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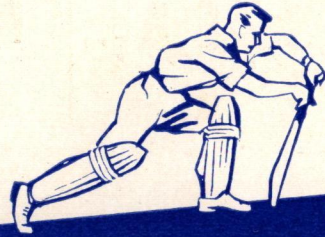
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Supporters' Association



1959 - 60
ANNUAL

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EVENING TIMES



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The Captain's Message



SCHOOLBOY dreams sometimes do come true. I should know for mine came true the day that Mr. Symon told me "You captain the Rangers."

That was my happiest ever day, other than the great day when I had the privilege of joining Rangers, the greatest club in the world.

This season I start again as captain, and I am very happy to hold such a position.

Make no mistake, it is a great honour to follow such illustrious Captains as Rangers have had, and I will do my utmost at all times to help maintain the high traditions set by my predecessors.

My Captancy is made easy for me by the wonderful co-operation that exists all down the line at Ibrox, from the Directors, Manager, downwards.

And the fact that the present Rangers team is a happy team helps no end. On the field and off the field, each and every Ranger has always one aim, to enhance the Club's deservedly high standing in football. And as Captain, I must pay tribute to you, the supporters. Your encouragement at all times is of tremendous help to the boys and myself.

Yours sincerely,
BOBBY SHEARER

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RANGERS' TROPHIES

Scottish Cup (14)—1893-94, 1896-97, 1897-98, 1902-03, 1927-28, 1929-30, 1931-32, 1933-34, 1934-35, 1935-36, 1947-48, 1948-49, 1949-50, 1952-53.

Glasgow Cup (34)—1892-93, 1893-94, 1896-97, 1897-98, 1899-1900, 1900-01, 1901-02, 1910-11, 1911-12, 1912-13, 1913-14, 1917-18, 1918-19, 1921-22, 1922-23, 1923-24, 1924-25, 1929-30, 1931-32, 1932-33, 1933-34, 1935-36, 1936-37, 1937-38, 1939-40, 1941-42, 1942-43, 1943-44, 1944-45, 1947-48, 1949-50, 1953-54, 1956-57, 1957-58.

Glasgow Charity Cup (31)—1878-79, 1896-97, 1899-1900, 1903-04, 1905-06, 1906-07, 1908-09, 1910-11, 1918-19, 1921-22, 1922-23, 1924-25, 1927-28, 1928-29, 1929-30, 1930-31, 1931-32, 1932-33, 1933-34, 1938-39, 1939-40, 1940-41, 1941-42, 1943-44, 1944-45, 1945-46, 1946-47, 1947-48, 1950-51, 1954-55, 1956-57.

Scottish League (31)—1890-91*, 1898-99, 1899-1900, 1900-01, 1901-02, 1910-11, 1911-12, 1912-13, 1917-18, 1919-20, 1920-21, 1922-23, 1923-34, 1924-25, 1926-27, 1927-28, 1928-29, 1929-30, 1930-31, 1932-33, 1933-34, 1934-45, 1936-37, 1938-39, 1946-47, 1948-49, 1949-50, 1952-53, 1955-56, 1956-57, 1958-59.

*Joint Champions with Dumbarton

Emergency War Cup—1939-40.

Scottish Regional League—1939-40.

Southern League—1940-41, 1941-42, 1942-43, 1943-44, 1944-45, 1945-56.

Southern League Cup—1940-41, 1941-42, 1942-43, 1944-45.

Scottish League Cup—1946-47, 1948-49.

Victory Cup—1946.

Scottish 2nd XI Cup (18)—1889-90, 1897-98, 1898-99, 1906-07, 1911-12, 1912-13, 1923-24, 1924-25, 1925-26, 1927-28, 1928-29, 1929-30, 1930-31, 1932-33, 1936-37, 1937-38, 1940-41, 1951-52.

Reserve League Cup—1945-46.

Reserve League XI (19)—1894-95, 1898-99, 1905-06, 1909-10, 1910-11, 1911-12, 1912-13, 1914-15, 1923-24, 1927-28, 1928-29, 1929-30, 1930-31, 1931-32, 1934-35, 1938-39, 1952-53, 1953-54, 1956-57.



How many of these players can you name in this Rangers team ?

PAST LEAGUE CHAMPIONS

*1891 Rangers & Dumbarton	1914 Celtic	1937 Celtic
1892 Dumbarton	1915 Celtic	1938 Celtic
1893 Celtic	1916 Celtic	1939 Rangers
1894 Celtic	1917 Celtic	†1940 Rangers
1895 Hearts	1918 Rangers	s1941 Rangers
1896 Celtic	1919 Celtic	s1942 Rangers
1897 Hearts	1920 Rangers	s1943 Rangers
1898 Celtic	1921 Rangers	s1944 Rangers
1899 Rangers	1922 Celtic	s1945 Rangers
1900 Rangers	1923 Rangers	s1946 Rangers
1901 Rangers	1924 Rangers	1947 Rangers
1902 Rangers	1925 Rangers	1948 Hibernian
1903 Hibernian	1926 Celtic	1949 Rangers
1904 Third Lanark	1927 Rangers	1950 Rangers
†1905 Celtic	1928 Rangers	1951 Hibernian
1906 Celtic	1929 Rangers	1952 Hibernian
1907 Celtic	1930 Rangers	1953 Rangers
1908 Celtic	1931 Rangers	1954 Celtic
1909 Celtic	1932 Motherwell	1955 Aberdeen
1910 Celtic	1933 Rangers	1956 Rangers
1911 Rangers	1934 Rangers	1957 Rangers
1912 Rangers	1935 Rangers	1958 Hearts
1913 Rangers	1936 Rangers	1959 Rangers

*Joint. †After deciding match with Rangers. ‡War Regional league. sSouthern League.

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SPEAKING



IT IS with the utmost pleasure that I once again introduce to Rangers supporters, at home and abroad, the now ever so popular Annual.

The encouragement and co-operation which we have received from all supporters has made it obvious that our publication is a much wanted one and a favourite with all its past purchasers.

With this always in mind we strive to give something different each year and many new features by leading sports writers, Rangers officials and players have been added, also another new and much sought after coloured picture of the Rangers team, has again been included.

I cannot conclude without extending my thanks to our advertisers, also to our advertising agents, Messrs. Howats, of 111 Union Street, our printers, Messrs. Hedderwick Kirkwood Ltd., and to all other friends who have helped to produce the 1959-1960 Annual.

JOS. MURPHY



A Happy Group of Supporters—Brookfield Blue of Ulster

Ahead for Quality



Foreword

by

J. SCOT SYMON

Manager of Rangers F.C.



