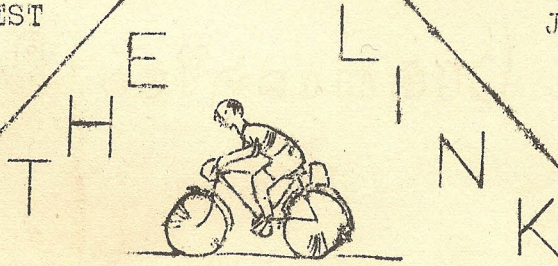


# *The Link*



THE BI-MONTHLY MAGAZINE  
OF THE NCU NORTH WEST  
SECTION L.C.P.M.S.  
AND THE HARP  
ROAD CLUB



VOL. 2, NO. 3. PRICE 6d

JUNE AND JULY 1952

EDITORS - MESSRS

R. A. TAYLOR &

L. A. KIPP

Editorial -

"ONWARD EVER ONWARD"

This is our motto,....remember?...our first effort, just two sheets pinned to-gether with disgusting print.....then a proper magazine, in book form with lengthy articles and such with a slight improvement in the print.....the second Link, al-together a better job, clear print, better articles, more variety..... now the third, with a cover in two colours,..... ... What next?????

There is one drawback - money - we do not want to put the price up but all this costs cash and we need more. YOU can help buy more than one copy, and resell it to a friend and perhaps interest him or her in cycling, then we will carry on the good work and perhaps better "Cycling". So BUY, BUY, BUY!.....BETTER, BETTER, BETTER!

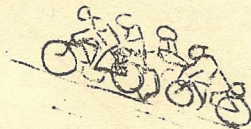




# The Beamington Babel



by  
Brian.



It was just turned 11 o'clock on Friday night as Pop, Les, Toothy, and I set out from Edgware Station on the night ride to Leamington Spa. It was a perfect cool night with just a light breeze blowing as we pedalled Northwards towards St. Albans, where we took the Dunstable road. It was now past midnight and with very little traffic on the road everything seemed very still and silent as we pressed on through the darkness. One or two other clubs passed us, also Leamington bound and we exchanged greetings in the usual cheery and noisy fashion. Our first stop was at a transport Café just past Dunstable where we tucked in to a huge plateful of beans on toast washed down with tea. We were beginning to feel sleepy now and it took an effort to tear ourselves away from the cosy café.

At about 3 o'clock a pale gleam in the East told us dawn was on its way, and soon we were able to stop and switch off our lights, at the same time taking the opportunity to munch a sandwich. Our final stop was at another transport café at Weedon. We were now in Warwickshire with about 25 miles to go, which we covered at quite a fair pace over switchback roads which contained



one or two really steep hills and dozens of tricky bends. Not much hope of falling asleep on our bikes! We rolled into Leamington at about 7 o'clock rather tired, but in high spirits, and made our way to the park where the rally was being held.

Soon we were seated in the huge marquee scoffing our free breakfast kindly provided by Hercules. After breakfast we just lay down on the grass and for the next couple of hours were oblivious to everything. After our rest we were able to look around a bit. The rally had already been opened by the Mayor and everywhere was thronged with cyclists who had ridden to the rally from all over the British Isles. Toothy and I went for a row on the river Leam which flows through the town while Pop and Les went for a walk round. By then it was lunchtime and we had a very decent lunch in the town.

After lunch we watched the decorated cycle parade and then spent the remainder of the afternoon watching a thrilling Bicycle polo match between Middlesex and Surrey. All the riders rode tiny gears of about 25" and their skill and the control which they had over their bikes was terrific. After an exciting tussle Surrey won 5-2. After the match we trooped over to the adjoining road to see the finish of the N.C.U. London-Leamington Massed Start race. Maitland won in a long sprint from King and looked surprisingly fresh.

