

AUSPUFF ROAR

356 Motor Cities Gruppe
April/May 2001



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ON THE COVER:



A beautifully arranged set of keys showing off the quality and detail of the leather pouch embossed with the Porsche Logo, the precision cut keys with their unmistakably vintage look, the St. Christopher medal prominently displayed to protect the driver, the.... Oh, who am I kidding!? Bill Rohrer dropped his keys on the ground and as he bent down to pick them up he said "Hey, check out how cool these look." I agreed with him so I snapped a picture.

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PRESIDENT'S LETTER

David Peterson

Here we are, rolling into the end of March – and I have managed to extend my streak one more year. And that is my marvelous ability to march through another Winter of Great 356 Intentions. And what exactly is a Winter of Great 356 Intentions? As soon as I describe the winter 2000-2001 list, many of you out there will nod your head up and down, and silently say “Oh, me too! I’m not the only one who suffers from the Winter of Great 356 Intentions.”

So, what is the list? Well, everyone has a slightly different one; but mine goes like this for the past winter: firming up the driver and passenger seats, installing 3-point seat belts, detailing the interior (easier when the seats are off the premises), isolating my engine oil leak, applying a fresh coat of polish and wax, and researching possible colors to repaint the car next winter.

So, before I confess what I actually accomplished – what did your list look like?

Now, my winter completion sheet consists of the very first item...kind of. I did get the seats out to Russ Taggart for him to work his magic, which he has done. The “kind of” part is that the seats are still out at Russ’ shop – and when you read this, I’ll be cruising in an Audi A4 with Barbara somewhere in Spain. Which

translated into 356-speak is: “I’ll be picking up the seats sometime in the second week in April. And then still detailing the interior (at least that part underneath the seats) before our first spring event.”

But next year will be different!!

But the most important thing is that other than sliding the seats back on

“...there is nothing on my list that will keep me rolling out to the Garage Tour hosted by Bill Toburen in May. So, I’ll see you all there from the driver’s seat of the little red cab.”

their tracks, there is nothing on my list that will keep me rolling out to the Garage Tour hosted by Bill Toburen in May. So, I’ll see you all there from the driver’s seat of the little red cab.

And as you can see in the calendar on page 8, we’ve got a great mix of events planned for the year – primarily a continuation of those activities that have always attracted the greatest

number of tub owners. And that’s where you come in. You can help contribute to sustaining the vibrancy of the Motor Cities Gruppe events in four ways:

Join in the activities such that each outing is a success.

Provide the Board of Trustees (Ted Dunham, Sebastian Gaeta, Barbara Skirmants, Bill Toburen and me) with feedback on the events; what you really liked and what we could improve for the next time.

Suggest new activities or events to include on the Motor Cities Gruppe calendar, as we always have a concern of keeping a freshness to the overall collection of activities.

Assist in hosting an event (lots of ways apply the word ‘assist’ here).

Well, I’m truly looking forward to seeing you at the Garage Tour. Because not only is it the first driving event of the year, but I also know that there are an awful lot of folks out there that don’t suffer from the Winter of Great 356 Intentions –

Which means we will be able to ‘ooh’ and ‘aah’ over the labors of those who have freshened up their machines or have rolled out a ‘brand-new’ classic during those winter months. Again, one of the fun moments!!

Dave Peterson

Judging by some of the questions I receive, now would be a good time to cover some of the general maintenance procedures to keep the 356 running. I won't rehash the factory recommendations because it's been so long since I've looked at them I honestly don't remember; and I'm too lazy to look it up. I'm going to express my opinions on the frequency of doing, changing, or adjusting whatever needs to be done, changed, or adjusted.

Re-gap the plugs to .026 - .028", or throw them away if they have reached 12,000 miles. I can't keep track of Champion plug nomenclature changes; I've been sticking to Bosch plugs for quite some time. Bosch W6BC are good, reliable plugs for our cars. NGK and Champion also make good plugs, but I don't have much experience with their different numbers.

If your engine is basically healthy and you keep them properly gapped, they will not foul up unless you drive like a little old lady; in which case what are you doing in a Porsche? However, the warmer, WR7BP platinum plugs might be a safer bet for less fouling.

Getting back to maintenance, while gapping the plugs you should also check the ignition dwell and timing, and lubricate the distributor cam; also pull off the rotor and put one drop of oil on the felt pad in the center of the distributor shaft; that's for the advance mechanism. I set the point dwell with a static dwell meter; if you use a feeler gauge, you will have to file the points smooth first for a proper adjustment. Replacement of points depends on how they look. If they are very pitted or if they have over 12,000 miles on them, they should be replaced. I don't have a regular schedule for replacing the

condenser, rotor, or distributor cap. I do check the spark plug wires and plug connectors with an ohmmeter. If the resistance is too high, the trouble is usually in the connectors; they have a resistor in them for radio interference suppression. This resistor deteriorates with age. Never use graphite-center wire; it's useless.

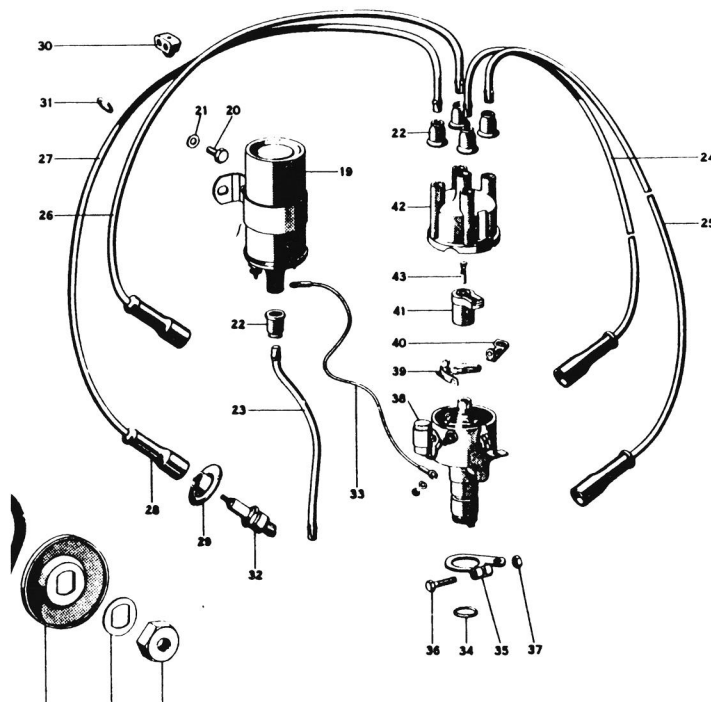
One of my rebuilt customer street

engines "developed" a knock. It seems the engine was running a little rich and had fouled a spark plug. After his local mechanic replaced the plug, the customer's engine had a knock and a loss of power. Apparently the parts store gave him a Bosch W6DC plug, when he had asked for a W6BC. The W6DC is only another 3/8 in. longer than the W6BC! Yes, the piston had hit the plug, closing the electrode (therefore

Technical

By Vic Skirmants

Tune Up Time



no spark), and furthermore, it was hitting the threaded body of the plug, hence the knock.

Dave Butcher, Ft. Worth, TX, sent some current Champion spark plug numbers. The old L-85 has become L82C, and the extended tip UL-82Y is now L82YC. Dave says he has used both and is satisfied with them. Whatever spark plugs you use, be sure they have the proper reach. Compare the new ones to the old if you are changing types. If the new ones have an extended tip and the old ones didn't, put one in, rotate the engine with a wrench, pull it back out, and check that the electrode hasn't been closed by the piston. In 99% of the plug changes, especially with fairly standard pistons, you should have no problems. If the new plugs have a noticeably longer threaded body, don't put them in. You probably got the wrong plugs. Also, if you have a race engine, don't even think about extended tip plugs.

I personally have never encountered a worn out Porsche distributor. Of course here in the rust belt, all of our mechanical parts are low mileage, but that old cast iron Bosch distributor is still one viable piece of equipment. I find that most distributors simply need a slight disassembly for lubing the advance mechanism, and then proper reassembly.

The Bosch 050 distributor is good and has the same 15 degree total advance as the original. We have used these on our race cars, but the total advance requires setting the static advance so low that the starting and idle performance suffer. Also, parts availability is sometimes spotty. The Bosch 009 distributor only puts 10 degrees of advance (20 degrees at the crank), so has been preferred for an all-out race engine. Unfortunately, some 009s have a retarded #3 lobe for the VW boys, and the points supplied with the 009 were not always heavy-duty enough to preclude point-bounce at high RPM. Substituting 050 points solved that, but the problem remained of not knowing if you were getting a good-lobe or retarded-lobe distributor. No one seemed to have a definitive answer, some people even claimed there was never a non-retarded-lobe 009!

