



Wednesday Morning Drive – Drop Your Tops!

BY RICK PITTMAN

PHOTOS: ARNON KASETER, BOB ELLIS, AND RICK PITTMAN

Under the soft glow of a Wednesday morning sun, 13 gleaming Porsches – all with soft tops going *au naturel* and 20 club members in high spirits – gathered at the Oak Knoll golf course. The occasion: an Oregon Region Porsche Club of America drive honoring the allure and freedom of open-air motoring. Boxsters, Targas, Cabriolets—an array of models embodying the wind-in-your-hair philosophy—lined

up in anticipation, each reflecting the promise of the road ahead.

Among the standouts in this chrome-and-canvas cavalcade was a striking Turbo Targa, its body radiating a wonderful color called Cartagena Yellow – vivid lime-greenish hue that captured both the sunlight and every gaze, presented by Ty and Holly Dix. Not to be outdone, an early and meticulously restored 914-6 drew equal admiration, its vintage silhouette a



nod to Porsche's storied past, driven by Bob Patterson.

With engines humming softly, the group eased out onto the morning roads, embarking on a thoughtfully-mapped loop designed to showcase Oregon's rural charms. Two-lane roads beckoned, winding through a patchwork of vineyards heavy with grapes, orchards alive with the promise of fruit, and fields where multiple crops painted the landscape in ever-changing hues. The occasional tractor made for slow-moving, good-natured roadblocks, a rural rhythm to balance the eagerness of the drivers.

The route threaded through the rolling West Salem Hills, unveiling broad vistas, before a spirited ascent toward Bethel Heights. Twists and turns abounded, each corner a test of chassis and courage, accompanied by the exuberant soundtrack of flat-sixes and electric motors alike. PerryDale road welcomed the convoy with a rest stop at Dallas City Park—a perfect moment for drivers and passengers to stretch, swap stories, and admire the eclectic assembly beneath a sky salted with cumulus clouds.

The drive's serpentine path led over hills along Monmouth Highway, a ribbon of asphalt unspooling through the countryside, encouraging both spirited driving and quiet appreciation of Oregon's agricultural beauty. The procession swept through the historic streets of Independence, detouring briefly to the local airport for a spontaneous photo session—a





tableau of Porsche passion against the backdrop of small aircraft and open sky.

As noon approached, Café 22 beckoned for lunch. The restaurant, renowned for its fresh, locally-sourced ingredients, delivered an array of flavors as vibrant as the cars parked outside. Laughter and conversation echoed across the tables, stories of exhilarating corners and fleeting roadside glimpses mingling with the aroma of farm-fresh fare. Plates emptied, friendships renewed, a sense of contentment settled over all—proof that, sometimes, the best journeys are measured not in miles, but in moments shared.

The day wound down with a final toast to open top driving—a celebration of Porsche's enduring spirit and Oregon's boundless roads. The memories of Cartagena Yellow Metallic and vintage 914-6, twisting backroads and blue-dappled skies, lingered long after the last engine had cooled, promising future adventures yet to be written. ■

