

# **MotorCity**Courier



Photo courtesy of VRPerformance

# Tentative 2013 Schedule

Check **online** at [www.motorcitybmwcca.org](http://www.motorcitybmwcca.org) for the most **up-to-date schedule**

## January

## February

## March

kickoff dinner at Logan's Steakhouse on the grounds of  
Oakland Mall

## April

## May

Coffee Beanery Café Auto Zone Meet and Greet

## June

EyesOn Design gathering

## July

concours d'Elegance rumble-seat picnic

## August

woodward dream cruise-in at the Beanery

## September

## October

## November

## December

holiday party and annual members meeting

- Note: *italicized* events are not affiliated with the MotorCity Chapter BMW CCA and are for information only
- For more information about upcoming events please contact us

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# Rants & Ramblings

Horst Reinhardt, Jr.



newsletter@motorcitybmwcca.org

## You will never be the same, part II

**W**e pick up the story in St. John's, Newfoundland. Your intrepid editor/co-driver and his driver, Bill Caswell, have made it to St. John's Newfoundland, race car in tow. The support crew, a.k.a. Eric Volz, flew in from Detroit via Toronto, the same afternoon.

We arrived at the winter sports arena that was rally headquarters at quarter to 10 in the evening. Or fifteen minutes before the end of scrutineering. We had spent the afternoon finishing the car—installing the full sized spare tire into the de-contented trunk, running fire suppression lines through the cabin, applying the event's sponsor decals. We were all in at that point; if we did not pass technical inspection there was little official time left to make fixes. Thankfully the quality of our work, at least what we were able to finish back at VRPerformance, was unimpeachable. We also learned that night that the organizers are not exactly concerned with timeliness or details.

After passing technical inspection, Bill, Eric and I walked around the ice rink turned parc fermé to check out the competition. BMW is always well represented at events like this. There were several generations of 3 Series on hand, mostly M spec. Next to BMW I'd say Subaru and Mitsubishi were the most prevalent marque. Most were running in our division, modern. The classic division consisted largely of American pony cars in the big bore group and Porsches in the smaller displacement category.

A particular favorite of ours in the open class was a 1979 Ford Escort RS 1800 run by Pearl Racing out of Towcester, Eng-

land. We would become fast friends with the team through the week.

Afshin Montazeri, a fellow E46 M3 pilot, caught up to us as we were heading out.

"You're the guys in the white M3, correct?" he asked. "We'd love to sign you up on our team. There's a team prize—three cars per team. They combine our scores somehow and the top team gets a trophy."

Bill and I looked at each other, laughed and almost immediately turned him down.

"Dude, we're here just to have some fun. It's Horst's first time co-driving, my first time in a E46 M3, and our first time in this event—you'll do much better with a more experienced team," Bill said. I was relieved, since I didn't want the added pressure of doing well for a bunch of strangers.

It was true, we were there to have some fun, and even though Bill is an experienced rally driver, this was his first time in anything as powerful as my M3. He was used to driving E30 M3s, which from both a power and handling standpoint, are entirely different beasts. Our goal was simple: finish the race somewhere mid pack, keep the car in one piece and party as much as possible.

With the race car cleared and locked down in the arena, we headed into St. John's for some late dinner and drinks.

Walking up and down the tight streets of the old town we eventually made our way to George Street.

George Street is North Atlantic's equivalent to Bourbon Street in New Orleans. Bar after bar, restaurant next to restaurant, music and revelers in and on the street. After dinner we bounced from one club to the next, drunk on the fact that we made it thus far. *We were on a rock in the North Atlantic, with fellow car racers from around the world.* We were in the "Targa".

We showed up with a strong car that was well sorted out. We had all the safety equipment—I had a brand new Stilo helmet with intercom (that hooked up to

## Tuesday also brought with it one of the more infamous stages of the rally, a 7 kilometer romp through a neighborhood.

Bill's Stilo helmet), flame quenching underwear and a snazzy FIA valid race suit. But—and this is big—we had no functioning rally computer. Never having co-driven before, I wanted to keep things simple. How hard could it be?

### Prologue

Sunday was prologue day-- three competitive stages that were not scored. It is meant as a practice day for teams to get acquainted with the way the Targa is run, shake down the car and work out any communication bugs between driver and co-driver.

