

Wednesday, April 29, 2015

## Wednesday Rides

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### Poddlers Ride

Quite a few Poddlers this morning, Gordon was in charge and had planned a lovely route, a reverse of one he had done earlier this year. We split into 2 groups with Gordon leading the first and Dennis the second. We set off through the showground but by the tip 3 of the first group had stopped to fix a puncture. Having passed through Goldsborough the 3 puncture repairers caught up with the second group at Flaxby. We continued through Arkendale, Staveley, Scotton and on to Ripley, mainly in sunshine though there was one nasty shower. At Ripley a number of the group went to the church for coffee, tea, a wonderful assortment of cakes and a good chat. Apparently some of the first group had already been there but fortunately there was still plenty of cake left! About 28 miles. Thanks to Gordon and Dennis for leading. Liz P



### Wednesday Ride

It seems most of the people who thought the weather not conducive to a 100 mile ride thought it not conducive to riding at all, so a small but perfectly-formed group set out for Brimham, simply because Brimham seemed to offer a reasonable ride without too much slogging into the teeth of a Westerly wind.

The bluebells in Ripley woods were spectacular; the squalls that came as we went up dale were fierce, but soon passed. At the top of Stripe Lane we saw the snow on Great Whernside, and Coldstones cut was very clear. However, by the time we got above Brimham Rocks, the next squall was blowing in, and Gt. Whernside was hidden. Still, at least that squall missed us.

Then it was Drovers crossroads, Shaw Mills and Sophie's for coffee, before checking up on the bluebells again. Colin



### **Three Bridges Ride**

Earlier in the week it looked as if there could be up to 14 people joining the 100-mile ride - or 165.8 km (103.63 miles) as the official Audax route describes it. Then we all started to listen to the doom-mongers at the BBC weather forecasting service, and one by one the numbers reduced until just 3 members - Terry C, Ian N and Eric W met at Stamford Bridge for the start of the ride. By the time we'd assembled bikes, donned all our wet weather gear (overshoes, rain jackets, helmet covers, bag covers, etc.) it was 8.30 as we started out. The latest forecasts gave us hope that the rain would have stopped by 9am, and so it proved! The roads were wet for another hour, so we were still getting spray from our own tyres - but, hey ho, this is cycling and we're in new territory and enjoying the experience.

We were pleasantly surprised to find that the first half of the route was undulating, and you only need to be a hundred feet about the Vale of York, the Humber Estuary and the Trent Valley to have some magnificent panoramas. The first of the three big bridges - the Humber Suspension Bridge - is quite an experience and we'd decided to have our first refreshment stop side at the café at the far side, but we missed it (note to future cyclists: cycle in the opposite direction to the route when you leave the bridge). We continued through North Lincolnshire - now facing into the strongish westerly wind - looking for a refreshment stop, and eventually stopped at the 'Hope and Anchor', South Ferriby, which prides itself on the locally produced food - mainly the catch landed at Grimsby! So after a very untypical cyclists lunch of crab in one case, and fish and chips for the other two, we continued in search of the other two bridges. Guinness Bridge is the lowest Bridging point of the River Trent, and Boothferry Bridge is the lowest Bridging point of the River Ouse. We made our second refreshment stop at Howden (sandwiches eaten on a bench outside the Co-op as the cafés were closed) and then it was plain sailing as we cycled due north with a small amount of wind assistance on the pan flat roads back to Stamford Bridge for 7pm. It had taken us nearly 8 hours of cycling at an average speed of 13.2mph, and we'd all clocked about a mile more than the official distance. A good ride, and hopefully there will be another opportunity this summer. Eric





### Long Ride

A company of eight emerged with the aim of taking things gently to Ripon today for various reasons, including recovery from Sunday's 100-miler to Hutton-le-Hole and recuperation from injury or surgery. There was talk of a deluge by 4.00pm, which lowered horizons a little further. With several groups wishing to use the Greenway as the exit, Richard P led us on a Marmite route to Dragon Bridge, including a tour of the Saints, backstreets and ginnels to the High School and the Woodfield cycle paths through to Knox. It was like "Doing the Knowledge", as one of our number remarked. There is a ginnel in Killinghall, somewhere, which leads through to Malt Kiln Lane – but we didn't find it! Finally we got to Ripley and the loos via A61, to re-establish contact with Lesley, who we'd shaken off at Dragon Bridge.

