

Palmetto Pipes



PCA Palmetto Region
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October 2010

A tail about a Dragon's tail.

By Roger Wheeler

My adventure began when my daughter invited me to go with her Porsche club to the “Tail of the Dragon” in North Carolina. I had no clue what to expect, other than it would be fast cars on curvy roads. So, I packed my overnight bag and traveled to Walterboro to meet my ride, Josh. I was assigned as his co-pilot. Josh drove a Black 968 Convertible, with a super-charger added. We met the rest of the club along I-26 at a rest stop. Some cars preceded us to the Fontana Lodge, but there were still 12 cars in our convoy. We arrived with Ken and Jackie’s 928 hiccupping on the run up to Highlands. Coincidentally, Roger Knob’s 928 got a case of hiccups at the same time. Bad gas was suspected. Josh applied some Porsche Magic to the engine, blessed it and both 928’s had magical recoveries. We arrive in the mountains without further adventure. Friday night was finger food and spirits at Jackie’s Cabin. Next day, drivers meeting at the lodge at 0830, with run up to the tail starting at 0900. Two groups made up our 15-car gaggle. The fast car drivers in front, followed by the slower drivers, if any Porsche can be called “slow”. We hit the trail and began the 11-mile run through the 318 curves. Inhibited by motorcycles and slow moving “civilian” autos, we still got a good run going. My camera was active, getting shot after shot of Porsches diving into and out of hair pin curves. We were about 10 minutes into the course, Josh in the # 3 spot, Club President Scott in front with Steve right behind, little Robert Knobe as his 2nd seater. We had 3 cars right behind us when on a sharp “elbow” curve, Mike’s Boxster decided to become Dragon Bait. A loud crash. Josh braked hard, Scott and Steve disappeared ahead. The cars behind us were all pulling off the road. Mike’s Boxster was off the pavement, clawed by the Dragon.



The Dragon had struck but luckily no serious damage or injuries. Members re-acted quickly, and decisively, calling on the radio to warn oncoming cars, other drivers helping to get Mike’s car back on the road, with only some “Tooth” marks on the rear quarter panel. The race proceeded as the rear element came up and rejoined the pack. Josh’s super charger screamed like a banshee as we accelerated back up to speed. On we went, curve after curve, passing motorcycles like they were standing still. We moved rapidly, out of North Carolina, speeding into Tennessee. At the end of the trail we saw the Trooper. Too late for our poor ole pres. 58 in a 30 zone? Who would believe it? All the rest of the club slowly drove into the pull-off. Everyone got out to take pictures of the Lawman writing Scott a ticket. Soon 15 cars and about 30 people including some “spider” drivers were clustered around the Trooper and his victim. It must have softened his heart; he only gave the Pres. A Warning ticket!! Wow, this was certainly more than I had expected from the race. Now, the Honda 2000’s were coming around the same turn that had snagged Scott, all 46 of them but they did not continue. . Seeing all the Porches (so they thought), pulled over by the Trooper, they just made a U-turn and headed back where they had come from, all 46 like a bunch of Indians around a wagon train. After a break to regroup, we headed out for the rest of the ride, and

Continued page 6 “TAIL”.....



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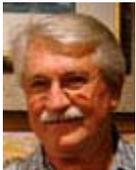
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Palmetto Pipes

The Prez's Message,

Just a little over a week ago I was in a parking area at the end of the Tail of the Dragon with talk of impeachment going on. Back to that thought in a moment. Fall is here and with it much nicer temperatures and next weekends Oktoberfest in Myrtle Beach. I hope all attending have a great time and that the weather is as lovely as today. Our next meeting will be at Miyabi's restaurant West Ashley on Oct. 12th at 7:00 P.M. Please join us for some good food and fun. We had a nice dinner and meeting last month at Queen Anne's revenge. It was there that the slogan for our club came into play. Jennifer and Joe Mills had a tire stem issue that left them stuck on 526. With help from Rich Bundschuh, Herman Porter and Josh Stolarz. They were able to get the tire off and taken to Rich's house [who happens to have a tire machine] and fix the rotten stem. They made it back in time for the end of dinner none the weary. It's not just the cars it's the people is so true.

