

HARP ROAD CLUB & NORTH WESTERN SECTION N.C.W.



The Link



EDITORS: MR. R. A. TAYLOR & MR. L. A. KIPP

No:4 Vol:2.
Price
3d.

THE LINK

August and
September 1952

The Bi-monthly Magazine
of the
H A R P R. C.
and

N O R T H - W E S T S E C T I O N
of the
N.C.U. London Centre Private Members.

Editors: Messrs.R.A.Taylor & L.A.Kipp.

MY FIRST CLUB TEA

This took place one Sunday after a ride through Hertfordshire.

I was informed by several members of your club that a "Tea" was an occasion when nobody but the boy with the longest arms, ever got anything to eat, so you can imagine my surprise when I found all the "Boys" sitting round a table, on which there was a plate of bread and butter at least a foot high, a large plate of cakes, and the biggest tea-pot that I had ever seen.

I knew that the one sitting at the top of the table had to pour out, but one look at the tea-pot put me right off, and so I pretended I knew nothing of that custom, so tea was poured out by one who took great pains not to spill any over the table cloth.

I was also surprised at the speed at which the bread and butter disappeared, and after the third plateful had been brought in, I finally managed to get a slice!

Still, I enjoyed my first Club tea, and shall look forward to many more.

Ann Onimouse.

A PARODY by Jack Dyde, taken from a pre-war copy of the LINK.

"F R E E
A N D
E A S Y"

When you go ~~out~~ with the club,
You have your dinner at a pub
Free and easy.
The captain strolls into the bar,
He orders beer and he orders char,
Free and easy.
If there's anybody left behind us,
In the boozer they'll be sure to
find us,

If our lads don't feel like grub,
The local champs at darts they'll
scrub—

They are easy.

After six successive wins,
You order Scotch and double gins,
Free and easy.

When you have put them away,
The dart board begins to sway,
Free and easy.

Do not let them see that you can't
find it.
Find the line, and take your stand
behind it,
Take your aim, then take your shot,
And hope you have not missed the lot,
It's so easy.

When you get upon your bike,
You wish you had a tandem trike,
It's free and easy.
Then you ramble off to tea,
And what a free fight that will be,
They're free and easy.
Here's the tea place, ah! at last we've
found it,

The food it calls we want to get a-
round it
Good manners here, they are polite,
What you don't grab, you've missed
alright

We're free and easy.

.....

Retiring competitor: " I couldn't go on with due respect to R.T.T.C.
regulations". "Why?". "I've ladderred my tights".

THE
DIARY
OF A
TANDEM

By Nick

Friday-30th May.

This evening, after being sadly neglected for a week, I was dragged out by the Capt'n from my comfortable corner in the garage, sternly inspected and then, (I guessed this was

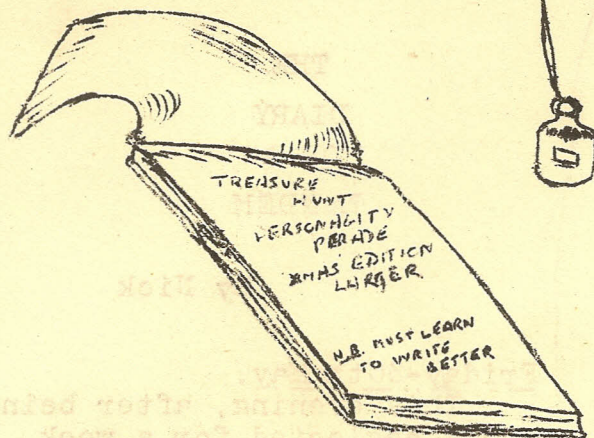
coming) I was set upon with rags, dusters and oilcan until I really glistened and felt as if I could roll up hills unassisted. When I am being cleaned, I always feel like a poodle being fussed over before a dog show, however, just as I was basking brightly in the evening sun, the Capt'n approached stealthily from the rear with something behind his back. I recognised it with loathing, - a pannier carrier! More deadweight on my poor rear spindle, more scratches on my new enamel and the shame of it; that I, a shortbase Olympic track model should suffer the indignity of panniers! For a moment I had dark thoughts of rebellion; I thought all that cleaning was ~~done~~ to pacify me, but in the end I crushed my wounded pride and, complete with pannier carrier, I was wheeled back to my corner by the lawnmower (a great friend of mine) to await the Whitsun Tour.



