

DAVID BONE

SCOTTISH FOOTBALL
REMINISCENCES AND
SKETCHES

David Bone

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Reminiscences and Sketches**

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Scottish Football Reminiscences and Sketches

PREFACE

In bringing my first edition of Football Reminiscences and Sketches before the public, I do so with a sense of profound regard for the game and its players, and heartfelt gratitude to numerous friends – some of whom, alas! are no more – for advice and assistance. If my readers consider it worthy of one who has devoted a quarter of a century in attaining that experience necessary to criticise the players of the dead past and those of the living present with fidelity, I will have gained something to be remembered, and be amply repaid for what I have done to assist the spread of the Association game in Scotland. Many of my sketches, under different names, have already appeared in various journals, including the *Daily* and *Weekly Mail*, *Bell's Life in London*, and the "Scottish Football Annual," but I have remodelled some of them very considerably, and indulge in the hope that they may while away an hour or so at the fireside of the Player and Spectator after a big Cup Tie or other interesting match.

The Author.

I. – FOOTBALL: ANCIENT AND MODERN

"Then strip, lads and to it, though cold be the weather,
And if, by mischance you should happen to fall,
There are worse things in life than a tumble on heather,
For life is itself but a game at Football."

– *Sir Walter Scott.*

In Scotland, so closely associated with traditional lore, and the acknowledged birth-place of romance and patriotic song, it would be almost dangerous to incur displeasure by attempting to refer to the early history of anything associated with the amusements or recreations of the people, without actually touching on tradition – a point held by some in far greater regard and reverence than actual fact. Under these circumstances, then, I do not want to run the risk of complete annihilation by ignoring the traditional, and even territorial, aspect of Football. That the game was played as early as the tenth century there is any amount of authentic evidence to show, and that it continued to be one of the chief recreations of the people there can be no doubt. Coming much further down, however, the game of Football is referred to, both by historical and romance writers. In Sir Walter Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel," we find that the English and Scotch soldiers, in a few hours' actual cessation from skirmishing on the eve of a battle, engaged in "the merry Football play." Our forefathers, however, must have played the game in rather a rude and undignified fashion, if we can believe certain authorities – actual brute force and superiority in point of weight being the indispensable concomitants of a successful side. The matches, too, must have been played utterly regardless of science. Just fancy a couple of crack teams meeting on a heather-covered field, with the "hailing spots" about a mile and a-half apart, and playing a match lasting four or five hours! Could any of our young men nowadays stand such rough-and-tumble work? Happily it is not required. It has been found that a match lasting an hour and a-half, with the ball ever and anon passing in front of one on a level field, is quite enough, even for the strongest back, half-back, or forward. Experience has sufficiently proved that, even in this age of scientific play. So much for the past, and I will proceed to touch briefly on the spread and popularity of football.

To those who only know football as promoted by the Queen's Park, and subsequently by the Vale of Leven, Clydesdale, Granville (now defunct), 3rd L.R.V, and lastly, though not leastly, by the Scottish Football Association, we are almost compelled to offer some information. A quarter of a century ago a Union was formed in Edinburgh to draw up a code of rules to encourage the game of Football, and matches were played between schools and other clubs. These rules were a combination of the present Association and Rugby, dribbling being largely indulged in, but the goal-posts were similar to those now in use under the latter code of rules, and a goal could not be scored unless the ball went over the posts. This game made considerable progress in Edinburgh, being vigorously promoted by scholastic clubs and students attending college. Some years later, when the number of young gentlemen sent over from England to be educated in Scotland, particularly Edinburgh, began to increase, these old rules were subjected to considerable alteration, and eventually assimilated to those of the English Rugby Union, and all the known clubs in Scotland at that time adhered tenaciously to these rules, and under them many exciting games were played between Eastern and Western clubs, the Glasgow Academicals and Edinburgh Academicals being the leading ones. Eventually, however, the new clubs springing into existence in the Western District of the country did not care to play these rules, and, following the example of similar clubs in England, adhered to what they considered an improvement on the old system of Football, and joined the English Football Association, formed in 1863. The first to do this was the Queen's Park, the mother of Association Football in Scotland, in

1867, and the example was soon followed by the Clydesdale, 3rd L.R.V., Vale of Leven, Granville, and others, a few years afterwards. Well can I remember witnessing several exciting tussles on the Queen's Park recreation ground (then the only meeting-place of the Premier Association Club), between the Vale of Leven, Hamilton, East Kilbride, Clydesdale, Granville, and 3rd L.R.V. Since then the spread and popularity of the Association style of play has been so often written about that it is, so to speak, bound up in the actual history of the Western District of Scotland. In Edinburgh, however, the new rules have not made so much headway, the Rugby code being there as extensively played as of yore. Some advances, however, have taken place, and the Edinburgh University has an Association team, and that city several promising clubs, including the Hibernian, Heart of Midlothian, and St. Bernard, and, in Leith, the Athletic, that made such a plucky fight with the Queen's Park in a recent cup tie.

No one, except a close observer, can believe the earnestness and enthusiasm imparted into the game by the formation of young clubs, but there is one danger which should be avoided. There is such a thing as overdoing; and, depend upon it, if this is continued, the game will suffer. To those who love and appreciate everything in season, the advice I am about to impart will be doubly significant. Football is a winter game, and while it may be all right to practice in spring and autumn, the line is bound to be drawn somewhere, and why attempt to force it down the throats of cricketers, athletes, yachtsmen, and even lawn-tennis players, in the heart of summer? It must not be forgotten that some of our best and most influential football clubs have also cricket clubs and kindred summer recreations attached, and, in the interests of football, these should be encouraged; and to this end I am confident my remarks will be treated with some respect. I am also sure that no one who has taken a deep interest in the game from its comparative infancy, but can look back with extreme pleasure on its development, and even go the length of registering a vow that he will do his utmost to make and uphold it as an honest and manly game, despite isolated assumptions by a few traducers who question such earnestness, and I will endeavour to point them out, and draw comparisons.

"What came ye out to see?" might often be asked by an uninterested spectator who had ventured forth to look at some of the matches. A crowd of young men pursuing a round object, called a ball, with great earnestness of purpose. To the young cad, who can think of nothing but the colour of his latest pair of kid gloves, or the check of his newest acquisition in the shape of fashionable trousers, all out-door amusement is considered an interminable bore, the game of Football has, of course, no charm. There is too much hard work for him, and the training required to put one in condition, fraught with all that is called self-denial, he could never endure. The musty old duffer, too, looks upon the game in the light of a deadly sin, which can never be associated in his mind with anything short of idiocy and the most virulent fanaticism. To some of his young men he remarks – "And you call that a grand game, running about a field trying to put a ball near a pair of upright posts, and knocking the first lad down who attempts to retard your progress! Do you call that manly, eh? Would anyone but a pure lunatic run the chance of getting his shins cut, or collar-bone dislocated, indulging in such work, and donning coloured stockings and fantastic shirt the while to make the matter all the more absurd!" He seems to forget that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and the real meaning of a dull boy and a dull man is irregularity and vexation in the counting-house and office. There are amusements and amusements, and recreations and recreations, but I know of none adapted for the winter months which can be so cheaply indulged in, with so much profit to health, as Football. Accidents do happen occasionally, I admit, but they are exceedingly few when the number of young men engaged in the game is taken into account, combined with the fact that, last year, some of the leading Association matches were played much more roughly than in previous years, it is an astonishing fact that no fatal accident occurred in Scotland. There are, of course, many, if the whole truth must be written, whom the exciting and manly game has failed to touch by its magic and fascinating influence, but they should not be courted, and fortunately their patronage is neither sought nor needed, for they are the men most to be avoided on a wintry Saturday afternoon while one is on

his way to see an exciting "cup tie." Depend upon it, they will allure you to some haunt where the language is not even so choice as where the "final" is being played between two leading clubs.

