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COVER

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2020 RTR Calendar

Social Events

June	27	Drive-In Movie
June	27	Street Survival

AX/DE Events

May	30	AX @ Ripken
May	31	AX @ Temple Ambler
June	6	Tech NJMP Lightning
June	19-21	DE @ NJMP Lightning
June	27	Tech - The Glen

MEMBERSHIP MILESTONES

YEARS	May	June
45	Applestein, Don (1975)	
40		Taylor, Robert (1980)
35	Friel, Dan (1985)	Marcus, Norm (1985) Paradis, Robert (1985)
30		Terlecky, Mark (1990)
25	Silvers, Howard (1995)	Hatalski, Nick (1995)
20	Belles, Scott (2000) Donato, Frank (2000)	Baum, James (2000) Giordano, Craig (2000) Saadi, Wade (2000)
15	Harshaw, Robin (2005) Venesoen, Bart (2005)	Goldstein, David (2005) Renshaw, William (2005) Segl, Walter (2005) Woods, Fred (2005)
10	Carey, Tom (2010) Whitney, Eli (2010)	Bowen, John (2010) Femovich, Rick (2010) Mendlow, Mike (2010) Murphy, Kris (2010) Purcell, Rich (2010)
5	Carr, David (2015) DiBianca, (2015) Kaufmann, (2015) Lee, (2015) Lucero, C. Marlon (2015) Mallory, Nathaniel (2015)	Devirgilis, john (2015) Doyer, Leo (2015) Ganc, Nick (2015) Hickey, John (2015) McLaughlin, Jim (2015) Melchiorre, Vince (2015) Mowery, Ronald (2015) Statmore, Michael (2015) Walker, (2015) Weiss, David (2015)



NEW RTR MEMBERS



Florence Shelbourne	1963 356 White Coupe
James Wang	2020 911 Carrera 4S
Andrew Grier	2018 Macan Black SUV
Josh Clapper	2017 911 Carrera Cabriolet Silver CP
Kris Jones	2007 Cayman S Dark Teal Coupe

Empty table area for listing new RTR members.





Vom Präsidenten

IF YOU TURN ON THE TV OR RADIO LATELY YOU WILL UNDOUBTEDLY HEAR ALL SORTS

of ads with a common theme, something along the lines of...queue somber piano music - "For over 60 years the Riesentöter family has been by your side and in these (insert an idiosyncratic adjective pertaining to time e.g., unprecedented age, extraordinary epoch of our lives, abnormal eon) we are still finding ways to stay connected without leaving home, remember we are here for you, and together...(now insert up-tempo music) we will ride once again on the roads of life... together as family...(insert clapping or fireworks or other fanfare and show a line of Porsches rounding some curves in the distance)." And it really makes you think we are all in this together, and for a short second or two I let out a sigh of relief, but moments later I'm feeling antsy again. Why? Well, I just had some blood work done, and I might have to change my lifestyle in a few easily manageable ways but what was NOT in my blood work was any DNA for "social distancing". It just wasn't there. It's probably why I'm climbing the walls and there are scratch marks on the front door.

Sure, I'll obey the CDC guidelines, because one part of my brain says it's true, stay safe... then again, the other side of my brain is screaming...what a hoax...that side of the brain was responsible for the book I penned (shameless plug here, I'm sorry) - Take The Fourth that has an underlying theme of what is being played out in the news right now. Also, I'm a mathematician by trade and I look at the big pictures sometimes. Like the big picture that over 10 million people die a year from hunger, now compare that to the number who have succumbed to COVID-19 and 10 million is by far a greater number...and to think we can actually cure hunger (that's why I'm pretty proud of our region for supporting our Philabundance efforts and shameless plug). So yes, the stay safe side of the brain is winning this battle. I'll wear my mask when I go to the store even though I know it's just a feel good measure of safety, like saying at 30,000 feet your seat cushion can be used as a flotation device, but it makes the people around me more comfortable so I'll abide. I'll only run to the store if I absolutely need something, like if I run out of capers or gumbo file.

But I cannot wait until the bans are lifted. Social distancing is not my thing.

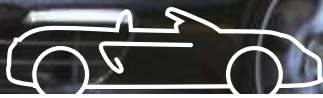
I'm itching to interact with people again, it's the main reason why I joined this club to begin with... to meet new people. Now that I have met a ton of new people, and a good number of you I can really call friends, I have to say...yeah, I miss you guys and I can't wait to get back on the road of life with all of you. But in the meantime, if you need anything at all, besides TP or N95 masks, like some dill pickles or Dijon mustard, shoot me an email and I'll be happy to start my Porsche for you - though time slots are limited only because I like to take the long way.

Gear in park or neutral,

Jeffrey Walton
President RIESENTÖTER



Editor's Note



WOW! EVER HEARD THE SAYING “IT CAN TURN ON A DIME”? I bet most of you have heard that when applied to our cars. Sure, our cars can turn on a dime, BUT we didn't expect that life would “turn on a dime.”

Yes, we heard rumblings of this virus from China, and my trainer was VERY concerned that I was heading for France, of all places. Who would have guessed that it quickly became the European epicenter, before Italy stole the crown? Lisa and I were eating, drinking and cooking our way through Bordeaux just as our government was imposing travel restrictions. Fortunately, we were already scheduled to leave the day before said restrictions. Then they said all US citizens were exempt from those restrictions. WHEW!

We arrived at Charles De Gaulle Airport expecting some extra scrutiny, but we were only greeted by some extra confusion. Then when we landed in Philly we expected some form of health scan, maybe checking temperatures, but again we saw nothing of the sort.

So we headed home and decided we should self-isolate for two weeks to protect everyone from us just in case, but shortly thereafter we were all told to stay at home.

For us it's not a big deal. I am retired and Lisa works from home. But, as you know, it's a new world out there. People are now working from home, home schooling, parenting, and trying to cope with an ever-changing world.

Now we are Zooming around, but it's not in the Porsche, it's on our computers, talking to family and friends. If you have not tried it...you will like it. (Our first call included family in California, Michigan, Virginia, and China. It was FANTASTIC!)

Anyway, none of this is news to you!

Speaking of news, we do not have much for you as there has been nothing going on with RTR, but I do think our contributors have done a nice job of filling the issue. But, as always, if you have an idea for a story about ANYTHING, I would love for you to submit it. It is easy! Just send your contribution to editor@pca-rtr.org.

Oh, and PLEASE take care of yourself, your loved ones, and your cars!

Garrett Hughes
Der Gasser Editor-in-chief



Letters to the Editor

Don Eichelberger Mar 18

to Editor

Garrett,

Read you story about Tech Tactics. I went to the Sunday session and put Ceratec in my car. Liquid-Moly recommended 2 bottles for a 6% concentration. I found that Mobil1 & Ceratec cheaper than DT40.

Don

Editor's response: *Thanks Don for the information. I too will be adding Ceratec on my next oil change.*

Dan Hillman

to Editor

Hey Garrett thanks for the notification. I guess in these times of no events it's nice to at least be able to think about the newsletter, I look forward to it. by the way, I said this at the Christmas dinner, I think it's one of the best volunteer Publications anywhere. I did manage to sell my car and some of the accessories which I may have listed but in any case you can take out anything under my name in the current issue

Dan

Editor's response: *(The notification that Dan references was my request for an update on his Classified listing.) Great news Dan! I am happy that the Classifieds worked for you. Thanks again for your compliments of our team*

Top Down!



RATHER THAN MY NORMAL RANT ABOUT PEOPLE NOT PUTTING THEIR TOP DOWN on a nice day, I would like to ask you to take your top down/off to a couple of our members who we have lost recently.

Back in December, we lost our friend and fellow RTR member William (Bill) O'Connell on January 20, 2020. Bill was a Riesentöter member and a past president (several times). He was a graduate of Montgomery County Community College, a Vietnam war veteran, had a eclectic career ranging from computer to cars, and a love of cars, racing, watches, volunteering, cameras. He is survived by his wife, his children William (Ted) and Shannon O'Connell, and two grandchild, Colton and Landon.

