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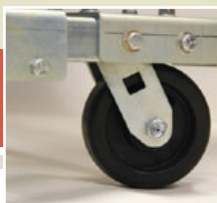
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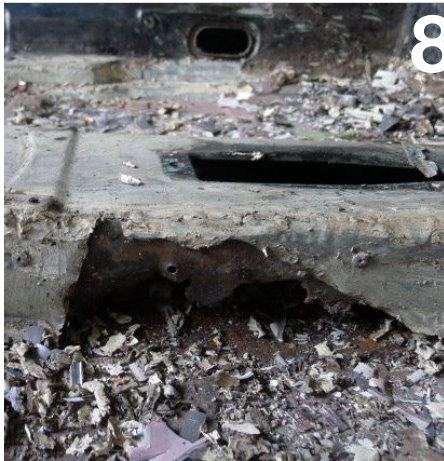
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# 912 Registry Magazine

Fall 2016 • Volume 17 • Issue 3 • 912Registry.org



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



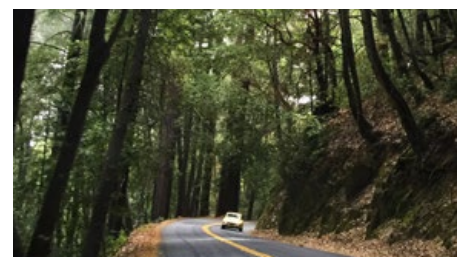
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Access the forums: [912bbs.org](http://912bbs.org)



*On the cover: Banana Slugs are not the only yellow things to be found twisting and turning amongst the Redwood Trees near Santa Cruz, CA. Follow Charles Danek as he relives a crazy trip on page 10. Photo by Sue Cahill.*



# MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT



## Dear 912 Enthusiasts -

In early 2009, I was asked by John Benton, then the 912 Registry President, to take over our club's magazine. To tell you the truth, I was reluctant. I had already served at this post from 2004-2006, and I remembered it taking a lot of time, and incurring a lot of criticism from folks who were quick to react to things they didn't like, but not quick to volunteer to help with anything to make anything better. I asked John "Why would I want to do that again?" John's answer was pretty simple. "Because our magazine is the reason folks sign up to join our club — if there is no magazine, there is no club." The 912 Registry has given me a lot, both in terms of support, but especially in terms of friendship

and adventure. Put in such stark terms, I did not see much choice. I immediately recruited my friend Carol LeFluffy as Co-Editor, and we were off to the races.

The first issue we worked on was made up mostly of content I wrote myself, and I put the whole thing together in Photoshop, which is sort of akin to removing a lug nut with a hammer. But by the next issue I was learning Adobe InDesign (the right tool for the job) and casting wider nets for stories. Carol and I would have lunch before we'd start each issue to brain storm ideas. "What about reaching out to this person for that?" "What about going to this event and covering it?" "What about a cover contest?" "What about putting in a center-fold?" "What about asking this person to advertise?" "What about an all 912E issue?"

A few years in, I then got an email from 912 Registry member Rick Miranda, who said he was a professional graphic designer, and that he wanted to help us. As it happened, one of my goals as magazine editor was to set forth a visual aesthetic that could eventually encompass all aspects of our club's presence, and so this is mind, I accepted Rick's offer. The result is the magazine you are now holding, along with a web site that mirrors its look. And those red grill badges!

The past seven years spent working on the magazine, have been overwhelmingly wonderful. It has been great getting to know you all better, hearing your stories, and learning more about our cars. But as I have often said in my Editor's and President's Messages, this club belongs to all of us, and it is up to us to make it how we want it, and accordingly, Carol and I both feel that the time has come for us to step aside and to allow for the magazine's next chapter to be written.

At this time, I would like to introduce you all to Mike Vriesenga, the new Editor of 912 Registry Magazine!

For many years, Mike Vriesenga has been our magazine's most regular contributor, sending us countless stories about 912-goings-ons in his home state of Texas. In thinking about a successor, Mike was the first person I thought of, both for his commitment to 912s and especially to writing about them. Having worked with Mike these past few months as he has gotten up to speed, and with Rick Miranda staying on as Art Director, I have full confidence that the magazine is in the right hands, and that it will only improve.

Carol and I are not disappearing entirely. For the time being, I am still the 912 Registry President, and we will always be 912 Registry Members. We are committed to helping Mike succeed, and we both intend to continue on as contributors for as long as he will have us.

Godspeed, Mike!

Onward!

Charles Danek







# FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

---

**As I sit here trying to write this** I'm reminded of Bilbo Baggins' farewell speech when he turned eleventy-one. "I don't know half of you half as well as I should like; and I like less than half of you half as well as you deserve." Although I've had the pleasure of meeting some of you at the West Coast Rendezvous in 2013 and in 2016, a few of you at the Hill Country Rallye, and others through this magazine or the bulletin board, I have not had the pleasure of meeting most of you. I am the new 912 Registry magazine editor. How do you do?

Charles and Carol have done a masterful job producing the magazine. We're all grateful for the ways they have made the magazine and the club so enjoyable. As a regular contributor, Charles asked me to accept this position. It was an offer I couldn't refuse. In that spirit, it's now my responsibility to carry on their work.

I will do my best to continue the evocative photography that Charles infused into the magazine. Rick Miranda will continue as Art Director, so you will benefit from his talents. I would also like to introduce a running set of features.

