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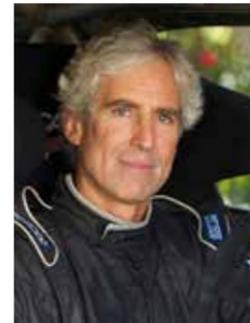
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EDITOR'S NOTE

JOHN ARMSTRONG



Part of the challenge, and I guess the fun, of being the editor of **Velocity** is dealing with the unpredictability of submissions. I've learned to live with the reality that I can't always control what's going to appear in an issue. Why not? It comes down to the fact that most of our members have priorities in life that are more pressing than responding to clarion calls for contributors.

Yes, we pay honoraria in the form of Porsche bucks—and we are upping the amounts to entice more of you—but the editor is powerless to assign writers to specific events. Some events just aren't going to be covered

because there is no volunteer to write about them. This year so far, PDS has taken the hit.

But I've found that things have a way of balancing out, and we somehow wind up each time with a magazine bulging at the covers with diverse articles.

Serendipity plays a role—we occasionally get entertaining material out of the blue. A case in point is the unexpected tale gushed forth by Richard Huber, who seems to have conflated his first PDS weekend with his last LSD experience.

Another example is Eric Oviatt's discourse on the transformation of his Boxster into the fastest thing ever seen in GT3 class. I had simply asked him to give me a quote or two about why his car has become so dominant. He came back with a complete story of the build.

When in doubt, go to the well. As Porsche racers tend to be highly individualistic, naturally the POC has many ink-worthy members. Choosing to write a piece on singular Porsche collector Magnus Walker was a no-brainer. If you haven't heard of Magnus by now, reading his success story will slacken your jaw—and could even inspire you.

For those of you focused on race coverage (you do read these articles, don't you?), we wound up with solid reportage of three Cup Race/TT weekends. **Velocity** stalwart Paul Young rowdily recounts the club's first foray to Chuckwalla. Rich Yochum and I (with help from Young, Craig Ames, and Drake Kemper) chronicle the "collaborative" experiment with PCA at California Festival of Speed. And first-time contributor Mark Bray details the cold season opener at Willow Springs back in February.

I'd be lying if I said I didn't do a little fretting about coming up with the material for this edition, but I think now we've got a nice brew for your delectation. ■

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On the cover: Craig Ames, victorious in two races at the Festival of Speed, lifts a wheel in Turn 9.
Photo: CaliPhotography

CONTENTS

Notes

From the President 5

Events

Chuckwalla:

Come One, Come All'ya 6
by Paul D. Young

POC Prevails at Festival of Speed 22
by John Armstrong and Rich Yochum with Craig Ames, Drake Kemper, and Paul D. Young

Wild Willow 36
by Mark Bray

Streets of Willow 40

Interest

And Then There's Magnus 12
by John Armstrong

A License for the Misbegotten 19
by Richard Huber

Tech

How I Built a Winning Race Car 34
by Eric Oviatt

Business

2013 Event Schedule 44



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FROM THE PRESIDENT

ANDREW D. WEYMAN



The symphonic exhaust note of a Porsche flat-six powering through the challenges of radius, camber, and distance is the music of evolution. As Porsche continues to evolve, so does our club.

Dave Buckholz, has been actively conducting an outreach program. Offering assistance in support of newer members and gathering feedback has been extremely valuable. The comments we receive help us to better serve our membership and grow our base. Dave also manned our POC booth at the Grand Prix of Long Beach.

Kev Favell has been tapping his creativity to market our club. Our social media awareness is expanding. Our Tribute to Le Mans event was publicized on local radio and on the web. New brochures and support materials sport our new logo, and sponsors are lining up to be part of the excitement.

We participated in the California Festival of Speed for the first time in years, and Chuckwalla as well as Miller Motorsports Park were added to our schedule. Our 2014 events are being put into place with many exciting new changes. Planning for the return of Triple Crown and Tribute to Le Mans is already underway. If you're looking forward to driving Tribute next year, you might want to be sure your headlights are working (hint, hint). I'll keep you posted on the details as soon as dates are confirmed and contracts are signed.

Your Board of Directors and all our club volunteers have been working extremely hard to make the Porsche Owners Club the first club people think of when they consider driving their Porsche on a track. As we grapple with the uncertainties of the economy and the fierceness of our "competitors," let's all work together to continue our evolution, just like Porsche, and be proud to say we are "Club Racing at its Best." ■

I've recently handed off my **Velocity** Production Manager duties to Dave Bruder. David Schlocker is now overseeing our advertising. John Armstrong continues to do a masterful job as Editor and Kev Favell's creative Art Direction completes the best club magazine team ever. **Velocity** has evolved from a single-page, typed newsletter into a visually exciting 44-page quarterly with exceptional editorial content.

More and more drivers are moving from PDS to TT to Cup Racing. Our PDS program is growing steadily as our members become more focused on racing. The next PDS Clinic will be restructured to make maximum use of track time. Our Cup Racers Clinics have been very well attended. Participants in our recent Clinic at Buttonwillow were admired by instructors Marty Mehterian, Dwain Dement, and Dave Gardner as being some of the best Clinic drivers we've ever had.

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Chuckwalla

Come One, Come All'ya

Words: Paul D. Young

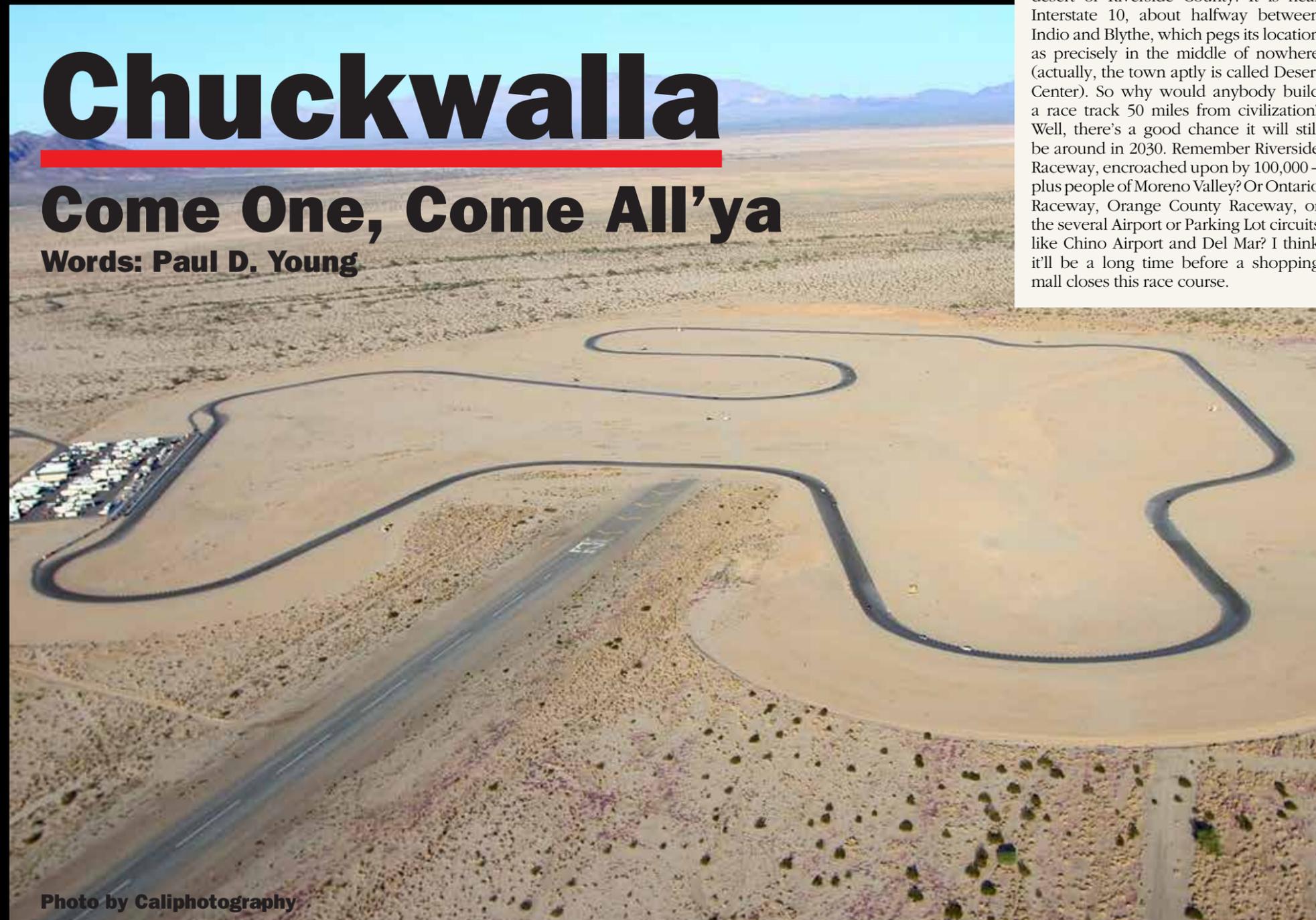


Photo by Caliphotography

Chuckwalla Valley Raceway is a fairly new facility (2010) located in the desert of Riverside County. It is near Interstate 10, about halfway between Indio and Blythe, which pegs its location as precisely in the middle of nowhere (actually, the town aptly is called Desert Center). So why would anybody build a race track 50 miles from civilization? Well, there's a good chance it will still be around in 2030. Remember Riverside Raceway, encroached upon by 100,000 – plus people of Moreno Valley? Or Ontario Raceway, Orange County Raceway, or the several Airport or Parking Lot circuits like Chino Airport and Del Mar? I think it'll be a long time before a shopping mall closes this race course.

The track itself is wonderful—smooth pavement, 42 feet wide, fairly safe runoff. It has interesting features, with increasing, decreasing, and all types of linked turns, a few artificial elevation changes, plus a 10° banked bowl. Definitely a momentum track in that there are no slow corners, but also there are no long straights. It can be run either direction—we ran clockwise both days.

While the track is awesome, the facilities are, uh, well, “developing.” (Anybody remember Holtville? That was another fun track we used to frequent, despite the meager amenities.) Chuckwalla is indeed developing. In the last few months they've built a very nice concrete-block Tinkelorium, complete with real Piddelators and showers. This welcome structure replaces the stinky fiberglass crappers (you know, basically Corvettes without the wheels).

Accommodations are still difficult. You'll see the spectrum: fancy motor homes, the few trailers that Chuckwalla has for racers to rent, folks pitching their tents in the paddock, and even drivers sleeping in their Porsches. Many of us stay 50 miles to the west. I commute from a hotel in Indio, while others stay in Coachella, one of the Palm Springs communities. Some find lodging in Blythe, 50 miles east.

Preparation for this event was personally trying. My GT6 class 911SC developed a clunking sound in the left rear, which I certainly thought was a CV joint. Now, some of you know that I am driver, pit crew, tow-vehicle driver, hauler, and often mechanic for my one-man team. Technically, I suffer from Cashtraction, which is where owning a Porsche race car renders the owner financially impotent. So a beautiful Saturday would

be spent in the garage underneath “Snickers” fixing his CV joint. And, some of you also know that CV joint repair is one of the messiest tasks, not just on a car, but anywhere. The grease involved is slimy, invasive, and insidious. I got axle grease on my glasses, hair, hands (even with gloves), shoes (sorry, dear!), garage floor, work lights, exhaust system, coffee mug, and the shop manual. It doesn't clean up; one little spligot of grease grows and smears, spreading out to contaminate everything. It reminded me of Star Trek, where some kind of alien gunk lands on Spock's back, and the expendable crewman in the red shirt tries to remove it, gets it on his hand, and dies. Then the Doctor touches it and gets sick, and it eventually infects all the Enterprise crew.

