

# news

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## No Meeting Minutes To Report

By virtue of the fact that there was no monthly meeting in December, there are therefore no minutes to report in this newsletter. Ordinarily the PCNC board meets early in the year, and those minutes appear in this spot in place of the customary chapter meeting minutes, but as the 2003 board meeting hasn't taken place yet, we can't do that this year.

The members of the PCNC board (including new chapter president Todd Glycer) will be having their board meeting at the Super Bowl Party, so watch for double minutes in next month's issue.

In the meantime, Happy New Year!

# As The Cleveland Turns

## Part Two, In Which Things Go From Bad To Worse....

*by Carl Schumaker*

Okay, so last month you read my accounting of my mass Cleveland purchase and the circus that ensued upon their delivery. Did I mention that I had built the shelves too short to hold the engines? Of course I did. Well, here in lies the ongoing comedy.

Back track to Tuesday. I had a light schedule at the office so I decided I would go build the shelves for my new shipment of engines. Be easier to build them during the day anyway, I ventured.

And it was... in actuality.

Doing some homework, I determined the correct height of the engines and marked that down in my little notebook. After a few more notes I remembered to add a little bit for clearance issues. I'm smiling and patting myself on the back for such intense forethought. Now it's off to the lumber yard to buy materials.

In the truck, my phone rings. It's important stuff and I write the info down in my, (yes, you guessed it ) notebook. No danger involved as I was careful while driving to accomplish this minor feat. Cool,... I tear off part of the notepaper and stick it above my visor for reference later. I get the materials I need for my engine shelves and I'm delightfully on my way to play carpenter.

At my storage room, I consulted my notes and measured everything and cut the material and applied screws where needed to hold everything together. (Insiders view: the "added inches" were safely tucked above my visor on the torn-off portion of my notes with the important info written down earlier.) Six hours later, I stepped back and admired my fantastic work. What a great carpenter I am. Another big pat on the back I gave myself.

Zoom forward to Saturday afternoon, about 36 hours after the delivery fiasco.

The afternoon and part of the early evening was devoted to dis-assembly, then correct re-assembly of my cool-looking shelves. Before re-assembling them, I made sure to measure the tallest engine in the room, deducting 6 inches for the little dollies each engine was bolted to. I wanted to make dang sure I had it right this time. Just to be 100% sure I had it right, I went through the process again with my measuring tape and convinced myself I had it right. Excellent job this time, for sure.

Prior to closing the door and locking it, I made sure my keys were in my pocket. No wrong moves this time. No wife telling me how I really ought to just return the engines and give her the money to invest properly.

Saturday night, about 9:00pm, I called some lifelong friends and invited them to come on Sunday to help degrease engines with my newly purchased, gas-powered pressure washer, then put them on the shelves. I have four takers with nothing to do and a desire to get dirty for a free BBQ rib dinner at TGIF's.

Sunday morning, 6:00am, I dragged my tired butt outta bed while the wife reminded me it is Sunday and her sleep-in day and what's taking me so long to turn my reveille-playing alarm clock off? I'm sure you all know that drill, so I'll move on.

I loaded the pressure washer in the back-set utility truck and headed off to the nearest coffee kiosk. Don't let anyone tell you differently...a triple shot of kiosk coffee at 6:30 will slap you awake pretty fast!

Arriving at the storage room, I was greeted by all four of my friends, all ready to get the task done. So we unloaded the pressure washer, wheeled out the nearest engine and ...what?...no gas. I did mention it was brand new, right? Dumb...dumb...dumb.

Phil has some gas, cool. Gas is put in the tank and it sorta started but wouldn't stay running. I went inside with one of the guys to see about getting the engines on the shelves while the rest of the guys tried to get the pressure washer started. It was about 7:30am now.

7:35am, I was informed that the engine on the pressure washer needs oil. Geeze...why don't they ship these things ready to go?? As a consumer, all I should have to do is unbox it, pull the rope and it should start. Anyway, someone had to go get oil, so that volunteer was also pressed into making a coffee run.

The rest of us clamored over the engines telling lies about how fast our old Mustangs were back in the 70s. Seems I remember their cars as being substantially slower than these recent claims. The only truth told during that 45 minute bench-racing session was the dependability and near indestructibility of the 351 Cleveland! One story

told was how Joel's '69 351W-powered Falcon whipped up on some guys red '70 Mach 1 at a well-known section of un-official raceway. I remembered that race. We all did. I was the guy in the Mach 1 and he most certainly DID NOT beat me. Alas, he couldn't be convinced otherwise, so that tale was dropped for a different one. Heh heh heh.

Oil arrived with coffee. Ditz forgot to get sugar and cream, so we drank this nasty 7-11 coffee black. UGH.

Pressure washer started and the first engine got degreased. The guys were spraying each other with the wand and cans of WD-40 degreaser. Dangerous, but I let them be. A casual observer would be hard pressed to believe these frolicking guys were 50-somethings!!

The first engine was done. Another took its place under the high pressure gun and Gary and I hooked the first engine up to the hoist and slid it up to my re-built shelves.

Now I'm usually a pretty level-headed guy that approaches obstacles with a mind to do problem solving. But when the engine with the hoist attached wouldn't fit, I sorta let loose a string of profanity that woulda made a Marine Corps drill instructor proud. Kicking one of the engines didn't help either. In fact, I think I may have broken the big toe on that foot. Well, at least bruised it. Sure is throbbing tonight.

