

SPRINGBOKS' FAREWELL.

CARDIFF OPPOSE AFRICANS IN LAST BRITISH MATCH.

UNFAVOURABLE OUTLOOK.

To-day the South African footballers conclude their tour of the British Isles. This afternoon on Cardiff Arms Park they will meet the Cardiff Club, who have got together a very formidable team to oppose the Springboks in their concluding engagement.

Last season Cardiff had the best club team in Wales, and they played a desperately hard match with the "All Blacks," who only just managed to get home by superior place-kicking, the final score being two goals to a goal and a try in favour of the Colonials.

Matters are different this season, for Cardiff's results appear quite moderate in comparison with those of the Swansea team, which has not been beaten in the seventeen matches so far played. It is much to be regretted under these circumstances that it was found impossible to arrange a meeting between the "All Whites" and the Springboks. As a matter of fact, Cardiff are little superior to Llanelli, and so there should be little doubt that the Springboks will not meet with a second defeat.

Reports from Cardiff at a late hour last night were far from promising as regards the conditions under which the game will be played, and it is to be feared that the game will be more of a mud-scramble than a scientific display. This is all the more to be regretted as the strength of the Cardiff team undoubtedly lies with the excellence of the attack, and so with a dry ball a brilliant exhibition should have been witnessed. Frost and snow have been followed by torrential rain, and the ground last night was like a quagmire.

The South Africans have arranged to leave for home on Saturday, January 12, on board the s.s. Norman, and the team will return to London to-day immediately after the match, and proceed to Paris on Wednesday morning. After their match there on Thursday, some of the players will return to London, where the remainder of the time will be spent until their departure.

Krige is now convalescent, while W. S. Morkel, who was operated upon for appendicitis, is doing as well as could be expected.

The teams for to-day's match are as follow:—

Cardiff.—H. B. Winfield, back; Cecil Biggs, E. G. Nicholls, R. T. Gabe, and J. L. Williams, three-quarter backs; R. David, Percy Bush, and R. A. Gibbs, half-backs; G. Northmore, W. Neill, R. Brice, J. Brown, J. Casey, F. Smith, and J. Powell, forwards.

South Africans.—A. F. Marsburg, back; A. Stegmann, H. A. de Villiers, J. G. Hirsch, and J. A. Loubser, three-quarter backs; F. J. Dobbin and D. C. Jackson, half-backs; P. Roos, J. W. E. Raaff, D. J. Brink, H. C. Daneel, Douglas Morkel, D. Mare, Piet le Roux, and W. A. Millar, forwards.

SPRINGBOKS' EXTRA MATCH.

Mr. E. H. D. Sewell's team against the Sporting Club Universitaire de France, at Paris on January 6, will be:

A. F. W. Marsburg (South Africa), back; J. Le Roux (Western Province), J. G. Hirsch (South Africa), C. B. Atkinson (East Midlands), and Basil Maclear (Ireland), three-quarters; H. W. Carolin (South Africa) and F. J. Dobbin (South Africa), half-backs; P. A. Le Roux (South Africa), D. S. Mare (South Africa), W. A. Millar (South Africa), H. G. Reid (Transvaal), R. Maclear (Rest of England), E. G. Morris (Oxford University), J. W. Ward (East Midlands), and A. C. Smith (Old Bedfordians), forwards.

SPRINGBOKS' TOUR ENDED.

ONLY TWO DEFEATS IN TWENTY-EIGHT MATCHES.

MUD THEIR MOST DEADLY OPPONENT.

The Springboks are to be congratulated upon the result of their tour in the British Isles. Of twenty-eight matches played, twenty-five have been won outright, one drawn, and two lost, so that, although they have scarcely equalled the record of the All Blacks, they have not fallen very far behind it.

The New Zealanders won thirty-one of the thirty-two matches they played, Wales being the only side to defeat them; the Springboks have twice suffered defeat, but in each instance the conditions were altogether unsuited to their style of play, so that their record is really almost as brilliant as that of the All Blacks. Scotland beat them on a morass at Glasgow, and Cardiff yesterday swamped them on a quagmire; apart from these two reverses the tour has been a triumphal progress, checked only by a drawn game with England at the Crystal Palace, this fixture also being played under most unfavourable conditions from the Colonials' point of view.

WALES AVENGED.

RAIN, MUD, AND CARDIFF DEFEAT THE SPRINGBOKS.

CARDIFF, 17 pts.; SPRINGBOKS, 0.

The Springboks played the last match of their tour yesterday, when they met the redoubtable Cardiff Club, last year's Welsh champions, and were beaten to the totally unexpected tune of a goal, a penalty goal, and three tries to nil.

The 30,000 spectators who witnessed the game received the result with frantic enthusiasm, for the victory restores to Wales the prestige which she lost in the match between the South Africans and their national representatives at Swansea a month ago.

The conditions, however, under which the match was played were the worst imaginable. Not only was the ground a veritable quagmire, but for three-parts of the game it was swept by half a gale of wind and further soddened by heavy rains. It was the experience of the Crystal Palace match intensified tenfold, and it will be obvious to those who have studied the play and the methods of the Springboks what potent factors these adverse circumstances were on the course and character of the game.

As a matter of fact, the South Africans did not find their feet from beginning to end, but with everything against them they fought like Trojans till time was called, and though handsomely defeated, they were not disgraced.

The game opened all in favour of Cardiff, who, with the wind and rain at their backs, utilised their chances with great skill and resource, and but for a knock-on J. L. Williams would have scored within five minutes of the kick-off. The vigour with which these opening stages were contested was terrific, and in resisting a combined attack on their left wing the South Africans had two of their men rather badly injured. Cardiff did not escape, as they had Cecil Biggs and Gwyn Nicholls hurt. Millar was carried off the field, and Cecil Biggs sustained so serious a strain to one of the tendons of his right leg

that he was also compelled to retire.

There were a few moments in the succeeding stages when the South Africans seemed likely to reproduce their form against Wales. A characteristic burst by Hirsch opened up the game and threw Cardiff on the defensive, but Nicholls once again drove the South Africans back after a snake-like dash quite in the style of his best days. From a penalty-kick granted in front of the goal-posts for an obviously accidental obstruction on the part of a South African forward, Winfield kicked another fine goal and increased Cardiff's lead to eleven points, where matters stood at half-time.

The second half of the game proved none the less exciting than the first, but notwithstanding the fact that the South Africans had a strong wind at their backs, they showed neither the combination nor the skill in attack which had characterised their former performances on Welsh grounds.

The state of the ground in a measure explains the failure of the South Africans, and under normal conditions there would probably have been a different tale to tell.

On the run of the game, however, there was no question as to the superiority of Cardiff. The Cardiff men played as they have never done by a long way in other games this season. Nicholls throughout played one of the best games of his life in defence, as well as in attack, and on the day stood out as the best man on the field.

"DOOMED TO DEFEAT."

Marsburg, the Springboks' full-back, speaking to an interviewer after the match, admitted that he and his comrades were badly beaten.

"I knew as soon as we entered the ground that we were doomed to defeat."

The famous player more than hinted that it was probable he might remain in this country after his comrades had departed for South Africa. In that case, he declares, he will live in Wales.

SPRINGBOKS' FUTURE.

On the return of the Springboks from Paris they will spend the remainder of their stay in sight-seeing, while on Sunday Paul Roos will deliver an address in one of the evangelical churches in the City.

Burmeister remains in England, Joubert goes to Edinburgh University next term, Krige retires from the Rugby field, Loubser will finish his studies for the survey examinations, and within the next two years Stegmann will be a minister of the Dutch Reformed Church.

SPRINGBOKS' RECORD.

		G.	T.	P.	G.	T.	P.	
Sept. 27.	S. Africans	5	4	37	E. Midlands	0	0	0
Sept. 29.	S. Africans	5	2	29	Midlands	0	0	0
Oct. 3.	S. Africans	3	2	21	Kent	0	0	0
Oct. 6.	S. Africans	4	1	22	Durham	1	0	4
Oct. 10.	S. Africans	4	8	44	North'd	0	0	0
Oct. 13.	S. Africans	4	6	34	Yorkshire	0	0	0
Oct. 17.	S. Africans	4	2	22	Devon	1	1	6
Oct. 20.	S. Africans	2	2	14	Somerset	0	0	0
Oct. 24.	S. Africans	1	2	9	Middlesex	0	0	0
Oct. 27.	S. Africans	1	3	8	Newport	0	0	0
Oct. 31.	S. Africans	0	2	6	Glam'gn Co.	0	1	3
Nov. 7.	S. Africans	3	3	23	Glo'ster	0	0	0
Nov. 10.	S. Africans	4	4	24	Oxford U.	1	0	3
Nov. 13.	S. Africans	4	3	29	Camb. U.	0	0	0
Nov. 17.	S. Africans	0	0	0	S. of Sc'tld	1	0	5
Nov. 20.	S. Africans	0	0	0	Scotland	0	2	6
Nov. 24.	S. Africans	4	5	35	N. of Sc'tld	1	0	5
Nov. 27.	S. Africans	1	4	15	Ireland	1	3	12
Nov. 27.	S. Africans	2	6	28	Dublin U.	0	1	3
Dec. 1.	S. Africans	1	2	11	Wales	0	0	0
Dec. 8.	S. Africans	0	1	3	England	0	1	3
Dec. 12.	S. Africans	1	2	11	Lancashire	1	1	8
Dec. 15.	S. Africans	3	2	21	Cumberland	0	0	0
Dec. 19.	S. Africans	5	3	33	Surrey	0	0	0
Dec. 22.	S. Africans	0	3	9	Cornwall	0	1	3
Dec. 26.	S. Africans	3	2	17	Monmouth	0	0	0
Dec. 29.	S. Africans	3	1	16	Llanelli	0	1	3
Jan. 1.	S. Africans	0	0	0	Cardiff	2	3	17

WHAT THE ALL BLACKS DID.

In thirty-two matches the New Zealanders scored 832 points to 39, 103 goals to 6, 109 tries to 5. They only sustained one defeat, Wales beating them by three points to nil.

CARDIFF DOES THE TRICK.

'Boks Beaten by 17 Points to Nil.

HISTORIC AND STRENUOUS MATCH

AN OVERWHELMING ROUT

BY "FORWARD"

More wretched weather than that which prevailed to-day or more depressing conditions could not possibly be imagined, the day being quite the worst experienced on the occasion of any important match in South Wales this season. Rain fell incessantly throughout the morning, and made a quagmire of the Cardiff ground, the reputation of which has never been too good.

The reputation was made worse ten thousand times by the sodden appearance of the turf to-day. There was also, in addition, a strong wind blowing from goal to goal from the river end, and, taking all the adverse circumstances into consideration, the element of luck was bound to be a powerful factor in determining the issue of the game.

It was simply astounding to find that so many thousands of people had assembled on such a day, and doubly so when a large section had taken their points of vantage quite two hours before the time of kicking off.

In spite of the fearfully depressing conditions, it was a good-tempered crowd, and there was no end of fun during the period of waiting, hats and umbrellas being blown all over the field, whilst Chief-constable McKenzie was the subject of much good-humoured banter as he strode with measured tread and slow, the crowd shouting out:

"Left, Right, Left, Right."

