



Lanark Rocks

lanarkcurlingclub.org

Season 2018-19
Issue 3

God bless America - esp Grand Forks CC



The Magazine of Lanark Curling Club

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Dear Members

I am struggling to keep Lanark Rocks going due to lack of material.

Please send me ANY NEWS that would be of interest to our members ie holidays, funny stories, family occasions etc.

If you wish this wee newsletter to continue then please help me out.

Thanks—Anne, Editor



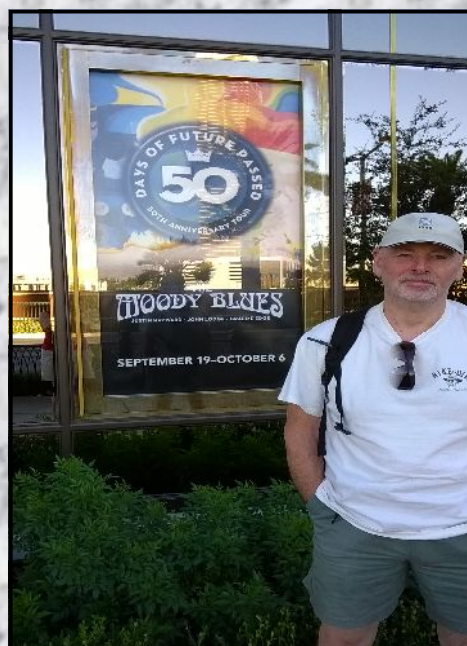
From Las Vegas to curling in Winnipeg

Why would Anne/Jack Hood begin a holiday in Las Vegas to finally end up curling in Winnipeg? Well, here lies our story.

It all started after the Lanark CC prize-giving evening, in New Lanark Hotel, in March 2018. One of Jack's favourite bands is The Moody Blues who, unfortunately, have not been touring in UK for a few years now. After celebrating at the prize-giving event Jack was in a 'merry state' when we returned home (yes, Anne was the driver). However, the sober Anne noticed, via the internet, that the Moody Blues were in concert in September so asked Jack if he wished to go. "Oh yes" came the cheery reply so Anne booked the tickets and Jack was delighted to hear about this. "All I need to do now", said Anne, "is to book the flights". "Flights?", "What flights?", said Jack. "Oh, I forgot to tell you", said Anne "The Moody Blues are only playing in Las Vegas".

Anne/Jack Hood also received an invitation to curl with the Margarita Club which was being hosted in Winnipeg, Canada during the first week in October so we devised a holiday that would begin in Las Vegas and conclude in Canada.

On arrival in Las Vegas we arranged to hire a car for the next 2 weeks which will see us travelling from Vegas to Monument Valley before proceeding to pick up part of Route 66 to Oklahoma city. We would drive through the Great Plains to South Dakota (Mount Rushmore National Park) then make our way into Canada. We hired our car via Enterprise (a well known car hire in this country also) but we came across our first snag. Do not assume that you can hire a car in America and leave it in Canada - despite there being Enterprise offices throughout both countries!. We were told you can drive into Canada but you need to bring the car back to America. We did not wish to do this so we came out to replan our route. Jack discovered, on the net, that Greyhound Buses had introduced a new daily bus route from Grand Forks (North Dakota) to Winnipeg so, problem solved, we hired a car to take us from Las Vegas to North Dakota. Off we went.....





I vote this the best view from any café I know.

Do you know different?

Send in your best view.....

Anne didn't fully read the dimensions of the Air B&B house she rented for Jack and herself!



Pretending to be Wild West Roadies....





Route 66.

Friendly parking sign in Albuquerque.

I love the Disabled Parking sign alongside the stage-coach!





The Great Plains—Wild Bill Hickock.

We arrived the day after the great bison round-up....this fella managed to escape that!

Great Steaks tho'.....and cheap!

