

THE MORAYSHIRE MANOEUVRES



CARLYTON C.C. 1982

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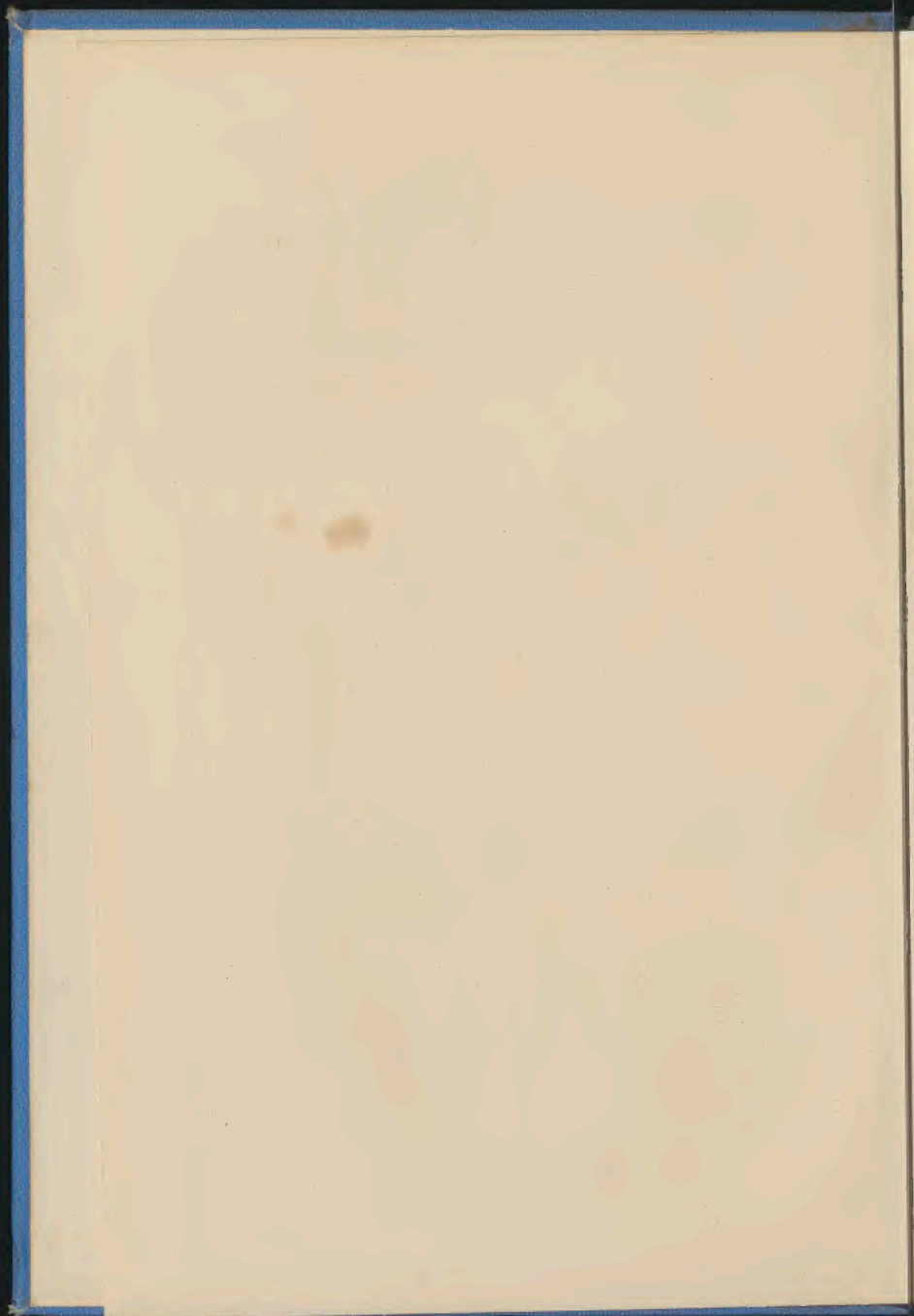
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With the Skippers  
Compliments









## SEASON 1922.



THE alleged summer of 1922 was not a very enjoyable one for cricketers—cold, bleak winds and rain making the game more often a penance than a pastime. Only those members animated by a high sense of duty braved the arctic rigours of net practice in the evenings, and the customary Grange Loan enthusiasm waned rapidly as match after match had to be abandoned on account of rain.

The year 1922, however, sees our Club pass its 60th milestone, so it may be as well to preserve here a brief record of this special anniversary season.

Our official celebration took the form of a two-days' match at Grange Loan, and by way of marking the occasion, S. F. Barnes, the famous all-England bowler, was included in the Carlton side.

The opposition was provided by a representative XI. from the Western Union clubs, captained by Mr T. C. Dunlop, the President of the Scottish Cricket Union. Fortunately, the weather conditions were slightly more favourable than usual, and the game was a great success in every way, as was the celebration dinner held at the close of the first day's play! R. S. Clark gave a magnificent batting display in both innings, and few finer performances have been witnessed at Grange Loan.

The results of the Season's matches show that we did not quite manage to live up to the marvellous record of 1921, when no fewer than 24 games out of 27 were won. This year, 21 card matches were won, 2 lost, and 6 drawn, a record which is very satisfactory in view of the weather conditions making drawn games entirely unavoidable. We were also particularly unfortunate in having players incapacitated during the season, on several occasions no fewer than four of our most prominent members being laid aside. Only twice was the Eleven at full strength.

Several excellent individual performances were accomplished notwithstanding the unfortunate conditions, and

the list of averages shows that ten of our players had a batting average of over 20. Dr R. E. Batson headed the list with the splendid average of 42·88, and the best bowling figures were Dr H. D. Wright's 56 wickets for 7·91 each and C. S. Paterson's 86 for 10 each.

From the Club point of view, the most gratifying feature of the season was the noteworthy success achieved by the "A" XI. Ably led by their popular captain, J. C. Brown, they became a very fine side, and were successful in winning all their matches except one. J. U. Duncan was at the top of both batting and bowling averages, with the very fine all-round record of 351 runs for 10 innings (average 43·9) and 36 wickets for 8·8 each.

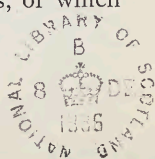
A "B" XI. was also run in spite of difficulties in finding a sufficient number of playing members, and the keenness and enthusiasm of the younger players enabled them to enjoy the pleasures of cricket even in a sunless season such as this.

Several of our most interesting home fixtures were unfortunately among the many spoilt by rain, but our faithful band of patrons and hon. members continued to give us their usual loyal and invaluable support.

In addition to R. S. Clark's display in the Celebration match, perhaps the most valuable individual performances were as follows :—

1. H. D. Wright's bowling against Forfarshire.
2. J. W. Sorrie's innings along with R. E. Batson against Perthshire.
3. C. S. Paterson's consistent bowling during the season.
4. J. Traill's valuable innings against Glasgow Academicals.
5. G. W. Jupp's innings against Edinburgh University.
6. J. W. Sorrie's innings against Edinburgh Academicals.
7. J. Johnston's pluck, filling vacancy in the XI. during the tour.

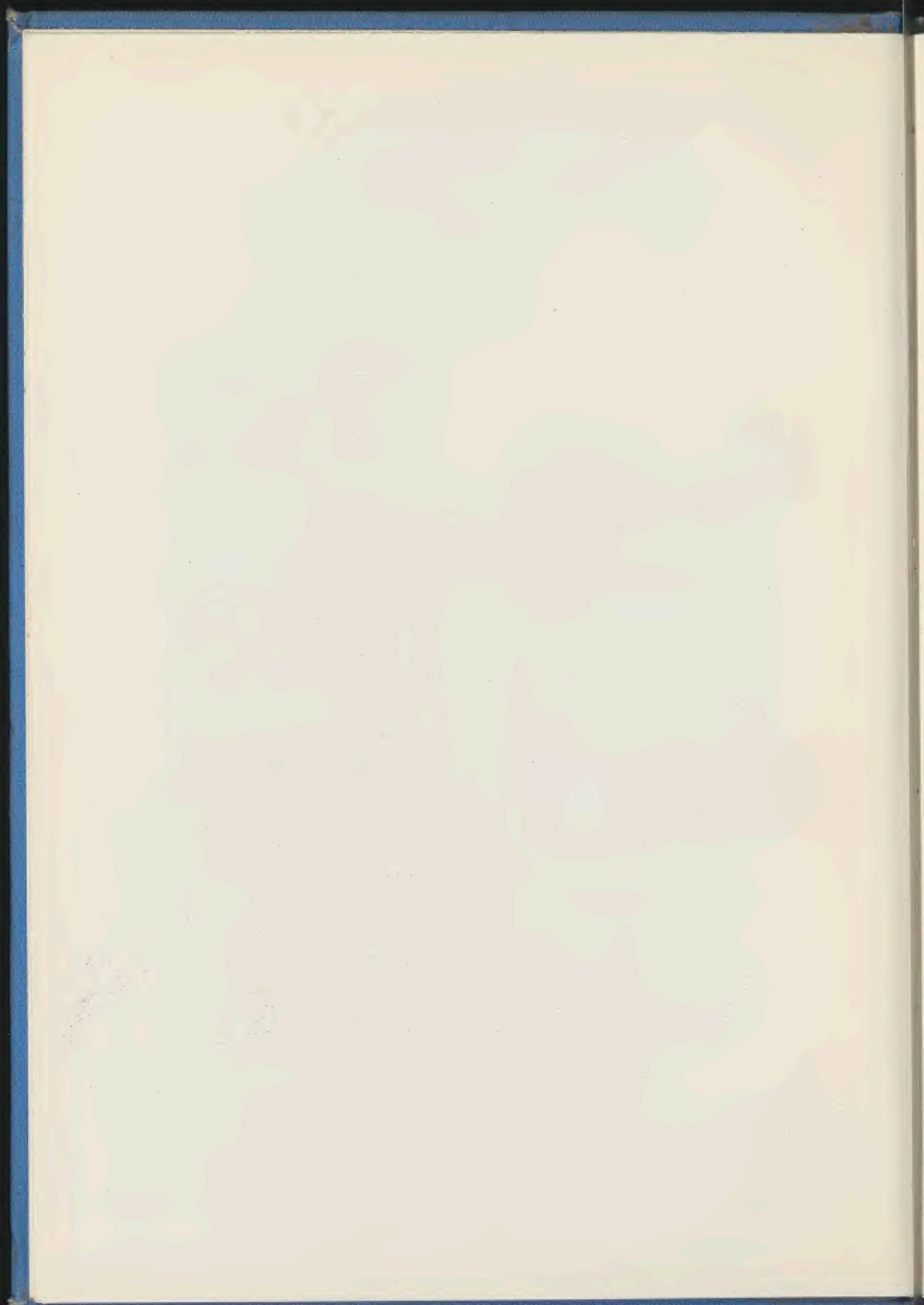
During the last four seasons, since cricket was resumed after the War, the Club has played 102 matches, of which 83 have been won, 5 lost, and 14 drawn.