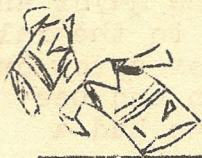
In the evening we watched a hair-raising cabaret put on by B.S.A. with acrobats, roller skating, and trick cycling. We then met Nick who had bashed down during the afternoon, and watched the last event of the day, a brilliant firework display put on by Raleigh. It was really super with dozens and dozens of rockets



R  
K<sup>E</sup> HARRIS

THE MASH SHIRT 'XPIRT  
-----

TRACK HELMETS splendid quality in all sizes to fit a pin head to a pigs backside, all with rose tinted goggles sewn in appropriate places - 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ d and £7/9/10



TRACK VESTS large selection in all colours of the rainbow; complete with tears from 1 inch to 1 foot and tubs glued on around the neck-from 9/9d to £111111/11/11 $\frac{1}{2}$ d each.

SOXES short white? with assorted grease spots in eight shades of black, also some with new potatoes and impregnated with gorgonzola from  $\frac{1}{4}$ d each to  $\frac{1}{2}$ d a pair.




NOISES Squeaks 9 a penny  
Groans 3 a penny  
Clanks 4d each

TRANSFERS for leg adornment  
chainwheel pattern 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ d per ft  
ditto 7/5 complete

Plain chain 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ d per inch  
Spots - blood 91 a penny  
Spots - grease 92 a penny



CLANGERS Single, double or in triplicate, quick releases for rapid dropping of. 

RUST Genuine red rust straight from the head set ready for the bottom bracket.  $\frac{1}{2}$ pint 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ d  
1 pint 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ d 1 gall. 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ d

PUNTUREM Splendid conglomeration of tacks, glass, nails, chipped stones, razors, screws, flints etc 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ d per lb. £235683/11/9 $\frac{3}{4}$  per ton

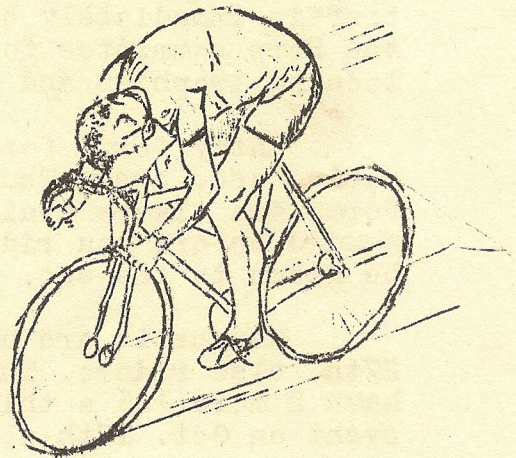


# Speed! Speed!! Speed!!!

By Crawler.

One extremely wet morning in early March a Harp speed Merchant twiddled round the F 4. course on a 72" gear in the amazing time of 1-3-56s more than a minute faster than any other rider in the event. This was Johnny Vigor drawing first blood for the Harp R. C. and judging from results since then some people must think we are vampires. Two weeks later we won the Darfford open M.G. '25' team award having three riders in the first seven. Club 72" gear record went again in the following week again by the Right Hon. J. V. with a 1-2-33. This was followed up with a 2nd in the Forest '25'; 1st place and team in the Worcester St. John '25'; third in the Midds '25'; 4th - Luton Wheelers '25'; 2nd place and team in the Stowmarket; a magnificent ride in the National by Bob to take 18th place with a 0-59-48: 1st, 2nd place and team in the P.Ms. '50'; 1st, 2nd and 1st team in the N. Midds '25'; club '50' record in the Fulham '50' - 2-5-32; 2nd place in the Priory '25' (59-58); and 1st in the Norland '100'.

As usual the juniors have been keeping up the club standard, Johnny Miles has done a 1-5-27 only 2 secs off of the club junior record. P. Turner





has returned to the timekeeper after 1-6-50s and a number of 1-7s are coming in.

I'm afraid I must strike a rather serious note here concerning time trialing. Two complaints have been brought to my notice so far this year. No 1. was concerned with the first club '10' when a junior used very bad and insulting language to a motorist and his wife, the motorist happened to be a policeman and the club and person concerned were nearly prosecuted. When riding in a time trial for your own sake save your breath by keeping your tongue still except at the turns and finish or else you may have to take any of the consequences that may result. No 2 concerns that old R.T.T.S. regulation no. 40. You MUST NOT tuck in behind anything, you MUST drop B A C K when overtaken by a competitor who has started behind you. Overtake wide and clear if you catch another rider after making sure that there is no traffic immediately behind you. A rider has been brought before the Harp committee for breach of Reg. 40 and is in danger of losing trophies and medals which he has virtually won.