On the mental side of preparation I was wrestling with my driving ability. Another fact you might be aware of is that in 2012 I was undergoing chemotherapy for cancer (lymphoma). Shortly before the Chuckwalla event, I had a bunch of testing and probing, and the results showed I was cancer-free! Great news, but the nagging question was could I still drive fast, now that I'm no longer thinking I'm gonna die tomorrow? Well, at least if I am driving slower, that translates to longer lap times, and that means I'm getting more track time—a good thing, right?

For some reason, I did not get more than two hours of sleep Friday night. Maybe I was thinking of the Enduro, but truth is, I stayed up all night to see where the sun went—and then it dawned on me. I tried to jump-start myself with strong coffee and drive the hour east to the track. It can vary a lot in the Colorado desert, but that morning it was hot and dry, without too much wind (at least outside my car).

We were supposed to be joined by the Lotus Racing group this weekend. However, we ended up with one lone,

Blake Rosser
Photo: Caliphotography



Steve Vandecar
Photo: CaliPhotography



Vern Buwalda
Photo: Caliphotography



Walter Airth
Photo: Caliphotography



Alexander Latteri, Time Trialer.
Photo: Caliphotography



Eddie Marseilles
Photo: Caliphotography



Jack Ehrman in the lead.
Photo: Caliphotography

green Lotus in our Red Race group. I'm not sure of the model . . . Evita, Excise, Excuse . . . Elvira? The only other "X" cars were a noisy Camaro and a Vodge Diper. Overall, the turnout was a bit light, with 30 cars in each of the two race groups, and 20 or so in the White Time Trials.

At the drivers meeting Sheriff Steve Parker warned us about Turn 1 during the races, as it is twisty and tight. Unlike Turn 1 at Willow, we can't go three-wide—it would require patience,

prudence, and alertness right after the green flag drops.

Since I have been to Chuckwalla with PCA, I thought I'd have an advantage over others in the Orange group. Well, indeed I was King Shit, but only for half of the first session Saturday morning. Some POC drivers ran Friday's practice groups, while the rest are just plain fast-learning youth. We have a good number of talented young drivers in POC. We don't need a "Fountain of Youth," but I personally could use a "Fountain of Smart."

Friends and fellow 911SC drivers Don Matz and Keith Hulley asked to follow me in the first session to learn the line quicker, but the session was very short-lived. Bob Mueller was off just after Turn 7 on the first lap trying to fix some electrical issue. Then Alex Bermudez had his engine gasp and die, letting out an alarming smoke cloud between 12 and 13. This turned into a red flag situation (potential fire, I suppose), and a session with only two or three laps. Our second Orange

practice was much better, with a full session. It was great to see Mike Holgate out again, but with his semi-street 996 instead of his BSR.

Our qualifying session got black-flagged, but not due to an incident—the timing system was inoperative and needed to be reset. Mike Monsalve had an engine issue with his usual drive, so was borrowing Steve Parker's V3 car. He said he actually liked the handling setup a bit better. Well, I guess so—he flew past me on the first lap and put it on the pole with a sizzling 1:55.4, fully two seconds ahead of Eddie Marseilles, next best in V3. I was a bit behind mid-pack, amongst the Boxsters and R7 cars.

In the Time Trial group, folks were strategizing and scheming. Jerry Hoffman and Mike Brown were targeting sub-2:05 figures, while others were looking to simply manage their tires for the weekend. Many were searching for better lines to set a solid track class record on this new-to-POC track.

Nearly all of the Red racers were below the two-minute mark, with a handful qualified under 1:50, headed by Craig Ames at 1:47.3. Craig led flag to flag in the Red Race Saturday afternoon, with Dan Aspesi second

(both in GT2). Overall it was a clean race, except for Steve Vandecar turning the bowl into a jump on the third lap. "I didn't realize the desert went so far south" was his comment as he ended up bouncing along close to I-10. With Steve out of GT4, Blair Boyce and Drew Waterhouse diced it out for that class, with Blair ultimately winning. Good racing was had by the "Pack of Five"—Dan Burnham, Carl Tofflemire, Bob Ehrman, Keith Meggs, and Duane Selby (eventual GT3 winner)—who all ran close throughout the race.

Our Orange Race was a good one, with well-behaved driving into Turn 1 at the start. Chuckwalla Raceway has mostly safe, but dusty, runoff areas, and a number of us were checking that out. Don Matz made sure Keith won R7 by spending some time in the dirt. I managed to slide Snickers off-road in Turn 2 about halfway through the race, while half a dozen passed me. The brown car in the sand must have looked like a cat's butt brownie in the litterbox—how embarrassing. Mike Monsalve led the entire race, with Eddie Marseilles taking second. Eric Olberz worked his way up to third overall and in the big V3 class. I think the best racing was in



Post-race impound meeting.
Photo: Paul Young



Eric Olberz
Photo: Caliphotography



A starter's tower would be a good idea for the next phase of development.
Photo: Paul Young

Nathan Johnson
Photo: Caliphotography



GSR, where Peter Busalacchi and Chuck Sharp were so close the entire time they looked like they were welded nose-to-tail in a train race. Peter's tires were going away, and Chuck was struggling with wobbly tie rods. Chuck managed to hold off Peter to the checkered flag, despite having a bit of cord showing at the finish. In impound, Parker was eyeing my filthy, dusty car Snickers, and I said, "Move along, there's nothing here for you to smell."

The Time Trials went smoothly, and many of the Cup racers joined in. All in all, over a dozen new track records were set.

While I am known as "Mister Enduro," I was fast running out of energy from sleep deprivation. I remembered Katie's sage advice: "If you're not feeling well, don't drive." So, as much as I thrive on Enduros, I decided it would be wise to sit out the first JE Pistons Enduro of the year.

It turned out to be an exciting race. Teammates Kevin Roush and Craig Ames were definitely fastest in Ames' Cup car but were dealing with the longest handicap pit time. At the other end of the spectrum, Peter Busalacchi and Chuck Sharp paired up their 944 Spec racers with the shortest mandatory pit time. In between were nearly 20 other teams, some paired, and some running solo. Peter handed off to Chuck midway through the 70-minute ordeal, and with less than 20 minutes to go, had a lead of nearly a lap. Craig Ames unfortunately found the same sand trap I did by Turn 2, but charged back on track. Meanwhile, Eric Olberz, who was teamed up with Vali Predescu, was charging through the field, picking off

positions methodically. At the one-hour mark, Eric passed Francesco Tedeschi, and then Nate Johnson, to move into second place. It looked like he couldn't quite catch up to Chuck in his 944 in time, but then Chuck slowed way down with just three corners to go to the checkered flag. Chuck's car chugged along, going slower and slower, while Eric was quickly closing the gap. Finally, Chuck limped across the finish line with a shattered clutch, less than 20 seconds ahead of Eric. Ames and Roush finished third in a supremely exciting race.

I slept decently Saturday night, and woke up to overcast and slight drizzle Sunday morning. The wind had definitely picked up, and the temperature was about 18°C (that would be around 66°F for the Camaro and Vodge Diper drivers).

Sunday lap times were definitely improving. By midday, Time Trialler Kevin Wilson had posted a 1:53 in his Cup car, while both Jerry Hoffman and Mike Brown were under 2:05. Many others were making similar progress. Bayan Salehi had his share of offs at Chuckwalla, but posted a very fine 1:54 in the early practice. Blake Rosser proved to be the fastest of GT2 and the Red group, qualifying at 1:46.2, ahead of several others under the 1:50 mark. Selby headed up GT3 with a 1:52.7, while Boyce's 1:55.3 was best of GT4.

In the Orange group qualifying, I just plain sucked. Three laps, two spins. Eric Olberz continued his charge from the Enduro and claimed the pole with a 1:55.5 lap, with Jim Steedman and Kip Waterhouse a couple seconds back, also in V3. Nate Johnson at 2:03.7 led BSR, with Chad Elliott about a second back.

After the Sunday noon drivers meeting we had the Timed Runs. Again, some new track records were set. I had not run Saturday, so wanted to try for an official GT6 record. There was wind blowing fairly strongly (outside my car), and small drifts of sand swept across the track. Exiting Turn 7, I went wide and dropped all four wheels off on the left side. I kept my foot in it and pointed Snickers straight and back on the pavement, but with a horrible clunk, and then the smell of gas (more correctly, fuel). I checked the fire extinguisher and kept alert while still powering through. I made it around safely, and it turned out to be my best lap—and a record! Mike Holgate ran a 2:06 in his nice 996, and was pleased not to have collected any chips (besides, there wasn't any salsa). Kevin Wilson turned a solid 1:53 in his Cup car, with Bayan at just under 1:55. Nate Johnson set the BSR record at 2:04.8, just ahead of Jerry Hoffman in GT5.

Blake led the Red Race and GT2 flag to flag, with Chip Romer in second. Selby had "issues," and steady Bob Ehrman won GT3. Blair held off Steve Vandecar and others for his second GT4 victory of the weekend. The 15 laps went quickly and smoothly.

Having damaged my fuel pump during timed runs, I was out of the Orange Race. Mike Monsalve in Parker's V3 911 started DIL (Dead Intercoursing Last), and cleanly passed four cars by Turn 1. He looked set to work his way through the entire pack within the 15 laps, but a faulty fuel pump sidelined him just after Turn 7 on lap three. Eric Olberz was dealing with worn brake pads and spun off in Turn 2. He quickly got back on track and continued his lead to the checkered.

Meanwhile, Bob Mueller also went off in Turn 2 right in front of Eddie. He got back on just behind Mike Takaki and chased him for a half dozen laps, finally passing Mike into Turn 12. My friends Keith and Don in R7 had one helluva race, running bumper to bumper and trading the lead. Keith eventually prevailed and built up a comfortable lead all the way to the checkered. Several others (like Greg Trigeiro) also went off in 2, so I didn't feel like it was just me that struggled with that turn.

All in all, Chuckwalla presented some new challenges and fun times. Alas, while I was a participant, I didn't feel like I was a part of the truly great racing that POC had at Chuckwalla in March. Hopefully, we'll be back! ■

And Then There's Magnus

Words: John Armstrong

Seven years ago I was shooting "The Contender," a reality TV show about boxing, in a converted warehouse in a seedy area of downtown LA near the river. The massive interior had been art-directed to house two practice boxing rings, a weight-training area, a gourmet kitchen, a pool room, a living room, and bedrooms for the fifteen boxers competing on the show. In a separate building nearby, there was a full boxing arena with bleachers for several hundred fans. Yes, it was a huge space.

Discreetly exploring the rest of the premises during my filming breaks, I discovered a clothing business operating in another cavernous room in the warehouse. As I became familiar with the place I began to notice a couple of well-maintained, older 911s that were always parked within a gated enclosure of the warehouse compound. They seemed incongruous with this high-risk part of town.

The mystery man

Periodically a hipster with a long beard and unkempt dreads would appear on set for a brisk exchange of words with the producers, and then he'd be gone. He was tatted, ringed, and pierced, and he wore shit-kicker boots and rocker jeans with chains dangling from the pockets. I thought he was with the art department.

One day I watched him get into one of the Porsches and drive it away. That's when my curiosity got the best of me. I made inquiries and learned that the dude's name was Magnus Walker, that he was an Englishman in his 30s, that he owned the warehouse, the clothing business, and the Porsches to boot—and that he had more Porsches stashed in another location.

It wouldn't be for another few years when I was shooting a different show in the same warehouse, that I would meet this enigmatic character. By that time, I had bought a 996 C2 and begun doing track days, and I happened to observe that he had a POC sticker on the window of one of his cars.

Although he didn't look particularly approachable, one day as he was getting out of his car I walked over and introduced myself. He turned out to be quite friendly and engaging. I mentioned my fledgling interest in racing and asked him about the POC. He told me that he raced with the club and that if I wanted to get serious about driving, I should join and get some instruction. When I explained that demanding TV schedules tended to be a hindrance to such aspirations, he just laughed and told me I had to make a commitment.