CHARLBURY VH.

Out of my Notebook

- Les



★ Are good at reading maps? Are your National Health glasses O.K.? Make sure they are for the club TREASURE HUNT on October 5th. You will need an O.S.1" Chilterns and a pencil. The start will be at The Woodgates Farmham Royal after 11's and finish who know's where.

★ Chas, our present Social Sec. is having a busy time with the Dinner and Dance and therefore has declined to enter in the PERSONALITY PARADE Never-the-less I ask BERT to lead the trail with a little article on himself and his cycling activities.

★ The next edition of the LINK will be on sale on Christmas morning at the Marshmoor and with your co-operation it will be an enlarged special CHRISTMAS NUMBER

POET'S CORNER,

Epitaph—

To all of you who should pass by,
As you are now, so once was I,
As I am now so you will be,
Prepare yourself to follow me.

To follow you I'm quite content,
But I'm d—d if I know which way you went.



Saturday-31st May.

I was left in an uneasy peace until mid-day forseeing a hard ride in the afternoon, then just as the rain started, the Capt'n came and, having covered my rear saddle with an old sou-wester, (very thoughtful of him!) he started to strap on a single pannier. Now I thought those panniers looked too pretty to be strong, and sure enough, as he tightehed the straps I heard two ripping noises, followed by a very rude word. Anyway the pannier went on and the Capt'n, now in a filthy mood leapt aboard and slapped the pedals round viciously until we reached the stokers house.

That was a shocking ride, feeling lopsided with only one pannier on, and getting wetter each minute, then to crown matters the sou-wester blew off my rear saddle and that became soaked. Eventually, groaning under the combined weight of Capt'n, Stoker, and two panniers we restarted in the rain for H.H. meeting Sylvie on the way and Graham, Butch and Derek at H.H.

The rain stopped while we waited there for Brian S. so, writing him off as D.N.S. we turned our wheels along W.Avenue with an uneventful ride through Uxbridge to Slough where we had "threeses."

From here we rode steadily along the Bath Road through Maidenhead to Reading. Brian, after a late start caught us up just before Reading while my panniers were being adjusted for the fourth time, I think that Reading is a horrid, jumbled, sprawling place that hasg rown up too quickly, rather like Slough only its name is more pleasant. Leaving the gruesome suburbs of Reading behind us, we exchanged the monotony of the Bath Road for a peaceful, winding road (A329) which followed the Thames valley through Pangbourne to Streatley village. Suddenly, about 3 miles from the Hostel, some clot (probably the Capt'n) started a prime on a hill, those?!@+?!*panniers flapped around my stays, and Oh! my poor

head! After showing the solos my back wheel on the hill, we cruised gently down to the Hostel where I was unceremoniously stowed into a draughty lean-to while the crew went in to clean up and feed with the rest of the party who had started earlier. I learned by tandem telepathy that our party went for a walk to Goring after supper, playing passball along the road until the ball vanished over a bridge and into the Thames, then they returned, via a cosy pub to the Hostel and bed.

Nick.

To be continued in the
Christmas edition.

.....

COLLIOURE

or

ALL THIS AND VERONICA TOO!

by One of Four.

Collioure is a dream place. A heaven on earth. A heaven of of sunshine filled with shapely angels in two piece bathing suits and a beautiful golden tan. The sea, a transparent calm-as-a-mill-pond lake is hemmed in on one side by a Disney like castle obviously of great antiquity perched on technicolour rocks of fantastic jagged shapes. On the opposite side to the castle the cliffs rise sheer from the sea, still coloured and fantastic, topped by modern road houses of Spiders Web type which lie along the coast roads. There are two small beaches upon which are drawn up during the day a small fishing fleet. A walk along the breakwater to the light-house and at the end you are confronted with a wonderful view of

the whole town, its mountainous background set off against the cloudless blue southern skies, like a giant theatrical back cloth.

