

AUSPUFF ROAR

356

Motor Cities Gruppe
August/September 2001



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ON THE COVER:



**Two 356's
stop for a rest
on a beautiful
summer day**

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PRESIDENT'S LETTER



In my column in the last issue of Auspuff Roar, I commented on the fine turnout of 356er's for the Spring Tour and the great job done by Toby and Sher Toburen in making it a successful happening. I would like to devote a few paragraphs to two upcoming events, the Summer Picnic and the Fall Color Tour.

The Summer Picnic is literally right around the corner. It seems that this has always been a well-attended outing – for a whole flock of reasons. First of all, everyone loves a picnic. Second, there's nothing quite as pretty as the August sun reflecting off of a row of clean, sparkling 356's. Third, it's just a very relaxing way for old and new friends to spend an afternoon. Stop and think back to how many folks in the Motor Cities Gruppe that you really got to know by sitting around on a Sunday afternoon in August while nursing some cold beverage. Fourth, there is always at least one 'new' 356 at the Summer Picnic – you know, the one that was being restored over the previous winter and not quite ready for the Spring Tour. Remember Rick Olivero's off-white coupe at the Thompson's back in 1998, and who could forget seeing Jack Hagerty's black Outlaw parked on the little knoll at the Dunham's a couple years ago. Maybe we'll see a certain stone-grey coupe there this year. So reserve the 19th on your calendar, check out the particulars on page 16 of this issue, and call Ted and Lanita to tell them you'll be there.

And after you have done that, come on back and we'll talk a bit about the Fall Color Tour.

In fact, block out the weekend of October 5-7 while you have the calendar out. Even though it's August, we've (and especially Barbara Skirmants) been busy planning the Buckeye Ramble. Not all the details are in place yet, but we've got enough together to give you a flavor of what's in store for the weekend. Our goal is driving on 'great 356 roads', with fine dining and lodging accommodations, and stops along the way providing a variety of interesting activities. So here's the plan....

We'll depart the Detroit area on Friday afternoon or evening for Wooster, Ohio where we have reserved a block of ten rooms (hopefully not nearly enough). The intent here is to be poised to start at around nine o'clock the next morning with the fun stuff. First stop is Lehman's Hardware in Kidron, Ohio. If you haven't heard of it before, you'll be amazed -- as it's located in the midst of the Amish settlements just south of Wooster and caters to those non-electric consumers. Check out <http://www.lehmans.com> for a taste of what you'll have a chance to touch and feel. Our travels then take us through some Amish communities with stops at some better than average antique stores. As we continue south, we start approaching the

various pottery centers clustered around Zanesville, Cambridge and Roseville. Besides some pottery shops, we should be able to track down a pottery museum cultivating our knowledge of decorating and firing clay.

We recognize that there may be some folks that can't get away on Friday afternoon or evening. We'll have the itinerary pretty well mapped out; and with cell phone communication there should be no problem in connecting up on Saturday morning.

That will just about take care of the driving for Saturday. So with some lodging appropriate to the connoisseurs of fine vintage automobiles, we'll check in, freshen up, share the day's experiences over a beverage or two, indulge in some good food, and settle in for the night. On Sunday, the driving route will take us to state forests and caves for easy exploration. From there, we wander up to Columbus (and for some, pay homage to the campus there) and head back home.

This is truly going to be a fun weekend with some of the trees showing their fall colors and lots to see and do – all the while on roads worthy of our cars. See Barbara or me at Ted and Lanita's to get more details and sign up....

Dave Peterson

Everything electrical on my 1955 356 worked but the backup light.

Every time I shifted into reverse, the fuse would burn. I have not found any manuals that tell or show where the backup light switch is. While working on a gear shifting problem I finally located this switch. Page R 39 of the factory manual describes how to remove and install the shift rod. The "removing" portion tells you to remove the tunnel cover. You must do this to find the switch. This cover is directly behind the gearshift lever assembly. The installing" portion tells you to test the backup light switch. Looking down into the tunnel you will see this switch on the passenger side.

This switch is very similar to the starter switch. It has a button that is depressed by the shift rod when the gear lever is in the reverse position. The shift rod connects the gearshift lever assembly to the rear of the tunnel where the transaxle inner shift lever enters. With an ohm meter, it was determined that the switch was grounded when the transaxle was shifted into reverse but not when in any other gear positions. The electrically grounded switch was the cause of the burned fuse.

Next the switch was removed, which is a bummer of a job almost deserving its own article. The switch did work but not well. It was easy to disassemble and clean up the contacts. After this was done it worked well.

After reinstalling the switch it still was grounding when shifted into re-

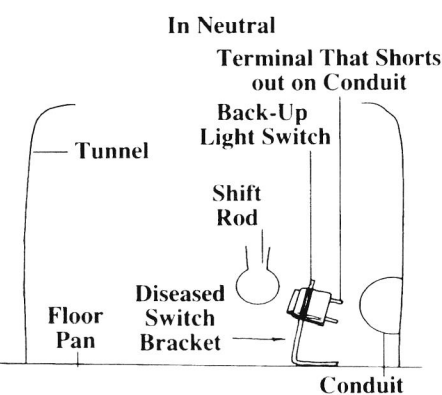


Illustration A

verse. The ground was caused by the dreaded bent bracket aging disease. The cause is shown in illustration A. This disease allowed the switch bracket to bend over the years. As it bent, the switch terminals got closer and closer to a metal tube that runs along the passenger side of the tunnel. Eventually one of the terminals touched the tube when the transaxle was shifted into reverse.

Two things were done to fix the problem. First the bent bracket was rebent to what I assume was its original vertical position. I notice that the later 356 backup light

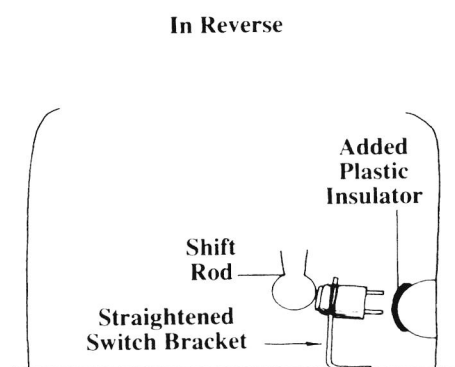


Illustration B

switch had a rubber boot over the wire terminals. This switch had no boot and I do not know if it is supposed to. To get a similar effect of a boot, the second thing I did was to glue a piece of plastic to the metal tube that the switch contacted when the bracket bent. This plastic was cut from a plastic container and was about 1 in. long and 3/4 in. wide. I used contact cement to attach it. The fix is shown in illustration B. Now, as the dreaded bent bracket aging disease does its thing, the bent bracket can come to its final resting position without burning a fuse. 🍷

MOTOR CITIES GRUPPE CALENDAR

AUGUST

18th-Woodward Dream Cruise!

