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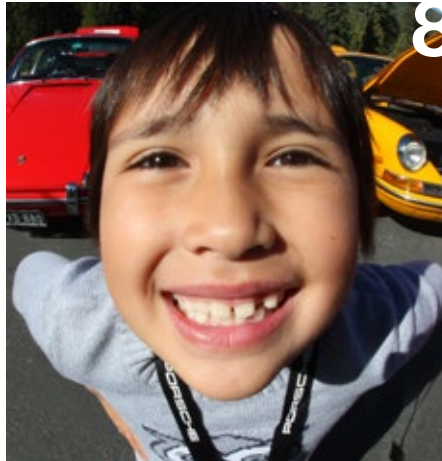
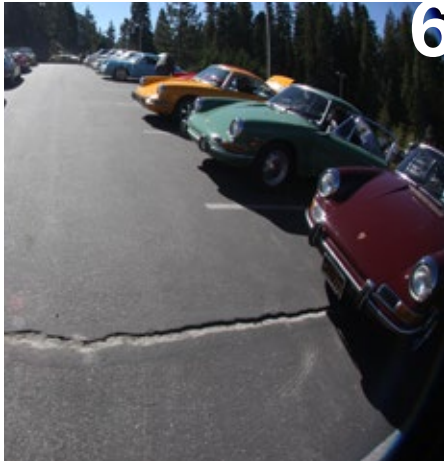
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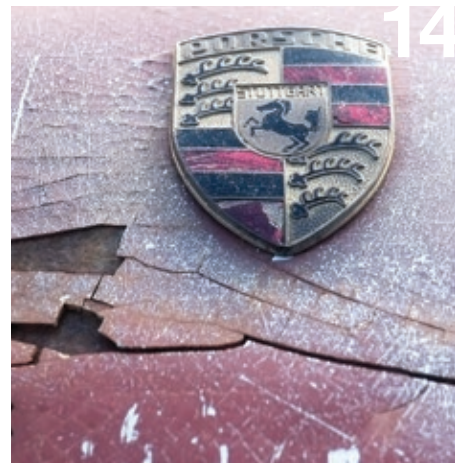
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Don't look now, but the 912 Registry has gone social!



/912Registry



#912Registry

Official Site: **912Registry.org** or access the forums: **bbs912.org**

***On the cover:** After the classic Porsches silhouette, perhaps the most iconic visual shape associated with Porsche is the Fuchs forged alloy wheel. This picture of a Fuchs wheel belonging to Paula Golus' 1969 Champagne Yellow Targa was taken using a special "fish eye" wide angle lens by Charles Danek at the 2014 912 Registry Rendezvous in Fish Camp, CA.*



MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT



Hello 912 Registry Members -

Welcome to the Winter Issue of 912 Registry Magazine. As you are about to read, the big story in this issue is the 14th Annual 912 Registry West Coast Rendezvous, which this year was held in Gold Country (Fish Camp to be exact, in the high foothills of Yosemite). Every year, this event is both a rallying point for our group and a ton of fun, and 2014 did not disappoint! If you were there, then perhaps this issue will allow you to relive fun memories, or if you weren't, maybe these stories may inspire you to join us next fall when we gather in Paso Robles, California? Or maybe you would prefer to

meet up with us in Seven Springs, Pennsylvania? Because that's right! In 2015, we are very excited to be hosting our 1st Annual 912 Registry East Coast Rendezvous! Next year, the West Coast Rendezvous will take place over September 9-12, and the East Coast Rendezvous will happen from September 24-27. Save those dates!

Many times, people have asked me why the 912 Registry did not have any official events held on the East Coast. The reason? Because no one ever stepped forward to put one together! This year, founding 912 Registry Member Harry Hoffman asked if he could he could organize a Rendezvous on the East Coast, and that is the reason it is happening. As I have stated many times in the pages of this publication, the 912 Registry is your club, and it is up to you to make it how you want it.

Alas, that is also to say that the 912 Registry is comprised of volunteers, without whom the club simply would not operate, but who also have the same commitments to work, family, etc. that you have, that sometimes take priority over the club. As President, my main behind-the-scenes priority right now is working with Paula Golus to redevelop our web site in a direction that is more functionally cohesive, aesthetically on par with where we have taken the magazine since Rick Miranda came on as art director, and most importantly, in a way that automates much of the administrative grunt work that is currently being handled by Club Secretary Thomas Lockton and Club Treasurer Brian Mendel. Both of these men continue to do an exemplary job of managing our club's membership and finances, but the truth is that we cannot afford to squander their precious time by having them stuff envelopes with welcome letters and renewal letters. The process of automating these functions and switching to email based correspondence has already begun, and will continue in the weeks ahead. In the meantime, I thank you in advance for your patience as we figure out how to make this transition.

Onward!

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Charles Danek". To the left of the signature is a circular stamp containing a stylized letter "A".

Charles Danek

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14TH ANNUAL 2014 912 REGISTRY WEST COAST RENDEZVOUS, OCTOBER 23–25, 2014

by Bradley Brownell



A common theme at this year's 912 Rendezvous was that it was the people that really made this event special. It was an inspiring display of enthusiasm, camaraderie, friendliness, and perhaps a bit of fellowship. Gathered together at the Teneya Lodge in Fish Camp, California, which is nestled in the "Gold Country" foothills of Yosemite, were familiar faces, and a few new ones as well, who all just seemed to jump right in and help make the event truly one to celebrate with great attitudes all around.



ON THE WAY TO THE RENDEZVOUS

by Iris Danek



On October 10th, I woke up so early that it was still dark out, but I was excited to go to the 912 Rendezvous! I put on my clothes, brushed my teeth, and then went straight to the car. I was riding in a Mazda we rented with my Grandpa Chuck and my mom, and my Dad drove his Porsche 912. Our first stop was Starbucks by our house for my mom to get coffee, and then we headed for the freeway, which took us to McDonald's in Sylmar, where we were meeting the rest of the 912 group driving from Los Angeles.

