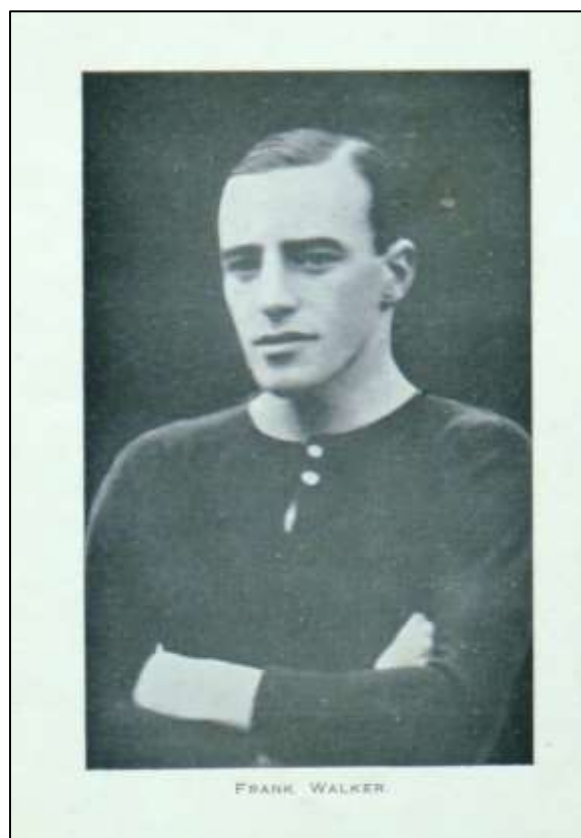
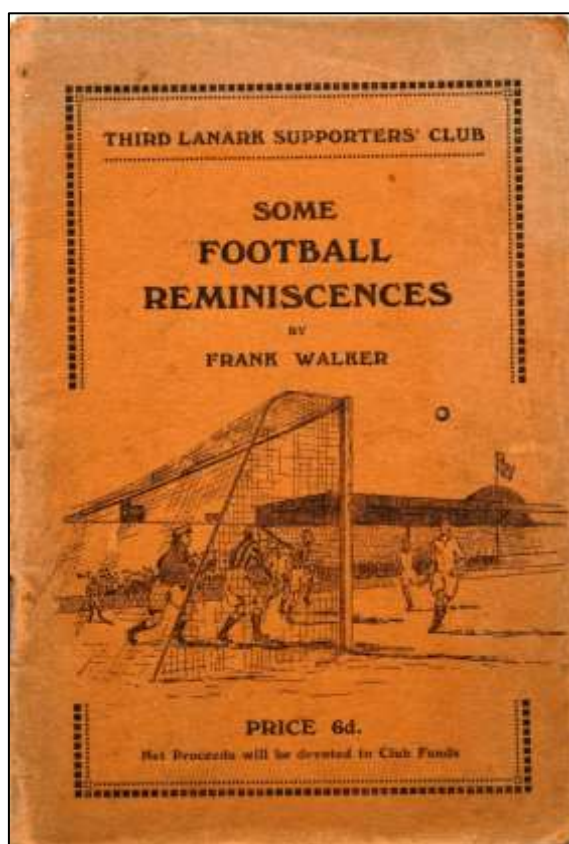


## SOME FOOTBALL REMINISCENCES

By Frank Walker

Published by Third Lanark Supporters' Club, c1928



There are few prominent footballers in the modern era who have not published their life story, and this genre of autobiography has something of a bad name for its blandness. But there was a time when footballers lived relatively private lives, and one of the first Scottish players to publish a volume of reminiscences was the little-known Frank Walker of Third Lanark, an inside-forward who won a single cap for Scotland in 1922.

Francis Gemmell Fulton Walker was born in Lochwinnoch in 1897 and educated at Paisley Grammar School, the youngest of three footballing brothers, after Willie (b1888) and Jim (b1894). Like them, he started at Queen's Park before war service intervened, then he made his name with Third Lanark. He reveals interesting anecdotes such as an appearance for Abercorn when only 15, a number of extraordinary goals and refereeing decisions, and how his playing career was ended by a broken leg. Walker later worked as an income tax inspector and died in Edinburgh in 1949.

This fascinating booklet was commissioned by the Third Lanark Supporters' Club in the late 1920s to raise funds, and as few copies have survived I hope this reproduction will be appreciated by Scottish football historians.

This booklet was reproduced by Andy Mitchell for [www.scottishsporthistory.com](http://www.scottishsporthistory.com)

## PREFACE.

IN the preface to a book which I read recently, the author observed that "To equip so small a book with a preface is, I am half afraid, to sin against proportion." As his work extended to two hundred and fifty pages, how much more grave must my sin be in writing a prefatorial page to this booklet?

My one object in doing so is to explain briefly how this summary of mine found its way into the printer's press. When I began writing these pages, I had no intention of making anything in the nature of a book. I merely set out, for my own diversion, to travel once again the road covered by me as a footballer and to put down in black and white the outstanding incidents of my journey. Having arrived at my destination, it occurred to me that my records might be of some interest to the members of Third Lanark Supporters' Club if read to them as a paper. On its being submitted to the Committee, I was asked if I would allow the club to publish it for the benefit of its funds. To this I agreed, and, if the perusal of these pages affords a pleasant hour to any supporters of my old club and at the same time assists the finances of the Supporters Club, I shall be more than satisfied.

FRANK G. F. WALKER.



**I**N commencing to write a summary of one's football career, several difficulties present themselves. Where exactly should one begin; what incidents should one include; and last, but not least, what incidents should one omit?

In view of the fact that my career was not a particularly long one (as football careers go) I may be pardoned if I commence at the very beginning. Ever since my legs would hold the weight of my body, it appears that a football always had a great fascination for me. Certainly from the earliest days that I can remember, I was generally to be found where there were possibilities of a game—often when my seniors considered that my time might have been more profitably spent in other directions.

My first experience in "team-work" was gained in Boys' Brigade League football, as a member of the 2nd Company in Paisley, and I still look back on these games with the utmost pleasure. They were played at Paisley Racecourse, and, as no stripping accommodation was available, I used my own house for that purpose. This of course necessitated a walk of about a mile and a half in football rig-out—not too pleasant a journey over hard pavements with studs in your football boots. I'm afraid, however, I must admit that I was proud enough of my football attire not to choose always the quietest roads. Curiously enough, this was the only team in which I was fortunate enough to win a badge.

Incidentally, I may mention that the same season brought two other badges into the family—my eldest brother Willie, as a member of the Q.P. Strollers, qualifying for the Amateur Cup badge; and my other brother Jim, as a member of the Q.P. Hampden XI. qualifying for the Amateur League badge.

Our team that season was a particularly strong one, and we finished at the top of the table—one point short of the possible total. That is a record of which I am still proud, and I often wonder how we managed to obtain such results, because, if my memory serves me aright, it was our custom



at half-time to spend the few refreshing minutes in devouring chocolate, mince-pies, or other equally indigestible "dainties" provided by a very enthusiastic but perhaps over-zealous supporter.

