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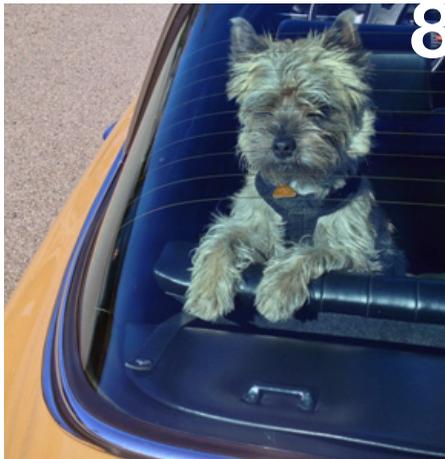
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Don't look now, but the 912 Registry has gone social!



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

***On the cover:** A vintage rally light, undaunted by a few rain drops, sits perched and ready for action on the hood of Tom Roos' '69 Coupe in Rochester, New York. Photo by Tom Roos.*



MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT



Welcome All -

To the Spring 2014 issue of 912 Registry Magazine. Thank you all for the overwhelmingly kind comments you have sent our way regarding the new look of the magazine created by Rick Miranda. We too are very excited about it, and, well, for now, all I am going to say is that we intend to keep the momentum going, and to have it spill over into other aspects of the club.

Before we get too ahead of ourselves, please take some time to enjoy the magazine you now hold in your hands. For this issue, we received many interesting owner stories, including two that are about the same car! As 912 owners, I think sometimes we overlook the fact that in many cases, our cars led their own lives and had their own adventures before finding their way into our garages, but as these stories illustrate, this is most certainly the case. There is also coverage from a couple different regional events and an another installment of Bill Cahill's, "A Look Apart" that this time out, features an accompanying essay by John Benton.

Unfortunately, what you will not find in this issue, are any tech articles. I actually received a letter this month noting that increasingly, 912 Registry Magazine has seemingly morphed into a "social" publication, where we write about events and share 912 personal stories, verses a resource that actually offers information to folks who just want to work on their cars. In response, on behalf of Carol and myself, please be assured that this is not the result of some conspiracy on any of our part. Rather, despite our amazing new look, we are still completely dependent on the content folks like you send us, and we publish what we receive. Thankfully, our magazine does have a few regular contributors, such as John Benton, Bill Cahill, Mike Vriesenga, and more recently, Iris Danek, who are each represented in this issue. Without folks like these, we would be hard pressed to complete each issue. But thus far, no one has come forth to submit tech articles on a regular basis, and so if no one else sends us one, we don't have one to print. If you would like to see this change (as we very much would) and you want for there to be more tech articles in this magazine, please don't just wish it, write it! As I often say, this is your club, so make it how you want it.

Onward!

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

Charles Danek

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I've been fortunate to own several Porsches over the years. Some have been drivers and some show cars. When I recently acquired a nice Sand Beige '69 912, I decided it was going to be a driver that I could have fun with and enjoy.

The car had most of its original paint. The driver's side front fender had been replaced 35 years or so ago, and that paint no longer matched, so I had that repainted and also decided the engine deck lid needed serious freshening so that got new paint also. The remainder was wet sanded to bring out the good quality 40-something-year-old Glasurit.

I love the color. I think the late '60s and early '70s were a great time for Porsche colors. The current crop of black, gray, silver bores me to death. That being said, I decided the Sand Beige needed some spice. After considerable soul searching, as to the sin of altering a mostly original car, I played with ideas and designs and decided I needed

a faux rally car. I just love the look.

When considering stripes, I wanted something that would have been period and Porsche correct. I went with what I think is a pretty good example of 1966-67 Burgundy Red and Light Ivory, which runs from the 356 years through 1973.

Then, came the lights. These were a little more interesting to source. I still wanted to remain true to the period. As you may well know, the original Cibie hood lamps are long out of production, so the search began. I found a pair in France and purchased them. These type purchases are why you have a checking account that your wife doesn't monitor. She knows what I'm up to, but it's best if she doesn't see the actual numbers.

The through-the-grill fogs are also period correct, allegedly new old stock, that I found in Japan. These are Cibie Tango's and are actually yellow driving lamps. They put out a great night piercing beam. I then switched out the



headlights for some flat lens Cibie H4's. To complete the package I sourced a Hella rear fog out of Holland.

After I put all that firepower together I soon found an opportunity to drive home after dark on some country twisties that are great fun. I was able to justify using all the lights to make sure I was safe as it was deer season in North Carolina. I got home safely, but the car actually would not restart after stopping in my own driveway. All that wattage is a good way to test how well your generator is working. Mine was not working very well.

Now that the car was starting to come together, I decided that the stock chromed steelies just weren't the right look. The chrome stock hubcaps were another part that was just too clean and shiny. One of my 356 friends came through with a set of 944 Turbo compact spares that he had purchased for an outlaw project that never got off the ground.

I have them mounted with a new set of Vredestein Sprint Classics and I like the look and the weight savings. I'm having to fight the urge to paint them Burgundy Red to match the stripe, but I think I can hold off.