When we got there, there were lots of 912 people already having breakfast. Friends I recognized were Billie and Darren Horowitz, Bob and Jill Ashlock and Jeff Trask. We ordered our breakfast and sat down and joined them. After we finished, we were ready to go. I decided to ride in the Porsche with my father. When I got in, I tried to buckle my seat belt but it did not fit. To get ready for the trip, my dad put a new seat belt in the car, but it did not fit with the old part that was there, so my dad just tied it together with a knot. For the rest of the trip, whenever I went to ride in my Dad's 912,



I had to slide in and out of the seat belt! By now the sun was up, and we all drove towards the Sequoia Mountains.

Along the way north, we passed oil fields, and fields of grape vines growing on fences. After an hour or so, we stopped at a gas station to use the restroom, and to meet our friend Bill Cahill and his friend Kevin. Bill met us there in his car which he was driving for the first time since it got restored by John Benton.

Bill named his car The Beater because he only restored the engine, so the outside of the car was all chipped, and the 912 badge was missing. On the inside, the Beater was ferocious, it has a twin-spark engine, and was the loudest car I have ever heard my entire eight years of life! After everyone was ready, I slid back under my seat belt, and my Dad and everyone else started our cars. We were going again with our caravan group!

Next we came to a road that was still being built and had lots of loose rocks on it. We were driving behind The Beater and rocks were spraying everywhere, so we slowed down to get away. Then a truck went by us going the other way, and it made a big rock fly up, that almost hit our window but then it hit our roof instead with a loud bang!

Finally, we made it to the Sequoia National Forest, which is where gigantic, hundreds-of-feet-tall Sequoia trees live. At first the drive was peaceful, BUT THEN WE TWISTED AND TURNED AROUND ALL THESE CRAZY TURNS, AND ACCELERATED IN THE TURNS, AS WE DROVE UP THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN!!! When we got to the top of the mountain, we found ourselves in a gigantic forest of

trees that have been alive for hundreds of years. Suddenly there were flashing yellow lights that told us we were coming to a "No Go Zone". Parts of the road were being fixed, and so lines of cars would have to wait for the road to be clear.

While we were waiting at the No Go Zone, we decided to get out of our car to look around at the trees. The tree trunks at their bottoms were so big that it would take many people holding hands to wrap all the way around one. When I touched one, and felt the bark was rough, a thought about how old this living thing must be. Then finally they were going to let us pass through the No Go Zone! I got back into our 912, slid under the seat belt, and then we asked Bill if we could drive in front of The Beater so that our drive would not smell so smoky.

I thought we were almost there, but for a long time we drove behind Jeff Trask in his Champagne Yellow 356 going so fast it made my stomach flip. We drove out of the mountains, and found ourselves on a road where there had been a bad crash with trucks. Plastic and metal pieces were all over the road, and

we had to swerve in and out of lanes to get around them. After we got past where the crash had been, we drove for a long time past miles and miles of yellow grassy fields. We were listening to the Beatles play from my dad's phone into our Big Jam Box, when we got a text from Bill in The Beater saying he was running out of gas. This was perfect because I needed to go to the bathroom again. We called Jeff and told him that we needed to stop at a gas station.

After driving for a long time more where there were no gas stations, we finally saw a Chevron station, so stopped there. It took a long time for everyone else to catch up to us, because after we passed the crash, the police came and stopped all traffic for a while. Eventually everyone got there, and put gas in their cars, and used the bathroom. We all were ready to go again, but then there was a problem: The Beater would not start! The reason was because the gas would not go up to the engine. My dad said this happened to him before, and he knew what to do. Everyone helped push Bill's car to the air filling spot, and then

we used the air hose that is normally used for filling tires, to blow air into Bill's gas tank, which made the gas move to the engine, and then the car started again. Next stop: Lunch!

An hour or so later, we all met at a barbecue place for lunch. There was a happy pink sign that said "There are no mad pigs served here!" I had popcorn shrimp which I shared with my family, and they shared with me some of their barbecued meats. I especially loved the beans that came with everything.

After lunch we drove for another 45 minutes or so, until we got to the Teneya Lodge Hotel. As we got closer to where we were going, we started to see other 912s. The first one we saw was being towed on a trailer behind a motorhome, but luckily they let us pass them because they were going slow, and we wanted to go fast!! When we got to the last part of the road, we saw Tattoo Pete's black, red and yellow outlaw 912, so we knew we were in the right place. The drive up was an amazing way to start the trip, when the fun of the Rendezvous had not even started yet! ■■■



MARIPOSA COUNTY DRIVE

story & photos by Bradley Brownell



As a group of us numbering

in the dozens trawled out to the hills and dells of Mariposa County, California on a brisk October morning, just a little bit of that friendliness was knocked off and it was replaced by something closer to cautiously competitive. We knew it wasn't a race, and there wasn't anything to be gained by keeping up with the guy in front of us, but we also knew it was a whole lot of fun to try.

The sound made by a gaggle of 912s buzzing their way through the California countryside is something you just have to hear once or twice in your life. The ribbon of slope-back sports coupes snaking their way up and down mountain passes makes for a startlingly beautiful visual. The

looks on people's faces as we passed them was fantastic, and the cell phone snapshots taken by roadside gawkers made it obvious that this wasn't a regular everyday occurrence.

Once we crossed out of town, though, the throttle linkages got the workout they'd been waiting for. From that point forward, it was like a solid five hours of up and down the gears, into and out of switchbacks, sawing left and right at steering wheels, and practically wearing out the knee joint of our respective clutch legs. It felt as though a giant had chucked a few handfuls of Porsches into a blender and pushed the button marked 'HI'.

