

CHICAGO SCENE

MAY 1974

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6710 N. Edgebrook Terrace, Chicago, Illinois

DATES:

May 19 - Rallye

June 29 & 30 - Blackhawk



The **Chicago Scene** is the official publication of the Porsche Club of America, Chicago Region, and is published monthly. PCA dues are \$18.00 annually.

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THE REAR VIEW MIRROR

VAN - GEROW RALLYE

The rallyemaster team of Mike "Black Bart" Vanderwerff and Dan "Greek" Gerow gave us a rallye we will not forget for a while. Not only was it the hardest rallye in several years, but the weather was very cold, wet and windy. "Bart" and Dan put every trick they knew into this rallye. It was a good rallye and a fair one, but it was hard. So hard in fact that some unusual things happened out there as the wind swept parts of North-east Illinois: Harold and Doris Beach DNF'd for the first time in eleven years; Frank Wagner never got through the tire warm-up area; Bruce Janecek made checkpoint II, three times and Roger and Bonnie Shapiro had the fastest time of the day through the speed trap, only they went through the wrong way. Pete and Eve Hackmann won the toilet seat award for leaving the parking area the wrong way, executing the first five instructions and ending up lost in Hammond, Indiana.

This rallye featured a speed trap for which penalty points were awarded for deviations from the given speed. This

seemed like a good idea and it did make things very interesting. Unfortunately most of the members saw it coming and braked for it, so that the highest speed was only about 10 MPH over the average speed.

Thanks to the following people who froze for most of the day. To Sally Buckthal, Chuck Vischulis; Wilma, Dawn and Wendy White; Dan, Danny and Michael Gallagher; applicant Chris Jensen, Michael J. and Arlene Vanderwerff; Bonnie, Jim and Kent Gladish; Bob Buckthal and most of all to "Bart" and Dan. The event chairmen want to particularly thank all those who worked on this cold day.

A glance at the results on the following page will tell you that this was a hard rallye. If you were not familiar with the main road rule you were in big trouble.

Dinner was held afterwards at the Log Restaurant. The Log is one of our favorite places for the food is both excellent and plentiful.

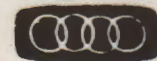
Thanks once again to Bart and Dan for a nice day in the country. Next time we hope you order a little sunshine!

Chicagoland's

1ST



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RESULTS

UNEQUIPPED

1)	Tom Grutzmacher & Lee Kramer	310	T
2)	Mike & Judy Meyers	446	T
3)	Jerry & Helga Meyer	507	T
4)	Dave & Barb Redszus	982	T
5)	Paul & Dale Schechter	1058	T
6)	Larry & Sue White	1129	T
7)	Mike & Judy Hoskins	1523	APP.
8)	Dean & Millie Bangert	1526	T
9)	Bruce & Jill Janecek	1623	T
10)	Hans & Cassie DeJong	1637	
11)	Ken Lessing & Bob Roberts	1644	
12)	Bob Suscycki & Mimi Nanic	1814	G
13)	Ed & Debbie Leed	1890	
14)	Gene Urban & John Sonkup	1895	
15)	Shelly Granzin	1904	
16)	Alex & Linda Wendorf	1955	
17)	Gobbie & Gene Coburn	2523	
18)	Steve & Forest Scott	2549	
19)	Darlette Husum & Joe Ratschan	2605	
20)	Sam Melnick & Liza Frankel	DNF	APP.

21)	Bob Gissel & Pat Stack	DNF	
22)	Curt & Joani Wachta	DNF	APP.
23)	Ira Kephart & Wally Ryback	DNF	
24)	Ron Bodinet & Ron Jr.	DNF	
25)	Frank Wagner & Connie Pogan	DNF	
26)	Pete & Eve Hackmann	DNF	APP.
27)	Jim & Pat Peterson	DNF	
28)	Pete & Chad Kelly	DNF	APP.
29)	George & Jeanette Gerk	DNF	
30)	Curt Sadlock & Gary Doering	DNF	APP.

EQUIPPED

1)	George & Linda Gutmann	201	T
2)	Paul & Virginia Dickenson	414	T
3)	Bob & Syl Babbin	578	T
4)	Jerry & Barb Ridgeway	1326	T
5)	Bonnie & Roger Shapiro	1629	
6)	Norm & Julie Studier	2004	
7)	Jim Franzen & Dale Marx	4000	
8)	Harold & Doris Beach	DNF	
9)	Dale Labert	DNF	APP.

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River Oaks Shopping Center.



Registration.



Porsche powered bus.



Can you spot the pile of junk in the middle of seven beautiful Porsches?



Inferior foreign import rallye team!



Freezing checkpoint workers.



Anyone who would run a rallye on a day like today should have his head examined.



Rallyemaster and the better part of checkpoint team.



(5)

I am sorry Mr. Babbin, but we do not accept any protests.



I do not think it is right to stick an applicant out here with Gallagher.



Kilroy was here.