I've got an Amco roof rack, a non-Porsche but period correct accessory that I am still undecided about. I kind of like the look, but it also detracts from the great 912 LWB body lines. I'll try it both ways for a while and see what feels right. The rack does whistle in the wind which is less than perfect.

My experience with old cars is that they are never done. Something always needs a bit more work or attention. I'll do my best to leave the car alone now. Just keep it up and keep it happy. ■■■

1969 SAND BEIGE TARGA: NO REGRET

by Ned Bunell



I've had very few regrets in my life but two of them are somewhat related. I wish I'd never sold the various early 911s I have owned. And, if you're a photographer, you might also appreciate why I kick myself for selling and then later buying back Leica cameras and lenses, not just once but several times. In both cases, early Porsches and mechanical Leicas have appreciated in value at a rate that has significantly outperformed the S&P 500 over the past 40 years.

After retiring over a year ago, I decided, with approval from my wife, that it was time for another Porsche. Knowing that early 911s would be out of my reach, I remembered how much fun I had with my first Porsche, an Irish Green 912. I

wanted a '69 912 because they were LWB, and the last year for this model. I'd always enjoyed the open top driving of my '71 911 Targa, so when I found this '69 912 Targa at European Collectibles it was the ideal choice for me.

Since acquiring this Sand Beige Targa (also referred to as "old man tan" by one of its former owners) I have had Benton Performance rebuild the engine, and the carbs refurbished by Carburetor Rescue, so the car is now truly a pleasure to drive. And, living in Southern California, it's nice that I can leave the Targa top in the garage whenever we go out for a fun drive! 🍷



1969 SAND BEIGE TARGA: THE THRILL OF THE HUNT

by Jim Chambers

photos courtesy of European Collectibles

It began with a near mint

original paint Irish Green '69 912 Targa that got away back in '87. The car was listed in the local classifieds and I was the first one there. I had always wanted the last 912 Targa, the only one with the longer wheelbase and flared fenders. I left a deposit for the asking price and promised to return with a cashier's check for the balance. The price was too good to be true. Dreamed of the car all night. Returned with check in hand the next day only to be told, "My wife has decided we can't sell the car. Sorry, here is your deposit back." It didn't occur to me until a few hours later that someone had likely offered more, and what his wife probably said was something like, "Take the money and tell the other guy a story." Win some; lose some.

Twenty years later, I had another chance. In April of '07 I spotted a beautiful two-owner '69 912 Targa advertised on the internet. It was Sand Beige, also near mint, but \$20,000 more than the green one that got away 20 years earlier! It was in Southern California, east of LA, 720 miles and 11 Mapquest hours from my home in Ashland, Oregon. Not a problem. I could fly to Ontario, have the seller pick me up and drive it home. After studying a couple dozen electronic images and having a few phone conversations, a deal was made. The seller said the car ran very well and had new



tires, but he encouraged me to have the car shipped. It was after all a little-used, near 40-year-old car. I was not persuaded. Bringing home the trophy is the best part of the hunt! I had previously flown to California to bring in a '87 928 S-4, and later a '70 914-6. I also drove a one-owner 1971 914 home to Portland from Chicago in late October of '02 (Four days alone in a 31-year-old 914, driving dawn to dusk, with a snow storm on I-80 west of Rock Springs, Wyoming, but that's another story).

A one-way ticket was purchased,

Medford Oregon to Ontario International. I would arrive at 10am, be on the road by 11, and home by bedtime, if Mapquest could be trusted. Piece of cake. I left for the airport before dawn with a small satchel full of tools just in case. As expected, they had to go in the cargo hold before boarding. All went as planned, plane change in San Francisco, on-time arrival in Ontario, followed by a short ride to the seller's home in his new VW Beetle. The Porsche was exactly as represented so a cashier's check was exchanged for the pink slip (it really was

1969 SAND BEIGE TARGA: CUSTODIANS OF HISTORY

by Charles Danek

I have heard more than one 912 owner observe that we are not so much the owners of our cars, but rather we are their caretakers. Although the 912 model is about to celebrate its 50th birthday, examples abound that appear virtually as they did the day they left the factory... but sadly, the realities of biology determine that such can never be the case with their owners. Ned Bunnell just shared his story of acquiring a new-to-him Sand Beige 1969 Targa, and what his journey with the car has been about so far--but the car's

journey began long before Ned took the wheel. As it happens, before Ned bought it, this particular 1969 Sand Beige Targa had belonged to former 912 Registry President, Ken Siegal. Ken owned and drove the car for many years, but given that his wife, Christie Martin, owns a spectacular Irish Green '69 Targa with a Benton Performance twin-spark motor, I guess one day he decided that having one 912 in the family garage was enough. But this 1969 Sand Beige Targa did not begin with Ken, either! Presented on the

accompanying pages, is Jim Chamber's account of acquiring and owning this same car, prior to selling it to Ken. 912 Registry Magazine, being able to consolidate these multiple accounts of ownership of the same 1969 Sand Beige Targa is somewhat unique, but the fact that 912s often pass through many hands is becoming ever more common. We are all very lucky to own and drive a car as wonderful as a 912, but more than that, we are also custodians of history. ☺☺☺



pink!). A quick stop to top up the tank, check the oil and tires, bag a couple donuts, fill my coffee thermos, and then my Targa and I were headed north to Oregon. We made it out of the LA basin, over the Grapevine and into the central valley with ease. The car effortlessly kept pace with the flow on the freeway. It was a beautiful spring day, lots of sun and blue sky. I finally had my '69 Porsche 912 Targa. All was good. I would be home for the Jay Leno monologue. Not!

