



Saturday Ride Report

American Will, Leeds Marvin and Harrogate Malcolm met under grey skies at Hornbeam and decided to take the lovely Goldsborough, Coneythorpe, back road to Arkendale and left at Marton route to Boroughbridge where we arrived, by Malcolm standards, in double quick time. This enabled us to take an extended break at The Old Foundry Kitchen and chew the cud mainly over long distance cycling in the UK, Majorca and Florida. Marvin then found he had a puncture which he repaired in 3 minutes 'flat' (metaphorically speaking) and we then set off in drizzle which went away after a couple of minutes, and against the wind, which didn't. Marvin graciously volunteered to act as my wind shield, and we arrived back via Minskip and Bogs Lane soon after 5pm. A great ride of around 30 miles, and certainly enough for me with the Bridlington challenge tomorrow. Malcolm

Sunday Ride Reports

Short Ride Report

Not more than 50 cyclists turned up at Hornbeam today despite a feeling of summer warmth in the air. Everyone seemed to have escaped to the seaside with Terry and his big bike bus. The obedient quiet people had been left and quickly sorted themselves out and departed on their various routes, promising that they would not have any accidents or problems. Four people decided not to go to Brimham or Ilkley and wanted to do a tour of the back streets of Harrogate. Two Ly/indas, a Sue and a Sarah politely followed me to the Asda Path and on round and about to carry out an important bit of clothing delivering. Following the Bilton Cycle Path to Bogs Lane we then headed to the Bye Pass via several Forest Moor whathaveyous and Thistle Hill. Traffic on the Bye Pass was fast and furious and we

struggled to cross. We followed the old road to the Spofforth Road which was also swarming with traffic. Over and onwards to Follifoot, where a kind gentleman risked life and limb taking a rather lovely photo of the whole group. The ladies insisted that they would prefer to have their photos taken in Fodders, so that was where we headed. Lynda allowing me to try out her Brompton, which seemed surprisingly like an ordinary bike. Sarah strongly resisted the lure of the cakes and sped off home. Fodders also was full but we finally settled down to coffee, juice, a biscuit and a bacon sandwich for Skipton Linda, who had a long journey home. The dreaded hill to Hookstone Woods was conquered effortlessly by the group leaving me puffing heavily behind as normal. We went our separate ways after negotiating the Hooky Woods bike pit. 5 riders 15 miles exactly. Caroline G

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Medium Ride Report

Well! - we now know which WE members are the noisy ones at morning assembly - yes, the ones who had succumbed to the Battle of Bridlington challenge! There was an instantaneous, respectful silence when the first syllable of sound was uttered by the almost last committee member left standing. Caroline orated wonderfully. At the end of her very short but highly succinct briefing we all knew that some were going here and others there, and that we must meet our ride leaders somewhere else. So as ride leader I had to go to meet my flock.

Slight problem, there was only one ride leader present and fifteen riders of differing abilities. As no one wanted to lead a faster group we set off as one. The challenges of the route via Knox Lane to Killinghall and Hampsthwaite were easily dealt with. As we approached Clint Bank the figure of the wandering Ocado delivery boy, Lord Blackham of Killinghall, was espied and sucked into the peloton. On the ascents of Clint Bank and Burn Yates our faster, Lycra clad, and OK I reluctantly admit it, fitter members passed their leader in an almost embarrassed, effortless ease thus ensuring that they didn't fall off due to low speed stall. They waited patiently at the summits. As we approached Brimham Rocks it was mayhem; cyclists of all ages everywhere. We had become caught up in a charity cycling event (possibly the stout race?) A group of Cappuccino riders cruised past without any acknowledgement, their minds seemingly stuck in speed mode, however a more polite, single Cappuccino who had been left behind did raise a pleasant "good morning". This proves that more than one Cappuccino early in the morning is not good for you - Sorry I digress. At the right turn towards the Rocks it appeared that a second charity event was merging with the first one and ourselves. Here we were treated to the sight of Wilma being pushed by Mr Fred Flintstone and two of his mates (all dressed in animal faux fur) on a Knaresborough bed race, type bed ... and no they weren't lost. Tiffin was taken at the Rocks café with three decliners, Dennis, Robin and m'Lord Blackham, all having reasons for early returns forming a self help group to complete the ride. After Tiffin we rejoined the charity mayhem, with a little guilt perhaps, before leaving their route to head for the glorious descent via Warsill, Bishop Thornton, Markington and Burton Leonard to Copgrove. What a wonderful swoop with clear views, almost makes me want to climb back up to Brimham to repeat it ... steady lets not get carried away - early signs of dehydration! Along the way the sensible faster group left us, we assume to finish the ride at a more suitable pace for them, another left to go to Ripon. From Copgrove it was the usual slog to Knaresborough and Starbeck where the remaining riders chose their individual routes home. Thanks Joe for being such a brilliant back marker and for everyone in such a diverse group for being patient. We will claim 32 hilly miles for 16 riders for engraving into the Rocks. Max