Click on this link for [Bill O'Connell's complete obituary](#).

Sadly, we also recently lost our friend and fellow RTR member William J. K. Dougherty on April 9, 2020. Bill of West Chester, Pennsylvania, beloved father, business owner, mentor, leader, and life-partner, lost his battle with this horrid virus at Chester County Hospital in West Chester, Pennsylvania on April 9, 2020. He was 74 at the time of his passing. Just before his death, he was comforted by the voices of his children, Colin and Kara, and his companion of life for 18 years, soul mate Judith Alignan

Bill served honorably in the United States Marine Corps, 1969-1971 and was a veteran of the Vietnam War.

In 1977, Bill opened Dougherty Automotive Services in West Chester, Pennsylvania. The Chester County shop specializes in German and Swedish cars with an emphasis on Porsches. Now, 43 years later the company still operates with his team of longtime loyal employees who are dedicated to his extraordinary example of integrity, quality service, and customer care that Bill forged into the company when he first opened his doors.

Click on this link for [Bill Dougherty's complete obituary](#).

Garrett Hughes
Top Down!



Porsche Pundit: Winter Doldrums

LMNHED, (AKA) MY RACING YELLOW 981 CAYMAN S, MUST THINK IT'S GROUNDHOGS DAY.

It sits in the garage gathering dust. Different day, same routine. Wake up, sit there. Mid-day, sit there some more. Sundown? Still sitting there! Only difference is the amount of ambient light in the garage. Day after day the bright yellow Porsche sits in contrast against the stark (newly painted) white wall. Rinse and repeat. The only variation is the overall temp in the garage. This is winter in Texas after all; it could be 70° one day and 22° with freezing rain three days later.

I do have a routine: if the car goes three weeks without getting started I put a battery tender on it. Oh, there's the occasional break – for instance, our Maverick PCA region does a Cars and Coffee-like event called Mavs and Mochas the second Saturday of every month. Rain or shine, hot or really cold. I must admit LMNHED is a fair weathered Mavs and Mochas attendee – we'll do cold, but no rain, and it goes without saying no snow – which so far has not been a threat. If by some weird twist of North Texas weather fate we ever have snow I will for sure bring the Cayenne Diesel out, that car is built for crappy weather! So, on the odd sunny Saturday during the winter we head out to commiserate with other Porsche owners. It is a great event with a great vibe with great cars and their owners. You get the picture.

I keep thinking that spring is imminent. After all, on this year's actual Groundhogs day the infamous Punxsutawney Phil didn't see his shadow. That means that spring is right around the corner, right!? LMNHED is counting on it. (Remember the gathering dust part.) What LMNHED counts on is a day above 60°, a little bit of sun and an afternoon with no plans, well with the exception of maybe drinking a malted beverage – or two –and the CAR WASH. Trust me, LMNHED doesn't need it, but I love washing cars. It's one of my favorite things to do.

I have a wash routine. Griot's car wash, a special wash mitt from Chemical Guys and a stack of Chemical Guys' soft and plush purple microfiber towels. Every surface is wiped free of water, and then the details: wiping every tiny edge. Free of water, LMNHED drives the whole 20' back into the garage. Then I clean the barrel and outside surface of every wheel. It was during that process I found something. (Hey! You knew there had to be a reason for this column, right?) I felt the grooves of the super sticky Michelin Super Sport S4 rear tires. They had a build date of late 2017. But were already down to the wear bars. Crap! Actually, I love buying tires. So, a visit to my local Discount Tire is imminent.

So, I'm really looking forward to spring. The season of renewal, everything green again. Well, excluding the yellow pollen, but LMNHED hides it well. As if it ever gets that dirty. My wife and I are planning a spring trip to the Texas Hill Country, a chance to celebrate spring, drive the Three Sisters (Ranch Road's 335, 336 and 337), my 60th (OUCH) and our 30th anniversary. (YEA, my wife said I better say that). But mostly we'll enjoy each other's company during the best time of the year.

The tires? Time to break them in!

RL Turner

RL Turner is the author of [The Driver](http://www.thedriver-series.com), 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.



Porsche Pundit: Social Distancing While Driving a Porsche

BACK IN 1999 I LEFT BEHIND A JOB TO DIVE HEADFIRST INTO DOTCOM. You can probably guess the end of that story. Dotcom turned into dot bomb and I had to pivot jobs very quickly. The job I left had me going into an office every day except for business travel. Dotcom hipness had me working from home, virtually. I was a telecommuting pioneer. To be frank, I do not know what I would do if I had to go back into an office every day. I suspect I would hate it.

My usual work attire is jeans and a long sleeve Porsche t-shirt. The thought of dressing up, even just a little, turns my stomach. Most weeks I have fifteen plus conference calls, which are usually routine. However, over the past several weeks, as COVID-19 has become a major part of our lives, the company I work for, like many others, has mandated that office-bound employees adopt and adapt to working from home, aka WFH. Now phone calls include background noises like dogs and kids, and I hear the frustration in the voices of people who have never done this before. But it's an experience we are all sharing right now.

Every week I usually get out of the house by going to the gym early, then at some point maybe running a few errands, but with the CV-19 thing, not so much. Like a lot of us I've been cooped up in the house for days, now weeks on end and, no surprise, I've gotten stir crazy. The weather hasn't helped. We've had more than a week of very steady, sometimes heavy, rain. Every day, same forecast: Yep, more rain. Great! But last week I saw a break in the rain. Exactly one day, a Saturday no less. Sunday more rain. But Saturday, chilly and dry. In other words, perfect.

My plan was to head out mid-morning and take my usual run up to a secret bridge over the Red River, the wet border between Texas and Oklahoma. But the more I thought about it, the more I thought – hey, I bet other people have been cooped up, dealing with self-isolation, social distancing and might need to stretch their legs, so to speak, and do some driving. As a group, our PCA region is very socially active every weekend (sometimes two or three activities on the same day), plus mid-week pop-ups and a variety of other regularly scheduled events. I figured others needed to get out of the house and run for a bit.

I posted my idea up on our FB page and was not surprised when many people said, “Hell, Yeah.” I said we'd practice social distancing, just wave at each other when we arrived and then would be safely ensconced in our cars for the rest of the trip. Many people said they'd join, but you never really know until you go. I'd posted the route so everyone going would have an idea of our general direction. I asked that everyone have a full tank of gas, and maybe water and snacks. I was so happy to see the rain tail off Friday, heading into Saturday. Perfect, the promise of a dry day.

The forecast promised clouds, but lo and behold – the sun! Wow, a sunny day to boot. Even better. I arrived early to find the place I told everyone to meet was blocked due to road construction. What a great start to the drive! Nothing like having to quickly improvise. I asked my wife to post up on FB a nearby location along the highway next to where we were supposed to meet, and I added my phone number for people to reach me just in case. There's always that moment when you've put something together and you're not sure if people will show up or not, so it was a relief to see the first Porsche arrive, then another and another. My relief tuned to excitement as it appeared there were many people needing to get out of the house. We filled up the side of the road, eleven Porsches strong and one BMW X5M (the owner worried that his older 944 couldn't keep up). We got out of our cars, greeted each other at a distance, maintaining our social distancing protocol, and spread out to take photos of our assembled jelly-bean colored cars as the drivers and passengers of other cars gawked at the row of gleaming Porsches. Our group assembled; it was time to hit it.

We managed to keep our social distancing by following each other, no worries there! Everyone keeping pace, our string of cars stretched out over a quarter mile. I had to manage some local traffic but kept us all together. Once we got out in the country, we found little traffic. One kind driver in a pick-up truck even pulled aside so we could all pass. I must admit there may have been a time or two (but only a time or two ;-)) when we cooked it up a bit. Just saying. We pressed deeper into the country, the route I selected providing a good combination of fast, sweeping corners, longish straights in between crests with good sight lines for a mile, sometimes more. Here the string of Porsches would stretch out, giving the engines a chance to breathe right up to red line.

