

Hockey

Remembering Rutherford

Hey Hockey Buffs – Send Us Your Rutherford Rink Stories!

"What do they say? Once you get hit with the puck—that's it," jokes former U of S Dean of Physical Education Dr. John Dewar. And the rush of stories about Rutherford begin.

"Remember how the roof leaked so bad there

And then there were the locker rooms—where the away team and the home team had to shower together, Dewar says chuckling. "It was amazing there were never fights—you'd be spitting mad at some guy who beat you and



were big brown bumps on the ice—you'd have to go along and scrape them off so you could skate without killing yourself," Dewar says.

"And it was so cold in that rink, you'd never mind playing on the best ice in the city, but you'd freeze watching—people would dress like they were going outside," former Husky football and hockey player Bill Seymour says reminiscing about one of his favorite haunts.

These two hockey lovers are searching out your finest Rutherford Rink stories before the hulking old building is torn down in the next few years. Who knows, the tales you send into the *Green and White* may wind up in a book one day.

"I don't want to lose track of Rutherford lore and the artifacts once the building comes down," says Seymour. He says the Rutherford name won't be used again when the modern new multiple rink facility goes up on campus in the next few years.

The University routinely honoured those who passed away by naming buildings after them. So when former Dean of Agriculture William John Rutherford died in 1930, his name went up on the side of what had been called The Rink.

Before the rink went up, the hockey players had to face the harsh cold on their faces skating on the "cinder heap." The rink was always flooded over top of the cinder heap that was left after the ashes from the furnaces were dumped.

Then came the legendary rink that is as familiar as the smile of an old buddy. Its rafters went up in 1929 for the grand sum of \$47,000. In 1980, a \$659,000 renovation was completed.

But the design wasn't kind to spectators; the columns that held up the building came down into the bleachers so it was hard to see parts of the game from those seats.

"You could always tell who the newcomers were, they'd rush to get those seats when they saw them empty, but soon they were craning their necks," Seymour said. "Everyone had their favorite place to watch from."



then you had to shower in the same big stall."

And the big round clock—the opposition coaches always thought the U of S team was messing around with the clock because the hands would pick up speed as they went down and then slow down when they went up!

Back in those days, intramural hockey was a much bigger deal than intercollegiate competition. And the Law students were the best "puckchasers" around. "No one could believe it," Seymour says.

Every Thursday and Saturday, there was music from an orchestra at the rink and people of all ages would gather for a public skate. And dancers would flock onto the ice during the moccasin dances.

The 1930 U of S Greystone yearbook states that "as many as 750 skaters have been on the ice at one time."

So, whether you took to the ice with your hockey pads or your moccasins, share your stories with us. All stories are welcome.

Send your Rutherford Rink story to:

MAIL:
Rutherford Rink Stories
c/o Luke Muller
University Advancement
Room 223 Kirk Hall, 117 Science Place
University of Saskatchewan
Saskatoon SK S7N 5C8

EMAIL:
luke.muller@usask.ca

After seeing this Green & White article (photo left), both Lew and Jim Parres sent in stories to the University advancement. We have both of their original stories in full here.

As well, the final Green and White publication PDF is included under Appendix B, called Rutherford Green and White 2004.

This link discusses further Remember Rutherford Rink:

<https://news.usask.ca/articles/huskies/2018/remembering-rutherford-rink.php>



Hockey

Remembering Rutherford

By Lew Parres

Rutherford Rink. I'll never forget it and I am 89 years old. I played many a game in that old building to full houses with my family and friends (and future wife, Billie Cross) watching and cheering us on. You see, I played hockey for the "green and white" - the colour of the U. of S. Huskies.

In 1918, my Dad, Chris had been seriously wounded in France (WWI). After recuperating in England for a year, he returned to the homestead at Richard, Saskatchewan. In 1920 he "packed it in" with farming and we moved to Sutherland on the East side of Saskatoon. After many years in Sutherland, we moved to 613 East Lake Street across from Nutana School. I played midget, juvenile and junior hockey for the Nutana Athletic Club, winning several championships from 1930-32. Jack Koyle, I remember as an outstanding player on our teams.

