



**JERRY
DAWSON'S**
memoirs



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Foreword

THEY paid me a high compliment when they asked me to write this foreword. But they set me a problem too. For who can say anything about the famous Jerry Dawson that hasn't been said already. It's like trying to describe Princes Street, Edinburgh.

Although Jerry started with Rangers and finished with Falkirk, he wasn't only the idol of Ibrox and Brockville fans. He was claimed by the entire sporting public of Scotland. And, among his greatest admirers were the Celtic fans . . . despite the fact he often balked them of victory jubilation by his breathless cat-work in Ranger's goal.

Frankly, there were times when Dawson was unbeatable. Times when he seemed to pull the nets around him like a shawl as an attacker advanced upon him. As one player put it to me, "Why is Dawson always in the narrow goal?"

Many of Scotland's great wins on the international field would have justified Jerry showing a card in front of his chest—"All my own work!" For he broke the hearts of Dixie Dean, Tommy Lawton and other fiery English crusaders. And invariably these same players made a dive at him on the final whistle to congratulate the man who'd made their journey almost unnecessary. And up there in the Press-box, we Scottish newspaper hawks fought a hopelessly one-sided battle to prevent our neutrality succumbing to our national pride.

Only a Dawson could have filled the shoes of the immortal Johnny Thomson of Celtic. At all my lectures, Junior Sports Club Rallies and other functions, the one question I knew

would be fired at me without fail was, "Which do you consider was the greater goalkeeper . . . Thomson or Dawson?"

There was only one way to answer that. Poor Johnny didn't get the chance to express his brilliance over a period of years. Dawson did . . . and never failed us. But, rather than argue about which was the greater (one that could never be logically concluded) shouldn't we who were old enough to know them give thanks that we lived in an era which produced two such wonderful sportsmen.

Jerry has given up the game—but he hasn't handed in his boots. He'll be fixing them on for some years yet—and the football youth of Scotland will benefit as he coaches them on their local field or vacant lot. For don't imagine Dawson is just the fellow between the sticks. At one of our rallies last year, a player was late in appearing for the football-tennis competition. Jerry volunteered, and showed such amazing head and foot-craft the local supporters refused to have the late-comer when he ultimately turned up!

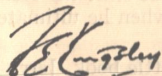
In this little book, Jerry will be telling you lots of stories—and showing there's a lot of fun in the game. Because he has a sense of humour many stage comedians could be doing with. This is the one I like best. It points a moral too—and expresses the motto I saw over the entrance hall of a club in Copenhagen: "Win and Lose in the same spirit." The game was at Easter Road—a fiery affair between Hibs and Rangers. Hibs were on their toes. Rangers began to lose their customary poise as the eager "greens" swarmed round them, stinging the while.

To add to the Light Blues misfortunes, Venters, their inside-left, was ordered off the field. It became a rout. Hibs could score when they liked. I've never seen a Rangers side so riddled and disorganised. With about ten minutes to go, little Arthur Milne, the Hibs centre, broke through again. The goal loomed wide as a railway tunnel. Jerry Dawson came out with hope in his heart and a sick feeling in his

stomach. Hibs were already eight goals up and Arthur Milne side-stepped him—then completely fluffed his kick for the open goal! The ball rolled slowly, and Dawson made a cat-like spring to grab it before it reached the line. After Jerry kicked it upfield I saw him beckoning to Milne. The wee fellow turned and went back to the 'keeper. Dawson shouted something. Milne laughed, then shook his head as he walked upfield again.

Later, I was interviewing Milne on the B.B.C. mike. I asked him what Jerry had said. He told me. "Hey, Arthur, hiv ye stopped tryin' noo?"

That's Dawson, the brilliant footballer, the man who could take it—and the thoroughly good fellow. Now settle down and enjoy his racy memories.



Rex "Sunday Mail."

September, 1949.

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CHAPTER I.

WHEN a goalkeeper looks back, its usually only a short distance over his shoulder to see if the ball is in the net, but the glance I am indulging in now, goes much further back, twenty years to be precise.

What grand years they have been. Thrills and excitement, triumphs and disappointments, pathos and humour and journeys over most of the globe. It seems like the advance publicity to a motion picture, but that is the life that football has given me. What then of the life I have given to football? I consider it has been well spent, and attribute any success I may have had to the fact that no matter what game I played in, big or small, I always gave of my utmost.

Now that the cheering is dying down as far as I am concerned, I find, strange to say, that what football has given me most, is not the satisfaction of International Caps and Medals, but the knowledge of being accepted, simply as a sportsman.

For instance, am I ever likely to forget that memorable night, when, before thousands of Rangers Supporters in Green's Playhouse, Glasgow, I was called to the stage to accept a presentation of a wrist watch, nearly a year after I had left the club, and was then playing for Falkirk. Then again, when I was in the Victoria Infirmary with my leg broken, the scores of letters I received from Celtic supporters wishing me a speedy recovery, and also the one I had from the late Mr. Willie McCartney on behalf of the Hibs players, expressing their deep regret. In the years to come, incidents such as these, and there were many more, will shine brighter in my memory, than the medals in my show case.

It is indeed a great game, this Football.

A general ambition among our youth is to become star footballers, and a common question is, "What are the short cuts to football fame?" There are none. Getting to the top is only matched in difficulty by trying to stay there. When I say that, I am remembering the long two and a half seasons that I struggled for recognition in Ranger's reserve side.

When the glare of the "big time" is turned on, its then that self discipline, on the field and off, is most essential. The temptations of football popularity are many, and the most dangerous of all is "swollen head." There have been more failures in the game through this, "I already know it all" complex than any other.

The player likeliest to succeed is he who has confidence in his own ability, yet is prepared at all times to accept advice to improve it. Add to this, enthusiasm, determination and a willingness to accept discipline, and you have the only recipe with a chance of success.

CHAPTER II.

Funny Side of Football.

SEEING the funny side of football is not always so easy, particularly if the joke is on yourself. But it very often helps you to keep things in their proper perspective—as on the occasion of my very first appearance with Rangers A.

We had just beaten Aberdeen A. by two goals to one at Pittodrie, and Bobby Main, George Conlon and myself were in exultant mood. I imagine our conversation in the train coming home was very much "You played a good game, how did I play?"

In our youthful inexperience we were already discreetly discussing our chances for the first team, when the late R. G. Campbell, the director in charge, stopped at our table. He complimented us on our first performance, and concluded with, "And I see no reason, boys, if you continue to play like that, why you shouldn't make the first team—in another five years or so." After we had straightened out the sag in our lower jaw we burst into laughter, realising how cleverly we had been brought to earth.

As you can imagine, the dressing-room on training mornings is always the scene of a great many pranks. This particular morning the big hose used for cleaning the bath had been left coupled up. Big Jimmy Smith and myself were having a great time turning the cold water on the other occupants of the bath.

The door was opened a little from the outside, and a voice bawled in "Ease up with that hose, I want through to the treatment room." Big Jimmy whispered, "It's Bob McPhail, and he has his shirt on. Boy, if we could only get him through that door to let him have it."

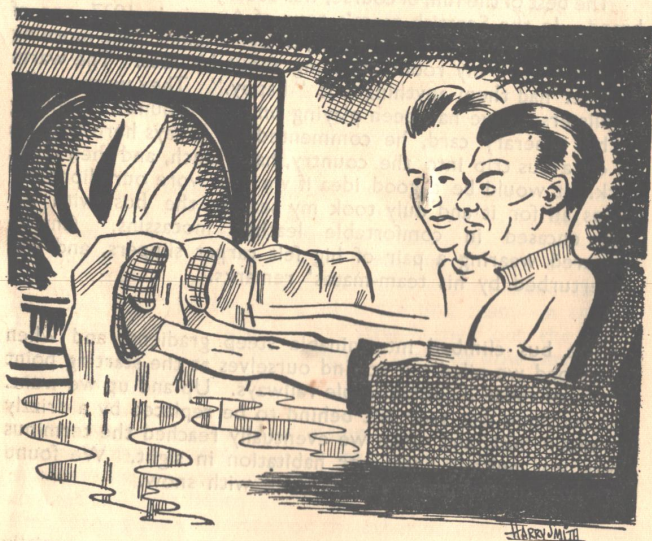
In a loud voice Jimmy replied: "O.K., Bob, you can come through, I'm screwing the hose off." Much to our surprise, Bob accepted Jimmy's word, and proceeded to walk calmly towards the treatment room. He was just halfway across, of course, when Jimmy turned the hose full on. My aim was good, and Bob was drenched. To our astonishment, he made no effort to run. He just stood there and took it, and his laughter was as loud as any of the others. And then it suddenly dawned on me—it was my shirt he was wearing.

The best of the fun, of course, was usually the unmanufactured brand. In the Scottish team's tour of Austria in 1937, one of my colleagues was Charlie Napier, of Celtic fame. One morning Charlie was in my room, moaning about his feet. The warm weather had them anything but "happy." They were a mass of blisters, as we had been playing on hard grounds. Looking at his itinerary card, he commented: "It says here that we go on a bus trip into the country, have lunch, and then come back. It would be a good idea if we just wore our slippers." I was all for it and duly took my seat in the bus with my feet encased in comfortable leather moccasins. Charlie appeared wearing a pair of big felt carpet slippers, and was unperturbed by his team-mates' remarks.

The bus climbed interminable steep gradients and when it stopped we piled out to find ourselves at the starting point of one of those mountain cable railways. Up and up we went. The sunshine was soon left behind to be replaced by a drizzly mountain mist, and when we eventually reached the terminus there was neither hotel nor habitation in sight. We found ourselves on a mountain path thick with snow.

To the absolute consternation of the party, especially Charlie and me, our Austrian host blandly announced, "Now, gentlemen, we have only to follow this track for two miles and we will have lunch in the most delightful chalet in the Austrian Alps."

