

INTERMOUNTAIN REGION PORSCHE CLUB OF AMERICA

# ZEITUNG

VOLUME 54 ■ NUMBER 2 ■ MAY 2013

**Gateway Auto Museum Tour**  
Memorial Day Weekend! ■ see page 6

**Fourth Annual Amazing Rally  
and Summer Social**

IRPCA's signature event is June 8! ■ see page 9



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## on the cover

Larry Phillips took an early lead in "F" class for the 2013 Autocross Series by narrowly edging out rival 914 driver James Morris on the tarmac at Northwest Research. More on page 10. (photo courtesy the editor)



Brextton Bruce Photography

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Jeremy Rosenberger

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**facebook**  
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## ZEITUNG

official magazine of the Intermountain Region  
Porsche Club of America ■ [www.irpca.org](http://www.irpca.org)

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# ■ the president's take ■ ■ ■ ■

Will Crowther, President



Do you enjoy driving your Porsche? I'm pretty sure I know the answer to that question, but recently I came to realize just how much I enjoy my car. I'm not talking just about taking my Porsche out on our club's tours, driving it at our autocross events, or even participating in the high-performance driver education and club racing events at Miller Motorsports Park and elsewhere. All of these are great fun and a big part of what the Intermountain Region Porsche Club of America is. But I'm talking now about just having the car to jump into and drive, say, up Parley's Canyon and then down Emigration Canyon and back home to its garage. I'm talking about having the car ready to go and being able to take advantage of that whenever a mental lift is in order. We all need some occasional time out from our other realities as workers, parents, etc., and I often use my Porsche for that.

I broke my ankle over two months ago. Initially, I wore a hard cast that was not to touch the ground. Now I'm in an orthopedic boot that I can put some weight on, but it doesn't bend at the ankle. I can't handle my Porsche's clutch! I'm reduced to driving cars in my family's fleet that have automatic transmissions.

There is nothing quite like taking a few twisty mountain bends in a Porsche. Nearly all other cars pale in comparison to the feeling of control and potential that one gets when pulling through those sharp curves, hitting the apexes and emerging smoothly and in utter control. Even at street-legal speeds. (OK, I like it even more at track speeds, but then the concentration factor is so large that it's more a subconscious thing that you don't really enjoy until you're off the track and wearing that same silly grin every other participant has on.)

It's true what they say about not really knowing what you have until it's gone. And what is true about missing your Porsche—be it you or your car that is temporarily out of action—is also true about missing the camaraderie of the friends you have in the club. Our club is about cars, but it's also about all of the great people who drive those cars. For reasons related to this same foot that has me in a boot now, I missed driving in high-performance events with our Intermountain Region all of last year. I want to tell you: I didn't just miss the car and that silly grin; I missed the friends I have who drive their cars in those events, and I missed the new friends that I might have made out on the track last year.

We have some great events coming up very soon this year—track events, autocrosses, tours, concours

and socials. Your friends will be there. Many potential new friends will be there, too. Don't miss them; join them. See our Web site, [www.irpca.org](http://www.irpca.org), for all of the dates, times and details.

Look for the "Porschegrams" we send to your mailboxes (there is one on its way to you as I write this). If you have questions, see the Contacts tab on our Web site or on the opposite page. There are many friendly Porsche enthusiasts listed in these places who would be happy to answer your questions. If you're not sure whom to ask, just pick a name. We'll route your question to whoever is most knowledgeable about a particular event.

Many of our events are free to members, or very low cost. It takes a lot of money to put on track events, so those do cost more, but our club's generous "on-track time" and included

instruction are great bargains compared to similar events hosted by other groups. If the track isn't your thing, but you're ready to try something competitive with your Porsche that's slower and less expensive, come try an autocross. The cost to club members for an autocross is only twenty bucks—and if it's your first time out there and you're driving a Porsche, we'll give you the instruction and course time for nothing. And always keep in mind that you're very welcome to attend any event just to watch.

Remember, "It's not just the cars, it's the people." ■

■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

*Our club is about cars,  
but it's also about all of  
the great people who  
drive those cars.*

■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■



Will is anxious to get reacquainted with his old friend!

## ■ upcoming events

### ■ may

- Sat 5/11 **Autocross #2**  
at Utah State Fairpark  
155 N 1000 W, SLC
- Sun 5/19 **"Fini-Drive" Tour**
- Fri 5/24 **Gateway Auto Museum Tour**  
-Mon 5/27 see page 6

### ■ june

- Sun 6/2 **Autocross #3** ■ *new date!*  
at Maverik Center  
3200 S Decker Lake Drive  
West Valley City ■ see page 8
- Sat 6/8 **Fourth Annual Amazing Rally  
and Summer Social**  
start at **ClearBra**  
60 Harvard Ave, SLC ■ see page 9
- Fri 6/14 **Jackson Hole, WY Tour**  
-Sun 6/16 see page 13
- Sat 6/15 **Driver Education**  
at Miller Motorsports Park, west track  
see page 17
- Fri 6/21 Silver Sage Region's **Bogus Basin  
Bacchanalia**  
-Sun 6/23 Boise, ID ■ see page 17
- Sun 6/23 **Porsche Parade**  
-Sat 6/29 Traverse City, Michigan  
[parade2013.pca.org](http://parade2013.pca.org)

### ■ july

- TBD **Alpine Loop Tour**
- Sun 7/14 **Autocross #4 (Tentative)**
- Sun 7/28 **TBD Tour**

### ■ august

- Sun 8/11 **Big Cottonwood Canyon Tour**
- Sat 8/17 **Autocross #5 (Tentative)**

