

K.M.R.T.



C. J. J. 84

Keswick Mountain Rescue Team 1984

(formed 1947)

Affiliated to the Mountain Rescue Committee

Registered Charity

Annual Report 1983

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, M.B.E., *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: Geoff Davidson

Assistant Transport Officer: T. Calam, *Mechanic*

Editor: I. Honeysett, *British Telecom*

Assistant Editor: David Brown, *Teacher*

Training Officer: Paul Horder, *Outdoor Activity Instructor*

Trustees: George Fisher, Ken Brannan and David Hume

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D. V. Angus, *Ranger*

C. E. Arnison, *Solicitor*

M. W. D. Atkinson, *Teacher*

J. Barber, *Shop Assistant*

W. 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*

C. Francis, *Shop Assistant*

G. Graham, *Auction Porter*

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M. Hardman, *Ambulanceman*

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H. E. Watkins, *Handyman*

D. A. Weeks, *Shop Assistant*

Mrs. J. Weeks,

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 Leader's Report

Most of our rescues, and we had 48 this year, tend to merge together in the memory, as so many of them are the same. A fast sprint up carrying heavy gear, first aid, and a carry down, requiring no high degree of skill apart from fitness and team work.

Just now and again however a call out puts to test our climbing and crag rescue ability. A skill we spend many hours practicing to perfect. This year we had two such rescues.

The first, near the top of Raven Crag Gully in Combe Gill and the second, in Custs Gully, Great End under the large chock stone. Both involved serious leg fractures requiring splinting and a stretcher and both in very awkward situations. Both needed complicated lowers. On Ravens, a pull out of the gully on to the left face and a long two stage Barrow Boy lower. In Custs a delicate Barrow Boy down the rotten bed of the gully. Both rescues were carried out with skill, swiftly and with minimum discomfort to the patients.

A tribute I think to the dedication and expertise of the team. The two rescues raised two very interesting points.

The man in Ravens Gully was soloing and luckily had a whistle. This was heard by two climbers, a man and his wife walking on the other side of the combe, who made the long detour round. The man then abseiled down to the victim and his wife went for help. How lucky he was to be heard by two such responsible people, for his plight could have been very different but for their prompt help.

The companion of the injured woman in Custs Gully was a helicopter pilot (stationed in Northern Ireland) and he called out a helicopter from Bulmer. Now it has always been our policy to carry on with the call out working on the assumption that the 'chopper' might not

make it. In this case it was vindicated as the helicopter could not winch from the location - too narrow and deep - but it was very handy taking gear and team members to the top and, of course, swiftly evacuating the casualty to hospital.

My thanks to all team members for their prompt response to our many call outs and to our Officers, and to Patrons and many friends for their continuing support.
Mike Nixon

Radio Report

We have always been fortunate over the past years with there being several supplies of radios suitable for the Search and Rescue specification but commercial influence has been at work and due to the relatively small demand for these radios there now remains only one manufacturer.

We have purchased one of the latest specification radios from the last remaining supplier and we are working with the manufacturers to "get the bugs ironed out" of the unit.

Radio use by members of the team has been extended through practice in the past years and several good high level relay positions have been located. This information will help with possible future emergencies.

Work still proceeds to increase the radio communications in many ways and we look forward to the day (Utopia?) when we may have radio communication via satellite.

Bill Booth.

Training

Perhaps 1983 has been our busiest year ever with a record of 48 callouts. In one seven day spell, some members were out on five occasions. In spite of this, time has still been found for training. In all, 900 man-hours have been spent over

14 practices - some at week-ends and some on summer Thursday evenings.

We have lost a most competent and popular member to the microchip. Iain Johnson was not with us for long, but had shown his usefulness, not least in practices. On the other hand, the recent addition of two local ambulance men, Bernard Plaskett and Martin Hardman, is not only proving to be of great value to us on callouts, but their expertise and experience is being most useful in our training programme.

