscured the hilltops. We had no guidebook but the 1:50,000 map suggested that we might just step off the road and wander up. Some local lads had just finished their walk and they told us that we'd be fine just doing that.

We wrapped up well - it was bitterly cold - and puffed our way up the steep grassy slopes into the cloud where a flat boggy plateau led us eventually to the trig point. It was too cold and too dreary to consider lunch at the summit so we promised ourselves a picnic at a little rock outcrop on the way down. This proved to be a good decision because, as we dropped below



The FellFarer
No. 69
12

* The first recorded KFF Winter Meet in Glencoe was in 1983 - 'K Fellfarers and High House' page 166

the cloud base, we emerged into golden sunlight (*top right*) which bathed the whole of the Southern Uplands in its glow.

It set us up for continuing northwards full of optimism and we made plans eagerly that night in the Clachaig: Alan and I were to be dropped off in Glen Etive to tackle Beinn Mhic Chasgaig (Corbett) while Hugh and Mel would drive further down the glen to climb Stob Coir an Albannaich (Munro). Graham decided to visit the Ben once more in an attempt to achieve his lifetime ambition of seeing the view from the top.

Mick and Alan were dropped off as planned and a pick-up time was agreed. The Alltchaorunn bridge was not locked so they didn't have to resort to fence-climbing (or wading!) to reach their hill. They followed the burn past numerous lovely pools, water slides and cascades to a stream crossing. Now if they had spotted the little footbridge there (its marked on the map and mentioned in the guidebook so no excuses) Mick's life in the ensuing weeks would have been much easier. They didn't though and in crossing on icy granite boulders just a few yards from the bridge Mick fell heavily and painfully. They pushed on however, circling the base of the hill to its far side and then ascending rough ground to the Clach Leathad col (*centre right*) and on then to the summit. If the trig point is at 864 metres the cloud base must have been at about 866 metres. The air was clear below but they couldn't see any other summits (*bottom right*). They wondered about Hugh, Mel and especially poor Graham - denied his view again, they thought.

The descent was more direct, steeper but uneventful, and they arrived back at the road *exactly* on time. It was too cold to sit and wait for the Taylor Taxi so they started to walk down the glen towards where the car would be parked a couple of miles away. They rounded the first bend and, yippee, there was Hugh driving towards them. Perfect timing. Hugh reported that they had indeed spent much of their day navigating by map and compass in thick cloud.

It was rather late in the evening when Graham returned from Ben Nevis. We expected a despondent tale but he grinned broadly. He'd met another soloist, Geoff from Carlisle, and together they had ascended Number 3 Gully on the Ben's north face (*below left and following page*). They had climbed **above** the cloud and Graham had finally had his views from the summit. What views they were! He had lingered as the light faded and descended in the dark.

