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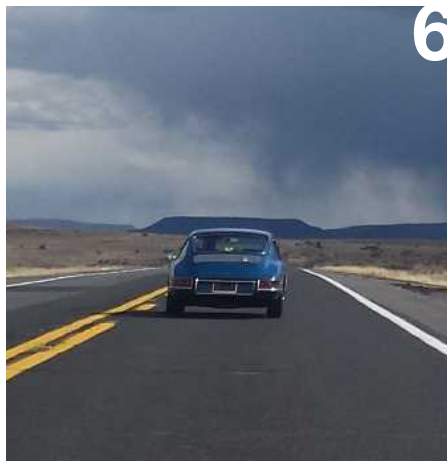
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Don't look now, but the 912 Registry has gone social!



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***On the cover:** Bob Ashlock's '68 Coupe as seen speeding by on the Pomona Fairgrounds during the Benton Performance film shoot, which you can read all about on pages 14-19 of this issue. Photo courtesy Chris McPherson.*

MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT



Hello All -

Welcome to the summer 2014 issue of 912 Magazine. While compiling this issue, it occurred to me how a 912 can be so many different things - a car so beautiful it deserves to be showcased on the cover of a magazine, a central character in a multi-state adventure, a machine meant to be put through its paces on a track, or the subject and star of a movie - and heck, so far, that only covers Bob Ashlock's orange '68 Coupe, whose car is all of these things in this issue!! Yes, there are other classic 1960s sports

cars that are faster or rarer than a 912, but all the ones I can think of are so precious that they are seldom (if ever) seen on the road. Likewise, there are other 1960s sports cars that may be more affordable than a 912, but none that I can think of which match the 912's styling, pedigree, and most importantly, its reliability. Truly, the 912 is something of a "perfect storm", where aesthetics, engineering, history, pedigree, relative affordability, usability, practicality, and just plain fun all collide. In June, I drove my car from LA, to Santa Jose, to Santa Cruz, to San Francisco, back to LA, and then down to San Diego, before landing back in LA, during which time I observed that a) my car, the oldest car on the road, usually by more than 30 years, b) my car not only kept pace with modern traffic, but typically it set the pace for the fast lane, and c) I did not pass a single car that I thought I would derive more enjoyment from driving than my 912 gives me. Recently, I have turned down a few generous offers on my car, simply because I could not think of anything I would rather buy for the money.

It is summer, which is the season for enjoying our cars, and that is exactly what I hope you all are doing! On my end, as editor, I remain as committed as ever to constantly improving this magazine, and as President of the club, I am now working to redesign its web site(s). Change for the better never seems to come as fast as one would hope, but in my case, I at least trust you all can appreciate what a tremendous distraction owning and driving a 912 can be.

Speaking of distractions, I hope to see as many of you as possible at the Rendezvous in October.

Onward!

Charles Danek



Last year, when the story

got out about Jeff Trask and Tony Vanacore driving all the way from California to the Texas Hill Country Rallye, my fire was lit. I've always wanted to make an epic 912 road-trip, so at that moment it was easy to say "I'm going next year".

And then a year came around and it was time to go, but not without the usual drama. Aside from the normal maintenance, tune-up and prep, (which included replacement of door and wind-wing seals to quiet all that hissing and whistling in the cabin) just a week before launch the engine was out on the floor to fix a trans input shaft seal. Apparently it too had gotten word about the trip and decided to suddenly start leaking. Murphy had done his calculations to insure the clutch would become saturated and start slipping just as we reached a suitably remote point in the middle of some barren wasteland.

I invited my friend Ken Burge to

come along on the trip. I deemed it appropriate he co-pilot because my infection with these cars began back in the '70s, with Ken's really sweet '59 356 that I wrote about in the Fall 2013 issue of 912 Registry Magazine. Anyway, Ken lives in Lake Havasu, AZ so on Monday I made the 300 mile trip from my home in the OC to his place to spend the night and get staged for meeting the rest of the caravan in the morning.

Like me, Mike Nesdale couldn't resist the challenge of the trip. Early Tuesday, Mike and Jeff drove their '67 912s the first 100 miles from the OC to Barstow, CA. to meet up with Tony who had already arrived in his 912E, some 400+ miles from San Jose, CA the evening before. The high desert town of Barstow, CA marks the beginning of Highway 40 (part of old route 66) where you are greeted by the sign: "Wilmington North Carolina, 2,640 miles". That helps put perspective on distances for all east-

bound travelers.

