

CONGRATULATIONS PEACH STATE CADILLAC & LASALLE CLUB on another SUPERB BOPC SHOW!

Nothing stresses me more than trying to organize and pull off a really big, annual car show. I don't get this tight with any of my "real" work, spending magnitudes more of OPM ("Other Peoples' Money"). But for some reason... and believe me I have been quizzed about it by many of your board members... the 37th Annual Peach Blossom Buick-Olds-Pontiac-Cadillac Show put me over the top! A week out and we were sitting on 70 registrations. (You usually estimate 100 as a break-even headcount, and you always worry about rain killing your budget.) We spent more money on trophies than in past years, and we deliberately "ate" some cash to sponsor a Friday-night bash catered by Ruth's Chris steakhouse. There are a ton of moving parts with a show like this, and it takes a LOT of dedicated people doing EXACTLY what they said they'd do to pull it off.

I should have learned by now not to worry.

This club, this team of yeomen, these earnest but fun-loving Cadillac lovers are like no other anywhere. They are just – I have no words – STELLAR, astronomically brilliant, and my appreciation for them knows no bounds. I love all you guys... Okay, enough. I can't put it into words, so I will stop trying.

By Thursday I knew we were going to be okay – for Friday at least. Larry Wilson came by with his pickup and grabbed the coolers, tent and traffic cones so Barb didn't have to make two trips in her SUV. Sandy Barth showed us the direction signs, and helped me and Larry insert the colored sheets into 75 plaques sorted by Class and Place. I knew Lucille and Rory had gotten the Hagerty goody bags from Mark Nichols, and had them stuffed with goodies and windshield cards, ballots, tiny screwdrivers and tire gauges. And a \$16 coupon for free hand car washes at Cactus Car Wash in East Cobb. (Think about that – everyone who registered a car for \$25 received pens, a metal dash plaque, and a *free* hand car wash.) We had in hand our 8-foot sponsors' banner, a collaboration between Mark and Tom Di Nucci and our newest members, Tim and Katie Gilstrap. Our sponsors were going to be happy. I had feared we would not have enough items to raffle off. That was crazy: We collected PLENTY of donated wrench sets, cooler bags, cups and car washing kits from Home Depot, O'Reilly's, AutoZone, Summit Racing, and Hagerty. Enough to earn us nearly \$200. So many NICE items that when Buster's 64-piece socket set didn't arrive in time I didn't panic – we now have a start on the Christmas banquet's auction! Even the car count was up nearer 80 by the end of Thursday. I slept okay that night.

On Friday morning I never got to clean up the car, but by afternoon our core BOPC team had had some time to gather around talking about our tasks for the weekend. Mikey Anderson (our field leader), Tom, Lewis, Alex, Sandy B, Larry and I walked the parking lot at Piedmont Church. I was convinced we had a solid plan for setting out signs, routing traffic, setting up tents and cones and signs. I went back to the hotel ready to get into the party. True, when the hotel didn't set up its manager's reception until 5:30 I was irritated, and folks who weren't staying there were expecting free drinks too, so there was a little problem-solving to be done. But when I walked into the party room, there were Michael Kelly and Bill Breuer – and the tables were all appointed with gorgeous bouquets of FRESH flowers and cool GM insignia. The mingling was terrific – 22 of our Cadillac friends and ten from the other clubs participated. Ruth's Chris offered us a great buffet, and people seemed to get plenty to eat. Thirty-two happy car people! Lu's background music made the evening better (Sinatra!), even if we had to turn it down on occasion to hear ourselves talk. Two beers and I hit the sack a little early, knowing it was an early wakeup.

