

CPR CLASSIC EAST, e Letter

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April 2017

LET'S START THIS *e*-LETTER WITH A HEART WARMING STORY

Larry Hansel is the Commander of the *Maryland Order of the Purple Heart*. For those who are not familiar with the Military Order of The Purple Heart, it was founded in 1932. The Purple Heart is awarded to members of the Armed Forces of the United States who are wounded or killed in combat at the hands of the enemy.

Larry was contacted about an Afghanistan Veteran, Tommy, who was having health and life issues. Larry went for a visit with Tommy, and learned that Tommy was wounded in combat and was rushed from battle to the nearest military medical aid for treatment. His wounds were so extensive, he remained in rehab in the United States for two plus years before being returned to civilian life. Normally, when someone is wounded in combat, his or her commanding officer fills out the paper work and submits it to the VA. Larry discovered Tommy's commander had been killed in action and never filed Tommy's incident report. Larry also discovered Tommy received two wounds on separate occasions while in combat, once in the back, once in the neck.

The Great news, is Larry has qualified Tommy for *two Purple Hearts* and 100% military disability. Great work Larry!

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MARK YOUR CALENDARS FOR THE LATEST UPCOMING EVENTS!!!

5TH ANNUAL CPR PORSCHE-O-RAMA SET FOR JUNE 10, 2017

Back this year at the CPR Classic East Facility,
9329 Ocean Gateway, Easton, MD 21601.
Event from 9:00AM until 4:00PM.

Set as a Porsche gathering of the faithful. It will be a time to meet old and new Porsche friends and see the Porsches. CPR facility shop tours are part of the Porsche-O-Rama event. We expect a great turn out from *five PCA Regions*, as well as Maryland Porsche owners. *2 Chicks Catering* will be here to tempt your pallet with some great *Eastern Shore Cooking!*

BEST OF ALL - Commander Larry Hansel will be in attendance in UNIFORM!
Other surprises are planned. **DON'T MISS IT!**

HERSHEY PORSCHE EVENT SET FOR APRIL 22, 2017 HERSHEY PENNSYLVANIA

CPR will be there with a couple of exciting restoration projects. Look for us and stop by and say "hello".

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CLIENT TESTIMONIALS

From BILL - One of our “MINI RESTORATION” Clients

“Bruce/Josh - My car looks great, runs great and sounds great. Everyone who has an older Porsche should do the LED light conversion. It makes a huge difference at night. The lowering gave the car an overall better look. I know your team put a lot of time into the car. Please let them know I appreciate it, and am enjoying the car a lot and getting many compliments. Feel free to consider me a very satisfied reference customer.”
Thank you Bill! These are great LED conversions you can do yourself. Call Bruce or Josh for details of where to get them. 410-822-8322



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WHAT ARE THOSE BLACK LINES ON THE GRAY PRIMER?



That stuff is called *“Seam Sealer”*. Aaron Alvino and Ryan Gill, in the Paint Prep Shop, go through this Extra Step to make sure the CPR restoration Porsche’s stay “rust free” for as long as possible.

The Seam Sealer seals all the factory lap joints from moisture exposure.



Do other Porsche “restorers” go to these measures to protect your Porsche?

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WHAT'S THAT STUFF RUNNING OUT OF THE ROCKER PANEL?

That stuff is a panel rust preventative sealer that CPR sprays in the closed rocker, lower "A" pillar, and rear cross members to inhibit rust. Do other Porsche "restorers" take these steps to protect your Porsche? Do you want CPR to put this rust preventative in your 911?

Contact Aaron or Josh to learn about this treatment 410 822 8322



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And now, the continuing story of Chuck and his 911.

Adventures with a 1966 Porsche 911 (Part VI)

by Chuck McCoy

Not long after getting the car back on the road, I learned that just outside of Naples, there was a Porsche 911 in a junk yard. I managed one weekend to find it, and sure enough the 911 was there and all in one piece (no damage, frankly I suspect the engine barely had enough time to cool down). It had four excellent Porsche 911 Mag rims I earnestly desired. I bargained hard with the owner, and got them with the tires for more than I could afford and less than they could have been acquired anywhere in the world. (increasing the chances that this was more fuel for the burning dislike my wife had for the car)! I had the Mag rims on the next day. At work, we all parked in the same lot out in front of the building. In that lot I had noticed that there was a Porsche 356 parked there every day. I did not know the owner, nor had I even met him. But he found my office phone number and called me about a week after I got the mag rims. He noticed I upgraded my rims on the 911 and asked if I still had the steel rims I removed. I did, and asked why. He said that he was the owner of the Porsche 356 and that they did not come with steel rims, and he knew that the 911 rims would fit the 356. Would I sell them to him? I did sell them, and I wish I could say for the price I paid for the Mags - but not quite. None-the-less, I put a good dent in the price I laid out for the Mags.

