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the Vette is free to use as much as needed. It is the least I can do for the thing that brings so much enjoyment and support the econ-



omy. There's my tax rebate at work in the way it was intended. Keeping those oil companies fat and well padded. Besides, seldom does anyone pass from this life saying, "If only I could have saved another 20 cents." Most often the

regret is they didn't take the opportunity to participate in some activity. So I'm livin' the dream! That's my story and I'm stickin' to it. After everyone was de-watered and re-watered, we headed into downtown Shelton and took Hwy 3 north towards Belfair and Bremerton. This means following the salt water bay for several miles through small clusters of homes and businesses and of course dealing with the ensuing traffic the strives to enjoy the same experience in the sunshine. We encountered lots of bike groups and convertibles but no other car clubs. With the tide being out, there was the strong odor of the open oyster beds and those tending the beds could be seen sloshing through the muck to keep a cautionary eye on the bivalve's existence. The combinations of shadows and sun created an interesting and colorful mosaic on the roadway. Mix in some shining Vettes and it's a masterpiece.



Before long we arrived at our luncheon destination, Leonard K's tavern in Allyn. Not sure if Linda Lou was there to point out her personal choices as was noted on the old menus, but there was plenty of room on the outside deck and sitting inside in either the bar or the restaurant was certainly not an option. We did have to compete



with bike groups that had the same thing in mind as us and the wait staff were kept plenty busy filling ice tea pitchers and empty beer glasses. Everyone was concentrating on the same thing, drink first and food second. But eventually, we all



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wolfed down a burger or a sandwich and were ready for the return trip home.

This portion of the route would take us over the newly opened second Tacoma Narrow's Bridge which is presently tolled.



So with proper warning and preparation, off we went. Again, the road way meandered along the water front and finally dipped into the inland of Key Peninsula. Traffic was relatively light except for an old MG who was evidently enjoying his drive immensely but doing it very slowly. His saving gesture was when he pulled to the side of the road to take a cell phone call. Must be preparing himself for next month when it becomes illegal to use a hand held cell phone to talk while driving.



Either way, we motored by and eventually arrived at the water again just north of Purdy where we once again connected with a divided roadway and soon thereafter encountered the toll booths. The new bridge resembles the old bridge in most aspects and the view is the same, however the surface is a whole lot smoother and without grating. \$3 to cross? Is that a bargain? Hmm? Regardless, we regrouped on the eastern side and hit I-5



for home. It was a great little ride and a great way to burn up that expensive gas. The gas is gone but the memory is still there. Thanks to all that came along!