Their group came across Highway 40 from Barstow and shortly inside the Arizona border, Ken and I met-up with them. Four cars then began the long run to Texas. For those of you who have not had the pleasure of running with Jeff and Tony, let's just say they don't like to stand around and waste time chit-chatting. The goal is to get in a good dose of "spirited" driving thereby allowing ample time to stop at interesting attractions along the way. That being said, here's how the trip went:

Heading east on I-40 at high speed with my oil temps pushing $\frac{3}{4}$ on the gauge, we made the requisite stop in Winslow, AZ for lunch and a quick drive-by of that street corner made famous by the Eagles, followed by a photo-op at the "authentic" Indian Tee-Pees in Holbrook. Then the drive got interesting. We peeled-off I-40 and started heading south-east through the "B"-roads and

A map of the Hawaiian Islands archipelago. A red dot on the western coast of Oahu marks the crash site of the 747 jetliner. Labels include "Hawaii", "Oahu", "Honolulu", "Niihau", "Kure Island", "Midway Island", "Laysan Island", "Palmyra Island", "Johnston Atoll", "Kingman Reef", "Bathymetric Profile", "Maximum ceiling height: 200 feet (61m)", "Top of the Crater", "Lower Crater", "Rocks of Japan", "Coral Spring Islets", and "Hall of Queens". A scale bar at the bottom left indicates "747 jetliner (shown to scale for comparison)".



than taking the elevator. But we missed that opportunity by a few minutes and so we just took the “regular” tour. No matter how you cut it, it’s always fascinating to be 1000 feet below the surface enjoying all the beautiful formations. This is a “must see” for anyone who has never gone there. Of course we would have liked to stay to see the bats exit the cave, but that would have meant waiting around for several more hours until dusk, so instead we hit the road with a goal of reaching Texas by nightfall.



work. Eventually we got over to Monahans, TX, and found our own cheesy hotel at a somewhat less exorbitant rate and had ourselves a splendid little tailgate party in the parking lot. Early to bed with an 8am departure planned for Thursday morning when we would drive on into Boerne for the Hill Country Rallye (HCR) event.

Eight o'clock in the morning came a little too early for me. I awoke to Jeff banging on my door at America's Best Fleabag Motel and realized the time zone had changed...we threw things together quick to get out of there and hit the road. First stop was the Permian Basin Oil Museum in Midland where we got a good overview on the history of oil and a chance to see the Jim Hall Chaparral cars that share the museum. An unplanned treat occurred when the curators spotted our Porsches in the parking lot and invited us to the back of the museum for a private tour of the workshop and a viewing of the awesome Chaparral 2J. That's the odd-looking one powered by an injected big-block Chevy that has the two big 17" fans mounted on the back-end. The fans, driven by a separate 2-stroke 45 HP snowmobile



engine, create a huge vacuum under the car, sucking it down hard onto the track with obvious benefits. Back in the day, this car was quickly banned from most events on "other technicalities" when the competition protested. (One of the protests claimed the fans ejected a stream of pebbles and sand vacuumed from the track into the face of any competition that got too close!)

After the museum we stopped in Eden, TX, for some excellent lunch at Chuy's BBQ. Well-fortified, we headed the rest of the way with more favorable landscape changes that actually included live green bushes and trees into the Hill Country and the Comfort Inn, Boerne to be greeted by a parking lot full of vintage Porsches of all types and even a few Alfies. An added treat for Ken and I was another old friend (Bill Putnam) from CA, now living near Houston, who drove his new Carrera S over to the event to hang out with us for a few days. More and more cars and people showed up throughout the course of the evening and it was apparent that Morrie Larson and the crew had put a lot of work into organizing this thing. All told, there were 65 cars and around 90 people in attendance.

The next day (Friday) had a good choice of drives. We took the more "casual" drive led by a nice silver 930 through the beautiful countryside. Our first stop was at "Dick's Classic Garage" in San Marcos to view their excellent collection of vintage automobiles. Then

we ended up at the "Leaning Pear" in Wimberley for a great lunch and where we got to circle-the-wagons outside the building for a good photo op. We travelled onwards to the "Real Ale Brewing Company" in Blanco for free "flights" of beer. Then, late in the afternoon, we reported to the lawn of the City Park in town-center to put the cars on display. This was an outstanding venue, blessed by the City and complete with food-trucks, drinks and perfect spring weather that allowed everybody to hang around well into the evening. Plenty of walking around the cars and socializing with the owners, meeting people I previously only knew in name from the BBS. It was great to see six or seven very nice cars had been driven up from Mexico to complement all on display.

There were more drives on Saturday for most of the attendees, but after the long trip to the event our little group decided to just go check out the downtown area of Boerne for lunch. We had considered driving over to Fredericksburg, but learned that it's an absolute circus on the weekends with all the tourism, so instead we just opted to explore a good portion of Boerne on foot. We ended up at a small restaurant that looked good, but turned out to be so-so, complete with an odd patron who first harassed Tony for talking too much, who then later demonstrated that she could never stop talking, and then followed us out when we left and wanted to be our best friend. Life in Texas, ha ha.



Back at the hotel we assembled for the Awards Banquet. The City picked up the tab for the meal which meant more of our contribution to the event went towards the raffle prizes, which is always fun! Morrie Larson and the Lone Star team conducted the event which included an opportunity for Jeff Trask to promote European Collectibles and a brief appearance and "thank you" from the hotel management team. Best of all we enjoyed a special guest appearance of famous race-driver Jack Griffin who captivated us with his stories from "back in the day." He drove for Porsche and others at the major events like Le Mans in the 80's timeframe. Jack was really fun to listen to as he explained how he ended up in the driver's seat armed with little experience but a lot of competitive spirit. The banquet continued with the usual bantering amongst members which is always a lot of fun to watch.

