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COVER

Scott and Sara of Philabundance with WMMR's Pierre Robert and Jeff Walton at NJMP DE event.



2019 RTR Calendar

Social Events

July	17	Happy Hour, TBA
July	19-21	Chesapeake Road Trip
August	7	Happy Hour, TBA
September	14	Red Sox vs. Phillies @ Citizens Bank Park

AX/DE Events

July	19-21	DE @ Watkins Glen
July	21	AX @ Manheim
August	4	AX @ Metlife
August	24	Tech for Pocono - SE
August	25	AX @ Wells Fargo

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MEMBERSHIP MILESTONES

YEARS	July	August
40		
35	Doris Robinson	
30	Kurt Faller	
25	Phil Kibler David Redmond	
20	Edward Kovalevich Russell Miller Brian Minkin	Peter Fritchman
15	M Berman Timothy Hussar Robert Satterfied	Drew Lewis Shawn McNeeley
10	Jeff Dunn Bob Tobin Pete Webster Lee Whipple	Greg Chaputa Mike Diem Ian Goddard Kelvin Lau
5	Brad Bentz Richard Canupp Mark Derienzo Richard Gould Lynn Kehoe Bill Linke Ryder Mcneal Jim Monath Robert Palidora Ian Quillman Thompson Dominick Valvo	Simon Addis Roy Blumberg James Craig Frank Feddor Fitzgerald Hoh Calvin Mahoski Scott Pelkola Shelbourne



Vom Präsidenten



THE FOURTH WEEKEND IN JUNE WAS LIKE ANY OTHER WEEKEND in the past where we held our Driver's Education in Millville at the [New Jersey Motorsports Park](#)....or was it? Yes, we were at our usual Lightening 1.9 mile circuit. Yes, we had about 150 cars partake in the event. Yes, we had our usual intro to DE program on Friday. So, what was different? Well we had our WMMR Pierre Robert Broadcast this day. See, back in November our members stepped up to the plate and nailed a grand-slam homer in deep center by donating 126,989 pounds of food in conjunction with WMMR's Preston and Steve's Campout for Hunger. Our little [Phil-a-Frunk](#) beat the likes of Comcast, Campbell's, and Acme to come in 2nd place against Subaru, thus winning the broadcast.

And exactly what is a club supposed to do with a broadcast in the middle of the afternoon...well if you think outside the box, you have it at a track day. We did exactly that. I called the station and set the entire process in motion. Their engineers scoped out the location, cleared Pierre's calendar, and talked to our Track Chair, Marty, to go over any outstanding details. At 9:00 a.m. or thereabouts, the WMMR Army, as they are called, came rolling in to set up the equipment, right inside the garages by the track. At 9:30 a.m. the talent came rolling in....this included both Pierre and his personal engineer, Pancake...yes, you read that correctly, Pancake. Well Pierre and Pancake were whisked to a room and were provided with training/instruction and helmet fitment for what was to come. At 10:15 Pierre was broadcasting live from Riesentöter's DE event, complete with the background noise of flat-sixes whizzing by.

During his broadcast he did multiple interviews with me, Marty, our track chair, Scott and Sara from Philabundance, along with Myles and Jeff, two of our Speed Council members. He played his standard Friday coffee break routine, a clip from the film My Fellow Americans, he played his workforce blocks, which included a block of great driving songs, and since it was the first day of summer, he also played a block of summertime songs. At about 12:30 he went out for a parade lap to get the feel of the land. Also during this time, we had a buffet for lunch for everyone who was in attendance; we even had a few RTR'ers show up just to hang with Pierre and listen in on the broadcast. At every intermission we got a shout-out on the air, which was way cool.

There were more songs played, a segment on what happened on this day in history, and upcoming weekend events...and at precisely 2:00 p.m. Pierre and Pancake were once again whisked away and joined a special run group on the track. When they came back in, put it this way, they said this was the very best off-site broadcast that they have ever done, they said it certainly beats sitting in a dealership where the dealer asked them, "hey would you like to sit in a Mustang?" Ha. In fact, they said we better win second place this year...they said don't even bother with trying for first...second is the way to go. Pierre then kissed the ground, did a few more interviews, played a few more songs, and at 3:00 p.m. he finished with "Life in the Fast Lane" by the Eagles, as he thanked us profusely both on and off the air. I think he would have stayed all day if not for a flight he had to LA.

So this broadcast was brought to you by all of our members who contributed to our little Phil-a-Frunk, which by the way will be bigger this year, as I'm already in the planning stages, more news to follow...anyway...thank you so much, for changing the lives of people who need it most...you have fed many, many, many people in need and everyone thanks you for that. WMMR thanks you, Philabundance thanks you, I thank you.

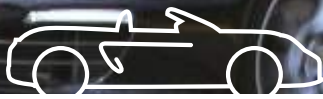
Pedal Down

Jeffrey Walton
President RIESENTÖTER





Editor's Note



WHOA! LOTS OF THINGS GOING ON IN THE RIESENTÖTER CALENDAR! Take this past weekend. Thursday evening the HPDE folks started unloading their cars for the weekend's run at New Jersey Motorsports Park, the Lightening course.

In conjunction with that, our president, Jeff, and social chair, Wendy, were preparing to receive the award the club won by delivering over a hundred and twenty-six thousand pounds of food for the Philabundance Camp Out for Hunger. Jeff and Wendy literally got up at first light and headed for the track to host Pierre Robert and WMMR. (See Jeff's message later in this issue.)

Then, Saturday evening, Jeff and Wendy retraced their tire paths back to Valley Forge Volunteer Fire Company to host the RTR monthly membership meeting and movie night.

During the meeting the winners of the Riesentöter Foundation Charity Raffle were drawn. The winners are:

1st Prize - Riesentöter Edition RGM Chronograph - Chris Eby

2nd Prize - RTR "Free Ride" - Joe Kucinski

3rd Prize - Porsche Design Suitcase - Brian Lichy

Congratulations everyone!

After the excitement died down, the movie screen was erected (read: inflated), and the sky waned into dusk, the movie "The Gumball Rally" was shown. All in all, a great family event. See the picture below which captures it all.

I imagine Jeff and Wendy slept well Saturday night!

It's been a busy time for the club. We here at Der Gasser have been trying to cover everything, but fortunately we have had some new contributors "step into the breach" to help us give you an interesting issue.

First, we have Dave Cincera recount his experience in "Just a Puff of Smoke." Then, Yoyi Fernandez recounting the beginnings of an HPDE habit.

They both did an EXCELLENT job! Now I just have to convince them to keep on contributing. Thanks Dave and Yoyi! Please come again!

There's MUCH more to come from the club this summer. Check the Social calendar for details, but look really closely at the RTR Road Trip, as more space has come available.

Another thing. We had a very successful issue of our Classifieds doing their work. A car, trailer, and some accessories have all sold. It's great to be helping our members by not charging any fees or commissions.

Speaking of selling, you have always heard the quote "Buyer beware." Well, one member had quite the time of advertising in the "open market" and wants to pass on his lessons learned. After advertising his car on Autotrader, Marc Fitzgerald learned some valuable lessons. Here's what Marc said, "I've been on Autotrader for almost a week and it wears you out. I've been scammed 3 times and reported each to Autotrader. They were familiar with their sales pitches to me. Bottom feeders are amazing with their offers." So, be wary and be safe. Question any weird offers – or just advertise with us under the RTR umbrella.

