

by Randy

This event could have been renamed this year to “We’ll Sing In The Sunshine”. Well, ok, no singing but a whole lot of sunshine. Sunshine going, coming, and staying. Hot sunshine! But it was in Leavenworth so that made it alright.

Friday afternoon at 1300 the second wave of CdeO members headed east for the annual Tacoma City Corvette’s Shadow of the Mountain car show. The first wave left at noon clearing the way and acting as decoys for any well meaning WSP Trooper needing to add their monthly ticket total. Jon and Cliff & Betty were the first wave, while Vinnie & Tammy led the second assault of Rich & Frankie, Larry & Maggie, Eric & Miranda, Wayne & Linda, Jim & Peggy, Dick & Sharon, and Susan & myself headed over Snoqualmie Pass. The temperatures were in the upper 80s when we left and that didn’t change much even at the 3000 foot summit. A beautiful, picturesque drive across the cascade pass and along the reservoir that still has more water than I have seen in years. There are no dry lake bed showing anywhere and those that reveled in playing with their 4WD vehicles in the sand and silt can only wish and instead launch their fishing and ski boats if they want to remain in the same areas.

Our first pause was the rest stop at the east end of the lake and everyone made it to the entrance lane but Wayne who was caught in the outside lane and had to go sneak down the exit lane to join us. No



one but us say him so no call, no foul. It felt good to stretch the legs and in spite of the fact that there were only two ‘outhouses’, it was a welcome relief.

So back in the cars and down the pass to CleEllum where we turned north over Bluett Pass. Another beautiful drive over scenic roads with a string of Corvettes. Priceless!!! Although the traffic was steady it moved along at pace, save for a few impatient motorist who insisted on passing now and then when there is a string of cars a mile long and there is no chance of getting by everyone. Not much sense in risking everyone’s well being to gain 30 feet on the roadway. The only incident was the oncoming SUV that decided to pass the motor home only to realize there was no



passing lane and a long line of cars approaching. Vinnie made it to the shoulder to allow the SUV time to recalibrate and duck back in behind the lumbering RV.

The intersection of SR 97 and SR2 has always been a somewhat dangerous stretch of road, particularly if you were intending to turn

west towards Leavenworth. Having to cross eastbound traffic and fit into westbound traffic was tricky at best and dangerous and worst. A traffic signal has been installed and makes the turn much safer however, the wait is considerable and long lines form on both highways. Nevertheless, we all made the transition and before long were pulling into the parking lot of the Enzion Hotel, home to the festivities. The first thoughts were check-in and pool in that order. So with drinks in hand and still slathered in Sun Screen, the majority of the group took over the pool by force and lounged until it was time for happy hour and snacks to commence on the 4th floor in the banquet room. There we stayed until it was time to do some serious drinking under the cover of...uh... blue skies!! Several gathered to

watch Eric and Miranda wax their car and offer advice, well actually not a lot of advice, more like cat calls from the side and remarks about how tired they were making us just from watching them. By this time one regiment of CdeO had made a serious inroad assault on Gustav’s restaurant down the street and were busy consuming mass quantities of an assortment of beverages. By the end of the evening most everyone had passed through the portals and made their presence known there. Good thing we are so well behaved and regimented when out on these unofficial and unorganized raids. No casualties, just a few brain cells fried from the alcohol.

Early the next morning Operation Bug Removal began in earnest, cleaning the cars before the “rags down” call at 1030. First the overnight accumulation of dust, then the road film, and then some serious cleaning under a fog of Quik Detail and Speed Shine. Eventually the shine returned and the judges arrived.



Someone once said,

when the going gets tough, the tough go shopping. That’s where the ladies headed with a full frontal assault on the Leavenworth merchants and succeeded in establishing beachheads in several stores. There was one MIA when Maggie got separated from the troops and had to call in for coordinates. She eventually was able to find her way back to headquarters and no rescue mission was initiated. The guys on the other hand just headed for the closest pub and inhaled beer, and braughts, and sauerkraut. Well fed and watered troops are very important for a successful mission so it was only done out of necessity.

Back at command headquarters, the judges had finished and raffle tickets were being drawn. Some people, now I am not complaining a whole lot, Jon, won like 11 different prizes while some of the troops went pretty lean. I think most everyone but Vinnie and myself left with some prize and Eric and Miranda won the 50/50 pot AGAIN. Same thing happened to them in Yakima only a few weeks ago! Uh.. IRS?? Now it was time again for the pool and a planning session for the upcoming siege on the banquet hall later that evening. At 1700 happy hour began again with a no host bar and hor d’ourves. At 1800 the program began with a visit from Kernac the Magnificent, who knows all. He dazzled the crowd by answering questions hermetically sealed envelopes that had been stored in a sealed mayonnaise jar since noon before they were ever opened! I have seen this before somewhere but old Kernac looked a whole lot like Terry, TCC president. He even talked like him! Amazing!!!

Next came the meal and of course more drinking. All the while people had a chance to browse the array of silent and live auction items while a slide show of cars and activities of the day showed on a screen. The loot was distributed to the highest bidder following dinner and then the trophies were awarded. CdeO winners were Rich, Eric, Vinnie, and Jon and the entire group with the Club Participation Award. By the time the last trophy was handed out, it was time to retreat to the rooms and clean... uh...well, polish...ok, drink the last of the bottle opened earlier in the evening. But only as a military maneuver and a

(Continued on page 6)