



First Great Garage Tour
Farewell To Fall Tour 🍁🍁🍁🍁
2006 Annual Dinner Gala
PorscheFest 2006

THE NOR'EASTER

R 2006 OCTOBER 2006

Northeast Region Porsche Club of America Northeast Region Porsche Club of America Northeast Region Porsche Club of America Northeast Region Porsche Club of America

EPE's PCA Club Racers, current and past:

<i>Steve Boris</i>	<i>Mark Forrester</i>	<i>Dave Maynard</i>
<i>Barry Brensinger</i>	<i>Dan Galyon</i>	<i>Michael Melton</i>
<i>Caryl Brensinger</i>	<i>Jerry Goldman</i>	<i>David Ordway</i>
<i>Greg Brown</i>	<i>Scott Goodwin</i>	<i>Brad Parker</i>
<i>Alan Cady</i>	<i>Jim Grady</i>	<i>Jerry Pellegrino</i>
<i>Russ Castagna</i>	<i>Mark Greenberg</i>	<i>Ron Savenor</i>
<i>Bob Cohen</i>	<i>Bruce Hauben</i>	<i>Mark Stefanski</i>
<i>Jim Colligan</i>	<i>Andy Jenks</i>	<i>Frank Trombly</i>
<i>Mark Deltufo</i>	<i>Wayne Mackie</i>	<i>Mike Trombly</i>
<i>Peter Dikeman</i>	<i>Dana Martin</i>	<i>Dion Tsouristes</i>
<i>David Freedman</i>		

This list contains the names of the EPE clients that have enjoyed success in the PCA Club Racing series. Most have had podium finishes and many have won races at tracks across the country. Without exception, EPE has been instrumental in supporting their efforts.

If you are thinking about exploring the PCA Drivers Education program or are currently enjoying it and would like to take your driving to the next level, we would appreciate the opportunity to provide you with the same level of support we have delivered for them. EPE can provide any level of assistance a client may need, both at the shop and at the track. We offer everything from pre and post event tech inspections and services, to full “arrive and drive” programs with complete support for both car and driver.

The EPE paddock, with so many skilled drivers willing to share insights and experiences garnered from years of racing, has proven to be a highly educational environment for many new racers. This “team” mentality and the camaraderie we share are the most valuable assets that make working and racing with EPE so rewarding. Our holistic approach to car preparation and modification as well as driver development has helped hundreds of clients. It has always been one of the most pleasant and rewarding aspects of our business. The excitement we share together is as obvious as it is infectious.

This year the EPE team will again be trackside at many PCA Driver Education events as well as PCA Club Races. We would be happy to offer performance driving advice and help you with any mechanical issues that you may have. Just look for an EPE windshield banner. They are always easy to find.



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COVER



Cover Photo
Jon Barron, our 2006 Parade correspondent, submitted this shot of a wonderful Carrera GT on the Concours field in Portland, Oregon.

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Check in often for new features, updates and changes in schedules.

Out In The Passing Lane

Dave Weber



What a frustrating way to end our on track driving season! Our plan was to participate in Metro New York Region's three day driver education event at Watkins Glen at the end of August. Our preparations for the trip out to the Glen as stress free as they could have been, and the drive out was hassle free with light traffic all the way. We even survived the seemingly constant presence of New York state troopers along the way – there must have been at least twenty officers stationed along I-90 between Albany and Syracuse. A prior trip earlier in the year provided the best answer as to how to park our 48 ft trailer at the Longhouse Lodge where we stay. We had the trailer navigated into their lot and unhooked in less than 15 minutes. We unloaded our luggage and sat around for maybe 45 minutes before we headed out to dinner.

The instant I started the truck back up I realized something was wrong, as a cloud of oily smoke trailed us down the highway. At the restaurant it quickly became apparent that something signifi-

My arrival was noted by the truck service department (not hard to do when the smoke coming from the truck blots out the sun!).

cant was wrong with the truck. The smoke screen the truck was emitting probably killed every mosquito in the area. The immediate question became now what to do. Should we attempt to haul the trailer up the steep hill to the track and risk further damage to the truck, or should I see what the local Ford dealer's service department could do about the problem. I was pretty sure that the truck's turbocharger was the problem, so if the parts could be found maybe the truck could be repaired quickly.

So Friday morning I was up early and off to the Glen's Ford dealer. It quickly became apparent that major repair work was not within the capability of that shop. I think my garage is better equipped. The signage and facilities in the dealership's shop were straight out of the early fifties. The shop manager immediately advised that I should head down the road to a much bigger dealership in Horseheads. So off I went spewing a smoke cloud some twenty miles to the next Ford dealership.

My arrival was noted by the truck service department (not hard to do when the smoke coming from the truck blots out the sun!). To their credit they immediately started checking out the truck for the source of the problem. Their first thought was that maybe I'd purchased some bad diesel fuel that was clogging up things. They persisted with this premise for maybe an hour, giving me hope that the weekend could be saved. Susana was back at the motel first packing then unpacking based on the guidance I gave her over the phone. All hope was lost though when the mechanic on the job came into the waiting area and confirmed the turbocharger failure, and further advised that they would have to order parts which would take 3-4 days to arrive.

So with no hope of driving (we probably wouldn't have been on the track much anyway as rain fell most of Friday, Saturday, and Sunday), I hitched a ride to a nearby Enterprise Rental shop. They had a pickup truck I could rent for the next week. I headed back to Watkins Glen, picked up

Susana, and headed home leaving our truck at the dealership and the trailer and race cars at the Longhouse. There's nothing like driving seven hours out on day, only to drive seven hours back the next day. Two days of boring interstate highway, with nothing to show for the time wasted.

A week later we drove six hours back to Horseheads, picked up the truck (now running smoothly) and trailer, and turned around and drove back home (eight plus hours thanks to highway paving in Massachusetts). Sum total for the week: twenty eight plus hours of driving, \$80 in tolls, \$375 in fuel costs, \$550 in nonrefundable entry fees for the driver education event, approximately \$400 for lodging (nonrefundable), four days of vacation time wasted, and \$108 to repair the truck (under warranty). Total costs came to \$1513 for this non-fun event. Can't wait to do that again!

The only positives I could identify is that the truck breakdown happened at the Glen, not out in the middle of nowhere on I-90 where we might have had to deal with getting both the truck and trailer off the highway. The other positive is that our region's event at Calabogie was to have happened on the same weekend. We would have then been driving seven hours into Canada, potentially in Montreal proper or west of Montreal

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The Driver's Window

Steve Boris



So Michael is retiring..... ok!
While watching the Italian Grand Prix we were all teased by Bob Varsha, Steve Matchet, Peter Windsor and the others' with the announcement that Michael had made a decision about his future with Ferrari and that it was a tough decision at that. It was a good bet that he was retiring.

I was, however, disappointed that he didn't say that he wanted to go race NASCAR with his buddy Juan Pablo, who by the way is going to have his Columbian butt handed to him. The NASCAR guys aren't going to put up with his whining either and they can out bang the little banger.

Anyways later that day I had to tune into Dave Despain and Wind Tunnel to see what was said. Bob Varsha was the guest and they entertained a number of calls proclaiming all sorts of things. The thing that stuck in my mind the most was Bob Varsha's comment that the sport will lose a great personality and he couldn't think if there was any one to take his place. Even if it is that chatterbox Kimi, the sport will always have a

What's odd is that F1 is the most technologically advanced sport in history, but it can also be one of the most boring.

personality that stands out.

It is this point that I would like to apply my own crazy spin.

In my opinion there is a lot of racing that in recent years has become entirely too much about personalities and less about actual racing. I am not even going to get into the whole NASCAR phenomenon. Although I will say despite all of the annoying personalities and loud pre-race announcers, the racing is very good, based partly on the rules which have been established.

Don't get me wrong I like Michael. I like his talent, his demeanor and just about everything else about him but that doesn't mean on race day I was dressed all in red and screaming my undying support for him and Ferrari. For me it is about the racing. I will cheer for whoever is making the best effort. I have cheered for just about everyone at one time or another. What's odd is that F1 is the most technologically advanced sport in history, but it can also be one of the most boring. I am so glad to have series like Grand Am, American LeMans, Champ Car and other groups that have

some really great races.

Watching Michael drive can be amazing but I want to see more battling, closer races. Even so far as to have a new winner every week like NASCAR.

Everyone knows that regardless who is in F1 there will always be a driver or two that will stick out. But without a phenom, racing will be closer and more fun to watch which, believe it or not, is the whole point of racing. For years I hated the fact that F1 was really the Michael Schumacher Show with a couple special guest appearances from other drivers. I also didn't like that I would sit down on Sunday morning and know that no matter what happened Michael would probably win. It was no fun. Thank goodness for Fernando. He made the races bearable. It kind of got to the point where I would watch mainly hoping that someone would beat Michael.

Will I miss Michael? Maybe. Probably, but I really think next year is going to be a great year for F1.

There are a lot of new things to look forward to in 2007. Kimi at Ferrari, Nando at McLaren, Ricky Bobby at Red Bull and countless other changes. There should be some good racing. As screwy as some of the rules are I do think the racing is getting a bit better and not just a technology show. Now if they would only use one brand of tire I think it would be even better.

The only question I have left is what role do you think Michael will have at Ferrari from here on out, race director, team manager, maybe even Kimi's driving coach (I think not), who knows. I would like to see him show up at LeMans or the 12 hours of Daytona. I don't think I have ever seen Michael in anything but an F1 car. □

Four Speeds & Drum Brakes

Tom Tate



The nice part about old cars is that they are so simple. There are no computers to talk to, no strange lights on the dash telling you to check the engine, and no alphabet soup of little square indicators saying that you're doing something that you shouldn't and the car has to take over. Step on the brake and it slows down, step down harder and you can lock up the tires. No computer telling you that you can't slide to a stop if you want to. Pop the clutch and spin the tires and there's no little chip preventing you from making a statement. Turn a corner, jump on the gas and wag the tail a little on wet pavement and it's all in fun.

Fewer restraints mean more fun for the driving experience as far as I'm concerned. It also means that there are fewer things to go wrong. After many years in these old tubs it's easy to identify the noises that occur and sort out the bad from the good. Driving "Little Red" back from the 356 East Coast Holiday last week it sputtered to a stop on Rt 95 and didn't want to go any farther.

In my college days when I first got into these cars I couldn't afford to take the car into a shop for service so I bought a book and tools instead.

Everything sounded OK but a quick look at the inline gas filter showed that there wasn't enough gas going through the line to the carbs. The gas gauge said a quarter of a tank was left but the gauge was off because when the lever was moved to the reserve position it sprang to life and off we went. Easy fix. Gas lines in modern cars are so hidden that they can't even be found in the engine compartment anymore.

A brake light went out the day before and a wiggle of a loose wire put it back in action. Of course I knew which wire to wiggle but that is what experience will do for you. I've wiggled a lot of wires on old cars over the years that didn't fix anything but every now and then I get lucky.

Back in my college days when I first got into these cars I couldn't afford to take the car into a shop for service so I bought a book and some tools instead. I probably ruined as much as I fixed in the early years but it never stopped me from trying to repair them myself. When the money isn't available there aren't a lot of choices to make.

Of course I didn't have to drive a Porsche, but that was a choice that I was happy that I made. It was either fix it yourself or walk. There are exceptions to that rule and that's when the car you're driving is still new enough to be covered by a factory warranty.

That was the case recently when my wife's BMW convertible was due for the free factory oil change and service. She took it in early in the day and they even provided a lift to her shop a mile or so away. When the work was done, they called, sent a driver to fetch her and escorted her into the service advisors office for a chat. The car was washed, vacuumed and serviced, all for free, but there were a few things that they recommended be attended to as soon as possible. These would be items that were not covered under the factory warranty and were presented with an estimate by the white coated technician.

They said they discovered that the right front fender liner was missing and needed to be replaced at a cost of \$175 plus labor. By pure coincidence I had removed the right front tire the week before to see if the wheels off the '99 528 wagon (16's) with the Blizzacks on them would fit in place of 18's when winter arrived. Good news, they fit just fine. Who says you can't drive a convertible in

the winter? When I had my head up under the fender I saw that there was a small crack in the fender liner, so I put a piece of racers tape on it and pronounced it whole. Reading this on the repair order shook my confidence so I went out in the garage and looked. The liner was still in place and even the tape looked like it belonged there. I guess that was just a money maker for the "employee owned dealership" that they would share in their Christmas bonuses.

The second item was a greater concern because it was a safety issue. According to the BMW expert, "all four tires are choppy and need replacement". Cost to replace with Michelin tires (the only kind they recommend) was written as \$3100. The recommendation went on to say that two rims were bent and should be replaced at a cost of \$780 each. She was told that if the rims were done with the tires it would drop the price by \$45 a rim. Now there's a savings.

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Around The Cones

Steve Ross



As I write this column in late September, the first frost warnings are out for the low-lying sections of the state, a sure sign that the outdoor season with our Porsches will soon be over. Of course life and PCA/NER activities will go on during the winter months, just check the calendar on the web or in this publication for upcoming events.

