



# KINGSWOOD COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

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## \*Kingswood \* College \* Magazine.\*

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VOL. XV.

### Editorial.

"Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis."  
Editors certainly change: but do Magazines? Pity the sorrows of a poor rooinek who finds himself wrestling with unwilling contributors, while the publishers are clamouring for copy. At any rate be merciful to the bantling that now comes forth to the world: the weather has at last become more genial: let us hope the sentiments of the readers will be influenced by it, and this poor print be favourably received by them.

As I sit in my luxurious windsor chair and endeavour to say something to appease the wrath of the Africander and the Colonial, my mind is carried back to a similar experience in another Colony. In that school, however, we had a large following of Old Boys, who contributed to the Terminal Magazine at least the half of its contents. Our Old Boys column here seems, to my inexperienced eyes, remarkably meagre: will some energetic local secretaries of the O.K. Club supply our worthy Secretary with details at least once a quarter? Kingswood blood is thicker than water, and Kingswood is proud of and fond of her Old Boys: will they please try to keep the Mother well informed of the doings of her young ones, even after the latter have left the nest?

Now, my Magazine, go forth. You are like a young bear; and your troubles are before you. You will have, now the winter is over, to leave off nourishing yourself by sucking your paws, and to use these latter in fighting your way through the world. Go forth, and good fortune go with you, as with the College you represent.

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### Obituary.

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With deep regret we announce the death of L. Webb, O.K., who passed away at Salem on October 25th. He was at Kingswood from 1901 to 1903, and those who knew him will not have forgotten his cherry optimism, in spite of sad physical deformity and frequent pain.

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### School Notes.

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Candidates for the University exams. have left their examination halls with lighter hearts than usual this year. Save for a growl in a minor key over the Junior Certificate Physical Science paper we have not heard any voice raised in protest—a thing which has not happened for many years past. Taken all round, the papers were conspicuously fair, though in some cases absurdly long, e.g. the Matriculation Latin paper, which a good candidate could hardly have completed in the time. If the same degree of intelligence is displayed in the marking, everyone ought to be satisfied.

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A commencement was made on the construction of the Swimming Bath about three weeks ago, and it is expected that the excavation will be completed before the term closes. The work is being done “departmentally”



to save expense, and so far the method promises to be a signal success. It has been decided to enlarge the original plan somewhat, and provide for a bath 70 feet long by 30, varying in depth from 7 feet to 3 ft. 6in. The tank will be built of cement concrete, and it is hoped will be commenced very shortly, as soon in fact as a decision on one or two technical details has been arrived at. In the meantime we would remind members of the College and others that there are not yet sufficient funds in hand to complete the scheme properly and further donations are therefore invited. We have to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of a donation of £5 from Rev. A. Wellington.

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Considerable progress has again been made with the turfing and improvement of the central portion of the playground. Next year should see a really respectable cricket pitch, while the work will be continued in other parts of the ground as opportunity is given.

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The members of the cricket committee this season have been D. Curnick (Captain), with H. Chapman, J. Logie, C. Logie, and L. A. Hewson.

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We extend a hearty welcome to Mr. George Hussey, M.A. (Keble College, Oxford), who arrived at the commencement of the term to take up work on the staff. He has been appointed as an officer in the Cadet Corps, the appointment dating from October 7th.

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We have been pleased to have with us during the quarter Rev. R. H. Dyke of Basutoland, who stayed at the College for some days and evinced the greatest interest in its various departments. Rev. H. Withers of Ladybrand also paid us a flying visit, and renewed old acquaintances.

In connection with the recent visit of Rev. Amos Burnett, Chairman of the Transvaal and Swaziland Missionary Districts, an At Home was given at the College on Friday, November 24th. The Dining Hall was tastefully arranged, and a large number of friends were present, including the Sixth Form. Musical selections were rendered by various ladies and gentlemen, the Principal propounded the problem of "The Lady or the Tiger" and an enjoyable evening was spent.

Many will regret that it has been found necessary to postpone the Gymnastic Display, which was to have been given in the Town Hall on December 8th, the Hall having been kindly put at the disposal of the College on that evening by the Town Council. The performance will however be given next term, and all the members of the gymnastic squad will then be available.

Photos have recently been taken of the First Eleven, and the Officers and N.C.O.'s of the Cadet Corps. The latter was taken under strictly service conditions.

The examination of the Signallers of the Cadet Corps was conducted on November 14th by Capt. B. C. Judd, C.M.R. Privates A. Mackay, T. Newman, and F. Newman, qualified in semaphore, small flag and dummy key. The other candidates presented passed well in the other subjects, but failed in the Dummy Key. Future candidates might note that while this latter is generally regarded as the easiest of the branches it seems to be the one in which cadet signallers most frequently go down.

An interesting addition to the training of the Cadet Corps has been made this year by the introduction of



knotting and lashing and bridge construction. The Town Council very kindly presented us with the necessary poles and several drills were devoted to the construction of trestles. The lack of sufficient plant prevented the work from being carried very far, but it is hoped next year that the requisite material will be available for the full completion of a trestle bridge. Apart from the military value it is not improbable that this kind of work will be found useful on the farms and elsewhere. A course was to have been given in Camp but the material was not forthcoming.

The Draft of the New Defence Bill, which is just to hand, proposes to make cadet training compulsory in all areas where it is possible, recognising that in districts where only small farms or other schools exist any such organisation is impossible. Any cadet who has put in three years efficient training will be excused the recruits portion of the subsequent training to which all citizens between the ages of 17 and 25 are liable. The Bill of course has not yet become law, but it is generally admitted to be on sound lines. The Swiss system has been largely followed in the scheme it is proposed to adopt.

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### The Library.

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I love it. It is a great place for recreation, and one where I can find just the thing I want to help me in my studies. But now I have written that sentence, the thought comes over me, what is the real object and use of a school library?