I am honoured in having the privilege of contributing the Foreword for this year's Annual, and in doing so, wish all the members and readers a very happy football season.

Last season was one we can look back on with justifiable pride, for although we were faced with team problems and intense competition from the other clubs in the League, we survived the challenges and won yet another League Championship.

Our efforts in the Cup competitions were unsuccessful, but, we are happy and proud to have qualified for this year's European Cup Competition.

Following our long run of success in last season's League competition, we started this season with high hopes of success. Unfortunately, our plans were disrupted and team changes had to be made. Yet the players have played their part, and despite their set-backs we look forward with optimism and shall strive to the utmost of our ability to overcome these obstacles.

We have brought to the Stadium a number of very promising young players, and ever mindful of the risk in such a policy, we shall give them every opportunity to develop, and trust that in time, they will be a credit to our great club.

In conclusion, I extend my sincere thanks to all the members of the Association for their loyal and continual support, and wish them well in the future.

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AROUND THE WORLD...

By ALEX. FRASER
General Secretary

FOLLOW, FOLLOW, we will follow Rangers has been the theme song of the Rangers supporter for a long while and even if the destination was Dublin he was willing to follow on. However, times are changing in football like everything else, and the words of the song will require to be changed to keep it up-to-date.

The almost regular habit of our team in winning the Scottish League, of which we are proud, whereby they qualify for inclusion in the European Cup, opens up to the faithful the opportunity to follow on into new countries and cities.

If we intend to take advantage of this new travel, a great deal of organising and hard work will require to be done by the members and branches. After all, most European towns are nearer to us by air than Aberdeen by bus.

What then of the future? Is it to be Spain, Italy, France, Belgium or Germany, or do we carry on as in the past to Wembley, Cardiff or Belfast. Don't forget that it has been suggested to relegate our internationals to mid-week.

As Scots and Rangers supporters we carry our love of country and team all over the world, and the impact in some cases is very pronounced. What effect a few plane loads of fans, bedecked in the club colours, would have on the señoritas of Spain is hard to imagine, but the moral boost to the team would be terrific as they troop on to the field to the accompaniment of Follow, follow, we will follow on.



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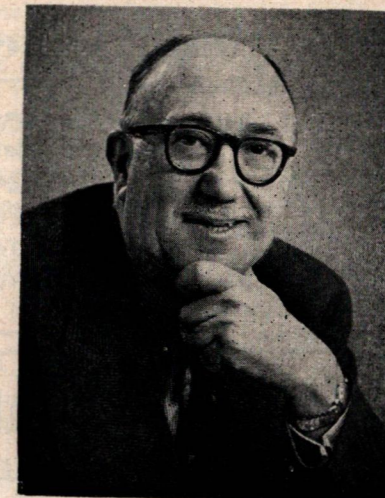
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THAT RANGERS "FEELING"

By

WILLIE ALLISON

"Sunday Mail"



WHAT is it that gives you that Rangers "feeling" . . . the blood-tingling pride that goes right through you just to look at the colours. That can lift you on the escalator of joyous success or toss you to the very depths of agony in failure? There's never a medium path. You're either right up there in the glow of the sunshine, or caught in the glacial winds of misery.

Come with me into my office, and we'll try and find the answer.

A young man, his face grimly set, perplexed and shattered, sat there. Suddenly, he swung round and exclaimed: "Leaving Rangers is the hardest, most heartbeaking decision of my life. No matter where I go, I shall never meet such a wonderful bunch of lads, such friendship and such a terrible yearning to be a true Ranger. Because being a true Ranger is to be a MAN."

"Oh, I know there have been players who slipped. There has been the odd one who didn't have the burning urge to honour the colours, and make any sacrifice to do so, but I talk of those who lived in the Ibrox atmosphere long enough to sense that the club will always be bigger than the man."

Johnny Hubbard, now with Bury, said that to me. He went far to explaining the strange power the club has over those who serve it; the remarkable loyalty it creates without demand and the code of honour born in a youngster who until then never gave much thought to such a thing.

Johnny, whom I "signed" for Rangers in 1949, was leaving. In the end, he had a grudge, but nothing really concerned him but the knowledge that the happiest days of his life were over. It is our fervent hope that the little South African will have many a pleasant

year in English football, and we would have him know that, as the late Bill Struth said to him when he invited him to sign, "Once a Ranger, always a Ranger, no matter where your trail may lead."

I told you I "signed" him. I'd better give you the facts. Back in 1949, I received a letter from Alec Prior, former Hibs player, who had gone to the Union a few years before. He wrote: "I've seen the finest outside-left in all South Africa. He wants to play for Rangers. I understand Clyde would take him right away, but it's Ibrox for Johnny Hubbard—that's the youngster I'm writing about. I leave it to you. See Bill Struth and cable me right away."

The Ibrox Boss was then undergoing an operation in the Victoria Infirmary, but when I gave him the details a few days later, he chuckled and said: "Right, By all means bring him here. Alec Prior should know a player, and if the lad is as good as he says—why, then, it's time we had him at Ibrox."

Everything was arranged. Johnny was soon on his way, but some weeks later, when I first looked upon this poor, frightened wee soul in the manager's sanctum, I felt like running for my life! He weighed a little over 8 st. "Goodness, what have I done . . . that skinny, fragile boy will never live a week in the grim, unforgiving challenge of Scottish football."

Manager Struth read my thoughts. He laughed, and turning to the homesick Hubbard, suggested he might slip down to the park and kick and head a ball around.

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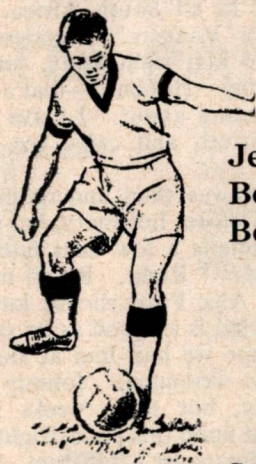
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As Johnny left us to prepare, Bill whispered "He isn't a strong looking player, is he? Still, some of the great men of the past weren't giants. Anyway, if it doesn't work out, and he has to go home, none will worry. After all, surely Rangers can give any promising lad a trip."

I watched Johnny enter the field. A cruel doubt gnawed at me. What an injustice to him! He flicked the ball on to his head with the coolness and sensitivity of Bobby Locke, his compatriot, easing in a yard putt. Right down the pitch Johnny headed the ball like a juggler.