■ for the complete event calendar, visit  
[www.irpca.org](http://www.irpca.org) ■

## ■ member spotlight

296 primary members; 495 total

### ■ new members

- Ellsworth and Lee Ann Clarke** Park City  
2004 911, Seal Gray; 2011 Panamera  
from Coastal Empire
- Dennis Conroy** Salt Lake City  
2011 Boxster S, red
- Thomas and Lisa Dunlap** Draper  
2005 Cayenne, white; 2012 911, black  
from Northern New Jersey
- James Kennicott** Park City  
2013 Boxster, blue
- Robert Lee** Bountiful  
1986 911, black
- David Rees** North Ogden  
1994 968, black
- Michael and Donna Weinholtz** Salt Lake City  
2012 911 Turbo S, black
- Desire and Alan Wilson** North Salt Lake  
2007 911 GT3, white
- Barry Zekelman** Paradise Valley, AZ  
2010 997 GT3 Cup, white



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with the latest event infor-  
mation!**

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During my tenure as editor of Rocky Mountain Region's *High Gear*, I had the pleasure of getting to know many of that Region's members. One of them, Dick Badler, had been writing a monthly column for the newsletter since time immemorial (that is, before I joined RMR). I've always enjoyed Dick's sense of humor, some examples of which I'm pretty sure you could find in the dictionary under the entry for *sardonic*.

Dick, I'm happy to report, continues to write for *High Gear* today—so as a continuing subscriber, I am treated monthly to his witticisms (as well as the rest of what continues to be one of the finer newsletters in the PCA). And so it was with great amusement that I read about an unexpected development regarding a recent column of his. It seems that our dear Mr. Badler's musings have somehow managed to attract the attention of some executives at Porsche AG—which I have to say is a bit surprising, as the editor of a humble little Regional newsletter.

The story unfolded over three months' worth of columns, which I felt I simply must share with *Zeitung* readers. So check out the complete three-part series on page 19. And if you enjoy Dick's writing as much as I do, who knows? Perhaps we can get a syndication deal going. In any case, I have a feeling that this particular story isn't over yet. If we don't pick it up here, you can always follow Dick's monthly column, "I Get Around," in *High Gear* at [rmr.pca.org](http://rmr.pca.org).

Meanwhile, back in our Region, the event calendar is really starting to heat up, as reflected in this month's issue. We've already had our spring social, two autocrosses, a driver education event and a day tour or two, and more events are right around the corner. Among those is our club's signature Amazing Rally (now in its fourth year) on Saturday, June 8.

Check out the event calendar on the opposite page, as well as various ads throughout the magazine, for more details on this and any other events. And if you can't find the details here, surf over to the IRPCA Web site at [www.irpca.org](http://www.irpca.org), and/or check in at our Facebook group at [www.facebook.com/groups/irpca](http://www.facebook.com/groups/irpca). (You *have* joined the IRPCA Facebook group, haven't you?)

Elsewhere in this issue, you'll find photographic evidence of events gone by, including the season's first autocross at Northwest Research (see page 10),

the first driver education event of the year at Miller Motorsports Park (page 14) and the first tour of the spring (page 16). Enjoy the photos, and please remember to submit photos of your own at events that you attend—or even if you just have a photo of your own Porsche that you want to show off, that's great too!

Also in this issue you'll find a quick blurb about the introduction of the all-new 2014 Porsche Cayman (page 14). Dave Turja, General Manager at Ken Garff Porsche in Orem, graciously

invited IRPCA members to the unveiling of the latest update to the Porsche family. It was quite the soirée, replete with some rather tasty appetizers, a slick lighting setup and the requisite Porsche-issue soundtrack. A big thanks to Dave for the invitation—and a big welcome, I might add: Dave is now among IRPCA's newest members, as the owner of a 2000 996 Cabrio.

Finally in this issue, you'll see a return to these pages of our own Vice President, Gus Stribakos. Those who enjoyed Gus' whimsical recap of last fall's Amazing Rally are sure to enjoy his take on the notorious affliction that affects many Porsche owners: the "Racing Bug." Check it out on page 7. ■

Rocky Mountain Region member and columnist Dick Badler's musings have attracted the attention of some executives at Porsche AG...

## contribute

Ever wanted to see your name in print? *Zeitung* needs your articles and photos! Become a part of the team by contributing your stories, photos and ideas, and make *Zeitung* your magazine!

Subject matter for contributions can be just about anything—a technical how-to, a story about last summer's road trip, an interview, a breathless ode to your new (or old) Porsche, or anything else at least tangentially Porsche-related.

Not a writer? Not to worry! If you have an idea for an article, we can help put it into words, assist with development, provide photographic support if appropriate, and make it all look great in print.

Content and inquiries may be submitted to the *Zeitung* editor at [zeitung@irpca.org](mailto:zeitung@irpca.org). The deadline for submissions is the **10th of the month** prior to issue date.

Thanks for helping to make *Zeitung* one of the best newsletters in PCA!

# First IRPCA "Deluxe Tour" 24-27 May (Fri-Mon)

## Grand Junction, Gateway Resort Auto Museum & Moab

Meet at Sugar House Park, 1300 East and 2100 South, by 12:30 pm Friday, May 24. We leave at 1:00 sharp for Grand Junction, CO (283 miles).

In Grand Junction, we check in to the Holiday Inn & Suites and have dinner together at a nearby restaurant. Your first night's room (two queen beds) and dinner are included. Drinks and tips at your expense.

Saturday, enjoy sights and activities around Grand Junction. You can stay with the group or enjoy some free time. Your room is guaranteed, though not paid, for the second night in Grand Junction.

