



Stone weighs 45 pounds.

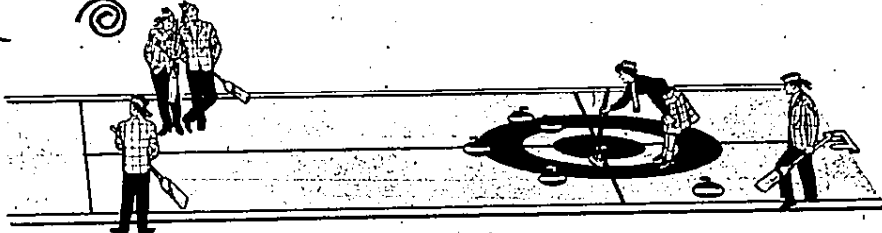
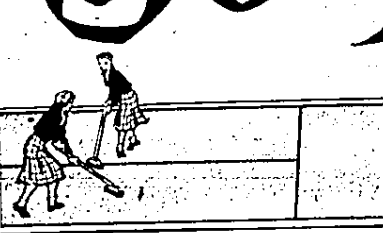


Experts have proffered varied reasons for sweeping, but all agree on one point—the spirit and fun “sooping” adds to the game is immeasurable.

“Sweep, Man, Sweep!” — the old Scottish game of curling is a fast, daft sport for young and old

Soop!

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ing rules and granting all qualified curling groups recognized status. The Club recognizes two associations in the U. S.: the Grand National Curling Club of America (14 affiliated clubs) in the East and the Mid-West Curling Association with headquarters in Chicago (43 affiliated groups). [R. W. Keyes, Secretary of the Grand National (146 Proctor Boulevard, Utica, New York) and John F. Bloomer, Secretary of the Mid-West group (P. O. Box 722, Appleton, Wisconsin) are both good sources on how best to bring curling into your own home town. So is Glenn Harris, publisher of the *North American Curling News* (1125 Tower Avenue, Superior, Wisconsin).]

No Curling Widows Here!

A typically curling-crazy American country club is the St. Andrews Golf Club at Hastings-on-Hudson, New York. Its three sheets of ice are the scene of almost constant curling activity from November through March. Every weekday, housewives by the dozen pour into the club parking lot, out of their station wagons and onto the ice, resplendent in their slacks, kilts, and tartan caps. Comes the evening and they are replaced by their husbands who dash home from the office, shed their business suits for colorful plaids and race over to the club for two-and-a-half hours of deadly concentration, sweeping and good-fellowship. Four separate

male groups—St. Andrews, New York Caledonian, Ardsley and Mahopac—occupy the ice on successive nights during the week. Over the week-end these various clubs engage one another in intramural competition and on Sunday evening there is “mixed curling” between husbands and wives.

As if this schedule weren't full enough, almost every week-end there are *bonspiels* (tournaments) hosted by various clubs. The “week-end” for many of these *bonspiels* actually begins on Wednesday or Thursday and lasts through Sunday night. “I come close to losing my job every curling season,” one New York executive confided recently, describing the subterfuges he uses on his boss to mesh business trips with his schedule of *bonspiels* at Farmington, Connecticut, Boston and Winchester, Massachusetts, Nashua, New Hampshire, and Schenectady, Lake Placid and Utica, New York, on successive week-ends.

The allure of these *bonspiels* is not solely curling, of course. The host club usually sponsors a lavish round of cocktail parties and buffet suppers which make the week-end gayer for anyone with the income and the constitution to stand both the social and athletic sides of the affair.

Boon To Country Clubs

Several circumstances contribute to curling's growing popularity. Financial

deficits along the country club circuit have been perhaps the biggest factor. Today's club makes money during the summer season, when revenues from the swimming pool, tennis courts and green fees keep it solvent. The budget is strained in winter, however, when club traffic slows to a trickle. The club's alternatives are usually to keep the bar and restaurant open (and lose money) or close down almost entirely (and lose the help, who wander off to new jobs). The sport answers these problems by providing a winter activity which attracts traffic and revenue to the club and also pumps new trade into both the bar and the dining room.

Curling has developed as a sport for the whole family, too. One of the most hotly-contested events at the Chicago Curling Club is the annual Family *Bonspiel* held during the Christmas holidays between rinks composed of a mother, father and two of their children. (“If you don't have two, borrow one,” the rule book reads.)

Combining the vigor of wholesome athletics with an extraordinary amount of good-fellowship, curling is perhaps the most attractive craze in winter sports to come along. Its partisans are mushrooming and if you live north of the Mason-Dixon line, the chances are pretty good that cries of “Soop, mon, soop!” may well be heard in your neighborhood before too many winters have passed.

Modern version of the sport has changed little since its birth long ago in the Scottish Highlands.



Arturo and Janeann Gonzales, themselves curling aficionados, rolled many a stone toward the bull's-eye before their story was iced.