(Continued on page 6)



Erhältlich bei jedem
BOSCH-Dienst, jedem guten Fachhändler
und in Werkstätten und Tankstellen.

Eine „zündende“ Idee für alle Autofahrer

Wenn der Motor plötzlich spuckt und schlecht zieht, sind neue Zündkerzen sicherlich „fällig“. Hand auf's Herz: haben Sie eigentlich eine stille Reserve für einen solchen Fall? Jetzt gibt es eine wirklich praktische Neuheit, den BOSCH-Bereitschafts-Set. Diese feuchtigkeitssichere Box ist in jedem Eckchen bequem zu verstauen und enthält „für den Ernstfall“ zwei frische, völlig trockene Ersatzkerzen und den BOSCH-Zündkerzen-Ratgeber. Auch ein Laie schafft den Kerzenaustausch spielend, denn das „findige“ BOSCH-Gewinde findet fast von selbst den richtigen Dreh. Der BOSCH-Bereitschafts-Set ist nur eine kleine Ausgabe, aber eine nützliche Anschaffung für jeden Autofahrer.

Beobachten Sie bitte, wie gleichmäßige Leistung und Verbrauch Ihres Fahrzeuges bleiben, wenn Sie nach 15000 km (bei Zweitaktern entsprechend früher) die Zündkerzen erneuern.

BOSCH im Wagen: Kraftvoll fahren - Kraftstoff sparen

BOSCH *
Z Ü N D K E R Z E N



- Temperaturbeständiger Hochspannungsisolator
- neuer korrosionsfester Elektrodenwerkstoff
- genau abgestimmte Wärmeabfuhrung
- kittfreie Isolatorspitze gegen Verschmutzung

Diese vier Vorzüge bestimmen die hohe Leistung und lange Lebensdauer der BOSCH-Zündkerze

*Selbstverständlich gehört die bewährte BOSCH-Batterie dazu.
Sie ist hochformiert, startfest und langlebig.

KE 757

(Continued from page 5)

My personal preference is a stock cast iron body Bosch distributor. There are plenty of them out there, the points, the condenser, cap and rotor are all readily available and the advance curve is right for a street-driven car. For a race engine, I disassemble the distributor, add some weld material to limit the advance to 10 degrees, then rebuild with the early 91 1 points. part number 901.602.960.03, Bosch number 1 237 013 60. These have a heavier spring and won't float at any RPM the engine is capable of.

The valves should be adjusted every 3000 miles unless the engine has just been overhauled, in which case they should be adjusted after the first 300 miles, then another 1000, then another 2000, then every 3000. Of course they have to be set cold.

While on adjusting valves, if you have to replace the valve cover gasket, and the new one is usually too small, rather than soaking in hot water to expand it, I've been using a quicker method. If the gasket is not ridiculously under-size, lay it on the

floor and beat it gently with a hammer all the way around. This will expand it, without diminishing the thickness appreciably. Don't hit it too hard, or too much in one spot; it will split. Also, the gasket *has* to be glued to the cover firmly, otherwise it will work itself inward.

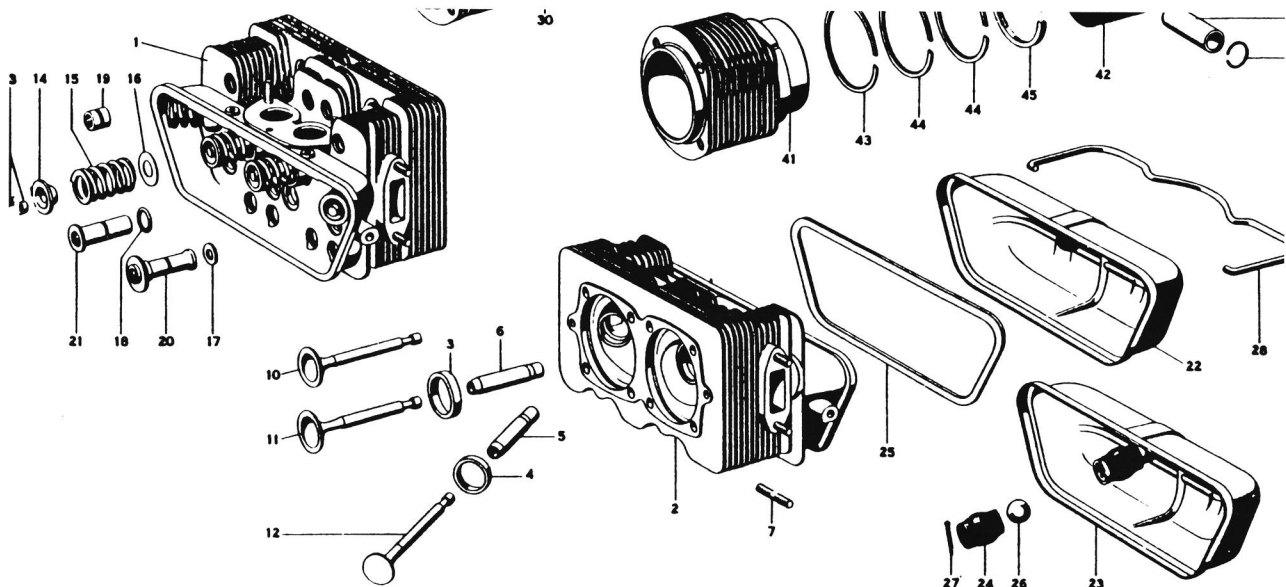
For those of you with the ball-check valve covers (S-90 and later Supers), something to check if you have a persistent valve cover leak. The ball-check housing on some of these can actually interfere with the cylinder head, keeping that area of the cover from seating properly. With the holddown clip off, check to see if the cover rocks back and forth. If there is interference, file the end of the ball-check housing. Usually just the top part interferes.

Do Your Valve Cover Gaskets Slip? First of all, you have to use a good glue between the gasket and cover, not a sealer, such as silicone. Clean the cover, fit the gasket. Many gaskets have shrunk while in storage, so they don't fit. I have seen many old-time articles about soaking the gaskets in warm water, then drying them, etc, etc. Sounds great if you have two days to replace a lousy gasket, but since you're probably in a bit

of a hurry, just use my tapping with a hammer procedure that was explained previously. Now apply a contact cement on the cover and on the gasket; make sure you get the glue on the right side of the gasket. Wait 7.36 seconds and put them together. Install the cover, being careful not to slide it before you pop the clip in place.

Do you have problems with your valve cover gaskets "growing"? It sounds as if they're not properly glued in place. The gasket has to be firmly attached to the cover. The best way to do this is to use a good contact cement. 3M yellow weather-strip cement is very good for this. Apply a bead of glue to the gasket, a bead to the cover, wait a minute, and press together.

Porsche used to recommend adjusting the valves on the 356 series every 1500 miles. Unless you drive like an animal, every 2500 - 3000 miles is alright. After an engine rebuild and valve grind, I usually adjust the valves with .002" extra clearance to permit the valves to seat without closing up the lash excessively. I then readjust after 300 miles to the recommended setting, then again in



1000 miles, and then 1500 miles. If the valve clearances haven't changed much, I then go on the 2500 - 3000 mile interval.

I will outline the procedure I use, while emphasizing the fact that different people use different methods, all of which are correct, as long as the basic idea is adhered to: make sure you are at Top Dead Center (or near it) for the cylinder you are trying to adjust. Remember that you do not have to set the crank pulley with a dial indicator; one inch either side of the mark will still ensure you are on the base circle of the cam, and not beginning or ending a lift cycle. Various procedures are used by people from personal preference; here's mine: (Remember that the valves must be set cold.) Remove the distributor cap and look at the rotor.

On the top edge of the distributor body is a very light scribed line in the 4 - 5 o'clock position. The rotor should point to this line or near it when cylinder #1 is at Top Dead Center. *Note!* It is possible, if your engine was ever rebuilt, that the distributor drive gear may not have been installed in the correct orientation, in which case check to see where the ignition wire for #1 is located in the distributor cap. Assuming you've found the approximate point where #1 should fire, look at the crank pulley. It should be close to the "OT" mark. Now rotate the crankshaft clockwise to the point on the pulley that is 180 degrees opposite "OT". You are now hopefully on #4, which is the left rearward cylinder, and your distributor rotor has rotated 90 degrees clockwise from #1. Rearward and forward on a Porsche are always referenced to the direction of travel; the flywheel is the forward end of the engine, the crank pulley is the rear of the engine. Some people jack up the car

to get to the valves; it is not necessary, but does make the job easier. Lay some newspaper under the left valve cover, pry off the wire clip holding the cover, gently pull the cover off, and wipe the oil off your elbows. Check the gasket in the cover; if at all loose, replace it. As I mentioned earlier, be sure to glue it in place (in the valve cover only). While checking the old gasket, look at the oil in the valve cover. If anything of a wearing nature is going

My procedure is to determine if the clearance is too loose or too tight, then: unlock locknut, loosen or tighten screw very slightly, lock locknut, then check again.

wrong with your engine, the particles will flow up the pushrods and some will settle in the bottom of the cover.

