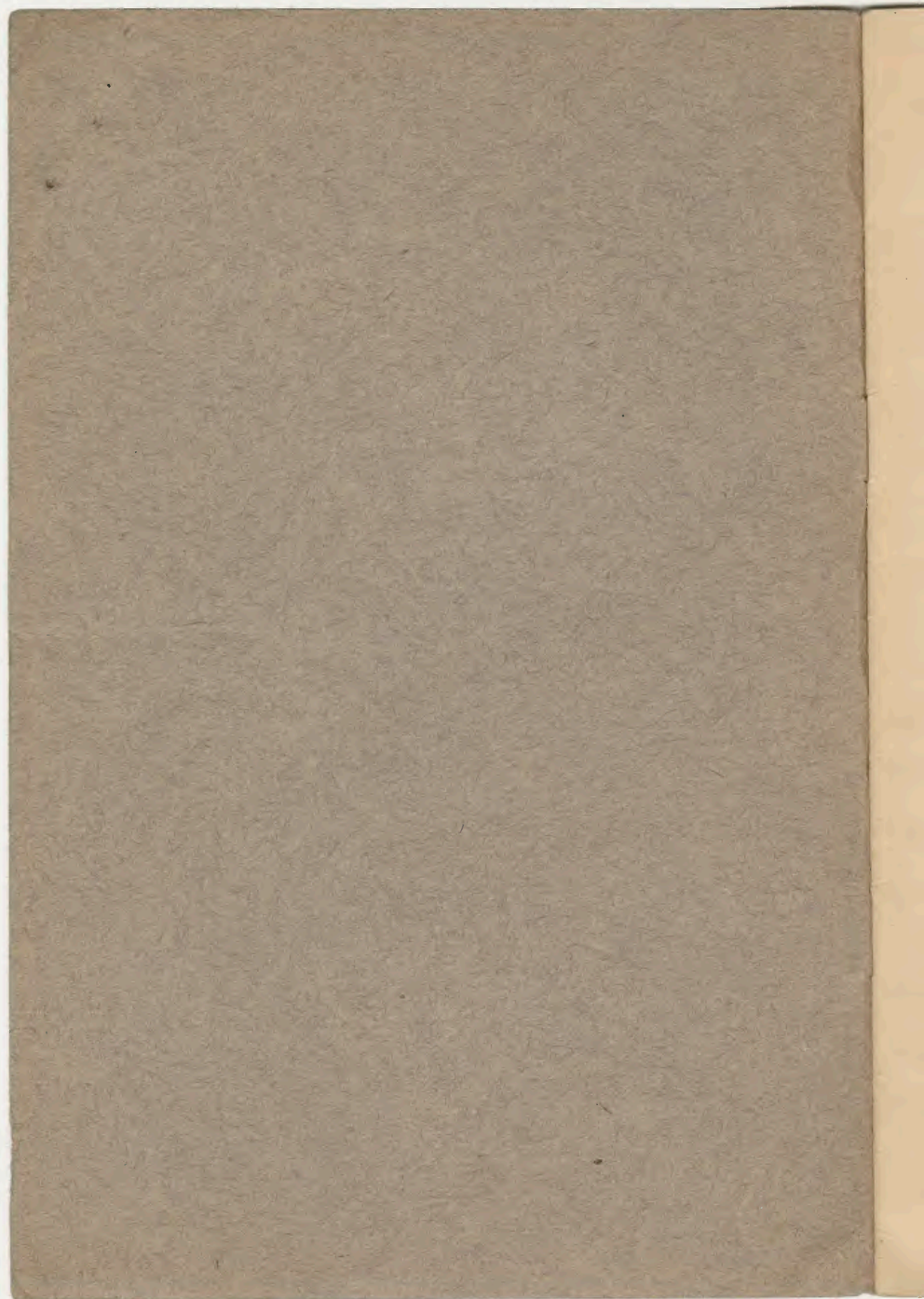


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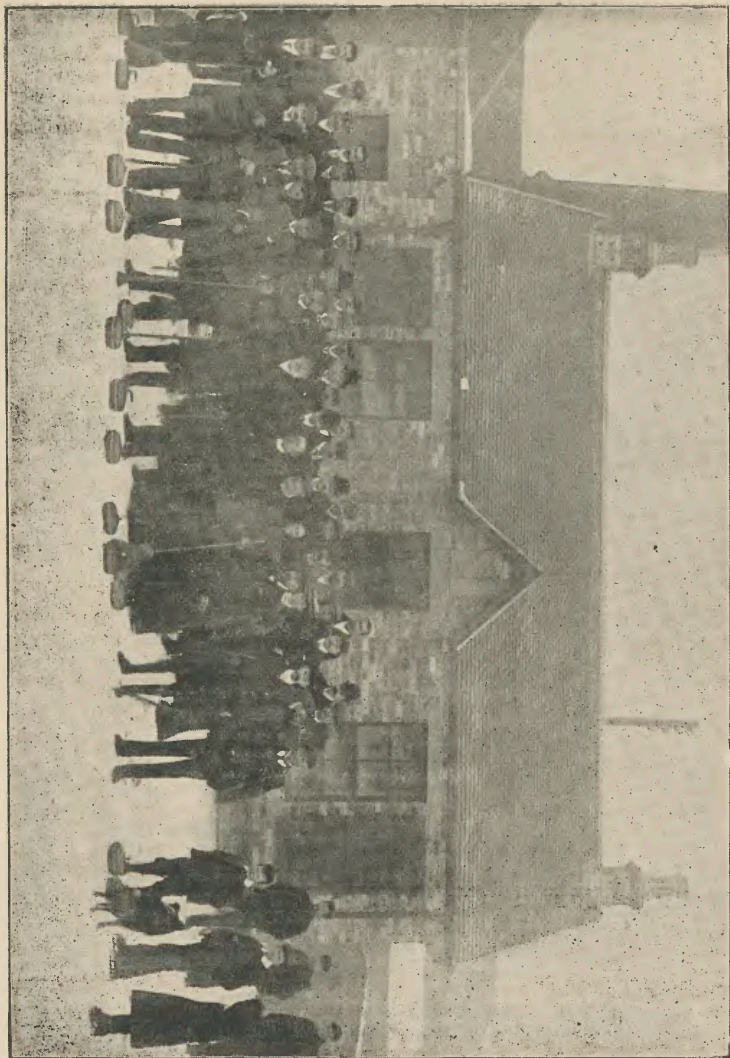
Reminiscences
of the
Bathgate
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REMINISCENCES
OF THE
BATHGATE CURLING CLUB.

