



On The Main Street

With FORD MOYNES

Feb. 28/73

Curling in Lindsay was born on the Scugog river in the days when there were tons and tons of snow to shovel. In those days men wore fur caps, ear muffs moccasins, home knitted mitts and at times two pairs of socks.

The first brooms were actually whisks. Skips used signs asking for in or out turn and drew their brooms sharply across the stone when they wanted the rock lifted out of the rings.

When games were played outdoors in Scotland, where the game was born, it was not unusual to have a drop of grog close by to warm the blood and encourage the skips to bellow in a tone which could be heard miles away.

In the old days all players shook hands after a game, the losers being the first to congratulate the winners.

The first enclosed Lindsay curling rink was on the north end of Victoria park. When the club expanded the frame work was moved holus bolus to the second location at the south end of William Street. When the club expanded for the second time a new rink was erected on Peel street and once again the centre arch was transplanted to that location.

Old timers remember the waiting room at the south end. It was bleak and barren the furnishings included a long wooden table, a row of chairs, a railway pot bellied stove and a handy cuspidor or spittoon.

Some curlers loved the old plug of tobacco. One drinking cup, a tin mug, was sufficient

and the cold water tap was kept busy. The large room was kept lighted by two small drip candles. The caretaker had to open a trap door in the floor and descend a small ladder into the earthen excavation to haul up scuttles of coal.

Curling matches were the order of the day and Lindsay curlers used to pay visits to Peterborough, Bobcaygeon, Fenelon Falls, Woodville, Cannington, Beaverton, Oshawa, Toronto and Orillia competing for the large silver cups, shields and banners, all on natural ice.

Gone are the good old days but not entirely forgotten. The days when the beloved and respected "Shorty" Harstone was principal of the collegiate institute and secretary of the curling club; when J. D. Flavelle skipped rinks at Winnipeg and paid all expenses, and the days when special train loads of curling fans followed rinks to Toronto to encourage their favorites to victory.

At home the progress of the curlers was followed by walking down to the CPR ticket office where bulletins were read direct from Toronto, Winnipeg and other towns.

Gone are the days of gladiator curlers but not forgotten.