Sunday, we drive to the Gateway Canyons Resort (53 miles). Entry to the automobile museum is included. Autos from the Stanley Steamer through 1960's Muscle Cars, a Duesenberg, and the \$3.2 Million 1954 Oldsmobile 88 "Dream Car" are here. There is a restaurant available for lunch.

Leave Gateway and drive to Moab Utah (126 miles). We have rooms guaranteed but not included at the Super 8 Motel.

**Register at [www.motorsportreg.com](http://www.motorsportreg.com) by 22 May. More details at [www.irpca.org](http://www.irpca.org).**

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# ■ the racing bug ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Gus Stribakos



As one who is constantly trying to make my way up in the financial world, my venture into racing cars has proved a bit of a setback—a steady progress delayed by constant and inconsistent backpedaling. A step forward and a lap or two backward, if you will. It all started innocently enough with the purchase of a rough 1975 911 that seemed just the thing for a projected track toy. It already had a modified engine that had no business in a street car, and an interior that was far beyond saving. The leather on the seats had dried and split, looking as if a family of raccoons had been calling the place “home”. The car was repainted in a coat of British racing green that had seen better days, and was cloistered in a garage so snugly that the reproduction mirrors needed to be folded in to get the car in or out. The car came

gentlemen, and over here are the pistons.” There, on a sunny afternoon, in the parking lot of a fast-food restaurant in Salt Lake City, I began my financial descent.

The first few forays onto the track were both exciting and invigorating. It quickly became apparent that there were two types of people on track: There were the fast drivers (the maniacs) and the slow drivers (the morons). Being new to the game and a bit in awe of the maniacs, I made my way around with the morons. Even at Captain Slow speeds, I still managed to make blatant errors. I would brake so early for corners that I would have to accelerate again to get there. My missed apexes

could be measured in yards, not inches, and they have yet to build a track that I cannot spin off of. Oh boy, the spins. Miller Motorsports Park is my home track, and I do not believe that I have left a corner unspun. I have spun in spectacular smoky burnouts and I have spun in sedate, barely noticeable slides. I have spun in the hairpins and I have spun in the sweepers. I have spun in the chicanes and



Gus enjoys a rare moment of not spinning at Miller Motorsports Park.

with stories (it is a Porsche after all)—tales of family feuds, backbiting, business deals that never saw the light of day, varied registrations in counties with less oversight, and always across the state line. I never did meet the owner. All our negotiations took place over the phone. He told me where I could find the car. I was allowed to dig it out of the garage, hook a battery to it and confirm that it was mobile. We haggled over the phone. We settled over the phone. Delivery took place at a Wendy’s downtown via a niece (“Why yes, mister hotel clerk, this young lady is my niece”) and a cashier’s check. Neat. Clean. No paper trail. The car came with a hardback book filled with the handwritten accounts of the former owner’s experiences with the car and the nickname he had christened it, which I am loathe to divulge. It came with a framed (!!) series of photos of the engine rebuild. “Here is the crankcase, ladies and

I have spun in a giant cloud of dust trying to scrape off 130 MPH at the end of the front straight. I have so much gravel under my fenders that I am required to report it on my tech forms as “ballast.” I spun on the Corkscrew at Laguna Seca with a terrified instructor in the passenger seat. (On the plus side, sitting backwards at the bottom of the Corkscrew, watching cars plummet eight stories down upon oneself really is the best view in the house.) I drove the car to the track, shamelessly flogged it, then drove it home. And all along the way, the exhaust was scented with the smell of burning money. Once one is infected with the Racing Virus, the bug first attacks the part of the brain that controls common sense. As with a trip to Vegas, money starts to lose its meaning. *They’re just plastic chips, right? Not real money.* It is only after one has returned home and sobered up that the real damage is realized. But racers *never*

# IRPCA Autocross Series

*the competition continues!*

## #3 Sun June 2 Maverik Center

3200 S Decker Lake Dr, West Valley City  
*note the new date!*

All autocrosses are **\$20** for IRPCA members; **\$25** for others  
*first-time drivers in a Porsche are free!*

Registration opens 8-9am, Drivers' meeting 9:45am  
*Snell M or SA 2005+ helmet required – loaners are available*

Contact any of the Autocross Chairs for more information:

**Richard Aupperle** 801.647.1315

**Roger Bird** 801.550.4608

**Rich Sanders**

Autocross Chairs e-mail: [ax@irpca.org](mailto:ax@irpca.org)

sober up. Money only means bigger brakes, a tighter suspension, less weight and always more speed. Speed speed speed faster faster faster yes yes yes ha ha ha... sorry, where was I?

Some of my friends have asked me how I have worked my whole life and yet managed to stay so broke. I like to think that road racing is the key to maintaining your place among the "99%." What I really need is a sucker... er, I mean *sponsor* to step up and pay the racing bills. I am no longer particular. The embarrassment bar has already been set pretty low by NASCAR when it comes to sponsors. If they can drive a car painted to look like a box of Tide or a bag of M&M's, how much worse can it get? So if Stinky Stanley's Septic Service pumps up enough cash, I'll hold my nose and paint the car brown. The situation has come to a head with this tax season.

Being one who always tries to look on the bright side of things, our house now has that clean, modern look that so many designers prefer, but that's only because so many of the furnishings have gone missing. Though I do not have a clear recollection, it is said that I bit the man on the calf as he was removing the flat-screen TV—but then, you know how they exaggerate in those police reports. It turns out the poor fellow was overdue on his tetanus shot anyway, so it's all good.