S. F. BARNES AT GRANGE LOAN.  
Anniversary Match.



THE  
MORAYSHIRE MANOEUVRES

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## FOREWORD.

MY DEAR TOURISTS,—

Referring to the King's recent visit to Aberdeen, "I looks towards you and bows to you once more!"

I feel that it is high time the Skipper detailed some other scribe to take over my job of writing the records of the Carlton Cricket Club tours, because I find it more and more difficult each year to perform the task satisfactorily.

In its main outlines, one Carlton tour is very like another. The members all have an exceedingly good time, both by day and by night. Golf, tennis, motoring, and thick heads are all on the daily programme! Dancing and other amusements take up most of the night, and occasionally a little cricket is played in case we forget the ostensible reason for the tour!

The historian has, therefore, no easy job, since he is between the Scylla of vain repetition on the one hand, and the Charybdis of inadequate colour effect on the other.

We all enjoyed the Forres tour so much, however, that I feel sure you will accord a welcome to this record, and will also be kind enough to make allowances for my difficulties in writing the story of our exploits.

"I catches your eye and does accordingly!"

C. S. P.

*October, 1922.*



**FRIDAY, September 1st.**

“ How far is it to Forres ? The Heaven’s breath  
Smells wooingly there. The air is delicate.”

*Macbeth*, Act I, Scene III.

**September Reflections.**

September once again ! Season of mellow tints and autumn fruitfulness ! The month of ill-omen to all keen cricketers, which tolls the knell of departing joys, and sees the willow laid aside for another dreary winter.

The spring flowers may, or may not, usher in a summer of roses and wine, but they are at least the harbingers of the cricket season, and we welcome them with open arms.

High hopes spring up and blossom once more in the cricket-lover’s heart. *This* season will be a glorious succession of triumphs ! We will make frequent brilliant centuries in faultless style ; that off-break or googly of ours will bring in a rich harvest of wickets, and our cat-like activity in the field will be the wonder and admiration of all !

Alas for the glowing illusions of spring ! Three or four short months of cold winds and rain, and where now are all the lofty ambitions and resolves ? Dead and buried, like the leaves of far-back autumns. The young and tender shoots of Hope have been bruised and battered by the storm of Actuality, and have shrivelled and died under the chilling frost of Experience. Instead of centuries, an occasional lucky 20 has been the best we could manage ! Our devastating googlies have turned out to be vulgar long-hops inadequately disguised, and our alleged agility in the field has brought caustic comments from a long-suffering captain !

And yet September brings pleasures and joys entirely its own. The rains and sunshine of summer have performed their allotted task, and the crops sown in spring-time are now ripening fast for the harvest. And what of the spade-work we put in at the nets in spring-time ? September brings in the Carlton tour once more, and we too have our glorious reaping-time and harvest !

Hazlitt tells us of an old sun-dial he discovered one day near Venice, a sun-dial which bore the motto, "I count only the hours that are serene." "What a bland and care-dispelling feeling!" he adds. "How the shadows seem to fade on the dial-plate as the sky lours and time presents a blank! Its progress is only marked by what is joyous, and all that is not happy descends into oblivion."

"I count only the hours that are serene." An excellent resolve, and a splendid motto for the tour!

### The Gathering of the Clans.

Gloomy and doleful reflections certainly had no place in our philosophy as the little band of travellers assembled at the Waverley to start another tour. Happy memories of former cheery trips banished dull care, and with bright hopes and pleasant anticipations we set forth again on our adventures. The team poet got to work right away, notwithstanding the early hour of departure. "Welcome! my wild and dissolute blades," was his salutation; "prithee, will you quaff a stirrup-cup with me? The tour has now officially commenced, and our hopes are beating high."

"True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,  
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings."

The touring-party when at full strength was as follows:—

James Johnston.  
N. L. Stevenson.  
C. S. Paterson.  
A. S. Cairns.  
A. Walker.  
L. A. Woods.  
S. M. Sturgeon.  
R. M. Gourlay.

T. Milne.  
J. M. Murray.  
R. N. Gibson.  
B. G. Melle.  
J. R. Donaldson.  
George Robertson.  
Wm. MacLean.

Several members of the party were motoring to Forres from various parts of the country, and only Messrs Johnston, Paterson, Walker, Milne, and Murray travelled by the morning train. The journey was somewhat cold and bleak, and prolonged halts at different stations failed to raise much enthusiasm among the travellers. A change to the dining-car, however, brightened up matters con-

siderably, and a marked improvement in the moral of the troops was manifest from this time.

The wild highland scenery proved a great attraction as the journey progressed, and our conversational bridge was abandoned when the steep climb up the Grampians was reached.

#### **Arrival at Forres.**

Forres was reached an hour behind time, and after duly celebrating our safe arrival, we set off to the tour head-quarters at Cluny Hill Hydropathic. The situation of the G.H.Q. could not have been improved on, standing as it does on the slope of the hill, and nestling among a forest of pine-trees as fragrant as they are beautiful.

Our genial Skipper had beaten the train by a short head, and we arrived just in time to continue the celebration process with the first comers. Mr George Robertson and our old friend "Umpire" MacLean had motored with the Skipper from Ballater, and had been delayed on their journey by frequent avoidable and unavoidable stoppages.

During the evening our other motoring members from Edinburgh duly turned up, and compared notes as to places of interest (and refreshment!) on the long journey.

The Skipper's Fiery Cross from Ballater had been carried far and wide. From east and west and north and south, the clansmen had mustered once more to the clarion call to arms! Grievous wounds received in a recent foray alone kept the brave J. W. Sorrie at home, and that renowned warrior Joe Phillips was unfortunately absent ministering to the needs of his flock. Thanks to our magnetic Skipper, however, we had secured a thrice-welcome addition to our strength in B. G. Melle of Oxford and Hampshire fame, and his arrival by a later train caused general rejoicings in the camp. Melle proved not only a tower of strength on the cricket-field, but also a great acquisition in all the varied amusements of the tour. A wonderful natural golfer, with a marked preference for niblick shots; a bridge player of high class; a skilful musician whose talents deserved a more appreciative audience than touring cricketers, and a charming and

delightful companion at all hours of the day or night. Carlton men will keep a warm corner in their hearts for our new friend Melle, and we shall most assuredly desire more love and knowledge of him in future.

With the Skipper in his best form, it is not surprising that a very festive evening marked the successful inauguration of the tour! "Military Whist" was taken part in by several of our members (who were unable to dodge the promoters!), and S. M. Sturgeon in particular distinguished himself by his familiarity with the intricacies of this entertainment. Dancing (at which J. M. Murray was the star turn), music, bridge, and other amusements were also freely indulged in, and the necessary arrangements for the first cricket match were duly made by our hard-working and efficient staff.

#### **Founding of James Johnston's Club.**

The evening was wound up by an impromptu gathering in the apartment of our esteemed patron, J. Johnston, who had already won all hearts by the genial and whole-hearted way he entered into the frolics of the tour. James had accompanied the party notwithstanding the claims of pressing business matters at home, and his unfailing kindness and good humour made him one of the outstanding successes of the tour. This is the first time we have been favoured with the company of one of the Club's patrons on tour, and the innovation added so greatly to everyone's enjoyment that we sincerely hope the practice will be continued in the future.

Having duly adopted James's room as the "After Hours Club," we proceeded to pour frequent libations, in order to invoke the goodwill of the God Hermes towards our various impending efforts. Hermes was, of course, mainly the God of the ancient pastoral peoples, the giver of increase to flocks and herds; but he was also known as the "Luck-bringer," who crowned with success the enterprises of all travellers and tourists! And finally, when mortals set forth on the last journey to the bourne from whence there is no return, it was Hermes again who guided them to the shadowy kingdom of souls.



**SATURDAY, September 2nd.**

“ This castle [Inverness] has a pleasant seat ; the air  
Nimble and sweetly recommends itself  
Unto our gentle senses.” *Macbeth*, Act I, Scene VI.

The early morning was dull and cloudy, but the sun broke through later on and the afternoon and evening were fine.

We made an early start by motor charabanc, and the drive to Inverness was enjoyed by everyone. The countryside between Forres and Inverness is mainly flat, cultivated land, broken here and there by heather-clad moors or stretches of forest. There is none of the wild grandeur of the highland mountain scenery, but the country has a beauty of its own, which was enhanced at this time by the autumn colour effects.

The intellectual and edifying game known as “ Beaver ” was played with marked success during the journey,— Dr Gibson displaying such wonderful skill and acumen that he was re-christened “ Beaver ” forthwith.

Our XI. for the first match was completed by the belated arrival of L. A. Woods, who rendered such invaluable service all through last year’s tour at Ballater. Keen and enthusiastic as ever, Woods left Edinburgh late on Friday night, and arrived at Forres about the unholy hour of 6 a.m. this morning.

**Carlton v. Northern Counties.**

After a short drive through Inverness, we got into cricket togs and strolled to the Northern Counties ground. This proved to be a very pretty little field, with soft spongy turf and a wicket consequently rather on the slow side. Here we had the pleasure of meeting our friend Dr Gerry Leighton, who was in the district on business, and he thoughtfully drew our attention to the ideal pipe-cleaners which the local sea-gulls had kindly provided for our use !

Our opponents had first knock, and we took the field in

some trepidation, wondering which of us would be offered up as a sacrifice on Melle's altar at silly short-leg! A few tense moments passed while the Skipper considered matters, and then a murmur of applause greeted the gallant four (Donaldson, Gibson, Walker, and Paterson) as they took up their quaint positions within a few yards of the crease. It is fitting to record here that although none of these gentlemen had ever filled such a position before, the brilliant fielding at short-leg was one of the features of the tour, and contributed not a little to the successful results of the matches.

Reggie Donaldson and Beaver Gibson were the star performers, and finer catches than some of their marvellous efforts have seldom been seen in any class of cricket.

Melle's famous in-swingers soon had our opponents guessing, and, thanks to some really magnificent fielding, we disposed of the side for 60 runs—Melle taking 8 wickets for 35.

Both teams were then entertained to lunch by a staunch supporter of the local side, and we spent a very pleasant interval with our kind hosts. Frankie Fraser, a popular member at Grange Loan in pre-war days, was playing against us, so we fought old battles over again at lunch, and enjoyed the reunion very much indeed.

On the game being resumed, the necessary runs were knocked off without much difficulty—Melle playing a sound and attractive innings, and Roy Gourlay hitting up a splendid 71. In the regrettable absence of Joe Phillips, C. S. Paterson undertook the Jessop act, and succeeded in clearing the bunker before a "leg-before" decision cut short his career. Forewarned but not forearmed, the Skipper fell a victim to the same unhappy fate shortly afterwards! Our genial friend MacLean was the *Deus ex machina* on both occasions, and he brought off an excellent hat-trick by also giving a run-out decision against Alec. Walker!

Needless to say, all three gentlemen were perfectly satisfied with the decisions, and our umpire's reputation for fairness and impartiality was firmly established for all time!