All good things have to come to an end, but ours wasn't quite at that point yet. On Sunday morning, after saying our goodbyes, we still faced about 1,500+ miles of driving to get back home. Unlike our "casual" sightseeing drive to Boerne,



the new objective was to get home quick. One more car joined our group, the flawless, burgundy '70 911T driven by Jim Murray. Five cars headed out at dawn with the objective of Tucson, AZ, by late afternoon. No more "B-roads". The remainder of this trip was going to be on the 10 Freeway all the way back to California. Little 912, get ready for some more high oil temperatures! Fortunately Ken and I were swapping drivers at each gas stop, and that, along with my "Arkansas Cruise Control" (a thumb-operated throttle lever on the shifter) made our trip a tad bit easier on the body and throttle foot.

We made Tucson by late afternoon, found a nice hotel and took a taxi into town for a nice steak dinner at "Maynard's Kitchen." For some reason the neighborhood around our hotel must have had some problems because they had a security guard patrolling the parking lot keeping an eye on our cars through the night. Early the next morning we were up-and-at-'em with the goal of making it home that afternoon. The group continued west until we reached Quartzite, AZ (close to the California border) at which point Ken and I peeled-off and headed 80 miles north up to Lake Havasu. The trip got my Ken all fired-up about finding a good 912E, perfect proof of a great Porsche road trip. I had intended to spend the night at Ken's but

we arrived so early that I opted to just drop him off and head the remaining 300 miles back to Fullerton, CA. When I arrived home around 6:00pm that evening I noted my odometer had logged 1,530 miles since we left Boerne. This added up to over 3,350 miles for my total trip and I'm pretty sure Tony was well approaching 3,800 miles by the time he reached the Bay Area of CA.

Would I do this again? ABSOLUTELY! Especially if I can make the trip with the same crew, because we had a great time together. It is a pleasure to drive these cars at highway speeds, and they did not let us down. Sign me up for next year!

What will I do to my car for next year? The list is already on the table.

For example, I sure would have liked some better gear-spacing during the hard-pulls, so I think next I'll rebuild the spare 5-speed I have in storage to replace the 4-speed that came with the car. I am also going to add a remote oil filter and cooler. For sure I'll get some of those noise-cancelling ear-buds like Mike had and a better set of FRS radios with speakers that will actually be understandable. And I'm always making excuses when we put these cars on display, for how the paint and body on my car definitely could use some attention, but then again, if my car were perfect, maybe I wouldn't be able to drive with impunity, for thousands of miles, through rock and sandstorms, and whatever else we hit along the way to Texas. ■■■



2014 RENDEZVOUS SCHEDULE

Thursday October 23

Registration Open Tenaya Lodge
Welcome Party!

4:30pm
5:30 - 7:00pm

Friday October 24

Registration Open Tenaya Lodge
Driver's meeting
Two Drives Leave Hotel for Vineyard Lunch
Arrive for Lunch at Vineyard
Two Drives Leave for Hotel
Tech Session by John Benton

8:00 - 10:00am
9:30am
10:30am
12:30pm
1:45pm
3:00pm

Saturday October 25

Car Placement at Car Show Site
People's Choice Judging
Lunch Served in Pavillion
Leave for Drives and Sightseeing Tours
Cocktail Reception at Tenaya Lodge
Rendezvous Awards Banquet

8:30am
9:30 - 11:45am
11:45am
1:30pm
6:00 - 7:00pm
7:00pm

Sunday October 26

Parking Lot Swap Meet and Good-byes!

8:00am

On-line Registration: www.regonline.com/912rendezvous2014



There you are cruising along

in your classic sports car enjoying a great drive. Suddenly that purring engine starts to sputter and you look in the rear view mirror to see black smoke coming out of the engine lid. It's not that light grey smoke you might see when down shifting prior to entering a nice turn on the roadway, but black sooty billowing smoke, then flames. You have an engine fire.

Unlike modern cars that have so many sensors that often shut things down in such an event, our vehicle will continue to pump very flammable gasoline into that now burning engine compartment until the engine finally dies or if you have an electric fuel pump, until the key is turned off or its power source is burnt through. Either way you have a potential catastrophe on your hands. What would you do? Even if you happen to be stalled out right in front of a fire department, seconds count. It will mean the difference between a few replaced components and cosmetic repair to a total loss and a melted heap of metal that's not even worth a parts car.

Our classic 912s are going up in value at a rate second only to the 911s that

are rapidly disappearing. Even factoring out the emotional attachment, if your 912 needed to be replaced, it's much more than just an insurance claim. You would have to deal with a market that is rapidly being depleted of quality, affordable vehicles that haven't been produced in over 40 years.

I recently had to deal with this or, should I say, my wife did, but my story has a good ending. That's because I had two things going for me. I have a great wife who was driving the car and sprang into action in a timely fashion, and a fire extinguisher. My wife loves our 912 and truly enjoys taking it out. Even on hot days (without an AC unit of course) she loves to put that car through its paces. It was during one of her driving excursions a couple of months ago, that an engine fire occurred. Without hesitation, she pulled out of traffic, shut the engine off and grabbed the fire extinguisher that is kept in the car. She knocked down those flames relatively quickly and saved the car to a very repairable condition.