Garrett Hughes
Der Gasser Editor-in-chief

Top Down!



THESE BEAUTIFUL DAYS. SUNNY AND 75° WITH A LIGHT BREEZE. Most of the traffic that is around me have their windows closed. Worse yet, is the 20% of the convertibles have their tops up! I don't understand either. Okay, maybe the top is not functioning. Or, they forgot their sun block. It's certainly not too hot for the top to be closed (which does happen even in my case, you know 97° with 95% humidity, the sun blazing, stuck in traffic). But, with the windows up too? Are we that spoiled by air conditioning? Is conversation not possible with the top down?

I get that I am "old school" and grew up in a time when the inside world was not air conditioned EVERYWHERE. You know, going to a movie so that you could enjoy some air conditioning on a sweltering summer evening. However, I don't get missing the enjoyment of fresh air and sunshine invigorating the body and soul.

Oh well, as I get older everyone else is getting younger and more spoiled.

So, get out there and put your top, or windows down, and set an example! (Okay, I get the fragile noses that take exception to the fresh air smells around the farms

Garrett Hughes
Top Down!





ONCE AGAIN, THE FOLKS AT PORSCHE LEHIGH VALLEY HOSTED OUR MEETING, but this time they really out did themselves. The occasion was the rollout of the 2019 Macan. (And, you say, “WHAT 2019. A little late isn’t it? You are right in thinking that. However, the United States Customs and Border Protection Department were safe guarding us from the new Macan. However, I can not recount for you all the legalities involved.)

We arrived at the pristine garages of the dealership to find neatly set up tables, with linens and centerpieces, and an array of food and drink stations. Needless to say, they did not need to ring the food bell twice.

There were probably seventy-five or more members and friends there. Cocktails, dinner and dessert went off quietly. (Everyone was eating!) Then we adjourned to the showroom for the meeting.

Club officers gave their status reports, and the show was handed over to the new Macan, Because the car can not speak for itself the dealership manager gave a detailed review of the changes from the 2018 to the 2019. Since it’s is not a new model release the changes were not very apparent, but a lot of updates to systems such as the adaptive cruise control have received a lot of attention.

An interesting side note is that new member, Jim Reilly, has had a 2019 Macan sitting on the dock in Fort Jacksonville, Florida since the end of March. (I hope to be getting an article from Jim about the travails of this “adventure” in the near future.)

Joe Kucinski





Porsche Pundit

PRIDE OF PORSCHE OWNERSHIP; IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN A MOMENTOUS occasion, but it wasn't. I walked into the warehouse in Houston to pick up my 1972 914 and expected to see something low and red, in perfect condition, just waiting for me to twist the key and drive it home. It was low, it was red, but where did all the rust come from? That tell-tale sign of bubbly paint, pushed up from what should be smooth metal, was on each lower quarter panel and along the lower edges of both doors – and that was just the rust I could see (even the slots for the jack were rusted over). I would later discover that it was underneath, having spread to just about every metal surface. Where was the beautiful car I looked at in Karlsruhe Germany, you know the one I saw in the last fading rays of sunlight, that shaft of light angling through the high windows, making the dust in the warehouse sparkle? Yeah, there was a shaft alright, but I was the one that got shafted, not the last rays of sunlight...

The place where I picked it up did me a favor and gave me a paper license plate, good for 30 days. There was a large envelope filled with the paperwork – all the importation docs, the EPA and DOT release (being a 1972, it was exempt) and the German TUV title, an old faded green piece of paper that had a lot of scribbling in German on it. I took the keys and opened the door; at least the interior was in very good shape. Twisting the key, the engine caught on the third try and fired up. Shifting into first, the transmission gave that angry grinding cough of gears not sync'ing correctly, so I let out the clutch and pressed it back in slowly, now the gears meshed. I started back towards Austin, hoping to beat Houston traffic.

It had been cloudy, looking like rain, as I drove northwest towards Austin, but as I got out of town, the clouds parted and the sun came out. Pulling over to the side of the road, I wanted to take the top off and bask in the glory of a sunny day. Loosening the top, I went to the rear trunk to open it, but a sudden gust of wind caught me off guard, ripping the trunk out of my hands, it bent forwards towards the front of the car, breaking both hinges completely off. I stared at the trunk lying on top of the roof and could not believe my lousy luck, it could not get worse...but it did.

A short time later, I got pulled over by the State Police; I had been doing 70 mph in a 65 mph zone. He reached for his book to write the ticket, but took pity on me when I told him my sorrow filled story and when I pointed to the speedo registering Kilometers per hour not Miles per hour he let me off with a stern warning. Made it back to Austin without further incident...thank goodness. I hated calling Germany during the day; it cost a lot of money, so I waited until the middle of the night (morning in Germany) and called the guy I had purchased the car from. I called and called and the phone just rang and rang, nobody answered.

Really I do not know what I expected, maybe for him to take it back, I don't know. But I tried over the next week or so and nobody picked up. Finally I called the shipping company that had handled the transatlantic shipment and they answered the phone alright. I was routed through to a senior manager who wanted to know if I knew where this individual was. I did not; I was calling to complain about the vehicle I received, I had been ripped off. He said I was not alone, there had been many people that had called to complain, but at least I had a car and a title, most of the other people that called had neither.

I had to talk to the German police and told them the same thing. They thanked me for calling and that was that. I called my friend Hans and he reminded me that he had warned me about this fellow and that I did not listen. Yep, guilty as charged, my quality of character radar did not pick this guy up at all. He was one smooth operator. Then Hans told me the sorry tale, at least everything he knew or guessed. It appeared that this guy was collecting a lot of money from his US customers and holding it. He made up a variety of excuses telling them that cars were delayed, shipments missed, inspections incomplete, deliveries rescheduled. He had been in this business for a long time and had a good reputation, but he had other plans. He kept all the money and skipped out with his wife to Brazil taking over \$2M US. What really upset me was that he and his wife left their two huge Great Danes at the office, with just a bit of food and water. They were found several days later, very hungry, very thirsty, but only a little worse for it. Hans reminded me: "I told you so." He knew this fellow's true character. Too bad for me and all the rest of the people that got ripped off that we did not. I thanked Hans, I was done buying grey market cars, the tide had turned and there was little demand, it was a fun time but in the end it withered on the vine, another victim of its own success; there were too many people trying to sell too many cars to too few people.

So I was stuck with this beat down 914. A few weeks later I still had not registered the car, but knew that I should. The paper tag had just about expired when I went to register it. I had been dreading it, as all the paperwork was in German. I went into the TX Department of Transportation and patiently waited my turn. I went to the window and placed the request for Texas title on the counter along with all the supporting information. The gal behind the counter took one look at it and hung her head shaking it back and forth, no doubt asking herself....why did she get me? She looked at me and asked what language this was in, I replied German, she informed me that she did not read German, I told her I did not either...this was going to take a while.

She told me to wait while she went to get a supervisor. Both returned a short time later, and I went through the same info once again. At one point they just looked at each other, having no idea what to do. Finally the supervisor said to the gal to do the best she could, turned and walked away. Wow! I pointed to each section and told her what it meant (I at least knew enough about German titles from all the cars I imported) and together we figured it all out. It took a long time, no doubt all those folks behind me in line wished I was somewhere else. But I left with a temporary title, plates and a registration sticker. The car was now US legal. A 1972 Porsche 914 with a lot of rust and the reminder – "Never buy a car at night. Nothing good ever comes from not being able to see what you bought. Trust me on this." Yeah, thanks Dad, now I remember.

