

Keswick Mountain Rescue Team · Annual Report 1983



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. Arnison, *Solicitor*

J. Barber, *Heating Engineer*

M. Barron, *Police Constable*

M. Bellarby, *Teacher*

J. R. Brooks,

Outdoor Activity Instructor

P. Bullock,

National Park 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, *Publican*

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).*

Team Photo - Gary Marriner

Cover Design - K. Skinner

Team Leader's Report

The year has been overshadowed by the death of David Cox. A great loss to the team.

In the report there is a list of callouts for this year. All members have their own particular memories, two incidents stand out for me.

The first is David's accident - the feeling of frustration, helplessness and even anger at our inability to help in any way.

The second, the callout on Remembrance Sunday. Having climbed up from Windy Gap to see the efforts of the companions of the casualty to try and resuscitate him in the most appalling conditions of wind and snow - it reminded me once again that often the team is only in at the end of an incident and that companions, fellow walkers or climbers have sometimes been involved for an hour or possibly much longer before we arrive on the scene. A fact we must never forget and always acknowledge. On that rescue we used the stretcher from Styhead, saving us valuable time, as we were able to evacuate a long way down the fell before the main body of the team arrived.

As a team we have always encouraged self rescue, and to that end, had built, and now maintain a stretcher box at Styhead, and as on this occasion, have used it many times ourselves. Most times, because of location or circumstances a Rescue Team has to be called, but there are occasions, if given a convenient stretcher and willing helpers, self evacuation is possible, and we should encourage it.

You will see from this report and past years reports, that we very rarely, if ever criticise fellow climbers - How can we? As quite often the people we go to help are more skilful and experienced than ourselves. Which of us has not been ill-equipped, or made an error of judgement

at some time. But we can criticise other Rescue Teams if we so wish, not that we do, for we are experienced and skilful rescuers.

Can I finish by thanking all the people who have helped us this year - patrons - people who have collecting boxes, all the many who send us donations. To all the climbers and walkers who read our report - **HAPPY AND SAFE CLIMBING.**

Secretary's Report

As referred to in the previous report, the year's great change was the cessation as active Team Leader George Fisher, and change of responsibility to the new Team Leader Mike Nixon.

The review of procedures following the change took a little time but once again we have retained our old and tried methods.

This last Spring we invited potential members to join us in practices, and the turn out of interested persons was very gratifying. Great enthusiasm for these practices was very beneficial to the team as a whole, and resulting in knowledge and experiences always very valuable.

We welcomed several new members during the year, and are pleased to report that the number of Team members willing and available is as strong as ever.

A continuing review of the Team's insurances is taking place, this can never be perfect, but we are hoping that in future years the cover will be even wider than in the past.

John Wood

Editor's Report

It seems one year passes rapidly into the next, no sooner have we despatched last years reports then it is time to build a new edition. As might be written by the team leader, this year again has been quite busy, 40 different and varying rescues. Sadly we lost one of our valued members (re: later articles). Training this year has been more extensive and we have spent more of our charitably attained wealth by equipping the team even better.

A noticeable event in this call-out year was that which we believe to be a hoax. A sick thing to do considering we are all volunteer members in the Lakeland teams. We have to remember we not only have a duty to the team but also to our long-suffering employers. Whoever, whether it be employers, self-employed or employee, someone loses out each time there is a rescue, bad enough! But when something akin to 300 man hours are wasted on a hoax, an unfair and unwanted cost to us all.

Any persons who might have copy of relevant interest for report '84 and who wish to share this can send it c/o The Editor, Keswick Mountain Rescue Team, 1 High Portinscale, Keswick, Cumbria.

Again a great deal of thanks to all those who have helped with this edition.

Iain S. Honeysett.

But Who Knows Where or When?

Dave led one rope, I the other. It was early January, 1982, Great End crusted in snow and ice. Even the walk up Grains Ghyll had proved awkward, large slabs of ice covering the path in many places.

As we started the first pitch of 'Window

Gully' a strong bitterly cold wind chilled us all and gradually reduced and visibility. But the ice pitches and snow slopes provided entertaining sport and the immediate rock and ice scenery was a delight to our eyes.

On reaching the gully top, visibility was down to a few yards, darkness rapidly approaching. Quickly we navigated our way to the Esk Hause path, darkness overtook us as we negotiated our descent of Grains Ghyll. A mountaineering day 'potentially high risk', but memorable and enjoyed by all.

August Bank Holiday the same year. Low cloud and rain, so Dave chose a safe route for his party, walking and scrambling up Lodore Ghyll. As Dave moved round a corner of rock it broke loose and fell on him, killing him almost instantly. A mountain day with comparatively 'no potential danger', but ending in tragedy.

Dave was a great guy, and is a sad loss to our team.

Keith G. Newton



Dave Cox - a great loss.
Photo: E. Hindmarch

Training

Of all the Lake District Mountain Rescue Teams, the Keswick Team is the second busiest with about 40 callouts a year. It also has, perhaps, the largest area to cover, with England's three highest mountains and many of the most popular rock climbing crags.

The training programme endeavours not only to keep members practised in basic techniques such as map reading, first aid, rope-work and stretcher lowering, but also to familiarise as much of our area and its crags as possible. To this end we held 20 practices last year. These involved orienteering, exploration of an old, disused lead mine, use of radios, self-rescue in a crag situation, a night exercise on Scafell Pike in which just about everybody was lost at some stage, a joint exercise with the RAF Rescue Sea King Helicopter and numerous other exercises on various crags.

Our Summer practices this year were opened to young local people over the age of 17 years, so that they might gain an insight into how we operate and what we do. Most of these observers soon found themselves becoming involved - some of them being lowered down 500 ft. cliff faces. Others were purely content to watch. We saw 17 new faces during this period. Some of them have actually now joined our call-out list.

