

Wednesday, March 20, 2013

Wednesday Rides



Poddlers Walk

Only photographic evidence can show the determination and grit of some of the sturdy Poddlers' as they gathered as usual for their Wednesday ride. We had even decided to do it without bikes and abnormally have a final coffee and cake stop. Wimpy Fairweather Wood (the thinking woman's Alan Titchmarsh) had a note from home to say he actually was Wimpy and would not be joining the Sturdy Eight, and even the legendary El Butler had decided that a 40 miles swim in the Ouse would be a better way to spend his morning. So after a pleasant girl from the college had carried out her care in the community for the day and taken several photos of the group grouping in readiness for their departure into the sleet, hail, wind, slush and grey muck, we set off in a southerly direction. It became apparent that the group we not really interested in walking as such, but gossiping and chatting and getting round in a wide circle from Hornbeam to Liz and Richard's as quickly as possible seemed to be the morning's aim. Having trudged through a snicket to St. George's, slid through the Pannal Ash Drive area, slopped up Otley Road, along Harlow Moor Road (noting Catherine Gurney's benevolence and love of the police en route), slurried through the Pinewoods and Valley Gardens, and skirted the edge of town, Joe S, Geraldine B, Caroline G, Max G, Jane K, Sue D, George D, and Kevin 1 arrive at Richard and Liz's, in a soggy wet steaming mass, baying for warmth and sustenance.....which I have to say was offered to us in more than abundance.....After interesting conversation and wonderful warmth and glorious coffee and cakes and other heat giving substances, offered by Liz and Richard, we all returned home feeling very virtuous and quite pleased we had left our beds so early and walk. CG



EG's Ride

The forecast said snow, and it did especially on Harlow Hill.

All white and pretty (pretty awful actually).

A solitary rider headed for Low Bridge and thought he saw a couple of riders in Hornbeam car park. Though this could be hallucinations to go with his (temporary or otherwise) insanity.

The lone riders thoughts were around, if a no show at Low Bridge in to a cafe on Waterside for a full English, numerous coffees and home.

However the madness was contagious and soon we had six riders, three Dave`s, an Eric, a Glyn, and a Terry.

The weather now did not seem that bad, and six is not a number for café shock so on to Boroughbridge, Tasty Snacks and the fair Sonia.

The men`s downhill to Occaney was won by Dave S with Glyn on his rear wheel, the rest way back. Dave`s wonder wheels again.

The café was in the throes of redecorating and some of the paperhanging left a lot to be desired, one of the waitresses was asked if she was responsible, Oh no! she replied I`m just a stripper!.

Getting the EG`s out of the cafe was difficult, but we were soon on our way to Cundall (missed that again Bob), Rainton, Wath and Ripon and Spa Gardens café where the six EG`s were more than equal to the numbers who had visited so far (due to the weather).

The return was via Bishop Monkton and Knaresborough as the lumpy route via Ripley can have flooded roads. Just before crossing the Leeds Road, an immaculate John R was met by the remaining two riders (one of whom was well "spotted"). He had taken a late breakfast and done a leisurely 20miler? was it JR?.

Not a bad ride at all, considering the starting conditions with max mileage of around 49 miles. Dave P