

The Alternative Line

by Joe Holzer for Publication in CNY-PCA Redline Report Copyright 2007 <http://www.holzerent.com>

CNY 50th "Unofficial" Report

The CNY-PCA 50th Anniversary Party was held in Alexandria Bay. And thanks to Joyce & Chuck Gladle and their team of volunteers, it was quite memorable. Attendance was exceptional, even including Past Presidents; Ralph Edmonds, who drove in from Florida and Jim Ball Sr, who drove in from North Carolina. Many of the faces had not been seen at a CNY event in over ten years, and it was a hoot renewing old friendships. There were also functionaries who can best be summed up with the following limerick:

Our course had a gymkhana whore, who walked off with trophies galore.

We can't tell his name, because of his shame, but we hope National sends us more ;-)

(idea by Jess Holzer, who flew in from Baltimore, and was one of a number of 2nd generation Porschefiles, including Jim Ball Jr.)

The formal proceedings started with a Car-avan from Denny's on 7th North St in North Syracuse, run by Norm Turbee. We dutifully loafed up to Alex Bay beneath threatening skies which turned gorgeous by Watertown, so plenty of open cars stopped to drop the tops along the way. Yours truly's bladder couldn't cope with the snail's pace, and six different people asked me why 20+ Porsches passed them while at the rest stop. As your ever faithful Ambassador, I pled ignorance and asked why that was unusual ;-). When we reached the Edgewood Resort we followed the PCA directive signs to Registration at the Curtis Cottage, where Mike Darminio kept forgetting he had given goodie bags with 50th Jahrestag logo'd champagne and lid badges to people, so Connie Turco had to give him a ration... The Edgewood had produced a 996 in blue flowers which was on display in the lobby. Nice touch!

Joyce and company had made all the arrangements they could, except for the weather, which proved that god is a Track Junkie. As soon as the Concours started, the skies which had been absent of clouds a mere hour before opened up, driving all to the Curtis Cottage porch. Eventually, between downpours, the concours winners were selected. I am sure you will read the results elsewhere, so I'll report on the fun. Mostly, it was to socialize and meet friends who perhaps were new to us all. Included in the cars being shown were three GT3's and a bright yellow Carrera GT, which needed the rain to wash away the drool marks ;-). The Welcome Party that evening was much of the same, except that the fact of its being on that same porch made it pretty difficult to get around to see most of the folks. It was fun, though, and the weather started to cooperate once the concours was over. Dinner that night was on our own, so Lynne, Jess and I joined Anna Wisniewska and her purple '73 911E with right hand drive and headed to Clayton to find a restaurant. We did, and had a wonderful evening catching up on long-lost history and a great meal at the Clipper Inn, which we picked from a billboard. Burdick Porsche at Driver's Village sponsored two events, as well as providing lots of other goodies and funding to allow for the fun. So we hope you will support them as well as all the other sponsors, without whom the event could not have been so fantastic.

Next morning dawned bright and clear, and the rally was off and running early. Bill Hayman, Rally Chair, chose some great roads with fabulous vistas of bright early fall colors. A true delight, and most followed the Darminio Creed that being late on a Rally was a disgrace. Lynne joined Sallie Jameson while Jess & I did our first rally as a team. We took a Seventh Place trophy that night, despite Bill's admonition about speeding. By about 4X in some places ;-). We wound up sitting along the side of the route for almost 15 minutes to get back near the correct time. Enny Qvestionz? Nice rally! We knew it would be a hoot when, while we waited for our out time from the Rest Area, Bill Noroski (who started a minute behind us) came blasting into the wrong end of it. His expletive convinced us of two things; he had realized he made the mistake on this the mileage check leg, and that his wife Jean could not have been his navigator. First such words I ever heard from Bill!

There was more fun in store. As per the limerick above, you can tell we had a "few" for whom the rules were stretched, some to the breaking point. For example, Jack & Steve Vasina tried to repave the lot with rubber as they screeched their way around a course where you had to stop about every 20 feet to do some silly activity. Dreamed up by Wayne Kunkel, the game was to toss rings onto a cone, balls into a bucket, carry eggs (thankfully already boiled) to a basket with a spoon, then with driver blindfolded so the navigator directed verbally, traverse a left turn then back into a confined "garage" of cones, all against a clock. There were penalties for cones hit and seconds gained for rings, eggs and balls. Missed by a few was the reality that carrying extra of the eggs was a mistake since it took more than 4 seconds each to carry them, while they were worth only 2 seconds each. One new member, Kathy Ballog, carried all 18 of the eggs clamped with her thumbs while her husband Mike sat blindfolded, but as you can see it was a futile gesture. That did get a warning to subsequent competitors, though, that such clamping was unacceptable. That did not stop Thak Chaloeintiarana (and you thought I couldn't spell) from recognizing that driving OVER the cone at each of the ring and ball toss gigs would cost a mere 2 seconds, but allow them to literally DROP the rings and balls perfectly into place, thereby gaining six seconds per set, net! So much for Buddhist Ethics ;-). Oh well, that was better than your intrepid editor, who had the temerity to show up for the Porsche Club 50th driving his S2000 HONDA!

There was a damper, self inflicted, on the fun. Having left the lights on following the rally in their car with the special new battery which recharges slowly, Chuck & Joyce Gladle entertained the crowd with what could only have been described as classic slapstick, driving over the same cones repeatedly as they crossed instructions in the blindfold section. Until, that is, they stalled the car. The air was blue. But the tragedy did not happen until later when Joyce paired with their daughter Karen, up from Virginia, and who had been instrumental in both supporting Joyce and getting CDOC as a sponsor for the weekend. When it stalled again, her attempt to push start the car led to Karen suffering a nasty fall and injury. Thankfully, she was OK, if bruised, by the dinner that night, but the episode was a sad moment for Joyce, for whom the weekend should otherwise have been anything but. Sorry, Joyce, and we hope you can forget the bad scene. The rest was fabulous! With a bunch of first-ever CNY attendees, as well as Zone 1 Rep Botho von Bose from Toronto and National Executive Director Vu Nguyen, also from Baltimore area, the turnout was a record for CNY in this writer's experience. And the car show site and other pictures will show just how much.

The evening's festivities included a cash bar followed by a great dinner in a room full of memories. There were pictures of early CNY activities and people, a slide show of the scenes from the weekend so far, and tables of trophies and memorabilia from Parades, and even the only concours trophy this writer will ever win (from our last outing at Alex Bay, with the Canadian M-B Club in '99, the year I had just bought the 993). There were tons of door prizes, including posters by our intrepid artist John Hajny, who so graciously allowed me the personal use of the logo for this byline series, a PERFECT description of me in the Silver Bullet which has now become Jess' Porsche. Joyce made a point of recognizing those who had also served her current role as Region President, and there were many who were attendees, back to Jim Ball Sr. As usual, the end to the day's fun was bittersweet. But sleep was required.

Next morning again dawned with fabulous weather, and found us trekking enmasse to Wellesley Island. After a circuitous tour of the various villages and enclaves there, which brought out the locals to see why there were over thirty Porsches crowding their small streets, we went to the 1000 Islands Yacht Club, with its historic displays of sail and early powercraft in the beautiful wooden edifice which included screw operated drydock lifts for their maintenance. Truly remarkable. While all (including Lynne, me and Jess, who had to catch a plane back to Baltimore that evening) were not able to do so, many continued after lunch at the Country Club to the Boat Museum in Clayton.

In summary, a fantastic weekend with Porsche cars and FRIENDS, one we will cherish for a long time. Joyce, et al, you really outdid yourselves. Our thanks is totally inadequate to represent our feelings.

