



Short Ride Report

A dismal weather forecast of continuous and heavy rain meant that a short ride seemed quite appealing. Gia, Martin and Debbie all agreed. We set off in light drizzle to 'destination cafe' Sophie's to be precise. Up to little Almscliffe across the A 59 and down to Hampsthwaite via Menwith. Gia's camera battery was 'exhausted' but we were not so we set off home. 22 miles X 4 Sue C

[Click on slide show for all the weekend photos](#)

Medium Ride Report

Thirteen riders today decided to join the medium ride, all suitably attired to brave the showery weather. Following a slight amendment to the proposed route we set off via Calcutt, Abbey Road, and Farnham, then diverted from the route through Staveley and Minskip to Aldborough. Picking up the route again through Upper and Lower Dunsworth to Great Ouseburn for the banana stop. Returning to Knaresborough via Arkendale where the group disbanded to make their various ways home. We all agreed exactly 30 miles Hornbeam to Hornbeam. 13x30 miles = 390. Dennis B.

Medium Plus Touring Pace Ride Report

A promising day for a ride? Only to those predisposed to mischief. Eight riders set off from Hornbeam; certainly at least seven returned to Harrogate, though not necessarily the same ones! This disparate group of varying number was always going to be looking for trouble. Almost straight away Sarah C's Naughty Ride(TM) deviated from the advertised route as Sarah wanted to show Helen the route of an

upcoming triathlon, so the rest could only follow helplessly as we veered out of Harrogate via Rossett Drive, Harlow Avenue and (in a rare gesture to our faithfully-published and widely-circulated route plan), Beckwithshaw (where the, ahem "fast medium" group eventually passed us after we saw fit to pause and let them reprieve their pride), Penny Pot Lane and Hampsthwaite, where we did our best to encourage the locals to swell our ranks of now nine members, as Dan had executed a death-defying handbrake turn through dense traffic to join the group on their charge up to Leadhall Lane. All entreaties fell on deaf ears however as the unresponsive, starchy bystanders were unmoved by our cheery exhortations - in fact they appeared to be almost lifeless, all wearing tags with a number on, one even propped up on a bench in a plastic bag. Guys and Dolls? It's a while yet to the fifth of November...

A little wriggle up Clint Bank in the increasingly freshening breeze saw us warmed up for the drop into Shaw Mills and the hop and skip up to Cut Throat Lane, where Bill generously agreed to share his kindly-donated Hillclimb Spot Prize with Alec, and set about touching up his makeup for the Team Photo. This done, the breakneck pace continued to rise imperceptibly, Helen and Chris in particular disguising any speed changes within their stream of good-natured conversation. Dark murmurings of dissent had already begun to surface however and despite Sarah and backmarker Terry's iron grip on team unity and togetherness, a mutiny reared its sweat-streaked head before we reached Warsill, with Bob and John fearing respectively the weather and the unspoken threat behind John's resolve to be back in time for tea. Either way a good-natured debate on the importance of good service to a successful Cafe stop led to a two-man breakaway faction making good their threats and turning tail before Brimham while the rest of us, true to form, steered the ship to a different destination to that advertised to our lunchtime cakestop.

The bonhomie was almost shattered again when it transpired that there was only one bacon butty in port, and though selfless souls waived their claims in favour of the more deserving, eventually it was Alec who wrested the prize from all others' grasp. He also had the last slice of coffee cake, leaving poor Dan to keep body and soul together with what he could gather from the crumbs left at the counter. As we reflected on the charming service and exorbitant prices (cake at £5;1 a slice!) a reverse mutineer hove into view off the port beam - Paul T, who reckoned he could overhaul us even with a fifteen-minute handicap, and who had narrowly trailed the rest of us to a berth in dock. What the poor chap was left to scavenge was anyone's guess with only full lunches, teacakes, toasties, sandwiches and the sweet trolley remaining ... Meanwhile out in the harbour Chris and Alec were exhorting the Gods of Shiftage to unblock his front derailleur linkage but were eventually aided by Helen's handy multitool and a couple of turns to the left. The rest of us followed suit and set sail for Rorke's Drift - sorry, Yorke's Folly.