However, it was easy for these summer observers to get a false impression of what mountain rescue can involve. Sunny Thursday evenings on short, planned, enjoyable exercises would soon attract many recruits. But, no! Just a week before writing this article - a typical "every day" winter call out. A few warning telephone calls, then at 10 p.m. on Sunday night, off we go. Two climbers overdue from a snow/ice climb, Central Gully on Great End. Already we had been there earlier in the day on an exercise. Now, for the second time in 12 hours! Some of us already tired! Variable thickness and hardness of snow

underfoot. My torch not as bright as it should be. Will it last the night? Out of radio communication for about three hours as Langstrath is notoriously bad for radios. Combination of snow on the ground and mist in the air makes the land featureless. Where are we? Must be nearly at Esk Hause. We heard strange sounds many times, but no missing persons. Just streams and the wind murmuring along. At last our radio bursts back to life. The two have been found, dug in to a snow drift at 3000 ft. near Broad Crag. Fifteen minutes later we meet the other parties at Esk Hause. Back to bed at 6 a.m. To work in two hours!

Prospective applicants need to be "at home" in any extremes of conditions as we know them in the Lake District. The above incident was typical, not extreme. The Team can only train in specialised techniques. Just as Lifeboat men need to be weathered sailors before thinking of offering their services to the RNLI. So, too, mountain rescuers need to be experienced mountain men. Only that way, can they be of service to fellow mountaineers.

Paul Horder

Practical Practising

"Yes, do come along, it will give you an idea of how we work and let you meet the team members. See you on Sunday."

Sunday dawned to witness our arrival at Seathwaite Farm. "I'll carry something if you like". Judging by the speed with which I was presented with a load, he did like and happy in the knowledge he'd found yet another Sherpa, bade us farewell.

Up to Stockley bridge and then the long haul up Grains Ghyll to our "patient" lying somewhere in Central Gully on Great

End. The pace settled down but my partner, an old friend who had also recently volunteered, expressed surprise at the speed of the four in front who were powering off on what seemed a superhuman effort. Honour was restored as we glanced back to see the remainder of the team spread out along the path, labouring as much as us.

Presently we arrived at the victim who expressed his obvious delight in watching us slave uphill. We in turn experienced this sadistic pleasure, watching others in our footsteps.

With the team assembled, the doctor began a discussion on exhaustion exposure, explaining the mysteries of the "Reviva" hot air breathing machine. Putting the mask over my nose and mouth I took a breath and the hot dry air hit the back of my throat. Recoiling momentarily from this shock, I became more accustomed to the sudden change and realised its value to Hyperthermic patients on the hill.

Other theory and practical sessions followed throughout the year including orienteering, a mass ascent of Sandbed Ghyll, crag rescues on Sergeant Crag and Goat Crag, an overnight search and bivvy on Great End, Helicopter familiarisation and many others. These experiences, combined with my first few callouts have impressed on me the friendliness, joviality, empathy and unity of people from a wide spectrum of backgrounds who are drawn together to help fellow mountaineers.

I. Johnson

Training Courses



Photo by I. Honeysett

This year we have not attended many courses. Three team members set off to the "leek eating" community of the British Isles. A rather long journey for a day and a half seminar, it was labelled Sea Cliff Rescue Seminar and was hosted by the Holyhead Coastguard and Mountain Rescue Station No. 83. A thoroughly well organised course even if most of us did have our names spelt incorrectly! An introductory session was held on the Friday evening outlaying all forthcoming events and allocating our billets. Those people staying at the Scimitar Hotel were

warned of generous hospitality and the extent of the bar, strange that Keswick Team should lodge there! However, like all good Keswick members we made it through the night and eventually through breakfast.

The setting was North Stack, a vertical cliff sided inlet. Belays were immediately set up and the three differently organised work parties were ready for the off.

The three items were, assisted hoists via different kinds of winch systems, the Landrover being one (a nice thought if we could get ours to the summit of some Lakeland craggs).

The second, taking a casualty off his rope and onto another, then lowering into an inshore life boat.

The third and most difficult putting a casualty into a stretcher and so into the inshore life boat. I think the highlight of our day being the trip in the Holyhead Offshore Life Boat, the skipper putting the boat through its paces for each group, truly an amazing craft.

The Sunday we were given a demonstration of line throwing by a rocket. Apart from the bang everything went very well. The bang? well of course we had a seminar dinner on Saturday night/Sunday morning and it seemed compulsory to attend.

What did we learn? - I think we learned that each different Rescue Team's situations demand different techniques. The Coastguard Ref. 83 because of the cliff situation nearly always lowering to the sea for boat evacuation, whereas we inland teams on a cliff incident find in most cases the casualty is nearer the ground and an arm stretching carry is the exercise of the day. We learnt to work with people we had never met before, something which is invaluable when it comes to panel meets.

Sunday lunch again at the Scimitar signalled the end of the course and with brief discussion periods we were back in the car and homeward bound.

Iain Honeysett

H.Q.

During 1982 many schools, youth organisations and individuals visited Keswick Mountain Rescue Headquarters to see our sophisticated equipment and hear about our rescue procedures.

In recent years these visitors included the Jersey Scouts who came for seven consecutive years; also Scouts, Guides, Cubs and Cadets from Romsey, Sheppey, Newcastle etc., and of course Keswick who have Rescue Team members in their organisations to offer guidance on mountaineering and other outdoor activities which has always been an important part of their curriculum.

The National Park Rangers Team members, also offer their services with the occasional guided walks on the higher regions; also visits to the many mining areas in the Lake District culminating with geological discussion.

The Keswick Mountain Rescue Team take an interest in all visitors to their Headquarters and their letters of appreciation are, hopefully, some indication that we may have made a modest contribution to further their interest and pleasure for a happy holiday.

