



Dream Z

Sometimes the truth is stranger than fiction. Here's a case in point. About three weeks ago I had a call from a guy I hadn't heard from in 25 years. Kevin Bacon and I grew up together, crashed model planes together, went to high school together, and that was the last I saw of him. I didn't even recognize his name when an e-mail popped into my inbox. He had found me on the Internet Z-Car Club roster and, remembering my love of cars, and knowing my general location, he wrote on a hunch.

"Are you the same Jim Lux who went to school at Maquoketa Valley High School in 1965? If you are, get back to me. There's something I have to tell you."

Which I did, and the very next day Kevin replied.

"I saw your name on the IZCC list and right away I thought you're the person. I've been dying to tell somebody, and I know I can trust you. I see you're near Seattle. Can you meet me in Snohomish on Saturday?"

Now I don't get this kind of message very often, and I don't tend to act on this kind of invitation. But because it was Kevin, I decided this might be an adventure, and I answered that I'd be there.

Saturday afternoon I found Kev standing beside a fire engine red '71 240 in the Snohomish Safeway parking lot. We exchanged the usual questions and comments of two people who once knew each other, but I could see he was nervous. When I asked why, he seemed to shift gears and said: "I can't tell you here. Really. I have to show you. Follow me. It's about 40 miles."

OK. We drove out of Snohomish and headed toward the mountains, with me wondering what now-ex-ZCCW-Prez Paul was doing at that moment. We'd driven for about half an hour when Kev turned off on a narrow lane that doubled back up the mountainside. After ten minutes of bumping along, we pulled up beside an older chalet-type house that didn't appear to be occupied. He jumped out of his car and started talking before I had opened my door.

"My grandfather owned this place since before I was born," he said, leading me up the slope and around the corner of the house. "We used to come out and visit in the summer and on holidays. About six years ago I spent the summer with him up here, and he told me then that he once crewed for a guy who raced at Indy. I always knew he was car nut, but I never imagined anything like that. I don't think Grandma wanted him to be giving any ideas to my dad. I had

a '71 240 at the time and I told him all about it." I could see Kev was leading us toward a small outbuilding set back in the trees.

"Well, last year his health was bad, and he wrote and asked me to come up here. When I got up here we talked about this and that, and then he said he knew I liked Z cars, and that several years ago he'd bought a junker to putter around with. He told me he'd been saving it for me and he took me out to the barn." Kev stopped in front of the door and fiddled with a combination lock. "This," he said, "you gotta see," and he swung the door open.

The building was not very large but the interior was dim. A workbench ran along the left wall, and I saw a compressor in the corner on the right. My eyes were still adjusting to the darkness as I watched Kev grab the edge of a tarp covering a big lump and pull it toward him. The cloth slid off and there sat absolutely, positively the most gorgeous 240 I had ever seen. Or....was it?

The distinctive 240 shape was there all right, with a massive front spoiler that flowed seamlessly into the hood and fenders. But something wasn't quite right. It seemed too squat and too curvaceous. I heard Kev fumbling by the bench and suddenly the room was ablaze with light. Jumpin' jiminy! It was a 240. But then again, it wasn't.

In the front, huge fender flares jumped out of the body to barely cover gigantic Goodyears. Exiting the front fenders were huge black sidepipes. And over the rear tires the flares were even wider, so wide that in their leading edge there was room for a huge air duct going to who knows where. Kev was

Continued on page 6

Next Scheduled Meeting
 Saturday, December 14
 7:00 pm at Paul's home

On the Agenda:
 Holiday Cheers

Contents

- Presidents Corner2
- ZCCW Swap Meet.....2
- November Meeting Minutes.....3
- Christmas Party Directions.....3
- Victoria British Ltd. Catalog Review4
- Autocross News.....4
- Technical Odds & Ends.....5

A Message from the President:

It's official!

For those who were unable to attend the November meeting, we have received the letter of incorporation back from the Secretary of State.

Said Secretary Tim Nevins: "We're an actual non-profit org! (as far as the state of Washington goes)."

Thanks to everyone who has been involved in this process!

What does that mean you might ask? Well, for one thing (you'll be thankful for

this when reconciling your bank statements) we will finally be able to cash all those checks for membership dues.

Of course, before we are able to do this, we will have to get a bank account. Janene is working day and night, putting the rest of her life aside, to get this done for us. Ok, ok, maybe not quite that extreme, but she is making progress. Thank you Janene!

This incorporation means that we are able to do other things as well. So much, in fact, that the Newzletter would quickly become a tome if they were to be listed. (Read: I'm not sure what all this means. I am sure I will soon find out....)

As the holidays are now upon us, it is time to take a moment to reflect on what we have to be thankful for. Personally, I would like to thank everyone for their tremendous efforts to the club. With everyone's help, we have grown and continue to grow yet maintain our close-knittedness.

Further, I would like to thank Mr. K. Without his wisdom and insight to the American consumer, we all may not have the cars we love and our club. Makoto-ni arigatô. Kurisumasu-o-modetô!

