



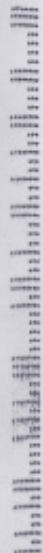
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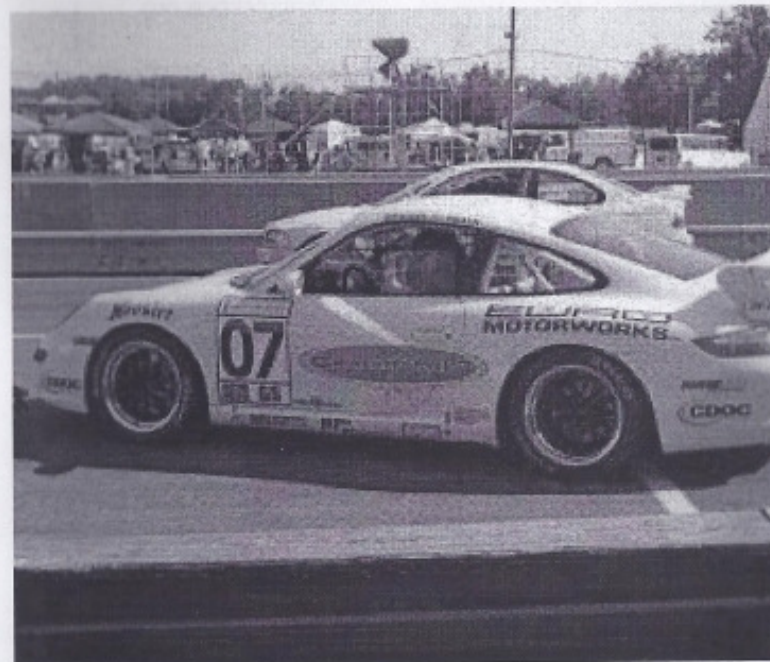
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# CIRCULAR

December 2006



## CIR Annual Dinner Speaker Terry Heath's Grand-Am Cup 997

*Photo by Jim Legault*





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2006  
Board of Directors



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**Get all the last minute CIR event  
information at your clubs website  
<http://cirpca.org>**

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## CIRCULAR

Official Publication of the Central Indiana Region, Porsche Club of America

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### 2006 Calendar

**Dec 10 Holiday Brunch, Brickyard  
Crossing**



## PRESIDENTS MESSAGE

December 2006

December is here, and a new year is just around the corner. A New Year brings a new board of directors for CIR. This is my last month as president of CIR. The past two years have been a lot of work, but very exciting, and I have enjoyed every minute of it.

I want to welcome Tom Brentlinger as president. I know the club will be in good hands with Tom as president. Larry Hasket has moved from Treasurer to Vice-President, and Peter Feiger is continuing as Secretary. Kent Summers, Matt Rainey and Don Shuck are new to the board for 2007. The new board is already hard at work preparing the calendar of events for 2007.

Jim Scarbrough has stepped down as Drivers Education chairman. Jim, along with Henry Riley, are responsible for CIR getting back to the track. Jim has been the chairman for the past 5 years and 12+ driving events. Randy Faunce, a veteran DE instructor and Member at Large, will be our DE chairman for 2007.

We had several milestones during the past two years of my term as President. We lost sponsorship from Porsche Cars North America for our USGP/Supercup Dinner, which resulted in the club taking the full financial responsibility for this event. We were lucky enough to get the Indiana State Museum and the Porsche IMAX film last year. For this year's USGP we were able to get racing legend Vic Elford. We have also been working hard to rebuild relations with Tom Wood Porsche/Audi, and Tom Wood has been our largest sponsor for the last two USGP/Supercup Dinners and a sponsor of our Drivers Education events. Griot's Garage has become another valued sponsor. They have provided goodie bags for both Drivers Education events and our USGP Dinner, in addition to having a tech session at their warehouse in Plainfield. I regret that the club didn't have a PCA club race this year, but we continued to lose money on club races, and we have lost many club racers. I do hope our club racers will return and we can once again support a club race.

