

Clothes were sent to the Camps at long intervals for many were reduced to the severest straits, as described by a private who had but one shirt, "In the winter of 1914, we were living in tents. My only shirt was simply 'walking.' One bitterly cold day I could stand it no longer so decided to have a scrub. I had first to break the ice on the water trough, and then get my shirt off. I stood scrubbing that shirt without soap for an hour. I then found some wood (which I stole) made a fire and nearly dried my shirt, then hung it on the wires to properly finish. Some joker, while I was buried in straw to get warm, borrowed it. Of course I said a tearful good-bye. A few days after I borrowed a cement sack (when no one was looking) cut a hole in the bottom, two for my arms in the side and there was my new shirt! But I forgot to shake it, and when they cut it off I was a long time scraping the cement off my body. In spite of all we kept smiling." This man soon afterwards escaped, where resource and downright "cheek" saw him through.

As the Funds increased, so the benefactions varied, and \$25 was sent monthly to Sir A. T. Davies, the Founder of the Prisoners of War Book Scheme, which proved a veritable godsend for the mental hunger of the men. Books in many languages on any subject were provided and even musical instruments were sent to the Camps on application, and here again the subscriber was doing a splendid work, to prevent decay in the Empire's manhood.

The sentimental and home influence was not neglected. A regular system of correspondence was maintained as soon as the first postcard acknowledgments for parcels were received. Some of these were taken up and the Prisoner written to. At first the letters were coyly received by the men, but confidence established a healthy exchange of letters was created. Through