I will never know how Charlie and I managed to scramble that two miles, but as he and I sat before a blazing log fire trying to thaw our frozen feet, I do know that I got precious little consolation from his droll comment, "Never mind, Jerry, we have made history today. We are the pioneers of house-slipper mountaineering."



CHAPTER III.

Continental Tactics.

THERE'S always been a lot of comment over the methods used by Continental teams in their efforts to beat our touring sides. Their tactics are to win at any cost—and don't I know it!

There was a shining example in 1933 when Rangers, previously unbeaten abroad, were in the midst of a series of games throughout Germany. Every trick in the game was thrown at us, but we managed to keep on winning. It was by no means easy, and got more and more difficult, because, contrary to the rules, the Germans were gradually building up a full representative side which they played against us under the club name of whichever city we were in.

And it's here we come to Otto. Travelling constantly with us was the charming, pleasing Otto Nertz, Herr Direktor of Deutches Football, who seemed to be a one-man selection committee, secretary and trainer for German football. And how the Herr Direktor talked! Many a discussion he had with our lads about our "third back" style of play as compared with the "W" formation, or attacking centre-half, favoured by the Germans. Otto asserted our style was purely negative and the Germans would never adopt it. We had the unshakeable come-back that, so far, we had managed to beat all German teams we had played.

Otto remained very confident that he would produce a team to beat us before we left German soil. That was the set-up when Otto suddenly disappeared along with his latest selected team to some secret hide-out, a few days before our last game with them at Munich.

That certainly was a memorable game, played before a capacity crowd. At first sight the conditions seemed in our favour. It had been teeming overnight and the field was a quagmire. However, right from the start it was obvious that our "careless talk" about tactics had been taken to heart. The Germans were playing the "stopper" centre-half, and Otto, hopping up and down the touch-line, was bellowing for all he was worth every time the middle man made to move upfield through force of habit. No unfair advantage in that, of course, as a team have every right to alter their tactics to suit the occasion. I agree, but it spotlights the thoroughness of their we-must-win " attitude.

At this stage of the tour our lads were well acquainted with the Continental pastime of pushing, elbowing and jersey-pulling and were even resigned a bit to the obvious biased refereeing. But the worst was still to come. The game was a thriller. The German side were really hot stuff and were among the best teams that the Rangers of my time ever played against. Apart from being a little jaded at the end of such a strenuous season and tour, our boys were really giving of their best. A game that had teemed with thrills and lots of good football seemed to be ending in a draw of one goal each, when, with about five minutes to go, came the loaded dice for a last decisive throw.

Big Jimmy Simpson slipped and fell as he moved across to make a tackle. As he was lying on his back, he shoved out a hand and pushed the ball away from the German centre's feet. Jimmy was at least two yards clear of the side line of the penalty box, but the referee promptly pointed to the penalty spot. Now it had been stringently impressed on us by Mr. Struth that on no account were we to be involved in any "incidents." But this was just too much, and we were round that referee in a flash with heated protests. We seemed to be getting nowhere and the grinning official kept pointing to the spot and repeating, "No speak English." Bob McPhail, who was acting captain in the absence of Davie Meiklejohn, waved us all aside and began tackling him in sign language.

Despite the sense of injustice we were labouring under, there was a certain amount of humour in the situation. The crowd were howling, McPhail was shaking his head violently as he pointed to the spot. Then, Bob turning the referee round and pointing to the nearest linesman, indicated that he should consult him. Now we seemed to be getting somewhere. The referee beamed on Big Boy, muttered "Ja, Ja," and trotted away over to the left touchline. Then, to our amazement, he was seen to be consulting, not with the linesman, but with the German outside-left. After a bout of shoulder shrugging and much gesticulating, the referee strode back and with an air of "There now, does that satisfy you," pointed triumphantly to the penalty spot again. And that was that.

They scored with the penalty, and Rangers' "unbeaten abroad" record was shattered. I have no doubt that Herr Otto Nertz went to bed that night to dream of a job well done.

CHAPTER IV.

Old Firm Games.

IT'S an old and widely used phrase that "The onlooker sees most of the game," but when applied to football, I sometimes wonder.

Let me take you back to one of the "Old Firm" games at Ibrox. . . .

The usual "electric atmosphere" of these matches has been amplified to white heat, and the one hundred thousand crowd is in a frenzy of excitement. Celtic have just been awarded a penalty (at that time there was no arc attached to the penalty area), and both Rangers and Celtic players line up abreast as McGonagle places the ball to his own satisfaction on the spot. You can hear a pin drop now. McGonagle moves back to take his run, then suddenly, from out of the lined-up players, Davie Meiklejohn comes running into goal towards me. Like a distant rumble of thunder, there is a roar of sound round the huge stadium as Davie stands talking into my ear, and I bet everyone imagined that he was informing me where McGonagle was likely to try to place the ball. This wouldn't have been improbable for I was still a rookie then, but what "Meik" was actually saying was, "For heaven's sake, Jerry, don't stand and gape. Look intelligent. I'm only trying to put him off."

Suddenly the referee wakes to life, and while he is giving Davie a lecture, McGonagle impatiently kicks his heels and is probably thinking that my goal is visibly shrinking. He is eventually given the signal to take the kick. This he does and the ball rolls harmlessly outside the post.

It's not to be wondered that huge attendances are always present at Rangers v. Celtic games, for the football public have a "nose" for matches that provide unusual incidents—and these games seldom failed in that respect, and here again was one that gave the crowd plenty to discuss.

The referee, in the dressing-room before this particular game, had notified the Rangers players, that when the teams were lined up his first whistle would be the signal for the playing of the National Anthem. The usual preliminaries of "shooting in" and "tossing for ends" over, the teams lined up in playing positions and having lost the toss, Celtic were due to kick off. The referee duly sounded his whistle, and amid the terrific din from the rival supporters, Celtic kicked off right away and swept downfield towards our goal while Rangers players stood to attention. Remember that this all happened in a matter of seconds, and there was I still standing rooted to the goal-line, and Jimmy McGrory, having received the ball back, closing in for the "kill." Ye gods! Was I in a pickle? I could hear no anthem for the howling of that crowd. It didn't seem natural for me to be standing there and McGrory tearing in; still, the referee had been quite explicit; then, quite suddenly, goalkeeping instinct overcame instructions. I was out sprawling at Jimmy's feet, and, more by good luck than good judgment, managed to scramble the ball round the post.

Even then I fully expected the referee to restart the game, but to my astonishment, he awarded a corner-kick and let the game proceed. Whether or not he would have awarded a goal had Celtic scored, I do not know, but it transpired later he had apparently forgotten to inform the Celtic players of the anthem arrangement.

Another rather lively incident against Celtic, in which I was rather too closely involved for my own liking was the game at Ibrox which some enterprising individual aptly named "The Bottle Party."

I was defending the goal at the Govan end of the field—the Celtic followers' area—and during this particular spell Celtic were putting us through the mill and had forced four or five corners in quick succession. During these, Jimmy Delaney was taking up position on my goal line, standing practically on my toes, obviously with the intention of making it more difficult for me if the ball came into the goal-mouth.



JIMMY DELANEY

Naturally, I protested, and the referee rightly told me there was nothing he could do about it, so long as Delaney did not interfere while I was jumping for the ball. Well, it so happened, the first few corners were well wide of the goal and there was no occasion to go for them, but eventually a curly one came sailing over making for under the crossbar. With Jimmy tight up against me I would never have got to it, so one of my fists went into Jimmy's back pushing him out of the way, while the other made contact with the ball, punching it clear. Being an "old campaigner" down went Jimmy in a graceful swan dive, while the heavens were rent with roars of "penalty" from the Parkhead "faithful." Sure enough, there was a blast on the ref's whistle. He was pointing emphatically to the penalty spot—the decision, a foul against me for impeding Delaney.

No thunderstorm ever broke more quickly. Suddenly the air was thick with flying bottles, and, despite the distance of the terracing from the playing field, a number of them bounced menacingly on to the pitch or rolled up the back of the net. Whether the missiles were meant for me for injuring their idol, or for the referee awarding a penalty I do not know, but as the three of us stood in the friendly shelter of the net,

watching the re-inforcements of police staging a baton charge, I heard Delaney mutter as he ruefully held his injured back, "There seems to be a lot more than me think it was a penalty."

The mention of McGonagle earlier in this article, recalls to my memory a humorous off-field incident of the stuffy Celtic full-back.

"Peter," as he was known to everyone connected with the game, despite his rather aggressive appearance on the field at times, was an inveterate "leg puller" and was invariably "the life and soul of the party."

This particular trip to Belfast for the Irish International was no exception, for "Peter" had come armed with his lucky "rabbit's foot," which very quickly became the standing joke. When the "kitty" being played for at solo in the hotel reached decent proportions "Peter" could be seen solemnly kissing it.

At the pre-match discussion it was produced and we were informed that tactics were quite unnecessary. At half-time, out it came again to be lectured by the irrepressible "Peter" that if it didn't do its stuff better next half it would speedily go to join the rest of the long departed rabbit. Having been duly restored to its former greatness on the strength of our victory, it made its final dramatic appearance at the end of the banquet in the hotel that night. As we were leaving the dining room, McGonagle called over the waitress who had been serving our part of the table, and in his very best "Glasgow Green blarney"



PETER MCGONAGLE

made her a flowing speech. He complimented the blushing colleen profusely on the excellent service she had given us, on her charm and personality, and declared that, apart from the tips the waitresses had already received from Mr. Graham and the boys, here was one she was to share with no one else.

Stammering her thanks the girl discreetly held out her hand so that none of her colleagues would see, and "Peter" adroitly slipped into it his "rabbit's foot."

The immediate effect was startling. The girl, evidently thinking it was a mouse, let out a scream, and as we made hurriedly for the door, the last we saw of the "rabbit's foot" was it going up in the air along with the forks and spoons the waitress had had in her other hand.

CHAPTER V.

