

THE NORTHERN OFFENSIVE



CARLTON C.C. 1921

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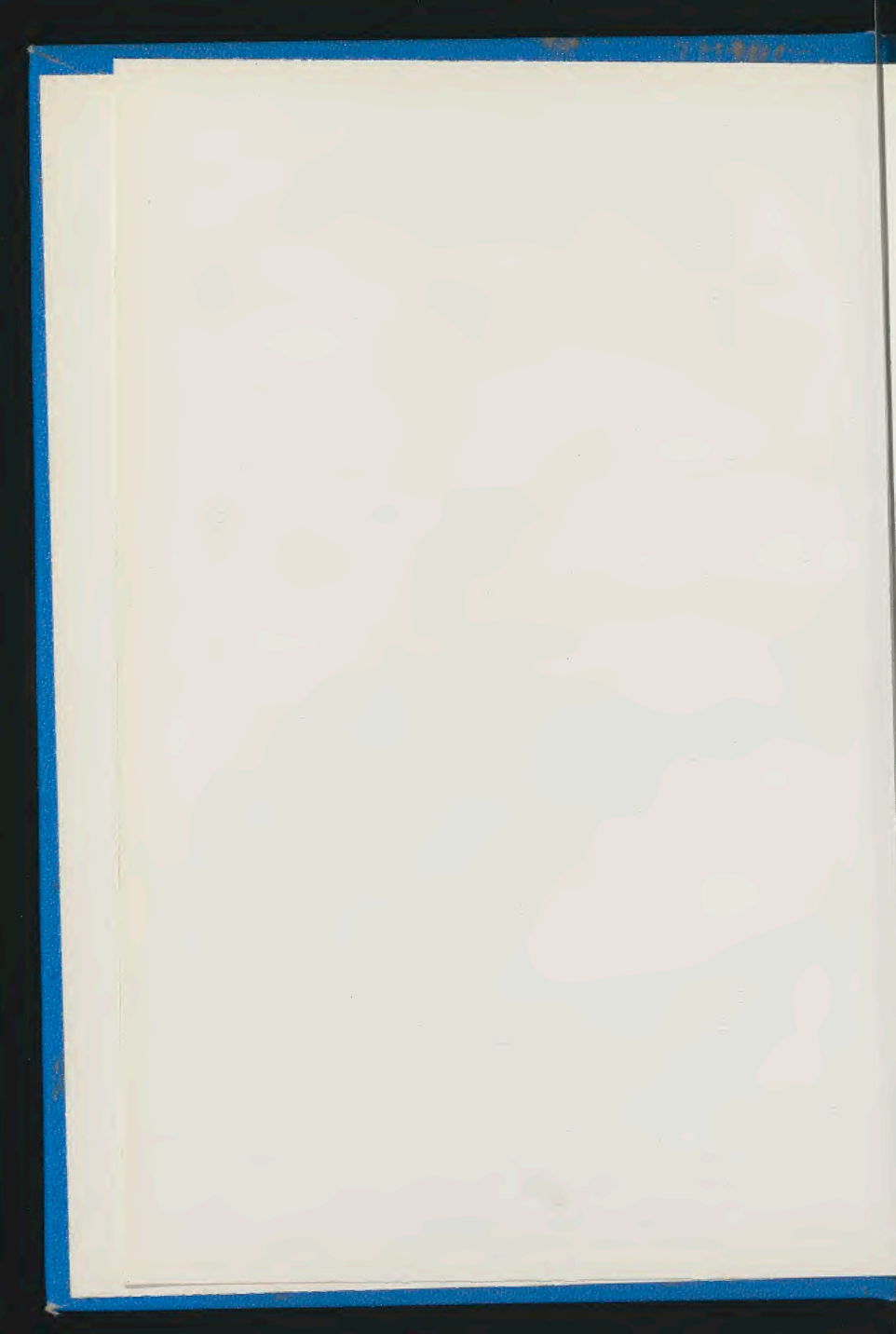


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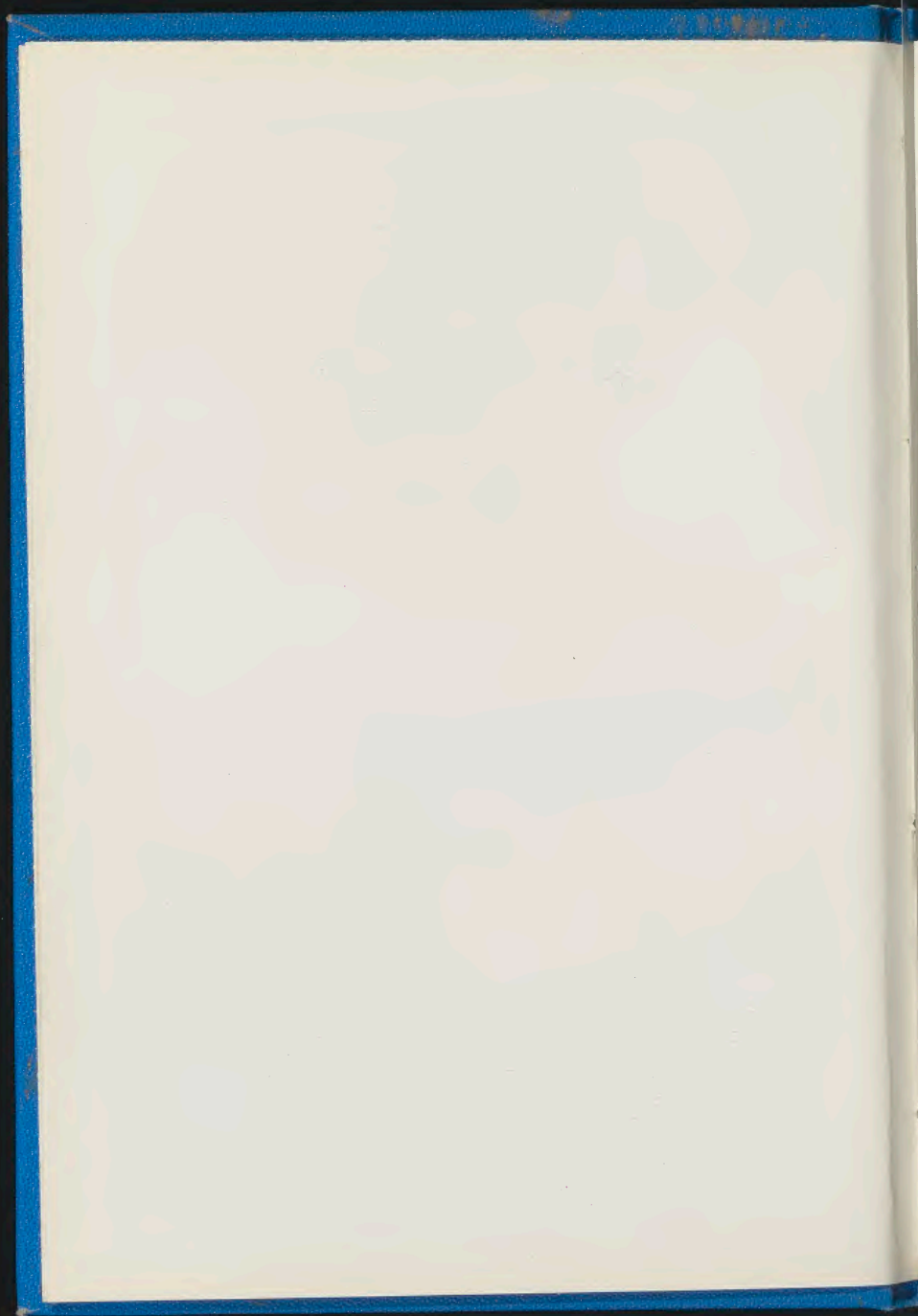
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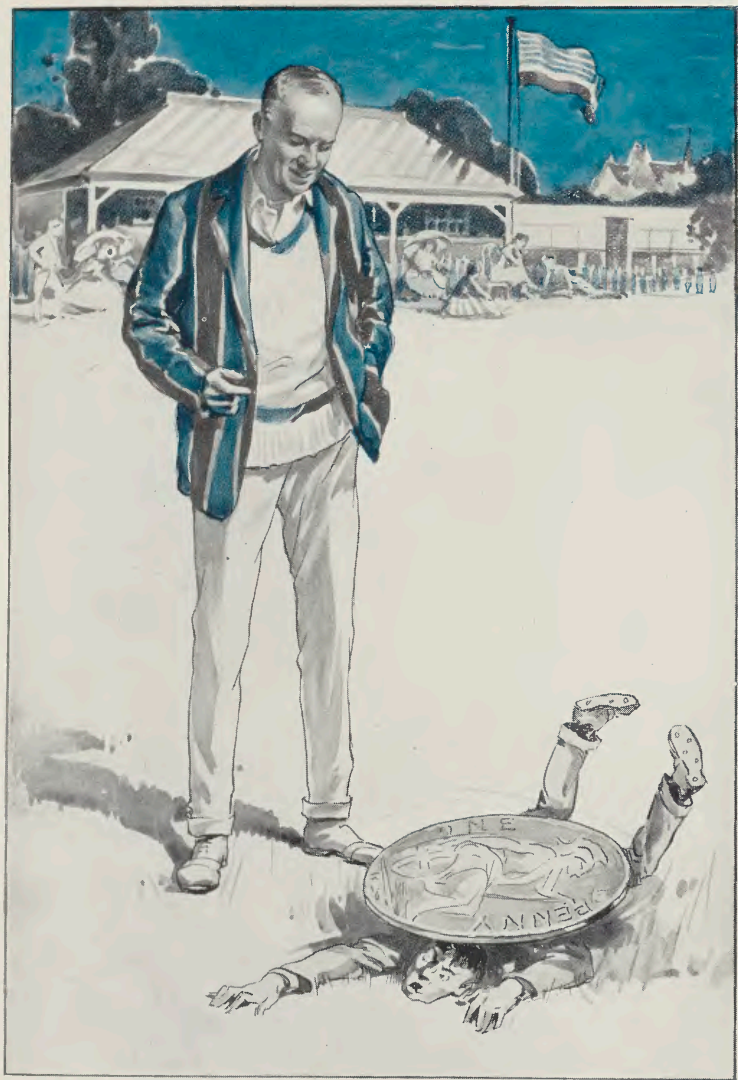
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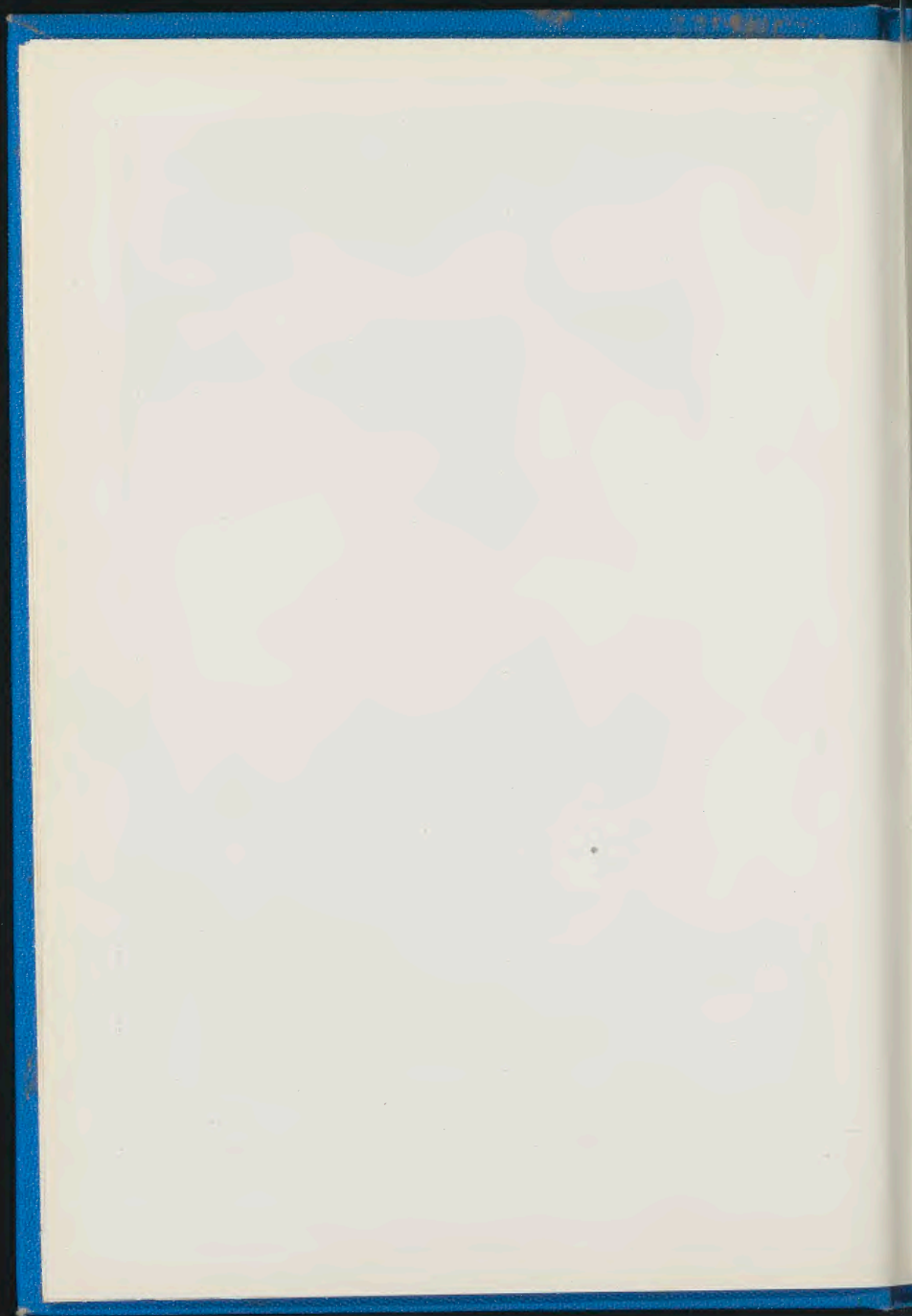


