



# Roundup

MAY - JUNE 2014

[www.longhornpca.org](http://www.longhornpca.org)





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## News & Notes

Jack Merrell, our President, was selected by PCA as the Enthusiast of the Year for 2014 at the 2014 Porsche Parade that is currently in process in Monterrey, CA.

This is a very coveted award with many outstanding candidates across the many regions in PCA. Jack's efforts have brought the region a long way in the past five years. Through his efforts, our region has gained the respect of PCA management who recognize his contributions to PCA and our region.

Congratulations to Jack for a job well and a great representative of Longhorn Region. Kudos to Sandy for her continued support of Jack, PCA, and Longhorn Region.

*More about Parade in the next issue!*

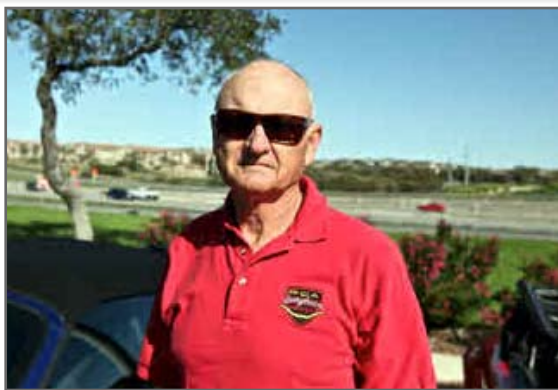


Check Out our Longhorn Region website  
for dates and information  
**[longhornpca.org](http://longhornpca.org)**



[facebook.com/groups/longhorn.region/](https://facebook.com/groups/longhorn.region/)

# 2014 Longhorn Leadership



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## on the cover

2014 Porsche Macan at the unveiling party,  
hosted by Porsche of San Antonio

## roundup

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[editor@longhornpca.org](mailto:editor@longhornpca.org).

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# Jack's Corner

[BY: JACK MERRELL,  
LONGHORN REGION PRESIDENT]

*Where has the first half of this year gone. It seems only yesterday we were looking forward to the first 2014 events and now several autocrosses, a track day some drives and Fiesta Challenge are behind us. Don't get dismayed we have lots more planned for the year.*

Next up for many of us is the long drive to the west coast and Parade 2014. The word back is that this will be the largest parade in some time with over 1200 Porsche fanatics and their cars descending on Central California for a week of fun. So far we have twelve couples going from Longhorn Region with hopefully a few more to be added.


Region activities slow down a bit in the summer as the heat and family activities take precedent, but don't despair we are looking at

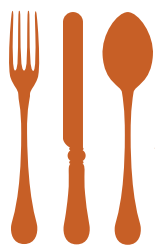
several possible events. The fall will bring an increase with a track day in September along with the Tudor American Sports car Challenge at COTA. We will also have autocrosses in October and November and perhaps a nice fall drive through the hills. All our activities, as well as news and pictures of region happenings are posted on our website. Our Webmaster, Steve Greentree, does a great job of keeping it up to date.

PCA has recently upgraded their website so you might want to take a look. It is still a "work in progress" so there are some glitches.

As you lounge around staying out of the Texas heat, give some thought to who you want on your Longhorn Region PCA board next year. Elections are in the fall and some on the board have served for many years and deserve a rest. Besides with over five hundred total members we have lots of available talent.

Once again, if any member has an idea for an event please voice it to a board member and it will be considered. We don't have all the answers. The only caveat is if you voice the idea you must also agree to help plan and run it. Events are not limited to driving, Indoor activities can help fill the summer days and keep us out of the heat.

Have a safe summer. 



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## *seasonal food*

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**RICE NOODLE SALAD WITH GINGER-SOY TOP SIRLOIN** (CAL 590)

**KEY LIME MOUSSE** (CAL 420)

**CHOCOLATE MOUSSE** (CAL 410)

## *seasonal cocktails*


**COCO BASIL FUSION** (CAL 140)

**X-RATED MOSCATO MARTINI** (CAL 140)

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*We hope to see you soon!*





# LOOKIN' GOOD & LIVIN' WELL: The 2014 Hill Country Rallye

[BY: MIKE VRIESENKA]

As sure as bluebonnets on the roadsides, colorful 912s and other vintage Porsches from as far away as Mexico, Florida and California gathered in Central Texas for the 13th annual Hill Country Rallye in the last weekend of March. God blessed Texas with mild sunny days and cool evenings this year, making both driving and hanging out a pleasure. Drivers split into spirited and scenic driving groups both days, allowing them to enjoy the countryside at a frantic or relaxed pace.

Friday evening drivers parked their Porsches on the Boerne Town Square lawn in front of the historic Kendall Inn for a “show.” You could not help finding something you liked and something you had never seen before among the four rows of Porsches, or from the food trucks that catered the event. Whether you liked wandering among the Porsches, wandering among the shops, wandering the park along Cibolo Creek, or sitting in a lawn chair watching others wander, there was something for everyone.