Bill smiled. "Good . . . now let's see you take a corner-kick," shouted the Boss. Johnny eased the ball to his feet, side-stepped two imaginary opponents as he made for the corner flag, and over came the ball to hover in the air—AND ZOOM INTO THE NET WITH ASTONISHING BACK-SPIN.

Bill smiled.

I was there to hear him call "Old Mother" from the field, and tell him "My lad, you are about to have the greatest honour it is possible to achieve in football—you are about to become a Ranger. Remember, it is a sacred trust to wear the colours. Never forget that, because once a Ranger, always a Ranger."

Johnny was to live and expand in that atmosphere. He came to know, as did the late Davie Meiklejohn, Jimmy Gordon, Alan Morton, Bob M'Phail George Brown, Manager Scot Symon, Arthur Dixon—ah, there are so many—that being a Ranger "did something to you."

Even a Pressman, entering the portals, can feel it. Whether on the chase for "copy" for my paper, or for the official programme which I have edited since the death of my uncle, John Allan, the club historian, whose facile pen gave us "The Story of The Rangers", "Eleven Great Years" and "Rangers Eventful Years", I have known the extraordinary vitality and "bigness" of the club.

Were you to let your mind drift to fantasy, you might even feel the ghosts of the past parade the echoing corridors—corridors along which strode many of the immortals of the past who brought a dignity and richness to club and country. But in this faster moving world of today, we have little time for reflection.

The tide is swift. So come with me and meet some of the boys who are ready to give the beloved old club the same devotion as did the pioneers whose deeds we know in the pages that made history—and records.

Do I hear a song and youthful laughter as we approach the dressing-room? Of course . . . why Jimmy Millar and Ralph Brand are around. Ah, and there is Alex. Scott not now the bashful, embarrassed lad I knew when we made the fateful trip to Highbury soon after he joined, and I heard the late Tom Whittaker, Arsenal manager observe: "That's the most promising outside-right I've ever seen."

Alex, is now inured to the big time. He has a wisecrack and a word of advice to the recruits. Yet he has never lost his humility. Ian McMillan, George Niven, Bobby Shearer, Eric Caldwell, Sammy Baird, Andy Matthew, Harold Davis, Willie Telfer, Bill Stevenson—they're all in it.

The fun is kept going. In the supreme, carefree spirit of relaxation, paramount in maintaining and strengthening the Ibrox brotherhood, discipline is never scorned.

All are different, as is inevitable with young men gathered together from different walks of life, different towns and villages and with different ambitions. But in this environment they are ONE.

The team work you have on the field can be traced to—what? I say to the guidance and inspiration of Manager Scot Symon, the help and encouragement of popular Trainer David Kinnear and his assistant Joe Craven, who were reared in the very dressing-room of which we now speak, the determination of the players themselves to hold what they have, and the "feeling," about which I spoke earlier.

Acknowledgment

We wish to thank the "Evening Citizen" for the use of photographs and blocks used in this issue

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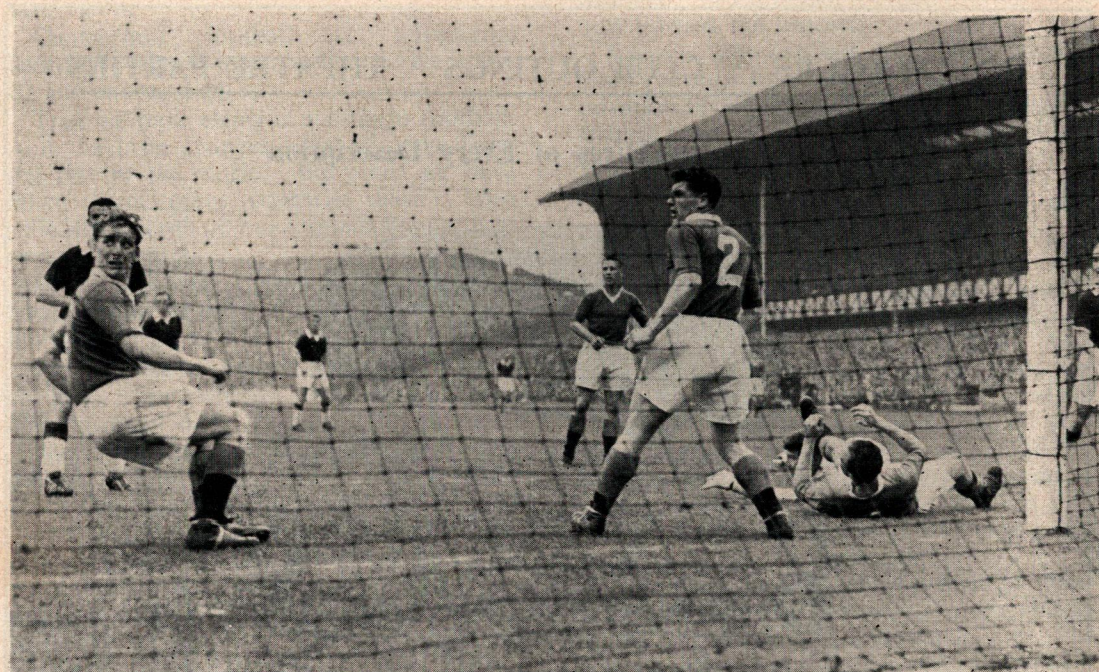
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Rangers v. Hearts—With McColl on the ground the ball rebounds from the underside of the post. Almost a goal to Hearts.

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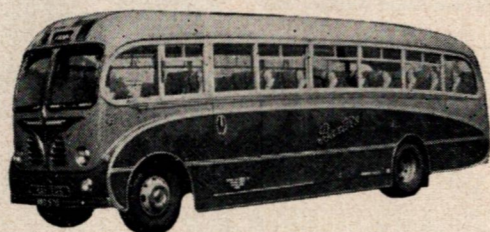
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Advancing with the Continentals



by
GEO. AITKEN
'Evening Citizen'

AMONG some of my friends—and I give you the assurance that sports writers DO have friends!—I am occasionally described as a character who is pretty keen on Continental football.

I make no apology for that label, though some football folk attach it with a cynical tinge thereby implying that I'm a bit of a traitor to the Scottish tradition of football. Sometimes they go a shade further and say quite bluntly I'm talking through a hole in my head!

Of course, the great value of having a hole in your head is this: Sometimes new ideas and techniques can be placed inside it!

I admit without a blush that I'm keen on Continental football. But at no time have I ever campaigned for the Continental system replacing the Scottish or British football system.

What I have said many a time—and say here again.

Continental football is advancing. Scottish football—in general—is where it was 20 and more years ago.

