

RACE FOR THE FLAG

Rangers win title in breath-taking finish

FOR the 32nd time, Rangers won the Scottish League Championship last season—a fantastic feat that gave them 32 out of 64 flags since the competition started in 1890.

Despite a stumble here and there, 1960-61 went down in history as one of the Ibrox club's vintage seasons—and probably the most lucrative. For Rangers drew top money from two attractive finals—the League Cup and the fabulous European Cup-winners tournament.

At times, however, their play was marked by staleness. No wonder. Rangers played 59 games in the League, League Cup, Scottish Cup, Charity Cup, Glasgow Cup and European competition.

Far too many? Of course! That's due to the old-fashioned football set-up in Scotland, where the small clubs seem to be in command.

Nevertheless, Rangers' palpitating recovery marked them as real champions. And what a finish there was to a thrilling race in the league! Near the end, Kilmarnock, Scotland's most consistent club recently, were breathing

heavily down Rangers' necks and only the great tradition, great hearts and great spirit of the Ibrox men enabled them to shake off the hot Ayrshire challenge and win narrowly.

* * *

Rangers made a fine start, playing a new type of football, attacking football, crisp and clever, which had their legions of supporters cheering lustily. In October, they were on top of the world. For they won the League Cup—the first time an Ibrox team had done so in twelve years.

Gone now were the last remnants of the old Rangers defensive style. Gone were the rollicking clearances, the packed goalmouth, the policy of grab a goal and hang on!

Now the Rangers forwards had found goal zest. Now the attack was urged on by powerful, eager wing-halves. Rangers had adopted the new-look soccer. And how the fans loved it.

Rangers had become the talk of Scotland. They seemed to be walking away with the league flag.

For manager Scot Symon, the quiet man of Ibrox, had blended a side which could compare to any of the old-time elevens.

The defence was as stout as any in the country—the solid George Niven in goal, the doughty Bobby Shearer at right-back, and classy Eric Caldow on the left.

Bill Paterson, who had made a shaky start at Ibrox, was now playing with confidence; at last Rangers had found a worthy successor to Willie Woodburn, George Young and Willie Telfer.

The surge of burly Harold Davis at right-half and the brilliant attacking play of Jim Baxter, bought from Raith Rovers, gave the side an impetus it had lacked for years.

But the pride and joy of the hosts of Rangers fans was the front line. For years they had hotly defended the iron curtain defensive policy of their club; but, in their secret hearts, they sometimes sighed for imaginative attacking play, for daring raids, brilliantly designed and venomously finished.

Now the miracle had happened!

Rangers were playing attacking soccer that could be compared to that of the former great Hibernian side of just after the war.

At times the blend was superlatively perfect—dashing wingers, Alex Scott and David Wilson, a hard-working, non-stop centre-forward, Jimmy Millar, the dashing, darting, chance-seizing Ralph Brand and the 'little general' himself, Ian McMillan, by far the most astute inside-forward in Scotland.

At their best, no team in Scotland could equal the class and skill of the new royal Rangers.

* * *

But the championship was to be no walk-over for Rangers.

The team slipped. Why? The strain began to tell. Too many matches were being played; for Rangers were also putting in a hot



Captain courageous—Eric Caldow, of Rangers



Rangers' Jimmy Millar and Jim Baxter in action against Partick Thistle

challenge in the European Cup-winners tournament. And they were sorely stricken by injuries.

Goalkeeper Bill Ritchie broke a leg. Then Jimmy Millar was plagued by back trouble. An ankle injury affected Jim Baxter. Ian McMillan went off with knee injury. Then, in quick succession, Max Murray, reserve centre-forward, Harold Davis, Eric Caldow, Bill Paterson and Billy Stevenson, reserve wing-half, were hurt.

And, in Ayrshire, Kilmarnock, managed by former Ranger Willie Waddell, had determined that, for once, they weren't going to be second. They, too, had been playing greatly improved football, scoring goals galore. They gained revenge for their League Cup Final defeat by beating Rangers in the league at Ibrox—and from then on they were shadowing the leaders.

At one time Rangers' position in the league seemed impregnable.

But suddenly anxious Ibrox fans realised that their faltering team might yet be pipped by Kilmarnock, having a glorious victory run.

By 11th April, they were dismayed to find that Rangers were only one point ahead of Kilmarnock.

But the night of 11th April brought glory once again to Ibrox, had the choirs bawling again—'There's not a team like the Glasgow Rangers'—showed that the new team had the old courage as well as new skill—and really clinched the championship title.

* * *

This was the position at the top of the



had been playing well, showing touches both deft and dynamic.

Rangers did not panic. They showed the spirit of true champions.

While Henderson was off, Ian McMillan scored a 'boomerang' goal.

A Hibernian defender fluffed a clearance. The ball hit another Hibs player—and swirled to the feet of Ian McMillan. It was uncanny how Ian had positioned himself at just the right place.

