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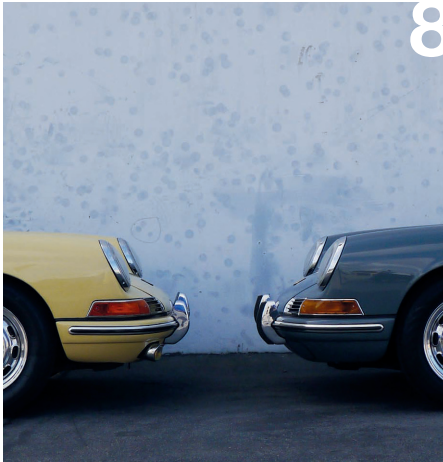
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912 Registry Magazine

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Don't look now, but the 912 Registry has gone social!



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UPSHIFTING — A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT

This was not in my plan. I didn't want to be the president in 2004. When we made Will Ittner vice president last year, he was supposed to take over in 2004 when Rick Becker stepped down. Will's starting a new business this year and is not going to have the time, so it fell to me. That's OK with me. So, it's my turn to be President. Hmmm. OK, but I'm going to leave a mark.

- Jeff Trask, 912 Registry Magazine Vol 2, Issue 1, January, 2004



Jeff wrote those words in his first Presidents' column during his first stint as President of the 912 Registry. Like me, his previous role before taking over the helm was as club Secretary. Like him, this was not in my plan. I didn't want to be the president in 2018. Jeff was supposed to be continuing his role, leading the charge as he always did. But, on December 28, 2017, Jeff lost a long and hard fought battle with cancer. Jeffrey Donald Trask was right though - he left a mark.

That's probably the biggest understatement ever written. Few people have left as big of a mark

as Jeff. Everywhere he went he impacted the lives of others. Whether it was in the Porsche universe, the sailing world, on the race track, at church, in his community or in a village in Africa doing Missionary work, Jeff left his mark on everyone he came across. His presence was larger than life and his love, passion and energy was apparent in everything he did.

Our club too, will forever have his mark. He first organized owners in Southern California for regular gatherings. He started the 912 Rendezvous along with Craig Norton. He was one of the founders, the core group of guys who worked with Rick Becker to change the 912 Registry from a website to a club, with members, and magazines and events. His infectious energy to spread the gospel of 912s helped grow the popularity, build the respect of the model and increase values to what we see today. This issue is dedicated to that mark and the man. You will read in these pages about Jeff the 912 enthusiast, the family man, the missionary and what he meant to so many people.

So, now it's my turn to be President. The shoes I fill are bigger than I could imagine. Those who have gone before me are some of the most respected people in the Porsche world, and many of them (especially Jeff) have been mentors of mine. This wasn't my plan, but I am honored with the opportunity to keep our club moving forward, and to make my own mark.

My first course of action to do that is to make sure we continue to have our 912 Rendezvous. The 2018 East Coast 912 Rendezvous will be held in Roanoke, Virginia from September 12 – 16. The West Coast 912 Rendezvous will be held in Solvang, California from October 24 – 28. The Rendezvous will have your typical events and happenings – car shows, tech sessions, driving tours, social gatherings, parties and banquets. This year however, we will be honoring Jeff at both events, remembering him, his spirit and doing what he loved to do. To do this for the West coast, we go back to where it all began in Solvang, California, where Jeff hosted the first Rendezvous. For the East Coast, it is no coincidence that the event will be happening on 9/12. We will have a lot of special treats for everyone who attends either of the Rendezvous: commemorative grill badges, a special award to honor Jeff, and a few other surprises instore. I look forward to seeing all of you there, and will be at both events in person.



Before I close, there is another special person in our club who also passed away this December. Jones Low, was our first treasurer, and one of the founding board members of the 912 Registry. Like Jeff, he was one of the original Southern California guys. Jones loved to take care of and maintain his Bahama Yellow coupe, and he loved to get together with the local 912 community. Jones attended every event he could; every Rendezvous, every Dunkle Bros show, every German Autofest and just about any other gathering you could think of, until Lou Gehrig's disease prevented him from doing so. Jones was one of the kindest and gentlest people I ever met. He always welcomed me with open arms at any of the West Coast events I attended. He too left his mark and will always be remembered by our club, and those who met him.

In closing, I just want to take this opportunity to encourage all of us to leave our own mark in our lives, our communities and with the world around us. I also encourage the next Joneses and Jeff's that want to take an active role with the 912 Registry. If you like what the Registry brings to the 912-ownership experience, I encourage you volunteer. We need articles for the magazine. We need volunteers for events. Local members to organize coffee gatherings and drives. If you are ever interested in hosting a Rendezvous (you won't be on your own – we'll help!), or if you would like to offer your talents or skills in finance, nonprofit business, legal, etc., let us know! Get on the forums or the club facebook page, and put a Saturday breakfast gathering. If you're interested in leaving your mark, please feel free to reach out to me at president@912registry.org.

Harry Hoffman
#912R0195-C
President and Events Coordinator, 912 Registry

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

The wider classic Porsche community, and we in the 912 Registry in particular, were saddened after Christmas to learn that Jeff Trask had lost his battle with cancer and gone home to be with God in heaven. After some discussion with the 912 Registry board, we decided to dedicate this issue of the 912 Registry magazine to Jeff.

