





# Porsche of Conshohocken

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Photo by Joe Kucinski

# 2019 RTR Social Event Calendar

<b>May</b>	<b>18</b>	<a href="#">Cars and Coffee</a>
<b>May</b>	<b>19</b>	<a href="#">AX in Philly</a>
<b>May</b>	<b>22</b>	<a href="#">Membership Meeting</a>
<b>June</b>	<b>15</b>	<a href="#">Street Survival</a>
<b>June</b>	<b>22-23</b>	<a href="#">2 Day AX at Pocono</a>
<b>June</b>	<b>30</b>	Dinner at Majolica



## JOIN US FOR DINNER!

**ON JUNE 30TH PORSCHE CLUB MEMBERS WILL GATHER AT [MAJOLICA RESTAURANT](#)** in Phoenixville for a springtime-inspired 6-course tasting menu prepared by award-winning Chef Andrew Deery. Majolica is on many "best restaurant" lists in the Philadelphia region. [Philly.com](#) restaurant critic Craig Laban gave Majolica 3 bells, commenting: "With a French-inspired menu devoted to seasonal local ingredients, including many sourced from the borough's standout farmer's market, warm bistro dining rooms and polished service, Majolica remains not only Phoenixville's most sophisticated dining experience, but one of the top restaurants in the western suburbs, period."

Chef Deery will design the final menu around the freshest and most delicious products in season, but has given us a few hints on what may be included: an amuse-bouche of tuna on house-made gaufrette, his fabulous silky corn soup, a seasonal fresh heirloom tomato salad, a fish course (perhaps swordfish), a pasta or light meat course such as pork belly with roasted fennel and garlic, a roasted meat course such as malt-braised beef short ribs with carrots and horseradish, and of course... dessert!

This will be a BYOB dinner. Cost per person is \$100, including tax and gratuity. More information will be forthcoming in Jeff's enews email "blast." Space is limited, so be sure to register early!

# MEMBERSHIP MILESTONES

YEARS	May	June
<b>40</b>		Skip Corey
<b>35</b>	Robert Lamb	
<b>30</b>	Raffi Amirian Kam Ho Jonathan Raines	Paul Marchetto
<b>25</b>		Tracy Nelson
<b>20</b>	John Arnold Stuart Field Charles Kozo Richard Roush Alexander Takacs Richard Woytowich	Jerry Bronstein John Heley Dallas Kerley George Shoffner Dennis Wasserman
<b>15</b>	Tim Boyer David Chantry Maryclaire D'Andrea Ralph Hunter	Jeffrey Hershman Marty Kocse
<b>10</b>	Greg Ford Bud Horenci Vince Richardson	Don Conley Lynn Cortner Thomas Kohler J. Eric Valencia Lyle Woodard
<b>5</b>	Jay Butler George Camp Garcia Danny Hernandez Steve Kradel Mark Mintzer Stanley Muravchick Franco Stefanatto	Rob Allen Pasquale Deon Joseph J. ElChaar Greg Hummel Eugene Long David Mizrachi Rob Pastir Douglas Troutman



# NEW RTR MEMBERS



Macaire Jackson	944 Red Coupe
Maneesh Jain	911 GT3
Andrew Ross	911 Carrera
Kashain Srisuro	Cayman GTS
Kevin McCollum	911 Turbo S Cabriolet
Frank DeRose	Boxster S
Martin Handler	911 Carrera 4S Silver
Anthony Care	911 Turbo Black Wide Body
Jeff Bagdasarian	911 Carrera S Cabriolet Black
Justin Jacobs	914 2.0 Red/Silver
Brandon Bowers	Boxster S
Jessica Burbach	
Jarrad Jacobs	911 SC Yellow Coupe
Andy Helveston	718 Boxster Guards Red
Stephen Bosio	718 Boxster Racing Yellow Roadster
Matthew Shaffer	911 SC Black Metallic Coupe
Gregg Nolte	911 Targa 4
Linda Schwartz	Macon Turbo Night Blue Metallic CUV
Patty Nolte	
Tyler Morgan	Boxster Black Convertible
Akpo Omene	Cayenne GTS Black
Ryan Adam	911 Turbo Gray
Matthew Gates	Boxster S Red Convertible
Darryl Halterman	911 Carrera S
Jesse Ferrara	Boxster White
Robert Nigra Jr	911 Carrera
Ken Tankel	944 Slate Gray Coupe
Frank Moyer	911 Carrera Guards Red Coupe
Joseph Roth	
Joshua Ueberroth	911 Carrera S Silver Coupe
Janice Titano	Cayenne Diesel Blue SUV
Paul Heine	911 Turbo
Christopher Compher	Boxster S Rhodium Silver
Brad Nesland	718 Cayman GTS Agate Gray Coupe
Tim McNair	914 1.8 Blue Coupe
Bill McDonnell	Panamera GTS Alpine White Sedan

# Vom Präsidenten

**OK, JUST TO KEEP YOU IN THE LOOP, ROY BLUMSBURG AND MYSELF** attended the Zone 2 Presidents meeting for PCA. We went over the zone's financials and we actually made a little bit of money on our Zone 2 DE event, which was a good thing because had it not, it might have been on the chopping block. Here's hoping that the Zone 2 Club Race pulls it's weight as well. We also had our national policy chair in attendance Bob Gutjar talking to us about bylaws and such. After his presentation I asked him about the national bylaws of PCA, one very specific I had in mind. This is found under section 2 entitled Board of Directors.

The Board of Directors shall insure the proper conduct of the administrative affairs of the Club by the Executive Council, the fulfillment of duties by the officers, and compliance with these Bylaws

Now as you may or may not be aware, every president of a region is also a member of the Board of Directors (yes it's a big board but I didn't make the rules). So I asked him what exactly does this section mean. He said that as a BOD we are responsible for the action of the Executive Committee. Sure it's obvious when you read that section but I wanted to be 100 percent sure.

Then I asked him as a member of the board, how am I supposed to do that? What do you mean?

Well, you don't allow communication between the board of directors, I've asked for the email distribution list and I was denied, so were a few other regional presidents. So how are we supposed to communicate with one another?

I'll get back to you.

Also how are we supposed to bring new business up at our national board meetings, (the EC has since removed that from our national meetings)

You can still do it, all you need to do is go through our national secretary, with your request and the EC will decide if it is worthy to bring forth to the entire board.

That's like the fox is in charge of the hen house. So if the BOD had a problem with one of the non-elected officials of the EC there would really be no way to remove them because we would need to go through the EC and I doubt very much that motion would ever make it to the floor.

So here I am, a board member who is responsible and liable I will add, for the actions of the EC yet as a board of director have no say in the matter. Yes the EC does a really good job but if something ever happens I want the ability to control my actions and right now I do not have any.

Pedal down

Jeffrey Walton  
President RIESENTÖTER

# Editor's Note



**PERSONALLY, THE PHRASE PORSCHE CLUB ALWAYS MAKES ME** think of our “little” Riesentöter region. However, every month [Porsche Club of America](#) reminds me that they are there by sending another gorgeous issue of “Panorama.” Yes, thanks for the reminder that we, Riesentöter, are but a fraction of the whole.

Sure, we cover a large chunk of Pennsylvania, roughly from Lancaster to Philly, and from the Maryland border to above Allentown, and we boast almost two thousand seven hundred members (that always blows my mind when I think of it!). And, even though we are just a fraction of PCA national, we do get around.

Last year, at the Philabundance awards, they always referred to us as “The Porsche Club” – not Riesentöter region of the Porsche Club of America. Granted, that’s a mouthful, but what do non-members think?

The other day Jeff Walton sent me something special: an email from a friend who follows a car enthusiast YouTuber named Sam who has a popular channel called Seen Through Glass, and viewed this particular episode, <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4G2E1kZZ4bc>, found this exciting (for Riesentöter members) 356 go by. Sure, we all get excited to see perfect 356’s but, as you probably noticed in the photo here, it has a Riesentöter emblem on it.

Okay, not so special you say. Except that the car in the YouTube with a Riesentöter emblem on it is in SOUTH AFRICA!

WHOA! Word does get around!

We would like to spread your stories around too. The next issue will hopefully include stories about saving/restoring a Porsche from a flood, a Texas size road trip, and a selling experience of lessons learned...and more!

