

Ben Gronow.





BEN GRONOW.

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AN APPRECIATION  
OF A  
GREAT FOOTBALLER.



1904 TO 1924.



## THE TEAM OF ALL THE TALENTS.



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PRINTERS.  
RASHCLIFFE, HUDDERSFIELD.

Will anyone who attends Ben Gronow's Benefit Match ever see a club side to equal the Huddersfield team of pre-war days?

There have in the past been some great combinations in Northern Union football. Broughton Rangers in the days of the brothers Sam and Willie James, "Bob" Wilson and "Sandy" Hogg, were a great lot. The Hunslet team, which that great tactician, Albert Goldthorpe, led when they made history by winning all four cups, was another wonderful side. Wigan, who have a tradition for playing a fine type of football, were a brilliant lot in the days of "Johnny" Thomas, Bert Jenkins, Leytham, and Sharrock, but not one of these sides was so perfectly equipped for all occasions as the Huddersfield team from 1910 to 1915.



There was something about the Huddersfield team of that period that carried people out of themselves. It was not merely the successes which impressed; it was the manner in which they were gained. There was an absolute understanding between all parts of a perfectly-working machine which resulted in the most audacious and unexpected movements being carried out with a precision that left the opposing defence aghast. Fast and clever threequarters were served by halves whose brains were ever working at high pressure behind forwards who, as occasion demanded, could play the traditional scrummaging game or convert themselves into temporary threequarters and handle the ball with a precision that would have put to shame many of our present-day backs.

Truly a great side and, so far as humanly possible, without a weak spot—a team of giants who loved the game, gloried in a stern struggle, and cared not who put on the finishing touches to a movement so long as each did his share of what fell to his lot to do.

Of that great side! the beneficiare of to-day was a worthy member. Higher praise than this it is impossible to bestow.

### Gronow's Early Days.

To be a great Rugby footballer, physical strength and alertness of mind and body, combined with enthusiasm, are essential. To be a great player for a long period of years, there must be added those qualities of self-restraint which are far more freely preached than practised. The writer can imagine no better example of the practising school than the genial Welshman, Ben Gronow, who is a lifelong non-smoker and, except for an occasional glass of port, a lifelong teetotaller.

South Wales has supplied an enormous number of great players to the various clubs in the Northern Union, but never a more reliable or more enthusiastic than Ben Gronow, who was born at Bridgend, on March 10th, 1889.

Sport was in the blood. His father, soldier and cricketer too, was in great demand as a fast bowler, and, like his son, took an active part in the game of his heart for many years. He was also a long-jumper out of the ordinary, as well as the crack shot in his regiment.

From the days of his earliest recollections, a football held for Ben a magnetic attraction which was irresistible, and the sight of one used to drive all other ideas out of his head,



sometimes with decidedly unpleasant consequences. At length, when he had reached the mature age of 14, Ben and thirteen other enthusiasts held a meeting under a street lamp in Bridgend, with the heavens as the ceiling of their council chamber, and formed a club, which they called the "Harlequin Seconds." They hired a field in which cattle grazed all the week, but this in nowise damped their ardour, whatever their mothers may have thought of it. These youngsters arranged matches with six other clubs in and about Bridgend and, to make up a full list of fixtures, each club was played three or four times.

Even in those early days, Ben was regarded as a prodigious kicker, so he commenced his career as a full-back. One day it was so bitterly cold that, in order to restore his circulation, he took a turn amongst the forwards and scored a couple of tries. Needless to say, he finished the season with the forwards.

Gronow had attracted the attention of those in higher circles, and the following season he was asked to play with the Harlequins proper. He played with his new club twice at full-back, and then came his chance with Bridgend. Pennell, Bridgend's regular

full-back, was injured and Ben was asked to deputise for him. After Pennell's recovery Ben was selected as first reserve, either as full-back or forward. Eventually, his chance came as a forward, and, once in, he played so well that he kept his place until he came North. A lanky youth of sixteen, Gronow's place in the pack was between two men weighing respectively nineteen and seventeen stone. At that time Willie Hopkins, who later came to Huddersfield, was one of the Bridgend half-backs.

The year 1908 was a memorable one for the subject of this sketch, as he was made captain of the Bridgend team and gained his Glamorgan county cap. In all, he played sixteen matches with Glamorganshire, and it was for one of these he made his first visit to Yorkshire. Glamorgan played Yorkshire at Kirkstall, and the outstanding feature of the match, in Gronow's memory, was a wonderful goal dropped by Arthur Pickering. His first county match, by the way, was at Cork, against the South of Ireland. Gronow's memories of the crossings are anything but pleasant and, like many others before and since, on reaching dry land he made a vow about the sea which was destined to be broken.