Somewhere in the middle of nowhere on I-5 North the car suddenly lost power. It kept running but had to struggle to make 50 mph. I shifted to 3rd with some improvement, but not much. My guess was an ignition problem, as it felt like the 912 was running on two cylinders. There was no exit in sight and I had not noticed earlier mileage signs indicating the next exit. Those who have driven the interstate from LA to Sacramento will know just how much civilization I could see through the windshield---none! I decided to keep going for as long as the car was willing. After about 15 nervous miles I came to the state highway 33 exit and a landmark known as Andersen's Pea Soup



Restaurant. I limped into the parking lot, shut down the engine, exited the car and raised the engine lid. Diagnosis was immediate. The right side carb was spewing gas. The engine tin was drenched and a puddle had already accumulated on the asphalt. I concluded I had a stuck float needle (and refused to think about the fire I had risked by not stopping when the problem first occurred).

A brief look around did not reveal a Porsche repair shop in the vicinity. There was a truck stop across the street, but I didn't think anyone there would be familiar with the intricacies of a Solex carburetor. But I did have my tool satchel. I removed the air cleaner and found that there were about ten screws between the offending needle and me. Once the top of the carb was in my hand, I discovered



the real problem. The float had sunk to the bottom of the bowl. I pulled it out to learn that it was full of gas. And it was plastic. Some subtle squeezing caused it to squirt its contents from a split seam in the side. After emptying it, I made my way to the truck stop. I figured the young woman behind the counter probably could not direct me to the Porsche 912 carburetor parts aisle. After some study of the products available, I settled on JB Weld, the Kwik variety, "bonds in 4 minutes". I made my way back to the car, mixed part A with part B, and "welded" the float seam. It set hard in four minutes as advertised, but I gave it 15 for luck. In went the float and on went the carb top and air cleaner. The engine responded to the starter immediately. After a long look the carb remained dry. A call home to report my unexpected delay, and my Targa and I were on I-5 North at 75 mph.

I gave up on the idea of reaching home that night and watched Leno from a motel room in Willows, CA. My trophy and I arrived home the next day. After 20 years, I had bagged a '69 912 Targa. ■■■



7 LESSONS IN ECONOMICS I LEARNED FROM MY 912

by Charles Danek

Money Lesson #1: Does wealth define you, or do you define wealth?

An oft-repeated saying states: "You are what you drive." Or perhaps stated more holistically, I have also heard: "Your car is a barometer of your mental state." So what does a 912 say about its owner? To be sure, there are as many answers to this question as there are 912s and 912 owners, so I will speak to the car itself: To the uninitiated, the very notion of Porsche ownership may be synonymous with unobtainability; within vintage Porsche circles, the 912 has traditionally been viewed as a humble model that is perhaps best appreciated on the basis of its own merits. In essence, because of the unique way a 912 can assume such different personas within different circles, it embodies an important choice about money that is rarely rendered so clearly: Does our wealth define us, or do we define our wealth?

Money Lesson #2: Take advantage of money's momentum.

Consider this interesting observation: At the flashpoint of an exchange, money is actually worth very little, but then, as the transaction begins to echo through time, the same dollar amounts involved tend to gain momentum and amass more value. Consider how often times, people make quick bold strokes with their money when there is something they want, but then drag out and sweat the small stuff later. Do you want a Blaupunkt radio for your 912? How about an original toolkit? Well, it is best to make sure that the car you are about to buy already has these things, when they are worth nary more than added incentives. Because, further down the road, an original radio and toolkit are very expensive items to procure! Simply put, your dollars spent on a 912 will never be worth as much as they are the day you buy your car.

Money Lesson #3: Cheap / Fast / Good: You can have any two.

Hardly an original observation, but never more apropos than when speaking about 912 restoration or maintenance. (Note: In this context, fast doesn't mean speed, it means how soon do you want the job done.)

Money Lesson #4: I am too poor to go with the cheapest option.

When it comes to 912 expenses, we always have options. Do you want expensive German rubber window track for your door frames, or is the one piece rubber deal that pops in okay for you? Well, that depends if you want your windows to roll up and down or not. The cheap thing may seem like a value, but what are you really spending in terms of aggravation and time? Plus another thing to consider, is your 912's investment value. Sure, those American-made loop carpets may work just fine, but they are not adding any value to your car, the same way that a German Square weave carpet would. Although rare but welcome exceptions do sometimes exist, typically I have found in life that the cheapest option ultimately costs more on the backend than it would have cost to pay for a better option upfront.

