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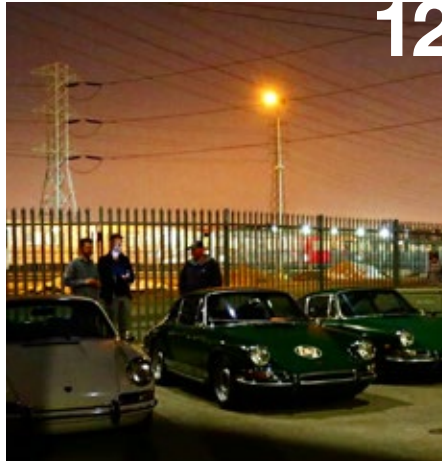
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Don't look now, but the 912 Registry has gone social!

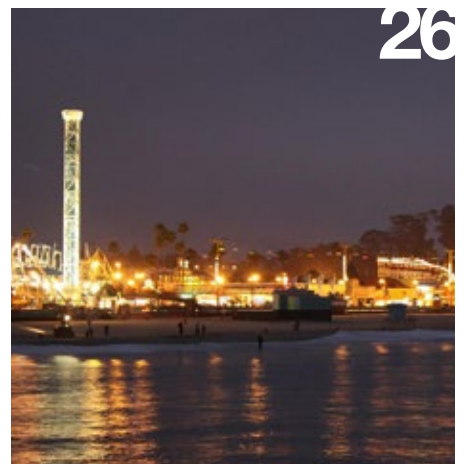


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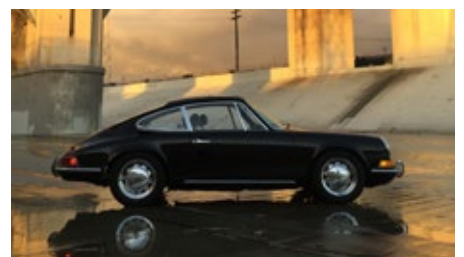
#912Registry

Official Site: 912Registry.org or access the forums: 912bbs.org



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***On the cover:** Courtesy of Carol LeFluffy; "I photographed my 1969 912 underneath the 6th Street Bridge a few days before it was closed for demolition. I had seen so many images over the years of the river below the bridges and had always wanted to go down there. It was a beautiful late January Saturday at sunset and there were lots of people down there with and without cars but I drove directly to this spot, got out and took the photograph and then everyone started coming over to see the car of course!"*



MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT



“The 912 Registry is an international classic car club dedicated to the preservation and enjoyment of the Porsche 912.”

Such has been our mission statement since our club's beginning. Back in those days, the Porsche 912 did not receive much support from the Porsche community at large, and so the model's survival hinged on the ability of dedicated 912 enthusiasts to band together and support one another. Quite literally, the 912 Registry was born from individual 912 owners finding one another on the then new internet, forming regional groups, and then on those groups coming together nationally, and then internationally. Today, I believe our club's original mission statement still stands, but as the 912 world has changed, so

too must our approach to fulfilling its promise. Our task is no longer a matter of tying various rafts together that are adrift on the sea, but to be a ship that can chart its own steady course.

Today is a very special day for the 912 Registry. After nearly two solid years of development, we are ready to launch our new website: 912registry.org

This will be a much longer ‘Message from the President’ than I normally write, because I have lot to say about this achievement, and about the many challenges faced and surmounted that it represents. As you can imagine, the technical challenges we encountered during this venture were considerable, but even more difficult, were the spiritual challenges we faced along the way, when in order to create something with the intent of moving the 912 Registry into the future, we had to really envision what that future might be.

The first thing you will notice about the new site, is that its look and sensibilities echo those of this magazine. As I have shared before, I believe the 912 Registry should have an aesthetic that compliments the beauty and sophistication of our cars, and that this aesthetic should permeate all aspects of our club's presence. The 912 Registry was founded namely by 912 owners who knew the cars in the context of them being new, but it is likely that future generations of 912 owners may likely know them in the context that the 912 Registry creates. As I see it, having a unified visual presence is the key to our offering an ongoing, welcoming, seamless experience.

As with our original site, the new 912registry.org offers a wealth of 912 information, but it presents it in a way that is easier to navigate and access. Reformatted versions of popular pages such as ‘912 Model Years’ and ‘912 Paint Codes’ endure, and in addition we have added a few new pages such as ‘912 1965 vs. 1966’ and ‘912 Registry History’, which are all conveniently located under the ‘912 Information’ heading.

In terms of functionality, the new site features a calendar of events, has an integrated storefront where you may purchase 912 Registry merchandise or register for club events, and best of all, the new site will also allow you to manage your membership directly. In the past, doing any of these things meant sending emails to volunteers and waiting for a reply — now they can all happen in real time!

In addition to the functionality the new site offers us now, there is more it will offer in the near future. For many years, members have been asking us for PDF versions of our club magazine, but in the past we simply did not have the technical means to provide

them; with our new site we do have this ability, and at the present time we are actively working to implement it. Another thing we will eventually add to our new site, will be an actual 912 registry, that lists information about known 912s by VIN #. At the present time this functionality is not yet available, but it is currently under development.

Of equal importance to what our new site offers our club's members, is what it offers our club's volunteers. By automating our membership and integrating our store, we are able to drastically reduce the amount of "busy work" that the 912 Registry demands from its volunteers, which in turn will help make running this club a more sustainable proposition.

