SCOTTISH SPORTS

AND HOW TO EXCEL IN THEM.

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A HANDBOOK FOR BEGINNERS

BY

JOHN JAMES MILLER

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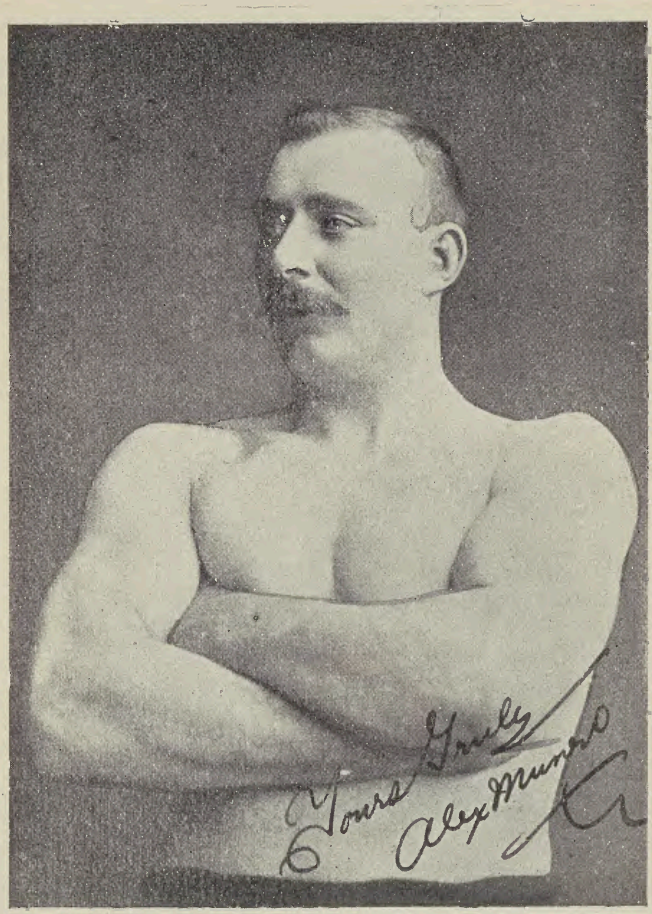
Yours Truly
Alex Munro

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With Many Illustrations.

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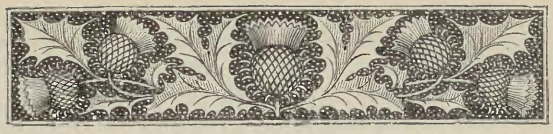


SCOTTISH SPORTS.

INTRODUCTION.

Athletics form a theme that will never die. Art may weary, philosophy may pall. Science and religion are often discredited. From each the subtle brain of one generation evolves a "system" it fondly deems above reproach. The succeeding generation dumps the previous system on to the scrapheap of exploded fallacies.

With athletics it is not so. They never lose their pristine vigour. Their power of appeal never wanes; their beneficient results never lapse. I shall tell you why. Athletics are a moral force; they demand self-reliance; they counsel moderation, commend self-control, foster self-restraint. In all who practise them an eminently charitable attitude of mind must be evolved. For in the moral and physical forces they conjoin, they forge an energetic combination no other creative power in man can eclipse. Never in history did the gospel of the physical culturist claim a more ardent homage, or appeal to a wider following than it does to-day. In every grade of life and in every sphere of life's activities we find the enthusiast; and the perfervid admirer of our national sports was never more in evidence. It is well that this should be so. For the day of the bigot is past. And he of the narrow brain and contracted outlook, who, a generation ago, tabooed all manner of physical exercises as an ill-advised interference with the wise dispensation of a higher Providence has passed into oblivion. May he remain there, and have no resurrection!

The type of hero embodied in the athlete ever commanded respect and admiration. Back for centuries we can trace, in legend, song, and story, a strenuous athleticism forming the theme of many a well-told tale. The Ettrick Shepherd, the Wizard of Abbotsford, the Bard of Avon himself:—all enshrined episodes of valiant striving for the mastery, in deathless verse. The whole world over, there is no agency in existence to-day which does as much for the fostering of a genuine athletic ideal, as does our Scottish Highland Gatherings and Games Meetings. These form an institution distinctly national, characteristically Scottish. Nowhere will you find anything quite the same. For variety of programme, for picturesque environment, for manly honesty of combat, for power of appeal to engender emulation in the youthful onlooker, a Scottish Games Meeting stands unique in the world of sport. And taking them all over, judged by the standard of the composite equipment which goes towards the making of that highest of all creation's products—the being we term man—I am fully persuaded that our Scottish athletes are the finest body of units the world knows.

The Athletic Influence.

Athleticism pure and undefiled has always marked an era in a nation's history, coincident with and alternating upon that nation's highest advancement. Let the cultivation of such athleticism be neglected or corrupted, and soon enervating influences will sap the vitality of that country's corporate life. Inertia fosters vice. Both combine to produce a race of effeminate neurotics. And then—farewell to a nation's greatness. Only in a sound body is mental health possible. We repeat glibly the musty aphorism—"Mens sana in corpore sano." You need a revised rendering of the dictum to-day. No longer is it the sound mind in the sound body. It is rather the sound mind of the sound body. Each is no longer acknowledged a separate entity. They form a co-ordinate whole.

Knowing, then, that throughout Scotland, as, in fact, everywhere, the cult of things physical is being borne high on a tidal wave of popular favour, this little effort in things literary seeks

to fulfil a function. My avowed intention is this—I want to focus the attention of our rising generation upon the splendid field for their energies provided by our distinctly Scottish sports. I mean to present the claims, to emphasise the merit, to reveal the true nobility of these sports.

My line of treatment is three-fold. I hope to show clearly and with conviction, the virtues possessed by the events themselves as a means of thorough physical training. The splendid achievement of our own premier Scottish "Athletes of To-Day" I shall recite. And by detailing, with the approbation and the co-operation as well, of the highest living authorities, the methods through which efficiency and world renown have been obtained, I hope to help and stimulate the youthful aspirant to fame.

All the events which form an orthodox "Games" programme are dealt with specifically. Practical hints are set down by the accredited champions themselves—men who have created world's records, and whose names are writ indelibly in the sporting annals of all time. Pithy, cameo-sized sketches of the heroes, too, touching on their personalities, their methods, their ideals—as I have for the most part personally studied them, will, I hope, interest. And let me discount criticism thus far—I will write from knowledge mostly, from convictions always, from prejudice never at all. Perhaps I should inflict a tremulous note of apology into this introduction for foisting a book on a long-suffering public at all! I own to no such attitude of mind. The book is a clamant necessity. The subject is a worthy theme. It merits the most capable treatment. Admittedly such may be found lacking. Well? Let the reader defer judgment upon that till after he has perused the attempt.

Alloa, March 1908. J. J. M.

Chapter I.

TRAINING.

Training is a word that expresses much. Your grammarian would call it a composite word. It is capable of a wide definition. I have seen a physical culture expert boggle as long in defining it as a third-grade preacher takes to expounding "Faith." This latter gentleman only succeeds in befogging a brilliant crystallisation of thought—"the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Seldom, indeed, can you improve on an apostolic dictum. Well, about a "training" definition. I could coin a dozen in as many seconds, and all new so far as I am aware. Training is a common-sense preparation for an uncommon exertion. It is a toning up of the human machine to a true concert pitch, so that when the band begins to play and the others join the quick-step you won't be left marking time in the rear. It is the active property of conscious self-control of every faculty in your personality. It is the faculty of combining in one harmonious whole the mind to think, the body to perform, the will-power to concentrate every atom of propelling force (there is a trinity for you!). But what need I more say? Training is the art of getting "fit."

We cannot learn much from the ancients in this matter. Away back in the days of early Spartans, whose name has passed into a proverb for the rigour of their training, and in the time of the Greek and the Roman Gladiators, preparation for combat entailed a heroic mortification of the flesh. Hardy fellows they doubtless were, but their methods are scarcely expedient to-day. One Latin commentator, for instance, tells how they so inured themselves to changes of temperature, that in even the coldest of weather they trotted about quite cheerfully with no covering save a paltry bit of sheepskin. Your fresh air enthusiast of to-day who meanders hatless, when the skies are of an azure blueness, and a midsummer sun is shining, is not so consistent as that. So long as the balmy zephyrs blow he (or she) talks glibly and gleefully of the joys of

the "simple life." But bide a wee till the "back end" chills their ardour and their anatomies. The cap or the hat comes down from the peg and is applied to its former function. Why don't the no-hat brigade remain coverless and go bareheaded all the year round?

Fasting, rather than feasting, too, was an article of your trainer's faith. Ay, but a lot of water has run below the bridge since then. The times change. We change. Methods change. On the whole, notwithstanding the fact that the carping critic and the cynic admittedly have a few pegs on which to hang objections and demur, I conscientiously believe and confidently assert that we have advanced in this matter.

We have multitudinous "systems," mostly beneficial, all with some feature of outstanding merit, none of them radically bad. The main thing is to apply your common-sense. If you find you do not possess that faculty leave aspiration alone, and remain an unconsidered unit. If you do possess it do not overrate the measure you have, but assiduously cultivate it. Then apply it.

Three Cardinal Points.

And now I shall tell you how. There are three cardinal points, three root ideas, three essentials if you will, from which all beneficial training must evolve. These are—Correct breathing, suitable food, systematic and appropriate exercise. All else matters little, little else matters at all. Careless, spasmodic breathing is more than an offence against good taste; it is a culpable negligence. The nostrils, then, are the organs to use in breathing, not the mouth. Any animal you care to watch, except man, will teach you that. Any carter will tell you that a horse which breathes with his mouth open, does so because of some chronic affection. And such an animal is little good in hard graft. He may be a roarer, a whistler, a piper, or a hopeless "chronic"—I've seen them all—but he is never a sound horse. Why, then, should any healthy man or woman imitate a broken-winded horse by breathing through the mouth? There are many physiological reasons as well, into which the need is not obvious that I should enter in a general summary. But they are emphatically strong in condemnation of mouth breathing.

Then breathe deeply. Let the whole diaphragm of the body be animated in the act. Some authorities commend "upward" breathing—that is expanding the chest with a pulling upward movement. Others say, use the abdominal muscles. I say use all. Let the inhalation of air mean full inflation of the lungs. Then make the exhaling complete. Correct breathing is an exercise. But beyond that it ought to be a habit.

Exercise I.

Now, as to actual exercise in breathing. Get into the fresh air if at all possible, and the morning air for preference. Stand erect, the hands pointing downwards at full stretch of arms by the sides. Keep the palms turned inwards. Now slowly raise the arms sideways until the backs of the hands touch above the head. Keep the elbows stiff. As you raise the arms rise on the toes, inhaling deeply all the time. Begin the inhalation in the abdominal region, but continue it upward with a pulling inflection. Let the whole muscular system feel the strain. Then exhale as the arms descend. Inhale through the nostrils, exhale through the mouth. Repeat the exercise fifteen times.

Exercise II.

Stand erect, with hands at sides, and the palms in rear. Inhale deeply as you elevate the arms in a forward direction and upwards to full stretch over the head. Raise the body on the toes as the arms descend. In bringing them back exhale completely. These are only "tonic" exercises, of course. Progressing you will find it advantageous to combine light dumb-bell (3 lb.) movements along with the exercises. And if you want to extract full value from deep breathing, practise along with it short distance sprinting. In carrying out the various feats, too, in putting the ball, throwing the hammer, and in wrestling, you can apply the deep breathing theory. You will find it benefits your own condition primarily, and secondarily creates a better result.

Eat Suitable Food.

Your next essential is suitable food. Leave diet faddists

and food fakirs alone. Doubtless a few perfectly sane and unimpeachable persons, constrained by an honest desire for the betterment of humanity, adopt and seek to propagate extreme views on this diet business. Mostly, however, such agitators are quacks, and American quacks at that. And almost all have an axe to grind. If you list to them you will live in the midst of alarms indeed. You will be left with little time to eat at all, and less appetite for what you have time for. A confused babel of counsellors are your food experts in truth. Shun all animal food, says one. A beef diet corrupts. Animal food begets animal tendencies. Adopt vegetarianism. Then you will cultivate the higher nature, strengthen the intellect, develop spirituality. Tea and coffee retard digestion at least 33 per cent., declares another. All condiments, salts, spices, vinegar, &c., are non-nutritious, being only injurious irritants, avows a third. Our vegetarian friend does not escape either. He used to certify tomatoes and bananas as panaceas. To-day medical authorities are not difficult to find who charge the former article with creating cancer, and quote the free use of the latter as a predisposing cause of "spotted fever." For generations, too, milk has been credited as the ideal article, a wonderful complex liquid, in the composition of which is contained every element necessary to the sustenance, growth, and development of the human frame. We are bordering on a transition stage in our beliefs in this matter. I should not care to accept without reserve the dictum uttered by a medical specialist that "every time you drink a glass of milk you take your life in your hands." But when we find a paper, with the reputation of soundness of opinion and moderation of expression held by the "British Medical Journal," putting the case blandly thus:—"The British public is phlegmatic, but about the milk question it shows a callousness which can only come from wilful ignorance. It must be realised that the milk question is one literally of life and death," I am afraid we must assume that milk is not, to put it mildly, above reproach. And certainly any one who intimately has studied the question must conclude that milk may very readily, in fact more readily than any dietetic in general use, become an article at once unwholesome, a ready vehicle for infectious disease, and from the udder of the cow right on

till its appearance as an item of the bill of fare, is in want of very careful supervision.

I will not pursue this line of criticism further. Only this I will assert—the sooner the health department of each Town Council or Corporation sets about sterilising all the milk sold within its area the better for the health of all users of it inside that area.

What of the Athlete's Diet then?

Let it be plain—varied, if you prefer—but never varied at the expense of its wholesomeness. Make oatmeal the staple article in the form of super-cooked porridge for breakfast, and in the form of oatcakes to supplant bread to as large an extent as you feel palatable. Fresh eggs, lean meat, mutton—all are beneficial. Skimmed milk, even if of the "separated" variety, is preferable to tea or coffee. Sugar should be used sparingly, potatoes not at all. Peas, beans, lentils should all find a place in the aspiring athlete's diet table. Cheese is valuable as an occasional variation. Most fruits and all vegetables are beneficial adjuncts, but don't adopt the extreme of the simple life faddist, who declares we should all live on nuts and grapes. I know it is a cheap method. Some experts have worked out a kind of algebraic equation showing a day's sustenance provided for something like twopence farthing half-farthing. Rent and food are two great bugbears of civilisation. These economists seem to have reached the irreducible minimum in the food outlay. Why pay rent? Can't they devise a system of roosting at night in trees and avoid the other expense as well?

All the vile concoctions, too, which your cookery expert and confection baker labels collectively as "pastry" the athletic aspirant must taboo. Leave that sort of sustenance to gossip-mongering "work parties," who befuddle their stomachs at afternoon gatherings with boiled tea and concomitants, and their minds with scandal-pregnated tit-bits, while claiming an heroic credence as workers in a good cause.

A Word about Liquids.

Just a word on the liquid side, and, of course, that resolves itself immediately into the query—What about alcohol? I am not going to preach a temperance sermon. Sermon-

writing I rank as the simplest feat in literary gymnastics I know. The "Temperance" sermon is the easiest turn of the lot. Is alcohol any use? It is. Nature's supreme mandate sanctions no combination of elements to form a substance unless that substance has a specific purpose. "Give wine to him of a heavy heart, strong drink to him who is ready to perish," says the sage. That's common-sense. As an article of diet to a healthy man it is seldom beneficial in any form, always of questionable value, often deleterious. It is a stimulant, and one which in point of value or adaptability nothing known to human experience can supplant. Leave it at that. Used carelessly as a habitual beverage it is useless outlay of useful money, and a wilful perversion of a valuable agency.

System in Training.

My third essential in training is systematic and appropriate exercise. On this I touch but incidentally, because in my subsequent chapters I mean to show that the feats themselves —the hammer-throwing, putting, wrestling, &c., form in their own practice and performance an ideal system of physical culture. But many may read these pages to whom our glorious feats may unfortunately not appeal. So I will summarise the exercise theory from two points of view. The two testimonies emanate from the two great central figures in contemporary athletics—Eugene Sandow and George Hackenschmidt. I was fortunate in having the text of this rehearsed from Hack's own lips in course of an interview some time ago.

"First of all," says George, "I am distinctly opposed to all india-rubber exercises, grip dumb-bells, and the like as an assistant to true physical culture. They are a delusion and a snare. My idea of physical culture is certainly not the idea of scores of people, who are entirely misguided by all sorts and varieties of new-fangled and monstrously-invented exercises. I cannot help speaking strongly against those trumped-up and extensively advertised goods, because I know of my own personal knowledge they effect no real benefit, and are thrown on the market by people who know absolutely nothing about physical culture.

"I repeat, india-rubber exercises, grip dumb-bells, and the rest of the physical culture apparatus, rubber and otherwise, are, to rub it in as thick as they deserve, and not too thick, rubbish so far as my idea of real physical culture is concerned.

"Any person anxious to increase his strength should start by lifting weights in proportion to his strength—a weight which he can raise easily from his shoulders to the full length of his arms above the head five times. When you exercise easily you increase strength. Add a pound to the weight when you feel nature is assisting you, and practise the exercise the same number of times in the same easy fashion and never in a violent hurry. In this way all the muscles of the body become used to the resistance against the gradually increased weight, and that means increase of strength. I have declared this times out of number, and intend to stand by it for all time as a perfect and straight opinion from which I shall never deviate."

Now it is obvious that between this pronouncement of Hack's and the creed of Eugene Sandow there is a great gulf fixed. Every one knows "Sandowism" more or less. Regular practice with light dumb-bells through a whole catalogue of alternate and widely-varying movements, the systematic use of developers, chest expanders, grip machines, and all other paraphernalia of the schools—such are its chief articles of faith as I understand it. And then you have that cardinal point insisted on in season and out of season—the individual concentration of the will-power on the particular muscle being exercised. Which method, then, is the correct one? Or, rather, which is the better? Discussed through all its pros and cons it would mean a book for itself. It is a question for experts, and they will always differ. Common-sense, however, supplies an indication, and the conclusion I arrive at is this—If you are content with simply a "tonic" system, if you do not aspire to abnormal strength, or to excel in strenuous athleticism, but only want a pleasant scheme of beneficial exercises as a necessary adjunct to a sedentary life, and are satisfied to know the A B C of the business, adopt Sandow. Always, however, bear in mind this verity, that there is no special virtue in a grip machine because it is electro-plated and costs 12s 6d. Gone about properly, the exercises are quite as

capable of a good result though performed with a pair of ordinary light dumb-bells costing 1s, or even with two common corks if held tightly. Nor will a fancy-looking (and fancy-priced) developer suit your purpose any better than may a pennyworth of ordinary rope used as a skipping exercise.

On the other hand, if strenuous athleticism be your quest, if you want to attain to name and fame as an athlete, a weight-lifter, or a wrestler, I say unhesitatingly—Let George Hackenschmidt be your guide.

Chapter II.

THROWING THE HAMMER.

I place this feat first in order of sequence; I also place it first in point of merit. It is an event of distinctly Scottish origin. In rural townships and rustic hamlets the big, lusty, horny-handed sons of honest toil—the kind of chaps who are the true salt of the earth—"daundered alang" in the long forenicht to the meeting-place at the "smiddy." All day they have ploughed their lonely furrow with only the scurry of a rabbit or the wheep of a wild fowl fluttering by to break the monotony of their musing. Now they meet kindred spirits, and the crack goes round. The day's experiences are retailed. Big Jock Dow had "wrastled" a cart of turnips out of a hole where the wheel had sunk fast up to the nave band. Bob M'Onie had carried a four-bushel sack of oats up a barn stair below his oxter. Of course "doubting Thomas" was present. Well, who was strongest now? Cart axles were used as dumb-bells, the smith's anvil proved a muscle tester, and the heavy sledge-hammer was requisitioned. Who would throw it farthest? Thus originated hammer-throwing. Now, as lucidly and concisely as I can, I want to follow the development of this feat from that period up to to-day's methods of performance.

Up till about 40 years ago the old sledge or forehammer was used at many meetings. It was discarded mainly on account of the awkward shape of the head, causing too many broken handles. The round head was introduced. In early years, too, the turning style of throwing was largely in vogue,

the competitor being allowed a complete turn of the body or more than one if he so willed. After the turning style was abolished, chiefly because it was never certain which direction the hammer might take, the standing style was originated. The thrower swung the hammer, pendulum fashion, as he stood with his side towards the stance. Later a modification termed the "Figure 8" style was generally adopted. Instead of the competitor swinging the missile simply up and down he followed the design of an 8. The present day method adopted at all professional sports meetings in Scotland was introduced about 1866.

The Position of the Thrower.

Strictly speaking, the thrower should stand with his back towards the "trig" or stance, and usually from a foot to three feet away from it. While swinging the hammer the feet should not be moved until the hammer has actually been delivered; neither foot should be shifted. If insisted upon, these conditions would preclude the possibility of any great distance being reached. Our athletes by consulting their own convenience (which they are quite entitled to do) have so amended these conditions that nowadays many experts, including the best men, take a decided step to their right front with the right foot immediately previous to delivering the hammer. At the actual moment of delivery a turn, or part of a turn, is also taken. The more of a turn a man can put into the throw the better usually is the distance. The hammer consists of a round iron head, with a wooden shaft, measuring 4 feet 2 inches over all.

In passing I may draw a comparison between the hammer-throwing of the professional athlete, as described, and that of the thrower under amateur rules. The missile used at amateur contests can hardly be termed a "hammer." The ball is made of lead, this metal being less in bulk than is the same weight of iron. The lead ball, too, meets with less resistance in passing through the air, and as a consequence travels further. Then the handle is made of wire, which imparts greater elasticity, and as a result greater velocity. A stirrup grip is often used. Instead of standing at a trig the athlete throws from within a 9 feet circle. He can turn as he likes so long as he keeps within the radius of the circle.

HAMMER-THROWING.

(1.) Note the easy graceful position in which he balances the hammer, poises the body, and negotiates the swing.

(3.) In the act of delivery; the attitude bespeaks the whole art of concentrating force.

(2.) More impetus is now being applied. C. H. is in the act of doing the step out with the right foot, to which much of his marvellous success was due.

The Relative Values.

As to the relative values of the throws accomplished under these two entirely different methods, one is hardly justified in attempting to lay down any exact ruling. This much is certain—whereas 110 to 115 feet may certainly be reckoned a splendid throw under the "professional" conditions with a 16 lb. hammer, a champion under the amateur rule would reckon 150 feet as only a moderate achievement. Tom Nicolson, our greatest British amateur, has actually accomplished within 4 inches of 170 feet!

Some Hints for Throwers.

Now as to hints for the aspiring athletes. The standard weights of hammers used are 16 lbs. and 22 lbs., but you will find all over the country hammers being thrown which are neither the one weight nor the other. I have myself weighed a games hammer which was only 12 lbs., and I know of more than one weighing over 24 lbs. Thus little credence can be ever attached to newspaper reports as to distances, &c., when these simply state that the "light hammer" or "heavy hammer" was thrown this or that distance.

Touching on the value of hammer-throwing as an exercise, I reckon it the most valuable of all the Scottish feats. In its practice the arms—biceps, triceps, and forearm—and the wrists as well are in action. The muscles of the back, as well as the abdominal and inter-costal (those between the ribs), assist. Even the legs are benefited. Cameron's phenomenal throwing, as is well known, is as much due to the tremendous leverage he gains from his enormous strength of thigh as from anything else. Another point which commends hammer-throwing is its adaptability to the conditions of youth. A lad of 15 can practise the hammer with perfect safety. He must just use a lighter hammer than do his older or stronger brethren.

The Age to Begin.

It may be as well to lay down a definite line of action to guide beginners here. Fifteen years of age is a good time to begin, though I know several splendid throwers who never tried this feat till over 20.

To begin with, 12 lbs. is a suitable weight. The length of handle should vary according to height of the thrower; 4 feet 2 inches all over, including head, is the standard length, and this suits an athlete 6 feet high best. For an athlete 5 feet 8 inches in height 4 feet is a suitable length of handle. Ash is the best wood, shaped with a "taper" towards the middle from either end. Practise regularly and often—nightly if possible. Do not have too many throws at one practice; twelve is plenty. Learn to swing easily, gracefully, with a clean, well-balanced motion. The number of swings taken is not a material point. G. H. Johnstone seldom takes more than two. Jamie Morrison occasionally takes six. Four is a fair average. The essential thing is to have the hammer properly balanced, and then in the final swing to apply every fraction of strength you can concentrate. Avoid "cleeking" the hammer below the armpits. Throw the arms high in the air, "following" the missile to your full stretch of arm. Cultivate the true method of swinging, th art of concentration, the clean turning towards the stance. In practice do not be always trying to break your previous record Only occasionally test yourself to the utmost. One additional suggestion I may add. It is no earthly good trying to copy in every detail the style of throwing adopted by any special athlete. You may gain profitable hints from many of them. You will never reach proficiency by slavish imitation. Learn the cardinal fact that it is the very force of individuality that creates efficiency. There are dozens of good styles of throwing; there is room enough for dozens more. Kenneth M'Rae, George Johnstone, James Morrison, A. A. Cameron, Donald Ross, Johnnie Anderson, Alex. M Culloch, Matthew Marr, John Mackenzie, Alex. Finnie—all these and many other first-class men had, or have, widely different methods; all are good—excellent. Therefore, see all the good throwers you can, annex all the hints you may, but strive ever for a personal method of your own.

Chapter III.

PUTTING THE BALL.

When each his utmost strength had shown,
The Douglas rent an earth-fast stone
From its deep bed, then heaved it high,
And sent the fragment through the sky,
A rood beyond the furthest mark.
And still in Stirling's Royal Park,
The greyhaired sires who knew the past
To strangers point the Douglas cast,
And moralise on the decay
Of Scottish strength in modern day.

—("Lady of the Lake"—Canto v.)

Quite an interesting little anecdote is this indeed. It is usually quoted to emphasise the obvious moral. The moral that is, which assumes the modern day declension in things physical. I do not quote the stanza in any such fashion. There was nothing phenomenal about the "Douglas cast." Two men I knew—Charlie M'Lean and Johnnie Anderson—who both lived within a stone's throw of the scene of the performance, could have beaten it at any time. My notion in quoting the Wizard of Abbotsford's yarn is simply to show that centuries ago "throwin' the puttin' stane" was a recognised event of a Scottish sports programme. Without a doubt "putting" was originally done with a stone. At many gatherings it is so even yet.

An iron ball is used, however, at the great majority of meetings, and the commoner weights in use are 16 lbs. and 22 lbs. In amateur competitions a 16-lb. ball is universal.

Putting the ball is to-day the most widely practised of the throwing feats. It is easy to explain why. A very limited space is sufficient for a pitch. I have seen first-class athletes putting in a city backyard, and I've seen good putting done on the hard toll road in front of a rural "smiddie." Then, again, the missile required is easily secured. A stone from a roadside dyke, a round piece of metal of any kind—these come handy enough.

It is a fact well within the knowledge of any one with even a casual acquaintance of the subject that to-day there are three good putters for one good hammer-thrower, and probably six at least for every athlete who is really expert with the caber. This is proof at once as to the readiness with which the feat can be practised. How, then, is it accomplished?

The Difference in Method.

There are different methods, but three in particular. There is the "standing" style; it is almost obsolete now. Down on

Putting the Ball.

the borders a style is in evidence which admits of some fantastic movements. A light ball weighing 6 lbs. is thrown over the shoulder, a kind of putting which is neither profitable as an exercise nor worth looking at as a spectacle.