Take the necessary feeler gauge and slide it between the valve stem and rocker arm. Some people now loosen the adjusting screw locknut, rotate the adjuster until the clearance feels right, and then tighten the locknut. As soon as you tighten the locknut, your clearance changes, no matter how tight you hold the screw with a screwdriver. My procedure is to determine if the clearance is too loose or too tight, then: unlock locknut, loosen or tighten screw very slightly, lock locknut, then check again.

Repeat as necessary. This may sound tedious, but it isn't any more difficult than adjusting, then tightening, and then re-doing because it changed on you. Because, if you have to rotate the screw more than one-half turn, you're probably on the wrong cylinder or something is wearing too rapidly in your engine. The exhaust valves are toward the outside, the intakes toward the center of the head. Adjust exhaust and intake, then rotate pulley 180 degrees clockwise to the "OT" mark; you're now on what is the left forward cylinder. Adjust #3. Wipe off cylinder head mating surface, and install valve cover. Make sure the cover is seated. Rotate the crank another 180 degrees clockwise, pull the right valve cover, adjust #2. Rotate crank one last time (yes, 180 degrees clockwise), and adjust #1. If you've stayed awake during all this, you may have noticed that I merely followed the firing order, 1-4-3-2. I just start at 4-3-2-1.

If your engine has been rebuilt and has different cylinders or pushrods than originally supplied, stick to the following:

Basically, for the engines with the aluminum rocker arm pedestals, aluminum cylinders, and long aluminum pushrods, set to .006" in. and .004" ex. The pushrods with the short aluminum center (long steel ends) had the same expansion rate as the steel pushrods.

The S-90 "Ferral" cylinders (thin steel coating in aluminum cylinder) are to be treated like the "Super" aluminum cylinders with chrome lining (as far as expansion rate is concerned). The SC and 912 "Biral" (thick iron liner in aluminum cylinder) cylinders are to be treated like cast iron cylinders. For engines with cast iron or "Biral" cylinders and steel pushrods, set to .004" in. and .006" ex. If you have cast iron cylinders with the long aluminum pushrods, be sure to change the pushrods.



MOTOR CITIES GRUPPE CALENDAR

APRIL

14th—Garage Tour at Munk's Motors. See announcement on the next page

21st— Hershey, PA all Porsche Swap meet, THE biggest in the world! Call Barbara Skirmants for info: 810-558-3692

MAY

5th-Garage Tour at River Tec in Ypsilanti. See announcement on the next page

15th-Membership Dinner.
Location to be announced

JUNE

3rd-MCG Spring Tour hosted by Bill and Sher Toburen. You will receive a special mailer for this event

9th-Stoddard all Porsche Swap Meet with model and Literature meet the night before. Call Barbara Skirmants for info: 810-558-3692

22nd-24th—Mid Ohio Vintage Gran Prix Call Barbara Skirmants for info: 810-558-3692

JULY

17th-Membership Dinner.
Location to be announced.

AUGUST

9th-MCG Family summer picnic
Hosted by Ted and Lanita Dunham in Milford, MI.
See announcement in June and August issues of the *Auspuff Roar*

18th-Woodward Dream Cruise!

SEPTEMBER

18th-Membership Dinner.
Location to be announced.

356 Registry East Coat Holiday Chattanooga, TN.
See announcement in your Registry Magazine.

OCTOBER

6th-7th-MCG fall color tour.
Location and Host to be Announced.

NOVEMBER

OPEN

DECEMBER

TBA—Motor cities Gruppe Holiday Party

April/May Garage Tours

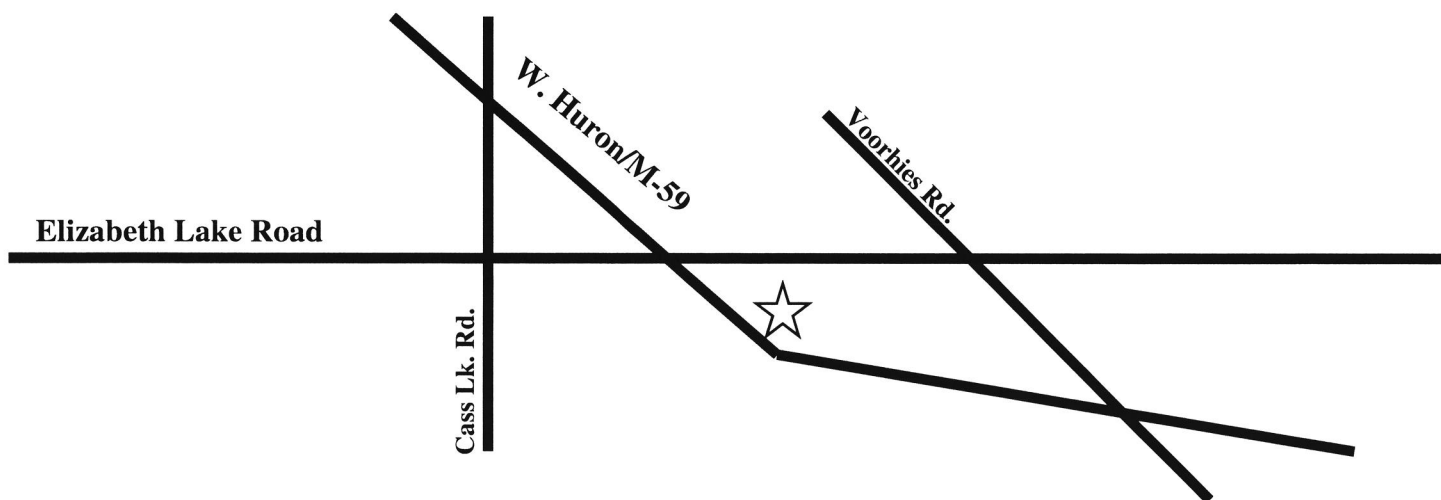
April Tour:

Saturday, April 14th, 2001. Starts 10:00 AM at Munk's Motors 3080 West Huron (M-59) Waterford, MI

For Info Please Call Bill Toburen at 248-887-3029

Munk's Motors is opening Their Doors to the Motor Cities Gruppe!