The Northern side went in for a second knock, but the bowling of our Skipper and Alec. Walker proved rather too good for them—6 wickets being down for 40 runs when time was up. As a change from the concentrated excitement of the short-leg position, our Vice-Captain disported himself in the country, and a catch, which he accidentally took, gave him a subject for conversation during the ensuing evening!

Our googly merchant, Tommy Milne, was unfortunate enough to damage his leg in this match, while making a gallant endeavour to save a boundary. The injury gave him considerable trouble throughout the tour, and we were unfortunately unable to utilise Tommy's valuable services to the full extent.

## NORTHERN COUNTIES.

Rev. A. C. Ashworth, c Donaldson, b Melle	6
L. A. Newton, c Dr Gibson, b Melle	1
F. A. Bowden, b Melle	5
W. G. D. Maclellan, b Melle	0
K. I. G. Matheson, b Paterson	6
Capt. Graham, b Melle	4
F. W. Fraser, b Paterson	0
J. Macdonald, not out	29
W. Mackay, c Donaldson, b Melle	0
Lt. Ritchie, b Melle	0
O. Davidson, c Walker, b Melle	6
Extras	3
Total	60

## CARLTON.

B. G. Melle, c Ritchie, b Macdonald	36
J. R. Donaldson, b Bowden	15
A. Walker, run out	1
C. S. Paterson, lbw, b Maclellan	15
L. A. Woods, b Matheson	0
R. M. Gourlay, b Davidson	71
Dr N. L. Stevenson, lbw, b Davidson	1
S. M. Sturgeon, b Davidson	17
Dr R. N. Gibson, b Maclellan	6
J. M. Murray, not out	4
T. Milne did not bat.	
Extras	22
Total (for 9 wkts.)	188

### Evening Amusements.

The drive back to Forres was rather chilly for comfort, but a very cheery dinner revived us wonderfully, and another festive evening followed as a matter of course. Dancing again proved the main attraction for the younger members,—the veterans of the party preferring the more sedate pleasures of bridge.

One of the old Greek philosophers is responsible for a sage statement to the effect that the Gods have bestowed Fortitude on some men, and on others a Disposition for Dancing! One would imagine, however, that quite a number of men bring off the double event, since a “disposition for dancing” is of no earthly use to a man unless he can acquire Fortitude in addition!

James Johnston may perhaps be the exception to a general rule, but he, for one, certainly combines a dancing “disposition” with fortitude at bridge! He distinguished himself by some very fine work at both this evening, and one bridge hand in particular will live in the memory of the writer, who happened to be James’s partner at the time. James held a long diamond suit, without the ace; several clubs, including two honours; the ace of hearts; and no spades. Finding his diamond suit over-called by an opponent holding spades, James switched back to his partner’s original call, and raised the bidding to six clubs! This was promptly doubled, but, after taking another drink, our friend redoubled, and (to his partner’s great relief!) put down a sound hand which proved equal to making the necessary small slam!

This great effort was still the subject of animated discussion at “Lights out,” so naturally an adjournment was made to our friend’s room, and the various events of the day occupied our attention till the small hours of the morning.



**SUNDAY, September 3rd.**

“ Methought I heard a voice cry, ‘ Sleep no more !’  
 Still it cried, ‘ Sleep no more !’ to all the house :  
 ‘ Macbeth hath murder’d sleep.’ ”

*Macbeth*, Act II, Scene II.

**Sunday Golf.**

For the first and last time during the tour we saw rain ! To be literally accurate, only the early risers saw it, because the weather cleared up by 10 o'clock in the morning and the day turned out beautifully fine.

The unusual experience of Sunday golf proved a great draw, and the majority of our party engaged in more or less strenuous encounters.

The Skipper and James Johnston disposed of Messrs Robertson and MacLean after a keen struggle, and Donaldson and Melle proved too hot a combination for Walker and the Vice-Captain. Reggie's long-distance driving was well supported by Melle's extraordinary niblick work, and the more orthodox golf of their opponents was tame and uninteresting by comparison. Two shots in particular are worthy of special mention. No. 1, a shot played by Donaldson from a wretched lie in the rough country. The ball was hardly visible, but Reggie calmly selected his brassie, and hit a lovely ball which travelled an incredible distance straight over hill and dale to the green. No. 2, a miraculous recovery by Melle from a low-lying swamp far below the level of the fairway. From the heights above, it appeared as though only an up-to-date dredging appliance would be of any use, but a fearsome blow with the faithful niblick dug the ball out of the Slough of Despond, and propelled it with uncanny accuracy up the Hill of Difficulty to the smiling Land of Promise beyond !

The other tourists contented themselves with a forenoon of meditation, varied at intervals by bouts of clock-golf (Tommy Milne holds the Forres all-comers record), and similar leisurely pastimes.

### **Banks of the Findhorn Outing.**

A delightful sunny afternoon, and the whole party, plus several lady friends, motored to the banks of the Findhorn, one of the recognised beauty-spots in the Forres district. The beautiful walk along the winding banks of the river was conducted by the Skipper, whose extensive knowledge of the beauty-spots in the North of Scotland makes him an ideal guide for tourists. When Norman tells us that a place is well worth a visit, we are prepared for something exceptionally fine, and the scenery on this charming walk more than justified his praise.

In places the path mounts steeply up and up, till one is looking sheer down into a deep and awe-inspiring gorge far below, while at others it descends sharply, and winds along the level by the river side. At times the river sings a wild Highland battle-song in the rush and tumult of its rock-strewn course. Over falls and through narrow defiles it roars on its triumphant way, till suddenly the music changes to a gentle lullaby, as the river glides peacefully and quietly along. Both banks of the river are thickly wooded for the most part, and the red and brown splashes among the green, the silver sparkle where the water caught the sun's rays, and the deep red tints of the peculiar rocky cliffs, all made up a changing feast of colour which was a perpetual delight to the eye. A delightful ramble, indeed, and one which the party greatly enjoyed. Certain of our members were not sufficiently energetic to walk the whole way, but they met the others at one of the finest view-points, where, from a rocky height, one could drop a stone straight down to the river far below.

Such a scene, one imagines, may have suggested to Addison the essay in which he discourses so eloquently on the immense ocean of Time. In that essay he tells us of a certain lofty hill, on the top of which, in ancient times, stood a little temple dedicated to the God Apollo. Here it was the custom for all despondent love-sick people to make their vows, and then fling themselves from the hill-top into the sea! The place was therefore called the

“ Lover’s Leap ”; and those who took the leap and escaped alive were completely cured, and were henceforth proof against the tender passion of Love !

No one in our party, however, showed any inclination for high-diving, and we moved on to finish the walk with a very pleasant open-air picnic. Tea was made at a farmhouse near by, and the supplies brought with us soon vanished before the massed attack of the travellers, assisted by a force of skirmishing fowls and dogs belonging to the farm !

### The Murder of Sleep.

A really wonderful dinner was served this evening, and we made an equally wonderful effort to do full justice to it. Faint but pursuing we successfully tackled course after course, and the evening service, which was held shortly afterwards, was attended by a congregation in a semi-torpid condition.

“ Lights out ” was sounded at 10.30 to-night, but the effects of the dinner had not worn off, and certain of our members unfortunately mistook the call for Reveille ! James’s room was, as usual, turned into a Club, where no one paid for refreshments except the kindly host !

We will draw a discreet veil over the subsequent proceedings !

It is sufficient to say that certain members finally went to their respective apartments by rail ; that previously prepared beds broke down in ruins under their occupants ; that night was made hideous by frequent crashing nose-dives, and that (I speak with feeling on this point !) sleep was entirely out of the question for those of us who had retired early to bed. Sleep, indeed ! What a hope !

As Shakespeare makes that despicable villain Iago say :—

“ . . . Not poppy, nor mandragora,  
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the East,  
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep  
Which thou ow’dst yesterday.”

Two of our members, being wise in their day and generation, cleared out early, and spent a peaceful evening motoring to Elgin by the well-known Primrose Paths of

Dalliance. According to general reports, this is a very favourite route by moonlight, and one that no visitor to Forres ought to miss, should the prospects of honourable advancement be favourable !

### MONDAY, September 4th.

“ The night has been unruly ; a rough night ;  
My young remembrance cannot parallel  
A fellow to it.” *Macbeth*, Act II, Scene III.

Schopenhauer, the German philosopher, insists in his system of Ethics on the necessity of absolute quiet and abstinence, if man is to attain to the highest degree of happiness. The sensuous side of man's nature must be entirely subdued, and a rigid monkish regime must be adhered to, if the ideal state of Nirvana is to be reached.

Possibly a study of Schopenhauer's doctrines might be very useful to us before we undertake another cricket tour !!

It is perhaps fitting to place on record here our deep sense of gratitude to the staff who so ably ministered to our needs at the Hydro. Our late hours and nocturnal adventures must have caused considerable extra work and trouble, but, so far from complaining, the members of the staff vied with each other in showing every possible kindness to us. It is safe to say that on no previous cricket tour have we met such an attentive and considerate staff, and our heartfelt thanks go out to them for all they did to ensure that we enjoyed the visit to Forres.

After the previous night's revels, our party appeared somewhat jaded and tired, and shining morning faces were conspicuous by their absence. Our indefatigable Skipper alone showed no signs of fatigue, and tackled his customary mountain of porridge with all his usual zest.

### Forenoon Golf.

A lovely clear sky and the invigorating September morning air soon banished the tired feeling, and again the more



energetic members found their way to the golf course. Heavy artillery work by Donaldson was again a feature of the play, but the shot which caused most applause was played on this occasion by Alec. Walker. The ball was perched precariously on the top of a large and formidable whin-bush, and, after a left-handed miss-cue by his partner, Alec. carefully studied his task from all sides and angles. Subdued chuckles from Donaldson and Melle while the following dialogue took place:—

C. S. P. "Don't hit it down the hill, old thing. I am far too tired to climb up again!"

A. W. "Leave it to me, Charles. I'll see you get a good lie this time."

The actual stroke has become historic, and it will long be remembered by the members of that foursome and by the humorous whin-bush itself!

Tennis was also on the morning programme—Sturgeon and Murray being exceedingly popular at this pleasant function.

### **Carlton v. Fort George Garrison.**

#### **Melle takes all 10 Wickets.**

After lunch we boarded our charabanc once more and set out to tackle the Garrison side at Fort George, which is one of the chain of fortresses built long ago, during the many efforts made to subdue the troublesome and unruly Highlanders of the north. A "Queen Beaver" passed *en route* caused great excitement and hilarity, but otherwise the journey was uneventful and much more sedate than usual.

A warm welcome was given us by the officers of the Garrison, and we had the pleasure of meeting once more our Aberdeenshire and Balmoral opponent, Captain G. A. Alexander.

The wicket for this game was the nearest approach to a fast one we played on during the tour, and we found the conditions so much to our liking that the match was won without difficulty.