— Event reports, including the West and East Coast Rendezvous' as well as the Hill Country Rallye and other local and regional events. If folks in your neck of the woods got together for a drive and a coffee, take some pictures, write half a page and send it in.

— Mike Horton has agreed to pool some of the technical expertise that has been powering the bulletin board and bring them to print. So I hope to feature one vetted technical article each issue.

— Restoring a 912 is a major undertaking - rebirth that takes years rather than hours. I hope to feature a different restoration in each issue, and that those same restorations will appear in subsequent years so we can all applaud their progress and the arrival of a beautiful new, bouncing baby 912.

More than anything, I need you to write your stories and send them in. Charles and Carol explained how they would reach out to folks and encourage them to write. I will do the same, but I know less than half of you half as well as I should. So please, step forward and write, write, write. The best way to get a magazine that looks and feels the way you want it is to write for it. Build our community. Write.





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# FROM BLISS TO BONDO

by Dan Wils Hansen

**In late August 2012,** I drove my 912 200 miles to my home just outside Copenhagen, Denmark. It was one of those warm summer nights, where the light is all blueish, the wind was calm, the 4-cylinder engine was running at 4000 rpm, with me behind the wheel, smiling and trying to get acquainted with this Porsche, blissfully ignorant of what it soon would reveal.

This was the first and last time I would drive this car for the next four years. What seemed to be an easy make over, with some new interior, carpets, service and some new bushings, was soon a matter of the scrap-yard or some deep pockets.

I sent the car to my local garage for the engine service, and I still recall when the owner and mechanic phoned, and told me to drop by. During the service they discovered some cracks in the paint at the rear wings, and it soon turned out that it would take more than a spit and polish.

Devastated by the discovery, I knew that the car had to go to a shop that specialized in these old cars, and I chose to send it off to Poland, to a shop

well known for high-end restorations of SWB Porsches, Mercedes-Benz 300 SLs and Pagodas.

For the next 2 months, the bulletins from Poland just got worse, and the pictures they sent confirmed the worst.

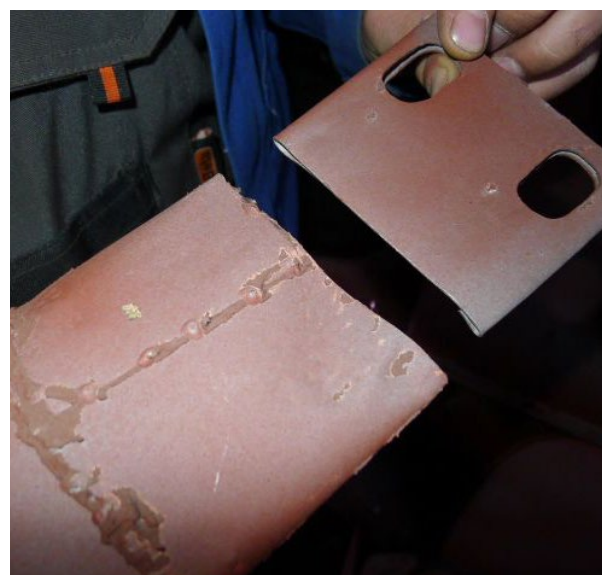
They started by removing 45 kilograms (99 pounds) of Bondo that shaped the curves of the rear wings (fenders). With all that off, it revealed major damage to the left of the car. The floor pans were glued in place. The front suspension was only fastened with 2 bolts because the rest of them were rusted through.

When the car came back from media-blasting, we knew that we would need body parts - a whole lot of body parts, and that would turn out to be a challenge. Thanks to the owner Marek Lappock's wide network all over Germany, we got most of the metal parts in NOS, and only some of the panels were after-market. With all the parts scavenged, the rebuild could finally start.

Besides the work on the body, I was sorting out, surfing the net for parts, reading and studying pictures. At this point I've decided to restore the entire car to a factory ~~resale~~









# SANTA CRUZ - A CRAZY TRIP

by Charles Danek

## For me, the 2016 West Coast Rendezvous

in Santa Cruz was a homecoming of sorts. To the Porsche world, my car may be Champagne Yellow, but I know that it is really Banana Slug Yellow! That's right, I am a proud University of California at Santa Cruz Graduate, and for me this weekend was more than a car event, it was more like a convergence of different times, interests, and evolutions. No more was this feeling of so many currents of my life winding together more crystallized than on the crazy drive led by Jeff Trask. College is about experimenting. College is about taking risks. College is about discovering who you are. The same could all be said for the drive we were about to embark upon.

The air that morning smelled like damp redwoods. The ground was soggy. Our cars that morning were soggy and covered in droplets of water. Was it raining? Was it mist? Along the coast in Northern California, there is

sometimes no difference. We got in our cars, turned on our seldom-if-ever-used wipers, and hoped that visibility would improve as the wind squeegeed the other windows on our cars.

We left the Inn at Pasatiempo, and started up Highway 17. "Highway 17 is the road you use...to get from San Jose, down to Santa Cruz."

—

That's a song I made up in college. Highway 17 sort of looks like a freeway, since it is a divided road with 2 lanes in either direction, and has things like exits and on ramps. But unlike a freeway, it also has hairpin turns, crazy elevations, and often no visibility. People drive on it like it was a freeway though. Thankfully, we were only on 17 for about a second before we turned west and headed into the Henry Cowell State Park. There is nothing like the smell of Redwoods in the rain! Windows down - vents wide

open - breath!