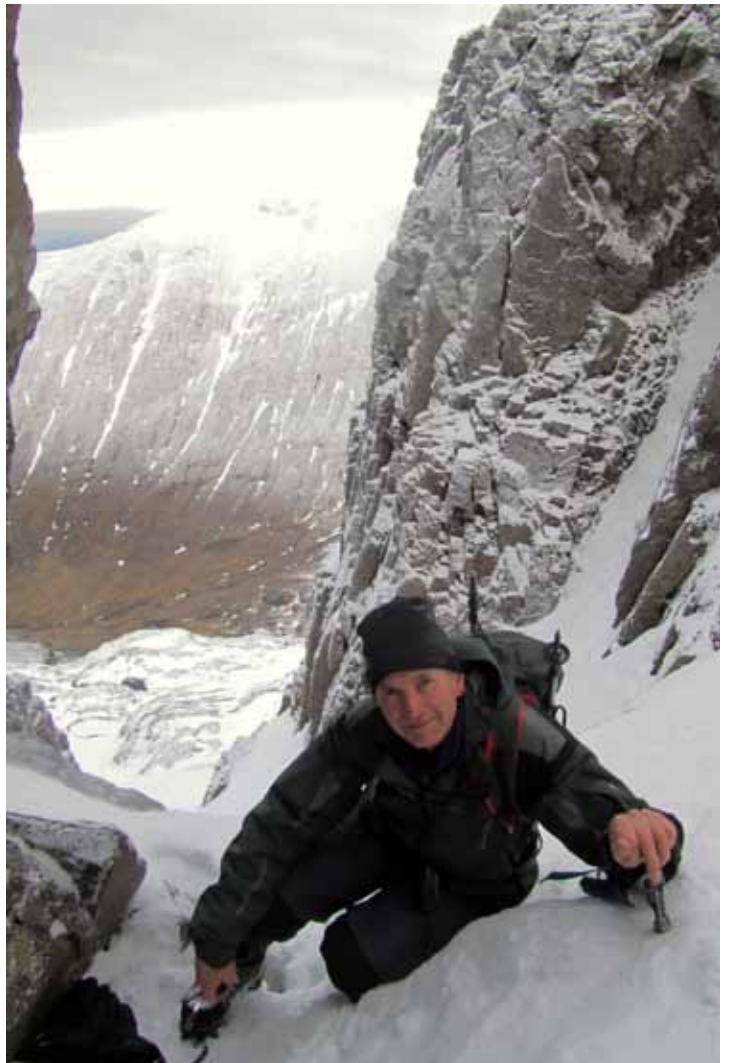
There was poor music and no decent beer in the Clachaig that evening (most pumps were 'off' and all that was left were the sickly, perfumed or black treacly ales left over from Christmas. Even that couldn't wipe the smile from Graham's face.

Nothing lasts though; on Sunday it rained and we came home.

*Top right: Mel, Hugh and Al descending Culter Fell
Right: Al climbing from the col towards Beinn Mhic Chasgaig
Bottom right: Al on the summit of Beinn Mhic Chasgaig
Below: The north face of Ben Nevis, No. 3 Gully
Overleaf:*

*Top: Geoff and Graham in No. 3 Gully
Middle: North face crags and the summit shelter
Bottom: Fading light on the summit and a view across the Alt a' Mhuilinn to Carn Mor Dearg*





High House Winter Meet

18-20th January 2013



The forecast told us to expect the worst. Headlines in the newspapers promised snowy winter chaos throughout the country. We checked online and on the tv at every opportunity. Phone calls came through from members who had planned to come along to say that the promised snow had scared them off...

Come mid-day Friday we said, "What the 'eck", packed the car (including a shovel - really) and set off for High House. We had a hot water bottle but had forgotten to fill it. Life on the edge eh?

Topping Nest Brow, just before the descent into Keswick, we were surprised to see a green landscape below and around us. The snowline on Skiddaw was only just below the top of Carl Side, perhaps 2,200 feet. It had been at road level in Kendal.

It looked more serious as we turned south towards Borrowdale but even so we grew less anxious about the prospect of our demise in a drift on the shore of Derwentwater.

High House was already opened up and the stove lit when we arrived. Hooray!

As Friday evening progressed, more cheery faces appeared and we soon numbered a dozen....

By Saturday morning we had divided into four parties:

1. Some opted for "Might just pop into Keswick"
2. Mark set off to do the long circuit of Derwentwater on foot from High House (although he modified his plans when on the fell).
3. Tony, Sue, Roger, Clare and Mick decided to do a shorter circuit of Combe Gill on Glaramara.
4. Sandra, Tony and Val chose to forego the heights and stroll along the valley to Grange.

We agreed to meet in the bar of the Scafell at 5 for a meal and the Glaramara group departed. Combe Gill had the atmosphere of a remote Scottish glen in its icy dressing (*top right*). The air was cold under that steely sky and a pitiless breeze kept us moving. The views were surprisingly good and, one by one, snow-capped fells appeared over the intervening ridges as we gained height. Fleetwith Pike looked particularly impressive - almost alpine. We found shelter for a bite to eat (*second right*) just below the summit of Thorneythwaite Fell and then clambered on up the icy rocks to the top of Combe Head (*third right*) and a fine view into The Combe (*title picture*). Glaramara summit had been a possible objective but, given our slow progress today, we agreed to give it a miss. This proved to be a good decision as we made the bad decision not to don crampons and so risked a finish in the dark.

