

Polo & Porsches @ Myopia
NER at the Drive-In
PORSCHEFEST 2010

THE NOR'EASTER

2010 AUGUST 2010 AUGUST 2010 AUGUST 2010 AUGUST 2010 AUGUST 2010 **AUGUST 2010** AUGUST 2010 AUGUST 2010

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COVER



Cover Photo

Cover photo of cars in turn one at Mont Tremblant by Pierre Goyette. Adobe Lightroom editing effects by Susana Weber.

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On the Edge

Adrienne Ross



Another month and more revelations to be had. Really, does your Porsche help you make these self-discoveries? Because mine is like a shiny little wise man in the mountain, but with a flat six, and 217 BHP.

I went autocrossing for the first time in July. I'd been to the school, you may remember — the testing of the self, the spins, the glamour, poor George. But I hadn't actually gotten on a timed course. I finally had a chance this month, so I jumped on it and headed up to Devens. Not too early this time (I am relentlessly on time, so when they said the gates opened for the school at 7:00, let me tell you, I was there at 6:59 am, and alone, on a runway, for the better part of 45 minutes.) See? Lesson one, "on time" doesn't mean the same thing to everyone. Just because the grounds are open, that doesn't mean anyone else will be there.

I arrived this time at 8:00 (because that's when registration opened). I went alone, no AX buddy with me, but I soon discovered that I knew a

...does your Porsche help you make these self-discoveries? Because mine is like a shiny little wise man in the mountain, but with a flat six, and 217 BHP.

whole bunch of people. It was really quite exciting. The advantage of jumping into something with both feet is usually that you get to know a lot of people very quickly. I didn't learn that from my car, that one I've known for a while.

Anyway... we had a driver's meeting, tech inspection, walked the track, joked and laughed, and walked the track again, with an instructor, focused on me. The PCA instructors, DE or AX, have been some of the most helpful people I've come across ever. They really are interested in helping you know the limits of your car and sometimes pushing you to your limits. It's quite wonderful.

I had about three instructors that morning, and then, I decided I wanted to go on my own. And you know what I learned? Lesson two — just because you think you are ready, that doesn't mean you are. In fact, you're probably not.

Now, that doesn't mean I did badly (okay, fine, I finished dead last in my class but, strangely, not dead last overall). I wish I had done better. Driven better, studied the line more closely, understood the apex, gone faster (way faster), braked harder.

What was I waiting for?

I still don't know. But I wished I'd risked a little more. Not for the glory — Lord knows I was never going to be first, my first time out (I'm not that silly), but for myself. Lesson three — take each opportunity to learn that's presented to you, even if you risk looking stupid, you have to try.

I was a little disappointed with myself. I know, 'cause I texted a friend exactly that sentiment right afterward: "I wish I'd tried harder." And I meant it.

A little later in the day we all headed out to a restaurant for food, fun and prizes. I sat with some very good drivers who all had good advice. It's what you hear most often when you drive competitively. Good driving comes with seat time. To get to Carnegie Hall you practice, practice, practice. To get to Daytona? Drive, drive, drive.

Maybe that's the most important lesson to be learned from the whole Porsche experience for me. Not to miss the opportunity to try; to lose

sight of the shore when you can and sail into some uncharted territory (like editing a magazine for the Porsche Club). I can't think of a time when I stuck my neck out, or jumped in with two feet, or took on something that may be very stupid, where

I didn't win, or learn something valuable. Even if the lesson was 'Don't do that again' (like a spin off turn three). But even the spin taught me something huge. Sometimes, when the thing that you fear the most happens to you, it's not quite as bad as you thought it was going to be. The flat-six sage strikes again.

Around The Cones

Steve Ross



Well now that the driving month of July, an autocross and two Canadian DEs are behind us, we move into the very busy month of August. The first event, autocross #4, will be history by the time you get this issue, but you will still have time to catch the Myopia Polo day in Hamilton, Mass., where we will again do some picnic judging. (See the promo in this issue). Up next is a first for the region: a night at the Drive-In; check out the details in this issue and we will see you there. Finally, our annual Watkins Glen DE will be held the last weekend of the month; the three-day event will offer you plenty of track time on the world-famous track.

For those who would enjoy a cruise night, check out the bi-weekly one at Patriot Stadium, near the Bass Fish Store. A cruise night will be held there August 12th, then every two weeks thereafter until it gets cold. There is no charge, and many folks set up in the mid-afternoon. There is plenty of room, and sometimes there are close to a 1,000 cars in attendance.

The NER nomination committee, headed by Amy Ambrose, is searching for candidates to fill Board of Directors slots for next year.

The NER nomination committee, headed by Amy Ambrose, is searching for candidates to fill Board of Directors slots for next year. Should you be interested or know someone who would be, please contact her with the information.

Last month I left off with the German car model names; next up are the Italian cars. Fiat used a mix of numbers on some models (e.g. 124, 128, 500, 600, 850, 1500), a combination of letters and numbers (e.g. X1/9), names (e.g. Bravo and Uno), and surnames such as Spyder, Racer, and Abarth. Alfa Romeo, another venerable Italian manufacturer, had a Spider too, but their Guilietta, Junior, Alfetta, GTV and Montreal all come to mind; in pre-war times they used a combination of numbers and words. Ferrari, on the other hand, was very specific, most often using a numbering system to indicate not only the engine type but also cubic centimeter (cc) displacement of each cylinder. Ferrari also used numbers for the mid-engine models (e.g. 246, 360, 430) and many names of famous people, such as Enzo (of course)

and Dino (Ferrari's son), places, like Daytona, Italian expressions, such as testa rossa (means red head, as in cylinder head), Mondial and Lusso, and combinations of letters and numbers like F40, F50 and so on.

The French had only a few major manufacturers in modern post-war times: Citroen, Peugeot and Renault. Citroen used combinations such as DS19, DS21, SM, 2CV, plus some words, such as Mehari (Citroen's answer to the VW Thing.), Ami6 (a 2CV variant), Traction Avant, and many newer models that have not come to this country.

Peugeot uses a simple system with zeros in the middle of a 3-digit designation (remember the controversy when Porsche was to call the 911 the 901 until Peugeot threatened a lawsuit). Examples are 403, 404, 504, 505, 604 and 908 (their current diesel-powered racecar, and interestingly a number also used by Porsche). Again they may have some newer names but not being imported anymore to the U.S., they are not common here.

Renault, when they were here, used simple names such as Dauphine (which had a love-hate relationship with owners here) and Gordini. Then there were numbers 5, 8, 12, 16, the names Le Car, Turbo and others. Again there are newer names and models, but not exported to North America.

The British have a long history of model names and numbers and were very consistent in many cases with their designations. Triumph had the TR series starting with TR2, then 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 and intertwined with A in between models (e.g. TR-3A), the TR-250 (an American-only model), the Stag (typically British name which was not well received in this country) and the small sports cars such as the Spitfire and GT6 (a Spitfire variant with the TR6 engine). They have been out of business since the early '80s

MG had a long history of sports cars most of which were seen in this country following the second world war, starting with the TC and TD, followed by the more modern (for the British) TF, then the nicely styled MGA, followed by the best selling MG of all, the B, and the 6-cylinder C, the short-lived V8, and the MGBGT, the first 2+2 affordable sports car. In the late '50s British Leyland (which encompassed MG, Austin, and a variety of little-known marques) brought out a small, more affordable sports car, the Sprite, and soon

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Four Speeds & Drum Brakes

Tom Tate



In an effort to show that your humble author is not stuck forever in the cars built when Ike was president, this month I will chronicle my visit to the cutting edge of auto shows, the Hot Import Nights at a NOPI show.

NOPI is a Georgia-based aftermarket parts and accessory dealer. They have been a mail-order company since the days of JC Whitney and have survived to become one of the largest suppliers of custom parts for what we used to call rice burners. If you want to put 20" wheels on your '85 Honda Civic, they're the guys that can help you; they've done it all before. From lift kits to low-rider hydraulics they can make your Asian import go up or down or both at the same time. They can also etch your windows with tigers or put flashing mood lights in your engine compartment.

From time to time the Speed Channel runs a show called Hot Imports Nights, which is sponsored by NOPI and tours the U.S. The gathering gives the locals a chance to gather and show others what they've done to their rides. They run

festival years ago to try out a new stunt kite that I bought, I just took two of my daughters with me and I looked like I belonged. They had a great time and I got to crash my kite like everyone else. When I wanted to try deep sea fishing years ago, I called my son and off we went. He caught the fish that won the pool and I discovered that my stomach wasn't as strong as I thought it was. End of off shore fishing trips.

The NOPI show was held at the Epping NH drag strip so I knew that there would be plenty of smoke and noise. It was the hottest Friday night in June so we showed up in tee shirts and shorts. Sam, the youngest, had a black shirt on while I wore a white track shirt from VIR and Alex had a blue soccer shirt from the New England Revolution.

Turns out the Sam had it right, as Alex and I were the only ones there that did not wear black. The shorts we wore looked like something out a Gidget movie compared to the baggy low-riding pants the crowd was wearing. How do they keep those things up, anyway? As they say in the Army, it must be PFM.

There couldn't have been two other guys at the event that would qualify for an AARP card and if more than 50% of the crowd had a driver's license, I'd

be surprised. Walking around with an 11-year-old and his older brother who will soon be a teenager, I didn't exactly fit in but at least kids didn't point at me.

We arrived before dark and there was action on the drag strip, but it looked like a "run what you brung" practice night. There were Hondas running against pickup trucks and most of them had beach parking stickers on them. It made you wonder if the parents knew where their cars were. The regulars were burning plenty of fuel as we watched what looked like an '80 Toyota Corolla with some sort of tire smoking V8 pull off a 8-1/2 second quarter mile with a terminal velocity of 176 mph. That thing looked like it was shot out of a cannon. It was a little square boxy thing that looked like a Datsun 510, and it was just dark enough that we really couldn't see how wide the rear tires were, but the car was tubbed and I think that the space between the tires wasn't as wide

Walking around with an 11-year-old and his older brother who will soon be a teenager, I didn't exactly fit in but at least kids didn't point at me.

about ten shows a year around the country. It's similar to a Hot Rod show but normally includes drifting competitions, drag races (remember The Fast and the Furious?), car shows and, of course, a bikini contest to attract the teenage boys. Vendors include suppliers of hard parts, like rims, seats, and exhaust systems, plus lots of software companies with the latest version of Grand Theft Auto.

I know what you're thinking. This is pretty far afield of the old guys and old cars area that I normally spend my time with but I have a total of eight grandsons and I figured that a couple of them might want to take a look at what the younger generation thinks of as a car event. They've been to the Larz Anderson Museum of Transportation so often that they fall asleep when we mention it, here was a chance to see something really exciting and they were psyched.

I learned a long time ago that if I wanted to go to an interesting event and not look stupid, just take a kid. When I wanted to go to a Boston kite

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Flat Sixer

John Bergen



Where is the summer going! Here I am already working on my August column. That means that I have been to Canada and back. My trip up north will make up most of this month's column, but first let me get you up to speed with where things stand.

As you all know, I have been working down in CT for the past five-plus months. This has taken a toll on my sons, not having their dear old dad around. So I figured that I would go out and buy a dog for them. Brilliant! The only unfortunate part of this idea is that my lovely wife is not a dog fan. I did talk to her about my idea before I pulled the trigger, and she seemed to think it was an OK idea as long as she wasn't stuck dealing with the dog.

Not a problem, as my youngest has been asking for a dog for several years I figured he'd love the opportunity to show us how mature he has become. Or at least that was my thought process. Anyway, I have been looking for a specific breed of dog for a while. The breed is an Airedale Terrier. The reasons I focused on an Airedale were that I

The Bergen clan is now slowly adjusting to life with a four-legged critter. He is still a pup and is going through the house training

grew up with an Airedale and Airedales have hair instead of fur. That means that they are hypoallergenic and should not affect Dylan at all. You see, Dylan has many allergies and we need to be careful about what we bring home to live with us.