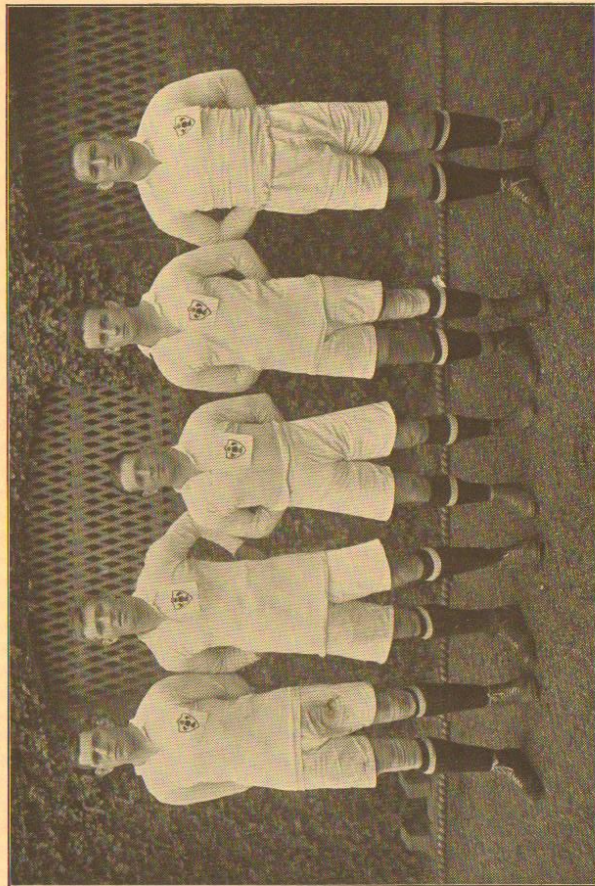
In December, 1909, at Newport, Gronow played in his first international trial match and so impressed the Selection Committee that he was "capped" for the Wales v. France match, played at Swansea, on January 1st, 1910. In this match he scored a try. Next he played against England, at Twickenham, the match which celebrated the opening of the Twickenham ground. As he also played against Ireland and Scotland, Gronow represented his country in all her international matches that season.

It was after the Twickenham match that he first came into contact with officials of the Huddersfield club. Edwards, who played full-back for Huddersfield, introduced him to Messrs. Albert Bottom and J. W. Priestley. In the following May, Gronow signed on for Huddersfield, a step which he has never regretted.

Naturally, this was not the first time Gronow was approached with a view to his changing over to the Northern Union code. He well remembers the first overtures he received. Gronow was indentured to a builder. One day, while at his work, a representative of the Ebbw Vale club came to him and offered him £25 and a job if he

(8)

LOCAL AUSTRALIAN TOURISTS, 1920.



B. Gronow.

H. Wagstaff.

J. Rogers.

G. Thomas.

D. Clark.

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wait some weeks ere his chance came. Then he deputed for one of the halves and to such purpose that the man for whom he played understudy never got back, and Rogers commenced an uninterrupted partnership with Clem Lewis which continued, first with Bridgend and then with Cardiff, until he came to Huddersfield. Of Clem Lewis, Gronow has a very high opinion. He ranks him as one of the greatest half-backs of his day.

### **Gronow Comes North.**

In all Gronow's seven years of football previous to coming to Huddersfield, he had not met with a single serious accident. This is remarkable, considering his height and the early age at which he entered good club football. His inexperience of injuries was probably responsible for his somewhat disappointing debut with his new club. In August, 1910, he came north and took part in the practice games at Fartown. In one of these he strained a thigh muscle, but was so determined to play in the opening match of the season that he said nothing about his mishap and took part in the first two matches. Naturally, he was unable to do himself justice in these games. Curiously enough his first match with Huddersfield was against

Ebbw Vale. The other was against Leeds. The result was he was dropped for several weeks. During that period he watched the matches and studied the game very closely, and came to the conclusion that he could play it and vowed that when his next chance came he would see to it that he could not be dropped again. We all know how that vow was kept. He not only kept his place in the Huddersfield team; he played for Wales and also in the exhibition match at Plymouth against the English team which toured Australia.

Gronow scored his first try for Huddersfield on November 5th, against Dewsbury, and on December 5th of this same year kicked his first goal for the Fartown Club.

During the next season Ben missed but three matches, and in the following one he played in every match but one.

The season 1913-1914 was the most unfortunate one Gronow has experienced in his long career. He was kept out of the game nine weeks, owing to a broken shoulder bone, and this undoubtedly lost him his place in the team which was sent out to Australia.