BY
HENRY SHANKS,
POET OF THE DEANS.



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REMINISCENCES

OF THE

BATHGATE CURLING CLUB.

By HENRY SHANKS,
THE POET OF THE DEANS.

[Originally Contributed to "The Channel-Stane"—
Edinburgh, 1883.]

At what precise period of time the highly inspiring and manly game of curling was first introduced into the Bathgate District there is no record to show. That it had not only its few enthusiastic votaries, but was also a favourite pastime with the general body of its parishioners long prior to the establishment of the Bathgate Curling Club in 1811, is proved by the following anecdote of its parish minister, the Rev. Adam Wadderston, who for twenty-three years was minister of the Parish of Bathgate, and died in August, 1780. Mr Wadderston was a most excellent man, and in the temporal as well as in the spiritual, happiness of his parishioners, took the most lively interest. Of the manly and spirit-stirring game of curling, he was a most enthusiastic supporter, and almost on every occasion headed his flock in their encounters with the neighbouring parishes. John Clarkson, a highly respected and worthy elder of his Session, also a "true son of the broom," having very late one Saturday evening received a challenge from the people of Shotts, to meet the curlers of Bathgate early on the following Monday, was nonplussed how to communicate the joyful intelligence to his clergyman, being afraid to disturb him while preparing his prelections, or to arouse him out of his balmy repose. After many qualms of conscience, and several hours of restless anxiety, he made up his mind to inform him in the Session House on the Sunday morning. The pastor had no sooner entered than John said in a low tone, "Sir, I've something to tell you; there's to be a parish play with the Shotts folk to-morrow at—" "Whist, man, whist. O, fie shame,

John; fie shame; nae speaking to-day about warldly recreations!" The parson, however, just when he was about to enter the kirk-door, having wheeled suddenly round, returned to his friend, who was now standing at the plate, and whispered into his ear, "But whan's the hour, John? I'll be sure and be there!" And he was. The antiquity of the game in the district is also proved by the great number of curling stones of antique patterns which at that date and for forty or fifty years thereafter, were found doing duty as backweights to handlooms in all the weaving shops of the Burgh. The enthusiastic spirit which first called the Bathgate Curling Club into existence unfortunately soon evaporated, and it fell into a sort of dormant state, but in the winter of 1829 it was re-established under the presidency of the late Thomas Durham Weir, Esq., of Boghead, than whom no more enthusiastic curler or worthier preses ever lived. The high social position of this gentleman, his frank, affable manner and genial disposition, coupled with his liberality to the club, by supplying medals for competition, and also by giving its members the use of a fine meadow of some eight or nine acres in extent, convenient to the town, upon which to practice their favourite game, supplied the necessary elements of cohesion and stability which were wanting in the first attempt. In his praiseworthy effort to promote a love for the healthy and invigorating game, the preses fortunately found himself associated with as fine a band of good, true and keen curlers as ever plied a broom or threw a stone on ice, every man of them a name to swear by; and certainly at no time in its history has Bathgate produced their curling peers. Among them may more particularly be mentioned John Rankine, Esq., of Incherross (hin'-hand), of the President's Rink, and as good a curler as ever stood at a tee; Henry Shanks, farmer, Deans, also of the President's Rink, the hero and champion of the club, a man of warm and genial heart and strong right arm; William Gordon, builder, hin'-hand of the invincible "Gordon Rink," which for upwards of twenty years was never vanquished in a bonspiel or special game, and without doubt the most scientific curler Bathgate ever produced; John Pearson, brewer, one of the "Gordon Rink," a most enthusiastic and splendid curler, and who by being the first to introduce double-soled stones into the district, did perhaps more than any member of the Club to foster and promote a scientific knowledge of the game; John Dickson, surgeon, a first-rate and scientific curler; William Johnston, Esq., Kaimpark, a most excellent and enthusiastic curler; and those two skips, John and Andrew Fleming, both of them renowned knights of the broom. Under the fostering care of its worthy preses, and with such coadjutors, the re-established Club flourished and prospered to such an extent that it very soon became the champion club of the whole surrounding country, and, as a consequence, the gaining of a chance victory over it by any of the neighbouring clubs was ever afterwards considered a red-letter day in their curling calendars. The discomfitures sustained by the Bathgate Club during the presidency of the Laird of Boghead were, however,

few and insignificant, as compared with the number and importance of its victories, and the same may be said of the Club up to the present day; but the victory which of all others forms its chief pride and glory, was that gained by it on the 29th January, 1831, over the Cam'nethan Club (Cambusnethan), which at that time had the reputation of being the champion club of Lanark county. It was played on the Cult Pond, near Polkemmet, and was the result of a challenge by Cam'nethan—