In 1934, I began studies at the University in Geology. My older brother Jim was in Geological Engineering and we both played in Rutherford Rink during our years at U. of S.

One game in Rutherford I remember rather vividly. We were playing the Wesley Intermediates. I had scored the first goal for Varsity on Downton in the first period. In the second period, our goalie, Burns, dumped a Wesley player by the name of Edwards and I had to play goal. That was the rule in those days. The goalie went into the penalty box and served his time. Someone on the ice at the time had to play goal. Luckily, our guys "ragged" the puck so well the Wesleys only got one shot on me. The game ended one-one. There was no overtime.

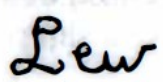
Our team that year was Kusch and Burns in net (not at the same time, of course). I played right wing with Gray at center and Ard on left wing. Others on the team were Carter, Denton, Garvie, Cruikshank, Foster, Wilson and Buglass.

In the 1936-37 season I again played for the U. of S. Huskies and somehow managed to play for the Engineers as well, I believe. On the Huskies, Phillips was our coach, Cruickshanks, the Manager. Other players were Downing, Langford, Morrison, Huddleston, Ball, Brent, Carter, Danton and Raymond. Carson was the trainer and Parker Assistant Manager.

In the exhibition games we played and defeated Mayfair Intermediates twice, broke even with Nutana Juniors and lost one game to the Wesley Juniors. We fought the Alberta (Edmonton) Bears in Western Inter Collegiate play for the Halpenny Trophy and were narrowly defeated.

After the 37 / 38 season I immediately got a job at the Coniaurum Mine in Timmins and played hockey there for the Coniaurum Flyers. I was 6'5" and played right wing. If you got hurt, you were on your own. No pay.

My wife (Marion Dorothy Cross of Saskatoon) and I (married 65 years in 2004) used to don the speed skates for public skating in Rutherford during our nine year courtship. I have many fond memories of Rutherford Rink and U. of S.


A. L. "Lew" Parres

Hockey

Remembering Rutherford

By James R.B. Parres—son of Lew Parres

The old barn that is the Rutherford Rink on the U. of S. campus in Saskatoon was very handy for Geology students, as it was only 50 feet from the Engineering building, where the Geology Department was once located (1930-1986). In the early 1970s when I attended the U of S, Geology students spent many a lunch hour playing shinny in the "Ruth" and getting in shape for the battle of Intramurals. Following the workout and drenched in perspiration, it was back to classes. Phew! No wonder female enrolment in Geology was low!

In fact my son, Brent, now a Thunder Bay policeman, was born in Thunder Bay Hospital in 1973 while I was battling the Aggies in Rutherford. When I got off the ice, I called the hospital - a baby boy, 11 lbs. 12 oz. Now he's 6'5" and 200 lbs in 2018. Another hockey player. Fortunately, he inherited his moves from his grandfather, Lew Parres, not me!

Both my father, A. L. "Lew" Parres (BA'48), "Prospector of the Year" for 1988/89 and my uncle, J. C. "Jim" Parres (BSC'36) played in Rutherford Rink back in the 1930s while attending the U of S. Both are graduates of U. of S. as well as myself.

My dad played Juvenile and Junior for the Nutana Athletic Club winning several championships, circa 1930-1932. Lew said Jack Koyle was an outstanding player. Gordie Howe also played for the Saskatoon Standards and for the Saskatoon Tigers against the NHL-bound Bentley Brothers. While attending U. of S., 6'5" Lew played for the Huskies wearing the green and white.

Because my dad was the "baby" in his family he often had to sit through family "get-togethers" (sort of a "post-game-critique"), where family members would say "oh, you should have shot - or passed or ,deked" etc.

My dad's hockey career looked bright, but his mother, Mrs. E.A. (Madill) Parres was a staunch Presbyterian (her father James Cross Madill was a Presbyterian Minister, her uncle – United Church) and would not sign the papers for Lew to play in Toronto at the Catholic school associated with the Toronto Maple Leafs. (Lew made it to the Leafs "on paper" in a Diane Francis article in 1989!).

From Sutherland in the 1920's to 613 East Lake Avenue in Saskatoon in the 1930s, Lew took his hockey skills to the Coniaurium Mine in 1938 in Schumacher, Ontario where he landed a job at the mine playing for the Coniaurum Flyers. However, if you broke a leg you didn't get paid, so eventually when he made shift boss, he put the hockey career on hold for a pay cheque instead.

