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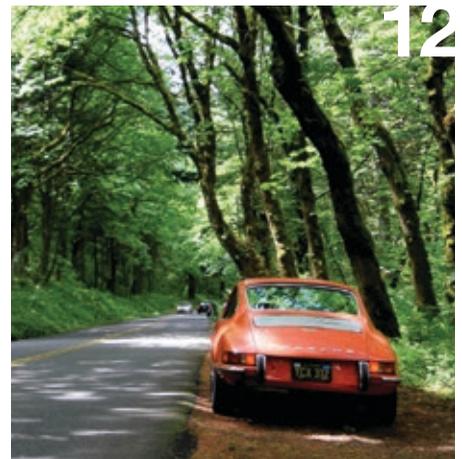


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Don't look now, but the 912 Registry has gone social!



/912Registry



#912Registry

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



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On the cover: "912 in the Wild." Carol Leflufy captures this issue's cover in front of the British retailer, Paul Smith's Los Angeles store on Melrose in West Hollywood. "I had driven by many times and thought it would make a great photograph with the black 912 and one Saturday afternoon I finally had time to stop and take this picture!"

MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT



Hello 912 Registry Members -

And welcome to the Summer 2015 issue of the 912 Registry Magazine. Please note that unlike the Spring issue, you are receiving this issue in its correct corresponding season (albeit, admittedly, towards the tail end). I apologize to you, and to our sponsors, for the delays the magazine has been experiencing, and as both President and Editor of this publication, I assume full responsibility. The good news is that we are catching up, and we are on track to be even more caught up with the Fall issue.

For almost 20 years, our club web site has served us very well, and served as the preeminent online resource for 912s beginning in an era when there weren't many others. However, in recent times, members have been asking for more functionality than the old site could deliver. As such, I am happy to report that for the past several months, I have been working very hard at developing a new web site for our club.

With our new web site, you will be able to login and manage your membership yourselves, which should greatly reduce errors and the time commitments of volunteers. There will be a new integrated forum, and interactive calendar. You will be able to purchase club merchandise online, and we are working to develop a delivery system for PDF versions of this publication. The new site will be mobile-device friendly. And best of all, the new site will share the aesthetic of our magazine and branding. As I type this, the new site is being beta-tested, and will be officially launched in the very near future!

As you know, with all the personnel changes I acknowledged in the Spring issue, and with the delays with our magazine, that now is a time of transition for the 912 Registry. My hope for the changes being made in this time, while disruptive in the short term, is that they will ultimately help make the 912 Registry better and stronger for years to come.

In the meantime, I hope you enjoy the stories collected here in this issue. As always, thank you so much to all who sent us their stories and pictures. And on the subject of giving credit where credit is due, somehow in the last issue, we neglected to mention that the beautiful photos on pages 7 & 8 were taken by John Goriup.

Okay! Enjoy summer! Onward!

Onward!



Charles Danek

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TARGA CALIFORNIA - 912 EXPERIENCE

by Travis Trussell

My second Targa California

trip almost didn't happen. Originally that bit of California spring had been set aside as a Christmas present to my girlfriend in the form of a trip to Napa, California. Little did she know, I had intended to propose to her there. The Targa California was scheduled for almost the same time as our trip to Napa, and I lamented to her my disappointment we couldn't attend both.

The Targa California takes advantage of the great roads, beautiful scenery and universal love of cars, by providing an incredible 3-day drive through California. Each year, the route is split between Central and Southern California. The Targa California isn't a race or a rally but a spirited jaunt through the landscape for all makes and models of cars produced prior to 1975. The variety of vehicles, superb pre-planned routes and beautiful landscape, coupled with a \$300.00 entry fee, makes this adventure hard to turn down even for the most frugal enthusiast.

Brandy (the girlfriend) knew of my previous experience driving the 2014 Targa with my father because I talked about it incessantly. She tepidly told me, "Napa will always be there. We should do your little car event". I didn't fight too hard to keep our Napa plans and quickly

booked the Targa reservations along with a little surprise for her at the end.