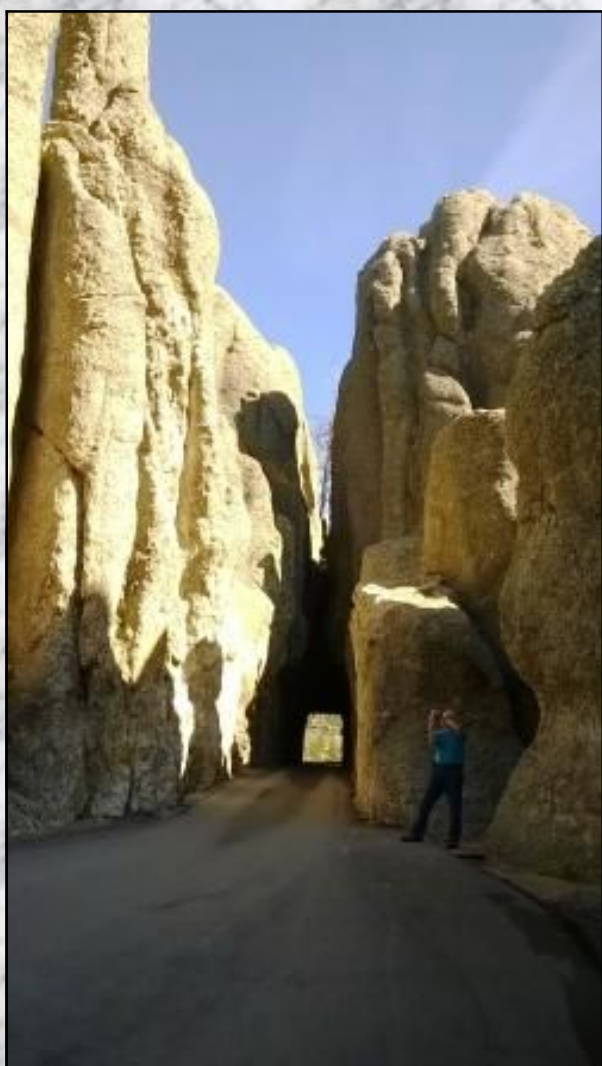


Do we speak
the same

Language?



As we entered South Dakota we thought we had better book our tickets for the Greyhound Bus from North Dakota (Grand Forks) to Winnipeg. This is when we came across another slight problem. DO NOT ASSUME THAT THE INTERNET IS UP-TO-DATE. We tried in vain to book tickets because it transpired that Greyhound had withdrawn this service—yet, it was still advertised on the internet! Jack and I realised we were heading to Grand Forks to leave ourselves with no car, no bus, no train so that left only two other options to travel to Winnipeg. Now, to give you the context, Grand Forks to Winnipeg is approx a 3 hour drive across the border yet the local airline would take Jack and I back to Minneapolis for a flight to Winnipeg at a cost of \$2000 and 8 hrs in total! I dismissed this so I found myself with the last option—taxi. I telephoned a taxi firm and we negotiated a flat rate (as I did not want a meter running on this journey) but, and here comes the next problem, the receptionist told me she may not have a driver. “How can that be”, I said, “you are a taxi firm so surely you have drivers?”. “Well”, she said, “but I need to find a driver who has a passport ticket”. “I’ll leave this one with you then” was my reply and arranged to call her back the next day. Meanwhile, Jack was having a brain wave. He remembered that during his 2007 USA RCCC Tour he played at Grand Forks so he emailed the club and asked for advice—after all, how do the locals travel to Winnipeg without a car? Within 10 minutes we received a reply from Dan, Secretary of Grand Forks CC, who stated this is what curling fellowship is all about. We were to leave the situation with him. So, meanwhile, Jack and I continued to explore Mount Rushmore National Park.