1939 American Tour.

THE 1939 S.F.A. tour of Canada and the United States was exceptionally well seasoned with the spice of life—for we certainly played in a variety of places against a variety of teams.

Two of our games were played in the Baseball Stadium, New York—but there was a snag here. No attempt had been made to level up the wide baseball tracks cut into the playing field in front of both penalty areas. This naturally affected both teams, so no complaints were made, but it was rather disconcerting for our lads to find themselves running on level turf one minute and on a dirt track the next.

That, however, was only a trifle compared to the "field" in Nanaimo, a small mining town on an island, just off Vancouver. The "field" was just a levelled-off slag heap. When Mr. G. Graham first saw it he was very indignant, and informed the Nanaimo officials that the Scottish team were certainly not appearing on that ground. Regretfully, they explained that it was the only ground available, and promised to fix it up for the game. The extent of the "fixing up" process was to draw a rake over it by tractor, by which means they took nearly fourteen tons of slag off, then flatten it out by heavy roller. This by no means transformed it into a Hampden or a Wembley and though the undisturbed slag was quite considerable, the match went on as scheduled.

This game, incidentally, was about the only one on the tour that boasted a real flare-up—both on the pitch and off, and one of our players, Tommy McIntyre then of Hibs, who was a spectator that day, was rather painfully involved. During the game the referee awarded the home team a penalty, and

when questioned, he calmly admitted that it was against myself for taking too many steps with the ball. Our players protested and explained that his decision was all wrong and the rather confused official changed it.

During this rather lengthy wrangle, Tommy McIntyre a keen amateur photographer, noticed from his vantage point on the touchline an individual, complete with camera, step forward and prepare to snap the scene. Tommy, being a loyal Scotsman, and thinking of the indignity of the Scots team being pictured in the Press disputing a decision, quickly intercepted and told him that he mustn't print the picture. The cameraman asked if he was serious, and when Tommy nodded, coolly laid down his camera, smacked Tommy good and hard on the nose, and beat a hasty retreat, leaving the bewildered "Mac" both flowing and seeing "red."

Naturally Tommy had to put up with a lot of chaff from the boys, but he consoled himself by telling them that he had at least kept the picture out of the paper. But oh "what a surprise" The following morning, right in the middle of the sports' page, was not only a picture of the field incident, but also one of himself in the process of being "biffed." Seemingly the photographer "Mac" had tackled was an amateur like himself, and while they were thus engaged a "professional" had scooped the whole show.

Reading the old newspaper cutting report of that game makes one realise the absolute freedom enjoyed by sports journalists over there as the following outspoken "quote" will illustrate.

"Credit must go to the Upper Island boys for a spirited fight against such a team. They not only fought the Scots throughout, but they had the added load of having to fight against a referee. Which is not to say that gentleman, one H. Jackson, of Cumberland, favoured the Scots. He didn't. He was just a nuisance to both sides and proved very trying to the fans. The job was just too big for the man."

It is not the sports writers alone who enjoy all the liberties, however; situations were for ever cropping up that would not be tolerated over here. We actually took part in a game where the first half was played in the waning daylight, and, after an interval of 30 minutes to allow the darkness to fall, the second half continued under arc lights. Surprisingly enough the spectators were still there when we resumed.

Against the Vancouver All Stars—every team we played against was named some All Stars—we played the full game under the lights, and here again comedy was well to the fore. In these flood-lit games the ball is painted white and as there had been a heavy shower of rain before the match, the wet grass soon brought the ball back to its original colour. Normally two or three painted balls are sufficient for one game, and when just after the interval, the third and last one was rejected as being "off colour" it seemed as if the game would be brought to an early closure. We had, however, failed to reckon with the resourcefulness of the home officials.

Suddenly there appeared on the touchline an individual complete with bucket of white paint and brush, who quickly got to work. The game was finished by using in quick succession his wet repaints. He had quite an arduous task keeping up the supply, but not quite so difficult as some of the boys had getting the paint off their hair when the game was over.

Another great "comedy spot" on the tour was the additional game squeezed into the itinerary after much negotiation, and played at Providence. The proceeds of the game were to be shared by the players. No guarantees of any sort were made, but we were assured by the Providence officials that a bumper attendance could be expected, as it was a great football district, and they were giving the game good publicity. On the evening before the game we were piled into a fleet of police cars with flowing banners attached, proclaiming to all and sundry that this was the Scottish All Stars who were to play against New England All Stars. That was certainly a most spectacular journey, for added to the wailing sirens of our cars

were those of six escorting police motor cycles. We literally screamed our way through the busy city before arriving at a large bowling green. There, in front of a large audience we were played round by a pipe band in full regalia. We then played the locals at the bowls.

The Scots concert and dance that followed was a "sell out." Enthusiasm ran high, and I am sure most of us went to bed that night with high expectations of sharing in a miniature Hampden gate the next afternoon. Alas for our fond hopes, the attendance was a miniature all right, we played before the colossal crowd of a little over three thousand and received the princely sum of one hundred dollars each. Malcolm McDonald, then of Celtic, summed it all up humourously when he remarked "I think, lads, we should take up the boolin'. We drew a bigger crowd there."

CHAPTER VI.

"Championship of the World."

It is generally accepted that Americans can put a show over in a way few nations can equal. But they certainly "went to town" during the S.F.A. tour of 1939.

Biggest stunt of all was when they billed the last match of the tour as a contest for the "Championship of the World" between New York All Stars and Scotland. We had played this team previously and they held us to a draw—the only team in America and Canada to do so—so the match had added glamour. As was the custom throughout the trip, we stripped in our hotel and we arrived at the ground ready for play. It was a stifling hot afternoon. Just on three o'clock the advertised kick-off time, a home official informed us that there would be a slight delay in starting. Even the amusing "patter" of the ever genial Bert Manderson could not quell the discontent of the boys as he repeatedly sponged our perspiring bodies in the stuffy dressing room. He was on the verge of using a cold hose when one of the officials came in and announced, "Not much longer boys, the pipers have arrived."

The game had actually been held up because the Dagenham Girl Pipers, who were over there at the time for the World Fair, had not arrived on time. Were we boiling? However, the delay did not stop there. The girls gave a display of piping and marching and were accompanied by 'Bobbies' and 'Beefeaters' who were appearing at the Fair in a side show called "Merrie England." Leaving the dressing room door we ourselves were lined up behind an American band and paraded round the track before being parked at the top end of the field. Then came the American team on parade, and this time we really thought the heat was affecting us, and that we were seeing double. There were twenty-two of them "

The climax came when the referee appeared in natty black silk suit complete with long, peaked jockey cap to match—a sort of compromise between Babe Ruth and Gordon Richards. Eventually they decided to get on with the game, and the white-sweatered American coach made up his mind which eleven was to play, leaving the remainder to occupy the wooden bench outside the touch-line.

The game had not long started when we discovered why the Americans were nicknamed Yanks. One of their players blundered and, at a signal from the coach, the referee stopped the game, and the culprit was “yanked” off the field, a fresh man being sent on. This process of elimination went on until all 22 players were utilised. It speaks volumes for our lads in that boiling heat they were on equal terms at the end of 90 minutes’ play.

This caused some confusion among the officials, who were left with a beautiful trophy on their hands. However, Big Jimmy Dykes, of Hearts, who captained our side that day, was determined that we would win that trophy and become “Champions of the World.” Jimmy went up to George Graham and said, “We should have licked that bunch, and we can still do it. What about extra time?” This was agreed upon, and we went on to win the cup by scoring two goals without reply.

Then came the final touch of humour as the towering Dykes swept a glance round the nearly exhausted Scottish team, and, with a grin from ear to ear on his sweat-begrimed face, said: “Never mind, boys, it was well worth it. We are the bloomin’ Champions of the World.”

There is a lot of talk about the ill effects of rich feeding when on tour. We ran against the same snag in America. Every place we visited tried to outshine all the others in hospitality. Eventually, in the face of so many banquets, the “over-stuffed” players, with the connivance of Mr. Graham, voluntarily instituted a system whereby three of four players took turns of representing the team. This was called “Banquet Duty.”

In such austere times as we are living in just now, it seems almost unbelievable that one table could hold so much for one party. On board the *Duchess of Atholl* coming back, the chef had special menu cards prepared in honour of the team. They incorporated the names of all the party. Aboard the ship we had to appear resplendant in dinner suits for dinner at night, and it was a sure fire laugh to see Sandy McNab, the supreme practical joker of the party, sitting at the top of the table, delicately dab his mouth with his napkin, straighten his bow tie, and acclaim solemnly in best Kelvinside, “My, my, one can’t help wondering what the ‘poor people’ have to live for.”

This last little episode of that memorable tour, concerns one whom many people consider to be the best “goalkeeper” Rangers ever had—Dougie Gray. It was acknowledged down at Ibrox that it was impossible to win an argument against Dougie on any game in which he participated. Whether it was billiards, golf, heading tennis, bowls or cricket, Dougie was always there with the ‘correct’ ruling should any dubiety arise. Even though no one had ever heard of the rule before it was always accepted, and we referred to all games at training as being played under the “Marquis of Gray’s” rules.

One day on board ship, a needle game of shuffle board was in progress, when a friendly argument arose concerning some point in the game. Dougie, who was playing, quickly dug up a ruling that was certainly not in favour of his opponents, and they disagreeing, called on the Games Steward.



