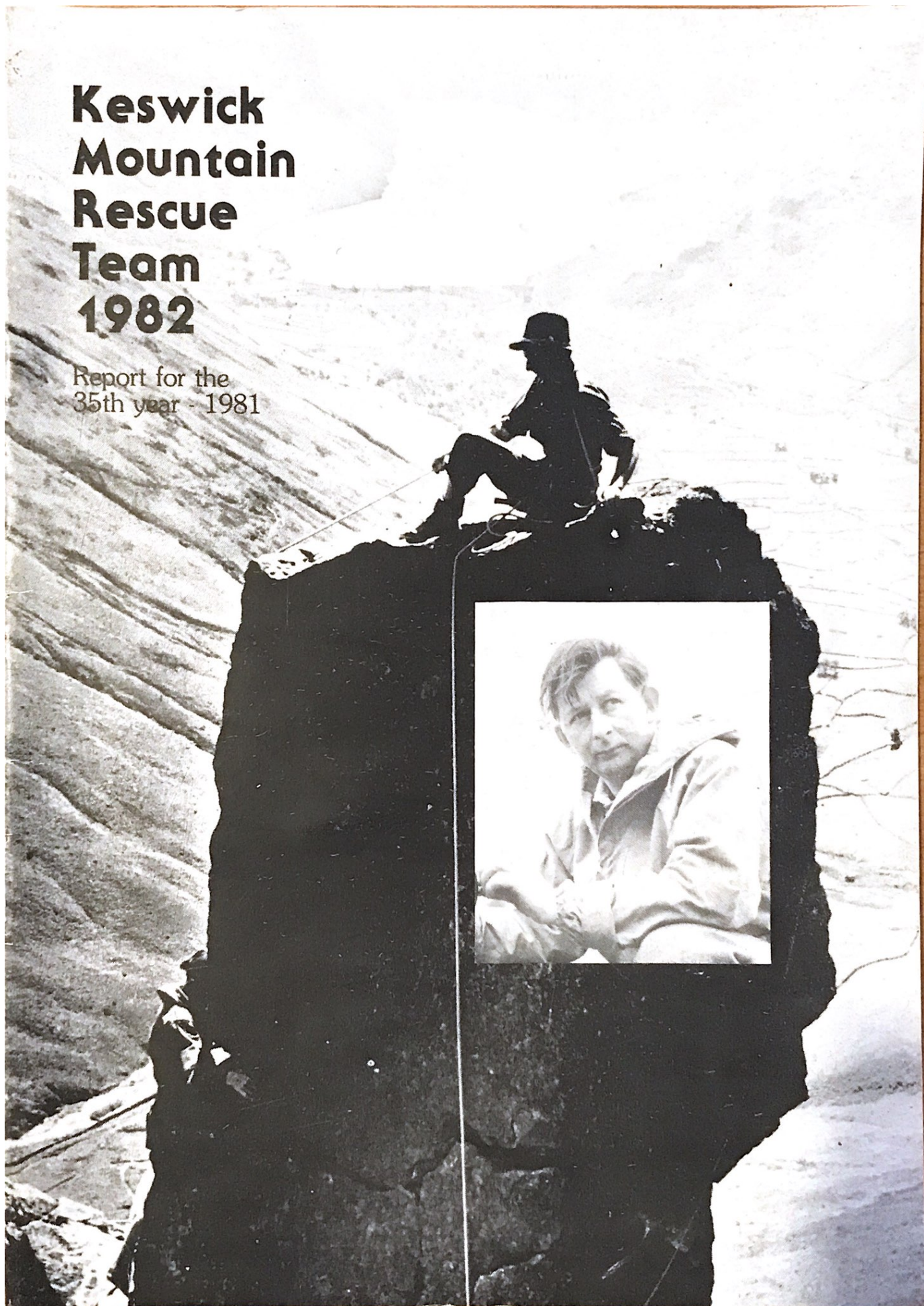


# Keswick Mountain Rescue Team 1982

Report for the  
35th year - 1981





# Leader's Report

This year our call outs have been below the past average due I feel to two things. Firstly, the weather at the height of the season kept people off the hills, secondly, that people are becoming better educated in all aspects of mountain craft, which is reflected in other teams incident reports.

Of this year's 33 call outs, they are tabulated as follows:

Rock or ice accidents	Searches	Fractures Legs and
Head		
4	8	14
Fatal	Fatal	Assisting
2	Suicides	other teams
	2	2
	People Crag Fast	
	1	

A good deal of the fractures, especially of the leg, were caused by falls on wet steep grass. Rock climbing accidents are down, but searching for missing people remains high.

We have had to recover bodies from the lakes, and help with retrieving two suicides. These are not very pleasant jobs, but I must compliment those members taking part in the way they went about the task.

I should like to thank the officers of the team for their unfailing duties to their work, especially the Quartermasters, who have kept the equipment in first class condition after some very wet nights out. Not forgetting our Wireless Officer, who has expertly kept our set in order.

In closing, may I thank all team members as usual, everyone who could, answered the calls and worked in the same manner as we would expect of the team.

*George Fisher*  
Team Leader

## Incident Report

Date	Location and Details
11.01.81	Grain Ghyll 2.55 p.m. male, 64 years, of Carlisle, head injury.
25.01.81	High Seat 4.55 p.m. male, 8.2.27, of Lancaster, collapsed and died.
28.02.81	Search Styhead, two men reported missing, found Scafell Hotel.
01.3.81	Walla Crag 12.05 p.m. female of York, slipped on footpath, fractured ankle.



