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MISCELLANEOUS MUMBLINGS

As 1919 comes to an end, my term as President of GGR also comes to an end. This year has been a very interesting and exciting year for me — certainly one I will always remember. The club has made a number of changes in 1979, i.e. new Nugget format, including advertising; a by-laws amendment which changes our method of voting for the Board of Directors; a new format for the membership roster and perhaps a new format for the Board of Directors (depending on how you voted in November). Along with all of these changes, we continued to have entertaining events — autocrosses, time trials, rallies, concours, dinner meetings, tours, social events, pit crew meetings and the list goes on. All of these changes and the events happened because of a lot of people, ideas and hard work. I want to thank each and every one of you that made all of this happen — the members of the 1979 Board of Directors, the appointed positions, the chairpeople of each activity along with the chairpeople of each event. Many hours of hard work are spent running this club and putting on the many events GGR puts on its calendar each year.

Of course, the attendance by the membership at these events is another important ingredient and I want to also thank all of you who supported these events. Your participation makes the events successful and worthwhile for the event chairmen.

Soon it will be time to begin planning 1980. The new Board of Directors will take over in January, and when they do they will be charged with the task of filling the various appointed positions in the club. I would like to be able to furnish the 1980 board with names of individuals interested in the following positions:

- Nugget Editor
- Reporter to Panorama
- Goodie Bag
- Keeper of the Archives
- Club Advertising Manager

Our activities director will also need:

- Autocross Chairpeople
- Concours Chairpeople
- Pit Crew Chairpeople
- Rally Chairpeople
- Social Chairpeople
- Time Trial Chairpeople
- Tour Chairpeople

If you are interested in any of these positions please contact me or any member of the Board of Directors—1979 or 1980. These appointments will be made very early — many of them in December, so let us hear from you right away.

Thanks to all of you for your support this year — see you at the Christmas party!

Seasons Greetings!
Sandi Candlin

INSIDE YOUR NUGGET

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The Nugget is published monthly by the Golden Gate Region of the Porsche Club of America. Deadline for all material is the first of each month prior to publication. Questions regarding display advertising should be directed to the Nugget Advertising Managers, and any remaining questions regarding the Nugget should be directed to the Editor. Any address changes should be sent to the Membership Chairman for the Nugget, and to the PCA Executive Offices, 5616 Clermont Drive, Alexandria, Virginia 22310 for the Panorama. Prospective members should contact the Membership Chairman, or other Board member for information.
Approximately 75 people assembled for what proved to be a pleasant and memorable trip. After the original assembly at Vista Point, our fun group started our leisurely trip through beautiful Sonoma country. To ensure that we all would tour as a unit, the lead and last cars were C.B. equipped. During the entire ride, at no time was there a lack of chatter while in motion. A slight mishap delayed a few members of the second group as the Blow's, Lateer's and Candlin/Johnson's spent part of the afternoon doing a roadside C.V. joint reinstallation on the Blow's 914.

Our view of the mighty ocean from Bodega Bay, where we picnicked, was beautiful. After lunching, our members dusted off the frisbees and participated in a contest featuring Bubble Gum challenges! After lunch, we packed up our picnic baskets and headed for our home for the night via a beautiful scenic road to our destination, the Occidental Lodge. Upon arrival, after parking our cars and covering same, we met with our gracious hosts, Faye and Paul Troutner, in the Hospitality Room. Our dinner at Negris, a family style Italian dinner, was greatly enjoyed by all. After dinner, many of our members stayed up with the locals, enjoying some good 'ole tyme music'. The balance of our group surrendered to daylight savings time and the deeply appreciated fresh air and retired.

Sunday, we took pictures of the group, packed up our luggage and prepared for the return home. This weekend will be a pleasant memory to us for a long time.

Patrick & Lana Stein

P.S. Happy Birthday, Barbara!
COORS CLASSIC

Thirty-four GGR members, prospective members and friends attended the 7th Annual Coors Classic held in Dublin. Things were a little slow getting started because John Clever forgot to arrange for the bar to open early. Actually John blamed Judi Witt and Karen Pasha who organized the event, but the Coors has always been John's responsibility. Finally, after about an hour the bartender arrived and the scores started to improve. After the usual array of gutter balls and strikes everyone adjourned to the local pizza parlor for libation and awards presentation.

Also sharing in the awards for less notable performances were Cindy Kahler who won an Everyzing German T-shirt, Denny Kahler, Cheri McLaughlin, Karen Neidel and Bob Stifler. High game in the junior category was won by Colby Thiele with a perfect 400 game???? (Sounds like a fix to me.) Colby's award was a Nerf football which was rapidly confiscated by the big kids. Between the Nerf football and frisbees donated by Coors, you really had to be careful what you were biting into.

We wish to thank Jim McCarthy of Coors Distributing Company of Hayward for their support of this event as well as Alex's Porsche House and Everyzing German who donated additional prizes.

Thanks Judi and Karen for a super event.
HOLIDAY SPECIALS

Porsche Key Chain. A thoughtful stocking stuffer for the Christmas celebration. Special holiday prices — Pewter key chain $4.95, gold plated key chain $6.95 plus shipping.

Protection Plus. Protect those expensive 911 alloy wheels with McGard wheel locks. Set of four with unique coded tool to remove the locks. Regular $18.95 set. Holiday special $12.95 plus shipping.

Books to Enjoy. “The Porsche Book” with its 480 pages and 650 illustrations on the history of Porsches up through 924, 928 and 936. $25. plus shipping. “Porsche: Excellence Was Expected” is a masterpiece for any library — over 1,100 pictures in 880 pages. $57.50 plus shipping.

Style Auto Jackets. Beautiful yellow and black Porsche jacket for that special gift. Washable, very warm, and great for the ski slopes. Specify small, medium, large or X-large. $74.95 plus shipping.

New Year Wishbook. Enjoy 1980 with your own copy of a beautiful 80-page Porsche parts and accessories Wishbook. The finest Porsche catalog printed. Send $2.00 today or order one when you call in your order.

Give it your best shot! Attractive photo album in either brown or black with gold crest. Holds 80 photos of your Porsche and Porsche friends. $13.95 plus shipping.

Payment by VISA, Master Charge, BankAmericard, money order. No personal checks, no COD.
Letter to the Editor

DEAR EDITOR,

I know for a fact that Jerry Woods and the Editor lifted those illustrations in last month's corrosion article from the female chapter of a human anatomy textbook. He'd better stop lifting illustrations from anatomy textbooks or they will throw him in the pokey for 10 years; 5 years for plagiarism and 5 years for pornography. I could go on to tell you a couple of things about the Editor, but he wouldn't print it anyway. It has a lot to do with pinching girls' derrieres every time Barbara turns her head; I'll show anybody the evidence that wants to look.

And as far as Jerry Woods is concerned, it costs him 30¢ in phone calls to get home from work. Just follow him home some night and you'll see that he stops at three phone booths on the way. The reason is, he can't remember his way all the way home and must stop three times for further instructions. If you call Terri while he's in route, she cuts the conversation short 'cuz she's afraid he'll wander off in the wrong direction if he finds the phone busy. Garretson's provides him with a patch of carpet back in the Unit Room so he can play on the floor with his tinker toys during his lunch break.

Ol' Joe Padermderm has been acting uppity ever since Jerry took him on as a lackey and started letting him write those inane technical articles for the Nugget. He has less technical savvy than Betty Crocker. I remember when he inverted the back-up light plug that inserts into the side of the transmission of that puke-green 356B Cabriolet he had. He drove it around for over a year with the back-up lights on in every gear but reverse. His solution, finally, was to cut the wires at the lights and tape a flashlight to the rear window; it lit the ground right behind the car pretty good. All the flats were worn off the nuts on that poor old green dog: Joe removes and installs all little nuts with pump pliers and all big nuts with a rusty old pipe wrench.