He pounced on the ball—and shot. The ball again struck a defender and whirled past Ronnie Simpson in the Hibernian goal.

Rising into the air were the jubilant chants: 'Follow . . . follow, Rangers.' And the ten Rangers players capered in delight and relief.

But the game wasn't over. There was no Henderson in the second half. Unknown to the thousands of spectators, the boy winger had been taken to hospital, although, in tears, he had pleaded to be allowed to play.

But how Rangers made up for his loss. Amazingly it seemed that it was Hibs who were the man short and not Rangers. Repeatedly Simpson had to slither to the ground or leap frantically to save shots. Once Alex Scott, making as big a hit as a stand-in centre-forward as he did in his

normal position on the right wing, crashed a shot which screamed to the left-hand corner of the net.

'Goal,' shouted delirious Rangers fans. But somehow, to the obvious awe of even his own defence, Simpson got to the ball and saved.

Then came another sensation. Left-winger David Wilson charged Simpson. The keeper charged Wilson in turn. And the winger fell. The referee gave a penalty, despite violent protests by angry Hibernian players.

Up came Scott to take the kick. It was a good shot. Straight along the ground went the ball; to Simpson's right-hand post at a great pace. But the man who has saved more penalties than any other goalkeeper in Scottish football was down—and the greasy ball was safely in his iron clutch.

But it was the ten-men Rangers night. They won by the McMillan goal—a notable victory.

For Rangers were now three points ahead of Kilmarnock.

So it was, in the end, a happy night for even unlucky wee Willie Henderson, who had shown the real Rangers spirit. He had tried so bravely to come back after his injury. But he had to hobble from the pitch again. He *Paterson again. The big centre-half clears in a match against Airdrie*



league table before Rangers ran out at Ibrox to play Hibernian on 11th April:

	P	W	L	D	F	A	Pts
Rangers	32	21	6	5	80	43	47
Kilmarnock	32	19	5	8	69	42	46

So Rangers just had to win, against a Hibernian team which had recovered from a deplorable league start and were again playing fascinating football.

What a game this turned out to be!

Injury-stricken Rangers played for a grueling, nerve-racking hour with ten players. But they ignored their injury jinx—they knew that a single slip could mean the end of their

Centre-half Bill Paterson and right-half Harold Davis, of Rangers, watch anxiously as Charlie Dickson, of Dunfermline, heads for goal

title hopes, and the hope of playing again in the European Cup. How they fought!

They were without their skipper, Eric Caldwell, injured. They were without centre-forward Jimmy Millar, also hurt. And Ian McMillan was not 100 per cent fit after knee trouble.

With only 30 minutes played, disaster struck Rangers.

Willie Henderson, their seventeen-year-old outside right, went down in a tackle with a Hibernian defender—and tore ligaments in his ankle. Wee Willie



was in tears; not from the pain of the torn ligaments in his ankle, though that was bad enough; but he cried because he had to leave his ten colleagues in such a vital game.

'The boys won. That's all that matters,' he said later.

Now the flag seemed almost certain to go to Ibrox again. Rangers had only one match to play, against Ayr United, at the bottom of the league. Kilmarnock had to play Dunfermline and Partick Thistle.

* * *

On April 29, a crowd of 45,000 turned up at Ibrox to see Rangers play Ayr. Rangers needed only one point to make the flag theirs. They got two. And such was their spirit that if they had needed ten goals to clinch the

Billy Ritchie, Rangers goalkeeper, watches the ball go past

championship, they would have scored twenty! They beat Ayr 7-3.

And the match proved that, despite their mid-season fade, Rangers were once again worthy champions of Scotland.

Kilmarnock, however, must be praised for their valiant effort to catch Rangers. They gave excitement and drama to the league competition. They lost the title by only one point. Their time must surely come. They have never won the flag. They deserve to—soon.

But it's going to be difficult to pip the mighty Rangers.

For the Ibrox tradition means so much.

*Dundee United goalkeeper, Ugolini,
in action against Brand of Rangers*



STARS ON PARADE

Spotlight on some
of the leading
Scots players

*Davie Wilson, a
popular player with
Rangers*



Jim Baxter, a Rangers stalwart and a favourite at Ibrox





The crowd cheers as Bertie Peacock, Celtic, and Eric Caldow, Rangers, lead their teams out



Hot action in the Celtic goal as Rangers' Ralph Brand challenges

'Old Firm' Thrills

WHEN RANGERS AND CELTIC MEET

IT'S Scotland's most famous club match—the clash of the 'Old Firm'. And games between Rangers and Celtic, football's greatest rivals, never lose their glamour. Here are fine shots of last season's thrills which capture the excitement of these stirring matches—matches which had the fans on tip-toe for 90 tingling minutes.

