

Douglas Clark



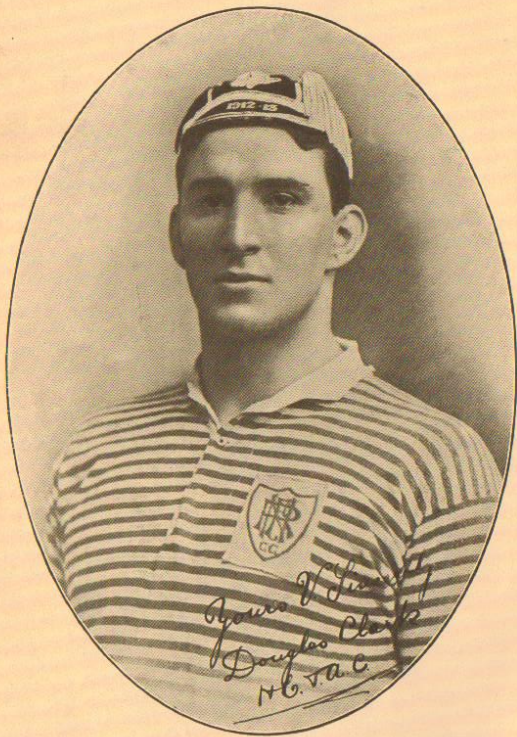
GRASMERE CUP.

1922 & 1924.

Footballer
and
Wrestler



CUPS, CAPS AND MEDALS WON BY DOUGLAS CLARK.



DOUGLAS CLARK,
HUDDERSFIELD,
CUMBERLAND
AND
ENGLAND.



1906-1925.

NETHERWOOD, DALTON & CO., LTD.,
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A GREAT FOOTBALLER

A QUESTION that has been asked in all ages is: "What is greatness?" This is too big a question for most of us, so we will leave it alone, except so far as it concerns sport. Even then we are up against a big proposition, but there are certain qualities which most of us recognise as being essential. First and foremost a youth must have a love of sport generally, with a special attachment to the game or games in which he means to specialise. He must have patience and a determination to turn every advantage to full account. He must also be prepared to sacrifice any little luxuries which might stand in the way of physical fitness in order that he may always be able to give the best of which he is capable. If he has these qualities he will always be a credit to himself and his club. To achieve distinction on the football field, our aspirant must also possess physical or mental advantages above the ordinary. To earn a place amongst the great ones all this and more is necessary. There must be added to exceptional strength and speed, quickness of thought and coolness, the uncanny instinct for doing the right thing when apparently there is no time for thought.

It may be asked: "Where and when do we get these super players?" It is true they are rare, or they would not stand out as

they do above their fellows. Such a one was born at Ellenborough, near Maryport, Cumberland, on May 2nd, 1891, when Douglas Clark first saw the light. It is to honour this wonderful athlete and to give his admirers the opportunity of showing their appreciation that the Huddersfield club have set aside the return match with Batley, which takes place on January 24th.

Douglas comes of a tough stock. Both his father and mother still rise with the lark and are firm believers in keeping one's time fully occupied. Great faith in the simple life and fresh, pure air, their views have sunk deep into their son Douglas's very being, and perfect physical fitness amounts almost to a religion with Huddersfield's enthusiastic captain. It is no exaggeration to say that at no time of his life has Clark been out of training, except when injury has compelled him to lie up in dock. It is this craving for the best which alone accounts for the fact that this great muscular athlete, after fifteen years of strenuous football with Huddersfield, is still one of the outstanding personalities in the Rugby League.

Clark's Boyhood.

As a boy, Clark attended the Ellenborough National School and was one of the team that were runners up to Aspatria in the Schools' Competition. On leaving school, he assisted his father, who is a coal merchant, in his business, and when a lad of fourteen could play with hundredweight bags of coal in a way that made some of his seniors jealous.

Saturday was a very unfortunate day for Douglas on which to deliver coal, and Douglas had many a struggle to finish his work in time to enable him to get to his football. Now and again he could not manage it, and getting pals to do it made sad inroads into his pocket-money. Sometimes a whole week's was swallowed up in this manner. This was, of course, unknown to his father, and Douglas has lively recollections of one occasion when his father got to know. The interview and subsequent proceedings made an impression upon the young delinquent which is still vivid in his memory.

Douglas could not be parted from his loved game, and at the age of fifteen he joined the Brookland Rovers, and played in the Intermediate Competition for youths under eighteen years of age. He had the satisfaction of helping his side to win the Competition. They beat Cleator in the final, on Easter Tuesday, 1907. Thus, before he was sixteen, Douglas won the first of a long series of gold medals.

In the following season, the subject of our sketch played in the under twentyone team, and that season they won every match. In one of those matches Clark played at half-back, and a sound judge of the game was of the opinion that had some first-class club directors been present Douglas might have been a great half-back to-day. In that season Douglas collected three gold medals.

In the following season Clark had a somewhat unique experience. He played with the senior team and won a medal as member

of the running up team in the Cumberland Cup Competition. He also gained a gold medal as a member of the under twentyone team and another gold medal in the Intermediate (under eighteen) Competition.

It was inevitable that the promise of such a youngster should become known outside his own immediate circle, and in April, 1909, Clark, at the invitation of Mr. Joe Clifford, signed on for Huddersfield and commenced an association which has been of the happiest for all concerned.

At the commencement of the following season, out of deference to the wishes of Mr. Clark senior, who thought his son too young for the strain of first-class football, Clark was played in the reserves, but it was early made plain that the sturdy young Cumbrian was equal to any strain that might be entailed, and on September 23rd, 1909, he played his first game with the senior team. The match was against Hull Kingston Rovers, and Huddersfield lost, but not owing to any weakness on the part of the colt. On the other hand, Clark played a game which established him firmly in his place, and it is worthy of note that throughout his long and honourable career with his adopted club he has never been asked to stand down owing to loss of form. That he had "arrived" was further proved by the fact that he was selected to play for his county against both Lancashire and Yorkshire in the October of that year.

It would take too long to chronicle all the honours which Clark has earned during his

football life. It must suffice to say that he has won every one open to a Rugby League player and after fifteen years of honourable service is captain of the Huddersfield team.

A Born Leader.

To do justice to the qualities which have earned our beneficiare his proud position in the world of sport would require a far abler pen than mine; but the task must be attempted, and readers must supply for themselves any omissions here.

The first impression one receives from contact with "Doug" is his intense love of the manly game of football. With him it is not a mere pastime. It is a great opportunity to train the best qualities one possesses. To prove that only those who use unstintingly their gifts deserve success. Also, there is no room in his philosophy for anything petty or mean.

Gifted by nature with a frame of enormous strength and, for so big a man, remarkable speed, Clark has never been content to rely upon these two attributes to carry him through. He has studied the game from A to Z, until his quickness of decision has come to be a second nature. There is scarcely a move on the board unknown to him, and like his great contemporaries "Tommy" Grey, "Jim" Davies and Wagstaff, he has always realised the value of the unexpected. What a treat to the theorist it would have been to listen to these men working out schemes for the undoing of their opponents. With such a brain guiding such a frame, is it

any wonder that Clark has writ his name large in the football world?