If all three of them put their heads together, the best solution they could come up with to get water out of a boot would be to bore a hole in the bottom.

Ann Ominous

DINNER MEETING

The Christmas Dinner Meeting has always been the big bash of the year for the Golden Gate Region and this year will be no exception. The Pit Crew is planning something to entertain us, and there will be a bottle exchange to amuse us. There will also be music to get us out of our chairs and shake all around after a delicious dinner. So, don't miss it!

GIFT EXCHANGE

Every year we are faced with the perplexing problem of what to give for the gift exchange that isn't too cheap or too expensive, too blah or too extravagant. To make things easier, there will be a bottle exchange this year. Those who do not want to be creative can give the obvious. But for those with a creative flair, other possibilities are a bottle of pigs feet, a bottle of pickles, bottled water or would you believe a bottle of vitamins. (Some might need these when you start to shake your booties later.) It should be rather amusing to see what people can do with $3 per bottle.

DANCING

Christmas is the time to get out and boogie. If dancing is what you like, your kind of music will be played by Disco Down's Mobile Disco. Don't let the word DISCO turn you off; if you like the music on "K101" you will love Disco Down's; if not, you can request what you do like, he has everything imaginable.

WHERE: Burlingame Hyatt Hotel
1333 Bayshore Highway
Burlingame
342-7741

WHEN: Saturday, December 15th
6:00 PM No host cocktails
7:30 PM Dinner

ENTREES: Baked Salmon $14.00
Prime Rib $14.50
Dinner includes: salad, potatoes, vegetables, roll, dessert and 21.5% for tip and tax (ouch!!)

Directions: take Broadway exist from 101 and follow signs to Old Bayshore Highway. You can see the hotel from freeway.

Make check payable to PCA/GGR, indicate meal selection and mail to: MARGE FORSTER
1572 Bedford Avenue
Sunnyvale, CA 94087
or phone: (408) 737-0861

Reservation deadline is December 11th. You are responsible for your reservations if not cancelled.

RAIN CHECK

That's what Paul Masson has promised Susan Brooking. So, next year we will try again for dinner under the stars.

Speaking of checks, some of you may be wondering why yours hasn't cleared the bank yet. All the checks for the Paul Masson dinner meeting were destroyed (less paperwork that way). Remember to correct your checkbook.

Be sure to thank Susan for all her work.

Marge Forster
GGR RACERS

The phone rings. "Would you like to go racing? In a 2.7 911 Porsche? At the SCCA 4-hour Enduro in November at Sears Point?" I pinch myself a few times, and pray that if I'm hallucinating I never wake up! But what about an SCCA license? PCA and POC time trial licenses don't count for real live road racing.

"Don't worry," my friend Marcia says, "take my race car and go through the SCCA school at Holtville. They'll even have a regional race on Sunday and you can race in it." Now I know I'm dreaming!

But a long month later, having filled out all the proper paperwork, bought all the necessary fire-proof Nomex, and been declared capable of walking, talking, and chewing gum by a doctor, and we are on our way. Dwight Mitchell's Autosport Technology prepared the car; Jon Milledge loaned us a tow van and trailer; Sam Linville supplied necessary tools and a canopy to keep the hot sun off us; and Paul Kruper (from Automation), Bill Loose (from Don Kravig's garage) and husband Tom agreed to crew for one very excited female driver.

Holtville, for all of you who may not immediately recognize the name, is on the California-Mexico border about halfway between San Diego and Arizona. A mere 15 hour drive from Santa Clara via Sacramento to pick up the car.

Saturday morning, bright and very early we drive out to the race track. The directions are quite simple — head out of El Centro, through Holtville, turn down an old farm road, drive past a torn down air force base, and just keep going until you can't go anymore. Holtville race track, you see, is an old airport. Lots of concrete and weeds.

Registration and tech inspection go very smoothly. The school starts with a "ground school" where the chief instructor goes over the flags, signalling, and tells us he expects this to be an "aggressive" school — no one will pass who just motors around the course. The fire marshals put on a very good demonstration on how to use a fire extinguisher, and then our instructors drive us around the course in the family sedans and station wagons.

Now it is time to actually get behind the wheel. There will be two run groups — open and closed wheel cars — alternating time on the track so that we'll all get five 20-minute sessions of driving. This is the first time I've driven a 911 (except for three laps at an auto-x in Johnny Johnson's Carrera). But the change from a 914-6 to the 911 goes very smoothly. The car is fun to drive and since it is the fastest car in my group I get lots of experience passing other cars in the strangest places. None of this "pass only when signaled by"; there are no restrictions against passing in the corners. By the end of the five sessions I'm only two seconds off the lap record for the B-Production cars and feeling pretty good about the car. Tom, Paul and Bill have been keeping the car running perfectly and supplying me with lots of cold water in the hot desert sun.

The school is to finish with two 5-lap races and I win both of them and get my novice permit that will allow me to run the regional race on Sunday.

Sunday's schedule calls for only one thirty-minute qualifying and practice session before the actual race; so you have to do it right the first time out. I cut another second off yesterday's lap times and am really feeling good about the car. But I'm also feeling very nervous about the race. The San Diego Region SCCA has decided to combine all the closed wheel cars in one race. With 21 cars in the field ranging from Porsches to showroom stock sedans and lap times varying by over 20 seconds, it should be a very busy track. Pacing the cars from the pole position on the pace lap is pretty nerve racking. You can't go too fast or you'll lose the slow cars at the back of the pack. And you can't go too slow or you'll fall off the Porsche's power band. The pace lap seems to go on forever, but finally there's the green flag and the race is on! The C-Production 914/6 out-drags me to the first corner. I fall in behind him and start looking for a way to get by. Coming out of the corner, before the short straight, I hit a bump in the concrete and spin the car! And kill the engine! Hey, this is not the way the race is supposed to go. By the time I get started again, I'm dead last — 35 seconds behind the leader.

Now it is time to play catch up. The pit board signals from Tom and Bill show me the interval between my car and the leader every lap — 35, 32, 28, 25 . . . Now it is 10 laps down and only 10 laps to go. Suddenly I'm catching him at 4-5 seconds a lap and there he is — dead ahead. He blocks
GGR Racers - Continued
me in the turns and, since my gears are not set up for this
track, he out-powers me down the straights. But going into
the tight turn at the end of the start-finish straight away he
stays in the middle of the road, so I brake a little deeper,
stick my nose alongside of him, and pass on the inside!
Only four laps to go and I'm back in the lead. An eternity
later the checkered flag comes out — my first race and it
is a first overall finish.

Thanks Marcia, Dwight, Paul, Bill, and Tom. What a dream
weekend!

Marj Green

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NOW YOU SEE IT...

Your car is stolen. The doors you should have locked but didn't. The alarm you hadn't quite gotten around to putting in. All of those ID numbers you were supposed to record but kept putting off. Your anger and sense of loss are overwhelming. You don't even know if it was a kid looking for a joy ride or a pro job. It doesn't matter...the car is gone.

Fiction? Unfortunately, it happens on the average every 28 seconds.

The October tech session at Automotion featured Sgt. Chuck Seymour of the Santa Clara Police Dept. His presentation on the big business of auto theft was very thought provoking as well as entertaining. He showed it doesn't always happen to the other guy. When Chuck asked about cars being stolen, there were a few hands in the audience. There were even more hands for wheels and tires being taken. (Patton raised his hand both times. Some people are just plain lucky.)

