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The "HEARTS" and the Great War

By John M'Cartney

Manager, Heart of Midlothian Football Club, Ltd.



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THE "HEARTS" & THE GREAT WAR

with which is incorporated

"The 'Hearts' and the Army"

By JOHN M'CARTNEY

Manager, Heart of Midlothian F. C. Ltd.

ROLL OF HONOUR REVISED TO DATE
PHOTOS AND BIOGRAPHIES OF THE
:: :: HEROES WHO HAVE FALLEN :: ::
EXTRACTS FROM NUMEROUS LETTERS
WAR CHARITIES—FACTS AND FIGURES

EDINBURGH :
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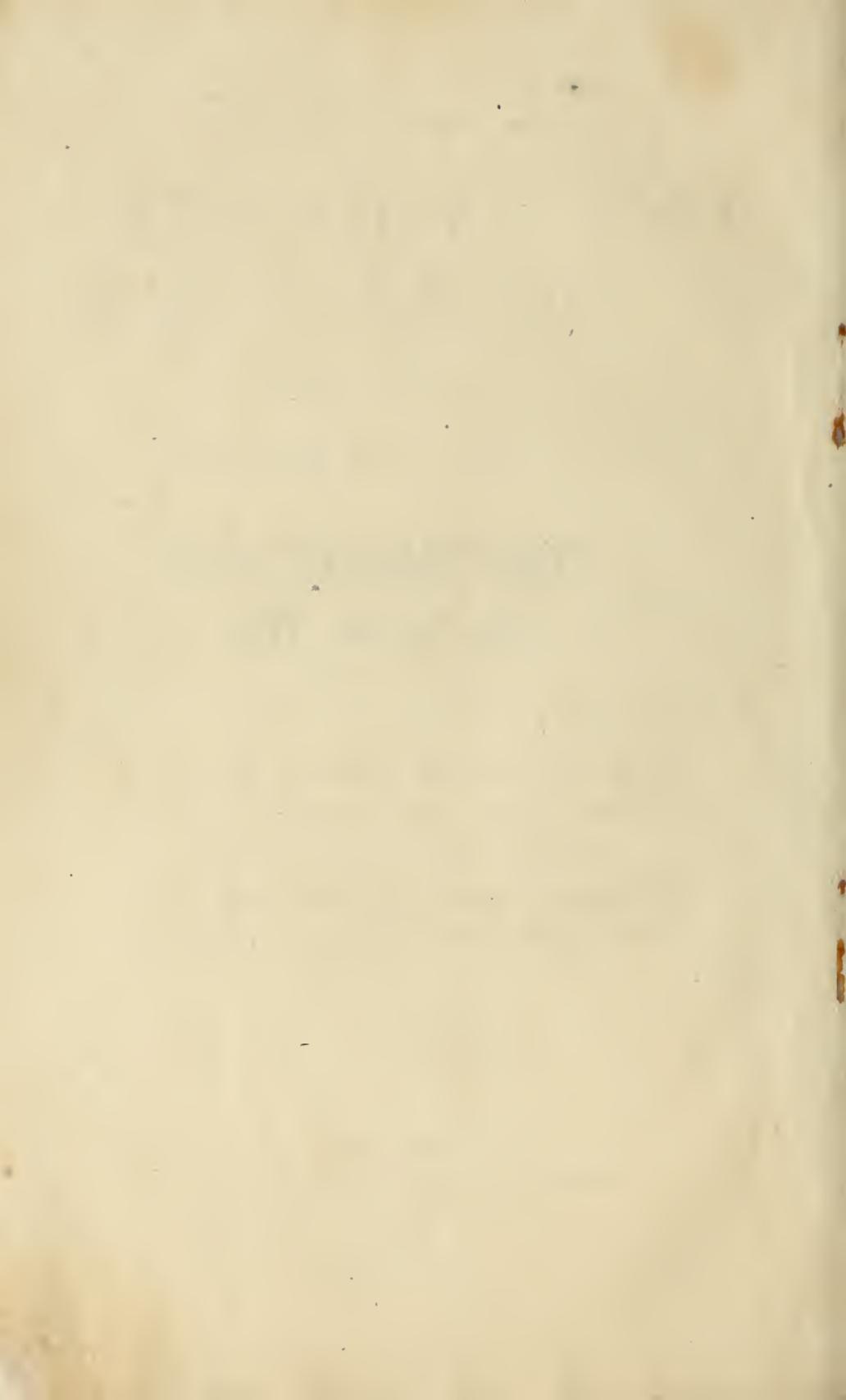
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The "Hearts" and
the Great War

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Snow Cartney



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DEDICATION.

AS these pages are being prepared for the press, the nations are being prepared for Peace. It comes not on leaden wings. Upon the long night of our struggle, "the dawn came up like thunder." Between the promise and the realisation of Peace, there has been no prolonged interval. We are quietly and surely moving into the time when the sword shall be beaten into a ploughshare; into the realisation of the poet's dream:—

"Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and
the battle flags were furled,

In the Parliament of man, the Federation of
the World;

There, the common sense of most shall hold a
fretful realm in awe,

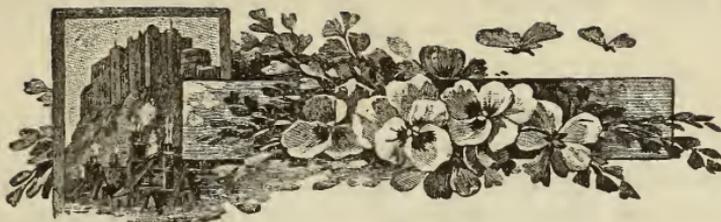
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in
universal law."

This book is dedicated to our heroes "who fought and conquered and died, without knowing that they had conquered," and, equally, to their brave comrades who fought and conquered and lived to return to us.

*Tynecastle Park, Edinburgh,
December 1918.*







The "Hearts" and the Great War

*"Wild beats my heart to trace your step,
Whose ancestors in days of yore,
Through hostile ranks and ruined gaps
Old Scotia's bloody Lion bore ;
E'en I who sing in rustic lore,
Haply, my sires, have left their shed,
And faced grim Danger's loudest roar,
Bold-following where your fathers led."*



THUS did Burns, in his Address to Edinburgh, pay tribute to the Capital's loyal and patriotic sons.

Down through the centuries Edinburgh has been the Alpha and the Omega of all things martial, and, especially so, when liberty was threatened. How often have the armies gone furth the City walls to do or die for freedom! The spirit pre-eminent in the antecedents of the City lives to-day. This is proved by the fact that, before compulsion, four-and-forty thousand of Edinburgh's bravest and best had taken the oath of determination to protect Democracy. The cry of outraged France and Belgium fell on fertile ears. The response was eager and spontaneous.

*"For while we sing 'God save the King,'
We'll ne'er forget the people."*

The democracies of France, Belgium, and other oppressed nationalities must be saved, and from nowhere on God's

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earth did the clarion call resound more clearly and with better results than in "Auld Reekie." Every grade of the City's manhood gave up everything for the precious opportunity of engaging in the fight for the greatest of causes—the freedom of the universe. They have given their lives with a readiness and an abandon in account with the required needs of the hour. It may with truth be said that "kings for such a tomb might wish to die."