It seems to me that there are three ways of making use of the institution. Some ardent persons there are who only care for the periodicals and newspapers. They remind

one of the peasant who told Dr. Johnson that his dictionary was grand reading, but the stories were too short ! That is a great fault, that brevity : I do not mean in the dictionary, but in the pages of the magazines. Ask any twenty pupils how many books (not magazines) they have read in the course of a half-year, and you will be surprised at the fewness of really long connected stories that have been perused.

The youth of the present day seems to resemble in this respect the public of the days of Fielding and Smollett. They used to read *The Tatler*, *The Spectator*, and similar short and disconnected publications, until the novelists mentioned brought before them books, which though imbued with some of the grossness of the common life of the period, live yet as classics.

I do not belittle the value of *The Spectator* of Addison's day : I merely point out, or endeavour to do so, the want of knowledge of life and its surroundings that must invariably result from the constant devouring of ephemeral stories, such as now form the major part of the magazines on any library table. Who nowadays studies Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, as our fathers did ? "Oh, they are too long," is the almost invariable answer. Can anybody suggest a remedy which will give us real live books as the favourite reading for boys ? There are plenty of good writers, who have written books of an elevating tone combined with good English and that dash of adventure so dear to the young mind ; but the juvenile intellect refuses this wholesome meat, and gorges itself on the short and spicy yarns of the "Magger."

The periodical reader then seems to me be one of the unnecessary ornaments of a library ; of the other two, let us look for a while at the one who uses the room for recreation.



“All work and no play”: we well know the ending. How delightful in the slack half-hours of school life to get “Adam Bede,” “The Tale of two Cities,” “The Raiders,” “King Solomon’s Mines,” or some such book as that, and over it relax the tension our brains have been sustaining for hours. This is, to my mind, one of the greatest uses of a library: it feeds the mind with wholesome and digestible food; gives a spirit of delight and understanding to the intellect that follows it up, and reveals the working of lives far removed from ours to the enquiring intelligence.

President Garfield said he would never finish “Pickwick Papers”: it was such a fund of inimitable humour that he always wanted a bit fresh to turn to. I remember to this day the delight with which I read “Guy Mannering” for the first time at the age of sixteen. How many boys of that age would sit down now to it, and enjoy it? There is a lack of purpose about our modern youth: he wants his pleasures brought to him ready made and just to sit still and let them drop into his mouth. The cinematograph, with its thrills of horror, is more to his mind than a really good book. Give us back the boys who worked for their pleasures, and we shall again have a nation that can defy others and beat them.

There remains yet another division of readers,—those who search the shelves of the Library for instruction. I am not going to speak in praise of dry-as-dust specimens of humanity, who live, or appear to live, on the perusal of musty tomes. There is, or ought to be, in any library, a fair proportion of books that bear on the work of the school; by the judicious use of these much help may be obtained towards one’s studies. Or there are chronicles of other countries, or books on engineering, or treatises on photography, or other arts and crafts that are not included in a scholar’s curriculum. Careful selection among these

will often give a boy an insight into something which may-be will affect his whole career.

Among which do we class ourselves? Are we as the drones who only use the library to kill time in? Or as the workers who use it only for strict study? Rather, I hope, between the two; and that we are of that number who look upon the School Library as our best friend; a comforting soother to our wearied minds when we read the products of the brains of the best authors: or a present help towards overcoming the difficulties of our daily work. By putting the library down as one of our closest friends, and using it in this way, we are certainly endeavouring to fulfil the promise of our school motto: "Studia hilaritate proveniant."

OLD LIBRARIAN.

### "A Blot on the African Landscape."

Nobody laughed more than I during Professor Cory's lantern lecture last quarter, when he described, in humorous vein, an adventure with a cock ostrich—"that blot on the African Landscape," as he termed it. Little did I dream at that time that I was destined soon to employ the same title with greater feeling and more passion than did that honourable gentleman.

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"Eddie, get up, man! you lazy scoundrel. It's quite late, and your coffee is nearly cold. I am just off to the breeding camps to feed the birds," shouted a Karroo farmer's son, at whose homestead I was spending a holiday.

"Aw, man Willie, what's the hurry?" replied I, loth to leave my warm bed; all the same I was soon dressing, for the thought of teasing those cock ostriches appealed powerfully to me.



Willie presently appeared with a large measure of mealies, his dog, and a long forked stick. "Eddie, we shall have our work cut out this morning, after the last two days' rain, cleaning out the nests. The eggs will be nearly all covered up with mud and water. I wonder how we shall manage with "Lang Willem"?"

This last was the name of the largest and most dreaded cock ostrich on the farm. I innocently replied, "Why, is he something as terrible as all that?"

"I should hope so," said Willie, "you will not find a more vicious cock than he; and I am supposed to go into his camp and clean out his wife's nest too. H'm, not if I know it. Man, few who go in there with fork or "tak" ever come out again. He charges down upon you like an express train, and even supposing he does not knock the fork out of your grasp by the sheer force of his rush, or kick it out of your hand if you are not holding it high enough, he is bound to knock you over, so wildly and ferociously does he charge."

"We are in for some sport, I can see," was my comforting reassurance.

"Look here," said Willie on our arrival at the first camp, where, with wrathful eye, menacing "Lang Willem" was trying hard to get at us, now pressing his body against the fence, and now pacing up and down with feathers bristling, and his wings moving ceaselessly up and down, "you draw him away by walking down the fence and scattering mealies here and there, while I go to the nest with the dog and fork. Whatever you do, be sure and not get through the wire if he goes away from the fence. He will be on you in a second if you do."