“ To Bathgate ower the hill, man
To meet them with eight chosen men,
On ice to try their skill, man.”

In accepting the challenge, the Bathgate curlers were fully aware that their skill and metal were now to be tested as they never had been before. It was, therefore, not without some misgivings as to the result that the Bathgate eight started for the Cult on that fine frosty January morning; but they were comforted by the reflection that defeat by such far-famed dons meant no disgrace, and lose or win, they resolved to do their best. The names of the Bathgate champions were:—“Gordonian Rink”—Mr John Simpson, writer; Mr John Pearson, brewer; Mr John Dickson, surgeon; and Mr W. Gordon, builder (hin'hand.) “Boghead Rink”—Thomas Durham Weir, Esq., of Boghead; Mr Thomas Anderson, deacon of the wrights; Mr Henry Shanks, farmer, Meadowhead, later of Deans; Mr John Rankine, of Inchcross (hin'hand); and a better selection of the Bathgate curling skill could certainly not have been chosen. At the appointed hour the opposing parties met on the pond, where they found the late Sir William Baillie of Polkemmet engaged in a friendly game with some of his Whitburn rinks, and who, with his usual hospitality, entertained the combatants in the most kind and courteous manner during the day. The superior size and finish of the Cam'nethan stones at first struck the Bathgate curlers with dismay, but when a few ends had been played their spirits revived, and after a keen and most closely contested game victory was at last declared for Bathgate by a very narrow majority for both rinks. During the course of the match a particularly dexterous shot, played by Mr Henry Shanks at that critical moment of the game when victory or defeat hung wavering in the balance, was a theme on which the Bathgate presses was wont to descant with much pride and satisfaction at the social gatherings of the club. Eleven stones of the final end had been played up; the Cam'nethans lay two shots, their winner being a pat-lid, closely, but not wholly guarded by their second stone, which in turn was guarded by the nearest Bathgate stone. Behind this last stone lay a group of mixed stones, so placed that not an inch of either of the three inner stones was visible to the player at the far end of the rink. The usual play in such a case would have been for the Bathgate skip to have directed his player to take his will of these obstructing stones, in order to open up the winners, and had such a shot been deemed advisable, which it was not, the player was the very man for the purpose; but the Laird

of Incheross, like all good skips, always preferred a scientific shot when such was open to him to a hazard. He therefore turned his attention to an outlying side stone, nearly one-third of which was visible, from which an inwick was possible, if taken at the proper angle and with sufficient force. The port through which this stone could be reached was, however, so narrow, as only to be within the reach of possibility, and to add to the difficulty a slight rub was necessary from a back lying stone to enable the player's stone to take the port straight. It was, however, possible, and although an extremely delicate and hazardous shot, Incheross, who knew his man, resolved to attempt it. He thereupon issued his directions to his lieutenant to "come at it wi' a hair o' pith," which were seconded by the earnest solicitations of the anxious preses, "O, be unerring, Harry! For the honour of Bathgate be unerring!" Mr Shanks having understood what was required of him, took a straight and steady look up the rink, and with a swing of the arm, sent the stone on which so much depended on its eventful course. As it made its way up the rink, with that music so dear to a curler's ear, its progress was watched with breathless suspense: not one of the ejaculations usually heard on such occasions escaped from the lips of either party. It was a moment of most intense anxiety; and the frame of the worthy Laird of Boghead literally trembled with agitation and excitement as he eagerly watched and waited the result. The face of Incheross at first wore a grave and doubtful aspect; then a gentle smirk was seen to steal quietly round the corners of his mouth, which gradually broadened into a radiant smile of joy as the stone neared the hog-score, when he broke the silence with—"He's the very curl, he has it, he has it, to a hair's breadth!" and he was right. The required rub was taken to a nicety, without loss of impetus; the stone entered and safely passed through the narrow port without a touch, took the desired wick, displaced both of the Cam'nethan stones by a double cannon, and lay a dead guarded winner in their place; thus completely reversing the relative positions of parties, an order of game which all the subsequent efforts of Cam'nethan skip failed to alter. The loud burst of acclamation that then rung through the clear frosty air, with the simultaneous waving of coves overhead, announced to the player the complete success of his shot.

An incident then occurred which is worthy of being recorded as illustrating in a very marked degree the genuine friendly spirit that animates the breasts of all true curlers when engaged in the roaring game. When Mr Shanks, who had followed his stone, approached the excited group, the late Mr Storry, of Bed-Allan, the Cam'nethan skip, forgetting for the moment the discomfiture to his own side, in his admiration for the dexterous curling skill displayed by his opponent, rushed forward, and grasping the burly farmer by the hand, exclaimed with a burst of generous enthusiasm, "O, man, Harry, just lie down and dee on the spot, for you will never play sic anither shot again!"