Magnus' words stuck with me, and I began to excuse myself from shoot days, citing work conflicts, to play hooky at the track. Within a couple of years I would earn my POC Cup Racing license. But I digress.

In the intervening years, Magnus has become renowned as one of the foremost collectors of vintage 911s on the west coast. He has owned over 40 Porsches, and with his recent purchase of an exceedingly rare '64 911 he has accomplished his goal of acquiring an example of every year's 911 between 1964 and 1974. Of the first 400 911s made, Magnus owns four: #174, #310, #342, and #365.

On a brisk Sunday morning in January, Magnus drove his street-legal race car, a '71 911 T, to the Streets of Willow to participate in the season-opening PDS event. He had been invited to be the weekend's Featured Speaker and to present "Urban Outlaw," a half-hour video directed by Canadian Tamir Moscovici that has become an internet rage, with half a million views. The artful video features Magnus roaming among his Porsches in his warehouse, rhapsodizing about his passion for the brand, and driving his cars in the canyons.

After the event, I visited him in his warehouse, curious to learn how he had come to be such a prosperous businessman and collector. He began by simply declaring that his success stems from the fact that he marches to the beat of his own drum. Then he proceeded to tell me a story as improbable as it is compelling.

On the boardwalk

Magnus left school in Sheffield, England when he was 15 years old, having concluded that the educational system was teaching him nothing. "I'm self-taught," he says. "I ask a lot of questions. I'm not afraid to ask questions, and I'm always learning." In 1986, at age 19, he moved to the States to become a summer camp counselor in Michigan. But with a rock 'n' roller's sensibility, he felt the tug of the west coast. Before long he landed in Venice. Although he had very little money, he was endowed with great energy and curiosity. He knew how to sew, and he started making Mad Hatter hats and selling them on the Venice boardwalk. The little operation turned out to be so successful that he eventually landed a contract with Disney. This was the emerging pattern of his life: from small beginnings would come outsized success.

After a while, Magnus began to hand-embroider rock 'n' roll clothes—jeans and vests, primarily—and sell them on the boardwalk, too. His designs caught the eyes of several rock stars, including Alice Cooper and Lynyrd Skynyrd, who enlisted him to create performance outfits for them. That led to the start of his clothing company Serious Gear, which led to his opening a store on Melrose, which led to another clothing company focused on t-shirts, Urban Outlaw. In 1994, he met his soulmate and wife-to-be Karen, who became his business partner.

Leap of faith

As the clothing businesses grew, Magnus and Karen realized that they were throwing away a lot of money renting warehouse space and an apartment in Venice. Looking around, they found that great deals could be had on rundown warehouses in downtown LA. Against the advice of friends, who warned of rampant crime and transience, in 2000 they purchased a 26,000 square foot warehouse

and moved in. "We took a leap of faith," he admits. "When we bought that building, people thought we were crazy. Now fast-forward 12 years, you've got a lot of residents, high-end condos, coffee shops, and restaurants. Now they're telling us we're so smart. We didn't plan that far ahead."

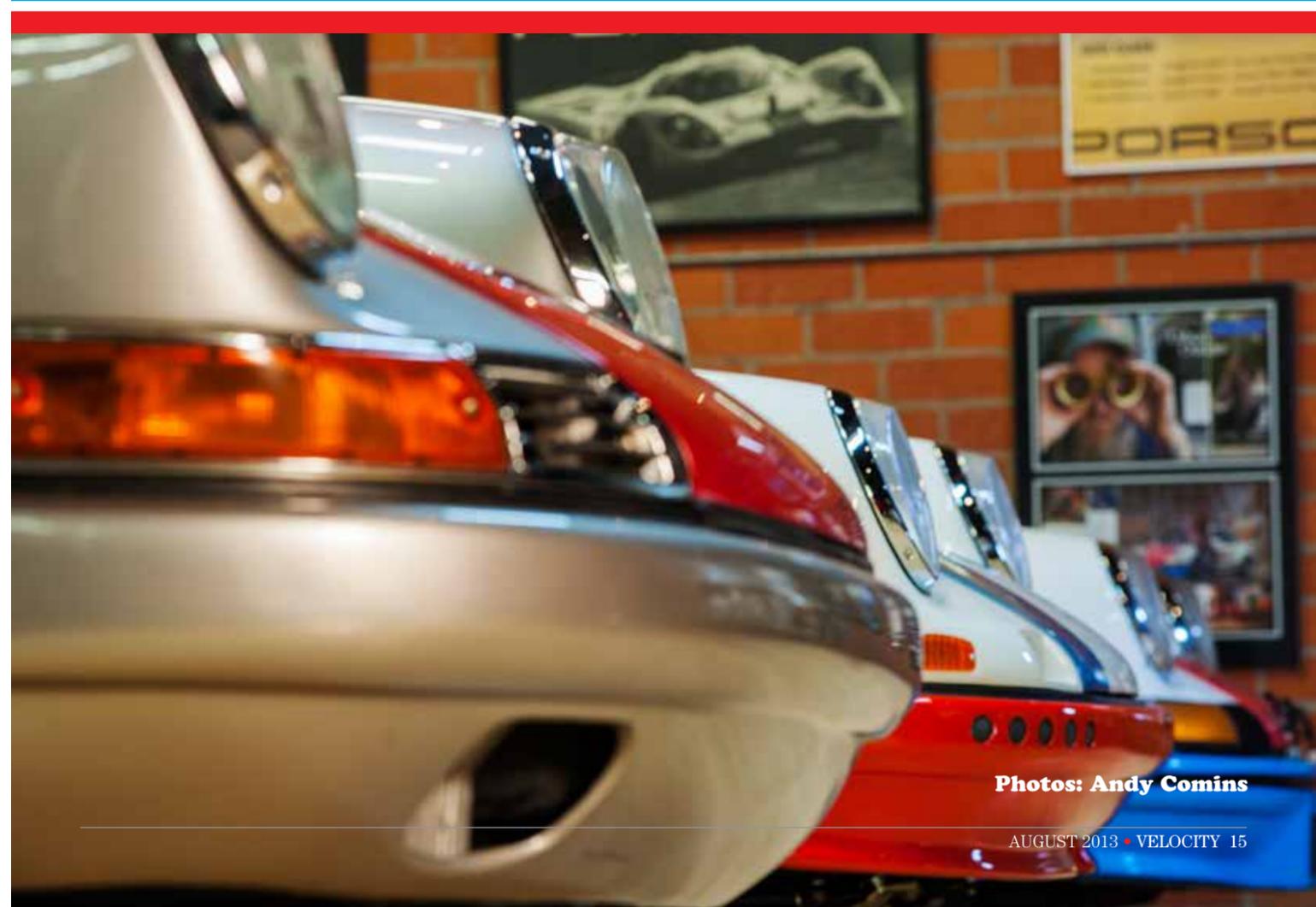
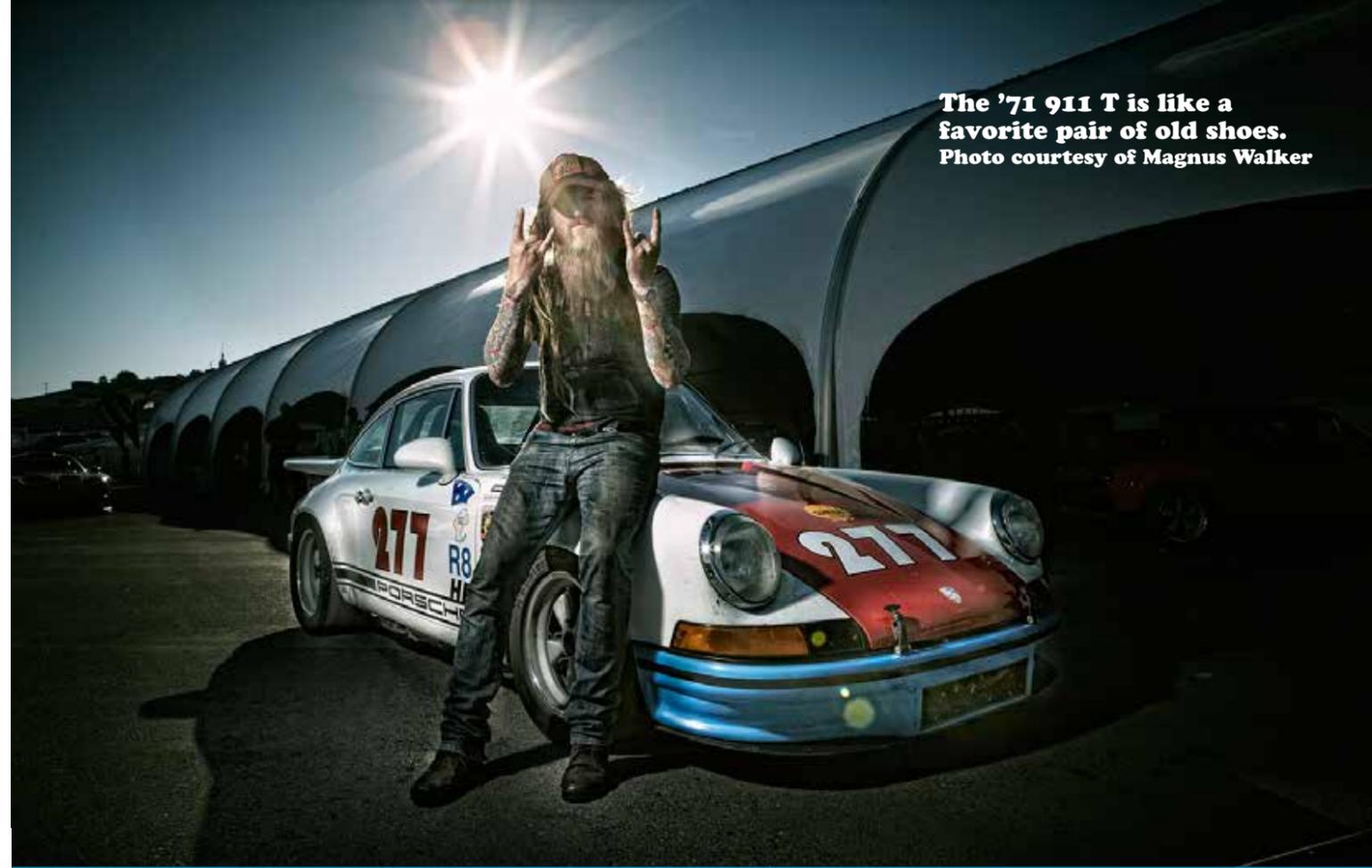
Magnus certainly didn't plan for the next stroke of good luck, falling into the film business. The producers of the Bruce Willis film "Without a Trace" happened to notice the warehouse, and they made a deal with Magnus to rent it for the production. That led to more films and gritty TV dramas, like CSI and NCIS. Then came reality shows, commercials, music videos—before he knew it, he was booking the place 100 days a year.

Although Magnus had bought his first Porsche a few years before this windfall, he freely admits that "The filming thing, that's what enabled me to get all the Porsches. It's hard to do unless you have all that income coming in."

Magnus believes that his lack of formal education—and the absence of rigid thinking that schools instill—have allowed him to be open to business opportunities. "I'm street-smart. We make a lot of decisions based on gut feeling. We don't plan anything out long-term. There's no business plan." And he works hard. "We're still putting in 12-hour days, like we've done for 25 years."

This was the emerging pattern of his life: from small beginnings would come outsized success.

The '71 911 T is like a favorite pair of old shoes.
Photo courtesy of Magnus Walker



Photos: Andy Comins

The Porsche love affair

When Magnus was 10 years old he attended the London Sport Motor Show. There he fell in love with the 1977 Porsche 930 Turbo. "If you grew up in London in the '70s, that was the poster you had on your wall," he says. "I wrote to the factory, and they wrote me back. Basically, I said I wanted to design for Porsche. They said, 'Write us again when you grow up.'" The hook was set for life.

