

Wednesday, February 10, 2016

Wednesday Rides

Poddlers' Ride

Oh! What a beautiful morning,

Oh! What a beautiful day,

I've got a beautiful feeling; our ride will be good this way.... (with apologies to Rogers or Hammerstein or whoever wrote the real song)

And things continued in that vain. Four sedate ladies and a delightful young gentleman were blown gently to Knaresborough, North Rigton, Kirk Deighton, Wetherby (where delightful young gentleman left us for a date at Askam Bryan), Boston Spa, and Bramham. We then hit Wetherby and Kirk Deighton again, via a lovely downhill glide alongside the A1, and straight into a sneaky headwind as we made our way home along the main Spofforth Harrogate road, being nearly taken out only once, by a black jeepish thing in a hurry. Thank you front, back and sides markers. Perfect cycling weather. 18,185 steps, 94 floors, no calories 'cos I accidentally deleted it, 13 kilometres on my fit bit, (or in the real world perhaps 30 miles) Caroline G





Wednesday Wanderers' Ride

Wheel Easy Wanderers Report Wednesday 10th February This report is titled 'Eight Men and a Little Lady', steady on, was that a film? Yes the females have deserted the Wanderers, only Liz remained for this ride. Gordon was in charge and as usual assigned Liz as the roving reporter, with his posse of men, Andrew, Keith, Alan, Mike, David, Paul and Max the Wanderers set off from Hornbeam. As the sun shone down, for once a fair weather ride was in progress. Gordon led us on a circuitous route via Pannal and Follifoot to Low Bridge, where the EG's had been long gone, is that a pun? Onwards along Abbey Road to Staveley, then dicing with death the Wanderers eventually crossed the very busy A59 to Goldsborough. Then I lost the plot as to where we were, as Gordon turned down muddy farm tracks back towards Knaresborough and the Wanderers ended up on a bridge, Keith tried to inform me where we were, as he normally wanders this area on foot with the dog! Also Keith has just become a Grandad so congratulations to him and family. The Wanderers stopped on the rickety wooden bridge and gazed at the Archimedes Screw churning the River Nidd through it and Mike took a photo of the group. This was quite a fascinating sight; only men could get dewy eyed over its engineering genius. As the group crossed the bridge Liz soon found herself in the wrong gear, nearly fell off due to a steep, unpaved muddy vertical track going upwards and decided walking was the best part of valour. Comments on Liz's leading the Wanderers next week, 'it will be hills, torrential rain and strong winds' were the mutterings. I am praying for a day like today as I might take them up the Cote de Blubberhouses, if the road is still shut!! In torrential rain and wind that will be wonderful! The group continued down into Knaresborough, along Abbey Road, Gordon, Keith and Alan departed, leaving six of us heading for the riverside café which had been flooded in the recent storms, and we thought we would support them with our custom. Paul decided to get everything off his chest and had a good old rant about BT, energy saving companies and sad news about recent deaths. After depressing us all, we hope he felt better, Wheel Easy is more than a cycling club, it is a place for de stressing and putting the world to rights. After bacon butties, teacakes and coffee, plus another photo, two went one way, Liz up the Beryl Burton cycle path and the rest up the hill to Harrogate. 28 miles approx. Gordon and Liz Footnote:

Many thanks for the excellent work of the Sustrain Rangers on the Beryl Burton path from Knaresborough. They have done a grand job and it is looking pristine with the bushes and brambles cut back well done. I did not worry about the bike sliding on the usual thick mud and leaves over the edge towards the ravine below when I crawled my way up it yesterday, it was now clean and dry and a pleasure to cycle on. Liz



Wednesday Ride

A great 42 mile ride to Knaresborough, Bishop Monkton, Brimham and Hampsthwaite. It was a lovely day with great views along the route. Unfortunately the day had its mishaps. I had a mechanical problem so I was late to Hornbeam but fortunately I received a text of the route and managed to catch the group of twelve at Low Bridge. At Bishop Monkton we lost Martin through no fault of his own and Gia returned home as she wasn't feeling a 100%. Finally we arrived at Sophie's at the busiest time, as a result we didn't return home together. Paul T





