

Athletics.

Hockey—Queen's 8; Parkdale 5.

ONCE more, on Saturday night, did the hockey team silence the doubters who were talking about Parkdale doubling the score, and so forth. It is full time now to recognize that we have a good team this year, one worthy of our utmost confidence.

Parkdale came down from Toronto with a great reputation. They had swamped T.A.A.C. and beaten St. Mike's pretty badly. Naturally enough, when it was learned that Dobson would not be in for the game there were some nervous quakes. However, the score 8-5 about represents the merits of the teams, and it was by no flukes that Queen's won.

The ice was sticky, too sticky in fact to permit very good stick-handling. The puck often remained rooted to the ice, while the man skated gaily on. The hard going told on the fellows' temper. In fact they became quite peevish, as the penalty list, which contains no less than twenty-four names, will show. However, practically all the offences were insignificant, and many of them accidents.

At one time there were only three Parkdale men left on the ice, while the Queen's team was intact. For a couple of moments Parkdale put up a good defense, but they could not hold out, and Queen's scored twice.

The game started in a listless fashion. Parkdale opened matters with a rush, and scored twice while our men looked dazed. Then the men steadied down, and after a brilliant individual rush, Grieg George found the net. There was no more scoring in the first half.

In the second period our team had rather an easy time of it, scoring seven to Parkdale's three. The game became almost a burlesque at times, when men followed men to the timers' bench. A great part of the scoring was done when the other team was a man or two short, but as both teams suffered heavily from penalties, the odds were fair enough.

Grieg George scored first, and then Box. The third goal was more or less of a fluke. Box drove the puck out in front of the net. It struck the point's skate, and glided past the goal tender. Then Smith, Box, McKinnon and Basil George scored in turn.

There is a bit of criticism frequently heard around the rink, and that is that our men can't shoot. There is a good deal of truth in it, for often when the fellows have good opportunities for scoring, they make a miserable shot which never finds the goal. In every game the team spends a great deal of its time around the opponent's goal, and the score should show the fact.

The George brothers, Box and McKinnon were the stars of the game. They are all fast, and beautiful stick-handlers. Time after time when they would wind their way in and out around their opponents, the crowd would rise in excitement and howl lustily. Vic Gilbert turned so many difficult ones aside that some of the spectators thought he was wearing horse-shoes.