

Wednesday, November 16, 2016

Wednesday Rides

Poddlers' Ride

Shall we? Shan't we? Shall we? Yes!???. Force 7, 40 mph gales, branches bending, rain, madness, but so much better than sitting around doing sulking at home. Three fearless Poddlers arranged a meeting at Hornbeam, then a cycle to a cafe in Ripley to meet a fellow resting Poddler. So needing the safety of a quick escape back home, we took a virtually wind free route round "The Harrogate Mothership". We followed Steve's Wandering group round the Stray, where the rain certainly made itself noticed, to the Iron Bridge and the Asda path to Bilton Lane and the promised glorious new tarmacked surface to Knaresborough. Still in the path of the front, we were buffeted to Lingerfield, Scotton, and took another gentle detour round the Mount Garrett Estate back to the detour road to Nidd. As we hit the A61ish a golden glow hit our wheels and we entered Ripley in a gilt haze. We were set to go to the expensive cafe but Mrs Evans was spotted putting up her "we're open" sign and the resting Poddler coming out of the church....so despite having made no contact with the church cafe organisers, we were greeted with onion pie and three types of cake and a choice of coffee or tea, at half the price of similar nearby establishments. All very jolly. The journey home via the Greenway was hardly noticeable, possibly due to the gentle back windblown cycling of the day. Thank you Fellow Poddlers for encouraging.... no making me come out to play. 21 gentle miles mainly in pleasant conditions, 10,548 paces and 64 floors.CG

Wednesday Wanderers' Ride

Sixteen Wanderers today. A good number given the away day option that will probably have attracted quite a few. We split into groups to head out along the Greenway in squally conditions to regroup and consider route options at Ripley. Although the sky was brightening up the wind was not abating and we unanimously, and wisely, decided against Brimham and headed directly towards Fountains. Steven and Max peeled off at the Drovers crossroads whilst the rest of us turned for Fountains at the "rocking horse" house where there was a mass egg buying fest. At the Fountains café we availed ourselves of the cyclists deal of free coffee or tea if you buy cake - why wouldn't you? By now we were enjoying a lovely bit of autumn sunshine as we swept down the deer park and on to Ripon. Mike and Alan left us at Bishop Monkton to head towards Knaresborough as did Peter towards Burton Leonard. The remaining 11 of us returned via Markington, Ripley and the Greenway. An enjoyable ride in friendly company. All safely back, although Alison thought that she may have some pre-scrambled eggs.

Dave G and Steven P



Wednesday Long Ride

Despite the dire forecast, the weather turned out to be the star today. It certainly made its presence felt in its several changing moods. Five made the rollout at Hornbeam and joined the procession of riders towards the Greenway. We chose the ASDA path option but still ended up behind the main throng, which made its way to Ripley, greeting a bemused David Rowson coming the other way after an early-bird ride. Even Scarah Bank failed to string the bunch out, so corporately we obviously had good legs today. We headed for an early stop at Studley, taking in the sight of the deer herd sheltering in the lee of the hill overlooking the lake. Deer are clearly sensible creatures for, having taken shelter from the gales, their next move was to a patch of sun across the spine road. Today happened to be septic tank emptying day for properties around Fountains Hall – all adding to the rich tapestry of the ride. Drying out in the Studley tea-room was very welcome as was the free cup of tea for cyclists. But, you have to ask for the favour; they won't offer it. Sights were set on Boroughbridge for the next leg, in full knowledge that we would have the wind behind us. Andy left us at Ripon leaving four to take the route out through Sharow, which proved reasonably pleasant, despite the rash of white vans heading for the A1 or A19. Marton-le-Moor took the fancy of several of the group as the kind of village that might be on the up. Dishforth airfield marked the turning point, where tailwinds were forsaken for a crosswind into Boroughbridge, from where Trefor headed for home. Just three, therefore, headed out from Boroughbridge on an improvised but well-worn route through the Dunsforths, where we maintained a very deferential silence to match that of the villages themselves. Apart from the postman, we didn't see a soul. Tancred Farm Cafe was our next stop, by which time the skies were clearing and the temperature dropping – all as planned. No goats were out today, so our bike bags were safe. Instead there were plenty of geese – well, Christmas is coming. Low sun and headwinds were our companions for the last leg, which was relatively short, taking in the Hammertons, a quick dash across A59, Hunsingore, the A168 path to bring us to the welcome turn towards Knaresborough, away from the sun and with a helpful wind. Farewells were exchanged at Abbey Road as Lesley and Richard headed home and I took in the delights of the golf club climb to reach ride's end after 54 miles. Apart from a slight wetting in the morning, we had avoided the worst excesses of the wind: it had been another November bonus day. Thanks to all who came along. Terry Smith