We learned why cars are stolen, the common methods, what they are used for, recovery (forget it), and most important, the preventive measures all of us can take. Chuck also told us some good "war stories," like when he was stopped driving a stolen Turbo.

All of us came away a lot better informed, thanks to Sgt. Seymour, Jerry Woods, and Automotion.

Doug Price

CAROLING

LIMBER UP YOUR VOCAL CHORDS

Please join us in one of the great traditions of Christmas. We will be caroling at Kaiser Hospital in Hayward. The evening will be a lot of fun, and the perfect start to the holidays. Best of all, you don't have to be able to carry a tune. More than anything else, the Hospice, Intensive Care, and Children's ward patients need that feeling of Christmas that only you can impart. To top off the evening we'll carol (or whatever) at a pizza parlor. It's a great way to get into the spirit of Christmas.

WHERE: Kaiser Hospital, corner of Tennyson and Hesperian in Hayward.

From Highway 92 take Highway 17 south.

From Highway 17 take the Tennyson Rd. west exit. Right at the second signal onto Sleepy Hollow. Left into the parking lot.

WHEN: Friday, December 14, at 7:00PM.

CALL: Doug or Reata Price if you have questions, 415-483-0769.

1/GOLDEN GATE REGION

PIT CREW

BOY! We had a great turn out at our pit crew meeting in October at the Prices. We made belt vests that slipped over wine bottles for table decorations!

In December we will be meeting at Dinah Paterson's for our Pit Crew meeting. We will be making decorations for the December dinner meeting.

Please call if you're going to attend, and for directions. 354-0618

WHERE: 16478 Eugenia Way

Los Gatos

WHEN: Tuesday, December 4th, 7:30PM.

Marsha Keller

THE AUTOHAUS

OF NORBERT NIESLONY

Season's Greetings

This year give your Porsche a present.

Bring it to us for quality care and maintenance.

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MINUTES
BOARD OF DIRECTORS’ MEETING
October 26, 1979

LOCATION: Home home in Palo Alto

PRESENT: All regular Board Members except Marge Forster. Past President Glenn Hills, Nugget Editor Jeff Lateer, Goodie Bag Mgr. Terri Rosatelli

GUESTS: Dave Blanchard, Doug Price, Barb Lateer, Diane Treat, Mike Lommatzsch, Jim Pasha, Karen Pasha, Barb Berens, John Johnson, L.Q. Hills, Steve Poncirol, Dale Dorjath. Our hostess Bruce Anderson was in absentia.

The meeting was called to order at 8:05PM. The minutes of the previous meeting were approved after it was noted that Roger Ryan was missing from the list of guests and The word advertisers was misspelled.

Old Business:

Statement of Policy — is complete with the exception of a few new job descriptions. They will be distributed at the Joint Board Meeting.

Roster — It’s completed, being distributed, and a first rate accomplishment by the Levines.

First Aid Kit — Steph will purchase the new materials and have it available at the November 4 autocross.

Scrapbook — The Committee will meet at the Home home on November 28.

Charity Event — Although the turnout was poor, it was a financial success. We have voted to donate a “listening post” to Hope. Value approximately $150.

Mini Survey — After making some minor corrections it was approved and will be mailed with the ballots. We hope the membership will participate.

Cookbooks — No improved prices were presented — Item tabled for 1979, but will be referred to the 1980 Board.

Nugget Guidance Committee — will prepare a financial review to be reviewed at the Joint Board Meeting.

New Business:

Tax Posture — discussion, led by Assistant Treasurer Dale Dorjath, was essentially an informative seminar.

Directors’ Reports:

Membership — 8 new members were approved. Pat Stein has taken on the job of Dealer Rep to Sunnyvale P/A.

Tech — There will be two more sessions in 79, with quiz. There will be Tech Quiz year end awards.

Nugget — Jeff requested $ for supplies, tools and refreshments for the staff. $150 was approved for tools, and a max of $50 per month for refreshments. Jeff will prepare an inventory of Nugget equipment.

Goodie Bag — $135 was approved to replenish our supply of Panorama binders and Up-Fixin IV.

Next Meeting — The Joint Board Meeting at Mac’s Tea Room is closed to the general membership.

Bill Patton
Secretary

IN SYMPATHY

Golden Gate Region wishes to extend our deepest sympathy and condolences to Paul Bates, Zone 7 Representative, on the recent death of his wife, Gail.

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We have reorganized and expanded our parts department for better service and a larger inventory. Our goal is to have all the parts and accessories you need for routine maintenance, restoration, and competition too! Even apparel, gifts, and exotic goodies! Our new catalog will be out soon (fingers crossed) and we think you'll appreciate some of our innovative ideas.

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ROOKIE YEAR

AUTHOR’S NOTE:

This article was written over 7 years ago and appeared in the PCA-LA Porscherama Newsletter.

To all newcomers - we were all new members at one time, so don’t feel inhibited about coming out for events. You cannot possibly do worse than I did. What’s more, after all these years I’m still bad at everything, but I know of no one who has a better time. The secret is not to take yourself and your Porsche too seriously.

One year ago I became a Porche-Pusher and shortly thereafter joined PCA; after all, who else could possibly understand this new love affair of mine except other passionate aficionados? I was formally introduced to the membership via Porscherama, which in addition to giving such vital statistics as name, address and occupation, also informed everyone that I drove a green 914 and was 71 years old. Brother, I mused, as I read that over, I know I feel like 71 at times, but obviously now I look it too. However, I was determined to show one and all that there was plenty of life left in the old girl, and my opportunity was not long in coming.

The first event was a rally. From the little I had heard and read about them, the only thing I really knew was that one went from A to Z and had a navigator. Just how it all worked, and what all those checkpoints, stopwatches and computers were supposed to do, was far from clear. But I signed up anyway. I was still grappling with the problem of “no navigator,” when quite unexpectedly came a visit by my Dutch cousin for that same weekend. I gingerly broached the subject of the rally. “A rally,” exclaimed Karin. “I love them. I’ve been on lots of them in Europe.” I stared at her. What a huge piece of luck. Here was someone who knew what it was all about! Here was someone to show me the ropes! Here was experience! I didn’t even bother to ask her what rallies and what she had done on them. Also the fact that Karin had never been to Southern California before, was totally unfamiliar with our road signs and — as it turned out later on — couldn’t read a map even if it had been in Dutch, never crossed my mind.

Starting point was behind restaurant downtown and had not allowed time for any kind of rest period my life tft in the old girl and my opportunity was not long in coming.

Very quickly it became abundantly clear that my navigator was not navigating, but merely looking about the landscape with interest. Signs — when she saw them — confused her, she had forgotten to start the stopwatch and she was forever looking on the floor for fallen maps and instructions. It had not occurred to me to bring a clipboard, but that was only one small item among many that I had not thought about. I was blissfully confident that with all that experience, Karin would know what to do and point us in the right direction. All would be well. But after going around and around the same area in beautiful downtown Glendale, I began to wonder.

“What do the instructions say,” I kept asking, or “What is the next instruction?” The answer was not forthcoming, as Karin had not kept track and was by this time totally bewildered by all the abbreviations. Just what was HTS, RIP, ASC, SOL or SA anyway? I didn’t know either, for I had not read the instructions before starting, when I could have questioned what we didn’t understand. I kept stopping trying to retrace our steps and finally, more through good luck than good management, we stumbled onto the Angeles Crest Highway. At last we were on the right road. Next was to find the correct turn-off. My rough markings on the map were less than useless and having lost a lot of time already, we lost more when we got stuck behind a series of big campers, all of which we couldn’t overtake. Meanwhile, Karin encouraged by the scenery gazed dreamily out of the window and we missed the turn by a good 10 miles. When that fact became inescapable, I drove back at speeds that would have done credit to Jackie Stewart. With the correct turn finally behind us, we roared through the first checkpoint 30 minutes late.