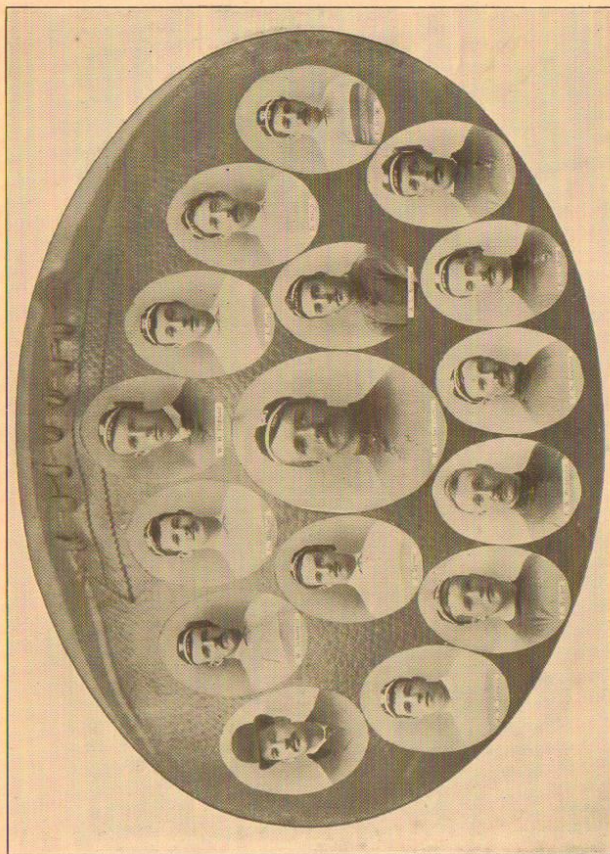
His qualifications to lead are equally obvious. Unsparing of himself in training, he sets his men a splendid example. He never asks of others, either on the field or in training, anything which he himself would shirk. He shows the way. He is as full of sympathy as of enthusiasm, and this not only has earned him the respect of his comrades, it has earned their esteem, and to-day there is not a better leader on the field or one who gets more out of his men.

Clark is not a specialist who concentrates on any one or two features of the game. He is a firm believer in the necessity of a forward being able to turn his hand to anything as it comes along, whether it be tackling, pushing, dribbling, or lending a hand to his backs in a combined movement. His versatility is remarkable and cannot perhaps be better demonstrated than by quoting from a report of Huddersfield's Cup-Tie, at Leigh, in 1912:—

"It will long be remembered in Leigh how they were put out of the Cup in 1912. Clark was ubiquitous, and surely four tries for a forward in a cup-tie must be somewhere near a record. What a player he has turned out to be! For some time he looked unhappy when put on roving duty, but since he got the hang of the thing he has been a perfect wonder, and has fully justified the judgment of the Committee in selecting him for a position in which he has no rival. I have an idea that it is a much pleasanter job to



LORD LONSDALE AND DOUGLAS CLARK at Grasmere.



HUDDERSFIELD TEAM, 1891.

TOP—G. Harrop W. Schofield G. Mitchell W. H. Eagland J. Kaye D. Haigh F. Senior
 J. W. Thewlis F. Walker F. W. Richmond T. H. Eagland A. L. Brooke P. Jackson
 In the Yorkshire Cup Final at Halifax, W. Schofield, D. Haigh, F. Senior and E. H. Shaw were replaced by W. Lortman, J. Shaw, O. France and J. Schofield.

admire his progress as a spectator than to try to check that progress, and probably Bolewski, who is a fine tackler, will agree with me. It was not Clark's tries alone which made him the hero of the match. He dribbled splendidly more than once, and was always working like a horse."

One is tempted to make other quotations, but we must touch on Clark's experiences in the Army and also in International and other representative football.

In the Army.

Like most of those who experienced the horrors of the Great War, Clark can rarely be induced to talk of any but the lighter side of army life, but on this he is by no means reticent, and one could fill a much larger book than this with the amusing experiences he met with while in training with the A.S.C.

Clark, Wagstaff and Gronow, and for part of the time Rosenfeld also, were comrades and tell numerous tales against each other. Gronow was never allowed to forget an early experience of his. One day he was passing the window of a room where his C.O. was seated and Gronow punctiliously saluted. The C.O. sent for Ben and told him that he thoroughly appreciated his efforts to be a smart soldier, but he must never salute through glass.

Clark chuckles even yet when he speaks of "Waggie's" first game of football with the A.S.C. Our prince of centres was tackled, and as he held on to the ball he received very rough usage. This caused him to ask questions, and he was told that when tackled

he must get rid of the ball. The next time he was tackled "Waggie" made no mistake and flung the ball far away. Naturally, the inevitable penalty followed and Wagstaff ruefully asked: "What am I to do?" Douglas says that "Waggie" learned what to do with the ball far more quickly than his opponents learned what to do with "Waggie."

Once, while on convoy duty, a halt was made near Windsor and a gentleman came up, and seeing one of the men trying to open a bully beef tin at the wrong end, said: "Don't you think, sonny, you'd do better if you opened the other end?" He took a great interest in the proceedings and made a number of inquiries. Eventually, Clark said: "Look here, sir, we're busy." The gentleman smiled and walked away, and you can imagine how Clark felt when he was informed that the gentleman was the King.

One day one of the lorries killed a cow and the C.O. issued orders that more care must be taken when passing cattle. The following day Clark's convoy was held up on the road and the lorries became so mixed up that all traffic was stopped. When matters were at their worst, a car drove up and, of course, could not get through the confusion. In the car were the King and Mr. Lloyd George. Clark was sent forward to ascertain the cause of the congestion. When he reached the leading lorry he saw the officer in charge and a corporal doing all they could to drive a cow into a cottage garden, but as fast as they drove it in the old woman who lived in the cottage drove it out with a fire-

shovel, much to the quiet amusement of the onlookers. The news of the King's presence speeded things up, and eventually the cow was cornered and traffic was resumed.

In Clark's company was a certain Maurice Neal, of Rugby football fame. They were excellent friends, and once during a rag one of them chipped a piece out of the marble mantelpiece in their billets. They stuck the piece on again with condensed milk. After a time, Neal got his commission and was in charge of the same billets when Clark returned to duty on leaving hospital. On his round of inspection he entered this room and asked Clark if all was in order. Clark replied in the affirmative. After a time, Lieut. Neal pretended to discover the damage to the mantelpiece and asked Clark how it had occurred. Clark was as innocent in demeanour as his officer and could not for the life of him tell how the damage had been done.

I should have said that while training at Grove Park, Clark had shown his versatility by winning the hurdle race at the company's sports, which were held on the Dulwich College grounds.

That Clark's company were the first to be asked to volunteer for service in the tanks is a testimony to the Grove Park men, of which he is very proud, and the fact that he himself was not permitted to go does not diminish that pride, and Clark is under the impression that one of his officers, Lieut. Edkins, was in charge of one of the first tanks to go into action.

Once, out in France, when "Doug's"

company were resting and were quartered behind a hospital near Ypres, he saw a company of R.F.A. passing by. The faces of the men seemed familiar, and all at once he and one of the passing R.F. Artillerymen called each other by name. The company came from Douglas' district in Cumberland and there was a great reunion. Douglas heard that his brother-in-law was also quite near, so as all were resting it was decided to hold a celebration of this chance meeting of so many who had been school pals. Douglas ferreted out his brother-in-law and then to round off the proceedings they decided to have the party photographed. There was but one photographer available, and Clark was told that he would not be able to get this photographer to come. This proved to be true, but the Cumberland boys were not to be beaten, so Douglas and his brother-in-law put their heads together. They interviewed the driver of a water-cart and found him ready to help. These carts were not allowed to come to a stop in the village, but the driver agreed to proceed very slowly when passing the shop, and eventually the photographer found himself and his camera reposing in the water-cart after a little gentle but firm persuasion by Clark and his brother-in-law. The photographer bowed to the inevitable, and the boys had a real "Cumberland evening."

