



EAST KILBRIDE
CRICKET CLUB
1962 – 1987

25th Anniversary

Original Book* Compiled and Edited by:

David Cunningham and Keith McIntyre

Re-edited for this Website by:

Bill Linley and John Davies

****Note the full and original leather bound version of 'The Book' is in the hands of Bil Linley.***

Contents

Preface	Keith McIntyre	page 3
Preface to 2nd edition	David Cunningham	page 3
Some recollections of earlier years	Bill Wilson	page 4
A newcomer's view of the club	David Cunningham	page 6
1963-1968 The Early Years	John Davies	page 8
1969-1973 Promotion and Disillusion	Alan Dickie	page 17
1974-1975 Years in the Wilderness	David Cunningham	page 19
1976-1979 Return to the League	David Cunningham	page 20
1980-1986 First Division Highlights	David Cunningham and Alan Dickie	page 23
Review of the Minute Books	Bill Wilson	page 25
Cess at the Wicket	John McCulloch	page 28
The Rime of the Ancient Spinner	David Cunningham	page 29
The Dance of Death	John Davies	page 32
A Midsummer Day's Nightmare	Keith McIntyre	page 33

PREFACE

Keith McIntyre

May I take this opportunity to welcome you to this book. It would have been a great shame if the club had nothing tangible to show for the effort many people have put into our first 25 years. Both David and I have very much enjoyed compiling this book, not least because it has allowed us to exercise our hitherto hidden literary genius.

The highlight for me has been the older material, especially the newspaper clippings. I strongly recommend the reader to pore over the match reports of a certain "Twelfth Man" (better known inside the club as Sid Barton). This surely is how to get cricket in Scotland a wider audience, even if it is just through the newspaper columns. On the subject of newspaper cuttings, it may come as a great shock to the reader if he chances upon a clipping whose headline boldly proclaims "GREAT CATCH BY CESS". Upon reading this, I was fully prepared for an equally outrageous piece headed by something along the lines of "DICKIE IN CASH HANDOUT SHOCK"!

Reading of past performances has made me realize that many of the stories upon which I was previously quick to pour scorn are indeed true: Cess can field, John Davies can run, Bill Wilson can bowl, and Ally MacDougall can buy a round. Finally, and without making this sound like an acceptance speech, I would like to thank on behalf of David and myself, Bill Wilson, John Davies, Alan Dickie, Ally MacDougall, and Alan Scott for their contributions to this book.

Now read on...

May 1983

PREFACE TO 2ND EDITION

David Cunningham

Life has moved on since this book was first composed, and East Kilbride Cricket Club has seen many changes since 1983. Half of the 1st XI, including myself, have left the club (although I hear my fellow editor has rejoined in 1987). However, the healthy youth policy established in the late 1970s is bearing fruit, and some useful young players are now permanent fixtures in the side.

This year has seen, for the first time, the appointment of a club professional, a move which pleases me greatly, and one which I supported on committee for many years. It is surely the only way to allow the club to challenge the many other sides that have employed pros, and the example of Prestwick's Grant Stanley that a fine pro need not dominate a side, but can improve the play of all around him.

The 1983, 21st anniversary season, for which the first edition of this book was compiled, was a memorable one for me. The events which we organized that year were all a great success - the Six-a-Side tournament (which we won), the EKCC v Old Boys match and the club dinner, both of which were most enjoyable, the Captain's v President's on the following day (which produced an amazing tied match at 261 runs all) and the Captain's smoker, where we had the premiere of the video made at the Old Boys match. In retrospect, one of the highlights of the season for me was dubbing John Davies's commentary onto that video in his front room. I now play cricket only occasionally, and I admit I often get the urge to be out there clutching the trusty willow. Perhaps when we publish the 50th Anniversary book, I'll be back at the club.

It is now four years on, and the second edition of the book coincides with the club's 25th birthday. Since the occasion is a little different, I have taken the editorial liberty of making one or two small changes to this edition. There are also a few additional articles. And we have brought the club averages and statistics up to date (for his help to that end, my thanks to Alan Scott) These changes are chiefly in the interest of verisimilitude, and also occasionally in an endeavor to prevent the reader dozing off, but they also serve to preserve the uniqueness of the first edition, which was always intended to be the personal property of John Davies, even if he has hardly seen it for three years!

May 1987

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLIER YEARS

Bill Wilson

President, 1983

As I have often said, particularly to David Cunningham whose statistics are always superb, don't let facts get in the way of a good story. If a story is worth telling, it is worth a little embroidery. I intend to let the tide of reminiscence carry me along through eighteen mainly happy years with East Kilbride Cricket Club, and I do not wish any clever dick, or Dickie, to tell me 'twere not so! If it were not so it should have been.

My main memories of the club are people and personalities rather than events and this is as it should be. After all, cricket is only a game! Ten minutes after the end of a match it should not matter to any sane individual. Mind you, there are not too many of those in the history of the club – in fact there is only one who could prove it – the Grindlebeast. I have lasting memories of the Beast's forearms – they would not have disgraced a working blacksmith. I remember his hitting a short arm pull – no back lift – two thirds of the way up the big tree on the river bank and I could I could swear the ball was still going up when it struck.

I cannot think how I got to the third paragraph without mentioning John Davies, but I have and do not intend recasting that what I have wrote. John is the soul of the club. There are those who might suggest that this is a shortened word but I reject this calumny. I cannot imagine this Club without John. There may be occasional rude comments concerning his round filing cabinet, but if he ever left the Club an awful lot of people would have to do an awful lot more work than they do now. I have heard it said that John remembers Ian Thomas's 106, against Ardeer, in 1970 as one of the best innings he has seen. What he neglects to mention is that Ian ran me out early in his innings and had to make a good long innings because I was sitting in the dressing room nursing a bat with which I intended to do him grievous bodily mischief. (Apropos of my first paragraph, let me state the first rule of East Kilbride Cricket Club – the President is always right. The second rule is that should he be in error, Rule One applies. This story can be disproved if one is to believe the scorebook, which states that I was run out on 10th May and Ian Thomas scored 106 in the second game against Ardeer on 13TH June. I still prefer my version, or maybe I could hold a grudge longer in those days).

There is only one member of the original Club still playing, and it is quite possible he will continue to play for ever. I refer of course, to the one and only, indeed the unique, Cessford. Many and varied are the tales I could tell about Cess, but I dare not – his wife

would kill me if she didn't I do believe that even Cess would claim that he was a batsman, but his one handed cover drive, when it connected, was a shot to remember. I recall a one handed pull over the pavilion at Garrowhill on the way to a fifty off forty two balls, which I am pretty sure is faster than I ever scored one. I never met Bob Hope (either of them) but anyone who can score fifty off twenty eight balls has my everlasting respect. (*Editor's Note: Brian Kampman has now surpassed that record with 21 balls, so can we presume he now has Bill's everlasting respect?*) There are so many memories, so many names that I feel I could go on all night, but if I did I would have to mention everybody, being a gentle soul with no desire to hurt anyone's feelings (but I expect I will).

Bill Neill and Donald Bell, captains ferocious! Not the most even tempered of men but were they leaders of men? (enter your own punctuation, according to your predilections, in this sentence). I remember playing against a young Bill thirty years ago. I think it may well be time for me to consider retirement.

Al Bell and Alastair Sutherland, the most technically correct batsmen in the club. I think Al could bat with a large wooden spoon, and Alastair has annoyed me for so many years it is not true. If I had his technique and ability to take his bat away from the ball at the last split second, I would still be scoring an awful lot of runs.

Let me sign off with a story, not about one of the great names of the past, but about one of the virtual unknowns. A gentleman called Manab was playing for the club against Glenfield and Kennedy (alas! yet another club defunct). After losing several wickets for next to no runs, Cessford came to the wicket to join Manab. "I'm not much of a batsman" Cess confided "but if you can drop the bat on the ball, I'll try to flail a few fours and get the score up a bit". They proceeded to do this to some effect, Manab having the supreme ability to drop the ball dead at his feet and Cess had to go (the bar had opened) but Manab continued until the Glenfield team decided they had to get him out, whatever happened at the other end. As he had not yet hit the ball more than about six inches, the fielders crept and closer and closer, until Manab raised an imperious hand and asked "what is the matter, gentlemen, have you never seen an Indian before?"

