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Loma Prieta Region



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JANUARY Prieta Post Newsletter Issue No 1



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Front Cover Photo: Rainbow over Bryce Canyon National Park on the LPR tour back from Porsche Parade held in Salt Lake City, Utah, sometime in July 2012.

Calendar

what's happening in the Region

JANUARY

<u>Saturday</u> **AX Steering Meeting** Contact Anne Roth for details.

Tuesday Board Meeting

Round Table Pizza at Camden & Union in San Jose, 7:00 pm.

Sunday Crow's Nest Tour & GTG Les Schreiber, details on page 10.

FEBRUARY

5 Tuesday
Board Meeting

Round Table Pizza at Camden & Union in San Jose, 7:00 pm.

<u>Saturday</u> Soup Night GTG

Potluck, bring your favorite soup to Hal and Diana Hallock's home. details in the next Prieta Post.

<u>Sunday</u> Blackhawk Tour

Les Schreiber, details in the next Prieta Post.

Sunday Tech Session

Fremont Porsche. Tom Provasi. details in the next Prieta Post.

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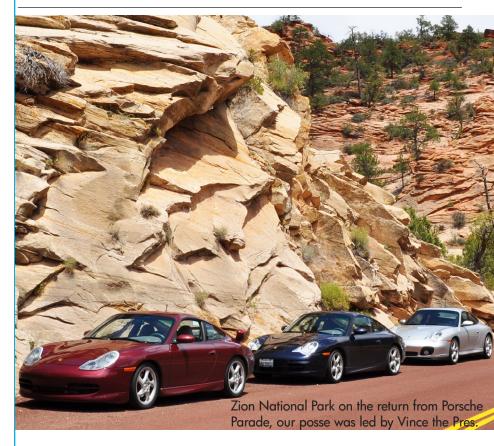


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PRESIDENT'S LETTER



We start another year with lots of activities

for the 'Good Time Region'. Have you ever thought how we came to be known as the 'Good Time Region'? I knew the background for this, but I did not know the details. For this, I contacted one of our charter members, Ken Iles. He sent me the following:

As I remember it, LPR started out by a few GGR members being unhappy with their region, for whatever reason, and decided to start a new region. This was circa 1969. Jim Kershaw and I were members of Monterey Bay Region at the time (I was even the editor of the"Montereyan" newsletter,) and the idea of a brand new region sounded great to us. We attended a kick-off meeting of people interested, including GGR and MBR members, and to make a long story short, we and others there started LPR, receiving our charter on March 18th, 1970.

After a very short time, it was obvious to some of the GGR proponents that the consensus of the new region was not going the way they had hoped, which was to mainly focus on autocrossing and serious competition events, and so most of them simply left LPR. Our new region was far more socially inclined, tended to party enthusiastically, and vigorously participated in every event with passionate zeal, winning many trophies in inter-regional events. We were intent on making a name for ourselves, so much so that we swiftly gained a reputation for having a good time. In those days local regions put on what was called a West Coast Weekend, and our enthusiasm led us to believe that our newly formed LPR could do the same in 1972. I happened to be President at the time, and in the publicity blurb I wrote (of which I still have a copy) I coined the phrase "Loma Prieta Region is the Good Time Region". I am proud to say this phrase stuck, and has been with us ever since. Our 1972 West Coast Weekend event was so successful, so way beyond our hopes, that we gained Region of the Year in less than two years of our formation, an incredible achievement considering we only had 45 members at the time.

I want to thank Ken for sharing this bit of history with us. Our history is important for the club to keep in mind as we enter our 43rd year.

Not all our members participate in all events, but all events are available for any member to participate. We look forward to as many members participating in as many events as possible this year.

Vince Vincent, President vvincent@aaidesign.com



Les Schreiber 's Crows Nest Tour and Brunch

Since last year was such a success, we will again do the Tour and Brunch to the Crow's Nest in Santa Cruz on $January\ 13th$.

Fee: Tour fee \$5 per car/Brunch \$26 per person*

I have reservations for 60 people, for the back room like last year and our Reservation hostess will provide parking passes. Selections will be limited to the following:

- Harbor Salad Selections (Chose one salad) House Salad with Bay Shrimp or Crow's Nest Salad;
- Charbroiled Chicken Breast (Boneless Breast marinated in soy, cilantro and garlic topped with pickled ginger & sesame seeds;
- 3. Sirloin Angus Steak marinated in their sweet, smoky BBQ sauce;
- 4. Seafood Thermidor with poached scallops, crab, & shrimp, broiled en casserole with a béchamel sauce and served au gratin;
- 5. Seafood Special The Chef's daily selection, served with their delicious sauces;
- 6. Butternut Squash Ravioli Sautéed with brandy, cream, spinach and tomato;
- 7. Chef's Vegetarian Special (Check with the server).