Douglas was blown up near Paschendaele and filled more or less full of shrapnel. For service on this occasion he gained the Military Medal. The doctor who operated told him

that only his wonderful constitution pulled him through. He also told him, with a twinkle of the eye, that one of the pieces of shrapnel had, by removing his appendix, relieved Clark of all danger of appendicitis. When discharged from that hospital, Clark was told that he would live to a ripe old age if he avoided strenuous exertion. Later, when he was discharged from Royds Hall, he was told the same thing, and Douglas tells with great glee how he won the Army Wrestling . . . but I must not trespass on my colleague's preserves.

Representative Football.

As said previously, Clark has gained every honour open to him. Not only has he represented his county and country, he has represented the Old Country, both at home and in the Antipodes. He has twice made the Australian trip, but there again he dwells on the lighter side rather than the serious business of the tours. He is, however, extremely proud of the fact that the Britishers brought home the "ashes" in 1914. He considers that the Australians were more than arbitrary in bringing forward the original date of the final test of the tour, more particularly as it meant our men taking the field minus eight of the regular players who were *hors de combat*. That is the match which Douglas regards as the hardest in which he ever took part.

As can easily be imagined, with so many good men crocked, the players were in anything but an optimistic mood before the

match, and as the day for the final and deciding test drew near the spirits of the men drooped until on the Friday, the day before the match, they reached low water mark. The men could not raise a smile and appeared to have lost interest in everything. Realising that this would not do at all, Clark sallied forth late in the evening and made his way to a curio shop he had noticed in his wanderings. Here he invested in a snake 6 ft. 4 ins. in length and returned to the hotel, and before he had done with it the reptile had most thoroughly aroused the British team from the lethargy into which it had sunk, and no one will ever persuade the burly Cumbrian but that his original experiment in temperamental cure was the most important factor in the success which followed next day in the match which was christened "The Rorke's Drift of Rugby." It was as the British team were taking the field, that the now famous cable from the Northern Union Council was received. It ran, "Play the test." "If you lose, lose like Britons." "All England awaiting the result."

The Australian critic, "Arawa," thus opens his account: "What will they say in England of this distraction they called a football match, which took place at the Cricket Ground on Saturday, when English and Australian fought out bitterly and relentlessly the fiercest and most desperate struggle in the history of the winter game?" . . . "These fellows are going to play like demons to-day" was heard in the pavilion, as the huge English team strode on to the

soddened turf. There was hardly a smile amongst them; there was a grim teeth-set determination all over them." . . . "The evil genius pursuing the Englishmen is relentless. Only a few minutes of play saw Williams crippled. . . . The English playing in a solid, determined way, steadily forged ahead until they had nine points to the good."

"It was early in the second term that the football match which should reveal the power of combination ended and the pitched battle of unrelated fragments began," . . . "A few minutes later, and over went one of the splendid vanguard, Clark, his shoulder dislocated. Off he went, to come back later to aid his sorely pressed side, but finally he had to give it up reluctantly—how much so can be gathered by the spirit he had shown in battling on." . . . "The footballers of England showed the stuff they are made of, and even when there were only ten they kept the enemy out." . . . "Never before in a great football match was such defence seen."

"The Australians lost their heads, coolness and skill must have meant reward; the hard-pressed English had no time for thought; they hurled themselves with tigerish desperation on the man coming head down with the ball and sent him crashing back."

"For individual desperation, no great match seen in Australia, or, perhaps, anywhere else, has equalled it. And standing out clear of all, as the hero of his side and the day, was the English captain, Wagstaff."

"What a captain! He haunted the Australians." . . . "Never before had he played like this."

Another writer delivered himself thus: "Watching the scenes—the thin red line—that held the Cossacks' charge, the English at Harfleur rushing into the breach. And Wagstaff—Wagstaff made you think of MacDonald steadying his blacks in the face of the Dervishes at Omdurman. It was a Rugby glory."

Thus struck the Australians the match which Clark considers the grimmest struggle in which he ever took part.

Returning to this country, Clark found the Northern Union extinct in his native county. He nevertheless arranged to get up a match for the benefit of J. Palmer, who had fallen on evil times. He got together a side to play a team selected by Hodgson. Borrowed a field—Vinegar Hill—planted some goal posts and the match was such a success that the local enthusiasts took heart and the game revived in the county.

You cannot be long in Clark's company without realising how proud he is of his county, and when in 1913 Cumberland won the County Championship, there was not a prouder man in England than Huddersfield's future captain. In connection with that match Clark tells a story which Wagstaff enjoys as well as anyone. Wagstaff and that great-hearted forward, Fred Longstaffe, stayed with Clark, and on the Saturday morning Clark's mother asked him what they had for lunch before playing football. Douglas said: "Steak, and plenty of it." Mrs. Clark heaped up their plates with more than generous portions. Wagstaff waded in,

but began to falter, so Clark whispered to him that his mother would think it an aspersion on her cooking if he left any, so Wagstaff struggled through, "though his eyes were nearly starting out of his head." It was rarely that food incommoded Longstaffe, and exhortations were not necessary in his case. As for the match, the result was a foregone conclusion. It was merely a matter of what Yorkshire would win by. Much to the visitors' consternation, the Cumbrians went off at a terrific pace, and before the Yorkshiremen knew what had happened, Ferguson, who, like Clark, hailed from Ellenborough, and his men had established a lead, of which they were never deprived.

In his long career, it is inevitable that Clark should have had many humorous experiences, but unless I am to get across with my wrestling collaborator I must content myself with just one more. In one match, at Plymouth, Clark took the dummy as innocently as any novice. Whereupon "Jim" Davies said: "Call yourself an international and take the dummy?" Not long afterwards, the ball was kicked high into the air. "Jim" set himself and called out: "Right." But the ball went through his arms and legs and a soft try resulted. Clark, naturally anxious to get his own back, said: "Call yourself an inter — — —," but he got no further, as "Jim" indulged in a flow of language which had better, to use Clark's words, be left to the imagination.

Now I must leave this great sportsman.

with the hope that his benefit will be worthy of this great footballer and fine sportsman, who has never been known to shirk, who has never, to the writer's knowledge, lost his temper or resorted to doubtful tactics during a wonderful and honourable career. Twice only has he been sent off, and in each case the referee afterwards apologised, privately and publicly, admitting having made a mistake. Once was when jersey buttons were mistaken for flying teeth and once it was a case of mistaken identity. He has been an ornament to the game, an object lesson to all with football ambitions, and it behoves us one and all to do all we can to make a success of the benefit set aside for a true sportsman, whose great love of fresh and pure air permeates his whole being.

Fartown Trainers and Their Methods.

An Appreciation, by DOUGLAS CLARK.

Much of the success achieved by our old trainer ARTHUR BENNETT was due to the "happy family" spirit which he engendered among the men under his care. He was ready and willing to do everything in his power to help his "boys" at all times.

Mrs. Bennett rendered great assistance to her husband, and the players respected her deeply.

"Arthur" believed in plenty of walking, field practice and track work, followed by the punch ball and skipping, concluding with considerable time spent in massage. He was an advocate of the hot bath after a match and on the day following, with cold water (hose pipe) Tuesdays and Thursdays.