We stayed only one night at Collioure. We spent also quite a small fortune in french francs at Collioure. We eat and slept in a fairy land of luxury and indeed in the morning we were loath to forsake such a gem among touring visits for the heat and dust of the road.

Where is Collioure? - can we have a club run there? - Alas such delights are only for those who will take there cycles over land and sea, (by ship and train of course) to the mainland of Europe and down many weary miles seated in an iron truck which is called a "voiture" by French Railways and many unprintable things by British Passangers. Down to the south, to the mountains, the great rivers, the winding passes, the flies, the thunderstorms, the garlic (Ugh!) - Only if you suffer all these can you visit such places as Collioure. Ah, Yes - I almost forgot - Veronica, Oh, Well! some other time perhaps for to borrow a phrase from Mr. Kiddin - "that's another story".

%%%%

NO GO!

"I'm introducing a brand new invention - a combined talking-machine and carpet sweeper with detachable arms that can be used as a letter opener," said the agent as the man of the house came to the door. "Not interested," was the reply. "I've got one already, I'm married."



MUSCLES & THE CYCLIST

What does cycling do for you? (quiet Johnny). Amongst other things it develops your muscles, or should do.

It is, of course, necessary to have embryo muscles to start with such as:- thighnus gigantus, calfae multitudine, chestus expandae, anklae twiddlaemus, etc.

I would emphasize the danger of over developing certain of these, because you will look most peculiar if you do, (never mind Bert, you do try hard) Nicky will be very pleased to demonstrate and point out these muscles, if an appointment is made, so don't delay, first come, first served etc.

Now I know you younger lads are very keen to have muscles rather more prominent than mine so I'll give you a few tips, free, gratis of for nothing.

Some consider a relaxing hobby as good basic training, such as fishing in the rain although I can't help feeling that rain tends to keep the less hardy muscles in retirement.

Then you may like to try some of the proprietary brands of - "You can have a body like mine?" but this of course presupposes a willingness for hard work which I believe obnoxious to most of our club folk.

There is, I think a scientific method of cultivation, but I am waiting for a Government White Paper on the subject, I am very much afraid however that this also will mean Blood, Sweat and Toil!

Of course one can always try Athletics.

The more usual method for our 'tribe' is cycling and the Cyclist's motto should always be - "Get the miles in" a phrase often repeated by Bob and Stan.

To develop the ankle twiddlaenus, a small gear pedalled at a high rate of knots is essential, whereas a high gear at policeman's rate is required to produce adequate development of the thighnus gigentus. It is obvious therefore that it is physically impossible to concentrate on both at once.

There are various methods of 'getting the miles in' some prefer to do it in bed, others at the cinema and a few recklessly impulsive madmen potter off to Cambridge, Huntingdon, and the such like.

At a B.B.A.R. concert Coppi advised "Ride a bike, ride a bike, ride a bike", now some people will say this is three times too much and I cannot help thinking that one repitition would have sufficed, especially as I have only two machines.

I am sure that my dissertation on the procreation, advancement, and control of muscles has wearied you enough so -

Nils Desperadium.

If you have any queries please send them to Nils Desperadium,
c/o the Editors, 12, Hawthorn Drive, North Harrow. Middlesex.

THE REFORMATION

I have purposely kept the second part of this article short as for quite a number it is nothing new and for others who have no interest in our past.

During the war nearly all the L.C.P.Ms. Sections disbanded and in common with the others some of the more energetic Private Members sought about reforming the clubs. In the early months of 1947, four P.M. wrote to the non-active members in the N.W. area inviting them to a trial run on May 11th 1947. This run over familiar lanes was reasonably successful, 9 people attending. The following week 13 came and they set about finding a club room and electing officials. For a point of interest Reg Renshaw is the only surviving member of this committee.