*(Continued on page 9)*



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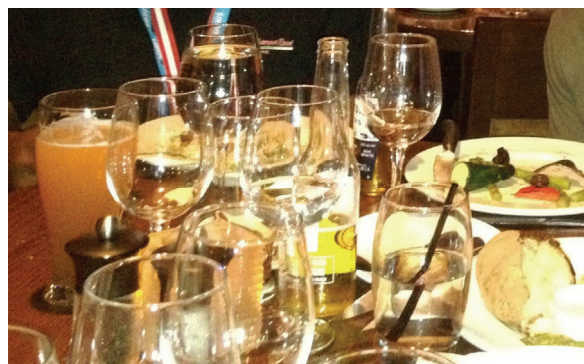


## Camaraderie

The race would have been nothing if not for the great people we met. It started in line at the ferry dock. We met Tony Piscitelli and his friend Chris Fitzgerald. They were running a highly tuned flying brick, also known as a Volvo 245 Turbo GLT, in the open class. Later we would meet Tony's twin brother and co-driver Phil, who flew in from California. Get a beer or two in these two and they became a comedy duo worthy of rat pack status.

We also met Rodrigo Herrera and John Bilikas— two very competitive Porsche pilots from Quebec— on the ferry ride over. They shared driving and co-driving duties in a cool Porsche 911 SC. We really got to know John well about halfway through the week. On a beautiful long, sweeping stage their 911 broke down. Our M3's open intake and Bimmerworld race exhaust had a distinctive sound that could be heard from a mile away. Safely on the side of the road, John heard our unique sound fast approaching and had the presence of mind to turn around, drop Nomex trousers and moon us as we sped by.

We got to know the team of Ben Gill and David Didcock from England in their amazing purpose built 1979 Ford Escort RS1800 race car the second day of the rally— when they passed us on a very wet stage (tire choice was in their favor that day). Great competitors and all around good guys. David gave me an authentic, old school, spring loaded co-driver's pencil holder as a memento. Very cool.



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## St. John's, Newfoundland

Founded over 500 years ago, St. John's is North America's oldest city. Italian Giovanni Caboto, also known as John Cabot, is considered the first European to dock in St. John's harbor. Sponsored by King Henry VII of England, Cabot arrived June 24<sup>th</sup>, 1497. By 1583 Sir Humphrey Gilbert officially claimed Newfoundland for England and by 1675 St. John's was the largest settlement in the colony. The English, Dutch and French all fought over the land with control switching hands pretty regularly; all to gain control of the rich cod stocks swimming off the Avalon Peninsula. Eventually the British won final control in 1762 (until it became part of today's Canada, that is).

St. John's is now the capital of Newfoundland and Labrador and is the province's most populous city. The latest data available shows roughly 100,000 citizens within St. John's proper and over 180,000 in the metro area. I would liken the city to a smaller Chicago or Toronto but with a bit more European flair—beautiful people, top notch dining, amazing boutiques and galleries.

Mining and offshore oil are the big moneymakers for modern Newfoundland and St. John's is the major hub.

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It was about 21 km from the ceremonial start in downtown St. John's to the beginning of stage one in Flatrock. The routes from one competitive stage to the next are called transit stages. Local traffic laws are generally obeyed during transits. I got us lost about two turns into the transit and consequently we stopped obeying local traffic laws.

The first competitive stage of the day was a short 5.7 km and had only 10 directions in the route book. We started at the north end of town and finished at the south end. What happened between those two points was a blur.

We shot off the line like the proverbial bat outta hell, brand new Dunlops digging into the narrow strip of tarmac. Before I knew it the first corner was upon us, I barely had time to spit out the instruction, "square right at tee, don't cut!" Not 500 meters later we had a "care, hard right long tightens, exposure!" And then a double caution "medium left, dip inside" then almost immediately "easy right over crest, don't cut!" All this in under 2 kilometers.

By this point I was behind in my instructions, basically telling Bill what corner we're in, not what corner is about to come. Bill's fast reflexes and amazing ability to read the road kept us on track. His experience with inexperienced co-drivers has sharpened his skills as a driver. He's always looking far down the road, beyond the next corner. He drives with a good safety margin, hardly ever using the entire road, should that road or the inexplicable utterances of his freshman co-driver surprise him. He reads beyond just the road by looking where the telephone lines are going in urban stages or how the tree line changes over the next crest on rural stages. This allows him to anticipate the topography and direction of the route. His left foot hovering over the brake pedal, always at the ready to settle the car or scrub speed... NOW!

"Cross junction into medium right past side road!" I catch my breath for about 2 kilometers, then "turn square left, hard to see!" Not 180 meters later, "severe right and then flying finish!" I was exhausted and exhilarated, pumped up on adrenalin. It was so much faster than I thought it would be, cor-

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ners came so much quicker; many turns not even listed in the route book. I was suddenly filled with anxiety. Before I didn't know enough to worry, now I knew what was in store. One stage down, forty-one to go.