Lastly, I wish you all the happiest of holidays! May your holiday wishes become reality and the new year bring you all you deserve!

ZCCW Newzletter

A monthly (usually) publication of the Z-Car Club of Washington

Editor:James Lux

Graphic Artist:Michael S. White

Submissions:

USPS:ZCCW Newzletter

.....113 Park Avenue

.....Langley, WA 98260

EMAIL: jameslux@whidbey.com

Subscriptions:

To get a subscription, join the ZCCW! Membership application found on mailing wrap and on our web site.

ZCCW Contact Information

ZCCW

3624 132nd Ave SE

Snohomish, WA 98290

Phone: 206.379.2002

ZCCW Executive Board

President:Michael S. White

Vice President:Barry Breen

Secretary:Tim Nevins

Treasurer:Janene Mullen

Newsletter:James Lux

ZCCW Web Site

<http://www.sos.net/~mswhite>

Webmaster:Michael S. White

EMAIL: mswhite@sos.net

Z-CAR SWAP MEET

by Paul Richer

The ZCCW announces its 1997 Winter Swap Meet at the National Guard Armory in Snohomish, WA on Sunday, Feb 23, Noon - 4:00 PM So, dust off those old Z parts and get 'em ready to sell!

- Free to Buyers
- Only \$10 per space for Sellers
- Indoor* Heated Facility

* If you are selling and have oily, greasy or otherwise dirty parts please bring a tarp to set them on.

The Armory is located at the corner of Ferguson Park Rd. and Ave D. Its the building with the big gun out front.

For more information or to buy a space call Paul at 206 334 7356

Tell a fellow Z enthusiast about us!



ZCCW General Meeting for November 1996

Meeting called to order at 4:34 pm

T-shirts! We actually got T-shirts! They only cost \$9.36 for medium and large and \$11.36 for XL and XXL. Michael has the shirts for those who weren't in attendance. If you want to order one of these fine shirts talk to Jim Lux or Michael White. All orders must be pre-paid for now. They were silk screened rather than transfers so the quality is quite good. Jim was taking about refunding the difference at the Holiday party. A motion was made to charge \$15 per shirt after January 1st for and have the balance go to the club coffers. They can also do hats for \$7.50 each. Michael and Jim will check on a variety of logoeed merchandise and let us know in the future.

A motion was made to have a soft goods coordinator to manage the inventory and ordering of these items. The Treasurer, Janene, was nominated and accepted this prestigious position.

A big thanks to Michael and Jim for all their efforts to make these shirts happen! This is a

major milestone for the club. Get a shirt and wear it with pride!

Holiday Party - The party was noted in the newsletter and Paul distributed maps. This is a potluck and also a bring your own beverage.

Rotating Meeting location: Z-Sport would like us to have our meetings earlier in the day. They would like to close at 5pm and have us out of here by then. We need suggestions for places to have the meeting at places around the Sound. Barry will work on finding a variety of places for us to meet during the next year.

There is a Racer Swap meet at Monroe Fairgrounds on December 7th. There will be new and used equipment for all kinds of racecars. \$4 admission with kids under 12 free. For more information call 206 368-0798.

ZCCW Swap Meet! Paul also found out information on using the National Guard Armory to have an indoor swap meet. Weekend days are hard to get. We found that we could use it on February 23rd. This would be our activity for February.

January Activity: Slot cars on Evergreen Way. We don't have any more details. We will have more details at the Christmas party! This was a ton of fun last year, so be sure to save space in your calendar in January.

Activity List: Michael has the current list of activities and he will put it up on the web page.

Sport Compact Magazine has a couple of great articles on Z cars in the January issue. Paul had a copy it at the meeting. Find it at your local newsstand.

Paul also has Z Car Magazine subscription cards. If you want one, Paul will have them at future meetings.

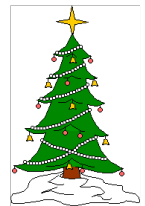
If you have any information or pictures you would like to have put up on the Web page, talk to the webmaster, Michael White. Any automotive articles or links are welcome.

As always, Paul also has the cling vinyl ZCCW window stickers for sale. See Paul, get one on your car!

Went around the table with introductions and the meeting adjourned at 5:20pm.



