

Condition

By CAPT. ED. ARCHIBALD.

THE word *condition* means a great deal when used in connection with the physical side of life.

What does it mean to be in condition physically to take part in a championship, football, lacrosse, hockey, or an athletic meet consisting of track and field events?

In answer to this question I would like to give you an idea of how an athlete has to handle himself in order to get into the best condition.

The first thing he does if he is a wise man is to visit a medical examiner and find out if his vital organs are in *condition* to stand physical training, which, of course, is the foundation to build on, and if any of a man's vital organs such as the heart, lungs, or digestive organs are weak it would be useless to try and put on muscle without first following the advice of his examiner *re* getting the foundation in first-class *condition*.

Taking for granted the man passes his physician he must see that his food agrees with him, and he must be regular in his habits, and when he begins to feel that he could trim every man he meets it is time for him to start on very light exercise, and never overdo it. He must stop while he feels fresh, and as his muscles gradually round into shape he may increase his training, but never enough at one time as to cause him fatigue, and he must stop while he has the energy and the ambition to continue, and never should he extend himself to the full in his training, as his best should be kept for the final test or competition.

As to the number of times a week a man should practise all depends on the man himself and must be judged by the effect the training has on him, and a lot depends upon his nervous temperament.

All this training is to get his muscles working co-ordinately; in other words, to have them under perfect control.

Not only has he to have his muscles under control, but also the mind, which plays, in most cases, a winning part in sports, as we know very well that a pessimist never won a competition. An athlete must have a good clear head, an accurate knowledge of his possibilities, and confidence in himself, which comes as the result of being a consistent trainer.

Then comes the final or finishing touch which is the spirit with which he enters the competition, which best reaches perfection by the conservation of nerve energy by good clean living and the abstinence from anything which would weaken him morally or physically. The man who cannot control his appetite for stimulants and his desires, passions, and thoughts along sexual lines will not last as an athlete.

Some foolish people have tried to prove the reverse of my last statement by reciting examples of athletes who dissipate and are still winners.

I will try to explain the reason that there are such examples.

In the first place, I would like to say that such athletes do not last as long as they otherwise would have had they taken the

proper care of themselves. These men generally come from strong, hardy stock, and have inherited the grandest birthright which could be handed down to a child by his parents, a physique which has probably taken centuries to build up by perhaps outdoor living, and the result of an abstemious life on the part of his ancestors, and this man, with physical perfection, starts into athletics, where many a competitor finished on account of not being so well favoured by Nature, and he abuses himself, sells his birthright as it were "for a mess of pottage," and thus undoes the work of ages.

On account of the great strength he naturally inherited he lasts a while, but once a man has lost moral control his days as an athlete are numbered.

Then a lot depends on a man's motive in entering into sports whether he gets the most out of them. If he goes into sports with a pecuniary object in view then the sport leaves the competition and it becomes a business; but if he takes part as a true amateur sport for sport's sake it will do him more good not only physically but mentally, and he does not glory in the prize he wins but rather the fact

Christmas Greetings from Brig.-Gen. M. S. Mercer.

The following message for publication has been received by the Editor of the *Gazette* from Brig.-General M. S. Mercer, C.B., until recently commanding the First Canadian Infantry Brigade:—

Editor, "Dead Horse Corner Gazette."

It is a great pleasure to extend greetings to all ranks of the First Brigade.

Will you kindly express my warmest regards and sincerest wishes for their safety and success, and the hope that the coming Christmastide may be full of brightness and the New Year crowned with the joy of victory over the foes of humanity, liberty, and national honour.

Faithfully,

M. S. MERCER.

that he is physically fit to win, which is a true athlete's greatest reward.

Now, before I finish this little article, I would like to draw your attention to the fact that we are all taking part in the greatest game the world has ever known up to the present, and if ever a man needed condition it is now. The man who is in the best shape will stand the hardships better, for never had men greater hardships to go through, and never did men go through these hardships with a better spirit than our boys, and every man is entitled to be called a hero in the truest sense of the word.

In conclusion, I would like to say that I am interested in every man in the Brigade, and if I can be of any practical assistance in any way I will esteem it an honour to have the opportunity, and will say again, as I have already said on a previous occasion, that nothing is too good, or no sacrifice too great, for the boys who have laid down their all upon the altar of service for their God, their King, and their country.

Sentry: "Who goes there?"

His Reverence: "Chaplain."

Sentry: "Pass, Charlie"

Regimental Rhymes.

By R. W. T.

"STRAPE THE COOKS!"

A Curate, Rev. Scrivener Snooks,
Has got in the Q.M.'s bad books.

He to hospital went,
And his church is for rent,
Since he took for his text: "Strape the
Cooks!"

HIS NIGHTMARE.

There was a young soldier named Trickett,
Who was made an estaminet picket.
When they stopped "English beer,"
He was haunted by fear
They'd do something else just as wicked.

"C" COMPANY'S LAMENT.

O, pity us—the "ginks" of "C"—
Whene'er we hit the road, we race;
The reason being all the time
Our long-legged leader makes the *Pace!*

"P.J.'s" ONLY WORRY.

There's a gunner named Kelly—"P.J."—
Who is always lighthearted and gay.
No cares can him worry,
He has never known hurry—
Except when parading for pay!

"NO PARADE TO-DAY!"

The Bombers' School—"Starvation
Home"—
Is pretty good. We'll come again,
Provided Pluvius sends his showers—
For there's no drill when there is rain!

THE PENALTY OF GREATNESS.

Look out! He comes! Squad, 'shun!
Salute!
(And mark how well he looks the part.)
We used to call him just plain "Bill,"
But now—he is Lieutenant Hart!

"CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO ———."

At Brigade Bombing School there's a Cook,
Whose skin has the Jack Johnson look;
It may come off with soap,
If he finds the right "dope,"
But most folks would call that a fluke!

NO LUCK, SERGEANT!

At the Hotel Fleur-des-lys lives a "Pet,"
Who is Bomb-Sergeant Freeman's best bet;
But in spite of his coaxing,
She still thinks he's hoaxing,
And so she replies—"Not just yet!"

THE DOCTOR'S MAN.

Tom, Tom, the doctor's man—
A real old sport and a football fan:
He'll fix you up so nice and fine
With a Scotch "highball" or a "No. 9."
If wounded, he'll use his magic saw
To sever a limb, or mend your paw;
He'll use his skill in the good old way
To make you young or turn you gray.
You'll live—or die—as a soldier can
If you pin your faith on the doctor's man!

Serbia's Homesteads.

In Serbia the land belongs to the people, and every grown man has a claim to five acres, which he can neither sell nor have taken from him. His land and its produce are exempt from all claims for debt. Thus the poorest man in Serbia has always five acres to his credit.