I am fully convinced that when the game was first improved and adapted to stand side by side with others requiring both pluck and skill, the thought never entered the heads of its promoters that some of the laws might be abused, not used. Unfortunately, such is too true, and the sooner these things are discouraged the better. The old precept about warriors feeling a stern joy when they knew they were opposed to foemen worthy of their steel, should never be forgotten by the biggest back, half-back, or the smallest forward. To put it in another way, gentlemanly conduct towards an opponent in the field is pleasing to see, and, indeed, civility is worth much, and costs nothing – only a small effort of self-denial. In this enlightened age, the nation who crows too much over a vanquished foe is naturally detested, and why should not this spirit regulate the game of Football? If this were carefully remembered during the season, there would undoubtedly be such a close bond of fellowship and good feeling amongst Football players that nothing could disturb.

And again, I cannot allow the present opportunity to pass without protesting against a practice, now, unfortunately, too largely followed by a section of the spectators who turn out to all the big events – viz., betting. About as long as I can remember, and it may be before Football, perhaps, was played, many an honest wager was made by the leaders in all out-door sports that they would be the victors, but the practice, I have been assured, never went further. Now it is quite a common thing to see cash dancing about a ring of spectators at a big match, and often the loss of cash to certain individuals means a proportionate loss of temper, and the practice is all the more to be deplored. It is for this end, it is for this avowed purpose, that one and all connected with its development and culture, will strive to their utmost to ennoble and raise Football to a higher and purer level, and consequently discourage, by every legitimate means, betting in all its phases, and the slightest tendencies amongst the players who take part in the various matches towards rough play, and a disposition to indulge in unnecessary charging.

II. – THE FOOTBALL WAVE

Like Dogberry's idea of certain kinds of novel writing, both Association and Rugby Football seem to come to the Scotchmen by nature. My readers can, perhaps, easily remember the clever *jeu d'esprit* on the antiquity of the Gaelic tongue which appeared several years ago advocating the claims of that race as lisping the first "speech" heard in Eden in a manner that must have stirred the blood of Professor Blackie. As the history of Association Football, with which I have only to deal under the present circumstances, is so well-known and a thing of yesterday, its origin, like that of the Gaelic language, is not shrouded in mystery, but actually known (or should be known) to all who take an interest in the game. In my previous article, I tried to trace the origin of football in its rudest form as played by our forefathers, when goal-posts and bars, to say nothing of corner-flags, were unknown. Football now, however, has been reduced to something like a scientific game, and to the credit of England be it said, the Association Rules there first saw the light. Scotch players in the Western District soon emulated their Southern brethren, and from the Parent Club, which had a humble and unassuming origin on the recreation ground at Queen's Park, sprang hundreds of clubs, spreading over the length and breadth of the land with remarkable rapidity. The wave soon rolled all over Glasgow and suburbs, submerged the whole country, and eventually invaded the Heart of Midlothian itself, where the Rugby code had hitherto reigned supreme. The schoolboys who played cricket and rounders in the summertime came out on a wintry afternoon to see their seniors engaged in Association football, and soon felt the desire creep over them to be members of a club containing lads like themselves. The young men engaged in the city all day thought on the health-imparting exercise it afforded, and had the necessary funds raised to form a club. The artisans, too, from the dusky foundry, the engineer shop, and the factory, soon began to dribble about. The young ones, and even the seniors themselves, had many a collision with mother earth ere they could rely on keeping their pins with any degree of accuracy, and it was rare fun to see a bearded man turning a somersault as he missed the ball in trying to make a big kick. Football is easily acquired in so far as the rudimentary part is concerned, but a great deal of probation is required to convert one into a crack player. Among those who now practice football, and their name is legion, the superior players can be numbered in (to give it a wide scope) hundreds. In fact, to be able to master all the details requisite to win a first-class match, one has to be capable of dribbling, middling, heading, and passing in a way that would do credit to solving a complicated problem in Euclid. It is all very well to talk about brute force and lasting power, but unless these are accompanied by scientific application, they are worth little, and cost much. "The race is not always to the swift," says the old proverb. In at least eight cases out of ten, the match is to the scientific and careful, but of this more anon. There is one thing that can be said about football which in the nature of things must recommend it to all lovers of out-door exercise. Of late years bicycling has obtained a great deal of popularity all over the three kingdoms, both for its usefulness as a speedy means of conveyance, and exercise to the limbs, but that it has its drawbacks has just been made apparent by undisputed medical authority. "The bicycle back," the effect of hard work on the "iron horse," is beginning to appear on the handsome young man who thinks nothing of doing his 50 miles a day, and while walking occasionally with the young lady with the "Grecian bend," the contrast in his case is amusing. To say that there are no dangers of any kind attached to football would be making an assertion which I cannot substantiate, but these are comparatively few. All sports, of whatever kind, have the elements of danger attached to their pursuit, but, with great care, these can be reduced to a minimum. Although I have certainly never observed the round-shoulders of the bicyclist in the football player, I have not unfrequently seen the "football leg." That is a series of cuts about the shin bone, administered by a vicious opponent while (as it generally happens) playing a "cup tie," and last season they were more plentiful than ever. In fact, I heard from the lips of a member of one of the crack clubs that in not a few of the ties they retired from the

field "greatly impressed with the unmistakable signs of muscular ability shown by their opponents." This means most undoubtedly hacking and tripping, under the guise of tackling, and if Association football is to go on and prosper such disgraceful acts of tyranny on the football field must forever cease. These "accidents" can, of course, be avoided, and as there are distinct rules forbidding them, clubs would do well to see that these are rigidly enforced.

III. – A "SWEEP FOR THE CUP;" OR, HOW PATE BROWN KEPT HIS ENGAGEMENT

"What do you say, old fellow, about a 'Sweep for the Cup.' Why, a 'sov.' is nothing to the like of you, and there will be such fun at the lifting." This was said to me one morning about nine, just as I was preparing to get my shaving utensils into working order before turning out to the warehouse. Pate Brown used to make fun of me about my scanty hirsute appendages, and many a time caused me to blush before sundry members of the Druids when he emphatically declared that I was one of those effeminate individuals who shaved, not because they had whiskers, but because they hadn't. This was in September, and a more open year for the respective chances of the clubs in the Cup had, perhaps, never come round.