Son, when you grow up, never volunteer to be a rallyemaster.



Gerry and Helga, again!



Say Hans, you are the only hot air balloonist in the club. Maybe you would "drop in" on Potters Picnic or use it to work a corner at Elkhart.



Paul: Say Dale, I think this driving school is a good idea.

Dale: I already know how to apex the clutch!



Say Babbin, you are getting better looking everyday.



..
Porsche Über Alles!

(6)



Tell me Bob, how did you ever fall into a bunch of nuts like these people?



I do not get my picture into the Scene very often, but when I do I like to be with beautiful women.



How about a little kiss. Ich.....!



How much did you say?



Some of the activities of our members embarrass me!



See what I bought for Millie; a Porsche key chain and watch. Now she has everything but a 904.



Here is where you went wrong Norm. Four utility poles does not mean four Polish Utility workers.



Say Jim why don't you tell us how you got a bad dose of poison ivy and show us where it itches.

(7)



Billy, you are twice as good as a navigator as my dumb brother.



Mike Meyers has decided to attend Driving School so he can learn how to drive 911's.



Let me tell you I enjoyed this one hell of a lot more than the "slide rallye".



OK Roger, with your beard, you are almost as sexy as your speedster.



Once you find a navigator, don't break up a winning combination.



What ever happened to Al Marmalad?
Eds Note: He and Wayne Gritzmacher went off to the "big sky".



I want to be known as something other than the "sweatshirt girl".



You see Kent, she was in this ice-skating show and she liked her costume so much she refuses to take it off.

(8)



Here's to the rallyemaster; may he get fleas in his beard and wind leaks in the invisible 911.



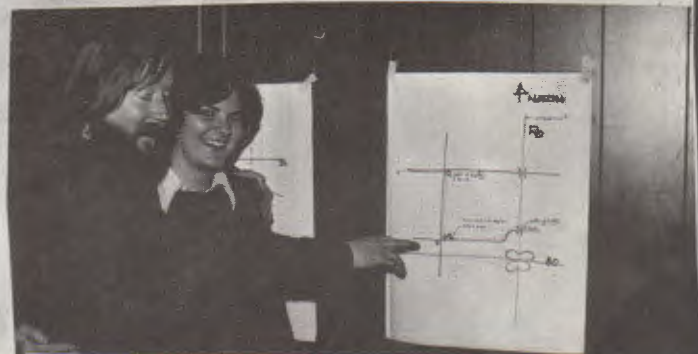
I am happy to see that your daddy provided you with a sufficient dowery; two 911S's.



What do you mean, you got lost! How could you on a simple rallye like this?



A "super shoe" always gets the beautiful women.



Here is where we got lost. We did not follow the main road well. And you just got to follow the main road rule!



Bruce: I just cannot understand why my Czeck beer did not win!
Harold: It was about as good as you rallye!



What the hell is the main road rule?



(9)

We are going to be instructors at the May 5th driving school.. Us super shoes are going to teach you poor mortals.



Our illustrious rallyemasters - Black Bart and Dan Gerow.



Winners - Unequipped.



Winners - Unequipped.



Still more winners - unequipped.



Even more winners - unequipped.



Winners - Equipped



More equipped winners.

THE REAR VIEW MIRROR

ROSEN'S WRY RUNABOUT -

From all appearances, the introduction and expansion of more classes, especially ladies classes was very successful as some 68 cars and 90 drivers arrived at Jack Fritsch's plant in Libertyville. This was our first attempt at running more than two ladies classes and what a success!

As our friend Merv is sailing in the South Pacific, Dick Gunther, Jerry Meyer and Dan Gerow stepped in and put on an excellent gymkhana. The parking lot was large and a fairly long tight course was set up (some members even believed that it favored 914/6 but who knows). In these times when it is so difficult to find a facility to us, we sincerely appreciate Jack Fritsch's allowing us to use his lot. Apparently Jack does not use it too much for he got lost on each of his runs thereby earning the coveted toilet seat award befitting his performance.

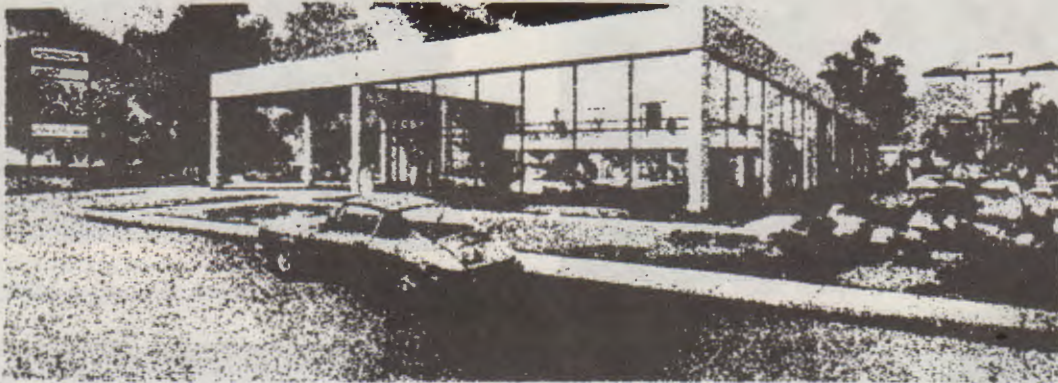
A glance at the results will show that driving ability is more important than horsepower as two 4 cylinder cars made it into the fastest times. Horsepower does help however.

