

“The Fell and Rock Remembrance Round is an epic journey through the heart of the Lake District. Covering at least 37kms with 2,900 m of ascent and descent you'll visit 12 summits and a Lakeland Valley.

To complete the Fell and Rock Remembrance Round visit, in a continuous journey, the summits of the 12 peaks which were gifted to the nation to commemorate the members of the Fell and Rock club who lost their lives in WW1 (Glaramara, Allen Crag, 6,425 m Seathwaite Fell, Great End, Broad Crag, Lingmell, Green Gable, Great Gable, Kirk Fell, Brandreth, Grey Knotts, Base Brown) and the Memorial Bridge in Ennerdale, remembering those who lost their lives in WW2. Your round starts and finishes at the club's hut, The Salving House, in Rosthwaite Borrowdale.”

End of July I was fortunate enough to visit the East Cairngorms and stay at The Muir cottage Club hut, also known as Muir of Inverey, situated on the North side of the Linn of Dee Road, some 8 kilometres west of Braemar. Here I had the pleasure of spending several days with Robin Tuddenham. Robin at time of print has less than 65 of his Munroes remaining and now after several years it has become customary for Robin and myself to enjoy time out on these hills together. This year for the first time we rolled in and out on bikes and hiked the surrounding Munroes. Among others we had a great day covering the Darkside from Lin of dee a 40 km route in total with 2,200ft 16 km being the total on bikes. I accumulated 250 km and 6,425 m of climb that week in total.

The hut allows accommodation through affiliation and membership to other similar clubs. One of which is the Fell and Rock climbing club, of which Robin is a member. Looking at the FRCC website I browsed to challenges and here is where I first found info on the Remembrance Round.

Following my jaunts in Scotland I was quickly off for a cycling tour with mates, Paul Hobbs and Alistair Rhodes-Dawson both affiliates of Tod Harriers. Setting off from Chester we rode the 136 km 2,221 m to Barmouth. The climbs at the latter end of this ride had some real stings, including the last one to the bunkhouse.

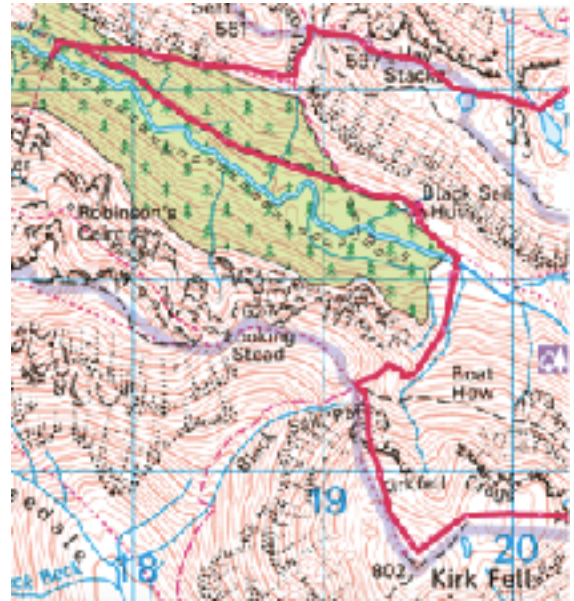
Day 2 we rode Bwlch Y Groes. The name Bwlch y Groes translates from Welsh as the pass of the cross. The English, no doubt shocked by the madness of its severity branded it the ‘Hellfire Pass’, which is a far more accurate description of what awaited. After climbing this beautiful hill we descended, sweeping our way through the mountainside which bloomed in the sunshine into Bala and broke our fast. From here we returned to Chester, staying at the YHA Trafford Hall.

The following day brought us back home. Roads and traffic had been great throughout however the condition of the roads and etiquette of the drivers deteriorated on entering Greater Manchester

The recent bulk of big days meant I hadn't been getting much running in. I resumed running upon my immediate return and incorporated daily pilates, which I had been returning an interest into. I accumulated a further 386 km and 5,262 m for the week, combining running, cycling and pilates.

Returning to my running I was startled that I felt myself to be running well. Activating and preparing my body for running through a whole body pilates routine prior to running as well as having a greater interest in bio-mechanics and running with economy/efficiency. I was 2 weeks into a period of optimisation, moderating my diet and had the opportunity to go and do something bigger in a few weeks, hence the Remembrance Round.

I sounded out fellsman “Bogart” Ian Symington. A man who knows the lakes well. Agreed upon a date (19th August) and took to our maps



Ian edited my initial route suggesting that instead of descending Black sail pass we should traverse a path along Robinson's cairn and descend close to Pillar. The path was less distinct but as you can see from Strava trace it is the route we took. We most probably lost time here. As we both traversed separate lines. No time for photos but the cathedral spires of andesite lava with a trace of condensation in the air looked spectacular.





Conditions were good, dry, light breeze and we were fortunate not be experiencing the recent high temperatures of the summer heat wave. There was availability of water on the route, I estimate I consumed around 5 litres of fluid getting my calories from a small soft flask of honey, rice balls baked with egg and blocks of dried guava.

Maps printed and packed we both agreed upon using GPS, we had the route on watches, phones and I now even carry a dedicated Garmin GPS unit as well as each of us also carrying the map and compass per person. I have the skills to use map and compass but prefer to use the technology. From previous experiences I have learnt the importance of being prepared.

Quickly summiting Glaramara the first half dozen hills had flown by, but looking first at Green Gable followed by Great Gable I felt a sense of apprehension. We flashed to the summit of Green Gable a comparative stepping stone followed by the clambering of obstacles and boulders to summit Great Gable.

Ian is in his element on rough Lakeland ground and the route played to his strengths. He had been showing me a clean set of heels on every descent. Great Gable is a fine formidable mountain and is described as a "strenuous trail that includes steep and rocky inclines that you must be prepared to scramble over as you make your way to the summit of Great Gable. This trail will require scrambling experience and a head for heights." Wainwright considered Great Gable the "undisputed overlord" of the group of hills it belongs to, and its name is fitting due to its distinctive shape.

At the summit Great Gable the Fell and Rock Memorial can be found. A quick photograph and no hanging round.



Descending Ian again made no exception to holding back on the descent and showed his class on rough gnarly ground. I took a dreadful line, I should've really checked in some nav instead of heading east on what initially looked good. I was soon engulfed clouds of

dust, I could taste the dust from the scree that was sliding down in front of me. Struggling to stay on my feet I took a big thump on my left quad as the ground slid away from me. My leg deadened and remained sore and bruised during the following days. I could see Bogart with his permanent grin sat between GG and Kirk Fell. A bit of swearing seemed to help the situation and I safely descended. Glancing at my watch I checked to see how much ground we'd covered...around 15 km. I didn't entertain the idea of DNF'ing, it was too early and not bad enough yet. Soon climbing Kirk Fell and I had a second wind. It was probably the relief of being off the mighty Great Gable.

Descending in the shadows of Pillar to the remembrance bridge we hit the track directly on what should have been the bridge. Sadly the bridge has temporarily been removed but the memorial plaque remains. After quick photographs we waded across the low water and continued to follow the track to Black sail hut and complete the final 4 summits, Grey Knott, Brandreth, Base Brown and Seathwaite. We tapped out a gentle run climbing the track until the path steepened, when the land again plateaued and flattened out I put on a Hally and buff as we traipsed our now weary bodies over the final summits. On sore tired feet we made our way down the long rocky decent from the summit of Seathwaite.



A 4 km Road run back to the Fell and Rock Club at Salving House saw us finish the challenge in 8:54 moving time but tying of laces and trying to put on a blister plaster took us to 8:59.