

Sunday, June 29, 2008

## Wheel Easy Ride Report No. 113

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Was it something I said?? Martin amassed 18 for his ride to Ripon, Caroline gathered 8 and 6 joined me for the long ride! Anyway we cycled 44 hilly miles with some glorious downhill stretches which made the effort worthwhile. The route through Weardley to Bramhope was new for some which is always a bonus and the route down the hill to Otley from the Chevin inspired the 40+mph brigade. The farmers market in Otley provided sustenance for some with the rest using the Leeds Town House café, probably for the last time as they were most unwelcoming.

The views of Dob Park to the east and Ilkley to the west makes the climb out of Otley worth the effort, followed by a nice run down to Fewston and a second café stop at the Parochial Hall, this week sponsored by Yorkshire Cancer Care. To justify two café stops we headed off over to Menwith Hill, High Birstwith and coasted down to Hampsthwaite and home. Malcolm ("new Malcolm"), Dave B and Alec all sped along on their fast carbon bikes, they are all looking very fit! GM

Despite a threat of rain 14 medium riders set off from Hornbeam heading for Ripon. At Knaresborough Liz and Brian joined us on their tandem, making a welcome return, and also Norman joined us accompanied by his brother. So the group had increased to 18 as we headed for Farnham and over the bridleway from Copgrove.

On the way in to Bishop Monkton we met the Ripon Loiterers on a ride to Linton Locks. After that the miles sailed by at a leisurely pace and we soon arrived at Ripon Spa Gardens Café. The café was very busy with groups of cyclists including a large group from the Otley club.

We returned home via Knaresborough in a chilly wind but it stayed dry for us, only raining when we were home.

### Highlights

- Norman' brother, David, was riding a Willier. For the uninitiated think in terms of planes and Concorde, or trains and the TGV. He had fitted a nice leather Brooks saddle and when I picked it up I realised that made up most of the weight. The rest of the bike would hardly move the dial on your bathroom scales!
- An irate motorist at Knaresborough wanted to tell the back half of the group to get out of his way, and even went so far as to make complete fool of himself by getting out of his car. Sarah tells me that he then realised the size of the group he was ranting at and duly got back in his car and tootled off. MW

Nine-ish riders set off on the short sedate ride this morning, but despite the cloud and grey still hanging in the

air, spirits were high and enthusiasm bubbling. We made very short work of the dash to Sainsbury's, and continued towards Rudding Lane without problems. We polished off the ascent of Rudding Lane hill towards the Park, with minor chain and pedal problems fixed ably by Max. Michelle and Jean had both zoomed past old timers Sue and Caroline at the hill's steepest point. At Follifoot the group all decided to speed onwards to Spofforth, and Max made an obviously planned escape back home on a first aid mission. At Spofforth everyone was delighted with the stunning gardens full of roses and pushed on along the sloe gin route, towards Knaresborough, all keeping the leader on her toes to keep the speed up. At this point we met our third group of cyclists heading in the opposite direction and wondered what we were missing. Absolutely nothing --as the sun came out and we headed back to Knaresborough in a flurry of summer euphoria.

An ice cream stop was requested, and breaking all thought of frugality, we got in the queue before a very large group of red cyclists, (some of whom had rather lovely shaven oiled legs). Ice cream was bought and eaten by most at the lovely café along Waterside, and those that resolutely did not partake of refreshment had a welcome toilet stop before tackling the dreaded BB hill. Jean gritted her teeth and came up the hill without incident, and everyone else, carefully followed her example. We all reached the summit, and continued through pleasant scenery towards the Gardener's Arms and the Bilton Cyclepath. At this point every one wanted to go their separate ways, and the leader was very delighted she could go home along a dry road, thus eliminating a demudding exercise on her homeward return. A good ride, well done 15 or so miles. CG



