

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

No. 2
 McCammon,
 Dr. Forster,
 Davidson,
 Dr. Clarke, skip 22.

No. 2.
 Hersey,
 Meighen,
 Taylor,
 Grant, 14.

Bets were freely indulged in by our late opponents, that ours was the Tankard for '95. But alas! for human greatness or rather human weakness!! On that fateful night took place the annual banquet. Toying with the cup that cheers, indulging in pate de foi gras, late or perchance more thoughtfully early hours are the various whispered causes of the defeat sustained by the Rockwoods on the following morn at the hands of the five timed Tankard winners—the Pembrokes. Such an impression did these doughty knights leave of their prowess that even to-day one of our defeated skips, on seeing a good shot made, will jump from the ice like Jamieson of the "cheeses," and exclaim: "There's a Pembroke shot for you, score one for the Boys." We sadly but truthfully append the record:—

No. 1 Rockwood. No. 1 Pembroke.
 Potter, Behan,
 Carr, Kennedy,
 Cochrane, Jamieson,
 Dennison, skip 14. J. Stewart, 19.

No. 2. No. 2.
 McCammon, Irvine,
 Dr. Forster, Forgie,
 Davidson, Miller,
 Dr. Clarke, skip 10. Russell, 21.

The only satisfaction remaining to us was to see our latest opponent leaving the Tankard with our Kingston bretheren, having been defeated that same afternoon by 10 points.

Numerous local matches followed with the city clubs, in which Rockwood made a most excellent showing, and the most eventful and the most enjoyable season in the Club's history ended with a match on April 1st, the latest date on record.

The players score were:—

McCammon,	Stewart,
Potter,	Fenwick.
Davidson,	Dr. Clarke.
Cochrane, 32.	McLean, 7.

This game was not only remarkable for its late date, but had it been continued would have necessitated the introduction of a second score-board, as 30 is the limit score per board.

The Doctor insists that no notice should be taken of this game, as even curlers are not responsible for the events of All Fools' Day.

Without making any comments on a game whose merits even such a pen as that of J. M. Barrie does not scorn to describe with praise, and simply speaking of it as we have played it and enjoyed it ourselves, we have naught for it but good words. At Rockwood all other forms of amusement and recreation have come and gone, but of Curling might be used the words of Cæsar, "veni vidi vici." The twinge of defeat, or the disappointment at non-success, have no permanent abode in the true curler's heart. On the rink he will scream himself hoarse, cut capers like a boy till his sanity is questioned; he cajoles, encourages, commands, but there it ends. To-day he suffers a crushing defeat, but thoughtless of the past, "bobs up serenely," on the morrow ever ready to take philosophically "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." All honor to the founders of our Club. "May their shadows never grow less."

"You may talk to me of Rugby,
 Sing hockey's praises gaily.
 Or descendant on cricket's beauties,
 Praise tennis to me daily;
 You may talk about your baseball,
 It's catchers and it's twirlers,
 But give to me the broom and stone,
 There's no game like the curler's."