RL Turner

RL Turner is the author of [The Driver](#), a series of action adventure novels, available in both print and ebook on Amazon (more info at www.thedriver-series.com). Having owned a dozen Porsches and driven hundreds of laps on racetracks throughout the southwest, author Turner knows a few things about going fast in a Porsche and then fixing them when he breaks something.

Defining Moment

My last Defining Moments feature was several years ago. I have no persuasive explanation for the gap between then and now, other than I had started the Der Gasser Sidetrack column and time would never permit me to do both. I'll also admit to attending fewer events of late, so the pool of candidates was drying up. I'd honestly forgotten the Defining Moments series. Until now.

Spencer Wiley is the recently appointed Marketing Manager at [Porsche of The Main Line \(POTML\)](#). That may mean little to you, but it's significant to me as your Riesenötter dealer liaison to POTML. At 26, Spencer is a Porsche and performance car freak – unusual for someone of his generation, as cars have become more a means of conveyance rather than objects of passion and desire.

His appointment comes with the responsibility of being the Riesenötter-designated point of contact, which is ironically convenient as I find myself slowly creating more room for car activities in my demanding schedule. Porsche of The Main Line has long been a supporter and sponsor of RTR, but he has already demonstrated a desire to dial that up a notch.

I've run into Spencer many times at RTR and POTML events. He's energetic and passionate about Porsche. He was fortunate to grow up around cars, and his father is a driving force in his life (they are both Riesenötter members, by the way). He can talk you under the table about anything related to performance machinery, and you just can't help getting caught up in his spirited enthusiasm.



We met for lunch several weeks ago to gather background for this article, and I'll continue working with him on new ideas and events that benefit our respective organizations. Conveniently, he and I live in the Phoenixville area – a depressed old steel town making quite the comeback with shops, restaurants, breweries and distilleries in just a few active blocks. So, we grabbed a bite on the main drag.

He is definitely not your typical enthusiast – his passion began before most of us knew the difference between an automatic and stick. As a child he loved Matchbox cars and The Love Bug was his favorite movie. The original 1968 Disney film – not the Lindsay Lohan reboot. This is notable for two reasons. The Love Bug was released 25 years before he was born, and everyone his age thinks the reboot was the original.

Not surprisingly, the VW Beetle was his favorite car when he was still counting on his fingers. And again, not the VW reboot – the original predecessor to the other German automotive manufacturer with which we are intimately familiar. His fixation was very real, and the Bug became a common theme for books, collectables and other gifts through his earlier years.

The fact that Spencer connects more closely with the original Beetle than the modernized version that you see on the road today, should give you a bit more insight into his background. Although he is serious about technological progress, he's molded from vintage clay. That might also explain why he knows more about Porsche history than those of us who could be his grandparents.

He watched racing and attended a variety of car related events with his father. Stimulus of this kind and at such an early age was largely responsible for why he knew then that he would end up involved in delivering exceptional cars for his livelihood. I'm not kidding – in middle school he took on a job washing cars for Car Connections USA in West Chester when most kids his age were on playgrounds and ballfields.



I won't go through the impressive chronology of cars in his family growing up – even though we talked about their inspiration throughout our discussion. It won't surprise you to know that the list included a number of Porsches and BMWs, including a 2002 series his father bought for him as a project car to learn from when he was just 13 – the very definition of good parenting if you ask me.

Spencer cut his teeth on that car, putting a lot of equity into it – of both the sweat and financial varieties. There's definitely something ironic about a motorhead of his age driving around in a 45-year-old car (in all but the worst of weather). He still has it, by the way – I know, I see him around town all the time. But some day, he states, he'll own a Porsche – that seemed to be a promise to himself.

A car he spoke of fondly (because his father involved him in the pre-sales process) was a 1996 Arctic Silver 993 4S. They spent a lot of time together at the dealership kicking the tires, asking questions, and staring blankly to fake a disinterested posture. At six years old it was the most beautiful car he'd



ever had the privilege to see, touch and sit in. He learned the process of the deal firsthand – and the pain of walking away.

When it came time for college, he enrolled in the Automotive Marketing Management degree program at Northwood University in Michigan. Raise your hand if you knew there was such a degree at any institution – yeah, me neither. But it's a prestigious program for those so inclined. Ultimately, Spencer wanted to be closer to home, so he transferred back to West Chester University and graduated with a marketing degree.

The lunch check came, and I had not yet determined Spencer's Defining Moment – the explicit point in time when he knew that Porsche would play a significant part of his future. And since he had such an unusual scope and history with cars, I was concerned for the first time in years of interviewing there wasn't a singular event to support my theory that we all have one. So, I broke with tradition and asked him outright.

Spencer became suddenly focused at my inquiry, and his eyes fixed on something distant as he began to unravel a uniquely personal account. It seems he and his brothers were at a homeless shelter one Saturday with their mother, donating their time for those less fortunate. Dad was going to join them later, and Spencer was getting impatient. At this point in time his father drove a BMW M3 – an impressive machine.

You can imagine a boy in the first grade – not quite understanding the gravity of the cause, but wanting his father to arrive and be part of it with him nonetheless. He might have asked his mother a dozen times when he would get there, and she must also have grown weary of his incessant requests when her attention was needed for the shelter activities.

He kept watch for the M3 (which he could spot anywhere). Time was slipping by and he was becoming even more impatient. Then his father suddenly appeared in the distance – and everything from that moment slowed down like a dream sequence as he watched him arrive. But not in the M3 – he was piloting the very 1996 Arctic Silver 993 4S Spencer had obsessed over and helped his dad pick out at the Porsche dealership.



If you can recall something that happened when you were that young with the vivid detail that Spencer related to me twenty years later, you can be sure it was particularly meaningful. He described the minutia of the event – first approaching the car in disbelief. Buckling into the back seat, the smell of engine, leather and cleaners, and other specifics such as how his fingers felt the tacky underside of the Porsche rear buckets.

I could see his eyes darting around as he finished speaking, and for a minute I wasn't sure

he realized I had noticed. The waitress interrupted to finalize our transaction, and Spencer looked quickly back at me as if to apologize for his momentary absence. I could immediately tell, from his detailed description, that particular day in his past as the catalyst that set a course of many decisions he continues to build on today.

We'd paid the bill and it was time to leave. Walking through the Phoenixville borough, he and I spoke about his predecessor and the shoes he would fill. Spencer strikes me as someone who won't accept failure, so I am expecting new and exciting things from Porsche of the Main Line through his perspective, and I am confident RTR will return the favor. We separated at the crosswalk and arranged to follow up soon.



Porsche has long been associated with an older generation – more than likely due to the relative expense of owning and maintaining the most exceptional sports cars in the world. But as the trend of younger owners joins our club, it's gratifying to know that someone in his generation represents his generation, Porsche of the Main Line, and now Riesenötter, with a boundless energy with renewed purpose.