Readers will wonder why no mention has been made of Gronow's wonderful goal-kicking powers. The reason is that his wonderful abilities in this direction were



unsuspected until December 5th, 1914. Huddersfield visited Bramley that day, and Gronow got his chance. He was given eight kicks at goal and was successful with every one of them. In the return match, at Fartown, he kicked eleven goals. Against Barrow he helped himself to ten, and to another ten in an exhibition game with Swinton.

That season, although he did not commence goal-kicking till December, he broke all club records. In League and Cup matches he kicked 140 goals. This beat Carmichael's record, without including the ten he kicked in the "friendly" with Swinton, which brought his club total to 150.

This was an extraordinary season, as Huddersfield won all four cups, Rosenfeld scored 88 tries, and Gronow set up another individual record by scoring seven goals and two tries in one League Final against Leeds. Of this game at Leeds, Gronow tells a story which some readers will probably have heard, but it is worth repeating, as it is both amusing and enlightening. In the opening scrum-mages, the Leeds forwards were ordered to break up quickly and spot the Huddersfield backs. They acted upon instructions in praiseworthy manner, and in less than a

quarter of an hour from the kick-off tries had been recorded by Clark, Gronow, and that great-hearted forward, Longstaff. Huddersfield eventually won by 35 points to 2, a record for a League Final. It will be seen that Huddersfield equalled Hunslet's record that season and broke others right and left.

From then until February, 1919, football at Fartown was closed down. In one season, 1919-1920, Huddersfield recovered practically all its old brilliance and the Yorkshire Cup, the Yorkshire League, and the Northern Union Cup were again captured, and, though without Wagstaff, Rogers, Clark, Gronow and Thomas, who had left for Australia, and Moorhouse, who had broken his arm in the Swinton cup-tie, Huddersfield ran Hull to a single point in the final for the League Championship.

In 1919, Huddersfield twice won the Yorkshire Challenge Cup. This record was made possible by the peculiar circumstances which prevailed. A resumption of football was not possible until too late to play this competition at the usual time. It was therefore put back till 1919, and thus Huddersfield were able to win the cup in April and again the following December.



The season 1920-1921 was a very lean one for Huddersfield. Owing to the late return of the tourists, the early matches placed Huddersfield in a difficult position from which the team was unable to recover, and for the first time since 1910 Huddersfield failed to get a place in the first four. The one crumb of consolation was the Yorkshire League Cup.

Subsequent events are too well-known to require recording here, and with the expression of the hope that Gronow may kick many more goals for his club, we will take leave of his great feats for Huddersfield.

### Experiences in the Army.

By 1915, the country's need had become urgent and Gronow joined up. He was sent to the A.S.C. Like most of those who went through those terrible days, Gronow will talk of the lighter side of his life in the army but can be got to say very little of the other. Of this part of his career it is sufficient to say that he threw himself into his work with the zest and enthusiasm he had thrown into his football and peace-time occupation. The result was that by the time he went out to France he had gained the confidence of his

superior officers and worked himself up to a position of responsibility in connection with the motor service. He was at once put in charge of a motor depot at that health resort, Ypres, where he did very useful work and gained valuable experience.

During his first year of training he was at Bulford, so had few opportunities of indulging in his favourite sport, and during his first winter he played in but three matches. All these were with the Northern Command, who in turn beat Australia, West Hartlepool, and Wales.

In June, 1916, Gronow went to Grove Park, and it was there he had football which will always remain a happy memory with him.

At that time there were many who laboured under the delusion that football was the end and aim of those stationed at Grove Park. Those who held that view would have changed their opinions had they been compelled to put in as much hard work as were Gronow and his comrades. It is not surprising that Saturday, with its football, was so eagerly anticipated by Gronow, Clark, Wagstaff, Rosenfeld and their other footballing comrades.

All football, of course, was played under the Rugby Union rules, and Gronow thoroughly enjoyed renewing acquaintance with the



game of his youth, particularly the line out, for which he is adapted by nature, and most of his tries were scored from the line out.

The A.S.C. played 21 matches, of which they won all but one. Their one defeat was by the United Services team, composed of English, Scotch, Irish, Welsh and Australasian internationals. This match was lost 6—3, but the A.S.C. had ample revenge a fortnight later, when they won the return by 17 points to 5.

One of the hardest games they had was against New Zealand, whom they beat by the narrow margin of one point. In reply to a dropped goal, the A.S.C. scored a goal kicked by Gronow, after Ernest Jones (of Rochdale) had scored a clever try.

Gronow's personal record in these games was one of which he may well be proud, for, in addition to scoring 20 tries, he kicked no fewer than 106 goals.

Ben has nothing but admiration for the work of Wagstaff, Clark and Rosenfeld. He says they were all at the top of their form, and from that we can form some idea of what the A.S.C.'s opponents were up against. He also speaks very highly of Capt. Nixon, who played on Wagstaff's wing. Very fast and

fearless, Capt. Nixon, says Gronow, had a peculiar style of dodging an opponent. He did not swerve, he zigzagged past his men, and his course to the line was one of sharp angles rather than curves. He took a lot of stopping.