It was announced shortly before the teams left the dressing-room that Percy Bush had decided to play as a rover, with Reggie Gibbs as David's partner at half, so that there was no departure from the new system of eight backs and seven forwards.

There were several well-known sportsmen among the spectators, among whom was Mr. S. M. J. Woods, the old English international forward and county cricketer. Five minutes from the start there were about 30,000 people on the ground, and the only vacant space that could be seen was on the Westgate-street Stand, which, however, was rapidly filling as the time for starting drew nigh. The teams were:—

SOUTH AFRICANS.

BACK—

A. F. Marsburg.

THREE-QUARTER BACKS—

J. A. Loubser, H. De Villiers, J. G. Hirsch, and A. Stegmann.

HALF-BACKS—

D. C. Jackson and F. J. Dobbin.

FORWARDS—

P. Roos (captain), H. J. Daneel, Burger, D. J. Brink, J. W. E. Raaf, D. Morkel, W. A. Millar, and P. A. Le Roux.

CARDIFF.

BACK—

H. B. Winfield.

THREE-QUARTER BACKS—

C. F. Biggs, R. T. Gabe, E. G. Nicholls, and J. L. Williams.

HALF-BACKS—E. David and E. A. Gibbs.

EXTRA HALF-BACK—

P. F. Bush (captain).

FORWARDS—

G. Northmore, J. Brown, W. Neill, J. Casey, F. Smith, A. Brice, and J. Powell.

Referee: Mr. Gil Evans.

Linesmen: Mr. C. H. Carden and Mr. J. Davies.

The Game.

Cardiff fielded first, led by Percy Bush, to the strains of "The Men of Harlech." The Africans fielded a moment later, and were given an equally cordial reception. Cardiff won the toss and played with the wind, D. Morkel kicking off, and Cecil Biggs, making his mark, found touch near the centre. From the line-out the Cardiff forwards broke away, led by Powell, and rushed into the visitors' 25, where Gibbs put in a strong kick to Marsburg, who punted into the hands of Johnny Williams, who failed to hold the ball when he had a clear run in. The ball was kicked down to Winfield, who in trying to find touch near the line sent the ball to touch-in-goal. From the kick-out Nicholls received, and punted beautifully to touch well over the South Africans' line. From the line-out the ball was thrown out to Bush, who passed to Johnny Williams, and he smartly gave up to Gabe, who passed to Gwyn, and the veteran gave up to Cecil Biggs, who failed to hold the ball when a lovely chance presented itself. Millar was hurt, and Nicholls and Biggs also complained of injuries. Cecil Biggs retired, and Gibbs came on the wing.

Cardiff Playing Only Fourteen

men, whilst Millar, who also retired, left the Springboks a man short also. On resuming Cardiff forced play over the line, and Marsburg threw himself on the ball to concede a minor.

From the kick-out the South African forwards, led by Raaf, dribbled to the Cardiff 25, where Powell saved pluckily by throwing himself on the ball. Millar now returned, but Biggs was still absent. Play ruled for a time in the home 25, the ball being monopolised by the forwards. Dobbin, receiving from his forwards, punted high, and Nicholls, making his mark, gave the ball to Winfield, who found touch with a fine kick well over the half-way line.

Biggs Now Returned,

and the two teams were again at full strength. Billy Neill, taking the ball at the line-out, dribbled to the Africans' 25, where Marsburg picked up and kicked into touch at right angles inside his own 25. A delay occurred through Powell going off to have his injured hand attended to. Cardiff on resuming rushed to the South Africans' line, where a scrum was formed only five yards out. David secured and passed to Bush, who had a lovely chance of going over, but passed to Gabe instead of going on himself, and a fine opportunity was lost. A moment later, however, the ball was passed out to Gwyn, who took the ball on the run, and, beating all opposition with a magnificent run,

Scored Rather Wide Out

The ball was placed for Winfield, who kicked a grand goal amid terrific cheering.

After the kick-out the Africans got into the home ground, and a free kick given against the blue and blacks was taken by Morkel near the half-way line, and he kicked to Bush over the line, and the Cardiff captain, instead of touching down, put in a huge punt to the centre. From the line-out the Cardiff forwards broke away in a solid body, backed

up by Gibbs, and broke through the defence, after Marsburg and Stegmann had failed to stop them, and Gibbs, showing great judgment in dribbling, kicked the ball forward, and then threw himself on it, and

Scored a Great Try,

which Winfield just failed to convert from an awkward angle. Cardiff so far had done practically all the aggressive work, and the kick-out brought the Springboks no relief. The seven forwards were playing brilliantly, and giving the opposing eight a warm time in their own quarter.

A free kick was given for off-side play against Cardiff, and Jackson found touch with a short kick in his own 25. In a loose rush Bush picked up the ball, and had a shot for goal, but the ball went a few yards wide. Gwyn Nicholls made a mark from the kick-out, and Winfield kicked over the line for Marsburg to touch down. Cardiff kept up the pressure, and Johnny Williams in trying to field the ball from a loose kick by Dobbin failed to gather cleanly when an opportunity presented itself for another score. A loose

kick by Gibbs sent the ball to Marsburg, who failed to hold, and put a flying kick to touch. Intercepting a pass in his own 25, Hirsch came through in splendid style and punted over Winfield's head. Gibbs ran round just in time, and punted into touch at the centre. A moment later the ball was passed out by Bush to Nicholls, who put in

One of the Old-time Runs,

and passed to the left, but there was no one there to take it. Fred Smith was knocked out through a rough tackle by one of the big South African forwards.

Biggs now left the field altogether, and some time was spent in trying to get Smith round. He was able to resume with a bandaged knee, and play was taken to the South African 25. Cardiff, although playing only fourteen men, were showing grand form, and took play to the South African 25, where Jackson touched the ball off-side, and caused his side to be penalised. The ball was placed for Winfield, and he, with a grand kick, sent the ball over the bar, making Cardiff's lead eleven points. Morkel kicked out, and Gwyn Nicholls returned to touch in the centre. David was caught off-side, and the penalty was taken by Jackson, who punted into touch.

	Half-time score:	G.	T.	Pts.
CARDIFF	*2	1	11
SOUTH AFRICA	0	0	0

* One penalty.

SECOND HALF.

During the interval the Cardiff players went into the pavilion to clean themselves, and received a mighty cheer from the crowd all round the field. The interval score of eleven points, by the way, is the largest score put up against the Springboks in any match throughout their tour. The crowd sang "Hen Wlad fy Nhadau" with tremendous enthusiasm as the Cardiff men returned from the pavilion.

The Africans now had the advantage of the wind. George Northmore re-started, and Marsburg returned with a high punt to Nicholls, who failed to judge the flight of the ball, but was smartly covered by Winfield, who found touch on his own 25. The Springboks, taking full advantage of the wind, took play into the home 25. There was some exciting scrummaging within ten yards of the line. The ball was heeled out to David, who passed to Bush, and he threw to Nicholls at the mouth of the goal, and Gwyn found touch well over his 25 line. Cardiff were forced to act on the defensive for some minutes, but the Cardiff forwards broke away grandly to the centre, where Hirsch picked up and tried to break through, but was brought down by Nicholls, who made no mistake in the tackle. Bush, receiving from then next scrum, kicked down to Marsburg, who was beautifully tackled by Gibbs before he could put in his kick. Bush, again receiving from David, dribbled grandly past Marsburg, and cross-kicked to Gibbs, who kicked into touch within five yards of the Africans' line.

The ball was taken yet nearer to the line, and Cardiff looked like scoring again, but De Villiers cleared with a flying kick, which sent the ball up to Winfield at the centre, and he found touch with a nice kick near the visitors' 25 line. Another long kick by Marsburg sent play on to the Cardiff 25 line, the ball going over Winfield's head to the goal-line, where the home custodian picked up and punted into touch near his own 25. Cardiff were now playing a strictly defensive game well inside their own 25, and a free kick was given to the Springboks in a favourable position for goal. The ball was placed for Morkel, who just.

Failed to Land a Goal

by a couple of feet. Winfield touched down, and kicked out, Morkel making his mark. The ball was placed for him, but his kick this time fell considerably short, and Nicholls returned well into touch at the centre.

The Springboks tried to open out the game, but the Cardiff forwards, playing on the top of their form, dribbled through a loose scrimmage, and were not stopped until they were in the visitors' ground, the ball going into touch. The Cardiff forwards were heeling out splendidly, and Bush, well served by David, made no mistake about kicking to touch, which was the right game to play under the circumstances.

Time was Going On

and the South Africans had still eleven points to wipe off. Cardiff were

Showing Staying Powers,

and any amount of grit, the seven forwards especially doing remarkably well, and fully justifying the action of the Cardiff committee in introducing upon

The New Formation,

which, by the way, I have consistently advocated both for scoring and defensive purposes. Cardiff put in a strong attack, led by Nicholls and Gibbs, both of whom were playing brilliantly. Play was taken to the South Africans' line, and the Cardiff forwards rushing over, looked bound to score, but Raaf was on the ball in time to kick out of bounds. From the kick-out the Cardiff men attacked again, and Gwyn Nicholls, receiving from Bush, broke through in his best style, and passed over Gabe's head to J. L. Williams, but the ball could not be taken. In the next minute Bush again received from David, and passed to Gabe, who ran splendidly, and gave to Johnny Williams, who

Diddled Marsburg Very Cleverly

with a pretty run, and scored wide out.

There was no longer any doubt as to the result, Cardiff being infinitely the superior team, and outplaying their opponents at all points with only fourteen men. The South Africans, however, rallied grandly, and, with a combined rush, reached the Cardiff 25, where Bush showed great cleverness in picking up and punting into touch. One of the Cardiff forwards got off-side in a rush, and Morkel had

Another Shot for Goal

which missed, and the ball went out of bounds. Bush kicked out, and Jackson returned with a kick over the Cardiff line.

Bush again kicked out, and from the next scrum the home forwards broke through, and Johnny Williams, backing them up, dribbled into touch over the centre-line. A free-kick was given against David for off-side, but no advantage was gained by the kick, Nicholls replying splendidly. The Cardiff forwards, again asserting their superiority, rushed down to the South Africans' 25, and Marsburg being at fault at fielding, Gabe, dribbling with great judgment, took the ball at his toes over the line, threw himself on it, and scored a great try right behind the posts. Winfield failed to convert, the ball being carried away by the wind.

	Final score.	G.	T.	P.	Ts.
CARDIFF	*2	3	4	7
SOUTH AFRICANS	0	0	0	0
		* penalty.			

"Forward's" Comments

Wales has redeemed her reputation. Seventeen points to nil. Is it believable? Will there be another Mafeking night in South Africa to-night?

Cardiff, by a supreme effort, which will redound more to the honour and glory of the club than any achievement in its history, has not only saved the prestige of Welsh football but has enhanced it a thousand fold.

To have anticipated a seventeen points victory over a team which has marched triumphantly through the four countries

with the one exception of Scotland would have been considered even more than an idle dream before the match was played, but what seemed a few hours ago an impossibility is now an accomplished fact, and one which will live for all time in the annals of Rugby football.