 This will be a no-host beverage selection (You pay for your own)

Sign up by January 5, 2013 to: Les @ (408) 316-8654 • les996@me.com

10:00 am Drivers Meeting at Hobees Restaurant, Los Gatos 10:30 am depart for Crow's Nest

For those not wanting to take the tour, meet us at the Crow's Nest in Santa Cruz by 12:00

*Fees paid directly to Les as he will be paying one tab at the Crow's Nest.





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2013 Annual Planner

January

- **5** Autocross Steering Meeting, Roth
- 8 Board Meeting
- 13 Crow's Nest Tour, Schreiber

February

- 5 Board Meeting
- 9 GTG Soup Night, Hallock's.
- 10 Blackhawk Museum Tour, Schreiber
- 23 Tech Session #1 at Porsche of Fremont, Provasi

March

- 2 Autocross Ground School, Roth
- 5 Board Meeting
- 16 St. Pat's Day GTG, Morgan
- 23 Autocross # 1
- 30 Campbell Easter Parade,

Herz



April

- 2 Board Meeting
- 6 Tour, Pangrle
- 13/14 LPR and GGR Autocross
- 20 GTG Chili Night, Bennett
- 27 Tech Session #2, Provasi

May

- **4/5-** Tour to Healsburg, Siedel-Smith & Bishop
- 7 Board Meeting
- 12 Mother's Day Tour & Brunch, Schreiber
- 26 LPR Autocross # 3
- 26 Indy 500 @ Moffett Field Golf Course, Schreiber

June

- **2** LPR Swap Meet and Zone Concours.
- 4 Board Meeting
- 15 Tech Session #3, Provasi
- **16** Autocross #4
- **22** Time for Tacos/Numero
- Dos, Mitchell
- 23/29- Porsche Parade
- 29/30 Tour to Sonora, Bryant

Event dates may change. Please check the current two month calendars in the Prieta POST. All changes to the event calendar must be approved by the Activities Director.

July

- 2 Board Meeting
- 7 Tour, Reed & Bennett
- 13 GTG at the Iles
- **20** LPR Family Picnic, Mitchell
- 27 Autocross #5

August

- 6 Board Meeting
- 10/11 Tour to Clear Lake, Siedel-Smith & Bishop
- 17 GTG at the Highley's
- 25 Autocross #6

September

- 3 Board Meeting
- 7 Tour, Musser
- 14 Tech Session #4, Provasi
- 21 GTG at the Hallock's
- 28/29 LPR & GGR Zone Auto-

cross

October

- 1 Board Meeting
- **5/6** Hearst Castle Tour, Reed & Bennett
- 12 Tech Session #5, Provasi
- 13 Autocross #8
- 19 GTG at the McFarlane's
- **24/27** PCA Escape Weekend, Pomona, California

November

- 5 Board Meeting
- 9 or 16 Tech Session # 6, Provasi

December

- 1 2014 Calendar Planning Meeting, Reed
- 3 Board Meeting
- 7 or 14 Awards Banquet
- 14 Gift Exchange, Schreiber

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Code of the Curve

Porsche Cars of North America host driving event at Las Vegas Motor Speedway inviting Cayman owners to compete in braking and slalom...the top 3 from each exercise move on to a

final...timed laps around the infield course. LPR's Larry Sharp was among those invited, this is his story.

I just got back last night from Las Vegas for a Porsche North America event called "Code of the Curve". They had around 45 Cayman owners invited to show up for a speed competition at Las Vegas speedway. The basics were that everyone competed in a braking exercise and a slalom. The top 3 from each exercise went to the final which was one kinda practice lap and one timed lap around the infield road course of the speedway. Top three fastest times will continue on to a second event which will be in February sometime. The second event will be different in that the three PCA guys will each be teamed with a pro driver and a celebrity driver. I don't know exactly what the second show will be like. Both of these events will be combined for a Speed channel tv show. Alot of footage will also be used in Porsche New Cayman commercials.

Monday for me started out at 7 am. I was staying with my friend Brad Z and he was the main organizer along with Mike Souza. They both run the Cayman registry for PCA. These two guys worked their butts off pulling it all together in less than a month. The Porsche factory guys had

said they would be checking out the speedway around 6:30 am.... So we basically slept in compared to them. The Encore was the host hotel and everyone could have a free room there for Monday night if they wished. When we pulled into the garage we were directed by valets to the designated spots, and a team of detailers swarmed each car to have it shiny for the cameras. 1 pm was when registration was open were we all signed a ton of releases and waivers. From this point on there was always TV cameras taping all of our moves. Free food and soft drinks in a huge room with very very large graphics and fabric posters was where we sat waiting for our safety briefing. We were addressed by Paul Gregor Porsche AG, and Jan Roth Porsche AG. Jan is the father of the Cayman. A few words by Nevada Highway patrol officer, and an Assistant Director. Then we were off to the parking garage for the reveal of the new Cayman in yellow. There is already a Cayman teaser commercial that features a grey and yellow Cayman. They are production cars number 1 and 2 and were the ones we had with us this whole event.