I was unattached then. I was, in fact, neither a member of the Druids nor the Nomads, but simply a friend of both, and an enthusiastic admirer of the game. My big brother Angus, it is true, was one of the best men in the Conquerors, and he and I sometimes had animated discussions about the respective merits of the clubs. "Why, Jack, this is only September, it will be more sensible for us to postpone the affair till after the preliminary ties. A lot of chaps to whom I have spoken consider it next to nonsense to draw the 'sweep' so soon."

After a great deal of talking and another meeting, it was agreed to go right ahead with the "sweep," and accordingly the necessary arrangements were duly made, and subscribers' names taken, as well as their cash.

The warehouse of Ball & Field was the largest in the whole city. Their trade connection extended to every known country on the face of the globe. There was a decided charm about the way in which the firm did business, and the kindly, not to say considerate manner, in which they treated employés, who really deserved it. The two leading members of the firm, in fact, were not insignificant prototypes of Dickens' Cheeryble Brothers (with the exception that they were both married). I verily believe that in an hour's notice a couple of excellent teams could have been picked from the house to make a decent match of it anywhere.

The senior himself was an enthusiastic admirer of the game, and one way or another did much to encourage it by his presence on the field at all the big matches, and if any of the lads, such as myself, Brown, Rose, Wilson, or M'Nab wanted away to play in a big affair, a hint reaching the governor's ears to that effect was amply sufficient. The manager, however, was of a different sort, he hated football like poison. He even relegated the grand game to a pastime suitable for pure and unadulterated lunatics, those, as he put it, "who were too daft to get into Gartnavel." Fancy that! Woe betide the unfortunate half-back or forward, who in a weak moment relied on the magnanimity of "Sour Plums," as he was called, to let him off to a match, without first consulting the governor himself. Sometimes M'Nab forgot to do so, and as his club were frequently in great straits to get him to play, he had to steep his brains to think on a strategic movement to get free, and succeeded; but sometimes with the aid of a "crammer."

Brown, for reasons best known to himself, but which will duly come out as my story advances, was very anxious to be at the "draw," and accordingly duly appeared at the Marie Stuart Hall, Crosshill. There were a lot of pale faces in the room when Pate drew the Queen's Park, Dick Wallace the "Vale," Bill Weldon, Dumbarton, and Sandy M'Bean the Rangers. A rosy-cheeked, country-looking lad belonging to the Q.P. drew Cowlaids, and a general titter ran through the august assembly when that same lad remarked, "he was quite satisfied with his draw, the other crack clubs notwithstanding." Tom Vincent got Kilmarnock Athletic, Alf. Grant the Clyde, Blower Fleming drew

the Heart of Midlothian, and Bill Fairfield the Hibernian. I was unlucky enough to secure one of the many insignificant clubs who never survived the first round, and so my "sov." was a dead letter.

The entire "sweep" came to a fine round sum, as the subscribers included a good many of the rank and file of football enthusiasts, and even two "football-daft" members of the upper strata of the Glasgow Police Force, and three of the Fire Brigade, went the length of taking a couple of tickets. There was also Luke Wood, the representative of the "Kick-off," who knew a thing or two about the game. He was in for a pair of tickets, too, and drew the Invincible and Morning Star. He was thoroughly disgusted at the prospect (more particularly as he had been one of the leading hands in getting up the "sweep"); but, as the Yankees say, he gradually "cooled himself down," and got thoroughly reconciled to his loss.

The Cowliars had to play the Queen's Park in one of the ties, and a determined tussle it turned out to be. The "boys" bore a wild look that afternoon as they emerged from the pavilion at Hampden Park. You could read the anxious and determined character of their mission on every face. They had fully made up their minds to fight hard for the Cup, and really they did. Several of the team were big powerful fellows whom not a few cautious half-backs would think twice before "going for," and two of the forwards were very smart on their pins, but wanted that true mastery of the art of passing and dribbling at the proper time which make up the refined and superior Association player. As for endurance, they did not toil among iron wheels, steel axles, and brass fittings for locomotives, to say nothing of generating steam on the shortest notice, without being "hardy." No, no. They were in the best of condition for the game. The Queen's took them too cheaply, and nearly paid a lasting penalty for their carelessness. The game, in fact, was so closely fought that the teams were unable to overcome one another, and two goals each was the result. Meeting a second time, however, the Q.P. made short work of them, and won by nine goals to none.

The evening before the memorable tussle which put the half of Dumbartonshire into a state of excitement, bordering on the football fever, "Mary, the Maid of the Football Inn," came to the door of the little hotel repeatedly, and after casting sundry glances at the roadway and scanning the passers-by, muttered something about being jilted, and how shamefully she had been used by Bob. Her own Bob, who was always so punctual, and occasionally treated her to a nice walk along the Leven, past Ewing's big work, and even went the length of composing verses in her honour.

"What had become of him? Had Nancy Pringle waylaid him, as she positively swore she would do, on the first opportunity, and start the probationary stages of a drama in real life?" The fact was Bob never came, and no wonder. He was collared by the Dumbarton captain, and carried off to the field to practice for the great fight of the next day, under pains and penalties. He pleaded for Mary, but it was of no avail. "He had," he went on to remonstrate, "promised on his word of honour to meet her that evening and take her to Luckie M'Latchie's booking." Luckie and Tam M'Murtrie (an old footballer) were to be spliced a fortnight afterwards, and the "cries" were in.

With a serious air the captain lectured Bob till he was blue in the face, and told him if he did not put himself in condition for the great battle of the morrow he would be stoned by the town enthusiasts. He remembered when a boy at school scribbling as best he could on his copybook, "Discretion is the better part of valour," and the sentence flashed across his heated brain with all the force of actual conviction. "What was he to do?" "Was it to be football first, and Mary afterwards?" Something whispered "yes; Mary could afford to wait, but the 'Cup' was a transitory article, and the splendid chance his club had of winning it might pass away like a dream." "Why, there was Joe Laidlay, he was in something like the same dilemma so far as his 'lass' was concerned, and if Joe, he thought, could afford to put off his sweetheart, Maggie Jackson, in the same way, he (Bob) considered that he should be able to conclude the arrangement, and make the best excuse to Mary."

Quietly speaking, Bob had an ambition in his football, and it consisted in being a member of the eleven who would at one time or another "lick" the Queen's Park, and went into the practice game with his whole heart, and played all through in good form.

Just a year or so before this the "Vale" would have given the same Dumbarton lot short shift and no favour on any of the grounds, but matters were altered. They wanted a lot of their old blood, which had in years gone by carried them through many a doubtful battle. They had lost their grand goalkeeper, and the crack half-back had vacated his favourite position to keep the ball from going between the uprights in "time o' need."