Up goes Celtic goalkeeper John Fallon to a shot from Jim Baxter, but the ball went over the bar



Celtic's new hero, centre-forward John Hughes, sees his chance as Rangers' Doug Baillie just fails to intercept



Just look at Jimmy Millar's expression as the Rangers centre-forward gets in a header. The ball just goes past



KILLIE'S FIGHTING SPIRIT

NO town in Scotland last season had a football team more symbolic of its industry and traditions than Kilmarnock. For in Kilmarnock F.C. you found the resilience of the town's well-known carpets, the ruggedness of its engineering projects and the 'still going strong' spirit of its most famous export.

You found, too—as carping critics of the club's policy were realising, to their mortification—the dogged, painstaking craftsmanship of the workers without whom the 'Made in Kilmarnock' tag would never have become so distinguished.

If Motherwell were the romantic idealists of Scottish soccer, Kilmarnock were the practical realists.

They had been maligned, most unfairly, by pundits who simply didn't know what they were talking about because they were wrapped in the cosy glow of the self-appointed reformers, blinded by the ignorance of the revolutionaries who do not understand the hard facts of Scottish football life and bitterly

prejudiced by their own airy-fairy fancies as to how the game should be played.

But Kilmarnock wisely ignored the sneers that they played 'negative' football (whatever that meant), were a 'hard man's' team, emphasised defence and relied on brawn.

And they had the audacity to succeed. The previous season they had a run of successes unparalleled by any provincial side in Scotland, finished League runners-up and Scottish Cup finalists—and gave Scottish soccer its greatest boost since the war by breathtaking displays in the big New York international tournament.

Now they had reached the final of the Scottish League Cup.

JUST THE START

And what their critics failed to realise was that Kilmarnock were really only at the start of what the Russians would certainly describe as a five-year plan.

For Kilmarnock took the full-time plunge only in season 1959-60 and—after a stumbling

start, only to be expected in the stress of the change-over—succeeded beyond the wildest dreams of their most partisan fan.

It was true that, at the start of their new campaign, Kilmarnock's formidable defence was the most impressive part of the side. That started the 'negative' football cry. But the critics never look beyond their noses.

Kilmarnock were realists. And no one knew more about the brutal facts of soccer than the distinguished Rugby Park manager, Mr. Willie Waddell.

Willie made no bones about admitting that he enjoyed success. He enjoyed more than a generous measure of its heady perfume when he was a player.

But fame as a brilliant Scotland and

Rangers winger cut no ice with the down-to-earth supporters of Kilmarnock.

Waddell was faced with a difficult job. He had succeeded Mr. Malcolm Macdonald, one of football's shrewdest tacticians, a superb soccer scientist who had stamped Killie teams with his own inimitable touch.

And, at the start, there was no blaze of glory for Willie Waddell. So Waddell, than whom no player had a stouter heart or greater determination, set a new policy.

He still laughs ruefully when he recalls how the critics assailed him for 'negative' football.

For the critics had forgotten that Waddell made his name as Scotland's most spectacular winger, an explosive attacker, a supercharged arrow, whose thundering studs threw consternation into the hearts of defenders as he sped resolutely along the wing or cut in to shoot.

NONSENSE!

They remembered only that he had played for Rangers and they sneered: 'There's Waddell adopting the old Ibrox iron curtain method.'

Which was nonsense. For Waddell and his directors did not adopt a defensive policy through choice. They exploited it because of necessity. Their stars were in defence. Outstanding forwards were lacking.

