



CBS AUTUMN NEWS

October 2010

Dear All,

I hope you've had a good summer and been able to use the bridleways. Please try if you can to come to the AGM; it is bound to be a good night out with plenty of 'craic'.

Bridget Pickthall is our speaker after the meeting this year and will be talking about her efforts to create a new wheelchair- friendly bridleway trail near her home at Hincaster. Tina Galloway and I recently represented CBS at a fund raising Open Afternoon that Bridget put on and we had a great time; we can vouch for the delights of Bridget's home baking as well as her garden and local landscape! Her positive determination to create a route and make it happen is an inspiration.

The Brantwood Country House Hotel is where we held the AGM 2 years ago. It's in the village of Stainton; easy to find, just off the Ullswater road near M6 Penrith junction. It's a pleasant place to eat (best to book) or there is a pub just down the road. Let's hope there are no flood problems this year...

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

**7:30 pm on Friday 22nd October 2010 at the
Brantwood Country House Hotel,
Stainton, Nr Penrith**

AGENDA

1. Welcome and apologies
2. Minutes of previous AGM
(14th December 2009)
3. Matters Arising
4. Chairman's report
5. Treasurers Report
6. Rights of Way Report
7. Election of officers
8. AOB

REFRESHMENTS/ RAFFLE

SPEAKER

**Bridget Pickthall
Hincaster Trailway**

**If anyone would like to eat before the meeting,
please phone to book 01768 862748**

For directions see:

<http://www.brantwoodcountryhotel.co.uk/contact.htm>

I haven't seen the contents of this newsletter as I write but I hope you find it interesting, I always do. A BIG THANK YOU to everyone who sends in articles - the more the better. Please remember to save anything relevant or fun for CBS and find out from Tracey how she would like them sent to her - certain formats can save her a lot of time. It's great to have artwork and photographs too.

I'll save my thoughts now for my report at the AGM. Just one - outdoor people don't always want to spend time at the computer and I always hope that those of you who receive your newsletter by post then keep it handy to refer to - and I hope that those who get email versions read every page and maybe print some out, as well as using the website for information, but I know this doesn't always happen! We are only as effective as our membership so it is always good to meet 'face to face', so all of us on the committee look forward to seeing you on 22nd October if you can possibly make it.

With very best wishes,

Hilary

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For many the enjoyment of our bridleways and paths is an escape from the busy roads and our busy lives. There are those quiet places where you can enjoy peace and tranquillity without passing another soul. So, it is really fascinating to think a little more about the path you are using. Why was it created? Who created it? What sort of traffic did it carry? It is quite likely that once a path used to be a really busy thoroughfare, carrying goods to and from the market towns or maybe marching Roman soldiers.



Mountain biker on the Roman road backed by the Helvellyn range

Nearly 20 years ago I joined Pat Fell and rode High Street dropping down to Hartsop to Hilarys. If I remember correctly Hilary should have ridden that day instead of Pat, who did not enjoy the really high routes and preferred to walk. Having stopped to give Pat a chance to catch her breath Dacre (Hilary's fell pony) was impatient to move on, obviously well aware he was on the last leg of the journey and home was not far. He began to walk on and I was firmly told off by Pat for not waiting!

Once you have climbed the steep rocky ascent the route is an easy going grassy path. This flat summit known as Racecourse Hill was a meeting place for people from the surrounding valleys where in July they would gather to exchange stray sheep, take part in games and wrestling competitions and hold trotting races. The last fair took place in 1835.

You may well come across fell ponies out grazing, they will view you, generally from a distance, with curiosity.

Hardknott, Wrynose and Kirkstone are also thought of as Roman roads but interestingly the original Roman road is not necessarily today's current route. If you stop and look more closely when tackling the Hardknott and Wrynose hairpins you will see the Roman route still etched into the countryside away from the road heading to the derelict forts and parade grounds. One of the most clear views of a Roman road close to but not on today's route is from the Kirkstone Pass. As you climb up to the summit from Northern end the Roman terrace is easily visible across to your right.

Further North beyond Greystoke part of the Brougham to Moresby road is clearly visible running parallel but north-west of the present road. This 38 mile route has disappeared in places under the A66 but pops up on the Keswick golf course at the fourth hole!