The training programme has covered a great number of aspects of mountain rescue. Radio work has covered 'procedure', use of special equipment, and attempts to penetrate areas which were previously 'blind spots'. For years, most of Langstrath has been a lonely place for a rescuer to be. He could be out of touch for a couple of hours on a search only to find that the lost person had been found earlier. By then the rescuer might have been on Esk Hause instead of back in bed. Now, however, we can keep in touch for 90% of the time, by strategically placing the Landrover and putting up the 30' aerial mast.

When a new guide to Scrambling was published, we anticipated extra 'trade' from the increased use of these routes. We looked at a couple of possible black spots. Two of our callouts (6 and 17) were, in fact, routes from the book. Both accidents were similar, and one required the assistance of helicopter evacuation.

Other aspects of training covered snow and ice techniques, including searching for bodies buried in avalanches. (Yes, every few years, people do get buried in avalanches in the Lake District! Our own particular black spot is Great End.)

Whilst lowering a stretcher down a 500' rock face is a rare occurrence in mountain rescue, by practising this, in vertical and horizontal positions, we are kept on our toes in many aspects - working together as a team, handling ropes as long as 500', selecting and using a variety of anchor points such as trees, spikes of

rock, wedges in cracks and pitons hammered into the rock. We also become more familiar with our area in this way. Navigation - often an unnecessary skill for a rescuer - can sometimes be essential. We shared a navigation exercise with Langdale/Ambleside Team in the summer, and, later in the year, we had our night navigation exercise.

One local disused mine is being increasingly used by many individuals and organisations for exploration and adventure. Over the years, at least three rescues have already been carried out at this mine. To keep ourselves familiar with its problems, we paid it a visit one evening.

Most rescues are technically straightforward and just involve hard physical work. Last year, only two rescues were 'tricky' (25 and 30). The first of these demanded just about all the resources and expertise that we had. It involved a serious injury, a two-stage lower, first out of a gully, then down a cliff face, several hundred feet at night on a major crag. A training programme can never do enough. We are fortunate that the team which we have is so well able to cope with such incidents.

Paul Horder.

Search and Rescue Dog Association

It has been a year without great incident for the dog handlers of Keswick team. Apart from regular weekly training on Tuesday evenings there have been several training weekends throughout the year both in the Lakes and the North of England and visits have been made to both the Scottish and Welsh associations. The four-day annual course was once again held in Keswick.

During the year the dogs have been involved in seven searches for missing

persons, both in our own area and also further afield in the South Lakes and Pennines. A more unusual task was the clearing of avalanche debris on the Mungrisdale - Mosedale road this winter.

After this year's annual course there are now five dog handlers in the Keswick team. I am sure that we would all like to thank our 'bodies' - wives and friends who lie out in all weathers waiting to be found and without whose help training would be impossible.

David Brown.

Looking Back

The Keswick Mountain Team's Annual Report might seem to be "repetition of previous years", but while rescue locations are often repeated, the circumstances involved are usually quite different.

Many National and International Mountaineers often enjoy climbing in the Lake District - indeed some with Everest and Alpine conquests are living here with their families. It was the rescue of the late Wilfrid Noyce from Gable Crag (April 1946) led by our President and Founder Member Lt. Col. "Rusty" Westmorland, O.B.E. that inspired the idea of a Keswick Mountain Rescue Team in 1947 - Coniston having led the way the previous year with a Team organised by their local Guide the late Jim Cameron who was also Team Leader. For many years now we have had several Teams offering virtually complete coverage of our Lake District National Park.

In our 1970 Annual Report we are reminded that the total number of rescues in 1948 was only 4 and at the time of going to press - December 1983 - we have recorded 48 "calls" and the comparisons in these figures obviously indicate the often urgent need of our voluntary services.

In the same report I wrote "BE RESCUE WISE" and I quote, "The reader will appreciate that mountain safety and all it entails is a matter of experience but it would be wishful thinking to expect all party leaders of guided walks etc., to be qualified Guides holding a C.C.P.R. or equivalent degree of competence."