My friend remained where he was, while I continued my way down the outer fence. The camps were separated

by a long passage between fences, wide enough to prevent fighting between the various cock-birds. "Lang Willem" stood for a time halting between two opinions. At last he decided to come after poor me. Willie got through and went towards the nest. The 'Lang' one hesitated: he wanted at first to go back, and was already some few yards distant from me, when he caught sight of my body half-way through the fence: his fence! What a scare I got! Never did garden-thief get back through a fence quicker than I did, the moment I saw the bird had noticed me. Like a whirlwind he charged down upon the spot where, a few seconds before, my head and body had been. I just heard him crash up against his fence as I got through the outer one. At that time I realized for the first time, what small protection a fence affords from a savage bird. His head towered high above mine as he put his foot on the second wire, and he was nearly over the fence into the passage. I looked round longingly for a third fence to separate us; but no, that was conspicuous by its absence. I do not think the biggest dare-devil on earth would have gone into that camp. Just look at the bird! His beak and his legs were blood-red; so was the skin around those fierce glaring orbs, which shot forth a blaze of hatred at me. His belly and feathers were wet and matted with mud, from his sitting on the nest at night. His cream-coloured tail stood stiffened and erect, while his black feathers bristled out from his body like protruding iron rods. The wires of the dividing fence creaked ominously as that ponderous body pressed its determined weight upon the network in its endeavours to reach me.

"Lord help the fellow. Willie! Willie!" I yelled in a minute; "He's after you! He's going to the nest! Willie!"



I had begun walking along the fence as before, the bird following me, when he suddenly turned, and with his quick trot, began to make straight for the nest, which was now hidden from him by a slight undulation in the ground. I yelled and screamed, but all my efforts at attracting Willie's attention seemed futile.

Horrors, what was I to do? In despair I clambered through the fences and rushed wildly into the camp, cutting capers, shouting, waving my hat, in my endeavours to attract "Lang Willem's" attention. Now I would run after the bird and then branch suddenly off at an angle, as if afraid of him, trying if by that means I could lure him to chase me. All this time I was unconsciously widening the distance between myself and the fence. I repeated this branching ruse several times, when at one turn I caught sight of the farmstead. There were two or three men running towards me, waving their arms frantically, and yelling to me to run. Presently I heard somebody, it was Willie, in the distance, shriek, "Mij Heere, Eddie run!"

I turned sharply, "Lang Willem" was after me.

"Merciful Father, spare me!" I half moaned, half breathed, as with ashen face and hair on end, I ran as only a man can run when he carries his life in his hands. As nearly as I can remember I must have been about fifty yards from the fence, and "Lang Willem" about one hundred and fifty, when this race for life began.

"O-o-o Heere!" I heard Willie's agonized voice behind me: "Eddie, for goodness' sake fall flat on your face!" he yelled; "No, run! he's just behind you; no, fall down flat. Oh, Eddie, ma-a-an," he pleaded with a loud wail, "he'll do for you."

I seemed to tread on air as I ran, cleaving the atmosphere; I do not know now whether my feet touched

ground ; I know I thought I was flying. I could hear stones rattling behind me, close behind me ; and there was the constant thud, thud, of pursuing foot-falls, while the awful words, " He's just behind you," resounded in my ears, nearly deaf though I was with the wind rushing by as I sped onwards.

I remember just about this moment hearing the pleading, agonizing words, "Mij Heere, O-o-o-o, mij Heere."

The fence drew appreciably nearer ; the foot-falls unappreciably so. The seconds seemed like hours. " How shall I get over the fence in time?" I wondered; but I got there : I rolled on the muddy ground, falling in a heap under the bottom wire. Immediately there was a rush, a deafening crash as of a weight falling on the wires above, and everything became a blank !

. . . . .

" Eddie, man, here's some coffee. How are you feeling now?" and I found Willie bending over me with a cup of steaming coffee.

" All right, old chap; but where am I? Oh, gracious, that ostrich," and I remembered all again.

Looking back at the episode, I thought that if only I had known earlier in the year what a wonderful sprinter I could be when occasion demanded, I should straightway have entered for our sports. This adventure has been a revelation to me ; and, mark my words, it will be the same to all spectators at next year's sports. In my mind there exists no doubt as to the winner of all the 1912 short sprints at Kingswood ; and if the prizes are cups, out of sheer gratitude to the one who first disclosed to me my hidden ability, I shall have each one engraved with an ostrich rampant.



## The Fort Beaufort Cadet Camp.

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Not for some years can Fort Beaufort have borne the brisk and martial appearance which it assumed for one brief week during the last Michaelmas tide. With its historic name and quaint round tower, reminiscent of Boer struggles and Kafir wars, Fort Beaufort in some of its aspects is not unlike a sleepy English town. Possibly it has its seasons of awakening, but to the stranger's eye nothing seems to disturb its unruffled repose except the daily passage of the train. The country round with its varied character and rolling hills is admirably suited for a training ground: indeed it would not be easy to find better. On all sides extensive native kraals seductively invite attack: rail, river, and bridge suggest all sorts of tactical considerations: close valleys and hills give scope for Indian frontier operations, reduced of course to microscopic scale, while open country is not wanting for freer and more extended movement. Such a training ground would be a God-send to the tacticians of Salisbury Plain.

The invasion of nearly a thousand Cadets roused the town from its slumbers, and put it on its mettle, and we had no occasion to grumble at any want of heartiness in the reception we received. Perhaps we trace in this the guiding hand of the Resident Magistrate (Mr. Crozier), formerly R.M. at Alice at the time of the last camp there. At any rate the hospitality of the town was extended to us in a dance for the Officers, an afternoon tea for everyone, a handsome donation to the sports fund, and a general readiness to assist in every possible way. To the ladies and all concerned, we take this opportunity of adding our thanks to those which were formally offered at the close of the camp.

Sixty six of all ranks—a quite fair proportion—joined the camp from the Kingswood College Cadet Corps. Entraining at 10–30 p.m., on Friday Sept. 29th, we had the most comfortable of journeys to Fort Beaufort. With abundant accommodation and a special train that reduced the journey to respectable length, there was no fault to be found—certainly not by any who had journeyed on like errands to Beaufort before. For this we owe our best thanks to the Grahamstown Station Master (Mr. F. Connock), who having revolutionised the train arrangements for the schools at their break up, seems by way of effecting like reform in the composition and despatch of troop trains.