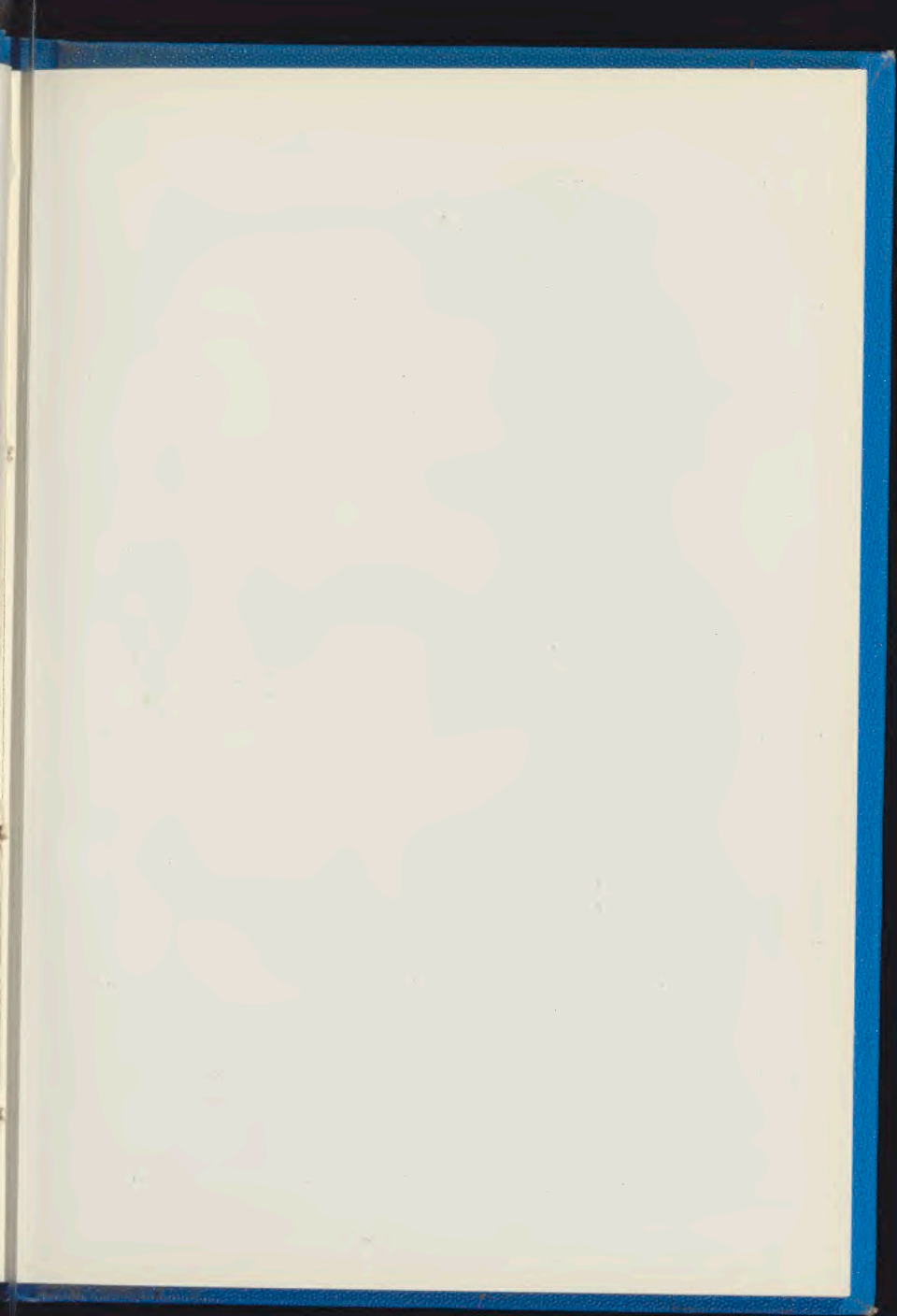




"WON AGAIN!"

Tossing Miraculous, 1921.





CARLTON CRICKET CLUB, 1ST XI., 1921.



Photo by Alex. Aytou.

RECORD. 1921.



PLAYED 27. WON 24. LOST 1. DRAWN 2.

From "Scottish Field" October Number:—

THE Carlton Cricket Club have finished another wonderful season, and must rightly be acknowledged as the most powerful side in Scotland. They played 27 matches, 24 of which they won, made a draw of 2 and lost to the Grange. They scored 5,040 runs for 208 wickets, giving an average of 24 per wicket, while their opponents scored 2,508 for the loss of 268 wickets, giving an average of 9 per wicket. These figures speak for themselves, and are testimony to the ability of a side which has won its distinction without professional assistance. The Carlton have reason to be proud of their achievement, not only this season, but for many years, and without searching into ancient records for details, I may mention that in the last three years they have played 72 matches, have won 62, lost 2 and drawn 8. These are abnormal figures, and when it is considered that they have been compiled by an amateur side the performance is all the more remarkable.

From "Evening Dispatch":—

A GREAT SIDE.

The great side of the season was the Carlton. They had an array of talent such as many clubs must have envied. Up to date they have played 25 games—22 were won outright, 2 were drawn (Heriot's and Academicals), and 1 lost—to the Grange at Raeburn Place—a really excellent performance. They conclude their season with a tour in Aberdeenshire, starting to-day at Ballater.

The Carlton play the correct Saturday afternoon cricket—quick scoring all the time. Even if they had to face a big total, which was seldom, they were always out to get the runs if it were reasonably possible.

Record of Card Matches for last three years.

| | | PLAYED. | WON. | LOST. | DRAWN. |
|------|-----|---------|------|-------|--------|
| 1919 | - - | 18 | 16 | 0 | 2 |
| 1920 | - - | 27 | 22 | 1 | 4 |
| 1921 | - - | 27 | 24 | 1 | 2 |



THE NORTHERN OFFENSIVE

1921

Secret.**NORTHERN OFFENSIVE.**

Operation Orders by Colonel N. L. Stevenson, D.S.O.,
o/c Raiding Party of the Carlton C.C.

Advance Arrangements.—All preliminary arrangements must be completed on the night of 1st/2nd September, whether the extra hour's grace is then in force or not!

Heavy baggage must be forwarded in advance—particular care being taken with regard to corks and packing.

(See illustrated Bills for particulars).

Start.—The party will parade for inspection at Grange Park at 09 hours on Friday, 2nd September. *Dress.*—Full marching order,—steel helmets and three days' rations (liquid) to be carried. Sporting guns and fishing rods will be handed over to Capt. Cairns, A.S.C., who is in charge of all matters connected with grouse and winter sports.

After inspection, units will proceed independently to Princes Street Station (Bar), and will entrain at 10.20 hours. Strict discipline will be enforced on the train journey, and no visits to refreshment rooms will be allowed without special permission from the C.O.

Aberdeen.—A short tour round the Palace (hotel) and other places of interest in Aberdeen will be personally conducted by the C.O. and Lt. Mortimer, O.B.E. The former will defend his title of indoor cycling champion of the North, and the latter will initiate neophytes into the peculiar gyrations of "Cat'sh-ash-cat'sh-can."

Ballater.—On arrival at Ballater, billets will be taken over and inventories made of all breakable articles. The Senior Officer or N.C.O. in each billet will be held responsible for any breach of decorum therein, and he must report at once to Head Quarters any individual whose efforts he considers prejudicial to the good conduct and discipline of the troops.

16
2005
My

For the guidance of evening revellers, Lt. A. Wemyss, M.C., O.F.S., will decorate billets in Ballater after the early Ali Baba style, thus :—

X.—One bottle required.

XX.—Two bottles required.

XXX.—Capt. Cairns. All-night sitting.

O.—Good prospects of honourable advancement.

ø.—Nothing doing !

First Objective.—An attack on the Ballater hotels will be made on the night of 2nd/3rd September. Zero hour and dispositions of the troops (morose or friendly) will be intimated later. No difficulty is anticipated in the early stages of the advance, but all positions captured must be consolidated at once in order that counter-attacks by enemy Stürmtruppen may be successfully dealt with.

Special attention will be paid to the cellars by Capt. Cairns, and during consolidation this officer will discourse on the advantages of mutual support in attack and defence.

Later Objectives.—Detailed Operation Orders for the following day (and night) will be given out at dinner each day during the offensive.

General.—All ranks must remember the high reputation enjoyed by the Carlton Battalion, and must do their utmost throughout the offensive to live up to the great record of which we are all so justly proud.

“Moderation in all things” is the Carlton motto on tour, and the National Bard has approved of it in his own inimitable style—

“A man may drink and no be drunk;
A man may fight and no be slain;
A man may kiss a bonnie lass,
And aye be welcome back again.”!!!

C. S. P.

Adjutant, 1st Batt. Carlton Comics.

EDINBURGH, 20th August 1921.

THE NORTHERN OFFENSIVE, 1921.

FOREWORD.

MY DEAR TOURISTS,—

As you are aware, our energetic Skipper is collecting the various photographs taken by members of the party during our sojourn in the North, and it is his intention to make a discreet selection of these, and preserve what should prove a most interesting pictorial record of our Tour. Not content with that, however, he insists on my attempting to write the story of our moving adventures by flood and field, and, as the task is entirely beyond my powers, I hope you will appreciate my difficulties and make all allowances. The thunder-roll of Homer's verse might, perhaps, adequately describe the glorious time we spent at Ballater, but to make the attempt in cold and uninspiring prose is foredoomed to failure.

There are no aids to literary effort in this quiet and sequestered spot (works of reference and works by the great masters are alike unknown), so I will simply deliver a "round, unvarnished tale," and record, in diary form, a few of the enterprises of great pith and moment we indulged in.

I trust that, in spite of its imperfections, this little record will form a lasting memento of a most enjoyable and successful cricket tour, and that it will also help us all to live again in memory the happy days we spent in Ballater.

May I also express the hope that the tour has cemented friendships and bound Carlton men even more closely together, so that we will one and all work for the welfare of the Club, and strive to make its future worthy of its splendid and glorious past?

C. S. P.

LOCHRANZA, *September, 1921.*

THURSDAY, September 1st.

"I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips, straining upon the start;
The game's afoot. Follow your spirit."—*Henry V.*

In order to prepare the Ballater people for our invasion it was thought advisable to send on a small party in advance, and Messrs Walker, Paterson and Wemyss accordingly travelled with Dr Stevenson by the 10.25 train on Thursday morning. The weeping skies of Auld Reekie were powerless to damp the high spirits of the party, and the wonderful "plus-four" suits worn by the Skipper and Jock added greatly to the hilarity of the start. Disparaging remarks by Messrs Paterson and Walker were rightly attributed to jealousy, and the admiring glances cast on the gaily dressed gentlemen were a happy omen for the prospects of honourable advancement later on! Thanks to the good offices of the Skipper, the first stage of the journey was made in comfort, and after laying in certain indispensable stores in Aberdeen the advance party entrained once more. On nearing Ballater the sun broke through the clouds, and the Skipper improved the shining hour by pointing out the various places of interest. Considerable amusement was caused when we all turned out at Dinnet to inhale the life-giving odour of the famous pine trees, only to find that a newly-painted station had the pines hopelessly beaten for pace!

Ballater.

Ballater was reached well up to time, and after a warm welcome by Mrs Lamont of the Loirston Hotel, we inspected the village and then played a round of golf. First impressions of Ballater were entirely favourable. It is beautifully situated right in the heart of the hills, and as far as the eye can reach, the serried ranks of the pine trees make vivid green patches against the deep purple of the heather.

A quiet rubber of bridge finished off the day, and we retired early to bed for the first and last time during the Tour.

FRIDAY, September 2nd.

"Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye."
SHAKESPEARE—*Sonnets*.

An early move was made to the golf course, and we had a keenly-contested and most enjoyable game. Apart from the Skipper's performance, the golf was very moderate, but one particularly brilliant shot by Jock Wemyss will live in the memories of all who were fortunate enough to see it. The ball was sailing merrily into the rippling waters of the Dee, but a friendly tree trunk intervened at the last moment, and a beautifully judged rebound saw Jock's ball lie dead on the green.

Incidentally the rebound disturbed the members of another foursome who were driving off from an adjacent tee, but the remarks they made in the heat of the moment were treated with silent contempt by the exultant Jock.

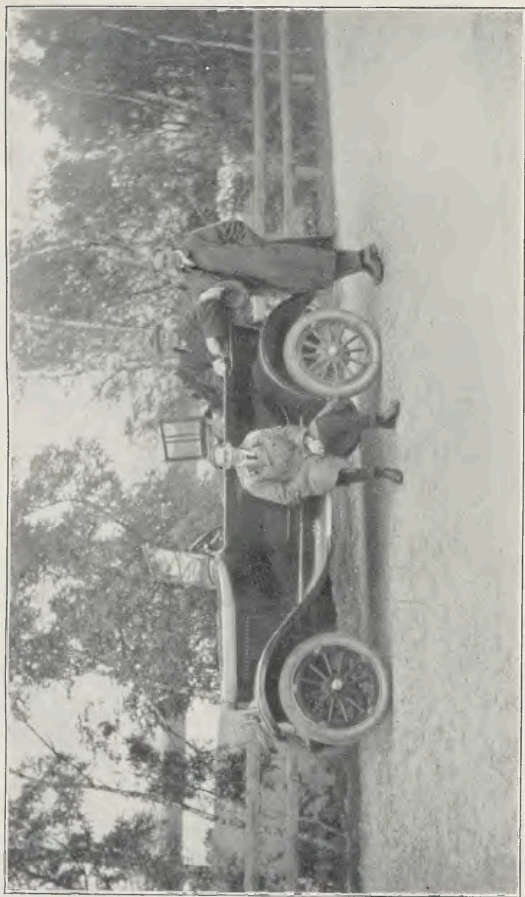
Dinnet.

Not content with the lovely views from the golf course, the Skipper hurried us away from the 19th hole and motored us to Dinnet before lunch. Going by one bank of the Dee and returning by the other made a very charming drive, and even Jock ceased for a little to talk about his miraculous golf, and gave himself up to admiring the beauties of nature!

Preliminary Canters.

After lunch we got on the move again and interviewed the local cricket secretary. Mr Dawson spared no pains to make our stay in Ballater pleasant, and we are greatly indebted to him for so kindly undertaking all the necessary arrangements for the different matches. We left matters in his hands with every confidence, and turned our attention next to the cricket ground itself.

From an artistic point of view the field left nothing to be desired, and for some time we were lost in admiration of the glorious views all round. A lovely heather-clad glade ran along one side of the ground, and away to the east



THE STAFF JOY-RIDING AT LOCH KINNORD, DINNET.



mile after mile of moorland stretched out to where the pine-covered hills rose towering in the background. Gradually, however, we came down to earth again, and on turning our attention to the cricket square we echoed the words from *Macbeth*:—"Such welcome and unwelcome things at once, 'tis hard to reconcile." The "wicket" was distinguishable only by washed-out crease markings, and its fearsome appearance struck terror into our hearts. On the soft, spongy turf, freely decorated with moss, no two balls came the same way; one would bump over the batsman's head, and the next would be a most aggressive submarine. The third might come along more or less truly, but the next would go to sleep in the moss and arrive with the milk in the morning!

Nothing daunted, we put in some practice, and then retired to the hotel to refresh the inner man. Following the Skipper's bad example, we carried on the good work rather too well, and the important business of fixing up billets was nearly overlooked altogether.

Fortunately, we fell on our feet right away, and in Mr and Mrs White we found a worthy couple after our own hearts. Their house was immediately placed at our disposal, and, in addition to bedrooms for the entire staff, we took over (and furnished) a Mess room, to which thirsty tourists might retire for prayer and meditation at any hour of the day or night! This proved to be one of the happiest moves of the whole tour, and one records with feelings of profound admiration that no matter how late or noisy were the evening sittings, our genial host and hostess never made the slightest complaint.

Fresh tumblers were always available to replace casualties; all signs of nightly revelry had vanished into thin air by morning, and so we pursued the (un)even tenor of our way, undisturbed by any and disturbing none!

Arrival of the Team.

