

Forester's Arms, Tarporley - 16th September 2015

Despite hearing the sad news of his partner, **Joan**, in the last few days, **Roy** bravely turned up to lead today's ride to **Tarporley**. I never met **Joan** but **Roy** often spoke fondly about her. I'm sure that others who knew and rode with her will pay tribute to her in due course.



The forecast was good with a chance of rain in the late afternoon, which prompted eighteen riders to turn out - among them was **Brian Saxby**. He is just about recovered from a bad knee injury (a fracture) after jumping off a wall a bit higher than he thought.

The Foresters Arms

There was though an unexpected absence, namely **Brian L** our co-ordinator, it seems he put his bike in his car but forgot he left his bag on the roof and drove off. As we go to press we don't know if he found it on his return.

It's that time of year - people are returning from holiday and it is good to hear their stories on the ride.

Roy Is known for deciding on the day what route he will take, but with his knowledge of **Cheshire** you will never get lost. We kicked off down **Woodbank** heading to **Saughall** just catching the last cows after milking crossing our path. I was told about a T.V. programme that showed cows being milked by a computer fully automated three times a day, but they are kept indoors like chickens. It sounds like a backward step to me, udders may disagree.

As we turned off the **Greenway**, **Mike K** noticed his rear tyre was shedding its outer skin, possibly due to his misaligned brake block, so he returned home and retyred. After **Christleton** we went through **Waverton** and past the **Crocky Trail**. **Roy** chose to approach the venue from the hillier side but you can enjoy the freewheeling into **Tarporley** from the top. The **Foresters Arms** Is the usual lunch stop but just a bit further along is a cafe that was converted from a fire station and most people seemed to prefer to lunch there. To remind customers of its origins there are firemen's helmets on a shelf around the cafe.

Everyone agreed that the food, tea, and coffee was good, the only hiccup was when the toaster jammed and set off the smoke alarm - but the chef who was upstairs slid down the pole with a wet towel and rescued the situation.

The cafe crowd joined the pub lot and set off towards the **Ice Cream Farm** - then after that to **Waverton**, repeating our outward trail.



Old Fire Station Coffee Shop

Ice Cream Farm

As we came off the greenway, **Andy** said this was a spot where they used to have a break with **Joan** so we held a few moments silence for her.

The rain had kept off helping to make the day very enjoyable so thanks again **Roy** - although **Chris and Sue** were both riding new **Cannondale** bikes, **Sue** reassured me it will not affect her supply of jelly babies - good news.

Chris Byrne