Beaufort was reached by 11 the following morning, and we marched to camp to find tents pitched and rations prepared by the advance party, who under Lieutenant Matterson had left the day before, and spent the time to good effect. Still there was plenty left to do, with tents to be trenched, lines cleared—a particularly evil scrub needed real collar work to banish it—orders to be read, orderlies to be warned, and so on with all the detail of camp life.

The Officers in charge of the camp were Captain Roy, D.S.O., C.M.R. (Camp Commandant); Captain Giles, C.M.R., Staff Officer for Cadets (Camp Adjutant); Lient. and Quartermaster Watts, C.M.R. (Camp Quartermaster), and everything ran smoothly and well.

Sunday morning saw an inspection of all the detachments by the Camp Commandant followed by Church Parade. Rev. H. B. Richards, undismayed by the petulance of an organ which refused to give music when required, conducted the Wesleyan service which was largely attended, and preached a suitable and eloquent sermon.

On Monday the more serious work of the camp commenced. Physical drill before breakfast sharpened the



appetite, while the morning was given up to simple field engineering, when the different corps were instructed in the simple mysteries of making a camp kitchen. In the afternoon the camp was visited by the acting Commandant-General Colonel R. G. Grant, D.S.O., who conducted a minute inspection, and then witnessed the march past. The evident want of practice in this kind of work by most of the Corps, and the shortcomings of the officers on the score of sword drill, which had necessitated the abandonment of the use of the weapon, rather detracted from the effect of the ceremony.

Tuesday was given up to a field day, the available forces being divided into two portions, commanded respectively by Capt. A. T. Williamson, K.C.C.C. and Capt. Vernal, Grahamstown Public School C.C. The latter who was in charge of an advanced guard, which occupied a long ridge covered in front by a shallow stream, evidently made his dispositions in accordance with the idea laid down: while Capt. Williamson, in deciding to turn the enemy's right, and contain him on the right and centre, was without doubt tactically correct. A division of the force in this manner, however, nearly always leads to unreal situations. Indeed this cannot be avoided except by the presence of a considerable number of umpires, and a much more perfect system of intercommunication than is likely to be available. It would seem that much more satisfactory results are got by the employment of the whole of the force on one side working against a flagged or skeleton enemy.

The Kingswood Corps, supported on its left by Dale College C.C., was allotted the task of turning the enemy's left flank and securing the railway. The latter it succeeded

in doing almost unobserved, but the arrival of reinforcements on the other side under circumstances which did not justify their appearance turned an otherwise promising movement into a fiasco, as both sides became inextricably mixed up at impossibly short ranges, and it became necessary to stop the action. A criticism of the operations was then given by the Commandant-General and the day's work was over.

In the evening a dance was given in the Town Hall and a number of Officers attended, while the Camp made merry with impromptu concerts. The whole of Thursday was devoted to sports which were well organised by an energetic committee of which Mr. Matterson acted as Secretary. The afternoon performance was largely attended by the inhabitants of Fort Beaufort, and if not instructive, the sports afforded abundant amusement.

On Thursday some useful work was done in the morning, which was given up to field operations. On this occasion the forces available were divided into three portions, each of which worked independently against an imaginary enemy, which in the case of the detachment with which we worked, took the form of a native kraal whose inhabitants watched the operations at first with curiosity and later with dismay. We left camp accompanied by the detachments from St. Andrew's College, Selborne, Cradock and Stutterheim Corps under the command of Major Gane, crossed the river and formed up under cover of the bank, while the front was covered by a Mounted Infantry screen. From this point the advance was continued in excellent style over a wide area of level ground, and the kraal was finally carried by assault. The movements were simple but instructive in the correct method of the formation of a firing line. On the return home the Infantry corps were



sent on ahead to hold the Drift, which the M.I. Corps proceeded to attack. That excellent little work "The Defence of Duffer's Drift," was however apparently not known to the defenders of the drift, and the honours in consequence went to the attack. A useful lesson in the construction of a simple fire trench was given on the same day when A. Company, undeterred by the hardness of the ground, in about half an hour dug a quite respectable trench with traverses, while B. Company provided the necessary cover of bushwood to conceal it. The degree of cover obtained by the spade in this brief while, came as a surprise to both companies, when each in succession took cover in it from the other.

Thursday came a break in the weather, which, despite repeated threats during the week, had hitherto held off. The rain made it impossible to strike the camp before leaving and the journey home was made in wet weather, the train reaching Grahamstown about 3 a.m. An order not to leave the carriages before 6 o'clock turned out to be quite unnecessary, as this hour still found most of the Cadets asleep and hard to awaken. All will retain happy recollections of a camp which, while not arduous, was eminently pleasant. The real capacities of Cadet camps have as yet perhaps hardly been realised in this country, and of course as long as they are purely voluntary it is dangerous to make demands which may spoil their popularity in future years. Still all Officers, or the large majority of Cadets who attend, no doubt go prepared to work, and to respond to much heavier demands than are generally made. The Officers in particular of most of the corps clearly need better training, and under present circumstances can hardly get it except in camp.

It would seem highly advisable also that some uniform system of training and drill should be adopted. The

soundest training can certainly be given on infantry drill, and it is hard to see what use Mounted Infantry drill without horses or horsemanship can be to any corps except to give a quite wrong impression of the real nature of Mounted Infantry (a well trained Infantryman who can ride—and most of our boys can—will learn in two days all the mounted drill he needs, but the converse is not true.) However the new Defence Scheme will soon be with us, and may have a good deal to say on these points as on others.

Mention should be made of the good work done in camp by the signalling section under Capt. Williamson. Both flag and heliograph were used, though dull weather made the latter difficult.

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## The Diamond Fields.