Another big factor in Bennett's success was undoubtedly that at this period the players under him were in the best of their days. Keen for work and enthusiastic and willing to try any new idea for the discomfort of their opponents. In those days

Players' Meetings were a strong point, and many games were practically half won as a result of the lectures and discussions which took place. It was at a Players' Meeting that I first suggested a "fixed" pack, and a decided improvement was noticeable once the new idea became a set plan. I believe these meetings were (and similar meetings should be to-day) just as much important as training.

ALBERT CLAYTON.

Clayton, to a certain extent, laboured under a big handicap. The majority of the players were past their football prime, and also whereas in Bennett's days many of the men were able to train practically throughout the week, 75% of Albert's men were following an occupation. Personally, I strongly recommend a full-time job with training during the evening. Football then becomes more of a pleasure and training is looked forward to as an agreeable change from mill or workshop, etc.

Clayton was a great believer in sprinting (with spiked shoes) as a means of strengthening the legs. It was only natural this should be so, himself having been a great sprinter. He followed up this course with a twenty to thirty minutes "swinging the hammer." This latter is a great exercise.

Clayton considered the best training for a fit man was three or four strong sprints alongside a colleague, following with a good 220 to 440 yards, putting all out.

FRED MEREWETHER.

"Fred" believes in "mixing" his training methods and in sprinting exercises does not confine his men to the use of spiked shoes.

He insists upon plenty of field practice whenever possible, and when in the dressing room desires that his men should feel "at home."

He believes in "physical jerks" and deep breathing exercises. He is an advocate of the hot bath after a match and also one on the day following.

It is a tribute to his own remarkable fitness that at the age of 49 he is able to take the "full course" alongside his men and finish up in splendid condition. He is a very proficient masseur, as I can personally testify with pleasure.

A GREAT WRESTLER.

Of the many sports and pastimes dear to the heart of the sturdy manhood of our northernmost counties, and particularly of Cumberland and Westmorland, that of wrestling undoubtedly holds pride of place.

Almost every town and village boasts its own local champion, and the culminating point is reached when the contestants appear in the now world-famous Grasmere ring.

Not in the summer months alone does the sport prevail. When winter holds the land in its icy grip, these hardy sons of the soil hie to the Wrestling Academy (there are scores of such) and, under experienced tutors, practice the various "arts and crafts" associated with the game.

It would, indeed, have been a matter for wonder had Douglas Clark from his boyhood's days onward not been attracted by the call of the wrestling ring. Gifted, above the average, with every qualification which goes towards the achievement of greatness in manly games, "Duggy" took to wrestling as a fish takes to water.

A Good Story.

His first success in the ring was at Braithwaite, some 18 miles away from his birthplace, Ellenborough, or "Elbra," as it is there pronounced.

At that time he was 15½ years of age, a strong, well-built youth.

He made the journey by cycle, and on arriving in the field found that there were eight contestants for the prize. Our youthful aspirant won his way to the final and then met "Young" Todd, of Broughton Moor, and was successful in securing both falls. To use our modest wrestler's words, he "felt six foot" after the event. He went forward to receive the prize and then—even the looks of appreciation.

bestowed upon him by the gentleman who was waiting to receive him, failed to soften his disappointment when he was handed (as his prize)—a copper candlestick!!

Leaving the field, he was fastening the "trophy" to his cycle when the gentleman of whom reference has been made, came upon the scene and noticed the look of disgust which still lingered on the face of the winner.

"You don't look too proud of your prize, Sonny," said the former. "No," was the reply, "Fancy coming all the way from 'Elbra' for that thing."

Asked how much he considered it was worth, the hero of his first big contest replied "About ten bob." Said the gentleman, "Then I'll give you ten shillings for it." "No thank you, sir," answered "Duggy." "Mother would never believe I had won if I hadn't anything to show, and besides, this is my first win."

The result of the conversation was that "Young" Clark not only received ten shillings, but was also allowed to keep his candlestick and was further complimented upon his wrestling. The gentleman then went on his way smiling and evidently enjoying a huge joke. What the joke was, our young wrestler soon discovered.

A policeman, who had been standing at a respectable distance, came up to "Duggy" and asked what he had been saying to the "Old Toff" to make him laugh so. The desired information was given and the man in blue immediately exclaimed, "That's a good 'un. Why, lad, that's Lord Lonsdale, the man who gave the prize."

Needless to say, the old copper candlestick at once became, and still remains, one of "Duggy's" dearest possessions.

Aiming Higher.

Clark's first "try out" in the big ring was at Grasmere, some little time following the above incident. He was just preparing for the football season and "in and among" enjoying "a few wrestling bouts behind the hedge," when one day Mr. Clark, Senr., inquired of "Duggy" if he had any notion of going along with him and Mrs. Clark to

Grasmere Sports, which were to take place in a week's time. "Delighted," replied the boy. Feeling his way a little, Mr. Clark continued, "What a pity, Douglas, we didn't send in your name before the entries closed. Would you have wrestled had we done so?" "Yes," at once came the reply. "That's alright," from Mr. Clark—"I've already entered you on the off-chance of your being home on holiday." That left no alternative but to prepare to face the music.

Fortunately, arrangements had been made whereby William Studholme (the best middle-heavy weight of his day) should give Douglas a few "holds." "William," though a few years past his best, was still considered a very dangerous man, standing as he did over 6 ft. and all bone and muscle. In his day he had been the pride of Cumberland.

Studholme expressed pleasure at Clark's "showing," and went so far as to state there were only two men who need be feared. One was Little, of Kingswater, and the other Pickering, of Carlisle.

The great day arrived. Tom Fenwick was one of the party to accompany his present football Captain, and as he (Tom) also had "entered," a little chaffing took place between the two as to what would happen should they meet in the ring.

There were over 90 entries for the "All Weights" Wrestling, and in the second round "Duggy" met and defeated the much-feared Little, of Kingswater, by a "chip" known as the "swing and hipec."

Fenwick "out."

Tom Fenwick was unfortunately drawn against the other "giant of the ring" (Pickering, of Carlisle), in the same round and was defeated. Fenwick remarked afterwards that his opponent was the strongest man he had ever met. Pickering stood 6 ft. and weighed 15 stones.

Clark went through the next round and reached the "last eight," when he was drawn with Pickering.

To use "Duggy's" own words at this point: "I never before had so much advice given to me in such a short time, as I then received from the West

Cumberland wrestlers. I decided, however, to rely on that given me by William Studholme." The latter informed Clark that Pickering was a great man with the "hank," "cross buttock," and both "inside" and "cross click," and his (Clark's) only chance was to remain firm and wait until his opponent played one of his favourite "chips" and then take him off his balance.

In the opinion of many of the onlookers, this fall was thought likely to decide the destination of the coveted Cup.

In the first "hold" the Carlisle man tried the "cross buttock," but missed, and the men came out in loose holds."

Following this, to Clark's surprise and inward satisfaction, his opponent left the ring and changed into wrestling costume. He had evidently considered prior to the first "fall" that it was not necessary that he should go to the trouble of making the usual preparation, so great had been his confidence in effecting a speedy result.

Unfortunately for our young Cumbrian, this feeling of additional confidence nearly proved his undoing.

Throwing to the winds all Studholme's good advice, "Duggy" himself started the next attack, but missed with his "swing." Pickering applied the "hank" and all but "felled" his opponent. Clark, however, managed to steady himself and to get rid of the "chip." The Carlisle man then tried the "inside click," but was unsuccessful in the result. Then it was that Studholme's pupil remembered again the advice imparted to him, and he determined once and for all to act upon it.