Fortunately, there are many people who deserve our thanks, in fact there were so many that we do not remember all. However, we do want to thank Joyce and Dick Gunther, Dan Gerow, Jerry and Helga Meyer, Neil, Judy, Josh and Jon Holleb; Bob, Wilma, Wendy and Dawn White, Bonnie Shapiro, and all those who worked the pylons which was about everyone who was there.

There was a major problem when the Silo Restaurant cancelled out on us very late in the week (in the words of Roger Shapiro, "don't wave at them as you go by"); however the chairmen were able to get the Northern Chalet to take us on very short notice. Our sincere thanks to them.

Dinner was good and the cocktail hour excellent. The weather was warm but threatening all day. Fortunately, the rain held off until the very end. The competition cars had to run in the rain which hurt their times.

A very enjoyable day. Thanks once again to Jack Fritsch and all who helped make ninety people happy.



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RESULTS

CLASS 1 - 356 (Except Carrera)

1)	Bob Buckthal	49.4	T
2)	Larry Chumura	51.3	T T
3)	Alex Wendorf	53.7	T
4)	P. Goebel	54.2	APP.
5)	Rip Patterson	54.5	
6)	Ed Leed	54.9	
7)	Terry Baumhardt	56.2	
8)	Claire Cotter	56.5	
9)	Bob White (other)	DNF	

CLASS 2 - 912

1)	Jerry Meyer	50.4	T
2)	Gregg Blegan	53.5	APP.
3)	Rick Abeles	54.8	T
4)	E. Larson	54.9	
5)	J. Liche	55.0	G
6)	Gene Coburn	55.7	
7)	Norm Studier	55.8	

CLASS 3 - 914 1.7

1)	Jim Peterson	53.2	T
2)	T. Deadrick	53.9	G
3)	Calibrow	54.2	G
4)	Rick Jambrosy	54.5	APP.
5)	Chuck Ekstrom	55.1	T
6)	Ben Frohlichstein	55.7	T
7)	Fred Hoppenwasser	55.9	T
8)	Curt Wachta	56.7	
9)	W. Clarkson	DNF	G

CLASS 4 - 914/2, 911 2.0 (except E & S)

1)	Joe Ratschan	51.8	T
2)	Joe Marcin	52.4	
3)	M. Kazen	53.7	
4)	Stan Rubel	59.5	

CLASS 5 - 914/6, 911 2.0E, All 2.4 911

1)	Dick Gunther	49.1	T
2)	Chuck Regan	49.6	T
3)	Bob White Socks	50.4	T
4)	Bob Davis	50.6	T
5)	Dan Gallagher	50.6	T
6)	John Towey	51.3	T
7)	Todd Kaitis	51.4	T
8)	Tom Grutzmacher	51.5	T
9)	Dan Gerow	51.6	

CLASS 5 - Continued

10)	Don Adis	52.1	
11)	Paul Heckman	52.3	
12)	Harold Beach	53.4	
13)	D. Laber	53.6	APP.
14)	Dean Bangert	53.6	
15)	Kurt Selack	53.8	
16)	Larry Bobbe	54.5	
17)	Mike Meyers	54.6	
18)	R. Grinzi	54.8	G
19)	Paul Schecter	55.9	
20)	Sam Melnick	57.9	APP.
21)	B. Faber	58.6	APP.
22)	George Gerk	61.8	
23)	Bob Geisel	72.2	
24)	Jack Fritsch	DNF	TOILET*

CLASS 6 - 911 2.0S, All 2.2 911

1)	Roger Shapiro	48.8 (FTD)	T
2)	Larry White	50.1	T
3)	Neil Holleb	50.4	T
4)	Jim Gladish	51.4	
5)	Hood	51.7	APP.
6)	E. Horowitz	52.6	
7)	Chuck Vischulis	53.0	
8)	J. Welda	56.5	APP.
9)	M. Haskins	59.3	APP.

CLASS 8 - Modified 4 Cyl.

1)	Steve Scott	56.4	T
2)	Frank Wagner	56.9	

CLASS 9 - Modified 6 Cyl.