As some of you may remember from last year's event, I rode along with Jeff Trask in his Sand Beige car. This year, I

knew what kind of driving he was capable of, and swore I'd stick on his bumper. Well he didn't bring a 912, and neither did I. In my 1997 Boxster, I managed to keep up with his little Benton-massaged 356 Coupe. I was surprised at how capable and composed that little lightweight bomber was, but perhaps even more surprising was how closely Don Melcher's bright orange 912R stuck to my back bumper. The three of us hung back from the pack a ways, checking the roadsides for stragglers, and had a whale of a time trying to keep each other in check. Three different Porsches separated by generations, and three different drivers (also separated by generations) all having a bit of a high-speed laugh out in the middle of nowhere. I think that was one of the most

fun drives I've ever been on, and I'm really glad to have shared the road with such capable drivers and cars on that day.

The thrum, pop, crackle, whir, and tickety-tick of the flat-four engine, that's what keeps us all coming back. The soundtrack of a beautiful mountain drive is just one part of the experience, but boy does it make for some great music. The weather was absolutely fantastic while we were out on our drive, going from just a bit chilly in the early morning to quite warm in the mid-day sun. By the time we stopped for a rest in Hornitos, California, the day had turned quite beautiful.

In Hornitos, we all got out to stretch our legs, and wrestle the kinks out of those aforementioned clutch knees. The tiny little town was once home to the original Ghirardelli Chocolate factory, and the brick bones of the long-since forgotten chocolate warehouses still stand. The place is mostly a ghost town at this point, but it was a great place to stop for a few minutes to prepare for another attack on the country roads.

Back underway and bombing down the lanes, we arrived at our destination, Casto Oaks Fine Wine and Arts at the Mt. Bullion Vineyard. Once we'd all gotten parked and dismounted our steeds, we all unpacked our sack lunches, and indulged in a handful of bottles of their finest. Throughout lunch, there were intermingling conversations of 'How long have you had your 912', 'I've just finished adjusting my timing', and 'My, that paint color looks dashing'. The cars bring us together, but



the conversations, the people, and perhaps the wine keep us coming back.

After lunch and drinks had been consumed, we were invited into the winery to peek at the processes involved in the vinting process. The proprietors of the establishment were gracious in their inviting us into the inner workings of the business. We peeked at the barrel rooms, had a few pulls of a particularly nice red, and walked our way through a Q and A session with the specialists. It was a fun and educating time for all involved. Afterward, we all sort of floated in and out of conversations, and sneaked peeks at each others cars. The number of amazing cars at the Rendezvous never ceases to amaze, and this year was no different. The parking lot was a blitz of colors from all shades and spectrums, there were a ton of hot-rodded

engines, and some spectacular customs. Altogether, the cars made a group that was more than the sum of its parts.

Everyone sort of drifted out of the winery at their own pace, making their way back to our lodging that evening for dinner at our leisure. Some people a bit more spirited than I, chose to take a more technical route back to the hotel through the Yosemite Park. Personally, I'd run myself ragged on the challenging roads already, and was prepared for some food and perhaps a nap. As I took my sweet time getting back, I was able to take in a bit more of the scenery without a hurried pace, and boy was it worth viewing. That section of the Sierra mountain range is perhaps where it is at its most stunning.

Great job guys, let's do it all again next year! ■■■

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MAJESTIC PANOAMAS OF YOSEMITE

by Zeke Duge

What does FORD have to do with a PORSCHE magazine?

Great Question! The source of the problem was the unbelievable 2014 Rendezvous. An incredible event, everybody having a great time, and then 34 or so hours into these festivities IT happened: Chief Potentate, Gran Visor Jeff Trask casually announced that the afternoon's activity is not as we had feared, (i.e. an opinionated regurgitation of old principles disguised as (or re-froked into) a much more palatable presentation of arcane trivialities that just might have some meaning if you were unsure of the capabilities of the Porsche device, or by extrapolation: yourself), but NO! Parenthetically, YEA!!!!!! We were on to conquer new worlds, emerge from the passive duty to the dynamic challenge! We were going on a ROAD TRIP! (Triumphant music, please Director.)

It was decreed (that is "announced" in today's terms) that we were going to view the most Majestic of the panoramas in Yosemite. The departure time was agreed upon, the terms of the drive were discussed, (be safe, this is not a race), and I was up for it! I could not wait! I got to the parking lot WAY early, made sure that everything was OK... rechecked the oil, the air in the tires, headlights, fuses, brake fluid... I AM ready!

It was only after I pulled my head out of the hood that I realized that the parade had left without me. I jumped into the driver's seat and tore down the road after my somewhat inconsiderate comrades. Only to come into the Tolkien-esque Stone Towers. The Impenetrable Fortress of Federal Domain.

It was there, dear reader that it happened, or rather it was set into motion. There is a portal in the enchanted wilderness at this location. The Chosen Ones have been charged to control and regulate the passage into the breathtaking beauty and stunning magnificence of the Valley.

Being ashamed about being abandoned, and aggressive by nature, and seeing that the Rangers had opened another lane into the Portal, I selfishly dove to the front of the lines newly opened. But there is an old ('70s?) saying that what goes around, comes

around, and I was cut off at the entrance to the payment booth by a mother and five kids in a SAAB! Not only did they block me like a NASCAR veteran, but they then discovered that none of them had Coin-of-the-REALM for which to exchange for passage. There is much discussion of what the benefits were if we were to take the 15 year no block passage option, or should we look at the Pay Now and Pass Forever option that only costs a little more? I'm not disputing that these things need to be discussed or that they should be discussed in a context of providing access to our Country's assets, but WHY DO YOU HAVE TO DO IT IN FRONT OF ME?

I have a pre-paid pass, easily obtained over the internet! All I have to do is show it to the Ranger, drop two shift positions, stand on the throttle and charge back to the pack, to which I belong... and, oh yes!