Upon setting out to create our new website, step one was for our club's Board of Directors to draft a list of all the functions we wanted it to have. I then took this list to several different web developers, asking for bids as to what such a site would cost build. Frustratingly, not only were all of the bids that I received astronomically beyond the means of our club, but they all still would have left open the question of how to maintain our site after it was built. Enter a company called Club Express, which builds websites that cater to the needs of organizations such as ours. By partnering with Club Express, the 912 Registry is (or will soon be) able to offer virtually all of the functionality we had written down on our original wish list, all at a price we can readily afford, and with Club Express providing ongoing maintenance to our site.

Beyond having an aesthetic that matches our magazine, and delivering the functionality our club requires, our new web site had to meet a third requirement. To explain, up until now, the 912 Registry has effectively had two web sites: the original 912registry.org and the 912bbs.org forum. Initially, these two sites were developed separately to serve different purposes, but they were then linked and brought under the same 912 Registry umbrella, back when our club's primary goal was to merely bring 912 people together. Alas, because we never did possess the technology to truly merge these two sites into one entity, they both continued to operate independently, and both came to represent our club. Unfortunately, having two 912 Registry sites has created a lot of confusion over the years — namely, because the 912 BBS was free to join, countless people mistakenly assumed that merely registering on our forum made them bonafide 912 Registry members. In order to resolve this confusion once and for all, it is absolutely imperative that the new 912 Registry website be the one and only 912 Registry website, and thankfully, Club Express does offer a forum feature that is very similar to our BBS!

Unfortunately, what Club Express does not offer, is a way for us to migrate our old 912 BBS history into our new forum. Accepting the reality of this limitation, was perhaps the single biggest challenge we faced in building our new website, and it weighed heavily on myself and the rest of the 912 Registry Board of Directors for some time. On the one hand, the 912 BBS embodies our club's history — but on the other hand, the 912 Registry may not have much of a future if we prioritize preserving our past above meeting the demands of the present. After a lengthy period of discussion, we have decided that short of being able to take it with us, the best way to honor 912 BBS and the community it serves, is to allow it to continue to exist just as it does now. But with two changes:

The first change, is that the 912 BBS has been uncoupled from the 912 Registry. Going forward, the 912 Registry will continue to support and endorse the 912 BBS, but just as 912 BBS began life as its own separate thing, so too shall it be again.

The second change we are making to the BBS pertains to classified advertising. At

the time the 912 BBS was launched, the 912 was a fairly obscure car, and there were few places to find 912 parts. The original intent of providing a free advertising forum, was to enable our community members to share resources with one another, for the sheer sake of keeping our cars on the road. To stay true to our philosophy of members helping members, our tradition of providing free classified advertising will continue with our new 912registry.org forum, but it will no longer take place on the 912 BBS. Our reasoning for this change is simple: The 912 Registry sees the value in supporting our members who want to buy and sell directly with one another, but in an era where 912 parts can readily be sourced from a myriad of so many other places, it no longer makes sense for us to provide this service for free to those who do not see the value in supporting our club.

On the subject of supporting our club, I want to acknowledge some of the people who made our new web site possible. Rick Becker, Paula Golus, Rick Miranda, Thomas Lockton, Brian Mendel, Jeff Trask, John Benton, Karol Nesdale, Bill Cahill, and Carol LeFluffy, thank you all for your constant guidance and support — the contributions that each of you have made to our new site simply cannot be overstated! In addition, I offer my sincerest thanks to all 912 Registry members for trusting me with your club — at the end of the day, a 912 is just a car, but the 912 Registry is a family, and it is because of you that I want to do what I do.

One last note about our new 912registry.org forum, is that like the 912 BBS it will be open to all to read, but unlike the 912 BBS only 912 Registry members will be able to write posts and replies. The reason for this has nothing to do with elitism, and everything to do with how the 912 Registry pays Club Express for our web site on per active member basis. On the contrary, we would need to raise dues substantially to allow non-members to participate on our new forum, and it simply would not be fair for us to impose this cost on our members.

To commemorate the beginning of this new era for the 912 Registry, we thought of something special: As of now, we are changing the color of our club's grill badge from basic-black to registry-red! Back in 2002, when the first 912 Registry badges were released, the first batch we sold were numbered, which we did to acknowledge our club's charter members. Thus, in keeping with the 912 Registry tradition, the first batch of the new red badges will also be numbered, to acknowledge those who are with us now during this pivotal time.



It has taken a few years to accomplish, but the 912 Registry, with its magazine and now its new web site, has built a presence that measures up to the caliber of the car it celebrates. However, this is not to say we have arrived, but rather we now have a solid foundation from where we can go wherever we decide!

Onward!

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

Charles Danek

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50 YEARS PORSCHE 912: AN INTERVIEW WITH AUTHOR JÜRGEN LEWANDOWSKI

A year ago, I received an email on behalf of noted automotive historian and author Jürgen Lewandowski regarding a proposed new book dedicated entirely to the Porsche 912. He was writing to ask whether the 912 Registry would be interested in helping with the project. My reply was simple, “Thank you for tackling such a worthy subject for a book. How may we be of assistance?”

Over the next few months, I sent over several issues of this magazine, as well as much of what I had written for the information pages on our new web site. Flash-forward to New Year's Day of this year, and a mysterious package from Germany arrived on my door. When I peeled open the cardboard, I was greeted by a gorgeous, boxed, advanced copy of '50 Years Porsche 912'.

From a design standpoint, the book is simply stunning. On the cover, there is a very dramatic modern-day portrait of a pristine, black '69 012 set in a very graphic, industrial setting. When you open the book, pictures from this same session continue, before giving way to a wealth of period images and documents that Jürgen was able to access from the Porsche archive.

From a written standpoint, the book is the most comprehensive account of the origins of the 901 and the 912 I have ever read. This book does not rely on the same, over-simplified assumptions and clichés about the 912 that are repeated in virtually every 912 eBay auction, but rather it takes a multi-faceted, three-dimensional look at the true tide of forces which brought the 912 to bear.