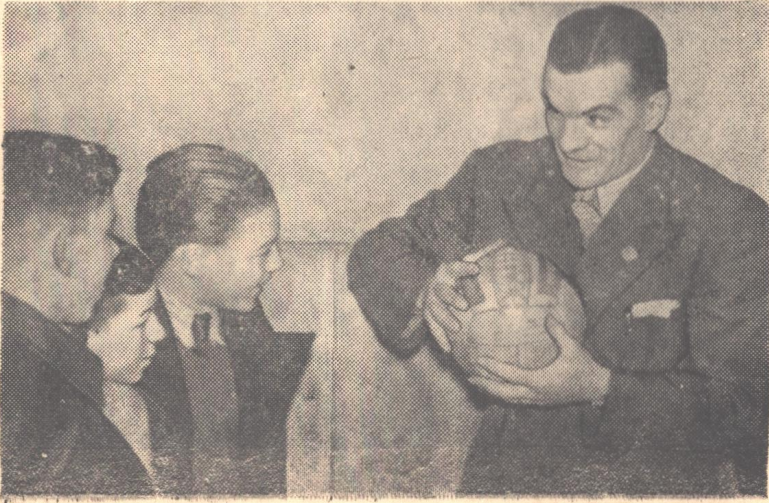
DOUGIE GRAY

It seemed for a moment that the decision was going to be given against Dougie, but the "Marquis" got busy with his explanations and won the argument. As the game restarted the Steward, scratching his head, muttered audibly, "Hardly seems possible that I didn't know all the rules after so many years as Games Steward." Needless to say from then on the game was played strictly according to the rules of the "Marquis of Gray."



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE AT HAMPDEN PARK WHEN JERRY DAWSON SUSTAINED A BROKEN LEG IN THE GAME AGAINST HIBERNIAN IN THE WAR LEAGUE CUP FINAL OF MAY, 1944, AND (BELOW) JERRY BEING CARRIED OFF ON A STRETCHER TO THE PAVILION.

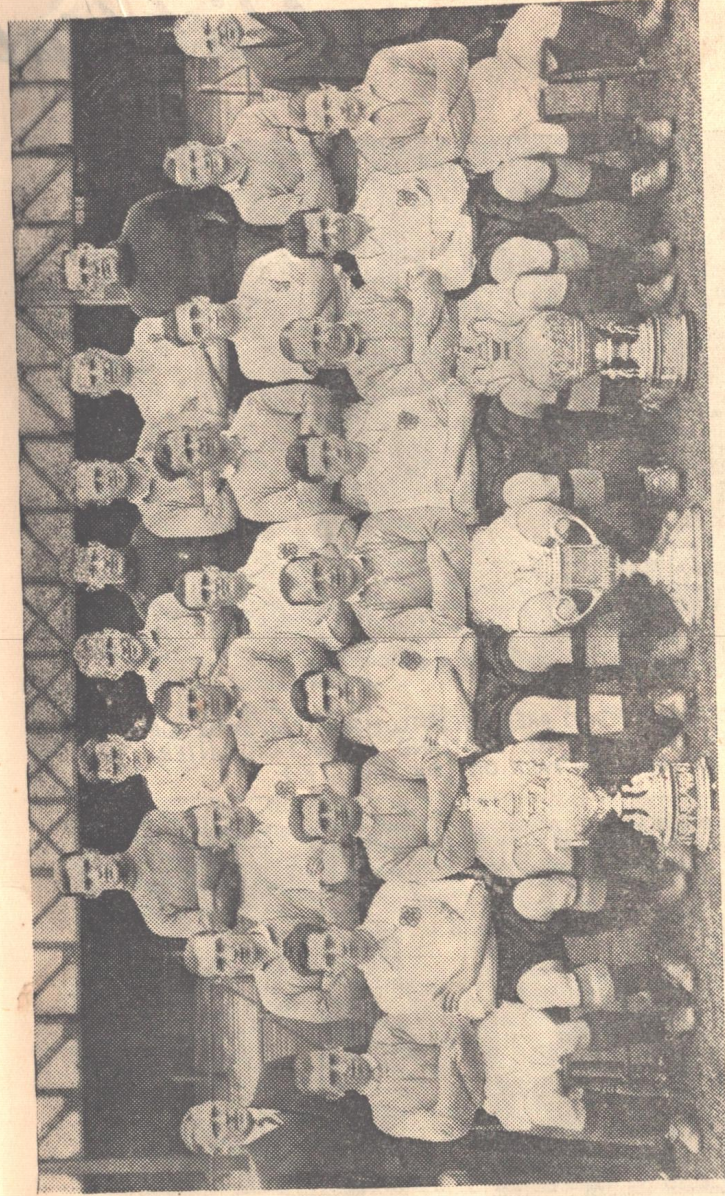




JERRY HAS ALWAYS TAKEN A KEEN INTEREST IN YOUTH. HERE HE IS SEEN DEMONSTRATING TO SOME SMALL BOYS, THE PROPER WAY TO GATHER A BALL.

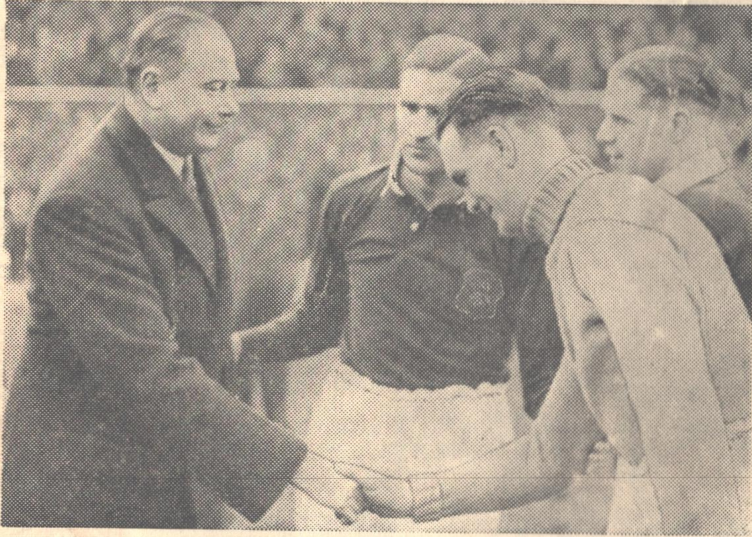


A CLASSICAL SAVE BY WILLIE MILLER (CELTIC) ONE OF JERRY'S SUCCESSORS AS SCOTLAND'S GOALKEEPER.

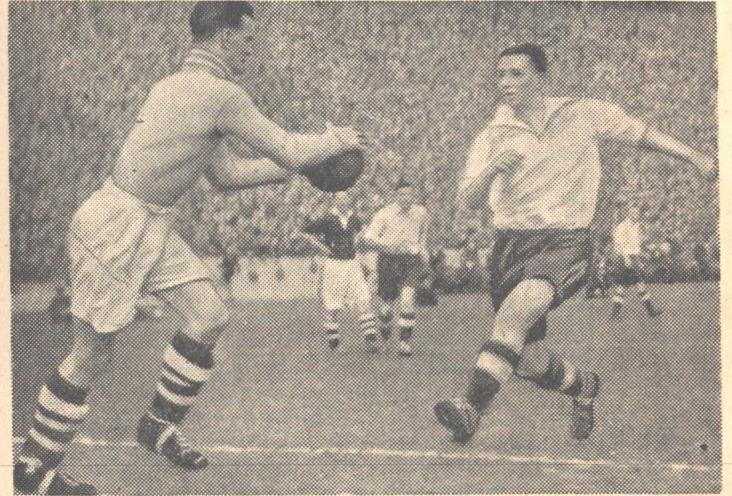


Photograph of the first Rangers team ever to win the Scottish Cup three years in succession.
 The Team reading from left to right:—
 Back Row—J. Dawson T. Gillick T. Craig T. Hamilton R. McDonald J. Fleming G. Jenkins
 Middle Row—Manager Struth "Doc" Marshall A. Cheyne J. Simpson J. Kennedy J. Smith
 J. Drysdale R. McPhail A. Dixon (Trainer)
 Front Row—R. Main A. McAuley D. Gray A. Venters T. Hart
 A. Archibald W. Nicholson D. Meiklejohn

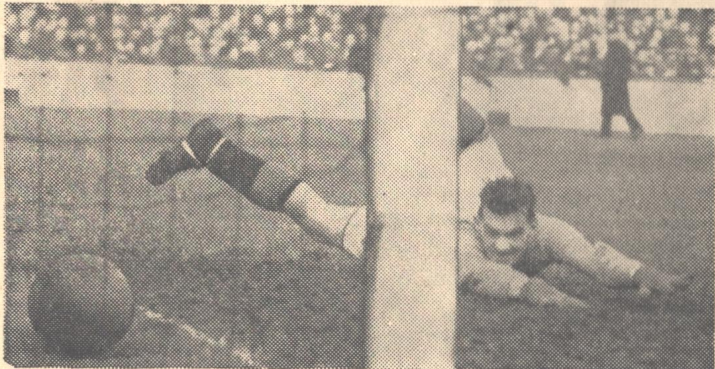
Pictorial Flashback



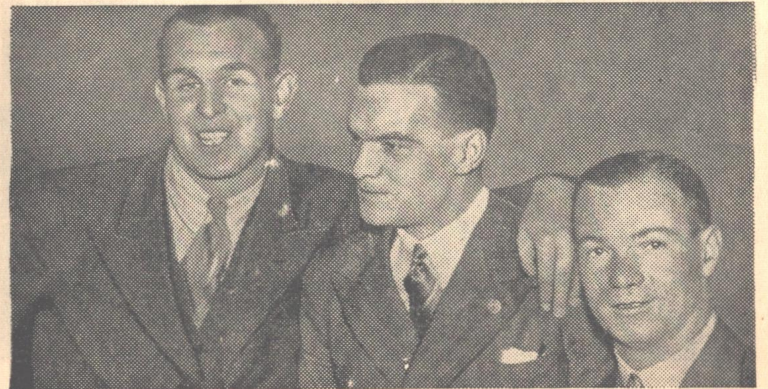
JERRY DAWSON BEING PRESENTED TO H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER PRIOR TO THE SCOTLAND v. ENGLAND INTERNATIONAL, AT HAMPDEN PARK ON 15th APRIL, 1929.



JERRY SAVING FROM TOMMY LAWTON, ONE OF ENGLAND'S GREATEST CENTRE FORWARDS.