Having brought to your notice the fact that I once *did* win a badge, I don't know that there is anything further in my football apprenticeship which calls for special mention. My B.B. football was followed by a season of Secondary Schools football—as a member of Paisley Grammar School team. This of course had the added attraction of "away" games—of considerable importance at that age in life—and if the time of meeting was fixed at 9.30 a.m. I was generally to be found at the appointed rendezvous not later than 9 o'clock, after a very hurried breakfast in case I should be late. Paisley Grammar, for several seasons immediately preceding the one to which I refer, had regularly occupied a very prominent position in Secondary League football. This season we managed to maintain the prestige of the school in the football world by finishing at the top of our section of the League. We thus qualified to meet Allan Glen's School (leaders of the other section of the League) in a deciding game, which was staged at Ibrox Park. You can probably imagine how all-important this game was viewed by one and all, and I will not attempt to describe the excitement which prevailed for days—aye, and even weeks—before this big event. Sad to relate, we lost the all-important match by 4-1, and so our hopes of being signed by Rangers "en bloc" were dashed to the ground. I remember that, towards the end of the season, enquiries were made regarding my age—presumably with a view to my being played in a trial for one of the representative games. As my birthday is early in April (no, not the first), I was ineligible for the game, which was not due to be played until May.

On leaving school at the end of that season, my natural choice of club was Paisley Grammar F.P.'s. While playing in this class of football, I was one afternoon called on at the eleventh hour to assist Paisley Abercorn (now defunct) against Vale of Leven. This was, naturally, a red-letter day



for me, and, although I had just finished a somewhat heavy lunch, I agreed to play without hesitation. As I would be only about fifteen years of age at this time, I felt somewhat excited in the opening minutes, but soon managed to get a grip of things. My appearance in that game brought forth three lines in a column of the local paper during the following week. Between you and me, that paragraph—if such it could be called—found a place in my pocket-book for some little time. In due course I was attracted to Hampden, where both my brothers were then playing. After two or three games for one of the Hampden XI.'s I received my Government appointment, and was instructed to take up duties at Harrogate. My year's sojourn in this delightful Yorkshire resort was, one might say, entirely void of football. Certainly I did play a few games for a local eleven while stationed there, but these games were only of a friendly order—generally against an eleven from one of the boarding-schools in the neighbourhood—and were played at very irregular intervals. In 1916, however, I was fortunate enough to be transferred to Glasgow, and on my return resumed playing at Hampden. I gained my experience in the Strollers XI. (contemporary to Jamie Kinloch and Danny Templeton), and, after a few months in Alliance football was promoted to the first XI. My comparatively short spell at Hampden was a most enjoyable one, the spirit of "camaraderie" amongst the players being very high.

Our team during the time I am reviewing was generally on something after the following lines:—

R. Ward; P. Thorpe and J. Campbell; A. Cowan, J. G. Barrie, and A. Ford; J. Bell, J. Kinloch, R. M. Morton, F. Walker, and A. L. Morton.

About six months after my return from Harrogate, I was released for Military Service (I may say that I had attested in the early stages of the war, but, being a Civil Servant, was not allowed to join up until April, 1917), and was posted to the R.F.A. at Maryhill Barracks. I well remember the first night on which I was going into town in my uniform. The getting on of the puttees decently presented the greatest difficulty, and, after one or two futile attempts, I was forced



to hire the services of an old soldier to put them on respectably. This ordeal over, I proceeded to the main gate (feeling that all eyes were on me) and boarded a tram for Mount Florida with the intention of putting in a little training at Hampden. On walking along Somerville Drive, however, one of these infernal puttees became loose, but, after a struggle, I managed to get it more or less satisfactorily adjusted—preparatory to entering Hampden, where I knew I would have to stand some “chaff.” When this “inspection” was over, John Nutt presented me with my training “togs,” but I pointed out to him that I had to be back at the barracks early, and that I would consequently be unable to do any training that night. I then had a chat with some of the other players, and, after an hour or so, John suggested that if I had devoted the time so spent to my training, it would have represented quite a good night’s work. I pulled him into a corner and whispered in most confiding tone, “It isn’t a question of time, John, but if I take off these puttees I’ll have to walk back to the barracks with them under my arms.” I can almost hear his laugh yet!

Being stationed at Maryhill enabled me to continue playing at Hampden until I left for France in September, 1917. My review of this period, however, would not be complete without a reference to our Military Five. The “five” was composed of Brownlie, Fletcher, Waddell, Scott Duncan, and myself. At the various sports meetings we met with considerable success—being amongst the cutlery on at least seven occasions—the principal victory being the winning of first prize at Rangers’ Sports in the summer of 1917. The first prize that afternoon was well worth striving for—none other than a handsome silver tea-service for each of the winning quintette. Rangers and the Military Five contested the final, and at the end of the statutory time the teams were still on level terms. After a few minutes of the extra time had been played, Rangers secured a corner-kick, and it appeared as if this count would decide the issue. We had a closing “salvo,” however, which culminated in our obtaining the all-important goal. I was a very happy individual that evening as I left Ibrox Park with the three pieces of silver-plate under my arm.



On August 25th, 1917, Queen's had Hearts at Hampden in the first home game of season 1917-18. This game is easily recalled by me on account of the fact that shortly before half-time a lightning drive from Jack Bell struck my head, and the ball found a resting place in the net. If anyone present at the game that afternoon was more surprised at the scoring of this goal than I was, then medical assistance was an absolute necessity. My surprise (and pleasure) was renewed when a few minutes later we left the field for the usual half-time "breather." On reaching the pavilion, I was informed that I was to be presented with a roast in recognition of having scored the first goal at Hampden Park in season 1917-18. My somewhat faulty memory does not allow me to recall many other incidents at this period which particularly warrant special mention. One day, however, in April, 1917, I think, stands out in bold relief, inasmuch as I played in two first class games on the one day. At 3.30 p.m. we kicked off v. Partick Thistle in the semi-final of the Glasgow Charity Cup, and were victorious to the tune of 4-1. Without much nourishment and without getting off our football attire, we were conveyed to Ibrox Park, where, commencing at 6.30 p.m., we were defeated in a League game by Rangers, the score being 1-0. It is only fair to add that Rangers, too, had played another game that afternoon. In the Charity Cup final, before 50,000 spectators, Celtic defeated us by 1-0.

During my two years in France I had comparatively little football. Being what was termed in military parlance a "flying column," we were not attached, for any great length of time, to any one division. What football games we managed to arrange were between teams representing the four batteries in our own brigade—and it became more than a little monotonous playing the same teams time and again. As a matter of fact our battery was not strong in experienced players, and we often had considerable difficulty in fielding an eleven who you would say had much knowledge of the game. On looking back, I often think that this period was a considerable factor in developing perhaps my greatest fault—that of individuality. That trouble I know was always with me, but the Army football, playing alongside



men who were there merely to complete the required eleven, aggravated it to a very great extent. Once fully developed, it was a very difficult task—too difficult for me—to eradicate. The only other player with experience of First League football was Cresswell (now with Everton), who has represented England on several occasions. He played for one of the other batteries, and many a good bout we had. His coolness, even in his own goal area, was amazing, and having seen him recently in an International match, I notice that this phase of his game is still unaltered. On arrival in Germany we formed a brigade team, and were somewhat unfortunate to be defeated in the semi-final of a cup competed for by the various units in the Cologne area of the Army of Occupation.