As we piled on the miles, I could feel it. There is a perceptible change and it sweeps over you. The car helps. Man and machine, the sympathetic beating of human and mechanical hearts. The road makes you focus, pay closer attention to the details. It can transport you if you let it, leaving our trials and concerns behind, if for only a couple of hours. We turned onto a road that leads across the river, the border between two states. There is a sight line of almost two miles down a hill before the bridge. I saw clear road ahead. May have gone just slightly above the speed limit, just a smidge. In the distance I can start to make out a red car shape on the left side of the bridge and I can also see some tiny stick figures near the car. I must admit, I lifted. Then I realized it was Porsche people waiting to cheer us on, so I punched it again, giving them a show. We roared past them in a blurred whoosh of sound, color and speed.

A brief stop to meet and greet the Porsche people and then we were back at it, a little more relaxed on the return. Cars peeled off as they needed gas or headed home in other directions. The final two cars, my 981 Cayman S and a 951, drove the last few miles together before we finally parted ways. I don't know about you, but I needed that. It helped me reconnect to – me. And every once in a while, that blast in the country is just what the doctor ordered. Pulling into the garage, I turned the key and the great beast of an engine stilled. I let out a long slow breath too. I feel good after a drive like that. Just the right amount of edge, adrenaline and seat time.

Times like this offer perspective on who we are, on our priorities. But it's nice to know that we can escape, even if it's just for a little while, reconnect with others that share a common passion and experience the love of driving our cars. We may be alone in our cars, but in this case, we are together at the same time, practicing a good measure of medically mandated social distancing – at maybe just a few miles over the posted speed limit.

And on that exhaust note, see you all next time.

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.

Safety Before Speed

I ALWAYS LOOK FORWARD TO RTR'S MEMBERSHIP MEETINGS because they are my way of reconnecting with members, learning what's on the agenda for the club, and building on the experiences of some of my passions such as being around cars, people, and learning about safety. Safety generally comes up in conversation with other driver education participants and club racers. I love eavesdropping on the stories club racers share because I learn a lot from them, but also because it raises my awareness on safety. Another passion I share with many club members. February's meeting was wonderful in that esteemed PCA member and experienced podium holder, cool to know and learn from John Giannone shared firsthand expert safety knowledge.

The meeting was packed with club racers, autocross and rally drivers, social events lovers and new members. Many of us stood around crowding meeting host's Performance Automotive workspace. Pride was in the air as the packed agenda delivered camaraderie, fun, and excitement in strengthening the mission of the club emphasizing safety.

John began his workshop by introducing a checklist he has configured based on drag racer Anton Brown's paraphrase: "there are a thousand ways to lose and only a couple of ways to win," when emphasizing how to address what can go wrong while driving. His examples of what can go wrong ranged from surface conditions to practicing how to get out of the seat in the event of a fire. In racing, drivers are allowed to get out of the car only in the event of a fire, which is not a simple process. To get out of a race car it is required to remove the wheel, harnesses, and Hans; all this while wearing a helmet and safety gear. John's list includes practicing how to get out of the car in the event of fire, ergonomics of cockpit comfort, access, seat position, reach to the steering wheel, and safety tech, to name a few of the items.

PCA club rules require safety tech within two weeks before putting your car on the track. At Riesentöter we take pride in safety tech enforcement and process, and John introduces safety tech as: "Only the beginning. Do or pay for more." And that is because safety tech allows you to identify things that can go wrong with the car: cracked parts, brake pad and tire wear, brake fluid flushing and other peculiar findings that would decrease driver safety. Having a specific list for safety tech ensures the driver has performed a thorough car inspection process. Whether you drive DE or racing, when you modify your car everything you change impacts other areas of the car, which impact driving and safety. Understanding the consequences of modifications requires expert knowledge, so John warns of doing the work yourself or using Internet videos without established expertise.

As car racers or driver education participants, drivers look for more power, for more skill. John says you can add more power incrementally. Drivers can achieve this by modifying the car or by receiving coaching, "great coaching," he says.

As for me, I agree with John; driver education is a lot of fun and I keep my car in safety tech mode at all times and rely on the stellar instructors PCA offer, such as John and the many others who got me and many other club members to drive fast while maximizing safety.

Thank you, John, for sharing your knowledge with us.

Yoyi Fernandez



A Peace in Porsche

IT IS THAT TIME OF YEAR THAT “GARAGE QUEENS” MAKE THE MAD DASH to their favorite technician for the annual “spa treatment.” Some will even go to the extent of arranging a flat-bed parade across town to avoid the leftover salt, cinders and “street marbles” after winter’s hibernation (yes, I did that in 2019). Fortunately, a mild 2019/20 winter allowed for mileage and playtime at opportune times during the “snow-bird” months. So I hand over the keys to the “automotive masseuse” and await an invoice that will compare with a weekend at the Omni Homestead.

Days later I receive a call with news of a critical problem with my beloved. How many of us have had this race through our imaginations...will it be surgery, a heart-transplant, or a new pair of shoes that make a pair of Chanel 3” pumps look like a bargain?

Friday, March 13, 2020

So, I make the long walk across town to find out the damage and prognosis. It is normally a therapeutic four-mile walk across town; today I look around for any distraction from the inevitable bad news. I am motivated to speed-walk in an effort to lose winter hibernation water weight, but I fear that my wallet will come back even lighter...ching, ching.

I choose a good path through the local university – it is uncommonly quiet, summer-like, due to a spring break that finds kids packing the essentials and making their way home to complete the semester through a virtual world. This allows a sense of slow-down, deep-breathing, and counting of blessings. These times allow one to observe all that is around through a different lens than when consumed by the daily grind.

I am within sight of the Spa, partially with the teenage excitement of going to the school dance, and then with the dread of news to come. I sheepishly sally up to the counter. The manager exuberantly mentions that my car dealer was by earlier in the day, and reported: “that is still one of my favorite cars that I had ever sold.” I don’t believe it is because of the car itself, as much as the tangled web of circumstances that transpired between acquisition and finding a loving home (another article unto its own).



At that time, I catch “Mark the Masseuse” out of the corner of my eye. He takes me aside with a gloomy look and reports: “I found a big problem with your car...it is severely deficient in mileage – you gotta drive that thing more.” Son of a bitch? Yippie!! A lift to my chin, and a gleam in my eye – I am happy to pay for the standard pampering!! Pulling away, I can sense that she is motivated to stretch her legs and make some distance, however the route through town is not conducive to anything outside of second gear. No worries – situation normal - four miles later we are in the garage and covered.

Next item on the chore list is to take the daily driver to the grocery store - a regular weekly occurrence. I turn into the shopping center parking lot with an advantageous view from atop a hill looking down upon a sea of chaos. This makes Super Bowl Sunday look like closing time. This is just days after “social-distancing” recommendations from agencies and news outlets. What the !@#% is going on? I consider turning around but decide to make the most of the situation. I am glad I did, as one shopper mentioned that she was in earlier the same day and shelves were emptying fast. Thank goodness for in-store bar-code scanning.

Happy to be out of the chaos, and at home; I come to find out that at some point during my stroll across town our Commander-in-Chief had declared a National Emergency due to the spread of the COVID-19 virus, now a global pandemic. It is all getting pretty sporty in our world these days... unprecedented times.

My mind goes in two directions – one spools up quicker than a Taycan 0-100 kph with no need for gear change; the other is to come to rest quicker than a GT2 RS in the opposite direction. A wise friend once impressed upon me: “our first reaction is normally the wrong decision, so take ten seconds and make sure you have thought through your response.” So I decide that there is no better time to think differently than the crowd; stay out of the chaos and find peace. What better place than the cabin of our common product with freshly changed pollen filter?



I have a standard 30-mile loop – my own Nürburgring - that includes pass by a staple Riesentöter stop, being “The Whip.” My “test session” is conducted with Penske-like precision, as if “The Captain” is looking over my shoulder. The cover comes off – almost annoyingly, because attempting to fold the material on a slickness of Artic Silver requires above average patience. Not only are the tops and bottoms of wing plates waxed to allow maximum efficiency, the undertray has been freshly polished to allow slippery air-velocity to exit from under “The Beast” – especially important for qualifying efforts.