- 01.3.81 Bram Crag, Thirlmere 7.30 p.m. two men overdue, found making own way down.
- 05.03.81 \*Assisted Cockermouth in rescue of 16 Junior Soldiers off Dalehead in blizzard. 6 Stretchered down, 10 walked off.
- 31.03.81 Dash Falls, Bassenthwaite, male, of Coniston, went off road into beck in Land Rover. Assisted to road then ambulance by Team.
- 04.04.81 Latrigg 3.00 p.m. female, 16 years, of Aspatria, ankle injury.
- 13.04.81 Raven Crag 2.00 p.m. male, sixteen years, of Cheltenham, fell whilst climbing and died.
- 19.04.81 Sergeant's Crag, Langstrath, male, 26 years, of London, fell when climbing, injury to left ankle.
- 20.04.81 Team assisted in recovery of a body of a male from Dodd Wood.
- 19.05.81 Screes below Surprise View 3.00 p.m. male, of Manchester, slipped, rib and leg injuries.
- 18.05.81 Sty Head Tarn 3.45 p.m. female, schoolgirl, of Reddich, ankle injury.
- 28.05.81 Ashness Bridge, female, 43 years, of Rotherham, ankle injury.
- 06.06.81 Catbells 1.35 p.m. female, of Nottingham, slipped, fracture of right leg.
- 19.07.81 Team alerted for search on Skiddaw for a missing fell runner. He turned up as Team about to leave.
- 19.07.81 Raise Beck, Watendlath, female, 17 years, of Mansfield, leg injury.
- 26.07.81 Catbells 4.48 p.m. male, of Germany, leg injury.
- 28.08.81 Grains Ghyll 4.20 p.m. male, 59 years, of Exeter, shoulder injury.
- 05.08.81 Search Borrowdale all night, male, 69 years, of Cheshire, missing on walk Scafell area, found 9.00 a.m. near Stockley Bridge, safe and well.
- 09.08.81 Gowder Crag 2.23 p.m. male, 38 years, of Carlisle, slipped, head and arm injuries.
- 28.08.81 Lodore 9.50 p.m. four girls on Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme, benighted, assisted off fell.
- 25.09.81 Allan Crag, male, 19 years, of Motherwell, collapsed, taken back to camp site.
- 11.10.81 Call to assist Cockermouth Team to search for Doctor missing on Buttermere Fells. Found with broken leg, mild exposure, 1 p.m. next day.
- 22.10.81 Call out when male and 72 year old companion reported overdue on walk/climb on Great Gable. Recalled on route up Borrowdale.
- 25.10.81 Search for four girls overdue on Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme in Langstrath, Thirlmere area, found safe near Lining Crag and assisted down fell.
- 23.11.81 Search Grains Ghyll, Langstrath, Sty Head re four men overdue on walk to Scafell. Turned up safe next morning (10.30 a.m.)
- 06.12.81 Gillercombe 7.30 p.m. two men crag fast, assisted off crag, 29 years and 24 years, not injured.
- 13.12.81 Sour Milk Ghyll 3.47 p.m. male, of Heads Nook, slipped and fell whilst climbing, head injuries.
- Also 5 other days assisting Police in recovery of bodies from Lake and Rivers and 2 instances of assisting the Ambulance Service using our Land Rover Ambulance when roads impassable.

\*See articles this issue



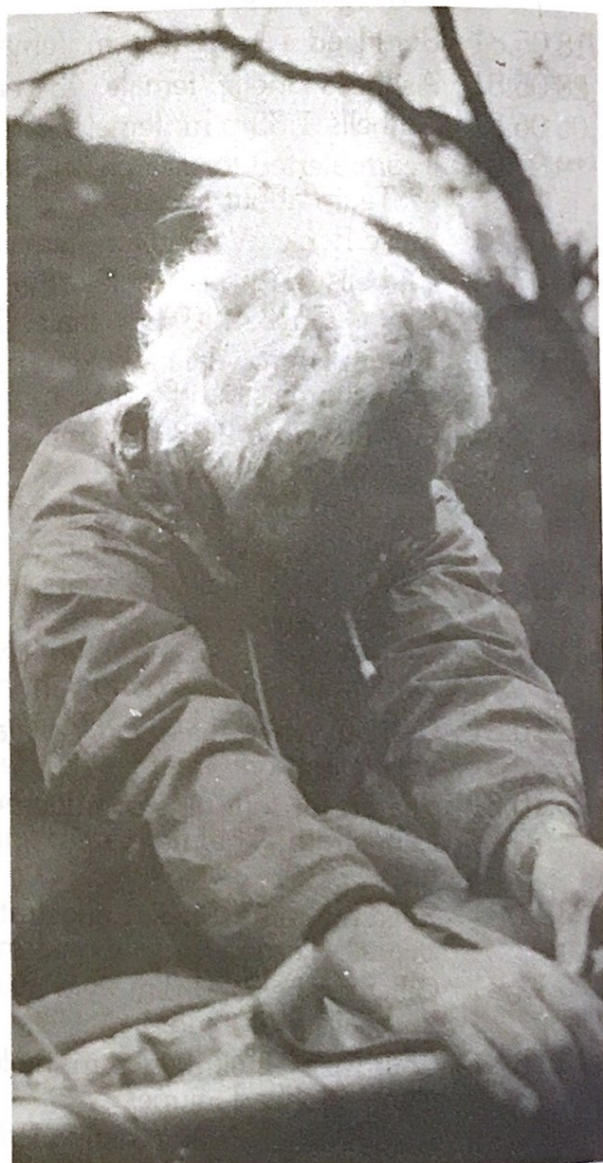
# Editor's Report

This year has been one of definite change. George Fisher, Team Leader and member of the team for thirty five years has resigned as Team Leader in his own modest words "to make way for someone younger". It is well known that Colonel Rusty (who unfortunately is unwell in hospital at present) formed the team originally, but George has carried the weight of the team these last thirty five years, using a wealth of practical experience gained from his own pursuits on hill and crag, to note there are still some formidable routes which first fell to G. Fisher. Fortunately, the team will still have his advice and knowledge on tap for George will become the Hon. Vice-President. Team Leadership has then moved to Mike Nixon another well known and experienced mountaineer, fit enough to out walk most younger members of the team. Mike has also been responsible for training all new members to the team. One of George's parting shots was that he would like to see two of the younger members become Deputy Leaders to assist Mike - a hard task to look to.

