

CHICAGO SCENE

JUNE 1973

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MEMBERSHIP

Mike Vander Werff 474-9444
Box 444, Lansing, 60438

NEWSLETTER EDITORS

Diane & Dan Gallagher 775-5944
6710 Edgebrook Terrace, Chicago

ADVERTISING MANAGER

Dick Gunther 299-1031



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DATES

June 27	Weekday Drivers School
July 21 & 22	Ferry Porsche Rallye
August 5	Potters Picnic

THE REAR VIEW MIRROR

MAY MAYHEM

Our own team of heavyweights did indeed put on a nice gymkhana. Dan Gerow and George Gutmann presented a nice way to slide into summer.

The gymkhana was held at the beautiful River Oaks Shopping Center on the far South Side. If the women did not feel like driving, they could just walk across the street and go shopping. It proved to be a very expensive gymkhana for some of our members.

The weather was just beautiful. In fact, numerous members got a little sunburned. A glance at the results will show that there was good competition in each class. In fact, if you look at the best cars in each class, you will notice that it is not horsepower that counts, although it helps, but driving ability. It was a pleasure to see so many of our ladies get out and drive. In fact, they did quite well. Some of them even beat their husbands (yes, this rag is written by and for male chauvanist pigs).

Thanks to all the people who helped out. To Jerry Meyer and Mike Vander Werff who

who helped start cars and time cars. Wilma White, Millie Bangert, Neil Holleb, Josh Holleb, John Holleb, Jerry Meyer, Linda Gutmann, Sandy Gerow and to many others-- we thank you.

After the gymkhana, we all had a few drinks, good friendship and a nice dinner. Thanks, once again, to Dan & George and River Oaks for letting us enjoy ourselves.

After the event, Dan & Sandy Gerow invited the whole club back to their beautiful house for the second monthly goodbye to the Brookings party. While it is not our policy to thank individuals for private parties, they invited the whole club so we wish to thank them for providing the opportunity to honor the Brookings.



Chicagoland's

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RESULTS

-- MAY MAYHEM

CLASS I - 356

Bob Buckthal	61.255 T
Larry Chmura	62.032 APP
Jack Kettlestrings	62.036 APP
Frank Wagner	63.869 T
Dennis Skidmore	65.511 T
John Zmolek (1300 C.C.)	67.584
Alex Wendorff	67.767
Terry Baumhardt	68.163
Jerry Dunn	68.478

CLASS II - 912

Alan Brooking	59.885 T
Jerry Meyer	61.068 T
Rick Abeles	64.925
Tom Ticho	65.312
Keith Tanaka	65.913 APP
Edward Larson	66.522
Norm Studier	68.703

CLASS III - 914 (1.7)

Jay Weininger	63.931 APP
Todd Kaitis	64.418 T
Jim Peterson	64.687 APP
Chuck Ekstrom	64.894 T
Bob Garwin	64.985 APP
Fred Hopenwasser	68.173

CLASS IV - 914 (2.0)

Mark Kazen	62.003 APP
Larry Lesniak	62.210 APP
Bob Hubert	62.921 T
Bruce Janecek	63.003 T
Terry Tackbary	65.456 APP
William Keats	65.480
Doug Keats	68.189 APP

CLASS V - 911 (2.0), 914/6, 356 CARRERA

Dick Gunther	59.832 T
Jim Herron	61.843 APP
Joe Marcin	62.786 T
Dan Gallagher	63.015 T
Bob Krajec	64.426 APP
Rick Collins	64.513
Joseph Ratschan	64.646 APP
Rick Morrison	68.897

CLASS VI-2.2 911T

Roger Shapiro	59.454 T
Bob Koehler	69.895

CLASS VII - 2.2 911 E & S

Jim Gladish	58.940 T
Bob White	60.308 T
Dave Redszus	60.919 T
Neil Holleb	61.598
Bill Boy	61.989
Ed Dwyer	62.523
Larry White	65.709
Bob Wirtz	70.001 Guest

CLASS VIII - 2.4 911

Mike Vander Werff	59.001 T
Merv Rosen	60.680 T
Chuck Regan	62.183 T
John Towey	62.600 T
Jack Ward	62.841
Dan Gerow	62.940
Bob Babbin	63.665
Lowell Koenig	65.981 APP
Paul Schechter	67.298 APP
Harold Beach	67.322
George Gerk	67.981
Bob Giesel	73.520 T

CLASS IX - Competition & Modified

Dean Bangert	57.576 T
George Gutmann	57.893
Hans De Jong	63.771
Skip Davis	63.999

CLASS X - Ladies 4 cyl

Helga Meyer	63.788 T
Sue Brooking	64.242 T
Linda Johnson	68.341 APP
Kathy Abeles	68.965 T
Debbie Weininger	68.990
Linda Gesser	69.866 Guest
Sue Hopenwasser	73.747
Sally Buckthal	73.852

CLASS XI - Ladies 6 cyl

Sue White	59.760 T
Linda Gutmann	60.070 T
Barb Redszus	61.030 T
Bonnie Gladish	61.816 T
Sandy Gerow	63.389 T
Jackie Parker	67.091 Guest
Doris Winkler	67.117 Guest
Wilma White	67.757 T
Bonnie Shapiro	70.067 T
Doris Beach	71.269
Diane Gallagher	72.681
Dale Schechter	74.907 APP
Gretchen Collins	75.348
Syl Babbin	76.170
Mary Ward	78.265
Joyce Gunther	79.086
Judy Holleb	83.171
Betty Koenig	93.599 APP
Fay Witz	DNF APP



River Oaks Shopping Center



The Event Chairmen--heavy.