Okay, this was actually my 2nd time on this road this same morning. Because I failed to procure a hotel room at the Inn at Pasatiempo, I opted for a little cabin in the woods that I found on Air BnB. My cabin had a claw foot tub outside amongst the trees - which I loved! The sawdust composting toilet? Not so much. Next time I will read the description better. But you know what? When in Santa Cruz...!

After driving by almost right where I was staying, we continued further west to the little enclave of Bonny Doon. I remember hearing the name Bonny Doon in college, and liking it! Bonny Doon. Bonny Doon. Fun to say! But I don't really remember what it was about. And today we weren't stopping, so I guess I'll have to find out more next time.

The roads from Henry Cowell State Park to Bonny Doon were gorgeous, tree-lined ribbons of rising and falling and twisting asphalt. Our cars would stretch



out times, come back together times - they were happy here! We were happy here!

From Bonny Doon we veered south to Highway 1. We drove along the ocean. Until now, I had been running in front of my friend Bill Cahill, who was driving his Beater from La Mirada. My place in this pecking order was not so much owed to my superior driving ability (I wish) and it certainly was not owed to my car being fast (the Beater is MUCH faster than my car) but rather my being out in front was simply a matter of me not wanting to be in the Beater's wake of exhaust fumes and noise. I was listening to Bach's 6 Violin Sonatas and Partitas, which was the perfect soundtrack for this morning drive, and I wanted to hear it. But when Highway 1 became 2 lanes, Bill, ever the photographer, took it as an opportunity to drive past me to grab some profile shots. I think his photos capture my feelings about the moment rather well.

Flashback, circa 1994. Having spent the first 20 years of my life in Michigan, arriving in California was nothing less than a revelation for me. Life is so different here - so much more full of possibility! The novelty of the weather never wears off!. And cars do not seem to age! Soon after I first arrived in Santa Cruz, I saw what I thought were two new Porsches parked

together. I went into take a closer look. Wow, Porsche must have added a new model to their lineup, one notch above their 911... a 912? Am I seeing this right? I wonder what makes a 912 so much better? I had no idea that the cars I was looking at were nearly 30 years old at the time. And I really had no idea that 20 years later that a 912 would become such a big part of my life and deliver me back to this place.

Highway 1 took us down into Santa Cruz proper, right along West Cliff Drive, where I once lived. We stopped near Steamer Lane for a breather, where I once surfed. Did you know you can take surfing for P.E. credit at UC Santa Cruz? Truth. From The Lane, we headed up the UCSC campus, which is where I once went to school. There is a big wooden sign there, that says University of California at Santa Cruz in gold letters that are carved into half a tree. When I was a student, some kid chained himself to that sign for a while. I am not sure what he was protesting. When I stopped and asked him one day, he said he wasn't really sure either.

We skirted along the south side of the campus, before heading back into the woods along Empire Grade. As a college student, I believed that the scariest ride in Santa Cruz was the

Giant Dipper Roller Coaster. It is tall, it is twisty, it is almost 100 years old, it is made entirely of wood, and it is right by the sea. Add it all up, and you can actually see the track bend and flex when the cars roll by! But I now know there is one ride is Santa Cruz that is even much, much scarier: Bear Creek Road. I am convinced that Bear Creek Road was made by engineers at time before LSD was illegal. This road probably defies physics, and it absolutely defies all common sense and good judgment. It is 10 miles of steep downhill grade, all switchback turns, with sheer granite cliffs jutting up on one side, and a drop-off into the abyss on the other. There is no visibility. There is no passing. There is no shoulder. There is no pull out. There is no room for error. I was on tired 4.5" tires. It was wet. This road required no casual amount of skill to descend. I am incredibly grateful (and frankly also surprised) that our group suffered no mishaps on this day on this road. I am also thankful to have had the experience!

From Bear Creek Road, we eventually found our way onto Highway 35, and then we crossed over Highway 17 to Wright's Station Winery for lunch. And inner reflection. Wow! It is good to be back in Santa Cruz. What a crazy trip! 🍷🍷





# 2016 WEST COAST RENDEZVOUS

by Bradley Brownell



**I've attended the 912** Rendezvous a handful of times, regardless of the fact that I've never had a 912 of my own. I am a Porsche nut, and I want to be face-to-face with the owners and drivers of these amazing cars. It's somewhat telling that I keep coming back, as this event is certainly one worth putting on your calendar year after year. Admittedly I love Porsche's 912 as an extension of the 356 line of cars, but it is often the owners of these cars that really makes the difference. If the 912 owners that attend the Rendezvous weren't some of the nicest folks I have ever met, I probably wouldn't be coming back every year, no matter how fun the cars are.