Then a roar to life as the pictures on the walls wake with a clatter. Out in open air, everything comes to temperature. Air pressures are checked and recorded so they can be reconciled against dashboard display. A slow roll down the driveway with light pressure on pads and rotors to scrub any particulates prior to launch. Not needed on this journey since it has only been two hours since the car has moved, but done out of habit regardless. A slow exit away from the neighborhood for two reasons: first is never romp where you live; and second is the painful ting-ting of the sticky Michelins picking up road chips and throwing them against the hips of this beautiful Vargas-like lady.

Directly out of home turf, the right foot gets heavy, cobwebs and carbon exit the quad pipes. You can hear the neighbors saying: “there he goes,” with a shake of the head. Another slowdown to bed brakes, and slow to speed limit between those two white stripes across the road where Roscoe P. Coltrane has a habit of hanging out at the most inconvenient times. A left at the first intersection and into a nice set of esses to warm the tires to temp – past experience is a great thing, because if too aggressive the guardrails seem to become magnetic as the computer takes over to thread the needle to safety. Up over the first one-lane bridge and past the first of many horse farms, appreciating Stuttgart horsepower that allows a progressive climb in altitude over the first ridge – a workout when done by bicycle, but this right foot exercise seems so much more satisfying.



Next stop – chronometer activated and launch. The first right hander is tricky and placement is important for a gravity defying set of turns that allows for strong exit onto another bridge that has plenty of shoulder to set up for the quick right on the other side, then power-down to glide over the upcoming railroad tracks. With passenger, the tracks are best treated as an aggressive speed-hump, but with enough speed they practically disappear. At this point you settle deep into the seat to become one with the car, setting it up left and right and feeling the knife edge of rear end rigging in and begging for more. Past the village market, and if you are lucky you get to open up and enjoy the NOISE!!



Another bit of a break while passing ball fields and my favorite bar-b-que before another downshift and a quick flick at the fork in the road and getting light over the crest into “The Big Hustle.” More than previous, this is where you pay attention to breaks in tarmac that may unsettle things and turn enjoyment into fingernail marks in the leather hoop. The car squats and gets light, tires lifting from the surface and chirping under acceleration – who needs an amusement park?

A bit of a breather before the right turn and a downhill section that is a tame version of “The Corkscrew” at Laguna Seca, the tricky part is anticipating sand/stone wash-out at the bottom and, if so, catching the “wobble”... then directly onto Chester County’s version of the Mulsanne Straight. Just steady power to triple digits, enjoying the hum of a flat-six symphony. Seconds feel like minutes at speed before the first chicane; counting on seat bolsters to hold you steady while you flick left then right, and up another gear. The second chicane can be straightened by crossing the double yellow. On lazy days it is the direct and safe path, but on this day it seems suitable to ride the rails between the center and shoulder paint and be “One” with the car. The hustle continues to a deceptive left which is always best to be taken conservatively unless there is a challenge from behind. This has not been the case, as any “hangers-on” have normally been dropped a half mile ago.

We are now to a very slow, but well cambered, right that brings us to “The Whip”...parking lot full... keep pushing to a slightly technical piece. Question is always how far to go before binding down to the one-lane bridge that if taken at speed could resemble a scene from “2 Fast 2 Furious.” Then a combination of esses. If the car wants to set itself and build speed and G’s. This section includes a personal challenge – if any line is crossed – the violation is ten second stop-and-go at the next red octagon. Sounds simple enough, but the wooden crosses adorned with flower wreaths always catch my attention at turn-in.

Unfortunately we come to the Sunday Drive section, where there is always a back-marker that interrupts pace, so one can lose themselves in deep thought; today’s include: do I have enough toilet-paper, when the hell will be my next haircut, who do I need to reach out to, who is most susceptible to risk during these times, how long will the suffering last, and lastly, is this pandemic really generational, or is this a sign of the “global warming” times??? Time for a respectable prayer for Peace on Earth!!

Okay – home stretch...Left turn onto “The Dragstrip” – a wonderful test of power-down to pavement and feeling Porsche Intelligence working at distributing power, tracking perfectly straight, and achieving the challenge of every race engineer, “efficient power to ground.” I hold the clutch a bit longer between first and second, and pop at higher rev’s, feeling the rear tires break loose and sensing the satisfying aroma of furied rubber in the sunroof. This is a good portion of road to make up for lost time.



Then downhill, following the creek to the final bridge. No margin for error on the left-hand entry as it is concrete on both sides. Then a heavy hand on the right foot before prepping for the right-hand exit “on the other side.” The key is keeping sightline on the right hand apex and corner concrete that makes up the end of the bridge. A hard cut on the steering and early timing of power provides a satisfying yaw of seeing the left rear step out through the driver’s mirror. All the while, an opposing minivan is petrified to standing-stop. Their first reaction is one of shock, “where did this silver bullet come from?” The second reaction is fright: “will the drift ornament and kiss my Japanese hood ornament?” Finally, is anger - “damn kids”!! And a quick scamper to the railroad tracks to chronometer stop.



The closing miles are considered the “cool down” lap; allowing everything to settle down, turbos are quiet, water temp. is cycling through, tire pressures are elevated but all even, and blood-pressure/heart rate is coming down with engine revs. And for an encore, a crawl into the driveway, being mindful to protect the chin-spoiler before a stab of throttle for the left-hand sweeper up the drive and a blaring of trumpets for all neighbors to hear!!

These are difficult times that ask each of us to make the world a better place, so find “Your Peace,” and extend yourself to those in their time of need. This is my reflection during finding “My Peace... you see, I am at this moment finishing the last yard-raking of the day. If you’ve made it this far, the last 2096 words were all a “Peaceful Porsche”-raking in my daydreams as I made “my own Nürburgring” across and around the yard. Chores are done!! Time to play and make the daydream come true!! Find the key and find your own peace – all the best to each of you...Amen

Geheimer Schriftsteller

Porsches of the Past – 1970 911 T Targa

LIKE MANY OF YOU, I HAVE BEEN A CAR ENTHUSIAST FOR MOST OF MY LIFE. Also, like many of you, I have had many cars in and out of my garage over the years. I don't regret buying any of the cars I have owned, as each of them brought some level of entertainment to the table. However, there are a few cars that I do regret selling. My 2004 Honda S2000, which I bought new and ended up turning into my first track car. That got me started on that whole slippery slope. My 2006 Jeep Wrangler Rubicon that was my first off-road rig. I still remember being pulled out of it by fellow Jeepers and watching it be winched off a mountain side after I slid it off an off-road trail at Paragon Adventure Park. Good times.

However, this is a Porsche club, so what Porsche do I miss the most? If I am honest, all of them is the answer, but if I had to pick one it would be the 1970 911 T Targa that I bought in 2009. That year I was at the Radnor Hunt Concours d'Elegance with no intention of buying a car. As I walked through the vendors' tent I could not help but spot this gorgeous burgundy colored Porsche sitting there with a "For Sale" sign on its windshield. Well now, this is going to require a closer look, I thought to myself.

I spoke to the seller, and he showed me around the car. It was a beauty. 65K original miles. 99% original parts, only non-stock item was the much needed H4 headlight upgrade. Interior looked like it just came out of the showroom, not a rip or crack anywhere. Original toolkit was included, as were all service records. In fact the very first stamp in the service book was when the car had only 500 miles on it, back in the fall of 1970. The stamp was for simply a follow up inspection. The first inspection stamp was made on the same day I was born! This car was meant to be mine.



The following week I met the owner and took the car out for a spin. I had never driven a classic Porsche before that day. In fact, despite having owned many cars by that point in my life, I had never really driven any classic car. The Targa did not disappoint. Fitted with the optional 5-speed manual transmission, the car was a joy to drive. The transmission was not the only thing in the car that was manual. The steering, the brakes, the windows – there was no power assist for any of it.