Like most 912 enthusiasts, I love to look at other 912s and truly appreciate all of them. From the ones that are concours

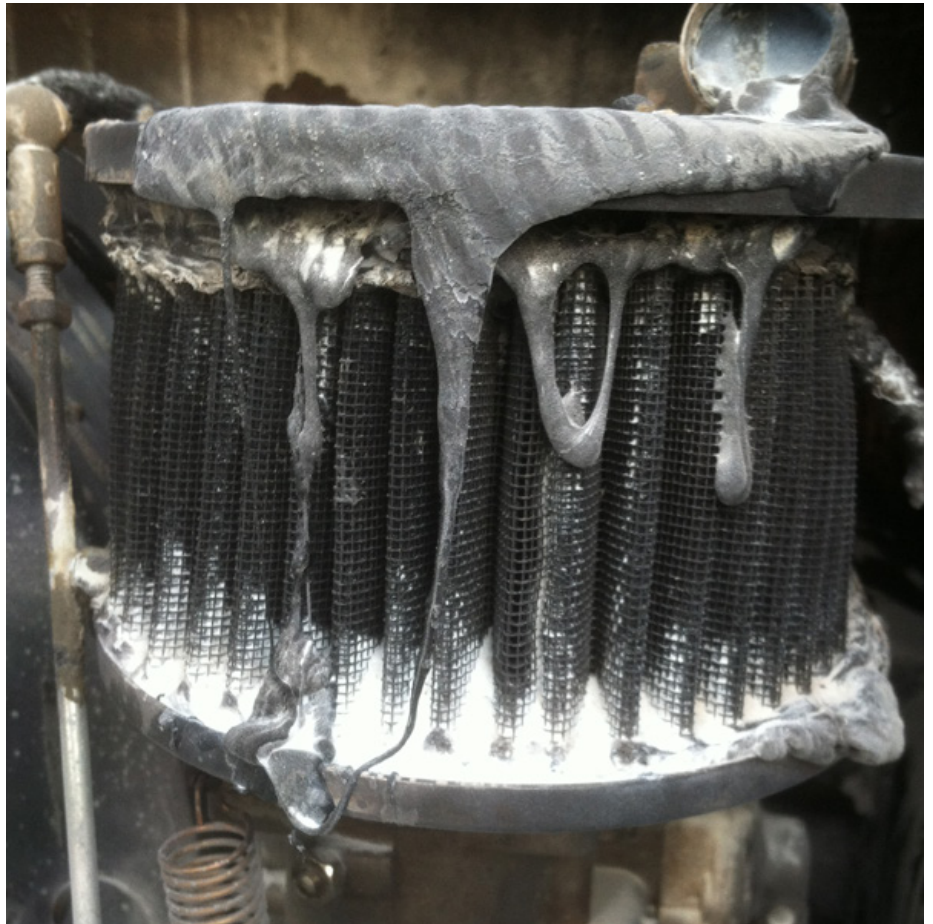
worthy, down to the rusty bucket that's a daily driver. Just thinking of the history and stories these cars have been through and still survive till today is fascinating. I am also surprised to see how many people don't carry a fire extinguisher. It's not a matter of the odds, even if it has never had an issue in over 40 years, but what is at stake.

Going back to my days as a teenager with Volkswagens, I have kept a fire extinguisher in the car. An air cooled, carbureted engine can be the occasional recipe for disaster. I remember seeing the occasional VW bug on the side of the road in the aftermath of an engine fire or one driving down the road that had an old burnt spot on the engine deck lid vent. You know the spot, it was located right about where that stock fuel line would hang over the distributor and coil. Have you looked at your 912 engine design? It's very similar to that VW type 1 engine with regard to the location of the fuel line and coil. Are your hoses and clamps in good shape? Either way there are still electrical fires (they can also happen behind the dash area) or what most likely happened with mine is the internal float got stuck in one of the



carburetors causing fuel to overflow onto a hot engine.

What is needed is a class B (flammables) and C (electrical) rated fire extinguisher. This is designed to handle vehicle fires. A 2 lbs. size is common and efficient for vehicle use. They also have different shapes and colors (usually chrome, red, silver or white) and range in price from about \$15 dollars to over \$150. Our 912s have limited storage space, so where do you store it? Keep in mind that seconds count and if the extinguisher it is kept in the trunk, opening the bonnet and giving smoldering flames a rush of air without having the extinguisher yet, might not work well for the car or your eyebrows. (anybody barbeque lately?) I keep my extinguisher in the kick panel side pocket. Many manufacturers recommend the extinguisher be stored upright and have a 10-year shelf life unless it has a gauge. In any event, any extinguisher stored anywhere in the car is better than just getting out of the car and watching it melt until the fire department sandblasts the whole car with a 2" water line. Thanks to my \$15.00 fire extinguisher, which worked perfectly, my 912 will be back on the road shortly. 