This story came full circle late last year when Magnus hosted an event for Porsche dealers at the warehouse in conjunction with the LA Auto Show. Among the attendees was Detlev von Platen, the President of Porsche Cars North America. "The kicker is that Porsche came to me 35 years after I wrote that letter. I probably spent 15 minutes with the President on my own. We even spent five minutes sitting in the '64 911, and I got him to sign the C of A (Certificate of Authenticity)."

"What makes that car really rare is that they made 232 of them, but only 59 are documented, and there's not three dozen that have the original motor and trans, which mine does. Even he was pretty excited about it, because there are three slate grays in existence: one in the Porsche factory museum, Seinfeld has one, and I've got the other one. So that's what I call a keeper. And by the way, von Platen sent me a Christmas card afterwards."

The builds

Magnus explains that restoring a car is a journey that begins with the hunt: "You know, online, getting the car, chasing parts down; and then the whole process is pretty detailed, from the stripdown all the way through the rebuilding engines, fabrication, paint, reassembly—even down to taking the car to Marty Mehterian's for the corner balancing on the rack. You can put a bumper on in 20 minutes and it fits OK, or you can dick around for five or six hours and make everything fit within a 16th of an inch perfect. It's the whole package thing for me."

He restores each car himself with the help of Phil Slate and Frank Turner, but unlike other collectors, he doesn't strive to make them "as original." Rather, he designs new parts to suit his own aesthetic. These include drilled door handles, louvered decklids, integrated turn signals, and fancy upholstery. Each 911 he owns is a unique creation.

"I build my own style, at my own pace, in my own time frame, on my own dime, and that way I have the freedom to do anything I want—as opposed to customers coming to me and telling me what they want me to build. Their interpretation of my car is no longer really my own car."

Magnus' cars are known not only for their build quality but also for their performance characteristics. His cars are laden with high-end goodies from Tarrett and Elephant Racing. He documents the entire building process, posting photos on Pelican Parts. "People on Pelican Parts really respond to my photos of cars on jackstands with all the suspension parts laid out," he says.

Magnus has appeared with his cars a few times on "Leno's Garage," and Jay actually drove his race car. His designs have become so admired that he now sells handcrafted parts online. He's also sold a dozen or so of his builds, although he doesn't go out of his way to advertise.

In the film, Magnus' wife Karen seems very supportive of his obsession with Porsches, but I have to ask him if she ever tells him to lighten up. Magnus concedes, "I'm lucky that she believes in me and enables me to do this crazy thing, but obviously it puts a stress on the relationship. You know, how



many cars do you really need? Now it has become a time-management thing where we jokingly refer to it as a PFD—which is a Porsche-Free Day. But I'm one of these guys that hates to pass up a deal, especially when prices are doubling and tripling."

Naturally he has a ready answer to my next question: what's the next deal? "I'm on an early 3-liter Turbo quest. I like to collect the beginnings. My goal is to get one of each year, '75, '76, '77. I have two '76es—a US one and a Euro one. The tricky one to find will be the '75, which they made for Europe only. They only made 240 of those, and you know half of them must have got trashed pretty early in life. From an investment point of view, these are undervalued cars."

The POC thread

In the '90s Magnus used to take his '71 T to Otto's Venice for servicing. He struck up a friendship with the shop's legendary proprietor John Williamson (aka Otto, recently deceased), who got him involved in the POC. "I used to watch him race at Willow, and I fell under his wing," he says. (Trying to imagine the unlikely pairing of the lanky, dreadlocked British rocker with the squat, redneck ex-marine, I'm struck by how passion for Porsches brings all kinds together.)

"In March, 2002, I did my first short track event," Magnus continues, "and by June I was on the big track. I rushed through the process, got my Time Trial license, and did my first Racers Clinic in '03 at Las Vegas Motorspeedway. Got my cup license in '04. In 24 months I went from never being on a track to race-licensed. Before I knew it, I was on the track 40 or 50 days a year. I'm one of these guys, if I'm in, I'm all in."

But after a couple of years of Cup racing, Magnus found that he was having less and less fun at the track. "I felt tension and pressure wheel-to-wheel racing," he says, "so I went back to just doing PDS events. Plus, a lot of my enjoyment on the track comes from instructing—seeing people progress is sort of rewarding. And being in the passenger seat you see parts of the track you don't normally see from the driver's seat."

Magnus never fully developed his race car—it has a bolt-in roll cage, a full interior, and a humble setup. It's still street-legal, and he has always driven it to and from the track. He often gets Marty to bring out a set of Hoosier R6s to change into. By his own admission, the race car is not his most sophisticated build, but it's still his favorite car to drive. At 2250 lbs, with a 2.4 S Spec motor delivering 180 hp, the car is "like a favorite pair of old shoes."

Through lines

I ask Magnus what ties everything together in his life, and he tells me, "The common thread between everything is aesthetic design, whether it's the clothing company, or remodeling property, or building these Porsches. It's all sort of a creative process."

As the interview comes to a close, I pitch him an open-ended question: what advice would he give to anyone, about anything? "If you're passionate about something, take that risk and go for it," he answers without hesitation. "That's the message of the film, and it's great that it seems to motivate people. You can translate that over to racing and to track days—wanting to be a better driver. It's a confidence thing."

Finally, in my most discreet manner, I ask him whether it would be probing too much to inquire what he paid for that '64 911. "You could ask, but I'll never tell," he answers with such English politeness that I barely feel chastened. ■



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A License for the Misbegotten

Words: Richard Huber
 Photos: Michael Essa



The author (left) and instructor Jim Duncan discuss the line.

Dawn. Upon arrival at the Willow Springs gate, the ordeal of wrapping the red wrist admittance band did not bode well for our day. My son nearly managed to give me gangrene from tightening it down. As it was, his band ended up a wad on his shirt collar.

We unloaded the trailers at an hour no real man should be up and spent the next 20 minutes trying to remember our names. The cars were “perfect,” as we had been told by the previous owner, the demon driver John Payne, in a tight-lipped deal struck near an elementary school around midnight two weeks before.

And here we were at Willow Springs ready to burn down the asphalt.

Just before 8 a.m., about the time we had had enough coffee to be chasing gnats, a loudspeaker erupted as if from Jehovah, and the call for everyone to assemble at HQ came forth. Whoever was on that mike had a voice like boulders falling on a tin roof. No mercy. We clutched at our belongings and went to meet our fate.

This was our first experience with POC, and we had made the mistake of wearing comfortable school clothes

to the drivers meeting. We hadn’t realized the dress code was wash-and-wear homeless, and so to join in the spirit we shredded our garments and rolled in a puddle of crankcase oil drippings, Cheetos, and Pepto-Bismol. I had brought a six-pack of Pepto, and so bonded to the group in no time. They recognized one of their own.

Introductions to our new rulers, the presentation of flags, discussions of rules of the road, and assignments of instructors went forward as professionally as a dentist’s drill and had our similarly undivided attention. Our instructor for the day Jim Duncan waved to us wanly from a corner of the room he had not successfully disappeared into. We shook his hand vigorously and noticed then he carried an electric prod in the other.

After the drivers meeting, we found our way back to our pit where our crew seemed oddly glum, even though notes were affixed to various areas of our cars from passing well-wishers: “Nice to know you,” “WT...?,” “At least you won’t need helmets,” and the old favorite, “Gentlemen, start your coffins.”

We could not seem to bring our mechanics into the cheerful spirit of the day before us. My son remarked that there seemed an air of futility to their prepara-

tions, as if they had received some rather bad news. One of them looked at us and shook his head. “Bad news? Bad news is it?” He went on a laughing jag all the way to the porta-pot.

We resolved to be more circumspect in our crew choices in the future, being familiar as we were with the symptoms of manic behavior from our own work in therapy sessions. My son had recently been released from a study program and been assured that his episodes would have no effect on his ability to “wrestle cattle,” which he had noted as a career preference under “other.”

We had decided that it would be proper if the mechanics referred to us as The Talent inasmuch as we had decorated our new nomex suits with all manner of decals, logos, ribbons, gold epaulets, and other regalia that would ensure better lap times. I felt that in a pinch I could always lead a military junta in Latin America. In addition, we had polished our helmets to a luminescent glow, our visors were like crystal, and I had had the deep sagacity to bring 12 changes of underwear. At least enough for the morning sessions, I presumed.

A disconsolate Jim Duncan shambled over at long last, assisted by an attendant at each elbow. He looked us

over and complained of dizziness as we led him to a chair. He mopped his brow with great deliberateness as if about to receive a life sentence, and I passed him the Pepto bottle. I commiserated with him. Anyone could see he was not an early riser, either.

After some 45 minutes of relentless struggle to get into the car, I had twisted my helmet nearly backwards, the Hans device had cut off all blood circulation and then my breathing when I got my elbow tangled into the straps, and I had lost control of my bladder at least twice. When my mechanic secured the multi-point belts, twelve as I recall, I knew for certain that various appendages were sealed forever in my foundation garments.

Mr. Duncan complained that the seat provided him "would not have allowed enough room for a naked and well-oiled pygmy," but after some forcible exhalations, gasps, and gestures of surrender, he sat belted in and surveyed his world as a man who would see no darker day.

It was then that we both realized the two-way radio we had to communicate left something to be desired. Somehow, in my haste, I had connected it to the engine electrical board. When I hit the ignition and flipped on the radio, Duncan sat bolt upright in the instructor's seat and as quickly turned ashen.

Communication from then on would have to be graphic. Indeed, Mr. Duncan brandished the electric prod at me. I took that as a signal. He then motioned us toward the starter at the track entrance. I realized after turning the ignition key to the vehicle and proceeding some distance that I had yet to attach the steering wheel. A glance at Mr. Duncan frenetically twisting the prod charger to "activate" indicated this was an error on my part. My mechanic, who had been chasing me out of the pit, caught up just in time and set the wheel, and like that we were off to the races. Tallyho!



"You'll need this, sir."

Sort of. Out on the track we were in a conga line. Yes, those boys up ahead sure had traffic in a snarl. This was just like the I-5 except without the food, a cell phone, and pain killers. Mr. Duncan gestured at me like a conductor of the philharmonic on hallucinogens, though his hands now and then formed a kind of strangulation mime as far as I could tell. I smiled to myself in my helmet and nodded back at him.

The ZAP! of his electric prod on my accelerator leg propelled us forward. It seemed we were about to be lapped, and this was not going to happen on Duncan's watch. He wagged the prod and speared me time and again, to his great glee. I drove into every curve as if it were my last, and he began to make motions of faster still! A diabolical look came over Duncan and he pegged my leg with enough voltage to kick the radio back on—and at that moment he was a goner, alas.

Tip for you beginners: You drive to the point that you have a pant load, and if you're not winning by then, you have no talent. Not only was I ahead, the zap of the prod had me approaching a lap of the field. Fear had unearthed a glimmer of talent.

Our 20 minutes of practice were up, and I raised my fist in victory and drove to our pit as if an emissary from on high, nodding this way and that to lesser mortals who stood mouths agape. I was extricated from the car, as was Mr. Duncan, with a winch, and after a long shower followed by a change of underwear, I rejoined him for a discussion of the fine points in the driving game.

However, from the second radio blast Mr. Duncan had developed a speech impediment that allowed him only to grunt and growl. He did manage one intelligible remark: "Going off road to the next corner is not winning!"

This sort of encouragement is what the POC process is all about.

Soon after he had found his suppositories, he was pinched into the seat of my son's car, and from the expression on his face he had left the bonds of mere earth and had his sights set on the afterlife. A holy man Mr. Duncan is. He probably uses these experiences to transcend mortal time and space, if I may be philosophical. Well, to each his own.

One thing even my son noticed: As the day went by, Mr. Duncan became more and more susceptible to weeping, barking, and reaching for my neck.

The battery of the prod long since had been drained, so it was not possible to shock him out of his fugue. We understood that he regretted his life so far and needed some encouragement to go on. We consulted with the mechanics who advised that we pack the cars up and leave soon. But they had been saying that since the first morning session.