Those of you that have owned or driven one of these classic 911s know that they are special in a way that modern cars today just can't replicate. The howl of that classic air-cooled flat six out back. The smell of gasoline in the garage after a drive. The solid feeling of every single piece on the car. The smell of the old leather. This car was not about speed, it was about driving as an experience, as an event onto itself. It was like piloting a well-oiled, mechanical piece of jewelry down the road. I was hooked. We settled on a price, and I took it home a few days later.

I would keep and enjoy the car for the next four years. Outside of an annual service the car never required anything else. It never gave me a problem. The only issue with the car, which I knew when I bought it, was the clock didn't work. I would drive it sparingly on nice days and it always put a smile on my face. The only thing that eventually got me to sell it had nothing to do with the car itself.

I bought the car in 2009, which was just before the value of these cars began to go a little crazy. Suddenly this perfect little car was on everyone's radar and prices of cars like this started going up and up. As it got more valuable, and because it was in such pristine, original shape, I began to stress more and more over driving it. I found myself worrying more than driving. It seems silly now, as it is not exactly a million-dollar car by any means, and if I had to do it all over I would just drive the darn thing. Life is short, so enjoy what you have. However, at the time it was how I felt, and it was keeping me from really enjoying the car. I listed it for sale in the fall of 2013 and the day I put it up for sale I got a full price offer from a gentleman in Belgium. He wired payment and sent a trailer to pick it up, and off it went to its new home overseas.

I had gotten to enjoy the car for four years and made a decent profit on the sale, however, I dearly miss it to this day. I kick myself for not driving it more than I did and holding onto to it forever. Lesson learned. I look back on the car fondly, but I can't dwell on the past too much. The sale allowed me to buy a track car, which I used to get my SCCA competition license, and eventually led me to my current Cayman. While I wish I still had the old 911, I certainly can't complain about the path it put me on. So that is my story about the one that got away, what's yours?

Joe Kucinski



DIY - Wheel Stud

I AM SLOWLY MODIFYING MY CAYMAN TO MAKE IT MORE SUITABLE for the amount of track day use that it typically will see in the course of a season. With the start of the 2020 season on hold for the foreseeable future, it is a good time to make another small modification. I have decided to convert the standard wheel bolts to wheel studs.

Most modern Porsche cars use a 5-bolt system to attach the wheels to the hub. There is nothing inherently wrong with that, as it works perfectly fine. However, if you track the car regularly, and thus are removing wheels to swap pads or tires, it can get to be a pain in the neck. For the last couple years, I used the wheel mounting guide bolt to make the wheel swaps a bit easier. However, even that is not quite as easy as a stud system. Also, I wasn't thrilled with the stress I was putting on the bolt and hub with the repeated off and on cycles. Besides just saying your car is running competition wheel studs makes it sound fast, doesn't it?

There are a number of kits out there to choose from, and after much research I decided to go with the set sold by [Tarett Engineering](#). Tarett has a reputation for quality products. They are not the cheapest, but since keeping the wheel on the car is kind of important, this is not an area where I was looking to skimp. The studs come in two different sizes; I went with the shorter of the two, 82.5mm. If you are running spacers there is a 92.5mm size available. Lug nuts are sold separately, and the whole kit cost about \$300.

The installation is fairly straightforward. If you can change a tire you should be able to easily make this swap yourself. The tools you will need are: torque wrench rated to at least 95 ft/lbs, 19mm deep socket, 19mm open end wrench, jack and jack stand. Tarett has an installation guide on their website, and that is basically what I followed. Please note that other kits may have torque settings that differ from what the Tarett set recommends.

Once the car is up and the wheel is off, simply thread the stud onto the hub. The shorter threaded end goes into the hub. By hand, screw two of the lug nuts onto the stud. The stud is to be torqued to 60-70 ft/lbs. In order to torque the studs, place your open-end wrench on the nut closest to the hub. Place the torque wrench on the other nut, and torque it to spec while holding the other nut in place with the wrench. Once done, hold the nut in place again with your open-end wrench and then use your torque wrench to loosen the outside nut. Repeat this sequence for every stud. Once complete, pop the wheels back on and torque the lug nuts to 90 - 95 ft/lbs. You now have studs. Being under stay at home orders, I was in no rush to get through this project, and it took me about two hours. If I were in a hurry I could probably have done it in half the time.

It would take a real eagle-eyed enthusiast to spot the visual difference with the studs installed, but as you can see, they do have a different exterior look. Please excuse the oxidation on my rotors, as my car and I have been grounded for a while. I don't expect this to feel any different when I do finally drive my car again, but I expect the wheel swaps and brake changes to be faster and easier going forward. If you don't have the need to take your wheels off and on with any regularity this is probably not a modification that will interest you. However, for me, this was a great mini project to pass some time waiting for the virus to get under control. Hopefully, we can all get out on the road again soon. If not, you may be reading about my roll bar, race seat, and harness installation in the next issue.

Joe Kucinski



DIY - Customizing Your Macan

RECENTLY, I'VE SEEN OR HEARD A LOT ABOUT CUSTOMIZING CARS. YouTube is full of videos about various DIY projects [Heidi and Franny's Garage](#) just showed how to change seat belts (on a BMW) to improve interior color coordination. The guest speaker at the February RTR meeting was asked about increasing track performance by installing shims between the wheel and the hub. There also have been loads of questions on various internet forums. Things like loading third-party software to increase horsepower, installing larger brakes, lowering the suspension or installing larger tires to make the car "look better" – you name it. My first reaction was that many Porsche owners are not satisfied with their cars; somehow they spent a bunch of money for a product that needs to be improved.

Then there was an article in the March/April RTR Der Gasser about there being two types of Porsche owners. There are the (real) owners, termed Porsche enthusiasts, who bought sports cars. Based on the limited reading I've done, it seems that this group spends a lot of time massaging their cars and looking at their mechanical pride and joy as if they were proud parents. They drive other cars most days, saving their garage queens for sunny weather weekends when they navigate local roads, mostly at the speed limit, perhaps revving their engines to thrill, or not, onlookers. These folks seem to enjoy being seen. It appears the enthusiasts have bifurcated interests: those who only want to restore or preserve what they have, and folks who like to personalize their cars and tinker.

And then there is the second type: evidently unenthusiastic Porsche owners who bought their cars to drive daily, perhaps even with their families. This group takes their cars to car washes, as opposed to hand washing. They park their cars in crowded high risk (of dent) locations like supermarket parking lots. Indeed, this second group buys Porsches because they want a luxurious, comfortable vehicle. Well, Yesss ... and they have no aspirations to track the car – ever! Also, their preferred way to tinker with the car is to take it to a dealer for routine maintenance and the occasional repair. And, guess what! Despite the continued advertising focus of Porsche and PCA's Panorama on enthusiast activities, the luxury car crowd, led by owners of (gasp, dare I say it?) Porsche SUVs is generating the corporate profit to keep the entire car company in business. The sports car crowd should shake our hands every time they see us. At RTR meetings with food we should get served first and get double drinks and desserts.

But should we luxury owners be excluded from the customization fun just because we prefer function and comfort? I say not, so I am writing the first of a series of articles about customizing your Porsche SUV. First, I should admit that I am focusing on my model 95B (so the enthusiasts know what I am talking about) Macan. Second, I assume all the option decisions were made on the configurator or in consultation with the Brand Representative, and before the car was purchased. Those who decided that they made a mistake have traded their cars and reordered, like YouTube contributor Nick Murray, who decided he needed a brighter color, or others who wanted more power and traded up to Turbos. So I will not be discussing options, but will focus on accessories one can order to customize their car and improve the functionality in normal daily activities. OMG, we owners lead such dull, boring lives!

Let me begin with the accessories I thought the car should have come with as standard equipment: a first aid kit and an emergency reflective triangle. Yah, the dealers should have thrown in free floor mats, but I'm discussing that issue in another column.