A NEWCOMERS VIEW OF THE CLUB

David Cunningham

Club Captain, 1983

It was in the winter of 1971 that I first heard of East Kilbride Cricket Club. In answer to a John Davies advert in the EK News, I trotted along to my first nets at the John Wright Sport Centre. I had played cricket for four years at Hamilton Academy and I reckoned I wouldn't make a fool of myself – but I was wrong! I was met by an amiable little man I have since come to know as John Davies, and he invited me to bowl along with himself and a thin, red-faced lad called John Marshall at someone I can't recalled. Up I ran, second XI opening bowler for two seasons, and I bounced the first ball at my feet. Somewhat annoyed, I tried again, and with purpose in my stride, proceeded to do the same thing again. Amidst barely suppressed hysteria, I remember John Davies saying, "I've never seen anything like it before". He still says that when I bowl.

Things improved, however, I gained a reputation as a hard hitting 2nd XI batsman, although at school I was an anchor man. My reputation was perhaps only relative, as my fellow batsmen in the Two's then included Tabrett, Dunne and Lang, who rarely hit the

ball off the square. I became close friends with John Marshall, Nicky Dunne and Alastair Fenton. We all preferred the Two's, because Bill Neill didn't allow us to bat or bowl for the 1st XI! The younger players today might reflect on how much of a chance they now get before they start moaning – they are given a much fairer crack of the whip than we were. I was terrified of Bill Neill, because he kept shouting at me in the field. I remember once being roundly abused because I didn't run to within twenty yards of John Davies to help ferry in a long throw. Cess was a helpful influence on my fielding, believe it or not. He told me I was both slow and lazy, neither of which I think was true. However, it made me work harder at fielding and fitness, and I suspect his remarks were well chosen. The major influence in my early years however was Maurice Beacon. He gave the boys great encouragement and some useful coaching. He was, nevertheless, a disruptive influence in many ways.

He orchestrated the move away from the league in 1973, and the following year he organized a "secret meeting" in his factory, which led to whole changes on the club committee, by means of the conspirators using their block vote. That's how I first got on the committee. Donald Bell declined to join the meeting, having the sense not to be taken in by Maurice's patter. John Davies was always on the receiving end of Maurice's criticism. He used a certain phrase so often about John's organizational capabilities, that one night as John left the club, he announced he could be contacted at home – "The Shambles", 9 Deveron Road, East Kilbride.

The turning point in the club's fortunes came when Donald Bell joined in 1974. He has worked and played hard for the club, and although he is not the greatest plunderer of weak attacks for flashy runs, he has always been the man to rely on when wickets were tumbling. A captain must lead by example to attain credibility. Donald has over 9000 runs and nearly 400 wickets in 13 seasons – need I say more?

Dave Dewar is another whose worth cannot be measured by his bowling figures alone, impressive though they are. It gave the whole side confidence to see him run in and put the ball where he wanted it. I suffered far more blows at short leg in one season after Dave retired than in the previous ten. In fact, I was hit only once off Dave. It was a hat-trick ball at Prestwick and I crept very close. However, the tail-end rustic carved the hat-trick ball from middle stump through mid-wicket – except that my head was in the way. The ball flicked my wrist, then my left temple, and flew gently to Dave, who ignored the catch to see how I was!

Alastair Bell is the best all-round cricketer, I have played with. He was a magnificent bat, and a gifted seam or spin bowler. He could also be a real stirrer off the field, and it's a pity that he retired just when he was beginning to mellow!

We reminisced recently in the club, as we gazed at the torrential rain typical of a 1983 May Saturday, and I recount some stories below with a collage of the memories of many club members, often unhindered by factual back-up.

.....

I batted one day with Bill Wilson at Lanark. We ran a sharp single, and in time honored fashion, Bill slid his bat to make his ground. Unfortunately, the end of the bat jammed in a foothold, using the bat as a pole vault with the handle stuck in his box. Spectators say he and the bat formed a perfect "T"!

.....

Long ago in a league match at Jerviswood, Bill shuffled across his stumps, and was given out LBW. He stormed off in what, even for Bill, was unusually high dudgeons, and passing only to discard his pads and gloves, crossed the running track and climbed out of the ground over an eight foot wall! He is reputed to have marched into the nearest hostelry. And demanded “a pint of ***** Export”. Such behavior is not a common occurrence in Seedhill.

.....

The tale is told of Cessford’s discomfiture when a quick bowler produced a lifter, striking Cess, he began to leap about, apparently in pain, but on closer examination, it was found that the ball had ignited the box of matches in his hip pocket!

.....

We used to keep track of the longest distance a bowler manages to knock a bail when clean bowling a batsman. The farthest I have seen was when Brian Kampman knocked a bail right over the short boundary at Torrance House. I also saw Nigel Manuel clean bowled by a fairly swift Perthshire opener, and the bail sailed back over Nigel’s head and landed at the bowler’s feet on his follow through – a record reverse bail!

.....

There are many other stories –some you will find elsewhere in this book, and some you won’t. Many still shudder at the memory of countless repetitions of the “Bail at Babcock” story. Many are best not written down, but kept for a warm night and a cold beer. We are surely fortunate that in only 25 years the club has seen such a wealth of characters, some too humorous to mention, and with such a spectrum of temperaments. The game of cricket, as played by East Kilbride, has been anything but boring.

.....

When, in 1983, I looked forward as captain to future successes, I did not foresee the talent which would unavoidably leave the club (myself included), and the fall in performance which was to occur. It is all too easy to allow such a slide to gather momentum, and therefore the way that the trend has been reversed in 1987 is all the more meritorious. Division One championship in 1988 must be our goal now, and I wish the club well in its attempt.

THE EARLY YEARS

1963 -1968

John Davies

My first contact with the club was, apart from a letter I had written to the inaugural meeting in the winter of 1962/3 in April, a few days after arriving in East Kilbride. I answered a knock at the door and found two men in long raincoats standing on the step – it was Cess and David Mullen

They fired two questions at me. “Bat or bowl” asked Mullen. “Do you drink”, quizzed Cess. Mumbling a non-committal answer to the first question, and nodding emphatically to the second, off I went to the Montgomery, our local for several years.

The next encounter with the club was two days later for the first nets. I turned up at Torrance field at 6.30 pm; I waited 10 minutes and went home. Returning at 7 o’clock, I waited another 10 minutes before going home. Even at 7.30, there was no sign of human life - only cows!

Shortly, a figure appeared muttering something in a London accent. It was Denis Money. We climbed over the iron fence onto the long grass. A net had already been erected and a heavy roller stood nearby. Then things started to happen. A Humber Hawk appeared, the gate was opened and the great car, well past its best even then, drove into the field. Cess emerged from the driver’s seat, and what seemed to me like an entire team spilled out. At the nets that night were Andy Lang, John and Donald McCulloch, Willie Gillies, Alf Davidson, David Mullen and Vic Heath. Of course there were others, but alas they are now but faded memories.

Today’s players will find it hard to imagine just what the Torrance field looked like in those early years. Until the club was given the lease it was typical cow pasture similar to thousands of fields in the area. Long lush grass, good for dairy farming but little else.. The field sloped upwards from the driveway to the woods, beyond what is now the rugby pitch. Within the next days, a fence was erected to portion off our field from the rest. This meant that a fielder at long on stood about 15 feet above third man. Accommodation was provided by a wooden hut measuring about 12 x 8 feet. An old Atco mower was stored and all other essential items of equipment were to be found in an ex Rolls Royce engine packing case. This was sited on the side of the field opposite the present clubhouse. The engine case was burnt down in 1982.

Until a square had been laid the first matches were played away against such now defunct teams as Pressed Steel, Pumpherston and AEI Motherwell. The early East Kilbride teams had a number of useful players, such as Cess, Mullen, Keith Boddy, and a superb fast bowler in Ian Heatley, who only played during the 1963 season before leaving the district. Another early recruit was Bob Hope, a classy wicket-keeper and a rumbustious bat.

The administration of the club was in the hands of David Mullen as secretary and Vic Heath as Treasurer. The original chairman of the committee was John Britt JP, a schoolmaster. He was succeeded by Geoff Laird-Portch in 1965. John McCulloch took over the post of fixture secretary, while for some reason I was made captain, and remained in that position until 1972.

