

Captain Morgan leads the Medium Ride 29/4/15

The sleety rain clearly put many riders off the medium ride but the intrepid Treasurer Trott and “Elementary” Watson joined Leader Morgan and headed west under the M40 and into Denham. The rain grew heavier and we paused in the porch of Denham Memorial Hall to don wet weather trousers, capes, sou’westers etc ... as we listened to the “bumps and grinding” music within the hall we wondered whether to join the ladies exercise class but common sense prevailed and sensing that the freezing hail was slackening we took to our bikes for the wet but pleasant haul to Chalfont St Peters. Carpets of bluebells to left and right all day – eat your heart out Margaret ! The joy of swooping downhill in the spray to Budgens was doubled when we saw Terry and Phil waiting to have hot coffee and Danish with us – a pleasant interlude catching up (but no hot rads to dry clothes upon).

Off again – Oh the discomfort of hauling on wet gear – uphill to Goldhill – good cycle path along Narcott – White Hart in new hands ? Botteralls Lane with bluebells – great downhill run to the A555 slightly marred by an enormous flood – across by the Magpie and Harte and a good climb up into Coleshill – windmill & Red Lion – swooshing down with huge views to the north – sunshine appearing as we wove our way into Old Amersham past the iconic old almshouses to the Saracen’s Head – great hearty welcome from the great hearty landlord – foaming pints of good ale and delicious food while we dried and thawed out a bit.

A hard post lunch climb out of Amersham and a frankly boring run to Little Chalfont on the lumpy bike path – by lanes well known to The Vache and the permissive footpath to Captain Cook’s monument – approaching it through the trees we caught sight of a yellow jacket in the tower and assumed some workmen were restoring it but no it was Terry in cycling gear come out to meet us again – we lingered there talking in the sun for a while until we spotted the glint on what might have been Lady Pallister’s shotgun and so hurtled on a great downhill stretch to the greasy spoon at Maple Cross for tea (since Terry has a deadly vendetta against the Dumbell) Home along the canal and Uxbridge Golf course.

“We few, we happy few” with the grit and guts to withstand the morning’s cold rods of rain and win through to the afternoon’s sunshine were rewarded thricefold