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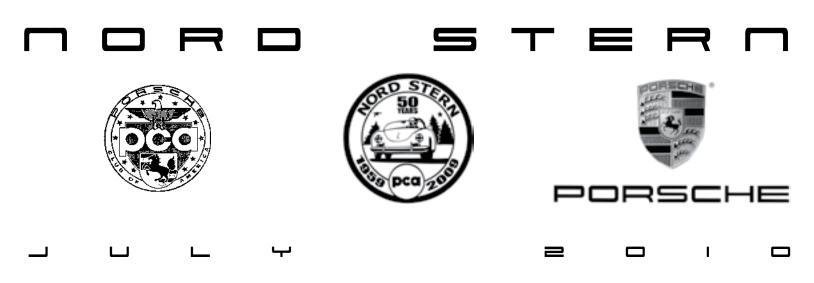
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Contents

Departments

- 4 2010 Officers & Committee Chairs
- 5 The Prez Sez
- 6 Welkommen
- 7 From the Editor
- 8 Letters to the Editor . . .
- 9 Nord Stern's Biz Board
- 33 For Sale . . .
- 33 PCA Membership News . . .
- 36 Out and About at Spring Tour

Features

- 11 Doin' it Wrong . . . Launch Control Style
- 12 The Allure of the Automobile
- 18 Who the Heck are Bryce and Tamara?

- 19 Carmudgeon Chronicles . . .
- 21 The Baja 1000: The End! By Dave Roberts
- 26 Out and About at Spring Tour
- 28 Out and About at Spring Tour
- 31 Spaßtatsachen

Upcoming Events

- 10 2010 Nord Stern Event Calendar
- 20 7th Annual Rochester Picnic
- 29 2010 Nord Stern Rally Open for Registration

Nord Stern is the official monthly publication of the Nord Stern Region, PCA Inc. Articles herein are those of the author's and do not necessarily represent the official position of PCA, the Nord Stern Region, or their members.

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Please contact staff for any event coverage you need

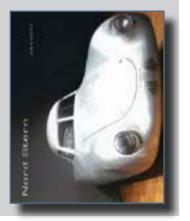
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Cover: Photo by Ike Halliwell from the Atlanta Museum of Art's recent exhibit called 'The Allure of the Automobile.' See page 12 for the full story.



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Addresses available upon request for chairperson/s or Board members. Call Christie Boeder 612 845-4509 (note: old phone number no longer active).

The Prez Sez

Keith and I just returned home from a very successful Fast Fling event up at Brainerd. Therefore, I'm late in getting my column off to Christie for the July newsletter. I should have spent time this weekend writing instead of socializing but there was so much visiting to do! It was great catching up with everyone. Thank you to all the volunteers who made the weekend such a success. Ron Johnson organized a top notch professional instructor school. The instructors and those that participated in advanced lapping ran the whole day on the short track which was a first for a Nord Stern event. Thank you to Dave Anderson who wears so many different hats at these events and Jess Meyer for stepping in and being the eventmaster.

The great thing about summer is the variety of car events available for all of us to attend. When you read this we will have had what I'm sure was a great turn out at the All Porsche Show in Roseville. Phil Saari organized this event. Thank you Phil! July also brings the DE at Road America (7/12-7/13), Vino in the Valley (7/17) and the DE and Club Race in Brainerd on July 30 – August 1st. I encourage any of you that have never been to our Club Race event to make the trip to Brainerd this year. Whether you are participating in the DE or Club Race, volunteering, or spectating, it is a great event to attend. Everyone is welcome to come and check it out! Come and cheer the Nord Sterners on! Roger Johnson, our Club Race chair, is planning some new activities this year. These include a bike ride/race on Friday evening. And also don't forget the silent auction on Saturday afternoon. Leave some room in your car so you can bring a few things home! All proceeds from both the bike race and the silent auction will go to Courage Center. Also, Scott Welz is accepting registrations for this years Rally which will be held on Saturday August 14th in the western suburbs. Space is limited for this years Rally so sign up early!

Finally, thank you to everyone that volunteer's time to make this such a super club. I appreciate all the work you do! I'm looking forward to a busy July and catching up with everyone at our events! I hope to see you at an event soon!

– Kim



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Welkommen



Timothy Commers Wayzata, Mn 1981 911 Targa

Edward Feiker Farmington, Mn 2006 C4 911

Welcome ... New Members Hope to see you soon at 'the next event!'

So, Just What Do We Do In Nord Stern??!

A brief synopsis of activities and events offered by your club, Nord Stern, and/or PCA or, just enough info to pique your interest??!!

Autocross: A low-speed driving event, teaching one how to maneuver one's car around a set course of pylons on a closed circuit. Instruction is available, drivers compete against the clock. No modifications to one's car are necessary. Some safety equipment needed (helmet).

Concours: A setting where Porsches are displayed for general viewing and/or inspection competition. Experienced judges evaluate the various models based upon cleanliness, overall condition and authenticity.

Driver Training: A driving course designed to teach and enhance high speed driving skill and technique on an actual race course. Training includes classroom sessions, on-track 'exercises' plus supervised lapping sessions. A Pre-Requisite for Driver Ed participation and NOT to be confused with Driver Education events. Driver Training includes both Novice and Intermediate level options. Check with DT Chair for additional options.

Driver Education: High speed driving event on a closed-course racetrack (Brainerd, Blackhawk Farms, Road America) where drivers are grouped according to prior lap times. Prior Driver Training participation is required. Performance enhancements are frequently made (but not required!).

Time Trials: On course timed lap with controlled starts and exiting.

PCA Club Racing: Wheel-to-wheel competition between drivers who hold PCA club racing licenses. There is a race class for every model Porsche. Safety modifications to your vehicle required.

Rally: An event wherein a driver and co-driver complete a predetermined route along open roads following a specific set of navigational instructions. Can be a TDS (time-distance-speed) or a 'fun' rally.

Social: Organized gatherings of club members, affiliates and family member to meet, eat and drink beverages! See our motto on pg. 3!

Tech Session: Casual educational session that span range of topics, from general maintenance, through Concours prep, performance enhancements and general car/mechanical knowledge!

ClubTalk: E-mail listservs for member subscribers focusing on car issues and discussions as well as a place to ask questions, get recommendations and

comments. Get last minute breaking news on upcoming events and activities. See Nord Stern's website for directions on how to subscribe.



From the Editor

Here it is mid-June and I already have that somewhat sinking feeling that summer is once again slipping by way too quickly! Argh, I hate that feeling and it always strikes me right around the time of Fast Fling. It as a 'fast' fling for sure, at least for the Boeders as we have a few little mechanic issues to work through after a racing incident so our track time this past weekend was more than 'limited!' Like one session, but with a clutch slipping, it was time to put the car in the trailer and sit back and relax. Plenty of time to get it ready for Road America action mid-July.

We spent the weekend being social butterflies at that point and once again proved to me that MORE than half the fun of driving our P-cars in whatever mode is the company and friends and people around us. It was a delightful day 'at the track.' Those are such busy days in general that being relaxed, walking around, talking and catching up with old friends and meeting some of the newer members made for a great day.

I truly hope all members have at least one or two Nord Stern events on their calendar to attend. There is great thought each year put into the programming and activities the club organizes and offers to members. And as always, it's your fellow members who put in the time and effort working on these events. No one gets paid, it's all volunteer effort and we can show our appreciation by helping out or at the very least by attending.

One of my big issues revolves more around our region of PCA, Nord Stern, and how the club currently is set up to operate. Anyone who belongs to PCA, pays the yearly dues and lives within the geogaphic boundaries as set by national can be a Nord Stern member. Many regions within PCA do not have a dues requirement; Nord Stern does.

Dues are not a big ticket item, \$30 per year right now. And why we have dues goes back in our history a long way and there are others in the club better able to explain the rationale behind it. However, in a nutshell for the practical purposes right now is the dues are one of the few sources of revenue the club has to defray the newsletter expenses.

It is not 'cheap' to produce a monthly newsletter of the scope and production quality members see with Nord Stern and it's *Nord Stern*. I rather love saying that, Nord Stern and *Nord Stern*! Confusing but pretty accurate. Our region is Nord Stern and our newsletter is *Nord Stern* (note the two words!).

Membership in the club should be valued by each and everyone. There's much that is offered and much that is done by many. Dues is a small 'price' to pay to support the club and it's efforts.