Another annual rite at this time of year is our annual election process where we ask the membership to pick officers for the board of directors of the Northeast Region of the club. Although most elected members serve for a 2-year term (the maximum number of consecutive years as dictated by our bylaws), the election is for a single year. Another bylaw prohibits an officer from serving more than five consecutive years in an elected position (past president is not considered elected).

As a service to our members I would like to highlight the candidates for these offices, although there is no contest for each post (I can't

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remember ever having one in the 26 years I have been a member, but have heard of some contests in the 70's) it would be nice to know something about them.

The Presidential candidate is Bruce Hauben. Bruce joined our group in 1999 after seeing Susana Weber's Porsche show up at his print shop numerous times. A few conversations later he was hooked as a member. Bruce will be leaving the track committee chairmanship which he has held for a number of years, but will continue in an advisory role for the new chairman Laurie Jitts. He also has been heading up the annual Ramble for many years and has done a fabulous job finding interesting and scenic routes and destinations for our most popular event of the year. Along with wife Joyce, herself a very active member, the Haubens have two Porsches a new to them European 993GT3 and a street 993 C4 coupe. Both are retired and as with many retirees are busier now than while they were working.

Activities VP for his second year is Ron Mann,

a relatively recent member as of 2002 who has leaped from his first autocross to an almost obsessive desire to drive in the autocrosses and DE days, as many as he can cram into his schedule. Ron's past included many other European cars plus a 356 in his younger days. Prior to his VP position he served as the literary secretary bringing a new twist to what can sometimes be rather boring board meeting notes. Along with wife Joan and young son Ian, Ron owns three Porsches a special Brumos edition 2000 996, "Whitey" the much modified early 911 coupe, and a more sedate 944S2 for garden variety activities. Keeping to the British theme, he has recently obtained a Mini Cooper S for commuting. Ron is employed by Sun Microsystems in the software engineering area.

Administrative VP, the monthly meeting person, for the second year will be Win Perry who also joined the region in 2002. This is his first position on the board. As with Ron, Win has embraced the driving events both autocrosses and Driver's Ed and is now mentoring his college age son to follow in his footsteps at these activities. Win, a chemist, runs his own company Winpro and enjoys dancing, having recently returned from a week long trip with his wife to France for that purpose.

Michelle Wang is also entering her second year as board secretary, this is her second stint. She held this position a number of years ago after joining the region in 1992. She has participated in Driver's Ed with husband Matt Wallis along with many of the social events held by the club. They drive a '72 911T at these events, trailering it to the various venues the club visits. In her spare time Michelle is an ardent ice skater of high stature and is employed by Meditech in a managerial position.

Our newest board member candidate has the unique distinction of being one of the very few members who actually volunteered, unsolicited, to help the club. John Bergen, who joined us in 2003, actually offered to help yours truly with the database for the Membership Chairman. As a reward, he has been nominated to take over that position next year. John drives a very bright green 964 vintage 911 Targa in occasional autocrosses and with his wife participates in the annual Ramble.

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Minutes Of The Board

September 14, 2006 Michelle Wang, Secretary



The September Board meeting was held and Bob and Karen Cohen's home, and called to order at 7:20pm. In attendance were Steve Boris, Ron Mann, Greg Hill, Chris Outzen, Steve Ross, Matthew Wallis, Dave and Susana Weber, Win Perry, and Michelle Wang. Andy Jenks was absent.

Ron presented a summary of recent Activities. The PorscheFest at the Museum of Transportation was very well attended by 91 cars, with a contingent of 32 928's also participating. The Fall Tour is scheduled for November 12 with details to follow.

On Autocross matters, it was noted that timing is working efficiently and all equipment accounted for. Ron also expressed the need for a location to store the autocross trailer for the winter. Steve Boris generously offered a space at his home. The Committee has proposed autocross dates from Devens for next year. The Board discussed a combined AX series with NCR in order to attract more participants and grow the series for both Regions. There are a few logistical details still to be worked out regarding registration, rules, and promotion. The board felt there was no negative side to this so Ron will move forward with this plan. The September NHIS Driver Education event was well attended. The Track Committee has begun planning for next season. Laurence Jitts will be taking on the position of Track Chair next year.

Win discussed the upcoming monthly meetings schedule. The October Great Garage Tour is ready to roll. All administrative details have been arranged. Steve Ross is setting up the route, which will be distributed to all participants at the starting point. The November meeting will be held at Factory Five in Wareham MA on Sunday November 18. Win will arrange for the refreshments. The December Annual Dinner at the International in Bolton is shaping up. The band is confirmed, however the menu is still to be confirmed by the Chef at the club.

January meeting arrangements are being finalized. The plan is to visit KTR Motorsports for a tour. February is planned for a visit to Turner Motorsport. Win will finalize the details and get them to Dave for publication and promotion.

The Treasurer's Report submitted for review and was discussed amongst the Board. After some questions and answers, the Report was approved as submitted. An Advertising Manager is still being sought. If you are interested in this position, please contact any Board Member. Steve Ross reported that membership remains stable in our region.

Win Perry again is setting the bar high for the rest of the Board, as he has submitted his columns and write-ups in advance of the meeting. Dave then distributed the monthly assignments to the rest of the Board. A lively discussion ensued regarding the hardcopy Nor'Easter and its future, based on the reception of the website redesign.

Chris Outzen, Matthew Wallis and Greg Hill then presented their perspectives on the website redesign. More discussion followed by all participants in the meeting. It was agreed to start with a basic model then over time add in features that will be of use to the membership and also easy to maintain for the contributors. Steve Ross will host the October meeting on Wednesday October 18 at Firefly's in Natick.

This meeting of the Board was adjourned at 9:24 pm. □

Happy PCA Anniversary

Thirty-Five Years Bruce Hauben
Elise Watts Mark Rohrer
Mike Pyle

Thirty Years
William Vargus

Five Years
Virginia Young
Brian Hilliard

Twenty Years
Jon Quillard
Steve Reilly

Fifteen Years
Guy Crosby
Carmelo Locurto

Ten Years



Check Your Mirrors

Win Perry



After a very enjoyable month of DE's in July, it was time for a change of activity for August. To be honest, this attitude correction had a lot to do with my wife who said it was her month to choose! I've certainly written in the past that Linda and I do swing dancing and travel to a number of dance events over the course of a year. Lately we've really focused on a California dance from the 1930's, the Balboa. This had already led to long weekends in San Diego and sunny Cleveland.

While surfing the web, Linda found a much more ambitious target: a weeklong Balboa summer camp was being held in Eauze in France! Eauze (I'd never heard of it either) is a small, historic village in Southern France in the Gers district of the Midi-Pyrenees region, midway between Toulouse and Bordeaux. The camp would take place at a 17-acre arts and event center that features a big 19th century stone farmhouse plus a studio building, some dorms and a big barn/stable. Although reasonably fluent in German, my French consists of

Our flights to Europe (Boston to Amsterdam to Toulouse) were smooth, on time, and packed like a sardine can.

50-100 poorly pronounced words (mostly foods). However, since jazz and swing are American art forms, we were happy to see that three of the five pairs of instructors were Americans. Of the remaining two pairs, we had met the camp organizers, Bernard and Anne-Helene in San Diego, and knew they were able to instruct in (delightfully accented) English. The very few private rooms at the camp had been grabbed almost immediately, leaving only 4 – 5 person dorm rooms, the 6 – 8 person yurts, or bring-your-own-tent-and-camp accommodations. That definitely nixed the trip (it's been a long time since I was a college student) until Anne-Helene emailed that she had found a nearby bungalow with two rooms and a bath for a very reasonable €40 for the week. I was stuck; we were off to France.

Our flights to Europe (Boston to Amsterdam to Toulouse) were smooth, on time, and packed like a sardine can. While Linda went to pull our cases off the baggage conveyor, I went to the rental car desk. The mini Renault that I had reserved was

unavailable, and I was consequently upgraded to a spacious and comfortable Citroen C5, fitted with a diesel engine and a manual transmission. In the baggage reclaim room, we met Marty and Valerie, American instructors whom we had gotten to know at various dance weekends in the USA. Since they had a couple of hours wait for the camp bus, and we now had a spacious car, we all piled into the Citroen and headed towards Eauze. My Mapquest directions were so minutely detailed as to be useless (you were past the point before you could find it), but to my astonishment, our car had GPS. I couldn't program the thing (the manual was in French), but we had a rolling map in front of me on the dash. Very useful.

After a very pleasant two-hour drive on scenic and well-surfaced French secondary roads (no frost heaves here!), we arrived at Eauze. Marty had been here before, and directed me around the village and onto some single-track roads over to the camp. The ocular driving we teach at DE is a very useful skill on a single-track road. We dropped off Marty and Val at the main farmhouse and Bernard took us over to our bungalow, which, being only a couple hundred meters down the road was an easy walk back to the camp.

The bungalow colony, which was called Les Tournesols du Gers (I'm sure that means something in French), reminded me of the cabins you still find on Cape Cod or in New Hampshire. There were about a dozen little stucco units overlooking a farm pond, well stocked with ducks, geese and fish, and backed by rolling farmland and woods. Very private and picturesque. Bernard introduced me to the manager, who spoke no English. This being August, all the units were rented; not only were we the only Americans here, I think we were the only Americans ever here. Our unit was cozy, but spacious enough for two, with a small bedroom, a bathroom having a tiny shower stall (but, of course, also a bidet), a water closet (the toilet), and a small living-dining-kitchenette room. At the front was a little roofed-over patio facing the pond, which proved very pleasant for petit dejeuner. It was also clear, that the standard of cleanliness in the French countryside was a good bit looser than we were accustomed to. But, we were here for a cultural experience.

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Tail Wagging

Ron Mann



I'm fairly certain there a few of you within eyeshot of my prose who were quietly gloating earlier this month. A wry smirk, an approving nod, nothing overt, except perhaps for a cackle or two with your more intimate friends. Perhaps you were one of the many who upon hearing the news rushed merrily to your keyboards, happily proclaiming to the entire internet that the age of darkness was finally at an end. The tyrant's reign ending, may his career rest in pieces. Not me. I shed a tear. The fall of the king bought no joy into my household. I'm equally certain that most of those who have lusted after his demise over these past fifteen seasons will, ten further hence, each lay claim to being his most ardent supporter.

I'll simply report I suffer no envy, no desire to denigrate his achievements, no sentiment other than supreme disappointment that I shall not again be able to witness his displays of genius against all comers. That he was ruthless is undeniable, that his machiavellian talent will never likely be exceeded in the generations to come, is

In those years I would read the stale reports of glory as reported by Road & Track. I became quite a fan of F1, if only at an extreme distance.

equally so. Rather, I am pleased with his flaws, for without them, he would have been too perfect. Without them, he could be easily dismissed as an aberration, a unfeeling Germanic racing mecha-noid. That I have had the opportunity to witness a significant portion of his reign has been special. That I have been able to do much of this with my young son at my side is beyond precious. And now I am incredibly sad that like all joyous moments on this ephemeral spinning globe, other than the very, very long shadow surely cast by his legacy, it is all about to come to dust.

To eulogize this loss, I find myself, not surprisingly, contemplating the past. As I've recollected previously in these pages, I still recall vividly my trip as a young boy to the Port of New York to collect my father's Lotus Elan. It remains a somewhat uncomfortable source of wonderment to me that such a simple collection of resin and aluminum alloy produced so brilliant an object and that so slight an apparatus could have had such a profound effect on my persona. If little red Lotus

set me down an alternate road, it was my father's second Elan, a 1967 SE, that prevented any hope of a retracing my steps back unto the land of the mundane. By that time, Lotus had won two world championships, and each Elan came with a shiny little badge on the front fender affixed just near the side markers to proudly announce this undeniably stellar achievement. "World Champion Car Constructors, 1963, 1965," it proclaimed. Although not yet a teenager, I was fully aware and utterly proud of the history associated with the makers of the diminutive roadster.

In those years, I would read the stale reports of glory as reported by *Road & Track*. I became quite a fan of F1, if only at an extreme distance. As an aside, today, it is a source of great pride not only to have driven at Watkins Glen, but to have stayed on occasion, at the Glen Motor Inn, places where my childhood heroes both drove and slept on the occasion of the USGP. Later, as a young man, the death of Colin Chapman, signaled a hiatus for the rabid devotion I had given to Formula One in my early years. The subsequent collapse of Team Lotus, the powerhouse that in those days held the most F1 wins of any manufacturer, the tiny group of fanatical geniuses who had allowed me to witness, if only second hand, the amazing skills of Sterling Moss, Jim Clark, Graham Hill, Emerson Fittipaldi,

Mario Andretti, Nigel Mansell and so many others, had left me with little to follow in the pages of Competition Press. It was evident that the glory days were clearly behind the little firm from Norwich and Hethel, and thus my interest in formula cars began to wane. When Senna departed and upon with his subsequent death at Imola, I forgot about F1 altogether.