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Some forty years ago the district now known as the Kimberley diamond fields was nothing but bare veldt, dotted over with a sparse covering of mimosa bush : here roamed numerous wild beasts, and abundance of lesser game. To-day this same spot is the busy town of Kimberley, with its big mines, its schools and churches, its theatre and town hall, and all the conveniences of modern civilization.

Why is this ? Because somebody found a little stone there : and the money-seekers flocked to the place whence this stone came.

What is a diamond ? Nothing but another form of the soot in a chimney, the coke on a fire, the black lead in a pencil. Just carbon, but hardened by intense heat and



extreme pressure for centuries, until it has become the purest and hardest form of crystal known, capable of taking the very highest possible polish. So hard is it that it can be used to drill the hardest rock, and to cut glass with ease.

In October, 1867, a trader named O'Reilly saw some children playing with a pebble. He examined the plaything, found it to be a diamond, and having annexed it he sold it for £500. Two years later, the father of those children, one Van Niekerk, bought a stone from a Hottentot which he afterwards sold for £10,000. This now belongs to the Countess of Dudley, and is the famous "Star of South Africa."

Not long after, diamonds were discovered near Barkly West, the Orange and the Vaal River. From then till now diamonds have been vigorously sought for, and found in quantities that paid the seekers. In 1870 it was estimated that 10,000 people had come to the banks of these two rivers to search for diamonds.

Before the discovery of the precious stones, all the mines were but farms : Bultfontein, Du Toit's Pan, De Beers, and Kimberley. The former owner of Bultfontein noticed that a stone in the mud plaster of his wall was sparkling. He pulled it out and found it was a diamond. After a little search he located the spot it had come from, and soon floated his farm successfully as a diamond mine.

In 1890 the Wesselton mine was discovered, and there are several smaller mines in the district besides those named : and many alluvial diggings as well.

At the first opening of the mines the ground was divided into claims or blocks 30 feet square. Two men might work one claim between them. For a time this went on well : the owners made a reasonable sum of

money ; but as the holes got wider, the sides fell in : and it was seen that this was no longer a "poor man's country," but that capital was required to sink shafts. For this various companies were formed : which were at last, largely through the efforts of C. J. Rhodes, formed into one big company, the De Beers Consolidated : this now controls the output of diamonds in South Africa.

As to the mines, some of them go to a depth of 2,000 feet. Tunnels are cut in various directions at different levels. The "blue ground" or clay in which the stones are found is sent to the shaft along rails in small tubs and thence brought to the top and cleaned. Endless cables convey the tubs to the floors, where their contents are tipped, and left for some months to pulverize. The clay is next taken to the crusher to be broken and washed, and thence to the pulsator, where the stones and gravel it contains are graded according to their size and weight through a succession of sieves. The heavier parts which contain the diamonds are emptied by machinery on to greased plates, over which a stream of water passes to wash away the lighter stones and leave the heavier diamonds behind.

These are carefully collected and sorted, sent to the head office, where they are inspected and valued. Thence they go mostly to Amsterdam to be cut and polished, for the rough stone has no great natural beauty.

The diamond is sold by carat, about 60/- per carat is a fair price. A small parcel, easily carried in the waist-coat pocket, of ordinary gems, is worth from £2,000 to £5,000 according to the size and water of the stones : while such specimens as the Cullinan run into millions of pounds in value.



## Cricket.

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Though the season commenced with excellent prospects, the team has hitherto been disappointing as regards the number of matches and the results.

With no less than ten members of last years XI in residence, an exceptional season should have resulted.

In the first match of the term we were quite without practice and without a wicket-keeper, still we managed to put up a fair fight.

In the only other match played rain snatched the victory out of our hands.

During the period between these two games sickness decimated all ranks, and the season so far has been both unfortunate and unsatisfactory.

The Second XI have played three matches, beating Rhodes 2nd by 13 runs and losing to St. Aidans by 50, and to Fort England by 100 runs.

### KINGSWOOD *v* ST. ANDREWS.

Played on St. Andrew's ground on Wednesday, Oct. 11th. Kingswood took the field first and dismissed their opponents without much difficulty. But for an epidemic of missed catches and a number of byes, St. Andrews' score might well have been reduced by half. In the Kingswood innings the first few wickets fell rapidly, but Chapman and Tarr stopped the 'rot' both playing an excellent game. Curnick came out from a catch on the boundary line and the rest gave little trouble.

St. Andrews went in again until time was up.

## ST. ANDREWS.—1st innings

McCallum b Hewson ...	31
Nothard c Curnick b J Logie	23
Hutton b Curnick..	25
Hugo b Curnick ...	11
Roche b Hewson...	16
Tanner b Chapman ...	40
Bryant b Curnick..	7
Campbell b Curnick ...	1
Graham b Chapman ...	29
Dell b Curnick ...	0
Wensch not out...	7
Byes 23 leg-byes 4 ...	27
	<hr/>
	217

## 2nd innings.

McCallum b Curnick ...	12
Nothard c Chapman b C.	
Logie ...	61
Hutton c Tarr b C. Logie...	8
Hugo b C. Logie ...	6
Roche b C. Logie...	21
Tanner c Barker b C. Logie	0
Bryant c Curnick b Tarr ...	0
Campbell	} Did not bat.
Graham	
Dell	
Wensch	
Byes... ..	5
	<hr/>
	113

## KINGSWOOD.

J. Logie, c Dell, b Wensch.	5
C. Logie lbw., b Dell ...	1
Meth, c Graham, b Dell ...	7
Barker, b Dell ...	3
Tarr (II), c Wensch, b Dell ...	8
Chapman, b Wensch...	42
Tarr, b Nothard ...	20
Hewson, c McCullam, b Nothard ...	5
Curnick, c Hugo, b Wensch ...	6
Mr. Matterson ... not out	0
Walker, c Campbell, b Wensch ...	0
Extras ...	14
	<hr/>
	111

KINGSWOOD *v.* ST. AIDANS.