On the conclusion of the game, the victors and vanquished, with sharpened appetites, adjourned for dinner to the Half-way House Inn, kept by Mr John Bishop, an excellent curler, and whose first wife, it may be interesting to the admirers of Burns to know, was "the poet's dear bought Bess." On the cloth being removed, and while the loving cup was freely circulating round the table, an episode occurred which is worthy of mention. One of the Cam'nethan curlers happened to espy a fiddle in a green bag, which hung in a corner of the room, and being himself a fiddler the thought instantly occurred to him that he might in part redeem the defeat which his party had that day sustained on the ice, by challenging any one of the Bathgatians to a musical contest. The challenge was accordingly given, and accepted on the part of Bathgate by the Laird of Boghead, who named Mr John Pearson as its musical champion, the stake being a bottle of wine. The fiddle was taken from the wall and tuned, and the challenger led off, and proved himself to be no mean adept on the instrument. The fiddle was now handed to Mr Pearson, who, after a few preliminary flourishes, struck up in rapid succession a selection of spirit-stirring strathspeys, reels, and popular national airs, in such a masterly style and with such superior purity and brilliancy of tone, that the issue was never for a moment considered doubtful. During the progress of the performance the feet of the whole party vigorously kept beating time to the lively music, while some of the more enthusiastic spirits actually took to the floor, where with great glee—

" They reel'd, they set, they crossed, they cleekit,
Till ilka curler swat and reekit,"

at the same time cracking their thumbs, hooching and capering with such energy, as if life itself depended upon their exertions. When Mr Pearson laid down the instrument, he was rapturously applauded, and unanimously declared the victor, thus gaining for Bathgate a double victory on that eventful day, possibly the happiest of the worthy Laird of Boghead's existence.

The incident never for a moment interrupted the harmony and conviviality of the evening; good fellowship and the most friendly feeling prevailed amongst the curlers to the last, and when the hour of departure arrived, both parties—

" Took aff their different way,
Resolved to meet some other day."

Thus doubly played and doubly won was Bathgate's famous victory over the far-famed Cam'nethan dons. Of all the gallant Bathgate eight who took part in this famous contest, John Pearson, of Portland, Victoria, was the last survivor. He died on 9th March, 1885; and during his long residence in his southern home made liberal contributions to the Curling Club

of his native parish, thus proving his sympathy with its "knights of the broom," and how much his heart was in the channel-stane and roaring game. The celebrated Gordonian Rink is still in existence, and is at present represented by the grandsons of its famous founder, who creditably uphold its ancient fame, although it has, strictly speaking, lost its old claim to invincibility.

The following excellent song in honour of this great Cam'nethan victory was composed by W. Johnston, Esq., of Kaimpark, the then Secretary of the Club, and which was sung at all its subsequent dinners with great enthusiasm:—

CURLING SONG.

Air—"For a' that and a' that."

Cam'nethan ance a challenge sent,
 To Bathgate ower the hill, man,
 To meet them with eight chosen men,
 On ice to try their skill, man.
 For lang they boasted o' their play,
 And rivals found they nane, man.
 And weel they chuckled at the thought
 Of our gaun beaten hame, man.

For a' that and a' that,
 Cam'nethan play and a' that.
 We're ne'er afraid to meet on ice
 The best o' folks for a' that.

Sae frankly gi'en, the challenge was
 Wi' right gude will accepted,
 And on the morning big wi' fate,
 Unto the road we started.
 Cheer up, my lads, our preses cries,
 On high his besom waving;
 The Dons may win, but still we'll lose—
 Our spotless honour saving.

For a' that and a' that,
 It's a slippery game for a' that;
 We're ne'er afraid to meet on ice
 The best o' folks for a' that.

Before the icy war began,
 Our hearts had nigh well fail'd us,
 As we surveyed their famous stanes,
 Prepared to assail us.

For some were big as ony cheese,
 And some had bright steel bottoms,
 Some ran on feet, some ran on nane—
 Ours look'd like bits o' totums.

For a' that and a' that,
 Their steel bottoms and a' that,
 We're ne'er afraid to meet on ice
 The best o' folks for a' that.

The tees were made, the rinks were swept,
 All to their places stept, man;
 Then to the sport wi' might and main,
 In right gude earnest set, man.
 When we had played an end or twa,
 They looked very blue, man;
 They had believed us 'prentice hands,
 But found it was not true, man.

For a' that and a' that,
 Their "turning" stanes and a' that,
 We're ne'er afraid to meet on ice
 The best o' folks for a' that.

Our wee bit stanes were dash'd aside,
 When theirs came smash amang us,
 Like spittles aff a tailor's guse—
 But a' that did not bang us.
 For Fortune smiled our efforts on,
 And we came off victorious;
 Sure ne'er was bonspiel better play'd,
 Nor victory more glorious.

For a' that and a' that,
 Their famous name and a' that,
 We're ne'er afraid to meet on ice
 The best o' folks for a' that.

Then to the inn we hied in haste,
 Wi' gabs baith sharp and keen, man;
 And to the beef and greens we set,
 And vow, but they were fine, man;
 We ane anither kindly pledged,
 In bumpers 'o gude nappy,
 And thrice we played the game again,
 While all around were happy.