While stationed in Germany I was one day shown a paragraph in a Glasgow newspaper suggesting that on demobilisation I would in all likelihood be found at Ibrox Park. This was something in the nature of a surprise for me, because, up to this period, I had not considered for a moment the question of becoming a professional footballer. By this time my brother Jim had thrown in his lot with Third Lanark, and I was very interested to see how he would fare as a half-back—all his pre-war experience having been gained in the forward line. He soon adapted himself to his new position (although for a time several of his moves were those of an inside forward), and remained in the half-back line during the remainder of his football career. In due course my demobilisation papers came through, and, need I say, I lost little time in collecting my few belongings and setting off for Cologne. After travelling for several days I arrived at my destination—Bridge of Allan—where, after the necessary formalities, I was restored from being a mere number back to Frank Walker again.

I soon realised on arrival at Paisley that I would have to thrash out definitely, one way or the other, the question as to whether I would become a professional footballer. The representatives of several clubs were, one might say, on the door-step, and I had not so far given the matter much serious consideration. I was somewhat dubious whether I could "make good" as a professional, but



brother Jim convinced me that I should give it a trial. Although I was 22 years of age at this time, it must be remembered that, for the two preceding years, I had for all practical purposes been out of the game. In short, when I took stock of my previous football experience (of a serious kind) I found it was confined to my year or so at Hampden Park—prior to leaving for France. With considerable fear and trembling, I decided to “take the plunge,” and the next difficulty which presented itself was—“Which club is it to be—Rangers or Thirds?” The attractions to a young player to join the staff at Ibrox are, I think, obvious to all. On the other hand, however, there was present the doubt I have already referred to—“Would I make good?”—and this influenced me in favouring Cathkin. Another important factor—the one I believe which turned the scales—was the fact that my brother Jim had already signed for Thirds and had been telling me of the fine spirit which existed amongst the players there. After about a week of interviewing representatives of both clubs, I duly appended my signature (in a somewhat shaky hand), and from that night became a Third’s player. On the following Monday I commenced training, and put in some work on the track on each day of that week. After such a long absence, I took very sorely to my renewed acquaintanceship with spiked shoes, and by Wednesday or Thursday I was feeling my limbs so sore that I was fully convinced I had often seen soldiers get home to blighty who were not in such a bad physical condition as I then was.

My first game as a professional was played at Cathkin Park on 8th November, 1919, the opposition being Albion Rovers. Our team on that occasion was:—Brownlie; M’Cormack and Orr; I. Walker, Lennon, and J. Walker; Allan, Anderson, F. Walker, Donaldson, and Flannagan. With the exception of the young junior in goal, you will see that I was joining quite an experienced side. The game that day, although perhaps not rising to any great height, was a very even one—Thirds winning by one goal to nil. Notwithstanding the fact that I did little of consequence during the ninety minutes’ play, as I was responsible for the scoring



of the all-important goal, I considered that (everything taken into account) my debut had been quite satisfactory. On the following Saturday we were scheduled to play Motherwell, but this game was cancelled owing to fog. As my limbs were still gently reminding me of the fact that I had only recently resumed training with spikes, the week's rest was quite acceptable from my point of view. Our next game was against St. Mirren at Love Street, and, being a native of Paisley, this game naturally had an added interest for me. I managed to put Thirds on the lead, but St. Mirren replied to this count by scoring twice, and only in the closing stages were we able to get on equal terms again. Jim did have the ball in the net from a free-kick midway through the second half, but no goal was given on account of the fact that his younger brother had been given off-side. It was, therefore, a considerable relief to me that I was responsible for scoring the equalising goal. While unable to go through the streets of Paisley during the following week with head aloft, this draw at least enabled me to carry it at its normal angle. The following week's game v. Falkirk I recall not because of anything outstanding in the game itself, but on account of a peculiar incident which occurred on our arrival at Falkirk Station. The trainer, on going along to the rear of the train for the hamper, found, to his amazement, that the guard had omitted to put it off. As the train was steaming out of the station by this time, our predicament can well be imagined. Enquiry revealed that by no means could the hamper be brought back to Falkirk in time for the kick-off. We, consequently, had no alternative but to turn out in old jerseys and boots which were in the home pavilion. The result was that it took our loyal band of supporters who had travelled through from Glasgow some little time to decide which team exactly they were supporting. That we managed to finish with a goalless draw was quite satisfactory when you consider that in the case of several of our players one boot was of a different size from the other. Up to this point, Thirds as a team had not been regarded as good uphill fighters. Our game with Motherwell in March of this season was the exception which proved the rule. Fifteen minutes from time we were three goals down, and seemed a well-



beaten team. At this point, however, we opened our account through Russell Allan, and this score gave us the necessary confidence to keep "pegging at it." That we did so wholeheartedly is, I think, evidenced by the fact that the final score was three goals each—and, in addition, let me add, Bobbie Bennie left a decided black mark on the crossbar with practically the last kick of the game. Motherwell, who a few minutes from time appeared to be quite sure of both points, were very pleased indeed when the final whistle went with the scores level. Before leaving sason 1919-20 behind, there is one other game to which I would like to refer—that v. Clyde at Shawfield on 5th April, 1920. I remember this game particularly because of an incident which occurred on my journey into town after the match. On entering the tramcar outside Shawfield, I sat down beside a man who, it soon transpired, was an ardent Clyde supporter. He lost little time in making reference to that afternoon's game, and suggested that Thirds had been lucky in winning by one goal to nil. I begged to disagree (naturally), and his next form of attack was that Thirds were the "dirtiest" players he had ever seen. Not content with generalising, he went on to award the palm (for this type of play) to one of their players—Frank Walker by name. In support of his point he mentioned a particular incident which had occurred that day, and, although I pointed out that Walker was not the player involved, he stuck to his guns. He enlarged on this subject to such an extent that, on arrival in town, I left the car heartily pleased that, at any rate, I did not know personally the player to whom he had been referring.

We opened season 1920-21 with a mid-week game at Cathkin—against Kilmarnock. This is one game which I have never forgotten, because, while it was played on a particularly warm August evening, the game was a fast and exciting one all through.

Had anyone mistaken it for a Cup-tie he would readily have been excused. Thrills there were in plenty, and as the issue remained in doubt until the last kick of the game, very few spectators left the field before the final whistle sounded. The game ended with the score at four each, and it would



have been unfortunate if either team had been defeated in that contest, in which no man spared himself.