Nevertheless, the opportunity exists today for the potential mountaineer to improve his - or her - standards to meet with basic requirements on climbing courses which are available in many parts of Britain.

All Mountain Guides are respectfully reminded of the full extent of their responsibilities and of the great disparity between summer and winter conditions and the, too often, tragic consequences of ignoring them. Particularly in the higher regions when gale force winds and dangerous alpine conditions prevail and any decision to return to base should never be thought of as failure, but obviously in the interests of all concerned.

We welcome visitors to the Lake District, the great majority of whom enjoy various outdoor pursuits with one of our many fell walks or a relaxing stroll in our lovely valleys and the scenic grandeur around them.

Visitors and Youth Groups are welcome to visit our Mountain Rescue H.Q. when our modern equipment can be seen, along with a short explanatory talk.

Phone - *Mr. F. Mills*,
Keswick (0596) 73187

Busy Weekend

The 'phone rang during the Whitsun school holidays: "Can you make a call out? A young boy with leg injuries on Allen Crag".

You can't ignore that: all family plans for the day were abandoned. Soon the first landrover was pulling off the track just below Stockley Bridge. The necessary

equipment went on our backs, the lovely hot, still day taking on a different complexion in Ruddy Gill. Then we stopped, word came back that the lad was being helped down via Sty Head. I pressed on to the top of the gill, then came the task of catching up with the leaders who had gone ahead at a tremendous pace. Half running along the track, with the stretcher crashing about on my back, I couldn't believe the boy had such a start on us.

At last I caught the others, stopped with the second landrover party who had been diverted up to Sty Head Tarn. Our "patient" had gone happily past them on his own feet. They had only found out by chance. Later, back at the vehicles, I could not decide which of the boys we had been called out for. Rather a waste of a days holiday.

A couple of days later, another callout: someone with head injuries on Gillercomb Buttress. On arrival at the foot of the gully we could see he needed us urgently. After first aid to his worst injuries, he was manoeuvred out from among the boulders and on to the stretcher, then down the rough side to open ground. There we waited for the helicopter to take him to Newcastle.

When I got home, the others had gone out for a meal. This time, though, they felt that the disruption of their day had been worthwhile.

There were five callouts that holiday.

Dom. Atkinson.

Munro magic

Why an 'ageing' dentist, bleary eyed from a days work and a five hour drive to Braemar should have been befriended and entertained by half a dozen young Aberdonians on Friday 8th July at 10 p.m. in the Forfar Arms I do not know.

Needless to say, it was a late to rise and very woolly headed Sassenach who set out for his Munro on Saturday morning.

I had four in mind, all quite remote, so I took the two man bivvi bag issued to S.A.R.D.A. handlers with me. I was soon to have quite a night in it.

I left Inverey and headed up the heathery slopes to my first rounded Munro, Carn Bhac. It was a real scorcher of a day and on my way up I stopped for a rest. I woke up two hours later as pink as a lobster! But the day was changing. I could hear thunder rumbling over the Cairngorms. The air had that opaqueness similar to when ones eyes are glued together with sleep. I didn't think much about this, I was too happy enjoying the hills, the deer, the isolation.

I grunted my way up Beinn Tutharn Mhor, made special by the delightful little tarn 'Lochan Uaine'. The cloud was gathering now, obliterating the top 500 feet. I couldn't help thinking that if I hadn't met the lads from Aberdeen last night, I would have been making camp after my fourth Munro by now! I found my way down to the south col and worked my way round eastwards to a top, Beinn Iutharn Beg and started back West again for Mam nan Carn.

It was raining August Monsoon rain now and I was drenched. Thunder was crashing all around and lightning kept lighting up the gloom. The dogs trailed along, backs arched, heads down, tails between their legs. I felt scared and my skin crept. I tried to rationalise my thoughts, tried to think of the parts of the hill they tell you are least likely to be hit by lightning. It didn't work. I just ran hell for leather over the Munro and down the hill to the col between Mam nan Crn and my next objective, Carn nan Righ.