The cross-wind on this occasion suited Melle's swingers admirably, and his novel attack and weird placing of the field were too much for the military side. Donaldson and Beaver excelled themselves at silly short-leg, and disposed of no fewer than five of our opponents (Alexander included) by brilliant catching combined with intelligent anticipation in the field. Melle went on from success to success, and, greatly to the delight of everyone, he performed the unusual feat of taking all ten wickets during the innings. A stubborn last-wicket stand caused us some anxiety, and a general sigh of relief went up when a lovely off-break did the trick, and gave Melle a new leaf to add to his crown of laurels.

Our batsmen found runs easy to make on the faster wicket, and the Skipper and Alec. Walker played very attractive cricket. Roy Gourlay insisted on stealing short runs to cover-point during his innings, and several of his hair-breadth escapes caused great excitement among the spectators.

The game was marked by exceptionally good fielding by both sides, and perhaps *the* finest effort was the really magnificent catch which disposed of Walker just on the call of time. Alec. hit somewhat carelessly at a fastish bumping ball, and sent it skimming over second slip for what looked like being a rather streaky boundary. Deep third man, however, saw the ball right from the bat, and, getting off his mark like a flash, he covered the ground at a great pace, and brought off a glorious one-handed running catch on the boundary.

A large and fashionable gathering of ladies and gentlemen watched the game from the battlements of the fort, and the proceedings were further enlivened by the bands of the regiment playing selections during the match. Our bowlers found some difficulty in keeping step to the different tunes, but the music from the "Lady of the Rose" suited the Skipper's batting exactly, and inspired one of the best knocks he has played for us all season.

More kindly hospitality was shown us after the game, and we were very reluctant to tear ourselves away from such a cheery crowd of sportsmen.



CARLTON v. NORTHERN GARRISON AT FORT GEORGE.  
A. Walker and N. L. Stevenson batting.



## FORT-GEORGE GARRISON.

Capt. G. A. Alexander, c Gibson, b Melle ..	7
Col. Dick Cunyngham, b Melle .. ..	0
Lt. Mackintosh Walker, c Gibson, b Melle ..	4
Lt. B. J. D. Gerrard, c Donaldson, b Melle ..	3
Major Burt Marshall, c Donaldson, b Melle ..	0
Lt. Barry, b Melle .. .. .	12
Capt. Graham, c Sturgeon, b Melle .. ..	6
Lt. Ritchie, c Gibson, b Melle .. .. .	0
Pte. Miller, not out .. .. .	11
J. White, b Melle .. .. .	0
Capt. Pelham Burn, b Melle .. .. .	7
Extras .. .. .	8
	<hr/>
Total .. ..	58

## CARLTON.

C. S. Paterson, c Miller, b Alexander ..	34
J. R. Donaldson, b Capt. Graham .. ..	7
R. M. Gourlay, b Capt. Alexander .. ..	15
A. Walker, c Miller, b Graham .. .. .	46
B. G. Melle, b Alexander .. .. .	11
N. L. Stevenson, not out .. .. .	44
Extras .. .. .	2
	<hr/>
Total for 5 wkts. .. ..	159

L. A. Woods, S. M. Sturgeon, J. Milne, J. M. Murray, and R. N. Gibson did not bat.

**Arrival of Alec. Cairns.**

The usual lively dinner was even more enjoyable to-night, owing to the arrival of Mr and Mrs A. S. Cairns making the touring-party complete. The presence of the one and only Sandy is sufficient to ensure the success of any gathering, and the tour became even more lively and enjoyable after this most welcome addition to our strength.

"Military" whist was on the official programme this evening, but we gave it a miss in favour of an impromptu sing-song to celebrate the coming of Alec. Cairns. Melle and Woods rendered valuable services at the piano, and the versatile James Johnston delighted us all with a new and original Terpsichorean effort.

Owing to the untimely claims of business, Woods had unfortunately to leave for Edinburgh this evening, and, after speeding the parting guest, we brought to a close what was for us a comparatively quiet night.

We must not forget to record that one of the most extraordinary performances of the whole tour took place this evening, when Beaver actually managed to consume two dinners! To go completely through the menu *once* was a task beyond the powers of most of us, but the imagination reels before the stupendous feat of a second house!

The poet Dante, in his gruesome picture of the Inferno, places the gluttonous in a circle all by themselves! They were condemned to lie in the mire under a continuous and heavy storm of rain, hail, snow, and discoloured water, while Cerberus barked over them with his threefold throat and rended them piece-meal!

Let us hope that Beaver's strenuous work at short-leg will be accepted as an excuse, and that he will get off under the First Offenders' Act!

#### TUESDAY, September 5th.

"You should be (Beavers?)  
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret  
That you are so." *Macbeth*, Act I, Scene III.

Again a beautiful September day of clear sky and warm sunshine.

Signs of fatigue were noticeable this morning, and only the very energetic members felt equal to tackling the golf course. Most of us contented ourselves with loafing in the sun, watching a mixed tennis tournament which some of our men were taking part in. George Robertson, Sturgeon, and Murray all played well, but our wonderful Skipper was in irresistible form and easily overcame all opposition.

One wonders sometimes whether there is any branch of athletics at which Norman Stevenson has not won distinction. Cricket, Rugby football, golf, tennis, hockey, running and Swiss winter sports! He has covered himself with glory at each and all of these, and has played every game with the characteristic whole-hearted enthusiasm which is the main reason for his success. To play even golf and cricket equally well is extremely difficult for the ordinary man, but an all-round record like our Skipper's



is only achievable by a few mortals specially favoured by the high Gods.

#### Carlton v. Elgin.

The road to Elgin runs through the finest scenery in the district, and for the first time our usual game of Beaver was neglected during the drive. Pine-trees and heather-clad moorland reminded us of last year's tour at Ballater, and our Shakespeare lovers were especially interested in the "Blasted Heath," where the three weird sisters in *Macbeth* are supposed to have conducted their unholy revels.

They certainly could not have chosen a more fitting place for the purpose than this wild desolate stretch of barren moor. One pictures Macbeth and Banquo battling their way across the moor against the fierce storm of wind and rain. Vivid flashes of lightning momentarily illumine the eerie scene with a ghastly glare, and the heavy artillery of the Heavens resounds with crashing and deafening thunder-peals. A well-set stage indeed for the powers of evil, and for the black and midnight hags who brew their occult spells in the bubbling cauldron!

We found the town of Elgin exceedingly picturesque and interesting, and regrets were general that time did not permit of our exploring it more thoroughly. Some of us would have enjoyed a visit to the stately old cathedral, and others were equally desirous of calling at certain more modern buildings, where pleasures of a less æsthetic nature could be indulged in.

The Elgin cricket side proved to be the best we had so far encountered, and again the wicket was rather too soft and dead for our liking. The soft, mossy type of turf seems to be general in this part of the country, and hard, fast wickets will be unknown until the grounds are carefully prepared with clay and marl top dressing.

All things considered, our somewhat jaded bowlers put up an excellent performance in this game, but the attack was lacking in sting, and several of our opponents batted in very good style. A glorious running catch in the country by Walkie broke up a dangerous partnership;

Alec. Cairns distinguished himself by a well-judged effort at deep mid-on, and Beaver and Donaldson as usual performed prodigies of valour in Melle's leg-trap.

The 100 runs required took some making on a wicket which had cut up badly, but good cricket by Melle and Roy Gourlay saw us safely through. C. S. Paterson again brought off a six-shot over the bunkers; the Skipper was still going strongly when the innings closed, and Alec. Cairns dealt in masterly style with the three balls he received before retiring undefeated.

One of the best-known relics of the ancient days which may still be seen in Rome, is the portion of a statue from which the arms, legs, and head have all been broken off. The remnant is so beautiful, however, and the skill of the sculptor so perfect, that Michael Angelo is said to have learned all his wonderful art from the study of this broken statue.

So it was with the three famous strokes played by Alec. in this game! The fragment of an innings was so perfect and beautiful in its style and grace, that it was easy to reconstruct one of Alec.'s glorious centuries, and learn the whole Art of batsmanship at its best!

Rather a curious reason for a "not out" decision was given by the local umpire during this match. Melle and Sturgeon both appealed for what looked a plum leg-before-wicket, but the umpire decided against us, on account of his view of the wicket having been obstructed by the batsman!

## ELGIN.

A. G. Cockburn, b Melle	..	..	..	20
H. George, b Melle	..	..	..	0
A. C. Hamilton, c Donaldson, b Melle	..	..	..	1
D. MacKessack, c Walker, b Paterson	..	..	..	40
W. F. Anderson, c Cairns, b Paterson	..	..	..	8
J. Scott, c Stevenson, b Melle	..	..	..	8
J. C. Hamilton, lbw, b Paterson	..	..	..	5
F. A. Anderson, c Gibson, b Melle	..	..	..	5
A. Mackenzie, c Walker, b Melle	..	..	..	2
G. R. Coutts, c Sturgeon, b Paterson	..	..	..	0
J. H. Douglas, not out	..	..	..	4
Extras	..	..	..	7
Total	..	..	..	100

## CARLTON.

J. R. Donaldson, c Hamilton, b Coutts ..	0
B. G. Melle, c Anderson, b George ..	58
A. Walker, c George, b Scott ..	7
C. S. Paterson, c Alexander, b MacKessack ..	19
R. M. Gourlay, st Hamilton, b George ..	30
N. L. Stevenson, not out ..	19
A. S. Cairns, not out ..	0
Extras ..	2

Total for 5 wks. .. 135

S. M. Sturgeon, T. Milne, J. M. Murray, and R. N. Gibson  
did not bat.

Driving back to Forres, still dressed in cricket flannels, was distinctly chilly on this occasion, and several members of the side developed more or less serious colds next day. The point is worth noting for future reference, since a cricket side cannot as a rule afford to have a casualty list when on tour.

**Departure of Melle and Sturgeon.**

The usual entertainments were freely indulged in after dinner, but a gloom was cast over the proceedings by the departure of Melle and Sturgeon for Edinburgh. Sturgeon's work during the tour had been quite up to his own high standard, and he kept wicket to Melle's peculiar bowling like the master-hand we know him to be. On these northern wickets a stumper's lot is not a particularly happy one, and without our lion-hearted wee "wickety" we might well have lost matches through "extras" alone!

The name of B. G. Melle is written large across the record of the tour, and his splendid all-round cricket was one of the main factors in our success. Melle would, however, be a great asset to any touring side even though he made no runs and took no wickets. Always to the fore in all the varied amusements, he was one of the outstanding personalities of the party, and though we were well aware that his cricket would be sadly missed, we

sorrowed most of all that we should see his cheery smile no more. The Skipper expressed our feelings in his usual graceful style, and, as a farewell token of our esteem, he handed over to Melle the ball with which our friend had captured all ten scalps at Fort George.

We have already used up all the superlatives in our vocabulary over Melle's bowling and the fielding of his accomplices at short-leg! The chapter is unfortunately closed now, and by way of rounding it off, perhaps we might venture here on an ode something after Macaulay's well-known style!

