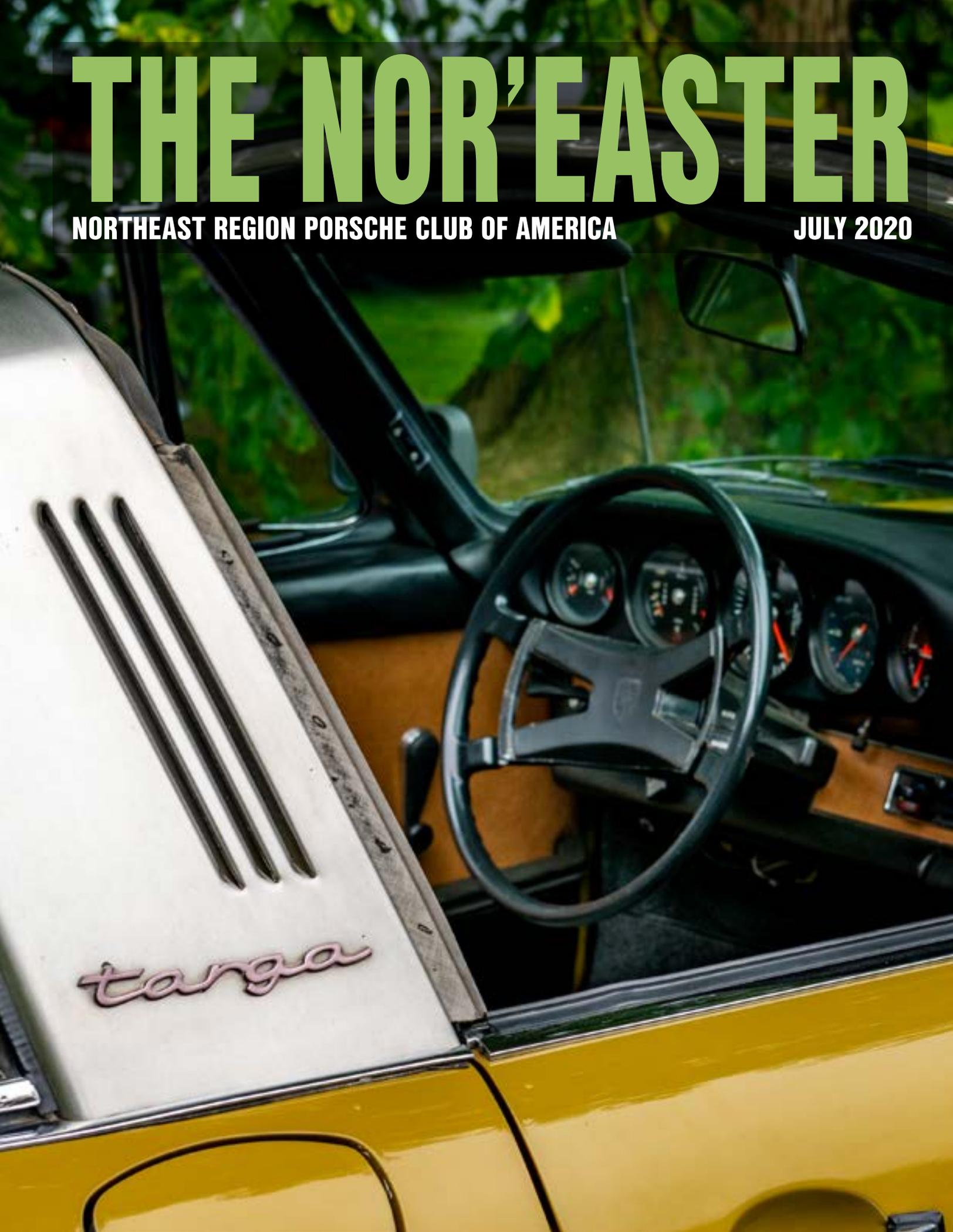
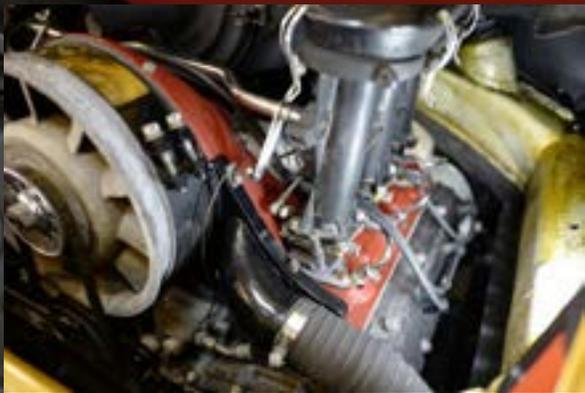
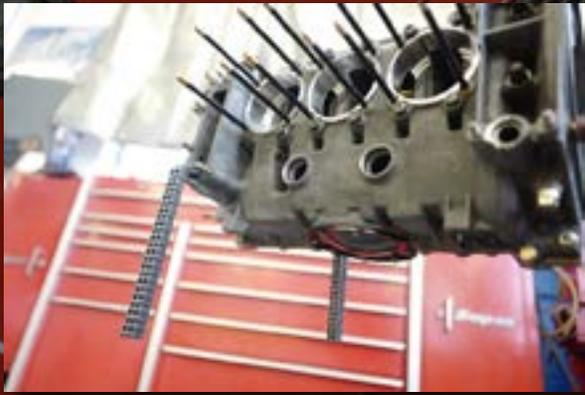


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Editor's Corner

by: Anker Berg-Sonne

It is with great relief that the NOR'EASTER team sees light at the end of the tunnel: outdoor events are now possible, and the DE, Autocross, and Social teams have been busy ensuring that the events that will open up this month are safe, and in compliance with the state, federal and PCA guidelines. While all events other than sim racing were shut down we have worked hard to produce a regional magazine that we hope has provided some entertainment and relief from the boredom of isolation. This has only been possible with the fabulous support we have received from our columnists and the membership. The Line is a great example of superb content that has more than compensated for the absence of event promotions and reports. We would love to keep The Line going, so keep those pictures and reports coming.

Thank you for your support, and see you soon, in person!

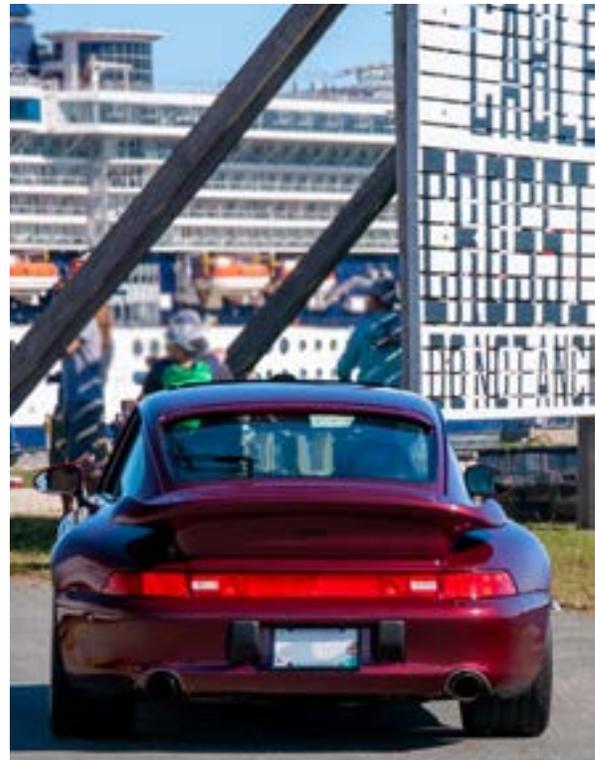
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Front and Back Covers



Larry Levin ~ Cars & Coffee, Newport 2018

The NOR'EASTER



Larry Levin ~ Cars & Coffee, Newport 2019

— 2018 —

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Event Calendar

Signature

July 26	3rd Annual Summer Party
October 3	2020 NER Concours d'Elegance
November 8-10	NER Ramble 2020 Notice change of date

Driver Education

July 5-6	New: DE at Palmer Motorsports Park – CCW
July 17-19	NCR July DE at Tamworth Club Motorsports
August 7-9	DE at Watkins Glen
August 11-13	NER DE at Calabogie: A Deep Dive for Solo Drivers Canceled
August 22-23	NCR DE at NHMS
September 11-13	NCR September DE at Tamworth Club Motorsports
September 25-27	DE Season Finale at Palmer Motorsports Park

Autocross

July 25	NER - Autocross Event #2
August 1	NCR - Autocross Event #4
August 16	NER - Autocross Event #3
September 5	NER - Autocross Event #4
September 12-13	NCR - Autocross Event #5 (Zone 1)
September 26	NCR - Autocross Event #6
October 25	NER - Autocross Event #5

Event Calendar - Continued

Social

July 12	Cars & Coffee - Northborough, MA
July 19	SoBo Cars & Coffee at Sweet Berry Farm Canceled
August 9	SoBo Cars & Coffee at Sweet Berry Farm
August 15	Herreshoff Marine Museum / America's Cup Hall of Fame Tour
August 16	Cars & Coffee - Northborough, MA
September 13	SoBo Cars & Coffee at Sweet Berry Farm
September 19	Norman Rockwell Museum Tour
September 20	Cars & Coffee - Northborough, MA
October 10	Cars & Coffee - Northborough, MA *Food Drive to benefit the Veterans Inc Food Bank*
October 11	Porsche On The Mountain 2020
October 18	SoBo Cars & Coffee at Sweet Berry Farm

Recurring

Wednesdays 8 PM	Late Apex iRacing, check NER sim Racing Facebook Group for updates
Saturdays 8 AM	Cape Cod Porsche Gruppe Cars & Coffee

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Word on the Street **Sacrilege**

by: Glenn Champagne

Desperate times calls for desperate measures.

Last month (May) fellow NER members Gary Cooper and Tony Miniscalco invited Betty and I along with Gary's wife Ellen for a morning drive along their "time tested" Cape Ann loop. They are right. It is. If you're looking for a fun ride one of these weekends, take the time and check it out.

Tony's wife Sheryl Faye couldn't make the drive, but had a delicious dessert waiting for us back at their house. The plan was to meet up in Beverly, drive along the North Shore towns of Beverly, Gloucester, Rockport and the like, eat lunch at American BBQ in Rowley, drive over Tony and Sheryl's house, and call it a success.

We decided to meet at Lyons Park in Beverly at 10:30. With everyone meeting on time, we greeted each other with socially distanced handshakes and hugs. Since Tony and Gary know the route, they recommended Betty and I take the 996 to the middle of the pack between Tony's 997 and Gary's Boxtor 986. I was somewhat reluctant to relinquish the lead to Tony since he and I are AX competitors now. However when I learn the route, there might be a lead change.

