

Wednesday, July 13, 2016

Wednesday Rides

Wednesday Wanderers Ride

A dry sunny morning encouraged 18 riders to start the Wanderers ride. To avoid the worst of the GYS traffic we headed west. It was the usual route to the Squinting Cat where we waited for the WE long riders to overtake us, before we set off in pursuit. Our progress was slowed by 3 escaped sheep at Beckwithshaw. Fortunately they detoured into the Smiths Arms car park which allowed us to pass safely.

We collected Paul on our way to Stainburn Moor but lost 5 riders as a group decided to head towards Fewston. There were extensive views of the Washburn Valley and Swinsty reservoir as we headed down Jack Hill Lane. The steep descent of Hanging Bank tested every ones brakes but fortunately there were no mishaps. Onwards and upwards to Farnley were we waited again for the WE long riders to catch us up. A welcome 'banana break' was taken sitting in the sun at Leathley. Then it was onwards and upwards again to Stainburn, Great Almscliff, North Rigton, Brackenthwaite Lane, Burn Bridge and Rossett from where we headed home.

A shorter ride than usual but the undulating route probably made it feel more than the 25 miles recorded.

Thank you to Geraldine for taking photo, and Alison and David A for back marking.

A big thank you to Glyn for fixing Maggie's puncture. Hopefully you all made it safely back to Harrogate. Keith M.





EG's Ride

We had a dozen Likely Lads at Low Bridge including Roy, who we have not seen for a while on Wednesday. Roy was wearing a helmet of a strange colour and dubious foreign origin, no matter, good to see you back Roy and we hope you enjoyed today's ride (I'm sure we can get used to the helmet, "eventually",).

With it being Great Yorkshire Show week it was decided to head North and make our first coffee stop at Ripon Spa Gardens Cafe.

This was taken at a leisurely pace with the group arriving together, but despite the sun shining, calories and caffeine were consumed inside despite us being in the height of summer???

Then it was North again, but at Wath a magnificent group of seven left to head for Melmerby, Topcliffe and home.

A famous five consisting of 80% Dave`s plus a Nick headed North for Bedale.

It had been intended to reach Bedale then head Southwest to Masham for Tiffin, however it was decided to partake in Bedale, despite not being too far away from Ripon, but this proved quite difficult as our regular cafe had closed down, and one despite an open door told us they were closed, then we found one, this all took time, so when we were ready to depart we placed ourselves in the capable hands of Dave Watson for the route back, well he is on his own turf.

However we headed North on the A684 (Catterick here we come) fortunately two left turns had us heading South again to the Arboretum heading for Well, which as we all know has an evil climb up through the village, so it was the long climb up to the B6268 then on to the B6267 then a left turn on to a minor road (known only to Dave) which brought out almost to the top of the evil Well climb.

It was here we lost 50% of our Dave`s, but due to the wonders of modern technology we arranged to meet them at West Tanfield, and sure enough we did.

So once again the 80% Dave`s and Nick headed for Ripon on the A6108 with a tailwind and subsequently what a cracking pace, speeds of 20 something seemed to leap out of the speedometer.

Then on to Littlethorpe, Bishop Monkton arriving in Knareborough for just after 4-00pm.

It had turned out to be a cracking ride (Thanks Dave) and we had been lucky with the weather, we had not been rained upon despite returning on many bepuddled roads.

Maximum distance topping 60 miles. Dave P



Long Ride Reports

This was a ride of many parts. Ostensibly to Ilkley as a starter, we never arrived but the journey was at the least interesting. Eleven began at brisk pace to Beckwithshaw and along the Killingshall to Otley road. En route to the fish farm, a diversion to the gated road to Stainburn proved the undoing of Martin's rear tyre, which went with a pistol-shot crack. The L-shaped tear in the inner tube pointed to something more serious; so it proved when a split in the tyre wall revealed itself. Anguished curses were uttered, (not audible from the photo!) as the tyre was new. For those of us who had heard of the Colgate repair patch but who had not seen it done, the next few minutes were very instructive. Peter J supplied the Colgate and the know-how. Sadly for Martin, his ambitions for the day shrank to limping home on Colgate, accompanied by John S. Strava indicates they made it back. Otley was substituted for Ilkley and a coffee stop at the Lido proved welcome. From here John S and Andy returned home via Farnley leaving seven to choose a diverting ride for the rest of the day. The first diversion was the climb to Dob Cross, a first for several of us and battle re-joined after 14 years for me. After that, Low Snowden gave four of us a further treat – short but mighty steep. Why stop there? Well, we didn't,

as steep climb followed steep descent all the way past Blubberhouses and West End, up along Hoodstorth Lane coming to a full stop where concrete barriers indicated that the road really was closed, just as the sign had read. Our photo shows that it could be quite a while before the road is re-built. Past the barriers, we had the brief luxury of an empty road, until the turn up to Greenhow. Into the wind, this was a different kind of entertainment – a question of counting something, anything, to mark one's progress. The party split at Peat Lane, with the main road contingent getting to Tea-Cups first. Lunch again broke into a play of parts – not this time was it simply BoT all round, but an eclectic mix of mains and sweets, surpassed entirely by Richard L's gigantic portion of lamb stew. Theatrically sharp intakes of breath from around the table were followed by discussion of the route home and the need to keep it flat, or at least make sure Richard was behind you. I exaggerate, of course, as a fully-stoked Richard was in the leading bunch for most of the way down the valley. The group broke into many parts after Burnt Yates, three favouring direct to Ripley, the other four heading for Hampsthwaite, avoiding the road closure down to Birstwith. A day of diversions and entertainments taking several forms came to a quiet end along the Stray after c52 miles and c4600 ft of climbing. Earlier in the day we were entertained by the knowledge that the ride was officially "hilly", having gained 100ft for every mile covered. Lamb stew and other reasons reduced the ride into the "average" bracket, but it still seemed hilly to me. Terry Smith





Kevin in Connemara