Any group enquiries to -
Fred Mills
Telephone: Keswick 73187

Quartermaster's Report

This year has seen the usual expenditure, adding to, and replacing stores. The items bought were: Ropes, Safety Helmets, Harnesses, Torch Batteries, Rucksacks (two Casualty Bags supplied by the Mountain Rescue Committee) etc.

This year we have had a change of policy, we have decided to issue

individual waterproofs, to be taken home. We have not, in the past, used our funds to buy protective clothing that would not be kept at the Headquarters, and although we are one of the oldest teams in the country, it has taken other teams to lead the way. We now work closely with teams who may or may not be on first name terms. By wearing the same design of jacket it will help to be recognised as being a team member. Nine times out of ten we often have to turn out in some of the most hostile weather conditions for people who are injured or lost, so we should be wearing 'THE BEST'.

The material we have chosen is known as Gortex, which in brief is a fabric made up of micro-porous film and is laminated with cloth to make it proof against both wind and rain, whilst still allowing the body to breathe. Berghaus of Newcastle (a firm well known in the mountaineering world) are making the garments. We can all step out with pride on an equal footing knowing that we will be dry and comfortable. These suits will be tested all the time, each member will be wearing one every time they walk the hills.

Arthur Bennett

Assistant Quartermaster's Report

After being elected Assistant Quartermaster, armed with a head full of new ideas, I went to task.

The Ops Room was tidy, the stores good, but in the large double garage there was chaos. There were:-

Parts of past landrovers, oddment old boots, sheep nets, paraffin lamps, a mortar for firing maroons, a roll-over door and six tyres (still new and useful). This then was the first job, with other team members we began the marathon spring clean. After repairing that which we could, and selling some of the other, three transit loads of rubbish were removed to the tip.

After this we began a paint job, the outside rough cast was looking decidedly dirty, so brushes in hand we painted. Whilst doing this it was noticed that there was some structural damage to the building and to the aerial post. Dave Rawcliffe remedied this by obtaining and erecting a new one and retensioning the stays. Next into the Ops Room clearing out the cupboards we came upon more obsolete equipment i.e. another sheep net, old carabiners, first aid equipment and a box of flares that were beyond their useable date. The climbing equipment went to the local Scout Group, the flares enjoyed by most of Keswick at a community bonfire.

The map on the wall was beyond its best, so a new one of our area was made, covered in perspex and framed.

Whilst working, mostly at nights, I decided it was time we had the roof insulated. So four team members, 18 pieces of board and many swearwords this task was also completed, the HQ now a warmer place.

The cost this year including paint, boards etc., around £350.

To conclude I would like to thank non-team members Sally Rawcliffe, for constantly cleaning, painting, and making coffee. My father, James Calam, who gave up some of his holiday to paint the exterior of the building. Also thanks to team members Iain H, Dave, Eric, Mark, Harold, Iain J, and latterly new probationary team member Martin Hardman, their efforts are visibly noticeable.

T. Calam
Assistant Quartermaster

A Sunday to Remember

Peter had been attending the Service on Gable since the 1930's and so David, Nancy and I had to go with him on Remembrance Sunday 1982, instead of our usual Sunday fell walk. There was sleet, rain, snow, mist and a gale force wind on the top of Honister and I moaned it was far too soon to be going out in those conditions as we would have to wait on the summit for 11 a.m. and there would be no other vehicles on the car park at Honister at that early hour. As usual I was wrong on both counts. There were about twenty cars there and a steady stream following us as we covered ourselves with expensive raiment in the hope that it would keep out the cold and wet. We sallied forth very unenthusiastically via the Drum House and Green Gable and weren't encouraged by a patrol of Service personnel who were only too glad to be going down. Normally we would never have gone out on such a lousy day but deep down I think we enjoyed our tussle with the elements - I certainly did after the first five minutes - and we arrived on the summit about 10.45 a.m. to wriggle our way into the middle of the crowd already there to avoid the freezing wind, snow, to drink coffee and chat to friends and acquaintances until 11 a.m.

We kept the Silence - strange how even the dogs keep quiet - and then set off down promptly to avoid the rush, thought I. The climb up from Windy Gap had been hampered by deep soft snow blown in the freezing wind and I wasn't looking forward to going down that bit in a crowd of people and the conditions being what they were. It seemed to me that everyone else decided to leave right away, too, and where the path starts to drop down steeply from the summit amongst the loose rocks a long crocodile of people were slithering down on their backsides making a padded smooth steep slide in what had been previously soft snow. I felt

deceptively secure slithering down in the middle of that long line of people thinking that if I slipped I would stop myself by colliding with the person two or three feet in front of me causing a collapsing domino effect as we all fell downwards. We christened it Skid Row. The path got smoother, more polished, steeper and the going slower. Some in the rear who were too anxious to overtake and find their own way down spreading out amongst the soft snow and loose rocks and boulders on each side of the path and soon the loose stuff was being dislodged and warning shouts were heard coming out of the mist and howling wind. Ice axes were noticeable by their absence, things were getting "hairy" and I was relieved to arrive in one piece at Windy Gap. By this time I had lost touch with Peter, David and Nancy, so waited for them there. Then in a slight break in the mist I could see that a hold-up had occurred some 50 yards back and it turned out that a lady had slipped and injured her leg. She came limping into view supported by her husband and started to climb up to Green Gable where we offered assistance and together we took turns in supporting the casualty towards Brandreth.

It didn't take me long to realise what exhausting work this could be floundering in deep snow and being blown off course by a freezing howling gale in the mist. The path had disappeared and all footsteps were covered in seconds by the blown spindrift. We struggled on with the most welcome assistance of one or two other helpers until we got to Gillercombe Head. The casualty was in considerable and increasing pain and we decided about 12.30 p.m. that we would have to spoil the Sunday dinners of the Rescue Team. Two of us set off for the Honister Youth Hostel to alert the Team and, praise be, within 50 yards we met Peter, the National park Ranger with a golden retriever and a companion. Peter, the Ranger, returned with us to the casualty, verified the facts, produced his radio and summoned help through the Park Rangers at Blencathra. Thank God for radios!