I had still been thinking of going up the next Munro, but the rain was getting heavier, the lightning nearer and more frequent and the thunder claps were running into one another. I floated my bivvi sac on two inches of flowing water and got into my sleeping bag. The dogs

lay at my head, quivering. The noise was incredible, echoing round and round the hills. I watched the lightning as a rat watches a Cobra. Over the next two hours I saw at least 50 strikes on the hillside around me. Some were so close that I saw them hit and ignite the heather into puffs of smoke. I felt very alone. I was about 15km. from the nearest road. I just had to sit it out. My brain went into neutral. I didn't relive my past, or think about things I wish I had done, my mind just went blank and I was detached from the event. I can remember crying a bit but not through emotion but because I ... thought I ought to be crying. I can remember the smell of burning heather and I can remember that the dogs were covered in lots of little white worms as thin as hairs. The storm abated, really without me being aware of it and I drifted into an uneasy sleep.

I awoke to an orange dawn. All was wonderful again! What had happened yesterday anyway? By 5 a.m. I was on the top of Carn an Righ watching the sun struggling up over the Glen Clova hills and Lochnagar. I dived down into the gloom of the col and packed up my gear. The walk over to Glas Tulaichean is memories of grazing deer, calling grouse, boots going through dewey cobwebs; peace of mind. I tied the bivvi bag to a decaying fence post to dry and sat on the top of the hill thinking of the previous evening. Yes, it had been the most frightening time of my life, but one does have to make the odd sacrifice for ones pleasures.

Iain Wallace.

A Day in the Hills

One Friday evening in the local hostelry someone popped the usual question 'Where to this weekend? Dave suggested the inevitable - "How about a trip down a mine?"

No comment from the assembled company consisting of myself, Trevor, Alan Dean the National Trust Warden, plus a few other acquaintances.

After a lull in the conversation Alan said he knew someone who was writing an article on 'mining' in the Keswick area, would this person be able to come along if and when we did go on this trip! Nothing materialised that weekend except that we arranged to investigate at a later date the old mine shaft near the north end of Catbells ridge. It was decided to give the mines rescue equipment an airing particularly to see how the telephone handline performed.

About a dozen of us set out on the morning of 23rd October wondering if it was possible to bottom this lethal looking hole. We parked at Skelgill Farm then struggled up the north west flank on to the ridge with all the gear.

It was a beautiful morning with a slight wind but sunny and sheltered at the shaft top. At this moment in time I suspect we all had the same thought 'Why go down a dark dingy looking hole on a morning like this. "Who's going down?" someone asked. "He is" replied Trevor pointing a long finger towards Dave, "Thought it might be me" Dave quietly replied.

Whilst he geared up, the rest of us sorted out the ropes, slings etc., and started looking for anchor points. For the abseil rope a five foot cast pipe was hammered into the fellside adjacent to the shaft. The main belay was rather harder to find, Dave deciding to use three rock pitons interconnected about forty feet above and back from the shaft head.

Everything set up, belays double checked, Trevor manned the field telephone. I tied on to main belay starting to top rope Dave as he cautiously disappeared into the unknown. The field telephone crackled into life "How's it going?" asked Trevor, "OK so far" was the reply.

I slowly paid out the life line until Trevor shouted across "Tight rope required" at the same time telling Alan that Dave

wanted a word. There was quite a delay, a long conversation took place presumably about minerals, an additional delay also occurred caused by the arrival of our editor who managed to pass some unprintable remarks as to what we were doing and why. Things began to move again, another thirty feet of rope disappearing down the shaft.

The field telephone was quiet, I became a little concerned asking Trevor to make contact again, he tried but there was no reply. I immediately took in slack which amounted to about fifteen feet, he must be climbing up I thought. Suddenly the field telephone burst into life, the cable having apparently disconnected itself from Dave's helmet. Dave again continued down as far as the belay rope allowed approximately 90 feet. At this point he had arrived at the top of a deep stoping, still unable to see the bottom.

