

Abegweits vs. Windsor

"Remember the Abbie-Windsor game in the old Arena?
That *was* a game!"—A Hockey Fan.

The referee dropped the puck on the ice of the Arena Rink at Charlottetown on a frosty night in 1924. The two rival sticks clashed, and the puck whizzed down the ice towards the Abbie goal. The great game was on. Frantic cries from the bystanders. "Come on, Swede, come on! Get him, Freddie, get him!" and like cries rose from the Charlottetown fans. The puck swung down the ice again, was seized upon by a young Windsor player, zigzagged up the ice in about an eighth of a second, and crashed into the Abegweits' goal. The first period ended 2-1 in favor of Windsor. During the second period, which was slower, the Abegweits seemed tired and remained mostly on the defensive. In this period the Windsor team got one more goal. The third period opened with a bang. Flashing skates, swirling figures, swishing spray of ice particles from the heels of the skaters, and clashing sticks and crashing bodies marked the first ten minutes of play. The Abbie front line was a tornado, their defence a mountain wall to the Windsor team. The crowd was amazed, the visiting team bewildered. Bang! a goal—ten seconds later another goal. Now only twenty more seconds to play. Straight down the ice came "Sugar" Gordon; flashed around left defence, passed to Perce Rodd. Again a terrific crash; the puck had passed right through the goal-net. Score 4-3 for the Abegweits.

"Three cheers for the visitors!
Long live the Abegweits!"

And the game was over.

—W. A. R., '32



Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is, but always to be blest.

—Pope

Pride is to the character, like the attic to the house—
the highest part, and generally the most empty.—Anon.