Every Cardiff man to-night is proud of the city of his nationality, and well he might be.

To face a team with such a reputation as the South Africans have made for themselves, and to face that team boldly required dauntless hearts and the very highest maximum of courage.

Both these excellent attributes the Cardiff players of to-day proved themselves to be in full possession of, and not only by their indomitable pluck, but by their skill, energy, and resourcefulness, they have shown the world that it was only a passing cloud which darkened the national horizon when Wales suffered defeat at Swansea.

Reviewing to-day's game in all its aspects, one is justified in falling back upon the platitude that there was only one team in it, and that team was not South Africa.

The defeat was not only decisive, but absolutely crushing, and its far-reaching effects can hardly be estimated.

There were people, aye, many thousands of them, who cavilled in the action of the Cardiff Club Committee in deciding upon the changed formation of eight backs and seven forwards, and this notwithstanding the lesson begotten of a former experience by which Wales, as a country, could not have possibly achieved the imperishable distinction of being the only team to beat New Zealand last season, had not that formation been adopted.

Personally, I have been a consistent advocate of the seven forward system. My faith being implicit that an extra man in the back division, both for attacking and defensive purposes, is more serviceable to his side than eight forwards. That theory, has, in my humble judgment, been vindicated to-day, and I can only hope that those who are opposed to it will not allow their conservatism to blind their judgment.

However, this is not the time or place for introducing a contentious subject. Cardiff has won, and won by seventeen points to nil.

The Springboks, I am sure, will sustain their reputation as sportsmen by showing a generous chivalry by admitting that they were completely outclassed in every department, and also by acknowledging that the versatility and adaptability of fifteen Welsh players outbalanced all the cleverness and resourcefulness which has been cultivated in the southern colony in Rugby football.

It may be argued, but to no degree of sportsmanship that the conditions were dead against a scientific exposition of the game. But the argument falls through immediately it is said that Rugby football is not only a fuse-weather game, but a game for all kinds of weather, and that its possibilities can only be realised to the full when a team proves itself capable of adapting itself to existing conditions. It is no argument to say that in South Africa the game is played on dry, hard ground in consistently fine weather, because we have in this country to put up with the vagaries of a tricky climate, and to play the game accordingly.

This much can be conceded with fairness to the Springboks, that they played to-day under conditions to which they are not accustomed. But that is not the fault of their conquerors. It was nothing short of a great triumph for the Cardiff men that they asserted their powers of adaptability to such excellent purpose, and that is one of the main virtues of a skilful, well-trained team of football players.

There is a cutting irony with such an overwhelming defeat of a side that has done so remarkably well throughout their tour of being beaten in their last match in the old country by seventeen points to nil.

But, such are the fortunes of war. One cannot help harking back to the Welsh match, and making comparisons, not only collectively, but individually, and in the latter connection it is an infinite pleasure to contemplate the great game played to-day by the greatest of all great players, Gwyn Nicholls. And in speaking of him, I cannot help recalling what seemed to me at the time the cruel comment of an old colleague that his was "a pathetic figure" in the match at Swansea. If there was any pathos on that occasion it was more than dispelled in to-day's game by the magnificent play of Nicholls, who not only preserved his reputation, but added to it immeasurably. He was the outstanding figure among the thirty players on the field, and it is well for his good name and for the judgment of those who have sounded his praises that the Springboks should go back to their own country with an equitable estimate of the real value of Wales's popular hero. It was a happy circumstance that he should have been the man to score the first try to-day, and in the scoring of that try he showed all his old-time dash, brilliance, and determination.

In assessing Cardiff's victory at its proper worth, sight must not be lost of the fact that practically throughout the game they played only fourteen men. But those fourteen men were masters of the situation all through the piece, and, taking all circumstances into consideration, it is no exaggeration to say that no club team in this kingdom has scored a greater victory than that which has not only set all Cardiff but all Wales, and all Welshmen in all parts of the world, rejoicing to-night.

It would have been a regrettable chapter in the history of Welsh football if the Springboks had marched victorious through gallant little Wales.

But the sadness of such an experience has been spared us, and by virtue of to-day's result the credit of the old country stands higher than it ever did before.

One cannot estimate the true significance of the result merely by the margin of seventeen points. One would rather look back upon the general character of the game, and in this respect it cannot be questioned for a moment that Cardiff, on the day's form, were not only the better team, but immensely superior at every point.

I have already spoken of Nicholls redeeming whatever reputation he lost at Swansea—and more than redeeming it—and it is an equal pleasure to pay a similar tribute to another player who has been under a cloud ever since that match—Percy Bush. The Cardiff captain in to-day's game was seen at his best. His judgment especially in the second half being of such rare quality as to stamp him as one of the great players of the time. His smart fielding of the ball under exceptional difficulties and his wonderful touch-finding were simply invaluable. And he returns to the fullest extent all the confidence and admiration of his supporters.

Another player who distinguished himself greatly, and who is entitled to share with Nicholls the chief honours of the day is Reggie Gibbs, who played the greatest game of his career, not forgetting that remarkable display which he gave when playing for Glamorgan against New Zealand at Swansea.

And, now that I have come to individuals, the difficulty is to know where to stop, because in truth every man was a hero. Winfield, at back, was nearly as perfect as any custodian could be, while Gabe in the centre was the very embodiment of soundness and resource, and J. L. Williams on the wing enhanced his good name by the one brilliant swerving run which enabled him to beat the great Marsburg, one of the most magnificent tacklers we have been privileged to see on the playing fields of this country.

David, at half-back, was more than a match for Dobbin, who may be truly said to have found his Waterloo at Cardiff. He was untiring in his efforts to keep the three-quarters going right through the game, and the way in which he picked up the greasy ball, and the accuracy with which he passed it out to his captain, were two features in his play which confirmed the opinions of all those who hold that he is the only inside half in Wales at the present moment that can hit it off happily with Percy Bush.

The Cardiff forwards, though only seven men against eight, held the key of the situation all through the game. And it would be unkind, and certainly invidious, to mention any of the seven without mentioning them all. Without detracting from the credit due to the whole pack it is admissible to say that the veteran Robert Brice gave not only solidity to the scrum, but by his indomitable energy and great strength proved a leader whose lead was an inspiration. Both in the tight and in the loose the home forwards were vastly superior to the South African eight, who have never yet been beaten so badly in all phases of play as they were to-day, even allowing for the great game played against them by the Llanelly pack on Saturday, and also for the terrific onslaughts of the Scottish forwards on the occasion of the first South African defeat at Glasgow, which, I am glad to think, I was one of the few Welshmen privileged to see.

In mentioning Brice, I must also give nothing less than equal praise to George Northmore, Jack Brown, Fred Smith, W. Neill, J. Casey, and J. Powell. Neill, especially, was an outstanding figure by reason of his deft handling of the ball in the line-out and his cleverness in dribbling.

(For continuation see Stop Press Column on Page 2).

Opinions.

THE 'BOKS' CAPTAIN,

PAUL ROOS, the Africans' captain,

Was spotted by our reporter as he was running to his room at the Royal Hotel. "Toodle-loo!" he cried cheerily to his comrades as he was flitting by. "I never speak on a match," he said when asked for an opinion.

Mr. GIL EVANS (Referee):—

It was an intensely exciting game to watch. Marsburg told me at half-time that any team could beat them on such a ground. If I may offer a word of advice to the Welsh Union, it is that they should include J. Brown in the next Welsh team. He certainly played finely to-day.

THE CARDIFF PRESIDENT:—

Mr. W. T. Morgan, president of the Cardiff Club: It was a glorious victory won under exceptional circumstances. Gwyn Nicholls's defence, apart from his offensive play, made him the hero of the match. Right from the start the South Africans did not have a look in. One can only conjecture what would have happened had Cecil Biggs been able to remain on the field. Of course, I am delighted.

LLEW GEORGE (Cardiff forward and reserve for this match):—

Cardiff played well to a man, and they were all heroes. I would like to have played myself.

LIEUTENANT OPPENHEIM (Cardiff reserve forward):—

South Africans outclassed—absolutely.

D. S. EVANS (Captain Cardiff Reserves):—

Cardiff deserved all they got. Our forwards absolutely great. Nicholls grand.

R. GUNSTONE:—

Never seen anything like it. Cardiff team played brilliantly.

Mr. JACK GIBBY (Cardiff):—

I think Gibbs and Nicholls excelled themselves. It is the first match I have seen since the smoking concert, and am more than delighted.

C. S. ARTHUR, Secretary of the Cardiff Club:

A grand game. Gwyn's try was a beauty. Cardiff played the game of their lives.

A. J. GOULD:—

Cardiff on to-day's form would have beaten any team in the world.

J. DAVIES, the Cardiff touch judge, thought that it was a splendid game. There was no stopping the Cardiff forwards.

R. DAVID, the Cardiff halfback said:—

We won alright. Gwyn played one of his best games.

HARRY EDWARDS:—

Under the most adverse atmospherical conditions Cardiff would beat any team breathing. The points were all well gained, and there was nothing fluky about any of the tries scored.

"I AM ANNOYED."

A LADY SUPPORTER of the South Africans, who is said to be of Welsh birth, exclaimed. "What an awful licking! Oh! I am annoyed! I am annoyed!"

A SPRINGBOK, who is not a playing member of the team, and who last night enjoyed himself at Covent Garden ball, took a philosophic view of things. "It's no use," he remarked, "our fellows can't play on a heavy ground. You see, Scotland beat us on a heavy ground, England drew with us, and now Cardiff—well, disgraced us."

LIE ROUX (South African forward), who was not playing, seemed disgusted. "Our fellows never saw the ball—never saw anything. We were beaten everywhere. Gwyn Nicholls played an extra fine game."

MARTHEZE, the forward:—

Stated: Our fellows are not used to playing on a wet ground. It was worse than Scotland.

And what about the referee?

Oh, on the whole he was very good, but he should never have given that penalty when Jackson attempted to jump over the ball and accidentally touched it.

Mr. J. BALSTONE (Cardiff Reserves Committee):—

I should like to see Cardiff play them again on a dry ground, because I believe we should beat them under any circumstances. There are good backs in the Cardiff team as well as in the Springboks'.

"SAMMY" WOODS, of Somerset:—

It was a wonderfully fine game.

H. B. WINFIELD (Cardiff full-back):—

Don't say I said anything. One of the reporters stated that I said "Rotten!" at Swansea, and I never said anything of the kind. It was not your paper.

J. L. WILLIAMS (Cardiff three-quarter):—

It's all right. I think Marsburg showed fine sportsmanship when he shook me by the hand after I scored.

MR. TED LEWIS (Cardiff Reserves):—

There was no need for all the manoeuvring for the "loose head." The Cardiff forwards all played grandly.

(For continuation see Stop Press.)

Mr. GUS HAYES (Welsh Union referee):—

Gibbs and Nicholls excelled themselves. The former rose to the occasion grandly. The Welsh Union will make a great error if they leave Jack Brown out of the Welsh team against England. The great fault in our national side at Swansea was that there were too many non-pushers in the pack.