Having made it clear that the stampede to join the colours was general, it is my intention to touch only upon the doings of one particular section of the community, and that is, the professional football player.

In the early days of the war the most virulent, vitriolic, and irrelevant attacks were hurled at the heads of the professionals. Their class was anathema to lords, bishops, curates, and all grades of professional teachers. Fireside soldiers and critics exhausted their vocabulary of invective. The entire cosmopolitan crew of kill-joys and motley parasites were beside themselves. How these parasites find a landing on the bodies of responsible people is one of the seven wonders. They are neither fitted for fighting nor willing to fight, but their rudimentary, fragmentary, and hearsay knowledge of things has the unfortunate tendency to further distort their limited powers of observation. History tells us that whilst Divines insisted on discussing plans of battle, interspersed with dictums and nostrums of theology, the fight was lost. Generals could not avoid the parasite—even in the direst hour of danger. In well-regulated communities it is fated that a parasite or a kill-joy should reside. Is the evil, for evil it is, a necessary one? His business is to use his time in finding out what folks want mostly, and then utilise his puny powers, for all they are worth, to obtain prohibition of such want.

Amid all the hubbub of who ought and who ought not to go, the players of the Heart of Midlothian Football Club were closeted with their directors. The men were willing to join up if the directors assented to a break in the contracts. Needless to say, the directors, being a profoundly patriotic body, readily agreed.

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Then followed the sensational recruiting of sixteen of the finest players in the country. A sum of £4 per week was nothing to them as compared with a shilling a day and freedom for all. The fire spread rapidly. Four hundred shareholders, ticketholders, and supporters joined with the players in forming, in the record time of eight days, as fine a Battalion of Royal Scots—to wit the 16th—as ever graced the British Army. What matter the huge liabilities of the directors and shareholders; the sacrifice of generous wages; the honours and cups of Associations and Leagues, etc. Everything selfish or personal was thrown aside, obliterated and forgotten, in the raising of the greatest national monument it is possible for any athletic or other organisation to build and possess.

The telegram from one of the City's chief notabilities announcing what had happened at Tynecastle Park brought forth the exclamation at Whitehall:—"Scotland has done splendidly." Thus did Edinburgh with its "Hearts" speak for Scotland.

Amid these happenings, bishops on the ecclesiastical screen were showing "the portals of Hell open wide," lords of creation were supplicating for Zeppelin raids on football grounds, and sleek skins were bellowing for other fellows' hides. How magnanimous! Truly, football players and supporters must have marvelled at the attentions of Snobocracy. The linking up of so large a body of Heart of Midlothian material with the Army has welded an unbreakable chain of mutual love and comradeship. Whilst the Club gave its all to the Forces, the officials are not unmindful of the reciprocal and kindly treatment meted out by officers and men in those days. A club so depleted as the "Hearts" had need of assistance, and in this connection, the names of Brigadier-General Sir Robert Cranston, K.C.V.O., Col. Sir George M'Crae, D.S.O., Lieut.-Col. H. J. H. Inglis, Col. Clark, Lieut.-Col. C. E. Johnston, Lieut.-Col. K. Whitton, Major M'Lennan, and many others will for ever be associated with the Club's history.

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THE HISTORIC SIXTEEN.

Lieut. A. B. NESS	Royal Scots	<i>(twice wounded, promoted on the field.)</i>
Lieut. J. LOW	Seaforths	<i>(twice wounded, now discharged).</i>
Staff-Sergt. J. H. FREW,	R.G.A. (C. of E.).	
Sergt. D. CURRIE	Royal Scots	<i>(killed in action).</i>
Sergt. N. MORELAND	„	<i>(thrice wounded).</i>
Corpl. A. E. BRIGGS	„	<i>(severely wounded, now discharged).</i>
Corpl. T. GRACIE	„	<i>(died on service).</i>
Corpl. N. FINDLAY	„	
L.-Cpl. J. BOYD	„	<i>(killed in action).</i>
Pte. H. WATTIE.	„	<i>(killed in action).</i>
Pte. W. R. WILSON	„	<i>(wounded).</i>
Pte. E. E. ELLIS	„	<i>(killed in action).</i>
Pte. P. CROSSAN	„	<i>(thrice wounded).</i>
Pte. J. H. SPEEDIE	Cameron's	<i>(killed in action).</i>
Driver G. L. SINCLAIR	R.F.A.	
Pte. R. PRESTON	H.L.I.	



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Since then many of the Club's players have joined up, till at the moment thirty-one are included in the Roll of Honour. The other fifteen are as follow :—

Gunner C. D. BLACKHALL,	R.G.A. 1st Lowland (C. of E.).
Sapper C. HALLWOOD,	Royal Engineers.
Pte. J. HAZELDEAN	Royal Scots (<i>severely wounded, now discharged</i>).
Pte. J. MARTIN	„ (<i>wounded, now discharged</i>).
Sergt. G. P. MILLER	„
Pte. E. M'GUIRE	„ (<i>wounded</i>).
Gunner J. MACKENZIE	R.G.A.
Pte. J. WILSON	Royal Scots (<i>twice wounded</i>).
Pte. P. J. WHYTE	Gloucester Regiment.
Sergt. J. ALLAN	Royal Scots (<i>killed in action</i>).
Pte. H. GRAHAM	R.A.M.C.
Gunner R. MERCER	R.G.A. 1st Lowland (C. of E.), (<i>gassed</i>).
L.-Cpl. J. MACDONALD	Royal Scots.
Bombardier J. GILBERT	R.G.A.
Pte. R. MALCOLM	Machine Gun Corps.

Sacrifice and Honour are here depicted in all their glorious transcendency. Danger and Death had no terrors for these brave lads. The great illusion that they had "joined up" for the fun of the thing, or as mere bravado, remains eternally blasted. Only those continually in touch with the heroes knew of what resolute stuff they were made. Grit, stamina, strength, and determination permeated with the instinct of a sportsman and the cult of a gentleman, confirmed them as exemplary members of our great free community.



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To those who have made the supreme sacrifice we bow in silent reverence. Their duty, well and truly done, commands our universal respect and humble obeisance. They sleep where they fell. The little earthen mounds dotted over the battle-scarred fields of France and Belgium are for ever hallowed. "Silent as the grave" is a commonplace. Yet here are tombs that cry aloud for freedom and the saving of democracy; for vengeance against the usurper and the enslaver; concrete evidences of heroic deeds of valour and renown.

Well might the poet sing:—

"Yes—let me like a soldier fall."

The noblest of deaths—the Crusader's grandest consummation.

"Their Coriolanus-like pride declared itself most sternly in the thickest press of foes. Never under the impenetrable mail of a Crusader beat hearts of more intrepid mettle than those within the stoic panoply, that armed the breasts of our heroes."

SHALL WE EVER LOOK UPON THEIR LIKE AGAIN?