Pickering "came" again with the "buttock," but with a mighty effort "our man" lifted him on the breast and threw him amidst tremendous cheering.

Clark describes this as one of the hardest bouts he ever had in the whole of his career.

Pickering proved himself a real sport by at once heartily shaking hands with his victorious opponent and exclaiming as he did so, "Well wrestled, young fellow."

Needless to say, Studholme was well pleased with Clark's display, but all the same he pointed out certain weaknesses he had observed in his pupil's "play," and tendered further advice.

In the next round, Clark was faced by F. Norman, an opponent much taller than himself, although a stone or two less in weight.

How the "bout" proceeded shall be described in "Duggy's" own words: "I picked up my man and swung him round three times and then tried the 'hipe.' He 'jumped' it, and instead of bringing my opponent over the buttock, as a good wrestler should, I picked him up again with a reverse 'swing,' lost my balance and came down on my knee, and was 'felled.'"

Thus ended Clark's first appearance in the struggle for the famous "Grasmere" Cup. In spite of his defeat, he felt well satisfied with the progress made. Not so Studholme. He "called" his youthful "client" to use "Duggy's" words, "by every name under the sun," and he continued in this strain all the way to Brigham, at which place they parted company.

In Australia.

The summer of 1914 found Douglas Clark assisting in the successful fight for the recovery of the mythical "Ashes" on the far away football fields "down under." The Cumberland wrestling ring for the time being therefore "knew him not."

More Successes.

In the summer of 1915 Clark once more took up his favourite pastime. He took part in contests throughout the Northern Counties and secured six "firsts" and seven second prizes.

Only on one occasion did he fail to reach the semi-finals.

"Jack Robinson."

It was at Wigton that Clark first met with Robinson, hailing from Newcastle, who was acknowledged to be a terribly difficult man to beat. The truth of this assertion was amply borne out, as will be shown from time to time. "Duggy" shall relate the story in his

own way. He says: "Neither Robinson nor myself will probably ever forget our first meeting. We came together in the (best out of three falls) final. I was over three stones heavier than he, and I took the first hold. Before I knew what had happened, I felt myself flying through the air, 'Jack' had 'hanked' me but failed to turn me cleanly. The referee gave a 'dog-fall,' or draw, in spite of Robinson claiming a fair 'fall.' My opponent therefore tried again, applying the 'hank' as quick as lightning. I thought he was falling, and went for him, only to feel once more that awful sensation of falling through space. He again failed to turn me and we both fell to the ground shoulder to shoulder. We were both dazed, and when 'Jack' realized that the referee had given another draw he left the ring in a terrible rage.

"I being much the bigger man, all the sympathy naturally went out towards my opponent, and the crowd rushed the ring. I knew, myself, that I was powerless to counter Jack's terrible 'hank,' and up to now only sheer good luck had saved me from defeat.

"Eventually, Robinson returned and the ring was cleared for us. We had scarcely secured our 'holds' when once more I was 'flying through the air.' The next thing I felt was the awful 'bump,' alighting 'clean' on my shoulders. One to Jack and such a shout. I confess I would have given a 'fiver' to have been out of that ring, knowing full well, as I did, that I was powerless to overcome his 'chip.' 'Come on, Jack, let's have it over,' I cried. A handshake, a 'hold' and away again right on to my shoulders with such a bang. Robinson was a great wrestler."

Never Say "Die."

Robinson was dressing in a tent about five yards away from his defeated opponent when the latter heard one of "Jack's" mates remark, "By gum, lad, you fettled the big fellow off quickly." "Yes," replied Robinson, "I'll make him too frightened to come into a ring again." Up jumped "Duggy" and, pushing his way into his late opponent's tent, exclaimed "Well wrestled, Jack, but look here lad, if you fell me 99 times, I'll still think I can get the hundredth,

and I'll follow you wherever you go until I do beat you."

Back to the old village went Clark for many and many a "bout" with the "old hands" at the game. Particularly was he keen on learning how to counter Robinson's terrible "hank," and he spent hours in practice before he considered he could at last once again meet his opponent, this time with success.

The next Sports happened to be at Penrith, and arriving on the ground, the first man Clark met was his old adversary, "Jack the hanker."

"Hello, Jack," exclaimed the "Elbra" boy. "Hello, 'Dugg'," came the reply, "here again!" "Yes, old boy," said Clark, "you see you haven't frightened me away, and if you and I meet to-day there'll be some fun."

"Duggy's" eagerly anticipated meeting with his rival did not take place that day, however. Robinson "went down" to Steele, of Brampton, in the semi-final, and when Clark, who had also won his way through, faced Steele, he (Clark) gained both falls and thus secured the first prize.

Interested "Fartowners."

Among the spectators present that day were Harold Wagstaff, Ben Gronow and Major Holland, and needless to say they extended hearty congratulations to their fellow club-mate on his victory.

Robinson again.

On the Saturday following, Douglas again met Jack Robinson at Coulthwaite, in the second round, and this time managed to beat him, though not to his (Clark's) entire satisfaction. Closing his knees, to prevent the operation of the dreaded "hank," our Cumbrian forward then moved to lift "Robbo," but no sooner had he done so than the "hank" was again applied. However, he steadied "Jack," lifted out his "chip" and then finished him off with the "outside hipe" right leg.

Routledge, of Whitam (a clever wrestler), proved Clark's undoing in the semi-final, but though beaten "Duggy" felt some little compensation in that he had overcome Jack Robinson.

Robinson beaten at last.

Clark's next meeting with the famous Newcastle man was at Carlisle Sports, and it took three attempts to decide the winner. On each occasion the famous "hank" was in evidence. But by this time an "antidote" had been found, and by a smart counter "chip" the tables were turned and down came Robinson, "like a mill chimney," with Clark on top.

The next meeting of importance was at Kendal, for the "All Weights" Championship of the World. Here, again, Clark shall tell what happened: "The last three wrestlers left to compete for the prize were myself, Wm. Knowles, of Bootle (a splendid type of man; 20 years of age, standing 6 ft. 2 in. and weighing about 13 stones) and Robinson.

"I had wrestled Knowles (who on this day became the world's champion) six times during that summer and secured five victories over him. I felt very confident of success, but I had first to face Robinson. The latter, early on in the day, had informed me that I had nearly broken his shoulder at Carlisle and begged of me, should we meet, that I would not fall too heavily upon him. My reply was, 'That's all right, Jack, but a fellow who uses the 'hank' must be wrestled to the ground, or the other man is sure to be 'turned.' Judge my surprise when Robinson went on to say that he did not intend to use his favourite 'chip' that day, and again requested that I should exercise care should I secure the 'fall.' Well, as it happened, Jack and I were drawn together, with Knowles the 'odd' man out."

"Tricked"

"'Rob' and I faced each other and took hold quickly. We stood well out from one another, and I think we should have been standing on those positions to this day if I had continued to wait for 'Jack' to 'play.' However, I bettered my hold and lifted him for the 'hipe,' and I honestly thought he was falling to the ground, I on top. In order to soften his fall I was just in the act of loosening my hold when 'Robbo' threw in the dreaded 'hank' and

turned me beautifully, and I was once more 'down and out'."

"Robinson had scored again, and didn't they chaff me when I reached home. Back to the school I must go and master this 'chip' or die in the attempt. I think I succeeded this time."

Revenge.