19th-MCG Family summer
Picnic Hosted by Ted and Lanita
Dunham in Milford, MI.
See announcement on pg 16

SEPTEMBER

18th-Membership Dinner
At Zack's Steak House
26620 Dequindre
Warren, MI 6:00 PM

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

OCTOBER

5th-7th--MCG Fall Color Tour.
See announcement on pg 17

NOVEMBER

18th-Membership Dinner
At Zack's Steak House
26620 Dequindre
Warren, MI 6:00 PM

DECEMBER

2nd—Motor cities
Gruppe Holiday Party
At Waterford Hills' Oakland
County Sportsman's Club.
Details to follow

JANUARY

18th-Membership Dinner
At Zack's Steak House
26620 Dequindre
Warren, MI 6:00 PM

FEBRUARY

OPEN

MARCH

18th-Membership Dinner
At Zack's Steak House
26620 Dequindre
Warren, MI 6:00 PM

APRIL

OPEN

Dear Motor Cities Gruppe,

Thom Kearns and I met over my 1965 356 SC coupe that I had just shipped from France. He saw the car at my shop and a nine year friendship with a special person and a true Porsche fanatic was started.

He truly believed that these cars should be driven daily and enjoyed year round. We installed a gasoline heater in his 1960 B coupe and converted it to twelve volts. As part of his everyday routine he put 3000 miles a month on that car. When questioned why he would drive it in the snow, his response was that the traction was superb as the weight of the engine and trans was over the drive wheels; and entrance ramps were really a rush!

As our friendship grew he told me about his first Porsche, a 1959 coupe, and it's untimely demise from rust and a light pole in a parking lot. His next car was a 1964 C coupe, which in his words was ten times the car the 1959 had been in the horsepower department. He told me that Stoddard's took forever to fix his car whenever he took it in for service. Three days to set the valves. Two days for a tune-up. I couldn't understand why it took so long until the 356 Registry ran an article on Carrera 2's. When Thom saw the article he told me is '64 had the "2" on the back! I then explained to him why Stoddard's took so long to fix his car—he had a very complicated and high performance engine back there!

After that, his stories of doing 127 mph. on route 76 in Kent—in the rain—made more sense. No wonder that "C" coupe was ten times the car his 1959 ever hoped to be with that 4-cam engine in it. Or having a special account just to cover his monthly speeding tickets. But his best story was about the Pennsylvania Turnpike ticket.



TOP LEFT: Thom in his windbreaker

TOP RIGHT: Thom, left, and Richard King, right, discuss 356 life with another fanatic.

ABOVE: Artwork from last year's Corn Roast Show, Thom's last.

As part of his design business he routinely made trips to New York. On one of the return legs of these trips, he was cruising at 120 mph. in the rain just before dark (Thom liked to drive fast). Way behind him a car kept flashing his high beams on and off. This continued for several miles until Thom became frustrated and accelerated, leaving the guy way behind. Several miles down the road he crested a hill and there it was—a semi-trailer across the road. He backed off the

The 356 World Lost One of It's Most Ardent Supporters

in February this year when Thom Kearns passed away. Thom was the leader and a founder of the Ohio Tub Fanatics. Many of our Gruppe members attended the Antique Railroad Car tour that he put on in Toledo in September of 1999 on the very first "Ferry Porsche Birthday/Drive your 356" day. He also hosted their annual Corn Roast Show, which I attended in 2000. What a blast it was.

Thom was well loved and will be sorely missed. A letter to the left by Richard King and a story to the right by Stephen Schaeffer are beautiful tributes to a true gentleman and a true enthusiast.

throttle and the car began to fish-tail. Not enough room to go under (he hadn't waxed the car that week) but wait! he thought he could get between the trailer and the guard rail! He estimated his speed to be 85 to 90 mph. when he shot between them!

When he tried to exit the turnpike he was "detained" for breaking a road block. That ticket alone was over \$250 (in 1967 dollars) and the car flashing its lights behind him had been an unmarked state patrol car.

Enclosed are pictures of Thom, in his ever present black Porsche wind breaker, at some Tub Fanatics events that he organized and always drove his 356 to. He was a very special friend and I for one will miss him greatly. His last ride was written about by his co-pilot, a college student, and I feel it speaks volumes about how Thom touched all of our lives.

Sincerely, Richard King

I never expected to see one.

Not ever.

But there it is, so real,
in the driveway of my friend Richard's shop.

Low, sleek, curvy, purposeful, tiny.
Richard and Thom grin at the look on my face: a schoolboy perusing his first *Playboy*, a budding bluesman at a Buddy Guy concert, a 23-year old car nut looking
At a 55 Porsche 550 RS Spyder.

"You came on a good day," Thom says quietly.

I can only nod.

It is a little maroon roadster, its engine behind two bucket seats. The color of rose petals or a nice merlot. The headlights are bug-eyes so it appears eager for movement. The windshield is frameless, almost invisible.

The carburetors breathe through twin scoops on the engine cover, and a pair of beautiful chrome grilles gleam between the voluptuous rear wheel arches.

The top of the door barely reaches to my kneecap, I swear, and the thing is shorter than a VW bug.

I bend over from the waist, looking down at it from every, angle.
It is art.

Thom is taking it out for gas.

"You wouldn't want to go with him, would you?" Richard says. I thought he'd never ask.

Thom, the older man in the red-tinted aviator glasses, climbs in while I watch, learning by observation. There are no door handles, so I reach in and pull the delicate catch.
click!

The door weighs nothing.

Thom cautions me to avoid stepping

oil the floor.

"You'll go right through it, it's aluminum."

Feet on the brace, I slide down, like into a steaming hot tub.

We are shoulder to shoulder, the car is that small.

I have to bend my knees so Thom can move the gearshift.

I see his feet on the small pedals.

Clutch in, prodding the gas pedal as I hear the carbs clicking behind me, sucking in fuel.

He turns the key.

The entire car lurches on the starter, then the racing engine catches. A beast clearing its throat.

My God, the noise!

Like seventeen Harleys strapped to the back,

a cacophony of air-cooled pistons pounding, gears spinning, chains awhir.

The Spyder vibrates as though it is living.

Heaven.

Thom revs the motor and the sound smoothes out into a massive, snapping roar.

A giant buzzsaw.

We grin maniacally at each other.

He moves the shifter to first as though it is a rifle bolt, precise, and I can see the metal linkage moving between our thighs. He eases off the clutch and we roll.

It is like sitting on a lawn mower, we are so low and it is so loud. The car feels fragile beneath me, and as we pull out into traffic, I think for a moment about the lack of seatbelts.

We get up to speed easily as Thom

lets the engine warm. Wind spills over the windshield top, hitting me in the eyes, so I look around, enjoying the late autumn sun while it lasts.

Then I notice it

Everyone is staring at us.

From old ladies to truck drivers to little kids in a school bus, all eyes are on this racy little toy of a car.

We roll to a stop at the pumps behind a Lincoln Navigator and I am surprised to find myself at eye level with its rear bumper. Climbing back out is harder than getting in, but I go to pay for the gas. The attendant is an old man, standing there watching me come. He asks me what that car is and I tell him.

I can see the words mean nothing. He just watches as Thom carefully pulls the nozzle from the fuel filler. I tell him it is like the car James Dean died in, and he nods absently, his old eyes taking in those old lines.

Back on the road, we find ourselves in a turning lane with traffic clearing ahead. Thom downshifts, the gear lever snapping through the gates. The engine warbles as he lets out the clutch, then everything changes.

My head snaps back, my feet hover in the air, I grab for the handle on the dash, the needle on the tachometer whips around the dial, and it feels like the rear tires are trying to overtake the fronts, scrabbling for traction. The roadster seems to bend cartoonishly as the speed flashes past 60, then 70. It sounds menacing, dangerous, and so incredibly *loud*. And I just can't stop smiling.