Played on Kingswood ground on Wednesdays 15th and 22nd November.

St. Aidans opened the play and had compiled 38 runs for 2 wickets, when rain and hail fell heavily and prevented further play. Continuing the game on the 22nd, Kingswood disposed of 6 wickets for 118 runs, when St. Aidans declared. With an hour and a few minutes to go, Kingswood made an effort to get the runs, but the time was too short.



ST. AIDANS.		KINGSWOOD.	
F. Kilroe, c Tarr (II), b		Barker, c McDonagh...	24
Tarr (I) ... ..	0	C. Logie, b Wallace ...	0
J. McDonagh, b Chapman...	1	Meth, b McDonagh ...	14
H. Miller, st. b Curnick ...	32	Dold, b Jack... ..	13
H. Jack, c Barker, b Chap-		Tarr (I), not out ...	22
man ... ..	26	Chapman, not out ...	6
E. O'Meara, not out ... ..	29	Hewson	
F. Green, b C. Logie ... ..	0	J. Logie	
H. O'Shea, run out ... ..	2	Curnick } to bat.	
T. King, not out ... ..	4	Tarr (II)	
H. Wallace }		Clayton }	
C. Matthews } declared.		Extras ... ..	18
P. Irving }			97
Extras ... ..	23		
	117		

### FIRST XI CRICKET COLOURS.

These have been awarded as follows :—

D. Dold.  
C. Tarr.  
L. A. Hewson.  
H. T. Barker.  
J. Meth.

### Cockatoos.

“Jo-o-o-o-ee-ee-ey!” drawled the farmer’s wife, as she stood at the door of the humpy, “Drat the boy, where is he?”

Look at the matron: some forty years of age, with a tawdled mop of hair, a big sack apron over her torn and faded gown, a pair of man’s highlows, and a skin as tanned as a bullock’s hide: there she stood, an emblem of the wives of our pioneers, with all the grace of womanhood scorched out of her, and all the feminine softness beaten and hardened, like her poor hands, by hard work.

For hard work it is. When some fifteen years ago her husband, a thrifty clerk who had laid by a few pounds, determined to try his luck as a free selector, or "Cockatoo Farmer," she had been four and twenty, good-looking and enthusiastic. What fortunes they were going to build on that square mile of land! What a change to the lovely green-studded country from the back streets of Fitzroy: she dreamed and babbled of green fields and poultry and dairy-work. Ah well! that was fifteen years ago, and what was it now?

Joey, her sixteen year old boy, appeared in the distance with a half-grown mongrel kangaroo pup at the end of a strip of green-hide, and said with a stutter, added to the usual cockney bush-drawl: "Y-y-yes, m-m-other, wh-what is it?"

"Go and fetch the cows home, you lazy rascal, and tell your father to be sure and be home for tea, as the mare is sick again. Hurry up now."

"The m-m-mare's d-d-dead, I th-think," stuttered Joey: "I k-k-kicked her on the f-f-forehead just now, and sh-she w-wouldn't m-move."

"Oh dear, another bit of luck," said the woman, and into the house she shifted. I cannot say walked, she was too tired, always too tired for that; but she disappeared. Joey trailed off with his pup, and presently was seen with five cows, two calves, and a nondescript heifer, known as Miss Grimaldi, who could jump any fence for miles round the selection.

He proceeded to bail up one cow, and then fetched a kerosene can to milk her into. His hands were filthy, but that made no difference; he punched the old cow in the ribs, just for luck, and when she kicked, as she not unnaturally did, he got a gum-stick and lambasted her well. Having thus shown his mastery over her, and got her into



what he considered a reasonable mood, he proceeded to milk her. But her teats were sore from neglect and dirt, and she kicked again, so he let her go from the bail, and dismissing her with a parting kick, started on another.

By the time the whole five were milked, he had about two gallons altogether : this he takes up to an adobe shed, and there strains into an old pan, through some muslin fuller of holes than was intended, and leaves it, with dirt and all in it, to settle.

Next thing is to get the cream off the morning's milk. He puts one of his dirty fingers in a pan, stirs the big clot of cream away from the sides, rolls it up and puts it in a jar ; then skims off what is left and tips up the skim milk into the same can as he had milked into, stands the empty can on edge to drain, and goes out to paddy the calves.

This is another interesting operation : he selects a big black calf from the three : jams its nose in the milk, and then because the brute splutters and barks his hand against the jagged edge of the tin as it chokes, he kicks it away, and says, "You d-d-dirty b-b-brute, I'll t-t-teach you to ch-ch-choke." Somehow or other the calves get finished, and he straggles away to the house. As he draws near, he sees his dad coming up to the slip-rails of the home paddock, leading a pair of sorry-looking draught-horses. Down goes one end of the top slip-rail, and the beasts are led over that ; the rail is left as it lay, for it is too much like hard work to put it back.

"Give us a hand, youngster," says Dad, and Joey helps him get the collars off, and then the horses are turned out to feed, ungroomed and untended, or to ramble out over the slip rail as they please. To-morrow morning there will be a great hunt for them, and plenty of cursing, but nobody will ever think of putting up the rail to prevent the brutes escaping.

"D-d-dad, the old m-m-mare's d-d-dead," blurts out Joe.

"Is she? You young rascal, why haven't you looked after her?" and quick as thought Dad catches Joe, but the lad, knowing what to expect, gave a duck, and his shirt tearing in Dad's hand, he escaped his thrashing that time.

"Have to burn her to-morrow, I suppose," says Dad, and he strolls to tea. Hot beef, hot pumpkin, scalding tea: the temperature 112 degrees in the shade; but they all eat plenty, and when tea is done, Mother says: "Dad, the store-keeper was up to-day, and says he must be paid, or we shall have no more credit."

