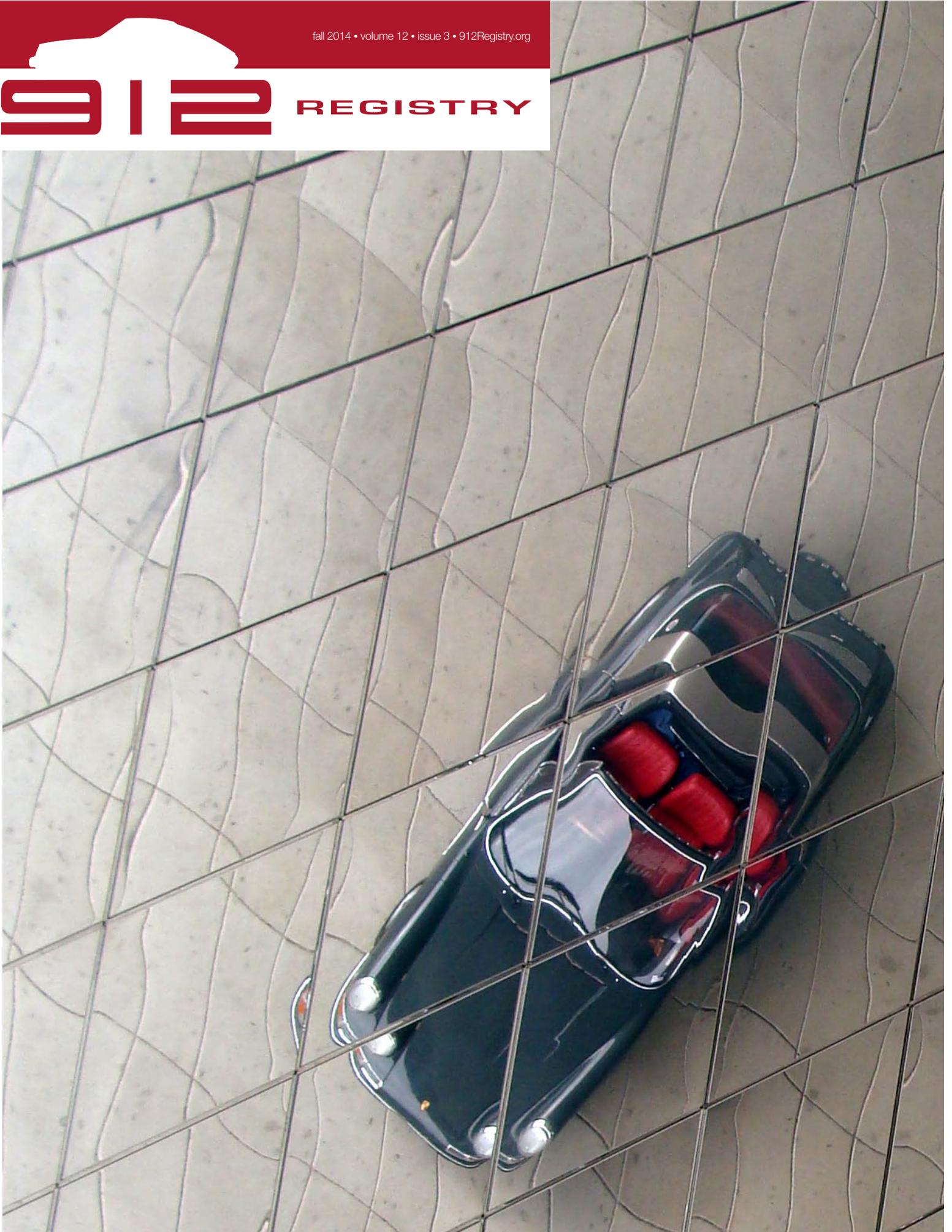


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fall 2014 • volume 12 • issue 3 • 912Registry.org



- 4** **Message From The President** by Charles Danek
- 6** **E-Extraction from Quantico: Another Cross Country Adventure** by Bob Ashlock
- 11** **PCA Timeline Lake Arrowhead** by Charles Danek
- 14** **My Adopted Family** by Ronnie Gausman
- 18** **45 Years Together** by John Rotner
- 21** **A Look Apart** by Bill Cahill
- 22** **Round Tuit** by Mike Vriesenga
- 24** **From the Archives**



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



/912Registry



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

On the cover: Barwaut Verhoeven's 1968 Slate Gray on Red Hard Window Targa reflecting on the roof of the Porsche Museum, Stuttgart, Germany. Photo by Barwaut Verhoeven



MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT



Hello All -

When I bought my first 912 in the spring of 2002, the car was not yet a classic. It really didn't look all that different from a 1980s 911SC, which in turn shared similar proportions with a 993. I guess by then Boxsters and 996s had already been on the road for a few years or so, but I don't think the world had yet fully accepted these as the new shape of Porsche. On the contrary, my 912 epitomized the silhouette of a Porsche, but at the time it was merely regarded as its most anemic iteration. When I drove my car on the street, I guess it got some respect from the uninitiated who

merely saw it as a "Por-sh!", but for the most part I was fairly incognito. (Well, as incognito as anyone can be driving an "Arrest Me Red" Porsche could be.)

Of course now the 912 is a classic, held accountable only to the standards of the era it was made in, as opposed being a car stuck forever in the shadows of its far more contemporary brethren, which by now have evolved into an almost entirely different species. Now when people acknowledge my 912, they see it as a bookmark into the past, not as technology obsolete in the present. For the most part, I am grateful for this transition, as I know that such newfound appreciation ensures that the 912 will now endure for future generations. But lately I have also been thinking about how the 912's rising cachet could be changing the equation in other ways too. Maybe it's partly because the cars are now all mechanically twelve years older, and maybe it's partly because the cars are now undeniably more precious, but the fact is that you now almost never see a 912 in regular service. I suppose this advent was always as inevitable as time moving forward, and in a big way I do welcome it for how it means that these cars are being spared from unnecessary wear and tear, but a part of me also laments the fact that while we can preserve our cars, there is no way to preserve the experience that each generation will have with them. Twelve years ago when I took my car on adventures, I could just sort of blend into the scenery, but now when I travel my car invariably makes me pop out of it. And as a person who loves his 912 first and foremost as a machine that distills driving down to its purest form, there is no denying that such conspicuousness has changed the nature of the game for me.