OK, I admit it: I was so overwhelmed by the wonderfulness of my Macan that I simply bought the Porsche first aid kit and reflective triangle within a week of getting the car. Together they cost about \$110. But once I had them, I noticed that the triangle was labeled as an Audi part. So I looked online to discover that the \$47 triangle Porsche sells is available from Audi for about \$25. And, if you want to go big, you can order the VW/Audi Customer Assistance Kit (P/N ZAW093059) for about \$55. It includes both the triangle and a first aid kit PLUS jumper cables, work gloves, a multitool pliers/blade/screwdriver, an LED flashlight, PVC tape, cable ties, extra bandages, a rain poncho and a whistle. You might need the accessory trailer hitch and a carrier to haul this mother of all emergency kits.



But the Porsche first aid kit has lots of useful items, such as bandages, pads, gauze and tape. It has disposable gloves, shears and a finger splint. It even has a blanket and cravat (triangular bandage) to make a sling or a pressure dressing. Or to wear on your neck to look cool. On the more advanced side, it includes a face shield for use in CPR, as well as a nice instruction book to guide CPR first timer efforts. (Can you imagine!) What it does not have are instructions on where to stow the kit. Good to Know didn't know either.

This storage issue led to several pleasant days of experimentation. I tried to stuff it next to the spare tire, but it really did not fit. I placed it in the seemingly made-for-it storage space on the passenger side of the trunk – the one with the netting to secure it. It didn't, and every time I hit a bump or pothole the kit hit the top of the trunk with a thud. I even wrapped the kit in fabric and secured it to the netting with a bungee cord. Nope, still thumped. I considered crazy gluing it in place before I came to my senses. Aha! I can stuff it in the door storage space next to the driver's seat; that way I can grab it quickly in an emergency. It really did not fit. It would not slide entirely into the opening, leaving part of the case sticking out. The esthetics annoyed me. Finally, I tried to put it in the glove compartment. But wait – it was already so filled-to-overflowing that everything instantly fell on the passenger when it was opened. Long story made short – I consolidated the glove compartment rubbish, put the residual in an overnight bag made for shoes (REI \$26), put the shoe bag in the compartment and magically the remaining space was exactly the size of the first aid kit once I pushed it a bit. In fact, after a few slams and some rearranging of the rubbish in the glove bag, the glove box even closes without slamming it too hard (see photo 1). Thank goodness for robust engineering.



Stowing the triangle is easier, as there is a storage space made specifically for it on the trunk door. You twist open the latch, the cover drops down, and the triangle case snaps soundly into place. To remove it, you open the cover, then break off some fingernails prying the triangle out of the snaps.

There are user instructions on the case. The pictographs show you opening the case, display the triangle properly assembled, and tell you to place it 100 METERS behind the car. Can you imagine doing that on I-95, in the rain, at night? And you do this to avoid an accident? To me this suggested that the purpose of the warning triangle

was to protect the car from damage. Protecting damage to owners may not have been included in the design of the triangle. So why would one do this? Of course, so you could go back to the car, open the door, hop inside and call 1-800-Porsche with some hope that you would not be hit from behind while waiting for your tow.

What the pictographs instructions do not show is how to assemble the triangle. OK, you open the case and pull the folded triangle out. Then what? I tried several different ways to unfold it and was pleased to discover how robustly made it was – I was unable to break it. In the end, after close examination, one notices orange tabs. You pull these out, and one after another the legs are extended. You then lift one of the plastic arms, the triangle unfolds perfectly, and finally the arms clip together. The end product is robust and unlikely to be tipped or blown away (see photo 2). Once you figure out how to deploy the triangle, it's easier to fold it up and put it into its case. Or you can just throw it in the trunk. Better, stay in the tow truck cab and get the truck operator to do that for you. Give him a nice tip.

In the end, I was glad that I purchased Porsche-brand accessories. Sure, they cost twice what the same items cost from Audi or VW, but the first aid kit has the brand name stenciled on it. And the triangle is enjoyably over-engineered, and so suits the car. And I discovered that my PCA 10% discount only applied to services and parts – not accessories. What more could I want?

In later columns I will discuss other exciting utilitarian topics, such as floor mats, devices to store grocery shopping bags, cooling chests for drinks and food, etc. I invite readers to share ideas, needs, solutions and comments so I can include them with attribution in upcoming articles.

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Going Older and Slower to go FASTER

I AM NOT ONE TO KEEP CARS FOR A LONG TIME. IN MY 13 YEARS OF DRIVING I have owned about 12 cars. 4 of them being Porsches. My first Porsche was a 2008 911 Turbo. Wow! That is quite a first P car. I joined the club and started learning more and more about Porsches. Attending events like my first autocross showed me that this was what I wanted to do. The thrill of taking your car to the limit showed me that I am a terrible driver and that having all the power means nothing.

Summer had come and gone, and doing as I do, I sold my 997 TT and started hunting for a full-time autocross car. In the meantime, I wanted to upgrade my daily driver, and sold my 2000 E320 and bought a 2013 Cayenne S. In December I saw a listing for a 2006 Cayman S in Georgia. Called a friend and we hopped on the road for 13 hours to go see the car and trailer it back. It needed some work, but it was perfect for what I wanted to do. I worked on the car all winter, and come spring I was out dodging cones and improving my times working on one skill per event. One problem that I had with the car was that it was too modified. This meant that I was getting killed by where my car was classed, and my times would be affected.

End of the season comes and here I go again. I sign into my Rennlist account and put out a listing for my 90k miles Cayman S. Nothing happens for months, and then I get a message from a local guy who wants to come and see the car. We hit it off and go for a nice long drive. When we get back, he tells me he will come back with a cashier's check, and boom. There goes another P car. Did I mention I also sold my Cayenne S a month earlier?



I was in search for a 944 Turbo. I had seen one a couple months back that was completely redone. I look back in my history and find that the car still available. I get in contact with the seller, and he sends me all the pics, videos and receipts of the thousands of dollars he spent putting this car together. I was impressed, I called a buddy, and again I am on the road to Maryland to look at this with the intention of buying and driving it back. Sure enough, this car was real and in amazing shape for a 32-year-old car. I open the hood and a time machine takes me back to 1988, where a meticulous engine bay with 2k miles on it sits. Once you open the door

you are greeted by these freshly reupholstered seats with the Turbo insignia on the headrest. But once inside you get hit with a 1980s smell that any classic car owner is familiar with. The car makes it home with no issues and I start planning RTR events to attend. Including of course Autocross.

Jose Rivas



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Sidetrack: A Driver's Education

WHILE I'M NOT QUALIFIED TO SPEAK ON BEHALF OF THE RIESENTÖTER DRIVER'S EDUCATION

program, as a licensed driver in Pennsylvania for almost 50 years I think I've at least earned the right to lead a discussion on the desperate need for educating drivers on our local streets, interstates and parking areas.

I'm not as much referring to driving skills as I am to a comprehensive understanding and subsequent application of state and local traffic laws. Because drivers in general do not practice them with any regularity, and parents as well as state and municipal authorities are not teaching or enforcing them either.

So, what's the problem? A phenomenon known as illusory superiority supports that more than 90% of motorists in this country believe themselves to be better than average drivers – a statistical impossibility. This means most of us think we have little to learn – but I suggest we think that we know more than we really do.

The Pennsylvania Driver's Manual (PDM) is the reference I'm using for this article. It's the primary source for guidance on PA traffic regulations – the very same guide you used to study for the driver's exam. Not much has changed over the years, but [DOWNLOAD A COPY](#) if you want to challenge me on a specific point.

Before we begin, let me make the following disclaimer: I do not proclaim to be the best driver on the road, or even in my own household. And I don't observe every traffic law all the time. Like you, I might disagree with many of them, though I acknowledge they exist in spite of my objection.

A traffic violation is an action for which you can be assigned a ticket or receive a fine, whether you believe it is just or fair. When you break any one of them you are obliged to own the consequences. Even if you are exercising a form of conscientious objection, it's important to recognize when you are statutorily in the right – and when you're not.

So, hang onto your ego for a minute. I'll do the same and take you for a ride through some of what I think are the most commonly abused and misunderstood of traffic laws. I imagine someone could write a book on the subject, but the following are violations I see most often, or ones that simply aggravate me. Here goes...