Dad says nothing for a bit, but a look of the most intense weariness comes over him. He stops cutting up a pipe from the plug in his hand, looks out over the scorched-up, untidy farm-yard, over to where the crop is standing, already yellow with drought before the ears are formed, and presently says, "Well, it's the last straw."

Mother looks at him piteously; the children are all outside examining a pet goanna of Joe's; she remembers the spruce young clerk that married her eighteen years ago, and her heart sinks as she gazes at him now, an untidy, ill-dressed, poor farmer. But at the same time a bit of the old pluck comes back to her. Thank God for the pioneers' wives. Instead of joining her husband in his lament, she says, "Ned, old chap, don't grouse; sell the cows, but pay up what you can; we'll win through yet!"

Dad looks at the wife he has by him, and he thinks too of the smart lass he married, and his eyes grow dim to see her now. Mother speaks again: "We'll have the deeds this year; bear up, Ned, we'll pull through somehow." At the mention of the deeds, Dad's face brightens.



He had always wanted a bit of land for his own. Then ensued a great calculation as to ways and means, and finally they settled to try and get the storekeeper to trust them one more week, and then to sell the cattle.

Oh, the dreariness of a drought-stricken farm in the back-blocks : well is that part called the "Never Never Country" : and yet it is through struggles such as these that Australia has developed her hardy self-reliant stock. God bless the Mothers of them ! Without these many and many a "cocky" would have gone under : but in spite of all trials, they "win through somehow," and look back laughingly to their early struggle-strewn path.

"COOOEE."

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## Kingswood Cadet Corps.

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### CLASS FIRING.

The following have qualified for marksmen since June

#### SENIORS.

Pvt. Compton, E....	83	Pvt. Ainslie, C. ...	67
„ Newman, F....	78	„ Mossop, M. ...	67
„ Ireland, J. ...	76	„ Timm, R. ...	67
Cpl. Metcalf, C. O.	70	„ Osborne, E. ...	62

#### JUNIORS.

Pvt. Macfarlane, E.	93	„ Drennan, A....	66
„ Gane, N. ...	79	„ Hine, J. ...	66
„ Ivy, H. ...	77	„ Painter, B. ...	63
„ Osborne, C. ...	75	„ Pirie, C. ...	63
„ Armstrong, G.	73	„ Redler, H. ...	63
„ Kingwill, W.	72	„ Tarr, B. ...	62
„ Dold, D. ...	71	„ Hughes, H. ...	61
„ Neale, C. B. ...	66		

## Literary and Debating Society.

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The open session of this Society was held on November 3rd, and a really creditable performance was given. The gym. was well filled, and applause was continuous and enthusiastic.

In the first glee we nearly had a genuine fall ; in the middle of it the whole troupe nearly broke down, but the applause at the end gave them all new heart. Mackay's poly-syllabic "Don't use big Words," convulsed us ; it was delivered with such a serious air, as if he were seriously afraid we might be becoming energetic enough to indulge in that vice.

Pescod's violin solo was most vociferously encored, but all we got in return for our cries was a neat bow.

Mr. Williamson, in "The Merry Monk," looked the part completely, and warbled most monastically. This was followed by a Violin Quartette, which one of the audience dubbed "The Children of Israel" : it began in a mournful style, developing gradually a more Bacchanalian spirit, till it culminated in a veritable Maenad revel. The "Three Doughty Men Quartet" (this sounds Irish) was most successful, especially the dying shriek of the soprano, as he endeavoured to reach Mary Jane's top-note.

Mr. Israel, accompanied by Mrs. W. Campbell, gave us "Visions" with a masterly touch, and for an encore, a delightful Pizzicato.

No. 9, "Off to Philidelphia," was a forlorn hope, led by the captain in true British style. Mr. Clymer was to have obliged, but failed to appear. Scott's Autumn was all too short, so for an encore he gave us the "Slumber Song." A word of praise is due to G. Webster for his excellent accompanying.



Mr. Medley played us, for an interlude, a movement from Beethoven, and then the "Temple Rubies" sketch flashed into sight. Mackay, as Col. Temple, was the peppery retired Colonel to the life. His great faith in British justice was exceedingly well portrayed, and his appeal, when trapped, was a real piece of dramatic art. Adendorff showed us a regular Raffles: a most presentable and supercilious burglar. He baited the poor Colonel with inimitable sangfroid, and finally, completely turned the tables on the old man, and got him handcuffed and marched off to gaol by the Inspector, so well did he bamboozle that officer. Of Spargo as the Inspector, the impression was that of a genuine policeman; most susceptible to flattery, but too stupid to be persuaded of any one thing except that "Whatever you say will be used in evidence against you."

The sketch was somewhat marred by a violent rain-storm, which made the voices indistinct at times; however, this cleared up and everybody got home safely after a thoroughly enjoyable evening.

The following is the Programme :

- |                    |  |                     |
|--------------------|--|---------------------|
| 1—Piano Solo . .   | "The Chase" . .  | <i>Rheinberger</i>  |
|                    | G. WEBSTER.  |                     |
| 2—Part Song        | "Softly fall the Shades<br>of Evening                  | <i>J. L. Hatton</i> |
| 3—Recitation       | "Don't use Big Words"                                  | <i>Anon</i>         |
|                    | A. MACKAY.   |                     |
| 4—Violin Solo . .  | "Marusha," . .   | <i>Volti.</i>       |
|                    | L. W. PESCOD.  |                     |
| 5—Song . .         | "The Merry Monk . .                                    | <i>F. Beran.</i>    |
|                    | MR. A. T. WILLIAMSON.                                  |                     |
| 6—Violin Quartette | "Carnival of Venice,"                                  | <i>Paganini.</i>    |
|                    | L. W. PESCOE, W. M. B. TOOKE, E. MACFARLANE, O. MASKE. |                     |

- 7—Vocal Quartette “Three Doughty Men,”  
*W. W. Pearson.*  
 B. NEALE, O. MASKE, J. CODNER, P. CURNICK.
- 8—Violin Solo . . . . . “Vision,” . . . . . *Drdla.*  
 MR. G. ISRAEL.
- 9—Song . . . . . “Off to Philadelphia”  
 MR. A. T. WILLIAMSON.
- 10—Mandoline Solo “Autumn,”  
 J. SCOTT. *Henry.*

Sketch in One Act.