In looking back, I suppose I can forgive myself for having missed the appearance of the man who ultimately would completely redefine the standards for the achievement of greatness in motor sport. I'd get the odd report now and again about the young phenom, but to be truly honest, my attention was elsewhere. At that moment I had just sold my two and half year old software company. As deals in those days were no where near as lucrative as those occurring less than a decade later, I was fully preoccupied with trying to earn the incentives that came along with the buyout and had little time to follow the sport as closely as I had in past seasons.

So, regrettably, not only did I miss his stint with Eddie Jordan, but I completely missed Michael Schumacher's first two championship seasons with Benetton-Ford. It wasn't until somewhere around the '96 season that my interest in F1 had rekindled. By then I was, relatively speaking, fat, dumb and happy, owned a Mondial Cab, and had a friend who lived in Chelmsford. The Ferrari and the Chelmsford connection were critical pieces, for at the time, although I had cable, Speedvision was not offered and the Lotus F1 effort had ceased. The Ferrari had forged new allegiances, and my friend, although a big Honda fan, was gracious enough to tape the races for me. It was through the tapes that I was first introduced to, as Mika Hakkinen put it, 'the Micheal's' incredible talent.

Where some will clearly feel his career is a tarnished one and debate its validity by focusing on the controversial moments, such as the Hill and Villeneuve incidents or the more recent debacle at Monaco, I prefer to recall the brilliant drives, particularly the incredible in and out laps that have so often propelled him to any number of his astonishing ninety, as of this writing, career wins. Yes, for some of those years, he had clearly superior machinery. But consider, in 2002, he was never off the

podium, with 11 wins, 5 seconds and but one third. And that was not his best. At age 35, he managed to amass eleven wins in the first twelve races and a record 148 points. It's perhaps an odd race to recall, but I'm particularly fond of his drive at Magny Cours that season. Clearly, the team's strategy had been flawed that day, and the hated Renault, well by me at least, piloted by the latest darling of the F1 set, Fernando Alonso, appeared to be headed to a win on their home soil. Yet somehow, by improvising and executing a flawless switch from three to four stops, he and the entire team ran, what to my mind was one of the most beautiful tactical races I will ever see and won with the young Spaniard finishing a close second. And for those of you who've never seen the BBC segment which includes some comparison data traces of the young Schumacher and his erstwhile teammate Johnny Herbert, if you have any interest in high performance driving at all, I beg you to go watch it. If you're a detractor, it might change your view.

It would seem that in recent times we have been either blessed or cursed, depending on your point of view, with an unusual crop of superlative and dominating athletes. No one

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Upshifting

Bruce Hauben



NER's final DE event at NHIS on September 11 was a fitting finale to a great season. The weather cooperated with a wonderful, cloudless, late summer day and other than a few mechanical breakdowns, everyone had a great time. Ira Porsche again stepped up and underwrote the event, many thanks to Ira Porsche and Dave Hazlett, who drove a new Cayman on the track, for their assistance. We welcome two new NER Instructors to our group, Michael Norek and Win Perry. They're both well seasoned track drivers and are doing a great job with their assigned students, congratulations Mike and Win.

The Track Committee is already hard at work on the 2007 season, trying to work out a schedule with the various tracks that will improve our DE program. We may be adding a new track or two to the schedule so stay tuned for ongoing updates as things gel.

Once again Joyce and I have recently returned from our tow to Road America, 18 hours each way. Yea, I know, many of you think of that as pure

Listening to the engineering involved in the project continually raising the question, "how did they do that in those days?"

drudgery, cooped up in a truck for all those hours, but I enjoy it. OK, I wouldn't want to do it every-day but six or seven times a year is a nice change of pace. Eighteen hours is actually the second or third longest tow and I include in this category Sebring, Daytona, CMP, VIR, Mid-Ohio and Mosport. The upside of these long hauls is that a trip to Watkins Glen or LCMT by comparison, now seems like nothing more than a daily commute. Yea, yea, if you want to think that it's analogous to beating your head against a brick wall because it feels so good when you stop, go ahead.

Anyway, it's one of our ways of seeing America, even if it is on interstates at 75-80 mph, and gives us ample time to 'solve the world's problems'. On this trip we were listening to David McCullough's "The Great Bridge", a fascinating story of the design and construction of the Brooklyn Bridge. It was conceived, designed, engineered and built by John Roebling, followed by his son Washington when John died, over a period of 50 years; finally opening in 1883. The Roeblings operated

the largest wire rope manufacturing company in America. At 6,016 feet long the bridge was four times longer than the previous longest suspension bridge at the time. The underwater work in the caissons was the first time 'the bends' were identified, though not yet given that name nor was the cause fully identified until years later. Medical inquiry into the workers' problems, mostly empirical, ultimately led to the advent of the decompression chamber. The Brooklyn Bridge brought with it many 'firsts'.

Listening to the engineering involved in the project continually raised the question, "how did they do that in those days" and our ensuing research to answer those questions when we got home. Many of you may have never seen a slide rule, but in fact that is what we used when I went to school. Based on logarithms which were developed during the period 1610-1615, slide rules were developed and became common in the late 1600s...hard to believe. The Brooklyn Bridge which is supported by four 16" cables

with 5,434 wires in each cable totaling 14,060 miles, with caissons 45' below water level and each anchorage weighing 60,000 tons was a mere \$15 million. In today's dollars that equates to only \$360 million. On opening day, May 24, 1883; 150,300 people walked across the bridge (Brooklyn had a

population of approximately 290,000 in 1883 and was the third largest city in America at the time) and 1,800 vehicles crossed the bridge. Today an average of 148,000 vehicles per week crosses the bridge. An amazing piece of engineering for it's time.

Back to our trip, you've probably see the map depicting the way New Englanders' view the USA, with nothing on the western side of the Hudson River. I confess that I need these trips to bring me back to reality. One of those parochial views has to do with manufacturing and the fact that America is no longer a manufacturing nation but one of service and research. Yes it's true that we ship wood to Asia to be converted to plywood and then shipped back to the states, and most steel is now manufactured in Asia as attested to by all the shuttered steel plants around the mid-West. Yet at the same time traversing Ohio and Indiana on Rte. 90 you see one manufacturing facility after another. And we actually counted trucks and cars for several minutes on the Indiana Turnpike

and found that 38% of all vehicles were long haul trailers and that fully 10% of those were 2 and 3 trailer rigs behind a single tractor. Things we're not accustomed to seeing in New England.

And something else we're not accustomed to experiencing in Massachusetts, and for that matter all of the northeast, are smooth highways. I was amazed traveling through Ohio and Indiana at how seamless the transitions were between highway and overpass pavement, and between patches and repairs and the basic highway. If you had your eyes closed you'd never know that you had crossed a bridge and gone over a patched area of highway. Here in good ol' MA, especially when towing a loaded trailer, when you go over a bridge you're afraid the transition bump is going to tear the entire hitch rig right off the undercarriage of your truck the bump is so bad. And patches, and not even to mention pot holes, but where the asphalt has delaminated from an older surface underneath, hell, it's so common that when you do find that rare stretch of good road it's so quiet all of a sudden you think you've lost your hearing.

That difference can't be blamed on weather as they have winters as severe as ours. And this is not rocket science, its road

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2006 Nominating Committee Report

Andy Jenks Nominating Committee Chair, reports that the following individuals are being proposed as candidates for the region's 2007 Board of Directors:

President: Bruce Hauben
VP Activities: Ron Mann
VP Admin: Win Perry
Secretary: Michelle Wang
Treasurer: Robert Cohen
Membership: John Bergen
Newsletter Editor Dave Weber

Should any region members wish to put their name in consideration for any of these positions in 2007 they should contact Andy at: AndyJ@swatchbox.com, or his committee members: Joyce Brinton at (978)952-8517 or Susana Weber at: Helmetheads@Porschenet.com.

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Calendar At A Glance

October

7-8 Zone 1 Autox @ Fort Devens
15 Garage Tour

November

12 Fall Rally
18 A Visit To Factory Five

December

2 Annual Dinner

NER's First Ever Garage Tour Sunday, October 15th Starting @ 9:00 AM

Nearly all of us have a garage, and some of us even have more than one. Mostly our garages are functional, often cluttered, and serve mainly to get our cars out of bad weather (when they aren't filled up with all kinds of "useful" junk). Some of us, however, have GARAGES, virtually temples to automotive passion, beautifully organized and fitted out. These kinds of garages have storage-systems, tool racks, lifts and all the goodies that make you actually want to work on your Porsche. Some of them also house some pretty cool cars!

Come join your friends from NER on an autumn morning's tour of some great garages in our own area. Tourmeister Steve Ross is setting up an agreeable back road romp from garage to garage. Autumn is the best season for driving in New England (and winter will be coming), so take advantage of this opportune tour. We will meet at 9:00 AM for morning coffee and pastries at Dave and Susana Weber's home in West Boxford, MA. After enjoying the Weber's hospitality and ogling their garage, Steve will provide us with directions to the remaining sites. After sampling the back roads, colorful foliage, and well-equipped garages north and west of Boston, we'll be heading south to our final destination in Needham (right off I95), the Great Garage Company.

Our hosts there will be Allen Frechter and Elizabeth Selders. Allen is the President and owner of the Great Garage Company which provides you with expert design, installation, and maintenance services for organizing your garage, mudroom, and other areas of your home. Allen is an authorized dealer for great products like StoreWall, ORG and HyLoft USA among others.

Elizabeth is President of Chaos to Calm and Staged™ by Selders. She is an Organizing Consultant & Accredited Staging Professional™ who works with business and residential clients in all areas of organization and preparing homes for sale. Elizabeth has been a life long car enthusiast, PCA member and volunteer for nearly 20 years. This gives her a unique perspective and flair for streamlining solutions for any garage organizing challenge.

Allen will be providing refreshments to relieve the hunger a road trip always induces, and showcasing components and systems that he has used to create some great garages for car enthusiasts. Club members will be able to see a range of storage solutions for garage walls, floors, and ceilings and view examples various GGC projects. Bring pictures, sketches, or descriptions of your own garage issues - Allen welcomes challenges! For those of us who are organizationally challenged with respect to our garages, Elizabeth will address these issues. She will provide great tips on how to start the process, analyze your needs and style, select storage options, tackle critter control, disposition of unused items and much more. If that were not enough, there will also be valuable door prizes & discounts!

This will be a fun and instructive morning's tour. You will have fun, meet friends and learn valuable and cost saving tips. See you there!

Reservations are not required for the Garage Tour, but if you have any questions, please contact Win Perry at (781) 933-5300 x 104 or (preferably) e-mail: wperry@winbro.com.

Directions

The Weber's address is: 14 West Parish Lane, West Boxford, MA.

From Boston area and points south of Boston: take Route 1 North pickup I-95 headed toward Maine. Exit onto Route 97 West toward Georgetown. Go left at the first stop light picking up Route 133 headed west. Continue for approximately 3 1/2 miles then take the first left after Washington Street onto Parish Lane.

From points west of Boston: take Route 128 North to I-93 North headed towards New Hampshire. Exit onto Route 125 going left off the ramp. Continue for 6 miles to the stop light at Route 114. Go left at that light then right at the next light. Continue straight picking up Route 133. Stay on Route 133 (goes right at one light) entering Boxford. Continue through West Boxford center for 1/4 mile. Turn right onto Parish Lane. □



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Farewell To Fall Tour

Sunday, November 12th

Join Charlie and Martha Dow for a "Farewell to Fall" tour on Sunday, November 12. We'll start at McDonald's on Route 27 in Acton just south of Route 111. Drivers meeting at 10:30AM, first car off at 11:00AM. The tour will follow back country roads through Acton, Littleton, Groton etc for about two hours, ending at the Oriental Delight restaurant in Maynard for a buffet lunch.

Apples will be available at several orchards along the way, and there should be some great deals on pumpkins. There is no entry fee for the tour. The buffet is \$11.95... tax and tip and beverages extra. If the weather is not ideal, winter cars are acceptable.

Join your PCA friends for a final fall drive before the snow flies!



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Cobras? I Thought This Was The Porsche Club - A Visit To Factory Five Racing Saturday, November 18th Starting @ 10:00 AM

Come journey south with NER to Buzzards Bay in Wareham, and experience what is surely Massachusetts' only active automobile factory. Factory Five Racing, Inc. Founded in 1995, and best known for its replica kits of the classic 1965 "Cobra" roadster, FFR is now the world's biggest manufacturer of replica sports cars. Owners Mark and Dave Smith are self-confessed totally obsessed car guys. For them, Factory Five Racing is much more than just a business; it's their dream come true. A company where they can share their love of high performance cars with like minded employees and customers.

Our visit and tour will be hosted by Dave Smith: company President, car and bike racer, and, by the way, long time owner of a Porsche 911. There will be a lot to view. We've all seen a Factory Five model 65 Mk III Roadster. Perhaps at an autocross, or just barreling down the highway. Now we'll have the opportunity to see these beauties up close and learn what's inside. In addition to the iconic Mk III, FFR has developed a number of other cars.