I am sure all team members and a lot of rescued public will join in a vote of thanks to George for all the hard work done and to Mike for a successful future.

On a lighter note, but no less serious, a very sincere thanks to everyone who has supported the team over the last year.

*I. S. Honeysett*



**MIKE NIXON**, Quartermaster for many years, now elected Team Leader.



# Secretary's Report

The year 1982 has caused no real problems to the Secretary, some correspondence was necessary with the local authority after the re-organisation of the car parking facilities, but we once again have formal approval to park on the public car parks without charge when on Mountain Rescue duties.

The number of members shows a slight change from year to year, but overall we are maintaining our numbers, though it is the usual small body of team members in central Keswick, because of their ready availability, who are called upon time and time again on actual rescues.

We welcome new members and thank former members for the work they have done during their association with the team.

Once again thanks to all who have assisted, the fact that matters go smoothly and easily is due to the great deal of work put in by many individual members to enable this to happen.

*John Wood*

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## Training at Glenmore Lodge

The advanced mountain rescue course at Glenmore Lodge, (near Aviemore), gives team members an ideal opportunity to learn new, and consolidate existing knowledge of current rescue techniques. Students are expected to have a basic knowledge of mountain rescue and be

competent at leading V. Diff. or above. Acting in a team of eight with two instructors, each member in turn takes charge and directs a typical rescue incident. In this way we eventually cover all the necessary techniques, i.e. vertical and horizontal lowers, tragsitz lowers, tension cableway lowers, tension hoist from a gorge. A thorough evaluation of each exercise is held with no holds barred on criticism of methods used. Ample opportunity is then provided to revise and practice any weak areas.

Of particular value are the sessions on "Self Rescue Techniques" aimed at climbers getting themselves out of difficulties as often as possible using a variety of sophisticated methods.

During the weeks course a wide variety of situations and terrain are encountered including a night search in the Cairngorms. Lectures, films and theory sessions give a full evening programme.

On completion of the course, most students are sufficiently trained and competent to effectively direct a group dealing with the majority of mountain incidents. They also gain a more confident approach to their own climbing ability with the added knowledge of self-rescue techniques.

Facilities, food and instructors are all first rate, and the opportunity of using a wide variety of modern rescue equipment gives all participants valuable experience. The following is a summary of the main items covered on the course:- horizontal and vertical lowers, tension lowers and hoists, tragsitz lowers, various other lowers, selecting and making belays, holding falls, escaping the system, self help incidents, ascending and descending ropes, hoists, anchoring ropes, pegging, variety of stretchers, search methods, night search, casualty examination, radio procedure and leadership roles.

*Keith G. Newton*



# Land Rover Driving Course

Jeff Davidson and myself who are both mechanics, thought we could handle land rovers so when the annual driving course came up we decided to go for the day out perhaps a little fun, at little expense. How wrong can you be!

The instructors, friendly people with obvious nerves of steel made us feel quite at home as soon as they had us captive in a long wheel base land rover, Instructor in the front along with the first idiot to vounteer as driver, the other four sat in the back with a piece of canvas for protection.

"Now lads, today is not for fun, you ar here to learn to drive, because you hold a licence doesn't help when you're "off the road".

He reminded us that the land rover is a work horse not a saloon, then went through all the gearing high low ratio and the basics of the vehicle, a last comment of, treat it right and it will serve you well.

"Go on then!" So off we went along the track rising up the hill, then nothing, the horizon disappeared and we were on the brink of a 1 in 2 directly downwards for thirty feet, this I can justify because I was that "idiot" behind the wheel a little later on, but as it was there five lads in a heap behind the driver. So the Landy went up down on a combination of two, three or four wheels through the mud and mire. Nearing the end of the course the land rover was deliberately put into some deep wet ruts and hands off the wheel, a rather weird sensation as the land rover steered itself along.

Sadly, as all good things, so we had to wind down, five tired and bruised, but enlightened lads. These courses have made myself and fellow team members more confident in handling and conscious of the capabilities of the vehicle.

*Trevor Calam*



*Team Land Rover "K mobile" up to the axles in a bog.*

## Radio Round-up

The changeover to the new frequency came into operation during the early summer and within a few weeks all teams in the various search and rescue operations had changed over. This in itself has not meant any changes by way of improvement of communication in normal operation but in exceptional cases with combined personnel will be an advantage.

In the continuing effort to improve our radio communication we have reinstalled the pump up mast with a new omnidirectional high power device to one of the rescue vehicles and we will be making extensive tests to see if we can remove more of the radio blackout areas from our operational area.

Development on radios for use on the Search and Rescue frequency is relatively slow, due to the low overall demand for the sets but we are pleased to report that we have on order a new handheld radio giving a considerably higher output and we hope to test this out during the early summer with a view to purchasing several more. As a note of interest, the approximate cost of one of these radios is £600.

*W. Booth*



## "Lucky"

Cockermouth and Keswick teams have over the years aided each other on numerous occasions. On March 5th we had a call from Cockermouth team, to say that there was a group of sixteen soldiers in trouble on Dale Head, would we assist?

Eighteen members with all the relevant equipment, two stretchers and exposure gear etc. set off for the top of Honister Pass. The summit gained with great difficulty, even with Land Rovers, as the snow was starting to drift.