'Til next time, Gus



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Over \$65,000 in the car; asking price \$43,500. Trade toward 996/997 GT3 considered. Race package (tow vehicle and trailer) also available.

contact **Bob Read**, [info@lappingdays.com](mailto:info@lappingdays.com)

4th annual  
**Amazing  
Rally**  
and Summer Social

**Saturday, June 8**

start at **ClearBra**  
60 Harvard Ave, SLC

Join us for the Intermountain Region's fourth annual gimmick rally event, the Amazing Rally! This one-of-a-kind adventure combines a picturesque driving tour with a series of unique and fun challenges. Prizes will be awarded!

Following the rally will be the Summer Social and Dinner at **Strong Porsche**, 1045 S State St, SLC. If you can't participate in the rally, plan to join us for dinner!

watch for more details in an upcoming e-mail blast and at [www.irpca.org](http://www.irpca.org)!  
event chair **Bart Blackstock** ■ [gbarton\\_blackstock@xmission.com](mailto:gbarton_blackstock@xmission.com) ■ 801.556.3192

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# ■ autocross #1 wrap-up ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■



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**1:** Brandon Bowen brought along his usual driving aplomb. **2:** Cory Woolson collected a number of cones but laid down some good times. **3:** James Morris' 914 is hard to miss. **4:** Scott Provost dices through the cones. **5:** Richard Aupperle leads E class in his '84 Targa. **6:** Larry Phillips puts down the fastest time for a (stock?) 914. **7:** Roger Bird's 3.2-liter 914 is not-so-stock. **8:** Jeremy Rosenberger narrowly escaped with a second place in G class. **9:** Rich Sanders' beautiful "RS60" Boxster S is also quick. **10:** Diane Johnstone put the starter's flag down long enough to get a few runs in. **11:** Rob Cottle easily posts the top time in the highly contested G class.



# autocross #1 results

Pos	Cls	PIC	Num	Driver	Car	Run 1 Run 5	Run 2 Run 6	Run 3 Run 5	Run 4 Run 8
1	A	1	201	Brandon Bowen	2001 Porsche 996 GT3	DNF 50.778 +1	53.935 <b>48.715</b>	52.344 DNF	51.344 +2 48.896 +1
2	G	1	89	Rob Cottle	1989 Porsche 964 Carrera 4	53.888 50.395 +1	51.966 49.622 +2	51.174 <b>49.815</b>	50.104 +1 DNF
3	G	2	987	Jeremy Rosenberger	2005 Porsche Boxster	64.041 52.610 +1	56.797 54.157	68.958 52.661	56.557 <b>52.261</b>
4	G	3	771	Rich Sanders	2008 Porsche Boxster S	104.888 53.867	73.214 55.123	82.672 +1 52.869	59.388 <b>52.492</b>
5	E	1	27	Richard Aupperle	1984 Porsche 911 Targa	58.143 <b>52.653</b>	62.490 +1 53.707	56.634 54.367	56.414 52.691
6	G	4	280	Cory Woolson	2004 Porsche 996 Carrera 4 Cabrio	55.344 +3 <b>52.196 +1</b>	55.370 +2 53.229 +5	55.248 54.522 +2	54.409 +3 54.609
7	E	2	70	Roger Bird	1974 Porsche 914 3.2	61.710 +1 DNF	60.413 DNF	58.315 <b>55.801</b>	58.202 DNF
8	X	1	1	George Stromquist	Subaru Impreza STi	75.890 58.990	65.987 58.234	61.389 58.824	59.989 <b>55.969</b>
9	F	1	101	Larry Phillips	1974 Porsche 914	66.953 57.382	58.081 56.950	57.582 56.797	56.941 <b>55.997</b>
10	F	2	952	James Morris	1974 Porsche 914	57.366 55.853 +1	<b>56.111</b> 55.786 +2	55.488 +1 56.718 +1	55.600 +2 56.785
11	G	5	88	Scott Provost	2008 Porsche Cayman S	DNF DNF	74.681 DNF	DNF <b>54.793 +2</b>	63.607 55.786 +3
12	WA	1	201	Kourtney Miles	2001 Porsche 996 GT3	70.008 60.947	67.437 +1 61.344	64.757 61.195	62.589 <b>59.713</b>
13	X	2	81	Curt Sanders	Saab 9-3 Turbo X	DNF DNF	68.264 61.116 +1	63.922 <b>58.589 +1</b>	63.706 58.351 +2
14	WC	1	997	Diane Johnstone	2005 Porsche 997	67.440 69.670	DNF 64.961	67.484 +1 63.902	63.270 +1 <b>63.403</b>

## 2014 cayman introduction

The eve preceding Cinco de Mayo was a fine Saturday evening, perfectly suited for the introduction of an exciting new Porsche. A crowd of enthusiasts, including a number of IRPCA members, gathered at Ken Garff Porsche in Orem for hors d'oeuvres and refreshments, eagerly anticipating the uncovering of the 2014 Cayman. As they waited, attendees chatted amongst themselves, as well as with General Manager Dave Turja and several Ken Garff Porsche sales consultants who were present for the unveiling.

At 6:30 PM, Dave offered an introductory speech, followed by Porsche's "Code of the Curve" promotional video for the new Cayman. The covers were then pulled back from what proved to be a black Cayman S, a beautiful example of the model.

This particular example had been sold to a customer just minutes before the event, so attendees were not permitted to sit inside. However, Ken Garff Porsche has more Caymans on the way, so give Dave Turja a call if you forgot to put your order in.



Ken Garff Porsche General Manager Dave Turja introduces the new Cayman to an enthusiastic crowd.