I would like to thank the membership of CIR for giving me the opportunity to be president for the past two years.

Damon Beals

## The 2007 CIRPCA Board of Directors was approved following voting at the CIR Annual Dinner on November 11<sup>th</sup>.

### Your Central Indiana Region 2007 Board:

<b>President:</b>	<b>Tom Brentlinger</b>
<b>Vice-President:</b>	<b>Larry Haskett</b>
<b>Treasurer:</b>	<b>Kent Summers</b>
<b>Secretary:</b>	<b>Peter Feiger</b>
<b>Membership:</b>	<b>Matt Rainey</b>
<b>Activities:</b>	<b>Don Shuck</b>

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## CIR Christmas Brunch!!!

Another year has sped by and it's time for CIR's annual Christmas Brunch and Gift Exchange. The brunch will be held again at the Brickyard Crossing Resort in Speedway. Cost this year is down from last year: \$8.95 plus drinks. Once again you'll be able to order omelets, pancakes, and waffles just the way you like. There is also an assortment of fruits, meats, cereals and pastries available.

Plan to arrive around 10:00 AM and spend some time reliving this past year and planning for next — It's never too early to plan Daytona. We will once again have the gift exchange (optional, although highly recommended). The gift should be around \$15-\$20, and if at all possible be Porsche or least auto related. In the past, gifts such as remote control cars, calendars, mugs, books & car care products have been exchanged.

Registration is free! Please register by 12/5/06 or RSVP Mike Dworek, at [scubamac911@sbcglobal.net](mailto:scubamac911@sbcglobal.net). I'm trying to get an approximate count for the Brickyard. See you on the 10Th!!!



## A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

CIRPCA's Annual Dinner and Election of Officers was held on the evening of November 11th. The event also marked the club's 45th anniversary. Easley Winery, Indy's only downtown winery, once again provided the perfect setting for this year's gathering.

CIR members and guests received a champagne welcome, appetizers and a wine tasting that includes 24 different Wines and Champagnes. Many took a private "Grape to Glass" tour of the winery with the Vintner.

Our guest speaker was Terry Heath, a CIR member, Grand-Am Cup and Porsche SuperCup driver, and the owner of Euro Motorworks in Indianapolis. His tale of racing in the 2006 SuperCup round at the USGP was fascinating, not simply as a racing story, but also as a human interest story. Imagine having the opportunity to perform on the biggest motor sports stage in the world, in front of motorsports' elite AND your home town crowd!

Terry's talk was very well received. The text of his speech, in its entirety, begins on page 15 of this issue. I think you'll find it as interesting to read as it was to hear in person. A special thanks to Terry and Gloria for making it available to us.

Following dinner, club officers for 2007 were presented for election. Amazingly, all the candidates were unanimously voted into office! Congrats to the new Board.

Finally, what would an annual dinner be without awards?

**Tom Wood Porsche** and **Griot's Garage** were honored for their sponsorship of CIR activities in 2006 including the annual USGP Supercup Dinner.

**Pete Simpson** received the Alton Diece Award, given to the member whose spirit and camaraderie exemplifies the spirit of PCA. **Mike Robbins** was honored as a founding member of CIR, his 45th as a PCA member. **Jim Scarbrough** received a plaque and the Club's sincere thanks for his services over the past 5 years as Driver's Ed Chairman. **Damon Beals** was honored as outgoing President. Congratulations to all.





## Odyssey part 2

by Mike and Judy Robbins

*Mike and Judy Robbins, founding members of CIRPCA, enjoyed an interesting summer in 2006, travelling from coast to coast and then some, in their 356. This is the conclusion of their Odyssey. Thanks to Mike and Judy for sharing this adventure. - Ed.*

Katherine Lee Bates included in her poem "America the Beautiful" the phrase, "from sea to shining sea". Judy and I recently completed a trip that met that description ....and more.

