

Wednesday, March 2, 2016

## Wednesday Ride

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### EG Report

I couldn't in all honesty claim it as a "Ride Report" cos my bike never came off the truck.

Even though I knew that the conditions were fairly gentle in Roecliffe, I hadn't the stomach for a lone ride, and so retired back to Chez Nous for my morning break.

It was pandemonium in Knaresborough with cars stuck at odd angles all around, so I'm sure that aborting the ride was the right decision. Dave S.





### **Another EG Report**

The weather was Dave P` s fault.

Last Wednesday whilst talking to Eric last week, he moaned about the very wet and windy (at times very very windy) winter we were having, and reminisced about the snowy winter days when we traversed field and fell on our mountain bikes.

In future gaffer tape for mouth application will be carried in his saddle bag.

Snow started just before Intended leaving time, not always a problem, as it is possible some days to get frostbite when leaving Harlow Hill only to get sunburnt when arriving at Low Bridge.

As already kitted out, departure was an option, however a phone call from Eric who had been in touch with Peter B (and this is Hard Men Inc) suggested this was unwise, and by the time the call had ended indeed it was.

Technically it was feasible to ride down hill all the way to Low Bridge on un -gritted roads, but not sharing the road with cars whose driver`s skills even in good conditions are often very poor. Dave P



### **We(t)Ride**

Looking out the window at the heavy snow I opted for a mountain bike ride rather than the road bike and so missed the usual meet up at Hornbeam. Following the tyre tracks down the street towards Claro Road I hoped to bump into some fellow cyclists braving the elements. As luck would have it Richard and Graham were returning from a short ride down the Greenway and without much persuasion Richard join me for some off-roading in the snow.

It was a classic Richard ride during which I had little or no idea where I was at any time. We definitely navigated our way through a graveyard at one point and according to Strava we passed near Brearton and South Stainley before heading back to Ripley Castle for a well earned warm drink and cake at the temporarily relocated tea rooms.

Halfway round, as the terrain became increasingly boggy, in temperatures just above freezing, Richard uttered the immortal words "I haven't done this spur for a while" at which point we came to the river. The ford was deep and fast flowing. One of us threw his bike into the water and hopped onto a tyre, then an island, before leaping onto the far bank and fishing out his bike. One of us spotted a bridge 20 yards upstream and crossed there.

After the tea break (NB: muddy boots (and being caked from head to foot) result in you being ushered into a side room rather than the tea rooms upstairs) we were ready for the charge for home but were temporarily waylaid by a puncture. Richard toyed with the idea of getting the bus back before performing an efficient if mucky tube change aided by my rather tentative (read fearful) use of a very old pre-cold war canister of CO2. We then headed back along the Greenway to Harrogate and home after a very enjoyable magical mystery tour.  
John S

Richard enjoying my conversation:



### **Where is everyone?**

Coffee and straight home today!

Sorry Richard and Keith missed the photo call.

T & J



Today's report calls for some creative writing, as there is precious little substance to report on. Meeting James G at Hornbeam's bike shelter – how handy – meant we could swap traveller's tales about our journeys. James's from Knaresborough was clearly more epic than mine from Parson's Intake at Rossett. We both agreed that cycling on virgin snow was the best option for making progress and that once traffic gets involved the whole operation becomes more risky. Resisting the temptation to chase after Richard P and fellow rider to Ripley, we decided that the only worthwhile option was to take a selfie and head for the nearest cafe to sit things out until the Met Office's "brighter later" caught up with us. Indulge provided the cafe stop – no queuing today! But by 11.00 there was no sign of improvement, so James headed for the train and I searched for virgin snow all the

way back to Rossett, crossing a now stationary Leeds Road traffic queue. Despite this the drive back to Leeds via Wetherby Road and the bypass was unhindered, but it looked as though Spacey Houses was an arterial blockage today. In all, the main ingredients for an enjoyable Weds ride were present today – a ride with a challenge, some good company and a nice cup of tea. I'm glad I came.

Terry Smith