The next time you are driving northwards on the M6 or taking the train and are passing through the Lune Gorge maybe you would like to think about the Roman road on the opposite side of the valley. What a contrast to our modern day travel!

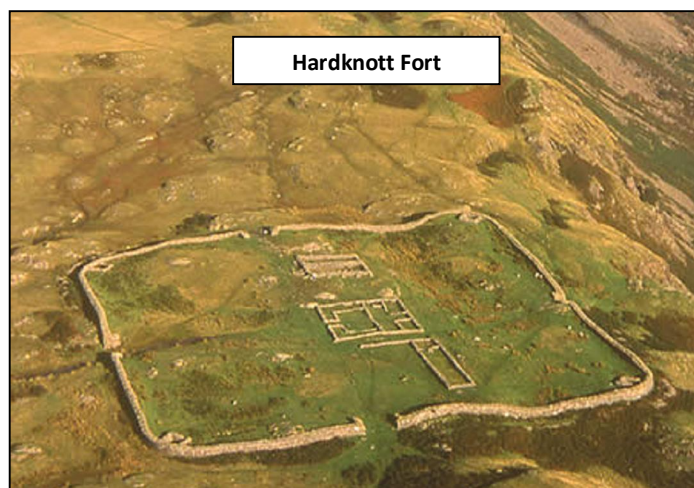
Typically, Roman roads consist of an *agger* (a raised central portion) often with ditches either side. The width varies from road to road and often varies along a particular road. Local materials were used in the construction with some routes having an embankment in places and they may or may not have been metalled. Obviously local terrain would have dictated the route to some degree but they were on the whole direct.

The network of roads were not intended to be complete in terms of a road system but rather to serve the needs of the military and tending to connect Roman sites. It appears often the roads were built first and the forts followed. Some roads were abandoned or no longer required by the army but began to serve a growing population. Many forts and settlements were the start of our towns, as we know them today.

Place names are often an indication of an old road. *Street* and *gate* both mean road, *stone* or *stane* indicate a road is of a stony nature. Other names to look out for as *Causey*, *Causeway* and *Cold Harbour* (somewhere to shelter from the cold and often indicating a Roman road close by.)

So, next time you are out and about, just think, the Roman army may well have passed before you!

Carole Barr



Hardknott Fort



We wanted an adventure with our horses. But, we aren't very intrepid, we're not much use with a compass and we like to end the day with a hot shower and a nice meal. And - we've only 2 horses and there are 3 of us...

We decided to design a route between horsey B&Bs that would take us to some beautiful but less known corners of Cumbria, going as much as possible off-road and the rest of the time on quiet lanes. The trickiest bit was finding ways to cross the A66, the motorway and hardest of all, the River Eden. A shorter ride last year had taught us that, for us it works really well having a walker on hand to open gates, buy ice-creams and carry some of the luggage! We take turns to walk and ride, and the horses seem to enjoy the extra company, especially Bramble who in times of boredom focuses on the walker and switches onto automatic!

We were able to drop off fresh clothes and food at a couple of points en route, and had our long-suffering support vehicle on call in case of emergency. With the help of our hosts along the way, we minimized the number of bridlevays we had to recce beforehand; what's marked as bridlevay on the OS map might be in reality a bog, a jumble of rocks, an impassable jungle or vanished altogether!



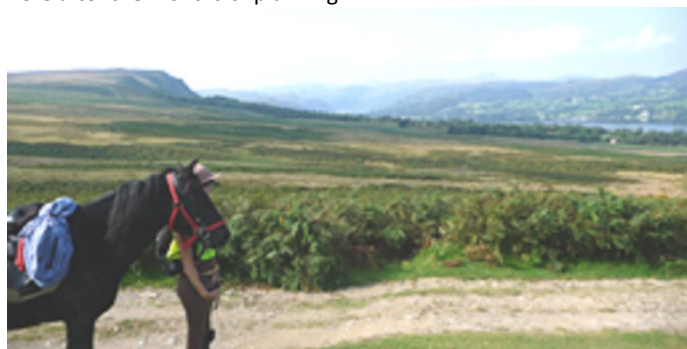
Starting from home, near Wetheral, on a cold but brilliant morning, it seemed unreal that our adventure had begun. An hour in, it looked as though we would have to retrace our steps when we came across a padlocked bridlevay gate at Corby Castle. Luckily, the landowner managed to find the key, and we made up the time when we found an unknown kind person had strimmed a pathway through what were chest high thistles on a long bridlevay to Carlatton.