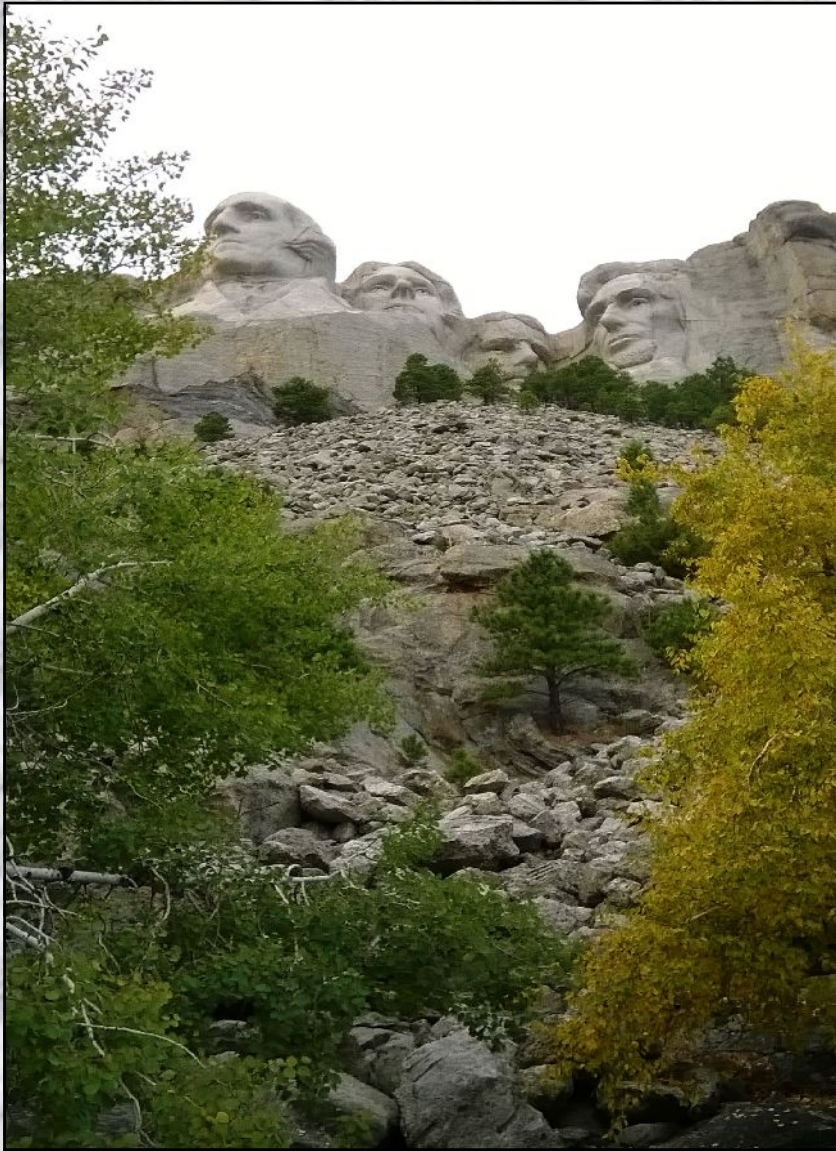


Hole in the Wall



The Needles





The Presidents Heads -

Mount Rushmore National Park.

Well, Grand Forks CC came to our rescue. One of their members, Tyler, volunteered to drive us into Winnipeg—he merely asked that we pay for the gas. Fantastic!

God bless Grand Forks CC.

I quickly cancelled down the taxi not knowing if she had found a driver or not—we had a driver, so we were on our way to the curling. Before we drove out of North Dakota Tyler took us to their new curling rink. It was lovely.....



