



# 2001 USCA Team Roster

2001

UNITED STATES CURLING ASSOCIATION

SCOTLAND

TOUR

*"A True History"*

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### Team A

Paul Mort  
Harry Wylie  
Dave Grant  
Dick Urevig (skip)

### Team B

Bob Flemming  
George Austin  
Andy Anderson  
Sam Williams (skip)

### Team C

Tom Garber  
Geoff Broadhurst  
Jeff Annis  
David Russell (skip)

### Team D

Hal McGrady  
Thom Knitter  
David Garber  
Robb Borland (skip)

### Team E

Bunkie Harmon  
Mike Griem  
Cliff Andreoli  
Brian Bammel (skip)

# Daily Log

## Pre-Tour event

The Tour, usually scheduled in January, the curling mid-season, was rescheduled for early season, minimizing the opportunity to get in shape prior to the grueling Tour schedule. As a means to shape up and to provide an opportunity for early introductions, most team members participated in the North Shore Curling Club's Men's Bonspiel in early October, an event well run and well-enjoyed. Legs and shoulders still ached in Scotland early in the Tour.

## Thursday, October 25

Twenty men arrived at O'Hare's Terminal 3 between 3:20 p.m. and 7:00 p.m. via car, bus or plane. Captain Andy had arrangements well in hand. Faces aglow, we moved quickly through the boarding pass and bag check process and security. We gathered at American Airline's Admirals Club, in the Executive Conference Center on level two, from 5:00-8:00 p.m. A duty roster was established. The leads would carry the broom bags. The seconds were to handle periodic distribution of the pin exchange boxes, and the gifts that had been purchased for our Scottish private hosts (crystal candy dish for wife, utility tool for husband). The Treasurer would watch the Appreciation Plaques and Tour Maps that we would give to each club/ice rink we would visit. Mort affixed a Bruce Tartan backing to each of our brass nametags. Borland was assigned as flag bearer. There would be a strict daily dress code, announced in advance by the Vice-Captain, with the Couriers' guidance. Violators would be fined. The Vice-Captain would handle rules issues. Anderson led a security briefing in view of the "9/11" tragedy. (Security concerns were promptly forgotten upon arrival in a land of friends and friendship.) The adventure continued when we boarded the aircraft for a 9:05 p.m. departure on an uneventful overnight flight to Scotland.

## Friday, October 26

Our jet arrived at Glasgow International airport on time at 10:15 a.m. Immigration, baggage claim and customs went smoothly. (It is rumored that Knitter successfully smuggled 25

cartons of Marlboro long lights. In a minor incident, Urevig was caught with a case of cheap English gin, which he brought with the intent to trade with the natives for Scotch. Fortunately, the incident was quelled when Captain Andy arranged the successful bribe of the customs agent, who was of English parentage, with one bottle of the *faux* Bombay.) After these formalities, like going from a haze to the sunlight, we walked through the exit doors to a warm

reception by numerous Scots. We shared introductions all around, with couriers, Royal Caledonian Curling Club (RCCC) dignitaries, and our driver. For the first of many times, we boarded the coach. RCCC President Hepburn had pulled strings and had extraneous traffic cleared, so we enjoyed a quick trip to the Bothwell Bridge hotel in Hamilton, just southeast of Glasgow, which would be our home for three nights, during which

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## USA Men Retain Herries-Maxwell Trophy

*(Excerpt from The United States Curling News, February, 2002)*

What better experience for 20 men, all long-time curlers, than a three and a half week journey comprised primarily of banquets and curling matches with our curler brethren in Scotland, the mother country of the "Roarin' Game"?

Our Captain, Andy Anderson ("World's Finest Touring Captain") developed the motto "Play for Five and Stay Alive." The team took these words to heart, bringing back the magnificent Herries-Maxwell Trophy, as well as 20 exhausted but content souls, to the shores of the USA.

Can we adequately describe in words the friendships made and rekindled during this wondrous marathon? Only to say that the Scots' hospitality and the warmth of fellowship we so much enjoyed constitute the real meaning of this every five year "home and home" competition. Bless Commander Desmond Herries-Maxwell for the Tour idea, and bless the Scots for switching from combat to curling several hundred years ago ...

From Brora to Kelso and from Stranraer to Lochgoilhead, we curled 29 games in 21 ice arenas, enjoying fine curling ice, the best single malts, and superb food ...

Several of our teammates believed themselves to be in paradise after the Royal Caledonian Curling Club (RCCC) provided a generous sampling of single malts at the first banquet. This great start, coupled with our stops at Turnberry, the Scottish coast near Ailsa Craig, and visits to castles, monuments and distilleries, enhanced and broadened our overall experience. ...

And yes, we are "made curlers" now, since the Curlers Court at Kinross, and proud of it ...

We look forward to taking very good care of 20 of Scotland's finest in 2007.

USCA 2001 Tour of Scotland Team: Andy Anderson (Captain), David Russell (Vice-captain), Geoff Broadhurst (Secretary), Brian Bammel (Treasurer), Cliff Andreoli, Jeff Annis, George Austin, Robb Borland, Bob Flemming, David Garber, Tom Garber, Dave Grant, Mike Griem, Bunkie Harmon, Thom Knitter, Hal McGrady, Paul Mort, Dick Urevig, Sam Williams and Harry Wylie (#20).

time the RCCC and its Area 3 Province would be our hosts. (We would learn that three nights in one place was a luxury.) After lunch at the hotel, we were allowed a nap, after which we dutifully assembled for song practice. A free evening (also a rarity!) started with supper at the Grapevine, where the Vice-Captain led us into near vice with the many attractive women in attendance (were they lured by the prospect of “more Yanks”?). Courier Tulloch led our tactical retreat, without serious incident, to the Douglas Arms, where one of our younger members encountered a different type of vice, only to escape in the nick of time with his teammates’ aid.

### Saturday, October 27

This day established a pattern we would follow pretty closely. After breakfast, often with aching bodies and some degree of cranial gloom, we would board the coach between eight and nine. On the coach, we received communiqués, conducted court and imposed harsh penalties, shared camaraderie. Some snatched a moment’s rest. We would arrive around ten for the first public activity of the day, most often a game, but sometimes a civic reception or a tour. Just after noon, we would warm up with a hearty Scottish lunch of sandwiches and soup. The next activity would take place from early to late afternoon. A precious hour in the hotel room, to spruce and collect our thoughts, would be followed by a banquet in the evening, often complemented by post-banquet sociality in the bar until the wee hours. Every day, concurrent with each activity listed above, we were regaled with fellowship from one another and from our Scottish hosts, some of whom were RCCC “royalty,” most simply local curlers, all of whom were enthusiastic, warm and gracious. We enjoyed many toasts, many wee drams. We could not *buy* a drink or a meal (and there were many). We did sacrifice precious sleep, regained to a degree on our rare days off and on the bye days each team came to anticipate and to need.

On this fair morning we embarked at 8:30 with an enjoyable coach tour of Glasgow. Teacher “Jo” was our guide. The Tour planners had wisely included enough tourist diversions to enable us to acquire some taste of Scottish culture and history. Most Americans are awed at realizing the age and history of manmade Europe, where many cultural icons pre-date the settlement of America. We saw many grand old sites, and saw that

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2001



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Glasgow has made a great recovery from the depressed days of the mid 20th century. One notable hour's walkabout included a cathedral and religious museum, featuring Dali's dramatic "Christ on the Cross."