During my bi-monthly scan of dog listings, I came across a breeder in CT who had recently had a litter. I gave him a call to see if he had any puppies left, and when he told me he had two 8-week-old males left I quickly told him I would be by to see them. By now you are all probably thinking I am crazy, and when you learn that I drove back to Walpole first on Friday night and then back down to CT on Saturday, my actions will confirm your thoughts.

On my way down to the breeder, I stopped at a PetCo Store to pick up a few things. First, I would need a crate, then I would need some bowls, plus there is food, biscuits, chew toys, etc... This was getting expensive and I hadn't even picked out a dog yet let alone visited the Vet!

I then found the breeder's home with little trou-

ble and was greeted by two adult Airedales who came bounding out to me. They were friendly and calm, which is a really good sign. The breeder himself reminded me of the late great Dennis Hopper. He was kind of on the edge, if you know what I mean. He had at least eight Airedales plus the puppies. The two pups were sharing a crate in his basement, and were very calm. We took them outside where I could get to know them a bit.

After spending some time with the puppies I chose the calmer of the two. He basically bonded with me right away, and to me it seemed like a good match. I then spent some time with the breeder going over the dos and don'ts of training. He also gave me a bunch of written information and a ton of free advice. I then loaded the young pup into the crate I had just purchased and we were on our way home to Walpole.

The pup yelped for a good portion of the trip. I made two pit stops to let him out of the crate and stretch his legs as well as relieve himself. By the time I got home I was sure that the whole family would be excited about the new addition, especially Sean, who has been asking for a dog for many years. Sean's excitement lasted all of two minutes and then he went into the house to play on the computer. So much for the male bonding that I had envisioned. As it turned out it seemed that Dylan was more excited about the dog than Sean, especially since he had heard that they were chick magnets.

The Bergen clan is now slowly adjusting to life with a four-legged critter. He is still a pup and is going through the house training and teething stages of his life. I'll write more in the upcoming months about Scooter Enzo Bergen.

Now let's move onto the Calabogie and Mont-Tremblant Porsche events. There were many things I had to accomplish and only a short period of time to get it all done. My first order of business was to get my car to EPE so that Jerry and crew could inspect it and do a few things for me to prepare it for the two events. I arranged with Jerry that I would drop the car off on a Saturday and leave my truck and trailer at his shop along with my car. I would then pick the car up on a subsequent Saturday when it was all ready for me. This allowed me to not have to take a day or two off from work.

I then ordered some new tires, both wet and dry ones, since in the past 5 years of going to Canada

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Minutes Of The Board

Joyce Brinton – July 21st, 2010 NER Board Meeting



Present: Amy Ambrose, Dick Anderson, Joyce Brinton, Robert Cohen, Bruce Hauben, Adrienne Ross, Steve Ross, Chris Ryan, Chris Mongeon, Matthew Wallis, Michelle Wang,

The meeting was held at the Framingham Firefly's and was hosted by Steve Ross. After a wonderful BBQ dinner, the meeting was called to order at 7:25 pm.

Chris Ryan reported on upcoming events:

August 15 – Myopia Polo Club outing, with a picnic contest. While only a few people have registered so far, many more are likely to come if weather is good. Everyone should bring a festive picnic lunch which will be judged for beauty, presentation and gourmet quality. Angel Flight is planning to come and set up a table to accept donations and spread the word about their program to the others attending the polo match.

August 21 – Mendon Drive-in theater. Gates will open early so the Porsches will be able to park together. Bring a car load and join the fun.

September -- Labor Day weekend – Chris is trying to set up something for Saturday at the Vintage Races at Lime Rock Park in Connecticut. If he can, an email blast will be sent to the membership, so make sure your email address is up-to-date with PCA National.

September 11 – Concours d'elegance will be held at the Brookline Museum of Transportation. Sign up soon.

December 4 – NER's Annual Dinner will once again be at The International in Bolton MA. Put it on your calendars now.

Chris Mongeon presented the Treasurer's Report: NER continues to do well financially. The report was accepted without objection.

Dick Anderson reported that there was a net increase in primary members of 10 and there were 23 new members (although 3 are suspect as they are from geographically distant locations). Dick passed out lists of the new members for the Board members to contact and welcome to the club.

Steve Ross reported on Activities: The most recent AutoX had limited attendance due to heavy rain. Nonetheless some runs were held in the morning and then everyone adjourned to a local watering hole to socialize. Unfortunately it looks like Fort Devens may not be available next year so the AutoX Committee is looking for a new location.

Steve reported that he has already received inquiries about the Concours (the application

form is in the Nor'easter). Apparently there will be a good number of 944s and 356s represented in addition to the usual collection of 911s and GTs.

A Columbus Day weekend tour is being planned and details will follow.

Bruce will send a DE report to the Board via email.

Nor'easter deadlines were circulated via email; the September issue deadline is August 15th.

President's Report: The Board discussed a program that PCA National is instituting to increase cooperation with Porsche dealers.

The next meeting will be held at the Hauben/Brinton's home at 6:30 pm on August 18th.

The meeting adjourned at 8:14 pm.

Happy PCA Anniversary

Twenty Five Years

Roger Warren

Twenty Years

Kenneth Andrews
Sal Carceller

Ten Years

Matteo Giamarco
Keith Ibarguen
Andrey Petrovsky
Matthew Sliwa

Five Years

Dick Anderson
Michael Boucher
Thomas Cote
Alfred Hanmer
Jay Hirshberg
Robert Stewart



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One Track Mind

Dick Anderson



Mid-June through mid-July was an exceptional time for us. Ann and I visited London and environs for ten days, and less than two weeks later traveled to Canada with NER. We arrived in London on the day of the World Cup Match between the U.S. and the U.K. Given the international soccer crowd's reputation for "hooliganism," we found ourselves second-guessing our plan to watch the match in a local pub. Anticlimactically, the tie game disappointed both sides and the anticipated 'hoopla' never erupted. I guess Michigan State's old football coach Duffy Daugherty had it right when he said, "A tie is like kissing your sister," although, had we lost, baseball player George Brett's quote, "If a tie is like kissing your sister, losing is like kissing your grandmother with her teeth out," would have been more appropriate. It was interesting however, to see historically uninterested America show some interest in the World Cup this year (or, as some cynics say, pretend to show interest).

In order to become acculturated Ann felt

Mont-Tremblant was once again great fun. With the exception of some rain on day two, weather was perfect.

compelled to try steak and kidney pie, shepherd's pie, fish and chips, etc., and I felt duty bound to sample a variety of British ales. This necessitated visiting pubs with names as colorful as the establishments themselves. Some of our favorites: "Bag O' Nails," "Hung, Drawn, and Quartered," "The Bleeding Heart," "The Sherlock Holmes," "Hog in a Pound," and "Bucket of Blood." Thank God for those ubiquitous British taxis! Speaking of transportation, London drivers sport an impressive variety of expensive iron, the most prevalent of that genre being our beloved Porsche. All models are well represented but clearly are the low end of the London performance car spectrum. The Mayfair section of London, where our hotel was located, has quite an array of high-end dealerships located on one of its main thoroughfares, Park Lane. Aston Martin, Lamborghini, Ferrari, Spyker, and Pagani (had never heard of this one) all have showrooms. We even saw a Versace-edition Lambo. Most interesting was the way these dealerships conducted business. All were closed

every day. Easels behind the showroom windows held signs inviting interested parties to telephone for an appointment. Talk about reducing labor costs! The Porsche dealership was located several blocks from Park Lane, buried more deeply into the Mayfair district, reinforcing my observation of Porsche's standing on the London panache scale.

An interesting sidelight to our trip was the British press' take on the BP oil disaster or, more specifically, President Obama's response to it. In an effort to remain apolitical yet still represent British sentiment I'll quote a line from an editorial in one of the U.K. papers: "Obama is sucking up to America's enemies while humiliating its ally with whom it fights shoulder to shoulder in the war against terror." To paraphrase Fox news, "I'll report, you decide."

When we got home, we had about ten days to prepare for the Calabogie and Mont-Tremblant events in Canada, and both were spectacular successes. Calabogie Motorsports Park has continued to expand its support facilities and the ownership is anxious to support a great event.

This year CMP preceded our Mont-Tremblant event and the weather was spectacular — spectacularly hot! Heat notwithstanding, it's safe to say everyone had a great time. To those of you who attended (or may attend next year) who are still looking for a great

restaurant in the area, make it a point to eat at the Black Bird Cafe (make a reservation since it's quite small). On the way to CMP and then to Mont-Tremblant, we caravanned with Bruce Hauben and Joyce Brinton. Bruce is a navigator par excellence and always finds the most efficient route. True to his reputation, he found a way around a significant traffic jam nearing Calabogie resulting in our arriving well in advance of some of the folks who had left home ahead of us.

Mont-Tremblant was once again great fun. With the exception of some rain on day two, weather was perfect. Not only was the track experience terrific, the annual Blues Festival was in full swing complimenting our outdoor dining in the village. Our former track chair, Laurie Jitts was up from his home in San Antonio looking fit as a Texas fiddle and sharing driving duties with Pete Donohoe in Pete's C2. It was great to see him.

Finally, as I hope everyone realizes, we are an organization staffed entirely by volunteers. These

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Upshifting

Bruce Hauben



Hang on dear readers for a fast ride. My surrogate authors have disappeared at the last minute, so here goes; our editor has a tight deadline and is very intimidating. I've learned not to cross her, or mess with her planned layout :>).

I want to begin with an almost final recap of why all you track rats who've not already done so should register and pay up for our Aug. 27th–29th WGI event. A reminder to the twenty-five of you who've registered but not yet paid, and that includes ten Green/Yellow drivers — more on that later. Until our registrar has received your full payment we don't consider your registration as active and have not reserved a place for you at the event.

This is particularly relevant for the Green/Yellow drivers not yet signed off for solo driving. As pointed out many times in the past, you're at the mercy of our slow-to-sign-up instructors often resulting in a wait list for those run groups. The earlier your full payment is received the higher you are on that wait list and the more likely to be

...on Saturday night (at WGI) we'll host an Italian dinner at Lakeside Park, prepared by Jerlando's of Watkins Glen.

admitted to the event as the recalcitrant instructors sign-up and pay. Yes, even their registrations are not complete until full payment is received.

Our annual WGI weekend event, the final weekend of August, was inaugurated last year with a huge turnout. Something we will continue to build upon. Probably the most important aspect of the NER DE program is our flexibility in maximizing the track time for all run groups while maintaining a safe and fun event. So first off, expect loads of track time at a very nominal cost, particularly relative to non-PCA track events.

We've again arranged with WGI for entry to the paddock and unloading your rigs on Thursday evening, the night before.

Now, add to the above a free buffet lunch in The Glen's new Timing & Scoring building on Friday. There's also Wi-Fi available in the building. We sprung for this last year and were pleasantly surprised with the amount and selection of food, so we're doing it again. All registered drivers are free and guests are a modest \$10 each, payable at

the door.

Follow that with what is becoming another NER tradition, our wine/beer/soda social following Friday on the track at Watkins Glen's Lakeside Park, across from Wal-Mart. It's a great opportunity to relax with fellow track rats from around the country, rehash the day's driving, and make new friends. All drivers and their immediate guests are invited.

If that's not enough to whet your appetite for a weekend at WGI, on Saturday night we'll host an Italian dinner at the same Lakeside Park, prepared by Jerlando's of Watkins Glen. Expect a full selection of two or three different salads, followed by pizza, spaghetti & meatballs, baked ziti, lasagna and garlic bread with the necessary beer and soda.

Then, for the Black and Red run groups, cap off the weekend with NER's signature DE Enduro on Sunday. All run groups get their full allotment of on-track time with the aforementioned run groups enjoying our interpretation of a 60-minute Enduro. For many, it's the highlight of their DE event.

With all that, seems to be a no-brainer to me. If it does to you also, sign-up and get your payment in now, we look forward to seeing you at WGI.

