

# SOCCER

## STAR

10¢

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*If a picture is worth Ten Thousand Words, this is it.  
FABIAN, now out of Hospital,  
shows just how a Goalkeeper should do it.*

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**JIMMY GALLAGHER'S Spicy Story From Cuba**

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## Kid Chocolate Travels to Cuba with Nationals

By JIMMY GALLAGHER

In case you don't know, correct your spelling. New York Nationals are in HaBana, Cuba, and if B turns out to be a V, then there will be an argument. Before I tell you anything about the game, let me tell you something. The train pulled in at the station. Some station too. But that's not your business. Who wakes up but KID CHOCOLATE. If that is not evidence that he is a Nationals' supporter, then I suppose I want more evidence.

The trip down was lazy. You know what I mean. You start out full of enthusiasm, and after a few miles you wonder if the blankets are woolly. You see the cards on the table. You want to get to bed. That is the feeling which was when the train drew into HaBana. And you don't like it, there is no bann-nn-a's today. It is a great place to feel alive. There is no soccer here. There is no interpretation of laws—the Volstead Law—make it in capitals—LAW.

What a reception we got. You would have thought that we had all got our international caps in the "Old Country."

And then we—

But before I start to make a mess of things, it would be just as well to put in front of you a plain Jimmy Gallagher story. There'll be nae varnish to it.

"Our trip was nothing out of the ordinary. The boys were all looking forward to the HOT weather, but they are still looking. It is very cool down here. Just now at least. We sure did get a great reception, but before we got off the boat, the dock was in an uproar. Kid Chocolate walked down the gang-plank. He travelled all the way with us.

We played our first game against Iberia F. C. at the Tropical Gardens Stadium, which is owned by the Tropical Brewery, and it is one of the finest stadiums I have seen in a long while. To play on it, you wanted to feel that you really were a footballer. There was turf there. There was that something which makes you try to do a little better than you thought you could.

Harry Chatton and Alick Donald came over to me when I was tying my laces before the referee got his clock in tune with the sun, and said just this: "We can play fitba' here." Now we'll leave it at that. This Iberia team are the champions of Cuba. They are very small. The half-backs are the smallest men on the team. *And I think the best players on the team.*

Would you believe that there were 10,000 people on the field when we started? We will have to transport them to New York.

We got the jump on them the first minute of the game. Nelson scored a real beaut. You know what I mean. It was IT.

In case I forget, the referee and linesmen were dressed in blue jacket and cap, and white pants. They conducted the game wonderfully. It was an inspiration to try to play the game, at least. We know that we don't deliver the goods. We would like to. But we REALLY cannot.

AND YET—

There were net boys. Do we see them in New York?

Harry Chatton scored a beautiful goal for them. I suppose you know just how Harry felt about it. He smiled and said to us: "Put one in at the other end."

There are four good players on the Iberia team. I'll tell you about them when we get back to "Lil' Ol' New York."

The weather is just fine to go about without an overcoat, and the people down here think it is very cold. Got all your telegrams with results. We are a Million Dollar team today. Maybe you are wrong when you selected New Bedford.

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"SOCCER STAR"

## Native Teams and Players are Soccer's Big Need

By EDWARD P. DUFFY

Soccer is the great international sport. In aggregate drawing power, there is none other to compare. Nationals in all countries flock to the support of the hardy winter game. Spain, for example, in the last ten years has made amazing progress, erecting a stadium at Barcelona that will seat 120,000 former devotees of bull fighting, the country's national sport.

Why is it that the native Americans do not so flock to see soccer contests here? Why is it that foreign elements of European extraction almost alone continue to be the support of the kicking sport in this country?

These are proper questions to ask. Until the advent of the first Hakoah eleven to this country, soccer's support here came mostly from the Scotch, English and Irish, not so much of the latter. The Hakoahs brought the Hebrew fan to soccer pitches and it is the only new element of importance that the game has attracted in twenty years or more.

This international pull should not be set aside in the calculations of soccer's promoters, but the game is never going to attain the state that its primitiveness, its skill, excitement, openness and athletic requirements of its performers should warrant for it without American-born citizens, three or four generations removed, rallying to its banners at least when baseball and college football have had their season.

There is no use decrying the custom of going to Europe to get star performers for our leading teams. We have but a few like Davey Brown, Shamus O'Brien, for example—to take their places with these European importations that have kept the calibre of the game relatively high in this country. But the question is, "cannot more native players be developed here?"

In common with a few of the forward-looking soccer devotees in this country the writer holds that there can be a much greater intrusion of the native talent than has been the case in the past. And St. Louis can be pointed to in proof of the contention.