Some of the daring forwards had also bade farewell to the game, and were scattered over the length and breadth of the land. The match, however, had to be played – it would brook no delay – and the spirited captain resolved to make the best of it, although a score of misgivings passed through his mind as to the issue. There was one thing in favour of the "Vale," they had their own ground to play upon, and that was reckoned as worth a goal any day.

Before the start Johnny Freer told his old chums to keep their "weather eyes" open for sudden rushes by the Dumbarton forward division, and before the game was very old, they discovered that the advice did not come a moment too soon. Keeping close on the touch lines till well down among the half-backs, Maclure and his light companion, "the Bird," assuredly did not allow the grass to grow under their leather bars. The ground was a little sloppy from the recent rain, but, strange to say, the Dumbarton men seemed to keep their feet in a remarkable manner. M'Luckie and big Walton tried their very best to intercept the dribblers, but at times they were completely mastered, and Dick Wallace had to come away from his place at back and assist.

The most of the Dumbarton lads were much faster on the ball than the "Vale," and this, added to a slice of luck, aided them in scoring twice, and they consequently won a hard battle by two goals to none, and earned the proud distinction of being the champions.

After the great crowd had dispersed, and lots of silver had changed hands, a solemn silence reigned in that part of the pavilion utilised by the "Vale." "There is no use denying the fact, chaps," said the captain of the defeated team, "these fellows have beaten us on our form this season, and we'll have to make the best of a bad bargain."

Not so, however, in the other end of the house. The victors were "blowing" a good deal of the bad luck they had had, and how they ought to have scored a dozen goals if "Sandy had not repeatedly allowed the ball to graze the goal-posts, instead of attempting to kick it out. They had, however, beaten the 'Vale,' and that was all they cared for, in the said tie. The Rangers they declared they did not fear, and from all they could hear, they were now quite able to meet the Queen's Park face to face."

With the Rangers, however, they had just sufficient to do on their own ground in the first match, but in the second came off victorious by five goals to one.

One Saturday evening we took forcible possession of Jack Cook's lodgings, which were situated near the Marie Stuart Hall, Crosshill. Jack was very fond of billiards, and sometimes pocketed several "pools" of an evening, when a few choice spirits congregated in "The Rooms." Jack's landlady had frequently threatened him with pains and penalties for treating anything approaching "elders' hours" with contempt, and once intensified it to instant dismissal, bag and baggage, for encouraging a lot of his chums in leading the chorus of Dickens' Bacchanalian song:

"We won't go home till morning,
Till morning, till morning,
We won't go home till morning,
Till daylight doth appear,"

at four o'clock A.M., under her kitchen window after a big cup tie, which the Conquerors had won. Jack, as a matter of precaution warned us that we were to comport ourselves with decency, and not rouse the aforesaid lady. Our friend had something in the bottle. We were comfortably seated, and the room filled with tobacco smoke, when a dim shadow was noticed at the door, and turned out to be Willie Fairfield, of the Flying Blues, who had just called to let us know he had received a telegram

from Edinburgh announcing the defeat of the Hibernian in the protested match with Dumbarton, by six goals to two.

Willie, it may be mentioned, had drawn the Hibernian in our "sweep," and was, I may inform all concerned, well pleased with his luck when the ticket came out the bag; but now much crestfallen. Bill Weldon, however, who had secured Dumbarton in the same drawing, jumped off his chair at the success of the club he had secured, and remarked – "Look here, boys, Dumbarton are just about good enough to win the Association Cup, and I'll take evens on't." "Done," said a chorus of voices, and Mrs. Blank's parlour was for a few minutes transformed into a betting house on a small scale.

We had a long chat as to the respective merits of the Rangers and Dumbarton, who were to play their tie over again, in consequence of some informality, and after draining Jack's bottle, were accompanied to the door with solemn injunctions not to kick up a row on the stairs.

Weeks passed after this little incident, and the clubs left in our "sweep" were getting small by degrees and beautifully less. The Rangers, Partick, South-Western, Northern, 3rd L.R.V., Arthurlie, Kilmarnock Portland, Alexandra Athletic, Thornliebank, Heart of Midlothian, and even the plucky little Clyde were cleared off the list, and the Queen's Park had their own ado with Kilmarnock Athletic, and only beat that sturdy Ayrshire Club by three goals to two. All that now remained in the tie, in fact, were Q.P. and Dumbarton.

It was Weldon and Pate Brown for it now, and both began to dream of a good pocketful of "sovs."

Pate, who was engaged to charming little Lizzie Green, had been living very carefully for a time in prospect of shortly calling Lizzie his own, was only now a casual visitor to Cook's lodgings. One evening, on his way home from Ball & Field's, Pate began to reckon up his chances of winning the "sweep."

"One hundred and five subscribers at a 'sov.' a-piece," said he, "why that makes £105. The odd 'fiver' will pay all the expenses, and if the Q.P. win the Cup, why all that will be mine. Oh! glorious Q.P., invincible Q.P., you must and shall win the Cup," raved excited Pate. "Lizzie, my own dear lassie, I have not told you about my speculation, nor will I till the tie is over, and we'll get married this summer yet."

I do not intend to weary my readers with a detailed account of the final Cup ties, for everybody knows there were two played. In the first, when the clubs tied, and Dumbarton had the best of the game, little Pate Brown nearly lost his senses with excitement, and had frequently to lean heavily on the shoulder of Lizzie Green to prevent him from falling under the grand stand.

"What is it, dear, that makes you so terribly pale at a match?" she said to him in a gentle whisper. "You must be ill, for I have never observed you so excited before." Little did the young lady imagine what was at issue, and the cause of Pate's nervousness; but she knew afterwards, and had a jolly laugh over it in her own tidy little house at Govanhill.

Who does not remember the real final tie on Cathkin Park? Such a match will, perhaps, never be seen in Scotland again. How both Queen's Park and Dumbarton played with all the force and dash they could command, and how at length the Queen's Park were the conquerors, and Pate Brown won the double prize.

A few nights afterwards Pate received one hundred sovs. (there were no second and third prizes) in the "Marie Stuart," and when he told the young fellows assembled that he was about to get wed to Lizzie Green, every soul of them (not even excepting Bill Weldon himself, who had drawn Dumbarton in the speculation, and lost a few "sovs." on them too), congratulated him on his choice, and called Pate a "lucky dog."

They all knew and admired the neat little girl who, among other blithe and gentle faces, turned out to see the leading football matches, to cheer the players when they won, and chaff them when they lost.

They were married – Pate Brown and Lizzie Green – and in presence of his old club companions, whom he had invited to spend an evening at his new house, Pate told the simple story of how he had got married to his little darling a year sooner than he expected, all through drawing the Queen's Park in a "Sweep for the Cup."

