

## CHECKING OUT A ROUTE.

When de-icer appears on the shelves of supermarkets, and piles of instant barbecues, once £4-00, now offered at £1-00, tell you that summer has been and gone for another year.

Most of us will at some time or another, will have been on an organised run at sometime in our motoring days, and of course, someone has to plan and then do a recce. We decided to have a small event before winter sets in. That job was taken on by Tony, Kath, Shirley, and I, on Tues. for our run to Goathland on Nov. 1st. The starting point at the Mercure Hotel in Wetherby was chosen to try and minimise the heavy traffic normally found in Leeds on a Sat. morning.

Our route was going to take us on the North bypass of York - always busy. From the bypass, we headed North, towards Sheriff Hutton. In a 60/70 mile run, everyone will require a comfort stop, and in the village 15ml. North of York, Tony spotted a deli on the right. We parked up and went to investigate, 2 tables outside, in the rain, and 8 places inside, Not really big enough but the food looked so inviting, and smell of coffee, defeated our object. The ladies ordered what looked like enormous meat filled sausage rolls, finished off with coffee. We all agreed we would have to make a return visit. But the eatery was not big enough. Castle Howard, 4ml to the East, and not on our desired route, but still heading towards the general direction, looked a more promising option. to deal with group. We continued Northwards, joining the A170 near Kirby Moorside, then turned right up through Hutton Le Hole, past the folk museum, and to the moors, heading towards Rosedale Abbey. The 3 in 1 descent into the village (past the remains of an old iron smelting works) was taken with respect on the many s-bends. The stream that runs through the village is called the River Susan, which starts up on the moors at a peak, called Rosedale Head. Another steep climb out of the valley, back onto the moor, where the low cloud restricted visibility to around 50yds.

Lucky in so far as having missed a deluge, as the moorland road was awash and the sides, running like rivers. In the 8 ml. or so to Egton Bridge, we saw only a small number of sheep, and disturbed some grouse nestling in the heather by the roadside with our progress. A right turn in Egton took us to Goathland, our destination, where, in one of the cafe's, hot soup and sardines were most welcome. Looking out of the cafe window at the rain and sheep just wandering down the road without a care in the world, not realising they could be on our dinner plates next year. Funny old world . Kath had, throughout the run, been taking notes for Tony to compose a route sheet for the run on Nov 1st. Apart from the poor conditions, a nice run out - hope the wether is better on the day.  
Derek Burnell.