I did not know Jeff well. I met him when he visited Texas for the Hill Country Rallye. I was impressed with anyone who would drive a 912 from southern California to central Texas for, what I considered at the time, a local classic Porsche event. He seemed to relish driving his 912, and I believed him when he said he saw 120 mph while driving through west Texas. I also saw him when I joined the West Coast Rendezvous in Carmel. The event was very well organized, and we had a great time. I understand much of the success of the West Coast Rendezvous was due to Jeff's organizational skill and spirit. Finally, I worked with him briefly in editing the 912 Registry magazine.

To watch Jeff as an outsider was to see charisma like the force of gravity. He entered a room and people revolved around him. He told great stories, had a self-deprecating sense of humor, and people responded to him.

I picked up on two central themes as I interacted with Jeff. The first was "enjoy the cars." He renamed the Message from the President to "Daily Driver" and was proud that he drove his 912 all the time. He drove with skill and enthusiasm, as drivers in both California and Texas will attest. Classic Porsches were his livelihood, but they were also his passion. He was particularly passionate about the 912, which was no longer the red-headed step child of the classic Porsche world, at least partially because Jeff was so enthusiastic about driving and enjoying 912s.

The second theme was "enjoy the drivers." As much as he loved the 912, the owners were the best part of the 912 experience. He said, "You see we are the stewards of our cars, but it's the people we meet along the way that have made this journey fun. As much fun as I have driving my 912 around every day, it's more fun when I'm surrounded by other 912s and their owners!" Jeff's stewardship has ended, but his enthusiasm for the 912 and his pleasure in the 912 community live on.



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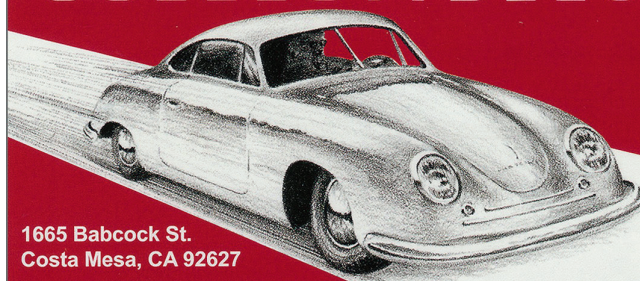
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FOLLOWING JEFF'S LINE

by Charles Danek

The 2014 Gold Country 912

Registry West Coast Rendezvous was a special one for Jeff Trask, because he grew up Jamestown, California. The area holds special meaning for me too, because when I first came to California, I worked on a ranch in the area. I have many great memories of Jeff, but I think my favorite might be following him through the Sequoias on our drive up north from Los Angeles. We both were really looking forward to being up there. He was in a yellow 356 that day, with cantilevered suspension. I was behind him in my 912, which by any measure should have been a faster car, but instead it was all I could do to try to follow his line. I will never forget seeing the taillights of Jeff's little car

me to get behind him and to follow his line. I did. And by the end of the day, I was a different driver.

When I met Jeff circa 2002, most 912 owners within the Porsche universe were like the dorks who somehow found out where the cool party was. But not Jeff. He was always one of the cool kids. His driving skills were inarguable, and so it was to the consternation of many that his car of choice was a 912. I remember watching Jeff going at it with an R Gruppe guy once — Jeff flatly told him that a 912 was faster than this guy's fire breathing R clone 911 whatever, so the guy challenged him to a race. Jeff's deadpan response? "Anytime — and I choose the course." Touché.

pretty much wherever he wanted them to. En masse, we followed him to Porsche shows, on local drives, and ultimately to annual 4-day Rendezvous' held all across the state. Jeff Trask made the 912 Registry feel like it was something you wanted to belong to.

My first 912 was a needy 1966 sunroof coupe. Prior to having ever heard of Jeff Trask, I coincidentally bought my car from a very close friend of his. As a favor, Jeff had installed an aftermarket set of air filters on the car for him prior to my stewardship. 96 miles after buying the car, one of the bolts came loose from an air filter, dropped down into a carb, and grenaded the motor. My emotions ran high when this happened, but sensing the bigger adventures that this car had in store for me, I very clearly recall making a decision not act on my emotions, because I feared doing so would put me on the outside of the newly germinated 912 Registry. By then I was gaining an understanding of who Jeff was, and the role he played in the 912 community. Sometimes in life the music just stops and you are the one without a chair, and it isn't anyone's fault. You just have to deal with it. I made the right call — I would never have gotten my car on the road without this group that Jeff figured into so prominently.

After 7 years with that 1st car, and close to 100,000 miles, it was time to consider another engine rebuild. Yet, it seemed anticlimactic to invest so much into a new motor, only to still end up with the same needy car. Spent interior. Fading paint. Rusty longitudinal. It made more sense to sell that car, and to look for a better one. Just to test the waters, I went to see what 912s were for sale on Ebay. The very first car I saw was gorgeous, 1965 painted dash car in Champagne Yellow — and the high bidder? NO911NV.

Jeff sold my first car through European Collectibles, and during the few months that it took, I had seen that yellow '65 painted dash come and go on their site. I missed out on that one. But now ready to look for another car, I asked Jeff if he knew of any other good ones that might be for sale? He told me about a few he knew of, but none were really right for



disappearing and reappearing through the giant trees along our windy, hilly route. I could never match his pace, but I learned a lot by trying.

