

Caerwys Golf Club - 23rd April 2014

We are off today to **Caerwys** (it means fortified place). As mentioned in the **Domesday Book**, its church of **St. Michaels** is built over a roman observation tower. Inside is the tomb of **Elizabeth Ferrers**, the wife of **Dafydd ap Gruffudd**, Prince of Wales 1283 - no relation to 'Daffyd Duck'!

In 1682 a local doctor **Thomas Wynne** sailed to America on the 'Welcome' with **William Penn**, one of the **Founding Fathers of Pennsylvania**. Another not so well known person born here is **Myfanwy Talog** who was married to the actor **David Jason**, and by coincidence **William Penn** senior was born on this day (April 23rd) in 1621. If that isn't enough information for you, **Cardiff** beat **Arsenal** in the **F.A. cup final**, and **Roy Orbison** was born - all on **St. George's day**.

There was a good response at the **Eureka** despite **Alan's** description of the ride covering most of the **Munros** in Wales. It now looks like he put himself off as he phoned in a 'sicky'. **John F** said he would take **Alan's** group of 14 and **Brian Lowe** took the other 7 on a slightly shorter route. As **John** headed to the marshes, **Brian** had to hold back, as one of his team had a puncture. This delay led to one of the day's lighter moments on the **Greenway**. Nearing the railway bridge over the **Dee**, **John's** group were ahead of us, so ringing our bells and shouting for them to get out of our way gave them and us a good laugh.



Along the marshes



20% Climb out of Ysceifiog

We took different routes up to **Northop**. This climb was to be a warm up for the others ahead. The effort to climb the **Halkyns** is always worth it as the views are spectacular. With about two miles to go I got a flat - the snag was - I had forgotten my pump. **Tony Small** (bike & wheel builder) came to the rescue - he even blew it up, "thanks again mate", but alas, the damage was done. I have been known to cast aspersions in the past, so will have to live with my error.

It brought to mind that when **Edward Whimper** - the great

mountain climber, allowed **Queen Victoria's** 19-year-old inexperienced nephew to join him climbing the **Matterhorn**, he fell - taking with him three others on the rope to their deaths. **Whimper** remarked despite my achievements only calumny (look it up) will prevail.

When we reached the **Golf Club John's** team had just arrived. Sitting by a window I watched a golfer tee off from the first tee. He was putting on the ninth hole when my soup arrived! The staff were very friendly but the service was well below par (or should that be above par?).

It was revealed that **Mike (flaty) Knox** had done it again, you have to feel for him not only has Man U flat-lined but he picked up two more (flats) before **Northop** and called it a day going home.

Coming down to Rhes-Y-Cae

There were still a few lumpy bits to get over coming home. On the **Dee railway bridge** we met an old mate who used to cycle with us -

Brian (Captain Birdseye) - he owns a boat and has a beard. During our chat he asked "did we go to the **Piccadilly pub** in **Caerwys**". He said there used to be a racecourse between **Caerwys** and **Babell**. A horse called **Piccadilly** won a major race and the owner bought the local pub and named it after his horse, and the jockey became the manager. No surprise - there were no flags of **St. George** flying being in **Wales**, plus they do have a **Dragon** on their flag.

There was only **me** and **Brian** as we reached the **Greenway**, and he went on to the marshes. This left me alone and pumless in the rain for the rest of the way - still a hard ride - but enjoyable. Well done **John** and **Brian**.



Chris Byrne