As PCA members, you know about Porsche Parades. Along with PCA, we are members of The 356 Registry, an organization of owners and others interested in the model 356 Porsches. In most years there are weekend or longer events termed "356 West Coast Holiday" and "356 East Coast Holiday, abbreviated to "ECH" and "WCH". [They are often far inland so I've been stumping for them to be renamed "356 Holiday East" and "356 Holiday West"] In addition, a fellow named Gary Emory operates a business called "Parts Obsolete" in McMinnville OR that supplies parts for older Porsches. For several years the Emory's have held a "Parts Obsolete Campout", a low key gathering of Porsche, mostly 356, owners for 2 or 3 days. Some literally camp out, others avail themselves of nearby motels. Usually held in June, this year Gary scheduled the event for immediately prior to the Porsche Parade in Portland OR. Judy and I decided months ago to hit the Emory's event, Aug 4,5,6, the Parade, Aug 5-11, the ECH in Mystic CT Aug17-20 and the WCH Sep 5-10.

The 356 Registry has an Internet page called "356talk". I sent messages to the site as we made our way from Indianapolis to McMinnville OR to Portland OR to Mystic CT and back to Indy. Here are the notes re our Odyssey.

**8/12/2006** The following appeared on 356talk by mistake and I couldn't resist. From: "Fred Starr" Hi John I am leaving Cleveland, Ohio in about three hours driving my Conv D. Going to Red Bank, N. J. to visit my daughter. Driving to .....

Fred, In addition to being Count Basie's birthplace, Red Bank is known for a financial institution that opened an annex in the nearby town of Long Branch. The new facility was known as The Long Branch Branch of the Red Bank Bank. Mike Robbins I guess last week's heat had a permanent affect....effect?

**August 16, 2006** Portland OR to ECH Guys & gals, Haven't been able to send a report for last couple of days....lost time on muffler problem that I thought had been corrected at Gary Emory's last week. You may remember that I broke a stud off at cyl 4 but had enough threads to get a nut on about 3 threads. We had to get off I-80 at Lincoln Nebraska and as I slowed down for city traffic, I detected a "blowing out" of the exhaust system. My first thought was that the broken stud hadn't held. I pulled the apron panel from the car and was able to tell that the leak was at cylinder 2. I couldn't tell if the gasket had blown out or if there was a crack in the welding of the flange to the tubing. I thought it wise to find a welding shop. It turned out that there was a muffler shop just around the corner from where we were. We went there because they had a guy who could weld. It turned out that the gasket had blown because another of those screwy nuts we had used at Emory's....it had seized before being completely tightened against the head. I was able to get it to back off part way but then it seized. Neither I or the guy at the shop could budge the nut either way. So he got an impact wrench and had the same result as I had by hand.....breaking off the stud. So now I'm running w/ the top two studs in perilous condition. I hope they hold until we get home....12-1300 miles. I plan to pull the engine and change the heads to a pair of "ready-to-go" heads that I have on the shelf. We'll approach removal of the broken studs after returning from the WCH....hopefully by welding nuts to the studs and backing them out.

We are now in Clarion PA instead of my brother's place in Niantic CT, just 10 miles from the ECH site. I hope we can get there in time to clean the car a little and still make the 6:00 lobster roast.

Had a couple of conversations w/ Charles K but he was ahead of us on other routing than we were. I understand he's home now. Judy's comment as we pulled into the motel tonight was, "we should have left the Parade 2 days early instead of only one. Wise lady! Mike Robbins Now in Mystic or Bust phase