Alas, coming out of the Fortress, being late, being withheld, not being myself, I screamed past the SAAB, only to confront the most ubiquitous urban assault vehicle ever produced: The Chevrolet Suburban. There it was, nimble-ophiles: The Block. It reeked of geologic slowness! It had the very essence of "The Huddled Masses" and indeed they were there.

As I passed the SAAB sidewise, with the massive footprint of the "Period Correct" 165x85x15 Pirelli boundenscheiff und kerbouncein scratching for some notion of control, or, if not that, at least direction, and grabbing the steering wheel while trying to decipher a 14-choice menu of places to proceed to from this view before I crash into the sign sideways, I can tell you that I really did NOT want to be behind it. But these are the times that try men's soul. I was stuck there! At every well-marked and professionally maintained turnout, when there was a hope that the traveling circus ahead of me would turn off into a perfectly illustrated and presented diorama, I was repeatedly crushed.

So slowly, and ever so slowly, did the plan develop: Even if there was a speed limit, and even if the Suburban did block the way, there is still HOPE! Even if the driver of the Suburban did block

both lanes when there was a venue, slow down to a visible and safe six MPH, and have the members of his retinue scramble back and forth in a futile attempt to see the vistas while remaining in the vehicle.

It was on one of these turnouts that it happened: He Flinched. He failed to accelerate. Enough (yea) so that I could get my fender past the bulbous bow of the Land Yacht. I mashed it! I stood on the accelerator and crashed gears, 2nd as a passing thought, 3rd without lifting, ready for 4th, BUT the motor screams to the top of the chart. More and more, press in the clutch. Huh? Move the selector to neutral... HUH? GRAB THE KEY and defuse the Bomb. Coast... Coast some more... Look for someplace to get off of a single lane road.

OK, now the Suburban has caught up to me. Daddy is Miffed. Not only did I spray road grime on them, I was disobeying the LAW! (Small confession here: Yes It is true: I did spray grime their way and I DID IT WITH MALICE!) But breaking the law? Hmmm... Nope!

I found a nice patch of gravel suitable for avoiding the pursuing traffic or a clutch of Salmon. I pull off onto it with no power while being passed by a finger displaying Peter Diem, and I coast to a chided stop. OK: What do we know? What didn't happen? What do we do now? (Repeat.)

Well, get yourself out of the car and start figuring this out. You are eight miles from the hotel, where there may be folks that actually know something about these wrecks. Then maybe I can get home? AUNTIE EM...! AUNTIE EM...!

I awake in a fit on my back, trying to get under these low slung beauties, gently pulling on all of the possible inputs that go towards the engine, and am having no luck. What do we know? It goes VARRROUM. Okay, it sounds like a dragster's dream. Nope, nope, nope. Something's wrong. (Director: Cue Handel's "Hallelujah" Chorus.)

A member of the 912 community, the first to discern that I was in trouble, stops immediately. This? No. That? No. Possible? No. May the saints be praised! He offers this succinct advice: Disconnect the throttle, turn up the idle, and hope you can get home! As I type this it seems



bizarre, but at the time, genius!

He says "Don't be yourself; instead, let's measure how many turns we take so we will have a place to go back to! So we turn the idle screw on both carbs a 1/2 turn. He says "That's going to give you an engine speed of 4000." I thought, right, start the motor, and oh yeah, it does not do any good to pump the accelerator because IT IS NOT CONNECTED!!!! You doofus.

Four thousand screaming RPMs. How the H3ll did he know that? Drop the clutch, and it reduces the RPMs to 2,500, but it sprays gravel and small trout all over my Samaritans. I don't know, I have it in 1st, moving to the apron of the roadway off in a screaming (me, not the car) left-hand sweeper, and

away! Back up the road. Up through 2nd even to 3rd for a moment, goof, why am I only going 23 MPH? Oh, this is the relationship between the lack of throttle and the terrain.

Now swarming neo-visitors are defending upon me. They are climbing on my nonexistent ski rack. They are angry that a Porsche is going so slowly. They are not ready to pass me in a place where administrative gogs have decreed that you should not pass! Even if you can see for six times the relative restriction, because, hmmm, they have no knowledge about the current situation. OK: 1 for the Anarchists!

Up and down through the gears, tailoring the terrain to the amount. (Limited though it is) of torque you can

