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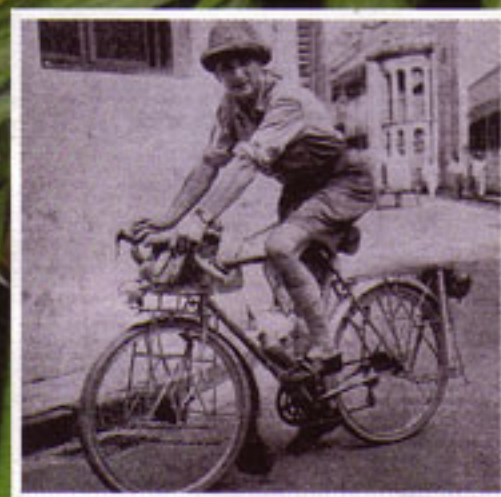
Tour de France

**The Perils of
Airline Travel**

The Cock-up Club



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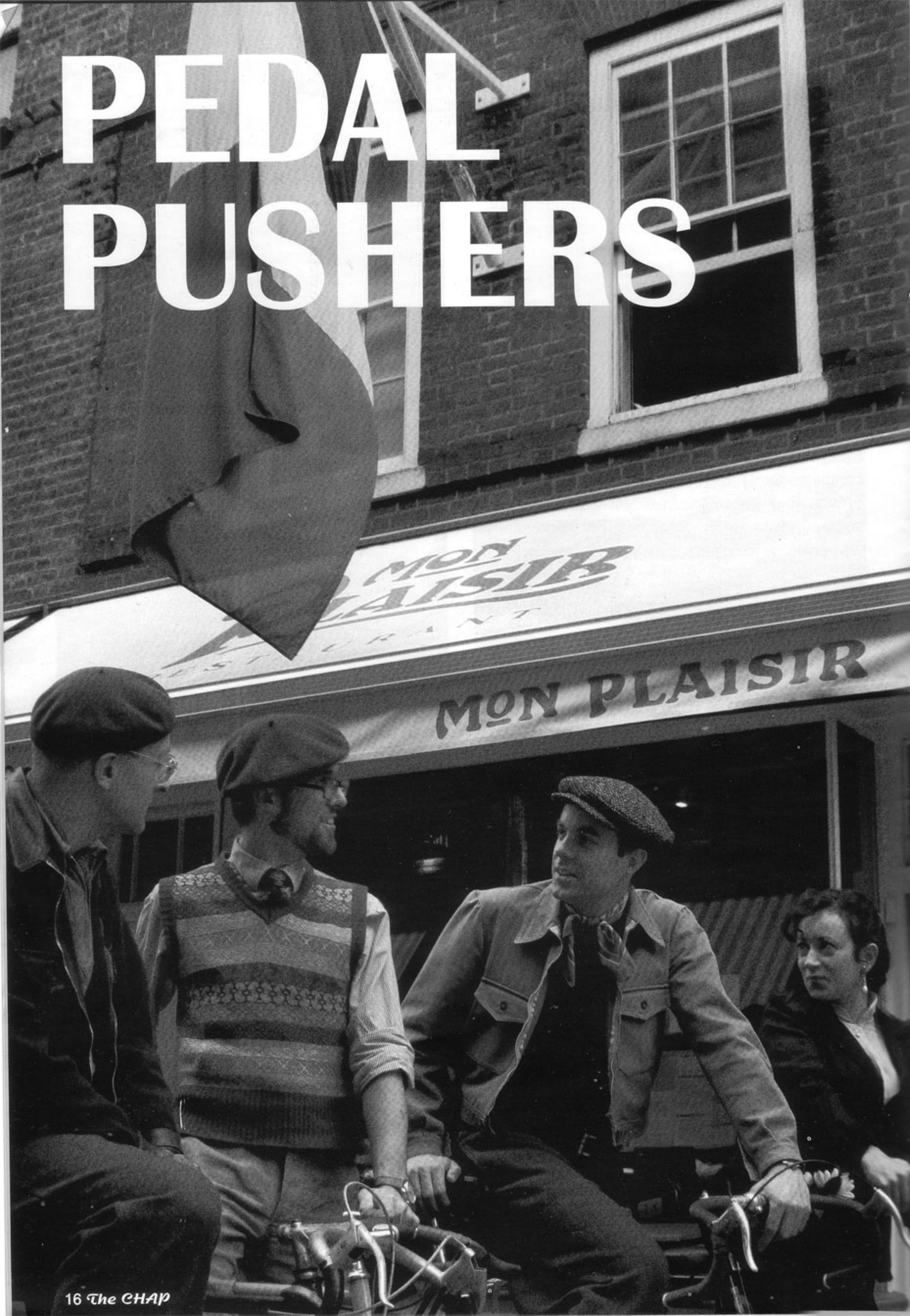
PLUS: THE S.O.E FENELLA FIELDING HARDY AMIES SUMMER SUITS

PEDAL PUSHERS

For today's cyclist, skintight Lycra may promise a reduction in wind resistance, but also in decorum. A reflective yellow vest guarantees high visibility, but who would wish to be seen in such a garment? Certainly not members of the Tweed Cycling Club. These Club's wheelmen and lady members wish for a return to the honest virtues of lugged steel, dynamo lighting and canvas panniers.



Natural fibres and traditional styling prevail. A stout pair of plus fours offers day-long comfort, while a Fair Isle pullover takes the chill off a frosty morning and merino wool moves smoothly over a leather saddle. The only performance enhancing drugs are warm beer and Woodbines. The Tweed Cycling Club's motto is: Style, not speed; elegance, not exertion.





Sometimes a superb luncheon can make the notion of setting off again seem rather a chore...



Cyclists: Jean-Marie Orhan (above, right); Fifi Fontanot (above, left); Jack Thurston (left); Andrew Fletcher (right)

Bicycles: Jack rides a 1963 King of Mercia by Mercian of Derby; Jean-Marie rides a 2006 London Scorcher by Veloruton of London; Fifi rides a 1950s ladies roadster by Berga of Italy. For further tales of the Tweed Cycling Club, visit www.tweed.cc

Photography: Kit Oates
Styling: Andrew Fletcher
Tobacco: Gitanes, Gauloises Blondes; Danish Black Vanilla

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