Upon reading the different features in this issue, especially the two very special stories sent to us by original owners, I am reminded of how our 912s may not change physically as they move through time, but that they change constantly nonetheless as they move through our lives. Ultimately I come away grateful for experiences I know will never come again, and at the same time I choose to be excited about what the road has in store. Whatever the challenges may be, we all make an effort to preserve our cars, so why not make an effort to enjoy them?

I say get out there, live a story, take pictures as you go, write it down, and then send it to us so we can share it with everyone!

Onward!

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

Charles Danek

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E-EXTRACTION FROM QUANTICO: ANOTHER CROSS COUNTRY ADVENTURE

by Bob Ashlock

Quantico? Well, not exactly.

But Dumfries, West Virginia, which is close enough.

This is a kind of sequel to the Texas Hill Country Rallye story that appeared in the Summer 2014 issue of 912 Registry Magazine. The end result of that trip was that my co-pilot Ken Burge had a lot of fun hanging with the usual suspects and got all fired-up on getting a 912E. Shortly after we returned home he started trolling the ads and forums but none of the cars that came up were very exciting. Then early one Sunday morning in April, as I was doing my routine peruse of the 912 BBS, I noticed a 912E had just appeared for sale. It sounded very nice and so I called Ken and got him in touch with the owner / member, Dave Lovato. Ken was pretty excited about Dave's car (#496 often referred to as the "Brown Bomber") with its Raby-built engine. For those who don't know who Dave is, suffice it to say he takes really good care of his cars. This E is in superb condition, has traveled all over the US and Europe during its storied life. Accordingly, Ken quickly struck a deal with Dave and sent him a healthy deposit right away.

A plan was hatched about how we would fly to the East Coast, pick up #496 and drive it back. Unfortunately, I had other travel plans already committed for the next few weeks in April so the trip had to be delayed until early May, with the only benefit being one-way airline tickets purchased that far in advance were dirt cheap.

The "timer of delayed gratification" finally ran out, and on a late Monday evening in early May we were on separate red-eyes to Virginia. Dave picked us up at Dulles airport Tuesday morning and it was off to his house in Dumfries to finalize the deal. There we met Dave's lovely wife Rhonda and got our first look at the 912E. What a splendid car, so clean and well cared for. Even nicer looking than in the generous photos Dave had sent us. The requisite test-drive, car stories, a tour of Dave's garage and parts stash followed by a trip to the bank to finalize the deal put us well into late-afternoon.



Dave had even prepared Ken a "road-kit" with spare parts and supplies for our cross-country adventure.

The plan was to spend the first night in town, but Dave balked at our cheap hotel selection and Rhonda helped get us a reservation at a better place about an hour south where the car would be safer parked out all night. We arrived there and had our first good meal in about 24 hours. Returning to the parking lot to head for our hotel we discovered the car would not start. Just a small 'click', but no starter rotation. I've seen this before! I threw a towel on the ground, reached under and tapped the starter solenoid with a tire-iron. Viola!... we got instant start-up. This is a common symptom of a solenoid that is about "done". This procedure became routine throughout the trip. Always a bit comical when there were people standing about admiring the car.

Wednesday morning we were refreshed and hit the road for the first destination: Peter Graham's house in Black Mountain, North Carolina. Instead of taking major highways, Peter helped us chart a route through / near the Appalachian



Mountains and countryside, hitting smaller towns and enjoying the scenery. We had a splendid time exercising the "E" in the hills. Dave really had the suspension nicely set up. The scenery along the Blue Ridge Parkway was beautiful as we approached Peter's house late afternoon.

Peter and his wife Claudia greeted us as we idled up their long driveway. Peter and Claudia live in a fantastic location of Black Mountain and their 'self-built' house with stellar views is spectacular. After greetings and refreshments,

we were hustled out to Peter's garage to review his latest project, the '68 Targa, with its notorious appetite for \$100 bills.

During our drive, we noticed the constant smell of hot oil dripping on the exhaust of the E, and sure enough, shortly after arriving, the Brown Bomber had marked its territory on Peter's driveway. While I blotted up the mess, Peter got right on the leak problem. Out came the floor jack and the rear of the car went up in the air. Peter deftly popped-off the passenger side valve cover to expose the culprit... the gasket had slipped inside the valve cover, a common problem on the type-4 motor. Replacement was done and in no time we were drinking

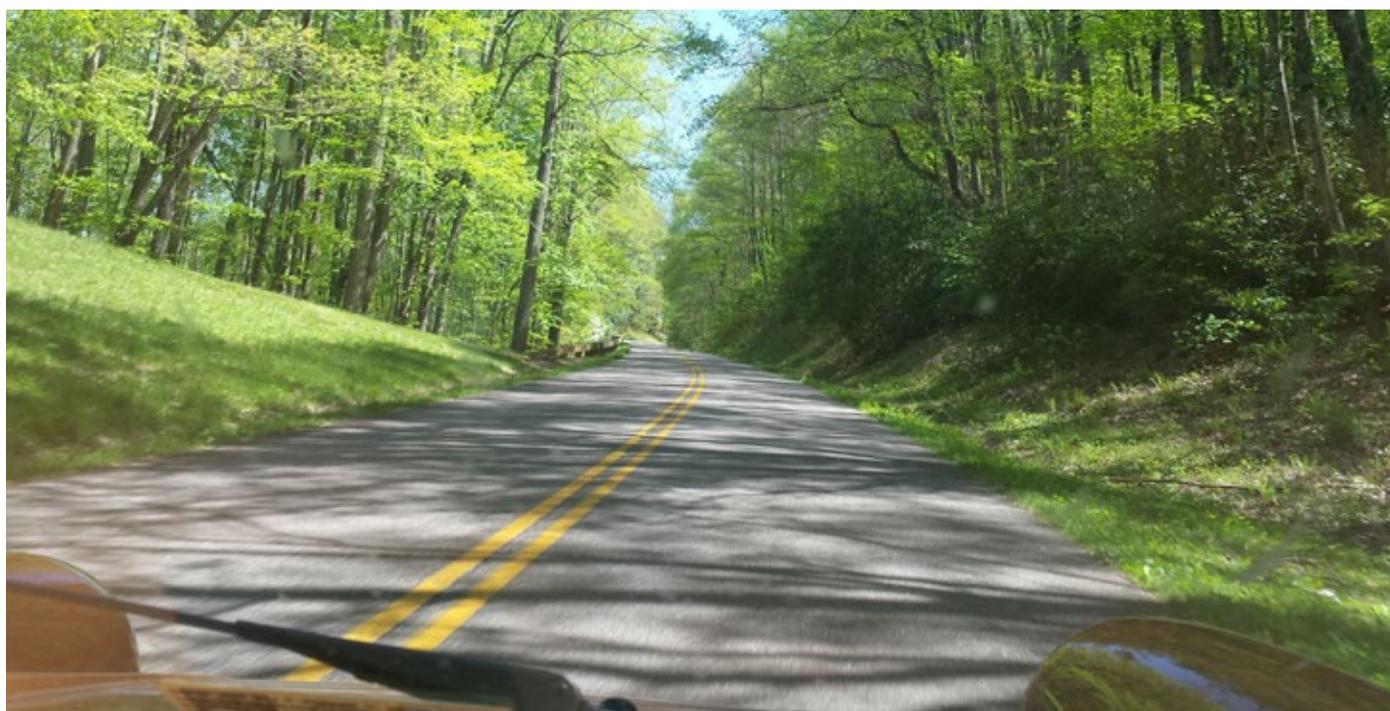
beer and eating pizza at Get Fresh, one of Peter's favorite local restaurants. Back at Peter's we were treated to a demonstration of the best-ever implementation of a Mapp gas-powered Potato Cannon. After firing off a few spuds, the air smelled of hot baked potatoes. Soon it was off to the guest house to catch up on a decent night's sleep and just to be sure, Dr. Graham administered a few shots of moonshine!