Garrett Hughes  
Der Gasser Editor-in-chief





# Top Down!

**WOOHOO! THE SUN IS OUT AND IT'S ABOVE 65 DEGREES** (sometimes, anyway). So, what is with all the convertible owners with their tops up? I can't figure them out. Why did you buy a convertible if you are going to ride around like you don't have a drop top? Better still, why does (almost) everyone drive around with their windows rolled up tight? Doesn't anyone appreciate the smell of fresh air (okay, I can almost understand the ones who disdain the "country aromas" i.e., manure... almost)?

I guess we have become the "treated" air generation. Sad, especially this time of year, when you begin to catch the whiffs of flowers' fragrance in the air, the smell of rain drying after a spring time shower, the smell of fresh mown grass, the smell of fresh turned earth from a farmer's field, or a myriad of the wonderful smells of Mother Nature turns out this time of year.

I am sure you have read the articles about how fresh air help rejuvenate our bodies; heaven knows, people in my generation need a LARGE dose of that.

But, PLEASE, get out there and open your windows or tops and drink in the vitamin D the sun and air provide for us. And, ENJOY this pleasant weather!

Garrett Hughes  
*Top Down!*



# April 2019 Membership Meeting

**A PORSCHE MEETING AT A DODGE DEALER? WELL NOT EXACTLY.** Our April club membership meeting was held at the [Red Horse Moting Club](#) in Pottstown. The building was the former home of the Ludwik Motors, Dodge dealership from 1922 thru the 1990's and much of its old character remains, including that wonderful old car smell. Now however, Red Horse Moting Club has transformed the building into a social gathering place for members of the club to meet, and hang out, in the old dealership among several classic cars, and automobilia. It is a pretty cool concept and a great backdrop for our meeting.

Once again Jeff led off with a rundown of some upcoming events. Lots of good stuff coming up this year, including an opportunity to display our Porsches on the boardwalk this October. More details to come on that event so keep on the lookout for that.

Next up we had Scott, from Philabundance, who personally wanted to thank our club for doing such an amazing job with our food donations last year, coming in second overall, behind only Subaru, and second in canned food donations behind only Wegmans. Quite an accomplishment from our little club and we should all be proud.

Next topic was Autocross. The season is underway! First event is already in the books and the next couple rounds are fast approaching. Remember, if you haven't done autocross with us before your first event is on the club, so come on out and give it a try.

Track and Club Racing discussions were up next with Marty and Corey speaking to each. During our DE event on Friday, June 21, at NJMP Pierre Robert from WMMR will be broadcasting live as our prize for coming in second in the food drive. And while club racing might not have a live radio broadcast, it certainly has enough excitement on its own. If you want to take your track driving to the next level, this is a good place to go. A lot more info on these activities can be found on our club website.



I represented Der Gasser, and again urged the members in attendance to submit your stories. While I enjoy writing articles for each issue, it really is you, dear readers, who make this publication special. So if you have a Porsche story, please share it with us.

Next up we had a couple club members speak to the local cars and coffee events. The West Chester event that had been going for many years is now defunct. I can tell you that for a fact, as I was there a few weeks ago when the friendly LEO told me and my buddies that the property owner didn't want us there anymore. The good news is the event at the Malvern Wegmans is going strong. I went there the same day I was kicked out of West Chester and we had a fantastic turnout. In addition, there are other options in the works including some on private properties. More info to come as the details get worked out.

Roy was up next to cover all things new member related. We only had one new member in attendance, but we naturally gave him a warm welcome and I am sure he enjoyed his first meeting. Roy also admitted that he is a Red Sox fan (Boo!) and they happen to be playing the Phillies (Yay!) on Saturday September 14th and the club secured a lot of 50 tickets for us to head down and cheer on our favorite team. We will caravan down, park together, have a good old-fashioned tailgate and watch Bryce Harper and the gang beat up on the poor Red Sox for a couple hours. Sounds like a fun night to me. This will probably sell out quickly so keep an eye out for the announcement and chance to register.

Chuck Harders, one of the owners of the Red Horse Moting Club, addressed our club next and gave us a bit of history on the building, as well as on himself. Memberships are still being offered and if Pottstown is not convenient for you, he is looking to add a second location soon. This is good news, as this is really a fun place for any gear head to hang out.

Tom Stone from Stone + Glidden spoke to us about home theaters and smart home solutions. He had several setups on site to showcase just what some of these home theater systems are capable of. If you didn't get a chance to watch the car chase scene from Ready Player One, or We Will Rock You from Bohemian Rhapsody, on the system he had set up, then you really missed out. Impressive stuff.

We ended our meeting with the announcement that we will meet next month at Porsche Lehigh Valley for what I am sure will be another good time.

Joe Kucinski





# Porsche Pundit

**SOMEWHERE IN THE DEEP RECESSES OF MY MIND I SEEM TO REMEMBER** my Dad offering me a rare tidbit of fatherly advice: “Son, no matter what you do, never buy a car at night. Nothing good ever comes from not being able to see what you bought. Trust me on this.” And I did. At least through my teenage years, when I only bought one car, a really clapped out, rusty Mustang. Really, it would not have mattered if I had bought this car in the day or night. It was what it was: a beater. Somehow, as I was making my ways through my 20’s, I managed to forget that lesson along the way. But first a little background to set the stage, so to speak.

Do you remember the 80’s? Gordon Gecko said “greed is good,” guys got to wear pastel-colored clothing inspired by Crockett and Tubbs (that’s a Miami Vice reference, in case you missed it), gals had big hair and we were all glued to MTV watching the same ten videos over and over and over again. And for a brief few glorious years the US Government allowed European spec cars into the US.

I had been reading *Autoweek* for some time and, turning to those center pages with that tempting layout of classified ads, a treasure trove of exotic and sports cars waited. I lusted over them, reading all the details, calculating the prices based on current exchange rates, hoping I could buy one someday. But they seemed unattainable; after all, I was in college and barely had enough to pay bills... let alone buy a Porsche or BMW.

But I noticed a trend. Many of these cars were so-called “grey market” cars, meaning they were European spec, but legal in the US. There was a loophole in the US Department of Transportation (DOT)/ Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) code where someone could import “a-once-in-a-lifetime” car that had to meet DOT or safety rules, but did not have to pass EPA regulations. This was a huge deal; the car could be Euro-Spec and that usually meant a more powerful car with way more HP than its American counterpart. And to make these cars DOT legal in the US meant bars in doors, and the correct lights, but they frequently could retain Euro-bumpers, not the HUGE US federalized versions. Man...I wanted one of those Euro-versions!

So I made some calls. I got the DOT / EPA rules, and talked to some of the shops that did the conversions. Now I must admit many of these shops were...ahhh....let’s be frank here, not entirely ethical and honest in the methodology they used to make these cars “legal.” There were raids by the US government, and a lot of cars got impounded, breaking the hearts of the people that had waited patiently for them to clear customs, but that is not our story here. For me it was the glimmer of hope that I could import a few of these cars and save enough money for one of my own.

I talked to a friend and we agreed to put together a business to bring over cars for our friends that wanted bad-ass Euro cars for far less money than the American versions. We presented our idea to many of them and they took us up on the offer. Our goal was to make a few bucks on each car, enough so that we could both eventually end up buying our own. But here was the best part: I would get to go over to Germany and buy them. Sweet!

Through *Autoweek* ads I eventually found a guy that seemed to be a pretty good source of cars, and he set up a bunch for me to look at when I went over to Germany during the Christmas break. I went with two of my college friends. We hung out in Munich for a few days to get our bearings before they went on to party in cities like Amsterdam, while I went on to test drive prospective cars to purchase.

This guy I had discovered and befriended was a major character; a crazy German I will call Hans. He had this STUPID Mercedes 500SEC (the sexy 2-door coupe) that was deep dark blue with black tinted windows. It had a 16 speaker Kenwood stereo system and either Brabus or AMG tuning (not sure which). This thing was fast and it was loud...at least the stereo part. Because of the color and window tint, a lot of people thought it was an undercover German Polizei car and for the most part left him alone. He was fine with that as it meant that he could drive it fast...which was pretty much all the time.

The first time we headed out to look at a car, we had to drive about 100km on the Autobahn; Hans entered the highway and floored it. Funny thing, he never let up, until we had to leave the highway a few minutes later. We hit over 165mph (270kph) and I was scared and thrilled at the same time. It was an amazing feeling as the highway compressed, the sides rushing in and the cars in the distance floating up right in front of you....now! We pulled up to an auto dealership that specialized in exotic cars and looked over the BMW 6-Series they had in stock. Then sales manager pointed to a red BMW 635CSi, handed me the keys, and said I needed to drive it.