It seems that in my calculations, I neglected to add a few inches to accommodate the height of the engine hanging from the hoist. Hoist and chain add another 8" minimum to the height needed to properly insert the engines onto the shelves. That makes that part of the day a bust. But we can still clean engines, right? Well, sorta.

Engine #3 was under the wand when the pressure washer died. Outta gas. Not a problem. No more gas cans of gas, but I have a siphon hose on the back-set truck so we send Danny, a dentist by trade, to go siphon some gas from one of the trucks.

Word of advice. *Never* send a dentist to siphon gas.

He came back and poured the contents of the gas can in the pressure washer. Someone pulled the rope and it fired off sweetly, then sputtered, pouring all sorts of smoke out of the muffler, then died. It would not restart. Phil asked Danny if he got the "gas" from his truck. Danny told him he did.

Bummer. Phil's truck is a diesel. So the pressure washer was now dead.

By now it was 10:00am and we had managed to:

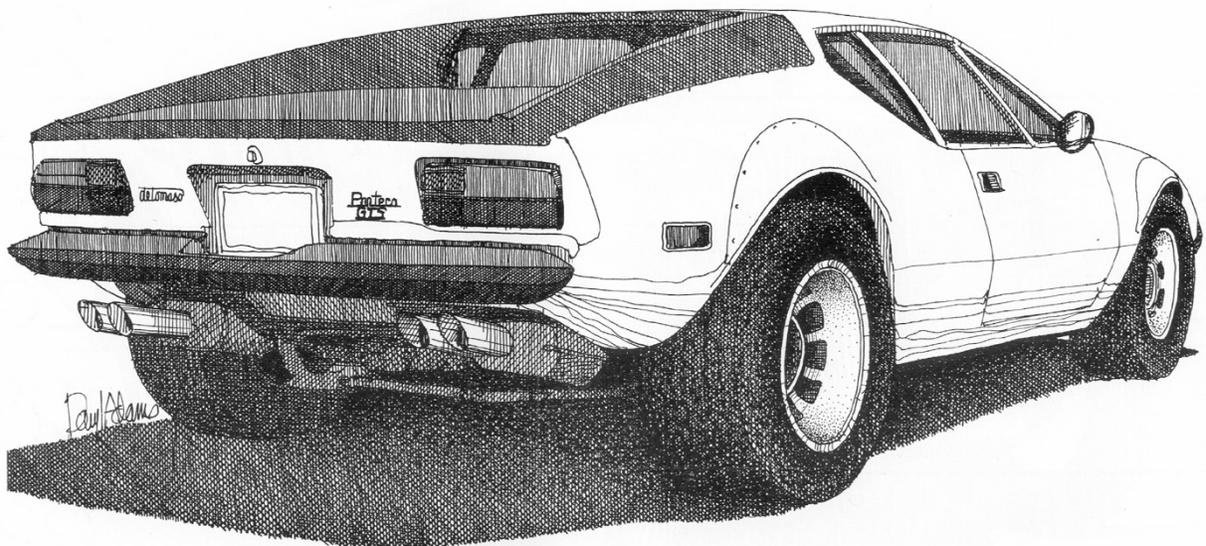
- A) Get ZERO engines on the shelves.
- B) Blow up a brand-new pressure washer.

At least the police weren't involved this time....

We all packed up and headed to Denny's for breakfast, where I had to listen to more mis-conceptions and outright tall tales of the cars we owned as young(er) men.

Once I got home, I told my wife at 12:30pm on this chilly but clear Sunday afternoon, we did get two and 1/4 engines washed.

My wife had suspected I had gone mad for several years now. I fear this whole engine event has convinced her. My only hope is that a wife can no longer commit a husband without some legal representation....



# Pantera For Sale

1972 Pantera Pre-L # 4164 (August 1972)

Very stock, complete and original, Yellow.

Virtually no rust, car and paint in like-new condition, 65K miles with a Holley on an Edelbrock intake

Halogen headlights.

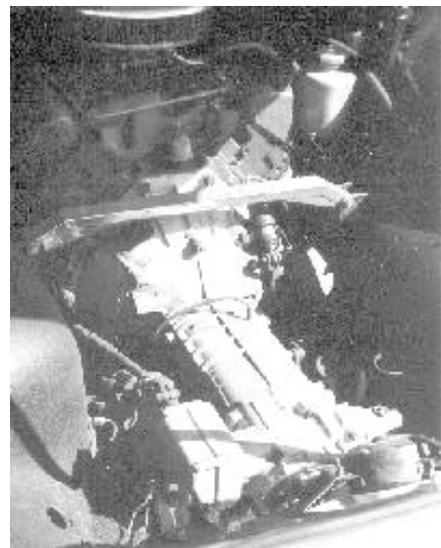
It showed well at the 2002 Concorso Italiano.

Reasonably priced at \$25K, I need a new home so it needs a new home, sadly.

Call Ron Hanner in Los Gatos at

(408) 356-1964 Cell (408) 656-5051

ronhanner@Juno.com



# NEXT CLUB MEETING

**THURSDAY, January 30, 2003  
8:00 P.M.**

**COCO'S RESTAURANT  
1209 OAKMEAD PARKWAY  
SUNNYVALE, CA  
(Take Lawrence Expressway South Exit off Highway 101)**

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## UPCOMING CLUB EVENTS

January 26 \_\_\_\_\_ PCNC Superbowl Party (Rod Pack)

Date TBA \_\_\_\_\_ Dyno Day (Gregg Jacobs)

**REMINDER — NEWSLETTER ARTICLES DUE BY 15th OF EACH MONTH**

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