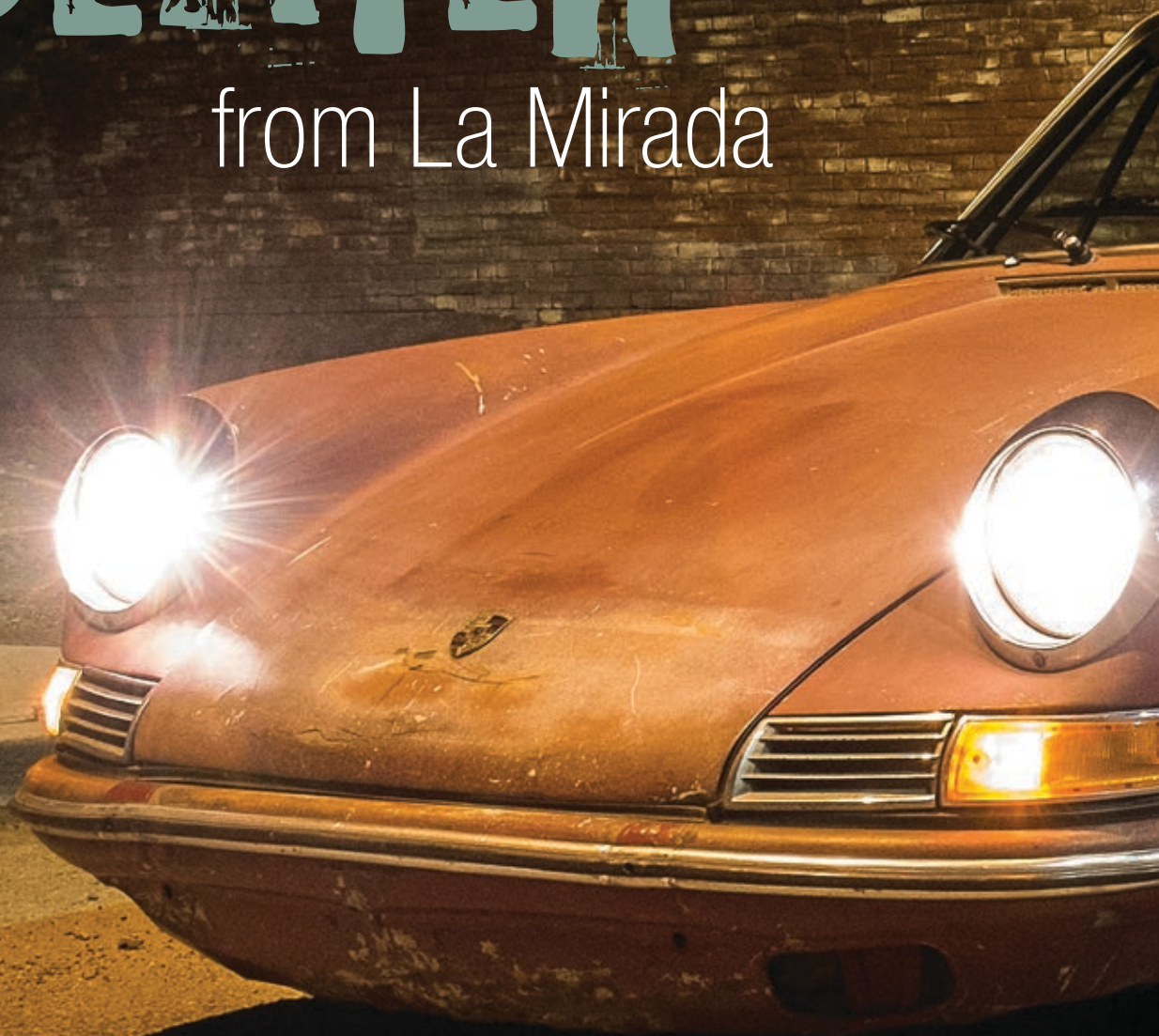
sustain with the iron clad setting you have chosen at the start, be prepared at any time for this foolish endeavor to come to rollicking end with most of the players engaged in a comprised position. Not to be: slow through the turn of the redwoods uphill..... down through 3 gears to first... crawling up the slope, one set of tires in the muck asking people to pass you. Please!!! Pass now! All of You!!!! Damnit get out of my way!

Wheew, finally got those family-Wagon clowns off of my tail... Nice... moving back to the Hotel, ooops! Did I mention that the gate out of the Enchanted Forest is controlled??? Silly Me. For the love of whatever God that there may be, there was no one in line to exit. The exit was

(continued on page 21)

The **BEATER**

from La Mirada



Photos and story by Bill Cahill





People now truly appreciate

Porsche 912s, and more and more are being restored back to their original beauty at an amazing pace. At the 2012 912 Registry West Coast Rendezvous in Cambria, distinguished amongst all the nearly perfect cars on the field, there was a faded, dull, red 1967 coupe that had recently been pulled out from under an avocado tree in La Mirada, California, where it had been dormant for over twenty-five years. By the end of the weekend, our group had christened this car “The Beater from La Mirada”.

A little while later, I had a chance to buy The Beater from La Mirada. In doing so, I decided that I didn’t want to gentrify the The Beater by restoring it back to its original factory glory, but instead I wanted to take an approach that would honor the journey this particular car has been on. After a year and half of work, The Beater

from La Mirada was ready to get back on the road just in time for the 2014 912 Registry West Coast Rendezvous held in Gold Country, near Yosemite.

I took on The Beater as a project because I wanted to create something unique, not unlike an art project. And just as with any good art project, The Beater draws lots of strong reactions and mixed opinions. At the 2014 Rendezvous car show I had some people come up to me and tell me I had the ugliest car here, and in the same afternoon I had other people tell me I had the most beautiful car here. The Beater shows every ding, from every brush with the elements that has happened in its 47-year life span. The Beater isn’t a garage queen. The Beater isn’t matching numbers. The Beater isn’t made for casual driving. The Beater does have character. The Beater is a study in contrasts. The Beater celebrates the idea

that it's not just shiny paint that makes a car beautiful, but also time and history that creates beauty as well.

To give credit where credit is due, it wasn't my original idea to create something this unique. I simply mentioned to John Benton that I was looking for a pretty car, and it was he that sparked the idea in my head, of putting a monster motor inside this unassuming beater of a car. From there I had visions of a restored car wrapped in the skin of this beater. Two years and a lot of money later, and we are half way there. I collaborated with John because I wanted him to have an active role in how this car will look. Together we decided that a simple interior, with some high performance touches will have the greatest impact. With the engine, that was all John -- he put on all the bells and whistles. I will always remember a text from the shop that simply read, "The Beater is now everyone's favorite car". This is a car that grows on people, like an old dog that


is faithful and ugly, but you love it with all your heart.

The Beater isn't a race car, however it boasts a Benton-built twin-spark that generates about 150hp. A later year engine mount was used to keep the motor in its place, and a custom exhaust rumbles even the soundest sleepers from their beds. A billet knife edge crank, forged high compression pistons, piston squirters, a custom distributor all give this engine a forceful pull all the way up to 7,000 rpm. New fuel and brake lines make this car a solid driver. The interior work has new German square weave carpet, sports seats, and RS door panels. The headliner and dash cover has also been redone, and rust issues have been taken care of.

