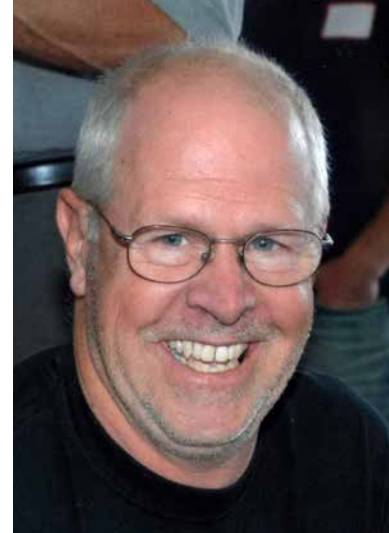




SPINNEN  
Randy Stolz

## The Bull Session



**Y**ou can read all you want about the Porsche 356. Books and articles are still being written extolling the virtues of those hand-built machines of more than a half century ago. Taken at auction values, you'd think these little beauties dare not leave the garage. Nevertheless, they did for the 37th Annual 356 Northwest Bull Session and I'm gobsmacked.

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*Like a charm bracelet, there were many colors and I'm sure many memories.*

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The Bull Session is basically a three-day weekend where members from all over the Northwest, including Canada, come to play. Friday saw them tour the Evergreen Air Museum. Saturday was a drive through the Chehalem Mountains ending at Cameron Healy's car collection. Sunday was the Bull Session itself.

Skipping the Evergreen tour (I've done that several times) I arrived early at Jacquith Park in Newberg for the Saturday drive. ORPCA member Bruce Meyers was at the entrance directing me to a section of the parking lot. As the cars began to arrive I strolled over and we chatted about his early Porsches, the "one that got away", and his early days. Thinking we might get about 15 or so I was not prepared for the one-a-minute appearance of these

shiny bolides that lasted for more than a half hour. I spied Steve Miller talking to an ex- ORPCA guy who had a Boxster like mine. It was Rand Wintermute. It seems he's back from his European adventures.

Strolling thru the cars you get that Concours feeling. Yet, we took off down the street like any other drive but with that distinctive aura of air-cooled exhaust sound and smell. Following Joe Kelly in my Boxster, I felt like an interloper. That feeling was driven away by the warm reception this club gave me at every turn; even though I don't know whether a 356 Convertible D is an A, B, C, Type 1 or 2. At the car collection I found Doug Naef and his wife Christine. We recalled a mutual friend I had crewed for in my SCCA days.

You might think a bull session would

be carried out by a bunch of old farts in the back room of the Black Bear Diner. And, you'd be right because that's exactly what happens once a month for the local chapter down the road in Wilsonville. The notion of that seems at odds with the sweeping panorama and glistening interiors of the Stoller Family Estate Vineyards.

Sunday was cooler ... way cooler. Arriving at the "Experience center" I walked to the back; and beyond the expansive lawn before the rows of grapevines sat a row of cars. Like a charm bracelet, there were many colors and I'm sure many memories. My own memories were riding with an Army buddy in a 356 he picked up for a song. Through the hills of northern Alabama in '67 we co-drove like the young idiots we were before they shipped us off to the unknown.

Walking down the row of cars to the bottom of the hill I dropped into the registration line where Gary Emory was holding forth. I introduced myself and I enjoyed a revealing chat about his time with PCA and Parts Obsolete. Besides the Outlaws, he's famous for the 356 Campouts at his place. They were suspended by COVID a few years ago but I hope we'll see them again.

After the registration line, raffle tickets, and wristband came the Goody store table. Tempting ...very tempting ... T-shirts, hats, bags, books ... within earshot was a discussion of the LA Lit Show. I examined a set of Mobil "Pegasus" stickers. Then a guy asks me, "Why do people put them on their cars?" I said, "Because the old racers often used Mobil Gas or Oil as a sponsor and every guy here is a 'racer' even though they may not have a racecar." He nodded and smiled. Remembering a set of stickers on those 550s and RSKs of Miles, Masterson, and McAfee, I asked the lady behind the table when she would close ... then I walked away, turned around, and fearing loss ... bought them.



After the store came more "Bull". It was a day of seemingly endless conversations. An unhurried time to chat over lunch and a glass of wine soon got away as Cam Healy and Gary Emory recalled the club's formation and Cam's early race days. Save the echo in the hall, you could hear a pin drop.

Following the raffle we said our goodbyes and moved out to the broiling afternoon sun. The Perle had sat patiently waiting. Her cabin, like some solar oven, cooking me as I left until the A/C made things bearable but I didn't mind. I was thinking, "How cool was that!" -KEEP SPINNEN ■