Entry forms for time trials can be obtained from Road racing sec. every Thursday or from his residence where entry forms are always available. Don't forget 2 weeks notice is needed before you ride in an event. Don't forget entry forms to be given to the sec. for posting.

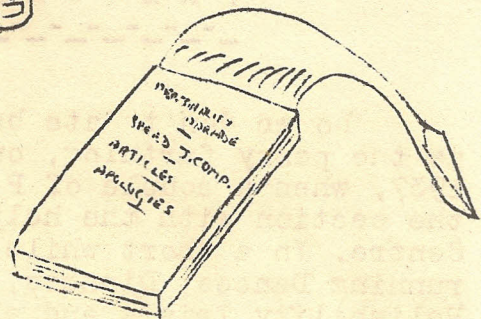
Marshalls are urgently needed for the club '50' on July 27th. also riders. The next and last '10' is on August 6th. We have 2 more '25's this year Aug 31st-F 4 course and a 72" gear event on Oct. 12th also F 4.



# Out of my Notebook



Los



Personality Parade. I have had many requests (mainly from Chas.) to re-introduce the Personality Parade. Commencing in the next issue one prominent club member will write a short article on his or her club and cycling life. Eight names have been put in a hat and the first one out is CHAS. Those remaining in the hat are:- Don, Nick, Bert, Bob Taylor, Chris, Bob Tompkins and yours Truly, so Beware!

Speed Judging Competition Many of you have seen this in the Runs card and have wondered how it is done. It is proposed to let each competitor ride in time trial fashion over a prepared course of unknown length. At the start they will be told set speed to keep up (between 8 and 16mph) and over this course they will be timed and the one nearest to his given speed is the winner. Watches and mileometers not allowed. Aug 16th.

Articles Many thanks for those received, but more are still wanted before SEPT 18th. Please.

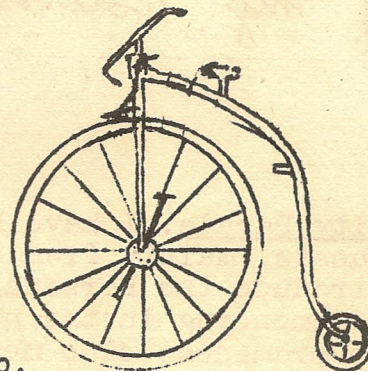
Apologies To all those whose articles are not printed herein-only my Co-partner in crime has LOST some.



## P R E - W A R



No we don't date back as far as the penny farthing, only to March 1937, when a couple of P.Ms formed the section with the help of London Centre. In a short while we were running Dances, Dinners, Magazines Reliability Trials and all the usual activities of a prosperous cycling club. In 1938 the Harp R.C. was born to cater for the racing lads.



The first club room was over the Lighthang Café at Staples Corner where George Fleming (of 50 fame) gave us great assistance. Later another room was hired at the Olde Plough, Kilburn Lane, so the club could meet Tuesdays and Fridays. In the middle of 1939, the club moved to the Watling Centre having a room in the old Barn. (Now almost completely destroyed).

Club membership was in the fifties with about a dozen women folk, and the greater part of these came out on the club runs which met- 9-45am hardriders; 10am social section and went to all the old familiar places. On 18th June, 1938 it was the turn of the Section to promote the Reliability Trial which they did but made a bad job of it so I'm told. The racing section (Harp) was more successful though, winning some of the Brookmans Park Massed start



aces and a number of time trials.

On the social side they had a yearly Dinner and Dance, a number of ordinary dances, and plenty of club room activities including lectures by Ragged Staff from the bicycle and E. Spain from the N.C.U. H.Q., table tennis and darts tournaments and so on. they also did a few despicable things such as run a coach outing to the sea (the lazy lot).