A few miles later, we promptly got lost again. It was at this point that Karin started to feel ill. The many bends on the mountain, the crazy speeds I was driving, and above all the hot sun into an open car got to her. Totally off-course, I tried to find a place where she could lie down and the car would be in the shade, which in the wilds of Saugus was not easy. Finally we made it to the Valencia Golf Course, where I knew there was shade, sofa and cold drinks. While Karin recuperated, I put the top back on the car and for the first time sat down and studied the instructions. Needless to say, I had not allowed time for any kind of a rest period in my calculations, but I knew I could get back on course, and when Karin felt better, we continued on our way. Right away we missed the second checkpoint. We meandered through strange orange groves and housing developments and then suddenly we were on course once more. The rest of the rally was uneventful as far as we were concerned; there were other minor detours, but finally we landed up at the ice cream palor at journey’s end. It had only taken us three times as long as I had predicted, but we did finish, which turned out to be more than I could have hoped for earlier in the day. And it was more than could be said for a couple of other cars, which were last seen headed for San Francisco and apparently have not been heard from since.

It was quite a baptism, but I was far from discouraged. Next came the Concours at Santa Anita. The combination
of Porsches, horses and the Wine Shed proved irresistible. I entered. I knew as much about a concours as I had a rally. I had never been to such an event, in fact had never even seen a car that was "in concours condition." I knew it was a beauty contest and felt that with a polish and vacuum, my baby would be ready for anything. I even dusted off the engine a little bit. I debated about the dings in the doors and bent aerial, but hoped that the judges would overlook them. I washed the car the previous evening and on the following morning, armed with picnic basket and a bottle of Windex, set out for Santa Anita. I was the last to arrive. The cars looked beautiful on the infield and all the respective owners were hard at work on them. I first became aware that maybe I didn’t belong when I saw one guy reflowing a tire. Ambling over, I sympathetically enquired whether he had got a flat. He gave me a pitying look and slowly and emphatically informed me that he was removing blades of grass from the treads. Good God, I thought, and watched as he proceeded to do just that. I was overwhelmed by the appearance of his car. Not one small speck of dirt was to be seen anywhere. The engine sparkled. The polish and chrome was blinding in the sunlight. The display of his trunk compartment the height of elegance. I staggered away in a daze.

"I’ve got a funny feeling we don’t belong here,” I told my buddy, who was industriously polishing windows. “You should see that car. It is unbelievable.”

“Oh, I don’t know,” replied Dee loyally. "What’s wrong with yours?"

"There’s nothing wrong," I said heatedly. "It’s just not quite what’s expected."

Then I walked around and looked at all the other cars. They were gorgeous. Beautiful 911’s and 356’s, Speedsters, a 904 among others, glittered on the turf. There were replated engines, photo and trophy displays, the most immaculate interiors, trunk and engine compartments. I was goggle-eyed — never had I seen anything like it before. All that was missing was a category for dirty, green 914’s. I could have won that, I thought gloomily. At this point a man came up to me.

"Well,” he said. "How do you like your car? Is your paint peeling yet?"

"My paint peeling?"

"I see your mirror hasn’t fallen off yet,” he continued. "Mirror fallen off?"

"Yeah. Your mirror. And what about your door panels — still glued together?"

"Glued together?" I could only echo his words and become incensed. Just who was this guy anyway? Some subsersive type from Detroit? Immediately my baby became the most beautiful car there; however by the time the judges came along — 10 of them, making copious notes and looking very solemn, I had worked up a fine inferiority complex again. I hopped around nervously while they made their inspections with raised eyebrows and dubious expressions. Suddenly the dings in the door took on freeway-wreck proportions and I was horribly conscious of grass-filled (with mud!) treads, a seamy-looking battery and other hideous defects.

They gave me zero points for overall cleanliness of engine — and my backing plates, calipers and lug nuts, whatever and wherever they are — apparently also left a lot to be desired. But I got full points for the underside of the oil filler cap and nerf bars. (Nerf bars?) I retired as gracefully as possible to the Wine Shed for a new outlook on life and studied the racing form, but did no better with four legs than with four wheels. We were the last car to leave at the end of the racing program, and driving slowly towards the exit, I saw a man running towards us waving his arms.

“My name is Alan Balch,” he said breathlessly. “I’m public relations director here and I just wanted to thank you for coming today.” Then he added “Your car looks lovely.”

In the gathering dusk he could not see the dings, or for that matter any other of the blemishes. I reacted predictably, and received the compliment like a gracious sovereign accepting hommage from a loyal subject. I purred all the way home.

The gymkana at TRW followed. When I was a little girl, I had belonged to a pony club and we had gymkana all the time, which had consisted mainly of various obstacle races, in which we often had to get off the ponies, and jumping around in a sack, pull the unfortunate animals to the finish line. Somehow I couldn’t quite visualize Porsches the same way. On arrival, I found the course already laid out and to my inexpert eye, totally confusing. I volunteered my services at one area, and therefore was able to watch everyone else before trying it myself. Sneaky, but smart! Among other chores, there were narrow gates to go through, both frontwards and backwards, balls to be dropped into buckets, cloverleaves of different assortment and a spot where both driver and navigator had to write simultaneously the magic word “PCA” on an Etch-A-Sketch board. This was the post manned and many valuable seconds were gained by those who accomplished this feat in a hurry. Five seconds counted against anyone for each pylon or bucket knocked over and other mistakes. Although there was some pretty fancy driving by some of the contestants, I felt that surely this was one thing I could do and not be a total disgrace. I decided not to tear around like an idiot and get all those penalties and take it slower but despite the valiant effort of my navigator, we came in last.

Well, I thought, at least I didn’t knock down any pylons or run over any buckets, but that was small comfort. I was batting zero, with little chance to improve my average, for now the Holtville Time Trials loomed up, and I wasn’t going to miss them, whatever happened.

I drove down to El Centro the night before and early Saturday morning found 129 drivers at the track. I discovered that Holtville is an abandoned airfield, in the middle of the desert, miles from anywhere and anything. There were a few trees, some brush, broken-down sheds and a couple of portable johns which had seen better days. And lots of Porsches. With crews. And trailers. And equipment of all kinds. And tremendous professional activity.

On registering, I was asked which class I wanted to enter. Class? Hadn’t the vaguest idea, but I hurriedly explained that I was a total beginner, so I was given the choice of
Rookie Year - Continued

either ladies or novice. How about novice ladies, I asked, but as there was no such thing, I opted for ladies. Next I was asked if I had any number preference, which also had to be explained to me, and I was handed white shoe polish and told to put "52" on the doors and hood. It was a messy operation and I noticed with dismay that most of the other cars had beautifully finished numbers on them. I got my tech inspection, which was followed by the track walk. Well, we didn't walk, but piled into a couple of pick-up trucks and got the tour. An expert described the proper techniques for the various turns, while other experts demonstrated same. There was a great deal of discussion on finding and crossing the apex; this meant nothing to me. What's an apex? Everyone else obviously knew this fundamental fact, and I was too embarrassed to ask. I didn't want to be labelled stupid-woman-driver-and-what-the-hell-is-she-doing-here-anyway so early in the proceedings.

