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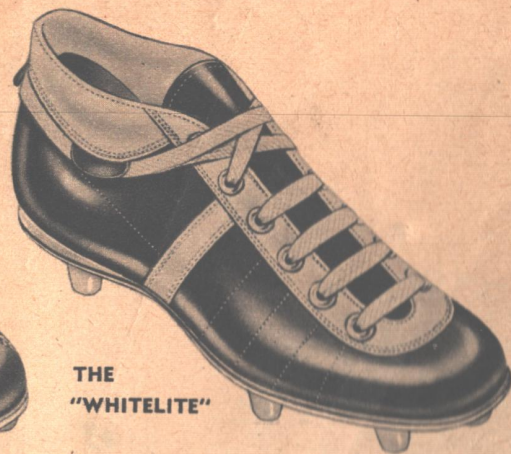
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UP THE RANGERS!

EVER since I started to play as a professional I have
had the greatest respect for Rangers, the pride of
Scottish football.

Though I never played against them in either a League
or a Cup game, I ran up against three of them in my
first Inter-League match against the Scottish League at
Middlesbrough.

Directly opposed to me was big Jim Galt, a robust
half-back who soon showed me I had a lot to learn
about the game. In front of him were Alan Morton
and Andy Cunningham, one of the best left-wings I
ever saw.

From that moment, I took a keen interest in the
Rangers' fortunes. Seldom were they out of the news.

Hardly a season passed without Rangers capturing
one of the Scottish honours. In fact, it became a ques-
tion not of whether they would win a trophy but how
many?

The number of great players who have passed
through the Rangers ranks is colossal. I recall two
Inter-League games I took part in and among the
Scottish side in Glasgow was the inimitable Alex
Smith, Rangers outside-left.

Then at Newcastle, I was directly up against left-
half Tommy Muirhead, part of the famous Scotland pair
of Meiklejohn and Muirhead, and inside-left, Tommy
Cairns, one of the many "characters" who have worn
the royal blue jersey.

During those early days, too, I had the pleasure of
meeting such splendid sportsmen as centre-forward
Willie Reid, right-half Jimmy Gordon, and an old
stalwart Alex Bennett.

Then, as a reporter, I watched many times the great
work of stars like big George Young, both at full-back
and centre-half, outside-right Willie Waddell and left-
half George Brown, now, as Alan Morton is, a director
of the club.

Ever since they established their home at Ibrox Park
in 1887—you can see the famous entry gates in the pic-

A tribute to "the fairest
club in the land" from
CHARLES BUCHAN

*Former captain of Sunderland, Arsenal and
England*

ture—Rangers have set a pattern for Scottish football
and maintained a high reputation for sportsmanship and
clever play.

Practically every Scottish youngster who kicks a ball
has an ambition to become a Rangers (or a Celtic)
player. And in every part of the world where the game
flourishes, the name of Rangers stands for the best in
Soccer.

In the able hands of manager W. Struth, the architect
of many Rangers triumphs, and now Mr. Scot Symon,
the club has weathered many storms. But they have
never veered from the course of providing the best
entertainment possible for their faithful band of
supporters.

This book, I hope, will bring back memories to the
many older Rangers' supporters and pay a long-lasting
tribute to a club that has reigned supreme in its field
longer than any other in the British Isles.

And, I trust it will be eagerly received by Scottish
exiles in faraway places like Canada, Australia and
New Zealand where they wait until the early hours of
Sunday morning to hear over the radio how Rangers
have fared.

Glasgow has earned the reputation of being "No
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of "the fairest club in the land." They are the toast of
Scots all over the world. "Up the Rangers."



JIMMY MILLAR



IAN McCOLL

BOBBY SHEARER TAKES A LOOK AT THE IBROX TALENT AND SEES A FUTURE BRIGHT AS THE PAST



OUTSIDE playing for Scotland, the greatest honour any normal Scottish boy can possibly imagine is to captain Rangers! You can imagine the thrill I felt, then, when I was appointed the Ibrox skipper soon after the start of last season.

And of course I am also proud of the fact that Rangers won the League title in my first campaign at the helm.

In fact, in the three full seasons I have spent in the first team I have collected two championship medals.

It has not always been easy to follow in the footsteps of great Rangers' captains of the past like Jock Shaw, David Meiklejohn, George Young and Ian McColl, whom I succeeded in October, 1958.

But I have been lucky in always having around me a crop of fine players who have made things doubly easy. Right now we are Scottish League champions, as I have said, and I believe we have sufficient talent at our disposal plus the ideal blend of youth and experience, to make the pennant an Ibrox monopoly in the future.

When we were runners-up in the League a season or so ago, it was a fine Hearts team that took the

title and I feel that they will often be our most serious challengers.

They too, have some outstanding talent to call on and their own particular brand of Soccer always makes them a difficult team to play against and a most attractive side to watch.

Celtic were showing signs of a long overdue revival a short time ago. But I still can't see our old rivals as a real threat when the last lap comes up.

I fancy there will be some real needle struggles this coming New Year because, as you know, the Celts have just installed giant floodlight pylons at Parkhead and they haven't spent the money for the fun of it.

CELTIC'S TARGET

Like us, they have an eye on the European Cup and the cash that goes with it. But before the Celts can have a go they must win the Scottish League. And to do that they've got to first account for us and Hearts.

Another side I fancied to put in a bid for honours was the young and extremely clever Motherwell side. And we'll also have to watch out for cup-holders, St Mirren who are a greatly improved combination nowadays.

Like Celtic, they are bound to be a cup danger team, but I'm not so sure they will be consistent enough in the long race for league honours.

MY

GREATEST THRILL WAS

TO CAPTAIN RANGERS

Yes, it's a great thrill to be a Rangers' player. But whenever I look down the English League results and see how the Wolves have fared, I'm often reminded that I nearly went to the Molineux club as a youngster.

This was some time after I had appeared at right-half in the British A.T.C. team at Wembley against the National Association of Boys Clubs and had moved on from Larkhall Rangers as an amateur inside-right, to Burnbank Athletic.

Wolves' chief scout George Noakes approached me to go south on trial, but I did not fancy moving from Scotland and now I like to think that Wolves' loss is Rangers' gain.

At that time I was an apprentice bricklayer in my home town of Hamilton near Glasgow. And once Hamilton Accies heard of Wolves' interest they asked me to turn part-time professional for them.

In 1951, the Festival of Britain games were on and I played in my first cup final for Hamilton — a local summer competition—against Leith Athletic.

Shearer goes in with a timely tackle against a Hearts opponent.



I don't remember the final score but I was pretty pleased with myself when I scored two of our goals.

In 1952 I was called up for my National Service and guested for Inverness Thistle in the Highland League. I was still regarded as an inside-forward of course and began to feel I really was one when I netted 34 goals for Thistle and helped them to win the North of Scotland cup.

In the 1953 season Hamilton won promotion and although I was still at Inverness doing my National Service, the club recalled me to play for them in the First Division.

The Accies manager was Jack Cox and after he'd seen me play at wing-half and centre-forward, he told me he thought I could make a good full-back and would I have a go?

I had my first game at right-back against Dundee—Accies made me skipper too—and although we lost 3-2 I felt I'd had a fairly good game.

One of the things I cottoned on to was the extra zest I felt in going in to meet the ball instead of waiting for

it to arrive from a variety of angles.

For the rest of that season I remained as right-back and skipper in the Accies team but in December, 1955, came the biggest single event in my career so far—my transfer to Rangers.

It all happened one Monday morning when the club contacted me at my work and asked me to report to Douglas Park.

There I was told that Rangers were interested in me and was I prepared to sign?

Well, I didn't need much persuasion and after both sets of directors had met the following day, I duly became an Ibrox player.

My first four games were in the reserves, since Eric Caldow and Jock Little were holding down the senior full-back jobs between them very competently.

Then I had my first chance to show Ranger fans what I could do when I played against the South American club San Lorenzo in a floodlight friendly.

A good game that night was a happy omen for me, if not for Eric Caldow. Later that week, Eric was injured in training and the following Saturday I was promoted to the League side against Airdrie.

I've yet to win a Scottish cap although my Rangers full-back partner Eric Caldow who has come in at left-back, is now an experienced international.

I suppose it is possible that I might get in the national team one day. Two years ago I was reserve to Alec Parker for the Hampden match against England and it would be nice to think of Eric and I playing as a club pair for Scotland.

★ **"My dream is to play as a club pair with Eric Caldow in a match for Scotland"** ★



Bobby covers up when Niven was beaten by a Kilmarnock raider.

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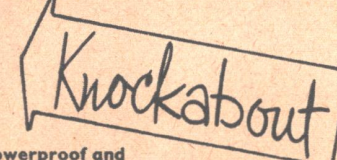
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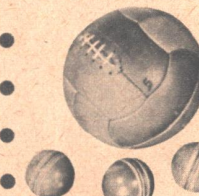
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CAN RANGERS KEEP IT UP?

WHAT does the future hold for Rangers? If I, personally, we've asked that question I would unhesitatingly and emphatically declare: "A continuance of the honours winning that has stamped their wonderful contribution to Scottish football almost since the day of the club's inception 'way back in 1873."

But let's go to the fountainhead and hear what Manager Scot Symon has to say.

"The first thing to be borne in mind," he told me, "is that Rangers are more than a football club. They are an institution in the way of Scottish life, and as such, must be preserved as something of the greatest value. That can only be done by constantly striving to remain at the top.

"Some clubs can afford to go through a transition period, a time when, after occupying a place of prominence, they find reconstruction necessary and decide that to accomplish their aim they must be content with what I might call a middle-of-the-table position.

"Rangers cannot do that. They must, even in the course of reconstruction, remain in the forefront, always at the head of the field in the race for the major trophies.

"And at the same time, they must think of the future, by solidly building for the days to come when the existing team members retire, and replacements are needed.

"There is not one person who takes an interest in football, but takes an interest in the fortunes of Rangers. A fan may support any one of our rival clubs, but whether he comes from Aberdeen or Dundee, Edinburgh or Falkirk I wager the result he looks for in the Saturday evening papers after he knows that of the club of his allegiance is—Rangers'.

"It has been that way for half a century and more, and I suppose it will always remain so.

"In looking at the future, which can be quite a dangerous pastime in football, I make one definite promise—and that is that never will Rangers be allowed to sink to the level of the mediocre. And never will they suffer the ignominy of relegation.

"Rangers were one of the original members of the Scottish League—indeed they shared the leadership in the first season, 1890-91, with Dumbarton and have won the flag more often than any other club. In my opinion no club will ever equal our record of achievement in the League.

"There was a time when a Rangers defeat was something in the nature of a nine days wonder. That no longer pertains, perhaps, because in recent years there has been considerable improvement in the ability of the opposition. And more than ever there is being proved the truth of the old saying that every Rangers' League game is a Cup-tie, so keen are our opponents to master the wearers of the Light Blue—the true description, incidentally is Royal Blue—jersey.

"In looking at the future from our present lofty position and considering our playing resources, I sincerely believe that we will continue to justify our established reputation of being Scotland's greatest club. But we at Ibrox realise that the task of maintaining our traditional

There's no doubt in the mind of
WILLIE GALLAGHER
("Waverley" of the Glasgow Daily Record)

place will become less easy with the passing of time.

"In my opinion club football in Scotland is steadily improving. I instance the magnificent job accomplished by Bobby Ancell, the Motherwell manager. To-day he is fielding a team whose football skill is truly entrancing to watch, and I would like here to offer him my hearty congratulations on the transformation he has made within the short time that has elapsed since he took over.

"It has been said that Rangers don't wish to see other teams develop the fashion that suggests honours winning. That is utter rubbish. We welcome the arrival of any club with a team of colourful attraction, bidding to win Cup or League.

"Competition is the soul of football. It leads to bigger gates, for instance, and that in turn permits clubs to invest in material for team improvement.

"In the first three games of the present season Motherwell played to over 100,000 spectators. A few seasons ago, when they were in the doldrums, one of their matches could hardly muster more than 5,000 fans. These figures speak for themselves."

I asked Mr. Symon if he had any special cause for believing that the standard of club football in Scotland was on the up-and-up.

"I have," was the response. "It has taken a long time to shake players from the lethargy that affected the game in the war years and immediately afterwards. In the ranks of the players there is now a new enthusiasm, a desire to give everything they have, instead of thinking that so much (which means so little) and no more was all that was required from them. Furthermore, the youngsters coming into the game are accepting without question the discipline so essential to success.