To those yet spared us we extend our hand. Their trials and vicissitudes in the great drama are indelibly impressed upon our minds. Many have, through wounds and stress of battle, perforce laid down their arms. They have fought the good fight, and in their retirement, let us wish them all the solace and comfort they so richly deserve. As Burns appealed:—

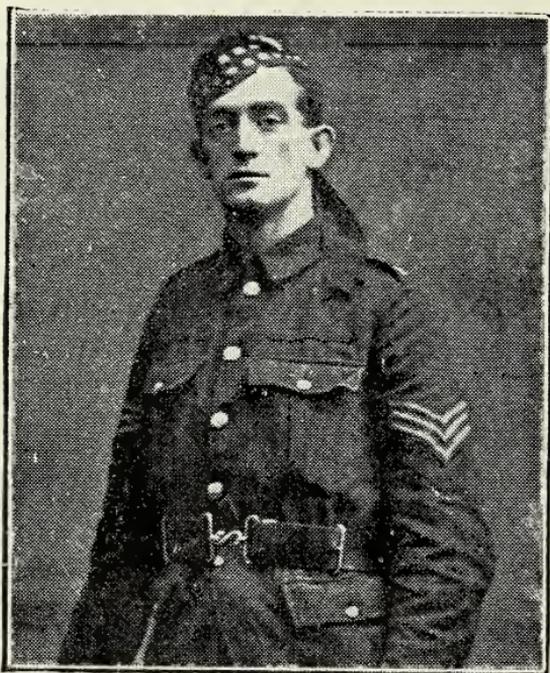
"The poor brave sodger ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger;
Remember he's his Country's stay
In day and hour of danger."

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The Unreturning Brave.

The "Hearts" and the Great War



SERGEANT DUNCAN CURRIE.

A native of Kilwinning, Ayrshire, where he was born, 13th August 1892. He was assistant to an elder brother as a hairdresser. Of a football family, he came quickly into prominence as a junior, and was early taken hold of by the Heart of Midlothian. Like most of the Club's players at this period, he gave decided evidence of obtaining highest honours. A strong, resolute player, he brooked no nonsense, and took the game keenly and seriously. His natural proclivities reproduced themselves in his Army career, and the "historic sixteen" gave no one more likely to rise to fame and position in His Majesty's Forces. Duncan soon became a Sergeant. Whilst gallantly leading his platoon at the Somme offensive, 1st July 1916, he fell to rise no more. His brother Robert played for Bury and the Hearts, whilst another brother has been for years a tower of strength to Leicester Fosse. Mr James Currie, the father of the family, was a goalkeeper of more than local prominence.

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SERGEANT JOHN ALLAN.

Born at Greenlaw, Berwickshire, on 2nd March 1887. Removed with his parents to Edinburgh at an early age. Always keen on football, he was a member of the first Dalry School team to win the Inspector's Cup. He played for Wemyss Athletic and Tranent Juniors ere joining the ranks of the Heart of Midlothian. A whole-hearted player was John. A joiner to trade, he worked with Messrs J. Duncan & Son, Grove Street. Shortly after the outbreak of war he enlisted in the 9th Royal Scots. He fell at Roeux, near Arras, on 22nd April 1917. His home was at Springwell Place, Edinburgh.



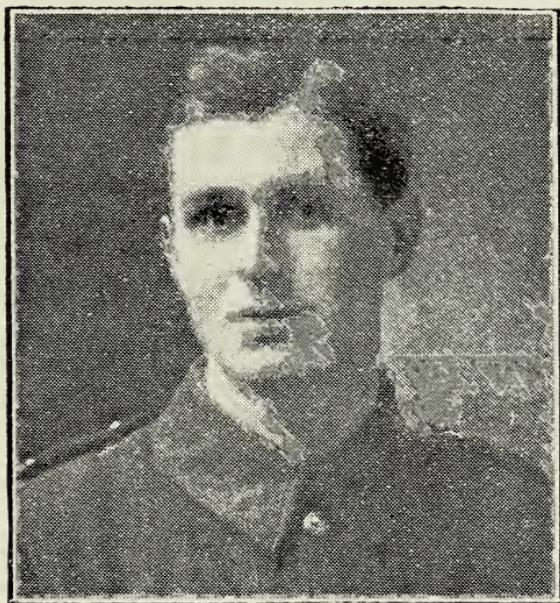
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CORPORAL THOMAS GRACIE

First saw the light at Glasgow on 12th June 1889. Educated there, he came to be by occupation a meat salesman and book-keeper. Tom belonged to the small but very select company of first-class centre-forwards. He saw service with Airdrieonians, Morton, and Liverpool ere finding his way to Tynecastle. It is believed that his best football was displayed in the Maroon colours. Expressive of a well-reasoned mind; calm and gentle in his deportment, he was a prime favourite with all who knew him. One of the now historic sixteen, he gave early promise of a successful Army career. Fate, however, was cruelly unkind, and, contracting an illness which ultimately beat him down, he died at Stobhill War Hospital, Glasgow, 23rd October 1915. A brother fell at the Dardanelles. His widowed mother resides at Dennistoun, Glasgow.

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LANCE-CORPORAL JAMES BOYD.

Born at Seafield, Livingstone, West Lothian, on 14th November 1894. Educated at West Calder Public School, he passed through the Higher Grade. He was a shale mine underground oncost worker. A player of great promise, his only senior club was the Heart of Midlothian. One of the earliest to join the 16th Royal Scots, he proved himself a thoroughly capable soldier. His abilities betokened quick promotion, which doubtless would have been fully realised but for his all too sudden end. He gave his life at the battle of the Somme, 3rd August 1916. His brother Archie for a considerable period was the Heart's goalkeeper. The parental home is at West Calder.



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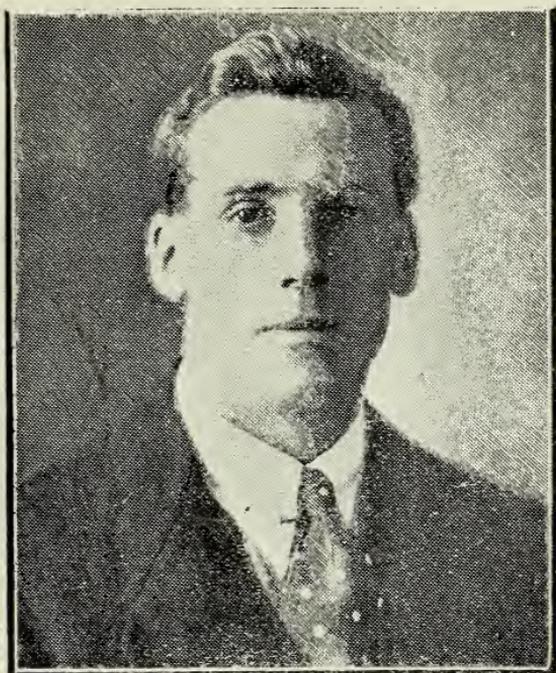


PRIVATE JAMES H. SPEEDIE.

Born at Edinburgh on 17th November 1893. He was by profession an Insurance Clerk with one of the largest concerns of its kind in the City. He clung to his amateur status, and was a great player in his day. Like the generality of our men he was modest, unassuming, and kindly. When the call of Country came he was ready, willing and anxious to serve the cause of right. Joining the Cameron Highlanders, he was early in France. Jimmy, as he was familiarly known, came through several severe battles, and ultimately fell fighting at Loos, 25th September 1915. His only brother, Lieut. John, has since fallen in action. The parents of these two splendid lads live at Polwarth Gardens.



