

Sunday, November 29, 2009
Wheel Easy Ride Report 188



Short Ride Report

The members of Wheel Easy are clearly mad. On this very very wet and extremely cold foul Sunday morning there were people waiting at Hornbeam for a cycle ride. Absolutely barking mad, or they all had their misted up rain splashed cycling glasses on and could not see the weather. Not included in this madness, of course, I needed to deliver important things to important people. However the urge to cycle suddenly overtook all sense and reason, and ignoring the group's desire to dash to Knaresborough and a coffee stop, perhaps because of an image of wet dogs and cycling bodies squashed together and stranded next to an overflowing River Nidd, I decided to head for the unfloodable heights of Beckwithshaw, the scene of many a joyous summer ride. I do not want to be seen as being as mad as the rest of the Wheel Easy Ducks but the ride was a delight, and skin is water proof. Ten very speedy miles (well they were for me), deliveries done, and a very pleasant coffee and cake by the side of a raging Rossett Beck at Sue's Cafe, and a guilt free smug afternoon lay ahead of me.....once I had got over the hypothermia and the artist Max formerly known as Max had stopped practising and had departed to cut his disc.. CG

Medium Ride Report

This was, as Caroline has already observed, clearly no day for any sane person to go cycling, so 17 dripping cyclists gathered at Hornbeam, including Peter N cycling in from Burton Leonard. Dozens more sensibly stayed indoors, and in at least one case (mine) 'she who must be' was later discovered quaffing a third cup of coffee and my latest batch of flapjacks with another Wheel Easy lady when I eventually made it home. One more member, Phil S, delayed by a lengthy phone call, didn't make it to Hornbeam but confidently, and correctly, decided that most of us would have taken refuge at the first opportunity, and tracked us down in our usual 'wimp's haunt', the Riverside Café in Knaresborough. When he heard that a small band of 'real men' (including Jill), scorning our

lack of backbone, had continued to Boroughbridge there was no stopping him, and off he went in pursuit.

The café stop was perfect for Ian, coinciding with a puncture which he repaired at leisure, in comfort and over a hot drink. Afterwards we climbed back up the roadside path to Starbeck and split into two groups, with some going straight back to Harrogate and 5 of us taking up my suggestion of following the Beryl Burton path back to Bilton Lane, so we could see the excellent new gate just installed by the council. This turned out to be less lucky; I punctured almost immediately, and was grateful for Terry's very authentic Superman impression on repairing punctures. Lex Luthor must have been watching because his bike somehow acquired a puncture while he was working on mine, with a prize winning thorn which made quite a bloody mess of his hands before he managed to strangle it (I think that's what you do with thorns?) and replace the inner.

Abandoned by the others (sob - something about incipient hypothermia) we stuck together to the bitter end and finally made it back to Hornbeam with most of our fingers and toes intact. Well done Sarah and Jon, and your visiting friend who dragged you out today! Malcolm

Long Ride Report

As I arrived at Hornbeam it was raining & the forecast was for rain all day, but there were already a few hardy souls waiting for a ride. It didn't seem the day to do the planned long ride to Coxwold so initially everyone set off for Knaresborough arranging to meet up at Low Bridge to see how many people wanted to go further. In the end it was just 4 of us - myself, Dave, James & Peter who set off for Boroughbridge taking a fairly direct route through Farnham, Staveley & Minskip. At Boroughbridge it was straight into a café for some welcome hot coffee. Eventually we decided we really should leave this warm, dry haven & putting on wet gloves, jackets etc we headed out again. At this point we were joined by Phil, who having arrived late at the start hadn't realised a longer ride had headed off beyond Knaresborough.

It was on our return route through Roecliffe that we encountered our first flood of the morning - one which came above bottom bracket level, but we were able to ride through. Phil was even noble enough to ride through a second time to let Dave take a photo. A brief stop for a photo & chat by the gushing stream in Bishop Monkton allowed enough time for Phil to wring some of the excess water from his socks. Peter headed home near Burton Leonard leaving the rest of us to tackle a slightly more forceful flood at the bridge near Copgrove. It didn't seem like a good idea to ride through this one. Dave was the first to carry his bike through and then being the true gent that he is, came back & carried mine! James & Phil followed with Phil again being the one willing to spend longer in the flood to allow Dave to get a photo. Then it was home through Lingerfield & Knaresborough - to dry clothes & hot drinks! All agreed it had been worth going out - a ride of approx 32 miles. Jill
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