Saturday the scenic drive wandered to Utopia for lunch at The Laurel Tree. Chef Laurel Waters established her restaurant in the “middle of nowhere,” proof that if you build it, sometimes they really will come. The ambiance, the conversation, the quail, tilapia and apple cake with ice cream were all outstanding. The driving was equally fine, especially on Ranch Road 337 as it climbed and dipped and twisted between Leakey and Vanderpool. To top off the day’s drive, we stopped at the Singing Waters Vineyard to enjoy some local whites and reds under the live oaks.

Saturday evening culminated with a catered Italian dinner, door prizes, and wine courtesy of Jeff Trask of European Collectibles. Thanks and congratulations to the many volunteers who make the Rallye real. If you have not attended a Hill Country Rallye in your vintage Porsche, you owe it to yourself to enjoy your car and the Texas Hill Country next spring. **LH**






# a view of the hills

[BY: AARON M. DAVIS]

Hello to all you fellow Porsche enthusiast. I am Aaron Davis. I joined the Longhorn Region PCA group a little over a year ago and have had the pleasure of driving in a few of the local hill country drives over the last year. I drive a red 1978 Porsche 911sc, and I look forward to every time I get the opportunity to feel the thrill of driving a vehicle that is like no other car I have ever driven.

Just this last March I met up with a large group of Porsche enthusiast in Boerne Texas, some of them PCA and some of them not, for the 2014 Hill Country Rallye. Our drive on Friday the 28th was titled "Pears and Beer?". We left from town and drove the back roads all the way to our first stop in San Marcos where we took a walk through Dick's Garage and viewed a very nice collection of classic cars dating all the way back to the 1920s. From there we took a short trip over to Wimberly and had lunch at a great little restraint named the Leaning Pear. After some great food and a pause for a photo opportunity we made our way over to Blanco to visit the Real Ale Brewery. We had a few brews and then took our leave to get back to Boerne for the car show on the town square. We had a great turn out that night, sixty-five cars in all. I got some great pictures that day.

On Saturday My wife Sarah was able to ride with me for the second leg of our drive in the 2014 Hill Country Rallye, so she was able to take pictures through the whole drive. Our route on the 29th was called "Is This Utopia?". Our Drive left from Boerne and we made our way over to another great lunch stop at The Luarel Tree, two miles out side of Utopia. The grounds are quite lovely and the food is amazing. After dinning we continued the drive through Medina out to Comfort where we stopped at The Singing Water Vineyards to cool off by the creek and sip on a glass of the local vintage. On the road again, we made our way back to Boerne for the banquet and the guest speaker Jack Griffin, a true race car driver, who shared some of his experiences with us that night.

I had a great time at the drive and got hundreds of pictures that I will cherish forever. I hope that I have been able to share that experience with you along with a few of the photos I was fortunate enough to get. Thank you. 



# MOTORSPORTS Tidbits

[BY: JACK MERRELL, LONGHORN REGION PRESIDENT]

There are two subjects that I want to touch on this month. The first is autocross obligations and the second is track flags.

The first subject is short and sweet. If you participate in a Longhorn Region autocross you are expected to work the portion that you are not driving. We have had far too many members want to drive the first session and leave without honoring their obligation and responsibility to work the second session. This is going to end. If you drive the first and leave for any reason other than a true emergency you will not be allowed to drive in the next event, autocross or track. Enough said,

The second topic I want to cover is flags at track days. I touch on this at every drivers meeting, but still some drivers do not pay enough attention to these signals. Flags are displayed on the track for information and or warnings and should be acknowledged and their meaning followed. Let me review the flags we use.

Green means go, the track is clean and you can operate at full speed (commensurate with safety and traffic).

Yellow means caution, there is something or some activity on the track that requires you to slow down. For our events this is always full course yellow, at some DE's or PCA races this may be a section yellow

Red means danger. There is something happening that is dangerous and we want all drivers to quickly and safely stop. When you see a red flag you should pull to the edge of the track and stop, awaiting further instructions. Common sense would dictate you not do this right at the exit to a corner but instead drive a little ways as you slow to the next




straight section so drivers behind can see you as they exit the corner. Stay on the paved surface and in your car.

Black is a flag that will be pointed at a specific car and requires that car and that car only to come into the pits, the reason may be an unsafe driving style or something unusual has been seen on or hanging from your car.

Checkered means the end of the session and the next time around you are expected to enter the pits. This means everyone driving that session, so don't continue for an extra lap or two!

We do not use blue flags but some events do and a blue flag pointed at a car indicates that you have a faster car closing on you.

The reason I have taken the time with flags is twofold. First they are important in our events and secondly if you go to other track events the organizers expect you to know acknowledge and follow the instructions associated with each flag. Many times I am asked by organizers of DE's to validate the experience of one of our members when they enter a specific DE for the first time and one of the requirements is that the member understands and follows flag signals. Watch for flags and drive safe. 