AHHHHHHHHHHH!!!! OMMMMMMMM!!!! I was in automotive nirvana. WOW, I had never driven anything like this before, and he told me to take it out on the Autobahn to see what it would do. Smiling, Hans said that we would! With his thickly accented English accent, he told me I had to drive the car very fast, as fast as it would go. So we headed out, and I got it up to about 155mph (250kph) before I chickened out not wanting to push the BMW any harder.

We sourced many cars through Hans over the course of about a year and a half. But I want to share a couple more Hans stories. One time over spring break, while all the other students were partying away in Daytona or Padre, I was across the pond driving and buying fast cars. There was a weekend when there were no cars to be bought, so Hans suggested that we head down to the French Riviera to move his offshore boat from one port to another. We got in the Mercedes and drove non-stop, at top speed, passing slow moving Renaults, Peugeots, FIATS and everything else for that matter - our speed like a shock wave that drove the slower cars into the right lane. We owned the left lane, it was ours. We drove and drove, never below 140mph (225kph) until suddenly the car started missing and chugging. Then the fire went out of the belly of the beast and we coasted to a stop on the Autoroute. Great... stranded by the side of the road in the middle of France. No problem said Hans, as he pulled a 10 gallon (40 liter) gas can from the trunk and filled the tank. Wow...glad we did not get hit from behind.

We did move the boat; it was one fast mother, a huge offshore or cigarette boat with two Lamborghini motors. It was the first time I had to stand up in a boat as we hit wave after wave catching air. Hans knew of only one way to pilot this boat – flat out. Figures. It is like the time Hans and I picked up a brand-new BMW M6 for one of his other US customers in Freiburg and had to drop it off in Munich. He asked me to follow him and when I reminded him that the car was brand new and the motor would probably be tight...he said there was only one way to break it in...fast. I had that car up to 160mph (260kph) and that Mercedes 500SEC of his would just leave me. Man, that huge 2-door Merc was fast.

Although we bought several more cars through Hans, I needed to find another supplier, as he only specialized in BMWs and Mercedes (and we had a couple of Porsches that we needed to source) so I found another guy that had a lot of Porsches for sale. Hans did warn me to be wary of this guy, he had a reputation. What the reputation was, Hans did not say, and frankly I did not ask. But I needed the Porsches and I was (at least in my mind’s eye) a good judge of character. This guy had a huge operation in Karlsruhe Germany, with a massive warehouse. I visited and was amazed by the size of his operation – there were Porsches, Ferraris and Lambos, along with every imaginable type of exotic car that was sold in Europe. I bought 2 or 3 Porsches and arranged to import them to the US, but the tide had already turned in the US and the grey market was already starting to slow down.

I made one last trip to Europe; problem was I only managed to save a few thousand dollars for my own car. I called Hans and he had nothing in my price range, then I called the Porsche guy, he said that I should come by, maybe he had something. I arrived late, at closing time, and it was already early evening, the late sun slanting through the tiny windows in the warehouse, the rays making the dust in the air sparkle. He said to look out back; there was a very clean 914 that he could let go for \$1400. It was almost pitch black as I peered through the dark to look at the car. \$1400? I could afford that. I wanted to like it, no I wanted to love it, and it looked great sitting there low and squat, its red paint fading in the gathering darkness. I bought it. My first Porsche.

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.*

# Bourbon Tasting

**7:05PM CAPITAL GRILLE, KING OF PRUSSIA - BEST STEAK HOUSE IN THE AREA.** Dimly lit, very masculine, dark paneled walls, oil paintings galore, white linen table cloths and napkins on the table, bartenders in classic black and white attire, waiters in jackets. First class all the way. In walks the cast of characters, I mean diners and Riesentöter members – strike that, yes I mean cast of characters – and by the end of the night it's blatantly clear.

Hello Larry. Hello Cheryl. Hello. Jeff and Wendy, hey did you meet Rich and Trevor? Yo Joe, this is Marcus and Michael, Hey Debbie, Jim, Brad this is Kris, her date is running late. Everyone this is Orim and so the introductions began and in 10 minutes it seemed the conversations pull to more personal topics, like so what do you drive? By 8 o'clock everyone settled into their mini-cliques and we were led to the private room set for 21. Places everyone. Chairs moved, people sat, napkins were removed from the plates and promptly placed on laps. Then a fork to crystal rang through the air, then another one and all was quiet. Michael Bateman began to speak; our main character for the evening, olive skin, facial hair, probably of some far-off-exotic descent. When he first spoke it was as if he were about to say "someone in this room is guilty and we're not leaving this room until we find out who killed the waiter with the butter knife," but instead of being a murder mystery, he said "before you is a drink to start you off this evening," for you see it was a bourbon tasting dinner instead. The drink was a bourbon mash, with mint and berries muddled together, then ice, a heavy hand of Maker's Mark, shaken, and topped with the effervescence of soda water.

A perfect way to start dinner.

As if on cue, the doors opened to the private room as Michael talked through his muddled masterpiece, and several waiters placed, in front of guests, several plates of fried calamari with hot peppers, along with lobster and crab cakes. The plates were passed, the plates emptied, the plates returned to the kitchen almost too clean for washing. The morsels of hot peppers were squelched by the bourbon mash quite nicely. While the remaining remoulade sauce was being licked from most of the forks in the room, the salad arrived in a very timely manner. A fork to crystal again was heard and a hush fell over the diners. Up next was one of Maker's Mark's flagships - the 46. Michael took the crowd first through the history of bourbon, then through the steps of tasting a bourbon... big smell, mouth open, now sip, now swish left and right over the tongue, now back and forth over the tongue, now chew it and let it settle on the molars. Now swallow. Hints of wood, caramel, a tad of vanilla, long finish, and for being 94 proof, a smooth finish at that. This was paired with the fresh greens and a simple yet elegant vinaigrette.



No holds barred on the next course...the main course, the entree....drum roll please...choice of salmon, chicken, a filet, or the ever so popular, I don't know why they bother to ask, is the 14 oz., bone-in, Kona-rubbed strip steak, topped with a shallot sauce. Looking around the room, there was a filet or two...a salmon or two but plenty of steak knives in hand. Fork to crystal once more. Michael proudly produced swill number three for the evening...but it was a special swill, one Michael was acutely aware of, since he was the catalyst behind the so-called fire of 2017. That fire was the Riesentötters 60th Anniversary Single-barrel, Knob Creek. At 120 proof this one packs a wallop, yet it is still somewhat smooth on the finish. It stood its ground against the heavily seasoned steaks being consumed by the carnivores in the room. The single-barrel quaff was dark amber, the oak stood out on the taste with a little nut and vanilla to back it up. Smell. Sip. Swish. Delish.

As the waiters cleared the remains of dinner, the fourth glass was placed before the tasters. Shortly afterwards the doors opened to the private room once more as a slew of waiters placed the ordered desserts in front of their guests. Crème brûlée or flourless chocolate cake. Fork to crystal one more time. Our main character spoke..."what kind of bourbon do you pair with dessert?" A tough question indeed, even a tougher question to answer. Michael's, response: "none, " as he went a bit off course and thought outside the box....he then poured his answer. Basil Hayden's Dark Rye. More rye than corn, hence the name. Dark in color, hence the name again. Made with 1 percent port wine....here is where things get interesting. The port adds not only a subtle sweetness that complements the desserts but a complexity in taste alongside spice, dried fruit, gives a great mouth feel. At 80 proof the finish is very smooth, that doesn't linger too long...though we wished it would.

A perfect way to end dinner.

Fork to crystal one last time. Thank yous were given, Michael took a bow, a round of applause was given, and with that the curtain closed on yet another very entertaining and tasteful evening, although the guest stayed in their seats and lingered over coffee and unfinished conversations until all that remained were Porsches in the parking lot.



# The Whip

**WE GATHERED AT THE FRAZER CAMPUS OF PENN STATE UNIVERSITY** on a dreary day, but at least the temperature was fairly mild. Mild enough for a few of us to put our tops down.

As we assembled the normal mix of Caymans, 911s, and Boxsters were joined by a Panamera, Cayenne, and a beautiful 912. I noticed the engine sound as it pulled in and thought, “That doesn’t sound like a six cylinder,” and it wasn’t. In case you didn’t know, 912’s came with a four cylinder. They were available from 1965 to 1969. The engines were from the last of the 356’s. (There was also the one-year model, the 912E, in 1976, that was the transition to the 914 with a fuel injected VW type 4 engine.)