The major problem of playing only away fixtures was transport, or rather the lack of it. We relied heavily on Cess’ Humber, and Willie Gillies’ van and my A60, although the other two could not find their way past the Torrance Hotel.

When we were not playing, we were to be found digging drainage ditches across the square, which accounts for the fact that the square is the best drained part of the ground. Some would tell you that this would not be difficult!

In 1964 Dennis Jones arrived from Clydesdale CC, and immediately made an impact with his accurate medium paced bowling, taking 98 wickets in his first season and 126 in 1965. He was also responsible for beginning our longstanding fixture with Clydesdale, which are always friendlies in the truest sense of the word. An offshoot of the Clydesdale connection was a group calling themselves the "Incorrigibles" who played strictly for the beer and included such characters as Ian Curry, Billy Dickson and Jim Norton, who batted while smoking a pipe.



East Kilbride Cricket Club 1964

R. Hope, A. Lang, R. Ceassford, D. Aitken, R. Wilkinson, S. Barton, A. Davidson, D. Mullen.

J. McCulloch, D. Jones, J. Davies, D. McCulloch, V. Heath

The following year the club purchased a site agent's hut with the help of a grant from the National Playing Fields Association. This was sited roughly where the lounge is today. The building provided a tea room and two dressing rooms. Filling the tea urn from a standpipe on the opposite side of the ground was an important task, as was lighting the calor gas so that the water would be boiling by five o'clock. These responsibilities were naturally given to Cess.



The 'Site Agents' Hut which was used as a pavilion for several years

By this time the batting had been strengthened by the arrival of Alisdair Sutherland, whose immaculate style delighted the author. Other notable additions were Jerry Hodgson, for years one of the club's leading bowlers, and a 16 year old David Aitken, which disproves theories that he was born at the age of 25.

In 1965 the club decided that it should enter the newly formed Glasgow and District League 4th Division. A successful season ended with the club being placed second.

One day during the early part of that season, we were playing a home game with only 10 men when we noticed a portly figure leaning against the fence. He was duly invited to play and played for many years. He was Bill Wilson. Bill went on to become one of our best batsmen of this period along with another William from Ayrshire - William (Bill) Neill; another newcomer. That year also saw the addition of Roger Wilkinson and Mohammed Akhter.



The East Kilbride side which won the Murray Cup in 1965

J. Mullen, J. Hodgson, D. McCulloch, D. Mullen, R. Wilkinson, R. Cessford, A. Roberts, R. Ballantyne, W. Neil;

D. Aiken, J. Davies, R. Hope, G. Laird-Portch, D. Jones.

In 1967 saw the introduction of Alan Grindley (the Grindlebeast) into the batting line up. His bat weighed about 4 lbs and was the colour of mahogany. Some of his hits are now legendary and he probably benefited more from dropped catches than any other batsman due to the immense power of his shots.

Apart from the annual Rolls Royce match, which during those years was more keenly contested than any other, the fixture with Glasgow Police provided many of the most nerve-wracking moments. The Bill Neill-Bob Poole confrontations are still spoken of with awe. Con Niblett was a regular opponent during those early years and to be abused by Denis Holyoake was part of the learning process.

The best batting performance of the season was at Titwood, where the club declared at 167 for 3 after Sutherland and Wilkinson added 112 for the third wicket against hostile bowling from Kennedy, who made the Scotland team the following season.

By now the strike bowling was in the hands of Dave Dewar, one of the most feared bowlers in the league. His contribution to the success of the club over the years is well documented, and by the time he retired he had taken over 1000 wickets for the 1st XI. Another great club servant, Alan Dickie, joined in 1967, but his outstanding batting and wicket-keeping performances were to come in his more mature years.

Another highlight in 1968 was the match against the "Lisbon Lions". Celtic's victorious European Cup team. My abiding memory of this match is of the first ball of the game, bowled by Jim Brogan, which destroyed the stumps of Bill Wilson. Poor Bill, it was the first time he had batted in front of a crowd, and he was even introduced to the

assembled multitude over a loudspeaker. I remember the vast quantities of beer consumed by Murdoch and Gemmell.

At the opposite end of the scale was our feeble performance at Crichton Royal in Dumfries. Only one of their players was an inmate, but most of ours seemed suitable candidates on the day. The trouble started when I agreed to collect Bill Wilson from a pub in Kilmarnock on the way down. With me in the car were David Aitkin, Cess and the kit. By the time we extracted Bill from the pub and motored down through Cumnock, Sanquhar, etc and arrived at the ground, it was 3.15pm and the game was well under way with East Kilbride batting in borrowed kit. To make matters worse my carload contributed the grand total of one run – an edge through the slips by Cess.

By the end of the season, plans to build the Sports Club were well in hand, thanks to the vision of one player, who was also chairman of the Development Corporation – Denis Kirby. Together with Geoff Laird-Portch and others the money was raised and in 1970 the Sports Club was opened.



The opening of the Sports Club by the Provost of East Kilbride

As I end this story of the early years there will be a number of regular players who have not been mentioned, such as Alan Roberts, Mel Evans, Graham Howarth and Bob Pidgeon, but I feel I should emphasize the contribution of Cess, David Mullen and Vic Heath all founder members, who were stalwarts of the club throughout these years.



A game at Torrance House – Messrs: Jones, Dickie, Thomas, McCulloch and Theaker

Finally, if I were to refer to an occasion which typifies the determination of players to play in any conditions, it would be the match at Fauldhouse in 1965 where a thick swirling fog crept over the surrounding wall like the monster in the old “Quatermass” films of the 50’s. Eventually it covered the whole field. Naturally the game continued, with both scorers standing at short square leg! The batsmen at the time were Geoff Laird-Portch and Roger Thain. They never batted better, despite the fact that it was impossible to see the bowler until he loomed out of the fog in his delivery stride.

If there is a moral to all this it must be “never mind the ball, get on with the game!”

As John Davies has described, the origins of East Kilbride Cricket Club can be traced back to the efforts, chiefly of David Mullen and Cess, in late 1962, which culminated in the inaugural general meeting of the club, on Sunday 14th October 1962. The minutes of this meeting have been preserved and a transcript – (complete and verbatim, including spelling mistakes) follows! This historic document makes interesting reading in the light of the way the club is now run.

General Meeting of E.K.Cricket Club

Held in the Masonic Hall E.K. Sun 14th Oct 1962

Present:

Major General B. E. C. Dixon C.B.O. B.E.M.O.
J. D. Britt – Chairman

Members: V. Heath. L. McFall. R. Cessford. F. Kinnaire. W. Paterson. J. Petree.
D. McCulloch. B. Roberts. F. Beith. D. Corner. J. Richmond. I. Smith
A. Wylde. D. Mullen. J. Waugh. D. Craig. T. Cochran. R. Phain

1. *The Chairman opened the meeting by welcoming all the members present and introduced to the members Maj. Gen. Dixon, of the Development Corporation. He then outlined to the members the work that had been done to date by the interim committee, namely meetings with the authorities responsible for welfare amenities in East Kilbride and inspection of possible playing sites for home matches. He thanked the committee: Mr McFall, Mr Cessford, Mr Mullen, for the work done by them which was the means for this meeting, to have the club formed and properly constituted. He then asked the secretary to read the constitution item by item to allow for discussion.*

2. *The constitution was read to the members as instructed by the chairman and some discussion took place regards Membership 3(b) of constitution regards NON PLAYING MEMBERS. It was decided to change the title of that item to ASSOCIATED MEMBERS. The rest of the constitution was read and finally the constitution was accepted by the members.*

The adoption of the constitution was moved by Mr McFall and seconded by Mr Cessford and it was then signed by the Chairman Mr J. Britt.

3. *Election of office bearers for 1963 – the following were duly elected.*

Chairman – J. Britt (proposed R.Cessford Seconded W. Paterson)
Vice-Chairman – L McFall (Prop F.Smith Sec V. Heath)
Secretary – D. Mullen (Prop J. Britt Sec V.Heath)
Treasurer – V. Heath (Prop R. Cessford Sec F. Kinnaird)
Club Captain – election delayed
Vice-Captain – election delayed
Ground Convenor – R. Cesford
Other Members – B. Roberts, J. D. Waugh

The Match Secretary position to be shared by L. McFall and D. Mullen, who between them will arrange fixtures for next season.

A public relations officer was appointed, namely Mr F. Kinnaird who up to date had done a grand job of work with his articles in the local press.