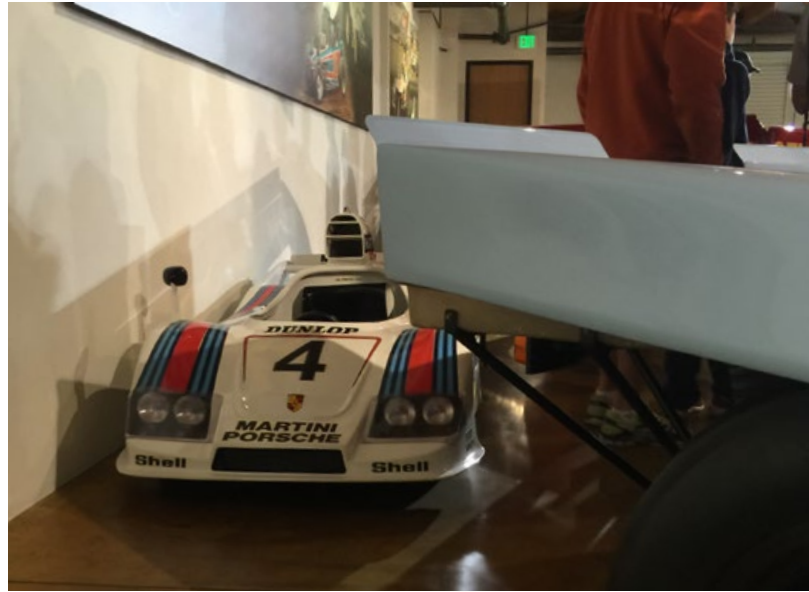
I say this a lot, but the people in the Porsche community are often so enthusiastic and exceptionally nice that they make me proud to be a part of

the same community. With almost 50 cars in attendance at the 2016 West Coast Rendezvous, there were a whole lot of 912 enthusiasts with whom to shake hands and talk shop. We all enjoy discussing our cars, and our parts, and the community in general, so I was as happy to be there.

Wednesday and Thursday were rather informal, featuring some driving in the Santa Cruz mountains, as well as a few opportunities to taste the local fare. Some restaurants, breweries, vineyards, and watering holes were our destinations. The journey to get there was often a fun one, and there was plenty of relaxation and revelry when we got there. A fun couple of days to ramp up to the main event. The Eiskamps held a wonderful pizza-and-beer social Wednesday night that was very



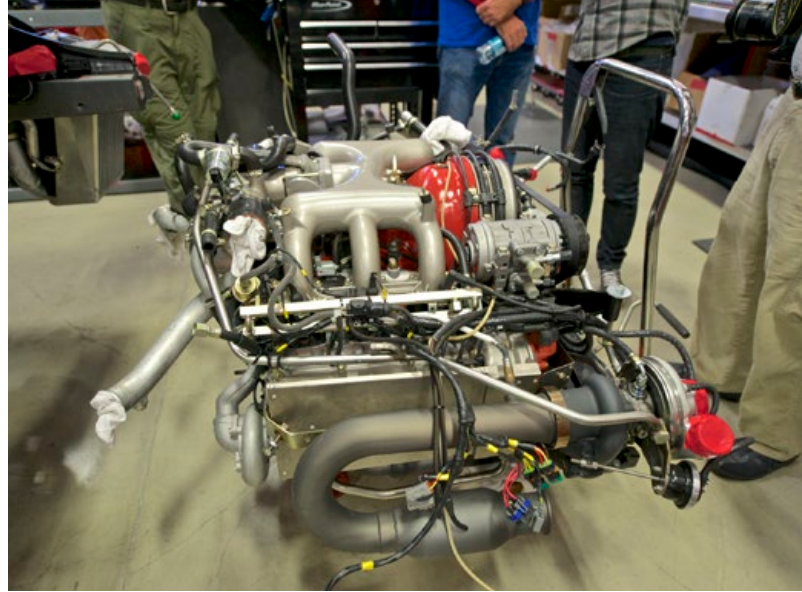
















welcome after the long drive from my home base in Reno, Nevada.

Friday was the first true day of the planned event. Some folks arrived Wednesday afternoon, and a gaggle of So Cal folks arrived Thursday afternoon, so we were all congregated by Friday morning. With a relatively early start, we struck out to attack the mountain roads once again. There was a heavy mist in the morning, so the roads were wet, and occasionally some leaves or pine needles coated a corner. The entire group was driving spiritedly, but certainly not beyond speeds allowable by conditions.

The big group was actually split off into three smaller and more manageable

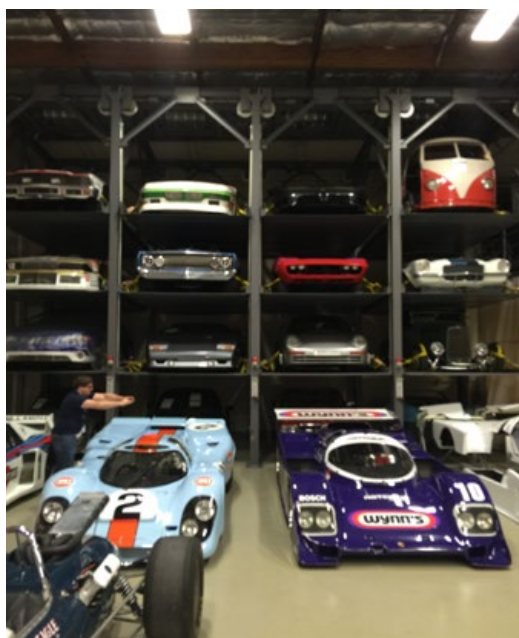
groups. Group 1 was given a route just over two hours on the road. Group 2 had a similar route, though slightly shorter at about an hour and a half. Group 3 was for folks who didn't want to get up early, and had a 45-minute trek. We all arrived at about the same time to our lunch stopover at a wonderfully outfitted mountainside vineyard. I chose the longest route led by Jeff Trask, who is notoriously friendly with his throttle pedal, if nobody else.

