

THE CUCA 24.

Shorland breaks World's Records
and makes the Cucca Cup his own.

RESULT.

	MILES.	YDS.
1. F. W. Shorland, North Road (Huret's World's Record was 457 m. 1129 yds)	460	1296
2. J. H. Petersen, Coventry	431	993
3. C. Chapple, Chelsea B. & T.C.	427	504
4. J. P. K. Clark, North Road	423	1600
5. A. F. Ilsley, North Road and Stanley	406	1008

STARTED AND RETIRED.

	Miles.	Laps.	retired.	Hour when
E. Buckley, Anfield	363	1		21st
B. H. Durrant-Field, Catford and Bath Road	360	0		24th
A. W. Horton, Catford	303	2		17th
C. C. Fontaine, Polytechnic...	303	2		17th
A. Pellant, North Road and Christchurch	230	1		14th
J. G. Sames, Bath Road and London County	221	0		16th
C. G. Wridgway, Anerley and North Road	220	2		11th
W. H. Knight, Essex Wheelers	206	1		13th
F. T. Bidlake, North Road	200	2		11th
R. H. Carlisle, Anfield	167	1		9th
H. J. Chambers, Catford and London County	138	1		8th
A. T. Nixon	133	0		8th
G. McNish Catford and Notts. Corinthians	65	2		4th

THE STORY OF THE RIDE.

The Cucca Twenty-four is fated to be run in an atmosphere of records. Before the race started a record went; the gate before and after 8 o'clock on the Friday evening being simply extraordinary. The people swarmed into the ground in thousands, forcing the gates by their dead weight, and utterly ruining several machines mixed up in the crowd. When will Herne Hill have a separate entrance for machines? At present the arrangements in this respect are abominable. It was such a patient and enthusiastic crowd too, it deserved some consideration. When Shorland strode forth from his tent to the starting post, they cheered, and

THEY KEPT ON CHEERING

for four and twenty hours, with brief intervals for the purpose of trying to procure refreshments. A little before eight the above eighteen men lined up, the only absentees from the programme list being J. H. Cocker, who, we believe, was a little hurt at the delay in granting his license, and therefore went pacing instead, and H. R. Carter, who wisely elected to take "Cycling's" tip and be a spectator only, after his recent 24 exertions. Very fine and picturesque did the gallant eighteen look; each trained to the hour, and clothed in white garments, with the many coloured tabards on shoulders and breasts, and each with his lamp alight, although broad daylight, for in these fierce contests every moment is of value, and as the grand band of athletes sailed away on their long, long journey, a cheer, pregnant with admiration and sympathy, burst from the throats of the thousands who saw them.

SHORLAND STARTED RACING.

in the first yard, and sprang at the waiting pacing tandem like a cat at a mouse, and doing his first two miles in 4.28. Little did Soanes and Chase know what they were in for when they took the first turn of pacing; they were with Shorland for the first hour and a quarter, during which records went,

namely at 11 and 14 miles, 11 miles being ridden in 25 mins. 37½ secs., a warm way of starting a 24 hours' ride.

In the third mile Shorland began to really hurry, and left the whole field, and from then until the end of the chapter there was always a gap between him and the next man. Bidlake was the only man who made a serious effort to go with him, but he soon came back to the leading bunch. Half-an-hour after the start the first of the three falls that happened during the whole race, took place, McNish touching a wheel and so straining some muscles in his fall that he had afterwards to retire; hard luck! as he is a rare stayer. This was another record; twenty-four hours' of racing, a day and night of mixed up baked men, furiously fresh men, erratic speed tandems with strange crews, and only three falls all the time.

IT WAS A GRAND EVENING;

the flags hung listless down their poles; the air was mild and sweet as on a Surrey Common, and the sky was cloudless. As the sun went down—first giving his word for a fine morrow—the six roaring and brilliant lights of the Harden Star Co., gradually filled the place he had vacated, and the little lamps of the flying competitors twinkled into notice. Shorland had by now,—the first hour—covered 24 miles 1,460 yds., the nearest men being Fontaine and Wridgway, about a mile behind. Shorland could beat the hour's record. When night had fairly asserted herself, the scene was striking in the extreme, even to those who had gone through the two previous Cucas. Under the tree and for some way down the back straight there was

AN ENCAMPMENT OF 20 TENTS

for the competitors, filled with rice puddings, grapes, sponge cakes, beef tea, embrocation, &c., &c., and surrounded with stacks of machines. Already were the many friends of the competitors busily engaged attending to the wants of their charges, sprinting along the grass and handing up whatever was required. Some of them must have run miles this way. Amongst the tents, and on the grass in the rear, were to be found men from all parts of the country, and even abroad, famous on path, or road, or connected conspicuously with the sport in some way, several of them having ridden from their homes. By the stands a long open fronted shed had been erected for the real lap scorers, and further away, on a covered platform, were several men who played at the same game, and altered the scores on big black boards, when and how they thought fit, the result being somewhat chaotic, and of questionable use. Below, in a sort of early coffee stall, were the three time-keepers, Sturmev, Swindley, and Dring; Hillier standing on a stool in front, on the other side of the track,