Early the next morning we all went to breakfast, followed by a nice send-off. Next stop planned was the New Orleans area. The drive started out well, but as we approached Louisiana late afternoon, we ran smack into huge storms. We

were drenched getting from the parking lot to the motel and then again when we went out to dinner a block away. By now Ken's beautiful E looked like a drowned rat and nothing could be done about it. It stormed all night but by morning it began breaking up and we headed out across the Louisiana bayous towards our next destination of Montgomery, TX where good friends Bill and Debby Putnam would take us in for the weekend.

We had a great time hanging out and enjoying the Putnam's Texas hospitality. Our stay with them gave us some time to clean up the "E" and got Bill inspired to do a little more polishing on his Carrera S. Porsche detailing obsession: A great way to drink beer and relax!

Early Monday we started out on the 200 miles towards the Dallas area where Ken had an appointment with Retro Air to pick up all the pieces needed to outfit his "E" with a modern A/C system, mandatory for the hot climate where he lives in Arizona. About 50 miles into the run the shifter suddenly started getting sloppier. I fiddled around and got it into a higher gear and got us up on the expressway. With a little finagling I could shift between 4th and 5th and so our game plan became to try and just get as close as possible to the Dallas area, where there would be more good





hotels, possibly some options for service or parts, or if necessary, some means of having the car shipped home.

Eventually we needed a break, so I pulled off into a rest stop with the hope that we could slip the clutch a bit to get the car rolling back onto the expressway. But once into the parking area, we realized this wouldn't be possible because it was an uphill run back up onto to the expressway. An immediate fix was going to be necessary. We pulled the cover plate to expose the shift coupler and the problem was obvious. The plastic bushings had completely disintegrated. Ken fabricated some temporary 'bushings' out of pieces of rubber hose. We crammed those babies into the coupler joint and wrapped it up with 2-inch-

wide 'bandages' from a torn T-shirt to hold them in. For extra measure we put some wire around the wrap of bandages to lock everything in place. Remarkably, this worked really well for the remainder of the trip! I ordered a bushing kit to be available when we arrived home.

We rolled into the Dallas area just in time for lunch and our appointment at Retro Air. As we loaded the car up with all the A/C parts, ominous clouds were gathering and just about the time we hit the road the rain started coming down. We ended up driving northwest through a long band of severe rain and lightning for several hours, constantly checking the phone for possibilities of hail. Fortunately none! Finally the sun broke through about half way to Amarillo, our

350 mile destination for the night.

The next morning we hit the road around 4am because we had a 800-plus mile run to get from Amarillo all the way to Lake Havasu, AZ. I was driving and there was little traffic on the road at such an early hour so I decided to let the "E" make some time. Around 6am, just as it was starting to get a little light I was letting the E 'stretch its legs'. I started easing off the pedal as we approached a short pack of cars running in the slow lane about ¼ mile ahead. I planned to just slide by them about 80 but then realized the end car in the pack was a stealth black SUV with 2-inch gold lettering across the back reading "TEXAS HIGHWAY PATROL". Oooops!

The instant I passed, on went the



lights hidden in his grill. Since the pack he was with was traveling near the speed limit it was pretty obvious that my approach had been a lot faster, regardless of whether he actually 'clocked' me. Fortunately, the officer was friendly and just gave me a written warning. Lucky me! A real Texas Souvenir.

As we started driving through the higher elevations of eastern New Mexico, the clouds again gathered and soon it was SNOWING! Wow, we got all kinds of weather on this trip! We were treated to a beautiful drive with everything all white for a good hour. The snow eventually subsided as we dropped down into Albuquerque and we found ourselves back in warmer weather for the rest of the trip home. The remainder of the trip

was uneventful aside from some lousy food in Gallup, NM, and trying to find our way back to Highway 40 after what we thought would be a quick and simple gas stop in Flagstaff. By early evening we finally arrived at Ken's place in Lake Havasu AZ. Just another long run under #496's belt, carrying on the legacy of Dave Lovato's many road trips.

But the story is not quite over! I really enjoyed driving #496 on the trip with Ken and this inspired me to move forward with an offer on a silver E #2047 that had been owned by 912 Registry member John Hawkins, who passed away earlier this year. Once home, I made arrangements with John's wife to pick up #2047 and later that day this photo was taken of Ken's

#496, my wife, Jill, driving the "new" #2047 and my '68 Orange Crate.