The genuine "Scottish" style, the style adopted at nearly all our Highland gatherings and athletic meetings, and which has been introduced in far lands wherever Scotsmen have pioneered, is accomplished thus:—From behind a stance the athlete puts. A piece of wooden planking 4 to 8 feet long, 6 inches broad, and 2 inches thick is set on edge, and held secure by wooden pins driven firm. This forms the stance. Seven feet six inches is measured off in rear of the stance, and a peg driven in to denote the limit. That is the stepping space allowed. Most competitors take the whole 7 feet 6 inches stepping space and a trifle more if they can get it. Some are content with less; a few prefer 6 feet or a trifle over. I want to make it plain to transparency that genuine putting has nothing in common with that kind of thing wherein a man takes a frantic hop, lets bang at an iron ball, and leaves a providential dispensation to do the rest. Study the feat as carried out by Charlie M'Lean, for instance.

From the moment he poises the ball in his hand till the thud 45 feet away denotes delivery, a very few seconds of time only elapse. But in the accomplishment a whole system of philosophic lore is brought into action. He knows exactly what stepping space suits him. He calculates it with a mathematical precision. Now he stands at the "ready." His right foot is parallel with an imaginary straight line drawn parallel with the stance. The left foot is in advance a little to the left, the toe pointing straight towards the stance. The whole weight of the body is balanced on the right leg, the knee of which is bent just a trifle. The ball is poised carefully but easily, just over the right shoulder. Straight out from the shoulder the left arm is stretched free. Then the first hop is taken. With this he takes a direction slightly angular, a trifle to the right side of a straight line. Now the left foot is swung to the left, and the feet rest for an instant wide apart. For a fraction of a second the whole body is balanced. Every ounce of leverage is placed behind the ball.

Straight as an arrow the arm shoots out. Through the air soars the missile. The momentum imparted, the elevation attained, the circuit described by the ball in its course—none of these things depend on chance, or rule of thumb. They are distinctly within M'Lean's range of vision, both mental and

ocular, all the time. I set it down without fear of contradiction from any one who knows his athletics (what others say is of no account) that this marvellous putter has furnished in his own personality the most complete vindication I know of the axiom that "Mind rules matter."

Putting the ball is a noble feat. It is capable of a splendid exhibition of manly grace. Beginners and even progressives will not find it easy to follow the line of action I have sketched just immediately. But I imagine these lines reduce the art to a statement of its simplest terms. And when it is mentioned that many a time I have gone to M'Lean's practice ground, and having the benefit of a kindly provided exhibition all to myself, watched the details for an hour at a stretch, I think I may claim at all events an honesty of purpose. Should the aspirant not be so successful as he would like, do not let him turn lukewarm in his quest.

If what shone afar so grand
Turn to nothing in thy hand,
On again! the virtue lies
In the struggle, not the prize.

Chapter IV.

TOSSING THE CABER.

There is a marked divergence of opinion amongst commentators, past and present, as to the manner in which, and the precise period when, this feat originated. In one respect, however, a decided unanimity of opinion is displayed. All declare that caber-tossing is a sport distinctly Scottish. Some avow that it is the sport most characteristically Scottish of all. And that which a consensus of authoritative judgment has decreed, I do not in anywise care to disturb. There is a wonderfully subtle power in the association of ideas. To most of us who have seen a caber tossed, the mention of it conjures up a vision. A picturesque scene it is. In fancy, you scan a circuit of eager, expectant faces.

There is a hollow at the foot of a fir-clad hill. It's a saucer-shaped depression. A natural amphitheatre rises all

around. No human art, applied to the scheme of things perspective, could e'er improve or evolve the line of contour you see depicted here. It's Arcadia on a summer day. You list to the pibroch's wail; you are charmed with the merrier lilt of the strathspey and reel. O'er the dancing "brod" flit the experts in the poetry of motion, as rendered by the Gael. Glorious exponents they are—Charlie M'Ewan, John Mackenzie, M'Lennan, M'Neilage, M'Neil. Ah! but yours is a ghostly vision, John. And yet no reel will ever be danced before my eyes in which I do not see you, finest adept of them all, though now you have scrambled through the low, dark, narrow doorway marked "Exit" for every human unit!

Light-footed "peds," too, strain every effort to breast the tape. Lithe-limbed leapers clear the cross-bar. The heavy hammer soughs through the air with a rhythmic echo. The puttin-stane describes a graceful arc at the hands of a Cameron, a M'Lean, or a Nicolson.

But right in the centre of the arena is the finest scene of all. A massive tree is raised to the perpendicular. Often it takes an effort to raise it. I've seen three valiant Committeemen baffled in the attempt—not that they were weaklings either. Now is the task essayed. Erect, with hands in front of him, with expanded chest, the athlete steadies the timber. The Highlander claims his own. Kilt-clad, gigantic of frame, resolute of countenance, bronzed, with the tinge of rude health toning brown, he is the cynosure of every eye. Doesn't the prospect appeal? Is he Cameron, Munro, Morrison, Johnstone? Take your own choice of the finest quartette of caber-handlers who ever graced athleticism. Place him there in fancy, and then is your scene complete. The caber and its holder—these form the picture. All the rest is but the setting of it.

Carefully our hero stoops. His hands are deftly inserted below the small end of the tree. There is a clean, quick lift, and an upward sweep from the ground. The athlete stands erect. The caber rests against his left shoulder, the end of it carried in the hollow of his overlapping palms.

Fourteen feet of it towers above the level of his shoulder, with all the heaviest of it at the top. He has only two feet of it in charge with which to control the leverage of the whole.

But the balancing is done with expert judgment. A run is taken—swift, straight, unerring. From top speed he comes at one transition to full-stop. At the instant he does so, the caber leaves his shoulder. Exactly at the psychological moment, when the centre of gravity is disturbed and the balance is upset, he exerts every atom of strength. He hurls the small end upwards. The heavy end strikes into the turf, and the light end attains the perpendicular.

This position it reaches. For a moment it stands motionless. Will it go over? How will the fates, how will the goddess of sport decide? Eyes are strained, nerves are a-tingle, tongues are silent, for every watcher's range of vision is bounded by the waver of a tree. And then—it leans to the right side—and falls—

> As falls on Mount Avernus,
> A thunder-smitten oak.

Far through the glades around, the ringing cheers penetrate and, filtering along the valley, strike the echoing hills. So that is how a caber is tossed!

What I have just described is the real Scottish style of tossing. Other styles, more or less absurd, and all essentially stupid, there are. In the method described as American, a kind of roosting-pole article is thrown out from a trig. The merit achieved is measured by the distance thrown. Even at some of our own Gatherings variations of this same idea are in evidence. At one Perthshire meeting, which I need not specify, a ridiculous system was for many years in vogue. A stance was set. The competitor was allowed any length of run he pleased, but he must not go over the trig. Tossing for distance was the test. It was not necessary to turn the caber a complete somersault. So long as it fell in such a position that, as it lay, it was at such an angle that it was "past the square," then it counted, so far as the tossing was concerned, equally good with a "clean over" throw. The longest distance from the stance to the first break of the turf, where the thick end of the caber struck, gained the decision. Now this was more than unfair. It was a wilful perversion. For with a little sleight-of-hand work an athlete could, with little trouble, "slew" round the small end as he tossed the stick from him, and getting it past the line parallel with the stance,

measure better than a genuine attempt in which the caber went honestly over.

The whole business was a hanky-panky hat trick. But the eloquence of an apostle would never have convinced the "gentlemen of the jury" who formed the Committee. "We ken oor ain ken best," I have heard one valiant son of the soil reiterate, "an' we'll be dictatit tae by nobody."

Touching on the men who during the last twenty years have been accepted as the recognised forefront exponents of this feat, I may say that first-class caber-tossers have been of an uncommonly limited number. The actual "champions" you can count on the fingers of one hand. Amongst the old-timers the best men were Kenneth M'Rae, of Nairn; Donald MacDonald, of Tullymet; Matthew Marr, of Govan; J. S. Ewan, of Methlick; Sandy Dempster, of Inchrya; Donald Ross, of Strathglass. The later-day experts have been G. H. Johnstone, Aberdeen; James Morrison, Partick; A. A. Cameron, of Lochaber; and Alex. Munro, of Govan. Beyond all cavil or dispute the four last-mentioned form the finest quartette of caber-tossers which any epoch of athletic history has ever furnished.

At considerable length I have already dealt with the fact that the caber is a splendid feat, viewed from the spectacular aspect. It is an effective test of strength as well. Personally, I never saw a capable performer in this branch of athletics who was not an abnormally strong man. It does not of necessity follow, of course, that every man of abnormal strength can toss the caber. But strength is a prime necessity. As an exercise I cannot place any great value upon it. It is a feat—not an exercise. It is not a feat to be carelessly essayed by anybody, particularly not by a young untrained athlete. Zeal without knowledge will help you little here. A little knowledge, too, is an eminently dangerous thing in athletics. Therefore, I would say to the youthful aspirant, see that you have a grounding in some of the other events first. And if you make up your mind to go in for the caber, begin your attempt under the immediate supervision of some one who is reckoned at least fairly expert. Tackling a heavy caber looks a particularly humorous affair when a novice attempts it. It is the kind of humour which borders on tragedy.

Chapter V.

THROWING THE 56-LB. WEIGHT.

There is no gainsaying the fact that this 56-lb. weight business is essentially a strong man's game. It is so in even a greater degree than is the caber. I know that the volatile factor we term "art" enhances the value of every human endeavour. It matters not in what avenue you employ it. There is art in painting a picture. There is art in the digging of a ditch. Sometimes the ditch-digging is the more artistic effort of the two. And art asserts itself even in 56-lb. weight-throwing. But to handle the missile with any degree of efficiency an athlete must be "by-ord'nar" strong. To break a record he will have to be phenomenally strong. If you want to know how this feat originated, I cannot tell you. I suppose I could weave as nice a theory about it as any one else. Some authorities who expect athletic wisdom to perish utterly when they become defunct, tell us glibly all about the introduction of the feat. I don't believe them. Your old-time athlete is mostly a chronic driveller. When he is not that he usually exaggerates. This much is certain—as an exercise you will find the 56-lb weight throwing practised to a limited extent all over Scotland. It is included in comparatively few of the games programmes. These few, however, are not confined to a contracted area.

At Haddo House and Drumblair, in Aberdeenshire, at Elgin, and southwards at Kirkcudbright, throughout the counties of Ayr, Perth, Fife, and in places along the West Coast, it is classed as an event, and keenly contested. Still, its adoption by Committees is painfully slow. This is regrettable.

How the "Throwing" was done.

In the beginning, to borrow a classic phrase, an ordinary merchant's "box" 56-lb. weight was the article used. The oldest style of throwing was the "pendulum" style. Standing with his right foot at the stance, the athlete swung the weight by the ring, backwards and forwards, and delivered it backwards with the right hand. Art was nearly an unknown

quantity here. Later, the three-quarter turn was introduced. The performer stood with his right foot parallel with and close up to the stance. He made a three-quarter turn in delivering the weight. There is also the "full-turn" style. The athlete faces the stance, but at a distance of from three to four feet from it. He makes a complete turn of the body. Quite the most finished style of all, however, is that known as the "double turn" style. It is practised mostly in Aberdeenshire and Banffshire. Allowing himself about nine feet of stepping space, the exponent faces the stance.

He takes one full turn, then a step, and finishes with a second full turn, hard up at the trig. It is what I would define as a kind of progressive waltz with a 56-lb. weight for a partner, and the music getting faster all the time. Incidentally, I may say, I have seen less graceful partners than the athlete's 56-lb. weight!

It would be criminally wrong to advocate 56-lb. weight-throwing as a recreation for an undeveloped youth; but he may have the benefit of the feat as an exercise and be equipping himself all the time by simply throwing a 28-lb. weight instead. With this there is no risk, and he will the more easily learn the proper method of negotiating the heavier article, if in the course of things he finds himself strong enough. As a matter of fact, in the Shires of Aberdeen, Banff, and Moray the 28-lb. is as much in evidence as is the 56-lb.

Another Point to Note.

Besides the great differences in the methods of handling the weights, as already detailed, another point may be noted. For a few years now a kind of weight has been used at many meetings with which it is easier to get distance than it is with the old-fashioned box-shaped 56-lb. An iron ball, with a chain and swivel attached, and often with a stirrup grip, is commonly met with to-day. This apparatus usually measures about 18 inches in length over all. The older-fashioned affair measured only a foot, and the grip being simply a ring fixed to the top of the weight, little leverage could be obtained or much of a swing got. Comparisons, therefore, between performances accomplished by the old-timers and by present-day experts are not matters for an off-hand calculation. At the

same time, I have no hesitation in setting it down as an item of my own athletic creed, that no professional the world holds to-day or ever saw, can eclipse or could have eclipsed the distances at present standing to the credit of A. A. Cameron. Of course, I insert the saving clause—"With the same weight and under the same conditions." Quite fair, isn't it?

Cameron's Record.

Cameron's present records with 56-lb. and 28-lb. respectively are:—34 ft. 1 in. and 66 ft. ½in. The first properly authenticated record chronicled in Scotland for the 56-lb. weight was made at Pitlochry in 1892. The distance was 29 ft. 1 in., and the maker of it G. M. Ross, known at that period as "of Philadelphia." G. M. was as good a "Scot" as ever stepped, and was a native of the Lairg district of Sutherlandshire. This effort remained the record for nine years, when Ross himself increased it to 30 ft. 1 in. A. A. Cameron eclipsed this distance, and has further improved on it on several occasions. Now it stands, as I have quoted, 34 ft. 1 in. We have nothing further than garbled gossip to guide us as to forming reliable data of what the men previous to 1892 could do. I am willing to believe that several of them were quite value for an inch or two more than 28 ft. George Davidson (a man of phenomenal strength), Kenneth MacRae (the "hardiest" athlete I ever met), and one or two others in all probability were of that value. Subsequent to 1892 the leading men have been G. H. Johnstone (I saw him do 30 ft. with his coat on at Stirling in 1896); J. S. Ewen, of Methlick; James Morrison; D. Prosser, of Inverurie; Evan Clayton, Elgin; Lewis Cheyne, Drumblair; and Archie Campbell, New Deer. To-day, Cameron, Alec Munro, and Robert Wilson, of Partick, are the front-rank men.

Chapter VI.

WRESTLING (Cumberland Style).

The art of wrestling is capable of providing a more cultured exhibition of physical effort than is any other feat in athleticism which I have seen. I am painfully conscious that it is capable of a something vastly different and (I add it regretfully) abundantly more familiar. Has the reader any dubiety as to what I refer to? There need be none. I can detail for you in plain, unvarnished prose the whole burlesque of a harlequinade, which we called the wrestling boom.

The "foreign" brigade were, of course, as per usual, the men on the spot. Continental fair grounds were ransacked. Every penny show was placed under tribute in the providing of "champions" with terror-striking titles, unpronounceable names, Kaiser Wilhelm moustachios, and hybrid Franco-German gestures.

Degraded to a Penny "Gaff."

Our Highland gatherings and athletic meetings were degraded to the level of the penny "gaff." Valiant fire-eating and sword-swallowing humbugs, rigged out with flowing robes, Oriental turbans, and neck talismans all complete, disgraced the green sward previously held inviolate by honest Scottish athletes.

A day of reckoning came! The public cried, "Hold! Enough." The pitcher had gone to the well a time or two too often. We are getting along to a saner valuation of things now.

It is one of the chief glories of "Cumberland" style of wrestling that it never was compromised in the wrestling debacle. It is its greatest virtue that it couldn't. It is a clean, honest, manly exercise. That is why I am advocating it as the introductory style for youthful athletes. After you have become in a measure efficient in it you are well qualified to adopt any other style, with a fair chance of success. Should you become thoroughly enamoured of the "Cumberland" style you will never see any merit in another.

The Rules.

1. On taking hold the contestants stand squarely facing each other, with chest to chest; each places his chin on his opponent's right shoulder; each places his left arm above his opponent's right, and grasps him round the body.

2. Both men having taken hold, the umpire intimates that usually by saying "Holds!" It is immediately in order for you to endeavour to throw your opponent. You may use every fair and legitimate means to do so, including tripping. Kicking is not allowed, and is treated as a foul.

3. Should either of the wrestlers lose his grip or otherwise break his hold, even although not thrown, he thereby loses the fall.

4. If either wrestler comes to the ground on one knee or in any other way whatever, even though he still retains his hold, he shall not be allowed to recover himself, but shall be the loser of the fall.

5. Should both antagonists come to the ground, the man who touches the ground first or falls under the other is the loser; if they fall side by side or in such a fashion that the umpire is uncertain as to which touched the ground first, then the fall shall be wrestled over again, being what is termed a "dog-fall."

Act with Caution.

Now, do not be precipitate in getting into grips. A good hold is half the battle. I have known it the whole of it. There is no best way of taking hold. There is the most expedient way. That is the way which is best going to meet the special characteristics of your rival. Speaking generally, as far as the beginner is concerned, you are safest to face your opponent squarely, chest to chest, and with a hold only moderately tight and moderately low. The virtue of this line of action is that you are equally prepared for attack or defence.

Just a word as to clasping hands. Never do this by interlacing the fingers. Neither do it by clasping the wrist of one hand with the palm of the other. Place all the fingers of one hand into the fingers of the other, forming thus a couple of hooks. Let the back of your right hand press against the

small of your opponent's back. Practice all these details carefully and frequently.

Important Points.

Now, when it comes to an actual combat, one thing you must clearly bear in mind above all others. It is this: No matter what position you are standing in, you are bound to be open for your opponent's attack, granted he is quick enough to concentrate his mind and combine his effort on your vulnerable part. The joint in the armour is morally certain to be there. Practice, and the application of your thinking apparatus, will enable you to find it almost by intuition. For, of course, what I have stated holds equally good for you and your opponent. The next important thing to recollect is this: Every move you make means that so far you are playing into the other man's hands. Some of the best wrestlers living will tell you that they find it the most difficult thing to attack a really good opponent if that opponent has a fair amount of weight and just sufficient patience to plant himself securely and stand still. As a matter of fact, you are never so safe (in the Cumberland style) as when you are standing still. The reason is that the whole operation resolves itself into what my learned friends would term disturbing the centre of gravity, destroying the equipoise, upsetting the equilibrium. Men of plainer speech call it, bluntly, getting a chap off his balance, catching him "on the hop."

There are two illustrations of how this is done. Suppose you intend to "inside click" your man. You take a tight hold, and, keeping your own position secure, jerk him suddenly forward. Ten to one he is compelled to make a step forward to preserve his balance, because when you jerked him you broke his balance. Now, immediately he steps forward, say, with his left foot, you dash your right behind it, pull it toward you, and, exerting all your weight and strength, push him backwards from above the waistline, while pulling him forward below it. Of course, if you bungle it, or if the other chap is smarter than you, you will be thrown. But that is only an incident. Try again.

In the second case you want to use the "outside stroke." Twist your rival suddenly to the left. At the instant you

destroy his balance strike with your left foot against the outside of his right ankle. Apply all the leverage you can with your arms. You will be surprised how easily an opponent can be turned over on his back. The late George Steadman was the finest exponent of the "outside stroke" that ever I met. He was probably the best in history. There are scores of methods, known to the talent as "chips," by which an opponent can be "grassed." The better known of these, particularly the back-heel, the hipe, the cross-buttock, the breast-stroke, &c., I will now review.

Something about Back-Heeling.

Back-heeling is a distinctly primitive method of throwing an opponent. It is also an unscientific method. Still, it is useful, it is effective, and it is certainly the most natural chip of the lot. Intuition dictates to every man (and some few women) who have come into the world since Adam, a method of doing anything he cares to attempt. Don't trouble about the explanation of this. You'll never find it. Watch a couple of youngsters take hold on a village green and wrestle. They will rug and tug, push and kick, twist and screw. All at once something dawns on one little fellow. He places his foot behind the other's heel. Tightening his hold, he pushes for all he is worth. Down goes the other. He is "back-heeled." Haven't you seen it? The little fellow never saw the trick performed. What taught him? Intuition! So much for the back-heel then. It must not be done carelessly or half-heartedly, though. Get your rival into proper position first. He ought to be standing straight, or nearly so. If you are stronger and taller than he is, and have a good hold, you can pull him in and employ the chip quite easily. It is best, however, when your opponent places himself accidentally in such a position that you, quite unexpectedly and without warning, can carry out the feat.

Bob Douglas, of Jedburgh, is the best back-heeler I ever met. I shall take the responsibility of saying that he is also the finest Cumberland wrestler at his weight Scotland has produced. Robert does not advertise—that is why I am stating it here.

To Prevent Back-Heeling.

Having described this back-heeling business, it is now, I imagine, the next thing in order to explain its prevention. There are three good ways. In the first place, immediately you feel you are being pushed backwards you must slacken your hold of your aggressor as much as you can and lean forward. You may thus be able to preserve your balance and get your foot clear. In the second method, if you know you are actually going over (and you will very soon discover the fact) strive your utmost to turn your side towards your opponent. Do not attempt to get your foot clear. Rather tighten your hold of his leg with it. You are now in the very same position as if you were applying the "hank" on your rival. Probably, in fact, almost certainly, you will both come down, and pretty heavily. But the other has at least an equal chance of touching the ground first. Another plan is, immediately the back-heel is inserted, lift your leg outwards at full stretch and as high upwards as you can. If you are strong on the leg this is a splendid mode of defence. But it must be gone about instantly.

The Hipe.

Dealing now with the hipe, I may say at once I am strongly prejudiced in its favour. In fact, I reckon it is the ideal method of throwing a man. Here are the reasons:—The man who applies the hipe does not imperil his own position to any great extent. Even should he miss it he can follow it up by three or four other chips, all of which follow in quite a natural sequence. A really expert hiper seldom or never misses. It is an artistic way of working, too. It is extremely pretty in its execution, it is not at all dangerous, and if there is a gentlemanly, inoffensive style of beating an opponent the hiper demonstrates the method how. There is the left leg hipe and the right leg hipe. Each is preferred by different men. Practise both. Then if you miss with the right leg, instantly bang in with the left.

Difference of opinion exists as to the best way of proceeding. Assume you mean to apply the hipe with your left leg. Many experts will tell you, "Lift your opponent and carry him to

the right. Concurrently with this strike your left knee sharply against the inside of his right thigh; throw up your left leg as far as possible, keeping the muscles from the knee downwards as hardly set as you can." Other wrestlers say, "Lift your man sharply and bodily straight up first," then as you lower him insert your knee in the same position as I have already shown.

The Best Method.

With all due deference to these authorities, I fancy I know a better way than either. And there needn't be any mock modesty in telling it. For, rightly or wrongly, I have the idea that I know my "hipe" about as well as most people. This is the method that I advise:—Get squarely in front of your adversary; work for a tight hold with your right arm well down. The moment you find yourself in this favourable position whip your opponent clear off the ground, using your right knee to lift him, and, of course, employing all the assistance the arms can give you. Having got your man on the move, keep him moving. Should he not go over immediately, shoot out your left foot, striking as near the ankle of his right foot as you can. If he still is only "almost persuaded," allow your foot to come firmly to the ground, bend forward your left knee, and twist him bodily over it. Do not expect to become an efficient hiper all at once. Reflect for a moment on the fact that although this chip is 100 years old there have not been over a score of really first-class exponents of it during that time, and in Scotland none. Lots of men with fair average intelligence in other matters think Cumberland wrestling effete and worn-out in Scotland. Why! it is only cock-crow and day-break with it yet.

The Breast Stroke.

I shall touch briefly on the breast stroke. It is an extremely useful move, is easy to learn, and difficult to counter, especially if you apply it quite incidentally in the course of a struggle. For instance, you lift your opponent. He, thinking you mean to apply the hipe, keeps his knees tightly together, and clings to your chest. Let him do so. This is one of the rare occasions, rare as angels' visits, when there really

is "luck in leisure." Keeping a tight grip of your subject, secure your footing. Now give a sharp jerk with your arms and chest towards the right, then as suddenly and, if possible, with greater exertion towards the left. Open your arms, and almost to a moral certainty your clinging wrestler will land at your feet flat on his back. It is seldom there is any dubiety about a fall of that kind.

Cross-Buttocking.

Cross-buttocking is a much more complex affair. In the first place, you must have a fairly loose hold and well up below the armpits as near the neck and shoulders as possible. You cannot cross-buttock with a waist hold; you leave yourself no room to turn in. Well, immediately you find a favourable position, turn your left side towards your opponent, get your hip underneath him, throw your left leg across both of his, and lever him from the ground. You will both come down, but you will be uppermost.

This operation of cross-buttocking, you will observe, is a combination of three distinct movements. The three must succeed one another with cinematographic precision, otherwise, when you turn in towards your rival, all he requires to do is to slip his hold of you down as low as he can, get his knuckles below your ribs, and hold you there securely till he gets time to plan some new manœuvre. A quick-witted opponent won't keep you waiting long. He will either twist you forward and land you on your head, or, if he finds it more expedient, he will lift you backwards, bringing you over his right knee. Yes, it's a fine wit-sharpener is Cumberland wrestling—better than a textbook on "Jevon's logic" or a secondary education grind.

Who makes the Best Hiper.

Previously I have emphasised one point which the aspirant must never overlook. It is this—Never try a specific chip in a competition until your rival is in such a position that you can apply it with reasonable prospect of success. Let me coin you another little axiom. Never give much attention to the practice of chips entirely unsuited to your own physical characteristics. You say that isn't much of an axiom. I know it

is only common-sense. Our learned friends would call it a self-evident verity. But then no axiom is anything else. Let us analyse the one just coined. I apply it thus. The back-heel is best adapted for the requirements of a man who is tall; and in any case it is only when your opponent is a man of less stature than you are, that it is a safe move. You can seldom do much good with it against a rival taller and heavier than yourself.

A long-legged man makes the best "hiper," too. Suppose you endeavour to hipe a very tall man. Though you lift him fairly well off his left leg he may still be able to keep his right touching the ground; consequently, as you are standing on one leg yourself and are the aggressor, he, acting on the defence only, is more favourably situated than you are. A man of the Hugh Nicholson type is the proper stamp to make a back-heeler or hiper; on the other hand, a tall man cannot become an expert with the

Full Buttock.

This throw, or rather means of throwing, differs from the cross-buttock. You must have a very loose hold of your opponent. Wheel round with your back towards him, stooping low, and getting as far beneath him as possible. Then shoot him clean over your head. A man short of stature and of burly, thick-set build, particularly if he is long in the arm, makes the ideal buttocker.

There is a very skilful way of attacking an opponent, termed the

Swinging Hipe.

It is worth a lot of trouble to learn. You lift your man from the ground with a swinging movement, and continue the movement till you describe an imaginary circle with his feet. Then apply the hipe in the fashion I have described when detailing the ordinary hipe. One thing I will promise. If you become an expert with the swinging hipe you will be almost certain to throw any ordinary wrestler you meet—at least the first time you meet him.

A great deal has been written about the merit of the "hand." Personally, it never appealed to me in that light

at all. I shall explain why, just immediately. But first I will describe its execution. It bears a distinct family resemblance to the inside click, but differs thus. Whereas, in clicking your opponent you face him squarely, and, using your left leg, pull his right leg toward you, gripping near his ankle; in the hank you wheel sideways towards your rival, clutch his leg behind his knee, and, slackening your hold, push him backwards. Many clever light-weights, notably A. J. Ingram, the Thomsons, and others, have achieved much success through this chip. Still, speaking from close observation, I must say that for each occasion on which it is brought off successfully there are five failures. And if you miss it when tackling a heavier and stronger man, you are in a tight corner indeed.