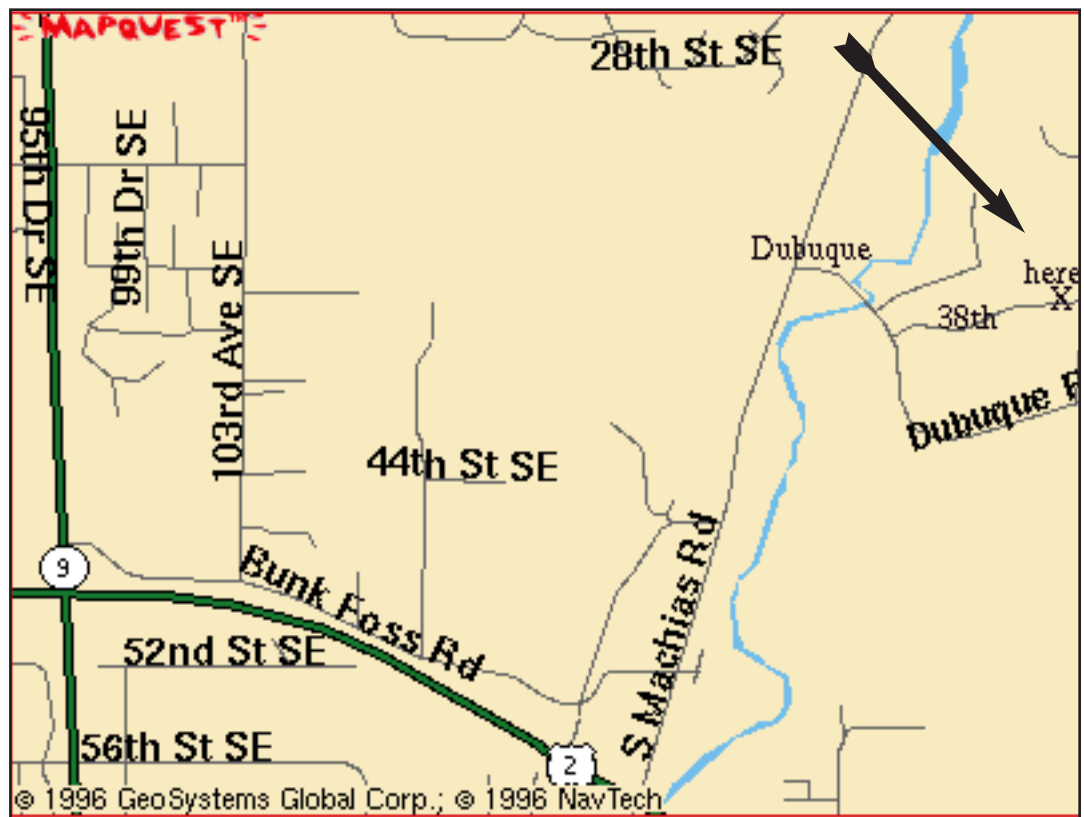
Christmas Party



Directions:

From I-5 take Highway 2 east (toward Wenatchee) to Highway 9. Take Highway 9 North and immediately after crossing over highway 2, turn right onto "Bunk Foss Rd". Go straight at the first stop and turn left at the second onto "S. Machias Rd". Continue to Dubuque Rd and turn right. Cross the bridge and turn left onto 38th (this turns into 132 Ave SE).

My house is on the left just past the "END OF COUNTY RD" sign. Look for big red reflective numbers "3624" on the mailbox.



Review: The Victoria British Ltd Catalog

A review of a catalog might seem odd until you consider that not everyone has all the catalogs that offer parts for Z cars, nor do they even know who out there sells what.

Located in Lenexa, Kansas, Victoria British Ltd (aka: Long Motor Corporation) is one of the better known parts houses offering all manner of parts for Z cars, as well as other sports cars including MG, Sunbeam, Austin Healey, and Triumph. I recently requested a catalog during a phoned attempt to locate some S&M needles and seats for my SU's, and about three weeks later, the catalog showed up in my mailbox.

I didn't find the needles I was looking for, but I did find an impressive list of Z parts in the 100 pages of the VBL catalog. Books, carpet kits, body aero kits, exterior accessories, wheels, carbs, cams, ignition

parts, headers, urethane bushings, G-Machine camber eccentrics, and sway bars fill the first half of the catalog. The second half covers almost every body part you are likely to need or want. Illustrations are fairly well detailed and clear. Though you will find high performance upgrades throughout, the emphasis is on stock parts so don't expect a selection of spring rates or five different brands of heavy duty clutches. You also won't find complete transmissions, differentials, or engines.

Be forewarned that some of the prices will take your breath away. A complete steering rack, for example, goes for \$1864.50, while those triple Webers you always wanted are just a tad more at \$1868.90. But some things you just have to have, right?

Interested? Call Victoria British Ltd for your free catalog at 800-255-0088. The 1996 Fall edition, the Z.17 catalog, covers VBL's Z car parts. If you also have an MG needing parts, VBL offers separate catalogs for other automobile marques.


Autocross News by Tim Nevins

That's right! It's never too early to start planning (scheming?) for next season. The 1997 season planning is in full swing. The proposed schedule for both WWSCC and SCCA Autocross seasons was debuted at the December 4th meeting. I will pass along a copy to be published as soon as it's a little more firm.

The most important item on the schedule was the autocross school dates. The school is currently scheduled for Saturday, April 5, followed by the first NWR (NorthWest Region) event the following Sunday. The first WWSCC event is scheduled for Sunday, April 13th.