Then to Lanarkshire ice rink for lunch and our first game, which fortunately for us, would not count toward the competition. The '97 Tourists defeated us, with the help of a fourth end social break. But who cared this day? We were curling in Scotland, the mother country of the Roarin' Game!

Later in our hotel rooms, we chatted with our roommates while we donned our dress clothes in preparation for a welcome banquet and Tour reunion hosted by the RCCC. The Americans looked sharp in matching navy blazers, crisp white shirts, USCA ties, and gray slacks (we wore turtlenecks for less formal affairs and touring). Each evening, our blazer lapels would be decorated with a variety of newly acquired badges; we looked like (old) soldiers of a sort. This affair lasted over four hours. To start, we were led into an anteroom and directed to sit in a row of chairs, with a row of Scots seated (ominously?) behind us. What was to become of us? The grisly truth is, we were forced to sample a half dozen of the finest single-malt whiskeys Scotland had to offer. In its wisdom, the RCCC were preparing our palates for the weeks to come. We could henceforth discriminate (a little) between distillery products! During the banquet, after the formal welcome and response and other remarks, Jim Letham sang.

### Sunday, October 28

The team had purchased baseball-style caps as part of our uniform. A gift from the '97 Scots USA Tourists of attractive Tams put the caps at the bottom of our bags. On the ice, we sported smart, matching uniforms that we wore in various combinations of red, white and blue—V-neck sweaters, blue slacks, golf shirts, and outer curling jackets, all featuring our team logo designed by Tom Garber. Thus attired, we arrived at Lanarkshire ice rink. While we waited a few minutes in front of the club for the welcoming ceremony to start, we noticed the local police checking cars in the parking lot. After striking up a conversation, the officers, a male and female, agreed to a suggestion to use their "breathalyzers" to test several of our team. We weren't surprised that Russell passed, he served as the "control" to verify that the

equipment was working. When Bammel and Flemming also passed, we were taken aback, until we remembered it was only nine a.m. We were piped into the club, and later, onto the ice (a common but always stirring event during the Tour). I recall reveling in "the smell of air above curling ice, combined with the sound of bagpipes." We curled at ten a.m. and three p.m., with lunch between games. At day's end we stood 10 points up, a good start.

### Monday, October 29

On the coach by 8:15 a.m. (everyone was early!), we rode to Lockerbie. Andreoli and Griem had been fined for being out of uniform at breakfast (a surprise new rule!). McGrady and Urevig were fined for sleeping during the preceding night's dinner; Wylie, because his nametag fell off; T. Garber, for mysterious reasons. Fine proceeds would be used to purchase milk and soda to re-stock the coach's bar; the bye team would do the shopping.

We curled twice this day. Prior to the second game, we toured the Lockerbie Memorial, honoring the victims of the PanAm terrorist explosion, a tour made especially poignant to us in view of the recent 9/11 attacks. The Lockerbie ice rink had been used as a temporary morgue after the PanAm tragedy. That evening we enjoyed a banquet emceed by Kenny Fraser, Provost of Dumfries. We were entertained by an excellent female singer, whose "Flower of Scotland" and "Star Spangled Banner" were especially stirring. (For a moment I was ready to rise and look for Englishmen to smite until I remembered my mother was an "Englishman.") We received gifts including lovely pewter flasks. At this and other places, we received team photos from the Scots. We continued to sing poorly. Later, Flemming would ask Williams to assist him to add to discipline and technical prowess to our efforts. We eventually improved, only to sag again late in the Tour, then finally restored to a passing effort after a well-justified taking-to-task by Captain Andy.

In other developments this day, Ian Dyer celebrated his 54th birthday. Annis, Borland, McGrady, Knitter and D. Garber were beneficiaries of a special late night tour led by Jane Brown of theGlobe Inn and Burns Museum, and its secret room where the Robert Burns Society HOWFF met to celebrate Burns'

## Rules of Play

All games 8 ends.

No extra ends.

Winner decided on total cumulative points.

4 rock Free Guard Zone.

USCA Team, as guests, will receive first-end hammer every game. Rock colors pre-assigned.



*Team motto:*  
**"Play for five and stay alive!"**

and his works. Several fellows bought a Burns T-shirt or mug. Annis bought every sales item in the pub. We retired at the Cairndale Hotel in Dumfries.

### Tuesday, October 30

For our two games in Stranraer, on the Solway coast, we stayed at the North West Castle Hotel, owned by Hammy McMillan. The hotel boasted a curling rink (as do several hotels in Scotland). Hammy Sr. pebbled for our games with curlers from two provinces, Rhins of Galloway and Galloway. Hammy's pebbles enabled our skips to learn why Hammy II was such a good ice reader. At the evening banquet, we learned there was a Hammy III.

On the way to Stranraer, we stopped at the David Coultard F1 Motor Racing Museum, where Flemming had contacts. During the ride, in a court frenzy, seven teammates received fines. Competitively, we were in the lead.

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## Wednesday, October 31

We rose in time for an eight a.m. departure to Kilmarnock, where we would stay with private hosts the next two nights. We enjoyed a stop along the coast across from Ailsa Craig, the island home of curling stone granite, for a look and a “photo opp” (later posted on the USCA web site). The island looms bigger than it appears in photographs! An excellent tour of Dean Castle and its museum followed. This helped us to visualize earlier days in Scotland, days of fighting and knights in armor. We curled at the Galleon ice rink, and had lunch and supper there.

Our private hosts were terrific throughout the Tour. The first night would inevitably last to the wee hours of the morning, as we sat up and got to know one another. When we stayed with a private host two nights, the second night’s socializing usually ended earlier, as both tourists and hosts were exhausted from lack of sleep the previous night.

## Thursday, November 1

After two games at the six-sheet Ayr ice rink, with three “peels” (tie games), we are slowly building our lead. On the coach ride, we enjoyed rural scenery dotted with livestock and farms. The evening’s banquet was one of the best on the Tour, highlighted by Sheriff David Smith’s rendering of “To a Haggis” and of course, the freshly prepared Haggis itself. Our Captain was later fined for not cleaning his plate. We also enjoyed entertainment with traditional Scottish songs performed by a female duet, and by a soloist named Willie.

## Friday, November 2

More gentle rural scenes were encountered on the ride to Greenacres ice rink, owned by Richard Harding, in Renfrewshire. The rink had four contiguous sheets and two more set off at the back. Harding, who also works as a development officer for the World Curling Federation, was vying with Braehead for selection as the site of a

new Scottish curling excellence center. We examined new-fangled rock-testing equipment sited at Greenacres by the WCF. We curled well in our two games, and enjoyed lunch at the rink. That evening we sat for a splendid MacGonagall Dinner, honoring “Scotland’s Greatest Poet” in a backwards sort of way (*more detail below*). After the dinner, a U.S. quintet entertained our Greenacres hosts with a rendering of the song by the same name from the American TV show, with words set to curling (*page 7*). Finally, tired but content, we drove to the Dean Park Hotel, our home for the next two nights.