P. G. ROUX INJURED

It transpires that P. G. Roux, the African three-quarter, was seriously injured during the course of the game, and he was taken to the Royal Hotel suffering intense pain. It is supposed that a bone has gone at the back of his neck, towards the shoulder.

Disappointing Gate at Llanelly

It is not likely that the Llanelly Club will materially benefit financially from the visit of the Springboks. The attendance was very disappointing, and the gross takings did not come up to £400. As half the gate goes to the visiting team, and the provision of extra stands and the protection of the ground cost the Llanelly Club about £150, it will be seen that there will be very little left.

"Smudge" Woods.

WHAT HE THINKS OF THE CARDIFF FORWARDS

(By "OLD REF.")

The point that appeals to me as the most decisive of all is that seven Cardiff forwards not only defeated, but defeated most decisively, the African eight. There can be no gainsaying this fact, and it seems to me that there can be no explaining the matter away, except by suggesting that the Africans did not possess the stamina necessary to act through the sea of mud in which they found themselves enveloped.

Naturally, one goes back to Gallaher's theory, that seven forwards, so far as scrimmaging is concerned, is quite as good as eight. In fact, Gallaher, if I remember right, went even farther, for he suggested that the eighth man in the scrum only hindered his confreres.

If one looks at the manner in which those seven Cardiff forwards behaved to-day, one is bound to admit that there is much in the New Zealand captain's theory. At the same time, I must not neglect to say that I think those seven Cardiff forwards played a terrific game.

Coming off the field I was shoulder to shoulder with that wonderful old English forward, S. M. J. Woods. I don't think there is any forward I know, or, for the matter of that, any player that I know, whose opinion I would sooner take than that of "Smudge" Woods, not because he is a member of the English Selection Committee, but because I think he is as great—or, shall I say, as good—a judge as he was a player; and I think that will appeal to most people as being a very forcible statement.

I hinted, laughingly, that the African forwards did not to-day do what his pack and forwards did some years ago at Swansea. There was no going through Cardiff in the "dose of salts" fashion that "Sammy's" forwards did with Wales. Probably that led him out of himself. At any rate, it led him to express an opinion that the Cardiff pack was a good one. He did more; it caused him to single out Brice as a veteran the like of whom we could do very well with a few more of. The remark arose really because I hinted that Gwyn Nicholls's days were by no means over as yet.

I need hardly say that the veteran English international agreed with me, and I don't suppose there were a dozen people on the park to-day who would not agree that Nicholls played a great game. There was no getting away from the fact. Indeed, I will go so far as to say that he really won the game for Cardiff. His presence, of course, will always have an inspiring effect upon the Cardiff team, but when, in addition to that, he scored that opening try, he put a confidence into the Cardiff men that nothing ever afterwards could shake.

There was his defence, too. Some people call it luck to be on the spot where the ball happens to come; other people call it judgment. I might even put another name to it and call it intuitive judgment, or, perhaps, preconcerted telepathy. Anyhow, I won't believe it is all luck that enables these great players to be in the right place at the right moment, nor yet will I believe it luck that enables some of these irresponsible critics to term Nicholls a "pathetic figure" on the football field as was done at Swansea. However, Nicholls can put up with all that, and generally there is but little more to say on the game. I thought Brown played a great game for Cardiff, and so did every one of the backs. The Afrikanders, I imagine, showed some of the tricks and wiles that are not generally appreciated. They showed some bad temper, too, I thought, and it certainly struck me that they were a well-beaten side after Nicholls had scored his first try. Perhaps I should except Marsburg. I will except him, for he is a cheery, smiling, rare good sportsman.

BOKS' BEATEN.

Caerdydd Am Byth!

ELECTRIFYING GAME.

Colonials Amazingly
Hustled.

NONPLUSSED & DISORGANISED.

FIRST CLUB-DEFEAT.

VA'QUISHED BY 17 TO NIL.

Gwyn Nicholls the Hero.

THE GAME OF HIS LIFE.

It was a matter for regret that the conditions under which this, the last of the South Africans' matches in this country, should have been so dispiriting. The straw laid down on the Cardiff Arms Park had kept out the frost, but the thaw and subsequent rain had rendered the turf exceedingly soft and slippery. To make matters worse rain had fallen since an early hour and continued to drizzle down whilst a strong wind blew across the field. Under these circumstances a good display of football was not to be expected, and the conditions naturally prejudicially affected the game which it had been anticipated would approach a record for a club match, if not nearly approach an international assembly. The gates were thrown open before noon, but very few were brave enough to take advantage of this fact, preferring to take their chance of seeing the game after turning up late to braving the wind and rain. However, an hour before the kick-off there were probably 5,000 people on the ground, and they found some relief from the depressing conditions in a capital programme of music played by the Tongwynlais Band. Of excitement there was absolutely none. The weather knocked all this out of the people, but they bore their lot stoically, and were doubtless bottling their enthusiasm for stirring incidents in the play, which they with cheerful optimism looked for. They even indulged in song to some extent, but in the competition the wind and rain were easily first. The crowd steadily increased, and by the time the teams took the field there must have been over 15,000 people present.

The teams were:—

Cardiff.

BACK.

H B Winfield.

THREE-QUARTERS.

Cecil Biggs (right wing), E G Nicholls (right centre), R T Gabe (left centre), and J L Williams (left wing).

HALF-BACKS.

R J David (inside), P F Bush (outside), R A Gibbs (rover).

FORWARDS.

G Northmore, W Neill, A Brice, J Brown, J Casey, F Smith and J Powell.

South Africans.

BACK.

A F Marsburg.

THREE-QUARTERS.

A Stegmann (right wing), M A De Villiers (right centre), J G Hirsch (left centre), and J Loubser (left wing).

HALF-BACKS.

F J Dobbin and D C Jackson.

FORWARDS.

Paul Roos (captain), J W E Raaff, D Brink, H Danel, D Morkel, W A Millar, Le Roux, and D Mare. Referee—Mr G H Evans, Birmingham.

Fifteen minutes before the kick-off there was a broad stream of spectators, and when the game had started it was estimated there were 30,000 people on the ground—a far bigger gate

than had been expected even half an hour previously, so that the attendance did not suffer to any great extent by the weather after all. The rain ceased, so that the chief drawback was a mud-puddle. At half-past 2 the teams fielded to the strains of "Men of Harlech," and a Colonial march by the band. Cardiff won the toss, and Douglas Morkel started play against the wind. Biggs made his mark smartly, and Cardiff rushed the game. In the first minute there was a narrow escape for a try.

GIBBS KNOCKING ON UNLUCKILY

when a chance presented itself. Cardiff continued the attack, and Winfield kicking for touch sent the ball over for a minor. Directly after Cardiff attacked with a capital passing movement, but Biggs knocked on, and in a mix-up that followed Millar and Biggs were injured and had to leave the field. Gibbs, the extra half, taking Biggs' place on the wing. After a delay play was resumed, and the Africans rushed the game. Then Millar returned to the field, Cardiff being a man short. Nicholls made a grand mark in the teeth of an African rush, and kicked magnificently to touch. Then Biggs resumed play, but was still lame. However, Cardiff rushed play, and from a grand movement

GWYN NICHOLLS RAN IN A TRY.

which Winfield converted with a lovely kick amid terrific cheering. Then Biggs went off the field again his one leg being useless, and Cardiff were again a man short. After the restart the Africans got a penalty kick, but Morkel failed at goal, and Cardiff at once taking up the running rushed and dribbled half the length of the field, Gibbs taking the ball for in a loose bully and

SCORING THE SECOND TRY

amid a torrent of cheers. Winfield this time failed to convert, but Cardiff had the comfortable lead of eight points to love. Once more Biggs came on to play, and the Africans, who seemed to be hustled off their feet, were again put on the defensive. Bush picked up in the loose and made a creditable drop at goal, the heavy ball probably preventing the score, and from another mark by Nicholls the Africans touched down again. Cardiff were having all the better of the game, but the Africans made one fine burst, Hirsch getting the ball and running to Winfield, but he was forced to kick, and Nicholls drove the Africans back with a great run. Unfortunately there was no one up to take his pass. The Africans were putting in all they knew, and were none too gentle in their methods. Smith being hurt in a rush. Biggs had now finally left the field, and Smith had to be attended to, so that

CARDIFF WERE GREATLY HANDICAPPED.

However, Cardiff rushed their opponents and the Africans being penalised through over-anxiety, Winfield placed a goal from outside their 25, thus getting a clear 11 points lead. This was an eye-opener with a vengeance, and the crowd cheered when at half-time the score was:

	Half-time Score—	G. T. P.
Cardiff.....	*2	1 11
South Africa.....	0	0 0

*One penalty.

The wind was so strong that the game was regarded as by no means over, especially as Cardiff were a man short. The opening stages of the second half were in the Africans' favour, they rushing to the Cardiff quarter, the wind aiding their kicking materially. Cardiff drove them back by sterling work, and though Hirsch made a great dash, Nicholls brought him down in grand style, when he was going full tilt for the line. Playing with tremendous dash, Cardiff attacked in the face of driving rain and wind.

BUSH AND GIBBS LEADING

a grand dribble to the line. The Africans playing desperately worked out of danger, and Morkel, from a penalty almost landed a goal. A minor followed, and after the drop out, Cardiff forged ahead, their backs kicking judiciously, and their seven forwards playing a great game. Try as they would, the Africans could not get going.

Cardiff made a series of short, sharp dashes on the line, forwards and backs participating, and the Afrikanders seemed utterly nonplussed. On one occasion the ball came out from the Cardiff pack and Nicholls made a great run through, but when he passed, the ball fell between Gabe and Johnny Williams, and a grand chance was lost. In less than a minute, however, another great run by Nicholls and Gabe ended in

JOHNNY WILLIAMS TAKING A PASS.

and, though faced by Marsburg, he scored amid terrific cheering. Winfield failed to convert.

With a fourteen points lead, and less than that number of minutes to play, Cardiff looked like running out easy winners. Douglas Morkel made another splendid but unsuccessful attempt to land a goal from a penalty, another minor accruing, and a further minor was

notched from a long kick, but the Africans never looked like getting into a dangerous movement, whilst Cardiff continued to hustle them fore and aft. Rush after rush was made on the line, and from one of these the ball was kicked over the line, and Gabe, following up, scored another try, which Winfield failed to goal. The Africans were now hopelessly beaten, and the end soon came.

Final Score—

	G. T. P.
CARDIFF.....	*2 3 17
SOUTH AFRICANS.....	0 0 0

*One penalty.

Play and Players.

RUNNING CRITICAL COMMENTS.

(By "Old Stager.")

Never in Wales have worse conditions prevailed for so important a contest as that of to-day. One international at Swansea a long time ago, I remember, when the weather was vile. The sandy soil at St. Helen's is far different from the surface at Cardiff, which soon churns up into mud.

In that memorable match at Newport when Wales first introduced that Rhondda type of forwards and beat England in '97 the game was played in the storm of sleet and rain, but there, too, the ground had not been so much softened as was the Cardiff Arms Park to-day.