After performing the rites customary when taking over, we repaired in disorder to meet the remainder of the team. The Skipper, in his new Balmoral bonnet, looked the picture of an Highland laird, but Jock's Argyll creation and Carlton blazer fairly took the village by storm! The inhabitants flocked to doors and windows to see the

spectacle, and we gathered quite a crowd of youthful admirers on our triumphal march to the station. C. S. Paterson, as the most sober member of the staff, welcomed the newcomers in a few more or less coherent remarks, and after Jock had performed some quaint gyrations (which he was pleased to call the "sword dance"), the troops fell in for inspection by the C.O. Once order was restored, a move was made (by special request of the local police); billets were taken over by the new arrivals, and a particularly cheery dinner marked the official start of the Tour.

Various amusements occupied our attention during the evening; an impromptu dance gave Jock and the other young people an opportunity for working off superfluous energy, and we finally retired to bed after a strenuous and most entertaining day.

SATURDAY, September 3rd.

"Tie not thy shoe-lace in the melon patch, and under the plum-tree adjust not thy hat."—*Chinese Proverb.*

A lovely September morning was spent mainly in a vain endeavour to get rid of thick heads! Golf, loafing and short strolls filled in the time till lunch, and after donning our war-paint we advanced in open order on our first objective.

Match v. Monaltrie C.C.

Fortunately, the frightfulness of the wicket had been somewhat modified by repeated application of the heavy roller, and we had no difficulty in opening our Tour with a victory. Good length balls, however, generally soared high over the stumps, and it was only by bowling half-volleys, with a liberal mixture of yorkers, that we were able to get Monaltrie out. The rough outfield and long grass made good fielding impossible, but the brilliant display given by our "Wicket" earned him a special niche all to himself in Ballater cricket history.

Many great performances stand to Sturgeon's credit since he joined our Club, but he excelled himself on this occasion and struck terror into the hearts of our opponents.

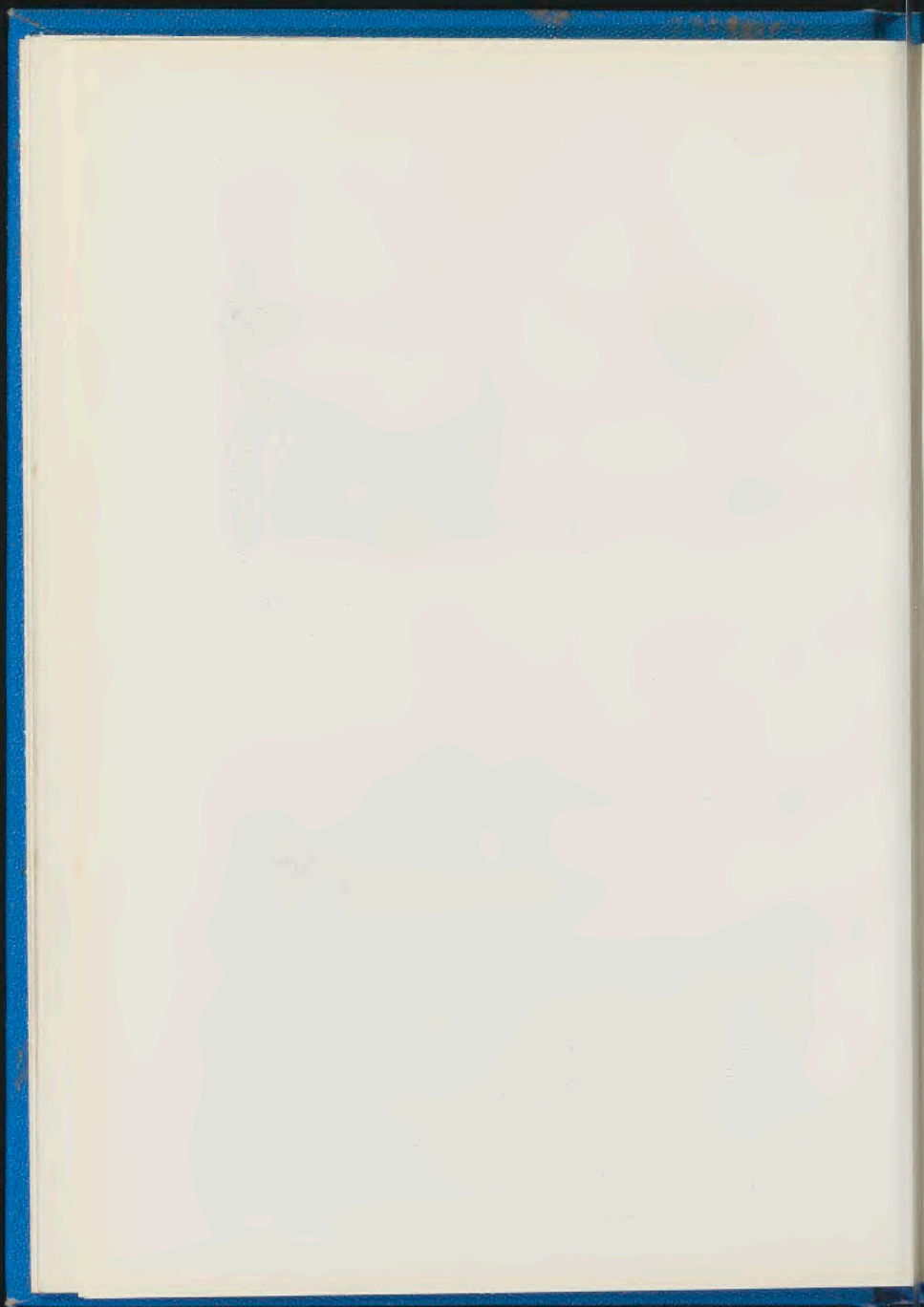


OUR WONDERFUL WEE "WICKETY" AT WORK.

Sturgeon's Victims during the last two season's
number no less than 73.



JOE IN THE COUNTRY PREPARING TO
CATCH ALEXANDER!



Bumpers, shooters, instantaneous or delayed action shells on the leg side were all alike dealt with in masterly style. There he stood with his nose on the bails, as calm and collected as though he were keeping to E. R. Wilson on a perfect Oval wicket !

A beautiful stump off a fast-rising ball was too quick for both batsman and umpire, but there were keen critics among the spectators, and " Sturg." was undoubtedly the hero of the match.

A fine forcing innings by Woods gave our score quite a respectable appearance, but most of the side got themselves out by playing orthodox strokes on an entirely unorthodox wicket. *The* feature of our innings, however, was the whole-hearted manner in which Joe Phillips went for the bowling. Acting on his favourite maxim that offence is the best defence, he refused to let the ball alight on the treacherous turf whenever it was humanly possible to get to the pitch of it. Bunkers were cleared with wonderful accuracy and judgment ; six hits followed as hard on each others heels as balls could be supplied from the pavilion, and when a full-toss to leg was sent half-way to Aberdeen " even the ranks of Tuscany could scarce forbear to cheer !"

Tea was provided by the Skipper, not only for both teams, but also for all friends in the village, and as various lady friends kindly assisted, the function was a great success and firmly established our popularity. Scores :—

MONALTRIE.

| | | | | | |
|-------------------------------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|----|
| A. Busby, c Woods, b Stevenson | ... | ... | ... | ... | 11 |
| E. R. Daniels, b Paterson | ... | ... | ... | ... | 4 |
| Dr Robson, run out | ... | ... | ... | ... | 6 |
| A. Simpson, b Paterson | ... | ... | ... | ... | 0 |
| C. Sheridan, c Sturgeon, b Paterson | ... | ... | ... | ... | 0 |
| C. Simpson, c Sturgeon, b Stevenson | ... | ... | ... | ... | 1 |
| J. Ingram, b Stevenson | ... | ... | ... | ... | 2 |
| J. Sheridan, b Paterson | ... | ... | ... | ... | 2 |
| A. Lamb, not out | ... | ... | ... | ... | 0 |
| A. Pithi, b Stevenson | ... | ... | ... | ... | 1 |
| C. Angus, b Stevenson | ... | ... | ... | ... | 0 |
| Extras | ... | ... | ... | ... | 5 |
| Total | ... | ... | ... | ... | 32 |

Paterson, four for 18 ; Stevenson, five for 12.

CARLTON.

| | | | | |
|--|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| J. Mortimer, b Busby | ... | ... | ... | 18 |
| A. Walker, c Simpson, b Busby | ... | ... | ... | 15 |
| J. E. Phillips, b Busby | ... | ... | ... | 47 |
| C. S. Paterson, c and b Simpson | ... | ... | ... | 39 |
| S. M. Sturgeon, b Robson | ... | ... | ... | 1 |
| L. A. Woods, not out | ... | ... | ... | 84 |
| N. L. Stevenson, c Simpson, b Busby | ... | ... | ... | 11 |
| A. Wemyss, b Busby | ... | ... | ... | 9 |
| G. G. S. G. Russell, not out | ... | ... | ... | 3 |
| C. C. Brown and A. B. Munro did not bat. | | | | |
| Extras | ... | ... | ... | 15 |
| Total (for 7 wkts.) | | | | 242 |

After dinner we occupied ourselves in various ways, and finished off the evening by entertaining the local cricket side to an impromptu smoking concert in the Mess. Songs, stories and various other efforts made up a very enjoyable programme, and when we finally assisted our guests to leave they were loud in their thanks for the great time we had given them.

Late though the hour was, certain of our members then started a profound discussion on weighty matters of great pith and moment, the drift of which may be deduced from the fact that Jock acquired a new title, viz.:—the Sentimental Filibuster!!

SUNDAY, September 4th.

"Mountains seem to have been built for the human race, as at once their schools and cathedrals; full of treasures of illuminated manuscript for the scholar, kindly in simple lessons for the worker, quiet in pale cloisters for the thinker, glorious in holiness for the worshipper."—RUSKIN.

The "morning after" appearance was very much in evidence, and the majority of the party contented themselves with correspondence or loafing in the sunshine.

Pine Walk.

Such restful occupations were, of course, no use to our energetic Skipper, and a small band of enthusiasts fell in

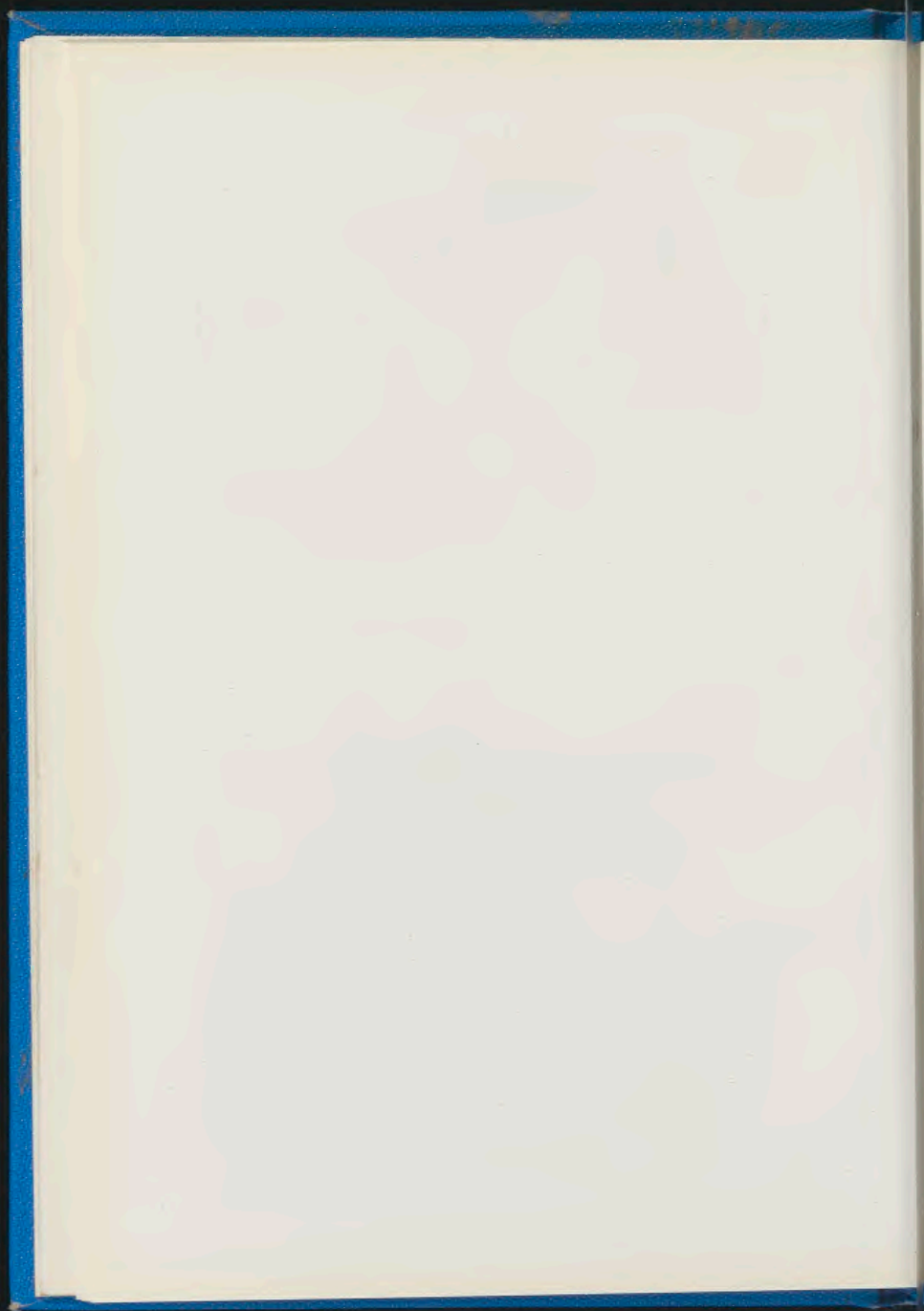


PINE WALK—THE FAIRY DELL.

"Among the Bonnie Purple Heather."



OUR PERIPATETIC GUIDE-BOOK AT WORK.



for a walk under his direction. They were, however, amply repaid for their trouble, since the "Pine Walk" is one of the most beautiful in all that glorious country side. Between rows of stately pine trees a long avenue carpeted with gorgeous purple heather extends for over a mile, and with the golden spears of sunshine piercing through the trees, the walk was one of never-to-be-forgotten delight. The thick, dense undergrowth of the dark and silent forest walled us in on either side, recalling vividly the battle scene in "Marmion," where:—

"The stubborn spearmen still made good, the dark impenetrable wood;

Each stepping where his comrade stood, the instant that he fell."

"Impenetrable" was hardly the correct term for our wood, however, since, opening off the track, we came across a delightful little glade, obviously made for the fairies to enjoy their moonlight revels. It formed a complete circle among the pines, and was thickly covered with the most luxuriant heather we had yet seen. Tiny little green trees grew here and there—scarcely higher than the heather itself—and, with the azure blue of a September sky in the background, the feast of colour was too lovely for words.

The "fairy dell" brought Joe out in a new light, and for a little we imagined that he was holding converse with the unseen inhabitants!