After the drivers' meeting, it was all novice drivers on track. But first I had to find a loan helmet to fit me. None did, unless I took off my glasses, but finally I found one, and feeling like the rawest Ram rookie, went looking for an instructor. I was unsuccessful; either I asked the wrong people or they were all busy with the other beginners. I wandered around aimlessly, trying to decide what to do next. I noticed that all other cars in line had two people in them, and figured that by the time it came my turn to go on the track, an instructor would be available. My turn came, but there was nobody. The starter waved me on the track. Who, me? Now? Alone? Apparently so. There was no chance of retreat and with a roar, I lurched onto the track and careened through the first turn before I had time to think. On the long straightaway I tried to pull myself together. Hang in there, girl, I admonished myself. And concentrate. And keep cool, though funnily enough I was totally unfuddled at this point. I was having a ball, although I knew that most of the time I was doing everything wrong. On occasion, the car drifted through the turns beautifully, but then I had no idea of what I had done correctly. This ignorant — if fun — driving kept up for all my practice sessions that first day. When not on track, I sat on the barrier, drank gallons of iced tea, tried to keep the sand out of my eyes and wondered where I could buy ear-plugs. The noise from the engines was shattering and never having been to any kind of car race in my life, this in itself was quite an experience. I gossipped with many of the other drivers and watched them to see what I could learn from them, but obviously what I needed was an instructor.

At the cocktail party and dinner that evening, I finally met the right man, whose wife was horrified that this innocent, little lamb had been out by herself on that track with all those big, bad hot-shoes. It was arranged that I would have instruction in the morning. And I got a great lesson, from no other than Bob Brown, the sponsor himself. It sure was worth waiting for. He told me where to shift, when to brake, where to aim and how to find my groove. He was patient, and kind and encouraging. More power in those turns, he kept saying. And I want to hear those tires howl. And — not bad, not bad. Then he drove, to demonstrate what my baby is safely capable of, and what a revelation that was. I was thrilled and fascinated. Why can't you drive like that, my car seemed to ask me on conclusion.

Well, maybe one day. My next practice session was the most satisfactory, as I tried out my new-found knowledge even though the speeds had become very high, with cars spinning out, and it was quite an experience the first time that happened right in front of me. But I chickened out of my last practice laps, for the pace just got too hot for me, I felt that I had my confidence now, and didn't want to lose it just before the timed runs.

A strong wind had been blowing all morning and then a full-scale sandstorm struck. Luckily, the ladies ran first and sitting in the car waiting for my turn, I was surprised at my own calm. I ran my two laps without incident and felt that I had really done well on the second run, but at the point this was unimportant. I had done it, that was the main thing. It all had been something else again.

I did not stick around for the end, as the sandstorm looked as if it only was going to get worse, so I left and drove home. The results finally came in the mail, and though of course I had not won any trophies or prizes, at least I didn't completely disgrace myself.

There are other worlds left for me to conquer. There is the slalom, which as a skier I can guess at. But quick, someone, what's an autocross? I'm going to the Parade and would like to have some clue what I've signed up for. But then, you know the old saying: there is no fool like a 71-year old fool.

Ursula Grunfeld

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The longevity and vitality of the Porsche 911SC is already legendary. In the fifteen years since the 911 was introduced, each new model season has brought important improvements. Its air cooled rear engine and fully independent suspension is as far ahead of its time as it was when it was originally conceived. Porsche still sets the standards against which other sportscars are judged.

The term "sports car" is redefined. This unique automobile contains Porsche's first production 8-cylinder engine. The interior seats 4 adults comfortably, and all instruments, pedals and the steering column are adjustable, making "total comfort" possible. The Porsche 928, the comfortable "sports car" to have.

ANDERSON BEHEL

PORSCHE + AUDI

4355 STEVENS CREEK BLVD. SAN JOSE 247-1655
DID 'JA KNOW

Did 'ja know... Joe Padermderm was born in the same year that the Auto Union Model C won the Grand Prix? That may not sound relevant, but Joe's 'covet' in life would be the ownership of just such a car.

In spite of this unusual fetish, Joe is basically a fairly normal guy. Born in the lovely town of Bardsdale, California (near Ventura, he tells me), he spent most of his early years in Santa Paula. He met his future wife there, but travelled north for college and graduated from San Jose State.

His first Porsche, a 1970 911T, was an adventure from the beginning. He ordered it specially from the factory, and after many agonizing months of waiting, eagerly anticipated its arrival. An unexpected storm at sea, however, ruined 40 Porsches (including his) and his beloved car was last seen floating in the hold. Luckily, Joe was a patient man, because it took several months before he finally took delivery on a 1970 911T.

That car eventually left his stable and he now owns two Porsches that he swears 'I will never sell.' Check out his 1950 Coupe or 'almost concours' 1979 928 if you can find them. Seems he's a typical Porsche fanatic who drives his DI unless the weather is absolutely perrrrfect! Joe did most of the work in restoring these cars and obviously his efforts have been worthwhile.

Joe has been active in GGR since 1965. He served on the Board of Directors in 1967, worked very hard on the Nugget, and has been on more committees than he can count. He and his wife have also chaired rallies although he admits these are not his favorite club events.

Now employed as a technical writer for Maytag (where he's worked for 15 years), he is responsible for keeping current on large marine equipment, turbine generators, washing machines, gear boxes, etc. Prior to his career at Maytag, Joe worked as a writer for IBM.

When Joe did get the T home, one more unexpected thing occurred. 'When I pulled into my driveway, a red light appeared on my dashboard and I was certain the car had serious engine problems. No one told me that the parking brake light could cause me heart failure!'

Luckily, Joe became more mechanically minded as the years went by. (Note his technical articles in past, present and future Nuggets.) He and his wife kept the T running soundly for four years and enjoyed driving it to the 1973 Monterey Parade. They sold it only to buy a green 356B Cabriolet that his wife immediately dubbed as hers. (I said he was a 'fairly' normal guy.)

Barbour Racing Team values Joe's mechanical abilities and he's been a 'grunt' for them for two years. He's been to all the races including Le Mans for the past two years, and has also managed to tour England in conjunction with the Le Mans races.

In his 'spare time', Joe can be found reading books on varied subjects. He'll be happy to accept any books on Porsches that you care to loan him, but — if you really want to do him a favor — let him know when the next Auto Union Model C buying trip behind the Iron Curtain will be leaving. Joe will be ready — VISA card in hand!

Sally Buckthal, Sally Buckthal
MOTOR MAYONNAISE

During the coastal California wintertime, moisture-laden air enters the alloy crankcase of an aircooled Porsche motor while it is running and warm. When the motor is stopped, the alloy case quickly cools, the air inside can no longer hold as much moisture, water condenses and runs down the crankcase walls and, being heavier than oil, lays on the bottom of the crankcase. Each time the motor is run and then stopped and cooled, it collects more moisture. When the motor is run, the oil and water are beat about enough to cause them to emulsify, much like mixing clear lemon juice and clear oil to make opaque mayonnaise in a blender that is running against the rev limiter.

When you remove your oil filler cap, you see the products of the emulsification; a whitish goo about the filler neck that has the consistency of mayonnaise. Motor mayonnaise occurs in both wet- and dry-sump Porsche motors. Eventually, it will begin to corrode the underside of your oil filler cap, and that should be a message to you. Motors do not like water in their oil. Water is bad for oil galleries, oil filters, oil pumps, cylinder walls, and bearing inserts; it's absolute havoc for rolling element bearings and camshaft and camshaft follower bearing surfaces.

The best way to avoid motor mayonnaise is to avoid short drives during which the motor never gets up to operating temperature. If you take a good long drive, the motor is hot enough over a long enough period of time to evaporate the water and it clarifies much like clarifying butter in a sauce pan in preparation for making a bordelaise sauce. (Actually, you can clarify mayonnaise in the same way, but it makes lousy bordelaise and doesn't go at all well with steak and mushrooms.) If you must take only short drives, vent the crankcase (or oil tank, if your's is a dry-sump Porsche) by removing the filler cap after parking and laying it, bottom side up, on the driver's seat so you won't forget it the next time you drive off. I do that; as a result, I often have to go back inside to change my pants because I sat on the damn thing.

