SCOTLAND, the land that has made the world its grateful debtor in so many ways, will be remembered for all time for having invented, developed or preserved the two most delightful of sports: golf for spring, summer and autumn; curling for winter. It is characteristic of the Scotsman that although he is the most formidable of warriors in actual strife or battle; although in the mimic warfare of football he is likewise most redoubtable; he still, vastly prefers peace and peaceful games. He is not of those who, it is said, would rather fight than eat. Fighting or the semblance of fighting he abhors. So much is this the case that his national pastimes, golf and curling, competitive though they are, disguise or half conceal this feature. In golf the play proceeds not in opposed but in parallel lines; the players walk together and amiably converse between strokes. For one golfer to hurtle himself roughly against another is unthinkable; never does he interfere with his opponent, not even with his opponent’s ball and, in fact, usually apologizes if, by chance, he lays a stymie. Contrast, too, the behavior of the noisy crowd at certain games, not Scottish in their origin or characteristics, that the players may be bawled at or cursed and that the air becomes thickly charged with the most strenuous and unconcealed hostility! Not so with golf and its traditions so quietly and splendidly evolved by North Britons; those dignified self-respecting and brotherly men who have schooled themselves (or is it native to the superman?) to applaud their opponents, even to assist them (as when the ball is in hiding) and to obliterate all possible trace of brutal rivalry and contention. Say we not well then that golf is the game of man civilized, refined and skilled! Scarcely less than golf is curling, a game of brotherly love. It is bowls on ice. Sides and competitions there are of course, and you are permitted to shout; but you must not shout as you stand up to your collar bone. You must not ‘super-up’ as loud as Boanerges and sweep as strenuously as Vulcan might, once the stone is in play; but, otherwise, it would be better for that man if he had never been born.
I have said that curling is a game of bowls on ice, but there is none of the leisurely survey with which the bowler surveys his bowl standing, as a friend of mine used to do, with his arms folded in the manner of the First Consul. No. When the stone is dispatched all is activity; with broom in readiness to obey the skip's behest; and, at the word, four pairs of stalwart arms smooth the pathway of a reluctant stone.

The story is told of a novice who hearing his skip suddenly shout: "Sweep her up!" a stone displaying symptoms of sluggishness, began to sweep with enormous vigor behind the lagging stone. Let the coming novitiates take note.

The problem of the requisite force to be exerted in propelling a stone is before the curler much as it is with the golfer and his putt. Stories are told of golfers who beheld all things mundane from the point of view of golf; these can be matched by one related by Mr. Gordon Grant, author of The Complete Curler, who, walking with a fellow-curler on a torrid day of June, saw a third curler and remarked: "Why there's John—. " "Ay, so it is; that's him sure enough; but he's no use whatever. " "Why? What's the matter with him? " asked Mr. Gordon Grant. "Ach! he's always too strong. " If Mr. Gordon Grant had been a golfer he would have reminded his friend of the maxim: Never up, never in. Curling is a succession of silences and vocal outbursts. There is still room, as in golf, for comments upon the weather, or rapid generalization on the politics of the hour, but in the main, as in golf and Hamlet, "the play is the thing. " There is a captain or skip for each side who is responsible for the tactics or strategy. His three assistants (the younger player usually leading off and soon in point of playing strength until the skip comes down from the far end where he has been directing the play) are obedient to his every command. "Tak' this borrow, " cries the skip to junior at the other end, indicating by his broom a certain space wide of the central tee. "Tak' this borrow wi' the in-turn and lie dead. " Happy is the skip if the junior's delivery has skilfully blocked the way for the responding junior on the other side. "Noo, Sandy, come right in here. Play canny wi' the out-turn and tak' this borrow. " So to Number Two. "Well played Sandy, she's coming on brawly—coming on like a queen. Keep her up a bit. Keep her up. Give her a rest, very and then when she has broken, she's broken, played the play!" There is room for much more in exhortation as the skip alternately direct their fellow-players in curling contests. One skip is all energy and vociferation; the other is all wisdom and concert.

D O L F  I L L U S T R A T E D

Golf Illustrated

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AN EXCITING MATCH AND A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH

Showing the four members of a rink watching the winning stone which one of them had just curled from the hack 42 yards away.

The match was between Murren and Grindelwald teams and played at Murren, Switzerland. Mr. G. Herbert Windeler, a former president of the U.S.G.A., is the center figure of the group sweeping the stone.
Curling at the Country Club, Brookline, Mass.

Every player, of course, is equipped with a broom with which to sweep the ice in front of the advancing stone so as to make certain that it will traverse the rink. Should there be any doubt of this, the favorite and usual exhortation is “Sweep her up! Sweep her up! She’s a hog.” The “hog,” be it said, is a stone which fails to reach a transverse line about five-sixths the distance between tee and tee, and is then ignominiously put out of the game.

Silence, we wish to say, reigns supreme as each player delivers his stone but let there be a skillful bit of play reversing at a critical juncture a minus to a plus score, and the deep-throated shouts and explosion of applause are such as no other sport can arouse. There is no gainsaying, at such times, that curling is indeed the roaring game.

Curling, in Scotland, is traditionally an outdoor game but, as that country is not a land of continuous frost in winter, it has been, until recently, the most precarious of sports. Curling has been played with untold zeal but curling rinks were not always available. The Scottish curlers, knowing that from 1906 to 1913 (eight seasons) only forty days’ play were accounted for, were forced to relinquishe green and course being almost to fathom deep in snow from December to March. Many of Canada’s crack golfers have become full-time curlers, the result of the invention of the “Tarmac” (tar-macadam) rink, which has wrought a great change.

Some non-golfing curlers, of Scottish blood and tenacious of orthodox practice in curling, strongly deplore, however, and with reason, the habit of some golf-curlers who introduce into the vernacular of the winter game the terminologies of their favorite summer sport. What, indeed, are we to think of the conduct of a curler and skip who, wishing a member of his rink or team to bear in to the right or left with his shot, orders him to play with a slice or a pull! or announces a lead of four points by saying that he is “four-up.”

Curling is traditional sport of Scotland and Canada, and the rink is the home of the winter game.