It reminded me of a day more than 10 years ago, when Jeff rented out the Streets at Willow Springs and let any 912 owner with a hundred dollars follow him onto the track. By then I'd had my 912 for a few years, but I'd never really had the opportunity to learn what the car could do on closed course conditions. Jeff, recognizing my cluelessness, instructed

Jeff was boat salesman. He once told me that his selling-strategy was to organize regattas for the boats he sold, and when other guys on the water saw how much fun people were having, they bought boats from Jeff too. The official 912 Registry origin story is that it came about when Rick Becker's informative web site combined with David Hillman's forum site. But from my view, it really happened because Jeff Trask, like a pied-piper, got 912 owners excited about their cars, and he got them to show up

me. Out of curiosity, I asked Jeff what he was driving, and he said “Remember that yellow painted dash from Ebay? That is my car now, and I am never selling it!” This was on a Monday. By Thursday the car was in my driveway.

When I first became President of the 912 Registry in 2014, I went out for lunch with Jeff to discuss my vision for the club. Over a plate of enchiladas, Jeff remarked how thanks in no small way to the 912 Registry, the status of the humble 912 had been elevated, and that if you wanted to buy into the Porsche ownership club now, opening bid was what, a 914? I told him no — it was a Boxster. That kind of blew Jeff’s mind. When the 912 Registry began, the Boxster was a new expensive model, and good 912s could be had for less than \$10K. Today 1st generation Boxsters are worth \$10K, while good 912s cost as much as new Boxsters!

Having felt the 912 Registry fulfilled its original mission of saving the 912 from languishing as a footnote of Porsche history, I sought to become club President because I believed for it to remain relevant, that we had to address the needs of 912 owners today, and that having spent years our magazine editor, that I was in a unique position to help achieve this. During my tenure, our magazine was given a new look that is more on par with the beauty and sophistication of our cars, and I also helped build a new web site to match. But alas, when the site launched, suffice it to say I did not feel it was received well. For better or worse, having done what I set out

to do, what remained was for me to now find a successor. I sent Jeff an email talking about this, and somehow he misread it as me asking him to become the next President. It never occurred to me ask him, because I knew he was sick and I figured he had enough on his plate, but now I felt elated to have the option on the table.



Jeff and I had one last lunch before he became 912 Registry President again. His cancer was in remission. His spirits were high. He showed me many amazing pictures from his recent trips to Uganda of the children he was helping there. We talked about the future of the club. Jeff said he believed in what I had tried to do during my tenure, and that his aim as President would be to further position the 912 Registry as a club meant to bring together the next generation of 912 owners. Sadly, this was not to be on Jeff’s watch. Whatever the future may have in store for the 912 Registry, what it has

already accomplished will forever be part of Jeff’s legacy.

At Jeff’s memorial, there were hundreds of people present. The minister remarked how the parking lot looked like a cars and coffee. Sitting in the church that day, seeing all those people, I thought about how many lives Jeff had touched.

Then I thought about the dozens of people who I knew there that day — and how important these friendships are to me, connections that I likely would never have made had it not for Jeff Trask.

I drove my 912 that weekend — it was nice to see it parked on Jeff’s street one more time, and I appreciated the fact that he once owned it in a way I never had before. Actually, I appreciate all the ways Jeff helped shape my 912 experience. Likewise, I hope Jeff can appreciate how when I pilot my car through the twisties, I am following a line he helped me see. ▣

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A FEW WORDS...

I made my first Rendezvous trip to the West Coast in 2012 (Cambria). Outbound, I broke a headlight lens in Arkansas and lost the speedometer in Texas. I called Jeff from a rest stop in New Mexico to provide a trip update: he offered to have a headlight lens and a speedometer cable for me in Cambria. True to his word, on my arrival Jeff had the parts for me and then refused payment: his kindness, generosity and friendship will not be forgotten.

- Peter Graham

It was 2003 I believe, and I was searching the Internet trying to find information on dashboard instrument updates for my 69 912 when I came across a posting by someone with the user name NO911NV. At the time I didn't get the meaning of that name, but I sent an email anyway. I never got a response. But after a little more digging I stumbled across the 912 Registry, 912BBS and the fact that the 2nd Annual 912 Rendezvous was happening in my back yard!

I drove my Targa over San Marcos Pass to Solvang and came face to face with Jeff Trask, a.k.a. NO911NV. I can't say we became instant buds, but it was clear that we were "family" and Jeff welcomed me warmly to the FCF (Four Cylinder Fellowship).

Jeff was unlike anyone I'd ever met (and I've seen quite a few). I kept asking myself; "Is this guy for real? Is he really this passionate? Is he really this

welcoming? Is he really this irreverent? Is he really this much fun? Is he really this driven behind the wheel?" Turned out, he was all of these things and a whole lot more.

Time moved on. We didn't exchange emails, we didn't text, we rarely phoned. It was mostly face-to-face at random events through the Southland and eventually all over California. But over time an invisible connection developed, and with very little direct communication, we did in fact communicate at a level that is hard to describe. My last remembrance was nearly a 2-hour walk with him in the wee hours before sunrise, through the foggy, drizzly mountains of Santa Cruz, the site of the 912 Rendezvous. Just Jeff and me walking and talking about what was and what might come. We shared hopes, we had dreams, we had regrets, but most important, we had passion and dreams.