### Lay of the Silly Short-Legs.

1. Loud blares the trumpet's war-note,  
From Clyde to Firth of Forth :  
" To Arms ! Grange Loan joins battle  
With hill-tribes in the North."  
The Carlton Clan soon marshalled  
Upon the northern fields.  
Return, brave hearts, with honour !  
Or borne upon your shields !
  
2. Stout Norman called the muster—  
All eager for the fray—  
" Brave Melle of the hundred fights  
Will lead the van to-day.  
This wind will aid his swingers  
To scuttle out our foes ;  
Now who will field at short-leg  
And dare the mighty blows ? "
  
3. Then out spake brave Beaver Gibson,  
" What matter though we fall,  
Man's days are as a tale soon told,  
Death cometh to us all !  
And how can man die better  
Than facing fearful odds,  
Though his knees shake like the aspen,  
And his prayers rise to the Gods ?  
  
" Bowl on ! bowl on ! brave Melle,  
Let loose your fearsome swing,  
I go where glory calls me ;  
O death ! where is thy sting ? "



4. Fired by this high example,  
 Two heroes from the crowd  
 Stepped forth. We cheered their courage,  
 And gave them greeting loud.  
 Up spake the dashing Reggie,  
 Brave Walker up spake he,  
 "Lo! we will stand on either hand  
 And field short-leg with thee."
5. Two bare yards from the batsman  
 These heroes took their stand.  
 The stories of their wondrous deeds  
 Spread fast throughout the land.  
 Such catches and such ground-work  
 Had ne'er been seen before ;  
 The Northern side fell easy prey :  
 Elgin's fair town in ruins lay ;  
 Fort George saw Melle's record day—  
 His victims half a score !
6. The remnants of the hill-tribes  
 Are scattered far and wide,  
 While safe in winter quarters  
 Lies Carlton's warlike side.  
 And so throughout broad Scotland  
 Long will the tale be told  
 Of Melle and the dauntless three,  
 In the brave days of old !

### WEDNESDAY, September 6th.

"The labour we delight in physics pain."  
*Macbeth*, Act II, Scene III.

"It is a foolish and unnecessary custom," says Marcus Aurelius in his sage meditations, "for men to seek for themselves private retiring places, as country villages, the seashore, mountains. A man cannot any whither retire better than to his own soul, which, when he doth withdraw himself to look in, may presently afford unto him perfect ease and tranquillity." Tranquillity, the philosopher defines as "freedom from all confusion and tumultuousness," and he counsels men to afford them-



selves this retirement continually, that thereby they may be refreshed and renewed for the cares of everyday life!

And very nice too, but one might venture to suggest that the success of this retirement depends a good deal on what the man finds when he looks into his own soul.

The gloomy speeches and soliloquies of Macbeth, *e.g.*, show that tranquillity was impossible for him. His mind is assailed by the stings of remorse; he has—

“ Put rancours in the vessel of my peace; and mine eternal jewel  
Given to the common enemy of man.”

The King of Denmark, in *Hamlet*, too. Not much in the way of tranquillity for him! He looks despairingly into his soul:—

“ O wretched state! O bosom black as death!  
O limed soul, that struggling to be free  
Art more engaged!”

And the queen, his wife, when *she* looks within:—

“ Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;  
And there I see such black and grained spots,  
As will not leave their tinct.”

However, we are wandering rather far from our narrative, since it was simply our intention to state that quiet meditation in the sunshine filled up this forenoon for most of the XI. ! The enthusiasm of even our keenest golfers had worn thin by this time, but, needless to say, the untiring Skipper played as usual, while Alec. Cairns and Donaldson gave an exhibition of long-range shots at 5s. a time.

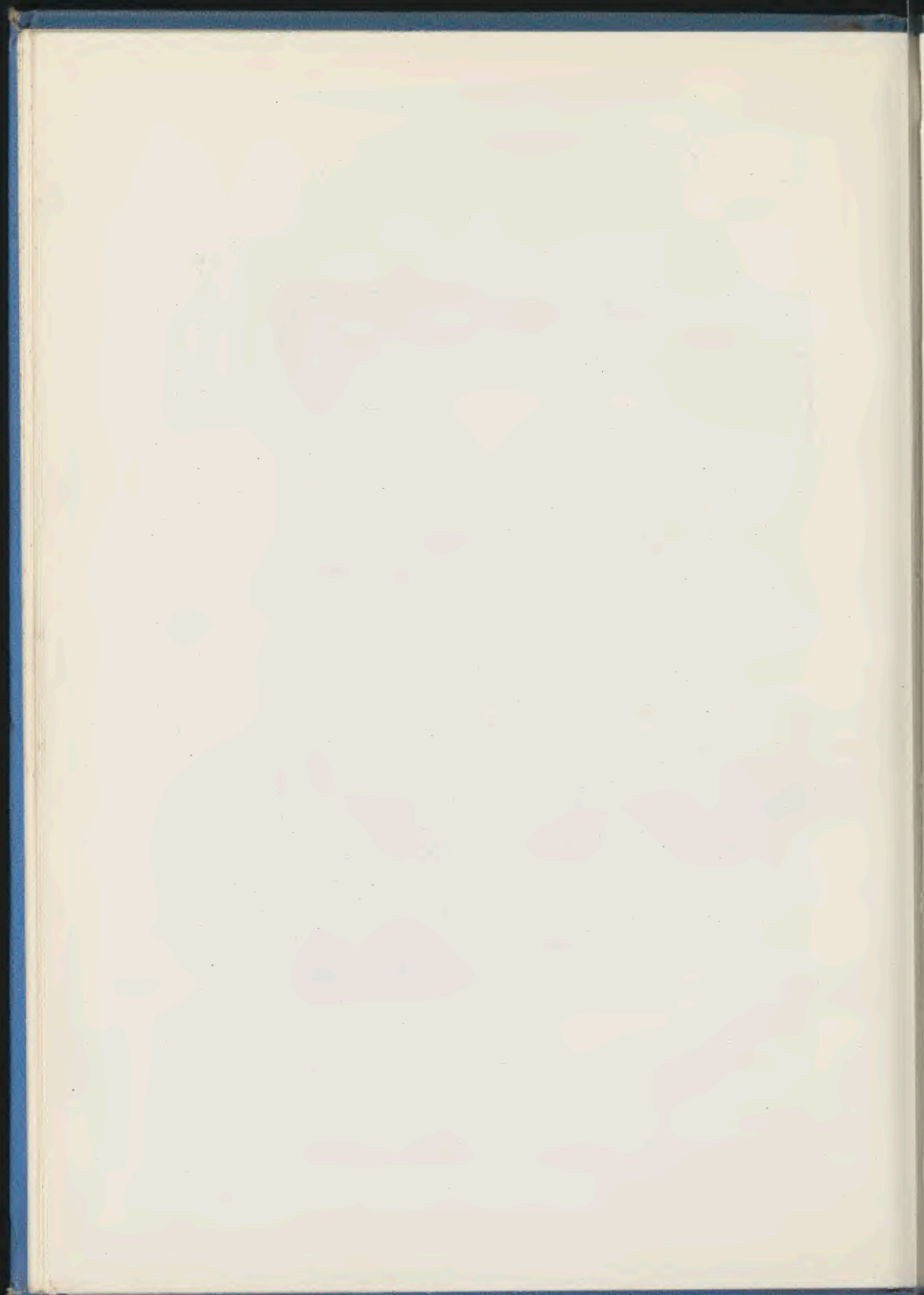
#### James Johnston, redivivus.

Some difficulty was experienced in finding eleven men fit to play cricket, but the side was finally completed by including James Johnston and C. H. Mason, the latter gentleman (of the Grange C.C.) fortunately being on holiday in the district at this time. Our worthy friend



AT THE END OF THE TOUR—ALL THAT WAS LEFT.

A. S. CAIRNS. C. H. MASON. J. R. DONALDSON. GEO. ROBERTSON. R. M. GOURLAY. A. WALKER.  
C. S. PATERSON. N. L. STEVENSON. JAS. JOHNSTON. R. N. GIBSON.  
W. MACLEAN. J. M. MURRAY.



James had not played cricket since his school days, but his display of clean and accurate fielding was an object-lesson to many players half his age. No clumsy foot-work found a place in his finished performance, and woe betide the rash opponent who ventured on a short run to the gallant James! His great efforts will remain a pleasant memory at Grange Loan, and the story of his deeds ought to be blazoned in letters of gold in Peggy's bar, so that he who runs may read and he who reads may run.

### **Carlton v. Nairn County.**

Our worthy umpire was in his usual good form during the drive to Nairn. With his foot on his native heath, so to write, Mr MacLean was in great demand as an encyclopedia and guide-book, and he kindly saw to it that we missed none of the beauty-spots or places of interest. Always a charming and interesting companion, our umpire excelled himself on this outing, and the various historical details he supplied were greatly appreciated by us all.

The cricket-ground at Nairn is a picturesque little spot close to the seashore, and though possibly it might prove rather chilly at times, we found the fresh sea-breeze delightfully refreshing and invigorating to-day.

A gently sloping green mound makes a natural grandstand on one side, and, should spectators tire of watching the cricket, they can feast their eyes on the wide blue stretch of sea and sky. A lovely white strip of beach runs like a border along the blue; white bathing-coaches in the foreground complete the picture, and the glorious sunshine of a perfect September day lends an added charm to a very lovely view.

Once more our opponents had first innings, and again we experienced considerable difficulty in getting them out. Melle's priceless swingers were sadly missed, and the noble army of martyrs felt rather lost now that the short-leg positions were no longer required. The Skipper and C. S. Paterson put in some good bowling on a wicket which did not suit either of them, but the Nairn side

managed to collect 101 runs, of which total 63 were made by G. Loban during a very fine hard-hitting innings.

With each passing day the difficulty of making runs naturally grew steadily greater to a touring side like ours. On Saturday a score of 100 runs would have been a mere trifle, but by Wednesday it had assumed the appearance of a very formidable task! Roy Gourlay and Walker gave us a useful start, however, and a splendid partnership between Donaldson and the vice-captain saw the match safely won with seven wickets in hand.

Donaldson had been finding the pace of the northern wickets too slow for his taste, but in this game he struck his true form and gave a really delightful exhibition. Essentially a forcing hard-wicket batsman, Reggie has nevertheless all the strokes at his command, and once he adds the virtue of patience to his other cricketing qualities, he will make most sides work overtime in the field.

Our later batsmen vied with each other in attempting to hit sixes and thereby smash tumblers in an adjacent hostelry. Their efforts were in vain, however,—James and his accomplices duly emerging unscathed and beaming!

The non-stop journey to Forres was made in quick time (too quickly, indeed, for Alec. Cairns to get properly under weigh), and for once in a way we actually sat down to dinner before everyone else had finished.