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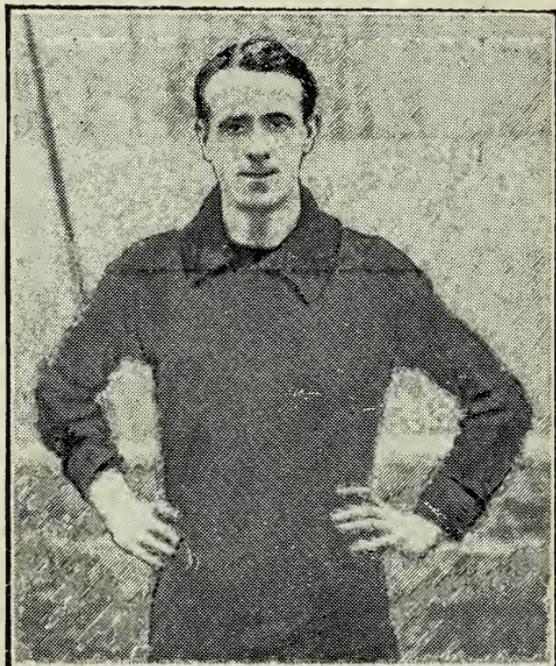


PRIVATE ERNEST ELLIS.

Born at Sprowston, near Norwich, on 30th November 1885. A boot operator by trade, he early gave promise of a successful football career. He became a professional for Norwich City, and then migrated to Barnsley ere reaching Edinburgh. A big powerful player, yet withal scrupulously fair. Another of the gallant band that joined the 16th Royal Scots. He made the supreme sacrifice at the Battle of the Somme, 1st July 1916. He left a widow—an Edinburgh lady—and a little girl born after he went to France. His three brothers are on active service.



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PRIVATE HENRY WATTIE.

Born at Edinburgh, 2nd June 1893. In the first flight of players—in fact, an artist. He was rightly held to be the legitimate successor of his famous clubmate, Robert Walker. In general character, disposition, and play, the similarity was peculiarly manifest. Feinting, swerving, and drawing were striking replicas one of the other. Unassuming to a degree, neither had much to say, yet at intervals both were rich in snatches of dry humour. Each carried the "old head" with an eye to the main chance. On many momentous and thrilling occasions each by sheer artfulness has secured the "soft" goal (*vide* the Press) that carried victory. Alas! poor Harry was not destined to reap a harvest of laurels such as came the way of his confrere. The advent of the world war found him ranking with his clubmates in the 16th Royal Scots. He is presumed to have been killed at the Somme, 1st July 1916. Comrades have related that they saw him fall, but a most careful after search failed to trace his body. The ground was ploughed inch by inch with shell fire, so that the reason for non-recovery is obvious. Harry was the youngest of five brothers, one of whom, the Rev. John Wattie, is a Chaplain to the Fleet. Their widowed mother resides in Marchmont Road.

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Says a leading writer in an English publication—

Who is there in Scotland, aye, in England too, who does not remember the devotion of those gallant professionals? . . . They were the forerunners of the noble army of footballers, and, as such, take pride of place.

From a Western Weekly paper—

The popular Edinburgh Battalion, the 16th Royal Scots, has now left the City. It was raised in less than a fortnight, and includes in its ranks the Heart of Midlothian Football Club players, who *gave the lead* to their fellow sportsmen throughout the country.

"No one who knew them could ever forget them,
Their ways were so cheery, so loving and kind."

The patriotic step taken by the players was productive of many congratulatory letters and telegrams.

LORD ANDERSON (an honoured member of the Scottish Bench ; and an old member of the Hearts)—

Please convey to the Directors and players who have joined the Army my heartiest congratulations on the step which has been taken. I venture to think that, famed as the name of the Club has been in the past, the present patriotic action of the players will give it a far more splendid lustre in the future.

J. M. HOGGE, Esq., M.P.—

Edinburgh folks will forget your patriotic action when they agree to root up the Heart of Midlothian in the cause-way near St. Giles—and that is *never*.

ROBT. CAMPBELL, Esq., Perth (Scottish Football Association)—

Warmly congratulate your players and Club on splendid lead. Most appropriate lead should come from this season's leading Scottish club, and from Scotland's Capital.

(*Telegram.*)

THOMAS STEEN, Esq., Ayr (Hon. Treasurer Scottish Football Association)—

Please accept and convey to Directors and players my hearty congratulations on the splendid lead given. Hope your decision will bring out many other players.

(*Telegram.*)

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J. K. M'DOWALL, Esq. (Secy. Scottish Football Association)—

Bravo, Hearts! I am proud of the old club. (*Telegram.*)

Dr JOHN SMITH, Kirkcaldy (a former Scottish Internationalist)—

With friend M'Dowall I say from the bottom of my heart: Good old Hearts! well played! I am proud to have been at one time a member of your Club. Your players have set an example to others that they *must* follow, and then the risk of our good old game becoming as a stink in the nostrils of the nation will be swept away.

W. WARD, Esq., Glasgow (President of Scottish Football League)—

You have indeed given a splendid lead to the other clubs, and hope your example will be immediately followed by others. Your action is a proper answer to the stop-the-game croakers, and will enlist for the game, and those who take part in it, the goodwill of all right-thinking people. Hats off to the Patriotic Hearts!

ALFRED DAVIS, Esq., Marlowe (one of the English Association's Vice-Presidents)—

Very heartily congratulate your Club on the splendid response made by your players to the "call of arms." I trust the lead your men have given will be followed by the players of England.

Captain D. H. LESLIE, Shropshire Light Infantry (Vice-President of Shropshire Football Association)—

That you may be at the top of the League this season is the wish of us all. But even if you are not successful in heading the table, your fame will be just as great. You set the teams of Great Britain a fine example, and that is a far greater honour than winning any number of football competitions. My experience of football is fairly extensive, and I may say I have never seen a team play the game in a more sportsmanlike way than the Heart of Midlothian.

A. MACADAM, Esq., M.R.C.V.S., Bristol—

The Heart of Midlothian will always be respected and live for ever for their patriotism.

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J. FARRAGE RIDLEY, Esq., Rothbury—

Sincerest congratulations on splendid response. You have written one of the finest pages in the history of a famous club. All honour to you.

J. H. BUNTZEN, Esq., Copenhagen, Denmark—

I have noticed from one of the papers here that a lot of your players have joined the forces. I am glad to see, however, that you are still heading the League with something to spare. I sincerely hope your boys who have joined the colours will cover themselves with glory, and return safe, and further assist the Heart of Midlothian with their splendid achievements.

LAURITZ SVANE, Esq., Copenhagen, Denmark—

I am glad to know that your fine team has "played up" so well. I am quite of the same opinion as you about the war, and *you remember we spoke about it in June, six weeks before war broke out.* My full sympathy is with the Tommies who are fighting so bravely on the Continent.

Players who left Tynecastle before the war "took the shilling" freely, and several have distinguished themselves—notably, Captain the Rev. A. J. STEWART, M.C., Captain W. S. DEWAR, and Sergeant RODERICK WALKER, M.M.

The Directors, too, are worthy their niche in the Temple of Fame:—Messrs E. H. FURST, W. LORIMER, WM. C. BURNS, W. BROWN, and W. T. DRUMMOND.