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8



9



10



11



12



13

# ■ ogden canyon tour wrap-up ■ ■ ■ ■ ■



**1:** Fortunately, the only snow encountered was in the parking lot of the rest stop. **2:** One of the feathered residents of Taggart's Grill in Morgan. **3:** An unbeatable view. **4:** A lineup of the usual suspects at Taggart's. **5:** Drivers "fuel up" before the drive at Grounds for Coffee.



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Driver Education is designed to improve your driving skills and provide an opportunity to learn techniques at speed. No track experience is necessary, and skills learned will make you a better driver. The west track is 2.2 miles long, with 10 turns, and is an absolute blast to drive. MMP is a terrific facility with all the amenities, with paved parking, gas pumps and lots of restrooms.

You need not be a PCA member, or drive a Porsche, to participate. You must have had your car teched within 30 days prior to this event. Many area shops perform a tech inspection at no charge; some charge a fee. Tech at the track costs \$50, so don't put it off!

See complete details at [www.motorsportreg.com](http://www.motorsportreg.com), or contact **Jeff Bogaard**, Driver Education Chair, at [de@irpca.org](mailto:de@irpca.org).

**Registration closes June 10. Sign up NOW for early bird pricing of \$200!**



**SSPCA 2013**

**BOGUS BASIN BACCHANALIA  
JUNE 21-23 IN IDAHO**

*The Silver Sage Region will again host the Bogus Basin Bacchanalia (BBB) weekend that includes PCA's only hillcross. BBB is a multi-region event first held in 1976 that includes the hillcross, a TSD rally, and a mystery event on June 21-23, 2013.*

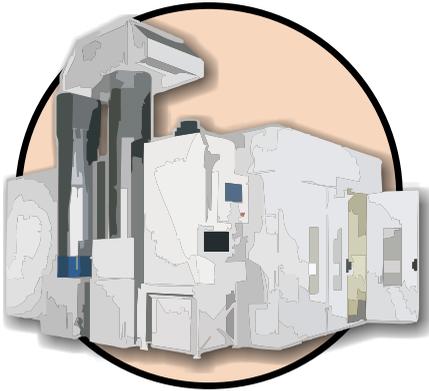
The BBB weekend starts with registration and a get-acquainted dinner on Friday evening at Porsche of Boise in Boise, Idaho. Saturday is dedicated to the hillcross, where you can drive your Porsche as it was meant to be driven: safe, fast and on a beautiful stretch of winding mountain road. The course is nearly two miles long and features eight major turns and over 500 feet of elevation gain. If you're heading east to Traverse City for Parade autocrossing, stop by and get some hillcross seat time. If you want to be challenged by the BBB hillcross, be sure to register early since the number of entrants in the hillcross is limited. New this year is a chance for "fun runs" on the hillcross course, with no timing—just drive at your own pace, with an experienced hillcrosser along if you like. On Sunday a TSD rally is run in and around Boise. Sunday's final event is a Champagne reception and awards banquet, at which trophies will be handed out. Sometime during the weekend, a mystery event will take place. Since it's a mystery, that's all you get to know for now.

You can learn more about BBB and get an application form by visiting the Silver Sage Region's Web site, [ss.pca.org](http://ss.pca.org). Information is also available from Registrar Chris Beeson at 208.318.6614 or [chrisbeeson@givenspursley.com](mailto:chrisbeeson@givenspursley.com).

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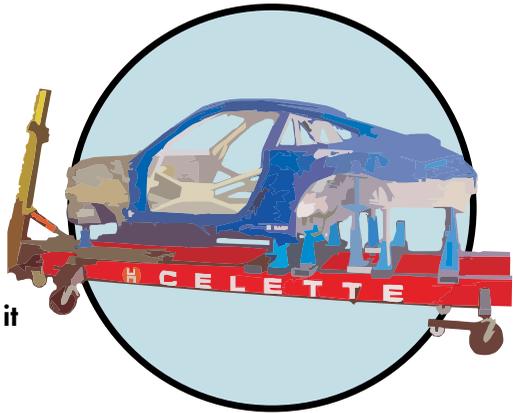
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**Editor's note:** Dick Badler writes a monthly column for High Gear, the newsletter of the Rocky Mountain Region of PCA. What follows is a three-part sequence of events that began when Dick wrote a satirical piece (appearing in the February issue) suggesting in-car applications for Porsche to incorporate into future vehicles. The rest, as they say, is history... although the story may not be over!

### My Country for an App (February 2013)

I guess it was inevitable. At the Consumer Electronics Show this year, both Ford and GM revealed software kits that developers could use to create applications that would work specifically in their vehicles.

According to *The New York Times*, GM also held an "App-off" of sorts one afternoon at the show. Some 400 would-be software developers were given 90 seconds, each, to present their apps. GM's Director for Application Development said they saw 20 possibilities.

This got me thinking—what if Porsche did this? I know, I know, it took the Germans years to provide cupholders. "You will not drink and drive... coffee... soda... anything," they said. But they did relent, eventually.

So here's some inspiration for our favorite marque from Stuttgart. Listed below are some ideas for all you C++ gearheads out there. And they're free. Well, at least my list is free. Although I will gladly take royalties. I mean, don't forget to give credit where credit is due.

- **Scoutmob for Cars.** Just got cut off? Press the touch screen, type in the plate number, and find out who did it. Where they're going. Where they've been. Where they live. The rest is up to you, although an anger management app may also be advisable. I hear the technology will soon be available for texting while driving.