A couple of times we were able to include a bit of fell on the route, and the first was the route above Newbiggin on the Pennines, with sensational views to the Lakeland Fells and the feeling of being in another world. Cloud lived on the fell for 10 years, and goes into major bouncy mode when he gets up there, but as always is the perfect gentleman.

We enjoyed the hospitality of Pam and Richard at ScaleHouse Farm, Renwick before a long hot day to Milburn, stopping for cakes at Melmerby Bakery and tiptoeing past enormous suckler cows and an even bigger bull on a lovely bridlevay at Kirkland. The stunning house and friendliness at Low Howgill revived us for an even hotter day on the roads to Maulds Meaburn. Disappointingly, a long stretch of bridlevay from Kirkby Thore to Bolton is made impossible because you would need to ford the Eden. Watering the horses was a real issue

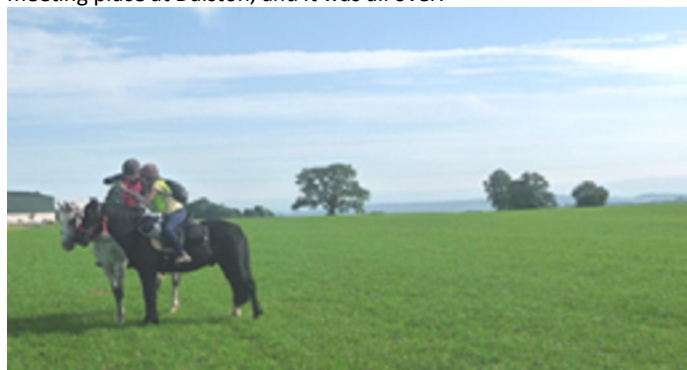
in such hot weather, and we were very grateful for a bucket begged from the White Horse at Kings Meaburn.

Time to turn west, and how far away the Pennines looked already! A lovely day on tranquil lanes edged with stonewalls and wild flowers, then a gorgeous long bridlevay over the top to a view of Haweswater and down to Bampton. We all soaked our aching feet in the clear water of the Haweswater Beck before climbing again! to an airy view on the moor at Cockle Hill. At Beckfoot the beds were so comfortable and the grass so green it was hard to get going the next morning. Rising onto Askham Fell there was no breath of wind and we were all flagging in the heat. Quite suddenly Ullswater appeared, a cool breeze blew, and Bramble's ears pricked as he watched, fascinated, the boats moving on the lake. It was almost impossible to believe we had arrived here after the months of planning.



We caused a stir among the crowds in Pooley Bridge, especially when we had to cross the bridge in 30 seconds allowed by the traffic lights! Five minutes later, with a great sense of satisfaction we all lay in the cool grass while the horses snoozed in the shade. We followed the empty, shady lanes through Dacre and on to Greystoke and Blencow and the welcome sight of Lisa Hartley's beautiful home. The horses spent all night talking to Lisa's Shires over the hedge, so were a bit sleepy the next morning. This day we began to draw closer to the hills again, and the hard work going up hill was sustained by some amazing views of the Caldbeck and Ullswater fells. Our destination was the farm of Swaledale Watch at Whelpo, where we stayed last year, so we were sure of a warm welcome. Our happiness was complete when we saw they had a minute, spotty and adorable Falabella foal next door to our two!

The final day came too soon and saw the horses just getting better and better, especially Cloud who marched his way across the moor to Caldbeck, and took it completely in their stride when we were chased by a very excitable herd of large dairy cows. As we found so many times, there were hidden gems along the way, like the beautiful church at Sebergham, and an almost Canadian timber bridge at Lime House School. A last canter across the parkland at to reach our meeting place at Dalston, and it was all over.



What did we learn? You can get an awful long way even if you go very slowly. Cumbria is full of secret ways that are rarely used but well worth discovering. Horses behave much better in new surroundings than on the over-familiar routes at home. And - once you've been travelling for about 3 days, you don't ever want to stop!

Karen, Kathryn and Chloe McLellan

GOSH LOOK AT THAT!