912E's are really special cars and it's great to have friends that own them. It makes it easy to compare notes and send pictures back and forth when we are all trying to figure stuff out. I'm already looking forward to another big road trip. Hopefully I can make it out again to the Texas Hill Country Rallye with the usual suspects. Just picture it: Three 912Es (Ken Burge, Tony Vanacore, myself) plus a few 912s (Mike Nesdale, and maybe Jeff Marshall?) all of us cruising in a pack, trying to keep up with Jeff Trask running flat-out in his 356. Let's do it! 🚗🚗🚗

PCA TIMELINE LAKE ARROWHEAD

by Charles Danek

photos by Carol LeFlufy & Charles Danek



“So lets see, we have a great cover photo from Barwuat, a story that a guy wrote from the perspective of his car, another epic tale from Bob Ashlock, and a couple of fun pieces from the venerable Mike Vriesenga” said I to Carol LeFlufy. “I still think we need at least one more story. What about the Lake Arrowhead Porsche Timeline being put on the PCA Riverside region, happening on 9/27? You wanna go?”

And so began this little adventure. Seeing as how plans can sometimes change, Carol and I waited until the last minute to register our cars. Big mistake. It turns out that the City of Lake Arrowhead will only allow 100 cars to participate in this event, and these slots are available on a first come, first served basis. Because of the popularity of this event, registration actually closes weeks in advance. However, since Carol and my situation was hardly unique, the organiz-

ers had arranged for a parking lot located right near the timeline to be Porsche only.

The morning of 9/27, my alarm went off at 5:30am. I took a quick shower to try to wake up, and then rolled my 912 down to the local Starbucks for a 4-shot Iced Americano, to really try to wake up. A cool thing about our local Starbucks, is that if you’re in the know, they let you park in the alley, right alongside the windows. Apparently, there were not a lot of folks vying for this primo space at



6am, so I got bona fide rock star parking. As I waited in line, I looked out at my car and thought about all the work I had done in the past couple days getting ready for this event. Fresh oil, point adjustment, and valves had gotten rid of any downhill sputtering, plus I also installed new chrome headlight bezels and rear stainless steel bumper caps, which, to my eye, really made more of a difference than I had even anticipated. As I stood there looking out the window, I realized I was not alone in my admiration. A stranger who had been seated got up and came over to me, saying how mine was the most beautiful car he had ever seen. He was actually emotional as he spoke. As 912 owners, it really is a special privilege to be custodians of such beauty, and to be able to share it with the world just by driving it out. And so far, the sun had not even risen on the day!

I arrived at Carol's house at dawn, where she had her black '69 sunroof coupe already shined up and ready to go. After a quick consult with our smart phone GPS, we were off. Carol led me through a tangle of Silver Lake streets to the 2-Freeway, which we took to the

210 via the 134. We were on the 210 for about an hour, which was an uneventful stretch except for how surprisingly busy it was for an early Saturday morning. But after a quick fuel-up in San Bernardino, things got really interesting as we made our way up Highway-18, a switch-back laden swath of perfectly maintained modern asphalt that scales the face of the San Bernardino Mountains in perfect two-lane glory! As we climbed in elevation, the weather literally changed before our eyes. Clouds were rushing up the hillside like reverse waterfalls in between the rocky juts of the hillside, such that our cars would pierce them like sewing needles! And the best part was that if a minivan got in your path, you could just pass him in the next lane!

Finally we reached the summit, which took us past the aptly named "Rim of the World High School", before putting us on Highway-189 that drops right into Lake Arrowhead Village. We arrived slightly after 9am, just as the last of the Porsches were being placed in the timeline, and once they cleared the staging area, our cars were allowed into what became the Porsche-only parking corral.

As soon as we stepped out of our cars, Carol and I realized we'd made another mistake. In Los Angeles, it has been an unseasonable, unreasonable hot all fall, so we both assumed the same would hold true for Lake Arrowhead. Not quite. Our short clothes and lack of jackets immediately distinguished Carol and I from the fleece-wearing crowd around us, as it was probably in the low-60s. To stay warm, we decided to keep moving, and so we made our way to the Porsche timeline. Luckily, the same sun that made all the freshly waxed cars sparkle to life, also warmed us up in no time.

We began with car #100, and worked our way down, which meant we started with the newest cars first. Although newer Porsches don't really tend to catch my eye, there were a couple of truly exceptional specimens on view. Particularly striking, was a 50th Anniversary edition 911 in Slate Gray on Black, which featured retro hounds tooth seat inserts. And particularly rare was a forest green 911 Club Coupe, one of only 13 made in tribute to the original 13 drivers who founded the first Porsche club in Germany. I was told there were only two of these cars in all of North America.

We worked our way around the shore, strolling past rows of 993s, 968s, 911SCs, 944s, 924s, a lone 928, and then, as we rounded the lake and began walking into the village, the '70s came into view. The first car that stood out was a green 1976 912E that belonged to Chuck Wimmer. Chuck told us had done this event a few times in the past, and also that he too had missed the registration window a few times in the past as well, so this year he made sure to sign up as soon as it was possible to do so. Good thing he did too, because it turned out that his car was the sole 912 ambassador in the entire timeline.

Past Chuck's 912E we saw three lovely 914s in various metallic Technicolor hues almost never seen outside the 1970s, and from there the timeline wound down into a pool of about a dozen or so 356s. Any 356 is a beautiful car, and many on-hand were adorned with vintage skies and snowshoes befitting of the Lake Arrowhead alpine climate, but a particularly special car among the 356s was an Ivory Convertible D that still wore most of its original paint. And then I saw



in chrome script that word that makes any true Porsche lover's pace quicken: "Continental". This car was black on dark red, with a Telefunken radio in the center of its pre-A dash, and driving gloves loped across the lower arc of the steering wheel. But what's this? A number "2" on its PCA Timeline entry sheet? But that must mean? Yes! And there it was. A 1953 cabriolet in a shade of red I have only ever seen glisten like that on a freshly dipped cherry hard-shell Dairy Queen ice cream cone. I walked around the car, just taking it in, when I spied a man presiding over the scene in a folding beach chair who I knew must be its owner. A handshake later, I found myself talking to one Jim Scrimger, who very generously shared with me the story of how he found and purchased the car 30 years ago, and restored it to its present pristine condition. From his '53 cab, we moved onto talking about the place Porsches have in our lives, and I then learned that Jim had owned a 1965 912 back in 1965. It is fairly common knowledge that the first 912s to arrive on these shores were brought here as 'used' cars by private owners, but it is a fairly uncommon occurrence to be talking to someone who actually did this. Jim weaved a pretty crazy tale about importing his car that involved a shady German used car dealership and bluffing to a customs agent, a story which we are trying to persuade him to share in a future edition of 912 Registry Magazine.