Refreshments will be served

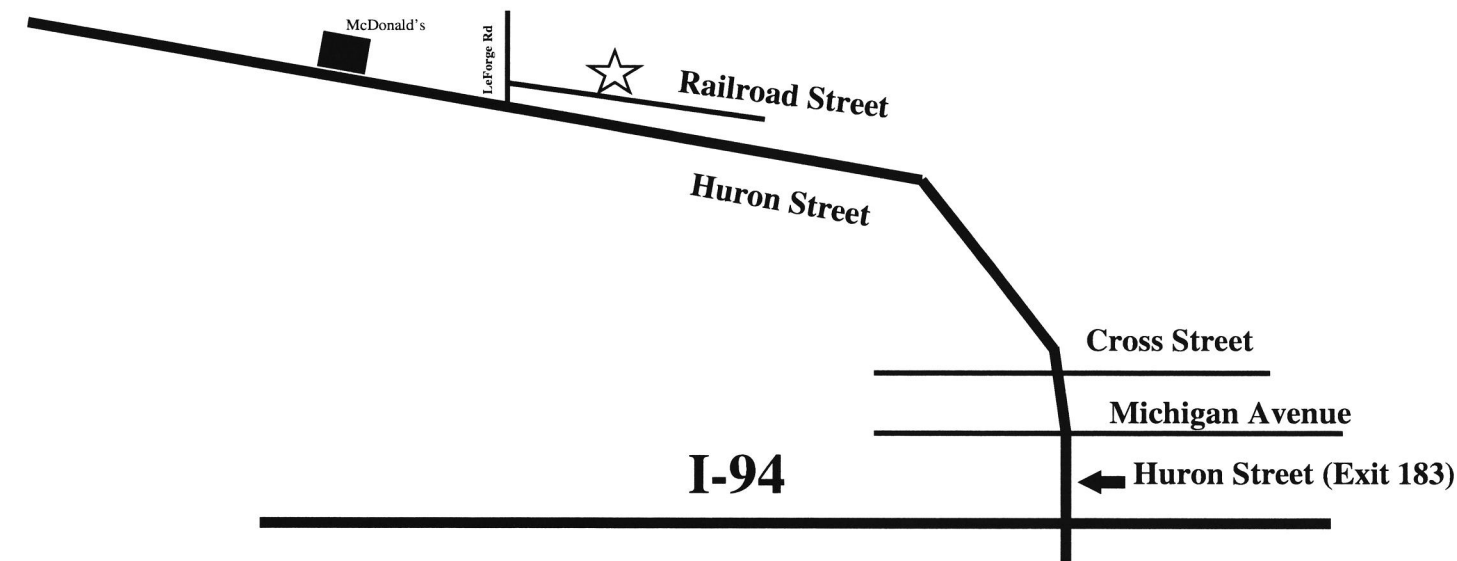


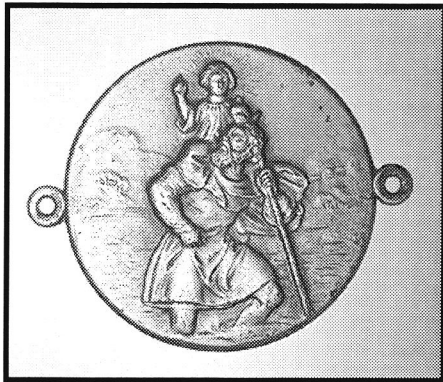
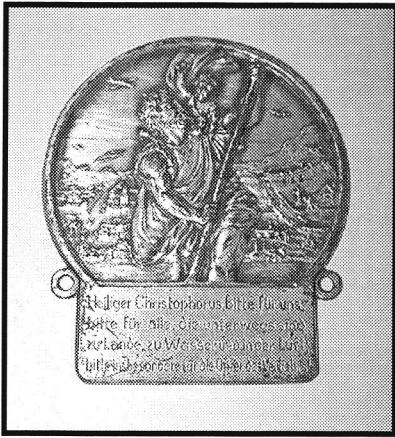
May Tour:

Saturday, May 5th, 2001. Starts 10:00 AM at Rivertec 884 Railroad Street Ypsilanti, MI

For Info Please Call Bill Toburen at 248-887-3029

Gruppe member Bill Milliken has offered to let us all have a close up look at the exotic machinery stored at this unique Facility.





Christophorus. St. Christopher. Whatever you know him by or have heard him called, he is the Patron Saint of travelers. Actually, as Vic Skirmants points out, he *was* the Patron Saint of travelers until 1969 when the Vatican decided he was based on a legend and not an actual person and demoted him from Sainthood by taking his feast day off the calendar. Vic then referred to him as *Mr. Christopher*, which is currently more appropriate (A note to all of you easily offended people that this is not a religious story about St. Christopher but a historical perspective of the ties of St. Christopher with the people who built our beloved little cars. You may now resume worshipping whichever higher power that you wish without persecution. Thank You).

Nonetheless, the figure of Christophorus (German/Austrian for St Christopher) has a special meaning for the founders of the Porsche and VW cars. The Porsche Family adopted Christophorus as the Patron Saint of their companies. Porsche named their Factory publication *Christophorus* in 1952 and it is still being published to this day.

Recognition plaques handed out by the Porsche factory in the early days bore the image of Christophorus. Ted Zombeck of Dublin, Ohio purchased one of these plaques from Chuck Stoddard a few years ago that had yet



Mr. Christopher

by Sebastian Gaeta



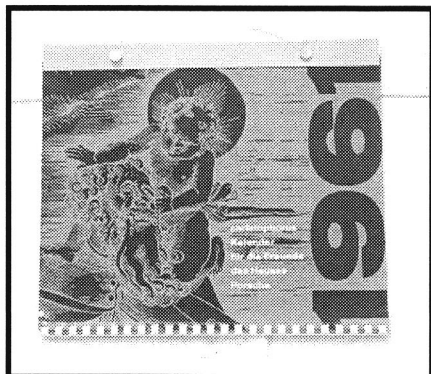
to be engraved.

The VW factory issued Christophorus 100,000 Km badges to customers who had driven their cars that distance or more. At the time, Porsche had little to do with VW other than royalties and some contract engineering, but the people at Wolfsburg were obviously following along.

Today the significance of St. Christopher has mostly been lost at both factories, the only remaining item is the Porsche factory Christophorus magazine which has not made reference to the origin of it's name in years. Nonetheless, St. Christopher played a big role in promoting the adventuresome spirit and philosophy of the Porsche company in the early days. Perhaps his demotion had something to do with his fade from glory? Long Live Mr. Christopher!



St. Christopher was celebrated as the patron saint of travelers by many. Items depicting him included Key fobs, Dash and Grill Badges, Shift Knobs and Visor pins. Non auto related items I have seen are money clips, cufflinks, pocket knives, and even bicycle bells.



Christophorus Magazine



**Then
and
Now**

It's that time again – that time of day when I'm overwhelmed by technology. You know, the kind of technology that gives the entire world instant access to me. My pager has buzzed for the sixteenth time today, voice mail tells me that I have eleven unanswered messages, email is receiving message nine of fourteen and my Palm Pilot is reminding me that I am late for my son's indoor soccer game.

I race to my car, press the keyless unlocking device, lights blink and I can open the door. Once inside, I turn the key and one of the car's computer systems puts the seat position, outside mirror position and steering wheel into my memory position. I get instant feedback on the automobile's diagnostics, the outside temperature and the CD and track number. Meanwhile, I have to actually **look** at the car's tachometer to see if it is running as I can neither hear nor feel the vehicle in any way. The climate control is busy adjusting the cabin temperature and the seat heating device is busy warming both my posterior and the steering wheel.

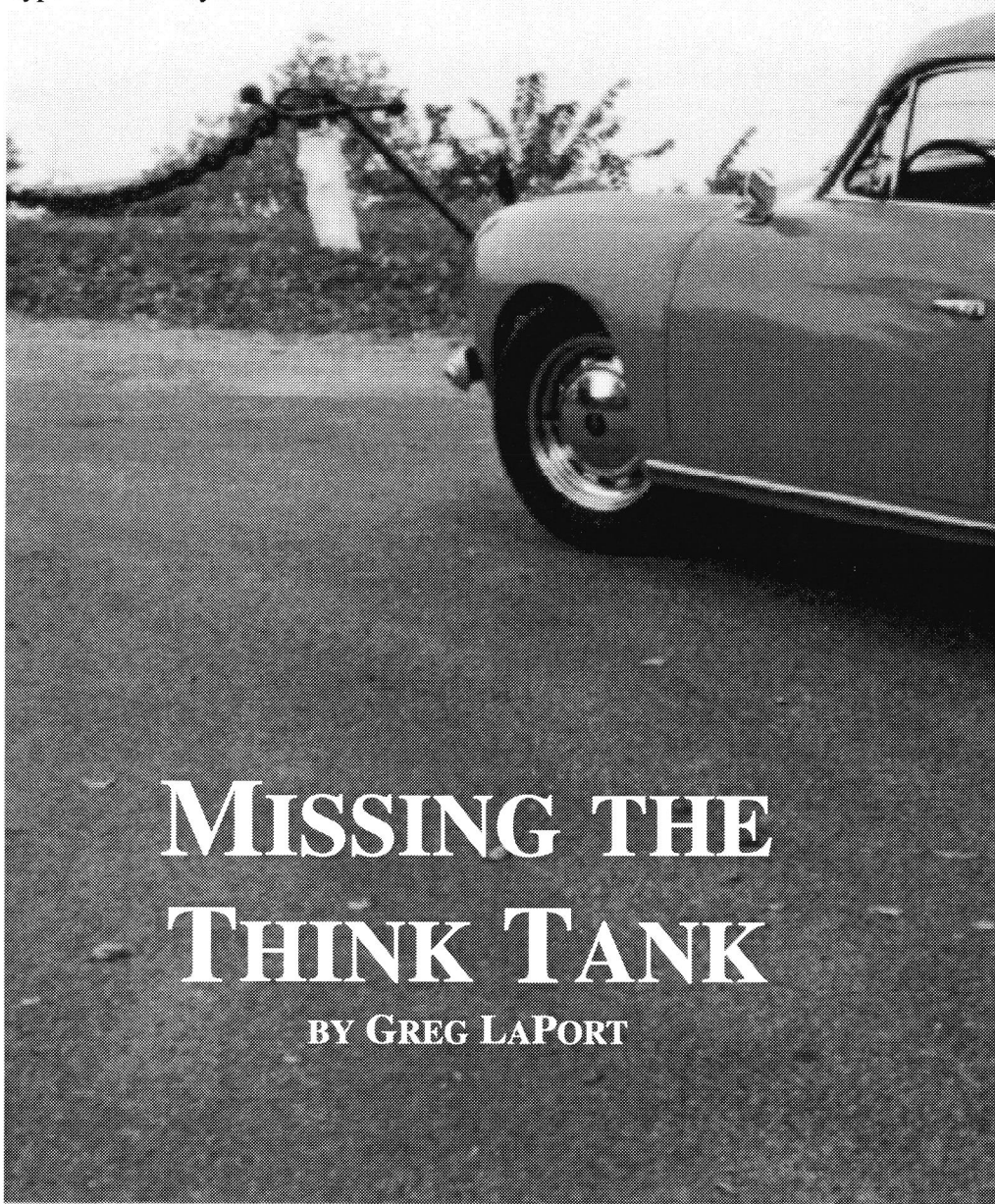
The driving experience is much the same. An assault of technology and electronic stimuli. The car uses the most advanced Audi all-wheel drive system to plow through the snow, ice, salt and water of the gray Michigan dusk. It has stability management, anti-lock braking and a tiptronic transmission that has the car in *just* the right gear at *just* the right time. If a trailing car's lights are too bright for me, my rearview mirror automatically adjusts. Should I become lost on my way, directional assistance is close at hand. I'm quite sure that if I sneezed, a kleenex would appear out of the steering wheel to wipe my nose. You get the idea here – all of my senses have been stimulated by this barrage and yet nothing has been excited. In fact, all the aforemen-

tioned technology has left me with a clouded head and deadened senses. A situation made worse by a glance at the calendar on my wrist – six more weeks of this... Uggghh!!