The day had been balmy and a bit windy. The cars had accumulated nearly a truckload of dirt, pebbles, and desert life inside the driver compartments, and we needed a long-handled shovel or even a back-hoe, which Mr. Duncan suggested in jest we could find about 100 miles south. Well, those loads of rubble had strained the suspension, and tire wear was a bit extreme, true enough. The mechanics suggested we use a fire hose after complete disassembly. Jokes and more jokes all day long. POC is like that, if you are wondering whether or not to join.

When it came time for us to go over our cards for the day, we went back to HQ where Mr. Duncan begged Ms. Taylor to shoot him on the spot, but she refused; and he was not interested in more Pepto, either. He went outside and communed with the heavens, returned, wrote furiously, and then went off into the sunset. We looked at what he had written on our cards: "When these two get their licenses the earth will change its rotation."

"Imagine that," said my son.

"Yeah, that would be something, wouldn't it?" said I.

We left for the day and found our way back to the hotel, where I realized that it was impossible to move. A muscle paralysis had set in, and we had to be taken to the rooms like statues. The bellhop looked at us and shook his head.

"Out racing, huh. I seen guys like you before. Pretty soon you'll curl up like pill bugs and moan for your mamas."

My spine had indeed curved into what seemed a permanent rictus, but we had already vowed to do better tomorrow, and as Mr. Duncan had pointed out, "How could you not?"

The next morning, a bright and very windy Sunday, I requested a hydraulic jack to remove me from the bed. The ever cheery and resourceful bellhop appeared with the appropriate equipment, and time later found my son and me visiting every available coffee shop on the way to the Willow. We arrived babbling.

Apparently we had developed 50-pound faces overnight, swollen from



Rubble removal.

spinal shock and gallons of fluids after yesterday's dehydration. Our look of the possessed sent the mechanics running about the tarmac. They reeled this way and that, dropped various flasks and longnecks, and ran off just as the booming voice of Jehovah beckoned us to HQ once again.

The drivers meeting resembled a refugee camp, without the order. Shortly, we discovered Mr. Duncan under a large carton where he said he had found peace and quiet, at long last. He arose and went forth to our pit, and we followed, as anyone would who had seen his face. Clearly he had a vision, and we knew this would be our day.

The cars no longer contained the two cubic yards of dirt from yesterday, and all in all, we felt we had the upper hand on the racing game. The Talent had arrived.

"Now listen up, you two. Yesterday you had more black flags than an Italian state funeral; and today isn't going to be that way. Here's some tips: keep your hands on the wheel, full gas, forget about shifting, okay?" This was pure Duncan: concise, sure, and no nonsense.

This was the concept stuff we had read about in racing books. We were going to visualize speed, go all out. When Henry Ford set the world record speed

record, and on ice, did he have a brake? No way. When Tazio Nuvolari beat the Nazis at the Ring, did he have tires, a transmission? No, not nothing. We had entered the high priesthood of speed. The secret was ours. Like Steve McQueen in Le Mans we were going to see the track in slow motion, our senses tuned only to the dimension of speed.

"Next stop, the Twilight Zone," said the mechanic, and hammered us into the cars. We were off like wolves and after two laps realized we were going the opposite way today, such was our concentration. The earth was about to change its rotation, no doubt.

By midday, our cars were in ruins, our mechanics in the hills, the rest of the field headed home, and I was fresh out of undies. Mr. Duncan, the Patton of our time, gave us an ultimatum for the last session of the day:

"You will go alone. Fortunately, no one else will be out there. You've managed to run them off."



The earth changes its rotation.



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**Drake Kemper chased
by Mike Monsalve.**

Photo: Cathy Robson/Virtual Access Photo



Owners celebrate the historic gathering of 911s from all fifty years of production.
Photo: Sunny Chamblee



POC PREVAILS AT FESTIVAL OF SPEED

Words: John Armstrong and Rich Yochum
with Craig Ames, Drake Kemper and Paul D. Young

Did the California Festival of Speed crackle, or what?

If you weren't racing, you could have been one of the 5,000 attendees at the Auto Club Speedway April 5-7 gawking over the 50 examples of the Porsche 911, one for each year, assembled for perhaps the only time ever. Or you could have entered your perfectly coiffed older Porsche in the Concours, run the auto-cross in brand new Porsches loaned by the factory, bought some used parts or even a car at the Porsche swap meet, preened with your late-model Porsche at the Porsche Corral, wandered through an impressive vendors' row, or even watched some fabulous Porsche racing, all while listening to driver interviews and race commentary on the radio.

But alas, you're a racer, and you had your hands too full of gripping competition to partake of many of those kicks. Those who took advantage of every opportunity to race over the three days competed in four races (three Sprints and a one-hour Enduro), plus a Time Trial.

The California Festival of Speed, a nationally recognized Porsche Club of America event, is the largest Porsche gathering in the Southwest. This year it really took off, thanks in large part to the massive turnout by Porsche Owners Club drivers.

In past years POC members who are also PCA members have run in the event, but only for PCA points. It has been years since the POC as a club has had an official presence at any PCA event. This year, in a tactical move to attract more drivers and share the hefty track fees at Auto Club Speedway, the PCA invited the POC to join forces. The two clubs offered Cup Races and Time Trials in which drivers could win both POC and PCA season championship points simultaneously.

The only catch was that if you were a member only of the POC, you had to join the PCA, go through their rigorous registration, licensing, and tech processes, and then attend a couple of newbies drivers meetings, which left many of us overwhelmed, confused, and feeling faint. Each of us received more than 20 emails from the PCA prior to the event.

Despite the grumblings from many POC members, our hats are off to the PCA for their meticulous organization of a weekend overflowing with moving parts.

And their recruiting gambit worked. Over 200 drivers registered, more than double the number of drivers at last year's Festival of Speed. Of the 102 Race drivers, 33 were POCers who joined PCA just for the event, and most of the rest had held dual-club memberships prior to the event. All told, approximately 75% of all the Cup racers were POC members in addition to being PCA members.

With those numbers, you would expect the POC to acquit itself well in the races, and it did. In Saturday's Green Sprint Race, drivers with POC memberships were at the wheel in eight of the top ten finishing cars, including the first four, and 17 of the top 20. In Sunday's

Green Sprint Race, of the 39 racers, all but five were members of the POC; POC-affiliated drivers took 15 of the first 16 places.

In both Saturday and Sunday's Blue Sprint Races, POC-affiliated drivers took eight of the top ten places, including first and second both days.

The Green Sprint Races

The Green Race group was composed of the Cup cars and faster GT cars (similar to POC's Red group), and the Saturday and Sunday races counted for us as Cup Races #5 and #6. The standout performer of the



Craig Ames savors victory.
Photo: Cathy Robson/Virtual Access Photo

For once, John Armstrong doesn't mind a black-and-white in his rear view.

Photo: Cathy Robson/Virtual Access Photo

IN HIS OWN WORDS: CRAIG AMES
overall winner of both Green Sprint Races

I'm a 39-year-old internet entrepreneur. I come from a competitive mountain biking and triathlon background, but other than that I have no moto or auto racing experience. I started doing DEs in July, 2012 in a GT3 RS. I drove at least once a month for the rest of the year and quickly realized that I wanted to not just drive fast, but compete against other drivers. I'm a serious competitor. I like to win at everything from family card games to car racing. I purchased an '09 Cup car, joined the SCCA, and completed their requirements for a racing license last October. During my first events with the POC, I was introduced to Kevin Roush, who quickly helped me develop my Cup car and my driving skills enough to qualify to enter the Racers Clinic this past December. In the Clinic I met one of my strongest competitors in Chip Romer. He is a class act, and we are fortunate to be able to compete with Blake Rosser, Dan Aspesi, and Dan Davis. How am I able to beat any of these guys on a given day? Get on the front of the grid and race with no mistakes.

Coming to Auto Club Speedway, I was unsure how I would do. I'd only ever driven my street car there during the last POC event. To my surprise, I qualified on pole Saturday with a 1:38.7 and felt very confident going into the race. My car felt so good at this track that it really did not move around very much at all. Starting the race from pole, I knew that any mistake on my part and Chip would pounce. Not only that, starting behind me was the Blue Monster of Dan Davis. Davis was smart enough to ask race officials if he was allowed to go down below the apron at the start of the race.

The green flag comes out, and Davis, with his turbos wound up, shoots down there and gaps the entire field. For the next five laps, I chase Davis, catching him in the turns, and then he pulls away on the straights. Chip is on my bumper the entire time. I realize that I will need to put some pressure on Davis and see if he'll make a small mistake. Going into Turn 7, I'm the closest I've been to him yet. Davis takes a ton of speed into the brake zone in Turn 9 and drifts a little left. I seize my chance to pass on the inside, and Davis gives me just enough room to get through. The rest of the lap I really try to get away from him as quick as possible, because if he is close getting onto the front straight he will re-pass me. Fortunately I get a big enough gap and hold on for the win.

On Sunday's race there is no Blue Monster, due to a mechanical. I start on pole again and make it to Turn 3, with Chip riding my tail. For the next several laps I gain only a minor lead on Chip, and I'm feeling the pressure as my brakes begin to seriously fade. I'm having to brake earlier and earlier. Before long Chip is right there again, all over me. Fortunately for me we start to come upon lapped traffic, and with 39 cars in the field there are plenty of cars to work with. After several laps of navigating lapped traffic, I manage another tight pass in Turn 7, but only I get through, which holds up Chip. I try to use the advantage and push hard now for as much distance as I can get. With Chip getting held up a few times in the lapped traffic, I'm able to take the victory.

weekend was Craig Ames, a relative newcomer to racing, who qualified on pole both days and won both races outright in his '09 Cup car (classed as GT2), serving notice to last year's Driver of the Year Dan Aspesi that a new gunslinger is in town. And there's a new sidekick with a swagger as well. Chip Romer, another Cup car driver who graduated from the Racers Clinic with Ames just a year ago, finished second overall (and in GT2) in both races. Aspesi took a fourth in GT2 on Saturday and a third Sunday, and you have to figure he's either contemplating yet another car switch (maybe his seventh in the last year-and-a-half) or lobbying for a rules change. Completing the overall podium on Saturday was Dan Davis (first in GT1), but a mechanical issue (ho, hum) kept him out of Sunday's race. On Sunday, Bob Rodriguez took third overall (and first in GTC-5 both days).

Another great driving exhibition was put on by Eric Oviatt, who blew away a fast GT3 field both days in his unrecognizably redesigned Boxster. And we thought Duane Selby was going to run away with the GT3 championship this year in his super-prepped Vision Motorsports Cayman S. Selby took a pair of honorable seconds in GT3 class, but he has to be wondering how he's going to answer the Oviatt challenge. Oviatt beat him by 31 seconds on Saturday and by more than that on Sunday. Rounding out the weekend's class champs were Fred Chin (GTC-4) and Chris Chamberlain (GTC-3) with a set of victories apiece.

The Blue Sprint Races

The Blue Race group included the V3, GT4, BSR, R6, and assorted one-off car classes (equivalent to POC's Orange/Green group). Drake Kemper (GT4) dominated Saturday and Sunday's Sprint races, taking first overall in both races. He has come a very long way since winning the not-so-coveted John Deere Award last year.