One of the ambitious things they did was to publish a mag. also called the "Link" only theirs was a commercial effort similar to Cycling without the racing results and coming out quarterly. It had a circulation of just under 2,000 and was sold to a great number of clubs in the London area. I was told an amusing incident which happened when they tried to sell some at the 1938 Wembley Six. It appears that there was a newspaper printed bearing a similar name published by the Communists for Russia and we felt the brunt of the cyclists dislike for Russia. It was strong before the war. The magazine however came to an untimely end, it seems that a number in the club wanted the Link to be a personal mag. for the N.W. section, but wanted it to keep the same standard of work as before. Now you try and do it without financial backing which the adverts gave, and you will see why the editor resigned.

When the war came the active membership of the club began to decline for several obvious reasons and in September 1940 it was decided to pack up and that was the end. The records were given to the London Centre with all the other property, trophies, cash, and equipment for safe keeping. But alas in the blitz sometime everything was destroyed. Which explains why I have endeavoured to find out and contact the prewar members and print my findings such as they are.

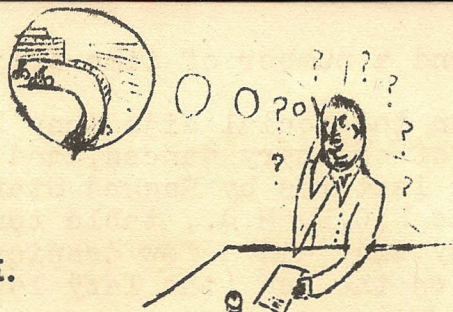
Next month - Part 2 The Reformation. - Les.



EVERY

CYCLIST'S

PROBLEM.



A South London cyclist was telling me recently of a growing concern the clubs have in the district for the dropping attendances at the "Hill". You probably know this already, but being way up in the North it doesn't seem to come to our notice as much as it does down South. There the boys are really getting worried for, every meeting that is held the crowd seems to grow less and less.

Last year the panic started when attendances dropped alarmingly so much that the Herne Hill Officials realised that something had to be done and drastic at that to attract the people there again. At the beginning of this year an entirely new programme was introduced with more professional racing, brighter and livelier meetings and everything you could think of that would do the trick. What was the result? A reasonably crowd at the Good Friday Meeting (but not nearly equalling previous years) and after this attendances were a little better than last year, but still falling with every meeting. Now they are at rock bottom again.

According to my friend, the Southerners are longing to find the reasons for this sad state of affairs. Herne Hill, was, or maybe still is, the home and centre of cycling, and it seems a bad thing for our sport that the general public interest is falling so badly. I think that one of the reasons is that people in







## FIVE HUNDRED MILES WITH A CYCLE

-----

Remembering the advice of the chaps at the Club. I started from Paddington, doing the bit to Exeter by train. No need to cycle that section, the best scenery came afterwards. With the gridiron in the Guard's van and myself comfortably in a corner seat I was soon on my way to Countess Wear Y.H. After a meal at the Hostel I meandered round the place on foot. No sense in biking yet, saddle soreness would no doubt come only too soon.

Next morning, have done my chores, shelling peas or cutting grass, anyhow something to do with greens, I got astride the saddle and set off for Otterham. At last I was really started. Bowling along Topsham Road about ten minutes later I heard a shout, "What are you doing so far from home, Bill?" A Riley pulled up alongside and Charlie Porter from work was at the wheel. "I'm on my way to Otterham", I said proudly. "It's much easier my way," said Chas. "I'm going to Tintagel." Well, I don't quite know how it all happened but in ten minutes my grid was on his grid and I was a 'pick-up boy,' Otterham's a charming place to spend half a day in. I had to spend half a day there, I got there so early. Launceston castle nearby, found in 1070 by Willy the Conk (I'm not sure who lost it) afforded opportunity for a wonderful view of the surrounding countryside, but blimey, those steps.