Back to the Tail trip. We had a very good weekend despite the few events of which one was my leading the group run on the Tail Saturday. We departed a little after 9:00 A.M. and started our way to 129. Thankfully the slow moving Cobra Replica and two vintage 240Z datsuns in front pulled off when we reached the intersection. My now very low and fast Boxster took off on the twisties with Big Daddy Steve right behind. Somewhere around the 2/3rds mark I glanced down and back the road to check Steve's location and right after heard a load screech of hard braking and a slide. My pace and this sound had Ame at near panic so we slowed down and pulled off the left side at a point ahead. Turns out one of us had had a little shunt with no damage. With the radio letting us know it was OK. 4 of us carried on with my pace stepped down a notch. As I saw the end and the big pull off ahead I began to slow down and then saw Tennessee's finest looking at us on the other side. As soon as I pulled in he lit up his lights and came for a visit. He was very polite as was I. He asked if I knew the speed limit and then told me what it was. Before he could head to his car the rest of the group led by Mike Duck pulled in. He asked if they were with me and I said yes sir. Mike then began what I first thought to be a nightmare of dialogue. First words were no wonder we couldn't catch you. You were speeding! Mike continued with small jokes to the guy and even asked if he could get a shot of the trooper and me shaking hands! Well it must have broken the ice and as well said drivers behind me were lasered at my speed and beyond. He came back to me with words of solace and a beautiful warning [time stated 0940] instead of the dreaded ticket. So hopefully no impeachment and next time Josh can continue leading the spirited group. I had a premonition when Ken mentioned the Tennessee side had a new sheriff that liked to ticket. On another quick note thanks to Josh for helping out Ken and Roger's cars and Ken and the crew for helping out Steve and his missing keys debacle. It was a great road trip with great people!

Also elections are around the bend. I am not at all seeking a second term. I have someone in mind for my position, but we could do formal voting via the website for the executive committee positions. We could also add in several at large members and even an events committee to help plan up 2011. With Parade coming to Savannah this could help with helping the Coastal Region. For the four years now I've been a member of the Club a very small few have given a lot of their time to this Club to make it happen. I'd like to see some other members step up to the plate and help out so if you'd like to be a part of the board or at least commit to some time for helping out next year then send us a note or e-mail us before the end of October.



We will be planning how to proceed for elections and events for the rest of the year soon.

Well I guess don't drive them too hard around the Man,

Scott Hornsby

Something German “History of German Beer Steins”

The word stein is a shortened form of Steinzeugkrug, which is German for stoneware jug or tankard. By common usage, stein has come to mean any beer container regardless of its material or size that has a hinged lid and a handle.

The origin of the German Beer steins dates back to the 14th century. From 1340 until 1380, a bubonic plague, or Black Death, killed more than 25 million Europeans. As horrible as this historic event was it prompted tremendous progress for civilization, being instrumental in development of the beer stein. The hinged lid of a beer stein distinguishes it from a regular mug. During the summers of the late 1400's, hoards of little flies frequently invaded Central Europe. By the early 1500s, several principalities in today's Germany passed laws requiring all food and beverage containers be covered to protect consumers against these dirty insects. The common mug saw the addition of a hinged lid with a thumb lift. This ingenious invention soon covered all German beverage containers while still allowing them to be used with one hand. This lid was originally conceived entirely as a sanitary measure.

During the 14th century the guild system was firmly entrenched in European society. The pewter guild, combined with the heightened awareness for hygiene among food containers, created an environment in Germany that would ensure the presence of permanently attached pewter lids on stoneware drinking vessels for the next 300 years. By the end of the 19th century, the beer stein was clearly defined as being made in Europe, primarily of stoneware and with a permanently attached pewter lid.

The history of the German Beer stein includes the development and introduction of several different materials other than stoneware. Pewter was not only used for lids but also as a primary body material. The pewter hinge fittings often help in the dating and pricing of a stein. It was the material of choice throughout large areas of Europe. Pewter was particularly popular in England at the time. Glass, porcelain and silver beer steins were introduced several hundred years ago as well and are still available today. Many stein-decorating styles and techniques were developed over the centuries which offered further diversity to this creative, historical, artistic and ever-evolving gift items. Centuries old traditions continue to train the skilled hands and eyes that are required to create these steins.



