

Wednesday, December 6, 2017

Wednesday Rides

Poddlers' Ride

Four smug ladies returned having completed a very satisfactory morning's cycling. Storm Caroline had not yet arrived and we only had three miles of head on wind.

In Knaresborough we were greeted by the jolly E.G.s planning their ride. In Farnham we were greeted again by jolly E.G.s who were doing their ride. In Markington Sue left us to prepare for an afternoon of Physio on the neck and shoulders. En route to the Dunsfords we lost a man, as David sped off the wrong way (I hope you are home David and not in Middlesborough or Newcastle or somewhere). In Boroughbridge the Wanderers had stolen all the cheese scones. There will be retribution....one day all the cakes will have mysteriously have vanished from a favourite cafe.

At Copgrove we had ridden ourselves of a sconeless break. In Mountgarret's garden we were swamped by van loads of dead pheasants. In Ripley we met Santa Claus and his reindeer and quite an angry teacher who did not want cyclists in her school pictures. At Killinghall Bridge, Jane went home. Along the Greenway Glyn came to escort Jen home with her teatime baguette. Back in Harrogate Monica rushed home to sort out Harrogate's traffic problems.....and I went home to make tea. A lovely morning out. 34 miles. Caroline G





Wanderers' Ride

A good turnout for the Wanderers Ride with the Leader only just arriving in time for the "grand depart". After breaking into regulation formation, we proceeded to Ripley car park and thence up Scarah Bank to Drovers cross-roads but not before losing one member to mechanical problems (thanks to Glyn for the repair!). We then went down through Markington & Bishop Monkton to Boroughbridge for a coffee stop at Vintage Bean. Various folks went their own way home with the main group heading home via Gt Ouseburn, Arkendale and Knaresborough. A nice, social ride in better weather than expected. A total ride of 37 miles. Steve S

Wednesday Ride

Ten riders opted for the Wednesday ride which whilst not a long ride contained some hilly stretches to keep us warm and get the legs going.

We set off towards Burnbridge with our first objective Kirkby Overblow where Gia had a puncture which was quickly dealt with by a number of the group- what was amazing was

whilst this was happening two locals told us that the Church was serving coffee and cake and no one suggested going whilst they were waiting!

Back on the road we went along the ridge and down towards the A61 via Netherby -not a route we do often so it was a nice change- we crossed the main road and climbed up through Dunkeswick and Weeton and on to Castley before stopping at Pool Pantry for coffee and refreshments.

After the usual banter (the best story being about John Russell's walk to school - ask him about it sometime!) we gathered outside to set off back down the main road to Leathley. Paul T was having knee troubles so he decided to go back via Almscliff Crag on a shorter route.

We set off and safely negotiated the road and three more riders (Gia, Steve and James) then took a more direct route back home whilst the remainder of the group headed for Farnley and then having a long climb up from Lindley past the reservoir.

The gated road to Jacks Lane was spurned as too steep for a winter ride(!) and we made our way back on the usual route into Burnbridge.

We had covered 28 miles with 1700' of climbing and our legs were telling us we had had a decent ride- despite being back early which left too much time to have to do chores!

As always good company and not too bad a route which gave people lots of options to not follow the ride leader. Kevin D



Long Ride

There was a reasonable turnout for the long ride with nine or so riders heading out towards Ripley.

Up Scarrah Bank we toiled and then the long drag up towards Brimham Rocks. Trefor would have provided a reasonable shelter from the wind but no one could hold on to his wheel. We reconvened at the junction, just after the Road Closed signs, and turned right heading down a couple of edgy descents with blustery side winds. Through Risplith and Aldfield including

some rather inconvenient and extensive roadworks before a dogleg into Fountains Abbey for a brew.

After refreshments David headed directly home with the main group descending through the deer park. Three riders split off at Ripon with a view to heading directly back to Knaresborough leaving the Famous Five rattling over potholes towards the racecourse. Through Skelton On Ure and under the A1(M) we maintained a reasonable pace until we reached Boroughbridge.

Three riders headed after Richard P towards Roecliffe with Peter showing his intelligence by heading back on the more direct route home. Shortly thereafter Richard disappeared down a bridleway and then there were three. The remnants battled against the headwind to Bishop Monkton at which point Trefor produced a slightly battered banana which he offered to share. There were no takers.

Heading for home the trio passed another group (WE?) by Mother Shipton's Cave before swinging onto Bogs Lane and back into town. Great company as always and roughly 46 miles under our belts. John S.



EGs' Ride

We had eleven riders at Low Bridge, but despite the mild weather a game of cricket was out. Last Wednesday's ride to Easingwold was discussed regarding flooded roads which did not seem to appear anywhere else. We exchanged waves and greetings to a Pod of Poddlers before heading for Ripon.

This was Peter B's choice, there was also some doubt about Spa Gardens Cafe, closed or just not open for coffee, so Peter B might have had his sights set on Wetherspoons. So it was Northish with some wind assist, meeting up again with the same Pod.

The men's downhill to Occaney was not contested (due to Dave Siswick being away on Grandad duties), shame as Dave P got a good one in. Bob left us to head for Markington and perhaps Sophie's.

The slow group consisting of Dave P and Norman headed for Spa Gardens cafe only to find the remainder heading for Ripon centre, it seems said cafe was only doing Christmas Lunches, so we made it to the Market Square, here things got a little confused, but then we are EG's and a little past our best in the memory and awareness field. Six of us found ourselves in Sainsbury's cafe.

The wonders of science never cease to amaze me, whilst writing this report my mobile rang to tell me I had a message of 3hrs ago to tell me that Marvin, Dave Peatfield Peter B and Eric were in a tea room half way between the Markey Square and Spa Cafe. My mobile phone is obviously most inferior in timing to the first transatlantic telegraph cable messages. The six of us then returned to Harrogate via Studley Park and all the lumpy bits (Bill's choice) and in to Ripley and home via the Greenway (that wonderful aid to older cyclists). Bill again amazed us in Ripley, despite him being the oldest EG out today he did not have to avail himself of the facilities to take a comfort break. Not a bad little ride, wind not too bad but the roads were a little clarty. Dave P.

Having been turned away from Spa Gardens, ten EGs had to find another suitable refreshment stop in Ripon. Marvin lead us to one café, only to find it was closed. Peter B was then leading us back across the Ripon Market Square to another, when several EGs disappeared into Sainsbury's, so only four of us arrived at the café. Sometime later, the other six EGs were spotted cycling past our café in the direction of Fountains Abbey. Over coffee, the four of us (Peter B, Marvin, Dave Pf, and Eric) hatched a cunning plan for the next part of the ride. The weather was remarkably good for December, so we would add a few more miles in and head via Skelton-on-Ure to Boroughbridge. When we got there, the cunning plan was extended via the Dunsforths, the Ouseburns, Queen Ethelburga's, Whixley, Hunsingore, and Walshford to Wetherby, by which time we had burned sufficient calories to justify a second café stop. Then back onto our trusty steeds for the final leg along Harland Way to Spofforth, and Follifoot. Home by 3.45pm, 52 very pleasant December miles were clocked up by this Harlow Hillbilly. Eric W