

(continued from previous page)

traordinary question whether he had not been taught to box by a lady. Some years ago, Mrs. Diana Watts, a lady who believed that she had discovered the secret of ancient Greek gymnastics, reproduced with her own person the pose and action of the Discobolus and the archer in the Heracles pediment in the British Museum, both of which had been up to that time considered physically impossible. Her book on the subject, with its interesting photographs, is still extant. Her method was to move and balance the body on the ball of the foot without using the heel, and to combine this with a certain technique of the diaphragm. Now the moment "Time" was called, and Carpentier on his feet in the ring, it was apparent he had this technique. He was like a man on springs; and the springs were not in his heels but in the balls of his feet. His diaphragm *tendue* was perfect. Whether his lady instructor was Mrs. Diana Watts or Dame Nature, she had turned out a complete Greek athlete. This really very remarkable and gymnastically important phenomenon has been overlooked, partly because it has not been understood, but partly also because the change in Carpentier's face when he sets to work is so startling that the spectators can see nothing else. The unmistakable Greek line digs a trench across his forehead at once; his colour changes to a stony grey; he looks ten thousand years old; his eyes see through stone walls; and his expression of intensely concentrated will frightens everyone in the hall except his opponent, who is far too busy to attend to such curiosities.

#### It Was No Fight

There was no fight. There was only a superb exhibition spar, with Beckett as what used to be called a chopping-block. For a few moments he wisely stuck close to his man; but Mr. Angle gave the order (I did not hear of it but was told of it) to break away; and Beckett then let the Frenchman get clear and faced him for outfighting. From that moment he was lost. Carpentier simply did the classic thing; the long shot with the left; the lead-off and get-away. The measurement of distance—and such distance!—was exact to an inch, the speed dazzling, the impact like the kick of a thoroughbred horse. Beckett, except for one amazed lionlike shake of the head, took it like a stone wall; but he was helpless; he had no time to move a finger before Carpentier was back out of his reach. He was utterly outspeeded. Three times Carpentier did this, each hit more brilliant, if possible, than the last. Beckett was for a moment dazed by the astonishing success of the attack; and in that moment Carpentier sent in a splendidly clean and finished right to the jaw. It is not often that perfect luck attends perfect style in this world; but Carpentier seemed able to command even luck. The blow found that mysterious spot that is in all our jaws, and that is so seldom found by the fist. There was no mistaking the droop with which Beckett went prone to the boards. In an old-fashioned fight he would have been carried by his seconds to his corner and brought up to the scratch in half a minute, quite well able to go on. Under the modern rules he had to lie unhelped; and at the end of ten seconds Carpentier was declared the winner.

#### "The Usual Orgy"

Carpentier had made the spar so intensely interesting that the seventy-four seconds it had occupied seemed like ten; and I could hardly believe that four had elapsed between the moment when Beckett dropped to the boards and the jubilant spring into the air with which Carpentier announced that the decision had been given in his favour. He was as unaffected in his delight as he had been in his nervousness before "Time" was called, when he had asked his bottle-

holder for a mouthful of water and thereby confessed to a dry mouth. The usual orgy followed. Pugilists are a sentimental, feminine species, much given to kissing and crying. Carpentier was hoisted up to be chaired, dragged down to be kissed, hung out by the heels from the scaffold to be fondled by a lady, and in every possible way given reason to envy Beckett. Beckett's seconds, by the way, so far forgot themselves as to leave their man lying uncared for on the floor after he was counted out until Carpentier, in-

dignant at their neglect, rushed across the ring and carried Beckett to his corner. I suggest to the masters of the ceremonies at these contests, whoever they may be, that this had better not occur again. It is true that the decision was so sudden and sensational that a little distraction was excusable; but if Carpentier, who had the best reason to be carried away by his feelings, could remember, those whose duty it was could very well have done so if they had been properly instructed in their duties.

(To be Concluded)

# BRIMAR VALVES

**... CAN 'TAKE' IT**



Bump! BANG! B-r-r-r-r! Bump! Bump! Jarring, crashing over incredible obstacles... and still Brimar Valves go through with flying colours—British colours too! Ten times tested—ten times more efficient, Brimar have that extra margin of safety demanded for the vital part they play.

Because Brimar Valves are built to 'take' it, they are the logical choice for all valve replacements. Fit Brimar in your Radio and be sure of long life and trouble-free service at all times.

Obtainable from all Radio Dealers.  
STANDARD TELEPHONES AND CABLES PTY. LTD. (Inc. in N.S.W.)  
P.O. Box 638, WELLINGTON.

**10 TIMES TESTED • 10 TIMES MORE EFFICIENT**