On August 30th, 1920, we played Aberdeen at home, and this game demands a place in my summary on account of the fact that I scored my first "hat-trick" for Thirds that evening. I can well remember my third goal that night, inasmuch as it was, to say the least of it, somewhat lucky, and, at the same time, very spectacular. The ball had been kicked forward high into the air by one of our defenders, and to most people (including the Aberdeen backs) it seemed as if the ball would be out of play before it again returned to mother earth. I decided to go after it, and, much to my surprise, the ball suddenly seemed to lose its force, and dropped almost straight down a few yards from goal. On seeing this, my intention was to trap it, but, my effort being slightly inaccurate, the toe of my boot met the sphere as it touched the ground, and the ball went straight for the corner of the net at lightning speed. The goalkeeper made not the slightest effort to prevent the score—he, too, presumably, had decided that the ball would go out of play before anyone could get it. On reaching the pavilion at the finish of this game, I received from the late Colonel Wilson a crisp Treasury note wherewith to provide the necessary hat. In the first ten games of this season we lost only seven points, but during the month of October we met with three successive defeats, and the directors evidently then decided that some changes were necessary. One of these materialised in our game against Clyde on October 23rd—none other than the playing of brother Jim at outside left. The re-shuffling seems to have had the desired effect, as we won that game by three goals to nil, and, after a 2-1 defeat from Rangers, went on to beat Aberdeen (away) 1-0 and Dumbarton (home) 4-0. Our next game v. Kilmarnock (away) had a very sensational opening—our opponents scoring twice in the first four minutes. We managed to equalise (both goals being scored by Fletcher Welsh—the second one being a particularly fine effort), only to find ourselves in arrears again within five minutes. We fought hard for the equaliser once more, and the excitement was high. At this stage Willie M'Andrew dribbled past several opponents, and, just as the equaliser



seemed assured, he was badly fouled—but recovered in time to regain possession of the ball. The referee, however, had stopped the game to award us a free-kick, and, in the heat of the moment, I expressed the opinion that he was really penalising us in giving such a decision. The referee's reply was: "How did I know he was going to recover possession of the ball?" "I could have told you!" came M'Andrew's reply in the cool, calm voice of the experienced player. On the following Saturday we defeated Airdrie by the unusual score of seven goals to three—and not one of these seven goals fell to my credit. This game has, however, an outstanding feature for me, because on that day I had a penalty-kick given against me—the one and only in my career. Two months later we recorded our biggest victory of the season—5-0 against Falkirk at Cathkin—and in this game I managed to collect another "hat-trick." I have often recalled one other game played during season 1920-21 because of a peculiar decision given by the referee in this game. Nearing half-time the opposing centre-forward broke away, and, getting clear of both backs, enticed Jimmy Brownlie from his goal. He managed to slip the ball past Jimmy and proceeded to walk it into the tenantless goal, but, when he arrived practically under the crossbar the referee blew for half-time. Needless to say I did not, on this occasion, dispute the referee's decision. It seems to me, however, that his watch must have been a very reliable one indeed to enable him to judge so accurately the forty-five minutes play.

As this was the last season in which Harry Flannagan assisted the club, I might here recall an amusing incident in which he figured. It occurred in the Regent Tea-Room on a New Year's Day—a few hours prior to our annual fixture at Firhill. Harry was a little late in arriving for lunch this day, and on entering the room was greeted by one of the directors, who wished him the compliments of the season. The other directors followed suit, as also did the players—each wishing him "A Happy New Year." When he had been round the entire company, he seated himself for lunch next to me. His opening words of conversation were—"What's the matter to-day, Frank? Is that a saying up 'ere?"



Season 1921-22 was Thirds' most successful one during my spell at Cathkin, and at the end of that season we had collected 46 points. The two preceding years (which I have just reviewed) were not far behind—the total points amassed being 43 and 44 respectively. After an opening defeat from Rangers to the tune of 3-1, we collected a point from Hamilton Accies at Cathkin—the score being two goals each. Our team that afternoon did not differ, to any great extent, from that on the occasion of my first game for Thirds. Considering that two seasons had elapsed, the following eleven has quite a familiar ring:—Brownlie; Slavin and Orr; I. Walker, M'Andrew, and J. Walker; Allan, Reid, Welsh, Anderson, and F. Walker. It will be observed that I was here essaying the role of outside left. During the following week, however, the directors secured the transfer of Willie Hillhouse from Albion Rovers, and his arrival enabled me to return to my usual position of inside-left. Willie's first game was in a Glasgow Cup-tie against Clyde, and he soon proved that he was a handy man to have on one's side by opening his scoring account that afternoon. As a matter of fact, had it not been for myself keeping another of his shots out, his opening day at Cathkin would have brought two goals. This incident was quite a peculiar one. Alex. Reid had sent over a cross, which I endeavoured to convert, but failed—the ball passing over my head. Willie Hillhouse was on the spot, however, and he made no mistake with his effort. The speed I had had on while trying to reach Alex. Reid's cross had carried me on to the goal line, with the result that I could not avoid Willie's shot hitting my back. The ball fell practically under the bar, but after an exciting scramble was ultimately cleared. Willie, in his effort to score, had collided with the goal-post, and for a moment or two was stunned. I can still remember his first query to Trainer Biggar on coming round: "But did Frank keep that ball out?" On the following week we travelled to Dumbarton, where the score ended three goals each. This game is brought into the limelight chiefly on account of another peculiar decision by the referee. During the first half one of our opponents drove for goal, and Bobby Orr, in attempting to clear, turned the ball into our own goal. Jimmy Brownlie, however, made a wonderful



save, and, with a hefty clearance, transferred the ball to my region. I then made off in possession as fastly as I could, but, on realising that I was getting past several opponents more easily than is usual in First League football, I looked round to find that the referee's whistle had gone some seconds ago. I then learned that Dumbarton were claiming a goal, contending that Brownlie had been over the line before making the save I have referred to.

After consulting both linesmen the referee decided to give a throw-up, and to our amazement took the ball under his arm until he was practically under our cross-bar. You can picture for yourself what this incident was like—about 18 players huddled along our goal-line all endeavouring to get elbow room. At last the ball was released, and when the air cleared a little it was discovered that the ball was at the back of the net. Not only so, but about one-half of our team were there too! A fortnight later we defeated Clydebank by 4 goals to 1. Russell Allan in that game helped himself to three goals, and, in recognition of the feat, was presented with a suit of clothes from a firm of tailors in town. A month later I came along with another "hat-trick" (against Motherwell), but, although my suit could have been doing with renewing, I found that the tailor had discontinued his custom of presenting suits for "hat-tricks." As the three games immediately preceding this Motherwell struggle had not yielded a single point, our supporters were more than usually pleased at our being victorious that afternoon (the score being 4-3). I can still visualise the crowd coming pouring on to the field immediately the final whistle had gone, and I soon saw that they were making for me. Summing up the position, I made off post-haste for the pavilion, with quite a few supporters hard at my heels, and managed to reach the clubhouse in safety. (After all, some of these "carries" are not quite so comfortable as an arm-chair.) In this season's game v. Hibs at Easter Road we managed to get through by two goals to one—after a very stern fight. One of the goals that day I recall without effort. We were awarded a free-kick about 30 yards out, and of course Hibs did not consider there was any grave danger in that. They reckoned, however, without Bobby Orr, who took the kick, and from that range drove the ball into the corner of the



net at a terrific speed. Truly a wonderful goal! This of course was no novelty for Bobby, who made quite a hobby of this sort of thing, and had come to our rescue in that manner on more than one occasion. Since joining Thirds I had never been fortunate enough to take a point from Rangers—although our League defeats at their hands (or feet) had always been by one or, at the most, two goals. This season's game at Ibrox seemed to suggest that the sequence was at last to be broken. Midway through the first half a corner-kick taken by Alex. Archibald dropped at Tommy Cairns' foot, and he promptly netted. Within five minutes, however, I managed to restore equality with an oblique shot from the left side of the field. It looked as if the game would finish without further scoring, when, two minutes from time, we conceded a corner. This kick also was beautifully placed, and from it Jimmie Bowie headed through the winning goal. Such an ending was somewhat tantalising after keeping Rangers on equal terms for 88 minutes, but three weeks later, in our game at Falkirk, it was our turn to smile—being fortunate enough to score the winning goal one minute from time. The better team doesn't necessarily always win at football, and this Falkirk game was a case in point. For the most part we had been forced to play "second fiddle," and yet, in the end, we took home the points—the final score being 2-1 in our favour. Evidently some of the local supporters also were of the opinion that the result did not reflect truly how the game had gone that afternoon, as I can recall a remark made while we were making for the station—"You could fall into the Clyde and come out dry." I am not straining for effect when I go on to say that in still another game this season—that v. Airdrie at Airdrie—we collected the points by a goal scored in the last minute. There was some discussion as to whether this all-important goal was off-side or not, but, after consultation, the referee confirmed his original decision. Coming so late in the game and being of the doubtful order, this goal rather raised the ire of the local supporters. The result was that we had quite a few "friends" seeing us off at Airdrie Station after the game.