There will be 8 SCCA events this year and 7 or 8 WW events running from April through October. There are also a few practice events and the driving school mentioned above. And if you get really brave, you can enter the SCCA National Tour event sponsored by the NWR here in Kent. This is an opportunity to see talent from far and wide driving right here in our back yard. Last year's event had participants from as far away as Ohio and Alaska.

If you are interested in learning more about autocross or volunteering for autocross activities let me know. I have obtained a slightly used set of camber plates for my 280Z for next season. If you are interested in helping/seeing them be installed let me know. I'm always glad to have guests in the garage!

	<h1 style="font-size: 2em; margin: 0;">\$20</h1> <h2 style="margin: 0;">Z-CAR COLLECTIBLE PHONE CARDS AND PHOTO CONTEST</h2>
<p>The first in a series of seven Z-Car Collectible Phone Cards is Now Available!</p>	
<p>GREAT FOR HOLIDAY GIFT GIVING!</p>	
<p>This prepaid long distance phone card features the four distinct ones of our beloved Z-Cars. Priced at only \$20 for 50 minutes of long distance phone calling, you'll save up to 70% off traditional calling cards while collecting a cool series of sequentially numbered Z-Car Phone Cards!</p>	
<p>Future cards include: [78-73] 280Z, [74] 260Z, [75-76] 280Z, [79-83] 300ZX, [84-89] 300ZX, and [90-96] 300ZX. Submit your favorite photo of your Z-Car for a chance to be featured on an upcoming Z-Car Collectible Phone Card! If your Z is chosen by the 5-person selection panel, your Z may be "zoom" around the world! A donation of \$10 per entry is requested which will be donated to the New Mexico Z-Car Club's 1998 National Z-Car Convention Fund. Please note your name and vehicle information on the back of the photo. Include your address, phone and e-mail address with each submission. Contest winners will be notified by mail. Upon completion and return of the photo release form, each winner will receive a complimentary phone card featuring their Z and a gift certificate for free registration for the 1998 National Z-Car Convention in Albuquerque, July 28-29, 1998. Photo submissions must be received by 1-31-97. Backus a BARE if return of photo is desired. Questions? Call 505/323-6388 or e-mail us at <DZdesign@att.net>.</p>	
<p>TO ORDER YOUR Z-CAR PHONE CARDS: Send \$20, which includes first class shipping and handling, for each 50-minute Z-Car Collectible Phone Card ordered to:</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Mr. Z of Albuquerque / Z-Car Collectible Phone Cards 18113 Acacia SE Albuquerque, NM 87123 Dist. Network Opportunity Available! Call 505/291-0865</p>	<p>TO SUBMIT CONTEST PHOTOS: Send your favorite photo of your Z-Car, with information noted above to be received by 1-31-97, along with the requested \$10 donation payable to the "NMZCC Convention Fund" to:</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Dunkley Design P.O. Box 5406 Albuquerque, NM 87119</p>

Technical Odds and Ends

Glass Polishing

The 240 e-mail list, a spin-off from the now-ponderous Internet Z Car Club, has recently seen some conversation about glass polishing. Most early Z's have quite a few miles under their belts now, and if you haven't been lucky enough to have a rock strike give your insurance company an excuse to replace your time-worn glass, perhaps these tips might help. Be aware that Internet advice ranges from Fabulous to Flaky to downright Fallacious.

Dick Denno (rdenno@pacbell.net) wrote: "I have been following the discussions about how to polish window glass. When I needed to address a problem on my 240, I went to a local rock polishing store and bought a few ounces of Cerium Oxide. I used small amounts of this dry, fine powder with water and a felt polishing pad on my sander/polisher. It is slow work but it does work."

And Steve Lawrence (SMLawrence@aol.com) added: "Last year, there was a rather long thread on the BMW e-list about Bon Ami cleaner used as a windshield/glass polisher. If I recall correctly, BMW had even sent a memo to dealers suggesting it's use. It'd be much less expensive.

If any club members give this a try, please let me know your tools, technique, and success (or lack of it).

SU Rebuilding

Mike T. Gholson wrote the following choice words in response to a thread about rebuilding SU's. I've included parts of the previous posts so you get the gist of things. If you haven't worked on SU's before, and are contemplating doing so, you might appreciate what he has to say:

> On Tue, 19 Nov 1996, M. Patrick Drayton wrote:

> >... I just rebuilt (1st time) the S.U.s from my 71 240Z. I noticed that the mixture adjusting nut on the rear was almost completely adjusted out while the nut in front carb was "normal"(?!?). After I reinstalled them I had to adjust the rear carb to about the same point before the car would start.
.....

> Kyle Hagemann wrote: Pat.....it sounds like the needle might be bent or a hunk of crap could be stuck in the jet. From what I've been told, a rebuild is necessary when you can't get the carb lean enough. Sounds like your rear carb is TOO lean, meaning there is some sort of restriction. Of course, it could also be that there is a vacuum leak that is leaning the mixture out. Check the throttle shafts for play, and make sure all the gaskets are in good shape.