Stephen Schaeffer

How Many Miles Do *You* Have Behind the Wheel of A 356??

Have you ever added it up? I mean really sat down and thought about it? How many miles *have* you driven these little tanks?

Think about it. We, as a club, love to brag about how we drive our cars. The Registry is always encouraging us to get out and drive them, and as long as I have been a member, the Gruppe has had more driving events than static events. Some of you out there even owned one when new and used it as a daily driver.

So figure it out and contact me, as I'd like to publish the results. Please don't be afraid to send me your answers if you feel you have not driven your car "enough" or have not owned one very long, I want to get a feel for what is the typical amount we actually do drive our cars. Add up your total miles, and if you have had more than one 356, you can separate the miles per car. I'd also like to see the per year average. Racers can figure out how many laps they've driven, multiply by the track length and add those in. Use my examples below and expound upon them however you wish. Contact Sebastian by: Phone—734-544-2230, FAX734—482-9520, or Email—aylanco@aol.com

My 1965 356 coupe

Years owned: 9

Miles driven: 55,000

**Average per year:
6,111**

**Other peoples 356's
(heh, heh!)**

Years pilfered: 10

Miles driven: @600

Average pilfered

Miles per year: @60

Race cars (example)

Laps driven:

Miles driven:

of years as a racer:

**Average miles raced per
year:**

—OR—

**If your thing is showing
your car, do all of this with
miles trailered. I'm serious!**

Our West Coast Correspondent, Jack Hagerty

I promise not to rub it in. Not a lot. Certainly not until January or February anyway. But I will say this, IT'S WONDERFUL TO DRIVE ON POT-HOLE FREE ROADS!

Bonnie and I are finally settling in and

we are enjoying this time together, working on and around the house. I say 'finally' due to a set of errors and delays which would be almost comical if not for damage to numerous irreplaceable belongings with major sentimental value. Many of Bonnie's (our) prized possessions were destroyed in the move, such as a number of her mothers' hand-painted ceramic pieces. (Barb in particular will know what I mean). How you ask? Well, Allied Van Lines sent a brand-new trailer to our house and loaded on May 29th with a guaranteed delivery date no later than June 8th. All our 'stuff' and the 356 were loaded and the trailer was then loaded onto a 'train-rail' for shipment to San Diego. Are you ready for this? The train hit a

bridge abutment in Chicago which ripped open the trailer! Aside from the damage already caused, the trailer was then removed from the train and all our 'stuff' along with the 356 was not too delicately reloaded to another trailer. We finally received everything on June 11-12th, after the Dana Point Concours in which the car was entered. (It received only minor damage) I was unhappy, Bonnie was in tears. Nevertheless, we are here and healthy and looking forward to our 'new life'. I know we will eventually meet many new 356 friends and bonds will be formed but we will sorely miss our friends and the fun we had with the Motor Cities Gruppe. Until we meet again, best wishes to all. With an eye on the left coast, Jack. 

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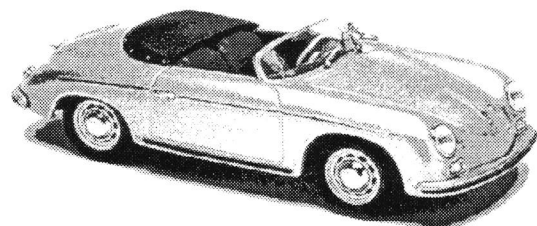
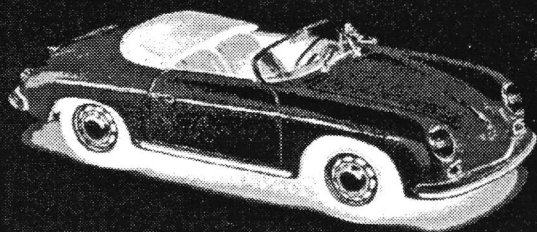
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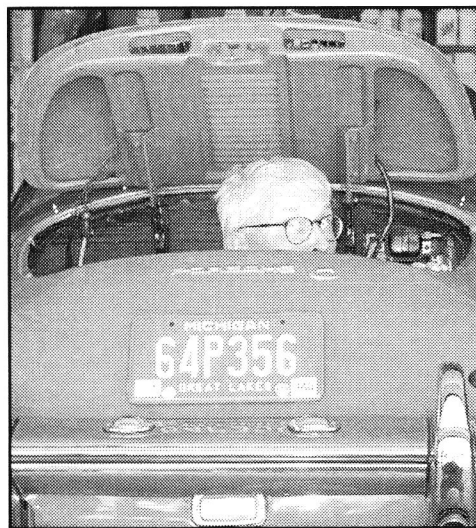
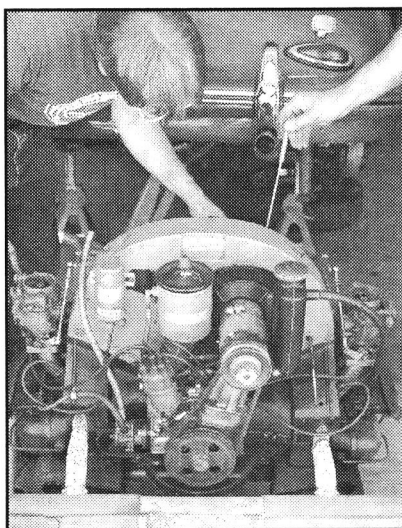
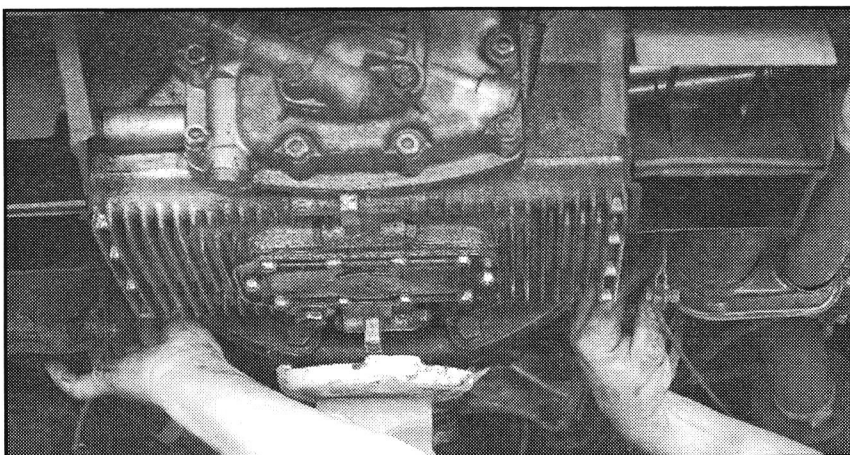
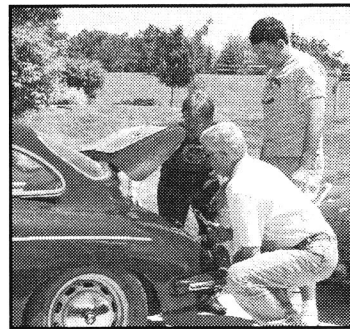
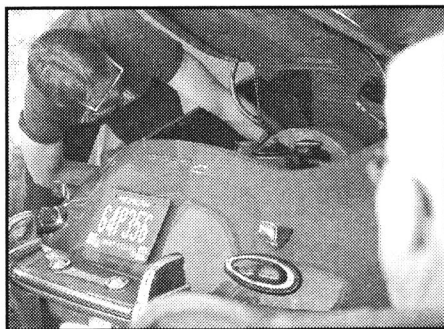
Soccer games. Cell phones. Big expensive houses requiring constant care and feeding.