Being that I wasn't in a 912, I brought up the rear to make sure nobody got lost or left behind. As luck would have it, nobody had a breakdown, and we only suffered one wrong turn (I guess Jeff isn't real friendly with a map,

either...). Once everyone got re-situated and back on the path, we finished up our jaunt down from the hills into Santa Cruz proper, stopping near the beach, checking out the lighthouse. Even with the misty and foggy weather, this was a drive to remember.

After lunch we trundled back to the hotel for an afternoon tech session held at a local Porsche shop concerning bodywork and paint. Paul Schmid gave examples and showed us proper techniques. If you were there, perhaps now you know enough about body and paintwork that you're confident to repaint your own 912. Maybe not.

Saturday we awoke nice and early







for a 912 invasion at the nearest weekly Cars & Coffee event in Capitola. It's not often that a local Cars & Coffee gets a dozen 912s to show up, so there were a ton of people milling about checking out the club's offerings. In among the hot rods and vintage iron was a gaggle of early Porsche coupes, and that's enough to attract attention. There were a few "I used to have one of these" and a couple "What are those?", but it was a warm welcome at the centerpiece of the show, and everyone was more than happy to tell anyone who would listen about their car.

We all left the C&C event to head over to Canepa Motorsports facility in

Scotts Valley just a few miles down the road. Canepa was gracious enough to offer their parking lot as host location for the Rendezvous annual car show. Splitting the 912s apart by year, with Targas and Outlaws getting their own classes, the voting began. Everyone voted for their favorite among each class as well as a "Best in Show". The awards were to be presented that evening at the banquet.

The banquet was a lovely affair with excellent locally-sourced food, excellent area wines, and good friends. Being that this was the 15th anniversary of the Rendezvous, there was a running slideshow of photos from all of the past events. There were door prizes and giveaways,

games and awards. Conversation flowed effortlessly. Every year the group seems to grow, but every year we feel more and more like old friends. It is the cars that bring us together, but the people that keep us coming back.

Within just a few days of the Rendezvous ending, I closed a deal on a Talbot Yellow 1976 912E, it's a little rough around the edges, but I've been driving it regularly to work out the kinks. You can rest assured that I'll be showing up to next year's event in my own flat-four-powered coupe. Thanks to those involved who worked to make another lovely Rendezvous for us. Bring on the next one! 🍷🍷

## 2016 Car Show Awards

### 1965

1st place: Charles Danek

### 1966

1st place: Craig Morgan  
2nd place: Michael Vriesenga  
3rd place: Ken Brown

### 1967

1st place: John Eiskamp  
2nd place: Richard Maxey  
3rd place: Mike Nesdale

### 1968

1st place: Bud O'Lea  
2nd place: Kevin Lynch  
3rd place: Bob Ashlock

### 1969

1st place: Susan Burnett  
2nd place: Mark Kibby  
3rd place: Thomas Lockton

### 912E

1st place: Ken Burge  
2nd place: Ken Rolle

### Targa

1st place: Ken Rodrigues - 1968  
2nd place: Paula Golus - 1969  
3rd place: Leonard Davids - 1968

**Renegade:** Bill Cahill - 1967 Coupe

**Best of Show:** John Eiskamp -  
1967 Coupe

**Iron Butt:** Ken Burge drove a 912E from Lake Havasu, AZ. (approximately 650 miles)



**This “air cooled” story** begins in the Summer of 1966 when I met my German wife body surfing at Corona Del Mar. We both had Bahama blue ‘64 bugs, except hers had a sunroof! We had many VW’s over the next 25 years; ‘67 Beetle, ‘71 Squareback, ‘71 and ‘72 Westfalia Campers and a ‘73 Thing. Along the way was a visit by a ‘59 Porsche coupe.

In the Winter of 1966, Bob Krause in Palos Verdes, ordered this 912 from Estes Zipper of Beverly Hills in a special color Coco Brown over Beige Leatherette interior. According to his daughter Ellen, he was not a fan of the yellow that year and the off-white seemed generic. He loved the richness of the chocolate color. According to the car’s Certificate of Authenticity it was produced on June 29, 1967, at the Stuttgart-Zuffenhausen Factory alongside 911’s, with Bob taking delivery August 10, 1967. Bob was an architect specializing in horse racing tracks and enjoyed the car for nearly 30 years logging 175,000 miles. He passed away in 1996 giving the car to his daughter Ellen. She maintained the car to a little over 190,000 miles until sometime in ‘03 an engine failure resulted in the car being stored in Ellen’s garage.

On July 1, 2009, Ellen sold the car to a neighbor. He never drove the car and eventually obtained a non-operational permit. I obtained the car from a broker January 2012. It was extremely original,

numbers matching, in a rare “love it or hate it” color of which only 14 are known to exist according to our 912 BBS. Its unique earthy richness appealed to me especially with the ivory interior. I never forgot the experience of driving the ‘59!