Unfortunately, with the upload of the newsletter online telling you that if you don't renew you won't receive the newsletter isn't as punititive as it used to be. However, we will continue to require dues, we need the income as the club wishes to continue producing a newsletter that's available, informative, interesting, nice to look at and all those good things.

I feel fortunate to be able to edit a product that is valued by its members and is not in danger of being downsized in this economy for now, but I do urge everyone to do their part, pay your dues and support your club fully!



_etters to the Editor . . .

Advertiser Kudos! Restoration Glass

We had the windshield on the C4 replaced before First Fling by Restoration Auto Glass. They did a nice job on the install even with the cage and a tough antenna connection, but here is the super bonus part: we took two big chips at First Fling. Very frustrating. Called Restoration to see if they did crack repair. Not only a yes, but we found out if they installed the windshield, crack repairs are free and for the life of the car. Hard to argue with that type of customer support.

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- Nick and Susan Cirillo

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- Lon Tusler

also highly recommend Restoration Auto Glass!

- Brian Hanson

have also used them - I would recommend them to anyone!

– Brian Mayer 1982 Porsche 911SC targa

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Nord Stern's Biz Board



Nord Stern Event Calendar

Inh

July	
12-13	BIR at Road America (Monday-Tuesday)
	Driver Ed Chair: Andrew Busche, 612 824-3547
	andrew.busche©watsonwyatt.com
17	Summer Drive, See page 14
	Vino in the Valley
	-
20	Randy Walker at rswalker@baldwin-telecom.net
30-	
Aug 1	BIR Annual Club Race and DE
	Eventmaster: Roger Johnson
Septem	ber
6	Annual Rochester Labor Day Picnic
	Time: 1:00 to 5:00 pm
	Location: TBA
	Contact: Jeff Bloehm at jbandbj©chartermi.net
10	BIR Last Fling Driver Training
10	
	Ron Johnson, porschefreak©earthlink.net
11-12	BIR Last Fling Driver Education
	Driver Ed Chair: Andrew Busche, 612 824-3547
	andrew.busche©watsonwyatt.com
24-26	Annual North Shore Fall Color Tour
	Location: Headquarters at Blue Fin Bay,
	Tofte, MN
	Eventmaster: John Dixon, eyerack©tcq.net
October	
12	Nord Stern Business Meeting
14	
	Ramada Mall of America Airport
	2300 East American Boulevard, Bloomington.
	http://www.ramadamoa.com/contact_us.htm.
	Questions? Prez Kim Fritze
	6:30 Social, 7:00 Business Meeting
Novem	ber
9	Nord Stern Business Meeting
	Ramada Mall of America Airport
	2300 East American Boulevard, Bloomington.
	http://www.ramadamoa.com/contact_us.htm.
	Questions? Prez Kim Fritze
	-
	6:30 Social, 7:00 Business Meeting
14	OLD LOG THEATER
	Excelsior, MN
	Annual event with the Nord Stern PCA
	Details TBA Paul Bergquist 952.937.1822
Deceml	ber
14	Nord Stern Business Meeting
	Location: Ramada Mall of America Airport
	Questions? Prez Kim Fritze
	6:30 Social, 7:00 Business Meeting
	0.50 Social, 7.00 Dusiliess Midelling

Dues Were Due April issue is the last issue that will be mailed to those of who have NOT renewed. If you are seeing this online and did not receive May issue in the mail, then your subscription lapsed - your dues are due!. Get your renewals sent to Ed Vazquez & avoid missing out on the monthly Nord Stern! Support your club, send in your dues! Dues defray newsletter costs Questions, call Ed

Doin' it Wrong ... Launch Control Style by Pete Cheney, pcheney@globeandmail.ca, http://www.theglobeandmail.com/

Note: Peter Cheney lived every automotive journalist's worst nightmare when his son accidentally launched a brand new \$180,000 Porsche 911 Turbo press car through his garage door. It's what you get for not teaching your kid to drive a stick.

66That day began with deceptive perfection. I woke up

in a sunlit bedroom next to my beautiful wife. We had celebrated 26 years of marriage just the day before. Our cherry tree was in full blossom, and in the garage, locked away like a crown jewel, was a 2010 Porsche 997 Turbo, the latest (and costliest) in a long series of test cars.

When I decided to transition into automotive journalism after more than two and a half decades of news reporting, no one was happier than my son Will. Instead of telling his friends his dad was in Afghanistan (or at a murder scene) he could bring them over to check out the latest ride.

My new trade did have its perils, which include the creeping cynicism of the professional test driver. An auto journalist's existence is like a mechanized version of Hugh Hefner's – when you are presented with an endless cavalcade of automotive beauties, you can easily become jaded. Now I had the Turbo, the car that every driving aficionado and pension raider dreams of – 500 horsepower, leather-lined

cockpit and a 330 km/h top end. Until I drove it, I'd been a little skeptical – I'd seen too many Turbos employed as male enhancement devices by hobbit-looking accountants who couldn't even drive a stick shift.

But the previous day, I had taken it to Mosport racetrack for a high-speed lapping session where it inhaled other cars like so many insects – when they saw the Turbo in their mirror, most simply pulled over to let us pass, acknowledging the Porsche as the alpha car.

I was experiencing the acme of German engineering. The Turbo had launched me up Mosport's kinked back straightaway at more than 250 km/h, then purred back to the city through rush hour traffic, as though it had been magically converted from a race car into a Honda Civic. Best of all, my Turbo was a purist's model, with a six-speed manual transmission – a factor that would play a key role in the events that were about to unfold.

It was early afternoon. Will had just returned from summer job hunting, accompanied by a friend. I was in my home office, writing and looking out at the green park in front of our house. That morning, Will and I had appeared together in a Globe Drive column called A Hockey Dad's Last Ride that commemorated his 14 years in minor hockey.

Continued on page 14



The Allure of the Automobile

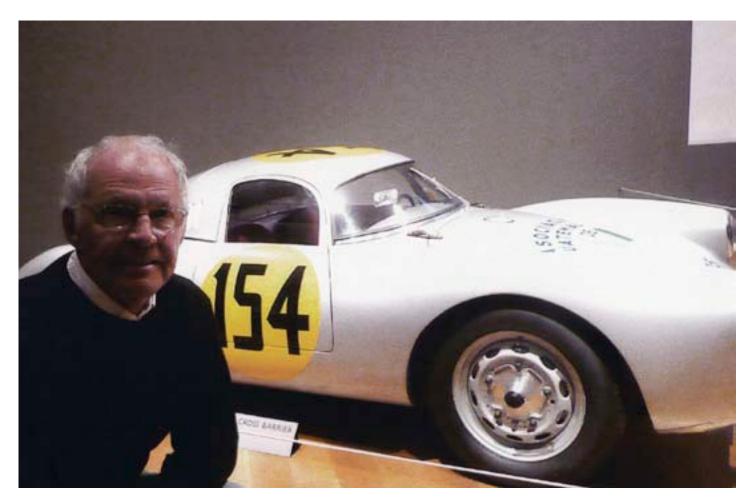
While on our way home from Florida in March, Sharon and I received a tip from fellow Porsche enthusiast Ron Faust alerting us to an exhibition at the High Museum of Art in Atlanta. Called *The Allure if the Automobile*, the exhibit featured the Type 64 Porsche, being shown for the first time in the U. S. Since we would be in Atlanta when the show opened, we decided this was a must see event.

The Type 64 Porsche was designed by Ferdinand Porsche in 1938-1939 for an 800 mile road race from Berlin to Rome The design lines of the Type 64 are so similar to the 356 and 911 that the car is considered the seminal vehicle in the history of the Porsche automobile. This is the only surviving Type 64. One was known to be destroyed, and another had its roof cut off and was used by American GI's during the post war occupation.

With an aluminum body hand built on a wooden frame, a 50 hp engine powered the car that could reach speeds of 80 miles per hour and cruise there all day. Ferry Porsche drove the car after the war until Otto Mathe bought it in 1949. He won the Alpine Rally with it in 1950 and brought it to the Monterey Historic Races in 1982. A picture in the March *Porsche Panorama* shows the Type 64 being moved from the museum in Stuttgart to the airport for shipping to Atlanta.