On to Calabogie, ON, just west of Ottawa. This was our second year running a three-day DE at CMP (not to be confused with Carolina Motorsports Park), and this year we were joined by our northern neighbors from RSR (Rennsport), the PCA region that includes all of Quebec and a little of eastern Ontario, including Ottawa. It's a good thing that arrangement was in place, as we would have lost money again had it not been for our financial sharing with RSR. Roughly 1/3 of the drivers were from RSR, which turned it into a viable event.

EDITORS NOTE: Please enjoy Bruce's continued-complete report on the Canadian trip starting on Page 20.

Torqued Up

Amy Ambrose



Last month was my first time behind the driver's seat at historic Watkins Glen; it was without incident... well, I guess that would depend on the definition of the word 'incident.' I arrived a day early just to adjust to my surroundings and impress the track onto my cerebral cortex. I figured I could use all the help that was available to me. To that end, I memorized Brock Yates' DVD of the secrets of the Glen to the extent where the jangly theme music reverberated through my brain. Then while kicking around getting hot laps from friends who were already enrolled and driving I realized I could take my own wheels out with the lunch hour tourist tour. Signed right up! Who cares if it is 55 mph; I was driving my own car! So I got in line with six middle-America cars behind the pace car (which was the Glen tow truck). I was last in line and listened carefully, to the pace dude's admonishment, — no passing and no hot-dogging (whatever that might be). Where do I sign and let's get going, okay? I think

...my new instructor had his own set of commands, my favorite being "kiss the white."

he has to say 55mph for insurance purposes, but I do believe he views this 'job' as his bonus and he gunned it, basically breaking our pack in two. The Camry three cars in front of me just plain lost sight of him. At least that is how I pieced it together in retrospect. I kept up with the car directly in front of me but the pace truck was nowhere in sight. Still following the car in front of me I thought gee this track doesn't seem to look like what Brock chatted about. OMG, that was because the Camry decided to take the NASCAR route, driving past the wall of cones... all of us following him. I realized his error when I saw him stop up ahead and start to turn around. Okay so I haven't officially driven the track yet but I do know u-turns are verboten. I screamed as I whaled on my horn, hot-doggedly passing the two confused cars in front of me and passed the Camry giving him a wave of follow me, now with me leading the way. To where? It dawned on me that I really didn't know where I was going and may just end up hitting another wall of cones. No cones but then I found myself on the front straight alone but with the pace truck in my rear view mirror. Uh oh I am sure to be yelled at. I gave

him the passing signal and now I landed right behind him... well, that sure worked out well. When we stopped for the touristy picture take on the next lap on the front straight I was compelled to tell him that it wasn't my fault (not me!) that we went down the closed track and also gently nudged him with the request for another lap or two since I had been robbed of my initial run of the boot. He looked at me and said, "I saw you buying a ticket downtown and I just knew you were trouble." Me? I don't know why people keep saying that to me... but I did squeeze two extra laps out of him.

Next day I was officially on the track with my super-official instructor. I felt I had exhausted every avenue of prep available to me; let's do it. I am beginning to notice that each new instructor has certain idiosyncrasies of language with their commands. For instance one (who will remain nameless) will say, "I want you on the floor" when he really means he wants the throttle to the floor.

I just want to say hey you haven't even bought me dinner, but instead I translate it to the track and say nothing but smile. Well, my new instructor had his own set of commands, my favorite being "kiss the white." His goal was to have

me using every possible inch of the track, thus getting ever so close to the white edge rumble strips. He wanted me to be comfortable out there so that if I ever found myself out there by mistake it wouldn't freak me out. Okay so every time he told me to kiss the white it meant just skim the edge of the white. Got it. I got very comfortable kissing the white... so much so that one time toward the end of the day (foreshadowing noted) I was rounding the carousel smoothly and

Continued on page 29



And if you ask nicely you may even get a hot lap with the president of the club. (Photo by Mark Starr)

Polo and Porsches at Myopia Polo Club, Sunday August 15th

On Sunday, August 15th, NER invites you once again to enjoy a Polo match at Myopia Hunt Club in Hamilton, MA. We'll have exclusive field side parking assigned to the Porsche Club members where you can relax, check out each other's cars, have a great view of the match, and enjoy some food and refreshments with fellow club members. This year, we will be judging the most exotic, creative, (and delicious) food creations, so get your culinary creativity going break out the crystal and china to impress the judges and your friends. Polo is one of the few sports requiring active spectator participation. During the match, after the third and sixth chukker, you can walk off your picnic and help maintain the field by replacing the divots on the field kicked up by the ponies. Following the match, the crowd is invited to join the awards ceremony at the center of the field.

Admission can be paid at the gate and is \$10/person or \$20/carload (yes, a 911 can hold 4 people ...). Plan to bring your own food and refreshments. The Porsche Club will have its own designated parking area for tailgating and socializing.

Gates open at 1:30 and Match Time is 3:00 PM.

In order to reserve our parking area, we need to let the folks at Myopia know how many of us there will be. Please register for this event by email or mail using the form below; please send your registration requests in by August 10th.



Photo courtesy of Emile Bellott <http://emilephoto.dotphoto.com>
For more about Myopia Polo Club <http://www.myopiapolo.org>

Name(s) _____ Address _____

City/State/ZIP _____

Phone _____ Email _____

Pre-register for this event by August 10th; mail send form to: Chris Ryan, 28 Myrick Lane, Harvard, MA 01451; or email at : ryan28@charter.net

Directions:

From the North: Take Rte 95 S to Rte 133 E; Take Rte 133 East to Rte 1A South (Rte 133 and Rte 1A join). Follow Rte 1A South through Ipswich and on to Hamilton. Look for the Polo Grounds on the left, approximately 2.5 miles after the Hamilton Town line

From the South

Take Rte 128 N to Exit 20A (Rte 1A North)

Follow Rte 1A North for 3.8 miles through N. Beverly, Wenham, and S. Hamilton. Look for the Polo Grounds on your right.

Calendar At A Glance

July

8-10 NER DE @ Calabogie
10 NER AutoX @ Fort Devens
12-14 NER DE @ LCMT
21 Board Meeting

August

1 NER AutoX @ Fort Devens
15 Myopia Polo Club
16 Board Meeting
21 Porsche Club at the Drive-in
27-29 NER DE @ Watkins Glen

September

8 Board Meeting
9 NER DE @ NHMS
11 PorscheFest Concours
d'elegance

October

13 Board Meeting
24 NER AutoX @ Fort Devens

November

10 Board Meeting

December

4 Annual Dinner
8 Board Meeting

Porsche Club at the Drive-in, Saturday August 21st

This summer, we've arranged an evening at the Mendon Drive In for NER Porsche Club members on Saturday August 21st. They will be showing "Takers" with Matt Dillon.

The MendonTwin Drive-in was built in 1953 and opened on June 14, 1954. The drive-in has been in operation since 1954. The current owners, Susan Swanson and Kathy Gorman have operated the drive-in since 1987. Sue and Kathy added a second screen in 1998, increasing the total capacity of the drive-in to 800 cars. Their projection booth is equipped with the latest in sound and picture technology, ensuring our customers the most pleasant movie experience. The sound is broadcasted over AM/FM stereo, either from your car radio or any portable stereo you wish to bring. There is also a snack bar on site, or you can bring a picnic.

There is no reserve parking available, however, Sue and Kathy have arranged to open the gates one hour early at 5:30 PM so NER members can park together as a group, so plan to arrive before 6:30 when the gates open to the general public. Note – Mendon Drive in does NOT accept credit cards, but there is an ATM on site. Cost per car is \$20. For more information, you can go to their website at www.mendondrivein.com.

Please register for this event by emailing Chris Ryan at ryan28@charter.net or mail using the form below; See you at the Drive-In !

Name(s) _____

Address _____ City/State/ZIP _____

Phone _____ email _____

Pre-register for this event by mailing this form to:

Chris Ryan, 28 Myrick Lane, Harvard, MA 01451; or email at : ryan28@charter.net

Directions from North of Boston:

- Take Mass Pike (90) to 495 South
- Take 495 South to Exit 20~Milford/Uxbridge(Route 85 to Rt 16).
- Take Route 85 South to Route 16 travel West.
- Follow Route 16 traveling West into Mendon.
- Drive-in will be on the left.

Directions from South of Boston:

- Take 95 South to 495 North.
- Take 495 North to Exit 17 (Route 140 North).
- Take Route 140 North to Route 16 travel West.
- Follow Route 16 traveling West into Mendon.
- Drive-in will be on the left.

Alternate Directions

- Take Route 495 North to Exit 19(Milford)
- Take Route 109 West to Route 16 West to Mendon

Directions from Worcester:

- Take Route 146 South to the Route 16 (Uxbridge/Douglas) Exit.
- Follow Route 16 traveling East into Mendon.
- Drive-in will be on the right

Directions from Rhode Island

- Take Route 146 North to the Route 16 East (Uxbridge/Douglas) Exit.
- Follow Route 16 traveling East into Mendon.
- Drive-in will be on the right.



Aug.28-29, 2010 Moore Airfield Ft. Devens Ayer MA

The Event

Two-day event. New course each day; Parade Competition Rules (PCRs) are used for classifying & trophies. Men's & Women's parallel classes; Must compete both days to trophy; Team Challenge for All PCA Regions; Registration opens 8 AM sharp; First car off approx 9:15 AM; Porsche cars only; Dinner on Saturday night after the event.

Cost

\$60/person early bird-registration until 8/15/10

\$85/person after 8/15/10

\$45/person for Saturday dinner

Amounts are for one or two days;

Dates refer to web registration

25th Anniversary shirts to all entrants!!!!

Host Hotel

Springhill Suites by Marriot

(<http://devenscommoncenter.com>)

31 Andrews Parkway Devens MA

Phone: 978 772 3030

Rate: \$129/night + tax

Refer to Code: "AXPC" for group rate

You must book by 7/28/10 for group rate

Event Contacts

Zone 1 Autocross Chair: Don Coburn

(516) 804-2562 autoxerpca@aol.com

Zone 1 Registrar: Aaron Ambrosino

(518) 541 2680 aambrosi@mac.com

2010 Zone 1 Autocross Registration via clubregistration.net (paypal) only opens 7/1/

Links to the PCRs and other event info will be posted on the Zone 1 website - <http://zone1.pca.org/>

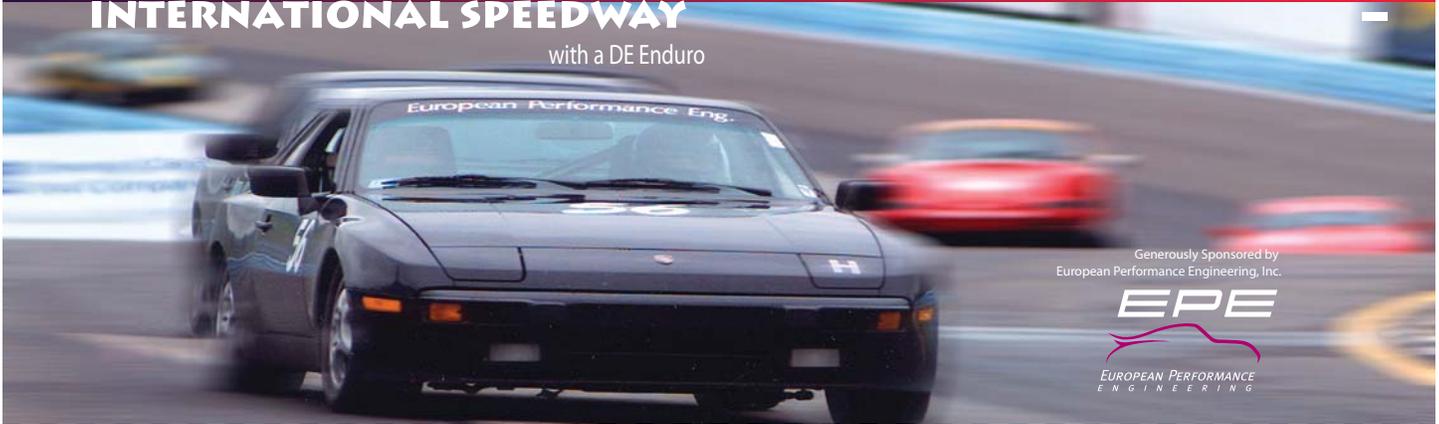


2010 NER DRIVERS EDUCATION EVENT

WATKINS GLEN

INTERNATIONAL SPEEDWAY

with a DE Enduro



Generously Sponsored by
European Performance Engineering, Inc.