Much sliding and tumbling followed as we lost height on the steep slopes to Combe Door and then on towards Tarn at Leaves. The bridleway from the tarn back into the valley starts well enough as a fine, if narrow, mountain track (*bottom right*) but soon disappears amongst boulders and craglets on steep ground above the gill. This is not a problem in summer but today the ground, even when snow-free was treacherously 'slape'. By this time the Editor's coccyx had taken such a battering that every step was agony. Still the idiot didn't put on his crampons! Never mind, we reached farmland in the last of the fading light and met the valley-team in the bar only 15 minutes after our agreed rendezvous. Even better - they didn't serve food until 6 so we had to sit and drink beer for a while before we could order. It was a grand ending to the day.





Gordon Pitt, Roger Atkinson, Sue and Tony Maguire, Irene and Graham Ramsbottom, Ellie Woodburn, Hugh Taylor, Sam Bracken, Frank Haygarth, Rod Muncey, Mick Fox.



The FellFarer
No. 69
16

Babysitting duties prevented the Secretary from carrying out her job as leader of this walk but never mind; the Editor nearly knew where it was to go. She was sure he'd manage, somehow...

The X6 bus left the bus station right on schedule and seemed to pick up Fellfarers at each of its stops in town - one of them accidentally: Rod climbed up to the top deck and was nonplussed to be greeted by many a cheery "Hello Rod!"

"Er, is this a club walk then? I must have forgotten it," he said.

He took no persuading to change his plans for a solitary stroll along the shoreline from Grange to Sampool Bridge and so, paying his extra bus fare, he joined us for the day.

More were waiting at Newby Bridge too - our numbers swelled to a dozen (*top left - minus Ellie and the photographer*).

A steep track, stepped in places, took us upwards through the woods north of the river to a fine viewpoint, at about 500 feet, just below the summit of Summer House Knott (*top right*).

On the topmost point the old tower honouring the Royal Navy's "decisive victory" of 1799 occupied us for a while in speculation. Its walls are bulging and its quoins are cracking. How long does it have? About as long as the Royal Navy some cynics might say. Moving on through the damp moss-bound woodland, we descended (with a slight trespass) to the rarely trodden public footpath across soggy fields to the fine village church at Finsthwaite (*second left*) and on through the field of aging caravans to the many paths leading up to and around Low and High Dam.

The forecast was for wind and showers today. On breasting the High Dam (*third left*) we encountered a forceful wind for the first time and so we searched for a sheltered hollow for our lunch break. Rod discovered the perfect spot for us and so we snuggled down - just as the first rain shower rushed in and spattered the surface of the tarn. Trees kept us snug and dry.

Lunch over, we set off for a circuit of the upper tarn. Miraculously, the rain stopped and so did the wind. Round the tarn and back to Finsthwaite we wandered, then on across a couple of squelchy fields and a squelchier path to Lakeside. A short spell of walking on tarmac and a roadside path through the trees brought us back to Newby Bridge - just as the X6 bus to Kendal sailed by!

It didn't matter - we hadn't planned to catch that one anyway. We scuttled across the A590 to the Newby Bridge Hotel to round off the day with tea/coffee/cider.

All of the tables were occupied but it didn't take us long to clear a space and claim a table big enough for all of us (*bottom left*). Well, all of us I except Rod, who had to hide himself away behind an inconvenient wooden pillar (*right*).

Well, he had planned to spend the day on his own.



The walk covered the area immediately to the east of Gummer's How, taking in Birch Fell Plantation, Blake Holme Plantation and Moor How Park, before returning by road via Bryan Beck



The walk covered the area immediately to the east of Gummer's How, taking in Birch Fell Plantation, Blake Holme Plantation and Moor How Park, before returning by road via Bryan Beck

Krysia's Appetite Enhancer and the Annual Dinner 11th February 2013

On the Walk: Krysia Niepokojczycka, Gordon Pitt, Roger Atkinson, Val Calder, Tony Walshaw, Clare and Mick Fox

Yer man: Oh it was a fine walk there that we had, all in amongst the green mossy trees and the drifting mist and all that stuff there.