I remember a most amazing day when Jeff and a few other SoCal 912 folks we rarely hear from these days organized a freak'n full day at the Streets of Willow for only 912s, sun up until sun down! As I recall, Jack Staggs and John Benton were there to wrench gratis to keep all of us running; what a beautiful thing it was. Jeff decided we'd run the track backwards from the typical way it was run because the 912s wouldn't do well with the steep uphill to turn 1. Instead it turned into a wicked downhill that ended at a tight left hander. On more than one lap I

tried to make a move on Jeff, but it was abundantly clear that Jeff would never yield that turn to anyone, ever, and I was left with no choice to bow to "The Master". He taught me late apex turns, a must for us momentum drivers, with his Follow the Leader sessions.

In preparation for one Rendezvous, Jeff drove up to Santa Barbara, and I hopped into his car riding shotgun. With a map in hand, we spent all day exploring possible drive routes. And oh wow, what a drive! At one point I asked him if he was worried about getting a ticket, and he told me to open the glove box. I did; it was filled with tickets. Tickets! I don't need to worry about no stinking tickets! That was Jeff.

I remember Jeff joining so many from the 912 community at the memorial service for Dave Hillman. He reminded of us Dave's passion, his nearly unconditional acceptance, and urged us all to help keep his dreams alive.

It's so hard to write this through my tears, but now we must also remember Jeff, his passion, his love, his dreams, and carry them with us into whatever lies beyond. I'm not quite sure what that will be but I'm damn sure it will include foot to the floor in a flat-four 912 through gnarly twists.

Goodspeed dear friend. I'll race you to the next corner.

- Paula Golus



My first discussions with Jeff were shortly after I bought my first 912, which admittedly was a total mess by anyone's standards. I had a bahama yellow 67 coupe, and Jeff had his bahama yellow 69 Targa. These cars were on opposite ends of the condition spectrum, so I had to live vicariously through Jeff and his car while I tried to get my car to start, stop, and mitigate enough of the rust so it would go down the road in one piece. Jeff was fun to visit with on e-mail, and these emails often led to quick calls. His encouragement and attitude was one of the things that kept me inspired to get my car on the road and reliable.

Fast forward a bit of time to late 2003. The Lone Star 912 group by this time had a half dozen mini day events under our belts, and had been watching the west coast rendezvous enviously for a few years. We saw how much fun they were having and thought we had what it took to do this ourselves. After about a week of discussion with a few key members of our group, it became brutally apparent that we did not have a clue where to even start. Once again, I reached out to Jeff and asked some questions, this time about more than the cars themselves, but rather the act of planning

the first South Central Rendezvous.

We somehow landed on a location in rural southern Oklahoma, which with the hill country of Texas out my back door today seems like the less than obvious choice. Jeff coached me through the basics of the event including finding a host hotel, arranging a drive or two, getting food catered, and of course awards and drawings. Jeff even went so far as to make some of the calls setting up things like catering on my behalf. In the end we even had tee shirts that Jeff got printed in california for us and helped to ship out to the event.

When the time for the event grew close, Jeff became determined to come to the event in person. He wouldn't drive to this one, but would fly in to Oklahoma City and rent a car. This was awesome. To add to the excitement, he managed to talk our esteemed John Benton into joining him, which was a real treat for us all.

Well, looking back on the event we realize we really had no clue what owning a 912 meant, and did some things outside the norm that are pretty silly by today's standards. These included but were not limited to an engine off timed drag race down a hill which included the Chevy Impala that Jeff had rented with John and



Jeff sitting in the open trunk.

In the end, we laughed, had fun, made new friends, and learned. Over the years this event merged with the 911 version of the event put on at the time by the Early S Registry, which now is known as the Hill Country Rallye. Jeff attended many of our events, including recent Hill Country Rally trips, and was instrumental in getting a regular California contingent coming to the Texas hill country each year. There are so many stories, some including flying hay bails, others in airplane graveyards, that Jeff told relating to his travels to Texas. His support and friendship are forever ingrained in my memory, so many smiles and fun times.

Yes, Jeff, "there we were"...

-Morrie Larson

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TRIBUTE TO JEFFERY DONALD TRASK, SEPTEMBER 4, 1959 – DECEMBER 28, 2017

Son, Husband, Father, Sailor, J Boat Dealer, Race Car Driver, Porsche 912 Registry Founder, Porsche 356, 911, 912 Socialite, Event Organizer, Delegator, Classic Porsche sales man, faithful to the Lord and, along with his wife, dedicated to helping many in Uganda, Africa. But with all this said I am sure I have missed a few roles.

Jeff Trask was a true friend, sales associate and a great person to be around. He was always able to tell you exactly the way he felt about something and was very straightforward and genuine. There was never a dull moment in a conversation.

I worked with Jeff side by side for 9 years, we had countless lunches and interesting conversations about people, families, and fun interesting places. I heard it all, the good, the bad, and the in between.

