

Sunday, April 16, 2017

Wheel Easy Ride Report 570

Medium Plus Gia's Ride

Jeannie, James, Monica, Colin, Paul, Debbie and I set off on the medium plus ride to Bolton Percy with probably only James committed to the whole ride. Debbie was riding back to make Sunday dinner in Clifford and there were murmurings of coffee in Wetherby if the rain started falling.

Several of us failed to negotiate Wetherby correctly probably with coffee thoughts dominating but we all save Monica and Jeannie met on the cycle path to Walton. Here we sampled the new cycle path and rejoined the route to Thorp Arch and Wighill wondering how we had managed to lose Monica and Jeannie. Somehow they had rewritten the route but backtracked and as the rain was now persistent the benign dictatorship deemed that a coffee stop in Tadcaster was a good idea. The Lemon Tree were observing Easter Sunday as they should but heretic Costa saved our souls and we warmed up nicely with extra shots of coffee which they subtly charged for without any announcement.

Dave's group joined us after discovering that Bolton Percy too were observing Easter.

Debbie took us on a good route round Clifford which eliminated the muddy track and we arrived home neither too wet nor too cold and 40 miles ridden.

Thanks everyone. Gia





Medium Plus DaveS's Ride

There was a little reluctance to leave the comfort of Hornbeam Park this morning, probably due to the inclement weather promised. Eventually we left in three groups, and, reflecting the story of my life, I had attracted no women into my section.

The weather seemed reasonable, and we were riding pretty much downwind, so it was all going well.

Conversation ranged from old men's health issues, pensions, and the Hong Kong track championships; typical cyclists' Sunday morning stuff.

We arrived at the lunch venue in Bolton Percy just as the rain suddenly got a whole lot worse, only to find that despite the website proclaiming "open bank holidays", Doyle's Tea Rooms were very firmly closed. Apparently Easter Sunday is not a "Bank Holiday".

There was little enthusiasm for the long option of carrying on our intended route to the next watering hole, which we thought would be at least an hour, so the unanimous decision to return to Tad was taken.

Even then, The Lemon Tree was also out of action, and we joined the rest of our ride, who, under Gia's expert and experienced guidance, had simply gone straight to Costa Coffee. It was a warmly welcoming, and dry place to be, and we enjoyed their hospitality, before setting off back by the shortest route, of Boston Spa, Wetherby and North Deighton.

A splendid ride out lads, in not particularly pleasant conditions, but as ever great camaraderie; thanks to Paul, Rob, Dave W and Dennis. DaveS.



Medium Plus faster group ride

With only one official medium plus leader today (Dave S), the faster medium plus group set off as a group of seven with a communal approach to navigation. We motored along, soon reaching Bolton Percy in just over an hour to find that the cafe was shut. It was, after all, Easter Sunday so it is inconceivable that anyone might want to be out looking for refreshment. A swift decision was taken to head to Cycle Heaven in York, with the prospect of its excellent cafe and the opportunity to worship at the altar of the upstairs bicycle showroom. As we approached York the rain started and we pulled up at Cycle Heaven with a sense of relief, only to discover that it was closed. After some howls of anguish and the temptation to throw bikes across the carpark, Dave Webber pointed out that only the shop was shut and the cafe was open. What a change in mood! After refreshment we set off for home in the prolonged rain and belted back (a technical term) to Harrogate. Despite the weather this turned out to be a strangely satisfying fast ride with 60 miles covered, the only incident of note being Tony dropping his front wheel down the cattle grid at the top of the hill through the Showground. The sound of spokes sliding between the bars of a cattlegrid is distinctive. Somehow Tony managed to extract his wheel without folding in two. A skillful recovery! Michael I

Medium Ride

Those knees which, last Sunday, were released into the warm sunshine, were stuffed snugly back into their keks after the pesky Jet Stream sent us wind,rain and shivers.

We also needed overkeks to keep the rain out.