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There are club logo patches that can be ironed-on or sewn to your specific garment/cap, etc (shown right). Additionally, we have a club logo decal for the inside of your window(s) that peels off and is transferable to any car. These are available immediately.

Name Tags	\$16.00 ea. (Contact Ron to order)
Longhorn Logo patches	\$4.00 ea
Longhorn Logo decals	\$2.50 ea

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Blue with White stripes      Pink with White stripes

Black with Red stripes      Black with white stripes

Putty with Black stripes      Khaki, plain

Red, plain



**Contact Ron McAtee at 210-654-6639 or e-mail [rmcatee@satx.rr.com](mailto:rmcatee@satx.rr.com)**



# Membership Report

## As of April 28, 2014

Primary members	353
Affiliate/Family members	<u>208</u>
Total:	561

## *New Members*

Delaney, Rich	2007 Gray 911 Coupe
Reiser, Carl	2008 Orange Boxster
Cardenas, Eduardo	2014 Gray 911 – 50 Anniversary Coupe
Faison, Shawn & Marion	2004 Gold Cayenne S
Pliego, Christian	2010 Red Boxster
Hallmark, Dorothy	2014 Black Boxster S
Warner, Tim	2008 Black 997.1 Coupe
Clarke, Zach & Sophie	2004 Black Carrera C4S
Gonzalez, Javier	1999 Silver 911 Targa

*Welcome to the Longhorn Region PCA*

## *PCA Anniversaries*

### **20 years**

Glenn Huddleston 5/94  
John Dockendorf 6/94  
Brian Strang 6/94

### **15 years**

Mimi Weber 6/99

### **10 years**

Trey Dockendorf 6/04

*Ron McAtee, Membership Chairman*





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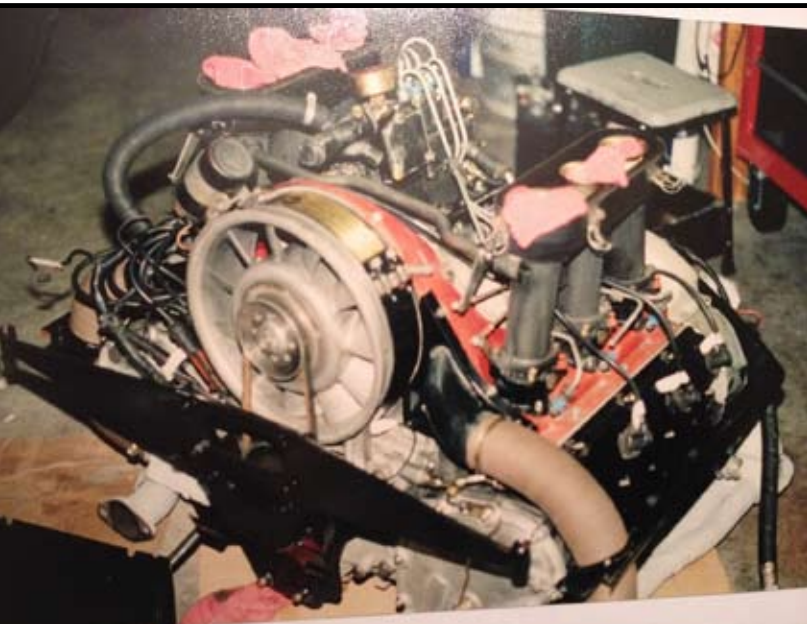
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# MY PORSCHES

[BY: CHUCK BUSH]

*I first saw the car for sale in the parking lot of the Army Post Exchange parking lot in Augsburg Germany in 1984. It was dark brown, had black trim, and looked like an RS with the front bumper, flares, and ducktail. It was so beautiful that I wasn't worried about the bubbles in the paint. One test drive and I was hooked. Sure it was quick and handled great, but what amazed me what how quiet and smooth it was on the cobblestone roads. Soon enough it was ours, and the adventure began.*

I didn't know anything about Porsches at the time, but knew a lot about Volkswagen's and possessed some basic mechanical skills. I soon got an education in rust and the effects of rust on unibody cars. It is amazing how badly a car can rust in less than 15 years. I wanted to repair the rusty parts and found a little German garage that was willing to take on a project. It was a lot of fun actually- I did the disassembly under the supervision of the garage owner, and he provided the expertise and skills to get it back together. I would go by the shop in the evenings and cut off rusty parts- and the deeper we got into it, the worse it was. Finally we got it down to some usable metal, and started building it back up: inner and outer rockers, rear inner and outer quarter panels, replacement fenders, deck lid, and engine cover, front pan, and much more. After a year in the shop, it was back on the road- just in time to export it to the United States- which was a fairly painless process in 1986.