Peter had to wander about a bit to find a suitable place to raise Blencathra but Ranger Don Angus's voice there sounded sweet music to me coming over the air waves. Don informed the Keswick police, who alerted the Team, who left their dinners and/or Sunday pints, and arrived on site in one and three quarter hours -blooming good going, lads!

We had to wait that time though in most unpleasant conditons and spent it making our patient as comfortable as possible, reassuring her and keeping a look out. My most satisfying moment came when Peter the Ranger requested another survival bag from those present and after carrying one around the hills since they became popular some years ago, and never using it, I was able to provide. Nancy even provided an umbrella and fixed it so as to keep the gale and blown snow off the prone patient's head and shoulders. We were all very cold, and the patient must have been frozen but didn't complain until I suggested putting the dog in the survival bag with her!

Team Leader Mike Nixon and companion was also in the right place at the right time. He was near the Youth Hostel when he heard snatches of radio messages and realising something was wrong retraced his steps back towards Green Gable and eventually came across us to confirm that the Team were on their way. He appeared most impressed with the enormous toadstool appearance of the casualty who was laid out in the deep snow in an orange survival bag with a red floral umbrella at her head. By this time a serious incident had occurred on Gable and Mike had to leave us and investigate.

The dog seemed to be the only creature enjoying itself in the blizzard and was galloping around in the snow. I kept going to a raised rocky outcrop to keep watch for the arrival of the Team - we could easily miss each other in the mist and on one of these visits I saw the dog suddenly remain motionless and "point" in the direction of the path coming from the Drum House. It remained still for, at

least, half a minute and then I heard whistles and the Advance Party loomed out of the mist and blowing snow. The dog had heard them long before me and I wasn't the only one glad to see them. We left the patient to the tender mercies of the Team and were glad to get moving again on our way down. Nevertheless, although the Team had to secure the patient on the stretcher, etc. they were down at the Youth Hostel well before us. From the time Don Angus was informed at Blencathra to the arrival of the Team at Gillercombe Head was one and three quarters of an hour. We were all most favourably impressed by the speedy turnout, evacuation, and sorry about the spoilt Sunday dinners and/or pints -perhaps the pints weren't spoilt!

Norman C. Lilley

A Day to Remember

On one of the coldest November days I could recollect, over 200 people stood on the summit of Great Gable. The reason, the annual 'Remembrance Day Service', it was snowing hard and a strong wind was blowing so after observing the two minute silence most people descended via Windy Gap and Green Gable.

To ensure all were safely off the hill I followed the tail enders, who were delicately descending, some on their bottoms the underfoot conditions being so slippery. I left them at 'The Gap', I then made my way down Aaron Slack to Sty Head where I intended to lunch. All space at the rescue box was occupied so I wandered towards Scew Gill looking for shelter whilst I ate.

My radio came to life "A lady has injured her ankle on Brandreth!" I tried to contact my base for instruction about the Sty Head stretcher. Question, should I take it to the incident? I heard a shout and saw colleague Roy Harding approaching. We agreed to make all haste to the Brandreth incident without the stretcher. For me this

meant reascending Aarron Slack which was now much deeper in snow. As we started we met a walker descending. He informed us his friend had collapsed near the summit of Gable. Immediately we decided our priorities lay there. I returned with this man to the Sty Head box for the stretcher, whilst Roy carried on up to the second incident.

We were not worried about diverting as we knew the wheels had been set in motion for the Keswick Rescue Team to attend the Brandreth incident, also a number of the team had attended the service so help would be close to hand. Having been joined by another man from the Gable incident the three of us struggled up Aarron Slack with the stretcher. Under normal conditions this gill is a hard slog with the added difficulty of deepening snow I can only say it was sheer purgatory.

When we arrived at Windy Gap I heard that some team members had joined Roy at the incident, I also heard we were now dealing with a fatality. With two rescues simultaneously, air space was busy, unable to use my radio I left the stretcher and went to find out if any of the other group had also brought a stretcher. I found them minus stretcher huddled around the inert figure of the unfortunate fell walker. All were uncomfortable from the buffeting of wind and snow.

We returned for the stretcher leaving Roy to maintain contact with base, trying to organise ropes and lighting, it was now mid afternoon and nightfall would soon be with us.

I know now that at this time both Cockermouth Rescue Team and the Rescue Helicopter had also been alerted, Cockermouth on standby, the Helicopter unable to land on the high fell because of the weather conditions. We manhandled the stretcher up the steep slippery ground and decided after loading the body not to await the arrival of the follow-up team because of adverse weather conditions.

There were now seven of us to make the descent, the first section to the Gap was

very tricky and a number of boulders were sent tumbling down, but somehow we kept everything under control. I have already stated the ascent of Aarron Slack was difficult but the descent was equally as rigorous with the added burden of a heavily loaded stretcher. Everybody took more than one fall because of the snow-covered bad terrain. Part way down I commented I was 'starving', still not having found time to eat my lunch, the time was 4 p.m. So it was agreed to stop and eat. No radio contact had been possible because of weather and location, so there was no real knowledge if help was forthcoming.

A check of lighting revealed one hand torch and two head torches. However, we hoped that base had some idea of our whereabouts and help would certainly be on its way. Shortly we received a message from another party and saw them following us. At 4.30 p.m. we gained Sty Head having taken an hour to do what under normal conditions would take 15 minutes. We awaited the arrival of the team who had the necessary equipment.

The rescue now became routine although great care was required on the steep snowy sections, we reached Seathwaite at 6 p.m., this was 5 hours from being alerted. For some team members it was their third call-out in 24 hours, so I think it would be true to say Remembrance Sunday 1982 was a day we will all remember, or maybe prefer to forget.