After a half hour or so of socializing with 356 owners, Carol and I decided it was time to get down to the serious business of voting for our favorite cars. (Sorry Chuck, but at the risk of being heretics, instead of voting for your 912E, Carol and I were both more zapped by that high-voltage-green 914 parked 2 cars in front of yours.) Then with voting finished and our ballots cast, it was time for brunch. Carol and I found a restaurant overlooking the lake and the cars called the Cattle-



man. It had a line out the door, (which we took to be a good sign), and indoor heat, (which we took to be a better sign). Once we were finally seated, I ordered a roast beef sandwich, and should you ever find yourself at the Cattleman, I would suggest you do the same. When in Rome... (or Lake Arrowhead, rather).

Something Carol and I did not realize upon charting our adventure, was that the PCA Timeline is timed to coincide with the Lake Arrowhead Oktoberfest. Throughout the morning, we saw people setting up a beer tent, and now girls in traditional German outfits were beginning to arrive. We even saw a pair of Bernese Mountain Dogs on parade. On a different day, perhaps we would have stayed for the festivities, but on this day our plan was to head home. Carol and I took one more stroll through the Porsche-only parking corral, where it now appeared as if our two cars were the only original series 912s in all of Lake Arrowhead that morning. Hopefully there will be more on-hand next year. But now it was time for us to get back on the road.

To make things more interesting, Carol and I decided not to go back the way we came, but rather descend the



north-west face of the San Bernardino Mountains by way of Highway-138, so that we could take Highway-2 south through the Angeles National Forest. Highway-138 is quite picturesque on the descent, and luckily Carol and I had the whole road to ourselves the entire way down! Not so much on the desert stretches, where we found ourselves staring at the ugly white butt of a 1980's conversion van going 20mph, and with nowhere to pass. Okay people, listen up: What part of "There are two vintage Porsches behind you!" do you not understand? Pull over and yield the road to faster moving traffic or else you risk being mocked and ridiculed in the pages



of a car magazine.

Finally we reached Highway-2, where, thankfully, for a majority of the run, we would again have the road essentially to ourselves. Years ago, I used to come here and marvel at how the mountains and pines reminded me of the alpine climate that lies not too far from the birthplace of our cars, but the last time I was here I was depressed to see how much had been lost to wild fires. On this day, I was pleased to see that more forest had been spared than what I remembered, and that in the

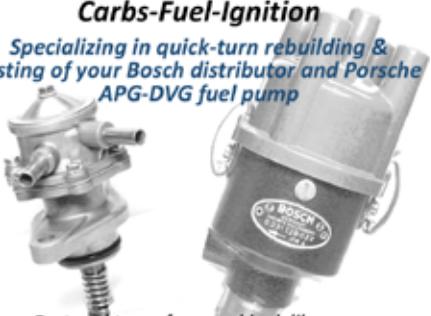
areas which were ravaged, there now exist new signs of life, as many of the charred trees have re-grown new coats of fresh green needles. When people talk about the 912 being more suited than any other Porsche to certain types of roads, they are really talking about Highway-2 in the Angeles Forest. For about an hour, Carol and I drove our cars through this dramatic mountain pass, rising, falling and curving with the landscape, where rocky, tree-lined tableaus gave way to endless vistas. After a morning spent appreciating Porsches

on display, experiencing our 912s excel at the purpose for which they were originally intended was a most gratifying way to conclude our day.

When we reached La Canada, Carol and I pulled over to say our goodbyes before heading off in opposite directions back to our homes. Next year we will remember to register early. And to bring jackets!

Do you have a story to share with 912 Registry Magazine? Yes? Then let's hear it! No? Then why not go out and make one happen? ☺☺☺

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My Adopted Family

By Ronnie Gausman



Monterey, CA 1968

I was born in the spring of 1967

in Osnabruck Lower Saxony, Germany. It must have been an orphanage named Porsche because there were many of us all together in this big room waiting for someone to adopt us. After a few weeks, when nobody came to pick me, they put me on a boat to America. I thought someone had adopted me and I was going to a new home. It felt strange that nobody told me where I would be living. I did not complain about the tight fit in steerage because this was an adventure for me, despite being at sea for many days.

I don't like snow because it ruins my body and I don't like heat because it dries me out, so I was very pleased to finally end up in North Hollywood, California, in the summer of 1967. But no family greeted me. I was put into another orphanage named Europa for a while, until one day a young man, I'm guessing 30 years old, came to the orphanage to adopt a companion. I said to myself "I would be the best companion I could ever be for this nice person if he chooses me, and I would do everything possible to make him safe and comfortable when we are together" It worked, and I was adopted on August 25th, 1967.

My new companion's name was Ronnie Gousman, and indeed he was 30 years old. He took me to my new home and gave me a wonderful room to sleep in that was much better than being in those orphanages because my new garage was attached to a home. Within a few weeks, I was given a name. Well, not quite a full name, but initials. I am very proud of them because he gave me his initials, RRG, with a number 1 after them. I guess he felt I was the best companion he had found. He was so proud of me he put my name on a metal tag for me to wear. Monday through Friday, I took him to work each morning and brought him home each night. Sometimes in the evenings, I would take him to see his friends, or shopping, or to the movies. Then religiously, every Saturday, he gave me a bath.

Now, I wouldn't tell this to anyone except you, but the first year we were together, during a trip to Bakersfield, California, on a downhill slope in the grapevine, I was cruising along without a care in the world, when suddenly I saw these red lights in back of us... Yep, a



Route-1, Lompoc CA, July 1968



speeding ticket. It was a wake-up call for me. I have been so careful since then, that he has never had another speeding ticket since 1968. But a couple of years later, on our way back from San Francisco, along a straight-away stretch of Highway 101 somewhere near Salinas, I got a little antsy and ramped up to 100 miles an hour That very fun, but also very dangerous and scary, and it never happened again.