The club slowly grew gaining impetus when half of the Research R.C. joined the section en bloc creating fresh blood and renewing flagging spirits. A good six of this stalwarts are still in the club - you probably know who the D.H. crew are. In 1948 interest in other cycling matters arose and the boys started Time Trials and the such like, and thought about holding social events (Fir-st Club Dance-November 1948)

During 1949 the club prospered, started Time Trialing in earnest (Club 25 record 1-6-21 by - you've guessed - Bert.) The LINK was republished with a different policy, to please the club not the general public. Unfortunately owing to printing troubles the Link ceased publication again after 3 editions. 1950 greater expansion, massed start and track work, but with little success in 1951 the massed start dropped but the track flourished and we

began to get know on the path as well as the road. 1951 also marked the first year we have held a Dinner and Dance since before the War. and it was unanimously declared a success and is now a regular feature. 1952 also brought about 2 separate runs programmes, one for juniors or those new to club riding and a senior or advanced run.

This year, no outstanding developments besides winning the P.M.s 50 outright, 1st, 2nd, place; 1st 2nd handicap and 1st team, Berts time of 2-7-36 is the event record.

1953 who knows?

Les.

THE
A.G.M.
OF THE
NORTH WEST
SECTION
of the
N.C.U. London Centre Priv. Membs.
is on
9th OCTOBER 1952.
at
7-45 p.m.

DO NOT MISS IT, IT IS FOR YOUR BENEFIT.

FOR SALE

STAMPS 100's of them, from Aden to Zanzibar going dirt cheap.....Les.
SWIM suit, pair of sun specs, and sunburn lotion, all unused. Owner went to Scotland for holiday.....Box 5.
DINNER & Dance tickets, N.W. Section-Abbey Hotel- Dec 13th
Have you ordered yours yet?
If not see.....Soc. Sec'y.

WANTED

ARTICLES, ideas, sketches, anything for publication in the Link.....Editor
ADVERTS inserted on payment of 3d first 4 words, then 1d each extra. Capitals double.

Random "Spokes"

How to live on 30/-a week

	s.d.
Beer	18 0
Wife's beer.....	1 6
Groceries.....	Credit
Rent.....	Pay next week?
Mid-week beer.....	3 3
Coal.....	Borrow Neighbour's
Burial Club (for Wife)...	1 0
Dog's food.....	1 0
Holiday Club.....	3 0
3-30 Nap.....	1 0
More Beer.....	1 9
Snuff.....	1 0
	<u>£1 11 6</u>

This means going into debt,
so knock off the wife's beer
money.

8888888888

The reason ideas die in some
heads is because they cannot stand
solitary confinement.

IIIIIIIIII

A lot of car accidents are the
result of the drivers hugging
the wrong curves.

.....

An oboe is an american tramp.

Physical culture is excellent,
but don't forget to exercise
your discretion.

66666666

If women's clothes did not
change so often there would be
more change in men'd.

%%%%

War does not determine who is
right — only who is left.

\$()()()

Ideas are funny little things.
They do not work unless you do.

Time lost is never found.

.....

The sign on the door of opport-
unity reads "PUSH".

Some folks are wise, and some
are otherwise.

%%%%

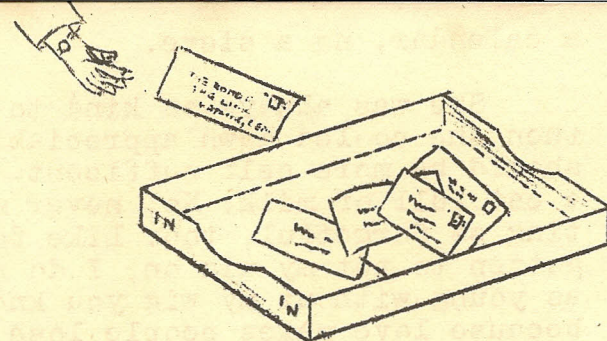
The reason swelled heads never
burst is that they have thick
skulls.

@@@@@@

Common sense is not common.

qqqqqqq

"THE 'IN' TRAY



Dear Editors,

"Downhatch",
Windy Wallop,
Berps.
3rd September, 1952.

I don't know if you will print this letter in "The Link" so I'm sending another copy to "Peg's Paper" as they pay a guinea a time. In any event, please show the letter to my many friends and acquaintances, and perhaps even to the other members of the Committee, because I need the help of strong spirits (not the sort you mean) who flinch not in the face of Tragedy. That is why I am writing to you, the Editors of "The Link" because most of the material you edit is tragic. (Pardon me, have I dropped a clanger?)