With head thrown back (an attitude frequently adopted during the Tour!!) he gazed up at the tree-tops and gave vent to various mysterious trills and whistling calls! The feathered denizens of the dell recognised at once a kindred soul, and during the rest of the walk the air was filled with the sweet music provided, free of charge, by Joe and his choir of birds!! It came out in evidence that our friend invariably rose at some unholy hour each morning, and went for a woodland ramble accompanied solely by his birds! One loves to dwell on the picture! The rest of the team sleeping more or less peacefully in bed, and the dear old Bohemian lapwing wandering through the woods chirping to the first sweet blush of early morn! The colloquial meaning attached to the word "bird" is not unknown to our friend, and one pictures him carolling

blithely the old Folk Melodies in a language only the birds could understand :—

Wär ich ein Vogelein,
Bald wollt' ich bei dir sein,
Scheut Falk' und Habicht nicht,
Flög schnell zu dir.

Schoss mich ein Jäger tot,
Fiel ich in deinen Schoss;
Sah'st du mich traurig an,
Gern stürb ich dann.

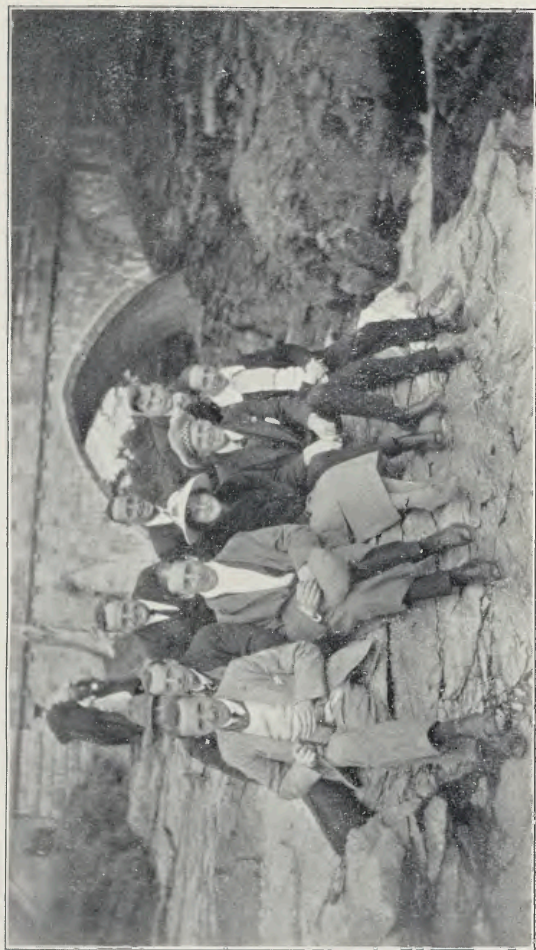
TRANSLATION—no extra charge!!
Would that a bird I were!
Soon would I speed through air,
Heeding not bird of prey,
Flying to thee.

If a shaft wounded me,
Close would I fall to thee;
Then, if one tear thou shed
Gladly would die!

Drive to Linn o' Dee.

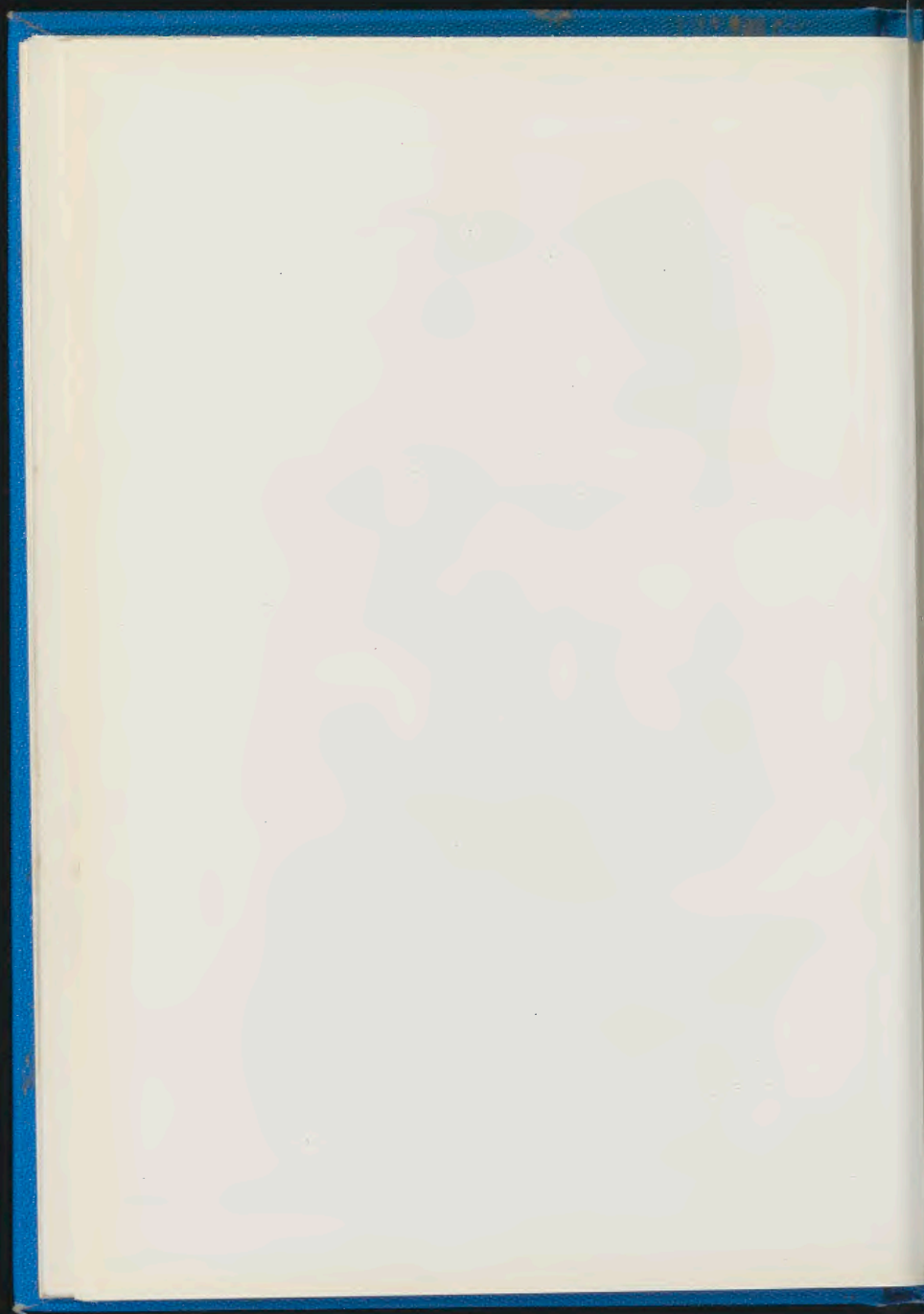
After lunch came *the* tit-bit of the whole tour, and no one who was fortunate enough to be of the party will readily forget this most delightful and memorable outing. The Skipper had booked two powerful Austin cars (the last word in ease and comfort), and we drove by Braemar to the Linn o' Dee, crossing the Dec at Balmoral Castle on the way home, and completing the journey by the far bank of the river. The weather was kind to us once more, and the scenery all the way along so perfect that we did not know what to admire most. The thickly-wooded banks of the river and the great stretches of purple moorland! The brilliant greens of the various trees, with here and there the warm russet tints where autumn had laid an arresting hand! And, behind all, the wonderful panorama of the glorious hills, towering in solemn and majestic grandeur over all the other beauties of Nature, and seeming, indeed, the very footstools of nature's God.

A great student of nature has said that the mountains are nature's treasure-house, her palaces, where her Creator prepares all her fairest glories and all her best works. One thinks this writer must have known that magnificent view over the lower hills and the moor, to where Ben Macdhui, Cairngorm and Cairntoul seem to meet the sky. Even the dark and forbidding slopes of Lochnagar seemed to have a less awe-inspiring effect in the cheering rays of the summer sun. The rocky cliffs, which rise sheer up from the road, showed sparkles like jewels instead of wearing their customary gloomy frown,



AT LINN OF DEE, BRAEMAR.

"Oh the little more and how much it is!"



and the sharp spear heads at the summit appeared to be charging the Heavens, and opening a way for the welcome sunlight to pour its glory down.

A wonderful scene indeed, and for once in a way cricket was entirely forgotten, and we steeped ourselves in the beauty of the fair world all around us. Some writer has beautifully said that only among the eternal hills, can the erring children of men find the peace and quiet they long for amid the dust and tumult of everyday life. All our worries and troubles seem to sink to insignificance beneath the benignant serenity of the hills, and the Great Spirit of the mountains breathes peace on weary hearts and troubled minds.

Various places of interest were pointed out to us by the Skipper (who is better than any guide book ever printed), and we duly admired the beauties of Abergeldie Castle, Crathie Church, Invercauld House and Mar Lodge. A short halt was called to enable us to descend to the Falls of Corriemulzie, but all too soon the Linn o' Dee was reached, and the party came down from the clouds again.

Interest concentrated on the vain endeavours of the salmon to jump the falls in order that they might reach the upper waters of the river, and one could not avoid the reflection,—“such were some of you!” Wearing themselves out by continual striving after the material things which they fondly imagine will bring content and happiness! Not only salmon do that! So fair and inviting seem the waters above the fall, and it never occurs to the striving fish, that the still quiet reaches of the lower river are infinitely more desirable than the rush and tumult higher up!

Tea at Braemar was the next incident, and after a visit to the amphitheatre where the famous Highland games are held, the party reluctantly re-embarked on the return journey to Ballater. Everyone was sorry to come to the end of such a perfect day, and our feelings of gratitude to the Skipper were none the less deep because we felt quite unable to express them in words.

It should perhaps be placed on record that a young lady who had been adopted as the team mascot was kind enough to accompany us on this outing, and the pleasure we all derived from her society added greatly to the success

of the drive. The crumbs from the rich men's table were eagerly snatched up by all who could get near them, and it is specially worthy of note that even douce John Mortimer broke a lance in the lists before the Tour came to an end!

As was only fitting, the evening was spent in quiet meditation, and we all felt that this most glorious day would indeed be marked with a white stone in our lives.

MONDAY, September 5th.

"Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily bend the stile a;
A merry heart goes all the day,
A sad one tires in a mile a."—*Winters Tale*.

Another fine morning was marked by the early arrival of reinforcements, which our far-seeing Skipper had arranged for before leaving Edinburgh. By getting up in the middle of Sunday night, A. E. Sellars was able to reach Ballater by 10 a.m. on Monday, and as Arthur is one of our veterans now, no more striking tribute to our worthy Captain's popularity could possibly be paid!

Our friend Beveridge came on from Aberdeen with the same train, and, though we did not require to avail ourselves of his services on the cricket field, we found him a most valuable aid during all the hard work after the matches!

Match with the Royal Household XI.

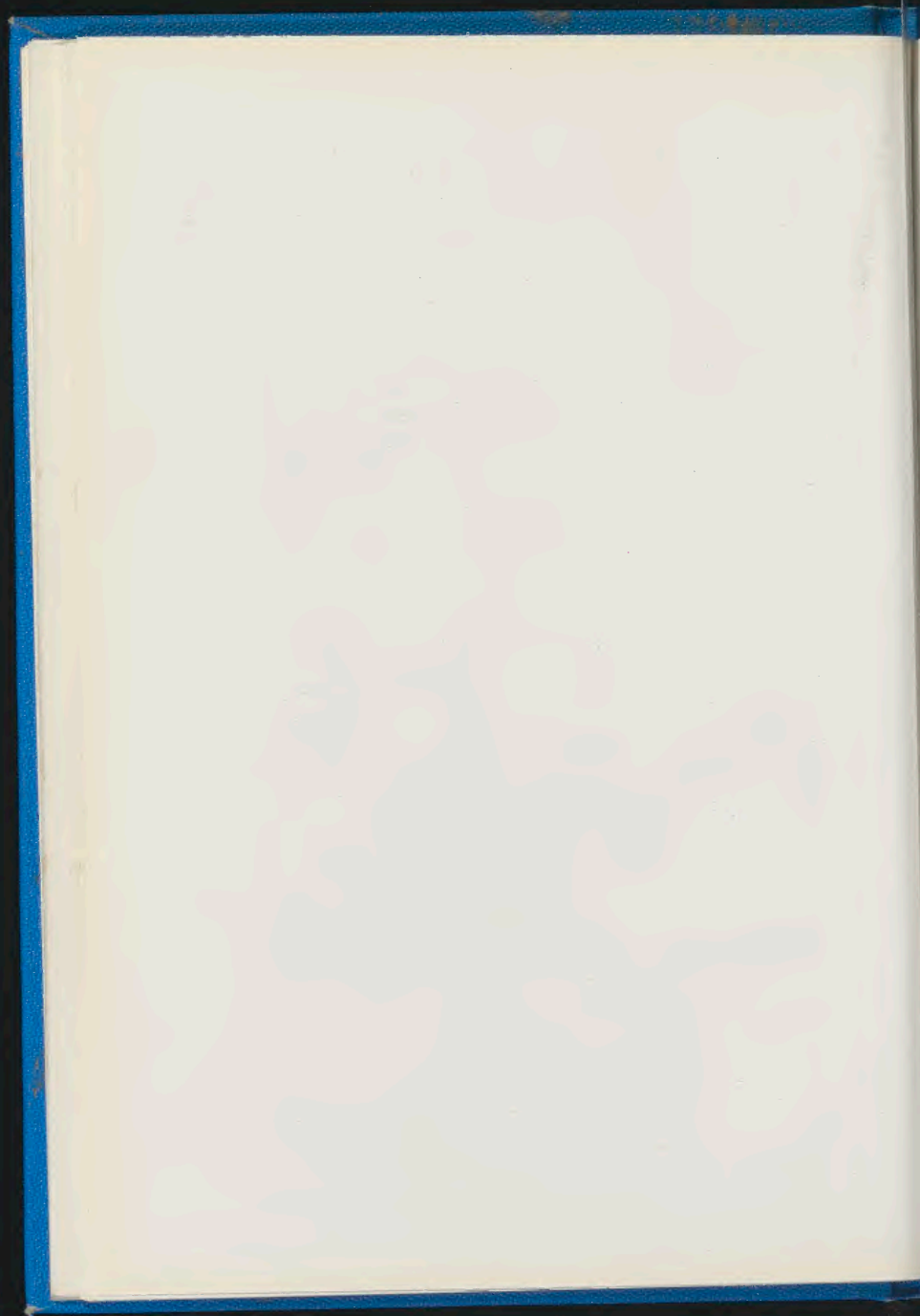
An early start was made for Balmoral, and the beautiful drive was greatly enjoyed by everyone. Once again we found the cricket ground ideally situated, and once again we found the wicket not exactly what we most desired.

Lovely springy turf (brought all the way from Cumberland) makes a beautiful stretch of green sward, but does not necessarily make a cricket pitch! Beautiful prospects of pine trees and hills are a never-failing source of delight, but they do not form the background a batsman would choose for the bowler to operate against! Given a week's practice beforehand, the wicket would have proved a batsman's paradise, since it was really so slow and easy that getting out would have been almost impossible. Without such practice, however, it was extremely difficult



DRAWING STUMPS !