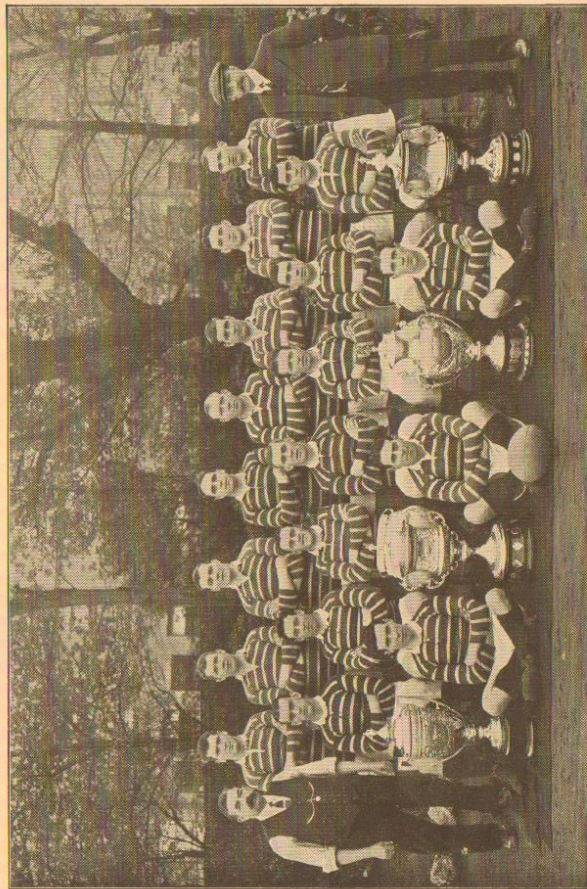
"My next meeting with Jack was in the summer following, at Coulthwaite, and we were drawn together in the third round. On this occasion I waived ceremony to the winds, and when as before I purposely allowed 'my man' to get in his 'hank' I steadied him and then threw him forward to the ground with every ounce of strength I had in me. That finished 'Robbo.' He never came down West again. He stated that should we ever be drawn together again he would 'give me the ticket,' which meant that I should have a 'walk over.' We have never wrestled together since, but if we do 'Robbo' will have another 'pop,' and before the contest is decided it is quite likely there will be skin and hair flying."

"Blown out."

In the summer of 1920, Clark had the mortifying experience of being what is, in Cumberland, termed, "blown out." He had left home as early as 6-30 a.m. on this particular day in order to be present at Grasmere in good time. Arriving and finding very few folks present, he and a friend decided to have a light meal. This was followed by a short walk. Regaining the Sports Ground, he discovered to his consternation that, in his absence, his name had been "called," and not being there to respond he had been disqualified, or "blown out" by the famous Bellman, the late Dick Howe.

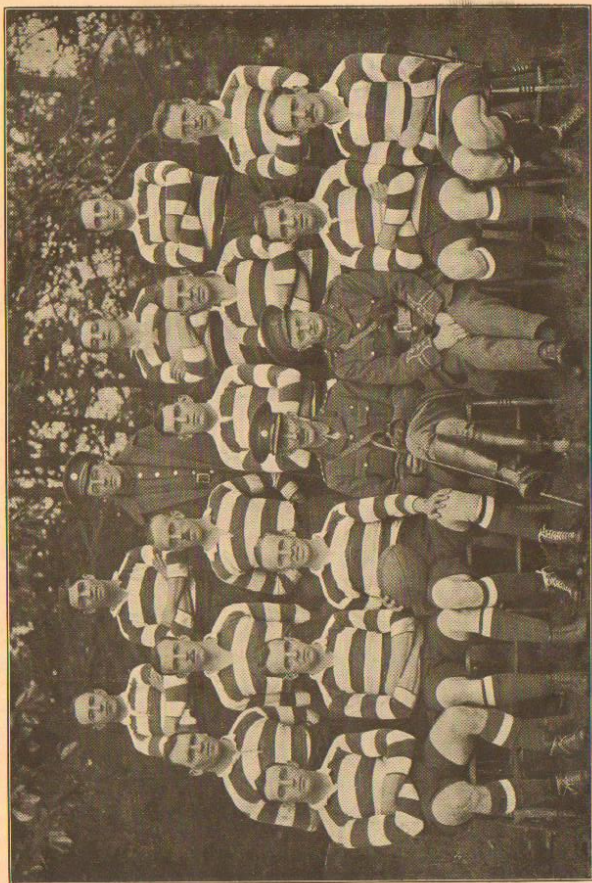
Clark's Second Bid for the World's Championship.

In 1923, our great Cumbrian again competed for the World's Championship, which was held on this occasion at Eglsfield (Scottish Borders). Winning his way to the semi-final, he was then called upon to meet



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1914 HUDDERSFIELD NORTHERN UNION F.C. 1915				
A. Ise	J. W. Hissam	H. Banks	F. Longstaff	A. B. Swindon
E. Hirst	W. H. Ganley	H. J. Jones	H. Heyes	D. Clark
Y. L. Cup	W. H. Ganley	N. R. L. Cup	A. Rosenfield	N. U. C. Cup
A. Bennett (Trainer)				H. Bennett (Asst. Trainer)



A. S. C. TEAM, GROVE PARK.

TOP ROW—Mellor
J. Cockell
Ware

Jones
Cockle
General Burn

Holbrook
L. Cress
Payne
Major Stanley

Clark
Cress
Eaton
Wanstall
Nixon

one Matthews, of Stirling. Matthews was a veritable giant, standing over 6 ft. and weighing 22 stones. Upon seeing "Doug," the Scottish spectators exclaimed, in tones of commiseration, "Puir wee laddie." The "puir wee laddie," however, spread consternation in the "enemy camp" by "felling" his opponent with the "hank," "Robbo's chip." He was beaten in the final, however, by Liddell (a very clever wrestler), of Haydon Bridge. A remarkable feature of this bout was that Liddell tried the first fall with the "swing and hipe." Clark countered this with the "outside stroke," and in so doing secured the fall.

In the second bout, the Cumbrian himself tried his opponent's "chip," and was countered and defeated by his own previous successful method.

Liddell beat Clark in the third bout, and thus became the World's Champion.

The following interesting review on Cumbrian Wrestling, and particularly upon Douglas Clark's winning of the "Grasmere Heavyweights," in 1924, is kindly supplied by Mr. Tom Stainton, an old Westmoreland "Umpire":—

"I have seen many Grasmere's and all of the famous wrestlers during the last half-century, including Steadman, Ralph and Tom Pooley, Lowden and Hexham Clarke, but never in the whole issue have I seen a man enter on his task like the renowned International Footballer, Douglas Clark. Determination was outlined on his every feature, and his disposal of the celebrated Routledge, of Wylam, with a beautiful 'swing off the breast' gave us a taste of what was to follow. The second round brought him up against Davis, of Tarraby, one of the most scientific wrestlers of his period, but the ex-Light Weight Champion was quickly placed "Hors de Combat," and then another doughty exponent of the art was faced in Tom Taylor, of Hawkshead, a very prolific finalist and a master of all the tricks of the sport. After a terrific struggle, contested every inch by the Hawkshead wonder, a 'sliphold' ensued and the bout recommenced again in deadly earnest. Of no avail, however, were the clever tactics of the tricky Taylor against the muscular

Douglas, who brought his man to the turf absolutely exhausted to immediately receive the sympathy of the big-hearted Cumbrian.