There is a spec-racer version of the roadster called the Challenge Series. These are raced by NASA in separate East and West Coast race series (culminating logically enough in a championship race at mid-Ohio). Following up these two related models is the Type 65 Coupe, an authentic looking but modernized version of the 1965 world champion GT car. Moving away from strict replica style, the Spyder GT combines a tubular frame and modern chassis in a more civilized package. This is evocative of certain Ferraris, but still its own design. Factory Five's newest design is the mid-engine GTM Supercar. This thoroughly modern car evokes right now, not the past. It departs from FFR past practice in that it mates a Corvette V8 to a Porsche 911 transaxle. From what I can see, the car is light, sleek, should go like hell, and looks terrific.

Our tour of Factory Five's 40,000 square foot home will start in the large showroom. Here, we can inspect all the different models including body-off examples showing off their frames, chassis, and drivetrains. The manufacturing area consists of a thoroughly modern welding area, a molding shop including computerized and robotic machines for making fiberglass body parts, and storage space for inventory. Next, we get to see how everything comes together in the chassis assembly area. Finally, the R&D area is the company playpen. We'll have to see if Dave will tell us about any of these future projects.

We should plan to arrive at Factory Five Racing by 10:00 AM. After some brief socializing over coffee, juices and light snacks, the tour will begin. The meeting should be over around 12:00 noon, leaving some time to explore Wareham's Buzzards Bay seafront and perhaps discover a local restaurant for lunch.

Reservations are not required for the Factory Five tour, but if you have any questions, please contact Win Perry at (781) 933-5300 x 104 or (preferably) e-mail: wperry@winbro.com.

Directions:

Factory Five Racing is located at 9 Tow Road, Wareham, MA 02751 in the southeastern corner of the state (an unaccustomed convenience for our South Shore and Rhode Island members). Telephone: 508-291-3443

From Route 128/I-95: From the west, take Rte 128/I-95 South continuing onto Rte 128/I-93N, or from Boston, Follow I-93 South as it becomes Rte 128N. Continue on Route 128 to Route 24 South. Take Rte 24 S to I-495 South (Exit 14) and go towards Cape Cod. Take I-195 West (Exit 1). Go about 1/2 mile to Exit 21, the Wareham exit and take Route 28 North (right). Take Tow Road, the second right (in front of Maxi-Gas on the right side of the road). This road is brand new and NOT well marked. You should not go more than half a mile from the highway or you've gone too far. Go to the end of the road, FFR is the last building on the right, clearly marked.

From Providence, RI: Take I-195 East towards Cape Cod. About 15 miles past New Bedford, take Exit 21, the Wareham exit and take Route 28 North (left). Take Tow Road, the second right (in front of Maxi-Gas on the right side of the road). This road is brand new and NOT well marked. You should not go more than half a mile from the highway or you've gone too far. Go to the end of the road, FFR is the last building on the right, clearly marked. □





2006 Annual Dinner Gala

Once again, it's time to join PCA friends, longtime and new to celebrate the conclusion of another great Porsche driving season. This year we'll be back at the elegant scene of last years dinner... The International in Bolton, Massachusetts. We'll dine and dance and toast the success of our fellow competitors and the region. The Paul Vic Express Trio will once again provide us with a great blend of music for dining and dancing. We'll start with a selection of hors d'oeuvres, beverages and the pleasant company of our fellow Porsche enthusiasts, of course. Our dinner will commence at **7 o'clock** with your choice of a beef or seafood entree, salad, warm rolls, and a tasty selection of vegetables and potatoes. The dinner choices are here from the new Chef at the International and they sound wonderful. Your choice of entree will be **Grilled Center Cut Filet Mignon, Paneeed Seared Fillet of Salmon or Herb-Grilled Chicken Bon Champi.**



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On The Road Again

Copy By Martha Dow

After driving from Sudbury Massachusetts to the 2006 Porsche Parade in Portland, Oregon in a speed yellow 2005 997, Charlie and I have a few questions to submit to next year's Tech Quiz author. (1) How many miles can one expect to get from a set of "Continental Contact 2 101ys"? (2) What is the name of the wonderful Porsche dealer in Orland Park Illinois? (3) When will the route around Chicago be finished? (5) Will our Porsche really run on slightly modified corn liquor?

We were two of the three members from the Northeast Region to attend the Parade, and we were driving, not trailering or flying, armed with a list of approved gasoline brands which had an ethanol content of 10% or less, a booklet of Porsche dealers, and the knowledge that 997's do not have a spare tire, because "when did you last have a flat?" We hoped that by taking the northern route, we might escape the worst of the record heat that was plaguing the country. The first day we had rain as we ran along the Erie Canal to Buffalo. The next day was the dreaded route around Chicago. We only saw only one car engulfed in flames, but the dashboard thermometer seemed stuck on 99 degrees. I wondered if it was able to pass 100 degrees. We learned the next day, in Bismarck, North Dakota, that it was quite capable as it zoomed past 110, finally coming to rest on 114.

One of our early goals was to pass through Glacier National Park. Unfortunately the local disc jockeys when they were not giving awe-struck readings of the temperature, were advising about the wildfires in Glacier with evacuations of campgrounds and lodges. That evening we discussed an alternate route with a couple of motorcycle guys from Kentucky. They said they had worked in West Africa for a number of years and this heat was nothing. Anyway that night a front came through, missing us with the quarter-sized hail, and bringing beautiful weather which continued for the next two weeks.

Montana is wheat and cow country; McDonald's burgers on the hoof. That much wide open country gives me panic attacks, and it doesn't seem to do much for the local psychology. Each little town had its own hand-lettered sign warning of the dangers of meth amphetamine. One with the outline of a dinosaur begged "Make Meth Extinct." Also no wide place in the road was without its espresso bar, and we passed a ranch named "The Cappuccino Cowboy Ranch and Spa." The "Brokeback Mountain" effect, no doubt.

We passed through the highly-caffeinated city of Seattle, nearly being run down by some elderly ladies racing through the downtown in their Scooter Chairs. Then it was on to Portland, to be greeted by old friends and settle into our hotel, which was so nice that no one wanted to leave. It served a bountiful free breakfast, and a happy hour that was almost a meal. It is called "The Oxford Suites" in case you are ever on the west coast. The Parade Committee had scheduled so many events, that it was impossible to do even half of them, but we insist on doing the

Concours and the Rally. The Concours means there is no escaping emptying out the car, vacuuming thoroughly, and searching on hands and knees with flashlight for hidden debris. I call it the CSI method. We needed the flashlight the next morning because we had to park on the golf course before dawn. After a day in the fresh air, admiring the cars and sipping free Starbucks frappaccinos is it any wonder that at the evening's banquet I slept through a number of speeches, and totally missed the announcement that we won a trophy for being third in class?

The rally took us 60 miles up the highway to Hood River and then brought us back through miles of apple, pear and cherry orchards. Whenever we looked up, there was Mount Hood, the icon of the Parade. Except there was a plume of smoke rising from the side of the mountain, rather like the plume of steam you see from Mount Saint Helens. By nightfall the plume of smoke was a full blown wildfire and Mount Hood disappeared for the rest of the week. Is it better to allow lumbering, or to watch trees burn?

All week people like concours judges and tech inspectors had been asking about our tires. We were down to the wear bars in the rear, even though we thought they were practically new. Better stop in Omaha or Des Moines and get some new rears they said. So on the way home, in Omaha we consulted our list of dealers and found our way to the address. They were no longer a Porsche dealer, but some left-over technicians swarmed around the car, and adopted it. If tires could be found, they would find them. Unfortunately I think we would have had better luck finding a spare kidney.

It was a joy to watch Greg punching the buttons on his telephone. The new guy in Omaha couldn't help us, De Moines had nothing, but Joe Rizza in Orland Park Illinois thought he could pry a set out of The Tire Rack. All he had to do was say the car was already "down." It took much cell phoning and a warning from a concerned man at a gas station "did we know we were riding on the cords? I don't want that nice car to have a problem." Neighborliness is still alive and well in America. Thanks to all those people who wished us luck, it worked. I have never seen anything as beautiful as the Porsche shield in Orland Park; we got our new tires and were sent on our way. We want to go to the Parade in San Diego next year, but we are talking about flying. □



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Things I Didn't Know About Portland

Copy & Photos By Jon Baron

My sister Eleanor lives in Portland, Oregon and for a couple of years now she's been inviting me to visit her and her husband Mike. She said she'd show me all the high and low points, literally and figuratively, and maybe I'd get a great cup of coffee while I'm at it. Well, anyone who knows me knows that I'm more than willing to travel 3,000 miles for a caffeine fix. But wait, doesn't it rain out there all the time?

I can't remember how I first learned that the 2006 Porsche Parade was going to be held in Oregon. What I *do* remember was thinking that this is going to be one soggy get-together for those hardy few who decide to go. I had images in my head of slippery race tracks and strained smiles on the faces of people who owned cars I can only dream about. Then, in about as much time as it took to type "Portland" into Google, I learned that I was dead wrong about the weather out there. I also learned that Eleanor and Mike had the good taste to buy a really nice house just 13.5 miles from the Herron Lakes golf course, site of the Concours event to be held that week. I quickly emailed Eleanor with a simple question: "What are you doing in August?"

For someone whose interest in Porsche goes back as far as September 30, 1955, it's hard to understand why it took me so long to finally go to one of the annual Porsche Parades. Sure, I've been to lots of events that featured Porsches. I never miss the German Car Day or PorscheFest events at the Museum of

Transportation in Brookline and I always went to the Castle Hill Concours d'Elegance. (Once upon a time in Ipswich, after carefully looking both ways, I gently touched a *real*, aluminum bodied 550 Spyder. I haven't washed that hand since.)

Last February, I made our flight reservations for an August 5th, 7:46 am departure from Logan. I then sat back with a great deal of satisfaction and... waited. Because of work obligations I had to limit my time in Oregon to only five days; otherwise I would have driven the Boxster S instead of taking the coward's way out. As it turns out, for a while I thought I might have made better time on the ground.

My wife and I got up *really* early when the day finally arrived and we did the Logan Express thing. That, as it turns out, was the last time anything went right that entire day. We got to the airport in plenty of time but as we approached the gate we noticed a flock of angry people walking in the opposite direction yelling into their cell phones. That's *never* a good sign. The flight to Portland via Chicago we thought we where going to take had been delayed two hours. We eventually arranged for a flight via San Francisco that got us to our destination 8 hours later than originally expected. (By the way, does anyone else think that the guy on Alaska Air's tail section looks deranged?) Anyway, I suppose it could have been worse but the reason for the delay in Boston was a broken Pilot's seat! Now what would

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A uniquely equipped Cayman



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PORSCHE



Porsche tractor

Lewis and Clark have done in this situation?

But wait, the fun had only just begun. I must have been feeling especially cheap in February (blame it on the cost of heating oil) because I'd reserved a compact car rental. When I got to the rental shop in Portland I was told I'd find my ride in "slot B-7". It wasn't there. "Well, take what's in B-8" they said. I found yet another car in stealth mode. They then asked me if I'd like to be upgraded to a mid-size. I was tempted to say "Sure, beats the Hell out of being downgraded to walking!" but since my wife was standing right there, I just said "Sure".

That car had a very flat tire.

We made the last leg of this Epic-to-Eleanor's in a full sized Chevy Impala LT. James Dean would have been ashamed of me but then I figured what the Hell, Jack Kerouac would have approved.

I fell in love with Portland. The feel in and around this city is relaxed and easy-going with just the right amount of goofiness. I saw a bumper sticker on a car that said "Keep Portland Weird"; when I told Eleanor about it she laughed and said "Oh yea, out here, if you're weird, put it on your resume!". The weather was cool and dry and the streets so clean and well paved you'd think Disney had a hand in it and get this: friendly, polite people who seem to know how to drive! More about this later...

On Monday we took Germantown Road to the show. This has to be the most amusing road I've ever driven on in my life. My ears popped several times as we went up and over this no-name hill. My head was spinning from all the steeply banked twists and turns on what would have been considered a serious mountain road in New England. At one point I looked over at the wife with a big grin on my face and noticed she was as pale as a ghost. I got the message, narrowly avoided a dope-slap, and slowed down.

Finally, we arrived and it was worth the wait. To paraphrase Will Rogers: "I never met a Porsche I didn't like". Gunnar Racing's Kevin Jeannette lead an "Inter-active presentation" on the main stage. He pointed out that the odd colored 1973 911 RS Tour-

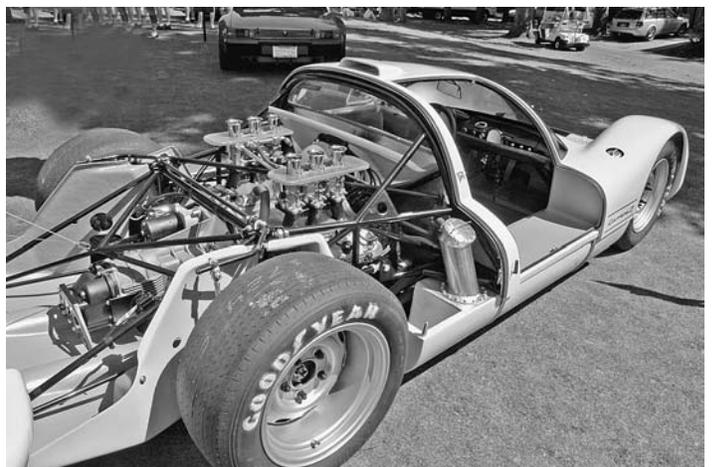


Sally Carrera - from the movie "Cars"

ing (number 49) on display, was not a fashion victim but one of 16 painted in the color "Lilac" at the factory and without the "Carrera" side stripes. I always thought the "RS" I'd get if I won "The Big One" would have to be white but this classic 911 was beautiful and perfect.