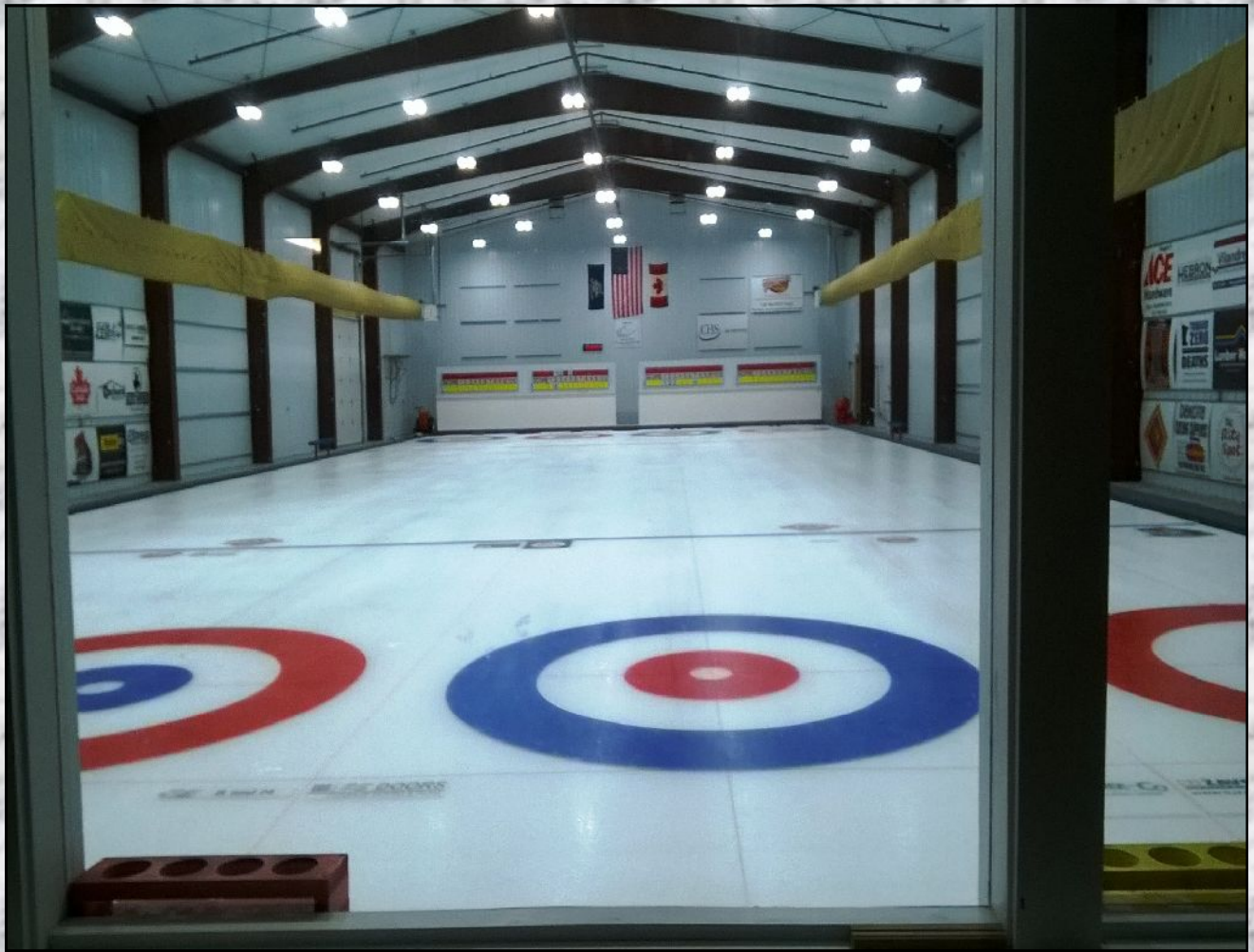


On closer inspection we noticed that there was an actual curling stone on the pot-lid

What a lovely outside feature.....and, there were more

The inside walls also displayed curling stones.....





Grand Forks CC has a three-sheeter. All funds raised by members so it is owned by the members. Below are the curling tables in the Members Lounge—aren't they beautiful?





MEMBERS LOUNGE.....wow.



Well, after a lovely tour of Grand Forks CC we were on the road to Winnipeg. Tyler is a lovely young man and we spoke about curling, about his work, about his girl-friend's move to College (possibly in Winnipeg) and about life in general. We soon arrived at the Border and met the female Border Officer who was (to me) having a PMT day. She told us she was only speaking to the driver so Jack/I should not speak—she then demanded the driver hand over our passports. Tyler duly handed over one American and two European passports and the conversation went thus:

Officer: "Why did you not stop at the Stop Sign"?

Tyler: "Sorry ma'am—I did not see it".

Officer: "It's big enough—it is in red". (She then looked at the passports). So, why are you driving into Canada?

Tyler: "I'm driving Anne and Jack into Winnipeg."

Officer: "And, what will you do next"?

Tyler: "I'm coming back home later on tonight"

Officer: "Are you leaving your passengers in Canada"

Tyler: "Yes"

Officer: "Why".

Tyler: "They are playing in a curling match".

Officer: "How long have you known your passengers"

Tyler: "I just met them today"

Officer: "So you don't know them?"

Tyler: "No, ma'am—just met about 2 hrs ago"

Now, all of this conversation is true but you know it doesn't sound very good—does it?

Officer (to Jack): "Why are you coming to Canada"?

Jack: "To take part in a curling match".

Officer: "Have you met the driver prior to today?".

Jack: "No".

Officer: Just drive around the corner, park your car and all three of you enter the Immigration Office for further discussion.

We did as instructed and when we walked into the Office we were told to sit and wait. There was little activity in the Hall but we were made to sit and wait for 50 minutes before Jack and I were called to another Officer. He asked the same questions: looked at our documents then told us to sit down. Tyler was interviewed separately—eventually we were allowed to enter Canada about 1 hour later.

WELCOME TO CANADA.