The air or rather lack of it was rather foul at this point, partly forcing a decision to jumar out. After what seemed ages the clank of hardware was heard and a sweaty, dirty, human appeared (we *think* he's human anyway!) pleased, I am sure, to be back in the land of the living again, able to fill his lungs with clear atmospheric O₂.

After a quick brief it was decided to return to Keswick to discuss the morning's exercise in more suitable surroundings over lunch. On joining the road above Hawes End a gentleman flagged us down informing us his wife had fallen sustaining a badly sprained ankle, could we help?

The lady was recumbent about 200 feet above the road, and on arrival was found to be in a lot of pain and slightly distressed. She had taken quite a heavy fall on to her right ankle. On examination all the signs and symptoms of a fracture were apparent, notably the swelling and deformity. Suspecting her injury might require surgery someone was despatched to arrange for an ambulance to attend. In the meantime a jet splint was applied.

The patient was made as comfortable as possible and stretched down to the road from where she was then transported by ambulance to the Cumberland Infirmary, Carlisle. We all hope she has made a full recovery.

Well that concluded our morning exercise and unexpected rescue. We managed eventually to fit in our lunch plus a visit to Goldscope mine the same afternoon. Looking back we hope no-one is unfortunate enough to slip into that shaft. At least we now know what to expect and what equipment will be required to execute a successful rescue.

M. Hardman.

Wait for me

Crisp, early morns, are made for walks
on fells with dogs at heel.

Once through the farmyard, unleashed,
the excitement which they feel,
Is shown in wagging tails, and noses
thrust against the dewy ground,
Paws scratching at the earth where,
hopefully, small treasures may be
found.

Then at a call from man they know it's
time to turn for home.
But age doth take its toll of beast just like
it does of men,

The body tires, and breath must cease,
there's no use for lead again.
One walks the woods with memories and
sometimes thinks one sees,
A flash of furry black and white,
scurrying through the trees,
The urge to call, but eyes play tricks,
there's nothing there to see,
Unless it's from the spirit world, and it's
panting "Wait for me".

Jo Watkins.

Keswick Mountain Rescue Team

Date	Location and Details
02.01.83	Foot of Sticks Pass. 2000 hrs. Female, 20 years. Putting on rucksack. Prolapsed disc. Found sheltering in tent. Ambulance crew already in attendance.
15.01.83	Little Chamonix. 1130 hrs. male, 19 years. Fall. Concussion, multiple injuries. Damp.
26.01.83	Force Crag Mine. 1135 hrs. 3 Foxhounds. Lost on hunt, fell down shaft. Shaken but uninjured.
13.02.83	Maidenhead, Great End. 2300 hrs. 2 males, 28 years. Took over 5 hours to climb Central Gulley, became benighted. Found dug into snowdrift at 0200 hrs.
12.03.83	Drum House Track. 16.50 hrs. male, 50 years. Slip on sleeper, dislocated shoulder. Dull and misty.
19.03.83	N.E. Buttress, Gillercombe. 1350 hrs. male, 34 years. Slipped, lacerations, haematoma on spine. Taken by Helicopter to West Cumberland Hospital, Hensingham. Wet.
20.03.83	Causey Pike, Scar Crag ridge. 1527 hrs. male, 54 years. Heart Attack. Fatal.
22.03.83	Seven Sisters, below Carrock Fell summit. 1430 hrs. 2 females 19 years. Exposure. One able to walk down, other treated with hot air apparatus.
26.03.83	Aaron Slack. 1820 hrs. male. Slipped, scalp injuries. Assisted to Wasdale.
4.04.83	Skiddaw Forest. 1215 hrs. Mystery package. Request from police for Land Rover assistance. Item thought to be from weather balloon.
11.04.83	Sharp Edge. 1555 hrs. male. Cragfast. Cool and dry.
12.04.83	Doddick Fell. 1410 hrs. female. Sprained ankle. Cool, bright and sunny.
30.04.83	Moses Trod near Green Gable. 2115 hrs. female. Knee injuries, walked down to Honister. Dry and clear.
1.05.83	Halfway House, Jenkin Hill. 1325 hrs. male. Cramp in legs. Cold, raining.
28.05.83	Greenup Edge. 1600 hrs. female. Exposure. Cold and cloudy.
31.05.83	Allen Crag/Esk Hause. 1430 hrs. male. Leg injuries, found walking down. Fine and warm.
3.06.83	N. E. Buttress, Gillercome. 1530 hrs. male. Slipped, serious head injuries. Helicopter to Newcastle. Warm and raining.
4.06.83	Castle Rock, Thirlmere. 1430 hrs. male. Fell, concussion and cuts. Escorted down by friend. Fine and warm
5.06.83	Scales Fell below Sharp Edge. 1015 hrs. male. Slipped, facial and arm lacerations.
03.07.83	Ashness Gill, above waterfalls. 1440 hrs. female. Heart attack, fatal. Fine and sunny.
17.07.83	Sail, path on E. ridge. 1500 hrs. male. Sprained ankle. Electrical storm.
3.07.83	Skiddaw summit. 1515 hrs. female. Leg injuries, mild exposure. Hot and sunny.

