

Wednesday, September 10, 2014

Wednesday Rides

Poddlers ride

Where's everybody? Nobut ten of us set out on today's Poddlers' challenge, two eschewing the challenge leaving the rest to magnificently (or otherwise) tame Bodrum Hill.

This ride owes its origins to David A, but t'other way round, turning off before Sicklinghall to go down Paddock House Lane then by track via Old Wives' Wood to Woodhall Spa Hotel and thence to Linton and Wetherby.

Jane K, as joint ride leader (first time; tick VG), kept up the rear, supported by the aforementioned David A.

Three left us at Wetherby with the rest heading for Morrison's gourmet caff. Then it was along the Harland Way to Spofforth, Follifoot and the showground back to Hornbeam. About 24 miles, one third misty, two thirds sunny and warm. Paul B





Wednesday Ride.

There were moments of mild panic as Sarah, James and Gia tried to cobble together a ride. As usual the Poddlers were well organised, Richard Pugh was heading for Timble coffee and cakes, Terry usually has a plan but this involved Timble too and then Eric arrived. Our thoughts about trundling down to Wetherby, Roundhay Park and Temple Newsom were quickly shelved as we heard the words Bolton Abbey. We had some doubts as the early morning sunshine had given way to a low cool mist but Neil had come prepared with merino fleece shirt and buff. James had his winter gloves, warm jacket and various other tops but Stuart turned up in short sleeves!

Having made some sort of decision and making sure that everyone had an idea of the ride, eight of us headed off towards Beckwithshaw with the intention of going to Timble, Askwith and Bolton Abbey. It seemed to me though that there was a good chance that the sun would come out again and as there was no wind and we did that route two weeks ago to Askwith, Duck Street beckoned. Excellent decision, no wind, little traffic and by the time we got to Stump Cross we were able to sit out in the warm sunshine. Sarah announced that she was eating an award winning scone and we agreed the tea cakes were of the giant variety.

Shedding layers on towards Appletreewick but turning off at Parceval Hall to Barden Bridge and the wonderful route down to Bolton Abbey. We stopped at the ancient oak tree to be told by a local resident that it was 850 years old and the area around there is called Laund. As we were chatting the Timble crew were coming up from Bolton Abbey and thankful for the rest and there followed the usual Wheel Easy meeting and chatting that could have gone on for a long time. Good to see Eric out with us, to be known on this day as a refugee. (say it quickly and there is EG in there somewhere!)

We enjoyed the run on to Cockpit Farm which was open but will close next week for a 2 week holiday and had our second stop again out in the garden.

Quickest route home despite the long climb, was Lindley reservoir and by this time the "leader" was definitely suffering from a week of cycling in very flat Cambridge!

Great ride, wonderful Wharfedale, stunning September day, one of our best rides of the year. 52 miles. Gia



Long Ride

The sight of commuter cyclists in rain capes on A61 raised a slight doubt about the when the sun would break through today. Extra layers were the order of the day for the group of 7 heading for Timble and a route conference. Past Stainburn we'd gained sufficient height to leave the chill behind us, leading to a day of increasingly warm sun, perfect for cycling. The brisk pace out towards Fewston raised the prospect of having to queue outside until the coffee morning opened. But doors were open and Stewart and Richard P elected to take an early stop. The other

five felt it was too early and headed off for Wharfedale, taking in the climb up Beamsley en route for Abbey tearooms. Here we took an early lunch, eating al fresco. But - no scones were available today! From Bolton Bridge, our route took in a detour past Cavendish Pavilion which was pleasantly crowded, with many "thriving greys" taking advantage of the summery weather to spend some grey cash. Climbing the back road past Bardon we were greeted by a larger group of fellow WE riders who had stopped by the old oak - not the pub, but the real thing, estimated to date from the time of Henry II and Thomas a Beckett. We posed for the big photo shoot and then headed for Stump Cross. As usual the Fancarl weather vane (union flag), told us whether the breeze would be helpful. It wouldn't be! Scones were to be had at Stump Cross, justified by the climbs since Abbey Tearooms. David R headed back before scones, leaving four to relax and enjoy tea, bakes and conversation. Here Eric gave us an insight into the club spirit that keeps the EGs thriving. He spoke of the crack that makes their rides so enjoyable. In the double take that followed, it was made clear that crack referred to the crackling repartee, rather than Class A substances! Scones consumed, it was back into the breeze for the familiar run down from Greenhow to Menwith, where Lesley and Richard S headed for Ripley and Knaresborough, while Eric and I chose the Pennypot route. Wondering why the turbines at Knabs Ridge weren't turning in the stiffish breeze, one of them sprang into life. Clearly, they were listening. Finishing with a last climb from Oak Beck to Harlow Hill, we went our separate ways after a fabulous late summer ride: 53 to 61 miles and over 4000 ft of climbing. Terry Smith

Annecy Group Ride.

Only 2 riders turned up on the shores of Lake Annecy this morning. What is it with Wheel Easy these days? Perhaps it was the 100k route over 3 alpine Cols or perhaps because the route didn't include a stop at Sophie's. So we set off along the cycle path by the lake with the sun burning off the morning cloud. At Faverges after morning coffee we headed up the gentle climb to Col de Tamie (950m) and towards the top we were overtaken by a Welcome to Yorkshire jersey. He disappeared too quickly so then we were dropping down steeply to the valley near Albertville. Along the road to St Pierre de Albigny the road was lined with vineyards. We stopped for lots of water and a sandwich before a very hot climb with no shade to the Col de Frene (950m again). The best part of the ride followed with a perfect run down an alpine valley to Le Chatelard followed by a climb up the Col de Leschaux (897m). This last climb was made more interesting by a heard of Savoyard cows heading for milking. They kept us company and splattered our bikes and shoes for 2k. Finally a fast winding downhill returned us to the campsite at St Joriaz. Most off the route was included on the 2013 Tdf so spotting names on the road added to the fun. Martin W.



EGs' Ride

Perhaps the overcast & heavy looking skies had dissuaded some errant E.G's to venture out as only eight arrived at Low Bridge. Deputy Leader, Dave W. suggested a route including a first break at Fountains Visitors centre and so without dissent off we went. The sun soon joined us to accompany the group at a leisurely pace as surprisingly did Chris who appeared out of the blue on Chain Lane yet again!

Suitably refreshed three members decided to leave the peloton at Fountains for an early return home via Ripon perhaps disturbed by the close proximity of Appachy & Chinook helicopters flying at low level around the Abbey!.

The remaining six continued on a meandering mystery tour of Dave W's home patch around Risplith and Grantley, where 3 riders went briefly missing but managed to reconnect later, on to Galphey, via Winksley, where Dave S. and Marvin left us to take an early journey home.

Following indeterminable and adhoc route the remaining riders eventually, via Kirkby Malzeard, arrived at the "Sun Parlour" cafe in the Spa gardens, Ripon.

Here we were surprised to discover Marvin refreshing his appetite and thumbing through a very large hardback book celebrating the journey followed by "Le Grand Depart" through Yorkshire. (entitled "Two Days in Yorkshire")

So we were back to five and thus after stocking up on our energy reserves we returned, still in bright sunshine, to complete approximately 50 miles.

A thoughtfully great ride along essentially deserted lanes accompanied by dappled sunlight and good company. What more could you wish for?

Dave W.