Perhaps the biggest revelation comes in the forward of the book, written by Wolfgang Porsche, who shares that his first car was a Porsche 912, which he remembers very fondly. The aspect of the book I enjoy most, are the iconic period photos of 912s we are all familiar with, juxtaposed with additional alternate images that were taken during the same studio sessions, perhaps just a few frames apart. On a personal note, it is flattering

for me to see many of the things I wrote for our club's new site appearing almost verbatim in its pages.

In recent years, the Porsche community at large has begun to discover what we 912 Registry members have always known: The 912 is simply an amazing, enjoyable, capable, car! For me, this tectonic shift of perception, is nowhere more glaring than in the favorable light Jürgen Lewandowski has cast on the model in '50 Years Porsche 912'.

On the occasion of the release of this book, I sought out Jürgen Lewandowski to ask him a few questions:

What made you want to write a book about the Porsche 912?

I think first I should tell a few facts about me — that will help to understand my work. Being at University, I had the chance to meet the Max Moritz Racing Team, who was based in my hometown, Reutlingen, Germany. They started racing in 1970 with a 914-6, and when I joined them in 1974, we were racing with two 914-6s, some RS 2.8s, two RSR 3.0s and in 1976 we bought two 934s, and for the 1977 and 1978 season we drove a 935 with Manfred Schurti as driver. The two 934s and two 935s for 1977 and 1978 were sponsored by Jägermeister, so most of you will be familiar with these race cars.

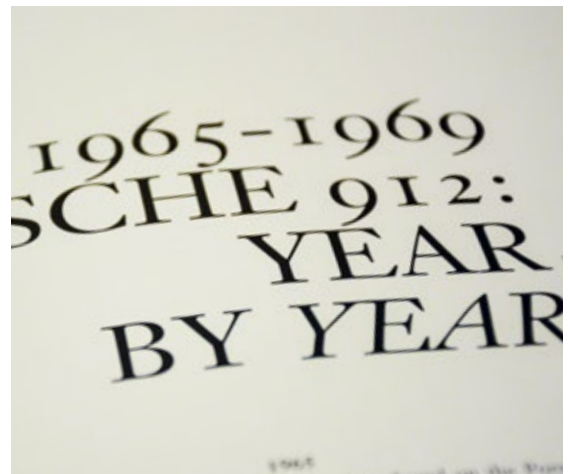
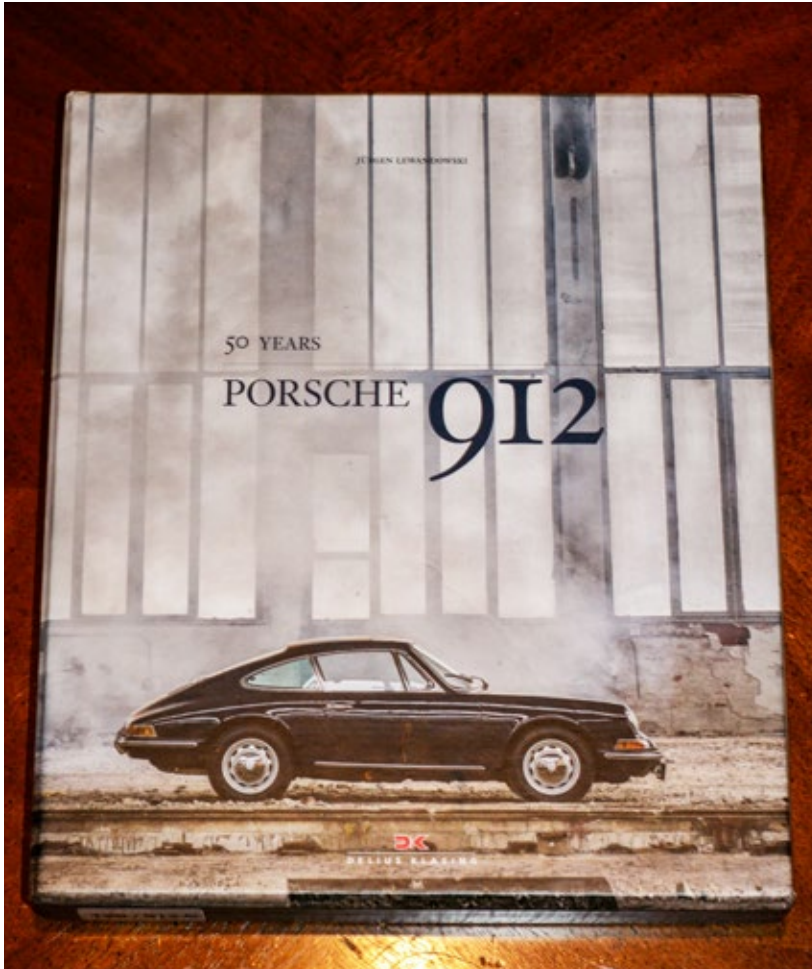
I myself had a very early 911E (2.0 liter), two 914s, and a wonderful 914-6 that was done by Max Moritz as a 916 with Bilstein suspension and a 180HP engine. I sold it in the late '80s as it was rusting all the time and everywhere — the only car I should have never sold.