1)	George Gutmann	49.3	T
2)	Hans DeJong	55.4	

LADIES

CLASS 1 - 1 & 2L 356 & 912

1)	Helga Meyer	52.8	T
2)	Elaine Cotter	54.7	
3)	Kathy Abeles	58.2	
4)	Debbie Leed	62.2	

CLASS 3L - 912

1)	Julie Frohlichstein	57.2	T
2)	Lucy Regan	57.9	
3)	Sue Hoppenwasser	61.3	

RESULTS - Continued**CLASS 4L - 914/2, 911 2.0 (except E & S)**

1)	Robin Leach	56.7	T
2)	M. Kuzmar	61.3	

CLASS 5L - 2.4 911 & 914/6

1)	Doris Beach	55.9	T
2)	Wilma White	68.1	T
3)	Dale Schecter	61.2	
4)	Linda Johnson	62.0	
5)	Lynn Faber	DNF	APP.
6)	Joyce Gunther	DNF	

CLASS 6L - 2.2 911

1)	Bonnie Gladish	53.6	T
2)	Sue White	53.7	
3)	Lucy Regan	55.2	
4)	Shelly Granzin	56.6	
5)	Judy Holleb	69.0	
6)	Ms. Haskins	DNF	

CLASS 8 - Modified 4 Cyl.

1)	Forest Scott	60.5	T
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CLASS 9 - Modified 6 Cyl.

1)	Linda Gutmann	55.3	T
2)	Cassy DeJong	57.6	T

TOP TEN TIMES

1)	Roger Shapiro	(2.2 911)	48.8	FTD
2)	Dick Gunther	(914/6)	49.1	
3)	George Gutmann	(911 2.0)	49.3	
4)	Bob Buckthal	(356)	49.5	
5)	Chuck Regan	(2.4 911)	49.6	
6)	Larry White	(2.2 911)	50.1	
7)	Neil Holleb	(2.2 911)	50.4	
	Bob White	(2.4 911)	50.4	
9)	Jerry Meyer	(912)	50.5	
10)	Bob Davis	(914/6)	50.6	
	Dan Gallagher	(2.4 911)	50.6	

LIZARD IN YOUR TUNNEL

- Send wife to neighborhood Porsche-Pusher across the street at 10:00 p.m. Sunday evening to borrow metric socket set.
 - Meanwhile remove floor mats, gas pedal, floor boards, and gear shift tunnel covers front and rear.
 - Get proper tools together, Screwdriver, dental mirror, flashlight, and length of wire for prodding lizard.
 - Crawl into car from left side to see if you can see lizard back of the dashboard, meanwhile cracking head on steering wheel and poking eye into top of gear shift lever.
 - Look for lizard.
 - See lizard looking at you from wiring behind dashboard.
 - Draw back, cracking head on steering wheel, to better see lizard.
 - By now you have completely terrified the lizard.
 - Tell neighbor (who has arrived with socket set) to remove him.
 - Two drinks later, neighbor also sees lizard.
 - Lizard is chased into gear shift tunnel.
 - With dental mirror and flashlight observe lizard in tunnel while he observes you via dental mirror and flashlight.
 - Prod lizard with a length of wire.
 - Lizard runs out of tunnel, back of clutch pedal, onto top of tunnel, and into rear seat.
 - Two more drinks and you and neighbor see lizard more clearly.
 - Neighbor grabs lizard and removes from car.
 - Lizard resents invasion of privacy, makes U-turn with body and bits thumb of neighbor.
 - "Funny", neighbor thinks, "They never bit before." Lizard is dropped on driveway.
 - By now relations with wife are strained, relations with neighbor are strained, relations with lizard are strained.
 - Neighbor leaves, wife leaves, lizard leaves.
 - Re-install floor boards, tunnel covers, gas pedal, and floor mats - cracking head on steering wheel, poking eye into gear shift lever, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera.
- MORAL: Better a "tiger in your tank" than a "lizard in your tunnel.

Wally Cole, San Diego Region, PCA



The site - parade lap.

(13)



Our hosts, Jack and Judy Fritsch.



Registration



Starting line - note "Christmas tree".



O.J. Meyer



This "tray" makes a nice place to put your beer while waxing the car.



We finally have arrived - two large monthly payments for these green 911's.



Say, Lucy, what are you doing after the event?



(14)

It's OK. You see she is Darlette's friend!



Just wait George, those racing tires of yours will be great in the rain!



We are the fastest Cowboys here.



I did not understand "Dubuque Gothic", did you?



Workers!



I am great on the ice and smooth in the dry. Now if I could just put them together.



Who said we were oddballs?



Say Doris, if you don't stop winning; they are going to be calling you a "super shoe".



Ben: Say Todd, when are you getting married?

Todd: As soon as Linda can support my 914/6.

(15)



Dan: Tell me Roger, now that your picture was in the Trib. did it go to your head?

Roger: Just let me show you the uncropped photo!



My roadster is so fast you would swear it wasn't stock!



Nice to see Jim Tober again. He broke his leg this winter.



We thought we would have you all over to Dad's this summer.



The Buckthal's.



Julie, your improvement must be due to those lessons from Al Marmalad.



You bet we are "super shoes". Just look at my bills.



