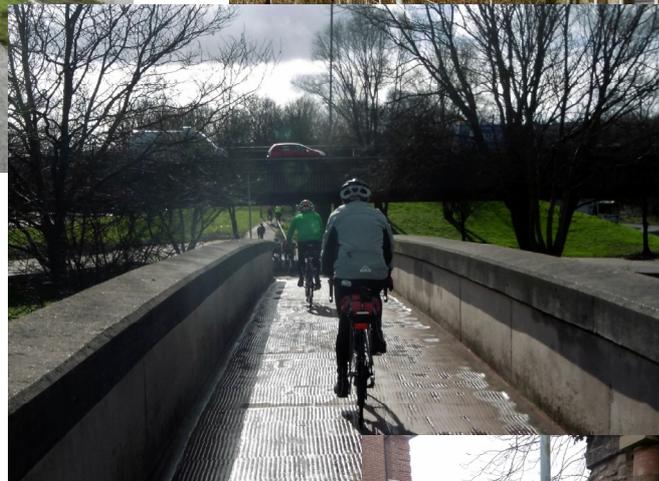


Red Lion, Dodleston - 1st March 2017



Today's ride leader was to be **Chris L** but sadly he was not feeling to good, so it fell to **Chris S** and **Brian J** to split sixteen of us into two groups of eight. Our venue was **The Red Lion in Dodleston**. **Brian L** and **Peter W** were to make their own way - nice to see **Brian** back in the saddle.



The forecast was good and it remained so, especially after lunch, it was very spring like.



As long as you can ride your bike, I don't think there are many better starts than this one. Through **Puddington**, Burton and down to the **marshes** with views across the **Dee** to **North Wales** which are brilliant. It was spoiled though for **Sylvia** when she saw her tyre go flat. With her was a good puncture repair man - **Brian**, her loyal husband who ordered us to continue without them. Could **Sylvia** have avoided the thorn? We don't know, perhaps she was looking at the views.

As we rounded the **Toyota** plant, I got to thinking with a threat to **Vauxhall and Fords** - could they be next? Answers welcome from **Brexiters**. Once through **Queensferry** it was the steady climb up to **Hawarden**, and after getting our breath back, on to the even tougher climb through the woods. But the effort put in is well rewarded by some great lanes mostly downhill towards **Rossett**.



Some of the enjoyment was spoiled though for **Roy** when he became the second victim of the dreaded thorn.

Roy - famous for putting tyres back on to wheels with one hand - was defeated by his new tyre and needed the assistance of **John F's**



handy tool.(gadget) **Chris B** who foolishly doesn't believe in silly sayings was heard to say "who's next?" things happen in threes. Half a mile later the third one became deflated. I could have got some alphabeti spaghetti and eaten my words.



On arrival at the pub **George and Ada**, Brian and Peter also **Dave and Trevor** from near **Mold** met us. **Dave** showed me a scar were a relative's dog had bitten him, I thought he had been drinking a frothy coffee and hadn't wiped his mouth though.

I found a seat next to **Mike C**. He is always good for a story and he was telling me about an old cycling buddy no longer with us, who he described as the perfect gentleman but never married. His hobby was collecting bikes so much so

he bought a second house for them. **Mike** recalled he would be struggling uphill when his buddy would just glide past him on one of his oldest bikes with sit up and beg handlebars. On occasion he would get to their venue, got a change of clothes out of his panniers and came in looking like **James Bond**. Outside the pub while waiting to leave, a passing cyclist asked **John** if he would like him to take a photo of us all in a group, and as you can see he did a good job.



By some freak If anyone is not aware, the longest serving vicar in **Dodleston** was the tragic mountaineer **Mallory's father**, This poor family also lost their other son who was an **Air Marshall in the R.A.F.** when, after the second world war, a plane he was on with his wife crashed into the **French Alps**.

Our route back was simple and quick, although I thought our leader threw in an unnecessary hill - only a short one though. Well done **Chris** for stepping into the breach and giving us all a good day's ride.

On 1st March

1872 Yellowstone National Park 1st in the world

1936 Hoover Dam is completed

Born

1904 Glenn Miller

1927 Harry Belefonte

1952 Martin O'Neill

Died

2006 Peter Osgood