I really enjoyed driving the 911 from 86-94. I drove it most days and joined the Porsche Club which really opened my eyes to the possibilities with the car. Other than some minor engine and fuel injection work, the car was fabulous, and a lot of fun to drive. We installed the seat belts in





the back seats, and it was a great family car. When I got re-assigned back to Germany, I put the 911 into storage. Five years later and living near Kansas City, we were ready to use the car again. By this time it needed some significant paint and engine work, so I started the second restoration. I had some remaining rust issues fixed, did a bare metal repaint to metallic blue in my garage, spruced up the interior and rebuilt the engine. After about a year of work, the refreshed car was back on the road.

I drove the 911 a lot over the next five years, and even drove it to the 2008 Porsche Parade in Charlotte, NC. Over time I became more appreciative of the early original cars originality. Fueled by a very interesting Certificate of Authenticity, I set on a quest to collect the missing parts to get the car back to mostly original condition. Starting at the Hershey swap meet in 2008, I collected an original bumper, fog lights, ttg driving lights, chrome vent window frames, fender arch trim, sports seats, original door parts and pockets, aluminum engine cover and center panel, original radio, front oil cooler, etc. Each aspect of this parts collecting has its own story, with the common theme being time consuming and expensive. After collecting these parts, the third restoration started in 2009 and has been complicated by a number of factors, but reached its conclusion this spring. The car is finally back to original color and configuration and runs better than ever. Since completion I have participated in the Hill Country Rally, the Fiesta Challenge and a recent Autocross.

After all these years with no name for the 911 we figured it was time to give it a name. As we were driving in the Hill Country Rally and munching on Cheetos, we realized that the 911 was pretty much the same color as the cat on the Cheetos bag. We look forward to another 30 years with Chester. 🐾



# Fiesta

# CHALLENGE 2014

This year's event was again held at Porsche of San Antonio's beautiful facility. Picking a date for the event is a crap shoot since the weather always does some crazy things. It didn't rain during the concours or the rally on Saturday, but we did enjoy some moist, cold wind on Sunday for the autocross. Everyone had a good time and the wet pavement made for some slippery driving. Due to the amount of work going on at the concours and prepping for the rally, we had lunch catered by Ruth Stone Caterer's located in New Braunfels. It allows those of us working the event to complete all our tasks and also visit with members. There's always someone asking questions and we are happy to accommodate them. Leaving the site would create undue delays.

## Concours Classes/Results for 2014

I – Cayenne	1st	2008 Cayenne 2013 Cayenne	Clay Atchison John & Laurel Berry
II – 911 Turbos	1st	2001 911 Turbo 2007 911 Turbo 2008 911 Turbo	William & Freda Guion Jim Lowe Richard Bibb
III – Early Air Cooled 911/912's	2nd 1st	1965 911 1966 912 1967 911S 1970 911	Donovan Butter Mike Vrsienga John Binion Chuck Bush
IV – Boxster's	1st	1998 Boxster 2012 Boxster 2013 Boxster	Jim Conrad Steve Farnham Suzie Bush
V – 2012 991/997's	1st	2012 997 2012 991	RJ Wilmoth & Linda Bosko Bob Lundin
VI – Late Air cooled	1st	1986 911 Targa 1990 964 1996 993	Sheryl Dulske David Fisher Jim Garity
VII – 2002-2009 911's	1st 2nd	2002 996 C4S 2006 911 Cabriolet 2009 997 C2S 2009 911	Marcus Henning Morgan Matson Jeff Winn Tanya Woody
VIII – Modified's	1st	1957 356 1971 911S	Rita Butter James Bricken

People's Choice: Chuck Bush, 1970 911 S Targa

Judges: Ron McAtee  
Lynn Friedman  
Jack Merrell  
Maurice Phillips  
Steve Farnham  
John Berry







## *Fiesta Challenge Rally Results*

Place	Driver	Navigator	Car Year	Car Type	Questions Missed	Total Time (h, m, s*)
1	Infante, Anthony	Cecilia Van Bibber	2007	911 Carrera	1	3:42:21
2	Bush, Chuck	Bush, Suzie	2013	Boxster	2	3:31:32
3	Wilmoth, RJ	Bosko, Linda	2012	911 C4	5	2:58:56
4	Winn, Jeff	Winn, Gracie	2009	911 Carrera	6	3:01:21
5	Rogers, Ted	Rogers, Garrett	1999	Boxster	10	3:00:31

\* Rally Master's time of 2:58:22 was to be used if a tie breaker was needed. It was not needed.







Amy Schultz  
and  
David  
Campbell,  
fastest times of  
the day!

Chuck & Suzie  
Bush, overall  
Fiesta Challenge  
Winners!