Des Oliver.

A Windy Tale

Not long ago a farmer friend told me about his brother's mishap on the mountain which they have shepherded all their lives.

One autumn morning, Peter set out wearing a full waterproof suit, heavy boots, and had exchanged his peaked cap for a woollen hat as the day was windy. The bad weather of the previous days had brought the sheep off the 'tops', and

Peter felt confident of gathering most of them by climbing only half-way up the fell and then contouring around the head of the valley. Shouting commands to the dogs was not easy, but they were able to work at his whistle.

Peter stopped, as he watched every one of a group of sheep in front of him drop to the ground. Before he had time to see the significance of this strange behaviour, our shepherd was lifted clear of the ground, spun around and dropped on stones several yards from where he last stood. It is of interest to note that Peter stands well over six feet high and weighs over fifteen stones, even without his hob-nailed boots!

Despite some nasty injuries, Peter was able to reach home without help, and now bears scars to remind him of the awesome power of the wind.

David Hume

Three Students Out of Taylor Gill - 14th November

The morning of Saturday, 13th November was bright and pleasant as three of us left the Chapel Farm Campsite in Borrowdale, heading for Honister Pass. A few flurries of sleet and hail around 9 a.m. had contributed to a late start after breakfast. Helvellyn stood out bright behind us whilst darker omens raced over Dale Head.

We stopped for lunch at Beck Head with a bright view of Wasdale and the sea in contrast to the black cloud overhead. Tricia's stomach had tangled with some home made wine the previous day and the offerings of a transport café in the evening had not improved its humour. When Mark discovered that due to this she had eaten no breakfast nor brought

any lunch he thrust some ancient, six year old mintcake on her.

We traversed Kirkfell and emerged at Black Sail Pass to face a stinging hail storm. As it was only 1.15 p.m. we pressed on to Looking Stead and the traverse to Pillar Rock. When the next hail shower arrived we considered retreating but it soon ceased and we reached Robinson's cairn. Mark considered a return by Scarth Gap Pass but did not mention it to Jenny or Tricia since we had said we would return by Sty Head.

We took advantage of a pleasant spell to cross the Shamrock traverse and scrambled up to the summit of Pillar.

It was now just after 3 o'clock and we realised the necessity to press on especially as we were reluctant to have to descend into Wasdale and then have to climb up again to Sty Head Tarn. We marched on to Blacksail Pass and around Kirk Fell with a feeling of urgency, knowing that the traverse around Great Gable is difficult to find. However, despite the failing light we found the traverse path immediately and pressed on under the Napes, thankfully crossing Great Hell's Gate scree with barely a foot out of place. We stumbled on to Kern Knotts before the last of the twilight failed.

As we sat against a large boulder eating and drinking Mark's very welcome thermos of tea, we prepared ourselves for the long dark plod back to Seathwaite. Mark got out his torch and we were surprised to see a party returning to their camp at Sty Head. We happily followed them to the stretcher box at Sty head then left them as we carried on down the path, towards Borrowdale, to the bridge. Here we kept to the left of the stream walking towards the lights of Seathwaite visible in the 'vee' made by the fells at Taylor Gill Force. Mark had followed the path in the dusk earlier in the year and so we did not anticipate any major problems. From this point on Mark's torch gave trouble, first from bad connections and then from a fading battery. Tricia and Jenny, had not brought their torches.

After a while we lost the path and the torch finally went out totally.

We groped our way along just above the stream until we came to the first trees. We knew, from Mark's knowledge of the path that this meant we were coming to a steep waterfall and thus had to find the path in order to descend safely. Mark caused alarm by descending a tree near the bank of the stream to look for the path. He scrambled back to safety, and, thinking we were too high up, ended up wading through the stream. At this point, we tried the torch once more for luck and it worked. So by its light we climbed up the bank and by chance, found the path with shrieks of delight. Soon we lost it again and climbed down into a wide gully full of large scree. Not using the torch, to save the batteries, we lost the path again and ended up at the stream without finding the fence that Mark knew led to the steps down the fall. We climbed back up the scree and after much disagreement climbed the cliffs at the side of the gully and found what could have been the path. Should we follow and risk stepping into nothing or stop on what could be the path, save our energy and wait until light? We assessed our equipment. We all had sufficient clothing and waterproofs, and just enough food to survive; so reluctantly at 9 p.m. we decided on the latter. We ate some sandwiches and cake and Tricia and Jenny crawled into Mark's survival bag.

We did not know whether the rest of our club, down in the pub, would have already raised the alarm, so when, by some incredible stroke of luck, we saw the lights of a party going up the far side of the valley, we whistled and flashed the torch to them. They responded with their torches, disappeared up the valley and as we settled down to wait we presumed that this party would cross the stream further up, then come down to us.

After several showers and the odd car headlamp shining on the hillside opposite we became restless as our hopes were raised and dashed, the block of mintcake declined.

After what seemed an age, a solitary torchlight appeared on the hillside opposite and our distress whistles were answered. One shouted conversation later we settled down to a last celebratory piece of mintcake and cheese and a session of old jokes and songs to keep us awake. We lost all track of time as the cold and hail set in. Mark began to get cold, and conditions in the bivvy bag deteriorated; Jenny and Tricia were shivering constantly and were very slow to respond when Mark announced that there were lights below on our side of the stream. We were singing away when we saw what we had dared hope for - four mountain rescuers. Relief flooded over us. It was 2.00 and all was well.

