

Wednesday, November 11, 2015

Wednesday Rides

Poddlers Ride

El Butler was left behind....we thought he had decided against accompanying us....so we just set off. No wonder disaster nearly struck several times, before he found us. Our just desserts. As we entered the show ground footpath a dustbin van told us we could pass it then moved off....rather quashily. The path was so slippery we had a few slithers.....then a couple of out of control speeding dogs invisibly rounded the corner from the field and ran straight into Jen, had anyone else has been on that bike, the dogs would have been mangled over the top of her and I in a pile up. Jen survived totally unscathed, apart from being shocked and appalled by the dog owners attitude. After spying James Grimshaw and his group, we thankfully we taken into the calm control of Dennis who had been searching for us since we set off, and suggested that it was going to rain. He therefore suggested that he was missing out Boroughbridge and heading back via Burton Leonard, where we came across James and co.again; the little bridge on the mountgarret estate,where we executed a particularly brilliant piece of bike lifting teamwork; and onwards up the hill, where we joined some very tweedy gentlemen having their two minutes silence; towards Nidd, where we avoided being ploughed down by a large number of jeeps and 4/4 s with large metal pheasant storers attached and a jolly looking lady who seemed to be carrying a picnic for thousands, in the back of her regulation black range rover. By Ripley the rainfall prediction was proved correct, and El Butler had ordered his lunch Chez Dorethy..sausages, onion gravy, vegetables and mashed potatoes. Yum. We arrived back in Harrogate to discover Max had done a little more riding than us but had come across no rain and craftily avoided Weardly Bank. Thank you to my front marker and my back marker....I had a lovely ride, cut suitably short by inclement conditions. CG

Wednesday Wanderers Ride

If everyone had gone by the weather reports we would have stayed in bed, warm and dry as opposed to warm and wet, however when you are down to lead excuses are not an option. Nine of us started, but only four finished. Perhaps it was the fact that I have a reputation to maintain concerning the number and frequency of hills on my ride routes. Now as I got out of the car at Hornbeam a bird with consummate accuracy managed to cover my helmet, shoulder and arm with whitewash. Using this to my advantage however, I tried to coerce my small party by telling them that the 'old wives tale' says to be pooped on by a bird is an omen of good luck (apparently) and this would translate into us not have any rain on our ride. Suitably spurred, we set off. Unfortunately for all my deviousness we lost Paul just before Sicklinghall, and then Gordon and John just at the turn to Linton. Max and Alison left us just before the Windmill Pub in Linton, so we were now down to four. I might add that Alison had tried to get away earlier at Pannal by having a mechanical affecting her front mech, but this was easily rectified (I don't give up without a fight). On the route I had set, Linton was the last point at which anyone could get back to Harrogate without incurring a lot of hills and a lot of mileage. We rode out through Collingham and onto East Rigton, past the Bingley Arms (the most expensive pub in Britain, allegedly). Once we had passed Scarcroft and were heading towards Eccup Reservoir, it seems I was the only one who knew where we were but finally along the road through Eccup village and onto the New Inn it all became familiar again. I needed to find out what time the pub opened for lunch (USA walk duty) and our team took a decision to call this a 'coffee stop'. Tempted to have a beer (pint of Bombardier would have been nice) and christen this the first Wanderers pub stop. We were good though and had tea, coffee and coke (the drink). Last push now and down Weardley Bank, along to Weeton, Almscliff Crag, North Rigton and down into Burn Bridge for the final climb back to Hornbeam. Liz looked at me as though she were about to mark me out of ten for the ride and said two words, 'Fabulous Darling' (not the two words I was thinking of) and I had this vision of her turning into Craig Revel-Horwood (I'll be having nightmares tonight), sorry Liz. Nice ride, not for the faint hearted and it didn't rain! Who says they don't believe in 'old wives tales'. 35 miles - 2,750 ft of ascent. Glyn A

