

# **PEPP-JALK**

Aug 21/81

with  
Harry  
Pepper

This week we will start off where we left last week and do a little report on retiree's golf. Tuesday was another of those beautiful summer days when it is a treat to be out on a golf course. Thirty-two of the old brigade produced some snappy golf for six balls handed out as prizes by Rick Watkinson after it was all over.

The competition was irons only, low net, low gross, hidden hole, closest chip on No. 9 and the most honest. We had some golfers who didn't relish playing with irons only but those who did seemed to enjoy it. Low net was won by Gil Page with a 38. Low gross went to the week's organizer, Rick Watkinson. Lou Crowe and Archie McCannell shared the hidden hole — low 3's on No. 5 — Joe O'Connor was closest on No. 9 leaving his chip shot about a foot from the pin; while Harry Simkinson was judged the most honest.

Bill Chartres and Archie McCannell will mastermind next week's outing which will no doubt have a few surprises in store for the faithful.

A week ago today Chuck Harkness and I picked up Jack Molyneux and headed out to the annual picnic for retired Cominconians and their friends which is sponsored by Local 480 and held at the Birchbank picnic park.

I don't know if the event was widely advertised or not but since we went some of us have been telling about the fantastic meal we had out there along with free refreshments and a number of people have wondered why they didn't take advantage of the opportunity. We had known about it for some time and it seemed to be common knowledge around Rossland.

Anyway, it was indeed a pleasure for the people who attended and from what I heard it will become an event which will be looked forward to every year in the future. The sponsors of the event can be assured they have the gratitude of all the

the Lions campground at Black Bear. Members of the branch and the L.A. will combine their talents to provide something for everyone, from the wee ones on up to the veteran members.

You will be advised further on this by ads appearing in The Times in early September, so watch for them.

Thoughts on the Golden City days: This past week, the committee was approached by a local citizen whose son serves in the armed services at the Coast with the suggestion a services band take part in our parade. Dave Shaw's son, Terry, brought the subject up in conversation with his dad and Dave took it to the committee. However, in dealing with the services an application must be in a year ahead of time. Nevertheless the idea will be pursued when the committee starts organizing for the 1982 celebration.

In local soccer circles, the Labatts' season has come to an end as Rossland went down to defeat at the hands of the Trail Spurs by a 5-2 count on Saturday night in the first sudden-death playoff round. The Spurs will now tackle Cranbrook, the

league leaders in regular season play and the local boys will have to wait for another season.

The consensus among the fans seems to be that the local team needs a non-playing coach. This is in no way meant to detract from the efforts of this past season's management, but a coach who can concentrate all his effort on the sidelines can, in my estimation, do a better job than one whose time is divided between playing and coaching. Situations arose on occasion during the season which required a firm policy on the part of coach and management.

This one from a gent we heard from Lethbridge the other day: A cowboy riding the range in years gone by came upon an Indian with his ear to the ground on a wagon track. Asking what the Indian was hearing, he got this reply: Big wagon, drawn by two horses, one grey, one black, driven by man, grey suit, black hat, accompanied by woman, white dress, blut bonnet. You mean you get all that from listening to the ground, said the cowboy? "Hell, no," said the Indian, "It run over me half-hour ago!"

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Anyway, it was indeed a pleasure for the people who attended and from what I heard it will become an event which will be looked forward to every year in the future. The sponsors of the event can be assured they have the gratitude of all the older citizens who attended and enjoyed not only the sumptuous meal but also the chance to meet all their old acquaintances. It was really something to see and hear the sounds of people really enjoying themselves despite the rather torrid temperature.

And we would like to add our thanks to the members of the local who worked so hard to make it a memorable day for all of us, it was a real tribute to them that they could carry it out as planned despite union problems which beset them at present.

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Last Sunday Chuck and I, accompanied by Jack "Red Mountain" Cox, went on a safari along some rough mountain roads in search of the elusive huckleberry. Taking off from Rossland around six a.m. we arrived at the summit overlooking the Sheep Creek Valley before the sun was too high and Chuck and Jack took off into the bush while I picked along the roadside. We all came up with a nice bucket, some of the best berries we've seen in years.

We headed back to the truck about 10 when to our dismay, we learned that Chuck had neglected to bring the beer. Can you imagine our chagrin to learn this horrible fact? Some three to four hours out in the bush and he's forgotten the beer! We would have gladly gone for a Lite beer by almost anyone about then.

We lost no time getting back into town to correct Chuck's oversight and in no time at all we were back in his apartment enjoying our well-earned reward.

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Oh, I have news of another picnic which is coming up in the near future, Branch No. 14 of the Legion will hold a family picnic on Sept. 20 in