IV. – FAMOUS ASSOCIATION PLAYERS – PAST AND PRESENT

Little did the comparatively small but orderly group of enthusiastic spectators who met around the ropes at Hamilton Crescent Ground, Partick, eighteen years ago, to witness the first International Association match, imagine the ultimate development of the Association style of play in Scotland, and in after years the triumphs which awaited her sons in contests with England. I was present, and shall never forget the manner in which the teams – both Scotch and English – acquitted themselves, and made a drawn game of it.

The Five Dead Internationalists

The ranks of the past crack players are beginning to get thinned by the common enemy of mankind. When I think of the busy feet, blithe and happy faces, and merry voices that joined in the game twenty years ago, a sense of sadness comes over me which it is difficult to dispel. "The first International, sir;" yes. Five of the gallant eleven who fought Scotland's battle are dead. Poor Gardner, Smith, Weir, Leckie, and Taylor, football players, have cause to remember thee! It was a hard struggle to keep up football in those days, and as there were no club funds all the items of expenditure had to be brought forth from the capacious pockets of the members. They loved the game, however, those primitive players, and engaged in it for its own sake, without ever thinking of reward. In the words of a great poetess, "We shall sing their praise ere long;" and while it may be thousands of dribblers of the present never heard their names, it is but right that the young ones should not forget what they owe to the Association football pioneers. Yes, the boys of the old brigade are falling out of the ranks in which they served so well, never to muster again on this side the grave; while others, still toiling on, are "scattered far and wide, by mountain, stream, and sea."

Joseph Taylor

The admitted chief of the five who have gone to their rest was Joseph Taylor. Of a quiet and unassuming disposition, blended with remarkable firmness, no man who captained the Queen's Park was so much respected both on the field and in private life. None hated unfair or rough play more. He could not endure it in a club companion, and this was particularly so if his team were playing a comparatively junior combination. Taught in the early school of Association football, when the rules were much more exacting than they are now, he had, along with his colleagues in the Queen's Park, to fight their preliminary battles, and overcome the prejudices consequent on introducing the "reformation," so to speak, in football. Taylor developed into a first-class back when comparatively young, and was chosen to play for his club against England in 1872, when the Queen's Park met that country single-handed, and played a drawn contest. Considering his light weight, he was a fine tackler, returned very smartly to his forwards, and, possessing remarkable speed, completely astonished an opponent by clearing the ball away before the forwards of the opposing club were able to obtain any advantage. He had always a kind and encouraging word to young players, and in 1875 and 1876 was chosen captain of the Scotchmen, and played, in all, five times against England. He died in Govanhill about three years ago.

Robert Gardner

As the first captain of the Queen's Park in the International of 1872, and also chosen to that post next season in London, Gardner, who has also joined the great majority, was the most extraordinary player of his day. He was so versatile that I have seen him at work in all the different positions of the field – goalkeeper, back, half-back, and even forward – but it was as a goalkeeper that he excelled. A very indifferent kicker out in front, when the ball came up, he sometimes made mistakes with the feet; but when I remember the brilliant men who have since stood between the posts in Internationals and final cup ties, each in their line famous, I must confess that none ever used their hands and weight to greater advantage than Gardner. Possessing a peculiarity of temper which had much of the Scotchmen's sturdy independence, he had a difference with some of his friends, and left the Queen's Park to join the Clydesdale, and did much to assist that club to attain at the time the second position in Scottish Association football. Members of both clubs will not easily forget the manner in which Gardner kept goal for his new combination against the Queen's Park in a cup tie, when three matches had to be completed before the senior club won. He retired from the game some time before his death, which took place at South Queensferry a year and a half ago.

James E. Weir

Who could dribble and keep possession of the ball like Weir? In a football sense he was in everybody's mouth sixteen years ago, when crack forwards were few, and neat dribblers fewer. In all the contests the Queen's Park engaged in for ten years, none was more popular among the spectators, and emulated by the then young generation of players, than Weir. He always worked on the right side, and with William M'Kinnon, Angus Mackinnon, H. M'Neil, T. Lawrie, and T. C. Highet for companions, the exhibition of dribbling and passing, with the six forwards, was finer than is the case now with the five. The ball had then to touch the ground after being thrown in straight from the line before being played. Under those circumstances, heading by the forwards was never seen in the field, unless after a corner-flag kick. Well can I remember the match at Hampden Park against the London Wanderers, whom the Queen's Park defeated by six goals to none, when Weir, being tackled by the Hon. A. F. Kinnaird and C. W. Alcock, put his foot on the ball, shook off the two powerful Englishmen, and made a goal. The sad news only arrived lately from Australia, whither Weir had gone some years ago, of his demise. Deceased played in two Internationals, including that of 1872, and no finer dribbler ever toed a ball. He was, in fact, at the time designated the "Prince of Dribblers."

Joseph Leckie

In every condition of life, no matter the sphere in which one is placed, he has his own peculiarities, and, in a football sense, Leckie, above all the gallant throng who have disappeared for ever from the field, had his. Comparatively short of stature and powerfully knit together, with splendidly moulded limbs, Leckie was one of the most tenacious forwards. While dribbling past an opponent with the ball at his toe, his peculiarity asserted itself in such a way that, once seen, could never be forgotten. Weir, Smith, W. M'Kinnon, H. M'Neil, and, later on, Fraser, Highet, and Richmond, among the army of forwards brought out by the Queen's Park; to say nothing of M'Lintock, M'Intyre, and Baird (Vale of Leven), J. R. Wilson and Anderson (Clydesdale), T. Vallance and P. Campbell (Rangers), and A. Kennedy and J. Hunter (3rd L.R.V.), of whom I will say something later on, had all their imitators in the younger clubs, but Leckie had none. He was, in fine, a player by himself. When he obtained possession of ball, he guarded his body with extended arms drooping from his side, with the back of his hands in front of the thighs, and thus formed a barrier to an opponent who attempted to tackle or take the ball from him. He took part in the first International. He died about three years ago in South Africa.

James Smith

The least known, perhaps, of the original International men, but one whose name will ever be honoured by many of the older school of players, and locally Queen's Park members, is Mr. James Smith, who died some years ago in London. Mr. Smith was, in conjunction with his brother Robert, early associated with the game in Scotland, and was an original member of the Queen's Park. Mr. Archibald Rae, the first secretary of the Scottish Football Association, and at one time an active member of the Queen's Park (and a beautiful dribbler in his day), tells an amusing anecdote of Smith, while playing against the Hamilton Club, leaping on the top of a hedge to win a touch-down, which in those days counted a point in the game. This entirely coincided with poor Smith's play, as he was sometimes very impetuous. He played in the International of 1872 as a forward.