It was shaping up to be a beautiful day with a lot of promising scenery. Leaving Beverly, we weaved our way into some beautiful neighborhoods of Manchester-by-the-Sea. It's only natural to slow down and check out dramatic ocean views. But when Betty looked away from the water, she spotted a house with one of those

big views and a "For Sale" sign. Suddenly remembering that I was driving a Porsche 911, that "For Sale" sign was quickly in my rearview mirror..

We quickly came upon Gloucester where my friend Dave, along with his wife Tammy, live in the summer.



To my surprise the route brought us within one short turn into his driveway! Betty called Tammy asked if three of them, Dave, Tammy, and their Macan, wanted to join us. Tammy was willing, but Dave had some lame excuse like he was working and needed to pay the bills. At some point in Gloucester, a red 944 joined the tour, dropped off, and rejoined us later. Quite the surprise! Later, the tour took us through Essex where my Corvette owning friend Mark lives. He didn't get a call.

Lunch was approaching and we pulled off the road into the parking lot of a nearby local truck dealership and ordered lunch. I ordered a hotdog, baked beans, and cornbread. Betty ordered a burrito and a bottled water.

Remember the original plan was to order take out, then setup our AX chairs somewhere in the parking lot and enjoy a socially distanced lunch together. We parked near the door of the building and proceeded to pick up our lunches. Tony went first. I went second. Then Gary. Betty and Ellen were unloading the chairs from the cars. All is good. Tony asked the manager if it was ok to eat

“here” pointing where the cars were parked. He responded “yeah, that’s ok”. Everything’s going as planned, however we decided to survey the area for a suitable lunch area. On the side of the building we found a spot with freshly placed crushed stone which had the makings of a future outdoor eating area. Ellen setup her chair first. I followed with my AX camping chair and covering. Then the aforementioned manager came by and said “Hi folks, sorry but you can’t eat here. The local police came by last week and told us we can’t have anyone eating on the property. Sorry I thought you meant that you going to eat in your cars.” Why would I eat in the car?

You need to understand. My 996 and I have been together for a long time – since approximately 2:34pm EST, June 21, 2000. In that time, I have NEVER had any open container of food or any liquid other water in that car. We’re talking 20 years. Whenever we took food home after a dinner or lunch, it was doubled bagged and fitted into the frunk. Sometimes the double bag was then wrapped in a spare towel before going into the frunk. This has been a bone of contention on a few occasions between Betty and I. Once I caught her smuggling jelly beans into the car. That fostered a “discussion”.

Before I could figure out what was next, Tony was settling into his car, Gary and Ellen were settling in as well, and the Betty began settling into the passenger seat of the 996 as well. This had never happened! What was going on? Complete anarchy. I stood alone outside of the car, looking in horror, at what was happening before my eyes. Barely uttering the words, “I have never eaten anything in the car before”. I can’t do this.

Betty went in first. She butterflied the brown paper take out bag and used half it as her “table cloth”. She opened the door and stepped in as usual but balancing the Styrofoam container parallel to the ground. I am barely breathing. I don’t think I can do this. How do I get in the car? How do I keep the container from spilling? PANIC SETS IN.

I open the door going where I have never gone before. I begin the contortion process. Opening the door with my right hand, I balance the container with the left. I raise my leg and twist backwards into the seat. So far, ok. I lift my left leg and twist my body forward. Left hand still outside



of the car. Betty places the other paper bag half on my lap. Then here it comes. Container still balanced by left hand, right hand comes over for assistance. Unopened container is in the car. Now I need to close door. Right hand holds container and left hand reaches, grab door and closes it successfully. I quickly realize that I can't open the container. Too close to the steering wheel. I am in uncharted territory, so I need to move slow. I reach down, move the seat back ever so slowly. Space available. I open the container. There, right in front of me, on my lap is a cooked hot dog, baked beans, and cornbread. Plastic utensils gently opened without moving anything near or around the container. Packages of mustard - not going to happen. Period.

I am eating inside my car. I am eating inside my car. Never thought it would ever happen. Absolute sacrilege.

Betty and I threw out what was left when we finished. The ever so brittle cornbread left crumbs on the floor and I picked up what I could. But desperate times calls for desperate measures.

Beaten and stunned, we leave this debauchery and follow Tony to his house where the very gracious Sheryl offered drink and dessert. Putting the lunch experience aside, the ride was great as was the company. Great cars, Great roads, and great people.



<https://porschenet.com/events/3rd-annual-summer-party/>

Full Event Info on Page 36!

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The Long & Winding Road

Bill Seymour, Past NER President



I have become fond of a new expression lately – “what fresh hell is this?” Attributed to Dorothy Parker, this seems to sum up our recent lives pretty well. It all has to do with the pandemic, of course, but it seems that new indignities continue to pile on top of one another. Examples... here in the Driscoll-Seymour household we, like many others, have taken back the task of housecleaning and my particular assignment is vacuuming. Lord help me. And with the gym closed the new rainy day exercise routine has become Rosemary’s Pilates class which manages to create sore muscles in places of which I had no prior awareness. So imagine my delight when Nick Shanny announced to the Jamaican Bakin’ team that he had rented a race track and we were invited. His cars would be transported to the track in the South Shore Autoworks monstrous hauler and there was room for one additional

car. The glitch was that the track was in South Carolina – Carolina Motorsports Park – a mere 1,000 miles away. As it turns out Dennis Mascetta’s son, a fighter pilot, was stationed an hour away from the track and so the rest of us deferred the spot in Justin’s hauler to Dennis (who would drive down with Pam for a visit with the grandkids). Nick then made the generous offer of pulling my trailer/car with his truck (2,000 miles of Honda Pilot trailer pulling would kill both me and the poor feeble beast) so that I could go as well.

We split the trip down into two days, stopping in Harrisburg VA (home to James Madison University) where we were able to dine at an outside restaurant – far from a gourmet experience but it was great to have some sense of normality. It went back to weird the next morning as

I walked through the Dunkin’ drive through (trailer wouldn’t fit) for breakfast. Gas stops seemed pretty safe – we used restrooms then washed hands, had wipes in the truck – and masks were evident, less so the farther south we went. Hotels were very empty, plexiglass shields were in place and room cards were wiped down before being handed over. We got to CMP at 4 when the track was to be opened but no one showed for a while. Waiting with us was the group that we



would be sharing the track with: three 15 year old kart aces, their Dads, a support staff of 4, their professional coach Tom Long (pretty well known apparently), multiple motorhomes, huge transporters and four Hyundai Velosters. Hyundai is trying to make a motorsport name for themselves and run in the TC America series. Bryan Herta (ex-Indy car guy) is involved and one of his efforts is to make cars for the TCA class that are entry level, ready-to-race cars similar in pace and cost to the Miata Global Cup cars.

interesting as Watkins Glen but it is a new track to learn and, most importantly, open! My main complaint was that there was no one to run with. I couldn't keep up with Nick and the Hyundai kids never seemed to go out for more than a few laps at a time. I never did figure out if they were faster or slower than me (although one of them did put a Veloster into a tire wall while Nick and I never managed more than a spin each). With no rain tires and a completely open car my driving was limited by the rain. The first day I still got in more than a DE day's worth but

the second day we had biblical rain and packed it in after lunch. This was the maiden run for my Spec Racer Ford after being converted from Gen 2 to Gen 3 over the winter. The difference is a Ford Fiesta 1.6L DOHC engine with 132hp replacing a 105hp Ford Escort motor – also a bit lighter. The increase in acceleration is noticeable and the much higher rev limit gives you more flexibility. With no history at



Social Distancing

As the only ones at the track we had a huge carport where we could set up and maintain social distancing. We could even bring my trailer under cover which turned out to be a blessing since it poured rain much of the time we were there. CMP was a WWII fighter plane airfield and as such is pretty flat. It is popular with race teams and car companies for testing. Not as pretty as Tamworth or

CMP I couldn't draw any conclusions but the difference at Lime Rock (based on the best drivers) is a significant 4 or 5 seconds a lap. We'll see when I get to some of the local tracks.

All in all quite an adventure and great to break out. Thanks to Nick for inviting me and towing my trailer (he even drove the whole way – Iron Man!).



Yes it poured!



TCA Hyundai's



A Few Little Things

As we attempt to adjust our lives to account for the “new normal” my perspective has changed a bit. I have caught up with a few “to do” items that have been on my list for a long time and that has made the lack of car events easier to take.

The biggest victory has been the completion of the original engine that belongs in my '58 Speedster. I have been dragging the core of the original engine around, with the correct numbers on it, since I bought the car 44 years ago. It has been in ten garages and has never been assembled. There was a race motor (unnumbered case) in the car when I found it in a barn (really) in 1976. The original engine had been raced, thrown a rod (#3) through the top of the case, repaired, and put aside as a core. It was a Normal engine that put out about 60 hp and while I will probably never put it back in the car it was important to keep it with the car. That engine, although not installed, represents about 20% of the value of the car. The engine I'm now using was recently rebuilt by an old friend and produces about 100 hp making it a lot more fun to drive.

I have been collecting parts and pieces to complete the engine because over the years I always thought I would get to assemble it at some point. With the boxes of parts, powder coated engine tin, carburetors and other bolt ons, the pile was twice as large as the engine would be when assembled. It was time to get that done and out of the way.

It only took a few evenings of assembly to complete the puzzle and the engine was looking as good as the day it left Stuttgart 62 years ago. I should have done this years ago.

With the empty boxes from that job in a pile it was time to make a serious dump run. I've gotten much better at throwing out things after seeing a couple of estate liquidations online. I only see them when there is a car involved but the assortment of stuff posted along with the cars sure look like saved items in my garage. I know better than to toss anything Porsche related, even used parts are saved, but old rakes, pieces of lumber and broken appliances seem to hang around. I had a fellow over last week to look at putting in another 220v power line in the garage for a kiln (don't ask) and the first thing he said was “you sure have a lot of stuff” That's not good and I really have to get to work on thinning out the supply of things I'll never need again. I don't want my kids to make too many trips to the dump when I'm gone. The trouble is that I keep thinking I'm going to need some of those things some day and it would kill me to have to go out and buy them.



I bought a couple of cabinets at a big box store last month in an effort to at least contain some of the clutter. An old metal cabinet I got at the dump years ago was starting to lean because of rust on the base and was becoming dangerous. By the time I went through everything in the old cabinet and tossed the stuff that: a) I would never use again or b) could never be used again, I really didn't need such a big cabinet. Over the years I have tried just about every wax and cleaner known to man. Trouble was that after trying them I put them on the shelf and went on to the next one. I guess my favorite has been Meguiar's as it comes in a cleaner, a separate wax or an all on one mix. That tin of "Rain Dance" has to be a collector's item.