Major Stanley was a stern taskmaster, but he was a real football enthusiast, and naturally he was very proud of the deeds of his men on the football field. After one match he told his team that whether they came from the Northern Union or anywhere else, he was proud of them, and would go to any part of the world with them. Gronow comments on the fact that in his army football he always found the best feeling prevailing amongst the players, whatever Union they came from.

Gronow thoroughly enjoys reminiscing, and perhaps Clark will not object if a story about him is told. In one game Clark, in going for a man, just managed to grab him by the front of his jersey, where it buttons at the neck. It was not surprising that in Clark's grip the buttons, which were of pearl, came off and flew in all directions. The surprise was for Clark, who was ordered off the field. After the game the man whom Clark had tackled went to the referee and



explained what had happened. The latter found Clark and apologised. His explanation was that he thought Clark had struck his opponent in the mouth and that the flying buttons were teeth. Though relieved, Clark was not allowed to forget the incident for some time.

Ben has many stories of these days, not connected with football. One is of Rosenfeld's arrival at Grove Park, after Gronow, Clark, and Wagstaff had been there some little time. This must have been a trying time for "Rozzy." When he turned up, a six-days' growth of beard, a pair of trousers made for a six-footer, and a pair of number 11 army boots so successfully camouflaged the smart little Sydney man that none of his old comrades recognised him. When he had set all doubts at rest and settled down he was installed as cook, and an early experience in this capacity is one he is not likely to forget. After a long and tiring day, his pals decided on having toast for tea, and as cook it fell to "Rozzy" to supply it. Whether it was the long day, the excellence of the toast, or the pleasure of watching the cook at work, only the feasters can say, but the fact remains that Rosenfeld was kept hard at it for two solid hours.

Another time, Rosenfeld got the laugh on the others. This was on the occasion of his first convoy work. He had not driven a lorry before, and he was put in charge of a new Halford. "Rozzy" was leading the cars, and coming through London he had to pass a coster's cart laden with apples and oranges. To use Gronow's words, "Rozzy's swerve failed to work and he knocked the whole show over, and oranges and apples flew in all directions, but 'Rozzy' kept cheerfully on his way, and it was left to those who followed to learn and wonder at the variety and colour of a coster's language."

Ben tells of a fright he got on one occasion. Along with others, he had been sent to Bulford to bring in a number of old lorries. It was a broiling day and he was feeling very hot, tired, and thirsty, when a light car came along. The driver asked for Pte. Gronow and said he had to report to the O.C. at 2 o'clock. Delighted to leave his dusty job, Ben jumped into the small car, but as they neared headquarters and he could get no information out of the driver, a feeling of uneasiness crept over him, until by the time he was taken before the O.C. he had gone over all his recent experiences, and though he could call to mind no serious offence he was in anything



but an enviable state of mind. Relief came quickly, however, for Major Stanley wanted him and Clark to watch a trial game and pick out two forwards for the following Saturday's match.

While at Grove Park, Clark, whose wrestling powers are well known, carried everything before him. Some of his football comrades decided to try to take him down a bit, so one day Ware, late of the Dewsbury team, and Wagstaff lay in wait for Clark as he was returning from his dinner. Ware sprang out of his ambush, but found himself flying some fifteen yards through the air, and, before he could recover, Clark had dealt with Wagstaff, who had gone for his legs. Out of this arose a challenge. Clark was to wrestle Ware and Wagstaff simultaneously, the match to take place in a billet. There were nine beds in their billet, and these were piled in a corner. All three stripped to the waist and the match began. Gronow was referee. The struggle was titanic and it took twenty minutes to decide the first fall, which went to the combined forces. The second bout lasted as long, and another twenty minutes elapsed ere the referee, who thoroughly enjoyed seeing the fur flying, awarded that fall also to Ware and Wagstaff, but their victory was

gained "at the cost of lots of skin and many bruises." When Wagstaff woke up next morning he asked Ware, who occupied the next bed, who had won. Ware replied: "We've won, but at what a price." Clark, who overheard the conversation, challenged them to a return match, but his challenge was definitely, though quietly, turned down, and no wonder; for, according to Ben, neither Ware nor Wagstaff could move a limb!

These happy days came to an end in April, 1917, when some went to France and others to different fronts, and A.S.C. football was over until January 4th, 1919, when the A.S.C. men again beat the New Zealanders at Grove Park in the mimic warfare of the football field. Gronow and Clark were again the backbone of the A.S.C. forwards, in spite of the fact that Clark had been gassed and so cut up by shrapnel that when he was discharged from hospital the O.C. told him he would probably reach a ripe old age if he avoided violent exercise. What it is to have a sound and healthy constitution with which no liberties have been taken! Clark further confounded the faculty by winning the Army Wrestling Championship.