At the commencement of hostilities they instantly realised their country's needs. The shareholders and adherents were with them heart and soul. Solidarity brooks no procrastination or equivocation. Men and money were an absolute necessity for the weal of the homeland. The pages of this narrative show that the last ounce of manhood and the utmost shilling were readily turned over. During the recruiting period the Club's premises were placed entirely at the disposal of the Army authorities. Every assistance and facility were freely offered, and as keenly accepted. War Fund matches and collections became a most important part of the Club's business. Too much credit cannot be given to the concomitant parts of the Tynecastle institution for the magnificent

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Sergt. RODERICK WALKER, M.M. 15th Royal Scots, another onetime favourite, was also the recipient of kindly recognition at the hands of his old employers.

Donations made by the Club to miscellaneous cases of necessity arising from the war: £104, 3s. od. Needless to say, this sum would have been much more substantial but for the heavy liabilities incurred just prior to the European crash of arms. A £12,000 bill, accentuated by heavy interest and much heavier Imperial taxation, was not made any lighter by the slump in revenue. Yet we keep smiling through the consciousness that we have done our utmost, and are encouraged in our optimism by the knowledge that our work has not been in vain. When the day of fruition of gentle peace our brethren, relieved of war's equipment, will again be found at their Mecca of thrills, excitement, and pleasure.

The 16th ROYAL SCOTS COMFORTS FUND.

(Registered under War Charities Act, 1916).

£74, 11s. 2d.

This amount was raised by collections and donations with the view to providing instant financial assistance to any of our wounded or their dependants. It has also been the channel for securing an assortment of wants and requirements for the men in the trenches: melodeons, mouth organs, stationery, pipes, tobacco, soap, flannels, gloves, etc., etc. Without being pretentious in its field of operation, the Fund has been productive of a relative amount of good.

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Miscellaneous collections have been many, and amongst others we quote the following:—

Federation of Discharged Sailors and Soldiers in aid of the Annual Treat to the Children of comrades who have fallen	-	-	-	-	£34	13	4
Catholic Huts for Soldiers abroad	-	-	-	-	26	6	0
Incorporated Sailors' and Soldiers' Help Society	-	-	-	-	11	0	0
King George's Naval Fund	-	-	-	-	6	15	7
Irish Flag Day	-	-	-	-	6	7	8

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FOOTBALLS FOR SOLDIERS.

(Registered under War Charities Act, 1916).

Total Income to date, £844, 11s. 9d.

EXPENDITURE, £802, 12s. 11d.

One thousand and seventy footballs have been despatched each accompanied by a covering letter. The cost of administration is somewhere in the neighbourhood of one per cent.

Early in the war applications for footballs began to pour in at Tynecastle from the soldiers overseas, and from sailors of the Navy. The Club stock had been cleared—mostly to units training at home. Something had to be done to meet the demands of those on active service. The writer made an appeal through the columns of the "Edinburgh Evening News," and the Editor, in giving publicity to the letter, added a footnote suggesting that public subscriptions should be sent to Tynecastle, and that the business should be dealt with from there. The strong support of the "News," with one of its contributors (Diogenes) lending his hearty and strenuous aid, saw the scheme launched on a proper working basis.

It was fitting that the first subscription to the Fund should come from the "News" employees. That donation was the harbinger of a steady flow of revenue for the maintenance of the scheme. Individuals, corporations, public works—aye, even the soldiers themselves have vied with each other in their efforts of support. The incessant call of our heroes caught the ear of many outside Edinburgh. Substantial sums have come from London, Liverpool, Newcastle, Glasgow, Paisley, Greenock, Leith, Kirkcaldy, Selkirk, Galashiels, Inverness, Rosyth, Pumpherston, Coldstream, Bathgate, Dunfermline, Gorebridge, Musselburgh, Slateford, Leven, Ormiston, Burntisland, Linlithgow, West Calder, Granton, Tranent, and a place, they call it—Drumnadrochit. The soldiers in France, friends in U.S.A. and West Africa added their quota. Just as the subscription field has been wide, so has the distribution of the footballs. Practically every battalion in the British Forces has benefited. The soldiers

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of the French and American Republics, and those of the Kingdoms of Belgium, Italy, Serbia, and Greece have played with Tynecastle footballs. Members of the Canadian, Australian, South African, New Zealand and Indian contingents have also participated in the benefits of the scheme. Letters from all ranks in the Allied Armies—the Allied Commander-in-Chief to the humblest Private—breathe grateful thanks and appreciation. Football was just the antidote the soldier required. We give quotations from several of the four thousand communications in our possession. These letters are in reality heart expressions of our fighting men addressed to a generous public, and we ask that they be read as such.

MARSHAL FOCH, *Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Grand Armies*—

General Foch thanks you for your letter of June 7, 1918 announcing that you have sent twelve footballs to him for our soldiers. He wishes to thank you for your great generosity towards our soldiers, who are happy to fight side by side with your brave soldiers against the common enemy. I have the pleasure to send you the thanks of General Foch to which permit me to add my own. The footballs arrived to-day, and are now being sent to different fighting units.

Signed. Chief of Staff.

Accompanying the letter was General Foch's card, with the words, "Avec ses remerciements," and his autograph (J. FOCH).

KING OF THE BELGIANS.

Major Preudhomme of the Maison Militaire du Roi writes—

The King has received the twelve footballs that you had the kindness to send him for the recreation of Belgian soldiers at the front. Very sensible of the sentiments that have inspired your gift, and also of the sympathy expressed towards Belgium contained in your letter, his Majesty charges me to transmit to you his sincere thanks, and to say he will be happy to realise your desire.

MARSHAL JOFFRE, *Commander-in-Chief of the French Army*—

The Commander-in-Chief charges me to convey to you his thanks for the gift that you have been kind enough to send him. He begs you to kindly accept the assurance of his most friendly sentiments.

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GENERAL DIAZ, *Commander-in-Chief of the Italian Army*—

Our soldiers appreciate the kindness as it proves the sympathy amongst the Allies, especially on the part of the British, who are fighting with great valour side by side with us for the common cause.

It is obviously impossible to quote even short extracts from all the letters in our possession, but a selection at random will prove conclusively that football has played a great and important part in the history of the war. The entire stocks of tonics and reinvigorating nerve potions of the world's pharmacy fall into insignificance when compared with the stimulating football. The much-discussed "tot of rum" had no backers when a football was about. Wearied and exhausted men, on their return to rest camps after long spells in the trenches, were instantly revived by the sight of a ball. The filling up of shell holes—hard and laborious work—became child's play in the formation of a pitch. The roar of guns and occasional shell visitors could not damp the ardour of these brave lads. Twenty players on each side and a game lasting four hours raised enthusiasm to a tremendous height. The gladiators fell asleep arguing the point and discussing incidents what time Fritz and Jerry were elaborating plans of murder and frightfulness. Comparison with the craven heart of a murderer, as against that of the buoyant sportsman is odious. The sporting instinct of the British soldier is an asset no laboratory of demonism could ever hope to counteract. Sportsmen—every one a brother—make the world sublime and full of happiness, brightness and splendour, where only universal love and esteem may reign. The militarist, with his engines of destruction fetching death and desolation to mankind, produces but a vale of tears.