"Equally important is the knowledge that football, with its increased monetary rewards, is very much a

worth-while career for those who give all they have to it. Experience tells me that, generally speaking, the young player is more earnest about reaching the top with its glittering prizes than at any time since 1939."

And now to Rangers own prospects. This season, for the first time in the club's history, they are running a third team, but it will not compete in any League. There was a suggestion that it should take part in a competition composed of the second strings of certain of the Scottish League Second Division clubs, but Rangers turned that one down.

"All our third eleven players are teenagers, some of them little more than schoolboys, all signed within recent months," explained Mr. Symon. "I do not say—it would be ridiculous to do so—that each one is booked for stardom, but they will get every chance."

"We have not signed them with the intention of throwing them out, if they don't touch tops, within a season or so.

"They will be persevered with and given every opportunity to develop. They are all part-timers, but if any of them, as they have been told, wish to go full-time then we'll gladly have them as such.

"While they will not play in any competition there will be plenty of games for them. It will not be a case of just keeping their eye in with practice matches on training nights. There will be a number of friendly games arranged, some with the colts of English clubs. Arsenal have agreed on a fixture, and it will probably be carried out at Highbury on the same evening as we play the Gunners at Ibrox Park. A date for that affair has yet to be arranged.

"It could happen—and it is the way I want it to happen—that in the course of the next two or three years there won't be two men competing for each position, but three.

"If success meets our policy, and I can't see any reason why it shouldn't, Rangers will be stronger than they have been in playing resources during the past decade.

"In view of my prediction that the standard of club play in Scotland will steadily improve we shall require to grow in strength ourselves to cope with the increasing power of our rivals. That is a **MUST.**"

If Mr. Symon's prediction that club football is on the up-and-up is correct, then it is not stretching things too far to suggest that Scotland's international team will automatically raise itself from the low standard to which it has unfortunately sunk.

While Scotland's selectors have not made the best of what has been available and have made blunders—think of the shocking forward line they fielded at Wembley last April, leaving much better players in the role of lookers-on—it is admittedly a fact that in recent years they haven't had at their disposal the riches of their predecessors.



or of manager **SCOT SYMON**

It's all for one and one for all at Ibrox — that's why it's a national institution, not just a football club

To revert to Rangers . . . I have seen some of their youngsters at practice, and have been impressed. Scot Symon is taking a personal interest in their development at evening sessions—and in that alone, speaking solely from the point of view of the youngsters' development, I would say they are most fortunate. So many lads are signed by senior teams and then left to their own resources.

Rangers, like Celtic, are now in possession of an extra playing pitch, having secured a lease, for training, of the Albion Greyhound Track, across the street from Ibrox Stadium, and from what I have seen no punches are pulled in the practice games.

There is no "After-you-Cyril" touches about the proceedings. Those youngsters, all the time, are out to prove that they are learning from the instructions given them.

No report on the Ibrox scene would be complete without reference to Scot Symon's henchmen, Trainer Davie Kinnear and his assistant Joe Craven. The former was

a winger at Ibrox, the latter a full-back with St Mirren. Both were high graded players, both indisputably know their stuff. And if they felt it necessary, they would be twenty-four hours a day on the job.

They have the happy knack of making a new arrival feel at home, and set about instilling in him the wonderful club spirit of Rangers. This spirit has been one of the reasons why so many honours have arrived at Ibrox.

No boy need remain shy long in the company of the established greats. There is a most happy camaraderie at Ibrox, and the man who has lost his place will be seen in a coffee shop enjoying the company of the man who ousted him.

It's all for one and one for all at Ibrox. That is why it is a national institution, not merely a football club.

My forecast? There will be major honours for Rangers at the end of this season, as at the conclusion of so many others.

Scot Symon pauses in his daily round of Ibrox to watch his players enjoying their training—and ponder on the club's future.



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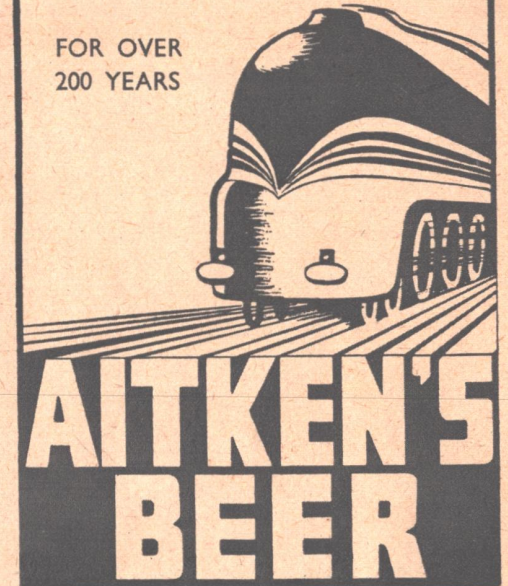
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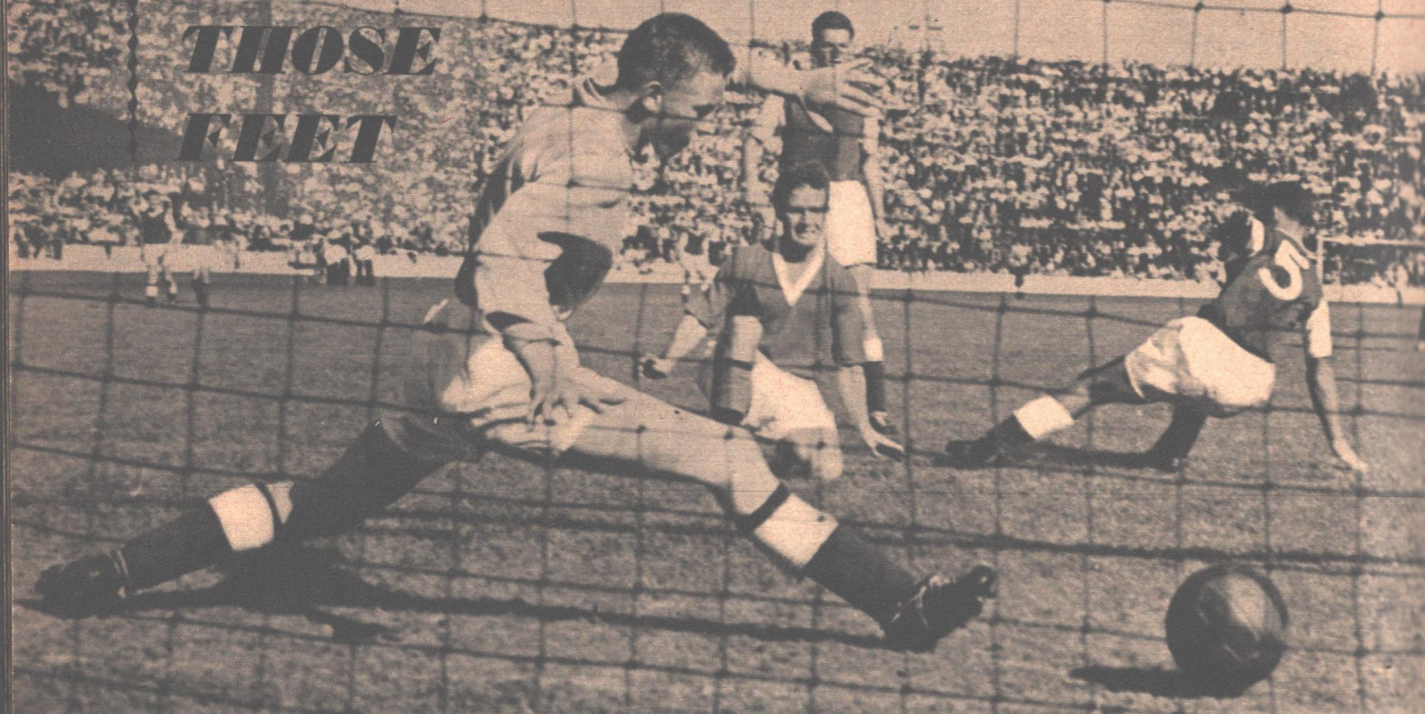
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THE MAGIC OF THE “WEE BLUE DEVIL”

“THE Wee Blue Devil” . . . I called him that because whenever I saw him in the blue of Rangers or the darker blue of Scotland, he was always a little firework blowing-up the opposition.

And when you know Alan Morton, as I have done for the greater part of my life, you know that he can be just as explosive about players who don't take enough trouble to master their job—and about modern Soccer standards generally.

Of course, there's the other side of him. I once tried to play golf with the Rangers at Turnberry, and coming along in the four-ball behind was a gay chattering little chappie wise cracking all the way round—wee Alan.

What did he achieve on the football field? “Eleven Great Years”, a record of the Rangers from 1923 to 1934 by dear old John Allan, Ibrox historian, says, “His eleven caps against England equalled the record of Bobby Walker, but Alan Morton could have gained two more had he been able to accept them.”

Listed are his matches and goals for Rangers in that great run of successes. And these add up to 495 matches

without a ball, practising a quick get-away. You can see much the same at Blackpool today from a performer named Stanley Matthews.

If there's a lesson for the youngsters in the tremendous triumphs of one of the smallest forwards ever to play for Scotland it is this: Keep on practising until you can use both feet.

Morton of Scotland, Matthews of England, Meredith of Wales—the three great M's for Masters of British wing play—demonstrate over and over again that not only is there always something to perfect, but there's also something to learn.

One gift Alan Morton had which few others have possessed—he could almost “see round corners.”

“In this respect,” he told me “I was fortunate. I had a side view not unlike a driving mirror gives to motorists.

“Somehow, I got this unusual view of what was happening beside and immediately behind me, so that more than once defenders have told me they wondered how they missed me.”

This was perhaps unique in football, but he also owed a great deal to his ability to use both feet freely.

When Scotland had their greatest day—their 5-1 victory over England at Wembley in 1928—Morton's centres, placed to the far side of goal, led to three goals being scored by Alex Jackson, the Scottish and Huddersfield outside-right.

He believed in the outside-forward keeping near the touchline and giving himself as much elbow room as possible. He doesn't believe in the method, often seen today, whereby wingers wander into the inside position when play is on the other side of the field.

Morton's style was attractive. He could gather the ball quickly and then go down the wing in a quick-footed scurry like a rabbit bolting for its hole.

Then it would end with a centre judiciously placed and without much hesitation at any time.

But there were times, of course, when he hadn't a clear field. Then he would prance about in a way puzzling to opponents, partly because he was a right footed player on the left wing, and would approach a player with the ball on the “wrong” foot—the inside foot!

All due to youthful practise. For hours he would play with his brothers with a small ball on a footpath, aiming to send the ball through a hole in a garden door.

It was fun of this kind—and plenty of intelligent persistence—which led to that garden door opening on to a football world of fame.

It created the career of the little chap who made his own way; the tantalising, thorough-going little Blue Devil that was Alan Morton.

By **IVAN SHARPE** (EMPIRE NEWS)

and 115 goals—plus something uncountable, the goals he made for others from outside-left.

In one season (1928-29) he netted 20 goals in 47 matches—and that's jolly good going for a player accepted as a general provider.

As near as matters, Alan Morton was 5ft 4ins and 9½ stone, so he couldn't throw his weight about. The important point is that a man's big enough if he's good enough.

And Alan, now a Rangers director, came to be good enough because it was a labour of love, because he taught himself to use both feet, because he not only practised and practised as a youngster but continued to do so and to perfect his methods when he was an outstanding star.

I used to dine with him on big football occasions in Glasgow and so came to know him well. We had one thing in common—we were both natural right footers on the left wing so that everything he explained I was able to follow.

He attributed his achievements to his confidence in both feet, his body balance, his ball control (under-developed in many players these days) and his speed off the mark.

That's why in his training at Ibrox you could see a lone figure twisting and turning all on his own and



ANDY MATTHEW



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**IT WAS
THIRD
TIME
LUCKY**

**— but not lucky enough for
me to enjoy a win against
“the auld enemy”**



THREE times I have had the great thrill of being chosen to play for Scotland against England. And twice I have finished a disappointed man with Scotland very much on the losing side against the “auld enemy.” These three caps represent my only senior Scottish honours, and they have been spread out over a period of four years. Why the Scottish selectors should still have had me in mind over this comparatively long period will remain a mystery to me. Scottish caps come and go in rapid succession nowadays.