Registration



Tech team-by the way Brookings we thought you were leaving.
Al- I was but you guys said so many nice things about me I thought I'll come again.



Bob: Anita, would you trust me regardlessly?
Anita: Hell No!



Uncle Neil starting



This months inferior make



John Zmoiek's 1950, 356 Coupe



Al Brooking on way to class win. (note addition of 6" "mags" and lowering of car)



Dave Redszus pushing 911S



Fred and Sue Hoppenwasser



My Roadster is twice as good as Dennis Skidaround's



Bruce Janeck's 914 2 Litre wheels



These 914's sure do not handle like 911's



Diane Gallagher in beautiful Carrera 2



Ever since Barb got pregnant she has been driving better. What do you think Harry, could it be a lower center of gravity?



Say Chuck I see you sold the old rusty pie pan and bought a new egg plant Porsche



The teenie bopper set



Rew & Florence--per annual winners of the best dressed members award



You know Bob, this is stupid. Driving these cars around in circles.



The large size Jerry Meyer



Frank Wagner and friend



Ruthie finally let me out by myself again and I am not going near any of those good looking young dolls.



It is true that teachers do not make much money but we sure can date pretty girls and drive well



Rick Collins and son



The reason Kathy's back is so bad is that she has this bad habit of lying around on cars.



Harold: Say Bob are you really Don Green?

Bob: There is a little of Don Green in each of us.



Bob and Leslie Morrisons wish a happy birthday to "old man Bangert"



You know Doris it is just not as much fun anymore since they cannot kick around Dubuque any more.



We only came out to sit in the sun



Wilma and young friend



Beautiful little girl and lecherous old man



Thats right Judy we have planned the Trust Me Regardless Rallye with the women in mind



Josh and Jon Holleb-a job well done.



Bonnie has learned not to stick out her tongue anymore.



Tell your father that "Black Bart" has 40 black "T" shirts not the two he alleges.



We don't really know what we are doing here



Neither do we, but we are happy we came



The other half of the Trust Me Regardless Rallye Team.



Bob White with Chicago-Urbana Traveling Trophy. He gets it back next month.



Winner--356



Winners 914



Winners 911, 914/6



Winners 911E & S



Winners 2.4.911



Winners Competition



Winners Ladies 4 cyl



Winners Ladies 6 cyl.



Winners Ladies 6 cyl.



Robert Giesel receives Traveling Trophy befitting his driving ability

THE REAR VIEW MIRROR

DRIVERS SCHOOL

Blackhawk Farms offered the chance for the membership to learn high speed handling and evasive techniques of their Porsche's. Besides these, we learned the proper way to shift and brake which will not only make our machines run longer, but which may save a dented fender or worse someday.

The weather was a major factor at Blackhawk just as it was in the Parade. Fortunately, all track time was held in beautiful weather. Unfortunately, the Saturday night dinner was rained on, and those people who did camp out on the grounds suffered through a regular downpour.

The instructors kept their pledge to remain gentlemenly. They braved things that would make strong men weep and still kept their composure. Much thanks to Jack Cooper, Jim Gladish, Frank Isaacson, Gene Bussian, Merv Rosen, Lance Flynn, Werner Voegeli, Dave Morrell and Jerry Meyer. Your courage will not be forgotten. Much thanks.

The 1.8 miles of Blackhawk gave all of us ample space to have a great time and push the Porsche without having to look in the rear view mirror for cars with red

lights on the roof. I am sure everyone considered it a bargain.

Thanks to all the fine people who worked on the event itself, Rew and Skip Godow, and Jack Cooper who handled starting the cars. Wilma White, Bonnie Gladish, Lynne Isaacson, Jack Cooper and the entire Holleb family-- we are in your debt.

Much thanks to all the other people who helped out-- Chuck Regan, Ray Stonecipher, Dan Gerow, and all the people who worked tech; George and Linda Gutmann, Bob White and Dick Gunther. Thanks.

I believe all 64 cars who attended this weekend believed it was a worthwhile way to spend a weekend. Good people, good track and good driving. Much thanks to Chairman Ron Rogginger and his right hand, Dave Morrell.

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Registration



Black Hawk Farm's main straight.



Timing stand



Event Chairman Ron Rogginer and "old friend"



Tech



This months inferior import



Corner 4



Corner 5



Corner 4



Mary and Werner Voegeli



Ginny Gummow driving 1975 safety standard Porsche.



Daniel Gerow, driving his secret weapon.



Dirty Old Man and Sweet Young Thing.



Even Dirtier Old Man and Sweet Young Thing.



I cannot understand it. Dad does not make me wear a bra but his Targa always does.



What ever happened to Al Marmalad?



Yes, I am the famous "Black Bart". You see I only drive well when I wear Black



Did you know that they have installed wall to wall carpeting in their concours trailer.



Jim and Joan Dolian came here thinking the "apex" was a pants shop in Old Town.



I do not believe you. Dick would not do a thing like that.



Don't cry Shannon, mommy won't hurt daddy's Carrera.



See that short sexy starter over there? Stay away from him, he is dangerous!



I am sorry Ray, but I volunteered you to cook the bratwurst at Potter's Picnic



We have more fun at less cost than you "grownups"



Do you think those sway bars, Konis and lowering the car is going to help Dad. No!



The Rogers inspect Grey upside down Bath Tub.



I thought I had this cornering stuff down; then I came into #5 and got the apex mixed up with the tach. Consequently I spun out.



Say Dick, I hear you left your mark on #3.



There must be more to life than these silly cars.



Now that we live in Palatine with its high crime rate, I thought I would get a watch dog.



I may have won the toilet seat last month, but I would have to have bought the farm to win it this month.



