

PEPP-ALK

with
Harry
Pepper

During the past weekend the wife and I spent a very pleasant time among my old army buddies in Cranbrook.

The occasion was our bi-annual reunion party which usually lasts anywhere from three to four or five days for some of those who have time on their hands and ample funds to pay the way.

This year, the 14th one since the organization was formed, saw well over 200 of the vets plus a like number of wives or girl friends present. Add a number of guests from the host city and we saw around 500 seated for the "till we meet again" supper on Saturday evening.

They came from all over Canada, the U.S., and Great Britain and many people may wonder why. What is it makes a guy and his wife travel thousands of miles to spend a couple of days talking over old times and renewing old memories and seeing faces that mostly have changed somewhat in 40-odd years? Just friendship? Or is it a bond that grows stronger as time dims the memories of the hell they went through together, when your next move might be your last, and just living to remember them together means more than just a little expense and travel.

You heard it everywhere you went on Friday, Saturday and Sunday. "Bill, you old devil, you don't look a day older than you did dipping in the Mediterranean off North Africa" or "Bert, do you still raise your head from your work every time a shell explodes" or even "Joe, maybe a couple more wrinkles than you had when we got thrown out of that joint in Calgary after discharge."

The overall picture was one of a happy group of old sweats who were enjoying every minute of it and before it was over telling one another "wait'til '88."

Hey, that parade to the cenotaph on Saturday afternoon was one of the highlights. You couldn't believe it but there was nary a man out of step. The

crowds on the sidewalks cheered every stop of the way. In fact it took many of us back to the days in England when our regiment marched for the royalty and high army brass and I'll bet you that that day in Cranbrook meant a whole lot more to most of us than all the parade square maneuvers we took part in.

I, too am looking forward to '88.

With regard to the retirees golf on Tuesday morning, we had an attendance of 55. The Jim Scott foursome teed off shortly after 7 a.m. and the rest followed. Our foursome was off the tee before 8 a.m.

It was damp but we had a good program of mulligans and least putts prescribed by our desk team of Pat Martin and Bill Leaman and everything went well. Next week Lou Freeman and a helper yet to be named will be on duty and we look forward to more of the same. We would like to thank Pat and Bill for a first-class job and hope they will be available to help out at another time should we need them.

The winners were, in the low gross department, Don Krug and Roger McKeown with 36's and Bob Glover with a 39. Bob won his on a draw with Sam Anselmo, in the last putts category, Peter Browne, Bob Walley and Jim McDicken with 13 putts each won in a draw over Brick Bisaro, who incidentally got bitten by a bunch of wasps, Ike Bosse, Dave Nicol and Bob Glover.

While on the subject of golf I may as well tell you that the Golden City Day golf tourney has been cancelled. I think this was a real good decision because too many people who had signed up for this tourney, including me, found that they were going to be in a bit of a spot.

Anyway, we shall see you all at the same place next week and we hope that we shall enjoy it all as we have in the past.

So, for now, should we say,

'Til next time, then!