The ride out to The Whip was just that. A drive, not at all a rally. We were asked to turn our lights on and help the cars behind us if needed. Somehow we got separated into two groups, but thanks to Google Maps both groups arrived at the same time, albeit from different directions.

As the restaurant opened an hour early for our visit parking was a breeze in the empty lot, and we all sat wherever we liked as we entered.

It immediately feels like an English Pub. Fireplace with wood fire burning away, dark wood interior as you passed the televised rugby game and the bar.

Service was brisk and pleasant as we perused the English Pub style menu. Items included Bangers and Mash, Shepherd’s Pie, Scotch Egg, and Welsh Rarebit, just to name a few.

Conversation filled the air as we ordered drinks (Jeff and Wendy Walton “spiced” up mimosas and Bloody Marys).

A good time was had by all! And, we all left with full stomachs and smiles on our faces.

Garrett Hughes



# 2019 RTR Membership Raffle

## 1ST PRIZE Riesentöter Chronograph

RGM Watch Company has crafted a stunning exclusive-edition chronograph watch for Riesentöter. America's premier watchmaker, RGM has kept the great traditions of fine watchmaking in focus. Modern manufacturing co-exists with antique, hand-operated machinery. Hand-blued screws and hand-polished components are at home among the close tolerances afforded by automated machines.

Widely regarded as one of the world's finest watchmakers, RGM has hosted RTR members at its Mount Joy PA facility for behind-the-scenes tours. It was during one of these tours that the idea for an exclusive timepiece celebrating RTR-PCA was born.

The RTR-PCA exclusive edition watch is based on RGM's Model 455 Classic Chronograph. The 455 models are inspired by the great classic chronographs from the 1940's with their technical and functional dials. Functions: Hour / Minute / Chronograph with 30 minute & 12 hour recorders. Telemeter & Tachometer scales. Case: Polished Stainless Steel. 38.2 mm X 13.9 mm, Sapphire crystal. 20mm lug width and water-resistant to 5-ATM. Weight: 3.1 oz.

## 2ND PRIZE

### 1 Year RTR "Free Ride"

Back by popular demand! The perfect package for an active RTR member. Track enthusiast? How about free entry to all of Riesentöter's driving events!? Autocrosser? We'll reimburse your entry fees for any races in our series. Social? You'll get a guaranteed spot on the annual road trip and room credit. Also, two tickets to next year's holiday party, family picnic, and free participation in any rally events (or you may select an alternative cash prize of \$750. Need NOT be present at drawing to win! See Official Rules for restrictions).

## 3RD PRIZE

### Porsche Luggage

The evolution of Roadster Hardcase Series is a striking design by Studio F.A. Porsche. Lightweight and volume are key when it comes to traveling. With this cabin-sized suitcase made from robust lightweight polycarbonate, the most important demands are met completely, with a super light 3.2kg and a volume of approximately 40 litres. With its dimensions of 23 x 39.5 x 55 cm, this suitcase is accepted as cabin luggage by most airlines. Your choice in Black, White, Light Blue or Red (subject to availability) or you may select an alternative cash prize of \$300.



Raffle Date:

**June 22**

(Summer Picnic Movie Night)

**\$50 Per Entry**

**ONLY 400 WILL BE SOLD!**

**Raffle to Benefit:**



[www.foundation.rtr-pca.org](http://www.foundation.rtr-pca.org)

To enter, visit [www.rtr-pca.org](http://www.rtr-pca.org)

The raffle is sponsored by Riesentöter Foundation, a Pennsylvania non-profit corporation exempt from federal income tax under section 501(c)(3). The entire net proceeds of the raffle will be devoted exclusively to supporting the Foundation's educational mission.



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# Amelia Island: Getting There

**I WILL START WITH SOME OF THE NUMBERS. 6 DAYS. 8 STATES.** 2,154 miles. 74 gallons of 93 octane. 2 people. 1 Porsche. 0 moving violations. This was the road trip to Amelia Island for the events surrounding Concours week.

I always wanted to attend the [Amelia Island Concours d'Elegance](#). The Amelia is a world class event, and inasmuch as it is held in Florida in March, when I am typically fed up with winter weather, doesn't hurt either. Not only am I sick of the cold weather by March, but typically I have driven the Porsche very little since November and I am getting the itch to get out and drive again. So although flying to Florida is certainly the practical thing to do, I decided to make a road trip out of it.

The advantage of having my car with me is that I can take it to the Werks Reunion, as well as enter it into the Cars and Coffee event held the day before the Concours on the same grounds. I will cover these other events in separate articles, but let me give you a small preview: they were AWESOME!

I have driven the Porsche on a number of road trips that covered a couple hundred miles, but never anything this ambitious. The planning began last December. First step was to convince my girlfriend that she should come with me. That was actually quite easy, as she loves doing these little adventures with me. Convincing her to pack light and limit herself to just two pairs of shoes – that was tough part. However, she did agree, so the tickets were purchased, I was registered for all the events, and the hotels and driving route could now be worked out.

Original plan had us leaving around 4 AM Wednesday morning and driving to Augusta, GA to stay with friends before heading to our hotel on Thursday. But as the big day got closer Mother Nature decided that we should have a historically cold first week of March. My Cayman sits on Max Performance Summer tires. I have driven on them before when temps were in the 30's and even upper 20's. But the forecast had us leaving when temps would be close to 10 degrees. That had me nervous. So, I called an audible the day before and decided to leave Tuesday night right after work and head for Richmond, VA. It would still be cold, but not quite as bone chilling, and I figured even a few degrees could help keep my tires in one piece.

The Cayman really is a practical road trip car. We stuffed it full with two carry-on bags, a couple of back packs, snack bags, car cleaning supplies, some extra oil, a selection of simple tools, camera bag, and our Riesentöter blanket. It was a tight fit to be sure, but for a two seat sports car it was a pretty impressive amount of stuff we crammed in. So, all loaded up at 7:10 PM, with the temps hovering in the upper teens and the car showing 13,208 miles, we took off for our hotel just outside of Richmond, VA.

Despite my concern with the very cold temps and the summer tires, the first leg of the trip was drama free. We arrived a little after 11 PM and checked in for the night. According to the on-board computer the little Cayman showed an average of 29.2 MPG for the nearly 250 miles we covered that night. In fact, for the entire trip we got an average of 29 MPG. I find that quite remarkable for a sports car, loaded up to the gills with people and gear, and a driver like me behind the wheel. To be fair, I kept it out of sport mode for the vast majority of the drive, which is highly unusual for me, but on the highway and on a trip like this, I was more concerned about comfort than outright performance, so I took it fairly easy most of the time. It is nice to know that if you want it to be this car is quite capable of delivering an efficient, comfortable and even quiet-ish ride. Anyone stuck behind me on a rally knows my car is not known for being quiet, but with the sport exhaust turned off it was quite easy to have a conversation and enjoy our Spotify playlist for thousands of miles.

Being part of our club and immersed in all things Porsche most of my life I sometimes forget that some folks rarely, if ever, see a car like this and when they do, the reactions can be quite humorous. Checking out of the Richmond hotel, I pulled the Cayman in front of the lobby so we could re-pack and be on our way. Naturally I popped both trunks and while Deb was loading up the frunk, I was loading up the back. That is when I heard a voice. A voice from somewhere, but as I looked around I could not find a person. Finally, I caught what was going on. There was a Bojangles' restaurant across the street from the hotel. The woman who worked there saw both trunks open and us loading bags in each. This stunned her. She stuck half her body out of the drive thru window where she was working and was yelling at us. She was shouting "Excuse me, if you are putting luggage in front and the back where is the engine?!?" We tried to explain by shouting back to her that it was in the middle but I think her mind was too blown at that point to grasp the concept. If you look at the accompanying picture – I took it from the driver's seat where I parked – you can see the little drive thru window that she was yelling from. It is not very close.

After that we made our way to our friends just outside of Augusta, GA. We stayed with them for the night, and then on Thursday morning headed to the hotel we would be staying at in Kingsland, GA, just outside the Florida border. We spent the next few days enjoying the amazing events, and then Sunday afternoon after the Concours we headed back to our friends in GA for the night. Monday was the marathon driving day. We left at 5:14 AM and drove 723 miles in 11 hours and 21 minutes. That was an exhausting drive. But the car was amazing. The drive uneventful. Over 2,100 miles and the car never put a foot wrong, nothing but perfect reliability. It was efficient, fast when needed, comfortable, and roomy enough. For a car so capable when driving flat out it was amazingly easy to drive over a long distance. Yes, it badly needs a detailing inside and out, but it was a great companion for us. When I pulled back into the garage the car showed 15,362 miles. I put over 15% of the cars total mileage on in less than a week.

