

HENRI  
PÉLISSIER

CHAMPION OF THE 1925 TOUR DE FRANCE.

CAMPIONE

In addition to his 29 career victories, he was known for his long-standing feud with Tour founder Henri Desgrange and for protesting against the conditions endured by riders in the early years of the Tour.

The Pellissier family came from the Auvergne region of central France. They were cattle farmers and moved to Paris to run a farm there.

Auvergnats are considered to be very tight with their money. The old Pellissiers came to Paris in wooden shoes and finished up as millionaires.

RENÉ DE LATOUR WROTE IN SPORTING CYCLIST:

"That was around 1910. The elder boy did not think much of this. He had started bike racing, was a good amateur, and wanted to turn professional.

Father Pellissier had different ideas: to him the bicycle was not a god but a devil.

“ He was killed by his lover with the gun that his wife had used to commit suicide.



Alia  
tuotag,  
testadi  
cazzoi!

"Hold the wheel, dickhead!"

Tete de la  
Course,  
David Gaudu,  
25 Ans, 173 m.  
Landivisiau,  
France.  
Poursuivant,  
Natnael Tesfatsion,  
25 Ans, 175 m.  
Asmara,  
Erythree.

25 PT.

— KAI THORENFELDT 1924

Jorden Rundt  
paa Cykle

7 / 18 PT.

vilde sige: »Jeg skal lyse op for dig i Nat.«

Natten var kommet, og jeg kørte altså stadig fremad paa Sandet der, hvor Hav og Land mødes. Der var stille; kun den lette, skurende Lyd af Sten, som rullede frem og tilbage med Bølgerne i Strandkanten, afbrød den store Stilhed. Alle Fugle, Strandens og Skovens, var gaaet til Ro. Landet havde en egen sart lysende Farve, og Havet var blevet saa sælsom dyb i sin Farve. Fortsætte kunde jeg, saa længe Maanen hang der oppe paa Himlen, men forsvandt den først, maatte jeg standse og slaa mig til Ro, til Dagen atter gryede i Øst.

Jeg søgte nu ud til Strandkanten, hvor jeg kørte i excellent Fart med Bølgetungerne slikkende op ad Hjulene. For 25 km saa jeg ikke en Menneske-sjæl, men kun skrigende Havmaager og kæmpestore Krabber.

Solen synker rask ned forude, ikke med et skærende Skin ind i Øjnene, men blodrød. Himlen indhyller sig i sin mangefarvede Aftenskaabe, og Natten kommer listende Skridt for Skridt. Jeg forsøger at cykle fra Natten, men den slutter for hvert Minut sine Arme tættere og tættere omkring mig, medens Maanemanden nikker venligt ned til mig, som om han gerne



HazeInt.  
Mätterhörn, Suisse.  
OSTEBUTIKKEN™

Aosta Valley—Tiamisu  
Right @round the cönger  
curly \* ARONDISSEMENT.

»Albert Londres«  
Penna\_cchio



glordies

LETTERING

Londres

TYPOGRAPHIC

507 PT.