I've always loved the mid-engined Porsches and there were a few at the show, most with the doors wide open but, unfortunately, no keys in the ignition. I was miffed. Of course there was a jaw dropping Carrera GT on the "Main Stage" but I saw three of them parked on the lawn before I even got there. (Speaking of lawn ornaments, I did a double-take when I saw a Cayman S displayed on the links with a Porsche bike mounted on top.)

A bright yellow 906 (Carrera 6) drew quite a crowd. I fantasized about showing up at a class-reunion in it. Unfortunately, in my paranoid fantasy, I was trailed by a convoy of police cars while driving the speed limit. It's hard to believe anyone could get away with driving one of these on a public roadway, even back in the day. I also doubt that these cars had any chrome on the engines when they left the factory but this one sure did.



An immaculate yellow 906

Talk about “back in the day”; back in the 70’s I had a 914-4 and I loved it despite the fact that it didn’t love me. Sitting right next to the snazzy 906 that everyone else was drooling over was a real live 914-6 GT. This Humphrey Bogart surrounded by an army of Brad Pitts looked like it had just come off a race track. (A pit stop? Oh man, I’m *really* sorry about that.)

Several years ago I read an article about some guy who had chopped up a 911 Cabriolet and called it a “911 Spyder” Well it was at the show and it’s the only serious exception to my “I never met a Porsche...” statement. This is the first time in my life I’ve ever placed “Butt-ugly” and “Porsche” in the same sentence. The too-thin triangular roll bars looked like giant coat hangers!

Porsche Diesel. Now *there’s* another un-common combination for you! I got a kick out of the collection of Porsche tractors that where prominently featured; they where beautiful in their own form-follows-function manner.

I was very surprised that there where no 904s or 550 Spyderys at the event but I shouldn’t complain. I *did* get to see one of the most outrageous Porsches on the face of the Earth. Right next to the beautiful, and almost completely ignored, 911 Club Coupe was Sally Carrera, the 3-D version of the character in Disney/Pixar’s animation “Cars”. Of all the cars I saw that day, this was the only one I had trouble getting a clear view of. Both kids and adults alike where lining up to have their pictures taken next to it, excuse me, next to *her*. A couple of people actually tried to open the door and get in. You really didn’t have to look very closely to see that “This dog don’t hunt”. The original 996 beneath Sally’s odd exterior was apparently damaged in transit and subsequently demoted by Porsche to mechanic’s demo

status until its recent cartoon reincarnation.

The day after the Concours D’Elegance, we decided to drive west on Route 26 over the Coastal Range to Cannon Beach. (I felt that this was a wise move. My wife had threatened to ax murder me in my sleep if she found out we had flown all the way across the country just to look at cars.) I didn’t think the real fun of driving that day would begin until we got to Route 101 along the coast, but again, I was wrong. This mountainous highway is where I caught Oregon’s drivers in the act of being themselves. The road was wide, well maintained and logically laid-out and believe me, everyone took full advantage. At times the prevailing speed was between 70 to 80 MPH! There wasn’t an awful lot of traffic, I’ll admit, but I caught up to a few cars and a few caught up to me. Still, nobody blocked the passing lane and therefore nobody felt the need to pass on the right. I didn’t hear one horn blast or see a single “hand gesture”. Also, the use of turn signals is *not* considered a sign of weakness in Oregon. I stopped at a Union 76 gas station and talked with the attendant while he filled the tank. (You don’t pump your own gas in Oregon.) I told him how *extremely* impressed I was with the *great* driving skills of the local folk. He looked at me like I was crazy for a moment and said “You must be *greatly* exaggerating or *extremely* lucky because there’ve been six fatalities on this road in the last month.” He then clicked the pump handle 5 or 6 time to top it off. I slowly pulled onto the road and stayed in the right lane, hoping nobody tossed a cigarette, at least not until the side of the car had dried out.

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914-6 GT race car

Pebble Beach

Copy By Rich Sofka, Photos By Eileen Crowley-Sofka

"So, what would you like to do for your birthday?"
After some thought, "Go to the Pebble Beach Concours."

"What?"

"Pebble Beach Concours d'Elegance."

"What? Really? Ok."

Ten years ago the California trip started with a long weekend in Monterey attending the Pebble Beach Concours d'Elegance. The vacation has expanded from a weekend to ten days over the nine years we have attended. Going to various locations in the state; Mendocino to the north, hiking in Yosemite to the east, and visiting the Hearst Castle in San Simeon to the south. A number of places in between, but culminating at Pebble Beach.

This year the trip takes us to San Francisco for a few days, back up to the Little River Inn near Mendocino, and to the Martine Inn in Pacific Grove. Travel by air is a bit stressful this year after the liquid chemical threats. But we endure the additional security at the airport thinking that more security is better than less.

Prior to checking in to the hotel we opt for lunch at the Ferry Building on the Embarcadero. Convenient parking leads to a

\$60 parking ticket. Welcome to San Francisco! Didn't see the tow zone sign that went in to effect after 3:00pm. The lovely folks were towing the Mercedes parked in front of us; we were next! Fortunately we got off with just the ticket and did not have to track down our car with all of the luggage in the trunk. That would have been a nightmare. I wonder if anything would have been missing.

The next few days have us in San Francisco and then on to Little River, which is near Mendocino. The first few days we explore San Francisco making a stop at the Filoli House and Gardens in Woodside. Filoli was a private residence until 1975 when it was donated to the National Trust of Historic Preservation. It contains 16 acres of formal gardens for viewing and also the main house.

Our work is done here in San Francisco. It's off to Little River with a side trip to Napa Valley for a quick stop for lunch at Bouchon in Yountville. Picking up the Silverado Trail will bypass the main Napa Valley traffic and speed us along to Calistoga where we will pick up Rt. 128. 128 is one of my favorite roads to travel through northern part of Napa Valley and the Russian River Valley of wine country. Just before we get to Geyserville,



A spectacular Voisin



Porsche Speedster from Connecticut

Eileen notices a sign that states "seek alternate routes Russian River bridge out". Forgot about the floods they had the past winter.

Rt. 128 connects with the Redwood Highway (Rt.101) for a few miles before splitting off again in Cloverdale. Sixty miles or so from Cloverdale to Albion is a beautiful ride. Picture an endless open road course with sharp turns, elevation changes, speed picking up, working toward more gradual turns, elevation changes, finishing with a rush through the "small" Navarro redwoods before getting to the coast and Rt.1.

Thursday we head on down to Monterey, specifically Pacific Grove, for the weekend of cars. Pick up Rt.1 in San Francisco for a ride along the coast. Elephant seals at the Año Nuevo State



A prime example of the featured marque - Delahaye



Another Delahaye

Reserve are worth a stop in Pescadero. We will be staying at the Martine Inn for the first time. Don Martine is the owner of the inn who races a MG during the historical races held on the weekend at Mazda Raceway (Laguna Seca to you older folks). Don has a collection of vintage MG's on the property which they encourage people to look at. This year the historical race featured Coopers. As a bonus Ricardo Zonta, who set a track record during a demonstration run, drove the new Toyota F1 car.

On Saturday we're off to Carmel Valley and the Bernardus Lodge and Winery. At the winery I noticed a picture of a RSR in the lobby. The owner is Ben Pon who raced for Porsche in the 60's at LeMans driving Abarth Carreras, 904's, 906's, and an F1 in the Grand Prix of Holland. Lunch is in the Wickets dining room at the Lodge. They have on display two walls of pictures of his driving time with Porsche. Neat stuff; and who knew.

After lunch our trip leads us to the Blackhawk Exhibition, which is held near the equestrian center in Pebble Beach. Interesting cars for sale, if you have a good line of credit. The Automotive Fine Arts Society holds their art exhibition near the 18th green of the Pebble Beach Golf Course. If you like automotive art consisting of paintings and sculptures, this is a must see.

This year was the 56th Concours d'Elegance featuring the marques of Delahaye and Voisin. The pre-war art deco designs of Figoni & Falaschi are in my opinion works of art. We have a print in our living room of a 1939 Delahaye 165 Figoni & Falaschi Cabriolet. It was a pleasure to see the actual car, which is owned by Peter and Merle Mullin. The best in show car this year was a 1931 Daimler Double-Six 50 Corsica Drophead Coupe.

Also shown were cars that had raced through the forest of Pebble Beach before the races moved to Laguna Seca. One of the exhibited cars was a 1954 Porsche Reutter Speedster from Connecticut.

If you like vintage cars, concept cars, and art, this is an event that should be seen at least once. Most of the major auction houses are there as well. An interesting Porsche being auctioned by RM Auctions was a 1953 American Roadster. It did not sell at \$700,000.

Don't miss the next club meeting at Paul Russell and Company to whet your appetite. □

My Day At The Track In A Family Sedan

Copy By Will Herman

After years of being badgered (well, encouraged may be a better word) by friends about attending various club track events, I recently succumbed to their tempting descriptions and attended my first driver education event at NHIS (New Hampshire International Speedway). My tried and true excuses about time, distance and not having the appropriate vehicle had virtually all been addressed with some early planning, my proximity to the track and my relatively recent acquisition of a four-door Mercedes sedan.

"What? You're taking that car out on the track?" is a refrain I heard frequently as I prepared for my first real driving experience. While a friend involved with the Club told me it would be cool, the few comments I got from others combined with the staring and pointing as I arrived at the track added to the nervousness and apprehension I already had concerning the day. I was already worried that I might hurt myself or someone else or perhaps, and more likely, bend my car. Now, people that know way more than me were implying that I might be a few cards short of a whole deck. They had the look of people about to watch a dare-devil about to perform a death-defying stunt – there's entertainment value in success or failure. Maybe a bit more in failure ...

To be fair, the family sedan I refer to is a 2006 Mercedes CLS55 AMG. While it's certainly not a huge car, it needed most of its 460+ horsepower to motivate its 4,500 pounds of girth around the track. It also didn't hurt that the car has front brake discs the size of large serving platters to slow the beast when needed. While it certainly was far from as nimble as the Boxsters, Caymans or even 911s on the track, it had capabilities well ahead of those of its driver (me) and was a lot of fun.

In the end and, as usual, all the energy wasted on nervousness and concern about my car turned out to be silly. The entire experience was great. I didn't hurt anyone, at least not physically, and my car's frame and sheetmetal have the same creases and bends they arrived at the track with. The people of the Northeast Region (NER) of the Porsche Club of America (PCA) were all great – not only nice, but incredibly interested in making high-performance driving more accessible and safe to anyone interested.

All that said, as a newbie to the sport, there are things that I wish I knew or understood better before I attended my first DE (Driver's Education) event. Most of the important stuff is covered in various documents on the NER web site, especially the article titled, "*What to Bring to Your First Driver Ed Event.*" Being a slow learner, though, I didn't get my head around all the documents (there are many) and, there's nothing like experience as a teacher. Here's what I learned that might be of value to other first-timers at DE events:

First, the general stuff ...

* The Car – As far as I can tell, there's not a list of appropriate vehicles for DE events. This is what made me a bit apprehensive

about bringing my current vehicle (not a Porsche; a sedan; a "luxury car"; etc.) to the event. It's probably difficult to completely define. Being that safety and education are the top priorities, though, my thought is that a Suburban, Hummer, El Dorado or Town Car might be questionable choices. It's a sporting event and a sports car with decent handling and braking represent a reasonable minimum of qualifications for you to learn and be safe. See the NER web site for restrictions on seat belts, convertible tops and noise. The cars at the event I attended included a variety of Porsches, of course (Boxsters with tops down and Caymans included), Miatas, BMW 3 and 5-series cars, a Mustang (non-stock), an Acura RSX and a Noble, among others.

* Run Groups – I didn't quite get this before attending, but each driver is placed in a run group with other drivers with similar capabilities. As a novice (a complete virgin, actually), I was placed in the Green Run Group. Surprisingly, there were a couple of others in the run group completely new to the activity. Most had been to one or more DE events before, but had not yet gained the required proficiency on the track to move to the next run group (determined by an instructor). In the Green Run Group (as with a couple of the other run groups), drivers are not allowed on the track without an instructor in the car. In my case, the instructor drove me around the track for a couple of laps explaining the line (the optimal path around the track) and how to drive it. This worked out great for me. By the time I was behind the wheel, I was already feeling more comfortable. The whole setup – run group of people with similar capabilities; instructor in car; preview laps and so forth – works out very nicely.