If you are thinking of taking a long trip with your Porsche, I can tell you that it can take it, and make it fun. I am sure it can partially be attributed to the time of year we made this trip, but not counting the cars on Amelia Island, in all that driving, we saw exactly ZERO Boxsters/Caymans on the road and only one 911. Not exactly big numbers.

The road trip to Amelia was a blast, but oh the events down there...

Joe Kucinski





# Amelia Island Cars and Coffee and Concours

**THE CORNERSTONE EVENT MAY BE THE CONCOURS D'ELEGANCE BUT THE REALITY** is that is just one of the many options available to you when you are on Amelia Island the week leading up to the big show. There are four major auctions in the area, gala dinners, seminars with a panel of distinguished racing drivers, a road tour featuring high end classic cars, a cars and coffee event, many vendors selling unique automobilia, new car test drives are available from specific marques including Porsche, there is the nearby Festival of Speed show, and of course the Werks Reunion. It is the automotive equivalent of Thanksgiving dinner. Everything is so good, and you want it all but you simply can't fit it all in so you have to pick and choose a bit.

When we arrived on Thursday afternoon we quickly checked into our hotel, which was about 35 minutes from Amelia, fueled ourselves up at the local Cracker Barrel and headed straight for the Amelia Island Ritz-Carlton to check out the RM Sotheby's car auction preview. When we got to the hotel we saw that many of the vendors were just starting to set up their booths, but we were still able to catch a glimpse of some of the incredible items that would be on offer during the week. We got a little disoriented in the hotel and could not find the auction cars right away, so we asked the friendly folks at the information table who were kind enough to walk us to exactly where we wanted to go.

The cars to be auctioned were in two main areas. The ballroom inside the hotel held the truly insane stuff. There was the 1937 Bugatti Type 57 SC Tourer which failed to sell that weekend with a high bid of "only" \$5.7 million, a 1965 Ferrari 275 GTB which did sell for \$2.2 million, a McLaren P1, a Porsche 918, a Bugatti Veyron, and so on; they were all available for up close inspection. At one point I wandered over to the 1933 Bugatti Type 51 Grand Prix car, where I bumped into legendary racer, commentator, and manufacturer Alain de Cadenet, who was standing next to it. He said he owned two of those Type 51 Bugatti's over the years. He was a friendly and fascinating man. If you are not familiar with him, at the least you should check out his Victory by Design series, and if you need a quick laugh do a Google search on "Alain de Cadenet vs Spitfire." Just be warned there is some not safe for work language in that clip.



I could have stayed in that room forever, but there was more to see outside. There were cars along the hotel grounds that were going on the block that week, and those ranged from the most affordable to the merely extremely expensive. The best part about these cars is that they were all open and just begging me to jump inside for a closer look. I might not ever own a 2018 GT2 RS, a 1960 Ferrari 250 GT Cabriolet, a 1972 Ferrari Daytona, or a Lamborghini LM002, among others, but I sat in all of them. The collection of available cars was staggering. Porsche was well represented, from the aforementioned GT2 RS, to a Diesel Junior tractor, and almost everything in between. 1955 and 1989 Speedsters, 1995 928 GTS, 1966 911, a 1997 911 Turbo S, and many others were up for bid. And while the rare and expensive cars certainly got the bulk of the attention, there really were cars, even Porsches, for every budget. A 1997 Boxster modified to look like a 550 Spyder sold for \$29K, and a 1988 924 S with less than 19,000 miles sold for \$21K. So it is possible to head to Amelia and pick up a nice Porsche for reasonable money and have a fun time doing it.

The location of the auction preview could not be better. We climbed around some of the greatest cars ever made, then kicked off our shoes and socks and walked about 200 yards and took a stroll along the beach. It was just surreal. But there was so much to see that it can literally make your head hurt. By the time we left I actually did have a headache. I think I was just overstimulated from all the excitement. But it was time to get some sleep because the next morning was Werks Reunion and Saturday the Cars and Coffee, and finally the big show on Sunday.



I think everyone reading this is familiar with and has probably attended a local cars and coffee event, however, the C&C at Amelia is not your run of the mill event. Starting in 2013 the organizers have held this event to allow display of exotic and collectible vehicles on the very same show field that will host the Concours d'Elegance the next day. If you are interested in displaying your car you need to submit an application, along with a small fee, and you are in. The event is free for the public to attend. A couple of weeks before the event I was mailed instructions on how the day would be structured, along with a sticker to display on my windshield. Early on Saturday morning it was time to head back to the Ritz. This time I not only got to drive on a golf course, I got to drive down the cart path to get to the fairway. That was probably the most fun I have ever had while driving less than 5 MPH. Cars were grouped by marque, so I was placed among the dozens of Porsches that were there for the day. My spot was right in front of the Porsche Drivers' Shop stand, and exactly where the 962 racecars would be parked the next day - not bad.



Once parked, it was imperative that we immediately head to the coffee station so my still groggy girlfriend can begin to come back to life. I don't drink coffee, but I do eat doughnuts and they graciously supplied a nearly unlimited amount of those for my breakfast needs. Once we were sufficiently wired on caffeine and sugar, I wiped the car down to get it looking its best and we began to look at the other cars in the field before it was opened to the public. For the second day in a row it was Porsche overload. There



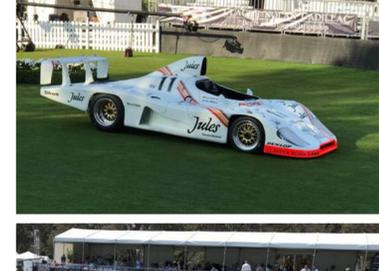
were about 400 total cars in the event, and I would guess nearly a third were Porsches. A 1958 Speedster was parked directly in front of me. Two spots to my right was a fantastic looking 917 replica, and just about every other model you can think of.

Like the Werks Reunion the day before, there were many vendors on hand selling all types of interesting products. A new 992 was on display among more vintage Porsche models. We weaved our way thru the rows and rows of Porsches and then made our way to the other cars on display.



American muscle cars, Mercedes-Benz, some Japanese imports that are getting more collectible nowadays, and so on. There was something for everyone. Without having a drone to command it was impossible to capture in pictures the size and scope of the event, and the setting was just beautiful.

By 1 PM we all headed back to our cars so we could be off the show field by 1:30, as the load in of the show cars began that afternoon. As we drove our way along the fairway and to the cart path to leave, rows of people lined up on both sides of us snapping pics and capturing video of our little parade. I almost felt important for a few minutes there. We left the field and parked in a lot nearby and walked back to the Ritz and stood in the driveway as we watched several of the concours show cars being driven right past us to take their spots for the show the following day. We capped the day by dining at Salt inside the Ritz at a table right next to a window overlooking the ocean. If I had to pick my Groundhog Day to live over and over again, that would be a pretty good Saturday to pick. The whole trip had been amazing to this point and we hadn't even gotten to the big show yet.



Sunday, March 10th, 2019. The day of the Concours d'Elegance is finally here. I took a bit of a gamble when I decided to make this trip. I decided to purchase the tickets back in January, and I figured since I was making this epic drive that I might as well splurge on the tickets, so I got us the Chairman's Suite tickets, which were not cheap, and they were also non-refundable and non-transferable. So I was committed at that point, and for the next few months I worried about the weather, getting the flu, having car issues, and a million other things that could have caused us to miss the show and me to eat the tickets. Thankfully none of that happened, and there were there and the weather, as it had been since the day we arrived, was absolutely picture perfect. I think it was Mother Nature's way of trying to make up for the horrid conditions we dealt with at the Radnor events last year. I think my feet are still damp from that weekend.



We arrived a little after 8:30 Sunday morning. One of the advantages of the Chairman's tickets is they allow you access to the show an hour before it is open to the general public. We found our way to the suite that was set up for us, registered, and made our way inside. The suite was a covered seating area right next to the awards platform. Every award winning car that day was going to be driven about 10 feet in front of where we were seated. The Ritz provided a breakfast, and later a lunch buffet for us, as well as an open bar. That was a pretty good spot to spend the majority of the day.



