

Wednesday, August 2, 2017

## Wednesday Rides

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### Poddlers' Ride

The forecast wasn't good, however four undeterred Poddlers set off to Rossett, Beckwithshaw and Stainburn forest. Alas, new member of our team Deborah had a puncture before we arrived at Stainburn forest. Without a new inner tube we were helpless, so she phoned her husband to come to the rescue.

As Sue D needed to deliver a book to Jane in Killinghall, and be back early, she volunteered to wait with her...thank you Sue. Monica and I swooped down, past the Sun Inn and up to Menwith Hill. We arrived at Sophie's for our coffee and scones, only to be met with rain as we came out. The road out of Hampsthwaite was officially closed due to 'gritting', so we rode up the footpath.

Luckily the Greenway was empty (due to the inclement weather), so we were soon back in Harrogate. Not very summery weather, but a good ride with plenty of banter. No photo on account of the rain!!! 25 miles. Jennifer A

### Wanderers' Ride

Thirteen takers for the Wanderers on this morning. Liz F offered to take a faster group and four went with her, leaving us making eight, including newcomers Dean and Dorothy from Bishop Monkton, and regulars Brian, Angela, Nicola and Glynn.

After the usual pep talk about leaving space for cars to overtake, we set off through the woods and along Forest Moor Road to Low Bridge, where the EGs were gathering. Overcast but no rain as we proceeded to Farnham, Ferrensby Arkendale and across the A1 to Marton cum Grafton.

After a brief discussion we decided that the weather would probably hold for a while, and so we went through the Dunsforths to Aldborough and into Boroughbridge to BEAN Vintage, which is becoming the café of choice there. Liz F had already arrived with her flock.

Suitably refreshed we set off back towards Minskip, as the forecast was for rain from midday. Geraldine's chain came off just outside the café, but Glynn quickly sorted her out.

The drizzle was light but steady all the way back through Staveley and Occaney to Knaresborough and up the hill to Bogs Lane and back to Hornbeam or home. About 30 miles. Joe S





### **Wednesday Ride**

Short ride today to accommodate James setting off for a long journey to Cornwall and the remainder to get home before too much rainfall.

A quick and easy ride to Wetherby for coffee at Pomfrets and then with the sun still shining (deceptively so) we debated a longer ride home.

The rain sayers proved correct and as we cycled through Follifoot the rain duly started falling.

Good to be out and thanks to James, Paul, Paul, Sue and Janet for good company. Gia M

### **Additional Information for Wednesday Ride Report**

When we stopped for coffee we were all keen to hear about Sue's weekend trip to London where she took part in The Brompton World Championship racing event. As you can see from the photo riders must follow the strict dress code which reflects the heritage of the event. Sue managed to complete seven laps at an impressive 15.46mph, which takes some doing on a small wheeled bike in wet conditions. However, as she has cycled from London to Paris on her Brompton anything is possible! Paul T





### **EG's Ride**

Yesterday we celebrated Yorkshire Day, ("God's Own Country") and the "Yarn Bombers" of Thirsk had, once again decorated the market square so, notwithstanding the potential impending showery forecast, eight EG's aimed their steeds north. However Bill & Norman decided to divert off to Ripon and in Boroughbridge Dave P, suffering with twinges in his lower back, (some sort of activity in the bedroom was his excuse) took the more conservative route home leaving only five to continue on our way.

The weather, albeit cool, held off dry and we soon reached our destination just before midday strolling into Aribaca's early enough to beat the lunch time rush.

Baked beans all round, seemingly and a goodly portion each was enjoyed by all.

We left to wander off to see the "Yarn Bombers" delightful efforts but not before one of our number blindly cracked his head on the low beam existing the toilets, notwithstanding the overhead warning sign, sending him spinning to the ground and leaving him with a very sore head and a bruised ego.

"Yarn Bombers", for those not in the know, are a group of local knitters who get together to decorate the local market square with various knitted artwork in order to celebrate local or regional events. Their efforts this time were most inventive, including even a model of a "Yorkshire Air Ambulance". How anyone Knits a helicopter I really don't know!

Leaving Thirsk we five followed a similar route home in reverse but this time diverting through Topcliffe. Regrettably the forecasted showers caught up with us so it was "capes" on for the next 50 mins.

Passing through our usual haunt, Boroughbridge, we resisted any urge to take a further stop for additional refreshments and continued straight through to our final destination. The route home seemed to be over in no time, presumably being shorter but all in all we completed approximately 51 miles averaging 14 mph, which for this deputy leader felt fairly quick but some of our regular faster riders might not concur.

Despite the lengthy but fairly light shower I think we all enjoyed, what turn out to be a very sociable ride. Thank to all for taking turns to push the "wind" on the return journey. Dave W



### **Long Ride**

Having practised last week at staying dry in the morning but getting soaked in the afternoon, the Long Ride assembled with an air of resignation, expecting much the same kind of weather today. Primed in advance that today's targets would be White Horse Bank and the Glider Club cafe, the group assembled itself in stages with just three at the roll-out, supplemented by Lesley and Richard at Piccadilly Motors, with two "poursuivants" taking the final complement to seven, achieved just after Boroughbridge.

With mostly benign conditions to cope with, the group made brisk progress to the A19 crossing. Here, short furloughs took Andy A and Richard L southwards to Easingwold for, I presume, a coffee stop and a quick return home. Over increasingly lumpy roads and with glimpses of the White Horse in view, the rest of the group headed eastwards shunning the honesty cafe at Elphin Bridge and on through Coxwold to the brink of Byland Abbey where John's chain snapped. Luckily this was at the top of a hill leading to the car park by Byland, where the group assembled to organize the repair. Link pins soon became compliant, a borrowed/donated 11-speed magic link was inserted, wet wipes appeared courtesy of Lesley and John was back on the road again. Team work.

Onwards through Oldstead and then came our first taste of rain -not too heavy and quite warm – followed by the main dish of the day, White Horse Bank itself. Although dark and damp for the most part, the road was mercifully light on cars, unlike previous trips in August when holiday traffic has restricted one's choice of climbing line. The portents at the Glider Club were not good for, as we arrived, the crew were parking aircraft and glider back into the snug of their hangar, with a helpful club member informing us that the cool windy rain was set in for the rest of the day.

Consequently, lunch was an unhurried affair with time for two cups of tea and discussions of the route back home, cycling holiday plans, broken chains, magic links etc whilst trying not to peer out of the rain-spattered windows. Wet and slippery surfaces enforced gingerly progress back down the Bank but by the time we approached Coxwold the heavier rain had stopped, jackets were coming off and brighter skies lay ahead.

Despite a minor "navigational" by the leader which took in a climb to Crayke and a descent back to the vale, humour remain good and Crayke was seen to be a very attractive village. Soon Easingwold was reached for comfort stops only, as the leisurely lunch and the threatening skies ruled out a cafe break. Once past Aldwark Bridge, the clouds lifted and the sun appeared. Suddenly it became good day to be out cycling but with familiar roads ahead the lure of extra sunlit miles faded, leaving us to make our farewells to Lesley and Richard, bound for the Danube shortly, and in due course to ourselves.

Over 60 miles ridden, 3000 plus feet climbed, and a well-timed lunch stop all contributed to an enjoyable ride with only mild interference from the elements. Terry S