Koffee Klatch



Tito, this is our famous Black Bart, who for three years has never won anything but black. So today he wears white and look what happened to him.



What do you mean, are we members? Of course we are! Your club has so many eccentrics a few more won't matter



This month I am going to let Larry win. After I beat him last month, he refused to talk to me for two weeks.



Before we came we thought toe-heel was a dance step.



No girls, I really did not throw a mustard bomb in Salley Salt's car.



We know toe-heel is not a dance step. It is a method of making sure the cam-shaft does not apex the clutch. Right?



Merv: I am almost as short as Jerry. Do I have a chance!
Helga: No, you are not as sexy.



Don't worry Jessie! Dad is going to put anti-sway bars and 6" mags on your stroller.

15



Peter De Ramos and the Local Bike set.



The Rip Patterson Family.



Mark and Bonnie Leuzinger



In Canada we don't do silly things like this.



Most improved times. Note sand toys for "sandbaggers"



George receiving trophy for F.T.D. Trophy befitting his long drive.



Dick receiving trophy befitting his luck. Note Dave Morrell wiping away tears at the thought that the "seat" cost Dick as much as a whole bathroom.

JUNE EVENT
 SECOND ANNUAL EIGHT HOURS OF BLACKHAWK

DATE: Wednesday, June 27, 1973
 PLACE: Blackhawk Farms Race Track
 TIME: Registration & Tech 9:30 to 10:30

If you enjoyed the June Drivers School, you'll love the Second Annual Eight Hours of Blackhawk. Here will be your opportunity to learn high speed handling and safety techniques in complete safety. By virtue of the fact that this event is being held on a weekday, the track rental will be relatively inexpensive and the track should not be very crowded. The club's timing equipment and various safety equipment will be there. Also for all of those who missed the weekend driving school, several licensed competition instructors will be present to teach you proper shifting, braking and cornering techniques.

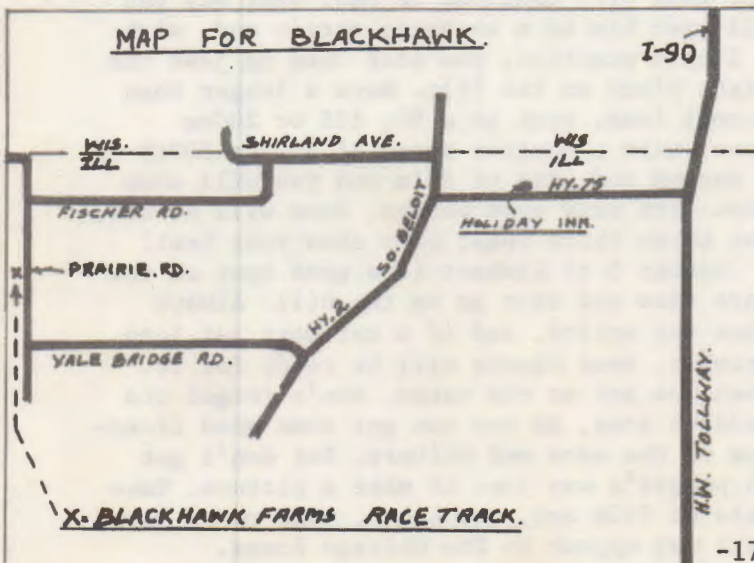
Because this is a weekday event, no regional points will be awarded. However, since the chairman likes trophies, several fun types of trophies will be presented. An informal dinner will be held afterwards.

DEAR DAN-- I would not miss the opportunity to have Dr. Gunther teach me the proper way to take corner 3A for the world. Sign me up:

NAME _____
 MEMBER APPLICANT

Porsche Model _____
 Reserve me a place on the starting line.
 \$20.00 pre-registered (\$22.50 at line).

____ Want Instructions ____ Know it all
 Make checks payable to PCA/Chicago
 Mail to: Dan Gallagher
 6710 N. Edgebrook Terrace
 Chicago, Illinois
 775-5944



JULY EVENT

DATE: July 21 & 22
 PLACE: Four State Area

Secret Rallye Revealed
 CODE NAME "FERRY PORSCHE RALLYE"

This club could never keep a secret, and not unexpectedly someone let the car out of the bag about the "Trust Me Regardless Rallye". So, for those of you who haven't yet heard: we will be sailing on the S.S. Badger Car Ferry.

This will be one of our best events ever. The Ferry travels from Milwaukee to Ludington, Michigan. We will have dinner and dancing aboard the boat and this promises to be one hell of a good time. Special arrangements have been made to protect and park your prize Porsche.

Registration will be held at the Lake Forest Oasis at 1 PM sharp. From this point, we will proceed on a Fun Rallye to dinner near Milwaukee. After dinner, we will board the ship and proceed to have a ball. The next morning you will be provided with a fantastic he-man breakfast and then "By the Dawn's Early Light" we will start on a T.S.D. Rallye covering the finest, twistiest, prettiest roads in Western Michigan. After the Rallye, there will be a late afternoon awards dinner near the Chicago Rallye.

The Chairmen have spent an awful lot of time and effort on providing you with a truly wonderful weekend. There are only 11 staterooms left out of the 54 on the boat. The price is cheap when you consider what you are getting-- just \$70.00 per couple gets you lodging, meals, dancing and the best comaradarie this side of Stuttgart.

MAIL TO: Joyce Gunther
 5433 Suffield Terrace
 Skokie, Illinois 60076

We don't want to miss the boat. Here is our \$20.00 deposit.