So I have a deep understanding of Porsche and love for Zuffenhausen. I became a motor journalist in 1977 and worked for Süddeutsche Zeitung from 1979 to 2000, which is the bestselling series daily in Germany. During these years, I got more and better connections. One day Helmuth Bott asked me if I wanted to write the development story of the 959, which became my first book in the Art & Car series. Six more books



followed, and then Ferdinand Piëch (who was head of AUDI development in these days) asked me to write the book about the “Short” Quattro, another stunning car. Later, I was asked by Porsche to write the story of the first Boxster, so you see, there was always a strong connection to Porsche. Two Years ago I did a book with René Staud and teNeues Publishing House on the 50 Years of the 911, and I also wrote 5 Chapters in the amazing book 911-Love, also published by Delius Klasing. Here I had the chance to talk to Jerry Seinfeld about his 911 love.

But there were always some mysteries to me about some Porsche Cars. I never understood why there was nearly nothing known about the birth of the 911. There were some short pages in the books, but I could never find out, when did



they start? Who made the work? Who did the engineering? The design?

So I asked Wolfgang Porsche, who used to live in those days in Munich, what about the real story? He said: "This is a very complicated story with some ups and a lot of downs — if you wish to research this topic, I will give some help, that you will find the right documents." The result was the book of the 901, which won several prizes and is today seen as the real story of the birth of the 911.

And that result was the basis for the 912 Book. Again, the same story: I was asking myself, together with Delius Klasing Publishing House, why is there nothing about the 912? We expected our other colleagues had written something, but nobody did. So I talked again with Wolfgang Porsche and he said: "I got the

second built 912 from my father, and I loved it. Write the story".

That was the start. With the assistance of Dieter Landenberger and Jens Torner from the Porsche archive, I go in depth with the various materials. When I showed the result to them (and they know the Porsche story really well) they said, "We didn't know all these details." I asked, "You should - you are in the heart of the Porsche History." They answered, "For to be fair - nobody was interested in the 912. You are the first who had a look at all the material."

So the answer to your question is that I am very much interested in stories I always wanted to know, wanted to research, as nobody else has done it until now.

With all of the automotive books you

have written, do you have a personal connection to the Porsche 912?

No. As I said, I had a very early 911, which was not a very good car. It had a lot of problems, perhaps I should not have bought a used "E" because in those days a 911 with carburetors would have been the better choice. In the last 40 years as a journalist I have driven most of Porsche's cars. The cars I really remember were the RS 2.7, our RSR 3.0 and the 935 on the track (I was happy to bring this car back without damage), the 959, the 911 SC/RS and off course the Turbo 911s. And I loved the 924 Carrera GT.

Did writing this book affirm your previous held notions of the 912, or else how did it change them?

Having driven the 912 now for the



book I discovered that it was a shame not to put it on my list earlier. This is the car that saved Porsche in a very critical situation.

Was there anything special or unique about writing this book for you, that distinguishes it from all the others you have written?

As I love all my books — and I always love the last one, as you still remember the work and the time you have spent for that piece.

Given all the 912 enthusiasts you encountered throughout this project, how would you compare 912 culture to that of other Porsche models?

I have the feeling that 912 owners are more proud of their subject. They had some hard times to survive in the Porsche community, which is very much focused on the 911. The 912 had been for a long time the “Poor Man’s Porsche” which is absolutely unfair, as this car helped Porsche tremendously to survive. 912 enthusiasts know about these stories, and I am glad that I can give these enthusiasts now a little more background for these type of discussions. Now that 912 prices are going up I ask myself, What will be the car to buy now if you are not a millionaire -- the 914?

What was the most the most surprising discovery you made about

912s while researching this book?

Three things: I discovered reading all the papers from the meetings how strong the engineers did fight for every technical detail, and how strong the sales department did fight for getting the market price they wanted to have. Hundreds of pages from meetings!

Also, I think it is now quite clear, that there was never a 912R built in the factory. Yes, they thought about it, as you can see on one page, but they didn’t do it. I am sure that they gave some hidden advice for winning the European Championship in Group 1 but this was a private thing. My apologies to those who believe they have a factory 912R.

And last, but not least: The story of the 912E has to be rewritten. The 912E was not built to replace the 914 2.0. The 912E was ready two years earlier to replace the 914-6, but as Porsche U.S. didn’t yet want to have the car, the 914-6 was replaced by the 914 2.0, which had only 10 hp less and was lighter. When the 914 2.0 did run out of production they took the two year old 912E out of a hangar and started to produce the car for only one year.

Dr. Wolfgang Porsche writes the foreword to your book, and a majority of its pages are filled with period documents and photographs — how close was your collaboration with Porsche or the Porsche family

on this book?

As I said in the beginning, the collaboration is very close. Dr. Wolfgang Porsche always has an open ear, and Porsche, especially their archive, is fantastic.


What have people’s reactions been to seeing your finished book?

I think everybody was happy as the readers see, that we tried to find the real story. We found some great material in the archive. Who knew that Porsche did a homologation of the 912 Targa for racing? There might be some faults, but you can never write something like this without a fault. There are always specialists who know on their island more than you will ever know.

What is the thing you will most take away from your experience with this project?

It is worth the time and work it took to do such a project. You learn a lot, you meet great people and you have the feeling that you have filled another gap in the story of the automobile. And there are so many gaps left.

Is there anything else you wish to tell the 912 Registry?

Congratulations for believing that the 912 is a real Porsche -- now you have the answer. 

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SIXTH STREET BRIDGE

Story and Photos by John Benton

Farewell to the Sixth Street Bridge.

Even if you do not live in Los Angeles, the odds are you've seen the "Iconic" 6th Street Bridge. It is one of the most filmed and photographed structures in Los Angeles and has been featured in hundreds of print and film productions.

If you grew up in Los Angeles and liked to cruise, you knew that a complete night involved the transition from Whittier Blvd in East LA to Downtown LA and Sixth Street via the bridge.