* Time on the Track - Each run group gets four 20-minute sessions on the track. This may not sound like much and it's amazing how fast each session seems to go, but it's actually a lot of time. I was able to see reasonable improvement during each session on the track and I was physically tired at the end of the day. My instructor also took me out during one of his sessions, making it 5 sessions I was on the track that day. There is some waiting around for sure, but more often, I found the time between sessions a good time to reflect on the previous run and go over the very long list of things I did wrong and wanted to correct during my next run.

* Flagging – Flagging is the process for monitoring all the corners of the track and using flags to indicate if and when there is a problem ahead that a driver may not be able to see in time. Run groups that are not driving during a particular session at NHIS (NHIS is the only track where drivers flag – professional flaggers are hired at other, larger tracks) are responsible for flagging. The flags are documented here, on the NER website. There are a lot of flags and you should familiarize yourself with them prior to your DE visit to NHIS, but don't sweat it. If it's your first

time, you're not likely to be left alone with the responsibility (although I was) and you'll be instructed what to do and when at the track. You won't even make the decision to display most of the flags – you'll be radioed by a central control person who will tell you what to do when it needs to be done. As a side benefit, you get to see a lot of good driver right by the track.

* Instructors – I certainly have very limited experience with DE instructors, but my experience with my instructor was terrific. Considering these people have no idea if a new student is a complete whacko or has the reaction time of a slug, they are literally putting their lives in the hands of novice and, perhaps, even dangerous drivers. Even so, if my experience is any indication, they go out there and willingly share of their wisdom while the driver is pushing his/her vehicle harder than ever before. While my instructor's fingerprints are now indelibly pressed into the leather of my passenger door handle, he always remained calm and nicely walked the line between critical feedback and encouragement. I'm pretty sure that if I was the one in his seat, I would not have exhibited his nerves of steel and my clenched teeth would have kept me from saying much.

* Hand Signals – This is only deserving of its own section because it may be of particular interest to complete novices. I know it was for me. DE events are just that – Driver Education events. They are not races and no one keeps track of who finishes in what order. I found myself so focused on executing the correct line around the track that I can't even remember how many laps I finished in each of my sessions let alone where I stood with respect to anyone else on the track. That's the way it's supposed to be. One of the devices that keep the DE event so safe and manageable for novices is that cars are not allowed to pass each other without the lead car explicitly signaling that the trailing car may pass and on which side that pass takes place. This is done through hand signals. Using his/her left arm, the driver of the lead car points left for the trailing driver to pass on the left and points over the car (toward the passenger side) if he/she is permitting a pass on the right. Otherwise, no passing is permitted. Plain, simple and smart.

Now on to more specific stuff . . .

Prior to showing up at your first DE event, read everything you can on the website. I'd suggest you print it out (it's not volumes – just a handful of pages) and bring it with you for quick reference. It came in handy for me several times. Aside from the clearly laid out info on the site, here are some additional things I learned:

* Signing up for the event (DE events listed here) is not as automated as we've all gotten used to on the web. Manually filled out forms and checks are still required. Aside from actually having to use a pen and a stamp, though, the process is completely

painless and surprisingly fast. After getting conformation that your application was received, you can look on the web site (at the same location where you got information for the particular event) to see the initial run groups. Again, I have limited experience here, but I found myself waitlisted. Apparently, this happens frequently since instructors generally sign up late. A few weeks before the event, you'll receive an email with the final run groups and with your instructor's name assuming, of course, enough instructors have signed up. I got an email from my instructor introducing himself and asking if I had any questions before the event – very reassuring.

* While I waited until the last minute to do it, you should have a tech inspection done a couple of weeks before the event. The tech inspection makes sure that your vehicle is track-ready. In my case, everything looked good (it's a pretty new car) and I only needed to bleed my brakes, which the guy who did the tech inspection did for me while I waited. I also needed a new tire and scrambled to find a matching one the day before the scheduled inspection. If your car is a bit older or suspect in any way, you want to find out the problems early so they can be addressed before the event. If everything looks good, the tech inspector fills out the form and stamps it. There is a list of NER approved tech inspectors here. There is also a brief tech inspection prior to the start of the day at the track that involves looking over your car; checking the torque on your wheels; making sure that you're not running with open headers, deafening the neighbors; and so forth.

* For the novice, there's not a ton of stuff you need to bring on the day of the event. Think ahead of time about the big stuff, though, like your helmet. Helmet specs are here, in the Driver Apparel section. I used my motorcycle helmet, a Snell M2000 approved helmet. This is good for NER until 2010. If you don't have a helmet, start the process of getting one early – they're not sold everywhere. You'll also need appropriate clothing. This is pretty easy. I wore sneakers (the thinner the sole the better, but not a huge deal for novices), jeans and a long-sleeve t-shirt. I was in pretty good company. I brought a lot of water and some food, which came in handy even though the snack shack at the track was open. I also brought a big bag so I could shove everything loose in my car somewhere out of the elements while I drove. The only other thing I brought was shoe polish to put numbers on my car (the number is given to you with the run group assignment – it needs to be on the sides and on the front). That's it and I was fine. While that was all I needed it wasn't everything I could have used. More on that later.

* When you show up at the entrance of the track, cars will be lined up waiting to get in. Get out of your car and go to the

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registration desk. At the desk, you will sign away all your rights and accept responsibility for everything you screw up ... you know, the usual waivers. You'll get a detailed schedule for the day. Keep this with you. You'll end up referring to it often. You'll also have your hand stamped and will be given a wrist band the same color as your run group. The wrist band goes around your left wrist. No one told me that, but it's a harder to stick your right wrist out the window to show it to people than it is to do the same with your left – at least in this country. Duh.

* After checking in, you'll drive to the paddock – just follow the other cars. When you get there, you're likely to have pangs of anxiety as various people are unloading their exceedingly nice track vehicles off their well-equipped trailers. Others, with less equipment, will be unloading their track tires and jacks from the back of their cars to prepare for their runs. Don't worry. There are all shapes and sizes at these events and there are other people who have their daily-driver with street tires at the event just like you do.

* The only preparation that I had to do for my car other than unload all the garbage I had in it that could impale someone in the car while driving around the track, was to put numbers on it. I used white shoe polish to do so. Numbers on the rear passenger windows on each side of the car and high up on the driver's side of the windshield. Some say to use duct tape, but that stuff is pretty sticky and, since it wasn't raining, shoe polish was easy and did the trick just fine. Even though I had checked the torque on my tires the day before I came to the track, I had wished I had brought my torque wrench. It wasn't a big deal and I'm sure someone would have happily lent me one, but I would have liked to check it myself. During tech inspection, they do a quick check on them anyway. If you don't have a torque wrench, don't worry about it.

* When you're ready, drive the car over to the tech inspection area where you'll hand the inspector your stamped and signed tech inspection form that you took care of before the event (right?). At that time, you'll be asked a few questions; a few stickers will be put on your car, including the color of your run group; and the inspector will look under the hood and check the torque of your wheels. Easy 'nuff.

* There will then be a general driver's meeting that will go over the process for the day, flags (what they mean), hand signals, etc. There will then be a novice meeting (Green and Yellow Run Groups) that spends more time on novice stuff. Virtually everything in this meeting, which is relatively short, reinforces what you've already read on the web site. There are plenty of opportunities to ask questions and members are more than happy to give you as detailed an answer as you're looking for.

* After the meeting, I suggest you find your instructor if he/she hasn't hunted you down already. The list of run groups will indicate your instructor's car number, make and model. He/she should be pretty easy to find. My instructor reviewed the day and asked if I had any questions. We talked for while, getting to know each other and before I knew it, it was time to get in line for my first session on the track.

* Run groups start moving into the pits in preparation for their run as soon as the previous run group is on the track. There is plenty of notice and warnings given – you'd have to ignore every announcement to miss anything and that would be very difficult. That time in the car is also a good time to discuss the next run with your instructor to remind yourself what you need to focus on. If you're a complete novice, like me, your instructor will take the wheel of your car for the first couple of laps in your first run to show you the ropes. He/she will then pull the car into the pits and you'll get into the driver's seat. I'm pretty sure I did nothing right in my first run. Thankfully, no one was hurt and I lived to learn from the experience. As I mentioned earlier, I felt I improved steadily in each run throughout the day, though. I changed from being nervous about the overall experience to being anxious and excited about getting my next run started. After each run, I spent a few minutes reviewing the run with the instructor. This helped solidify what he was saying on the track. Some of which got quickly forgotten because of the intensity of the driving experience.

* At NHIS, where NER does its own flagging, the day ends in a flagging assignment for the Green Run Group. While it's not difficult, you're tired after all the intensity of the day and there you have a big responsibility to the other drivers and overall safety on the track. Having not carefully looked at the schedule, I didn't realize that I was going to be flagging for 4 run groups, or 1 hour and 20 minutes. Thankfully, I brought a bottle of water and went to the bathroom ahead of time. Next time I'll also bring a snack, suntan lotion and some more water.

* Finally, at the end of the day, there's clean-up and departure. As I tried to remove the numbers and stickers from my car, I realized that I was ill-equipped. I had window cleaning wipes, but I really needed a bottle of window cleaner and a real cotton or micro-fiber cloth to scrub the shoe polish off the windows. Adhesive solvent would have helped with the stickers to which, as far as I could tell, were applied with superglue.

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Miscellaneous Rambling At PorscheFest 2006

Copy By Win Perry, Photos By Dave Weber

As I turned into the entrance drive of the Larz Anderson Park a few minutes before 10:00 AM, I was facing an entire field covered in Porsches, glistening in the bright sunlight of a lovely late summer's day. Despite being on NER's Board, I was a PorscheFest novice, here for the very first time. The lawn in front of the Museum of Transportation was thoroughly covered in cars grouped more or less by model type, and owners could be seen putting a final polishing on their cars in preparation for NER's annual Concour's d'Elegance. Being overwhelmed with the abundance of cars and activity, I decided to just circulate around the event and see what I could discover. So, in homage to John Bond's long Running column in *Road & Track* (I'm dating myself), here is an account of my miscellaneous ramble through PorscheFest 2006. As a total concours novice, I have little knowledge or appreciation of the finer points of such an event. However, as a car nut, I had a great time and I hope I can provide some of the flavor of being there. So, in no particular order, here goes:

There were an impressive variety of Porsches present. My unofficial, and surely approximate count came up with one 550 Spyder (a well crafted Beck replica), five 356's, one 914 (come on 914 fans, I know there are more of you out there), four 944/968's, eight Boxsters, thirty-two (!) 928's and over forty 911's from all periods (I lost count). *Note: the official count was 91 cars!*

Being blown away by the 928 turn out, I was directed to Dave Lloyd, head of the 928 Club, who had orchestrated the turn out.



928 winners with their prints - Dave Lloyd (center) organized their visit

Dave has a yellow 928 race car. This is the real thing: stripped out, caged, lowered and aero'ed. Listening in on 928 club members talking, there seemed to be a difference of opinion. Some felt that they had the only real Porsches; the rest of us were driving Volkswagen derivatives. Others talked about driving their Stuttgart Corvettes. Everyone, however, showed great enthusiasm for what is undeniably one of the all time great GT's.

Next, my eye was attracted to the gleaming 2005 Carrera 997 of Charlie and Martha Dow. This is the Dow's 19th Porsche! And it definitely gets driven; for the 2006 Parade in Portland Oregon, Charlie and Martha put on 7,600 miles in three weeks (and sur-



Don & Kathy Plant with their latest acquisition - a '75 914 with only 12,000 miles



Full class competitors with their trophies

vived 114° temperatures in Bismarck North Dakota on route). There was quite a buzz around a gleaming (yes, I should use more synonyms, but these cars really did gleam) white 1994 3.6 Turbo owned by Rick Gilbert. Rick has only had this beauty about six months. The red leather interior is to die for.

Tom Tate was there with his newly acquired red 1957 Speedster. This latest project of Tom's is complete now; and if you've always wanted to own a Speedster, talk to Tom. Nearby were several race cars. Again, displaying my concours ignorance, I was attracted to two somewhat grotty racers, rather than the eventual class winner. Kevin Salzman of Randolph racing was showing a red



Park & Wipe winners - Charlie Learoyd & Jon Barron

1986 930 (which had apparently just taken FTD at the last NER autocross). Steve Keneally was showing a really mean 1994 RS America (if you could still call it that). Racing in GT1S, this car

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A perfect shine on a very nice Porsche

Class	Last Name	First Name	Model	Year	Place
Best In Show	Laramee	Brian	944	1988	
Full	914/Boxster				
	Plant	Don & Kathy	914	1975	1
	Soares	Paul	Boxster S	2003	2
Full	911 thru 1989				
	Whooten	Paul & Joanne	911 Turbo	1986	1
	Magnussen	Karl	911 Targa	1985	2
	Lappin	Mark	911T	1970	3
Full	911 1990-2006				
	Fettig	Michael	997 C4S	2006	1
	Dow	Charlie & Martha	997	2005	2
	Owen	Alex	993 C4S	1996	3
	Fish	Scott	964	1994	4
	Camuzzi	Gian	993 Turbo	1997	5
Full	944				
	Laramee	Brian	944	1988	1
	Ecker	Mark	944 Turbo	1988	2



Tom Couglin's '55 356 Continental

now has a 450 HP turbocharged engine, a 6-speed sequential gearbox, all carbon-kevlar bodywork, including a front end so low it was surely mowing the grass on Larz's lawn.