Medium Plus Touring Pace Ride Report

The weather was set fair as fourteen of us rode out to ride the challenge of Jill's hills! What a privilege for us all that Jill herself joined us for the ride. Before we left Harrogate Dennis got a call on his mobile which meant he had to leave us and head home. We hope all is well Dennis. We are now down to the dreaded thirteen riders, but we need not have worried, after Fewston and Timble two of our party decided to go further afield to Birstwith and beyond, now down to eleven. At the Askwith Junction our leader appointed Jill as his deputy so the main group could ride on with her, while he waited for Roy and Glyn to catch up. It was decided that as our pace seemed to be above tourist, that Glyn on his Mountain bike and Roy, who knew the route would continue at their own pace, and meet us at the

Cockpit Cafe later. Our leader now chased down the pack, and we all regrouped at Langbar for a banana break. Here the following comment was overheard, "the speed you went up those hills Jill was something else", only to be spoiled by the next remark, "I think I'll have to get myself a triple chainset so I can keep up with you!" Just accept it man, Jill can climb hills quicker than most men. On we sped down to Beamsley and into Ilkley, and on to the Cockpit Cafe. On checking the computer it would appear we had averaged 15 mph so far for the first 30 odd miles not a bad touring pace, what is going on! No wonder it was another 20 or 30 minutes later that Roy and Glyn joined us. After getting over the shock of being told they had run out of tea cakes and having to find alternatives from the menu, we all posed for the photo session at the Cockpit. The waitress kindly took the snap on Jill's up market smart phone. All ready to go again, except Roy who eventually appeared, we then rode on to Otley. Here we headed out towards Pool but managed to lose one of our group, yes you've guessed it Roy had gone back via Leathley, we found this out, by phoning him, after waiting about 5 mins for him to appear. By this time our party had split asunder some carried on, some came back to see where we were, such fun! We were now down to six heading to Kirkby Overblow and home. It was a good achievement by all concerned and at a cracking pace. It was 58 miles for the Knaresborough two, and 53 miles for the nine Harrogate people. Possibly 65 miles for the two Birstwith riders, making a total of 723 miles. John E

Bridlington Ride Report

Twenty six Wheel Easy members arrived at Hornbeam at 7.30 ready for the Bridlington Challenge, beautifully organised by Terry. The weather wasn't quite as beautiful but the easy run to York was mild and dry with the odd delay due to a recalcitrant seat post and a puncture. Doctor Bike was around to sort out both. Thanks Paul.

We split into three groups, eager not to label ourselves too rigidly, and there were the usual defections and additions as the day went on, just like any Wheel Easy ride.

In Pocklington the deli bar did a great job to serve us all pretty quickly and we left well fed and watered with more water to join us from above. Funnily enough Darren's group were too quick to enjoy this deluge suffered by the rest of us, our penance for being too slow. Two hours of rain through the Wolds meant we didn't get the views we deserved but we ploughed on regardless.

By the time we got to Driffild and Burton Agnes it had stopped raining and we were all ready for a cup of tea, coffee, potato and horseradish soup and delicious cakes.

Dave led his group on who arrived in Brid amazed that they had cycled 90 miles, a wonderful achievement especially for new Rob who hadn't cycled more than 30 miles before! Doctor Bike, this time Malcolm, sorted out Rob's puncture in double quick time and they made it to the bus before the next downpour.

Rob W was eager to ride some Yorkshire roads after his American adventure and glad not to have heavy panniers.

Yorkshire Bike liner was there to pick us up and the driver efficiently loaded our bikes and drove us back very nicely.

All in all a splendid day. Some of us didn't see the sea, and didn't get fish and chips but we all had a 'right good day'. This route follows the Way of The Roses from York and it is a ride well worth doing when you get the opportunity.

For the record, 26 x 90 miles. Gia

It was a grey day at Hornbeam Park (or was it the middle of the night) 7-15 am, the long time retired had forgotten such hours existed.

Three groups sort of evolved, the fast and fit, the medium, and the slow and sensible, consisted of (initially) Sue & Alec, Liz, Jan, Dave P, Rob (not the across America one) plus Gordon & Alison.

The bikes know their own way to York and with the exception of Gia's puncture, uneventful.

Coffee and comfort stop at Rowntrees Park was taken, for the slow group comfort took priority over coffee, car park loos and on our way.

Crossing fields was a novelty for some of us especially them on skinny tires.

Refreshment was taken at a nice cafe in Pocklington. Here we were joined by Bridget and John W, then the climb to the prettiest part of the ride to Millington where it rained and Huggate where it poured. On the way to Burton Agnes the group grew to around a dozen.

After a hot drink and snack eight of us set off for Brid first climbing up to Wold Gate (a Roman Road). From here it is usually a swoop down to Brid however a diversion was forced upon us, the new route via Rudston threw in a few extra hills and the odd mile meaning we arrived in the coach park at 4-40pm instead of 4-30pm, another group who shall be nameless arriving half an hour later. Thanks to Alec for helping the leaders failing eyesight and Jan for her handy large map. Sorry to Liz for her not getting to swim in Brid harbour and everyone for not getting the fish & chips. Best wishes and speedy recovery to Julie E after her (fortunately) minor accident. If you cycled to Hookstone Car Park you could have over 90 miles in your tyres.
Dave P

2011 Wheel Easy Miles (approx) Weekend 3740 YTD 124259

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