The hair-raising first lap traffic jam in Turns 3/4. Photo: Sunny Chamblee

IN HIS OWN WORDS: DRAKE KEMPER overall winner of both Blue Sprint Races

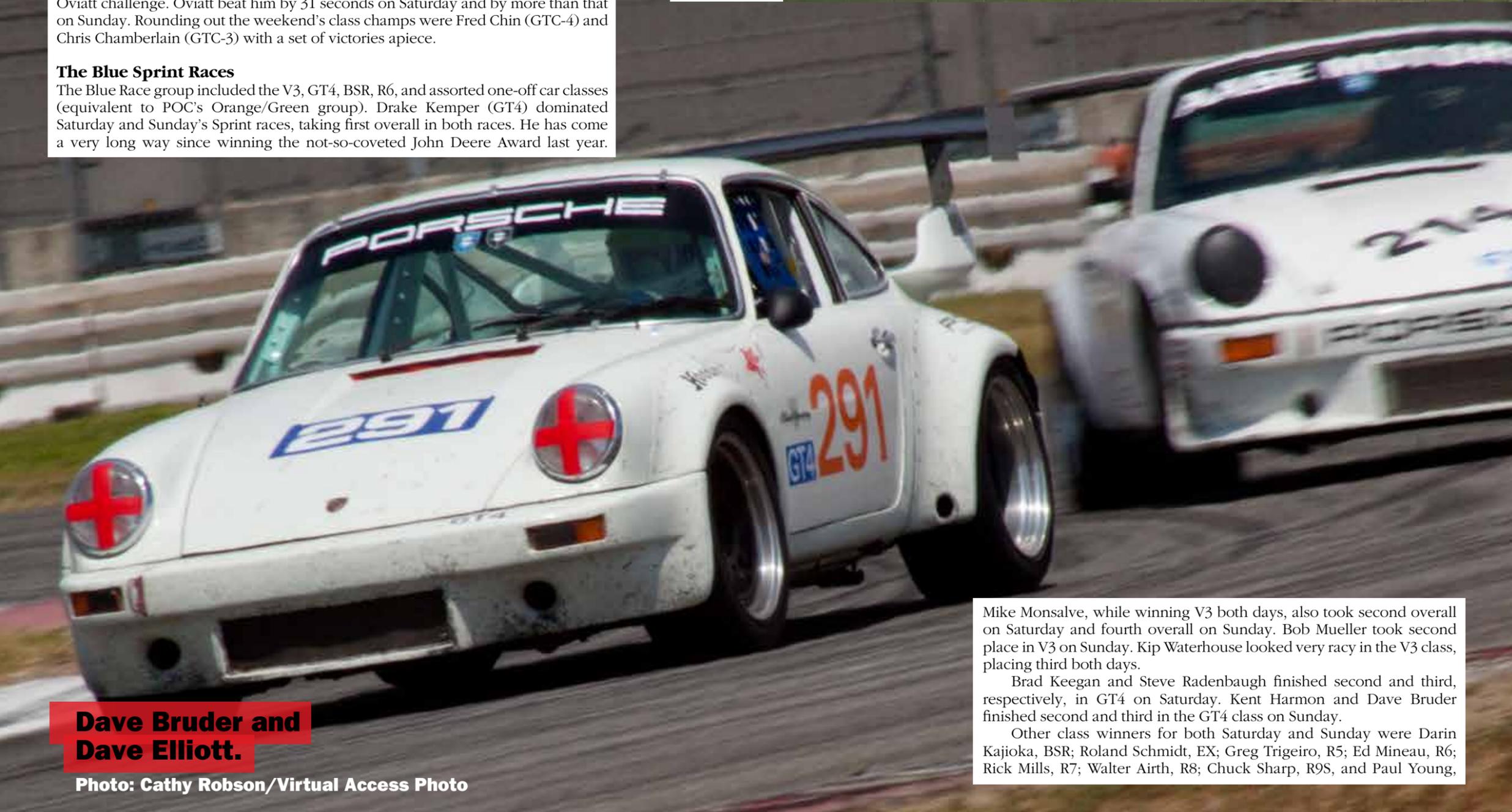
I had started the weekend intending to be racing my 3.4-liter 996 Carrera (with an '03 body) in the GT3 class. But after the lap times just weren't there (off of Gunter by almost four seconds), we knew we had to make changes. My car didn't feel very peppy on the straightaways at all, so we installed some new headers and an air intake. Then we dynoed the car at the mobile dyno onsite to find that my car with 233 rwhp was still 67 hp down to Gunter.

I looked up the power-to-weight ratios of the classes and decided that it made much more sense to race in GT4 than GT3, and have a chance to bring home four new Yokohama tires. My car wasn't even at the tippy top of GT4. We fiddled with the aerodynamics to make the car stick everywhere. I'd rather lose ground on the roval and gain it in the infield. I had qualified in GT3 for the Green Sprint Race, but the officials were nice enough to move my time over to the Blue Race in GT4, where my 1:47.559 was good enough to put me on pole.

It was my first time ever on slicks, so that was interesting. I way overused them; they were completely gone by lap five of Sunday's race. I only had one bobble, and that was a miscommunication on my part with Andrew Weyman. He pointed me by on the right, but I knew with how sketchy my tires were that I didn't want to pass on the inside. I'd just track right into him. So I went for the outside—but there was no outside left, lol. Knocked over two cones and some grass at the hairpin, but kept on racing with no damage. Sorry to scare Andrew, lol.

My first laps of the weekend in the other car I'd brought, the BSR, were in the actual Enduro. I started DFL, but with a great start I quickly worked up to first in class by lap four. However, I made a mistake and only stayed in my pit for 4 minutes, 56 seconds instead of the required 5 minutes. They called me in for a stop and go penalty of four seconds (plus the time of pit lane—roughly a minute penalty in all). However, due to smooth driving the whole time and the fact that Will Marcy had the same penalty, I was able to pull off a nine-second win in my class by the end of the hour.

I then tried to run the final fun Blue/Green Race in the GT4 just to get more laps, but the tires were so done that it was more



Dave Bruder and Dave Elliott.

Photo: Cathy Robson/Virtual Access Photo

Mike Monsalve, while winning V3 both days, also took second overall on Saturday and fourth overall on Sunday. Bob Mueller took second place in V3 on Sunday. Kip Waterhouse looked very racy in the V3 class, placing third both days.

Brad Keegan and Steve Radenbaugh finished second and third, respectively, in GT4 on Saturday. Kent Harmon and Dave Bruder finished second and third in the GT4 class on Sunday.

Other class winners for both Saturday and Sunday were Darin Kajioka, BSR; Roland Schmidt, EX; Greg Trigeiro, R5; Ed Mineau, R6; Rick Mills, R7; Walter Airth, R8; Chuck Sharp, R9S, and Paul Young,

GT6. Rich Yochum earned a respectable second place in R6 both days.

The Enduro

The Enduro was a one-hour fun race, for which neither club awarded points. It was an unlimited affair, with each car required to serve a five-minute pit stop. As expected, with no handicapping based on car classifications, the Cup cars came out on top. Chip Romer, Tom Haacker, and the team of Fred Chin/Skeer took the three steps of the podium, and the rest of us just had a lot of fun—unless our cars broke, ran out of gas, or got a flat on the last lap (as Armstrong's did). Of the 35 drivers who participated, 28 were also POC members.

The Time Trials

There were so many pure Time Trialers at the Festival of Speed—something like 70—that they were given two separate run groups all weekend. It's a shame that at a conclave this large, Time Trialers inevitably get short-changed when it comes to their two-lap solo competitions, presumably because their event takes so long to run. After practicing all Friday, Saturday, and Sunday morning they finally got their chance to shine at 3:20 p.m., in the final session of the weekend. In individual classes the POCers made good showings. Chuck and Debby Sharp took 1-2 in 944 Spec, Mark Bray won in CC03, Paul Young won in CC05, and Glenn Orton won in CC07.

Pirelli Cup

The Pirelli GT3 Cup Trophy USA West had its own run group throughout the weekend, and held three races—one each day—to kick off its series for the season. Twenty-three drivers, 10 of whom were also POC members, participated in these races.

POCers who enjoyed podium success in the Pirelli Cup races were Loren Beggs (three 1st-place finishes in B-Gold), Doug Baron (three 1st-places in C-Silver), Robert Rodriguez (three 2nds in B-Gold), Dave Leyvas (a 2nd and 3rd in C-Silver), Jesse Menczer (two 3rds in A-Platinum), Tom Haacker (a 3rd in A-Platinum), and Bill Earon (a 3rd in C-Silver). These guys were among the hardest working drivers all weekend, as most of them also participated in the Sprint Races. Haacker and Baron even ran the Enduro.

Sunday Fun Race

If you stuck around for this non-points Sprint Race at 2:40 p.m. Sunday, you: a) are a hard-core racer, and b) brought a lot of tires. Among those who did it all were Chip Romer (who won it), Kent Harmon, Chris Chamberlain, Bayan Salehi, Derek and Drake Kemper, Eric Monroe, Paul Young, Bob Mueller, Charles Sharp, and Will Marcy.

When all was said and done, we definitely enjoyed the heightened energy of this once-a-year weekend. But we're not sure most of us, who love the concept of a stripped down racing club, would want to be part of all the pageantry offered



**Time Trialer
Kevin Woods.**

Photo: Alex Bermudez

by Festival of Speed for every single event on our calendar.

Moreover, it was a little different for us, as an independent racing club, to be told what to do by a big brother figure. The PCA officials were mostly responsive to our voices, but there were a few disagreements. When early in the weekend they made the unpopular decision to put tire barriers up after Turn 9 to create a bottlenecked chicane before the straightaway, several POC drivers, including Kip, voiced concern in the racers meeting that the barrier was dangerous and could lead to an accident. Despite our misgivings, the PCA Chief Steward chose to leave it in place. Sure enough, on Sunday PCA driver Craig Booth totaled his 996 GT3 right there. After clipping the left tire barrier, he spun into the wall on the right side. Of course it can be argued that we're all supposed to be good enough drivers to thread that needle, but why create a potentially dangerous situation intentionally?

We as a club will be facing a decision as to whether or not to participate on the same footing at next year's Festival of Speed. It's clear that our massive participation in this year cost us a lot of drivers seven weeks later at our flagship event Tribute to Le Mans (which will be covered in the next issue), where we had only 22 teams participate in the Enduro. A lot of drivers couldn't face a repeat of large expenses and a three-day time commitment at the same track in such short order. It's fair to say we like our variety.

We're just feeling our way with the PCA, and whether the relationship will endure is a story yet to be writ. We're told the terms will be different when we share the track again with PCA in September at Miller Motorsports Park in Salt Lake. In that case we'll be buying our own run sessions from them, so we'll be more or less equals. You can bet that **Velocity** will let you know how it goes.

In the meantime, anyone know how to unsubscribe from the PCA email list if you're not interested in coffee klatches, car waxing seminars, and drives through wine country? ■



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IN HIS OWN WORDS: RICH YOCHUM
R6 Second Place in both Blue Sprint Races

I think having a National PCA Club Racing license has tremendous advantages for racers, affording them the opportunity to experience some of the greatest road courses in the country, like Sebring, Daytona, Watkins Glen, and Road America, to name a few. I hope to get some time in the future to try out some of them.

My planning for this event started in January, 2013, with renewing my PCA membership, taking a physical exam and updating my medical forms, and preparing my car to PCA Rule specifications. I would best describe the process as like being in a war: it is hell when you're going through it; but when it's over and you have survived, it wasn't so bad.

I was very anxious preparing my car to assure it met the PCA specs. Fortunately, my first car made it with flying colors. Did I say my first car?

Unfortunately, during the practice on Friday afternoon, I bent two valves and a rocker arm on my 911. I was totally bummed out and thought I was finished before the weekend began. Fortunately I had a spare—a spare car.

Luckily, I do not live far from the Speedway and was able

to retrieve my Boxster, which I brought to tech on Saturday morning.

Again, I was anxious about the tech inspection. With the exception of a wiring problem on my kill switch, the tech seemed to be going well until they noticed I did not have a window net. PCA Rules require window nets. (The POC Spec Boxster Rules do not require window nets if you have arm restraints, which I did have.) Again, it appeared I was through for the weekend. I went back to the garage and began to put my car back in the trailer, when the tech officials came up to me with a solution.