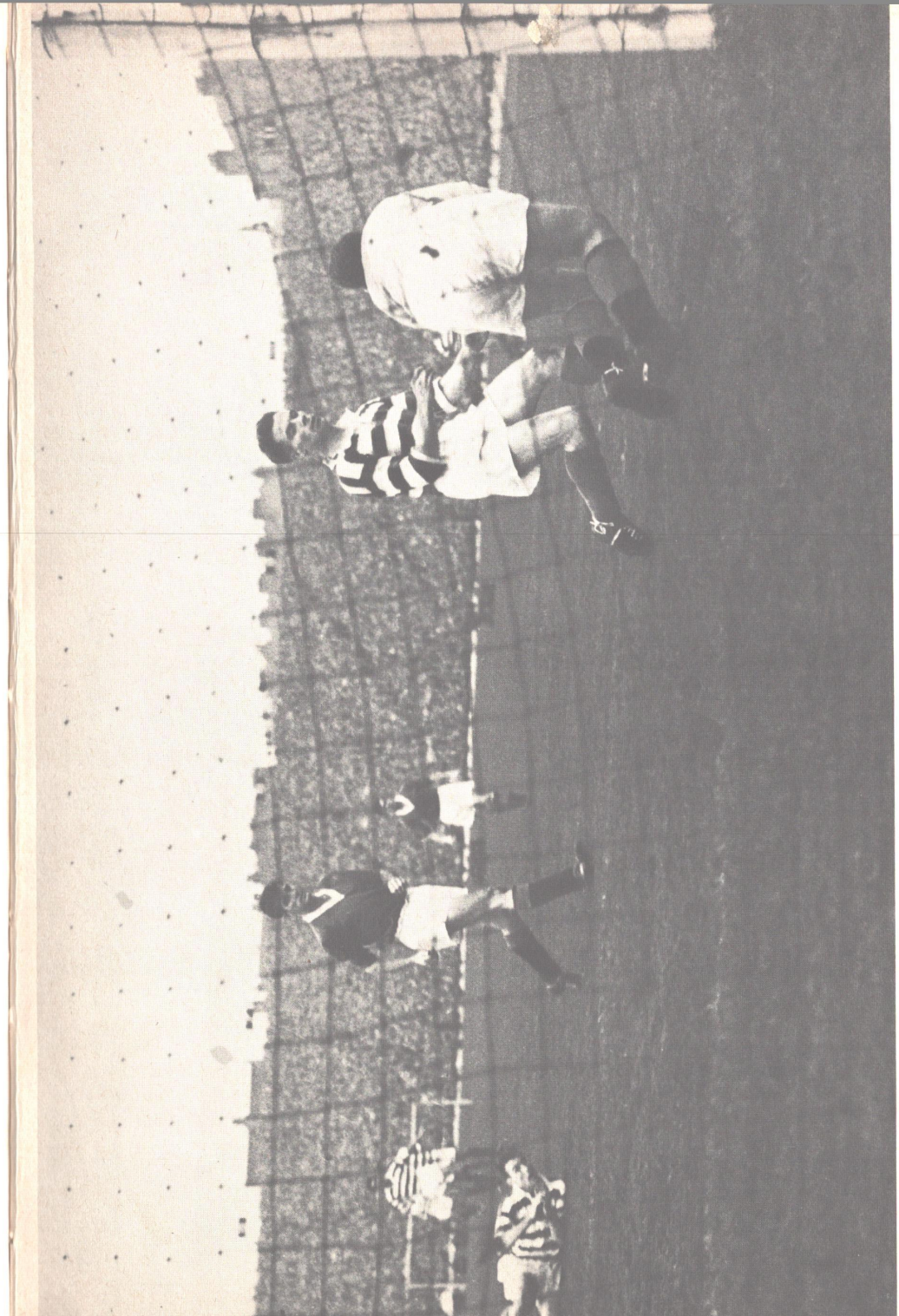
A different pattern would have been evolved at Rugby Park had the resources been available.

Last season, however, Mr. Waddell was approaching the second stage of his programme. Now and again the Kilmarnock attack sparkled, notably against Clyde in a vital League Cup match.

Their attacking youngsters were maturing.

The club have given a great lead to every provincial team in Scotland. They had shown just what could be done by dedicating themselves to direct football, fitness and team spirit.

Disaster for Kilmarnock. Full-back Jim Richmond is sad as he takes the ball from the back of the net



Bertie Black, of Kilmarnock, challenges George Niven, of Rangers, in the League Cup Final



And now they were in the limelight again. Now they were about to face Rangers in the League Cup Final at Hampden.

Could this doughty side at last finish first—not be once again honourably but disappointingly second?

* * *

Frankly, few people outside Kilmarnock thought they would beat Rangers.

For Kilmarnock had faltered several times—and Rangers were taking the country by storm.

Here were a new Rangers. Buried at long last were the remnants of the old Ibrox style. They had discarded their iron curtain policy. They had become an all-out attacking team. Gone were the ballooned clearances, the packing of the goal-mouth, the snatched goal. They were playing enterprising, adventurous football.

And how keen Rangers were to win the League Cup at last. The fans had waited twelve years. Almost unbelievably, the last

No luck for Kilmarnock. Rangers keeper George Niven saves in the League Cup Final as Killie forwards bore in

time Rangers had taken the trophy was when they beat Raith Rovers 2-0 in the 1948-49 final.

The new-look Rangers started hot favourites. They had that twelve-year itch.

* * *

Just over 82,000 spectators were in Hampden for what seemed to be one of the most attractive League Cup Finals of all time on 29th October, 1960.

This was the line-up:

Kilmarnock: Brown; Richmond, Watson; Beattie, Toner, Kennedy; Brown, McNally, Kerr, Black, Muir.

Rangers: Niven; Shearer, Caldwell; Davis, Paterson, Baxter; Scott, McMillan, Millar, Brand, Wilson.

Referee: Mr. T. Wharton, Glasgow.

What a shock for the red-hot favourites at the start.

Aided by the brisk breeze—they had won the toss—Kilmarnock, with nary a sign of inferiority complex, all out for revenge for their defeat in the Scottish Cup Final the previous season, stormed down on Niven.

A brilliant pass by Black was met first-time by wee Billy Muir, getting his big chance again in the first team after having been dropped, and the ball thundered against the side-net.