So we ohhhed and aweeeed for awhile at the new car and was then told to mount up and line up for our parade down the Vegas strip. We sat in the garage for quite awhile while the lighting got just perfect. Then we were all told lets go.. As we exited the parking structure we had to do a sharp left turn and right in front of us was this flat black Cayenne turbo with a very very long boom and camera mounted on its roof. Inside was the famous Jeff Zwart who was producing this segment for a Porsche TV commercial. So it is around 6:30 at night by this time and it is very very busy on the strip. But we had around 4 motorcycle officers and four cruisers stop all traffic for our convoy of two new Caymans and 46 older Caymans plus one Cayenne driven by the most craziest and skilled driver I ever watched in person. As we took over the left two lanes southbound on the Strip, we were told to leave the right lane open for the Cayenne. We traveled around 20 mph as the Cayenne zoomed forward and backward along our flanks with that huge boom camera moving up and down and swiveling to get "crazy ass" film of us driving. We were told that our escorts would clear



our way only till Flamingo Blvd. and after that continue on to the north bound Interstate 15 that is the way to Las Vegas speedway. I then noticed that we were well past the Flamingo Blvd and that yes indeed the police escort was gone, but our group was still holding its formation and we were still running red lights. ummm Crazy crazy. We almost made it to the freeway but eventually we got broken up. Smaller groups of Caymans then made their way through rush hour



traffic towards the Speedway. Of course the Cayenne was still zooming around getting shots of us in the congested traffic.

We all then gathered up at the infield entrance to the raceway and once again waited. Car transporters, a motorhome, vans and sedans all passed us going into the infield as we waited. Then the Cavenne camera car went inside. A few minutes later some production assistants came by each car to tell us we were going

to do some parade laps. The two new Caymans went in first with the rest of us right behind them. To get to the infield you had two side by side tunnels that each row of cars went through. Since it was a tunnel, practically every driver raced the engine through the tunnel. At the tunnel exit the Cayenne was positioned between the tunnels with that "Alien" looking camera boom swinging and swaying around us as we exited. We went pretty fast right through the garage area right

onto the flat apron of the track below the banking. We picked up speed and did almost a whole lap around the track on the flat section. My driver and I thought it was pretty cool we could get so close to the track but no way would we ever be allowed to get onto the banking since none of us had helmets on and any safety briefing on how to drive an oval. But oh my, we went right onto the banking at speed and got into two columns of cars right up to between redline of third and fouth gear. During our first full lap I am pretty sure everyone was screaming. Then as we were lapping around .. the crazy Cayenne driver passed us going around 20mph faster than we were going with him still on the apron. He was leaned way over with that wild camera boom moving all around getting different angles on us. He then went right between two cars right to the edge of the outside wall making dust fly all over. I could of sworn he had scrapped the wall with his tires. This went on for around 10 laps as they took so much film of us. As we slowed down onto the pit lane we stopped and they were going to reposition us for some still photography. This is when we heard a odd sound

and then Whoosh a 918 passed us and headed up the banking. He seemed to have accelerated to a pretty high speed and raced around the banking. He slowed and entered the pit lane then accelerated up to speed again and did one more lap. That was so electrifying, a moment none of us there will forget.

We all then were corralled into the media center. A small detail I noticed was that all of the paintings art work and posters inside the center had all been replaced by Porsche items. Up the elevator to the third floor and we were greeted by a large buffet with very tasty things for us to enjoy.



We were told we were all going to be tested on a precision braking exercise. This was an event where we had to get a Cayman R to at least 60 mph (we could go faster) then pick a point to begin braking as hard as we could. The goal was to place the front bumper as close as possible to a set of cones. Once we started braking we had to brake hard and not let up. No coasting or double braking, you also had to be within a box that was bounded by four cones. Remember it is also night time too. This was probaly the hardest test of all and had some luck involved as well. For this exercise they wouldn't tell us how close we got to the cones, so we

could only guess how well each one of us did. Some were obvious since they were either short of the four box cone or was way past. My first run I made it inside the box with my bumper around 5 feet from the front cones as best as I could tell. My second run was better but when they measured it with the laser tape measure I could not see the tape measure since it was too close to the bumper:). Half of us were doing the braking test while the other half was doing the slalom exercise. When our group was all done, we loaded up on a bus equipped with stripper poles (Vegas remember) and swapped sides of the speedway. The slalom



was a 7 cone slalom with 100 feet equal spacing, standing start, and it was timed.