Money Lesson #5: Avoid paying a premium for the perceptions of others, avoid the hype.

A 912 is worth significantly less than a comparable 356 or 911. But is a 912 a significantly lesser car than a 356 or 911? As we all know, the 912 is a wonderful, unique package, that even offers certain driving advantages over both a 356 or a 911. Ten years, tens of thousands of miles, countless adventures, and many otherwise-missed-opportunities later, I can look back and appreciate what a great decision buying a 912 really was! My 912 has taught me to be more immune to hype, and much more confident about my own perceptions in many other aspects of my life.

Money Lesson #6: But be mindful of the perceptions of others; a rising tide does not raise all boats equally.

Since I bought my first 912 ten years ago, they have about quadrupled in value, a windfall I attribute in part to my own market savviness. However, in the same timeframe, values for early 911s have risen nearly ten-fold. Why is this so? I would say, that for most enthusiasts, passion is governed by budget, but as you approach the top echelon of any market, concern for quality supersedes concern for cost. As money pours into any market where there is a finite supply, all prices for the very bestest-rarest-fastest-coolest-pristineest are apt to rise disproportionately.

Money Lesson #7: Porsches were meant to be driven!

We have all heard stories of collector cars rotting away from the inside out for lack of use. It is true: Cars like to be driven! A 912 is not a static thing meant to live under glass, it was designed to move! Yes, this means we put our babies at risk, but true wealth lies not just in the things money can buy, but also in the freedom it affords us to enjoy them. 

1969 SUNROOF COUPE - INDIAN WELLS

photo by Carol LeFlufy



THANK YOU, BUT IT IS ACTUALLY A 912

story by David Saffris

“Wow, Nice old 911.”

“Thank you, but it is actually a 912.”

This seems to be a common conversation starter for me over the last two years of owning the little yellow 1969 912. I don't mind at all, the car seems to draw a crowd wherever I take her and people are always genuinely interested.

“So, why a 912, why not the 911?”

“That's a long story, but let's just say I think it has all worked out.”

So, why the 912? Excellence magazine dubbed it “The Impostor” in their 2014 price guide. And yet, I couldn't be more happy with the 912 despite the long journey between wanting one and having one. My road to finding the 912 was a long time in the making and has so far been well worth the wait.

Some readers may have read the article in the Fall 2013 edition of this magazine about the 1966 912 owned by Mark Hoffman. Mark and I have been friends since we were freshman at Iowa State University in the fall of 1985 and we have been talking about cars ever since. I watched the transformation of the Hoffman's 912 into a race car and was mightily jealous of the car and their weekends out on various tracks around the Mid-West. At one track event in the mid '90s, I received good advice from Mark's father to bring my 1988 VW GTi to the track for a Porsche Club event. I followed that





advice and eventually turned the car into a SCCA prepped ITA series car in 1995. I tracked the car at Driving Events for a few summers but never raced. By this time life had caught up to me and I was married and had a young daughter. My track days were done by 1999 and Mark and I were back to just talking cars.

Over the next twelve plus years I would hear stories of the '66 912 and vintage series racing through Mark and his dad. It became a long standing hope that maybe I could get a 912 someday and we would hit the tracks again. This conversation sustained me into my 40s and recently it seemed we might be getting close to that someday moment. But life never really

gan in earnest. I set out to find a solid car that was not so perfect that it would be a shame to subject it to track modifications, but also a car that was solid enough to not need a full restoration. After spending months looking, I realized I would have to take a bit of a leap of faith or I would be looking for quite some time. It was also clear that all things Porsche were getting more expensive almost by the month, so there was no incentive to wait. Being in Iowa, the only 912s for sale were on the coasts and by the time I would ask questions and try to gauge actual shape and value, the cars would be gone. I resolved to move more quickly on the next opportunity that looked good.

Porsche club events and had a blast with it. By the time we did our first track weekend in May 2013, I was pretty familiar with her temperamental ways. First gear can be a bit of a trick sometimes. Shifting, of course, is more of an art than with modern cars. The whole feel of the car is just a complete sensory overload compared to my other vehicles. The weekend of the driving event finally arrived and the weather was awfully cold, windy, and intermittently rainy. But I drove her 130 miles to the track to meet up with Mark and his '66 car. It was the first time we had both 912s in one place and it was a great weekend. Despite the weather, we got some good track time in and I learned a good amount about the



plays out that nicely.

When Mark's dad passed away somewhat suddenly in 2012, I realized what a mistake I had made in not making the time to get to the track and enjoy the cars I spent so much time talking about. I took my 2004 VW R32 to the track for a Porsche Club Driving event in fall of 2012 and was there to see the unveiling of Mark's fully restored 1966 912. What a work of art that car turned out to be. I have to admit to being pretty emotional when the car took the track. I realized how much the car had an identity tied to Mark's dad and that identity now passes on to Mark. Seeing the restored car was both a sad moment and also happy fulfilling tribute to a great guy who loved his Porsche cars.