Then a Kerr shot scraped past on the wrong side of goal.

And a cross from dainty Hugh Brown ran across the goal-mouth—but without a Killie forward up to touch the ball home.

Rangers fans grew tense. They hadn't expected this fire and fury—and skilled moves, as well—from Kilmarnock. 'Come on, 'Jers', they howled.

And at last the boys in blue came into the picture, displaying the new arts and crafts that had made them such a splendid side.

Gradually, but relentlessly, they began to get on top with superb man-to-man play.

WAVE ON WAVE

Kilmarnock seem slightly dismayed because their opening burst hadn't given them the goal they so richly deserved. Now they were desperately defending.

They were facing a magnificent Ibrox side. Wave on blue wave, the Rangers rolled majestically down on Jimmy Brown, immaculate in scarlet. A Millar drive went roaring past. A Brand header took paint off the bar. Brown made a wonderful save from a streaking Davis shot.

Rangers, though, seemed to become over-confident. Kilmarnock were defending magnificently. And, in a break-away, Brown hit a 20-yard shot just over the bar. Then Bertie Black missed a good chance, scooping the ball over the bar from close range.

A good try by Kilmarnock centre-forward Andy Kerr fails against the strong Rangers defence



Then, just when it seemed that brave Kilmarnock were taking command again, Rangers struck—with one of the greatest cup final goals ever seen.

In 37 minutes, the fans saw the new Rangers' secret weapon—the fine partnership of bustling inside-forward Ralph Brand and clever centre-forward Jimmy Millar—in its full, glorious force.

Brand parted with the ball to Millar. Jimmy held it for a moment as Ralph darted through. Then—the perfect pass. And Brand had the ball and he was pelting on and he rounded the outrushing Jimmy Brown and he clipped a perfect low shot into the empty net.

And it was as fine a goal as has graced any great Hampden occasion.

This was the tonic Rangers needed. Now they dashed in for the kill. Twice Jimmy Brown was a hero as he saved first from McMillan, then from Brand.

But the fantastic Kilmarnock team, true to their new traditions of dogged skill and courage, hit back once again.

FIVE CROSSES

As the first half died and they saw their chances, with the help of the wind, fading, Kilmarnock staged a glorious rally. In one crazy five-second spell five crosses floated across the Rangers goal without a single 'taker'.

Which really showed the big difference between the sides. Kilmarnock didn't have the same punch at inside-forward as their opponents.

Nevertheless, the red badge of courage should have been pinned up on most of those lads in the famous blue and white of Kilmarnock.

Their great fight-back in the second half had their supporters cheering.

Mind you, Rangers, now with the breeze, still seemed the snappier team.

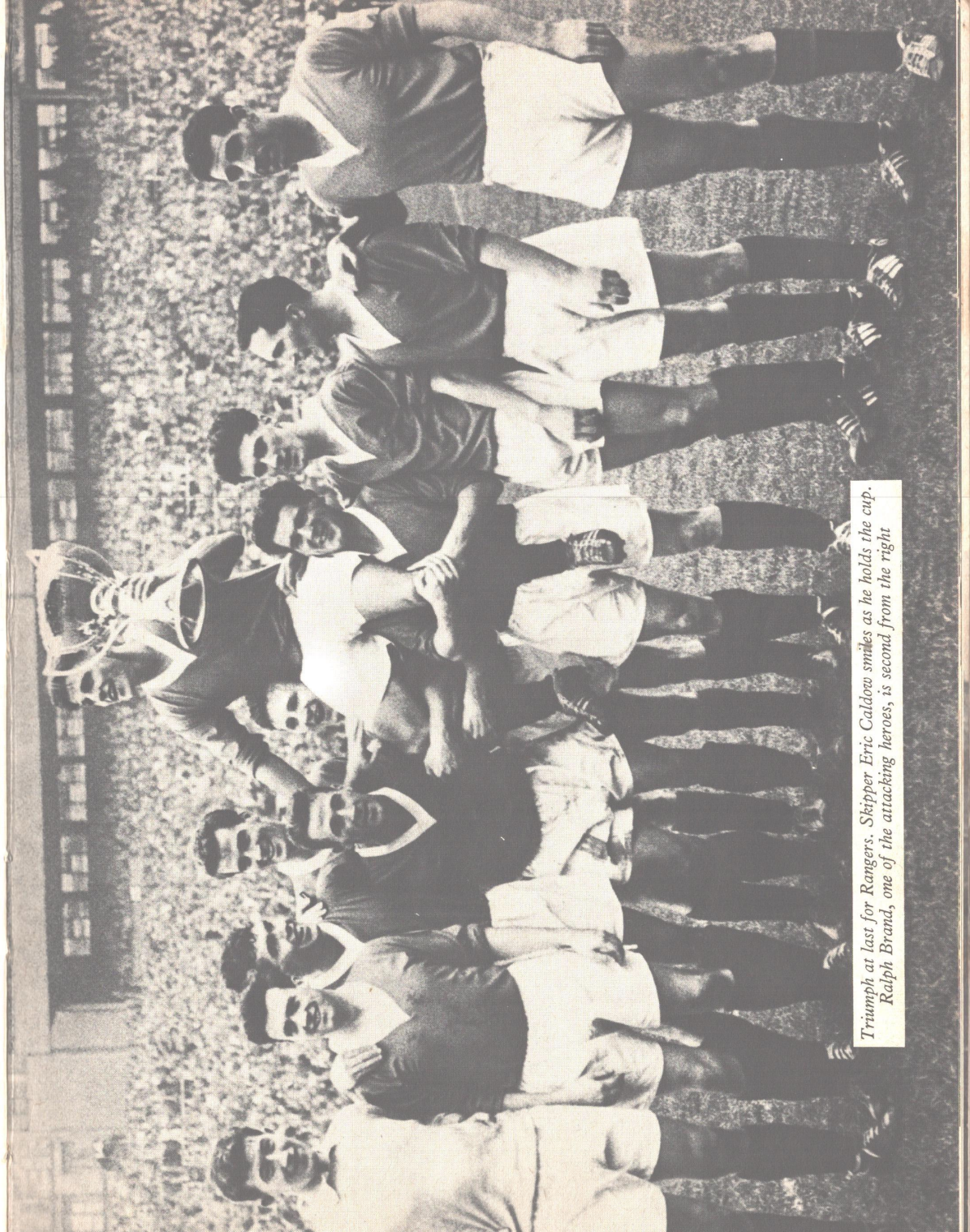
But there was a 20-minute spell just after the interval which was high tribute to stout Killie hearts—and to their fitness.