EPE

EUROPEAN PERFORMANCE
ENGINEERING

AUGUST 28 - 30, 2010 Co-hosted with North Country Region

Registration Open NOW

You read it correctly. Our first annual 3-DAY weekend DE - Friday to Sunday - at Watkins Glen. Everyone may drop your rigs on Thursday night 6-10pm. Register for this event NOW!!

Many thanks to our long time sponsor of this event, European Performance Engineering in Natick, MA. A quick call to EPE at 508-651-1316 and you can arrange for your no charge pre-event tech inspection.

Many drivers name The Glen as their favorite track. From it's ragged infancy in 1948 through many incarnations over the years, The Glen remains one of the premier road tracks in the world, hosting events from NASCAR to Can-Am/Grand-Am Rolex, US Vintage Grand Prix and Indy car races.

The 3.4 mi. road circuit has been continually updated and driven by every iconic pro imaginable, not limited to Hill, Stewart, Clark, Lauda, Fittapalda, Bordon, Dailey, Lally, Brensinger and Bell. Don't miss you opportunity to join this list and drive "New York's Thunder Road".

We'll hold one of our signature 60 minute DE Enduros with a simulated race start for advanced Black and Red group drivers, emulated by some, duplicated by none. All drivers and guests are invited to a beer and wine social Friday at the lakeside pard immediately following our track driving.

Garages will be available on a first registered first served basis for \$50 /3 days. Sign up now.

Our events are open to current PCA or BMW and other recognized car club members.

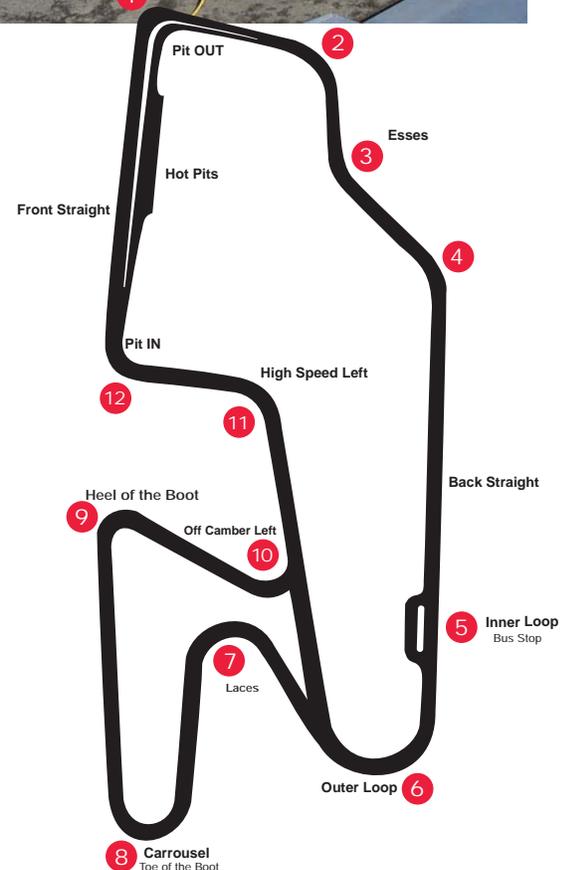
Registration for this event will be handled by NER through www.clubregistration.net and full DE info is available at www.porschenet.com. Pricing for the event is as follows:

Students	\$515
Signed off Drivers	\$465
Instructors	\$240

Directions to the track and further details will be included in Track Rats messages and at www.porschenet.com Please make sure your email address is current in your clubregistration.net profile.

Registration questions? Contact Mark Keefe, Registrar at TCReg@PorscheNet.com; or 508-529-6127 before 8 PM.

Event questions? Contact Bruce Hauben, Track Chair, TCChair@PorscheNet.com; or 978-952-8517 before 8 PM.





2010 NER DRIVERS EDUCATION EVENT

NEW HAMPSHIRE MOTOR SPEEDWAY



Co-Hosted with
North Country Region



Thursday, September 9th, 2010

Registration Opened March 1, 2010 at www.clubregistration.net

NER in cooperation with NCR will be holding a mid-week 1 day event. This gives us all a great opportunity to do what we love to do without the time commitment (or the time away from the family) that extended, weekend events tend to demand. Instructors who register early are free of charge so we hope to see you all there.

NHMS is our home away from home just north of the Massachusetts border in Loudon, New Hampshire. It is an easy hour from Boston and is the site of many televised races, including NASCAR events. What is not usually shown on TV is their 1.6 mile road course with 12 turns and some nice elevation changes making for a good learning environment for Novices and a challenging drive for our advanced drivers.

As usual, this event is open to current PCA, BMW and other recognized car club members.

Registration for this event will be handled by NER through www.clubregistration.net and full DE info is available at www.porschenet.com. Pricing for the event is as follows:

Green and Yellow Group Students	\$180
Signed off Student	\$155
Instructors (who register before Aug 20th)	No charge
Instructors (who register Aug 20th onward)	\$75

Garages will be available on first come first serve basis for \$30. Sign up now to ensure a spot and a garage.

We look forward to seeing you all there and particularly look forward to meeting any newer drivers who may have missed earlier NHMS events.

Directions to the track and further details will be included in your event package. As all communications will be via email, make sure your email address is current in your clubregistration.net profile.

Registration questions? Contact Mark Keefe, Registrar at TCReg@PorscheNet.com; or 508-529-6127 before 8 PM.

Event questions? Contact Bruce Hauben, Track Chair, TCChair@PorscheNet.com; or 978-952-8517 before 8 P



PORSCHEFEST 2010

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11TH, 2010



On the lawn at the Larz Anderson Auto Museum - Brookline, MA

Put a little shine on your favorite Porsche and come join the fun with hundreds of Porsche aficionados on the spacious lawns of the Larz Anderson Museum of Transportation. Enter your car in NER's Annual Concours d' Elegance, or just enjoy mingling among an amazing variety of Porsches from early 356 models to the latest 997s... and even some full out Porsche race cars.

CONCOURS D' ELEGANCE

Have you ever entered a Concours? Ner makes it easy with four classes of competition. Maybe you just want to mingle, enjoy the afternoon and have a picnic. Last year, over 90 Porsches were registered for the Concours, plus plenty of "visiting" Porsches, not to mention the occasional Lamborghini, Ferrari and classic MG. The grounds at the Larz Anderson estate are always great for a picnic. As always, NER will have a caterer on site, grilling away to keep the hungries at bay. Need a change of pace? Visit the Museum exhibits, the gift shop or check out NER's merchandise at our Goodie Store under the tent.



PORSCHEFEST 2010

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11TH, 2010



Something for Everyone... Plan to visit the Museum Exhibits and Gift Shop.

CLASSES

Park & Wipe Concours - Get started with this fun and easy class. At the event, we'll select a small section of your car for judging. Entrants get 30 minutes for cleaning and then it's time to judge. Give it a try!

Track / Race Car Concours - Park your Club Racing or DE Porsche on the lawn, and let the people speak. Our attendees will cast ballots to pick the coolest racecars.

Top Only Concours - In this class, the exterior and interior of your car will be judged by the entrants. Make it shine, but don't worry about the trunk or engine compartment.

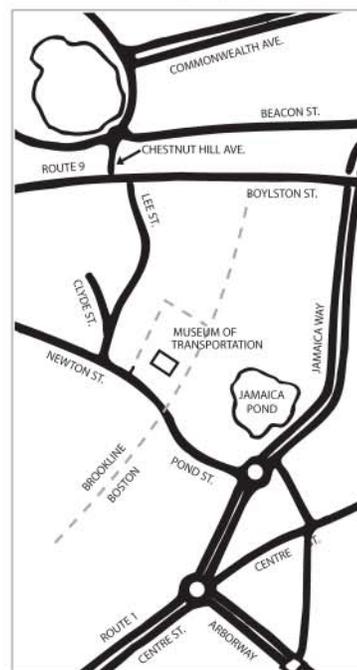
Full Concours - The real thing. The exterior, interior, engine compartment and trunk are judged by our experts. The fine details count here.

SCHEDULE FOR THE DAY:

Entrants arrive	9:00 am
Spectators arrive	10:00 am
Park N' Wipe Concours	10:30 am
Judging - Top, Full, Race	11:00 am
Picnic Lunch	12:30 pm
Awards Presentation	1:00 pm



Sponsored by
ROB COHEN
Century 21 City side
Boston's Property Expert



Concours Registration Form

Please help us plan for a successful event by Pre-registering for the event. It will help us prepare the right number of trophies and judges and food. Thank you.

Entrant Name: _____

Address: _____

City / State / Zip: _____

Phone (day): _____ (evening): _____

E-mail address: _____

Porsche (year / model / color): _____

PCA Region: _____

Select an entry option & check the box:

Full

Top Only

Track & Race Car

Park & Wipe

Please send your check for **\$25**
(\$35 day of event)
per car entered (payable to NER/PCA)
along with this form to:

Steve Ross
49 Village Brook Lane
Natick, MA 01760

Questions? Contact Steve Ross at
508-653-1695 evenings until 9:00
or e-mail to: slr944@aol.com

NER goes Canadian!

Copy by Bruce Hauben, Photos of Calabogie by Ivy Leonard (IL) and Photos of LCMT by Pierre Goyette (PG)

Towing up with the Andersons on Wednesday, we were west of Montreal when we were passed by a small convoy of RSR drivers, two with enclosed trailers and two women both in their street GT3 and GT3 RS. There was no need to keep up with them as we had plenty of time to get to the track's paddock and unload and the later we got there the cooler it would be. We were surprised when we caught up with them several miles before the turn onto 508 to Calabogie, but hey, isn't it the turtle that wins the race?

Right about then we all got caught up in a gigantic traffic jam caused by road construction, so out came my trusty hard copy AAA map of the region. I never go anywhere without a full complement of maps and simply do not trust our GPS for long-distance travel without first consulting Google maps prior to the trip. All too often I disagree with the GPS route, as it never takes into account traffic lights, congestion, built-up areas etc., even when I've programmed it for "quickest" route.

This trip was particularly interesting, as we brought along our Garmin Nuvi and compared it with the Ford Sync GPS in our F350, the first in-vehicle GPS we've had. Bottom line: at various points in the trip one or the other was closer to my actual route, with no real consistency in either.

So, pulling out my AAA map, I found a way around the con-

struction and got to the paddock well before the RSR folks. The next day one of the women asked how we caught up to them and then got there ahead of them. When she said they had not stopped for fuel or a pee break I was at a loss for an explanation but did show her my last detour for future use. A prime example of the need for hard copy maps... always.

Most of us arrived the day and night before and unloaded our rigs in 95+°F heat and high humidity. This was during that period that the entire eastern half of the country was sweltering and Canada was not excluded. Yours truly does not handle heat well, anything above 85°F and humid knocks the stuffing out of me, and you don't want to be around me. But after a shower at our 18-star motel (very decent for the price, with a full kitchen and A/C) and a convivial dinner with friends at the local biker pub, things were not as bleak.