Joe Padermderm

Tech Director's Footnote:
Another message or corrective action is that more frequent oil changes are needed. If you've been waiting 5,000 to 10,000 miles to change oil and save a buck, think of your engine and subsequent rebuild cost. Change the oil at 2,500 - 3,000 mile intervals and be sure to get rid of any water build-up in your engine.

Jerry Woods
Technical Director

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These photos of twin 924 Turbos were taken by GGR member Mike Light. Mike and Al Davis (also a GGR member) traveled to Tuscon to pick up and drive these two beauties to their new homes. Mike attended the recent Occidental tour with the Turbo, and it is a real delight to see "live". Thanks, Mike!

There is also a chance that we'll get to see the performance potential of one of these explored as we hope to see one (or both) at next year's autocross series, as Al has been a strong competitor in the 924 stock class in the last few years.
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DECEMBER TECH

Ever been to a club event and heard mention of Spyders? Is an Abarth always a funny Italian Fiat type? What connection did Porsche ever have with British car manufacturers? Take a break from the rigors of Christmas shopping (Ho-Ho) and come out to a low key tech session.

At the December 8th Tech Session we Porsche enthusiasts will see Porsche history on display - not necessarily concours. The car owner’s will give brief historical sketches and also answer questions. For those of you who don’t plan on visiting the Porsche Museum in Stuttgart in the near future, the next best thing will be GGR’s Porsche Museum December 8th starting at 10am. Coffee and donuts will be provided along with the gifts of gab. See you there.

WHO:  Porsche Fanatics Young & Old
WHAT:  History In Action
WHERE:  The Usual — Garretson Enterprises
         1932 Old Middlefield Way
         Mtn. View, California
WHEN:  December 8th, 10:00am
PHONE:  967-2858

Attendees: Carrera’s, Spyders, 910, Aluminum Speedsters - cars made of tubes.

IT’S COMING!

There is an opportunity for all members to participate in the organization and planning of the events for 1980. This opportunity will happen in the form of Activities Week, January 6-11, 1980. Meetings will be held at different member’s homes to select dates, the type of event and chairpeople for each type of event, from autocrosses to social events. We need interested members to chair events and to participate in the planning and selection of activities to provide yourselves, the GGR membership, a diverse and interesting schedule for 1980.

Meeting times and locations will be determined by the 1980 Activities Director, and will be announced at the Christmas Party and in the January Nugget.

If you have ideas for an event, and are unable to attend the meetings, please contact a current Board member or one of the newly elected Board (as soon as they are announced).

Please plan to attend these meetings, all or one, and express your interests in GGR’s activities.

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AUTOCROSS

Although the turnout was lower than usual (probably due to the weather), everyone had a good time (I hope) at the last autocross of the season. Everyone who did show up sure got a good workout — in a variety of conditions. The diehards who stayed until the rain washed us out got six runs — and we had to stop at 3:00PM after a late 9:30AM start! The number of runs and the low times were due to the fact that my course turned out to be a lot shorter than I thought it was. Funny how these things look so different when one transfers them from paper to pavement.

After the first few runs, as the course was starting to dry out for the first time, a number of people were heard to comment that there were some sub 40-second times to be had, but Gary Walton in the Garretson car was the only one who managed to do it. Jon Milledge almost joined Gary, but nipped one pylon — tough luck, Jon.

There were the usual number of down-to-the-wire finishes for year end point standing. Gary Sanders and John Seymour were dead even coming into this event, Gary turned a great run to get John by 0.81 seconds to take first for the day and for the season in Class 2. Jim Schofield had a super day — nipping Walt Maas by only 0.07 seconds to tie Walt for first place for the season.

Class 15 found John Hawkins, John Johnson and Brooks Thiele battling all day long — finally finishing in that order with only 0.3 seconds separating them. Looks like J.J. and The Hawk had better watch out for Brooks next year!

Karl Beckle Jr. turned in a great time to take first place for the day, and that was enough to move him past Sandi Fahl into second place for the season. Dick Petticrew and I had a battle going for second place for the season, with Dick getting the edge by a scant 0.18 seconds. Great job, Dick — but we had both better be on the lookout for Mike Lommatsch next year. Actually, I wasn’t even going to drive in my own event until the Gorilla threatened to hang me from a banana tree — Thanks Ted — it was good to get back into it!

The only problem I had in putting on the event was the row of bleachers the fairgrounds had kindly left along the fence just inside the entrance gate. Luckily, it was discovered on Friday afternoon, giving me some time to slightly redesign the course. They didn’t really create any problems for anyone, if you don’t count the heart attack John Hawkins almost gave me with a sliding finish to one of his early runs in the wet.

All in all, I had a ball putting on this event, and given the opportunity, I plan to do it again next year. Autocrossing is a ball! Last, but by no means least, I want to thank the Neidels for driving all the way up to Pleasanton on Friday to help me mark out the course. Although the rain prevented us from doing that, they were there to help if they could. It was much appreciated, folks! I also want to thank everyone who worked to help me set the whole thing up on Saturday morning. It’s been a lot of fun this year, and I for one am looking forward to much more of the same in 1980!!!

Bob Sherman
(substituting for the Greens)
### RESULTS – GGR AUTO-X NO. 6 – OCT. 20, 1979

**CLASS 1**
1. Karl Beckle, Jr. 44.51 20
2. Gary Fahl 44.71 16
3. Sandi Fahl 46.08 13
4. George Neidel 46.82 11
5. Karl Beckle, Sr. 47.67 9
9. Larry Wong 46.08 2
10. Mark Gang 48.08 1

**CLASS 2**
1. Gary Sanders 44.18 20
2. John Seymour 44.99 16

**CLASS 3**
1. Glen Renk 44.60 20

**CLASS 4**
1. Dick Petticrew 47.65 20
2. Bob Sherman 47.83 16
3. Mike Lommatzsch 48.47 13

**CLASS 5**
1. Jerry Woods 46.09 20
2. Gary Dorighi 53.18 16

**CLASS 6**
1. Terry Zaccoone 42.16 20
2. Jim Pasha 42.97 16
3. Dave Blanchard 43.33 13
4. Roger Ryan 47.76 11
5. John Moffitt 50.81 9

**CLASS 7**
1. Jim Schofield 42.37 20
2. Walt Maas 42.44 16
3. Glenn Hills 42.89 13

**CLASS 8**
1. Matt Ballentine 42.05 20
2. Dale Dorigath 42.21 16
3. Ray Mascia 43.02 13
4. Randy Salveson 43.39 11
5. Donn Murphy 44.13 9
6. Richard Stuck 44.36 7
7. Bud Behrens 45.84 5
8. Todd Lee (1) 45.84 5

**CLASS 10**
1. Mark McLaughlin 42.00 20
2. Rodney Rapson 44.22 16

**CLASS 11**
1. Brent Regan 45.79 20

**CLASS 12**
1. Jerry Steszewski 44.41 20

**CLASS 14**
1. Jon Milledge (1) 40.86 20
2. Bill Newlin 40.91 16
3. Ted Atlee 41.90 13
4. Chuck Engler 42.32 11

**CLASS 15**
1. John Hawkins 41.61 20
2. John Johnson 41.81 16
3. Brooks Thiele 41.91 13
4. John Redmond 46.14 11

**CLASS 16**
1. Gary Walton 39.46 20
2. Norb Witt 41.68 16
3. Gary Manning 42.73 13
4. Dennis Kulberg 44.81 11
5. Rich Phifer 47.01 9
6. George Whitson 41.05 –