## Saturday, November 3

Now away from rustic Scotland and back to the big town. The eight-sheet Braehead ice rink, site of the 2000 World Senior Curling Championships, rested on the banks of the River Clyde in a busy shopping mall on the crowded edge of Glasgow.

# McGonagall Dinner and Poem

At Greenacres, tour members experienced an unusual dinner called a “McGonagall Dinner.” The feast proceeded in reverse order from the norm, with dessert and coffee first, salads last. The program too was reversed: speakers were introduced after they spoke.

The dinner commemorated the life and works of the “infamous” Scottish poet, William Topaz McGonagall. His notoriety stems from his very bad verse, that often goes to tortuous extremes to make the lines rhyme.

Hal McGrady thought to himself, “I can write poetry that bad!” Inspired by the McGonagall example, Hal created an epic poem that the team sometimes used as an introduction at nightly dinners. The premise was that McGonagall had a lesser-known Irish cousin, Patrick Michael O’Gonagall, who also wrote very bad poetry.

As the poem was read, there was opportunity for each member of the U.S. Scot Tour Team to rise and be recognized. Hal’s oratory was very well received by teammates and hosts alike.

## CURLERS FROM AMERICA

Poem by Patrick Michael O’Gonagall (a/k/a Hal McGrady)

Twenty men curlers came ‘cross the pond  
To play a game of which they are fond.  
From seven states they crossed the sea  
To slide their stones and hit the tee.

Six came from Wisconsin, the land of cheese,  
Where curling is popular, if you please.  
There’s Flemming, Dave Garber, Knitzer, and Grant,  
Andreoli and Russell – men who never say “can’t.

The four from New York are really quite charmin’.  
There’s Austin and Broadhurst, Tom Garber and Harmon.  
They come from a state that’s known for it’s city.  
They are a foursome who are really quite gritty.

The windy city of Chicago is in Illinois. [Pronounced *Illinoiz*]  
From that great state came three of our boys.  
Their names are Anderson, Urevig, and Griem.  
They’re really loving this curler’s dream.

The city of Cleveland is on a Great Lake.  
The Rock and Roll Hall of Fame is there by its wake.  
That State of Ohio contributed three:  
Bammel, and Borland, and Me. [McGrady]

The city of Boston in Massachusetts State  
Has a famous marathon that really does rate.  
From this land of the bean and the cod  
Came Williams, and Mort, great curlers by God.

Minnesota’s a state with ten thousand lakes  
And hundreds of curlers, for goodness sakes.  
One, named Annis, made this trip  
Contributing greatly to the fellowship.

From the state of Michigan, with a lake named the same,  
Came a Wylie curler who loves this game.  
In Detroit they make autos with lots of spokes,  
But, all Wylie brought us was uproarious jokes.

So, there you have it – the American Tourists.  
A band of curlers, not necessarily purists,  
That love the game and the Scot fellowship, too,  
Especially as provided by YOU! [gesturing to the hosts]

We enjoyed the company of long-time Scottish curling reporters Christine and Hugh Stewart. We curled superbly against Glasgow and Dumbartonshire curlers. We were thrilled at the musical talents demonstrated by the solo young bagpiper who twice led us onto the ice that day. We lunched in luxury in the spacious Braehead clubroom, and that evening, supped on Beef Wellington while we sat in sumptuous Italian leather chairs amidst rich wood surrounds at the Pollok Golf Club. After lunch, courier duties changed from Ian Tulloch to Arthur Beattie. Tulloch warned us we would get away with less mischief under the stern supervision of former ship's captain Beattie. Tulloch was proved wrong late that very evening, when we celebrated Captain Andy's birthday. We thank Dean Park hotel manager Clarisse for the arrangements. Tulloch, who had gotten us off to such a wonderful start, would later rejoin us in Pitlochry as the Tour meandered into his home area of Southeast Scotland.

### **Sunday, November 4**

Shortly after our arrival we had enjoyed the greens and browns of rolling Scottish farm fields, then moved into urban areas complete with grand old buildings and pockets of luxury like the Pollock Golf Club. We would now experience our first taste of the Highlands at Lochgoilhead. On the way, we disembarked the coach at Gourrock, a small port where River Clyde becomes the estuary Firth of Clyde as it nears the sea. There, we embarked on the ferry MacBrayn for a 20-minute passage to Dunoon, on the north side of the Firth. In Gourrock and Dunoon, we sensed the marine taste, what with ropes of all sizes, plenty of polished brass, and moist, briny smells. During the passage, cool, breezy and fresh as it was, we saw, as if an omen, a full rainbow, ground to ground. Meanwhile, the coach, finding a bridge, met us at Dunoon for the ride to Drymsynie Lodge, a rustic holiday retreat in Argyll Province. The roads, which began as urban multi-lane giants, became smaller as we headed north, like an asphalt Scottish Colorado River, eventually diminishing to trickling one-lane roads with a few wider spots left to allow the passage of oncoming traffic. The main lodge, at the edge or "head" of Loch Goil, enclosed a lobby, a large function room with a scenic view, guestrooms, a four-sheet curling rink, and, behind an adjacent glass wall

## **Greenacres**

*(Sung by five U.S. Tour Curlers to the tune of the theme song from the TV show, in honor of the curling facility of the same name.)*

Greenacres is the place to be  
Great curling is the life for me  
Draws coming in from far and wide  
The best curling's right here in the  
countryside!

No, U.S. is where I'd rather be  
Big city where the curling's free  
Relax in the Jacuzzi tub  
Scotland I love you but give me that  
city club!

The stones ... The phones ...  
Nice sheep ... No sleep ...  
It's here we'll stay ...  
Goodbye USA ...

Greenacres, we are here!

perpetually coated with steam, a swimming pool and Jacuzzi. Our lodging had been arranged in one of the nearby A-frames, roomy but with little water pressure for the shower. Borland dubbed his room the U.S. Embassy. After a hearty lunch, a game of curling, and dinner, the U.S. team closed the bar to the late howls of Highland hounds.

### **Monday, November 5**

Some days are satisfying for mundane reasons. Team Borland enjoyed a bye for the morning round against Argyll Province that saved our rubbery legs and, since our first event was lunch at 1:00 p.m., allowed us a full dollop of marvelous sleep. We felt rejuvenated, as must have each of our teams after their several byes.

The day was rainy, bleak, but not our spirits. That afternoon we journeyed via historic, beautiful Loch Lomond to Stirling, a site of the Scottish soul, where Mary Queen of Scots had resided for five years, and near where the English had been twice defeated, first by William Wallace at the Battle of Stirling Bridge in 1297, then in 1314 by Robert the Bruce at the Battle of Bannockburn. We were treated to a short welcome reception at Stirling ice rink, where we met our private hosts from RCCC Area 6, with whom we would stay for the next two nights.

### **Tuesday, November 6**

This day was to be amazing in its fullness. Morning and afternoon games (we were curling well!), with a quick tour of Stirling sandwiched between, featuring the Wallace Monument and Stirling Castle, albeit just the magnificent exterior. This followed by a quick change at our hosts, and a civic reception and dinner at Stirling University. The banquet, which lasted 'til nearly midnight, included marvelous Scottish dances performed by young people who were accompanied during the Sword Dance by Annis and Wylie, who, quite luckily, avoided puncturing themselves or others. And can we forget the comedienne-poetess? Griem and McGrady won prints as prizes (for what I do not know). Then to bed after a late nightcap with our hosts.