William M'Kinnon

Dealing now with the past players who are with us in the body, for a long series of years, and, indeed, till within a short period of retiring from the field, no centre forward of his day, and very few since, have equalled M'Kinnon in that trying position. When the 3rd Lanark Rifle Volunteers started the dribbling game on the old drill ground at Govanhill, or rather when that small burgh was "No Man's Land," M'Kinnon was one of its most active players. It is in connection with his membership of the Queen's Park that I wish to recall incidents in his career. In 1874 I made my way over to the South-Side Park to witness a match between the Queen's and the Vale of Leven. Association football was then a very insignificant affair – the Rugby code, with such fine clubs as the Glasgow Academicals and West of Scotland as exponents – engaging all the public attention. The game was free to all. "Ladies and gentlemen, no charge for admission. Come and see our game. Kick-off, 3.30." Well, M'Kinnon, along with the rest of the team, emerged from the old toll-house, close by, to meet their gallant opponents, and Mr. Parlane, of the Vale of Leven (who kept goal so well for that club in many of her best matches), "chaffed" the Q.P. man in amusing manner about his boots (See "[The Conqueror's Football Boots](#)"), which were new, and differed considerably from the style then worn by players. All through the contest, which, by the way, was drawn, with no goals on either side, M'Kinnon was a little stiff, and scarcely played so well as was his wont. He never discarded his old companions, however, and those very boots in after years kicked many a goal both in Internationals and final cup ties. As an indication, in fact, of his genuine ability, he was chosen to play against England oftener than any man in Scotland, with the single exception of Mr. Charles Campbell, who was selected no fewer than ten times as a half-back. Mr. M'Kinnon was engaged in eight, including the first, and in these his country was victorious four times, and two were drawn matches. As a centre forward has to bear the brunt of an attack from the opposing side first, M'Kinnon was the very man to lead on the advance guard. His pluck was immense; and while he rather delighted to dodge an opponent and leave the charging to his backer up, he was a close and beautiful dribbler; could play a hard match without any outward signs of fatigue, and no man before or since could take a corner-flag kick like him. He used to practice this kick, and could place the ball within a few inches of the spot aimed at. Mr. M'Kinnon is still in our midst hale and hearty, and when a good thing in football is announced he generally turns out to see his favourite game, and is not afraid to criticise the form shown by his successors.

David Wotherspoon

Mr. Wotherspoon was early associated with the Queen's Park; indeed, one of the original members, and did much in his day for football. When the senior club found it a matter of difficulty to get up an eleven to play in the country, some times at East Kilbride (for you must know that important agricultural centre had a club nearly twenty years ago), Alexandria, and Hamilton, Wotherspoon and Gardner were generally the first volunteers. There were no fares paid in those primitive days out of club funds, and each individual had to square up his own account, like the Scottish cricketer of the present. Although retired now for a number of years, and out of the run of the game, Wotherspoon, who is in business in the city, is always delighted to hear of its development, and proud of what he did in his youth for it. If ever a man had neatness of style, combined with gentlemanly conduct to an opponent on the field, it was Wotherspoon. Considering the fact that he was a light-weight, under 10st., he many a time astonished both opponents and spectators by his magnificent returns at half-back, and I may mention, in passing, that in a match at Hampden Park I actually saw him kick a ball from the centre of the field right through the goal – a feat that very few of our younger half-backs could accomplish now. As I saw him in two Internationals (1872-73), however, it was not as a half-back, but as an accomplished forward, dribbling with great judgment, and passing in a most unselfish way. Mr. Wotherspoon left the Queen's Park to join the Clydesdale a short time after his old companion Gardner, and the two were associated with that club when it numbered among its members such fine players as Messrs. F. Anderson, G. M. Wilson, J. R. Wilson, W. Wilson, J. P. Tennent, J. M'Pherson, W. Gibb, J. T. Richmond, and David's brother, J. Wotherspoon. In the first of the long string of matches which have been played between Sheffield and Glasgow, dating back to 1874, Mr. Wotherspoon was one of the players; and it may be mentioned that, in the same contest, the Glasgow representatives were made up entirely of Queen's Park and Clydesdale men, and that each city scored a couple of goals.

James J. Thomson

No player among the half-backs of the old school was so much thought of in Association football as Thomson. Once seen and met by an opponent, he could never be forgotten. Tall and stern in appearance, he carried every pound of his heavy weight with the greatest ease, and, what was of more consequence to his club in a hard battle, used it well. He tackled with consummate skill, and had remarkable confidence in himself. For the first three years of his membership no player ever turned out more regularly to practice, and, for a stout man, none could show an opponent a cleaner pair of heels. All the time he was available in the Queen's Park, an International without Thomson as one of the half-backs was out of the question, and for three seasons (1872-73-74), he was selected for that post against England. In the last event, when Scotland won at Partick by two goals to one, the brilliant manner in which Thomson played will not easily be forgotten by those who witnessed the contest. While F. Anderson (Clydesdale), and A. Mackinnon (Queen's Park), scored the goals for Scotland, Thomson never worked harder in his life, and when the English forwards got near his side, he rarely, if ever, failed to take the ball away from them. Just before leaving for Manchester, Mr. Thomson was chosen captain of the Glasgow Eleven against Sheffield. Some years ago he went to Liverpool, and is now secretary of the extensive butcher business of Eastmans Company (Limited). In addition to his ability as a football player, Mr. Thomson was a splendid sprinter, and carried off a large number of prizes both in Glasgow and Edinburgh.

William Ker

Mr. William Ker was captain of the Queen's Park when they leased their first private ground, and did much by his tact and ability to bring on our senior club to seek new conquests in England. Mr. Ker – of whose brother George I shall have occasion to refer by and by – was a most gentlemanly young fellow, and made himself respected by club companions and opponents alike. In the early history of the game a half-back, and even back, did not consider it *infra dig.* to dribble a bit and bring up the ball to goal, provided the match was against a much weaker club, and while Ker was a grand back and beautiful kicker with his left foot, he was also an accomplished dribbler. In a match he never lost sight of the ball for a moment, and when any of his team made a mistake in following up, Ker frequently stepped into the breach himself, and did his best to get the player out of a difficulty. He was too gentlemanly to upbraid a member of the team on the ground, like some captains now-a-days, but awaited an opportunity, and the advice imparted generally did the careless player a world of good. In the famous match at Partick in 1872, Ker showed some very fine play, both in clever tackling and returning the ball; and, if I mistake not, he was opposed on the opposite side by the English captain (Mr. C. J. Ottaway, since dead), and the manœuvring between the pair was something to be remembered. Mr. Ker did not play very long after this game, as he left Glasgow for Canada.

Robert Smith

Unlike his brother in the manner of his style, Mr. Robert Smith was not by any means an impulsive player, but took in the situation quietly; and while no man ever worked harder in the field, or did more for a club, he was not what could be called a brilliant forward. The brothers, however, did well in the International I have referred to, and considerably helped the eleven to make a drawn battle of it. It may be mentioned that both were then also members of the South Norwood Club (one of the best in England at that time), as they had previously left Scotland for London. Mr. Robert Smith, so far as I am aware, is now in the United States.