DRIVER _____
 NAVIGATOR _____
 ____ MEMBER ____ APPLICANT ____ GUEST

Make checks payable to PCA/Chicago.
 Mail instructions to me at:

COMING EVENT

AUGUST EVENT - POTTER'S PICNIC

DATE: August 5, 1973
PLACE: Potter's Farm - Gray's Lake, Ill.
(See attached Map)
TIME: 11 AM, Concours Judging 1 PM Sharp

Yes, summer is finally here and that means it is Potter's Picnic Time again. This is the longest standing event in the club and one of the best. Marion and Wayne along with Rip and Linda Patterson once again have agreed to open their spacious farm for the club's pleasure.

This is our only true family event. All are encouraged to bring all the little nippers. Even your mother-in-law is welcome.

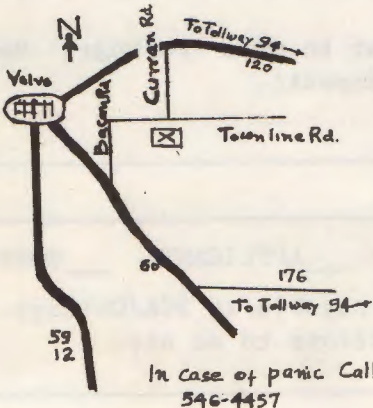
The swimming pool will be open all day for your enjoyment. The host asks that you bring your own towels. Women and men with longhair (Jack Cooper and Ray Stonechopher) are asked to bring along swim caps. Changing facilities will be provided for the swimmer.

The family asks that you leave your minibikes at home, along with the dogs and cats. There is a large open area where baseball, football, etc. may be played.

Our own expert team of chefs will cook fantastic Wisconsin Bratwurst to perfection. All leftover brats will be sold at our cost. There will be plenty of cold tap beer and pop for the little nippers and Bruce Janecek.

The concours will be held on two areas of beautiful green grass. It will be our now standard four class event and it will be free. All cars will be encouraged to enter. A good cleaning surely will not hurt your Porsche and who knows-- maybe you can take home some silver. If Ray Cuny can enter, why can't you!

Pre-registration is not necessary. The registration fee will be \$3.75 per adult and \$1.75 per child. So, clean up your car and kids (in that order), put your mother-in-law in the trunk, and come out to Gray's Lake.



BRINGING HOME A RECORD! by Harold S. Beach

Now that the driving events are starting for your Porsche and you, your camera should also go along... so, if you don't win a trophy, you can take home some good photos.

In comparison to your car, you can take a very fine photograph of your favorite car with most any camera, a saving already.

Two types of photos, either the car at rest or in action, should be made to tell the story of your Porsche weekend or a day at the races.

If you want to photograph your car for the wall or to just keep as a record: generally color is the best to use--either transparency, or, if you want prints, use negative color. Use Kodachrome, Ektachrome X or High Speed Ektachrome (for slides) or Ektacolor or Kodacolor X (for prints).

Try to shoot at a low angle showing the car at its best. Sometimes a shorter than normal lens will tend to make it more dramatic. Choose a cloudy day if possible or very early in the morning or late in the evening. Look at some of the car ads and also books like Automotive Quarterly to see good examples.

If you want the car in action at Driver's School or Road America: We will need a little more work and use more film to get the one shot. Find a spot where you are safe from the cars if one spins or gets into trouble.

Although you can use any camera, generally a 35MM is best here. The shutter speed is about right at 250 to 500. Very seldom will you need to go faster. A slight blur gives a feeling of speed. A 2000th second will freeze action more but then the car will look like its standing still. Remember, a car coming towards or going away from you will be easier to catch and will not blur as much as one going straight on by you.

As you see the car coming, try to pick him up in the finder as you do in shooting skeet. Swing with the car and release the shutter when it is in the right spot. After the shutter goes off, continue to pan. That way you will get him in a swinging motion and, with a little practice, you stop them in just the right place on the film. Here a longer than normal lens, such as a 90, 135 or 200mm lens, with a shutter speed of 250 or 500th of a second and lots of film and you will come home with many good photos. Some will be bad, but throw those away; only show your best!

Corner 5 at Elkhart is a good spot as the cars slow and then go up the hill. Always face the action, and if a car does get into trouble, your camera will be ready for it. When you are at the races, don't forget the paddock area, as you can get some good close-ups of the cars and drivers. But don't get in people's way just to make a picture. Take lots of film and, who knows, next month your work may appear in The Chicago Scene.

MISC RAMBLINGS

It is apparent that Team McLaren is withdrawing from Can-Am racing for the season: The reason- if they cannot beat the Turbo Porsches they don't want to race.

In the LeMan's testing the 2.8 Carrera's are reaching speeds of 180 miles an hour. That is only 3 miles an hour slower than the more powerful race prepared Ferrari Daytona's. The more agile Porsche's should take their class easily.

Peter Perfect Gregg and Hurley Haywood put the 'Vettes and Cameros to shame to win the ISMA 3 hour Daytona. The Carrera's were not supposed to win on the long tracks, but no one told them that.

Competition press reports that Porsche is stuffing a small turbocharger to the 911 flat 6 to measure the improvements in emissions and find out if the turbo-lag, solved in the 917/10K race car with two small turbos, can be tamed so that the 1976 can carry the equipment as standard. All the 1974 Porsche's will be 2.7 liters and by the following year, 3.0 liter. All this notwithstanding, Mark Donahue at a recent Porsche Club meeting in Indianapolis prior to "the 500", states that the 1975 Porsche will have a water cooled 5 liter engine located in the front, driving the rear wheels. This is brought about by the ever tightening safety standards. With the emissions being measured in percentages, the easy way to comply is simply to enlarge the engine, and the 50 mile an hour crashable front end is going to be the death of rear engined cars".

Editor's note: Alas, Alas, buy your Porsche's while you can still get one.