Jeff loved his 912s and had a passion for Porsche. When he became

the president of the 356 Club he felt he should be driving a 356. His wife's old 356 came back in on trade to European Collectibles and he pondered getting the 356 back again for his daily driver. I told him just drive it for a week and see if it fits. He did, and he ended up buying it for his daily driver and selling his 1967 Sand Beige 912 Coupe. That lasted all of 8 months, and he went back to what he loved. It was a 1967 Porsche 912 Sunroof Coupe Grey/Black. He drove the 912 28,000 miles in three years to the Texas Hill Country Rallye twice, to the West Coast Holiday in Washington, to the Emory Campout and to Monterey Historics every year. Jeff drove his Porsche every day, rain or shine, which few of us do! He knew they are great cars that can be used every day even if they are 50 or 60 years old.

Through his fight with cancer Jeff would open up and talk to other friends fighting the sickness. He inspired friends

with cancer to fight and never give up. Jeff was by far extremely positive and was always uplifting.

We have lost a great Porsche Personality who was able to mix the 912s guys with the 356 & 911 personalities and unite one to another. This was something that was not done before, but Jeff made it all happen. He was always happy to host the 356 Club North Meets, South events, and/or the 912 Rendezvous, and he mapped out one hell of a drive on the back roads. He would always be in front of the 911s whenever he could on the twisty turns of a good mountain road.

Jeffrey, you will truly be missed throughout the Porsche community along with all your friends and family.

"I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, I have kept the faith."
2 Timothy 4:7 ▣





HONORING JEFF TRASK

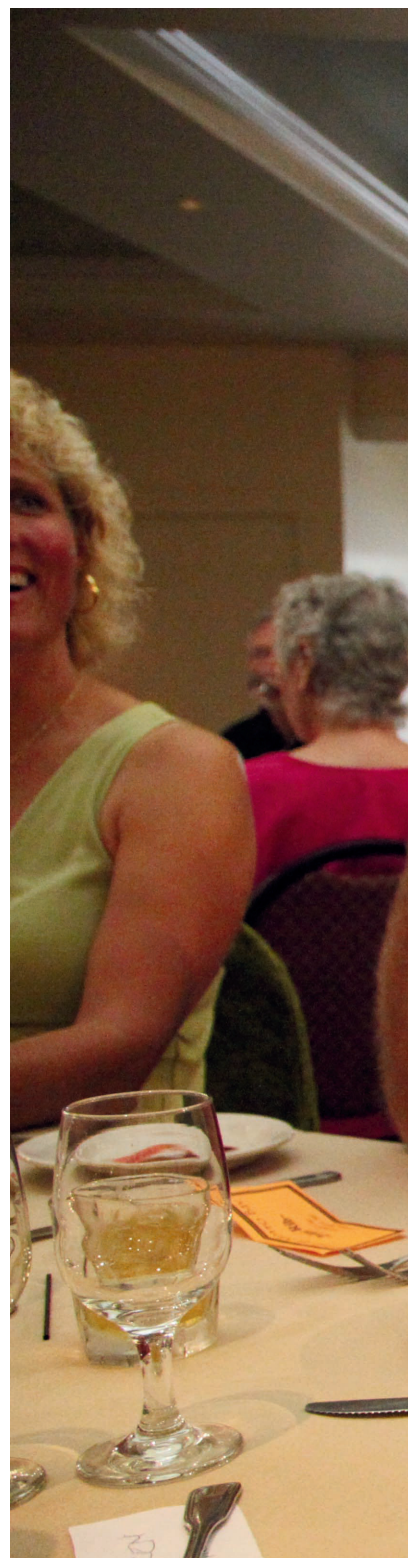
A LOOK BACK

photos by:

John Benton, Charles Danek, Carol LeFluffy,
Paula Golus, Peter Graham













REMEMBERING A QUALITY FRIEND

by Tony Vanacore

Jeff and I were separated

by geography; me in Northern California and him in the South. We'd get together to plan the Rendezvous drives and usually spend a night at the event hotel to make sure it was a good match for the group. I treasured these times, as it was just the two of us, telling stories and trying to figure out what life had in store for us. I always thought we'd still be friends, as cranky old men, driving our old cars and retelling all the stories we'd previously recounted (and since forgotten).

2008 was a bad year for the US economy. I had just been laid off from a contract assignment at Google, and Jeff was struggling to keep his boat business afloat. Later in the year, I got a call from Jeff letting me know that he had sold his business! Only Jeff could sell a boat business in a recession! He had some time on his hands and told me that we had to drive more than half way across the country to attend a Porsche event in Texas. He raved about the Hill Country area and the grass root group putting on the event. I gave it a lot of thought (about one minute) and agreed. Jeff promised a fantastic drive out with stops that would make the trip worthwhile. We registered for the Hill Country Rallye to be held in Mason, Texas.

I drove my 1968 Soft Window Targa and Jeff, a beautiful 1965 yellow coupe (now owned by Charles Danek). Jeff had me drive down to Blyth, to spend the night and met me early the next morning. He was all excited about our journey and it was infectious.

We headed east on I-10 and quickly became bored with the drive. As we were approaching Phoenix, I sighted an area, to the south, that had a bunch of large airplanes parked in the desert. This piqued our curiosity so we took the next exit and headed toward the tall tail wings. After a bit, we came upon a tall fence with a guard shack and a uniformed attendant carrying an automatic weapon! I told him we were a couple of unemployed guys, taking a cross-country

trip and wanted to visit the planes. He made it clear that we were not welcome and would be shot if we entered the area. OK, time for plan B.