We arrived in Winnipeg and met up with other curlers who were all trying to book in at the same time. We asked Tyler to wait so that we could take him for lunch but, first, we wanted to dump the cases in our room. We picked up our keys and entered the lift to have another couple join us—we could see they had curling bags so I asked if they were taking part in the Margarita Bonspiel? “Yes” they said and queried my accent by saying “Where are you from”? I said “Scotland” and braced myself for the next question—you know the one. All Americans/ Canadians then ask if you know Jimmy Smith from Glasgow as their ancestry typically originated from Scotland. Yep—the question came—“Do you know....” and I was about to say “no” when I heard the name they gave. They asked me “Do you know Alistair Mackintosh from Lanark”? Well, Jack and I collapsed into fits of laughter saying “Yes—everybody knows Alistair. In fact, we curl in the same club”. Would you believe it? This is the first time this question has worked for me—it turned out that he was a Rotarian and are great friends with Alistair and Margaret. We even had adjoining rooms so we were warned “no noise” or we would be reported to Alistair! - hi hi.

Ahem—as Alistair has often stated—what happens on tour stays on tour!!

We said our fond farewell to Tyler and thanked him most sincerely for his services—we have said that if any member from Grand Fork is in need of assistance then they only need contact us. We even offered them a game with Lanark.

We had left the desert heat and sunshine and now are in the grips of snow and ice in Canada but for the next 4 days, the Margarita Bonspiel occurred. Curlers from Canada, America and Europe all merge on an annual basis to play in this Bonspiel. There were over 50 teams present and we are guaranteed 4 curling games with a play-off for the final positions if you're lucky enough to reach that far. The Margarita's play on each side of the Pond ie Europe one year, the next being America or Canada, the following year being back in Europe then back to America or Canada and, so the cycle continues. This club is now into its third decade but the Hoods have just found it!. We played in it last year and because we crossed the pond to play in it this year, we became fully pledged Margaritans and got our 1st year badge! The club is so-called after the same named cocktail—it was devised by 3 avid Swiss curlers who wanted an international Bonspiel for club curlers.





GRANITE CC—WINNIPEG

Address: 1 Granite Way.

It is the oldest curling rink in Winnipeg. It boasts 9 sheets of ice.

Apparently there is a Gentleman's Club on the top floor—card tables, snooker etc.





You fairly miss the mirrors!



No—we didn't win any trophy.

This is one of the League trophies played for within The Granite Club—beautiful!

However, we all know about the name of ASHAM within curling shoes and equipment. Well, Mr Asham hails from Winnipeg and his factory is there so we were invited to the factory for a tour. It also had a fabulous shop—we women loved it!





This is Mr Asham, himself. He was demonstrating how Asham shoes are made.

Mr Asham supplies curling equipment to all the top curlers—he is generous within the sport he loves.

He no longer plays—he said he was not interested in Senior Curling but has enthusiastically supported the local dance group known as Asham Stompers. It is a group of dancers keeping alive traditional cultural forms of dancing.

Our 'tour bus' for the Margarita Bonspiel that ferried us from hotel to ice rink was the Asham Stompers tour bus.





Anybody fancy a corn broom?

Well, we came to the end of a successful week's curling—we had a fancy-dress evening: a gala evening: a margarita welcome evening and a farewell night in one of the local pubs. We met great people and had such good fun that we hope to join them next year in Cortina, Italy.

On the last day in Winnipeg we thought we would explore the city a bit—however, we did not heed it was Thanksgiving Weekend and everything was shut! We went to the Union Station to see a poster saying 'No trains for the next 17 hours'. I leave you with an uncanny sight—a completely empty train station! However, the railway museum was open so we found interesting curling memorabilia from former days.





This train station is huge—I've never seen an empty station.
It was spotless!



Museum curling trophies.





Within the Museum one of the trophies (on previous page) was for Sportmanship. The other was for winning a game.

However, no wooden spoon was given to the loser—instead they received this trophy ie the Arse-hole Trophy. Charming!

I do believe our own Rotarians have a similar trophy.....

