

Sunday, August 19, 2012
Wheel Easy Ride Report 329



'Sorry everyone for the delay in uploading the reports but I have just got back from a week away. Wednesday's reports will be uploaded on Friday'

Safari Supper - Saturday 18th August, 2012

Everyone had their instructions, everyone knew where they were starting their starter, everyone was still going to join in, everyone who needed to had received their instruction envelopes....Or so we hoped. Max certainly was not so sure, Geraldine had little faith that the instructions were correct, Joe no doubt was calming and I was hungry. Seven o'clock and despite seeing several more couples, en route, than three, our starter group were all present and correct, and sampling a super starter. Lots of chat and getting to know new people and suddenly it was time to give out the main course destination....my phone sounded and a minor panic averted and sorted.... at which point I imagined two other people rushing home to cook a main course for eight. Easy, just get yourself to Asda, bring a few tins back from France and all will be sorted provided you have someone to turn on the oven! Amazingly six more people arrived and ate some of the food provided. Good

something left for lunch tomorrow. Sooner than expected the pudding revelations had to be made and people headed off on foot, by car and bike to their just desserts. Had there been a hitch, the hosts for one group were lost. Geraldine had fallen off her bike due to a faulty curb..(later confirmed by Malcolm) ...or so they say. By now things were extremely relaxed, everything seemed to have worked, and the wine and conversation had flowed and the puds were good. I, for one, could have stayed where I was. But, at the coffee stop, it was rather jolly meeting up with everyone involved, some who we had not seen all evening, to discuss the evening's goings on and have a very welcome coffee and chocolates, before pedalling home to finish the washing up. Thank you everyone for cooking so nicely, carrying out such bossy instructions so brilliantly and playing so well...what good sports you all are. Hopefully there will be another safari supper and hopefully there will be 32 or 64 wanting to join in and then we could have things getting completely confused. Caroline G

Short Ride Report

This will be a brief report as all I should be doing at the moment is sitting in a darkened room with a large ironing board ready to repack and zoom out of the country once more. Nine people opted for the short ride, but we had lost one of the two men by the time we reached the Rossett footpath. Andy, on his first outing, bravely continued.... the only man. The plan was to head up to Little Almscliff Cragg my favourite ride of old....but as they all sped ahead of me I realised |I would not be home by 11 and would need to suggest a little extra instead of the glorious glide back to Harrogate. Past the sun and on towards Penny Pot Lane, all the group were finding this an easy jaunt. As we progressed on to Penny Pot Lane, Jen, a nice lady's sister (sorry daughter), the only name I have forgotten, sped off after two unsuspecting lycra clad gentlemen who were powering down towards Harrogate...perhaps we would not see her again. We stopped to calculate our mileage and second time Fiona was delighted that we had hit 15 miles...well done to all, it took me about two years to be brave enough to do this ride. The siren call of coffee lured the group onwards to the Valley Gardens Cafe, and Diane headed home, Lynda, Fiona, Jen and her sister(sorry mother) Jen, Nicky and Andy headed for coffee....I met the Play Park half of the family and everyone should have been home before the rain. 18miles ...well done everyone. Caroline

Medium Ride Report

There were 16 takers for the medium ride. We were quite a mix- E.Gs, medium plus, long ride were all represented, along with a clutch of regular medium riders. As some of us had had a late night, we agreed to adapt the route to avoid a steep hill and loop near Thorner. So, the goal was to get to Thorpe Arch for coffee via Kirkby Overblow, Sicklinghall and Wetherby. We split into 2 groups, but met up regularly. Other than a 'squad' of 'bikers' who roared past, stopped and roared past again, it was a pleasant, peaceful ride with plenty of opportunity for chat. At Thorpe Arch Dennis continued homewards accompanied by Kevin. The rest of us headed for the cafe, ready for scones, cake, coffee. Everything was as good as usual. Then time to amble home again. The forecast rain threatened, causing a flurry of jackets to appear. By the time we got to Follifoot, riders began to peel off. Eventually, there were just 7 of us to puff up the Showground hill. All in all a perfect ride for a hot, sticky day. Alison N + Sue D

Medium Plus Touring Pace Ride Report

The official route description said 'hilly', although the pre match team talk suggested 'mountainous'. Despite this apparent attempt to dissuade, 13 plucky cyclists, including three new members, were persuaded to join an ageing mountaineer on a trip to the delightfully undulating Washburn Valley. (We suspect these new members were not newcomers to the dark cycling arts!) The leader adopted his customary relaxed 'distributed leadership' philosophy and so, throughout the ride, practically everyone got the chance to be in charge. The familiar route past Little Almscliffe to Fewston was ruined only by a jerk in a grey car whose aggressive driving and two fingered gesture to Gia was not particularly well received. We have your number, mate. Fewston Barn no longer being the welcoming pit stop it once was (apparently the owners have moved!), we moved on past the ritual pee stop and up to Timble. Then, in complete disarray to Blubberhouses; fortunately we all managed to come to a halt before hitting the A59. This is when it got interesting! The west side of Thrushcross Reservoir provides some of the most challengingly steep, but thankfully short, hill climbs in this part of the world. We arrived in good order, if a little short of breath at Hoodstroth, then on to Duck Lane (is that really what it is called?) past Menwith Hill, where the rain started in earnest, and a swoop down to Hampsthwaite and the mandatory bacon and egg butty at Sophie's. As usual the conversation was wide ranging, but eventually turned to the topic of the missing American. The leader pondered the possibility of avoiding the usual return to town via Killinghall and Knox. A suitable volunteer (Steve) was nominated to lead us back home, via a route only he could describe. At the end of the day the infallible Garmin said we did 32 miles and 2667 feet of ascent. So polka-dot jerseys all round. In summary a

great if 'hilly' ride, enjoyed in good spirit and humour by us all. And still back in time to watch City get off to a winning start! Chris M

Medium Plus Ride Report

A trio tootled off towards Timble. Tired legs told the author to terminate speed. Tirty tree miles and two hours twenty minutes later too tinkered to tell tales! 3 x 33 miles in case the above doesn't make sense. Steve

Long Ride Report

This was a ride of two halves the first being bright, sunny and warm; the second was one of sunshine and showers, more showers than sunshine. Despite the grim weather forecast nine riders set out from Hornbeam Park to Masham, once again. It would appear that Masham has become the centre of the universe for the Long Ride group. On the outward leg some riders decided to take various diversions. Richard P decided to use the NT facilities, at Fountains Abbey, and re-joined us latter on near Kirkby Malzeard, Phil S decided to keep Richard company but somehow manage to miss him, and Eric W retired to do some decorating. After some debate about the weather at Masham it was decided that we would complete the ride as planned. On leaving Masham the rain started and continued on and off for the remainder of the ride. As a novelty the ride actually went via Ellingstring and it made a pleasant change. By the time we reached Ripon six of us decided that a cafe stop at Spa Gardens was called for and after warming drinks and refreshments we returned to Harrogate. Peter J