Close of Play.—Linn of Dee.



to time the ball, and even when properly timed one might almost as well have hit it into a bank of soft mud !

Strengthened by the inclusion of Captain Alexander (the darling of this season's press !), and aided by mistakes in the field, our opponents made quite a good show before lunch. Our Skipper put in a splendid bowling performance against a gale of wind, but the dead wicket gave us no assistance, and our fielding was distinctly off colour.

A wonderful lunch at the Castle, however, gave us renewed strength for the fray, and we rattled the side out and had no difficulty in making the necessary runs. Two good catches by Woods were in pleasing contrast to our earlier efforts, and the Skipper again trundled against the wind in really marvellous fashion.

Big hitting by Joe Phillips was again a feature of our knock, and our Vice-Captain had also three 6 hits in his contribution of 47. John Mortimer once more played a patient and correct innings (his one-hand leg shots being greatly admired), and the later batsmen threw away their wickets by praiseworthy efforts to emulate Joe's mighty swipes. During the interval we were shown round the grounds and Castle, and our kind hosts left nothing undone to make our visit thoroughly enjoyable. Sherry, claret, whisky and beer were thrust upon us most liberally, and it is hardly necessary to mention that the Carlton side appreciated such kindness to the full !

An even later sitting than usual wound up the day, and when the last survivors finally retired to rest, the quotation supplied by the Vice-Captain was hailed as a most appropriate effort :—

“ . . . See ! What envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder East !
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops ! ”

—*Romeo and Juliet.*

Household match scores :—

HOUSEHOLD XI.

| | | | |
|---------------------------------------|-----|-----|----|
| Capt. Alexander, c Woods, b Sellars | ... | ... | 37 |
| A. Busby, lbw, b Stevenson | ... | ... | 5 |
| T. Seabright, c Paterson, b Stevenson | ... | ... | 1 |
| F. R. Daniels, b Paterson | ... | ... | 2 |
| G. Simpson, run out | ... | ... | 3 |
| Dr Robson, b Paterson | ... | ... | 16 |
| J. Wetherby, c Woods, b Paterson | ... | ... | 0 |
| P. Seaton, b Paterson | ... | ... | 2 |
| J. Copple, b Stevenson | ... | ... | 0 |
| R. Benstead, b Stevenson | ... | ... | 1 |
| J. Harris, b Paterson | ... | ... | 0 |
| C. Gillespie, not out | ... | ... | 0 |

Total ... 67

Paterson, five for 26; Stevenson, four for 24;
Sellars, one for 12.

CARLTON.

| | | | |
|--------------------------------------|-----|-----|----|
| A. Walker, c Daniels, b Busby | ... | ... | 3 |
| L. A. Woods, b Alexander | ... | ... | 28 |
| C. S. Paterson, lbw, b Alexander | ... | ... | 47 |
| J. E. Phillips, c Busby, b Alexander | ... | ... | 16 |
| J. Mortimer, c Benstead, b Seaton | ... | ... | 33 |
| N. L. Stevenson, b Busby | ... | ... | 3 |
| S. M. Sturgeon, run out | ... | ... | 13 |
| A. E. Sellars, b Seaton | ... | ... | 13 |
| A. B. Munro, c Daniels, b Benstead | ... | ... | 1 |
| C. C. Brown, b Benstead | ... | ... | 3 |
| G. G. S. G. Russell, not out | ... | ... | 7 |
| A. Wemyss, c Benstead, b Busby | ... | ... | 2 |
| Extras | ... | ... | 5 |

Total ... 174

TUESDAY, September 6th.

"Can'st thou not minister to a mind diseased,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of the perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?"—*Macbeth*.

"O, that men should put an enemy into their mouths
To steal away their brains!"—*Othello*.

Match v. Aboyne.

A lovely September morning. Clear sky and bright sunshine, with a touch of frost giving an invigorating nip





BALMORAL CASTLE (looking West).
 Messrs MUNRO, RUSSELL, SELLARS in Porch.
 Umpire M'LEAN in Foreground.



BALMORAL CASTLE (looking West).
 From Cricket Ground.



GROUP AT BALMORAL (After Lunch!).



MATCH v. ROYAL HOUSEHOLD.

C. S. Paterson bowling.



BALMORAL CASTLE (looking West).
 Messrs MUNRO, RUSSELL, SELLARS in Porch.
 Umpire M'LEAN in Foreground.



BALMORAL CASTLE (looking West).
 From Cricket Ground.

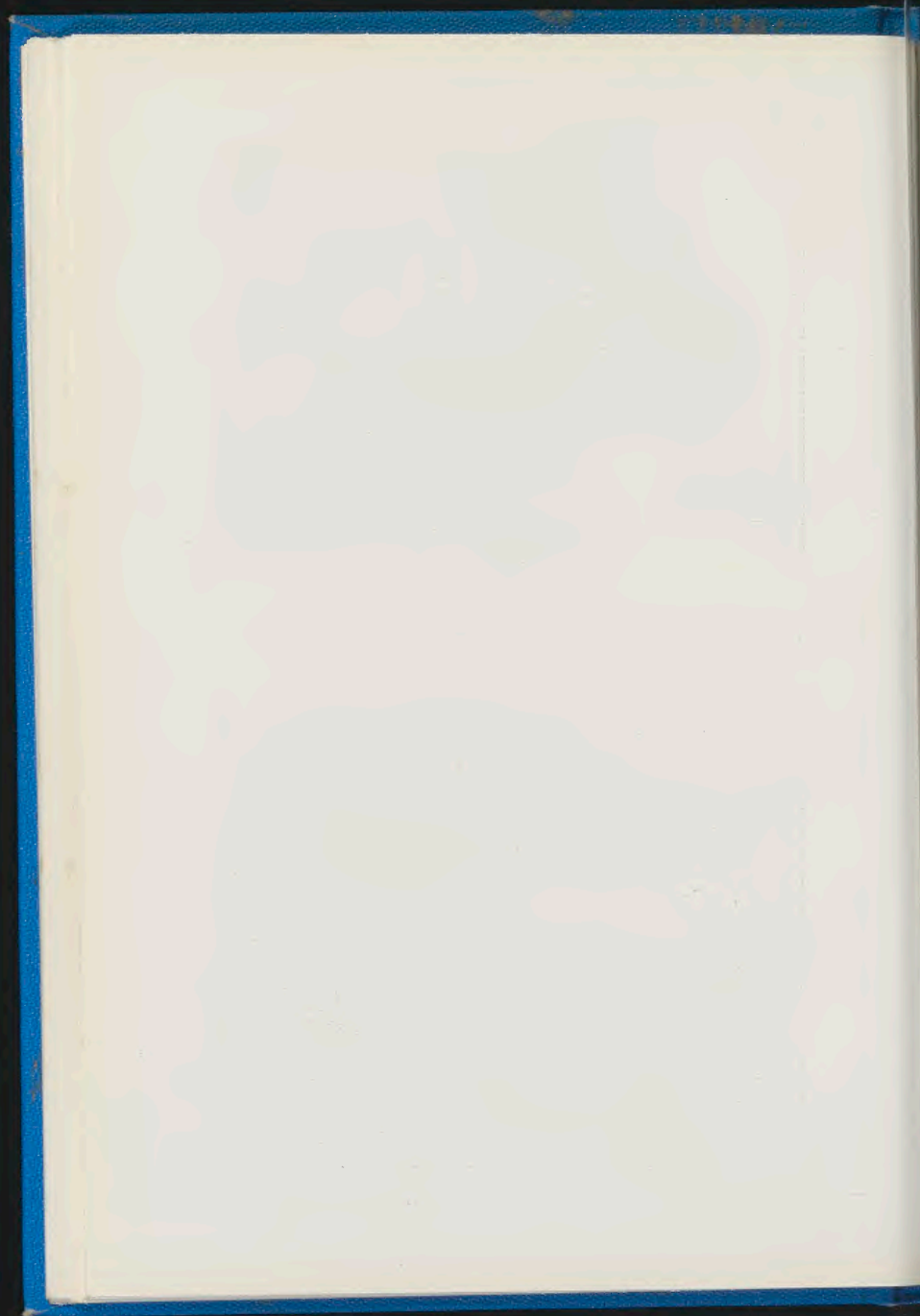


GROUP AT BALMORAL (After Lunch!).



MATCH *v.* ROYAL HOUSEHOLD.

C. S. Paterson bowling.



(badly needed!) to the air. Signs that the Tour was beginning to tell on us were particularly obvious this morning. Practically the whole side looked extremely jaded and weary, and even the indefatigable Joe had lost some of his customary early morning enthusiasm! The match was, unfortunately, due to start at 10.30, and loud protests were raised as we staggered slowly and painfully to the ground! Our opponents on this occasion had whipped up what was reputed to be a very hot side. Various English visitors, arrayed like Solomon in all his glory, were included; the Aberdeenshire XI. had contributed of its best, and, except for a fast bowler, the local Aboyne talent was conspicuous by its absence. The wicket, however, was even worse than that of Saturday, and we took heart of grace and pulled ourselves together for a final effort. Arthur Sellars, tired and weary though he was, put in one of the finest and most heroic efforts of his long career, and with our Vice-Captain almost unplayable on that quaint wicket, the opposition was disposed of for the low total of 50 runs! Needless to say, our fielding was "tourish" in the extreme,—a fact which makes the bowlers' performances all the more notable and praiseworthy. "Sturg." finished up by a clever stump, quite in his best style, but the ball unaccountably eluded his grasp in the earlier stages, while Woods caused great amusement by diving wildly and missing a catch which ought to have been into his mouth!

The movements of Joe in the country were even more lethargic than usual (though he did bring off one great catch), and the village critics duly recognised the fact by re-christening our friend "Stiffy"!!

Let us draw a veil over the fielding, however!

Our batsmen showed more inclination for sleeping in the sun than anything else, but we managed to scrape together quite a respectable total considering the difficulties under which we laboured! The general tired feeling was aptly expressed by one of our members, who was endeavouring to make up arrears of sleep in the pavilion. Enter Russell, who asks in accents of surprise: "Are you not feeling well?"!! Reply: "O, yes, quite all right, thanks. I only feel as though I were about to die,—that's all"!!

The Aboyne side went in for a second knock to play out time. Four wickets were captured,—John Mortimer bowling with his customary guile, and Russell hitting the stumps on one occasion with a ball that would have bowled W. G. Grace himself. Scores :—

ABOYNE.

| | | | |
|--|-----|-----|----|
| Col. St John, c Phillips, b Sellars ... | ... | ... | 1 |
| J. Farquhar, c Sellars, b Paterson ... | ... | ... | 5 |
| G. Dean, c Sturgeon, b Sellars ... | ... | ... | 1 |
| F. Schnadhurst, c Phillips, b Paterson ... | ... | ... | 9 |
| C. L. Miller, b Paterson ... | ... | ... | 5 |
| D. S. Cochrane, lbw, b Sellars ... | ... | ... | 1 |
| Comdr. St John, b Paterson ... | ... | ... | 0 |
| H. J. Lawson, st Sturgeon, b Sellars ... | ... | ... | 10 |
| F. J. Cochrane, b Paterson ... | ... | ... | 1 |
| G. Coutts, st Sturgeon, b Sellars ... | ... | ... | 10 |
| H. W. Bonner, not out ... | ... | ... | 3 |
| Extras ... | ... | ... | 4 |
| Total ... | | | 50 |

Paterson, five for 28; Sellars, five for 18.

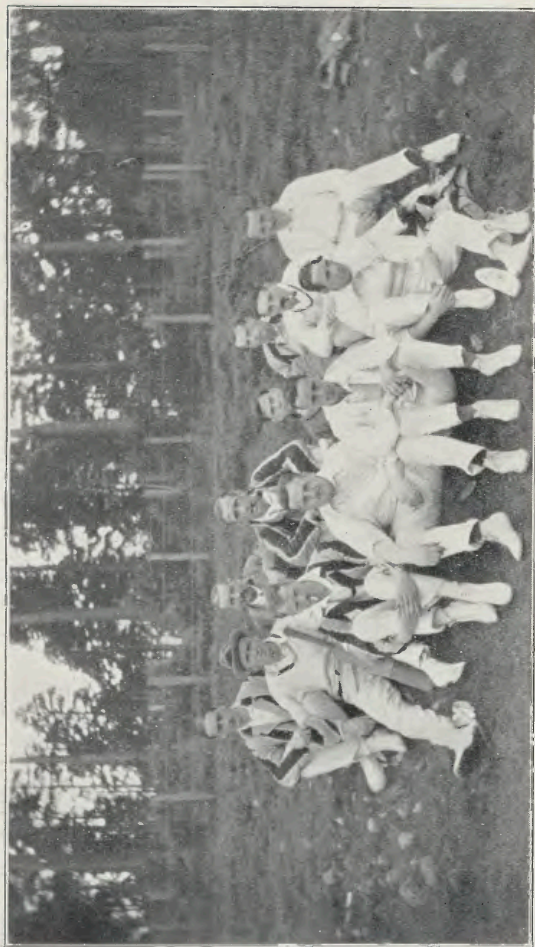
CARLTON.

| | | | |
|---|-----|-----|-----|
| J. E. Phillips, b Coutts ... | ... | ... | 0 |
| C. S. Paterson, c Cochrane, b Lawson ... | ... | ... | 11 |
| J. Mortimer, c Cochrane, b Miller ... | ... | ... | 27 |
| A. Walker, run out ... | ... | ... | 15 |
| N. L. Stevenson, c Schnadhurst, b Dean ... | ... | ... | 14 |
| L. A. Woods, c Cochrane, b Miller ... | ... | ... | 11 |
| S. M. Sturgeon, not out ... | ... | ... | 2 |
| A. E. Sellars, c and b Dean ... | ... | ... | 2 |
| G. G. S. G. Russell, c Farquhar, b Dean ... | ... | ... | 0 |
| A. B. Munro, c Cochrane, b Dean ... | ... | ... | 3 |
| A. Wemyss, lbw, b Dean ... | ... | ... | 4 |
| Extras ... | ... | ... | 15 |
| Total ... | | | 104 |

The remainder of the afternoon was spent in well-earned repose, and, even after tea, only the Skipper was sufficiently energetic to indulge in serious golf,—mixed foursomes proving quite strenuous enough for Walker and Jock!