When I attended U. of S. (in a year-round program) 1970-1973 the Geology Dept. had a team called the "Ore Gangue" (a word play on a geological term). We had an awesome team, "Win or Lose", we always ended up at the Sutherland bar usually to celebrate or dissect the battles between the opposing fans in the Rutherford Stands.

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Remembering Rutherford

By James R.B. Parres—son of Lew Parres

Lew played his last hockey game in Maple Leaf Gardens in 1989 at the age of 74, when the Prospector All Stars took on the Teck Corp. team (Dr. H. Keevil – also a U. of S. graduate). During intermission, Kelly Phillips, my wife's cousin dressed Lew in a gorilla suit and he played "Snap the Whip" with the figure skaters and survived! To get "in shape" for the big game in the gardens, people in Flin Flon, MB. (where Lew moved in 1945 after several years in the RCAF) would see Lew out skating on a rink on Ross Lake (in the middle of the Flon) wearing his Ken Baumgartner hockey jersey (Ken had worked for Lew as a student in Flin Flon).

Lew, currently age 88, resides in the Northern Lites Manor in Flin Flon with his wife of 64 years, Marion Dorothy "Billie" (Cross) Parres – a Saskatoon girl who won the Governor General's medal for academic proficiency. If you count the nine-year courtship period that is 73 years together.

I gave up hockey at age 54 due to malfunctioning limbs. I did, however, get to play in some games prior to that with my son, Brent.

Too bad Brent never got to play in the Rutherford Rink. It was quite an experience. (Oh well - they moved the Geology Dept. in the meantime).

I've seen 150 skaters on Rutherford ice at lunch times, but 750! Must have been very crowded. You better not fall!

And actually I think that's my dad in the middle of the picture you ran on Rutherford (Green & White – Fall 2004*).

And one more note. There was a worse rink for viewing etc. built in Lynn Lake MB. I played in a midget game there in 1950's (Judge C.K. Taylor was our coach). When you were skating along the boards with the puck you could run into a beam and I have seen guys knocked out cold! Hence the expression – keep your head up was doubly applicable.

James R. B. Parres, BSC'72

**The Green and White publication PDF is included under Appendix B, called Rutherford Green and White 2004.*

Memories of Rutherford Rink

In the last issue of the *Green & White*, we asked you to send us your stories about Rutherford Rink. Here's what we have received so far.

Bels on her Skates

The story began on October 12th, 1963 when I, the country kid from Marquette, Alberta, worked at Kirk Hall for a while in Agitation On the last of evening when for recreation was skating about the middle of the rink.

On Sunday, November 10th, I went to park over who to take to this dance. I went during at Rutherford rink between and then I saw a young thing with bells on her skates. She didn't seem to mind that I asked her to dance, so I asked her to dance.

Well, the next week was a performance in putting in her parents that I was worthy company for their daughter. After a moment or two time the "young thing with bells on her skates", who turned out to be fitness, it was agreed that I, the college student, needed to meet them and Dad.

As it happened, we had to dance for supper and "piece" sitting at Kirk Hall on that Wednesday night of meeting them and Dad. So, I just happened to be wearing a black suit and white socks, which led to me impressing them both.

They were then, Doreen Shepherd (BSC'71) and I were together living in Cactus Creek, BC, and I had spent some time of figure skates. The reason I had spent some time was because I found her then on me and I discovered I could make time then around the rink. I had done very much.

I will always remember my time at Rutherford Rink.

Trace Smith, AGRC'36

The Zamboni

I did some skating at Rutherford Rink when I was a member of the University of Saskatchewan.

I spent at University from boarding house, which was situated right beside the rink. I found there every evening when there was

general skating. I remember there was a skating to which I could not go, but there was a hand that played, and I could hear the music from my room. I enjoyed skating so much that I used to see the young couple and the ice go

I did more skating at Rutherford Rink than anywhere else in my life.

We used to skate with the girls, which was a lot of fun. There was a set of identical rinks (the first rink had hand skates, and the second rink had skates, and the third rink had skates) and we could skate on all three.