Editor: Pray tell me, why on earth are you writing in that terrible and entirely inappropriate mock-Irish way?

Yer man: Oh, the devil take me, it was such a grand splashing walk amongst the very wetness to be found thereabouts to gaze upon that great lord of a tree there in the wild woodlands, I was overcome, yer Editorship, I confess.

Editor: What sort of a tree would that be?

Yer man: Ah begob, it was grand and well spread with its arms reaching into the ground and then up to heaven again. Glorious it was, to be sure.

Editor: The species?

Yer man: Ah well, you have the better of me there, on account of it not having a stitch of a leaf upon it. It was a lordly species, of that I'm sure.

Editor: Very well, but what then?

Yer man: Well, then, after we'd admired the tree, we walked on and looked at where the wild flowers, yer daffs and such, bloom in the spring.

Editor: And did you find anything else to discuss on your walk?

Yer man: Do you know what I'm going to tell you? We found a house drawn

by an ungifted boyo and new-built there as an insult to the best class of scenery the good Lord ever gave to the world.

Editor: Oh dear! But apart from that minor irritation, was the walk satisfying?

Yer man: Would you look at the first sentence I uttered across and above to the left there, you eedjit? It was grand. Topped off with an hour sittin on the old chairs in the bar there at Strawberry Bank, with beer and coffee and chocolate treats upon their fancy-shaped saucers.

Editor: And how did the rest of the day evolve?

Yer Man: Oh to be sure it just got better and better. The best part of 3 dozen of the finest class of people turned up to ensure body and soul stuck together for one more night with a drap o' somethin' in a glass and a morsel on a plate at the Eagle and Child. Some folk never got home and had to sleep there, after the laughin and drinkin and cavortin.

Editor: Yes, although I believe they had planned to stay. I'm glad it was a good day. Let's hope we have more of them.

Yer man: Sure, that's a great thing to be hoping for, I'm thinkin.

With apologies to Myles na Gopaleen (Flann O'Brien)



Gordon, Frank, Laurence, Roger, Fred, Jean, Margaret, and Clare.



Potts Valley. Inset: Fred's Crayfish



Smardalegill Viaduct



Smardale Gill and Potts Valley

Wednesday 20th February 2013

Midweek Walk No. 35

We gathered in the cafe of the Lune Springs Garden Centre at Newbiggin on Lune (the source of the River Lune is above the village at about 1700 feet). The owner, Norman, served us coffee and displayed his home-baking to tempt us. Some succumbed. Frank had invited his brother Laurence to join us on the walk and the two of them and Norman, lifelong friends, entertained us with friendly banter. Laurence made local headlines recently when he was gored by his own bull to the point where he shouldn't have survived. He looks fine now though. We crossed the main road and headed north, through the boggiest smelliest gateway I've seen for a long time, to the collection of fine buildings at Brownber and then on to Bents Farm where Spud, Laurence's lively Jack Russell, ran a rabbit to ground under an old shed. The coast-to-coast route passes here in a mass of tractor-churned mud but it was the surprising little collection of fine sandstone buttresses that caught our attention.

On the grassy slopes beyond we began to spread, not knowing whether to follow Frank or Laurence, whose routes were beginning to diverge. Laurence had his own plans apparently so, while he climbed steadily northwards, Frank gathered us back in and led us over the tussocky grass dome of Great Ewe Fell and across the watershed into the catchment of the River Eden. Large freshly-dug holes on the summit (badgers?) and little bits of hollow limestone pavement suggested interest underground but a cruel east wind kept us moving onwards and downwards:

We descended into Potts Valley, a prosaic name for a wild and lovely limestone dale. Fred was ecstatic about the limpid Potts Beck and its possibilities for wildlife. He hunted for crayfish and soon discovered a native Whiteclaw, no longer alive but evidence that the invading American Signal crayfish hadn't yet got this far. We wandered by the stream, below the limestone outcrops, out of the wind now and occasionally blessed with sunshine. Laurence appeared on the skyline from time to time, keeping a watchful eye on us and whistling to keep Spud to heel.