“THE TEMPLE RUBIES.”

Colonel Temple.....A. MACKAY.  
 The Burglar....E. K. ADENDORFF.  
 The Inspector.....F. SPARGO.

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GOD SAVE THE KING.

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Valete.

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METCALF, E. : Came 1905 ; 1st XV, 1909-10-11 ; Prefect  
 1910-11 ; Head-prefect 1911 ; Lieutenant 1911 ;  
 Kamastone via Queenstown.

ADENDORFF, E. : January 1906 ; 1st XV 1910-11 ; Cap  
 1911 ; Prefect 1910-11 ; Lieutenant 1911 ; Arling-  
 ton, Seymour.

LOGIE, J. : January 1909 ; 1st XV 1910-11 ; 1st XI  
 1910-11 ; Prefect 1911 ; Sergeant 1911 ; Aberdeen.  
 Cape Province.

HEWSON, L. A. : January 1909 ; 1st XV 1910-11, Captain  
 1911, Cap 1911 ; 1st XI 1911 ; Prefect 1911 ;  
 Sergeant 1911 ; Box 12, Fordsburg, Johannesburg.



MASKE, O. R. : January 1909 ; 1st XV 1910-11 ; 2nd XI 1910-11 ; Prefect 1911 ; Corporal 1911 ; Aberdeen, Cape Province.

LOGIE, C. : January 1909 ; 1st XV 1911 ; 1st XI 1910-11 ; Bugler ; Aberdeen, C.P.

OSBORNE, E. : January 1909 ; 1st XV 1910-11 ; 2nd XI 1911 ; Koffyfontein, O.F.S.

CODNER, J. : June 1906 ; 2nd XV 1910-11 ; Prefect 1910-11 ; Sergeant 1911 ; ' Finchley ' Willowmore, C.P.

ENNOR, I. : September 1906 ; 2nd XV 1910-11 ; Central Hotel, Kimberley.

CLIFF, H. : June 1910 ; 2nd XV 1911 ; 51 Chapel Street, Maritzburg.

HARRIS, A. : January 1910 ; 2nd XV 1911 ; Merriman St., De Beers, Kimberley.

WEBSTER, W. : January 1910 ; Russel Park, Komadagga.

PESCOT, L. : January 1910 ; 2nd XV 1911 ; 2nd XI 1911 ; Cricket Street, Kimberley.

WALL, R. : January 1911 ; 2nd XV 1911 ; 2nd XI 1911 ; Fauresmith, O.F.S.

HOLDER, H. V. : January 1910 ; 2nd XV 1911 ; Botanical Gardens, Kimberley.

MOSS, N. : January 1908 ; Mosslands, Grahamstown.

AINSLIE, C. : January 1911 ; Kelvinside, Bedford.

MACFARLANE, E. : January 1911 ; Box 558, Kimberley.

Also the following day-scholars :—

TOOKE, W. : January 1906 ; 2nd XV 1910-11 ; Head of School 1911 ; Fitzroy Street, Grahamstown.

KAPLAN, A. D. : January 1902 ; High St., Grahamstown.

KAPLAN, T. H. : January 1902 ; High St., Grahamstown.

ABBOTT, E. A. : January 1907 ; 34 Jones St., Kimberley.

## O. K. News.

E. W. Pocock, O.K., who has recently been laid up with a damaged knee, writes to tell us of two waterspouts he has seen. He says "The first was shaped like a huge funnel, stretching from high up in the clouds to the earth. It looked about the size of an ordinary man in diameter. The second, which appeared 5 minutes later, looked like an enormous serpent; this seemed to melt from the top, but would reappear, running upwards from the path it had previously occupied. This happened three or four times."

We hope his knee will not prevent him shining in the N. E. pack again next year.

\* \* \* \*

G. R. Tucker, O.K., has followed in the steps of several other O.K.'s, and is engaged to Miss N. Mitchell, O.W.H.S.; our heartiest congratulations to them both.

\* \* \* \*

H. E. Metcalf, O.K., has entered into a partnership and is farming in the Vryburg district.

\* \* \* \*

G. R. Stocks, O.K. has recently left Grahamstown to take up a post in Bulawayo. All communications concerning the "Scholarship Fund" should, for the the present, be sent to the Secretary of the O.K.C. at Kingswood.

Subscriptions to the above received since last issue are : A. M. Slade £1, F. Price £1 10s. Total amount in hand is £80 5s 1d.

\* \* \* \*

E. H. Dymock, O.K., is farming near Blood River; "wattle" being the special object of his zeal.



A large number of subscriptions are still due to the O. K. Club ; as this is the last issue of the magazine before " Foundation Day," the Secretary makes a special appeal for the amount due at an early date.

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Owing to the ravages of measles, the gymnastic display has been postponed till March ; we hope this will be an attraction to Old Boys to come up for the "14th."

\* \* \* \*

Congratulations to J. K. H. Guest, O.K., on his appointment as J.P. for the district of Thaba 'Nchu. This is in addition to his duties as official in charge of Native Reserves in Thaba 'Nchu and Seliba, O.F.S.

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### Editorial Notices.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following exchanges: *Grey Institute Magazine*, *St. Andrew's College Magazine*, *South African College Magazine*, *Training College Magazine*, *Leys Fortnightly*, *South African College School Magazine*, *Dale College Magazine*, *The Rhodian*, *Kingswood Magazine* (England), *the Grovian*, *R.B.H.Sc. Magazine*: *Laurentian*.

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All Communications should be addressed to the Editor, Kingswood College Magazine, Grahamstown, South Africa.