All the things that have led most of us to a "do it with dollars" approach to keeping our tubs afloat. How long has it been since you took a break from your over-committed world and spent a garage day working with a few of your best 356 buddies?

Several articles have appeared recently propounding the pleasures, indeed rapture, of the 356 driving experience. But there is, I think, a slightly-less-Zen but equal joy: bringing a sick car back to life the old-fashioned way - greasy hands, skinned knuckles and sore backs.

Four of us in Ann Arbor recently re-discovered this joy in replacing the clutch on Gottfried Hogh's '64 cab (you remember Gottfried - perfect gentleman, hellacious photographer, apparently owns a lot of Gillette stock).

It stacked up like this: Sebastian kindly offered up his beautiful garage as the scene of the crime. Gottfried, of course, contributed the ailing patient, the new parts and a willingness



to entrust his car to the adventure. I was elected the "expert" and teacher (scary thought) since I was the only one who had done a complete clutch job on a 356. Tim Buko, a last-minute addition, comprised a more-than-adequate supervisory staff/ morale chairman. We even had some help from several lovely ladies - my daughter Emily and Isabella and Gabrielle Gaeta. And Narmeen - what a dear - not only put up with us but even made a monster lunch for the wrecking crew.

The results? It took us six hours to do a two-hour job. We all learned some new jokes, curses and other incantations (How many Motor Cities Gruppe members does it take to change a light bulb ...)? BUT - nobody got hurt. We all got to know each other a little better. We learned more about how our little cars work. We spotted and fixed a half-dozen other little problems

with the car. We taught the children a few things (yes, some good ones, too). We laughed - a lot. We developed the confidence to tackle just about any project. Basically - we had a blast!

Oh by the way - not really sure if this matters much - we even got Mr. Hogh's cab back on the road!!

Bill Rohrer

OPPOSITE PAGE

TOP LEFT: Bill gets to work while Tim supervises.

TOP RIGHT: The triumvirate decides that the racing pulley on Tim's coupe must go!

UPPER MIDDLE: The patient

LOWER MIDDLE: Note the correct placement of the floor jack on the trans hoop.

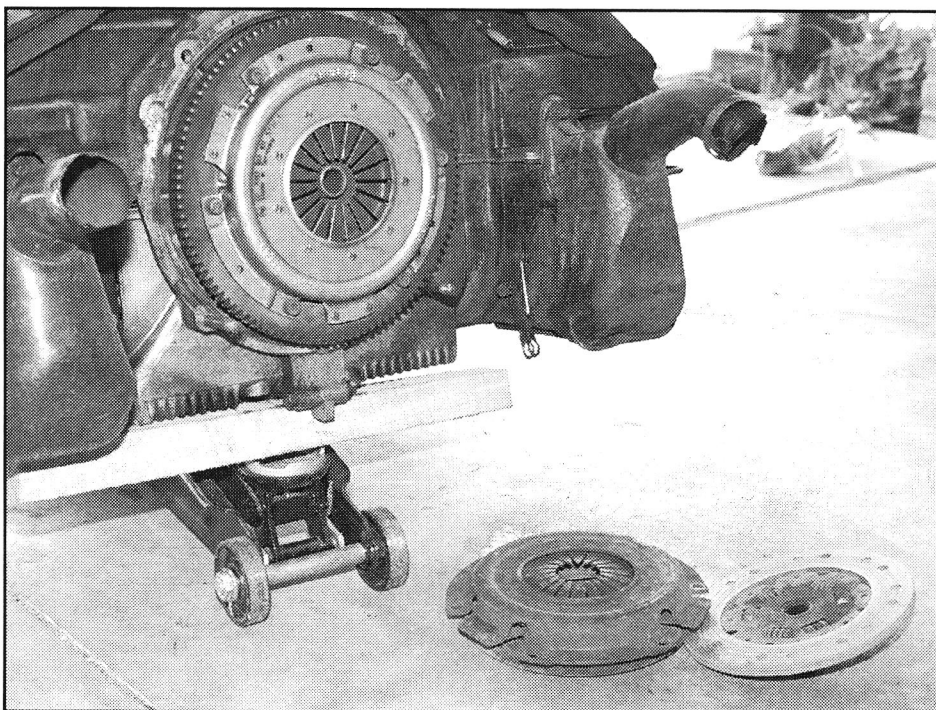
BOTTOM LEFT : Engine out!

BOTTOM RIGHT: Huh?!

THIS PAGE

TOP: Bill shows that it can be done by mere mortals.

BOTTOM: With the new clutch assembly on, we were ready to begin the installation process.



GOLDBERG'S GREEN GODDESS GAINS GOLD AND GLORY

How does one take a car to Porsche parade in Milwaukee and win (Class- 1st place, Division-1st place, and PEOPLES CHOICE) the memberships highest honor?

ONLY-- 3 years of hard work, a

checkbook with a BIG whole in the bottom where the money runs out.

The ability to take a driveable car, completely dis-assemble it into a thousand pieces, cut it up, send the

parts and pieces all over the country to be renewed, then remember how to re-assemble all those parts and not have any left over, that do look vaguely familiar.



Tribute

Patience ... research ... chase parts...stealing time. ... hands-on ... do-it-again ... more research...open the wallet... fabricate ... do-it-again... interruptions ... plate stuff...paint stuff... open the wallet...hands on... impending deadline...increasing stress...and so it went. Out of all of the days, weeks, months, even years, patience and persistence were the most prominent character traits that were evident. Every Saturday we'd see him bouncing from servicing a customer to helping someone on their

project to squeezing a moment here and there to work on his own.

And that wasn't the first time he'd willingly put his head in the noose.

At best, my observations come in during the last part of the first act.

The club concours d'elegance activities were traditionally low key affairs. An excuse really to give the car a bath, squirt out the wheel wells and run a vacuum over the interior to get rid of the crumbs. The participants were the same gang. Some more than others- - the

A perfectionist nature, a tolerant family, resources, friends, talent, determination, fortitude, grit, guts, spit & spunk.

Soft leather, the right color paint,

polish, wax, glass, rubber, chrome, tires, steel, sound deadener, undercoating, rebuilt gauges, fabricated parts, restored metal, sand blasting, tools, rust remover, solder, high build primer, sand paper.

Hours on the phone looking for unreplaceable parts and those made of "unobtainium", treasure hunts to swap meets.

Sleepless night, cat naps during the day, nightmares of rejection, nights alone on one's knees.

A taste for "crow" and one's own words, chewed nails, bitten lip, dirt in one's eyes, agony, skinned knuckles, wounded pride, pounding head, aching back, racing heart, spots before one's eyes, upset stomach, black fingernails, criticism, anger, love, hate, elbow grease, the sweat of one's brow, heart, soul sympathy, encouragement.