Incident Report

Date	Location and Details
17.07.83	Glaramara summit. 2020 hrs. male. Party split up, two members turned up at Seathwaite, third member found by police at Scafell Hotel.
17.07.83	Derwentwater boat landings. 2355 hrs. male. Youth swimming, drunk. Assisted police. Youth later reported to police.
20.07.83	Raven Crag Gully, Combe Gill. 1930 hrs. male. Slipped whilst soloing. Right femur, head and arm injuries. Clear, still and warm.
24.07.83	Scale Close Coppice. 1645 hrs. female. Tripped over root, fracture to ankle. Warm and dry.
28.07.83	Maiden Moor. 1500 hrs. male. Heart attack, fatal. Fine and warm.
28.07.83	Watendlath/Dock Tarn. 2330 hrs. female. Separated from party, lost. Found by police.
31. 7.83	Helvellyn, track above Wythburn. 1245 hrs. female. Ankle injuries. Fine. Hot.
2. 8.83	Donkeys Ears, Shepherds Crag. 1600 hrs. female. Chest pains. Fine.
7. 8.83	5 minutes beyond 1000' boulder. Tripped over stone, scalp lacerations. Hot and dry.
10. 8.83	Walla Crag. 1900 hrs. male. Fell 200' over crag. Fatal. Fine and warm.
14. 8.83	Whittas Fell, Bewaldeth. 1500 hrs. male. Hang glider accident. Carried down by police and ambulance personnel. Fine and warm.
17. 8.83	Wasdale. 1045 hrs. female. Token search for missing girl. Low cloud and drizzle.
17. 8.83	Yeastyrigg Crag. 1330 hrs. male. Fell after leaving suicide note. Evacuated by helicopter. Low cloud and drizzle.
17. 8.83	Castle Rock, Overhanging Bastion. 1600 hrs. Fell, fractured skull and rib injuries. Very warm and sunny.
24. 8.83	Grains Gill path. 1430 hrs. male. Heart attack, fatal. Warm.
31. 8.83	Rosset Gill. 2230 hrs. male. Overdue on walk to Scafell Pike. Found shortly after midnight. Dry.
6. 9.83	Custs Gully. 1700 hrs. female. Broken leg. Airlifted by helicopter. Cool and dry.
24. 9.83	Jackdaw Ridge, Shepherd's Crag. 1440 hrs. female. fell, leg injuries. Drizzle.
25. 9.83	Cross Fell, Pennines. 0645 hrs. male. Lost and benighted. Mild.
8.10.83	Langdale-Wasdale. 2330 hrs. three males. Reported overdue. Found on Campsite, supervisor had missed tent. Clear overnight.
9.10.83	Foot of Curvus, Coombe Gill. 1345 hrs. female. Hit by dislodged stone, lacerated scalp and concussion. Wet.
11.10.83	Ashness Bridge on Walla path. 1345 hrs. female. Slipped, injured ankle. Cool, windy and showery.
23.10.83	Catbells, 100 yds. from road. 1215 hrs. female. Injuries to right ankle. Wet.
20.11.83	Above Ashness Bridge. 1430 hrs. female. Overbalanced by dog, ligament injuries to knee. Fine.
5.12.83	Dow Crag. 0600 hrs. two males. Benighted.
28.12.83	Castle Crag/Goat Crag area. Search after report of flares being seen. Nothing found. Drizzle.