**August 20, 2006** Guys & gals, It's been a few days [nights] since report on our odyssey. The primary reason being that we had no place to hook Judy's laptop to the internet. We arrived in Mystic CT last Thurs night.....several hrs later than originally planned. Spent a lot of time trying to find the hotel that was headquarters: Don Ross, event chm, had told me by phone that registration would be open until at least 10:00 PM but people we asked in town gave us conflicting instructions, didn't know of the place, etc. We finally gave up [Judy reminded me that we'd been in the car for 13 hrs]. We went to my brother's house where we were going to spend the next few nights. I'd been calling at about 30 minute intervals giving a new ETA and I think he must have wondered what we were doing. The event was great! The only problem I had the entire weekend was being cornered every few minutes by some one asking a question or running into friends I hadn't seen for years and otherwise getting into discussions. I didn't even get to roam the Concours field to vote for cars. At the Sat. night banquet, Judy and I were presented the distance award.....having traveled 3070 miles from Portland OR. [The >2200 miles from Indpls to Portland weren't considered] The award consisted of a 356 speedometer mounted in a wooden "box" w/ the mileage set at 3070 and the trip odo set at "356". Of course we received a lot of comments to the affect that we were real nut cases to travel cross country in a Speedster. Some yrs ago I participated in a survey re PCA Porsche Parades. One of the questions was "how far would you travel to attend a Parade?". I answered somewhat w/ tongue in cheek, 5000 miles. Well, now we've gone farther than that to attend a 356 Holiday.

As things stand now, it looks like a string might be broken next year. The 356 Holiday in Michigan ends only 2 days before the start of the Parade in San Diego. I may have to pass on driving to the Parade and use the airlines. I can just hear the Speedster sitting in the garage at home crying that it didn't get to go to what would be its 46th Parade. I've done it again....it's 'way past time to shut down for the night. Mike Robbins

**August 22, 2006** We're home w/ no further car problems.. 6361 miles. See ya in CO in a couple of wks. Mike, Judy and 84617

## HEY! CIRPCA NEEDS YOU!!!

CIRPCA has lots of opportunities for you to become active in your club. We have opportunities in these areas:

- \* Planning and organizing of upcoming events.
- \* Newsletter contributions: articles, photos, and story ideas

If you would like to be a positive force in your club, contact any CIRPCA Board Member. Contact information is available on page 3 of this newsletter, or on the club website. We welcome your thoughts and ideas, and most of all **your participation!**



# A Few 2006 Event Photos - Were You There?





## Formula One at Indianapolis Race Tickets Available from Central Indiana

See the eighth running of the United States Grand Prix at Indianapolis from "the best seats in the house". Central Indiana Region has a limited number of race tickets available through its website at [www.cirpca.org](http://www.cirpca.org). Don't have a computer? Then call our webmaster, Chris Langsenkamp, at 765.528.2771 to order by phone. Tickets are \$120 each and are located in Stands H and J, high above Turn 1 at the end of the Main Straight where you can see all the way down the Front Straight, seven complete turns and part of the Back Straight! We even have our own JumboTron to watch any missed action on other parts of the track.

CIR ticket holders will be the first to be invited to the sixth annual Porsche Supercup Dinner held the night before the race with featured guest speaker, Peter Windsor (The only journalist Formula One allows in the Pits on Race Day!) at the Indianapolis Zoo's new Dolphin Dome Gallery, the Indianapolis Concours Grand Prix located Saturday downtown on Monument Circle and radiating streets, the police-escorted Porsche Grand Car Cruise through the streets of downtown Indianapolis on Saturday evening, the free Porsche Car Corral located all three days on the Back Straight of the famous Indy 500 racetrack, race day Police Escorts to the track, Sunday morning Breakfast at the Track with the Ferrari Club and other important events as they develop for this exciting weekend.

This year's race will be on Father's Day, Sunday, June 17, with our Porsche Supercup Dinner the evening before on June 16.

Formula One practice and qualifying run Friday and Saturday along with the BMW USA and Porsche Supercup practice and qualifying. BMW USA and Porsche Supercup races are both Saturday and Sunday. General Admission to the grounds are the only tickets available on Friday and Saturday and are available at the gate or directly through the Indianapolis Motor Speedway Ticket Office. There are no reserved seats for these two days - sit anywhere!

With the retirement of Michael Schumacher and Juan Pablo Montoya switching to NASCAR, this year's field will be wide open, promising some of the most exciting racing in years. Get our great seats for the big races on Sunday, while they last, and be a part of one of the greatest weekends in all of PCA!