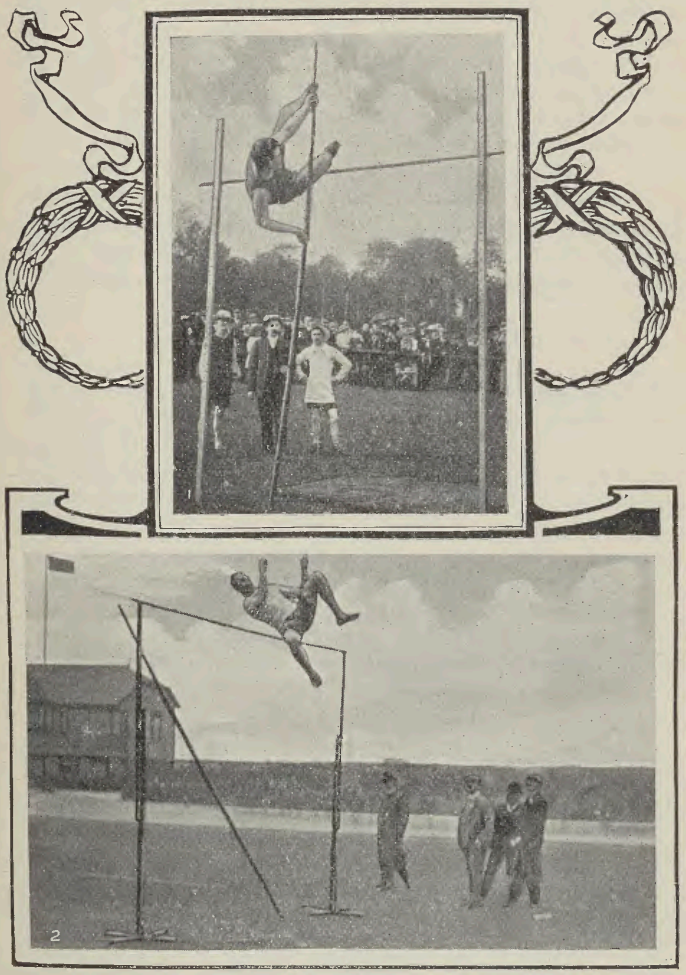
Chapter VII.

VAULTING WITH THE POLE.

It is a thrilling feat is the "vault." Even a casual spectator feels a physical exhilaration in watching a capable athlete perform. Such, with all due deference to the "Hæckel" school of philosophy, I reckon an evidence of the power which a sympathetic association of ideas possesses. Your vaulter is always a cheerful, breezy personality. I suppose that his habitual rising to high altitudes, and the quickly decisive method by which he reaches them, make him so. You watch him decide the spot at which he grips the pole. Mark how he judges distance. He calculates the speed and the length of his run. He grades his pace, plants the pole securely, annexes the crucial moment. The supreme impetus of the run is merged into the leverage required to raise his body over the bar, "and over the bar he soars." You feel, in fancy, you have accompanied him.

What does "Vault" mean?

By the way, I wonder how many readers have given a thought as to why this feat in athletics is termed the vault? Personally, I like to know most things more intimately than



Vaulting with the Pole.

a simple estimate of their face-value affords me, and this is an instance which furnishes an interesting illustration of the synthetical character of the English language. For a vault simply means "a continued arch," whether you refer to a vaulted chamber underground, i.e., an arched-roof cellar, or the "vaulted dome o'erhead," signifying the sky. So when the athlete throws himself from the ground over the top of a bar and lands on the other side, he follows the fashioning of an arch. If he places his hands on the top rail of a five-barred gate and throws himself over, he is vaulting with his hands. He figures out the arch. When he goes double the height with the aid of a pole, then he is vaulting with the pole. Delightfully simple, is it not? Did it ever strike you before?

The Advance in Vaulting.

Pole-vaulting has improved more in late years than has any other athletic feat. Examine the records of games' meetings of 30 or 40 years ago, and you will find a height of eight to nine feet could generally secure first prize. Incidentally, this furnishes the explanation of how it happened that heavy-weight so-called champions of those days often won the vault. Were it as easily won to-day, we have plenty of heavy-weights who could win it still. The times are changed. To-day 10 feet is not at all safe for even a third prize in good competition. At Inverness a few years ago, on level ground, four of the competitors cleared 10 feet 6 inches, and six cleared 10 feet. That kind of achievement emphasises the advance in present-day vaulting.

Our Scottish athletes, with the exception of a few Border men, viz.:—W. Hogg, of Ancrum; J. Bell, of Langholm, and a few others—adhere to what I may term the legitimate style of pole vaulting. In this style the upper hand remains in the same position on the pole until the athlete throws himself clear of it and over the crossbar. Now, our friends over the Border act differently. They have a tripod or three-pronged arrangement fixed to the end of the pole. This helps to keep the pole a fixture in the ground, whilst after reaching the height they legitimately vault, they proceed to climb hand-over-hand and then drop over. This little exhibition savours more of acro-

batics than of athletics. Certain it is that 13 or 14 feet may be cleared in this fashion as easily as may 10 or 11 feet vaulting legitimately. Therefore, an honest comparison between the performances of Ray, Stone, or Dickinson (who all affect the climb) and the records of our own best men, such as A. J. Ingram, John M'Kenzie, or Charles M'Lean, who reckon a vault is a vault, and no climbing machine about it, is impossible.

Guidance for Aspirants.

Here, then, are a few cardinal points to guide the aspirant in this fine feat. You need a pole, of course. This should be from 13 to 13½ feet in length. Straight-grown pine, ash, or hickory are all of them suitable woods. Examine carefully for knots, cross-graining, or any other natural defects, and avoid such. The pole is best light, but it must be strong and supple. Lately, bamboo poles have been introduced. They are undoubtedly the best. In grasping the pole, let your hands be 3 to 3½ feet apart. The upper hand should be in a position about 12 inches higher than the height of the cross-bar. Let your run be from 30 to 35 yards. You take the run at top speed. You fix the pole. Where? Athletes differ. Generally speaking, however, a point 12 inches from the centre of a straight line drawn between the uprights will suit you. All beginners find a difficulty here. If you rise a shade too far forward, you strike the bar on rising. If too far back, you strike it in your descent. There is only one panacea for these things—assiduous practice.

Now, having got clear of mother earth, you have quite a lot of things to remember. And this is exactly the reason why you never find a successful vaulter to be a mental dullard. Such would be a contradiction in terms. You must keep your feet clear of the bar when rising, throw back the pole as you cross the bar, endeavour to turn your breast towards the bar in the crossing, and in your descending so arrange matters that you land lightly and gracefully on your toes, and with the legs bent slightly outwards. Landing flat on your feet creates a concussion which is distinctly unpleasant. Landing flat on your back is a sensation more emphatically dangerous still!

It is quite evident, of course, that you cannot negotiate all

these items at first. You must forego something. Well, forego the height. Never mind if you clear only 6 feet for a start, if you do it correctly. Acquire the proper style. Learn to generate top speed. Judge your take-off with precision. Strive to master the turning as you cross the bar. Land easily. Don't worry about the height. In due season it will come all right.

Some Champions.

I suppose most readers are interested in hearing the names at least of the men who, past and present, have obtained the order of merit in this feat. Well, the best men during the past 20 years have been—A. and W. Boreland, Watty Hogg, Duncan MacDonald, J. M'Ilvride, Geordie Gardner, Frank Robbie, the Nixons, and Sandy Liddle, the only man worth calling a capable athlete Glasgow Police Force ever contained. To-day John M'Kenzie, of Partick, and A. J. Ingram, of Edinburgh are, in my estimation, our premier vaulters. Geordie Merchant, Lumphanan; Charlie M'Lean, D. Corbett, Munro Murray, Alex. Dempster, Alex. Finnie are all men in the front rank. One thing about the majority of these men I may point out. They are mostly experts in some other branch of sport, demanding probably more of actual strength. George Gardner was a fine all-round middle-weight athlete and a first-class wrestler. Liddle and Ingram—Ingram was Liddle's pupil—have scarcely ever been thrown by a Scotchman of their own weight in Cumberland wrestling. John M'Kenzie, as everybody knows, is versatility itself in athletics. Charlie M'Lean is one of the very finest shot-putters in the world. Dempster and Finnie are first-class at the same feat. So it is evident, aggressively evident, that you can graduate as a champion vaulter and shine illustrious in other feats as well.

Chapter VIII.

THE ART OF HIGH-LEAPING.

If you ever mean to become a good high-leaper here is an axiom you must not ignore. You must begin early! The reasons annexed to this are so obvious, when they are clearly detailed, that they carry conviction immediately.

First, jumpers are mostly born, seldom indeed are they made. Now, if a lad is possessed of the inherent faculty of a jumper, the sooner he starts developing that faculty the better. It is half the effort of succeeding, when development runs in a parallel line with your natural aptitude. And, on the other hand, the faculty neglected becomes dormant, and the longer you delay your systematic application of it, the less value it yields you. That's a truth as old as the "Parable of the Talents."

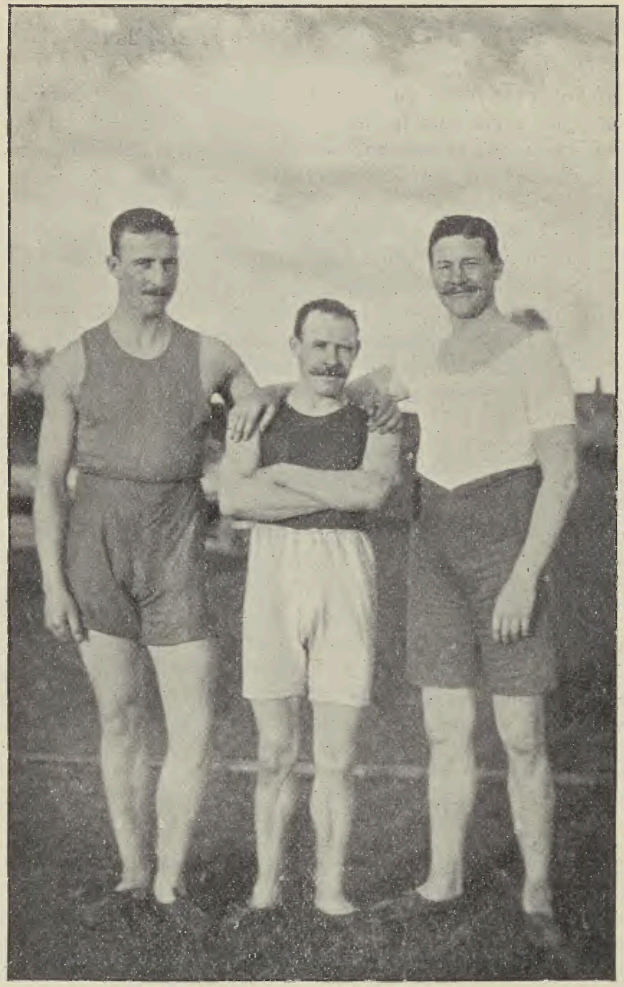
Again, leaping is an exercise in which pure strength plays a considerable part—a more considerable part than is generally supposed. Consequently if a lad acquires the art as a youngster, then as he develops, increase of strength will make him jump higher. That is proved from this: If a good jumper gets weaker, he will not get over the same height as formerly.

And, lastly, agility, as you must have noticed, counts for much. Now, agility is a condition of the muscular system. It is not an abstract quality. So if you wait till your anatomy has taken a definite set, you can hardly expect to reach the same level as an athlete who has been cultivating the "set" most advantageous for a jumper all the time.

What about Training?

Assuming then that a youth has determined to become a high-leaper, what about training? Begin with short-distance sprints, say, 30 yards. Go through a regular series of exercises with light dumb-bells—3 lbs. each is heavy enough. Pay particular attention to leg exercises, such as you will find allied with gymnastics. Touching on this point, however, always

Three Famous High-Leapers.



J. M'Kenzie. G. Merchant. J. A. Clark.

note to make your aim in leg training not the hard "knotty" calf, but the rather sinewy, flexible type, tempered by a fair amount of firmness.

Now, as to actual practice in the art of getting over the stick, you have to decide first whether you intend becoming a "side" leaper, or to adopt the "straight run in." Opinions differ as to which is the more legitimate, as also the more meritorious, method. Personally, I, from the purely spectacular point of view, have always regarded the "straight run" style as much the more graceful. I also have noted that the best heights I have seen cleared have been negotiated under that method. That is enough to commend it, at all events, to me. But in this connection I cannot do better than give the aspiring jumper the benefit of a few sound hints courteously supplied for their special benefit, by a gentleman whose high-leaping record may with all safety be quoted as the Scottish standard of efficiency. I refer to Inspector James Buchan, of Partick Police, who in season 1898 went the whole round of our Highland games meetings, gaining 25 first prizes, and finished the season without a single defeat. Repeatedly he topped the lath at 6 feet—on at least one occasion he cleared 1 inch more.

Inspector Buchan's Hints.

Says Mr Buchan:—"I always adopted the straight run in. I reckon it the more graceful method, and if the following rules are observed the athlete will certainly find it the easier. Let your run be eight to ten yards. A long run is needless. You only want sufficient distance to gather the necessary impetus. Train your eye to the habit of judging the most suitable point for your take-off, and when on the run see the top of the bar you mean to get over—that and nothing more. Concentrate your mind on the business in hand as well. In rising, bend the leg slightly, and immediately you leave the ground bring both legs up sharply in front of the body, throwing the body slightly backwards. Should you find that in the effort of rising you have expended an amount of force with a reserve insufficient to carry you over, proceed thus: Shoot the legs out sharply, at the same time turning the body to the side. If

you rise off the right foot, turn towards the right, or vice-versa. Thus you will probably clear the lath, and come down on your toes with bent legs, and facing the bar. Personally, I believe my own success was mostly due to this kind of second spring in mid-air, as almost invariably my full force was expended in gaining the height.

"When practising, never attempt your utmost in the matter of height. Strive the rather for exactness of method. Reserve an inch or two for actual competition.

"I should like to add a word as to the value of absolute self-control. With complete concentration of physical effort you must combine the maximum of will-power. The slightest degree of nervousness means your endeavour blighted."

Touching on other styles of leaping, I may only note that I consider Charles M'Lean the best and easiest "side jumper" I know. I do not think, however, that his method is nearly so easy as the fashion described, as in the "side" style the whole weight is thrown on to one straightened leg on alighting. This causes a certain amount of shock to the spine, which it is more expedient to avoid.

Chapter IX.

FLAT JUMPING—ITS THEORY AND PRACTICE.

In the term "flat jumping" I include the long leap and the hop, step, and leap. These again can be sub-divided. We have the standing long leap and the running spring. Also, we have the hop, step, and leap, and the hop, hop, and leap. Each event may be performed standing, but generally with a run. For all of these feats the method of preparation is, generally speaking, the same, though, of course, in the actual execution they differ widely.

One point I may emphasise clearly. If you mean to excel in any particular class of jumping, find out as early as you may, in which direction your natural aptitude is the more evident. First-class all-round jumpers, that is, men who are equally facile at negotiating the pole vault, the high leap, long leap, and hop, step, and leap, are rare. I have known a few, certainly, to whom I will refer later; but the rule is otherwise.

In training at the beginning of a season, say, in May, begin with two nights' practice a week. For the first few nights be content with a few good sprints of 60 to 70 yards over good, sound turf or on a track—preferably over both. Next begin practising all the leaps (I am referring to "flat" jumping), being careful not to overdo the business. Bear in mind that you are exercising a set of muscles now, which you might have gone the whole of your little pilgrimage through life and used extremely seldom.

The Long Leap.

The long leap is probably looked upon as the easiest of all the jumps. You, on watching its performance, analyse it as composed merely of two factors—speed and spring. Let a novice, even a fairly active novice, try it. With a great effort he may clear 12 or 14 feet. Now, to find a place in a games prize-list, you will frequently have to beat 20 feet. So you see

there is a bit of art, knack, science—call it what you like—required. Study the essentials first. What are these? There is the run—the length of it and the speed of it. There is the "take off," and the exact moment at which to take it. And there is the elevation to which you rise, and the position in which you come down

In amateur competitions you "take off" from behind a specified mark—usually a piece of wood about 3 inches broad. Undoubtedly it is more difficult to do this than it is to rise anywhere near the mark just as it suits you, as you are allowed to do in games' competitions. You may rise 6 feet in rear of the mark or 6 feet in front of it, according as you feel you have generated the proper speed at which to take your spring. The great idea is to merge the maximum of your velocity into the action of your rising. That's how you win. Some athletes get up the speed to perfection, but cannot negotiate the spring; others are the reverse. Men of both kinds may be good jumpers, but you must by unremitting application strive to do both.

During the rise the legs are in the lead, and the body requires levering up. When at the highest point of the leap you should be collected like a ball—taut. The feet and legs should be kept up as long as possible, at the same time taking great care to come down in such a position that you avoid falling backwards. Keep taut till the last moment, then relax a little just when the heels are touching the ground. Thus you will relieve the concussion.

A good deal of confusion (I've heard some athletes allege something worse) often occurs at competitions in connection with the measuring. Two judges hold the tape-line, one noting the spot where the toe of the foot the competitor rises from, was at the moment of leaping, the other keeping his eye on the first break of the ground made by the jumper's hindmost heel on alighting. The latter gentleman gives the distance measured. It will readily be seen that a good deal of discretion is vested here in the judges, and it is, therefore, the more necessary that Committees should have as referees in this event men not only above reproach, but endowed with as acute a vision as possible.

The Hop, Step, and Leap.

is a feat more difficult, and requires more stamina, will-power, and study. There are variations of it, hop, hop, and leap being substituted often for the hop, step. The "hop, step" is claimed as of distinctly Highland origin, whilst the two-hop method is said to have a more intimate association with the Lowlands.

The Lowland style is the more difficult to master, but the more profitable to use when mastered. It is not advisable to practise this jump very often. Some of our leading hop-steppers do most of their training from a standing, not a running, start. Only occasionally they take a full-speed running hop, step, and jump. In some matters of detail experts differ in their "system." The system here described is that of as good an all-round jumper as I have seen, and, as it was good enough to admit of him winning the flat jumps at Strathallan for three years in succession, and to carry him through two seasons (1905-1906) undefeated in the long leap, it ought to be as sound an exhortation for the aspirant as any that might be quoted.

Mr Bryce W. Scott's Message.

I cannot do better than give Mr Bryce W. Scott's message, verbatim, as furnished to me recently by that athlete-friend:—

"Take a run similar to the long leap run. In the first hop don't rise as high nor hop as far as you can. Rather keep control of yourself, knowing that there is yet a hop and a jump to negotiate. Take a fairly good second hop, and gather all your latent power for the final 'coup.' If it takes some will-power to take the second hop, it takes the superlative degree of it to keep up and finish the jump to every advantage.

"You endeavour to compass the leap in the same manner as in the long leap, but under more difficult circumstances. When going at full-speed and taking two hops it can readily be understood there will be some difficulty in keeping properly balanced, and also in a perfectly straight line. Only keen application and careful study of every detail will foster your progression.

"In jumping, it is advisable to wear centres, more so even than in running. I always have corks in my hands, of medium size and provided with elastic bands (for flat jumping only).

"A word on spikes. These are always a fertile theme for argument amongst jumpers. My shoes have always three spikes in the heel, and all the spikes are from $\frac{3}{4}$-inch to $\frac{7}{8}$-inch long. This may look long, but on an average field such is generally required."

Past and Present Champions.

Dealing with past and present champions in all-round jumping I cannot pretend to give either a full list of the earlier-day men or an exact statement of their achievements. And that is so for reasons I quite candidly provide.

First, in this matter of jumping, more so than in most events, conditions of weather, of ground, and of careless measuring may make things appear very different from what they really were. In the second place, I never yet met an old-timer who impressed me as an unprejudiced critic. Thirdly, I want to stand sponsor for no one else's opinions—convictions, if you like—but the basis for argument all the same. And, fourthly, I have in my own experience and of my own observation seen quite enough good men and true to suit my purpose. Yes! Yes! I hear your obvious comment. "What do you know?" "Peradventure, what have you seen?" Not so very much perhaps, after all, but, like friend Mercutio's wound, "'Twill serve!"

The men whom I reckon to have been heroes in all-round leaping of the time a trifle further back than the present, are these—Tom Gibson, of Edinburgh, whom I first met, I think, at Anstruther in 1892; "Little" Hogg, of Hawick, whom I saw clear 49 feet 9 inches at Alva (in hop, step, and leap); Charles Fenwick and William Young, both of Alva, and both in the first flight; Wee Geordie Merchant, of Aberdeen, who was a pocket edition of Sandow; W. M'Kee, Bridge of Allan. Then later we had J. S. Ewan, of Methlick, a man of unique personality, and Alex. Dempster, of Inchyra.

During the last few years Bryce W. Scott, of Kilmarnock, has had probably the finest average in the flat jumps. Over

season 1906 his average winning distances were:—In hop, step, and leap, 46 feet 8 inches; in long leap, 21 feet 3 inches. His best records for 1906 were 47 feet 9 inches in hop, step, and leap, and 22 feet 3 inches in long leap.

To-day John Speedie, of Falkirk; Donald Corbett, of Camelon; J. M'Farlane, Kilmartin; Charlie M'Lean, of Fort-William; R. S. Murray, of Aberdeen; J. Smith, of Thurso; and J. M. Bain, of Aberdeen, are the foremost high leapers.

Chapter X.

PEDESTRIANISM.

The Making of a Sprinter.

Sprinting is an exacting exercise, and is only suited to the medically "fit." Soundness of wind and limb, and of various other things also, is here a necessity. Therefore, if you mean to tackle short distance (or, in fact, any distance) pedestrianism, with any degree of seriousness, assure yourself first that constitutionally you will pass muster.

It will be better if I clearly define what I mean by a "sprint" race. From 100 to 150 yards, then, I reckon sprinting. One hundred and thirty yards is the distance most commonly quoted, though 100 yards and 120 are usual enough.

The methods of procedure I am about to detail are chiefly applicable to a preparation for fitness over these distances. Long-distance running comes under an entirely different scheme. Begin, then, with walking exercise. Do a tramp of four miles outwards and back daily, and in the morning for preference. Walk as if you had some kind of a mission in life. Take ten minutes of deep breathing exercises on alternate mornings. Combine these exercises with dumb-bell movements (3 lbs.). On the other mornings practice skipping exercise. After ten days of these varied exertions you may get on to the track.

A Starter Essential.

It is essential to have a starter. Getting properly "set" and bounding off as the pistol barks are things you must study,

heart and soul. The start may mean a yard—much less than that can win a race. "Well begun, half done," says the proverb. It is axiomatically true of the sprint, at all events. Cover 30 to 40 yards four times to begin with. Do not sacrifice everything to speed. Cultivate the proper way of going—get a proper "step."

Be careful not to allow the step to get broken or to become contracted. This tendency is common. A good way to remedy it is to select a pitch on the straight just a trifle downhill. Sprinting over this has an influence to lengthen the stride. Christopher, Currie; J. Roberts, Leith; Tom Brandon, of Edinburgh; W. Struth, Edinburgh, are good models of starting and going. Each shows a different method, but all are excellent.

In addition to your four 40 yards spurts, tackle your full distance, once each evening, at a moderate pace. Continue this regime for a fortnight. Begin the second fortnight by extending the preliminary canters to a distance of 60 yards. Negotiate the 100 yards nightly, and at top-speed. You need a man with a watch now. Have every effort over your full journey accurately timed. Note carefully every comparison.

At the conclusion of each evening's performance have a tepid sponging, and finish with a cold spray. Rub dry vigorously. When you have trained consistently for a month, test what you actually are capable of doing. If your timekeeper is a man of experience, and his stop-watch is reliable, and he tells you that you have covered the 100 yards (genuine) inside 11½ seconds, take courage. You have an even chance of making a sprinter! Should he credit you with doing it in less, do not become unduly elated. You may be another Downer on the make. More likely there is something wrong with the watch! If you are worse than the 11 seconds, transfer your surplus energy to some more promising sphere of enterprise.

A Few External Aids.

Of course, there are a few external aids to actual training, worthy of mention and of careful attention. A pair of well-made and easy-fitting spiked shoes are a sine qua non. There should be six spikes in the sole. In sprinting the heel should

never touch the ground. The balance of the body must be negotiated from the sole of the foot. The spring of the instep rebuts the centre of gravity. The rebound creates the velocity. You will not find that illustration in a textbook on "Applied Mechanics." It is correct, though, just the same.

The Importance of Diet.

Diet, too, is probably of more importance in this branch of athletics than in most others. Yet no one can lay down a ruling on the matter in any other than general terms. It is a fact well known amongst the talent that more than one man of splendid promise, when put into special preparation for a big event immediately went off form. And the cause of it was simply that the "hamely fare" to which he was accustomed was improved upon. Other men progress daily when put upon a selected dietary. Plain, wholesome, nutritious foods, with the nitrogenous flesh-formers largely in evidence, and all fat-formers excluded, are, of course, best. By the definition "nitrogenous flesh-formers" I mean peas, beans, lentils, oatmeal, the lean of beef, eggs, cheese, and fish. Fat-formers I instance are potatoes, all the concoctions sold in fancy pasteboard boxes and belonging to the cornflour species, pastry, and all the rest of the sugar-coated stomach-deranging humbug.

I do not think there is much more of vital importance which the beginner needs to know. Consistent application of the precepts herein contained will of a certainty widen the aspirant's outlook. Three months of training should make a novice, if he has any natural aptitude, fit to make a fair show. Don't be discouraged though you do not jump to the front all at once. He was a fairly good judge who said that "the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong."

Chapter XI.

DISTANCE RUNNING.

Distance running in Scotland and under the professional status is usually confined at our Highland gatherings to handicap events decided over the one and two miles' distances. The "milers" and "two-milers" competing at these meetings during the past 50 years have been of a class which could hold its own with credit against the world.

Who has not heard of Bobbie Hindle, of Paisley? M'Leary, of Alexandria, who held the 1 to 10 miles championship, was another old-time hero. Later, we had D. Livingstone, of Tranent, and W. Cummings, of Paisley. In all probability these two latter mentioned could have run a race over any distance from 1 to 10 miles against the world's best in their day, and finished first and second. Cummings held the world's record for the mile and also for the ten miles, and the one and a half miles. His time for the 10 miles was 51 minutes 6 3-5 seconds, and for the 1½ miles, 6 minutes 43½ seconds.

"Paddy" Cannon.

More recently we had the world-renowned Cannon, of Stirling. "Paddy" held the 2½ miles record—12 minutes 6 1-5 seconds; the 3 miles—14 minutes 19½ seconds; the 3½ miles—17 minutes 2 1-5 seconds; and the 4 miles—19 minutes 25 2-5 seconds. Contemporary with Cannon about a score of years ago there was a splendid school of distance men. I may quote a few names, viz.:—James Nisbet, Cowdenbeath; J. J. Ferguson, Tillicoultry; J. Ferguson, Greenock; James Taylor, Kirkcaldy; W. Smith, Paisley; Alex. Duncan, Edinburgh; T. Graham, Forth, &c., &c.