I fired up my Cayman and, as I usually do, began writing his story in my head as I drove home. Mark Twain once said if you tell the truth, you don't have to remember anything. I was reminded of this as I interpreted the details described to me that afternoon. Sometimes it's difficult to uncover an interesting approach to a narrative and capture the spirit and intent. But occasionally you get lucky and the story just writes itself.

David Newton

Editorial note: I know that many, if not all, of you have your own Defining Moment – the single event that shaped your obsession for Porsche. I'd like to encourage you to share your experience with me through this column. Just send me an email to get started: dnewtonusa@comcast.net



Brick & Brew Happy Hour

BAR. SALOON. DRINKERY. PUB. TAVERN. TAPROOM. AND MY FAVORITE....the watering hole. They are in most towns (except Ocean City), on almost every street corner serving up some local eats with a quaff of ale or a glass of wine or maybe even some distilled spirits with a fruit emulsion or splash of tonic garnished with a wedge. Most people have a treasured little “dive” they like to call home, a place where everyone knows your name, where you walk in and the place yells, “Norm,” and are truly happy to see you....okay maybe most people is a stretch, but most people do have a favorite hang-out for some grub and swill.

I have many places I like to visit, but this time I wanted to try something new. It just opened 2 weeks prior to our visit. [The Brick and Brew](#), right on King Street in Malvern. This is the third venue with such name; the other two are in Media and Havertown, and I haven't been to either. So on Wednesday, June 5th, Wendy and I went a tad early to scope out the place, and arrived at 4:30. Our first thought was: “whoa, don't people work until 5 anymore?” – for the place was already mobbed for a hump-day. We didn't tell anybody we were coming, we rarely do, for we never know how many will show up...could be 4, could be 24. We just never know because we don't ask for RSVP's. If you are in the area, stop on by. Plans change all the time, and this is a casual meeting...Happy Hours will always be.

After our initial “whoa, this place is packed,” we had a second “whoa....hey, this place is cool.” It looks as though you are in an old warehouse, with plenty of well-worn wood accents. Plenty of light, outside seating, tables, and high-tops, and a good amount of seating at a very well stocked bar (almost as good as my home bar....I said, almost), with 60 different American whiskeys, a nice array of scotches, and some darn right rootin' tootin' mixed drinks. As we took in the decor, we approached the very accommodating staff and asked if we could stake out a few tables. Their initial reaction was sort of quizzical in nature, as we didn't know an exact number of guests, but a few minutes later they gave us the best table in the house, that sat about 12 comfortably. It was perfect as, all in total, we had about 30 people come and go throughout the happy hour. Some came early and left early, others like us came early and left late, others just came late.

If you stayed, you were treated to a very nice assortment of pizzas on the club. In the back of the restaurant is a tall stainless-steel cylinder, stoked by wood. It was their pizza oven, and something that big at center stage....well, it must be worth getting. And it was. One by one they started to arrive – portobello, cremini, and shiitake mushrooms with goat cheese, pesto, and mozzarella, followed by short rib, caramelized onion, Gorgonzola, horseradish....but let's not stop there, sausage, Peppadew, red onion, San Marzano tomato sauce. They had Parma and pancetta, and pepperoni and Sopressata. four cheeses and margherita...and lest we forget...taco pizza with enchilada sauce, grilled chicken, cheddar, jalapenos and lime creme.

I've since been back for a late lunch and am still very happy with both service and food. So, if ever in the area, stop on by, and please keep in mind any of your favorite waterholes for future endeavors. And that's all we ask of you. Tell us about your favorite place, pick a date, and some of our gang will show up to talk about cars, the weather, tell a few jokes, find out where they've been, what they are doing, order up some grub and chat with you.

Jeff Walton





Porsche of the Issue

I REMEMBER GETTING THE CALL FROM PORSCHE OF THE MAINLINE IN NEWTOWN, PA.

It was the General Sales Manager, who knew that I was anxious to trade my 2017 718 Cayman S PDK for a 911 GTS. He had just received two allocations: one for a Targa GTS and the other for the hardtop. He offered me my pick. After 6 months of waiting and communications with my Porsche Ambassador, I took delivery of a GT Silver Metallic 2019 911 991.2 GTS PDK with PDCC and all-wheel steering in late October. This car has completely changed my understanding of the Porsche experience. The 718 is an exceptional mid-engine sports car, but the 911 driving experience is unparalleled in the auto world, in my opinion. The thrust produced by the 450 HP and 405 lb. ft. of torque-producing twin-turbo engine is exceptional. There is nothing like enabling PDCC to keep the car nailed to the ground as you turn in to a sharp corner and power your way out!

After parking my GTS at a local restaurant in early May, I noticed the contrast between the timelessness of a stone wall remnant and my 911. The sun was setting, and the angle of the light brought out the beauty of the metallic paint on my car. I decided to take a few photographs with my iPhone. After some minor editing with the iPhone app, I selected a filter to create what appears to be a study of grayscale imagery. The photo was well-received by the Porsche Club of America and selected as Porsche of the Month for June 2019.

I call the image “Frozen in Time.” It is clearly a tribute to the timelessness of the 911, regardless of the generation.

The story does not end here. I am on the top of an allocation list with Porsche of the Mainline for a 992 Turbo S—my next experience with Porsche, perhaps, the ride of my lifetime.

Michael Persiano



Autocross Races Atlantic City and Warminster

FROM ATLANTIC CITY TO WARMINSTER, OUR BATTLE FOR THE POINTS IN the [Autocross Cup Series](#) has no boundaries. Dedicated Autocross racers were represented once again in Cup races 3 and 4.

Our third race was on May 19th. in the backdrop of Atlantic City. Joining the South Jersey SCCA at Bader Field, we ran through the old runways and fields. Fortunately everyone stayed on the pavement. There were six heats where defending champion, “Rocket” Dan Ruble, dusted the cobwebs off and put in an impressive best “raw” time. (Raw time does not include any penalties or indexing but it counts for nothing other than bragging rights.) We will have to see if the impressive times can translate to a strategic PAX (Professional Autocross) victory.

On June 2 we met again for Race 4 with the Philly SCCA at Warminster Park. There was a sea of slalom cones to separate the boys from the men. Otinel (OT) Figueroa took the win on his last run, showing Matt “Lightning” Walsh he can wean himself off traction control. While Jose “Grasshopper” Rivas is still learning the ropes with a great group of guys and girls helping him along.

We head back to our favorite track, Pocono, for our next race. Stay tuned for pictures and results from the fastest autocross race this side of the Mississippi.

Jose Rivas



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RTR Family Picnic 2019

A COUPLE DOZEN PORSCHE GATHERED AT THE VALLEY FORGE FIRE HOUSE on the penultimate Saturday night in June for the RTR Annual Family Picnic. Besides everyone's favorite cars the night included a hot dog and French fry cart, popcorn, and some adult and kid friendly beverages to enjoy while watching the 1976 classic *The Gumball Rally*. It was also the night when the lucky winners of the RTR Foundation Charity Raffle would be announced.

The cars rolled in under a beautiful, cloudless sky and members began to unpack their chairs and blankets and other picnic gear. As per usual there was a nice mix of Porsches to enjoy as we socialized. Vintage 911's, 914's and 924's that rolled out of the factory right around the time our movie feature was released in theaters (that would be 1976 for those not familiar with the film), to more modern 911's, Boxsters and Caymans, there was something for everyone to enjoy.