We lunched at a handy collection of cubic boulders at a spot called Groups Hollows and then moved on, turned eastwards and climbed, too soon, out of that idyllic little valley.

We encountered unkempt ponies and inexplicable earthworks as we crossed fields to Ladle Lane, over the Settle Line and down into sleepy Crosby Garrett. No pub here so no temptation to linger. Tarn Lane led us on to the Scandal Valley, Smardale Hall and our return route: Running below the fine Smardale viaduct (the Settle Line again) but above Scandal Beck a disused railway line promised an easy stroll back to Newbiggin.

The line was completed in 1865 to link Darlington with Tebay (and ultimately West Cumbria). It's traffic was entirely industrial: coke travelled west and iron ore travelled east. That other requirement of the ironmakers, lime, could be picked up here, in Smardale. The route has been compared with the Settle line in terms of engineering achievements but its route, across bleak Stainmore, was probably even more challenging for the builders. The line was closed in 1962 and the picturesque Smardale section, sheltered by friendly hills and coppiced woodland, is now a popular walk. At its northern end a wildlife reserve is managed by the Cumbria Wildlife Trust. Mossy logpiles alongside the track provide shelter for smaller beasts and well-trodden trails up the banks testify to the passage of ...what? Badgers? Deer? We didn't know.

We reached the elegant Smardale Gill Viaduct which curves its way across the narrow valley of Scandal Beck, whose waters gurgled 90 feet below us. The structure was rescued from irrevocable deterioration in the 1980s and is maintained by the Northern Viaduct Trust. Not far beyond lies the source of the limestone used to build the viaduct; a big quarry fronted by the two massive well-preserved limekilns from which lime could be loaded straight on to waiting trains. Early primroses (*inset*) decked the banks. More shaggy ponies browsed the dried yellow grasses by boarded up railway workers cottages and barely acknowledged our presence. We didn't mind, we were nearly home and dry and our thoughts were on Norman's welcoming banter, his cheese scones and pots of tea.

There was just that boggy and smelly gateway to get through first.

SOCIAL SUB-COMMITTEE NEWS

First off, a word of thanks to Peter who has decided to step down from the social committee and a warm welcome to Joan Abbott who replaces him.

Let's hope for a better summer than last year! But come rain or shine, there's the usual packed programme of activities, including some of the old favourites....

The Water Weekend has been forced to move from Windermere this year (due to a 500 per cent increase in the cost) and is now over on the shores of Ullswater – see below!

The Continental Camping Trip will be in France – also see below. There's a goodly selection of mid-week, evening and weekend walks including one in Yorkshire. Maja will be leading a walk over in the Yorkshire Dales and she and Pam have kindly offered floor space/garden space on Saturday night, if you fancy making a weekend of it. Please let Maja or Pam know if you would like to take them up on the offer. See the social calendar for more details. Thanks Maja and Pam!

There's a railway trip being organised for Saturday 7th September, along the Cumbria Coastal Line to Ravenglass and then on La'al Ratty to Eskdale. More details will be published on the website and in the next Fellfarer.

And following last year's exploration of the Warcop Ranges, another trip is planned for this year on Sunday 6th October (should be a blast!).

Looking further ahead:

2014 marks the 80th Anniversary of the club and we'll be looking for ways to celebrate the occasion. Suggestions so far include 80th Anniversary fleeces, a Kendal Treasure Hunt, a High House Party, 80 peaks in a weekend and Joan has kindly volunteered to make a cake. If you've got any brilliant ideas, please let us know.

Finally a big thanks to everyone who has volunteered to lead walks and events – keep up the good work! Hope you have a good spring and summer.