During the past few years we have had attending the games meetings a fine array of peds. Among the foremost have been—G. B. Tincler (Craig, Inverness); Alex. Haddow, Mid-Calder; J. J. Duffus, Partick; J. J. Thomson, Leith; Peter Cleary, Musselburgh; C. M'Callum, Shotts; J. Darwin, East Calder; A. Revel, Partick, and a few others. G. Gordon, of Galashiels, and R. A. Davidson (David Rainey), of Motherwell,

may, along with a selection of the foregoing, be reckoned the front-rank men of to-day. Of course, it must be noted that in dealing with the peds. I only comment on men who have regularly attended, and whom I have seen regularly competing at our Scottish gatherings.

To Become a Champion.

Assuming, then, that the ambition of the aspiring athlete is to win fame as a distance ped., how is he to set about it? First, foremost, and all the time by the way of hard, laborious preparation. The chap who does things by fits and starts will never make a champion here. "Punishment," vowed Paddy Cannon to me on one occasion, "that's the keynote to distance running efficiency. That is the mill I had to go through—and there's absolutely no other way."

Lung capacity is a sine qua non. Therefore, attend to breathing exercises; stationary, in combination with dumb-bell drill, and in conjunction with an occasional sprint. You must have stamina—that is, staying power—and strength working in unison. Long walks at a good pace—walks, I mean, of 10, 15, or even 20 miles—are a necessity. Long slow runs, too, must be undertaken at least twice a week.

Skipping and the use of Indian clubs are useful adjuncts. Rope-climbing is a positive creator of stamina. Open-air living, a generous dietary, no alcohol nor tobacco—these are points also from the "Cannon" creed. I may mention that this creed, though not new, is by no means antiquated. I had a talk with J. Ford, himself a famous handicap winner, and the trainer of Murray, the Powderhall miler of 1908. His system embodied exactly these same principles.

Use Judgment.

Having passed through the preliminaries of training and passed muster as "fit," learn next to go your journey. Remember that it is the pace that kills, not the distance. Therefore, run your race "with patience"—with judgment. After you find that you can get over the limit, whether one mile or two miles, comfortably and in a decent time, then begin to calculate your going.

Some men are simply born calculators in this matter; others never acquire the art. Everybody who ever saw Cannon

running, could observe that he was calculating every yard of the way. He judged his distance with almost mathematical precision. Consequently he had always enough reserve left for a splendid finish. And hadn't Pat a glorious finish? It was the same with Bacon, the famous world's champion amateur. I have watched him train over a 10-miles stretch, and finish with a spurt which many men could hardly have started with. It was a matter of calculation—applying the brain-pan—running with his head as well as his legs.

Remember Style.

There is a great art in carrying the body as you run. That covers a principle in the law of applied mechanics, and lots of other abstruse matters we needn't detail. Here is a rule, however, which embodies the whole affair. I quote Mr W. G. George, who is holder of the world's mile record and many other records, and who in his day was one of the grandest in point of speed or of style on the turf.

"My opinion is," says George, "that the man who can come closest to the ground and yet maintain an even, long, gliding stride will not jar the muscles or move the body when running to the same fatiguing extent as the one who runs with a higher action. The latter may be prettier from a spectator's point of view, but to my mind perfect form for real long-distance running is the action that carries the contestant over the ground at the nearest point to it, with the least possible jar or body movement.

"The arms must be carried low and loosely, and the body and head bent forward sufficiently to compel the legs and arms to be naturally forced forward to support the falling body. The whole move then becomes a succession of balances, the body, legs, and arms falling forward in perfect unison, and sufficiently far to compel, so to speak, a combined perpetual motion."

By way of presenting an incentive to aspiring milers, I may note that the "times" of some famous records in the mile are:—4 minutes 12¾ seconds, made in 1886 by W. G. George, and still world's record; 4 minutes 15 1-5 seconds, made in America by G. B. Tincler (Craig, Inverness); 4 minutes 16 1-5 seconds, at Rochdale, England, also by Tincler.

Chapter XII.

CATCH-AS-CATCH-CAN WRESTLING.

Its Theory and Practice.

(Specially Revised by ALEX. MUNRO.)

In all human probability this is the most ancient style of wrestling. Theoretically, it ought to be. For in the day of prehistoric man, anterior to either the "bronze" or the "stone" epochs, weapons of offence or defence had not been evolved; and in settlement of dispute a rough-and-ready "grabbing as they could" would have to suffice. Of course, this grabbing would develop into an art. As a matter of fact the world wasn't very old ere wrestling was recognised and practised as an art. You'll find inscriptions and illustrations portrayed on the Egyptian tombs of Beni Hasan giving proof that wrestling on the catch-hold principle was based on theoretic knowledge at least 3000 years before the Messianic advent.

All through early literature, alike in pure mythology and in that bit of garbled gossip which calls itself history, we find the cult of the catch-as-catch-can reviewed. In Homer's matchless epics we have the Titanic struggle between Ajax (strength incarnate) and Ulysses (exponent of science) rendered with scintillating brilliance of diction.

Holy writ in its earliest chapters details a contest by the brook Peniel. Paul, the greatest apologist for Christianity the world has known, uses, in his writings, the imagery of the wrestling arena often; he speaks with a familiar enough inflection to denote a knowledge more than casual.

Incidentally, do you know that the dynasty of an Empire, the Throne of Japan, was on one occasion staked on the issue of a wrestle? In 1520 our own King Henry met and wrestled in catch-as-catch-can with Francis the First of France.

Our own standard authors—at all events, several of the more classical of them, and Shakespeare among the number—make the catch-as-catch-can a theme for a tale. "As You Like It" supplies a splendid example. But a truce to ancient history!

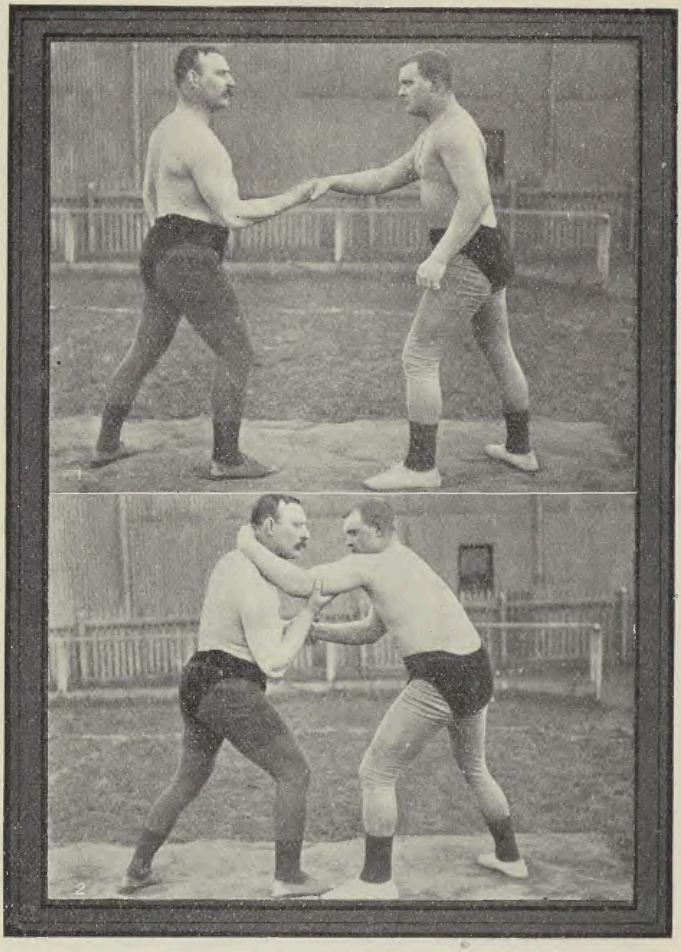


Fig. 1.—The men advance to the centre of the mat and perform the orthodox "shake."

Fig. 2.—Immediately on unclasping, Munro inclines his head forward, which tempts his opponent to secure a head hold. Note how Munro at once counters this, and the position in which he seizes both Foster's arms.

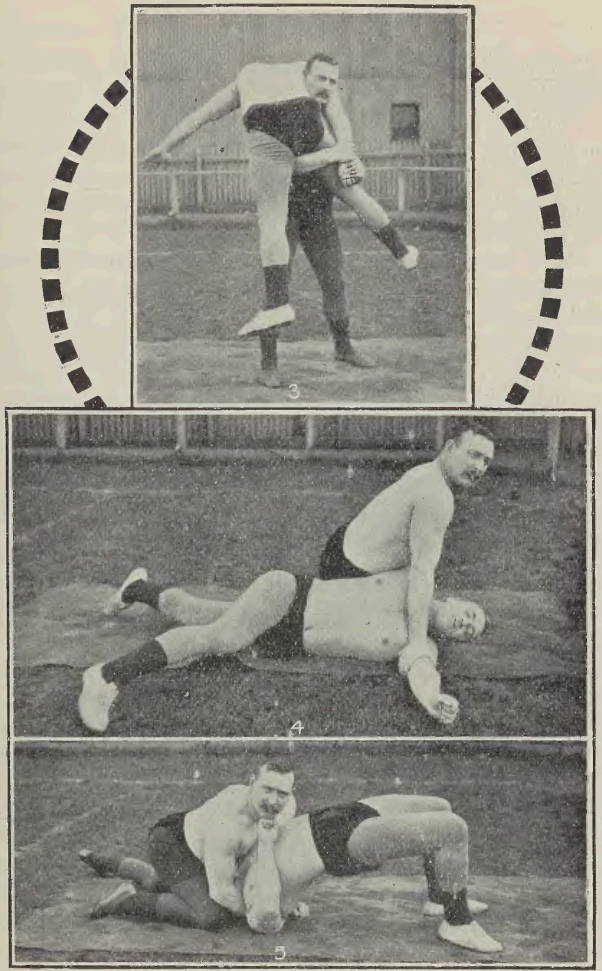


Fig. 3.—Munro now quits his opponents left arm, and, retaining the right, dives underneath, and, gaining a crotch hold of Foster's right leg, locks the arm and leg, rising to the perpendicular, as shown.

Fig. 4.—Munro has now, by bending forward, dropped his rival on the mat.

Fig. 5.—Depicts the finish of the fall. Foster makes here an effort to "bridge." This, however, only can stave off the inevitable, as from such a position as that shown recovery is almost impossible.

The Revival.

Who revived catch-as-catch-can? There need be no dubiety about the answer to that query. Jack Carkeek, the famous Cornish-American, he of the motor brain, the classic features, qualified American barrister, gentleman of culture, and king of scientific wrestlers—all merged in one personality and that unique—he is the man who created the boom of these opening years of the twentieth century.

In providing a few first principles for aspirants, I imagine I cannot do better than quote Jack's dictum, given to me personally some years ago:—

"How do I beat men bigger and stronger than myself? I shall tell you just how," proceeded Carkeek. "It is by superior brain power. Instantly and instinctively from long exercise of the faculty of associating ideas I weigh up my opponent. To me his weak points are always obvious; on these I play. His strong ones I also can descry; these I avoid! A man like Paderewski carries the technique of the piano at his finger-tips; I carry the technique of wrestling in my brain."

Carkeek's Code of Rules.

On another occasion I asked Jack for a code of rules for a beginner. He gave them with perfect lucidity.

"Never attempt to beat an opponent by pure force," declared he. "Submerge your reserve of strength. However strong you are, or think you are, make that strength entirely a subsidiary factor in the game. Always keep cool and alert. See that you do not betray your intention as regards tactics by your demeanour. Angle for an opening, but always with due regard to your own defence. Never assume the aggressive unduly. Strategy! That's the game! When the opening for attack does present itself, seize it. Learn to think and to act in unison. Constantly endeavour to do both quicker than your adversary can."

Rules for Wrestlers.

So much for general principles. Now about the rules which govern the sport. Subjoined I give a fairly exhaustive set:—

The competitors must wear appropriate costume, and be in

their stockinged feet or provided with light canvas shoes with rubber soles. A mat 12 feet square shall be provided. At opposite corners of this the contestants stand. On the call of 'Time!" by the referee they shall advance to the centre, and immediately make play for holds.

Strangling and the double Nelson are invariably debarred; all other holds are permissible, but unfair conduct will disqualify—this defining of unfair conduct being within the power of the referee only.

It shall be mutually agreed prior to the start whether rolling or flying falls are to count, or if only pin falls shall decide. A rolling or flying fall is gained when both a man's shoulders touch the mat at once, though but momentarily; a pin fall demands that both shoulders of the loser be kept 30 seconds on the mat. In the event of an opponent being placed in a dangerous position, and finding himself unable to clear (as, for instance, by being hammer-locked), the referee will stop the bout on the loser signifying defeat to him.

If in course of combat the wrestlers get off the mat, the referee shall bring them back to the centre, and see that they are in the same position as to their relative holds as they were previous to leaving the mat before they again begin. A fall gained when either or both men are off the mat will not count. In that case the men start afresh from the perpendicular. A match, unless otherwise clearly stipulated, will be decided by the best of three falls. A rest of two minutes will be allowed between each bout. If after 30 minutes' wrestling no fall has been gained, the referee will settle the verdict on points.

All stake money, trophies, or other consideration which awaits the issue of the contest shall be placed in custody of the official referee prior to the commencement of the match. These shall be handed over to the declared winner immediately on declaration. In the event of a draw the referee shall retain all stakes till a joint minute of agreement is produced from both contestants.

The referee shall have full power to give a ruling on all points not provided for in the foregoing.

The Details of Combat.

Coming now to the details of actual combat, I may note one fact which no treatise I have perused has emphasised. It is this:—You cannot start the practice of catch-as-catch-can better equipped than with a sound knowledge of that other style—the Cumberland. Does that look like a paradox? Well, it isn't. Briefly, for this book doesn't happen to deal exclusively with wrestling, I will give you the reasons annexed.

In the first place almost every Cumberland hold or "chip," and certainly all the chief ones, i.e., the cross-buttock, the hipe, back-heel, outside stroke, inside click, &c., can be applied in catch-as-catch-can. Again, the chief aim in the Cumberland style is to maintain the equilibrium of the body. Surely this knowledge is valuable when you come to act at close quarters on the perpendicular. By the way, when acting on the defensive in catch-hold wrestling always get to your feet at the first opportunity. It is pre-eminently the safer place.

Now, the holds in this style are legion. Let me describe a few, and, firstly, the most popular of them all,

The Half-Nelson.

This may be applied either from a standing position or whilst on the ground. To do it standing, face your opponent squarely. When an opening presents itself, seize his right wrist tightly with your left hand. Slip your right at once below his arm, and, clutching his neck firmly, pull forward his head. Now, free your left hand, and clasp him round the waist. Keep firm on your feet till you have him on the move. Then as you heave him over, fall with him, and stick to him. Your opponent ought to come down flat on his back, and in a position where you secure a "pin" fall readily.

On the Ground.

the half-Nelson is applied in much the same way. There is very little chance of beating an expert with it, however, when it is plain from the start that you are deliberately striving for

this hold. It is one of those chips which come in extremely useful when applied in the course of a tussle, and your opponent is busy guarding against something else, and momentarily leaves an opening for it. You slip your arm below his, and press hard behind his neck. Use your other arm for leverage. Provided always that the other fellow isn't quicker than you are, and manages to "elbow-roll" you, you should turn him a complete somersault on to his back.

The Back-Heel.

the cross-buttock, the outside-stroke, and the hipe, though all belonging primarily to the Cumberland style are useful chips to apply as an opportunity offers in catch-hold wrestling. As I have already in a preceding chapter on Cumberland wrestling explained how to negotiate these chips, it is unnecessary to retail that here.

Two points of difference the aspirant must note. In catch-as-catch-can the restrictions as to the contestants taking hold, which is demanded in "Cumberland," do not apply; so you do not require to wait till your opponent has got his hold before you bang at him with a "hipe" or a buttock.

And, again, you must note that, whereas in "Cumberland" the simple fact of throwing your rival gains you the fall, in catch-hold something more is required, viz., that you hold him on his back for the requisite 30 seconds. It, therefore, follows that, no matter how skilfully you throw your opponent off his feet, you must immediately follow up your advantage if you mean to get the full benefit of the throw by securing a "pin" fall.

The Head Swing.

and the flying mare are two very showy ways of gaining a fall. Both are chiefly affected in exhibition wrestling and stage "business," and neither of the chips is much good for anything else. To bring off the head swing, you must be in a position directly in front of your opponent; for preference you will manage it best on a man slightly taller than yourself. Your back is towards him. You throw your arms upwards and back-

wards, clasp your hands behind his head, use the leverage of your body, and through pure brute strength pull him over your head. That is to say, if he is stupid enough or obliging enough to come. If he isn't, he will simply grab you tightly round the waist, dash in a leg between yours, click your leg in front, and send you very probably on your head.

The flying mare is rather more useful. If done instanter it may prove very effective. Grasp your rival's left wrist with your right hand. Then quick as lightning (or nearly so) whirl your back towards him. Seize his left elbow with your left hand, and bring him over your hip, after the fashion of a buttock. The same method to stop this, as I have already described as suited to the head swing, will do, only it is scarcely so easily done here.

The Hammer-Lock.

Were I to consult my own prejudice, and that only, I would ignore this lock altogether. It has a lot of names—the hammer-lock, the arm-lock, the American arm, the "arm up the back" are some. Call it what you will, it is a rough-and-ready way of obtaining a fall. My idea of sport is that in defeating an opponent an athlete should strive to do so in a manner consistent with the minimum infliction of pain. This hammer-locking contains just about the maximum of pain. I have seen it done hundreds of times; I have used it; I've also felt it. So, like the street-corner preacher, I speak from personal experience.

However, it is a perfectly legitimate means of beating your man, and if you care to accept the maxim that the end in view justifies the means adopted, then "arm-lock" away as hard as you please. You get well behind your rival, preferably to his left. Seize both his wrists. Keep pressing forward with your chest, and pulling his arms outwards. Immediately you get his left arm clear, relinquish his right, and, using both your arms, bend his arm backwards and upwards across his back. When you get his arm at right angles, press the imprisoned hand hard against the shoulder-blade. In the loop thus formed insert your own free arm. Apply all the leverage you can; your victim will either give in or have his shoulder dislocated. That is the plain English of it!

The Double Nelson.

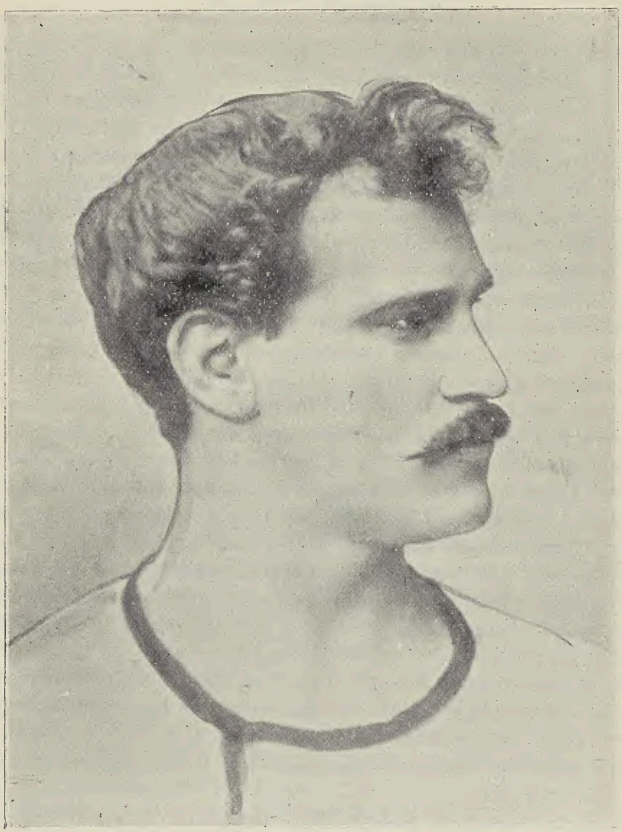
This comes in the same catagory with the arm-lock, only it is very often debarred. You get behind your man. Get both your arms underneath his, and clasp your hands securely behind his neck. If you insert your arms properly and apply the proper leverage forward and downward he cannot recover himself. Of course, this can only be done on a rival shorter and lighter than yourself. A stronger rival than yourself would be able to resist through pure strength, and probably throw you over his head into the bargain. Another obvious defence is to back-heel the aggressor, and fall backwards on him.

Doubtless it is a sound policy in wrestling, as in most other matters, that an all-round knowledge and efficiency is preferable to devoting undue attention to one specialty. Yet, it is a fact that nearly all the outstanding men at the grappling game with whom I have come in contact kept carefully in reserve one little trick which they relied on beyond all others. Old Jamie Currie's cross-buttock; George Steadman's outside stroke; Hexham Clark's swinging hipe; George H. Johnstone's breast stroke—these are all examples of this amongst experts in the Cumberland style. So it appears to me that it may be a matter of interest to the reader and, I hope, student if I illustrate what is certainly the favourite of Alec Munro's methods of placing an opponent "hors de combat."

It is only right to acknowledge here that when I mentioned this intention of mine to the British champion he at once agreed to the same being furnished.

"Decidedly," he said, "if you think it will do the young fellows any good."

The accompanying photos were, therefore, specially taken, Bill Foster, of Govan Police, being Alec's partner for the occasion. As the advertisement says, "Every picture tells a story," only in this case it is advisable to recollect that, in going through the operation shown in the five pictures here, the whole affair to be successful has to be gone about with a cinematographic precision. A very few seconds would complete the whole operation after Alec's manner of doing it. He who hesitates would certainly lose here.



John James Miller.

Height, 6 ft. Chest, 45 ins. Weight, 13 stone. Neck, 18 ins.
13-stone Champion Wrestler of Scotland (Cumberland Style), 1902-1908.
Winner of Karkeek's Challenge Cup, 1904.
Bridge of Allan All Weights Championship, 1902.
Waverley Market International Contest, 1904.
Championship of Scotland (Helensburgh), 1903.
&c. &c.

Some Famous Athletes.

ALEX. MUNRO.

Alex. Munro did not strike the athletic firmament suddenly. A good deal of nonsense has been talked by the man in the street, and by writers who do not know him, emphasising the idea that he was quite a chance production as an athlete, and as Britain's champion wrestler. The orthodox version of the story runs thus. Hali Adali and Tom Cannon were appearing as champion wrestlers in a city music hall. Munro went to see the show quite accidentally. It was an inspiration to him. Taking up the sport, he immediately attained phenomenal success, and was hailed as a champion instantly!

That is not the correct way of it at all. Certainly Alec did visit this music hall—as a matter of fact, I accompanied him—and the exhibition opened out a new possibility before him. But away in far Sutherland he had competed as a wrestler ten years before. Hammering iron in his father's smithy at Lairg, he already had concieved an idea of athletic prowess. When the hour came to fulfil it, Alec was the man.

Here are the facts then with a regularity of sequence. Alec Munro was born 32 years ago at Helmsdale, Sutherland. On leaving school he was apprenticed with his father as a blacksmith. Even then abnormal strength was his paramount characteristic. When little more than a lad he could romp through that list of events inseparably allied with the country "smiddy." Lifting a pair of cart wheels with the axle combined; holding the smith's forehammer at arm's length; tossing a plough aboard a farmer's cart—these are the quality of feats he practised. Next, he tackled athletics. In the caber, hammer, ball, and wrestling he became efficient. Competing at local games at Avoch, Invercarron, Dornoch, he was very successful. At Lairg he won the putting 6 years in succession.

Contently shoeing horses, he might have remained in semi-obscurity, satisfied that—

> The daily round, the common task,
> Should furnish all he ought to ask.

But he wasn't built that way. So he gravitated to Glasgow, and, joining Partick Police Force, was in a very short time competing all over Scotland, particularly with the caber, and seldom being defeated.

His stay with the force was not prolonged, and next we find him working as a horseshoer with Glasgow Corporation. The following spring he joined Govan Constabulary. Immediately on entering Govan he gave unremitting attention to wrestling. He was now a first-class all-round athlete. At hammer and ball he was capable; in weight-throwing he was a front-rank man; with the caber he reached championship merit. Up till this period Scotland had lain under the reproach that it could furnish no really first-grade wrestler. It was a fact that wherever good prizes were given as an inducement, even although the style specified was "Scotch" (which was almost analagous with modern catch-as-catch-can), experts from over the Border invariably annexed the chief honours. A few good wrestlers there had been before Munro's day, but the art in Scotland was far down the scale of athletic efficiency.

Munro's advent heralded a renaissance, and altered the old order of things. Alec weighed up the pros and cons of the situation. He determined to excel. He acquired a thorough scientific knowledge of the art. To Jack Carkeek, the famous "King of Wrestlers;" G. M. Ross, and a few others Alec admits a debt of gratitude in this connection. Every aid he could use he made the means towards an end. He adopted the "Sandow" system, trained regularly at all the athletic events, and practised heavy weight-lifting assiduously. Sprinting, rope-climbing, and skipping exercise he favoured as valuable adjuncts. He warmly commends these to aspiring athletes to-day. He reached his ideal! No British wrestler he has met has been able to withstand his methods of attack.

First the valiant Scot made it his business to square accounts with the coterie of English experts who, since Jamie Currie had become a waning power, had been the men of light

and leading at our "Highland Gatherings." Steadman and Jack Strong were met at Dunoon in August 1902, if my memory is not deceptive. Both were thrown with such cinematographic swiftness that "timing" the operation was too exacting a task for the present writer. Tom Cannon, Charlie Green, Tom Connors, and Joe Carrol—all "champions"—were each and all placed squarely on their backs, intently scanning "that inverted bowl we call the sky" ere they knew that the contest had really begun. Antonio Pierri, the "Terrible Greek," was a bit of very ordinary clay in the hands of a master potter when tackled by the Scot. Tom Jenkins and Dennis Gallagher, two illustrious American exponents, next met their Waterloo. And then we have the whole "foreign legion," who have cried "Succumb," or the word in their native tongue equivalent to it. A few of these are:—Franz De Ridder, the Belgian; Earnest Ka Houta, India; Emile Deriaz, the Swiss; Franz Joseph, of Austria; Jean Calvert, the big Frenchman; Louis Bourgoins, of Roumania; Lurich, the Russian; Romanoff, O'Ettinger, Emile Terrasier, and a host of others.

Beyond all question of cavil, Alec. Munro is to-day the greatest British-born catch-as-catch-can wrestler of whom we have record. At present he stands without any serious rival in Britain. His measurements, duly authenticated, are as follows:—Height, 6 feet; chest, 48 inches; neck, 18½ inches; thigh, 28 inches; calf, 17 inches; biceps, 18½ inches; forearm, 14½ inches; wrist, 8¾ inches. He weighs 16 stones (stripped). Touching incidentally on Mr Munro's personality, outwith the cult of athleticism, I may only mention that he served for some years as a constable. Later he was advanced to sergeant rank. And subsequently, in recognition of his outstanding merit as a capable officer, he was appointed Inspector, a position he presently holds. Striking the chord of an even more intimate estimate of the man, and, speaking from close association with him from the genesis of his career up till now, I need to assume no affectation in conferring on Alexander the highest eulogium I may.

"Sharp" is his motto, in speech or in action, particularly wrestling action. He is a man, withal, of distinctly benevolent instinct. And often though reviled by meaner men—as all

men of the nobler achievement must of necessity be—I never knew him harbour resentment towards any.

A. A. CAMERON.

Alexander Anthony Cameron is the foremost Scottish heavy-weight athlete of to-day. He is also one of the greatest personalities in the realm of sport of whom we have authentic record. A true Highlander in birthplace and parentage, and in every trait of disposition, he was born at Loch Treig, Inverness-shire, on March 28th 1877.