My first Scottish cap came in 1952 when I had been

By IAN McMILLAN

originally selected as a reserve after getting a hat-trick for the Scottish League side against the Army at Newcastle.

I was with Airdrieonians then, and when Billy Steel was injured just before the “big ‘un” I took his place.

What an occasion on which to make my Hampden international debut! It poured with rain all day, and all the soaked Glasgow fans got for their money was the doubtful pleasure of watching England’s Tommy Finney dazzle the Scottish defence with a brilliant one-man show.

England won that game 2-1. I can only remember that

Billy Wright was marking me, which meant that I hardly had a look-in, and that the Manchester United pair, Stan Pearson and Jack Rowley, formed a fine England left-wing to balance the wizardry of Finney and Broadis on the right.

Three years later, still as an Airdrie player, I was back in the Scottish side against England at Wembley—my first visit to the famous London stadium.

That time England crushed the pride of Scotland by 7-2, with Dennis Wilshaw showing how easy it was by getting four goals.

Once again I hardly contributed anything to a Scottish attack which saw very little of the ball anyway.

That year I held out only a faint hope of playing against England again, but rather to my surprise, I was selected the following year against England at Hampden.

This time we put up a much better show. The weather was kind and right up until a few minutes from time Scotland were leading by a single goal—a curious freak effort by Graham Leggat which completely deceived England’s young Third Division goalkeeper Reg Matthews.

With the giant Hampden crowd all ready to let themselves go with the victory roar, Johnny Haynes dashed our hopes by snatching a dramatic equaliser and the frustrated Scottish fans went home silent.

So much for my games against England. But I have enjoyed happier times in making appearances against the U.S.A. and Denmark (in Copenhagen) in 1952, against the Irish League in 1953 and the English League in 1954.

As an Airdrie schoolboy player, I figured as a left-winger, at centre-forward and even at centre-half. Then I went to Airdrie Academy and was signed by Airdrieonians straight from school at 17.

All told, I spent ten years with Airdrie as a part-time professional, for outside football I am employed as a quantity surveyor.

In October last year some misunderstandings arose between the club and myself and this led to my joining Glasgow Rangers in time to win a League championship medal with the Ibrox club.

When I went on the Airdrie transfer list, Rangers put in an offer and after two games in their reserves, I made my League debut against Raith Rovers. We drew 4-4 and I made my bow with a goal.

Since then I've enjoyed every moment of my football with the famous Glasgow club. I have played for Glasgow against Sheffield in the old established inter-city match and also appeared against Arsenal last season.

This was my first trip to Highbury and I think Rangers gave one of their best performances for many seasons winning 3-0 under the floodlights.

Even as a Rangers player—they are one of the comparatively few Scottish clubs which believe in full-time footballers—I have never been tempted to give up my outside job.

Of course, I'm lucky enough to work for a firm which has allowed me all the time off I need for my football.

**“I joined
Rangers just
in time
to win a
Championship
medal”**

— IAN McMILLAN



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MAX MURRAY

The Rangers Stars of Yester-year

MAKING dogmatic judgments on and assessments of great players and great teams in football offers as much security as a walk through a quicksand. So many factors crowd in on one that there is no escaping the final conclusion that in football the individual opinion will always overwhelm any scientific analysis.

And the problem is made much more acute in considering a club like Rangers which has a history of 86 years and thus has offered hundreds of players to be watched. It is a club which has had persistent success, and that fact alone may tend to influence the critic and



the public into believing that every Rangers player was a shade better than he really may have been.

Nevertheless it is clear that there have been at least two outstanding teams in Rangers' history, the first of them in the decade around the turn of the century, from roughly 1895 to 1905. Then the championship was won in four successive seasons from 1899 to 1902, the Scottish Cup in 1897, '98 and again in 1903. The club rallied again in 1911-12-13, when three championships were won. But it is fairly true to say that Celtic were dominant from 1905 to the end of the First World War, winning in that period ten championships and five Scottish Cup finals.

This decade for Rangers was the era of Smith and Drummond, the great fullbacks, the Crompton-Pennington partnership of Scotland. Nick Smith was an indomitable player of tremendous power and his partner Jock Drummond was also of robust power but with cracking speed his greatest asset.

These were the days of fine forwards such as Finlay Speedie, R. S. McColl, George Livingstone—all played intermittently with the club—of Jock Campbell and Dickie and Jimmy Millar, a tempestuous centre-forward with an explosive shot. And of Alec Smith, Rangers' finest winger before Alan Morton.

But probably the greatest of them all was Neilly Gibson, peerless wing-half and the founder of a minor football dynasty. Gibson is described as physically frail in appearance, but a man of steely resolution and a consummate craftsman who goes into the history books beside the great ones of any age.

In bringing a ball down under his control and moving it on with one smooth rhythmic movement, Neilly Gibson set the pattern for an enviable succession of Scottish wing-halves and inside-forwards who have spread the football word throughout the world. Gibson's remarkable tactical brain dominated this fine team.

After the First World War, however, there emerged the greatest team in the history of this remarkable club, a team which in 1929 ended 25 years of failure in the Scottish Cup, though they had had six final appearances in that time.

This team through most of the twenties and into the thirties was, in its best formation: — Robb; Manderson and McCandless; Meiklejohn, Dixon and Craig; Archibald, Cunningham, Henderson, Cairns and Morton.

It made Rangers supreme in championship football in the years between the wars with sixteen wins in 22 seasons. Only Celtic, five times, and Motherwell once

Tommy Muirhead — Ibrox stalwart of pre-war days.

Morton and Meiklejohn, Gordon and Gibson . . . they are the greatest in a great past

—Motherwell were the only club to interrupt a Rangers-Celtic League monopoly which lasted 44 years—were able to withstand them.

Bridging the gap before, during and for a short time after the first war, were two superb wing half-backs, Jimmy Gordon and Jimmy Bowie—really an inside-forward. Gordon, with Morton and Meiklejohn, must lay claim to the title of "the greatest Rangers player."

He was the complete craftsman and the strongest evidence to support this is that he played with success in EVERY POSITION for Rangers and in more than one position for Scotland. A player of the utmost skill and sagacity, he influenced much of the style of the Rangers team which was to follow him.

Bowie, never a physical giant, was a player largely reliant on skill, which he had to a marked degree. He later achieved the distinction of becoming the president of the Scottish Football League.

The great Rangers team of the twenties and early thirties was one bulging with personalities and players of the highest standards.

Manderson and McCandless were a remarkable full-back combination, completely contrasting Irishmen. Bert Manderson, one of the great personalities of his time—and later for many years the Queen's Park trainer—played his football with a rare delight.

He was tall, leggy and impulsive, yet because of his quickness in recovery, was never wholly beaten. Wingers who sailed past Bert rejoiced too soon, because invariably he would emerge from nowhere and nail them.

Billy McCandless, by contrast, was cagey, evasive, cunning, seeking always to manoeuvre his winger the way *he* wanted him to go, tackling only when he was quite certain of getting possession, in the manner of his great Irish predecessor, Bill McCracken of Newcastle, or of the great Alec McNair of the Celtic.

And small as he was, McCandless could turn balls back into play from the most ridiculous of angles and was not averse to dribbling himself out of trouble. Here then was a fine, contrasting and perfectly balancing defensive partnership.

Davie Meiklejohn at right-half — and just as often at centre-half—was one of the greatest players of his time and one who stands comparison with almost any in the history of the game. He was strongly built, above medium height.

In defence he was indomitable, his tackling was of great power, and his work in the air was quite brilliant. In attack he was forceful, judicious and selective, an



David Meiklejohn — one of Rangers all-time greats.

unerring tactician. One small but highly developed facet of his play was a lob, pitched forward to his outside-right, which swerved in the air and completely baffled the opposing left-back.

Meiklejohn captained Rangers when they hammered Celtic in the Scottish final of 1928 to end a quarter century of failure and he was an inspiring captain of Scotland. Dixon and Craig (or Walls) were less talented half-backs than Meiklejohn, but forceful players nevertheless.

At outside-right, Sandy Archibald was a most dynamic player of great speed and invincible spirit.

At inside-right was Andy Cunningham from Ayrshire, tall, blond, with a puzzling feint and swerve at high speed and an acute faculty for volleying knee-high passes. A goalscorer like Archibald, Cunningham was also particularly adept at sweeping long crossfield passes out to Alan Morton.

In contrast, in the other inside-forward position was Tommy Cairns, a bustler, hustler, a power player, an indestructible man who would tackle an entire defence unabashed.

**By
Bob
Ferrier**

**Journalist
son
of the
former
Motherwell
forward**

Stars of Yester-year

He took much of the weight off Alan Morton at outside-left, and when Cairns went, Rangers found a similarly powerful player in Bob McPhail.

And now, Alan Morton, no doubt the greatest player Rangers have ever had. The "wee blue devil," like his great near-contemporaries Alec James and Hughie Gallacher (Morton was from Airdrie, James and Gallacher from Bellshill a few miles away), he learned his football with a "tanner ba" - a small rubber ball which he dribbled along the streets.

Small, dainty, even frail, Morton developed fantastic dribbling skill, quickness off the mark and a deceptive swerve. His crosses, delivered on the run, were precise and perfect and he had a hanging lob developed to such a degree that goalkeepers were completely foxed by it.

Morton played eleven times against England, and as his career came to maturity, his very presence on the field struck a terror of anticipation into opposing defences.

At centre-forward in the team was a succession running through George Henderson, Jimmy Fleming, Sam English, then Jimmy Smith, the latter taking Rangers up to the Second World War. In goal were Willie Robb, then Tom Hamilton and then perhaps the greatest Rangers goalkeeper of all, Jerry Dawson.

The full-backs gave way to Gray and Macdonald. Dougie Gray played more than 20 years with the club, and Rangers never had a more consistent player.

The team which took Rangers deeper into the thirties maintained the tradition of success. The half-back line became Meiklejohn, Simpson and Brown.

Jimmy Simpson from Dundee United was an uncompromising stopper, George Brown, Glasgow schoolmaster,

was sleek, elegant and sophisticated, and his philosophy of pure attacking football came under much critical fire. His penchant for attack was said to "murder" his own left-back, but Whitey Macdonald seemed to stand up under the strain.

Rangers in the thirties recorded five Scottish Cup wins, seven championship successes.

Alec Venters, dour and moody, but talented, came from Fife to take McPhail's place in time. Torry Gillick, a superb foraging forward in the highest pawky Scots tradition, stayed long enough to make his reputation, then went to Everton, only to return during the war.

Rangers re-started after the second war almost completely changed in staff, but quickly back into their stride of success. Three championships were won in the first four post-war seasons, and there were three successive cup victories.

Considering this, considering the vigorous challenge being made by Hibernian and Aberdeen and regardless of general standards, this post-war team may indeed be considered great. It had Bobby Brown from Queen's Park in goal, Young, Woodburn and Cox in the defence, Waddell, Gillick and Thornton in attack.

What of the modern Rangers? Nowhere does one find a player of the stature of these great men of the past, but in a club of such history and tradition, with such a compelling hold on the affections of so much of young Scotland, Rangers will certainly produce them again.

Who were the greatest? Let me put them in this order: first, Alan Morton; second, David Meiklejohn; third, Jimmy Gordon; joint fourth, Neilly Gibson and Jackie Robinson.