True we have changed a little in football. And the little changes have all come from the rest of the world. But what we have taken from other countries hasn't been sufficient to push up our football standards at any great rate.

We've adopted Continental-cut football boots. But we've not taken up with the boots fleetness of foot.

We've adopted the Continental lightweight clothing. But where's the flexibility and athleticism of body movement?

And that's about your lot plus dollops of lip-service. Recall what Scotland was going to do after the World Cup of 1954—and the World Cup of 1958—to try and catch up with the rest of the world? The words were many. The action—little.

So you ask, Who is to blame? There is just one answer the clubs. AND THE BIG CLUBS AT THAT. They are the boys who have the Continentals here and do the travelling into Europe.

Yet what do we hear from them? Oh, football is a business and its results that count. We don't want the Fancy Dan frills in our football.

Yet how much sustained success is the Scottish brand of football having beyond Scotland? How many times have we won the European Cup the only competition where we can measure ourselves at club level with the Continent?

Our most successful combine in this tourney has been Hibernian. Why? Because they had a side which was "conditioned" in European football touring and learned the lessons.

Rangers, one can but hope, have learned from previous European Cup experiences, to advance several rounds this time. Note I merely hope for there is no evidence that Rangers' have altered their play style to meet the Fancy Dans.

And until Rangers—and the clubs who win the Scottish League championship—meet the Continentals with superior football, temperament, technique and fitness, the European Cup will stay beyond the reach of Scotland.

For surely the spectator and the critic can expect Scotland to be in this European Cup to win it. Up to now we haven't shown ourselves sufficiently good to do so. And I'd hate to think that Scottish clubs would come to regard participation in it as just big gate bonus (note the singular) for winning the Scottish League championship!

Yet, when one looks at the present Motherwell team one receives a degree of heartening. By their football skill, fleetness of foot, zest for the game and fitness—which brought two League Cup wins over Rangers—they appear to be much better equipped than a

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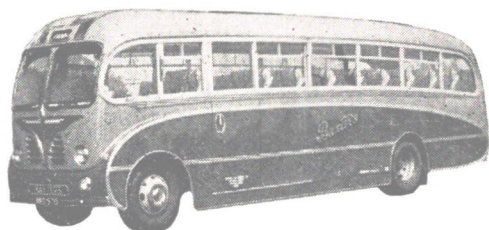
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Advancing with the Continentals



by
GEO. AITKEN
'Evening Citizen'

AMONG some of my friends—and I give you the assurance that sports writers DO have friends!—I am occasionally described as a character who is pretty keen on Continental football.

I make no apology for that label, though some football folk attach it with a cynical tinge . . . thereby implying that I'm a bit of a traitor to the Scottish tradition of football. Sometimes they go a shade further and say quite bluntly I'm talking through a hole in my head!

Of course, the great value of having a hole in your head is this: Sometimes new ideas and techniques can be placed inside it!

I admit without a blush that I'm keen on Continental football. But at no time have I ever campaigned for the Continental system replacing the Scottish or British football system.

What I have said many a time—and say here again.

Continental football is advancing. Scottish football—in general—is where it was 20 and more years ago.

True we have changed a little in football. And the little changes have all come from the rest of the world. But what we have taken from other countries hasn't been sufficient to push up our football standards at any great rate.

We've adopted Continental-cut football boots. But we've not taken up with the boots' fleetness of foot.

We've adopted the Continental lightweight clothing. But where's the flexibility and athleticism of body movement?

And that's about your lot . . . plus dollops of lip-service. Recall what Scotland was going to do after the World Cup of 1954—and the World Cup of 1958—to try and catch up with the rest of the world? The words were many. The action—little.

So you ask, Who is to blame? There is just one answer . . . the clubs. **AND THE BIG CLUBS AT THAT.** They are the boys who have the Continentals here and do the travelling into Europe.

Yet what do we hear from them? Oh, football is a business and its results that count. We don't want the Fancy Dan frills in our football.

Yet how much sustained success is the Scottish brand of football having beyond Scotland? How many times have we won the European Cup . . . the only competition where we can measure ourselves at club level with the Continent?

Our most successful combine in this tourney has been Hibernian. Why? Because they had a side which was "conditioned" in European football touring . . . and learned the lessons.

Rangers, one can but hope, have learned from previous European Cup experiences, to advance several rounds this time. Note I merely hope . . . for there is no evidence that Rangers' have altered their play style to meet the Fancy Dans.

And until Rangers—and the clubs who win the Scottish League championship—meet the Continentals with superior football, temperament, technique and fitness, the European Cup will stay beyond the reach of Scotland.

For surely the spectator and the critic can expect Scotland to be in this European Cup to win it. Up to now we haven't shown ourselves sufficiently good to do so. And I'd hate to think that Scottish clubs would come to regard participation in it as just big gate bonus (note the singular) for winning the Scottish League championship!

Yet, when one looks at the present Motherwell team one receives a degree of heartening. By their football skill, fleetness of foot, zest for the game and fitness—which brought two League Cup wins over Rangers—they appear to be much better equipped than a

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Rangers v. Motherwell—Rangers' inside-left Ralph Brand looks on as Hastie Weir rises to deal with a cross into the Motherwell goal area.



Rangers v. Kilmarnock—A shot from Muir (Kilmarnock) beats Niven but Shearer breasts the ball down on to the goal-line where Caldwell scrambles it clear.

lot of sides to take on and beat the Continentals.

That's why I would like to see them win the Scottish League championship this season and go forward to the European Cup next term as Scotland's representatives.

That, I daresay, could be termed near-sacrilege considering this is a publication linked with Rangers football club. But I have always regarded Rangers as a big club. And big organisations don't resent view-

points which might not coincide with their own. In my experience they invariably examine them . . . just in case their own happens to require refurbishing.

I would recall this: *Rangers supporters applauded the football Motherwell provided in their Scottish League Cup ties with the Ibrox club.*

And I know Motherwell will applaud Rangers if they march on in the European Cup. And so will I.

AH, BUT YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN . . .

ONLY when I try such frisky, foolish pranks as taking the steps to the Ibrox press box two at a time do I realise I've been watching football games for close on forty years.

Then, as the rate of ascent is halved, the memories come back

My first big thrill as a ten-year-old—watching Andy Cunningham kick a penalty against Dundee United at Tannadice Park—a whizzer just high enough to have amputated keeper Bill Paterson's legs below the knees if he'd got in the way of it.

Can they hit a dead ball like that today—the boys of the new brigade? Can they, indeed, deal with a live leather the way our over-forty memories remind us they used to do when we were very young?