The Beater is by no means finished, and it still has a ways to go. Next round of work will include full suspension upgrade, with SC brakes and the whole canyon carving package. The trunk will be beautified a

bit. The dash will receive custom gauges and be given a like new appearance. The bugs in the electrical system will be fixed.

The Beater is sometimes overlooked as simply an old car, or a car that hasn't been finished yet, but these sentiments miss the point completely. When people ask me "When are you going to paint it?" I usually respond with "Why would I do that? It took 47 years for it to get this good." Maybe someday this car will be painted and be a shiny little red Porsche, but not any time soon. In fact this car has been thought out carefully and has taken years to get to where its at.

The Beater is a car that wants to be driven. It is a fire-breathing beast that spits in your face if you don't give it enough gas. This car isn't everyone's cup of tea, in fact it tends to piss some people off. The Beater does not ask you to like it, you either do or you don't and it doesn't care which, and The Beater will never ever apologize. 



2014 LONE STAR 912 BREWER TOUR

by Mike Vriesenga

While northern Porsches hibernate in the winter to avoid the salt and snow, south Texas Porsches hibernate in the summer to avoid the sun, heat and drought. To celebrate the return of 80 degree temperatures and Oktoberfest, a dozen old Porsche owners from Houston, Austin and San Antonio met for the 3rd Annual Brewer Tour.

The day started poorly for me. My 912 broke down five miles short of the rendezvous point. My hat is off to Morrie Larson for saving the day. Morrie came to my rescue with the right tools, the right approach, and the right part (a spare distributor). I appreciated how calm and methodical he was in a "crisis."

The group waited patiently for me in New Braunfels. After paralleling the Guadalupe River, we headed north of Canyon Lake, following the colorfully named Purgatory Road and Devil's Backbone through higher parts of the Hill Country toward Blanco. We then turned east through some bottoms along Creek Road and Gatlin Creek Road toward lunch in Driftwood. Remnants of Hurricane Odile dropped lots of rain the week before, so the limestone cliffs along Highway 165 stood out starkly against the green grass. Lilac blooming sages speckled the fields, and a trickle of creek water flowed over the road at one low crossing. Sporadic light rain throughout the day made the cars "glisten," but they were getting a workout, going just fast enough on "Porsche roads".

We enjoyed lunch at the Trattoria Lisina, a Tuscan restaurant set in gardens in the vineyard of the Mandola Estate. After lunch we visited the Jester King Brewery on the southern fringes of Austin. Jester King juxtaposed craft brews covered with Heavy Metal-inspired label art for drinking and a swing band for listening. A trio of giddy, tattooed and tipsy young women posed with our "cute" 912s. We enjoyed the ale and the atmosphere before heading our separate ways, refreshed in mind and spirit, and happy to have oil flowing through our engines after a long summer siesta. ■■■




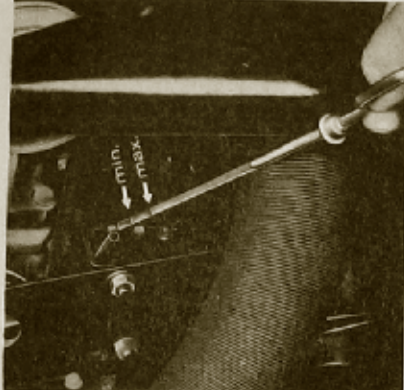
OIL CHECK

by Peter Graham

So... how can something so simple as checking the oil level be so complicated? It's not given the right technique.

How about dipstick calibration? At your next oil change, with the engine oil completely drained, refill to the correct quantity (stock system: 4 liters, 4.2 US qts) and install a new filter. Run the engine up to normal temperature (because the filter can should get warm), and then let it sit overnight. Carefully check the oil level on the dipstick the next morning. Make a mental picture of the oil level on the dipstick. Drive the car again for long enough to bring it up to normal temperature, stop, say as long as you'd normally do for a fuel stop, and check the oil level again. Make a mental note of the difference. This is 'full' for a warm engine.

As the manual states, adding too much oil can lead to over filling, blowing out the excess oil into the breather system. This leads to the aggravating oil deposit in the passenger side air filter, higher oil consumption and in extreme cases, spark plug fouling. Try it, you'll like it! 



Checking Engine Oil Level

Please note:

When the engine is started, oil is pumped from the crankcase to the lubricating points through a system of oil galleries. When the engine is shut off, it takes a certain amount of time for the oil to drain and collect in the crankcase. Consequently, it is quite likely that an inspection made shortly after the engine has been shut off will reveal a lower oil level in the crankcase. Therefore, we suggest that oil level readings be made after some time, such as in the morning, prior to the engine has been out of operation for starting; at that time oil may be replenished

up to the top level mark on the dipstick. When the oil level on the dipstick is approx. 10 mm ($\frac{3}{8}$ inch) below the top level mark shortly after the engine has been stopped, no oil should be added since this would result in an overfilled crankcase and cause the oil to be forced out of the engine through the engine breather.

Check oil as follows:

1. With engine at rest (see above), remove the oil dipstick and wipe off with a clean rag.
2. Push dipstick back into its receptacle.
3. After a brief pause, remove dipstick again and check the level against the markings on the dipstick. The oil level must not be higher than the top level mark nor lower than the minimum level mark.
4. If necessary, replenish with premium quality HD oil up to the top level mark on the dipstick.

Caution:

When replenishing oil in the crankcase, care must be taken to use an oil of same brand and viscosity type as the oil contained in the crankcase.

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This photo is from the Orange Book, owner's manual section.



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SOUTHERN COMFORT

by Rick Miranda

Seats. Arguably one of the most important, yet often overlooked, features of your classic ride. When I bought my 912 back a few years ago, I really didn't pay much attention to the comfort level of the seats that were in the car. They were good enough but I always made excuses for spending money on other upgrades and maintenance:

I'm not going to be in the car for long drives.