Soon after this match Gronow returned to civilian life.



### His Australian Tour.

It is the ambition of every Rugby League player to be selected for the Australian Tours, and in 1920 Gronow was one of Huddersfield's five who were selected for the trip. The quintette were able to take part in the final of the Northern Union Cup and then scurry off by the overland route to Marseilles, where they joined those members of the team who had gone all the way by boat. When Gronow's party arrived at Dover they found that they were in for a rough crossing, and a sweepstake was got up; the first to give in to be the winner. With the waves breaking over the top deck, Gronow and Rogers selected a quiet spot, with an eye on a convenient place for viewing the green water when inclination seized them. Almost before they had got under weigh a complete stranger rushed past them and occupied their point of vantage. Their discomfiture was completed in quick time, for just as they felt like winning the sweep Gwynne Thomas flew past, hand to mouth, and won by a short head.

Clark's experience was even more exasperating. He had chummed up with a chatty old lady who had qualified as a globe

trotter. Her Atlantic crossings alone numbered eight. She and Clark were both very proud of their immunity from sea-sickness, and in their mutual confidences the old lady volunteered the information that she had never been overcome by the roughest of passages. As time went on, the short choppy seas of the Channel began to take effect on Clark, but he put a brave face on matters and was doing very well until his companion suddenly gave way. In spite of his own uneasy feelings, Douglas gallantly assisted the old lady below, but the sights and sounds there proved too much for him and he had to go over to the majority.

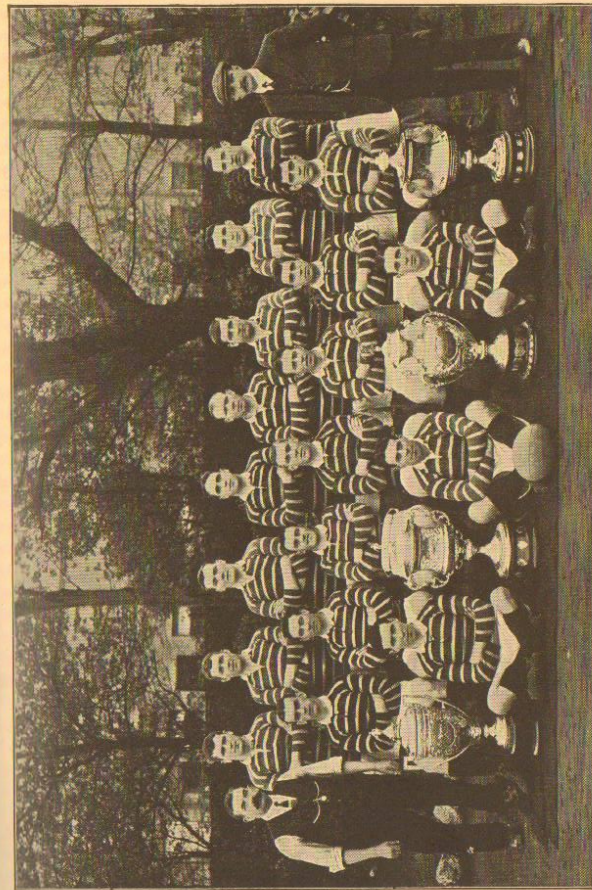
When they reached Calais, Gronow, feeling very cheap, made a bee line for the sleeper. Just as he was settling down for a comfortable snooze, an attendant popped his head in with: "Lunch sir." It was perhaps fortunate for the official that Ben was too prostrate to put into force his heartfelt desires. This was the last of their troubles in this respect and the rest of the passage was a sheer delight to the whole party.

There were amusing incidents, practical jokes, novel experiences, and scenes which thrilled them all. Gronow considers Colombo



the most beautiful spot he ever saw, but this beauty does not extend to the character of the natives who frequent the docks. Parkin was relieved from what might have been a very serious situation by the timely arrival of some of his comrades after a run round on shore. When Gronow and one or two others arrived back from a sight-seeing round they found Parkin and a friend the centre of a set of coolies who were demanding money in a very ugly manner. The new-comers were in sufficient strength to cow the natives and rescue Parkin from his awkward predicament.

Reference should have been made before to an unusual experience which Gronow owed to Douglas Clark. When steaming through the Mediterranean, Gronow was awakened in the small hours one morning and heard Clark crying out "Stromboli, Stromboli." Gronow grunted, told Clark to go to sleep and turned over. Clark, whose berth was under Gronow's, then kicked Gronow from below, with fresh exhortations to look at Stromboli. This was again ineffective, so Clark got both feet up and heaved at Gronow for all he was worth. The result was startling. The berths were slung on hooks, and before either Clark or Gronow knew what was happening, the latter, with his bunk, was flying through the air.