Next day, after my chores, window cleaning this time (there were two less for the next window cleaner) I set off for Barnstaple. Now would you believe it, I hadn't gone more than a couple of miles before I hit a rock, too much scenery in my eyes I expect. The front wheel came out of it rather badly. Luckily I soon found a small cycle shop where the chap said "as 'ow 'e would straighten



im". I promised to look back in a couple of hours. It was two in the afternoon when I heard the sad news that, "'fraid'e's taking rather longer than Oi thought 'im would", and me due at Barnstaple by tea time. "There be a bus in 'alf 'our Zur, and Oi could send ee the boike in me truck this evening". A pound note changed hands and I was soon on my way by Southern National. The chief thing I found out about Barnstaple is that it sent five ships to help our Francis (Drake not Howerd) beat the Armada. The 'boike' arrived about half past eleven that night. The Warden wasn't half as pleased as I was.

It was raining when I started out for Minehead next day. Now I don't mind rain, it makes you beautiful, but I hadn't brought my cape. Didn't think it ever rained in glorious Devon. Let's see I could go by train, and the weather might be better when I arrived. Right! the station is only round the corner. The sun was shining too when I got to Minehead. The sea was most inviting, so I stowed the Raleigh at the hostel, and was soon enjoying myself as much as any tripper. Met a saucy bit too, but that's another story.

Croscombe in Somerset was the destination aimed at next day. After chores (what's chores, oh! mine's a bitter - sorry) started off in fine fettle. Holiday awheel, that's the life. Funny how bumpy the road seems. Could it be a puncture? Yes, but we'll doon attend to that. Where's the jolly old outfit. Ah! where? Never mind there's a lorry, they'll lend me some tackle. Will they? not on your life. "You can have our spare wheel if that's any use to you." "Tell you what mate, bung your bike aboard and jump on." "We're going to Wells". Now Wells is next door to Croscombe so 'what would you do chums?' At the hostel I soon borrowed a repair



outfit and mending a small thing like a puncture is child's play to an            and like me. Didn't take a minute over two hours. Later I walked back to Wells and looked over the Cathedral. A wonderful piece of architecture. Might easily be taken for a church.

Thursday, and heading for home. I'll stick to the main road for a bit and later branch off into the byeways. My word! the traffic's busy today. These car drivers don't leave much room for us chaps on two wheels. Hallo one's stopping. Why, it's Charlie Porter again. Mrs Porter too, and Ruth's in the back. Nice girl Ruth. "Just collected them from Tintagel," said Charlie. "Won't you make a fourth?". Well, I ask you, me in the back with a girl like Ruth.....

We reached Uxbridge about six pip emma after a most interesting ride(you bet). Unfortunately Charlie wasn't going right through then to Kenton so we unhitched the machine, and after many thanks, especially to Ruth, I got astride the saddle once more and covered the remaining eight miles as fresh as when I started.

In all, I had covered well over five hundred miles in less than a week.

What was that? I only did a dozen on my bike, So what? The title of this offering is "Five Hundred Miles WITH a Cycle.

I.B.Kiddin.

- - - - -  
Laziness is no good unless it is well carried out.







# FOR YOUR DIARY.

Sunday	July 27th	Club 50 mile Time Trial.
Sat. Sun. Mon.	August 24th	Bank Holiday in the New Forest.
Wednesday	August 6th	Last Club 10 mile Time Trial.
Sunday	August 10th	Speed Judging Competition
Sunday	August 17th	S.E. Sections, 120 & 150 miles in 12
Sunday	August 31st	Club 25 mile time trial
Thursday	Sept. 18th	LAST day for contributions for the AUGUST ) SEPTEMBER LINK
Sat. Sun.	Sept 20-21st	Castle Headingham Y.H.
Sat. Sun.	Oct. 4-5th	Stafford on Avon Week-end.
Sunday	Oct 12th	2" gear 25 mile time trial.
Saturday.	Dec. 13th	Club DINNER & DANCE

Who ? ! ? ! ? ! ?

@%@%@%@%@

.....repeatedly loses a tartan purse.

.....is the Harp lad who shaves his legs to  
make him go faster.

.....left some of his rear forks in the Essex  
lanes.