

## **Trip Report: The Kentmere Horseshoe**

**Date:** 31st October 2014

**Group:** Jim G (Leader), Steve, Gerry, Mike A, Lesley, Mike H, Lynda

**Route:** Yoke (706m) Ill Bell (757m) Froswick (720m) Mardale Ill Bell (760m) Harter Fell (778m) Kentmere Pike (730m) Shipman Knotts (587m)

**Total Distance:** 12.18 miles

**Total Ascent:** 3730 ft

**Weather:** Dry & claggy with a blustery wind

A early start was called for to try and avoid the friday night nightmare of the south bound M6! more of that later. So a chilly 7am start from the pavilion for the 7 Bums, Ann having failed a late fitness test.

An uneventful 2 hour drive up the M6 saw us at the small parking space opposite the church in Kentmere village, Gerry took the opportunity to go inside the church to say his prayers, he will probably burn in hell for his heresy. The walk starts up an old packhorse route, that goes over to Troutbeck, before we turn off right, steeply ascending the fellside, up what resembles a sheep trod rather than a path and into the thickening clag. After a while we emerge onto the boggy ridge top where we are greeted by a strong gusty wind that was to stay with us for the rest of the day. Having arrived on the ridge it is a short pull onto the top of Yoke and then along to the triple cairned summit of Ill Bell, where coffee is taken. Carrying on along the ridge we catch tantalising glimpses of Kentmere Reservoir far below through little windows in the thick swirling clag, then another short pull to the summit of Froswick. Continuing on to High Street, we turn right onto a small Alpine path that takes us across the head of the Kentmere valley with very steep and impressive drops down to the invisible river Kent and Kentmere Reservoir. A bit of milling about brings us to the summit of Mardale Ill Bell and we pick up the path again and drop down to Nan Bield Pass to a substantial and convenient stone shelter where we stop for lunch, we can see the sun glinting off Hawewater on one side and Kentmere Reservoir on the other, through the swirling clag.

A stiff pull now takes us to the top of Harter Fell, a scruffy pile of rocks and twisted metal. We follow a boggy path alongside a fence, then a wall and at long last the clag lifts to reveal the far ridge we traversed earlier and the Kentmere valley below. Easy going now leads to the summit of Kentmere Pike, where there is some reluctance to clamber over the wall to embrace the trig point. The path continues more easily now to our final top of the day Shipman Knotts, various Howard Shipman jokes (he

was a neighbour of Gerry's, you have been warned) before a long descent to High Lane and a tarmac finish to the cars.

After a great day in the hills, we face the nightmare that is the M6! The traffic is ok until south of Preston, where we run into stop start traffic from junction 26 all the way to the M56, we vow never to touch the M6 ever again on a Friday! Suitably frustrated we take the usual hydration therapy in the Yew Tree, where it all kicks off! but that is another story.

Jim