The only time when a great match was decided at Cardiff on a wetter ground was in 1903 at Cardiff, when Wales rubbed it into Ireland to the extent of 6 tries to none, but then the conditions overhead were much better.

Normal conditions of course have prevailed in many a national contest. One will always have a vivid recollection of the frost-bound ground at Cardiff in 1893, of practically similar conditions at Birkenhead the following season, of the terrible wind at Dublin in 1902, and of the hurricane of wind and rain at Inverleith in 1903.

For persistency in steadiness of downfall one cannot imagine worse weather. In addition to the rain the ground, despite all the earnest and skilful attention of the committee, was very bad, particularly on the grand stand side, where a few runs and scrummages were almost certain to convert it practically into a quagmire.

Under these unusual circumstances a mediocre side has even triumphed over much cleverer opponents. Footergames when the going is so heavy, foothold so difficult, and the ball as slippery to handle as is a greasy pole to climb, have been decided more by trained muscle and superiority of stamina rather than by a greater measure of skilled attack under orthodox conditions. Any follower of the game can without the slightest difficulty recall numerous instances where the contests have been won by slaying power by sides that would be simply routed on an average day with average weather.

The South Africans had reason to dread the prevalence of the rain and the softness of the ground, their one defeat—that against Scotland—was brought about under conditions nearly resembling those of to-day. They have been accustomed to play on grounds which, to judge from the description of some of the pitches on which they have appeared in England as rather on the soft side, would tend to show that they would infinitely prefer the surface of an ordinary macadamised road to the greasy going such as they had to perform on in Hampden Park, Glasgow, at the Crystal Palace, and on the present occasion.

On the other hand, the Cardiffians were not nearly so much handicapped by the circumstances that would have embarrassed most teams. It is a strange fact that the Metropolitanans have preserved the lessons they acquired during the period that the Cardiff Arms Park was to all intents and purposes a veritable Slough of Despond.

So far as preserving foothold and exercising skill in passing in mud on a wet day are concerned, Cardiff have always stood out in marked contrast to any other club that I have seen playing the game. It is not, of course, that the Cardiff backs handle as well on a wet day as on a dry day, but the comparison between them and opponents is always the greater on these occasions. Cardiff men, if they have a ghost of a chance to win on a dry ground—which on form they certainly did not have—their prospect of gaining victory was greatly increased by what to the spectators were decidedly unpleasant conditions.

One often sees it in print that the conditions forbade a scientific exposition of the game. To my mind, however, abnormal conditions are the best to provide a real test of a team's ability. Of course, a side that confines its attention to a style suitable for a dry day and has not the guiding genius to direct it to adapt its game to the prevailing conditions generally gets beaten, unless its opponents were poor sticks indeed; but bad as was the weather and uncertain the going, one was justified in expecting a great trial of brains and brawn.

In the match at the Palace again, England and the Africans did their passing in the earlier stages, and it was to excessive cleverness in attempting to take the ball full on the run when there was ample opportunity to steady up for it that they can attribute chiefly their inability to win handsomely.

They have been always on the alert to learn, as is evidenced by the many features of play they have successfully adopted, features which were unknown to them when they left the Colony, and they should be confidently expected to utilise their experience at the Palace in to-day's game. This was the last opportunity for the Principality to display its true football form, and it cannot be said that Cardiff have not had every opportunity of maturing their plan of campaign.

Eight Back Game.

It is true that the eight backs game was controlled by the inclusion of Nicholls, who expressed a resolve not to replace one of the usual backs. The South Africans had the advantage in constitution of the team, because they too could play eight backs. In fact they have been doing so all along whenever scoring by the other side was threatened; but they had the big advantage of being able to put their extra back into the scrummage, whereas Cardiff could not do so with any hope of gain. Unlike the case of all the Welsh clubs a point about the Africans has been that their half-backs are nearly equal, as good inside as out, close to the scrummage or far from it, because, as Cardiff's outside half, brilliant as that often is in attack, makes no pretensions to be very good in defence. David, who was partner inside, would have to cope with two men all the time, and from this point of view it was a strengthening of the defence very materially to play Gibbs close up as well as David. In fact, it was Gibbs's special province to shadow the half getting out the ball, particularly Dobbin.

My own view was that the Cardiff chances would have been better if they had stuck to the old style of eight forwards, for there would be a big element of risk if Bush was preferred to Biggs at outside half, and besides there was really no man on the home side who could have been brought out to help the backs if needed, such as a Scrine of to-day, or a Frank Milk or a Boucher of the times that now seem so long ago.

THE FIRST HALF.

Cardiff actually beat all records. They were on the field exactly five minutes before the Colonials made their appearance. The crowd was far from being partisan in its attitude. It was not a question with the huge concourse of the triumph of a mere town club, but of the opportunity of a Welsh side to retrieve the in different exhibition given by Wales in the International. National airs were played to herald the entry of each team, and almost dead silence ensued as the teams lined up.

The South Africans lost the toss, and had to kick off against the wind and rain from the town end. Cecil Biggs marked from Douglas Morkel's opening kick, and by Winfield's kick play was soon at half-way. Here a loose scrummage took place, and Powell getting away in the loose, and after a general rush Gibbs got the ball and kicked, with the intention of a follow up.

It was a splendid idea, but Marsburg had luck in his way, and though he judged the ball well there was a rush against him, and his kick was a poor one. Gibbs dashed towards the ball, and Cardiff must have scored but it rebounded from him. Had he been able to take the ball clearly there is not the slightest doubt about it Cardiff would have made a try, for Loubser and Hirsch were both out of position.

For the next few minutes play was continued at a terrific pace, and the visitors tried to rush away from their quarter. Bush was tackled before he could get rid of the ball, but a minute afterwards Winfield found touch with a long kick which brought cheers from the crowd.

Then, unexpectedly, the Cardiff backs had a chance. It did not come from the scrum, but from loose play, and the ball went towards the right wing. Bush, Gibbs, and Nicholls doing their part perfectly, but Biggs, running up too hard, knocked forward when the spectators had made up their minds for try, for again the defence was drawn in too much towards the centre. Stegmann, fast man as he is, could not have hoped to overtake the Cardiff right wing. As the ball was going through the backs, Millar, running to tackle,

tripped him, and both men were injured. This in the first few minutes of the game, and without any foul play, by design, was unfortunate.

Both Were Medically Attended,

and one of the African forwards also complained of hurt to his shoulder. Millar was forced to go off the field, and was soon followed by Biggs. Millar was first to return, and he stopped, though limping badly. Biggs, after a few minutes, was ordered to retire, which he did very much against his will. On play being resumed, it was conducted at top pace, the men covering the ground at tremendous speed, considering the condition. Bush tried a drop for goal, but the ball did not rise more than a few yards, and then several forwards, led by Neill, made some grand efforts to set the backs going.

Scrummaging took place on Cardiff left wing, and the Africans were confined to their 25. They crossed towards the centre of the goal many times, but could not make much progress, and from the scrummage, about 20 yards from goal and in front of its mouth, David passed direct to Bush, who would play between the Cardiff half-backs and three-quarters.

The captain appeared to have a clear run in, but he elected to pass, and the ball went along the line from Gabe to Williams, who was, however, forced into touch by Marsburg from a few yards of crossing over.

For a while the Africans seemed at sixes and sevens, and the Cardiffians, particularly forward, hustled them for all they were worth.

Twice following up kicks by Dobbin, Marsburg, and Jackson—this last being a very clever one—the Africans soon passed halfway, but here Nicholls saved and kicked brilliantly, and a minute afterwards Winfield put in another fine touch-kicker.

Nicholls Draws First Blood.

Following up another kick by Nicholls the Cardiff forwards were again scrummaging 15 yards from halfway on the South African side, when Powell and Neill got the ball, and a long throw came to Nicholls, who, starting with a swerve from in line with the goal bar, drew off the defence and putting on extra speed for the final six or seven yards, after deceiving De Villiers and Stegmann, he scored. The score was rather wide out, but Winfield goaled with a beautiful kick.

The crowd was almost frantic with excitement.

In the next few minutes play was carried to the home side of the field, but there was no sign of danger except from a penalty, which was given against David. Douglas Morkel took this, but fine shot as he is, he failed.

Cardiff now put in some short punting which caused the African backs much trouble, for the forwards were on them simultaneously with their receiving the ball, and much ground accrued.

Dobbin tried to repeat these tactics, but the marking by the Cardiffians and notably by Nicholls, was much more sure.

Marsburg, fielding capitally from a fierce dribbling movement, tried to run with the ball, but was shouldered into touch by J. L. Williams at half way.

In the line out, Cardiff beat the Africans from the ball, but Jackson collared Gabe and Dobbin brought down Williams after he had swerved between Loubser and Huish, who went for him at the same angle, and could not turn in time.

Gibbs Next Scores.

Then the home forwards were given chances by judiciously made short kicks, and once went away in a body, and Gibbs, dashing in after the manner of the famous Irish International, Louis Magee, out-manoeuvred Loubser and Huish and Marsburg, and scored a try.

This try, too, was made wide out, and Win-

field's kick was a very good one, but it failed to increase the points. Cardiff now, with a lead of eight points to nil, seemed to have had the necessary inspiration that would bring about victory. For the next ten minutes or so play was conducted at a great pace, and Biggs returned, but though he was occasionally anxious to get into the work, it was palpable that his place was off the field, and sympathetic cheers were raised as, after a while, he was induced to retire.

Cardiff was clearly the team that exercised the greatest skill, and the players worked with great unison in all departments. Fierce continued the pace, and many more fouls than were notified by the referee took place, though most of them were attributable to the state of the ground. Bush had a shot at goal, but no luck in the take off from a muddy spot. The

Visiting Forwards Were Beaten

in rushing, and their backs were not nearly so smart in placing the ball from cross punts. The tackling was a sight to behold, and whether it is over-excitement or not the Africans held on to men when they did not have the ball. One magnificent rush was made by their forwards, but Nicholls with remarkable foresight pushed the play to the touch-line, and neatly kicked the ball over, but was elbowed for his pains.

Practically all the play had been in the African quarters to this point, and except on that one case from the penalty goal they had never looked like a scoring team.

Eight points' lead was not enough to satisfy the crowd, but the match was won, for the Africans have been strong finishers in all their games, but time was fast approaching.

Half-time was fast approaching, and both sides made obviously determined efforts to score. The defence, however, was great and superior to all attack. Two minutes from the interval the Colonial forwards, following up some kicking, got just past half way, where one of their scrummagers was about to kick the ball, which had remained stationary in the mud. He swerved past it, clearly making the effort to kick it, but presumably the referee held that he was infringing on the licence given to opponents waiting to receive the ball, and gave a free kick. It was in a good position, the ball needing to go in a straight line, but it wanted a powerful kick, and Winfield succeeded.

In Landing a Goal,

the extra points being hailed with round after round of applause. For a long while Gibbs had been playing on the right wing, and the Africans had not all through the play been able to give a single pass to their fleet wings, Loubser and Stegmann.

At half-time Cardiff were leading by eleven points, and the crowd generally made references that this was the score by which the Africans had beaten Wales.