Jeff Trask’s comments on our 912 BBS, “...more people want to buy a stock, unmodified numbers matched car than a modified car” served as a guide in refurbishment of Bob’s “Chocolate Turd” as she was called by his family. From the outset the car performed poorly. Its “rebuilt” engine ran hot and burned oil. Tires were dated from the 90’s and needed replacement. The 5 matching 4½” wide KPZ wheels were stored. 5½” wide wheels from ‘68 / ‘69 were obtained, chromed by Bolton’s Wheels and shod with Bridgestone 195/65 tires, trying to maintain appearance as close to original as possible. Over the course of 2012, the brake hoses, calipers, rotors and master cylinder were replaced. The undercarriage was scraped to bare metal, repaired, encapsulated, painted and finished with Wurth underseal.

In 2013, the car was off to Benton Performance. Her existence today is a tribute to John and his team’s relentless patience in pursuit of perfection! She spent over a year at John’s old, then new shop in Anaheim. John checked my previous work and rebuilt the engine, trans, suspension, fuel system and upgraded the electrical system with an

alternator. A correctly dated original wood steering wheel and fog lights, both with appropriate patina, were installed along with a correct light switch for a ‘67.

2014 brought additional work at Benton Performance with John installing an updated transmission mount and replacing the wheel bearings. Unexpected recognition for the car was received with a letter and pictures to the editor of Classic Porsche Magazine, March/April 2014, being published and winning the 912 Division of the 356 Club Dana Point Concours.

Bob’s “Chocolate Turd” was finally becoming more civilized and closer to becoming a daily driver. 2015 brought clock repair by Hollywood Speedometer, new Hella H4 headlights. All instruments were removed, cleaned and all lights replaced with LEDs. Drink holders were created thanks to Bob Ashlock’s article on our 912 BBS. Mileage was approaching 200,000 miles. It had taken 4 years to get here. Far longer than I expected at the beginning of this “black hole” journey.

Now 2016, she appears fully sorted, completing the 1,000-mile journey to our West Coast Rendezvous without any issues. Thanks to Bob Krause and his family for the outstanding job they did in preserving Bob’s “CT”! 🍫

*Additional pictures of this ongoing journey can be found on Instagram: @coco1967912.*









# BREAKFAST AT THE CIRCLE

by Kevin Lynch

**Our common passion** for the 912 notwithstanding, what sparks that passion may vary by person. Some may enjoy the excuse to get out of the house, while others the excuse to rub the paint with wax. Some may enjoy the feel of the wind blowing in the cockpit, while others the sound of that boxer engine humming along at speed. Whatever it is, that singularity of passion and the diversity of “why” seem to find a common grounding when we bring these cars together in volume, and enjoy the time together as a community.

The recent breakfast at the Circle in Orange was a great example. All were grateful Mr. Jeff Trask organized the event. More than 20 cars and nearly twice that in members gathered at Felix’s, a local classic, with great outdoor seating for breakfast and a hard earned reputa-

tion for serving some of the most authentic Cuban food in Southern California. Located on a traffic circle at the heart of historic Old Towne Orange, a city founded in 1871, the venue enjoys one of many historic buildings in the area. History aside, our beloved 912s took the majority of the parking spaces in the circle and made quite a show.

We were incredibly fortunate to be joined by several cars from Santa Barbara – huge thanks for Collin Kruschke, Craig Morgan, and Collin Hill for making the trek. They hit the road at 5 a.m. and put in more than 250 miles round trip to join us for the morning.

In the end, we were all reminded that the cars are a means, and a great reason, to convene a terrific group of passionate people to share smiles, some good food, laughter, tips and tricks, and the joy of being a 912 fan. ■■■





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# “THE ELEPHANT IN THE ROOM”

by Mike Horton

**When Volkswagen** modernized its basic engine design in 1961 they provided more than enough bore spacing for the initial 40 horsepower version, allowing room for future increases in displacement; a smart move.

However, in those days Porsche's plans were already in motion for the move to the overhead cam six-cylinder 911. This priority presented real issues for the design of the Porsche 616 (Porsche design number) engines used in our 912s, because the net result was that the basic 1582cc 616 engine was relegated to slow refinement. It was refined up to the point that a well-designed and planned 356/912 engine, like Peter Graham's "up-rated 1720 Big Bore" street and cross country engine, is a great engine. When assembled with the love, care, and excellent parts available today, it is a thing of beauty that can be relied on for

excellent long-term service.

To the "elephant in the room." When installing any cylinders into a 616 block with the more narrow bore spacing of the original 25 HP VW engine, the cylinder fins are "slab" cut at the interface of the pairs of cylinders as they are installed so they can fit into that narrow, limited space. This is also the reason the largest "slip-in" piston/cylinder (P/C) sets are 86mm, which yield the 1720cc size of the standard big bore engine. When the cylinder configuration requires the fins that give the round cylinder its design support to have this slab cut center, which omits the center portion of the cooling fins where the two cylinders meet, the issue is when, not if, they are subject to being overheated, go out of round, and lose the critical ring/cylinder seal. The cast iron cylinders, with their rigid fins, are far more temperature stable, helping to maintain

this "round" shape.