But let our heroes speak for themselves—

Coy.-Sergt.-Major MUNRO, 7th Seaforths, France—

I can assure you the boys will spend a good time when they leave the trenches. They are dodging all kinds of balls at present which will keep them in form for the great event—Hearts and Hibs. One can hardly think we are fighting

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in a great war, especially when the discussion arises about football and favourite teams and players.

Privates SHARP and M'CARDLE, 2nd Royal Scots, France—

You can rest assured that the football will be enjoyed as we have just finished twenty-six days in the trenches, and although it has been a bit costly, they (the Huns) can make no impression on the good old 2nd Royal Scots. (Pte. McCardle has since given his life.)

Corporal DOUGHERTY, 1st Camerons, France—

The ball is the chief source of enjoyment amongst the boys.

Driver BLAIR, 34th Siege Battery, R.G.A., France—

We are chasing the leather at the back of the line, with the guns going like thunder. Time will never hang heavily when we have a chance of indulging in the good old game.

Driver LOTHIAN, 1st H.L.I., France—

The ball was no sooner received than a match was arranged with the Gurkhas. We enjoyed it immensely, but we had to retire for half an hour on account of shells from Fritz. The Gurkhas are very good players, and take a keen interest in the game.

Private BADENOCH, M.G.C., 9th Seaforths, France—

As I write the Huns are treating us to a few lines from their "Hymn of Hate," in the shape of whizz-bangs. We expect to be relieved shortly, and anticipate many pleasant hours with the ball.

Lance-Corpl. M'GRAVIE, 2nd K.O.S.B., France—

The football came to hand in the trenches, and the boys are in the seventh heaven of delight at the prospect of a game. No words of mine can express their joy.

C.-Q.-M.-Sergt. DOHERTY, 10th H.L.I., France—

No matter how tired we may be, we are always ready for a game.

Private BROWN, M.T., A.S.C., France—

Football arrived in time to save the situation. Likely to be a riot over a football argument, so to settle the matter, a match, Ammunition Shifters *v.* File Shovers was instantly arranged. The shell men won, and all was peace.

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Private WHITSON, 2nd Royal Scots, France—

I am one of twenty-five snipers, and lack amusement so send us a ball. We shall arrange a match—Prussian Guards *v.* Us. Ground in Belgium. Kaiser referee. Crown Prince will present machine guns and bombs to the winners—Us.

Corporal BRIGGS, 16th Royal Scots, France—

Many, many thanks for ball. Had our first match with it, and playing in army boots, we were like a lot of "Clydesdales." Football is the game to keep us fit, and raises enthusiasm that may prove bad for the Germans.

Rev. HUGH BROWN, Chaplain to the Forces, France—

Your ball was held over for the final tie, and I can assure you that if the kind friends who make those gifts possible could have witnessed the contest and the enthusiasm of these lads, and the crowd of officers and men, they would have felt they had done a bit to fit the men for their great tasks.

Sergt. JOHNSON, H.M.S. "Marylebone," Rouen—

When I gave the Coy. the ball, and read them your letter, they gave vent to their feelings in loud acclamations: "Good old M—— & Co., and for about five minutes I imagined I was sitting in Tynecastle grand stand.

Gunner JORDAN, R.G.A., Aden, Arabia—

Sincerest thanks. We have not lost a game with your ball, even after chasing the Turks and hostile Arabs thirty miles from this part.

Sergt. JUDD, 2nd Scottish Rifles, France—

The ball helps to pass what would be a monotonous hour, and it gives the soldiers great pleasure to see how patriotic the people are at home.

Sergt. LAPHAM, R.A.M.C., France—

Most kind and thoughtful of you and the good people at home.

Private LEITH, 7th Royal Scots Fusiliers, France—

I am lucky to have come through safely at Hill 70 and Loos so as to thank you for fine ball. Just had a rousing game, where some hard blows were given and taken.

Bandsman LINDSAY, 27th Divisional Band, France—

The football is the thing, and it is enjoyed. How the French people scream and roar when they see one of us flop in the mud.

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Private LIGHTBODY, 2nd Gordon Highlanders, France—

You do not know how glad we were when we saw your ball. We thank you from the bottom of our hearts.

Driver MAXWELL, 66 Brigade R.F.A., Egypt—

Gone mad over the ball. Were playing with paper balls aboard ship before we landed here.

Sergt.-Major MARCHANT, R.G.A., France—

Sincerest thanks for football. Nothing more appreciated than a "Kick at the ball." We deplore the death of our old favourite, Tom Gracie. It came as a great surprise to most of us here.

Driver M'KAY, R.G.A., France—

We are having a great game here. We have two goals to defend—Calais and Paris. One thing is certain, we are the winning team. Our forwards have great dash, and our defence is splendid. The Germans are poor stayers. Your ball keeps us in trim for the more important game mentioned.

Driver M'HALE, 35th Brigade, R.F.A., France—

Believe me, you are the means of making the men forget the hardships they are going through, for no sooner have they got a few minutes to themselves then they are kicking the ball, or somebody else.

Private PRIOR, 2nd Scots Guards, France—

I am sure it is very good of the people at home remembering us with comforts and footballs. I am also glad football is being carried on in Scotland, as the boys are so interested in getting results, and then for the arguments.

Private RUTHERFORD, 2nd Canadians, France—

We are delighted with the ball, and have just had a game in a blinding snowstorm. Our clothes are plastered with mud and wringing wet, yet we enjoyed ourselves thoroughly.

Sergt. REID, 28th Brigade, R.G.A., France—

Needless to say we have given the football a trial—in fact it was out at daybreak following its arrival. I am afraid you would have felt flattered could you have heard the many remarks that were passed concerning your kindness.

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Private ROBERTSON, 9th Royal Scots, France—

The ball was not long in the paper, and ten minutes sufficed for us to give it its baptism of fire in France. We did not halt till it was dark, and even then we were loath to leave it.

Private SHARP, 1st Scots Guards, Prisoner of War, Schneidemuhl, Germany—

The ball is just what we wanted, and I can assure you it was very acceptable.

M. TIROL, French Prisoner of War, Munster, Germany—

Most thankful for magnificent ball you sent, and we greatly appreciate your kindness. It will help us pass the time quickly, and keep us in good form for the time of our return home.

Private ARMSTRONG, 43rd Canadians, France—

Grateful thanks. Ball certainly a boon, and did come in handy. Lightens the monotony of this horrible place.

Seaman BRAIDE, H.M.S. "Lion"—

Very gratifying to the boys to know and feel that the folks at home are ever mindful of them. The ball will serve to keep us fit for the final tie in the Polo tournament *v.* the Germans.

S. G. BLOOM, Royal Naval Division, Prisoner of War, Guben, Germany—

My comrades' sincere thanks. It will help us to pass many an otherwise weary hour. Hope am in time to see you win the Scottish Cup.

Lieut. GRIFFITH, 3rd Army, France—

To the immense joy of the men the ball arrived, and I am deeply grateful to you.

Bugler BEVERIDGE, 1st Scottish Rifles, France—

When I opened the parcel and pulled out the ball there was absolutely no holding the boys. Only imminent darkness prevented a game right away.

Private BLAIR, 3/4th Royal Scots Fusiliers, Salonika—

I assure you it would have done you good to have heard the boys cheer, after producing the ball and reading your letter. (This gallant lad later made the supreme sacrifice. He was a shareholder at Tynecastle.)