During those first five years together, I took Ronnie up and down California Route 1 and Highway 101, going from as far north as Willets, to as far south as Ensenada, Mexico. There were many beautiful drives to many beautiful places such as Phoenix, Arizona, Las Vegas, Nevada and Lake Tahoe, California. From dust storms, to snow storms, to 115 degree desert heat, we went through it all together.

It's now 1972, and Ronnie has a date with this pretty girl from New York, named Lorraine. Before I know it they tell me they're in love and getting married. I'm so happy for Ronnie but now I have to take care of two people. A year later I found myself sharing my garage with Lorraine's adoption, who I considered my step-brother. In the future, other step-brothers would come and go, but I always got to remain

with Ronnie and Lorraine.

During those first few years our little family of three spent evenings and weekends together. We became a family of four on February 9, 1975 when Matt was born, and then on September 10, 1978 when Erica was born, we became a family of five. But since I only like to ride as a twosome, I let my step-brothers handle my family's comings and goings, and I would just focus on getting Ronnie to work and back.

After many happy years of this routine, I began to feel a bit tired, and Ronnie brought home another companion to take him on his daily runs. Then a few years later, he brought home another. Many others came and went, but our loyalty to one another always kept Ronnie and I together. Ronnie still takes me out every now and then. He never works me too hard, but nevertheless we enjoy our outings. He always makes sure I'm comfortable, well fed and that I have my yearly check-up.

I'm 47 now. I missed Matt and Erica back when they went away to college, and now they are married and have families of their own, which makes me a grand pop. Then, the other day, Ronnie had a talk with me. He said something

has been on his mind. I already knew what he was going to say before he could tell me that the time has now come for me to move on in my life.

But before I could react, he told me that after September 25th, 2014, I will be living in San Francisco with Erica and her family. Which is also close by to her brother Matt and his family. As Matt and Erica grew up I loved driving them around just as I loved Ronnie and Lorraine, and now I will get to take my grandkids for rides! Who would ever have thought when I was born, that I would be so fortunate to have not one, but two or more generations of the same family to take care of me. I even have my very own garage.

If you see me on the road, stop me and say hello. My name is: RRG 1. 🚗🔑



The keys exchange hands of the 1967 Porsche 912. September 25, 2014
(L. to R.): Lorraine & Ronnie Gousman, Erica, Jay & Bayla Kajdasz

45 YEARS TOGETHER

by John Rotner

In September of this year, my 912 and I celebrated 45 years together. Buying the 912 was not my first experience owning a Porsche. While attending Long Beach State, two fraternity brothers bought a little German car that really interested me. Upon graduation and getting my first actual paying job, I bought a 1964 356SC. My dad co-signed the loan and I was set. Before actually going to work, the Porsche and I took off for a trip on Route-66 (just like the old TV show) in the western states. I kept the car until 1969 (wish I still had that one...) and then went to Europe for six months and traveled in a 1969 VW camper. Upon picking up the camper in NY and driving it across the country back to Arizona where my employer said I would be assigned, I started thinking that the camper would not be my vehicle of choice. When I got back to Phoenix, I went to the Porsche

dealer, saw the 912, and drove it out within a matter of hours. It was probably one of the easiest sales ever made. I did not even look at a 911.

I drove the car in the Arizona weather and sweated during our summer months. It was driven to California many times and I enjoyed driving up Highway-1 to the Oregon coast. In 1973, I went out on a blind double-date with a lady who agreed to go out with me because she knew I drove a Porsche. Think about 4 people sitting in a 912 driving around! That lady, Jeannie, and I married a year later. Jeannie then took over driving the 912 while I was given an American car with an AC. At one time I asked the older German mechanic I trusted to put in an AC my 912 and he refused. He said, "If Porsche wanted an AC in this car, they would have done it." We then moved to San Francisco for a new job, and although AC was no longer an issue, the experience driving the SF

hills was not something that the clutch liked. We were then transferred to South Carolina and the car was super driving across the country. Driving to Charleston and other places in South and North Carolina was also great. But after a year, we left the corporate world and moved back to Phoenix.

Jeannie drove the car until one day when it was 110 degrees, she was pregnant with our second daughter, had no shoes on and the car broke down with our 18 month old daughter in the back seat. That was before cell phones and she had no way to get in touch with me. The following day, another American car with an AC was purchased and the 912 was semi-retired. At this time, it was discovered that the number 3 cylinder was not in good shape and we had the first engine rebuild. A friend from the Porsche club and I lowered the engine in his garage and went to work. To be honest, he



did the work and I handed him wrenches and cleaned up after him. About 5 years later, we had problems again and this time a neighbor and his son who rebuilt VW's drooled about working on my car. I said let's do it and they went to work. The engine was bored out to 1750 cc's and they installed Weber carburetors. When all this was done, the 912 was one fast little car. Upon driving the car to have the oil changed one day, I also found out that the battery was leaking and I had to have major surgery done to the car. The front end of the care was literally hanging on by a thread. The battery acid had rusted out part of the undercarriage and we had to have panels fabricated and welded to the front end. This was done in 2004 and I really loved paying that invoice.

The 912 was driven sporadically for almost 25 years but mainly sat in our garage. In 2012, Jeannie suggested that I either get the car in working order or get rid of it. I made a list of what I wanted done to the car and then started the process of getting the repairs done. First came the rebuilding of the Webers, new shocks and brakes. Then when getting an alignment, it was pointed out that the clutch did not feel right. When lowering the engine, it was decided that all of the old rubber fittings and anything else that could have been destroyed by the Arizona heat be replaced also. We also had

a new clutch installed (after 43 years) at this time. By now, the cost of doing what I needed to do was adding up.

I paid a little over \$5,600.00 for the 912 when new. It's hot in Arizona and the sun and heat are not what a little car with black leather interior needs. We had never had an accident with the car until the front drivers door was hit. The repair shop we took the car to let it sit in the sun waiting for parts that they needed and ones that I wanted them to replace. The damage to the rear window and the dash were unbelievable. Again, it was a 43 year old car. Now the upholstery and carpet needed to be replaced. I looked for a long time before finding a man who took the car and replaced almost everything except the dash. I found a shop that could replace the dash and do all the other work that I wanted and that needed to be done. I don't want to think about

what we have paid for the repairs but can say it has been far more than what I paid for the car in 1969. However, it now looks and drives like it did when I first took possession of it. The paint is original and it looks like a brand new car. Even though it was in the Arizona heat, it has always been garaged except when the door was repaired. During its rejuvenation, a new issue was addressed; I did not remember the car being so loud when we drove it all the time. On our first long drive, we both said that the noise level had to be addressed. Back to the shop and they dropped the engine and replaced the installation. What a difference that made.

