

PEPP-ALK

with
Harry
Pepper

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Ralph Berry has always been somewhat of a teller of tales; some factual, some leaning towards the variety usually known as "tall tales". Ralph has plenty of background to work with. He married into the McNichol family of the Johnson's Landing and has stories to tell of his exploits among that family gathering to last a long time. Needless to say, they cover both of the categories I mentioned.

Today we are going to tell another facet of Ralph's experiences, one he is going through right now. Ralph has a grandson, of whom he is very proud. This boy has been playing hockey ever since he could walk and has come up through the ranks of minor hockey to where, today, he stands on the door-step of a National Hockey League career. Willie Anderson was taken in the seventh round of the recent draft by the New York Islanders.

Anderson was on the negotiating list of the Edmonton Oilers, while playing for Kamloops but spend most of last season with the Victoria Cougars. He had hoped for a chance in the draft, and was not impressed with being picked from the seventh round. But the Islanders coach told him he has no worries, all he has to do is prove himself and a job with the former Stanley Cup champs will be open for him. So, Willie, (or maybe I should call you Bobby, Ralph's nickname for Willie is Bobby Orr) have a good time up there and we'll look forward to seeing you in the N.H.L. to stay!

This must be the week for Willys. Last Tuesday I received a bulky package from a long-time friend. It was a six-page letter from Ghana, Africa, from Willy Dorey. After retiring from Cominco, Will decided to take a job offer to go out there and work for a mining company. His letter is filled with interesting items on the mode of life in that country. From what Willy says, snakes are quite abundant in Ghana and he mentioned two varieties, the sitting cobra and the mamba, both poisonous, and apparently sightings are quite frequent. The wild animals also come in numerous varieties which I won't try to mention here.

Willy mentions that the coastline of the country has many beautiful beaches but he makes mention of the fact that there is no television and no shopping. In other words, I guess the amenities that we take for granted in our country have not found their way into the hinterlands of Ghana. He wanted me to

pass the letter along to his many friends in the area and I am in the process of doing just that. I talked to Pat, Willy's wife, the other day and asked if she was planning to go see him. Pat said she would be happy to see him but wasn't too enthusiastic with the picture of Ghana as a meeting place. Maybe Paris or London would be a better spot!

Willy mentioned the natives who work around the mines and mills. He says they make things go, despite the fact that they have few, if any, what we would consider necessary tools to get a job done. They just cannot get delivery of the tools and equipment they need. He says all the natives are fine looking, statuesque people; even the kids show early in life that they too will be that way. The thing that amazes Willy is that everything is carried on their heads. The women even carry their sewing machines on their heads. Just imagine a woman with a Singer — just like your mom probably had at home — balanced on her head and both arms swinging from the shoulder. Some balance, what!

I mentioned the snakes, Willy says coming from work one day he saw a bunch of people beating the ground with sticks and saw the battered remains of a huge cobra lifeless, on the ground. He says the kids even tackle these things themselves all the time.

The natives belong to the warlike Ashanti tribe who gave the British a lot of trouble during their attempts to colonize the country in years gone by.

Now to this weeks' golf at the upper course. Some 50 retirees were out. I did not make it but Romeo DiBiasio passed along the results and here they are. In the low gross department it was Jim Scott at 41 and Jack Buchanan at 42. Rich Watkinson edged out Vic Bordin in low net with a 33 to Vic's 34. Ike Bosse took closest to the pin on no. 5. He left a tap-in for his birdie and Bill Leaman managed to sink a seven-to-eight footer to take the long putt on no. 9, after a dozen others had missed from inches further away.

Anyway, next week I'll get a partner and take care of things. Davey has a special treat for next week. He will cook breakfast and serve it up for the fantastic price of \$2.25. You can eat before you go or afterwards. Do like I did last year. Pick a batch of mushrooms during your round and he'll cook em up for you along with your meal. And so, till next time then!