When I played for the first time, I was a little nervous, but I was quickly accepted by the team.

The rink was a lot of fun, and I was quickly accepted by the team.

One instance in particular comes to mind, when Gordie Howe had been invited to participate in a skating clinic for the new season's hockey team.

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Bells on her Skates

This story begins on October 31st, 1963 when I, the country kid from Marwayne, Alberta, enrolled at Kirk Hall for a Diploma in Agriculture. On the list of up-coming events for newcomers was a shindig about the middle of the month.

On Sunday, November 10th, I started to panic over who to take to this dance. I went skating at Rutherford that afternoon and there I met a young thing with bells on her skates. She didn't seem to mind that I'd asked her to skate, so I asked her to the dance.

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Well, the next week was a performance in proving to her parents that I was worthy company for their daughter. After a tantrum or two from the "young thing with bells on her skates," who turned out to be fifteen, it was agreed that I, the college student, needed to meet Mom and Dad.

As it happened, we had to dress for supper and picture taking at Kirk Hall on that Wednesday night of meeting Mom and Dad. So, I just happened to be wearing a black suit and white socks, which luckily for me impressed them both.

Forty years later, Sheryn Shepherd (BEd'71) and I are together living in Cache Creek, BC, and blessed with kids and grandkids.

Each year, Sheryn and I celebrate our memorable November 10th meeting at Rutherford Rink, and I can still hear the sound of those tinkling bells.

Allen Midgley, AGRIC'65

The Joys of Skating

I did more skating at Rutherford Rink those winters than any other person at the University of Saskatchewan.

I stayed at University farm boarding house, which was situated right beside the rink. I skated there every evening when there was

general skating. I remember there was club skating to which I could not go, but there was a band that played, and I could hear the music from my room. I enjoyed skating so much that I hated to see the spring come and the ice go.

I did more skating at Rutherford Rink those winters than any other person at the University of Saskatchewan.

We used to skate with the girls, which was a big bonus. There was a set of identical twins (the Burr twins) that dressed the same, and you couldn't tell them apart. I asked one to go skating with me. When I picked her up she asked me how I knew I was picking up the right twin. The way I could tell them apart was that one girl had regular skates, and the other figure skates. To my dismay, she said that next year they would have the same skates.



Students enjoying Rutherford Rink in 1964.

As this was still not enough skating, I joined the figure skating club. From what I remember, we skated twice a week. I was the oddball at the club, as I had speed skates instead of figure skates. The reason I had speed skates was because a friend lent them to me and I discovered I could make faster time around the ice. I liked them very much.

I will always remember my time at Rutherford Rink.

Bruce Smith, AGRIC'36

The Zamboni

My formal introduction to Rutherford Rink took place in the early 1970s. I was in the final stages of obtaining my degree, and had an evening job as a "rink rat" maintaining the ice

in Rutherford Rink and in the curling rink just next door (close enough that one ice plant served both facilities).

My first season was blessed with the introduction of another first—a brand new Zamboni, which replaced the tedious chore of resurfacing the ice (hitherto accomplished by first manually scraping the surface, and then by pulling around a pair of rather heavy barrels on wheels to spread a thin layer of water to fill the cuts and cracks). In comparison, the Zamboni was sheer luxury, and it did the job quickly enough to allow the novelty of resurfacing between periods during Huskie hockey games.

The games themselves were always an enjoyable distraction while readying the Zamboni for its next resurfacing excursion. But the Huskie hockey practices were equally interesting, and occasionally offered treats beyond what might have been experienced during regular games.

One instance in particular comes to mind, when Gordie Howe had been invited to participate in a training clinic for the new season's Huskie team.

One instance in particular comes to mind, when Gordie Howe had been invited to participate in a training clinic for the new season's Huskie team. It was an amazing demonstration of skill and experience versus energy and youthful enthusiasm. Pitted against three labouring and frustrated Huskies, Gordie had no difficulty in keeping the puck to himself, and did so with such an efficiency of effort that he didn't appear to even break a sweat.

It was both a privilege and a thrill to observe this demonstration by one of hockey's all-time greats.