Wednesday Ride

Once again there was a poor forecast, but despite this the turnout for this weeks Wednesday Ride was 200% up on the previous week although ideas for a route were a little on the thin side! Indeed there was only one and so twelve of us set of for Fountains in the hope that the mild dry start would continue and see us home – a vain hope! A slightly devious route was followed to make a change from the usual ways out of Harrogate and through Knaresborough

and so we wound our way along the backstreets of Starbeck and down the Beryl Burton, taking care on the slippery leaves which had accumulated on the steep bottom section. Through Bond End we turned to follow a route through Scriven, Lingerfield, Farnham and Occaney and then onto Burton Leonard and down the A 61 to Markington where we observed the two minute silence in the quiet countryside. From Markington we took the normal route towards Fountains and unfortunately the rain started more or less on time to give us good soaking just before reaching the Visitor Centre Cafe. Having divert to Ripon to call at Spa, Paul and Gia re-joined us for caffeine and cakes and there was some reluctance to move on as the rain did not show any signs of easing off. However we eventually set off back in two groups via the Drovers, Ripley and the Greenway and the rain did ease off after another soaking so much so that the roads were nearly dry by the time I made it back to Knaresborough. Despite the weather we enjoyed some fresh air in good company and, depending on where you started or finished, we covered between 30 and 35 miles. Thanks to all who came and to Paul for once again taking the photo. James G



EG's Ride

The weather forecast seemed rather bad, the BBC version having many black clouds with two or three rain drops falling out of them, and this throughout the day.

Despite this we had ten riders at Low Bridge, including Dave Peatfield, who has not ridden with us for a while, welcome back Dave.

For a time we had with us a Dennis who had misplaced a Caroline (ah! Dennis the fair sex sometimes lead us a merry dance).

As yet there was none of the predicted rain, so it was southward to Wetherby (into the wind) and in to Morrisons Cafe, bikes under cover and await the forecasted downpour, and then finalise our destination.

Whilst taking refreshment, Morrison`s staff, the EG`s and other customers observed the silence for Remembrance Day.

Leaving the cafe we were pleased (some astonished) that the rain had not yet arrived.

Here Dave S returned home to visit his doctor for "some shot`s",, being a seafaring man they were probably for Scurvy and Yellow Jack (agh! Jim lad).

The nine proceeded to Thorpe Arch trading estate via the cycle path, then on to Wighill, Askham Richard and Long Marston, coming in to Tockwith, we stopped at a new war memorial for a Stirling Bomber, (see photo) quite in keeping for the eleventh day of the eleventh month.

A hot drink stop was taken at Tockwith Post Office before continuing to Cowthorpe and the B6164 and home.

This was all achieved without rain, the riders being very grateful to the BBC weather service for getting it so very wrong.

For most riders the mileage would have been in the mid forties, a good mileage for a dark cloudy November day. Dave P.



Dordogne Ride Report

Just because the ride started in south west France just two riders turned up! It has happened before but for future reference the bar at St Alvere is the equal of Sophie's anytime - so what is the problem? We set off in morning sunshine, a bit chilly to start, but with great promise of a warm day to come. After steadily climbing to the village of Fouleix we decided as it was near 11am to pay our respects at the war memorial. Sadly we were the only ones present for the minute silence but in the quiet of the Dordogne countryside it was very moving. Three km later at the village of St Armand we saw that they were honouring Armistice day as we passed by at the end of the ceremony. So putting disappointment behind us and enjoyed a delightful ride along a ridge on empty sunny roads eventually stopping by the church at Cendrieux for a sandwich lunch. Afterwards we dropped down a fabulous hill into St Alvere for a coffee and cake. We returned home via secret deserted lanes to the village of Constant (HPB) after 35mils of staggeringly beautiful riding in empty countryside. Then we enjoyed a glass of wine and watched the sunset. It is tough but somebody has to do it. Martin W.