The sight on the top was both amazing and dramatic. An eerie glow from the large Bivi tent that Cockermouth had erected, to treat the more severely exposed, small mounds of snow each containing a soldier in his Bivi bag - several of whom were dangerously near the cornice overhanging the steep North face, the whole scene nearly obscured by the blizzard.

Within a short time all the walking soldiers plus four on stretchers had been evacuated by the combined teams. The two most exposed men, who incidentally had been unconscious when found were worked on by the Cockermouth doctors in the warmth of the tent until fit to be stretched off.

"Why my Lucky heading?"

They were lucky that the Cockermouth team leader had the experience to foresee a potentially dangerous situation and call in another team.

They were lucky that there are teams in the Lakes with the equipment and the will to carry out speedy rescues in those conditions.

They were lucky the Land Rovers could climb the pass as any delay could have been fatal.

They were lucky that no one had fallen through that Cornice.

For the Keswick team the rescue lasted from 10 p.m. to 3 a.m., for Cockermouth team, considerably longer. *Mike Nixon*

## A Worrying Time

The prime purpose of K.M.R.T. is to assist people who are in difficulty on the fells. Occasionally other problems have arisen, in which the team has become involved. One such unusual incident was to help farmers and shepherds hunt for a dog that was worrying sheep on Mungrisedale Common on the northern slopes of Saddleback.

This dog, supposedly a Lurcher, was said to have already worried in the region of thirty sheep. Local farmers and gamekeepers all armed with rifles or shotguns; the team members with radios, basically to co-ordinate search and advise on the dogs movements. The first day, Saturday 21st March, it was raining very heavily so the search had to be postponed for 24 hours. Sunday morning dawned a bright sunny day, the hunt was on.

Because of difficult conditions underfoot, and keeping the groups of people organised, the dog, although seen a number of times avoided coming within range of the marksmen. Eventually the dog disappeared over the top of Lonscale, again the hunt was off. Wednesday we returned to try again, the day was dull, wet and misty but the snow had melted. I met a shepherd near Skiddaw house armed with the usual rifle and shotgun, the rifle he said could kill at half a mile. We sat down to wait, listening to my radio crackling out reports of sightings away to the east and heading away from us. A long line of beaters appeared over the fell and I thought good we are organised perhaps we'll catch the damned thing. Another report had said the dog last seen near the summit of Saddleback, I ate another sandwich!

The beaters assisted now by farmers on trials bikes slowly worked in our direction. I was filling in time scanning around with my binoculars, when I spotted the dog



about a mile away coming out of Siney Ghyll towards us. I asked everyone to sit tight and my shepherd friend set off with his killer rifle to find a better position for a shot. The dog was walking in our direction unaware that it had been seen, it spotted the beaters and did a ninety degree turn towards the killer rifle. I was tingling with excitement and anticipation, a shot rang out the dog turned and ran the way it came, he had missed! I radioed another group of guns, another five shots but all had missed and again he was gone over the top of Saddleback again. All hell broke loose, people and motor bikes were all over the hill, I had never seen such an armoury!

Everyone calmed down and we began tracking this elusive animal again.

Another Sunday, another report, "dog

seen at Derwent Folds and we all thought it is doing the same as it did last week heading for Lonscale. I set off to meet it with my newly acquired shotgun, weird thoughts passing through my head, how to pose with the carcass.

A bike roared up and I was relieved of my shotgun, a radio transmission informed me "dog shot near Lonscale Farm" - and that was that.

An interesting experience in mountain rescue work, one I'm sure all concerned would agree, would have taken longer to bring to conclusion had the team and radios not been used.

Further sheep worrying has occurred in other parts of the National Park. A moral here, control your dogs on the hill!

*Des. Oliver*

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*As a foreword to the following article, the Cockermouth team were called out on the Saturday and spent the night searching the hills. On Sunday Keswick team were called to assist in the search.*

## One Lonely Night

Although still out of condition, not having had a decent walk for a year, after five days I was beginning to feel fitter. It wasn't a very ambitious walk, and as I rested on the top of Red Pike I consulted Wainwright and decided that, rather than go via High Stile and face a steep descent and a rather boring walk back along the road to my car, parked at 'The Fish'. I would go down through Ling Comb, which Wainwright said was delightfully deserted even on a busy day.

It was a bit muddy on the pathless bit down from the saddle between Red Pike and Dodd to the stone wall. I noticed a chilly north west wind, remarking to myself that Wainwright didn't inform this could happen in early October. Just a few yards after I had got to the path across

the wall, I put my right boot on a good solid, but sloping, boulder and my foot slipped. I hadn't time to bring my left leg down to support my weight and I landed rather heavily on the sole of my right foot.

It was the fastest diagnosis I have ever made in my life. My tibia and fibula snapped like a carrot, I was obliged to sit down at once. It was only 5.15 p.m. on Saturday, as I lay there I began reviewing the situation. Had I been a bit over confident about this walking business? Even though I have been doing it for years. Turning up out of the blue at the hotel on Monday, getting the last available bed, not signing in, or giving my car number and omitting to fill in the book provided, my route each day.

I had befriended some people at the hotel, and had discussed at breakfast that morning the walk to Red Pike, Buttermere. Alas it was Saturday, their holiday over. So there I was, broken leg, couldn't move and no-one knew where I was or indeed who I was.

Anyway, I had my anorak, my favourite woollen pullover, two pairs of trousers, my whistle, an apple and some coffee left. I proceeded to blow my whistle three



short and three long blasts hoping I was right. I checked my Wainwright but it gave no clues as what to do in the case of an emergency. He did say the path below me was not a very frequented one. I just kept blowing my whistle, it certainly helped me keep up my spirits. About 7.30 p.m. I thought I would have been missed and the Rescue Teams called.

As darkness fell I could see cars along the road, stopping at the landslip at Hause Point where there seemed to be a workmans hut. I kept blowing my whistle but obviously no-one could hear me.