Truth is that I found a really great detail shop just down the street from the house and chances are that I won't be needing that assortment of polishing compounds, cleaners, and waxes anyway but since I have a lot of space in the new cabinets I will save a few. Besides when I open the door it will look like I do it all myself.

Before I get to the "car stuff" I do have a question. I know this isn't earth shaking but why is it that when I do the laundry over half the pairs of underwear briefs that I put in come back inside out? It only takes a minute to turn them



back out when folding but if I knew which ones were going to be reversed I could put them in inside out and then they would all come out ready to fold after drying. The dryer never makes any changes but the washer does. How does it know which ones to reverse? If anyone has any insight on this issue I would appreciate a hint or two.

Finally a bit of car stuff. That engine that I mentioned above, the one now in the Speedster, was rebuilt last year but only driven lightly before winter set in. When I began to break it in this Spring it was with a light foot and carefully done. By the time I had a few miles on it and could really hold the pedal to the metal it seemed to have a high speed miss that was tough to pinpoint. These old Tubs only need two things to run well, gas and spark. The carbs (Solex) were newly rebuilt by Carb Rescue out west, the best in the country and the distributor was a 123Tune, an all-electronic unit that I can tune on my phone and had worked perfect in the last engine. Still, under full throttle there was a skip or miss over 4k rpm. I pulled the carb main jets to check for any blockage but they were clean. I swapped out the distributor out with another from the Puddle Jumper that was working great,

no change. I finally phoned a friend, expert George Nelson, who said it sounded like it just wasn't getting enough gas at top end. He sent me two sets of main jets, one sized 120 and the other 122.5 as I was running 115's. If I need more gas I needed a bigger jet.

It only takes a few minutes to pull out the carriers that hold the jets but they do allow the float bowls to drain all the gas out which makes a mess. I tried the 120's first and just like that, the car ran perfect. Isn't it amazing how something so small can make such a huge difference. Of course it's also great to have friends that I can call. After many hours of wonder it was nice to have Blackie back in full song.

This Summer is going to be just fine.

KTF





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PCA Invades SCCA (or "Bill goes to school and gets schooled")

by: Bill Seymour

After I returned from my jailbreak to S. Carolina the warden put me in solitary for 14 days. But I did the time and my community service (vacuuming and lawn work) so I was granted a two-day pass to attend an SCCA driving school and race practice at Thompson. This was a last minute decision suggested by Nick Shanny and Dave Berman who were already signed up. And as it turned out there were also two other PCA NER members: Navid Bouzari and Payam Aghassi. All were driving fancy Caymans. The hardest part of the adventure was figuring out and assembling the various paperwork needed to apply for the SCCA novice competition license. Fortunately the SCCA officials were very accommodating due to the Covid and I was able to bring my medical forms rather than mail them in.

The school was on Friday and there were about 20 students divided into two groups: open wheel cars and closed cars. My Spec Racer Ford was put in with the open wheel cars and there were two other SRF's driving in our group: my instructor and a 14 year old kid (how can they do this? And why didn't we get to do this when we were that age?). The kid was apparently some kind of karting phenom and was, of course, there with his Dad. He had never been at Thompson before. Well, actually he'd never been on a race track (other than karting tracks) before. And he'd never driven a stick shift car before. My oh my.



The School consisted of a little classroom work (in the garage, doors open, masks on) then some very slow lead-follow then a little more talking (while we were talking, the closed cars were on track and vv.). On our second turn of lead-follow (me behind my instructor in a similar car) he turned up the wick and I was close to max keeping up. Then, to my surprise, he pointed me by and I walked away from him. The other cars in my group were Formula Vee's (except for one Formula Ford which the guy spun then two turns later put into the tire wall under the bridge ending his day) and I was surprisingly the fastest in my group. [Aside: If you want to get into racing cheap, look into a Formula Vee. You can get a decent one for under \$10,000. Their lap times at Thompson are 1:22 compared to 1:18 for the Spec Racer Fords and Caymans.] Turns out, of course, that my instructor was driving a Gen2 Spec Racer Ford (105 hp to my 132 hp). After driving sessions you were coached by instructors who were either with you on the track or watching from various viewpoints. I drew praise for being the only one to consistently drive the right line in the left hander coming off the oval (two hours at a time in endurance races at Thompson etched this into my brain).

During lunch break we did a track walk (counted towards the 6 hours of "track time" that the school mandates) and then had two afternoon sessions of open track and one session with practice starts (lined up side by side following a pace car). My 14 year old buddy kept getting better and was even, he said, managing to heel-and-toe by the end of the day. But thankfully for my ego I was still faster. He was a nice kid and I'm sure would beat my pants off given some more time behind the wheel. At the end of the day there was a

brief graduation ceremony and it appeared that we all passed (except the Formula Ford guy who had gone home).

On Saturday there was an SCCA “practice” that was technically a Thompson open track day (SCCA did not rent the track so we paid Thompson directly) but run by and for SCCA folks. There about 80 cars split into 5 groups and each group got four 20 minute sessions during the day: practice, qualifying, “practice race #1” and “practice race #2.” I’m not sure I understand the difference between “practice race” and “race” but I’m not a lawyer.

My group #3 consisted of 7 cars like mine and an odd assortment of SCCA production class cars including a 60’s Alfa Guilletta, a Ginetta (I love those) and what I think might have been a Berkeley (look that up!). The other PCA’ers were all in class #5 which included some very fancy Turner Motorsports BMW’s. I had some troubles: I corded the right rear after the first session so switched the rears to a set of old, horribly clagged up tires. I was all over the place in the second session but then got progressively better and eventually I was able to go faster than on Friday. The other problem was that the logbook that came with the car had a transponder number in it and I assumed it had one (I guess I could have looked for it). But when it came time to grid for the “practice races” I learned they had no times for me (because I didn’t have a transponder, after all). I was more than happy to line up at the back as I correctly anticipated that the other Spec Racer Ford drivers would be nutjobs (skilled nutjobs to be sure). While my best lap was within 2 seconds of fastest I knew that my racecraft skills were in short supply.

The first “practice race” was uneventful with me starting at the back and making a few passes. The second was more exciting as one of the SRF’s went off, hurt itself and wound up disabled in the middle of the track. So a double yellow ensued and we were lined up for a restart. The pace car incorrectly picked up the SRF in front of me as the leader so all the hotrod SRF’s were now behind me (ready to lap me) once the green was thrown. Sure enough we didn’t even get to turn 3 before all hell broke loose and I got totally schooled by a better driver who



knifed between 3 of us while I was practicing self-preservation. Two turns later someone spun under the bridge and we all scattered into the gravel and came to almost a complete stop. Clearly I need a little more practice to do well even in a “practice race.”

Over in Group #5 the Caymans were all doing well, fastest of their group save for the fancy BMW’s and a Camaro driven by a loonie with his hair on fire. In the final race of the day all but one of the BMW’s had gone home. The Camaro was briefly in the lead but overcooked it somewhere and Nick wound up second behind the BMW followed by the other three Caymans. All in all a satisfying couple of days.

Finally, let me throw in a pitch for a business owned by NCR PCA member Matt Romanowski (who most of you are probably already familiar with but just in case...). His company is Trailbrake.com and he is the best source for AIM data equipment and advice. I bought a new AIM dashboard and Smartycam from him when I converted the SRF to Gen3. At the time there were no wide angle lens Smartycams (better for open cars) available so he sold me the narrow angle model so I’d have something...but then mailed me a new wide angle one to swap and even paid the postage both ways.





Squiggly Lines

Nick Shanny, NER President

We are starting to see some long-delayed events finally starting to occur. Our first DE event took place at Palmer Motorsports Park. We had a good turnout and the track committee deserves kudos for all the work that went into managing this event given Covid19. There is another DE event at Palmer scheduled for July 5th and 6th. Again, this is a solo only event due to PCA National restrictions regarding in-car instruction.

Autocross (AX) is getting ready to begin their season as well. The first event will be held on July 25th. Look to our website to find more information as it becomes available.

The summer picnic is scheduled for July 26th. Social distancing rules and guidelines will be required for all guests, but that is a small price to pay to enjoy a day on Wachusett Mountain.

I recently took a trip to Virginia International Raceway (VIR) as an opportunity presented itself to spend two days at the track. The anticipation of visiting VIR for the first time made the twelve-hour drive easier. I left Weston at 3:30 in the morning and arrive at VIR around 2:30 pm. Normally I would skip NYC and DC but given the pandemic I took my chances and did not experience any significant traffic.

Upon arriving at the track, I met up with Justin and Aden from South Shore Autoworks as they were the team that supports me at the track. The track did not open until five so Justin was kind enough grill up some chicken since none of had eaten lunch.

Frankly, entering the track took my breath away. First off, it was huge. I always thought The Glen was large, but VIR is at another scale. Beautiful rolling hills, period style buildings, and course, the track. Our garages, and

rooms, were located on the front straight so off in the distance you could see the famed esses leading to the back straight as well as the Roller Coaster section coming back down to the front straight.

I had spent some time using iRacing to become familiar with the track so that I would at least know when to turn left and then right. Unfortunately, iRacing is missing some areas of the track that have been widened, but it was good enough.

What it did not prepare me for was the sheer physicality of the track. Not only is VIR fast, but it has a tremendous amount of grip, like Watkins Glen. My Cayman S was recording 1.7Gs when braking and up to 1.5Gs when cornering.

Did I mention speed? This circuit is fast and requires a high degree of commitment in certain areas. I can honestly admit that I was unable to hold my foot to the floor when traversing the esses. I knew that it could be done as I had ridden in my car with a pro coach (helmet on, face shield closed), but somehow, I could not convince my right foot to stay planted. Someday I will find the necessary grit to go “flat out”.

The weather was hot, really hot! 95-degree heat and high humidity began to wear me down as the days progressed. Even with a cool shirt it was hot inside the car. My AIM dashboard was recording temperatures of 108F by the steering wheel. Given that the engine sits behind my seat, I am guessing that the cockpit was nearer to 120F plus.

Overall, I highly recommend this track to anyone who can make the trip. The physical beauty of surroundings and facilities combined with a track that is fast, flowing, and challenging makes the long drive well worth it. I cannot wait to go back.