The exhibit featured eighteen rare, one-of-a-kind designs built from the 1930's to the mid 1960's by manufacturers such as Bugatti, Dusenberg, and Mercedes. One other Porsche that came from Stuttgart was the 550-01 Spyder coupe which was raced in the Carrera Panamericana in 1953.

Viewing these beautiful and rare automobiles was a phenomenal experience. In September, Sharon and I have made plans to visit both the Porsche museum and factory at Stuttgart and look forward to learning more about the incredible Porsche.







aunch

continued from page 11

Will stuck his head into the office and asked me if he could show his buddy the Turbo. I told him to go ahead. He and his friends always checked out my cars. Their main focus seemed to be the interior and stereo systems – details I barely cared about. I went back to my computer. My car buddies knew I'd been at the track with the Turbo, and they wanted my verdict. I told one it was like a tiger in an Armani suit – killer chassis, unbeatable power, but suave and comfortable, too.

I shut down my computer and prepared to head to the office, smiling at the thought of a few minutes in the Turbo. As

door frame as the Turbo launched itself into the alley – it looked like a giant blacksmith had smacked it with a sledge hammer.

Like a man surfacing from a deep dive, I slowly returned to reality. I yelled at my son for a minute or two. Then it was time to make some phone calls. Will stood in the garage, quaking. I dialled Rick Bye, a professional race driver who manages the Porsche press fleet. The day before, he had been with me in the Turbo at Mosport, teaching me the fastest line around the track and making sure I didn't destroy his car. After decades of racing and dealing with idiot journalists, Mr. Bye has seen almost everything there is to see in the car business.



But as he turned the corner into my alley, he was greeted by a new first: the nose of a \$180,000 highperformance car projecting halfway into the lane, with a shattered garage door draped over it like a curtain. Mr. Bye quietly surveyed the scene for a minute. Then he walked over to my son. "Stuff happens," he said. "We're glad you're okay. This is only a car. You don't need a

I headed out the back door, I saw my son running toward the house. His eyes were the size of dinner plates. He sputtered: "Dad, the Porsche ... the Porsche ..."

I thought the Turbo had been stolen. Our garage has a full security system, but this is one of the most desirable cars in the world, so you never know. Will tried to speak again. "The Turbo rolled into the door..." I walked past him into the garage. For nearly a minute, I was too dumbfounded to speak. The Turbo hadn't rolled into the door – it had launched itself through the entire structure. In a distance of approximately four feet, the Turbo had developed enough kinetic energy to blow the entire door apart. Parts of the roller mechanism were scattered through the alley. Dazed, I picked up a bent metal piece – it looked like a Crazy Bone, a toy Will had collected as a little boy.

When I parked it, the Turbo had been pristine. Now it looked like the car from Dukes of Hazzard after a chase through the southern backwoods. Stunned, I surveyed the damage. The hood was raked with gouges, the top of the right front fender was flattened, and the driver's door (which is made from aluminum to save weight) had taken a beating. Worst of all was the rear fender, which had hit the concrete lecture. You already know."

Now Mr. Bye and I were both on our cellphones. He was talking to Porsche's insurance company. I was trying to find someone who could get the garage door off the Turbo and get my garage closed up for the night – it was filled with mechanic's tools and my homebuilt airplane project. If we left it open, we'd be picked clean by the morning. I found three companies that advertised 24-7 emergency service. That was a joke – none of them could come within the next two days. Then I remembered my contractor, Marty Edge. Six years ago, he rebuilt my house. Now he works full time for David Thomson (yes, the one you're thinking of) on his properties around the world.

Luckily, Marty was in Toronto. An hour later, he was at my garage, along with a door expert named Frank Dyer. The cavalry had arrived. I was starting to feel a little better. Frank used the remains of our ruined door to close up the opening. Will had never used power tools before, but Frank put him to work driving screws.

As the dust settled, my wife and I confronted the parenting issues that attended the disaster. What was the appropriate punishment for a boy who trashes a car worth \$180,000?

Friends were flooding us with stories of costly child screwups – like the son who flushed an action figure down a toilet, creating a deluge that caused more than \$100,000 damage to their house. A colleague told me how she damaged her parent's brand-new van – she got distracted and rear-ended a truck filled with huge stones (driven by two women who were starting a rock garden project.)

I recalled a childhood friend who rolled a bowling ball off a garage roof (it seemed like a good idea at the time) only to have it land on his father's newly restored Porsche 356. Another had totalled the family Mercedes by taking it out of gear and pulling off the handbrake – he jumped out as the car began to roll, and watched helplessly as it headed down their steeply sloped driveway, across the street, and into a ravine.

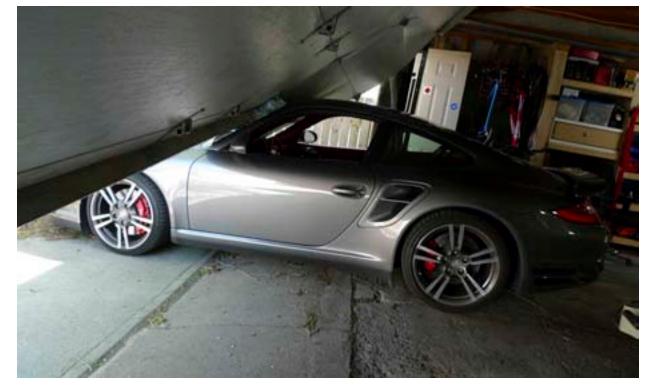
Will's ride through the door was getting around. I got an e-mail from a partner in a Bay St. communications firm: "Congratulations on your son's Ferris Bueller moment," it read. "It's all over town. There must be just a touch of parental pride that he has the sense of adventure, the stones, and the good taste to give it a try. That will be a wedding day story. Hope you got photos."

Ferris Bueller had crossed my mind. There were some obvious parallels to the movie. Like Ferris, my son is a spirited, upbeat boy who loves a good time. And, also like Ferris, his coming-of-age story featured the ruination of an extremely valuable car. He had taken a four-foot, 500 horsepower ride to manhood. We had a hard call to make. Would it be grounding for life? Let it go? Something in between? Will was a teenage boy. One of the world's hottest cars had been sitting in our garage, calling to him like the sirens of Homer's Odyssey. He had a friend to show off for. Will had taken the key, intending to turn on the stereo and navigation system, only to inadvertently fire up an engine that could launch the car to 100 km/h in just over three seconds. He didn't know how to drive a standard. The outcome had been written in bent metal.

A lawyer friend who has known Will since he was 11 called me at the office. He was laughing so hard that he cried. In his view, Will had made a standard teenage mistake that happened to involve an expensive car. "He's a great kid," he said. "Give him a break." As I saw it, raising our boy was a lot like training a horse. I didn't want to break his spirit and turn him into a pit pony. Neither did I want him to become El Diablo. I hoped he would end up as Secretariat – a disciplined champion.

My wife and I decided that Will would have to repay our insurance deductibles and discount losses by getting a summer job. The total would be about \$750. Porsche's deductible on the car was \$10,000. I offered to pay it. Mr. Bye said no. I woke up the next morning sick to my stomach. I was the car journalist whose son had trashed a brand new Porsche Turbo. That wasn't good. And I was still weighing my son's punishment. I looked in my inbox. There was an e-mail from Mr. Bye. It was a picture of a Porsche executive standing in the Siberian desert with a bandage wrapped around his head. Behind him was a new Porsche Cayenne, completely destroyed after a high-speed crash, its components littered across the sand.