Foreign-made automobiles occupy the top seven positions in braking performance according to information supplied to the Transportation Department (DOT). Range of stopping ability from 60 mph varied from 146 to 250 feet. Top performers were Alfa Romeo, Renault 15, Porsche 911 and 914, Saab 3, Citroen SM, Fiat, Jaguar, Mercedes and Volvo. At the low end of the brake scale were General Motors intermediates and various Chrysler products.

Porsche retail sales for Jan./Feb. 1973 were 3998 units, compared to 2448 units in 1972. This reflects an increase of over 60%.

Good luck to the Meyers and Gladishes. They are off on a trip to Europe where they will pay a visit to the factory in Stuttgart and pick up a 2.4 911T (yellow) for old friend, Jerry.

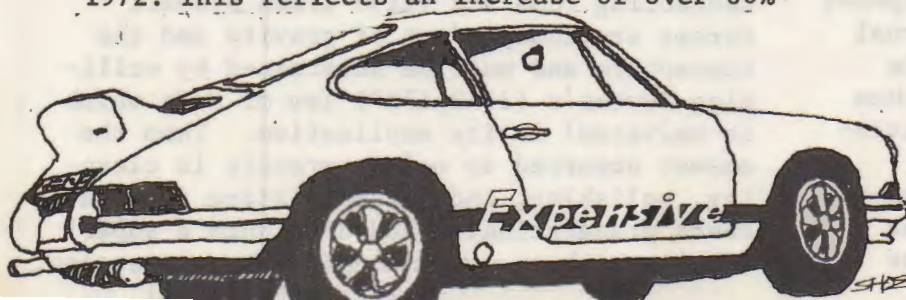
Best of luck to the club's "real racers" for the season. To Guy Revesz (C Sports racing), Jerry Schaub, Dan Redzus (A Production), Michael Landrum (Formula Ford), Bud Crout (E Production), Larry Gross (E Production) and anyone else I may have missed. We wish you a safe and successful season.

Mark Donahue crashed three weeks ago while testing his new Can Am Porsche at Road Atlanta when his A Arm broke. The car suffered some damage, but will still appear at Mosport.

Porsche won the world's oldest motor race, the 57th Targa Florio. When the big 12 cyl. Ferrari and Alfas did not make it the distance, there was the ever present 911RS Carrera to take the win. The Martini Porsche was forced to run in the Prototype class because its new 3 liter engine was not yet homologated. The winning drivers--- van Lannip and Muller.

The Indianapolis Region of the PCA announces its annual high speed gymkhana. The gymkhana will be held at Indianapolis Raceway Park. There will be food at the track and a party afterwards. Sunday morning there will be a trip to Mid-Ohio ISMA Camel G.T. Challenge. Send registration to: Ed Taylor, 834 Cheswick Drive, Indianapolis, Indiana 46291. Phone 317/898-6561. Registration fee - \$10.00.

Mike "Black Bar" Vander Werff enclosed the following photo of his 911S coffee table (yes, it is a squashed 911S coupe) complete with 40 "Black Bart T Shirts". That should lay to rest rumors that he has only 2 of them.



TECH TIPS

TO: Letters to the Editor, "Chicago Scene"

FROM: Don Green, Tech Editor,
Extraordinary Phobos, Mars
1, 321, 822, 769 ZIP (June 1973)

REFERENCES: My "Porsche on Mars"
and experiences

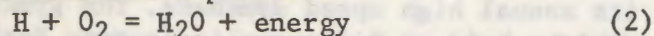
TITLE: Martian Aerodynamics and Related
Questions

To those who have been following the "great series of tech articles in the "Chicago Scene", portions of my experiences on Mars (Note: I have made it as far back as Phobos) are apparently contradictory. You will recall that I noted how strong the car felt on this planet due to the low gravity and thin air. While this may contribute to reduced aerodynamic drag and power requirements as given by:

$$HP = \frac{1}{2} \text{ air density } A C_d + \text{rolling} \quad (1)$$

horsepower of wheels

it should also reduce engine power due to the reduction in available energy for the combustion process. For an extremely simple fuel oxidation reaction pointing out the combustion problem



The need for oxygen, O_2 , is obvious. Thin air would reduce this.

I found the answer to this paradox when I lit a match to examine the concours condition of the undercarriage and floorpan after my initial arrival and concern for small chips. The match flared brilliantly. The reflection from the shining paint and chrome almost blinding me. Obviously, while being a thin atmosphere, the oxygen content is high, i.e.,

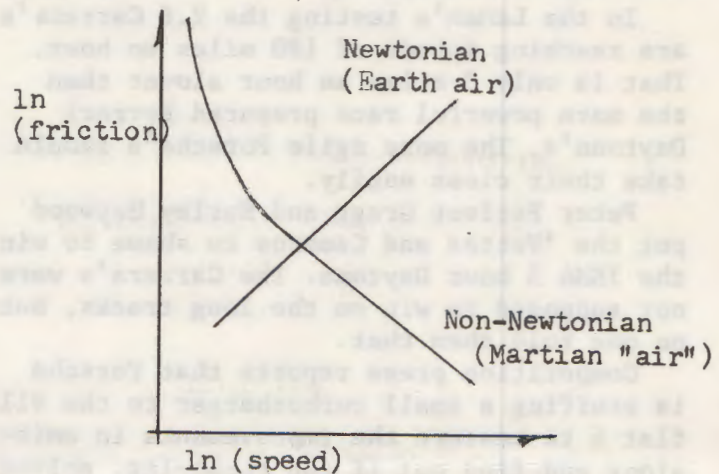
Earth air = 79% nitrogen, 21% oxygen,
density 0.075 lb.m/ft.³