It's a debate we'll never settle. Football has none of the times of the running track or figures of the golf course to prove—or disprove—our arguments.

I can only say that the Andy Cunninghams raised my ten-year-old enthusiasm to greater heights than do the shiniest of today's stars.

But stop! Is anything so glorious and well-ordered today as once it was?

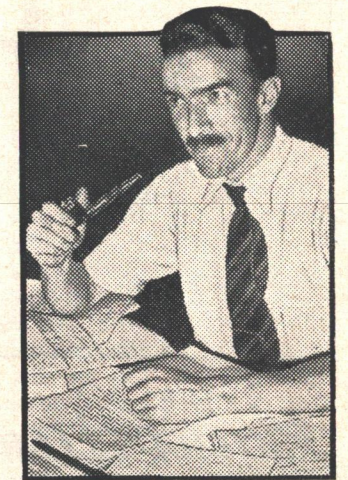
Take referees, for a start . . . or teenagers (we would have had the seven bells knocked out of us) . . . or ice cream (remember the Macallums we used to get for tuppence at Bellofante's?) . . . or the weather (wasn't it always a sunny day when you were seven?).

The sobering truth is—we're getting old and crabbit. If some mechanical brain

by
**BRUCE
SWADEL**

(SPORTS EDITOR)

"*Scottish
Daily
Express*"



could produce us a composition of Stanley Matthews and Billy Steel and George Young—with Jerry Dawson thrown in for good measure—we'd still say "Ah, but you should have seen Jimmy Gordon."

All right, why do we keep going to the match on a Saturday instead of taking the wife to the needlework exhibition?

Can it be because we're looking for the new Andy Cunningham, Stanley Matthews, Davie Meiklejohns?

For sure it is . . . and for just as sure we'll be seeing them next season and many seasons to come.

Maybe we should take the kid along to the match on Saturday.

And maybe, if we live that long, we'll be there, 40 years from now, to hear him say "Ah, but you should have seen Ian McMillan!"

Great game, isn't it?

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RALPH BRAND

writes . . .

Season 1959-60. At last we have started under the eagle eye of David Kinnear our trainer, and his assistant, Joe Craven. These two men get a right hold of us the very first day and never let go, sweat and strain in the best summer weather we have had for ages, but through the sweat and the stiffness there are smiles and grins, sometimes someone manages to get the breath to come away with a wisecrack, usually from the quarter of Eric Caldwell or Jim Millar, but everyone is working hard at the job of getting fit for this new season.

This year we start once more to try and win as many trophies as possible, and as League Champions, step forward for another crack at the European Cup.

I personally have never played in this competition, but it is one of my ambitions to face to up the cream of the football world as a Rangers Player.

Near the end of last season a certain section of our supporters were apt to lose patience with the Team, and instead of giving encouragement, their barking had the opposite effect. True Rangers Supporters shout encouragement through thick and thin. Believe me, we players in the blue jerseys are trying our hardest at all times for another Rangers win.

I wish you all a very happy season. Let us all combine together and make it a very successful one.

SOMETHING I WANT TO SAY

By DAVID KINNEAR

Trainer, Rangers F.C.

I HAVE often been asked by our players my opinion of how football today compares with the game when I played. The question of, course, was prompted by having heard the age-old remark, that football isn't what it used to be. Well, as most of us know, the same thing was being said then.

I have no hesitation in saying that players of today are no less skilful than their predecessors. In fact, I would say it is harder to play now than ever it was. Football has changed, but the individuals interpretation of how and why depends on their taste for entertainment. For instance, as a youngster, I was always thrilled to hear the story of how Hughie Gallacher had dribbled a ball half the length of Tynecastle and finished by back-heeling the ball into the net, whilst playing for Scotland against Wales. Today, if someone set off on such a dribble, his team mates would be faulted for not being in position to allow him to make a pass. Today, the emphasis is on teamwork. It has to be, because teams today are better balanced. There is little to choose between teams with regard to physical fitness. Every player in a team is as fit as the other. What would a present-day player do to an opponent who arrived straight from a night shift to play, or had been dancing into the small hours the night before. The further one goes back, the more common was occurrences of that nature. Today, players are more business minded—sometimes too much so. They realize there is more to be got from football than the almost inevitable dole money at the end of a career as was often the case previously.

It was possible for a player to have an advantage in physical fitness with only average skill. Today, it is mainly the skill of good teamwork that gets by. General progress has made the open space more difficult to find because opponents have learned to cover it more quickly. It is difficult to prove progress has been made in football because as I said before, taste in entertainment varies and what might be progress to some, is regress to others.



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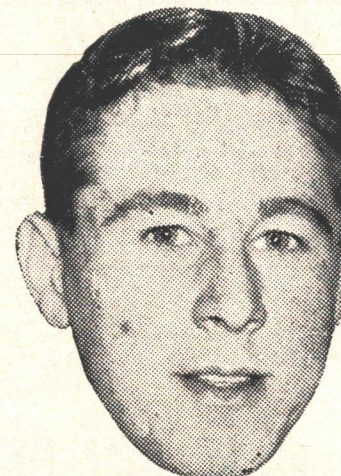


JIMMY MILLAR

writes...

SINCE I turned a professional footballer in 1952-53, what will always stick in my mind is the different pace of the game.

I had just come up from Merchiston Thistle Juniores and thought it would probably be the same, but even playing in Reserve football with Dunfermline you could definitely say the pace was faster and I would say from experience it shakes the young players coming into a higher grade of football. What I am trying to get at is to let the ordinary spectator see that football now-a-days is no picnic, it's fast and believe me, getting faster, that's the reason I think



our play has deteriorated. Our ball control is not the same, we are told, but how can you control and pass a ball when it comes to you at such speeds. A good example was our recent trial game with the Reserves and our younger team. The first team scored five goals in the second half and I overheard Bob King say he couldn't get his breath back. He had been playing against Alex. Scott, who still had his breath after playing an hour before, that's why it tickles me pink when I hear some "wag" from the terracing shouting "his advice."

Another thing I don't understand is when a Continental team play here and play what I term "Chess-board football." For example, their right half passes to the right-back via the left back. Now the spectators appreciate this, but *only* if it's done by the

Continental. Just think what the outcry would be if Rangers did this! We would be hunted!!! We would be told to get on with the game and score some goals.

Well, here's hoping we clear the boards this season to keep all the "True Blues" happy.

A Great Future for

BILLY STEVENSON and BOBBY KING

By JIM RODGER "Daily Record"

Two young Rangers boys with determination are Billy Stevenson and Bobby King.