In athletics he first adopted "putting," and at 21 years of age was efficient enough to win both competitions with heavy and light balls at Fort-William. In doing so, he defeated several of the foremost putters of the day. June 1900 saw him enrolled in Partick Police Force. Almost immediately he sprung into prominence, and, in fact, emphasised for himself a claim to notice alongside the foremost experts of any period at short-putting. As yet, however, his hammer and caber were indifferent, and he wrestled none. So he tackled these feats and the 56-lb. weight as one who meant business. His later success the world knows. His 1904 achievement is the most interesting page of athletic history written for a generation. Here is a brief synopsis of that page:—

He competed at the annual gathering of Partick Police on July 9th. He there created three world's records. With a 20-lb. ball he made 41 feet 1½ inches. The previous best record was made by J. D. M'Pherson, of Toronto—40 feet 11½ inches. Next, Cameron displaced G. H. Johnstone's 22-lb. hammer record throw. The new distance was 96 feet 8 inches; also he created a new world's record with 28-lb. weight—62 feet 10¾ inches. Incidentally on the same day he won the caber, and wrestled a match with Lurich, the Russian champion. After 11 minutes' strenuous combat A. A. C. lost the verdict, not in any sense conclusively, but only through a "rolling" fall. A few days afterwards at Kippen he hurled a 16-lb. hammer 119 feet 8 inches. On 6th August he attended Strathallan, accomplishing there a performance unique. He won all the five "heavy" events on the programme, and won them from a big field of contestants with comparative ease. At

Aberfeldy on August 13th four new records were noted. These were 44 feet 1½ inches with 18-lb. ball; 39 feet 6½ inches with 22-lb. ball—exceeding his previous best by a foot. The 28-lb. weight-throwing record he increased by 3 feet, the new distance being 65 feet 6 inches. With the 56-lb. weight he added 8 inches to the world's record, doing 33 feet.

In the autumn of 1904 he, along with G. H. Johnstone, made an extended tour of the Australian colonies. Thousands of sojourners from the dear homeland hailed the athletic heroes with a joyful welcome, and when they saw the glorious type of men, the old grey mothers beyond the seas could still provide, a perfervid feeling of thankfulness was entertained that the homeland could produce such specimens.

The spring of 1905 was well on the wane ere Cameron returned to these shores. Two remarkable feats, however, he achieved towards the end of the season. With a hammer only a few ounces under the 16-lb. standard, and on ground almost level, he registered the phenomenal distance of 134 feet 8 inches. The same week at Alva, on a sodden pitch (Alva is the village of perennial rain), he putted a genuine 16-lb. ball 46 feet 10½ inches.

Season 1906 he punctuated with many worthy efforts in all branches of the heavy-weight programme. His throw at Crieff was 5 feet 4 inches better than any throw previously noted there. The hammer weighs 20 lbs. A. A.'s distance was 109 feet 4 inches. Previously, the Crieff record stood to the credit of G. H. Johnstone. At Strathallan he repeated his 1904 performance of winning all the five "heavy" events. Partick Police and Glasgow Police sports meetings proclaimed him victor in all the regulation feats. With a 16-lb. hammer at Larkhall he had one of the best throws of his whole career—122 feet 5 inches. Inverness, the famous "Northern Meeting," is usually regarded as the closure of the athletic season. Alec. closed it meritoriously. He won the heavy hammer with 8 feet 6 inches to spare; with the heavy stone he was 4 feet 8 inches in front of all opposition.

Touching on our hero's 1907 attainment, I need scarcely go into a rehearsal of all its varied incidents. True, he did not emerge from it without an occasional reverse. All honour to those who inflicted these!

Still, in estimating fairly the superlative merit of an athlete like A. A. Cameron, we must get away into a broader perspective than the realm an incidental defeat can furnish.

My contention is, then, that at the end of 1907 A. A. stood out pre-eminently as the foremost figure in the world's professional athleticism. Quite true, Alex. Finnie beat him by a few inches at Glasgow Police sports with the 16-lb. hammer True! Charlie M'Lean eclipsed him six times with light ball, tied with him twice with the light ball, whacked him at Oban and Mid-Argyll with heavy ball. Alec. Munro proved as good with the caber as was Cameron more than once. "Bob" Wilson just lost the verdict with the 56-lb. weight by an inch or so against him. These were all incidentals.

Here is your test. Select three hammers—16 lbs., 18 lbs., 22 lbs.; three balls—16 lbs., 18 lbs., 22 lbs.; a 56-lb. and a 28-lb. weight, a caber to be tossed Scottish style, and have wrestling included in the test piece. If you can find a man to come within sight of Cameron in the aggregate result of a fair competition, then you may avow with safety that the age of miracles is not past. The following is an authentic list of Cameron's achievements up to date:—

World's Professional Records held by A. A. Cameron.

	Feet.	Inches.
Throwing Hammer, 16 lbs., ...	122	10½
Throwing Hammer, 22 lbs., ...	100	9
Putting the Ball, 16 lbs., ...	47	8
,, ,, ,, 18 lbs., ...	44	4½
,, ,, ,, 20 lbs., ...	41	1½
,, ,, ,, 21 lbs., ...	40	4
,, ,, ,, 22 lbs., ...	40	1
,, ,, ,, 24 lbs., ...	36	6
,, ,, ,, 28 lbs., ...	34	11
,, ,, ,, 36 lbs., ...	28	5½
,, ,, ,, 42 lbs., ...	26	1½
,, ,, ,, 56 lbs., ...	23	4
Throwing 56-lb. Weight, ...	34	1
Throwing 28-lb. Weight, ...	66	0½

His physical measurements are:—Height (in stockings), 6 feet 1 inch; chest (normal), 48 inches; waist, 33 inches; thigh, 29 inches; neck, 18 inches; biceps, 17½ inches; weight (stripped), 17 stones. Touching intimately on a critical analysis of his personality outside athletic prowess, I may summarise our hero thus:—Great of body, he is likewise big of heart. No mental faculty of his lies dormant. He possesses a penetrative discretion, is sympathetic in a rare degree. Staunch friend indeed and a straightforward opponent is he. And he is a patriotic Scot to the core.

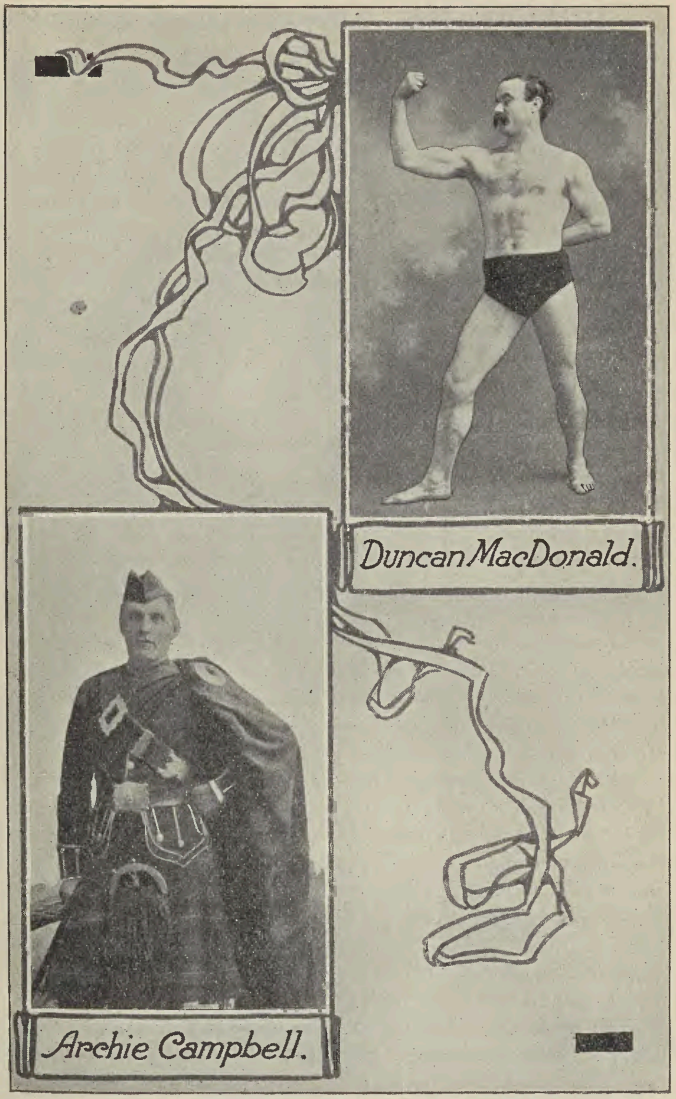
ALEXANDER FINNIE, Dumfries.

Though known to fame as "of Dumfries," "Northies" will note with satisfaction the fact that this fine all-round athlete has no other than a residential qualification down south. The village of Braemar, Deeside, Aberdeenshire, was his birthplace, and 6th July 1879 his natal day. Annually up that airt picnics are held, at which athletic sports are indulged in with friendly rivalry. Many a fine athlete made his first appearance as a competitor at these meetings. Finnie is one who did so. Prior to 1900 he on various occasions had competed at Braemar, and in that year he won the medal awarded to the most successful competitor. His list of awards was five firsts, four seconds, and one third. At that time he was working at his trade, that of a granite mason.

In December 1902 he was appointed an attendant at the Crichton Royal Institution, Dumfries. Taking up the serious practice of the athletic feats, he, particularly with the hammer and ball, came to the front with wonderful rapidity. His first really "big" putt was made on Tynecastle Grounds, Edinburgh, at the Edinburgh Highland Gathering in 1905. He did 44 feet 3 inches with a ball weighing 16½ lbs. on perfectly level ground. Hugh Nicolson, James Morrison, and the late Alex. M'Nair, three splendid putters, were defeated on that occasion. Since that date he has competed at all the chief meetings, and is always a power to be reckoned with. It must be admitted that consistent good form is not his leading feature. He is the kind of man who is always liable to do something electrify-

ing on an occasion, and on just such an occasion as you expect it least. This was amply shown when in June 1907 at the Glasgow Police Sports he "beat the field" with the 16-lb. hammer, A. A. Cameron being amongst those in rear. This marks the only instance of A. A. C. suffering a defeat in hammer-throwing for four seasons. Summarising Finnie's performances, I may say that he is good for 110 feet with a genuine 16-lb. hammer, and may do a yard more. He is better with a 16-lb. ball than with a 22-lb., and has throws considerably over 44 feet with the lighter article. He vaults well, clearing over 10 feet. As a wrestler, either in Cumberland or catch-as-catch-can, he can give a good account.

Physically, Finnie is distinctly after the M'Lean type, though a trifle more roughly-hewn than "Charlie." He is exactly 5 feet 10 inches in height. He carries a half-stone more weight than M'Lean, being 13 stones stripped, and the outline of his figure is more rugged. In natural strength he may, I believe, have the advantage, too, slightly. In the more subtle characteristics of their personalities, the men are pronouncedly similar. Both have pondered well the copy-book headline—"He who hesitates is lost!" In hammer-throwing Finnie adopts the style known as the "fast swing." That is to say that he generates a tremendous velocity as he swings the missile round his head, letting go the handle at the exact fraction of a second expediency dictates. It is a method capable of much scientific application, and it provides a pleasing spectacle. Alex. Finnie is the finest exponent of it I have seen. Much of Alexander's success is attributable to hard, consistent training. He is an enthusiast in the quest of the physical ideal, and he goes ardently in for dumb-bell, developer, and skipping exercises. His heart is in every athletic feat he essays, and he is a worthy Scot, modest to a degree; a likeable chap indeed.


Duncan MacDonald.
Archie Campbell.

DUNCAN MACDONALD, Conon Bridge.

Few athletes can hope to show to the world a personality unique enough to form a decided type. Your Cameron, Munro, M'Lean, Mackenzie, Nicolson, each presents a distinct and a splendid type of man. Comparatively speaking, such types are scarce. The majority of athletes, like the majority of human units in any walk of life, can only find a place to beat time in the chorus. All honour, then, when we meet a man, with the genuine grit within him, to carve a creditable niche for himself. In athletic circles "Wee" Duncan MacDonald has done so.

Standing but 5 feet 5 inches tall, and weighing only 10 stones 5 lbs. at his best, he nevertheless for many years held his own in a remarkable degree, against Northern athletes 6 to 8 inches taller, and half as heavy again as himself. And the feats in which he excelled, the hammer and ball, are the very ones in which height and weight are regarded as necessaries. Nor were the men he competed with novices. Often enough they were experts. A lengthy dissertation on Mac's career is not my purpose. A few of his best feats, at random chosen, but duly authenticated, and given alongside those accomplished on the same occasions by athletes of sound reputation, will suffice to prove the case. As far back as 1886 I find he competed as a "local" at Strathpeffer. High leap, long leap, the 200 yards race, and putting the ball were the events he essayed, and successfully so. From 1894 to 1900, that is from his 24th till his 31st year, he did his best at hammer and putting. At Invercarron in '94 he putt a light ball 52 feet 2 inches. The weight of it is uncertain, but he beat Paterson, of Cromarty, by 4 feet, and Cramb, of Alness, by 6 feet. The same season he threw a 17-lbs. hammer at Forfar 100 feet, defeating some good heavy-weights. At Rothes he hurled a 14-lb. hammer 114 feet 4 inches, beating Moir, of Peterculter, by 6 feet 4 inches. In '95, at Invercharron, G. H. Johnstone was only 5 feet in front of Mac. At that time George was regularly conceding 8 to 10 feet to most of his rivals. This hammer weighed 16¼ lbs., and MacDonald's throw was 101 feet 2 inches.

Though a light chap himself, Dunc. wasn't afraid of a heavy hammer. He has a throw of 80 feet 3 inches recorded at Inverness with a hammer 21 lbs. 6 oz. In a special contest held at

Dundee in '96 for men under 11 stones weight, he won the 18-lb. ball with 37 feet 3 inches. Glen Urquhart games record three firsts for him the same season—18-lb. hammer, 95 feet; 22-lb. ball, 35 feet 1 inch; and the 56-lbs. weight.

With the light hammer at Inverness in '97 he tied for second place with Donald Ross—102 feet 6 inches. Only 12 inches separated him from that master of the art, J. S. Ewen, in the ball putting.

I must not omit his phenomenal performance at the Northern Meeting, Inverness, season 1899. Here is the result of the hammer-throwing:—1 MacDonald, 108 feet 1 inch; 2 D. Cramb, Alness, 103 feet 3 inches; 3 J. Paterson, Cromarty, 100 feet 11 inches; 4 Don. Ross, Strathglass, 100 feet 5 inches. I am aware of the fact that this latter is probably the poorest recorded throw ever Ross did. That excuses Ross, but in no way detracts from MacDonald. For this throw of 108 feet 1 inch, done with a hammer 16 lbs. 2 oz., by an athlete of 5 feet 5 inches, and only a trifle over 10 stones in weight, is one of the finest feats ever recorded in athletic history.

JAMES BUCHAN, Partick.

Amongst latter-day men of note in high-leaping annals Inspector James Buchan, of Partick Police Force, is probably entitled to the award of premier merit. Fintray, an Aberdeenshire village of the regulation sleepy hollow type, was his birthplace, and the Christmas chimes of 1870 went a-pealing just four days too early to herald his advent. His early years were spent in that region 'twixt the Don and the Dee, a region rendered classic by reason of the large array of famous athletes who have found nationality there. Trotting to and from school the youngsters would often, so James tells me, select a stone from the dykeside, and seek to emulate the doughty deeds of the Davidsons, Taits, and Flemings, of whom their elders spake. At twelve years of age he left school, and took up his day's darg on the parental homestead. Seldom did he find the day's work so long or so arduous that at its close he and his fellow-workers could not indulge in an hour with hammer, ball, and high leap.

In 1887, when scarcely 17, he competed at Blackburn, winning several prizes, including first for high leap. The sleepy hollow environment, however, began to pall. At twenty years of age he made for London town, and joined the "Force" there. A winter season of this was all right. But the returning springtime awoke memories of the "toonie up North awa'," the stackyard where the hammer and ball were lying, the crack at e'en wi' the "bodies," and the lark's song overhead. So Jim said good-bye to Cockneydom, and airted home.

He toured the Northern games meetings, and was very successful. At the New Year, 1891, he joined Ayrshire Constabulary. For a season or two he competed little and practised much. About this time the athletic revival amongst policemen dawned. Govan police sports was one of Scotland's foremost meetings then. In 1895 Buchan competed there, and was second with 16-lb. ball—39 feet 11 inches. The following year he won the high leap—5 feet 7 inches. 'Ninety-seven found him transferred to Partick, one of Captain Cameron's henchmen, and a man of great promise in the cult athletic.

Immediately he sprung a surprise on the high-leaping fraternity the whole country over. Here are his three best efforts

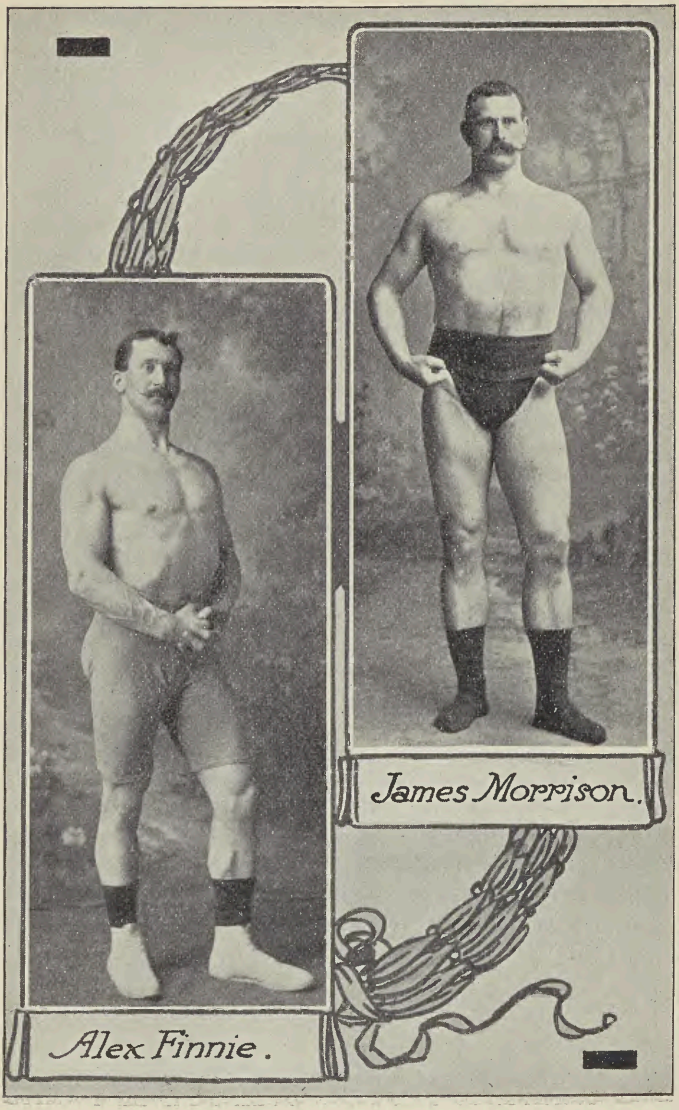
for 1897:—At Blairgowrie, 5 feet 11½ inches; at Crieff, 5 feet 10½ inches; at Partick, 6 feet. Mr M'Combie-Smith declared that if he specialised in high-leaping he would be unbeatable. M'Combie-Smith was right; for in 1898 he travelled the whole games' circuit without meeting defeat. For the high leap he had 25 first prizes. Here are a few of the heights attained:—

	Feet.	Inches.
On 18th June, at Celtic Park, ...	6	0
On 2d July, at Dundee, ...	5	10
On 30th July, at Paisley, ...	6	0½
On 6th August, at Arbroath, ...	6	0
On 11th August, at Inverary, ...	6	1
On 7th September, at Aboyne, ...	5	10
On 10th September, at Pitlochry, ...	5	10¾

At all the three gatherings held in connection with the 1901 Glasgow International Exhibition he won the high leap, gaining the commemoration gold medal and the championship of Scotland.

As regards Mr Buchan's method of getting over the lath a sentence may be justified. His style was as near perfection as any I have seen, and for a man of his height—he stands 6 feet 3¾ inches—it was the most graceful. On speed he placed little reliance. He approached the bar at little more than walking pace; halted for an instant at the exact spot he calculated most expedient; spread the limbs in the fashion from which long practice had taught him the maximum leverage could be obtained. Then a momentary mustering of every atom of strength and agility, and over he went, turning deftly round in the going, and coming down facing the bar.

Though as enthusiastic and probably quite as skilful as ever, James has not for the past few seasons competed much. Meritorious service gained for him a popular promotion, first to sergeant's and latterly to inspector's rank. And with him "duty first" is a potent maxim.


James Morrison.
Alex Finnie.

JOHN S. EWEN, Cullen.

Too many kindly critics talk glibly about the law of averages, and make the erroneous deduction that because a man excels in physical strength he of a necessity must rank as a mental dullard. Men like John S. Ewen—he is an M.A., B.Sc. of Aberdeen University and a public school headmaster—are the living refutation of such a fallacy. Leaving scholastic culture alone, and dealing only with his athletic achievement, I may, judging from Mr Ewen's varied application over the whole scheme of events, and his worthy success in so many of them, write him down in a word—unique.

He stands 6 feet 2½ inches in height, has an abnormal wrist development, and a wonderful stretch of arms—6 feet 7 inches. At his best he never weighed more than 13 stones 2 lbs. stripped. He won his first competition at Haddo House Games when 11 years of age. It is not necessary to follow his whole career through its transition stages and in laboured sequence. A summary of the outstanding victories in his record is enough. Here it is—thoroughly authenticated, too:—

When a youth of 20 he met and defeated the redoubtable Kenneth Macrae with hammer and ball at Dunecht (Aberdeen). When Jim Morrison was at the top of his form in '98 he and Ewen met at Kittybrewster. The tussle was keen, the result a close thing. Ewen, 107 feet 11 inches; Morrison, 107 feet 10 inches. Invercarron, however, was the scene of J. S.'s "best recorded." The distance was 111 feet 9 inches—the hammer a genuine 16-lb. On this occasion he eclipsed Don. Ross, of Strathglass, by 2 inches.

In putting the ball he was Class A1. Competing against Johnnie Anderson, G. H. Johnstone, Kenneth Chisholm, Alex. M'Nair, and several other experts at Aberdeen he beat the field, doing 47 feet 1 inch with a 16-lb. ball, and on a pitch very nearly level. I saw him do 48 feet 11 inches with a ball not much under the 16-lb. standard at Alva—where the pitch is never good—beating Charlie M'Lean.

Slinging the 56-lbs. and 28-lbs. weights are feats in which he also excelled. He had a throw with this latter of 56 feet 1 inch, and this stood at Haddo House as a record for years, till Lewis Cheyne and latterly A. A. Cameron got beyond it,

Mr Ewen could toss the caber, too—and toss it beautifully. He regularly beat all the foremost of the second-class men; tied with G. H. Johnstone more than once; and was defeated only by men of the Munro and Cameron order. I have instanced the "heavy" event attainment of my subject. Mr Ewen has also a "light" event record worthy of recital. He was a good vaulter, a first-class high-leaper, capable of fine work, too, in the running spring and the hop, step, and jump.

M'Combie-Smith wanted him to specialise with the high leap, predicting that, with training, 6 feet was well within his encompassing. Without any special training for the feat he did 5 feet 7 inches on many occasions. At Stornoway he cleared 21 feet 2 inches in the long leap, Gordon Fraser, the well-known North country athlete being second with 20 feet. At Strathallan he has 19 feet 11 inches; one inch only separated Tom Gibson from him there, and it was with the third and last try Thomas managed the inch. "Tom" could jump, couldn't he?

J. S. was value for over 10 feet regularly in the pole vault. Miller, of Inverness, a splendid vaulter, tied with him when he (Miller) was in his hey-day of power. On grounds of general expediency readily understood, Mr Ewen must of necessity to-day abstain from the fuller participation in athletic combat, though that combat may appeal as strongly to his instinct as ever. Still, though his abilities in this direction may remain in abeyance in order that life's more urgent mission may be fulfilled, this much is certain—his influence in athleticism must ever be a leavening for good.

ALEXANDER MacCULLOCH, Oban.

A big, jovial Highlander, standing 6 feet 2 inches in his stockings, with a 45-inch chest, clear blue eyes that were ever a-twinkle, herculean, but finely moulded of frame, fair haired, an expansive face which wore a smile perennial—there you have the MacCulloch whom I knew and studied for many years, and never found wanting as a capable athlete or as an honourable man.

From Oban you cross the Sound of Kerrara, and in the

Firth of Lorne you come upon a little island labelled with the same somewhat Irish-sounding name—Kerrara. MacCulloch was born there in 1864. He was 24 when he met Johnstone and Macrae at the Glasgow Exhibition Highland Gathering of 1888. Macrae was then at his best, and with the 22-lb. hammer won with 4 feet to spare. MacCulloch was 4 inches ahead of G. H. Johnstone for second place. So Alexander's aspirations in matters athletic commenced with the hammer, and although they did not exactly end there, it was in that event he gained the greatest meed of praise. It was only in that event, too, that he attained sufficient merit to claim a place amongst the recognised champions of his own or any other day.

Here are a few of his best throws. In 1895 at Aberdeen he had 114 feet 6 inches with a genuine 16-lb. hammer. Then there was that marvellous day's throwing at Forthbank Park, Stirling, in 1896, in which Mac. had a say, and of which I had the privilege of being a witness. M'Combie Smith organised the meeting, and he brought forward as fine a trio of "hammer" experts as ever graced any period of athleticism. These were G. H. Johnstone, Matthew Marr, and MacCulloch, G. H. created a 16-lb. world's record—119 feet ½ inch; Mac. did 114 feet 4 inches; and Marr, 114 feet 3 inches. At the Hillfoots Gathering at Alva, with a club of a thing which has puzzled many a good man (it weighs over 22 lbs., and was provided with absolutely the worst handle I have come across), he has 94 feet recorded. Along at the "Moss" Smiddie, too, where I have seen throws staked off, performed by some of the greatest throwers of any period, Mac. has some as creditable as most of them.

Though never of outstanding merit with ball or caber, he, all the same, on an odd occasion did remarkably well with both. He was good for 40 feet with a 16-lb. ball; about 34 feet with a 22-lb.; and, if he happened to "get at it right," he could "turn a stick" with the lave of them.

He always impressed me as a man with an enormous amount of reserve energy carefully stowed away. But it remained latent. As a wrestler he was for some years one of Scotland's best. He favoured the Cumberland style, never being enamoured of the catch-as-catch-can. In all probability he'd been a terror if he'd tried.