For the Slalom if you stood in the right place you could see the display board for our times. An instructor for the Porsche driving school hopped into one of the Cayman R's and did a run to show us how to do it. He did it in 9.3xx seconds. One by one alphabetically we took our two runs. When it was my turn the best run we had seen was a 9.4xx. I pulled into the starting box and had a brief conversation with the starter. Off I went, full throttle to about the fourth cone, settled the front end with a dab at the brakes, then floored it through the last cones. The display was faced away from us so I couldn't see my time but a few spectators yelled at me "9.3". So I was pretty jazzed that I was so close to the instructor. But we didn't have a clue what the first group had done before us. I went back to the start for my second run. Got my game face on, got some advice from the instructor, and off I went. I tried to be real close to the cones, smooth and not lift till my brake point. As I slowly went back on the return road I had a big clue that

I had been faster. Quite a bit of clapping by the spectators and then when I stopped and got out I was instantly in front of a big camera lens being interviewed for my best run of the day 9.1xx ...WOW.... It would only last a few more runs till the second to the last driver in our group did a 8.95 on his final run. We both talked later and we both were happy that we could best a Porsche drivers school instructor. With all the attention, the fast driver and I both had a good clue that we would be two of the six that would qualify to drive the final event.

The final event was for the three best from the braking exercise and the three best from the slalom to run on the infield course of the speedway. But we didn't know exactly the times from the slaloms or the distances from the braking. We all were bused over to the infield section of the speedway in our stripper pole buses. By this time it was close to 11:30 pm and getting really cold. It took a little while for them to get the 6 names to the host personality of the Speed channel show who was Justin Bell. He seemed very down to earth and was pretty funny. The

order we determined by how the names were pulled out of a hat. My name was pulled out second. At least I could watch the first guy drive the course. The course was around 7 turns with each apex illuminated by a large industrial light trailer. We didn't have a chance to walk to course or anything. We only got to practice drive it once then had to do our best. With the way they had the lights set up you could see the entrance to the turn but when you past the apex you were blinded from the bright lights.. and had to guess where to drive as you navigated to the next bright area on the track...very scary, when all was said and done I had the second fastest time in the infield course which qualified

me to go onto the second TV show segment that will be next year sometime. Only details I know for sure on that part is that there will be three teams of drivers with a Pro driver, Celebrity driver, and one of us PCA guys each making up one of three teams. Wish me luck.

Larry Sharp, Member-at-Large krote6@gmail.com



PORSCHE EXPERIENCE OF A LIFETIME

2007 Fall PORSCHE Treffen & Fest

When asked to describe a vacation experience, I have seldom used the term extraordinary. Most vacations my wife Greta and I give ourselves are generally described as "great", or "wonderful", or "restful", or "a well deserved escape" from the lives we live pursuing our somewhat stressful, but fulfilling careers.



"Extraordinary" is rarely if ever achieved. However, in the early fall of 2007, we discovered the holy grail of vacations dedicated to sports car enthusiasts and their mates, and although it will be almost impossible to adequately describe the full impact of what we experienced, we are compelled to take a crack at it.

Greta is the proud owner of a Porsche Carrera 4S and belongs to the Porsche Club of America (PCA). I am her dutiful husband, supporting her avocations and passions, such as classes on how to keep ones automobile neurotically clean, or taking an Advanced High Performance Driving Courses at our local racetrack sponsored by our local Porsche dealer, Barrier Motors. I do admire a beautifully sculpted hunk of steel, but ehhh... no big deal! Believe me when I say that a two seater looks formidable and forbidding to a 6' 2" rather ungainly and mature man forced to squeeze his large bucket into undersized bucket seats. Honestly, I couldn't give a rip about cars beyond having a comfortable and decent looking set of wheels to get me to and from work. However, my perspective was changed by an extraordinary vacation.

In the early winter of 2006, while I longed for the beaches and golf courses of Hawaii in the fall of 2007, Greta was salivating over a brochure tucked into the envelope of her annual PCA request for renewal. This small brochure would cause us to put our plans for Hawaii on hold. Fast Lane Travel, Inc. (www.fastlanetravel. com), a Florida based specialty travel agency suggested that a romp through southern Europe in a Porsche supplied by the manufacturer might be a different and exciting way to spend either 3 or 10 days, take your pick. Being the good sport that I am, (and hoping her interest might wane with the passage of time), I agreed, "yeah, that might be fun". But it didn't wane! She studied details of the trip and it became clear as spring approached that we were destined to spend some Euros and lay down some rubber. It also became clear that this was not going to be a typical tour of Europe, with museums, war memorials, churches, or day-long side trips on a tour bus. No, we were about to look at a different side of Europe; one that is not available to the average tourist; one that is truly unique, and yes, extraordinary.