First Gear Can Be Sticky

Sterling Vernon, VP Communications

On most of my cars, the gears are...idiosyncratic. Yes, we'll use that adjective. Most of them are manuals, of course. I wouldn't say they are problematic or difficult. I wouldn't say they are challenging or broken. It's more like they have their own minds. And they are all different. They are like children in many ways. They can be problematic, difficult, and challenging, sure. But they can also be sublime and imminently satisfying. If you can get into first and get started.

I've found first gear in my cars to be the hardest. I usually don't spare a second thought for third, fourth, fifth, or sixth, where available. First and, sometimes, second are the usually the focal points. But first gear usually stands alone.

In my 914, well, it's just hard. Either the synchros are worn or it doesn't have any - I'm not far enough along in my COVID reading of "Excellence Was Expected" to know which yet. Regardless, you're not getting the car into first without hearing a gnashing complaint of metal on metal. It doesn't matter if you've single-clutched, double declutched, or some other exotic combination of delicate footwork and shifter knob finesse. It's a bit embarrassing. Driving the 914 means getting over your personal desire to look like a "cool, vintage-Porsche driver." The transmission in that car has a singular goal of enforcing humility. It's the friend who looks at you while you're telling that tall tale to others and gives you that glance. The one that says, "knock it off."

In my 944's, there is some variety in the shifters. The two NA cars are both fairly docile and forgiving. One has a more vague, worn feel to it. It resembles those super comfy old slippers that you sometimes wear to the grocery store because you forgot you were wearing them. I did this recently. The shifter in the 944 turbo track car is likely a short shifter affair. Together with a new, lightweight flywheel and aggressive clutch setup, it demands your full attention. This one is the supermodel of the bunch—expensive, high-maintenance, and demanding. Every time you

The NOR'EASTER

let out the clutch you don't know exactly what might happen. It's terrifying in a very exciting sort of way. The drama can be a little exhausting, though.

In the 997 (normally, I'd write 911 but you are my beloved, erudite crowd), the shifter has been quite sublime. Having Boxsters before buying this car, I was already spoiled with high expectations. And this one didn't disappoint. Now, after seventy thousand enjoyable miles on the car, there are occasions where getting it into first gear at a stop sign can be infuriating. Sometimes it won't cooperate. You can push and push and push but it won't go. Cars behind you are wondering what the heck you're doing sitting there, engine revving. You have that "is this a 914?" moment. And then you remember to pull back into second gear (clutch still depressed) and then go up into first. The shifter slides right into place and you are now ready to release the clutch. This car not only wants to teach you humility—it also reminds you that you're getting older. It see that you're starting to not always remember the nuances of life as much as you think you do. If Corvettes make men feel more youthful, this car laughs at your gold chains.

My other cars are flappy paddle arrangements. I won't even bother you with their nuances. There are some. But they don't often make me consider my humanity in relationship to them. First gear isn't even a thought in those cars.

As a club, we're also fighting to get back into first gear, it seems. We've certainly been stuck in neutral for a while now. It's interesting to try to guess what type of transition feel we'll experience in the process. Will this be smooth and familiar and reassuring? Will it be a bit notchy and challenging? I'm not sure. But I'm very glad to see that we seem to have found first gear in whatever way we can. We're pulling away from the hard stop that we've all endured together. My hope is that you and yours have been able to be safe and well during these times. I wish our information sources didn't feel as vague as the shift pattern on a thirty-year-old automobile. But it's what we've got.

Please make the best choices for you and your families as we try to get back to doing the things we love with the humans we enjoy doing them with. Be well!



The Slippery Slope

Robert Jacobsen
VP Administration

I have been recently derelict in my duty of writing an article for every issue of the Nor'easter. It has been due partially due to life and work and also partially due to the almost eternal problem of what to write about. Even in a "normal" year with a full schedule of car events, there can be times where it is a struggle to come up with material. 2020 has taken that ordinary challenge and said "Hold my beer". I have been able to get my garage as clean and organized as it has ever been. The new suspension for my 993 has been acquired along with an assortment of new bushings (I just need a free weekend for the install). I installed an electrical cut off switch in the Miata as it further approaches truly being a track only car. The last of the boxes of engine parts for my Willys will arrive this week and I am hoping to have the motor built and be driving it by July 4th weekend. Maybe that is a bit ambitious, but isn't every automotive endeavor? I do not think I have ever worked on any

significant car project where I finished in less time than anticipated. Similar to the federal government, overtime and over budget are just par for the course for me. One other project has been helping my brother learn to work on cars as he recently acquired a 1974 CJ-5 Renegade that might have enough homespun, shade tree wiring to wire three vehicles and a trailer. He has never wrenched on anything really in his life and it has been a lot of fun watching as he learned to rebuild a carburetor, set the idle, choke, timing etc. etc. etc.

Regarding the club and specifically my area of responsibility, the social events, obviously this year has been vastly different than originally planned. I was actually very excited about the different events that we were going to have once the warm weather rolled around. The tour at the Collings Foundation, the tour at the Heritage Gardens and Auto Museum, the tour of the Herreshoff Marine

2020 Social Calendar.

7/12 – Cars and Coffee at Lala Java, Northborough, MA

7/26 – Summer Party at Wachusett Mountain (Registration is now open!)

8/15 – Tour of Herreshoff Marine Museum and America's Cup Hall of Fame

8/16 – Cars and Coffee at Lala Java, Northborough, MA

9/19 – Norman Rockwell Museum Tour

9/20 – Cars and Coffee at Lala Java, Northborough, MA

10/10 – Car and Coffee at Lala Java, Northborough, MA *Food Drive to benefit the Veterans Inc. food bank *

11/8 – Rescheduled date for the Ramble



Museum, Summer Party, etc, these were all just part of the plans for 2020. Some of these events have already passed and were obviously cancelled. Some I am trying to reschedule to future dates. Some will have to wait until next year. So, in the interest of communicating the latest details to our members, please see below for the current condition of our 2020 social calendar.

There are other events that are put on by our members like the SoBo cars and coffee events, so please check the events tab on www.porschenet.com to see the full schedule and for updates in the event of any changes. I would also like to ask that as we begin to have more events

as a club that everyone be respectful of whatever the guidelines may be that we need to follow. Also, please be sensitive to members who for various health or age reasons may still want to socially distance even when it is no longer mandated by the government.

Lastly, the annual gala might be dramatically impacted by how the whole year has played out so far. The gala is the most expensive event the club puts together and operates at a substantial loss. It was originally scheduled for the first weekend in November, but with the Ramble being rescheduled to that weekend, I am trying to figure out what options are available. All I can say at this point is if we do have a gala, it will most likely take place in January like we have done in years past and it might look a bit different in order to adhere to whatever social distancing rules are still in place. If anyone has suggestions for venues, please feel free to email me at rjacobsen@assabetadvisors.com. If anyone wants to stop over and help drop a 450+lb four-cylinder motor into a 63 year-old Jeep also feel free to send an email. For perspective that is the same weight as the LT2 motor in the new C8 Corvette.

Here's to the second half of 2020 being better than the first.

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Project Nautique **Don Kelly, NER Treasurer**

Over the years I have purchased a number of pleasure toys. Somewhat like Warren Buffet, I guess I have fallen into the buy and hold philosophy. My current project is not Porsche related; thankfully the Porsche is in excellent shape for the season. However, my cherished 1984 Ski Nautique threw me a bit of a curveball this spring. I purchased this boat 25 years ago and could write a book of the memories I have. I pulled her out of winter storage and went through the spring ritual of cleaning and tuning her up, but, when I went to fire up the old Ford 351 I got a bone chilling grinding sound. UGH! I pulled the starter and found it to be fine, then proceeded to take a look at the flywheel. My worst nightmare, the teeth had been compromised and I knew this was to be a big project.

After digesting the situation, I gathered up the tools and proceeded to go through the hundred steps required to pull the transmission. I can tell you, that American iron can be very heavy, even heavier still at my age, and, although I can still touch my toes, bending for hours on end nearly killed me. I think I came up with some novel yoga moves, but a few hours later I had the culprit out. Oh, by the way, it was ninety degrees and humid, and the notorious NH mayflies had a feast at my expense. That cold beer (okay beers!) sure hit the spot at day's end.

I did some research online and learned that the gear ring with the teeth can be replaced independently of the whole flywheel. What this means is the difference between \$500 and \$30. However, there is a damper plate involved that should be replaced, and I decided to do the front transmission seal as well. Heck, I don't want to have to go through this again. The gear ring is a press fit, meaning the diame-

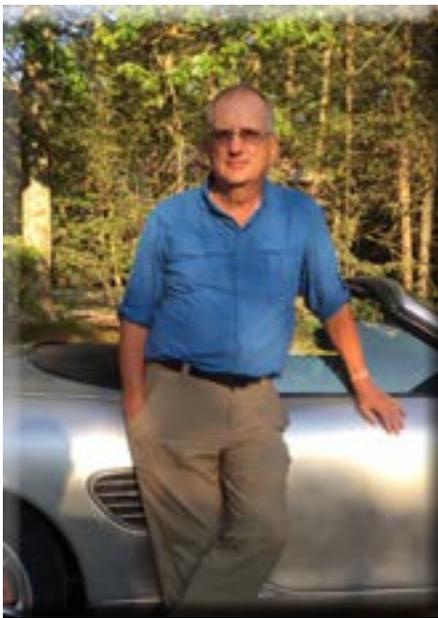
ter of the ring is actually minutely less than the diameter of the flywheel over which it fits. This would generally require a trip to a machine shop. However, I found a you-tube video of a seasoned hot rod guy explaining how to change the ring in your own garage. Enter Oxy-Acetylene. If the ring is heated sufficiently with a torch and tapped with a hammer, it pops right off. Next, the new ring is likewise heated and drops right on. Sweet! A friend of mine happens to have an Oxy-Acetylene setup. So, at this point the parts have all been ordered and once they arrive we should be into Phase II, the reassembly! Stay tuned.