By Sunday Deb, who was an outstanding travel partner, had begun to get a little tired of the early mornings, and after breakfast she stayed in the suite for a bit to enjoy some extra coffee and mimosas, but I could not hold back from seeing the cars any longer so I made my way to the show field. Gobsmeaked is a good word to describe me as I walked along the field. I grew up watching the Porsche 962 win races on TV, but I never saw one in person. Here were 9 of them in a row that I could get right next to and actually touch. In a bit of good fortune I happened to be walking by them just as someone from Porsche was lining up former race car driver Derek Bell for a photo in front of the 962, so I got a great shot of that moment. Janis Joplin's psychedelic 356 was there. A 1964 904 GTS was in the field, next to a 910 racecar. These were just some of the Porsches in the field that day.



Racing legend Jacky Ickx was the honoree at this year's event, so many of his cars are on display. He drove his 1981 Le Mans-winning Porsche 936 right past us, from the awards platform to the other side of the show field. His Le Mans-winning Ford GT40 was also there. A Ferrari 312 PB and Mercedes Benz 280 GE similar to those he drove in competition could also be seen.

As wonderful as the Porsches and racing cars were, they were certainly not alone. There were just so many cars, doing a partial list would not even do it justice. It is just something that has to be seen. I was getting

my fill on the field, but the crowds were swelling - it is estimated that about 30,000 people attended the event - so I returned to the suite and enjoyed the rest of the show from there.

It started with the introduction of the judges. There were 125 judges at the event, and when the MC announced they would be introducing every single one of them personally I groaned a bit as I was anxious to see the cars, not hearing about a bunch of judges. Boy was I wrong. First of all Bill Warner, the founder of the event, introduced every single judge to the crowd and gave a brief background on them without the use of any cheat sheet. I can meet someone for dinner for the first time and by the time I get to my car I can't even remember their name, so I was quite impressed by his introductions from memory. And the judges were quite a collection of distinguished individuals. There was Jean Jennings the former President of Automobile magazine, racers Lyn St. James, Derek Bell, Brian Redman and others, former Carini, from Chasing Michael, Doug DeMuro, of YouTube fame, Edward Welburn, the former VP of Design at GM, Michael Tilson, the founder of the Radnor Hunt Concours d'Elegance, and on and on. It was fascinating to hear the introductions and it was actually one of my favorite parts of the day.



Next up, there was a fashion show. Models wearing vintage gowns were driven through the show field in various classic cars. They would stop in front of the awards platform and the MC would provide some details on the outfit being worn and the car they were riding in. It was a unique twist for an automotive event, and I told Deb that this counted as me taking her to a fashion show.

Then the parade of class winners, culminating in the best of show winners, were announced and proceeded to drive up to the awards stage. Again, having the Chairman's Suite seats really paid off, as the award winning cars drove so close that we could practically lean over and touch them. But even better than that was as we were watching them parade by, a member of the staff came over to my seat. She told me that Jacky Ickx was in the suite and if I wanted to go meet him I could and he would also sign an event poster for me. IF??? I was immediately out of my seat and made my way over to the table where he was seated. I said hello, and tried to explain without sounding like a complete goof that I was a fan and grew up



admiring him especially in the Le Mans races. I am sure it was the first time he ever heard anything as original and witty as that, nonetheless, he was very pleasant. He signed a poster for me, which as I write this, is getting professionally framed. I also asked him if he would sign my show program. He said no problem, but didn't want to sign it on the cover because he was afraid it would rub off easily, so he opened it up to a story about his racing days and put his autograph right above the picture of him piloting the Porsche 956 to victory in the 1982 Le Mans. Cool.

The Amelia Island Concours d'Elegance exceeded my expectations and was the perfect way to end the week's activities. It was like that wonderful piece of pumpkin pie at the end of Thanksgiving dinner. And, like that holiday meal, I overindulged and was ready for a nap but had a fantastic time and was already looking forward to the 25th anniversary event next year. If you have the time, I highly recommend you put it on your calendar.

Joe Kucinski



# Amelia Island: Werks Reunion

**THE PORSCHE CLUB OF AMERICA WERKS REUNION IS A RELATIVELY NEW EVENT** held twice each year, once in Monterey and once in Amelia Island, which aligns with the Concours events held annually at each location. This was the 3rd year of the Werks Reunion in Amelia, and the first such event I have attended.

The Werks event is a celebration of all things Porsche, in a relaxed and friendly setting. The idea is to get Porsche owners together to enjoy a day of camaraderie while checking out a wonderful selection of cars, and shopping the various auto-themed vendors. The event is free for spectators, and Porsche owners can choose to register to park in the Porsche-only car corral or in the judged field.



I decided to register to have my car in the judged field. Not because I thought I would win anything, and I didn't, but I figured why not – and besides, it would allow me to park a little bit closer to all the action. So I registered back in December to be judged, paid my 85 bucks and began to count down the days.

In early January I received an email from the Werks Reunion staff asking for a brief write up on my car, as they would place it on a display sign for me for the day of the event. In late February I received another email asking, if I wanted to be featured on the Werks Reunion Facebook page, to submit a picture of my car. I did, and my car was featured on the page on February 22nd. About a week before the event I got my hangtag for my rearview mirror, to show I was a judged car, and that was it, I was all set.

The night before the Werks Reunion we were at the Ritz-Carlton, where the Concours was being hosted, to get a sneak peek at the cars being offered for sale in the RM Sotheby's auction that weekend. After hyperventilating over all of those amazing cars we grabbed a drink, and a bite to eat at the hotel bar. On the way out I stopped in the men's room, where I bumped into PCA Executive Director, Vu Nguyen. I introduced myself and Vu and I chatted for a few minutes about the event and the club overall and Porsche in general. Quite a nice guy, and it was good to meet him. I always imagined that the first time I would meet him face to face would be when he was surprising me with the news that I was the winner of the PCA Member Only Raffle, but I guess a hotel bathroom would have to do.

We arrived at the Omni Amelia Island Plantation at 7 AM, just as the dawn was rising on a beautiful day. I walked to the registration booth to sign in and collect my display sign and goodie bag, and then was directed to my place on the show field. My car has been driven on the road, on race tracks, through cones in parking lots, and even across the muddy fields of Radnor Hunt, but this was the first time I got to drive her on a golf course. Tempting as it was to do donuts on the putting green, I behaved and slowly made our way to the "P9" section where the judged Boxsters and Caymans would spend the day.



Ironically, I was staged right next to another Sapphire Blue 981 Cayman. I rarely see Caymans in the same color as mine out in the real world but, as I was about to discover, this was far from the real world. As we were there early I had plenty of time to begin wiping down the car and cleaning it as best I could with the limited cleaning supplies I was able to pack on board. It cleaned up well enough, and I put my sign out in front of it and we walked the grounds to see the other cars driving in and to grab a surprisingly good breakfast taco from the Omni Amelia Island Plantation resort.

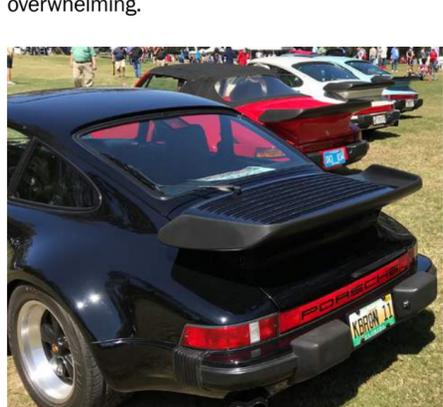
Then the cars rolled in. And rolled and rolled and rolled. Every model was represented. Factory new, custom, mainstream, rare, safari themed, whatever could be imagined, was on hand in



this one location. In total it was estimated that about 700 Porsches descended upon the plantation that day. The only thing that outnumbered the Porsches were the no-see-ums that were attacking us relentlessly. Thankfully the PCA sent out some volunteers on an emergency bug spray run and by mid-morning the bugs had their fill and left us alone the rest of the day.

There was so much Porsche goodness I didn't know where to go first. I kept dragging poor Deb back and forth across the golf course like a child pulling their mom down the aisles of a toy store. There was a stunning Oak Green Carrera GT on display at the Porsche tent. One of three CGT's I saw that day. I never saw a Safari themed 911 in person

before, and there was a ROW of them on the field. There was another row of early 911 turbo cars, and even some slant nose turbos. How about some even older Porsches? Well lets walk on over to the field full of 356's, coupes, Speedsters, you name it. Is the 356 Speedster just too common for you? Then take a look at the Gunther Werks 400r in carbon fiber. This one of a kind beast is pushing out 431 HP from its naturally aspirated 4.0 flat 6 in a stunning 993 based car weighing in at just over 2,600 lbs. The list of cars goes on and on, it was just a stunning display of vehicles. There were so many I actually got picture fatigue. I just could not take another picture after a while, it was overwhelming.



