

## TROUTBECK TO POOLEY BRIDGE.

**Tuesday 24<sup>th</sup> June 2003**

**Group Members. Roy, David & Trevor**

**Time taken 9 hours 3 minutes - Distance 17 ¼ miles**

**Height climbed 4600 feet - Average Speed 1.91.m.p.h.**

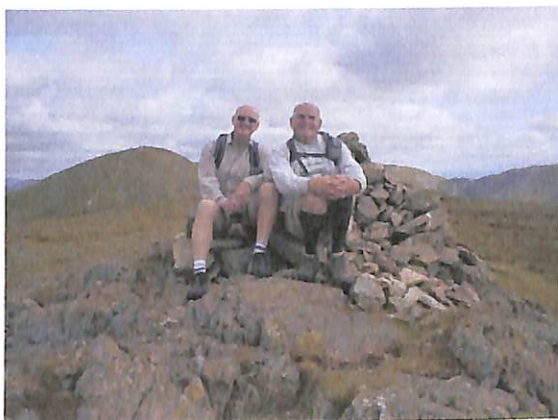
With Cyril on holiday in Switzerland, Tony about to depart for Austria, Bill giving a lecture in Morecambe and Terry with an appointment at Airedale, the remainder of the group prepared for an epic walk along the mountains above the length of Ullswater and beyond from Troutbeck to Pooley Bridge.

A cunning plan had been devised in that David's car was to be parked at Troutbeck and Shirley and Sheila coming up to the Lakes later in the day would collect the vehicle, and meet us at the end of the day in Pooley Bridge.

The excursion nearly didn't get going as David and Trevor en route to Lawkland met a lorry laden with earth on the chicane near Lawkland Green, but evasive action by both drivers saved the day !

After a pleasant drive we duly arrived at Troutbeck and parked the car safely for collection later by Shirley. On parade it was noticed that all three of us had trekker type shoes, and all three of us had shorts, we must have impressed the lady on horseback who wished us well as we left the car park !

David had suggested the walk which he had undertaken last year, but Roy suggested that it be amended so that three more summits were added to the route, so it was with some trepidation that the group set off on the marathon walk up the Garburn Road. The weather and temperature were grand for walking and superb views were to be seen on the ascent. The discovery of a body of a young fawn was rather depressing and we assumed it had met its fate by running into a strand of barbed wire. Then surprise, surprise we came across two workmen with a digger strengthening a culvert under the road. Someone said it was to ensure that 4 x 4 drivers would have a more pleasant ride in the area !



Trevor and David at Yoke.

Just as we were on the approaches of Yoke, Trevor suddenly cried out in alarm that he had left all his drink at home, and we were not likely to see any water until we would reach Pooley Bridge. However Roy passed over a bottle of Lucazade which obviously did the trick as Trevor surged to the lead to reach the next few summits in grand style. Later David was to supplement Trevor's thirst with some spare drink so all ended well. We did wonder if Doris would follow us with the missing bottle, but though we kept a look out, she obviously thought that we could cope!

So Yoke (2309 feet), Ill Bell (2476 Feet), Froswick (2359 feet) were reached in safety and in line with our timed planned programme. Trevor had special dispensation from Valerie to attend the walk, but only on condition that he made it back for rehearsals at 7.30.pm. The fate for late arrival or missing the rehearsal could only be imagined, but it was enough to ensure that Trevor kept on the move, and any problems with his knee became secondary !

By the time we approached Thornthwaite Crag and its imposing cairn we had met two people, the first person said he had started at 5.30.am from Kentmere (some 2 ½ hours before we started walking) and the second chap who we met later said he had started also from Kentmere but had obviously taken a different route.

Roy had been trying out his camera and just before Thornthwaite Beacon he was amazed to see Trevor walking towards him, at first he thought that Trevor might be suffering from the effects of thirst deprivation, but it turned out that he had lost his hat. The two of us duly retraced our steps and it was finally located with much relief to Trevor, quite possibly it was a special present and Trevor may have been wary of reporting the loss to Doris. This incident reminded Roy that some years ago just after ascending Pike O'Stickle, Cyril remembered he had left his old hat at the summit cairn. Tony rushed off to retrieve and Cyril was most grateful, Margaret later indicated that she wished the hat had stayed on the mountain summit !



David and Trevor at Thornthwaite Beacon.

We pushed on and duly reached the trig. Point at High Street (2719 feet) where a solitary walker kindly took our photograph and informed us that he had only been retired for a few months and he was thoroughly enjoying himself. We pointed out that he would never regret retirement !



Trevor, Roy and David on High Street.

At the Straights of Riggindale, Roy mentioned that deer are often to be found if one looks carefully, and on cue about a dozen of them could be seen down in the depths of the dale. Though we looked we saw no sign of the eagles which should be in the area. We continued to our next summit at Rampsgill Head (2581 feet) before reaching our lunch spot at High Raise (2634 feet).

We relaxed in glorious sunshine to enjoy our food, Roy having spam rolls and fruit cake, Trevor with cold leg of lamb and branstion pickle and David with a mass array of food including a pork pie, cheese rolls and ginger cake. Even though we stayed here for over 40 minutes we did not resolve the problem of the 'euro' not the policy for / against the European Union, a topic which will be safely left to a future date.

A sudden look at the watch made Trevor jump up and start to set off, no doubt the fear of Valerie's possible wrath was on his mind. David too had an interest in ensuring that Trevor reached the rehearsal on time as Popsie who is not quite 100 % was being looked after by Valerie, someone I think suggested that Popsie might be held as security to ensure Trevor's arrival, a sort of surety !

Anyway we proceed along the ridge meeting several people including two brothers (we thought) having walked from Howtown, to reach the summits of Raven Howe (2358 feet), Red Crag (2328 feet), Wether Hill (2210 feet) and to our eleventh and final summit of Loadpot Hill at 2201 feet. Once again we disturbed a couple peacefully resting to ask for their assistance in recording the event with a photograph, now it was plain sailing back to the meeting point at Pooley Bridge or so we thought !



Trevor, Roy and David at Loadpot Hill.

After a few miles of walking we suddenly realised that we were approaching Arthur's Pike, a Wainwright summit of 1747 feet, so we decided to make a detour and visit this good viewpoint, which certainly had extensive views.

We now descended along a good track over Barton Fell and headed to the rendezvous point agreed with Sheila and Shirley the day before. During the whole walk we had been endeavouring to make contact without success, but messages were left on the phone so that the ladies were aware of our situation. Just before the appointed estimated time of arrival we saw the ladies at a cairn a short distance away, a relief to all. After pleasantries had been exchanged we soon repaired to Pooley Bridge and the garden of 'The Sun Inn' where we all quenched our thirst, after an excellent day.



Shirley, David, Sheila & Roy.

The Gudgeon contingent set off for Lawkland, and for Roy to later plant some vegetables and Sheila to attend a Women's Institute Meeting. David, Shirley and Trevor set off for Settle, David & Shirley no doubt to tend their fruit and vegetables and Trevor to polish off a few rough edges with Val, a true Gondolier !

Next week all being well will see an attempt on Scafell Pike ! Watch this space !