You know Kathy, no one seems to understand Roger.



Sure we do, he is just a little crazier than the rest of us.



We may only be applicants, but there must be more to this event than driving through some silly pylons.



There is - drinking.



The Haskins - applicants.



Clare and Elaine Cotter - old time members. Where have you been so long?



"I am good, I am really good".



Don't believe him Wayne, he wasn't any good at all!

(17)



Why am I so sad. I just bought a garage with a house attached, therefore I get to have you gll over.



YOU VILL LEARN TO DRIVE AT MY SCHOOL. US GERMANS KNOW EVERYTHING.



Winner 356



Winner 914



Winner 912



Winner 911 2.0



Winner 911 2.4



More Winners 2.4



Still more 2.4



Winners 2.2 911

(18)



Winner Modified 4 Cylinder.



Winner Modified 6 Cylinder.



Winner Ladies 914



Winner Ladies Modified



Super Shoe Beach & White.



Congratulations Helga (912)



Winner 914/2.0



Winners 2.2 911 (Jerry is always lucky)



Judy receiving Jack's well deserved trophy.

COMING EVENTS

MAY MAYHEM IV

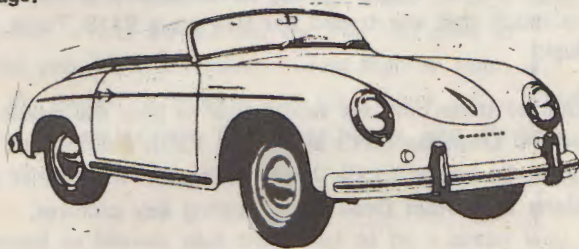
Date: May 19, 1974
Place: Porsche Audi at O'Hare
1000 Elmhurst Road
Elk Grove Village, Illinois
Time: Registration 10:30
First Car Off at 12 SHARP

Here is your chance to redeem yourself after the Van-Gerow Rallye. John O'Keefe, the rallyemaster, promises an easy straightforward TSD rallye covering the northern part of Illinois. There will be no gymnicks and John states that the rallye will be 100% finishable. The rallye will be between 100 to 120 miles in length, to avoid any possible gasoline problems.

Mr. Rew Godow and his excellent staff will provide coffee and rolls, plus the necessary washroom facilities. Rew does request that upon arriving at the dealership, you line up your cars as soon as arriving. The first car to arrive will be the first car off, etc.

Two classes will be run, unequipped and equipped. Unequipped consists of pencil and paper and a simple stop watch or watches (two are allowed in this class, however, a new solid state stopwatch will put you into equipped.) Equipped is any mechanical device, calculator, rallye tables or rallye wheels and/or the new solid state digital stopwatches.

Dinner will be held afterwards at Landers Chalet located on highway 83 between Busse & Elmhurst Road in Elk Grove Village.



1954 356 SPEEDSTER

Dear John:

Wow, great roads, food that's good and best of all - great company.

NAME: _____

- Member, Applicant, Guest, Equipped, Unequipped

Price: \$5.00 (\$7.00 if not pre-registered by Thursday the 16th)

Reserve -

- Sirloin dinner at \$6.50 (\$8.50 if not pre-registered)
Children's dinner at \$4.00 (\$6.00 if not pre-registered)

Make checks payable to PCA/Chicago

John O'Keefe
520 S. Des Plaines Avenue
Forest Park, Illinois 60130
312/366-3388

BLACKHAWK FARMS DRIVING SCHOOL

Date: Saturday, June 29, 1974
Sunday, June 30, 1974
Place: Blackhawk Farms Race Track
(South Beloit, Wisconsin)
See map in next newsletter.
Time: Registration and Tech Inspection
Saturday 9:30 to 11 A.M.
Sunday 9:00 to 10 A.M.

Here is your opportunity to apply all you learned at Soldiers Field plus the opportunity to learn quite a bit more. Blackhawk Farms is a 1.8 mile course with seven turns. It is a recognized SCCA course with all the safety and comfort features.

Here you will be able to practice and learn high speed handling and corner techniques in safety. A helmet will be required.

Usually numerous members camp out on the grounds for the weekend. For those of you who are not outdoor enthusiasts, the Holiday Inn in South Beloit is not very far away.

Unfortunately, we had to raise the price because the track rental alone substantially increased. This is the most costly event the club runs, and costs are calculated to just break even.

At this time, it is not known where the dinner will be held, but there will be dinner and a beer blast after the track closes.

The instructors will be well qualified and more than likely a SCCA license holder. Special instructions will be available for the ladies and new members.

This event is one of the high points of the year - so bring your helmet AND JOIN US!

Dear Sally,

I would not miss this great weekend for anything!

NAME: _____

- Member, Applicant, Guest, Color and model of car:

Saturday only \$23.00 (late registration \$28.00)
Saty. & Sunday \$33.00 (late registration \$38.00)

Reserve _____ dinners for Saturday
Reserve _____ dinners for Sunday.