" This brought the natural successor of George Steadman against Steele, of Brampton, the hero of many North Country contests and winner of scores of Heavy Weight Exhibitions. By this time the semi-final had been attained, and the redoubtable International was wrestling superbly. The brawny Steele was made to look very impotent, for after getting into ' holds ' a terrific wrench by Clark brought him to his knees, and a proud look on Douglas' features proclaimed him one of the finalists.

" In the final, one of the youngest and certainly one of the cleverest wrestlers of the present generation (Edgar Hayhurst) had attained his place. Hayhurst was schooled in the Milnthorpe Academy and was a member of that celebrated wrestling family which has produced some of the most brilliant wrestlers of the 20th Century. Though in stature he was no match for the Cumbrian, Hayhurst was one of the strongest of wrestlers, scientifically and physically, and we were not disappointed at the remarkable manner in which the Westmoreland youth evaded the embrace of his heavier opponent. After several slipholds, however, the crowd's yell heralded ' they're hod,' and then ensued a mighty struggle. A terrific Cumbrian cheer heralded the fact that Clark had gained the first fall with his favourite ' swinging hipe,' after a very tough struggle, in which the two finalists displayed wrestling worthy of all-time Grasmere's.

" After their gruelling time, it was wonderful to see how fresh these doughty Dalesmen faced the second venture, but all the play of the clever Hayhurst was of no avail against the muscular Douglas of " Elbra ' fame, and getting his favourite neck holdgrip, he felled his man with a mighty wrench, and applying the ' outside stroke ' he once more became the Proud Champion Heavy Weight of the famous Grasmere Sports, worthy to rank with any champion I have ever seen.

" Good Luck to a real Honest Wrestler !! May we see him many times on the Famous Turf in the Wrestling Derby."

Clark's Injuries—A Remarkable Recovery.

It may not be generally known that Douglas Clark sustained no less than eighteen wounds in the " Great War." In addition to these, he was twice gassed, and on one occasion was rendered blind for a period of nine days. The doctor informed him that he might live to a ripe old age if care was exercised. Clark was actually given a 95% disability certificate. He protested against this decision and went back to his Convoy Staff Company. Less than four months following the receipt of the above certificate, and while still in the Army, Clark took part in a Wrestling Competition for a trophy known as the " Sportsman's " Cup, open to all serving with the Colours. The conditions were " Catch-as-catch-can " style, and our " laddie " won his way to the final, when he then faced and handsomely defeated the great Belgian Champion, " Ferri."

Fortunately for Clark, he had made acquaintance with the above-named style of wrestling a few years previously.

In 1910, on the Dewsbury Football Ground, he should have wrestled Percy Teale, who at that time was considered the Yorkshire Champion in " Catch-as-catch-can " style of wrestling.

Edgar Heyes, of Slaithwaite, the old Broughton Rangers and Huddersfield forward, had challenged the winner of the above proposed contest. As Clark did not take this style of wrestling seriously, on account at that time of football interests, he went over to have a chat with Heyes, and a friendly bout was arranged. The subsequent result, however, proved a fiasco, as Heyes, instead of treating the matter simply as a friendly bout, invited all and sundry to witness the affair. Consequently, Clark was forbidden to wrestle by his trainer (Frank Burns, of Huddersfield). Douglas, however, decided to wrestle and beat Heyes three " pin folds " within nine minutes. Unfortunately, the effort aggravated an old rib injury sustained at

football, and the proposed match with Teale was "called off." Particularly so as about this time Clark had to prepare to take his place in the British team for Australia.

While Douglas was out there, Heyes met and defeated Teale by two successive falls.

In Conclusion.

Now my pleasurable task draws to a conclusion.

My worthy colleague has very ably dealt with Clark's great career on the football field. The writer, in a humble way, has tried, as much as an unskilful pen will permit, to do justice to Douglas Clark's performances and experiences as a Wrestler.

To many, recollections of the past will be revived. To all, through the medium of this book, a record of a great sportsman has been given.

It now remains for every one of Clark's host of admirers to play his or her part in the special effort now being undertaken to ensure a Benefit for our great-hearted Captain, proportionate as near as possible to the great service he has rendered to the Huddersfield Club during his long and honourable career.

The Grasmere Cup.

This handsome trophy, which is now held for the second time by Clark (his successes were gained in 1922 and 1924), was generously provided by Canon Rowsley, who, together with Lord Lonsdale, was and still is a great enthusiast in the sport.

It is more than incidentally worth recording that the reverend gentleman above-named, has been the means (through his great efforts and influence) of many of the beauty spots in Cumberland being retained for the public benefit.

Reverting again to the Grasmere Cup. The securing of this trophy is regarded as the highest possible honour obtainable in the wrestling world and is even more prized than is the winning of the World's Championship.

It was in 1922 that Clark, in the final for the Cup, met and defeated Gilpin Bland, of Lupton Hall, securing both "falls" in so doing. Clark considers Bland (who, by the way, only scales 11 stones), the foremost wrestler of the present time, and he further states that what Bland does not know about wrestling is not worth knowing. He has won the World's Championship two years in succession, 1923-4.

To win the Grasmere Cup outright, three successive victories are necessary, or as an alternative it needs to be won five times during the career of a competitor.

Neither of these stipulations have, up to the present time, been fulfilled, so that the Cup has yet to be won outright.

"How it is done!!"

A few explanatory notes, supplied by Clark, on methods and terms used in the Cumberland-Westmorland style of wrestling:—

"BACK HEEL." Draw forward your opponent.

Place right heel behind his left. Grip the lower part of his back and at the same time throw your weight on his chest.

"BUTTOCK." (Generally used by men of small stature, particularly against bigger men.) Place left leg across opponent's and left foot just in front of his left. At the same time, slip your hold to his neck. Then, pulling down his head, apply the hip to his middle. Your man should then come clean over the hip.—A beautiful fall.

"CHIP." A wrestling trick.

"CROSS CLICK." Similar to "inside click," except that with the right leg you take your opponent's right leg from under him.

"CROSS BUTTOCK." Step quickly with right foot extended towards opponent's right foot, placing right foot a few inches in front of opponent's right foot and pull him over leg.

"FALL." A "count" or "score." Secured by throwing, from a standing position, an opponent to the ground. Should even the knee of either competitor touch the ground, this is sufficient to be counted a "fall."

"HANK." The moment an opponent comes forward, place left leg between his legs, turning your leg round his right. Then place instep on the outside of opponent's ankle. Follow up by lifting and turning him and finally throwing.

N.B.—A very effective "chip" and one which is often successfully used by lighter built men against much heavier opponents.

"HOD." A hold. Placing right arm under opponent's left, and left arm over opponent's right. Each then gripping own hands. This is preparatory to the commencement of actual wrestling and before any of the various "chips" are employed. The moment the "holds" are taken, wrestling commences.

"INSIDE CLICK." Place (right) leg between those of opponent and hook the back part of knee round his left knee. Then jerk him forward on to his right knee.

"OUTSIDE STROKE." Place inside of foot to nearest leg of opponent, and just above ankle on the outside. Simultaneously, twist him the opposite way and throw him off his balance and on to the ground.

"SWING AND HIPE." Step a few inches (with right foot advanced) towards opponent. At the same time, lift and swing him in circular fashion once or twice towards the left. Steady yourself. Apply right knee to the inside of opponent's left. By this movement it should be possible to turn "your man" in the air and in the fall his shoulders come to the ground.