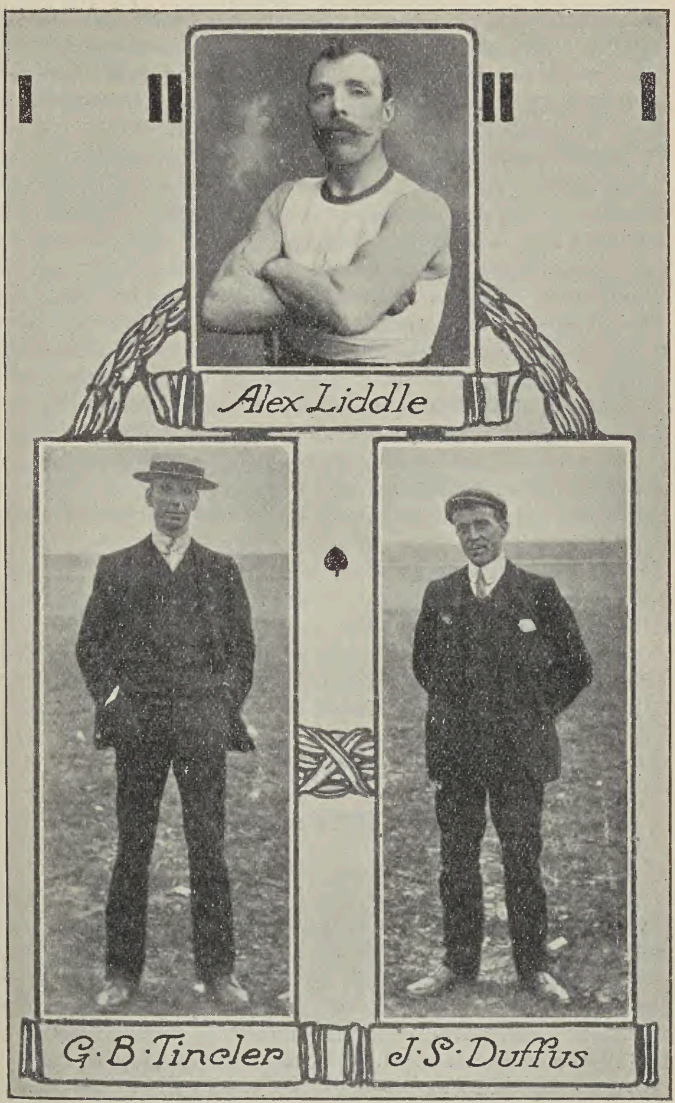
In recent years MacCulloch's efforts have been evinced mostly in the neighbourhood of the homestead up Oban way. And should the reader be in that direction, and incidentally "happen on" one of those rural functions, y'clept a "plooin' match," let him not be surprised if in the double prize-winner for the best-ploughed rig and the handsomest man on the field he discovers the hero of my present story—Alexander MacCulloch.

ALEXANDER LIDDLE, of Armadale.

Liddle's claim to notice is easily stated. For over twelve years he was a member of Glasgow Police Force. He stood but 5 feet 9½ inches in height, and weighed only 12 stones—not a giant by any means for a Glasgow "Bobbie." Still, for at least ten years of the time noted he held premier position as the best all-round athlete that force could furnish. As a Cumberland style wrestler he could give away three stones in weight to any of his comrades in arms, and throw them in quick order. He was the best and pluckiest athlete Glasgow Police ever held.

Glen Farm, Stirlingshire, was the scene of his nativity. Farm work was his first experience of that vital necessity—wage-earning. Donning the uniform when nineteen, his acquaintance with big "Sandy" Kennedy, who was a man of about 22 stones in weight, gave him the impetus towards athletics. Sprinting, long-leaping, and the hop, step, and jump were the feats he essayed originally. Later, he adopted vaulting with the pole and high-leaping. And even in that department of sport, where weight is almost a "sine qua non," amongst the caber-tossers, hammer-throwers, and wrestlers he claimed a footing. So well did he substantiate the claim, that in the course of his career he won over 600 prizes, many of them bearing the hall-mark of attainment with premier honours.

Analysing his actual performances, I may quote as probably his best:—43 feet at hop, step, and leap; 5 feet 7 inches in the high jump; 10 feet 8 inches with the pole; and about 103 feet with a genuine 16-lb. hammer. He tossed the caber mar-


Alex Liddle
G·B·Tinder
J·S·Duffus

vellously for a middle-weight; in fact, but for the possible exception of Dempster, of Inchrya, I know of no man at the weight who did it better. Dempster was indeed a wonder, both with the caber and the "puttin' stane." Interesting to note, too, he and Liddle were alike left-handed.

Undoubtedly, however, Liddle reached his highest merit athletically as an exponent of that splendid feat—Cumberland wrestling. In this connection it may be set down as a safe assertion that whilst travelling the games circuit no athlete ever gained more unlooked-for victories than did the valiant Alexander. He was master of the "inside click" and the "cross-buttock" to a degree rare in Scotchmen. He was tricky, but with a brand of trickiness in which dishonesty played no part. It was a case of his nimbleness of wit, pliability of attitude, and quickness of application against the same qualities in his opponent. And if that opponent wanted to prove himself the better man he had to be precious "slick" about it. For Liddle believed strongly in the merit of the adage, that if "'Twere to be done at all, 'twere better 'twere done quickly."

I have jotted down Alec's record in the past tense mostly. Not that he is as yet by any means a spent force. But as I have noticed that for the last season or two he has forsaken the arena, I hardly expect in the ordinary course of affairs that he will again sing out "Excelsior!" Be that as it may, he has carved a niche—a creditable niche—up further than most will reach.

WILLIAM WITHERS BAIN, of Elgin.

The name of Bain is one with which the sporting public has long been familiar. There are four of the ilk all well and favourably known to fame. W. W. is the present holder of Scotland's championship belt at 12 stone weight. He first came into prominence in 1903, attending all the chief athletic meetings, winning every 12-stone competition in which he engaged, and on several occasions having the premier award in the all-weight class as well. At Helensburgh he won the 12-stone championship of Scotland in August, and a few weeks

later scored a sensational victory over Matthew Steadman, the famous Cumbrian and heavy-weight English champion. There are many versions of this story. Mine is the one I saw. For years previous to Munro's advent Steadman had a "walk-over" of the catch-hold wrestling competitions at the Scottish games meetings. At the date of meeting Bain no Scotsman of his (Bain's) weight had a 10 to 1 chance of defeating the Englishman. Steadman weighed almost 15 stones. Well, the Dunoon Games Committee offered good prizes, and a host of competitors appeared. The heavy-weight event came on, and the luck of the ballot decreed that in the very first round Steadman and Bain should meet. I casually remarked to William that it was a bit unfortunate his being drawn against such a formidable opponent right off.

"Yes," answered Bain quizically; "but then it will be all the better if I happen to throw him, won't it?" Certainly I reckoned the contingency a remote one!

Well, the gladiators met! A "straighter" tussle never was seen. Before many seconds had elapsed Steadman was in difficulties, with Bain going strongly on the aggressive. The Cumbrian was completely wandered. For every move he made the Scot had a counter ready. A few minutes decided the issue. From the under position Steadman tried to gain advantage by seizing his opponent's head, with the evident intention of somersaulting Bain. W. W. took immediate advantage of the opening thus afforded, slipped on a "half-Nelson," combining a leg and neck hold simultaneously. Then with a vice-like grip and energy relentless he levered over the champion literally by inches, till his victim lay four-square on his back.

Our hero's next important encounter took place in Edinburgh at an International Tournament held in the Waverley Market, December 5th to 12th, 1903. On the 7th he met and defeated Jean Calvert, the famous French giant. They fought 46 minutes. The following evening he was matched against Charlie Green, the well-known English heavy-weight. In 40 minutes of wrestling neither could claim advantage, and a draw was declared. As a spectator of this bout, Carkeek was so impressed with the Scot's exhibition that he engaged him immediately, and signed a contract for him to appear at several

of the principal London halls, where at that period of time the wrestling fever was raging vigorously. Carkeek's confidence in the valiant W. W. proved not to be misplaced. For five months Bain filled engagements throughout the metropolis, and faced all opposition without once having to cry "Succumb!" to a 12-stone man of any nationality or colour.

In May 1904 he returned to Glasgow. On June 18th he was engaged as a special attraction for the Rangers Football Club Highland Gathering. The terms were that Bain would undertake to throw any six wrestlers in Scotland, selected by the Committee, Bain to concede a stone in weight to each opponent. The feat was to be accomplished inside 60 minutes. Six good men arrived. The lot were disposed of in exactly 19 minutes 47 seconds. At Helensburgh he again won the 12-stone championship, and competed throughout the country with unvarying success.

Across the Atlantic the "craze" had developed. William decided to take a trip to Yankeeland, and see what manner of men were keeping the sport a-going there. Landing in New York in May 1905, he was immediately matched against Jack Harvey at the Columbia Hall. Bain won that contest in quick order—55 seconds. Next, he was matched by Mr James Buckly to throw Muldoon, the well-known American, three times inside an hour. He won the three falls in 22 minutes 35 seconds. Others he met and defeated in the course of his tour were—"Americus," of Baltimore; Leo Pardello, Phil Kelly, Jim Parr, Harry Parker, Jim Galvin, Pat Morgan, and many lights of lesser brilliance. I may note that previous to this tour he, at the Glasgow Police Sports on June 25th, 1904, defeated Joe Carrol, admittedly one of the most scientific wrestlers ever seen.

Subsequent to his return from America, Bain's most important match in Scotland has probably been that with Pat Connolly. It took place at Glasgow Police Sports on June 22d, 1907. Bain and the Irishman had been keen rivals for years, although no decisive meeting between them could be arranged. The whole sporting public, and most of the "talent" also, were anxious to see such a meeting, confident that it would be an authentic case of "Greek meeting Greek," and no humbug. It turned out to be so, and W. W. won.

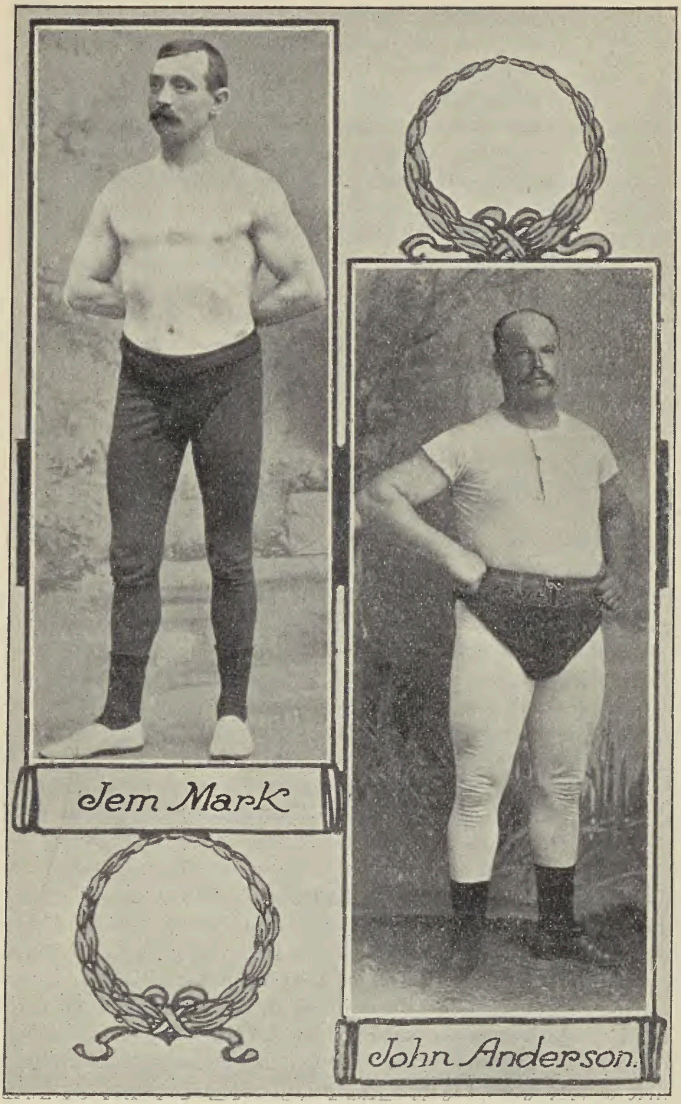
After a successful summer season, William again, seized with the great unrest, set sail for "foreign pairts"—this time for Australia. Immediately on the good ship Orocatava landing him there he set about business. In the course of a prolonged tour through the sister colonies he met all sorts and conditions of wrestlers; of none of these, however, needed he to be dismayed. He emerged with his 12-stone championship title held inviolate.

The following are W. W.'s measurements:—Height (in shoes), 6 feet; chest, 44 inches; neck, 18½ inches; waist, 29 inches; thigh, 23 inches; calf, 15¾ inches. He is in his 27th year (1908). Stripped for the fray, he scales exactly 12 stones. And that there is a better catch-as-catch-can exponent living at that or a similar poundage is a contention which has not yet been substantiated.

JAMES MARKS, Camlachie.

Born 34 years ago in St Mungo's city, Marks as a youth came into contact with the Glasgow school of rowing enthusiasts. He fancied the sport, got aboard a craft, and quickly learned to feather and dip his oars right well. Joining the famous Glasgow Trades Rowing Club he was almost immediately given a place in the Club's competing crew, and he helped to pull off a victory in many an important contest. He was a member of the "four" which held the Club championship for some years. The colours of the famous "Young Lizzie" team of boating men were lowered by this same quartette. For three years in succession Marks held the Vice-Presidency of the Club.

The fashion in sport moves in a cycle. The rowing fever died down. Then weight-lifting was on the boom. "Sandowism" struck the second city with epidemic virulence. Every music hall programme provided a strong man turn, in which apostles of the new craze toyed with cannon-balls, and "lever-pushed" formidable-looking missiles up to arm-reach above the head. Marks was an early convert to the new cult. He became an efficient one, too. The Glasgow "school" of weight-lifters were always a creditable lot. The Brothers Bothwell


Jem Mark
John Anderson.

(Hugh and George), Alf Stone, Jack Brown, "Wee" Alec Holmes, Lex M'Lean, are a few as good samples as I've met anywhere at their respective weights. Marks won numerous weight-lifting contests, as a big collection of trophies show. On one occasion he just failed to annex the middle-weight championship of Scotland by a narrow margin of points. By way of variety, too, James took up the manly art. It is a fact well known amongst the talent that he could put up as good a show with the 4-oz. gloves or without them as most men who follow the game round St Mungo way. When the wrestling renaissance inaugurated a new era for that exercise, and "men of muscle" everywhere adopted the craze of the catch-as-catch-can, our hero took up the affair enthusiastically. His progress was rapid. Soon he was admittedly as expert as any of the West of Scotland contingent. And shortly he proved this by winning the 11 stones 4 lbs. championship in the Waverley Market, Edinburgh, in December 1905. Over the Highland games' circuit he has won many 12-stone competitions, and at even such an important fixture as Luss he defeated all the men in the 14-stone class. Jim is 5 feet 8 inches in height, has a chest measurement of 40 inches, a 16-inch biceps, and weighs exactly 11 stones 4 lbs. He is a finely characteristic type of the working man athlete, earning his bread daily in sweat of brow and grime of hand (he is a steam craneman). And he is a sportsman to the core.

GEORGE H. JOHNSTONE, Aberdeen.

The career of G. H. bridges two distinct epochs in athletic history. He was already a good athlete when old-time gladiators like Davidson, Macrae, and Duffy were performing in the arena. A genuine "Northie," he was born at Portlethen, Kincardineshire, on September 23d, 1864. Hammer-throwing was his first essay in athletics—it became a passion. Whilst daily handling his pair on the farm he proved such abnormal ability that he was hailed, even in his teens, as a certain coming champion. Migrating over the Border into Cumberland, he engaged as a warder at Garalands Asylum, near Carlisle,

and while there adopted wrestling after the Cumbrian method as a feat. Though later in his career he gained prominence in other events—putting, caber, and 56-lb. weight throwing principally—it is on account of his great achievement in hammer and Cumberland wrestling that a lasting fame will be his.

Admittedly Johnstone possessed a "knack" with the hammer which no other of his day and generation managed to annex. Nobody who knows the subject denies that. Examine his record. At Stirling in 1896 he created the first authentic world's record made with a genuine 16-lb. hammer—119 feet 1 inch. Every condition necessary to a guarantee of fairness was adopted. Mr M'Combie-Smith was judge. Again, taking the twenty years' period—1876-1896—he had the premier throw recorded at Aboyne with heavy hammer—84 feet 3 inches. All the champions of that period competed there. Johnstone's effort eclipses those of the lot. On ground certified as having a fall of only 4 inches in 14 feet, he hurled the iron (21 lbs. 14 oz.) 99 feet 1 inch. Putting it succintly, from 1899, when he defeated Davidson and MacRae at Dundee by about 15 feet with a 16-lb. hammer, right on till about 1900-1901, when Jim Morrison and later A. A. Cameron appeared on the scene, he stands out pre-eminently as the central figure in Scottish athleticism. With the hammer during these years he never had any serious rival if in form at all.

As a wrestler his attainment is easily summarised. He was the best exponent of the Cumberland style Scotland ever produced. For over 10 years prior to 1906 he stood in a class entirely by himself.

Was he a caber-tosser? Certainly! There were good caber-tossers before Johnstone's day—Davidson, Macrae; M'Donald, of Tullymet; Matthew Marr, of Govan—Matthew was of later date than the others, but he dropped out early. That quartette was a good one, very good. The difference between that quartette and this other quartette which I instance—Johnstone, Morrison, Munro, Cameron—is this—this latter-day four were excellent.

George was no phenomenon as a ball-putter. Still, at an odd time he had victory over nearly all the chief experts at this feat. In good form he was value for 43 feet with a 16-lb.

ball and 36 feet with a 22-lb. He was in the front rank as a 56-lb. weight thrower for many years, doing 30 feet repeatedly. In 1904, when 40 years of age, he toured Australia in company with A. A. Cameron, and performed well. The personality of the man is lovable. He knows little and cares less for the orthodoxy of those who find their most keenly-relished ideal in the repetition of a cant phrase, or in the cultivation of a whine. Test him by whatever code you may, you will find the man within ring true.

JAMES MORRISON, Partick.

"Jim," as his intimates call him, was born at Drumore, Killearn, Stirlingshire, on July 7th, 1874. Like most country lads, he had an innings at the rollicking life of a farmer's boy. Big and strong from his early years, a day's darg between the plough stilts had no terrors for him. He had hardly entered his teens ere he could tackle a man's work without concern, and cheerily "Whistle o'er the lave o't" all the while. At 20 years of age he joined Clydebank Police Force, but the work not impressing him favourably, he went "back to the land" awhile. Later on he hammered iron, erected wire fences, worked in the lone, solitary woods, and engaged in a variety of other occupations incidental to the outdoor life.

At this period I first met him. He was competing at Milngavie in the hammer; his distance was not remarkable, in fact, quite ordinary, but the type of athlete of which he gave promise was clearly foreshadowed. In fact, I ventured the prediction to one or two authorities present that James was a coming man. So the sequel proved! Joining Partick Force he suddenly startled the whole realm of sport by a series of wonderful performances. At first the caber was his forte. During season 1898 he travelled all over with almost unbroken success in this event. Even at Strathallan he was an easy first. He stepped into front rank with the hammer. At the Vale of Leven Games (Alexandria) he threw a 16-lb. hammer 120 feet, displacing the world's record which had stood for five years at the credit of G. H. Johnstone. Johnstone's record was 119 feet ½ inch, and, as noted elsewhere, it was made at

Forthbank Park, Stirling, in 1896. Morrison now turned his attention to putting. He was remarkably successful. Repeatedly he made over 36 feet with a 22-lb. ball, and 44 feet with a 16-lbs. Judged impartially, he was sans doubt the heavy-weight all-round champion of Scotland during seasons 1900-1901, and champion he remained till the advent of that modern marvel, A. A. Cameron. No athlete is entitled to more of the credit of "producing" Cameron, through encouragement and example, than Morrison. Ever the keenest of rivals, they were always the staunchest of friends.

James is also a first-class all-round wrestler. He could wrestle well as a boy long before the era of the boom. He has defeated, some time or other, every Scotchman of note in Cumberland style. The following is a list of his best performances in the various events of the calendar:—

	Feet.	Inches.
Throwing 16-lbs. hammer, ...	120	7
Throwing 23-lbs. ditto, ...	93	7
Putting 22-lbs. ball, ...	38	2
Putting 16-lbs. ditto, ...	45	0
Throwing 56-lbs. weight, ...	30	0
Throwing 28-lbs. ditto, ...	62	10

He has won over 200 prizes for caber-tossing alone. He has won the gold medal awarded annually at Partick Police Sports for the most successful competitor in all-round athletics. That's sufficient hall-mark of efficiency itself. In season 1907 he did some remarkably fine work, and may be quoted in all fairness, with a measure of ordinary luck, as not only a man of the hour, but one with a future.

Physically, James Morrison is a model. Built on lines classic enough for an artist's ideal, he is also one of the handsomest men who ever wore a kilt. Measurements:—Height, 6 feet; chest, 46 inches; thigh, 27 inches; waist, 34 inches; neck, 18 inches. His weight is a trifle over 16 stones, stripped.

The outstanding feature of his personality is a philosophic calm. I've watched him winning, but he showed no undue elation. I've seen him losing, and occasionally under very hard lines of luck. Never did I know "Jim" act derogatory of his own self-respect or of his neighbour's esteem.

ROBERT A. WILLIAMSON, Coupar-Angus.

Robert is an athlete of the hardy, yeoman type; not a giant, but a well-knit, fresh-complexioned, fair-haired fellow. Strong and wiry, he is weather-tanned and clear of eye, as befits one who lives the outdoor life, and daily sees nature in all its varying freshness face to face. He is a native of East Lawton, Cargill Parish, Perthshire, and February 3d, 1876, was the date upon which he entered this little scene of things. Most country lads instinctively pay homage to some sort of minor deity in their district—the parson mayhap (though, poor fellow, his day now is gone), the dominie, the laird. Bob had a different idea of hero-worship. The men of muscle who annually visited the district games meetings formed the touchstone of his devotion.

So keen was the youngster that at ten years of age he was published some years ago in the "People's Journal" he competed at Burrelton, winning the local hammer-throwing. The stimulus this gave him never waned. The late M'Combie-Smith was a great admirer of Williamson, and in an article published some years ago in the "People's Journal" he commented on him thus:—"One of the most remarkable throwers of the hammer at the present time is R. A. Williamson. He is only 22 years of age and 12 stones in weight, and for his age and weight he is a wonder. There has been nothing like him at his weight since Duncan M'Donald's (Conon Bridge) remarkable display. M'Donald was fully a stone lighter than Williamson. The style of both is very like, the last two swings being made with extraordinary rapidity." It is only fair to note, however, that when he adopted the quick swing Bob had never met or seen M'Donald.

The ideal hammer-thrower must be tall. M'Rae, Marr, Don. Ross, Cameron, all are men over the six feet standard. A man of short stature (comparatively short, I mean), say, 5 feet 9 inches, which is Williamson's height, starts throwing under a handicap. This fact early impressed itself upon Robert, and it was as a means of balancing the defect that he experimented with the phenomenally fast swinging, of which for years he was so successful an exponent.

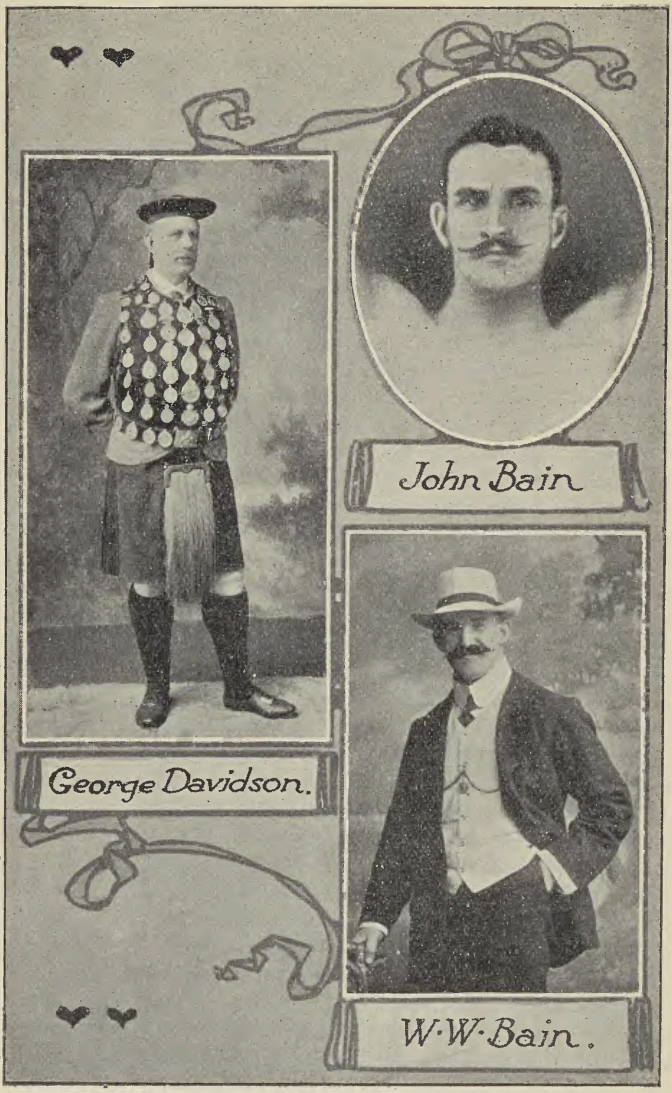
Outside his native shire Bob never travelled far in search of

fame. At Abernethy, Abernyte, Blackford, Birnam, Balbeggie, Blairgowrie, Burrelton, Carnock, Crieff, Dunfermline, Inverkeithing, and numerous other places in Perth and Fife he has always been a particularly successful competitor. He has come out top-scorer at all of these places with hammer and ball, and has often outdistanced men with good reputations.

Touching on his records I have nothing beyond his throws at games meetings to quote. And I can only rehearse these, emphasising the value of each according as an intimate acquaintance with the whole career of our hero, and an unbiassed judgment may dictate. As far back as 13th August 1898 he threw the Blackford 16-lb. hammer 106 feet. Exactly seven years later, to a day (13th August 1905), he was first, same place, same hammer—112 feet. This latter is his best performance. The Crieff hammer is an unwieldly article of 20 lbs. 6 oz. It is exactly the opposite of that which suits Williamson. Still, he has 89 feet 8 inches recorded with it—a creditable effort. The Balbeggie hammer is undoubtedly below the 16-lbs. standard, but Williamson's throw with it is equally above the average—117 feet 10 inches. I watched him do 110 feet with a genuine 16-lb. hammer at Carnock and Gowkhall Games. The ground was downhill enough to justify a deduction of 2 feet. That is my own calculation. How I arrived at it is my own affair! I would reckon that (108 feet) as pretty nearly an accurate estimate of Bob's ability in his best day and form.

He is a good, reliable "putter." He putts clean. Dodging the trig and fancy angle-cutting are arts, or rather artifices, to which he is a stranger. 43 feet 4 inches with a 16-lb. ball at the West of Fife meeting in 1903; 34 feet with a 22-lbs. at Birnam, 1899; and 38 feet 9 inches at Arbroath with a 20-lb. are in all probability his chief records in this event. Like most athletes, he has captured an occasional prize at the caber and in wrestling. But he would be the first man to declare that about these he "kens naething ava', man." His weight is 12 stones 7 lbs., and his chest measurement 41 inches.

His workaday life centres in the farm. And whether you judge him as an individual, or as representatve of the best type of lad who "follows the ploo," he merits every appreciation.


John Bain
George Davidson.
W·W·Bain.

Mr JAMES A. CLARK.

Viewed simply as a spectacle or as an art in which stamina, strength, and concentration of effort all combine with agility, few, if any, of the athletic events eclipse in attractiveness the high leap. James Alexander Clark, of Elgin, is one of the finest performers we have had of recent years, whether we judge merit by the height actually attained, or by the quality of the method adopted.