Two auditors were appointed:

D. McCulloch,
D. Corner.

4. *Appointment of Honorary Office Bearers.*

The position of Hon. President was offered to Maj. Gen. Dixon. In his reply the General thanked the members saying he was honoured to accept the office and he hoped he could be of some help to the club and wished them every success in the future.

Mr Britt said he was honoured to have him as Hon. President and thanked him on behalf of the members.

Honorary Office Bearers

Honorary Presidents:

Major General B. E. C. Dixon C.B.C.B.E.M.O.

Honorary Vice-Presidents:

Professor R. Browning C.B.E. M.A. B.C.A.

James B. Anderson Chairman 5th District Council

M. J. M. Tait Rector Duncanrig Secondary School

J. McFadyen Headmaster St. Brides Secondary School

5. *Membership Fees*

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|-------------|
| 1. <i>Playing Members</i> | <i>25/-</i> |
| 2. <i>Associate Members</i> | <i>12/6</i> |
| 3. <i>Junior Members to 18 years</i> | <i>7/6</i> |

Appointment of Bankers: left to the committee

6. *Selection of Club Colours*

After a little discussion it was accepted Black and Gold be the club colours

7. *Position of Ground*

It was pointed out to the members that the committee had a meeting with the Development Corporation and the 5th District Council and until these were held and results known they could not be given a definite answer.

8. *A.O.C.B.*

The Captain of Rolls Royce C.C. Mr W. Paterson extended his club's good wishes for the future. The General put the suggestion that we contact some of the industrialists of the area for their support in forming our club. There being no other business the chairman thanked Maj. gen. Dixon for coming along and also the members for their support.

A vote of thanks was proposed by the members to the chairman for a very successful evening.

PROMOTION AND DISILLUSION

1969-1973

Alan Dickie

After a poor start to the league campaign in 1969, five consecutive victories raised hopes of the championship. However, late defeats by the Police and Cartha left us in the runners up spot again. Dave Dewar's form with the ball was outstanding in both league and friendlies and he eventually bagged a club record 136 wickets for the season.

In 1970, the early highlights were Ian Thomas's league innings of 62 at Vale and 106 at Ardeer. However, the usual inconsistency saw EK lose points regularly in mid-season, and despite winning the last three matches, once again it was second place for East Kilbride. Bishopbriggs suffered a record low total in a friendly match when Dave Dewar and Mel Evans bowled them out for 7 – what a pity they didn't bowl together more often for East Kilbride.

1971 again saw the frustration of second place in the league. After three draws and a defeat, late results were a big improvement but still not good enough. Cess set a club record taking five catches against Rolls Royce, and Mel Evans took a fine 7 for 5 against Woodhall, who lost by 8 runs chasing 39. Ballerup CC toured in 1971. A fine time was had by all, although Ballerup were easily defeated as they were unaccustomed to our grass wicket.



Team meeting at The Willow for an away game

Dunn, Jnr. Dunn, Snr. Marshall, Dickie, Evans and McCulloch

By the end of 1972 another important newcomer on the scene was Nicky Stephenson, a young and somewhat wild left arm quick bowler. Richard Gordon had strengthened the batting and the extra depth made a difference in the league. With 6 wins and only one defeat, the title was won easily, and promotion was ours at last! Bill Neill's 66 and Dave Dewar's 8 for 14 rounded it off in the final match at Kilmacolm.



E.K. CRICKET CLUB

East Kilbride at Kilmarnock, 1972.
Dewar, Hodgson, Levitt, Thomas, Cessford, Wilson, Cunningham
Gordon, Neill, Beacon, Theaker

There was a remarkable win in a friendly against Marr, who were chasing only 48, and collapsed from 39 for 2 to 43 all out thanks to a 5 for 2 spell by young spinner John Marshall. Alan Dickie broke Cess' club record with 6 catches at Babcock.

The third division was entered with great hope in 1973, but results went from bad to worse, with failures to chase totals of 70, 64 and 39! The season ended with a most unenjoyable campaign with a dismal fifth place. It was little wonder that the silver tongued Kentishman, Maurice Beacon, received the necessary support in the club to secede from the league, and return to playing only friendly matches. Some of the great players of the past saw this as a backward step, and we were not to see Bill Neill or Jerry Hodgson play for East Kilbride again.

YEARS IN THE WILDERNESS

1974-1975

David Cunningham

After Bill Neill's departure, and Maurice Beacon's multiple resignations, Dave Dewar found himself at the helm in 1974. A marvelous season of friendlies was had, with the notable addition of Donald Bell to the playing strength. He broke the club record with 684 runs in his first season. Results, poor at first, took an upturn in June, and finished with an even number of wins and losses. Dave Dewar toiled tirelessly for his 97 wickets.

There was a memorable evening match against Pakistan Gymkhana, with the presence of test star Salauddin giving EK's win all the more merit. Sala himself after driving Dave Dewar for six up the hill, foolishly went for a quick run to John Davies, and was easily run out. The chatter and colorful garb of the many wives and children accompanying the players gave Torrance House the air of a Karachi street market.

In 1975, the backstage revolution fomented by Maurice Beacon (who else) led to Donald Bell becoming captain. The team prospered under his firm leadership, and the team was strengthened by the form of Marshall and Cunningham and the acquisition of Donald's brother Alastair and Alan Morton from Garrowhill.

Dave Dewar had another fine season, with 95 wickets, the highlight being 9 for 7 against St Modans (he took 5 for 9 the next day – quite a weekend!) John Marshall matched his 95, with Donald Bell scoring 977 runs at an average of 41, and being desperately unlucky not to reach 1000, the team had a new found confidence. 31 matches were won out of 42 played, and the club successfully applied to rejoin the Glasgow League at the end of the season.

My personal memory of that season was a scorching day and fast outfield at Stenhousemuir, when our bowling and especially our fielding were the best I can ever remember. After scoring 196, we restricted the home side to just 78 in 45 overs. I remember the ring of short legs, and Al Bell's one handed catch at leg slip was one of the finest in the clubs history.

We were grateful to Russell Jones, a young lad who joined when we had a stall at the club Open Day, for keeping beautiful, multi-coloured scorebooks for two seasons. Unfortunately, we had little time to appreciate his tremendous batting talent, as he was snapped up by Clydesdale and eventually played for Scotland.

RETURN TO THE LEAGUE

1976-1979

David Cunningham

Despite the setback of having no ground, due to the procrastinations of the contractor who was removing the famous Torrance House Hill, the club steam-rolled through the Fourth Division, with only a draw in the first match and later one against Kilmacolm, preventing a perfect record.

Most games were not merely wins; they were slaughters, with wins by 10 wickets or 100 runs common. Al Bell's bowling was particularly devastating, and all the batsmen scored runs easily. David Cunningham broke Donald Bell's year old club record. And notched 1000 runs by hitting 100 in the last game of the season at Rolls Royce, during which Wallace also made a record 124, and the pair shared in the partnership of 210 for the second wicket off 30 overs. Cess, then playing for Rolls Royce still complains he was taken off after four overs – I should think he'd have been glad! The changing fortunes of the two East Kilbride teams were sharply mirrored in this game, and Rolls Royce was in the process of progressing steadily down through the league. Could East Kilbride continue upwards?



Forth Division Champions 1976

*McDermott, Hughes, A. Bell, Dewar, Cunningham, D.Bell, Campbell,
Dickie, Marshall, Morton, Wallace, Abercromby*

1977 saw the return of the prodigal son – David Aitken. John Davies claimed he still owed his 1967 sub! The league campaign was less decisive, with only two draws and a shock defeat by the Police, with Con Niblett and Charlie Gibson rescuing a lost cause by adding 59 off 11 overs for the last wicket. We lay only fourth after four games. Results improved, despite an infamously miserable tied game at Clydebank, where they were abusive and openly cheated. Our protest to the league was essentially rhetorical, as protests normally are.