We quickly learned on that prologue day that not having a separate odometer that I could read was going to make our race next to impossible. Since we could not "recce" (reconnoiter) the route to make pace notes beforehand we had to rely on the odometer distances listed in the route book. A simple checking off of turns or hazards passed would not work, since not all features were listed in the book. Many of the stages later in the week would have us traveling on rough cliff side roads at triple digit speeds. My inability to tell Bill what is over the next jump or around the next corner would either kill us, or even worse, slow us down terribly.

### A Newfie to the rescue

Bill had brought along an old rally computer, but we had no good way of installing it onto the E46's nervous system. Enter Wayne Lorenzen, a lifelong Newfoundlander and veteran of the Targa. He stopped by the car at the end of the first day to welcome us to is neck of the woods and see how we were doing.

Peering into the cockpit he noticed the co-driver's dashboard was empty.

"How the heck do you know where you're at?" he asked.

"We don't, really," I said.

"No GPS, no nothing?"

"Nothing"

He motioned me over to his car, "Let me show you what you should do." He was co-driving a 1986 Chevrolet Camaro; with its open exhaust, probably the loudest car in the race. His co-driving station was fully loaded with rally computer, a couple of GPS units and stop watches. "All you really need is this." He pointed to a Garmin GPS. "Set it to the data screen, which shows you an odometer, elapsed time, trip computer, and all that jazz. Zero out everything at the start line, and then you'll know where you're at relative to the odometer readings in the route book. Since you're in the targa class, you don't really care about the time—you're going as fast as you can—but you do want to know what's coming, where the blind turn is. That's all you need."

Bill, Eric and I rushed out to find a GPS. We found a Best Buy ten minutes before closing time that Sunday and bought the best unit they had on the shelf.

### And so we begin

With new GPS mounted to the windshield directly in front of me, I started Monday, our first true competitive day, off with a little less anxiety.

We had seven competitive stages that day, working our way from St. John's to Gander, about 375 miles north. Despite the new GPS system I found it hard to keep up with my instructions to Bill. What I would figure out later in the week was that Bill wanted to be a turn or two *ahead* of the route. "Next" he would shout into the intercom, "yeah, got it, what's next, what's after this turn!"

Tuesday was an interesting day. The weather, which was up to that point nice, turned nasty. Remnants of Hurricane Leslie hit the east coast of Newfoundland hard. We encountered heavy rain and strong winds most of the day. The thick clouds above messed with the GPS system.

And I was blissfully ignorant of the difficulties Bill was having keeping the car in control. Our 275 width tires would hydroplane over the standing water on the roads; the car would go into this smooth yaw moment and everything seemed to slow down, vibrations disappeared, noise dissipated, until traction eventually came back. I was having a ball, Bill was having fits.

Tuesday also brought with it one of the more infamous stages of the rally, a 7 kilometer romp through a neighborhood. Real houses lined up in tight rows, assembled in blocks and cul-de-sacs with people sitting in lawn chairs on their porches and driveways. 32 separate instructions had us wind through this extraordinary sub-division in Gander. Extraordinary because the organizers somehow convinced the residents that having race cars fly full throttle through their neighborhood, bumping off curbs and occa-





sionally running across manicured lawns, was somehow a good idea.

Being forewarned, this is the only stage we researched the night before. Because the actual instructions were so tight, and street names nearly impossible to read at speed, we translated them to landmarks: turn