To which Mike responded: "I agree with Kyle. However, I would also like to add that there might be a possible clog in the "little black tube" that feeds fuel into the carb on the bottom - or it might be cracked. I'm not sure exactly what your rebuild entailed, but I would replace the needle, the tube, the seat (the slider that the choke pulls down), the float, and the fuel intake connected to the float. And, you will want to replace all the gaskets of course. I've done this twice to my Z. People tell me that I have an obsession with my Z. I just like to do it right. A \$100 rebuild on a set of carbs is well worth the performance for years to come. Once you do the rebuild... you definitely get to know your carbs. And, to tell you the truth.. the dual SU's are great carbs if you rebuild them with care. Hint: They like to be cleaned and oiled frequently (carb cleaner & graphite spray works great). Do this once every two months or so.

As far as the location of the mixture nut: You should be able to move them as a pair in sync. One should NOT move further than the other. If they do... there is something wrong. You can also check the movement of the top pistons. Push them both up with your fingers at the same time. When you remove your fingers they should both slowly fall into place at the same rate. If they don't you should check to make sure that there is adequate oil. If one tends to bind, you'll need to take it apart and clean it (this also lets you know if the needle is bent)

Kyle Hagemann added this note to the conversation: "One more thing... check the shoulder height of the needle against the flat bottom of the piston. I have seen people inadvertently "flush" the shoulder with the slot in the piston, therefore, a goofed up mix."

240 Side Vents

Ever wonder if the little circular Z emblems behind the early Z quarter windows had any function other than to look cool? Michelle Forsman asked this question of the 240 e-group and got two good replies. I quote Doug Antelman's here because he quoted another, unidentified person from the New Mexico Z Club who had some good Z info-trivia:

Michelle Forsman initially wrote: "I've had my Z for almost two years now and I've been wondering this for a while. What are those holes with the Z emblem behind the quarter windows for?"

"Unknown" responded: "Ventilation. The 1970 240Z's were vented in the hatch which sucked the exhaust fumes right into the passenger compartment. In '71, Datsun switched to the side vents behind the quarter windows. We had a short tech tip from one of our Club's Technical Advisors in our July National Zeographic (NMZCC newsletter) that may interest you:

".....Jeb Stewart, our Northern New Mexico Technical Advisor at Foreign Auto Service Technicians (FAST) in Santa Fe....says: "Look at the side vent emblems behind the quarter panel window. Have you taken this emblem off to repaint your car or clean any wax build up and assumed they were interchangeable from side to side when you replaced them? They may fit, but they are not interchangeable."

"Look around the edge. On three sides there is an opening, or slot; one side is solid. The solid side goes towards the front. As you drive, the air flow going over the emblem creates a vacuum that draws air out of the interior of your Z for flow through ventilation. If your emblem has the opening towards the front, air is forced into the car, negating any ventilation. A quick look at most of the cars at the National Z-Car Convention Car Show showed a majority of these emblems were on backwards. Is yours one of them?"

After reading these posts I got all excited. I've had exhaust fumes in my 72 since I got it, so I immediately went out and looked at my emblems. Unfortunately they were correctly installed. Guess that means it really is the rust holes in the rear fenders.

Z Dream continued

talking, but I wasn't hearing much of it. I had to tell him to start over.

"It's a '72," Kev said. "Gramps started out to restore it, and he said he'd gotten a lot of the bodywork done when he got a visit from an old buddy of his named Norm. The Z eventually came up in the conversation, and after they'd talked a while, Norm said he had just the engine for him. And that, Gramps said, started the Great Debate. He said they argued about engines and inductions all night and into the next day. Norm argued for overhead cams and Gramps wouldn't let go of forced induction. They finally realized they weren't getting anywhere about eleven o'clock the next morning and decided to use both.

Kev opened the door and pulled the hood release. Gas struts hissed and the entire front end of the body tilted up to nearly vertical. I glanced at him, and his eyes were sparkling, just like they had when I pushed him over the edge of Bartlett's Hill in the wooden racer we cobbled together when we were kids. "Gramps said that once he got started, he just couldn't stop," Kev said.

Outside the Z was a 72, more or less. But with the hood up, it was a different story. "It's an overhead cam NASCAR 427," Kev said, his voice hushed. "They moved firewall back ten inches by sectioning the body in the cockpit, and moved the front suspension forward nearly eighteen inches. The driveshaft's only about ten inches long."

Beyond the obvious I could see this had been no small feat. Cutting the middle out of the body body meant the roofline had to be moved aft. They had not only moved it aft, they had cut the windshield pillars and raked the windshield back too. The car must have been eight or ten inches shorter than a stock 240. "They knew the 240 body would never handle a 427, so they more or less started over with the frame," Kev went on, walking around the car. "They wanted to lower it so they took out the original frame rails, ran new rails on the inside, and boxed them outboard at the drivers seat so you really sit right on the floor. They tied the roll cage to the frame rails, and then it into the rear suspension mounts." I walked from

front to back, and it was only then that I noticed the tail of the car had been bobbed about a foot, reminiscent of the Chevy Cheetah's tail.

