

Wednesday, September 14, 2016

Wednesday Rides

Poddlers' Ride

Mist and wind, perhaps we had had summer. Five people decided to Poddle we were going to follow the Wanderers route at a sedate and respectful distance. Little did I know that the Wanderers' leader for today and the Poddlers' leader did not actually know what the other one was talking about. A gleeful greeting from the E.G.s and onwards to Boroughbridge. But not so fast oh no a puncture. I decided to walk home from Knaresborough, Jo and Jayne had other ideas....they had obviously not met a Schwalbe Marathon tyre before, Monica and Jean had, and agreed I should walk home.

However much to my horror the Wanderers were not in front of us but fast approaching our dithering mass of indecision. Their leader insisted on mending the puncture and having sent Paul B leading the cyclists onward, did that very thing. The knight in shining armour sped off on his two wheeler to meet his led group. As we entered Stavely, having lost Jean to a return via Brearton, we came across a rudderless group who had misplaced a leader. No surprise there then. Keep going was a suggestion, bad pennies turn up.

We could now get on with the route...Boroughbridge and a toilet stop in Morrison's (no tea despite plaintive cries), Roecliffe and a nasty headwind still, Bishop Monkton and a photo opportunity, Markington and back to Ripley (coming across a lost lonely Wednesday rider) for a much discussed cheese and onion pie, yum. Having brokered a cafe deal we returned to Harrogate via the Greenway. Ace company and a good ride despite the wind in our faces all the time. 32 miles and a load of paces and lots of floors. Caroline G



Wanders' Ride

It can be claimed that all rides lead to Markington no matter who leads you! Eleven riders set off towards Arkendale in less sunny than forecast, and blustery conditions. The Poddlers, we were informed, would be following our route but at a respectful and reverential distance behind us.

Imagine our surprise when we came across the aforementioned group standing by the roadside looking for a man! Their leader had taken them on a less circuitous route (polite for cheating) and had succumbed to the effect of a thorn in her rear tyre and was on the verge of pushing her bike home. The man was needed for the appliance of brute force. Dilemma or not! Let her push her bike home – after all she was being quite insistent – and continue to lead the ride, change the tube or let another male Wanderer volunteer! It was a no brainer in reality. Fearing the consequences of facing a frosty reception from said leader on my return home I duly did my duty.

Captain Paul took over my leadership responsibilities. Duty done I met up with the rest of the Wanderers in Markington – not an easy task after my poor initial communications, some route modifications and further communications via the intermediary Poddlers' telecoms roaming antennae.

At the Drover's crossroads the majority decided that they had had enough adventure for the day and headed directly for Ripley, some bypassing the church café and others not.

Thanks to Captain Paul for exercising his leadership skills at short notice (don't wear high heels on your imminent cruise Paul – you know what can happen) and thanks also to Keith for back marking. Most will have done 30 miles with one doing a little less but amassing MEGA BROWNIE POINTS. Max G

Wednesday Ride

Although Kevin and James's ride to Masham sounded appealing, a few of us wanted to be home early afternoon so we set off to Ripon via Goldsborough, Arkendale, Grafton and Boroughbridge. At Knaresborough Alison joined us but as she wasn't feeling too good she returned home at Boroughbridge with John. Tim, Stuart, Janet and myself went to Lister's Farm Shop for coffee before continuing on to Skelton, Littlethorpe and home. Unfortunately Stuart had a puncture near Knaresborough which he declared was his first one ever! A lovely 40 mile ride with great company. Paul T



The medium plus riders sorted themselves into two groups heading in the same direction, with one group aiming for a slightly shorter ride to Ripon, whilst ten of us headed off to Masham led by James and Colin. By the time we left Knaresborough we had become eleven as we gained Bianchi Bob. We made good progress, despite a brisk head wind, towards Ripon where we made a slight detour for Tim to stock up on water and then headed up to Kirby Malzeard. Somewhere along the way we realised we had lost Bianchi Bob who rumoured to be a little worse for wear. Accustomed as we are to Bobs vanishing tricks, we carried merrily on.

In contrast to the glorious summer day of yesterday, today we were transported straight into the season of mists and mellow fruitfulness with blackberries in the hedgerows and trees laden with apples. The mist was dense and damp but not cold. Despite the weather we still chose to head up over the moor at Grantley and Swinton where we grumbled about the lack of view but still felt the climb to be worth it for the swoop back down into Masham.