Born in the village of Hopeman, near Elgin, on 11th June 1879, Mr Clark made the high leap his specialty from the beginning of his athletic career. From 1898, when he attended the famous Northern Meeting at Inverness and won the high jump, clearing 5 feet 10 inches, right on till the present day he has been a man of note. At Nairn in 1899 he competed in the four leaping events, and won them all. At Strathpeffer in 1900 he cleared 5 feet 10½ inches, breaking the record which had been established there for many years. This previous record had been made by a fellow townsman of Clark's, viz., Alexander Logie. In 1901 he journeyed Southward to Glasgow Exhibition, making a bold bid for the championship of Scotland, a competition which it was agreed to decide there. There, however, and again at Alva the same season he had to admit defeat by Inspector James Buchan, of Partick.

He reversed this defeat next summer (1902), when he revisited the Hillfoots meeting (Alva), and had the signal honour of beating both Buchan and M'Lean. Buchan, M'Lean, Clark —I won't attempt to classify them. They were as good a trio as we are ever likely to see. After winning the high leap at Invercharron in 1902, he in an exhibition jump reached 5 feet 10 inches on very rough ground. Undoubtedly, however, his actual "best" was his effort at Fort-William in 1904. Charlie M'Lean and he contested supremacy with a dogged persistency as the bar was raised inch by inch. Finally Clark topped the stick at 6 feet 0½ inch, and won. Authorities entitled to a hearing claim this as the Scottish professional record.

A gentlemanly fellow, with the true athletic instinct, Mr Clark is of commanding presence, and, though by profession a solicitor's clerk, exceptionally powerful of physique, standing 6 feet high and weighing 14 stones. It is a pity that Southern games meetings see him so seldom.

EVAN CLAYTON, Elgin.

At what age are we to classify an athlete as a "veteran?" I cannot presume, with any degree of exactitude, to say. Nor need anybody else. For age has little to do with it. I've known an athlete not turned 25, and, with all appropriateness, he could have reiterated the dirge:—

My days are in the sere and yellow leaf!

Also, I have seen an athlete over 40 years of age with no trace of the veteran apparent. "'Tis the pace that kills!"—not the journey.

I'll tell you about Clayton in a briefly summarised sort of way; then you can settle in your own mind whether he is a veteran or not. Also, if he is a good one or not. A native of Nairnshire, Evan was born at the village of Croy in that county on 17th March 1852. He worked in early youth as a stone-cutter. All his leisure, however, he devoted to the study of violin music, and in qualifying himself for the profession of dancing master. His tutor in these arts was that "grand old man" of reel and strathspey minstrelsy, Scott Skinner.

It's a far cry backwards to 1869. That is the date I find recorded as noting Clayton's first appearance as a competitor. Nairn Games was the scene, and first prize for the sword dance and third for Highland fling were his rewards. During the next few years he focussed his attention chiefly on the "light" events and dancing, though occasionally competing in the ball-putting with success. As a dancer he won premier honours all through the North, in the shires of Nairn, Inverness, and Perth, particularly.

He could sprint well, too. At games held in the Black Isle in 1880 he won the 100 yards sprint, doing the journey in just 11 seconds. The same day he won a two miles walking match. His best records at this period in putting the ball were made at Beauly in 1879. He had 36 feet 2 inches with a ball almost 22 lbs., and with one 3 lbs. lighter, 40 feet. Regularly he was clearing well over 40 feet in the hop, step, and jump, and at Lhanbryde Gathering in 1880 he was first for running spring with 19 feet 7 inches.

Coming to 1883-1884, I find he was chief prize-winner at Aberdeen, annexing the leading awards in nearly every event of

the programme except piping. Season 1888 found him going strong. At Keith Games that year he putt a 22-lb. stone 36 feet 10 inches; an 18-lb. stone 38 feet 10 inches, winning both, and was second with 16-lb. hammer. Right on through the 90's he pursued the even tenor of his way. He now developed capable talent with the 28-lbs. and the 56-lbs. weights. In these competitions he was defeated but seldom, and then usually by the "creme de la creme" of the athletic world. With the caber, too, he performed creditably.

In 1900, at the age of 48 years, he won the silver cup at Gash Games for most points in the athletic section. Evan handles heavy dumb-bells with dexterity. When 50 he put up a 200-lb. bar-bell in public exhibition. The 1904 season was as good with him as any he has had. Nine medals, three cups, and seventy other prizes formed his little list for that period alone. 1869-1907! Thirty-eight years an athlete, a good one all the time, his eye as yet undimmed, his natural strength unabated. Hats off! ye valiant "athletes of to-day" to a rival who was competing ten years before the majority of you were born. So, Clayton's a "veteran," isn't he? And not a halting Pegasus either. I can trot him right on up to date. At Elgin in 1906 he won the 56-lb. weight with 26 feet 10 inches. The same day he had second place in the race for veterans. Then at Knockando Gathering, held at Wester Elchies House, he won the hammer, ball, 56 and 28-lbs. weights. He did the remarkable distance of 28 feet 3 inches with 56-lbs. weight at Lossiemouth, winning first, and was also first with stone and second in hammer. Season 1907 found Clayton in splendid fettle, and he competed widely, and with a large measure of success.

Such, then, is a recital of the career of a famous athlete-veteran of to-day. I have vamped over a fairly extensive gamut in the rehearsal. Here and there I may have missed a note. So be it! I hope no discords have been struck.

Touching physical appearance, he is emphatically of the "buirdly" type. He is 5 feet 9 inches in his shoes, 45 inches round the chest, and weighs just over 15 stones, stripped. Judge his merits from his record—never mind the would-be oracle—and admiration is a compulsion.

ARCHIE W. CAMPBELL, New Deer.

In business a farmer—a Hielant farmer; in his recreation an athlete, and an angler, too; a man with a hopeful outlook on life's riddle, possessed with a keen sense of humour; there you have a roughly-pencilled outline of a Northern man of note —Archie Campbell, of New Deer, Aberdeenshire.

Bonnykelly, a muirland kind of place, whose bleak aspect scarce justifies the rythmic attractiveness of its name, was his birthplace, and the date 1870. Five feet ten and a half inches in height, 41 inches over the chest, and weighing 12 stones 10 lbs. stripped, he looks, though not a giant, a well-knit chap. Young Archie's fingers itched for athletics from his earliest years, and at 17 he was making a keen bid for local fame. Repeated success in this class and exceptional promise as a putter spurred him to more ambitious effort. Thus at 21 he competed at Kittybrewster, and had the gratification of annexing second place, G. H. Johnstone conceding him only 12 inches with a 16-lb. ball. Since then he has trotted regularly around the Northern circuit, a fervid contestant and successful prize-winner. Aberdeen, Dunecht, Drumblair, Haddo House, Mintlaw, Nairn, Fochabers, and Rothienorman—these are the places where you will find his name writ large.

By the banks of the Ythan and the Deveron, too, and on Donside and Deeside few men of muscle are better known; none is more highly esteemed. Touching briefly on actual prize-winning, I may mention, without labouring details, that Archie possesses over 100 silver and several gold medals. These represent honours gained in many divergent items of the sporting calendar. A goodly proportion bear inscription as reward of merit for the "most successful competitor."

Time was when running, leaping, dancing, and cycling claimed his keenest endeavour. Latterly, however, it has been in the heavy division he has exerted himself the more strenuously. In sketching a career like Mr Campbell's, where it is my intention to provide rather a cameo of the man than a hypercritical analysis, actual distances and certified conditions are not vital. Still, our subject has many performances authentic enough to bear scrutiny, and of merit sufficient to deserve mention. Harking back for a moment then to the day

of the old-timers, I note that in July 1893 he defeated G. M. Ross and Kenneth Macrae at Peterhead with a 16-lb. ball. Competing for the 16-lbs. ball-putting championship at Aberdeen in 1895 he finished second in a keen contest. At the Buchan Gathering he won the local putting for so many successive years that the Committee asked him to concede a 3-feet handicap. He did so, and won with the narrow margin of 1 inch. The distance was 42 feet 4 inches, and the ball weighed 16 lbs.—a distinctly "class" performance anywhere. At New Pitsligo in '98 he putt a 16-lb. ball 42 feet 6 inches, J. S. Ewen being just 12 inches in front for first place. With a 22-lb. ball Archie has 35 feet 11 inches registered at Aberdeen, and at Haddo House on various occasions he has bordered closely on the 36 feet with the same weight of missile (22 lbs.).

Campbell was really the pioneer of the "turning" style, in its application to weight-throwing, in professional athletics. In point of method his style is precision itself. To-day A. A. Cameron, the grandest weight-thrower in history, holds world's record with 66 feet 0½ inch and 34 feet 1 inch respectively for the 28-lbs. and 56-lbs. weights. With the "finish" as applied by Archie, Cameron might readily do 70 feet and 40 feet respectively.

I may note a few of Campbell's victories with the weights. With a genuine 56 lbs. at Maud Games, 1905, he did 28 feet 4 inches. At Rothienorman in 1906 he reached 27 feet 10 inches with the 56 lbs., and 56 feet 4 inches with a 28 lbs., eclipsing with both weights the efforts of G. H. Johnstone and Hughie Nicolson. On a pitch slightly downhill at Dalgety he "slung" the 28-lbs. weight 60 feet 10 inches, winning with a 10-foot margin. So much for achievement; a word as to his influence. Fervid enthusiasm, even to the limit of cycling 50 miles to a sports meeting, and doing good work on arrival, is his predominant note. Tramping to a "games," in the stripping tent, or competing in the arena, he is the life and soul of any company. Add to this that "spleen" is with him a disorder unknown, and the reader will easily comprehend the reason why our subject's infectious enthusiasm has done so much for the beneficial leavening of the Northern realm of sport.

JOHNNIE ANDERSON, Stirling.

The genial John was the first professional athlete of prominence with whom I made intimate acquaintance. A son of the country "smiddie," he was born at Westwood, Blairdrummond, a place four miles distant from Stirling, but itself situated in the County of Perth. This was in 1860. John's father was a famous ploughmaker. At an early age the son helped to make the anvil ring. Much of the father's skill descended to the lad, and when quite a boy he was consulted by aspiring "hauders" for miles around on all the technicalities likely to place them "weel furrit" in the prize-list when the all-important plooin' match came round.

John made his entry into the athletic arena when he was 19 years of age. The Port of Monteith Games, a gathering now defunct, was the venue, and George Davidson and Kenneth M'Rae were competitors on the occasion. Anderson's career as an athlete is almost unique in one respect. For ten years he competed occasionally without any startling result. Then all at once, when 30, he stepped right into front rank prominence, and for five or six years remained there, holding his place as one of the best Scottish athletes of his day. In the year 1892 he won the 16-lb. hammer at Blackford with 111 feet, G. M. Ross being second with 98 feet. In the few seasons following he at various times met and defeated at putting all the fore-front men of the time—Davidson, M'Rae, Owen Duffy, G. H. Johnstone, A. M'Culloch, G. M. Henderson, and Gideon Perrie, the Canadian.

Anderson was one of the very few Scotchmen who claimed a victory over John D. M'Pherson, of Toronto, in putting the ball. This happened at the Vale of Leven Sports in 1893. M'Pherson was a putting machine! I do not think that any one who watched his method will differ from me when I state as a matter of personal conviction that, taking everything into consideration, this marvellous Canadian had no equal in history as an exponent of pure scientific method. I am persuaded that when on that October night he stumbled into that American canal a something in the art went with him, which has proved elusive ever since. I was a personal friend of the famous Mac., and I've no fonder memory.

In 1893 Anderson won the professional putting championship of Scotland, decided on the grounds of the Dundee Celtic Club. Competing that season on 30 occasions, John emerged with 22 firsts, 6 seconds, and 2 thirds. Probably his best hammer record was the throw made at Errol in 1895—114 feet 8 inches—with a 16-lbs. At that period he was the man with the clearest title to the heavy-weight championship of Scotland. In addition to being a first-class hammer and ball-thrower, he was extremely good with the old-style box-shaped 56-lb weight. As a wrestler in Cumberland style, with the possible exception of G. H. Johnstone, he could easily account for any rival in Scotland.

Though he lived within earshot almost of Strathallan, the one-time famous meeting at the "Bridge" seldom saw him. I can recollect one occasion, however, on which he attended. He won both the hammer and ball. I think this is the only instance on record of a "local" man doing so in open competition.

Well, John has left the arena now. No man can form a fairer estimate, however, of the relative values of past and present-day achievement. Somehow, in fancy, I always, when meditating on the earlier-day athletes whom I have known, conjure up the vision of the ancient "smiddie" by the moss, the cothouse by the wayside, and the apron-begirt figure of the brawny John looming large in the doorway. Every athlete-pilgrim visited the spot. I can see them all again striving with boisterous good-humour before the cottage door. The old familiar faces! the great herculean figures—Kenny M'Rae, G. H. Johnstone, Sandy M'Culloch, Gideon Perrie, G. M. Ross, Jim Morrison, Alec M'Nair, Charlie M'Lean, Alec Munro—aye, all of these have stood in the day begone in the glare of the smiddie fire. Will they ever do it again? "Quoth the raven—Nevermore!"

DONALD ROSS, Strathglass.

With a little more of ordinary luck, or blessed with a measure of some element he unfortunately seems to lack, this fine specimen of the Scottish athlete might easily have become a world's champion. Beyond the boundaries of these Northern

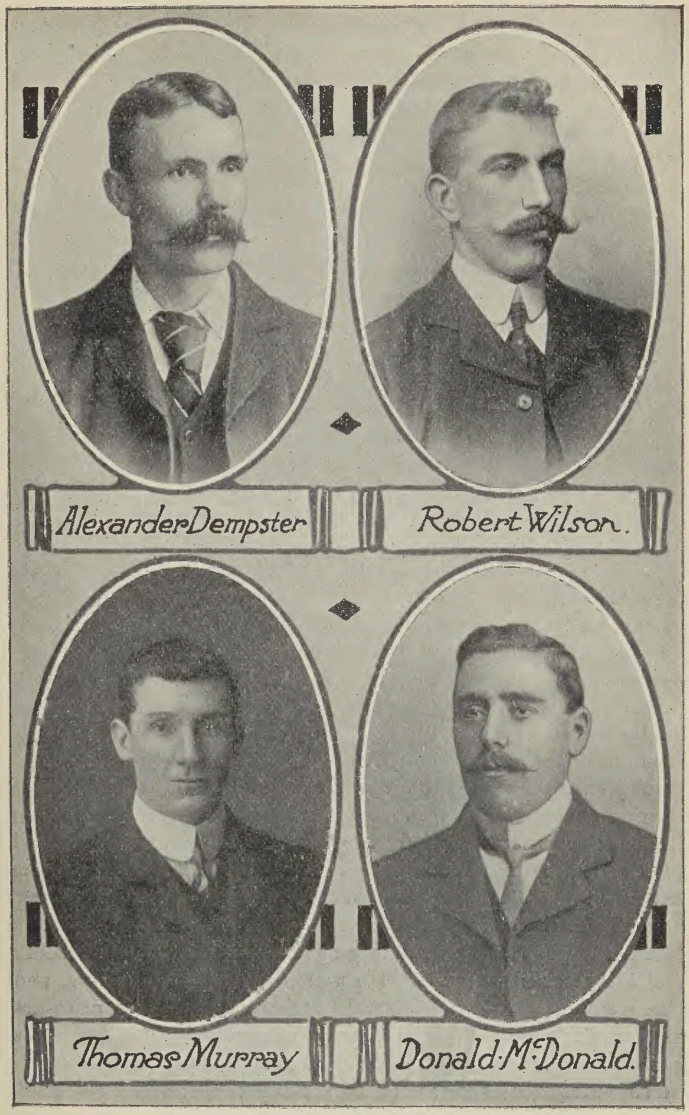
latitudes, where the scroll of his life has been unrolled, Donald Ross is seldom seen and little known. When about 24 years of age his marvellous performances in various of the "heavy" events marked him out as a sure man of promise. All the best judges were unanimous on that point. G. H. Johnstone at that time stood alone as a hammer-thrower. Casually meeting him, I asked him who he expected to eclipse him first. Immediately he answered, "A young fella' they ca' Ross; man, he's a wonder!" M'Combie-Smith, an authority neither reckless of speech nor carelessly lavish of praise, wrote a notice of Ross at the time, and headed it with the uncompromising title, "Scotland's Coming Champion."

But I anticipate! Let us hark back a bit. Thirty-three years ago then Donal' first saw the light. He saw it in an atmosphere essentially Highland, for Kiltarlity, Beauly, Inverness-shire, was his birthplace. At 20 years of age he won the putting competitions under the amateur status at Beauly, Dingwall, and Inverness. Next, he won the Scottish amateur championship in hammer-throwing, and later emerged from Hampden Park, Glasgow, with dual championship honours (hammer and ball).

Almost immediately he bade the amateurs adieu. Adopting professionalism, he soon made his calling and election sure in that division. In season 1897 he beat the renowned G. H. Johnstone with both stone and hammer. 1898 found a keen controversy raging as to who was Scotland's premier putter. Pitlochry games offered special inducement to athletes to attend their gathering and settle the point. The ground was accurately surveyed as to levels; the weights were certified; all the best exponents competed. M'Lean, M'Nair, M'Lachlan, Johnstone, Dempster—these were the "men who mattered" then. They were present. Ross won the 22-lb. ball with 36 feet 8 inches, and the 16-lb. ball with 45 feet, thus installing himself professional champion putter of Scotland for the year of grace 1898. It must be borne in mind that he was then only 24 years of age. The following year (1899) he had an extraordinary series of victories at Aberfeldy. With an 18-lb. ball he created a world's record, being 6 inches better than any previous distance chronicled. He did 43 feet 8½ inches; Charlie M'Lean, 40 feet 9½ inches; Don. Gillespie, 39 feet 11½

inches. With 22-lb. ball he covered 37 feet 7½ inches, being only half an inch behind world's record. With the 16-lb. ball he again eclipsed the world's previous best professional distance by 6 inches. His putt was 46 feet 3 inches. In each of these cases the conditions were beyond reproach. Mr M'Combie-Smith, too, was judge. This same day Ross won the hammer, being 9 feet in front of M'Culloch, Oban. In high-leaping he tied with "Sandy" Dempster for second place at 5 feet 8 inches, M'Lean beating both with 5 feet 9 inches. Truly this was Donald's hectic day. And he filled it well! Now, this Breadalbane Gathering was held on a Thursday. It so happened that a coterie of Scots resident in Leeds had arranged for a great Highland gathering to be held on the Friday. Mr M'Hardy, of Drumblair, Aberdeenshire, was Chieftain. Ross, Johnstone, Dempster, Gillespie, and several others travelled straight to Leeds, arriving there at 3.30 on Friday morning. Poor performances might have been expected and readily excused. No excuse was called for. The men all did splendidly. Ross had the most brilliant achievement of the lot. He sent a ball weighing exactly 21 lbs. 15 oz. 38 feet 2 inches. With the heavy hammer (22 lbs.) he outdistanced Johnstone by 1 foot 11 inches; he won the 16-lb. ball with 45 feet 5 inches; and he hurled a genuine 16-lb. hammer 114 feet.

These are the more outstanding of the "things accomplished" by Donald Ross. They prove him to have been an athlete of all-round ability and of great capacity. He did not, however, allow athleticism to permeate him as a ruling passion. To him the varied incident, the changing scene, the happy-go-lucky Bohemianism, ringing applause, and oft-times rich rewards seem to have had no more effect than as a sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. During the past few years he has only indulged in an occasional competition, and always North awa'. He fills a responsible position in connection with the Lovat Estate. Standing 6 feet 2 inches in his stockings, he weighs about 15 stones stripped. Cautious to a degree, alike in what he says and in his manner of saying it, he impresses you as one whose word is as good as his bond. A man indeed, representing much that is best in the true Scottish athlete.


Alexander Dempster
Robert Wilson.
Thomas Murray
Donald M^c Donald.

JOHN M'KENZIE, Partick.

Erect as the proverbial poplar tree, carrying his 6 feet 1 inch with a grace such as nature seldom bestows; keen of eye, quick of wit, and an optimist all the time; such is John M'Kenzie, expert in a score of athletic feats, and Class A1 at more than a few.

Born in the Ross-shire village of Garne on 26th August 1880, he was thoroughly well "schuled" as became a prospective "lad o' pairts." An outdoor life appealed strongly to John; so in early youth we find him humming a Gaelic refrain to the rhythmic stroke of the woodman's axe and the creak of the cross-cut saw as he worked with a will at the forester's lot and helped to lay the woodland monarchs low.

On New Year's Day, 1899, he made his initial appearance in the arena. He won the 220 yards race, was second in the vault, and third for high leap. This was at Alness, a village in the North. Later, he practised the "heavy" events, and, removing to Dingwall, where he had a four years' spell of clerical work, he became a well known and successful competitor at such North country meetings as Inverness, Nairn, Cromarty, Strathpeffer, and Portree. Yearning, however, for an environment more congenial to his athletic aspirations, he "cam' Sooth," and, joining Captain Cameron's bodyguard, blossomed out as a full-fledged member of Partick's world-renowned "Force." The friendly rivalry of his fellow members and the kindly encouragement of his "chief" provided the necessary stimulus for Mac, and he quickly came to the front.

M'Kenzie is a veritable apostle of versatility in things concerning athleticism. Probably the simplest way to emphasise that is to summarise briefly a season's performance, or, at all events, its leading lines. Take 1905. Galston opened the ball in May. Mac won the vault with 10 feet 4 inches; threw a 16-lb. hammer 106 feet 8 inches for second place; and was third in high leap and running spring—5 feet 4 inches and 19 feet 5 inches respectively. He went to the Plains in June, and threw a 20-lb. hammer 95 feet 10 inches. Here is his prize-list at Partick:—1st 400 yards race, 10 2-5 seconds; 1st 440 yards race, 57 seconds; 1st high leap, 5 feet 7 inches; 1st wheelbarrow race; 2d hammer (16 lbs.), 106 feet 9 inches; 3d vault-

ing and wrestling. At Auchterarder he tied with Charles M'Lean in the vault—height, 10 feet 8½ inches. He cleared 20 feet 1½ inches in the running spring as well. Dundee Police and Kirkcaldy Police meetings furnished between them 5 first, 4 second, 2 third, and 1 fourth prizes. The events represented in that list embraced nearly every item of the programme.

Touring the Northern circuit he made his presence known at Nairn and Cromarty with such effect that 5 first, 2 second, and 5 third prizes were added to the season's log. Nor must I omit Portree. There he won both hammer competitions —108 feet 2 inches with 16 lbs. and 93 feet 6 inches with the heavy. He was second with both balls in the putting. He annexed the 600 yards hurdles, was first for long leap, second for high leap, caber, wrestling, and vaulting, first in dancing Irish jig, and second in sailor's hornpipe.

Right on throughout seasons 1906-1907 Mac has kept on the route progressive. He has competed at nearly every games meeting in the country of any repute, and his name will be found inscribed large and luminous in the annals of most of them. He holds the Partick Police gold medal, awarded annually for the best all-round athlete. No novice ever finds himself decorated with that.

Mac's measurements, duly authenticated at date of writing, are as follows:—Height, 6 feet 1 inch; chest (normal), 43 inches; expanded, 47½ inches; waist, 31 inches; biceps, 14½ inches; calf, 16¼ inches; neck, 16½ inches; thigh, 24¾ inches. In good condition he weighs 13 stones 3 lbs.

Dealing with what I may term the recreative in opposition or, at all events, in contrast, with the more strenuous realm of athletics, John's attainment merits a paragraph. He plays cricket, tennis, golf, shinty, and football with equal facility and expert efficiency. He has skipped a winning rink on many occasions at curling and bowling. He has won races on a cycle track and on a skating rink as well. A trained athlete, John M'Kenzie is also a born sportsman. He is not of the herculean, the man of iron type. Rather is it steel that predominates in his composition, and steel that is finely tempered and wonderfully flexible.

DONALD MACDONALD, Partick.

If the little township of Lairg, in Sutherlandshire, never earned a place in history, I cheerfully state an honourable claim to notice for it now. For there, or in its immediate vicinity, three noted athletes have made their entrance on this little scene of things. These are G. M. Ross, Alex. Munro, and Donald Macdonald. It is notable that all three first attained distinction as "putters." Donal' tells me the reason of this. Wood to make satisfactory hammer shafts is not easily found there awa'. The exuberance of youth demands an athletic exercise. An iron ball can usually be found, and, failing that, a stone comes handy enough. Immediately competition is started. Rivalry grows keen. Camerons and Munros are on the make.

Donald made his first appearance as a competitor at Dunbeath (Caithness). The pitch was a bit downhill, no doubt. Still, the fact that he was 7 feet 6 inches in front of the others, and 4 feet further than any native-born athlete had been on the same ground, fired his enthusiasm. He did 39 feet 2 inches with a ball 22 lbs. in weight. Shortly afterwards, on the invitation of the Duke of Portland, he visited a gathering at Berridale, and won the ball and hammer. In 1902 he met for the first time G. H. Johnstone at Lairg. G. H. beat him with both hammer and ball, but not with a large margin.

Determined to get nearer the hub of athletic activity, Donald joined Partick Force in February 1902. At Blantyre in May he entered the lists as a police athlete. He was first for hammer, the same with 16-lb. ball (43 feet), second in Cumberland wrestling, and he won the "swee-tree" contest. This swee-tree business is as genuine a test of pure strength as any I know. The combatants get down on the ground, legs parallel with the floor, bodies perpendicular, feet placed against each other's feet. The opponents grasp a wooden pole with a 2 inches diameter, placed crosswise between them. They grasp it with both hands at full stretch of the arms. Then begins the individual tug-of-war. The man who pulls his neighbour to his feet first is the winner. Done rightly, it is a splendid exercise; done wrongly, it may become a tragedy!

Here are a few of Mac's putting records:—During the week

ending 2d August 1902 he at three places widely apart did over 45 feet with a 16-lb. ball. Forfar came first—45 feet 4 inches—the ball weighs 17 lbs. Two days later, on 30th July, at Kippen he had 45 feet 1 inch. Then at Inverkeithing on August 2d he did 45 feet 2 inches. I witnessed these two latter performances. A budget of figures is needless. His career and progress during 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906 may be summarised with equal verity and brevity by saying that he competed widely, was particularly successful, and at the events he chiefly adopted improved much.

Consistency is his leading feature. In the analysis of his 1907 achievement this will be found more strongly emphasised than ever. The fact that he has victories over Hugh Nicolson, Bob Wilson, James Morrison, and even on one occasion over the redoubtable Charlie M'Lean places Donal' in the first flight as a ball-putter. Then, if he had no other, his throw with a 22-lb. hammer at Alva (August 15th, 1907) proves him to be a man with a valid claim. A. A. Cameron won with 91 feet 4 inches. Mac was a remarkably close second—89 feet 11½ inches. Donald wrestles well, either in catch-hold or under the Cumberland rules. Six feet and a bit to spare, 17 stones in weight, hail-fellow-well-met, he's a big chap is Donal', and it takes a lot to "pit him aboot."

ROBERT WILSON, Partick.

Robert's first claim to particular notice is that he is undoubtedly the finest all-round heavy-weight athlete produced from a region so far South. He is a native of Cree, in the shire of Kirkcudbright, and was born in 1880.

Only in a desultory kind of way did he practice athletics; not, in fact, till he landed in Partick did he give sport any serious attention. The thorough system of training in vogue there, however, and no less the association with so many kindred spirits worked a charm on Wilson. First, he showed exceptional promise with the ball. Later he improved greatly with the 56-lb. weight. Then he came into prominence as a hammer-thrower. It is in the two former events, however, that he has reached a degree of efficiency high enough to justify his

name being enrolled alongside those of the foremost experts of to-day.