"TWIST OFF THE BREAST." Lift your opponent on to your chest, swinging him in so doing. Quickly reverse the movement and throw him, when he will fall with neck and shoulders touching the ground.

"SLIP OR LOOSE HOLDS." When the competitor's arms slip over the head and become locked together. In this case, the wrestle has to be re-commenced. If slip-hold occurs a third time must complete the fall.

The above are only a few of the many "chips" used in the game.

A Few Training Hints.

By DOUGLAS CLARK.

Training for football should be commenced, particularly in the case of a heavyweight, two months before the opening of a season, and for a middleweight six weeks. In the case of the former, it is a risky business to become too far out of condition at any time, especially if nearing the end of a career. Up to the age of say thirty-two, the cartilaginous muscles between the ribs are soft and pliable and permit an easy expansion of the chest. Beyond that age, however, these cartilages become hard and set. One of the main things to cultivate at all times, therefore, is a regular practice of deep breathing. Form the habit of walking heel and toe with body erect. Swing arms from the shoulders in breathing slowly through the nose. Fill the lungs to their fullest capacity, then release the breath slowly through the mouth, making sure that the lungs are absolutely empty ere again in-breathing. Gradually increase the distance walked, keeping up the breathing exercise. This is a fine thing, even for business men, who have passed the time of life when active participation in football is possible. Having made sure that the lungs are now in good order, the more serious and exacting side of training may be commenced. First, put on, next to the skin, some heavy woollens. Jog-trot a mile round the track. Then walk quarter of a mile (follow breathing instructions as before), and afterwards trot another quarter of a mile. Perspiration by now should be flowing freely, and this should be encouraged by a not too vigorous exercise in the open air. Follow with a little punchball exercise, and then the use of the hammer. Obtain a hard log of wood, having its surface say 1 ft. from the ground. The hammer should weigh about 2 lbs. Swing the hammer full length of your right arm, hitting the log a hard blow, at the same time stepping forward, with right foot. Change hands, stepping back a yard. Swing hammer full extent of left arm, from behind, over stomach. Continue this exercise until tired (not exhausted). Then retire to the dressing-room, which should be warm, and remain there resting until perspiration ceases.

The whole length of time taken up by this method of training, from the jog-trot onwards, should be about one and a half hours. Continue these exercises three times per week for three weeks and add physical "jerks." A Turkish bath at this period, once a week, until within fourteen days of the season, is very beneficial. Then become accustomed to running in "pumps." Knock off supper. This is the meal which often causes most damage to a man in training. There is often enough a tendency towards fat-producing as the result of a supper, the body afterwards, in sleep, being in repose. Drink little or no liquid during a meal.

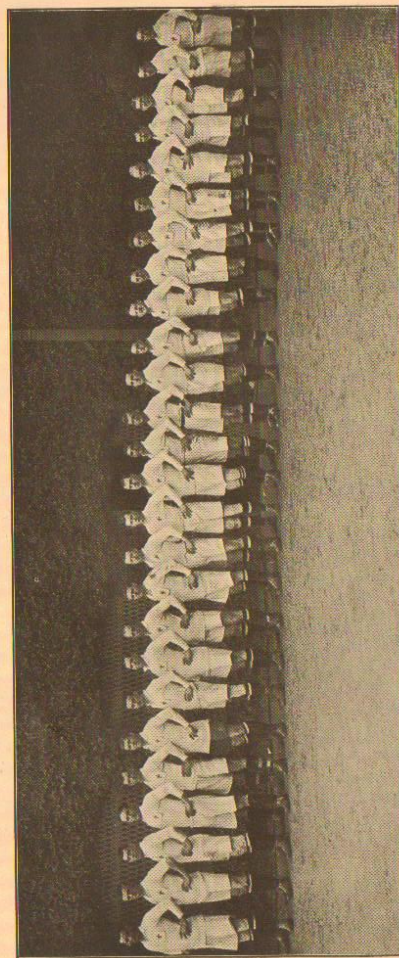
Continue sprinting in pumps until it is possible to do three sprints, say of 60 yards each, per training day and a good 220 yards "all out." From the Thursday (the last day of the week for training) take matters easily.

When fit and playing every week, men following an everyday occupation require very little training. Personally, I prefer to be a little under rather than over-trained. In the former case a player improves as the game proceeds. In the latter case, a man needs rest in plenty. As the season approaches, players should be on the field on Tuesday evenings (light permitting) practising passing and repassing, covering two or three times the length of the field. The forwards should practice dribbling, and the goal-kicker should be busy taking shots from all angles. A good goal-kicker is very often a match winner. Try any new methods suggested at Players' Meetings.

On the Thursday, three 60 yard sprints "in spikes" and a good 220 yards, followed by a few minutes with the punchball, should complete training.

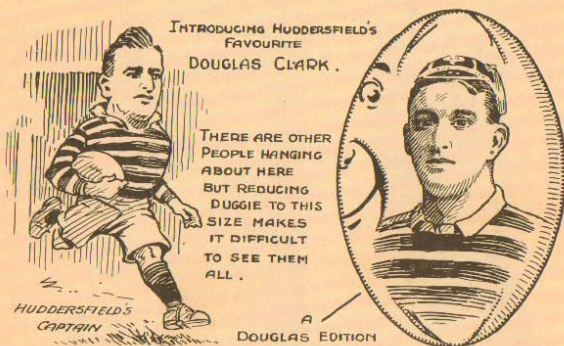
One point more, and a most important one. When away from the ground, see to it that you refrain from doing anything which would be likely to undo any of the benefit you have derived in training. An hour of careless living can upset a week's hard training and make a man a weak link in his team. The meal before a match should be of a light nature and taken, say, about 12-30 to 1 o'clock. Fresh fish or a small steak or chop with cold toast. If fish is partaken of, then tea to follow, and after a meat diet, then coffee.

Make a practice of retiring to bed in decent time. This is a most important rule to observe.



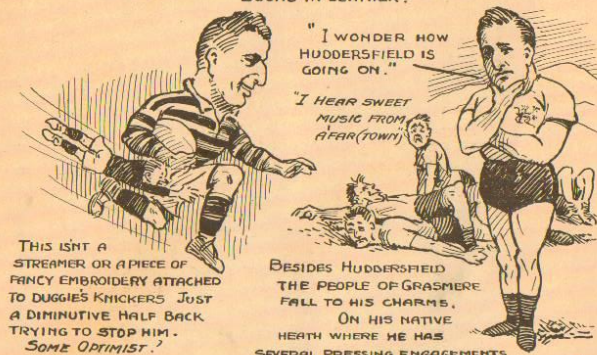
BRITISH NORTHERN UNION RUGBY FOOTBALL TEAM LINED UP.
(AUSTRALIAN AND NEW ZEALAND TOUR, 1920.)

INTRODUCING HUDDERSFIELD'S
FAVOURITE
DOUGLAS CLARK.



THERE ARE OTHER
PEOPLE HANGING
ABOUT HERE
BUT REDUCING
DUGGIE TO THIS
SIZE MAKES
IT DIFFICULT
TO SEE THEM
ALL.

A
DOUGLAS EDITION
BOUND IN LEATHER.



"I WONDER HOW
HUDDERSFIELD IS
GOING ON."

"I HEAR SWEET
MUSIC FROM
AFAR (TOWN)"

BESIDES HUDDERSFIELD
THE PEOPLE OF GRASMERE
FALL TO HIS CHARMS.

ON HIS NATIVE
HEATH WHERE HE HAS
SEVERAL PRESSING ENGAGEMENTS.

M