It's just about now when I feel the need to focus and clear my head. Clarity for me has always been about two things, escape and simplicity. As a child, grabbing my bike and blasting off or longs walks with my dog to sort out the day's events or troubles was escape enough. As an adult, finding this type of sanctuary had become in-

creasingly difficult. That is until I stumbled across my 1964 356 SC Coupe...AKA – **The Think Tank**.

The Think Tank is *SO* not about technology. It's not all-wheel drivin', anti-lock brak'in', CD shufflin', bun toastin', nose wipin', luxo cruisin' down the road. In fact, about the only thing that it shares in common with my auto technology is four wheels and an engine. Indeed, in order to operate the Think Tank properly, all outside technology has to be shut off and my world reduced to what is close at hand. You see best



MISSING THE THINK TANK

BY GREG LAPORT

operation requires feel and focus. Isn't that cool! The perfect escape, chuck it all, grab the keys and find a two-laner.

It is here, in the midst of the curves and shape, smell and purr that virtually all of my senses are excited. From the walk to the garage, to the feathering of the throttle, the feel of the engine's turning and the thunk of the driver's door I am excited just to be a part of this experience. As I said, driving a 356 has absolutely nothing to

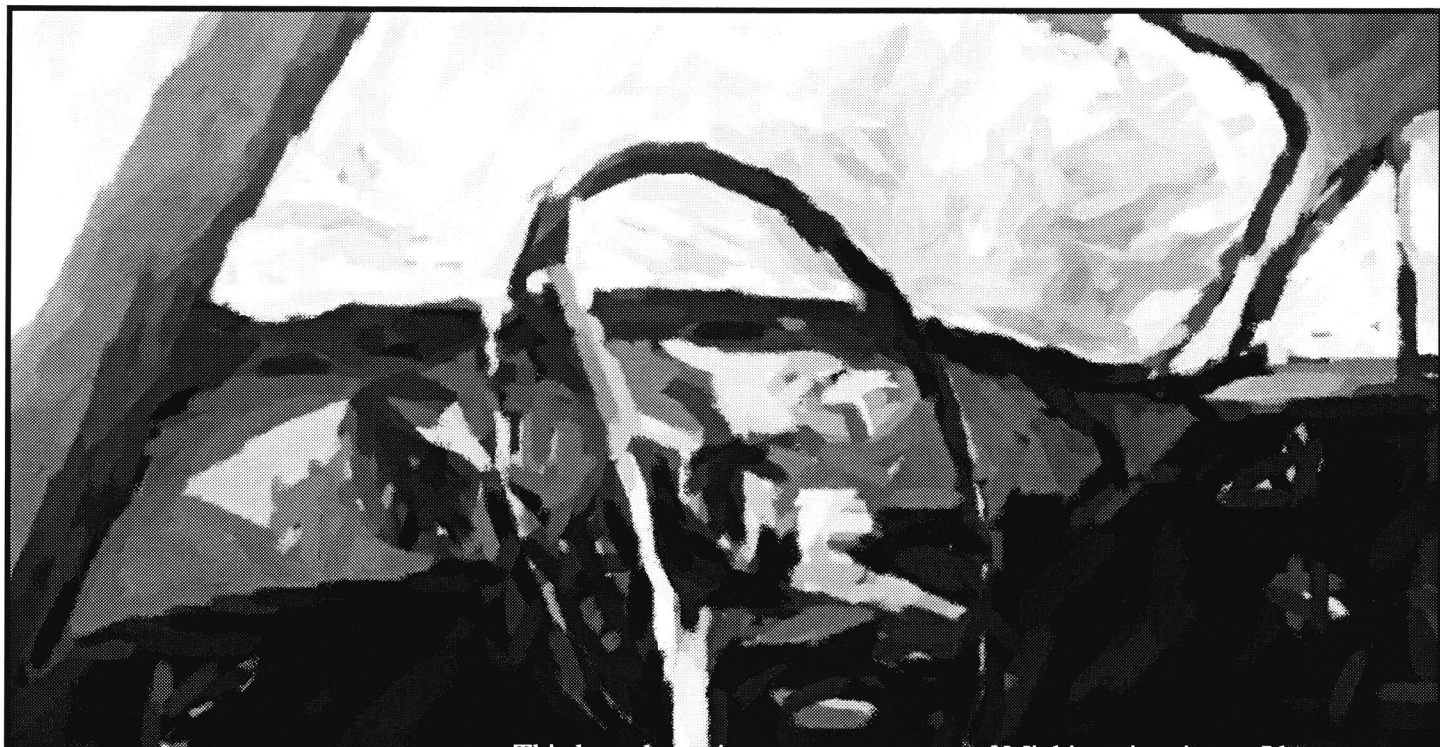


tion of any kind. It has everything to do with feel. Feel of the seats, feel of the wheel, feel of the clutch and shifting and most importantly, feel *for* the road. Once on the road, the car gives and requires a complete experience.

I am at once immersed in an escape of the highest order. Speed, sound, wind and sun all blend to remove me from the everyday world. My thinking focuses on shifting and changes in the road ahead. I am not concerned with the destination but with the journey. The journey here is of the soul. All that matters is the next mile, the sun through the canopy of trees and the hum from the rear. It's not that the roads are different, the trees greener or the sun brighter, it just seems that way. These places are familiar to us, yet they possess a certain gift to give on these adventures that they do not give on an ordinary day.

WHILE in the car, my conversations with Kerri reflect the experience – deeper discussions that give and take secrets meant for just us. Somehow, these exchanges are less accessible in the everyday world. Maybe it is because there is so much going on around us in our daily lives that many of us retreat into a shell and find

(Continued on page 14)



Continued from page 13)

not communicating easier than communicating. I don't know what it is really, but I do know that the 356 seems to feel it too. It's almost as if the car waits for us to come into it. Once inside, it reveals it's personality and begins the ritual of simultaneously smoothing and stimulating my soul back from frenzy to calm. If all this sounds too dramatic, it is important to say that we all need an escape from the junk that clutters our lives – a place where we are safe and the experience is secret and special. There is a mutual respect here – between the car and us – something that the modern world for all its technology so lacks.

Nothing has the ability to bring it all into perspective like the 356. All of this is accomplished through simplicity. Simplicity of shape, absence of gadgetry and absolutely no electronic bells and whistles. What's left is just the car, simple and pure. How can we as 356 fans explain this? The fact is that we cannot. We only need know it for ourselves.

This knowledge is a great secret store from April through October. However, creates a problem long about January. The problem is one of loneliness, separated from our escape by weather. We are left to wander in the cold, looking for ways to feed the addiction. Certainly, gathering at Neil's on Saturday morning helps, but how many times can I lift the cover of Dennis Denyer's SC and sit inside before I've worn out my welcome. Also, I can surf Ebay and the rest of the internet but then I am back inside that whole technology thing and I am escaping nothing. I can pour through books on the subject, and while they are useful, they tend to be two dimensional. Lastly, I can drop in to see Vic and Barbara but really, disturbing Obi-wan-kanobi while he is working too often can disturb the whole Motor City Gruppe "Force", and I don't want to be responsible for that.

So I am left to the "visits". I store the Think Tank in a warm car storage facility. I do this to protect the vehicle from the nastiness

of Michigan in winter. I have access to this place any time, six days a week. It's a twenty-minute drive from home and that's good. If it were closer I'm sure that I would bug the hell out of the employees with my "visits". As it is, I only go once per month or so. Too much more, and I would want to drive it. When I am there I go through the mental list of things to do. Check the tires, fluids, move it to prevent flat spots, wipe any fingerprints, etc. Then I allow myself just one more thing, get in and close the door. Now, I can almost feel it. Soon, the day will come when I can free both the car and us from winter's bond. The time when we will disappear down the two laner – no bells, whistles, pagers, computers, faxes, emails, voice mails or schedules. Just us and the Think Tank; the smells, sounds, sights and feel of it's every move. For today, I am just plotting and doin' time; waiting for that time again.....