## April 6, 2014 Autocross Results

Group 1

Name	Car#	Model	Run 1	Run 2	Run 3	Run 4	Run 5	Run 6
Henning, Marcus	52	02 996	53.556	52.998	51.543	50.458	<b>49.995</b>	50.167
Bush, Chuck	7	70 911	56.686	55.235	54.95	53.602	51.521	<b>51.409</b>
Butter, Donovan	54	69 911	57.800	56.702	57.414	2 53.088	52.197	<b>51.745</b>
Butter, Rita	63	98 Box	70.527	63.746	61.623	60.708	<b>59.963</b>	61.484
Collins, Terry	5	997 T	55.185	52.279	<b>50.692</b>	dnf	50.726	1 51.665
Day, Phil	24	05 911	58.547	58.570	55.904	55.719	54.365	<b>52.786</b>
Farnham, Sherry	417A	10 Caym	57.717	57.116	55.414	53.196	54.022	<b>52.278</b>
Hamilton, Jim	44	10 Caym	64.33	60.839	60.181	60.174	<b>58.334</b>	58.66
Holder, Karl	10	01 Box	56.575	55.689	54.456	53.843	<b>52.812</b>	53.219
Holland, Burt	34	00 Box	62.694	59.724	59.077	57.265	<b>56.67</b>	58.289
Howell, Ted	3	GT3	58.734	56.68	54.891	54.257	53.566	<b>53.487</b>
Robinson, Scott	18	85 944	64.246	60.934	58.577	56.888	56.18	<b>55.764</b> 1
Rogers, Ted	40	99 Box	74.442	63.938	63.402	61.667	59.574	<b>56.879</b>
Sanders, Holly	28	10 Box	69.819	64.356	61.304	60.574	57.694	<b>56.381</b>
Schultz, Amy x	511	07 911	50.92	50.361	2 dnf	<b>50.14</b>	49.187	1 49.507 3
Winn, Jeff	26	09 911	54.128	52.749	52.255	52.743	52.109	<b>51.67</b>

Group 2

Name	Car#	Model	Run 1	Run 2	Run 3	Run 4	Run 5	Run 6
Bricken, James	22	71 911	50.743	49.241	49.407	48.711	<b>47.916</b>	# 48.682
Bush, Suzie	7A	13 Box	59.193	59.406	58.425	58.829	57.329	<b>56.629</b>
Campbell, David	512	07 911	45.399	45.188	45.459	45.468	44.901	1 dnr
Berry, John	327	Cayenne	59.285	57.076	<b>55.856</b>	56.343	56.724	58.277
DePeralta, Alex	111	11 Targa	52.998	52.456	52.76	52.324	51.680	<b>51.155</b>
Farnham, Steve	417	12 Box	49.103	49.434	49.879	48.380	<b>48.24</b>	48.381
Fisher, David	4	90 964	59.41	56.276	55.640	56.219	54.489	<b>53.897</b>
Fisher, Peter	15	05 911	54.261	53.323	52.132	1 51.702	51.034	<b>50.847</b> 1
Garcia, Dan	9	09 997	58.552	55.126	55.263	57.236	55.025	<b>53.513</b>
Matthews, Mikel	32 SSM	914-6	50.564	49.616	1 51.362	1 <b>48.91</b>	1 51.398	2 49.033
McVey, Doug	8	13 Box	54.162	56.168	53.475	52.565	52.802	<b>51.832</b>
Ogawa, Lester	12	Cayman	52.386	50.511	51.647	50.426	50.458	<b>49.897</b>
Parkoff, Jon	31	914	dnf	49.067	49.526	<b>48.496</b>	<b>47.677</b>	48.154
Sanders, David x	69	13 Box	62.761	59.663	58.405	58.59	56.991	<b>56.501</b>
Woody, Tanya	33	09 911	68.776	64.672	63.486	61.421	<b>59.606</b>	59.975



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# *Traveling Eternity Road... A Reminiscence*

[BY: JOHN DEAN]

It was one of those nights that used to be called “moon bright”. At least before everyone lived in cities where ambient luminescence always obscures moonlight. You have to be somewhere away from metropolitan light pollution. Buck and I were far away, in the vastness of West Texas hurtling towards the New Mexico line in the red Super 90 at somewhere near terminal velocity. It was that because it was as fast as the car would go and any screw up would be terminal. But I was sixteen and therefore immortal.

The headlights cut a glaring white borehole into the night, revealing a two lane blacktop as straight as a sixties hairstyle before fading into the infinite gloom. Out my window the western penepain hurtled by, flush in the bluish radiance of the full moon. From the eight track, the Moody Blues were weaving a rock and roll Turkish Dance, the sweeping melodic flourish of the melotron clashing with the monotonal modality of the flat four droning behind my head.

I sped over a railroad overpass and as I reached the top I saw the black and white parked along the roadside. I made for the brakes, but since I was doing a hundred, give or take, it was far too late for apologies. As I flew by the policemen merely flashed his lights. I reckon as much as I didn't want to be arrested at two o'clock in the morning in small town New Mexico, he didn't want to spend the time booking me, choosing to go back to sleep instead.