LIKE A STATUE ON A PEDESTAL

controlling the storm. All round the track the brilliant lights played upon dense masses of human faces, and upon an almost unbroken string of competitors and their pace-makers, mostly flying at injudicious paces, forgetting the future in the present excitement of the rolling cheers; whilst the stage-like brilliancy of the green of the turf, in the glare of the strong light, lent to the spectacle an extra element of weird unreality. The riding of some of the men was most curious. Petersen was not content at the speed of pacing tandems, but continually sprinted them, only to die away to nothing, recover, and repeat the performance. Few who saw

this rider early in the race ever thought he would finish, much less be second. Undoubtedly all the men went too fast at first. At two hours it appeared to dawn on Fontaine that Shorland was getting in front of him, and there began

A FIERCE FIGHT

between them for the gained laps, a struggle that lasted, with but little intermission, for hours, and cracked one and severely tried the other. Furiously they raced, neck and neck, each with a tandem in front; for laps they would go so, passing all the field as yachts pass barges; then Shorland, from superior pace, would draw away, and get, perhaps, a quarter of a lap lead, the crowd roaring its delight, but Fontaine, his sharp, fox-like little head set grim, his hands low down on his curiously shaped handle-bar, would stick at it doggedly, and draw up, and the killing work would be done all over again. At last Shorland said, "I am not going to allow myself to be killed by that fellow," and allowed some laps to go, so that by the end of the fourth hour Shorland was less than a mile in front of Fontaine. Meanwhile Horton was going very well, and worked into third place; Wridgway falling back a bit, but chatting to all and sundry very gaily;

CARLISLE WAS PROCEEDING SOLEMNLY,

and with rapidity; Petersen was making meteoric dashes, and all the field, bar McNish, who had retired, were riding strongly and fast. Shorland covered the first 100 in 4 hrs. 27 mins. 4½ secs., and at 102 miles touched Huret's record, which he beat by 5 mins., being greeted with much cheering. Soon after the 100 Fontaine got off and eat a lot, and lost about four laps. The scene at this midnight hour was unique. The crowd, contrary to expectations, did not go home to bed, but remained to cheer. Some three or four thousand of them went out before closing time, and actually bought up every available pint of beer in the neighbourhood, bringing it into the grounds in bottles, paying entrance money again. And there they stood, or hung from trees, drank beer and cheered whilst the night went and morning came, and it was only the necessity of going to work and business that at last dragged

THE ENTHUSIASTIC AND FASCINATED
MULTITUDE

away. There was no band, but one gentleman performed on a concertina; we should say he was a pure amateur. Many ladies stayed all night, and all night long and far into the morning, a hungry mob besieged the refreshment bar, where the arrangements were of the most disgracefully inadequate description. The moon rose and so did the dew, to the great discomfort of the riders. At 1.40 a.m., Horton, Wridgway, and Carlisle were going very strong, the latter indulging in a dust-up with Shorland; Fontaine was slowing, but looking happy. Five minutes later Shorland dismounted; he looked a bit worried, as well he might for never before had he met such a tough customer as Fontaine. At 2.15 a.m. intense excitement prevailed,

A LICENSED DOG GOING FOR THE LAP
RECORD.

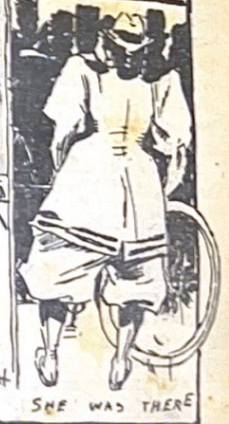
The agitated animal was secured, and Hillier's announcement to every rider, "The dog's caught," became a catch phrase. At 2.25 a.m., Horton was going grandly and getting close up to the second man, Fontaine, and before 4 a.m., he was second to Shorland by just over 4 miles; Fontaine,



AT THE CLOSE OF THE 24 SHORLAND THANKS HURST & WHEELER



CHARLIE GODFREY DISCUSSES WITH JOHNNY ADAMS



SHE WAS THERE



who was gradually breaking, being half-a-mile less. The exciting night passed away without any other accident beyond McNish's, and as the dawn put out the lights and revealed in sober day the faces and dew sodden garments of the riders, interest and activity amongst the little army of attendants was renewed. The demands made upon these willing slaves were often most perplexing and unlooked-for; at 4.20 a.m. Sames was screaming for cold cocoa. Shorland and Fontaine were going for each other like two lions at 5.20 a.m., Fontaine getting a little the better of it. Before 4 Nixon and Chambers retired, they had been going too fast; before 5 a.m. Carlisle joined them, why? did not transpire, and just after 6, Bidlake, who at no time seemed over happy on his safety, also went off for good. At 5.45 a.m.,