The Inquest

i) Departure Time

Though we were ready to depart an hour earlier, the members of the club had travelled up in rather random arrangement in four separate vehicles. This meant that no plans had been made and the uncertainty about the weather just accentuated an avoidable delay.

ii) Equipment

Only Mark was properly equipped in case of an emergency. Both Tricia and Jenny had not brought torches, whistles and survival bags. In addition Tricia had no food. Also no discussion of equipment occurred before we left. Mark dissuaded one girl from coming as she only had jeans and no overtrousers, for this we are thankful. At the same time a friend who is reasonably experienced and equipped declined to come at the last minute perhaps this should have been taken as a warning.

iii) Route

It was an ambitious route but there were plenty of easy retreats into Wasdale if the weather deteriorated. The descent from Sty Head should have been successful, probably the path to Stockley Bridge would have been a better choice, however we did not know this path and Mark had used the path we took before.

Judgement

*"Good judgement is the product of experience
Experience is often the result of bad judgement"*

Quoted by Bill March and John Cleave

That quotation sums up my feelings for the epics which are sometimes the result of journeys in the mountains.

Sometimes it is all in the mind. Being lost in a whiteout on the plateau of the Cairngorm massif, convincing myself it is purely an intellectual exercise but realising it is the combination of that with a "gut" feeling, of senses working overtime, of an overall awareness and respect for the natural hazards of the mountain, which ensures a safe descent to the comfortable world below where everything has its place and may be proven.

This "special awareness" is a technique which, unfortunately I have discovered, is not always as complete as I would wish, but nevertheless can be developed. Orienteers use it continuously whilst traversing their intended route and it may be directed to every aspect of mountaineering through study of maps and guidebooks both at home and on the hill. Eventually a "mental" map is drawn which directly relates to previous experience.

When something goes wrong and it is necessary to draw on this fund of knowledge, the fun really begins.

The precarious edge between adventure and misadventure can be very acute and I recall my first foray into the world of Scottish winter climbing to illustrate this.

The steep snow of the corrie led us up towards our goal - number two gully, 400', grade 1/11 the guide book said. My companion had no crampons so I decided to leave mine off, they weren't much good for front pointing anyway. As we climbed up past Garahd na Ciste the spangled grey walls drew in to meet us and the snow became harder. Our inclination to

retreat was matched by the increased inclination of the snow but an ice pitch of about 15' over a bulge invited us on. Seige tactics followed and we continued on our way cutting steps the size of basins up below the cornice, a great frozen breaker guarding our exit. I had read the books so began the job of tunnelling through, found rock and then slithered out like some demented mole on to the summit plateau. With insufficient snow for a deadman (an unfortunate name I've always felt), I put a peg vertically into a beautiful crack I had unearthed. Following through the tunnel and out on to the horizontal, my partner moved quickly away from the edge, pulling the rope tight. I stood up to sort the rope out and became aware of my partner's distress at seeing me drag the peg, still in its rock vice, behind me like a ball and chain. I felt a sickening in the pit of my stomach.

We made our way off down the zigzags of the pony track as darkness fell. Then, having zagged a bit too far and missed the zig we found ourselves at the top of a snowfield. With my axe stuffed between my sac and back I set off down through soft snow. This suddenly became very hard and icy and I began my interpretation of the Cresta Run headfirst. Struggling with my axe to attempt to brake I became aware of a floating sensation only to be dumped uncerimoniously on my side amongst a boulder field. I realised that I might soon be joined by my partner travelling the same manner but I need not have worried for she had considered my method of descent to be a little too exhilarating and had walked round to be greeted by my imbecillic utterances and my hastily considered opinion of this particular hillside. It was difficult to say what hurt most.

We evaluated the situation and eventually opted to try and reach the tents, at least we could lose some height. Our pooled knowledge of the geography of this part of the hill, which we must have subconsciously gathered from the original walk up and previous study of the map,

helped us decide we were no more than two miles from the tents. We couldn't read the map, our only torch had been smashed on my involuntary descent.

I was soon reduced to crawling and at last, with the haven of the tents in sight, had to cross a burn. A friend had come out in answer to our calls and we met as I emerged from the icy waters like some prehistoric humpback animal from a swamp.

Collapsing in the tent door, I immediately fell asleep only to be woken a few hours later by pains in my chest. Dawn broke

as we packed up to set off for the sanctuary of Fort William and a hospital, aided by gravity and innumerable aspirin. They diagnosed two cracked ribs and I added my ego to the list of other bruises.

I had been lucky, there were several occasions on that day where we could have come to more serious grief but, looking back on it, escaped lightly. Perhaps our experiences are the result of bad judgement. I certainly hope for the future that good judgement is the product of experience.

I. Johnson

Collecting Boxes

One evening in October, Harold and I commenced our annual ritual of emptying the collection boxes and agreed that we would start at Seatoller and make our way back through the valley. On the spur of the moment we decided to have our evening meal at the Yew Tree, although not on the proceeds of their boxes as one supposedly witty customer suggested! Seatoller House was our next call, then on to the Farm, Glaramara and eventually to the Scafell Hotel, where the receptionist brought us a box from each bar, and we settled ourselves at a table in the vestibule and proceeded to count the money.

Sitting, waiting for their table in the Dining Room, was a man, his wife, and young son about eight years of age, who was obviously fascinated by the piles of coins being stacked on the table. He ventured to ask the reason for what must have seemed to him like the Bank of England, and we did our best to explain to him the object of these voluntary contributions. He turned to go, then put his hand in his trouser pocket and brought out one 10p piece, looked at it both sides, and then placed it firmly on the table.

"Will that help?" he asked, and looking at the £40 we had just counted, we thanked him profoundly, and assured him that it made all the difference in the world, and with a satisfied smile on his face he returned to his parents.

Jo Watkins

COLLECTION BOX SPONSORS

Barclays Bank
Barn bookshop
Beckstones Guest House
The Beeches G. H.
Black Lion Hotel
Borrowdale Gates Hotel
Borrowdale Hotel
Brannan's Therm. Factory
Brierholme G. H.
Cartmell's Shoeshop
Castlerigg Camp Site Shop
Cathay G. H.

