

Wednesday, February 24, 2016

Wednesday Rides

Poddlers' Ride

Well what can I say....I blame the perfect conditions for cycling.....well after the snow flurries had flurried, and the air chill had de-chilled.....two Poddlers' (the other three with notes from home covering an array of excuses...in Tenerife, sore back certainly due to too much decorating, cold) were completely carried away. First of all, having scaled the heights of Farnham, we were carried along by a flotilla of E.G.s., who very kindly in true WE spirit allowed us to enter their free wheel competition.....sadly well lubricated ball bearings, good push off techniques and skinny tyres proved more important than body mass. Thus the Poddlers' were not victorious. However undaunted by this small set back, we sped through Occaney, Copgrove and Bishop Monkton to Littlethorpe and onwards past the races course to Boroughbridge. Here buoyed up by sitting for half an hour, on a bench, outside in the market square, in the sun (big hot thing like a light bulb in the sky), we decided having only done 23 miles we should go home via the Dunforths pillaging and swearing as we went..... a bit of a mistake really, as this added a further what seemed like several hundred miles to our route. But the glorious conditions continued and it was without doubt a good choice...we liked the pillaging and spitting and swearing loudly. We eventually returned to Harrogate via Knaresborough Hill, to collapse into our further flung partners' arms who obviously would be spending the rest of the afternoon pandering to our every whim. Thank you to the back, side and front marker for coming out to play. I had fun in the sun. 38 miles in real life: 23,439 steps, 111 floors climbed: 3,500 calories used up: none consumed.CG

Wednesday Wanderers' Ride

The planned "Wanderers" ride was to Fountains via Ripley with an option to loop past Brimham rocks on the outward leg. The dark skies and light snow flurries on the way to Hornbeam didn't look promising. Not at all what was forecast, but no surprise there, all said and done this is England. The weather had not deterred Dennis from turning out only 6 weeks after having his knee op. Great to see you Dennis; what a legend. Eleven Wanderers set out along the Greenway with the snowflakes gradually becoming more intense. By Ripley all were agreed to give the Brimham option a miss. Dennis sensibly turned for home before the grind up Scarah Bank. By the time that we had turned towards Fountains the skies had cleared and it became a different and more pleasant day altogether. Fountains Hall was lit by the low sun as we stopped for a photo call. A convivial coffee stop at the Fountains Visitor Centre then a swoop down through Studley Park with Ripon Cathedral looking like a picture postcard ahead of us. Ripon, Littlethorpe, Bishop Monkton then Markington to the Bishop Thornton crossroads. Two turned left on the direct route to Ripley whilst the remainder went via Shaw Mills. It turned out to be a lovely day enjoyed in good company. Thank you Steven for "sweeping". 34 miles.

Dave Griffin



Dennis Butler back on his bike with Wheel Easy just 6 weeks after having a knee replacement. Absolutely brilliant, welcome back Dennis. Gia



Wednesday Ride

A triumvirate of Wheel Easy members decided on a ride which took in Sunday's planned route which despite snowflakes at Hornbeam did not deter us in our quest for Askwith via Fewston and Timble. At Stainburn there was full sun and glorious views in every direction. We all revelled in the views, the sunshine and despite very low temperatures it was the right day to be out on a bike. Even Angela gave up on her "I do not ride below 3 degrees!" We all passed by Cockpit Farm wondering why they do not open on Wednesdays and all piled in to Café Café in Otley where the owner and his staff are all very welcoming. (And the teacakes all three halves! came hot and buttered!) We pelotoned along the Otley Road to Castley and through the lanes to Dunkeswick. At Kirkby Overblow, James who was trialling the new Colin titanium bike with disc brakes decided on a detour to Wetherby and in great spirit Martin joined him.

Fabulous ride, great company, great day. 34 miles Gia





Wednesday Long Ride

As bright winter mornings go, today's was a fine example, promoting ambitions to get out into the hills for crystal views of moors and vales. Four set out to re-run John H's ride from last Sunday, heading for Ripley along the Greenway, but soon noticed some specks of snow. By the time we reached Ripley for the obligatory stop, there was a covering of snow on our clothing and ride plans were re-assessed, focussing on Fountains for a thaw-out session. John S headed back from Ripley, sensible fellow. For once, elevenses came at the appointed time, as did the posse of Wanderers who had pursued us from Ripley. With Boroughbridge replacing Masham in the itinerary, the coast down through the Deer Park took us from warmth near the Obelisk to a distinct shiver at Studley Roger – what a difference height makes on day like this. Bright winter sun brings out the colours that grey skies make us overlook: today, the brightly decorated prow of an upturned canoe in a themed front garden caught the eye, followed by the bright yellow of a familiar rider coming towards us – John Russell, presumably detached from one of the Hornbeam starter groups. After a brief stop in Boroughbridge, the final leg of the day was mapped out to include Tancred farm shop and cafe. Despite the sun and dry roads, the fields were still showing signs of the earlier deluge, most notably Great Ouseburn's new village pond. At Tancred, the goats were basking against a shed wall, eyeing us as we locked our bikes to the fence and it's possible that Goose was trying to tell us something. Tancred's portions are enormous, almost American in size, the quiche would have fed two, although pie and mushy peas were more manageable. But, word soon reached us that a goat was trying to get into our saddle bags – that's what Goose was saying! Luckily, no damage was done, but there was a slight tussle over my cable lock which the goat felt he hadn't yet finished with. Our picture shows Lesley commiserating with the goat. The home leg included a brief tour of the Hammertons, followed by Cattal, Cowthorpe and Little Ribston, where Lesley and Richard, bound for Knaresborough, headed home. A couple of short stiff climbs ended the day through the Showground after 54 miles, c1800 ft ascent, good company and, on this occasion, plenty to eat. Terry Smith



