

Wednesday, February 1, 2012

## Wednesday Rides



### Poddlers Ride Report

Worries about ice, a puncture and a chain falling off was not the best start to the day but on arriving at Hornbeam the Poddlers were assembled all eager to go and the day rapidly improved. The sun shone, we were all well wrapped up and no ice was found, the only casualties of the day being 2 broken lights. At Knox an effort was made to persuade the faster among us to go off ahead but they all refused and I was later told by a spy that when they went off last week the speed was such that there was no chance to chat! By the time we had climbed Clint Bank and Cut Throat Lane we were all a bit warmer so could stop for a rest and to pose for photos, then at the Drovers crossroads Jen and Glyn left us to return home so the 17 Poddlers was temporarily reduced to 15. The worst of the hills over we enjoyed the scenery and perhaps a little chat as we progressed down Watergate Lane and up to the Fountains Abbey visitor centre for a short break while we collected Caroline, Jane and Sur John (who had) from the cafe. The highlight of the ride was cycling through Studley Park in the sunshine and where a whole herd of deer decided to cross the road just ahead of the front cyclists! Then it was through

Ripon to Littlethorpe where Dennis took a small group back via Markington in order to be on time for his dinner date. The rest of us returned via Copgrove and Knaresborough some sedately others more quickly. Thanks to Steve who valiantly stayed at the back and was forced to listen to all the girly conversations! About 35 miles, less for others. Liz

### Wheel Easy Ride Report

Short in numbers Richard led Sarah, David, Julie and Paul to Knaresborough, Scriven, Farnham, Copgrove, Bishop Monkton, Roecliffe and Boroughbridge. On route Sarah had a puncture and Julie suffered from really cold hands. David repaired the puncture and a pair of Rohan winter gloves rescued Julie. Richard always takes interesting routes and after 23 miles we reached Boroughbridge for coffee and toast. John Russell who had either escaped from or lost the EG's joined us at the Old Foundry. We returned via Wetherby. A great ride with good company. 37 miles with an average speed of 11.6 Paul

### EG's Ride Report

It was the first day of February Fillydyke, and despite the Beast from the East not yet having reached us it was still bl.... cold. However it did not deter a bunch of fourteen hard/tough/mad EG`s gathering at Low Bridge, despite seeing a bunch of Brass Monkey`s queuing for emergency brazing jobs. The last two weeks had seen rides to the North ie Bedale and the East ie York, so heading South seemed a good idea. So it was South to Wetherby via Kirk Deighton, did pass Morrisons did not collect £s;200, however our Scarlet Pimpernel (they seek him here ,they seek him there) JR headed for home. Then on the cycle path to Thorpe Arch and road to Boston Spa then on to Taddy to Tykes Tearooms for tea and toasted teacakes. After hot drinks in a warm cafe we began to feel it in our finger and feel it in our toes, and the roads were very dry (not wet wet wet) "sorry ", as we headed for Towton and Lotherton Hall. It had been suggested we take a banana break or due to the cold weather a swift hot drink at Lotherton, however a rider who will remain anonymous (but he rides a Kettler bike) said can't we go straight on to Wetherby. Here a good old British compromise was reached, Ok no stop, but rider leader insisted on a lap of honour through the grounds before heading to Aberford, Barwick in Elmet and Thorner. At Holme Farm lane the fast group headed for Collingham via the piggy palaces the slower ones via East Rigton, however we all met up in guess who`s cafe, Dave W spurning the tea and cakes headed for home. For the return home the group split in to two , one for the Harrogits the other for the Knaresbruffers. Superb cycling weather, sunny just like a cold spring day, dry under tyre, and a kind wind, with a max

mileage of around 52 miles and home in the sunshine (just for that rider that worries about the terror that goes by night). Dave P.