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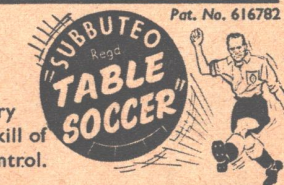
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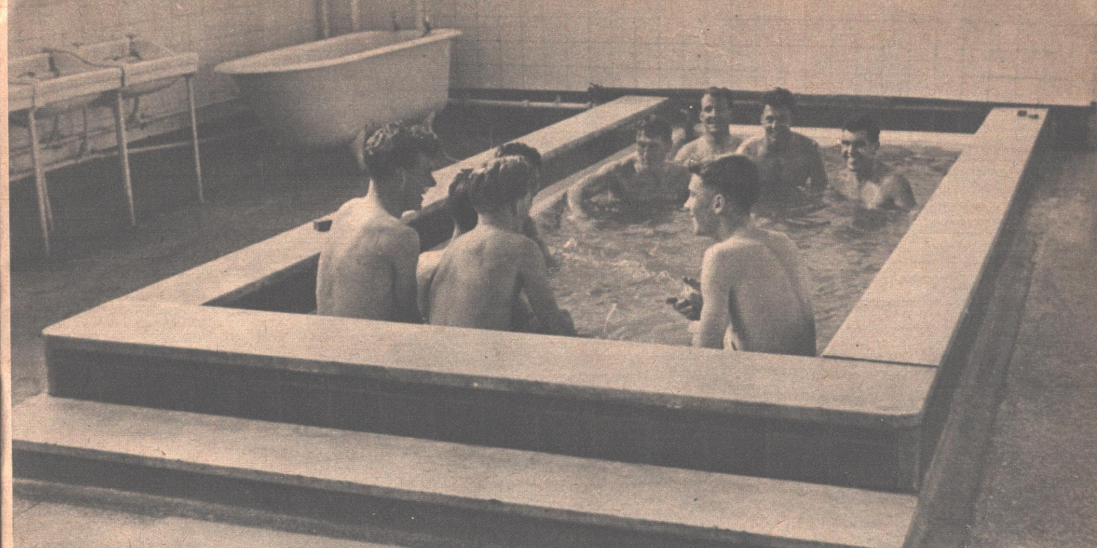
JUMP TO IT!

But the ball was scrambled away by Ayr after this centre had come across from Scott.

Alec Scott gets treatment for a blister from assistant trainer Joe Craven.



Trainer Davie Kinnear (right) and his assistant sort the boots out before a practice match.



Rangers players enjoy the de luxe Ibrox plunge bath after a training session.

BACKSTAGE

at IBROX



Training over, manager Scot Symon cracks a joke with players and trainers.

A Rangers "back-room" girl — pretty Miss Isobel Dick is manager Scot Symon's secretary.



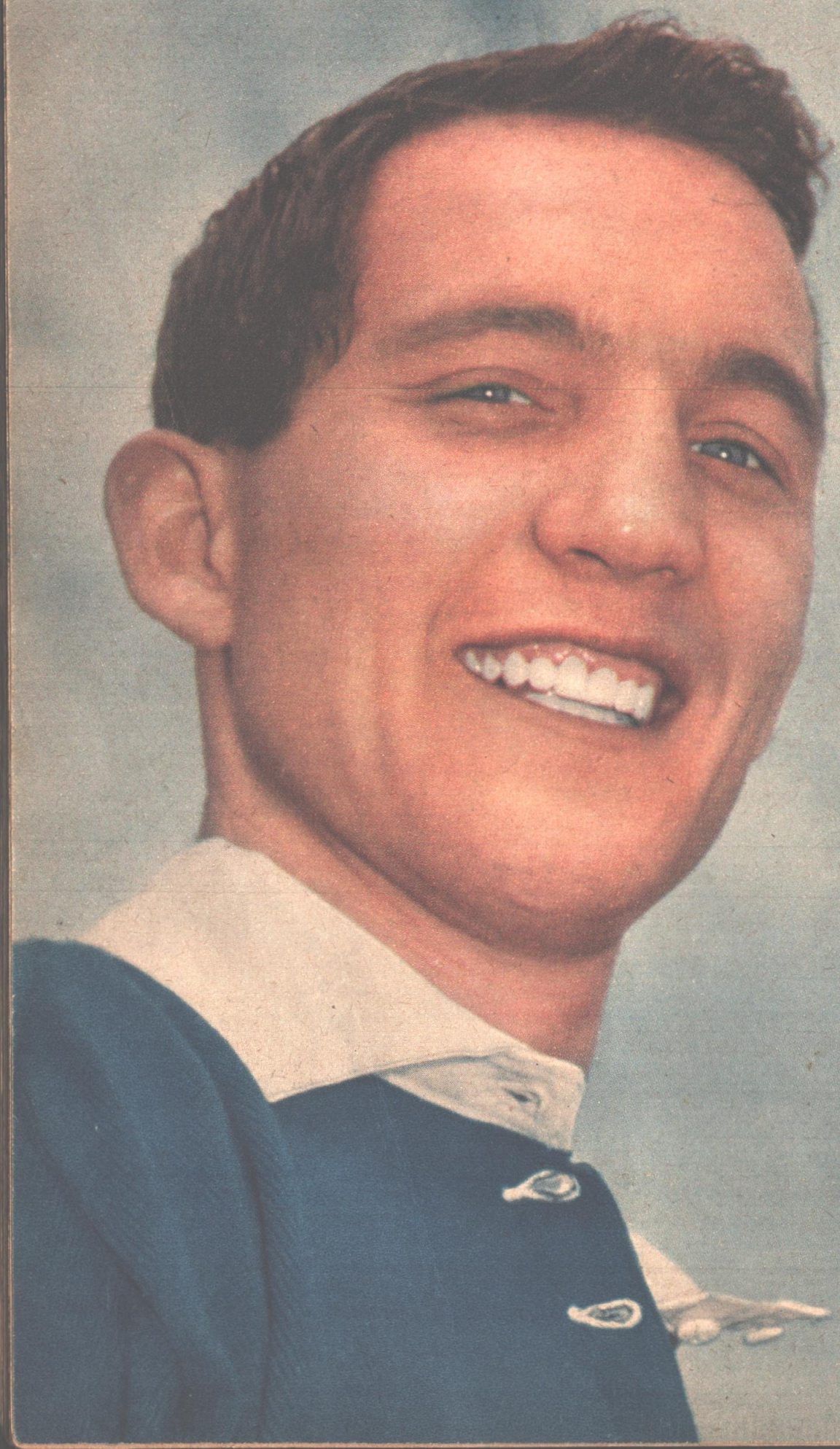


There's apprehension in rival defences (Partick's above and Ayr's below) as Rangers swoop.



DAVID PROVAN

RALPH BRAND



ERIC CALDOW



MEET SOME OF THE IBROX BABES

BILLY STEVENSON

SHINING brightly and steadily as a star is the prize babe of Ibrox, nineteen-year-old Billy Stevenson, the left-half who has become a hero to the thousands of kids who line the terraces at Ibrox.

Under manager Scot Symon, Edinburgh boy Stevenson is much more than just another young player. He is an example that can be followed by any boy who dreams of one day being a Ranger.

Stevenson is living proof that if you have talent, ability and determination then Ibrox is the place to go!

When he first stepped into the team there were scoffs and jeers. It was much too early, said the know-alls. And Stevenson, a smile on his rugged young face, kept silent.

Can be great

One day I sat high in the eyrie of the Ibrox Press box and heard George Young, to my mind the greatest of them all, say: "That's a footballer. Given time he can be great". And coming from Man Mountain George that is nectar-sweet praise.

But Stevenson is not a football meteor, to flare brilliantly and then plunge into obscurity. He began his football apprenticeship as a schoolboy international, played with Dalkeith Thistle when just out of short pants, and signed for Rangers in 1956.

Two years passed, and then came his first team chance. And the scoffers were the same people who, after Stevenson had played a mere two games for Rangers, shouted: "Cap Stevenson For Scotland."

One day Billy will emigrate to Canada, where his family have set their hearts on settling. But not for many years. Rangers and Scotland need this 'babe' of babes.

CRAIG BROWN

NEXT have a look at Craig Brown. George Young praised Billy Stevenson and he praises Craig Brown, too.

Brown, son of the principal of Glasgow's physical education college was "born to play football." Says his father: "Craig has played with a ball at his feet in the garden since he could toddle."

Right-half Brown, from Hamilton Academy, was

"ticked off" a year ago by manager Scot Symon, who did it trying hard to hide a smile.

Brown, holder of more youth and schoolboy honours than he can count, was training EVERY day at Ibrox and PLAYING three times a week for Coltness United.

And Mr Symon had to tell him to take it easy. A wise move . . . but if more of our football youngsters would work as hard as Brown then there would be more stars!

Who does Brown remind Ranger fans of? None other than Doctor Adam Little, the great player who himself wore the royal blue with high distinction.

JOHN CURRIE

RAISED in one of Scotland's most famous sporting families is another Rangers babe—centre-half John Currie, still, at the time of writing, waiting in the wings for his big chance.

Currie's father was a well-known junior footballer in Glasgow and his brother is Dick Currie, one of Scotland's most famous amateur and professional boxers.

Strong and rugged, Currie has got what it takes one day to follow in Stevenson's football steps.

DAVIE WILSON

"I HAVE never met a boy who was keener to learn". That is what an ex-Ibrox player said about good looking Davie Wilson, another of the Rangers babes.

"Wee Davie," as he is called was under the watchful eye of one of the greatest ever Rangers . . . Jock "Tiger" Shaw. He had Wilson with junior club Baillieston and said with justifiable pride: "He is a real Ranger all right".

It was Shaw who speeded Wilson up by stopping him training in soft shoes and making him wear spikes.

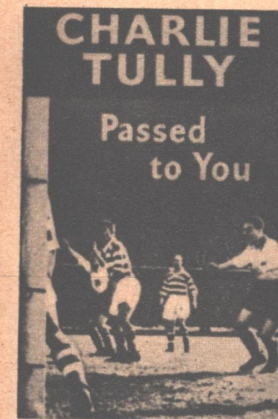
Winger Wilson, in the Army, has a natural football brain. He can play at outside-left, outside-right, inside-left and any other position in the attack you care to name.

And the great Willie Waddell, famed Scotland and Ibrox winger, thinks a lot of this boy. He says: "Another Johnny Hubbard." That indeed is saying something.

Yes, the Stevensons, Curries and Wilsons can help Rangers to even greater glory . . . and they are just a few of the "Ibrox Babes."

SANDY WILLIAMSON.

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greats all the time Rangers can boast youngsters like these

THE "STOP-GAP"

BECAME

THE STAR

WHAT does it feel like to be signed as a "stop-gap" and then stay to become a Rangers star on the wrong side of 30? I should know, because that's what happened to me two years ago when I thought my career was over.

It still seems like a dream—that Thursday evening when I was lapping round the Love Street pitch at Paisley and St. Mirren manager Mr. Willie Reid asked to see me.

"There's a club after you . . ." he began as I entered his office. "I hope it's not an English club—I don't want to leave Scotland," I interrupted.

Then manager Reid sprang the biggest bombshell of my life. "It's Rangers . . . do you want to go?" he asked. **Rangers! At my time of life!**

I'd reckoned on two more seasons with the Saints at most, and now here was Scotland's most famous club wanting to sign me when I was turned 30 years of age. It didn't seem possible.

But it was true enough. "Yes, I'll go, of course," I said.

Actually, the Ibrox club had decided to sign me as a "stop-gap" until they could groom someone to take George Young's place at centre-half. Manager Scot Symon had tried one or two youngsters but none of them seemed to have the experience he required.

Before I played my first match for them, Rangers had lost four games in a row and their loyal supporters were shaken. But when I came into the team — and believe me, I'm taking no real personal credit for this — we went unbeaten for 26 League games.

My surprise transfer to Rangers naturally gave my confidence a terrific boost. In my first game the Ibrox crowd cheered their heads off the first time I headed the ball.

This was a tremendous thrill for me, because I had the reputation of being something of a "tough" player. When I had played at Ibrox with St. Mirren in previous seasons I had frequently been given the "bird".

That first match was against Clyde and I'm told my signing proved so popular with Rangers' fans that a special train had to be laid on from Glasgow Central Station to carry the overflow of customers.

Scot Symon told me that he had me in mind as a "stop-gap" for a year. I think he must now be as surprised as I am that I have taken on a new lease of Soccer life, feel fitter than ever before, and am now in my third season as a "stop-gap" having won a League Championship medal last winter.



On the wrong side of 30,
with two seasons to go —
then came the surprise
offer which gave WILLIE
TELFER a new lease of
Soccer life

"I could have stopped John Charles and we would have won an international — but I could not bring myself to foul him . . ."

WILLIE TELFER

Another big thrill for me in my early days with Rangers was the "atmosphere" of playing before big crowds AWAY from Ibrox Park, for Rangers inevitably attract a packed house on other club grounds.

It was certainly not like that in my St. Mirren days, but I was as glad as anyone to see the Saints take the Scottish Cup last season.

It was as a St. Mirren player, of course, that I played nearly all my hundreds of games in Scottish football. But I might have gone south at one time.

Newcastle United, Preston North End and Fulham were all keen to sign me. But St. Mirren were not keen to let me go, and to discourage English enquiries they put a price tag of something like £17,000 on my head.

