

May 15/81

PEPP-TALK

with
Harry
Pepper

After the weekend during which Rossland Minor Soccer held its annual tournament, the executive were very pleased with the way the youngsters turned out to play the strictly for fun games.

John Habicht, co-ordinator of the tourney, was pleased with the attitude of the kids and their coaches. Despite the fact that it wasn't the best day in the year, weather-wise, most every one of those designated to play turned up at the appointed time and gave it their all.

John is also happy to see quite a number of the people coaching, etc. are also the same ones that coach the kids in hockey. The training for both games has a lot in common, in the kids' game of soccer, unlimited substitution is allowed making it more like the ice game in that respect. The body contact in soccer is not as severe as in hockey but the toll on young legs is pretty heavy.

I was not able to see all the games, but from what I'm told they were all keenly contested. John was particularly happy with the way the newly-formed girls'

team showed up; some 15 girls really put all they had into their match.

From what I hear the local teams are showing up pretty well in league play in the early going. The class of kid soccer played around this area is pretty good so it would appear that our kids in Rossland are showing up well in some pretty darn good competition and they can only get better with more practice.

Now to golf, Sunday at the Upper Course the opener took place with 36 golfers swinging away out there for the Mother's Day Mixer. When the sun sank in the west they all assembled in the clubhouse for a really delightful smorgasbord supper and were joined by about 20 more guests who did not take an active part in the play.

Thanks to Dorothy Fines I have a list of the various winners. First place in the low gross category went to Pat Murray and Ollie Schulz while Bill Forrest and Janet Scodellaro took second; in the low net is was Mary Vickers and Al McAulay in first place followed by Carolyn Fines

and Ed Marchie.

Over-all it was a very successful opener, thoroughly enjoyed by everyone. The course is rapidly rounding into top shape and under the watchful eye of greenskeeper Ed Clem it can only improve.

Tuesday morning about 35 retirees played their first organized golf at the upper course. Starting out around 8:30 the last group came off the course around 12:30 after a nine-hole round that was played in about as perfect a day as one could ask for.

Bill Limacher and Sam Martin came in with net 31s followed by Walt Turner, Morris Sawyer and Bob Walley with net 36s.

My playing partner for the day, Jack Hook, won the hidden hole competition. We played in the same foursome as Bob Walley and Jim Doig and has a very enjoyable round. We are looking forward to many more of the same during the coming summer.

The following will give you some idea of what goes on down at Cook Avenue Park Monday evenings at what is probably the most disorganized ball league in

this or any other part of the world.

It comes to us courtesy of our self-appointed reporter on the zany goings-on, Gail McGonigal, who would rather we use her nom-de-plume, G.M.G. These are her own words and the various players will be recognizable only to themselves and their very close frields.

So, here goes, "Donna can stop 'em, but this is not football, Rick, just because it rains, does not mean slushballs! Dave can sop up home plate any rainy day. We've noticed our favorite RCMP and spouse were AWOL.

Puppy love or puppy glove, Tina, who is man's best friend? Ray S, Ray D, Babe, Bernie and Bea, sounds like a rhyme, but where were thee? Hey Coon! Miss you, be here soon! Gloria, Roy says drilling is for the home front. Mel's wallboard glove needs a grease job. J.A. — flyballs, K.S. — H.R. not allowed, S.S. blocking? Poor Dave — note above. J.B., this is not basketball, Tim — line drives are not nice, at mothers! Aloha Donna. We've only jst begun!

Maybe you can make head or tail out of that, it has me scratching mine.

Well, back down to earth, or whatever. Looks like the Isles are going to be a little much for the North Stars to contend with, doesn't it?

What follows here are a few excerpts from a paper handed me the other day by Wally Hocking. It's entitled "How to know when you are growing older." As it's quite long I've selected a few lines from it which will give you some idea of what it's all about.

Everything hurts and what doesn't hurt doesn't work. Your little black book contains only names ending in M.D. You're still chasing women, but can't remember why. Your favorite part of the news paper is "Twenty-five years ago today."

Your knees buckle and your belt won't.

After painting the town red you have to take a long rest before applying a second coat.

You're 17 around the neck, 42 around the waist and 96 around the golf course.

The best part of your day is over when the alarm clock goes off.

Your back goes out more than you do.

You have too much room in the house and not enough in the medicine cabinet.

You sink your teeth into a steak and they stay there.

Anyway, that would suffice for this week, so bye-bye for now.