We headed to Johnny Bagdads and enjoyed tea and butties and whilst there, news reached us that Bianchi Bob was in fact safe and in recovery sipping tea at the Spa Gardens (get well soon). We prised ourselves from the lovely fug of Mr Bagdads, did the obligatory hill after the café stop and headed back to Harrogate via Snape Castle. The weather improving as the day wore on. Somewhere along the way we split off with James and Tim heading to Knaresborough, and the rest of us testing ourselves on the gravelly roads of the Mount Garret Estate back to Ripley. Here Jeanie departed desperate for tea and yet more cake and everyone else returned to Harrogate. A lovely ride led by James and Colin in great company. Jeanie F



EGs' Ride

After Tuesday's tropical temperatures it was a cold very damp dismal misty day at Low Bridge. However the forecast said it would brighten, but the mist /sea fret would remain at the coast, so Scarborough as a destination was not on.

Instead it was destination Tadcaster as first stop for the "unlucky" thirteen riders. The route was Thistle Hill, the disused road, Follifoot, Spofforth, Wetherby, then cycle path and road to Thorpe Arch village, Boston Spa and A659 to Tadcaster.

Unfortunately the fast group seemed to have taken a shorter route and arrived much sooner than usually expected. Now for the unlucky bit, the Lemon Tree Cafe was closed for two weeks for holidays. Due to the time difference between the two groups the fast group had headed to Bolton Percy cafe-seeking.

By now the sun was shining, the birds singing, and the weather very warm, so Norman being close to nature suggested getting sandwiches and cake and sitting by the river to admire the wild life and the inactivity round the bridge under repair. (he was joined by three more like minded naturalists). I think I have spelt that right. Dave P and Geoff headed for Bolton Percy to be met by Marvin (nice one), who took us to the chosen cafe. It was a change to drink coffee and tea out of china cups, and seems to taste better, just like beer out of a thin glass instead of thick walled glass mug. Unfortunately they had stopped serving beans at 11-30am so DP, Geoff and Marvin went beanless, but we were told by somebody with a grin, that their beans were well up to the "Siswick Standard" Ha !.

Then it was on to Acaster Malbis to view the "river of no reverse", though very low it was still heading to the Humber. Then in to York via Bishophthorpe, at the Racecourse the riders were offered a choice of routes, a quick return home via the Askhams, or up the river. The Chap`s chose to take afternoon tea at Home Farm Cafe Benningborough.

So it was cycle route 65 in beautiful cycling weather to the cafe for tea, however three of our number chose to have those very nice multi flavoured ice creams on offer, unfortunately for one rider, baked bean flavour was not on offer. Then home in the sun, but as Dave P, Eric and Marvin crossed the Stray down came the mist and with it a chill. An excellent ride in good weather and clocking up the miles. Dave P



Long Ride

Grey skies, taut flags and swaying trees greeted travellers to Hornbeam today – not what we were expecting, especially the wind. It was reported to be brighter in the east, so four of the long ride crew headed that way with the intention of getting out in the Howardians for the day. Picking up Lesley and Richard at Piccadilly, the flags still said that going north would be an effort. But the eastward trek brought its reward well before Aldwark Bridge as the sun was out and at the bridge we all shed at least one layer, some of us two.

Using a reverse of the Acorn ride route we settled into some brisk flatland riding and soon arrived at Sutton-on-the-Forest to observe that the cafe was closed. Preferring Sheriff Hutton as our first stop, we installed ourselves at Quarmby's cafe, with its array of gluten-free goodies, much to the approval of Richard L. Excellent quality, if a little pricey, meant that we lingered a while for a first stop. However, it gave a chance for the ride plan to gel.

Now confident about the weather, Hemsley for lunch was the call. In good heat we crossed the Howardians via Terrington Bank and a succession of other steep banks to arrive in Helmsley via Harome (pronounced hair-

um). Lunch in the sun at the Castle Gate cafe proved an excellent choice from the many available in a bustling Helmsley.

With a euphoric air, the final pieces of the ride route fell into place – we would take in Rievaulx, Old Byland and White Horse Bank before the final slog back across the Vale. Although the chosen route was deemed to have the least challenging gradients, there were still plenty of banks to get up and down en route to Sutton Bank visitor centre and the descent of White Horse. With the sun still warm we at last picked up some help from the steady northerly wind that we had faced since Sheriff Hutton. Back across the Vale via Thornton Bridge and Boroughbridge, we made good progress but ran back into the cool cloudy conditions that we had left behind in the morning. We hope that some of the WE rides got some sun today, as we had plenty.

After farewells in Knaresborough, Lesley and Richard headed off to prepare for Barcelona, while the remaining four slogged up to the golf club to exchange our good-byes well after 5.30. It was a long day, but a memorable long ride of 80 miles plus, with over 3500 ft of climbing – a sandwich ride, as Trefor remarked, with a cloudy outer and sunny filling. The same could be said of the terrain – flatland crusts with a hilly middle. Terry S