That is until our first day on track, Thursday, when we experienced 98–100°F and high humidity; I guess that's why the control tower with its A/C was so popular. The day went flawlessly for the 110 drivers. An indication of NER's growing reputation for running great events was the wide geographic disbursement of participants. In addition to the 30% from Rennsport, a good group from UCR (the Toronto area) and a smattering from NCR, the group was from Virginia and Maryland, Pennsylvania and Ohio, NY and Maine and, of course, MA and RI, our most

continued on next page



Nice apex! (PG)

continued from previous



Driving the trailer (IL)

important contingent.

Somehow we all survived, drinking large amounts of fluids and trying to avoid the sun whenever possible. It was a good reminder for me of why I don't go to VIR during June/July/August, and often think about moving to Alaska. Thankfully everyone avoided the 'red mist' that often accompanies heat and inadequate fluid intake. When the track went cold everyone enjoyed our beer/wine/soda social. A cold brew never tasted so good.

Thankfully the temps always moderated in the evenings, sufficiently to allow those of us staying at the 18-star motel to enjoy an evening cocktail on our front patio overlooking Lake Calabogie. Moe Auger, our Novice Development Chair and Joyce and I ended up that evening with our beers and cocktails and not really feeling like having to move from our pleasant perch for dinner, so we called out to the local pizzeria and had excellent pizza and salads delivered to our door step.

Friday found us running the event during a full day of intermittent showers and rain, leaving us with a wet track for 3/4 of the day. Thankfully, everyone minded his or her manners on the track and we had an incident free day, even with an often very wet track. An upside of the weather was a far more comfortable day temperature wise. Several drivers reported to me that they were amazed at the grip on the track in the wet. I have to rely on such reports as neither Joyce nor I now drive on wet DE tracks (Club Racing is a different matter). For that matter we seem to have lost our desire and the thrill and enjoyment of track driving. This has been a long time conversation between ourselves and with many good track friends, all experiencing this decline. So Joyce drove zero runs and I took two, or maybe three at the most.

That night the Andersons and we dined at The Blackbird Café

a few miles east of the track. I mention this only because it was probably the highlight of the trip for Joyce and me. We'd heard mentions of the place on past visits to Calabogie so we tried it out. I wish I could say that dinner there alone was worth the 18-hour round trip but I doubt that any restaurant would do that for me. Suffice to say it was scrumptious, delicious, very moderately priced, with good service, and a real gem. In Boston it would be a 4/5-star restaurant and three times the price. We will definitely dine there on our trip next year.

Saturday, our last of the three days (I scheduled the event in that way so we had a day — even though it's less than a 4-hr. trip — to get to LCMT), while hot, was not as bad as the first. The Enduros went off without a hitch.

That night found us with the Andersons and Moe on the front patio, enjoying a few margaritas and the lake view, not feeling much energy to get up and drive out for dinner. Yup, we called out to the pizza place again, but this time for spaghetti, meatballs, lasagna, salad and pizza delivered to our doorstep.

It seems like I'm using a lot of print space writing about food. I guess when I'm running the event (always with lots of TC help, as pointed out last month), and Joyce has spent her day overseeing the Control function, and we don't do much track driving, the social aspect of the evening becomes more meaningful. I'd be remiss in not stressing this point, the social aspect of DEs. Along with our many conversations with good buddies at DEs and Club Races about the thrill and adrenaline rush having diminished over time, when long-time buddies no longer

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Porsche support vehicles (Bruce Hauben)

continued from previous

show up at events it just ain't the same. Certainly, new friends are made, one of the great values of PCA, and sometimes those new friends become great buddies, but ya still miss the 'old group.'

So Sunday morning arrived and, with nothing to keep us in Calabogie, Joyce and I along with the Andersons and Moe headed off to LCMT. Pre-trip planning had Google suggesting we go through Ottawa to hit Rt. 50 on the way to LCMT. As it was Sunday morning and there was probably not much if any traffic to be encountered in Ottawa, I would have tried that route — never done it before — but as two rigs were following me the consequences of a wrong turn or unexpected traffic would be far greater than were we traveling alone, I opted to the tried and true route that included a ferry crossing. There are three ferries operating so the wait is never more than a few minutes for the five-minute crossing, though this time the two that got onto the first ferry waited a few minutes for Moe protecting our rear.

We knew that arriving at LCMT and getting into the paddock would be different from past trips as their annual Vintage Car Race was in progress, not scheduled to end until 5:00 pm, with our access not until after 7:00 pm when the paddock would empty. So we dropped our rigs at the spectator entrance to the track and killed the rest of the afternoon in our own particular preferences. Our room was not ready at the Fairmont so after taking my cell phone number to let me know when it was ready, Joyce and I wandered the village, listening to live blues (a huge attraction for this event) and cooling ourselves with a few brews while staying out of the sun as much as we could.

Our admittance to the paddock was a little earlier than expected, but there were still two huge tents in place that had been used during the races, taking up a good 15–20% of the space. With 140 cars entered in our event, I was seriously concerned about everyone getting into the paddock. I did what I could, asking folks to move around and not use more



Joyce Brinton at registration (IL)

space than they need for their rigs. Fortunately, everyone was able to squeeze in (even opening their trailer awnings) and by the end of the first day when the tents were removed (a full day process) we had more space than we knew what to do with.

The LCMT event was to a large extent a mirror of the CMP event. It was hot, though far more bearable than CMP as it was in the high 80s to low 90s (°F) and day two of the event brought rain all day. Again I was amazed at some of the speeds down the front straight on the wet track, though we had an incident-free day. The drivers are to be commended for not driving beyond their cars or themselves in the wet conditions.

The first afternoon we again had our beer/wine/soda social and a good time was had by all. The mix of driver home areas was roughly the same as CMP with fewer from RSR and UCR but many from the upper-right quarter of the country.

Good friends from UCR, Martin Tekela and Hazel de Burgh, were joined by their friends the Sullivan's from Virginia. We'd met the Sullivan's at VIR and Mid-Ohio over the years and it's always fun seeing their rig. First off, they have a two-car open steel trailer with a double tire rack up front. Their 996 Turbo and GT2, both the same grey, match the grey of their tow vehicle, so it presents a very visually interesting picture.

Many years ago — actually not that many; man does time fly when you get old — when we were still running events at Mosport, one of the students was Hazel, at maybe her first event ever. She's gone on to become a very fast track driver, instructor, and Martin's spouse. Or maybe better said, Martin has become Hazel's spouse; whatever, they are great people and good friends.

So early in the CMP event Hazel lost her clutch and blew her engine, so the betting was about how soon she'll get a new engine, how much of the cost she will get Porsche to absorb, and

continued on next page



The chase is on! (PG)

continued from previous



Porsche in the rain (PG)

what she will be driving at LCMT. Not surprisingly, her student at CMP from Rennsport offered her the use of his car for LCMT, since he would not be driving at that event. That's Hazel for ya, and juicier stories than that... — come on now, get your mind out of the gutter. Jucier about cars.

I mentioned The Fairmont before. Along with les Voyageur and de la Montagne, two of the Intrawest properties, I've been arranging group rates at those three LCMT hotels. While The Fairmont is a few dollars higher than the other two, the dis-

counted rate I'm able to negotiate with them is a much higher percentage off the rack rate than the other two, and you get what you pay for. Generally Joyce and I opt for lower rates as we spend so little time in the room but this is always one situation we feel the cost difference is worth it.

One of the things I particularly appreciate at The Fairmont is the no hassle parking for our big trucks; a picture may accompany this to show you what I mean. If you've ever tried parking in the underground lots of the other two hotels you know the issue to which I'm referring. Even when we had our regular cab F150 it was hell trying to get it in and out of those garages. The F350 crew cab would be impossible, so it's a pleasure not to have worry about finding a parking space outside the hotel. It's great to drive up to the main entrance, turn the keys over to a valet and have your truck parked right out front, it presents a fun picture when many trucks are lined up.

It's not too early to put next year's CMP and LCMT events on your calendars, July 7th–9th, 2011 and July 11th–13th, 2011. Registration will open March 1st, 2011. Remember that three run groups were sold out this year, a reminder to get your name in early and pay early; you're not in an event until you pay.

Hope to see many of you at WGI August 27th–29th, 2010.



The start of a run (PG)

What I Did on my Summer Vacation

Copy by Robert Kelliher, Photos of Calabogie by Ivy Leonard (IL) and Photos of LCMT by Pierre Goyette (PG)

During the drivers meeting on the 1st day of NER's 2010 Calabogie DE, Bruce Hauben asked for a volunteer to compose an article about his or her experience at the event. Considering my abundant good fortune over the entire two-week vacation, and with Dave Karl's prodding, I submit the following account of my vacation at Calabogie.

The itinerary for my 'motorsports vacation' was to combine as many track days as I could compress into the two-week period as possible. I was to travel to Calabogie by myself on the 2nd of July, in the 48 ft. trailer that Russ Martorana and I share. Enclosed would be the Red RSR-bodied cup car, our heavily modified orange GT3RS, and my 2010 Ducati Hypermotard 1100 SP motorcycle, as well as the assembly of a full-scale garage tool box, 16 tires, equipment, gear and spare parts. Russ would travel up with Jerry Coholan the day prior to the PCA event, leaving me alone and unsupervised for a week!

The week prior to departure, Russ and I spent every evening from 6:00 pm until after 11:00 pm together in joyous splendor, preparing the machinery. Mostly Russ worked on the cars, as I installed a slipper clutch, heaver-wall handlebars, aluminum hand guards, high rear-set pegs, short levers, catch bottles, safety wire, and anything else that I could think of, on the bike. He would occasionally look up from his quandary of the moment to tell me how happy he was that I had decided to assemble a fully race-prepared motorcycle, in the short time

that we had allotted to prepare the cars. Needless to say, the stress level was high in Whoville. At departure time the motorcycle was still not completed, awaiting a few special missing parts from Italy. Enter Tom Fournier at Dunbar Euro sports in Brockton, MA, and my second stroke of immense fortune (the first was my wife Zoe allowing me to go!). I arrive at Dunbar on Friday morning with the fully packed trailer and a tale of woe. The mechanics look at the assembly of hardware with a mix of drool and quandary. Tom actually removed a few parts from his personal race bike and installed them on my machine. At this point it is beyond embarrassing to say that I did not purchase the machine from Dunbar. Twelve noon and I am out of Brockton heading to Ontario, all toys in working order, and with one very humble driver! "Thanks Tom" just seems inadequate.

Twelve hours later the monster rig arrives in Calabogie with only a few minor detours. Mapquest had sent me via Rt. 14, not realizing that I was driving a 30,000 lb, 65 ft. long rig full of toys. A 5,000 pound rated bridge necessitated I had to back the rig up a short distance, in the dark, and then take an alternate route thru the beautiful town of Perth. One trip note for the log: when driving a 7 mpg truck, in rural Canada at night, on secondary roads, always fuel up at every opportunity. The remainder of the detour proved uneventful if not a little lighter on the throttle, and I made it to the hotel at Calabogie Peaks in
continued on next page



Drivers meeting (IL)

continued from previous

time to get a little rest for day two.

Day two, Ducati of Canada track day on the bike at Calabogie! Saturday turned out to be a smoking hot 98° sun-filled day. As I entered the paddock, I could feel the reaction of my fellow Ducatisti, as they saw the monster trailer. Forty-eight feet and no camping gear? Hey buddy, the Porsche event is next week! Over the next few hours I met many, many ladies and gentlemen (and loaned many, many tools). Next to me in the paddock was a couple (Joe and Tracy) from Surrey, BC that had traveled five days for the two-day DOC event. Seeing that Joe was in my class and had not gone out in the first two sessions (of six per day!), I offered my help in finishing the setup work on his machine. We installed a set of stationary handlebars on the fuel tank so that Tracy could lap with Joe, two-up! This gave me a great idea for training with Russ, but I will develop that thought at a later time! I loaned Tracy my spare body armor and spent the next hour trying to get a few pictures of my new friends' tandem adventure. Later Joe offered to spend a few laps behind my 95 hp Hyper, taking a video of the old specimen in action, with the Herocam setup on his 170 hp 1198S superbike. What an awesome time we had — perfect asphalt, perfect day! Prior knowledge of the track hopefully made up for the lack of speed on the straights, so that Joe would not get too bored. One minor off in turn #17 due to tunnel vision, and the day ended uneventfully with a few beers and a lot of new friends. I would like to show the initial part of the video where Joe seems like a fighter pilot, avoiding at least five incoming bogies as he makes his way to meet in the hot pit! I think that the PCA track control person would likely have had a meltdown!