Mars "Air" = 20% miscellaneous inert gas,
80% oxygen, density 0.02 lb.m/ft.³

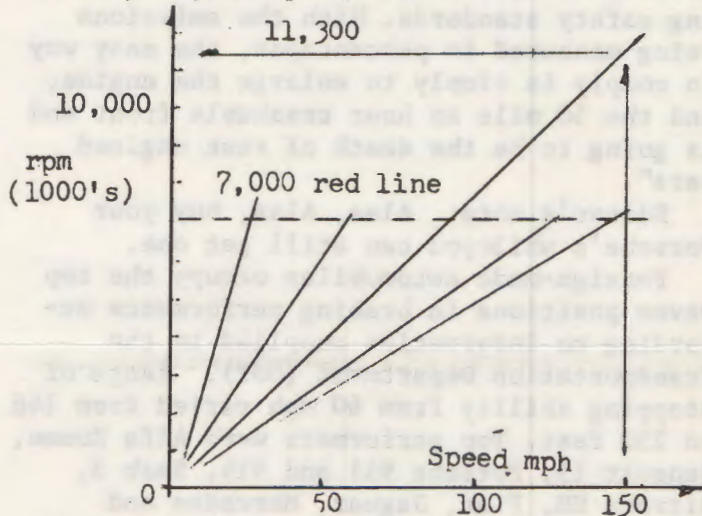
Thus I was able to breathe and survive, and the combustion process was extraordinarily efficient!

This alone, however, does not account for the exhilarating performance of my super-immaculate-1970-911E-silver-Targa-with-soft-rear-window! In equation (1), there is also the drag coefficient and rolling resistance. Drag coefficient depends on the fluid viscosity, i.e., the internal air friction. You know, the pearl in the Prell shampoo commercial drops slower than in the competitor's mixture. Rolling resistance depends on the surface material. That is, it's easier to roll your car on cement than on the special carpet in the concours garage-trailer (living room) of Rudolph Gummoff.

Making a series of rapid experiments, I found the answers. First, the Martian air is non-Newtonian (after Isaac Newton, 1642-1727). This is shown in Fig. No. 1.



Miraculously, the faster you go, the lower the friction! Another simple experiment with one of the wheels, while checking for dirt in the tread, showed that the soft red soil also offers less resistance to rolling with increased speed. Thus, one can see from the figures and equations the reason the performance was outstanding. I was, however, still bothered by the extreme speeds in gear. In third gear, the 150 mph gives (see Fig. No. 2) 11,300 rpm.



This is extreme even for my super-clean-1970-911E-silver-Targa-with-soft-rear-window. I recalled the expensive experience of the Sally Salt-Harvey Pepper 911E at IRP where at 10,000 rpm funny things happened. I knew connecting rods and valve train dynamic forces are independent of gravity and the atmosphere and must be determined by utilizing Newton's (1642-1727) law of $F=Ma$ which is universal in its application. Then the answer occurred to me! Apparently in cleaning, polishing, and chrome plating for concours preparation, I had done such a super fabulous job on everything (paint, suspension, (continued)

TECH TIPS, continued

even engine internals... those guys with the mirrors look everywhere) that the balance was perfect and all possible surface stress concentrations had been removed! How wonderful the benefits of concours, I thought. Too bad Salt and Pepper don't compete.

Having learned these interesting twists of technical knowledge and the multitudinous benefits of concours preparation, I was compelled, no, driven, to produce another "great tech article" so that the general membership, John Truman, O. J. Meyer, and President Merv could take advantage of it in future preparation and events.

....DON GREEN

NEW MEMBERS

Fred Hopenwasser
246 W. Harrison
Lombard, IL 60148
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663-4267 Office

Eugene Illing
10836 S. 76th Ave.
Worth, IL 60482
1959 - 356

WIFE: Barbara
448-1063 Home
586-8811 Office

William Cameron
5950 Oakwood Drive
Lisle, IL 60532
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963-5322 Home

Ed Centella
2640 N. 76th Ave.
Elmwood Park, IL 60635
1972 - 911 T

453-1222 Home
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George Gerk, Jr.
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Chicago, IL 60611
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822-9531 Home
346-4137 Office

Skip Davis
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Elkgrove Vil. IL 60007
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437-6488 Home
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John Ward
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Robert Geisel
137 Briarwood Ave.
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WIFE: Helen
877-0969 Home
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1913 W. Barry
Chicago, IL
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Larry Lesniak
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914/S

WIFE: Laurel
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PORSCHE ON MARS.... by Ladislau Sturmpf

Don Green, newly selected #1 driver for the Porsche team was run off the side of a cliff. When he came to, he was on Mars in the middle of an inter-Martian race. One of the competitors threw a mustard bomb in the race car of Sally Salt. We now rejoin our hero in his virtuous pursuit of truth, justice and another trophy...

The car flipped over twice, a complete wreck. Fortunately, Sally Salt was thrown clear. Don pulled over and she leaped up and ran towards the Porsche, pointing toward the track as she ran. This was evidently an extremely important race to her.

She got into his car. Don noticed that she was not bothered at all by Don's strange clothes (white socks, etc.) strange car, or the silly goatee that he wore. He, once again, noticed her form through her transparent garments. As he started to get some ideas, the balding old man driving the Kosher pickle car and the brilliantly conceived but obsolete grey upside-down bath tub flashed by unlapping themselves.