Denyer brothers, Rol Titsworth Jack Kaminska, Tom Gahman, Goldberg, Dunham, Fred Howard, Lew Moorman and Dave Renner.

Goldberg was preparing his 914 Bumble Bee for one of the picnic events and was spending an inordinate amount of time cleaning the

greasy build-up of crud off the windows. He and Renner had concocted a mixture of liquids to make the window glass disappear. They had also been trying out various polishes, waxes and wax removal techniques that would work on those humid summer days to remove the haze. Some information

they shared, others they kept to themselves. After all there were prizes to be won.

It's useful to remember that the black and yellow 914 was Goldberg's work car originally. A daily driver.

When his dogged business efforts took him farther and farther afield and the demands of success filled each day and the weeks turned into eight day efforts there was less time to devote to detailing. Still the 914 was always very 'presentable'.

In time, new cars were added to the stable- New projects were undertaken. And new contest venues were entered.

Each trip to a Porsche Parade re-

A barrel of shop towels, clothes you won't miss when they are thrown out, coveralls, good shoes, goggles, gloves, goulashes, snow shovel (no, strike the last two).

A large truck to haul "stuff" back and forth to the platers, those friends and the wife to dinner once in a while.

A trailer to haul the frame to the strippers, the painters, the body shop.

Soap, degreaser, detergent, water, oil, blood, sweat & tears.

The ability to speak profanity (best if spoken in a language no one

around you knows) and not offend everyone within ear shot, the ability to apologize to those you did offend.

A dumpster large enough to hold mistakes, rusty metal cut from the original bodywork, and the boxes all the new parts came in. A welder (to get that sunburned look, so you don't



sulted in new friends being made and stiffer competition.

Over time Goldberg, Ted Dunham and the Denyers were serving as concours d'elegance judges for various classes themselves.

Expectations were high as new projects were undertaken. New techniques were learned and the search for parts became international in scope.

The agony and angst of the basics, like exterior color and interior materials, would consume weeks, which parts were to be cadmium plated and which vendors to trust were researched endlessly.

The details in restoring a 356 re-

vealed that many experts weren't. Indeed some distant "friends" might lead you down the primrose path. Those parts sworn to be "just what you need" had to be rebuilt or didn't fit, or weren't going to work.

Goldberg's many projects led him to the door of Chuck Stoddard who was a generous mentor. The result was nurturing patience and guidance as to which cars would dazzle the picky concours d'elegance judges.

There have been a series of major projects—a 356 Cabriolet, a Speedster, a B Roadster for Murray Pitt and the most recent a Carrera Coupe.

Along the way he'd not only advise

but get up to his elbows in helping others put the best face on cars. That list is endless. If you deigned to ask for advice or hands-on help you got it.

Of course he wasn't alone in many of the projects. Ted Dunham was there to not only proffer advice but to fabricate and paint and install and take the heat out of the innumerable frustrations. John and Dennis Denyer would suggest suppliers and help locate the sources for the missing unobtainium. But as proficient as they are—witness how splendid their own cars perform and present themselves in various concours d'elegance—they too didn't touch unless asked to participate.

There are only a few whose counsel

look like you've spent the last 36 months under a grubby old car), burn lotion, bandages, antibacterial cream, a tetanus shot and a Dr. for a very close friend.

A garage big enough to work in, a hoist high enough to work under, a wife able to understand your frantic

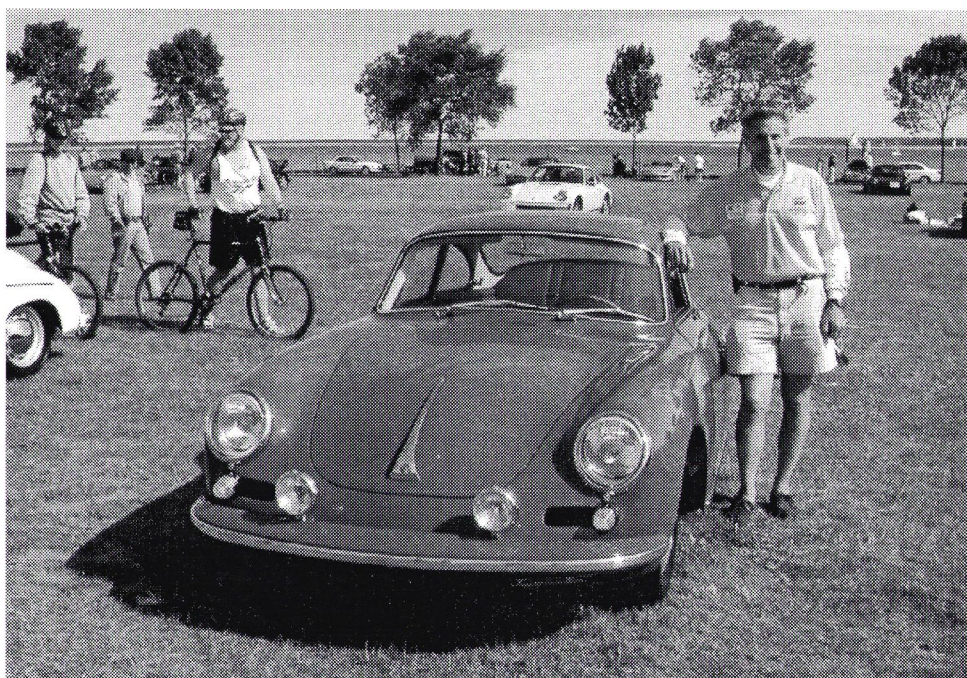
moods.

A paint booth with downdraft ventilation, proper lighting for working into the night.

An occasional psychologist, lots of aspirin, and an excellent design.

Congratulation to Neil on a truly beautiful restoration.

Ted and Lanita Dunham



and skills are accepted to make a contribution. Many have offered but few are allowed to even polish a wheel.

Quoting Goldberg, which is a little like quoting Yogi Berra, his learning process has been enhanced by his mistakes. Each Parade competition took him higher up the rarefied ladder of competition.

When you're competing for a major award with the "professional" restoration specialists the costs go up. As an outsider it would appear that the value, rarity and challenges of the car that you choose to restore or present becomes an important part of the equation.

The 2001 Parade in Milwaukee cul-

minated in national recognition for the caliber, breadth and scope of the work that was presented by Neil Goldberg.

He won. Three awards. His Class, his Division and the People's Choice award.

I'm told that he was much more relaxed this time out. That he even appeared to be having more fun. Which in turn it was much easier for him to accept the accolades from his friends. Which have been pouring in.

What I've seen over the years is that Goldberg's efforts reveal a great deal of his character. He's persistent, thorough, willing to start over when it's necessary,

learned to appreciate the contribution of others, and willing to not only share his knowledge but to share sources and get dirty for those in need. He's generous and crusty—funny and moody and he's a damn good friend -- even when it's inconvenient

May I raise my glass to congratulate Neil Goldberg for his most recent awards received at the Parade.

The question that comes immediately to mind is what's the next project. He'll never make it through the winter unless there's a worthy project. Come to think of it, Ted's got two. Both worthy of their best efforts.