While I was wandering around, event organizer Kim Saal was organizing the participants and judges. Kim was a bundle of



Paul & Joanne Whotten with their winning '86 911 Turbo

purposeful energy, and as he was calling out numbers to gather the different groups of exhibitors, I could imagine him as an auctioneer. Although this is a far from exhaustive list, other NER members who were working hard to make this event run included: Susana and Dave Weber (numerous jobs including the NER store and event photographer), Steve Ross (Registration



Tania & Jack Deary came prepared with a nice picnic lunch. Their '87 911 Targa is in the background.



Thirty-two 928's from the Shark Attack were highlights of the show

and Park & Wipe Judge), Tom Tate (lawn placement) and George

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Markley (Head Judge). My apologies to those I missed; these observations are indeed based on my random ramble.

Trying to escape the now intense sun, I found a group of new Porsche's under the shade of some trees. I couldn't miss the brand new 997 Twin Turbo of Victor Spi-



You are never too young to learn how to clean!

Class	Last Name	First Name	Model	Year	Place
Top					
	Gilbert	Rick	911 Turbo	1994	1
	Steve	Cliff	994 C4S	2002	2
	Campbell	Tom	996	2001	3
	Glaropoulos	Chris	928	1990	4
	Kruipers	Peter & Kristin	993 C4	1995	5
	Nerney	Bill	964 C4	1994	6
	Coughlin	Tom	356 Continental	1955	7
	Hirshberg	Jay	997 C2S	2006	8
	Day	Larry	356	1963	9
	Russo	Joan	968	1992	10
	Polk	Marc	911Sc	1982	11
	DiNatale	Anthony	Boxster	1999	12
	Steve	Karen	Boxster S	2000	13
	Perusich	Carl	968	1992	14
	Caswell	Bruce	911 SC Cab	1983	15
	Deary	Jack	911 Targa	1987	16
	Ono	Mitsunori	962	1992	17
	Maynard	Dave	930 Cab	1987	18
	Glaropoulos	Bill	928	1985	19
	Vannasse	Henry	928	1983	20
	Sternlicht	Andrew	964	1991	21



Rick Gilbert's Top Only winning limited production '94 911 Turbo

vak. This GT silver monster is the first TT delivered to Massachusetts, and it is loaded. With the locking differential and the sport chrono with overboost, it must fly. But Victor drives it every day and says it's a great highway car. For a change of pace, I spotted Phil Brzezinski's 1968 green 911T. This has the rare sportomatic transmission, and is pretty much all-original. As in: original paint, original carpets, even the original rubber bungee cord holding down the battery.

On the other side of the field, there were two tents set up by event sponsors AT Cross and the Otto Club. We are all familiar with the fine pens of AT Cross. In addition to their writing instruments, Cross was showing off a new line of leather goods designed with an autocross theme. The Otto Club describes itself as an alternative to automotive ownership. As an enticement to joining this private club, they brought in an intruder: a

bright yellow sharp edged V-10 missile of a Lamborghini Gallardo.

Walking back to the Porsche's, I noticed a 2000 Carrera with unusual factory paint. Adam Schwartz's 996 is Violet Chrome Flare, a multihued special order color that changes color in different lights. Very near this was a (yes) gleaming red 997 C4S owned by Bob Metafore, but entered in the event by Mike Fettig. Although Mike is a professional detailer and prepares boats and planes as well as cars, this was his first concours. He said he wasn't quite sure what to expect from the judges. However, Mike must know his job, because while we were talking, he was informed that his car won the modern Porsche full concours class. Although Mike has some professional "secrets" in preparing a car, he uses and highly recommends Collinite wax.

By this time, it was getting late, and my ramblings were interrupted when Kim Saal called us up to the main tent to announce the winners. Susana Weber has

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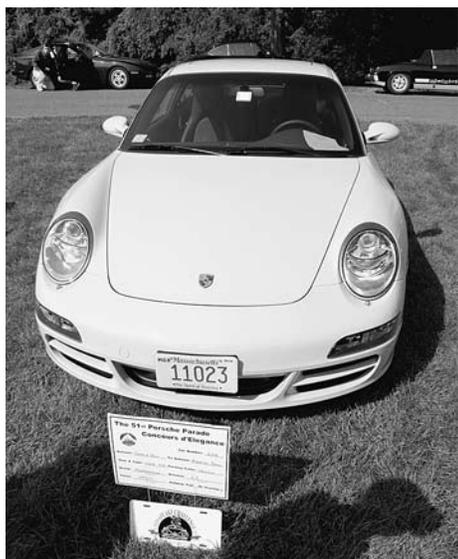
Brian Laramée's Best of Show winning 944



Dave Maynard brought this rare '87 930 slopenose made this day work so well, and NER sponsors Clair Porsche and Rob Cohen Century 21 Real Estate. ☐

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created the framed artwork trophies used over that past twenty or so years of this event. This year's edition was a handsome rendering of the 997 Club Coupe. After the winners were called up to receive their trophies, the event started to slowly break up. Spectators and participants alike began to wind down their conversations and cars started exiting the park. PorscheFest 2006 was a great success, and the club owes a huge thanks to Kim Saal, our Concours Chair for more than 15 years, plus all the other volunteers who



The Dow's '05 997 back from the Porsche Parade

Class	Last Name	First Name	Model	Year	Place
Park & Wipe					
	Learoyd	Charles	996	2002	1
	Barron	Jon	Boxster S	2001	2
	Coulter	Cuan	Boxster S	2006	3
	Gwynne	Patrick	911 C2	1993	4
	Conti	Andrew	911	1988	5
	Jetset		996	2003	6
	Cranna	Bruce	356B	1962	7
	Spivak	Victor	997 Turbo	2007	8
	Frisardi	Tom	930 Turbo	1977	9
	Clist	Charlie	911 Cab	1986	10
	Watson	Don	996	2002	11
	Schwartz	Adam	996	2000	12
	Brzezinski	Phil	911	1968	13
Race / Track					
	Cacia	Fedele	993 TT	1995	1
	Keneally	Steve	964	1993	
	Saltzman	Kevin	930	1986	
	Padgett	Mark	Beck Spyder	1955	
	Ripley	Paul	911T	1969	
	Swartz	Noel	911SC	1980	
	Tate	Tom	356	1957	



Track / Race winner Fedele Cicia's '95 911 TT



Top only winners with their Susana Weber prints



Concours Chair Kim Saal instructs Top Only participants on judging procedures

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building, it's not that difficult to accomplish. Must be politics and inferior quality control and lack of follow up by state highway officials. Oh welllllllll, take the good with the bad.

SIGNS

At the feast of ego
everyone leaves hungry.
Bentley's House of Coffee and Tea, Tucson , AZ

It's hard to make a comeback
when you haven't been anywhere.
Written in the dust on the back of a bus,
Wickenburg , AZ

Make love, not war.
-Hell, do both
GET MARRIED!
Women's restroom
The Filling Station, Bozeman , MT

If pro is opposite of con, then what is the opposite of progress?
Congress!
Men's restroom House of Representatives,
Washington , DC

Express Lane:
Five beers or less
Sign over one of the urinals
Ed Debevic's, Phoenix , AZ

You're too good for him.
Sign over mirror in Women's restroom
Ed Debevic's, Beverly Hills, CA

A Woman's Rule of Thumb:
If it has tires or testicles,
you're going to have trouble with it
Women's restroom
Dick's Last Resort, Dallas , TX

OFFICE ARITHMETIC

Smart boss + smart employee = profit
Smart boss + dumb employee = production
Dumb boss + smart employee = promotion
Dumb boss + dumb employee = overtime

GENERAL EQUATIONS & STATISTICS

A woman worries about the future until she gets a husband.
A man never worries about the future until he gets a wife.
A successful man is one who makes more money than his wife
can spend.

A successful woman is one who can find such a man.

PROPENSITY TO CHANGE

A woman marries a man expecting he will change, but he doesn't.
A man marries a woman expecting that she won't change, and she does.

DISCUSSION TECHNIQUE

A woman has the last word in any argument.
Anything a man says after that is the beginning of a new argument.

HOW TO STOP PEOPLE FROM BUGGING YOU ABOUT GETTING MARRIED

Old aunts used to come up to me at weddings, poking me in the ribs and cackling, telling me, "You're next." They stopped after I started doing the same thing to them at funerals. ☐

My Day At The Track - continued from page 30

So, here's my revised list of what I'd bring if I were to do my first DE event again ...

- * Helmet
- * Tech Inspection form
- * Club membership card (although I didn't need it)
- * Sneakers, jeans and long-sleeve t-shirt
- * Sunglasses
- * Loads-o-water in bottles
- * Snacks and maybe lunch
- * White shoe polish
- * Torque wrench (optional)
- * Tire pressure meter (optional, my tires got a bit hot and over-inflated on my third run)
- * Strong cotton or micro-fibre cloths
- * Window cleaner
- * Adhesive solvent
- * Bag to stuff all the loose stuff in your in
- * Desire to learn and have fun

My first DE experience with NER was terrific. I highly recommend that you try it. The people are outstanding and the event is incredibly well organized, safe and fun. I can't imagine a better way to learn how to drive your car. ☐

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Out In The Passing Lane - continued from page 4

when the truck might have failed. Or if we'd made it all the way to Calabogie we would have found ourselves in the middle of nowhere eastern Ontario, Canada with what would no doubt have been a much more challenging scenario with which to deal. As a precaution for any future trips I think I'll look up the location of Ford dealerships in relation to our destination.

Autoweek magazine recently devoted an entire issue to the subject of driver training for teenage drivers. The introductory feature article quoted a very alarming statistic, that being that since the start of the Iraq war some 2600 US soldiers have been killed, but that in the same 41 months some 20,000 teenage drivers have been killed and over 300,000 injured. The former statistic is the source of much debate within our country, but the latter statistic gets almost no major media attention and certainly hasn't stirred much significant debate within our country. Clearly there is a major problem with how we go about teaching driving skills to teenagers. Our approach today is largely rules based, know the signs, learn how to parallel park, and a few hours behind the wheel largely on local streets. There's no effort put into learning car dynamics, nor how to deal with car control issues like skids, and certainly no effort is put into teaching braking technique in an emergency. So is it any wonder that accidents occur and teenagers are killed. Parents certainly have a lot of responsibility in this area. There are a number of programs available to teach advance car control skills, including our own region's schools. But of course parents have to want to make the time available to enroll their teenagers in these programs, and they have to work with their children to teach them the skills they need. I'm of course making a huge presumption that parents have the necessary driving skills themselves - something I'm increasingly skeptical of each day I drive to work. □

Around The Cones - continued from page 7

John works for a college endowment fund in Boston.

Another second year board member is our Treasurer, Bob N. Cohen, (not to be confused with the two other Bob Cohens in the club) who has offered his services for another year. Bob joined the club in 1993 after purchasing his first Porsche a 944S2 which he took to Driver's Education event for three years until obtaining his current 911C4S coupe which he has modified as his skills increased. Last year he became an NER instructor. Together with his wife Karen, who has tried DE at last year's Ladies day, they have participated in many Rambles and other tours and breakfast runs in Karen's Speed Yellow Boxster S, and have

volunteered to organize the fall tour in recent years. Bob has now built a modified Spec Miata that he along with his son-in-law has campaigned this year at numerous DE's throughout the east. Bob runs a financial planning company. Interesting side note, he and I were high school classmates and rediscovered each other when Bob purchased his first Porsche in 1990.

Steve Boris our outgoing President joined in 1998 then driving a 944S2 concentrating on autocrossing then DE and is now heavily into Club Racing with a 944Turbo with outgoing past president Andy Jenks. Prior to the current office, Steve served as Admin VP and then assistant to that officer for a total of four years, he has also coordinated a number of the very successful Annual Dinners in the last few years. Steve is a graphic designer and created the colorful visuals on his race car.

Finally, Dave Weber will again serve as Newsletter Editor, a position he has held since he moved here in 1986. During his tenure the *NOR'EASTER* has been honored as the only region newsletter to win the Heinmiller Award for excellence as best overall newsletter three consecutive years. In addition he has the honor of being the only two-time Parade chairman, in 1991 at the Boston parade and three years later at the Lake Placid event. Locally Dave has been Track Chairman, Safety Chair and has helped in most every endeavor the club has presented at one time or another. With wife Susana, who has her share of contributions, they participate in a far reaching DE season ranging to the South (visiting son Chris in Atlanta) to as far west as Mid Ohio along with our events at The Glen, Mont Tremblant, Mosport and NHIS in their 996 Cup Cars. Dave joined the Nord-

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I do a lot of business with Tire Rack and while I don't buy a lot of Michelins, I was not aware that they even made tires that cost \$775 each. A click of the mouse on their website showed the retail price of the correct size to be \$234 each. Thank goodness the price of a barrel of oil hasn't launched tire prices just yet. At least if there was a problem, I wouldn't have to dip into the kid's college fund to cover it.