- **Laser Beam.** Tether your device to your radar detector. When the detector senses LIDAR, the device will return the compliment... with a white-hot flash at the offending revenue enhancer, rendering it toast, instantly. Of course, the actual beam device is extra, and professional installation is advised, batteries not included. And it's illegal in Virginia and the District of Columbia. Everywhere else, you're on your own.

- **Pulse Rate Monitor for Cars.** I'm really curious about this one. When you're driving in a straight line, does your pulse actually go up, the faster you go? Does it spike when you leave your trail-braking to that millisecond beyond your fastest lap ever? What happens when you're cruising along and, out of the blue, the Valentine One "whacks" that K-Band

alarm, at Level 5, with the arrow pointing directly at Smokey the Bear? Now you'll know. The app recommends you call ahead to your local EMS unit before you turn it on.



- **Visual Photoshop.** Don't like the view out the window? With Visual Photoshop, you can alter it to any panorama you desire. Say you're tootling along in the inner city on a grungy winter's day, and it's flurrying, and you have a hankering for the North Shore of Oahu. Presto. The waves are crashing to your left. But, beware—if you want the sound effects of those swells, you'll have to upgrade to Visual Photoshop Pro.

- **X-Ray Vision.** This one's for all those Darth Vader admirers out there. You know, the cars with the deeply tinted windows. Ever wonder who's actually behind the wheel? What's going on inside? With X-Ray Vision, just point and shoot... and get a full frontal view.

- **Evernote for Cars.** No, it's not what you think. It doesn't make your car more productive, or efficient. Or even fuel-efficient. But it does change your exhaust note. From a flat-four all the way to a Carrera GT. Or a 962. Or whatever you want. On the fly. And it's programmable. All you have to do is download the appropriate sound files. That way, you can instantly sound like a Chevy Vega when you crawl back into your subdivision after a hard day's night. Or not.

- **ESP Pandora.** Just think about a song, and the computer finds the track and plays it on your car audio system. And it remembers what you played. So you can check back and create playlists, based solely on what your subconscious was feeding the virtual jukebox. Just be careful, there's a bug—if you can't get a song out of your head, you may be listening to it on your car audio all day long. But I heard a patch is coming.

- **Race Driving Coach.** Imagine Michael Schumacher in the passenger seat, telling you—maybe yelling at you—when to brake, where to hit the apex, when to get back on the power. Lap after lap. With this app, imagine no more. And you can upgrade to a hologram of Michael, actually in the passenger seat. But you may want to wait before ordering—I hear they'll soon offer version 1.2, which will feature a selection of driving coaches to choose from, all Formula 1 greats.

- **Heel-and-Toe Downshifting for Dummies.** This app explains, with great patience, how you concurrently brake with the toes of your right foot, and blip the throttle with your right heel—or is it the right side of your foot—while you put the shifter in neutral... or is it before you move the gearshift lever

to the lower gear... or as you move the gearshift... Oh, wait. I just got an update. The app's been discontinued, because it's being replaced by the PDK for Dummies app that doesn't actually do anything but show you where Drive is.

I'm sure all these apps, and more, will soon be available at your local dealership. I'm sure of it. It's only a matter of time. Think cupholders.

## I Get Feedback (March 2013)

It's a dark and lonely job, writing a column like this. Feedback is fleeting. Do people actually read my stuff? And, if they do, do they like it? Not like it? Use it as a litter box liner? There's one exception—my friend Tom, whom I have to call out, because he gets back to me every month with a quick note. Otherwise, who knows?

And then I got an e-mail. Oh, it was in my "junk" file, but I always check it. Because, well, you never know.

It came from a Jürgen Harumph von Shasta Soft Drink Something. I don't remember exactly; I can't decipher German. But it was definitely German.

And there was one name that I could definitely decipher. Oh, yes. It was in the e-mail address, right next to Jürgen's name, and it glimmered bold, bold, bold, like hot type on a printing press. *Porsche AG*.

Who? What?

I quickly scrolled to the bottom of the missive. Sure enough, this guy listed his title as "under secretary of popular opinion generation," and there was a mailing address which ended in Stuttgart.

Unbelievable. He was some sort of PR guy from the land of "Excellence." And he was actually writing me. My thoughts swung to visions, of escorted VIP tours of the Porsche Museum, of track instruction with factory drivers. I remember wondering if I'd need to learn German in order to discuss sway bars and turbo boost levels with the engineers.

My fingers were visibly trembling as I scrolled back up the e-mail, to see what he actually wrote to me. This is the gist of what I read...

It seems he had been following my ramblings online for some time. He said he agreed with some of what I have to say, and he had no official opinion on some of what I have to say. But he also disagreed with some of what I have to say.

And, after reading my last piece, on the apps Porsche should develop, he just had to up and set the record straight. Because, he asserted, that—get this—I had stumbled into some deep, dark, backwater, underground skunkworks in the Tyrolean Alps, and I was spilling the beans on corporate secrets, all related to the upcoming 918 hybrid supercar... secrets that have not been released to the media hordes—this despite test rides in prototypes for select motorhead journalists around that fabled Green

Hell, the Nürburgring, myself excluded.

Jürgen wanted to know how I had gained access to this font of information. Did I have sources at various water coolers inside the company? Had I surreptitiously talked my way into the Alpine chalet, posing as a poor sheep herder, lost on the wrong side of the mountain?

Jürgen wrote in that stilted German-translated-into-English style you come across in the stories that appear in *Christophorus*. I wasn't sure of what he was driving at, so to speak, until I got to the part that said I should cease and desist from any further speculation regarding app technology as it applied to Porsche models, present and future.