Both are from Edinburgh and are products of East of Scotland Under-Age football—Stevenson with Edina Hearts and King with Edinburgh Athletic.

Both have the same ambition—to play for Scotland.

Both are trying to achieve it the same way—by being full-time Rangers players and giving the Ibrox club everything they have got.

Billy and Bobby are not big-headed kids when they say—"We want to play for Scotland."

The have, like every other teenager—AN AMBITION IN LIFE.

But they are going to work, work all the time to achieve it.

I have spoken to both players and they say "We are fortunate to have the coaching and advice from Manager Scot Symon and trainer Davie Kinnear."

Season 1958-59 was an important one for both youngsters.

Stevenson was brought into the first team and has kept his place.

A former Scottish schoolboy and youth internationalist, he was chosen to play for Scotland against England in the Under-23 international but the game was postponed.

King played in the Rangers-Celtic Select when Inverness Caley floodlights were opened last season.

Since then he played for Edinburgh Athletic until the end of season 1958-59.

Bobby is a versatile player and can play any position in defence.

I have watched both Billy and Bobby play and I forecast a great future for them.

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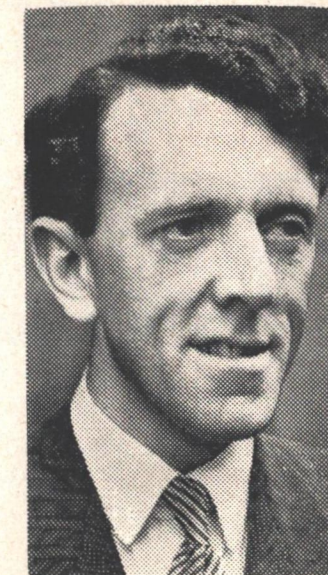
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What is a True Supporter?

By ANDREW CLUNIE

"Scottish Daily Mail"



A SUPPORTER, according to my Twentieth Century Dictionary, is "one who attends matches and watches with interest the fortunes of a team." That covers most of you who will read this.

But there is a second definition in the same dictionary—"One who supports"—and it wasn't intended to have any connection with football.

Inadvertently, however, it describes perfectly a few hundred men and women who, more than anyone, deserve a mention in a Supporters Magazine. For without them, the Scottish League would be minus eight or nine of their present complement of 37.

These great-hearted folk are the members of the supporters clubs of the little provincial clubs. They are not follow-follow boys unless their teams are playing within a reasonable radius.

If their favourites are too far away they just stay at home—but while they wait for the results they are still slogging away thinking up some way to make money for the team or rolling up their sleeves to improve their modest little stadium.

To my mind, these folk are the salt of the earth and it would grieve me if the much-talked of super league ever came into being, for it would mean the loss of football to fellows who spend more time at it than many players.

It would take me days to collect information about all the contributions, financial and manual, these little supporters clubs have given to their teams. It would also take much more space than I have here to detail them.

Let me give you just a few examples.

Stenhousemuir maintain they could live comfortably on an average home gate of

2,000 (imagine that at Ibrox!). But they never get anything near that. They would have been out of business long ago but for the supporters club.

Forfar Athletic, like Stenhousemuir a club with no directors, had their stand blown down a year ago. Disaster? It should have been. But there's a bigger and better stand at Station Park now. The supporters raised the money—and built most of it with their own hands.

Arbroath have cover on all four sides of their ground—thanks to their supporters. Dumbarton have floodlights, new terracing, a new stand to come and some good players—thanks to their supporters. Cowdenbeath have no debts (and that's really something even among First Division clubs)—thanks to guess who.

I could go on and on, but perhaps that is enough to convince you that these good people really love their football and deserve to have a team as much as anyone. Any attempt to deprive them of it should be abhorred.

Perhaps next time you are cruising to the north in your coach to shout for Rangers, you will pass some of these little grounds. Will you spare a thought for the men and women who maybe built them or, at least, raised the money by any means within the law that put them up?



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DAVID MEIKLEJOHN

A True and Great Ranger



Scottish Cup Final—Rangers 5, St. Mirren 0—Hampden Park, 21st April, 1934
Main (1), Nicholson (2), Meiklejohn (Captain), Smith (1), McPhail (1)

IN THIS, the Rangers Supporters' Association Annual, we would like to add our tribute to the many already paid this great and kindly man. Davie will always emerge from the pages of our history as one of the immortals, a player of unquenchable devotion, courage and charity.

He was indeed a true Ranger, noble of heart and staunch in his ideals. Honoured by foe and friend, accepted throughout the world as a soccer great, he was always a welcome visitor to The Stadium long after his playing days had ended—and even when he came here as Partick Thistle's manager with the sole intent of beating us!

That was Davie. When he had a job to do, he poured himself into it with all his resource and untiring energy, an energy we came to

depend so much upon when he occupied our pivotal or right-half berths. He was the idol of our followers who knew no cause was ever lost when the lion-hearted, strong-lined and gifted Davie was around.

He began a career that was to take him to many parts of the world and see him festooned in International honours in humble Boys' Brigade football which has given so many brilliant exponents to the game. We signed him from the Junior Maryhill in 1919 as a right-half, and he was to stay and become hailed as Scotland's centre-half as well as right-half.

Manager James M'Grory of Celtic, proved one of Davie's most formidable rivals, and this mighty Celt will tell you that he came to respect our man for his tremendous zest and

Rangers in Season 1958-59

Scottish League

(Won 20, Drawn 8, Lost 5)

Third Lanark	(h)	2-2
do.	(a)	3-2
Celtic	(a)	2-2
do.	(h)	2-1
Partick Thistle	(h)	2-1
do.	(a)	0-2
Airdrieonians	(a)	4-5
do.	(h)	2-1
Dundee	(h)	1-2
do.	(a)	3-1
Dunfermline	(a)	7-1
do.	(h)	1-0
St. Mirren	(h)	2-1
do.	(a)	3-1
Raith Rovers	(h)	4-4
do.	(a)	2-2
Stirling Albion	(a)	2-2
do.	(h)	3-0
Hibernian	(h)	4-0
do.	(a)	2-2
Clyde	(a)	4-1
do.	(h)	3-1
Falkirk	(h)	3-0
do.	(a)	5-5
Kilmarnock	(a)	3-0
do.	(h)	1-0
Motherwell	(a)	2-2
do.	(h)	2-1
Queen of South	(a)	6-3
do.	(h)	3-1
Hearts	(h)	5-0
do.	(a)	0-2
Aberdeen	(a)	3-1
do.	(h)	1-2
		<hr/>
		92-51

Scottish Cup

Forfar Athletic	(a)	3-1
Hearts	(h)	3-2
Celtic	(a)	1-2
		<hr/>
		7-5

Scottish League Cup

Hearts	(h)	3-0
do.	(a)	1-2
Raith Rovers	(a)	1-3
do.	(h)	6-0
Third Lanark	(h)	2-2
do.	(a)	0-3
		<hr/>
		13-10

Glasgow Cup

Third Lanark	(a)	3-1
		<hr/>
		FINAL
Clyde	(h)	0-0
do.	(h)	0-1
		<hr/>
		3-2

Charity Cup

Celtic	(h)	1-1
(Celtic won toss)		1-1

Friendlies

Napoli	(h)	5-2
Grasshoppers	(h)	3-0
Arsenal	(a)	3-0
Frem Club	(a)	4-0
Veile	(a)	2-2
		<hr/>
		17-4

skill and his scrupulously fair treatment. Both battled for supremacy on behalf of the colours they wore, yet when it was all over, they became firm and lasting friends.