Just before the interval Smith had a nasty injury to his knee. It could hardly be described as coming from legitimate play, but after being bandaged he continued to play vigorously.

During the interval the unusual sight was witnessed of the Cardiff players trooping off to the pavilion and most of them changing their jerseys. The Africans got together in a group and coolly washed themselves, their trainer bringing on towels and a watering pot.

SECOND HALF.

Now, with the wind, though it had fallen away, the Africans opened the second half by pressing. Several times they rushed superbly,

and Nicholls saved twice in marvellous style. Once when Hirsch made a splendid dash through the forwards and halves, and had beaten Gabe, and there was a chance of his breaking inwards and eluding Winfield, when Nicholls, who was playing an entirely different game to the one he was playing at Swansea, cut in and took man and ball in a style that deserved the cheers it received.

Cecil Biggs had now come back to his old position on the wing since the interval. At this stage the rain suddenly increased in force, and to the Cardiff captain is due the credit of having changed stern defence into attack.

Twice he cross-punted beautifully, gaining large slices of ground, and then when about 15 yards from the Colonial line he got the ball, beat Marsburg, and passed to Gibbs, but scoring was prevented.

Then De Villiers got in a good kick that brought much relief, and Marsburg, mud-covered as he was, could not hide the perpetual smile, and the crowd took full note of his sportsmanship. Had the whole side taken the philosophic view of Marsburg the Africans would have made a much better show. In truth, in none of their matches have they so failed to play with unison. There was to-day absolutely

No Cohesion

among their forwards, and often some of them were detected trying to wheel, while others were clearly observed to be scraping for the ball.

They had failed wholly to adapt themselves to circumstances, and all their extra speed, but the wings were valueless to them.

On the other hand every single man in the Cardiff ranks subordinated himself to his side. In spite of the fact that the Africans have had so long a time on tour they were now as 15 units to a club team—conditions that have been the reverse in most of their matches.

Twice shots—one from a penalty and one from a mark—were taken by Morkel at long range, and from the former kick he ready deserved success. In line work and loose rushes the Cardiff pack played with great dash, and as the day was quite unsuitable for heeling the African backs were practically starved and their advantage in weight forward was nullified.

Several times Dobbin and Jackson tried to get away on the short side, but failed. Biggs was again off the field. Nicholls, with Gibbs on his right wing, were ever in the thick of the tackling, and Johnny Williams was continually full-fronting Stegmann if (the ball did come to him).

Lost Their Heads.

The Africans seemed to have lost their heads entirely, and many fine dashes by them for awhile were neutralised by purely reckless kicking, while cases of over-running the ball were frequent. There was no discipline, and consequently no concerted action, and the only phase of play in which they did show to advantage was in tackling, and even in this respect many of the tackles were put in after the ball had left the man.

It had now for long been evident that the Africans had no earthly chance of retrieving their position and they were a much more beaten side than the score indicated. Cardiff were doing all the attacking and the defence would have been penetrated on at least two occasions but for the accident of the attack coming on unexpectedly soft ground.

A very fine run was made by Nicholls, who after going a dozen strides, he seemed to be swerving in himself after the fashion in which he won his first try—the effect of which probably spelled Victory—but De Villiers cut in towards him and he passed to J. L. Williams, who was brought down within an ace of doing the trick.

Paul Roos strove valiantly to get his men together, but his call was unavailing, or failed to have the necessary effect, and Gabe giving Williams a good pass, "J. L." won his way between Stegmann and De Villiers, and scored, Marsburg not being able to get near him. The try was not goaled by Winfield, but it made the

Victory Decisive.

for it sent the points up to 14 to nil, and in all their matches the Africans have never failed to score, so that the keeping of them out in itself was an achievement worthy of praise.

Brown, Casey, Neill—in fact, everyone of the dauntless seven—continued to play splendidly, while the Africans' attack seemed to be quite unable to bring off even a final gallop with their united strength. As a fact, the whole side seemed to be mentally, as well as muscularly, paralysed.

In a few minutes Cardiff scored again, a try being cleverly gained by Gabe by a great and almost straight run through, after taking the ball from a cross-kick judiciously made by someone who could not be recognised in the ruck. For it was a case of "all blacks" from head to foot. The try was made in the goal-mouth, but Winfield's kick rebounded and fell outside, so that only three points resulted.

Within a few minutes afterwards the final whistle ended a great game, in which the Cardiff players secured a veritable triumph. On form in any part of the field the side was immeasurably superior to the Welsh Internationalists, and if nothing more than for the enthusiastic display of energy and ability to stay the game, they deserve every praise, and will receive it from every true sportsman in the crowd. But it was not only in "fire," displayed with indomitable determination, that they distinguished themselves; they never lost control of temper, or of the fact that they were playing in a game in which the determining factor in the issue would be skill. So they exercised restraint and played as a team from start to finish.

Never could a side have better adapted itself to abnormal conditions, and probably never has a side of the signal merit of the Africans under ordinary circumstances been so woefully out of it as they were to-day.

There were, of course, many occasions on which they threatened to break through the defence, but there was not a solitary instance when they had anything approaching bad luck in not being able to penetrate it.

Gwyn, the Hero.

It was in faith a glorious victory, and not one emerges with greater credit for it than the veteran, Gwyn Nicholls, whose sturdiness in defence was only to have been expected, but whose strength in attack was surprising. The South Africans had expressed a great desire to meet Nicholls. At Swansea they found him the merest shadow of the man he was to-day. I doubt whether in the whole course of his career he has ever played a more strenuous game from start to finish, and certain it is that his presence in the side has never had a more potent influence in bringing about a win than on this historic occasion.

As one could only expect from a sporting set of fellows, one and all of the Africans exhaust themselves in superlatives in their description of the value of Nicholls in bringing about their defeat. Much as they regret the loss of the match, and much as everyone with sporting instinct will be sorry that in their final match they would run up against defeat. Yet they make no cavi against the win, though on a dry day they would have scored on several occasions, even if victory was not now theirs.

There is not a great deal to enlarge upon. It was strikingly evident before the game was many minutes old that the Cardiff men shaped like a winning side and that the Africans seemed to have lost assurance in their powers. In bringing about their defeat Gibbs, whether at half-back or on the wing, performed prodigies in valorous tackling and in resourceful attack, and David, too, got the ball away under many disadvantages, seeing that he was only one man up against two during the time that Biggs was off the field.

Bush made no appreciable mistake, and his head work early in the second half, when he brought off a series of screw-kicks, was not only timely, but of almost inestimable service, as for the only time in the game the Africans appeared likely to pull themselves together, and heavier rain was coming on. It was not a day for Bush, but it was quite clear that he has recovered from his injury, and the adroit manner in which he skillfully avoided being tackled on many occasions and the smart manner in which he avoided being heavily thrown caused the crowd to laugh as heartily as it cheered on a specially good bit of play.

Of Nicholls I have already spoken. If he never played again—and I have it on his own authority that he is now content to retire altogether—his last game will be remembered as one of the best in his brilliant career. After the match at Swansea there were many who thought it a great pity that the Welsh captain for so long should end up with an indifferent display such as that of his only great English rival—Stoddart. Those who saw Nicholls play to-day will have no doubts that he has many a great game left in him.

In only one match have I ever seen him make a score which practically ruled the issue. That was in the historic match against Ireland at Dublin when Wales had to face a terrific wind in the first half, and the prospect looked blank indeed. Then, soon after changing ends, Nicholls did what always was from him, the unexpected, he dropped the brilliant goal which gave his men the necessary stimulus.

Rees Gabe, as on Saturday, played well in the centre, and Nicholls and he were much the superiors of De Villiers and Hirsch, though Hirsch was the outstanding figure among the backs.

To the home half backs reference has already been made, and Dobbin and Jackson have probably never appeared of less merit than to-day, but it must be remembered that they were met by David on the top of his form, and in the earliest stages.

The teams dine together this evening, and while the defeated will frankly acknowledge the superiority of their conquerors and will leave our little country with higher appreciation of our football prestige, the victors will toast them as magnanimous foes, and the game will not soon be forgotten by its spectators. Cardiff won with a man short for most of the time, and credit for their achievement is all the greater—it was a triumph for men not of style, by Gibbs, who played a dashing game, and several times participated in dribbling rushes in a manner that was reminiscent of the daring, yet skilful work of Louie Magee, whose merit in this respect has always been better appreciated in Wales than in his own country.

David was excellent, although opposed by two men for most of the time. All the home forwards played with a "hwy!" strangely lacking in the national side. There was never any doubt as to the common policy. Neill and Brown ought to walk into the national side.

Marsburg's display was overshadowed by the splendid play of Winfield, and his good-humoured smile "would not come off."

Reflections.

Hamish Stuart writes:—I held all through last season that Cardiff was a better balanced and stronger side, in all that makes for effective football, than any of the three sides Wales placed on the field. Their play against New Zealand vindicated the contention. To-day's great victory with Cardiff, at last season's strength and what is more to the point on last season's form, has again confirmed this estimate of the relative merits of recent Welsh sides and the Cardiff team.

All through I have pinned my faith on Cardiff as more likely to beat the South Africans than any other Welsh side. To-day's splendid success—for it was a complete triumph for Cardiff—has justified my faith.

The stars in their course doubtless fought for Cardiff. The conditions could hardly have been worse from a South African point of view.

With the field a sea of mud, the ball greasy, and the wind to face in the first half, it is little wonder that the Springboks could never find their feet or their game.

Cardiff, on the other hand, were at home in the mud, and played as only a Welsh side can play under the conditions obtaining.

The Cardiff forwards really laid the foundation of their side's success, and were splendidly supported by Winfield, who played one of his very best games.

Once Nicholls had scored—and the passing which led up to this fine try was characteristically Welsh in the accuracy shown in handling the greasy ball—one felt that the game was as good as won.

The South Africans became demoralised, and for once in a way the forwards were better than the backs. In any case, one fine bout of passing—wt was a good example of team combination—excepted, it was the forwards who really saved South Africa from a bigger defeat than 11 points at half time.

The second half was deplorably one-sided. Cardiff were much the better team all through, and their ultimate victory was never in doubt. Indeed, the only question was what would Cardiff win by?

Both tries scored in this half were fine efforts, and only a Welsh side would have dared to indulge in so much passing. It was simply marvellous how accurate the passing was, particularly when Williams scored. Cardiff played a winning game practically throughout, and the most difficult player to recognise—the mud player—was Bush.

A failure against South Africa in the International proper, he was positively brilliant to-day, and even if he had done nothing else than make those useful punts into touch against the wind he would have vindicated his tarnished reputation.

Nicholls also played a great game, his pace in the mud until he obviously tired towards the end being wonderful, particularly for a man of his age. I shall never forget that great burst of his right through the ruck towards the end of the first half. It thrilled one, and must have thrilled many others. It was reminiscent of his palmy days.

So was his try. Nicholls is the reverse of a spent force. To-day he proved it. Gabe, too, played a great game, while Williams made the most of his chances. He beat Marsburg very cleverly.