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PORSCHE

CROSS-BRED CADDY: Volkswagen Caddy Carrera Cup Edition 2.0TDI

(by Damon Lavrine [RSS feed])



The link between Volkswagen and Porsche is about to get stronger, but VW's Swedish contingent has already created a special edition to honor the alliance. The VW Caddy has lived a staid life as a popular work truck in Europe, but the Sweds apparently think it could be so much more. So it's releasing 250 Carrera Cup Edition Caddies outfitted with black, 17-inch wheels wrapped in 225/45 R17 rubber, a new body kit, red-on-white paint scheme with Porsche's signature "Carrera" text, two-tone leather sport seats, a leather steering wheel and shifter. The 2.0-liter TDI mill is putting out 140 hp and 236 lb.-ft of torque and with a fire extin-

guisher mounted on the diamond-plate floor boards, we think we might have found the perfect track-day accomplice to join that GT# RS we've been building in our dreams.

PORSCHE'S FOUR-DOOR PANAMERA BEATS SALES TARGETS

Porsche AG says sales of its Panamera four-door sedan are exceeding expectations worldwide after one year on the market. Porsche has sold 22,518 of the sleek looking luxury Panameras worldwide, the German automaker's first entry into the luxury four-door sedan market. The four-seat cars have a U.S. starting price of \$74,400 in the U.S and can run as high as \$135,300.



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TAIL (continued from page 1)

to get some lunch. After the meal, we headed back to the lodge, touring along the way. We decided to stop at the Motorcycle T-shirt shop to get some souvenirs. There were a couple hundred bikes and twice as many riders there when we pulled in. As Josh and I parked our 968, several fairly “rough” looking bikers come over and informed us: **“You don’t belong here.”**

Josh replied we only wanted some T shirts. Not the right answer apparently, because the Really Big Guy then said loudly: **“You need to leave”**. His Biker Babe echoed him, in no uncertain terms. It looked a bit testy for the cowboys. One of the bikers spotted my fatigue cap, and asked me “are you a Marine?” I said: “retired”. He became a lot friendlier, saying he was a retired Army Scout. After we swapped BS for a few minutes, the situation defused, and he said to Josh and I “These guys are my crowd, and you can stay as long as you need.”

Good thing too. Steve had accidentally locked his keys in his trunk!! We had to stay!! Thus began the next phase of my 1st trip to the “Tail”. Steve set off the Carrera’s alarm, which riled up the Biker Babe, and she stirred up the Big Guy again. Some not to veiled threats were made that **“that thing better not be going off all night”**.

Now remember, there is NO CELL service here. How do we get help? Quick minds and agile feet made it to the Store to use their phone and called AAA and a tow truck was promised within the hour. We were saved. Two hours later, it was starting to rain, and Steve’s convertible top was still down. More intense reading to figure how to get it up, manually. Once again, Josh and associates availed themselves of his magic and eventually, before dark, the top was up. Windows were still down, but the top was up and if we could get it back to the lodge, we could try all the innovative suggestions being offered on how to get the trunk open. The flatbed eventually came, but I was long gone, banished back to the cabin for cooking duties while Ken and the other experts worked on the car. Late that night, after chicken and steak, we learned that the only way you can break into a Carrera in full defensive mode, is to remove the wheel, the fender guard, and finagle this and that to get at that Rascal lost key. Another thing I learned on my first trip to the tail: the Porsche is a fine car, but the owners and drivers are the really great people who generate the camaraderie that make it special.



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History of Oktoberfest

Ever wonder how this celebration came about? It got started when Prince Ludwig of Bavaria, later crowned King Ludwig I, wanted his people to share in the celebration of his marriage to Princess Therese of Saxony-Hildburghausen on October 12, 1810. Ludwig organized a horse race and invited all the people of Munich. The royal party drew about 40,000 guests. It was a good time with copious amounts of beer. It was then decided that the horse race would be held again in 1811, this time in conjunction with the state agricultural show.

The local name for Oktoberfest, "Wies'n," is derived from *Theresienwiese*, the name of the field on which the festival was held.



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Tail of the Dragon

By Jeffry L'H. Tank

(This poem can be found on the Tail of the Dragon website. I modified the original format and a few words in order to fit it all in the newsletter and to make it more car oriented.)

Chasing my shadow down a bright concrete river. Slipping through time like wind through fallen leaves. The Gods of motion attempt to confine me; to limit my freedom. To 'pull' me from 'the road' and hurl me to 'into the rock', for my Audacity, my Defiance, my Arrogance, for running the white line, of claiming control of my 'car', and capturing the essence of the road, a road they would claim as their own. They whisper clever lies and falsehoods trying to convince me that I'm in direct contradiction To Their Laws, To Their Rules. But I know better, I know I am the master of 'this car', I set the limits, Not They. I know how to balance the forces that would tear me from this 'road'; that would smash 'my car' like some insignificant thing against the sun baked whiteness of this concrete river. I ignore them and they fade away, caught in the quagmire trap of my laughter. I move on. 'Driving' the endless miles through endless minutes, within time, yet without. Within space, yet without. Within knowing, yet without. Within thought, yet without.