## NAIRN COUNTY.

R. Sinclair, b Paterson	..	..	..	0
G. Strachan, b Stevenson	..	..	..	0
W. M. Macrae, c Paterson, b Stevenson	..	..	..	16
G. Loban, not out	..	..	..	63
J. R. Fraser, lbw, b Paterson	..	..	..	0
G. H. Mackay, c Mason, b Paterson	..	..	..	2
D. S. Miller, b Paterson	..	..	..	1
D. Grant, b Stevenson	..	..	..	4
A. Boyne, c Stevenson, b Paterson	..	..	..	9
W. Fraser, b Paterson	..	..	..	3
W. D. Stephen, b Paterson	..	..	..	0
Extras	..	..	..	3
Total	..	..	..	101



## CARLTON.

R. M. Gourlay, c Sinclair, b Macrae	..	18
A. Walker, b Macrae	.. ..	16
A. S. Cairns, b Grant	.. ..	12
C. S. Paterson, c Fraser, b Macrae	.. ..	38
J. R. Donaldson, b Grant	.. ..	53
C. H. Mason, lbw, b Grant	.. ..	0
J. Johnston, b Grant	.. ..	0
T. Milne, lbw, b Grant	.. ..	4
N. L. Stevenson, c Boyne, b Grant	.. ..	10
J. M. Murray, c Fraser, b Grant	.. ..	5
R. M. Gibson, not out	.. ..	0
Extras	.. ..	7
Total	.. ..	163

**Pluscarden Abbey.**

“ . . . Let me infold thee  
And hold thee to my heart.”

*Macbeth*, Act I, Scene IV.

Presumably because the tour was drawing to a close, the fun was faster and more furious than ever this evening. The Spirit of Revelry found congenial soil to work in, and the noise of mirth and merriment echoed all over the establishment. “On with the dance, let joy be unconfined,” was the pass-word of the night, and the call was so clear and insistent that grave difficulty was found in making up a four for bridge! Only the hardened veteran is safe on a festive night such as this, and one recollects that it is recorded of even the wise and learned Socrates, that he learned the Art of Dancing when he was an old man!

Not content with the usual aftermath, however, a fresh effort was added to the programme, and the party embarked on what was described as a moonlight picnic!!

Our usual charabanc was called into service, and the tourists (plus a number of lady friends and an even larger number of baskets!) set off on their adventure brave and new. The ruin of Pluscarden Abbey was the main objective, but, according to reports, several additional enterprises were successfully carried out by our gallant *Sturm Truppen!*

A strict regard for veracity compels us to state that this portion of the narrative is based on second-hand evidence, since the historian was unable to take part in the outing, owing to arrears of work in connection with the next day's programme.

[The same regard for truth should also insist on the admission that he found the "work" very pleasant, and that no member of the party enjoyed the evening more than the said historian!!—Editor.]

More or less coherent accounts of the Pluscarden revels were elicited by judicious inquiries, and a few extracts from these accounts may perhaps be given to complete this tour record.

- (a) "The Abbey was a really wonderful scene, and the bright moonlight effects made its solemn and stately grandeur most impressive."
- (b) "Unfortunately, there was no moon, but as far as we could see it looked like one of the ruins old Cromwell knocked about."
- (c) "Had a glorious time and finished all the supplies. Saw three Abbeys!"
- (d) "A really charming spot for an evening outing. Think I prefer it to even the 'Primrose Path' drive!"
- (e) "The tit-bit of the tour, especially the drive home!"
- (f) "Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course, And we are graced with wreaths of victory."

We will let it go at that! The outing appears to have been a great success, and the ghosts of the old monks must have been vastly entertained!

This very enjoyable day was wound up by a lengthy discussion in the "Club," and zero hour for the next day was close at hand before the last survivors finally left James to his well-earned repose.

#### THURSDAY, September 7th.

"Come what come may,  
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day."  
*Macbeth*, Act I, Scene III.

The Skipper's usual cheerful smile changed rapidly to a doleful look of dismay this morning. "Mouldy

images washed up by the tide," was one of the striking phrases he used to describe the tired and weary crocks who appeared at the breakfast table. Poor Roy Gourlay had caught a feverish cold and was laid up in bed, and several other members of the side were in little better case. A final effort was necessary, however, and the XI. was made up by again including James and our friend Mason, and by enlisting the cricket services of a local padre who was an old friend of the Skipper's. Stiff and sore after the previous day's exertions, James was sleeping the sleep of the just in the Turkish Bath apartment, but we ran him to earth at last, and persuaded him to sacrifice himself and turn out again in a good cause.

The weather was almost too fine for our comfort at this stage of the tour. There was no fresh breeze to temper the oppressive heat, and we found it easy to imagine more pleasant occupations than a long afternoon's leather-hunting under a blazing sun!

Even a quiet stroll to the Forres shops was too energetic an occupation this morning, but with his usual good-natured cheerfulness George Robertson placed his car once more at our disposal.

Fresh air and certain other measures revived the jaded XI. to some extent, and, after a carefully chosen luncheon, we set our teeth and drove off to the scene of our final despairing effort.

### **Carlton v. Forres.**

The local ground is a pretty little field nestling among the trees, and the cricket square in the middle looked like a small island, surrounded by the green billowy waves of the long grass.

The wicket itself was very soft and dead, and our unfortunate bowlers soon found that they were in for the hardest job of the tour. Even the fastest ball would sink deeply into the soft turf, and would then continue its progress in such a slow and stately manner that the batsman had time to choose his stroke actually after the ball had pitched! Any weird agricultural cow-shot

became a certain scoring stroke under these conditions, and if the batsman used a mashie there was quite a sporting prospect of getting 6 for a "lost ball" in the jungle! Add to these difficulties the fact that we had only three men playing who could by any stretch of the imagination be described as fit to field, and it will be seen that our leg-weary bowlers had no enviable task on hand.

Seneca, the Stoic philosopher, is responsible for the saying that the spectacle of a virtuous man battling with misfortunes and rising above them, is one on which the Gods look down with pleasure and delight!

Never did men battle more bravely against misfortune than our three semi-invalids on this strenuous day, and the Gods must indeed have derived great pleasure from the stout-hearted way our bowlers carried on! Our wonderful Skipper performed miracles of energy; bowling at one end, and endeavouring to combine, at the same time, the duties of point, cover, extra-cover, and mid-off! Norman's brilliant work in the field is well known to all Carlton men, but his performance in this game put all previous efforts in the shade, and astonished even those of us who knew his tireless energy of old. Never did man deserve success more than our heroic Skipper on this memorable occasion, but even his glorious example failed to galvanise our weary lotus-eaters out of their passive and lethargic attitude! Twenty-five catches went to hand and were duly put on the floor, and the only bright spot in a painful display was a catch which our vice-captain ran to square-leg and took off his own bowling!

We will not dwell on the picture, however. Suffice it to say that during our opponents' innings, the Skipper dispensed with the formality of changing the position of the field for a left-handed batsman!

During the interval George Robertson's invaluable car was sent post-haste to the Hydro. with an S.O.S. message, and, fortified to some extent after its return, we had no difficulty in staying in for the short time left for play. Alec. Cairns played a very fine defensive innings, and the Skipper and C. S. Paterson dug themselves in till time brought welcome relief to all concerned.





REQUISITIONING ROBERTSON'S REDOUBTABLE  
ROLLS-ROYCE.



So the last match of the tour fizzled out in a tame and uninteresting draw, but our bowlers, at least, can look back on the game with justifiable pride and satisfaction, since their performance deserves to rank as perhaps the finest and most plucky effort of the whole tour.

It was no fault of the bowlers that their hard work was not crowned with victory, but some failures are more glorious than any success, and, after all, it is in honour of the unsuccessful Spartans, and not the fortunate Persians, that the Pass of Thermopylæ has become an household word.

## FORRES.

J. H. Angus, c Gibson, b Stevenson	..	5
R. Tillitson, c Donaldson, b Stevenson	..	2
H. A. Cockburn, lbw, b Paterson	..	6
F. A. Bowden, b Walker	..	22
D. MacKessack, c and b Paterson	..	76
K. Stewart, b Paterson	..	5
M. G. Peterkin, b Paterson	..	14
G. Singer, not out	..	6
P. C. Coutts, b Stevenson	..	2
J. Harper and H. A. Leitch did not bat.		
Extras	..	5
Total for 8 wkts. (innings closed)		143

## CARLTON.

J. R. Donaldson, c Harper, b Bowden	..	7
A. S. Cairns, b Bowden	..	12
A. Walker, b Coutts	..	1
C. S. Paterson, not out	..	7
C. H. Mason, b Coutts	..	3
N. L. Stevenson, not out	..	10
Extras	..	2
Total (for 4 wickets)		42

**The Final Act.**

Once again the usual festive dinner put new life into the party, and like giants temporarily refreshed we entered

with abandon into the evening frolics. A "Carlton night" was held to mark the official finish-up of the tour, and all the rites customary on such occasions were duly observed. The main item on the evening's programme was an impromptu concert and "Presentation of Prizes," and our various efforts were greatly enjoyed by a large and appreciative audience.

The unfortunate absence of J. W. Sorrie and A. E. Sellars cramped our style to some extent, but Alec. Cairns nobly stepped into the breach and bore the lion's share of the musical entertainment. Alec.'s spirited and original rendering of "Mary" never fails to delight a Carlton audience, but our friend was in even better form than usual on this occasion, and his exquisite singing at Forres will long be remembered by all who had the privilege of hearing it. One could have heard the proverbial pin drop among the audience as Alec. soared to the top of his magnificent range! Each liquid note seemed too pure and beautiful for common earth, and we were transported for the nonce to a land of enchantment, where, as with Prospero's island in the *Tempest*, "The air is full of sweet supernatural harmonies, that give delight and hurt not."

George Robertson was also among the star songsters of the evening, and our vice-captain varied the proceedings by discoursing on things in general at even greater length than is his usual custom! As our musical members were somewhat tired, Mr Paterson was allowed to make no fewer than five speeches, and it is a noteworthy tribute to the good-nature of the audience that the evening was allowed to continue to a harmonious finish!

A new rendering of James Sorrie's famous cricket song was also included in the programme—the verses being recited by the vice-captain and the choruses sung by the assembled company. Strange though it will appear to Carlton members, it is nevertheless a melancholy fact that we found it necessary to supply our own team with a book of words! (The music was, of course, quite unnecessary—each member selecting his own note and adhering faithfully to it throughout the performance!)

James's masterpiece has been echoing down the corridors





CARLTON *v.* FORRES.

Clover in "Clover," or Clover at "Cover."



of time ever since a famous pre-war tour in the Isle of Man, and no Carlton gathering of any kind has been complete without it, since first we had the pleasure of hearing the song.

As one of the characters in *Twelfth Night* says of a similar musical effort :—

“ O, it came o’er my ear like the sweet South,  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing and giving odour.”

We had assumed, therefore, that James’s *magnum opus* was as familiar to Carlton men as Martin Luther’s battle-hymn was to the German people at the time of the Reformation; but in order to avoid any difficulty in future, the authorised version is given here for information and necessary action, please !!

### J. W. Sorrie’s Cricket Song.

If you’ve British in your veins, and can spare a little pains,  
In the sunny summer days, when to stay indoors is sin,  
If you’ve got a bit of muscle, and enjoy a manly tussle,  
Then go and get your flannels on, and let the game begin !