We arrived in Thousand Oaks, CA on the morning of the 23rd of April for the drivers meeting to kick off the first half day drive. As I exited my car that morning, I immediately began soaking in the cacophony of styling, beauty and sound of some of the coolest driving cars in existence. Ferrari, Porsche, Datsun, BMW, Alfa Romeo, Lincoln and Chevrolet and more were represented. The sight of so many beautiful cars stopped me for a second as I wondered which direction to go first. I always see something I have never seen before and this year proved no different. There was a 1974 Iso Grifo, a Datsun 1600 Roadster, a Volvo P1800 and a 1950s Lincoln Capri along with two beautiful Porsche 912s! I discovered the 912s belonged to my friend John Benton and soon to be friend Carol LeFluffy, both 912 Registry members.

As soon as we gathered and received our instructions, we were off on the first leg of what was going to ultimately be a life-changing event for me. We departed Thousand Oaks through the winding roads of Los Padres National Forest. We climbed through the national forest and descended on the north side of the mountains just East of Carrizo





Plain National Monument, before finally arriving near Taft, CA. Then it was an all-out race through the farms and flat roads to Buttonwillow Raceway, just West of Bakersfield, CA.

Upon arrival at the track, everyone gathered for a quick lunch and several spirited laps around the track. It was a rare chance to test the handling of my 912, and to see how she stacked up against the other cars. Needless to say, I only caught up with the 911s on the corners.

The afternoon brought the longest drive of the Targa: A 222 mile drive from Buttonwillow to Santa Cruz, through vast farming country and long straight roads via Lerdo Highway and CA-33.

We arrived at the Hilton Scotts Valley around 6pm that evening and made a beeline to the bar to find our friends. Everyone was exchanging stories of missed exits, mechanical troubles or near misses at speed traps. Thankfully everyone arrived safely and no one to my knowledge actually received a speeding ticket! After dinner and a few drinks, we quickly retired to our room from exhaustion.

The next morning we met for the drivers meeting and expected a quick trip to Half Moon Bay, CA which was a welcomed respite compared to the previous days driving marathon. We were briefed about how the roads are a "little" narrow the first leg, but were told it was a great drive. We departed Scott's Valley and drove north through Falls Creek Unit and Ben Lamont, CA, heading toward Half Moon Bay. To describe these roads as "narrow" did not give them the justice they deserved. They should have been described as a slightly paved golf cart paths with a 15-degree nose angle of attack incline. As soon as we completed the Targa "obstacle course", we descended into Woodside, CA for a stop at the restaurant that helped make Arlo Guthrie famous, Alice's Restaurant.

From Alice's Restaurant we continued north until reaching Half Moon Bay, CA, where we caught lunch at a local seafood restaurant and talked about the day's events. After filling our bellies, we turned south and proceeded back to Scotts Valley via CA Highway 1. For a little



over 60 miles, we traveled some of the most scenic country the United States has to offer. There is nothing quite like the sensation of driving along the coast with ocean views out one side of your window, beautiful mountains on the other and the most striking woman in the world riding next to you. We drove through incredibly serene farmland with so much green it hurt my eyes. To rest my pupils I had to turn away and look at the waves or on occasion, pay attention to the road. This was truly one of the most challenging tasks of the adventure for me.

We arrived in Scott's Valley in time to change and quickly drive over to Canepa

Motorsport for dinner inside the history of automobile excellence. There, we got to see some of the rarest vehicles in the world to including several Porsche 959s, Mercedes Benz alloy bodied 300SLs, a Porsche 917K, a Jaguar XK220, and a Maserati Tipo 61 to name a few. I almost didn't want to leave that night but to quote Robin Williams, "I had to see about a girl".

I left that night knowing I would not join the rest of the Targa onto Carmel and then Paso Robles for an evening with the Smith Motorgroup and the Estrella Warbird Museum. I would be making my way South to Big Sur with Brandy. She

deserved one day that was hers. For someone to receive a Christmas gift to Napa and then selflessly turn that gift into one for me shouldn't be ignored. I called a hiking guide, received instructions to the prettiest place in Big Sur, booked a picnic lunch and made reservations at the finest hotel I could find in Big Sur. I got engaged that day to the most beautiful woman in the world while driving my 912 after two days participating in the Targa California. I can't think of a more unique experience to start off our life together or a better way to honor the heritage of my new family's car. 







