

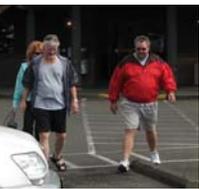
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relaxing tour of Mason County along Lake Nawatzel and through Matlock, a relatively sleepy burg but only because it was early in the day and the



tavern was not yet open. There was an encounter with a Suburu who insisted on staying in front of the group of roaring Corvettes for mile after mile, never breaking the speed limit by as much as one mile per hour. Good, upstanding citizens! Plans were made over the radios to follow them home and park all the Corvettes in their front yard with the engines running just to ruin their "carbon footprint"! Strange thing is they missed their turn at Matlock and we got by them only to witness them making a U-turn, falling in at the back of the pack, and stopping with us in Montesano for their light soy milk, double decaf, mint, cappuccino with no whip and an all natural power bar at the espresso stand. Don't know where they went after than, probably to counseling overcome with the decadence of pollution and gasoline consumption. Most still assume that Corvettes get poor fuel mileage when they are about the same as most other cars, better than many, and far superior to their SUVs or trucks.

The second leg of the trip brought us to the usual lunch stop for this tour, Duffy's Restaurant in Aberdeen. They were waiting and prepared for the parking lot backup and confusion. Once everyone was seated and meals



started to arrive, the scene became a little more serene. After all, it's hard to talk with your mouth full and we need to concentrate on one activity at a time. In the parking lot after the meal, two ladies pulled into the middle of the Corvettes and emerged from their nondescript SUV, joking loudly about being

sure to lock and guard their vehicle among this type of crowd to insure no door dings or damage. Someone threatened to detail and pimp her ride! Now I took over as the tour leader and handed out instructions for the cruise to the coast. The plan was to head north on Ocean Beach Road to Pacific Beach and then follow the coast south to Ocean Shores. Off we went, regrouping on the west side of Hoquiam. The curves along the coastline were lots of fun and the views of the crashing surf only added to an already beautiful cruise. Hard to find too many things to complain about driving a Corvette on a sunny day, on a winding road, along the coast. If you still have complaints, maybe your life is just a bit too easy or you should be driving that Suburu!

The Grey Gull was there waiting for our landing. Most of the rooms were ready so it was not long before the parking lot games commenced. Well actually, some took advantage of the sunshine first to warm the blood and catch a nap by the pool. It was tempting not to just find the bed in the room for a nice nap, full tummy and all, but the "thrill of victory and the agony of defeat" won and the group assembled in front of the cars as Chris began the games.



First game involved putting a paper bag over your head and "removing something you don't need". Winners were those that removed the bag! What did you think of taking off? This was followed by passing a golf ball from one plastic spoon to the next around a team circle without dropping it. First group to successfully pass the golf ball around twice, won. Each

time it was dropped, it had to restart two people back. Oh, yeah! And you had to chase the ball across the parking



lot! Last game was one for the thinking person and not just the athletes. Lists of all the CdeO activities this year were passed around and each person had to identify in which month they occurred. Oh Man!!!! Was that June or July????? Betsy only missed a couple!

All the time we had our own audience who sat by enrapt by the competition. Well maybe it was not the competition so much as the absurdity. A solitary seagull sat in the middle of the parking lot watching intently. Maybe he was part vulture? Or drove a Vette. Or hungry!



Now it was officially nap time! Or liquor store time. Or snack time. Or pool and hot tub time. Or lets gamble at the casino time. Whatever you did, you were on your own. Social hour was at 6 PM in the loft. This is always a fun time and watching the sun set from the balcony



over the Pacific Ocean only adds to the atmosphere and enjoyment. After a couple of hours, the group began to migrate, some to the pool, some to the casino, and some to stroll along the beach. But for the more grizzled partiers, a spontaneous Texas Hold Em card game broke out. Ok! Not so spontaneous but still it broke out! Big winners were Dave, Lynus, and Miranda! We don't need no stinking casino!!! Eventually thought the booze and the food ran out and everyone drifted off to their rooms to listen to the surf and snores, or continue drinking, whichever seemed smarter at the time.

Next morning was a bit grey with some marine fog but dry and mild. Still about 60 degrees and no wind. Not the usual parking lot activities though. Hmm? What's up with that? Maybe that extra trip to the liquor store yesterday? Either way, by 9 AM, most everyone plodded next door to the buffet at the Polynesian for breakfast.... and a Bloody Mary. Following breakfast the group began to drift off to different activities. Several headed home, some shopped, and some were still in bed!!!

Our route home found the Blue Slough Rd. in Cosmopolis and took us through Porter, Malone, and Oakville before turning onto the Moon Rd. and Waddell Creek Rd. Throw me a curve! Home in time to watch the Seahawks game and unpack. How do you beat a weekend like that? Only one way! Make your reservations for next year! You just gotta do it!!! Your Vette will thank you!!!

Randy