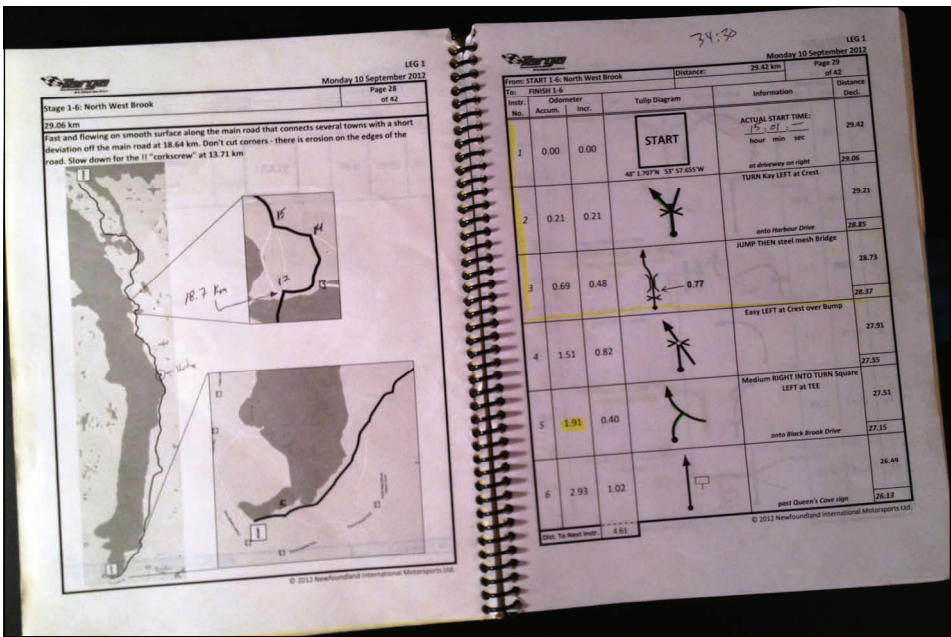


left at the green house, turn right past the fire hydrant, straight under the power lines, first block past the school... we nailed it.

We found out that evening, after two days of competition, and despite our puckish attitude, we were actually doing pretty well. Third in class behind some heavy hitting rally professionals. We were amazed.

While most other teams would spend the evenings tending to their cars,

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## The Route Book

The route book contains instructions; each instruction has, accumulated, incremental and declining odometer readings, a tulip diagram, and special notes if needed. The first instruction is always the start location. The subsequent instructions highlight major pieces of information required to stay on course, for example which direction to turn when entering an intersection. There is also what I'd call minor instructions that describe the severity of a corner or warn you of a blind crest or jump. In between each noted instruction, which could translate to anywhere from less than one hundred meters to thousands of meters apart on the road, the route is not necessarily straight. There are symbols in the tulip diagram that describe bridges, crests or jumps, guardrails, exposure (to cliffs or water or anything else nasty should you slide off route), buildings, road signs junctions and such. And exclamation points highlight the more dangerous bits.

As the week wore on, I learned to interpret the symbols better and then translate those to Bill verbally (with the occasional frantic hand signal). Because the road between the individual instructions in the route book was not necessarily straight and obvious, keeping track of exactly where we were in relation to the instructions was very important. And that's where rally computers with their sophisticated odometers and split timers become essential to the professionals.

A veteran's set-up at the right— two GPS systems, a couple of timers and a rally computer (the box in the middle with the two columns of buttons and framed display).

After the first day we scrambled and bought a GPS. Switched to the data screen it showed the all important resettable odometer.





# 2012 MotorCity Chapter Annual Meeting and Holiday Party



Our thanks to Erhard BMW for sponsoring our annual meeting and holiday party again this year. The gang at their Bloomfield Hills store always comes through, transforming their showroom into a festive gathering place. The German food and drink was top notch as always. And one lucky man received an early Christmas present, taking home a valuable BMW bicycle— also donated by Erhard BMW.

We re-elected the board members that were up for another term. The new board— Randy Perry, David Wong, Horst Reinhardt Jr, Dan Cleary, Kyle Albert, Gary Davis, Paula Albert and Ross Hotz— will meet in early 2013 to divvy up responsibilities

For a bit of entertainment, Horst gave a quick presentation on his adventures in the Targa Newfoundland rally. Many members stayed to ask questions and offer congratulations.

Thanks to all those who came out, we'll see you in 2013!





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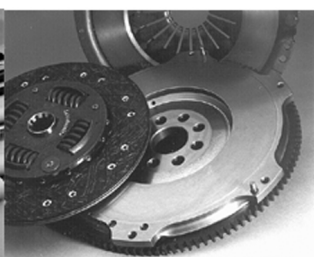
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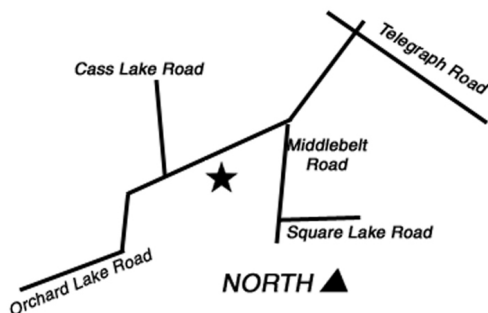
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*More...*



*Holiday...*



Randy Perry (1), Ross Hotz (2) and Paula Albert (3) serenade the holiday party guests with a festive rendition of O' Tannenbaum. Horst Reinhardt (4) explains something while David Wong (5) smiles for the camera man (Phil Taylor). Leslie Rhodes (6) poses with the door prize winner and his prize, a brand new BMW bicycle donated by Erhard BMW. The man himself, Erhard Dahm addressing MotorCity chapter members. Another wonderful BMW club Holiday party.





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(Continued from page 11)

studying the next day's stages, making notes in the route books, our "team" could be found at the nearest pub.