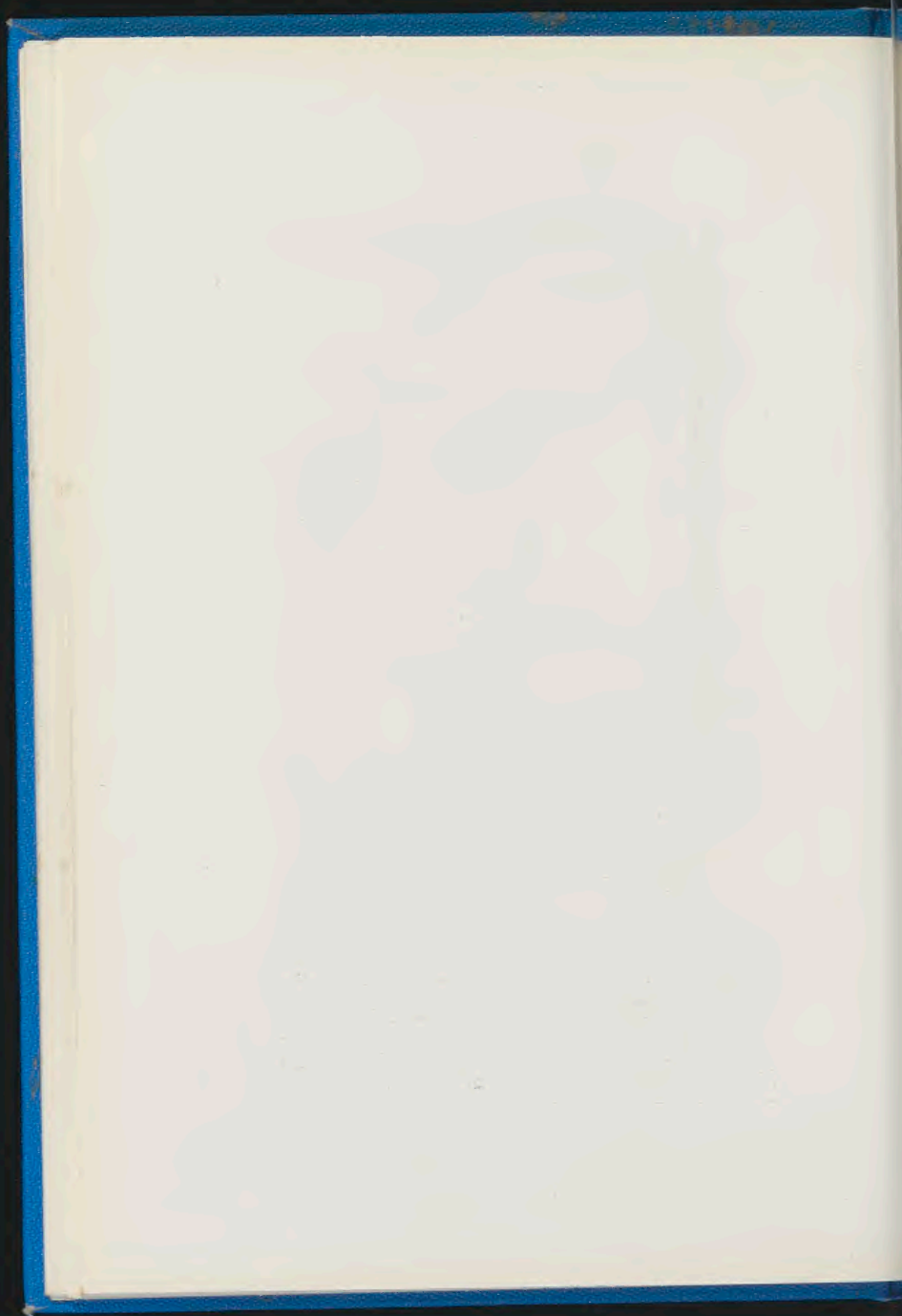
Official Finish Up.

The Tour was officially wound up by an impromptu concert and distribution of prizes at night. Arthur Sellars and Munro delighted everyone by their spirited



"PER ARDUA AD ASTRA."

Tuesday's Triumph—The Team of Tired Thirsty Tourists.



rendering of favourite songs; Jock Wemyss led the choruses with great vim and energy, and our tame poet's conversational efforts proved very useful in filling up gaps in the programme. Out of consideration for the mixed audience, the latter gentleman was persuaded to cut out his "Big Five" cricket recitation, but two of his war-time turns were new to us, and may, perhaps, be rescued from oblivion here.

Lines suggested by newspaper reports:—

(1) That a soldier who had lost his speech through shell-shock recovered on being kissed by a young lady!

Even in the desert dreary,
Green oases fertile grow;
And for pilgrims, faint and weary,
Streams of crystal waters flow.

So amid war's countless sorrows,
Some relief at times we find;
And the hope of bright to-morrows
Brings fresh cheer to heart and mind.

Here's a case! A soldier stricken
Dumb by fearsome blasts from Hell,
Osculates—his pulses quicken,
Speech returns, and all is well!

"Number nines" have lost their virtue!
"M. and D." is obsolete!
Cures for ills that flesh is heir to
Lie in the emotion's seat.

Now then, girls, can England's story
Touch a more harmonious chord?
War-work, though it brings no glory,
Sometimes is its own reward.

Curing thus all suffering brothers,
Ye are following precepts true;
Doing so unto those others
As you would they did to you!

C. S. P.

And (2) that a learned Society in New York had decided that love was a form of madness.

Restless minds across the ocean,
Have discovered something new;
I must hide my deep emotion,
If this latest scare prove true.

For, the story runs, when Cupid
 Binds us fast with golden chain;
 Then we are,—not merely stupid,—
 But incurably insane!

Yet the hours we spend with loved ones,
 Brighten up the darkest sky,
 And illumine our life journey,
 With a radiance from on high.

What though love be unrequited!
 Still within our hearts may shine,
 Rays which bring to men benighted,
 Visions of the love Divine.

Therefore, should some truth be hidden,
 In this Yankee yarn, I'll pray,
 That for me sense is forbidden,
 Madness is the better way!

C. S. P.

In presenting the undernoted prizes the Skipper was in great form, and a delighted audience was greatly entertained by his topical and eloquent remarks.

| | | |
|---|-----|-----------------|
| Prize for highest aggregate ... | ... | L. A. Woods. |
| „ „ best individual effort ... | ... | Joe Phillips. |
| „ „ cleverest blob ... | ... | G. G. Russell. |
| „ „ best non-cricket effort ... | ... | Jock Wemyss. |
| „ „ best fielding ... | ... | A. B. Munro. |
| „ „ kindness and long-suffering patience ... | ... | Mrs Lamont. |
| „ „ Christian endeavour ... | ... | C. S. Paterson. |

A hearty vote of thanks to our worthy umpire was then accorded with acclamation.

Mr MacLean, who was spending his holiday at Ballater, kindly officiated at the various games, and we were greatly indebted to him for devoting so much of his time to our affairs.

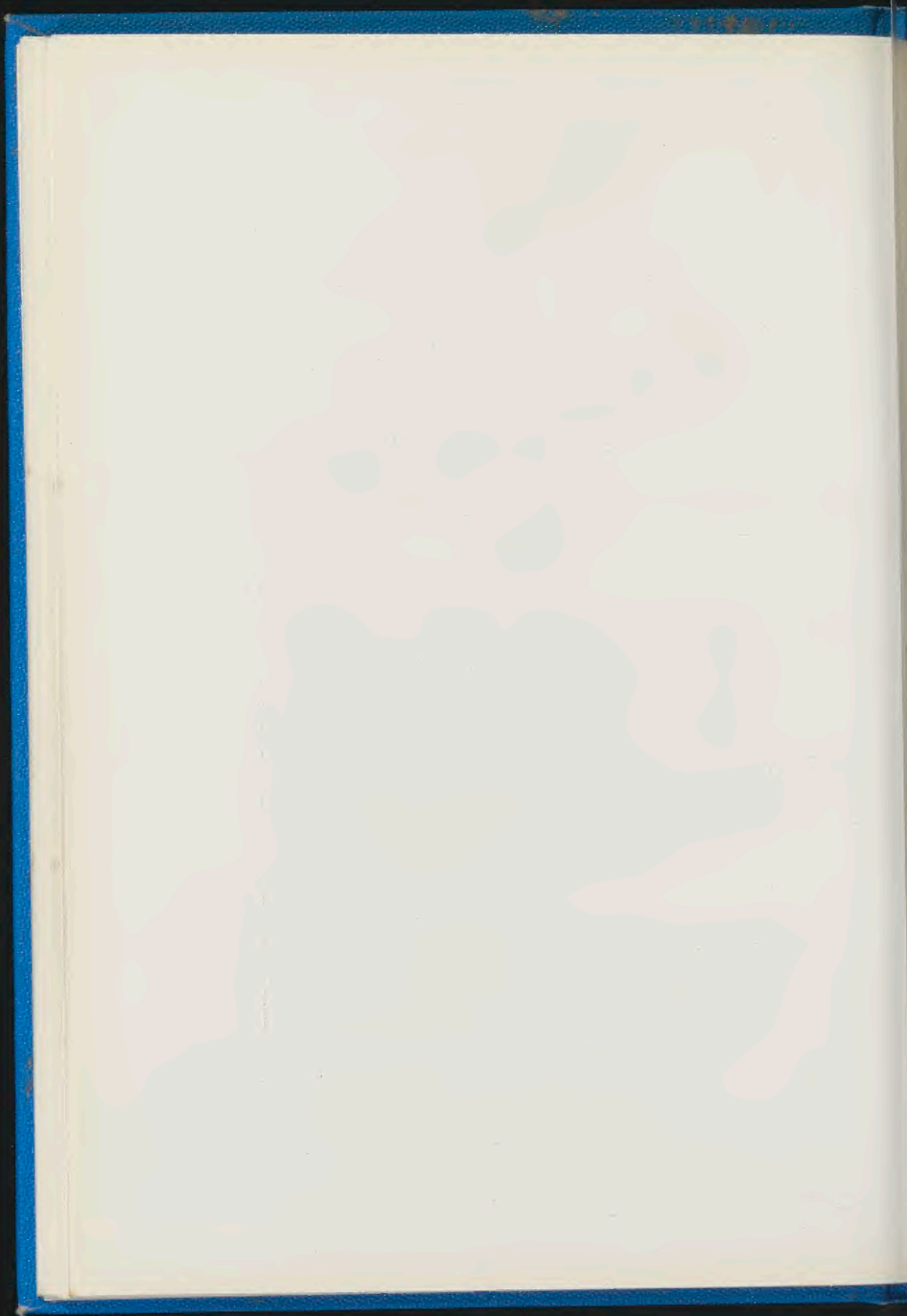
Another item not on the evening programme was the presentation of a small local token of esteem by the touring side to our worthy Skipper.

In handing this over, the Vice-Captain paid a well-deserved tribute to all Dr Stevenson's many services to the Carlton Club, and thanked him most heartily on behalf of the tourists, for all the care and trouble he had taken to make the Tour so very enjoyable. Great enthusiasm



HIGHLAND GAMES AT ABOYNE.

Charlie varies his pace !



prevailed, and after the Skipper had replied, a most successful and enjoyable evening was brought to a close by the inevitable dance.

WEDNESDAY, September 7th.

“And I shall thereupon
Take rest ere I be gone
Once more on my adventure brave and new;
Fearless and unperplexed,
When I wage battle next,
What weapons to select, what armour to indue.”
—R. BROWNING.

A quiet and peaceful day after the strenuous work of the week!

Messrs Woods and Russell departed early, but the rest of the party were very reluctant to tear themselves away from Ballater, and it was decided to stay on till after lunch. Golf filled up the forenoon for all who were staying on till Thursday; the others motored to the Highland Games at Aboyne, and returned by the Burn o' the Vat.

The same drive was taken in the afternoon by the survivors of the party, and it proved one more most delightful and interesting outing. The Games were not particularly exciting, but the Burn o' the Vat is supposed to have been one of Rob Roy's many hiding places, and a more wild and beautiful refuge it would be difficult to find.

A comparatively quiet evening finished off the day, and after saying “good-bye” to our many new friends we retired feeling very sorry indeed that the Tour was now a thing of the past.

The most enjoyable holidays must, unfortunately, come to an end sooner or later, but our main regret was that other arrangements did not permit of our staying longer at Ballater even though the cricket was finished. We enjoyed every minute of the time spent there, and, though Dr Stevenson has no doubt conducted in the past more ambitious tours from the cricket point of view, it is beyond question that he has never conducted a team the members

of which enjoyed themselves more than we did this year. Our grateful thanks go out to the Skipper for this most memorable Tour in his Highland home, and we can only hope that, in giving us all such great pleasure, he has found some little reward for all his labours on our behalf.

The touring party was made up as follows :—

| | |
|----------------------|----------------|
| N. L. Stevenson. | G. G. Russell. |
| C. S. Paterson. | L. A. Woods. |
| A. Walker. | A. B. Munro. |
| J. E. Phillips. | C. C. Brown. |
| A. E. Sellars. | A. Wemyss. |
| S. M. Sturgeon. | J. Mortimer. |
| Mr MacLean (Umpire). | |

In conclusion, we may, perhaps, note that the Tour wound up what has been *the* most successful season in all the long and glorious history of the Carlton C.C. Our post-war run of successful years shows no signs of falling off, and this season we have gone one better than even the great record of 1920. Long may the Club continue its successful career, and long may the one and only Dr Stevenson continue to lead us to fresh and more glorious triumphs.

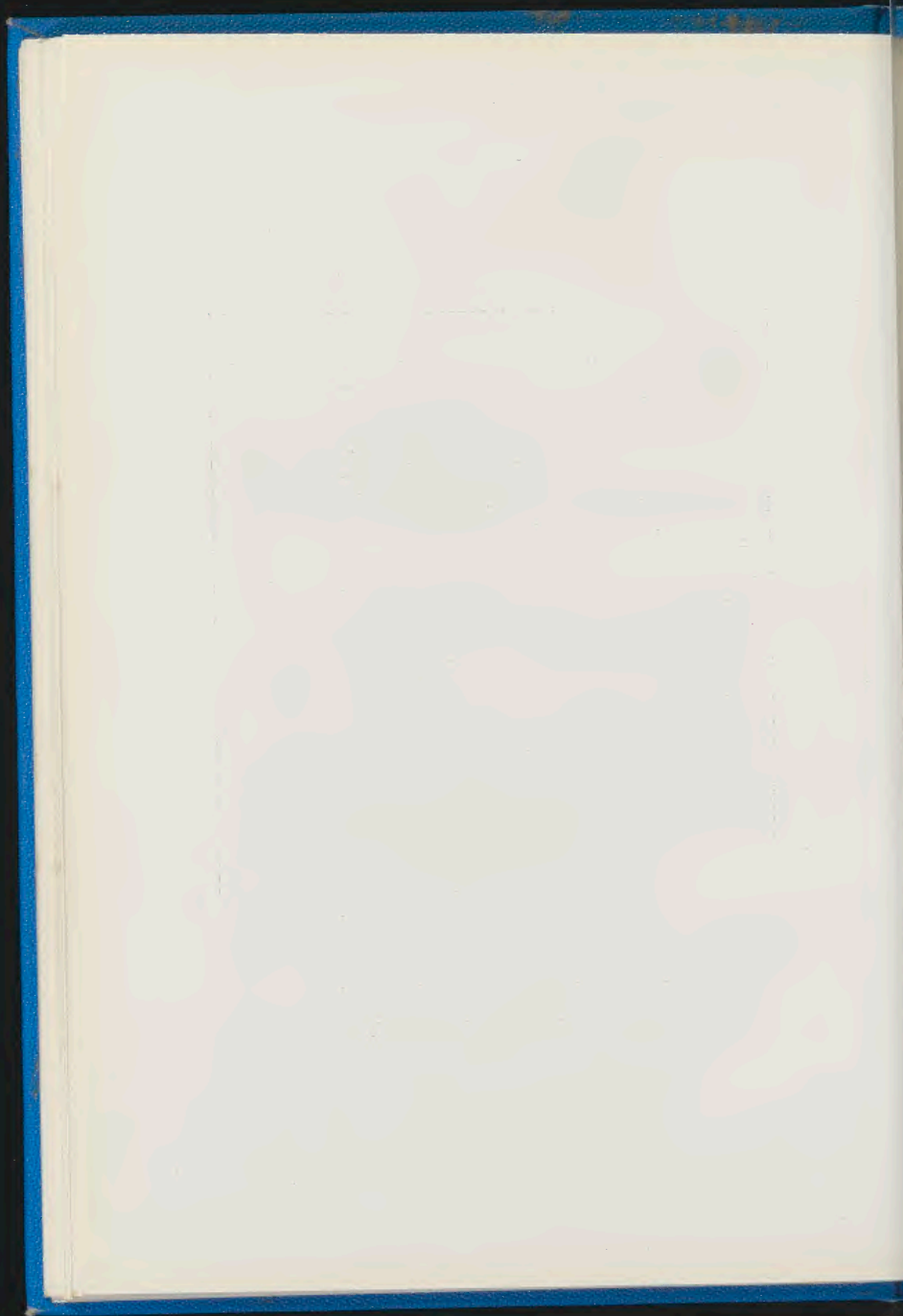
The complete record for the season is as follows :—

| Matches played. | Won. | Lost. | Drawn. | Runs scored by us. | Runs scored by opponents. |
|-----------------|------|-------|--------|-----------------------|------------------------------|
| 27 | 24 | 1 | 2 | 5040 for 208 wkts. | 2508 for 268 wkts. |



BY THE SIDE OF THE DEE.

