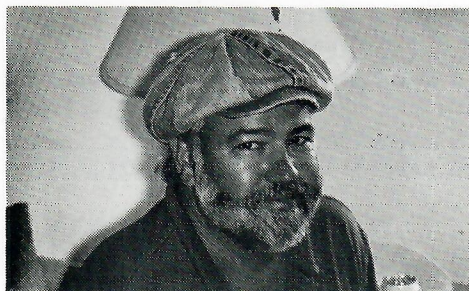


Beach Bash 1998



It was once said, "It is better to be late than never". I believe it was Sue Salvage who said this. The belated Beach Bash article has been written. The sun gods were looking down on Bolivar that weekend to help make our annual fall Beach Bash a success. Four of our beach houses were located on the front row of Crystal Beach.

Our weekend started out Friday night at the StingRay restaurant for dinner and drinks. Afterward everyone regrouped at Old Yellar to smoke and joke. Saturday was a fun filled day at the beach with volleyball, horseshoes and Lee Sword's futile attempt

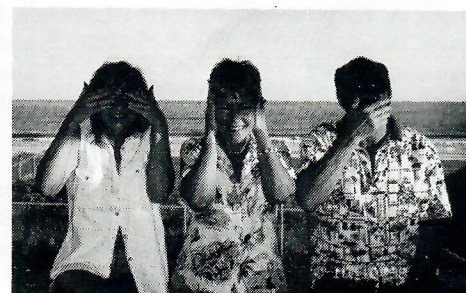
to throw a boomerang. Some sunbathed on the beach, while some of the braver went swimming. The energetic played tennis. **Sandy Cox** talked a cowboy out of his horse and was riding up and down the beach with a convoy of dogs following. **Julie Butcher** also had a special day and fell in love. She wanted to take him home with her, but we understand he was a real dog. After these activities, the scavenger hunt began. A list of basics items had to be found, then prizes awarded to those finding the most unusual items on the beach.

Renowned Cajun Chef Gary Sequeira, assisted by his wife Sharon cooked the evening dinner. His Cajun shrimp boil has become a tradition. After much shrimp and a lot more beer, the party moved indoors where everyone celebrated **Sid Eaton's** 40th birthday (ha ha) with a cake supplied by **Cathy Young**. The cake was washed down with wine and Jell-O shots supplied by **Susan Wicker** and **Rick Jaeger**.

Then, the games began. **Mary Kay**

by Milton Lazarone

Kitchens' tee shirt inspired a new game called Gecko Love. Of course, it didn't take much to inspire this group. After names were drawn, couples were required to recreate selected Gecko love positions. **Judith Stiger** did a great job of emceeing and controlling the crowd for this special event. Due to their unique athletic skills, **Sid Eaton** and **Cathy Young** were the hands down winners. Hopefully, **Cathy** will never see the day she fits into her prize, although I'm sure she only hopes that **Sid** will fit into his. **Joe Loe** found a very cooperating partner in new ski club member **Pattie** out



Beach Bash 1998

continued

Loegering. James Barbee is still trying to figure out if Louella Steller was sticking her tongue in pain or pleasure with partner Al Austin. Patty Richards had a watchful eye on hubby Tom to make sure his antics

mentioned that his prizes were not the right size. Sorry Joe, those were the smallest I could find. Christina Riseley's unprintable entry received honorable mention, but it did help clear out the room when she brought it

ready for the bonfire prepared earlier by John Burk and crew. Marshmallows were roasted and most everyone was toasted, ending a great day of fun.

Sunday morning came early with a great



did not get too risqué with partner Marianne Pearce. A big thanks to the very impartial judges, Julie Butcher, Sheila Booksh and an astounded new member Rita Burton.

A few more rounds of Jell-O shots and judging of the scavenger hunt began. Top honors went to Gary Sequeira, Joe Loe, and Marianne Pearce with a toilet seat as the most unusual item they found on the beach. Judging by the smile on Sharon Sequeira's face Sunday morning, she was the real benefactor of Gary's prize. Joe Loe



in. Christina's husband, Gunnar Heynes wanted to streak the overly dressed group gathered down the beach from us, but he couldn't get any takers... Wise decision, considering we might like to stay here again sometime, but heck we've been thrown out of better places. Carol Ann Chedsey also received recognition for being the only female volleyball player and was awarded her own slightly used ball. The fallen angel card went to Pattie Loegering. Good work, Pattie.

A few more Jell-O rounds and we were



breakfast prepared by Tom Danowski. Everyone was really impressed with Julie Butcher and Judith Stiger attending Church. We don't know if was to repent or to pray for the rest of us. John Smith seemed to hold up better than his pickup. He didn't have to be carried off, like his truck.

A big thanks to John Burk for all his help and to Bill Simmons for his assistance and for being the official party photographer, even though some of the pictures were censored and unable to print.

