

Wednesday, August 6, 2014

Wednesday Rides

Poddlers' Ride

Best Laid Plans

The BBC Weather let me down again. It was supposed to be chucking it down and nobody was going to turn up, I could then turn around and go home get the Kindle, a cup of tea and put my feet up, job done - bliss!

Anyway we set off on a ride because the weather seemed to want to stay dry with sunshine and very warm. I had at least three routes planned for all occasions (didn't think I would need them) however in the end I opted for the almost flat ride. So Hornbeam, Follifoot, Spofforth, Little

Ribston, Cowthorpe, Tockwith and then it had to happen (two hours too late), the heftiest downpour for some time and we were soaked. Just short of the café in Thorp Arch. Its amazing how the average speed for the ride shoots up when a cafe stop to get out of the rain is on offer.

Murphy's Law rain stopped just as we got to the cafe c'est la vie. Luckily a new batch of scones had come out of the oven and were hurriedly snapped up by us. Hot scones and butter, an Americano and hot milk (now where is that Kindle). There did seem to be a lot of cyclists in the place when we arrived and they weren't wet! (their timing was obviously better than ours).

After drying a little we set off for home deviating from the already deviated route, Wetherby, cycle path to Spofforth, Rudding, Showground and home.

Phew, managed (JUST) to avoid anymore downpours. 32 miles. Ian A



Wednesday Ride

Apologies to Martin for abandoning him on his mission to verify the signage on NCN route 67. We will all be very grateful when all the signage including the missing Greenway signs are in place. The excellent signs in and around the Ripley Estate are due to Martin's expertise. So six of us decided to cycle to Ripon the other way round ie Hampsthwaite, Shaw Mills and Markington, down through the deer park to Oliver's Pantry in Ripon.

There was plenty of room for us to sit outside and when there was a deluge we were protected by the very generous size umbrellas now in place.

After coffee and outstanding cakes we rode home via Bishop Monkton and the Mountgarret estate. So out on the Greenway and home on the Greenway. How good is that?

Crossing the Stray we met some Poddlers who had got drenched but seem to have dried out by the time we met them. Going the other way round almost seemed like a new ride. About 35 miles. Gia M



EGs' Ride

Seemingly the poor weather forecast may have put off a few of the regulars as only ten riders turned up at Low Bridge today although it was later reported that Chris's (Bishop) cycle had a mechanical problems so he was reluctantly unable to join us.

Our leader, Dave P. guided us to our first cafe stop at the Sun Parlour Cafe, Spa Gardens, Ripon, where he announced he was deserting the peloton, taking Bill & Terry with him and making an early return to home. This left the remaining seven in some confusion but as usual deputy Dave W. was cajoled into taking up the "baton".

So off we continued heading onwards north under threatening skies towards Bedale intending to stop off for lunch at the usual cafe in the market square. The route took a deliberate meandering course to add both interest and mileage passing through Wath, the lovely village of Sutton Howgrave, diverting through "Well" and following the dappled sunlight up the gentle climb onto the Masham road. A brief stop punctuated the ride whilst six riders tried to second guess the next move!

The leader (DaveW.) set off west towards Masham but suddenly dived right along the main B road in the direction of our proposed lunch halt in Bedale. This was a ploy to catch out the unwary as, at the next crossroads, we shot off again to the right, down hill and then immediately returned to the left back up the adjacent hill to arrive on the route to Thornton Watlass. (Yet another village worth a second visit!).

Our course continued to wander through Burrill, Cowling and, at last, we arrived for lunch in Bedale just in time to save a lynching as time was now getting late for lunch & seemingly some thought we may even be too late for the traditional "all day" breakfast menu. Staff at the cafe were welcoming and super fast even supplying Dave S (one of four Daves making up team "Dave") with his obligatory bowl of baked beans which he scoffed in no time.

We manage to miss the rain yet again whilst in the cafe and left, heading towards home in brilliant sunshine. A brisk pace led us to Carthorpe with a further deviation through to West Tanfield, a short dash down the main Ripon road, shooting off to the right to join the Grewelthorpe road, revealing signs of heavy rain which we'd luckily missed. Our final dash down to Ripon saw "dissent in the camp" with various riders heading off past the leader and therefore missing a left hand turn around the back streets of Ripon. This unfortunately meant the group splitting into two. However, Dave S managed to contact Eric W and we all, or so we at first thought, reassembled on "Barefoot

Street" in Ripon. Regretably we were one short!! Dave P had seemingly lost touch with the breakaway group and we'd no way of knowing of his whereabouts. We awaited a short while but to no avail. I hope he arrived home safely.

The ride concluded thereafter at a steady pace getting back into Knaresborough about 4.30pm after covering 70 - 75 miles of good pedaling. Dave W



Long Ride

At roll call this morning, the shout was for Lotherton and Selby. But, there was a Keystone Cops start to proceedings with leader heading in diametrically opposite direction to the other four members of the ride. Rudderless, the four ground to a halt near Oatlands Drive, reduced to multiple U-turns, a bit of arm-waving and the hint of a Gallic shrug. Fortunately, Richard's compass had reset itself and he re-joined the group to lead us across the Showground – where, unusually, all the gates were closed reflecting perhaps the absence of an event this week/month.

After a quick dose of the bypass, Kirkby Overblow was reached, too early to take advantage of the coffee available in the church. Onward to Linton, where Richard led an interesting detour through the back lanes alongside Collingham Beck and on to the climb up Jewitt Lane. Here, the cloud-watching got more serious, to the extent that turns were taken away from the most threatening varieties, reminding us of the way that ships would zig-zag to avoid torpedoes. All to little avail – when Richard S stopped with a flat near Wothersome, Heaven's bathwater descended, giving us our first soaking.

Retreating to the nearest café, the Wise Owl at Boston Spa, we dried out as best we could while sampling the excellent teas and scones. Spirits rose when a second group of soaked cyclists squelched into the café and the sun put in an appearance outside. Richard S took the prize for the wettest chair seat and we were on our way through Thorp Arch, Walton, Tockwith and the Hammertons.

Approaching Green Hammerton, we got our second soaking, but this time managed to find just enough tree cover to avoid water running down the backs of our necks. By the time we reached Tancred Farm Shop and Café, the sunshine was warm and we were ready for lunch. Home-made quiche and other delicacies delighted, including the largest BLT I've eaten – 6 slices of bacon! Some cheese shopping followed before we headed in the general direction of Boroughbridge.

At Great Ouseburn, Lesley and Richard S turned for Knaresborough and preparations for their Calais-Nice end-to-end starting next week. Farewell 'til September. Although the skies had cleared and promised a fine end to the day, the wind was strong and into our faces for the final push westwards towards Markington and Drovers.

Finally, a tail wind blew us into Ripley and a late tea and cake session for our third and well-deserved stop. The camping exhibition by Yeomans Outdoor was showing every sign of take-off by the time we passed it en route to the Greenway – testimony to the battle we had had since Boroughbridge. Thankfully, the 65-mile day ended quietly in warm late afternoon sunshine with our shorts almost dry, but with footwear still work in progress. Terry S