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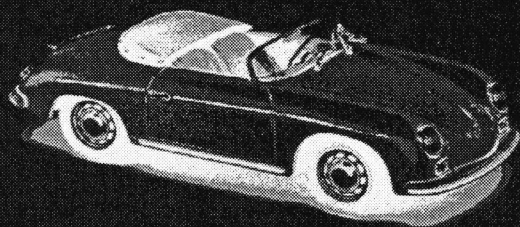
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I admit it. I'm sure that most of my male car junkie friends would admit it. Once we leave the driveway to take a trip with a specific destination in mind we think about beating the time we took to get there the last time. If there's another car junkie in the car with us, we have to beat their time.

Speaking just for myself though, I admit to being sneaky, I don't make a big to-do about it, I just give the watch a cursory glance and write it on the note pad that is used to keep track of trip expenses. I put down the current mileage, the cost to fill up the tank, the miles-per-gallon and ah, calculate how long it will take me to get to, say, the bridge in Cincinnati, just before you go into Kentucky. Last time it was 4 hours 48 minutes 38 sec. I was traveling alone and could punch on the stop watch without Leslie asking what I was doing. OK, I guess that makes me a bit anal. Maybe anal-compulsive-competitive.

A few years back, Gary Kohs and I were on our way to Chicago. I had the outgoing leg. He beat my time back from Chicago to Huntington Woods by 32 seconds. Thirty-two seconds. One light, one stinking light was the difference. 'Course the cop that followed us through Huntington Woods at 25 mph didn't help either. My next round trip to Chicago, I tried to beat that time. Didn't.

But that 'gotta go!' behavior pattern came to mind last Saturday when I heard that Dennis Denyer was resting comfortably, without any real pain in Beaumont Hospital in Royal Oak.

The Denyer brothers, and let's not leave Neil Goldberg out of this, they like to get there. If it could be worked out, Neil would probably prefer to use the fundamental system that road warriors like Dan Gurney and Brock Yates did when they ran

the Cannonball Run from New York to Portofino Inn in Redondo Beach, California in 35 hours 54 minutes to establish the official record back in 1972. They were driving a Ferrari Daytona Coupe. They stopped to fill up with gas. Potty stops were sanctioned concurrent with the gas stop ... not at any other time. If you had the urge whilst on the road, use the cup. We're on a mission here. Beat everyone.

(As an aside, Satch Carlson, one of *AutoWeek's* writers was participating in an off-road rally and time was obviously really important. He had rigged up a bag to capture the urine and a couple of bottles of artesian water with tubes going through his helmet to his mouth to drink from. He didn't have time to test his brilliant system, but you would think a school teacher would know the principle behind the siphon. Once you started, it continues to flow. Satch went through the first quart of water in a flash. What he couldn't swallow filled the inside of the helmet. But knowing that water and dehydration could be a problem in the desert he gulped down as much as he could as fast as he could. Damn near drowned himself. That caused him to fill up the urine bag before the first check

point. And he got tangled in all the tubes and well ... suffice it to say his driver's suit reminded everyone of a diaper pail.)

To the Denyers and Goldberg, it's a waste of valuable time to stop and have a leisurely meal. Sit down lunch, are you crazy. Fast food, the faster the better. Pay in cash. We'll stop for dinner ... maybe. But only if gas, dinner, and pit stop can take place in 16 minutes.

So it's a reasonable scenario that Dennis was trying to better his record on his business trip to Rockford, Indiana. It's usually a five hour trip. Things were moving along right smartly. He was riding shotgun in his boss' Explorer. You all know how small the passenger bucket seat is. There isn't much room for a guy Denny Zamler's size to cross his legs let alone Denny Denyer.

They had topped up the gas tank before heading out and they were making such good time that it didn't make sense to stop and change drivers. Besides guys don't think it's manly to make a fuss about a leg cramp. You just kind of rub it a bit and hope it will work itself out.

The five hour trip back tested his pa-

College size bla & phlebit

dders

tience and his ability to sit on one cheek while he tried to straighten his leg.

After ten hours in the car he mentioned to Sue that evening that his calf was sore.

The next day Dennis was with the gang that went to the International Auto Show at Cobo Hall and walked the five miles it takes to cover the show and stopped for dinner and sat on those hard wooden chairs at the Roma Cafe. And that damn cramp still hadn't worked itself out. That calf was sore and now a bit swollen. That night while getting ready for bed he mentioned it to Sue again.

This time Sue said, "That doesn't sound like a cramp, it sounds like you may have a blood clot."

Denny naturally ignored that. Clot, what do you know. My cholesterol is perfect. Like the two are connected.

Within a few days he made a driving trip to Boston to deliver some equipment. He then made another bonsai round trip to Dayton, Ohio. And he made a bunch of regular calls within a hundred miles of Detroit. This is a guy who's in the car a lot he's out there hustling to help his customers

and sell more special powdered metal materials for his company. He's a compulsive, get-in-done kind of guy.

When Sue asked, he'd say, "It's sore." Sue'd say, "See a doctor." When that didn't have any effect she asked if he'd please increase the coverage of his insurance policy. She didn't think they had quite enough to do the things she wanted to do after he was gone. Travel. Some new clothes would be needed after a month at the Spa. A much warmer place to live in during the winter months. And "Boy Toys" were purportedly expensive these days.

Her last wifely ploy dug deep searching for the most telling guilt trip. "What would Abigail, (Dennis' exuberant West Highland White Terrier playmate), do in the evenings if he didn't come home."

After nine days when the soreness continued and he got tired of having Sue ask if he had seen a doctor yet, he thought it would be prudent to maybe stop by the Rivera Clinic in Lincoln Park and see Lucy.

Lucy told him to come over as soon as he could. The symptoms sounded suspicious.

After an examination Lucy suggested that he have a Venus Doppler exam, it's like a sonogram or

ultrasound. She too mentioned that word "blood clot" and wrote a script for the procedure. Denyer promised to do it a bit later. "No," she said, "Do it today."

"Oh well, I'll stop at Beaumont.

It's kinda on the way home."

The test said, "Clot." Phlebitis.

Say, isn't that what Nixon had. Didn't the anchor men have the population a twitter for quite a while. One intemperate move and the prez was dead.

Wasn't there a mention on TV recently about a new bride returning from honeymooning in Hawaii and while walking from the plane to get her luggage she collapsed from a blood clot in her leg that broke off and went to her heart.

And didn't the networks do a news story on JAL, Japanese Air Lines, which had a number of blood clot deaths from flyers who sat in those close quarter coach seats for hours-on-end not able or willing to get out of their seats and get their circulation moving again.

Jesus, this could turn out to be serious.

Folks can die rather quickly when the blood clot breaks loose and goes to

By Richard Hinson

the heart.

Doc Block, who's done a few autopsies in his day, said, "Oh yeah, there ain't enough time to crack the chest cavity open to get at the clot. Once it breaks loose, you're dead or it goes to the lungs or to the brain."

The test at Beaumont confirmed the clot. The results were phoned to Dr. Lucy and she told Dennis she was admitting him. Go to Beaumont Emergency immediately.

Wow. These folks were getting serious.

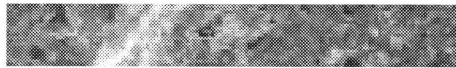
But you know there's immediate and there's immediate. The guesstimate was that he'd be in the hospital for about four days taking a blood thinner to dissolve the clot. Well if that's the case, Dennis knew that Beaumont wouldn't have Speedvision so he'd have to have some reading materials.

That means a quick trip to **Auto-Zone**. That's only a mile up the road. While the paperwork is being processed, I can nip up there and be back before they miss me. If I'm going to be forced to be an idler for a few days, I better get the latest copy of *Hemmings*, and *Excellence*, and *AutoWeek*, and ahhh ... I'll look for some other stuff to read. The Grand-Am 24 Hour race at Daytona is coming up on Saturday and the NASCAR Cup stuff follows that, maybe I should get *Motorsport* and Economacki's rag, *Speed Sport News*.

Having a blood clot doesn't affect the way you feel. You don't feel sick. In Dennis' case he had sore calf and it swelled up about a third larger. That was it, what's the big deal. just make it go away. I got things to do and people to see.

After he's been in Beaumont for five

days he thinks it's time to go home. He's been there a day longer than they estimated. The blood tests show he's making progress but the numbers still aren't where the doctor wants it to be. Then there's the differing reports from one specialist and the resident. One says you can't go home until the blood tests look right and he tell you it's ok; the other says, you just might be able to go home tomorrow, things are looking good. You're making real progress. Now, what does Dennis-the-



Hopefully the doctor will tell him to cool it until the next work week starts. Go home, turn on Speedvision or the Romance channel and tickle Abigail.

patient hear ... that he'll be going home today or at the latest tomorrow. This sitting around is driving him crazy.

