

Sportsmans Arms, Tattenhall -17th September 2014

This is a special day for me as it was 49 years ago that the eldest of my three sons was born. That has absolutely nothing to do with today's ride I just wanted to share it with my cycling friends (writer's licence) It just added to the cornucopia.



Glennys lead the ride on this brilliant day to the Sportsman's pub in Tattenhall, although with Jane also on the ride should it be the Sportspersons pub. Ten men made up the peloton.



**Morley Bridge to
Hollowmoor Heath**

The route was down Capenhurst Lane and on to the cycle path to the Sainsbury roundabout turning right to Stoak, Guilden Sutton then Morley Bridge.

These were familiar roads, but an unexpected turn took us down a new lane to most of us for about two miles before we were back to familiar tarmac.

The pace was around 12:50 mph and allowed us to debate the pros and cons of **Scottish Independence** and interesting things as well. Didn't **Robbie Burns** describe **English politicians** as "*so many rogues in a nation*" a song he wrote in 1791.

Tarvin came next and on to the **Crocky Trail**, but we turned left after Walk Mill cafe. This lane led us to **Hargrave** and our destination, **Tattenhall**.

The village was mentioned in the **Domesday Book 1086** - the old **English** was **Tata and halh**, meaning "*a meadow*". There is a group of houses designed in 1927 by architect **Clough Williams-Ellis** famous for creating the **Italianate village of Port Merion in N Wales**. After our butties in the park, by the school, (are five-year-olds noisier today?).



Jill's Eton Mess



Bob's pudding

It was good to see **Bob**, **Jill** and **Mike C** enjoying their lunch - **Mike** arrived by car as he is awaiting his op.



Break at Saughton

I was the last one to leave the car park just as a huge van started to reverse out it took a long time and I missed which way the rest of the group had gone! I headed back the way we came and turned left to **Old Ma's café**. I stopped here and rang the group - they said I was going the right way but had to pull back about two miles. I immediately went into time trial mode reaching speeds that made a camera flash. I could hear the voice in my head of the commentator on the **T.O.F.** saying "*I tell you what Phil for a vet this Byrnzy lad is absolutely flying, If he keeps this up he'll be back in yellow tomorrow*".

I joined the group in **Bruera**. After going through **Waverton** we rode to the end of the **Greenway** and left it at **Blacon**. We were just in time to see the last cow crossing our path.



While waiting to thank **Glennys**. After some delay she arrived with oily hands and explained she had to put her chain back on.

So thanks again **Glennys** for a really enjoyable ride.



Chris Byrne

Photos by John Ferguson