How about a little history? A long, long, time ago, the 1980's, I participated in amateur competitive water skiing, and the boat to have was a Correct Craft Ski Nautique. I enjoyed three types of skiing; slalom, jumping and barefooting. What is interesting is that slalom skiing, DE and AX have much in common. When navigating a slalom ski course, the principle is to make your way around six buoys that are precisely spaced out at a specific boat speed, 34 mph for my class, and ski line length starting at 75'. Each time six buoys have been successfully rounded, the ski line is shortened by a specified amount for the next pass thus increasing the speed and angle at which the buoys must be negotiated. One continues until a buoy is missed or the skier enjoys the thrill of the high speed wipeout. The similarity with DE and AX is that to be successful, the same principal of the ABC's are in play. Acceleration, Braking, Cornering. If one has ever witnessed a good slalom skier effortlessly gliding across the water and throwing a beautiful fan of water at each turn, it is these principals in play. Acceleration occurs

when crossing the wakes behind the boat, leaning aggressively against the pull of the boat, thus creating resistance that translates into speed. Good skiers approach 60 mph which is obviously faster than the 34 mph boat. So, one needs to brake to slow the ski in order to negotiate the turn. Braking is accomplished when the skier shifts from pulling against the boat to moving his/her position to a more neutral stance while pushing knees forward placing weight on the front of the ski, which being wider causes a braking effect. Then the skier turns the ski while still braking, sort of like trail braking. This is what causes the nice big spray! The acceleration now starts in the opposite direction. Smooth inputs are every bit as important! I sure miss the days of chasing those buoys. When I discovered DE the same passion surfaced that I had so long missed. Warm days on a fixed course, where improvement can really only occur from ever improving execution.

Until next time, stay safe, and for goodness sake, enjoy some activities and summer air!





The Honeymoon from “Hell” (1970)

Anker Berg-Sonne, Membership Chair

When Kirsten and I were married, my parents lived in Tanzania, so we were married during their annual home leave. Their wedding present to us was a trip to Tanzania, so Kirsten could visit the places where I had spent my teenage years. The actual trip was taken a few months after the wedding, but we still consider it our honeymoon vacation.

The flight down was with a Swiss charter company with a departure from Zurich and a stop in Kampala, Uganda, before reaching our final destination in Nairobi, Kenya. To get to Zurich, we took the train from Copenhagen. We were in a sleeper car and enjoyed giving the attendant our passports, so we didn't have to get up every time we crossed a border. The only interruption was being woken up by a lot of shunting of cars in northern Germany.

Upon arriving in Zurich airport, we got a first look at the plane we were going to spend countless hours in. It was a four-engine prop plane, and I remember it was painted in zebra stripes. There was no assigned seating, no separation of smokers from non-smokers, and, more importantly, no standing patiently in line for anything. When check-in started, everybody charged the counter. When the doors were opened, everybody sprinted to the airplane to get a good seat, and inside, the plane was pure pandemonium. A fair impression of what flying with this outfit was going to be like!

I don't remember exactly how long the flight was, but we were in the plane somewhere around 20 hours before we finally arrived.

I also remember that my parents arrived late at the airport, so we had to wait a bit before they showed up, to our obvious relief.



The drive to Dar-es-Salaam is long, but through some spectacular country. Since it was winter in Denmark, we had no suntan to protect us, and I remember Kirsten taking on the color of a cooked lobster during the drive. I was lucky, and only my right arm was burned from driving with the windows open - cars in those days didn't have air conditioning, so open windows were the only way to stay cool.

That was OK as long as there weren't tsetse flies that carry sleeping sickness and go after moving objects. I vividly remember driving along fast enough so the tsetse flies couldn't catch up, then get slowed down by a bridge, some game, another car, and having the swarm invade the car before we got the windows up and started cooking. Often you could see the cloud of flies through the rear window, flying as fast as they could to get at you. A tsetse fly bite is pretty painful, like being stung by a wasp, and the flies are so hard that a normal swat doesn't kill it or slow it down. You can imagine the frantic swatting, moving, screaming that goes on when a tsetse swarm has gotten into a car.

The car was my parent's new Toyota Land Cruiser, called Toyo-san. It had been shipped to Tanzania from Japan and was my parents' pride and joy. The only criticism we had of it was that the steering would be

yanked out of your hands if one front wheel got into soft conditions. Everybody that ever drove it had the experience of suddenly having the steering wheel spin out of control, and the car take off in an entirely different direction from the one you were traveling in. I had



mine during this trip when I inadvertently got the left front wheel off the pavement, but was able to recover with a thumping heart and sweaty palms.

At the time, my parents lived in a large house in a predominantly Indian quarter close to the center of Dar-es-Salaam. It had a flat roof with a single room built on it, but all the other rooms on the ground floor. The room on top had been labeled the honeymoon suite because Kirsten and I were supposed to have that, but unfortunately, our visit had become overlaid by my younger sister and brother being home from school and some old friends of my parents showing up unexpectedly. My parents had met these friends, Malcolm and Nora Clark, through my dad and uncle Malcolm, both working at Witwatersrand University in Johannesburg, South Africa.



At the same time, as we were in Dar-es-Salaam, the royal couple of Denmark were on official visit. The Danish embassy held a reception for them to which all



the resident Danes were invited. It was a great party with lots of champagne, fantastic food and beautiful weather in the gorgeous embassy gardens. At one point, everyone was lined up to shake hands with the king and queen. I had arranged that another attendee, and I would take pictures of each other shaking hands with the royalty. That of the king and me came out just perfectly. It looks like we are completely by ourselves having a friendly chat.

Because of the hardship uncle Malcolm was imposing on everybody; my parents decided that they would let Kirsten and myself borrow their car so we could drive inland to Iringa, a town I lived in the first two years in Tanzania. There was quite a contingent of Danes going there from the royal visit, so we had a lot of good company. The trip is really spectacular, going through Morogoro, a town at the base of an impressive mountain, then Miku-

mi, a national park and town, through the Ruaha valley, a wild, extremely beautiful and mountainous valley carved by the Great Ruaha River, and finally into the Southern Highlands where Iringa sits at an altitude of 5000 feet.

In those days, the road was in great condition and paved all the way. Traffic was pretty heavy because South Africa and Mozambique had closed all road and rail links to Zambia. The Chinese were in the process of building a railroad from Dar-es-Salaam to Zambia, but it was not finished, so all imports and exports to Zambia were done by truck from Tanzania on the road that leads through Iringa. The vast majority of the goods were fuel going to Zambia and copper out of there. Fuel trucks had been modified with slots under the tanks for copper bars, which were about 5 feet long and six by six inches in cross-section. Unfortunately, the truck drivers were not as good as





the road, so the embankments were littered with burned-out truck wrecks and every now and then copper bars that had rattled out of their slots.

Our trip went smoothly until we were less than 100 miles from Iringa. There we ran into a line of cars and trucks stopped because a bridge had been washed out. There was a construction crew working furiously on the problem, and the prognosis was that a new culvert would be in place the next day, so we settled down with the other Danes for the wait. The construction crew had dug an alternate channel and were pouring cement around huge concrete pipes that would lead the river through the culvert. The next day at midday, everyone gathered to watch the bulldozer fill the alternate channel so the river would flow through the culvert. The river water rose, and finally, the entire flow was running through the culvert, which worked fine for a few moments before it collapsed and was washed down the river in huge pieces. Apparently, the cement hadn't had enough time to set. We only had a few days before we needed to start heading home and had to turn back to Dar-es-Salaam. Everybody else decided to wait.

Traffic was extremely light on the return trip through the Ruaha valley, but we gave it little thought until we at dusk saw a person standing in the middle of the road waving his arms to stop us. Often aggressive hitch-hikers will behave like this, and you just keep going. This time we slowed down, luckily, because we had standing at the edge of another washed-out piece of road. Now we were stuck on a 100-mile piece of road with no way out! To make matters worse, we had no food, little to drink, and had to be back in Dar-es-Salaam in two days, and at this washout, there was no repair activity whatsoever.

On the other side was a mile-long line of trucks and cars heading towards Zambia, and going east, there was us and another car with a catholic priest. He was kind enough to share what little food he had, a bag of oranges for dinner.

The next morning was a threatening overcast and no repair activity. Because we had to get back, Kirsten and I took a walk up-river to see if there was someplace we could forge the river. The first obstacle was an area of semi-firm peat with a bulldozer hopelessly stuck in the middle. One track had dug in so deep that the top of the dozer was a ground level. The other problem was that the riverbanks were pretty steep on both sides, which would make it difficult to both get in and out. But a little further upstream, we found a place where the banks were shallow enough that a 4-wheel drive vehicle should be able to get both in and out, and the river bed was sandy and quite firm. Just before the opposite bank, there was a slightly darker spot. The riverbed itself was over 100 yards wide with just a trickle running in the bottom.

Because of our predicament, we decided to give it a go. Across the peaty area, I had Kirsten walk next to the truck, telling me how deep the wheels were sinking in. Fortunately, we made it with no trouble and were quickly at the riverbank, ready to cross. Because of the shape of the bank, our chances of getting back up where we entered was pretty slim, so this was a point of no return. After getting Kirsten into the truck, we took a couple of deep breaths, put it into second gear in low range, and let it rip. Everything went like a charm, no trouble down the bank, and the river bed was nice and firm. Then we were across with only the opposite bank to climb. But we also had to cross the darker spot, and as soon as we entered it, we sank in, and the truck ground to a halt. The frame was resting on the bottom, and all four wheels were spinning freely. Just to make matters worse, it started raining, and I had no trouble imagining the Land Cruiser washing down into the raging Ruaha and then disappearing down the rapids.

There was no way we would be able to get out on our own, so I walked over to the line of trucks to see if I



could cajole, pay, or beg the drivers into giving us a hand. They reacted to my pleading positively, but with no great enthusiasm and the promise of a good part of our available cash reserves, 50 shillings, about 7 dollars, swayed them into trying. Probably more to relieve the boredom than to make money or because they had pity on us. Fifty shillings doesn't go very far when shared among 100 or so people. After a long delay, a crowd gathered with a long rope, which we tied to the bumper. Everybody grabbed the rope, and in the typical, charming East African custom, they broke into a chant to set the rhythm. The only problem was that we were so firmly stuck that it didn't budge.

After a lengthy debate, one of the drivers walked off and got a truck jack, called a Tanganyika jack. These jacks are made from a log with a ratchet drive and a long handle attached. The advantage of these jacks is the enormous range of lift. To make the jack work, they threw rocks into the mire until stopped sinking, lifted the rear of the car up, and everybody grabbed rocks and threw them into the goo under and in front of the wheels. After lifting the rear, the front was jacked up, and the process repeated. I finally began to believe that we actually might salvage the vehicle, and sure enough, when the crowd grabbed hold of the rope, the chanting resumed, everybody heaved, and I put it into gear it popped right out, drove up the embankment, and we were safely across. I was as relieved as I have ever been in my life and, in exuberance, raised the reward to 75 shillings to the cheers of the assembly.

As a return favor, they asked if we could transport some of their passengers back to Mikumi, which we happily agreed to. The Toyo-san was loaded up and off we went. The only problem was that we hadn't planned on driving the Mikumi-Iringa stretch twice without refueling, so we were running pretty low. But there was nothing to do but press on and hope we made it. If we ran out of fuel, it

was going to be a problem, since no traffic was traveling in our direction. About 50 miles from Mikumi, our luck ran out, but as the engine started surging, we came upon a truck traveling in our direction! On the last fumes, literally, we coasted past the truck and flagged him down. Even better luck was that he was on his way to Mikumi AND was going to return after dropping his load.