Mr. Bye had provided some perspective – and some heart. Porsche is a large corporation. They would not be happy about the trashing of their expensive car. But they had sucked it up and tried to make my son and I feel better. Mr. Bye's gesture reminded me of a story about Frank Sinatra's handling of a



Continued on page 17

2010 SUMMER DRIVE

EVENTMASTER: Randy Walker CONTACT INFO: 715-684-2572 cell - 715-441-6084 email: <u>rswalker@baldwin-telecom.net</u>



Vino in the Valley

Join us for a summer drive on Wisconsin's great back roads. Enjoy some of the most beautiful hills, winding roads and valleys of the area. Our drive will begin in Prescott at the confluence of the St Croix and Mississippi rivers, ending at Vino in the Valley for dinner. The drive will last about 4 hours with a rest stop at the Eau Galle Cheese Factory near Durand. There will be tour of the factory, after which you will be able to browse the gift shop, sample the cheese, and grab an ice cream cone. Bring a cooler along if you wish to bring home some of Wisconsin's finest Upon arrival at Vino in the Valley, we will line up our cars for a mini cheeses. Porsche show for the patrons to enjoy. Vino in the Valley is a truly unique and beautiful venue offering outdoor dining with a great view and live music. Enjoy gourmet pizza and pasta dishes cooked outdoors in their wood-fired brick oven. After dinner take a stroll around the vineyard and along the Rush River, or relax near one of the bonfires. For more information check out their website: http://www.vinointhevalley.com





Event Information

- Date: Saturday July 17th 2010.
- Start Location: Point Douglas Park, Prescott WI.
- End Location: Vino in the Valley.
- **Time:** Arrive by 12 noon, we will leave the lot at 12:30.
- Please get gas prior and allow enough time to sign the waiver, get a map & itinerary, and the brief drivers meeting.
- The event will be open to the first 50 Nord Stern club members who register by July 10th, 2010.
- The event will be open to non Nord Stern club members if space is available. No registration will be accepted the day of the tour.
- Please help us out by registering as early as possible.

aunch .

continued from page 15

home disaster. When Frank's daughter Nancy was young, she hosted a party at his house. On a table was a pair of priceless crystal birds. Suddenly there was a crash, and the room fell silent – one of Nancy's friends had knocked one of the birds off the table, destroying it.

All eyes turned to Sinatra, the legendary Chairman of the Board. Sinatra stood silent for a moment. Then he swept the second bird off the table with the back of his hand. It exploded on the floor like a high-priced crystal grenade.

"Don't worry about it," Sinatra announced"





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Serving Nord Stern members since 1993 7101 York Ave. Edina, MN 55435 billb@mmamortage.com Who the Heck are Bryce and Tamara? by Jill Daneu, reprinted from October 1996 Nord Stern

(editor's note: As a reminder of all the different rallys the club has organized over the years we thought reprinting Jill Daneu's follow up of their experience on their very first rally would be great fun. It's been awhile since a rally has been held outside the Metro area and for those of us who are familiar with the Brainerd area, we can chuckle at some of the 'issues' the Daneus experienced on that day in June, 1996 (being at the track that day I remember it well and being a long time resident of this state I can also picture the 'weather issues' they ran into most clearly! Funny story then, still fun today.)

Reflections of a Club Race Road Rally by Jill L Daneu... Their Marriage Did Survive the Club Race Rally.

It was the end of June and we'd just driven our trusty 1984 911 north to Brainerd for our first PCA Club Race adventure. Being somewhat new members, Fred and I wanted to experience first hand the "racer's high" that fellow PCA drivers and racers witness on and off the track. Because we had not yet completed the required Driver's Ed, our racing high would be limited to daily parade laps around the track and to participating in the Club Race Rally.

This year, Rally Eventmasters Jim and Bobbi Miller designed the Club Race Rally to be a combination puzzle and mileage event. Points were awarded based on the number of correct answers to the questions that were based on landmarks on the rally course. Participants lost Points for each tenth of a mile that they were over or under the official mileage of the event. Time was not a factor in this rally, however weather certainly played a part. But more about that later. So, fasten your seatbelts, and join us for a rally tale you won't forget!

Saturday, June 28 3:30PM:

Second day prequalification trials were finally winding down and there was a nice break in the afternoon. Plus, I had just finished my second roll of film. What better time to start off on the 90-minute road rally! We've only used half a tank of gas driving up from the Twin Cities, so there's no need to refuel. Besides, this was to be a fun and simple 90-minute road rally. Fred and I grab a rally form, sharpen our pencils, drive our 911 to the starting point, and set our odometer to 000.0.

3:35PM: What luck! According to the clues, the rally route passes right by several resorts, including the one in which we are staying. We follow a familiar route and open the sunroof to let in more of the beautiful day. Second clue: we are asked to

look for a special kind of sock and to jot down the color. We soon see the familiar orange wind sock at the nearby airport and move onto the next clue.

3:40PM: Just past Kelly's Resort, we're on the look out for a "painted rock" with a dated greeting to a Bryce and Tamara. In the distance, we see a gilded boulder, not exactly a rock, but who cares? This must be THE ROCK. One can read most of the rock's graffiti from the road. Except this time. We pull over to get a closer look at THE ROCK, squinting to decipher anything that remotely resembles Bryce and Tamara. I get out of the car and hike up the hill for a closer look. My husband - turned serious rallyist - yells out, "what's the problem ... are you wearing your contacts?" I politely ask him to get out of the car and see for himself. He has now made it up the hill to THE ROCK. Inspecting it carefully while swatting horseflies and gnats, neither one of us can find anything that even closely resembles a Bryce and Tamara. At this point, we would even settle for a Bruce and Tammy. We locate "Class of '97 Rocks" but fear that it has nothing to do with Bryce and Tamara. We trip over fresh cans of spray paint and theorize that THE ROCK has been freshly painted, alas; Bryce and Tamara are no more.

Although we can't prove it, we deduce that someone in the Class of '97 is responsible. We curse Bryce and Tamara and jump back in the Porsche, swatting at the gnats that have entered through the sunroof.

3:55PM:Bemoaning the fact that we wasted precious time at THE ROCK, we write a disclaimer next to the clue, hoping that the rally masters will cut us some slack, or at least give us an E for effort. The next landmarks are the Quarterdeck restaurant, Bar Harbor, and the Narrows Bridge. The beautiful scenery helps us to forget about the previous clue as we make our way further around the lake.

4:00PM: We turn left onto Highway 371. In 5 miles, we reach the next landmark, the Bumpn' Putt golf course. Was this an omen? Suddenly, the wind is up to 60 mph. We quickly close the sunroof and dodge the various tumbleweeds. Swells can be seen on the lake for over a mile. Light drizzle turns into torrential rain. We are contemplating ending the rally, but don't want to be labeled as quitters. Plus, we haven't a clue as to where we are.

Carmudgeon Chronicles . . .

Can you drive better with a new heart? I just got one and the answer is "yes and no". The catch is that the heart surgeon – bless his soul – will forbid driving during your many recovery weeks that lie ahead, This and a long list of other "no no's". You will want to pay close attention to the rules because your chest has just been wired shut and you will want to keep it that way.

Let your wife drive you around and forget about criticizing her driving. But don't forget the big red "Heart Pillow" the nice folks at the hospital gave you. Keep it on your chest just in case you hit something. Imagine what an exploding air bag could do.

My new – actually rebuilt – heart saga began in April, a time when the old Carmudgeon's heart was yearning to get behind the wheel again. We all know that Minnesota winters test the soul and spirit of true car freaks.

For this car nut it wasn't to be. My "open heart"

surgery was scheduled for 5:30 a.m on April 14. No more delays. No more excuses. "Open heart" means just what it says. Your chest must be "opened". I suppose they use a saw. I didn't really want a mental picture. With my old beat up heart in view, the surgeon stops it. You are now surviving on "life support", a heart-lung machine.

The surgeon goes to work replacing a worn out aorta valve and a couple of blocked arteries. Takes about six hours.

Then your "good as new" heart takes over. It works! And you will owe the surgeon for every day of the rest of your life. I've already told him in writing.

Now what? Your wife carries out the garbage because you're not allowed to lift things. You pretend not to notice her as you sit in your Panamera and make car sounds. Like you did at age six when you already suspected you were afflicted with something. Something wonderful.

My Porsche plates say "Pizazz". That's the way I want to approach my new lease on life.

My heart's in it!

Ken: thinkmk05@comcast.net







Labor Day September 6th, 2010 from 1:00 to 5:00 (or whenever)



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> Jeff and BJ Boehm jbandbj@chartermi.net 507-261-9407 cell (Jeff)

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The Baja 1000: The End!

We head up a mountain pass on our way to the summit. At RM 60, the engine coughs a time or two. What could it be, another broken valve keeper? Between RM 62 and 63, the engine quits. Great, here we sit on a narrow mountain road, just around a corner and outside of radio range. At least Bob gets the car far enough off the road to allow other cars to squeeze by.

We quickly decide we are out of gas. The car is built to go 120 miles on a tank of fuel and it is RM 63. Bob tries the two way radio to reach our pit at RM 100. No response. I try my cell phone and BlackBerry, but with limited service in the mountains it is a futile effort. Now what do we do? The satellite phone! Before I left for Baja, my assistant insisted that I rent a satellite telephone. I think it was for emergencies and this seems like an emergency to me. I jump out of the car, pull the water proof bag from under the seat and retrieve the phone. I go back to the entrance of the corner to let approaching traffic know that a stalled car is ahead and I start dialing everyone on the team. At least it is still daylight.