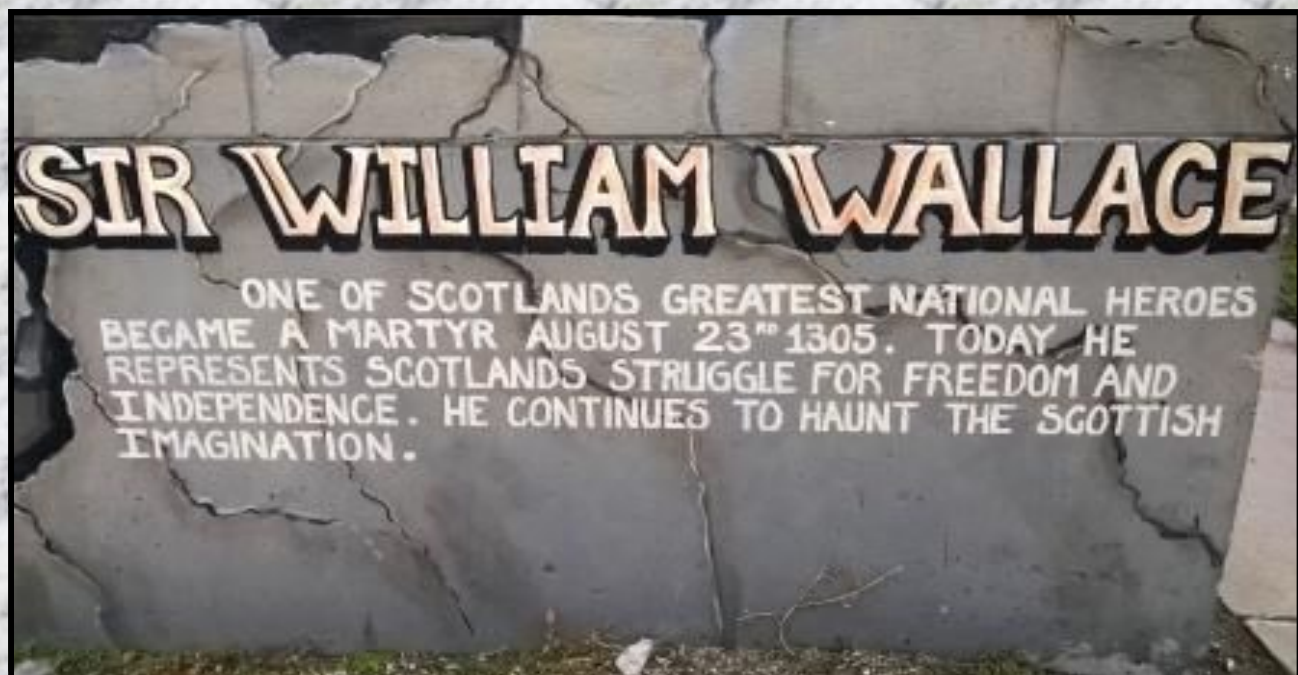
The Margarita Bonspiel had ended and it was now time to leave Winnipeg. I had thought we might fly back to Toronto for a few days but Jack preferred hiring another car and driving through the top end of the Great Lakes as the Fall was in full bloom. So this is what we did thinking “How nice to have the desert heat : followed by the winter weather in Canada to then see the Autumn glory with the Fall colours”. What we did not think about was that we had to go through Border Control twice ie back into America only to re-enter for Toronto. We came across another female officer who was taking no prisoners—well, I thought two can play that game! She didn’t like how I spoke so we were again ordered to park the car and get ourselves into the immigration office—she had the last laugh didn’t she? We were only kept approx 40 minutes this time but when we arrived at Border Control No 3 I was ready for the Officer by saying “Look, here are my airline tickets proving I’m flying out of Toronto tonight”. Entry was straight forward!

However, as an added wee story, our taxi driver out of Winnipeg asked where about in Scotland we came from. We mentioned Lanark as being near to Law and he instantly spoke of William Wallace saying there was a mural of William Wallace in Winnipeg. We showed faint interest and, before we knew it, he said he was taking us to see it. “Bl**dy hell” we thought—is this genuine? Indeed it was—here is the picture.





The bottom right-hand corner of the mural read:





Gordon Gilchrist having a liquid breakfast.

(Gordon got us into the Margarita CC)

Jack trying to keep up with Gordon—hmmm



In-Turns



CONGRATULATIONS to Moray Deane who married Dorothy in January 2018.

Moray's health has improved following a wee scare with his heart but he is enjoying playing bridge 3 times per week as well as planning cruises and holidays with his new wife.

CONGRATULATIONS to Jack Hood who was part of the winning rink in the Shareholders Duncan Johnstone trophy league.

Anne Hood was part of the winning rink of the Shareholders Xmas Bonspiel.

A good night for the Hoods!



In-Turns



Lanark CC—2018 Xmas Bonspiel sweaters.

Cheer up Gordon—you look like Bah-Humbug.



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I NEED SOME NEWS AND STORIES!!!!

Anne Hood - 4 Murray Road LAW ML8 5HR