Davie played for Scotland and the Scottish League on 21 occasions. He was a natural captain, with the rare gift of being able to make his colleagues sense his intentions without the necessity of super-imposing his demands on them. His mastery of technique and example made this possible.

Few players could "read" a match with the astonishing judgment of "Meek", as he was affectionately known, and set his plan to meet and counter the most subtle and deadly move.

It is but right to recall what might be described as his finest hour. The year, 1928. The occasion, the Scottish Cup final against Celtic at Hampden. Twenty-five long and frustrating years had gone since we had taken the trophy to The Stadium. Our

boys maintained that the hoodoo wouldn't vanish until we met and beat Celtic in a final.

Well, this was it. With the score 0-0 in the second-half, Willie M'Stay stalwart Celtic right-back, pulled the ball down with a hand as it was going into the net from Jimmy Fleming's shot.

The great crowd of 120,000 was hushed into absolute silence as Davie, our captain, walked up to the penalty-kick. He said afterwards: "I knew if I scored we would win. If I failed, the jinx would beat us again. It was a moment of intense agony for me."

The captain netted. From that point, we raced to joyful victory. Bob McPhail scored a second goal, and Sandy Archibald flashed through to put on two more.

Davie has taken us through our Cup crisis, just as he took us through others. A captain good and true, and such he remained throughout his eventful and distinguished career. He was a Ranger.

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Follow, Follow

By ROSS BOWIE
(Rangers Most Travelled Supporter)

MANY a time I have joined in the singing of this great song.

Last year in Sweden I had the privilege of writing out the music for the small Band which played nightly at the Hotel which the Scottish Team used as their Headquarters, and at the drop of a hat they would strike up and play with such verve and vigour as would have done justice to our own burgh band. Although, as I said, I have sung "Follow Follow" many times, never in my wildest dreams did I think I would take the song literally and follow follow Rangers, not only in Scotland but also on their recent trips to England and the Continent and particularly the most glamorous competition of all, the European Cup. What a thrill it is for a supporter to assemble at Renfrew Airport bound for some European town to cheer his team and find that his travelling companions are men like big Sammy Baird, Alex Scott, Willie Telfer, Bobby Shearer, George Niven, in fact all the boys in blue. What a thrill to know that for the next three days they will be his constant companions.

Some people might think it is a long way to go to see a football match, but to me it is the greatest thrill in the world to support your own club in a foreign country. In addition, you are the eye witness to 90 minutes of the most exciting football in the world. In every game I have seen there have been incidents and excitement galore that you will carry in your mind from that day onwards. As one supporter to another, let me try and give you an example or two:—

The City: Paris. The Game: Nice v Rangers.

Excitement has reached fever pitch and Bobby Shearer and Bravo get mixed up in a tackle. Shearer clears the ball and Bravo rolls across the grass. The Referee blows his whistle and the Stadium erupts as 30,000 Frenchmen whistle and stamp as only they can. One of our supporters get a punch on the nose and Ian McColl gets his name taken by mistake in a tremendous two minutes.

St. Etienne

Minutes are ticking by towards the final whistle. The Frenchmen are trying every-

thing to pull the game out of the fire but Rangers have no intentions of letting this happen and their chief stoker that day was John Valentine. He played a tremendous game, and try as the French forwards would, they could find no way to pass big John. What a pity that he never hit this form at Ibrox. As the dying seconds tick away, with the French supporters whistling their heads off, from the super charged arena there came the sound of another whistle—that of the Referee signifying that Rangers, on aggregate, had won their way in to the second round.

We all know what happened in Milan and unfortunately, or should I say fortunately, that was one game I missed. More recently in Copenhagen, I will never forget Jimmy Miller's great scoring spree in the game against Frem, when he took over in the second half from Max Murray. He has since proved at Ibrox that this performance was no fluke. Nor will I forget the great service he got from Ian McColl, the sporting way the Danish people cheered our team, and in Vijle, the superb display of goal-keeping by Danish International keeper Sorenson against a Rangers team who just couldn't get the ball past him.

These are a few of the reasons why I am proud and pleased to be able to follow, follow and my one wish for the future is that I may be able to continue to do so. In closing, let me say that I do realize just how lucky I am.



A. Fraser, General Secretary, presenting the McClymont Shield to the winning skip of Radnor Park



Rangers v. Aberdeen—Rangers' left-back Eric Caldow looks on as George Niven comes out to pick the ball out of the path of Aberdeen's Norrie Davidson.



Rangers v. Raith Rovers—Johnny Little and Bobby Shearer "stand by their posts" as George Niven rises to deal with inside-forward Kerray's attempt to get his head to a Raith Rovers' corner-kick.

★ My Side of the Screen

By **ARTHUR MONTFORD**

Chief Sportscaster, Scottish Television



SOMEBODY asked me the other day "You see a lot of matches—don't you find it difficult to enjoy a game while you're doing a film commentary at the same time?"

Well the answer is that I'm a football optimist if I enjoy them all. I've often been to a match then been astonished at the reports in the papers the next day. I enjoyed the game—the press say it was terrible!

It's true, you know, no matter how poor a game seems to be, there's always SOMETHING in it worth remembering—the debut perhaps of a young player, a particularly fine goal or maybe the cracks of the crowd. It's very seldom indeed that there isn't something in the game to entertain me.

The other week for example, I deserted Wagon Train to slip up to Firhill for the Thistle-Clyde Glasgow cup-tie. This was just the kind of match I'm talking about. Thistle started the second half with eight and a half fit men—and Clyde were two goals up and playing well.