I haven't always been a centre-half. At Glengowan school in my native Larkhall I was a right-winger. I had a short spell as an amateur with Larkhall Rangers, then I moved to the Lanarkshire Junior club Burnbank Athletic.

It was Burnbank who first realised that I was not cut out to be a forward and they played me at full-back. In 1943 I was signed by St. Mirren, eventually switched to left-half and became their captain.

In the 14 years I spent with the Saints I won my

only full Scottish cap against Wales at Hampden Park. This was in 1954, and there were many among the crowd who thought I might have prevented the equalising goal by John Charles in a 3-3 draw.

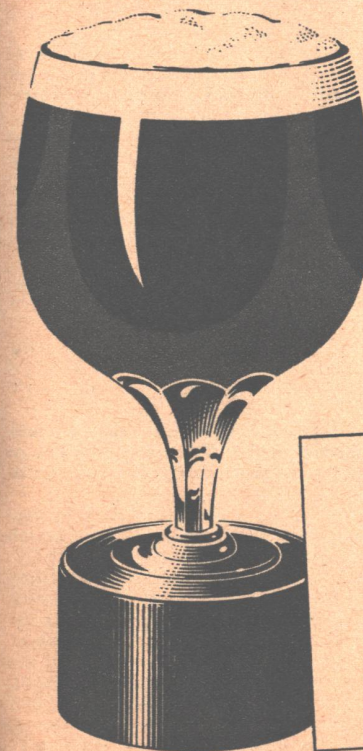
There was only a minute to go when Big John broke through. I could have stopped him—BUT IT WOULD HAVE MEANT FOULING HIM. As he was right through, I just would not bring myself to fetch down this great sportsman unfairly.

In 1949 I was selected to tour the U.S.A. and Canada with the Scottish F.A. We played in New York, St. Louis, Montreal and Toronto among other cities and I appeared in nine games.

This was my first trip abroad, a wonderful experience which I would never have had but for Soccer.

I have a great admiration for John Charles. I used to fancy myself as a bit of a "John Charles" too, for in my St. Mirren days I would often be switched from centre-half to centre-forward depending on the needs of the game.

Apart from John, I rate Nat Lofthouse the best centre-forward I've come up against. We clashed in 1956 when I played for the Scottish League against the English League.



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Thirst division champion!

HOW A RANGERS STAR WON HIS FIGHT AGAINST CHINESE BULLETS

This remarkable article by HARRY DAVIS is reproduced by permission of "FOOTBALL MONTHLY"

THE greatest fight of my life is almost over. The fight to become fit to play football for Rangers. A fight I have waged unceasingly since a desperate day in Korea in 1953, when I cheated death by a narrower margin than man has a right to expect.

I was leading a Black Watch patrol when, suddenly, a flare soared up and I was caught in a burst of machine-gun bullets.

I should have been killed at once, but miraculously I regained my own lines and was wafted to safety by an American ambulance helicopter.

In the base hospital they found I was in a bad way. I had been hit in the abdomen and in one leg and, frankly, the kindly Americans did not give much for my chances.

It has been a long, hard and often despairing slog back to health from that dark day of six years ago.

When I reached a British hospital in Kure (Japan) after the Americans had patched me up, there followed the first of the 18 operations I have had on the road to recovery.

From Kure I was shipped to Singapore, where I had a relapse and was taken off the boat which was to take me to England.

Eventually, I was flown to Aldershot, where I spent two weeks in the military hospital and was then admitted to the Millbank Hospital in London.

There I came under the hands of the man who probably did more than anyone to help me—Colonel Hunt, a fellow Scot and, by a happy chance, a Soccer fan, too.

After twelve months I left his hospital as near fit as they could get me, but almost a hopeless case as far as playing League football again.

I went home to Perth and, after a holiday, decided to call on my old club friends with East Fife.

Mr. Scot Symon—now the Rangers manager—had been in charge at Bayview Park, Methil, before I left for Army service, but in the meantime he had moved south to Preston, and Jerry Dawson had succeeded him as East Fife chief.

I told him I was feeling better and had thought about playing again, but he left it to me to make the final decision.

As a matter of routine I sought the advice of my local doctor. But I also had an idea or two of my own.

It so happened that Davie Kinnear, the present Rangers' chief trainer, had been our trainer when I was a junior with Newburgh.

At this time, however, Davie was a remedial gymnast at Bridge of Earn Rehabilitation Centre, and under him I went through an arduous eight-week course.

I owe a lot to Davie for his help and patience during

that testing time when I had to seek the truth about my Soccer future.

Cross-country runs, weight-lifting, exercises of every conceivable kind . . . I got the full treatment at Bridge of Earn and, at the end of it, I was able to decide that I stood a reasonable chance of continuing the career I had interrupted nearly two years earlier.

Back at Methil, I had a few reserve games, but things didn't go too well at first.

Gradually, however, I built up my strength, regained my touch, and was given more games—including a few first-team appearances.

I felt that I was improving my play week by week, but unfortunately East Fife were having a tough time, and there was a bit of a damper on the club. That, of course, did not help my progress.

Then, in November, 1955, came an 'out of the blue' offer to join Rangers. By then, Scot Symon and Davie Kinnear were together at Ibrox, and they had the idea that I would, perhaps, suit them as a possible successor to George Young.

I had played at wing-half and centre-half, but after a few weeks at Ibrox I was pitchforked into the League side as centre-half against Aberdeen, when George Young had to miss a game through injury.

We beat Aberdeen 5-1 and in my next game I went in against my old club, East Fife, whom we walloped 6-1.

Two good wins and, I was told, two good performances from me.

I also had a good match against Nice in the European Cup, in Paris, but then George Young was declared fit and I had to step down.

But for only one game!

Rangers crashed 5-1 to Raith, and I was recalled for the next, and vital, match with Hearts at Ibrox—this time at left-half.

That, in my opinion, ranks as one of my finest games. It was virtually a League decider, for Rangers and Hearts were both chasing the title.

We triumphed 5-3, and I had the joy of scoring my first goal for the club—an effort which really brought home to me just how loud is the roar from an 80,000 Ibrox crowd.

So, after 20 games in Rangers' League team, I qualified for a championship medal. But still I was not so fit as I would have liked—particularly did I feel it at the start of a game.

The following campaign, when the Ibrox club finished runners-up to Hearts, I was hit by nagging injuries which had nothing to do with my Korea wounds.

But they were enough to unsettle me, and I had only about seven games that winter. At the start of last season I felt fitter than at any time, and although I missed the opening games, I eventually got back into the first team.

This time, I was switched to right-half and played my full share in Rangers' second title win in three seasons.

Now, thanks to the work of Colonel Hunt and other kind friends—especially manager Scot Symon and trainer Davie Kinnear, who had so much faith in me—I am back on top of the Soccer world, with a great club.



HARRY DAVIS

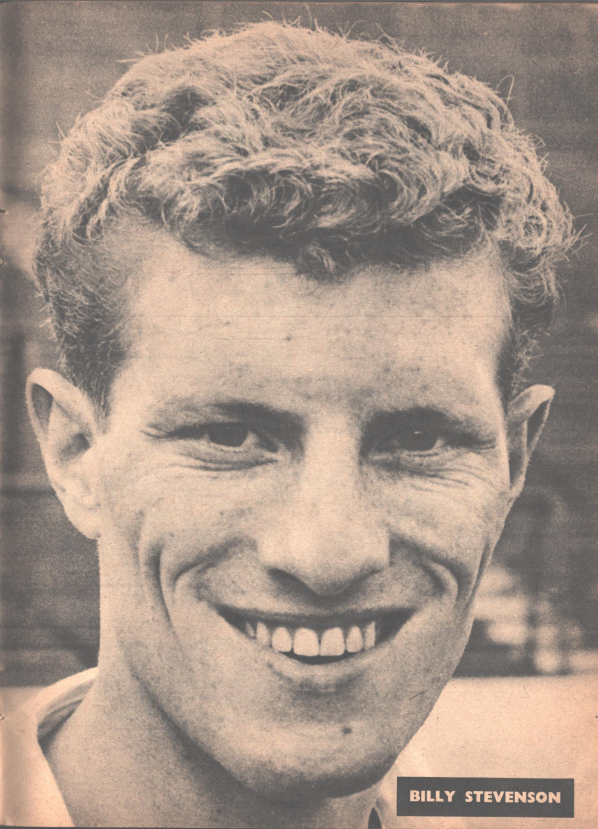
**ON ITS
WAY...**

Clyde's Thomson jumped the right way but Galdow's penalty-kick was going too fast.



**...AND
IN THE
NET**

Another Rangers goal! This time by McMillan against Partick.



BILLY STEVENSON



A DUEL FOR
THE BALL BETWEEN
TELFER AND
COUSINS OF DUNDEE



WILLIE TELFER

**RANGERS
PLAYING
STAFF**



**1959—
1960
SEASON**

IAN McCOLL

"NOWADAYS Rangers and Celtic are the best of pals on and off the field. Sure, there is *some* 'needle' — it is inevitable in matches of this nature — but not the malicious kind which characterised so many tough clashes before 1939.

"And as far as crowd conduct comes into it — the trouble always comes from a comparatively small section of hot-heads who would make themselves menaces anywhere."

RALPH BRAND

"IN April, 1952, I was picked to play inside-left for the Scottish Boys against England, at Wembley. We lost by the only goal—but, watching the televised game back home in Scotland, was the late Mr. Willie Struth, famous manager of Glasgow Rangers.

"It seems he was impressed with my showing on the TV screen. As a result, Rangers invited me to Ibrox Park for an interview.

"I did not become a Rangers player right away — I was too young. I was 'farmed' out to an Edinburgh Juvenile club, Slateford Athletic. But the Ibrox club had an option on me and soon I got a few games with their junior team.

"In 1954 I was called back to Ibrox to sign as a professional and, at 17, made my League debut against Kilmarnock. I was lucky. Willie Waddell was hurt and the club were short of a right-winger.

"It was hard on Waddell, but it gave me a chance and I celebrated by scoring twice in our 3—1 win.

"... My red-letter day was my wedding day. I was married in the early afternoon, dashed to Ibrox from

the reception and played against Third Lanark — and celebrated with a hat-trick.

"I was playing at outside-right that day, but I prefer inside-forward.

"I have still a lot to learn, but I feel I am with a fine club in Rangers. They have certainly given me a good run. I have now appeared in every forward position except centre-forward for them."

GEORGE NIVEN

"THE game I remember most — although it was the one I knew the least about at the time — was the Scottish Cup Final of 1953 when we drew 1—1 on the Saturday with Aberdeen.

WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A RANGER

Players past and present tell you their Ibrox stories

"We got an early goal, and then the Dons started to pile on the pressure. Their quicksilver centre-forward, Paddy Buckley, was sent through; I ran out and dived at his feet.

"But Paddy couldn't hold back the boot that was trying to force the ball past me. It caught me on the right ear and the back of the head. One of the studs must have torn the ear, for it required four stitches.

"I didn't know much about that. In fact, I didn't know much about anything. I was carried off on a stretcher. The doctor stitched the ear — and at first he thought the ear drum had burst.

"I kept asking him the score. And he wondered whether to let me go out again or not.

"Apparently, I had assured him I was all right, pleaded to get out again . . . and was back in goal when the teams returned to the field after the interval.

"The score was still 1—0 for us, George Young having performed well in my absence — in my jersey, too. "I was told later that it was the funniest sight to see George looking like a half-skinned rabbit in my jersey, which was much too small for him!"

JOHN LITTLE

"I WAS signed by Rangers at the beginning of July, 1951.

"To meet the boys, I was invited by Manager Billy Struth to travel north with the team to play Aberdeen

in a St. Mungo Cup-tie at Pittodrie. It was to be a sort of inaugural week-end for me. I would get to know all the lads for the first time in those few days, and have this little break at the expense of the club.

"I went to Aberdeen with them. AND AN HOUR BEFORE THE KICK-OFF I WAS TOLD I WAS TO PLAY.

"There wasn't time to feel nervous and panicky. All I had time to do was to strip, get on to that park, and play.

"Willie Woodburn had been injured — but I hadn't been told about that — and George Young was moved

to centre-half and I went in at right-back.

"What a debut!

"With the famous Jock Shaw at left-back — the man whom I eventually was to replace — Ian McColl, Young and Sammy Cox in front of me, I couldn't have been prouder.