Hinson

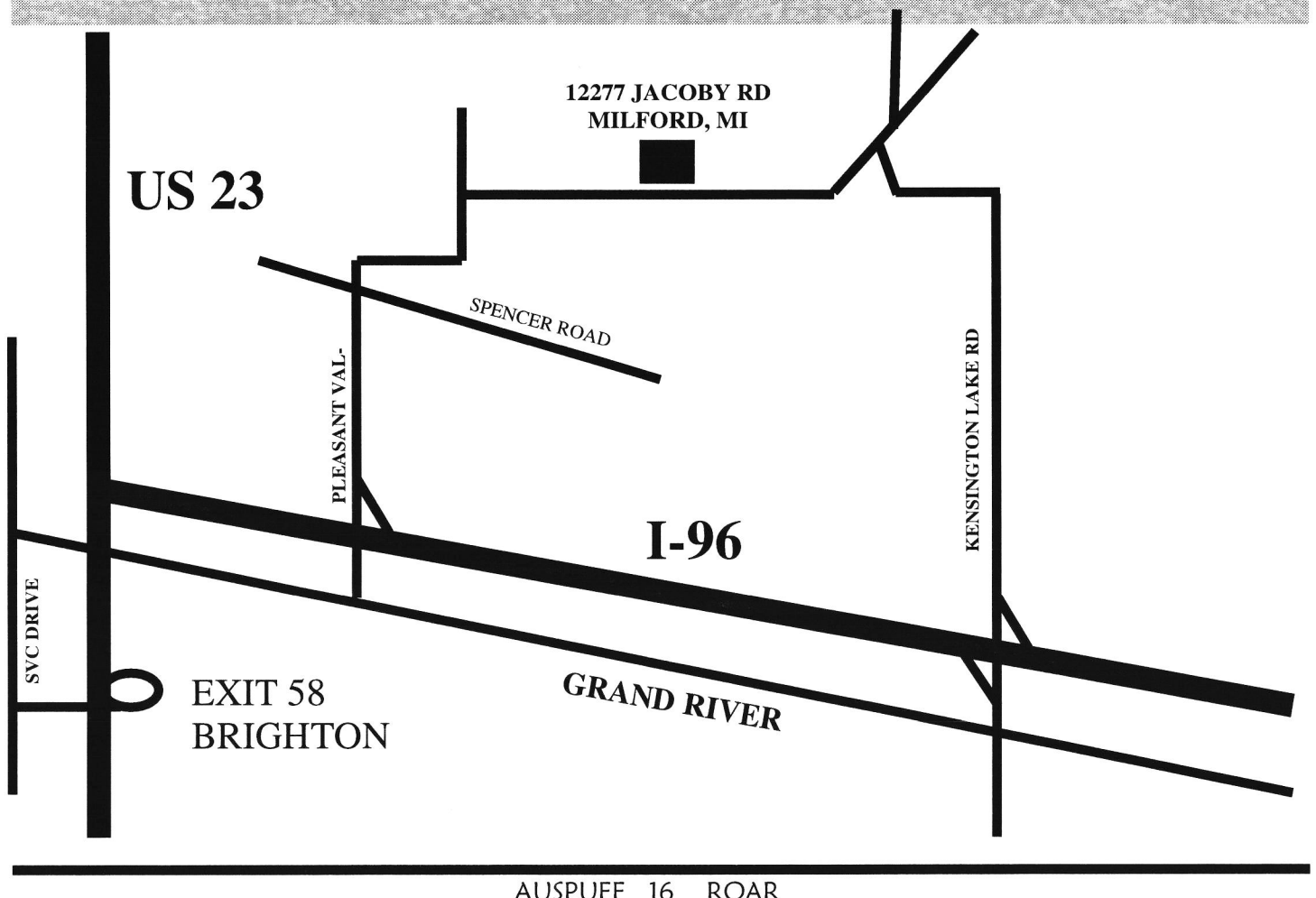
GRUPPE SUMMER PICNIC

SUNDAY, AUGUST 19TH, 1 PM
AT THE HOME OF TED & LANITA DUNHAM
12277 JACOBY ROAD, MILFORD
810-225-6126 to RSVP

THE CLUB WILL FURNISH THE MEAT DISH AND TABLE SERVICE.
YOU NEED TO BRING A DISH TO PASS, YOUR BEVERAGE AND LAWN CHAIRS
(if you can fit one in your 356).
(Would you dare drive anything else?)

RELAX!!EAT!!TALK OF PORSCHE!!
RENEW FRIENDSHIPS!!GET ADVICE!!
SEE WHAT OTHERS HAVE DONE!!
Sounds like fun!See you there!

Take 96 W to Pleasant Valley (THERE IS NO Eastbound exit), right at ramp end, north, proceed through Stop sign at Spencer Rd., follow curve to right, then left to 1st blacktop to right (Jacoby Rd), proceed up hill to 3rd driveway on left (there will be flags & indications). Park on lawn in sun or shade.



Fall Color Tour

October 5/6/7, 2001

Several of us have frequently talked of hilly twisty great sports car roads to drive on. Well, we will deliver the goods in spades this time. Plus, Ohio Holmes County Amish area, Lehman's Hardware Store in Kidron, OH, a huge antique center in New Philadelphia, OH, then driving on SE to Marietta, OH.

You must get to Wooster, OH on your own Friday night or before 9am Saturday morning. Take I-75 S to I-280 East to I-80/90 East, exit onto US 250 SE follow it to Wooster, and onto US Rt 30 east. We do not have any group dinner planned for Friday night because we will all be arriving at different times during the evening hours. This is about 3-1/2 hours from Warren.

A group reservation for 10 rooms, Motor Cities Gruppe has been made in Wooster, OH
If we use 10 rooms rate will be around \$70.00 cont breakfast included less than 10 rate goes up to \$82.00
Friday night, October 5, 2001
Amerihost Inn Wooster East US Route 30
330-262-5008
2055 Lincolnway E., Wooster, Ohio

We will leave the Amerihost Inn on Saturday morning at 9am

Saturday night October 6, 2001
Again a block of 10 rooms has been reserved under code # 356 rate is just under \$70.00
Holiday Inn Marietta, OH
701 Pike St, Marietta, OH
740-374-9660
5 kings/ and 5 doubles are reserved in this block
you must call each location and guarantee with your credit card

Saturday night dinner at 7:30pm at The Historic Lafayette Hotel, a Victorian Hotel opened in 1892 on the banks of the Ohio River. This hotel is completely restored and on the list of Historical Hotels of America and promises to be a real treat. We will have a choice of 3 pre-selected entrees for dinner, expect dinner to be in the \$30 to \$40 range.

Sunday we can go back to the Lafayette for Sunday Brunch starting at 8:30 or breakfast at the Holiday Inn. We will have more great driving roads and the opportunity for antique shopping, or a walk through Old Man's Cave State Park. During the 30 years I lived in Columbus, I spent many weekends camping and driving through this wonderful area, you will be delighted to find this lovely area 4-1/2 hours from home.

Please call me with your reservation for this tour. I will then mail you maps, directions, and get your dinner preference.

Thank you

Barbara Skirmants

Skirmants@home.com

810-558-3692

The Last Speedster Ever Made Is... Ya Gotta be Kiddin'... A Karmann Ghia?