As the saying goes, it is not just the cars, it's the people, and there were plenty of people to see as well. While walking down the fairway, we heard a "Hey!" Turns out it was a fellow RTR couple that we had met a few months ago at our Oktoberfest rally! We hung out with them for a while and ended up seeing them the next day as well, at the cars and coffee event. You never know where you might find fellow members. And we were not done meeting people. John Oates, of Hall and Oates fame, was also on hand to show off his Rod Emory-built 356 Outlaw. I got to very briefly chat with Mr. Oates that day and ended up bumping into him many times over the course of the weekend. He is an extremely personable guy

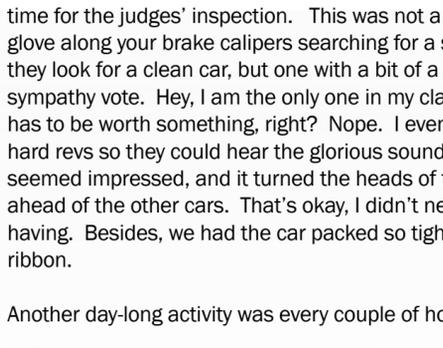
and really into his cars. I also was able to speak with Rod Emory for a while about his creations and the passion he brings to his work. He could not have been more approachable and friendly. That was really the theme of the day and the whole weekend. Everyone we met was a pleasure to talk to.

When we were not rubbing elbows with celebrities or gawking at cars we were visiting one of the many vendors on site. An official Porsche shop was set up, offering a nice selection of Drivers Shop items. There were artists showing off their Porsche/automobile themed works. Vendors were on hand selling parts, and car care items. We saw several displays offering unique clothing for the driving enthusiast. It was very easy to spend too much money, as I found out when I checked my AMEX statement when I got home. Ouch.

Throughout the day PCA was announcing winners of raffle prizes. Everyone registered in the car corral or in the judged group was automatically entered to win some substantial prizes, such as a new set of Pirelli tires. I was my usual lucky self and won nothing. Speaking of winning nothing, I made my way back to my car in time for the judges' inspection. This was not a concours judging event where they run a white glove along your brake calipers searching for a speck of dust. It was a more laid back affair where they look for a clean car, but one with a bit of a story or unique presentation. I was counting on the sympathy vote. Hey, I am the only one in my class that drove a thousand miles to get here. That has to be worth something, right? Nope. I even started her up for the judges and gave her a few hard revs so they could hear the glorious sound of the flat 6 through the Fabspeed headers. They seemed impressed, and it turned the heads of those in the area, but it wasn't enough to put me ahead of the other cars. That's okay, I didn't need a ribbon to validate the great time that we were having. Besides, we had the car packed so tight I am not sure we could have even fit an extra ribbon.



Another day-long activity was every couple of hours a car would be spotlighted near the PCA stage.



The John Oates outlaw, a Carrera GT, the Gunther Werks car, etc. The car would be pulled up near the stage and it would be presented in detail by the owner and/or the builder. The history of the car would be explained, what made it special, and so on. It provided the crowd with a lot more specific information on the car than could be read off the presentation signs. It was a nice touch and always drew a crowd when the next car was pulled up to be discussed.

At the end of the day all the first place award winners drove up to the PCA stage and were presented with their trophies. It was one last chance to catch a glimpse of the best of the best. It was a perfect end to an absolutely fantastic day. I

was fortunate to be able to attend with my Porsche, and that made it a little extra special, but even if you have to attend in a non-Porsche automobile, it is truly a fantastic and one that should be on any diehard Porsche fan's to-do list.

Joe Kucinski





# Hershey Porsche-Only Swap Meet 2019

**I HAVE BEEN GOING TO THE PORSCHE-ONLY SWAP MEET IN HERSHEY SINCE 2002.** I can count on one hand the number of times there was no rain on the day of the event. It is just to be expected at this point, and rain gear should always be packed. The RTR crew started gathering at the United Artists movie theater in King of Prussia around 8 AM on Saturday, April 20th. Approximately 30 cars turned up despite the rainy start. We stood around chatting and signed the soggy waiver form as other members arrived. About 5 minutes before the planned 8:30 AM departure time the light rain and wind began to whip up into a downpour as we scrambled for the dry and warmth of our cars.

Jeff led the group out of the parking lot and we snaked our way through to the turnpike and headed west towards Chocolate Town USA. What should be a fairly simple 65 or so miles on the turnpike was made adventurous by the steadily intensifying rain. Those who were piloting Porsche SUVs certainly had the advantage that morning. Ponding began to develop on the roadways and visibility was very poor as we travelled into the teeth of the storm. But we were rewarded on the other side, as by the time we reached Hershey the rain was just about over, and the weather gradually improved until I eventually needed sunglasses. Our group parked together in the Porsche-only parking section, and then made our separate ways through the rows and rows of vendors and cars.

The Porsche-only swap meet is just what the title implies. It is a swap of all things Porsche. But if you are picturing something the size of a local garage sale, you need to really be thinking on a much larger scale. 650 vendors, 1,000 Porsches, the majority of the Giant Center parking lot is needed to contain the event. That is the size and scale. If you are looking for a Porsche-related item and you can't find it at the swap meet you may as well cross it off your shopping list because it doesn't exist.

There are larger vendors, such as Fabspeed, showing off some of their products, and there are individuals there selling spare parts out of the back of their station wagon. There are posters, books, decals, and models. There are Porsche parts for every model and every year, no matter how obscure. It would probably not be too difficult to build an entire car out of the parts purchased from the swap meet. If you don't have the desire to do that, no problem, because there is an entire car corral dedicated to nothing but Porsches for sale. 914, 944, 928, Boxsters, Caymans, 911s, you name it, if you are looking for your next or first Porsche, then this is a great place to shop.

We spent the day looping through all the vendors onsite, as well as the various Porsches the visitors arrived in. This was no easy feat, and took hours to accomplish as there was just so much to take in. And if this is still not enough incentive for you to make the drive, the Sunday following the swap meet always has a Porsche-only Autocross so you can make a whole weekend out of it. If you are a Porsche diehard, and if you are reading this then there is a good chance that you are, you need to make at least one visit to the swap meet.

Joe Kucinski

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# 2019 Riesentöter Autocross Challenge

**SUNDAY, APRIL 7, 2019 TURNED OUT TO BE A BEAUTIFUL WARM SPRING DAY.** Perfect weather for the owners of roadsters and cabriolets to drop their tops and enjoy the sunshine. Our first event was hosted by the [Philadelphia chapter](#) of the [Sports Car Club of America \(SCCA\)](#) at the Warminster Community Park.

There were 10 club members who participated in the event and within our class we were able to bring home 4 trophies. Matt Walsh had the fastest time, followed closely by Otoniel (OT) Figueroa, Chris Askin and Trevor Naidoo.

The defending Autocross champ was absent on Sunday due to some experimentation with another Porsche racing venue. However, it was said by many people that Rocket Dan would have a hard time keeping up with Matt the Missile.

Photos to be emailed by Trevor Naidoo.

Please note: I will not be attending the next 3 AX events due to travel conflicts.

Don Eichelberger





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# Sidetrack: The Debate Over Start-Stop Technology

**OVER-ENGINEERING IS COMMONPLACE IN MANUFACTURING**, and no more evident than in the automotive industry. Porsche (in particular) is renowned for developing an engineering culture that promotes design and execution to an art form. One would think high-performance car buyers would appreciate the resulting enhancements.

But there is such a thing as overthinking – perfecting simplicity for the sake of progressive proficiency is inherently senseless. Not too long ago, turning up the heat in my car was nothing more than a twist of a knob from blue to red, and a similar rotation for the fan speed. Now I need to negotiate touchscreens with thermal sensors and decipher sub-screens just to warm the footwells.

I would rather everything functioned intuitively, but it seems manufacturers have instead set their pens and protractors to stun – overwhelming the driver with too many options (or worse), making assumptions that take over the process entirely. This effectively extracts the driver from decisions they should be actively involved in.