Wednesday Long Ride

Seven chose the longer ride today, including a welcome return by John S, who's been out of action for several months and who was wanting a "see how it goes" ride. Others in the group had to be back for early afternoon appointments, so it was a challenge for the navigators to devise a something-for-everyone route. Otley for an 11.00 stop certainly had something for us all, apart from Richard P who returned before the stop at upstairs in Cafe Cafe. Here, the group gave the toaster a serious workout, but the cafe's response was fulsome, with three pieces of toasted teacake per serving! After elevenses, the group divided with Lesley, Richard, Stewart and John opting for a return via Castley Lane and diverse routes to Harrogate and Knaresborough, for mileages of 35-40. Trefor and I decided to make the best of the fine weather and head for a Wharfedale tour. Uncertainty about the opening hours of Stump Cross led us to Burnsall and Wharfe View Cafe (NB: closed Thurs & Fri) for lunch. The leg from Otley included Langbar summit and the glory of views across the Wharfe, with the lumpy road from Bolton Abbey punctuated with equally magnificent views of Simon Seat and finally that calendar/postcard vista of Burnsall Bridge from the woods above the valley. Always a challenge, no matter

when in the season, the climb up from Appletreewick past Skyreholme to the bench overlooking Parcevall Hall was rewarded with views where almost perfect winter light picked out the landscape with rare clarity. After that, Fancarl's flag announced the tailwind home, past the open Stump Cross cafe to Greenhow and the descent from Duck Street. Past Menwith the chill of the shadows reminded us of the warmth of earlier and that it was turned 3.30. Some flashes of sun warmed our journey up the Greenway and back into town to conclude a ride of almost 60 miles and over 4200 ft climbed. Many thanks to all today, especially Trefor who, with his sprightly Spa Audax Ti, waited graciously at the tops of climbs while I wound the Dawes tourer more sedately in his wake. I hope it was truly a day with something for everyone. Terry Smith

EGs' Ride

Well Martin W, Sunday's ride was shortened because of the weather, but every cloud has a silver lining, and that particular lined cloud was in Dublin. A nail biter, no need to shout "never mind 't ball get on wi' t game" as sometimes heard in the West Riding at boring Rugby matches. An Englishman was left with numb hands, from sitting on them to prevent him applauding the great Welsh fight back (I jest! believe me), and the sadness of a great Irish and Lions captain having to retire.

However today Wednesday is, the sun was shining and you were going to attack Brimham Rocks again. But the nineteen EG's including a full set of Dave's, yes nnnn-nineteen headed for Beningborough Home Farm Cafe. As usual such a number was split up for safety and comfort and to prevent "cafe shock", a select seven comprising , Bob, the obligatory Dave, Ian, Norman, Roy, Terry W and Theo volunteered for tailed Charlie's. Whilst such a group could not be described as a "magnificent" seven, perhaps a "sedate" seven was more in keeping, but being joined by Bill and Nick we were soon a nine, what goes with nine, naughty?, no, being naughty is now beyond us.

On to the cafe, where the faster group then departed (with Nick) leaving us more room.

After caffeine and cake, Ian, Norman, Roy and Theo departed for home, or did Roy have second bacon butty? I must have put Peter Bradley in somewhere, but I cannot remember where??, any clues?

Bill, Bob, Dave Preston (not Peatfield) and Terry W headed for York, so what could we be?, a Fab Four?, a Fantastic Four?, no, after considering our diet on cycle rides it was decided we would be the Flatulent Four. What route are we taking in to York asked Bob (a reasonable question) I was there 4/5 weeks ago and it was wet, no problem said Dave P, that was weeks ago, and in the words of his Grandma "today was a good drying day" Ha Ha. (See photographic evidence).

The railway bridge at Skelton was flooded underneath, the cycle path (65) was also under water, so it was in to Skelton and on to the cycle path on the A19 and in to York. A further attempt was made to join the river cycle path (65) at Clifton, still no luck, Dave P's head hanging further in shame. No further messing, into York to Micklegate Bar and the Cyclists Cafe to meet up with our fast and fit lads.

This is an excellent cafe with good grub, but as they had Dan with them we did wonder if there was any food left. The cafe has a cycle workshop, but it is close to the kitchen, so be careful how you order or you could finish up with bottom bracket and brake blocks on toast.

After further caffeine and calories it was "whipping in" (not that easy) and on to the Race Course cycle path, Long Marston, Tockwith and Cattal in the sun, brilliant!

Dave Peatfield had a puncture on the approach to Cowthorpe and to facilitate the repair used a farmer's gate as a bike stand. Dan was so impressed with this he also decided to undertake some bike maintenance.

The fit and fast lads pacing and pushing the wind for us lesser mortals (many thanks lads).

For the Harlow Hillbilly's it was not just a return in bright sunshine, but in blinding sunshine, but great. A brilliant days cycling, weather too good to waste and mileage?, well this depends on where you park your bike overnight, anywhere between the high 50's and low 60's (miles).

Dave P







