

Sunday, April 12, 2015

Wheel Easy Ride Report 467

Poddler's

Sunday morning and what a horrible day. Overcast and raining and very cold, what person in their right mind would want to go cycling on a day like this? Okay Jen and I had an excuse, we had volunteered to lead the ride and I had secretly hoped that no one would be bothered to turn up at the leisure centre in Ripon and we could then turnaround and drive straight back home to the warmth of our central heating and a good book. However there always have to be spoilers, so we duly arrived at the sports centre and there they were the 'goody goodies' hunkered down in their cars awaiting the leaders to arrive (how inconsiderate can you get!).

Oh well, resigned to our fate we gathered the great and the good together and set off on the Annual Daffodil Ride 2015. As if on cue the rain suddenly took on another dimension, straight down, very heavy and being so cold it hurt (a lot). The short hill up to the turn to Hutton Conyers did little to warm bodies which were even now beginning to cool towards freezing point, hastened on by the dampness slowly seeping through the mix of waterproof nylon and Gortex tops. Further on, and believe it or not, the rain started to get even heavier, spray from the road and puddles leaving feet sodden and toes numbed by the cold.

Onward to the inevitable photo opportunity and a few daffodils (the smiles are more sort of 'grimaces'). Heads down, onwards and anecdotes about how conditions weren't as bad as this during the great storm of '????' and 'I don't remember being as cold as this on the Hilary Step', seemed to keep everyone occupied, whilst it was the thought of respite, warmth, food and drink at the Thorp Perrow Arboretum cafe, which was the real spur to meaningful progress. When we arrived we were the only ones there and so straight to the counter for coffee and tea. The ladies had some very nice baps, sausage, and bacon and egg being the most popular. Some people (no names mentioned, but you know who you are Alison and Jenny) took an inordinate amount of time in the loo, which we found out later under interrogation, was because the radiator in the loo being at the correct height and temperature made a really decent rear end warmer and cycling bottoms pad drier outerer (is there such a word?).

Okay, which way back ('the quickest' I heard shouted). No this is the Daffodil ride and we are renamed the 'Paddlers' and we will finish this ride in the spirit it was meant to be ridden. So Masham it is! Bolstered by the refreshments and warmth the next part of the ride would have been fine but for the 'wind' (the meteorological sort that is). Forecast by the BBC to be about 45mph at 1.30pm it didn't disappoint and was as deeply unpleasant as it was accurately forecast. However, onward we thrust undaunted into the mirk (Ripon getting ever nearer). Grewelthorpe arrived and the sun made a brief appearance, but went almost as quickly. From Grewelthorpe downhill most of the way to Ripon and the only mishap was Alison finally losing her head (well it had to happen in all that adversity). Luckily Liz (on her cycle and not her BMW 1200 RT) picked up the valuable Gortex cover that had blow off Alison's helmet and on the outskirts of Ripon Alison got her head back together and we were all able to finish with a flourish back to the sports centre.

Interesting human psychology. After all the complaining there comes a moment when it was all, 'well definitely worth getting out', 'I bet the others have turned back', At least we have done the Daffodil ride and upheld the clubs reputation for cycling in all weathers'.

They say 'mad dogs and englishmen go out in the midday sun', well I think on this showing that Paddlers go out in almost any weather, mad dogs and all. Well done everyone. Glyn & Jenny

Medium Ride

Faced with an adverse weather forecast, the planned ride was changed and shortened. We set off in dry weather, through the show ground to Follifoot and then to Spofforth. A quick blast up the hill took us eventually to Little Ribston where we turned back to Knaresborough. The rain eventually arrived and we were showered upon until we reached Ripley, where some of us stopped for sustenance while the others continued home.

By the time we emerged to return back via the Greenway, the rain had become heavy and the wind had picked up, so we cycled back quickly to the warmth of our homes.

Medium Plus

Why go to Thorpe Perrow to see the daffodils when you can have your own personalised posy at Ripon Spa Garden's Café? (And a hot cuppa and scone). This proved the cycle tour highlight and

destination for the day. Return route via Boroughbridge (Dave's lot) or Markington and Greenway (Sarah's lot). Thanks to all for keeping the day cheerful. Sarah C

The daffs were at their very best, and the villages looked stunning in the Springtime glory. Trouble is, we didn't see any of it.

The forecast seemed accurate when the rain came in bang on cue, and later, so did the wind. So our decision to have a short quick ride up to Spa Gardens and back seemed justified. And when I say quick, I mean QUICK.

Thanks to all who came in my little group. Kind of Bob and Tracey to lead us out on their tandem; until they dropped us of course. The advantage of a big engine in the boot according to Bob. Good also to see so many prepared to brave the elements; Rob for having cycled from, and back to Leeds, in rotten weather, shunning the offer of a lift home. Long riders Phil, James, and Dave W2 were also attracted to our pragmatic choice of route. Dave and Dennis were out after a lengthy absence; welcome back. And thanks also to the regular stalwarts Terry, Terry, Bill, and Dave W. We had a splendid time out as ever, and the Snape Daffs will probably still be there next week.

Dave S.