With rain washing out a tense game against leaders Victoria, we were left with four games in August, and all had to be won. Clydebank were quickly massacred – Cunningham's 104 and Marshall's 6 for 1 repaying Clydebank's earlier misdemeanors. The Police were next to suffer vengeance with their total of 84 being knocked off in only 17 overs. This set up the big game against league leaders Victoria, who only needed a draw. We lost the toss, and took chances on a poor wicket to allow a gambling declaration at 140 for 5, leaving Victoria 50 overs. Dave 'Dewar's finesse picked holes in the Victoria batsmen's stonewalls, and he finished with 7 for 22. The coup de grace was delivered by Al Bell. Returning from serious injury, and bowling spin off one leg, he took 2 for 0 in 10 overs! It remained only to beat Bishopbriggs and their total of 104 after taking extra overs were brushed aside by East Kilbride in only 15 overs. The 3rd Division title was East Kilbride's for the first time, and once again Donald Bell's house bore the blunt of the celebrations.



Third Division Champions 1977
Campbell, Morton, McDermott, Aitken, Dewar, Wallace
A.Bell, Dickie, D. Bell, Cunningham, Marshall

David Cunningham had his best season, with a record 1234 runs, and 135 against West of Scotland, who conceded 264 for 5 in 40 overs. Dave Dewar again headed the bowling with 88 wickets.

The second division was bound to be a harder proposition, but we had a fine side as we entered the 1978 campaign. However, a season of mixed results ensued, and when Babcock bowled us out for 57, they took over from us at top of the league, and did not falter. Second place was a disappointment, but not a disaster. Alan Dickie came into his finest ever form, and took over the opening spot from Cunningham. Dave Dewar passed

the 1,000 wicket mark for the club when he took 5 wickets at Old Grammarians. A memorable achievement and one which may well never be surpassed.



Old Grammarians August 1978

David Dewar Reaches 1,000 wickets for East Kilbride in 12 seasons from 1967 – 1978

We were strengthened in 1979 by the recruitment of David Parry, a strong left hand bat, and he ousted Alan Dickie from the opening spot with some fine early form, Results reached new peaks, and at one point we went nearly three full games without losing a wicket, scoring 300 runs in the process! League results were consistent, with wins or high-point draws being achieved, and we topped the league in July. The club also hammered Prestwick in the KO Cup semi-final to become the first 2nd Division side ever to reach the final –where our cup nerves, as usual got the better of us. A stutter in the league by losing to Motherwell proved only temporary, and the title was clinched by the penultimate game, when Thornliebank were hammered.

This side was undoubtedly the best ever East Kilbride team, with batting strength in depth and fine, penetrative bowling backed up by a fast, fit fielding side. David Parry and Donald Bell both topped 1000 runs, and Al Bell had his best season, with 88 wickets.

So, at long last, the dream of so many people had been realized – East Kilbride was in the First Division. We thought it might be a different prospect, and we were right.



*Second Division Champions 1979
Napier, Dewar, Barron, Wilson, Aitken, Cunningham, D.Bell, Davies
Parry, Wallace, J.Dickie, A.Dickie, Horniman*

FIRST DIVISION HIGHLIGHTS

1980-1986

David Cunningham and Alan Dickie

Yes, there were one or two, despite our eventual disastrous season in 1986 and temporary return to the Second Division. In the other seasons we finished in the middle of the league, and turned in some fine performances. In 1980, there were good wins over Irvine and Helensburgh, and again we reached the knockout cup final, losing it to Prestwick. This was Malcolm Dawe's only season and he must have been about the best fielder ever to play for the club, as well as being a hard hitting batsman. This was also the season when Alan Scott took a catch at long on, after the ball deflecting from Cunningham's head at short leg. Al Bell suffered a knee injury, but was in any case reluctant to return for the same reasons that were creating unease and tension throughout the club.

When 1981 began, we had further lost the services of Parry, Dawe, Marshall, Aitken and Al Bell. Faced with this massive blow to the playing resources, the old stagers rallied round, and we held our own in the league, with five victories, including two over Irvine. Cunningham, Bell, Dickie and rising star MacDougall all scored over 500 runs, and when Al Bell returned for 1982, fortunes looked brighter with youngsters McIntyre, Reid and Peat also coming through to the top side.

The 1982 campaign produced four good wins, with Al Bell's 95 against Kilmacolm and David Cunningham's 100 against Hillhead the top performances. In the Western Cup, wins over Uddingston Drumpellier, Irvine and Ayr took us to the final, but another dismal cup final showing lost the day to Clydesdale. Alan Dickie had easily his best season with the bat, his new found consistency being a boon to the club, His partnership of 76 for the 10th wicket with Alastair MacDougall, who put down his crutches to hobble out to the wicket, astonished all who saw it, and must rival Eddie Paynter's rise from his sickbed to bat for England!

1983 began with our first ever win in the National Club K.O Younger Cup, and we should have gone on to defeat mighty Aberdeenshire- chasing 140, we were 80 for 2, but nerves and superb bowling from Mike Smith won the day for the visitors, The league campaign went from bad to worse, with 4 draws and 3 defeats in the first 7 games. The recovery came in style at Hillhead with a nine wickets win after a record 157 opening stand between Bell (90) and Dickie (72*). The final two matches were drawn, with Dickie again notching 50. 5th position was poor, but could have been much worse.

In their 21st Anniversary season, East Kilbride competently won their own inaugural 6-a-side tournament. The Sunday match of Anniversary weekend produced an outstanding tie at 261 runs each of 40 overs. Elsewhere, Donald Bell again achieved 1000 runs in an otherwise unremarkable season.

1984 began with a half strength East Kilbride playing a full Poloc's side, and being devastated by Omar Henry's 136 off only 25 overs. Poloc's total of 253 for 2 off 20 overs is a record against the club- thanks goodness it wasn't a 50 over match. The club matches were uniformly unsuccessful, as was becoming something of a habit, and the league was uneventful, apart from a victory at Prestwick, whose 1st XI now played as Ayrshire- Kampman's 7 for 29 doing most of the damage. Further victories over Hillhead and Helensburgh ensured the usual mid-table position at the end of the year. The 2nd XI had a uniquely prolific season, With Niblett in particular, and Manuel, Wilson and Offin scoring runs heavily, and Cess taking the princely sum of 65 wickets – one more than his age, but who would wager for the last time?

And so to 1985, and the same story continues – poor early form in cup and league matches, but this time the dismal run continued, and the two defeats by Irvine, one absurd and one humiliating, and only a Kampman inspired victory in the final match against Motherwell saved EK from Division 2. Form in friendlies was more presentable, and MacDougall finished with a creditable average of 32. Niblett and Cessford again dominated 2nd XI proceedings, but Danny Glasswell's emergence as a bowler of class was marked by his 8 for 21 against St Modans and 48 wickets for the season.

1986 saw more professionals in the 1st Division, and the chances of EK remaining in Division 1 were thought to be low. They were in fact zero. A string of defeats left EK securely last, and despite several late season wins, fate was not to be cheated. On the brighter side, Brian Kampman hit a swashbuckling undefeated 117 against Caldbeck on tour, and the 2nd XI had their usual enjoyable season. No one scored 500 runs for the 1st XI, for the first season since 1973, but Kenny Badcock reached 50 wickets for the first time, including a haul of 7 for 40 in the league. The 2nd XI figures were dominated by Need I say more?

SOME THOUGHTS ON THE MINUTE BOOK

Bill Wilson

In his book “East Kilbride-The History of Parish and Village”, Thomas Eric Niven states,

“Cricket

The first cricket club was formed out of the old football club in 1871 and functioned for a season or two, but our East Kilbride climate is not a kindly one for such a game. A club was started in 1927, but when it ceased after a short life, no other club took its place. A certain amount of resentment was caused when the lower part of the Laigh Common was opened for cricket at the end of the last century – football, however being forbidden.”

If Bill Niven ever gets round to revising his father’s book, then we have some information for him.

The immediate reaction on looking back through the minutes is that not much has changed apart from the prices. Virtually every subject discussed in Committee in the past year has been discussed at least once in the last fifteen years. John Davies’ minutes remain things of wonder, if not of beauty, and his writing is as ‘orrible as ever. At risk of boring my reader, I will jot down a few headings and let my mind wander, which most of my friends tell me is the best thing it can do.

The original members of the club must be congratulated for their courage in accepting a let for the ground at Torrance House in 1963. Admittedly, the rent was only twelve pounds and ten shillings per annum, but they had to pay back 47 pounds, 17 shillings and 1 pence, the cost of lime and slag applied the previous year to the field. It may be of interest to note that this is the first, and in fact the only use of the word “slag” in the records of the club, although this is one of the main activities enjoyed by many of our members. They also had to undertake to erect a stob and wire fence around the ground, at an estimated cost of £76. These sums may not seem a lot to our younger members in these post-inflation days, but I seem to remember that you could get six or seven pints for a pound in those halcyon days. There were not too many original members about then to do the work, either – all of them have my greatest respect.