Thinking destroys the moment, destroys the victory. Seductive, serene, time out of time, moment out of moment, the distant hills rush forward to greet me. Soon, very soon, I'll be among them, immersed in the Zone once more, to do battle with the primordial forces. I climb the back of the dragon, his tail whipping, bone jarring shoulders run down his spine. Eyes flashing as he harkens to my call. He sees me. He knows me. He fears me. He knows who has always won this game we play, He despises my mastery of him, but that is as it should be, it makes the game more real.

He tries to shake me from the path I've chosen. To 'drive' up his coarse and roiling spine. To arrive at the top and then back down. Ever faster, ever closer to the edge. He calls to the false Gods of the road for help, but They heed not. Still laughing in the quagmire trap of my mirth, They respond only with cries of desperation. I've already defeated them once. This time, This 'drive', Their energy is no match for me, This 'drive', This time.

I enter the realm of the Dragon's liar, one side, hard flatness, thrusting upward: the other, nothingness and non-existence. A shear drop, defined by low ribbons of rough-cut rock and sparse metal beams. Designed only to fool me with false promises of safety; "I'll catch you if you fail!" It proclaims with snake oil assurances but I'll not be distracted, I know the truth, I've seen the lies, scattered in ruin by the side of the road. I've been here too many times to be taken in by such deceptions. 'Driving' countless hidden curves. Beginning before arriving, sensing before seeing, tracing a single line through infinite futures, shedding the confines of the present. I exist now only to the One Possibility with absolute awareness. A path chosen in an instant without thought. I become the Future, moving outside of time, combining the infinite options. Mired future-lines merged into a single future-point.

Rock strewn road, wet with spring rain. The dragon's spine is no child's playground. It's reserved for those that know and pursue the thrill to ride the edge between Heaven and Hell. 'Tires' kissing asphalt round each bend. 'Fluid' motions, weight shifting, side to side. Brake, shift, throttle, shift, brake. The mindless rhythm of a road dance sung to an ageless tune.

Tires clawing blacktop, leaving their marks of subjugation. I revel in the sound of 'rubber' meeting pavement. Leaving behind new scars, new wounds traced over old. Machine parts meeting earth they were never meant to know. I Control the moment, I Indulge my insanity, I Command the road, I Defy the Dragon! Death pulls up and 'drives' beside me, urging me on. Trying to distract me from the road ahead. Trying to drag me back into the present. For he knows what I know, He's learned what I've learned. In this wild escape, in this wild place, the only hope is to exist in the future, to slip into the present for even one moment, to allow a single moments hesitation, or one stray thought, is to let the Road Gods win in a game where Death Takes All! Reaching the head of the dragon, blazing in the light of conquest, I surrender my control for an instant of revelry, to absorb the moment and lock it within before descending once more, the conquering hero of the Road.

As our eyes meet, my nemesis and I, I smile the conquerors smile. In his last moments He makes one last desperate attempt to dislodge me, He shudders, He squirms, He hates to lose, but then; so do I!

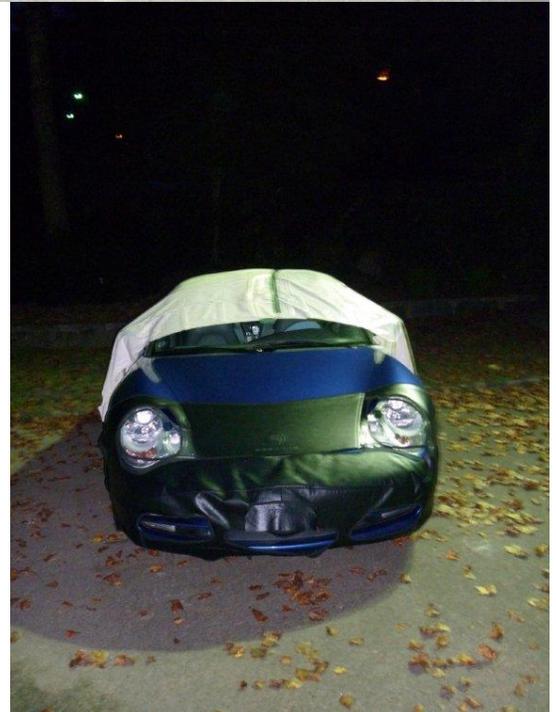
Having been defeated once more, he too, like the Gods fades into distant memories. For I am mortal while he is only an image formed in my mind. A vehicle to transform a road into an image of something more. A vision, a dream on which to 'drive' to feel the edge of life. To know and understand the thrill of facing death. To 'drive' as though knowing 'each journey is the last drive'. Each heartbeat, the concluding effort. Each instant, the final moment. There is no other approach to overcome the fear; of 'crashing', of failing, of dying in some lost place, high in an ancient palace of light, filled with the memories of past riders who have come and gone, Those who survived and left their memories for me to ponder their success. Those who did not and left their bones for me to contemplate their mistakes. I've come home, I've sensed the road, I've mastered the 'car', I've conquered the Dragon; And we are One!