Make check payable to PCA/Chicago

Mail to:

Sally Buckthal
1630 Norwell Lane
Schaumburg, Illinois 60172
312/894-5230

APRIL BOARD MEETING

Location: The home of Neil and Judy Holleb

In attendance: Neil Holleb, Bob White, Harold Beach, Don Gerow, Mike Vanderwerff, Ray Cuny, Dick Gunther, Merv Rosen and Bob Buckthal.

- 1) Accepted various reports
- 2) Accepted four new members.
- 3) Confirmed December 14th for the annual Dinner Dance at the Biltmore Country Club.
- 4) Confirmed November 17th for a tech session at Jack Cooper Import Motors in Rockford.
- 5) Decided to discuss the by-laws next month.
- 6) Discussed the continuing pre-registration problem. Pre-registration for events is necessary because reservations for dinner must be made and the number of trophies needed must be determined. **Therefore, it was decided that in order to qualify for the pre-registration discount, reservations must be received on or before the Thursday before the event. If you call in a reservation on Thursday, you still qualify for the discount providing that the money necessary is received before Sunday's event.**

NEW MEMBERS

Gene & Gaby Coburn
26 Willow Lane
Glenwood, Illinois 60425
68 912 Green
758-5239, Office; 331-4000

Shelly Granzin
2280 Hassell Street
Hoffman Estates, Illinois 60172
71 911S Red
885-9892 381-4340

Pete & Eve Hackmann
2224 Giddings
Chicago, Illinois 60625
72 911 T -Brown
275-4746 282-8877

Sam Melnick
505 N. Lake Shore Drive - Apt. 5410
Chicago, Illinois 60611
73 911E Blue Targa
329-1617 Business: 646-4860

MISCELLANEOUS RAMBLINGS

Congratulations to our members Mike Landrum, Jerry Schaub, Mike Vanderwerff and Michael Vanderwerff. As of this writing, they were either 1st or 2nd in the Under 2 Liter Class at Road Atlanta: 12 hours of Sebring. Landrum and Schaub drove the 911S while Bart and Michael Jr. crewed. This was the team's first attempt at 15MA racing. They did very well.

Bob White (socks) purchased a 1972 911S identical to Patricks (1971 911S) while attending Bonderant in California. He liked it so much he drove it non-stop, from Salt Lake City to Champaign. Apparently he exceeded the 55 MPH speed limit as he made it in 25 hours.

Best wishes to Susan "Sally Salt" Peppas. Susan had to miss several events due to being hospitalized. Fortunately, she is much better and expects to see us soon.

While on the subject of missing events, Merv Rosen missed his own event because he got the opportunity to join an around the world sailing ship in Tahiti. Merv and Frank Issacson joined the ship there.

New member Shelly Grazin, likes the club and Porsche's so much that she traded her 914 on a 911S Targa. Good luck!

One of these days we would like to hear the whole story behind Dean Bangert's and Todd Kaitis's skiing trip to Utah. So would Linda Johnson. By the way, Tyler went along to protect Dean from stealing any pictures.

The latest rumor from Stuttgart is that Porsche will not put the new 3 liter water-cooled Porsche into production because of cost problems and opposition from Mercedes. This comes from a good source. Your guess is as good as mine.

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HOW TO DRIVE A SPEEDSTER FROM MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA TO CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

PART II

Question: What's the difference between Elko, Nevada, and those old mining town bars that used to separate the miners from their hard earned money?

Answer: Nothing — except that Elko (as well as the whole state of Nevada) has devised much more sophisticated methods of separating people from their hard-earned money.

As you remember, we had just finished a nice drive from Monterey to Elko, Nevada. We had covered some 550 miles in just about 16 hours. That's a little over 34 miles per hour. I did some rough calculations that next morning and to cover the remaining 1700 miles it would take some 49 hours. Let's see driving 12 or so hours per day, that would take only 4 more days. Furthermore, it would take a whole day to cross the Nebraska corn flats. What would be more relaxing than taking a one day trip across the Nebraska corn flats at an average speed of 34.4 miles per hour in a near 20-year-old car that had seats so thin that your butt fell asleep in less than an hour, and it was the middle of August, and it's a black car — which everyone knows is some 20 degrees hotter, and it's long before air-conditioning, and there is no radio.

I suggested to Bonnie that there had to be a better way. She said there wasn't, and proceeded to give me standard lecture #46 about how it was my hobby and all that, and that I was supposed to be enjoying myself, and that you had to expect a couple of minor set backs every once in a while.

The day before, on our merry way to Elko, we had stopped in Reno, Nevada for dinner. Bonnie had dinner, I just tried to thaw out from the previous 4 hour stretch. I had poured a couple of cups of hot coffee in my mouth and in just a few short minutes my tongue was moving again. What a pleasure to talk again without my teeth making so much noise. After dinner, I decided to give my old friend (actually he's quite young) Bob Buckthal, a call back in Chicago (actually it's Schaumburg). As the proud owner of a very snappy red 356A Convertible D, he was eminently qualified to talk to.