Bill and I would roll into the arena where the cars would be stored for the night, usually with some beers in hand to share with fellow competitors. The organizers took advantage of the cars all in one place and staged car shows for the local residents at the end of each day. For allowing us to race through their communities, we were more than happy to pose for pictures, sign autographs and answer questions. I know it's a bit cliché, but we really did meet some of the nicest people interacting with local Newfoundlanders.

By this time Alex Bernstein arrived in country. Alex is an editor and photographer at *European Car* magazine. He planned a story about our adventure in the Targa for the magazine (*look for the story in the March issue, which hits news stands the end of January—ed.*) He kept Eric company in the chase vehicle during the day.

In the evening, the four of us would head into "town" and look for a good place to eat and drink. Most of the week we ended each day in small fishing villages, or even smaller inland towns, so the pub life was rather tepid. For better or worse, a chain restaurant called Jungle Jim's had establishments most everywhere. What they lacked in



local color they made up for in fried food and Rickard's beer on tap (and staying open past 9 pm). After the rest of the teams finished fixing their cars and prepping for the next day, they would slowly filter into whatever Jim's was in town. Good natured, alcohol fueled bench racing and rumor spreading would go on late into the night.

### A little more serious

Now that we were in third place and had a chance of doing well, the race for us changed ever so subtly. We became a little more focused on each stage, a little more interested in our times, a little more aware of the competition. Afshin Montazeri and Paul Brown, the other E46 M3 team was

by this time out of the race. They misjudged a corner, went off and tore pretty much everything forward of the front axle line off.

Many bad things began to happen mid-week. Our friends in the Volvo were having engine troubles, as were our 911 buddies. A couple of Subaru teams were out, one ran into a boulder tearing the WRX's front axle off. And a well worn E30 M3 (*the car on the cover-ed.*) clipped a curb and flipped into a telephone pole. They would end up working through the night, and with some help from the other teams, be back in the race a day later.

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Bill's philosophy of attacking the course with a good margin of safety really helped us stay competitive. That, and a solid vehicle—despite 90,000 miles on the clock, we had no issues whatsoever. The old axiom of first finishing before you can finish first is particularly applicable to a tarmac rally like the Targa Newfoundland.

We were getting into a groove at just the right time. The stages became more difficult as the week went on. The target times became faster and the routes more complex. There was less room for error and more ways of getting penalties. And we were meshing as a team. I learned what Bill needed to hear from me and he got used to the way I barked out the pace notes. Reviewing the videos, I noticed my communication became clearer and I spoke with more authority as the race progressed. And this gave Bill the confidence that he needed to push the car. Our times improved from day one until the last day.

By the end of the week we had moved up to second in class, behind a much more experienced team. The gap between us was an all but insurmountable two minutes. The gap behind us was also large enough that we could keep second if we didn't crash or do something otherwise stupid; so we focused on finishing.

This event has two basic types of competitive stages—short town stages that are very technical and more rural stages that are long and high speed. Somewhat selfishly, I came to love the latter. Selfish because during the long stages Bill did all the work while I could look up from the route book and enjoy the ride.

The last two stages of the event were town stages. We'd run a short 3 km course one way, and then back again. It was filled with tricky instructions and plenty of intersections that could be taken the wrong way. After a week of sitting in the co-driver seat I was spent. I channeled the experience of the last 5 days and we knocked out those final two stages without incident.

42 competitive stages and 1375 miles and we finished our first Targa Newfoundland as overall winners in category 7, second in modern class and third overall. BMW also won the manufacturers prize, with the most points scored by teams driving BMWs. The professional team of Andrew "ACP" Comrie-Picard and Brian O'Kane in a 2006 Evolution IX came in first in modern class (they were in a different category).

The party in St. John's and on George Street that night was one for the record books. Together with our new friends we danced and drank and laughed like only those with a shared experience could. It was, indeed, *epic*.

Four days, 2000 miles and a ferry ride later we were back at VRPerformance in Michigan. Bill finished packing his gear and was ready to head back to San Diego, to his home and fiancé when he said something that will stick with me for a very long time. "You will never be the same," he said. Truer words could not have been spoken.



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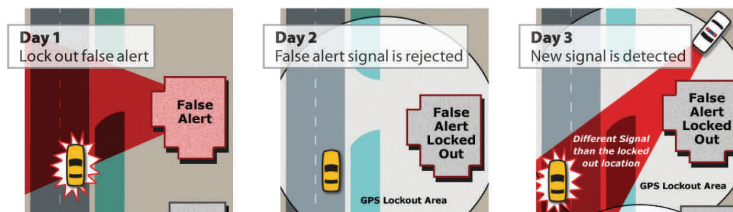
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