STOP THE MADNESS

We all studied stop sign protocol for the driver's exam, yet most of us have forgotten. No one knows what to do at a stop sign anymore – it's the four-way stop that seems to paralyze us, but the rules apply to any intersection with at least two of them present (since there's no argument on right-of-way when there is only one).

As referenced in the PDM, "The first vehicle to reach the intersection should move forward first. If two vehicles reach the intersection at the same time, the driver on the left yields to the driver on the right." Note that the right-of-way is yielded – given, not taken. This is an important distinction for those who feel they can justify stealing their turn.

This rule only applies if you arrive at the same time – if you get there first, you go first. I don't know what is so confusing about this, but I think we make it way more complicated by simply not paying attention when we arrive relative to other vehicles, and then applying the rule when we get there. Which means GO when it's your turn...

Hesitation is the initiator of confusion. Waiting for other drivers to arrive and then looking to them for telepathic guidance is counterproductive to the rule. There are those that do this because they are fearful the other drivers won't stop when they get there. Applying this indecisive logic only adds to intersection confusion.

A final note about stop signs – if you don't have one, please don't stop. It may look like you should, but if there isn't a physical stop sign, this can cause a world of trouble from the guy behind you who didn't expect your car to suddenly pause without cause. Likewise, don't assume another driver has a stop sign, because if they don't, they won't.

RIGHT TURN ON RED – OR NOT?

The intent of the RIGHT TURN ON RED (in force since the mid-seventies in Pennsylvania) is to essentially convert the stoplight to a stop sign for those wanting to turn. There is fundamentally no difference between the two at that point. Per the PDM, "Right turn on red means stop, look in all directions, and then turn when it is safe."

I may stomp on a few nerves here, but there are some with the misguided notion that proceeding when traffic is safe and clear is an option to the driver. Nonsense. This insistence seems to focus on the word "may" referenced only once in the PDM: "You may turn right while the light is red, unless a NO TURN ON RED sign is posted at the intersection."

The "option" argument is wrongly supported on semantics rather than intent of the law. Naturally, proceeding always depends on safe conditions exactly as it would at a stop sign. But as with a stop sign, you are obligated to turn when it is safe to do so – and not empowered to remain there (impeding traffic) until the light turns green.

Nowhere else in the PDM is a driver provided with an option to apply a traffic rule on their own accord. So, unless you can show me an actual traffic ordinance that specifically states that this law is the only exception in the entirety of the PDM, RIGHT TURN ON RED is like any other traffic regulation and applies accordingly. Enough already.

READY, SET, GO!

Closely related to a stop is when to go at a traffic signal – when the light turns green by the way, and not when the guy behind you bleats his horn to remind you to get your face out of your phone. I have followed drivers for miles who rely on me to prompt them forward at the change of the light. This is traffic ignorance in its purest form.

THE COURT YIELDS TO...

For clarification purposes, a yield sign is definitely not a stop sign. Stopping when you should not can be horribly dangerous. The yield sign means you are to observe traffic coming from other directions and continue with caution if it is safe to do so. Coming to a halt when there is no opposing traffic has proven to be particularly deadly.

What about opposing yield signs – foolishly placed on opposite sides of a narrow bridge. PennDOT doesn't offer any guidance as to right-of-way for this situation. Logic says to TAKE YOUR TURN, but I've only seen that sign once in my life (brilliant solution BTW). And drafting in behind the car ahead of you (as if attached to them) is just plain rude.

WHITE LINE FEVER

Solid white lines divide lanes traveling in the same direction and mark the shoulder of the road. Broken white lines may be crossed and generally solid lines cannot. In a work zone for instance, crossing over a solid white line comes with a very expensive fine – speaking from experience (and especially when they are actively painting them).

White lines are also used to frame or mark areas not to be driven on or over. Cheating onto a white painted median located just prior to an intersection for a left turning lane (as an example) carries the same fine as driving over a raised median in the same location – once again I'm speaking from experience.

Concerning white lines that mark shoulders at an intersection – these are not turning lanes. A turning lane would have a broken white line leading into the intersection with a solid shoulder line indicating a lane for that purpose. Using the shoulder to skirt by someone on their right to make your turn or get around them is also a traffic violation.

White lines are often painted at intersections marking the point at which you must stop your vehicle at a light or pedestrian crosswalk. You must stop prior to these markings so that you are not blocking the crosswalk or sticking into the intersection preventing vehicles from safely completing their turn.

Whether white or yellow, lines that divide lanes separate traffic. Moving into another lane regardless of direction requires drivers to yield to cars in those lanes. Neighboring drivers traveling in either direction are not obliged to scootch over for you when you're overtaking a bicyclist or a distressed vehicle. It's on you to wait until traffic clears.

LET THERE BE LIGHT

As noted in a previous article, the use of headlights (rather the lack thereof) is ridiculously noncompliant. Many drivers only turn their lights on when it's too dark to see. But lights are required for another important reason – to be seen by other drivers. Without lights, your vehicle goes into stealth mode and becomes a danger to others.

For those abusers who insist on the aforementioned rationale, I have one thing to say about your lighting status. If someone drives past you and flips their lights at you as a polite reminder (and you are alert enough to recognize their signal), take a look around you. If most of the traffic also has their lights on, it's not them. It's you.

Finally, in Pennsylvania, lights must be on from dusk to dawn, which is well before dark and well after the first rays of light. Lights must be on for these conditions as well: Posted Work Zones, any precipitation and anytime your wipers are on – even intermittent (this particular law has been in effect since January 28, 2007 and is routinely disregarded).

TURNING A NEW LEAF

Let's talk a little about the alternating lights – turn signals. There is a categorical lack of their usage and when they are applied (or not). Signals should be used not only in advance of turning, but for lane changes and pulling over. By the way, if you do pull over and remain stopped, you should use your hazard lights (because now you are one).

Turn signals alert other drivers to future intent – which happens before you begin to do something. There is zero benefit in applying your signal only while your hand passes the stalk on the wheel in the turn or following its completion. And by the way, turn signals do not oblige other drivers to yield to your actions, so don't expect them to.

KEEP RIGHT, PASS LEFT – IT'S THE LAW

Another stone in my shoe. All 50 states have some form of this rule, and law enforcement officials can write tickets for a violation – but they rarely do (which is maddening). The left lanes on a divided highway are for active passing only. And moving to the right only when faster cars run up behind you impedes the normal flow of traffic.

In Pennsylvania the law is quite specific: keep right except to pass. Some think that left lanes are for faster traffic – and no one wants to be branded as slow. But when you are done using the lane to pass another car, please move back over. Europeans are far more aware of this concept than we are – any ride on the autobahn will validate that.

I had a discussion while overseas with a group from several different countries, and they simply do not understand the difficulty we have regarding this subject. But they all agreed on this premise I proposed to them: "If you are not actively passing a car, look to your right – if the lane is unoccupied, you belong in it." It can't be much simpler.

SIGN, SIGN, EVERYWHERE A SIGN...

Most traffic infractions boil down to drivers not reading and/or comprehending traffic signs and signals. These are designed to instruct or warn you of certain conditions. It's shocking how many drivers have no idea that they are obliged to read (and heed) ALL OF THEM. This is difficult to do if you're occupied with posts on your smartphone.

As a driver you are expected to read and know what each sign means – the PDM provides guidance for the standards, and most others are self-explanatory. Others are not. A separate right turn traffic signal, for instance, does not mean you cannot turn right on red if there is no sign stating you cannot; it simply applies to that lane only.

CAN YOU BE TOO POLITE?

Being well mannered is something we learned from our parents and teachers. It's fundamental to our upbringing. But you can be so polite as to be dangerous to others. Taking responsibility for another driver's safety by motioning them into traffic, for instance. This happens frequently by those unaware of the danger they are luring them into.

You must yield to pedestrians within a crosswalk or any intersection – this seems obvious, but a lot of drivers extend bonus civilities. Pedestrians vaguely near an intersection do not have the right-of-way, so there is no need to stop and wait for them to arrive. Please don't, or you'll end up with the guy behind you in your trunk.