My problem is overwhelming, It's Mother. I am sure she is in love. D'you know, I am so distracted when I think of Mother in Love that my blood runs cold and my punctu--, puncti--, my dots and commas go all to pieces. But let me explain.

I am ninety-two and I live in a two-storied bungalow with Mother. I am certain she is enamoured of a cycle dealer in Burnt Oak and he is enamelled black, sorry, enamoured back. We live in Burnt Oak. I can't remember if I told you before, my mind is like

a calendar, no a sieve.

She was always so kind to me until I was eighty three and then she cooled down appreciably and said I was growing up and should be more self sufficient. (you know what sufficient means - a cat full of milk. No! never mind I'll press on) Mother is getting so forgetful, too. Like forgetting to tell me I have forgotten to put my wig on, I do so rely on her. I don't look half as young without my wig you know. I am sure she must be in love because love makes people lose their memory and appetite. Come to think of it, her appetite is still very good- she eats exactly like a horse. Still she does forget things.

September 14th

I am continueing this letter after a space of some days as I forgot where I put it when I laid it down to do my pools.

The other day I heard a stealthy knock on the front door and I knew he had come to meet her secretly. I crept slowly down the stairs on my hands and knees so that I could surprize them kissing passionately. She was signing for a registered parcel, so I crept up again, backwards.

Later I heard voices coming from my Mother's bedroom. I knew I must protect her from the cycle dealer because she is old and he has flamboyant frames. I slithered into her room but the floorboards creaked and she took a gun from beneath her pillow and stabbed me. Calmly she tied a handkerchief about my wound. I told her I was thirsty and thought I would like a drink, it was very hot.

She said my neck was bleeding, I had better suck it. I said

I was no longer thirsty.

Really, she has been acting very strangely, Today I asked her point blank about the cycle dealer. I said why was the house so full of spokes. She said she hadn't noticed it. She keeps fobbing me off with vague excuses.

Then I asked her, was she in love? She said we should all love one another. That was the reason why one shouldn't marry as Oscar Wilde said. I said Oscar was dead. She said she hadn't heard he was ill.

She looked at me then and said she was afraid she would have to get rid of me. Two men came along soon afterwards and took me away in a funny shirt with long sleeves. They are in league with the cycle dealer. They don't know Mother is in love. Nobody here believes she is in love, but I know.

My room here has such nice soft walls. Any Harp Boys would be very welcome.

Yours afflictionately,

(Apologises to P.C.S.O.S.A.Cervus)

I.B.Kiddih.

The Editors,
The "Link".

Padgate.
19.9.52.

Dear Sirs,

I am writing this to let you know how much I appreciate the free copy of the Link which you send me every other month. May the good work continue.

Yours sincerely,

Nat Serve.

For Your Diary.

Thursday	Oct 9th	Section A.G.M. 7-45 p.m.
Sunday	Oct 12th	M.G. 25 Mile Time Trial
Sat/Sun	Oct 25-26th	Hazlington Y.H. week end
Sunday	Oct 26th	Junior Point to Point - Iton & Back
Monday	Nov 3rd	L.C.P.M.s A.G.M. St Brides Hall, E.C.1.
Saturday	Nov 15th	P.M. Dances & Prize Presentation.
Thursday	Dec 11th	Last day for contributions for Christmas Link.
Saturday	Dec 13th	ANNUAL DINNER & DANCE
Thursday	Dec 25th	Sale of Special XMAS LINK
Sat/Sun	Jan 3-4th	Jordans Y.H. Week End Self Cooking
Sat/Sun	Feb 7-8th	Erasmus Green Y.H. Week End.
Sunday	Feb 15th	Club "Open" Reliability Trials.
Sunday	Mar 1st	Castelnau Bath & Back Trial.

Who?!

.....is the golden arrow who was caught for the first time in a 25 at last?

.....ran up the back of a Vauxhall whilst showing off to a piece of crackling?

.....got gout whilst holidaying in Cornwall?