

One day at a checkpoint . . .

By PETER E. GALENA
Los Angeles Region

It was to be a big day. Our Region was putting on the largest rally we had ever attempted. The news had gotten around, preparations were excellent, and the day dawned bright and clear.

There is only one way to really enjoy a rally and that is behind the wheel. That enjoyment would be even further magnified with a companion of some degree of attachment. However, there comes a time when for some reason or another the passenger seat becomes impossible to fill. It is at such a time when you hear the voice of your conscience which for a long time has been asking "When are you going to help out on a rally?" The morning was bright and clear and the voice was coming through loud and strong. I offered my services. They were accepted.

I participated in the ritual of getting the 52 cars off and running. Every 3 minutes another car made that first right hand turn and soon after vanished down the highway. This chore was only a prelude to the duties to which I had been assigned. I was to "man" a checkpoint, one at the very end of the course and not too far from the actual finish line.

Since it was to be a 5 hour run I had time to get there, set up my gear, and get settled for the expected arrival of 52 cars. Since I was not "running" the course, I had no difficulty finding the exact spot I had been assigned.

It was a lonely spot on a seldom used secondary road. There was nothing on either side of the highway. The road to the north was a gradual sweeping curve from the left and soon disappeared from view to the south with still another curve to the right.

It was a barren, wind-swept spot. To make sure of this some sort of earth excavation was in progress. Several huge earth-movers were nearby waiting out the weekend. Supplementary to this were 3 or 4 small trees bordering the highway, trees that had been spared in the "march of progress." Under one of the trees I set up my gaily colored parasol, my haven from the heat of the day. Soon after I was in business in my little domain.

With a warm feeling of accomplishment I settled down to await the task of greeting the 52 cars. Soon after, the first car appeared and I became the official of Checkpoint 4. The cars continued to appear each in its own manner, check in, pull away with wheels spinning and dust flying. It soon became routine—a long dull day ahead.

After a few cars had gone I noticed 2 small boys standing at the far turn. With them was a little dog. As they had rounded the blind curve and had come into a line of vision which included my spot, they stopped suddenly and eyed my position. Suddenly, they turned and walked out of view. A few

moments later they timidly rounded the curve and with some apparent reluctance approached my position. As they drew near, their little dog, not quite as timid as the boys, approached growling his "Sunday's best."

"Say, Mister," said the larger of the boys, "what are you doing here under that umbrella?" "I'm on a checkpoint for a rally," I answered. I could see that I wasn't making my position clear. "Checkpoint . . . say . . . what's that? . . . are you kidding?" the questions flowed. I explained as best I could, allowing for the short span of interest on one hand and the disinterested dog on the other. After my short discourse, the boys merely looked at me in disbelief, turned, and walked away. I could see them in animated discussion highlighted by several looks in my direction. I am sure I never convinced them that I wasn't a nut of some kind or even a spy from outer space.

More time went by. More contestants appeared and were taken care of. To this point all was going well, the cars were appearing miraculously from the right direction, and all praised the course.

This highway was an out-of-the-way route, but aren't all rally routes? In spite of this, a number of non-contestants drove by, some of them stopping out of curiosity or merely asking directions. It was after I had gotten a few of these "dividends" that a large, dust-covered car arrived. Its occupants were obviously on a long trip. As it came to a stop I heard a weary voice asking, "Say, am I on the road to San Diego?" I shook my head in utter disbelief. He might as well have said Philadelphia. I tried to explain the way back to the main highway from which he had wandered. As he pulled away he shouted, "About how long will it take to get back on it?" It took some courage to tell him at least 45 min.

Day wears on

The day was getting shorter. It felt good under the parasol. I was in a semi-drowsy state of mind. As if from nowhere a large, flashy car pulled up, came to a smart stop, and out jumped a fellow. He was dressed in a manner suitable to the flash of the car. His entire attitude was one of urgency and determination. Joining me under my parasol he asked, "Say, Buddie, are you sub-dividing this area?" I looked at him, he looked at me, and I replied, "No, Buddie, I am on a checkpoint for a rally." He would not accept that. So, once more I went into my little speech. With a distrustful look he turned around, got into his car muttering to himself, then drove away.

It soon became the theoretical end point of the rally. Two more contestants checked in; then a long period of silence.

There soon appeared a car from the other direction. I recognized it as belonging to the Rally-

master. He asked what I was doing there so late. Looking at my list I could see that I had 13 more cars to check in. "Never mind them," I was told. So, silently, I gathered up my gear (including my gaily colored parasol) and retired to the local "watering hole."

On my way in I made a mental addition of the day's activities. The sum was made up of these factors:

1. Thirty-nine contestants, all apparently on course and in some delightful degree of confusion.
2. Two little boys (and their little dog) who spent a few minutes with me.
3. Any number of curious and the lost (of the lot, 1 really lost).
4. One "get-in-on-the-ground-floor" prospective homeowner.
5. A new coat of tan.

Protecting the Porsche's dash

By E. D. WELLS
Los Angeles Region

The padded Porsche dash deteriorates quickly if the car is parked frequently in the sunshine, due to the intensity of the sun's rays through the windshield. A simple expedient will eliminate this damage.

Place lightweight wrapping paper (newspaper will work, although dirty) over the padded dash. Outline the perimeter contours of the dash with a grease pencil or a soft lead pencil. Felt marking pencils may bleed through and stain the dash covering. Use scissors to trim along the outline marks; fit and trim until you have a snug fitting pattern of the dashboard contour.

Select showcard board, preferably the kind with one white glazed side and a gray dull reverse side. Trace the pattern you have made onto the showcard board, starting at one end and continuing past the middle of the pattern; then, move to another location on the showcard board, start at the other end of the pattern and trace past the middle.

Use a sharp cutting knife to cut out of the showcard board the pattern you have traced. You will have two cardboard shields that will cover your padded dash. Being in 2 sections, the shields can be easily stored behind the front seats, when not in use. When in use, the shields overlap at the center by the same distance that you went past center in tracing the pattern. This permits adjustment for a snug, light-tight fit at the corners of the dash.

It is recommended that the white side be placed up when the Porsche is parked in the sun. This reflects heat with maximum efficiency. When driving through intense desert heat, I have reversed the shields end for end and side for side, placing the grey, dull side upward. This reduces glare and protects the Porsche's genuine leather padding from the sun's harmful rays. Shields were held in place with a piece of masking tape.

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