Determined to do or die, they fought their way back into the picture. And they did have the chances.

There was a Muir drive that rebounded from Niven. There was a wild miss by Black when he had the goal clear after a delightful Hugh Brown pass. There was a Kerr drive dropped by Niven, only to be kicked clear by a defender.

And there was one moment that should certainly have brought the equaliser. Wee Muir boldly outstripped everyone, crossed fast and waited for Kerr to head home. It should have been a goal all the way. But Andy's header scraped the outside instead of the inside of the post.

Willie Toner, a stalwart player in the Kilmarnock team



Triumph at last for Rangers. Skipper Eric Caldow smiles as he holds the cup. Ralph Brand, one of the attacking heroes, is second from the right

Back came the delightful Rangers. They always looked dangerous and they were out of luck when a Wilson drive cracked back off the bar. Then a Scott shot beat Brown—only for centre-half Willie Toner, a real Killie hero, to make an incredible save on his knees. And, next, McMillan tried a wonderful shot—which also hit the bar.

TRAGEDY STRIKES

This great game became even more exciting. There was always a chance that Kilmarnock would equalise. And, just at a time when it seemed the courageous men from Ayrshire would do it, tragedy struck their gallant defence.

Scott, outside the penalty area, hit a cross with his left foot. It floated over and suddenly we saw that Jimmy Brown would be taken by surprise. He was caught out of position and the freak shot which should have been a cross hit the inside of the post and fell gently into the net.

That put Rangers two up and it was the end. Kilmarnock fought on. But everyone knew the match had been won and lost.

So the League Cup went to Rangers by two goals to nil. Deservedly so. But Kilmarnock had shown once again that they were among the best teams in the land.

They had been beaten—but not disgraced.

It had been one of the best League Cup Finals of all time. Rangers had marked the historic occasion by playing splendid match-winning football. But Kilmarnock had been worthy opponents. And the final had been exciting, often dramatic and packed full of fine football.

Killie fought like tigers all the way—but it wasn't enough. If only, their fans sighed, they had had punch at inside-forward.

That was the reason Kilmarnock once again finished second—runners-up in four national tournaments in just seven months.

Probably the most disappointed player was centre-forward Andy Kerr, who had led his line so well without enjoying a single break.

Now Kerr had played in four different positions in League Cup Finals—and still hadn't been on a winning side.

CHAMPION RUNNER-UP

In 1953, he played at left-back for Partick Thistle against East Fife. Thistle lost that final 3-2.

In the 1956 final, he was at right-back for Thistle against Celtic. The game ended in a 0-0 draw. In the replay. Handy Andy was at centre-half at Hampden. But Celtic won 3-0.

And last season he played centre-forward for Kilmarnock.

If it hadn't been for an injury, Andy would have made five appearances in a final. In 1958, when Hearts beat Partick Thistle 5-1, Andy had to call off.

Said Andy ruefully: 'It's getting monotonous. I must have more runners-up medals than anyone else.'

'Yet this game against Rangers might have been so different. I was all set to head home that Billy Muir cross for the equaliser when the ball swerved and I couldn't connect properly.'