I just had a hunch that Thistle (well, you know Thistle!) might save the game, although all the odds were against it—and, so help me, if George Smith didn't limp through to score goal number one and in the closing minutes Davie McParland made it 2-2.

For me this was as ENTERTAINING a game as I'd seen for a long time. Not the cleverest, not the fastest, but it is that "something" that provides the big attraction in football.

Another game I enjoyed which springs to mind was Hamilton's 0-0 draw with Montrose

at Douglas Park. "A draw—nae fitba'" is apt to be the immediate comment on a 0-0 game. Not this time.

Sure, there were no goals for the fans, but the match as an entertainment was made for me by the wonderful display in goal by Grieve of Montrose.

Hamilton claimed most of the play but they couldn't get past Grieve. It was only justice that Hamilton didn't win this one, although Douglas Park fans didn't think so!

Incidentally playing that night for Montrose—and playing well—was a big husky centre-half name of Willie Moles. And he had a fine game.

Oh, and by the way, this seems an appropriate place to answer a question I'm asked at least before and after meals every day, every week—"Hey, Montford, whit team dae ye support?"

The answer, apart from wife and one small daughter (who's not three yet but very good at penalties (is that I'm a Greenock man, and being a believer in the policy that if you live in a town you should support its team, I confess to being a supporter of Morton.

There, I've said it! And if Morton can get into the cup final this year Larry Marshall can do the commentary. I'll be too busy cheering!

THOMAS MARSHALL

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SIXTH SEASON and STILL GOING AHEAD

By JIMMY CUTHBERT
(Broadcasting to the Hospitals)

THE sixth season at the Southern General, and maybe by the time you read this, it will be our first with the "Western." Your committee is hopeful that this season will see the "link-up" despite the many difficulties encountered by the Post Office engineers.

I still pay my occasional Sunday visits and find many of the long-term patients, still as bright and cheerful no matter the result of the game. They can still tear the team, the management, and the opponents to ribbons. The only ones to escape are the ball-boys!!

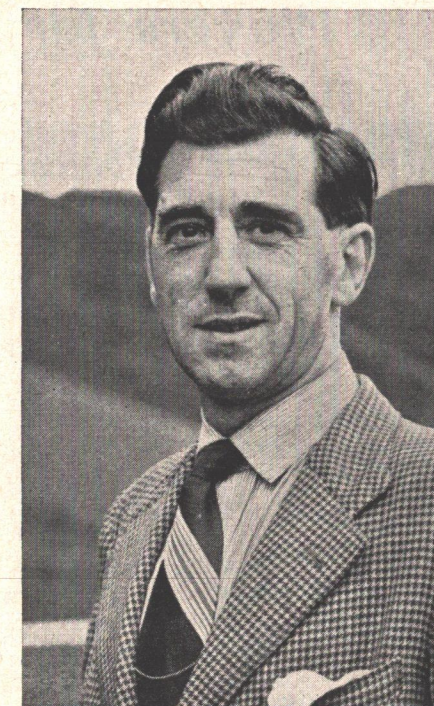
But just let a Celtic supporter say a word about the "Gers"—Oh boy!!! A good job Ward—has a Partick Thistle supporter as sister.

A most important point I must hammer home. Many of the patients' ask that some members of the E.C. visit them. They are not known except by the photo in the Annual, and it is felt that a visit from those members would help further, if that's possible, the good relationship, and the appreciation for what has been done. What about it?

The players paid two visits last season, and all enjoyed the experience. A nice little tea with Dr. McKay and Matron Wares (how I remember those sandwiches) and despite the fact that they were returning to St. Enoch Hotel they "tucked in."

The nurses, as always, are real bright sparks, and no matter what Alec Fraser says (he's jealous anyway) I'm still the pin-up boy! And the weekly pin-up nurses—how the patients wait for the choice being from their own particular Ward, are real winners. From such a group of wonderful girls it wouldn't be otherwise.

Please let me have messages for patients—friends, or relatives—or maybe a nurse—and did I tell you of the letter we had from the Maternity Ward? They all listen! And talking of listening, many of the patients here asked to have the line laid on from Hampden for the European Cup Final. I pass the request to the E.C. I'll keep my fingers crossed.



If any proof is needed that every game is listened to, the number of letters that arrive at the *Daily Record* office with the correct answer to my "clangers" should be enough. Despite the fact that "clangers" are not always easy to pick out, the amazing number of patients who can tell me when I visit on a Sunday, just who it was, gives me a real good feeling.

Incidentally, I don't tell them whether they are correct or not. And the laughs when you hear of other "clangers" that were not dropped. I suspect that many of the young nurses are listening in and attempting to help out, even although they don't know much about the game.

It must be the commentator's wonderful voice that they listen to!

Again, thanks to Alex Fraser and David Buist for their support with their half-time and full-time résumés, although Alec seems to have more to say to the patient's about the pretty nurses who occasionally pay a visit to the box, and my choice of pin-up nurse, but, as I've said before—he's jealous. Still I don't mind—I can take it, (I've got to) and Alec enjoys it. In fact we go on enjoying broadcasting to the patients. It gives one a worth-while feeling. Can I again ask you to help out with organised visits to wards?

Make up your mind to join us this year

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Q. What do you get if you join ?

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- (2) Right away, you have a much better chance of securing a ticket for all important or “Big Occasion” games, as all tickets allocated to the Association are fairly balloted for.
- (3) You will find it much easier to attend away games where the attendance is limited, as every Rangers Branch has skilful executives fully conversant in the best and cheapest ways of “following Rangers”.
- (4) You have the entry to a Social life, if you should desire, as each Branch runs its own Dances, Socials, Smokers, Children’s Parties, Bus Outings, etc., and in the close season there are Golf and Bowling activities to be enjoyed.

Q. What will it cost you ?

A. Very Little:—

- (1) The annual subscription to the Association is only 3/-.
- (2) You require a sum of 5/- deposited to your credit at H.Q. if you require the Association to secure tickets for you for all matches.

Q. Is this all your financial outlays ?

A. No. There is a small weekly sum payable to your Branch Treasurer to cover travelling.

Now, complete the attached form and post it to:—THE RANGERS SUPPORTERS ASSOCIATION,
194 Oxford Street, Glasgow, C.5

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Signature

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FRONT ROW—MR. J. SCOT SYMON (*Manager*), R. BRAND, R. McCALLUM, A. SCOTT, J. CURRIE, I. McMILLAN, W. STARK, R. SHEARER, (*Capt.*) B. HUME, E. CALDOW, J. BROWN, A. MATTHEW, B. McILROY, D. WILSON, D. KINNEAR (*Trainer*)