Benton Performance Documentary: Director's Take

By Heath Mattioli





1986 I decided I wanted a Porsche. 2008 I was finally ready to buy. The ad read:
"1968 912 coupe Irish green, matching numbers, California black plates; The car was purchased new in Nov. 1967 from Bozzani Porsche in Monrovia (Bob Bozzani raced for Porsche) This car has been completely refurbished to its current road-worthy condition, mechanically sound with complete engine rebuild by John Benton Performance. The motor has less than 500 miles on clock, comes with original window sticker, tool kit and others, and so forth... \$14,900 OBO."

Okay great, now... WHO is this John Benton, WHAT does he do that makes him special and WHY him?

Flash-forward to 2013, I am now a proud 912 owner for five years, a registered 912 Registry member, a flat tire fixer, ignition replacer and a few conversations in with Mr. Benton. We hit it off immediately, being that we have much in common outside of the 901 and share many of the same neurosis. (Being a car freak and being a freak are not necessarily mutually exclusive.)

One day at his shop, underneath my car, (on a Sunday mind you) he finds some problems. I tell him I don't have much money at the moment and maybe I'll have to come back. He asks me about my line of work...

I direct documentary films. In exchange for keeping my car on the road, we began to discuss the idea of helping Benton Performance reach a greater clientele by creating a documentary about John and his passion for old Porsches.

By coincidence, two of John's other loyal customers, Carol LeFlufy and Christine Kantner, also happen to work in "The Business", and they agreed to help with production.

Next thing I knew, our project started crawling -- God they grow up so fast! More than a few like-minded friends and colleagues gave their time and trust to help craft this piece, all in the name of art and like a 5,000-piece jigsaw puzzle, it easily fell into place. My friend needed a new slick automotive film for his cinematography show reel, an editor I knew was looking for the perfect opportunity to work with me, not to mention he is also an auto freak. And, by chance, a talented musician I recently met, jumped at the chance to score the film. A few favors, back-room deals, etc., etc... and, ta-da! Just like they do in the big leagues!

When making a documentary film, the What, Who, Why are still the most important questions that must be answered, -- then the visuals, then the music and if all goes well... then the popcorn.

What John does is simple; he saves cars' lives. He is a craftsman who specializes in vintage Porsches. He makes ugly things pretty and transforms awful sounds into purring kitty cats... or, roaring lions if that's what you're into.

I got more than a glimpse into who John Benton is. Among many things, he



is a husband, a father, a California native and a mechanic. He is humble, funny and talented, but most importantly, he reeks of passion. John can't help himself. He is truly happy with who he is. I felt lucky to have the chance to interview and spend time with him.

Through this lengthy process called filmmaking, and the never ending cliché of begging and borrowing, I of course learned numerous things about my 912 and Porsche in general, but I learned something much more valuable: I gained knowledge about my art form and who and what an artist truly is. What one is willing to do for his or her art or craft? What is more important, art or commerce? What comes first? John Benton has to answer this question every rising day, from when he steps out of bed and walks into his shop. Everyday he must find that balance. Living in that zone is an art form in itself.

Why was the last and toughest question going forward that had to be answered, why John? I'll leave that answer to you. I already know why. ■■■



BENTON PERFORMANCE: CLOSEUP LOOK

by Bud O'Lea

On August 14, 2013, clients of Benton Performance, old and new, were treated to a day at the movies. To say we all went to the movies is highly misleading. John Benton produced a short movie on this day with many of his client's cars performing as the stars. The theme for the movie shoot was very basic, a depiction of the magic John Benton at Benton Performance creates for his clients and their wonderful West German cars at his Anaheim shop.

The 912 cars being filmed included John's 1968 white coupe and my 1968 Irish Green coupe, John's first total restoration. Some of the other beautiful rolling relics which filled the camera lenses during that day of filming were Brett Mohr's eye-popping concours winning red coupe, Charles Danek's three gauge painted-dash 1965 coupe, Carol LeFluffy's beautiful 1969 black sunroof coupe and Jack Conklin's gorgeous slate grey coupe.

The cast of automobiles was not limited to just cars from the 912 Registry, but included Porsches of all eras. Beautiful 356, 912, 914 and 911 cars were filmed. A treat to all the participants providing cars for the movie shoot was the La Carrera race car that Benton Performance maintains for the annual Mexican La Carrera Road Race.

This fun filled day began at 8:00am on the Pomona Fairgrounds small square race track, which is set up just in the shadows of the Pomona NHRA Drag Strip. Cars, cameras and crew began rolling onto the location and making preparations for a full day of filming early that day. Approximately twenty-five movie crew members descended upon the fairgrounds in three equipment trucks.


The trucks contained cameras, cranes, lights, rolling track and car mounting camera brackets. The brackets were used for action shots of the drivers putting the cars through driving drills on the race course. One of the movie trucks was a small Mercedes Benz SUV camera car. The car had an extended arm on which a camera was mounted and could capture the cars as they raced around the track. The camera car took photos from ground level, from the side and from high



above the magical little cars as they raced around the small track.