Luckily he was home and I unwound my tale of woe. There was a lot of laughing on the other end, but in the end he was quite sympathetic and we developed a plan

for the next day. The plan was to go through all the basics — like checking to see if the fan was turning, the oil was right, the timing was right, and all that. For something simply was causing those high oil temperatures! We finished our call, finished our dinner, lost a couple of bucks in the slot machines, and proceeded to Elko.

Since we had arrived in Elko some 2 hours after midnight, we were not about to rise early and catch the sunrise. I understand it's outstanding. Someday maybe I'll go back catch it ... I doubt it though. I did realize that we still had work to do, and another 12 hours of driving ahead of us, so we did get up early enough to get over the the local VW dealer before they closed for the season. Yes, Porsche freaks, there is a VW dealer in Elko, Nevada.

I asked the owner/manager/salesman/parts man/service writer/shop foreman if he would consent to doing an oil change on the Speedster. He took one look at the Porsche emblem and nicely explained that he couldn't work on the car, because it was a Porsche and it would void the warrantee. I convinced him that voiding the warrantee on a 17-year-old car was hardly a serious offense. After explaining that it would be OK, and that I would release him of any possible damages resulting from the coil change — he finally did take a look into the engine and admitted that there was a good deal of family resemblance. Up on the rack it went, had its oil changed, its timing redone (it was just fine, as it was, it so happens). We closely inspected the oil for contamination and found none. No oil leaks, no oil constrictions, there just didn't seem to be any external reason for the oil temperature to act the way it was acting.

By this time, Bonnie was checking out of the motel and was on her way over the VW dealership. On the way over, she picked up a nail in one of the tires, and it went flat quite quickly. By this time, being disaster hardened, it didn't phase me in the least. I put the spare on the car. Oh, that beautiful spare, our beautiful concours spare that never had touched the ground before. On the other hand, what good is a \$300 tire and rim assembly if you can't use it. My next task was to have the flat fixed in order to minimize the time that beautiful concours spare had to be affixed to the car. I asked the VW man if anyone in town had any experience in mounting mag wheels. I explained the problems of gouging the rims with those machines when the tire is removed from the rim. He didn't think anyone

This exciting adventure begins on the previous page!

had such experience. He was right. We checked. Our plan was to drive to Salt Lake City and the nearest Porsche Dealer, and he would be able to handle it.

All in all, we found the VW dealership in Elko, Nevada to be most helpful and understanding, and entirely nice about the whole thing. If you ever go past, give a honk, he's really a very nice chap. I had a long chat with him about the oil temperature problem, and he could give me no answers.

We pulled out of Elko and headed east toward Salt Lake City. Sure enough, within 15 minutes, the oil temperature needle was doing its old tricks by trying to wrap itself around the peg. Well, we settled down to a nice 55 MPH, the sun was out, the top was down, and all in all it was quite nice. Behind me was the ever-present metallic blue 911 with my wife at the wheel. I looked back and I noticed she had her windshield wipers on, then quickly followed by the flurry of flashing lights. The 911 came along side and she told me to pull over, that something was coming out of the engine compartment.

A quick look into the engine compartment revealed that what was coming out was oil — the very same oil I had just put in an hour ago. Somehow a seal had blown and there was oil all over everywhere, in my engine compartment and all over the front of the 911. There didn't seem to be any puddles under the car. Bonnie started the Speedster, while I looked in dismay into the engine compartment. Sure enough, oil was bubbling out in the vicinity of the blower shroud. I checked the dip stick to see how much I had left, and lo and behold it was about an inch or so above the full line. I figured that the VW guy had put too much in and hopefully the excess quantity was uneasy about the cramped quarters and wanted out. All I had to do was get the oil level down to a respectable level. That was no easy trick when you're 20 miles from nowhere on a road that seemed to disappear in both directions over the horizon. Anyway, the oil was very very hot at this point.

Luckily, I had remembered that when we dropped the sun screen, that one of the retaining bolts came out, studs and all. I could drop that one stud, drain out about a quart, put the stud back with a minimum of loss and be on our way. Taking out the oil plug seemed a big risky, I figured I'd never get it back without either giving myself 3rd degree burns or losing the entire lot of oil. Actually, it worked out quite well, removing only the stud I received only 1st degree burns. I would also like to take this opportunity to formally apologize

to the state of Nevada for leaving an unauthorized quart of oil on the side of Interstate 80 just before Wells, Nevada.

By late afternoon, we had crossed the Great Salt Flat and entered into Salt Lake City. Making that drive across the flats at 55 MPH, a person has a lot of time to reflect on things. We we had gone to the Parade, we stopped in Salt Lake City to take in some of the culture. We were told that Brigham Young, upon reaching Salt Lake City, said something to the effect, "this must be the place". You see in those days, they didn't have trains, planes, cars, roads, and Craig Breedlove to get them across the flats. I figured that this quote from Brigham Young was just another half quote. What he probably said was, "This must be the place, because if you think I'm walking across that overgrown cowlick, you're crazy!" It also occurred to me that the land speed trials are held on the flats because of man's desire to make his stay there as short as possible.