The balance sheet at 31/8/1964 showed a surplus for the year of £80. Playing equipment for that year cost the princely sum of £98. This was the largest sum spent on kit until 1969/70, when the cost went up to £109. These figures compare with the more than £500 spent so far this year. You can understand the Committee’s exhortations to take care of it.

Since time immemorial, treasurers have expressed discontent at the amount of money being raised for the coffers of their club, and this club is no exception. One or two quotations may serve to prove the point.

1/11/65

He also stressed the point that, until other ways of raising funds had been found, it would be necessary to slow down on any further ground improvements so as to reserve our existing funds for essential expenses.

24/10/66

".....we could not survive very long if we continued on those lines."

23/10/68

"It is my job as Treasurer of the club to report the blunt facts as I see them, and I make no apology for doing so.....unless these issues are faced and discussion made, the Club could slip out of existence."

13/11/72

"Considerable sums of money were being spent with very little coming in."

19/1/76

"I feel that the financial situation is satisfactory" (!)

As early as November, 1973, while the Treasurer was complaining about expenditure exceeding income, the purchase of good quality cricket balls was regarded as a sound investment, these balls then costing £2.90 each. For comparison, in 1964, 16 balls cost £19, 1 shilling and 5 pence. In 1976, the cost had risen to £4.05 each, and currently the price is simply horrific.

I note that some of the Treasure's worries were fully justified – there were seven annual deficits in the Club's history, the last one being as late as 1979. It is important for some of our members to realize that the current affluence could disappear like "snow off a dyke". Every effort must be made to support the club's fund raising activities.

The first mention of the possible formation of the Sports Club was in October 1966. Much of 1967 was taken up with meetings on this subject. In 1968, more time was devoted to looking after the club's interests in the context of the Sports Club, than on cricketing business. In 1969, it was announced that the club would have a new square laid, and also that the pavilion for the Sports Club would be ready for the start of the 1970 cricket season. In November 1970, the chairman opened his remarks as follows:

"This is an occasion of which East Kilbride can be proud. Not only, after all these years, has the Cricket Club a clubhouse and facilities, but many other sports now share these facilities, with new grounds and courts on which to play. This has been made possible by the work of a few cricket club members, who worked unselfishly for the benefit of others, which has also been an advantage for the cricket club. Tonight, I think we should feel justifiably pleased that through the unanimous decision of the members, some two and a half years past, we agreed to become the founder club of what is now known as East Kilbride Sports Club."

I certainly feel a modicum of pride, having been on the Sports Club committee from those earliest formative years, but interestingly, from my point of view anyway, not as a cricket club representative. They were very busy times, but enjoyable.

After years of constant niggling between Sports and Cricket Club committees on the damage done by non-cricket use of our pitch, the Sports Club was reported in May 1974 to be intending to appoint a groundsman. They were also going to request tenders for the leveling of the cricket outfield. The groundsman was duly appointed, but there still seemed to be a hell of a lot of work having to be done by a very few club members. In 1975, work commenced on removal of the hill. This work met many difficulties, some of which could not be solved. The end result was an improvement on the original field, but not nearly as good as we had been led to believe.

In 1972 the word "discipline" raised its head for the first, but certainly not the last time. The committee agreed that discipline on and off the pitch would be maintained by the

Captain, who would receive their full support. This does seem to have a familiar ring to it. On 25th April 1974 it was strongly argued that Bill Wilson (yes – that Bill Wilson!) and Maurice Beacon should receive a two match suspension. This was because both had verbally resigned as players and Mr. Wilson had gone so far as to mark the non –availability lists accordingly. By the weekend, more sober counsel had prevailed, and both played. It was felt that some gesture should have been made, although it was too late to action at that time. John notes laconically that *“these views were generally received sympathetically.”* I should say that I cannot remember ever hearing about this proposed suspension, which is probably just as well as I might well have resigned again and possibly more finally that time. Just think what that would have saved me in time and money over the years. 1974/75 was one of only three years that I did not serve on the committee, two of these because I was too busy with the setting up of the Sports Club.

On 10th July, 1977 the minutes express increased alarm at the behaviour and attitude of some players, particularly towards their colleagues. The Captain had spoken to the team and it was hoped that this would have the desired effect. I seem to remember that the Captain was one of the worst offenders at the time.

On 2nd July, 1979 Nigel Manuel’s behaviour over the years, and in East Kilbride cricket club recent games in particular, was discussed, and it was unanimously decided that his membership be cancelled and his subscription returned. I seem to miss all the good meetings – I was on holiday at the time. Nigel was re-admitted to membership in November, 1979; his behaviour was again considered in August, 1980, when no action was taken.

(Editor’s note: Nigel would have been expelled from the club earlier than 1979 had it not been for the presence of the captain, Donald Bell, who refused to allow a “witch-hunt, thereby sparing Nigel until the club’s patience ran out for the last time a few years ago.)

As late as August 1982, various causes for concern were discussed regarding behaviour of club members, both Senior and Junior. No action was taken, apart from a word in the “shell-like lugs” of those concerned. The Sports Club committee disagreed, and instigated the sending of formal letters of warning. A bit heavy handed I thought.

No summary of the club’s history would be complete without mentioning resignations. I expect other clubs have similar problems, but never one with which I have been associated. Many of them have been full justified, but some of the remainder were the result of personality differences or even defects. The uncrowned king was undoubtedly Maurice Beacon with, I think seven resignations in three years, and that only counts the written ones. It is hard to see why these should have caused the alarm and despondency that they did. On reading the letters, they appear rather limp and mundane. Perhaps it was something to do with the club’s desire for a great white hope to lead them from the bondage of the 4th Division, or perhaps it had to do with the charisma of the man himself. I certainly remember the terrible disappointment I felt when it was finally all over.

Let us have a quick thought for the lighter moments in the Club’s history. In 1968 the club challenged Celtic Football Club to a game of cricket. This was the club’s contribution to East Kilbride New Town’s 21st anniversary celebrations. The secretary noted that he thought this game had done more good for the club than anything else previously organized. The treasurer’s views are not recorded but, but the profit from months of work was just £26, twenty of which was then donated to charities. In 1969 the challenged was repeated, and the match was again the highlight of the year, but was

“not as financially successful as in 1968”! It was enjoyed by players and spectators alike. What more can we ask?

I cannot resist a final word about the Ballerup tour. In 1970, the club became the first organized team from East Kilbride to visit our twin town of Ballerup in Denmark. In the words of the chairman,

We were fortunate to come home with two victories due to the wonderful spirit that was engendered among the team, probably greatly helped by the wonderful hospitality of our hosts”.

The hospitality was returned the following year when Ballerup CC visited East Kilbride, and Alan Dickie gained yet another nickname, “Dickie Danske”. We went back to Denmark in 1972, but regrettably Ballerup CC is no more.

In closing, I would like to thank every office bearer or committee member in the club’s history. Many and varied have been the differences of opinion over the years, but I would ask you all to remember – without them we would not be a cricket club celebrating its twenty fifth birthday.

CESS AT THE WICKET

John McCulloch

Epitomizing the predatory instincts of mankind, Cess ambles to the wicket. Gloveless, boxless, his amiable grin belying his ruthless application to the game; he exchanges seemingly trite, but deeply psychological witticisms with the opposing wicket-keeper.

His apparent nonchalant glance at the field placings does not fool his friends in the pavilion. They know, and he knows that they know, that his incisive brain has placed each fielder to the exact millimeter in his minds eye.

A cursory taking of guard and Cess faces the bowler. His steely eyes, glinting under uncompromising brows, take in every detail of the bowler. The grip on the ball, the way the left boot is laced, nothing escapes his sardonic gaze. The bowler starts his run-up and a contemptuous snort escapes the batsman’s lips. At the moment of delivery Cess hears the beautiful notes of a nearby skylark. As the ball approaches his mind conjures up a vision of seven pints of export and an overflowing ashtray.

