

"The great six-mile race, with its crescendo of excitement"

could do no better than third in the 1650-yards, although he swam a gallant race. But the victories of Johnston, of South Africa, in the long race, and of Salmon, of Canada, in the men's 110-yards, were worth going a long way to see. Johnston showed us what a strong physique and a powerful arm action can do, in default of a perfect style; and Salmon and Frank O'Neill, of Australia, also demonstrated the need for sheer physical power in sprinting. It struck me that our swimmers overdo the glide, and break the smooth rhythm of the arm movement. Joan Harrison, the 14-year-old South African girl, came third in the women's sprint, but showed what she was made of on the final day, when she won the 440-yards in great style. Her action is worth study. I stood near her one day earlier, and noticed that her hands and feet are fairly small. How, then, does she get through the water so fast? Mostly, I think, because, of her well-rounded arm and shoulder action, which is knit together in a smooth and continuous rhythm.

I took particular notice of the competitors in the men's 110-yards final. Examine through a pair of binoculars Amos, the New Zealander, looked nervous. I moved the glasses along the row of swimmers waiting to start, and saw a bespectacled face peering out of a huge white bathrobe, which covered head and all. I had an impression of a very robust version of the late Mr. Gandhi. Later I realised that I had been scrutinising Peter Salmon, who was about to win the race.

Back at Eden Park next afternoon, the public had another great day. So did Australia. Treloar took his heat and semi-final in the 220 yards race, and the girls also won theirs. Those wonderful girl runners from across the Tasman ought, by rights, to have brawny muscles, hairy legs, and perhaps the hint of a moustache. Only thus could the prophets be fulfilled—the prophets who, in the age of Miss Amelia Bloomer, said that if women took to physical exercise they would get to look like men. But these Australian girls are completely feminine. The same

may be said, in fact, of all the leading women athletes at these Games. The prophets have been routed.

But the Australians didn't have things all their own way. Most of us were very glad to see England coming to the fore—even though Eyre did beat our Nelson in the three-miles race. And Parlett was a popular winner in the half-mile. We had the privilege, too, of seeing that really great hurdler, White, of Ceylon, close his long and distinguished athletic career by winning the 440-yards hurdles in time that was only three-tenths of a second outside the world record.

THURSDAY saw the Australians sweeping everything before them at Eden Park. The men's and women's furlong quarter-mile, the 120-yards hurdles, the hop, step and jump, the women's javelin throw, the women's hurdles—in all these events they led the way. A certain diminution in the applause given to Australian victories at this stage might have been put down, by the cynic, to sulkiness on the part of the New Zealand crowd. Nothing, I believe, could be more unjust. They were just becoming normally weary of doing something again that they had done so often before. They came to life when the Fijian giant, Tuicakau, won the shot-put, and mounted the victory dais grinning from ear to ear. But this was a success that all welcomed, and none could possibly grudge.

I come now to the more melancholy part of my story. At the Olympic Pool on the following afternoon the weather looked threatening. The omens were bad: a small boy with a tray of popcorn fell into the bath before the races



TUICAKAU, of Fiji, who won a popular victory in the shot-put

began. By the time the afternoon was half done, torrents of rain were falling. For an hour the sodden crowd watched a display of diving that might have given pleasure in sunshine, but proved tedious, not to say dismal, in these sadly altered circumstances. An even more lugubrious game of water-polo came later. The brightly-striped awning over the secretarial tent collapsed. Officials in white clothes, looking as if they had been pushed into the pool, did their best to look cheerful and carry on with the business in hand. A completely aquatic afternoon saw Joan Harrison win the women's quarter-mile, and Agnew, of Australia, the men's. It was still fun. But it was damnably uncomfortable.

At Eden Park next afternoon, the final day, the weather collapsed once again. The rain tumbled down on forty thousand people, all cracking hearty. The track was submerged in places. Officialdom was again drenched. The gaily opalescent crowd of the opening day gave place to an enormous bank where thousands of black toadstools had suddenly sprouted. The hammer-throwers slithered about, and one, with white shorts on, sat down heavily in the slush. The fine dust of the earlier days turned to a filthy porridge, ankle-deep along the pathways. But in the midst of all these afflictions the Empire Games spirit was triumphant. Parnell, the Canadian, won the mile in eleven seconds over the four minutes—a record-breaking and quite astonishing performance in the circumstances. Edwin Carr, of Australia, equalled the Empire record for the quarter-mile. Clark, the Scottish team's captain, broke another record in winning the hammer-throw. And Miss Y. Williams, of New Zealand, became the first New Zealand woman to win an Empire title when she took the broad jump in record figures.

ALL this was thrilling, and quite enough to make me forget the stream of water flowing down my neck. But the event that really moved me, and made this final day a rival, in its dun fashion, to the opening day, was the Marathon. When a man of 42 runs 26 miles through pouring rain, the latter part of it with bare and blistered feet, and comes plodding sturdily into the arena four minutes ahead of anybody else, I feel it is time to stand up on the highest seat one can find and cheer without restraint or inhibition. And that, so it seemed, was what a great matter other people thought, too. The cheer they gave England's Olympic runner, gallant Jack Holden, was worth listening to. What a man!

Even in such a week as this, one cannot do everything. I saw a little of the wrestling and fencing. I missed the cycling, but enjoyed my friend's anecdote about the short-sighted old lady in front of him who said that "she did love these tandem races—the men keep together so beautifully in pairs." I saw nothing of the bowling. Having a sympathetic nature, I passed over the weight-lifting. But I think I did well enough to be satisfied. My only regret is that, having been at all the athletic and swimming events, I missed hearing them broadcast. It must have been just about as good as the real thing.

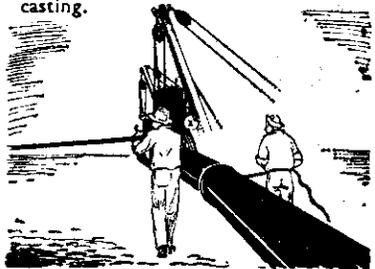


NEWS COLUMN

An interesting development in Central U.S.A. where crude oil production has declined, while demand for refined products has increased, was the construction of a 513 mile, 22 inch pipeline from Jal, New Mexico across Texas to Cushing, Oklahoma. At Cushing it connects with another which extends 435 miles to Illinois, a total distance of nearly 1000 miles. Passing through the rough and desolate country of Texas, the project offers formidable problems. Huge 18-wheel trailer-trucks hauled sections of the pipe across the rough roads of West Texas, while on some sections, where the weight of the pipe prevented even these giant trucks from climbing steep hills, bulldozers were stationed to haul them up.



A huge ditching machine was employed, carving a ditch 3 ft. wide and 4 ft. deep. The pipe-sections had to be double-welded before being buried—tests proved that the welded joints were stronger than the pipe itself. 2 cranes were used in the final lowering operation, which included wrapping the pipe in a protective coating of coal tar enamel, fibre glass and asbestos. An ingenious device did all three jobs in one operation. This was followed by a detector locating faults in the insulation and casting.



The project was thus completed in the minimum of time. Throughput has now reached 165,000 barrels yearly, relieving the shortage in mid-Continent refineries. An interesting feature is that the complete project was entrusted to the Shell Pipeline Corporation, although ownership of the pipe line was shared with other companies.

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