

The Bonspiels on, we're out for fun, it is in nineteen thirty-one,  
"We'll only touch you for a dollar, So dont you lads begin to holler.  
With fifteen rinks all trimmed up nice, they all appeared upon the ice.  
The start was made at four o'clock, on February 12, with broom and rock.  
With Sandy drawn gainst Tommy Barr, they say these two are out for war.  
But Barr, he said, with a tee-hee, "Oh, Sandy, s not afraid of me."  
"But I will show him by the clock, that I'll be there till the last rock"  
So on the game it went full well, till Tommy Barr began to yell.  
He kept up such a mighty prattle, he sure got Sandy, s rink all rattled.  
And when at last the game was o'er, poor Sandy's lay upon the floor.  
But Sandy said, "It is not nice, to play upon such tricky ice."  
But then he said, "It's in the game, to win by flukes I've done the same.  
So whether it was fun or war, w'ell give three cheers for Tommy Barr.  
And over on the other sheet, two more rinks there chanced to meet.  
'Twas Bobbie Wilson in a whirl, drawn up against young Wattie Serle.  
But Wattie proved too much by far, for Bobbie Wilson, the great star.  
They say that curling is his game, it should have been his second name.  
But Bobbie with a wink did say, "I'll come at you some other day."  
Then, it was at six o'clock, four other rinks brought out their rocks.  
The first to come upon the ice, was Jimmy Muir, looking nice.  
To look at them it was quite clear, he picked them up from far and near.  
At first he had for lead a preacher, and then he thought he'd get a teach-  
er. And then he thought 'twould be absurd, to have a home-spun man for  
third. So off he went his fists a clutchen, and got young Ellwood A. McCu-  
tcheon. The first game now they played full well, and Jimmy's roadsters  
never fell. They worked so nice the game right through, to Bill Foster he  
bid adieu. But Jimmies roadsters then went lame, I heard they lost their  
next two games. And so it was by habit bent, they went into the closed  
event. And there it was, with desolation, they went into the consolation.  
Then at Sid he took a dive, twas then he got the hard-luck prize.  
These roadsters surely had a grouch, for each had won-- a tobacco pouch.  
Then when eight o'clock came round, four other rinks were on the ground.  
'Twas Elliot Geekie, Walkers third, he said "Old man, you look like curd!"  
For I will surely eat you up, and keep you from the "Mullins Cup".  
But Walkers third was Elliot's sister, she said, "We'll sure give them a  
blister." So on went the game, with a bound twas up and down and all aro-  
und. And when the final rock was thrown, Walker had it just by one.  
For Elliot with his last tried rock, hard, but then it touched a measley  
guard. Then came Sam Sinclair with his Clydes, they sure did hit a merry  
stride. He showed Sid Thomas and the lot, that he could hit the very spot  
And Sid just stood there, looked in awe, at Sammies third, twas Mrs. Keyes.  
McCaw. And then he thought "Ill do it with ease, at my third rock I've  
Mrs. Keyes. But Sammie with his Clydes went on, and four straight games, ~~±~~  
they said, he won. But then McGregor, s Percherons grey, sent Sam's Clydes  
upon the way. Then Wattie's players, so he says, drew Sam's Clydes upon  
their knees. And when at last this game was won, poor Sam's curling it  
was done.

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Berry

Then over on the other ice, two more rinks were working nice.  
Twas Bill Foster full of vigor, curling there against McGregor.  
McGregor said, "look here, my lad, you never could curl like your dad"  
He'll show you all the ins and outs, and put your lads into a rout.  
And looking there upon Johns face, a smile of real content you'd trace.  
McGregor's Percherons worked nice, they sure had put the game on ice.  
With eight ends played it was the talk, poor Bill hadn't touched the chalk.  
And when 'twas o'er i looked to see, and Bill Foster had but three.  
Then came Joe Morton with his colts, they never made a single bolt.  
'Twas then that Crawford and his bunch, got from the colts a mighty hunch.  
'Twas then that Billy Crawford spoke, he said, "I think their halter broke."  
For Joe had led them this game through, and they did what he told them to.  
And Crawford lost another time, to the colts for they sure did it fine.  
Then Elliot with his mighty sword, full at Sid Thomas then he bored.  
He kept up such a mighty flare, that all the crowd went out for air.  
His gallant knights they kept right on, and never let Sid count a one.  
But Sid never did he flunk, he only said, "I smell a skunk."  
But Sid went through the whole creation, and won a first in the consolation  
And in the finals of the merchants, was Bill Craig with his shetland urchins  
But Bob Wilsons belgians bold, took Bill's shetlands in the fold.  
And Bob with his belgians wise, they sure had won the merchants prize.  
The game was quick and sure and fast, and Bill stood up to the very last.  
But with the steady belgian grind, it brought the shetlands out behind.  
For they were sure a steady lot, that won the mighty merchant pot.  
Then came Fowlers general purpose, to look at them 'twas like a circus.  
They gave their rocks a firmer grip, with Scotty giving them a tip.  
He says, "Dear Daniel, your the man, that came out of the lion's den.  
With you, I think, that I'll have luck, so I'll place you at my third rock."  
Then to the agent he says, I reckon, I'll give to you the honor of second.  
And just to put them all to rout, at first rock I'll have Mrs. Prutt.  
with such a general purpose lot, w'll show them how to throw the rock.  
At Billy Crawford then he went, and Billy like a reed he bent.  
Then Scotty took another holt, and beat Joe Morton and his colts.  
And then 'twas Sandy's rink he slew, 'twas like Fitzjames and Roderick Dhu.  
Then it was that Billy Craig, ran up against a mighty snag.  
So at Walker he made a dive, and his wins they were just five.  
Then Elliot Geegie was the next, 'twas then that Scotty had the sixth.  
and with six wins he sure can sup, out of the mighty "MULLINS CUP."  
But then McGregor prowled around, and knocked poor Scotty to the ground.  
But when twelve ends they had passed by, the score it stood just at a tie.  
But at the thirteenth end they cried, McGregors won the CITIZENS prize.  
Then Wattie's players at their leisure, took the general purpose measure.  
And Wattie said, "the game is up, I've won from you the CHALLENGE CUP."  
But Scotty said, "you are too late, for I have won the AGGREGATE  
And when their rocks they did put up, they sure had wound the bonspiel up.  
And there they'll stay, I think it's true, TILL Nineteen hundred and,  
THIRTY TWO!!!!