Blencathra via Halls Fell

Last October I made an attempt up Blencathra via Halls Fell. The conditions were atrocious — strong winds and heavy rain. I decided to turn back just beyond the tower. This proved a wise decision for later in the Horse & Farrier I met a party who had also turned back.

My next attempt was not as cold, although it was raining when I started the ascent about 8.45 am, the mist covering the ridge ahead. At the snow line I was aware that the rock was coated with clear ice but the snow allowed easy walking. I continued at a steady pace keeping mostly to the snow fields (I had no ice-axe or crampons) and conditions were favourable i.e. not much cross-wind or spindrift. Below the tower I considered turning back but found no problems in negotiating this obstacle. I continued for some length and am not sure whether or not I reached the pinnacle — doubtful! All the time I was still considering backtracking and at approximately 10.30 am I stopped and realised it was ridiculous to continue. My plan was to rest, eat, drink and return slowly. However, as I returned to shelter under a crag I slipped down an ice-slope (time approx. 10.30 - 10.45 am)

I went very quickly down the slope, in attempting to stop I was thrown over and over again, sometimes knocking my head as I bounced. The fall lasted between 10 - 30 seconds; I lost a few items from my pack during my rapid descent. Eventually, I stopped in a pile of soft snow with blood pouring from my face. I felt myself over and realised nothing was broken, or seemed broken. Realising this, I decided to edge my way down the slope on my backside, the snow was softer, on looking up I could not see the ridge (with the low mist covering) so it was difficult to determine how far I had fallen. At one point the snow became soft and hollow in

places, I could see water - Doddick Gill. I moved to the slopes adjacent and rested. I checked my position and equipment:

- 1) Still had plenty of rations.
- 2) My hands were ripped open on the descent so I covered with mittens.
- 3) One leg felt bad - muscle sprain but I knew I could still walk on it.
- 4) I was not cold or tired; the knock on the head had not affected any senses.
- 5) I felt confident and determined to get back. The scree stones were not ice-coated, so I knew I was below the hard ice slopes.

After a few minutes I made my way down the gill alternating with snow slopes using heather hand-holds when the gill became too rough or steep. I was not sure how long the descent would take so saved the rations and planned stops every half hour. During this descent I was very confident of returning safe if I planned each route logically and still was in good spirits having survived the fall. I kept a reasonable pace knowing that my legs were wet and to reduce the possibility of early signs of exposure. After some time the gill levelled and I knew I was safe. I made my way down to Doddick Farm but finding no one to help, returned to Threlkeld - 11.45 am?

I was not suffering any kind of shock until later at night, though this was combined with tiredness. Looking back I should have carried an ice-axe or returned before reaching the tower and left some indication of my route. Advice I would give to anybody in a similar situation is to stay calm, check for serious injuries, look positively at what things you still have rather than become depressed over what you have lost. Overall, however, I guess it is individual determination and a recognition of your own capabilities which makes the difference.

N. Fletcher.

In this situation Mr. Fletcher's determination and self rescue would have

obviously saved his own life. By his own admission he had left no indication of route and a rather large panel search would have had to be organised. The real object lesson of this is "tell someone where you are going!"