Now, that junk yard Porsche was still on my mind. What else could I get from it? I soon drove out there again, and it was still there! I looked under the engine cover at the engine, and there were a pair of the Webber Carburetors staring back at me. I was ready for that and got the owner over to deal. Now Italians (at least then), bargain for every sale, and they are good at it too! My bargaining skills were minimal, and I knew I really had no money for them. But, I bargained as best as I

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could, but in the end, I just could not get them for the money I figured I might scrap together. So, there went my chance for upgrading to Webbers! I never did get them. While in Naples, I continued to use the Mobile One synthetic oil I put in the engine at overhaul. I had to get my dad to ship it, as it was not available in Italy. Our office was also the manager of the Engine Oil Analysis Lab for Mediterranean fleet aviation, located in Sigonella, Sicily. The lab tech there, volunteered to do monthly oil analysis on my oil and send me the reports. The information can tell you what sort of wear, and- how fast and often where the wear is taking place, based on the trace metals found in the oil. I actually penned a letter to the Porsche Factory in Stuttgart asking if they would tell me what sorts of metals were used and where they were used inside the engine. I got a very nice response informing me that it was proprietary information and regretfully, they could not share that information with me. We still did a monthly check, since increased things like silicon, can indicate how well your oil and gas filters might be working.

There is only a bit more to this story and its finished. I cannot leave it where it is at in Italy, without saying that ultimately my dear wife regularly drove the 911 while we were there and she had to admit it was a fun car she loved to drive. But, she continued to harbor a grudge at all the money I spent on it, and it all came to a head a few months before we had to leave Naples. As an aside, this tale belongs to my 911 memories and needs to be told here. Every year, on the 4th of July it was the practice of the command I was a part of, to hold a celebration called “Festa Americana”. It was held at the Navy recreation park that was located in an extinct volcano crater called “Carney Park”. It was at the top of a mountain in Naples. The park was open from Sunrise to midnight most days. It was a big affair, with ball games, carnival games, food, and fireworks – Many came before the park was officially open to grab a choice picnic area – so I took the Porsche filled with chairs, and picnic supplies and got out there at sunrise. My wife followed later in our FIAT, with the kids and a bunch more stuff. We enjoyed the

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day. The fireworks were after dark and lasted quite a while. After they were over, we had to pack the cars for home and round up the kids – so, I started loading up both the cars getting everything packed to go. We still hadn't found our kids, so I decided to go on ahead driving the FIAT and start unloading it on arrival. I got home around 11:15 PM or so and unloaded the FIAT and changed my clothes, got some wine and set out on the front porch waiting for the wife and kids. It was after midnight, and they were not home yet – I sat there an easy 30 to 45 minutes thinking the park was long closed, where could they be? Then I suddenly realized, I drove the FIAT home with the Porsche keys in my pocket!! I of course jumped up, re-dressed and set off to bring the keys to them. Needless to say, I received a lot of cold shoulder and hot tongue when I got there – but all were safe and we got back home for the night. I was in the dog house for that one for a while, but I would not know until after we returned to the United States, what revenge my wife had actually taken on that night. One might ask why she did not call me when she found out she was stranded. The answer is simple. Phone service was hard to come by, and we did not yet have a phone she could call. There were no cell phones in those days!


We returned to the U.S. in August of 1977 and settled in to our new home a couple of months later. The Porsche arrived from Naples in October, and I went out to the port to pick it up. I was taken to the holding area where it was parked to find one miserable and sorry looking Porsche 911. It had been shipped as surface cargo, stowed on the weather deck near the ship's stack! The car covered with a yellow oily substance (stack exhaust), with thousands of tiny specks of grime, probably from when they blew the stacks to clean them! There was a good sized dent in the right rear fender and in general the car was frightful to see. The battery was flat, (a common occurrence when a car is shipped like this), so I needed a jump start which they had waiting to use. It started fine. Oil pressure was good. Tires were fully inflated, and all looked mechanically sound. I signed

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for the car an got in to drive it home. I turned on the wipers to use the washers to help clear the crap off the windshield – only to find that the blades had been tied down for shipment and they were stuck with the power motor running, until I realized they could not move. I got out and removed the restraints, and tried the washer/wipers again – the blades would not move. I drove back home in a foul mood and ready to sue the agency responsible for the shipment of my car.

A professional wash job put the Porsche back to its rightful shiny paint job and a fuse fixed the windshield wiper/washers. After that, there were no signs of the indignity of its treatment while in transit. While considering the fender dent and how to get reimbursed for its repair, I learned “the rest of the story” regarding that fateful night in the park at Festa Americana. It was confessed by my wife, that leaving her and the kids stranded was the straw that broke the camel’s back when it came to the 911! She had hauled off and kicked it in the fender while waiting for me to show up. There would be no reimbursement for the dent forthcoming. 

Look for the FINAL chapter of Chuck's adventure in next month's eLetter!



Until next time, thank you for your support!
"The CPR Crew"

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410 822 8322
cprclassiceast.com