

The Alternative Line

by Joe Holzer

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Dear Porsche Pushers; This month's article is based on my firm conviction that youth and exuberance is no match for age and guile. And I'm here to offer proof. As many of you know, I have often kidded our most recent past-president, Steve Turco, with the jab that he was unqualified for the position because all his tires still had the molding nubbins attached. To this day, despite talking a good game, I have yet to see Steve turn a wheel in anger, so I'm still unconvinced. His son Jeff, on the other hand, has collected his own share of rubber shards on the rear fenders, and advanced very well on the track. Must be he gets that from his mother. That he cleans his car is his only real downside, which he gets from his dad. When God wants MINE washed, he makes it rain.

Steve and Connie have twin daughters as well, but I've been surprised not to see them strapping on the helmets yet. I suspect that may change soon, though, and I may be partly to blame for ruining the domestic tranquility of their household. Tough. Serves them all right. Poetic Justice. You go, girl!

The explanation for all this goes back a number of years, but was born at the infield of Watkins Glen and the 48 Hours of Zone 1. Those who have been participants know that there has been a regular crew comprised of the Hylands, Hunters, Holzers and Hangers-On, which includes Rocket Ralph Edmonds and others, no slights intended by omission. From this list should be noted the Hunters, which consist of four brothers, their wives, and their offspring who are now regulars on the track in their own right. From my first acquaintance with this august group (actually, more often July, but I digress... ;-) it has been my singular pleasure and responsibility to provide the musical entertainment for the gathered faithful, while others provided everything else. Having started with my pop-up camper towed behind the Targa, through the Tranny-Trash years wherein my motorhome and car trailer would ALMOST make it to the top of the hill before wrecking another slushbox, to my now reliable and very comfortable rig, I have always left with more food than I have arrived with, because I had a refrigerator at the end of the weekend. I am convinced that Bob Hunter has only ever brought his car so they would let him in the gate, as he seems to prefer to cook and listen to the songs than actually to drive.

But Bob is the guy who has also earned MY commitment to be there with the guitar and voice every time. A few years ago that became more complicated, though, when Thak and Sui-Ling opened their lovely home in Ithaca to we ravenous CNY track junkies as our July event the Saturday night of 48 Hours. The first year was no problem, but I was eventually reminded in no uncertain terms by Anne Hunter of my moral obligations to "sing for my supper" so to speak. So I have tried to compromise by shortening my time with the CNY throng, then driving like a crazy person (you know... normally) back to the track so I could keep Anne from whining too loudly. That worked OK until this year when, in a fit of stupidity, I agreed to repeat the previous year's visit to the go-kart track where I and the other children were summarily ejected by the management. Only problem was we didn't do so on Friday, so now I'm stuck with one too many commitments. Jeff and Meghan Turco were adamant, but nowhere near so vocal as Brian Hyland, that I must "do the right thing". So we arrived with my having only 15 minutes for a single run, to find a half-hour line at best. So the young and inexperienced went to the back of the line, like I was going to be that patient, while I got creative and offered \$20 to any group of four who would give up their place in line. Got us right to the front. I like the way Dead Presidents talk.

Then while (again) the Y&I's stood bench racing about how good they would do, I WATCHED to see which was the BEST car. They thought I had lost it when I ran to the LAST car in line, and took off behind some poor guy who forgot that mass times velocity will pretty much punt anyone out of the way.

I blew their DOORS off. As usual. And still got back to sing. Age & Guile.