For a' that and a' that,
 We'll drink their healths for a' that;
 For better curlers we ne'er play'd
 Upon the ice for a' that.

In all matters connected with the game of curling the late Thomas Durham Weir, Esq., of Boghead, took a deep and lively interest, and made frequent contributions to its literature. In the well-known picture of the Royal Club's Grand Curling Match on Linlithgow Loch in 1848, painted by Charles Lees, R.S.A., among the group of gentlemen clustered round the tee—all of them portraits—the figure of Mr Thos. D. Weir is there characteristically portrayed in an attitude of intense anxiety, watching the approaching stone that is making its way up the rink, big with the fate of the contending curlers north and south of the Forth. During the long period of forty years in which he held the office of preses of the Bathgate Curling Club, it may safely be said that no General of Division was ever prouder of his command than was the Laird of Boghead, when cove in hand on the icy plain he headed the Bathgate knights of the broom in friendly rivalry at the parish play or bonspiel. Upon such occasions his little dapper figure was full of life and animation. He possessed a continuous flow of good spirits, and his wit and humour was sparkling and spontaneous. He had a kindly word for all, with a special meed of commendation for the player of a particularly good shot, while the joy of the man and the curler was complete, when, with a flourish of his cove in the air, he gave vent in that supreme moment to the lusty "bravissimo," which announced another victory to the many scored by the redoubtable curlers of Bathgate.

As a mark of the respect and esteem in which he was held, he was presented with his portrait on the occasion of the Club's annual dinner in 1862; and a report of the proceedings was subsequently privately printed by him and distributed amongst the members of the Club. He was the very beau-ideal of a genuine curling enthusiast, and was the principal originator of the great annual match between the Counties of Mid and West Lothian. The first of these matches was played on 13th Jan., 1842, upon several ponds in the neighbourhood of Mid-Calder, and in which the Bathgate curlers greatly distinguished themselves. An account of this bonspiel is given in the "Annual" of the Grand Caledonian Curling Club for 1843, which also contains an account from the pen of Mr Weir, of the finding of an ancient curling-stone at Torphichen, of date 1611, which further proves the antiquity of the game in the district. For upwards of thirty years these annual county matches have invariably been played upon Bathgate ice, which was selected as combining the three prime requisites—accessibility by rail, size, and perfect safety, being in no part more than two feet in depth; and in these county matches the auld laird took a keen interest to the last. It is reported of him that latterly, when unable to leave the house, he used to watch the progress of the bonspiel through a spy-glass from the upper windows of Boghead House, situated about half-a-mile from the scene of action. As all the curlers of his own county were known to him, either personally or by headmark, he was able to form a very correct estimate of the progress of the game, and even of its result, by simply noting who played the first shot of each end of the

several rinks engaged. For a considerable number of years past, the arrangements for these county matches have been carried through by Mr James Gardner (who died in 1908), Solicitor, Bathgate, to the complete satisfaction of all parties concerned; and in recognition of his valuable services he was, several years ago, presented with a handsome testimonial by the curlers of both counties.

Mr Weir died on the 31st May, 1869, universally beloved and esteemed. The great loss which the Bathgate curling community sustained is thus described by the writer of this article in a poetical tribute to his memory:—

How sad to remember, when frosty December,
Calls forth to the bonspiel her bands full of glee,
No more will he take his stand cheerful with broom in hand,
The pride of the rink, and the joy of the tee.

No more shall we hear again his "O, be unerring, men!"
All too unerring hath fallen the blow;
No more shall his ringing cheer, trumpet-toned, high and
clear,
Shout o'er the victory, his "bravissimo."

Blow no more over us, blustering Boreas,
Come no more south with thy snow-covered head:
Gone, and for aye, is he who would have welcomed thee;
The Saul of our curlers, our Durham is dead.

Well hast thou played thy part, manly and feeling heart;
How many will miss thee, now bid thee farewell.
Sleep on and sleep soundly. For ever and fondly
The Laird of Boghead in our memories shall dwell.

We cannot conclude this notice of our late President without remarking what was certainly true in his case, that much of the prosperity and success of a curling club must depend upon the social position, worth, and enthusiasm of its preses. He is to his club what ligaments are to the broom cove—its bond of union and strength: what the bolt and handle are to the channel-stane—the guiding medium by which it is safely directed to the "tee" of success. And we can entertain no better wish for the future prosperity of the Bathgate and all other Curling Clubs, than that it and they should ever have at their head just such another preses as the late genial and enthusiastic curling veteran, the auld Laird o' Boghead.



ADDENDUM.

On the death of Thomas Durham Weir, his eldest son, Robt. S. W. Durham, was elected preses of the club, but died shortly afterwards, without issue; and his younger brother, Thomas Maxwell Durham, was in turn elected preses in his stead—a position which he held with much acceptance to the Bathgate curlers up to his demise on 19th September, 1899. He was a man of mild and gentle disposition, kind hearted, affable, and courteous to all with whom he came in contact; a man of sterling probity, a good Christian, and a thorough gentleman in the highest and best sense of the term. Of him it may truly be said—

A gentle soul has passed away
To where the Lord hath willed it;
And where he found his duty lay,
In quiet, unostentatious way
He faithfully fulfilled it.