After an hour or so of socializing and eating cheese fries we all gathered around as Social Chair, Wendy Walton announced that the names were about to draw for the RTR raffle. The names of all those who entered were placed into the raffle drum, mixed up, and then to make sure all was fair, the names were actually drawn by one of the gentlemen working the hot dog cart. First up, the # 1 prize, a beautiful Riesenötter edition RGM Chronograph. And the winner is: Chris Eby. Chris was not in attendance, but a beautiful watch is on the way. Time for the # 2 prize, the "RTR Free Ride" that grants the winner free access to all RTR events for a year. And the winner is: Joe Kucinski. Wait, what? That's me! Really?!? Woo-hoo! If you haven't met me yet, I am sure you will soon, because I plan to make the most of this prize. Time for the final prize of the night, the Porsche Design Suitcase. And the winner is: Brian Lichy. Brian was also in attendance, so two of the three winners were present that night, not bad. Congratulations to all the winners, and thank you to everyone else who supported the raffle!

By now the sun was starting to drop and it was almost time to start our feature presentation, *The Gumball Rally*. As the sun dropped, so did the temperature, fairly dramatically actually, to the point where it felt like a cool Fall evening. Folks began to break out the hoodies, blankets and/or retreat to the warmth of their cars while the movie played on. If you haven't seen the movie, it is about a no-holds barred, secret rally race across the United States. It is especially fun to watch now, as the cars featured were newish back then, but are now all classics. Of particular interest of course is the 1974 Porsche 911 Targa. Spoiler alert. Do I have to say that for a movie that has been out for over 40 years? Anyway, the Porsche didn't win but still fared pretty well, and it is always fun to see a vintage Porsche on the big screen.

After the movie wrapped up we said our goodbyes, packed up, fired up the Porsches and headed for home. Another successful RTR event in the books, and for three lucky members, it was a very successful event.

Joe Kucinski





Pierre Robert Live Broadcast

ON FRIDAY, JUNE 21ST, LEGENDARY MID-DAY RADIO HOST FROM WMMR, Pierre Robert, and his crew did a live broadcast from [New Jersey Motorsports Park](#) during the first day of our DE weekend. We were given this unique opportunity because our club was the second largest donor to WMMR's Camp Out for Hunger in 2018. Knowing that we helped so many people in need is reward enough, however, I have to admit that having Pierre spend the day with us was pretty fantastic.



The WMMR crew arrived under ominous skies that would ultimately deliver a couple of thunderstorms later in the morning. They used the garage area in the Lightning paddock to set up the equipment needed for the show that runs from 10:30 AM - 3 PM. However, before they even arrived the station began to give our club some shout outs on the radio about our generosity and the details of the upcoming live broadcast.

As Pierre settled into the show, which featured a heavy rotation of driving-themed songs, he spoke to club President Jeff Walton, and Marty Kocse, our Track Chair. Jeff spoke about everything our club has to offer - from DE events, to wine dinners, to rallies, and so on. Somehow he forgot to mention this fine publication, but that's okay. Marty dove deeper into the DE program and what it is all about and how to get involved. In addition to our RTR board members there were also representatives from Philabundance and New Jersey Motorsports Park on hand to speak about their respective organizations.



As we were finishing up a lunch, provided by the club, of burgers and hot dogs that were as thick as my forearm, Pierre and some of his crew began to make their way over to the grid for a few parade laps around the track. In the morning Pierre had some classroom time to give him an overview of what driving on the track is all about. Now he was about to see what it was really like. RTR Instructor Myles Diamond had the honor of driving Pierre around the track in his Cayman GT4, which was followed by a couple of other cars carrying some of the crew. Myles did about 5 laps at highway speed as Pierre smiled and waved down the front straight. He had a great time. However, a GT4 running on Hoosiers, with a roll bar and harness, while being piloted by one of our instructors on a racetrack, is a waste to restrict to highway speeds; we needed to turn up the wick.



During the last hour of the show we again had Pierre strapped into the Cayman as he prepared for more laps around the track, only this time they would be at speed. I think Pierre summed up the experience the best when he spoke about it on air after his return. He thought for sure that the car would take flight and just sail over the trees. He was amazed that it was able to do the things it could do, and he wanted to start a religion in Myles' honor. Not only did Pierre enjoy himself, but his crew told us that it was the best remote live broadcast they had ever been on. They are hoping that we finish as the second largest donor every year so they can come back and hang with us.



The event was a huge success overall. Jeff's idea to have this during our DE event could not have been better, and none of this would have been possible at all without the amazing members we have that donated to the cause. If you donated last year, but could not make it to the track for the broadcast, thank you for your generosity, and hopefully you can join us next year, as I am sure we will be one of the top two donors once again.

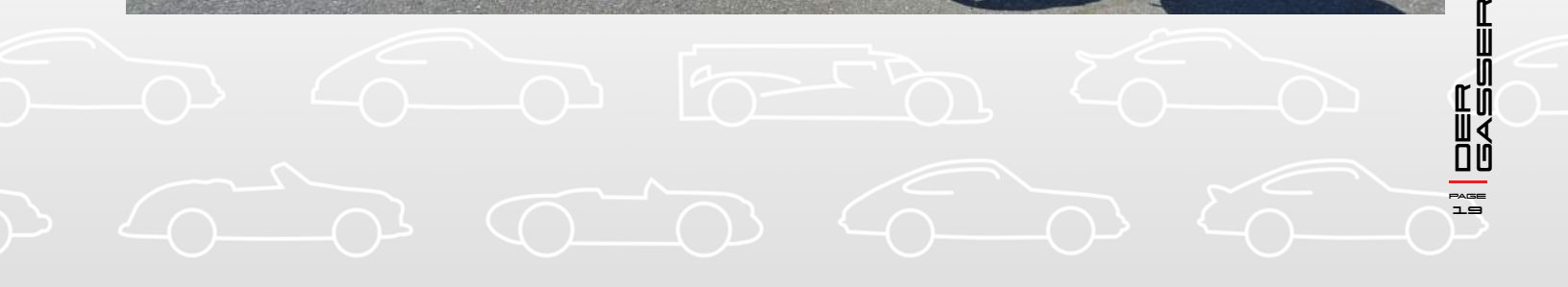
While the broadcast was of course the big news to kick off this DE weekend, it was also a bit of a milestone for me personally, as I had never before attended an RTR DE event. Although I have done DEs for years, and instruct for another organization, I just never made it to one of our own events. After my experience, let me tell you that if you are thinking of going, don't hesitate, just sign up and go, you won't be disappointed.

Marty and his team run a very well organized program and the instruction is top notch. There was a lot going on that day, with the distraction of the broadcast and the changeable weather, yet every session kicked off right on time. If only SEPTA were this efficient. The other drivers I shared the track with were all courteous off and, especially importantly, on track. I didn't see any student drivers having to wait around for instructors, as they were always at the student's car in plenty of time prior to the session starting.

As I had never run with RTR before, I registered for the instructed Blue group for my first time out. Although my original assigned instructor was not able to make it to the track that day, I can only assume he heard about how I drive and decided to bail (kidding!); it was all sorted out in less than 10 minutes and Craig Gaul was assigned to me for the day. I was happy to have him instructing and pushing me during the event. Although he offered me the opportunity to drive solo, I felt that having him in the right seat was benefitting me so I asked that he stay with me for the full day, which he was happy to do.