He went on to tell me that I was operating under false or misguided pretenses about the future of R&D spending, that I was potentially causing unnecessary and unwarranted pain and hardship for the marque, by speculating about future driver aids, that I was aiding and abetting the competition by revealing the direction of Internet technology... he was nothing if not verbose, in a German-translated-into-English legalese kind of way.

Finally, Jürgen signed off with "Respectfully yours."

Naturally, I was totally taken aback. First, by the fact that the factory read my stuff at all. Second, by the fact that they had an opinion about it. Third, that they saw fit to write. Fourth, that they were gunning for me, through the velvet fist of international law. Fifth, that they didn't just *burst* my balloon, they *vaporized* it.

So I called an attorney. And, no, I didn't call one of those guys you see advertising on TV. I'm sure those guys know all about car collisions and the law, but I didn't think they'd know about word collisions and liability.

Instead, I asked around. And it seemed like all roads led to an attorney named Raoul Duke, Esq., based in Las Vegas, who has apparently staked out a career representing scribes in cases related to libel, slander and the First Amendment. Seems he has also represented, successfully, some very well-



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known writers over the years. And he apparently is a bit of a car enthusiast.

I got him on the line. “Mr. Duke,” I said, “should I take this seriously? What should I do?”

Raoul sounded like he’d inhaled too many Marlboro Reds, and maybe other field-grown products of Mother Nature, as well as those of the synthetic kind. Out came a guttural moan, and he muttered the following questions. Did I speak German? No. Did I understand the nuance of writing in German translated into English by non-native speakers? No. Did I write with the intent to malign or in some way harm the fabled German sports car/sedan/SUV maker? No. Did I get paid for my column? No. Did I have any assets connected to my column scribblings that could in some way be confiscated? No. Did I have personal property related to my column, on which someone could issue a lien? No.

So tell them to lighten up, growled Raoul. He noted that he had heard good things about humor therapy. They should try it, he said, at their next visit to Spa.

And that’s exactly what I did.

I’m waiting to hear back. I’m checking my junk mailbox every day, twice a day. But I’ve had nothing back, yet.

It’s great to get feedback.

## When in Las Vegas... (April 2013)

It was a dark and stormy night.

There I was, holed up in a one-star hotel—which, in Las Vegas, means something, and it isn’t good.

I was so far away from the glitter and glitz that, where I was, “what happens here” doesn’t even get out of the room, much less to McCarran Airport. This is where Ray Davies probably wrote the line, “Drink champagne and dance all night, under electric candlelight.” In this part of town, the red neon light outside my window would be blinking “Hotel California,” if there were a neon light outside my window. If I *had* a window.

My God! Did I have a departure date on my itinerary? Did I dare look? And, anyway, why was I here?

To meet with my lawyer, of course.

The one, the only, the legend, Raoul Duke, Esq., the reputed king of leveraged legal maneuverings, sage muse to sanctified authors, now deceased, and the worst nightmare of soft-skinned, self-styled, holier-than-thou corporate chieftains the world over.

I had received a response from Porsche to my previous missive, which was a response to their missive, which was a response to my column a few months back, regarding apps that the mighty purveyor of all sporty things motive, under brand names Cayman, Cayenne, Panamera, Boxster and, yes, 911—the



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Prides of Stuttgart—should consider.

This time, the e-mail came from a Herr Professor Heinz-Harald von Coca Woo Wich Ski Something Something. Or something like that.

Impressive, I thought. A Prussian. Now we're getting somewhere.

And his title: Managing Director. That's like a VP in our-speak, isn't it? Of Marketing Leadership. Woo-hoo!

But shouldn't the title say Leadership Marketing? I had no way of knowing.

Nonetheless, we did seem to be getting somewhere. Here was someone of authority. Someone of reason. Surely this climber of the German version of the corporate totem pole would understand. Would take my scribblings in the way they were intended, as a lighthearted lampoon of a hard-nosed marketing juggernaut. Hey, I had tried to tell them, you're the world's largest purveyor of "fun" cars. Have you forgotten what that's about? Have some fun yourselves! Lighten up!

But no.

The body of the e-mail from the good Professor Heinz-Harald consisted of the same vitriolic, dismissive, condescending, half-theatric, half-paranoid cease-and-desist-or-else blatherings that I had received previously.

There was just one thing left to do. A face-to-face consultation with my legal representative, the denizen's denizen of Sin City, Dr. Duke.

But here?

The house phone rang. I jumped. I was startled... by the fact that I hadn't heard the ring of a land-line of any sort in... years. I thought the phone was a toy. But there, on the other end, was the good Doctor.

"Come down to the outdoor poolside bar. Now." Dial tone.

I found him, huddled around a tonic and gin, in the outdoor smoking section of the hotel's libations room, under a heat lamp that was spitting out more sparks than heat. The "pool" was a plastic pre-formed Jacuzzi tub with cigarette burns all around the perimeter, making it more of a sieve or a giant ashtray than a holder of fluids.

Through a half-open window, I could hear some lounge lizard playing—could it be?—"Piano Man." Then he segued into "In a little cafe just the other side of the border..." Did I see an apparition start sashaying my way from the darkness in the corner?

"Give," said Raoul.

I passed him a printout of Herr Professor's communiqué. He read it without saying a word. Then he looked up at me.

"Let's you and me have some fun."

Raoul uttered these words in his same monotone, guttural expiation of words he always uses. It never changes. No intonation. Just that world-weary growl,

wrapped in blue smoke.

"Let's text this guy."

I made a quick calculation. Las Vegas to Stuttgart. That's a nine-hour time change. Perfect—they'll be just getting into their offices to start tomorrow.