Built at the height of the Great Depression and completed in 1932, this bridge served as more than just a portal between two areas of Los Angeles. Spanning over a half mile and covering the Los Angeles River, major rail lines and the 101 and 5 Freeways, this bridge was a portal to a better life for those that worked to complete it.

As Los Angeles transitioned from a mercantile center to a cultural and business hub, the bridge and surrounding

areas became distressed. For many years, this area was part of skid row. It would take many years, but a slow gentrification occurred, spurred along by artists and dreamers. The area is now recognized as the "Arts District" and you might recognize it as the home base for the world famous Porsche collector, Magnus Walker, who features the Sixth Street Bridge in his popular Urban Outlaw video.

Although the bridge has survived the many changes around it over the last 84 years of faithful service, it is suffering from a flaw in the 48,000 yards of concrete used to build it: High alkali content in it has rendered it unsafe. Engineers determined that it has a 70% probability of total collapse in an earthquake within the next 50 years!

Word on the street went out via various social media feeds of local Porsche and Car clubs that December 21, at 9pm there would be one last opportunity to hang out and enjoy a magic night of Los

Angeles car culture.

Everything from Low Riders, Japanese car clubs, bikers, Eurosport clubs, and R Gruppe Porsches were present.

There was also a contingent of 912 owners that came out to share in the historic moment. Heath Mattioli in his Irish Green '68, Ryan Schumacher in his Irish Green '67, Jeff Martin in his Irish Green '67, Carol LeFluffy in her Black '69 and my Light Ivory '68 all gathered along the back wall along the riverside.

Walking around the other cars and people was energizing and inspirational. What an electric night of shared car culture, LA style!

The Bridge, now closed, will be demolished starting in February 2016, with the new Bridge slated for completion in 2019. The new bridge, "The Ribbon of Light", will be a sharp contrast to the original. Let's hope the old scene can still live in the new space.

Peace. 



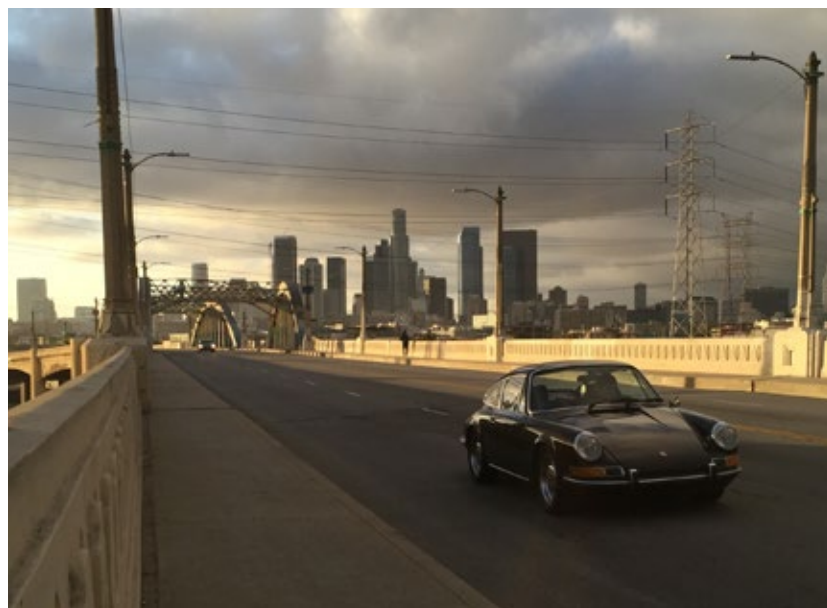






photo by Carol Leflufy





A ROAD TRIP TO REMEMBER

Story and Photos by Brian & Sue Sanders

Sue, my wife, and I are the proud owners of a Crystal Blue 1968 912 Porsche that I purchased from the original owners, my parents, in 1982. We joined the Porsche Club of America in 2011 and shortly thereafter we also joined the 912 Registry. We have participated in numerous tours with the Sacramento Valley Region of the PCA and several 912 Rendezvous' here in California. The one thing that keeps both Sue and I attending these events is not the Porsche marque, but all the wonderful people the marque brings together. So, when the 912 Registry announced the first Annual East Coast 912 Rendezvous, taking place from September 24 to 26, in Seven Springs Pennsylvania, we were very interested in attending. Making the commitment to attend was not an easy one, as it was a distance of approximately 3,000 miles one way and we would be on the road for the better part of 2 weeks.

First we had to decide on how to get there. Drive the car (gasp) or put it on a trailer? I told Sue that this was a "no brainer". We had a new Ford pickup with air conditioning, cruise control and Sirius Radio. She called me a "Candy Ass". I was informed that we were not going to be like those "Harley Guys" who put their motorcycles in the back of a truck and drive to Sturgis! I asked if I could follow her with the truck? The answer was, "No." Since she was feeling so adventurous, I suggested we take Route 50 (known as the Loneliest Road in America) as far across the country as we could and Sue agreed. This was going to be an old fashioned "Road Trip".



My family has competed in the Reno National Air Races since 1983 and it just so happened that this year the races were held the weekend before the Rendezvous. Check-in for the Rendezvous was Thursday afternoon. This would give us four days to drive from Nevada to the east coast. With this in mind, Sue drove the 912 to Reno for the Races, and we then planned to leave on Monday morning for Pennsylvania.

After a quick look at the map we decided that Grand Junction Colorado would be a good place to spend the first night. A check of the hand-held GPS confirmed this and showed it to be a 12-hour drive via Route 50. We hit the sheets early, full of anticipation, planning to be on the road by 8:00AM. At 5:00AM we had the following exchange: "You awake? Maybe, Why? You want to leave early? Sure!" After checking out of the hotel, and a quick muffin, we jumped in the 912, and we were on the road before sunrise.