As Bob has not travelled the games meetings for any lengthy span of years, his record is not so extensive as that of some others. And, in any case, an array of figures entails a weariness of the flesh. However, as 1906 and 1907 have been easily his best seasons, I may detail a few of the more outstanding of his efforts in both. He opened 1906 at Galston in May. In putting he was second to A. A. Cameron; distance, 44 feet 9 inches. Throwing the 56-lb. weight was an excellent competition here. The conditions were extremely unfavourable; there was a pitiless rain above and a sodden footing beneath. Yet the result was splendid. A. A. Cameron had 30 feet 9 inches; A. Munro, 29 feet 3½ inches; R. Wilson, 29 feet ½ inch. At Lanarkshire Police Sports in June he threw a weight which was 4 lbs. over the 56-lb. standard a distance of 28 feet 6 inches. He won the 16-lb. ball here with 43 feet 5½ inches. I reckon the best putting I have seen him do was at Lumphinnans (Fife). Cameron and he had a regular duel. Till Cameron's last heave Bob was winning with 45 feet 6 inches—a splendid distance for 16-lb. ball. I certainly thought Robert had the affair in the hollow of his hand, when up bangs "Sandy" with his third and final throw—46 feet 6 inches, 12 inches in front of Bob. At Alloa in July he had 41 feet 6 inches with a ball of 18 lbs. Kirkcaldy Police Sports, Dundee Police Sports, Dunfermline, Crieff, Strathallan, Luss, Larkhall, and Alva all witnessed fine work by Wilson. Touching briefly on the 1907 season's results, I may say that, generally speaking, they show that Robert is still pursuing the line progressive, even if for some reason not easily defined his hammer-throwing is not nearly so creditable as it should be. With his "Son of Anak" altitude (he stands 6 feet 3 inches), his swanky figure, tremendous reach, and, withal, ample poundage, he might throw a 16-lb. hammer out of sight. He is always liable to snatch a victory in this event. At Partick Police Sports, for instance, he did so over that fine thrower, John M'Kenzie, though only by a one-inch margin (105 feet 4 inches). It is worth noting that on this same day he was only 2 inches in rear of A. A. C. with the 56-lb. weight (30 feet 7 inches). At Douglas his 1907 putt stands as the best ever recorded on the ground. At

Dunfermline from a field of competitors, which included such names to conjure with as Munro, Morrison, and Finnie, he won the putting—40 feet 5 inches—and also the 56-lb. weight.

As showing how nearly in unison as regards "class" in putting he and big Donald Macdonald are, I may quote two instances. At Denny on July 27th they met. Result:—Wilson, 46 feet; Macdonald, 45 feet 10 inches. Later, they were rivals at Dens Park, Dundee. Result:—Macdonald, 43 feet 4½ inches; Wilson, 43 feet 4 inches. Neither thought he had done his best. Both tried again. They each reached 45 feet, and agreed to let it stand at that!

"Bob" is an apostle of the cool, calculating method of performing a feat. He never hurries. The missile, be it hammer, ball, or weight, glides through the air with a poetry of motion graceful and pleasing. Frankly, and I know Robert will not take the expression of opinion amiss, I'd prefer to see him more aggressive. Of course, I refer to Bob in that matter as an athlete. As a man he is all right!

TOM NICOLSON.

Whether the student of Scottish sport analyses the records of the amateurs or reads up the doughty deeds of the "pros.," he will undoubtedly find that in the course of the past few years the name of Nicolson is writ large throughout the story. An illustrious quartette indeed the family can furnish. There is Hugh, a front-rank professional all-round athlete; Neil, also of the professional status, a man who is a capable performer in the leaping division, and also "putts" well; John, a big, likely-looking recruit to the amateurs, who has competed successfully; and Tom—T. R. as he is known the world over—in him you have an athlete entirely unique.

It is with Tom and Hugh I specifically mean to deal. Both are products of the pastoral life, their late and revered father having been an extensive farmer in the Kyles of Bute. The position occupied by Tom in Scottish amateur hammer-throwing admits of an easy definition: it is a sum in simple subtraction. Here is the sum. Add together all the chief performances made during the past five years with the 16-lb. hammer (the 22-lb. is never used in amateur contests). Deduct the throws credited to Tom from your total. The residue you have then left is not worth the trouble of calculation at all!

T. R. is 28 years of age, he weighs 13 stones 7 lbs., and his chest measurement is 44½ inches. First and foremost he is a hammer-thrower. After that he is a putter, a wrestler, an expert in shinty, a good footballer. At Buteshire Sports in 1900 he won the hammer—108 feet. Next year he was second in the Scottish championships. The S.A.A.A. held a gathering in the Glasgow Exhibition grounds (1901), and Tom was second to Kiely, the famous Irish champion. Kiely was 145 feet 4 inches; Nicolson was 112 feet. The deficit was too great for a chap of Tom's ambition. He set to work to reduce it. And the fact that through consistent application and thorough study of the art he bridged the gap of 33 feet between Kiely and himself ought to be a potent stimulus to every youthful aspirant to-day. He adopted the "double turn" in systematic practice. On the first occasion he essayed the method in competition the innovation was a pronounced success. He registered 126 feet with it at Buteshire Sports in 1901. In 1902 at the Scottish

Amateur Championships he did 127 feet 1 inch; and competing at Ball's Bridge, Dublin, he went one niche the higher with 132 feet 9 inches. Keily was first with 139 feet 2 inches. So we see the gulf of 33 feet had now been reduced to the narrow limit of 7 feet. Season 1903 opened big with expectation from Tom, an expectation that he fulfilled. Early in the year he stretched out his previous best to 140 feet 10 inches, creating thus a new Scottish record. Shortly thereafter he increased that distance to 147 feet 9 inches. He won the Scottish championship, and in its winning defeated his old-time conqueror, the redoubtable Kiely. The actual result was—Nicolson, 149 feet 4 inches; Kiely, 140 feet. Tom also accounted for the English championship decided at Northampton. At the Celtic Club's Sports he showed further progress, doing 153 feet. Dennis Horgan only reached 125 feet 8 inches for second place. Maintaining his lead in 1904, he again had his name enrolled as all-England champion with 157 feet 5½ inches, and in 1905 retained the title with 155 feet 10½ inches. An unfortunate accident on the eve of the contest prevented his appearing in the English championship of 1906. It was won by H. A. Leake on this occasion with 123 feet 1 inch. We may note that from 1866 down to 1906—a vista of 40 years—only once has Nicolson's throw been exceeded. This was accomplished by J. Flanagan, presently the world's champion hammer-thrower, in the "turning" style. The distance was 163 feet 1 inch, and the date of it 1900.

Outside of championship meetings Tom has an authentic record of 169 feet 8 inches made at the Rangers' Sports. Flanagan's present American record (which is also the world's) is quoted as 172 feet 11 inches. But Flanagan's big throws are made with a hammer furnished with ball-bearings to both the head and handle. The hammer used by Tom R. does not possess even the aid of a swivel. And I fancy that if the actual values of both men's efforts were compared, little if any inferiority would be found in the Scot's throwing. Our hero again annexed the English championship in 1907, with 158 feet 9 inches.

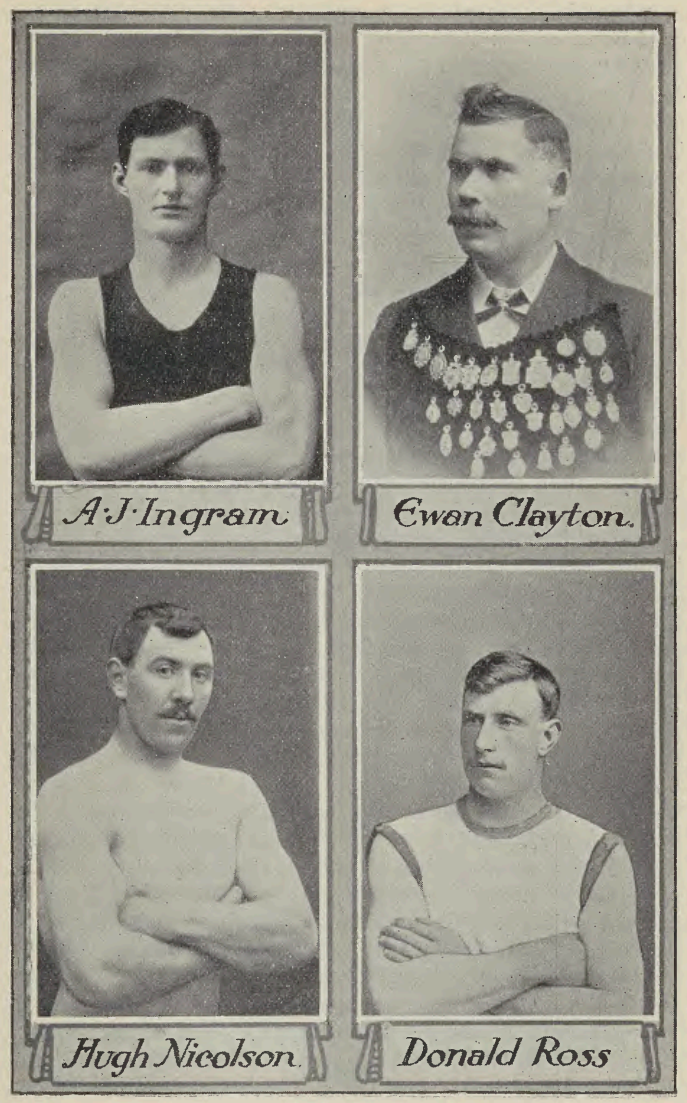
Imposing a little perhaps on a somewhat intimate friendship with Mr Nicolson, I placed the genial Kyles hero under tribute to tell aspiring athletes "how the thing is done." Surely

Tom's epitome is a genuinely helpful budget of things worth knowing. Here it is:—

"I cannot say that I am a consistent trainer, so far as training is synonomous with any scheme of set exercises. I incline to the theory, which in practice I have found to suit my own case best, viz.—That the soundest training is the regular and systematic practice of the event in which you desire to excel. Wrestling, dumb-bell exercises, heavy weight-lifting, are all aids to efficiency no doubt. Hammer-throwing and ball-putting constitute in themselves an ideal physical culture 'system.' Only occasionally try your utmost. I do not think it advisable or judicious to be always trying to (in practising) eclipse your previous best. Learn the correct method of negotiating your task. When you are throwing concentrate your mind on that act, and on nothing else. As regards alcohol and tobacco, without wishing to dictate rules to any one, I can only say that I have always rigorously excluded both. Speaking even from an observer's view-point, I think the former is best left alone entirely; the latter does not confer in any way any benefit to justify its use. Diet fads don't attract me. Of course, in this connection I have the great advantage of an environment where the wholesome dietary of the farm and the active outdoor living leave little need for tonics. May I add that any hint conveyed in these few lines is not intended as any authoritative pronouncement. I do not wish to pose in any way as an expert in such matters. My only notion is by way of encouraging beginners to aspire."

HUGH NICOLSON.

Once I heard two men who held different political creeds discuss a third man, who, at one time a Tory, now professed Liberalism. "True," said the first critic, "he was a Tory once upon a time, but thank goodness he's converted." "Converted be hanged," thundered the other, who was himself a Tory, "I'd call him a backslider!" Knowing nothing about politics, I know not which was the proper term to use. It's a little the same with Hugh Nicolson. He was once an amateur; now he is a professional. It is a matter of opinion whether that means he was converted or became a backslider.



A. J. Ingram

Ewan Clayton.

Hugh Nicolson.

Donald Ross

"Hughie" started as an amateur. He developed into a good one, too; good enough, in fact, to win premier honours at the "crack" meeting of amateur athleticism held in Hampden Park, Glasgow, in 1901. Putting the 16-lbs. ball was the test question involved, and Hughie's distance of 43 feet 2½ inches, a result a long way "by ordinar." Then he shortly thereafter said adieu to the amateurs—made the great renunciation as it were—and entered the ranks of the "pros." At first he didn't shine as a hammer-thrower, the "standing style" coming a trifle awkward to a man bred to the "turning" method. But he got over that impediment, and has become a first-class thrower with some splendid recorded distances, and with every prospect of recording even better ones. He has done over 110 feet repeatedly with a 16-lb. hammer; I've seen him do it.

He high-leaped and long-jumped fairly well for a season or two, though lately he has tackled these events but rarely. He wrestles well in either catch-as-catch-can or Cumberland styles. In fact in the latter method very few indeed in Scotland can throw him, and he has victories to note over all the leading men in this branch of sport—James Morrison, G. H. Johnstone, William Swanson, and, perhaps more illustrious than any of them, Jack Strong, of Ravenglass. It is as a putter, however, that Nicolson claims the more honourable mention. To be in the front rank during the past few seasons denotes that an athlete must have abnormal merit indeed in this event. For good, in fact, excellent, putting has been the rule all over, not in isolated instances. With men like Cameron, M'Lean, Bob Wilson, Finnie, Munro, &c., on the war-path, it takes some merit to reach the prize-list at all. Yet in season 1904, when A. A. Cameron was smashing world's records almost at every time of asking, Hugh was often running him close. The solitary occasion during 1904 on which Cameron suffered eclipse at ball-putting was the Thornton (Fife) games meeting, and Hugh Nicolson was the victor. That "putt," as also two other exceptionally good ones of 1904, the writer can vouch for, having seen them performed. I refer to Alloa, where in July he had 41 feet 9 inches with a ball certified as 18 lbs.; and to Alva, where on a quagmire of a pitch he reached 45 feet 7 inches with a 16 lbs. The best record at Dunoon

stands to his credit—47 feet 3 inches with 16 lbs. ball. Throughout 1905, '06, '07 he has competed widely, traversing the whole catalogue from Newcastle-on-Tyne in the South right upwards to classic Braemar and beyond it in the North.

I fancy my degree of intimacy with Hugh quite justifies me in tapering off this rough-cast outline with the distinctly personal touch. Primarily, then, he is possessed of enormous natural strength. He is 6 feet 1 inch in height; 45 inches round the chest; 17 inches neck measurement; and he weighs about 14 stones 7 lbs. stripped. In the arms and wrists he is abnormally well developed. Adopting the maxim "Moderation in all things" as the standard of his living, he pursues the athletic ideal with a zeal apostolic.

No fancy "systems" of physical culture find in him an advocate. Hard, honest work in nature's outdoor workshop: laying out the furrow, broadcasting the seed, making the hay, garnering the golden grain—such is Hugh's tonic and preparation. Then the assiduous practising of the feats he loves best in every leisure hour; the earnest, eager striving for the mastery when the crucial moment arrives—such I affirm to be the elements which encompass his success.

He is 28 years of age. He is likely enough to pass his days, being now a Kyles farmer, amid pastoral scenes and in agricultural pursuits. And he is of that type of man who certainly would never dream of foregoing that environment in exchange for any lengthened sojourn where the plaudits of men ring loudest, or their crowds congregate the most.

ALEX. J. INGRAM, Edinburgh.

Naturally enough, all admirers of athleticism do not laud the giant as their hero. To those who find their ideal in a clever light-weight I commend the subject of this present sketch, A. J. Ingram, known commonly as "of Edinburgh."

A. J. was born in the village of Gamrie, Banffshire, and imbibed athleticism along with the "rule of three." He was a schoolboy athlete. In youth he migrated to Glasgow, and was fortunate almost immediately in forming a close friendship with a kindly, kindred spirit—Alex. Liddle. Sandy was at that

time a constable in the Central Division; a likeable fellow, the best all-round middle-weight athlete Glasgow Force ever contained or produced, and a most unselfish tutor as well. In vaulting and Cumberland wrestling Ingram became his understudy. An apt pupil he proved.

Before long he was attending the various meetings round Glasgow, testing himself against the experts of the Western school, and meeting with as much success as most of them. At Auchenairn, Kirkintilloch, Milngavie, and that famous old-time gathering, "The Ross," Hamilton, he accomplished good work. Some years ago Mr Ingram removed to Edina, where he is actively engaged in business as a cycle and motor factor. He has never neglected the recreative life, however. To-day he is one of the best vaulters in Scotland, or beyond it. I refer here to "vaulting"—genuine pole-vaulting!—not that monkey-climbing-up-a-stick business, which our friends across the Border call a "vault."

As a wrestler Ingram's record reads well. In fact, at his weight (10 stone stripped) I do not think you could find in Britain, and assuredly not in Scotland, a rival certain to beat him in a three styles match. He has won the blue ribbon of light-weight Cumberland wrestling in Scotland—the Bridge of Allan championship.

This is an age of records. One I will confer on Ingram. He has certainly thrown, unexpectedly, more heavy men than has any other light-weight at present before the public. A personal reminiscence will provide an illustration. At a well-known gathering, where Ingram and myself were strangers, we foregathered. The wrestling (catch-as-catch-can) was open to all weights, and among the competitors were several of distinctly Falstaffian proportions. One in particular was a ponderous fellow of 17 stones and a trifle over. Ingram always declares that if there is a giant in a competition he is sure to be drawn against him first round. Extremes meet! On this occasion it happened. The first two names to come out of the hat were Alex. and—the "Infant." After the draw the gladiators squatted down on the grass, ready for action when wanted. He of the avoirdupois flopped down beside the writer. "Wha hae you got?" he inquired. I told him. "Man, you're nae sae lucky's me," he continued with a chuckle. "I've got

the wee chap; it's as guid's a bye tae me." I remarked casually that Alec was a bit tricky occasionally. "Tricky! by gosh," grunted the giant, "he'll better nae try ony tricks wi' me. See here," and he bent low down, talking confidential like, "I'll buckle him up."

It may as well be admitted frankly that I had a quiet talk with A. J. Then the rivals met. Some, whose sense of humour was acute, found a theme for laughter in the meeting. A moment later and the scene was changed! Immediately on taking hold Alec gained the advantage. Whirling his body round directly in front of his opponent he "buttocked" the big chap clean over his shoulder as if he'd been shot from a catapult. And he fell, to put it poetically, "as falls on Mount Avernus, a thunder-smitten oak!" Landing clean on his back, and, of course, so unexpectedly, the giant's wits went a-wool gathering. He was a chap with a laggard brain-pan—the sort who would need a ready reckoner to tell them what to do next! So Ingram slipped on a double-Nelson, pinned him down for the requisite 30 seconds, and then politely assisted him to rise. In all the region round about that spot "yon licht fellow wi' the

black skin-tichts" is enshrined as a hero. For didna he coup "Big Geordie!"

During seasons 1906-1907 Alec has maintained his place in line with the top-notchers. To-day he is one of a quartette, which you may with all safety instance as being a foursome to hold its own against any other athleticism has known. John Mackenzie, Charlie M'Lean, Alex. J. Ingram, and Donald Corbett constitute the four. Any one of the four has genuine vaults of 10 feet 8 inches. At Rothesay in August 1907 Corbett and Ingram tied at 10 feet 10 inches, which may be quoted as the best authentic record of each.

Bearing in mind the fact that Ingram's deficiency in weight and strength has to be made up by a thorough knowledge of the art and theory in the feats where he excels, a study of his methods must be of interest. In vaulting he relies purely on speed to carry him over the bar. Knowing that little leverage is needed to lift his own weight, he reserves his whole strength for the generating of speed when taking the run. And so he judges that just at the fraction of a second when his greatest speed is attained, he leaves mother earth with the momentum created, and as yet undiminished. If he annexes the crucial moment—all is well. Should he miss it—he doesn't get over. But he generally gets over!

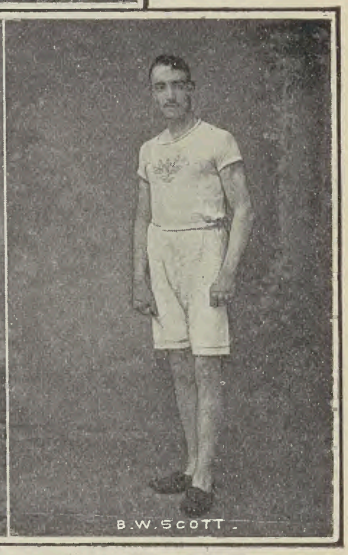
A man of genial, sunny temperament is he, with a face o'er which no shadow e'er flits; a man also to whom all meanness or subterfuge spells anathema.

BRYCE W. SCOTT, Kilmarnock.

Heredity counts for much in the evolution of an athlete. Environment counts for more. Bryce W. Scott had the advantage of congenial environment and favourable heredity as well. At Newton-Stewart 30 years ago his father accomplished feats in leaping much beyond the average. He could do over 43 feet in the hop, step, and leap, and 20 feet in long leap. Also, he was a good "local" man in the heavy events. So much for heredity. Now for B. W.'s environment. He was born and reared on a South Ayrshire sheep farm touching the Galloway border. Rank grows the heather there, and everywhere you

DON CORBETT.

J.A. CLARK



B.W. SCOTT.

meet with a "sheugh" or burn forming a ditch of a varying width throughout the meadow, moor, and fen that stretches all around. So the young "Scotties" lilting cheerily off to school troubled little about finding a way round these obstacles. They simply jumped over the burns and ditches as they met them. And they were expert leapers before they knew it!

I recollect Mr Scott telling me of his first appearance as a competitor. It was at a Sabbath School pic-nic—you see, B. W. had always been a good fellow. He was 13 years of age, and won two firsts and two seconds for leaping and running, with a total prize money of half a dollar!

Barhill local sports was the scene of his next competition in 1901. He and his brother Tom accounted for most of the jumping events. The Cowal (Dunoon) Gathering of 1903 was the first meeting of importance he attended. Season 1904 found him one of our leading men. He had 12 firsts for hop, step, and leap, and 8 firsts for long leap that summer. In fact, I have no hesitation in setting it down, and that after considerable trouble by way of research and necessary verification, that during 1904-1905-1906 Mr Scott held pride of place as the best all-round exponent of the flat-jumper's art we had. Over that period he had an aggregate of 102 prizes—including 63 firsts, 20 seconds, 16 thirds.

The quality of the places (athletic quality I refer to) is above reproach. At Strathallan, for instance, he won the flat jumps three years in succession. He can perform well on any ground. Southwards at Hawick (1906) he had three firsts and two seconds, whilst Northwards at Dunecht (Aberdeen) he had two firsts and two thirds, and somewhere about a half-way house between these (at Auchterarder) he had three firsts and a third. During 1905-1906 he was undefeated in long leap.

His averages are interesting:—

	Hop, Step, and Leap		Long Leap.	
	Ft.	In.	Ft.	In.
1904	44	2	19	9
1905	44	7	20	3½
1906	46	8	21	3

Best Performances.

	Hop, Step, and Leap.		Long Leap.	
	Ft.	In.	Ft.	In.
1904	46	0	21	5
1905	46	5	24	2
1906	47	9	22	3

In the high leap he is rapidly improving, and is liable on an odd occasion to beat the best of them. He is efficient, too, in the standing hop, step, and leap, clearing 30 feet 6 inches at it. Four feet 7½ inches is his best effort (and a very good effort, too) in the standing high leap. During season 1907 the exacting claims of his professional duties—he is an engineer's draughtsman—militated against his regular appearance at sports.

And unfortunately (I use the word in a qualified sense) for the future we shall only see him in the amateur ranks. He applied for enrolment under the amateur status, and the governing body, satisfied of his good intentions, and satisfied no doubt that he was a creditable acquisition to them, pronounced absolution for all his "professional" sins.

CHARLES M'LEAN, Fort William.

Charles M'Lean is a native of Fort-William. He stands but a fraction over 5 feet 9 inches; weighed on various occasions when I tested him 12 stones 9 lbs.; and he is of a finely moulded type, without a grain of excess material in his construction. His face is full of vivacity and expression, with the features sharply defined; the squareness of jaw denotes great fixity of purpose. In speech he is frank and open, though never voluminous; in intellect he is quick of grasp; in action he is swift as a cinematograph.

He began compiling his record early. When 19 years of age he competed at Inverness, doing 38 feet 8½ inches with a 16-lb. ball. In 1895 when 21 he won the competitions for light and heavy balls at Fort-William. At Crieff he repeated the performance. Shortly afterwards he defeated the famous Owen Duffy at Lanark, putting a 21½-lb. ball 37 feet 4 inches. Duffy was 35 feet 3 inches. In 1896 and 1897 he had the

memorable series of duels with Gideon Perrie, the world-renowned Canadian athlete. Perrie was conceded by all authorities to be one of the finest putters living. He was a giant of 6 feet 2 inches besides. Well, in '96 they met 19 times. Charlie had 10 wins; Perrie had 9. In '97 they had 13 contests; Mac won all.

I may mention a few of M'Lean's putts, culled at random. At Aberfeldy he had 37 feet 6 inches with a 22-lb. stone. At Pitlochry, with same weight of missile, he did 37 feet 8 inches. At Cupar Fife he reached 45 feet 8 inches with a genuine 16-lb. ball. In 1904 he registered the best distance ever recorded at Crieff with 16-lb. ball—48 feet 8 inches. The same day he was first with 22-lb. stone—and a clumsy brute of a thing it is—38 feet 6 inches. My intention is certainly not to unduly laudate my present subject by invidious comparisons with other men. Yet it is only bare justice to Charles to emphasise the fact that, throughout his career as a putter, he has had to wrest victories from a numerous and ever-increasing galaxy of brilliant rivals.

Just run your eye over the list. Owen Duffy, Johnnie Anderson, Gideon Perrie, Donald Ross—that was the first quartette he was up against. Then Alex. M'Nair; Henderson, of Edinburgh; Don. Gillespie, the Islay marvel; and J. S. Ewan followed in rotation. And now to-day he has James Morrison, Don. M'Donald, Robert Wilson, Hugh Nicolson, Alex. Finnie, and, great gigantic monarch of the lot, A. A. Cameron. Against all of these M'Lean has acquitted himself with every credit. When we take into consideration that from the earliest of these rivals till the advent of the latest a whole generation of experts fall to be numbered with the things that were; that M'Lean was giving away from 2 to 4 stones of a handicap to most of them; that he was also competing with marked success in all the leaping events all the time; and that in the year of grace 1907 he was going as well, if not better, than ever he was, we are compelled with all candour to admit—There was none like unto thee before thee! Just a few lines as to his 1907 performances, after fourteen years on the turf, and when in his 34th year. He let season 1906 lapse, being in Canada. In competition he and his renowned fellow-champion, A. A. Cameron, met during the 1907 season 33 times—18 with a light

and 15 with a heavy ball. Cameron won the light ball 10 times; Mac. won 6 times. They tied twice. With the heavy ball Cameron scored 13 victories; Charles had 2. Any putter who can point to one victory gained over A. A. C. is entitled to honour. How much the more then is Mac.? At Aboyne the best putt made on the ground for 40 years with 16-lb. ball was eclipsed by M'Lean, he altering the figures from 46 feet 9½ inches to 46 feet 10 inches.

He emerged from the games meetings, too, with a list of 14 first prizes gained in the high leap—gained from a field of the finest leapers any period has seen. He had the best individual height attained during the season—6 feet (at Inverness). He vaulted at all the chief meetings with splendid results.

Mac.'s business life has been varied, though not to the same extent as his athletic versatility. In early youth he clerked in a banking and law office. Later he joined Govan Constabulary, and served as Bar Officer there. For several years he followed athleticism as a professional career. Then he settled down to the pastoral life, taking a farm in the neighbourhood of Comrie, near Crieff, the scene of many of his athletic triumphs.

JOHN MACKENZIE, Partick.

(In Full Highland Costume.)

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