Fast Lane Travel is owned and operated by Mr. Peter Sontag, an American of Austrian decent. Peter brings three ingredients to his role as Fest Meister, loosely translated as master of an auto tour. I submit that these three ingredients may be unique to this one individual, or at least to a very few individuals in the travel and tour business.



Peter speaks fluent German and has personal and intimate first hand knowledge of many rare points of interest on the European Continent, built over 32 years of hosting 64 Treffens, meaning gatherings. Peter has a unique

long-term relationship with the management and marketing departments at Porsche, providing an entry into a world not available to most in the travel industry. And finally, Peter understands what the North American sports car nut really wants but can't get anywhere else. Peter brings all these ingredients together, and more, to create a truly exciting and extraordinary vacation experience.

We arrived at the Stuttgart Airport and were transferred to our hotel, the 5-Star Graf Zeppelin. There was no time to rest after arrival. Our 10-day tour was about to begin with a bang. On our first evening in Stuttgart, we were treated to a great German meal with 52 other guests. Thirty-two were there for the 3-day Treffen, and the rest for the 7-day Treffen Extension the Fest. Most of the guests were American and are present or former owners of Porsches. Built on this common bond, it was easy to build camaraderie within the group of very diverse individuals.

The following day, after a 7 am breakfast call, we were taken by bus to the Porsche factory and the Porsche Museum in Zuffenhausen, a suburb of Stuttgart.

When Porsche says they build handmade automobiles, it is an understatement. They build 160 cars per day from the wheel bearings to roof with loving care. Each of us came away agreeing that we had never witnesses such precision handwork and attention to detail as we observed at the Porsche assembly factory. It is a marvel to see skilled craftsmen practicing their specialty with such pride. It's obvious why there is very little turnover in the workforce at Zuffenhausen, and why it is very difficult for a craftsman to secure a position on the line. The pride of craftsmanship is evident in every step of the process.

After our morning tour, we ex-

citedly boarded buses and were driven to the Porsche Research and Development facility near the village of Weissach, about 20 miles from Stuttgart. Weissach is where new Porsche models and racecars are conceived and tested. Upon arrival we enjoyed a wonderful lunch in the executive dining room. After a sumptuous meal of the tenderest yeal imaginable, we were escorted to the track adjacent to the office buildings. The office buildings are where all those creative engineers work. Waiting for us at the guest center beside the track were four new red Porsches. One was a Boxster S, one was Turbo 997 with Tiptronic shift, a new Cayman and the last was



a street model Carrera 4S. We took turns in the passenger seat of each car taking hot laps, each driven by a professional Porsche trained driver whose job it is to test Porsches on a daily basis. We hit speeds of approximately 120 miles per hour and experienced drifting around corners. There were several major turns, a bunch of whop-de-dos and a beckoning straightaway. It was zero to 60 in 4 seconds, and 100 to zero in 6 seconds. Personally, I had never experienced an automobile ride like that, and most in our group agreed that it was a fabulous introduction to the capabilities of the car. For Americans who drive the American road. I think it is safe to say that we are very rarely given the opportunity to see what our cars can do. Many Porsche owners have been told or have read about the capability of their automobile, but rarely are they allowed to experience these limits. Most of us got to enjoy our

"first experience" at Weissach.

In the evening at dinner, we were introduced to our Porsche provided professional driving guides who would lead us on our tour through five countries during the next seven days. It was explained how we would be separated into groups of 5 or 6 cars, and what we could expect to do and see during the upcoming week. We learned about the driving laws we would be expected to observe in the countries we would traverse. The highlight was to learn about the famous German Autobahn. It was made clear that there is a definite road etiquette that each driver would be expected to follow. It is only by following these rules that the practice of high speed travel works on the German highway system.

The following morning we were transferred to the Porsche marketing HQ in Ludwigsburg where we received our 2007 model



Porsche which we had requested. Walkie-talkies were placed in each car. It became apparent early in the journey that keeping in contact with our guide was a great idea. Not only did we receive driving instructions as we drove, but we were also advised of points of interest as we approached them. Having these devices in the car proved to be a great idea. While in Switzerland, a few of the cars in our group were separated in heavy traffic. If we had not had the walkie-talkies we would have been in a world of hurt. But as

intended, we were able to reconnect on a side road by following our guides' explicit instructions. It's nice when a system works!