Our very own Christine Kantner and Carol LeFlufy produced the film. Christine made sure all of the parts to this 12-hour shoot fell into place. This included making sure all personnel were in place and that food crafts were provided throughout the very long and very hot day. Wonderful GIANT breakfast burritos were a staple in the morning and a delicious Mediterranean meal was served at two in the afternoon.

For those of us who were able to participate in the filming of the Benton Performance production I think it is very safe to say we all had a fun-filled day. Watching the Benton Performance products (our cars) being immortalized on celluloid was fun and it afforded a great day of memories.

That's a wrap! 



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Fuel Pressure: A trouble-shooting guide for when your fuel line fails in the middle of nowhere, someplace outside Las Cruces, New Mexico

by Charles Danek



So, lets say that you are in the middle of a 72-hour jaunt that has you and your 912 running from Los Angeles to El Paso and back again, because, among other reasons, you wanted to try on a real pair of Texas cowboy boots, when during your return trajectory, while waiting in line at an immigration inspection station, just west of Las Cruces, you start to notice a hiccup in your idle. At first you think (and hope) you imagined it, but the next time it's your turn to lurch forward again, there it is, only now it's even more pronounced. By the time it's almost your turn to have the friendly check point officers trump your Fourth Amendment rights with an unwarranted scan of your car for anything (or anyone) illegal, you really have to pump the gas pedal hard just to sputter and move forward a few feet. Finally it's your turn and you get waived through... "Move along, you are not the droids we are looking for"...and then right there, your car just embarrassingly coughs and dies. And it won't restart.

Believe it or not, this exact same scenario recently happened to me. And

here is what I did:

First thing to check: Am I out of gas? My tank was reading just past half-full. My gauge had never given me any trouble before, but just to be sure, I went ahead and calculated how many miles it had been since my last fuel stop. Indeed, a half tank was just about right.

Second thing to check: Why isn't the gas in my tank getting to my carbs? I could tell by looking at the clear fuel filter in my engine bay that gas was not getting past the fuel pump, so whatever the problem was, it had to be between the tank and the motor. What could it be?

Third thing to check: Is John Benton checking his text messages tonight? Yes, he is! About 20 minutes after sending him an SOS, he called me back with some helpful insights. My fear was that my fuel pump might have given up the ghost, but John seemed to think that debris from my fuel tank causing a blockage was a more likely probability. He suggested that I undo the hose clamp on my fuel line going into my fuel pump, and blow through at as hard as I could, in order to send any offending debris back to the depths from whence it came.

When I removed my line at the fuel pump, I immediately discovered the source of my woes: My rubber fuel line had a 3/4" crack that ran from its opening to just past the inner edge of the hose clamp! A slow loss of pressure in my fuel line that such a crack could cause would completely account for why my car had increasingly struggled at a prolonged idle. (And it also explained why lately my car sometimes smelled of gas after driving, a little more than just that normal good-time Porsche smell.) Using a wire cutter to clip the damaged split-end off of the fuel line was about the easiest 912 repair I ever made! Just to be thorough though, I still blew through the fuel line to make sure it was clear, and it was clear.

However, my euphoria was short-lived, when I realized how I still was going to need to re-prime the line, and what my only means of accomplishing this was. Once again, I disconnected my fuel line at the pump, and once again drew the black, cloth-covered rubber fuel line to my mouth, but this time instead of blowing, I sucked. It didn't take long for the gasoline to hit my mouth, which tasted pretty much exactly as how you would expect to. I wouldn't recommend it recreationally, but in this instance I sort of felt like I had just triumphantly taken a bite from the heart of a buck that I've never killed in real life.

With my fuel line repaired and re-primed, I got back in and turned the key. My starter tried and tried, but my car still just wouldn't light. With the taste of gas still fresh in my mouth, I knew obviously that gas was hitting my fuel pump, but a quick glance back at my fuel filter confirmed that it still wasn't flowing past it.

John suggested that I call AAA (a club which anyone who takes their 912 on long jaunts would be wise to join), and to ask them to bring a can of gasoline...or no...wait a minute...better yet, an air compressor! (An air compressor?)

About an hour or so later, AAA

arrived. Anyone who has ever studied Automotive-101 knows that sometimes pouring gasoline directly into the carburetor of a dormant engine can be a way to bring it back to life, and this was the first thing AAA wanted to try. I undid the three silver latches that attached my '65-only "Dueling Elephant" air filter to my driver's side carb, which allowed us to point a long funnel into my Solex 40P11 barrels, but a few futile turns of the ignition key confirmed my suspicion that merely dosing the carbs with gas would not solve the problem of getting gas from the fuel pump up to the carbs.

John had warned me about this. He had said that if dosing the carbs didn't get my car back online, then my problem was now a matter of either a) the diaphragm in my fuel pump having damaged itself during all my dry attempts to start my motor, or else b) my journey hinged on re-priming the section of fuel line that runs from the pump up to the carbs. If the problem was my fuel pump, there wasn't much I would be able to do except have my car towed to a friend's house in Las Cruces and wait for a fuel pump rebuild kit to arrive. But what if the problem was merely a matter of re-priming the line? Enter the air compressor.