For years the Mound City has been turning out teams that have ranked with the best in this country and the players have been overwhelmingly native. Since the season of 1919-20, a St. Louis team has found its way into seven U. S. F. A. grand finals and has engaged in every divisional final of the West with the exception of two years, one season failing to make the grade and the other not entering the competition. They have held the Dewar Cup three times, having beaten Fall River, Robins

Dry Dock and tied with Paterson, losing the trophy that year by forfeit when it could not engage in the playoff because several of its young American players had to go away to play with professional baseball teams.

Of the 69 players that go to make up the St. Louis Soccer League rosters which have furnished all of the above-mentioned teams, there is only one foreign-born player registered this season and the possibilities are a St. Louis team will again be important in soccer's 1929-30 classics.

Competent students of the game say there is as good football talent there as in any other section of the world but that the St. Louisians do not make better progress for only one reason—lack of the proper coaching. Thomas W. Cahill, secretary of the United States Football Association, and a thorough student of the game—none can deny—says that if he could have a wily and skilled performer like Jock Marshall for two years, he would produce a team that would hold its own with the very best anywhere. He points to the record he made in Sweden with a picked team of American lads supplied with proper coaching of a few weeks, to illustrate his point.

In addition to the St. Louis Soccer League, with its one foreign player, the Missouri metropolis boasts of the finest predominantly American soccer organization in the country—the Muni League. This loop of 36 teams with an average roster of 15 players, is a feeder to the larger league.

The circuit is thoroughly organized and has the support of the city fathers itself, since its games are played in the public parks. By special ordinance, the organization is permitted to erect seats and charge admission for the semi-finals and finals of its cup tie games and crowds of 10,000 to 12,000 pay to see the contests. Out of this situation has grown the Municipal Soccer League, which controls similar enterprises in Kansas City, Omaha, Memphis and Cincinnati. There are home—and home series among all these cities' teams and St. Louis. The result is the treasuries of all of them are thriving and they are sending up each year fine young players to the older teams. All they need is a certain infusion of foreign players to set a pace for the youngsters to work up to and the coaching that such men as Marshall and a Bob Millar could impart.

So fans, when you notice that preliminary games are scheduled to major league games here, do not

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## Alec Kelvin, the Really Funny Man, "Marries" Two Clan Bruce "Stars"

Promised you that we would tell you that story of the Clan Bruce "mock wedding." It's right here. Few people know about it, but it was the great Alec Kelvin, Scotch comedian, Harry Lauder's successor, who composed the "book." He was the "parson." He "married" two of the greatest humorists who ever took the oath. As far as the Clan Bruce is concerned, Alec is known as Chief Daniel Hood and he is one of the Clan, which means a lot.

This was one of the funniest episodes in soccer ever presented to a very particular audience.

The guest list included many names from Noble Families (according to their own estimation). Some of them are well known members from the 400; others from the Rougues Gallery. They arrived late, and left early (I don't blame them). Wee Willie Campbell (the mighty atom) and well known Referee, was one of the guests. He came in as Sir Harry Lauder, and looked as well as could be expected. He made a great hit with some of the very old Maids present. During the evening he sang a song which was greatly appreciated by very few. Peter Legge was the Duke of Auchinshuggle in full costume (borrowed for the evening), and never returned to the owner. Willie Macindoe was Bonnie Black Bess, and when he smiled you could only see a part of his ears. Alex Crawford was Master of Ceremonies, and as an Announcer, he makes a lovely dancer.

The Principal Characters, or should I say Criminals, were mostly members of Clan Bruce Soccer Team, as well as other members of the Clan. Hughie McLaughlan, alternate Delegate to the Metropolitan League, acted as Bride, and carried a lovely bouquet made up of carrots, cabbage leaves, etc., with lovely white streamers. He marched down the aisle like a navy going to his work five minutes late. As the organ struck up "Here Comes the Bride" the audience rose to their feet, but I think it was more out of pity than respect. He looked as graceful as an Elephant on a Bicycle. Jack Miller, the popular Manager of the Team, and Andy McCaw, travelling Delegate from the Metropolitan League, were the Flower Girls, and their entrance caused a furor. They were dressed like nothing on Earth, and looked it too. They reminded one of the Orphans of the Storm. They looked so feminine in appearance, that two of the young men in the audience arranged to meet them after the show. We have not seen the young men since.

Jimmy Young, the Team's Trainer, played the Bride's Mother, and one look at him was enough to convince anyone that he was the answer to the question "Why Girls Leave Home." He was dressed in a beautiful costume, that I hear Noah threw out of

the Ark, and he looked as though he went with it. Adam Richardson was the Bridegroom, and it was really a shame for him to be walking about so late himself. He looked to be in a trance all the time, and when you looked at his Bride, you felt sure he "must have been" when he proposed. The Bridesmaids were really beautiful, every one worse than the other. Donald Munro, the Center Forward of the Soccer Team, looked like Jean McFarlane of the "Weekly News."

The others were: David Davidson, Colin Graham, Joe Maguire, and Bert Thomson. Their entrance was a picture, and is hard to describe, but I suppose you have all witnessed a mob scene yourselves. Charlie Law acted as train bearer, and gave the Bride his moral support.