A few months ago we went on a Sunday drive with the local Porsche club and we kept up with all of the 911s and Boxsters on some great roads. Everyone looked at this old car and could not believe that it was 45 years old. The car





has been sitting for most of the summer and we are looking forward to weekend drives soon. In the Arizona PCA region, there are few 912's and I will be entering the car in the annual car show this year. I look at the new Porsches and none of them have the character that the 912 has. It's a classic.

My 912 does seem a lot closer to the ground now than it use to be. I just turned 70 and the body does not move as fast or as nimble as it did 45 years ago. I also like to think about that blind date now that was over 40 years ago. Jeannie and I will be married for 41 years in October. I would say that she drives the car as well as I do and likes going on drives with our daughters. The looks they get are great. Neither of my daughters ever learned to drive a stick shift and won't be learning in the Porsche. One of them now tells me that this car is not going anywhere except to her when I say I can't drive it anymore. I am proud to say that the car and I will be together for a long time. ■■■

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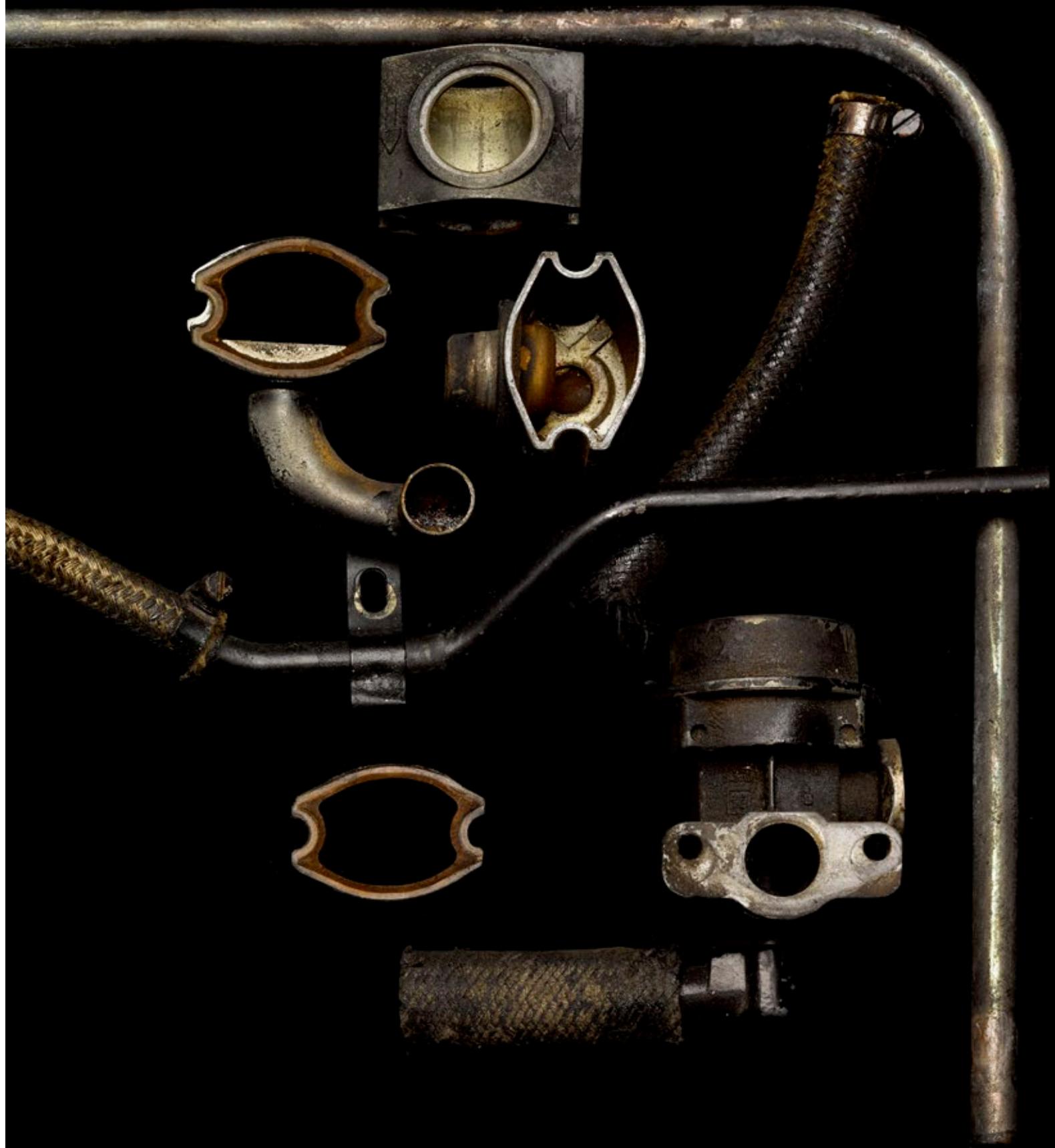
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A LOOK APART

"Ode to Smog" by Bill Cahill / bill-cahill.com

ROUND TUIT

by Mike Vriesenga

I enjoy working on my 912

as much as driving it, but I can't do everything at once. Instead, I see flaws, stew on them for a while, fix them, and then check them off my rolling "To Do" list.

For example, at my first local PCA concours in 2011, I knew that:

- 1 - My driver's seat was splitting at the seams.
- 2 - The driver's floor mat and center tunnel cover were torn.
- 3 - The hand brake boot was disintegrating.
- 4 - The handbrake was scratched from the seat belt buckles.
- 5 - My seat supports were rusty from rain coming in the window.

Some may see these things as "patina" but I see them as projects!

Flash forward to 2014:

- 1 - I had an upholsterer repair my seat seams, and while he was at it, I also had him address my trunk carpet, which needed a little attention near where it hits the battery. Check.
- 2 & 3 - I bought a new hand brake boot and rubber floor mats. Check
- 4 - With the hand brake boot and rubber floor mats out of the car, I repainted the hand brake handle. (I put electrical tape on the plastic part of the handbrake to protect it.) While at it, I also repainted my seat mounts. Check.