David F. Klatt, BA'71

Rutherford in the Fifties

I started playing Huskie hockey in 1956. Coach Johnny Chad and his wife lived in a suite in the southwest corner on the second floor of Rutherford Rink during the hockey

season. Johnny had played for Chicago in the "original six" NHL and occasionally regaled us with stories about playing in the windy city. The Chads were from Prince Albert. Johnny ran the Waskesiu golf course in the summer months. Don Burgess became the coach in the following year.

Johnny had played for Chicago in the "original six" NHL and occasionally regaled us with stories about playing in the windy city.

Both dressing rooms were located on the second floor with a common shower room between them. The floors were of well-worn wood except for the hard knots, which rose like little mountains from boards carved by skates. Carpet was not yet in vogue. I have a team picture taken in the home dressing room. It was spartan to say the least. The Huskies line-up was shown in large letters at the north end of the rink. The playing surface and whole interior were darker than today.

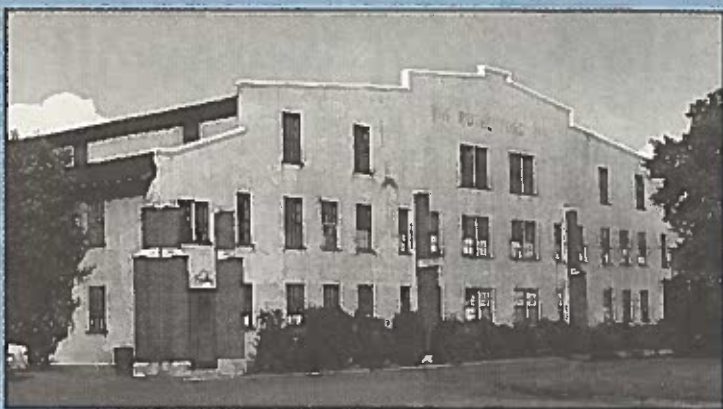
It was before the Zamboni age. The ice surface was cleaned with hand-held scrapers and flooded between periods with a sprinkling boom attached to the back of a barrel mounted on bicycle wheels, as it was throughout the province.

There was a single sheet of curling ice on the northwest (Engineering) side of the building where the dressing rooms are today. This was the home of the University Curling Club, which Professor Owen Mann of the College of Engineering ran for about four decades. The playing surface was hard and fast as there was absolutely no heat for the fans. The number of fans attending games hasn't changed since then. In good years, they hung from the rafters.

Dennis Johnson, BSP'60

Taking One For The Team

Early in my tenure as a grad student in the Dept. of Geological Sciences, I became involved with, and committed to, the Ore



"The Ruth" in the summer of 1955.

Gangue, the department's student organization. As a group, these were the most enthusiastic and motivated people with whom I have ever been involved. We were well respected across the campus for our team spirit and our willingness to participate. I don't remember an intramural sport for which we did not field a team—and we regularly did quite well in the standings.

During one of the first meetings of the year in the fall of 1978, the executive was encouraging people to join as many teams as possible. A few moments later, when volunteers were being accepted for the hockey team, I was faced with a 'put up or shut up' argument that I could not avoid. So I signed up.

I was 28 at this point, having taken a few years off before returning to undergraduate studies and graduating earlier that spring. I was a shaky skater at best, having played a little intradepartmental shinny (no pads, no contact) at LU and, before that, not having skated since the age of 12. I had never been a jock; in fact, I had never owned a jock! So I certainly did not expect to be an asset to the team. And I wasn't.

Our official games were always scheduled late in the evening, an hour in the 10 p.m. to 1 a.m. slot, at the Rutherford.

However, no one on the team or in the department made me feel that I was a detriment. That was the great thing about these people: the idea was to do your best and have fun in the process. A lot of tutoring went on at our regular practices, and I watched several average players blossom in that setting. Alas, not so for me.

Our official games were always scheduled late in the evening, an hour in the 10 p.m. to 1 a.m. slot, at the Rutherford. We had to deal with the eccentric clock, idiosyncratic bleachers, and inconstant ice surface that everyone else

experienced. But big deal; we had a blast.