We were finally on the road!
We headed south from Stuttgart for two and a half hours to the southern German town of Lindau, on Lake Constance (Bodensee in German). This was our first experience on the Autobahn. After clearing the congested populated areas, we were



allowed to "open them up". We moved into the outside left lane and pressed the pedal to the metal. The average speed for the cars in our group was 200 to 240 kilometers per hour, which translates to 120 to 140 miles per hour. Man, what a rush! We were driving through the gently rolling hills of Bavaria but barely taking in the beautiful landscapes. I seem to remember farmland behind long white fences, and I think I saw a cow or two, waiting



to become seat leather on a new Porsche. As the passenger in our car, I could hardly take my eyes off the speedometer. The trees in the median looked like a solid wall, and even the slower traffic in the next two lanes to our right seemed stationary, or barely moving. This was a scene that would be repeated several times, but one that always raised my pulse every time we went whizzing past 100 miles per hour. Think about breaking through the limits placed on your every day driving habits, and then for up to 30 minutes at a stretch, live way beyond your normal highway experience. Imagine passing a cop at 120 miles per hour and not getting his attention. This is the way Germans are allowed to drive on many of the German highways. I was either out of my mind or I have complete trust in Greta's driving ability. Praise the

lord for High Speed Driving and ProFormance Racing School.

Upon reaching our destination, 26 Porsches pulled into the portico of the Hotel Bayerischer Hof, which is situated on the shores of Lake Constance. It is located on an island in the lake connected to the city of Lindau by a bridge. Our accommodations were 5 star and first class, including well-appointed and unusually large rooms, at least by European standards. The hotel on the shores of the lake was absolutely stunning, and the service was impeccable. The fact that our luggage was waiting for us in our room, having been sent along prior to our arrival in a sag wagon, was just a taste of the wonderful service and attention that we were going to receive, not only in Lindau, but everywhere we went during our journey. Peter is a Mensch.



He takes care of everything.

It's pretty difficult to impart to the reader our level of enthusiasm and excitement, but it would be an understatement to say that all participants after that first days drive from Stuttgart to Lindau were eager to share their experiences with the other travelers in the group. We met in the beer stube to extol our individual virtues as new, but highly competent, race drivers that we had all become during the trip. It was like attending a bass fisherman's convention, if you get my meaning. Even the wife's of the drivers who were sitting in the passenger seat were excited. These are the same people who sit in the passenger seat at home and nag their husbands "to slow down and don't drive like a jerk you moron". A pleasant transformation was taking place. Little

did we know that this was just a taste of what the 12 cars going on for the 7 day Fest would be encountering? The next 6 days made the first two seem tame by comparison.

To bring our first day's activities to a conclusion we enjoyed a great meal served aboard a charming and ancient touring yacht cruising Lake Constance. or Bodensee as it is known locally, and then a good nights rest. The next mornings wake up call came at 6 AM. After breakfast 16 cars left to go back to Stuttgart. Poor souls; they missed the most amazing 6 days imaginable.

The next 6 days were dedicated to driving through and over some of the most beautiful and enchanting landscapes we had ever seen. We encountered 14 high mountain passes in the Austrian, Liechtenstein, Swiss,

and Italian Alps, and we handled them with ease in our motorcade of Porsches. The experience one gets when driving on these roads is incredible. Can you imagine covering hundreds of miles of roads above the tree line on switchback roads with hairpin turns, and many times with just a low rock wall to take the place of a guardrail between your car and a 2,000 foot drop? Fortunately, our knowledgeable and well-trained guides were always there to insist on a degree of sanity in our driving behavior, and of course, assist us in showing respect for those who aren't able to drive the most amazing automobile built by man. Most of the cars that we encountered on these high mountain passes were Mercedes, Audis, VWs, and the occasional Ford Focus. And yes, the one lone extended length camper (road lice) from Sweden while descending the steepest and narrowest road of all out of the Tyrolean Alps. Yes, they can be found everywhere and anywhere! When we overtook the other roadies, it was usually a string of six Porsches at once with their engines screaming and silly grins on the faces of the occupants of each vehicle.

There were many highlights





during our six-day trek. There were top of the mountain chalets where we stopped for a prearranged and prepared lunch. There were great little restaurants in the valleys where we stopped for a much needed shot of caffeine in the form of super espresso, or a creamy cappuccino. There was a stop in central Switzerland for a gondola ride up to the top of Säntis Mountain where one can view all of Switzerland, western Austria, southern Germany, and the little country of Liechtenstein within a 360 degree view.

We used the first class Hotel Kempinski in Sankt (Saint) Moritz, Switzerland as our base of operations for three nights and days. St. Moritz is a worldclass ski resort with world class shopping, if that might be your passion. It is the home of some of the world's finest chocolatiers. I left the Gucci and Prada shops to Greta. I wanted chocolate, big time!