The night was very still, soon there were no lights to be seen and after a brief lightning and hail shower the sky cleared to a beautiful view of stars, some constellations easily recognisable. It became colder, I finished my coffee ate half the apple and kept on whistling, cat napping between. My leg felt OK as long as I kept it still. About 5 a.m. as dawn broke I shivered uncontrollably for a while but otherwise didn't feel too bad.

Throughout the night I had listened for possible rescuers, the sound of running water sometimes sounded like unintelligible hollow voices as if in an adjacent room. Two carrion crows flying by seemed intent on discussing me, perhaps they had scented the blood which had run down my leg as I broke it. They sounded strangely like the huntsman urging his hounds, with the same eerie, arrogant, unhappy note, I pulled my specs nearer my face.

As the sun rose, I was looking forward to it drying my sodden clothing, however I was in the shelter of Dodd. At nine I saw some leisurely walkers on the Crummock Path, I whistled with renewed fervour, but none looked in my direction. I was by now feeling bitter disappointment, no-one could hear me, the voices, the crows, the helicopter, the running water. I had better start to help myself. I moved my leg and the pain nearly caused me to faint. I needed a splint, there was no wood, the only thing I had was my thermos, fortunately a plastic one. I took out the shiny inside and tried flashing it in the

sunlight to no effect. I cracked the outer on a rock and it broke into two almost perfect halves, the concave pieces fitting reasonably well over my leg. I took off my boot, painful as this was, as my foot had swollen and the lower half of my leg was flapping like a flag in the wind. I used that bootlace to tie my splint on.

Eating my last half of my apple and ceremoniously throwing away the core I began. I found that by resting my leg on the heather I could slowly move down on my bottom, this had cheered me enormously. I gradually and painfully moved down, hoping I could continue to do that all day and meet returning walkers in the evening. I saw some people but I had given up whistling, I envied their lunch of roast beef which I assumed they were rushing for.

Soon afterwards about quarter past one, as I was resting, someone came through the trees, he looked towards me and a companion appeared, they seemed to be going directly up the fell not towards me. I waved, the first man spoke to his companion and they walked up to me. I had rehearsed my apology and plea for help and said quite calmly "I am sorry to spoil your day, but I think I've broken my leg, and would you help me?"

He said "Is your name Johnson?" I replied "yes". Whereupon he informed me he was a member of a team looking for me. In no time at all, with the aid of his radio he had summoned about a dozen extremely helpful and cheerful characters, one of whom rescued my discarded right boot. They put an inflatable splint over my very crude one, replaced my wet clothes with dry ones and gave me some coffee and a honey sandwich. They then put me in what seemed to me a rather irritating and unnecessary survival bag. I refused Morphine at first, but changed my mind when they moved the stretcher, even though they did so very gently. I also had a whiff or two of nitrous oxide as well. Soon I was in an ambulance on the way to hospital.



I would like to take this opportunity to express my gratitude to the Hotelier, the Police, the Mountain Rescue Teams, the Ambulance men, the Surgeon anaesthetist and hospital staff at West Cumberland Infirmary. I feel responsible

for having put so many people to such trouble, expense and possible danger. This sort of experience makes you feel how utterly dependent we all are on each other, and indeed how frail we all can be.

*Neil Johnson*

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## An Xmas Tale

Everyone in Rescue Teams are in it primarily because of their love for the hills and moors of country.

I have walked most of the hills around Rannoch Moor, but I have always wanted to take a train from Glasgow to Fort William. The scenery along that stretch of the line can only be described as superlative. To be able to sit in British Rail luxury and admire the hills instead of flogging through rain, bog and midges appealed to me, especially in the beautiful snow conditions that prevailed over Christmas.

So, the Monday after Christmas Day found Sandra and I at Carlisle Station with a free ticket pass. In effect we would be travelling two for the price of one, or so I thought. I was told to look at the back of the pass by a very hungover and grumpy ticket clerk. The free pass wasn't valid over the Christmas holiday period!

Well, we should have given up then and there but I was already imagining myself on the viaduct snaking into the Auch Gleann and around the side of Benin Dorain. I've always admired this ingenious piece of railway engineering from the road when heading for Glencoe or further north.

Anyway, we got into the train and immediately experienced a total eclipse. It

appears the windows of carriages are not washed over Christmas and so the scenery between Carlisle and Glasgow still remains a mystery. Hopefully the second half of the journey would make up for it.

We walked from Glasgow Central to Queen Street Station to get our connection with an ever increasing sense of excitement and expectancy. To travel the track laid as long ago as 1894 either side of Rannoch Station which floats on a raft of turf and brushwood on the bog; the views of Schiehallion to the east and the Buachaille to the west; Corroon Station at the head of Loch Ossian; along Loch Treig with views to the Grey Corries; beautiful Glen Spean; this was going to be our opium.

Sandra saw it first, the little blackboard with the almost illegible writing upon it. "Because of a derailment due to drifting snow, the line north of Crianlarich is blocked indefinitely"

We couldn't believe it.

We still couldn't believe it as we boarded the train for Carlisle.