As the ball strikes his off stump, Cess commences his backlift; his left foot is placed immaculately forward and the bat flashes, deceiving the eye. He looks back and a slow beguiling smile insinuates itself over his Dickensian countenance. He steps forward, taps one of the famous Torrance hillocks with a disapproving cluck of the tongue tugs, his boots from the clawing, grasping mud and returns happily to the pavilion, his bright chatter amusing the fielders.

Cess enters the dressing room and shakes his head sadly. “I don’t know what’s coming over John”, he says plaintively, “I told him not to put me in as high as number ten!”



THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT SPINNER

David Cunningham

*It is an ancient spinner,
and he stoppeth one in three
but letteth two pass through his legs
and to the boundaree*

*He worries not that this mishap
should oft on him befall,
for more than twenty feet away
he cannot see the ball.*

*The callow youths who know him not,
fresh faced and fleet of foot,
may try but once to mock and laugh
for quick he sorts them out.*

*For he can tell the golden days,
of wickets hard and flat,
when with the ball he weaved his spells
to mesmerize the bat.*

*And still his captain knoweth,
for sage he is and wise'
that magic skill is present still
to tease and tantalise.*

*He cometh to the wicket slow,
the ball he grasps with ease.
he hurls it out, it swingeth in,
and strikes the batter's knees.*

*The spinner asketh how it was,
but be it yea or nay,
he will not curse nor shake his head,
but gentlemanly stay.*

*And soon he sends the ball again,
off line it seems – not so!
Its mighty spin deceives the eye
and lays the wicket low.*

*Throughout the long hot afternoon
his arm shall never slack,
and batsmen, hitters, rabbits, all
are stretched upon his rack.*

*When he himself the willow wields,
he shows no strong intention
and rarely does his stay incur
the scorer's intervention.*

*His one armed strokes,
so famed of old, are loved by one and all.
His cover drive deceives the eye,
but sadly, not the ball.*

*And after, when the task is done,
runs scored, and game is o'er,
he telleth all "well played",
although he knoweth not the score.*

*Meticulously he disrobes,
at steady, even pace,
Unwinds and stores the yards of cloth
which held his legs in place.*

*And, garments changed, he seeketh now
to satisfy his drought,
the longing, thirsting ache that follows
half an hour without.*

*Export, export everywhere!
and what is more, 'tis draught.
Export, export everywhere!
nor any straight glass left.*

*And so he turns his mind from drink
to riches of great wonder,
and changeth ten pounds at the bar,
intent to make a hundred.*

*The President approaches him,
desirous of his ale.
This mighty man takes hold of him,
and shows his empty pail.*

*The spinner stiffens, smiles no more,
his visage rendered craggy,
"Hold off, unhand me, grey-beard loon,
for I must play the puggy".*

*For he must take the devil on,
his wrought-in-hell creation,
stands mocking, silent, by the wall,
in sure anticipation.*

*He putteth in the silver discs,
brave heart he does not lack.
The devil takes them all with glee,
and giveth nothing back.*

*But win or nay, the spinner gives
no quarter in the war,
For he must quest 'til dying breath
to find the treble bar.*

*At last we see the spinner rest,
all gather round his feet.
The glass is full, the weed is lit
the world is at his feet.*

*And all intently listen as
he spins his mighty fables,
of ladies left with aching hearts,
and men left under tables.*

*For long in tooth, but big of heart,
his hair grown ever thinner,
the women love, the men admire,
that bright-eyed ancient spinner.*