All content in 912 Registry

Magazine is submitted by members, which means we don't always know what we are going to receive. So it is with some amusement, that we recently received photos from two different 912 events that

happened on the exact same day, but in different corners of the globe, and each completely unbeknownst to the other.

On Saturday, May 9, several 912s gathered informally at O'Malley's on Main, in Seal Beach, CA, for the purpose of

breakfast and car appreciation. Attendees included Ryan Schumacher, Darrin and Billie Horowitz, Mike and Karol Nesdale, Bud O'lea, Jeff Trask, Kevin Lynch and son. Also on hand, was John Benton, who captured these images. ■■■

MAY 9, 2015: CASTLE BENSBERG

photos by Micheal Heinemann



On Saturday, May 9, the Porsche Series 0 Registry Club, which celebrates 911s and 912s made from 1964 to 1967, began their summer season with a drive to the Castle Bensberg, near Cologne, Germany. Before making their way to the castle, everyone met at the Porsche Zentrum, a dealership in Bensberg. Onhand was legendary driver Hans-Joachim "Striezel" Stuck, who shared a few nice stories from his victory in 1986.

From O'Malleys in Seal Beach, California, to Castle Bensberg near Cologne, Germany, what other car can span geography, language, culture, to bring out like-minded enthusiasts for the purpose of sharing such common enjoyment? ■■■





ROAD TRIP

U S A

By Alister Cant

I had been on the lookout

for a long hood Porsche for some time, but very few were changing hands in Australia, so I continued my search abroad. In November 2013 someone pointed me towards John Benton at Benton Performance. After an initial conversation and some back and forward via email, I had my car: A 1969 912, tangerine, original interior (down to the Blaupunkt radio), heavy patina on the paintwork, euro headlight surrounds, 4-speed gearbox coupled to an engine, which although was matching numbers, had a 1.7l big bore cylinders and Weber carbs. Oh, and it hadn't been on the road for almost a decade.

Rather than just purchase a car and ship it home, I wanted to create some

memories in it. My partner Simone and I had been talking about a holiday, so we combined the two ideas and organized a road trip up the west coast in the summer of 2014. John and Ryan (from Benton Performance) agreed to hang onto the car and get it safe and driving before our arrival six months later.

As soon as we landed in LA we went to grab the car. John took me shopping for some road trip essentials like a set of spanners, a couple of shifters, a flat blade screwdriver and some pliers. Then, the adventure began. We headed to West Hollywood where Simone's family had rented a house for the week. While we were out seeing some of what LA had to offer, two people left business cards under the windshield wiper of the 912

(continued on page 16)





and asked if I was selling the car. (One just so happened to be a scrap metal dealer, but I didn't get insulted, I figured he like the car and not the raw materials, seeing as a 912 only weighs 900kg.)

A couple of days later, I left Simone with her family, and I drove to pick up an Australian friend in the LA arts district, near the 6th Street Bridge. We grabbed a coffee, loaded the car and hit the road towards San Francisco at 7am. At this stage the car had a small suitcase and two backpacks beneath the hood up front, one large suit case and one large hiking pack in the back, and two men over 6' tall. The torsion bars were earning their keep. We jumped on the I-5 and headed over the hills north of LA. This was the first real test for the car, the moment of truth if you will, and I must say I was a little nervous. Around 400kgs of man, luggage, fuel and supplies, on a relatively steep, consistent grade -- the 912 ran perfectly. I kept the revs up around between 3500 and 4000 rpm the whole climb, not wanting to lug the engine while carrying that much weight. Mindfully watching the temperature gauge, it got a touch over half way, but

the engine rejected the heat well. When things flattened out on the I-5, it gave me some time to feel at ease driving the car. We headed west to San Jose and Gilroy, this took us over another large mountain range towards the coast. A few hours later we arrived in Russian Hill, caught up with some mates, and headed out to celebrate a successful first day of driving.

Simone flew to meet us in San Francisco. Over the next few weeks, she took over the position of riding shotgun, as we traveled north along the west coast. Along the way, we made stops in the Napa Valley for the wine and scenery, Ashland for the beer, Portland for the food and Seattle for the coffee and local whiskey, where we parked the car for a week of relaxing. The 912 was in a nice clean parking lot, so I took the opportunity to adjust the valve lash (both inlet and exhaust valves were tight; however, the exhaust was well under at .004"). After the rest, we headed back down south via Crater Lake, Chico, Yosemite National Park, Big Sur, Santa Barbara and finally back to LA. Along the way we had our fair share of food and wine at night, hiking and adventuring

during the day. The car was almost faultless, almost.