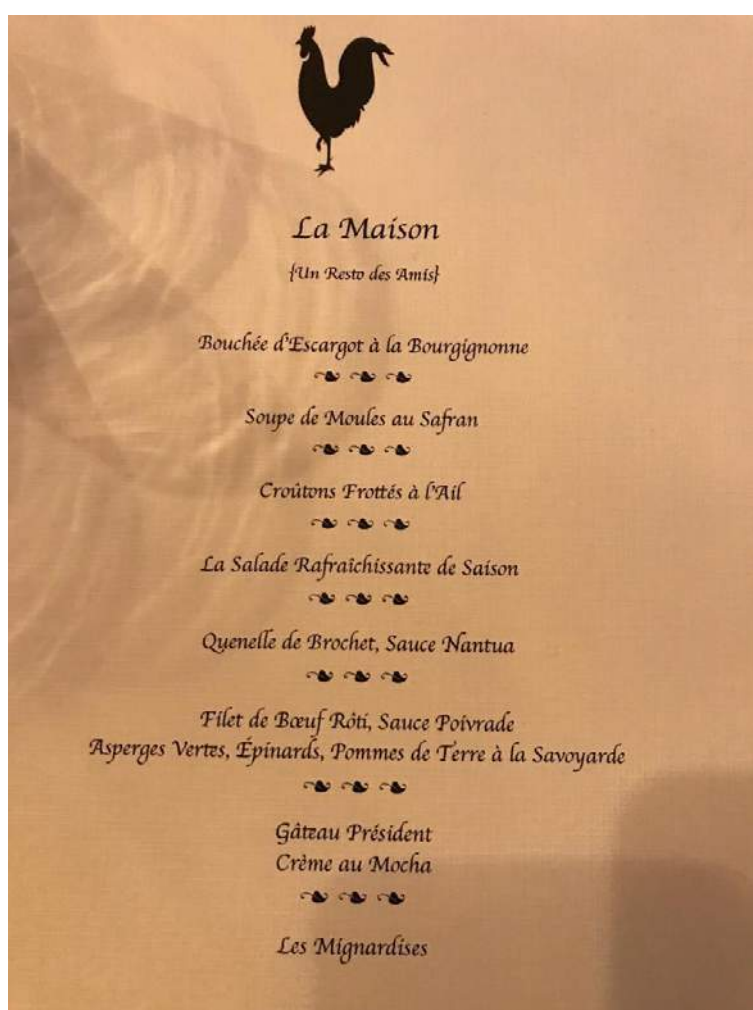
I saw a live broadcast, was fed a nice lunch, and left the day a better driver, and with a nice T-shirt; what else could you want? Although it was my first RTR DE, I don't plan on making it my last and I am checking the calendar to see what other events I can fit in this year. If you are on the fence about doing a DE with the club, don't wait years like I did, because even without Pierre Robert you will have an event to remember.

Joe Kucinski



Martin's Kitchen

I HAVE ALWAYS SAID THAT I AM NOT A LUCKY PERSON. I never win raffles, door prizes, or any type of game of chance. If there are ten people in the room and nine prizes to be handed out, I am the one going home empty-handed. However, I was one of only 21 folks who were able to secure a spot for dinner with our club at [La Maison](#) restaurant on the evening of May 11th. The club reserved the entire restaurant for us, but with just over twenty seats, registration was quickly filled and fortunately one of the seats was for me. My luck may be changing.



La Maison is owned by Janet and Martin Gagné, who open up the first floor of their 300 year old home three nights a week to serve fine French cuisine. The home is tucked away in Coventryville, Chester County. It is a lovely home, but driving by it you would never know what treats await inside. And drive by it I did. I used to live just a couple miles down the road from the house and passed by it many times, and never knew what was inside. Shame on me.

The menu changes every week and is selected by Martin based on what is at the peak of freshness at that particular time. There is not a list of 20 entrees to choose from like at a typical restaurant, and there are no substitutions. If you typically order your food like Meg Ryan's character ordering pie à la mode in *When Harry Met Sally*, then this place might not be for you. However, if you are open to trying something new, and put your trust in Martin, he will deliver an unforgettable meal.

Just before 7 PM the Porsches began to roll in, and with some help from Janet were parked off the street, along the side of the road in front of the home. We made our way inside and were shown to the tables we would be sitting at for the evening. As soon as you are inside you can tell that this will be a different dining experience. You feel like you are at a friend's house for dinner as you make your way past the country kitchen that clearly has been preparing food for you all day.

When the first of the seven courses was served the place fell almost silent as the chit-chat stopped and everyone was focused on the wonderful food being served. I am not a professional food critic, so I am not going to break down each course in detail; suffice to say everything was amazing. The soup, the salad, the main course, the dessert, were all fantastic. I happened to be seated at the table with our Autocross Chair, Dave Nettleton, and he could not stop raving about the garlic bread. I agree, it was the best I ever had. If it were socially acceptable to stand up and applaud after a meal I would have done so.

The courses were served in timely intervals. Not rushed, but not too long in between either. The meal took about 3 hours to complete at a leisurely pace, as we ate and enjoyed the various wines we had brought with us to accompany each course. After the meal members began to slowly file out into the now rainy and cool Saturday evening. I hung around for a bit chatting with everyone at my table and we were eventually joined by Janet and Martin. They were a pleasure to speak to and could not have been better hosts for this special evening. I will be calling them soon to make future reservations so I can see what they come up with next.



Joe Kucinski



Fast Safe Driving

“GO! SMOOTH...LOOK AHEAD AS FAR AS YOU CAN...focus on the apex...brake hard then ease off the brake into the turn and choose your speed coming out of it...gas, gas, gas...flat out!”



First time on track at Shenandoah, with Mike Andrews as instructor.

fast – and first time out I learned that anyone can drive fast on a straight road, but not everyone is prepared to go from 100+ miles an hour to 40+ into a turn without feeling fear. As I continued driving and learning, an awesome feeling of smooth, less braking, flatter out of the turn, and seeing things I didn't notice on the track driven the day before, I began to nurture what we call “your new addiction,” in Riesentöter (RTR) HPDE.

These are some of the teachings I have experienced during my high-performance driver education (HPDE) tenure with PCA Riesentöter for the past five driving seasons. In 2014 I only attended four events, and I wish I had attended them all. No question was stupid, and no mistake came without reward. And as I focused on working each of them as I learned each track, my fear minimized. Yes, fear. Like most students, I wanted to drive



Learning Watkins Glen from instructors by walking the track.

In the thick of my sixth driving season, I have become an RTR HPDE loyal student. I no longer must take an instructor with me; instead, many of them have become my coaches and mentors. My driving has improved a great deal and I take my turns as far as my limits let me. All in the spirit of becoming a better driver, having fun and experiencing the incredible engineering my car offers. I dream of someday experiencing the limits of my car while going faster through turns in a seamless loop of smooth I share with a group of drivers who make all the difference in the joy I have found.



In classroom instruction by RTR chief instructors

we take it to heart because we care about each other. We are not just drivers. We are planners, ambassadors, safety officials, technicians, professionals, and mentors. We work to host the best and safest possible events. Have I mentioned that all drivers volunteer?