996 Turbulence

By Ken Dasen with
SPECIAL THANKS TO STEVE KEMP

1. After a long drive, remove your radar detector from dash.
2. Loosely place car key in front pocket after opening the trunk.
3. Place radar detector in trunk (making sure the cord catches on the key) and close trunk.
4. Realize the problem, "key locked in trunk."
5. Check pockets and ground for key.
6. Open car door, setting off the alarm trying use the trunk release. Opps its electronic, no key, no power, no work.....but alarm works!
7. Re-check pockets and ground for key. Wishing the spare was with you not 400+ miles away.
8. Repeat steps 4 through 7 to annoy the motorcyclists and by standers who gather.
9. Call "friends" for help. They park in front of motorcycle loading area further upsetting the bikers.
10. Pull all fuses and relays trying to open trunk and turn off the alarm to no avail.
11. Friends Re-check your pockets and ground for key.
12. Try to jump relays and fuses to cause trunk to open. Doesn't work and sets alarm off again.
13. Check under bumper, dash and anywhere else you can imagine to find emergency release, no luck.
14. Call Porsche roadside assistance, absolutely no help.
15. Rain starts again, manually put top up.
16. Call AAA for tow, while waiting for tow repeat steps 5 through 13 to make bikers mad and receive threats.
17. Get car to safe location and use shower curtains to cover windows to protect inside from rain.
18. Log onto RENNLIST and discover how to break into the trunk.
19. Remove a few car parts and trunk is opened.....YEAH !

- ◆ Fontana Cabin room \$237.
- ◆ Gas expenses \$100.
- ◆ Lunch \$30.
- ◆ T-shirt - \$20.
- ◆ Steve locking key in car – **PRICELESS.**



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Porsche Trivia Fun

October: Who was the German Prince that started Oktoberfest?

September question: How many German Mennonite families purchased 43000 acres of land and founded Germantown, 6 miles north of Philadelphia?
Answer - 13



GERMAN RECIPE “Bavarian Obazda”

(from: About.com: German Food, by Jennifer McGavin)

It's Oktoberfest month and what better way to celebrate the great German tradition then to start off with some good German beer, soft pretzels and cheeses.

This cheese spread is not for the faint-hearted. “Obazda” is made out of stinky, white cheeses and spicy paprika powder, with a good bit of onion thrown into the mix. Do not make this bread spread for a first date or Valentine's day. Do make it for Oktoberfest, to be eaten with pretzels or bread and washed down with good German beer.

Prep Time: 10 minutes **Total Time:** 10 minutes

Makes about 1 ½ cups of cheese spread

Ingredients:

4 oz. ripe Romadur 60% (Belgian soft cheese) or Brie

4 oz. ripe Camembert (French soft cheese)

1 T. sweet Hungarian paprika

1 tsp spicy Hungarian paprika, or to taste

Fresh cream to achieve desired consistency

4 oz. softened butter

½ c. minced onion

½ tsp. ground caraway

½ tsp salt, or to taste

Freshly ground black pepper

Preparation:

Mash the cheeses and butter together, add the onion and spices and mix well. Add cream to desired spreading consistency. The spread should be the color of bricks. Refrigerate for a few hours to let the tastes meld together.

If you like a smooth spread, combine the cheeses, butter and spices in a food processor until smooth. Add the minced onion, by hand. Serve with more onions, pretzels and bread and beer.