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Lance-Corpl. BREMNER, 10th Black Watch, Salonika—

No statement of mine could convey the good words and good wishes they had for you. We shall never forget your kindness.

Private CONNELL, 1/4 Royal Scots Fusiliers, France—

When I read your letter to the boys in the trenches and showed them the ball, three cheers were given the sender, altho' the Germans were shelling us hard at the time.

Corpl. GROVES, 2nd Royal Scots, France—

In returning thanks for the ball the Corporal says:—Tell Geordie Sinclair this letter is from the Piper who shook hands with him when he rode past the Royal Scots on the day after Mons.

Sergt. HILL, 2nd Argyll & Sutherlands. Prisoner of War. Minden, Germany—

Acknowledging a ball, he was so grieved to hear about poor Harry Wattie. "We played together as children."

Lieut. CAIRNS, R.A.M.C., France—

Thanks for kindness. The men require something to brighten things up, and I really think you deserve all the thanks possible for such practical gifts.

Coy.-Sgt.-Major CONNOR, 17th Royal Scots (Bantams) France—

When we got your ball we soon made some of our taller opponents sit up. We had just been to the waist in water and mud before we met and beat the A.S.C.

Lieut.-Colonel DONALDSON, 19th Royal Scots, France—

Still on lines of communication, and the men are anxious for play-time. Many and sincere thanks. You may well be proud of your wonderful record of footballs sent out

Private EDINGTON, 6th Camerons, France—

We were like a lot of school children when ball arrived. Hope it won't be long ere we can get back to Tynecastle. (A Club shareholder, this hero has fallen in action.)

Sergt.-Major ARNOLD, R.M.A., H.M.S. "Repulse"—

Heartiest thanks for ball.

(Letter is endorsed by the officers over the quotation:—

"quod bonum, felix, faustumque sit.")

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Captain CARNOCHAN, O/C M.M.G. Battery, France—

The men soon forget their hardships when a game of "footer" is set agoing, and one thing I like to see is the look of happiness on their faces. "Work hard, and play hard" is the sovereign remedy for all ills, in my opinion.

Lieut. HEPBURN, 2/6th West Yorks, France—

If you had seen the smiling faces that greeted me when I produced your football, your heart would have rejoiced.

(The gallant officer, a one time member of the Edinburgh Police Force, has since given his life.)

Private HARDIE, 1/4th Royal Scots, Palestine—

Dying to get a kick at your ball, but ground is awful. They say this is the Holy Land, but, so far, it has not come up to our expectations.

(This letter is signed by sixty-five soldiers of the Battalion.)

Gunner LOMAX, 30th Battery, Canadian F.A., France—

If you could only be here for a few moments you would feel that your generosity had been amply repaid. Truly your gallant players made an unanswerable retort to Kill-joys and fireside fighters. A few hours out here would do these latter gentry a lot of good. It would broaden their minds, and help make this world, already so full of sorrows, a much less gloomy place to live in.

Gunner MALCOLM, 115th Anti-Aircraft Section, France—

We have only to express a wish, there are so many kind people in Edinburgh ever ready to promptly respond. No wonder we are so proud to call ourselves the "Edinburgh Jocks."

Lieut. MOORE, Machine Gun Corps, France—

Officers and men desire to tender heartiest thanks. Nothing to equal football for keeping men fit.

Captain ADAM, O/C 1/1 Armoured Train, France—

Have to express on behalf of the men and myself sincere and grateful thanks for your kind gift.

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Private RIDDLE, R.A.M.C., Macedonia—

After stating that they had heard of a mail boat going down, he says:—We got anxious about our ball (the letter announcing its despatch being received by a previous mail), but if it should be "tin-fished," we have the consolation of knowing that we are not forgotten in such a country as this.

Rev. L. McLEAN WATT, Chaplain to the Forces, France—

Go on with the good work. It is one way of helping to win the victory.

These extracts, we affirm, are conclusive proof of the efficacy of football. As already indicated, the quotations are but a mere fraction of the grand total. Many of them bear the signatures of from one to eighty men, thus implying, by a moderate estimate, that thousands have been cheered and gladdened through the Tynecastle fund. The cheerfulness has not been all on one side, for have not the kind hearts at home been equally just as pleased to find the necessary capital. To the eternal credit of the citizens and district friends, they saw to it that Jack and Tommy were assured of their footballs.

We have critics who suggest that too much has been made of this element of sport in relation to the fighting man. With the exception of the effeminate curate they belong to the exclusive set of elderly sixties and youthful seventies who frolic and gambol in the aristocratic parlour at ping pong, or become breezy over an exciting tidley-wink contest. They pull crackers for exercise, and wear paper hats as a preventive to ice rinks forming on their domes. Seriously speaking, these dismal Jimmies have only one fighting garment—sack-cloth and ashes. Youthful exuberance fired with zeal, energy, and exercise can alone win the war. The athlete you simply cannot subdue. The phlegmatic is beaten before he commences. Contributors to the Fund are numbered by the thousand. The administrators are profoundly grateful for the valuable assistance of the many voluntary workers, and keenly appreciate the kindness of every individual who helped even to the matter of a single penny.

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The principal subscriptions are:—

Private R. C. F. Hyslop - - - - -	£182 18 5
Tramway Co.—sale of penny tickets - - -	132 0 8
North British Rubber Works—Employees - -	44 10 10
Coldstream Band Concert, per George. B. Smith -	32 13 8
Ye Olde Hearts Association, per T. N. Thomson -	18 4 9
David Ireland, Ryehill Terrace, Leith - - -	14 0 0
Tynecastle Bowlers, per J. Dods - - - -	13 10 0
Scottish Motor Traction Co., Ltd., per J. Thomson	12 7 0
J. Barnie, Straiton Place, Portobello - - -	12 0 0
Brown Brothers., Ltd., per D. Reid - - - -	11 13 9
C. Blackhall, a Hearts' Soldier player - - -	11 4 8
Edinburgh Tramway Coy's Staff - - - - -	11 3 0
Ramage & Ferguson, Employees, per W. Stuart -	11 0 9
W. Henderson, Edinburgh, Collected at Greenock -	10 14 0

Private R. C. F. HYSLOP, Canadian Infantry, now resident at 5 Harrison Road, Edinburgh has proved himself a superb worker. Invalided out of the Colonial Forces as physically unfit, he set himself to do what he could from the confines of his little wheel-chair. The football instinct was strong within him, and he knew exactly the soldiers' sedative. He is a familiar figure sitting at the door of his home with his "Footballs for Soldiers" collection box beside him, the while he is writing letters and sending subscription sheets broadcast. His total of £182, 18s. 5d. includes sums from Colonial Premiers and Statesmen. Amongst the public works and various business concerns he has been most successful. His inestimable services can hardly be measured in words. Private Hyslop, despite his serious handicap, has done magnificently. He holds a firm place in the hearts of all—soldier and administrator alike.

Others who have worked hard, and are entitled to heartiest thanks:—

Messrs C. Aitken, D. Allan, J. Brown, J. Blackhall, J. Bruce, W. Brown, G. Chisholm, D. Dippie, Lance-Corpl. J. Grant, P. Herd, J. D. Hunter, A. Hamilton, G. Hendry (Livingstone Station), R. Herkes, G. Johnston, J. Linton (Pumpherstons), W. Milne, J. Martin, T. M'Kenzie (Jr.), T. Paterson, D. Peffers, A. Peffers, W. Renton, D. Riddle, J. G. Robertson, R. Smith, R. Scott, J. Thomson, W. Torkington, G. L. Thomson, R. Watt.