*Ian Wallace*

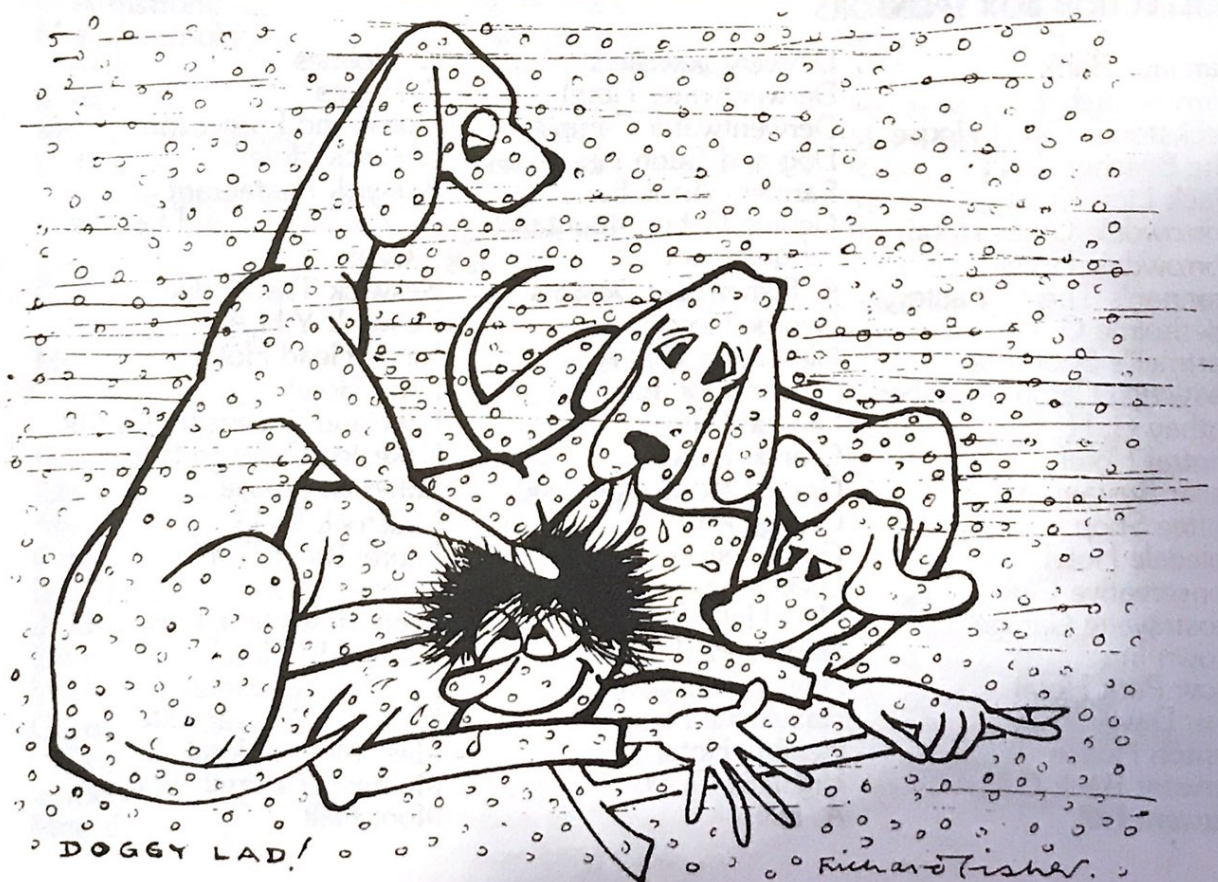


# Patrons

Mrs. C. M. Albutt  
Mr. & Mrs. R. Andrews  
F. Armstrong  
J. Barff  
J. L. Barlow  
Monica Barry  
K. & R. Bennet  
Noble Bland  
Mrs. E. Bowman  
N. K. Bridge  
British Deaf & Dumb  
Mountaineering Club  
Mr. Brookman  
C. Browne  
Miss J. M. Browne  
F. R. Chaplin  
Mrs. F. C. Coope  
Dr. E. Coupland  
E. L. Cummings  
Mr. & Mrs. J. Currie  
N. Eyres  
M. J. Gladwell  
C. C. Green

Mr. & Mrs. O. P. A. Green  
W. R. & A. E. Hartland  
A. J. Hill  
Miss B. L. B. Hill  
K. Hill  
Professor R. Hill  
F. Hinkley  
R. Japhet  
G. Jonston  
Miss V. Jolly  
S. Kenderdine  
C. J. Lawrence  
M. L. Lee  
D. Melvin  
B. F. Miller  
Mr. & Mrs. C. D. Mudd  
B. J. Munt  
Miss D. F. Neate  
F. E. Ogleshorpe  
Mrs. M. O'Hara  
E. C. Paice  
Miss G. Parkinson  
J. Peil

C. Ridiough  
H. Robinson  
S. J. Robinson  
Rochdale Charitable Trust  
D. Ross  
Miss D. Ryall  
Scafell Hotel  
M. B. Shaw  
E. C. Smith  
Mr. & Mrs. R. F. S. Smith  
Mrs. J. Spearing  
W. Sweeting  
G. R. Turner  
Mrs. G. Twiss  
Anthony Valentine  
G. Varey  
D. B. N. Walker  
Wayfarer's Club  
Mrs. Weir  
Mr. & Mrs. Whelan  
J. B. Wivell  
W. Woolley





# Collection Boxes

'Twas at a General Meeting, my husband raised his hand,  
 Someone to empty boxes you need, I understand?  
 No problem there, my wife will help, we'll do it in a flash,  
 I'll open up, renew the screws and she can count the cash!  
 We started up the valley, one night in pouring rain,  
 Seatoller Café was first stop and proved a healthy gain.  
 Glaramara, Mary Mount, Langstrath and Scafell too,  
 And then he said "It's late, we'll stop, I'll leave the rest to you!"  
 I went to houses, shops and inns, some encounters were quite funny,  
 And rightly, folks were cautious when handing me the money.  
 At one guest-house I rang the bell and explained what I'd come for,  
 "You can't come in, the lady said, because Frank's behind the door!"  
 I apologised, and turned to go, but she called me back and said,  
 "If you quickly run through to the hall, I'll hold him by the head!"  
 Alas! I was not quick enough, two steps inside the door,  
 An overfriendly St. Bernard dog hurled me to the floor!"  
 At last I disentangled from Frank's furry lick and hug,  
 And collected what I'd come for whilst he watched me from the rug.  
 It's times like these that make this job, amusing and worthwhile,  
 We've found many generous people as we've travelled mile by mile.  
 "I'm sorry there's not much in it", the owner often quotes,  
 But remember it's the ones which don't rattle,  
 That always contain all the notes!