I don't want to mess with the originality of the car.

That's too much money to spend!

new seats.

So where do I begin? Well for me it was to a well-known local classic car re-upholstery shop to know more about what goes into seat repair. To my surprise, it's not just ripping out seat stuffing and putting in brand new padding, but checking springs, reinforcing the seat frame and repairing any rips or tears and using conditioning solution to clean the leather/vinyl to make sure the seats are just as good as new. When I was given the quote, I thought it was a bit high and decided to think about it.

more research on the fit and size of the Corbeaus and got a good review from a previous owner of an identical pair that I wanted. He said "They are a little narrow. If you are much more than a 34" waist you probably will be uncomfortable. They are large for the size of the interior. They fit but fill up the car and the higher backs restrict viewing out the rear window." Great. Just what I didn't want to hear. At least the narrowish seats will keep me motivated on the treadmill.


Now here's where it gets interesting... after doing a bit of math (not a strong point for us artsy people), I noticed that the price of the Corbeaus was getting pretty close to what I thought was a good price on actual vintage seats. I scoured eBay and Craigslist hoping I could get an awesome deal on a pair of vintage Recaro seats by using my charming personality on the potential seller. Well as it turns out the only 'deals' I found in Texas were Recaro seats from a junked out Jetta that 'ran when parked'. Oh yeah, there was an eBay seller who had a sweet pair of vintage seats for sale with a great price. Unfortunately, they were located on a small island in the South Pacific and would take THREE MONTHS TO SHIP TO THE UNITED STATES! Yeah-no.

I even leaned on our fearless President/Editor-in-Chief for help in locating a pair of vintage seats. Not one week later, he found the perfect seats on a Los Angeles Craigslist post! Vintage Recaro sport seats, black leather, amazing condition! Only \$5,000!

Ouch.

Did I mention I have two kids at daycare full-time???

So here I am again, mere days away from dropping off my driver's seat at the local classic car re-upholstery shop that I visited a few months ago. After all that searching and searching, the solution was right in my home town after all. I even decided to go with something a bit more fun and go with a period-correct black/white houndstooth inserts to make the back of my t-shirt less sweaty during those short drives on oppressive Texas summer days.

So, anyone know where I can snag a sweet deal on retractable period-correct seat belts? 



Well after 3+ years of sitting on a glorified milk crate, I finally realized enough is enough. For the sake of what my doctor explained to me as a "mild case of arthritis in your lower back for a man your age" (thanks, doc), it's time to stop making excuses and spend some of my hard-earned allowance money on

I even posed the question on the 912 BBS for advice on my seat re-do vs. purchasing a vintage sport seat. I was given a few really good suggestions and did a bit more research on the Corbeau brand of seats. Hmmmm, really good price for a brand new reclining seat and REAL LEATHER! SOLD! I did a bit

(continued from page 13)

supposed to be done in a majestic 3.5 MPH with Photo Opportunity overtones. Nooooooooooooo the Fortress is made to be uphill from the unwashed hordes, but that means that it is hugely downhill from a passing Porsche. Very Nice Signs... Blah Blah Blah. Net result is that I am flying past the unsuspecting Ranger at a speed that can only be appreciated as "Increasing" but way out of range.

I mime to the man in the booth - (Isn't this backward????) - "I cannot stop!!!" And I scream at a rate of 46MPH past the turnstile. Down the road back out of the park, but, oh-no! Not as you have thought, Grasshopper!

The Park does not end at the Portal. The Federal Park Police have been summoned! They rally to apprehend me, which is not hard as I am going uphill at a speed approaching 12 MPH. But I appear as a fugitive! Bless all that are true! As I mimed to the Officer, "I have no throttle" he saluted, and they turned back to deal with more nefarious persons than me.

Onward, onward! Into the valley of death rode the four hundred... Oh, nevermind. It is just me left alone on the barbaric ribbon of a passage the locals call "The Way" striving to get past Fish Lake and back to my hotel and some sort of succor as my coupe has always been without trouble. But no! Past Fish Camp, past the swollen swamp that they thrill the high season tourist, and yet we need to progress further down the valley to the source of all 912 knowledge. Downhill. Suddenly the engine receives a boost, and

as we near the very sharp turn in to the Hotel, I realize that the hard set throttle now has the ability to propel this vehicle all the way down 6000 feet to the valley below without remorse.

OOPS! What to do? Kill Engine? Nope. Can't get up to where the people that can help me are. Beat the brakes? Nope, going too fast for that! OK! Once and for all, DOWNSHIFT...! (TIME IS SUSPENDED.)

Clutch: Move from 3rd to neutral. Release Clutch: Rev. (Ooops, that doesn't work, the revs come up as per previous set of throttle.) Clutch in, selector to 2nd, release clutch, and... wheeeeeeeee! Made the tight left hand turn into the Hotel!

Ooops! There are speed bumps! Avoid them! Round to the right, and up to the 912 area.

Let the car muddle throughout the lot. Take Trask's best parking space up the second level. Come to a stop at the feet of our local saint, Dr. Melcher. Stop engine. Take great humping breaths of fresh air.

So no good narrative goes without a moral. So here it is: Know your linkage! I did not do this. There is a threaded stop for the accelerator. If it is not set correctly (as mine was not) you will be able to mash the accelerator rod all the way to the firewall. Now we mean BENT. Not moving. A clinker. Stuck.

Ooops, oops. This is why when the car passed the Chevy from Hell and would not quit, the go button was stuck.

Wheeeeeeeeeeeee!

Patron saints of the 912 community came to save me. "What's the problem?"

"Pedal box. Linkage. Bell crank." St. Melcher offered new bushings if they would help and if he could find them. (Alay, por noms).

Pull out the carpet, expose the pedal box, throw Zeke's embarrassing things on the grass, determine that the only problem was that the throttle rod had gotten jammed against the firewall. It was the result of not having a stop on the accelerator pedal.