"I have been fortunate in playing with such skilful and helpful colleagues. Anything I know about the game, they have taught me!"

ALEX SCOTT

"IS it possible to make too good a start in big-time football? Surely not, yet some people think I did just that when I became a fully-fledged Rangers player in 1955. It happened like this. Rangers signed

me from Bo'ness United, where I remained for some time until they called me up. I'll always remember the date— 9th March, 1955 — for Mr. Scot Symon decided to give me a chance in the first team right away. It was a mid-week League fixture against my home-town club Falkirk. We won 4—1, and I had the good fortune to start my senior career with a hat-trick.

"The next week, Rangers flew down to London to play a floodlit game with Arsenal at Highbury. That was quite an experience for a senior of less than a week's standing and I was feeling a bit nervous beforehand when I heard that part of the game was to be televised. Well, we drew 3—3, and after being given an encouraging start by scoring with my first kick at the ball I finished up with two goals.

"This sounds like an extract from a football serial in a boys' paper. But in the serials the hero usually goes on scoring hat-tricks every week and earns himself a Cup Final medal and a string of caps before he knows what's hit him.

"It doesn't happen like that in real life and there

WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A RANGER

were times when I began to wonder if a flying start was such a good thing after all. I got a lot of publicity for scoring that hat-trick and sometimes, when I struck a poor game, I got the impression that the fans thought I had let them down by not keeping it up every week . . ."

MAX MURRAY

"I HAD the pleasure of scoring a hat-trick for Queen's Park by way of a start in League football—against Cowdenbeath.

"That match goes down in my memory book along with one other — my debut with Rangers in the first game of season 1955-56.

"I had moved to Ibrox during the close-season. Of all places the game was at Brockville Park, less than a mile from my home. We beat Falkirk 5-0 and I notched a couple of goals in one of the most enjoyable 90 minutes I have ever spent on a football park."

JOHNNY HUBBARD

"AN occasion I can look back on without regret was the time I scored a hat-trick against our old rivals, Celtic, on New Year's Day, 1955.

"The final score was 4-1, but the incident that had



"Great news, Dave—the wife's leaving me and I'll be able to come to Ibrox after all!"

the fans cheering was the first of three goals I scored, eighteen minutes from the end.

"The score was 1-1, and it seemed likely the game would end that way.

"In fact, many of the crowd were moving towards the exits when Billy Simpson pushed the ball in front of me.

"Mike Haughney closed in to tackle, but I managed to round him before he could check my run.

"Jock Stein, at centre-half, saw the danger and rushed over, but I still had the ball at my feet when Jock was two yards behind me.

"It was now Frank Meecham's turn to challenge and, although Frank and I clashed and I lost control of the ball, I was lucky enough to see it break in front.

"The 'keeper then came out and threw himself at my feet. I side-stepped and walked the ball into the net.

"I came to Scotland in July, 1949, and a month after the opening of the season played in Rangers first team.

"You can imagine the change in crowd atmosphere from South Africa. Our gates out there were usually three or four thousand, but that day, against Partick Thistle at Ibrox, we had a 72,000 crowd."

DON KICHENBRAND

"I HAD always wanted to try my luck in British football, but I never thought it could come about so quickly.

"From the day in 1955 when I spoke to Charlie Watkins, the old Rangers and Luton Town player, after a charity game in Benoni, South Africa, to the day I made my debut for Rangers against Partick Thistle in a Scottish League match, was only six weeks.

"In this charity game in Benoni I was playing for Delfos and Charlie was playing for the Wanderers, the club he coaches. Charlie seemed to be impressed—I scored five of our side's six goals.

"He cabled Rangers when I told him of my ambition. That started it. I was on my way.

"My first Scots interest came from Hearts, who toured South Africa in 1954. I played in a Test match against them in Durban and afterwards Tommy Walker asked me to let him know if I ever thought about trying British football.

"But Rangers came along with a definite proposal, and that was that."



These quotations are extracts from articles contributed by players to "Charles Buchan's Football Monthly" and "Soccer Gift Book"



The Rangers

I knew

by JOHN MACADAM

on the field as can be—I've known many of them, irrespective of club loyalties, to meet up on Saturday evenings and go dancing or music-halling together.

But, once they come on to the field as Soccer opponents there's often trouble on the terraces.

The first time my father took me to the New Year's match at Ibrox I was only a slightly-built boy and he was no heavyweight himself. I can feel now the acute terror I experienced when, after an incident on the field, the great banners bearing partisan slogans were raised aloft and then brought down on the heads of those non-partisans all around.

We ran for it through bugle-blowing, fist-slinging, bottle-throwing groups of toughs, and I was pretty grown-up before I went again. The police have now banned the banners and the bugles and, as far as possible, the bottles but that minority enmity dies hard.

But to more pleasant aspects of the Ibrox scene. And what could be more pleasant than the recollection of Alan Morton in full flight.

I suppose the argument like the one comparing Jack Dempsey and Joe Louis and the other one comparing Jimmy Wilde and Benny Lynch, will go on for ever: Which was the greater winger, Alan Morton or Stanley Matthews?

It is an argument impossible to settle. Apart from the fact of their operation on opposite wings, they are of different eras. When I saw Morton first, he was with

AS the name of Willie Maley is inseparable from that of Celtic, so is the name of Bill Struth inseparable from that of Rangers—the other half of Glasgow's "Old Firm".

These two great administrators were the heart and the soul of the football clubs they steered to greatness and nursed through the inevitable doldrums. Maley was a player before he became a manager. Struth was never a player in any remarkable sense. He was a track athlete, what they call in Scotland a "ped."

Yet he made himself one of the shrewdest managers in the game and the Rangers club one of the greatest in the world.

For all the honour Rangers and Celtic players have brought to Scottish football over the years, it is a lamentable fact that their association will always be tagged with the notorious New Year's Day clashes of their rival supporters, if that is the word for the comparative handful of hooligans who, in spite of all the police and the good sense of ordinary spectators can do, sometimes turn this show-piece into a Donnybrook.

The players themselves are as friendly socially and

Don't let the New Year's Day clashes of the supporters deceive you about the real spirit behind the Celtic and Rangers meetings

amateur Queen's Park, and when he went to Rangers as the first of the big-money professionals I saw him a lot more.

All I am prepared to say in the matter is that it is my belief that he was up against a greater variety of skills and a greater number of individual players of his own calibre than any present-day player has had to meet.

In the highest company, Morton was always supreme. I remember in the twenties when a rival club were doing special training for a Scottish Cup-tie against Rangers. I asked the right-back who would be opposing Alan, a great granite man, how he proposed to deal with Morton.

He appeared to reflect on the matter and then said: "The first time Alan comes near me with the ball, I'll dunt him so hard he'll finish up in the Clyde . . ." and then after a second's further rumination, he added: "Doon about Greenock!"

That represented a distance of some fifteen or sixteen miles so you will see what Morton was up against.

What names and what great characters come to mind. There was the iron-hard Tommy Muirhead who became one of Scotland's leading football writers when he finally hung up his boots at Ibrox.

There was the "peerless" Jimmy Gordon, Jimmy Bowie and Doctor Paterson and then, coming up, Andy Cunningham, Sandy Archibald and Willie Robb, one of the great goalkeepers.

The great Davie Meiklejohn of that period in Rangers' history was an enthusiastic golfer as was his great personal friend, the best-liked and most capable referee of his day, Peter Craigmyle. They took every

opportunity that their travels allowed to get in a game.

This went on happily for years and then one day Peter was handling a Queen of the South—Rangers match at Dumfries. Meiklejohn was involved in an incident during play and out came Peter's notebook.

"What's your name?" he demanded, as required by the rules, of the big fellow who looked at him astonished, for they had had one of their many games of golf only the day before.

"You know my name fine," said Davie, but, friend or not friend, Peter was a stickler for the rules and Davie had to repeat it in full before the game could go on!

My happiest recollection of a Rangers' match was a sad one for their supporters. I was at Hampden to cheer my home team, Greenock Morton, who by either Black Magic or the judicious use of mirrors, got themselves into the Final of the Scottish Cup!

To make fancy even fancier, Rangers couldn't score, any more than anybody expected Morton to, and we seemed all set for a goal-less Final. Then Morton were awarded a free kick, just on their own side of the centre line.

Jimmy Gourlay took an almost casual run-up and it seemed obvious that it would be one of these easily-cleared lobs towards goal for the forwards to chase and harry.

But no! Gourlay hit that ball hard and true and you could have knocked the Rangers' team and fans over with a feather when it dipped under the bar and the Cup was Greenock Morton's.

Will Rangers' lucky black cat be "on the ball" again? Manager Scot Symon watches and wonders.



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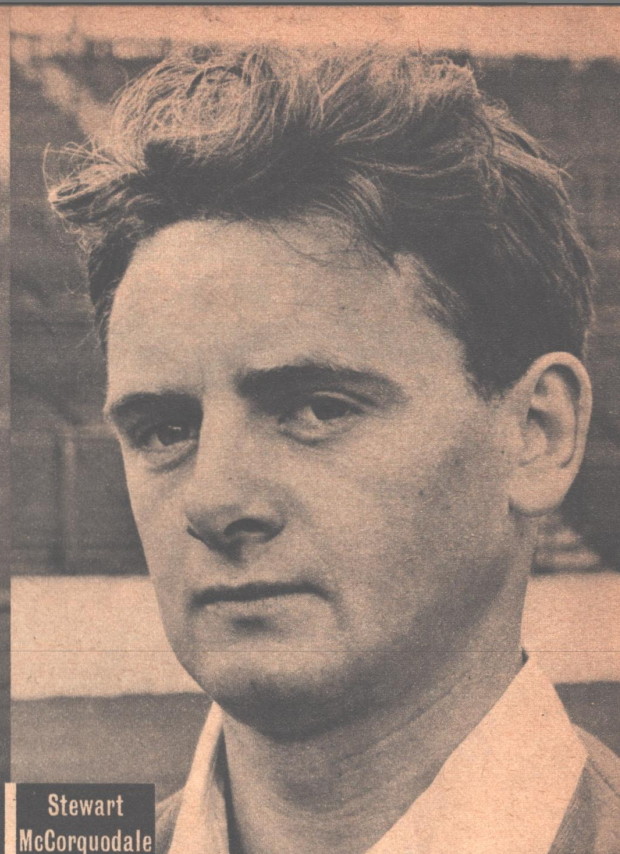
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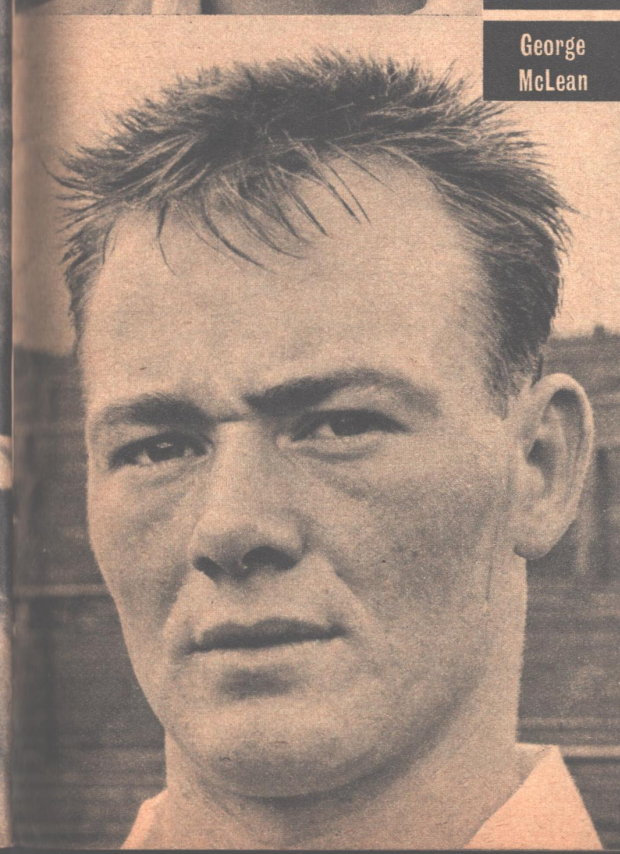
DAVIE KINNEAR, Rangers' head trainer, is rated one of the best men in the business in Scotland.