RTR HPDE volunteers take their craft seriously; especially instructors. We all know how to have fun, tinker with one thing or two in our cars, and manage to talk about...you guessed it, all things cars and driving. As a volunteer organization, we all take our responsibilities to heart, maybe because we care about the preservation of PCA's offerings, and therefore its activities. Most importantly,

Safety is part of PCA RTR's mission, and we enforce safety because the HPDE team cares about each of us telling our stories at the end of the day during the pizza socials the team hosts. Socializing is a big part of this because we are about the people, not just the cars. And who said this is just for men? Like race car driving, HPDE is a hobby of equals, and I have taken many passes from men. I have witnessed how we all come together in one way or another to help each other not just become better drivers, but to lift our hopes, lend a set of brake pads, help load someone's car to a trailer, and yes, ask what we are doing for dinner and off we go to socialize. I have enjoyed an incredible experience as a student, a volunteer and social butterfly, and remain inspired to continue HPDE. Who knows, maybe someday I'll get a pass from Catherine, Fred, Myles, or Jeff; or maybe someday I will instruct...in the spirit of good driving and maximizing the joy of driving my car safely, fast...faster.



Participating in HPDE has helped me be a safer driver on the roads, and I am certain it is the same for the other participants.

Yoyi Fernandez

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Street Survival

YOU HAVE PROBABLY BEEN FOLLOWING [STREET SURVIVAL](#) WITH BATED BREATH. No? Well, Street Survival is supported partially through the Riesentöter Foundation. Other national support comes from SCCA, Tire Rack, and BMW, among others.

Parents actually enroll, without their consent, their young drivers who either have their driver's permit or have recently passed their driver's license test. The parents then roust said teenagers out of bed "EARLY", sometimes near the crack of dawn, to make the "pilgrimage" to Street Survival. The events that Riesentöter Foundation run are held at the Montgomery County Community College in Blue Bell, Pennsylvania. (Sometimes participants are coming from New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, and even Virginia.)

The teenagers begrudgingly smile at registration. It's a bit of a slow start in the morning. You know – signing in, "drivers' meeting", meet the coach, "tech" inspection with the coach, checking tire pressures (and where to find what the pressure should be). Then FINALLY the "wake up exercise."

All students get behind their steering wheels, line up for the exercise, and are instructed to mash the accelerator until they're told to brake. Suddenly they are all smiling – and smiling BIG.

Then the group is divided into two, and one heads to the classroom while the others head back out in their cars.

Driving exercises include a braking turn at speed, a skip pad, a slalom, and lane changing maneuvers. The groups alternate between the classroom and the driving exercises.

This last weekend we had a couple of unusual events. One student, while on the skid pad, suddenly disappeared into a cloud of smoke. It looked like a fire extinguisher exploded, but it turned out that it was a blown head gasket. No harm done to anyone but the car, but their day was over.

Another student drove by the registration tent with an obvious knock sound coming from the engine bay. Several volunteers went to check her oil level. There was no oil on the dip stick!

And one student in a van spun totally off the skip pad in a cloud of corn dust (cracked corn is used to reduce the friction on the skid pad). But, they quickly "jumped back on the horse" to recover nicely.

Oh, I forgot the lunchtime entertainment/education experience. The SCCA crew sets off a couple of airbags. Showing all there just how powerful they are. Traffic cones were the demonstration vehicles that were sent over sixty feet in the air with a LOUD bang.

In the end everyone was smiling for the group photo but a little "wrung out" from the class and driving, but we as volunteers could see their increased confidence and ability. Come out and join us one of these times! It was a perfect day weather-wise, and the transformation of the drivers is fun to witness!

Garrett Hughes



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Sidetrack: A Diminishing Love of Cars

I GREW UP IN THE SIXTIES AND SEVENTIES, WHEN MUSCLE CARS DOMINATED my neighborhood in varied forms – from stock and custom street rods to sedans and family station wagons. Detroit big blocks were found in almost every engine bay, and even the straight six had more displacement than most anything built today. The driving machines of that era were powered by brute force and thoughtless inefficiency. More gas, more go.

Things were simpler back then. Fossil fuels were bubblegum-cheap, and the only really visible automotive governmental regulation consisted of seat belts – that's pretty much it. Everything was American made – foreign influences were laughed off as passing fads. But the oil embargo of the early seventies changed that forever, and we were forced to modify the automobile as we then knew it.

Nearly fifty years later, even the largest of engines return a respectable mileage. In order to placate performance-minded buyers, engineers extract horsepower wherever they can find it. Emissions are significantly cleaner – gas is now efficiently consumed long before it leaves the tailpipe in reeking vapors. Technologies have integrated with the modern combustion engine to improve both performance and efficiency.

No matter what sat in your driveway in those earlier days, the commonality was our love of cars. We washed, polished and displayed them. We installed and added products that enhanced their performance. We wedged massive rubber into the wheel wells and stiffened the suspension. They were the topic of every barbecue and wedding reception. Food, shelter, clothing and cars – our basic essentials had been realized.

But in the new millennium, a prevailing and disturbing trend has threatened the visceral passion we used to have for our driving machines. And it has less to do with the changes I just spoke of. Two-door sedans and sporty coupes are being replaced by functionally utilitarian minivans and SUVs – people movers with no more soul than a ballpoint pen. Colors are drab, designs are boring, and interiors look like a family room.

Options now emphasize technology such as GPS, Bluetooth and even WIFI for internet connections. Vehicles are integrated to our phones, watches and Fitbits. A gauge accurately tells us how many miles we can drive before we run out of gas without applying algebraic equations. We are reminded of our maintenance cycles, fluid levels and tire pressures. We don't really have any responsibility but point the car and shoot.

Worse yet is that we are now raising children who don't care about the driving experience at all – the relationship between driver and machine. The car is now a tool of transport, an instrument to achieve a desired result, a means to an end. The daily commute used to be an adventure; the journey as vital to the driver as the arrival. But vehicles are now a hammer, a coffee maker, a fork. A necessary but annoying nuisance.

When I was twelve, my father brought home a five-year calendar from work that I used to count down the days until I could apply for my learner's permit when I turned 16. Today many adolescents get their driver's license only when they are forced to – they move out of the house, or mom and dad are otherwise unable or unwilling to chauffeur them around. Driving is an activity from which no enjoyment is derived.

The unfortunate byproduct of this phenomenon is a highway full of drivers who simply don't care; they are not invested in the activity. Which is, in essence, why today's drivers are the most ignorant to vehicle laws in the history of the iron horse. I am stunned by the lack of familiarity with basic road signage and traffic regulation. Even worse is the apathetic response when confronted – drawing no emotion whatsoever.

And don't get me started on distracted driving, drones with phones in their hands, resting on the steering wheel and staring into their screen while barely attempting to negotiate traffic. There's nothing more maddening than their resolute reliance on others to alert them to a changing light with a tap of our horn – because they are too busy reviewing their Face-ta-twitter accounts, and without apologetic response.

But beyond that frustration is a definite tendency toward vehicular indifference – and I find this enormously sad. I don't have children, but my three nephews obtained their licenses because they had no choice, and they wouldn't have done so otherwise. They are as uninterested in their family minivan as they are of my Cayman, a Ferrari or a Chevy Silverado. This I cannot comprehend.

At that age, I could differentiate any car by its taillights. I could close my eyes and identify the engine displacement of a passing neighbor. I asked my parents what they needed from the store and volunteered to drive my brother to his trumpet lesson. Any excuse to get the keys. I even chose my college based on the commute – one without nearby public transportation to force the purchase of my first car.