SHORLAND WAS HAVING A BAD TIME,

and Fontaine gained two laps without much effort, Shorland not coming round till past 6. He was off for 8 mins. at 6.36, and went very slowly on remounting, but was himself again at 6.52, passing Fontaine and Horton, who were in turn having a bad time. At 6.30 Ilsley fell lightly on the grass from sleepiness, and Wridgway retired from the same cause before 7. At half-time the first three were, Shorland, 248 miles 1006 yds.; Fontaine, 243 miles 100 yds.; Horton, 241 miles 250 yds. All the sufferers looked baked, Petersen the least, Fontaine the most. After 8 the men went in for longish rests; the attendance reached its lowest point, and

THE PACE BECAME FUNERAL,

whilst the camp assumed a most dissipated air, untidiness prevailing in the culinary departments, and men laying about all over the place, in what might have been mistaken for drunken sleep. Just before 10 Shorland was sailing along with the old ding-dong; Fontaine looked very feeble; Field, Horton, and Buckley were so so; Chapple, Petersen, and Ilsley, moderately happy, but not too hilarious. To show how men vary, soon after Horton was going by far the fastest on the track, travelling at a 22 the hour bat. Field touched his pacemaker at 10.30, and fell on all fours, cutting his knees rather badly. Soon after 11 a.m., Swindley told Shorland he would have to go faster to keep within Huret's record, and no sooner was that said, than the great Frenchman, Huret, himself came on the track in a very tasty costume; and

IN THE MOST SPORTING MANNER

paced Shorland. The way the pair covered the ground seemed to dishearten Fontaine, who was crawling painfully, and he retired. A. C. Edwards also came out and paced Shorland, and Michael was pacing on a tandem.

The breaking up of Fontaine, followed by the retirement of Horton, who lost all interest, although he rode at a great pace whenever on the track, destroyed the last chance of Shorland being approached, and all he had to do was to keep going to keep within the French record. This he managed to do, although it was plain to see that his terrific and prolonged duel with Fontaine had taken a lot out of him. Things would have been very slow in the afternoon for the gathering thousands of spectators, had not a most excellent band been provided. The actual racing was between, Petersen, Chapple, and Clark. Petersen rode grandly and worked Chapple and Clark out of second and third places. The retirement of Buckley

was unfortunate. This game little rider, who patiently and pluckily kept going till he had lost all sense of touch in his arms, was simply vibrated away on his small tyres, not being used to the board track.

THE FINAL EXCITEMENT

began to work up at 5.20, when Huret, the then record holder, and Wheeler, the cash prize king, came out on a tandem, to pace Shorland right through to the finish. The band played "The Marseillaise;" the magnificent crowd cheered; Huret became most excited, bowed right and left, and threw away his cap in his delight. They will understand now, in France, that the English crowd like sportsmen of any nation; it is the unsportsmanlike parties, native or imported, whom they hiss. At about 6.9 p.m., Shorland had covered as great a distance as he did in the whole of his 24 hours last year; 16 mins. later he made his last dismount before the finish. At the start of the last hour both Shorland and Field were very fierce, the latter recovering, for a time,

from a long established attack of bakedness in a most astonishing manner; he did not ride out to time though. The last half-hour was

ONE CONTINUOUS GRAND RECEPTION OF SHORLAND.

The track was surrounded by a dense mass of people, and even the roofs and haystacks of the neighbouring farm were packed, and one roof fell in, injuring some people. Past this crowd Shorland kept flying behind the Huret-Wheeler tandem, the roar of cheering following him round and round. Few men have been cheered as Shorland was; as thunder rolls along the hills, the cheers went round, as he swept on, the lightning of the storm of applause. At the finish the crowd flew across the track, in spite of the strong force of police, and swarmed around his tent like bees, cheering as if their lives depended upon it. And thus Frank Shorland made the Cuca Cup his own, and brought the 24 hours' record back to England, beating it by 3 miles 167 yds.



Two sides of a case.

In regard to the case of W. A. Taylor and W. Coot Reynolds, referred to in our last, we have received a letter from Messrs. Mason & Soper, solicitors, pointing out that their client, Mr. Reynolds, did not advertise in the "Exchange and Mart," and was not guilty of fraud, as evidenced by the fact that the Grand Jury, empanelled to examine the case, threw out the bill, thus expressing

their belief that the prosecution was a groundless one. Since receiving a letter from Messrs. Mason and Soper's letter, we hear from the "Exchange and Mart," that Messrs. Taylor and Reynolds were prosecuted by them for, as was alleged, conspiring and obtaining money by false pretences. The prosecution was instituted by the proprietors of the "Exchange and Mart," and carried out at their expense, in the interest, and for the protection of, the public.

The Newsvendors' Sports.

Mr. MONCKTON has made up a fine and varied programme for the Newsvendors' sports at Wembley Park, on August 20th. We would again remind racing men that entries close on August 13th, to W. J. P. Street, E.C., for the mile cycle handicap, and that the fee is 2s. The first prize is £7 7s. value. J. Blair handicaps.



SKETCHED AT THE TWENTY-FOUR