A hurried run through the games of season 1922-23 does not suggest that there are many incidents in them which



call for special mention. We had to await our third League game before opening our points account in the League chart. Morton, at Cappielow, supplied this brace, and this game is outstanding inasmuch as each of our three goals that afternoon was of the soft order. Morton opened the scoring, and after we had been in arrear for some considerable time, Jim chanced a shot from 25 yards range. The goalkeeper clutched the ball all right, but failed to hold it, and it ultimately dropped just over the line. Morton set off again, and once more took the lead, but during a spell of Thirds' pressure, one of the Greenock defenders, in attempting to pass back to the goalkeeper, put the ball through his own goal. It seemed at this point that the fates had been very kind to us for one afternoon, but more was yet to come. Shortly before the finish, Willie Hillhouse shot, and although there was no great pith behind the effort, the goalkeeper completely missed the ball and allowed it to roll into the net. The next game which I recall readily is our home game this season against Clyde, which had a very sensational opening. This day I was figuring at outside left, and, receiving the ball from the kick-off, I made some ground and crossed. Tommy M'Inally met this cross with his head, and the ball was in the net before a Clyde player had touched it. This was in itself a good send-off, but within another two minutes we again scored, and for all practical purposes the game was already lost and won. Clyde, naturally enough, never recovered from these early shocks, and we ran out easy winners by 3 goals to nil. A particularly fine goal—the one and only of the game—is the one bright feature of this season's Albion Rovers match at Coatbridge. During the first half our opponents had been awarded a penalty kick, which they failed to convert, and half-time arrived without any scoring. They paid dearly for this mistake, because, within half a minute of the re-start, Tommy M'Inally had the points booked for Cathkin. He received a through pass, and, side-stepping the centre-half, he shot with great force high into the net from 30 yards out. I think this was one of the strongest shots I have ever seen—the ball left his foot as if shot from a gun. This season we did our best to break the monopoly of the "Old Firm" by defeating Celtic by one goal to nil, and, in our next home League



game, taking Rangers the full ninety minutes' journey to divide the points with a score of two goals each. In the former game Willie Hillhouse was the player who lowered Charlie Shaw's colours, and, if my memory serves me aright, it was not the first Celtic match in which Willie had been responsible for the scoring. The latter game (v. Rangers) was a very keen fight—had the Scottish Cup been at stake the pace could not have been hotter. Rangers were the first to score, and followed suit again a little later. I reduced the leeway in the second half, and Alex. Reid came along with the equaliser. Alex's goal was very similar to one scored earlier by Carl Hansen—both shots striking the foot of the post before finding their way to the net.

For the opening game of season 1923-24 our team did not include so many of the old names. That a considerable transformation had taken place will be seen from a glance at the names of the eleven fielded against Hibs:—Muir; M'Cormack and Orr; Findlay, Wilson, and J. Walker; F. Walker, Reid, Christie, M'Inally, and Johnstone. This was my one and only League game at outside-right, and to be quite frank I felt just like a fish out of water. In our home encounter with Hearts two months later I played at inside-right—thus completing my appearance in every one of the five positions in the forward line. As a matter of fact, I was subsequently asked to attempt the position of right-half, but, after due consideration, felt compelled to decline. It occurs to me that in each of the seasons which I have already reviewed reference has been made to one or other of the Clyde games. This season's match at Shawfield is no exception, and I recall it on account of Alex. Reid's spectacular goal—the only one of the game. The efforts of both sets of forwards had not been of a very high order, and the probability of a goal being scored had been almost left out of account. Alex. Reid, however, brightened matters up by driving accurately for goal from practically the corner-flag. That ball travelled at great speed, completely deceived the goalkeeper, and found the net via the far-away post (a typical Alex. Reid goal). Our visit to Cappielow, in the month of December, brought us a point after the game appeared to be lost. Morton led at half-time by 1-0, and fifteen minutes from time scored a second.



This seemed to seal our fate, but five minutes later Alex. Reid scored from a penalty-kick, and, with only two minutes left for play, I equalised. My task in scoring this goal was a comparatively easy one on account of the Morton defenders having stopped to claim off-side. Our annual "Ne'er-Day" fixture with Partick Thistle ended in a draw of two goals each, after quite an interesting game considering the muddy condition of the field. I had both of our goals that afternoon, and my first effort is often mentioned to me as being the best goal I scored during my professional career. I may be pardoned, therefore, if I give verbatim the Glasgow "Evening Times" critic's description of that goal:— "Walker seized on the ball not far over the mid-field line, waded through mud and opponents with equal ease, and did not lose touch with the ball until he had walked it safely into the net. It was a great goal, and a fitting culmination to his earlier terrier-like efforts." On 1st March we travelled to Clydebank, when we defeated the locals by 5-1. This game was indeed a personal triumph for Tommy M'Inally. After two minutes' play he opened the scoring; five minutes later he added No. 2; after eleven minutes' play he completed his "hat-trick"; and fifteen minutes after the game had been set in motion he increased his stock to four. Surely this must constitute a record. As will be seen from the few games to which I have referred, we had one or two quite creditable performances during this season. Unfortunately, however, we were playing with an amazing inconsistency, frequently losing two valuable points where least expected. The result was that not until the finish of our last home game were we assured of remaining in the First Division for another season. This state of affairs was, need I say, a very nerve-racking one for officials and players alike. It was, therefore, with a general sigh of relief that we heard the final whistle blow in this all-important game v. Hamilton Accies—with the score 3-2 in our favour.

