

The Red Lion, Dodleston - 12th November 2014

Brian J is today's volunteer to lead the MYOW ride to Dodleston.



The forecast was for a chance of rain in the afternoon but it didn't prevent another very good turn out with twenty-two riders raring to go.

Brian's route took us through Puddington and Burton

to get on the marshes to Deeside and the Greenway.



We were into a strong wind, but thankfully it wasn't cold, and once on the Greenway we were sheltered.



Up the Greenway to Blacon and elevenses



Blacon is where we turned off and headed through the estate towards the river but everyone was happy when we avoided it because of the wind and went down **Lache lane** and past the **Chester Fisheries**. Then followed a stretch of really nice country lanes to **Dodleston**. The ride had been relaxed and enjoyable if incident free.



Lunch at the pub



Bob, Jill, George and



Ada were already there.

Mike C turned up a little later. **Ada**, who is **Ada-nother** year on, was presented with a birthday card to a chorus of song.

There are always talking points; chats overheard included the fantastic display of poppies around the tower of **London**, the amazing landing on a comet 300 million miles away after a ten year journey and **Alan O's** new **Raleigh** cycling top, It is a **British** company even if he looks like a North ender.

During lunch **John ?** from **Bebington** who recently joined, explained his reason for joining the **CTC**. Having not ridden a bike for six years he was talked into doing the **C2C** by his two sons. On the first leg his chain snapped - he managed to fix it - but later on it went again this time wrecking his wheel. Then it was **C2T** (train) and home then **CTC**.

Our departure was a bit fragmented as some people were ready to go while others were not in too much of a hurry. I rode with the last group of about twelve through **Kinnerton** and a very welcome 'wind assist' along the river.



After crossing the bridge it was the part of the day most looked forward to - **Jelly Baby** time - where would we be without **Sue?** (babyless?).

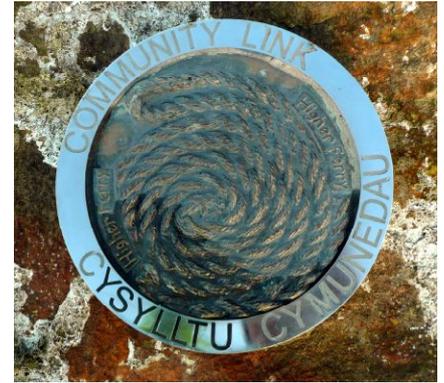
Jelly Babies





At the end of **Woodbank** we thanked **Brian** for his leadership and arranging the weather to remain dry. He and **Sylvia** are off to **Turkey**, so enjoy that and see you soon.

When I do a little research on the places we are going to there are some interesting things come to light. This week's venue threw up one of them. **Hugh Leigh Mallory**, the father of **George Mallory** was rector of **Local church St Marys** from 1927-1940. His son **George** was born in **Mobberley** another place we ride through. **George's mother** was also the daughter of a clergyman; the **Mallory family** can be traced back to the **Knights**



Templar. **George** had two sisters and a younger brother **Trafford**. They both served in the forces; **George** was a Lieutenant and fought on the **Somme** under **Major Gwilym Lloyd George**, the son of the **Prime Minister David Lloyd George**. He also rubbed shoulders with the **Bloomsbury Group**, including poets **Rupert Brooke** (*"That there's some corner of a foreign field / That is for ever England"*); **Seigfried Sassoon** (*Sneak home and pray you'll never know / The hell where youth and laughter go*) and **Robert Graves** and an excerpt from **A.E. Houseman** (*They braced their belts about them, "They crossed in ships the sea, They fought and found six feet of ground And there they died for me"*).

The fatal climb in 1924 when **Mallory and Andrew Irvine** died near the summit of **Everest** is well documented. Seventy-five years later his remains were found, mainly due to global warming melting the snow near the summit. The family had to deal with another tragedy in 1944 when his younger brother **Trafford** was killed along with his wife when his plane crashed in the **French Alps** as he was going to **Ceylon** to be the **Air Chief Marshall**. **Mallory's grandson**, also named **George**, reached the summit of **Everest** in 1995. He left a picture of his grandfather with the message "*Unfinished Business*". **George** was once asked "*Why do you want to climb Everest?*" He famously replied "*because it's there*". You can tell from his photo he was a very determined man. I remember hearing about **Mallory** as a schoolboy and I am sure he has had an influence on me. I was once asked "*Why do you ride your bike everywhere?*" I replied "*Because I can*". There are commemorative plaques in a few places - the picture here is in **Chester Cathedral**. **Mallory Walk** is **Dodleston's** tribute to their family. One final thought, imagine if they found his camera with a shot from the summit.

I would like to thank my followers for allowing me to digress in this blog, a very historical week; the first and last people killed in **WW1** were cyclists!

Christopher Byrne

Photos by John Ferguson