The solution: take the top off (Boxsters have a removable top). Thus, the car becomes a convertible and the window net rule no longer applies. "Huh?" I asked with astonishment. "You mean I can't run it with the top and with restraints, but I can with the top off?"

The answer was, "Yep!" The top came off.

I think I was the only convertible out there that weekend. For those with Boxsters who have never driven their car without the top, there is some good and bad news.

The good news is you do not have any sensation of being topless, such as buffeting, etc. The bad news is you lose aerodynamics without the top. The car was much slower on the front straight than Boxsters with the top. Between Turns 1 and



**Chip Romer,
Enduro champ.**

Photo: Cathy Robson/Virtual Access Photo



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MIKE TAKAKI • R7 CUP RACING / FIRST PLACE • JI TIME TRIAL / FIRST PLACE • JI SHORT TRACK / FIRST PLACE

DREW WATERHOUSE • GTC-3 CUP RACING / FIRST PLACE

KIP WATERHOUSE • R5 CUP RACING / SECOND PLACE

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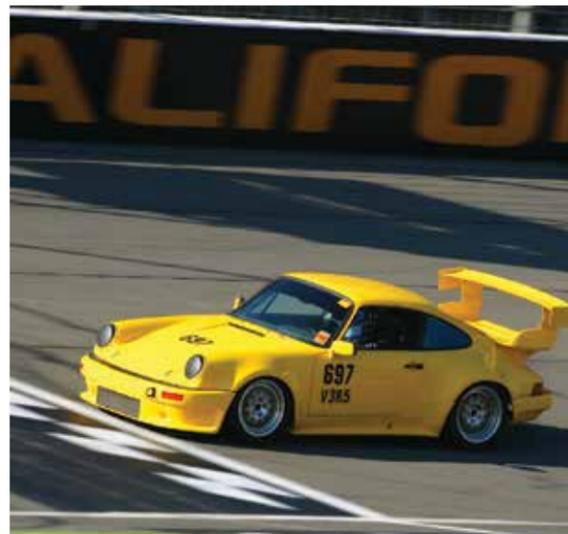
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Auto Club Speedway, March 2007 (didn't win, again)



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IN HIS OWN WORDS: PAUL YOUNG double GT6 winner in Blue Sprint Races

Since I am active in both clubs, it was wonderful to have my PCA and POC racing buddies all together at once on the track. Lots of camaraderie and great racing—exactly the exhausting kind of escape we all need.

In the Saturday Blue Sprint Race, I got an okay start and had to fight my way back a bit to grid position. Then I was able to pick my way through some cars in the field to move up a few places. Exiting onto the oval on lap eight, there was a cone right in the driving line. Since it had been there for several laps, I decided to be the hero and “remove” it. Well, it got stuck under Snickers' front spoiler and was making this dreadful SKRIIIIIITCH-SKRIIIIIITCH sound most of the way around the track, and especially through the oval. SKRIIIIIITCH-SKRIIIIIITCH-SKRIT-SKRIIIIIITCH! SKRIIIIIITCH-SKRIIIIIITCH-SKRIIIIIITCH! Funny—it kept making that sound after Snickers horked up that huge, wretched cone like a hairball on the front straight near Start/Finish after a lap. Turns out the cone had bent my tow hook down so it was scraping on the pavement on left-hand turns. Ed Mineau was behind me and said the sparks were real pretty. Poor Snickers.



Dylan Keegan, Brad's pit crew.
Photo: Brad Keegan



Paul Young and his long-suffering Snickers.

Photo: Cathy Robson/Virtual Access Photo



How I Built a Winning Car

by Eric Oviatt (GT3 winner of both Green Sprint Races at Festival of Speed)



Photo: Alex Bermudez

The plan and preparations for running in the GT3 class at Festival of Speed started in late 2012, actually. The car had suffered a rear suspension component failure after getting caught in a tire wall at Laguna Seca, causing some significant body damage. Since I already had to replace both bumpers, a hood, two fenders, a door, and some wheels, I decided to make some upgrades in the process. This was also the “opportunity” I had been waiting for to work in our prototype Boxster roof design we had been talking about for some time. The goal was to build a competitive and capable GT2 level car, but restrict the HP and add enough ballast weight that it could run in GT3. So, if I did have a bigger motor built in the future, everything else on the car would be GT2-ready.

The first item on my list was increasing the front tire size. Since building the Boxster into a GT3 car, I had been wearing out front tires before the rears. We decided to increase the front

wheel size from 9” to 10.5,” allowing an increase in tire size from 250 width to 280 width. To fit these tires onto the chassis, we had to move the radiators forward on the car by modifying the existing brackets. We also had to install Grand-Am style front fender flares (carbon fiber, of course), modify the existing fender liners, and place steering angle restrictors on the steering rack. This has improved handling, braking, and tire life. It allowed me to pull some great braking and overtaking maneuvers into Turn 3 at Auto Club Speedway.

The next item on the list was the new roofline. We had been talking for several months about improving the stock Boxster hardtop roofline that we use on the BSR cars. It was decided that we could improve the airflow over the vehicle and improve the efficiency of the rear wing by creating and installing a roof that had a more gradual slope downwards after the windshield. My crew built me a great custom roof that improved the airflow and increased

visibility with the addition of two side windows and an enlarged rear, and the whole thing was lighter than the components it replaced.

Even with the increase in frontal area due to the wider front end, we were able to pick up top speed on the banking because of better aero, or what we believe to be a reduction in drag.

The rear suspension was addressed after we had a parts failure which started this whole process. We changed manufacturers of the parts that failed, and went back to Porsche Motorsports Cup car products. We also installed new rear subframes that had been modified and reinforced. This improved our rear suspension geometry and reliability.

Overall, I started off 2013 with a radically improved car. The car in 2012 was no slouch, but this new design improved our laps times at Fontana by more than two seconds! It wasn't necessarily cheap, easy, or quick to build (it took about five months), but I'm really happy with the results. As far

as specific event strategy, I set up the car to have the highest RWHP in GT3 for the Festival of Speed, knowing that ACS can reward the top speed well, and that my new, larger front tires should handle the weight better than competitors' cars. I expected this to be my primary advantage going into the event, and it worked. I was able to really brake deep into Turn 3 when I needed to, and my tires were able to handle the high track temps and abuse. That is where I made most, if not all, of my passes, so my strategy really relied on that effort.

Other key pieces to my car that aid in performance are found in the ECU, transmission setup, suspension, and weight management. The ECU, an aftermarket stand-alone unit made by Pectel (Cosworth), was used in modern Indy cars only a few years ago. It allows me to set my max HP

by adjusting the angle of the throttle plate electronically. For example, at 90° of throttle plate angle (a typical full throttle) my car makes about 340 RWHP, at 70° of throttle plate angle my car makes 333 RWHP, at 65° of throttle my car makes 321 RWHP, and so on. This allows me to easily tune the car for each specific track. For the high speed track at ACS I set it at 70°, but at Buttonwillow I reduce the throttle to 65° and run lighter weight.

The transmission has short third-to-sixth gear ratios that allow me to stay in my power band almost all of the time while on track. At any point above 5000 RPM, my car makes 300 RWHP, but when I shift at redline of 7500, my next gear starts at 6500 or so. So due to the short gears and throttle-limited max horsepower, I have a very responsive and much quicker car than

the max horsepower figure would usually indicate. The very lightweight race clutch, lightweight wheels, deleted air conditioning compressor, smaller crankshaft pulley, and conversion to electric power steering all improve the acceleration of the engine as well. So not only does the car make great use of the power band, it can rev very quickly through the range by having lightweight rotating components. These are the keys to making the absolute most out of a power-to-weight ratio-controlled race car. Max power is only part of the equation. Getting good transitional power, a good torque band, matched gearing, and quick revs are the other items that really come into play.

These are some of the reasons why my car will lap and consistently race much quicker than a standard GT3 class car without such modifications. ■

The Season Opener. As I prepped for the early February event at Willow Springs International Raceway, that phrase kept coming back to me, generating various musings. What would the weekend hold? For that matter, what would the year hold? Some drivers would be working toward their race licenses, a process now made slightly longer by a full roll cage requirement. For other racers, it would be about winning their class for the year, seizing the overall Enduro championship, or just getting through the season clean. As a Time Trial driver, my goals are probably a bit different than the racers—this weekend, I had a 15-year standing record in my sights.

Driving up Highway 14 on Friday with snowflakes the size of quarters building up on my windshield, I wondered if the opener might include spiked tires. Fortunately, the snow stopped by Palmdale, becoming a light rain, then dispersing altogether a few miles later. Threatening clouds still filled the sky, and the temperature hovered around 32 degrees, but the ground was dry by the time I unloaded “Tuffy,” my GT class 924S. Motor homes, trailers, semi-trucks, and Porsches lined the pits and paddock.

Saturday morning dawned gloriously with clear skies to the east and a bank of ominous clouds to the west. Temperatures at the track were a “balmy” 38 degrees. Though they reached the 50s by midday, a constant wind kept a chill in the air. Laurie Taylor and her crew had registration well prepared. The drivers meeting, run by our new Director of Motorsport Dave Elliott, went efficiently and included a moment of silence for John “Otto” Williamson. Practice sessions stayed on schedule with only a few dust cloud-producing offs and a power steering leak issue with Steve Radenbaugh’s Boxster, which he and his crew easily repaired.

The cool weather and hot driving produced record-setting practice laps. However, as we all know, while practice makes for better driving and great banter, all that counts is what you bring to the finish line.

The split-session qualifying produced some standout lap times in the Red Race group. Craig Ames, who races in GT2 class, lay down a scorching time of 1:21.580 to lead all qualifiers, with Blake Rosser less than a tenth of a second behind. Duane Selby pulled off a remarkable 1:24.16 in GT3 class.

The Red Race didn’t disappoint, either. When the green flag fell, Aspesi and Romer immediately challenged Ames and Rosser for the lead, starting a battle that lasted the entire race. In the first two turns Romer went from third to second to fourth. A little fumble by Rosser added to the opening lap drama: “I hit the rev limiter, and we ended up four-wide into Turn 1,” he recounted. But Rosser soon recovered and re-took second. “Then,” he said, “I just put my head down and worked on consistent laps.” Lap four saw the top of the Omega momentarily resemble a Costco parking lot when an incident created a knot of the pack. The drivers sorted themselves out quickly and jumped back into the chase.

The GT2 class settled into Rosser, Aspesi, Ames, and Romer until a spin by Ames in Turn 5 on the ninth lap dropped him back. Lap eleven necessitated a support vehicle on the track due to a car off in Turn 2. A few drivers initially had difficulty seeing the yellow flag, but they adjusted quickly. The race ended under yellow, freezing the order. Rosser, Aspesi, and Romer took the overall and GT2, while Loren Beggs took first in GTC4. Duane Selby landed first in GT3, with Andrew Enz

Blake Rosser, twice triumphant in the Red Races.

Photo: Nathan Hendrickson

Words: Mark Bray

WILD

WILLOW



Steve Vandecar, Rob Tachovsky, and Blair Boyce heading down to Turn 5.
Photo: Nathan Hendrickson



Mary Ann Melnik
Photo: Nathan Hendrickson



Chip Romer leads a tight four-pack.
Photo: Nathan Hendrickson



When you grow up, you learn new skills.
Photo: Nathan Hendrickson

and Ron Palmer finishing within 2.5 seconds of him.

The Green group roared to a start and settled into a smooth race with Nate Johnson, Leland McArthy, and Paul Young leading the way. Lap four saw a nice pass by Young of McArthy in the front straight. He and McArthy switched places twice more, with Young finally holding second. Everything changed in lap five when “Boxster” Bob Baird went farming in Turn 9 and ended up in a rollover. The yellow flag lasted until lap ten when Young anticipated the start and jumped to a short-lived lead, until Foley grabbed it back. Will Marcy also made good use of the restart, slipping into third and finishing there. The race ended with Foley in BSR, Young in GT6, and Marcy in BSR taking the top overall slots. McArthy took third in BSR, while Walter Airth ran a great race in R8, turning his fastest times ever. Peter Busalacchi drove consistently fine laps to win the 944 Spec battle.