P.C. Johnny Thomson was the Bridegroom's Mother, and seemed tickled to death at the idea of someone taking the responsibility of her son. Daniel Hood played the part of the Minister, and was glad when it was all over. He looked the part and certainly played it to perfection. When he asked, "who giveth this woman away," there was a general rush, so he dispensed with that part of the ceremony. The Bride's mother fainted. I suppose it was the Object her daughter was marrying, that caused the hilarity. However, she was laid on a stretcher by the flower girls, and it was not until they were half way up the hall, that they discovered they had only the two poles in their hands, and on looking round, there they found the Bride's Mother lying peacefully on the floor. It was a shame to waken her.

The whole show was a riot, and the young couple got a great send off, as they left the Hall.

They were quite undecided where to spend their honeymoon, owing to the Bridegroom losing an hour from work to be in time for the Wedding. However, they finally decided just to go to the Movies instead, which they did. The young couple have taken a room in Hoboken, so that the bride won't have far to travel to her work.

## Native Teams and Players

### Are Soccer's Big Need

(Continued from page 4)

fail to give them your attention and encouragement. Native talent hereabouts is probably being neglected. A mixture of American boys on nearly all the teams and exclusively native elevens of major league caliber are outstanding among the most urgent needs for the growth of the game. Native teams have made the game what it is on other lands, attracting huge crowds to mighty stadia.

America has a fine chance with soccer. Conserving its international aspect to a proper degree, building up its native side, as they have done in St. Louis, eliminating rowdyism among an element of the spectators and frowning upon foul playing on the field.



By "UNO"

Of course, you want to hear the news. It's my job. Jimmy Ottoway, the star full-back, of D. F. C. Prague, has decided to come to this country as a free agent. He is sailing January 6th. Correct me if I am wrong. If the Atlantic is not in too angry mood, the kid will be here on the 15th. "Jimmy," as he is known abroad, was a sensation—so I am reliably informed—when he first came to the European continent from Liverpool. He has been a member of the Prague team since 1925.

What's wrong with Hakoah? I know it. Would Dr. Krauss like to know? Surely he would. To whom can he appeal for the slightest suggestion of an idea? Arthur Hirschler is the fellow to help Max Raischuk and Dr. Krauss. If you wish it otherwise, Dr. Krauss and Max Raischuk.

The SOCCER STAR sent a wreath to be placed on the grave of the great Albert Shepherd. Ah, well. Albert will be telling the fellows just how to play the game. He knows the great secret now.

Letters have passed between parties as to inter-city games between New York and Montreal. There are difficulties in the way. If organized soccer refuses to be sane, something will have to be done about it. I am no revolutionary, but, by the powers, when people want players to come over night, at no expense to anybody, then it is time, irrespective of whether it will be permissible for me to view a game without payment of a dollar, to retire to my sanctum sanctorum, and just sit and think.

It is not nice to know that the "Referee" question is likely to arise again—and that very soon. The problem would seem to be this: People would like to lay down the law. Now that's just one thing you cannot do with law. You cannot lay it down. It REMAINETH.

Alick Jackson is not going to Everson after all. Just received a letter from a friend in which—among other things—it conveyed the information that he has been appointed manager of a Sports Depot in Huddersfield. Were he an amateur, that would be

a heinous offense. He is a professional, and that makes it a bigger offense than ever in the eyes of the Football Association. So eager are some people to keep the game pure, they suggest that this is a way out to prevent the said Alick going to Everton.

Jimmy Cameron is getting better. He will soon be fit for the field. And it is possible that he will be able to tell one or two people where they get off at. The "what" some people are trying to get at is another Cameron, Hausler and Schwarcz triangle. I sure would like to be in on this.

Is it true that Jimmy Montgomery of New Bedford has got an inkling from a friend on the other side to get home as speedily as possible?

What I would like to know is this—and *no dirt about it*: "Was any effort whatever made to put off the games at Hawthorne Field and Starlight?" And I will ask you people to raise your hat to Nat for a certain reason. He will be terribly wild when the hint is conveyed.

This information was dug up to settle an argument. In season 1924-25, Archie Stark scored 69 goals. The fellow who would have it that 70 were registered, is out of luck. He tried hard, but failed.

May, 1925, at New Bedford: Newark, 2; New Bedford, 1. And the day after at Providence: Providence, 0; Newark, 0. Think things over.

From the *Soccer Weekly*, October 21, 1926: "The Giants have released Tommy Dugan." And in the line-up of the same Giants, Mr. Thomas Dugan was back again. We old fellows are growing younger every day.

It is terrible when you have got to ask for it, but nevertheless that is exactly what some soccer players have had to do of late. One or two of them got what they asked for. Where it was not forthcoming, the release was on hand.