THE FIRST MOSCOW DYNAMO GOAL AGAINST RANGERS. DAWSON DIVES IN VAIN.



JERRY IN COMPANY WITH TWO OF HIS OLD RANGERS COLLEAGUES, JIMMY SMITH AND BOB McPHAIL, WHO ALWAYS PROVIDED A LOT OF THE FUN IN THE DRESSING ROOM AT IBROX.



THE BIG MOMENT IN A FOOTBALLER'S LIFE! JERRY TAKES THE FIELD BEHIND SKIPPER JIMMY SIMPSON, IN HIS FIRST INTERNATIONAL APPEARANCE AGAINST THE ENGLISH LEAGUE AT IBROX STADIUM.



THE RESULT OF AN ARGUMENT FINDS JERRY DEMONSTRATING THAT "ANGLES" COUNT IN ICE HOCKEY GOAL TENDING AS WELL AS IN FOOTBALL.



JERRY IN AN UNUSUAL ROLE.

DURING THE WAR HE RETURNED TO HIS ORIGINAL TRADE AND IS HERE SEEN SUPERVISING THE OPERATION OF A LATHE IN SHELL FACTORY.



A TYPICAL DAWSON SAVE.



PHYSICAL FITNESS,ENABLED JERRY TO STAY IN FIRST-CLASS FOOTBALL FOR 20 YEARS, WHICH IS WELL BEYOND THE LIFE OF THE AVERAGE FOOTBALLER. HERE HE IS SEEN IN TRACK SUIT KEEPING FIT WITH THE HEAVY MEDICINE BALL.

CHAPTER VII.

Hibernian Hoodoo.

LOOKING back over the topsy-turvy years of my war-time football, the name Hibernian conjures up memories of incident and misfortune. Certainly Lady Luck was seldom courting around my nets during games against Hibs. Rangers' supporters, who may be reading this, will be forgiven if they skip the first little story I have to tell.

I refer, of course, to that fateful day in September, 1941, when Hibs defeated Rangers by 8 goals to 1. There being no net boys at Easter Road, my back, as well as my heart, was well nigh broken by those sprightly Hibernian forwards. Bobby Combe in particular, had a real "joy day" and in years to come will be able to relate to his grandchildren how he scored four goals against Rangers in one game. Little Arthur Milne and Gordon Smith with two apiece were the other Hibs marksmen. Alex. Venters was our lone marksman.

I have often been asked the reason for that record defeat. Truth to tell there was mainly one—Hibs. Granted, we finished the game with Venters ordered off and big Willie Woodburn a cripple in the pavilion, but I feel that even with two extra men the result would have been much the same.

Hibs that day were a team inspired. Their every move came off—with us it was the exact opposite, everything went wrong. Even then, in what seemed "our Darkest hour," humour persisted in shining through. When Hibs piled on their eighth goal near the finish, Bobby Bolt, who was deputising at centre-half, grimly "cracked" as I fished the ball from the net, "And that one's just to make certain we don't steal a draw " "

Back again to Easter Road, on December, 1942, for what must be about the most unusual incident of my career. During the game I was knocked out by a bottle thrown from the terracing. Many jokes have been passed between footballers about having to wait for the papers to find out how they played—that day I had to wait to find out what had happened.

Up to the interval it was anybody's game. Venters had scored early on, and Bobby Baxter equalised for Hibs from a penalty. The game had only restarted about five minutes when, from a scrimmage in our goalmouth, Rangers suddenly broke upfield. I had moved out slightly beyond the six yards line, following the play, when suddenly I felt a thud behind my ear. I can remember trying to turn round to see what had happened—but I didn't make it. My legs buckled under me and out went the lights. Blinking back to life on the dressing room table some time later, I found an anxious Mr. Struth and a worried Mr. McCartney bending over me, indignantly angry that such a thing should have happened at Easter Road.

I was acquainted with what actually happened and, failing to pass the doctor's test, was not allowed to resume. Scott Symon took over in goal and the game ended as I had left it. I had to stand a good deal of chaff from the boys when they came in. It was only a few days from Hogmanay and most of the gags inferred that I had broken my bottle too early.

The sequel to the whole affair showed that the bottle thrower had a keen sense of humour also. On trial he declared he was one of my most ardent admirers. In return for this "affection" the magistrate gave him sixty days to cool his ardour.

For a time after that it seemed as if my "Hibernian Hoodoo" ceased to exist, but no, it re-appeared with a vengeance at the War League Cup Final, Rangers v. Hibs, at Hampden in 1944. On that May afternoon, about twenty minutes after the game began, I came by one of football's most dreaded mishaps—a broken leg. It was purely by accident.

Tommy Bogan, Dougie Gray and I clashed in going for the ball. Tommy and I went down in a heap, and while a rub from the magic sponge saw Tommy speedily on his feet, I knew that I wasn't going to be so lucky—I had heard my leg give an ominous crack. Realising it was serious, Arthur Dixon soon had the stretchers over, and with a splint quickly applied as a precaution, I was carried off. In my mind I was sure there was something broken and my football world seemed to crash. Bert Mander-son quickly dispelled any doubts when he re-appeared from his room with an X-ray plate and tactfully announced that I would have an extended close season.

I was quickly hustled by ambulance to the nearby Victoria Infirmary. It will portray the speed and efficiency of these people when I say that I was sitting at tea in bed, my leg set and in plaster, when the people were coming from the game I had actually taken part in. When, at the end of nearly three months, I had the final plaster removed and saw what my leg was reduced to, I was convinced that from then on my role in football would be a spectator's one.

Mr. Struth, however, had other ideas and soon dispelled these thoughts from my mind. In conjunction with Arthur Dixon he worked out a training schedule and I was made keep to it. Part of the leg strengthening process was climbing up the terraced Ibrox slopes, and every forenoon, except Sundays, there was I, a rather forlorn figure limping up and down the deserted Stadium. Several times, I will admit, I was on the point of giving it all up, but you just don't argue with Mr. Struth. Even sooner than any one thought, I began playing in the Reserve team.

That Mr. Struth's faith has been amply justified is reflected in the fact that the leg gives me no trouble whatever. In the words of "Tully" Craig my most recent manager "it's the best o' twa bad yins."

CHAPTER VIII.

Vienna 1933.

VIENNA, 1933 . . . Crowds throng the station, a band smartly dressed in Prussian-like attire, play stirring marches and bouquets of flowers are showered on most welcome visitors—Glasgow Rangers F.C. A reception typical of those received on our Continental tour. Leaving the station we were driven through the main streets in open charabancs to the Rathaus (Town Hall to you) and presented to the Burgomaster. Formalities done away with, we then drove to our hotel—a magnificent building in a tree-lined square with numerous fountains cascading all around.

Our reception had certainly been overwhelming, but we did not expect what we found on arrival at the hotel—hundreds of people jammed into the square. This, we thought, as we entered the hotel was indeed high tribute ; but there was one thing we could not fathom—there was a stony silence. We mentioned the fact that we were very pleased to be so honoured to our interpreter, and you can imagine how red our faces were when he informed us that the crowd outside had probably never heard of Glasgow Rangers—they were waiting to see Marlene Dietrich, who had also arrived at the hotel. The lure of the screen.

It was in Vienna, at the beautiful Das Wiener Stadion, that Rangers played against Sports Club Rapide, who delighted the critics with their football when at Ibrox. Here occurred an incident which, while being humorous to recall, emphasises what touring sides even at that time had to contend with.

Despite the fact that our forwards were respecting the “no charge” Continental rule towards the Austrian goal-keeper, their centre-forward, a burly six footer, was repeatedly giving me “the heave.” Twice at corner kicks he had rushed me into the back of the net before the ball came over—fortunately without the loss of a goal. On hearing my appeals

to the referee going unheeded, big Jimmy Simpson, at centre-half, came up to me and said, “Never mind Jerry, leave him to me, I’ll watch out for him next time.” As we lined up for the next corner kick, Jimmy placed himself squarely in front of me—a solid-looking barrier. Over came the ball and out I went, with a rather safe feeling, to clear it—but the next second I was again lying in the back of the net. While I tried to disentangle myself from the centre, who was sprawled on top of me, the ball was headed through the unguarded goal.

Getting prepared to vent my spleen on big “Jimmy” for his failure to “guard” me, I heard a grunt and there, lying flat on his back in the net beside me, was my protector. The centre with his pushing ways had taken us both in with him. Needless to say the referee allowed the goal.

Following the game there was the usual sumptuous banquet, and to finish off the evening we were invited as the guests of a member of the Austrian Association to attend a night club of which he was proprietor. When eventually Arthur Dixon decided it was bedtime for us, we took leave of our host and left en bloc. As the club didn’t boast a doorman, it was left to us to find taxis—and this seemed to be almost impossible. Some of the team suggested walking back to the hotel, but Arthur insisted on taxis—he wanted to keep us together. In the midst of the discussion someone noticed a tall Prussian policeman standing a few yards off. With his steel pointed helmet and dangling sword, he looked rather a forbidding figure and he was eyeing us with obvious disfavour.

Suddenly out stepped Tully Craig towards him, as we thought, to enquire where we could get taxis. However, we were in for a shock. Tully had taken objection to his baleful glare, and, looking rather like a fly beside a giraffe, looked up to him and said : “What are you hanging around us for—do you know I had blisters on my feet chasing your kind in 1914.” Tully obviously said this with the impression that the Prussian would not understand English—but how wrong he was. With a ferocious scowl, the policeman reached for his sword. That certainly settled the taxi question—I’ve never seen a Rangers team run so fast.

While visiting Hamburg we stayed in a lovely hotel built on a bridge over the River Elbe. There was a glorious view looking down over the river, and it would be this that probably prompted someone to suggest a boating expedition.