Craigandaroch in background.



A RÉSUMÉ OF THE SEASON.

BY THE CAPTAIN.

After reading our Vice-Captain's delightful record of the Northern Tour, it occurred to me that I might venture to publish at the same time a few notes from myself on the results of this most successful season. My principal reason for doing so is that I should like to take this opportunity of thanking every member of the Club, both playing and honorary alike, for the whole-hearted support they have given me. I ascribe all the success of the "Eleven" to this—the loyalty and support of the players and the hearty co-operation of every member. This has made my duty and responsibility a real pleasure,—and that, added to the honour of captaining the Carlton, is in itself a real reward.

Looking back over the many years I do not remember cricketers having a finer summer or one so full of incident, and, to Scottish Cricketers, so full of promise. If I may single out some of the pleasant features of the Carlton season I would give precedence to the renewal of our fixtures with the Watsonians and Edinburgh University. We all derived the greatest satisfaction from these matches and the good feeling that was evident between the clubs.

The University treated us with the greatest hospitality, and we had a most enjoyable game.

The Watsonians did us the honour of visiting Grange Loan, and, if they derived half the pleasure of renewing the acquaintanceship that we did, then I am sure it augurs well for the future. Another feature of the season was a visit of Rotarians from all over the world to Grange Loan.

In beautiful weather our park looked at its best, and with the Band of the 2nd Royal Scots playing selections, the garden party was a great success, and the match with Merchiston will long be remembered.

The results and records of the season speak for themselves, and the details given earlier on are far more eloquent than any words of mine could be. As usual, we had one unaccountable off-day, when nothing went right

for us, but the uncertainty of cricket is one of its greatest charms, and the unexpected and solitary defeat did us a world of good.

It is specially worthy of note that we won no fewer than fourteen matches in succession at the start of the season, and, as in 1920, our scalps included those of Aberdeenshire, Forfarshire and Perthshire. Our final figures read:—27 matches played—24 won, 1 lost, 2 drawn, and if we were to add this to the total results of the last two seasons we would discover that the Club had played 72 card matches, of which no less than 62 had been won, 2 lost and 8 drawn: as a writer in the "Scottish Field" says, these are "abnormal figures."

Well, these successes I ventured to suggest were entirely due to the good feeling amongst the Club members, and so long as that continues the Club will flourish. Personally, I have received the greatest support from everyone, but from none more than my worthy "Vice," who has backed me up and helped in every way.

At this juncture I should like to point out his own wonderful performance, which, I think I am correct in saying, has never been equalled in Scottish cricket—that is the making of a thousand runs and taking a hundred wickets for the Club in one season—this Mr C. S. Paterson has done.

Mr Alexander Walker has been one of the most consistent and accomplished batsmen this season, and was on a level with Mr Paterson in that department.

Another of the most pleasing incidents I have to chronicle was the return late in the season of the other member of the "Old Firm"—Mr G. W. Jupp—a name that requires no introduction to Carlton or Scottish cricket. He has shown all his former skill in spite of the little practice he had, so I look forward to see him equalling his old performances next season. We were fortunate enough to have the services of that finished cricketer, Dr R. E. Batson, who played many splendid innings.

Drs J. E. Phillips and H. D. Wright were great acquisitions, the former who, in the matter of hitting "sixes" wherever he goes, has made a big name for himself, and is a prime favourite.

There is no greater star in the team, however, to my mind, than our gallant little wicket keeper, S. M. Sturgeon, and his performances behind the stumps stamped him the best man in that position in Scotland. Arthur Sellars continued to bowl as only he can, and was largely responsible for the small scores made by our opponents.

In my opinion the following were the most meritorious performances of the season :—

1. C. S. Paterson's bowling v. Greenock.
2. Do. Do. v. Drumpellier.
3. A. E. Sandall, 46 not out v. Perthshire.
4. H. D. Wright and S. M. Sturgeon, last wicket stand v. Glasgow Academicals.
5. A. Walker and C. S. Paterson, 2nd wicket stand v. West of Scotland.
6. S. M. Sturgeon's wicket-keeping v. Greenock.
7. A. S. Cairns' hat-trick v. Penicuik.

A word of praise must be given to our old friend A. S. Cairns, because Sandy was doing yeoman service accompanying the "A" XI. and giving the young cricketers the benefit of the advice of the best all-round cricketer of his time.

Many fine innings he has played this year, and his wonderful bowling performance v. Penicuik, — when he took four wickets with five balls, — showed his hand had not lost its old cunning. It was only his own desire that kept him out of the 1st XI., but the work he has done has been invaluable to the Club.

It would not do to omit mentioning the hard work done by our Honorary Members and lady friends. It would be invidious to select, but one must take notice of the hard and unselfish work performed by our tea convener—Mr H. H. Gracie, and his assistant, Mr Mackenzie Fortune. Mr Gracie, Saturday after Saturday, gave up his whole time to our affairs, and in assisting the ladies to prepare and arrange tea he rendered splendid services and added greatly to the comfort and enjoyment of everyone at our matches.

As usual, we received invaluable support from our Officials and Honorary Members, and were always delighted to welcome them at Grange Loan. Mr T. F. Taylor made an ideal President, both on match days and in Committee business matters,—perhaps his best effort being the reception and entertainment of U.S.A. visitors on the occasion of the Rotarian invasion. I should also like to record our most grateful thanks to the following :—

Our Vice-President, Mr Wm. W. Forsyth, for the handsome seats erected on the north side of the ground.

Mr James Hunter, who presented us with comfortable chairs for the tea enclosure.

Mr James Croall, for his kindness in providing us with a horse each season.

Mr D. Millar, for the great improvement made to the ground and pavilion.

Mr Rutherford Fortune, for propaganda work and doing the honours at Grange Loan.

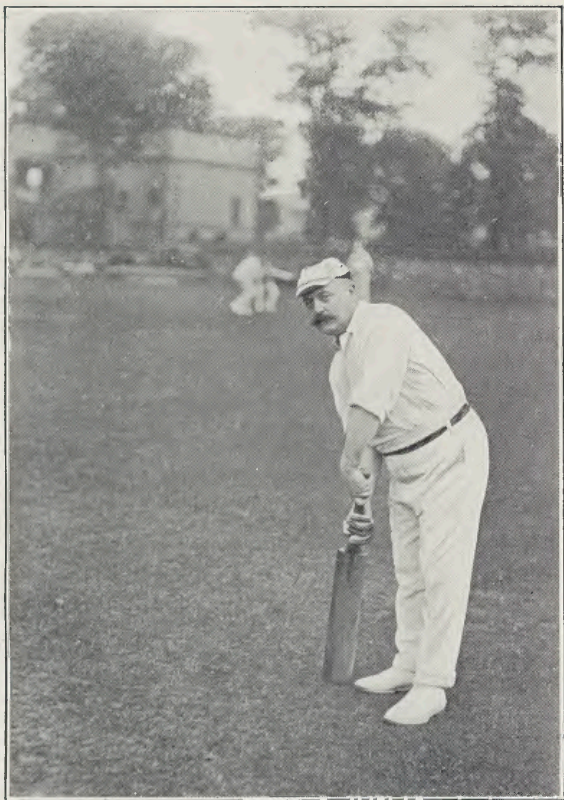
And last, but not least, to all the ladies and gentlemen who kindly provided teas for the matches at Grange Loan.

I come now to the really vital point which is my chief object in addressing you.

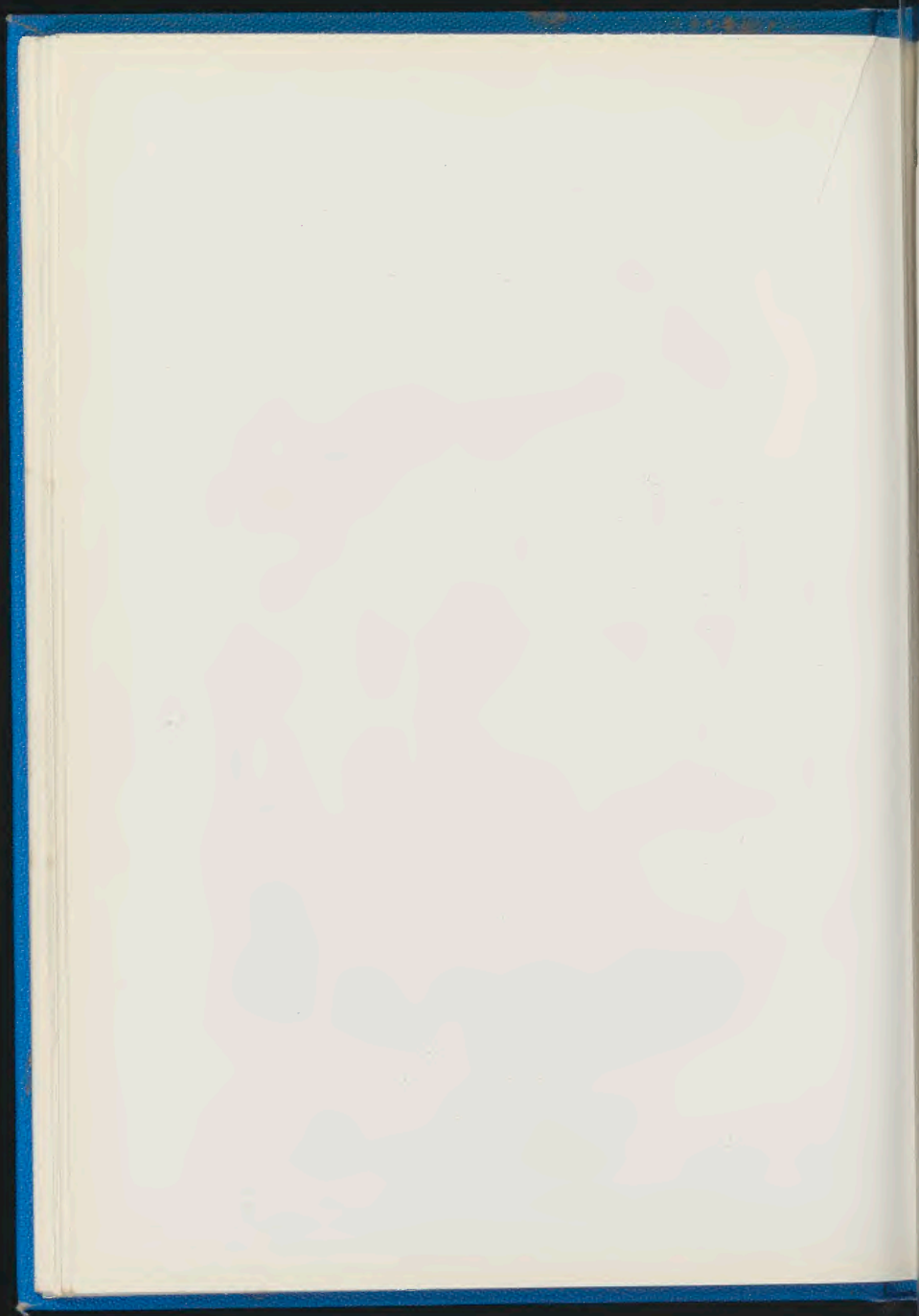
I should like to bring to the notice of every member of the Club the precarious existence of our tenure at Grange Loan, and ask them what would happen to the grand old Club if we had to leave the beautiful ground with which so many glorious memories are associated. Next season is our sixtieth anniversary, and I have been suggesting that we should have another Fancy Fair such as was held in 1912—our jubilee—when we raised enough funds to lay out the present field. By so doing we might make enough, with other help, to buy Grange Park, and I am perfectly sanguine if we get the hearty co-operation of all the members and friends of the Club, and friends of the game of cricket, well directed and well supported, this would be an undoubted success.

Personally, nothing would give me greater pleasure than to be able to see at the end of my thirtieth Carlton year the ground of Grange Park the property of my life-long love, the Carlton Cricket Club.

N. L. S.



A. S. CAIRNS.



SONG.

"Carlton Cricket Club."

The following old song was presented by Mr Tomlinson of Loretto to Dr N. L. Stevenson when the Club were playing the School. The old manuscript was rather the worse of wear, so to preserve an interesting historical relic we venture to give some of the verses here. The song appears to have been written in the year 1865, but there is no record as to the name of the author, or whether he met with the reward he richly deserved !!

1. To celebrate another year, the Carlton meet once more
With bright and happy memories of 1864.
We've been as busy all the year as bees within a hive,
And we thrashed the best of cricket clubs in 1865.

CHORUS—

Hurrah! then, for the Carlton Club,
Hurrah! then, for the blue;
We've shewn all other clubs this year
What the Carlton can do.

2. Of those we met in other times, this year we met a few;
And made all those who beat us then, this year look rather blue;
But what our happy moments and our pleasure most alloys
Is that we've met not on the field the famous Mr Moyes.
3. The High School took our challenge for the 20th of May,
But soon their timbers were disturbed by Pearson and by Gray;
No doubt they cut a figure that they thought was very fine,
But the duffers left their stumps behind for a score of 29.
4. I scarce know how to tell you of the scores that then were made,
How Taylor and how Goatly and left-hand Jamie played,
While Pearson with his brilliant hits ran up a heavy score,
And left Vice-Capt. Douglas not out for 34.
5. We sought with hopes of victory the Caledonian field,
And notwithstanding all their skill they were obliged to yield.
The Carlton fielded gaily, Gray and Taylor took the ball,
And Hight made the 7/6 to bound against the wall.
6. That day the Caledonian of batsmen had the crack,
But with dismay upon each face our bowlers sent them back;
And even Geordie Hatton had the very worst of luck,
For in both innings that he had he only made a "duck."

