

# CUCA COCOA CYCLING CHALLENGE CUP.

MANY RECORDS BROKEN BY TWO RIDERS.

SHORLAND MAKES NEW FIGURES FOR THE BICYCLE  
AND  
BIDLAKE ESTABLISHES RECORDS FOR A TRICYCLE.



THE CUCA COCOA CHALLENGE CUP.

It does not often happen that cycle races get such an alliterative heading as the one that heads this article, but the twenty-four hours' race, which terminated on Saturday evening, was productive of many startling things. In the first place it was an innovation for amateurs. There have been plenty of twenty-four hour spins on the silent steed, but never before did such a field of starters contend in a race for a trophy, and this is why the enclosure at the London County Cycling Club's Grounds at Herne Hill was packed for nearly the whole of the period of the race. When the riders were despatched on Friday night there were fully 3,000 people in the enclosure—at least a third of that number being ladies, many of whom remained until they laid themselves open to the charge of keeping late hours. They were not blamable for this, as the scene was fascinating enough to keep any one from their couch. The four immense flambeaux that sent forth light, heat, and noise at the same time were the only things that broke the stillness of a night that would have done credit to Venice. Not that made popular by Imre Kiralfy, but the pure and simple atmosphere, which the poets tell us is inseparable from the sunny South. The ladies might have been willing to forego all this, but their male escorts could not be torn from the spot. In fact many hundreds of the sterner sex hung over the railings until the dusk had been dispelled by the rosy tints of the East, which ushered in one of the grandest days for bicycling ever seen.

With such atmospheric surroundings, it is no wonder that Frank W. Shorland should be able to sustain a cracking pace, and had Helbein been at his best, the grand record that the winner put up would have been grander still, and the figures placed so high that it would have frightened an ordinary rider from essaying a twenty-four hours' task.

At the very outset J. E. L. Bates set the pace a cracker, compelling the pacemaker to go for all he was worth in order to keep out of the way of the racers. The fact that he almost did twenty-one miles in the initial hour will be an endorsement of the heat of the contest. There was little or no diminution in the rate of speed during the second hour, but the pace began to tell on some of the rear guard. The first to feel the strain was Bates, who was not by any means well. Then Moorhouse, the tricycle rider, who had been acting as whipper-in, gradually fell back. He was the first one to go, and long before the third hour was completed Moorhouse retired from the track. Holbein was the next to take a little rest. He had a lot of trouble with his saddle, changing his machine very often, and he finally gave up in time to get a hot breakfast. This left the other six to go on in Indian file, excepting when the more speedier ones went out to steal a lap or two. Bidlake hung on to Edge, and it was this tenacity that enabled the tricycle rider to place himself at the head of the list of record makers for this species of machine. Bidlake went out of the contest at 10h. 10m. 20s. on Saturday morning. Edge, however, struggled on until the afternoon, when he gave up, and the quartette of racers went on in the hope that the one in front of them would breakdown. The gaps between them would not permit of any great amount of rest. The first cessation indulged in by Shoreland was at the termination of the hundredth mile, when he left the track for less than five minutes. He did not stop again until the pistol was fired, which denoted the half-way mark had been reached. At this point every man's actual distance was measured, and Shoreland left the track for eleven minutes.