

Wednesday, April 27, 2016

Wednesday Rides

Poddlers' Ride

It was lovely to be joined by newly back from cycling Cuba Linda and Jean.....both quite newly work free as well. Their presence doubled the really regular Poddlers at a swipe. Hope you'll be out and about every week....the other regulars obviously more cunning with weather forecasts than the two who had turned up and another was searching for a bike saddle for a bike that was having a restorative few weeks rest at Veloheads or was it the rider having a restorative few weeks rest. Anyway cunning forecasters Di and Monica you missed a treat....summer sun, piercing north north-west winds, complete grey in every way, rain of every type, and deep joy, slicing, scything hailstones the size of beads, which left, in Spofforth at least, a ice slick over the road. What is more the ride had to retrace its steps to the area of roadworks where over heating determined a speedy clothing change or two and a bit of throwing items over the path. The road men were confused but very helpful allowing the group (I use the term group loosely here Jean and Linda had by now left us for important dates) to pass through their road covering process to retrieve clothing items. By Wetherby we were wondering where the Wanderers had wandered to, but as we headed towards the Harland Way and home we came upon Joe and a peaky looking group of cyclists crying for coffee and wondering where we had had coffee. Totally soaked through by now Jen sped back to her car to await Glyn whilst I hid in a bus shelter and ignited a couple more hand warmers to prevent complete hyp (o/a) thermia and planning a speedy return to ensure first place in the bath queue. 30miles (and in the imaginary world of the fit bit 19,239 paces and 92 floor) of retracing a tiny part of the tour of Yorkshire stage 1 backwards. CG

Wednesday Wanderers' Ride

Fifteen takers for the Wednesday Wanderers today, including new member Kate. The weather forecast threatened rain or worse later, but not till mid-afternoon. Andrew kindly agreed to take a sub-group. Hookstone Woods, Showground and Rudding. We re-grouped just across the ring road, and cycled in a single group from then on. The sun shone passably through Spofforth, where Maris thought that the Harland Way would not be too muddy, so we took that in to Wetherby (she was right; maybe it was frozen?). Through Wetherby town centre and along the A1 cycle path, benefitting from the northerly wind. At the roundabout, instead of going under the A1 and continuing on the cycle path on the east of the A1, we took the road which runs parallel to the A1 on the west side, which has a wonderful surface and very little traffic (and maybe we should use it more often). Into Bramham and towards Clifford, when one of our two Michaels had a puncture. After some minor problems with pumps, Glynn assisted and all was sorted after a short interlude. Michael (he of the puncture) guided us smoothly through Clifford and Boston Spa, as the ride leader really had very little idea of the route he'd planned. Through Thorp Arch village (not the Trading Estate) and along a road which was closed to motor vehicles, as it was being patched up for the imminent Tour de Yorkshire. In fact, there was quite a lot of bunting and evidence of local enthusiasm for the Tour. We picked up the cycle path into Wetherby and negotiated the organic hazards in the tunnel under the A1. Discussions about a café stop took place, and the leader thought that the Shambles had been chosen, so he headed there, only to find himself all alone, wondering where everyone else was. We saw Caroline and Jen heading out of Wetherby, having come the other way round on our route. The North Street Deli was in fact the chosen café, but Alison, David and Max and Glynn carried on. This was probably quite a wise decision, as, when we came out of the Deli, it was raining gently. By the time we reached the turning to Kirk Deighton, it was hailing heavily, only turning to sleet and then to rain as we reached Knaresborough. Along Riverside and then up the hill by the A59. It had stopped raining by the time we reached Harrogate. About 32 miles. Joe



Wednesday Ride

The decision on the route for today's ride was weighted heavily on the weather forecast as whilst we were meeting on a clear blue and sunny sky promised rain/sleet and kitchen sinks later in the day -with the debate being when it would come.

Eventually it was decided to head to Easingwold which gave lots of options to shorten the ride if the weather turned. Martin had already decided to turn off to Boroughbridge and not risk the weather so that gave other riders options which seemed to settle the nerves.

Eleven riders headed to Low Bridge where the EGS were gathering and after a short chat we headed off via Farnham, Arkendale and then to Marton-cum-Grafton where the first split came when Martin, Charlie and John headed for an early coffee (and return) in Boroughbridge.

The remainder were still confident of the weather holding out but set a fast pace (for us) to Easingwold via Aldwark Bridge.

James, who had time constraints, left us at Alne to make his way home and the remainder began to smell the coffee....