It is not a very pleasant task for anyone connected with Third Lanark to recall season 1924-25, because at the end of it we were relegated to the Second Division. On looking over the records of that year it is difficult to explain how such a calamity happened, because on 17th January, 1925, we occupied the fifth top place in the League table. From



October 25th to the end of the calendar year we engaged in eleven games and lost only eight points. Considering that these matches included home games with Rangers and Celtic (both of which were drawn), and away games with Dundee, Hearts, Aberdeen, and Falkirk, our results for that period must be regarded as quite satisfactory. Another game included in the eleven to which I have referred was our annual Christmas game with Dundee at Cathkin. This was always an attractive fixture, and, given anything like decent weather, could be relied on to bring out a good attendance. In this season's game we ran out winners by 3 goals to 0, and, in appreciation of our presenting him with two points, Mr. Frank Stuart (the chairman of the club), reciprocated by presenting each player with a turkey. I remember the point was raised as to whether that should mean one or two for the brothers Walker—but two carried the day. (That probably accounts for my being a little stouter these last two or three years.) On 1st January, 1925, we celebrated Ne'er Day with a 3-0 victory over Partick Thistle, but this game was followed by two consecutive defeats. In our next game, however, at Cowdenbeath, we gave a really bright display, playing that afternoon with more team cohesion than had been evident for some considerable time. This was a fine game throughout, contested in the real sporting spirit. Bobby Archibald opened the scoring after ten minutes' play, and we turned without the score-sheet being altered. After 13 minutes of the second half had gone I added number two, to which goal Cowdenbeath soon replied by opening their account. Midway through the second 45 one of the opposing defenders, in attempting to clear a cross from Alex. Reid, presented me with an open goal, and I had no difficulty in placing the ball at the back of the net. About quarter of an hour from time Cowdenbeath reduced the leeway, and it seemed as if the game would finish with the score at 3-2 in our favour. The closing minutes had, however, reserved for themselves more than their quota of thrills, as Alex. Reid scored just on the call of time, and Cowdenbeath from the resulting centre-kick ran off to score No. 3 without a Thirds man touching the ball. From this game till the end of the season, however, we seemed to meet with misfortune after misfortune, and the



points subsequently collected were very few and far between. At this hour of the day I am unable to recall the various players who were from time to time forced through injury to act the role of spectator. Brother Jim's case, however, is one example, he being "hors de combat" for several weeks at the end of the season—when vital games were being decided. These injuries were bound to tell their tale—particularly in a club which perhaps was not over-strong in experienced reserves—and when the day of reckoning arrived it was found that the three bottom clubs were all on the same mark—with a total of 30 points each. The mathematicians then set to work, and, as a result of their labours, it was decided that, on goal average, Motherwell were saved, and that Ayr United and Thirds, by a decimal, were the two doomed clubs. In view of the fact that the goals scored and lost played such an important part in deciding our fate, further analysis of these items may not be out of place. Our total number of goals scored was 53, and this or a lesser number of goals scored had been sufficient to carry at least eight other clubs to safety. This side of the balance-sheet would therefore appear to be fairly satisfactory. The total number of goals lost, however, amounted to 84 (the next nearest being 72), and here would seem to rest the chief source of the trouble. Agreed on this point, most Thirds supporters proceeded to recall goals which had simply been presented to the opposition. Placed first in this category was one we lost in our home game v. Morton, when, for some inexplicable reason, our goalkeeper allowed a ball to slip past him which had not sufficient force behind it to carry the ball to the back of the net. Not only did that incident mean one additional goal lost, but it carried with it the loss of a valuable point—one which, as events ultimately turned out, would have allowed us to remain in the First Division.

In October, 1924, I had decided (after due consideration) that when season 1924-25 finished I would put a period to my football career. Such a decision was, as I have suggested, not arrived at on the spur of the moment, with the result that once I had made up my mind on the point, I meant my decision to be final. Had I been left alone, there certainly would have been no amendment, but soon



after season 1925-26 opened I was frequently being asked to decide this question all over again. Between April and December, 1925, I had definite offers from, or had been interviewed by representatives of, nine First Division and two Second Division clubs. As several of these clubs made very tempting offers to me, it was, to say the least of it, somewhat unsettling. In all cases, however, I had been able to abide by my original decision until one afternoon I had a call from Mr. Richardson (then manager at Cathkin). His mission was to ask me to meet certain of his directors in town on the following day. I may say that I had previously discussed matters very fully with one member of the Board, and had wavered to the extent of agreeing to give the question of re-signing my serious consideration. I duly met the directors on the following day, when we discussed the club's position and prospects generally. At the time of the meeting to which I refer, Thirds were seven points behind the League leaders—and had a fairly stiff programme to face. Hopes of promotion were still entertained, however, and it was suggested that my experience might be helpful in these remaining games—in short, I was asked if I would not return to Cathkin till the end of that season. This meeting took place on a Friday at midday, and I asked to be given the week-end to again think matters over before giving my decision. The fact that I had been a member of the team which was responsible for placing the club in the Second Division weighed heavily with me, and I decided to do what I could in the endeavour then being made to get the club back to its original position. On the following Monday or Tuesday I put pen to paper once more, and that week spent two evenings in training. On the following Saturday (January 30th, 1926) I turned out v. Bathgate, and, naturally, was not in too fit a condition after nine months' absence from the game. The idea of the directors was that I should merely utilise this game as a means of getting into



fit condition again, and that I should do practically no work on the ball. As a matter of fact I was given very decided instructions on that point before taking the field. As events turned out, however, it was the last occasion on which I pulled on a football jersey, as, about ten minutes from the end of the game, I fractured my right leg—in collision with my old clubmate, Willie Cringan. For the major portion of the game things had been running very smoothly. At half-time we were two goals to the good, and it was quite an easy matter acting up to instructions to take things quietly. After fifteen minutes of the second half had gone, however, a complete upheaval took place. An innocent cross from the right dropped in front of our goal, and one of our defenders, in attempting to clear, turned the ball into the net. Three minutes later Bathgate added a second, and before we had time to recover from the shock, our opponents took the lead. Being in arrears necessitated an extra spurt on our part, and we managed to collect other two goals in quick succession. This extra effort, after such a long absence from the game, completely tired my legs, with the result that, in my next tackle, I met with the accident previously referred to. Needless to say, I have since contented myself with the role of spectator—which, of course, includes that of critic—although sometimes I feel that I would like to be after the ball again. It is, however, a considerably easier task to sit and look amazed when, for example, a centre-forward misses a gilt-edged opportunity. I don't want to be reminded that I myself have missed innumerable similar chances, and I consider that it would not be at all tactful to remind me of a certain incident in one of our games v. Queen's at Hampden. I admit that in this game I received a ball, right in front of goal about eighteen inches out, and that instead of putting the ball into the net (as anyone else present at the game would have done), I managed to put it over the bar. On giving this incident fuller consideration, however, I think it will be generally admitted that what I did accomplish was a much more difficult feat than merely to glide the ball into a gaping goal—24ft. wide, mark you—from a range of eighteen inches.



It may have been observed that so far I have confined myself to League games only, and I propose now making a brief reference to our Scottish Cup-tie efforts. In season 1919-20 the first round draw brought us into contact with Inverness Caledonian at Cathkin.

We took the field in this game as if it were unnecessary to play the 90 minutes in order to decide who should enter the second round. Inverness Caledonians, however, had their own views on this point, and it was early evidenced that we were in for a harder afternoon's work than we had anticipated.