Questions? email us at: [usgp@cirpca.org](mailto:usgp@cirpca.org)

## It's Just a Big Club Race by Terry Heath



In the fall of 1999, we at Euro Motorworks were in our 6th year of existence. It was the lunch hour period of the day. My parts manager Jim Landis was out to lunch. The parts department has its own phone line, which I never answer. But on this day I accidentally answered the parts

line. It was the parts rep from our main supplier out in LA. Joe Anselmo had been selling us parts since I opened the shop back in 1993, I had grown to know him quite well because in the beginning, one of the many hats that I wore, was that of parts procurer. Joe's voice was very familiar. Joe, a frat boy/surfer dude type, is quite the salesman, someone I had grown to like and respect over the years. Joe promptly invited me to fly out to California to come to a club race/drivers-ed event at Laguna Seca, just outside of Monterey. He also offered to let me co-drive his 1986 944, a car he and a fellow co-worker had been driving in these type of events all season.

My first reaction to this invitation was thanks, but NO WAY! My only experience in racing was at the age of 5 when Dad put me into his racing go cart for a few laps around the gravel drive. My older brother Randy recalls this event and reports that I was 4-wheel drifting through the gravel drive. Honestly, I have no memory of this. I was the 5th of 5 kids, we were dirt poor and Dad's racing hobby was keeping food off the table, so Mom ordered the cart gone. I think its departure may have been the very next day. My only other experience with driving cars in competition was in 1979 at the age of 22. I was working with my brother Andrew in Nashville and we were involved in autocrossing with the SCCA. Since that time I had purposely stayed away from the racing bug. Knowing full well the large amounts of time and money it requires to squelch that fever. So there I was on this fall day with the accidental phone pick up, and the "drug dealer" offering me a free line of "candy."



NO, NO, NO!! I don't have the time to take off work and fly out there and do something that may end up costing me more time and money than I have. No, no, well... it does sound kind of cool. Well... I could use a few days off. Well... I do have good people working for me that could take over while I'm gone. What could be the harm in it? Joe and his buddies would certainly be a good time. "I should go," I keep telling myself. The next day I call Joe and tell him I am coming.

Two weeks later I am in Monterey driving out to the track with Joe in his 944, (probably the only truly free ride that I will ever get). The bug not only bit me, it swallowed me whole! Dozens of drivers-ed events, over 50 club races, and way too many race cars were to fill my life during the next few years. The first professional opportunity to open up for me came in 2003 with a phone call from fellow PCA CIR member Steve Lynn. Steve was campaigning his GT3 cup car in the Grand Am series along with co-driver J.C. France. Steve was not going to be able to share his driving duties at the upcoming race in beautiful Monte Tremblant, Canada due to an all important college day with his son Bryce. Steve offered me his seat. I was honored, and after thinking on it I accepted.

This was a great experience in which I did pretty well, and it was from this event that I got the chance of a lifetime! Steve offered me a seat in his car in the 2004 24 Hours of Daytona; along with himself, Jack Henricks and Jim Brillhart. Once again I was honored and thrilled to be able to share this event with three really cool guys. Jack is a rock solid, hard nosed, bull dog type driver. Someone you would want to go to battle with, not against. Someone I owe a good bit of thanks for his help in the Supercup experience. I had not had the pleasure of driving with Jim before, but had heard nothing but great things about his driving ability. I knew him well enough to know what a great person he is and what a good teammate he would turn out to be. Steve's abilities speak for themselves. He is a "get 'er done" guy. A tell it like it is fella. I respect him highly. He should be congratulated for putting together such an enormous undertaking. Also, I thank him for considering me. Going into this race I felt like I was a pretty good rain driver. As it turned out, it rained for 20 hours and as a result I got more than my share of seat time. After the event had ended one fact had solidified in my mind, I love driving in the rain.

The remainder of the 2004 and 2005 seasons brought me a couple more rides in Grand Am and we continued to excel in PCA. Late in 2005 I began to talk with Dr. Gary Grigsby, a heart surgeon from Lexington. Gary is a fellow PCA club racer who I had grown to respect both as a person and for his driving abilities. Gary wanted to take it to the next level so we joined forces and decided to run his 2006 997 in the Grand Am Cup Series.