Back to I-10 and exit in Phoenix. Here we found an airplane salvage yard. We really wanted some pictures of the 912s in front of some old planes. There was a sign on the gate stating "No Trespassing. Violators will be shot". A recurring theme was starting to form. I suggested we leave, but Jeff said that since the gate was partially open, it must mean it was OK to enter. We opened the gate enough to squeeze the cars in and knocked on the door of an old rundown



trailer. No answer. Not to be deterred, Jeff headed for a large hanger further out on the property. Here we were greeted by a barefoot mutant carrying a gas-powered string trimmer. He was followed by a crusty old gentleman that didn't look too happy to see us. I say this only because his first words were "get off my property." I told my tall tale of being unemployed and traveling cross-country, but it fell on deaf ears. We were getting ready to leave when I saw a large plane that looked like it may have been an old Air Force One. I asked him if it was indeed a Presidential plane, and he said no. Then a small crooked smile formed on his chapped lips, and he said it could be. He said, take a look at the call letters on the tail. POB336. I didn't get it. He

then says, "President Obama Sucks 336." I laughed, trying to kiss up to the old fart and we bonded. He allowed us to stage our cars next to the derelict airplanes and take pictures. About this time, we discovered that Jeff's car had a faulty starter and would need a push start. I push started that damn car all the way to Texas!

The remainder to the trip was fantastic with stops at White Sands, N.M., Carlsbad Caverns and the Permian Basin Petroleum Museum in Midland TX. At each of these stops, something magical happened. We arrived too late for a regular tour of Carlsbad Caverns, so we went self-guided. Jeff spotted a young lady in a Park Ranger uniform and told her she has one hell of an office. We started talking and she gave us a private tour of the Caverns. The Petroleum Museum houses a collection of Chaparral racecars. We were invited back stage to watch the cars being photographed for a new book. They told us to take as many pictures as we'd like. The Executive Director loved our little 912s and invited us to stage our cars next to the old oil rigs for some great shots. It seemed like everywhere we stopped we were met with kindness and special treatment.

This is a pretty long-winded way to explain why I felt such a close bond to Jeff. Being on the road, eating meals together, talking into the night was a great way to get to know someone without the distractions of a party or group gathering. The talk and emotions were real and made for the best road trip of my life.

Of course, the HCR was a blast and since I was with Jeff, I got Rock Star treatment. After one of the drives, (Jeff went on the Spirited one) someone came up to Jeff to tell him his brake lights didn't work. Jeff smiled and asked how he would know that. The guy said that he was behind Jeff, for a little while, and he didn't see his brake light come on once. Jeff told him that



while driving a 912 you don't use the brakes, only the accelerator! The look on the guys face was priceless.

At this year's HCR, the organizers felt the need to start an annual award honoring Jeff's memory - The Jeff Trask Spirit of the Rallye award. The first recipient is Jamie Novak. Jamie

leads the "spirted" run group. Jeff would start in the back of the group and pass everyone until he got behind Jamie. These two guys would have a blast carving up the Hill Country twisties leaving the rest of the pack behind. I can think of no better person for this award to go to.

The last time I got to see Jeff was at the Werks Reunion. He looked good, and I had high hopes of a recovery. God had other plans, and on December 28th 2017, Jeff passed away.

I miss you my dear friend and wish you a no brake light journey to your next Rallye. 🇺🇸



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A RENDEZVOUS WITH DESTINY

by Harry Hoffman

Authors note: At Jeff's memorial, his sons had a lot of great stories to share. One of them said that something their father taught them was that anytime you tell someone about what you did, you must always capture your audience by starting with 'So there I was'. Here is my story of how I met Jeff Trask.

So there I was, limping my '68 912, Fritz, down US 50 in Nevada, The Loneliest Highway in America, with Dave Lovato and Howard Beard, when all of the sudden everything died. Panic set in as I began to coast to a stop, about an hour from Fallon AFB. That's when the panic began to set in.

It was August of 2003, and somehow Jeff Trask and Craig Norton convinced me to come out to the 2nd annual 912 Rendezvous. I had met Howard and Dave earlier that year at the 912 gathering in Asheville, North Carolina, and through Dave Hillman's 912 forums, we remained in contact and devised a plan to drive west taking only backroads and staying off the interstate. The only thing is when Dave

[Lovato] and Howard met up with me in Ohio, I was already having engine troubles. It was clattering way more than it should be, but we decided to press on regardless.

Through towns like Wabash, Indiana, Ottumwa, Iowa and Hastings Nebraska we drove. Fritz was running worse, but the members on the forum encouraged us on. The plains gave way in Eastern Colorado, and over the horizon I first set eyes on the Rocky Mountains. Somehow my poor car made it across the continental divide, and into the deserts of the west.

By the time we hit the foreboding US 50, I was already pretty stressed out. When you get out to US 50, there is absolutely nothing but a ribbon of pavement. No services, few to no towns for a few hours at a time – not even a phone pole. This is not where you want to break down. Yet, that's where it decided to happen. After a minor freak out, Dave, Howard and I assessed the situation and noticed that my electric fuel pump was scolding hot. We put bags of ice on it to cool it down and after about 10 minutes of waiting, tried and it fired up. Crisis averted!! That night we limped into town, replaced the fuel pump, and the next day forged ahead.