Eventually, I reach Cody on his cell phone. I have a satellite phone, but he is relying on his cell phone and it keeps fading in and out. Cody is down at our pit at RM 100 and after two or three tries, I communicate that we are out of gas. Thirty precious minutes have passed.

The team is formulating a rescue plan but we are stalled in one of the most remote areas of the course. As cars go by, I beg for gas. No one has any to give or is willing to give it up. I wouldn't have given it up either; this is the race, not a pre-run. Two hours pass when a TRD team truck approaches towing one of their trophy trucks. Their race is over. I ask the gentleman riding in the passenger seat if he has any gas but he only speaks Japanese. I never imagined that I would need to practice my Japanese in Baja. The driver speaks some English and says he has two gallons we can have.

With the engine running, I call our crew and tell them we are headed to our pit at RM 100. They tell us they are sending an emergency vehicle to RM 80 to fill our tank. We lost 2 and 1/2 hours and nightfall quickly approaching.

At RM 80, Cody and Ray Currie are waiting for us. They drove up an access road in Cody's Jeep with 5 gallons of fuel. They dump it into the car and we head for our scheduled pit stop at RM 100. It will be dark when we arrive.

The crew is ready. They are assigned to corners of the car along with a fueling crew. The car is serviced, the cell stuffed full of gas, the throttle cable replaced to solve a sticking problem we are having and a five gallon can of fuel is strapped to the car behind the driver's head. Not what you would consider legal for Club Racing, but this is Baja. The car seems to be running rich. Darren has his computer and we decide to check the fuel mixture. Driving the car up and down the road so Darren can reset the map we lose another 30 minutes. We are three hours behind schedule with the most difficult section of our segment in front of us.

My turn to drive. Six hours into the race, I am ready to get behind the wheel. Like everyone who races, I would rather be behind the wheel than navigating. We head off to Checkpoint 1. We arrive and they verify our number and send us on our way. The course seems relatively flat and I tell Bob going over the Summit wasn't as bad as I thought. I hear a chuckle and he tells me the Summit is in front of us. Damn, should have pre-run this section.

We start up the summit. It is a moonless night and very dark. Because the speeds are low, we are running the light bars and fog lamps off of the auxiliary battery and pulling amps at a rapid rate. The alternator runs off a belt driven jack shaft attached to the rear axle. Less than 12mph, the lights are being powered by the second battery rather than the alternator. We turn off the top light bar to save juice. The Summit is not a place to be without lights. The climb is worse than all of the stories we had heard. The road is narrow and it is littered with large boulders and rocks that whip the wheel out of your hand. The sides are lined with race cars that have either driven off the road by mistake or have had mechanical failures. You can tell the difference because those who have mistakenly driven off course are further down the side than anyone would go on purpose. It is a horrendous drive.

We cross the summit, reach Baja Pit location RM 140 and ask for fuel. We have only gone 40 miles but are concerned about consumption. Since we did not deposit full fuel cans at this pit location before the race, they cannot give us gas. We ask them to dump the five gallon can strapped to the car into the fuel cell. It only takes about three gallons. Is the fuel consumption problem resolved?

When we stopped at RM 100 for our regular pit stop, we found the fuel cell vent hanging below the cell itself and it was wet. Maybe it was siphoning fuel out of the cell. The car was also running rich. Maybe our luck has started to change. Off to Baja Pit RM 160 for our regular fuel stop. The only problem we are having is that the throttle started sticking wide open again and it makes the trip across the Summit, in a word, exciting. Now I know what Toyota Camry owners with floor mats feel like only we don't have floor mats.

From RM 140 to 160, it is a dried lake bed. It is also extremely dark. The only way I can keep the car on the course



One Click, Thousands of Cars!



Baja..

continued from page 2

is by following the red line on the GPS system and we have no idea what is directly in front of us because we didn't prerun this section.

We arrive at RM 160, the same pit we visited multiple times three nights ago on our pre-run when we got separated from Fred and Cody. We fuel the car and head to RM 205 where the driver team change will take place. We know what's ahead of us, silt

With the throttle sticking wide open, we head off to the silt beds. Bob is back behind the wheel. This time we cannot take Cody's route which is off to the right. Race control is tracking every car and you receive a time penalty if you

(2009, bai aspeed com Poto-Bonizato M. 15km

deviate from the course and we have no time to give. We made it through three nights ago in a prerunner, in the dead of night, what's different this time? How about a sticking throttle.

With no way to control the speed of the car, we hit the same hole we hit the other night and the car comes to a stop. We turn the engine off immediately when the car gets stuck because the motor is running wide open and all we



trying to negotiate through the brush and can't get it started. We stop, still having to shut down the engine because the throttle is stuck. They ask if we can pull-start their car and we explain the situation with our throttle. We volunteer to hand-push their car. We have been in our car about 11 hours and we are grateful for the TRD guys who gave us gas and the young Mexican who pulled us out of the silt, so we want to "give back to the desert". So, in the middle of the night, Bob and I are pushing a VW bug back and forth trying to get it to crank, but it won't start. After about 15 minutes, the bug guys thank us for trying, we get back into our car and we head to RM 205. As we get closer, we radio that we are on our way and tell them of our mechanical problems so they can be repaired when we arrive.

Pulling into the pit, I was never happier to get out of a race car. It has been 12 hours, it's 1:00am, and we have a 3 hour drive back to our hotel in Ensenada in a 1978 Chevy Suburban without seat belts. We brief Fred and Chris and as they pull out of the pits to run the San Filipe Loop and we are on our way to Ensenada. As we drive at a speed more than reasonable considering the road, scores of chase trucks

are doing is burning up the drive belt. What do we do now? Again I jump out of the car and the silt depth hasn't gotten any swallower in three nights. I wipe off the lights and ponder what we do from here. A car goes by on our right and makes it through. We continue to sit. Out of the darkness, a young Mexican in an F-150 appears. Singing a Mexican song, he circles our car, stops in front and ties a tow strap to the chassis. He tells me to get back in the car, gets into his truck, begins singing again and pulls us out of the silt. He jumps out, unties the toe strap, tells us to head toward the lights, of which we have no idea what he is talking about, and before we can get money out of our pockets to pay him, he disappears into the night singing the most beautiful Mexican song I have ever heard. If he were on American Idol, or maybe Mexican Idol, I would have voted for him. Obviously, a fair amount of tequila has been consumed this evening.

Back on the course, we weave our way through scrub grass and bushes in the same dreadful riverbed we encountered three nights ago. About ten miles up the course, we come upon a Baja Bug with a dead battery. The driver killed the engine are passing us trying to get to their next designated pit stop location to service their team cars.

Back in Ensenada, we shower and try to sleep. We awake when the sun comes up and fire up my laptop to find the race car. It is back at RM 205 where we turned it over to Chris and Fred. They have finished their run and are turning the car over to Cody and John. We are close on time. Cody and John must get to Checkpoint 6 before the race time limit lapses. Neither of the two previous driver teams left them with any room for error. With Fred and Chris not wanting to run out of gas, they stopped at every Baja Pit location to beg for fuel. Most of the cars assigned to various Baja Pit locations have already passed that location and are on their way to the finish line. They would no longer need the gas. When this is the case, Baja Pits give Fred and Chris a few gallons. Combined with our problems, there is no time to spare.

Fred and Chris also had a problem with one of the rear shocks. During the pre-run, they were able to drive at 30 mph through the woops which make up about a 60 mile section of

Baja.

continued from page 23

the San Felipe Loop. The optimum speed through woops is determined by the speed just before the car bottoms out. In the pre-runner it was 30 mph hour and the race car has nearly twice the suspension travel. They should have been able to go much faster but since one of the shocks broke early in their run, they could only average 15 mph. Consequently, it takes them 4 hours extra to do their section. The pressure is clearly on John and Cody. They have to get to Checkpoint 6 by 6:00pm or our race is over.

After breakfast at the hotel, we watch John's and Cody's and our team car's progress on my laptop. We see that our team car is nearly 300 kilometers ahead of us and easily two hours in front of the second place car. Our car is in forth place. We are estimating when we need to get back in the car to bring it the last 45 miles into Ensenada. Finally, it is time to drive back out to the race course and get back into the car.