## COLLECTION BOX SPONSORS

Barclays Bank	Derwent Jewellers	C. Holmes
Barn bookshop	Derwentwater Hotel	J. Hopps
Beckstones Guest House	Derwentwater Camping Site	Horse and Farrier Inn
The Beeches G. H.	Dog and Gunn Inn	Keswick Hotel
Black Lion Hotel	Farmers Arms Inn	Keswick Restaurant
Borrowdale Gates Hotel	George Fisher Mountain	Keswick Sport and Leisure
Borrowdale Hotel	Equipment	Centre
Brannan's Therm. Factory	R. Fisher Fine Designs	Keswick Travelodge
Brierholme G. H.	George Hotel	Keswick Y.H.A.
Cartmell's Shoeshop	Glaramara C.H.A.	Kings Head Hotel
Castlerigg Camp Site Shop	Golden Lion Inn	Lake Hotel
Cathay G. H.	Grange Cafe	Lakeland Sheepskin Centre
Central Hotel	Grange Hotel	Lakeside Caravan Site
Cellar Restaurant	Grange Hotel (Keswick)	Lakeside House
Coffee Shop	Grange P.O.	Ladstock G. H.
Coledale Hotel	Greensleeves	Laurel Bank G. H.
Conservative Club	Greystones	Leather Shop
Crosthwaite Garage	Miss Hall	Legburthwaite Y.H.A.
Crown Inn	Harney Peak Hotel	Linnet Hill Hotel
Crow Park Hotel	Hawse End Centre	Lyzzick Hall Hotel
Alan Davis	Hazeldene Hotel	Manesty Caravan Site
Denton House	Heights Hotel	Mary Mount Hotel
Derwent Bank C.H.A.	Highfield G. H.	Messenger's Fruit Store
Derwent Hill	A. Hill	Moot Hall



National Trust Inf. Centre  
 Newton Place G. H.  
 Oddfellows Arms  
 Orchard House G. H.  
 Packhorse Inn  
 Pheasant Hotel  
 Portinscale P.O.  
 R.A.C. Mobile Shop  
 Rathbone's Clothing  
 Ravenstone Hotel  
 Ravensworth Hotel  
 Richmond House  
 Rickerby Grange G.H.  
 Rosthwaite P.O.  
 Royal Oak Motel

Salutation Inn  
 Scafell Hotel  
 Seathwaite Cafe  
 Seatoller Farm  
 Seatoller House  
 Shemara G.H.  
 Silverdale Hotel  
 Skiddaw Hotel  
 Stallwood Hardware Shop  
 Stonegarth G.H.  
 Strathmore G.H.  
 Mountain World  
 Sun Inn  
 Sunnyside G.H.  
 Swan Hotel

Swinside Hotel  
 Thornleigh G.H.  
 Thornthwaite Galleries  
 Towers Hotel  
 Townleys Chemist  
 Mr. & Mrs. Townson  
 Treeby & Bolton  
 Troutbeck Hotel  
 Twa Dogs Inn  
 Underscar Hotel  
 Walpole Hotel  
 Watendlath Cafe  
 White Horse Inn  
 Mrs. Woolston  
 Yew Tree Restaurant

Any enquires regarding collecting boxes should be directed to Mr. H. Watkins Keswick 73081

## Donations 1980-81

R. Anderson  
 Anon.  
 J. Armstrong  
 Mrs. J. Arnold  
 I. Astle  
 J. Baxter  
 Mrs. E. Bendixson  
 E. Bostock  
     in memory of Mrs. Boyd  
 B. Bradley,  
 Caldbeck Y.F.C.  
 Carlisle & District  
     Rambling Club  
 Mrs. L. Carter  
     in memory of  
     T. Cheadle  
 Chilwell School  
 Cleveland Youth Service  
 Miss J. Cooke  
 Cricklade College  
 late Mrs. S. A. Crofts  
 J. Edmondson  
 Sir P. Faulkner  
 W. Fry  
 Garrion Academy  
     Expedition Club  
     in memory of M. Geake  
 Mrs. J. Gilligan

E. Graysmark  
     in memory of B. Hartland  
 Mrs. A. Hayes  
 Headington School  
 St. Herbert's Women's  
     Fellowship  
 Rev. Hewitt  
 Hookergate Comp. School  
 Mrs. J. Horder  
 G. E. Jarrett  
 Keswick Area H.T.A.  
 Keswick Rambling Club  
 Kettering School's  
     Orchestral Society  
     in memory of E. Kirby  
 Lake District Mt. Trials  
     Assoc.  
 7th Leatherhead Scouts  
 Liverpool H. F. Rambling  
     Club  
 Miss S. Megginson  
 late Mrs. C. Miller  
 Mrs. Molyneaux  
 Morecambe High School  
 Mr. Moreton  
 Moor Lane Venture  
     Scouts  
 Nelson & Colne H.F.  
     Rambling Club

Newlands P.C.C.  
 N.W.W.A.  
 Oakland School  
 Preston Mtg. Club  
 T. Price  
 Mr. & Mrs. Pritchard  
 Mrs. Pritt  
 Rakefoot Farm  
 Mrs. P. Ralph  
 Rockhopper Club  
 1st Romney Scouts  
 Sandhills Farm  
 Mrs. Sarjeant  
 F. C. Scott Trust  
 Sedbergh School  
 Skiddaw Shepherds  
 W. S. Slater  
 Mrs. J. Smith  
     in memory of  
     Mrs. E. Tyson  
     in memory of  
     C. Vearncombe  
 Mr. & Mrs. Watson  
 Mr. & Mrs. Weaver  
 late Miss J. D. Williamson  
     in memory of  
     Dr. F. Wilson