ADC

~~~~~

*(Editor's note: During the 1981 tour to South Shields, a very enjoyable match was played at Boldon. I was bowling what I refer to as leg-spin, although others have different names for it, and in my fourth over a batsman skied an attempted drive. I did not require to move to take the return catch, and it was left to me by all but our illustrious keeper, Alan Dickie. The ensuing events have become a part of club folklore)*

**THE DANCE OF DEATH  
OR  
"A Traveller's Tale"  
John Davies**

...presently, we came upon an enclosed field where twenty or more men, dressed all in white, were besporting themselves. After we had been watching for a while we realized that this was an ancient festival, the origins of which were lost in the mists of time.

Some of the movements of the performers reminded us of our native Bavaria and our own timeless folk rituals.

We noticed sets of three sticks had been placed centrally in the field about twenty meters apart, and after a while a strange thing happened. One of the players, who was clutching a ball, shuffled up to one of the sets of sticks, and with an unusual whirling

motion of his arms propelled the ball very slowly and very high into the air towards another performer who was standing before the other set of sticks. This latter man held a wooden club and wore padded leg guards and padded gloves, though why we could not say.

As the ball approached the man with the club, he leapt towards it and, swinging his club, struck it back from whence it came. The man who had propelled the ball stood his ground and shouted “MEIN! MEIN!” Meanwhile another performer, who was far removed from the area of action, and whom we presumed to be the chieftain called out “COMING HAME!” This, we understood later, is ancient Scots for “coming home”, though none was able to tell us why these words should be used at this time.

Suddenly, another performer sprang into action. He was positioned behind the man with the club and was similarly attired with leg guards and heavy padded gloves, though he wielded no club.

This performer hurled his body past the man with the club and towards the man who had shouted “MEIN!” and who, by this time, had cupped his hands under his chin as if to catch the ball, which had commenced its descent.

The other performers stood motionless as if transfixed, as they watched the ball descend. The man with the leg guards advanced towards the area where the ball would land, and where the other performer was waiting to receive it. As he ran he emitted a strange piercing call - “DICKIES DICKIES!”

What had seemed inevitable then happened. The man with leg guards collided with the man awaiting the ball which then fell to earth.

At this juncture the man who had been waiting to receive the ball screamed several words but, in spite of our researches, we have been unable to ascertain their meaning.

And so we said goodbye to this most traditional of festivals with the happy laughter of performers and spectators alike ringing in our ears.

*(Editor's note: The following piece, topical in 1983, perhaps requires a little background now. Brian and I had a lengthy spell of non-communication, shall we say, inevitably caused by a woman.*

*Alistair MacDougall spent a spell on crutches after damaging a knee, and nevertheless played a memorable innings, when he and Dickie added a record 76 for the last wicket. He also had a punch-up with Gregor Reid while on crutches! Andrew Napier couldn't stand Nigel Manuel- now none of us can!)*

## **A MIDSUMMER DAY'S NIGHTMARE**

Keith McIntyre

The weather is warm and sunny as East Kilbride 1<sup>st</sup> XI arrive at the Sports Club at 2.30pm. They have arrived prompt for a 2.00 start.

Those “in the know” decide to inspect the wicket. Apart from a ridge on a length at the garage end, caused when Tony Greig's “weather wall” sank, it is decided that the wicket is a good one that will improve for batsmen as the game proceeds. East Kilbride wins the toss and decides to bat.

Alan Dickie and Donald Bell stride confidently to the wicket. Dickie faces the first ball, which he pulls majestically over cover for four. The shot is repeated to the next two balls. The first results in four over the slips and the second bowls him - it is a yorker.

David Cunningham is due to bat at number three, but unfortunately is held up by medical matters. He is indeed at this moment nursing the pink into the middle pocket in Glasgow University snooker hall.

The vice-captain Alan Scott is forced to join Bell at the wicket. This potentially explosive duo lives up to expectations as the score races from ten to twenty in ten overs, before Scott is caught at cover - it is the first ball he has laid bat to.

Bell is next to depart, caught at deep backward square leg attempting his first attacking stroke of the day. Batting now are Brian Kampman, that tall elegant strokemaker, and David Cunningham, who has just arrived. Cunningham is run out without facing as Kampman drops the ball at his feet and shouts "YES", and stays put. Cunningham is heard to mutter "silly b\*\*\*\*\*" as he walks off. Kampman is heard to laugh uproariously.

Kampman now unleashes a ferocious attack on the bowlers, hitting five sixes over mid-wicket. It is later discovered that David Cunningham had at that point been removing his pads on the mid-wicket boundary. Kampman finally departs having scored 53 from a total of 75 for 5.

Nigel Manuel comes out to join Alastair MacDougall at the crease. They add a brisk 30 before MacDougall is given out "hit wicket" when one of his crutches gives way and he falls on his stumps. Keith McIntyre is promoted to number eight since Andrew Napier refuses to bat with Manuel. The partnership is broken when Manuel attempts to hit the spinner for six "over the top". He advances down the wicket, and with a full backlift, offers a simple chance to silly mid-off.

With the score at 115 for 7, with eighteen overs left, there is still time for McIntyre and new batsman Gregor Reid to patiently build an innings. Reid scores sixteen from his first three deliveries before being bowled trying to sweep the leg spinner. He leaves the wicket saying "I told you I'm a batsman".

With Napier refusing to bat because Manuel is in the same country, last man John Crossgrove shuffles nervously to the wicket. He is still there unbeaten on 29 at the close. His innings included some exquisite cover drives through slip, and a number of powerful hook-shots over the wicket keeper's head. McIntyre is last out, bowled off stump trying to turn the ball to fine leg.

East Kilbride's innings closes at a respectable 170 all out. David Cunningham announces his satisfaction with the score, saying "at one time it looked like we would struggle to make 200 and we did"

After a wildly exciting tea of two cheese sandwiches, two ham sandwiches and a chocolate biscuit, the team troop out for their stint in the field. Andrew Napier has been persuaded to play, but unfortunately EK still only have ten men. Gregor Reid is at this minute lying unconscious in the dressing room following an incident involving Alastair MacDougall's crutches.

After an uneventful first over from Kampman, Napier bowls the first over up the hill. It consists of 1 full toss, 1 beamer, 1 half-volley, 1 long hop, 1 which bounces twice, and a completely unplayable ball which pitches two feet outside off stump and removes the leg stump.



After ten overs the opposition are 45-1. Napier has 1 for 40 and Kampman has 0 for 5. Because of Kampman's accuracy, Cunningham decides to field at short square leg. This proves to be a master stroke, as a wicket falls next ball. Kampman bowls a long hop which the batsman hooks onto Cunningham's head, thus providing a simple catch for Alan Scott in the deep.

Napier claims another wicket when the batsman pops up a simple catch to MacDougall at cover. He catches the ball, and in a remarkable display of theatrics falls backward to the ground as if stunned by the pace of the ball. He picks himself up, and holding his finger announces "that was f\*\*\*\*\* sore", thus ensuring himself of an excuse when he bowls badly.

John Crossgrove meanwhile is fielding superbly. Nothing gets past him. He has yet to use his hands to stop the ball, but instead demonstrates the use of face, chest and private parts as effective barriers.

With the score at 95 for 4 EK suffer a major blow as Alan Dickie is forced to leave the field with a broken hand, the result of a Manuel attempt at a run out after the umpire had called "over".

The opposition has reached 140 for 5 as a result of an unbeaten 50 run partnership. Cunningham decides to bring himself on to bowl, and sure enough on the fifth ball of his over he breaks the partnership. Unfortunately, his first four balls went for twenty runs.

With ten overs left and eleven runs needed, Donald Bell is given a bowl. He takes 2 for 2 in two overs. It is not good enough to win the game, but it is enough for Bell to feel superior in the bar afterwards.

East Kilbride loose by two wickets and decide to drown their sorrows in the bar. On entering they find the 2<sup>nd</sup> XI, who returned two hours previously. They had bowled the opposition out for 62, thanks mainly to Dewar (5 for 7), Cessford (5 for 10), and Lang's (0 for 40). John Davies realizing that the total was beyond his team, decided to play for the draw. They were all out for 21.

All in all, a bad day for East Kilbride, so rather than get downhearted, we decide to get smashed.

**There we have it, just another Saturday.**





1982 rankings are shown in brackets

## BATTING

| 1st XI |      | Qualification : 50 innings |      |    |      |      |         |    |     |
|--------|------|----------------------------|------|----|------|------|---------|----|-----|
|        |      | Name                       | Inns | NO | HS   | Runs | Average | 50 | 20  |
| 1      | (1)  | D Bell                     | 411  | 62 | 106  | 9419 | 26.99   | 51 | 132 |
| 2      | (2)  | D Cunningham               | 365  | 48 | 135  | 7906 | 24.94   | 43 | 97  |
| 3      | (8)  | A MacDougall               | 187  | 47 | 95*  | 3176 | 22.69   | 13 | 44  |
| 4      | (3)  | W Neill                    | 142  | 18 | 80   | 2710 | 21.85   | 9  | 46  |
| 5      | (4)  | A Bell                     | 183  | 30 | 96   | 3321 | 21.71   | 13 | 52  |
| 6      | (5)  | D Wallace                  | 227  | 45 | 124  | 3653 | 20.07   | 11 | 65  |
| 7      | (7)  | A Sutherland               | 106  | 22 | 70   | 1585 | 18.87   | 6  | 21  |
| 8      | (6)  | B Kampman                  | 150  | 27 | 117* | 2317 | 18.84   | 4  | 41  |
| 9      | (-)  | A Scott                    | 162  | 36 | 77   | 2166 | 17.19   | 3  | 38  |
| 10     | (9)  | M Beacon                   | 61   | 3  | 50   | 988  | 17.03   | 1  | 22  |
| 11     | (10) | A Dickie                   | 447  | 51 | 93*  | 6660 | 16.82   | 18 | 112 |
| 12     | (-)  | G Peat                     | 75   | 25 | 46*  | 778  | 15.56   | 0  | 12  |
| 13     | (11) | W Wilson                   | 337  | 31 | 69*  | 4705 | 15.38   | 14 | 72  |
| 14     | (13) | D Aitken                   | 301  | 39 | 85   | 4000 | 15.27   | 8  | 69  |
| 15     | (-)  | Gregor Reid                | 76   | 23 | 105* | 774  | 14.60   | 3  | 8   |
| 16     | (12) | A Grindley                 | 85   | 15 | 54   | 981  | 14.01   | 2  | 16  |
| 17     | (14) | A Morton                   | 90   | 28 | 39*  | 746  | 12.03   | 0  | 14  |
| 18     | (15) | J Hodgson                  | 101  | 15 | 69*  | 1026 | 11.93   | 1  | 15  |
| 19     | (17) | I Thomas                   | 90   | 5  | 106  | 958  | 11.27   | 2  | 12  |
| 20     | (16) | N Manuel                   | 131  | 30 | 50*  | 1078 | 10.67   | 1  | 14  |
| 21     | (18) | D Mullen                   | 186  | 21 | 36*  | 1748 | 10.59   | 0  | 24  |
| 32     | (27) | J Davies                   | 232  | 36 | 44*  | 1474 | 7.52    | 0  | 19  |
| 22     | (19) | D Jones                    | 124  | 21 | 49   | 1089 | 10.57   | 0  | 15  |
| 23     | (20) | I Campbell                 | 115  | 25 | 56*  | 908  | 10.09   | 1  | 10  |
| 24     | (-)  | K McIntyre                 | 112  | 24 | 34*  | 870  | 9.89    | 0  | 10  |
| 25     | (-)  | K Badcock                  | 55   | 26 | 49   | 285  | 9.83    | 0  | 3   |
| 26     | (22) | R Levitt                   | 134  | 6  | 53   | 1232 | 9.63    | 1  | 17  |
| 27     | (21) | R Wilkinson                | 120  | 18 | 56*  | 974  | 9.55    | 2  | 10  |
| 28     | (23) | A Theaker                  | 100  | 16 | 55   | 795  | 9.46    | 1  | 8   |
| 29     | (25) | G Howarth                  | 53   | 3  | 62*  | 468  | 9.36    | 1  | 6   |
| 30     | (-)  | S Wylie                    | 93   | 8  | 61   | 757  | 8.91    | 1  | 8   |
| 31     | (-)  | A Offin                    | 62   | 14 | 27   | 381  | 7.94    | 0  | 5   |
| 33     | (-)  | A Napier                   | 77   | 21 | 44   | 417  | 7.45    | 0  | 5   |
| 34     | (28) | J Marshall                 | 134  | 57 | 25*  | 552  | 7.17    | 0  | 3   |
| 35     | (29) | R Cessford                 | 258  | 22 | 55   | 1480 | 6.27    | 1  | 12  |
| 36     | (30) | C Abercromby               | 53   | 9  | 35   | 250  | 5.68    | 0  | 2   |
| 37     | (31) | A Lang                     | 86   | 19 | 26*  | 349  | 5.21    | 0  | 3   |
| 38     | (-)  | J Crossgrove               | 54   | 15 | 29   | 197  | 5.05    | 0  | 1   |
| 39     | (33) | D Dewar                    | 181  | 58 | 29*  | 534  | 4.34    | 0  | 2   |

