

many potential "wet beds" of both sexes, but are handicapped for lack of a boathouse. ward, will probably finish with it and it would cause little surprise if he

THE GREATEST EVER—No. 18.

Cycling 460 Miles at 19 Miles an Hour.

How I Won the Cuca Cup Outright.

By FRANK W. SHORLAND.

Mr. Frank W. Shorland, the author of this week's contribution to our "Greatest Ever" series, was in his day the champion of all long-distance cycle racers on the track. Many will remember his Cuca Cup contests at Herne Hill, when he put up some wonderful new records and, incidentally, created an interest in long-distance riding which swamped all other athletic interests of the time. Below Mr. Shorland, who is still a most popular figure in cycling and motor-ing, tells how he made the Cuca Cup his own property.

WHEN the third Cuca Cup Race came round I had two reasons for being extra keen on winning. First, victory meant that the trophy would become my own property, I having won it the two previous years, and, second, Huret, the French rider, had set up a new 24-hours paced track record. Therefore I was determined to go all out for the double event—the Cup and the record.

Public interest was intense. Between 70,000 and 80,000 people saw the race. Midnight, Friday, July 27, 1894, the start having been made at 8 p.m., found over 15,000 spectators around the illu-

minated Herne Hill track, and nearly 30,000 witnessed the finish. The early Cuca Cup races were favoured with "Queen's weather," and this was no exception.

I reckoned that Fontaine, of France, presented the chief danger, and my plan was to cut him down from the start.

Therefore I went off at a rare "bat," and at four miles had lapped both Fontaine and F. T. Bidlake, who, tricycles having been barred, was riding a safety.

Then I eased up, and Fontaine tried to recover his ground, but I wouldn't let him, and when he in turn slackened, I lapped him again. This duel continued, but I was always master of the situation, and the

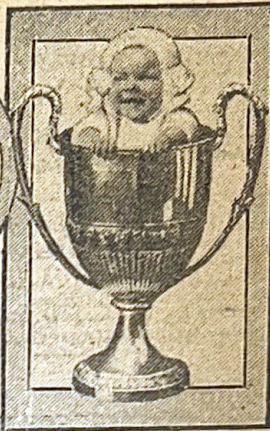
was as good as won, but I had little in hand for record.

After retiring, Bidlake had been of the greatest service, coaching, encouraging, and keeping me informed how I stood as regards world's record.

At 7.30 p.m. he knew that to beat record I had to do roughly 8½ miles in the remaining 30 minutes, but Master Bidlake was taking no chances.

"Frank," he cried, "you've got to do ten miles in half an hour, and if you don't do it I'll never speak to you again so long as I live!"

This was a terrible threat. Huret, good man, was pacing again, and I called for more speed, he responding. At eight



A CUCA CUP SOUVENIR.

Mr. Frank Shorland, the famous cyclist, with his daughter (left) and grand daughter (right).

Frenchman eventually cracked and retired.

I began breaking record at 11 miles, when I was 6 1-5sec. inside.

The race continued hot, and about 5 a.m. I had a "bad time." A "bad time" is like a stitch. If you stick it through you get your second wind and feel stronger than ever. But, unlike a stitch, a bad time is not a definite and localised pain. It is a total loss of physical and, particularly, mental energy.

The will to win goes, and you have no interest in anybody or anything, except, perhaps, to lie down and die. You want no sympathy.

I was riding a Humber, 64 gear, and the Humber manager, the late Walter Phillips, was there to help me through my trouble with his inspiring presence. He watched over me like a father not only then, but throughout, and at every mile was ready with a cheery word and maybe a grape or some other tit-bit.

I fed freely all through, though, of course, light food only—rice pudding, beef tea, jelly, and fruit.

Heat and Slight Sunstroke.

I may add that during the whole 24 hours I was out of the saddle for less than 15 minutes in all.

A pleasing incident of the morning was the appearance of Huret at the 15th hour to pace me, a sporting action thoroughly appreciated by the crowd and myself in particular.

I was inside record at thirteen hours, but a little later was in some danger of falling outside it, the late H. J. Swindley, who was one of the watch-holders, telling me, in reply to a question, that I needed to travel two seconds a lap faster, which I managed to do.

Everything went smoothly until the 19th hour, when I suffered from the heat and had a slight sunstroke, but this did not amount to a bad time, though some accounts so described it. The situation at the end of the twenty-third hour was this: The cup

minutes to eight Huret's record was broken, and when time came I had given Bidlake not only the ten miles demanded, but one over. Thus I travelled the last half-hour almost as fast as the first one 24 hours before.

My total score was 460 miles 1,296 yards, averaging over 19 miles an hour; Peterson being second with, roughly, 431½ miles.

There was a great scene, and I next seem to remember being back at the Holborn Viaduct Hotel carving joints for a party of eleven.

Photographed in the Cup.

I was up betimes next morning, and later, accompanied by Monty Holbein, walked to St. John's Wood to lunch with my uncle, the famous novelist, Jerome K. Jerome, walking back to the hotel in the afternoon, so I was none the worse.

Some five years later, having entered the married estate, I became the father of a daughter, and to celebrate the event had her photographed in the Cuca Cup. The picture was turned into a Christmas card wishing my friends a "cupful of happiness."

To-day that infant, married to the son of my old friend Walter Phillips, aforementioned, has a baby daughter of her own, and by the time this story appears the very young lady in question will have been photographed cradled, like her mother before her, in the cup I won outright 28 years ago.

Grandpapa, however, utterly refuses to feel patriarchal.

Mr. Shorland is now a director and commercial manager of Messrs. Straker, Squire, Limited, of Edmonton, the world-famous commercial car and bus company, who put the first satisfactory buses on the London streets, and now they manufacture the 6-cylinder touring and sporting car which did so well at Brooklands racing track last year.

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