After an incredibly hot morning heading down 395, and across the Mojave, and CA 58 we made it to the 101 where we crossed paths with a group of 912ers heading into Solvang from Northern California. We pulled into the hotel (I limped) and were

greeted by nearly 100 other 912 owners. Jeff Trask was one of the first people to greet us with a huge smile and hearty handshake. He was so excited that we had driven cross country for his event. He and everyone else kept telling us that we were their heroes and they couldn't believe a 912 could make it that far!

Everyone was aware of my plight and poor running engine and kept prodding me to have the mythical John Benton look at it. They told me that John was the carb whisperer, he could fix anything. That next day John stayed behind from the driving tour to take my engine apart. At his urging, I went ahead and road shot gun for the days drive. On the way back from lunch I rode in Cary Dunn's 993. On some back road Cary proceeded to show me what his 993 could do. And out of nowhere, Jeff proceeded to show us what his Bahama Yellow Targa could do by passing us at an undisclosed rate of speed. It was at that moment that I was truly converted. Up to that point my 23 year old mind had thought that the 912 would be my entry level Porsche. Jeff changed that in one triple digit pass of a 30 year newer car with much more power. A 912 could hang with newer models. My obsession had only just begun.

Meanwhile after returning back to the hotel I was greeted by John with an update on my engine troubles. "Do you want the good news or the bad news?" he asked. I told him to tell me good news first. "You made it cross country, and didn't end up on the side of the road!"

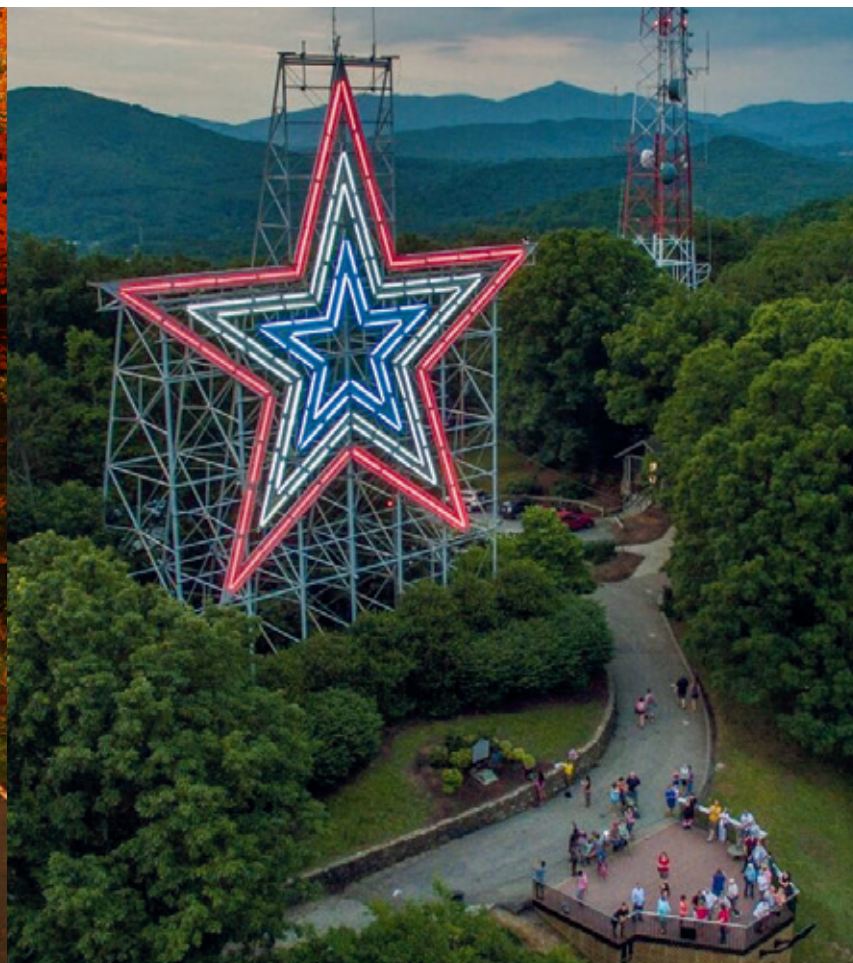


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"Ok, then what's the bad news?" I timidly asked. John responded with wit and enthusiasm that everyone knows him for: "Well you broke a valve spring, destroyed a guide, and thrashed your head, but you didn't hit the piston. I know a guy in Santa Barbara who can get you fixed, and will talk to him to see how quickly he can get you on the road". And with that, I had a slight panic. Then John gave me some reassuring words. "Hey, man you're in California. Enjoy the breakdown!".

I did my best to enjoy the rest of the weekend, and tried to put the impending major cost out of my mind. Little did I know; however, Jeff Trask began to mobilize, and do what he does best – bring the community together. Jeff, in secret began to pass the hat around, and started a "Get Harry home fund". On Sunday morning, before everyone took off, Jeff circled the crowd and made an announcement and presented me with their charitable act. I was gob smacked. Absolutely speechless. I couldn't believe this group of strangers; this wonderful new community had done such a thing. One of the members, Bob Anderson, got me a tow

using his AAA membership, claiming I was his son. Paula Golus, who lived in Santa Barbara offered to let me stay in her spare room for the next few weeks while my car was repaired.