1914

HUDDERSFIELD NORTHERN UNION F.C.

A. Lee, J. W. Higson, H. Banks, E. Jones, E. Hevey, F. Longstaff, D. Clark, A. Swinden, H. Bennett (Trainer), R. Toland, S. Stanger, A. A. Bennett (Asst. Trainer), N. R. L. Cup, W. H. Galt, Y. L. Cup.

1915.

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D. Clark, A. Swinden, H. Bennett (Asst. Trainer), B. G. C. Cup, J. H. Rogers, Y. L. Cup.





Fortunately for him, Ben came down on Rogers' berth, which was at the other side of the cabin, and no damage was done.

Footballers are no respecters of persons, as Mr. Wilson found to his cost. Quite unconscious of what was happening, Mr. Wilson appeared on deck in immaculate white duck just at the time when the celebrations in connection with crossing the line were at their height. Naturally Father Neptune took an immediate fancy to the manager, with disastrous results to the latter's raiment.

When the boat arrived at Port Adelaide, many of the tourists made the eight-mile trip to Adelaide. The last return train left at 10 p.m., so Clark and Parkin decided to walk back to the ship, which left the following morning at 6 a.m. They started off full of joy at the prospect of a real leg-stretching tramp after being cooped up so long, and the miles were rapidly eaten up. After a time, they thought it advisable to ask if they were going the right way, and were somewhat surprised to be told that they were still some eight miles from their destination. They set to work again, putting their best feet foremost. As the night was particularly dark, our pedestrians again thought it advisable to



make enquiries. Their trouble was that everybody had gone to bed and refused to be disturbed. Eventually, they came across a stray inhabitant, who told them he did not know the way himself, but thought they might reach their destination if they continued as they were doing. After many doubts and misgivings the boat was reached just as it was on the point of departure, so no harm was done, but the two walking enthusiasts decided to be more sure of their ground before undertaking another such trip.

Gronow considers the first match of the tour the most exciting one of the whole series so far as he was concerned. This was against Sydney, before 65,000 spectators. The tourists established a lead of 18 points, but the Sydney men pulled themselves together and rubbed them off until, with twenty minutes to play, the scores were equal. Then Gronow threw out a long pass to Wagstaff, and he made an opening for Stockwell, who dashed over at the corner. The crowd had broken down boundary walls and railings and invaded the ground up to the touch-line, so that when Ben wanted to take the goal kick he had no room in which to take his run. He asked the crowd to open out a channel for him and eventually, with

jeers and cries of "pommie," they did so and Gronow landed a splendid goal. A moment later, Stockwell scored again in the same position and this time the crowd made room for the goal-kicker with alacrity. Of the other matches Gronow prefers to say little. For the tour Gronow had the record of 62 goals and 2 tries to his credit.

The Australian player who impressed Gronow most was Burge, who in his opinion is the finest forward who ever played football—strong in the pack and a terror in the loose.

The beauties and marvels of New Zealand impressed our men more than anything seen on the larger continent. The modes of travel were often somewhat primitive and sometimes somewhat scaring. One journey the team made was by a road which for miles and miles had been cut from the side of a mountain, with timber thrown across to form the track. With but a foot or eighteen inches between the outside wheels and a sheer drop of some hundreds of feet on the one hand and the possibility of rocks rolling on to you from the precipitous hill on the other, it will be realised that the road was not one which nervous subjects would select.



At Hamilton the team had to travel by motor-car, and you can judge of Ben's surprise when he saw the driver of his car was an old Grove Park comrade.

Tales in which grasshoppers four inches in length were made to terrify the travellers by night, and how first one and then another had disappointments in souvenir-hunting, would fill volumes and must be left over for the present. Sufficient is it to say that the tour was thoroughly enjoyed by all of them. Could Gronow, Clark, Wagstaff, Rogers and Thomas have assisted in the beating of Dewsbury in the first match after their return, their home-coming would have been perhaps happier, though I am told that all were glad to set foot again in the Old Country.

Now we must take leave of this great forward in the hope that he will have a bumper benefit and that he may continue to kick goals for us at Fartown until his sons are able to take his place.

### Gronow's Records for Huddersfield.

					Goals.	Tries.
1910-11	-	-	-	-	8	6
1911-12	-	-	-	-	11	11
1912-13	-	-	-	-	0	11
1913-14	-	-	-	-	1	7
1914-15	-	-	-	-	150	4
March and April, 1919	-	-	-	-	32	1
1919-20	-	-	-	-	148	15
1920-21	-	-	-	-	55	6
1921-22	-	-	-	-	78	9
1922-23	-	-	-	-	100	7
This season, up to Jan. 26th	-	-	-	-	46	7
					621	78

### For Grove Park.

1916-17	-	-	-	-	106	20
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### In Australia.—1920 Trip.

