

CURLING IS A SIMPLE GAME -- BUT..... The Curling game is very simple: You shoot a rock on the tee button then guard it so that the other fellow can't get at it. If he succeeds in breaking through your guard and getting your rock, he's just plainly lucky! The skip that gets the most counters on the head wins the end...unless the opposing skip slips in a fluke wick-chip-and-roll. This should be a jail offense but the good skip will simply whistle or smile wanly and then proceed to build up another head. Whoever sneaks the most numbers on the board and gets away with them wins. Auditors are unnecessary--the average skip or third man can add 5 and 5 together and make 12 without any coaching whatsoever.

The Lead is the lowly person who throws the first pair of rocks. Somebody has to throw them to get the game started so they pick on the lead. He must thank his lucky stars that he is allowed to appear on the ice with other such distinguished personages. All curlers have served apprenticeships as leads and most of them have not served long enough. He must address the skip as "Sir" and the third as "Mister". He must see that all rocks are cleaned before the game and keep the other members of his rink in cigarettes during the game. First and foremost, he must never talk back. It really doesn't matter whether or not he makes any shots that are asked of him, he gets blamed if the game is lost anyway. If he makes an exceptional shot it is merely because the skip happened to call for that shot. If he doesn't make it, it is because he couldn't see as far as the end of the rink to get a line on the broom.

The Second is but one degree removed from the lead. He must do 75% of the sweeping and keep the third man in matches. He corrects the lead's mistakes by trying to put a rock where the skip asked for it in the first place but where the lead did not quite make it. If he sails through the house--well he's a second and what can you expect of a second anyway. He is the only member of the rink that is allowed to insult the Lead. Both the Skip and the third consider it beneath their dignity to do so. The only time the skip and the third man condescend to speak to the Second is to ask for cigarettes and matches which he in turn has got from the lead. His is a tough life too.

The Third is of course the brains of the rink. He should be a skip, but magnanimously allows the other fellow to think that he is the boss. Assuming an air of superiority over all leads and seconds, he holds the broom for the skip, and throws dirty looks at him for missing it. He passes the lead's cigarettes to the skip together with a lot of unsolicited advice. Everybody knows that he ought to be skipping the rink, he even admits it to anyone that will listen to him, but nevertheless, he labors on with air of martyrdom. The chief accomplishment of the third is to be able to convey the impression by gestures and attitude, that he knows darn well that the skip played the wrong shot when he missed and, if he made it, the third was the lad who figured it out.

The skip is the goat. He is the gentleman sportsman who neglects his valuable time because three others wish the benefit of his skill and experience. He does not sweep, that is for lesser lights. He holds the broom and his temper while his subordinates miss. He must be experienced and exercise good judgment in making decisions. He must not blush or appear embarrassed when he hears other members of his rink discuss his failures and shortcomings with unfeeling spectators. He must not pick the right shots--this would forestall the experts behind the glass. He must knock out rocks that he can only see by whiskers. He must draw to the button, be on the port but inches wider or none at all. He must be able to play dynamite or runner weight with one rock and draw to the button with the next. He must be able to take out four rocks when three are there and lay on the button. If he wins it's his packed rink; if he loses he's a tramp. Should he accidentally plot the rink to a prize in the bonspiel he won't have a friend in the world. Pity the poor skip.

(Editor's Note: Although the origin of the above is unknown to us, we have seen it reprinted on numerous occasions, and understand that it is considered to be almost a classic in many curling circles).

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COMMUNITY CHURCH TO HOLD SERVICES IN OLD HUDSON'S BAY STORE COMMENCING JANUARY 30 Commencing on Sunday

January 30th 9:30 a.m. services of the Terrace Bay Community Church will be held in the old Hudson's Bay Store opposite the Post Office until further notice.

Sunday School will be at the usual time in same building.

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