Sue looks at him and realizes that if they release him he'll think it's ok to jump back in the car, go back to work, and he'll be planning his next trip as soon as he can. The only hope is that the doctors have told him, again, how serious this stuff can be, once you've had a bout with Phlebitis the odds are greater that you'll have another incident. Hope-

fully the doctor will tell him to cool it until the next work week starts. Go home, turn on Speedvision or the Romance channel and tickle Abigail.

So let's see ... what lessons do we have here.

It's time to take a leaf from the pages of Vic & Lucy Rivera, Ted & Lanita Dunham and Dave & Barbara Peterson. They are very content to stop along the way when they travel. There's a lot of stuff to see. And the travel kinks don't take up residence. Even Barb Skirmants has Vic stopping a bit more frequently as they venture on the long car trips they've taken the last few years,

Boy, it's easy to say, but oh so hard to do. My last trip to Florida, I kept putting in a new Book On Tape, anything to keep the mind focused elsewhere, and I made it to Macon, Georgia in 12 hours. Caught all the breaks. Got through Atlanta before the rush hour. And I just knew I could get to Fort Valley. And if I could ignore the swollen prostate and the feeling of a full bladder I just might be able to get to Valdosta.

Dumb.

That clot can kill ya. Then what would our West Highland White Terrier named Porsche do.

Guess it's time to get another increase in the term insurance. Maybe I can get them to write a trip policy like they do at the airport.

Oh by the way, thanks Lucy, Denyer is still with us ... in spite of himself.



How To Sell A Porsche 356

**Chuck Stoddard was kind enough to pass along this info from a 1960's era Porsche Salesman's Handbook.
These are the "Ten Steps to Sales Success"**

- 1) Our car is made by many hands for a chosen few. You should give the customer the same individual treatment as is each vehicle during it's manufacture.**
- 2) Your neat appearance speaks for our company, Your good manners for yourself.**
- 3) Do not let yourself be swayed by emotions. Keep to the point and put the customer at the center of every sales discussion.**
- 4) Only ability not bragging will give you self assurance, and humility will earn you more confidence than a confidential attitude.**
- 5) Let the customer feel that he is receiving special treatment, that he is important and being taken seriously, and remember that he is right! Be sure you are better informed but without ostentatiously showing it.**
- 6) Hard work will lead you to success – do not let it go to your head, nor be discouraged by failures.**
- 7) Make your customer's dream come true, offer him ideas rather than hardware. Only the beginner sells automobiles.**
- 8) Be ready to give of your free time in order to make contacts.**
- 9) If need be, lose a sale rather than a customer.**
- 10) The closing of a sale is only the beginning of a customer relationship.**

Janis Joplin wrote "Oh lord won't you buy me a Mercedes Benz, My friends all drives Porsches I must make amends..."

A Few Months ago I might have sung "Oh lord let me drive my old Porsche again..."

It was the latter part of November, I had the seats out of the Cab getting them re-padded for next years driving season. The tachometer was back from the repair shop ready to be installed. I was now ready for some serious maintenance when each year I wax the undersides of both Porsches. We were looking forward to the coming Holidays and our annual trip South. Life was good.

One last thing to get out of the way was a routine Stress Test. I say routine as there were no signs of problems, maybe a little shortness of breath; about what you would expect for a slightly overweight retiree. The test was merely to establish a baseline for future reference.

Upon completion of the test the doctor expressed some concern and advised that he would look over some previous "resting" test results and call me. By the time I got home the doctor had already called and requested that I go immediately to the Hospital for a heart catheterization. The procedure revealed the dreaded arterial blockage.

This is not good.

By now my entire family was at the hospital with me and looked worried.

I am now PETRIFIED. When shall we do this operation? After all it is the day before Thanksgiving and there is a 30000 calorie, cholesterol laden dinner to be consumed.

"We have arranged for an ambulance to transport you to Ann Arbor" advise the doctor. But I drove to the hospital here, certainly we can drive to Ann Arbor. "No way" says the doc, there is some blockage in an artery sometimes referred to as "The widow maker".

By 8:30 PM on the same day that started with my "routine test", I am

won't go into great detail but can summarize with there was to be "cutting, spreading, by-passing, splicing, closing and stapling." This sounded like a technical article out of an old Registry magazine; the only thing missing were plasma cutters and buttwelding.

The day before "The Procedure" is filled with tests, X-rays medications and other various fluid checks. By the time this was to be over I wondered if you really needed a heart with all of the blood that was removed.

"Oh Lord Let Me Drive My Old Porsche Again..."

by Dick Beecher

now at the University of Michigan Hospital. I am not too concerned about those important maintenance things I was going to do. I know that these operations are now quite common, however when you are going through it there is much concern.

The doctor came in to explain what he would be doing the next day. I

I am remarkably calm the day before "the Procedure" and even sleep soundly that night. My wonderful wife and family don't sleep, however, and have to be on their way at 4:30 AM to be at the hospital by 5:30.

Diane wakes me from a sound sleep and I begin to think really about what is going to happen. Now I am not so calm.

I am taken to the operating area for the final preparation to get me ready for the administration of those great drugs that take you away from it all. Diane and the family are very brave and encouraging when they are asked to leave so the doctor can push the plunger to take me to "La La Land." The last thought was that I hoped to see my new grandson when this was over.

You don't even dream. Wouldn't it have been great if those drugs made you dream that you were driving your 356 on the great roads of Virginia or Wisconsin; Or that I was leading the

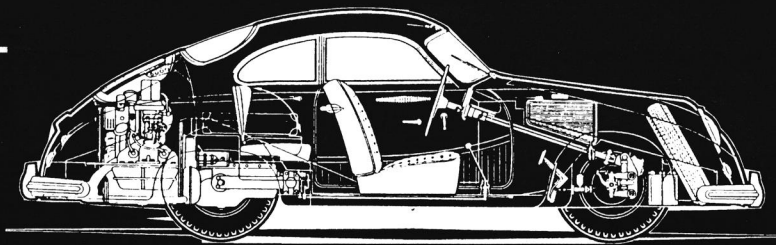
at what seems like a Bursch exhaust that is shoved down my throat. I have a strong gag reflex that is nearly unbearable. Before the operation Diane promised that she would have them remove the dreaded tube as soon as possible. Diane is already pressing the nurse to remove the tube. We are advise that the tube cannot come out until all breathing was normal. I would have to be able to blow like extinguishing a candle. I know start to blow like a supercharger. The tube comes out and I am told that it may even be record time of one hour for removal of the tube.

and contemplate my staples. The next day it is suggested that I should get up and go for a walk. I don't think I'm ready for that. At that time an elderly lady strides by my door using a walker and I am advised that she has just had a transplant. Now I'm shamed into it and go for a walk.

I am sent home after four days and am restricted from stair climbing and lifting and the recovery goes well. I cannot work on the cars but the doctor gives the go ahead for the trip south. I can't put the seats in the Cab as they weigh too much.

When I tried to install the tach my chest began to hurt so I'll have to leave both of those jobs until spring. After all, those things don't seem as important now anyway.

As I am writing this I am sitting on a balcony, the sun is overlooking the blue waters of the Gulf. I wish I had the Cab here for some top down rides but there is time



Motor Cities Gruppe on a tour racing along the highway in the left lane at 68.5 mph.

But even better is the part where I woke up: Diane is already at my side.

I begin thrusting my middle finger upwards. I am not displaying the international sign of mockery, I am pointing

The same day, the nurse suggests that I get out of bed and take a few steps to sit in a chair.

I don't think so.

I don't feel too great, there are these ugly seams in my leg and chest and all I really want to do is lay here

for that this summer.

I'm looking forward to a healthy summer and some time with the car guys.

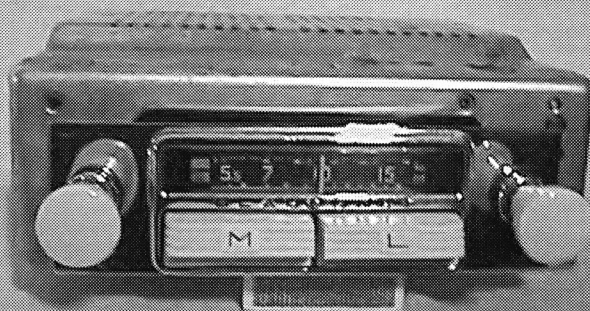
Life is good.