An excellent portrait, along with an ably written and highly sympathetic notice of him, from the pen of Provost D. R. Gordon, appears in the R.C.C. Curling Annual for 1899-1900.

It is pleasant to have to record that his successor—J. A. Robertson Durham, Esq., C.A., Edinburgh, the present preses—has, in the most kind and generous manner, confirmed to the Club all the rights and privileges conferred upon it by his predecessors.

A companion picture to that of Charles Lees, R.S.A., painted by C. Martin Hardie, R.S.A., is at present in the hands of the engraver; and in it Mr R. R. Gordon, skip of the famous Gordonian Rink, and Mrs T. M. Durham, skip of the Bathgate Ladies' Rink, each find a place.

Whatever opinions may be held as to the Bathgate curlers of the present day being in all respects the equals of the renowned curling adepts who shed such lustre on the Club in the first half of last century, it must be placed to their credit that they succeeded in winning the trophy presented by the R.C.C.C. to the club scoring the greatest number of shots in the grand annual Curling Tournament between the curlers north and south of the Forth; and the gold badges, also presented to the members of the rink scoring the highest number of points, fell in this instance to the rink skipped by Captain R. M'Kill. It must be the earnest wish of all who desire to see the curlers of Bathgate maintaining a place in the Curling World, commensurate with the ancient renown of the club, that before long the trophy may be placed in the custody of the present preses, and find an honoured and appropriate resting-place in the Mansion House of Boghead.

Mr J. Forrest and Mr J. Gardner, of the Bathgate Club, each contributed a Curling Song to "The Channel Stane," while Mr H. Shanks contributed two songs to the same publication. The first of these, "Old England May Her Cricket Boast," etc., appears in his published works, and is also given in R.C.C.C. Curling Annual for 1899-1900; the other, which has not elsewhere appeared, we subjoin in slightly amended form.

AULD SCOTLAND'S ROARIN' GAME.

Air—"Scotland Yet."

Gae bring tae me my guid broom cowe,
 The cowe I made yestre'en;
 For I wad play ae ither game
 While frost hauds strang an' keen.
 Let wardly cares stand bye, my lads,
 This day I maun be free,
 To join the jovial curlin' core
 Wha meet around the "tee."
 Then pledge Auld Scotland's roarin' game
 Wi' a' the honours three.

The crisp snaw cheeps aneath the foot,
 The air is clear and snell,
 The yird is cased in iron mail,
 An' ringin' like a bell.
 Then fill my pocket flask, my lads,
 Wi' rare auld barley-bree;
 Syne hey for loch, and parish play,
 And vic'try at the "tee."
 Then pledge auld Scotland's roarin' game,
 Wi' double honours three.

I've played at golf, I've played at bowls,
 At cricket and footba';
 I've played the sportsman in my time,
 But curlin' dings them a'.
 It is the game o' games, my lads,
 The hame o' mirth and glee;
 And worth and skill, and freenship tak',
 First honours at the "tee"—
 Then pledge auld Scotland's roarin' game,
 Wi' hearty three times three.

Some like to hear the bagpipes skirl,
 And bugle soundin' clear,
 Some think the fiddle and the flute
 Mair charmin' to the ear;

But far awa', abune them a',
 The sweetest sound to me,
 Is music o' the channel-stane
 Gaun birrin' to the "tee"—
 Then pledge auld Scotland's roarin' game,
 Wi' three times three and three.

Wi' foot firm planted on the ice,
 In nieve his guid broom cove,
 The curler feels the greatest bliss
 That mortals ken, I trow.
 Till day I dee, believe me, lads,
 Life's ae delight shall be—
 The wavin' cove, and channel-stane
 The glorious rink and "tee"—
 Then pledge auld Scotland's roarin' game,
 Wi' a' a curler's glee.

CURLING SONG.

"OLD ENGLAND MAY HER CRICKET BOAST."

Air—"A Man's a Man."

Old England may her cricket boast,
 Her wickets, bats, and a' that;
 An' proudly her Eleven toast,
 Wi' right good will and a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It's but bairns' play for a' that;
 The channel stane on icy plain
 Is king o' games for a' that.

And Erin's sons at wake and fair,
 Wi' roar and yell and a' that,
 May toss shillelahs in the air,
 And crack their croons, and a' that;
 For a' that, and a' that,
 And better far than a' that,
 Our roaring game aye keeps the flame
 O' friendship bright for a' that.

When biting Boreas, keen and snell,
 Wi' icy breath, and a' that,
 Lays on the lochs his magic spell,
 And stills the streams, and a' that;
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Cauld winter's snaw, and a' that,
 Around the tee, wi' mirth and glee,
 The curlers mete, for a' that.

But see yon cauldrie Southron coof,
 Wi' chitterin' teeth, and a' that,
 In muffler, coat, and glove on 's loof,
 Wi' drap at's nose for a' that;
 For a' that, and a' that,
 As warm's a pie, and a' that,
 The hardy Scot will cast his coat,
 And play his game for a' that.

As in the serious game o' life,
 Mischances oft befa' that,
 So we must guard in curling strife
 The wining stane, and a' that;
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Up through the port for a' that,
 Some cunning hand, to skip's command,
 May wick her out for a' that.