Day three and more fun on the track. I had met a gentleman from Elizabethville named Mark Thorogood. As we were going thru tech I noticed that he was missing a bolt in his front brake rotor. Instant friend. Mark is a professional bus driver and



Bruce Hauben (IL)

about 58 years old. He is familiar with the track and led me for more than a few laps to help me refine the two-wheeled line. When Mark saw the RS in the trailer, he said, "It would be my life's dream to ride in that car." Needless to say, what came at the end of the day? Total respect for the local traffic laws. After the ride Mark, gave me a generous gift to be shared with my Porsche brethren when they arrive. Better people I have never met!

As I was packing up the now-popular monster trailer at the end of the day, the track manager, Jane, offered that I would be able to participate in an open lapping day the next morning. I was so excited that I called my brother and set up a plane for Russ to come up to the nearest airport, I would then pick him up and we would have an unbelievable preamble to our PCA event. Russ was at a Red Sox game when I sprang the news. After a few calls, he reluctantly had to decline due to work considerations. I promised to baby the RS in his absence.

Day four and I showed up to an almost empty paddock. Eleven cars total, all 911s, open track all day. I could barely

continued on next page



You are here (IL)



Ivy fills up! (IL)

continued from previous

contain myself!

During my sign-up in the office, the track owner, Bruce, took the time to articulate the driving line for each turn, in great detail. I immediately went back to the trailer to write it all down, along with the reference points and timing markers that I had previously noted in my log from the DOC days.

Three and one half track hours later, I said to myself that I had better cool it, as my equipment as well as my body, have to last at least another 10 days. I called Russ to report my status for the day, car intact, bring more tires from my garage, more cash, and maybe a fuel card! What a partner! What a day!

On day five I decided to take the Ducati on a local road ride. Jane, the track manager, allowed me to leave the entire rig in the paddock for the duration, using it as my portable locker room. Thank you Jane!!!

I decided to use the Ducati for transportation and was told not to worry about signals, mirrors, or any of the usual street accessories, so road conversion was not too complicated. Connect the brake light, install a kickstand and I am off. Tuesday was another scorcher of a day, but I managed to do about 200 miles, exploring the area, swimming in one of the local rivers, having lunch in Perth, and just having an unusually responsibility free, awesome day.

On Wednesday I said to myself that I must have everything ready for my partners arrival that afternoon, as I have already had more than my share of fun. So I spent about 1-1/2 hours looking for the keys to the trailer hitch, gas storage door, rear door, side door, RS, Cup Car, F450 truck. Yikes! No wonder I am not the keeper of the keys. At least I had the key to the bike so that I could shuttle myself back and forth from the hotel

to my locker room in the paddock. Russ called during his trip up a few times to see how my day was going. I promised that we would have the best spot in the paddock, and everything would be ship-shape for his arrival.

Russ and Jerry seem to have had an uneventful trip up to Calabogie. I was glad to see them, and even happier to relinquish control of the keys. What was he thinking, leaving me alone for a week?

The next morning, was the first day of the NER DE. While in the registration line I was talking with Bob Roleau, a well respected instructor from the area. I had asked Bob if I could catch a ride with him for a few laps. He responded that I would perhaps be better served if I rode with the gentleman in front of me in line, and then introduced me to Jim Hoddinott. Jim was very friendly and offered a ride whenever I was ready. This would prove to be another moment of great fortune. Jim and I struck up a conversation about cars. I showed Jim our stable and then during the brief discussion, realized that Jim was the owner of the SpeedMerchants performance shop, as well as Kanata Ford. I told Jim that as I have had a few hours on the track this week that I would do a few sessions of lead follow with Russ, to show him what lines I had picked up during the prior days. Once I had done this, I would seek him out for the ride along.

During our second track session, a malfunction with the RS transformed into an even greater moment of fate. The Vario-cam timing system had malfunctioned, due to some prior abuse it had received at the NCR DE at NHIS the previous month. At first blush, I figured that I had had a fantastic time

continued on next page



Our tech line (IL)

continued from previous



Learning about flags (IL)

thus far, so Russ would continue to run the red car and I would sit out the remainder of the event. I knew that Zoe was coming to Mont-Tremblant in a few days to meet us for that event, and she was bringing her Turbo or, more appropriately, my backup car, so no need to fret too much.

On to my next moment of great fortune! As I spoke with Jim from SpeedMerchants about the troubles with the RS, he stated that I would drive the custom-built PDK-equipped Cup Car (#259) for the remainder of the two days at Calabogie. This is the green machine that was tested extensively in Excellence magazine last month. I responded that I could not accept, as the car was custom built with great cost and effort, for his wife no less. Jim ignored my plea and stated emphatically that I would drive the car tomorrow! Where do these people come from? I am so taken that the people I have met at Calabogie all seem to be facilitating my vacation I am almost overwhelmed with emotion and excitement at the same time!

On to Friday morning and Jim has the PDK Cup Car fitted with a brand new set of Michelin slicks, fueled and ready for the light and nimble footed (hammer foot) helmet tester, me! I think that I have gone to heaven perhaps.

For the first session, Jim took me out in #259 for two laps to show me his line around the circuit. What struck me first was what a difference a year makes on a new track. The line that he showed me was totally different that the line that was taught at my first Calabogie adventure last year. And, more importantly, Jim's line was safe and stinking fast. As rain approached, I saw the mechanics changing to rain race tires, but in an unusual moment of clarity, I declined this opportunity, steadfastly. I (and the car) must live to experience tomorrow's predicted great weather and the Enduro.

Saturday dawned another insanely hot day. By this time I had had five days on track and had the reference points and points of timing (footnote to Keith Code, author of Twist of the Wrist for that) down solidly. The PDK Cup Car proved to be one of the

nicest machines that I have ever had the privilege to operate. What a blast!! I promised myself (and Jim) that I would drive his baby with the reserve and respect that should be accorded to such an opportunity. The restraint did not prevent an unbelievably fun day on the track. I was able to turn times that were comparable to flogging my own machine, with no issue. Even though I shifted the 6-speed with what I perceive to be little or no thought, the additional time afforded by the PDK, and the lessened workload, allowed more time to scrutinize other aspects, such as timing. This to me is clearly the future, and it is to be welcomed wholeheartedly. Wow, what a day!

We ended our stay Sunday in Calabogie with yet another open track day. Russ and I each spent a few sessions in our red Cup Car, each taking turns driving, then observing, and then reviewing the others performance. This was very beneficial to me as Russ and I are both full-time and permanent "driving students," and have essentially the same four-wheeled education. The day was finished with perhaps 25 laps each alone.

Later that afternoon, off to Mont-Tremblant!!!

Reflecting on my vacation at Calabogie, which I certainly consider to be among the best of my life, the thing that stands out the most is not the cars, but the people that I have had the great fortune to have met and interacted with, from my start in Brockton to the return on Thursday after Tremblant. I have been absolutely humbled and graced.

Thank you all,
Peace and love,
Bob



Side by side (PG)

Dylan's Trip

Copy by Dylan Bergan, Photos by Ivy Leonard

Hello again, to those of you who read my last collection of barely related stories. If you are new or have no idea what I am talking about, welcome, I won't hold it against you. Now, for the beginning.

Beginning

I went to Canada with my dad and the family this year. The trip was filled with many adventures. But getting there was an adventure all its own (isn't it always). My mom, brother, and I all had to fly up to upstate New York because my dad was at Calabogie, and didn't want to take us for fear we'd be bored. Oh, puh-lease. So, we arrived at Logan airport and my mom immediately became lost. After getting help we had to pass through security. The marshals yelled at me because I put my watch and iPod in a bin instead of in my carry-on bag through the "big machine." I mean, really, my know-how is coming from the movies and commercials I see about airports. Then they had to reverse the machine because I had a water bottle in my bag. I had to throw that out. Then they had to get a bomb squad (small exaggeration) to go through my bag because I had a bottle of shampoo that was over 100 mg. They confiscated that and said that I couldn't have it on the plane. Then my mom walked through the scanner with her car keys in her pocket and it didn't go off. I thought Logan was making it more difficult for terrorists to get through.

So all this time we were meandering about because we got a call this morning that the flight was an hour delayed. We got down to the waiting room to find out it was on time with less than 10 minutes to take-off. So at this point I was pretty P-Oed, and then I saw our plane. It was a turbo-prop and, after riding in it, I can say that I am now afraid of very tight spaces (it was a squeeze with one row of chairs on each side), afraid of heights (I could almost sense the pilot contemplating a barrel roll), and am slightly deaf in both ears (with the propellers spinning, I could easily hear them through the much-too-thin aluminum,

even with my iPod on). And about five minutes from the time we were going to land, we hit some turbulence! My brother and I thought it was great fun, but my mom saw her life flash before her eyes, obviously. Note to the world, drive next year.

Middle

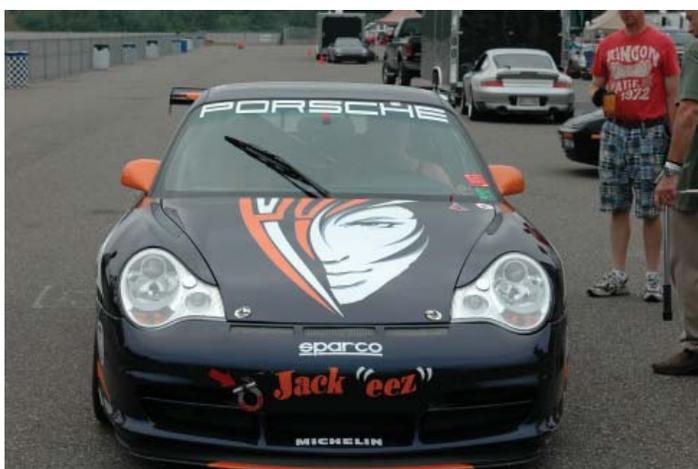
Arriving at the resort was gave a feeling of triumph. The flight marshals had yelled at me, taken away my water bottle, and thrown out my shampoo, but I had made it, so I laughed, because I had beaten them, and their dumb latex gloves. And even though I would end up with a very greasy head, lung cancer, and a lack of sleep, I was at the track, where it didn't matter how greasy your hair or how big the bags under your eyes, because it's just you and a bunch of other sweaty guys who all love cars. It was great.

But say you're a family man, what are you going to do with your annoying family while you try to enjoy your vacation without them? Easy, take one car and get a room at the Mont-Tremblant resort. My brother and mother spent all three days looking in all the shops and whatnot. They got to eat good food and go on rides and all that stuff. I was at the track, though, getting nice and dirty and sweaty and eating the not-good food from the cafeteria. It was great! My dad and I got to the track by 7:00 and didn't leave until 5:00. I dare you to find something more fun than spending 10 hours at the track. Go on. Try to convince me by e-mailing me at dylantbergen@gmail.com. Or you could send me money, and I will say how God-like you are in my next column.

The track was genuinely great though. It was fun to wander around and look at the assortment of cars, from classic 911s to Subaru Impreza WRX STis. That is a mouthful.