356 on eBay



Best Seat In the House



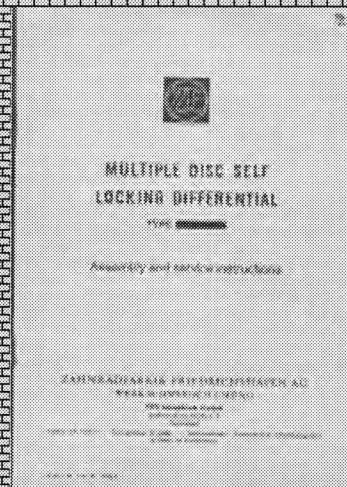
N.O.S. Medium/Long Wave Radio For Your Pre-A

Some of you will hate me for this and some of you will love me. Most of you won't care one way or another...eBay has revolutionized the car hobby. It has revolutionized many other things as well, but boy what it has done to/for our hobby is amazing. The things one can find if you know where to search! Has eBay driven up prices??? Yup. Has it made the parts hunt easier?? You betcha.

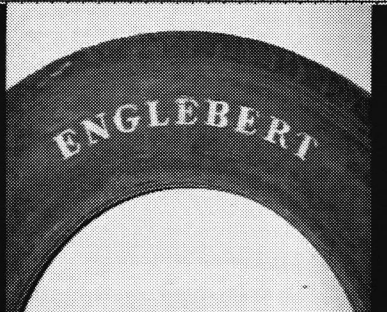
Most items found on eBay you can call up Vic, Stoddard's, NLA et al, and get them. The items that make it worthwhile are the Hens Teeth; the parts made from unobtainium, as Mr. Hinson would say. These are the parts that would take you years of swap meets and phone calls and car rides and even plane trips (for the really affected) to find. Would you pay a 20% premium to find that last part for your car that you've been lying awake at night dreaming about? Besides Doc Block (See his ad in any and all Porsche publications for the last 8 years looking for Brown leather seats for his cab), the answer for most of us is YES.

Here are a few of the Hens Teeth that I have spotted recently.

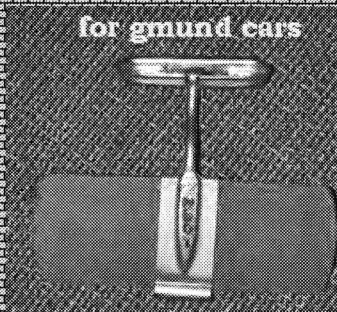
Enjoy.



An Original Service Manual For a ZF Limited Slip Differential



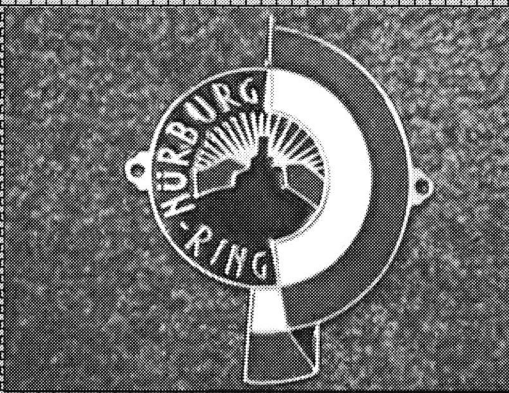
Two N.O.S. Englebert Racing tires were for sale. Note that they are directional



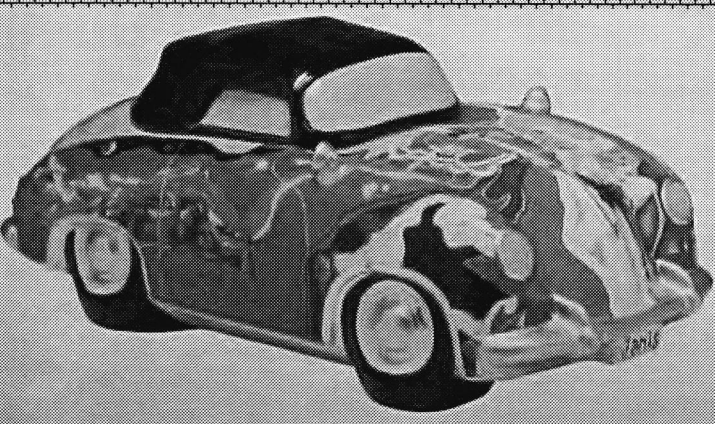
N.O.S interior mirror for your Gmünd Coupe. Yikes!



**N.O.S. Motometer
Outside Temperature Gauge.**



Repro Nurburgring Badge



**Janis Joplin Music Box...
Just gotta have one**



Speedster D Emblem. You couldn't buy just the badge, however, as the whole car was for sale!

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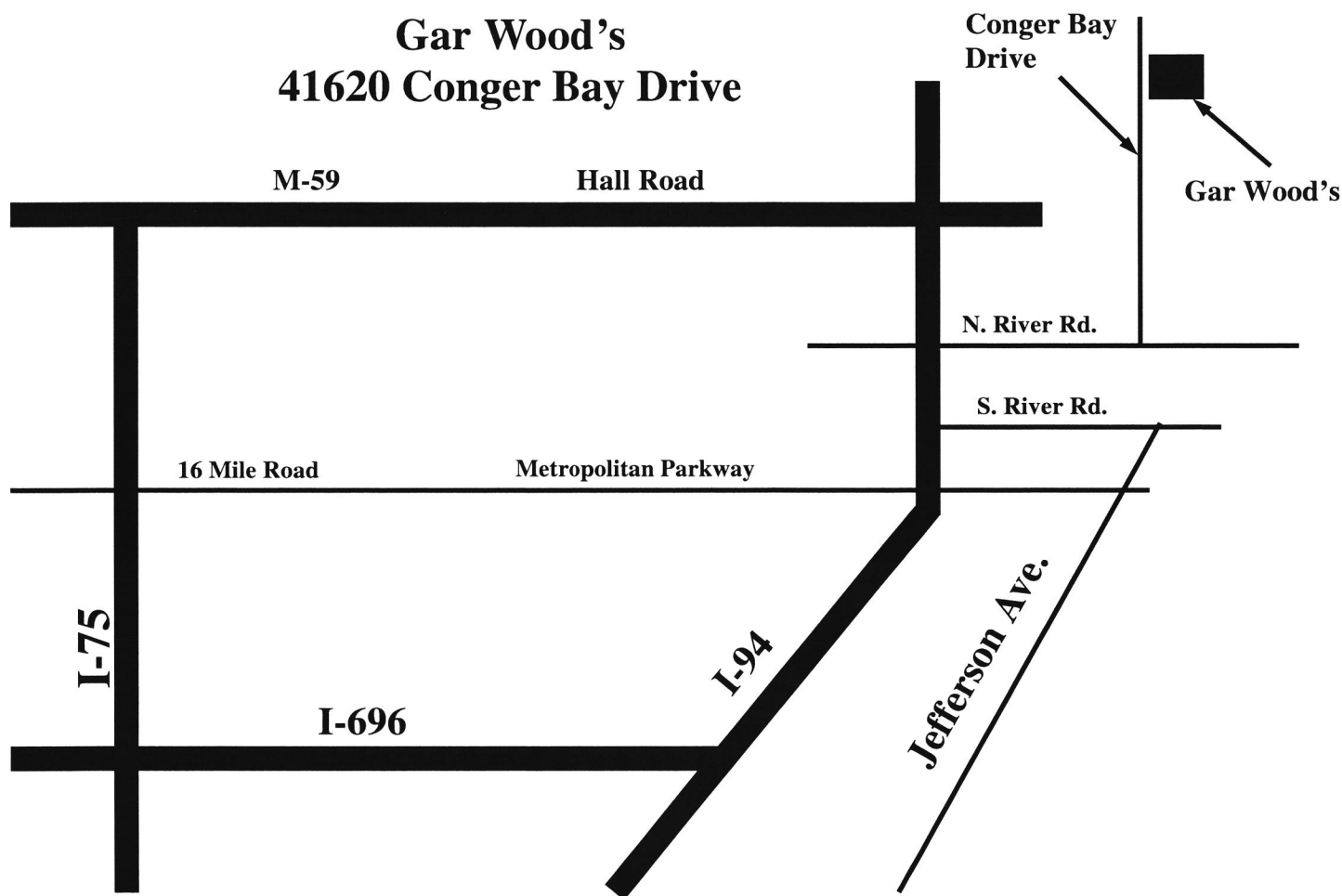
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ABR 4002 01
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6 Sessions, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, Feb 9 - Feb 11 and Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, Feb 16 - Feb 18 Fridays 1:00 p.m. to 8:00 p.m. Saturdays 9:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. Sundays 10:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.
Instructor: Staff
Fee:\$450

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ABR 4001 01
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ABR 4000 01
CRN: 13770

3 Sessions: Mar 9 - Mar 11
Friday 6:30 p.m. to 9:00 p.m.
Saturday 9:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. Sunday 9:00 a.m. to 1:30 p.m.
Instructor: Staff
Fee: \$140

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1 Session: Either Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, or Friday, Apr 23 - Apr 27, 1:00 p.m. to 4:00 p.m.
Instructor: Staff
Fee: \$75

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