A Night in the Life of ...

The phone always rings before tea!

A walk up Langstrath to search for a missing person sounds easy enough. Four of us set off from Stonethwaite, in pairs, to walk each side of Langstrath Beck. Jokes echoed across the valley floor as we trudged on in thickening mist and deepening gloom.

"Might as well carry on to Angle Tarn"

"OK"

"And then Esk Hause"

So we arrived, stomach rattling, knees knocking, visibility two yards, at Esk Hause shelter.

Des opened his pack, "some coffee here". Donald opened his pack, I helped. Spare socks, notebook, map, first aid kit, radio, torch, batteries, no food. Donald opened the first aid kit! Inside was a date block, he picked it out and sniffed it.

"Hmm must've been in there for years, reeks of T.C.P." He started to close the lid. I restrained him gently. "Looks good, that!"

A few minutes later some coffee washed down the remnants. And so with renewed purpose we marched on to Styhead and Seathwaite and to bed at 2 a.m.

No one was rescued, no one was saved, but I didn't get a sore throat for months!

Pete Johnson.

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

1982	Patrons' Subscriptions	568	1982	Motor Vehicle Expenses	321	1777
624	Donations & Grants	2452	305	Insurances	379	
2391	Collecting Boxes	1371	285	Petrol & Oil	1077	
1581	Bank Deposit Interest	329	311	Repairs & Maintenance		
824	Income Tax Recoverable on Covenanted					
340	Donations					
	EXCESS OF GENERAL EXPENDITURE			Garage & Team HQ Expenses		
	OVER INCOME FOR THE YEAR			Rent & Rates	207	
	CARRIED DOWN	300		Telephone & Electricity	670	
				Repairs & Renewals	85	
				Insurance	87	1049
5760				Consumable Stores	60	
	Balance Brought Down	£5020		Maintenance of Radio Equipment	131	
1754	Legacy (Miss E. Phillips)	5644		Radio Licences	165	
100				Printing & Stationery		
				(inc. Annual Report)		
				Personnel Insurance	750	
				Postages & Sundry Expenses	413	
80	BALANCE-DEFICIT CARRIED DOWN			Maintenance of General Equipment	126	
	TO ACCUMULATED FUND			Course Expenses	382	
				Insurance of General Equipment	167	2194
			1754	EXCESS OF GENERAL INCOME		
				OVER EXPENDITURE FOR THE		
				YEAR CARRIED DOWN		
			5760			£5020
				Balance Brought Down		300
			90	Personnel Equipment		3574
			1844	Depreciation of Vehicles & Equipment		1590
				Balance - Surplus Carried to Accumulated		180
				Fund		£5644
1934		£5644	1934			

BALANCE SHEET AS AT 30 NOVEMBER 1983

1982	19677	1982	1982
ACCUMULATED FUND		STRETCHER EQUIPMENT	
As at 30 November 1982	19677	As at 30 November 1982	280
Add: Surplus from Income & Expenditure Acc.	180	Less: Depreciation	40
	19857		240
19677	1000	RADIO EQUIPMENT	
Less: Donation to Cockeremouth M.R.T. Appeal	18857	As at 30 November 1982	2700
		Less: Depreciation	300
			2400
		GENERAL EQUIPMENT	
		As at 30 November 1982	1900
		Less: Depreciation	200
			1700
		MOTOR VEHICLES	
		As at 30 November 1982	5450
		Less: Depreciation	1050
			4400
		CONSUMABLE STORES	
		As per Valuation	80
		BALANCE AT BANKERS	
		Midland Bank plc Current Account	2037
		Midland Bank plc Deposit Account	8000
		National Savings Bank Investment Acc.	10037
		INCOME TAX RECOVERABLE	
19677	19677		19677
	£18857		£18857

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 1984

WARD & PRIDMORE
Chartered Accountants
Hon. Auditors

KESWICK MOUNTAIN RESCUE