In 1972, Piper aircraft used Mahle-made, Biral P/C (like the 356SC, 912) on the then new TCM Continental "Tiara" aircraft engine, a clean sheet of paper design. At 406 cubic inches of displacement, and with a 2:1 prop reduction ratio, the engine could turn up to 4,000 RPM on take-off while the prop stayed below 2,000 RPM to avoid high-speed cavitation and the subsequent loss of efficiency. Piper Aircraft, the only manufacturer to step up to use this new technology engine, installed it into their then new aerial application spray plane. These aircraft spent their entire lives spraying crops at about 15'/20' above the ground, fully loaded with heavy chemicals, at wide open throttle, for six or more months of the hottest weather in the country. This was a true test of a new engine design. After these hard flights, the power was





reduced, for landing, and the heat source is removed, creating shock cooling, in the ram air designed cooling. The result was out-of-round cylinders, loss of compression and loss of power due to loss of the critical ring/cylinder seal. I am still licensed as an FAA A&P mechanic, with FAA Inspection Authority. In those days I ran a Piper Aircraft service and warranty center with my Dad and mentor. We overhauled aviation air-cooled, opposed-piston engines in the hot summers of Lubbock, Texas, in the heart of irrigated cotton country. We did the warranty work on many of these Biral-cylindere engines which were subjected to abuse close to that of a racing engine because they were called on to produce maximum power all the time, under less than ideal conditions. I top overhauled most of these agriculture-use engines two to three times before Piper reverted back to their

more commonly used Textron Lycoming conventional direct drive, steel billet cylindere engines, with their machined steel fins, which serviced far better under those hostile weather conditions.

My now approximately 73,000 mile original 82.5mm bore, 1582cc Biral P/C 1968 engine has never recorded over about 100 PSI compression pressures with corresponding weak leak-down tests. It uses more oil than any other I've had since my old '57 356A T1 Normal engine, which I bought back in '64. It was equipped with the old chromed, aluminum, dimpled cylinders, and I really don't know how we kept oil in those P/C. I had it when it was only 56,000 miles from new.

Still, the history of the 1720cc engine is legend. When done right it makes the most sense, and this is why there are still so many of these out there, with the cast

iron big bore P/C, still running today. Many of these well maintained engines last for up to around 100,000 miles and 20 years when used with lowered compression ratio to compensate for our current poor quality ethanol fuels. How to keep any of these engines cool, is a discussion for another day.

These are my thoughts based on my field experiences when I was doing this actual work in the shop, much of it under warranty to Continental aircraft engine company. Neil Fennessy has commented that the forced-cooling air hydraulics of the fan-driven airflow over the cylinders of the 912 might well have a bearing on these issues, a great observation. ■■■

*Editor's Note: This article is adapted from an answer to a member on the Lone Star section of the 912 BBS.*





# PRE-“VOUS” - THE KID IN THE EYE CANDY STORE

**For years I told myself** someday I will go to the Pebble Beach Concours D'Elegance and the associated events on the Monterey peninsula. Since the 2016 912 Registry West Coast Rendezvous began on the Thursday following Pebble Beach, here was a two-fer that was too good to pass up. I would go to Monterey for a “Pre-‘Vous.”

I left in the wee small hours of the thunderstorms that soaked San Antonio in mid-August, so I spent much of Thursday in Watsonville cleaning my 912. After Rick, my brother-in-law, arrived from South Carolina we headed for the Barrett-Jackson auction. What a pleasure to wander through the cars staged for the auction - cars I'd only read about. Among the more memorable were a gull-wing Mercedes, a

perfect cream-on-cream Speedster, Whitney Houston's Bentley, and a Jaguar XJ220. White gloved staffers moved from car to car blowing off ash from the wild fires that burned south of Monterey, evidence of how fragile California's beauty really is.

Well before sunrise Friday we drove the 912 down Highway 1 to the Werks Reunion. Arriving early got me prime parking right next to Ken Brown's red 1966 912 with a serial number 13 lower than mine. Ken's car is the perfect one on the left. The Porsches on the green were stunning, but just wandering the rows of Porsches on the fairway was a treat. I was exhausted.

We weren't the only ones enjoying car week. Later in Carmel we passed a chauffeur standing by Cary Grant's