We stopped about 30 miles out of Portland to fill up with fuel and check the oil level (as it had been burning a little over the first 1,000km). As suspected, the oil level was on the lower point of the dipstick and I thought I would run into the service station to grab a liter of oil. I rested the dipstick on the rear of the engine and headed inside. After finding out the service station only stocked 10W and thinner low zinc modern oils, I thought I would wait to go to an auto store. I went back to the car, put the fuel nozzle back, shut the rear lid and drove off. Ten minutes later I hear a metallic 'ping' from the engine bay, then my red warning light illuminates. I swing across to the right emergency lane and expecting the worst. I pop the lid to see that my belt had destroyed itself. I thought this is strange, the guys at Benton have replaced the belt, I'm sure of it. After closer inspection I notice something missing. My dipstick. I had left it on the rear of the engine in my rush to get back on the road. It had vibrated down towards the belt and finally picked up





on it. We had broken down 600 meters from an auto store who carried a belt that was close enough to the correct size. Simone ran over to buy a belt while I disassembled the pulley. We put it back together, adjusted the shims and fired her back up. There were a couple of other 'mechanical adventures' during the 4 weeks and 4,200km of driving, but nothing to stop us enjoying our time in the car and in a beautiful part of the world.

Fast-forward 12 months, and the car is now in Newcastle, Australia, where I am on assignment with my company. I have put another 4,000km on the clock since it has been here, driving between Melbourne and Newcastle a couple of times, and doing weekend trips up to the Hunter Valley wine region. I have started doing some projects, the most recent include the addition of some offset steelies and original 1969 fog lamps courtesy of Benton Performance. The aim is to preserve the car where possible, rather than fully restore it. Though I plan on driving the car regularly, so things will break, get chipped, corrode, wear and fade, I guess I'll just tackle these things as they pop up. ■■■



Living in Southern California,

we have the marvelous opportunity to visit forest, mountains and beach all on the same day. How often do we take advantage of said opportunity? Not so much in the land of “live to work” which is why I love the annual 912 Registry Rendezvous events as well as drives with my friends.

I missed last year’s Rendezvous in Yosemite where Bill Cahill’s acclaimed (some would call infamous) 1967 912, “The Beater from La Mirada”, won “Best Renegade”. I had first laid eyes on the “BFLA” as it arrived on a flatbed to the parking lot of the Cambria Inn at the 2012 Rendezvous, wearing its unique patina that could only be achieved after at least 20 years of Southern California UV rays. The arrival caused quite a stir with a few “what the hell is THAT” and “there goes the neighborhood” statements overheard, but to me it was like rebellion served on a tray. The car is an inspiration. A couple of years passed, the BFLA changed hands a few times, and finally landed with Bill who did her proud with a 1.9 liter twin spark engine courtesy of Benton Performance. Since then, I had yet to see and hear the



reincarnation / supercharging myself, so I asked Bill if he was interested in a little spontaneous run with a few friends. Since all of us live in Los Angeles, I suggested starting at The Trail’s Café in Griffith Park.

My friend Micky Petralia managed to talk the City of Los Angeles into renting him a boarded up 350-square foot concession stand in Griffith Park ten years

ago. Now The Trails Café has become a welcome reprieve from the city, located just a few blocks into the park, yet a world away under the shade of the trees in Ferndell, one of the most beautiful sections of the park. Trails is like a lunch hour vacation where all of the baked goods are made from scratch on-site and the coffee is always fresh. Families,



hikers, bikers, cool kids and tourists all gather here en masse for the food and atmosphere. But The Trails Café has never had a gang of 912 enthusiasts roll in on any given Sunday.

A few days before our May 24th run, I put up a quick post on the 912 Registry Facebook page to see if anyone wanted to join us. Daniel Cook and his wife Leah saw the post and decided to drive up from North San Diego. Daniel and Leah recently moved from Colorado with their red '66 912 so this was the perfect introduction to some Southern California scenery and fellow 912 enthusiasts, including myself ('69, "Root Beer"), Carol LeFlufy (Black '69, "Frau Schwartz"), Josh Kritzer (Irish Green '69, "Big Sur"), and of course Bill Cahill.