### **Wednesday, November 7**

We bid a fond adieu to Stirling after an early breakfast, arriving in Kirkcaldy for a game with East Fife Province. Our bye team visited St. Andrews Golf Club and bay. We stopped enroute for a bit of shopping. After an afternoon game with the West Fife boys, we motored to the Windlestrae Hotel in Kinross. Many of us had a mild case of nerves as we prepared for this evening's dinner. During the dinner, we were to become members of the RCCC through Area 7. Arthur prepped us with tales of terror as to the process through which we would become "made curlers." It would not be automatic; we could fail. About 180 Scots watched as 20 American curlers succeeded in their quest. The secrets of Area 7 will remain as secret as those of the legendary Area 51 in the United States. For our part, Annis led us in teaching the Scots about the boat races, and we established a new competition, the "Pond Cup."

### **Thursday, November 8**

The men of Cupar and Loch Leven Provinces vied with us on the four-sheet rink at the Green Hotel Kinross this morning. We played an end or two in the near-dark, as the lights had gone off. One wall, mostly translucent, let in just enough light to allow play. Several teammates visited with Willie Wilson, Grand Match icemaker (Loch Leven had

*continue on page 9 ...*

## Game-by-Game Results

MATCH	AGAINST	DATE	A. UREWIG			B. WILLIAMS			C. RUSSELL			D. BORLAND			E. BÄMMEL			GROSS TOTAL			RUNNING TOTAL T./F
			tr	agst	T./F	tr	agst	T./F	tr	agst	T./F	tr	agst	T./F	tr	agst	T./F	tr	agst	T./F	
1	Hamilton	28 Oct	7	7	0	14	2	12	5	6	-1	8	3	5	8	7	1	42	25	17	17
2	Hamilton	28 Oct	5	7	-2	4	7	-3	10	8	2	4	10	-6	5	3	2	28	35	-7	10
3	Lockerbie	29 Oct	Bye			5	6	-1	5	4	1	9	6	3	6	4	2	25	20	5	15
4	Lockerbie	29 Oct	5	6	-1	Bye			4	6	-2	8	4	4	9	6	3	26	22	4	19
5	Stannair	30 Oct	7	4	3	4	4	0	Bye			3	8	-5	3	14	-11	17	30	-13	6
6	Stannair	30 Oct	10	5	5	8	3	5	5	7	-2	Bye			7	2	5	30	17	13	19
7	Galleon	31 Oct	7	4	3	10	5	5	6	7	-1	12	4	8	Bye			35	20	15	34
8	Ayr	1 Nov	Bye			5	7	-2	2	9	-7	9	5	4	9	11	-2	25	32	-7	27
9	Ayr	1 Nov	6	6	0	Bye			6	6	0	9	9	0	6	10	-4	27	31	-4	23
10	Greenacres	2 Nov	9	4	5	10	3	7	Bye			18	4	14	7	5	2	44	16	28	51
11	Greenacres	2 Nov	8	7	1	7	7	0	11	4	7	Bye			4	8	-4	30	26	4	55
12	Braehead	3 Nov	7	9	-2	9	3	6	6	9	-3	12	5	7	Bye			34	26	8	63
13	Braehead	3 Nov	7	6	1	Bye			14	4	11	11	5	6	14	3	11	47	18	29	92
14	Lochgailhead	4 Nov	4	5	-1	16	6	10	10	5	5	14	2	12	Bye			44	18	26	118
15	Lochgailhead	5 Nov	11	3	8	6	11	-5	3	6	-3	Bye			7	8	-1	27	28	-1	117
16	Stirling	6 Nov	6	4	2	7	5	2	Bye			6	8	-2	11	8	3	30	25	5	122
17	Stirling	6 Nov	14	7	7	Bye			6	6	0	13	4	9	2	12	-10	35	29	6	128
18	Kirkcaldy	7 Nov	7	5	2	13	3	10	6	5	1	12	5	7	Bye			38	18	20	148
19	Kirkcaldy	7 Nov	Bye			3	11	-8	3	13	-10	11	5	6	7	3	4	24	32	-8	140
20	Kinross	8 Nov	Bye			12	2	10	7	8	-1	14	4	10	8	5	3	41	19	22	162
21	Perth	8 Nov	8	6	2	6	3	3	8	3	5	5	10	-5	3	8	-5	30	30	0	162
22	Letham Grange	9 Nov	4	7	-3	8	5	3	Bye			6	5	1	3	6	-3	21	23	-2	160
23	Forfar	10 Nov	8	6	2	12	3	9	8	7	1	Bye			4	8	-4	32	24	8	168
24	Aberdeen	10 Nov	2	9	-7	8	6	2	4	7	-3	7	4	3	Bye			21	26	-5	163
25	Aberdeen	11 Nov	Bye			12	0	12	10	2	8	8	2	6	6	7	-1	36	11	25	188
26	Brona	12 Nov	6	5	1	Bye			7	5	2	8	8	0	3	10	-7	24	28	-4	184
27	Inverness	13 Nov	4	3	1	9	4	5	Bye			5	5	0	10	4	6	28	16	12	196
28	Inverness	13 Nov	6	5	1	15	5	10	8	3	5	Bye			8	7	1	37	20	17	213
29	Pitlochry	14 Nov	4	10	-6	2	4	-2	3	10	-7	9	5	4	Bye			18	29	-11	202
30	Pitlochry	14 Nov	Bye			13	3	10	13	3	10	16	4	12	7	5	2	49	15	34	236
31	Kelso	15 Nov	8	9	-1	Bye			15	6	9	9	7	2	12	4	8	44	26	18	254
32	Murrayfield	16 Nov	3	8	-5	11	11	0	Bye			8	5	3	22	5	17	44	29	15	269
33	Gogar Park	16 Nov	6	7	-1	15	2	13	6	5	1	Bye			17	2	15	44	16	28	297
34	Murrayfield	18 Nov	3	6	-3	9	12	-3	5	7	-2	7	3	4	14	5	9	38	33	5	302
<b>RHK TOTALS</b>			<b>182</b>	<b>170</b>	<b>12</b>	<b>253</b>	<b>143</b>	<b>110</b>	<b>197</b>	<b>171</b>	<b>26</b>	<b>261</b>	<b>143</b>	<b>112</b>	<b>222</b>	<b>160</b>	<b>42</b>	<b>1115</b>	<b>813</b>	<b>302</b>	<b>302</b>

Chart: Robb Borland

*Harry Wylie puts Dave Grant and Paul Mort to work, while Jeff Annis watches a shot on the next sheet, during game action at Kelso.*



## Daily Log *continued from page 7 ...*

hosted a Grand Match in 1959). After a warming lunch in the upper level clubroom, we were off on yet another scenic drive to Perth, where the World Curling Federation has its offices on the River Tay. A few of us stopped in to say hello to Secretary General Mike Thomson and his staff. The Perth Ice Rink is a large athletic center, with eight sheets of curling ice. We had a very competitive match that afternoon with the Perth, Strathmore and Upper Strathearn Provinces, followed by a dinner at the ice rink, with 1967 World Curling Champion Chuck Hay in attendance. Our private hosts drove us to their homes for further sociality. (Tour members will have fond recollections of their particular private hosts. Our Perth host was a talented artist, his works displayed, like a small art gallery, around his well-maintained house, vintage 1900.)