How often have you had cause to say that when you've been confronted with a bridleway sign?

Well, it happened to me twice in a day when I was up on Cross Fell recently, accompanying a small group who were inspecting the Pennine Way paving.



As we dropped down from Little Dun Fell to Tees Head (the watershed between east and west), my attention was drawn to a flat rock among the paving which had been beautifully carved with a cross, showing direction signs for the Pennine Way and the BW from Blencarn which crosses it at that point, continuing on



towards Garrigill. The BW arms of the cross were decorated with horseshoes. I was told that the BW up from Blencarn leaves a lot to be desired, but that's for another day of exploration!

We continued over Cross Fell and down to the col where the BW (the old corpse road) comes over the ridge en route from Kirkland via Greg's Hut to Garrigill, and there was this stunning sign - a big rock, with direction arrows picked out in gilding, and horseshoes as before. It was without doubt the most stunning signpost I've ever seen - unobtrusive, totally in keeping with the surroundings, and satisfying in every way.



These two signs, I was told, were the work of Ian Beal, and I was so pleased the other evening to have a talk with Ian on the



phone. He did these signs about 12 years ago, carving them in situ out on the fells, where he loves to work. He also told me that he has done similar signs for the BWs in the High Cup Nick/Maize Beck area, so I'm off up there in the next few days to investigate, and will report back!

Maragaret Baxter

For those of you who don't know me my name is 'Magic' or 'Just Magic' to be precise. I am an Irish Draught x Thoroughbred, 16 hands (in new stilettos), dark bay and 17 years young. My mum is Sylvia. I let her believe that because she makes sure I am fed, watered and clothed. In return I provide entertainment by being ridden, looked at adoringly and occasionally behaving unpredictably, which serves to maintain my air of equine mystery and ensure I am worth every penny.

On 23rd June my mum's friend Lisa texted her to see if I would be available to have my picture taken at the launch of The Eden Valley Loops. She agreed on my behalf, before she remembered my tack wasn't clean and her new long boots hadn't arrived. Lisa said the photos would be from a distance! To be honest I wasn't thrilled, as I don't like to be seen in public not looking my best. On a beautiful evening we arrived in Kings Meaburn, mum looking like Max Wall in her jodhpur boots and me in tack covered in sweat and grime. We were early, which to anyone that knows us is a rarity, hence Lisa's nickname for mum, FAFF! Mrs Addison invited us to take advantage of the newly cut silage fields. Canter on a sunny evening across country fields takes some beating. Then it was down to the job of the night! We were introduced to BHS dignitaries, still not sure how a rapper, Dizzy Rascal, managed to get involved with horses. Wow, Pamela and Lisa had scrubbed up well, I hardly recognized them. We had speeches, cutting of the ribbon, posing for photos and then I got to relax in a lovely cool stable while mum indulged in fizz, pig roast and wonderful strawberries and cream. For anyone who hasn't seen them the routes are fantastic, the maps excellent and everyone involved is to be congratulated on a super job.



Sunday morning I join Lisa's horse, the gentle giant, Prince in his lorry. I am an old pro at road trips with Lisa, this was my 5th. After just over an hour we arrived at our destination, Birks Farm, near Kirkby Lonsdale. What a hot sticky day! We got a lovely field with plenty of grass and a newly filled water trough. Prince went to sleep! Didn't like to say to him he was sure to have some work ahead. Lisa and mum got a warm welcome from Malcolm Capstick and shown their accommodation, The Granary, across the yard and a lovely setting. They found several well described routes with maps to choose from so they took refreshments and plotted whilst we dozed. Later that afternoon we set off across fields from the farm and did a circular route of 9 miles. Unfortunately one bridleway was blocked with a newly fallen tree but it was easy to navigate an alternative way. What beautiful countryside we were in. On getting back Prince fell asleep!