After a hearty breakfast of Trails' signature egg-in-a-hole and savory scones, we planned our route, taking off through Hollywood and up onto Mulholland Highway, the legendary winding road that hugs the side of the Santa Monica Mountains, with Bill and the Beater leading the pack. The sound of the twin spark engine was the trumpet that heralded our arrival at every turn. As we took the banks and curves of Mulholland autobahn style, bicyclist and joggers turned their heads with annoyance at the engine noise, but



then broke into grins, giving us thumbs up as they saw our circa 1960s convoy of German engineering in a synchronized dance along the highway. When we stopped at the Fryman Canyon outlook, enthusiastic bicyclists wanted to talk and share their Porsche stories. As we took in the famous views of the San Fernando Valley, we were reminded of how lucky we are to live in this wild city, full of people but also of nature's delights.

We followed Mulholland west to Sepulveda Blvd, and then wove our way to Sunset Blvd westbound, switching gears into "The Fast and the Furious"

mode, weaving in and out of traffic. In tandem, parallel, and zig-zagging, our five car wolfpack stayed clustered together despite the growing number of cars also headed west. It's the most scenic route to the beach, a curvy four lane road that cuts through Brentwood and Pacific Palisades, two of the tonier but still suburban neighborhoods of Los Angeles.

We tore down Sunset to the Pacific Coast Highway, trading in lush green trees for open vistas, before landing at Will Rogers State Beach, where we miraculously found parking all in a row. We got out of our cars and took in the

beach, the surfers, the sun lovers, and the fresh ocean air. Several 356s out for a Sunday drive along with many later model Porsches zipped by giving us greeting honks. A biker gang threw horns at us, fellow road warriors. Daniel and Leah had to head back south on the PCH so we made plans for Rendezvous 2015 (Paso Robles this year) and said our goodbyes, driving off into the rest of our sunny Sundays. Our drive took all of 2 ½ hours but we managed to experience the Southern California forest, mountains and beach while making new friends along the way. ■■■



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RESTORATION ROMANTIC: THE PERFECT PORSCHE VACATION

by Michael Benet



There are many great things

in this world that we all can enjoy every day. The sun, the moon, the sound of a loved one laughing. Birds singing on a summer afternoon. The tone of a piano or well-played guitar. I have come to love and cherish them, which got me thinking.

I am going to be half a century old. Yes, 50, a milestone that I insist on celebrating. As much as I have become aware of all of the wonderful and fantastic things that we all get to experience on a daily basis, I still wanted to bring in my 50th with even more enjoyment and gusto. And to me the perfect list of ingredients for bringing on this milestone would be as follows: One part beautiful passenger, one part vintage Porsche, one part gorgeous scenery, and one part smiles. But how could I bring them all together?

The Lincoln Trail Region in Illinois, where we live, is not sports-car friendly in December, the month of my birthday. Talking with my friend and fellow PCA member Dr. Brian Cox (a consummate Porsche collector in Rocky Mountain Region in Colorado) he spoke of

beautiful Napa Valley in California and the several wineries that our wives would surely appreciate. Most importantly, by the looks of our search of Napa Valley, there will be wonderful roads to drive and explore, making it the perfect place for our trip. And the winter timing of it means there should be less traffic and palatable weather for my Midwestern taste. And the wine? Oh yes, there will most certainly be wine.

Now I faced more crucial decisions: Which vehicle I should take, and how to transport it. The vehicle choice was simple. I walked through my garage, past several offerings from Germany, past a prime example from Italy, and right to my three-year restoration project: A 1967 short-wheelbase 912 coupe with a sunroof. This will be the car of choice. This will be my chariot to romantically tour the Napa Valley with my wife. This will be the car that I will turn 50-years-old in while enjoying all of the things that make me smile.