The girl turned to Don; Sally's lips were not moving, but he could hear her words clearly in his mind. These people could communicate in pure thoughts, which, when received, were translated by the brain into whatever language that brain understood. She stated, "Thanks for coming to my aid. Long ago our planet grew out the stage of warning among people, as a way of selecting a ruler. We decided to form a nation which we call the Peoples Confederation of America, and that our leaders would be selected by nominations and then an election. However, that did not work so well either. Now we hold a great race which is entered by every member in the Confederation. The winner becomes the absolute, undisputed ruler for the next year and also gets the race queen for his pleasure during the same period of time." Then, she added with a smile, that she was the race queen. Wow, thought Don, it would be worth it to win this race. Sally Salt, undisputed rule and most importantly, another trophy for his collection.

He started back on the track in pursuit of the old balding man and the man dressed in black driving the grey upside-down bath tub. He was now driving the Porsche at ten/tenths and was gaining on the leaders. Driving was more difficult as Sally was hanging all over him. She was rolling up his pants leg to get a better look at his sexy white Nomex socks when he caught up to the Kosher pickle.

Don passed him as fast as he could (250 MPH) to prevent a reoccurrence of the same treachery that had put Sally's "car" out of action. Now there was just him and the brilliantly conceived but obsolete upside-down bath tub. They entered the last lap. All of Don's powers of concentration were now centered on catching that grey bath tub. Somehow Don seemed to remember a car very similar, that had only a small idiosyncrosy- a tendency to oversteer. At the end of the straight he caught up with "Blackie" and the bath tub. Don outbraked the other car and was setting up for the corner. As he got on his line, the obsolete car moved over and cut him off. However, just as Don suspected, the rear end of the bath tub swerved out a little too far and he slid to the outside scuffing off speed. Don cut to the inside and in a flash he was by him. Don wondered why Blackie wanted to win so bad. Did he want to be the ruler or was it Sally Salt?

He now had the race won. The suspense was over and he started to think about his good wife Vilma and his two children, Stormey and Twilight. They were very good to him and even tolerated his eccentricities. In this moment of weakness, he slammed on the brakes just before the finish line. The great 11 inch ventilated disks braked him down from 200 MPH to zero in just 180 ft. stoppin him just short of the finishing line. Sally looked at him with a hurt look of amazement. The grey bath tub flashed by to take the flag from the sexy short starter. Don then drove over the finish line. He was not at all surprised when, without a word, Sally got out of the Porsche and threw herself into the arms of "Blackie".

Huge crowds gathered around the grey upside-down bath tub, "Blackie" and Sally Salt. Later as he was cleaning the red dust off his beloved Porsche, he was approached by a regal looking man obviously the present ruler of the Peoples Confederation of America. The man was not as tall as Don and had a big button on, upon which was written "Here's Irv". He expressed his condolences to Don for not winning but said that all was not lost. Irv explained that the second best had the task of writing the club's newsletter each month. Newsletter: Oh God, thought Don, what a terrible fate. He screamed in panic.

His loud scream woke Don out of his nightmare. He was safe at home. Vilma snored gently next to him. Thank God, he thought, it was only a dream. He went downstairs and checked his garage; the Porsche was there. It looked beautiful except that there was a layer of red dust that covered it. Funny, he thought, He went back upstairs and went to sleep thinking about how nice it was that he did not have to write silly articles (like this one) every month!

MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH by TERRY GOODKIND
Reprinted from DER SKOONER - Great Plains
Region Porsche Club of America

Well, I wonder how many people were killed on the roads of America today? I wonder how many people were killed this week, this month? Who were these non-descript statistics whose bodies were crushed, broken and ripped open on the insides of their cars as they met an unyielding object? How many countless more were seriously injured? Seriously injured... what does that mean? Having your arm torn off, your jaw split in two? Or is it like having your chest or head crushed and living from tubes and machines for six months, a year, or forever?

You know what? I couldn't care less! That's right, I don't care. You don't care either, really. The biggest effort most people put forth is to say, "something must be done". I am unmoved and unimpressed, and so is everyone else.

But I don't care because most of the people who died didn't care. They didn't even want to live badly enough to use their seat belts and shoulder strap. A whole lot less of those 55,000 people who died last year would be in graveyards today if they would have been strapped in when they lost it or when someone else lost it and hit them head-on at 70 mph. And don't give me that crap about this guy you knew who had a friend whose brother wasn't wearing his seat belt and flipped his car end over end thirty-seven times and only got a scratch on his arm when he was crawling out of the wreck. Tell that story to a young girl who has a few hundred glass fragments embedded in her face (I wonder if that's bad enough to be a "serious" injury), or a young mother who will never walk again.

The other day, I used my father's Cadillac. It took me fifteen minutes to get the seat belts untangled from where he had them stuffed down in hidden places so the warning buzzer wouldn't activate. He says he is well protected by all that metal around him.

How stupid! People are killed because their cars hit something and stop, but their bodies keep going until they are stopped by something like a steering wheel, dashboard or windshield. They are not killed because all the metal failed to "protect" them. But you can't convince him or people like him (read most people) of this simple fact. The only things all his sheet metal is going to protect him from are bugs and rain.

Have any of these fools ever wondered how race drivers manage to survive 170 mph crashes in 1500 pound fiberglass cars? No. They just shudder at the thought of us poor souls unprotected in our "death traps".

Don't get me wrong, I'm not saying cars can't or shouldn't be made safer, but all this crap about things like 5 mph bumpers and breakaway hood ornaments aren't going to save your life. Our elected officials (always worried about votes) rant and rave about all the deaths and how something should be done. Everyone yells, "Yeah." Now, the same people who don't wear seat belts. The ones who buckle up have already "done something".

So the officials tell the car makers "do this and do that" and the good people cast an approving "that'll teach 'em, them baby killers". And every year every governor of every state publicly shudders at the state death rate and proclaims a "crack-down" on the speeders. And all the good people cast an approving "that'll teach 'em, them sports car maniacs." It's the same thing every year and it never does any good because the good people think that all is well, now that the speed nuts are being watched. So they go out for a Sunday drive with the family down the Interstate at a "safe" 60 mph and splatter their guts all over the side of a cement bridge abutment.