But Andy, like the other Kilmarnock players, was determined that, soon, the men in blue and white would finish FIRST on the next big occasion.

They had done their old town proud.

And Mr. Waddell went on scheming his next stage in the Kilmarnock plan to reach the top.

ALL THE EXCITEMENT...!

A picture strip of thrills



All the excitement as Celtic goalkeeper John Fallon makes a fine save with Rangers' David Wilson challenging

THERE'S no game like football for EXCITEMENT!

Always there's something happening. The game may seem dull when—WHAM!—it suddenly explodes into violent action.

It may be a terrific shot, a desperate save, a mighty scramble . . . but the crowd always have something to roar about.

In this picture strip we bring to life again some of the season's THRILLING MOMENTS.



All the excitement in the St. Mirren goalmouth as Celtic storm into hectic attack



All the excitement in Celtic's goal this time as Rangers mount a hot raid

All the excitement as Scott, Rangers, beats the Celtic defence to score



All the excitement as Brand shoots home for Rangers in a game with Kilmarnock



All the excitement as Frank Haffey, Celtic goalkeeper, makes a graceful and spectacular save



Celtic's right-half Crerand has received a wonderful pass and is watched by (left to right) . . . Haffey (Celtic), Brand and Baird (Rangers) and Peacock (Celtic)

*Virile forward play by Black
(Kilmarnock) in this game with
Rangers*



*Kerr, Kilmarnock forward, in a
joust with Niven and Shearer
(Rangers)*





Rangers name is synonymous with Cup Finals at Hampden. Team picture (1960-61)—Back row, left to right: S. Anderson, J. Millar, J. Currie, B. Hume, R. McKinnon, G. Niven, W. Ritchie, B. Grant, M. Murray, W. Penman, A. Matthew, W. Henderson, R. Brand. Middle row, left to right: Manager Scot Symon, A. Franks, R. Evans, B. Stevenson, D. More, S. Baird, G. McLean, B. Paterson, B. King, H. Davis, R. Hynd, W. Telfer, D. Provan, J. Baxter, J. Craven. Front row, left to right: A. Scott, W. Cassidy, I. McMillan, J. Queen, B. Shearer, B. Young, E. Caldow, D. Bowie, I. McColl, C. Brown, J. Little, C. Watson, D. Wilson, trainer D. Kinnear



Rangers and Celtic have played in many thrilling finals at Hampden. Celtic goalkeeper clears during a Rangers attack (not at Hampden)



Gracious touch from calm Milan centre-forward Beane. He hands the ball to Rangers goalkeeper Ritchie after a goal has been scored in a European Cup-tie at Ibrox. Milan won it—because they kept the head!



A cross from Rangers full-back Shearer grazes the bar with Airdrie defenders Leslie and Shanks beaten



*Rangers centre Jimmy Millar beaten to the punch
by goalkeeper Leslie (Airdrie). Also in picture,
Shanks (left) and Jock Johnstone*

Last of the *real*
Centre-Forwards

MOST HAPPY FELLA

EVERY time I meet Mr. James Smith, of Rangers, I sigh. Not because I don't like seeing Mr. Smith. On the contrary. There are few more entertaining personalities in football than the Rangers scout—a genial giant with a great sense of humour and an endless repertoire of soccer stories.

I sigh because Jimmy has retired from the football field and we can no longer delight in his colourful play. How I wish he were still in action.

Now, I'm not one of the critics who keeps on moaning that football's not what it was, that the moderns can't compare with the giants of the past.

Nevertheless, there's a wistful look in my eyes when I survey the present-day array of centre-forwards. We have many fine players in that position—the darting Joe Baker, the amazing Andy Kerr, the skilful Alec Young, the nippy Ian St. John, to mention only a few.

But, alas, the glamour seems to have gone



Here he is in his hey-day, storming into violent action, the one and only Jimmy Smith, of Rangers

from the position . . . the position which every schoolboy of my generation wanted to fill.

* * *

Where to-day are the REAL centre-forwards—the leaders with the killer instinct, the lust to score goals, the husky athletes who disdained the silky touch and played as they were meant to play?

Is there a Jimmy McGrory, probably the most spectacular and effective leader in Scottish football history?

Is there a Dixie Dean, whose flights through the air brought breath-taking thrills to thousands of fans all over Britain?

Is there a Joe Bambrick, darlin' bhoys of Ireland, who led his line with dash and verve?

Is there a Barney Battles, a Joe Payne, a Jimmy Fleming, a Jimmy Quinn?

Is there, in short, a centre-forward who really LEADS, who shoots with the swiftness and accuracy of a Bren-gun, whose aerial artistry makes the hawks envious?

No, I'm afraid there isn't.

And there certainly isn't a new Jimmy Smith.

* * *

Smith may not have been the greatest centre-forward Scotland ever produced. He was unlucky—in the international field—that he was playing at the same time as men like McGrory and the caps he deserved didn't come his way.