Mum and Lisa showered, put on their best, or clean jeans in Sylvia's case, and went off to Kirkby Lonsdale. They had a super meal at The Sun Inn, although mum wasn't impressed with the diner in the corner picking his teeth. After a restful night we were up bright and early, well sort of. Mrs Malcolm was away but boy had she taught Malcolm the art of a good cooked breakfast, it was faultless according to the girls. Prince and I had some extras, which suggested a hard day ahead. Off we set to do the circuit of Barbon fell. We crossed the river Lune, guided by a very friendly farmer called David. I suspect if the water had been higher it would have proved a little tricky particularly for shorties. Then out on to a fairway, yes, the middle of a golf course as target practice for ageing swingers! We climbed the fell with magnificent views all around. Then it was time for a well earned break. We found a spot next to a stream, sheltered behind a wall. The tack came off, how wonderful that felt. Food and water. How many pork pies could Sylvia eat? Prince was let loose but mum wasn't so trusting. Actually I wouldn't have gone far, I know when I am on to a good gig. She fell asleep so really no contest between a 600kg horse and a 56kg human! Round the fell, ice cream break for the girls then we were back across the river and to our welcoming paddock. Prince fell asleep! Mum and Lisa had a great supper at the Italian in Kirkby Lonsdale. Highly rated for value and quality. During the night we had dramatic thunder and lightning and torrential rain. The next morning we were all exhausted. Revived by breakfast the girls left us alone to see the daytime sights of Kirkby Lonsdale. Cheese shop, cafes and even clothes shops. Kirkby Lonsdale is a delight. Mum resisted the clothes (quel surprise) and bought some cheese and a space hopper! In the afternoon we did a great circular ride with lovely canters but the horseflies were evil. How do you stand still whilst your mum closes gates, reads the map and you are being scissored alive? That expensive fly repellent was pants! Prince was peppered with them but still kept his cool. We were relieved to get back to our field for a roll. Prince fell asleep! Lisa and mum went to the Barbon Pub after being turned away from another one because they were 5 minutes after the end of service. Hoorah good beer and food. The locals were very friendly, including the retired farrier. They had all seen us the day before and appreciated our equine magnificence. Mind you we all hope the years are kinder to Liam!

Our final day arrived. It was decided to make up our own ride to include the bits we had missed so far. The bridleway that had been closed had already been cleared. We had another lovely 3-4 hour ride. On our return Prince fell asleep! Two hours rest, a fond farewell to the best breakfast chef in Cumbria that the girls know and in to the lorry for the short journey home. Less than 40 miles from home, good food, accommodation and a friendly welcome. I wonder where we are going next year? "What do you think Prince? Prince!" "ZZZZZZZZZZ"

Sylvia Putnam

MEMBERSHIP SUBSCRIPTIONS 2010/11**BAD NEWS!**

Subs are due 1st November

Please send cheques made payable to Cumbria Bridleways Society to:

Miss Tracey Harris
4 Woodbank
Endmoor
Kendal
Cumbria
LA8 0HG

GOOD NEWS!

STILL only £8.00 for Single or £10 for Family membership

FIELD OFFICERS REQUIRED

Below is a list of parishes in the Carlisle district that require field officers to look after the bridleways in them. The numbers are the number of bridleways in each parish.

We need field officers to walk and /or ride their allotted bridleways once or twice a year to see what conditions they are in, and if there are problems with the path, to report this to the district field officers who will inform Cumbria County Council. The district field officers can also help to arrange a clearing party if all that is required is cutting back some branches etc. We are in the process of getting tools to do this, a set for the north of the county and a set for the south.

Parishes not yet covered in CARLISLE

Askerton	1
Beaumont	2
Bewcastle	4
Cummersdale	3
Irthington	3
Kirkandrews	2
Kirklington Middle	2
Orton	12
St Cuthbert Without	1
Scaleby	2
Stanwix	1
Farlam	10

Parishes not yet covered in ALLERDALE

Aikton	4
Boltons	1
Borrowdale	11
Bowness-on-Solway	1
Bromfield	1
Broughton	8
Broughton Moor	1
Camerton	1
Dearham	2
Dundraw	4
Holme Low	9
Ireby	8
Kirkbride	12
Maryport	4
Plumbland	12
St Johns, Castlerigg & Wythburn	12
Seaton	2
Thursby	5
Waverton	2
Woodside	

Being a field officer is not a difficult task – in fact it is usually a pleasant one!

What could be pleasanter than walking the dog through lovely countryside on a summer evening? Please, if you have the time, do consider being a field officer and help keep our bridleways open and useable.

Contact Karen McLellan on Tel. 01228 562709 or e-mail karen1of4@hotmail.co.uk