At the course, we join the chase truck and the rest of the crew waiting for the car. We know the critical moment is when they cross Checkpoint 6, the final checkpoint. We are close on time and they have to make it through the checkpoint before time runs out. If you don't in the allotted time, you cannot register a time for the race. We are monitoring race control radio traffic and word comes from the Weatherman, a gentleman who monitors the race via ham radio, that 1801 just passed Checkpoint 6. We are going to make it.

Waiting for a radio transmission from the car, we know it was only a matter of minutes until they come over the ridge. Headlights on the horizon. We are sure that is them even though we haven't heard a radio call. We get our helmets on and are ready to go. As the car comes into view, we realize it's not our car. We wait. They should be here by now. More headlights. This has to be them, but it isn't. What's the problem? Did they run out of gas? Then word comes over the radio, they missed Checkpoint 6 by 2 minutes. TWO MINUTES after nearly 30 hours! A tremendous letdown for the entire team, but there is no way this car isn't going to cross the finish line.

Lights on the horizon, but only the yellow of fog lamps. That can't be our car; we have high intensity white lights along with the fog lights. As it comes over the ridge we see that it is 1801 with only the fog lights burning.

John and Cody jump out of the car, explain that they lost the lights as dark approached, stopped and tried to repair them, but to no avail. They tell us the throttle is still sticking. The cowling is off the engine and John, who is co-driving, is operating the throttle by hand. The car will cross the finish line in Ensenada with only fog lamps and a sticking throttle. It is approximately 7:00pm and pitch black, but only 45 miles to go. This is a fast section of the course.

Back on the course, Bob keeps saying something into my headset. I think he is saying go faster, but I learn after the

race that he is "suggesting" I slow down. We are outrunning the fog lamps. Missing a few turns, we backtrack and get back on course.

Finally, we are in the outskirts if Ensenada. Most of the course markers are missing making the GPS a blessing. We cross a paved road to get back on course and find the gates closed and locked on a farmer's property. When the official race time expired, the farmers lock their gates to prevent residents from using the roads for local traffic. Here we sit in Ensenada, with no way to find our way back onto the race course. A local resident comes up to the car. He doesn't speak English and we don't speak Spanish. I do what every other person does when you don't speak the language, I talk louder. Surprisingly, it doesn't work. We resort to hand signals and a map. He understands and motions for us to follow him. Unfortunately, he can't find access to the river bed. A Ford van filled with Mom, Dad and their children see us and motion for us to follow them. Still no access to the riverbed leading back to town.

The entire time, we are chattering on the radio with our crew explaining our situation. Out of the darkness comes Edward. Edward owns a local company that caters to the off-road crowd. He rented the two Suburbans to the team and has been monitoring our radio traffic. He motions for us to follow him and within minutes we are back in the riverbed headed to the finish line.

Caution is the word of the moment. In Ensenada, the race course uses city roads and once the race ends, the locals begin using them again. It is very possible that they have been celebrating the entire weekend and could be seeing two or three race cars that look just like ours at the same time. But we are closing in on the finish line. Over the jump and up the ramp to the paved road. One problem, we are going counterdirection to the traffic and it is Saturday night in Ensenada.

I feel like Moses parting the Red Sea. We are driving the race car down the middle lane of a three lane road and the traffic is parting to allow us to pass. Turning the corner, we see the finish line. About 100 people are still there and when they see us coming they begin to applaud. With cameras flashing, we pull up on the dirt mound where the race started more than 30 hours ago. More applause. We are rock stars! John was wrong, there are two times we are treated as rock stars over the past two days. Everyone comes up and shakes our hand while we sit in the car. What a feeling. Thirty plus hours after the start of the race, we are back in Ensenada sitting on the finish line.

Tired but full of adrenalin, we head down the highway back to the team hotel. Our Baja 1000 is over. The hotel is a few miles away and we begin to reflect on the events of the past few days. We talk about "what ifs". What if we hadn't had the engine problems early in the week? What if we hadn't

Rally.

continued from page 18

clue reads, "If you don't see it, you may be on the wrong road or not very observant. "We can't see ½ mile in front of us, but are determined to finish the rally. We finally see the Big Bobber and turn right on Highway 16.

4:20PM: At this point, there is almost half a foot of water on the small country road. We're now in The Rally From Hell. We recall how Rallymaster Jim Miller laughed in a guarded way when he told us that the rally "should last only 90 minutes." We try not to recant the lyrics to the Gilligan's Island theme song. The Porsche is hugging the road well, despite the fact that it is practically hydroplaning down the small highway at 45 mph. We rejoice in the fact that this rally is NOT time-dependent and turn on the air-conditioner to keep the windows from fogging up.

4:25PM: The clue sheet instructs us to look for landmarks that translate into a three-course meal. At this point, we may need wader boots to reach our next meal. The first clue is 8 OCTOBER 1996 long gone somewhere back at the wooden Indian. We find Blueberry Bay and Clamshell Beach, so we're two for three. We hope that these are the correct answers. At this point, neither one of us wants to turn back just to be sure. We keep a watchful eye on the gas gauge.

4:40PM:We at tempt to adjust the windshield wipers so that they will operate at supersonic speed. No luck. In the distance, we make out a Stop sign at a T in the road, which is supposed to be Highway 6. It's not, but we urn right anyway at Highway 66. We decide it's either a typo or a cruel joke. This scene is reminiscent of an old Hitchcock movie.

4:45PM: We're no longer enthusiastic about completing the rally, mainly because we still have no idea whether we're on the right track. All the lakes are starting to look alike. We look for yet another golf course and a carved bear landmark. What luck! We find it and we regain our enthusiasm for the rally. The rain is starting to taper off just in time for us to make a series of right and left turns onto three different highways.

5:00PM: The clouds part and the sun reappears. We cautiously open the sunroof and windows. Two young children who are playing with frogs along side the road look up as we pass by and shout, "nice car!" Life is good once again.

5:15PM: At the next turnoff, we see firsthand the damage caused by the straight-line winds. Downed trees litter the road and tree branches are strewn about like matchsticks. Our road rally quest has now turned into The Official Obstacle Course. Our rally clue sheet instructs us to record the names of two signs at both sides of the road at the 1.1-mile marker.

A small Times Remembered Antiques sign is nailed to a tree on the left. We glance at the right side of the road to record the second landmark, but soon realize that our search is in vain. By now, we've deduced that the sign is buried under fallen tree that is now in front of us on the roadway. Neither one of us thinks it's a good idea to try to lift the tree to search for the answer to that clue. Instead, we demonstrate Porsche's world-famous maneuverability by driving around the debris, crunching small tree branches as we continue on.

5:30PM: We are now on the last leg of our rally. We pass by markers for Lake Hubert, Hidden Paradise, North Long Lake, and Ivan's on the Bay. After approximately 80.4 miles, we're back at the starting point. (We find out later that we were only slightly over the allotted mileage.)

5:35PM: We're back at the track, regaling our fellow PCA members with tales of our exploits. While we were gone, the track encountered straight-line winds and was forced to close 10 minutes early. Fortunately, the winds were not accompanied by rain, which pleased the many Concours participants. Rallymasters Jim and Bobbi Miller look somewhat surprised when we talk with them about the torrential rains. They are even more surprised when we tell them that Bryce and Tamara were nowhere to be found.

6:00PM: We enjoy the social hour and vote for our favorite Concours entries. I finish up my third roll of film.

6:30PM: The ballots are in. Awards are given to Concours and rally winners. Surprise! We take second place in our first Club Race Rally, aka, The Rally From Hell! Who says that you have to be a racer to get that "racing high?"

Out and About at Spring Tour

photos and text by Jil Daneu

New members Pat and Joe

Yenkosky discover a new friend

Fritze's dine with

new members Jon & Sandy Fundingsland

New Members Jack and Jeanne Phillips

THE

Eventmaster Mike Lancial reads the tour rules

Did someone order wild turkey?

First-time event goeers Jon & Sandy Fundingsland with their 'new frinend'

Is this an antique P-car anit-theft device, perhaps?!



Bochm enjoy coffee provided by Maplewood Imports





2010 Nord Stern Rally Open for Registration

by Scott Welz

This year's Nord Stern Rally will be held on Saturday, August 14. This year we will explore the west side of the Twin Cities. Our starting point will be the Minnesota Landscape Arboretum in Chaska. We will gather in the parking lot of the Arboretum at 9:30am with a mandatory driver's meeting at 9:45am. Cars will be released starting at 10:00am.

