

Wednesday, June 29, 2016

Wednesday Rides

Wednesday Wanderers' Ride

The weather was going to be very wet from 11am onwards, the Wanderers Ride to Otley was now off and I planned to do a quick ride to Ripley for drinks and cake at the church, but the plans of mice and cyclists often go awry. As I stood alone at Hornbeam I thought surely no one would turn up, who could take a photo of 'Liz no mates' abandoned at Hornbeam. Composing my ride report in my head, it would be on the lines, 'as I cycled lonely as a cloud, among the streaming rain', when Mike appeared. James had appointed me Captain of the WE ship, to make the announcements, it seem to be sinking as the rain began. Like Munity on the Bounty a few more stalwart cyclist turned up and before long we were 15 strong. Five decided to do their own ride and ten Wanderers agreed on a route to Beckwithshaw, Stainburn, Pennypot Lane, Kettlesing to Ripley. The rain was not too bad as we set off and Dennis set a good pace, I think he is nearly good enough to make the Tour de France team as he races up hills with no effort at all, that new knee is ace!! The group made good progress as we reached Stainburn carpark, the rain was not too heavy at this time. Once we reached Pennypot Lane the rain was now teeming down and everyone just wanted to get home as quick as possible, this is when it went awry. As I turned off Pennypot Lane, I heard the others shout that they were carrying on along Pennypot Lane to Harrogate, so I thought 'I will go home via Kettlesing still. Mike followed me and said he would come along as well and I believed everyone else had gone the other way. Crossing the A59 I stopped on the Kettlesing Lane and saw the Red Caped Crusader Mike and David across the road and waited till they caught up. Unfortunately I did not realised that Liz and Alison was also following and the four of us set off as the rain was now bucketing down leaving them behind. So a public apology to Liz and Alison, I need my friends, I don't have many!! The rain was relentless and as we went through Kettlesing, very drenched, the Cape Crusader said we all should try to get under his cape, cycle along and just have our legs showing like an eight legged spider!! I thought I knew where I was going but the rain seems to addle my brain and somehow I ended up in Hampsthwaite not Ripley, which was a stroke of luck as Clint Bank is closed. Despite our sodden condition, the four of us piled into Sophie's making a noise and dripping water on the floor. It was too good an opportunity to miss out on bacon butties and coffee. Then Mike had the bright idea to do the photo shoot of us under his cape and the waitress said she would take it from the door as we piled back out in the rain for the photoshoot. How did we keep the humour going, like the good old British spirit, a few tales of Scottish midge bites and other travellers' tales made us laugh? After a hot drink and food, we went out and the rain was still sheeting down and getting worse. A soggy ride up Lund Lane then to Knox where Liz left for home and the very wet three cycleteers continued to Harrogate. I do not know the mileage it was around 22 knots on a very wet and stormy sea. Liz





Morcambe Bay Cycle Tour





Wednesday Long Ride

Flaming June! To be fair to the Met Office, the prospects were not rosy and the outcome was accurately predicted. Many regulars were missing from today's sign-in at Hornbeam, a combination of European touring (while we still can) and caginess over the rain. It was a mere five, therefore, who set out for Lotherton Hall on the assumption that there would be tail winds home. Out through Burn Bridge, Kirkby Overblow and the turn to Linton, we were dry. Thoughts of an inspection of Linton Bridge were quickly scotched as we headed into Wetherby, where we bid farewell to John S, newly back from Spain and preserving his tan. By the time we had negotiated headwinds along the A1M bypass path to Wattle Syke the rain was falling steadily, causing the Lotherton leg to be abandoned in favour of an early pit stop in Boston Spa. Snugly inside Caffè Deli before 11.00, toasted teacake dominated the eats and puddles dominated the view from the window. The next leg of the ride took little debate – back by the quickest route. In quick succession Thorp Arch village, Wetherby Racecourse, face-slapping low branches and the Deightons were soon passed, whereupon Lesley and Richard headed for Knaresborough while Richard P and I turned for Spofforth, Follifoot and the Showground, to complete just over 30 miles. A short ride, carefully constructed to test our resolve and the quality of our rainwear, had its good moments - although mostly after we had warmed up at home. Tomorrow is another day. How about a bike ride? Terry Smith

EGs' Ride

Well the forecast said (the BBC) rain at 10:00am then heavy rain at 11:00am, and it felt somewhat cold. Well what can you do with that, forecasts being quite accurate these days? It pointed to getting bikes and bodies under cover at our caffeine and cake breaks, so what's left?, only one thing, Morrison's Boroughbridge then on to Morrison's Wetherby.

We had only seven riders at Low Bridge (case of the soggy feet blues?). So away went this magnificent seven to Boroughbridge. At the men's downhill at Occaney we think it went to Dave Watson, he is on good form having been seen on Sunday descending at a great rate of knots down the hill to Ripley.

Then it was in to the cafe only mildly damp and cold. It was very pleasant sitting in comfortable chairs, eating and drinking pleasant things, watching the rain start bucketing down, not to bothered about England Soccer team being mostly England Rugby supporters.

Then out in to the rain and wind? to make for Wetherby. The route chosen was via the Dunsforth's and Great Ouseburn, however the weather seemed to deteriorate with strong wind and rain in our faces and despite our wet weather gear (which is usually "boil in the bag") we were quite cold, so at Great Ouseburn we headed for home via Marton cum Grafton. Only Rob continued to Wetherby obviously to get the miles and adverse conditions in for his American trip.

Now here come the excuses, despite it being near midsummer it was damned cold, because of the wetness and wind-chill factor, the wind being in our faces all the way to Wetherby.

Old men's memories are often suspect but I cannot remember being that cold in June/July in England.

So it was a shortish ride but well worth doing, especially for the company. Dave P

