

Wednesday, July 29, 2015

Wednesday Rides

Poddlers Ride

In view of this week's weather I planned a flat, short ride with plenty of "get home quickly" spots. So 17 of us set off from Hornbeam, sweeping up Paul in Pannal, and then crossing over two main roads towards Follifoot. Here we turned to Knaresborough, swooping down to the river and following along side. We then set off to Farnham, Nidd and ended up at the church in Ripley. We said "Farewell" to 5 fellow riders whilst the rest of us enjoyed refreshments in said church. After Glyn had found out the secret of the feathery-light coffee and walnut cake, (a spoonful of lemon curd), he led a band of merry cyclists back via Hampsthwaite, whilst the rest of us enjoyed a leisurely ride back along the Greenway. We managed to dodge the large spots of rain falling from the sky as we arrived home. 24/27 miles Jen A

The 3 coffee stoppers...

...it had been a real blast; but then, we had been warned. 25 miles without a coffee-stop. A near critical level of ride-induced coffee-craving had not been helped by occasional cries of 'bacon butties' by one of the abovementioned blasters. However we soon realised it had become serious once nasal hallucinations began at almost every village, with cries of: "can't you smell Cornish pasties?"

We were warned that the next phase would be lady-less, and so, as we stashed our tear-soaked hankies, we headed for deepest Borough bridge and the Bowes coffee shop for a mix of navy and cinnamon toast, and toasted tea-cakes; all to be dispatched with Bowes largest cappuccinos and tea. Definitely a stop to remember.

Although not superstitious, we had wondered if some sort of historical time-warp was going on, as we overheard a couple discussing 'The war of the Roses' and then we looked round realised one had a helmet (but no sword or axe) in his hand. Fortunately all was cleared up when it was pointed out that he had in fact spoken of 'The **way** of the Roses' and he was a fellow cyclist about to don a cycle helmet.

We had all but dried out after this welcome interlude at Bowes, only to emerge into a mini-deluge which kept up company until we were well past Minskip and had joined the one-way road down towards Knaresborough. Sadly we soon had to wave farewell to James who ventured that he had already done the hill out of Knaresborough once today, and felt that that was quite enough! Further ahead, the synchronous pair rode to; then around The Stray before parting with a tuneful: "I'm for the low [main] road" from Paul, hoping that we would both arrive safely through the other side of Pannal in 20 minutes or so. Stuart





Colin's Ride

Greygarth and Masham

What with all that 25-mile blasting, there was only Colin, Alan, and Charlie for a longer run. Stray paths, Greenway, Risplith for an early coffee.

High Grantly, Dallow Moor then Greygarth Monument; as it was Charlie's first visit we walked up to the tower for a fine view.

Then the run down to Kirkby Malzeard where we turned left twice in quick succession to climb back up more or less parallel with the descent from Greygarth; unfortunately there is no tarmac road to make the connection, but its a lovely little lane that flirts with the moor edge until you join the familiar route to Masham through Warthermarske and Swinton.

Paninis at Johnny Baghdad's (to Alan's secret recipe) then home the easy way.

Home about 4.15, just over 60 quality miles, hardly a shower fell on us, although we passed over roads awash with water around West Tanfield.

.....wot no photo? CT.

EG's Ride

We had fifteen riders at Low Bridge not a bad turn out.

The weather was dry (thank goodness) but somewhat cloudy, clouds did not bother the EG`s especially Rob, who has been on Cloud 9 for the last few days.

The intention was to take an early coffee in Morrison`s (Boroughbridge) and head for Coxwold, circle round and back to Easingwold for afternoon tea.

The men`s down hill at Occaney was a close run thing with Dave S and Ian to close to call and Bob, just behind.

But it was after caffeine and calories in Morrison`s that we realised how attached Bob and Dave S were to each other.

Before any rumours start, it should be stated that their bikes were locked together, by a combination lock, together with a combination of temporary memory loss.

As the situation occurred in a supermarket, next to a garage where cutting tools would be available if memory recall was slow in returning, and also a cafe, to see if more caffeine would aid memory recall, it was decided to leave the happy couple and proceed to Coxwold, where they being (quite swift) under wheel would have caught us up.

On the way rumbling could be heard from amongst the group about a fear of heights ie the hills around Coxwold, this must have spread like a virus because five riders wimped out and headed straight to Easingwold, but a further group of five salvaged the EG`s honour and headed for Pilmoor, Carlton Husthwaite and Coxwold.

Just after Coxwold it was left turn on to old, very minor road, Dave Wilson could not be persuaded to take this road, complaining that it had grass down the middle and was a puncture minefield, however it had been laid with thick tarmac, from end to end (see photo).

Then it was the climb up to Yearsley, with magnificent views of the Howardian Hills, and the North York Moors, then keeping on the high ground with views over the plain of York before the big swoop down to Easingwold to be welcomed by six EG`s sat outside the Curious Table Cafe. It is believed that this group on the way to Easingwold had an incident with some sheep ?, as non of them were Welsh or New Zealander`s it can not have been serious.

After some doorstep sandwiches etc, the ten, Alastair (a welcome newcomer), Bob, Dave P, Dave S, Dave Wilson, Ian, Marvin, Peter B, Rob, and Terry Cushley headed for Aldwark Bridge, with the usual banana break at Branton Green, then on to Harrogate in some sun and cloud , no rain at all, though the info was Harrogate had had a downpour, though we were dry all the way from Easingwold arriving at around 4-45 pm.

Those Harrogate riders who did the full ride would have done over sixty miles. Dave P







Long Ride

Arrived home totally drenched. Each shoe containing more water than Leighon Reservoir!
Phil