That afternoon my hunt for a 912 be-

I found the little 912 posted online and had a few good conversations with the owner, and the shop that could do the work for me. Soon I had made a commitment to purchase the car, and had worked up a list of modifications for the shop to start on. The goal for the car is to be street legal but also have the proper modifications to qualify for vintage driving events. This combination creates a bit of a difficult street car and not a great race car but I am willing to make sacrifices on both sides. By spring 2013, the car had new lowered suspension, new seats, Momo steering wheel, RS style doors, and a rear roll cage. That pretty much exhausted my budget for phase one, and it was spring, so it was time to hit the road.

In 2013, I drove the car to a few

car and it's capabilities on the track. Many people with far newer and fancier cars stopped by to look at the pair of 912s and really seemed genuinely thankful to see the cars out on the track.

One thing I learned was the brakes were fine on the road, but under heavy breaking on the track the car had a bit of shimmy and pull to the front end. I took this project on myself a few weeks after the event. Doing some research I found the 1969 912 is unique in being able to accept the 911 brakes from the period without modification. That seemed like a nice deal for my street / track combination car and I did that work in the summer of 2013 with my 14-year-old son, Ben.

As much as we were having fun driving the 912 on the road, I was really

looking forward to the second track weekend of the summer in late July. I have to admit, while I was working on my project list for the 912, I received advice that it was dangerous to track the car without deep oil sump and oil cooler. Well, I did not take that advice and those upgrades didn't make the list for my phase one budget. This may have turned into a costly decision, as during my second track weekend at Mid-American Motorplex, I had the engine brake a cylinder from the crank. Maybe it was the long constant radius turns or maybe it was a weakness in the engine just waiting to show up or maybe I didn't notice how much oil had been consumed in the drive to the track and the first



lap sessions. Regardless, the result was the same and the engine started making a terrible racket and it was obvious my track time was done for the weekend and the rest of the year. Sad, but not defeated, I left the car at the shop again and started phase two work a year ahead of schedule. Over the winter of 2013 the engine was rebuilt, oil cooler added, deep oil sump added, and some other odds and ends improved towards meeting requirements for vintage events.

The 912 continued to provide learning opportunities for me as I get to know the car and get involved in various types of Porsche Club events. I was lucky enough to be asked to join the board of the Schonesland Porsche Club and have been the webmaster for the club since

spring of 2013. Driving the 912 has really made for special memories already and I am happy to have met some great people along the way. I am looking forward to the summer of 2014 and have a number of events lined up for the car including at least one vintage event.

The snow is finally melting here in the Midwest as I write this and summer is starting to feel within reach. I am very much looking forward to getting out on the road with the 912 and hitting various events. I am sure at least a few times this summer I will be approached by someone who says, "Wow, nice old 911." And I couldn't be more excited. ■■■



ROUNDUP IN ROUND TOP

by Mike Vriesenga

On Saturday, January 19, 2014, Lone Star 912 members from Fort Worth, Austin, San Antonio, Houston and Corpus Christi joined their brethren in 356s and long hood 911s for the 12th annual January Roundup in Round Top, Texas. The cool, sunny Texas winter day made for perfect driving conditions, and Morrie Larson led a merry chase from Austin. Round Top is a sleepy little town of 90 that swells to thousands for the semi-annual gathering of antique dealers and treasure hunters. Antique Porsches graced Round Top this day, mixing curves, chrome, air cooled rumble and unburned hydrocarbons among the art dealers, Stevie Ray Vaughn imitators and smells of the Chili Cook-Off. The Porsche group passed the chili to enjoy lunch at Royer's Cafe (www.royersroundtopcafe.com), a Texas institution famed for the quality of its pies and the acerbic quips of its founder. Pie connoisseur Greg Bade, who dragged Kittie all the way from Poolville, certified that the pie was worth the trip. Everyone agreed it was good to drive, eat and meet after the Christmas holidays, and we all look forward to another worthwhile trip next January. 🍷🍷



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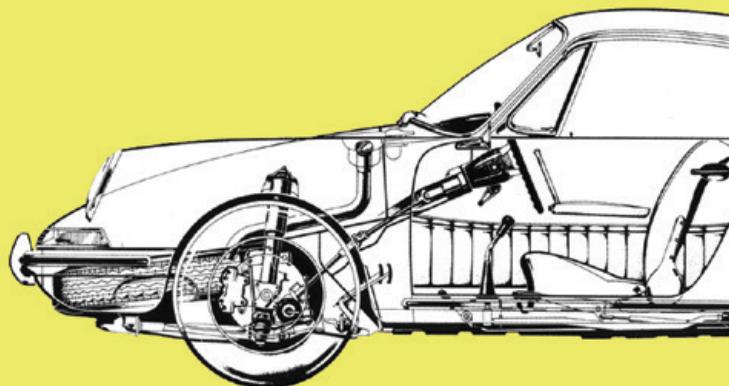
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Every year, in the spring, Porsche-o-philes converge on Southern California for a weekend of non-stop Porsche fun. 2014 kicked off on March 1, with the LA Lit and Toy Show held annually at the LAX Hilton. On-hand this year were dozens of vendors who, in addition to historic Porsche literature and toys, also sold a huge assortment of hard-to-find original and reproduction small parts (think: jewelry for your car.) Afterward that same day, there were open houses at several Porsche restoration houses, including Benton Performance and European Collectibles. On Sunday, the festivities continued with the 356 Club-sponsored SoCal All-Porsche Swap Meet held at the Phoenix Club in Anaheim, California, about which Iris Danek has submitted the following report:

On Sunday, March 2, I went with my Dad to the the SoCal All-Porsche Swap Meet. It was a rainy, cloudy, day, so we decided to take our Fiat, because we did not want our Porsche to get damaged on the wet roads during the drive. When we got there, we walked to the gate to pay, a man stamped a purple stamp on our wrist, and then he let us into a huge tent. Inside the tent, there were tables, full of all kinds of antique Porsche parts that people were selling. Besides all the parts, my favorite things I saw were little toy cars, and these coffee cups from Sierra Madre. The people at the Sierra Madre booth were very nice, and they gave me a white coffee cup with a drawing of a little Porsche on it, so I could give it to my mom as a present because she collects coffee cups. Also in the tent we saw my friend John Benton at the Benton Performance booth, and we also met my Dad's friend, Bill Cahill. Then my Dad realized he forgot his phone, so he left me there with Bill, while he went all the way back to the car to go get it. My Dad needed his phone because we were waiting to see our friend Carol, but she was late, and so he was worried, and he wanted to call her to see if she was okay.

Luckily, not everyone left their Porsches home like we did. While my

Dad was gone, I went with Bill outside into the wet, sticky rain to take pictures of wet Porsches. Those cars were soaked with rain drops, which made interesting patterns on them. I took lots of pictures of these cars to share with 912 Registry Magazine. I liked a lot of the cars, and there were lots of 912s, but my favorite car, was a turquoise car with yellow lights.

My Dad finally came back and we walked around some more. There were more people selling used parts outside on the other side of the tent. My Dad called Carol, and we found out her tire popped! She decided not to drive her 912 either that day, and took her other car to be

safe, but if maybe she took her 912 she would have been actually more safe!

It stopped raining, and I got very thirsty, so we went back to where all the cars were, where there also was a drink place where I got an orange juice. They also sold beer, which people were drinking even though it was morning, but my Dad said that's because that's what they do in Germany. I knew that Porsches came from Germany, but also the Phoenix Club was a club for German heritage.

Next, my Dad and I and Bill went to eat lunch at the Phoenix Club restaurant. I had sliders, but my dad had German sausages that he said were spicy. When



we were almost done eating, Carol finally met us, and she looked very tired. I was happy to see her, but I felt bad for what happened with her tire. Next, we went back to look at some cars with Carol. By the cars, we also saw Thomas Lockton and Christie Martin who were selling 912 Registry things at the 912 Registry tent. By then it was time for me to go.

The SoCal All-Porsche Swap Meet at the Phoenix Club happens every spring, and it is a great place to go for antique Porsche parts, and to see cars, and to see friends! 🍷🍷



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WHY WE DO THIS

story & photos by Adam Sureau

The following is an excerpt from "Two Kids and Two Porsches", a blog belonging to Adam Sureau: <http://adams912s.blogspot.com/>

I had the first chance to take the white 912 out for an honest drive today. It finally stopped snowing and had actually rained before the weekend which washed away any of the horrible salt on the roads that could easily help add rust to a car.

This was my first real drive in a 1966 Porsche 912. The first full year these cars were built. The first time for me.

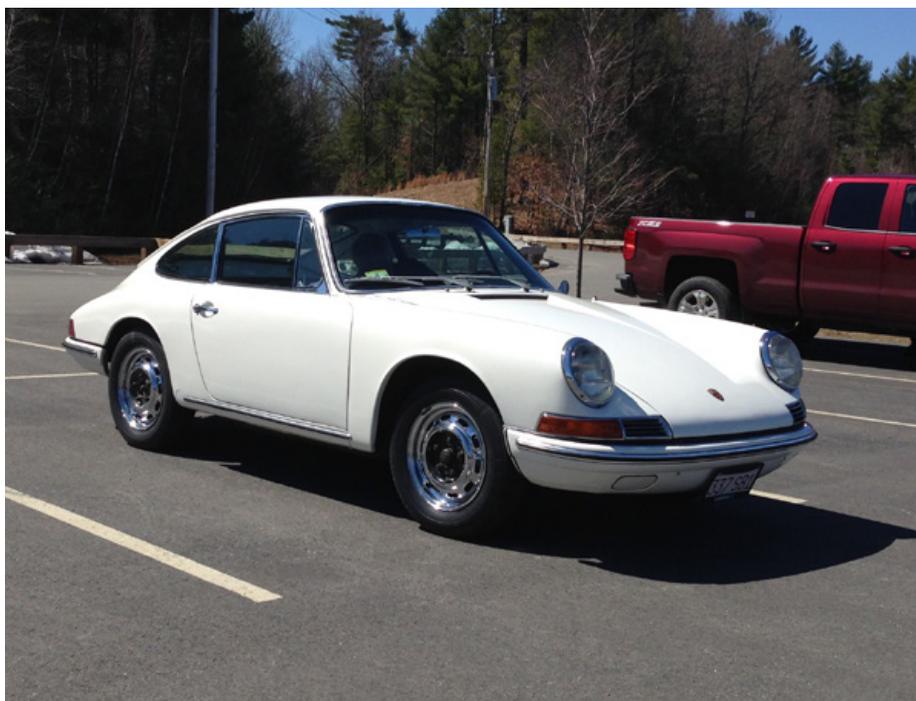
It has been months in the making. I have cleaned the car even though it wasn't dirty and seen the car up on the lift, sat in the car smelling the old leather and gas / oil mixture that seems to be the cars cologne. This thrill was sadly already wonderful. So knowing that the car was healthy, registered with plates, and the weather allowed it to not be ruined when driven, this was better than any birthday I've had.