An example coming immediately to mind (because I am reminded of it daily) is the Auto Start Stop Function. For those with older models this is an unknown element of the Porsche driving experience. For me and thousands of drivers with likeminded intellect, it's a presumptuous annoyance.

The Auto Start Stop Function effectively turns off your engine when you presumably don't need it – to save fuel. And Porsche is certainly not the only provider of this artificial intelligence. Automobile manufacturers are under intense pressure to meet strict fuel economy standards, so they have become more creative in how they accomplish this objective.

My first sustained experience with Auto Start Stop technology was with our 2016 Macan S. On principle, I detest this kind of intrusion. I promptly disabled it, figuring I could simply turn it back on if and when I decided to use it later. But the same feature in my 2017 718 Cayman defaults to this setting and can only be overridden manually by punching the appropriate button after you start your car.

No big deal, right? Well, not really. I try to be an attentive driver by checking my mirrors, controls and other settings each time I fire up my car. But I'm only human and can occasionally miss that box on my checklist as it is not a required component to the direct act of vehicle operation – such as my dash gauges and driving position.

So, when I forget to depress the Auto Start Stop switch, I am inevitably reminded of my lapse. Often in an intrusive manner, and always it seems when I least expect it. The sudden shutdown of my motor feels as urgent to me as a skipped heartbeat or a wayward mosquito entering the ear canal. It's at least annoying and frequently alarming.

Auto Start Stop systems effectively turn the motor off under predetermined conditions that the driver is not directly involved in. It is therefore no longer primed and ready for immediate action. So, when I say that this can be dangerous, I'm not embellishing for the sake of drama or to sell newspapers. There are very real-world circumstances where this feature is potentially hazardous.

Consider a common traffic event that happens to all of us regularly in some form. You are stopped at an intersection or perhaps a busy onramp waiting for traffic to clear. You carefully choose an acceptable gap to merge into. At the very moment you decide to safely pull into traffic and just prior to the release of pressure on the brake, everything goes quiet.

Of course, the engine restarts as your foot slides over to the gas pedal, but now it's too late. As slight as it is, this delay of power is reminiscent of fuel starvation of a carburetor, and the result is a very unsmooth launch into the traffic gap. A reasonable instinct is to overreact on the gas, and you are now negotiating the laws of physics between the car coming up quickly behind you and the one you are fast approaching.

There are conditions when I'd consider the Auto Start Stop function as completely acceptable. Hybrid technology comes to mind. The electric motor would compensate for any disruption that might occur making the transition more palatable – even unnoticeable. Specific vehicle usage might also present fewer consequences – a commuter car in light traffic perhaps.

Saving fuel is the apparent rationale for this technology, although one could argue that preserving gas is highly dependent on the type of driving involved. If we were all stuck in heavy traffic most of the time, this contention is more acceptable. But how many of us are in these conditions on a regular basis?

There's also the intrinsic cost to consider – reengineering of components such as batteries with deeper cycle requirements and low friction coatings to preserve mechanicals. Not to mention that electricals that need to be rewired so things continue to function when the motor turns off. I feel like I'm paying for this one way or the other, so as a consumer I want to know if I'm really saving money.

You could debate that there is a common good at play – overall reduction in fossil fuel usage. Assuming there is in fact a net savings, it's a difficult argument to refute. Reducing the carbon footprint is a justifiable rationale, and it makes my assertion sound trivial. I understand I might be coming off as petty, and I'll accept that supposition if you will allow me my day in court...

I have owned my 718 Cayman for well over a year now and can cite at least a half-dozen events that involved the unexpected cutoff of my engine such as what I have just described. I was fortunately able to negotiate my way out of these incidents, each of which required a hand gesture of apology to another driver.

But on no less than two of these occasions, the motor disruption was so unsettled that my launch into traffic caused an engine disturbance where the motor struggled to smooth out. Porsche Stability Management engaged because of the interruption of power to the wheels causing tires to stutter and chirp. Had the engine been running uninterrupted, these would have been nonevents.

So now I find myself incessantly monitoring the warning light on my display and the button on the console because I'm paranoid it will abruptly engage. My Porsche dealer says that this is not a feature they can code out, so I diligently continue my preflight checklist – conceding to the unnatural practice of overriding the default until and unless I find another solution.

Automated driving systems and autonomous vehicles may someday be the norm. We are increasingly experiencing variants of these technologies in action progressively every day. But fundamentally, nothing can replace the human element of situational assessment, and the application of an appropriate response.

It might then surprise you that I applaud this feature in concept. But until the technology improves and is appropriately applied, I propose that Auto Start Stop should be a vehicle option as it was in my Macan. If I decide to use it for gridlock traffic, I will gladly turn it on – because it is far less likely for the engine cutoff to surprise me if I was the one making the choice to engage it in the first place.

*Editor's Note:* I have a 2016 Boxster S which is manual. Luckily for me, I can permanently disable Stop Start. My case is a little different in that I drive a manual. Auto Stop Start only keeps the engine off if you have the clutch in and a gear engaged. My feeling is that it is better to save the throw-out bearing and keep the clutch pedal released when equipped with a manual transmission.

David Newton



# Shifts and Giggles

**BACK IN THE DAY, SO I'M TOLD, AND HAVE SEEN THEM IN OLD MOVIES AND SUCH,** basically before my time is what I'm trying to say, there was this thing called...a service station...different from the lottery-hocking, hoagie-making, wall-of-corn-syrups gas stations of today. The word we need to emphasize from the past is "service." When you pulled your automobile into a service station, your tire ran over a rubber hose, the air would be displaced from the force of your tire and provide enough pressure to fire a little piston against a bell informing the attendants, yes that is with a "s" in the shop that a new vehicle arrived. Out from the garage a team, not one or two, but a team of people all clad in the same matching outfits, came running and performing all sorts of various tasks to your precious ride. Tire pressures were checked, oil level checked, water checked, your windscreen cleaned, and of course gas was pumped...all for under 35 cents per gallon.

Man that would have been great to see in its time. I'm afraid the only thing I ever remember is the so-called full service gas stations where they, actually just one person, came out to your window, and you would say something like three dollars, regular please, then drive off into the sunset like John Wayne in one of those great western movies. Oh, you can still find the occasional full-service but it's the "self-serve" that prevails today. Hell it was just not long ago New Jersey didn't trust anyone to pump their own gas....it was a law that you had to have some straight D in school kid to pump it for you. Yep he knew just how to unscrew that gas cap, while smoking an unfiltered Camel, all while making change for your twenty. Now even that is gone. "Get it yourself." Yep says it all right there....no matter what the weather, rain blowing sideways, cold cold cold, watching your breath freeze before your eyes cold, or hot hot hot, sneaks melting to the tarmac hot yep, to say a penny a gallon you do it yourself.

Why should this be? I just watched the Indy Racing League and bang, just like the old days, this car comes in for service and a team of people all dressed in matching uniforms hop over a wall, change 4 tires, deliver 30 gallons of fuels, make adjustments all in under 8 seconds, holy cow, Formula One will change all 4 tires in 2.1 seconds. But no, oh no, if I want 16 gallons of fuel, I need to pull in, shut off my car, hang up my cell phone, get out, put out my wallet, swipe, swipe, damn-it, swipe again, enter zipcode, wait, wait, open my fuel lid, unscrew the cap, by this time the Indy Car has performed a pit stop and 3 laps of the racing circuit, then I have to remove the gas pump nozzle, insert, squeeze the handle, look around, crap, forgot to pick the octane level, squeeze the handle again, and again and again, click, click, okay fuel is finally being delivered, now wait. Try to look cool. Read the pump directions. Watch how fast your dollars are flying out of your wallet. Look around, notice some nice cars. Look at all the credit cards they take, hmmm never heard of that one. Watch the dollars add up...hmmm only half way there...damn. Okay do I have enough time to clean my windshield. Hmmm. Yes, okay I will. Get the squeegee. Damn, no water. Go back to the pump and wait and try to look cool. Wait.. oh it's getting close, how do I know, well my mortgage is only slightly higher. Click. Bang. Filled. Or is it? Can I round the dollar amount to the nearest dollar....in the old days, sure, but not with the digital systems of today....you have to have quick-draw reflexes of a gold-medal olympist...you can do it...squeeze again, let go...crap \$55.03...oh well maybe next time.

Now I should go get some tires...4 tires in 2.1 seconds right? Yeah right....like 2.1 hours if I'm lucky...lucky at best.

Jeff Walton

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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.

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Thank you,

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