With his newfound range Chris breezed up while the rest wheezed behind, though the prize of Dan's topmast spinnaker (being broken in for his fundraising tour of Iceland) proved too tempting for some after he claimed ignorance of its propensity for attacking those behind him, and Bill won the race to pluck it from the rigging. Safely battened down, Dan had to complete the tour with topmast lashed to the rear deck. Bill and Alec had again broken rank to avoid the crew photo and Dan also dodged the draft on a pretext of rounding up the fugitives ahead. A healthy democratic approach to the return route once again led to some creative cartography but the fabled 'Beast of Birstwith' was never assailed, despite his appearance in person along the road to Darley in shorts and white socks. The restless again tried to escape the fold but their bleating was futile after being gathered up again at Menwith by Terry and Sarah's tireless stewardship. Even they could not resist Bill's dash for home however as the rest of us returned via Penny Pot and Cornwall Road - we hope he found his way back in daylight! For the faithful however, a soggy 41 mile ride and a universally-praised cafe stop were well worth the effort and many thanks to Sarah C for her tireless direction. We look forward to the next 'naughty ride' but wonder whether, if word gets out, the whole club may defect to our burgeoning numbers...

Riders: Alec, Bill, Bob, Chris, Dan, Helen, John, Paul T, Sarah C, Terry. Daniel Hutton has asserted his right to be seen as the author of this work. Any resemblance to real or imagined events and characters is purely coincidental. Dan

Medium Plus Ride Report

I'm not 100% sure but I think I was on the medium plus fast ride on Sunday along with speedy guys

William, Darren and Mark. We were supposed to be doing the medium plus route at a quicker pace but within 50 meters of leaving Hornbeam disenchantment had set in and there were mutterings about changing the route.

The designated route survived as far as Hampsthwaite where Mark and Darren leapt to the front and took the ride along the valley bottom to Birstwith and Darley avoiding the hilly loop around Brimham Rocks. We took morning coffee at Wildings in Pateley Bridge and then Mark atoned for his earlier reluctance by suggesting we do a warm up loop to Wath to prepare ourselves for the impending climb of Yorkes Folly. This proved to be an excellent idea and I am sure it prevented unnecessary muscle stress on the hill?

We regrouped at the top and then headed to The StoneHouse Inn near Thrushcross and back home via Menwith and Penny Pot Lane giving Mark and Darren ample opportunity to demonstrate that they are indeed the medium plus fast ride - I think Mark won the green jersey, perhaps that's a good omen for another Mark?

4 riders covered 40 miles and managed not to get totally soaked. Phil

Long Ride Report

The weather forecast wasn't optimistic. This was certainly not going to be a nice summer day, nor a good day for Plan A (i.e. visiting Masham Steam Fair); if you were wet and cold when you arrived there, you were going to get wetter and colder on the return journey! So just three of us set off in the direction of Masham, but we would stop for coffee at Ripon and hatch a cunning plan that wouldn't include Masham. We caught up the medium ride at the Wetherby Road traffic lights, where Simon - on his first WE ride after dislocating his shoulder 3 months ago - decided to switch rides and join us for coffee in Ripon. It The outward journey was damp, and when it wasn't raining, you were dodging the spray from the bike in front. At a deserted Spa Gardens cafe, we decided on Plan B: to ride to Skelton-on-Ure, Boroughbridge, and back to Harrogate, for an afternoon at home.

From Ripon to Boroughbridge the rain stopped, and we enjoyed seeing many vintage vehicles on a rally from Newby Hall. So instead of old steam engines we could admire Bentleys, Jaguars, a convoy of MGTs (of various letters of the alphabet), and various other delightful vehicles. At Boroughbridge the heavens opened and continued as we passed through Minskip and Staveley, confirming our decision to abbreviate the ride. We arrived home shortly after 12.30pm. 4 riders had each covered 36 miles at an average speed of 14.5mph. Total: 144 miles. Unexpectedly we can now watch 'Le Tour!' Eric.

2011 Wheel Easy Miles (approx) Today 950 YTD 97526