A good German beer, if you can find it is, Marzen. It has a Bavarian origin, probably before the 16th century. Marzen is described as “dark brown, full-bodied”. It has a malty flavour and a clean dry finish. One particular brand is Ayinger Oktober Fest Marzen. In the US, Marzen can be gotten from several distributors. Gordon Biersch Marzen continuously carries Marzen unlike others that only have it seasonally.



2011 PORSCHE BOXSTER SPYDER

The sky was totally blue, the high humidity of a long, hot summer had finally broken, and the backwoods roads of northern Maryland beckoned.

Joining in the beckoning was a new and very lightweight, roughly 2,800 lb. Porsche Boxster Spyder, a car that veterans of the brand might call the Speedster of the tens. But whether this car is for you depends on what you're looking for. True Boxster fans might call it the ultimate sports car, while others might say the steps taken to reduce the weight of the car—it weights 176 pounds less than the standard model—are a bit too much to take. In base form, the Spyder can be had without A/C, radio, multi-adjustable seats, inside door handles (pull straps work just as well), and all have lots of aluminum body parts. There's you and me and no dog named Boo. The test car wasn't quite that basic, sporting A/C, an AM/FM radio and even...gasp...cup holders.



What you get in return is a Boxster with 10 more horsepower from the 3.4 liter, flat 6. It bangs out 320 horsepower at 7,200 rpm with 273 lb-ft of torque at 4,750 rpm. In the test car this was tied to what was the best darn manual shifter in the world. From the first time you shift it into reverse, then through the gears to number six this is one tremendous gear box. The clutch pedal is light and communicative, and all the shift points are right where your brain and hand expect them to be. Don't consider other trannys in this one; you WANT the manual.

Put this all together and Porsche says you will go from zero to 60 in 4.9 seconds on your way to a top speed of 166 mph (only at the track, unless you have a "get out of jail free card").

Some of the magazines have notched skid pad readings in excess of 1g. Adding to the joy of the moment are the wonderful sounds coming from the mid-ship mounted engine and the exhaust. The pure German sports car, as real as Oktoberfest beer, Rhine wine, and the hangovers they can produce the next morning.



The end of an Era

By Scott Hornsby

Yesterday October 2nd 2010 saw the final race of the most recent Porsche Prototype to dominate endurance racing. Through the second half of the decade the RS Spyder was the car in LMP2 category in ALMS racing to beat. For several seasons it even reigned over the Audi LMP1 R-10 in many races in the US including an overall victory at Sebring. Team Cytosport Muscle Milk's Spyder came into the final event at Petit with a chance to win class honors and a long shot at taking the championship over Highcroft Racing. With The help of Porsche factory drivers Sascha Maassen and Lucas Luhr Klaus Graf had qualified the car in position two for

the class. Unfortunately early in the race an ECU problem began and not long after contact from another car caused damage to the left front wheel so the car had to pit under caution and the time took it's toll on placement against Highcroft. Finally it was reported the car was still running on only 7 cylinders for the entire 1000 miles of racing. As it was they finished a respectable 7th overall with 2 Peugeot and 2 Audi LMP1 cars running and finished 2nd in class. This is the Swan Song for the venerable Spyder as next years regulations make it obsolete to run in either LMP1 or LMP2. Speed channel barely mentioned the car all day and night and made no mention of the significance this car had made to racing today. It now leaves a void for Porsche to hopefully some day soon fill in Prototype racing. It's up to Mr. Piech and the other powers over Audi, Porsche and Volkswagen to decide. I personally think it's high time Audi come down from getting to be there and let Porsche back at it. The French have beaten Audi overall at their game in diesel for two years now and we all know Porsche has a lot better street reliability reputation over Audi. Only time will tell.



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Upcoming Events

October

2nd Petit Lemans at Road Atlanta

9th Oktoberfest Rally Weekend in Myrtle Beach

12th Monthly Meeting at Miyabi's

16th Myrtle Beach drive to Wrightsville

23-24th Coastal Empire DE at Roebing Road Raceway

28-31st Savannah/Hilton Head Historic Speed Classic

November

6th Hilton Head Concours d'Elegance

9th Monthly Meeting

14th Myrtle Beach drive to the Tavern in the Forest



Palmetto Pipes

Jackie Dasen, Newsletter Editor
215 Oak Circle
Walterboro, SC 29488

Monthly Meeting

October 12th, 7pm at Miyabi's in
West Ashley