EGs' Ride

We had ten riders at Low Bridge. The weather forecast looked good (on the computer) despite wind and light rain around us. Morrison's Cafe in Wetherby was chosen for our first stop, have our caffeine and calories and then take it from there. The B6164 to Wetherby can be a fast/busy on a week day and the gusting wind could lead to a bit of wibbly wobbly in our wheels, so it was decided to travel via Thistle Hill, the disused road, Folifoot, North Deighton, and Kirk Deighton, this was seen as a somewhat safer route. We travelled in two groups i.e. a fast group and a not so fast group, on arrival us slow uns were amazed to see a familiar bike in our group of bikes and its owner Dave Watson partaking of refreshment.

We had just entered Eric time when we had left Low Bridge and Dave was a minute or so late, however being on the same EG's wavelength or just plain psychic he guessed where we were going and got there. To be fair to the lad, he did ring Dave P, but DP's phone though in his back pocket under clothing and waterproofs was unheard, mind you "the old un" is losing it a bit.

After sustenance Norman and Terry (with an appointment) headed for home, the rest of us continued to Sicklinghall. At Kearby with Netherby, Bill and Roy headed for home via Kirkby Overblow. Despite the rain clouds being seen in Wharfedale we descended in a head wind to the A61 and Dunkeswick, and the blue bits did seem to be there on our right. Then it was a headwind climb to Wescoe hill, where the general consensus of opinion was to shorten the ride, this is where Peter B chose to head for Morecambe, but for the rest of us it was on to the A658 and the climb to Huby, at Armscliffe Crag it was decided to take the left to the B6161 and Briscoerigg without losing height whereas the route to North Rigton would have been descent, climb, descent, climb, descent, climb, from my orienteering days it was said that losing height was like drawing money out of the bank.

At Briscoerigg summit there was clear blue sky, (perhaps we will see the moon tonight).

Then a glorious wind assisted swoop down to Beckwithshaw. A shortish ride but with quality miles and some good climbs, and for some riders wind assist in bright sunshine all the way back to Knaresborough (excellent). Dave P





Wednesday Awayday Ride

Another Awayday Ride and another sunny day as we gathered in Easingwold for the first of the winter version of the Awayday Rides. Pretty much the same as the summer ones – only shorter, but with a few other differences today! Nineteen riders gathered in the Market Square ready for the off – but there was one absence as Colin was down with flu and so that Kevin to fly solo for the first time.

However, Martin, James and the Garmin Gang(Keith, Helen et al) were on hand to make sure we stuck to the route. The ride was officially classified as 'lumpy' rather than hilly as we made our way towards Yearsley with some steady climbing to get us warm on a chilly start. We knew we would have the wind on our backs on the way out and be in to the strong winds as we returned to Easingwold so we made good time as we climbed the first steep climb of the day up Grimston Moor which provided us with some great views across the Vale.

From there we headed towards Hovingham and on to Slingsby and the rollercoaster ride past Castle Howard. The chance of refreshment was spurned as we were making for Terrington and as we turned into the wind we

had a few miles to go to the Lavender farm and lunch- or not! Steve had left us to go to a friend in the village for lunch- did he know what was ahead?

When we arrived we were greeted by closed till March signs- the planning process had broken down! And Kevin couldn't blame Colin as he was in charge- as we couldn't wait till into the new year a plan was proposed to head to Crayke and the Dutch barn which was a further four miles on.

There was no rebellion and everyone set off to our new target cafe- although there was a few mutterings as we hit the big hill on the ride just after we got going again and we had had no food!

On arrival we were greeted by an anxious owner who said he couldn't accommodate us and to go on to Easingwold- the end of the ride!

With no other option we made our way back to the Market square and the comfort of a plethora of cafes and the group split into two groups to ensure we got fed.

Kevin was pleased there was no Market Cross as he was worried he might get strung up – but in truth everyone was really good about it- and just wanted Colin's good organisation back for the next one!

Another good route, around a familiar area but some great views and enjoyable company.

Thanks to Martin and all the rest for their help with the route and to everyone for being understanding about the c..k up on the food front.

32miles and 1800' of climbing and it proves that Kevin really should not be left to his own devices!

Kevin







Cycling in Iran where women are not allowed to ride bikes!