EGs' Ride

What a day for cycling.

Sunshine, blue sky, dry roads (98%), chill in the air to prevent "boil in the bag" syndrome, and no wind (to speak of), what a change from Sunday Dave S?

We had twenty or so riders at Low Bridge (a record??), readers will have to excuse the lack of accuracy as the writer considers counting past a dozen higher mathematics.

A quick consultation between one of the Dave P`s and one of the Dave W`s and Bedale was chosen as our destination. (note a full set of five Dave`s).

This day was too good to waste.

A fast larger group headed for Ripon and Weatherspoon`s and a smaller slower group of six (yes I can count that) followed behind.

On the way this sexy six was overtaken by Dan, this created a moment of fear.

Now Weatherspoon`s have never been eaten out of food, but there is always a first time.

Bob took the downhill cup, and Bill punctured, punctures are not a problem usually, but can be if mobile phones are turned off.

A bit late in to Weatherspoon`s the "A" team being ready to leave.

The word on the street was that a rider whose name began with D, but not a Dave, was sat at the table with a mug of coffee in each hand awaiting his order, the waitress approached with a "full English", and that`s a size, in one hand, and an Egg`s Benedict in the other. These were seen to be placed in front of the said "D" and were both seen to vanish.

Away went the "A" team to Bedale, leaving an Eric and a Peter B.

After absorbing all that Weatherspoon`s could throw at them, some riders returned via different ways.

A team of five (fabulous or famous) headed for Wath.

Here Bob headed for home via the Yorkshire flatlands rather than the lumpy bits round Fountains Abbey (good call) and of course through his favourite place Cundall.

So we had a group of four an Eric, a Peter B, a Dave P that`s Preston, and a Terry W, that`s Wadkin not Wogan. Team name "The flatulent four rides again".

Which arrived in good order in Bedale

The cafe was quite full, mostly with the "A" team, again a certain rider "D" was asked what he had put away, "Oh nothing much just the cream tea" was the reply, "Oh but then there was the Panini" came another.

It was pushing 2-30pm when we left the cafe in to the brilliant sun, so a photographic record was needed, the ? Volunteer? was a good photographer, and had us (don't think that way) here there and everywhere to get the best light, but it was like herding cats.

This caused the passenger window of a nearby parked car to come down to reveal an attractive lady of mature years with a helluva sense of humour.

"What pantomime do you call this?" said fair lady.

Quick as a flash came the answer, "well at our age it is certainly not Babes in the Wood".

Because of the lateness of the hour it was decided to cut out the lumpy bits and head back like Bob through the Yorkshire flat bits.

At Skipton-on-Swale a brief stop was made to run the EU referendum.

If North Yorkshire is running out of "road closed" and "road diversion" signs we know where they all are, achieving nowt.

Morrison`s in Boroughbridge was bypassed with difficulty and Harrogate was reached in close order.

An abso-blooming great day`s cycling, perfect weather, getting in mid-sixties mileage.

Thanks to Eric and Peter B from Terry (that`s not Wogan) and Dave (that`s Preston).

Also well done TW. Dave P





EG2 Ride

The EGs are famed for having forthright and robust views on topical issues, but I was gobsmacked to realize that we were seven eights of the way round our ride and no-one had mentioned the R word. I couldn't bear the suspense any longer, and the introduction of the countries biggest dilemma brought the ride to an immediate standstill.

Fifteen minutes at the side of the road; everyone had their say; no falling out; no bad language; no conclusion. It's a right puzzler if the EGs have no answer!!

Oh, sorry; we had a freewheel competition with even ladies to improve the entry; won by Ian by a bike length. The usual Ripon Dash warmed us all up, and warm welcome in Wetherspoons added to the day's pleasure. It never fails to shock me that there are people in there drinking so early.

On to Bedale in glorious weather, and back home via Ripon for a splendid 93km. Thanks to Tony, Nick, Dan, Peter, and four Daves for another wonderful day out.