Buck and I were headed for Ruidoso and the ski area then called Sierra Blanca. Sierra Blanca is a geographic anomaly. Over the sandy flats and the sage brush it rises up, a single white peak, as if it were an afterthought, the red-haired geologic step child of the Rocky Mountains which had moved north and forgotten to leave a forwarding address. It is now called Ski Apache located as it is on the Mescalero Reservation. I reckon its geomorphological uniqueness made it attractive in a spiritual sense to a tribe forced from its plains homelands by marauding Comanches. And easier to defend from its rocky ramparts. It is, I would suppose, the most southerly ski area in the northern hemisphere. Now the Apaches defend it from tourists from Texas.

We were headed for a friend's cabin. Lots of folks in Austin had vacation homes there. It's only six hundred miles away, after all. Our goal was to do it in seven hours.

I wanted to learn to ski. Living on the South Texas Gulf Coastal Plain, I knew little about the realities of the sport other than it was fast and looked like fun. I fantasized schussing through the powder snow like Jean Claude Killy – no, that's a lie. I fantasized I was skiing like James Bond. If James Bond did it, it was ubercool, ergo I wanted to do it, whatever “it” happened to be, short of being tortured or killed by unsympathetic SPECTRE agents. Because James Bond got all the girls. At age sixteen, getting the girls was mostly theoretical, but if it worked for James it had to be good. I was fighting the good if vainful fight against unwanted teenage celibacy. In those heady days, despite his claim Protagoras – though obviously

more brilliant than I – was wrong. Man was not the measure of all things. Because girls were.

The big question related to parental permission. Dad allowed I could go, but drove a Faustian bargain. I was not allowed to miss any school. Period. I couldn't leave school early and I couldn't be late back for school on Monday morning. Otherwise the deal was off and I was banished to (hypothetical) sexual purgatory – aka grounded. So I sold my soul for the chance to go skiing.

School dismissed at three-thirty. My last period was called “B Team Track”. Since University Interscholastic League rules prevented off season football training in high school, everyone on the football team was required to sign up for B Team Track, which was offseason football training in high school. It was presided over by a player from the Houston Oilers Football team. Mr. Young was an offensive guard, six and a half feet tall, weighing in at two hundred sixty pounds - big for the day - and could outrun any member of our team or for that matter anyone on the varsity track team. I wasn't wild about football. I abhorred practice. Our coaches intellectual level seemed only one step above lemurs. (They said I had an attitude problem. Imagine.) In the stifling gulf heat and humidity, they wouldn't let us have water and fed us salt tablets to keep us from cramping up. We cramped up. A lot. Due to dehydration and electrolyte imbalance from too little hydration and an overdose of salt. The offensive players didn't know the plays or the blocking schemes, so we got crap beat out of us by other area teams that had better coaches and superior B Team Track programs. But there was the whole girl thing going, so I played anyway. (Until I got kicked off the team for agreeing with Coach Bennett when he accused me of thinking I was smarter than he was. More attitude he said. Imagine.)

One didn't mess with Mr. Young. He had devised a torture regime worthy of Torquemada, the upshot being that when three-thirty rolled around, I was so exhausted I could only drive by rocking my arms back and forth and throwing them at the steering wheel, grabbing with my hands and holding on. To backtrack, for context sake, I had lost the family lottery for motorcars. In those high cotton days the oil fields were booming, and Dad's share of the distribution of wealth skewed the median. He drove a black Mercedes-Benz SL. Mom drove a white Mercedes-Benz SEL. Brother Buck drove the red Porsche. I drove a Ford Maverick. It had the engineering sophistication of an ox-cart and the disconcerting tendency on bumpy roads to actually bounce off the tarmac into the weeds. At highway speeds, it had the maneuverability of a bullet - straight lines only. It was the Kelvinator of automobiles – a transportation appliance. It didn't have power steering or brakes and the trip was a hundred twenty miles to Austin. So the first two hours of the drive, until I arrived in Austin and got Buck's 90 on the road, were muscular hell.

Driving the Porsche was heaven. It wasn't fast, in the way that a Corvette or an XKE was fast, but it was quick. It



was like a logical extension of the soul -- the steering Vernier in its precision, the suspension communicating every nuance of the road, and if you lifted in a fast corner, the car would even show you where you'd been. It was Dr. Porsche's mechanical expression of what Colin Chapman would refer to as "adding lightness". Given that it was a glorified superfied Volkswagen Beetle at heart, it nevertheless transcended the automotive norm. Normal was Chevellian ordinary, and even with its quirks, the Porsche was extraordinary.

