

PEPPER-JALK

FRI. SEPT 16/93
with
Harry
Pepper

The big annual weekend in Rossland has come and gone and as far as the weather was concerned we got much the same treatment as last year.

Well, Sunday wasn't bad but Saturday, when most of the outdoor activity took place, was sure a soggy one. Rain greeted the par-

ticipants in the parade and the slow-pitch tourney and those brave people who strip down and tackle the two- or 10-kilometre races.

But I think on the whole Rossland came smilin' through this one just as it has through all the others. The crowds who thronged the arena and curling rink for

the various exhibits were certainly not deterred by the gloomy skies outdoors. I along with a number of pretty dedicated people spent Saturday and Sunday selling tickets for the Legion on their charity draw. On behalf of our Retirees' Curling Club, we helped the folks spend their loose change on the spin of the crown and anchor wheel.

This year I didn't get a chance to watch our famous dancing waiters at the Gold Nugget Saloon but I did manage a visit to the Red Mountain Racers outdoor saloon on a very pleasant Sunday evening. I also made several trips to the Warriors bar in the arena lounge, as far as I could see and from what was relayed on to me, everyone of them was doing a land office business.

One facet of our annual wingding on which I would like to make a comment here, were the two breakfasts — one at the Seniors' Club on Saturday and the other at the IOOF hall on Sunday. The fare and the service at both were excellent. We timed our Saturday eating just right. By the time we walked out of the Seniors' Club after a delicious repast, the head of

the parade was right outside the door. You can't do better than that and the rain had slowed to a mere drizzle, too.

Quite a number of oldtime Rossland residents were in town for the weekend. Among them was the gent who gave me my first chance in the news business, Fred White, and his wife Elsie. They were spending their time in the exhibition and visiting with old friends. Fred was the publisher of the old Rossland Miner for many years and gave me a chance to write a column in place of the one formerly penned by Gerry Long.

Another meeting of interest to me came when a tall, handsome grey-haired gent came to the Legion table where I was working and introduced himself as Monty Graham. Monty worked in and around the warehouses in Warfield and Tadanac. He remarked that he wanted to shake the hand of a guy who has given him some reading pleasure for some time and said: "You know, Harry, you mention so many people that I remember it's almost like coming home every week."

Thanks for those kind words, Monty!

I heard some remarks on Saturday with regard to the

non-appearance of our high school band in the G.C. Days parade. The band appeared at the Trail Fiesta Parade in May; why not in Rossland, said some.

Well, I listened and decided to go to the man who could give me the answers. Jack Bailey was very forthright. He told me he was asked by his principal if he could put together a band to march in the parade, on the day the youngsters returned to school. He polled his band members as requested by the principal and came up with just 12 members who would be available. There were just two days to practise both their music and the marching.

He told me it would have been a disaster to put the youngsters through this sort of concentration. It takes approximately eight months to a year to whip them into shape for the Trail show and the kids were in school all the time from September to May. In this case, immediately prior to our Rossland event they have been out of school for almost three months. The answer is self-evident and we thank Mr. Bailey for taking the time to explain and clear the air.

Till next week then!