Mike and the Social Sub-Committee

Scottish Small Isles Trip 10 - 15th May 2013



Accommodation has now been booked for two nights on Eigg and two nights on Rum for eight Fellfarers. The itinerary is:

Some members will arrive in Arisaig on Friday, 10th May for a day trip to Muck staying overnight in Arisaig or Mallaig.

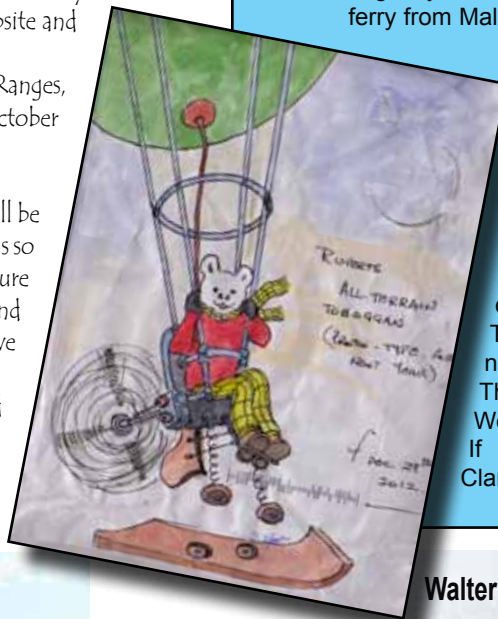
The following day the whole group will meet up for the 14.25 ferry from Mallaig, travelling to Eigg for two nights. The

accommodation here is varied ranging from two people sharing cocoon cabins to staying in the 'hoose' for bed and breakfast. There is an opportunity here to purchase meals.

On Monday the group will leave Eigg and head to Rum to spend a further two nights there. Accommodation on this island consists of twin, double or dormitory rooms and is self-catering. There is a shop on the island to supply our needs.

The group then returns to Mallaig on Wednesday 15th May at 17.25pm.

If you have any queries please contact Clare.



Continental Camping Meet 15th - 22nd June 2013



After our great trip to the Dolomites last year (and the Pyrenees the year before!) a group of Fellfarers met recently to plan another camping (tents or campervans) trip to Europe. We agreed to meet during the week 15-22nd June 2013 in either the Vercors or the French Alps, so less travelling this year.

This pretty area abounds with good walks of all grades, dramatic gorges, big limestone crags, unspoiled meadows, caves, including the world famous show cave Grottes de Choranche, and of course with good company thrown in as well, who can resist the combination?

Everyone is welcome to come along - the more the merrier! Please contact Clare Fox and come along to the next meeting to finalise arrangements. (Details will be emailed to members).

Walter's Wandering Water Weekend 5-7th July 2013



Note that this event has moved from Windermere to Side Farm Camping Site, Patterdale (above) on the lake shore just below Place Fell. Grid Ref: NY 397167

www.campingincumbria.com/side_farm_camping_patterdale.

The site is ideal for sailing, canoeing, swimming and rowing and also perfect for walking and fell running on the nearby Helvellyn and High Street ranges. There is no need to book in advance - just turn up and book in at the farmhouse between 08.00 and 22.00. The cost is £8 per person and £2 per car per night.

The farm also has a tea room which serves lovely home-made cakes, tea, coffee, ice cream and other delights! There is a village store half a mile away in Patterdale and the White Lion there serves bar meals.

Look forward to seeing you there!