1920	-	-	-	-	62	2*
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Gronow has scored many other goals and tries in representative matches, but unfortunately there is no complete record of them, but the above figures bring his total to 789 goals and 100 tries for teams for which he has appeared regularly since he came north.

\* This constitutes a record for these trips.



# HOW TO KICK GOALS.



When Gronow returned from his Australian trip he wrote the following article on goal-kicking, which should be read by all youngsters with aspirations to rival Gronow's great performances.

(a) In placing the ball on the ground for a long kick it should be put with the lace downwards and inclining towards the goalposts; in this way greater length is obtained.

(b) As in golf, so in goal kicking, the invariable rule and the advice of all instructors is; Keep your eye on the ball. First obtain correct alignment with the goal, retire for the run, obtain sight, and then with the eye glued on the ball give it a "root." Equally important is the judgment of the stride in taking the run for the kick. This timing for the impact of the foot with the ball is of paramount importance. To get this result at the end of the run, simultaneously with the kick, the left foot must be about six inches behind the ball. In that way the right foot obtains a perfect swing and meets the ball with the greatest force. The

position of the player's feet when the kick is taken generally decides whether it be successful or not. If the left foot be either in advance or more than six inches in rear of the ball the kick invariably goes off at a tangent.

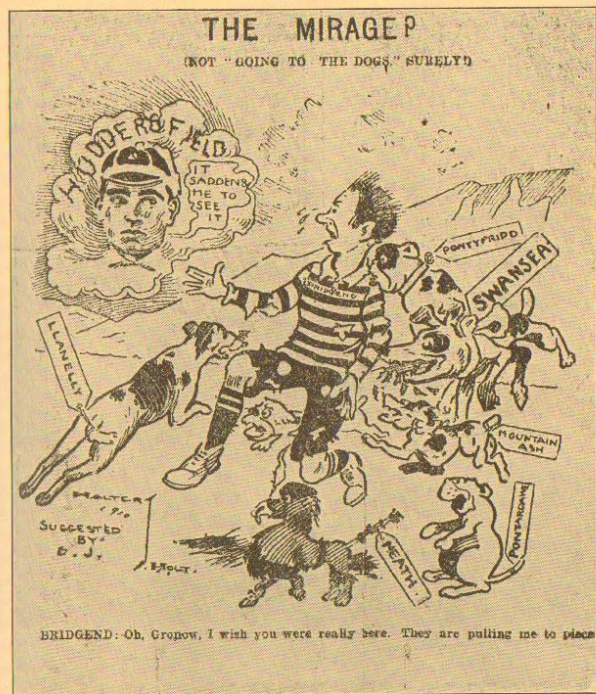
(c) Individual judgment must decide the amount of aiming off in the allowance for the wind. The strength of the wind may be decided by observing the goal flags, and after selecting the point of aim the ball should be kicked into the wind with the necessary allowance. Five yards wide of the goal is the limit of allowance with a gale blowing. If the wind be in gusts, place the ball and wait until a calm moment before kicking.

(d) The angle of the kick must be determined by (1) the strength of the kicker and (2) the state of the ground. It is obvious that the greater the distance the ball is placed from the point of scoring on the goal-line the easier the angle of flight will be. The greater the space seen between the posts the greater the possibilities of a successful kick, but in that case the kick must be given with greater strength. On a wet ground the ball becomes heavy and so greater power is required to propel it over the bar.

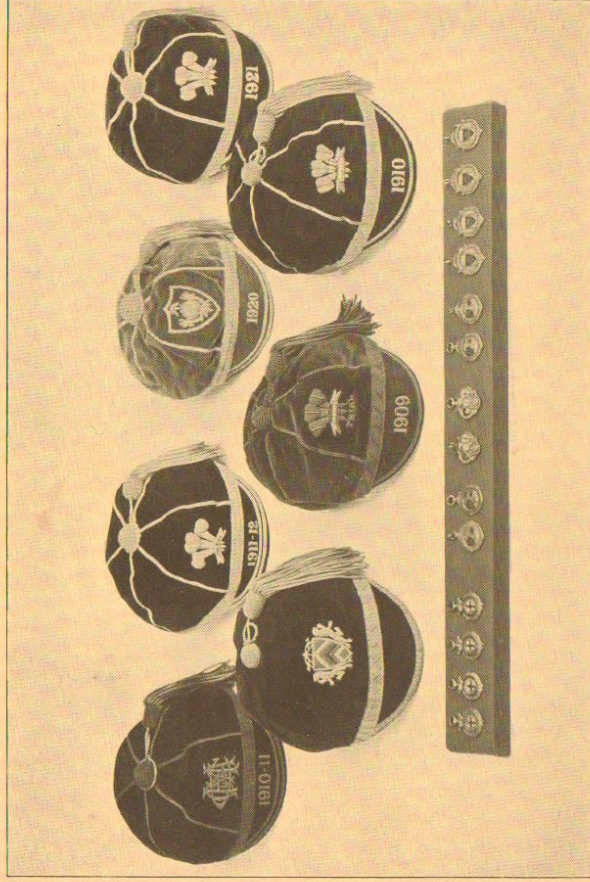
(3) General. In the choice of boots, a good square toe, well-blocked, fairly tight fitting, but allowing ease of movement is necessary. After all hints are observed success rests solely upon the muscular effort exerted by the kicking leg. The muscles of the kicking leg can be developed by constant practice.