For that purpose, I chose a '65 Mustang for \$175, and rebuilt it in the back yard over the summer. I scrounged for and replaced most of the needed components myself and loved every greasy-handed minute. I've owned 35 cars since then, and I developed a personal bond with all of them – even our 1976 Chevette, the most spartan transportation I've ever owned.

The love of cars is a passed-down tradition, one parents would project on their children like their family heritage. The obsession I have with the automobile came from my father and was fueled by other parents and their children in the neighborhood. With emphasis on education and interscholastic sports dominating a child's rearing, I guess there isn't room for such pastimes – an unfortunate change in our current culture.

Because of this movement toward vehicle irrelevance, the market for brilliantly designed and engineered vehicles is drying up – or at least has been redirected. It is supposed that Jerry Seinfeld began selectively dumping certain models of his impressive collection of Porsches due at least in part to this perceived decline in value.

Car clubs are now the rare exception. My infatuation with Porsche is not understood by most of my family and coworkers. Like the dinosaur, dictionary and cursive writing, extraordinary vehicles are losing their significance, and manufacturers are forced to reinvent vehicles that satisfy the more mundane and functional transportation purpose.

In the absence of hand-me-down folklore, each successive generation is rapidly losing the historical nature of the automobile that you and I once took for granted. The car is becoming an appliance. Vehicles are already Siri-compatible, and artificial intelligence in the driver's seat is a very real likelihood – in our lifetime. Terrifying.

Porsche continues to feed my soul with stirring creations. Yet even the manufacturer from Stuttgart has seen this reality and is cranking out SUV's faster than the 911. And now I wonder how long it will be before the Panamera, Macan and Cayenne replace the cars that took my breath away.

David Newton

Shifts and Giggles

I'VE MET MANY GREAT PEOPLE IN THIS CLUB AND HAVE BECOME GOOD FRIENDS with many of them as well. Though I have to say some of the best friends are those with lifts. These friends can help you save a buck or two...or even two thousand, and I saved big as I called on our vice president, Corey. See, he has been bitten by the racing bug, so badly bitten that he has installed one of those hydraulic "doohickey" things that moves a car up in the air so you can do various things like spin the wheels, look at the exhaust, or do an oil change -- all without worrying if your \$20 Harbor Freight jack might fail.

So on a Sunday, as my car was fast approaching a 40,000 mile scheduled maintenance, I drove up the turnpike with my Mobil 1, an OEM oil filter, a \$9 rubber ring that doesn't even say Porsche on it, a set of spark plugs, and a set of air filters, all-in-all \$114 worth of parts, my cost, not a dealer's, and pulled into Corey's garage to get my hands dirty. Actually, we had those little vinyl black gloves to keep our hands nice and clean, and the only thing that got dirty was the language.

First up: spark plugs. So we pulled the wheels, but before we tackled them, let's drain the oil. One oil plug later and the oil streamed from the pan. Now after watching a quick YouTube video that was no more than 3 minutes, spark plugs were easy-peasy....just like the video said - "like changing any other spark plug in any other car"....wrong....dead wrong. First off, I drove the car there, so the cats were hot, hot. Did I say hot? I meant HOT!. Now in theory all you really need to do is unclip the wire from the coil pack, then unscrew the one torque bolt on the coil pack, remove said coil pack, then remove the spark plug, and do everything in reverse. Ha. Double Ha. Okay, the first plug was not difficult; in fact it was setting you up for future failure. See -- it was easy, just unclip, unscrew, remove coil pack, remove spark plug, do everything in reverse. Easy-peasy. But the evil German engineers at Porsche are like, "Nein, nein, we must make it more difficult with each spark plug." So the next plug, the middle one, increases in difficulty by a factor of 3. Here is where the language also increases by a factor of 3, all while wishing we both had our elementary school hands back. Okay, we unclip, unscrew, remove coil pack and spark plug, and do the reverse, all in about 3 times longer than the first one. But those evil German engineers at Porsche....ha again, as the spark plug closest to the firewall is now at a difficulty level that we still haven't been able to calculate. The most difficult part of spark plug number three was devising a tool to actually remove the necessary pieces. I'm sure those evil German engineers at Porsche have created such a tool, but do you think they would sell it to the public...a big fat NEIN. So, we devised our own tool....and it took practically every socket extender, swivel, and every ounce of our accumulated logical skills (see picture). Armed with our new tool, the one two guys came up with in a garage, the coil pack and spark plug closest to the firewall were no match for our wits and ingenuity....45 minutes later we were seating the third spark plug.



3 down....and on a flat six, that means 3 to go. By this time the oil had finally stopped draining from the pan, so we removed the oil filter, and started on the 3 other spark plugs, bringing with us the knowledge of the first three. This knowledge did come in handy, as it went almost as slowly as the first 3. We finished the spark plug job, replaced the oil filter, drain plug, and wheels, then lowered the car. Another YouTube video, and we now had the knowledge on how to replace the air filters. Basically you open the trunk lid of the Cayman and almost everything you see you need to remove....oh, those evil German engineers at Porsche. So carpet comes out, window trim, a piece here, a piece there, oh, unhook the ECU, remove the oil hose, some insulation, this screw and that screw, and easy-peasy, there are the air filters...now just pull...I mean PULL...harder, harder....pull dammit....pop....yep easy-peasy, now do the other side...just as easy. My god, look at all the leaves.....vacuum....then reverse the entire process....easy-peasy,,,hey do you have any idea where this piece might go?

4 hours later we were done with the entire job, and we had lunch in there too...time to watch the end of the Formula One race. I thanked my host for his hospitality, ingenuity, and his time, and I was off on my merry way, heading down the turnpike.

But merry became scary as my wheels or something from the rear was making a god-awful sound. Dial Corey. He answers. I ask - "hey did we reverse my tires? The tread seems loud." "No" his reply. I slow down. It's getting worse. I ask another question. "Hey, did we ever torque the lugs? Same response as before...but a lot louder this time..."NO!", followed by "Where are you now? Pull off at the Lansdale exit, I'll have Myles meet you there." So, I limp to the exit, pull into Royal Farms, get out of my car, and I shit-you-not, by the side of my tire is a lug nut from my wheel. OMG! Myles arrives with torque wrench in hand and saves the day, and if I'm not mistaken, he actually wore a cape.

Corey then texts me...."That's the last time I forget to torque the wheels." I text back...."yeah that was almost my last time too."

Jeff Walton

last time we forget torque

It almost was the last time for me 😊

haha

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Dear RIESENTÖTER Members,

The volunteer editorial staff have brought this issue of Der Gasser magazine for everyone's enjoyment. This is your magazine and we want you to be part of it.

- Do you have a story about your car you would like to share?
- Have you taken your Porsche on a trip or met up with other Porsche owners at an event? We love to see some photos and maybe a brief write up.
- Do you have a business you would like to advertise? We are accepting advertising from members and their businesses. RTR has 1500+ primary members within our region in southeastern Pennsylvania. Please contact us at editorteam@rtr-pca.org for more information.
- Do you have a Porsche related item to sell? We can list the item in our classified section. Please contact us at editorteam@rtr-pca.org for more information.

Thank you,

Der Gasser Team