### Friday, November 9

This Friday morning saw us on our best ambassadorial behavior, at a coffee hosted by the Provost of Perth in the City Chambers, which enriched us with a brief taste of municipal government, Scotland-style. We enjoyed lunch and scotch at the Bell's Distillery Cherry Bank Centre and Gardens, which included the National Heather Collection. The brochure cover announces "With Coffee Bar and Well Stocked Whisky Shop." This was good. Well fortified and relaxed after lunch, it was on to Arbroath and the Letham

Grange Hotel, where the ice rink lights were crystal chandeliers and the curling manager was the legendary Jim Duff, who appears to be personally acquainted with the majority of the world's curlers. His keen ice runs 27 seconds. His hospitality and energy know no bounds. The hotel itself, a restored Victorian country mansion, is a worthy resort. We noted the high level of curling skill of the boys of North and South Esk Provinces. At this place we were welcomed and entertained by such curling characters as Sandy Anderson (at 80 still very proficient on the ice), Gary Wood and his daughters (who gave us a marvelous Scottish Dance), and the world famous raconteur (and champion of international wheelchair curling) Kate Caithness.

### Saturday, November 10

We departed Letham Grange bound for Forfar and its four sheets, where we were served a notable breakfast, centered around the tasty and hearty area specialty, "bridies," a pork sausage pastry. We curled against Angus Province and enjoyed lunch at the rink. Then on to the major oil seaport Aberdeen, home of Courier Arthur Beattie, where one can still imagine, merchant seamen from many countries, clean clothes glimmering in the harbor lights, leaving their ships to seek a good time of an evening. The Aberdeen ice rink, where we played the North Eastern Province, was scheduled to be lost to curlers the next year. A replacement facility was being sought. Later, after

check-in at the Marriott, we relaxed under very hot showers! That night, a dinner with the great "dancing piper," Jack Lockhart. We were introduced to the *ceilidh* dance at the party, and enjoyed a Virginia reel.

### Sunday, November 11

At our morning game in Aberdeen, Team Williams "grannied" the Scots. Skip Sam and was duly fined for this breach of etiquette. Borland developed a high-grade flu. During the worst moments, we considered dropping him into the North Sea but were dissuaded by the Scottish environmental ministry. Instead, we brought Robb along on the three and a half hour drive to Brora, north and deep in the Highlands, which sported place names like "the Black Isle" (do people disappear there?). The Royal Marine Hotel, with four curling sheets adjacent at the back, was our home for the evening. The banquet, in a small room where the tables flowed nearly out the door, was notable for excellent food. Just across the table from me, I noted that Williams was engaged in what I took to be an intellectual conversation with the lovely and charming wife of a strapping, six-foot three-inch Scot. Fearing that Sam was out of his depth, I quickly scribbled a note and passed it to her. The note was, "Be careful! Sam was just released from the home." Without losing a beat, she smiled at me as she placed the note in her bodice and whispered, "Thank you, it's lovely."

*continue on page 10 ...*

## Monday, November 12

The morning was free for golf, sleep or sightseeing. Ten team members golfed at Brora Golf Club this cold morning; several others took the short walk into town to see what they could see. There followed a wonderful lunch of haddock. In the afternoon, the Rosshire & Sutherland Province curlers, who were so hospitable the evening before at the dinner and later in the bar, proved to be skilled curlers and gave us a very competitive match. We were happy indeed on this Tour. About five in the afternoon, we settled back in the coach for the long ride to Inverness, near the eastern end of Loch Ness, for a dinner night at the Thistle Hotel with the Area 10 curlers.

## Tuesday, November 13

The Inverness ice rink had five sheets. We curled morning and afternoon

against Area 10's finest. While we lunched in between, we watched 2002 Olympic Gold Medalist Janice Watt Rankin on the ice, throwing practice rocks. We had made the local print media from time to time during the Tour. We were hailed for coming in spite of 9/11, hailed because some cricketers and Ryder Cup types had not come as scheduled. At Inverness, we made area television, which interviewed Broadhurst. During the day, the two teams that enjoyed byes got the chance to explore intriguing Inverness, shopping, and perhaps stopping for coffee at the Bookstore Café. In the late afternoon, it was time for our next stop, the scenic Pitlochry area, in the Vale of Atholl, the geographic center of Scotland. Pitlochry was a small town, with a curling rink that evoked the small rinks of the midwestern United States, spartan but homey and comfortable. Nearby was Blair Castle, with curling stones near the front

entrance, and historic Killicrankie. For two nights, we would lodge with local curlers. For evermore, our host promised to "leave the light on" for us.

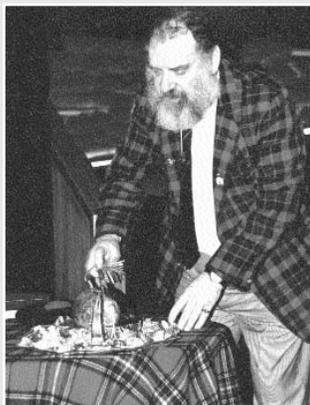
## Wednesday, November 14

We curled two games today, versus Atholl and Breadalbane Provinces. We had amassed a substantial lead in the competition for the Herries-Maxwell Trophy. Some of the skips had changed the team line-ups to give others a chance to skip. No matter, we continued to extend our lead in the day's games. We extended our stomachs with a superb lunch of bridies and a dinner feast of magnificently prepared lamb. The dinner, at the Bell's Blair Athol Distillery, included entertainment from a magician and a woman named Christine, a U.S. curling women's Tour veteran, a real "hoot" who enlivened our evening.

## To a Haggis

(as "translated" by Mr. H. S. Wylie)

At Ayr Ice Rink, the 2001 USCA Scotland Tour Team was treated to a Burnsian-quality theatrical rendition of "To a Haggis" performed by Sheriff David Smith, the renowned curling historian and justice of the peace. (Sheriff Smith with haggis pictured on right).



The impact of Smith's oratory was then reinforced throughout the dining hall by the bouquet of a freshly cooked whole haggis. Most members of the Tour team heartily enjoyed consuming this ancient Scottish delicacy. Mr. Wylie's translation from the Scottish is characteristically scholarly and creative.

Fair be your honest, jolly face,  
Great Chieftain of the Puddin'-race!  
Above them all you take your place,  
Stomach, tripe or tharm (*sausage*).  
Well are you worthy of a grace  
As long as my arm.

The groaning serving tray you fill,  
Your backside like a distant hill,  
Your skewer would help to mend a mill  
In time of need,  
While through your pores the dews distill  
Like amber bead.

His knife will see a pleasant wipe,  
And cut you up with ready sleight,  
Spilling your gushing entrails bright

Like any ditch;  
And then, O what glorious sight,  
Warm-reekin, rich!

Then, one by one they stretch and strive,  
Devil take the rear, on they drive,  
Till all their well-swelled bellies belie  
They're stretched like drums;  
Then old hosts, most like to rive,  
Thankfulness hums.  
Is there a lover of French ragout,  
Of olio that would steal a sow,  
Of fricassee that makes one spew  
With perfect horror,  
Looks down with sneering, scornful view  
On such a dinner?