By Bob Brown
Reprinted from "Car and Driver", June 1972



Editors note: I've been a Registry member for 10 years now and have owned my "C" coupe for nine. I've got about 50,000 miles behind the wheel of it and about another 500 miles from a few Speedsters; so while not being an expert on Speedsters, I do know a bit about them. I've also owned a '67 Karmann Ghia convertible for the last 11 years, and although I still love the car—top down, puttin' around, it *is* fun—I do know the difference between it and a Speedster. I howled when I saw this article, in spite of the performance data quoted. A good Dog with relish at the ballpark is great, but a Filet Mignon with portobellas is even better. VW didn't build the Ghia to surpass the Speedster, but it was inevitable that some Knucklehead would compare the two. You can even purposely set out to replicate it, as in the case of all of the current day kit Speedsters, but they will never feel the same. The feeling of a Porsche just cannot be recreated. You get the picture. Read on, you'll get a kick out of it. Sebastian.

No one who ever owned a Porsche Speedster escaped coming down with a dose of Marque Chauvinism. To the Speedster freak, there simply was no other car . . . a Healey was little more than a rude assemblage of engineering principles better left to agricultural applications . . . a Triumph was the same, but more emphatically so . . . an Alfa came closer, but all its sophistication had been lavished on the engine—and it was overly temperamental for that . . . a Corvette was patently a case of Detroit inspired cubic inch overkill. Plus they all shared one Great Drawback—the engine was stuck up over the steering wheels, a long driveshaft away from the driving wheels. How rudimentary. How uninspired. How . . . quaint.

For *every* other car made, the Speedsterphile had only varying degrees of disdain. *Every* car . . . even the Porsche 356 Coupe from which the Speedster had sprung was not exempt—it was a "nice" car, but with its watertight fastback roof and heavily padded seats, it was relegated to the faint-praise category. It was condescendingly written off as "more of a *touring* car than a true sports car." A little too . . . uh . . . all-purpose, if you *know* what I mean.

But while the Speedster owner merely disdained all other cars, there was *one* in particular that was held in blackest contempt. Not just because of what it was—which was a standard VW Beetle trying to pass itself off as a sports car, but because of what too many people thought it was—which Was a Speedster being sold by VW. The *Karmann Ghia*!

Foul poser. Pretender! Defiler!

It was very much an emotional hatred, because, in general, the Speedster had an uncomfortable similarity to the VW. After all, it was rear-engined, it had that small light, quick steering feel. It had even been designed by Porsche himself. It certainly was no "Porsche," but it was undeniably closer than anything else on the road. And even if they didn't actually like the car, collectively the Speedster clan knew more about it than any comparable group of VW owners. They had to because of a fact that was kept well suppressed to all but insiders . . . there were a hell of a lot of VW parts that could be used as low-cost replacements for Speedster parts. Almost the day the first Speedster arrived, an underground telegraph sprang up to spread the word that, say, a VW transporter clutch would bolt right in at a third of the cost of a replacement clutch bearing the "Porsche" stamp. Or in a pinch, a \$17.00 VW steering box could be used in place of the \$80.00 real thing. Maybe that's why all Porsche owners of the time got slightly shifty-eyed when someone would innocently ask, "A Porsche? That's the Volkswagen sports car, isn't it?"

"No! It isn't! The Karmann Ghia is a VW!" would be the foam-flecked denial—even if the denier had just spent an afternoon hanging over a VW service desk to read the parts manual upside down.

The worst part about this strain of Marque Chauvinism is that it is chronic. As with malaria, time and

medication can lessen the severity of the attacks, but no one ever completely shakes it. (See Steve Smith's accompanying autobiography if you doubt this fact.) Even now, 13 years after the last Speedsters rolled off the line, former owners recall their Speedsters as the most enjoyable car they have ever owned . . . and still detest the Karmann Ghia.

All right, all you guys, we'll get it over with right away . . . the 1972 Volkswagen Karmann Ghia is the Speedster re-incarnate. It does nearly everything the original did just as well—and many things it does better (Hardy, Har Har. *Auspuff* Editor).

And don't think that we came by that decision easily . . . several members of this staff are former Speedster junkies who have had to face up to the fact too. And the fact is: All of a sudden, after all those years, the god-damn Karmann Ghia doesn't seem so bad.

Look at it! After 17 years in production, the Ghia has become such a familiar sight that hardly anybody ever really *looks* at it anymore. But when you do, you see that its once galling similarity of silhouette is as close as any 1972 car dares come to the simple sheetmetal drape that Porsche laid over its 356 chassis to create the discount-price Speedster (sold in 1956 for \$2995). Even with the addition of Department of Transportation-mandated chunky taillights and sidemarkers, the Ghia, like the Speedster, gives the impression that it is wearing a size-too-small body . . . that the sheetmetal had to be stretched to cover the skeleton underneath. The result is an appreciated

air of bulbous functionality rather than the extremes of neo-Thirties automotive classicism or ersatz Group 7 sculpturing that predominates elsewhere today.

And better than just being visually reminiscent of the Speedster, the Ghia feels similar to sit in. And you do sit *in it*, which, as any Speedster owner will admit, was one of that car's greatest attractions. When you got into a Speedster you sank damn near out of sight. The car was low enough to begin with (most magazines of the time reported its overall height as 51 inches . . . actual height was three inches less), but it felt even lower because of the very high door sills that meant you stepped over and *down* into the car. And once the door shut behind you, you found yourself eye level with a seven-inch high windshield and your shoulder just about level with the scantily cushioned top of the door. There was never any doubt that you were in the car—it was almost impossible to avoid the feeling that you were in command of a very mobile pillbox from which you could view the world perfectly over the twin bulges of the front fenders, while still remaining almost invisible yourself. (The feeling of isolation naturally became even more pronounced with the top in place, and may have more than a little to do with the Speedster legend . . . there are all kinds of stories of what went on inside top-up Speedsters parked on busy streets that have absolutely nothing to do with any of their intrinsic qualities as cars.)

The Ghia creates very much the same environment, even though it comes equipped with a full-size windshield. You twist sideways through the narrow door openings and drop into the seat, and suddenly it's 1956 all over again. There's that same giant steering wheel an arm's length away and a vista of sheetmetal rolling away from you in all directions. Even the wand-like shift lever is there with its long third-gear throw maybe three-quarters of an inch too far way. So too are the tightly