Throughout the journey, on the forums, and at the Rendezvous, people kept telling us that we were their heroes for making the Journey. Really, it was they who were the heroes – and especially Jeff for what he did.

In the 15 years since, I have kept in close contact with many of the friends made at that Rendezvous. Of the many people and friends, I met during that fateful adventure, Jeff has had the most impact on me. We kept in touch through the years. When I was ready to have a full engine rebuild he gave me a lot of suggestions and feedback on what to do and what not to do. When I had a small carb fire on the way to the 2005 Rendezvous, he gave me a place to crash while Jack Staggs repaired my carb. We wouldn't talk all the time, but we always would catch up a few times a year.

In 2015, after putting on a few local and regional low-key gatherings throughout the years, felt I was finally ready to step up and spread the gospel of 912s like Jeff did, and put on an East Coast Rendezvous. I wanted to give back and host an event that people would enjoy. I actively sought his blessing to put on the East Coast Rendezvous once I felt I was ready and with his guidance it was a success.

Jeff used to say that he loved to host the party, more than he liked to attend it. I always thought that was nuts, until I hosted my first Rendezvous. When I finally did, I got what he was saying. It's like the adage that it is better to give than to receive. In hosting, he gave back to the community— and that's who Jeff was. Whether it was giving back to the 912 Registry, giving back to his church and civic community, or his missionary work in Africa, Jeff was a giver. He gave himself to all he did, 100%, and I am forever grateful for that fateful trip, and the chance to meet him, and for how he enriched all our lives. ■



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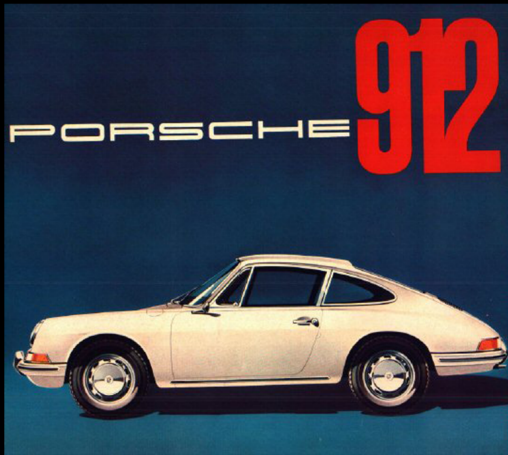
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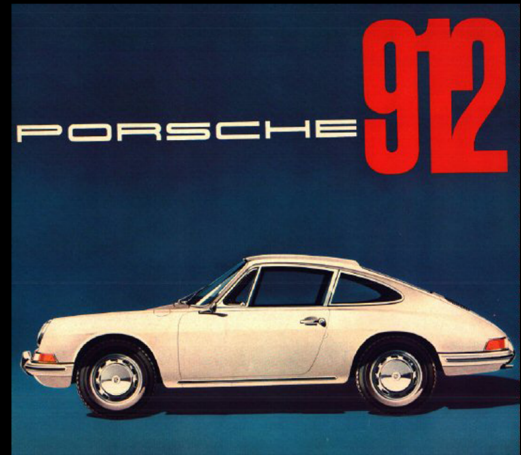
1967



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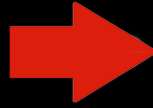
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EVENT	LOCATION	DATE
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P20	Granville, OH	July 20-22, 2018
Porsche Parade	Lake of the Ozarks, MO	July 8-14, 2018
Nor Cal Vintage VW and Porsche Treffpunkt	Concord, CA	August 5, 2018
Werks Reunion - West	Monterey, CA	August 24, 2018
East Coast 912 Rendezvous	Roanoke, VA	September 12-16, 2018
Rennsport Reunion	Monterey, CA	September 27, 2018
West Coast 912 Rendezvous	Solvang, CA	October 24-28, 2018
Porsche Palooza	Eureka Springs, AR	November 10, 2018

912 REGISTRY

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www.912registry.org

Annual Membership: 1 Year \$35 or 2 Years \$70 (For outside of USA members, add \$15 per year.)

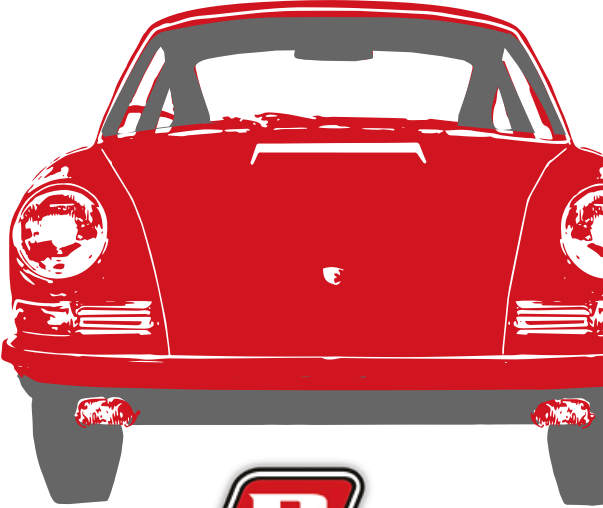
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