Door devil! See him over his trash,  
As feckless as a withered rash,  
His spindle-shank (*leg*) a good whip-lash,  
His fist a nut:  
Through bloody flood or field to dash,  
O how unfit!

But mark the Peasant, haggis-fed,  
That trembling earth resounds his tread,  
Clap in his ample fist a blade,  
Hell make it whistle;  
And legs, and arms, and heads will shed  
Like tops of thistle.

You Powers that make mankind your care,  
And dish them out their bill of fare,  
Old Scotland wants no watery ware  
That sloshes in luggis (*wooden bowls*)  
But, if you wish her grateful prayer,  
Give her a Haggis!

## Thursday, November 15

From Pitlochry the coach carried us to Galashiels, where we had lunch at Kingsknowe Hotel. We rode over the huge Forth Road Bridge, then stopped for a break to admire the view. In Galashiels, we visited the Lochcarren Mill, where authentic woolen tartans were manufactured. Previously, Annis and Borland had been measured for tartans at Campbells of Stirling. The product was delivered to them late in the Tour for wear at several of the remaining events. Now, Griem was measured and placed his order, which would be sent to him in the States. (He sported his handsome tartan as Banquet emcee of the 2002 Exmoor Continental Bonspiel.) We all left the mill with a free sample of tartan cloth.

Later this day we traveled 100 miles south to Kelso, in the Borders Province. Several English folks, including the colorful Joan Reed, a stalwart in the international Margarita Curling Club, were curlers here. (With deference to the many fine men we met, after three weeks as dutiful bachelors, we took special note of the name of any woman who deigned to give us her attention.) After our game, we had a fine dinner at the ice rink, and slept soundly at the Cross Keys Hotel.

## Friday, November 16

We were to conclude this magnificent adventure in Edinburgh, staying three nights at the Braid Hills Hotel. (Several rooms were up over 50 stairs, with no lift. One 20-year old bellman was left exhausted hauling the heavy bags. Better him than our backs.) After the morning coach ride, we curled in the morning at the seven-sheet Murrayfield ice rink versus RCCC Area 5 curlers. Sheet seven curled nine feet coming home outside in from the right! The Murrayfield facility is a grand old place, where we enjoyed a lunch before traveling to the Gogar Park rink, also in Edinburgh, for the afternoon game, once again against Area 5 curlers. One grand old site at Murrayfield was WCF president Roy Sinclair. Roy maintains some of the world class curling skills he possessed in the 20th century, and used them to good advantage against us. That night at the Braid Hills bar, we were tired but pleased, as we had by this time guaranteed ourselves the trophy, likely by a record margin of points.



*Bunkie Harmon (l-r), Cliff Andreoli, Brian Bammel and Mike Griem pose with the Herries-Maxwell Trophy, during the closing banquet at the Braid Hills Hotel in Edinburgh.*

## Saturday, November 17

No curling today (rare words for over three weeks!). In the morning we were treated to a tour of Edinburgh, an internationally renowned city of beauty and splendor, including the glorious Edinburgh Castle, with a reception for lunch hosted by the City of Edinburgh Council in the historic City Chambers. In the afternoon, we took advantage of the world-class shopping downtown. That evening, we enjoyed dinner at private homes before retiring to the Braid Hills. Perhaps most of us had time today to reflect that our once-in-a-lifetime experience was finally nearing its end.

## Sunday, November 18

The pastor of Duddingston Kirk welcomed 16 of us for Sunday services. Four naughty (or perfect?) fellows played hooky, erroneously expecting the nearby Sheep's Heid pub to open soon. Before the service, we all enjoyed Thomson Tower, on the Church grounds hard on the loch, where the rules of curling were formalized in 1825. The lower chamber of the Tower was used to protect the stones, the upper chamber as the painting studio of Reverend John Thomson, minister of the church in the early 19th century. We returned to Murrayfield for lunch, and our final match versus the RCCC boys. Having clinched victory, this match did not really matter, yet we curled with our usual effort for love of the Game, for enjoyment of competition with our worthy opponents, and just maybe for bragging rights at the closing banquet. The RCCC were our gracious, warm hosts for the Closing Banquet. Scots from all over the country attended—men and women we had met along the way, now friends. The affair included speeches, jokes and stories, an extortionate auction of the property of

two team members who had left uniform articles at Kelso, toasts, presentation of the Herries-Maxwell Trophy to the Americans, photo sessions with the trophy, much laughter and gaiety, and much affection. When our heads hit the pillows that night, our thoughts raced with many memories as we would be homeward bound the next day.

## Monday, November 19

Wake-up, a final, careful pack of the bags, now heavy with gifts and souvenirs. A final Scottish hotel breakfast. Wistful good-byes to Scots still present to see us off. Step onto the coach with a mixture of feelings. A bit of sadness that the adventure is over. Pride in accomplishment on several fronts—the competition, being good ambassadors, team-building with fellow Tourists.

A coach ride to Edinburgh airport, then a return flight home via London. Now, thoughts shift more to home. The Tour was over but the legacy was just ahead.

## Afterword

Our first reunion came quickly, less than five months later at the Bismarck World Curling Championships. It is evident now—reunions will rekindle all the pleasant memories of a shared experience of a lifetime for years to come. We look forward to 2007, when we will strive to return the gift we have just received. Say we, all is to be returned except the Herries-Maxwell Trophy!!

*For additional details of the daily event schedule, host provinces, background information about the towns and areas visited, photos and biographies of the Tour team, and a list of private hosts, please refer to the excellent RCCC booklet "Visit of the United States Curling Team 2001."*

## 2001 Scotland Tour History and Reflections

Proof of the impact of Europe's Enlightenment was the birth and development of the "Roarin' Game," curling. What better way to enjoy exhilaration 'midst the tensions of day-to-day life? Since the 16th century, curlers have loved their game. Practitioners cherish the comforting current of warm human relations that, during a match, flow among family, friends and all fellow curlers. Curlers are all ages, both genders and, increasingly, all races and creeds around the world. As a sport, curling challenges players mentally and physically, demanding keen concentration, a steady nerve, excellent eye-hand coordination, and teamwork. For the competitive level of play sought by some players, stamina, keen strategic insight and a delivery perfected by daily practice are a necessity.

In the 20th century, a sage wrote the *Spirit of Curling*, managing to describe in few words everything important about curling. The *Spirit* sets a high standard, one we all strive to meet.

*Curling is a game of skill and traditions. A shot well executed is a delight to see and so, too, it is a fine thing to observe the time honored traditions of curling being applied in the true spirit of the game. Curlers play to win but never to humble their opponents. A true curler would prefer to lose rather than win unfairly.*

*A good curler never attempts to distract an opponent or otherwise prevent another curler from playing his or her best.*

*No curler ever deliberately breaks a rule of the game or any of its traditions. But, if a curler should do so inadvertently and be aware of it, he or she is the first to divulge the breach.*

*While the main objective of the game is to determine the relative skills of the players, the spirit of the game demands good sportsmanship, kindly feeling and honorable conduct. This spirit should influence both the interpretation and application of the rules of the game and also the conduct of all the participants on and off the ice.*

Scotland, the mother country of the "Roaring Game," popularized curling around the world, through its émigrés. The Royal Caledonian Curling Club (RCCC), the national club of Scotland, is the mother club to curlers of 37 nations. In the past 100 years curlers from Canada, Switzerland and the United States have established inter-country competitions with their Scottish brethren.