On our first night in St. Moritz we were treated to a dinner at a mountain chalet about a mile above the city. The festivities were commenced with our group being met on the patio by a trio of Alpenhörner (think Riiiiiiicolaaaah). Surprisingly, this is a very versatile instrument. In the right hands, it can render a wide variety of music. The experience was augmented by being met at the patio by our wine steward with fine champagne and other refreshing fruits of the vine, or a hoppy brew, if that was your poison. After being seated and starting the Vorspeise or appetizers, we were entertained by a troupe of authentically dressed Swiss Folk dancers. I know, you probably think it's campy, but believe me, after several glass of local wine, you just want to get up and join them. Hard not to get into the spirit, even for die hard Porsche enthusiasts who are disgustingly cooooooool.

The following day it was off on an eight hour tour through the Swiss Alps, with a scheduled stop for lunch in Meran, Italy, called Merano by the Italians. Here are a few things you need to know. The Italian Alps are called the Dolomites because of the predominance of dolomite lime in their make up. The mountains are steep and crumbly, making for some interesting vistas. Did you know the Merano region of Italy was captured by Italy from Austria during World War I? That is why the citizens of the

Dolomites mainly speak German and don't really fit in with the rest of the country. And finally, Merano is the apple growing center of Italy with orchards stretching as far as the eye can see around Merano. Just thought you should know.

We were treated to a spectacular lunch at the Castel (Italian spelling) Fragsburg (German spelling) high above the valley, a most beautiful destination. To get there one has to drive through the valley and climb a very steep and narrow road. The difficult part is making your way on local roads frequented by crazy Italians drivers who drive like there is no one else on the road. As well organized as the German and Swiss roadways are, the Italians aren't. Going through one of their roundabouts is truly one of life's great adventures. You just might get the idea that they don't like Porsches and Porsche drivers. You must take a trip to Italy to make your own judgment. Hopefully you aren't sensitive to legions of drivers offering you the famous one-fingered highway salute.

After lunch it was back on the road to St. Moritz. Rather than backtracking over the mountain

pass we took to get to Italy, we turned into the mountains on the most amazing road we had ever laid eyes on. It is called the Stilfser Joch, rising from the valley floor to an elevation of almost 9,000 feet above sea level. There are 48 hairpin turns going up Stilfser on the Italian side, and 36 coming back down on the other side to Switzerland. One would never guess what is waiting for the unsuspecting traveler at the top the mountain. At the top of the pass is a quaint ski resort in a village with coffee shops, restaurants, and hotels. Since this area is very remote, being some 60 twisting miles from Merano and at least the same from St. Moritz, I am not too sure where its customers come from. Hmmm, guess it will have to remain a mystery for the time being. I'll do more research for our next trip to the area.

That night we had dinner in St. Moritz at a restaurant in a hunting lodge in a thicket somewhere out of town. The restaurant serves mostly game, like venison and other beasts. They cook the roasts on a spit over the open fire in the main dining room. And as usual, the wine and beer flowed plentifully. The various offerings were delicious, and hardly anyone suffered from dyspepsia.

We left St. Moritz the following morning and made our way over the Juliar Pass back to Lake Constance .The drive that morning was uneventful but beautiful, providing more challenging driving through the mountains. And just for the record, I drove, which was one of three times on the trip. I had to resort to threats to get the wheel from my lovely wife, but it was worth twice the price.

Waiting for us at the Inselhotel in the city of Konstanz, was a sumptuous lunch served on the patio overlooking the lake. The building was built in the early 1800's as a monastery and is located at the western end of the lake. Truly a majestic piece of architecture, it is located at the headwaters of the Rhine River which makes its' way through Europe to finally empty into the North Sea

After lunch we hit the Autobahn on our trip back to Stuttgart to drop the cars off at Porsche. Greta was at the wheel when the speedometer hit 273 kilometers per hour and was held there for 8 minutes. We have the video to prove it. That's approximately 171 miles per hour American.

We covered 60 kilometers in 18 minutes. Another way of looking at it is that we covered the length of one football field every second. You can do the math!

It should be noted that fast driving is optional for each driver. Pushing a car to these speeds is not recommended for those who don't wish to see their lives flash by their eyes during every instant of the trip. Our guides made it very clear that each driver should go only as fast as he felt comfortable, and most of our group held at 100 to 120 miles per hour and were perfectly content to do so. All except my wife, "Parnelli" Pass. I must admit that when we finally dropped the car off at Porsche that afternoon, I enjoyed a certain sense of relief. My wife cried and didn't want to part from the Porsche and the "high" which she knew she would never experience back in the good ole USA.