"When pedestrians do see you, it is never safe to wave a pedestrian into the line of traffic at any time...." This seems initially silly until you understand the logic behind it due to potential consequences from misunderstandings. So, don't be too polite – doing so is potentially deadly.

TEACH YOUR CHILDREN WELL

The most frustrating thing of all is the overwhelming oblivion to traffic laws, not so much blatant disregard. This problem existed when I was first driving, but I've seen it get progressively worse, to the point where it seems no one has any idea what they should be doing in most traffic situations.

It means we are not teaching younger generations of drivers. As Riesentöter members we are reminded that the number one cause of teenage death is traffic accidents. Teenagers are simply too young to understand the finality of their actions, and as experienced drivers we should do our best to make sure they are actively aware of them.

We need to teach our youth to understand the law – and not our version of it. I was taught things I now know to be dead wrong, even though my instructors believed them to be correct at the time. It took me years to unlearn many of those misguided lessons, especially since I unquestioningly relied on their guidance.

END OF THE ROAD

I'm pleased you got this far, and my sermon is now over. I do appreciate that you read to this point, weathering my literary outburst. You may not have agreed with me, and I welcome your perspective. But remember that you won't win an argument without showing me the statutory reference.

We may not like or agree with a lot of traffic regulations or their selective enforcement. I certainly do not. We might further assert some to be useless, foolish or even dangerously misguided. But as drivers we are obliged to be aware of and understand all traffic laws – whether or not we adhere to them.

David Newton



Shifts and Giggles

E AND F OR F AND F SHARP, E AND F OR F AND F SHARP, TWO ALTERNATING NOTES back and forth, back and forth, slow to fast, slow to fast, an ominous feeling, approaching, approaching, closer, closer, even closer you can feel it, danger, faster, faster, it's almost here, then, then, GOTCHA! And spring is here, along with the green menace. And it's everywhere, and to top it off I'm allergic to boot. I'm talking about tree pollen.

You know the stuff it turns your white car green, your grey car green, your green car greener. It's disgusting and I hate it in the worst way. One minute your car looks fine, the next minute...what the hell. This stuff is fast...faster than a freshly washed black car getting dirty. I mean you clean it and 1/2 hour later it looks as though you hit Kermit the Frog or ran through a St. Patty's Day Parade. Just yuck, ew, eurgh. and any other onomatopoeias you can think of for disgust.

I live in the woods, trees are everywhere, I look out my windows and it looks as though I'm in a tree house. I love it. Love it, until I walk to my car port in the spring. Didn't I just wash this? I did. I did. "Not," Mother nature yells from afar.

It's always a race to get my car detailed before this happens. If I can get a good coat of wax or the new and improved ceramic coating before this happens then I'm good to go. Then it's just a hose and a quick spray and my car is new again, but if I wait then it's a disgusting battle between me and windshield washer fluid and about a thousand microfiber towels and a ton of elbow grease. Don't wait for the latter. Take my advice, get out there soon and take care of your rides, you have nothing else to do right now anyway. Or since you are not going anywhere for a while, grab a Snickers Bar and watch the buildup of pollen, watch it get nice and thick, so thick you'll need a paint scraper to aid in finding your natural color. So don't wait, get out there now, do it, do it before the trees have sex because horny season is upon us and it's a real mess to clean up after nature...especially if you live in the woods.

Jeff Walton

CLASSIFIEDS

2003 996 Carrera 4 Cabriolet with 24,000+ miles Asking \$39,500

Base price was \$84,000, with options the MSRP was \$120,525

Some of the options:

- X51 Powerkit (adds 25 HP to 345)
- Sport Exhaust
- 18" wheels (new front tires 7/2019, new rear tires 4/2020)
- Carrera Fixed Rear Spoiler
- Bi-Xenon Headlamps
- Full Leather Interior with Sport Seats

A LN Engineering IMS kit was installed 5/2017 including new clutch with lightweight flywheel.

Contact for more information and/or pictures
Rick Glenn rghenn@gmail.com or (215) 450-3477



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CLASSIFIEDS

1999 Porsche 911 Carrera / 13,400 miles / \$35,000

Immaculate-unbelievable

Completely stock and original, brand-new condition-never in the rain

Garage kept. Mileage-13,400

No dings, no scratches, never hit, never painted

- Options:

- black, black interior w leather seats,
- 490 Traction Control,
- 18" Lt Alloy Wheel- Turbo Look
- aluminum dials, power seats,
- AB Wheel Caps with Colored Crest,
- AM/FM Radio with CD Player,

- Exclusive Options:

- Black Mats
- aluminum/Leather Shifter/Brake Handle Aluminum/Chrome

Paul Mudrick

Bala Cynwyd, PA

mudrickp@verizon.net

(610) 909-5799



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CLASSIFIEDS

Indoor Covercraft Car Cover \$100 (over \$427 new on Covercraft)

Custom fit for 991 Carrera but would probably fit other models

Black

Soft (maximum ding protection)

Barely used

Contact Gerry Thorpe at gerry.thorpe@comcast.net



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CLASSIFIEDS

1993 Porsche 911 Carrera 2 Cabriolet w/ Tiptronic and rear seat delete option

Approx. 88,300 mls

New suspension: Koni Sport damper set and Eibach springs

New brakes: Zimmermann ventilated cross-drilled discs

New tail lights and rear center reflector

New tires: Michelin Pilot Sport A/S

Maintained by Zeigler Exotic Cars, Phoenixville, PA

(previously named Possum Hollow Motors)

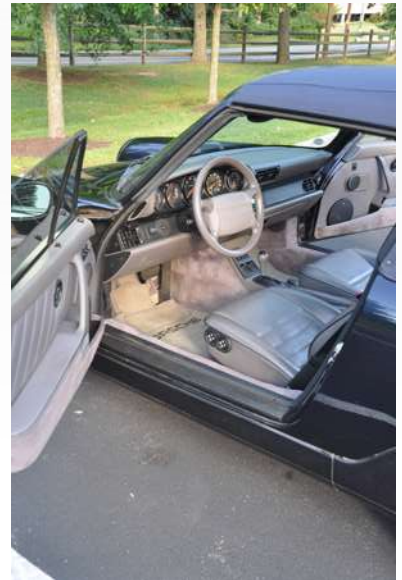
Original paint, original top, original engine

Runs and drives great asking \$38,000

Please contact Maarten I. Pesch

Email: maartenp@verizon.net

Cell: (267) 738-3923



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CLASSIFIEDS

OEM Carrera sport Wheels and Tires Came off a 2006 Carrera S

Asking \$2,000

Specs:

- Fronts are 19 x 8.5
- Rears are 19 x 11.5

Freshly powder coated (Have not been used since)
The tires are slightly used Hankook Ventus V12s.
No TPMS sensors in the wheels

Contact OT Figueroa via email: patches12121@gmail.com



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CLASSIFIEDS

2005 911 Carrera S Cabriolet for Sale - \$41,900 (MSRP: over \$103,000)

Silver/black

38,300 miles

Excellent condition

Sport chrono, Nav, PASM, 6 speed manual

More photos available upon request

Contact Neil at nfddd@yahoo.com



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CLASSIFIEDS

1989 911 Turbo Cabriolet for Sale - \$159,900

Red/black

27,000 miles

Runs and drives perfectly

Flawless body and interior

Original manual, books, tools, spare and compressor

Certificate Of Authenticity

More photos available upon request

Contact Neil at nfddd@yahoo.com



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CLASSIFIEDS

1996 Porsche 911 Carrera 4s 993 (Wide Body) AEROS / 3.6 L / H6 / (220 CI)

Odometer 77,200 Miles

Title 5024390802 SE WID 18102 3906 120691-001

Black / Silver / 5 Speed, Retraceable Sunroof, A/C Dual Zone, Power Windows, Illuminated Entry, AM/FM Radio, C/D Player, Vanity Mirror, Door Storage Pockets (2), Keyless Entry, Floor Mats Front (2) and Rear (3), Manuals, Tools, Jack, Spare Tire and EXTRA TIRE.

ALL MAINTENANCE RECORDS.

Contact Harry via email hselverian@hotmail.com for further information



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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