The initial build out on the car would be performed by Synergy Racing, based at Virginia International Raceway. Euro Motorworks would maintain, transport and ultimately crew the car and Gary and I would share the pilot seat. The completion of the initial build would not come until the day before the second race of the Grand Am season, which was being held at Synergy's home track, V.I.R. We would run 5 of the 10 races that season.

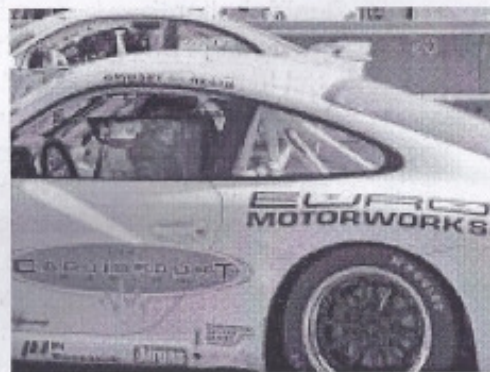
Our season would begin with our transporter traveling seven hundred miles to the track without a race car. We arrived at the Synergy race shop the morning before the race weekend began. I was quite nervous about tackling our first pro race season without ever seeing, testing or having a chance to dial-in the car. As we entered their shop on that Thursday, what should have been like Christmas morning turned into something else entirely. My heart fell into my stomach as I was made aware that our car, our engine, and our transmission were in three different spots in their shop. There are times when bitching and moaning should take a back seat to tongue biting and this was one of them. I changed into my work clothes and jumped right in. Fourteen hours later the car was running, corner balanced and aligned. It was one o'clock in the morning and my mind was mush. Just a few hours later we were on track beginning our first pro season.





Our season of racing here at Euro Motorworks brought more than our share of hurdles, highs, lows, elation, memorable moments. Rain followed us to every event. Our Grand Am season began at V.I.R. with a two and a half hour race and ended at V.I.R. with a six hour night race. Three stops were made in between; Lime Rock, Mid Ohio and Barber Motorsports Park. We learned all along the way and as we progressed we actually started gaining some attention from a few of the top teams. A nerve settling phrase, coined by a fellow club racer, was tossed around all season, "It's just a big club race." Throughout the season we also mixed in seven club races, three of which took place at tracks we had not been to before, but which helped us to gain experience for the upcoming Grand Am events that would take place there.

So there I was, three days past the conclusion of the Mid Ohio Grand Am race, in the middle of the most important race season I've ever been apart of and the telephone rings. The call was from Jeff Stone, owner of Kelly Moss Racing, a race shop world renowned for their expertise in Porsche racing. I befriended Jeff when I started club racing in 2000 and he had kept track of my accomplishments in PCA and Grand Am. Jeff informed me a top team had, at the last minute, lost one of its drivers for the upcoming weekend's Super Cup race at Indy. He offered the spot to me. Huh! Are you kidding me? In two days? You want me to climb into an unfamiliar car on an unfamiliar track and run against the best Porsche talent on the planet, in front of god and everyone I know?? No effing way!! The phone call from Jeff unleashed a seven hour heated debate between my good angel which permanently resides on my left shoulder and my not so good angel taking residence on my right. Back and forth they raged presenting their arguments, each with great passion. It goes on like this all day until finally, late that evening, Mr. Right wins out. I will try to become a SuperCup driver.



Some last minute details would have to be worked out such as insurance, gear, and the biggest obstacle, my FIA license, which for the first time in four years I had let lapse. The process for renewal usually takes two weeks or more and I had twenty-four hours. Fortunately, my friends at Grand Am stepped up and got it done for me. The three day SuperCup weekend consisted of five sessions on track; one practice session on Friday, one qualifying session on Friday, (for Saturday afternoon's race) and one qualifying session Saturday morning (for Sunday's race). Sessions can be viewed at [www.racecam.de](http://www.racecam.de). One of the last details would be goal setting: #1-Do the best I possibly can, #2-Don't damage the car, #3-Qualify better than last and #4-Finish better than last.