Jimmy Fleming, having evidently seen a poster of Norfolk Broads, decided on hiring a sailing yacht. Somehow he managed to convince Jimmy Smith and "Doc" Marshall that he could handle one. With them as crew he scrambled aboard and after some delay with flapping sails, and a deal of wasted advice, in German, from the boat hirer, they got under way.

The first mishap occurred when they sailed under a bridge too low for the height of their mast. They "jammed" and were nearly tossed into the water. Things were getting really awkward when "Flem" discovered the mast was "hinged." Hastily lowering it they proceeded on their way. We in the rowing boats were about half-way to our agreed rendezvous, a little beer garden some miles down the river, when they swept gracefully past us with ironical cheers.

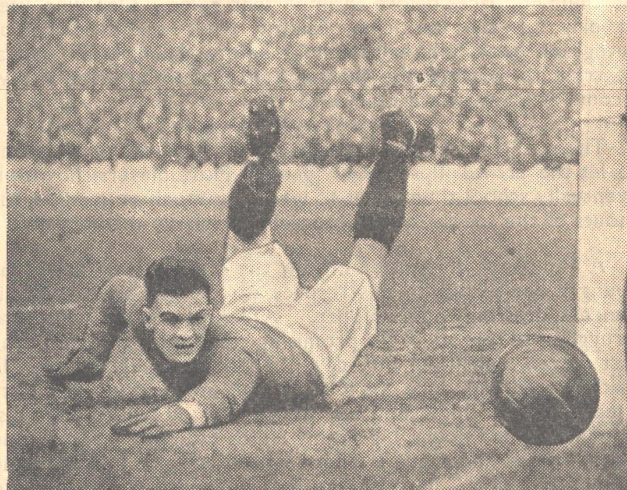
However, we had the last laugh. When we arrived at the little landing wharf there was the yacht, well and truly stuck in mid-stream. What little breeze there was had been behind them, and, in endeavouring to turn, they found they could neither get into the side for a "Pilsener" nor get back home. Jimmy Fleming's yachting knowledge didn't include sailing into the wind. To make things more galling for them, Archie McAuley, an expert oarsman, was running rings around them in his "skiff," asking rather derisively if they wanted a tow.

Utterly bored, "Doc" Marshall persuaded Archie to change over into the yacht, so that he ("Doc") might try his hand on the oars. While the "Doc," anything but a rowing expert, splashed around in the "skiff" Archie began fiddling around with the sails, and—hey presto—off moved the yacht. Despite the "Doc's" yells to wait, the yacht drew steadily away to safety. A considerable time later "Doc" reached the hirer's landing stage and it was worth a week's wages to hear his comments on yachting in general, and on Archie McAuley in particular.

CHAPTER IX.

Hampden Roar.

IN the dressing room players wait for the signal to make their way on to the field. Above them in the stand thousands of fans impatiently stamp their feet and late-comers squeeze past countless legs into their allotted seat. The terracing is noisy, but alert. As the players walk along the passage leading to the field, we can sense the impatience of the crowd, and it makes us a bit nervous—some of the younger players positively shivery. As the captain steps out from the passage on to the track, there is a split-second silence as thousands of lungs breathe in as much air as they can—only to let it loose again in screeches and piercing whistles.



JERRY PUSHES A LOW SHOT ROUND THE POST

What effect has this on the player? How does he feel as he looks up to the mass of faces surrounding him? It is here the big game temperament comes into the reckoning. Naturally different players are affected in different ways, but they are generally agreed that they prefer the atmosphere of a large crowd to that of a small one. Some people are of the opinion that it is easier for a player to have an off day when playing in front of a big crowd, but that, I think, is a fallacy. If a player is having an off spell, the size of the crowd will in no way determine when it will end. Spectators are apt to forget sometimes that a player doesn't play badly on purpose. It is more pleasant to be on form than off. Most players will admit they invariably expend double the energy when having a bad game.

Playing before a crowd of the hundred thousand variety, usually means an important game, and I am inclined to take the view that the issue at stake has more effect on the temperamental player than the crowd. I have known players who could hardly tie their bootlaces before an important game. One who used to play for my last club, Falkirk, when asked to sign an autograph book fully half an hour before the kick-off, said as he tried to control the shaking pen, "m'm'my, but you've c'come at an awkward t'time."

There might be a few amongst the younger players inclined to let the crowd upset their game. Most players, however, eventually school themselves to ignore, as much as possible, the shouts of the spectator and concentrate wholly on the game.

A humorous illustration of how the older player shapes the younger one's ideas in this respect, can be gathered from this Rangers dressing-room snippet. A young player who was struggling to reproduce his promising reserve team form in the first eleven, remarked one day, "There's somebody over in that covered enclosure got it in for me, no matter what I try I seem to hear him shouting me down." Looking him disdainfully up and down, big Jimmy Smith beamed, "You should worry—what about me? There's been at least five thousand paid their "bob" here for the past ten years just to shout to me that I can play nane."

This trying to ignore the shouts of the spectators would appear to put the famous "Hampden Roar" a bit out of joint, but the "Roar" is the shout of all shouts. Having experienced it on many occasions, let me state that such a terrific volume of sound just refuses to be ignored. No Hampden International would be complete without it, for it is as much part of the occasion as the Scotsman's "tartan tammy" is at Wembley.

I think, however, that the value of the "Roar" is greatly magnified by some. Admittedly it has a grand moral effect, but it's asking a little too much to believe the Sassenach's view that it is worth a couple of goals to Scotland. My suggestion is that the team inspires the "Roar" rather than the "Roar" inspiring the team.

When playing in a big game one seldom hears the individual remarks from the terracing, but how different it is in a game where the crowd is smaller and more spaced out. Remarks are clearly heard—particularly by the goalkeeper, who has to stand most of the barracking from discontented and impatient fans.

I recall during a game at Cathkin an ardent Thirds supporter, with a voice like thunder, kept bawling at the top of his voice "Come on the Thirds" with an occasional switch to "Come on the Hi Hi's." The game was progressing on rather uninspiring lines, with neither team managing to take the ball out of midfield. This did not seem to please our "Sinatra," and shouting louder than ever before, he livened up the game with "Fur heaven's sake, come on somebody."

Another instance of the flashing wit of the football fan is illustrated in this incident concerning a referee. All through the game he had been heckled by a voice near the touchline. Persistently it went on above all others claiming fouls, off-sides and corners for the home team. The play eventually took the ref. over to the touchline, and the ball running out, up piped the "voice" claiming the throw-in. Spotting the individual, the exasperated ref. faced him up squarely, and asked frigidly, "Who is refereeing this game, sir, you or I?" To the discomfort of the ref. and the amusement of those within earshot back came the crushing reply, "Nane o' the two' o' us."

An amusing interlude concerning a spectator happened during one of our touring games in the United States. One of the defenders clearing his lines skied the ball into the large stand. Some of the players raced to the touchline to collect it—but no ball came. The game was restarted with a new ball. Later, when play was stopped, the “missing” ball was re-introduced.

On enquiry after the match we were informed that the spectator on the terracing who had collared it was a keen baseball fan. Apparently at a baseball game when the ball is hit into the crowd, the person procuring it keeps it, or, on returning it at the finish receives a free ticket for the next game. The official who went to retrieve it had quite a job convincing the fellow that such a concession did not apply at football games.

On thinking the incident over, I came to the conclusion that here was a ready-made remedy for the aimless kicking out which so often irritates the football fan.

I could not do better than repeat the story as told against himself by Peter Craigmyle as a last example of the biting humour of the spectator. The game had been interrupted by the cantrips of a dog, and after several attempts by players to capture it, Peter managed to grab it by the collar. But it was not Peter who led the dog to the touchline—it was the dog that led Peter. As he was approaching the terracing a wit yelled out—“Ma Goad, Peter, you’ve forgotten yir tinny—ah always said you were blin’.”

CHAPTER X.

Moscow Dynamos.

SCOTTISH fans love a “show” game. This has been proved by the attendances and pre-match fever when a team from a foreign country—England included—make the trip to Scotland to play a “friendly.”



Moscow Dynamo Players exchanging greetings with Rangers prior to the historic game played at Ibrox Stadium, on Wednesday, 29th November, 1945.

Rangers have always been keen on such matches. They started in season 1933-4 by a series of games against Arsenal—

home and away. From the very start the games "caught on"—both with the players and the fans. Many thought that they would prove tame with nothing at stake, but they got an eye-opener. There was nothing of the "friendly" about them, players in each side playing as if his country's freedom was at stake.

The first game was played at Ibrox and we won 2—0. The team were feeling really pleased with themselves and walked about with their heads in the air—especially when there were Englishmen in the vicinity. But there was one Sassenach who pulled us down a peg. He wrote claiming that it was a hollow victory for the Rangers and that they had nothing to gloat about as HALF the Arsenal team wasn't playing—Alec James. This was indeed a great tribute to the Highbury idol.

That same season, however, we played a return game at Highbury and beat the WHOLE Arsenal team—Alec James and all, 3—1. Davie Meilkejohn, who was right half, and directly opposed to James, certainly out-manoeuvred the Arsenal star that game. Davie had our defence well warned that, no matter if James did get past him, no one else was to rush in to tackle him.

A shrewd tactician, "Meik" knew well that Alec's chief asset lay in drawing the defence before laying on his deadly passes. James seldom went through on his own to have a shot. The plan proved sound, as any time James did get past Davie he was left looking in vain for an unmarked colleague, and before he knew it "Meik" was tackling him for the second time—this time usually succeeding.

With sharp-shooting forwards around him like Hulme, Davidson, Drake and Bastin, it was no wonder James was content to concentrate on the role of "feeder." Bastin, to my mind, had one of the most powerful shots in football. He kicked a penalty against Rangers, and hit it so hard that it passed under my diving body on the way OUT from the net.

During the complete series of those games, six in all, Rangers were only beaten once—at Highbury, by two goals to one, in season 1936-37. Against that we had three wins and two draws.