Central Hotel
Cellar Restaurant
Coffee Shop
Coledale Hotel
Conservative Club
Crosthwaite Garage
Crown Inn
Crow Park Hotel
Alan Davis
Denton House
Derwent Bank C.H.A.
Derwent Hill

Derwent Jewellers
Derwentwater Hotel
Derwentwater Camping Site
Dog and Gunn Inn
Farmers Arms Inn
George Fisher Mountain Equipment
R. Fisher Fine Designs
George Hotel
Glaramara C.H.A.
Golden Lion Inn
Grange Cafe
Grange Hotel

Grange Hotel (Keswick)	Laurel Bank G. H.	Seatoller Farm
Grange P.O.	Leather Shop	Seatoller House
Greensleeves	Legburthwaite Y.H.A.	Shemara G.H.
Greystones	Linnet Hill Hotel	Silverdale Hotel
Miss Hall	Lyzick Hall Hotel	Skiddaw Hotel
Harney Peak Hotel	Manesty Caravan Site	Stallwood Hardware
Hawse End Centre	Mary Mount Hotel	Stonegarth G.H.
Hazeldene Hotel	Messenger's Fruit Store	Strathmore G.H.
Heights Hotel	Monkstone G. H.	Mountain World
Hetheringtons	National Trust Inf. Centre	Sun Inn
Highfield G. H.	Newton Place G. H.	Sunnyside G.H.
A. Hill	Oddfellows Arms	Swan Hotel
C. Holmes	Orchard House G. H.	Swinside Hotel
J. Hopps	Packhorse Inn	Thornleigh G.H.
Horse and Farrier Inn	Pheasant Hotel	Thornthwaite Galleries
Keswick Hotel	Portinscale P.O.	Towers Hotel
Keswick Restaurant	R.A.C. Mobile Shop	Townleys Chemist
Keswick Sport and Leisure Centre	Rathbone's Clothing	Mr. & Mrs. Townson
Keswick Travelodge	Ravenstone Hotel	Treeby & Bolton
Keswick Y.H.A.	Ravenworth Hotel	Troutbeck Hotel
Kings Head Hotel	Richmond House	Twa Dogs Inn
Lake Hotel	Rickerby Grange G.H.	Underscar Hotel
Lakeland Rural Industries	Rosthwaite P.O.	Walpole Hotel
Lakeland Sheepskin Centre	Royal Oak Hotel, Rosthwaite	Watendlath Cafe
Lakeside Caravan Site	Royal Oak Motel	White Horse Inn
Lakeside House	Salutation Inn	Mrs. Woolston
Ladstock G. H.	Scafell Hotel	Yew Tree Restaurant
Langstrath	Seathwaite Cafe	

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

Donations 1981-82

Anon. in memory of Mrs. E. Bennett	J. Evans	Portinscale W.I.
Bishop Bell School	W. Flegg Middle School	A. Rathbone
Bowring Ltd.	Messrs. Folder	W. J. Rea
Dr. W. Bewsher	Formby H. School	J. Seymour
Mr. B. S. Bradley	Mr. & Mrs. A. Graham	R. G. Thompson
Miss P. A. Bradley	in memory of	in memory of
4th Bramhall Venture Scouts	Mr. A. E. Harris	Mr. L. Tinsley
Mr. Burnett	Mr. & Mrs. Haslam	I. Tyler
Bury Mountaineering Club	Mr. & Mrs. Heppell	Mr. Wade
Carlisle H.F./C.H.A.	The Hiley Trust	Mr. & Mrs. Warriner
Ramblers Club	in memory of	Mr. & Mrs. Weaver
Carlisle Rambling Club	Mr. J. Jennings	Dr. D. Wilkinson
C. Carter	Kettering School's	Mrs. Woolley
Caterham School	Orchestral Society	I. A. Young
P. Cooper	Keswick & District	
A. J. Coutts	Rambling Club	<i>our thanks to</i>
R. A. Cruse	P. Lambert	<i>hon. auditors</i>
Cumbria Hang Gliding Club	Mr. Morton	<i>bankers</i>
Deaf Mountaineering Club	Nelson & Colne C.H.A.	<i>patrons, donors,</i>
Essex Rambling Club	B. Paxton	<i>and collecting box</i>
	Messrs. Peel	<i>sponsors</i>
	Mrs. D. Pickup	

