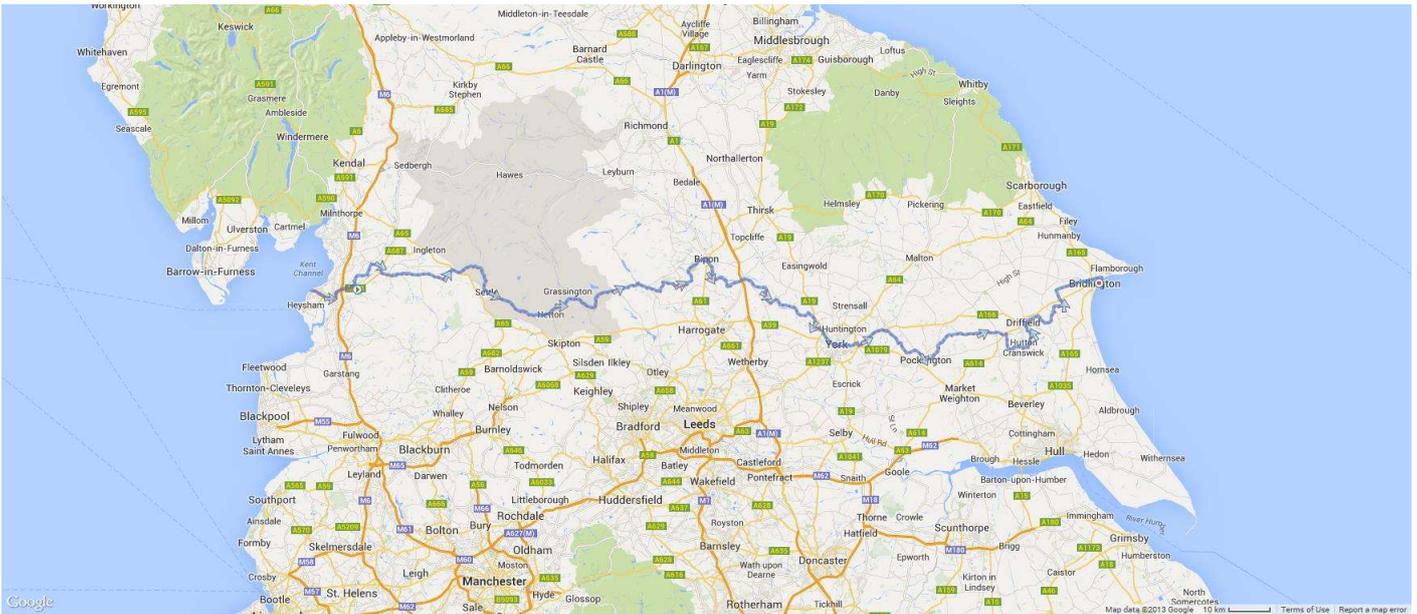


Lichfield's VeloClub 41 go "The Way of the Roses" and all flesh



VeloClub 41's Big Summer Ride of 2019 was from Morecombe in Lancashire to Bridlington in Yorkshire, a distance of 170 or so miles, prior to navigational dysfunctions, and climbs of 9000+ feet. It was very wet. It was very head-windy.



Many of you will have sat through the riveting presentation given by Peter 'Sparky' Dimeloe (Our Glorious Leader and Inspiration) and Roger 'Brompton Boy' Hartley at 41 Club, during which we elucidated the sheer joy of being both at one with Nature and so intimately connected to items of advanced machinery. The discomforts of those few days of pedalling were lightly dismissed, you may recall, and the tears in our eyes were but those of joy.

We are often asked why one would wish punish one's perineum in such a way, not just on horrendous glorious adventures such as this, but once or twice a week around the lanes near home. With tea and cake as sustenance.

The answer, of course, is in the fun, fellowship and ecologically sustainable banter that we enjoy. Our resulting clearly obvious supreme physical fitness is a bonus. Age brings with it a potential decline and this is our last chance to get a smokin' hot body

before we trouble the crematorium.

The 'start' photograph shows Sparky, Eric Morecombe, Brompton and Adrian Perry kitted up for the journey. Eric was Terry Browne's stand-in. I will not dwell here on the details of the GPS assisted navigational failures that added 40 miles to our journey, battery drain and fetlock strain that we experienced. Just an outline will suffice.

Day 1: Started by driving from Lichfield to Bridlington, then transferring to Morecombe in a minibus with our bikes. Mid-afternoon departure. We had a gentle, if misguided, ride away from the coast until we had a proper climb through the Pennines to our over-night stop in Settle. Wet and headwind.

Day 2: Wet and strong headwind. There is a culture shock awaiting us as soon as we leave, heading for Ripon. I commend to you a video of some reasonably fit, younger blokes tackling the ride out of Settle:

In fair weather... <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DsJSsXvtDGs>

And in weather like ours... <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BOW1rkDN304> Potential views ruined by the clouds we were in. We were *tired* that night. Although it was a Timothy Taylor pub...

Day3: Flooded roads and some meandering to Pocklington via York. Weather still not behaving.

Day 4: Weather much the same, some surprising climbs and an increasing awareness of the bicycle beneath one.



Just time to get some trustworthy passer-by to take the Survivors Photograph on the sea-front at Bridlington. The official sign has, sadly, been purloined and we had to make do with some hurdy-gurdies and three blokes clinging together for tripod stability.

Then load up the bikes and drive home.

Our thanks go to Goretex and Nikwax (shame they don't make body-proofer too), to Trek and Specialized bicycles, to the combined talents of Messrs. Faraday, Volta, Eddy Current and the CEGB for enabling Sparky to discharge his commitments and to British Beef, the Egg Marketing Board and Timothy Taylor for the overtime Involved in supporting Brompton.

It's been a joy, as always...

©Brompton Boy 2019