The U.S.-Scottish men's competition provides curlers with a social and competitive experience of a lifetime, symbolized by the quest for the Herries-Maxwell Trophy. For men who have for years been devoted to curling competition, camaraderie and service, selection to the "Scotland Tour" team is an honor and a fitting capstone to a curling career.



### **THE HERRIES-MAXWELL TROPHY**

In about 1803, the British Crown created what came to be known as "Trafalgar Vases" as honorable symbols of distinction for service to the Empire. The vases are silver gilt or silver plate in the shape of loving cups, about 16 inches high. Fifteen were awarded to various heroes after the Battle of Trafalgar in 1805. In the 19th century, a Trafalgar Vase, or a replica, came into the possession of the Maxwell family. In 1951, Commander Desmond Herries-Maxwell, R.N. (RETD), then RCCC president, led an effort to establish a curling competition between the United States and Scotland. He donated the vase, which was named the Herries-Maxwell Trophy.

The competition consists of a once per decade visit by American curlers to Scotland, alternating with every-10-year visits by the Scots to the U.S. (there is a Tour one way or the other every five years). Currently, the visitors tour the other country for a period of three and a half weeks. The competition takes place in games between 20 touring players, arranged into five curling teams, and opponents who hail from the areas of the clubs visited.

The winner is the nation with the most points scored for all games (won-loss record does not count). The winning team earns possession of the Herries-Maxwell Trophy for the next five years, with the location of the trophy subject to agreement among team members.

### **TEAM FORMATION AND PREPARATIONS**

Every Tour starts with a formal invitation from the national club of the host nation. In 2000, Ainslie Smith, then RCCC President, invited the USCA to send a team to compete for the Herries-Maxwell Trophy. The 2002 Scotland Tour became the 2001 Tour when the RCCC granted a U.S. request to re-schedule the competition from the traditional January timeframe to autumn, 2001. The request was made because both the Olympic Winter Games and World Curling Championships were to be hosted in the United States in February and April 2002, and some potential U.S. team members were likely to be active volunteers at these events.

The host nation organizing committee is comprised of the officers and selected members from the previous Tour team. For this Tour, Gifford Rickard served as host Convenor. Two couriers are selected to travel with the visiting team and ensure that all needs are arranged and fulfilled, including travel, lodging, meals, curling games and other events. Ian Tulloch and Arthur Beattie were our very able couriers. Andrew Hepburn, RCCC President in the 2001-2002 season, was our official host.

On the U.S. side of the pond, a committee of 1992 Tour team members including Clark Higgins, Bill Rotton, Tom Satrom, Pete Mitchell and Larry Brown organized and executed the procedure for selecting the 2001 team. (Higgins and Rotton had served as couriers for the Scots in

1997.) Male curlers were invited to complete an application form. Selection criteria included service to curling, ambassadorial skills and curling ability. Applications were completed and returned in October and November 2000.

The selection committee undoubtedly had a tough job. Not only did they have to pare down the field of the applicants to 20 men, they had to select the team officers. Higgins wrote us in December 2000, with the good news that the “Selection Committee is pleased to inform you that you have been selected to travel to Scotland” (and the rest is a blur).

We learned from Clark that Albert M. “Andy” Anderson had been selected as Team Captain. Later, we were notified that the other officers would be David Russell, Vice-Captain; Geoff Broadhurst, Secretary; and Brian Bammel, Treasurer. Anderson had run a major stock exchange. Russell is an attorney. Broadhurst developed a big international marketing venture. Bammel was Chief Financial Officer for a major corporation. Clearly, our officers were over-qualified, which was a good omen.

<b>The Herries-Maxwell Trophy</b>					
<b>WINNERS</b>					
<i>YEAR</i>	<i>SCOTLAND</i>	<i>USA</i>	<i>SHOTS DIFFERENCE</i>		<i>HOST COUNTRY</i>
1952	479	366	Scotland	+113	SCOTLAND
1957	319	278	Scotland	+41	USA
1962	367	219	Scotland	+148	SCOTLAND
1967	1293	1186	Scotland	+107	USA
1972	1041	935	Scotland	+106	SCOTLAND
1977	1216	998	Scotland	+218	USA
1982	887	909	USA	+22	SCOTLAND
1987	771	784	USA	+13	USA
1992	793	856	USA	+63	SCOTLAND
1997	747	807	USA	+60	USA
2001	813	1115	USA	+302	SCOTLAND
<b>Totals</b>	<b>8726</b>	<b>8453</b>	<b>SCOTLAND + 273</b>		Chart: Our Couriers

# VIEW OF THE TOUR FROM OUR SCOTTISH COURIERS

By Arthur Beattie & Ian Tulloch

Excerpt from the *United States Curling News*,  
February 2002

Around 10 a.m. on 26 October, flight AA 52 from Chicago arrived safely on time at Glasgow Airport with the United States Curling Association 20-man team that would tour Scotland for the next 24 days. For us as Couriers, this was the start of something big!

Upon first meeting, the Americans turned out to be a lively bunch of guys who had already made their mark both on the flight crew and on their fellow passengers, as they would on everyone in Scotland whom they would eventually encounter. As time would prove, their age range of 40 to 73 belied their fitness and curling talent as they regularly notched up winning scores throughout our Scottish curling rinks.

Off the ice their enthusiasm for fondly presenting young ladies of all ages with U.S. Tour badges was only matched by their hourly ability to lose their possessions. Indeed, the Herries-Maxwell Trophy would have remained in Scotland if the competition had been scored on the number of items of lost property! Even in the final minute before the homeward departure of a flight from Edinburgh, an American, strapped in his seat, was re-united with his Tour coat by the flight cabin steward!

Before the Tour began, some Scots had suggested that the Americans might fall prey to an over indulgence in our distillery products. No way! In fact, evidence shows that this substance led rather more to self inflicted wounds to our own Scots curlers. For example, after a particularly hospitable Curlers' Court the Scots gifted 22 shots to the American tally the following morning!

They came, they curled, and they conquered, singing their way into an Ice Rink and singing after their supper! In

their first week as they toured from Hamilton through Lockerbie, Stranraer, Kilmarnock, Ayr, Greenacres and Braehead the match could always have gone either way as the Americans built up a lead of 55 shots.

In the following fortnight they travelled across the water to Lochgoilhead, around Loch Lomond and on to Stirling. There, two of the younger members ordered kilts that, once delivered; they wore until they left Scotland. Only upon arriving in the U.S. was one American thoroughly tested (by his friends) for the Scots authenticity of his dress!

With unceasing pace the Tour then rolled onwards to Kirkcaldy, Kinross and Letham Grange. A flying visit to Forfar was followed relentlessly by games at Aberdeen, Brora, Inverness, Pitlochry and Kelso where tiredness was really taking its toll although, admirably, the quality of US curling was undiminished. The US rinks had settled down as their confidence grew and, although there were a few losses, in the final two weeks of the Tour they racked up weekly gains of over 100 shots to the stage where the Trophy was clearly won.