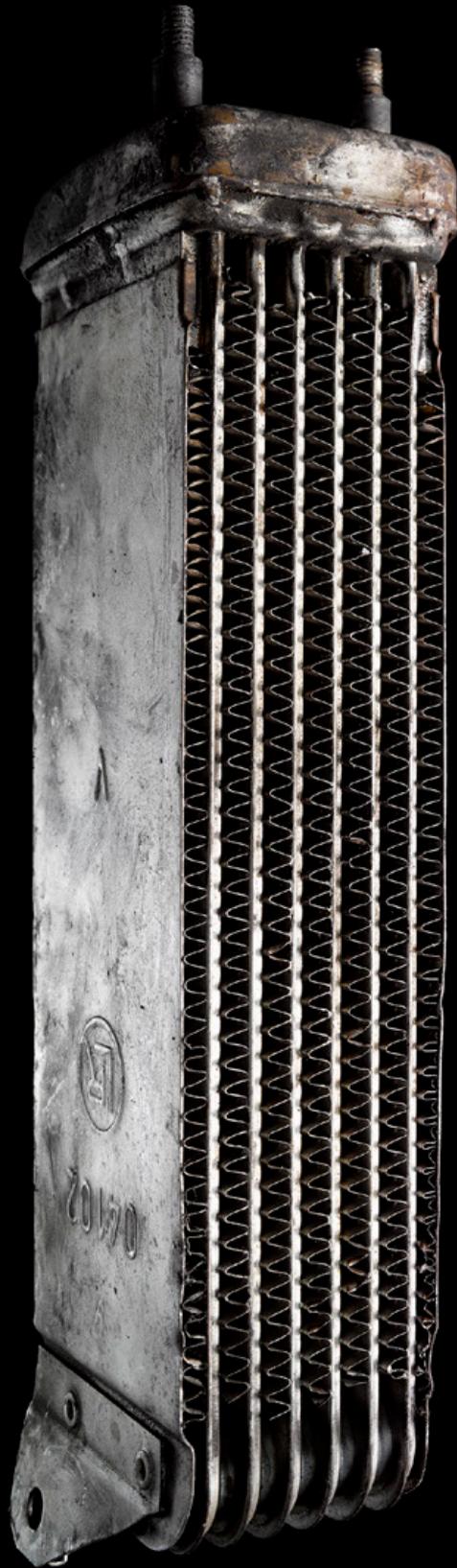
I drove the car out of the driveway and took a right on Hudson Rd. then a left on Rt. 117 towards 495. This car performs most perfectly between 3 and 4,000 RPMs. As I pulled out on to 117 on this gray and cloudy day, a Mercedes CLS AMG happened to come on my tail. This was an extremely rare car to see in this neck of the woods where I live, but then for that matter, so is my car. Well, I think we both figured that out, because

he put plenty of room between us, as I used every turn available as an excuse to shift down to 2nd gear instead of breaking and then accelerate up to 6,000rpms before shifting back into 3rd gear! I knew we had a fan when this AMG followed me north on 495 as I peeled down the on ramp, and then passed cars in the middle and slow lane as soon as we were on the highway. He was following me more closely now and I could see he had a camera phone out in one hand while his other was holding the steering

wheel. I spent this one exit length of the highway exploring acceleration upshifts to breaking and downshifting--already I realized that this car can go faster and corner better than my guts can handle!

This car is simple, fast, perfect.... Everything this car has inside it is all I need for wonderful driving experience that couldn't be described but simply felt. And I honestly don't think this "feeling" is felt often besides in a Porsche. ■■■





A LOOK APART

"Oil Cooler" by Bill Cahill / bill-cahill.com

HOWARD BEARD, CHARTER MEMBER, 1946-2014

by Dave Lovato



For those of you who did not get the chance to meet Howard Beard, let me tell you, you missed something! Along with many of my fellow club members, and an even larger group of friends and acquaintances in Maryland where Howie lived his entire life, we are very sorry that we will not get to see him again. Howard was an idiosyncratic mixture of extrovert and private personality. He was irreverent and creative, he enjoyed a joke, and was not afraid of being the subject of light-hearted jibes, or tomfoolery. But he was no fool.