Our last day in Stuttgart was a Saturday. It was a restful day of sleeping in, having a leisurely breakfast, and shopping at a massive open air volks markt, one that a visitor to Stuttgart should not miss. It is set in two of the main squares in Stuttgart in the center of the shopping district

the Marktplatz and Schillerplatz. If you don't want to look at dried flowers and a multitude of freshly picked vegetables, or arts and crafts, stroll through the square listening to music or shop in the many small shops and department stores just off the square. Sitting at a table drinking espresso and people watching is a gas as well.

At 3:30 that afternoon we boarded a bus to visit Stuttgart's version of Oktoberfest. Peter made us do it! Honest, we had no choice! We spent our last night in Stuttgart with our fearless tour guides, our Fest Meister Peter, and several people from the marketing department at Porsche. It was something you have to see to believe. Envision a tent with two or three acres of ground under canvas, a sound stage with local bands, and 6,000 singing Germans and an assortment of Scandinavians, Irishmen, Poles, eastern Europeans, and your token American tourists. The participants were singing when we entered the tent at 4:00 PM, and they were still singing at 10:00 PM when we left. The songs were a mix of old German drinking songs and some good old rock and roll, all in German. The food was tavern exceptional,

and the beer, served by the strongest serving wenches you have ever seen, was the best I have ever tasted. I figure each stein had to weigh at least 5 pounds and it is not uncommon to see one of these Fräuleins carrying 10 steins. Each beer stein is roughly equal to one of our pitchers. I have never tasted beer so mellow and smooth that went down so easily. Even Greta, who never drinks, had two. I have it on video - another side of her which I had not ever seen in our 16 years of marriage. Top it off with a little pear schnapps and you are perfectly adjusted to get out of bed the next morning at 3:30 AM to catch a 6 AM flight. To find out what you are really made of, you need to do this and then add a 14 hour flight to get home. Everybody should do it... at least once!

This was a most extraordinary and unique 10 days in our lives. We missed the war monuments, museums, famous churches, and other sites that are typically visited on a European vacation. But we didn't "miss" the war monuments, museums, famous churches, and other tourist sites because our time was fully dedicated and occupied; our senses were peaked by constant excitement and our enjoyment of a truly different way to see this part of the world. If you are looking for a maximum return on your travel investment, you will receive full value beyond anything available in the travel market. You will be challenged to find a more fulfilling experience, and like us, one that you will be tempted to repeat many times in the future. Yours, Mark Pass, supportive husband of Greta's passion.

Mark Pass gretapass@comcast.net



EDITOR'S LETTER



SMALL WONDERS

HAPPY NEW YEAR AND WELCOME TO A NEW EDITION OF THE PRIETA POST. The

Prieta Post returns to a PDF format to provide you with the option of a printed version along with the online edition.

The leadership of LPR listened to that "Vocal Minority" as mentioned in last month's edition and helped bring about this change. That Vocal Minority consists of the members who are most active in the club, they open their homes to you for GTG's, host tours, participate in autocross, and attend and sponsor events like tech sessions. The Vocal Minority is



also the group that participates in the

charitable functions to volunteer their

time and money to help make a differ-

ence in our community.

Also considered was feedback from some members who didn't want to plug in to a computer or smartphone just to find out what was happening in the club. Many members liked just having a copy of the POST on the coffee table or in the car. LPR's advertisers were heard and most said that they preferred to see their ad in

Relaxing Times

Wine tasting and Porsches, what can be better on a Saturday afternoon. LPR members enjoy wine tasting at Sycamore Winery during the Scrabble Rallye, 2011

PHOTO John Reed

print in addition to online. Now everyone has a choice.

The return to a PDF format also qualifies LPR to compete for a national newsletter award at Porsche Parade. The POST won 1st place in class for the 2011 printed edition at Parade 2012 and the two previous Parades with a 2nd place in 2011 and 1st place in 2010.

A PDF version is not the only change; the POST is also moving to MagCloud as a production mechanism. Now, not only is the Prieta Post in the 21st century, but also relevant in the current decade...with MagCloud the POST is in the "Cloud" with the newest browser viewing options, an iPad reader app, and, of course, the ability to order a full color printed version.

The POST will always be available online as it has for more than a decade at LPR's website and now hosted on MagCloud.

It is a small wonder that a simple format change can spawn so many possibilities.

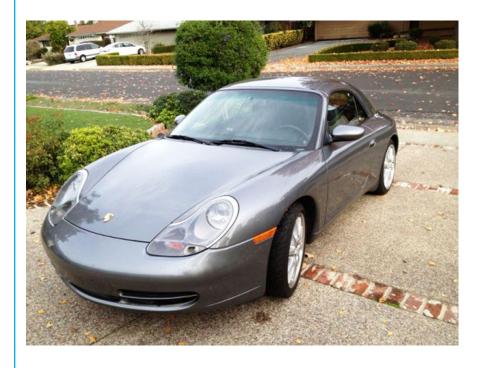
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