Breakfast was not an issue here, because just past the entrance to the paddock there is a diner with amazing food, and it's open early, and most of the Porsche guys go there, so you'll be surrounded by friends as you stuff your face with crêpes. Or

continued on next page



Beautiful paint job (IL)



Keeping out of the sun (IL)

again smoothly aiming for the white. Well, this time I kissed it alright. I went up, over and two wheels off the track, taking every advantage possible with the white. While the white was leaning back smoking a cigarette and smiling, I was having a very different reaction. My wheels were making quite a bit of noise and I may have been screaming. You know how when you are in an accident or a near miss you cannot believe the amount of thoughts that can race through your mind in such a short span? Well I was thinking: 1) will I mash the left side? 2) will I mash the right side? 3) oh thank God I bought the insurance! There had been three ways it could have played out — turned the wheel to the left (bad news), turned the wheel to the right (also bad news) or wheels straight (only way to get out of it mash-free). I opted for wheels straight and sailed into the downhill lefthander as if nothing had happened. I probably should note that there is a strong possibility I kept the wheels straight because my instructor was screaming, "WHEELS STRAIGHT, WHEELS STRAIGHT." I can't be sure though... maybe I will have to try it again. Or maybe not. So I have decided to just be friends with the white; we are both happier that way. We had our fun and oh what a memory that was. Before the white "incident"

Alright class, how about some word association? What comes to mind with these words: challenging, confusing, awesome, exhilarating and... MONTICELLO! I had the chance to drive that 22-turn track recently and it was all that and more. Again I was blessed with a brilliant instructor. One of the first things I said to him was, "What do you say?" He didn't know what I meant so I pressed further... do you want me on the floor or kissing the white? No, he just said he would say brake or throttle. Hey that works! But it did take quite some time to work out the track inside my head. Because it was so magnificently designed I found myself wondering at times where I was on the track. I probably did wear him out with my constant question of, "Where am I?" but he patiently persevered. It did take me a day and a half to unravel it so I could do what works for me (imagine looking down on the track while driving on it). I couldn't recommend this track more highly to anyone who wishes to push his or her limits — car-wise and mentally. Plus, the grounds are world-class and spectacular.

Around the Cones - continued from page 5

after the MG Midget, an identical twin except for trim and wire wheels. They all carried on until the '80s in this country when the parent company stopped production of affordable sports cars.

Next month I will finish up the British cars and hit the other marques in Europe.

you can get a more meager breakfast of toast and eggs. I will not disclose your initials, John Bergen. I, on the other hand, was able to merge with Canadian society quite nicely, having pizza and spaghetti — no, wait — I mean crêpes and, um, other, French food. Yeah.

So, if you think I did badly on this column, tell why it's that way and then I will trash-talk you in my next one (don't worry Mr. Cohen, I'll do that for you regardless). Good-bye, everyone, and make sure that you don't hit any moose.

End

One Track Mind - continued from page 10

two events in particular lead me to point this out. Without the volunteer effort led by Bruce Hauben, assisted by his track committee, there would be no such events (notwithstanding all of the planning and logistics that go into an event, Bruce was also so busy at these events that he only got on the track three times over six days). So thanks very much Bruce and team for two terrific events and to anyone else who'd like to help, know that your assistance is welcome.



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2010 NER Autocross #3- Sun. July 10, 2010

Pos.	#	Driver	Car Model	Total	Pos.	#	Driver	Car Model	Total
'1S - 356, 912, 914 Street' Total Entries: 2					'6S - 993NA, 996, 997 (no S) Street' Total Entries: 6				
1T	46A	Francis ODay	914-6	83.783	1T	32A	Glenn Champagne	996	75.349
2	98A	Jack Goudreau	912	103.419	2T	327A	Dara Ambrose	996	77.258
'2S - 924, 944, 968 Street' Total Entries: 2					3	31A	Lev Tabenkin	993	78.489
1T	15A	David Case	944	75.497	4	48A	John Rinyeling	2004 911	84.826
2	61A	Bill Aubin	944	79.772	5	31B	Boris Tabenkin	993	86.111
'2R - 924, 944, 968 Race' Total Entries: 3					6	48B	Hewmun Lan	2004 911	97.58
1T	44B	Joe Kraetsch	924 S	70.889	7R - Boxster, Cayman, 993, 996, 997 (no S) Race				
2	44A	Lisa Roche	924 S	70.999	1T	1A	Oliver Lucier	Boxster	69.465
3	69A	Georges Rouhart	968	71.475	2T	333A	Paul Atkin	997	70.858
3S - 911 NA, SC, Carrera, 964, 928 Street					3	208A	Barry Yomtov	01 Boster	79.521
1T	244A	Steven James	911	78.075	4	208B	Robert Yomtov	01 Boxster	79.53
2T	451A	Reid Van Gorder	964	78.522	8 - 911 Turbo, 997S, GT3, Carerra GT Street and Race				
3	21A	Cuan Coulter	78 SC	79.254	1T	522B	Jake Moreau	996	69.766
4	39A	Chip Jarry	89 911	83.37	2	104A	Susan Kelley	997 C2S	76.386
5	39B	Chris Jarry	89 911	86.523	3	522A	William Nerney	997 C4S	79.139
3R - 911 NA, SC, Carrera, 964, 928 Race					'9 - Improved' Total Entries: 4				
1T	3A	Tom Tate	911	73.277	1T	887A	Stephen Lefebvre	997C2S	65.764
2T	22A	Robert Canter	Carrera	74.811	2T	40A	Charles Stromeyer	993 turbo	70.406
3	156A	Chris Ryan	911 Carrera	75.748	3	904A	Akira Mochimaru	904 Replica	74.627
4	49A	Jeff Johnson	911 Carrera	76.006	4	5A	Steve Smith	944	77.593
5	666A	George Skaubitis	RS America	76.45	'10 - Race' Total Entries: 2				
6	666B	Christine Skaubitis	RS America	80.024	1T	62A	Scott James	97 Boxster	68.705
'4S - 986 Boxster/S up to 04 Street' Total Entries: 4					2	901A	Ron Mann	911	68.744
1T	66A	Steve Ross	Boxster	75.631	'12 - Non-Porsche' Total Entries: 2				
2T	8A	Grant Zimmerman	03 Boxster S	76.906	1T	356A	Ash Perkins	M3	72.094
3	777A	Gary Hebner	Boxster	83.31	2	167A	Noel Swartz	2004 M3	73.629
4	93A	Adrienne Ross	Boxster	88.386					
5S - 987 Boxster/S/Cayman/S 05 on Street									
1T	20A	Bill Seymour	07 Cayman	71.353					

Top Times Of Day **Class** **Driver**
 Raw time 9 Stephen Lefebvre

Porsche News

Copy and photo are courtesy of Porsche AG

Porsche Takes Top Three Spots in J.D. Powers Study

The renowned study "Automotive Performance, Execution and Layout Study (APEAL)" by the US opinion polling research institute J.D. Power ranks Porsche first overall ratings for the sixth time in a row. Furthermore, the Gran Turismo Panamera was rated second-best and the Porsche 911 third-best vehicle. First in the segment "Premium Sporty Car" is once again the 911, same as last year.

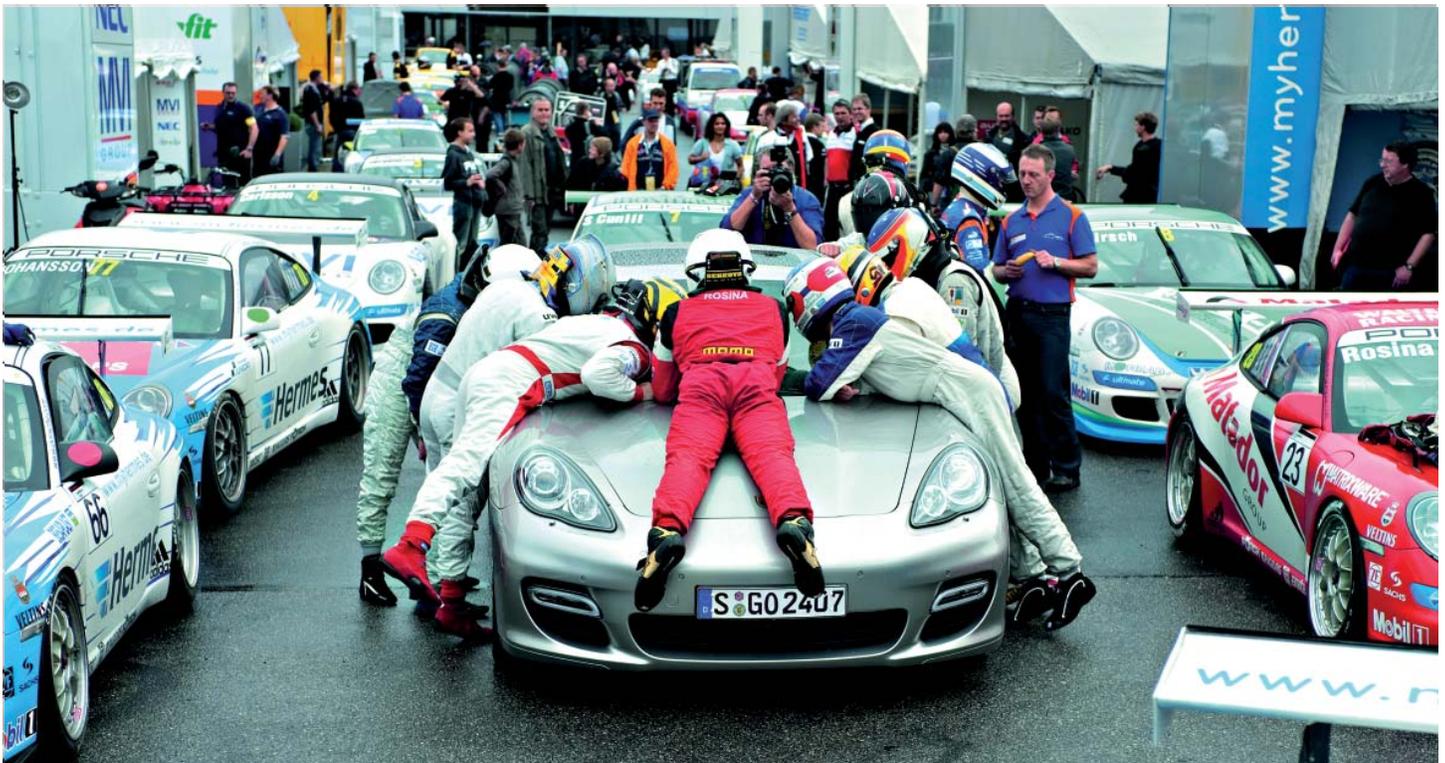
The APEAL study determines the attractiveness of vehicles in the American market. Some 82,000 new vehicle owners, whose vehicles were registered between November and February, are surveyed annually. A total of 95 features in ten categories are examined. Along with driving dynamics and design, aspects such as every-day efficiency and comfort of the vehicle are considered. "The key to our consistent top performance are the continual advancements and quality improvements to our vehicles. Porsche's outstanding ranking in the J.D. Power is a clear indication that our work is honored by customers. The excellent overall result – including the very good cut for the Panamera, which made it to second place on its first go around – are the result of our persistent customer-orientation," says Michael Macht, Chairman of the Board of Porsche AG.

After two first-place awards in the "Vehicle Dependability Study" for used vehicles and the "Initial Quality Study" for the quality of new automobiles, Porsche convinces for the third time this year in a J.D. Power study.

The Porsche brand also took first place in the equally renowned "Ideal Vehicle Award" study by the US automotive consultancy firm AutoPacific. Thus, this manufacturer of premium sports cars became the first automobile manufacturer to take the top prize three times in a row. In addition to the victory in the overall rating, Porsche Cayman was rated the "Ideal Sports Car" in the sports car category, followed by the Boxster and the sports car icon 911.

More than 42,000 vehicle owners rated their new vehicles in 15 different categories for the study. Among the criteria polled were the design of the vehicle, its comfort, power and acceleration. The AutoPacific study, conducted annually, rates nearly every vehicle in the US market. It examines the extent to which new automobiles meet customer expectations.

The excellent results of both studies reflect the current positive developments in the US market. Ultimately, Porsche was able to report an increase of 137 percent in shipments to the US for the month of June.



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it has always rained at least one of the days. The new tires would be dropped off along with the car at EPE so that they could be mounted to my rims. So far so good, all was going according to plan.