The result was that at half-time we led by 1-0 only—our goal having been obtained through the aid of a penalty-kick. At the finish we were easy winners—doubtless the training question asserted itself in the second half—the final score being 4-1 in our favour. In the second round we were again first out of the hat—the opposition on this occasion being Vale of Leven. Once more it seemed as if Thirds should have a comparatively easy journey, but events turned out quite the reverse. Our opponents had quite as much of the first half as ourselves, and actually opened the scoring. We managed to equalise just on half-time—again by means of a penalty-kick, with which Bobby Orr made no mistake. In the second half equality was again the rule, and only in the closing minutes were we able to get our head in front. Sam Anderson was the scorer of this all-important goal, and you will realise how few minutes remained for play when I mention that arrangements for the re-play were well advanced between the directors of the two teams. In the third round we were asked to travel to Lochgelly, and were very pleased to return home in the evening with a 3-0 victory. Some of these smaller fields have a very unsettling influence, and in this game it took us quite a little time to get our bearings. Once we took the lead, however, we were never in grave danger of being ousted from the competition. In the fourth round we were asked to conquer Morton at Cappielow, but this hurdle proved too much for us. We opened quite briskly, but after seven minutes' play, Morton, in their first visit to our goal, opened the scoring. A few minutes later I had



a good chance to equalise, when, after leaving the backs behind, I had only the goalkeeper to beat. Just as I was choosing a place in the net, Edwards (the Morton goalkeeper) made a very daring save—snatching the ball from my toes. We were not given another similar opportunity, and Morton scored again from a penalty just before half-time arrived. In the second half they added a third goal, thus making victory secure.

In season 1920-21 we were drawn against Hibs at Cathkin in the first round. In view of the fact that we lost the services of our right-half (I. Walker) for most of the second 45, a draw (1-1) was quite a good result from our point of view. On the following Wednesday we travelled to Easter Road for the re-play, and this was a game of very varying fortune. At one point of the game it looked as if Hibs would have a runaway victory, and yet in the end they were desperately hard put to it to snatch a draw. Dunn opened the scoring for Hibs by heading through from a corner-kick, Fletcher Welsh equalising in the second half. The referee's decision in granting this equaliser was not at all popular with the local supporters. Willie Harper had clutched a high drooping ball from the wing, but when he looked for a way out to clear he found his way blocked—practically the entire Thirds forward line being in close attendance. In an endeavour to get a way out he turned round in his goal, and the referee promptly decided that in turning he had carried the ball over the line. Although the game was contested keenly until the last kick, no further scoring took place, and a second re-play was, consequently, necessary. Our representative was fortunate in the spin of the coin, and we brought Hibs back to Glasgow once more—the game taking place at Ibrox Park before an attendance of 32,000. Having been in opposition twice already each team was now pretty well alive to the moves of its opponents. The result was that in this game most movements were nipped in the bud, and, while the first half was a scorcher, the score-sheet was blank at the interval. Twenty minutes after the resumption, however, Hibs took the lead, and, although we strove hard for the equaliser, the final whistle went without further scoring. Thus our interest in the Cup competition finished for another season.



In season 1921-22 it appeared as if we were not set a very difficult task to qualify for the second round. The first ballot on this occasion had decided that Leith Athletic should travel to Cathkin. As usual, however, we were very slow in this game in getting off our mark, and at half-time we were only one goal to the good. In the second half, however, Leith tired perceptibly, and goals came easily—the final score being 6-0. In round No. 2 Celtic were asked to pay a visit to Cathkin, and this game attracted an attendance of over 40,000.

This match was a typical Cup-tie struggle—quarter was neither asked nor given—with the result that the 90 minutes' play did not, I am afraid, provide many of the finer points of the game.

It looked all over a draw—a result which would have done neither team an injustice—when Celtic were awarded a goal a few minutes from time. Seven minutes from the end “Andy” M’Atee sent over a very accurate corner-kick, which Jimmy Brownlie covered all the way. Judging, however, that the ball would be over the goal-line before any Celtic player could touch it, he allowed it to take its course. Adam M’Lean, running in, connected with his head, and a goal was awarded, although difficulty would still be experienced in trying to convince many people who were present that day that the ball was not over the goal-line before the Celtic outside-left touched it. (In season 1921-22, of course, a goal could not be scored direct from a corner-kick.)

In season 1922-23 our first Cup-tie was at Firhill—Partick Thistle, need I add, being our opponents. This game opened sensationally—the Thistle scoring in less time than it would take to describe the play which led up to the goal. We were kept in arrear until twenty minutes of the second half had gone, when Joe Harris had the misfortune to turn a shot from Harold M’Kenna into his own goal. The game finished without further scoring, and, by winning the re-play by 3-2, we qualified to meet our old Cup-tie friends—Vale of Leven—once more. On this occasion, however, we were asked to go “down the Vale,” and, keeping in mind how the 90 minutes' play had gone that afternoon, we were very pleased to return to town in the evening with the knowledge



that we still lived to fight another day. Twice we had been in arrears, and only a characteristic shot from Tommy M'Inally—from 30 yards range—enabled us to equally divide the four goals scored. Beyond remarking that the re-play ended in our favour by 2-1, I make no reference to this game, which was contested in a most disorderly fashion throughout. In the next round Ayr United at Cathkin was the opposition, and, as they had beaten Rangers by 2-0 in the previous round, we were meeting them while they were riding on the crest of a wave. Fortunately, from our point of view, we managed to score in the first three minutes of the game, and, when we added a second goal after fifteen minutes of the second half had gone, the tie was lost and won. I managed to collect both goals that afternoon—the second one being of the spectacular order.

Gaining possession of the ball about the midfield line, I managed to trick both backs, and was thus left with a clear field. Goalkeeper Nisbet decided to come out to meet me, but I managed to circumvent him, and, with this last obstacle removed, had no difficulty in walking the ball home.

I can still remember taking the ball right to the back of the net, and, in the excitement of the moment, standing there for a second or two with my hands on the rigging to make sure that the referee had no doubt whatever that the ball was over the line. In the fourth round we were drawn against Dundee at Cathkin, and this game attracted another 40,000 gate. We opened the scoring through Willie Hillhouse after 20 minutes' play, and should have had the game well won by half-time. No further scoring took place, however, till near the end, when a drive from David Halliday (who was playing outside left for Dundee that day) found the net. This, of course, necessitated a replay at Dens Park—quite a different proposition from playing Dundee at Cathkin—and we travelled north on the following Wednesday. After battling in the mud for 90 minutes not a goal had been scored.

We were perhaps fortunate not to be in arrear, as Dundee had failed to turn to account two very good opportunities during the afternoon. In the first half, while our defence was spreadeagled, a ball was crossed from the left, but several of our opponents—practically on our goal-line—



failed to connect. In the second half Dundee were awarded a penalty-kick, and this was the signal for several of the local supporters to part with their head-gear. David M'Lean, who took the kick, smashed the ball against the post, and from the rebound we managed to clear our lines. Anyone who has seen David M'Lean play will have an idea what force was behind the ball. In accordance with the rules we had to play on for a further 30 minutes, but at the end of the two hours we were still without a separation—neither team having located the net. On reaching the pavilion at the end of this two hours' struggle there was very little conversation for some time—for the simple reason that few if any of the players had any wind left. As a matter of fact during the last fifteen minutes of the contest players were falling like nine-pins, and the respective trainers were kept busy. In the second re-play, at Ibrox Park, we at last qualified for the semi-final by 1 goal to nil. I was credited with the all-important goal in this game, and it was a poor one indeed to be responsible for separating two clubs who had fought for supremacy for five hours. Viewed as it was with great importance by both clubs, this game was contested in a very strenuous fashion. The pace was very fast, hard knocks were given and taken, but, with tackling so keen, there were few opportunities given to the forwards to find the net. Just prior to the goal, however, the entire Dundee defence appeared to be taken unawares, and I was able to scramble the ball through from short range. In the semi-final we met Hibs at Tynecastle on the following Saturday, and, in view of our mid-week game against Dundee, our opponents started with a decided advantage. Their stock increased when, after 14 minutes' play, Dunn headed through the opening goal—and, as events turned out, the only one of the game. I still feel that, with the opportunities I received that day, I should at the very least have earned a replay. Most of my shots were out, however, either in direction or elevation, and the few that did find the target seemed all to be attracted (as if by some magnetic force) straight to the goal-keeper's body. Taken all over, however, I consider Hibs were just that little bit superior, and justly contested the final—which Celtic won by 1-0.