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Subscribers direct to the Fund include :—

Right Hon. Lord Rosebery, K.T., Lord Anderson, the late Sir M. Mitchell-Thomson, Bart., Sir John Cowan, Sir Robt. Maule, C. E. Price, Esq., ex-M.P., J. M. Hogge, Esq., M.P., and Capt. G. E. Crabbie.

Tribute is also due to the girl collectors at the football matches, and to the boys and girls who provided back court concerts—all of whom did splendidly.

* * *

After reading the particulars herein set forth, who can gainsay but that there is a close affinity between His Majesty's Forces and the Heart of Midlothian Football Club—a connection that will be remembered and recounted with pride in the decades to come.

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Since the foregoing was written a new and a brighter world has dawned upon us. Like her dupes Germany is now in the melting pot. Her scheme to Kultur the universe has "gone west." What otherwise was possible, if we are to believe the biblical dictum :—"He that leadeth into captivity shall go into captivity : he that killeth with the sword must be killed with the sword."

Blasphemy, hypocrisy, frightfulness, and murder—the roots of Kultur—must never again be allowed to show their heads. To resist contamination of our fair world from such awful ethics is our sacred trust.

Let us tend and protect the

TREE OF LIBERTY.

*"Without this tree, alack, this life
Is but a vale of woe :
A scene o' sorrow mixed wi' strife,
Nae real joys we know.
Wi' plenty o' sic trees I trow
The world would live in peace,
The sword would help to mak' a plough,
The din o' war would cease.
Like brethren in a common cause,
We'd on each other smile,
And equal rights and equal laws
Would gladden every isle."*—(BURNS.)

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An Appreciation.

By Lt.-Col. Sir George M'Crae, D.S.O., The Royal Scots.

IN the closing months of 1914 much recrimination was hurled at the devotees of the world of sport, and they were freely charged with reluctance to do their bit in the great world war. Much of that criticism was ungenerous and unfair, made without knowledge of what had been done by the individual.

The raising of a new Kitchener Battalion in Edinburgh gave opportunity of showing of what stuff Scotland's footballers were made. The Heart of Midlothian players made generous response to my appeal for recruits, and a whole company was rapidly raised, including some players from other teams in Scotland.

The "Hearts" Company has earned never-dying fame in a Battalion which embraced some of the finest material that the British Army has ever seen. It was a great combination—a Company of students from Edinburgh University and the training colleges, the "Hearts" Company, two Companies of artizans—all welded together by arduous training into a very fine Battalion. The Battalion has given a good account of itself in many a hard-fought engagement, and where danger has been greatest and the shells falling thickest—there has the "Hearts" been—all "Forwards" then. Their losses, like that of the Battalion, have been severe.

But the glory of it shall never fade, and to those of us who are left, the comradeship and good feeling which pervaded all ranks will ever be a happy recollection.

We are proud of our fallen heroes. They have made the supreme sacrifice willingly, gladly, for a great cause.

Their memory shall be ever green. Their deeds a stimulus to like effort to all who follow in their train.

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A Pressman's Tribute.

By "Diogenes," *Edinburgh Evening News*.

WHEN MR. M'Cartney asked me to pen a few lines by way of recalling the impressions of a more or less intelligent on-looker—the man who "sees most of the game"—of the manner in which "the Hearts saved football," I turned to that purest source of inspiration, the files of a daily newspaper. I would like to let you know, as a stimulus to that most fickle thing, the public memory, what I found in the columns of the "Evening News" under date November 25, 1914, the day on which the Tynecastle heroes took their momentous step, the step which "saved the game." I found a heavily leaded paragraph under bold black headings: A Football Sensation: Eleven Hearts' Players Enlist. Of that more anon. What did I further find? That a battle on which the fate of the world may have turned was raging at Ypres, that the Belgian port of Zeebrugge was in possession of the Germans, and was being bombarded from the sea by the British Fleet, that the Germans were making a bid for Calais, that a "Zepp." had been doing murderous work over Warsaw, that a raiding German cruiser had found a number of victims in the distant seas, that the French steamer, "Amiral Ganteaume," had been torpedoed and sunk with a great loss of life, and that, perhaps most significant of all, an engagement was proceeding at Hamman's Kraal between loyal and rebel South Africans. It brought the war near home to learn that there were fears of a raid on the Forth. There were few lights, many shades on the picture. We may not have fully comprehended the significance of that Ypres battle but, at all events, we had gone past the time when Joffre was popularly believed by a sanguine public to be "luring them on." The fog of war had lifted sufficiently to enable us to realise its deadly perils.

THE REALLY SACRED CONTRACT.

It was under such circumstances that the eleven Hearts' players enlisted. The eleven did not exhaust Tynecastle's enlistment, they were merely the first big contribution. The men did a bold thing. Many of them have paid for their venture with their lives. There appeared in the following evening's paper a group photograph of the men who had enlisted overnight. Three men standing in the back of the picture were Ellis, Gracie, and Currie, all three long since dead, three of the "Scots Who Have Died For Their

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Country," to quote a headline which is, unhappily, too familiar to every Edinburgh newspaper reader. It was a magnificent bit of heroism, the spontaneous action of the eleven players. All the tinsel that used to garnish war had long since been worn off. Other men in like circumstances sheltered themselves under the sacredness of their contract with their clubs, the clubs pleaded the sacredness of their contract with their players. The Heart of Midlothian club and its players scouted the sacredness of a football contract, their contract was with their country. The country needed the men, the club and its players stood out as professional football's first big contribution to the common cause. Incidentally they "saved the game."

A LOSS THAT IS A GAIN.

It had been resolved that the game should be "carried on." The soundness of the decision is not disputed now, and need not be debated. But whereas indoors entertainments might be expedient, out-of-doors sports were more or less under taboo, and football, the most popular of all British sports, was singled out for criticism and abuse. It seemed, from what one read and heard, that it was almost as important to "stop football" as to win the war. Its value as a soothing influence on over-wrought human material had not yet been recognised, its potentialities as a hindrance to recruiting were ridiculously over stated. But the point was that a sport which had assumed the dimensions of a legitimate industry was in danger of being ruthlessly cast out to placate a noisy minority. The action of the Hearts altered all that. It forestalled by a single day a question in Parliament having for its object the summary stoppage of the game, and, happily, Mr Asquith was well posted up, the then Prime Minister, giving a reply which silenced the critics. It was felt that what Edinburgh was doing to-day the rest of the country would do to-morrow. To be candid it was a rather belated to-morrow that found the lead generally followed, the shadow of conscription was not yet cast before, but in time football's contribution to the forces ceased to be spasmodic and became regularised, and football honours its heroic dead and boasts its no less heroic living. A £12,000 team at Tynecastle was lost to the game, but none will gainsay but that the loss has long since proved to be the gain to the game. And "Lest We Forget" will never have occasion to be written with regard to the action of the Heart of Midlothian Club and players. The public, local and general, will never forget.