#### CHORUS—

Then hail to the name of the grand old game !  
Wherever there are Britons and the flag’s unfurled,  
You will there find cricket, and the willow, and the wicket,  
And there’s not a game to lick it in the wide, wide world.

Then be worthy of your race, fellow-countrymen of Grace !  
And be faithful to the willow as your fathers were of yore ;  
For there’s nothing in creation to compare with the sensation  
Of dismissing a half-volley to the boundary for four.

#### CHORUS.

Do not talk to me of luck ! It was persevering pluck  
 That won the game at Waterloo and made the winning run ;  
 For a man with a bit of that'll be the man to win the battle,  
 For a match is never lost, my boys, until a match is won !

## CHORUS.

The metre of this effort is rather difficult, but we venture to add a verse of our own, which may perhaps be useful should we again perform before a typical Hydropathic audience in the future !

Keep the faith whate'er betide ! Play the game that serves your side !

Be loyal to your captain ; to your comrades ever true !  
 You may miss the path to Lords, but the best of all rewards  
 Will be yours, if you " play cricket," boys, in everything you do.

Our Skipper carried out the onerous duties of chairman in his customary able manner, and his eloquent and witty remarks in presenting the following prizes made one of the best turns of the evening.

James Johnston	.. ..	Invaluable all-round work.
R. M. Gourlay	.. ..	Highest aggregate on tour.
R. N. Gibson	} .. ..	Best fielding efforts.
J. R. Donaldson		
A. Walker	.. ..	Finest golf stroke of the tour.
A. S. Cairns	.. ..	Musical performances.
J. M. Murray	.. ..	Perfect behaviour throughout the tour.
Umpire MacLean	.. ..	Courage and impartiality.
G. Robertson	.. ..	Good-natured kindness.

A Balmoral badge inscribed with his favourite touring motto was then presented to the Skipper, as a token of esteem and affection from the XI. he had led so successfully during the tour. Our worthy friend James Johnston was in great form in making the presentation, and in a thoughtful and moving speech he paid glowing tribute to the great work Norman Stevenson has done for the Carlton C.C.



It must also be recorded that still another of our cricketers broke out into original verse this evening ! Alec. Walker had apparently been mixing water from the Pierian Spring with his drinks, and, greatly to our delight, we discovered that we had been entertaining an angel unawares.

Our official poet is rapidly approaching the sere and yellow stage nowadays, and it is a source of gratification to feel that his mantle will fall on worthy shoulders when Alec. takes over the job. We have much pleasure in thrusting greatness upon Mr Walker by reproducing his effort here !

### “ Archie.”

(A Fantasy, entirely without foundation in fact.)

1. Young Archibald Henry Fitzherbert M'Bride  
 Was a model young man when he came to our side,  
 His passion was cricket, though down at Grange Loan  
 For months but the “ Second ” his prowess had known ;  
 But it chanced during August the “ First ” were to play  
 A side whom they counted legitimate prey—  
 A set of obliging young fellows who'd scout  
 For the whole afternoon, and then soon skittle out—  
 Now imagine young Archie's elation and pride  
 When a kindly Committee chose him for our side !
  
2. On the day of the match, then, he brought his wife Maud,  
 Two aunts and a sister his deeds to applaud,  
 And proud was his bearing and spotless his shield  
 As with Steve and his stalwarts he went forth to field.  
 But when Stevie's and Charlie's fell business was done,  
 And our foes were dismissed for a mere forty-one,  
 His cup of delight overflowed when he heard  
 That by Stevie's decree he was down to bat third.
  
3. Then as Charlie and Gourlay strode forth at the start—  
 Well padded and gloved, and with swift-beating heart—  
 He sat at the door of the Pav. and he thought  
 Each moment might bring him the summons he sought.

- But little he recked of these two men of parts,  
Whose hobby and joy is to break bowlers' hearts !  
Roy punched with a will and his scoring was free,  
While Charlie took root like the sturdy oak-tree !
4. As the score mounted fast and the afternoon waned,  
Our hero sat still, though both chilly and pained,  
For with horrid suspicion his mind was imbued  
That perchance not that day would his powers be viewed.  
Then when two hours had passed I saw Archibald rise,  
And pass into the Pav. with despair in his eyes,  
With a shudder I saw him approach Bacchus' lair,  
For I knew the bold men who were worshipping there !
5. Now that day at the wicket was history made,  
And as evening drew on our two batsmen still stayed.  
At last with the score at three hundred or so,  
Our first wicket fell with but short time to go.  
Then a hue and a cry for young Archie began,  
But in sad case they found that poor erring young man ;  
For he lay fast asleep on a far-distant seat,  
And the sound of his snores was a musical treat,  
Which told how our Archie had quenched his thirst,  
With the bold, bad lads of the Carlton " First ! "
6. Sadly they bore him to home and to bed,  
In a car which long waited one Cairns, 'twas said.  
Let us veil what there happened in silence profound ;  
While the sequel and moral attached I propound.

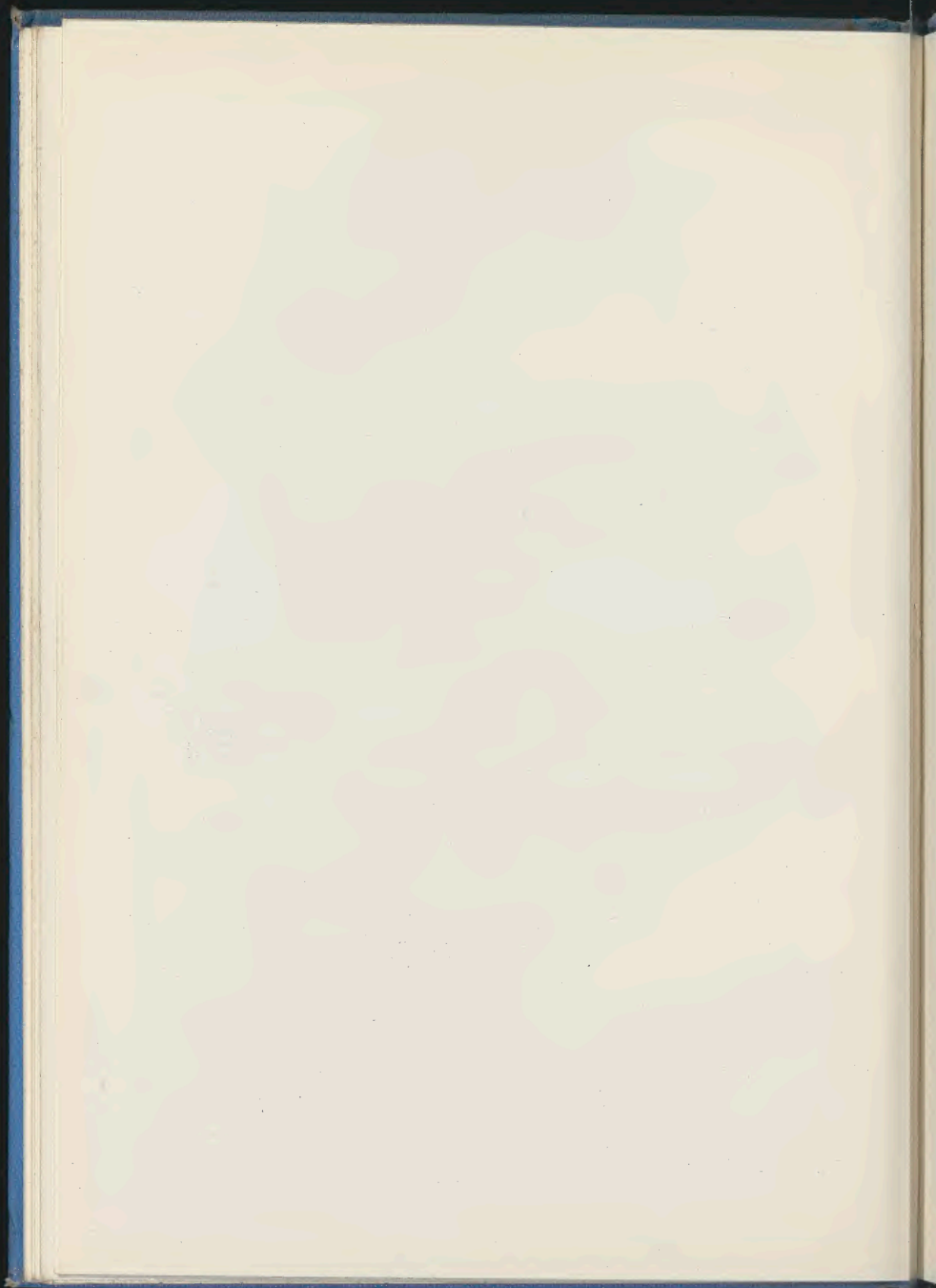
SEQUEL—

7. On Saturdays now you may see if you care  
A figure of gloom with head bowed in despair,  
By unfrequented paths he is making his way,  
With his spouse, who ne'er leaves him by night or by day,  
And his wife guides his footsteps which never may stray  
To that field where of yore he delighted to play.
8. Now all ye young lads whose ambitions incline  
In that team of all talents at one time to shine,  
Take heed how the popping of corks proved the knell  
Of youth's aspirations, and broke cricket's spell,  
Remember poor Archibald's fearful exposure,  
And hold fast ere you bat to the ladies' enclosure !



DEPARTURE OF STAFF.

*En Route for Balmoral.*





“Auld Lang Syne” was then sung with great spirit, and the National Anthem brought to a close one of the most successful and enjoyable performances our members have ever been responsible for.

Needless to say, the night was then continued on somewhat noisy lines, and we diligently carried on the glad work and finished off the tour in a blaze of glory.

No bridge was played to-night!

### FRIDAY, September 8th.

“So thanks to all at once and to each one.  
We shall not spend a large expense of time  
Before we reckon with your several loves.”

*Macbeth*, Act V, Scene VII.

### Closing Scenes.

Regrets were general this morning that we had now come to the closing scenes of a most enjoyable tour.

“No one,” says Dr Johnson, “does anything for the last time without a certain unavoidable feeling of sadness and regret.” One might hesitate a little over the word “anything,” but we had all enjoyed this tour so greatly that feelings of regret were very natural at the end. On the other hand, it was really high time to drop the final curtain on our play! Five pretty strenuous cricket matches in six days is a heavy programme at any time, but to combine this with the countless additional enterprises of a tour would have taxed the physical strength of Hercules himself!

Rest and sleep were obviously required by most of us, so we reluctantly said good-bye to all, and set off to recuperate in fresh fields and pastures new.

So finished perhaps the most successful and delightful tour which the Carlton C.C. has ever engaged in. We were favoured with lovely weather conditions all the time, and every member of the party thoroughly enjoyed the visit to Forres.

*Esprit de corps* and good-fellowship made the whole party like a band of brothers, and from start to finish there was not a single jarring note to spoil our enjoyment.