This Tangerine 1967 Porsche 912 has been part of my life since the 1970s. I would catch glimpses of it through

my mother's office window, parked at the local fine arts center across from her office. When it wasn't, the owner probably was driving it to Chicago on a business trip. Decades later, the Porsche repair facility I own rebuilt the engine and increased displacement to 1,720 cubic centimeters. I kept an eye on the car for many years as it would stop by for service and repairs, and then helped a friend and customer procure it. In his care, the old 912 became a home garage project that didn't see completion. Noting my appreciation for the Porsche, he sold it to me after some persistent negotiation.

The 912 was ordered for European delivery. It was well equipped to be a driver's car. The options list (verified by the Certificate of Authenticity) consist of a five-speed transmission, full leather interior, seat headrests, Talbot mirror, Fuch alloy wheels, Pirelli tires, Koni sport shocks, electric sunroof, bumper horns, wood steering wheel, fog lights, tinted glass, and no radio. A great list of options and everything you would want in a driver's car, and the optional Tangerine color accentuates its sporting intentions. It retains its original engine and transmission and has been maintained following Porsche's recommended service intervals.

I performed a full aesthetic restoration that started three years ago, and with help from many of my vendors and staff, each panel was reconditioned, each interior bit was renewed, and many mechanical parts were refreshed. My plans to drive this car on a regular basis compelled me to make adjustments to it with daily driving in mind. Weber carburetors and electric ignition were installed, and modern sound-deadening material was placed at strategic locations within the car. These updates, along with special personal touches, such as factory hound's-tooth material seat inserts, make for a wonderful drive. And pretty soon, a wonderful drive in Napa Valley.

Back in the late '80s and early '90s, I was President of my local PCA Region, Lincoln Trail in Illinois. As part of a great, centrally located Region, I would occasionally get requests to look at cars for sale for out-of-state PCA

members, or even to set up events for other regions that were hoping to join us for a Porsche fling. So naturally, I felt I could reach out to a fellow PCA region to see if they could offer any help and or suggestions. Well, it worked--just like in the old days! Several Sacramento Valley Region PCA members offered assistance and quickly recommended my new friend, Brian Sanders, who was super friendly and, as a fellow 912 owner, a crucial asset for planning and executing my trip. Our conversation started with an email and progressed to the phone to discuss logistical details, including how to transport my car from Illinois to California.

My 912 seemed reliable; however, it had just undergone a three-year aesthetic restoration and had yet to be fully shaken

down. Fortunately, I feel that I am capable enough to tackle any small issue that might rear its head, so off I went to pack the car with everything I'd need to be as prepared as possible. First to go in was the factory toolkit. Extra fan belt? Check. Screw drivers and pliers? Check. Spare spark plugs? Check. How about a wrench for the plugs? Check! Not wanting to leave anything to chance, I packed an additional kit consisting of spare wire for electrical woes, Allen wrenches, adjustable wrenches, and vice grips along with other essentials for parking lot repairs, such as tape and ties and even a spare fuel filter. In case of a dead car battery, I packed a lithium-ion jump-pack that also doubles as a charge port for all types of electronics. It came with adaptors

needed for anything electrical, and it's so small that it fits in the palm of my hand. I confirmed that the spare tire was ready and a jack was in the "frunk" (front trunk), and then tossed in a first-aid kit because you never know when you or others might need one.

On pick-up day, the driver went over my car with a fine-tooth comb making notes of any imperfections and the contents inside it. Actually, his objective should be the same as yours: to unload the car at its destination in the exact condition as it was sitting at the base of the trailer before the trip. I was asked to allow for three weeks to shuttle the car to its destination in California, so I notified those involved in my trip about the timeline.



Within a week, I received a call from the shipping company stating that the car would be delivered very soon -- a welcome surprise after being told to allow for three weeks. I called Brian Sanders in Sacramento who had agreed to receive my car, in order to make sure he could take the delivery. The schedule worked for everybody, and within the next 12 hours, I received an email stating that the car had been delivered. It took just four days for the car to travel from Illinois to California!

Now that the car had reached its destination—a beautiful, private airport hangar—my wife, Tara, and I continued to work on logistics from home. Flights were not a problem, and we simply asked friends about where to stay. Many suggested several quaint locations in Napa, but we ultimately chose Auberge du Soleil as our first stop. Luxurious spa treatments and a great location were top priority.