Our cafe of choice (Delicious Table) was full so we took ourselves off across the Square where the fast EG's were already established and in the process of ordering.

They were very gracious and let us join them and after the staff had got over the panic of another 7 cyclists arriving we enjoyed coffee and bacon rolls.

We were careful not to try to be too noisy and disturb the serious eating on the EG's table but as we left they were setting off to the hills (I think) and we were heading back into some pretty dark clouds.

The decision was taken to retrace our steps home which was judged the quickest route and with our eyes on the heavens above we made good progress back. At Arkendale we decided to divert via Coneythorpe and Goldsborough (not a route often used on the way home) into Knaresborough and then back to Harrogate via Forest Moor Road.

We still had not got wet, but we could see we were lucky with the fresh snow on the ground, but it held out only until Woodlands corner where the rain set in and we finished the ride slightly damp- a good result considering the weather forecast and the skies we had ridden under.

We can consider today a bonus given the 48 miles we did with only minor showers.

With the weather and the flat ride it was a bit faster than usual but everyone seemed OK with that and enjoyable after the recent hilly rides. Kevin



Wednesday Long Ride

Just three riders for a longer session today - John S, David of Estonian heritage, and yours truly. Our offer for the day was "Masham by diverse routes", quickly qualified to mention the possibility of Lofthouse to Masham via Trapping Hill. Conscious of the poor forecast, the pace out towards Brimham Rocks was brisk and the descent into Pateley sufficiently eager to allow us an early coffee stop. The unpromising outlook up the Dale caused an abandonment of the Trapping Hill idea. Instead, we had a go at Old Church Lane, a severe climb in anyone's book. John proved to be the strong man today, but everyone made it to the summit without walking. Once on the moor, we began to feel the northerly wind but the rain and sleet held off. We were lucky in our timing, as there were a couple of stretches where puddles suggested we had just missed a downpour. Luck held for us while we switch-backed through Grantley, Risplith and Sawley, arriving at Studley for a lunch stop still in dry gear. Conversation featured the EU referendum, again, illuminated this time by David's family history, set in post-war migrations from Eastern Europe. The route home through Ripon and Bishop M got colder and colder until on the approach to Sandy Bank rain and sleet caught up with us. It was inevitable, really, for we had just passed through roads with verges covered in snow. Safely up the alp to the golf course, we bade our farewells after c 45-50 miles and c 3750 ft. of climbing. Not a bad day out for late January - it is January isn't it? Terry Smith

EGs' Ride

The Last ride of April and the weather forecast was cold and clear till around 2-00pm when it could become somewhat iffy, well that`s what the BBC said, but if wrong who are we to complain EG`s don't always pay licence fees.

So the intention was straight to Easingwold for the first coffee stop, and after caffeine and calories, see what route we should take regarding how the weather looked to us.

Then away went fourteen of us.

At the men`s downhill at Occaney the two heavyweight champions fought it out and it was close, however the lightweight champion came between them.

So it was Dave (wonder-wheels) Siswick First.

Dave Watson Second.

Bob Shears Third.

At Boroughbridge Bob and Roy left us for coffee, Roy having safely returned from Skiing with a minor non-skiing injury, no he did not fall off a bar stool in a Gasthaus.

The faster group were already tucking in to goodies in the bakery cafe and the slower six squeezed in to the Curious Table.

After all had been fed and watered it was a full gathering on the green for a route consultation and out came the map, Dave S, Norman and Terry headed for home.

With all eyes on a big black cloud in a southerly direction it was decided to leave Easingwold and head towards Stillington (unfortunately it was here we had a communication problem and Dave W, Eric and Phil headed in a different direction, at first we thought they had followed a charming young female cyclist, with "cappuccino" written over her kit who had dined in the Curious Table).

At Sutton-on-the-Forest we had intended to travel to Strensall however the big black cloud now looked unavoidable so it was on to Wigginton and Benningborough Cafe, where the big black cloud gave a warning and we scuttled in to the cafe to watch the downpour i.e. hail.

After a second cup of coffee we said farewell to the hail and came out in to sunshine and drizzle, and it was cold, despite lots of wet weather gear it was not a "boil in the bag ride".

In Harrogate the Starbeck sleet became heavy snow on Harlow Hill, and for a short time almost blizzard like, through which a bemused EG cocooned in layers of wet weather gear espied a youth sauntering in "shirt sleeve order".

It was a good ride, unfortunately weather curtailed, of anywhere between 50 and 60 miles. Dave P