I made another trip down the stairs to the garage and over to my tool box for the tire depth gauge. I got one of these years ago from a Goodyear booth at a car show and always thought it was a really neat tool even if I had only used it a couple of times. No Lincoln head penny measurements for me. Each tire showed 7/32" depth or better. These tires have 10/32" tread depth when new so while they aren't new they certainly don't need to be replaced. The tires looked to be wearing evenly all around so I still don't know what "choppy" means in BMW speak. I jacked up the front end to check run out on the rims to find that they are within specification.

I've left two messages with the service department and it seems that they're too busy to call back. The thing that gives me pause is what would've happened if my wife had succumbed to the "you want to be safe don't you?" line and said to go ahead with the tire replacement. She said that it was hard to keep from laughing. She may not be a car freak but she did spend a couple of years of her youth working in a gas station and not much gets past her car-wise. Telling the service advisor that she was going to check with her husband got her out of the plush office, in the car and down the road.

We really like the service, the way the cars always come back new and shiny, the shuttle service and even the music while on hold, but at some point we may have to review the relationship. I really don't want to feel like I need a second opinion every time they make a suggestion. It's not like this is rocket surgery. At least not yet. The day may come when cars become so complicated that the home shop can only work on old cars. Until then I'll just keep tinkering with everything that rolls through the garage. Besides, how much can I mess up at this point? I have to believe that I'm pretty far ahead of the game after all these years.

Loyal readers may remember the BMW dealer that said that the transmission in our '99 528 Sport Wagon needed to be replaced a couple of years ago at a cost of \$6200. The transmission was never replaced and 20k miles later it's still shifting just fine. This is the same dealer. Do you think there may be a pattern here? I got a form letter in the mail a week or so later asking me how I liked the service. They even provided an

email address. I replied with a rough draft of this article hoping that they would respond but no reply was forthcoming. Can't say that I blame them. If it were you, what would you say to the customer? Reminds me of that long ago quote, "What tangled web we weave when first we practice to deceive".

Oh, for the days when cars and people weren't so complicated. I guess I'm just getting old. KTF ☐

Tail Wagging - continued from page 11

in history has lorded over a golf course like Mr. Woods. In tennis, apparently, there are many who consider Roger Federer to be the greatest of all time. Students of the WRC might recognize the recent achievements of Sebastian Loeb as portending true dominance there as well. But for me, even if he DNF'd his final three races, Michael Schumacher's record of 157 podiums, with ninety wins out of 250 attempts, his seven championships, five in a row, is well beyond all of the above. Despite the Sturm und Drang that has followed his ascension and rule over the highest form of motor sport the world has yet to witness, he has provided us a glimpse at what determination, skill and luck can yield. More importantly, if we look a little more deeply, he has demonstrated the incredible value of teamwork. For the thing that I admire most about Michael has been what I perceive as his genuine love and appreciation for efforts of those around him. Arrogant on track perhaps, but certainly humble off it. I will deeply miss his presence on Sunday morning. For what its worth, I thank him for renewing my love affair with F1 and for fostering the same passion within my son. I wish him well on his quest for an eighth and final championship.

Until next month, peace. ☐

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The facility hosting the camp is called Escoubet and has the tag line: Le Domaine du Possible (I think we can all figure that one out). There were three dance floors: a permanent one in the studio building, and good wooden floors had been erected under a tent (like the kind we use for outdoors wedding receptions) and in the stable. There was no air conditioning anywhere, but fortunately it really wasn't needed. The weather was perfect the entire week: sunny all day with just enough clouds to prevent excessive heat, yet cool enough for good sleeping in the evening. Dining was outside on long tables with trees and large umbrellas for shade. The Escoubet was (unsurprisingly) also surrounded by lovely rolling farmland: pastures, cornfields, and vineyards. The camp provided all three meals at only €60 per person for the week. The problem was that at this price, the quality was pretty iffy. The local grown produce and fruits were fine, and the apple flan was wonderful. However, we had almost every form of ground meat possible and lots of pasta and cous cous. On the other hand, there was some very nice smoked salmon, and, one night, thick-as-steak barbequed magret de canard (duck breast). This being France, there were gallons of vin rouge ordinaire to wash it all down. Breakfast wasn't much, but we had a car and discovered a nearby LeClerc Supermarche. I would gladly give up Stop and Shop (and for that matter, Whole Foods) to have one of these. Fresh baked baguettes for half a euro, wonderful pates, terrines and fromage for a couple of euros each. The camembert was to die for, and the yogurts were bursting with fruity flavor. We ditched Escoubet for breakfast and indulged ourselves on our little patio.

I had some apprehension about the dance classes. At the introductory dinner and dance on Saturday, we became pretty sure that, not including instructors, there were only three Americans of the approximately 150 students. Fortunately, there were other anglophones; there was a contingent from England, plus students from Germany and Sweden who were somewhat more fluent in English than in French. Just like DE, we were divided into four "run groups": novice, intermediate, advanced, & masters. In the intermediate group, Linda and I were the only native English speakers.

Our first few lessons were from Americans. The American instructors seemed to know no more French than we, so the lesson was 80% in English with periodic condensed translations by the most fluent of the French students. Fine for us; a challenge for the francophones. The tables were turned at our first lesson with Bernard and Anne-Helene. However, dance can be (and often is) learned visually, so it all more or less worked out, and even got easier as the week progressed.

There was an interesting language twist relating to my French dance partners. During a lesson, you dance the new figure with a partner and then rotate on to the next, so each garcon gets to dance with each fille and you learn to accommodate different styles and ability levels. I am not a natural at dance. When learning new steps or routines, it's hard work with lots of mistakes.

I'm used to my partner in the current rotation trying to correct my mistakes. This continued to happen in Eauze, although after getting a mouthful of French, all I could say was "merci" and "je ne comprends pas". We all tried to accommodate one another with lots of bonjour's, merci's, good morning's and thank you's. Linda experienced the perfect example of this. While learning a challenging sequence, her French partner totally blew it, and, in frustration, shouted "merde!" Then, he turned to my wife, realized she was the American, and said apologetically: "excuse moi, I mean sh*t!"

At dinner the first night or two, it was a little isolating sitting at a French table. Despite the best of intentions by all, we really couldn't sustain conversations. But pretty soon, we were adopted by the Brits. Practically dragged over to their table to share warm beer and good company over the long leisurely evening meals. There were social dances every evening starting around 10:00. These provided opportunities to mix with students at all different levels and try out some of our new moves. Besides, it's not often that I have the chance to dance with attractive women from all over Europe! Often the dance had a theme. One night, everyone had to dress entirely in white, which was rather ghostly. Another evening had a prohibition/Al Capone Chicago theme complete with gangsters in wide lapel double-breasted suits wearing fedoras and flappers in twenties style dresses with feather boas. Eauze is in the center of Armagnac production. On Al Capone night, Bernard lit a huge vat of this fiery brandy on fire. As flaming brandy spread onto the floor of the stage, I was sure he was going to burn the whole place down and discretely moved Linda and I over near the (single) exit. Fortunately, the brandy extinguished itself and was soon being passed around.

By the end of the week, we were feeling pretty French, but also getting pretty tired. On Saturday evening, we drove back to Toulouse, spent a night in a modern, characterless airport motel, and flew back to Boston on Sunday (just in time for the latest terrorist scare). Of course our bags didn't show up until Tuesday, but it doesn't matter so much when you're flying home.

One final note, I did get a little track time in at NER's August 21st DE at NHIS. Back in the spring, when the Track Committee announced the three one-day DE's at NHIS, I wasn't too thrilled. Somehow, it feels like too much prep and cleanup time when a DE is only one day. However, the purpose of these three days was to encourage new and beginning drivers to participate, and given the excellent enrollment in the green and yellow run groups, I'd say the Track Committee deserves some kudos. For the record, the weather was lovely, and all the cars made it home in good shape. Bring on autumn. ☐

Marketplace

For Sale

'92 Porsche 968 Coupe. Vintage original Red /cashmere in sterling condition. Full power leather sport seats, CD/Stereo, sunroof, This Red Sled is a real head turner. Belts changed, AC converted, heater control valve replaced. Only 69,300 miles. A rare find. Asking \$18,500. Garaged and never raced. Call Rob at 203 733 7431 or email at rkovalesky@aol.com.

'97 Porsche 993 Coupe: Silver, gray leather, sunroof, 6 sp, alum shifter, cd, a/c, stock mechanicals, 68,000 miles. Set up for DE at 62,000 miles - used 12 days. Sparco Evo2 seats, roll bar, harnesses, Bilstein RSR suspension, new Pilot Sports. Great car, excellent condition, meticulous maintenance for street or track. Includes all stock interior and suspension. Steve Bader 617 512 0547 or arecd4s@aol.com. \$41,900 obo

1993 RS America; 27,700 mi; PCA Club Race C Class w/ log book, or D Class with included OEM rear spoiler, excellent condition; strong, fast, reliable. All receipts from '99-'00 race prep, great DE car. Maintained flawlessly by EPE. Full custom welded cage, Autothority chip, Bilstein RSR suspension, Brake upgrades with SS lines, B&B headers, RS motor mounts, 2 Recaro SPG seats, Steel synchros, 3.8 RSR Carbon Fibre/fiber-glass wing, and much more. \$48,000. For more details and pics; Contact Bruce Hauben (Littleton, MA) at 978.952.8517 or bmh993@porschenet.com

'89 944 S2: Black/Black 93k. All standard options and 5-Sp manual. Ext completely refinished in '99. No body work. Car has been in storage for last 4 yrs but recently moved and runs perfectly. Car was purchased for track events but I don't have the time. Will consider trade towards single engine aircraft. \$9500 or bro. 508-559-3117 or onthecod@verizon.net for more info.

'86 911 Carrera Coupe, dk met green/blk beautiful car and a strong runner, in every respect. Regularly, and faithfully maintained by EPE. Purchased from original owner in 1989.comp. stock except for H4's/CD player/AC conversion. All service records from new. Orig. tool kit/first aid kit, etc. 126,000 miles. Always garaged. \$21,000. John Lannon, Needham, MA phone# 617-224-3502. lannon@rcn.com

Info Wanted

1955 356 Continental coupe information wanted. Now dark red (maybe it was then), car was raced at New England tracks probably in the 1960's, 1970's. Any old photos or knowledge of who drove/owned it would be appreciated. Tom Coughlin, TLC356@verizon.net. Tel 781-461-0495

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Around The Cones- continued from page 42

stern region (Minnesota) in 1983 and is currently employed by Gorton's Inc located in Gloucester.

So there you have it the incoming Board of Directors candidates, please take the time to vote and mail in the ballots to the teller when you receive them in the mail shortly. ☐



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Phyllis Anderson
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Carol Baldwin
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Chris Blackstone
Lowell MA
1989 944

Gianulderico Camuzzi
Weston MA
1997 911

Lawrence Ciccarella
Watertown MA
1996 911

Christopher Clairborne
Cambridge MA
2006 CaymanS

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Jennifer Clough
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William Conant
Greenfield MA
1969 912

Emanuel D'Ambrosio
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Anthony Dinatale
Charles Dinatale
Melrose MA
1999 Boxster

Marc Feinstein
Jennie Dapice
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Newton MA
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Daniel Florio
Acton MA
1979 911

Paul McGrath
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Nicholas Nurnberg
Brigid Nurnberg
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2006 Cayman S

Rich Panock
Andover MA
1986 911

Michael Quinn
Debbie Quinn
Pocasset MA
2003 Boxster

Robert Rebholz
Arlington MA
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Dan Saffer
Cranston RI
1972 914

Job Taylor
South Orleans MA
2006 Carrera4S

Merle Varney
Karen Varney
Lunenburg MA
2006 Cayenne

Robert Whitehead
Nancy Whitehead
Portsmouth RI
2004 911

Thomas Williams
Jeanne Williams
Marblehead MA
2007 911

Transfers In

James Griffith
Citrus Heights CA
1987 911T

Bruce Hanson
Lexington MA
1978 911

Carol Hottenrott
Newport RI
2004 Boxster S

Things I Didn't Know- continued from page 25

We enjoyed a long refreshing walk along Cannon Beach, getting our feet nearly frozen in the Pacific Ocean, followed by a great lunch at the nearby Wayfarer Restaurant. But, we've been back home now for a couple of weeks and I'm *still* trying to convince my wife that I had *absolutely* no idea that the municipal parking lot next to the restaurant was going to be the staging area for a major Ferrari rally that day.

Seriously dear, I swear I didn't know! ☐



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