Day 1: The first leg of our drive took us to Fallon, Nevada, where we topped off with fuel and purchased four bottled waters. While driving along, drinking my water, I wondered what my parents did "back in the day" with four of us in the car, and no such thing yet as bottled water. Did we have a thermos and cups? Or did Dad make us tough it out? I just don't remember. There are no cup holders in the car, so when Sue and I were done drinking we simply

screwed the lid back on the bottle and set it down between the seats beside the emergency brake and heater levers. Once outside of Fallon we entered the barren expanses of the desert. I believe Buzz Aldrin (second man on the Moon) said it best when describing the lunar landscape as "magnificent desolation". My feelings exactly!

This section of Nevada is a series of mountain ranges and valleys. The road through the mountain ranges is quite curvy, and it made me feel like the car was in its element. The roads across the valleys are straight as an arrow, up to 40 miles long, and Boring! Leaving Nevada, we entered Utah, and drove through "Green River State Park", the beginnings of the Grand Canyon. The bright Red Mountains and Rock Formations are unbelievable. The scenery was so spectacular that Sue proclaimed "How can anyone see this and not believe in God". As the sun was setting we rolled into Grand Junction, stopped at the first Mexican Restaurant we came to, and celebrated the first day of our adventure with a couple of Margaritas.

Day 2: We awoke early and were on the road again before sunrise. As we headed higher into the Rockies, the combination of blue sky, puffy white clouds, towering mountains and the red and golden trees made the scenery breathtaking. But we were on a schedule, so Sue had to be content with taking pictures on the move. However,

I was willing to make one exception. We would stop and get a picture of the car at Monarch Pass, elevation 11,312 feet! The problem was we were so busy gawking at the scenery and me keeping the car in the right gear that we sailed right over Monarch pass without realizing it.

Highly disappointed, we continued on to Pueblo for fuel and lunch. Because time was of the essence, and traveling on Route 50 would take us longer, we made the decision to head North and pickup Interstate 70. Sue and I traded turns at the wheel at every fuel stop, and we quickly figured out that she is a better driver than I am a passenger. With her at the wheel, I found numerous uses for the GPS. I used it to calculate our next fuel stop, where to stop for the night, dinner, and where to find an auto parts store. I also used where it shows the speed



limit and your current speed, to gently “encourage” Sue to keep the speed up around 80 MPH. She explained she felt more comfortable driving around 75 MPH and told me to quit hounding her! I tried to argue that going 5 MPH faster would add up to an hour saved for every 12 hours of driving, and so I kept “encouraging” Sue to drive faster, but I would come to regret this on the way home.

We soon entered Kansas where we were met by three things: First, a road so straight that you measured the distance not by the odometer but by the time since your last turn. I gave up counting after two hours. Second, winds that were so strong (90 degrees at 35-40 MPH) that I hounded Sue to pass the semi-trucks quickly lest one of them blow over on us. She also refused to



cruise over 75 because the car would dart every time we went through an overpass. And third, blowing dirt. Since a 912 has no AC, we had to keep the side-vent windows open, with the result being that when Sue took her cell phone off the dash you could see the outline of the phone in the dirt!

Day 3: Even with the time change we are up early again. I got ready first and while Sue got ready I went out and made sure that the 912 was ready for the day. Tires look round, check, oil level, check, alternator belt, check, no fluids under the car, check. Wait a minute, there's a 2" diameter oil spot under the driver's side valve cover! In preparation for our trip, I had packed a tool kit (good decision) but since the car was not leaking oil when we left, I opted to not bring a spare set of valve cover gaskets (bad decision.) Using a screw driver, I removed the leaking valve cover, and tried to adjust the worn valve cover gasket, hoping this would solve the problem. Our whole day was then spent amongst semis and construction zones too numerous to count, and every time we stopped, you could smell the burning oil as it dropped onto the hot exhaust. Boy was it making a mess of the rear end of our car!

That night I called the organizer of the event, Harry Hoffman, to see if he might be able to source a valve cover gasket for me. Harry, having driven his 912 across the U.S. several times, replied that he had a gift pack waiting for me for having come the furthest: An oil filter and 2 valve cover gaskets! He had planned on giving me the gift pack at the Saturday evening Awards Banquet but now he would give it to me when I arrived.

Day 4: During my morning pre-drive inspection I noted that the size of the oil slick under the car was three times as large as the previous morning. The leak was getting worse.

We were approximately seven hours from our final destination and the road and the scenery were improving. There were changes in elevation, curves and trees galore. When we were ten miles out, we stopped at a self-serve car wash, and cleaned our poor little car

inside and out.

Finally we arrived at our destination, Seven Springs Ski Lodge. Sue pointed out that it would be in poor taste to pull up at the main entrance and leave our mark (oil) like an old dog. I agreed with her, but what could we do? When we pulled up to the hotel, I jumped out and put the cardboard tray that came with our water bottles underneath our car to catch the oil.

We found Harry Hoffman was working the registration table, and after introductions he ran up to his room and grabbed the gift pack for me. I took the car around back to change the gasket, and Sue checked us in. After a short rest we were off to the welcoming party. Every time someone asked us where we were from the response was always the same, "Oh so you're the ones! How was the drive?"

The Rendezvous: On Friday morning, we had our choice of taking a "Spirited Drive" or a taking a tour of an auto collection / neon clock manufacturing business. After having just done over 3,000 miles of spirited driving, we opted for the tour. The auto collection was very interesting, however, for me, the hand-built custom neon clocks stole the show. In fact one of these clocks, with a picture of our 912 high in the Rockies, now hangs in our garage, a birthday present from my wife.