The problem was that someone had to stay with Toyo-san and our passengers, while the other went with the truck driver. Leaving Toyo-san was out of the question, because abandoned cars quickly get stripped. There was no choice but to leave Kirsten and for me to get the gas since I spoke some Swahili, which she obviously didn't. We had no idea how long it was going to take, and Kirsten did not share a common language with any of our passengers, but she is a real trooper and didn't complain.

The truck was incredibly dilapidated, and every hill had to be climbed in first gear. But eventually we made it into Mikumi, I was dropped off, and we agreed on a pickup point when he was done. Getting fuel was no problem, and I soon settled down to wait for the truck with a tin can of gas. Finally, he showed up again, and the long, uphill return trip began.

It must have been close to 5 hours before I returned to Kirsten and her friends, who had managed to communicate a bit with sign language. We fueled up, and the rest of the trip went without any problem at all.

Before we left on the Iringa trip, we called the air charter to ask if we could catch the plane in Mombasa instead of Nairobi. No problem! This gave us the chance to drive up the coast road and see more of the country. The coast towns are extremely pretty with old Arabic buildings, carved doors and beautiful fishing boats and dhows, larger Arabic trading vessels.

Because my parents had to get back to work, they dropped us off at Mombasa airport in the morning. We left our luggage and went into town to sightsee and shop until our plane left in the afternoon. In those days, Mombasa had wonderful tourist and souvenir shops in the old town, so time went quickly, as did our remaining money, and it was time to return to the airport. There, check-in was about to start, and the usual mob scene erupted. I don't know whether this was typical for this company or a Swiss cultural phenomenon. When I finally fought my way to the agent, he informed me that our tickets weren't valid for travel from Mombasa, and there was no way he was going to let us onto the plane, room, or not.

Now it was time to panic. We had no money, no way to get to Nairobi on time for the flight, and no way to get in touch with my parents.

After giving up arguing with the check-in agent, I fought my way out of the mob and was pulled aside by an airport employee who had overheard the argument. He told us that he would take care of us and that when they started loading the plane, he would somehow get us on board. Our baggage was no problem. Everybody's baggage was piled in a huge heap in the middle of the floor, so we just



added ours. It turned out that our friend and rescuer was the person checking boarding passes, so when loading started, we just joined the mob, and he let us through. I don't remember whether I gave him a big tip, I truly hoped I did and had enough money!

So back into the plane, at a run, of

course, and off to Nairobi. But only after they had counted the passengers a number of times and finally given up getting the counts to agree.

In Nairobi, we were supposed to have a short stop to pick up passengers and then depart for Bengazi in Libya for refueling. Long after the scheduled departure time, we were told the flight would be delayed, nothing particularly unusual about that. Neither was there anything unusual that we at long, long intervals were told that the delay would be a little longer.

Shortly before midnight, a group of passengers asked if there was any chance we would depart before 9 AM. If not, they would take a cab into town and check into a hotel so they could catch some sleep before the arduous trip home. The agent told them that there was absolutely no chance, so they took off. And at 3 AM the flight took off! I would love to know how they fared upon returning to the airport!

Other than not being allowed out of the plane in Bengazi, the 21-hour flight to Zurich was uneventful, as was the train ride home.

An interesting story, which I will have to tell later, is about the trip we made back to Tanzania for our 25th anniversary!



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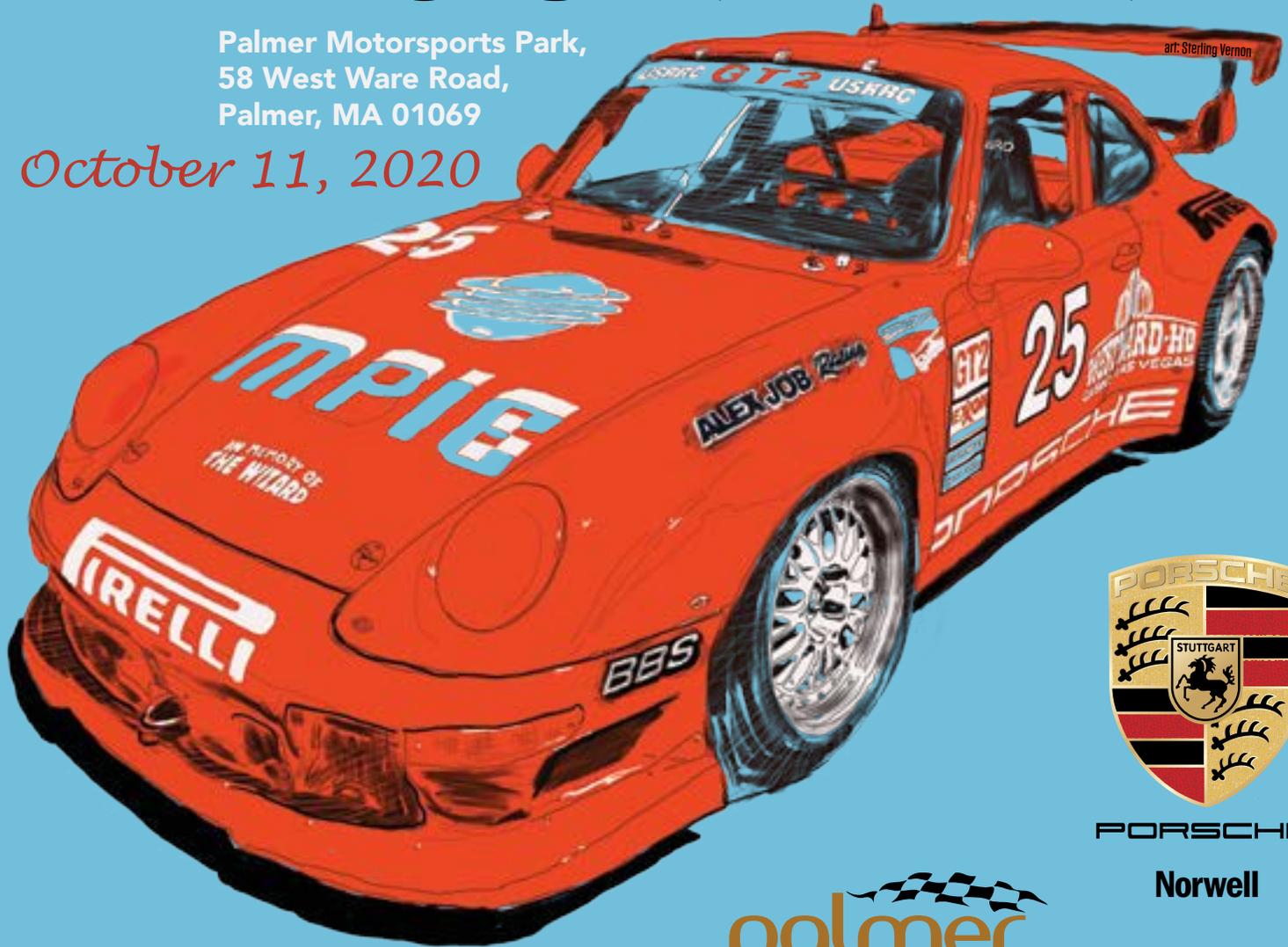
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Purchase, trade, barter - everything Porsche! Event held rain, shine, snow!

Free admission. Parking \$20 per car. Dedicated Porsche-only parking area.

Parade laps available for a small fee. Enter your car in the show and park

in paddock lane for \$10 more or \$30 total. Grand Finale parade laps for

all show cars. Food, wings, snacks, and beverages served by BUSTER'S.

ATM located 10 minutes away. No drones, scooters, mopeds, trail bikes please.

porschenorwell.com palmermotorsportspark.com intercitylines.com porschenet.com

Show and vendor information:
porscheonthemountain.com



Back by very popular demand...

...the Third Annual Summer Party at Wachusett Mountain in 2020!

This is an event for the whole family... Games for kids and adults who act like kids: races, cornhole, horseshoes, volleyball and the famous Adult Bicycle Autocross.

People's choice car show - up to nine classes this year - you are almost guaranteed to win! Wine for the winner and ribbons for the runners-up! Classes will be determined based on how many and the type and vintage of Porsches that enter. Classes will be announced just before voting starts. Signs will denote classes. Entrants will fill out a windshield card and attendees will receive a ballot when they arrive. This will not be a judged event, but a popularity contest.

Wachusett will have the ski lift running for two hours for those who want to venture up for a view of Boston.

A traditional hamburger and hot dog lunch with soft drinks and dessert. Beer and wine available from a cash bar (note: Wachusett has a killer selection of craft beers!).

[Tickets are now available!](https://porschenet.com/events/3rd-annual-summer-party/)

Answers to your COVID 19 questions below

- For those wondering what the guidelines will be for this event, please note the following:
- Guests will be required to follow whatever the current state guidelines are for masks and social distancing
- Dining tables will be further spaced apart and seating limited to 6 per table
- The only indoor space will be the restrooms
- The buffet style lunch will be served outside by a waitstaff
- A minimum of two sides of the tent will be open at all times to allow airflow
- No mixing of households on a ski lift chair
- We are exploring options for a safe way to handle voting for the car show
- Registration will be significantly streamlined with attendees printing out forms at home and bringing the completed forms to check-in.



The Line

The *fastest* way to learn what members have been up to.

“What’s Next?”

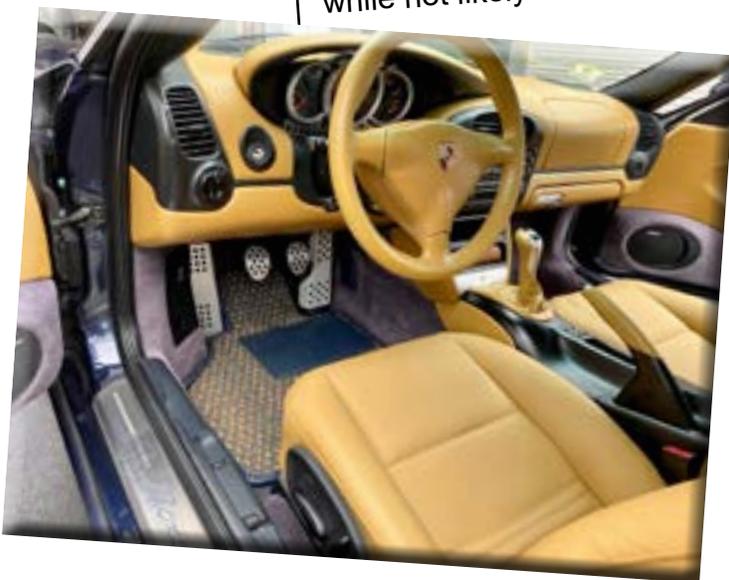
I hope you are reading this in good health, and have been able to deal with the ripple effects of COVID-19. Like many of us, I’ve had some extra time on my hands these past few months. Trying to make lemons out of lemonade, I got several projects done around the house. Also, like many of us, there are also items on my P-car wish list. I decided to tackle a few.

