

The breath of Scotland permeated the Lindsay air one night in Lindsay last week. The occasion was the Robby Burns dinner held in the Canadian Legion Hall.

There was Scottish history on all sides, Scots dressed in their clan regalia, sprigs of heather on the banquet tables, lassies in Scottish dresses, sounds of bagpipes and at times voices natural on dialect and many dozen eyes sparkling as songs were sung and goblets raised to toast Robby Burns, the immortal bard. Speakers told of Burns' immortal days and his scally wag days and many tasted the Haggis for the first time and were not interested in its mystic connotations.

A highlight of the evening was the eloquence of the toast presented by Scotsman Hugh Mooney, which was pronounced by several as a masterpiece.

The highland fling by young lassies in lovely plaid dresses were loudly applauded by the audience. An interjected treat was the reading aloud of the Scottish grace by the audience.

The swish and swirl of the bagpipes added greatly to the occasion. It was a night long to be remembered. The guest speaker was eloquent and historical but too long in his eulogy to the honored old bard of the highlands.

On the whole it was a gala occasion well planned and successfully carried out. Incidentally the ladies of the Canadian Legion did a magnificent job of catering. It was a braw bricht moonlicht nicht.

Peel Street curling rink was the scene of an interesting championship match Sunday when a quartet of curlers from Ottawa tangled with a Lindsay rink.

The quartet from the nation's capital was skipped by a young curler named Eldon Coombe and the Lindsay rink was headed by John McCrae, a splendid curler who has ably represented Lindsay in many matches and bonspiels.

In some respects it was a battle of the giants, not physical giants but men who are skilled in the game.

Lindsay was defeated but only by the most narrow margin and from the first to the end of the game, the battle for supremacy was in doubt. Congratulations to the victors, consolations to the losers.

The battle recalled days of long ago when citizens flocked to the rock garden to see battles between the best rinks

in Ontario, and Canada. Curling clashes in years gone by included the Knights of the Scottish stone from as far east as Montreal, and as far west as Winnipeg and across the Atlantic to Scotland, the birthplace of this great game.

At many of the matches the lead rocks weighed 50 pounds, later, stones weighing 40 pounds became standard. The rocks were transported by train and were generally placed in a harness contraption. The stones were placed in the railway baggage car and because the heat penetrated the stones it was often necessary to dump them in the snow. This allowed them to cool off before the game. Curlers travelled by train and there appeared to be no trouble docking a man's pay if he was a curler.