I do not think that the extra back decided the issue or even affected the course of the game, though Gibbs was decidedly useful in defence. The seven forwards beat the eight, however, for the ball.

Too high praise cannot be given to the Cardiff seven, who never tired, and were very fine in the loose, as well as scrummaging like a great pack.

Coming to the South Africans, they played like a beaten and demoralised side. The forwards were good in the loose, and stuck to their task well, but Dobbin and Jackson could not find their game, and have never been seen to less advantage.

Much the best of the South African backs was Hirsch. He ran very straight, but was badly supported.

It was certainly not his fault that Cardiff so amply avenged the defeat of 1st December. The conditions considered, the game was a wonderfully good one, the football being of a very high standard for such a mud heap, while the game was very fast and always interesting.

Snapshot Interviews.

Mr ACK LLEWELLYN, W.F.H.U., and secretary of the Glamorgan County Team.—I have never seen cut up so badly in my life as the South Africans. They were beaten fairly and squarely from stem to stern. Cardiff have retrieved the lost prestige of Wales.

Mr W. E. REES, secretary W.F.U.—The South Africans were not in it from the start. Gwyn Nicholls was absolutely the best man on the field. I have never seen the Cardiff forwards playing such a fine game—they were simply magnificent.

There was only one team in it. I have never seen a team playing such a fine game in my life as Cardiff did to-day. The forwards were magnificent, and so was David at half. Gwyn Nicholls is still peerless as a three-quarter.

Mr W. T. FARR, Swansea.—The better team won and the South Africans did not have a look in from the beginning to the end of the game.

Mr GAVIN HENRY, W.F.V., Llanelly.—There was absolutely no fluke about it. I certainly think the South Africans lost their heads in the second half. The outstanding figure on the field was Gwyn Nicholls. Marsburg, I thought, for once let his side down badly.

Mr J. GAMES, W.F.U., Monmouth.—The South Africans told me that Gwyn Nicholls stood out above every other player on the field, and practically won the game for Cardiff off his own bat. I have nothing more to say (added Mr Games) than that Nicholls played the best game of his life, and what better could you wish than Brice's performance?

Mr D. H. BOWEN, W.F.U., Llanelly.—I am delighted. I thought it would happen, but not by so much. I think Llanelly deserve half the credit, for they took the backbone out of the S.A. last Saturday.

Mr EVAN JOHN (W.F.U. referee), Pontypridd.—South Africa were a thoroughly beaten team. Cardiff played a marvellous game considering the state of the ground. Gwyn Nicholls was in his old form, and he had a great deal to do with the victory.

CARDIFF CAPTAIN ON THE WIN.

PERCY BUSH, the Cardiff captain, had just emerged from the bath. He was wearing the smile that won't come off, for the events of the afternoon had fully justified his confidence before the match regarding the ability of the Cardiffians to win, and win handsomely.

"I put it down as 17 points to 3," he said, "so that I wasn't so far out of it."

"I should like to emphasise the fact," said Bush, "that the South Africans can lose as well as they can win. They took their defeat to-day like true sportsmen, and I have nothing but admiration for the spirit they all showed."

"Of course," added Bush, in reply to another question, "the set state of the ground was all against the South Africans, who are used to hard, dry playing fields, and gave us a big advantage. One thing that especially pleased me was the splendid game played by Gwyn Nicholls. It has been stated the West Wales newspapers after the Welsh match against the South Africans that Nicholls had lost his speed, but they did not take into account the fact that he was knocked almost silly early in the game. Those who saw him play to-day know that he is still the Gwyn Nicholls of old, and that he has lost none of his speed."

Asked whether he had any observation to make regarding the play of the South Africans, Bush said that he could take no exception at all to their play, as they played a clean game—as clean a game, as far as he could say, as any they had played during the tour.

Mr JOUBERT, the South African player, who was a spectator of the match.—The better team won without a doubt.

MARTEZE, African forward.—Of course, we are not used to playing on such a ground, but Cardiff are a grand side and they played a magnificent game.

Mr WALTER REES, secretary of the Welsh Rugby Union.—A magnificent win. Gwyn Nicholls was the finest player on the field, and the Cardiff forwards were simply great.

Mr T. W. PEARSON, Newport (ex-Welsh International).—There was only one team in it. The Africans did not suit themselves to the conditions at all. Our old friend Gwyn showed that he is a long way from finished as regards football.

Springboks' Tour.

COMPARISON WITH THE 'ALL BLACKS'

Below is a comparative table showing the results of the 19 matches played by the Africans corresponding with those played by the New Zealanders.

	S. Africans.		N. Zealanders	
	Points.		Points.	
	For.	Agst.	For.	Agst.
Midland Counties	29	0	21	5
Durham	22	4	16	3
Northumberland	44	0	31	0
Yorkshire	34	0	40	0
Devon	22	6	55	4
Somerset	14	0	23	0
Middlesex	9	0	34	0
Newport	8	0	6	3
Glamorgan	6	3	9	0
Gloucestershire	23	0	44	0
Oxford University	24	3	47	0
Cambridge University	29	0	14	0
Scotland	0	6	12	7
Ireland	15	12	15	0
Wales	11	0	0	3
England	3	3	15	0
Surry	33	0	11	0
Cornwall	9	3	41	0
Cardiff	0	17	10	8
Totals	335	57	444	33

AFRICANS' OTHER MATCHES.

In addition to the results given in the "Match for Match" table, the Africans played the following fixtures:—

At Northampton, v. East Midlands. Won by 5 goals 4 tries (37 points) to nothing.
At Blackheath, v. Kent. Won by 3 goals 2 tries (21 points) to nothing.
At Harwick, v. South of Scotland. Won by 4 goals 4 tries (32 points) to 1 goal (5 points).
At Aberdeen, v. North of Scotland. Won by 4 goals 5 tries (35 points) to 1 try (3 points).
At Dublin, v. Dublin University. Won by 2 goals 6 tries (28 points) to 1 try (3 points).
At Manchester, v. Lancashire. Won by 1 goal 2 tries (11 points) to 1 goal 1 try (8 points).
At Carlisle, v. Cumberland. Won by 3 goals 2 tries (21 points) to nothing.
At Newport, v. Monmouth. Won by 3 goals (1 penalty, 1 from mark) and 2 tries (18 points) to nothing.
At Llanelly, v. Llanelly. Won by 2 goals 1 penalty goal and 1 try (16 points) to 1 try (3 points).

It will be seen from the foregoing tables that 13 teams scored against the Africans. The Springboks' line was crossed by 10 teams, and three registered dropped or penalty goals against them.

The first score against them was by Durham in the fourth match of the tour—a dropped goal. The Africans' line was first crossed by Devon in the seventh match, the points against them on that occasion being a penalty goal and a try.

Nine teams scored against the New Zealanders during their tour; seven crossed their lines, and two dropped goals against them. The first team to score against the "All Blacks," was Devon—a dropped goal—in the opening match of their tour, and the New Zealanders' line was first crossed by Durham in the seventh match.

THE WELSH MATCHES.

SOUTH AFRICANS.
v. Newport—Won by 1 goal 1 try (8 points) to nil.
v. Glamorgan—Won by 2 tries (6 points) to 1 try (3 points).
v. Wales—Won by 1 goal 2 tries (11 points) to nil.
v. Monmouthshire—Won by 3 goals 2 tries (17 points) to nil.
v. Llanelly—Won by 3 goals 1 try (16 points) to 1 try (3 points).
v. Cardiff—Lost by 2 goals 3 tries (17 points) to nil. Played 6; won 5; lost 1; points for 58; points against 23.
NEW ZEALANDERS.
v. Wales—Lost by 1 try (3 points) to nil.
v. Glamorgan—Won by 3 tries (9 points) to nil.
v. Newport—Won by 1 goal 1 try (6 points) to 1 goal (3 points).
v. Cardiff—Won by 2 goals (10 points) to 1 goal 1 try (8 points).
v. Swansea—Won by 1 goal (4 points) to one try (3 points).
Played 5; won 4; lost 1; points for 29; points against 17.

International Comparison.

	South Africans		New Zealanders	
	for	against	for	against
v. Scotland	0	12	12	7
v. Ireland	15	12	15	0
v. Wales	11	0	15	0
v. England	3	3	15	0
	29	21	42	10

THE COMPLETE RECORD.

The following summary of results includes the whole of the 28 matches played by the Africans during their tour in the United Kingdom. As a comparison the first 23 matches played by the New Zealanders are also given.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	For	Agst.
South Africans	28	25	2	1	553	79
New Zealanders	28	27	1	0	801	25

Records in Goals and Tries.

Comparing the South Africans' record in goals and tries with the 23 matches played by the New Zealanders, the records work out thus:—

	Goals	Tries	Goals	Tries
	Played.	for.	for.	agst.
South Africans	28	70	77	6
New Zealanders	23	99	105	4

The Africans' goals for include 6 dropped and 3 penalties. The goals against 1 dropped and 3 penalties.

The New Zealanders' goals for include 1 dropped and 4 penalties. The goals against 2 dropped and 1 penalty.

The complete record of the New Zealanders' tour in this country was:—

Played 32, won 31, lost 1; points for 830, points against 39.

TRY-GETTERS FOR SPRINGBOKS.

During their tour the Africans scored 132 tries. The following is a list of the scorers:—

Loubser	22	Dobbin	4
Stegmann	19	Raaff	4
Hirsch	11	De Melker	3
Jackson	7	Millar	3
De Villiers	6	Brink	3
Marsburg	6	Burger	3
J. Le Roux	5	Burdett	2
Carolyn	5	Reid	2
Paul Roos	5	Dancel	2
Martheze	5	Mare	1
D. Morkel	4	Brooks	1
Krige	4	Joubert	1
P. Le Roux	4		

Carolyn kicked 4 penalty goals, Douglas Morkel 4, Joubert 3, and Mare 1.

Carolyn dropped 4 goals, Hirsch and Villiers 1 each. The points were made up as follows:—Tries 130, goals from tries 63, penalty goals 12, dropped goals 6.

THE SPRINGBOKS' CAKE.



The cake has been presented to the Cardiff team by the "Kimberley Star" "in view of the final and smashing defeat of the visiting team." It has been sent on by the Diamond Field Cambrian Society to the Honourable Society of the Cymmrodorion of London, and by them forwarded to the Lord Mayor of Cardiff, who is making arrangements for its presentation to the Cardiff team.

FOOTBALL.

ARRIVAL OF THE SPRINGBOK CAKE IN CARDIFF.

There was some excitement on Wednesday in the City-hall over the arrival of the celebrated South African cake, which has been sent over from Kimberley by the Cambrian Society there to be cut in honour of the Cardiff Football Club's historic victory over the South Africans at Cardiff on New Year's Day.

Upon being unpacked with the greatest

of the forthcoming big charity football match on the Cardiff Arms Park on March 13 was held under the presidency of Mr. Percy Bush. The match is to be between sides captained by Messrs. P. F. Bush and D. L. Evans, and the former stated his belief that he would be able to get all the members of the Cardiff premier fifteen to play for his team. Most of them had already promised. It was announced that the Reserves team would probably be strengthened by the inclusion of Ralph Thomas and Dr. Timms at three-quarter, and one or two first-class forwards.