The next thing I had to do was get the “new to me” F350 registered and insured before the trip. This proved to be more of a challenge since in RI, which is where I registered it, you have to get the VIN checked by the police. Also, when you register the vehicle, the DMV only takes cash or a check for fees and taxes. Of course I forgot to bring my checkbook and had to run home to retrieve a check so that I could complete the registration. The one final remaining item was to get the truck inspected. I was able to find a shop that could get me in and out without an appointment. Wow, that was a ton of work.

With the truck all set, I could now shift my focus onto other things I needed to do before Canada. I had to make sure that I had plenty of clean clothes, as well as various supplies to bring over the border. I was also in communication with several other NER guys who were heading up to both events. My plan was caravan up to Canada with John Gralton, Jerry Coholan, Russ Martorana, Chris Lewis, and Rodger Ballou. They would all be leaving from the South Shore area, Swansea to be specific, and I was to meet them off of the Mass Pike out near Lee. It is always nice to run in a pack when you are doing these long hauls. That way if someone has a problem, they are not alone.

As I said, everything was shaping up well. The details of the craziness leading up to the day I actually left for Canada are better left for a strong drink and plenty of time to digest what was involved. I won't go into the details here, as it would detract from the rest of the story. Needless to say, I actually hit the road on time the morning of July 7th, which was nothing short of a miracle.

The ride from Walpole to Lee was uneventful, and I even caught up to John Gralton shortly before our pre-arranged rest area. Two hours down and only eight more to go! The other guys showed up a few minutes later and we basically had ourselves a convoy. The only person who was absent was Rodger Ballou who had gotten a later start than he had planned and would meet us at the track in Calabogie.

Ah, Calabogie; when we eventually got there it was everything I remembered it to be. The track is the highlight of the town, with nothing much else in Calabogie. There are two gas stations (one that sells 94 octane), a general store, and a liquor store. There are a few restaurants, and I use the term loosely, where you can get food and drink. And that is pretty much it.

The next day came quickly; with most of us working on tech line we had to be at the track by 7am. I was crushed to learn that Mumfords, one of the two gas stations, had burned down. This was the place that I had frequented for breakfast last year. With it gone, there was nowhere else to go. We ended up stopping at a bait place for coffee. So far the day was not starting on

a positive note.

The other thing going against us this day was that it was going to be a hazy, hot, and humid day. The temperature was supposed to get to 37 degrees Celsius, or 98 degrees Fahrenheit. That my friend is hot no matter how you measure it! It was so hot that for my first run, we were slightly delayed due to some coolant having been dropped on the track. Instead of sitting in my car waiting to be let out I got out of line and went back to the paddock where I could wait in the shade. I did think about waiting it out in the car but when I started to sweat just sitting there I thought better of it. I did not want to become dehydrated on my first run.

I finally got out and took it easy for the first few laps. I kind of remembered the 20 some odd turns, but they were not crystal clear in my memory. It would take me the rest of the day, or another three sessions before I felt comfortable with the track. One thing I did notice as I relearned the track was the sheer number of GT3s and Cup Cars that were at the event. Cars like mine, and the venerable 944, are a dying breed.

At the end of the day we were all treated to a beer and wine social hosted by Bruce and Joyce. Here we relived the day's events, discussed the possibilities for dinner, and talked about how we would improve over the next two days. To add to our little band of brothers, we were joined by Jeff Talling, Bob Kelliher, Michael Orsini (and his girlfriend Linda), and Sigrid and Mark Schnoerr.

The next two days went extremely well. I was growing more and more comfortable with the track. I even drove in both the Red and Black Enduros on the final day. For the Red Enduro I skipped the start and only drove for 20 minutes or so. This was to warm my tires up before the start of the Black Enduro. For the Black Enduro I participated in the start, which wasn't as good as it could have been, and then drove for two stints, 30 minutes with a five minute break followed by another 25 minutes. Needless to say I was exhausted by the end of the day.

With Calabogie over, my next priority was to head down to Plattsburg, NY to pick up Dot and the kids. The drive down to Plattsburg took me about four hours and I found the airport without a problem. Dot and the boys were ready and waiting for me as I pulled into the arrivals area of the airport. Thanks to pre-planning, I had Dot pack all of their stuff so I could take it along with me in the truck, that way they only had to deal with a few incidentals as carry-on bags. This worked splendidly.

The drive north to Tremblant was uneventful and without traffic since this was a Sunday. The unfortunate thing however, was that there was a Vintage Car Race at LCMT so the track personnel were not allowing anyone to enter the paddock. This was throwing a monkey wrench into everyone's plans. I took the time to check into the hotel and drop off Dot and Sean so they could check things out while Dylan and I went back to the

continued on page 36

as the width of a single tire. The really loud Novas and Falcons made the ground shake but struggled to break 120 mph at the traps.

As we sat in the stands watching we were surprised to see the Jeep Grand Cherokee that we followed into the parking lot pull up to the starting line. It was a new red one with two big 4" exhaust pipes coming out of the center of the rear bumper like a modern Porsche. I remembered the Jeep because I figured that some kid had his mother's car until I saw the Hemi badge on the side. Then I figured that maybe Dad had the car out — it was tough to tell because of the blacked out windows but it certainly looked and sounded stock. After watching a bunch of Nissans go up against some their buddies in Celicas that sounded like vacuum cleaners going by, I really wasn't looking for a big show from the Jeep. Imagine my surprise when the very quiet brick ran a 12 second quarter at 117 mph. I'm glad that I didn't try to out run him at the front gate.

The vendor area was huge with everything from video games to race tires on display. Verizon had a circus tent set up with what looked like 100 screens inside hooked to the latest in interactive games. Guitar Hero looked as old as I felt. The boys jumped into a couple of empty slots and looked right at home. There was an entire section showing the latest in iPhones. I kept my Treo 750 hidden in my pocket, as it would've looked like something that Alexander Graham Bell invented.

Down to the car show area we saw rows of cars that were so low that they looked like a Citroen DS-21 when the air ride failed. I kept wondering how they drove into the parking area without setting the grass on fire. Remember we were in NH where most of the parking was in a pasture. The paint work was pretty good, and there were steering wheels made out of chrome plated chain links and seats so low the driver couldn't see over the window sills without leaning forward. I don't know how most of the cars on display could be driven.

Two big Hummers snuck into the show, one with six wheels (four driven) and more video screens than are in my neighborhood. They had some great paintwork and the required blinking lights but most were in the floor, like an airliner. A big Ford pickup was on display as a transformer and the bed went up straight with a screen in the bed that made it look like a drive in movie. I had the feeling that it was a permanent fixture at the track and it was just too big to move. Import or not, it drew a pretty big crowd.

There was a section for custom motorcycles and even those had a 'Fast and Furious' touch. One had small video screens on each side, I suppose so that cars you were passing could see the rapper that the driver was listening to. There were strings of lights that looked like they came off a Christmas tree that were imbedded in the fuel tank that blinked to the music. The rear tires on the bikes were wider than the ones on my BMW M6. These

guys were all into how it looked. I don't think they really cared if it handled or rode better as long as it looked sick.

A big concert tent held a rapper that nobody ever heard of that, like we said about our high school band, may not have been good but he was loud. That head banging kind of noise sort of set the tone of the entire event. The tent would be used later for the bikini contest so it was probably a good thing that it was raised about eight feet above the crowd. Anything to keep a bunch of testosterone charged male adolescents at bay. That was about what we had in this parking lot. There were some teenage girls but they were traveling in packs or sitting in the displayed cars watching videos. By the time it got dark even they had dropped out of sight. Maybe there's curfew in NH that says that normal people have to be home by 10 pm because I couldn't find anybody without lots of tattoos and very few teeth by that time.

We circled the food area again for one last shot of junk before leaving and came across two of the "NOPI girls" that were doing photo opps. The boys got into the picture; each with a big grin that I don't think was for the ice cream they were holding. Maybe they're older than I thought. We left before the Hot Import Nights girl of the event was picked but based on the sound of the cheering I'll bet that the title went to the one with the smallest outfit.

I'm glad that I went and I know that the boys had a great time but I don't think that I need to go again. In fairness to the venue, we are in New England, and there aren't really a lot of custom rice burners running around. Given the fact that probably 95% of them were on the grass that night I'd say the show was a success.

KTF



The boys and NOPI Girls (Tom Tate)

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track. We were eventually allowed in at around 7:30pm. After dropping the car and trailer, Dylan and I went back to the hotel to meet up with Dot and Sean and head out to dinner, which was going to be a late one.

I was totally wiped out by the time we got back to our room for the night. Dot and the boys wanted to watch TV but I went straight to bed. The next morning came early and it took a while for me to wake up Dylan. You see Dylan was going to be my track hand and had been looking forward to this trip for a while, so I had to get him out of bed. Since Dylan is now a teenager, he enjoys sleeping in, and I wouldn't put it past him to stay in bed until 10:00am or later.

Once we got to the track, I made it through registration and tech in no time. This then allowed me to wander around and take some pictures. It also gave me the opportunity to prepare for my work assignment, which was going to be Control for the next three days. In Control I would be partnering with Dave Patel for most of the time and he and I were relief for Dave's wife Irene, John Billmaier, and Joyce.

The first day turned out to be great, especially since this was my fifth time at LCMT and the track came back to me faster than Calabogie. I was having a great time by the end of the day with my car hopping its way across the track at the top of turn two. I could also imagine that my right front wheel was leaving the ground during my cornering in Namerow. I had also managed to break the 2-minute mark on my laps so I was very happy.

As with Calabogie, we finished the first day with a wine and beer social. This was another great time had by all. After a drink or two, Dylan and I headed back to regroup with Dot and Sean. Shortly after we left the social, a fierce wind kicked up and came into our little camp area, which was right off of the pond. This wind proceeded to destroy my pop up tent along with Rodger's.

The next day I had help from Mike O. in disassembling, or breaking down, what was left of my tent frame. The pieces went directly into the garbage can. This was a sad moment as the tent was a Christmas gift from Dot and the boys a few years ago so that I would have shade at the track. I'll have to keep my eyes open for a new pop up tent that has a gust buster top and maybe a sturdier frame.

With the track wet, and the skies threatening for more rain, Dylan and I made the switch from Hoosiers to rain tires. My rain tires are basically Bridgestone Potenza street tires, which I also use for autocrossing. They have pretty good grip, are high speed rated, and provide me with enough traction in the rain that I can enjoy myself on the track. It is important to slow everything down when driving on a wet track and work on car control and smoothness.

For the most part, the wet track was fine with the exception of the esses, turns 4 and 5, and the left hand sweeper after that, turn 6. Here I had to slow way down because I could feel the

car wanting to break away from me. As the day wore on and I was out for my third session I did manage to have my backend break away in turn 6. I guess I was going a bit too fast, maybe you could say a little too exuberant, and had to correct a few times. In the end I went two feet in with my wheel straight and slid off the track. I quickly gave a thumbs up out of my window since all was well, nothing hurt except the patch of lawn where I skidded to a halt.

I then drove back into the hot pit area and expected to be greeted in the Black Flag area by one of my co-workers, but there was no one there. I had to call out to have Joyce come down and talk with me. I explained to Joyce that I had gone four wheels off at turn 6 and was reporting in. She informed me that the flaggers hadn't reported anything about my little landscaping escapade and that I was good to go.

The next day the sun came out and the track was dry. I would basically only be doing two morning runs this day, one was a normal run group and the second was the Black Enduro. For this enduro the flaggers at LCMT were much better prepared and were pretty clear that we all needed to slow down and almost stop before we got to the control tower. The actual green flag start was excellent and I am hopeful that someone caught it on a camera. I was shooting in car video of the start so I'll be posting that to my YouTube account and Facebook.

As usual I have rambled on for long enough. Now for the standard closing line: Well, that's all for this month. I hope to see many of you at some of our upcoming events! If you see me, please introduce yourself and say hello, I will be trying to do the same. Until then, stay safe!

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