The one personally significant Rutherford event for me was receiving the only penalty of my life. As I have indicated, my hockey playing was decidedly substandard, but I was scrupulous about playing by the

rules. I was on defense because I had neither the wind nor speed to play forward. This night, one of the opposing team's better players took a pass and I found myself the only person between him and our goalie. He had no trouble getting around me, but I was doing a reasonable job of staying with him, reaching around him and trying to knock the puck away from him.

A few strides into this effort, the jostling knocked me off balance and my first instinct was to hang on to keep from falling. No surprise; I got two minutes for holding. When I skated sheepishly to the penalty box next to our bench, I was completely unprepared for my reception.

I was welcomed by choruses of "Great job!" and "Way to tackle 'em." Apparently, the fact that I had prevented the goal was more important than taking the penalty. Moreover, they thought I had done it purposely. Several of them, despite my exhortations after the game, could not be convinced otherwise.

Dr. Ignatius Fay, PhD'83

Broken Hockey Sticks

Back in the early sixties, my brother Timothy and I, then about seven and nine years old respectively, were taken along to our older brother Steven's hockey games at Rutherford Rink.

Once there, our job was to scour the rink for broken sticks. On finding a blade and shaft that appeared to match, we would take the pieces to our father in the stands for confirmation. To us, it was like finding treasure.

The best place to find broken sticks was along that narrow passage between the rink boards and the wall.

Dad would later glue up the pieces with white Elmer's wood glue, clamp them for a day or two until...voila: one of us had a new stick.

The lower shaft of each stick would be spray-painted with either green, yellow, or black to indicate which boy it belonged to.

The best place to find broken sticks was along that narrow passage between the rink boards and the wall. Despite that, we would always venture under the stands.

In my childhood memory, under the stands was a very dark, cool, and scary place, lit only by the occasional bare bulb and not within easy screaming distance of any grownup. No one else was ever there, and for some reason I don't think we were supposed to be there either. Finding something horrible in that cave-like tunnel was always possible in our minds. The tingle of fear mixed with adventure was new for us at that age, and never again was it so pure and clear.



W.J. Rutherford, the University's first Dean of Agriculture.

Rutherford Rink may have frozen my toes, but its memory remains and warms my heart.

Gerald Molnar, LLB'78

Frightened Goalies

I believe my Rutherford Rink story occurred in the winter of 1941-42. The chemists had a match against the Chemical Engineers. It lasted about 20 minutes. Representatives from each group had a great assortment of skates: speed, figure, old fashioned, etc.

I believe my Rutherford Rink story occurred in the winter of 1941-42.

It was a cold night in the rink. I think we played around 7 p.m.

If my memory is near correct, there were about eight on each team, including an extremely frightened individual in each goal.

That's what I remember most...two frightened goalies.

Ken Hodges

Generations

The old barn that is the Rutherford Rink was very handy for Geology students as it was only 50 feet from the Engineering building, where the Geology Department was once located.

In the early 1970s when I attended the U of S, Geology students spent many a lunch hour playing shinny in the "Ruth" and getting in shape for the battle of Intramurals. Following the workout and drenched in perspiration, it was back to classes. Phew! No wonder female enrolment in Geology was low.

The Geology Department's hockey team was called the *Ore Gangue*, which was word play on geological terms. We had an awesome team. Win or lose, we always ended up at the Sutherland bar, usually to celebrate or dissect the battles between opposing fans in the Rutherford stands.

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My son, Brent, now a Thunder Bay policeman, was born in University Hospital in 1973 while I was battling the Aggies in Rutherford. When I got off the ice, I called the hospital—a baby boy, 11 lbs. 12 oz. Now he's 6'5" and 200 lbs. Another hockey player. Fortunately, he inherited his moves from his grandfather, Lew Parres.

Both my father, A. L. "Lew" Parres (BA'48), Prospector of the Year for 1988/89 and my uncle, J. C. "Jim" Parres (BSC'36) played in Rutherford Rink back in the 1930s while attending the U of S.

I gave up hockey at age 54 due to malfunctioning limbs. I did, however, get to play in some games prior to that with my son, Brent.

Too bad Brent never got to play in the Rutherford Rink. It was quite an experience.

James R. B. Parres, BSC'72

Photos from Cliff Herman
Taken during the 85th Ore
Gangue Reunion
May 2019
Saskatoon, SK



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