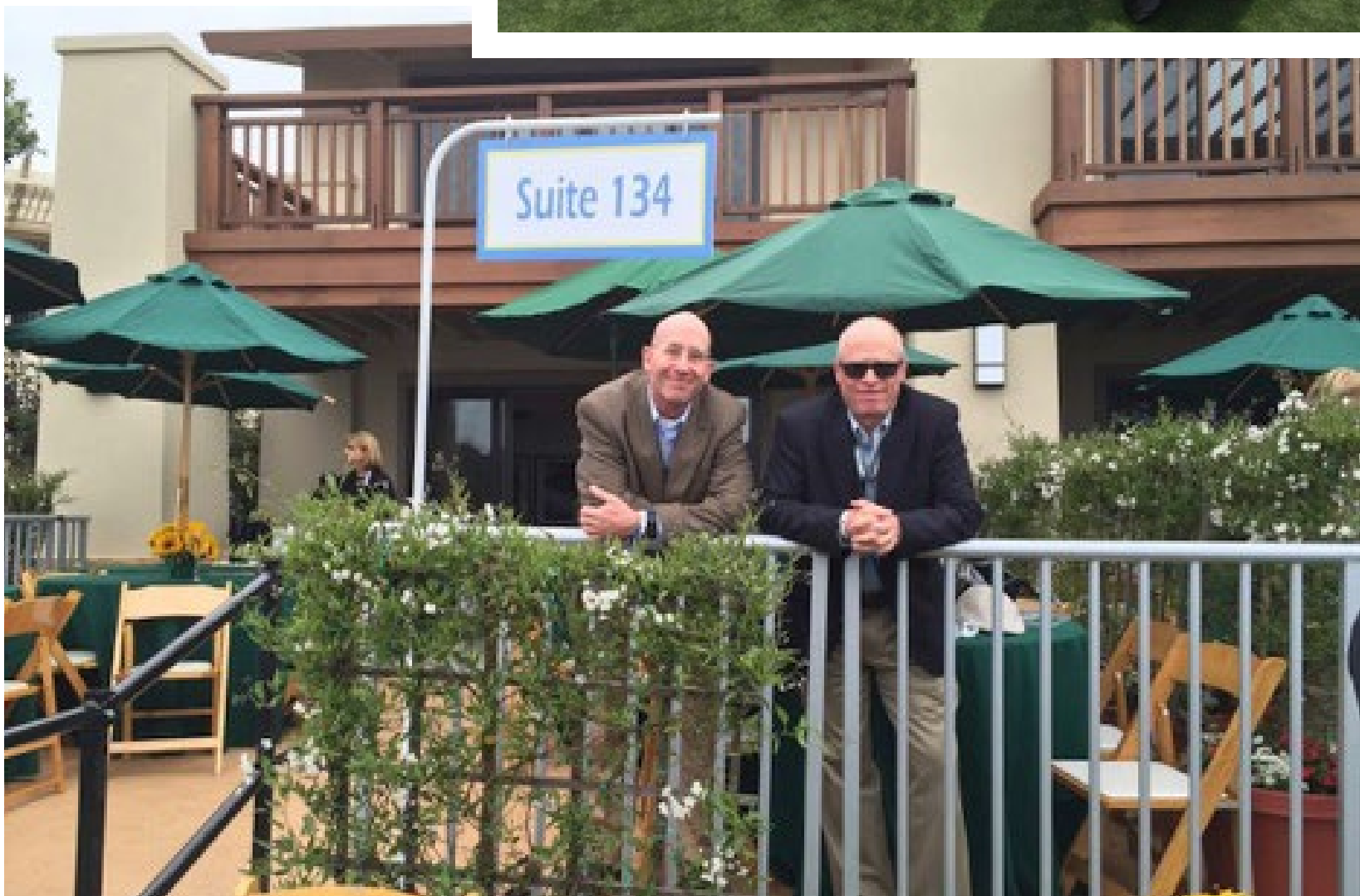
Mercedes. Some of the locals, in the spirit of the Olympics and inspired by generous amounts of non-petroleum based social lubricants, cheered as we drove past, holding up paddle-signs rating the Porsche 9.4, 9.2, 9.8.... I laughed out loud!

I enjoyed Saturday at the Rolex Monterey Motorsports Reunion at Laguna Seca for the variety of machinery, and for the fact that they're running on the track at speed. I wish I could say the Porsches were my favorite, but I really favored the beauty of the mid-century Jaguars and Maseratis, and the sheer brute power of the Can-Am and big-block American iron. We sat on top of the hill looking down at the famous corkscrew as a parade of cars thundered past. Magic!





I was afraid Pebble Beach would be a disappointment after the Werks Reunion and Laguna Seca. Nothing could be further from the truth. It really is the Super Bowl of car shows. I have never seen so many exquisite cars in such a beautiful setting. The Ford GT40s were featured, but for some reason the American Motors mid-engined AMX/3 coupes and the Lamborghini Miuras stuck out in my mind. It was cool to see the LeMans winning 1949 Porsche 356 SL coupe after watching the 919s win at COTA in 2015. Somehow Rick managed passes to the BMW hospitality suite, so we were refreshed with free food, an open bar, and a perfect vantage point for the awards ceremony. Life is sweet, but somedays its sweeter than others. For me the Pebble Beach Concours D'Elegance was about as sweet as it gets. 🍷🍷

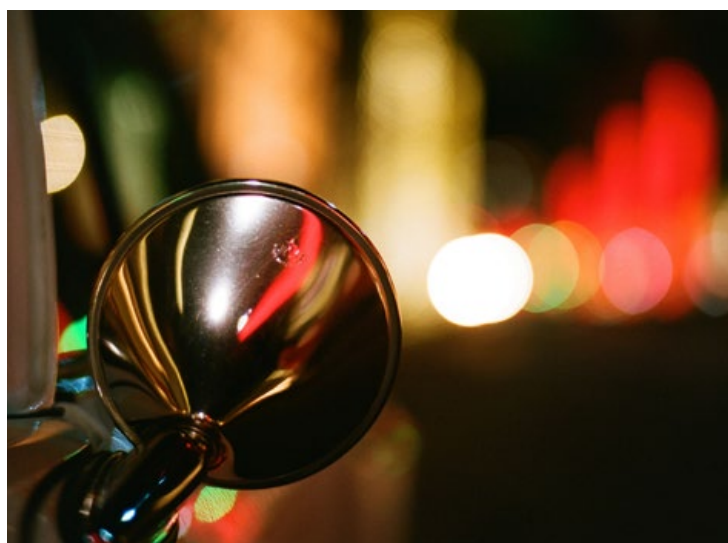




# IN THE NEXT ISSUE...

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- Richard Maxey's award winning preservation class 912
- The East Coast Rendezvous
- Timing is everything
- Stoddard Steelies
- Eric Chan photo essay
- Russell Turpin Restoration







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