Their final weekend in Edinburgh put the conclusive finishing touches to the U.S. total when they added a further 33 shots to provide a gross total of plus 302. This is a new Herries-Maxwell record, the previous record being the 218 shots surplus gained by Scotland in 1977.

Socially, the Tour proceeded on a high plateau of excellent Scots hospitality in a' the airts. As one American put it: "This Tour is great! If I don't have a stone or a broom in my hand they stick a plate or a glass in it!" They dined at Ice Rinks, Hotels, a University, a Distillery, private Golf Clubs, private homes and the Bell's Centre in Perth.

They enjoyed all the Scottish specialties: salmon, beef, lamb, chicken, homemade fish pie and, of course, haggis; and there were no repeat menus! At lunchtime, good Scottish soups were American favourites, as were some of the lighter meals and buffets. Unknown to most Scots Andy Anderson, the USA Tour Captain, faced a recurring dilemma with haggis after his team-mates had noted that he was not particularly partial to this Scottish delicacy. Each time



*Courier Ian Tulloch and Sam Williams discuss philosophy in the garden.*



*Courier Arthur Beattie, Andy Anderson and coach driver Kevin Daly on the River Clyde.*

haggis was served his plate was carefully monitored by his Team who insisted, out of respect to his hosts, that he clear his plate or face a fine!

The Tour Programme was intensive and allowed little free time for non-curling activities. Nevertheless, the Americans enjoyed a guided tour of Glasgow, a visit to the Lockerbie memorials with Bill Holland, and a visit to Dean Castle in Kilmarnock. A surprise birthday party in Renfrew for the Team Captain was a fantastic success. The Tour of historic Stirling and the "highland dancing" by two of the U.S. Team members provided sights not to be forgotten. American limbs may well have been tired but they danced the Scots ladies off their feet at ceilidhs. And their curling still knocked shots off the Scots men the following morning!

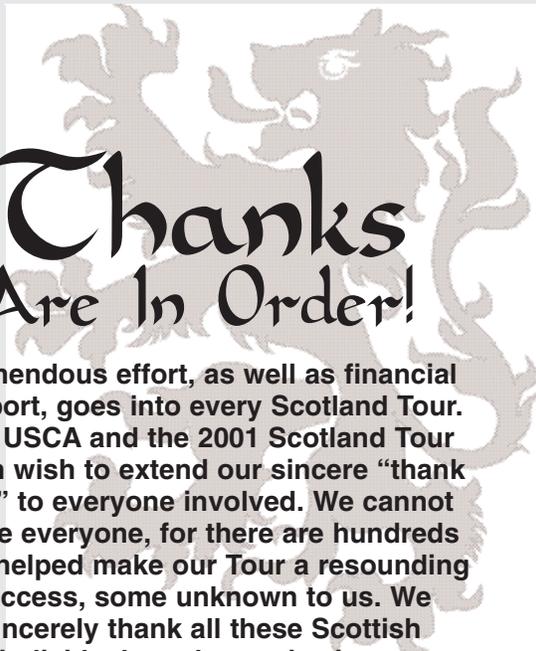
At Brora the weather was as kind as November would allow and 10 Americans played a round of traditional links golf. One very brave fellow, with a bye from curling, in fact played 36 holes for his £10 day ticket while his colleagues contributed substantially to the Scottish economy in the local woollen, tartans and cashmere shop.

A visit to Lochcarron Woollen Mill (where another full kilt outfit was ordered), a Saturday guided tour of Edinburgh before some retail therapy and the traditional Sunday visit to historic Duddingston Kirk, (where the rules of curling were first drafted), occupied any free time in the closing days of the Tour. Without question, most Americans noted many places for a return visit when time permits and the pace is less hectic.

Against a background of international tension Scotland was delighted that the Americans had not altered their plans for the Tour, as some had feared. Almost every Scottish curling community took the opportunity of affirming to our guests their appreciation and support. If anything, the Scottish welcome was even more hospitable than ever, perhaps because of the circumstances.

For the Couriers this Tour was a unique opportunity and a great privilege. Being a member of a Touring Team, as we were in USA in 1997, is a fantastic curling lifetime experience. The role of Courier is equally fantastic, but in different ways. We found ourselves bonding with the Team and readily supporting it, even though we were through and through Scots. We saw a group of independent men gradually merge into a Team identity without losing any of their individual characters. In the early days we watched as the Team faced up to situations and circumstances that we recognised and remembered from five years previously. And by the end of the Tour we believe the Couriers had fused into the Team. We are grateful to have had this once in a lifetime opportunity.

Without question the 2001 USA Men's' Tour of Scotland has been an outstanding success with old friendships renewed and new friendships kindled. It was billed as a "goodwill tour" and (off the ice!) this characteristic was paramount. It now remains for Scotland to select a strong, competitive team for the return leg in 2007 and to aim to regain our Herries-Maxwell Trophy that after 20 years in U.S. possession looks at risk of becoming a naturalised American!



# Thanks Are In Order!

**Tremendous effort, as well as financial support, goes into every Scotland Tour. The USCA and the 2001 Scotland Tour Team wish to extend our sincere "thank you" to everyone involved. We cannot name everyone, for there are hundreds who helped make our Tour a resounding success, some unknown to us. We sincerely thank all these Scottish individuals and organizations:**

- President Andrew Hepburn and the officers, members & staff of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club
- Province Presidents and their staffs
- The magnificent Scottish club curlers and their spouses, who provided us with wonderful games and fellowship
- Our exemplary couriers, Arthur Beattie and Ian Tulloch
- Tour Convener Gifford Rickard
- Ice rink officials
- Our private hosts in the environs of Ayr, Kilmarnock, Stirling, Perth and Pitlochry
  - The curling dinner hosts and the magnificent dinnertime entertainers. The dances warmed our hearts. Sheriff David Smith is an institution to himself and we were privileged to witness his "To a Haggis."
- Our transportation hosts and guides, and drivers Kevin Daly and Peter Scott
  - All those who provided food, drink and lodging
  - All those who provided personal chauffeur and tour guide service when we were not curling
    - The municipal governments who so graciously hosted us at receptions
    - The private businesses who hosted us at receptions and special tours

We will always remember. Each of our 20-man team looks forward with warm pleasure to hosting our brethren curlers whenever they visit our shores.

*Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to mind?  
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet  
For auld lang syne.*

## Scotland Tour Team 2001

United States Curling Association



*Seated (l-r): Jeff Annis, Paul Mort, Geoff Broadhurst, Andy Anderson, David Russell, Brian Bammel, Cliff Andreoli, Robb Borland. Standing (l-r): Arthur Beattie (courier), Mike Griem, Thom Knitter, Dick Urevig, David Garber, Bunkie Harmon, Sam Williams, Dave Grant, George Austin, Bob Flemming, Harry Wylie, Tom Garber, Hal McGrady, Ian Tulloch (courier).*

Photo courtesy of RCCC



## It's a Grand Old Game

It's a grand old game, it's a rip-roarin' game  
Grab your broom, give us room, we've arrived!  
We can proudly boast we're from coast to coast  
The spirit of curling's alive ...  
We may win or lose, but it's curling we'll choose  
For the challenge and fun we came ...  
We've made the trip for fellowship  
And love of the Grand Old Game!

(U.S. 2001 Scotland Tour Team "enter the venue" song)