Saturday dawned cool and overcast as we positioned the vehicles for the 912 Rendezvous Car Show. The 912s were divided into years, Targa's, Renegades and 912E's. After a catered lunch, overlooking the cars, we divided up once again into two groups. One going to the Flight 93 Memorial the other to the Frank Lloyd Wright "Water Fall House". Sue and I chose the latter and were treated to a house that is spectacular both in it's engineering and harmony with nature.

The final event was the Dinner and Awards Banquet. Sue and I had the pleasure of sharing a table with three other couples, where the wine and stories flowed freely throughout the evening. The cars chosen for awards followed pretty much as I had expected, including the hotly contested 1968 year category. Our car took second place to a very clean, very stock, original paint,

second owner car. A hard combination to beat! The final and most coveted award, was for Best Of Show. When they announced our car as the winner, our new found friends leapt to their feet in applause! I was surprised. Personally, I felt that there were two other cars more deserving of the honor, a 1966 red on red and the afore mentioned 1968. I guess the rare color and family history may have tipped the scales in our favor. The evening came to an end all too soon, and with heavy hearts we said our goodbyes, since it was doubtful we would see them again before starting for home in the early morning.

The Long Road Home — Day 1:

Having had our fill of I-70, we decided to head North and pickup I-80, which would take us through an entirely different set of states. It was while speeding across Ohio that I got to meet one of their "finest" who proceeded to give me a memento of my time spent in their lovely state. The memento read 81 in a 70. When I inquired about the "customary cushion" he replied that 10 over was his limit. I had exceeded his personal limit by 1 MPH! I indicated to him that my speed wasn't too bad, considering we did not have cruise control. His mind was set, and as we parted ways I murmured something about him being the South end of a North bound donkey. But, it turned out the ticket was only \$165. If I had known that it was that cheap I would have gone faster!

As we got back on our way, I eased our velocity back up to around the top of the "cushion" and then it started. "Oh Brian..." "Yes dear?" "The GPS shows that you are traveling at 83 MPH. You don't want another ticket do you?" "I'm trying to run 79 but it is hard to do!" A few minutes later and she is "encouraging" me to slow down again as my speed was back up at 82. I told her to "Quit hounding me!" She just smiled. Pay backs are hell.

The Long Road Home — Day 2:

After spending the night somewhere in Iowa, we were soon back our way. I-80 had turns and good scenery, but there was still something missing. We never got near any towns. The only

stops along the way were the “Travel Plazas”, large buildings that consisted of a gas station, convenience store and numerous fast food restaurants that reminded me of the food court at the local mall. We were traveling down the highway among the leviathans from Point A to Point B. This was not a road trip, there was no adventure here, this was nothing more than a commute! We were no longer connected with the car. There is a certain feel about the older Porsches. There is no power steering, no ABS, stand on the brakes too hard and you lock up a wheel, no PDK deciding what gear it thinks you want. You drive these cars and they talk to you, all you have to do is listen! When you do it right you are rewarded, get it wrong and it lets you know in no uncertain terms. You are fully engaged in the driving experience, truly part of the car.

With this in mind, I studied the map and found that Route 283 headed South right through the Heartland of America. As soon as we were off the interstate, onto the two lane road, and had run the car up through the gears all three of us, Sue, myself and the car, breathed a sigh of relief.

The countryside appears flat as a board until you head out across it. The road had its fair share of turns and there were gullies, washes and rolling hills that kept the drive interesting for Sue and kept me awake. The speed limit out here was 65 MPH, but the hardest part was slowing down to 25-35 MPH when going through the small towns.

We were 11 hours into our 12 hour day, and the Sun had just set as we passed through yet another small town. We had reached the outskirts of town and were almost back up to speed when I heard Sue ask the question “are those lights behind me?” It seemed that the long arm of the law had clocked her at 49 in a 35, a respectable 14 MPH over the limit! Sue was beside herself. All week, I was the one pushing the limit not her! The officer asked us where we were going and where we had come from. He understood the challenges of slowing down for the town and the effects of being on the road all day. He checked our ‘papers’, gave Sue his business card, and let her go. As we drove on toward Pueblo, Colorado,



where we would stay the night, Sue promised never to speed again.

The Long Road Home — Day 3:

We chose Pueblo, because from there we could pickup Route 50 and retrace the most majestic part of our trip. We did not have a schedule this time and could take in the scenery at a more leisurely

pace. We got up early hoping to be on our way into the Rockies ahead of the semis and motor homes.

This time, we did make a stop at the Monarch Pass summit, where we took pictures of our car with the Continental Divide as the background. At 11,312 feet, I feared our car might have difficulty starting due to thin air at this altitude. My



worries were unfounded as the engine lit off without hesitation, but then I could not get the damn thing, uh beloved 912, to run! It would start and die, pump the gas, start and die, pump the gas, start to run, pump like mad and it still refused to keep going. Sue suggested we push it up the incline, over the crest and bump start it on the way down the mountain. I told her if we did that, at this altitude, the car wasn't going to be the only thing dying. I thought about the symptoms and believed it to be fuel starvation. Shortly after buying the car I installed an electric auxiliary fuel pump to fill the carburetors after the car sat for any extended period of time. I now flipped on the aux fuel pump and presto, it started and continued to run! Sue closed the deck lid, leapt into the car and we high-tailed it out of there.

The changing of the colors was now at its zenith and we stopped several times along the side of the road for photos with the golden Aspens. I stayed in the car, making sure it kept running, while Sue stood out in the middle of the road taking pictures!