Shortly after the war, which put an end to show games, Rangers staged what proved to be the most discussed and thrilling game for many years—the game against the Moscow Dynamos. Never was a visiting team to Britain more publicised. It's no wonder that Scottish fans were at fever pitch. Hadn't this Russian team defeated a reinforced Arsenal and then gone on to thrash Cardiff City by ten goals to one and later draw with Chelsea? Add to this the pre-game furore about substitutes and the refusal of the Russians to play if newly-signed Jimmy Caskie were fielded, and you have the reasons why Ibrox was filled to capacity that day.

The Dynamos were undoubtedly a grand team, but I think that we were a little dazzled by their boosted prowess, and treated them with far too much respect in the first half. Despite their having a good lead and turning on patches of bewildering football, the general opinion in the dressing-room at half-time was that the Dynamos were no "super team." I think Rangers' second-half display confirmed that opinion—even although we gained equality through a penalty taken by George Young. The Russians certainly welcomed the final whistle more than we did. They can thank their "do-or-die" defence and their agile 'keeper "Tiger" Komich that they didn't go under.

I would like to get a bit personal here. There was a lot of comment about the Dynamo's first goal—and rightly so, for it was in saveable order. Previous to the match I had been assured that the Russians, true to Continental style, were more inclined to play the ball into the net rather than shoot it. When they were awarded that "free" just outside the penalty line, our defence concentrated on covering their forwards, normally more attention would have been paid to the covering up of the goal. I prepared myself for a shot and took up position for a lob on the far side of the goal—but I didn't reckon with the quick thinking of the Russian right-half. Sizing up the position in a flash, he took a couple of paces back and toe-ended the ball into the goal on the near side. My frantic scramble and dive across the goal was just too late, and I merely diverted the ball into the side net.

Despite the thrills and keenness of the game there was, of course, the inevitable spots of humour. There was the incident when Torry Gillick, finding himself robbed of the ball, looked up to see who had beat him, to find a player he had never seen on the field before, yet all of his previous opponents were still playing. So Torry decided to take a full count of the Dynamo team and discovered that there were actually twelve.

You can bet Torry wasn't long in drawing the referee's attention to this. I don't suppose the extra man could have been on for long or someone would have spotted him. But the Russians must have known, for, immediately Torry shouted, one of their number quickly scuttled off. Rangers, according to agreement with the Russians, had two players sitting by stripped, ready to substitute in case of injury. Nearing the finish of the game big Jimmy Smith had his ankle knocked and went to the side to have it attended.

Jimmy had no intention of staying off, but one of the Russian coaches evidently thought he was too great a menace. He kept insisting that Jimmy was injured and that a substitute would have to go on. As Jimmy was still limping a little, Arthur Dixon decided to send Jimmy Duncanson on in his place—the obvious relief of the Russian coach who subsided all smiles. "Dunky," however, soon toned the smiles down by nearly snatching the winner with a late effort which struck the goal post.

CHAPTER XI.

International Career.

IT'S long ago and far away since season 1934-35 when I played in my first full international for Scotland at Windsor Park, Belfast, against Ireland. Like several other players who went on to play for Scotland for many years, I didn't have a very bright debut; Scotland, considered a "certainty," were beaten by two goals to one.

Though I wasn't actually blamed for the loss of the goals, I remember having a "nervy," rather unimpressive game, and a number of the critics scored me off their lists for future internationals. The "ravages" of time are clearly shown when you consider that Scotland's team that day was:—Dawson; Anderson and McGonagle; Massie, Simpson and Herd; Cook, Stevenson, Smith, Gallacher and Connor.

We led 1—0 at the interval, Gallacher of Sunderland having scored, but two goals from the Irishmen in the second half put us down for the count.

The following season I evidently had not been forgiven my indifferent international debut until the "big" game against England at Wembley came round, with all its atmosphere and issues at stake. The incentive of playing against England, enough in itself, was added to the fact that we needed at least a draw to win for Scotland the Jubilee Trophy in its first year. How we battled to hold the Englishmen to a one-goal draw is history now, but history worth recalling.

England, with a goal scored by Camsell, of Middlesbrough, in 30 minutes, appeared to be sitting pretty in the second half. They were playing well and confidently within themselves when off went Johnny Crum with the ball. He was inside the penalty when down he went by a tackle from Eddie Hapgood. The hordes of tammied Scots, most of them armed with tin frying pans to bang together, let bedlam loose as the referee awarded a penalty.

Then the hush as Tommy Walker placed the ball. The wind whisked it off the spot, and Tommy had to replace it. What terrible suspense. I felt the butterflies have an ice-hockey game in my tummy.



TOMMY WALKER

TOMMY, LOOKING AS COOL AS COULD BE (ALTHOUGH ADMITTING THE STRAIN AFTERWARDS), PROCEEDED TO BOOT THE BALL CLEANLY PAST SAGAR TO PUT SCOTLAND LEVEL.

Time, they say, waits for no man, but during that last fifteen minutes, when the English team were throwing every thing they had at us, it seemed to me as if suddenly it dropped into very low gear. Big "Geordie" Cummings must have felt likewise, for placing the ball for me at a goal-kick he muttered, "Tak' yer time, Jerry; five minutes to go yet," and the tone of his voice implied that that was the whole of eternity. It passed, however, without further loss, and the Trophy came to Scotland.

The following season was my peak year, as far as internationals were concerned, for it was in 1936-37 that I got my "triple crown"—playing against England, Ireland and Wales in the one season. I might explain here that when a man plays for Scotland only one "cap" is issued to him in a season. It bears the initials of the countries he plays against, hence the term "triple crown," if he appears against all three. We won two of the three games that year, being rather surprisingly beaten by Wales.

The other two games were notable for the fact that two attendance records were broken. In Ireland, again on Windsor Park, we won by 3 goals to 1 before the record ground atten-

dance of 45,000. There were many "scenes" that day, for the overpacked crowd kept breaking over the barriers, and the game was played out with the fans squatting all round the touch-lines.

Against England that same season we played for the first time on the reconstructed Hampden, before the all-time record of 149,407 spectators. It was thrilling to look at a crowd of that dimension from the playing pitch. It drew from Bob McPhail the comment, "Boy, would I be pleased with half this gate for a benefit." The Scottish team certainly "hanselled" Greater Hampden in proper fashion, for we won by three goals to one. England were leading by a goal scored by Steele at the interval, but soon afterwards O'Donnell equalised, and to complete the day to our satisfaction McPhail rattled on a second, then a third.

The following season I played against Ireland and Wales, but it was in season 1938-39 against England at Hampden that I lost one of my most dramatic international goals.



Mr. Churchill being presented to the Scottish Team at war time International, at Wembley

IF EVER A GAME LOOKED LIKE ENDING A DRAW, THAT ONE DID WHEN ALONG CAME THE MATTHEWS LAWTON MENACE.

It was in the very last minute when Stanley, in an apparently hopeless position forced himself into the clear with his own inimitable wizardry. Clean as a whistle he despatched the ball right to Lawton's head. Tommy, who had had a rather lean afternoon, due to the watchfulness of Bobby Baxter, despatched it goalwards like a bullet. I made a rather hopeless leap for it and, tumbling backwards into the net, my last hope was that it had gone over the bar. No such luck. The force of the ball hitting the rain-loaded net cascaded a shower of water down on me, as if I wasn't "damped" enough at being beaten so close on time!

That, then, was the sensational ending to my last "official" international, for just at the start of the next season came the war. Although I appeared against England several times during the war period, those games did not go down on record and no "caps" were issued for them.

Do you remember that game, played in a downpour of rain, when Dougall brought joy to the Scots by scoring in twenty minutes. Then England's Beasley made us more conscious of how wet it really was when he put on the equaliser, twenty minutes after the resumption.

CHAPTER XII.

War-time Football.

It is my modest claim that I was at the height of my football career when Hitler, the Painter, crashed into the game and blitzed it to a standstill.

When the sport was resumed I often thought it was as crazy as war itself. One just did not know what to expect the following day in the football world. I can still hardly believe I used to phone Ibrox and tell Mr. Struth I couldn't play owing to my work duties. On a sunny Saturday, September 2, 1939, I turned out with Rangers at Cathkin. We beat the "Warriors" and occupied our accustomed place then as League Leaders.

On Sunday war was declared and the next day I turned up at Ibrox with my team mates. Mr. Struth was awaiting a full attendance of his playing staff, he had an announcement to make. We stood about the corridors with one big question dominant in our thoughts, "What would happen to us now?" We were not kept long in suspense, for with his customary brevity, Mr. Struth announced, "Better get yourselves a job, boys, football has been indefinitely suspended."

Here was a real eye opener, and at present day market values about £200,000, worth of football flesh suddenly shrank to the size of the present meat ration. When we recovered from the shock we made our way to the nearest Labour Exchange. Some of the boys had never been in other employment, such as Jimmy Smith, Willie Thornton and Tom McKillop having arrived at Ibrox straight from school. When we reached the "burroo," there was a queue of regular attenders, and did they look dazed when they were joined by their football idols who had suddenly become "idles." Jobs were given us, some only temporary as the sergeant-major and the petty-officer were destined to take a few of the lads under their protective wing.

When Willie Thornton was called up and in training in England, he had frequent week-end leaves to play at Ibrox, and the boys used to chaff that he was one of the B.E.F.—Back Every Friday. However, there came the day when the fair-haired youngster experienced a grimmer battlefield than either Ibrox or Parkhead and distinguished himself by winning the Military Medal.

Glamour was added to the topsy-turvy nature of war-time football by the introduction of guest players. A star in the services or on work of national importance was a magnet for the club nearest his location. Hamilton Acas. went for "guests" in a big way, one of them being big Frank Swift, the England goalkeeper.

True to the tradition of goalkeepers, Frank is a bit of a wag as the following story will illustrate. When Rangers played Manchester City in a pre-war "friendly," as winners of the Scottish and English Cups, Frank and I got into a huddle after the match.