# **BALANCE SHEET AS AT 30 NOVEMBER 1981**

1980	1980
<b>ACCUMULATED FUND</b> As at 30 November 1980 Less: Deficit from Income & Expenditure Acc.	<b>STRETCHER EQUIPMENT</b> As at 30 November 1980 Less: Depreciation
21139	360
582	40
20557	320
	<b>RADIO EQUIPMENT</b> As at 30 November 1980 Expenditure this Year
	1800
	364
	2164
	64
	2100
	<b>GENERAL EQUIPMENT</b> As at 30 November 1980 less: Depreciation
	1700
	300
	1400
	<b>MOTOR VEHICLES</b> As at 30 November 1980 Less: Depreciation
	8400
	1700
	6700
	<b>CONSUMABLE STORES</b> As per Valuation
	80
	80
	<b>BALANCE AT BANKERS</b> Current Account Deposit Account
	2417
	7523
	9940
	<b>CASH IN HAND</b>
	17
	£20557
21139	21139
£20557	

We have compared the Balance Sheet and Income and expenditure Account with the relative Books and find the same to be in agreement.

Keswick  
18 January 1982

**WARD & PRIDMORE**  
Chartered Accountants  
Hon. Auditors



# INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT FOR YEAR ENDED 30 NOVEMBER 1981

1980	Motor Vehicle Expenses		1980	Patrons' Subscriptions	595
341	Insurances	279	469	Donations & Grants	2589
256	Petrol & Oil	294	3171	Collecting Boxes	1558
900	Repairs & Maintenance	661	1893	Bank Deposit Interest	887
			294		
192	Garage & Team HQ Expenses				
349	Rent & Rates	201			
7	Telephone & Electricity	379			
168	Repairs & Renewals	778			
	Insurance	224			
47	Consumable Stores	18			
259	Maintenance of Radio Equipment	395			
70	Radio Licences	165			
835	Printing & Stationery (inc. Annual Report)	609			
31	Personnel Insurance	90			
90	Postages & Sundry Expenses	77			
526	Maintenance of General Equipment	559			
45	Course Expenses	320			
1711	EXCESS OF GENERAL INCOME OVER EXPENDITURE FOR THE YEAR CARRIED DOWN	580			
5827		£5629	5827		£5629
271	Personnel Equipment				
150	Donation (Search & Rescue Dog Association)	258	1711	Balance Brought Down	580
3100	Depreciation of Vehicles & Equipment	NIL			
2977	Balance - Surplus Carried to Accumulated Fund	2104	4787	Legacies	1200
6498		£2362		BALANCE-DEFICIT CARRIED TO ACCUMULATED FUND	582
			6498		£2362



# Keswick Mountain Rescue Team

(formed 1947)

Affiliated to the Mountain Rescue Committee  
Registered Charity

Officials and other Team Members:-

**Team Leader:** M. J. F. Nixon, *Shop Assistant*

**Hon. President:** Lt. Col. H. Westmorland, O.B.E., *Retired Army Officer*

**Hon. Vice President:** G. B. Fisher, *Mountain Equipment Specialist*

**Hon. Secretary:** J. A. Wood, *Chartered Accountant*

**Quartermaster:** A. Bennet, *National Trust*

**Chairman:** K. M. Brannan, *Company Director*

**Hon. Treasurer:** D. Hume, *Publican*

**Asst. Quartermaster:** T. Calam, *Mechanic*

**Hon. Medical Officers:** Dr. J. D. Mitchell, Dr. M. R. Turnbull

**Radio Officer:** W. Booth, T. V. *Technician*

**Transport Officer:** G. Davidson, *Mechanic*

**Editor:** I. Honeysett, *British Telecom*

A. Alcock, *Builder*

D. V. Angus, *Ranger*

C. E. Amison, *Solicitor*

J. Barber, *Heating Engineer*

M. Barron, *Police Constable*

M. Bellarby, *Teacher*

J. R. Brooks,

*Outdoor Activity Instructor*

P. Bullock,

*National Park Worker*

D. Cox, *Social Worker*

A. Ferguson, *Printer*

D. Ferguson, *Printer*

D. Fielding, *Model Maker*

R. V. Fisher, *Fine Arts Dealer*

G. Graham, *Auction Porter*

R. Harding, *Ranger*

E. Hindmarch, *British Telecom*

M. Hodgson, *Eden Construction*

P. Horder,

*Outdoor Activity Instructor*

R. Humphreys, *Works Cashier*

P. Johnson, *Job Creation*

A. Jones, *Policeman*

D. Langford, *Hotel Owner*

M. R. Miller, *Teacher*

F. Mills, *Retired*

K. Newton, *Shoe Designer*

J. D. Oliver, *Ranger*

D. Pritt, *Teacher*

D. M. Rawcliffe, *Council Worker*

R. Scott, *Teacher*

J. Sherran, *Shop Owner*

I. M. Smeaton, *Retired*

B. A. Spencer, *Teacher*

J. G. Stoddart, *Engineer*

S. Swallowell, *Work Study*

I. A. Wallace, *Dentist*

H. E. Watkins, *Handyman*

D. A. Weeks, *Shop Assistant*

G. Wilson,

*National Park Liaison Officer*

D. Wright, *Policeman*

## Key Addresses and Home Telephone Numbers

**Mountain Rescue - DIAL 999**

**Hon Secretary:** J. A. Wood, *Rowling End, Millbeck, Keswick. (Tel: Keswick 72105)*

**Hon Treasurer:** D. Hume, *Horse and Farrier Inn, Threlkeld. (Tel: Threlkeld 688).*