**CLASS 17**
1. Karen Neidel 49.36 20

**CLASS 18**
1. Sharon Neidel 46.76 20
2. Julie Arnold 47.25 16

**CLASS 20**
1. Terri Rosatelli 45.03 20

*Number of penalty pylons
*Denotes Fun Run

**TOP TEN TIMES**
1. Gary Walton 39.46
2. Jon Milledge 40.98
3. Bill Newlin 40.91
4. Susie Atlee 40.95
5. John Hawkins 41.61
6. Norb Witt 41.68
7. John Johnson 41.81
8. Ted Atlee 41.90
9. Brooks Thiele 41.91
10. Mark McLaughlin 42.00

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WHEN ONLY PERFECTION IS DESIRED

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## NEW MEMBERS

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Address</th>
<th>Phone</th>
<th>City, State, Zip</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Curt Berggren (Gail Smallwood)</td>
<td>2443 Alvin Street, Mountain View, CA 94043</td>
<td>9176</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jay Dravstadt (Kathleen Kor)</td>
<td>1256 Lasuen Court, Millbrae, CA 94030</td>
<td>9177</td>
<td>924</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ben II</td>
<td>820-0433</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Larry Hops (Karyn)</td>
<td>221 San Rey Place, Danville, CA 94965</td>
<td>1978</td>
<td>911SC</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John P. Johnson (Jody Lynn)</td>
<td>4139 Alpine Road, Portola Valley, CA 94025</td>
<td></td>
<td>1969 911E</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dennis Kulberg (Patti)</td>
<td>908 Elm Street, San Carlos, CA 94070</td>
<td>592-4745</td>
<td>1977 911S Targa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mike Owens (Dave)</td>
<td>2112 Hounslove Drive, San Jose, CA 95131</td>
<td>923-9245</td>
<td>1974 911</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Norman Steward</td>
<td>605 Sorensen Road #30, Hayward, CA 94544</td>
<td>537-0453</td>
<td>1970 914-6 GT Truck Driver</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Theo W. Sovern</td>
<td>P.O. Box 61941, Sunnyvale, CA 94088</td>
<td>1972</td>
<td>911T</td>
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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Address</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>James Brown (Michelle)</td>
<td>237 Canyon Drive, Portola Valley, CA 94025</td>
<td>Redwood</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bob Hubert (Helen)</td>
<td>3163 Mt. Isabel Court, San Jose, CA 95122</td>
<td>Chicago</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dennis C. Lundin (Sarah)</td>
<td>444 Warren Dr. #1, San Francisco, CA 94131</td>
<td>Germany</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William T. Walsh (Lee)</td>
<td>1200 Washington Street #4, San Francisco, CA 94108</td>
<td>Northern Ohio</td>
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</tbody>
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## Old Faces—New Places

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<th>Name</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Daniel Baker</td>
<td>3592 Powell Dr., Lafayette, CA 94549</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gary Birge (Wicki Edwards)</td>
<td>P.O. Box 35, Woodacre, CA 94973</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beno English</td>
<td>451 Ulloa St., San Francisco, CA 94127</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>William Fleming</td>
<td>5662 Bluegrass Ln., San Jose, CA 95118</td>
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<td>James W. Giffin</td>
<td>3310 Victor Ct., Santa Clara, CA 95050</td>
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<tr>
<td>Harlan Halsey</td>
<td>200 La Questa Wy, Woodside, CA 94062</td>
<td>851-3886</td>
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<tr>
<td>James C. Koch</td>
<td>390 Sausalito Blvd., Sausalito, CA 94965</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mike Moss</td>
<td>1551 Heidelberg Dr., Livermore, CA 94550</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mark Peterson</td>
<td>1191 Lenore Wy., San Jose, CA 95128</td>
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<tr>
<td>Joe Reitmeir</td>
<td>1410 Marinovich, Los Altos, CA 94022</td>
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<tr>
<td>Steven Scott</td>
<td>401 Hiller Dr., Oakland, CA 94618</td>
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<tr>
<td>Kent Shimada</td>
<td>3106 Balmoral Dr., San Jose, CA 95132</td>
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<tr>
<td>Peter K. Smith</td>
<td>13224 Via Ranchero, Saratoga, CA 95070</td>
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<tr>
<td>Joe Weathers</td>
<td>100 W. 25th Ave., San Mateo, CA 94403</td>
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Rich Bon Tempi - Owner
Rallymaster, Graham Chloupek put on the October 14, Gimmick/Coursemaker rallye. Word Orgy V was a great example of Graham's technique.

For the first time gimmick rallyist, the course was set up with a lot of backtracking, but whether this was your first or fifth rallye the gimmicks confused a lot of us as planned. The rallye was a real challenge. We got a late start because the check point markers were late arriving. From the very start there was a definite shortage of coursemarkers for some of us. By the way, does anyone know what a Semiconductor is?

Even Numbered Cars

<table>
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<th>Place</th>
<th>Driver</th>
<th>Navigator</th>
<th>Score</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>John Clever</td>
<td>Curta Von Halda</td>
<td>81</td>
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<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>George Neidel</td>
<td>Shirley Neidel</td>
<td>64</td>
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<td>3</td>
<td>Jeff Lateer</td>
<td>Barb Lateer</td>
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<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>Sylvia Rentschler</td>
<td>Bill Patton</td>
<td>53</td>
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<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>Bob Stiffler</td>
<td>Liz Stiffler</td>
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<td>6</td>
<td>Bob Seaman</td>
<td>Annette Seaman</td>
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<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>Paul Troutner</td>
<td>Faye Troutner</td>
<td>DNF</td>
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Odd Numbered Cars

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<td>1</td>
<td>Terri Rossetti</td>
<td>Jerry Woods</td>
<td>78</td>
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<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>Mark Gang</td>
<td>Linda Gang</td>
<td>76</td>
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<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>Kathy Hopkins</td>
<td>Keith McMahon</td>
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<td>4</td>
<td>John Lee</td>
<td>Chris Lee</td>
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<td>5</td>
<td>Sharon Neidel</td>
<td>Teresa Neidel</td>
<td>63</td>
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<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>Dick Petticrew</td>
<td>Sue Petticrew</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>Mike Linprecht</td>
<td>Michael Hoerner</td>
<td>12</td>
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</table>

Critiques were handed out at the Brookside Winery, which was the end of the rallye. (Why can't these be given out at the start instead of the finish?). At Brookside the-awards were given, also the wine tasting was enjoyed by all.

Some of us went on to the J. Lohr Winery for more wine tasting and a very nice tour of that winery.

Thank you Graham for an interesting rallye, we hope to participate in your rallye again next year.

Bob & Liz Stiffler

JOHN FORGOT HIS TEDDY BEAR!
THE MART

The Mart is available to PCA members only. Sorry, we cannot accept ads from businesses for the Mart. The deadline for the Mart is the 1st of the month prior to publication. Mail (do not phone) your ad to the Editor. Porsche related items only.

FOR SALE


1970 Porsche Parts: 2.2 911S Mahle Pistons and Cylinders (with only 20 hours of use) — $600. Complete intake system — $950 includes mechanical pump just calibrated by Bosch and throttle bodies just reworked by Eurometrix. Dennis L. Tholen, 315 Braemoor Drive, Santa Cruz, CA 95060, (408) 426-5063, 6-6:30AM or after 6:00PM.

1974 911 No. 9114102950 Coupe. Emerald green metallic, 5-speed. 52,000 miles. S instruments. Carrera suspension. Koni’s, XWX’s. GGR car until this year. $11,500. Gene Parry, 1718 Ridgewood Road, Fort Collins, CO 80526, (303) 221-5915.