"You've a very big pair of hands," commented Frank, squinting at my "mitts." "Not as big as yours," I countered as he spread his, making me wonder if he had to have his gloves "tailor-made." "I'll tell you why they are so big," he quipped. "My father owned donkeys on the Blackpool sands. They were a stubborn lot, loath to move, and it was my job to get my hands on their hind-quarters and help them on their way. They needed a big hand."

Scottish war-time football was also greatly brightened by the inclusion of numbers of English big-time stars.

STANLEY MATTHEWS APPEARED BOTH FOR AND AGAINST RANGERS. STAN MORTENSEN HELPED ABERDEEN FOLKS FORGET THEY WERE FATED TO OPERATE IN THE COMPARATIVE OBSCURITY OF THE NORTH-EASTERN LEAGUE.

Tommy Lawton also renewed his jousts with Scottish defences on several occasions as Morton's leader. Thus the crazy pattern went on. I played for Scotland against England at Wembley twice in one season, and also turned out for

Clyde against Newcastle, and for Aberdeen against the British Army. Yes, these were hectic days indeed.

Having played in pre-war football, I am often asked how the present standard of play compares with the brand then. I think the game has made a good recovery and although we have not shone in the international arena, I believe the quality of our club football in Scotland compares favourably with that of any other country. It has always been a favourite pastime to decry the reigning standard of play and laud the past. I recall the Dismal Desmonds bemoaning the fact that the Rangers team of the 1930's wasn't a patch on its predecessors, but they kept on winning Cups and Leagues, and are still doing it. Yes, if football had gone back as much as its "moaned" to have done, we would all spend our Saturdays watching or playing rugby.

With football in its present highly commercialised state it is not to be wondered that the outlook of a number of its players are changing. I must confess that the player of the pre-war era was more content with his lot than his counterpart of to-day. The latter is inclined to think too much of the future and not enough of the present.

A humorous pre-war incident happened at Ibrox concerning a young player's future. He had been closeted for some time upstairs in the manager's office, and came down into the hallway all smiles. Tully Craig happened to be standing there and knowing that the deal was pending, asked: "Well, how did you get on?"

Back came the reply: "Great, I'm all fixed up. I've signed for Sheffield." Tully offered his congratulations and queries: "Sheffield who?"

A look of consternation spread over the other player's face as he wheeled back upstairs and muttered: "GOOD HEAVENS, I FORGOT TO ASK WHETHER IT'S THE UNITED OR THE WEDNESDAY!"

CHAPTER XIII.

Football Comedians.

MANY players were renowned for their comedy touch on the field, and it was those players who seemed to derive greatest enjoyment from the game.

One of the "Komedy Kidders" was Jimmy Smith, for even without his intricate "dribbles" and "impossible" goals, big Jimmy will always be remembered for his razor-edge wit, and at Ibrox his classic "cracks" are legendary.

For instance a game against Celtic at Ibrox is readily recalled. The system of recording a caution by the referee had just been introduced. Jimmy had committed an obvious foul, and the referee, intent on airing the new rule, produced his notebook and summoned the Ranger to him. With pencil at the ready, he pompously inquired, "What is your name?" Jimmy narrowly escaped being ordered off by the "red faced" official when he blandly replied, "Peter McGonagle."

At Ibrox it was customary for the team sheets to be posted on the notice board every Thursday. On the week following the 8-1 defeat by Hibs, as the players crowded round the board, someone asked, "What's the team for this week?" Up piped the incorrigible "Smithy," "It's the same team that did so well at Easter Road last week."



JIMMY SMITH

One could fill a book with Jimmy's witticisms, but here is one of his finest efforts. Before the war Arthur Dixon, then Rangers trainer, always carried a lemonade bottle full of olive oil in his training kit. He preferred it to embrocation for massage purposes. During a game at Greenock, Jimmy Kennedy received a leg knock, and the genial Arthur ran out to attend him. Removing Kennedy's shinguard he fished in the "wee black bag" for his bottle to administer treatment. Arthur wasn't quite so genial when he snapped off the cork and his "olive oil" fizzed all over him. Big Jimmy had noticed that the lemonade supplied by Morton for the players at full-time were in bottles similar to Arthur's, and he substituted a bottle of lime juice for the olive oil.

Another irrepressible Ibrox funster and practical joker was Bob McAuley, the full-back Rangers signed in America, and who later went to Chelsea. Bob, known amongst the players as "Al Capone" because of his accent, was the bane of trainer Jimmy Kerr's existence. On returning from a week-end at Turnberry Hotel, "Al" was reported to Mr. Struth by Jimmy Kerr for eating nine grilled chops at one meal. In the manager's office, McAuley denied it, and when the trainer was called in as evidence Al declared, "THIS GUY'S EXAGGERATING, BOSS ; HE KNOWS DARN WELL I ONLY HAD SEVEN."

On that same Turnberry trip "Al" worked a cute gag on Bob McPhail. When we reached the hotel McPhail was the last player to receive his key and room number, which was 46. When I was unpacking, the irate Bob burst into my room. "This is room 44, isn't it, well, where the blankety blank is 46?" When I demurely exclaimed, "next door, I imagine," he exploded, "that's where it should be, but it's not there. I've been all round this floor and there's no 46. I'm going down to give the receptionist a bit of my mind." Shortly afterwards, an exasperated and fuming McPhail appeared accompanied by the hall porter, to discover that before his eyes there was Room 46, next of course, to 44. Big Bob was flabbergasted and muttered feebly to the porter that he must have been on the wrong floor. The mystified McPhail learned later that McAuley had dragged a spare big double wardrobe from the opposite

side of the corridor which completely blotted out the doorway of room 46. However, arch-joker McAuley had removed it before McPhail and the porter returned.

George Cummings, the Partick Thistle and Aston Villa full-back, was another live-wire wise-cracker of the dressing-rooms. His tension-easing crack when England were pressing during the Jubilee Trophy International at Wembley comes readily to mind. Taking up position at my goal post at a corner in the last few hectic minutes, he muttered: "I see the wind is trembling your "troosers" as weel asmine, Jerry."

But in my opinion the greatest "kidder" of them all was the late Bert Manderson. A typical Manderson quip eased the tension after one of the war-time Internationals. A discussion amongst the players was getting a little heated, when Bert, as trainer, intervened.

Looking solemnly at the table-thumping group, but with that infectious twinkle in his eye, he declared in his rich Irish brogue, "being privileged to listen to your conversation, boys, I have come to the conclusion that footballers haven't changed a bit since my time, they are still just a bunch of normal human beings WITH THEIR BRAINS BASHED OUT."

No one relished working a "gag" more than I did, and here in conclusion is one that nearly went astray. Touring with Rangers in Germany was Archie McAulay, the Arsenal star, but then, just a "new recruit." Being a Falkirk "bairn" like myself, he came and sought my advice about how best he could get his presents home. Unable to resist the temptation I gravely told him that anything found in his case or trunk would be liable to heavy duty or confiscation. Having tipped the other boys off, we all got to work on Archie, the result being he declared nothing, and getting his baggage o'kayed seemed all set. However, as we left the shed a Customs official who was on duty decided to give a few of the lads a "going over."

Tully Craig was told to stand aside as he was carrying something in his coat pocket which didn't conform to regula-

tions. As luck would have it, McAulay was also given the "once over" and the two of them were marched back to the Custom's Office. Tully was a mere formality, a few shillings duty had to be paid and he was freed. But it looked like curtains for Archie. A thorough search revealed cigars tied to his braces, with toys and perfumes dangling on a string down his trouser legs.

The officials took a dim view of this, and all Mr. Struth's eloquence was required to convince them that Archie had been "kidded" into doing it.

CHAPTER XIV.

DUE, no doubt, to my long association with the game, I find an unusual number of people very curious to know what would be my ideal team, picked from players I have played with or against. To make such a choice is rather difficult, but it is a pleasant difficulty, brought about by the over-abundance of star players in the years before the war. Take right full-back, for instance, Andy Anderson of Hearts, Male, Arsenal, or Dougie Gray of Rangers. Anyone of these three would do, but in view of "Dougie's" wonderful positional sense, he must go in. Then for left back there is Eddie Hapgood, the Arsenal stalwart. I have yet to see the dashing confident Eddie play a bad game.

My choice for right half may be surprising, for even before my time, he had completed a brilliant career as a centre half. Yes, Davie Meiklejohn is the man. Remember, how late in his Ibrox days he went to right half, and his displays there would take him into any team. What competition for centre half, Bobby Baxter, Jimmy Simpson, Roberts of Arsenal, Willie Lyon, Cullis of Everton, and Jimmy Dykes, everyone a champion. This time I plump for Roberts, the man who held the top notch London side together for years, and one of the most difficult men in the game to get past. Whenever wing halves are mentioned, George Brown must come into the reckoning, so also must Busby and Mercèr, and Matt in my opinion gets the vote. We should not lose many goals with that line up, so now for the lads who have to score them.

There can surely be only two candidates for the right wing, Willie Waddell and Stanley Matthews. I would be equally happy with either, but with the brilliant Riach Carter as my inside right, then Stanley of the twinkling feet must be chosen.

Let's switch to inside left now. No, I'm not forgetting Alex. James, but brilliant player as he was, give me the powerful long striding Ranger, Bob McPhail.

As Carter was a "natural" to be paired with Matthews, who goes with McPhail? Well, certainly, the most brilliant winger of all times, incomparable Alan Morton. With a forward line like this, anyone could play centre forward, but to make doubly sure that the goals would come, let's have Tommy Lawton there.

With this team before me, I would be fairly certain of the "bonus" every week.

Gray (Rangers)		Hapgood (Arsenal)
Meiklejohn (Rangers)	Roberts (Arsenal)	Busby (Manchester City)
	Carter (Sunderland)	McPhail (Rangers)
Matthews (Blackpool)	Lawton (Everton)	Morton (Rangers)
	○	