Friday morning I met Jeff and his son Jeffery for breakfast before going out to the track. Jeff would be with me throughout the weekend giving me advice and support. He tried to prep me for the difficulties that lay ahead such as the standing start, the high level of driver talent, the track layout, and most importantly the car. The 2006 Super Cup car was vastly different than previous cup cars. The biggest challenge I would face he warns me will be getting used to the brakes. They will be full carbon, no power assist, no ABS. He tells me I will have a problem with locking them up under heavy braking. Jeff is rarely wrong and this time was no exception. Compounding this issue was the fact that I am only allotted four sets of tires and any "lock up" of the brakes will destroy that tire or tires. Some of the other issues to adjust to were a sequential shift gear box with straight cut gears, no radio and no driver cooling system allowed.

We arrived at the track late Friday morning and I was introduced to my teammates, my crew chief, the crew and most importantly my car. It was beautiful, polished as new, lacking any mark, crease, or sign of contact from any off/on track excursions. Pristine it was, as were the other five team cars. I was fitted to the seat and made familiar with the controls and nuances of the machine. At three o'clock we were to be on track for our only practice session of the weekend. As we sat on the pre-grid, (located within the garage area compound) the skies began to darken, rain was only minutes away. As we rolled off the rain began to fall moderately, so all of the teams stopped on pit lane and put on rain tires. The professionalism and speed of my crew was astounding. The rain was soothing to my nerves. I urged the



rain to fall and it did, just enough to fill the session and no more. As the session unfolded, my times were very respectable against the field. However, there was one old saying that I did not think of, "Be careful what you wish for, you may just get it." This successful rain session allowed me to show my rain talents but prevented me from learning anything about the "dry line". In about an hour and a half we would be qualifying in the dry and I would be lost, searching for the dry line.

During the qualifying session my team wanted me to "scrub" in three sets of new tires. My only form of communication with my crew was via a pit board displayed as I would go by on the main straight. It was a little tough to pick my board out from the other 28 boards being displayed. Top speed on the straight was 178 mph but at the pit board spot I believe we were doing about 155 mph. It was a 45 minute session and I was trying to do my best with the first two sets of tires. Thirty-five minutes elapsed and I could see on my pit board where I was sitting in the qualifying order.

I was having trouble learning the dry line. The brake pedal had zero modulation, just like pushing on a rock. The stopping power was really poor until the brakes got heat in them. At operating temperature the brakes would just about suck your eye balls out. The braking potential was absolutely ferocious. The super sticky Michelin tires would slow the car down admirably. I was remembering Jeff's warning about locking up the tires and I was trying my best to brake to full potential while staying to the safe side of tire lockup. My pit board told the sad story. I am in 29th position. Last... dead last. That was one of those very dark moments where I felt like I did not belong there, that I was letting Jeff and my team down. I came back into the pits and got my last set of tires to scrub in. There were only seven minutes left in the session. I went back out, pressed a little in every corner and knocked another two seconds off my time. Shaving the two seconds moved me from twenty-ninth to twenty-fourth. Whew!!! One goal down, two to go.

Saturday morning opened with another qualifying session, this one for Sunday's pre F1 race. Clear skies, heat and humidity will fill the day. I finally felt like I was getting the hang of this car. Qualifying went well. I knocked another one and a half seconds off my time. I knew that the tires that were on the car would be discarded after the session, so I tried to work my way up to a heavy

braking lockup in order to get the feel of where the cliff edge might be. I got there a couple of times but the edge was very difficult to feel coming, what with the rock I was pushing to activate the brakes. It's the same with most any race car without ABS, you really don't feel the edge as much as you smell it, (burning rubber) and hear it screaming like a small rodent. In all cases the tire is flat spotted. The severity of the flat spot depends on the speed of the car at the point of lock up and the length of time the locked up tire stays locked up. As it turned out the high speed heavy braking zone at the end of the front straight was a flat spotting party for many drivers all weekend. This was a good qualifying session. Sunday I started twentieth out of twenty-nine. My nerves were settling somewhat now but the heat index was really high and I was worried about the Saturday afternoon race.