In season 1923-24 we were drawn against Hearts at Cathkin in the first round. Owing to injuries we had to take the field with a very makeshift team, as a glance at the following eleven will show:—Jarvie; Brown and Cringan; Findlay, M'Kenna, and Hardie; Reid, Blair, M'Inally, Higgins, and Hillhouse. Thirds, however, played that afternoon with typical Cup-tie spirit, and fully earned a re-play—a goalless draw being the final result. For the re-play on the following Wednesday we were still in sore straits for an eleven, and on the morning of the game I took a run along to Cathkin. I had my damaged ankle bound with adhesive plaster, and with difficulty managed a football boot on. After a little ball practice I decided to risk it at Tynecastle in the afternoon. This, however, was undoubtedly a mistake, as I was of no real service to the team during the game. We had also the services of Connolly (Celtic) that afternoon at outside-left, but were well beaten by 3 goals to nil.

Season 1924-25 again brought Celtic to Cathkin in the first round of the Scottish Cup, and this important game, from a Glasgow point of view, attracted an attendance of about 50,000. We opened very briskly, and after five minutes' play almost opened the scoring—a shot from Jim striking the bar and rebounding into play. As a matter of fact Celtic were hardly over midfield in the first ten minutes of the play. Our pressure was bound to tell, and at last we opened the scoring midway through the first half. David Frame sent in a long shot from the right touch-line, which went over the goalkeeper's head, struck the inside of the post, and found the net. We were not allowed to retain the lead for long—Celtic equalising two minutes later—and half-time arrived with the score 1 goal each. Within one minute of the resumption M'Grory headed through the leading goal for Celtic. We replied to this count by a spell of pressure, and after 10 minutes' play one of our shots was soaring into the net (with Shevlin out of his goal), when Jimmy M'Stay fielded the ball like a born cricketer. The inevitable penalty-kick followed, but Johnny Blair, who was entrusted with the kick, drove straight into Shevlin's hands. This was the turning point in the game, and in the end Celtic ran out easy winners by 5-1. I still have in my possession a "lucky" black cat which was presented to me immediately



before that game. Bearing in mind how the tide turned that afternoon, I have still to be convinced that these lucky charms are infallible.

A summary of my football career would not be complete without reference being made to the few representative games in which I took part. My first appearance in a game of this nature was on 14th September, 1920 (10 months after turning "pro"), in the Glasgow v. Sheffield match. Our team that evening was:—T. Shingleton (Clyde); P. Farrell (Clyde) and W. M'Stay (Celtic); J. Harris (Partick Thistle), W. M'Andrew (Thirds), and J. M'Mullan (Partick Thistle); A. Archibald, T. Muirhead (Rangers), A. Fyfe (Queen's Park), F. Walker (Thirds), and A. M'Lean (Celtic). Owing to a shoulder injury it was doubtful right up to the day of the game whether I would be able to take my place or not. As I was anxious to turn out in this my first representative game, the trainer gave the necessary sanction—after having warned me to keep out of trouble. If I may be pardoned for saying so, I consider this was one of the best games I ever played, simply because my partial incapacitation prevented me from developing to any extent my individualistic tendencies. My arm was hanging limply by my side, and I had no alternative but to get rid of the ball before an opponent could get into a close tackle with me. It is rarely that a goalkeeper is knocked over with the force of a shot, but it happened twice in this game—first myself and later Alex. Archibald doing the trick. There was no gainsaying our superiority in this game, which ended 4-1 in our favour. I took part in the corresponding game twelve months later—this time at Sheffield—and at the function held after the match, Geo. Wilson (who played for England on several occasions) asked me where the inside-left was who played in the previous year's game with the withered arm. I had some little difficulty in convincing him that I was that individual, and that the incapacitation was merely a temporary one. On several occasions I was chosen as reserve in International games, and was travelling reserve on the following occasions:—



*Association* : v. Wales, at Aberdeen, 1921.  
v. Ireland, at Belfast, 1921.

*League* : v. England, at London, 1921.  
v. England, at Glasgow, 1922.

The "big day" of my career was of course 4th February, 1922, when I represented my country in the Welsh International at Wrexham. Scotland's XI. that afternoon was:—K. Campbell (Partick Thistle); J. Marshall (Middlesbrough) and D. M'Kinlay (Liverpool); D. Meiklejohn (Rangers), M. Gilhooley (Hull City), and W. Collier (Raith Rovers); A. Archibald (Rangers), J. White (Albion Rovers), A. Wilson (Middlesbrough), F. Walker (Thirds), and A. Morton (Rangers). We were defeated on that occasion by 2-1, but, as a matter of fact, we have to go back to 1899 before tracing a Scottish victory on that field. This game has gone down to history as the "Snow International," and few who were at the Wrexham ground that day will deny that it did not fully earn this title. Snow had fallen practically all forenoon, and by 3 o'clock it was about 2 inches deep. When the game started it was still coming down, and continued to fall during the major portion of the game. It was, in consequence, very difficult to pass at all accurately, as the weight of the ball was continually changing. On one occasion the ball would be coated with snow, whereas on the next occasion you might receive it direct from a throw-in after the half-back had carefully removed all the snow. It was practically impossible, therefore, to judge correctly on the spur of the moment the exact weight necessary to transfer the ball the desired distance. My last appearance in a representative game was at Cathkin Park on 22nd March, 1922—the occasion being the trial game between Home and Anglo-Scots.

It is perhaps fitting that the last game to which I have made reference should have been played at Cathkin Park—the home ground of my one professional club. The writing of this paper has afforded me considerable interest and pleasure, recalling, as it has done, several games and incidents which I thought had been buried in the past. It was a comparatively easy matter to give a resumé of my efforts prior to my signing as a professional. On arriving



at this point, however, I soon realised that it was quite impossible for me to proceed further with the only data which I then had—namely, a somewhat unreliable memory. After some consideration, I called on the Sports Sub-Editor of the "Evening Times" (Mr. M'Cormack), who was kind enough to provide me with the scores of each season's games with the exception of 1921-22, and to allow me to make periodic visits to the file-room, where I was able to refresh my memory on any game to which I purposed making special reference. Mr. Scott ("Sunday Post") provided the missing link in furnishing me with the scores for season 1921-22. I am deeply indebted to these gentlemen for their kindness, and now fully realise that without their help it would have been quite impossible for me to review, with any degree of accuracy, the various seasons during which I played for Third Lanark.

In conclusion, it may be interesting to record that the idea of commencing to write this paper came to me one evening while sitting reading at the fireside. Without a minute's delay the book was closed, pen and paper taken up, and the writing of this summary commenced.

