

Running And Riding + Fire In The Forest On Henry's Tail + 15,000 Stamps

WHILE L. Williams, of Wellington, is shepherding the visiting Australian cyclists through New Zealand for the Amateur Cycling Association, the New Zealand Amateur Athletic Association is finding that prospects for a tour by Australian athletes are not so rosy. Walsh (N.S.W.), Clayton (Queensland), and Stewart (Victoria) have been racing in the North Island and will be in the South Island by the time this is printed. The A.A.A. hoped to secure Ryan or Dunn (N.S.W.) as sprinters, Miller (N.S.W.) for jumps, Backhouse (Vic.) for middle distances, and Winter (N.S.W.) for the pole vault. They were wanted here for a Wellington meeting at the end of this month but Australian meetings have had first call on their services, and the Australian proposal that the visit should be arranged some three weeks later is not receiving very enthusiastic support from provincial centres circulated by H. McCormick, the national secretary. However, S. G. Stenner has appeared in the Hawke's Bay District against hurdlers Sharpley and Bradwell. He was brought over by the Hawke's Bay-Poverty Bay Athletic Centre, which some days ago had to advise Canterbury that his projected visit to Christchurch on January 20 had to be cancelled. He was to appear, instead, at Wanganui on that date. There has been an upset, too, in arrangements for rowing. Six-foot Bill Dixon has had to withdraw from the eight from Australia.

Unnatural Selection

A suggestion in a statement attributed to Dr. G. F. V. Anson, president of the Wellington Acclimatisation Society, has touched a tender spot on the Forest and Bird Protection Society of New Zealand. Dr. Anson was discussing the Internal Affairs veto on the

duck shooting season when he suggested that the ducks would do better if shooting were permitted over a short season, say, a fortnight. The F.B.P.S. called this queer. They said they thought Dr. Anson must have been in consultation with the birds to make such an unusual statement so emphatically.

Risking "the wrath of the acclimatisation societies," the F.B.P.S. plumped strongly for Mr. Parry: "The action he is taking now," they said, "is one that preceding heads of his Department should have taken long ago."

This is one more example of the widely divergent views on acclimatisation held by different interested organisations, public and private; and one more signpost on the long and weary road to some sort of unified control of New Zealand's forests, game, and reserves. The existing position has been a newspaper joke for long enough.

You Have to Hurry

Since our boxing contributor mentioned two weeks ago that the American National Boxing Association was sitting on the tail of the world welter-weight champion, Henry Armstrong, we have been busy catching up on a sport which goes so fast in such small circles that we find every now and again we have to hurry, and that's fast. Without full information, we kept our reference to Armstrong cautious, but have caught up by now to find that Henry was proving very unpopular with the Association. Perhaps some deity knows just who really has power to decide who is a champion boxer—big business, the N.B. Association, or whatever might be left of the Queensberry tradition.

However, following the existing rules for what they are worth, we find that Armstrong seems to have been sitting back on his title belt like an old mare in harness. Early this month Henry fought a so-called title bout with one Joe Ghnoully, and retained the championship. The Association decided that Ghnoully had been finished as a first-class boxer for eight years, more or less, and that Henry would have to work

harder. They offered him matches with Miltaron, Burley, or Montanez, and fixed a date for the ultimatum.

News of the middle-weight title comes from Manila, of all places, where Ceferino Garcia knocked out Glenn Lee in the thirteenth round. No doubt the Filipinos will be pleased. But U.S.A. was intending to withdraw from the Philippines in 1946, anyway.

Records

All this talk of world titles brings us to Fernande Caroen, a Belgian swimmer, who covered 500 metres in 38 mins. 8½ secs. to establish a new time for her sex, this month. Women are good at other things. A Wellington girl entered a friendly stamp collecting competition and beat her friends by assembling 15,000 New Zealand penny stamps in one year.

The Bends

Abdominal cramps rack the body into the position which gives the colloquial name of "bends" to the trouble that develops in the human body when it is forcibly introduced to a new atmospheric pressure. Tunnellers get it, when they have to work in air pressures pepped up to hold mud and water away from their drive. Air pilots get it when modern planes climb nearly vertically to the outer atmosphere and pressure is reduced too suddenly. Lack of oxygen, or too much, can be easily adjusted through an artificial nose feed, but a pilot's cockpit is no place for artificial compression or de-compression, such as laboratories carry out in chambers of the sort used by Professor Haldane in his demonstration of what happened to the *Thetis* victims. In South America, tourists get something like the "bends" when the Andean railways take them up too fast from sea level. Either they go down again or stay there and bleed at the nose until their lungs get adjusted. Himalayan mountaineers, even climbing slowly, find that deterioration sooner or later sets in, no matter how carefully they acclimatise themselves. Now the cables announce that the famous Mayo Clinic (mentioned in 2YA's 1939 obituaries) has discovered a complete preventive for aeroplane "bends." Details are not yet available. It is suggested that the remedy will be especially useful for use on the Western Front. The old lady who gets a headache at the mountain resort will also be interested. The discovery sounds like a major advance in physiology.

Toss for Yachts

When the wind strengthened to a real "buster," the yachts which started the Centennial Ocean Race in light airs

at Lyttelton had to buck rough seas to make the long hard course to Wellington. *Tawhiri's* magnificent performance will be remembered for many years. She is not a cruiser, steady, solid, like *Raukawa* or *Mandalay*. Her crew must have nursed her tall rigging all the way. *Mandalay*, running second off Wellington Harbour, made the same error as *Southern Light* and held too long on the last board. Instead of making Baring Head they were caught in Palliser Bay and after five hours of ineffective attempts to beat out again gave up and disqualified themselves by coming in under power. *Raukawa* foresaw the danger and went about earlier for a long board well out into the Straits. Even then they just made the Heads to come home second, with everything on board soaked and the crew relieved to find that such a hard plug had earned them some success. Comment: "It was not an enjoyable cruise." Clive Highet, who talked for 2YD, sailed on *Raukawa*, and Ian Mcleaven, who broadcast with him, was on *Tawhiri*. They praised the smaller boats for outstandingly good work.

Maputu's performance was not in itself noteworthy, but there was cause for congratulation in the fact that she had entered the race. She is not a fast boat, and raced purely for the fun of it. It did not turn out to be so funny, but that did not detract from her crew's good sportsmanship. *Te Hongi* came in late, but her most noteworthy voyage was the trip down to Lyttelton for the start. Her Johnsonville owner (Mr. Lamb) sailed her down single-handed, and arrived all in one piece in spite of trouble when the wind shifted round his anchorage at Kaikoura. Although she has a very high counter, *Southern Light* was pooped by a big sea on the way across the Straits. Possibly the counter dragged the wave inboard. Other boats escaped this, but all crews said the seas looked "pretty big." Clive Highet estimated the maximum gale force at close to 70 m.p.h. "It was the same wind as they had in Auckland," he commented. There were a hundred incidents which appealed to the peculiar sense of humour yachtsmen must develop in difficult circumstances. One boat had on board a member of the crew who insisted on continuous singing. All would have been well, except that they accuse him of only hitting a true note when his tune happened to cross the right one. C. Livingstone, owner-skipper of *Raukawa*, had turned in on the lee bunk for a short rest when the watch on deck decided to go about. Their captain was unceremoniously thrown out of bed, and broke the cabin table in the process.

"However, it was just as well that conditions for this first race were tough," commented one yachtsman. "We shall know all the better in future what we have to provide against."