I pulled into the Porsche/Audi dealer in Salt Lake City. What I wanted was quite simple — another oil change for the Speedster (this time with 40W) and the flat fixed on the 911. Would you believe that the service manager said that he could schedule me in sometime the next day. I told him that I was just a guest in his fair city, and was just passing through, and besides that we had confirmed reservations in Cheyenne for that night. I suggested that I would be willing to pay the overtime if someone would stay and go over the car. He wasn't listening. I contemplated the possibility of losing my reservation in Cheyenne, but the thought of spending a night in Salt Lake City without a beer after crossing the salt flats depressed me. We decided to have the flat on the 911 fixed, then split. If you are ever passing through Salt Lake City, DON'T wave as you go by the Porsche/Audi dealer. The guy up the block with the tire store is one helluva a nice guy though, you can wave at him instead.

Before we headed east for Cheyenne, I made my call to Bob Buckthal to go over the day's happenings.

We knew that the engine had been recently rebuilt by Clark Anderson, a guy with a flawless reputation on the West Coast. By this time, we had ruled out bad oil pump, bearings, and other normal maladies. We would talk about symptoms, when they happened, for about a half hour each phone call. We tried to figure out what was causing these symptoms. When you start the car, the oil pressure light goes out just like it's supposed to and the oil temperature reading is quite regular. For a while, when the temperature is cool, you can drive the car rather

SEE NEXT PAGE - THIS CONTINUES!

Continued from previous page —

rapidly without any unusual sounds or symptoms. Then the temperature starts to creep up and does not stop, and you have to slow down in order to keep the temperature from melting the engine.

That night we made Cheyenne, Wyoming. We were supposed to meet the Bangerts for dinner. By the time we got there, it was closer to breakfast the next morning. We did, however, say hello to their car as they were very much asleep by the time we arrived.

The next two days consisted of slowly motoring from Cheyenne to Chicago with a stopover in Omaha. The trip was rather uneventful, spending the good part of the day crossing the Nebraska-Corn flats. The only problem, other than severe boredom was the time the coil fell out of its bracket and was rattling around. When I first heard those sounds I figured that every bearing in the engine had committed simultaneous suicide. I imagined that I would have to leave the car on the side of the road and for a moment my heart was somewhere in my stomach. Lifting the engine deck, I saw at once the coil in a non-factory positioning dangling from its wires. When the oil seal blew, sprawling oil all over, it also lubricated that nicely cromed coil clamp which in turn made it very slippery. Driving along, the coil just slid down and out of its clamp. Luckily the coil didn't short out and it was just a short stop to put the coil in its proper place.

By now, all you astute technically minded people have been trying to figure out the cause for all of these problems. Actually I give all the credit to Bob Buckthal for figuring it all out. What was missing was the Back Pressure Oil Line (P/N 616.07.076), which runs from the oil pressure relief valve to the oil filter. It turns out that for a short time, 356 A's had this oil line mounted externally. The earlier A's and all subsequent 356's had this line mounted internally. My engine, looked like any other 356. It isn't until you check the engine number against the parts book, that you see the need for this oil line. Without it, the oil pressure relief valve does not work, and the oil cooler is always bypassed. THUS, the high oil temperature and subsequent loss of oil pressure.

Many years ago when I got my first sports car (it was a 1958 MG-A), my dad told me it was silly to

pay so much money for a car with only two seats (in which you couldn't double date), and top that had to be manually operated, and no roll up windows. He said it was just a stage I was going through and that when I grew up I would give up this mania for funny little cars. Well, it's 15 years later and I just got another little two seater (in which I can't double date), the top still has to be operated by hand, and it doesn't have roll up windows. I got this feeling that this passion for funny little cars isn't about to let up. In one respect, I hope I never grow up.

ROGER SHAPIRO

PORSCHE MART

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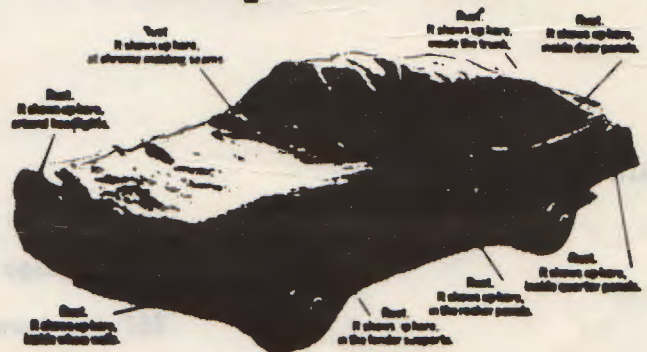
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