"Sir, on the advice of my counsel, I must inform you that your quasi-legal, veiled attacks on my writing will have no effect on me."

I looked up. He kept talking.

"Furthermore, being of a foreign nationality, you, sir, have no jurisdiction in these United States of America. Your campaign to edit, slant and otherwise control my writing will not prevail here. We are a country of reasonable laws against this sort of thing."

"Dr. Duke," I said, "with all due respect, haven't we said this before? Haven't we been down this road, to no avail?"

"Send it!" Raoul barked the words. In a staccato I'd never heard before.

My response was instinctive. My thumb pressed the button. I looked up. The apparition was coasting toward me.

We waited. Not long. Ding. The phone jumped. We had a response.

"Guten morgen," the text began. "Thank you for responding," blah blah blah. Followed by more blah blah blah. It was unbelievable—paragraph after paragraph of this stuff. No human could text German legalese into English that fast. And then it hit me—he was copying and pasting!

"Write!" Raoul yelled. Did I detect tiny, white globules forming on the corners of his mouth?

I wrote, "Sir, I have been instructed by counsel to..." Wait a minute. I looked up, ready for... I didn't know what. Was Raoul playing me?

And, with that, the good doctor made an effort to stand up. No, not really. What he did was slide off his stool. I could tell, because he was moving back, away from it. But he was the same size as he had been on the stool. Standing up.

He was a gnome!

And then he started to shrink, or so it seemed, because he was falling backwards, toward a clump of hibiscus. And, as he fell backwards, he began to yell, a gurgled, mangled, piercing yell. "Send!" "Send!" "Send!" And then he sent out a demented, hallucinogenic "Ha, ha, ha, ha."

And, ka-boom, he was out cold, amid the hibiscus and some hydrangea. How he missed the side of the "swimming pool." I'll never know.

What to do? I'll tell you what to do. Take a cold shower. Pack your bags. Get out of Dodge. Pronto. Live the Las Vegas motto. And, oh by the way, get a new cell phone number and e-mail address.

And that's just what I did. I didn't act like Lot's wife. I took the advice of Bob Dylan. I didn't look back.





Hi all! As promised, I'm including a write-up and pictures from two Driver Education events in Zone 9. In mid-April, AMR held their "DE-Luxe" Driver Ed at Pike's Peak International Raceway in Fountain, Colorado (about 15 miles south of Colorado Springs). I got to the track on Friday in plenty of time to attend the novice meeting. Even though I've driven on tracks several times in the past, I'd never driven on this track; plus, I wanted to listen to the presentation. After the meeting, we were all invited to drive a few "parade" laps around the track, which was nice for getting a feel for the track at a moderate pace.

The next day, things got started early, and everyone got their packets and cars ready for the track. There were 81 drivers, placed in different run groups based on track experience. I was in the purple group, and most, if not all, of us were not going to drive on the track on Sunday. I had volunteered to fill out the Observer's Report for both days, and since I'd be driving back to Santa Fe on Sunday, I decided that I didn't want to wear myself out too much before the long drive back. Fellow Roadrunners Bill and Betty Guyre were also there, so it was nice to visit with them throughout the weekend.

I was very fortunate to be paired up with Ronn Langford, and his instruction was superb. I was nervous starting out—a little intimidated by the banked oval and infield, but Ronn was very encouraging and provided positive feedback throughout the sessions.

One car had a mishap with a broken oil line, and since the clean-up took awhile, we ended up cutting out one session. Dinner on Saturday night was fun, with a catered meal served upstairs in a big meeting area.

On Sunday, there were about 60 drivers, and everyone was busy all day. It got very windy, but it was sunny so it wasn't too cold. There always seemed to be an empty spot for corner workers, and I ended up working most of the sessions throughout the day. I didn't mind, as I got to see the cars on the track—plus I was always paired with someone new, so I got to know the other drivers.

All in all, a very fun weekend—catching up with old friends, making new friends, experiencing a new track... Porsche cupcakes... what could be better?

Two weekends later, I was back in Colorado, but this time I flew up. I hadn't

planned to drive at RMR's "Speed Fever IV" DE at High Plains Raceway, and the airfare with Frontier was pretty cheap, so I got there the easy way. I stayed at my brother's house in Littleton, and then early Saturday morning we set out for HPR. I'd been to the track before, but I hadn't driven on it—and after a weekend of seeing everyone have such a good time, the next time I'm at HPR, I'm driving!

There were 125 drivers on Saturday, and talk about "track candy"—wow! Fun to see everyone there, and to see all of the very cool cars. The morning was a bit nippy, but once things got going and everyone had a session or two completed, I don't think anyone felt the cool weather. RMR was also conducting instructor training, and I sat in on one of the instruction sessions.

As with the AMR DE, this one was well-organized, and things proceeded very smoothly. Dinner was served after the Saturday sessions were done, and there were even some door prizes handed out.

Sunday was a little breezier but sunnier, and there were about 93 drivers in attendance. Another good day of driving for everyone. I stayed in Denver one more night, then flew back to Albuquerque on Monday.

Looking at the Zone 9 calendar for May, all of the Regions are busy—and, in the case of Roadrunner Region, very busy! For the July Zone 9 Report, I'll be able to tell you all about Fiesta New Mexico, and maybe I'll be able to squeeze in a report on the June 8th RMR Ladies' Day DE in Golden, CO, and the RMR Cerebral Palsy Concours d' Elegance on June 9th.

Happy driving!



Chris Lennon's Pike's Peak Hillclimb car (#167) at PPIR.

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