BUT SCOTTISH FOOTBALL HAS NEVER SEEN A MORE SPECTACULAR OR COLOURFUL PERSONALITY. He brought drama, excitement—and, quite often, humour—to the soccer scene.

So let's look back on some of the great moments in the career of Jimmy Smith, that most happy fella, who was the last in a wonderful era of REAL he-man centre-forwards.

* * *

You either liked Smith—or you hated him. You cheered him to the echo—if you were a Rangers fan. You howled for his blood—if you supported the side Jimmy was playing against. But you always thrilled to his play, whether you were for him or against him.

He was no Di Stefano, no football intellectual, no lover of frills and fancies. But no player ever enjoyed his game more. He brought a sparkling *joie de vivre* to every match in which he took part.

Powerfully built, superbly fit, he had a venomous shot in both feet and, in the air, he was rivalled only by Jimmy McGrory.

Perhaps, though, it's just as well Jimmy isn't playing to-day. The modern trend might break even his great heart. For goalkeepers were fair game to Jimmy. There was nothing he enjoyed more than a joust with a keeper.

And now that goalkeepers are being left to command their area without a challenge—a sad Continental approach, this—James would probably have been the most frustrated forward in the world.

* * *

How the fans tensed as Jimmy used to bear down on a goalie, looking as though he were going to crash his opponent right through his own net and into the terracing.

But these clashes were great fun to Smith. Often, when he came off second best in a charge, he would sprawl on the ground, then get up with a huge grin on his face.

Jimmy played hard—and wanted opponents to play the same way. There was never anything shady about him. He was strong—and he felt he had every right to make use of his strength. And Jimmy could certainly take it, too—and take it with a smile.

His jousts with Joe Kennaway, the great Celtic goalkeeper of that era, became a tremendous feature of 'Old Firm' matches.

How the Rangers supporters howled with

glee as Jimmy barged in! How the Celtic fans booed and whistled and hooted their anger!

But Jimmy's sense of humour was always there—and most of his opponents enjoyed the clashes as much as the burly Ranger.

* * *

One of Jimmy's fondest memories is the Celtic-Rangers epic that New Year's Day of 1936 at Celtic Park.

'I'll never forget that match,' quipped Jimmy. 'It was the finest game I've ever seen.

'You see, in the first half I got only one kick at the ball. I scored. The rest of the half I just stood and admired the great Celtic team.'

Rangers had been swept back on a flood-tide of green and white. Jimmy Delaney scored for Celtic in three minutes. Smith equalised but, with only 30 minutes played, Jimmy McGrory scored two more before Bob McPhail hammered in a second for Rangers.

But Rangers turned the tables on Celtic in the second half. The terrific pace was sustained—but now it was Celtic's turn to be on the defensive.

McPhail equalised midway through the second half. Celtic hit back. Rangers came again. And so the wonderful match swung and swayed, with thrills at each end, until, with only seven minutes to go, Rangers won a corner kick.

"'Swing it well over", I shouted to Jimmy Fiddes as he ran to take the kick', said Jimmy Smith.

Over came the ball—and once again Jimmy scored an 'impossible' goal. As three Celts jumped to head clear, the flying blue figure of Smith rose above them all. And he headed the ball DOWN and into the net.

That was a typical Jimmy Smith goal—magnificent, spectacular and mystifying.

* * *

He was one of the Rangers team which completed a hat-trick of Scottish Cup successes from 1934 to 1936—and his greatest triumph was in the quarter-finals of the Cup in 1934-35.

* * *

Rangers faced a stiff test. They were drawn against Motherwell at Fir Park—and Motherwell then, as now, were formidable opponents.

It was a tough assignment but once again the Smith heroics put Rangers on the way to meet Hearts in the semi-final. Rangers won 4-0 and Smith scored all the goals.

He remembers best the last goal of that match. He took a pass from winger Main. His back was to the goal.

BUT SOMEHOW HE HOOKED THE BALL OVER HIS RIGHT SHOULDER AND SENT IT THUNDERING INTO THE NET.

Jimmy was a star in the final, too.

Rangers met Hamilton Accies, weakened because of injury to regular goalkeeper Shelvin, and all the critics tipped Rangers to win easily.

It looked that way when Smith scored in the first half, spreading out a long leg to pop home a pass from George Brown.

But—Hamilton came storming into the game and equalised.

For a long time they were the better team—but they hadn't a valiant Jimmy Smith. The big fellow got the winning goal with a fine header from a cross by Gillick—and Rangers took the Cup again.

Jimmy seldom played in international football. He had two caps—both against Ireland. That was his bad luck. He had so many wonderful contemporaries. If Smith had been in action now, he would have earned scores of international caps.

Jimmy still graces the soccer scene as a scout—and there's no more popular man in the game than the great Ranger.