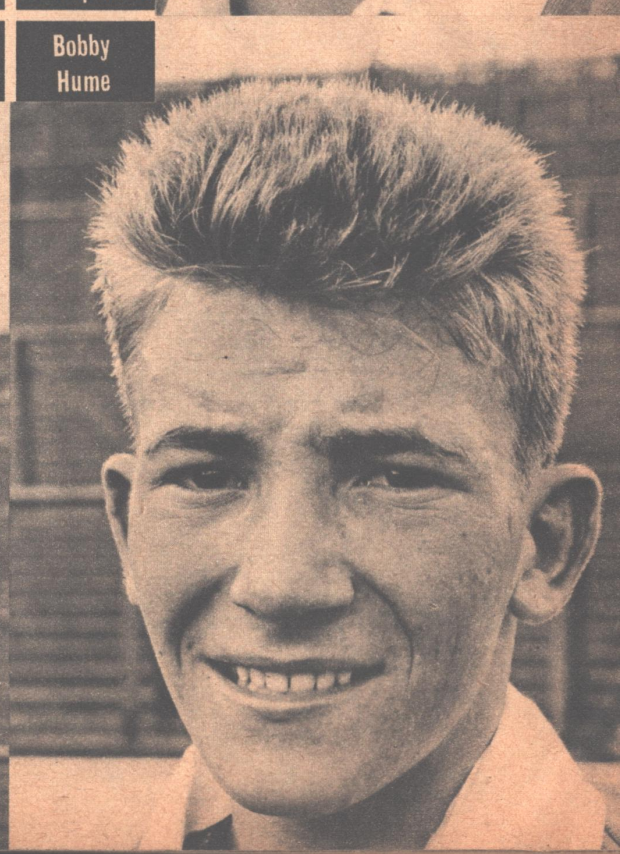
Ronnie McKinnon



Stewart McCorquodale



George McLean



Bobby Hume

SUCCESS!



It's a thrill for *any* club to score against mighty Rangers. And that feeling is captured wonderfully in this picture of Ayr goalkeeper Hamilton dancing for joy as his team-mates crack Rangers' defence.

**“FOLLOW... FOLLOW...
WE WILL
FOLLOW RANGERS”**

RANGERS' FOLLOWING IS A WORLD WIDE ONE

FOLLOW... follow... we will follow Rangers.” All over Scotland during the football season that heart-warming chorus rings out on buses taking the Ibrox fans to games.

The Rangers Supporters' Association is one of the best organised and run in Britain and one of the happiest. How many clubs can boast members in America, Canada, Colombo, Malaya, Hong Kong and New Zealand?

Exiles who REALLY keep in touch. People, far from home, who are kept as much informed of the doings of Rangers and the Supporters' Association as members in Glasgow.

Football — and the love of Rangers — is the common bond.

But, gradually, a happy social side has been founded, one that has helped build even warmer friendships. Patients in the great Southern General Hospital in

Glasgow have had many happy hours listening to the relay broadcasts of games from Ibrox, and many of the Supporters' Association officials and friends visit the wards to talk about Rangers for hours.

Then there are the Association Charities. Money has been donated to deserving causes all over Scotland. For instance; a cheque to the Scottish Council for the care of Spastics... a large cheque to the Comforts Fund of Hairmyres Hospital... postal orders for £1 each to many old age pensioners.

These are just a few of the quiet acts of charity of this great Association.

And the harmony between the Association and the club is close and warm. George Brown, one of Rangers “greats,” is closely identified with the Association, as are many others.

Mr Scot Symon, manager of the Rangers has this to say: “I hasten to thank the Association members, who



New Zealand to Inverness . . .

Hong Kong to Edinburgh . . .

—you'll find Rangers' fans

wherever you go . . .

comprise such a large section of our followers, for their loyal and valuable support, especially at our away games, and I am happy to learn of the large increase in membership."

And the relations between players and fans? Wonderful! You just have to be present at a rally in the St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow, when all the people, fans, players and officials who love Rangers get together. The comradeship is magnificent.

Past and present Rangers players take their bow, to thunderous applause, and Rangers chairman J. F. Wilson, D.L., J.P., is always present.

The proceeds of this great get-together go to charity. Ian McColl, a great Rangers and Scotland player, says.

"I was honoured and thrilled to speak at a rally, but, frankly, it is such a big and wonderful occasion that I would rather play in front of 150,000 at Hampden Park. May the Association go from strength to strength."

Men like F. Smith, J. Murphy, A. Fraser and H. McKechnie have done much to help the Association become the mighty legion it is.

But all agree that the folk who really matter are the rank-and-file members of the great royal blue brigade, members who have a great reputation for sportsmanship and good work, members of whom any club in the world might be proud. From New Zealand to Inverness . . . from Hong Kong to Edinburgh the Rangers fans are banded together.

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Sheffield Wednesday
Shrewsbury Town
Southampton

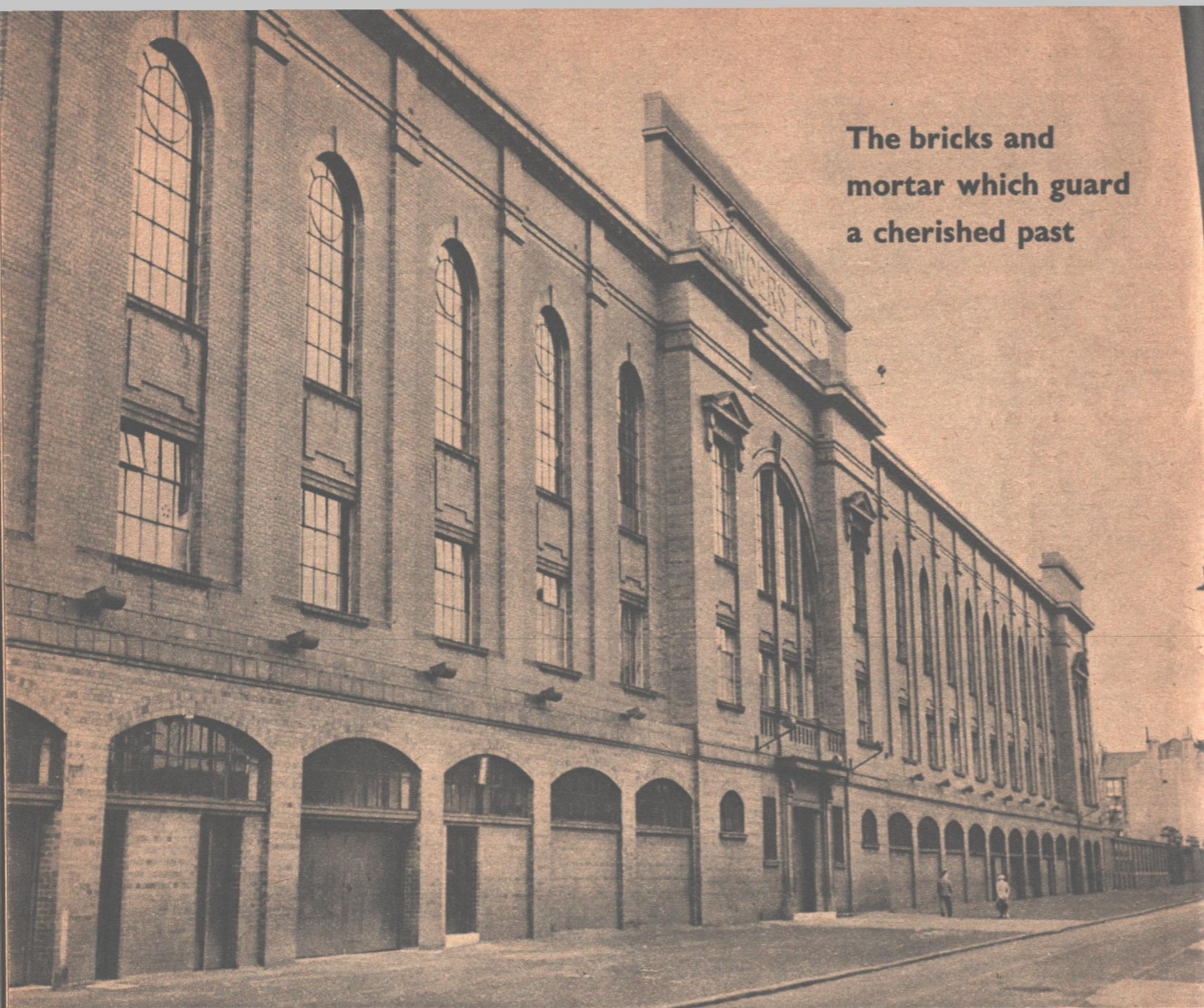
Southend United
Southport
Stirling Albion
Stockport County
Stoke City
Sunderland
Swansea Town
Swindon Town
Third Lanark
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The bricks and mortar which guard a cherished past

HIGHLIGHTS of a LONG HISTORY

By MARTIN SHAW

came Celtic again — what a titanic struggle there was between these two — until 1917-18 when the Ibrox heroes succeeded again.

Since then, they have won 22 times!

There are so many great names of those days: Archibald Barker—famed in the good old days of 1893, 94 and 95—Bennett of Celtic AND Rangers, Bowie, Brown, Cairns, Morton, Muirhead, Cameron and so many, many more.

These are just a few, a very few, of the greats.

Think of Rangers and you can say Cunningham . . . or Craig . . . or Venters . . . or Dawson . . . or Drummond.

The "greats" are as many as the triumphs.

Last season it was Celtic, the other half of the "Old Firm," who knocked Rangers out of the Scottish Cup in the third round to the chagrin of thousands.

The score: 2—1.

Shades of the days back in 1908-09 when the cup was withheld after two Rangers-Celtic games.

There were years of cup greatness for Rangers from away back in 1876-77 when they lost 3—2 to the Vale of Leven.

And there were hoodoo years of leanness too! The competition was suspended during the 1914-18 war, but Rangers had to go 25 years without a Cup win!

It was not until season 1927-28 that the men in light blue broke the 25-year hoodoo that made them the butt of music hall jokes!

They beat Celtic 4—0, and the man mainly responsible was the great Davie Meiklejohn, whose tragic death in August of this year shocked Scottish football.

It was "Meek," the superb Rangers and Scotland half-back, who stood on that penalty spot so long ago, ready to take the kick that meant so much.

It was no ordinary penalty kick. The score stood at 0—0, and 25 years of failure mocked the man who ran up to take the kick, watched by apprehensive thousands.

It was a goal . . . and the hoodoo was broken.

It was a goal that gave Rangers the will to win. "Meek's" penalty inspired them, broke the quarter of a century jinx, and Rangers went on to win 4—0 . . . and the music hall joke was dead.

In 1929-30, Rangers won again, beating Partick Thistle after a 0—0 draw.

And in 1931-32 Rangers won again . . . AFTER a 1—1 draw with Kilmarnock.

Since then the mighty men of Ibrox have won seven times. Of course, just like 1914-18, the competition was stopped between 1939-46, halting what might have been another royal blue march of triumph.

Morton put in a magnificent fight in 1947-48, and went down after a struggle that made Greenock proud.

And surely, in all these Cup of Joy years, Rangers have never had a finer cup-fighter than Jock "Tiger" Shaw, now retired and in business.

Crop-haired, granite-built full-back Shaw was as much part of Rangers as the foundations at Ibrox . . . and just as strong.

You can see him at the Stadium today, this quiet man who won so many friends — and thousands upon thousands of admirers.

And it was in Cup games that he seemed to excel.

Today, it is an ex-Ranger who sits in the plush stadium as "The Boss." James Scotland Symon, known as Scot Symon.

The great days of Struth are over . . . the days of Symon not long begun. He has felt the scourging lash of criticism, but has gone on unworried.

He can look at the tally of success over the years and take pride in his own team and achievements.

Rangers fans MUST have success. They are the breed who will not tolerate failure.

The League, the Scottish Cup, the Glasgow Cup, the League Cup, the Charity Cup and now the European Cup. They can all be within the grasp of Rangers.

The late William Struth, former manager of Rangers.



REMEMBER November 28, 1945? Throughout their glittering and glamorous career I do not think that there has been a bigger — or better-remembered — occasion than that day for Rangers.

It was the day Rangers met the famed Moscow Dynamo. At Ibrox there are tangible souvenirs of that game. But in Scotland, generally and Glasgow particularly, it lives in the memory of the thousands, the delighted thousands, who saw it.

And the men who played in the game, men who wore the light blue on so many famous occasions, recall this match more than any other.