1975 914/2.0 black with custom blue stripe, seats with blue inserts, 7” polished 911 alloys, 215 VR 60 CN 36’s, oil cooler, deep sump, 21mm adjustable front sway bar, 19mm adjustable rear sway bar, 23mm torsion bars, A-arm plastic bushings, rear arm plastic bushings, 180 lb. rear springs, new tie rods & rubber boots, lowered, bump steered & wheel weighted, stainless steel brake lines, stainless steel heater boxes, new rotors, Euro lights, rear electric Porsche lens, custom fiberglass nose, oil pressure & temp gauge, bra, etc. Your choice of stereo, extra 911 2.0 engine & more. See 6-78 Panorama. G. Walsh, P.O. Box 3033, Hayward, CA 94540, (415) 895-9735. Call 24 hrs. - leave message.

914-6 Project. Rolling chassis, body straight, 3-inch GT flares, fresh short gear trans., sway bars, 916 front bumper. Less engine, glass and some miscellaneous pieces. Comes with 914-4 wreck and extra 914 parts including all new teflon suspension bushings and brake lines. Good race car project is streetable. $3,100 takes all. Also many 356 parts for sale. Ned McDaniel, (408) 353-1622, call after Dec. 15th anytime.

Factory Alloy Wheels from Turbo. Black center 7” x 8” x 18”, full set, excellent condition. Gary Brauch (408) 287-1391.

1964 356 SC Coupe, completely restored, body stripped to bare metal and repainted white, new black leather interior and original charcoal carpets, new Koni’s &steering damper, rebuilt engine including new OEM crank, bearings, 1750 p & c, valves, guides & springs, clutch assembly, oil cooler, factory exchange con rods and heads, rebuilt carbs. 17,000 KM on engine. $12,000. Bill Walsh (415) 776-5665.

Parts: 1970 front bumper, no trim, $70; pair Hella halogen fog lights, 1 broken lens, $40; Blaupunkt AM pushbutton radio, $30; well used exhaust extractor for 4 cylinder, offer; Buyer pays shipping. Dennis Winter, (408) 996-1770 after six or weekends. Office: (408) 265-0900, ext. 3307.

1960 S90 Roadster No. 88613 yellow/black, new cloth top, new muffler & ‘S’ pipes, chrome wheels, solid street car with all parts. $9,500 or trade for convertible ‘D’ or late ‘A’ model sunroof plus cash. Dennis Winter, home (408) 996-1770, office (408) 255-0900, ext. 3307.

1964 356SC sunroof, coupe, white/black, 6” chrome whls/w enamel crest caps, rec paint, rec major eng, wk, new orig. int., susp. by Garretson, chrome, rubber and trim exc., body nr. perf. Asking $13,500. Bill Patton, 4181 Observatory Ave., Oakland, CA 94619, (415) 543-9360 days, (415) 530-0509 eve.


Factory Forged Alloys 8” x 15” (2) polished. Absolutely flawless, see to believe. Set of four Bandag caps (street and Zone 8/POC legal for stock class) on XWX casing, nearly new. Front and rear 911 stock anti-sway bars, 16 & 15mm with adjustable links and new bushings. Also set of front and rear 911 torsion bars. Set of latest style plastic bushings for rear 911 torsion bars. Call Glenn or L.O., (408) 264-1822.


1970 914-6. White, very good condition. Excellent acceleration and handling. 2.5 engine with new turbo chain tensioners and tensioner guards. Transmission is regearred and has a special clutch disc. Lowered with front and rear adjustable sway bars, Koni competition shocks with special spring at the rear, stainless steel brake lines, front spoiler, Marchal headlights, alloy wheels with Pirrelli tires and speedatron ignition. $11,700. Ernie Lee, eves.: (415) 664-4670.


1962 356B 2000GS Carrera. Rollin Polonizada, (415) — 731-7659, 8pm-10pm PST.
The Mart - Continued

1976 Turbo. Less than 5,000 original miles, silver, black interior, sports seats, 8" and 9" Porsche alloys with 215-60 and 235-60 Pirelli CN 36's, lowered, wastegate shimmed for more boost. $28,900. Ron Hamako, eves: (408) 446-2000.

1969 911T. IROC whale tail, std. air dam, 9" flares, SCCA roll bar, Konis, 19mm adj. sway bars w/heim jointed drop links, torsion bars, s/std brake lines, up-rated webers, sport muffler, 911S P/C 65 AH. battery, mech. tensioners, recent valve job, four 7" std. whls w/23x8.5x15 Goodyear slicks, two 7" alloys and two 7" std whls w/ street tires, Euro lenses, Racemark steering whl., concours prepared, race ready, and street legal. $10,000. Bill Newlin (415) 728-5351/John Hawkins (415) 359-0542.


Porsche Design - Orfina Watch, just received - new (selling at I.Magin's S.F. for $725) asking $450. Porsche Design - Model 212 Arova - Ski Bob (scooter) with two short shoe skis, an unusual gift for the Porsche collector - $375 or best offer. Porsche Calendars with Coin - from 1967 to ? Have a calendar of the year of your Porsche. Many other Porsche goodies rare and unique. Also, Sears metal lathe - model 109-212-70 mounted with 1/2 hp Dayton electric motor - offer. Ron Ferreira BVCDJ, days: (415) 465-3353, eves: (415) 481-5247.

1973 911E Silver, sunroof coupe, 57,000 miles. Very exceptional and beautiful car with many extras $11,750. Also, 1976 914 2.0 mint condition, 17,000 original miles. W/full autocross/street susp. $8,700. John Wilson, (415) 791-2970.

WANTED

For 914, stock three-point seatbelts. Tom Foster, (415) 326-3646.

Pre - 1968 window crank, 912 Biral cylinders (4) used, 2.0S cams. Bill Newlin (415) 728-5351.

2.4 S cams, injection stacks, throttle bodies and pump for mechanical setup. Desperate for (1) Factory Forged Alloy 7" x 15". All must be in excellent condition. Watch for the new and improved YPAF. Call Glenn or L.O., (408) 264-1822.

PERSONALS

Bob Buckthal and Bill Patton discovered at the recent 914-6 tech session that Bruce Anderson's dipstick has more notches than their's do — and he can out flash both of them too! Ratonya.

Thanks to all the people who have helped with the Nugget this year, you've made my job easier. The people who have donated their time for production, the authors of the various articles, and the photographers whose pictures have shown GGR at work and play are the people who have made the Nugget what it is. A special thanks to Barbara for putting up with me. Jeff Lateer

COVER - The Candlin/Johnson 1974 Carrera at the Occidental Tour luncheon site. This is the same view that many of Johnny's competitors have. Photo by Fred Schefflera.

CREDITS - Photos by Pat Stein (Occidental Tour), Tom Green (GGR Racers), Mike Light (GGR Gallery), and the Editor. The Did'Ja Know photo by Mildred Padermderm. The drawing on the back cover by Marvin Besmer. We had a cast of workers this month that included Stephanie Home, Donna Trefz, Terri Rosattel, Neda Dorjath, John Clever, Bill Patton (???)!, Jerry Woods, and two other workers that volunteered, but were felled by illness, Brian Keller and Becky Blanchard. Hope you're both better. (We won't tell anyone that Moanin' went to Carmel on the night he volunteered instead of working.) Thanks all!

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Coming Events

December
1 Swap Meet/Concours – Patterson/Hartman
4 Pit Crew – Patterson
8 Tech Session – Woods
14 Caroling – Price
15 Dinner Meeting – Forster

January
6-11 Activities Week
12 Auto-X – Atlee
19 Dinner Meeting – Forster