We added many glowing pages to our book of Carlton memories, and we will look back with very great pleasure on the happy days we spent during the Forres tour of 1922.

As Ophelia says to Laertes :—

“ ’Tis in my memory locked,  
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.”

Perhaps, in spite of its many faults, this little record may serve in some degree as a key, and unlock at times the treasure-house of memory, which has been stored with such rare and precious gems during our Carlton days.

Such, at all events, is the main purpose of this record, and, as the old classical tag puts it—

“ *Haec scripsi non otii abundantia sed amoris erga te* ”—

I have written this, not out of the abundance of leisure, but of my love towards you !

C. S. P.



OUR HISTORIAN—"C. S. P."



## OFFICE-BEARERS FROM 1863-1923.

	CAPTAIN.	VICE-CAPTAIN.	SECRETARY.
1863	J. H. A. Mackenzie.	J. Johnstone.	R. Addison Smith.
1864	J. H. A. Mackenzie.	Wm. Douglas.	R. Addison Smith.
1865	J. H. A. Mackenzie.	Wm. Douglas.	R. Addison Smith.
1866	Wm. Douglas.	Alex. Pearson.	Tom Pearson.
1867	D. Lang.	Alex. Pearson.	Tom Pearson.
1868	D. Lang.	D. Macdonald.	A. D. Macfarlane.
1869	Wm. Douglas.	W. Rutherford.	C. Seaton.
1870	D. Macdonald.	W. Rutherford.	R. H. Christie.
1871	D. Macdonald.	J. H. L. Macfarlane.	R. H. Christie.
1872	D. Macdonald.	J. H. L. Macfarlane.	R. H. Christie.
1873	G. F. Rayner.	Tom Forbes.	Charles Alexander.
1874	G. F. Rayner.	Tom Forbes.	J. J. Dyer.
1875	J. A. Davidson.	Tom Forbes.	J. J. Dyer.
1876	Wm. Geoghegan.	Seth Tinsley.	J. J. Dyer.
1877	Wm. Geoghegan.	A. E. Scougal.	W. J. Anderson.
1878	A. E. Scougal.	R. D. Mure.	G. S. Turnbull.
1879	Robert H. Christie.	John Dunn.	G. S. Turnbull.
1880	John H. Dunn.	W. J. Proudfoot.	G. S. Turnbull.
1881	W. J. Proudfoot.	John H. Dunn.	R. Blackadder.
1882	R. Blackadder.	John Smith.	J. Macgregor.
1883	R. Blackadder.	John Smith.	J. Macgregor.
1884	R. Blackadder.	W. Corson.	J. Macgregor.
1885	R. Blackadder.	W. Corson.	W. G. Paxton.
1886	A. Macbeth.	F. Haultain.	W. G. Paxton.
1887	B. Paxton.	J. Taylor.	W. G. Paxton.
1888	John Taylor.	C. Morrison.	W. G. Paxton.
1889	John Taylor.	J. W. McGregor.	A. K. Bell.
1890	B. Paxton.	A. Macbeth.	Wm. Boa.
1891	A. Macbeth.	Geo. H. Rees.	Wm. Boa.
1892	A. Macbeth.	Geo. H. Rees.	Wm. Boa.
1893	A. Macbeth.	W. B. Taylor.	Jas. Soutar.
1894	A. Macbeth.	W. P. Harris.	Jas. Soutar.
1895	R. Blackadder.	J. Swan.	Jas. Soutar.
1896	R. Blackadder.	G. W. Jupp.	P. Stroud.
1897	T. S. Watson.	G. W. Jupp.	P. Stroud.
1898	D. M' Laurin.	R. Maxwell.	P. Stroud.
1899	G. W. Jupp.	N. L. Stevenson.	P. E. Robathan.
1900	G. W. Jupp.	N. L. Stevenson.	J. A. S. Carment.
1901	G. W. Jupp.	N. L. Stevenson.	R. Allison.
1902	N. L. Stevenson.	D. Currie.	R. Allison.
1903	N. L. Stevenson.	R. Maxwell.	R. Allison.
1904	G. W. Jupp.	D. Currie.	N. L. Stevenson.
1905	G. W. Jupp.	D. Currie.	N. L. Stevenson.
1906	D. Currie.	R. Maxwell.	N. L. Stevenson.
1907	D. Currie.	R. Maxwell.	N. L. Stevenson.
1908	D. Currie.	A. G. Thornton.	N. L. Stevenson.
1909	A. G. Thornton.	N. L. Stevenson.	N. L. Stevenson.
1910	A. G. Thornton.	N. L. Stevenson.	N. L. Stevenson.
1911	N. L. Stevenson.	W. R. L. Wright.	Stuart Forsyth.
1912	N. L. Stevenson.	W. R. L. Wright.	Stuart Forsyth.
1913	N. L. Stevenson.	W. R. L. Wright.	J. W. Sorrie.
1914	N. L. Stevenson.	C. S. Paterson.	C. S. Paterson.
1915-1916-1917-1918	War		
1919	N. L. Stevenson.	J. W. Sorrie.	G. D. Cunningham.
1920	N. L. Stevenson.	C. S. Paterson.	G. D. Cunningham.
1921	N. L. Stevenson.	C. S. Paterson.	G. T. Paterson.
1922	N. L. Stevenson.	C. S. Paterson.	G. T. Paterson.
1923	N. L. Stevenson.	C. S. Paterson.	J. Traill.



## CARLTON AVERAGES.

1922.

BATTING.							
			Innings.	Not Outs.	Total Runs.	Highest Score.	Average.
R. E. BATSON	..	..	11	2	386	102*	42·88
J. W. SORRIE	..	..	13	0	491	88	37·76
G. W. JUPP	..	..	12	0	324	67	27·0
N. L. STEVENSON	..	..	23	9	457	54*	25·71
G. T. PATERSON	..	..	19	7	298	43*	24·83
R. N. GOURLAY	..	..	24	2	541	131	24·59
J. E. PHILLIPS	..	..	17	2	346	74	23·06
C. S. PATERSON	..	..	29	4	512	82*	20·33
A. WALKER	..	..	26	3	430	53	18·69
H. D. WRIGHT	..	..	10	2	46	20	5·75

*Less than 10 Innings.*

R. S. CLARK	..	..	8	0	238	79	29·75
J. TRAILL	..	..	8	3	143	56*	28·6
A. S. CAIRNS	..	..	8	2	122	32	20·33
A. E. SELLARS	..	..	8	1	69	27	9·85
S. M. STURGEON	..	..	9	4	44	17	8·88

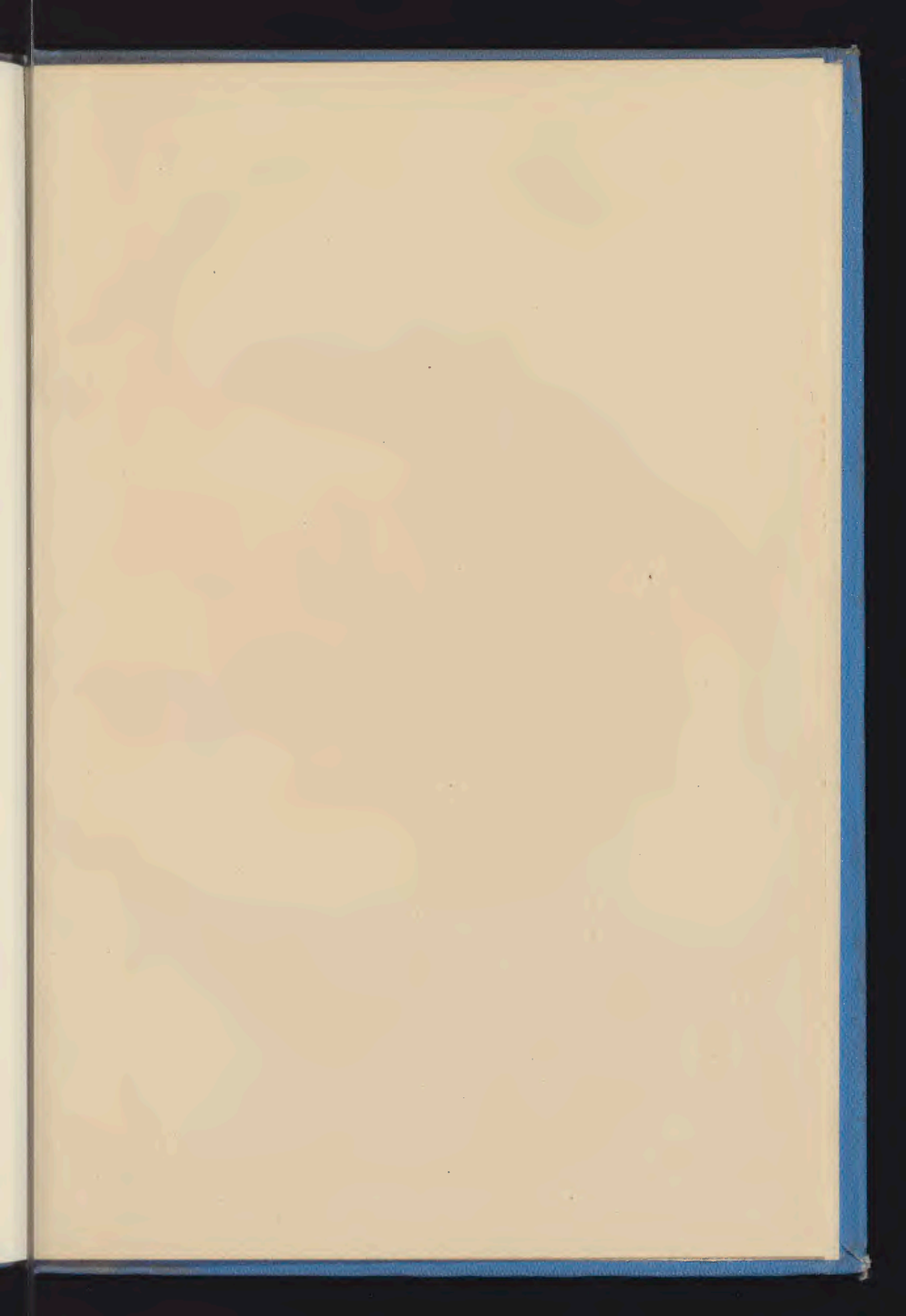
BOWLING.							
			O.	M.	R.	W.	Aver.
H. D. WRIGHT	..	..	221	68	443	56	7·91
A. E. SELLARS	..	..	185	44	457	45	10·15
C. S. PATERSON	..	..	457	110	904	87	10·39
N. L. STEVENSON	..	..	149	41	355	32	11·09



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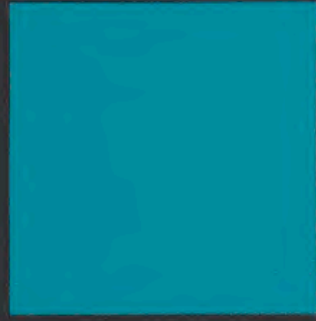
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