And the hatch and its glass was gone! The Z's unique fastback look was still there, but a Europa-like rear deck, now sat between the two rear wings. Kev saw me looking at the black, expanded metal grill set into the rear deck, pulled a lever, and lifted the grill to expose a gigantic radiator topped by two electric fans. "Gramps said he was aiming for a sixty/forty weight distribution," Kev said, "and he almost made it: fifty eight to forty two was how it came out. The rear fender intakes feed the rad from both sides. Underneath the radiator is the fuel tank."

"I really have to tell you more about the engine," Kev said moving to the engine bay. "Like I said, Gramps wouldn't give up forced induction, so they went with a 7.5:1 compression ratio. I don't know how, but they managed to cram intercoolers in the wheel wells just aft of the tires, and they fed those with ducts running from the original front grill. And on top of that," he said with relish, "they put in a water/methanol injection system that kicks in at 7 pounds of boost. For some reason neither one of them wanted to deal with turbos. I think it was a combination of underhood temperatures and lack of space. So instead they put in not one but two of those new Novi centrifugal superchargers. They sit about six inches off the ground just ahead of the engine."

Kev leaned toward me: "They dynoed it," he said. "Wanna guess?" I shook my head, not knowing what to expect. "Nine hundred and seventy horsepower at seven thousand, he said quietly." He paused for effect and then leered, that sparkle back in his eyes. "And....eleven hundred and twenty at eighty-five hundred."

I didn't know what to say. His grandfather had put a ton of time in on this. "Get in," Kev said. "Go ahead." I opened the door gingerly and climbed in. The door wasn't as long as stock, and didn't seem so tall either. The interior smelled of leather, though the steering wheel and dash were stock. But this did not feel like any Z I had ever been in. Kev slid into the other seat and we just sat for a few moments.

"So..." I finally said, "so this is really a great car, really, magnificent, really....too much. But what was it you're nervous about? I don't get it." Kev's face clouded slightly.

"I really can't imagine why Gramps got it in his mind to rebuild this car for me. It boggles my mind. He must have spent five years on it, and he never let on even once about what he was up to. Anyway, he got sick last year. He started going downhill and he could never quite get on top of whatever it was that got him. He died about three months ago." There was a long pause, and when he began again his voice was different. "Early in September he wrote and told me the car had turned out pretty good, that he wanted me to have it, and that I should come up and get it. But just after that he got worse and with everything else I didn't make it up here before he died. I finally made it up here about three weeks ago and I just couldn't believe what he'd done, I just couldn't believe it. I started it up, but Gramps will was still being processed, so I never drove it.

"Then a week ago I got a letter from the executor of the will saying that an uncle of mine was contesting the will, saying he was the rightful heir and claiming everything. I don't think he really knows about the car, other than that there is one. But he's after the house and the property and everything on it. So I haven't known what to do. If he finds out what the car really is, I'm sure I'll never get it. So I've been thinking..." He looked at me sideways.

"About....what?" I said, suddenly nervous. I'd seen that look before too.

He began slowly, building a case. "Gramps built this car for me, meant for me to have it," he began. "I know that's what he wanted. I could just take it...."

"Take it," I said with a sinking feeling.

"But I don't really think I could do that. I don't even want to try to outwit the law. It's not the way I am, and I'd probably get caught. I do know that's not what Gramps would want.

"Whether or not I end up owning it, I know he would want me to enjoy it, at least once. At least....once." He was tentative, and

Continued next page

at the same time, resolved in some way. "So I've decided what I'm going to do, and that's why you're here. I'm going to drive it. Maybe it will be only once, but I'm going to. And you are going to too. When I saw your name I knew you'd do it."

My jaw dropped. "But we can't do that, I mean I can't do that. You're going to get into....geeeez."

"He wanted me to have it. It was his wish. It's the only way I know how to deal with it. The executor's letter said a decision will be handed down this coming Monday, so this may be the only chance I ever have to drive it." His face was serious; I could see he was determined.

I unconsciously grabbed the steering wheel. Oh yeah, the car was great, no doubt about it. There weren't enough words to describe it. And what Kev was suggesting was every car nut's dream: to drive a car built to the nth degree. But now that it was on a platter before me, I was not overcome by excitement. No, fear and prudence were getting in their two cents.

I looked over at Kev and saw that he wasn't going to budge. "So what exactly do you have in mind?" I said, trying to sound like I hadn't decided what I was doing.

He clicked into high gear. "Gramps said he always wanted to drive a car a hundred and eighty."

"Miles an hour?" I said weakly.

"Yeah. That's what this car was supposed to do. Gramps said he was being conservative with everything and the math said it should do 218, so 180 shouldn't be a problem."