5 - Recently, I rebuilt my pedal box using brass bushings I bought over a year earlier, but while the seat was away, I took a little extra time to refinish my seat rails and recliner connecting rod. Check.

Things weren't right with my engine bay back when I bought the car in 2010. It had black undercoating where it should have had insulation, red over-spray on the hinges that should have been black, and a silver spray paint "halo" behind the filter canister. It was three years before I removed the engine, replaced the insulation, replaced the engine mounts and refinished the hardware. Check, Check and Check. Later, I removed the filter canister, polished the band, replaced the hoses, stripped and painted it with the right color paint from Stoddard. The highlight was putting on the new Fram decal, recalling memories of building model airplanes as a kid. Check, Check, Check and Check!

On the fast track, only 18 months elapsed between learning my hood badge was wrong (red-stripped rather than orange-stripped) and replacing it. In replacing it I learned the previous owner had installed the badge mat upside down, probably because he couldn't get the edges of the mat to stay on the badge. Check! On the subject of correcting little details, based on year-old suggestions (thanks, Mike), I then finally got around to polishing and waxing the stainless door thresholds on my car, and to replacing the chrome horn button trim. Check, Check!

There is joy in tinkering with the 912, and especially in doing it right. Sometimes it just takes a while to get around to it. And on a 912, where everything is so compact and interconnected, sometimes those 'round tuits' have a way of showing up in little clusters. ■■■



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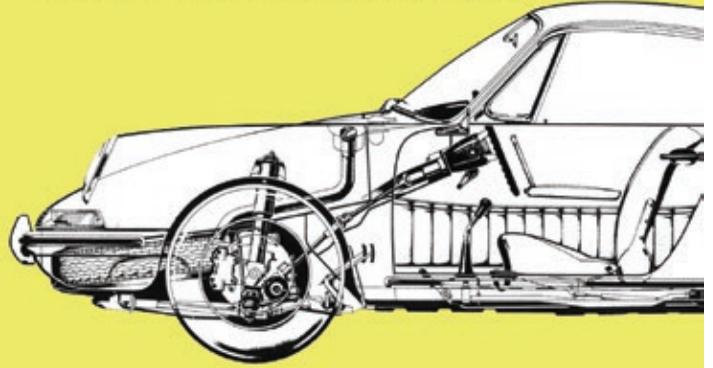
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P O R S C H E

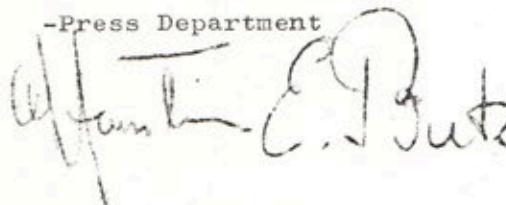
Dear Sir,

On the 15th of September, the PORSCHÉ OF AMERICA CORP. will officially introduce the Porsche model 912 to the American public. At the same time this car will be on display at the International Auto Show in Frankfurt/Germany.

With the enclosed photographs and technical data, we would like to show you how the new car looks like and enable you to inform your readers.

We thank you for your co-operation, and remain,

Yours sincerely,
Dr.-Ing.h.c.F.PORSCHÉ KG
-Press Department



7 STUTTGART-ZUFFENHAUSEN PORSCHÉSTRASSE 42 TELEFON 0711/89141 TELEX PORSCHÉAUTO 072/3521

347 50 M. & 65 Gf.

P R E S S E - M I T T E I L U N G

P O R S C H E

FOR RELEASE SEPT. 15th, 1965

NEW PORSCHE MODEL 912 INTRODUCED

High-performance sports car features styling and safety.

A more economical model of the Porsche, a high-performance imported sports car, was introduced here by the Porsche of America Corporation. Called the 912, the new model is similar to the highly-acclaimed six-cylinder 911 model, but has a less-expensive four-cylinder engine. The new 912 model will replace the current Porsche C and SC models, and will be exhibited at the International Francfort Salon from Sept. 16 to 26.

The Porsche 912 combines the body of the 911, often called one of the world's most beautiful sports cars, with the reliable, 102-horsepower engine of the SC. The price of the new car, which also shares race-bred suspension and brakes with the 911, will not be substantially increased over the current SC model despite higher manufacturing and development costs.

The new Porsche, which will be sold through Porsche's 240 US dealers in 50 states, features a 4-speed all-synchromesh transmission as standard equipment, as well as fully-adjustable seats with reclining backrests, safety-hub steering wheel, padded dash and sun visors, quad-jet windshield washers, 3-speed windshield wipers, heater, defroster, back-up lights, 7000-rpm tachometer, draft-free ventilation and a pair of occasional rear seats which fold down to serve as extra luggage space. A 5-speed, all-synchromesh transmission, identical with that used in the 911 and Porsche's World Championship GT racing car, is offered as optional equipment.

The handsome rear-engined coupe has an air-cooled, horizontally-opposed four-cylinder engine with a displacement of 96.5 cubic inches from a bore of 3.25 inches and a stroke of 2.91 inches. It produces 102 SAE horsepower at 5800 rpm and 91 lbs/ft of torque at 3500 rpm on a compression ratio of 9.3-to-one. Acceleration from rest to 60 mph is under 12 seconds, important for safe passing and quick merging with fast-moving American traffic.

./2

7 STUTTGART-ZUFFENHAUSEN PORSCHESTRASSE 42 TELEFON 0711/89141 TELEX PORSCHEAUTO 072/3521

P R E S S E - M I T T E I L U N G

P O R S C H E

- 2 -

The all-independent link-type torsion bar suspension of the new Porsche was developed from Porsche's experience in Grand Prix racing, and gives both a smoother ride and exceptional cornering ability. The new Porsche also offers the safety of unitized body-chassis construction and a double-jointed steering column which will not be displaced in an accident. Attachment points are provided not only for lap-type seat belts but also over-the-shoulder belts.

The Porsche 912 is not a "new invention", but a happy combination of existing, time-tested units rendering the car fool-proof.

It is a comfortable, fast touring car with outstanding road holding, large capacity luggage compartment, low fuel consumption, excellent workmanship, and high used car value - at a reasonable price.

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