KFF CLUB EVENTS APRIL - JULY 2013

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

April	<i>(Committee meet at the Rifleman's Arms on Tuesday 2nd. Social Evening 9 pm onwards)</i>
Mon.1st - Tues.2nd	High House is booked for Fellfarers.continuation of Easter Bank Holiday.
Saturday 6th	Walk. 'Dalton to Ulverston via Birkrigg Common and the Ulverston Canal'. 9 miles. Meet 11.16 am. Dalton Tudor Square. (X6 bus from Kendal Bus Station at 10.00) Return buses Ulverston - Kendal at 52 mins past the hour until 17.52 then 19.20,20.50 and 22.20. Tea time buses from Ulverston to Dalton every 20 minutes. Leader Alec Reynolds.
Wednesday 17th	Mid Week Walk - Dove Crag circular from Brothers Water. 8 miles. Ascent approx 2,000 ft. Meet 10.30 am. Car park north of Brothers Water (GR 403134) Leader: Tony Maguire 01539 232597
Thursday 25th	Climbing for All - Hutton Roof. First outdoor meet of the year. Meet at the crag from 6.30. Info Mike Palk
Thursday 25th	Evening Walk – Hutton Roof Walk Meet 6.30 by Hutton Roof Church. (GR569 788) Leader: Cath Palk. 01524 736548
<hr/>	
May	<i>(Committee meet at the Rifleman's Arms on Tuesday 14th. Social Evening 9 pm onwards)</i>
Weekend 3-6th	High House is booked for Fellfarers. Early May Bank Holiday
Wednesday 7th	Evening Walk – 'Kitmere, Rigmaden'. 4-5 miles Meet 6.30. Roadside north of Old Town (GR 597 855) Leader: Krysia Niepokojczcka 015395 60523
Week 10-15th	*Scottish Small Isles Trip – Rum, Eigg, with an option to visit Muck. See page 19
Wednesday 29th	Mid Week Walk - Easedale Tarn, Belles Knott, Sergeant Man. 8 miles. Ascent 2,200 ft. Meet 10.40 am. Cafe by the Heaton Cooper studio, Grasmere, for coffee. Bus: 555 from Kendal at 9.40. Leader: Hugh Taylor
Week 24-31st	High House is booked for Fellfarers. Spring Bank Holiday. Continues into June....
<i>Every Thursday</i>	<i>Evening Climbing for All. A different crag every week. Everyone Welcome. Info: Mike Palk</i>
<hr/>	
June	<i>(Committee meet at the Rifleman's Arms on Tuesday 11th. Social Evening 9 pm onwards)</i>
Weekend 1-2nd	High House is booked for Fellfarers.continuation of Spring Bank Holiday
Tuesday 4th	Evening Walk - "The Halton to Manchester Water Walk". 4 or 6 miles depending on weather. Meet 6.30. Greyhound Hotel, Halton, nr Lancaster. Parking. Leader: Sandra Atkinson 01524 423776
Wednesday 26th	Mid Week Walk - Brim Fell. 6-7 miles. Ascent 2,450 ft. Meet 10.00 am. on road to Coppermines Valley. (GR 3010 9780) Leader: David Birkett
Week 15-22nd	*Continental Camping Trip. Vercors or French Alps. See page 19
Weekend 28-30th	High House is booked for Fellfarers
<i>Every Thursday</i>	<i>Evening Climbing for All. A different crag every week. Everyone Welcome. Info: Mike Palk</i>
<hr/>	
July	<i>(Committee meet at the Rifleman's Arms on Tuesday 2nd. Social Evening 9 pm onwards)</i>
Weekend 5-7th	*Water Weekend – Camping at Side Farm Patterdale, Ullswater. (GR NY 397 167) No pre-booking. Nightly rate £8 per person and £2 per car. Info: Tony Walshaw or Clare Fox
Tuesday 16th	Evening Walk – 'Yealand Storrs'. 3.5 miles. Meet 6.30. (GR 494 761) Leader: Peter Goff 01524 736990
Sunday 21st	Sunday Walk - The Swale Gorge, Swinner Gill and Kisdon from Muker. 6-7 miles. Ascent 1500 ft. Camping at Usha Gap (GR SD 901 979), half a mile from an excellent pub in Muker or Pam and Maja will make space available on Saturday night. Pam: 01748 823558. Maja: 01748 821834 Meet 11.00 am. Car park in Muker (GR SD 910 978) (pay and display). Leader: Maja While.
Wednesday 24th	Mid Week Walk - Circuit of Devoke Water. 5.5 miles. Meet 10.30 am. Birker Fell (GR 171 977) Leader: Colin Hunter 01539 730177.
<i>Every Thursday</i>	<i>Evening Climbing for All. A different crag every week. Everyone Welcome. Info: Mike Palk</i>