"Well he made sure he had enough horsepower," I said.

"I figure we need to go somewhere where there's no reason for the highway patrol to be, and where there was a very long, very straight road. I've been studying the map and I think I found the place. Ruff."

"Ruff?"

"Well, maybe Hartline."

"What?" I was sorely confused.

"Ruff and Hartline are two little towns located on two different paved secondary roads way off the beaten track, and they're straight as a string for at least ten miles. They're both east of Ephrata, which is about three hours from here, and they're not far from each other so we'll have a better chance of getting a road with no traffic and a good smooth surface. We could be there by two o'clock."

"This sounds like a recipe for a disaster," I said, trying to buy time. "What do you plan to do when you get there?"

"Gramps said it was built to do a hundred and eighty. I don't want to do 180. The idea scares me silly." I relaxed a bit. "But I've always wanted to drive a hundred and fifty." I un-relaxed.

"Great! That's a lot better," I said. "You want to run over to Ruff, do a hundred and fifty, and then drive home, right?"

"Well, I also was thinking about Ephrata. There's a big old airport there dating from World War 2 that doesn't have much traffic and doesn't have a control tower. There's a racetrack about a mile away where they run stock cars on Saturday nights and I figured if we got there just about dark we might be able to take a turn or two around it while a race was going on, so nobody'd hear us. You know, a place where you wouldn't have to worry about ditches and..."

"Nononononono!" I shrieked. "No. No. It's out the question. No airports. You want to poke a stick at the feds as well as the state? No, Nada, Nix."

Kev instantly deflated. He turned and looked out the side window and didn't say anything for a minute. My mind was racing, trying to catch up with the events. What other options can I suggest, I wondered.

"Start it up," he said quietly. "Just start it."

I can't say I didn't want to. The ignition was in the normal place, just like a normal Z. All the gauges smiled their familiar little faces. What would it hurt? I turned the key. The engine barked, caught, and the tach settled at 950. Everything still looked normal, but corralled inside the barn, the noise was

horrific. Could this sound be the engine idling, I thought.

The entire inside of the car was buzzing. Instinctively I blipped the throttle and instantly regretted it: the bellow made the hairs on my arms stand up straight. Drive it? I didn't think I could even sit in it. I turned the key back toward me, and the noise suddenly, miraculously ceased, replaced by the smell of exhaust and the faint sound of hot metal ticking.

I got out of the car and walked outside. The scene was idyllic: sun streaming down through clouds and pines, a hint of an up-slope breeze, a twenty mile view down the valley. Kev's grandfather had lived out his life here, creating one last dream: the car he'd built for himself, and for Kev. It didn't seem right that somebody might go against the old man's wishes. And above all, it was clear that Kev's grandfather knew that cars were to be driven, not just looked at.

I heard Kev come up behind me. "You gotta decide," he said. "With you or without you, I'm going."

I looked at him for a moment. He wasn't the same person I remembered. "What was your grandpa's name," I asked.

"Bernie," Kev replied. "Bernard, really, but nobody ever called him that."

"Bernie sure must have thought a lot of you to have done this," I said. "And it doesn't seem right that his wish would not be granted. So I think that if we have a chance to make it happen, then we should. Technically the car's yours because of the will," I ventured, "even if they decide something else later".

"Probably," said Kev.

"Maybe," I said, not wanting to think about it too hard. "So lets do it."

"Really?"

"Sure. It's what Bernie wanted. But I'm not going to be a passenger on one of your speed runs."

"I wouldn't let you," he said. "Besides, the last thing I want to do is wreck it."

The ride to Ruff wasn't as bad as I thought it would be. After fifteen miles of

Continued next page

yelling at each other, I discovered Bernie had anticipated this problem and had installed two headsets with noise cancelling microphones. The Z cockpit suddenly became a much nicer place. The suspension was very stiff, but the car was race car tight didn't make me nervous.

Kev took it very easy at first, religiously holding the speed limit, and keeping the revs (and the decibels) down as we went through the little towns in the Cascade foothills. Our plan didn't include being pulled over, and we both knew we had to make it through the local polezei patrols of Leavenworth, Wenatchee, and Ephrata before we would be in the clear. But luck was on our side and a little over three hours later the tiny burg of Ruff hove into view. We were delighted to see a total of three cars parked in Ruff, two of which looked as though they hadn't moved in a while. That was good.

"I estimate there's twelve miles of straight road north of here," Kev said. "I'll get us out of town a couple of miles and then I'll let you out."

When Ruff was out of sight, Kev pulled over and I got out. "Take it easy," I said. "You don't have to do everything the first time out of the gate. Get used to it. And keep your eyes open. You don't even want to hit a mouse at 150." I stood back and took in the scene of the metalflake maroon Z set against sagebrush and the distant Cascades.

"Right," he said. "The last thing I want to do is wreck it. I'll only do what I feel comfortable doing."