Prelude over, we headed for Ripon via Scarah Bank as a warm-up. Onward through a couple of squalls, we climbed up Hebden Bank where, mysteriously, Stewart went down. No visible harm or damage arose, but he was shaken a bit. Another squall through Risplith had some of us gazing longingly at T&J's, but Ripon Spa Gardens café was the goal. Fast men pell-melled it straight to Ripon, while a more relaxed group took in the Deer Park, past a strangely deserted Fountains. The café was crowded with EGs, which is always a grand sight. Slightly too early for lunch, second helpings of morning goods sent us on our way to the photo-shoot (only two raising a smile) and on towards Skelton, the loos in Boroughbridge, Roecliffe and Bishop M. Here Lesley and Richard headed for Sandy Bank and home while the rest took on the Markington alp(!) into the wind to Drovers, where Stewart turned for Ripley. A further shedding loop to Burnt Yates and Clint Bank spun Peter R and Martin off to Birstwith, leaving John, Richard and I to admire the emerging bluebells in Holly Bank Wood. Ripley Church's tea bar is not easy to pass by, so Richard and Terry dropped in for a second stop, using Markington's climb as the justification. Gently back along the Greenway brought 50 interesting, educational and enjoyable miles to a conclusion. More of the Knowledge next week, I'll bet.

Terry Smith



### **EG's Ride**

Numbers of EGs were greater than expected today. By reason of the weather forecast indicating strong winds, rain and possibly wintry showers some riders, who had planned to join the "Three Bridges" 100 mile Ride organised by J.R., had decided not to risk the potential discomfort of a full day battling the elements.

Not, however too dispirited, they decided to tag on to the usual mystery ride which, because of the risk of poor weather, was a little adhoc. A decision was made to head off north in a circuitous route to Masham, joined by a guest rider, Dave Rang (yes another one), recently arrived from Sussex (Welcolm to the EGs & welcolm to Yorkshire)

Arriving in two groups at the Sun Parlour Cafe, Spa Gardens, Ripon, we initially sat outside only to hurriedly retire indoors as threatening skies opened up and deposited their contents on our table. Fully refreshed eight hardy members decided to risk the still threatening black clouds and continue northwards, whilst the remaining six venture towards home via Boroughbridge.

The route followed a meandering course through Wath, heading for Thornborough.

Further showers threatened so a brief halt was called for to grab the waterproofs. By now the wind was biting and soon we were heading in to the westerlies complete with hailstones. (Painful on exposed skin!)

Continuing through Well, up Holly Hill, providing some respite from the icy wind, we added in a short loop around "Gebdykes" Quarry and then into Masham.

"Jonny Bagdads" was our chosen watering hole and a welcolm rest, albeit by now the weather seemed to have improved.

Space was at a premium so the group were split up. When it got round to Ian's turn to order he cheekily asked for a "roll" from the very pleasant waitress who, perhaps misinterpreting his meaning, dropped her order pad in shock. (Can't take him anywhere these days!!! Is this what it's like at the Golf club?)

Now the route home called for a little challenge, our leader thought, so was directed towards Grewlthorpe but via Swinton Castle (forgot how long this hill is) rising to approximately 800 feet and thereafter sweeping briskly downwards to Ripon, gaining good time on the way homebound. Despite the threatening forecast the days ride had turned out to be acceptably good and we completed about 55 miles in dare I say it reasonably dry conditions, although at times very cold. :- Dave Watson (Deputy Leader)