Eleven set off to Knaresborough, then collected two more (with Glyn doing his usual zig zag). Plan B established that the ride would be diverted at Arkendale if the rain was bad. However, at that point we had been merely spat upon so everyone continued to Great Ouseburn. The rain increased to persistent at Thorpe Underwood but the caff stop at Tancred Farm loomed. One of our number had the ham roll (see pic), initially described as a door stop but as it was so large it was thought "plinth" might be a better description.

Today we had a visitor, Tessa, from the soft lands of Winchester, checking out a cold, hard, wet Northern ride.

The persistent rain continued through Cattal and Hunsingore before easing a little on the last leg homeward.

About 35 soggy miles with Mike Wosname as back marker.

Paul B



Poddlers Ride

The day looked delightful, the forecast was was not. Lots of people wanted to do a short ride and were persuaded they would really like the planned slow medium, which could expand and contract depending on how we all felt....in a very democratic, fluid manner. So with the departure of Judith and husbandly support team at Starbeck and the onset of the predicted rain at Farnham brought a change of intent.....we'd scrap a trip to the gloriously named Hunsingore and replace it with a burst through Bishop Monkton, Markington to Ripley and a gentle return home. Sue left us to reride the Paris Roubaix and having taken a pleasant crowd free break and chat at Ripley cafe, we hurtled home via the empty Greenway. Brilliant Pat and hope to see you again Brian. A good way to spend a wet Easter Sunday morning....and well done John H with your accurate slow medium wet ride milage prediction. CG



Long Ride

It seems we're a dedicated bunch. Despite it being Easter Sunday, and the threatened rain, there was a goodly throng of hardened cyclists out at Hornbeam at 9.30. Indeed, neither a wife's birthday nor a wedding anniversary could deter a couple of our number... I just hope that amends were made later in the day!

As it turned out, we were a select bunch on the inaugural Nidderdale Homage ride, four riders setting off for the Greenway en route to both ends of the Nidd in a day. Before we'd crossed the rail tracks however a bang and a tinkle from the rear wheel showed all was not well - I'd broken a spoke! However the wheel was still pretty true and besides which, I'd got others... I promised to limit my bursts of power and not brake too much, and we continued. Peter J, soft-peddalling in the hope of being caught, was eventually recruited at Ripley and Clint Bank was our first proper climb before Brimham Rocks Road took us to Pateley. The weather was deterring the Sunday drivers too and we had a table waiting at How Stean Gorge - what a treat! They looked after us royally despite there being several other tables to wait on, and the worst of the rain timed its appearance to coincide with our brunch. Setting off uncatchably for Wath, Peter took our team photo on the Smallest Bridge over the Nidd before the day's real challenge, Silver Hill, or Wath Lane, up onto the tops of the moor above Pateley. Andy showed us all a clean pair of heels, and a particularly bright jacket, and a rewarding descent to Fellbeck started our cross-country trek to Boroughbridge. John's disk brakes weren't inspiring him with confidence however and he and Martin left us to return via Ripley while the three remaining continued to Markington, making good progress despite temperatures still easily in single figures! We elected to put in an extra stop at Morrisons, but the Vintage Bean did us proud instead, with four charming Easter Chicks serving us and a boost to our flagging spirits, energy levels and chiselled waistlines.

I continued on alone over Aldwark, and again was met with charming company at Beningbrough Home Farm Cafe where an off-road detour took me to the Nidd's grand finale where it triumphantly joined the Ouse. I however had some work to do with 65 miles in my protesting legs already; I reached Cattal and Cowthorpe, conscious that as I could now choose my agenda a little, then a Hundred was within reach! Returning via Abbey Road, I visited the ancient cave of St. Robert's Church, and followed the Nidd back as far as the Beryl Burton and a restorative pint at the Gardener's Arms. Returning via Hornbeam saw me just achieve a century as I reached home. I suspect I'll still be paying for it by midweek though!

A new route to me as well as others, this ride was a treat in many ways, and the Nidd gave up its charms far more readily than the weather. Having the company I did made it for me though; thank you all for being such fine companions, and thanks to John too for his GPS assistance with my ride route! I suspect no-one rode less than fifty miles on a mediocre day, but it's impossible to cycle in Nidderdale and not enjoy the ride. Dan