Keswick Mountain Rescue

Date	Location and Details
09.01.82	Sourmilk Ghyll 1 p.m. male, 31 years. Fell, Ice Climbing, broken leg.
10.02.82	Saddleback 8.30 p.m. male. Search. Found on summit.
28.02.82	Scafell. 9.30 p.m. 2 males. Delayed by weather, self rescued.
20.03.82	Catbells 3.50 p.m. female. Not well, walked down.
24.03.82	Binsey. 2.30 p.m. male. Hang gliding, broken ankle.
27.03.82	Troutdale 4.00 p.m. male. Cragfast, assisted off.
29.03.82	Seathwaite Mines 4.00 p.m. male. Fell on scree, head injuries.
09.04.82	Styhead 11.30 a.m. female. Hit by falling stone, evacuated by Wasdale team.
10.04.82	Rosthwaite 11.30 p.m. male. Search called off until 11.04.82.
11.04.82	Rosthwaite 8.30 a.m. All relevant areas searched, abandoned 4.30 p.m.
11.04.82	Resumed 8.30 p.m. Found off the Watendlath path, minor exposure.
24.04.82	Skiddaw 8.30 p.m. male. Slipped walking, broken leg.
07.05.82	Honister 8.30 p.m. male. Returned home late, but well.
16.05.82	Dunmail Raise 4.30 p.m. male, aged 11 years. Fell in Raise Ghyll, head injuries.
13.06.82	Coombe Ghyll 2.50 p.m. male, aged 25 years. Cragfast, assisted down, no injuries.
26.06.82	Carrock Mine 2.45 p.m. female. Broken leg, team called but not needed.
17.07.82	River Greta, Crosthwaite Road. Assisting Police, removal of body from River bed.
23.07.82	Skiddaw 5.45 p.m. female. Collapsed, assisted down.
24.07.82	Goat Crag. Walking, fell. Injury to hip.
07.08.82	Lyth Valley. Panel Meet. Search, man missing. Casualty found, airlifted to Lancaster hospital.
17.08.82	Raven Crag. Flashing lights seen 9.45 p.m. Camper found.
25.08.82	Scafell - Hoax call. Teams called: Wasdale, Eskdale O.B., Cockermouth, Millom, Langdale, RAF Boulmer, S.A.R.D.A. Search abandoned.
25.08.82	Latrigg 5 p.m. female. Collapsed on Latrigg, removed to hospital.
30.08.82	Gowder Crag 1 p.m. male. Struck by rock (see later pages) Fatal.
31.08.82	Blencathra 3 p.m. male, aged 50 years. Fell, walking, broken leg.
08.09.82	Helvellyn 7 a.m. male, aged 29 years. Walking, turned up after night on hill.
16.09.82	Seathwaite, 4.45 p.m. female. Fell, descending, suspect internal injuries.
23.09.82	Scafell 11 p.m. Group of 7 missing. Turned up at Seathwaite 1 a.m.
16.10.82	Scafell 2.00 p.m. male. Benighted, no torch, assisted down.
18.10.82	Force Crag 12.20 p.m. male. Fell, descending, dislocated elbow.
30.10.82	Esk Hause 6 a.m. male. Missing, found 1 p.m. Esk Hause.
06.11.82	Shepherds Crag 2.30 p.m. male. Climbing, fell off Little Chamonix, head injuries.
07.11.82	Bannerdale 12.15 p.m. male. Walking, heart attack, airlifted to Carlisle Infirmary
13.11.82	Honister/Pillar 12.00 p.m. Group of 3. Same party as following callout.
14.11.82	Taylor Ghyll. 12.55 a.m. Group of 3 benighted, assisted down.
14.11.82	Grey Knotts 1 p.m. female. Slipped, walking, leg injury.

- 14.11.82 Great Gable 2 p.m. male. Heart attack, fatal.
 27.11.82 Brundholme Bridge 1 p.m. male. Fell through bridge, back injuries.
 10.12.82 Wythburn 3.30 p.m. male. Crashed aeroplane, assisting Police.
 14.12.82 Brown Cove 5.30 p.m. male. Fell through cornice, fatal.
 19.12.82 Styhead 12.30 p.m. female. Collapsed through exposure.
-

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
 V. G. Claydon
 Mrs. F. C. Coope
 Dr. E. Coupland
 E. L. Cummings
 Mr. & Mrs. J. Currie
 N. Eyres

P. M. Geake
 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
 D. Melvin
 J. E. Miller
 Mrs. P. Nutter
 F. E. Oglethorpe
 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
 Mr. & Mrs. J. Wain
 D. B. N. Walker
 Wayfarer's Club
 Mr. & Mrs. Whelan
 J. B. Wivell
 W. Woolley

BALANCE SHEET AS AT 30 NOVEMBER 1982

1981		1981
20557	ACCUMULATED FUND As at 30 November 1980 Less: Deficit from Income & Expenditure Acc. Donation to Search & Rescue Dog Association	20557 80 <u>800</u> 19677
		<u>£19677</u>
	STRETCHER EQUIPMENT As at 30 November 1981 320 Less: Depreciation	320 40 <u>280</u>
	RADIO EQUIPMENT As at 30 November 1981 Expenditure this Year	2100 940 3040 <u>340</u> 2700
	GENERAL EQUIPMENT As at 30 November 1981 Expenditure this Year	1400 714 2114 <u>214</u> 1900
	MOTOR VEHICLES As at 30 November 1981 Less: Depreciation	6700 1250 <u>5450</u>
	CONSUMABLE STORES As per Valuation	80
	BALANCE AT BANKERS Current Account Deposit Account Deposit Account (Reserve for clothing)	1580 4347 <u>3000</u> 8927
	CASH IN HAND	NIL
	20557	<u>£19677</u>

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

Keswick
24 January 1983

WARD & PRIDMORE
Chartered Accountants
Hon. Auditors

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT FOR YEAR ENDED 30 NOVEMBER 1982

1981	Motor Vehicle Expenses		1981	Patrons' Subscriptions	624
279	Insurances	305	595	Donations & Grants	2391
294	Petrol & Oil	285	2589	Collecting Boxes	1581
661	Repairs & Maintenance	311	1558	Bank Deposit Interest	824
		901	887	Income Tax Recoverable on Covenanted	
				Donations	340
201	Garage & Team HQ Expenses				
379	Rent & Rates	209			
778	Telephone & Electricity	522			
778	Repairs & Renewals	586			
224	Insurance	224	223		
18	Consumable Stores	94			
395	Maintenance of Radio Equipment	247			
165	Radio Licences	165			
609	Printing & Stationery	532			
	(inc. Annual Report)	90			
90	Personnel Insurance	99			
77	Postages & Sundry Expenses	293			
559	Maintenance of General Equipment	45	1565		
320	Course Expenses				
580	EXCESS OF GENERAL INCOME OVER EXPENDITURE FOR THE YEAR CARRIED DOWN	1754			
		<u>£5760</u>	<u>5629</u>		<u>£5760</u>
258	Personnel Equipment	90	580	Balance Brought Down	1754
2104	Depreciation of Vehicles & Equipment	1844	1200	Legacy (Mrs. E. Bennett)	100
			582	BALANCE-DEFICIT CARRIED TO ACCUMULATED FUND	80
		<u>£1934</u>	<u>2362</u>		<u>£1934</u>