I awoke before the alarm, which I always do in a hotel room, but never do at home. I was not happy that the hotel's normal breakfast start (6:00 AM), which I had been counting on, didn't happen on the

weekends until 7:00 AM. DRAT! Okay, a banana, a cup of Joe and out the door. I got to the church well before 7:00, thinking I would be one of the first there. WRONG! Mikey was in charge of course, but he also had Russ DeBarros, Lewis, Alex, and Lucille there, working! A registration tent was already up, and people were tapping their feet... when Larry showed up with the traffic cones. He shot out of there to get ice for the coolers and to plant more signs on the roads. The signs and tents started going up. I watched Lewis Kelly stride out to the front lot to place a sign – he wasn't hearing me say "NO!" But I know his bad knee was killing him later in the day. Okay, my heart skipped when Russ said my tent was destroyed and couldn't be used. But we got it up after all. Operator error, Russ... I saw Gary Heichelbech running all over the lot, helping in a dozen different ways, and that got me jazzed up again. Then Scott Edwards (our contact from Piedmont Church and a first-class encourager) brought out the tables and chairs we needed for registration. Lu, Sandy B and I set up the raffle and trophy station under the portico while Gary, Alex and others fetched more tables. Now we were *Making Hay!* The ice cream guy rolled in and got set up, and things got better. Wait! Where's the freakin' BBQ man, who was supposed to be here by 8:00 AM? He wasn't answering Lucille's calls, and she was getting nervous. He was ON as of two days before... Now I feared for his life if Lu were ever to get her hands on him.

The cars began lining up at the registration desk before 8:00 AM. Michelle Anderson, Herman Runyan, Mark Nichols, Sandy Partridge, Lucille and Vicki Mell (a veteran registration gal from the Dixie Olds club) were humming along, getting the cars through the lines, supplied with bags, and headed toward their parking spots. I know they were handling a host of questions and a few complaints – "Why are you putting me in THIS class when I ought to be in THAT class?" They were models of courtesy – saving their caustic reactions for a private time. Over a beer no doubt. Behind them, proudly displayed, was our banner, bragging about Cadillac of Lake Lanier, Crown Trophy, Hagerty Insurance, New Beginnings Signs, High Profile Group, and autographed by our club's logo. I glanced over to see the other clubs lounging under their club tents and a pang of jealousy struck me. I waved it off – our turn for lounging will be next year!

About 11:00 AM the classes were filling up. The day was obviously going to be HOT and clear, so more day-of-show cars were lining up than we might have hoped for! Well over 100 now, and the team was moving them through the turnstiles with aplomb. At one point we estimated at least 35 cars had registered just that morning. The official count is still being calculated, but we have a chance at a record-setting gate. Michelle and her team were also selling t-shirts like cotton candy at the county fair. When Dr. Z strode by in his black shirt with the stunning BOPC logo, I knew those were going to be a hit as well. Nice work, Michelle and Sandy Barth! And Lewis sold two Challenge Coins!

Lucille was doing great on the drawings, partnered with Ray DeLuca, our DJ. Whoa, Ray is Da Man! He was another experienced show hand, not only keeping the tunes lively and unique, but also promoting our sponsors and guiding the cars' drivers through the meet. He was selling the 50-50 raffle and the drawings, pushing ice cream, advertising the swap meet, and shilling the car corral. When we realized we had been **stood up** by the BBQ guy, our first course of action was to call a pizza joint – we were going to order a bunch of pizzas and either give them away or charge a buck a pop. This was going to be our first big setback – how do you have a Saturday show during lunch and NOT have lunch? But Ray came through. "Hey when this happened to us one time we just ordered from Chick Fil A." Lucille made the call, and Boom! At about 11:45 Chick Fil A delivered 150 sandwiches at \$2.96 each. Bill Torella and Tom Di Nucci sold them out of the ice cream wagon, \$3 each, or \$5 for a sandwich, chips and a cold drink. WINNER WINNER CHICKEN DINNER! That line didn't end until the awards started moving. The chicken sangies were a hit we never would have expected! Much more popular than a piece of pizza, and a huge bargain that everyone could see. No tax because of our affiliation with Piedmont Church. When the dust settled we'd

sold about 135 of the sandwiches, helped the ice cream guy have a record day and broke even on our food expenses. Escaped another apocalypse...