Saturday's one-thirty race time was HOT, really hot and very humid. The "no cool suite usage" rule may not be a big issue for the highly conditioned athletes that were all around me, but for an old man like me it was definitely an issue. By the time we completed our recon lap and took our starting positions on the main straight we had been strapped in the cars for about twenty-five minutes. As we sat in formation on the grid my mind was distracted by the attention my six foot tall "grid girl" is getting from my crew. One at a time they are all posing with her for pictures, Jeff and his son included. My first thought was that I was somehow missing out on something, but then I realized where I was, what I was doing and what was about to happen. Damn I was nervous.

The standing start happens quickly. 5000 RPM, dump the clutch with a quick smooth stroke and be ready because the time to grab second gear comes lightening fast, about two seconds. I was about a half second slow with the shift to second and off we went. As the race developed the heat was getting to me. These cup cars are about one hundred forty degrees inside on a day like that. My concentration was suffering and off track excursions into the front straight's braking zone became habitual. Jeff could not have called it better. The brakes were kicking my butt. In the end, I hung on to finish twentieth out of twenty-nine. I crawled out of the car and collapsed in the showers. As I lay secluded in the shower room, on a wooden bench, dark thoughts returned. I'm not worthy. I don't belong. As the heat exhaustion subsided, my inner self got a better grip. I do belong. I've gotten this far.



Tomorrow for the big event I will be better, tomorrow will be different.

Saturday's one-thirty race was run with a heat index around one hundred degrees. Sunday's big event will be earlier in the day and that will help, but more is needed. Saturday night I froze several zip lock bags of water to make ice packs. The plan was for my daughter, Lauren, to bring me four of these ice packs at the last minute while I am sitting on the pre grid. With these stuffed down my driving suite at my sides and chest I should have a good chance of staying clear headed for the duration of the race.

Game face on, I geared up for the main event. My good friends Doug Livingston, Jack Henricks and Jim Edmonson were on hand as were all my kids; Josh, Julie and Lauren as well as my partner, Gloria. I tried to stay detached, focused, and relaxed. As we climbed into the cars on pre-grid Lauren is there with the ice packs. In they went and I was strapped in and waiting for the release. We made our re con lap and again came around to our starting spots, gridded on the main straight. I lined up behind my grid girl, twentieth spot. I never see her face only her familiar backside. The standing start was better. I grabbed second gear at the two second mark and we are storming down the front straight. I am closing on the guy in front of me. As we get to the braking zone for turn one I sense an opportunity to pass on the inside. I did a wild slide job through the middle of the turn to pick up a couple spots. I got settled in and go on to drive the best session of the weekend. The ice packs did their job and I kept a clear, sharp head throughout. I finished sixteenth out of twenty-nine. My three goals have been met and guess what... I am a Super Cup driver!

With all of the challenges my team, my co-drivers, my family and I have faced this season, my drive and desire is only heightened. I love racing. I love its surprises, competitiveness, the people we meet, the friends we make, the extreme highs and even the dreadful lows. Because in the end I know that with every bad thing comes something good. It's not the end of the world if an oil pan breaks, or a clutch fragments, or a Mustang uses your rear bumper as a brake assist, or you repeatedly blow the brake zone into turn one at Indy in front of forty thousand people. Just remember that all-soimportant, on the grid pep phrase, "It's just a big club race".

## MEMBERS EXCHANGE

(Post your items on the clubs website and see them in the newsletter)



### Black Hockenheim Pullover

Black Hockenheim pullover with Porsche embroidered crest over left chest. Size Large. Never worn and in original plastic bag (too small for me). This is a really nice pullover and they are hard to find anymore... BRUCE WILLIAMS (317) 329-9967

### 1985 (early) Porsche 944

This car could be a daily driver or a fine DE car, or both! Alpine white, black leather, sunroof, Fuchs, 88900 miles. Well maintained, nice interior, runs great. Chuck Smith (317-228-0558)