It's all so stupid I could scream, because it's killing sports cars, and it's all in vain. Oh, "that's not going to happen", you say. Well, friends, cars like Lotus Elans aren't allowed into the U.S. anymore because they can't be parked by ear. Other cars like the Lotus Europa have until August to love it or leave it. Porsche will never again build a car in the spirit of my 356A because the government will have their fingers in it. It's the death of a glorious era for all the wrong reasons. They don't want cars that can avoid crashes, they want cars built to crash.

All of this needless waste of life and spending of millions of our dollars could be stopped if people would wear their seat and shoulder belts every time they got in their cars. Of course, we could be made to wear them, but that would be political suicide. Why should people be forced to wear them? If they want to die, let them!

(continued)

MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH...continued

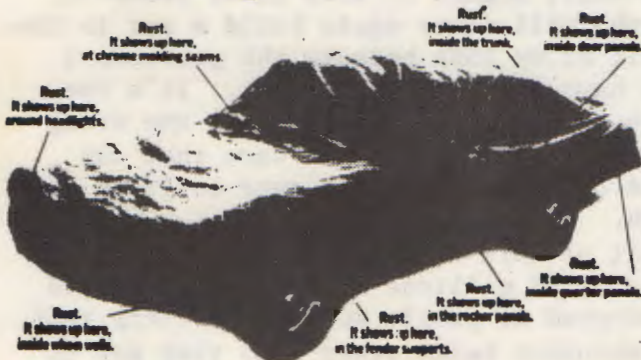
I don't care! It just makes me mad that the kinds of cars I love are being killed off because of these fools.

Before I get off the soapbox, let me offend one more group of people and that's the half-blind, senseless drunks. Their blurred minds are the cause of over half of all serious crashes. Sports cars are being killed off and drunks are the main executioners (speaking of executions, the penalty for drunk-driving in El Salvador is death by the firing squad).

Some of us consume enough liquor at the dinner meetings that our condition is questionable when it comes time to drive home. A sober grandmother in a Corvair could probably drive more effectively. What good are our marvelous, almost extinct machines then? I think it's important that we, as members of the Porsche Club, set a good example for others to follow. The marque, already held in high esteem, will be respected to a greater degree if we, as owners, conduct ourselves in a sensible manner and remain sober while operating our machines.

If any of you are looking for me, I'll be in my garage stocking up parts and studying the workshop manuals for my 356A and Lotus Europa, alive and well, breathing the fresh spring air, thanks to shoulder harness and a clear head.

They still haven't unveiled the rustproof car.



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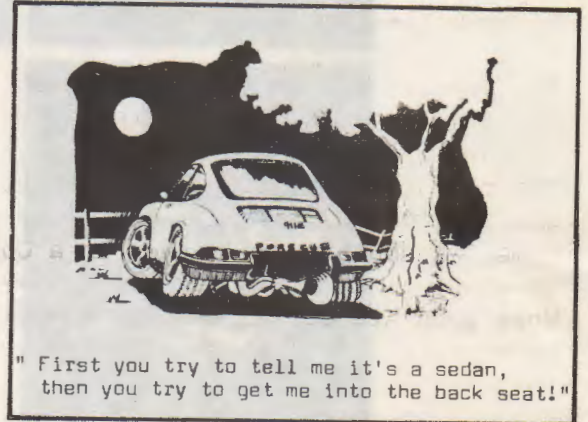
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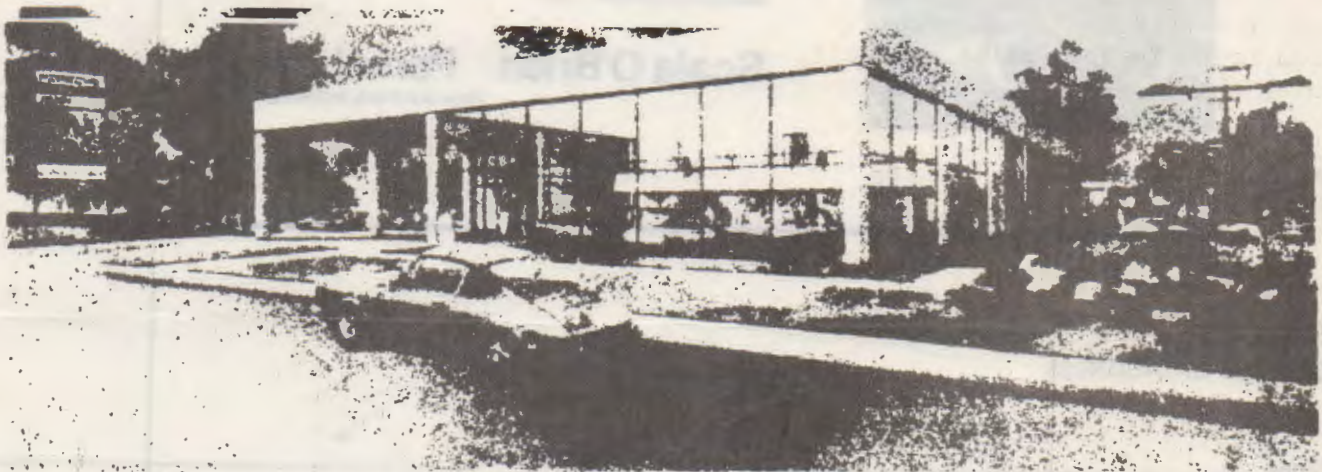
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