Around six in the evening Buck and I headed west on Highway 87. We headed out over the Edwards Plateau across the Llano Estacado -- the Staked Plains -- where the buffalo did indeed once roam and deer played, at least until the Peterbilt was invented. It was the hunting ground of the great Commanche tribes, the fiercest and most efficiently deadly light cavalry of its time. They were gloriously powerful but unpredictable and violent. They were the *raison d'être* of the Texas Rangers. Buck and I are directly related to the last Commanche war chief, Quanah Parker. Then again, he had twelve wives and who knows how many children, too many grandchildren to count even if you did know how to count, so it's a claim I reckon lots of folks can make. It might also explain the occasional urge to scalp annoying people and IRS agents.

On west we drove, through dusty one horse towns. The Interstate Highway System was new then and could best be described as the Intermittent Highway System. It was our version of the Autobahn. The construction of the German highway system with its military style of organization was much like a WPA project only, unlike American projects like the Blue Ridge Parkway, the San Antonio Riverwalk, or the Diego Rivera murals adorning walls of the Capitals of Capitalism depicting the 1930s version of the Three Tenors -- Marx, Engels and Lenin -- the German superhighways had a strategic use that the Roosevelt Administration policy wonks had overlooked. Eisenhower certainly recognized it but construction was still in a somewhat nascent state and we were forced to drive on the old federal highways. We were also driving a foreign car back when foreign cars in the hinterlands were rare and service for same nonexistent. It made it more adventurous -- would we make it? Would we be hunted down by locals who would mistake the Porsche for an escape pod for refugees from the planet Tralfanadon?

The unrelenting sameness of food and gasoline services we know now didn't exist then. Hamburger joints and stations were locally owned and varied in style and quality. Brands meant something. Texaco gasoline was going to be pure. Someone washed your windshield and pumped your gas. Off brands might be have a certain percentage of water and leave you sputtering and stranded in the middle of nowhere. Every town had motels with names like "The Sands" or "The Dunes" and was a chancy thing in terms of vermin and cleanliness, devoid of the dependable mediocrity proclaimed in the rallying cry of the Holliday Inn -- "The best surprise is no surprise", Madison Avenue's take on "it ain't good but it ain't bad." A hamburger from a local establishment called Burger Biggie or Dairy Doodle was the culinary version of Russian Roulette. Sooner or later one was going to kill you. McDonalds swings to the same advertising tune, it ain't good...

So we drove on into the wilderness of uncertain commercial opportunity until somewhere between the New Mexico State Line and the Pecos River we found that those opportunities were closed for the night. No food. No gas. At three in the morning the proprietors were sensibly in bed. The Porsche was running on vapors. As we watched the gasoline gauge needle inexorably moving to and then beyond the 0/0 mark, Buck resolved to go as fast as we could and then try and coast as far as the car would go, figuring that every yard closer to a gas station was a step saved. This plan was abandoned when we rolled into Hobbs, New Mexico. This is not the garden spot of New Mexico. You need arable soil and water for a garden. Hobbs has sand. If there's ever a run on glass, Hobbs, New Mexico is in the money. And every gasoline station was closed.

The new plan that evolved was we would pull into a Texaco station, park by the pumps and sleep until the station opened in the morning. That would pretty much kill the first days skiing, but we could get a half day lift ticket and make the best of it. The car ran completely dry just short of the first Texaco we found, and we pushed it the rest of the way. Buck settled into the driver's seat, laid it back as far as it would go and settled in for the rest of the night. I wandered towards the rest rooms, which were closed like everything else, so I decided to relieve myself behind the station. I was committed to the act when I noticed above me was a handmade sign that read -- For Emergency Gas Pull Cord. From the sign was a chain pull from an old style box toilet hooked to a line that ran towards the back up and over to a little house a few feet away. I tugged on the cord a couple of times and a light appeared in the house. We were in business. In a matter of moments, we would have precious fuel and be motoring west towards the beckoning slopes of Sierra Blanca. I went back to the car, and filled Buck in on our waxing fortunes.

Moments later I saw the back door of the little house open and then the gate. From the darkness emerged a sleepy eight year old boy, rubbing his eyes and stumbling along in house shoes and a bathrobe. I stood slackjawed as the little man took out some keys and unlocked the gas pump. He started looking around the back of the 90, searching for the gasoline cap. I pointed him in the right direction and he started pumping high test into the Porsche's tank. The boy then opened the office door and unlocked the cash register. He was both silent and efficient. I looked back at the house and the realization struck -- the boy's father, as not to miss a sale nor a wink or two of his forty, had rigged a bell from the gasoline station to his son's bedroom,. It was the most asinine thing I could imagine. In our time, with rampant violence and paedophilia run amuck, it would be unthinkable. But even in those innocent times and in this small town that might not be the end of the earth, but the end of the earth was probably just outside city limits, this still held the acrid aroma of child labor and a horribly lazy father. The kid deserved better. A lot better.