THE cartoon on the opposite page was inspired by the fact that Bridgend lost in succession the first fifteen matches they played after Gronow left them. This was in sharp contrast to the season before, when, under Gronow's leadership, they lost but six matches all told.







Huddersfield.

N. U. International.

Australian Tour.

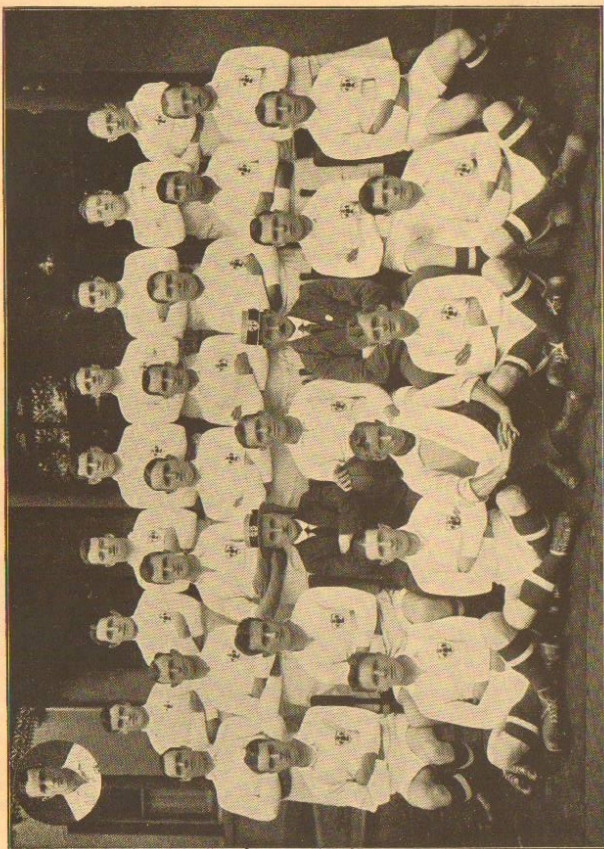
N. U. International.

Glamorgan County.

Welsh Trial.

Rugby Union International.





BRITISH NORTHERN UNION RUGBY FOOTBALL TEAM.—Toured Australia and New Zealand, 1920.

Back Row—D. Hurcomb, E. van Deyck, H. Hilton, B. Gronow, W. Gullagher, A. E. Wood, J. C. R. Spiller, A. J. Roberts, A. Miller, 2nd Row—C. Stacey, G. Thomas, Mr. S. Foster (Manager), H. Wagstaff (Captain), J. A. Bacon, F. W. S. Stockwell, J. Rogers, D. Murray (Trainer), J. H. Doyle, W. J. Stone, Inset—R. Lloyd.

would sign on for Ebbw Vale. (We in Huddersfield remember Ebbw Vale.) Ben's fellow workmen were so indignant about this that the ambassador was glad to get away, thanks to Gronow, with a whole skin.

While at Bridgend, Gronow, not satisfied with Saturday matches, played on Wednesdays also. It was in one of these latter games that he first came across Johnny Rogers, then a midget of fourteen, and was greatly struck by his play. Shortly afterwards, when dressing for a match at Bridgend, he was told that one of their wing-three-quarters could not play. Happening to look out of the window he saw Johnny amongst the small crowd of enthusiasts who were waiting to watch the team go down to the field. Ben sent for Johnny and asked him if he would fill the vacant place. Johnny nearly collapsed with astonishment, but when he recovered jumped at the chance. The next difficulty was to find clothes and boots small enough. One wag threw Johnny a pair of boots belonging to the nineteen-stone man, Griffiths. Eventually, suitable raiment was unearthed, and though the fourteen-year-old was all but lost to sight on the field, he played so well that he was afterwards selected as first reserve amongst the backs. He had to