When bluid-red sets the winter sun,
 Three ringing cheers, and a' that,
 Proclaim the bonspiel play is won
 By dint o' skill, and a' that;
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Wi' better luck, and a' that;
 Opponents may, some ither day,
 Clean turn the bauks, for a' that.

Now to the inn the curlers throng,
 For beef and greens, and a' that,
 And spend the night wi' toast and song,
 Tho' templars gibe at a' that;
 For a' that, and a' that,
 We'll pledge the toast for a' that,
 Auld Scotland's name, auld Scotland's fame,
 And Scotland's game, for a' that.

And when the score o' life is made,
 As made 'twill be, for a' that;
 When hin'-han' death's last shot is played,
 And time's a hog, and a' that;
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Our besom friends for a' that,
 We'll joyful meet, each rink complete,
 Round higher tee for a' that.

—HENRY SHANKS.

Kirkton Lodge, Bathgate.

BATHGATE CURLING CLUB.

Patrons.—Thomas Hope Esq.; George Waddell, Esq.; Alex. Ure Esq., M.P.; John Fyfe, Esq.; James Wood, Esq.; David Simpson, Esq.; Dr Kirk; ex-Provost Gordon.

Patronesses.—Mrs Macnab, Mrs Dougal, Mrs Ure, Mrs Paul, Mrs Robertson Durham, Mrs Halliday, Mrs Kirk.

President.—J. A. R. Durham, of Boghead.

Vice-Presidents.—Dr Kirk, John Macnab.

Representative Members.—J. A. Robertson Durham, ex-Provost Gordon.

Chaplain.—Rev. J. Lindsay.

Treasurer and Secretary.—D. R. Gordon.

Committee or Council of Management.—W. Shields, G. Wolfe, Robert Waddell, W. Roberts, A. Dougal, A. Callander, R. R. Gordon, Dr Kirk, J. Broom.

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Patronesses.—The Marchioness of Linlithgow; Lady Baillie of Polkemmet; Mrs Robertson Durham.

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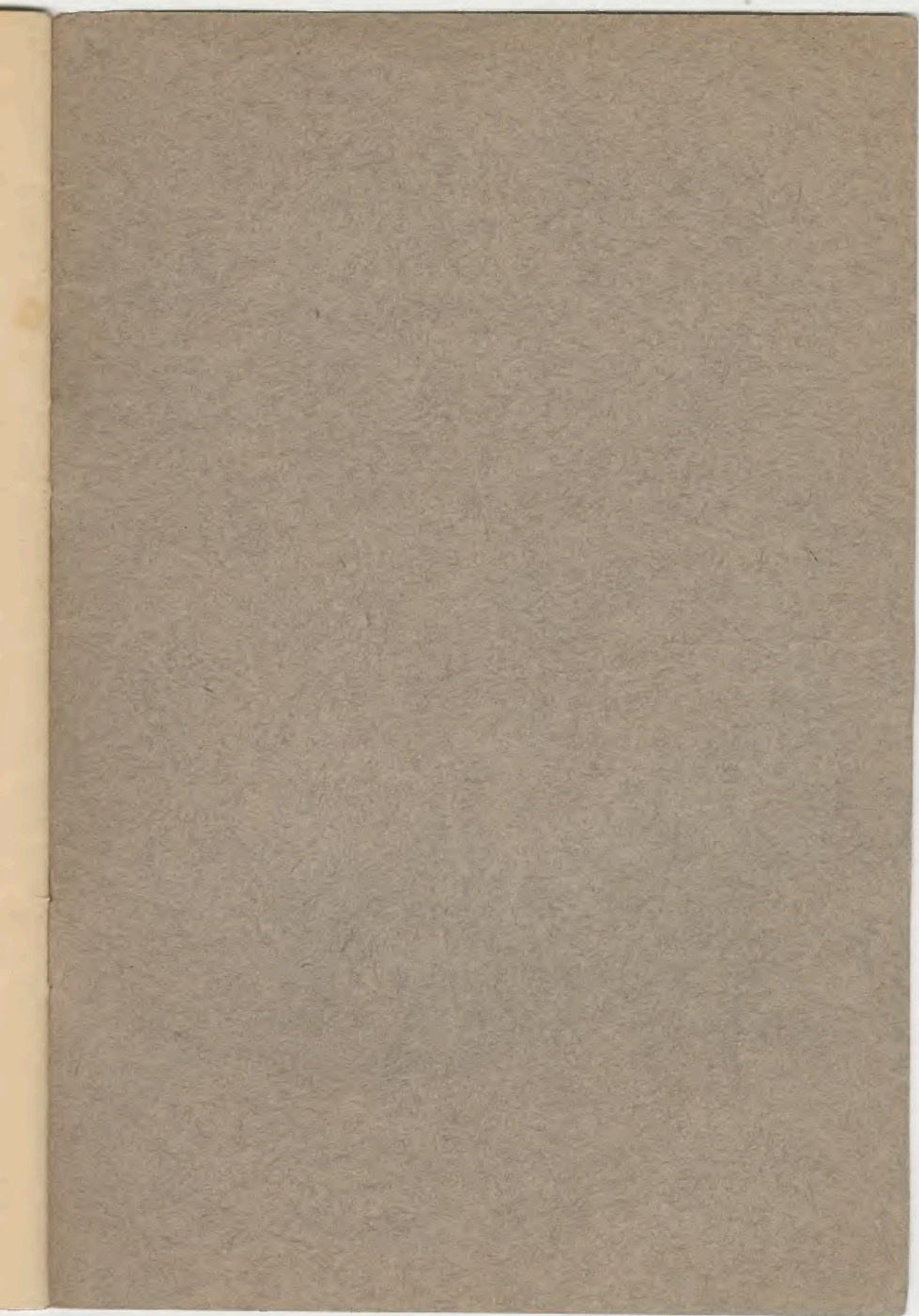
Vice-President.—Mrs Macnab.