About this time our biggest sponsor and supporter, Marty Pecora, showed up with his crew. Amy Richardson, the service manager at Cadillac of Lake Lanier, got the red '60 Coupe DeVille placed on the field, and Willie pulled the '96 Fleetwood Brougham 5-door limo into a special position near the front tables. Marty had covered most of our trophy budget – along with a generous contribution from Crown Trophy. We were looking for a way to reward his support. I found a CD of the Shop Manual for the '60 CDV to help them do some wiring repairs, and I also obtained an original build sheet for the car. Marty and the CLL folks were happy with those. But even better, the Limo took first place in its class, Professional Cars, and the coupe was awarded second place in Class D-2. Mark began selling 50-50 raffle tickets because Sandy P was covered up at the registration booth. In a moment of mission clarity, Mark handed off the chore to Larry Wilson, who took it to heart. He sold over \$400 worth of tickets, filling his bucket at \$20 for a string of tickets the length of your car. Nearing the end of the morning we were still hoping for more raffle sales. Willie asked me if he could buy the length of HIS car for \$20, and I said Sure! Now, remember, Willie was driving the limo. A 25-footer! How many raffle tickets are embedded in those extra five feet of Detroit (okay, Arlington Texas) Iron? WILLIE WON THE RAFFLE! Home he went, a happy camper!

I was walking around, answering questions and voting for the president's awards in between stops for a rest under the portico. The music was terrific – a mix of old Sixties tunes, big band stuff, the blues, some country and western. A little bit of the traditional car show tunes, but not too many. I spent a little time with many of our club members – like Jeff Nedblake, Mac and Mac Randall, Bob Knell, Art Gardner, Jon Rosa, Frank Patton, Richard Burgess, Rob Johns, Nick Osgood, Anthony Smith, Tim Gilstrap, Stephen Sauer, Jim Sebastian, Jimmy Jones, Phillipe Maddox . I heard that John Landstrom was there, as well as Carlos Izaguirre, David Frantz, and Joel Feuer. I also ran into our partner clubs' principals, like Ed Bellair, J D Westfall, John Link, Stefan Bartelski, Alan Ziglin, David Dunton, Douglas Durkee, Art Gaynor, and many others. All said they were pleased with how things were going.

At noon we ended registrations. At least one or two cars arrived too late for votes. At 1:00 PM when the voting too was closed, Michelle, Sandy P, Mark and Alex zoomed into ballot counting mode, and spent the next 90 minutes tallying votes. It's always a rush to do the tallies by the 2:30 deadline. People get tired of sitting or walking in the hot sun, and you begin to see those who don't really care about a trophy (or who don't think they could possibly win anything) drift out of the parking lot. I saw around a dozen slip out, including a couple of class winners. But Michelle, Sandy and Mark came through and handed me the first half of the listings so we could get started. It took us over half an hour to go through the awards, class-by-class from third to first place. We had a few ties, which tossed us a curveball for a moment, and we soldiered on. We were finished by a little after 3:00 PM, another goal if you want to keep people happy. It took about an hour to break down everything in 90-degree heat. That's thanks to so many volunteers who stuck around, and to Scott Edwards and his team of church members, who took the tables and chairs back inside and picked up the trash cans. Larry and I hung on with Mark and Herman, unwinding while Paul Phillips loaded his Oakland into the trailer. Larry and I waited with the '41 Fleetwood for Paul to make his second trip. I about fell asleep on the picnic table. I was exhausted, but I was jubilant.

I cannot begin to express my gratitude for the selfless commitment you all made to the good of the Peach State Cadillac & LaSalle Club, and for the benefit of our partners, the Dixie Buick Club, the Dixie Olds Club, and the Southeastern GTO Association. I know they will have a few ideas for making next year even better, but I also talked with enough of them to know that they loved the show, and recognized how hard we worked to make it a success. CONGRATULATIONS PEACH STATE!!!

Another BOPC is in the books! See the list of award winners below.