If you are not familiar with a rally, it is an event where participants are given a detailed set of driving directions they must follow as precisely as they can. Points are awarded for how closely your mileage matches the official rally mileage (don't worry, there are provisions for adjusting for differences in your odometer). If you get lost along the way, you will have a set of "Bail Out" directions that will help you get back to the end point of the Rally. In addition, this year there will be opportunities for earning bonus points along the way. These points could come from answering some questions or from performing certain tasks along the way. Want more details? You'll just have to show up to find out!

The Rally route will take $1\frac{1}{2} - 2$ hours to complete (there will be a couple of opportunities to stop for a break, if necessary) and will be followed by lunch at the end point of the Rally where we will announce the winners.

The cost for this year's Rally is \$40 per car. This includes the cost of the Rally, entry into the Minnesota Landscape Arboretum, and lunch for two people. For you Cayenne or Panamera drivers out there, if you will be bringing more than two, let me know. There will be a small additional charge for additional lunches. Space is limited in our lunch location this year, so the Rally will be limited to 22 cars. If you would like to be a part of this year's Rally, e-mail me at scottwelz@aol.com. I'll add you to the list and will send you additional details as we get closer.

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Spaßtatsachen

Porsche Buyers Glossary

by Dale Kredatus, reprinted from Shasta Region's newsletter, Northwinds March 1981

Have you found while looking in the Sunday paper under classified car ads (or online in this day and age!) for Porsches that you have a hard time understanding some of the terminology? To make that job easier the following is a glossary which could help you to better 'understand' what the seller is trying to say.

- A few touches needed for perfect paint: like down to the bare metal and starting over again.
- All original parts in basket: doesn't know where they go.
- All records: 45's, 78's, LP's (update for 2010 add CD's, DVD's!)
- All factory original equipment: hasn't been maintained since new.
- Always garaged: couldn't get it started
- Asking: he'll take anything
- Body and interior in rough shape: if this were a Chevy it would be \$25, since it's a Porsche, it's \$1000. (not sure WHAT to update that to in 2010 dollars but I suspect the ratio remains the same)
- Car has tow bar: stay away from this one
- Collectors Only: it's going to cost you a LOT of money
- Close to Concours: as close as your family station
 wagon
- Custom Carpeting: didn't know better
- Engine and transmission in perfect condition: body has rust
- Excellent running condition: body questionable
- Extensive mechanical records: never ran right since he bought it

- Price firm: this person means business
- Flawless beauty: on the outside
- New front pan: front suspension kept collapsing
- New muffler plus spare: why a spare muffler??
- Never driven in Winter: needs heater boxes
- Never seen rain, snow or salt: nor Summer, Spring, Fall and any months with an 'r'
- No dings: lots of dents
- No rust: this is a lie
- Not raced: professionally
- Rarest of Speedsters: only saleable point
- Rare machine: is there any other kind of Porsche?
- Ready for restoration: not maintained
- **Recent engine work:** trying to unload before it breaks again
- Showroom fresh: repossessed
- Stored for 5 years: WHY?
- Some new chrome: nerf bars added
- Wife says 'go or car': needs cash to settle divorce
- Have to sell, wife pregnant: has to get married, needs money
- Many extra parts: left over from last re-build
- Major structural areas sound: the rest is like jello
- Minor body rust: like the body pan
- Must see to believe: in more ways than one
- Needs cosmetic and general restoration: start from scratch
- Needs some detail work: engine, transmission, suspension, etc

Originally appeared in 'Shatten Rappen' Shattenbaum Region, New Jersey - but still relevant today 2010!

Nothing but the **best** for your Porsche World class auto body repair and restoration



For Sale

Members of the region are welcome to place ads of a noncommercial nature at no charge for two months. \$10 for non-members. Submissions must be received by the 10th of the month prior to publication date: editor@nordstern. org.

1978 Porsche 911SC

Set up for PCA class D, DE track events. Almost ready for PCA Club Racing. Very nice 911SC with only 61000 miles, the

engine is strong and runs flawlessly. I've used only Mobil 1 oil and changed every year usually with only a few hundred miles. The suspension was professionally prepared by Johnson Autosport and includes new torsion bars, adjustable sway



bars, shocks, adjustable rear suspension, turbo tie rods, bump steer kit and lowered for racing. This is the same setup that Johnson Autosport had in their own 911SC that dominated the class.

It has a custom welded safety cage and racing seat with 5 point harness. Front and rear fiberglass bumpers, a front mounted oil cooler and an exterior kill switch. Jongbloed racing wheels plus original Fuchs with new Toyo R1s for rain. Everything is in great shape. This car could also be restored as I have all the original parts and there is NO rust! and no damage, this car has always been stored inside and has never seen the snow. Its has a fresh oil change, new brake fluid and front



The trailer is lightweight aluminum by Trailex and includes a winch

go.

and tire rack and is in excellent shape and can be pulled with a V6. \$25,000 or best

offer for both. Glenn Lysaker 651-258 4011, racer911sc@ sleepyeyetel.net

928S

One of a kind. Only 22,000 miles. Miles by original owner; never in winter. Flawless, dingless metallic garnet red finish. Less than 50 miles since '09 complete service and detailing by Maplewood Imports. Five speed stick. Full leather interior. Call their service people for confirmation of it's "like new" status.

You can steal this rare Porsche and have years of fun for just \$18,000. I must make room for my new Panamera. Call Ken Kamstra @ 651-690-5115. Or E-mail: thinkmk05@comcast. net.

1986 944 Turbo

Very nice clean 2 owner car! 117,000 miles. Non-smoker. No winters since 1989. Copenhagen Blue, black interior. Progressive rate springs in front, stock rear. 968 m030 front sway bar, Weltmeister 19mm adjustable bar in rear. Corner balanced by Autoedge. Recarro driver's seat. Autothority 2.5 chipset. Alpine AM/ FM/ CD player. Nakamichi power amp. European driving lights. Well maintained by owner, Maplewood Imports and Autoedge. Recent cam and balance belt and water pump replacement. Asking \$11,900.00 with HRE 8 x 17 and 9 x 17 with Michelin Pilot Sport tires. Have original phone dials. Jim DeBenedet 651-483-1006 (home) or 651-402-0356 (cell)

914 Parts

Front and Rear (w/spoiler), Fiberglass Deck Lids, white, new, stock appearing underside. \$200 each. Steel wheels 1973 914-4 widen to 6 1/2" have four. \$50 lot. Gary Greiner, 701 E. 9th St. Superior, WI 54880 or 715-395-9431 (nights), 218 348-1849 (cell), e-mail gtgcnw8976@hotmail.com.

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Where We Were – Where We Are – 50 Years of Nord Stern!



Part Two: An Interview with Dick Roe reprinted from April 1979 *Nord Stern*. Part One was in our April 2010 *Nord Stern* issue.

Nord Stern: Many of us have discussions regarding the future of motoring as we experience it now. Sometimes we envision there being some type of underground that meets late at night for some fast and unlawful excursion on a predetermined route. Do you see anything like this occurring in the next ten years?

Well, I haven't thought about it like that . . . I guess the most I see people doing to rebel would be to revise the breathing system of their cars. I see more and more people even revising their compression ratios. What's ironic this all probably increases the efficiency and economy of the car. But like I said, I haven't thought about underground activities or secret meetings. You know the games have already begun. First the law enforcement agencies get radar...then the public gets radar and so on. The same people that develop the radar for law enforcement produce the one that detects them.

Nord Stern: It's been said that if someone hears you say something negative about Autocrossing during an autocross season that your negative solutions come to pass in the next season. Is there any validity to that statement?

I'm sure you're referring to a rumor that autocrossing will be discontinued. That's a comment I never made. Normally anything that's done up there is not done for the sake of Dick Roe's benefit. It's done for the preservation of BIR which in turn benefits you. Again, my position as the owner and general manager is to make sure that I do all I can to preserve the interest of BIR and the sporting events associated with it. Naturally if something comes up that may hurt the preservation of BIR I'm not going to change it mid-season. Whatever decisions are made they are in the best interest of BIR and you. Keep in mind that when we say that we don't want to allow someone out there in a certain type of car that can reach speeds of 140 yet there is no roll bar, poor rubber and no suspension to speak of...yes, we get nervous. Some of these people may not have any safety equipment or know how good their seats and belts are. The big thing is that our insurance company may say no more autocrossing. It's unnecessary letting someone out there with a '69 Camaro with a big 454 and no safety equipment or no idea about the limits of driving skills or equipment integrity. I'm trying to preserve what you have now and your help is needed. I want the events to be safe and secure.