I popped my fuel door, and removed my gas cap. Next, I took out a rag from my trunk, and doused it with water. I then inserted the hose coming off the air compressor a few inches down into where I fill my gas tank, and used my wet rag to form a make-shift air tight seal around it by holding everything firmly in place. AAA switched on the air compressor, and we then monitored my fuel filter, which slowly began to fill with bubbling gas!

When the fuel filter got about 2/3 full, the fuel level stopped rising any further, so we stopped the compressor. I got back into the driver's seat, took a deep breath, and turned the ignition key. My car did not start right away, but it sounded and felt different. AAA was still monitoring the fuel filter in my engine bay, and he said that with every turn the fuel level was rising higher. Even though the air compressor had not



been powerful enough to prime the entire line, it did get enough gas past the fuel pump for it take over and do the rest of the job. A few seconds later my car came back to life, and I was on the road again.

During the next 700 miles or so, I had time to reflect on what had just happened. Remember the hose clamp hiding the crack in my fuel line? Yeah, well, it turned out that that clamp had also been contributing to the problem. It was an older style that could not be tightened to infinity, and in fact it could no longer be tightened enough to inflict any real squeeze on the fuel line. As I prepared for this trip, I specifically went out of my way to find a spare hose clamp to take with me, you know, for "just in case." (Over the years, I have found that hose clamps and zip ties are to Porsches what duct tape and bungee cords are to everything else in life.) Along with a spare hose clamp and AAA, I am now thinking that adding a fuel pump rebuild kit to my roadside survival kit might also be good insurance. And of course, thank you John for helping me get home. Maybe now others can learn from what happened. ■■■



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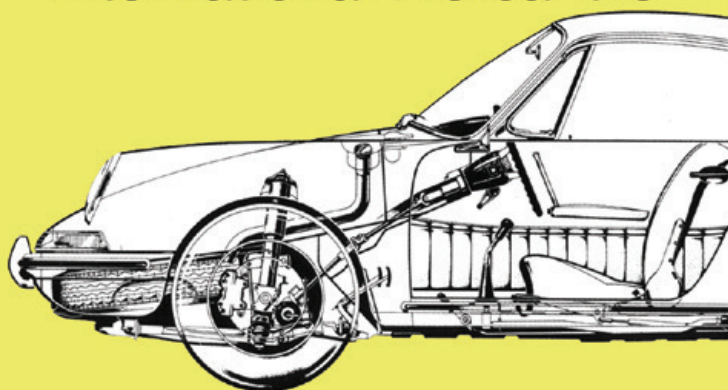
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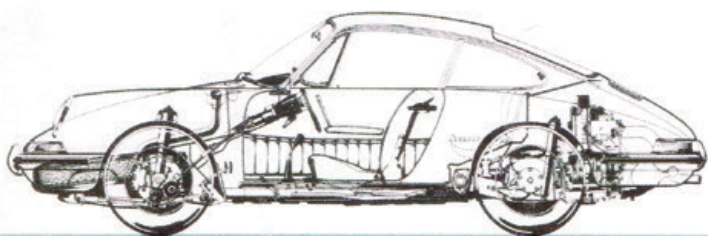
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JULY 1965 Vol. X, No. 7

PORSCHE PANORAMA

DETUNED 356SC ENGINE USED

Porsche 912 finally announced

The long awaited—and long rumored—Porsche 912 will be available in the United States this Fall, PORSCHE PANORAMA learned from the Factory.

The 912 will be produced only as a Coupe in 2 versions: 912/4 with 4-speed transmission; and the 912/5 with a 5-speed box.

The body is the same as that of the 911; you can differentiate by the trim at the rear. Interior detailing is also different from the 911; for example, 356 instrumentation is used rather than the more complete gauges and dials on the 911. Rubber mats will be used on the floor rather than the carpeting on the 911.

Suspension is identical with the 911 with no maintenance on either axle. Standard equipment is painted wheels and disc brakes (Ate) on all 4 wheels; 6.95H15 Goodyear on the 912/4, and 165 HR 15 radials on the /5.

The engine is the 616/16 from the 356SC series, detuned and known as the 616/36. Rating is 90 hp (DIN) or 102 (SAE) at 5800 rpm. Compression ratio is 9.3:1; a 12-volt system is used (no transistorized ignition, no alternator).