Alexander Rhind

A rare but light dribbler was Mr Rhind. One of the old members of the Queen's Park, and associated with men whose names I have already mentioned in its early struggles, he knew, if I may be allowed to use a simile which is likely to force a smile, what football poverty was, for is it not a fact that he was a member of the Q.P. Finance Committee when the annual subscription was *sixpence*, the yearly income £3 9s. 8d., and as the expenditure amounted up to £4 2s. 4d., the deficit of 12s. 8d. had to be made up by a levy? I never remember Mr. Rhind playing in a match after the International. He is now in Aberdeen.

The First Final Cup Tie

The First Final Association Cup Tie, on Hampden Park, I remember well. The clubs fated to meet each other were the Queen's Park and Clydesdale, and the match, considering the fact that the players were comparatively young in the practice of the dribbling game, proved a very fine one indeed. It was on a Saturday afternoon in the middle of March, 1874, and a crowd of fully 2000 spectators attended. The Hampden Park of to-day, with its splendid pavilion and accessories, and beautifully laid-off turf, was not then conceived in the minds of the Match Committee. It was the Hampden Park of yore, now cut up to form a railway embankment. Mr. Hon. Secy. Rae and his companions in office never for a moment imagined that in sixteen years afterwards the new ground, which is crowded nearly every Saturday afternoon with excited spectators, would be made to satisfy the cravings of a football public, and the exigencies of athletic life. There was no such thing as a pavilion then, only a kind of "wee house" at the gate end of the field, for all the world like an overgrown sentry-box, did duty instead. The grass on the field was not even cut in some places, and at the top corner-flag was long and turfy. The spectators, however, of whom a large number were ladies, enjoyed it very much, and the enthusiasm imparted among the youths who were present had a wonderful effect on the spread of the game. It was thought that a draw was inevitable, so well did both sides play till within twenty minutes of the finish, when Mr. Wm. M'Kinnon scored a goal for the senior club, and this was followed by a second from the foot of Mr. Leckie, not long before no-side was announced, leaving the Q.P. the winners by two goals to none. I must, however, go back a little way and say something about the

Association Challenge Cup,

which has caused a new order of things to arise in Scottish football. Well, during the previous year, and, in fact, not long after the first International at Partick, new clubs were formed in many quarters, but more particularly Glasgow and Dumbartonshire, and it was on March 13, 1873, that the Queen's Park convened a meeting of representatives of clubs, and what is now known as the Scottish Football Association was formed. Eight clubs responded, and created the great Association. The eight, who deserve much honour at the hands of players, were: – Queen's Park, Clydesdale, Vale of Leven, Dumbreck, Eastern, Rovers, 3rd L.R.V., and Granville, and those clubs were represented on the committee by Mr. Arch. Campbell (Clydesdale), president; Mr. W. Ker (Queen's Park), hon. treasurer; Mr. Archibald Rae (Queen's Park), hon. secretary; with the following committee: – Messrs. Ebenezer Hendry and Wm. Gibb (Clydesdale), J. Turnbull (Dumbreck), D. Macfarlane (Vale of Leven), W. E. Dick (3rd L.R.V.), T. Mackay (Granville), J. M'Intyre (Eastern), and R. Gardner (Queen's Park). Next in order came the Challenge Cup, and the competition for that trophy was in full swing. The necessary funds were soon forthcoming, and a very neat, but plain, specimen of the silversmith's art was brought forth. The subject for ornamentation was taken from a cut in the *Graphic*, representing a player in the act of dribbling at the first International, and made by Messrs. George Edward & Sons. There you have it now, gentlemen, rather dry reading and technical, though, but nevertheless the infant life of a great competition. By a strange coincidence in the respective matches, and one which the players of a former era will look upon with a sense of sadness, consists in the fact that of the twenty-two who took part in that game seven are dead. Of these the senior club has the misfortune to claim five – Messrs. J. J. Taylor, J. B. Weir, J. Leckie, J. Dickson, and A. Mackinnon; while the Clydesdale, so far as I am aware, has only two, Mr. J. R. Wilson and Mr. Robert Gardner. As I have already given short sketches of Messrs. Taylor, Weir, Leckie, and Gardner, under the head of "Dead Internationalists," and J. J. Thomson and W. M'Kinnon under another, I have only to deal with R. W. Neil, J. Dickson, T. Lawrie, C. Campbell, Angus Mackinnon, and H. M'Neil (Queen's Park), and the whole of the Clydesdale, with the sole exception of R. Gardner.

Charles Campbell

Mr. Campbell seems to have had no real starting point in his football career. The love of the game and its early associations came to him as if by nature. I am told that when he was quite a boy he used to appear on the ground at Queen's Park to see his brother Edward playing with old club companions. He soon began to dribble about, and afterwards show splendid ability in long-kicking and tackling, and in 1873-74 played for the Queen's Park in her best matches. The final cup tie, however, was his first big event, and no doubt the lessons and confidence he obtained in that match served him well in after years, when he was destined to be the greatest favourite both among players and spectators that ever took part in any cup tie or International. Mr. Campbell has now retired from active duty on the field, but his love for the game, and the welfare of the players engaged in it, induced him to accept the presidentship of the Association for 1889-90, and one and all are alive to the fact that he discharges his duties with the greatest fidelity. As a brilliant tackler and neat kicker at half-back, it might honestly be said of him that he had no equal. Men who played against him on great occasions (for Mr. Campbell always rose to his best form in these) have good cause to remember how he could "head" the ball away from goal at a critical moment, and get it through quite a forest of legs. As he was not one of the cracks in the final cup tie of 1874, I must honestly confess I can't remember how he played, but as his club scored a victory, and he was one of the half-backs, he must have done well. Mr. Campbell rarely, if ever, spends a Saturday afternoon away from Hampden Park in the winter time; takes a lively interest in his mother club, and, what is of more account, can still play in his favourite position with great dash and precision. He has the unique distinction of playing in ten Internationals with England, and been an office-bearer of his club since 1873.

Thomas Lawrie

Mr. Lawrie has done much for football in connection with his club and the Association, both by example and precept. In the early days of the Queen's Park he was one of their most brilliant forwards, and in several of the cup ties, notably that between the Queen's Park and Renton, proved the best man on the field. He never shirked his work, or left hard tackling to the half-backs, but sprang on the ball and opponent at once, and generally had the best of it. Of all the fine forwards who received their football education under Mr. J. J. Thomson's, and later on Mr. C. Campbell's and Mr. Joseph Taylor's captaincy, none could keep his feet better on the field; and it was quite a rare thing to see Lawrie grassed by an opponent. Although not much above the middle height, he was a perfect football Hercules, and not long before retiring from the field opponents in some of the matches would frequently make earnest inquiries about whether he were to be included in the Q.P. team on that day. But for an accident to the knee which made him retire, after being chosen to play in the International against England in 1874, Mr. Lawrie would have then represented his club. After giving up active duty in the field, he has rendered noble service by being president of the Scottish Football Association, and loves the game as dearly as ever.