Nord Stern: Now that the 'Open" event has been formally changed to an 'Invitational" does this make you more satisfied or let me say, lower anxieties"

I think I made all my comments when we met at you home. I was very much in favor of the group's decision as long as it's organized and managed professionally. I certainly don't want to cut anyone that's qualified or meets your criteria. That's the important thing. Will these people meet established criteria? Your system should bring into account the reputation of the driver and the integrity of the car. Again, I am in favor of you bringing in highly qualified people and machinery.

Nord Stern: What exactly is your expectation of Nord Stern? Are there areas where you would like to see us improve?

First of all I would like to say that all my dealings with Nord Stern have been very positive...number one in my book. The people, machinery...everything you do at BIR has always been first class. That's why you have as many events as you do. I guess the biggest thing is that I know the caliber of people you are... you have illustrated the ability to recognize problems before they occur without me being around...now that says a lot. For instance if the Turbos are getting too fast for turn one or tow then I expect that you will increase the number of pylons to reduce speed. Your club members or let me rephrase this...I expect the club to use their intuition and good judgment in regulating the activities at BIR. I know Porsches roll. We had a couple roll into balls in the past...but again I'm expecting your senior drivers and experienced people to make good judgments and be able to recognize potential dangerous situations. You see a great deal more than I. I know that your cars are going very fast. Right now I have the confidence that you'll make the proper decision.

Nord Stern: Is there any guarantee to the future of Nord Stern in regards to the continuing relations of our club and BIR?

Definitely...I would say this that the biggest concern with muffled events. You've got three events with one of them being unmuffled. The most I see happening is that your events would all be muffled. This would help me considerably as well as showing me that your concerned with my well-being. There's no reason why you can't run with mufflers. People fro out-state can run mufflers also. This request isn't because Dick Roe doesn't want you to have as much fun as possible . . . but again it's for the preservation of the rack. We want to meet the needs of our neighbors. These people have to live with this noise. If I can reduce the amount of noise in events like yours this will allow me to continue the events that bring in the most revenue. Here I don't have a choice. We have 23 events . . . if I can cut the noise X number of low line events this will help me continue to have the money makers. If 3 to 5 of these low line events hinder the moneymakers then I'm in trouble. So my intent is to hold as many of these low line events as possible...but have them extremely well regulated like yours...but I also have to control the sound.

Nord Stern: Since it's a privilege to have events at your track ... why don't you just ask us not to run un-muffled events?

I guess it's because I've asked you to go from none to just one. I think everyone was looking for some type of compromise. Now there's no question about it ... Porsches are the loudest cars we have next to funnycars. The Porsches in class six and seven using megaphones are louder than any of our V8s.

Nord Stern: Should something be done about it now?

We could come up with some type of agreement . . . I'm not going to go back on my word. I won't be the one that initiates the change.

Nord Stern: Is the energy crisis affecting BIR?

Well there's been talk of closing stations from Friday to Sunday . . . this would put us out of business. We wouldn't be the only ones affected by this type of decision. All racing would be out. I don't think they would go that far. Even Sunday closings would hurt us. We're asking for an eight day closing so the closing wouldn't always be on the same day...

Nord Stern: Do you have an active lobbying group"

Yes. Auto racing in general has a lobbying group working on this thing. Closing would not only be a disaster to racing but would affect all sporting events in the same manner. What we've done so far is cut the time of the racing event. We don't have the old 500 like we used to with Donnybrooke. We've cut our races to preserve fuel. What I do see in the future is providing transportation for the spectators from the Cities, etc. We would serve food and drinks, etc.

Nord Stern: As you gain more credibility ... increase the types of races, etc do you see Nord Stern having to reduce the number of events?

Not at all. I can see where the events could be expanded. If we had a bigger season it would be easier for you. I could see where the club could have 4 or 5 events.

(Editor's note: and that we do have now, 4 events!)

Baja...

continued from page 24

run out of fuel? What if the highlights hadn't gone out? What if the shock hadn't broken? What if we hadn't tried to help the bug get started, would we have left enough time for the team to get to Checkpoint 6? Too many "what ifs", I say to Bob. You know what this means: we have to come back next year.

So, if you think you want to race the Baja 1000, find six friends who are superbly mechanically inclined, who don't mind sleeping four to a room, eating tacos for breakfast, lunch and dinner and have no desire to sleep for a week. Then have DragonFire build you a car and head to Baja the week before Thanksgiving. I thought PCA Club Racing was a ball, but nothing compares to running your first Baja 1000.

photo below: from 2007 start of another team ...





Out and About at Spring Tour

	IES & AREA EVENTS/AUT		
DATE	EVENT	SPONSOR	LOCATION
APRIL 24 (SAT)	DRIVER'S SCHOOL CLASSROOM	MAC	DUNWOODY INSTITUTE
APRIL 25	NOVICE DRIVER'S SCHOOL	MAC	MIDWAY STADIUM
MAY 8(SAT)	AUTOCROSS - MOWOG 1	MAC	VALLEYFAIR
MAY 9@	AUTOCROSS - MOWOG 2	MAC	VALLEYFAIR
MAY 15 (SAT)	TEST & TUNE	SCCA	WINONA
MAY 22	AUTOCROSS	SCCA	WINONA
MAY 16	TEST & TUNE	MAC	DCTC
MAY 22	TEEN DRIVING SCHOOL	MAC	DCTC
JUNE 5 (SAT)	DRIVER'S SCHOOL CLASSROOM	MAC	DUNWOODY INSTITUTE
JUNE 6 June 7 Suburban Corvet	NOVICE DRIVER'S SCHOOL tes school B1R long course \$235 AUTOCROSS	MAC	MIDWAY STADIUM
JUNE 13	AUTOCROSS	SCCA	WEST SALEM
JUNE 13	AUTOCROSS - MOWOG 3	MAC	DCTC
JUNE 26	INTERMEDIATE DRIVERS SCHOOL	CVSCC	TBD
JUNE 27 @	AUTOCROSS	CVSCC	СVTС
JULY 10 (SAT)	TEST & TUNE	SCCA	WINONA
JULY 11@	AUTOCROSS	SCCA	WINONA
JULY 18	AUTOCROSS - MOWOG 4	MAC	DCTC
JULY 25	AUTOCROSS - MOWOG 5	MAC	MIDWAY STADIUM
AUGUST 1 @	SUPERSUNDAY AUTOCROSS I	СОМ	DCTC
AUGUST 7	SoloPro COMP SCHOOL	MAC	TBD
AUGUST 8	TEST & TUNE	MAC	DCTC
	CANCELED CANCELED CANCELED CA		WINONA
AUGUST 22	AUTOCROSS	SCCA	WINONA
AUGUST 22	AUTOCROSS - MOWOG 6	MAC	DCTC
SEP 12 @	SUPERSUNDAY AUTOCROSS II	COM	DCTC
SEP 19 @	AUTOCROSS	CVSCC	СVТС
SEP 26	AUTOCROSS	SCCA	WEST SALEM
OCT 9	AUTOCROSS - MOWOG 7	MAC	CANTERBURY PARK
OCT 10 @	AUTOCROSS - MOWOG 8	MAC	CANTERBURY PARK
OCT 17	AUTOCROSS - MOWOG 9	MAC	MIDWAY STADIUM

@ = MET COUNCIL AUTOX SERIES (MCAS) EVENTS: May 2, Jun 27, Jul 11, Aug 1, Aug 12, Sep 19, Oct 10

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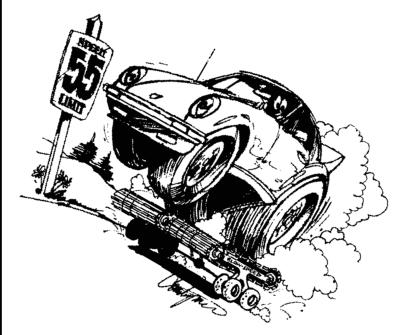
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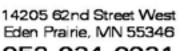
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