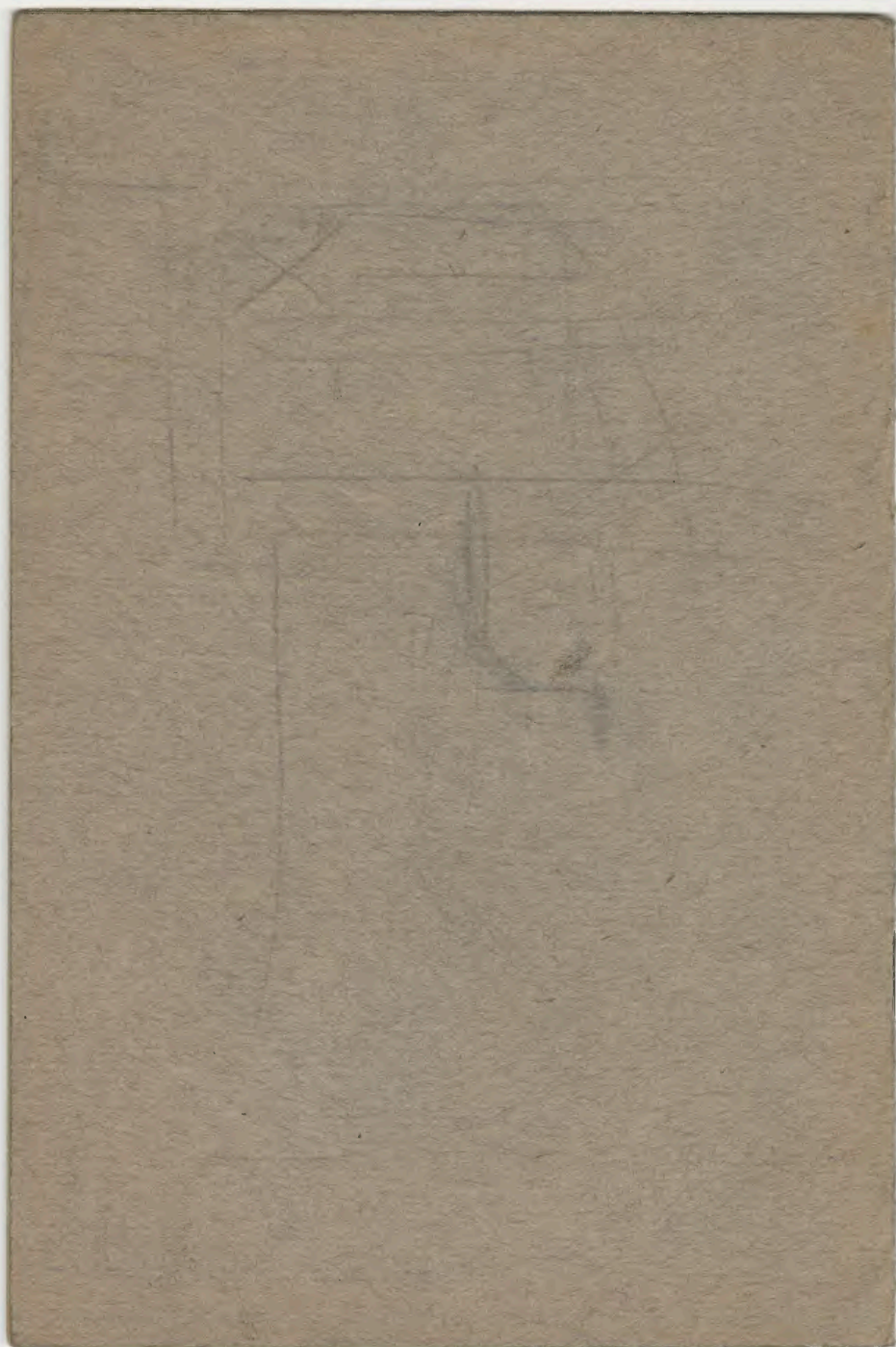
Chaplain.—Rev. J. Lindsay.

Treasurer and Secretary.—Miss Nettie Macnab.

Committee or Council of Management.—Mrs Macnab, Mrs Kirk, Mrs White, Miss N. Macnab, Mrs Arbuckle.

Ordinary Members.—(Regular)—Mrs Macnab, Miss Nettie Macnab, Mrs Arbuckle, Mrs Lindsay, Mrs A. W. Robertson Durham, Miss Robertson Durham, Miss A. Robertson Durham, Mrs Murray, Miss Simpson, Mrs Kirk, Mrs Halliday, Miss Macnab, Mrs White, Mrs Cullen, Miss Halliday, Mrs T. Dryburgh, Mrs Macgregor, Mrs J. Wright, Miss Arbuckle.





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