

(Continued from page 4)

nothing fell from the sky. Well, nothing other than a big load from a passing bird who managed to nail the passenger side of my windshield with bullseye accuracy. Now it would be hard to access the degree of difficulty of a perfect strike from a bird flying in the air hitting a car doing 60 mph and making a direct hit in the middle of the windshield but I bet that bird is still being celebrated amongst his colleagues as a Gold Medal winner. He must be living the dream! But of course there was a little overspray that hit the hood too so all that needed to be cleaned at the next stop. Looking directly through the blob of bird excrement can be a real 'crappy' experience for the passenger and any Corvette owner would hardly be able to contain themselves with that on the car.



So next stop was lunch and we arrived in Westport at about 12:30 so it fit very nicely into the schedule. Cowboy Bob's has been our lunch spot for several years now but has been recently sold and it is my understanding, slated for the construction of condos.



The only solution I can arrive at is someone at the new condos are going to have to step up and provide food for us when we come to town. Maybe they can take turns or rotate duties. But for

now the building sits deserted and forlorn with the deck beckoning to those wishing a front row seat for the upcoming Memorial Day Parade of Westport, a gala event! So most of us plodded down the street to the Islander Restaurant and found what we needed, a feast. They were very accommodating when we arrived in mass, 15 of us, and arranged a section of the dining area for us to sit together. The meal was very nice and the view was scenic, overlooking the marina and the collection of fishing and pleasure boats moored there.



Although it was overcast and cloudy, the temperatures were mild and there

was not the usual gusting winds that always seem to accompany the weather in Westport. So even dining outside would have been toler-

able, well for me anyway, I didn't take a census. We finished our meal just as the Indianapolis 500 was coming to an end. Hearing the news about Danica Patricks and another pit road mishap was disappointing. Someone suggested that she may need to park her car at the entrance to pit road and have a guy drive it in for her for service. Sort of like valet pitting. Mind you, that was not me that said that before I am stormed by the women's advocates. Just food for thought!

Following lunch, the parade was returning from the annual trip down main street. Their idea of a parade is somewhat less than many communities and consists of two police cars with lights flashing, a medic van, a firetruck, a couple of old guys carrying the flag, and usually a vehicle carrying the mayor or some dignitary of the city. This year, they added a pickup truck with several of the local VFW members riding in the back. So short and sweet and all the necessary parade components. Now back to shopping!



Leaving Westport I noticed a police car that had been parked along side road at the local grocery shopping center with an officer sitting behind the wheel. It seemed strange that all the time we had been eating and shopping, an hour and a half, the patrol car was in the same spot. Strange I thought, until I noticed that the right rear tire was flat. Now, I assume the officer was a real person and not a dummy sitting inside the car, someone was talking to him, but it did seem sort of counter productive to sit there all day long with a flat tire. Wouldn't that somehow take the enforcement threat out of violating the local ordinances? Maybe the citizen chatting with the officer was informing him of his flat tire before he began to pursue and violater. Now that would have been even more embarrassing!

The next stop was in Raymond at the McDonald's franchise for ice cream or restrooms. But on the way there we breezed through Tokeland and Grayland and followed the shoreline of the Willipa Harbor. All scenic and interesting and still the roads are dry. Mother Nature must have been smiling on us. We left Raymond and headed back home through Frances, Labam, Menlo, and PeEll and continued along the areas hard hit by the flooding earlier this year when the Chehalis River spilled over it's banks to close I-5 for several days. There are still plenty of signs of the devastation and Rainbow Falls Park is still without a bridge. Along the road, you could still see the massive overflow of mud and debris that the waters left in its wake. Most of the homes that were damaged by the flooding have been removed or repaired but some of the properties with lesser value are still standing as they were after the flood.

All in all, it was a fun trip with a great bunch of travelers and although the tops were up and the weather not as nice as the weekend before, we still had a great time. Thanks to everyone who joined in. See you on the next drive!