Harry M'Neil

The first final cup tie brought into prominence one of the neatest little dribblers and passers that ever played on the left wing of any club. Methinks I see him now, with his quick action, short step, and unselfish play, gliding down the side of the field, dodging an opponent close on the touch-line, and causing the spectators to laugh immoderately. Spectators are prone to make favourites, and while Mr. Campbell was assuredly one at half-back, Mr. M'Neil was none the less loved among the forwards. While playing in the leading games he was always ready with his joke, and I'll back him to be the best man in the world to explain away a defeat and magnify a victory for the club he loved so well. Mr. M'Neil was chosen seven times to play against England and Wales, and I remember his efforts and their results with pleasure. The only time he was sorely beset was in the International of 1876, when Mr. Jarrett (Cambridge University, I think), one of the English half-backs – a powerful young fellow – tackled him severely. The gallant little Queen's Park man, however, withstood the charges well, and came up from mother earth smiling. That match, however, ended in favour of Scotland by three goals to none. Mr. M'Neil was a member of the 3rd L.R.V. at the start of his career, and also of the Rangers, but joined the Queen's Park in 1872.

Robert W. Neill

Mr. Neill kept the late Mr. J. J. Taylor company at back in many of the most trying and critical Q.P. matches of 1876, '77, '78, and '80, and in all those years was a familiar figure in the Internationals against England and Wales. As we have previously said about the deceased Mr. Leckie, players have their peculiarities, and Neill had his. He was a really brilliant back and pretty sure tackler, but relied too much on his feet while defending goal, instead of using the breast and head. His individuality consisted in meeting the charge of an opponent with bended knees, and he had the knack of taking the ball away and making a brilliant return in a style that roused the cheers of the spectators. He was a very hard worker to the last, and only retired from football to go abroad some years ago. He has, however, returned to Glasgow, and may frequently be seen at some of the best matches of the season. His play during 1877 and 1878 was exceptionally good, and in those years was in the best form of any back in Scotland.

John Dickson

Poor fellow! Mr. Dickson had but a short career, not only in football, but in everyday life. He caught a severe cold one bleak evening coming from Hampden Park after a practice match, and succumbed to the malady of inflammation of the lungs at the age of 28. He started his football life as a back; but when the Queen's Park lost Mr. Gardner he was tried as goalkeeper, and did very well. Tall and gentlemanly in appearance, with neatly trimmed sandy whiskers and moustache, Dickson kicked out in front of his goal very neatly, and was not afraid to meet the charge of an opposing forward. An incident in his career caused a great deal of amusement at the time, however, and is worth recording, just to show the immense faith he had in the infallibility of his old club. It was in a cup tie with the Vale of Leven, when that club beat the Queen's Park by two goals to one. Dickson appeared at goal with an umbrella, as the rain was falling fast, but when the Vale scored their first goal he was obliged to throw away his companion, and work harder than ever he had done before.

Angus Mackinnon

A powerfully-made young fellow, above the medium height, Mr. Mackinnon was a very fair forward, and always played in the centre with Mr. William M'Kinnon, his namesake, and the pair were a "caution" to meet in a hot tussle. The six forwards took part in the play then, with two on each wing and a couple in the centre, and it was a treat to see how well the Mackinnons worked in their places. Mr. Angus, however, was rather short in the temper, and often had a "few words" with both companions and opponents during a game. He played a very indifferent game in the final tie and some of the matches previously, but was really in excellent form at that same year's International against England, and scored one of the goals. Mr. Mackinnon died about four years ago in Canada.

Frederick Anderson

If there is one player more than another that deserves to be remembered by his old club, the Clydesdale, for the manner in which he brought it before the public by scoring one of the goals in the third International at Partick in 1874, it is Anderson. He was a very fine dribbler, and about the most difficult man in the Clydesdale forwards to get the ball away from after he had obtained possession. Although not one of the original members, he was early associated with the Clydesdale, and played in the best games of seasons 1874, '75, and '76. He was a bit of a sprinter, and very fast on the ball, with very fine staying power. Many of the backs who played against him during his best days were afraid of Anderson when he got near the sticks. He is now in Manchester.

John M'Pherson

Mr. John M'Pherson, of the Clydesdale, is a much older player than his namesake of the Vale of Leven. When the Clydesdale went into the game with a dash that astonished even the Q.P., he was one of their finest forwards, and, possessing great speed, was not easily tackled by the best backs of the day. He always played on the right wing, and was a dangerous man at goal. Mr. M'Pherson did much both for football and cricket in Inveraray, and even now takes an interest in his favourite pastime in Rothesay, where he assists his father in the management of the Queen's Hotel. It may be mentioned that, in addition to his other qualifications, for "he was so versatile," M'Pherson has acted on more than one occasion as outrider to Her Majesty when she visited the Highlands. In 1875 he played against England.

William Gibb

I am sorry to say Mr. Gibb is dead, and that the sad event severs the link that bound the whole of the Clydesdale eleven together, with the exception of the blank left by the loss of their accomplished goalkeeper. Mr. Gibb was a tall and powerful young fellow, and I have frequently seen a few of his opponents feeling rather shy before attempting to oppose his progress towards goal. During the winters of 1873, 1874, and 1875, the Clydesdale forward play was good. So brilliant was his form in 1873 that he was taken to Landon to play against England, and scored one of the goals got by Scotland, who were defeated by four goals to two. Mr. Gibb's only fault on the field was a disposition to over-run the ball. He died about two years ago in India.

A. H. Raeburn

In the first final cup tie Mr. Raeburn was one of the half-backs, and played up with great dash and pluck. If my memory serves me right, he was one of the original members of the Granville Cricket and Football Club when the ground was at Myrtle Park, about a couple of stone-throws from Hampden Park. He was very fond of the game, and no man in the Clydesdale had more enthusiasm. Mr. Raeburn was a fine tackler, and not easily flurried when meeting an opponent, and with such men as the Mackinnons to face in the centre and Weir on the right that day of the final, he had his own ado. He did not play very much after this game.

Ebenezer Hendry

Mr. Hendry was more of a cricketer than a football player, and made many fine scores for his side during the early years of his career. With the exception of Mr. Gardner and Mr. Anderson, all the members of the Clydesdale could play cricket, and it was more for the purpose of keeping members together during the winter months that the dribbling game was started on Kinning Park (the old home of the senior cricket club of Glasgow). Mr. Hendry was a slow tackler, and took too long to get on the ball, but when he got a fair chance, was a very neat kicker, and showed good judgment.

J. R. Wilson

During the past season, Mr. Wilson, who had been abroad for a number of years, made a visit to his native city, and was welcomed back by his old friends of the field with remarkable pleasure. No man in the club was more highly beloved and respected, and, in after years, when his brother Walter joined the club and played in several of the leading matches, the pair rarely if ever missed a practice evening. Mr. Wilson was very fast on the ball, and went right ahead when he got possession. In 1874 he was chosen to play for Glasgow against Sheffield. In the cup tie which is now under notice he made some very fine runs, and did much to make a name for the old Clydesdale. It is with much regret I have to announce that Mr. Wilson died in Glasgow only a month ago.

James M'Arly

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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