The action continued in the Orange Race, with Mike Monsalve, Rob Tachovsky, and Bob Thacker going three-wide into Turn 1. The pack stayed tight for the first third of the race before spreading. In lap two, other battles erupted as Blair Boyce attempted to pass Bob Mueller in Turn 8, only to get shut down. Boyce tried again as they entered Turn 1, and he outraked Mueller to make the pass. The two ran tight with lap times only three tenths of a second apart. Vali Predescu slipped by Boyce coming out of the Omega on lap four. Boyce strived to gain back ground, but spun in the Omega on lap seven while Vali worked into third place by lap nine. The race finished with the top slots overall taken by Monsalve in V3, Predescu in GT4, and Thacker in V3. GT4 class saw Predescu on top, followed by Steve Vandecar and Tyson Schmidt. Rich Yochum took first in R6.

The Time Trial drivers also posted outstanding results, with Paul Young’s 1:36.72 in “Snickers” obliterating the GT6 record by over six seconds. In GT4, Tyson Schmidt bettered his own record with a 1:29:25. Rick Yap moved the KI record down .3 second, running a 1:34.54.

The skies were clear and cold Sunday morning, and credit cards came out to scrape ice off windshields. Soon, though, the temperature climbed pleasantly into the high 50s. The continuous winds that had plagued Saturday were gone, but blustery air currents would still play a role during the day.

The Green Race started without a hitch. Nate Foley and Leland McArthy stretched into comfortable leads while Will Marcy and Paul Young battled for third. Marcy capitalized on Young’s shifter problems, and he passed in Turn 1. A huge dust devil suddenly developed in Turn 9, blowing sand across the track. Mercifully, everyone got through the blinding cloud without incident. The race ended with Foley, McArthy, and Marcy taking the podium in BSR and the overall. Peter Busalacchi once again took the honors in GSR.

The Red Race was packed with adventure. The race started early, and at least two drivers didn’t hear the announcement. They closed the grid, and the race was on. Right at the start, car #46 blew a gasket and sprayed oil on the track. The double-yellow came out, and soon after the race was black-flagged so the maintenance crew could cover the long line of lubricant in oil-dry.



We do it for the love of sport.
Photo: Nathan Hendrickson

The decision came to re-grid and run a 13-lap race instead of the planned 15. This gave John Armstrong, who had missed the first call, an opportunity to join the fun. It also gave Ron Palmer time to pull a quick pit stop to change out a tire damaged when he collided with Dan Burnham in Turn 3.

As soon as the race began, the leaders sped over the oil-dry material, which for some unexplained reason hadn’t been swept off the track after absorbing the spilled oil. As soon as wheels touched the sticky, chalky particulate, a huge cloud billowed up and enveloped the track. The leaders got through untouched, but the rest of the cars ran into the chemical fog, which plastered windshields and severely impaired vision. John Armstrong described it as “terrifying to drive blindly into Turn 1, not knowing if you were going to crash into a car a few feet in front of you that you couldn’t even see.” The chemical residue on windshields remained a safety threat the entire race, particularly when the late afternoon sun shone directly into the drivers’ eyes in Turn 9, the front straight, and Turns 1 and 2. Although to the drivers’ credit there were no incidents, everyone later agreed that the restart should have been postponed until the mess had been cleaned up properly.

Lap one saw GT2 drivers Blake Rosser, Chip Romer, and Craig Ames at the head of the pack, and they would ultimately finish in that order. On the third lap in Turn 8, Loren Beggs went three wide, passing Dan Aspesi and Chris Chamberlain. This set the stage for a race-long GTC4 duel between Beggs and Chamberlain. The two ran neck and neck into the final Turn 9 of the race, where they came up

on a lone, lapped car. Exiting the turn, Chamberlain dove inside of the slower car while Beggs had to pass the car on the outside. That fortuitous moment enabled Chamberlain to nip Beggs by a second for the GTC4 win. Dan Davis and Jeff Melnik ran laps within .2 second of each other, finishing first and second in GT1. Meanwhile, Duane Selby nabbed the top slot in GT3, with Andrew Enz and Bob Ehrman on his heels.

The Orange group gave us the final race of the day. Holding nothing back, the pack went four-wide into the first turn. Jeffrey Choi, nursing a tire in his GT4 car, spun in the Omega. He recovered and jumped back in to chase the group. Kevin Roush, Mike Monsalve, and Vali Predescu grabbed the top slots, with Roush eventually stretching his lead to the length of the first straight. Further back in the pack Dave Elliott and Eric Olberz fought for position, trading places repeatedly. Elliott pulled off a slick move on the front straight, going up the middle in a three-wide situation. Mike Takaki had a spectacular off in Turn 2 when Steve Vandecar’s move forced him to end up in the marbles for a ride west through the desert. The overall honors went to Roush and Monsalve in V3, then Blair Boyce representing GT4. Predescu took second in GT4, just .37 second behind Boyce, while Vande landed third. Rich Yochum, Brent Gokbudak, and Don Neville filled out R6 in the same order they had on Saturday.

The Time Trial group thinned to just ten cars and ran smoothly. Overall, the times were slower than Saturday, perhaps due to tired tires and drivers. As to my quest: although I bested Lynn Zamboni’s legendary record twice in

Streets of Willow



Jay Barton
Photo: Nathan Fredrickson



The counterclockwise home stretch.
Photo: Jay Barton



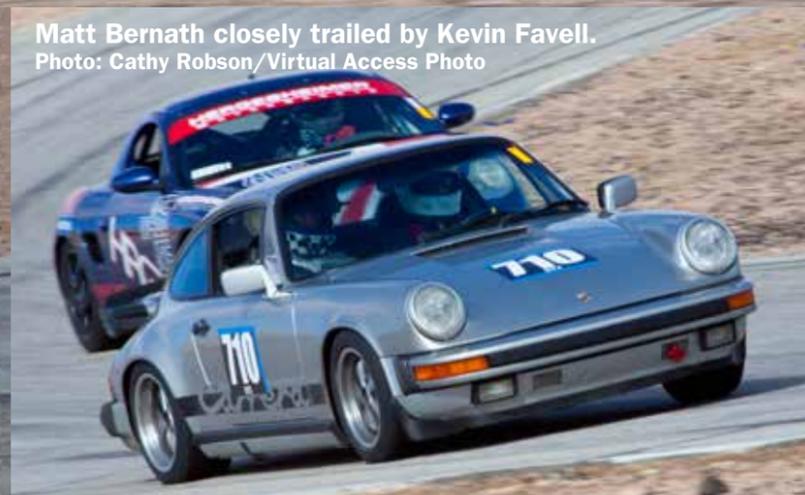
Glenn Vega, Mike Post, and their fearless instructors.
Photo: Jay Barton



Chris Cartwright is stalked by a roll of blue tape.
Photo: Jay Barton



Greg Smith in his 356.
Photo: Cathy Robson/Virtual Access Photo



Matt Bernath closely trailed by Kevin Favell.
Photo: Cathy Robson/Virtual Access Photo

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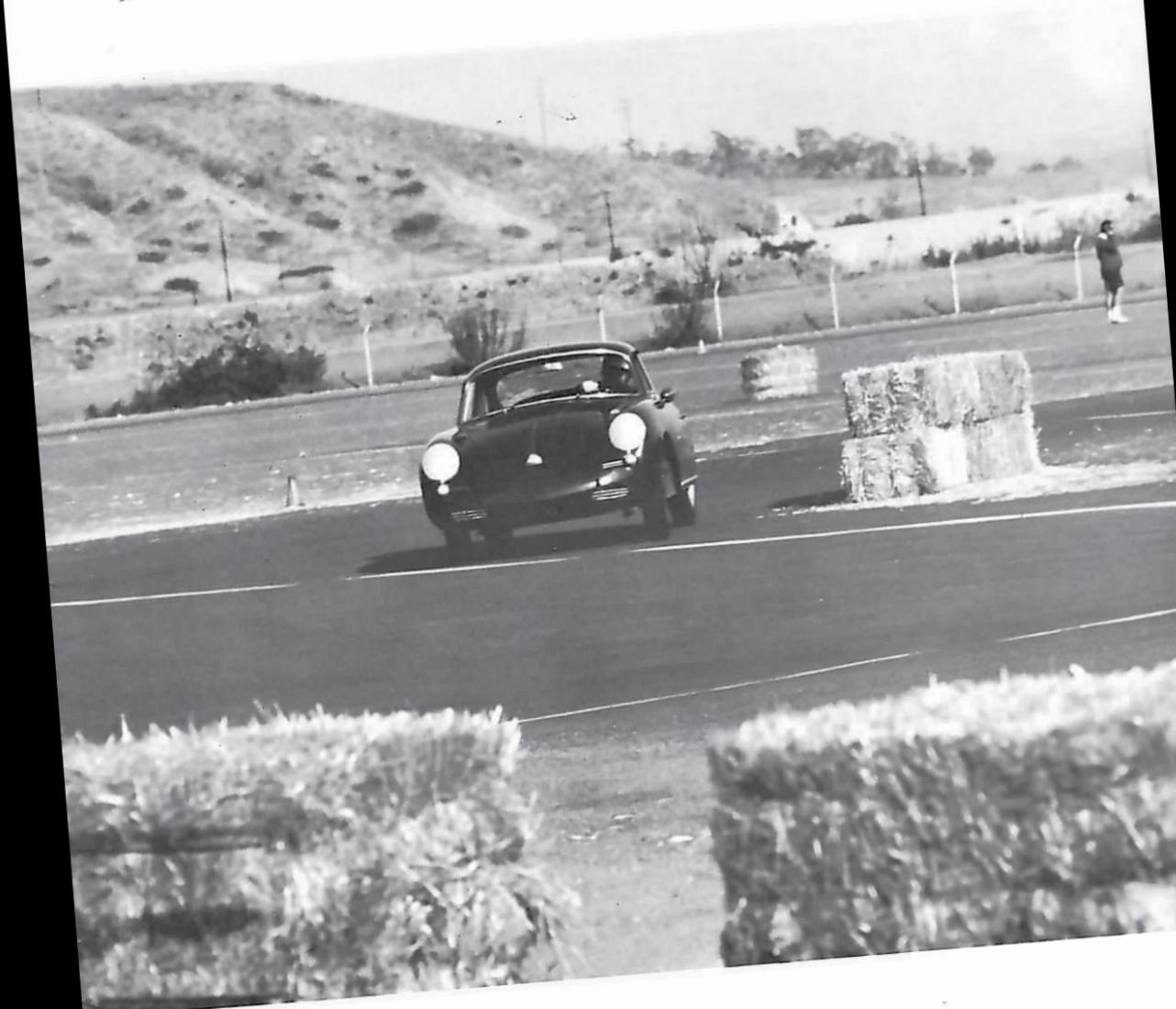
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Date	Track	Description
August 24, 25	Auto Club Speedway	Round Three of JE Pistons Enduro Series Cup Races #10 and #11 Time Trials #9 and #10
September 7, 8	Streets of Willow	PDS Drivers Clinic #2, Sat. PDS #6, Sun.
September 20, 21, 22	Miller Motorsports Park Salt Lake, Utah	Cup Races #12 and #13 Time Trials #11 and #12 In association with PCA Intermountain Region
October 5, 6	Mazda Raceway Laguna Seca	Cup Races #14 and #15 (unlimited sound) In association with Competent Motorsports
October 26, 27	Auto Club Speedway Infield Road Course	Time Trials #13 and #14 PDS #7 and #8
November 23, 24	Streets of Willow	PDS Finale #9 and #10
December 7, 8	Willow Springs Raceway	Cup Races Finale #16 and #17 Time Trials Finale #15 and #16 Racers Clinic #2