So here you are: If the car doesn't respect you, grab it by the fuel source and make it behave.

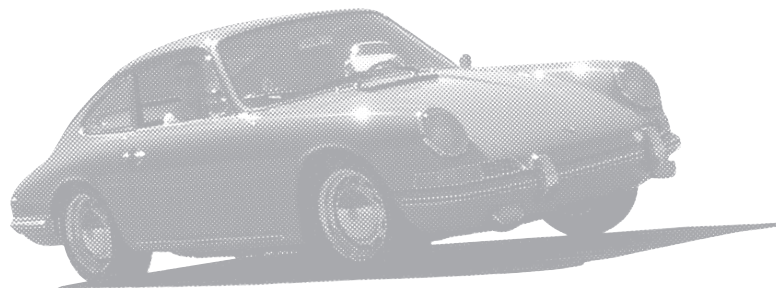
TRUTH: You have a Runaway motor..... STOP IT! Turn off the ignition, pull the selector to neutral, if nothing changes, move to an unreasonable gear and engage the clutch. It should quit.

If you disconnect every mechanical attachment from the carburetor, you can motor home at a reasonable rate if you set the idle screw up to a place where it keeps the motor running under load. Know this: A 4,000RPM idle will barely make 25 MPH on level ground. Mine ran at this level with 1/2 turn of the idle screw on each carb. I was lucky to lose altitude as I was going to my destination.

So where does FORD come on to this tale? Found On Road Dead = FORD

Zeke Lying under an erratic 912 = PORSCHE.

Great folks helping = Our Club. Best People Anywhere. ■■■



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'VOUS CAR SHOW

by Jeff Trask



Best 1965:

Charles Danek

Best 1966:

Jim Chambers

Best 1967:

Richard and Margo Maxey

Best 1968:

Richard Piddick

Best 1969:

Steven Group

Best Targa:

Paula Golus

Best 912E:

Bob and Jill Ashlock

Best Renegade:

Bill Cahill (Beating Tattoo Pete by 1 vote!)



SAVE THESE DATES!

There are four amazing Porsche events happening in 2015:

60th Annual PCA Parade / June 21-27, 2015

If you have yet to attend Parade, you are in for a treat. With decades of experience PCA has packed Parade with a wide range of activities, from competitive concours, autocross, rally, and tech quiz events to relaxed driving tours, banquets, technical discussions and kid's activities. In 2014 at least 15 912 and 912E owners and their families participated in last year's Parade in Monterey. Some won major awards in the concours, drove impressively in the autocross, got to know other families and their kids, or drove Parade laps around Laguna Seca. This year Parade is most convenient for those at mid-continent, to be held in French Lick, Indiana. Let's see how many 912s we can present for the 50th anniversary year! Registration is set to open to PCA entrants on Tuesday, March 17, 2015 at 12 Noon EDT.

Link: <http://parade2015.pca.org/>

Rennsport Reunion V, w/912 Corral / September 25-27, 2015

Rennsport Reunion only occurs every 3-4 years. Porsche was so pleased with Rennsport IV at Laguna Seca that they decided to repeat it at Laguna once again. At Rennsport IV Wolfgang Porsche spoke to the PCA crowd, and told everyone his first car was a 912! In 2015, 912s will have their own special corral, so shine up your Porsche and bring your memorabilia! If you're from out of town, grab your hotel accommodations now!

Customer information and ticket pricing:

http://www.mazdaraceway.com/sites/main/files/file-attachments/porsche_ticket_prices_-_no_parade_lap_1.23.15.pdf

Rennsport Reunion V Porsche 912 Corral Parking, Admission: <https://oss.ticketmaster.com/aps/mrls/EN/buy/quickbuy/223>

15th Annual 912 Registry 2015 West Coast Rendezvous / September 9-12, 2015

Get ready for another long weekend of 912 weekend fun, this time in scenic Paso Robles, California. There will be fantastic meals, scenic (and spirited) drives, winery tours, and a car show. By popular demand, we'll be adding a day for those that can make it Wednesday the 8th.

Check bbs912.org for Registration information!

1st Annual East Coast 912 Rendezvous / September 24-27, 2015

We are proud to announce that next year will be the First Annual East Coast 912 Rendezvous. The event will be held at the Seven Springs Mountain Resort in the Laurel Highlands Region of Pennsylvania. Located just 60 miles southeast of Pittsburgh in the heart of the Allegheny Mountains, the resort is a perfect location to kick off the east coast marquis event, boasting four on-site restaurants, golf course, spa, and countless outdoor activities for the whole family to enjoy.

The region is full of prime mountain driving roads, wineries, and is home to Frank Lloyd Wrights masterpiece, "Fallingwater", as well as his other works "Kentucky Knobb" and "The Duncan House". The Laurel Highlands is also home to a lot of American History: Fort Ligonier, Fort Necessity, and the Flight 93 Memorial.

Check bbs912.org for Registration information!

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Email: _____

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Porsche 912 ownership is not required for membership; the following items are optional:

Car Year: _____

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The advertisement features a red and black checkered background on the left side. In the center, there is a large, stylized white letter "B" inside a red rounded square. Below this, the word "Benton" is written in a large, bold, white serif font, and "PERFORMANCE" is written in a smaller, bold, white sans-serif font. To the right of the text, there is a small image of a dark-colored classic car. At the bottom right, the text "RESTORATION RACING MODIFICATION & CUSTOM COMPONENTS" is written in a small, white, sans-serif font. At the bottom left, the text "JOHN BENTON: 714.630.5025 / john@bentonperformance.com" is written in a small, white, sans-serif font.

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912 Registry Official Merchandise



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Just what you need to finish off your interior restoration, or to impress the concours judges! Genuine hand-stitched leather with cloisonné enameled 912 Registry logo. | \$10



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