

Wednesday, June 18, 2014

Wednesday Rides

Poddlers' Ride

About sixteen Poddlers' decided that this was a day to cycle, so we should have left the car park in several small groups but we set out in a drizzle intermingling with some very thin looking lycra boys led by Terry Smith who was going somewhere hilly and far away. We straggled through town to the Adsa footpath and to the Greenway, and continued in a disorganised manner up Holly Bank and Clint Bank to Burnt Yates . At this point some faster members of the group needing to get back for an afternoon, evening and night and possibly breakfast with Wagner, disappeared onwards. Gardener John decided hills were not for him and several backmarkers dribbling along in a rather casual manner possibly felt they could join him, as he made a hurried retreat back home. Goodness knows where Liz led the hilly enthusiasts, but six or so would could not be led and throwing chains, tantrums and anything else that might drop off, we passed Brimham and set off down the glorious down to Ripley, Julie got her first, second, and third winds and landed in Ripley to find a lost Elizabeth, as on bunch of wanderers arrived heading for coffee and cake at the church. I can safely say sitting in the graveyard, with coffee and cake, in the sun, was perfect....and from one who is not keen on café sitting this set up produces first rate cakes etc, and really lovely service and all proceeds go to a good cause. Brilliant. I could have sat there all day/ week/month. The wayward lost hillies started to appear and soon we had a reunited team, with supporters as a suffering Mr. Pugh joined us on queue. We had to return and continued in a random manner back along the Greenway to Harrogate, where the group frayed off towards their various start points. Caroline G



Wednesday Ride

The cool grey start to the day was soon dispelled by warm sunshine as we took the route via Kirkby Overblow, Dunkeswick, Pool and along the lanes to Otley. Our break was at Cafe Cafe (recommended) and then we made our way to Askwith where the ride was briefly interrupted for a photo at the brilliantly decorated school, and a rambling flock of geese out for a sunny walk. Then it was up the long bank where Angela had kidded us she would struggle. By the time we joined her at the top she had serviced her bike, had lunch and refreshed her make-up. By now

the sun was strong, and the birds were twittering as we returned via Beckwithshaw to Harrogate having covered 38 miles. Martin W.



EGs' Ride

It was a grey cloudy morning on Harlow Hill. First thoughts "Oh no! not another wet summers day", however the forecast said no rain, and the EG`s will believe anything. At Low Bridge tiny patches of blue sky could be seen towards the east.

So it was go east young men and Easingwold seemed a good destination. On the way we suddenly found Chris and Dan riding with us, they seem good at this, they are either clairvoyant or are picking us up via a sophisticated smartphone app. However get your priorities right, so Caffeine and Calories were taken at Angela`s cafe (excellent service, no waiting). Then on to Grafton, Boroughbridge and Thornton Bridge. Bill, Bob, Roy and Peter J (who had a time constraint) headed for Easingwold. "See you in Easingwold" said Bob, "what cafe and what time?" "At the side of the green and about half an hour after you arrive", said a confident DP.

Alas the memory it not what it used to be and the hills were longer than they seemed to be from last time. So a full set of Daves, Preston, Watson, Wilson and Siswick plus Chris and Dan headed for Pilmoor, Hutton Sessay, (no waiting to cross the A19), Coxwold and the long climb to Crake, with it`s great views over the plain of York.

At the summit Dan said "that`s west over there", "Oh no it`s not" said Dave P and Dave Watson, "Oh yes it is" said Dave S downloading a compass app from his smartarsephone. So two Daves had to admit "we wuz wrong". In to Easingwold where Bill, Bob and Roy were about to leave after soaking up the caffeine, calories and sun. "How long have you been here?" was the question. "Fifty minutes", said Bob (oops for DP).

The route back was via Aldwark Bridge, "you can catch us up" said Bob, but the leisurely lunch must done them good, for we never did catch them, mind you our lunch was very leisurely, especially when taken outside in the sun. The ride back in the sun with hardly any wind was brilliant (had summer finally arrived?). Part of the way we were joined by a rider from Husthwaite on his way to York, who was given the full works on Wheel Easy.

A short break was taken at Branton Green before continuing the "mad" sprints for the "King of the Mountains title". This went to Chris, though given a run for his money by three Daves ,(the Preston version not being one of them) and a Dan. In to Knaresborough and Harrogate in the sun and blue sky. Wonderful, max mileage over 60 miles. Dave P





Long Ride

Riders opting for the long route to Masham and beyond today included three Richards. It would have been four, but Richard P scratched due to injury, which we all hope is purely temporary. For clarity I'll refer to Richards in blue, green and red. Fresh from climbing their way in and out of Montenegro, Lesley and Richard-in-blue were looking forward to a comparatively gentle trip out to Masham and Lofthouse. Richard-in-green is continuing his prep for the end-to-end. Richard-

in-red joined us having done the Caledonian etape in May but hadn't been out much since. David R, John S and I made up the rest of the group.

A comfort break in Ripley allowed the Poddlers to remark that we had been taking things gently – a fair comment. Scarah Bank soon changed things, notably the heart rate, and Fountains came quickly after that. Here John returned home, only wanting a shorter ride today. Reaching Masham for 11.30 it was decided to have an early lunch in preparation for the rigours to come. By this time the sun was out and strong. Humming the song about "mad dogs and Englishmen", we set off for Lofthouse, taking in the view of a now-full Leighton Reservoir. Rarely can cattle grids be more welcome than on this road, marking as they do a chance to stop and drink. We all got to Jordan Moss with the help of zig-zagging or walking as needed and, after a demonstration of how to walk across a cattle grid in cleats, the hot and hairy descent to Lofthouse got under way. David knew of a source of ice cream at the first house in the village and most welcome it was – peach and mango recommended.

The road surface from Lofthouse to Pateley is getting poorer by the month – let's hope for some patching at least. En route, we were passed by some vintage British motorcycles, probably an owners' club. One AJS and three Velocettes were identified as their large single cylinder engines thumped past us. Enough nostalgia for one day!

From Pateley David piloted Richard-in-red back to HG for the school run, leaving the remaining four to succumb to the temptations on offer at Ripley Church – cakes, of course. The Greenway provided the second gentle "bookend" of the day, after which we exchanged our farewells. It had been 57miles plus on a hot day in the sun, but as Lesley reminded us, not a patch on the 34C in Montenegro and at a mere 3700 ft the climbing had been a gentle affair, really.

Terry Smith