He was well educated and a college graduate, but prone to express himself in the vernacular, as if he didn't admit to scholarship. There was no pretension in him, but he found it hard to conceal his thoughtful intelligence. A close friend of Howard's who lived near his home remarked to me on the many enthusiasms this singular man enjoyed, from football to tinkering and often his work, which took him into the homes of hundreds of local people. And of course there was also his love of Porsches. When it came to racing and parades, or to the q-tip brigade who would rather clean than drive, many of us enjoyed his unique sense of humor. Never dismissive, Howard took the mickey, but was quick to admire the effort and the result of such dedication. But he himself would just rather climb in and head out!

Born at the end of July, 1946, into a hard working family, Howard was celebrated by his brothers as the type of person who would always volunteer to help out in his parents store and in the restaurant they opened, or if a friend was in any kind of need. I don't believe that this characteristic ever changed in him, for he was ever enthusiastic to weigh-in on a project or lead the way (usually under) my various cars, and those of his club-mates, or of his own somewhat leaky but remarkably steady 912! Howard was a successful businessman, a father and a much beloved character in his extended family. You can sort of understand why. He had a profound knack for fitting in, whether in the elevated circumstances of his wealthy friends, or with the children



of his local neighbors. He was entirely genuine and unaffected, and attracted a wide range of people to him, and maintained these friendships over many years.

'Beardy' as he was known by many around Kingsville, and by some of his mates in the security business, was an American original. Fiercely patriotic, reasonable in disagreement, but proud of his country, he loved little more than exploring the territory stretching from the East Coast to the Pacific by road. And did he ever! Famous for his middle-aged recruitment into Porsche ownership, and leaning just slightly away from his motorbikes, Howard was transformed in short order into a Porsche nut, and long-distance vintage car-touring czar. The coincidental birth of the 912 Registry undoubtedly fed his mile-eating mania!

Every year, from about 2002 or so, Howard would call to discuss his next trip to California for the 912 Rendezvous.



We would discuss his preparations, his intended route, the likelihood of mechanical issues, and the names of those he intended to meet or visit along the way. He rarely missed a meeting. And I know from experience that his pleasure in racking up mile after mile of cross-country driving was real and treasured. That man loved to motor! He personified the marque enthusiast and broadcast wherever he found himself, the quality of our uniquely engineered sports cars. An inveterate 'improver' Howard was quick to adapt his car to the sports purposes he intended it for. From wheels to exhaust, to the interior and a new color scheme, he kept at it for years, but never stopped testing and exercising the 'ghost'.

Our last drive together came shortly before his death, as we stormed the Blue Ridge in a 1979 911SC. Howard piloted, and I held on, while he even seemed to acknowledge my occasional comment, such as, "You might want to slow down just a tad, Howie!" To which he would reply "Davie, Davie, Davie!" But plunge on. I must say he really was pretty quick, and we arrived back at my place in one piece, thank gawd. As we packed up our gear and Howard prepared his gray 912 to return home after a good day of road scrubbing and hill climbing (despite the snow all around!) he said, "Thank you. I really needed that." None of us might have guessed we'd never see him again, but he died unexpectedly on February 6th, 2014.

Howard was not perfect. But he was perfectly unique. A staunch club member, excellent companion and quintessentially measured individual, I know without a doubt, that many of us will miss him terribly, and will despite this, continue to look for him wherever we meet, so strong and lasting is the impression he has made on us.

- DLL -

P.S. Howard would be terrifically embarrassed to know we were saying all these things but I suspect he'd be secretly pleased by it nonetheless! 🍷🍷





In 2014, the 912 Rendezvous

will be held in the Yosemite Valley area in California. We have secured rooms at the famous and luxurious Tenaya Lodge, just outside of the Yosemite Valley. The special rate we'll receive is \$189/night and it's a significant savings off the normal room rate. The Tenaya Lodge offers a world class spa and two great restaurants. The grounds are fantastic for walks in the redwoods and there is a lot more to do than stand around and look at old Porsche's.

Don Melcher and Dixon Hall are working on some great drives for us. One of the drives is surely headed to the awesome Yosemite Valley and another may be on some very scenic twisty (fun) roads along the Sierra Foothills. As is always the case, we are planning a Saturday car show and this will be held at a very unique venue.

Remember that the weather can be very warm during the day and cool at night. Yes, it could even snow, but wouldn't that be epic! Only 60 rooms are available and it is recommended that you book early. The 912 Registry can't wait to show you the fall colors and Yosemite Valley all while driving our favorite cars!

Tentative Schedule:

Thursday October 23

4:30 - 7 Registration open
5:30 - 7 Welcome party

Friday October 24

9:00 Driver's meeting
10:00 Drives leave
6:00 Off site eating experience

Saturday October 25

8:30 Car show parking
9:30 Judging begins
11:45 Lunch served
2:00 Post car show drive
6:00 - 7 Cocktail hour
7:00 Awards banquet begins

Sunday October 26

Good byes!

For Hotel Registration: tenayalodge.com
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Event Registration will be live by June 15
at: bbs912.org



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