First up, I always liked the looks of the stainless steel, rubber-grip pedal sets. So I found a nice set on Rennline and got busy contorting myself in the driver’s footwell. Top tip: remove the seat unless you have to size and flexibility of Mary Lou Retton. Actually, it’s pretty easy job - just drill a few holes.

Next, since I had my seats completely repaired and reupholstered this winter, I really started to be bothered by the contrast of all the cheap, bare plastic in my interior. My fellow 986/996 owners can feel me on this! So, I was able to source some OEM quality leather in the correct Savanna Beige color, and dove into my first ever leather covering project of doing the door pocket lids and center oddments bin cover. I found some tips online to help guide me, and the results - while not likely to land me work in a shop - came out pretty well.

Now, what’s next?

Gary Cooper



“Porsche 993 Full DIY Detail”

I decided to give my 993 some detailing love during the confinement. First time using ceramic coating and very pleased with the results. [Watch the video](#)



Richard Viard

“Outside”

It was a very good week! Great to be out....

Arnaud Lessard





Sim Racing Survival Guide

by: Anker Berg-Sonne

I am not writing this missive to brag about how good I am at sim racing. The only thing I can brag about is taking it up in my 70s. I am writing it to encourage you to take up sim racing, manage your expectations, and hopefully learn a bit from my experience, so you stick with it and enjoy the experience of eventually becoming good at it.

Getting started in sim racing can be just as intimidating as getting started in real racing, DE, and Autocross. My personal experience in all of the above, except real racing (which I haven't tried), has been somewhat humiliating. I learned to drive on challenging roads, mostly dirt, full of ruts, potholes, corrugation, and incredibly slippery mud when it rained. This was in Tanzania in the mid-60's. It required a good deal of car control to navigate, and you needed to drive fast to get the suspension and tires to absorb most of the unevenness. So I considered myself a pretty darn good driver. This was reinforced when I moved to Denmark. No speed limits outside cities in those days, and I typically drove as fast as the car was able to. Brake fade was frequent and, at times, terrifying. So until just a handful of years ago, I thought I was pretty darn good at it!

So roll forward half a century, and after buying our first Porsche Boxster, I started with DE and Autocross. In both cases, I was astonished at my incompetence. In DE, I had severe tunnel vision. It took several sessions before I was able to pay any attention to the flag marshalls. It did help that DE focuses on safety rather than speed and lap times. In Autocross I quickly reached a humiliating performance plateau many seconds behind the leaders, and it required intensive focus to improve my lap times slowly. Now, three years later, I finally feel good about my performance. Not great, but good.

So, when taking up sim racing, I knew that I was in for yet another potentially humiliating experience, and, for

the first time in my life, I planned for it. So I picked a course, Lime Rock Park, because I know that I probably will drive it in the future; actually, on August 2nd, when I will be doing a one day Chris Barber racing course. I also deliberately picked a car that would be easy to drive, the Miata Cup car, and chose to drive by myself until I got comfortable. That took several months. Only then did I join real, simulated races in iRacing. The experience there wasn't as much humiliating as mind-blowing. In iRacing, you start in a novice class, and advancement is dependent on having few racing incidents: collisions, loss of control, going off-course, or violating a racing rule like pit speed. The races in novice class are chaotic. The first turn will take out a significant fraction of the drivers, some drivers are overly aggressive, and others seem oblivious to what is going on around them. The best strategy is to ensure that you are at the back of the grid, hold back at the start, ensure that you survive the first turn, and drive the whole time defensively. This is the best strategy for earning your class D license quickly and be able to join races that are sane. The bad drivers will stay forever in novice class.

I am happy I had reached this point when I joined the NER sim racing league in March of this year. Knowing my limitations and knowing that being in control is the most essential aspect of not only surviving a race, but also finishing well, has helped set my expectations. That does not say that I have been good at observing my own rule. Adrenalin does start pumping in a race, and both having someone catching up from behind and being close to someone in front often gets me into trouble. But at least I know that it is a lack of self-control, and not inability to learn that's the problem!

Since I joined the league, I have practiced on the course for the next race an hour every evening. For a long time, the first laps would be full of spins. finally now, three months later, I can slow down enough to allow me to

learn the course and gradually increase speed and braking as I become familiar with the course, learn the racing line and memorize the brake points, turn-ins, apexes, turn-outs and safe throttle positions. The time to bring tires up to temperature also varies from course to course and has to be learned.

At the weekly races, I use the entire hour of pre-race practice to settle down and get into the groove. I also get a feel for my lap times relative to the other competitors. Qualifying is a patience-tester. With only three full laps and the need to get tires up to temperature, it is hard to hold back in the out lap, the first full lap, and sometimes the second full lap. Then get a time in without disqualifying event, and using the remaining laps to try to improve on the initial time. It is incredibly easy to let your emotions take control and ruin your qualification. Yesterday, at the race in Barcelona, I spun out in the first qualifying lap, kissed a wall and damaged my front spoiler. When you do this in the Skippy you lose top speed, and I ended up second-last in the grid.

Race start has been another nemesis of mine. I had a lot of early starts until recently, and seeing the black flag and knowing that I had to pull into the pits for a 30-second penalty is discouraging.

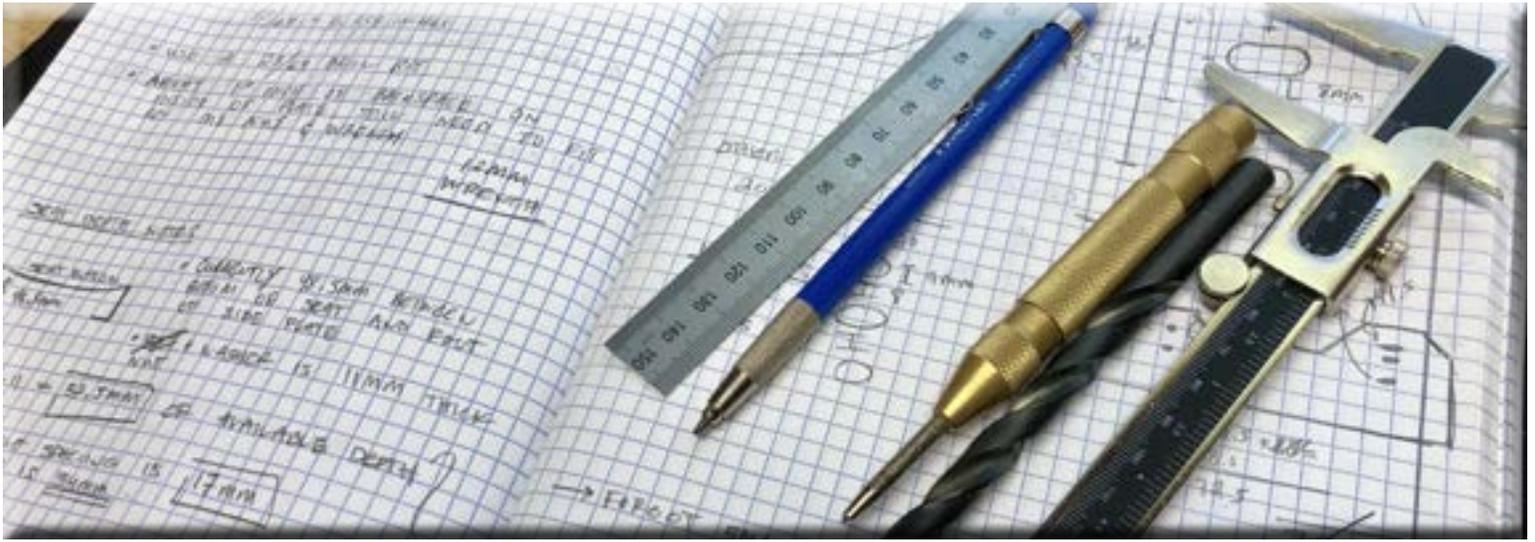
At this point in my “career,” my goal is to complete a race without any spins. A spin is incredibly costly, not only do you have to wait until the track is clear, but by the time you have come up to speed again, you will have lost close to 10 seconds to the competition. In a 20 lap race, my usual “quota” of 3-4 spins puts me way further back than slowing down and taking it easy.

Maybe, just maybe, I will ultimately be able to compete with the top drivers, but I am having fun!

In summary:

- Don't overset your expectations
- When thing go wrong, think about what you did that made it go wrong
- Be patient
- Don't focus on being fast, focus on being consistently in control
- Braking late is much worse than braking early
- Slow in, fast out
- Have fun





Vintage Porsche, Modern Safety

Stephen DiCato

Last month I wrote about attending my first High Performance Driver Education event. With my first two days of track driving in my rear view mirror, I knew I was hooked and began planning for a full season of HPDE in 2020.

While the majority of my 1979 Porsche 911 SC has been modified and upgraded, the seats are original and the seat belts are factory three-point belts. While they look great, the combo fails to hold you sufficiently in place while driving on track. Upgrading to track oriented seats and multi-point harnesses quickly became a large part of my plan. I drive my car on the street and to and from the track. This requires me to retain the original three-point belts in order to pass Massachusetts safety inspection and forces some other compromises as well. When approaching this project, I was faced with three major questions:

1. What seats should I buy?
2. What harnesses do I need?
3. How will the harnesses secure to the car?

When it comes to seats, there are a lot of options. While reclining seats are great for comfort, motorsport seats generally have a fixed back. If installing harnesses, it needs to be compatible with them. Most manufacturers will allow you to customize fabrics and stitching. Budget comes into play as well.

The best advice I received was to try as many seats as possible in person. Fortunately, HMS Motorsport in Danvers, MA carries Cobra and OMP seats, as well as about every safety device you'll want, and has them available to try in their showroom. I can't say enough good things about Cody and Brady at HMS Motorsport. In addition to being knowledgeable and willing to spend their time with every customer, their passion for cars and track driving is obvious. After trying a bunch of options, a fixed back motorsport seat provided the increased security I was looking for without being too uncomfortable on longer drives.