CLASS	DESCRIPTION	PLACE	WINNING CAR	OWNER
A-1	Old timer pre-'33	1 st	#70 1910 Oakland	Paul Phillips
		2 nd	#69	Terry McCoy
		3 rd	#40 1939 Silver Streak	John Ammons
A-2	Old Timer '33-'49	1 st	#71 1941 Fleetwood	Paul Phillips
		2 nd	#45 1941 convt coupe	Rob Johns
B	'50-'54 BOPC	1 st	# 26 1950 Fleetwood	Frank Patton
C	'55-'58 BOPC	1 st	#53 1955 Starchief cvt	Chris McPherson
		2 nd	#90 1957 Rocket 88	Joel Eastman
D-1	'59-'64 Full, Open	1 st	#30 1961 convt Ser 62	Tom Di Nucci
D-2	'59-'64 Full, Closed	1 st	#66	Robert Christanell
		2 nd	#127 Olds	Roger Donaldson
		3 rd	#80 1960 coupe deville	Marty Pecora
E-1	'65-'69 Full, Open	1 st	#88 1967 Wildcat	J. D. Westfall
		2 nd	#44 1968 coupe deville	Lewis Kelly
		3 rd	#125 1966 deville cvt	John Rosa
E-2	'65-'69 Full, Closed	1 st	#100 1967 LeSabre 400	John Paul Glenkey
F	'62-'72 GP, '63-up Riviera or Toro	1 st	#34 1966 Riviera GS	Roy Bass
		2 nd tie	#57	Greg Binkley
		2 nd tie	#86	Mark Brown
G	'70-'79 Full BOPC	1 st	#126 1973 Pontiac Grand Safari wagon	John Fischer
		2 nd tie	#77	Kevin Rogers
		2 nd tie	#101 1976 LeSabre	Jack Horvath
H	'80-'89 BOPC	1 st	#35	Adam Decker
		2 nd	#33 1986 Regal	James Thomas
		3 rd	#32 1987 Turbo Regal	Alan Faircloth
I	'80-now Allante, Reatta, Fiero	1 st	#121 2007 Cadillac XLR-V	Scott Hutchinson
		2 nd	#112 1993 Allante	Marty Comstock
		3 rd	#117 1989 Allante	Jim Sebastian
J	'67-current Firebird Trans Am	1 st	#92 1967 Firebird	William Halsac
		2 nd	#68 1972 Firebird Formula	Steve Thomas
K	'1-'67 A-Body Non-performance	1 st	#27 1967 Cutlass convt	Michael Patania
M-1	Pre-'60 Modified	1 st	#84 192? LaSalle	Jimmy Jones

	BOPC			
M-2	'60-'75 Modified BOPC	1st tie	#73 1967 GTO	Mike Walling
		1st tie	#128	Roger Donaldson
M-3	'76-now Modified BOPC	1st	#46 1992 Fleetwood	Richard Burgess
		2nd	#106	Tommy Brown* tbd
N	'61-'67 A-Body Performance Open	NONE ENTERED		
O	'61-'67 A-Body Performance Close	1st	#89	Earnie Stephens
		2nd	#79	Ben Hatfield
		3rd	#96	Kim Fowler
P	'68-'69 A-Body non Performance	1st	#114 1968 Skylark Custom	Gene Walsh
Q	'68-'69 A-Body Performance	1st tie	#52 1968 Buick GS 400	Danny Finklestein
		1st tie	#56 1968 GTO	Bill Simms
		1st tie	#118 1969 Olds 442	Anthony Heflin
R	'70-'79 A-Body All	1st	#94 1966 Olds 442	Don McIntosh* to be delivered
		2nd tie	#119	John Roney
		2nd tie	#124 1972 Skylark GS	Dan Simonelli
S-1	Survivor pre-war BOPC	1st	#36 1931 Buick 66s Sport Coupe	David Dunton
		2nd	#73 1936 Buick Special	Bruce Kile
S-2	Survivor '46-'85 BOPC	1st	#81	
		2nd	#99 1967 Tempest Custom convt	Jim Paumen
		3rd	#63 '64 Sedan DeVille	Russ DeBarros
PC	Professional Car	1st	#81 1996 Fleetwood limousine	Marty Pecora
BEST BUICK	Voted by Club Presidents		#88 1967 Wildcat	J. D. Westfall
BEST OLDS	Voted by Club Presidents		#127 Olds	Roger Donaldson
BEST PONTIAC	Voted by Club Presidents		#68 1972 Firebird Formula	Steve Thomas
BEST CADILLAC	Voted by Club Presidents		#80 1960 Coupe DeVille	Marty Pecora
BEST OF SHOW	Voted by Club Presidents		#71 1941 Cadillac Fleetwood	Paul Phillips
PEOPLES' CHOICE	Popular Ballot by all registered		#70 1910 Oakland 30 Model 24 Runabout	Paul Phillips