I was excited to see my new, best Porsche friend, Brian Sanders in Sacramento, and to talk to him about my car, which hadn't been fully shaken down since the restoration was completed. Brian has a '68 912 (in a super rare blue hue) so he is well-versed in vintage Porsches. He reported that he had driven the car and noticed a few bits that he felt could be dialed in better for a more enjoyable Napa tour. Trusting him and his knowledge, I permitted him to tinker with the little car and act as if it were his own. So he took the 912 home and made a list.

Brian and I spoke a few more times

discussing details and adjustments on the little car. Most were minor, but there was also a show-stopper: A CV joint bolt had backed out and started to make noise while he was driving. Brian's quick efforts corrected the fault and the car was solid again. Additionally, Brian made some custom adjustments to the carburetors to make the car run harmoniously in its new West Coast environment. These adjustments (and several others) were a gift for me, as nothing could make the trip better than the care and efforts of a Porsche friend. I asked Brian how I could thank him and he just replied "Have a great time in Napa!"

Napa greeted us with partly sunny skies and nice, open roads as we headed to our hosting hotel and spa. We pulled into a beautiful, manicured area and parking zone that the 912 felt really good about (nice wide parking spaces). The hotel staff greeted us with smiles and set our stay into motion. This place is beautiful and truly designed for a stay like ours. We had them take care of our luggage, warmed up the mighty 912, and then off we went to our first winery.

I'll start out by stating an immediate observation of the area: There are so many wineries in the Napa and Sonoma Valleys! I was completely impressed. On a short drive to Sonoma Valley to visit Gundlach Bundschu, one of the oldest wineries in the area (Est. 1858), we drove past rows upon rows of grape vines adorning almost every street, on highways lined with countless wineries—easy to see and access. A fantastic tour

guide greeted us when we arrived and walked us through the cave in which the winery's barrels reside. The guide waxed on eloquently about all things wine-related, and we learned about California wine production and how prohibition affected Sonoma and Napa Valley culture. We were offered a barrel-tasting as a surprise at the end of the tour, and, of course, the wine was excellent.

Being car people, we had to visit the Andretti Winery next. Located in Napa Valley, we had the opportunity to drive again, and the roads were pleasant and the traffic thin. Country roads surrounded by rolling hills and mountains define the area, and I would guess much of it hasn't changed over the years. Cruising in these parts made me think of 1967 and what it may have been like to drive this car when it was new. When we arrived, we were met in a very quaint courtyard reminiscent of Italy. Right past the courtyard we joined the Andretti team for a tasting of their best offerings. Lots of automobile memorabilia was found laced through the establishment. We enjoyed our time gazing over the vineyard then set sail for our next "port."

Just up the main street we found lovely offerings from Cakebread Cellars, Cosentino Winery, Del Datto Vineyards, Turnbull, and Stags Leap. All of them had fantastic offerings and staff that made each one of us feel as if we were at home. Plus the parking was plentiful and comfortable. But let it be known that you must pace yourself -- this is wine tasting, not drinking -- despite the wineries'



generous offerings. There are so many to see and taste! When it was time for dinner, we were referred to one of the local favorite restaurants, the world-renowned The French Laundry. Located in Yountville, it was an easy drive and a chance to sit back and take in the full day of tours and tastings.

Our drive through Napa was heightened by the interesting cars that frequent its roads. It is common to spot late-model luxury vehicles from prestigious marques such as Rolls Royce, Bentley, Jaguar, Mercedes-Benz,

and, of course, Porsche. But a Porsche sports car, especially from the air-cooled era, is a great choice for this wonderful area, as you can zip about and park just about anywhere, including the smallest spaces in Downtown Napa.

Driving a vintage Porsche though the NorCal countryside, rowing through the gears, and listening to the exhaust note as the engine purrs through the rev range is medicine for the soul. Being part of a club like PCA opens the doors for you to experience events or places with your Porsche that others may not have

an opportunity to do. Driving a 912 that your own hands have brought back to its former glory--while in a very special place with a very special person--is something that has to be experienced. I feel that there is little else that is better. ☺☺☺

Michael Benet's blog series, 'Restoration Romantic', can be found here: <http://www.pca.org/news/2014-12-12/restoration-romantic-i-ingredients-perfect-porsche-vacation>

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