When we stopped for lunch I could hear the aux pump running flat out. That got me thinking about blockage of the fuel line. I had recently changed the filter between the aux pump and the engine driven pump but had not cleaned the filter on the inlet side of the aux pump. The filter was more like a screen and once removed you could see that it was full of rust, so I cleaned and reinstalled it, then unhooked

the outlet fuel line, pointed it over the rear fender and turned on the aux pump and, drum roll please, no fuel! I figured that the rust was coming from inside the tank and had plugged the screen in the bottom of the tank. Hoping to dislodge any rust blocking the fuel pickup, I had Sue open the fuel filler, and then I blew through the fuel line, as hard as I could. Sue said heard bubbles in the tank. She then she came back to watch as I hooked up the fuel line to the aux pump. I flipped on the switch and proceeded to cover her shoes with gas! She was not very happy about her new fragrance "Essence de Petrol" but thankful that fuel flow was restored and we could be on our way again.

That night, as we pulled into Delta Utah, we both noted that this was our last night on the road.

The Long Road Home — Day 4:

Nevada pretty much looks the same when driving West as it does driving East. Our calculation showed we would be home in the early afternoon, and this looked as if it was going to be an easy day. There had not been much action, except for a couple of rabbits bent on sacrificing themselves to the Porsche Gods, when I spotted an officer of the law headed in the opposite direction. I was not concerned since the speed limit was 70 and at Sue's request I had lowered my cruise speed to around 75. As we got closer he turned on his lights and performed a U-turn. I was informed that I was traveling at a whopping 77 in a

70. When I inquired about the "cushion" he replied that there was no cushion, the speed limit was 70 and this was a dangerous road. I thought to myself, dangerous? Are you kidding me? A 30-mile straight away with no one in sight? The officer then inquired if the car had cruise control, and I told him no. He checked our "papers" and let me off with a warning.

Shortly after pulling back up on the road he passed us, went less than three miles, and flipped a U turn in pursuit of a lady in a Toyota to let her know all about the inherent dangers of driving on a straight road.

The drive through the Sierras went swiftly as the roads were comfortably familiar. And then we were home.

As I switched off the ignition and the engine came to a stop I could not help but marvel at three things:

1. The number of insects we collected on the front of the car.
2. Our issues with the car were all minor and due mostly to age.
3. That, even with frayed nerves, raw from the road, we did not kill each other.

Our Trip: "By the Numbers"

Total Distance Traveled:	6,314 miles
Total Fuel Consumed:	241.6 gallons
Average Fuel Economy:	24 MPG
Total Fuel Cost:	\$704.87
Least Expensive Fuel:	\$2.49 Kansas
Most Expensive Fuel:	\$3.25 Iowa 🇺🇸



A LOOK APART

"Hella 128" by Bill Cahill / bill-cahill.com

THE 2016 JANUARY ROUNDUP: DRIVING WITH EAGLES

by Mike Vriesenga

As we have for many years,

Lone Star 912 members and other air-cooled Porsche owners from Central Texas met on Saturday, January 16, 2016 for a drive and lunch to kick off the New Year. While there may be no such thing as “bad” rain in drought-plagued Texas, Saturday’s rain was heavy enough to make a mess of the cars, but too light to help the trees. The Porsches from Austin wore a ghostly veneer, covered in white “mud” from driving a backroad past a quarry.

After meeting in Burnet (that’s “burn it,” durn it, learn it), eight classic Porsches roared their way up FM690 and RR2341 towards the Canyon of the Eagles resort. Drivers and passengers enjoyed glimpses of Buchanan Lake between dips into valleys and swings around hill sides. The highlight was the fast curving descent from the cleft between Spider Mountain and Cedar Mountain then up, up and around White Bluff. It was the kind of driving that makes owning a classic Porsche worthwhile.

Lunch was a relaxing conclusion to an invigorating drive. The Overlook Restaurant frames expansive views of Buchanan Lake between massive stone pillars. The smell, sound and warmth of oak logs roaring in the fireplace banished thoughts of the rainy morning. The staff was well prepared, the food was tasty, and the conversation flowed amicably. The skies cleared so that after lunch folks walked the grounds. As an exclamation point to the day, we spotted some of the eagles promised by the name of our destination.

It may have started with a “bad” rain, but the 2016 January Roundup was a good Porsche day. ■■■



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SAVE THE DATE!

16th Annual 912 Registry 2016 West Coast Rendezvous / August 24-28, 2016

Location: Santa Cruz, CA. (Scotts Valley to be exact)

Hotel: The Inn at Pasatiempo 1-831-423-5000. Block of rooms good until July 14th. Listed under 912 Registry.

Rooms in the Santa Cruz area fill up quickly, so make reservations early. Liberal cancelation policy.

Room rates are: Thurs- \$140. Fri & Sat. \$174. Wednesday early birds get a slightly better rate for Wednesday.

Hotel is pet friendly for dogs weighing 25 lbs or less.

We do have an evening activity (free) planned for Wednesday.

Car show will be at Canepa Motor Sports with a tour of the facility.

Lunch after the car show and after that a Tech Session at Bruce Schmid's restoration shop in the Santa Cruz mountains.

Driving tours through the giant Redwood trees and the Costal Highway.

Links:

Inn at Pasatiempo: <http://www.innatpasatiempo.com>

Canepa Motor Sports: <http://canepa.com>

Check 912registry.org or 912bbs.org for registration information!

Images courtesy of CompFight.com





Membership Application Form

Name: _____

Address: _____

Email: _____

Annual Membership (circle one): 1 Year \$35 2 Years \$70 (For outside of USA members, add \$15 per year.)

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

Car Year: _____

Body Style (circle one): Coupe Sunroof SW Targa HW Targa

Original Color Code: _____ VIN: _____

Special Notes: _____

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