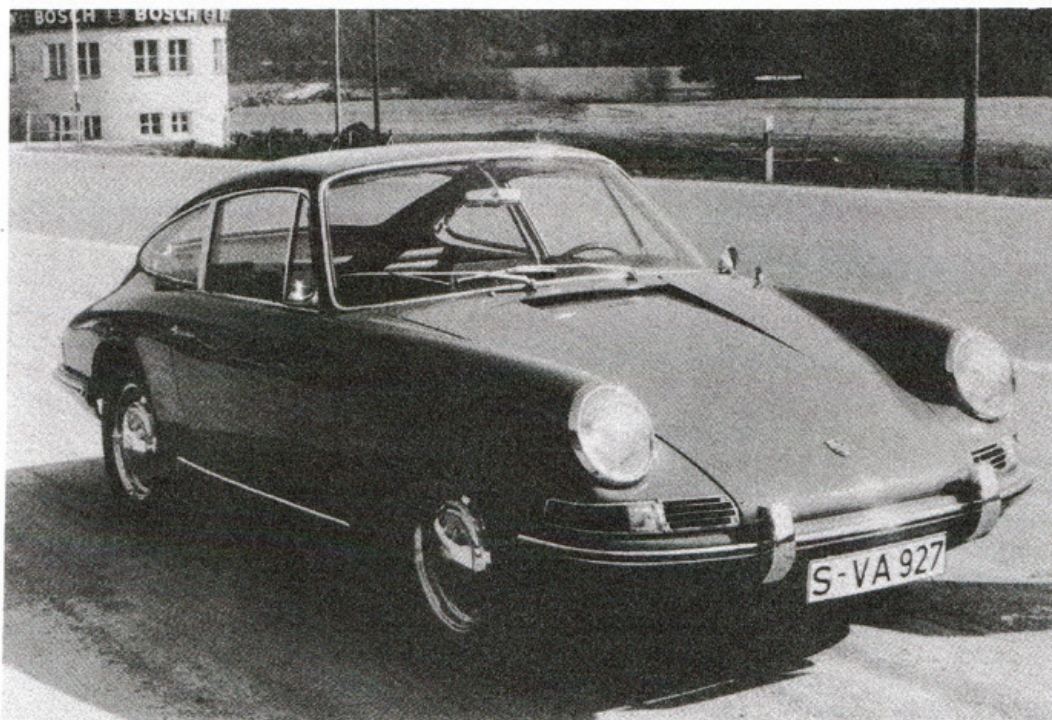
Top speed is about 115 mph, the same as for the 356 series. Weight is 970 kg compared to the 935 kg of the 356.

Rear end ratio is 7:31. Here are the gear ratios:

	912/5	912/4
1.	11:34	11:34
2.	18:34	19:32
3.	22:29	24:27
4.	25:26	28:24
5.	28:24	

Maximum torque is developed at a lower engine rpm. Intake mufflers and engine air filters help reduce engine noise.

Factory prices: DM 16,250 (\$4060) for 912/4; DM 16,590 (\$4142) for 912/5. 912s are now available in Europe; will be available Stateside beginning with the 1966 model year. The 356C and 356SC are still in production but only for export. They will be discontinued at the beginning of the 1966 model year. Since the 356 series was introduced in 1949, 77,000 units have been produced.



July 1965

3

IS THE 912 A SPORTS CAR?

by Mike Vriesenga

While cleaning my attic recently I found a March 1984 Road & Track with a perennial question on the cover: "What is a Sports Car?" In "Miscellaneous Ramblings" the editor, John Dinkel, asserted two intriguing definitions:

First, Mr. Dinkel recalled "As I was reaching legal age in the '60s there were sports cars, Sports Cars and Unobtainables." The "sports cars" were the cars he could afford, like MGBs and Spitfires. Sports Cars were the cars he would like to afford, including Porsches and Jaguar XKEs. Unobtainables were exotics, like Ferraris and Lamborghinis, which a young man might rarely see and dare not dream to own.


Our 912s fit on this scale, both as a new car and as a vintage car. When they were new, our 912s cost more than the affordable British cars, but less than the pricey 911. Most buyers made the "sensible" choice of the 912 early on. Today the price difference between an MG or Triumph and an early 911 is huge, with the 912 still between them.

As early 911s continue to grow in value they risk moving from the Sports Car into the Unobtainable / Museum Display category. Meanwhile, vintage British roadsters struggle to keep up with modern traffic. Our 912s are arguably the "sportiest" cars of their era. They're competitive among newer cars, but not so precious that you can't take them out for a spirited drive.

Second, Mr. Dinkel opined "... an affordable sports car should be: small, light, fuel efficient, peppy, a nimble handler, a quick stopper; have two seats, exude personality, make a personal statement, demand an emotional involvement; be cheap, simple to maintain and work on and most of all, be fun to drive."

Once again the 912 fares well compared to other cars. Modern Porsches are big and heavy. Compare the rear view of a short-wheelbase 901 to a modern 996 or 991. It reminds me of a joke my father told about King Farouk on a barstool. Computers make

newer engines remarkably clean and efficient, but the 912 still uses little gas. The 912 is not powerful, but it's quick and well balanced. The 912's four wheel disc brakes were amazing compared to contemporary American iron with four wheel drum brakes. The 912 garners thumbs up from gear heads driving everything from garish lowriders to pricey Italian exotics. As for being cheap, cheap is a relative term, and although 912s continue to climb in price, they remain more affordable than a 356 or an early 911. Compared to a modern Porsche in which you can't even see the engine, the 912 is easy to maintain. 912 manuals tell you how to change the oil while newer manuals tell you how to adjust the stereo. As for the 912 being to drive, well, you are probably reading this because you're already hooked!

So is the 912 a "sports car? Yes! So can we petition to put a 912 picture on the Wikipedia article on sports cars? 





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