7. We rose one summer morning to renew the cricket strife,
We crossed to Burntisland, and then to Cupar-Fife;
To view the beauties of the town right merrily we sped,
But how could we be lively when the cricket ground was dead.
8. The Cupar took the batting, the Carlton the ball,
And to our great astonishment we saw the wickets fall;
But, then, we were no better, for scarcely had begun
When we found we had finished with a score of 21.
9. We all went up to dinner, and then sat down to dine,
And nobly pledged each other in a glass of sherry wine,
Except those gentle creatures who of spirits are afraid,
And who nearly blew themselves to bits with drinking lemonade.
10. Once more we took our station, and the Cupar men went in,
It was a heartsome sight to see the wickets spin;
But when the game was finished in our favour, with a cheer
We drank the Cupar Cricket Club in a round of bitter beer.
11. The Franklin tried our mettle, but they lost their old renown;
When Jamie took the ball in hand the stumps came whistling
down;
And had the night not fallen then, and finished up the score,
They'd have gotten such a thrashing as they never got before.
12. Then came the Caledonian all anxious to retrieve
Their honour they had lost before; and, would you just believe,
They thought on this occasion they'd make some great advance,
But with Duncan and Tom Pearson they never got the chance
13. We wearied of the city, so to Stirling town we went,
And in that old romantic town some happy hours we spent
With some other of our members who had come our ranks to
swell—
Macfarlane, Geordie Dobson, and our umpire Robert Bell.
14. They sent us in, and by my word, the game looked rather queer,
And for the honour of our club we had begun to fear,
Till M'Kenzie sent them running by many a patent drive,
And John Johnstone showed his prowess by a mighty swipe for 5.
15. But Stirling got a fright that day, for Taylor's play was keen,
And Jamie Gray's artillery was dreadful to be seen;
And each one seemed afraid he'd get an awful knock—
But, then, Captain Yellowlees, he was the boy to block.
16. This was the last match that we played abroad or yet at home,
For each one on his holidays thought proper now to roam.
But now we've met together to enjoy the "ship's" good cheer,
And to drink to all the matches that we hope to win next year.

LEADING BATSMEN AND BOWLERS.



The following list gives the leading batsmen and bowlers from 1894:

| | | BATTING. | BOWLING. |
|----------|-----|------------------|------------------|
| 1894 | - - | R. BLACKADDER. | —, JONES. |
| 1895 | - - | R. BLACKADDER. | J. SWAN. |
| 1896 | - - | N. L. STEVENSON. | N. L. STEVENSON. |
| 1897 | - - | R. G. SELBY. | D. M'LAURIN. |
| 1898 | - - | R. BLACKADDER. | N. L. STEVENSON. |
| 1899 | - - | G. W. JUPP. | —, PARKES. |
| 1900 | - - | G. W. JUPP. | N. L. STEVENSON. |
| 1901 | - - | G. W. JUPP. | N. L. STEVENSON. |
| 1902 | - - | G. W. JUPP. | N. L. STEVENSON. |
| 1903 | - - | G. W. JUPP. | N. L. STEVENSON. |
| 1904 | - - | G. W. JUPP. | N. L. STEVENSON. |
| 1905 | - - | D. M'LAURIN. | N. L. STEVENSON. |
| 1906 | - - | G. W. JUPP. | N. L. STEVENSON. |
| 1907 | - - | G. W. JUPP. | N. L. STEVENSON. |
| 1908 | - - | G. W. JUPP. | N. L. STEVENSON. |
| 1909 | - - | G. W. JUPP. | N. L. STEVENSON. |
| 1910 | - - | G. W. JUPP. | G. W. JUPP. |
| 1911 | - - | H. S. WALKER. | G. W. JUPP. |
| 1912 | - - | J. W. SORRIE. | G. W. JUPP. |
| 1913 | - - | C. S. PATERSON. | C. S. PATERSON. |
| 1914 | - - | J. W. SORRIE. | N. L. STEVENSON. |
| The War. | | | |
| 1919 | - - | J. W. SORRIE. | D. MACDONALD. |
| 1920 | - - | C. S. PATERSON. | A. E. SELLARS. |
| 1921 | - - | C. S. PATERSON. | N. L. STEVENSON. |

Standard 10 innings and 20 wickets.

AVERAGES FOR LAST THREE YEARS.

1919.

BATTING.

| | No. of Innings. | Times not out. | Highest score. | Total runs. | Aver. |
|----------------------|--------------------|-------------------|-------------------|----------------|-------|
| J. W. SORRIE ... | 16 | 2 | 109 | 673 | 48.0 |
| G. D. CUNNINGHAM ... | 16 | 6 | 104* | 471 | 47.1 |
| N. L. STEVENSON ... | 9 | 4 | 24 | 131 | 26.2 |
| A. J. REID ... | 15 | 4 | 71 | 279 | 25.3 |
| A. WALKER ... | 7 | 0 | 51 | 174 | 24.8 |
| C. S. PATERSON ... | 9 | 1 | 93* | 178 | 22.2 |
| A. S. CAIRNS ... | 12 | 2 | 67 | 206 | 20.6 |
| G. T. PATERSON ... | 11 | 1 | 45 | 222 | 22.2 |
| S. FORSYTH ... | 13 | 1 | 50 | 241 | 20.0 |
| D. M'DONALD ... | 9 | 3 | 23 | 94 | 15.5 |
| G. B. GOURLAY ... | 6 | 2 | 15 | 49 | 12.2 |

BOWLING.

| | Wickets. | Runs. | Average. |
|---------------------|----------|-------|----------|
| D. M'DONALD ... | 56 | 401 | 7.16 |
| A. E. SELLARS ... | 33 | 270 | 8.18 |
| N. L. STEVENSON ... | 13 | 124 | 9.6 |
| J. W. SORRIE ... | 10 | 96 | 9.6 |
| S. FORSYTH ... | 20 | 194 | 9.7 |
| C. S. PATERSON ... | 25 | 301 | 12.04 |

1920.

BATTING.

| | No. of Innings. | Times not out. | Highest score. | Total runs. | Aver. |
|----------------------|--------------------|-------------------|-------------------|----------------|-------|
| J. E. PHILLIPS ... | 7 | 2 | 120* | 236 | 47.20 |
| C. S. PATERSON ... | 24 | 7 | 110* | 751 | 44.17 |
| J. W. SORRIE .. | 24 | 2 | 106 | 766 | 34.81 |
| N. L. STEVENSON ... | 14 | 7 | 103* | 200 | 28.57 |
| G. D. CUNNINGHAM ... | 25 | 4 | 62 | 589 | 28.04 |
| R. M. GOURLAY ... | 19 | 7 | 102* | 327 | 27.25 |
| S. FORSYTH ... | 19 | 0 | 72 | 406 | 21.36 |
| A. WALKER ... | 23 | 2 | 62* | 429 | 20.42 |

BOWLING.

| | O. | M. | R. | W. | Aver. |
|---------------------|-------|----|-----|-----|-------|
| A. E. SELLARS ... | 374.3 | 88 | 825 | 119 | 7.17 |
| N. L. STEVENSON ... | 127 | 17 | 161 | 16 | 10.16 |
| J. W. SORRIE ... | 39 | 12 | 105 | 10 | 10.5 |
| C. S. PATERSON ... | 23.6 | 99 | 571 | 54 | 10.57 |

* Signifies not out.

1921.

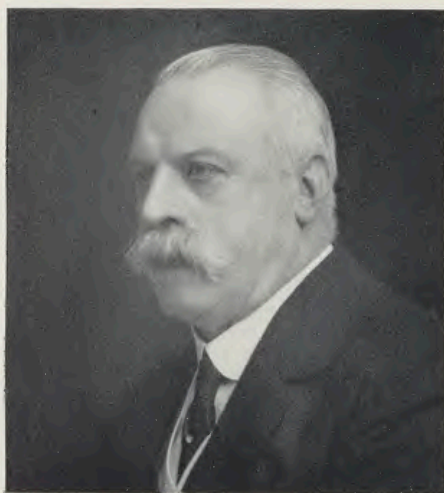
BATTING.

| | No. of Innings. | Times not out. | Highest score. | Total runs. | Aver. |
|---------------------|--------------------|-------------------|-------------------|----------------|-------|
| G. W. JUPP ... | 7 | 1 | 72 | 230 | 38.33 |
| C. S. PATERSON ... | 27 | 2 | 138* | 944 | 37.76 |
| A. WALKER ... | 24 | 1 | 102 | 816 | 35.47 |
| R. E. BATSON ... | 17 | 1 | 91 | 527 | 32.93 |
| A. E. SANDELL ... | 10 | 3 | 64 | 214 | 30.57 |
| J. W. SORRIE ... | 16 | 1 | 86 | 329 | 21.93 |
| J. E. PHILLIPS ... | 23 | 0 | 47 | 463 | 20.23 |
| G. T. PATERSON ... | 16 | 4 | 44 | 233 | 19.41 |
| H. D. WRIGHT ... | 13 | 4 | 38* | 139 | 15.44 |
| N. L. STEVENSON ... | 17 | 3 | 35* | 141 | 10 |
| S. M. STURGEON ... | 15 | 5 | 16* | 71 | 7.88 |

BOWLING.

| | O. | M. | R. | W. | Aver. |
|---------------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|-------|
| N. L. STEVENSON ... | 110 | 31 | 225 | 32 | 7 |
| C. S. PATERSON ... | 397 | 120 | 726 | 102 | 7.1 |
| H. D. WRIGHT ... | 103 | 25 | 239 | 27 | 8.8 |
| A. E. SELLARS ... | 236 | 53 | 610 | 61 | 10 |

* Signifies not out.



T. F. TAYLOR, President, 1921-22.

OFFICE-BEARERS, 1922.

President.

T. F. TAYLOR, Esq.

Vice-President.

WM. W. FORSYTH, Esq.

Captain.

Dr N. L. STEVENSON.

Vice-Captain.

C. S. PATERSON.

Hon. Secretary.

G. T. PATERSON.

Hon. Treasurer.

A. WALKER.

Captain "A" XI.

G. G. S. G. RUSSELL.

Committee.

A. H. HAMILTON.

A. S. CAIRNS.

J. W. SORRIE.

JAMES TULLO.

STUART FORSYTH.

G. W. JUPP.

Selection Committee.

CAPTAIN.

A. S. CAIRNS.

VICE-CAPTAIN.

J. E. PHILLIPS.

J. W. SORRIE.

G. W. JUPP.



CORNER OF FIELD, GRANGE LOAN.

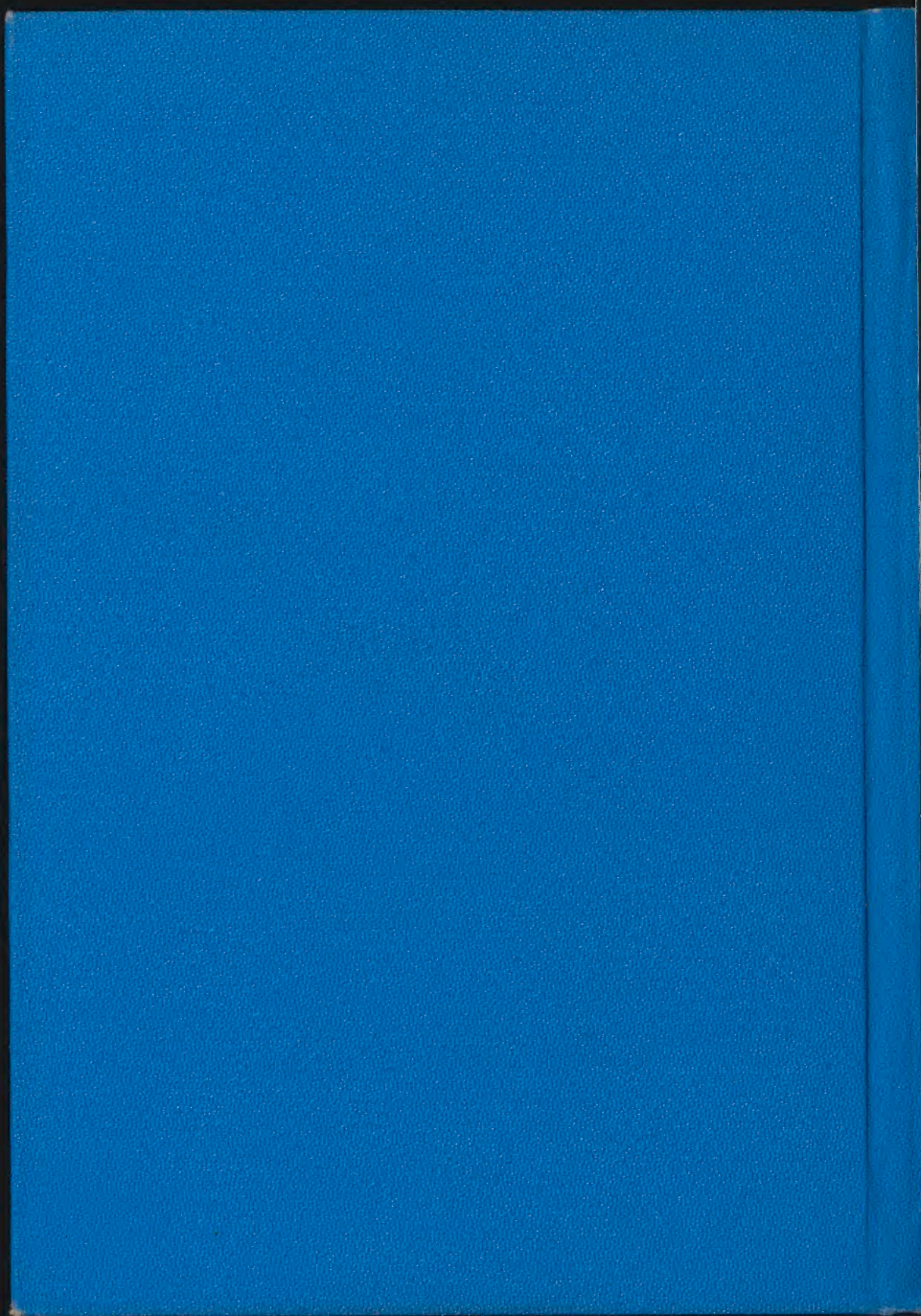
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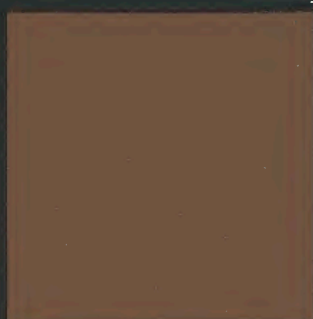








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