I stepped back and watched him pull a bag from the space behind the passenger seat. He tightened the five point harness, then pulled a helmet out of the bag and put it on. "GeezLouise," I thought. And then he was gone, just like that, trailing a deep banshee wail and the smell of tortured rubber. In thirty seconds he disappeared beyond a slight rise, and sound of the engine faded. It was only then that I recognized what an odd situation I was in: alone, without a hat or coat, on a deserted road in early winter, three miles from Ruff, Washington, and a lot farther to the nearest restaurant. What if he wrecked the thing? What if he got picked

up? What if he just didn't come back? All were nasty thoughts and I started listening harder for the sound of the big Ford, even though I knew it would probably be at least ten or fifteen minutes til he got back. I started figuring how fast he was going: 20 miles at 120 mph would be 10 minutes. He wouldn't go faster than that.

I was in the midst of another calculation when I recognized the vicious braaap of the Ford. I was going to stand out in the road, then thought better of it. Which was a good thing because Kev whizzed by doing what looked to be something in excess of 120. He was half a mile past me when he got the thing stopped and turned around.

"Man, it sure does go," Kev said when he pulled up. "It pulls like crazy from nearly any rpm. I really couldn't get on it much below a hundred because I was afraid the rear end would come loose."

"The suspension feels loose?" I asked.

"No, I mean I was afraid I'd spin the rear tires. It's easy to break loose in third, and even in fourth. You have to be gentle with it. I've just got to do another run before you try it. The road's straight for twelve miles, and it's pretty smooth. The visibility is good. No houses. Just relax. I have to feel it out." And he was gone again.

I kicked rocks around on the road and it dawned on me that when he was done with his fun, in just a few minutes, it would be my turn. What was I going to do? I had hardly begun to examine the possibilities when he was back again, saying he was going to do one more run. When he had disappeared the third time my internal clock seemed to go to doublespeed. In just a few hundred seconds I was going to drive what might be the fastest Z-car in the world.

When Kev pulled up again and got out of the car he had a big smile on his face. I didn't need to ask him what he'd done; it didn't matter. "Your turn," he said. I got in and got situated. I was so excited the engine didn't even sound loud. For one long instant I sat there, ready to go, the road undulating to the horizon. Then I let out the clutch. Kev was right: the thing pulled like crazy, even when I short-shifted at 3500. By fourth gear the speedo was shoot-

ing through 120. It seemed ridiculously easy. At 125 the car felt as solid as it did at fifty. I decided to check out the highway before I went any faster. Kev had chosen well. The road was terrific.

I made three runs too, each faster than the one before. I didn't even try an acceleration run; I knew I would just burn up good tires. The car felt different at speed, but then it felt different at any speed: solid, authoritative; irrefutable; awe-inspiring. I became more aware of exactly how much power it takes to punch a Z-sized hole through air over a hundred and thirty or forty. Bernie had managed to save many of the Z's endearing qualities while adding tremendous power, and I thanked him as I headed back toward Kev for the last time.

We were subdued on our trip back to Bernie's chalet and didn't even remember the airport in Ephrata. Kev had driven a hundred and fifty miles an hour and he was thinking about it. "How high did you get," he asked.

"About the same," I said.

There's an interesting ending to this story. A court ruled against the uncle and Kev eventually got the car. I found that out last Tuesday in a letter from Kev. On the first page he told me that his life had changed, that he'd moved out of Washington for a while, and that he was spending a lot of time studying maps.

For Sale

This ad is a bit dated, but someone might be interested in a comp tranny:

Dean Deaner(?) wrote: "I have a Nissan Comp wide ratio o/d 5-speed tranny that is taking up space in my garage. I installed a L28/4-speed package which I really like. It has the steel synchros and had about 5000 miles on it before it was pulled. Very clean and in excellent condition. I'll even throw in a driveshaft. I am asking \$450.00 US. It is located in Alb., NM so shipping may be a problem. I would be a bit flexible if shipping costs are high. Contact Dean at Deaner@unm.edu for more info.



Give this application to another Z enthusiast!

ZCCW Application for Membership

Annual dues \$20

Prorated by quarter for NEW members ie:

[Jan - March \$20] [April - June \$15] [July - Sept \$10] [Oct - Dec \$ 5]

To join, fill out application and send with payment to:

Z-Car Club of Washington
 11707 SE 60th Place
 Bellevue, WA 98006

New Member?
 Update?

Name(s): _____ Birthdate(s): _____

Address: _____ City: _____

State: _____ ZIP: _____ E-Mail: _____

Phone: _____

Z-Car 1: Color: _____ Year: _____ Model: _____

Z-Car 2: Color: _____ Year: _____ Model: _____

Z-Car 3: Color: _____ Year: _____ Model: _____

?What area(s) of the club are you interested in

Technical/Mechanical: _____ Showing my Z(s): _____ Autocross: _____ Rallying: _____

Cruises: _____ Other: _____



Z-Car Club of Washington

132nd Ave SE 3624
Snohomish, WA 98290

:TO