Choosing harnesses was actually the most straightforward part of the project. Six point harnesses, which have two shoulder straps, a left and right lap belt, and two “sub” straps that go between your legs are the most popular and came recommended by HMS.

When installing harnesses, you need a way to secure the straps to the car. For the sub straps and lap belts, the recommended solution is to use eye bolts securely fastened through the floor of the car or to pre-existing structural locations, such as the factory lap belt locations. If you don't want to drill holes in your car, Schroth, Brey-Krause, and other companies make different mounting solutions. Securing shoulder straps is often more complicated. While “harness bars” exist for this purpose, they fail to offer any protection in a roll over and many organizations do not allow them. A roll bar or roll cage addresses this concern, but limits use of the rear seats. Many people will discourage installing a roll cage on a car that is driven on the street as the bars around your head pose a risk when not wearing a helmet. In my case, I decided to install a bolt-in four point roll bar, which I feel is an acceptable compromise. The popularity of this roll bar says other drivers agree.

In order to complete the “safety system”, PCA (and many other organizations) require a head and neck restraint device when using harnesses. This device rests on your shoulders and attaches to your helmet. It is attached to your body by the shoulder straps of your harness and restricts the movement of your head and neck reducing the likelihood of head and neck injuries. Head and neck restraint devices are becoming increasingly popular

due to the additional protection they provide in an accident.

I'll admit, installing modern, custom seats into a 40 year old car presents some challenges that I underestimated. The roll bar and harness mounting points installed relatively easily, requiring only a few unexpected trips back to HMS and a local hardware store to source the proper grade hardware. However, installing the seats have presented enough challenges that they are not in their final resting place. Originally, I opted to fasten the seats directly to the chassis without sliders. While this is more secure, I couldn't mount the seat far enough rearward without it hitting the foot of the roll bar. I solved this by installing seat sliders, akin to what you find on the original seats. This provided the clearance necessary, but unfortunately raised the seat too much, causing the steering wheel to hit my thighs and completely preventing me from shifting into second gear and reverse.

I'm still working through these challenges. My plan is to modify the side plates for the seat by drilling additional mounting holes, which will lower it in the car a little over an inch. If I still need to, I will extend the shift lever, bringing it closer to the steering wheel and hopefully clearing the thigh bolster on the seat.

What started as a Winter project, and then turned into a pandemic project, continues to be my “while I wait to get on the track again” project. I'm modifying the car the way I want. It's providing me with learning opportunities, and as it turns out, writing opportunities. The real test will be at my next HPDE event.





To the Autocross Community

Chris Ryan, NER Autocross Chair

We have been working for the past several weeks to put together an operations plan for Autocross events that will comply with the State's COVID-19 guidelines. Devens Enterprise Commission had asked us to show how we would comply with the recently issued Phase 2 guidelines for Driving and Flight schools. We worked with the other AX clubs who run at Devens to develop a single plan that all clubs will follow, at a minimum. It has been accepted and we will now be allowed to hold autocross events again. Our next event is Saturday, July 25th - look for registration to open on MSR soon. In the meantime, we still have to work out details for how we will run our NER events, and will communicate this information to the AX Community and all NER members as it becomes available. Season registration will be reopened on MSR with a discounted rate of \$160 for the 4 remaining AX events. (Anyone who already signed up for the full season will receive a \$40 refund for the cancelled event in June). So get your cars ready and mark your calendars and plan to come out and chase some cones again ... it's been a way too LONG off-season.



2020 Devens Autocross Schedule

NER

7/25/2020

8/16/2020

9/5/2020

10/25/2020

NCR

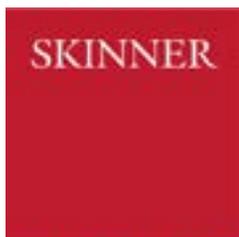
8/01/2020

9/12-13/2020

(Zone 1)

9/26/2020

*Please visit porschenet.com
for the most up to date
information on scheduling.*



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Minutes of the Board

Alan Davis
Secretary

June 2020 Board Meeting Minutes

The June 10th board meeting was conducted using the Zoom video conference. Nick Shanny couldn't attend and he had Bill Seymour take the lead. Bill maintained that lead throughout the meeting. Congratulations Bill.

In attendance were:

Bill Seymour – Past President
Don Kelly – Treasurer
Robert Jacobsen – VP Administration
Sterling Vernon – VP Communications
Paul Skinner – VP Driving Events
Anker Berg-Sonne – VP Membership
Alan Davis – Secretary
Stan Corbett – DE Registration

Not attending:

Nick Shanny – President

The meeting began with the approval of the Treasurer's report. The Board then reviewed the following items:

- The Gimmick Rally – Anker reported that a more structured rally than we had initially planned will be necessary to meet PCA's requirements for event insurance. A specific starting point and finish, as well as a starter and the collection of waiver forms, will be required. The Board agreed to ask Anker and the other Rally volunteers to revise the plan to abide by the PCA requirements and be able to get the necessary insurance.
- Drivers Education (DE) – As Massachusetts lifts the Covid-19 restrictions in its phased manner, the possibility of running DE events is back on track. Stan described the new plan for two upcoming weekend events at Palmer. Adam Schwartz (Track Chair) and Stan will provide the new information required by PCA's legal department that is necessary to obtain the event insurance. As reported last month, due to the social distancing requirements, we currently have

no way to accommodate novice drivers with the required instructors. Therefore, the events will be limited to experienced drivers.

Additional DE events are being planned. Due to the pandemic-related restrictions and uncertainties, the financial aspects of each event require additional risk management. As such, the Board will have a more direct oversight role than in past years. Stan reported that he and Adam understand that the Board expects them to thoroughly evaluate the events costs and driver fees for each event and to make wise decisions. If necessary, DE fees may need to be increased and a plan to communicate the fee changes is ready. The Track Chair and Registrar will keep the Board informed.

- The Summer Party – Good news: Robert reports that the NER's annual Summer Party at Wachusett Mountain is a "Go" for Sunday, July 26th. The mountain's event coordinator has assured us that they can easily comply with all of the social distancing requirements. The Summer Party is not only a great family event. It's also one NER's biggest social events of the year.
- The Annual Gala – The status of our 2020 Gala is uncertain at best due to unknown restrictions on indoor gatherings. While we may miss this year's event, the Board is committed to having the Gala every year going forward.
- Sim Racing - We are seeing good attendance at our NER Tuesday night sim races and our sim racing forum is very active as well.
- Membership – Anker noted that we've recently had a small decline in membership count that is mainly related to fewer renewals.
- Communications – Sterling reported reduced activity on NER's website, significantly increased activity on the NER Facebook page, and a very active NER Sim Racing Facebook page. He has also contacted several of our sponsors and found that they "all seem to be getting on with things".

The next board meeting, scheduled for July 8th, might be done "in person" if there's a suitable site. If not, we'll be back in our Hollywood Squares video conference boxes again.

VIP's - Very Important Persons

New members as of July 1st, 2020

Jeremy Aidlen

Shrewsbury MA
2020 911 Carrera 4S

Nima Behkami

Boston MA
2014 Boxster S

John Bruce

Jamaica Plain MA
2000 Boxster S

Michael Corliss

Sudbury MA 2017
911 Carrera 4S Cabriolet

John Devereux

Falmouth MA
2020 911 Carrera S

Brehon Griswold

Ipswich MA
2019 Macan S

Albert Hyman

Brookline MA
2010 911 Carrera

Robert Mickle

Cambridge MA
2017 911 Carrera 4S

Andy Musselwhite

Hanscom AFB MA
2002 911 Carrera

Michael Provenzano

Reading MA
2001 911 Turbo

Wayne Rogers

Topsfield MA 2001
911 Carrera Cabriolet

Bennett Rudomen

Marlborough MA
2006 911 Carrera Cabriolet

Stephen Tillinghast

Danvers MA
2004 911 Carrera 4S

Michael Walsh

Providence RI
2019 718 Cayman

Ryan Weinberg

Revere MA 2017
718 Boxster

Anniversaries

Anniversaries



July 2020

43 Years

Robert Burg
Ryan Burg

42 Years

Philip Brzezinski
Kathleen Halloran
Jim Hornsby

40 Years

James Buliszak
MarkBuliszak

NOTE: Anniversary dates are from the National PCA database and may not reflect your original anniversary if there have been lapses in your membership.

Anniversaries, continued

35 Years

Pamela Paton
Scott Paton

25 Years

Caroline Chase
William Condon

20 Years

Raymond Bourgoin
Aubrey Bout
Heather Bout

15 Years

Bryon Deysher
Cythnia Deysher

10 Years

Cheryl Dunnington
Wesley Dunnington
Philip Horowitz
Igor Shikh
Rochelle Steincosz
Boris Tabenkin
Lev Tabenkin
James Tooley
Nancy Tooley

5 Years

Henry Ames
Ethan Berg
Jamie Berg
Christopher Bertrand
Craig Chelo
Jeffrey Doolan
William Foshey
Jose Gonzalez
Benjamin Jacobson
William Jacobson
Pete Johnson
Susan Jordan-Messier
Terry Karaniuk
Brian Kramer
Susan Kramer
Philip Lyon
Richard Lyon
Henry Messier
Judy Sartori
Louis Sartori
Paul Tetreault
John Volatile
Mary Volatile
Paul Worcester
Leonard Zon

2019 Board of Directors

President: Nick Shanny
president@porschenet.com

VP Driving: Paul Skinner
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VP Administration: Robert Jacobsen
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VP Communications: Sterling Vernon
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Treasurer: Don Kelly
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Secretary: Alan Davis
secretary@porschenet.com

Membership: Anker Berg-Sonne
membership@porschenet.com

Past President: Bill Seymour
pastpresident@porschenet.com

Zone 1 Rep: Mike Bryan
mike@brycorp.ca

Committee Chairs

Autocross Chair: Chris Ryan
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Autocross Registration: Jeff Johnson
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Concours d'Elegance: David Melchar
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Driver Education: Adam Schwartz
trackchair@porschenet.com

DE Registration: Stan Corbett
treg@porschenet.com

Porsche on the Mountain: Sterling Vernon
decomm@porschenet.com

Dow Tour Chair: Gary Cooper

NER Communications Team: Anker Berg-Sonne,
Sterling Vernon, Lisa Burke, Larry Levin, Pete
Mazzone, Luis Rivera, Richard Viard,

DE Communications and porschenet.com
Webmaster: Sterling Vernon
decomm@porschenet.com

Ramblemeister: Dennis Friedman
ramble@porschenet.com

By the Numbers

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Affiliate members:

Total members:

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