It was resolved to have several thousand tickets printed, and send men around with them for sale at Saturday's match between



THE SPRINGBOKS' CAKE.

[Western Mail Photo.]

gentleness and care, the cake with its adornments was found to have travelled well, and out of nine Springboks' heads which are peeping out of the sides of the cake only three were missing.

The cake is about 18in. in diameter and about 9in. in depth, and is glazed over with crystallised sugar.

Several members of the corporation accompanied the Lord Mayor to give the cake a civic reception, and his lordship was almost persuaded, but not quite, to take the first bite before the cake is placed in front of the fifteen hungry footballers.

In a letter to the Lord Mayor, Mr. Vincent Evans, secretary of the Honourable Society of Cymmrodorion, expresses the hope that his lordship will arrange for its being presented at the St. David's Day banquet in Cardiff, "as desired by our friends of the Cambrian Society in South Africa."

The Lord Mayor when asked if the cake would be cut next Saturday night said that he did not know quite what would be done, but indicated that it ought to be the privilege of the Cardiff Football Club to have the first cut. There is a shrewd suspicion that the cake contains some Kimberley diamonds, and if the Cymmrodorion could only be convinced that this is so there is no doubt they would be glad to have it on their table at the St. David's Day banquet on Saturday night.

On the other hand, the footballers would be equally reluctant to part with the precious stones without a struggle.

The cake is the gift of Mr. Mark Henderson, the proprietor of the "Star," of Kimberley, and was sent to this country by the Diamond Fields Cambrian Society with heartfelt congratulations.

Cardiff and Aberavon. The committee decided to insure the players.

Certain details as to the arrangements were left in the hands of the secretary, Dr. G. N. W. Thomas.

ENGLISH CUP RE-PLAYED TIES.

Several ties in the third round for the English Cup were re-played on Wednesday.

At Bolton before 50,000 spectators, Everton defeated the Wanderers by three goals to nil, the points being scored by Taylor, Abbot, and Settle. Everton had all the play in the second half.

Before 25,000 people at Brentford the home team suffered defeat at the hands of Crystal Palace to the extent of a goal to nothing. Roberts scoring with a long shot. For half an hour in the second half the home side had the better of the play.

Sheffield Wednesday beat Sunderland by a goal to nil, Simpson scoring a quarter of an hour from the close. The crowd numbered nearly 40,000.

Clifton-street Shop Assistants, 3 goals; Craws-road Shop Assistants, nil.

Cardiff Thistles, 2 goals; Mr. Smith's Eleven, 1 goal. Langdon and Tucker (Thistles) and Thomas scored.

Taff's Well Wednesdays, 3 goals; Hepworth's (Cardiff), nil.

Cardiff Schools League (Association).—Albany-road, 5 goals; Allensbank, nil. Hellier scored three goals and Chivers two.

Marlborough-road, 2 goals; Moorland-road nil.

Cambridge University v. London Welsh—Abandoned.

Edinburgh University, 19 points; Northern Universities, 6 points.

Navy, 15 points; Army, 14 points.

Hunslet, 36 points; Huddersfield, 10 points; Oxford University, 33 points; London Irish, 8 points.

FOOTBALL.

KIMBERLEY CAKE: TEAM INVITED TO CYMMRODORION DINNER.

Alderman Robert Hughes has again shown his good sportsmanship by inviting the Cardiff football players to the Cardiff Cymmrodorion banquet to-morrow (Saturday) night. They will then have the pleasure, which is their undisputed right, of participating in the enjoyment of eating the cake—the celebrated cake by this time—which has been sent over by their compatriots in far-away Kimberley in celebration of Cardiff's historic victory over South Africa.

The request accompanying the cake was that it should be presented at the St. David's Day banquet, and as the Cymmrodorion banquet will be the only banquet given in the city in honour of the patron saint, it could only be possible for the footballers who "took the cake" to be present at the cutting as invited guests of the Cymmrodorion.

Alderman Hughes, as president, has done the right thing with characteristic generosity, and the presence of a football team at a banquet will give it the spice of novelty.

Some of the more staid of the Cymmrodorion have never sat in the same room as a real, live footballer, and they will, no doubt, be more intent in watching the performance of the Cardiff players to-morrow night than upon consecrated meditation of the somewhat mythical personage of Dewi Sant.

Anyhow, to the victors the spoils, and the conquerors of the Springboks have a right to their share of the cake, which will be cut by the Lord Mayor. It would be rather a graceful thing if the Cardiff Football Club presented his lordship with a suitably-inscribed knife as a memento of an interesting and a really unique occasion.

The Springboks' Cake.

At this juncture the ceremony of presenting the Kimberley cake to the captain of the Cardiff football team which beat the South Africans took place. Sir Marchant Williams, on behalf of the Honourable Society of Cymmrodorion in London, to whom the cake had been sent, asked the Lord Mayor to make the presentation. In so doing the Lord Mayor said the victory of Cardiff over the South Africans was a wonderful performance, as, with the exception of losing to Scotland, the visitors came to Cardiff with an unbeaten record maintained the country over. In this cake he saw a link between the Welsh people at home and the Welsh people across the seas. (Applause.) His Lordship then handed the cake to Mr P. F. Bush, the captain of the Cardiff Club.

Mr Percy Bush, in acknowledging the presentation, said that whilst they received the cake with great pride and pleasure, every allowance should be made for the loss of the game by the South Africans. It was the visitors' last match of their arduous tour, and it was played under conditions very different from those to which the Springboks had been accustomed. All the same, the Cardiff team were proud that they had to some extent restored the prestige of Welsh football. (Applause.) They also admired the manly bearing of their opponents, and their sportsmanship in defeat. In his opinion, the South Africans, by their sportsmanship on the field of play, and their gentlemanly conduct in their every-day life, had done a great deal towards healing the breach between Boer and Briton to a far greater extent than did many months of fighting and arbitration. (Applause.)

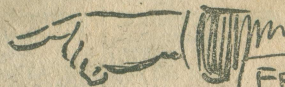
Other toasts were "The City and Trade of Cardiff" proposed by Mr Henry Radcliffe and responded to by Alderman Carey; "The Eisteddfod," proposed by the Hon. D. Webster Williams, and responded to by Dyfed; and "The Chairman," proposed by the Rev. J. Morgan Jones.

During the evening a capital selection of Welsh songs and duets was given by Miss Maud Parsons and Mr Dewi Michael, and Mr T. Bryant played several harp solos. The arrangements for the dinner were admirably carried out by Mr Isaac V. Evans, the Chief Inspector of Schools under the Cardiff Education Committee, who is the hon. secretary to the society.

A SOUTH AFRICAN POSTCARD AND ITS SEQUEL.



OH! WHAT A SURPRISE, WAH!



FROM
SOUTH
AFRICA



FROM
SOUTH
WALES



THE TEAM WHICH DEFEATED THE SPRINGBOKS BY 17 POINTS TO NIL.



Top row: J. L. Williams, J. Brown, A. Brice, W. Neill, J. Casey, F. Smith, and the referee (Mr. Gil Evans).
Second row: E. Gwyn Nicholls, G. Northmore, P. F. Bush (captain), R. T. Gabe, and Reggie Gibbs.
Bottom row: Cecil Biggs, H. B. Winfield, R. David, and J. Powell.

[Photo—Wills, Cardiff.]

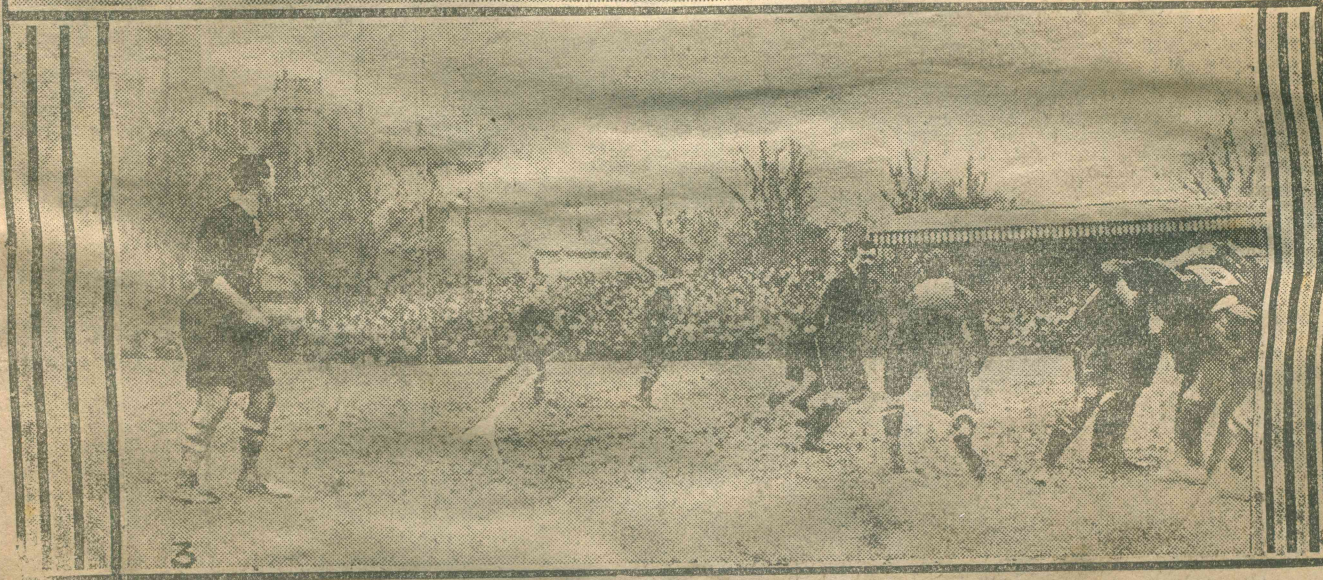
THE VICTORIOUS CARDIFF PLAYERS.



Top Row.....Mr C. S. Arthur (secretary), J. Pugsley, L. George, D. Evans, J. McIntyre (attendant).
Second Row.....Dr. Buist, J. Powell, J. Casey, W. Neill, J. Brown, A. Brice, Mr Gil Evans (referee), J. Nash (attendant), Mr J. Davies (touch judge).
Third RowH. B. Winfield, C. Biggs, G. Northmore (vice-captain), P. F. Bush (captain), R. T. Gabe, E. Gwyn Nicholls, and R. David.
Bottom Row ..R. A. Gibbs, J. L. Williams, and F. Smith.

(Photo. specially taken for the "South Wales Daily News" by A. & G. Taylor, Cardiff.)

SOME SNAPSHOTS OF THE GAME.



AN ELIXIR OF LIFE.



The Dragon (after a deep draught) :—" Ha ! most exhilarating. Haven't been up to the mark lately, but it gives me quite an appetite again. Pass the beef."
(Wales meet England next Saturday.)



WELSH GOAT:—WELL, INDEED, NOW, I HAVE TAKEN THE SPRING OUT OF HIM, LOOK YOU, AND THE BOK AS WELL. BUT IT TOOK THE WELSH CITY TO DO IT, YES, INDEED!