The boy pumped the tank full. We gave him a Texaco card and he ran it through the card registration and handed it back to us for a signature. I signed it, but as I gave it back Buck said -- "See if you have any change".

We searched our pockets and ultimately produced about five bucks in quarters and small bills. We handed it over to the boy who stared at us incredulously.

"Don't tell your father we gave it to you."

His eyes sparkled as he locked up the pumps. As we drove away I looked back and he was headed back for home and bed, only there seemed to be the slightest perceptible spring in his step. He had comic book and Hershey bar money for months. Somewhere today I hope this man has children of his own. And when he is tired and fate and circumstance combine to an inconvenient if trivial emergency and he is tempted to make his son perform the task, instead of barking an order he kisses the boy on the head and says, "Go back to sleep son. Sweet dreams."


We skied Saturday and Sunday. My first lesson was given to me by Buck. He took me to the top of an intermediate slope, said he'd see me at the bottom and took off. It was a lesson in trust. I don't know why I trusted him. Sunday evening we headed east. Buck took the Moody Blues eight track and put it on again. It opened up with a song – "Eternity Road" the lyrics questioning – what will you find there? It was a theme song for my life.

I drove into the high school parking lot in time to make it to home room. I pretty much slept through all of my classes and feigned illness for B Team Track. I went home and passed out.

Every journey on Eternity Road is a learning trip. On this I discovered I didn't really like skiing. For starters it was cold. Polar wasteland frozen hell cold. I had no talent for skiing and more likely to meet EMS techs than girls. I also found the amenity Sierra Blanca lacked most critically was a den-

sity of atmospheric gases sufficient to sustain life. I preferred the syrupy oxygenated air you breathe at sea level, saturated with healing water vapor, therefore unlikely to produce the unwanted side effects of acute altitude sickness – headaches, sleeplessness, pulmonary edema, feelings of near death, actual death. Sleep is not an exaggerated blessing. Sleeping at high altitude is best left to Sherpa guides and exotic sheep. Only sleeping once in three days induces a semi-conscious hypnotic state, a synaptic autopilot -- you can see and hear to drive, but with the peculiar mesmerization common in long haul truckers and Grand Theft Auto video game junkies. My symptoms were manifested by 13713942

a trancelike state where somehow I drove home from Austin and damn if I remember how it happened.

But quality time in the Porsche remains etched into my memory. The Super 90 had that rarest of qualities in a machine, built as they are from metal and fabric and glass. It had personality. It is light, relatively. A 356 was in the same weight class as a BMW 2002, and we forget how small those vehicles were – half a ton lighter than their modern equivalents. Besides trailing throttle oversteer the two classic German cars shared an immediacy with the environment of speed. There is a sound, a feel, a solidity lacking in most every other car -- a connection with the road that seems more organic than mechanical. BMW abandoned this trait long ago for market share. American cars never had it. Italians and English never understood it. Japanese simulate it. There still remains Porsche. The perfect car for traveling Eternity Road. 



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# SASCA AUTOCROSS

[BY: STEVE FARNHAM]  
[PHOTOGRAPHY BY: AMANDA JONES]

Wow! What a great day for Longhorn Region Porsches at the SASCA autocross held at Retama Park on April 13, 2014. First, what is SASCA? SASCA is the San Antonio Sports Car Association, a group of driving enthusiasts who usually host an autocross every month at Retama Park. Unfortunately, the selected day is almost always a Sunday, which may conflict with family business. There are almost always more than 100 participants driving a variety of cars, from go karts to muscle cars to Subarus to hybrids to our very own Porsches. What was unusual about this most recent gathering were the large number of Porsches (9) participating. Better yet, the Longhorn Region members scored some very fast times, including top times of the day and class wins. Federico del Toro had the top time of the day for the Prepared class while winning his class in his yellow Boxster. David Campbell had the top time in Street Prepared class while winning ASP and Amy Schultz finished 3rd in class with her white 911 Carrera (her best showing ever!).

Also, Jim Bricken was first in B Street in his Boxster, Karl Holder, another Boxster, finished 3rd and Steve Farnham, a Cayman, was 4th in class. Mikel Mathews, in his 914, won the SSM class while Jon Parkoff was 2nd in XP class. Finally, Scott Robinson, in his 944, took on 9 Mazda Miatas in the E Street class and made vast improvements.

The SASCA autocross day is very similar to a PCA autocross schedule. Due to noise complaints, first car off is at 11 am so you'll want to arrive by 9 am to get registered (cost only \$25 for non-members, just \$20 for members) and send your car through tech inspection. Novices get a course "walk through about 10 am followed by a driver's meeting. Because of the large number of cars, there are 3 run groups. Each group usually gets 5 runs.

So, it was great to see so many Porsches, especially those who won their class or set personal best times. The next SASCA autocross is May 18th, the day after Longhorn Region's next autocross. For all of us going to Parade, this will be our final tune up. *Why not come out and join us?*





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