

Wenatchee North
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in the Sports
Awards column



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Toot the horn, Sports Awards advertising hits a new high note

The almost final tally as most recently recorded indicates our efforts in producing Sports Awards advertising revenue, which accounts for a huge chunk of WNR's annual fundraising by the way, now stands at **\$29,065**. That figure beat our old record of \$28,375 set back in 2007 and is \$5,230 more than last year. Although we're technically stuffed like a sausage and "sold out", it may well go higher if Rob Tidd's bird dog, Bruce Grim, flushes out two more pigeons from among fruit marketers/shippers at \$100 each (very likely, right Rob?), and Greg Brown secures a donation he says is still in the works. Potentially, the final tally may be up to \$700 or so higher. Plus, not counted, were ticket instead of ad sales totalling \$350.

A little extra sugar goes out to the **11 Grand Daddies and Tina & Audrey, too**. Getting into this exclusive group of achievers required the production of at least a grand in sales. Band leader was none other than Bryan Campbell with \$3,275, followed by Tina Tidd at \$2,700, Earl Tilly \$1,950, Steve Ellis \$1,900, Chris Baker \$1,735, Jeff Mertes \$1,675, Greg Brown \$1,650, Rich Adams \$1,535, Tim Cetto \$1,100, Audrey Bessonette \$1,010, Randy Zielinski \$1,000, Gary Mullen \$1,000, and last but not least, Daryl Miller with \$950 but got the nod for a roster spot because he bought a book of tickets.

Be sure to take note of the fact that the **Granders** included Audrey, who is on a leave of absence, Cetto, who is somewhere in neverland, and a couple of raw rookies - Tina and Gary. Also take note that no less than 41 advertisers not in the program a year ago, supported our efforts this year.



- Just because sales have climaxed, we still have plenty to do to pull off the 42nd Sports Awards. Check with Greg Brown about helping to contact finalists, encouraging them to come to the banquet (if unable, to have someone attend to represent them), to find out

how many tickets the family will want to purchase including grandparents (tickets can be waiting at the door), to find out if a brother or sister will be attending (a free ticket may be provided). It's a big job for just one person...several helpers make it much less of a burden.

- Greeters for the next meeting involves some combination of Tidds working in tandem.

Who Dat?

Go ahead and guess who's melon is covered by the brown paper bag.

Too young to have been influenced by the movie, *Boing, Boing*, this Unknown WNRotarian met his wife, who was a stew and on an Alaska Airlines flight, at about a mile high. Wouldn't you know it, he had to get somewhat stewed himself to muster the courage to ask for her phone number. Her name was Carol, and they've been married for 19 years with one son, as well as a daughter and son of his by a previous union. Born in Wenatchee as an after thought, at times this Unknown was mistakenly thought to be his dad's grandson. He went off to the University of Washington, primarily majoring in fun, and left sans a degree. This guy has lived in Seattle, Tacoma, and North Hollywood. He still likes to play hockey, compete in triathlons, and golf some. Now a realtor, he's become a chip off his dad's block. At 15 years of age, he played a round of golf with Nick Nolte.

Who Dat? **gary melum**

Run your ad for just \$10 per week...
- 5 week staggered run minimum • See Jeff Mertes

Featured on today's menu...

Steamed clams swimming in diesel oil



After a quick once over with a grimy Swiffer, 'Alice' unlocked the door and opened for business. Having been out of the country to the District 5060 Conference, as were the Christensens, the commander-in-chef of WNR wondered what the huh was going on with the Sports Awards? For some reason, he thought Jeff Mertes might

have a clue. Of course, the grillmeister really wanted to know about how ad sales stood with the deadline long gone. Slightly befuddled after nursing Jim Haglund along 'til about 1 a.m. after the finalist selection meeting, Mert muttered, "Don't ask me, I'm not the ad chairman." However, he did let it be known that this year's bloated program was now stuffed like a sausage thanks to last-ditch noose tightening by Chris Baker and Rob Tidd to number somewhere in the vicinity of 130 advertisers.

Greg Brown took the floor, without bothering to get out of his seat, to yadda-yadda some about using the finalist lists, that were determined last night, to our advantage in selling tickets. He also asked for volunteers to help contact those finalists, but nobody jumped up to urge, "Pick me, Brownie, pick me." A story or two about lobbying being done for a certain athlete by a one-legged coach ensued. Tina Tidd insisted he was a "nice man," albeit a one-legged one.

Called back to the homefront prematurely to deal with a domestic issue, 'Alice' deferred to Ivan Christensen who had gone the distance, and then some, in Penticton. It became rapidly apparent, at least to Joe Gamboni, that Ivan was doing some sort of impromptu Seinfeld skit. In reality, though, it has to have been induced by the excessive inhalation of steam, combined with an occasional diesel bath, over the years. We've always suspected that Ivan could sniff out a choo-choo in a haystack, but he managed to find them big and small, on land and water, near bat guano, and even next to a piano touted as having been played by King Henry the Eighth. Naturally, a devoted pianist like Ivan couldn't resist the temptation to tickle its ivory, and did so with due permission.

Although Ivan was looking forward to a steamy experience on a conference fellowship train ride, he was disappointed to learn that the old boiler was on the blink, and had to settle for a common diesel pull. Immersed in diesel fumes, and Rotary culture, he didn't neglect to point out how one of the featured speakers from India, who just happened to have worked for the Ta-Ta Railroad & Locomotive Company, cited the contribution that Wenatchee's own Dr. Ed Cadman had made as a primary advocate for the adoption and implementation of the Polio-Plus program to illustrate how one man from a small town can make a huge difference in our big ol' world. Ivan's impromptu talk was like a fine jazz concert, only a lot more humorous, and can never be replicated.

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