Remember the Rangers team? Dawson, David Gray, and Shaw; Watkins, Young and Symon; Waddell, Gillick, Smith, Williamson and Johnstone. The score 2-2. Scorers: Smith and Young (pen) and Karsev (2) for Dynamo.

That is only one of many great days for Rangers. It was one of the greatest days for the late manager William Struth, the man referred to by many as "The Boss."

A dictator? An "Iron Man"? Perhaps he was both of these, but there are many who talk of his kindness and

courage, and all who knew "Mr. Rangers" say: "He lived for the Rangers".

The Struth era brought more riches and glory to Ibrox, the "Prince" of Scottish grounds, over which, of course, Hampden reigns as "King."

Rangers won the League Flag last season with 50 points. How long it was in the shadowy past in 1890-91 when the mighty Rangers, in their mutton-chop whiskers, had 29 points with Dumbarton.

Then came triumphs for Dumbarton (what a team the men nicknamed "The Rock" must have been in those great days), Celtic, Celtic again, Hearts, Celtic, Hearts, Celtic, and then, in season 1898-99, Rangers triumphed with 36 points, winning all their games.

They won again in 1899-1900, and then came the fantastic amazing run of success.

Rangers triumphed again the next year, and in 1901-2. In 1904-5 Rangers and their old rivals Celtic tied with 41 points and — tragedy for the legions of loyal Ibrox fans — Celtic won the decider.

It wasn't until 1910-11 that Rangers broke the green-and-white stranglehold, winning the League again.

And they won it the next year and the next. Then



American-style 'softball' plays a part in the happy variety of training at Ibrox.

ALL WORK and NO PLAY . . .

. . . would make Rangers men dull players. Fortunately they know how to combine business with pleasure.

Club spirit is fostered by friendly relations between manager and players. Scot Symon stops for a yarn with some of his players.

FACTS and FIGURES

Following is a list of honours gained by Rangers:

LEAGUE CHAMPIONS

(Total points for the season in brackets.)

1898-9 (36), 99-00 (32), 1900-01 (35), 01-02 (28), 10-11 (52), 11-12 (51), 12-13 (53), 17-18 (56), 19-20 (76), 20-21 (76), 22-23 (55), 23-24 (59), 24-25 (60), 26-27 (56), 27-28 (60), 28-29 (67), 29-30 (60), 30-31 (60), 32-33 (62), 33-34 (66), 34-35 (55), 36-37 (61), 38-39 (59), 46-47 (46), 48-49 (46), 49-50 (50), 52-53 (43), 55-56 (52), 56-57 (55), 58-59 (50).

Runners-up (Asterisk denotes runners-up to Celtic) *1892-3 (27), *95-96 (26), *97-98 (29), *1904-5 (41)—(Celtic won decider), *13-14 (59), *15-16 (59), *18-19 (57), *21-22 (66), 31-32 (61), *35-36 (61), 47-48 (46), 50-51 (38), 51-52 (41), 57-58 (49).

Note: Competition suspended from 1940-46.

SCOTTISH CUP

1876-7 Vale of Leven 3 Rangers 2 (after two draws 0-0, 1-1); 78-79 Vale of Leven awarded Cup — Rangers failed to appear after 1-1 draw; 93-94 RANGERS 3 Celtic 1; 96-97 RANGERS 5 Dumbarton 1; 97-98 RANGERS 2 Kilmarnock 0; 98-99 Celtic 2 Rangers 0; 1902-3 RANGERS 2 Hearts 0 (after two draws 1-1, 0-0); 03-04 Celtic 3 Rangers 2; 04-05 Third Lanark 3 Rangers 1 (after draw 0-0); 08-09 Cup withheld after two draws with Celtic 2-2, 1-1 after a riot; 1914-19 Competition suspended; 20-21 Partick Th. 1 Rangers 0; 21-22 Morton 1 Rangers 0; 27-28 RANGERS 4 Celtic 0; 28-29 Kilmarnock 2 Rangers 0; 29-30 RANGERS 2 Partick Th. 1 (after draw 0-0); 31-32 RANGERS 3 Kilmarnock 0 (after draw 1-1); 33-34 RANGERS 5 St. Mirren 0; 34-35 RANGERS 2 Hamilton A. 1; 35-36 RANGERS 1 Third Lanark 0; 1939-46 Competition suspended; 47-48 RANGERS 1 Morton 0 (after draw 1-1 after extra time and extra time in replay); 48-49 RANGERS 4 Clyde 1; 49-50 RANGERS 3 East Fife 0; 52-53 RANGERS 1 Aberdeen 0 (after 1-1 draw).

LEAGUE CUP

1940-41 RANGERS 4 Hearts 2; 41-42 RANGERS 1 Morton 0; 42-43 RANGERS 1 (11 corners) Falkirk 1 (3 corners); 43-44 Hibernians 6 corners Rangers 5 corners; 44-45 RANGERS 2 Motherwell 1; 45-46 Aberdeen 3 Rangers 2; 46-47 RANGERS 4 Aberdeen 0; 48-49 RANGERS 2 Raith Rovers 0; 51-52 Dundee 3 Rangers 2; 57-58 Celtic 7 Rangers 1.

GLASGOW CHARITY CUP

1876-77 Queen's Park 4 Rangers 0; 78-79 RANGERS 2 Vale of Leven 1; 79-80 Queen's Park 2 Rangers 1; 80-81 Queen's Park 3 Rangers 1; 82-83 Queen's Park 4 Rangers 1; 91-92 Celtic 2 Rangers 0; 92-93 Celtic 5 Rangers 0; 94-95 Celtic 4 Rangers 0; 96-97 RANGERS 6 Third Lanark 1; 97-98 Third Lanark 1 Rangers 0; 98-99 Celtic 2 Rangers 0; 99-1900 RANGERS 5 Celtic 1;

03-04 RANGERS 5 Celtic 2; 05-06 RANGERS 3 Queen's Park 2; 06-07 RANGERS 1 Celtic 0; 08-09 RANGERS 4 Celtic 2; 10-11 RANGERS 2 Celtic 1; 12-13 Celtic 3 Rangers 2; 14-15 Celtic 3 Rangers 2; 18-19 RANGERS 2 Queen's Park 1; 20-21 Celtic 2 Rangers 0; 21-22 RANGERS 3 Queen's Park 0; 22-23 RANGERS 4 Queen's Park 0; 23-24 Celtic 2 Rangers 1; 24-25 RANGERS 1 Clyde 0; 26-27 Partick Th. 6 Rangers 3 (after extra time); 27-28 RANGERS 3 Queen's Park 1.

1928-29 RANGERS 4 Celtic 2; 29-30 RANGERS beat Celtic by toss of coin after extra time draw; 30-31 RANGERS 2 Queen's Park 1 (after extra time); 31-32 RANGERS 6 Third Lanark 1; 32-33 RANGERS 1 Queen's Park 0; 33-34 RANGERS 1 Celtic 0; 35-36 Celtic 4 Rangers 2; 37-38 Celtic 2 Rangers 0; 38-39 RANGERS 7 corners Third Lanark 3 corners; 39-40 RANGERS 1 (7 corners) Clyde 1 (2 corners); 40-41 RANGERS 3 Partick Thistle 0; 41-42 RANGERS 3 Clyde 1; 43-44 RANGERS 2 Clyde 1; 44-45 RANGERS 2 Celtic 1; 45-46 RANGERS 2 Third Lanark 0; 46-47 RANGERS 1 Celtic 0; 47-48 RANGERS 2 Celtic 0; 49-50 Celtic 3 Rangers 2; 50-51 RANGERS 2 Partick Th. 0; 53-54 Third Lanark 1 Rangers 0; 54-55 RANGERS 3 Queen's Park 1; 56-57 RANGERS 2 Queen's Park 1; 57-58 Clyde 4 Rangers 0.

GLASGOW CUP

1887-88 Cambuslang 3 Rangers 1; 92-93 RANGERS 3 Celtic 1; 93-94 RANGERS 1 Cowliars 0; 94-95 Celtic 2 Rangers 0; 96-97 RANGERS 2 Celtic 1 (after draw 1-1); 97-98 RANGERS 4 Queen's Park 0; 98-99 Queen's Park 1 Rangers 0; 99-1900 RANGERS 1 Celtic 0 (after 1-1 draw); 1900-01 RANGERS 3 Partick Th. 1; 01-02 RANGERS w.o. Celtic scratched after draw; 04-05 Celtic 2 Rangers 1; 07-08 Celtic 2 Rangers 1; 09-10 Celtic 1 Rangers 0; 10-11 RANGERS 3 Celtic 1; 11-12 RANGERS 1 Partick Th. 0; 12-13 RANGERS 3 Celtic 1; 13-14 RANGERS 3 Third Lanark 0; 15-16 Celtic 2 Rangers 1; 17-18 RANGERS 4 Partick Th. 1; 18-19 RANGERS 2 Celtic 0; 21-22 RANGERS 1 Celtic 0; 22-23 RANGERS 1 Clyde 0 (after draw 0-0); 23-24 RANGERS 3 Third Lanark 1.

1924-25 RANGERS 4 Celtic 1; 26-27 Celtic 1 Rangers 0; 27-28 Celtic 2 Rangers 1; 29-30 RANGERS 4 Celtic 0 (after draw 0-0); 30-31 Celtic 2 Rangers 1; 31-32 RANGERS 3 Queen's Park 0; 32-33 RANGERS 1 Partick Th. 0; 33-34 RANGERS 2 Clyde 0; 34-35 Partick Th. 1 Rangers 0; 35-36 RANGERS 2 Celtic 0; 36-37 RANGERS 6 Partick Th. 1 (after draw 2-2); 37-38 RANGERS 2 Third Lanark 1; 39-40 RANGERS 3 Queen's Park 1; 40-41 Celtic 1 Rangers 0; 41-42 RANGERS 6 Clyde 0; 42-43 RANGERS 5 Third Lanark 2; 43-44 RANGERS 2 Clyde 0; 44-45 RANGERS 3 Celtic 2; 47-48 RANGERS 4 Third Lanark 1; 49-50 RANGERS 2 Clyde 1; 52-53 Partick Th. 3 Rangers 1; 53-54 RANGERS 3 Third Lanark 0; 54-55 Partick Th. 2 Rangers 0; 55-56 Celtic 5 Rangers 3 (after draw 1-1); 56-57 RANGERS 2 Clyde 0; 57-58 RANGERS 4 Third Lanark 2 (after draw 1-1); 58-59 Clyde 1 Rangers 0.

LEAGUE SCHEDULE 1959-60

DATE	OPPONENTS	GROUND	RESULT
Sept. 5	— CELTIC	(H)	3-1
" 12	— HIBERNIAN	(A)	1-0
" 19	— AYR UNITED	(H)	0-3
" 26	— PARTICK THISTLE	(A)	3-0
Oct. 3	— DUNFERMLINE	(H)	4-1
" 10	— DUNDEE	(A)	3-1
" 17	— ST MIRREN	(H)	1-3
" 24	— ABERDEEN	(A)	5-0
" 31	— HEARTS	(H)	0-2
Nov. 7	— CLYDE	(H)	6-0
" 14	— ARBROATH	(A)	4-0
" 21	— RAITH ROVERS	(H)	3-3
" 28	— MOTHERWELL	(A)	1-2
Dec. 5	— KILMARNOCK	(H)	5-0
" 12	— THIRD LANARK	(A)	3-0
" 19	— AIRDRIE	(A)	5-0
" 26	— STIRLING ALBION	(H)	3-0
Jan. 1	— CELTIC	(A)	7-0
" 2	— HIBERNIAN	(H)	1-1
" 9	— AYR UNITED	(A)	4-2
" 16	— PARTICK THISTLE	(H)	1-1
" 23	— DUNFERMLINE	(A)	2-0
Feb. 6	— DUNDEE	(H)	0-0
" 20	— ST MIRREN	(A)	1-1
" 27	— ABERDEEN	(H)	2-2
Mar. 5	— HEARTS	(A)	1-2
" 12	— CLYDE	(A)	1-4
" 19	— ARBROATH	(H)	1-1
" 26	— RAITH ROVERS	(A)	2-1
April 2	— MOTHERWELL	(H)	0-2
" 16	— KILMARNOCK	(A)	1-1
" 23	— THIRD LANARK	(H)	1-2
" 30	— AIRDRIE	(H)	0-0

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