

PEPP-JALK

with
Harry
Pepper

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During the past week I have had some connection with two gents who used to live in our town and are now living in Golden, B.C.

One of the two I ran into in town and the other I got news from in the form of a copy of the Golden Star.

The first was Lundy Hamilton. Lundy had a problem with one of his legs which causes him to walk with a special kind of a gait. He doesn't seem to let it hinder him in his approach to athletic activities, either indoors or out. A super golfer and just as good a curler, he has hunted and fished for years, now he is going into some minor prospecting activities and you can be sure if there is gold in them thar hills around Golden, Lundy will smell it out.

But it is an indoor sport which has brought Lundy a measure of fame. He is

probably among the finest pool artists that have ever picked up a cue in the province. I understand he did indeed, at one time, hold the snooker championship of B.C. A trick artist without a peer in our area, he has shown us shots that you wouldn't believe. He taught me one of them which I can still manage to complete.

He worked for the Ministry of Highways when he was in Rossland. He then moved to Chilliwack and from there he moved on to Golden, but I believe he would very much like to be back at his old haunts in the Golden City.

He says: "You people are really fortunate in your sports facilities and the cost is really something different. Having travelled over much of Western Canada in connection with sports events, I have seen it all and what you have here,

for what you pay, is out of this world."

The other member of the Golden community of whom I got word has his picture in cartoon form at the head of a column of sports gossip on Page 6 of the Star. Tommy Stanton played a lot of hockey for the Warriors a few years back. I was visiting his parents, Kenny and Barb last Sunday and got a copy of one of his latest efforts. In it he quotes the famous comedian Will Rogers, then turns around and applies some of his own earthiness to some similar quotes. I particularly liked one where he says, "If I were a major league umpire it would give me a great deal of satisfaction to kick dirt on the legs of Billy Martin."

Kenny Stanton, Tom's dad and a well-known sports figure around our town, is at present recuperating from a

heart attack. It is our earnest hope he will soon be back on his feet and enjoying life once more.

Now to golf, down at the clubhouse on Tuesday some of the boys were telling us we should cancel next week as we are supposed to join the Ladies' Club at Birchbank. You fellers just got one week ahead of yourselves, we don't do that until Sept. 13!

Anyway, we shall go ahead with our regular day this week and then cancel for the 13th, this will be followed by our invitational to Christina Lake on the 15th.

This week's effort at the upper course saw 39 golfers out under pleasant skies and thank the Lord, not as bad a fly situation. The day's festivities were master-minded by Jim Scott and Gil Besso who did a hell of a job of getting things done. We were to have had "irons only" but somewhere along

the line that idea was scrapped. I know there are those who don't think too highly of the idea, anyway, we used all of the clubs and some people won balls for their efforts.

In the low gross category one of our foursome, Ken Davies, won with a 45. Incidentally, Ken leaves next week for a month's vacation at his old stamping grounds around Tredegar and Cadiff in Wales. Tied for low net honors were Ron Rinaldi and Lou Crowe at 33.

Frank Blackwell won the low hidden hole, a four on number 6 and Phil Bateman had a nine on number 8 to take high hidden hole. Reg White sank a long one on number 9, a 25-foot four-inch gem. Next week we are going to try to lure Peter Brown and Carl Seefeldt to take over the reins, hope we succeed.

Till next week, then.