

Pet Cemetery - 4th June 2014

'Mr dependable', **Brian L**, again stepped up to the plate to lead a dozen riders to the **Pet Cemetery** in **Brynford**. The weather forecast was for light showers early on so most of us set off in our plastics. The route took us down to the **Marshes** and via the **Greenway** to **Connah's Quay** in a repeat of last week's ride to **Loggerheads**. We went to **Northop** by going up **Papermill Lane**. In a recent survey it was voted best route to **Northop**.

Chris B who has been known to 'make things up' was on his mountain bike having struggled last time to summit the **Halkyns**. **Sylvia**, our only lady rider, was going well; she said Sunday's ride to **Alderley** had given her an edge - a spell of wizardry there! **Brian** in his wisdom changed the route slightly as we were running a bit late, but whichever way you cross the **Halkyns** the views are brilliant. It was developing into a 'coco' ride - coats on coats off.

The cafe at the **Cemetery** is unique in that all the crockery



is colourful and matching. It not only looks good but the food is great especially the



Welsh scouse. **Brian** and **Sylvia** went for the cream tea; it looked a picture - three tiers of sandwiches and cakes, so **Mike M** took a photo; our regular snapper **John F** was not on the ride. The cafe was voted **Cemetery of the Year in 2007 and 2008**. I think that must be based on the cafe rather than sending **Tiddles** and **Rover** to the cattery/kennel in the sky.

As we were about to set off **Brian** asked us if we wanted to go a different way than planned. We agreed, and it was a good decision as we went down some nice, new lanes emerging in **Babel**, but we still had to get over **Moel y Crio**, a last chance to burn off the scouse and cakes.

Brynford village school is where **Henry Morton Stanley** (of 'Dr. Livingston I presume' fame) was a student teacher; he is probably the only person to have fought on both sides in the **American Civil War**. A rather unpleasant report from one of his party in **Africa** was by member of the **Jameson** (Irish Whiskey) family who bought an eleven year old girl from a tribe and gave her to a tribe of cannibals to see how they dispatched and cooked her! And lastly to continue events on the date of our ride, in 1939, a ship - the **St. Louis** - with 907 **Jewish** refugees on board were refused permission to dock in **Florida** after also being refused at **Cuba**, and were forced to return to **Europe**; many died in the holocaust. Sorry to finish on such a sad note. Instead try to think about those great views on the **Halkyns** and look forward to our next ride.

Chris Byrne