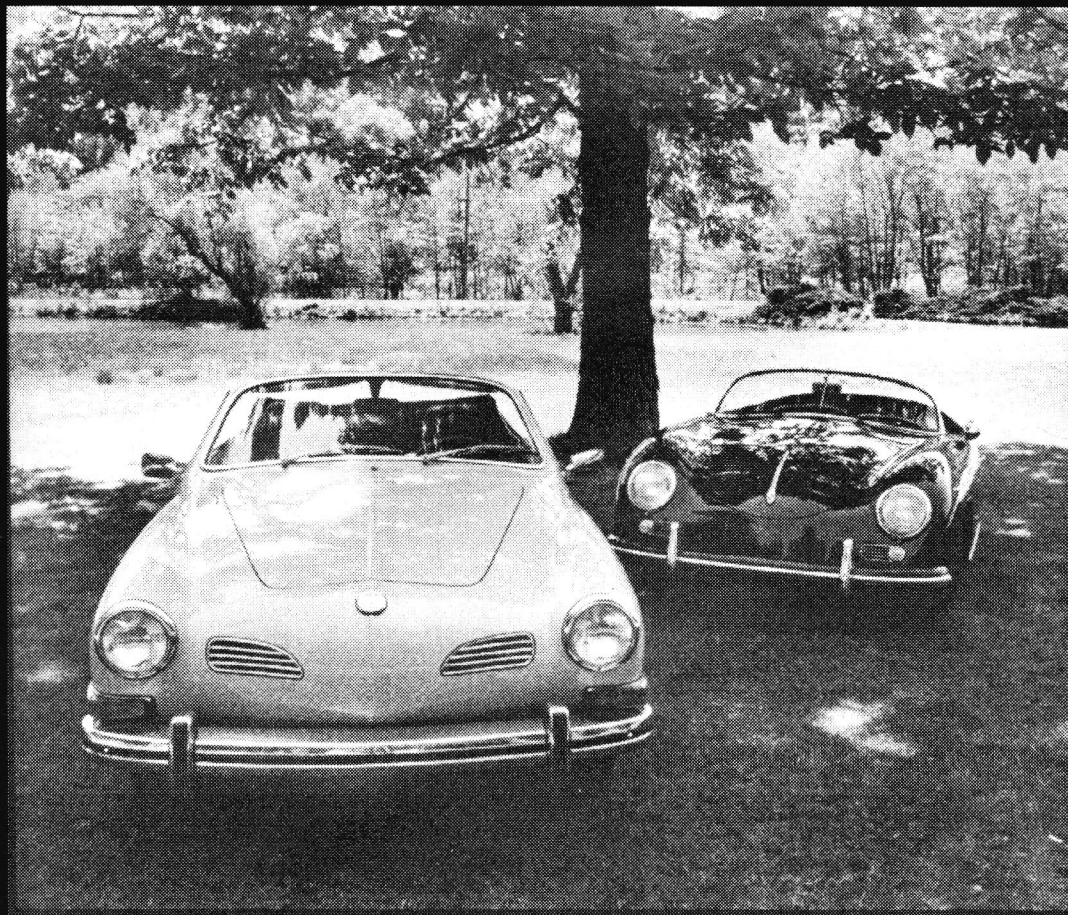
grouped foot controls that allow you to accomplish the heel-and-toe maneuvers required of *all sports car* drivers. And from behind you comes the only slightly subdued sound of a small air-cooled motor, thrashing and whirring-occasionally throwing in a syncopated clacking. It's all so familiar . . . but something just isn't right. *It's the seat*. It's one of those VW straight-back chairs, mounted on hijacker seat rails that's throwing everything off. But even without going to new seats, it's possible to drop the OEM seats almost an inch and give the seat back some additional rake with a drill, hacksaw and some wooden blocks. *Then* try to say it's different. (It's different. *Auspuff* Editor)

About all you can point to is the dashboard, and there we'll have to agree. VW doesn't even supply a speedometer marked off with shift points anymore, not to mention a tach. How the hell could any Speedster owner drive a car so remiss in supplying basic information? What happens when the clutch cable breaks (which it did about every 850 miles on every Speedster ever built)? With a tach all that would mean is the inconvenience of a push start until you got around to threading a new cable . . . but to be asked to risk a gearbox solely on the sensitivity of your ear is too much even for a Speedster driver. On the real thing the only gauge you could see without shifting hands was the tach—and for that you barely had to shift your eyes. Searching through the local Pep Boys for a tach is going to be required, if a Ghia is to be seriously considered as an ersatz speedster, only if the Ghia does more than feel like a Speedster. It has to do more than that—a lot more. It has to perform the same, certainly, but most importantly, it has to handle—that was what a Speedster really was all about.

When it came time for the head-to-head confrontation at New York National Speedway, the staff of *Car*

and Driver had laid enough personal bets to have been able to open one of New York's Off Track Betting offices right on the sixth floor of One Park Avenue . . . and almost every one of them on a purely emotional basis as to what every bettor *wanted* to happen. We've tested VWs; we've tested, driven and owned Porsches, but we must have contracted a collective case of Speedster Marque Chauvinism because we've *never* tested a Karmann Ghia. (In fact, it was hard to find a staff member who would admit to having driven one in the past 18 months.) And the outrage of the premise we were testing out was seemingly verified just in acquiring proper test cars. We had expected trouble in finding a 1600 Normal Speedster that would be representative of the over-the-counter version sold in 1956-58, but we finally located Don Yuhas, about 22 miles from our office. His car, aside from a rollbar and an Abarth exhaust (both of which he felt necessary for his occasional participation in autocrosses) was strictly as sold in 1956, for \$2995. For its rival, we selected a Karmann Ghia Convertible (what else?) with no options, which currently has a suggested list price of \$3099—certainly a reasonable cost-of-living increase over more than a decade, should it match up.

It does. Despite its rated 10 horsepower deficit to the Speedster, smog gear and 130 extra pounds, the '72 Ghia didn't let down its backers by much in the acceleration tests (where the Speedster group was expecting a TKO). It proved to be just over a second and 4 mph slower than the Speedster at the end of the quarter-mile. (To prove that we weren't using a Speedster with a wet fuse, Yuhas' car ran 18.6 sec. which compares more than favorably with contemporary road tests of the car in 1956 which claimed 18.8 for a 1600N and 19.2 for one equipped with a 1500cc



“You have to admit
the Speedster and
the Ghia kind of look
alike, and they *feel* alike,
and they perform
the same. But more
importantly, they even
handle the same—
and handling was what
the Speedster was
really all about
when it came down to
the final analysis”

the Porsche certainly felt-and sounded better. Part of the difference undoubtedly came from the VW's puny one-barrel carburetor and exhaust system that requires spent gases to travel through a Victorian maze before exiting the car through two chromed pipe stems, but at least as much of the lack of performance feel is the fault of the transmission. The Porsche smoothly climbs its way through its four gear ranges with no drastic drop offs. In undeniable contrast, the Ghia rears up on the line (there is virtually no anti-squat in the suspension) and sails up to top rpm in first and second nearly as quickly as you can shift. But there is a tremendous gap between second and third that ruins it all. It's like you've driven into an invisible wall of elastic Saran-Wrap and the Ghia has to struggle forward. Unfortunately, it never bursts through that boundary, as fourth-as in the Speedster an overdrive range-is more of the same. The answer to this problem is getting better over-3000 rpm performance from the VW engine-not just for extra performance but to increase driveability. The solution isn't free, but it's readily available from one of the multitude of manufacturers specializing in VW speed equipment-like carburetor/manifold kits and extractor exhaust systems and-Speedster fans will particularly love this-different transmission ratios.

In the all-important handling test the Ghia devastated the Speedster. It was able, even on its standard-issue tires, to duplicate the Speed-

pension (adopted in 1968) are what make the difference. It works *better* than the Speedster's rear suspension. On the skidpad both cars generated identical 0.73 G lateral acceleration with the Ghia exhibiting less understeer than the Speedster below that maximum, and neither prone to making the transition to oversteer without giving forewarning. (Tire technology has certainly improved the Speedster in this aspect.) But the VW uses a slower steering ratio along with more conservative spring rates and, consequently, has an unwanted softer feel with more body roll than the Porsche. Where this was particularly noticeable was on the handling loop rather than the skidpad. Here the Ghia's softness would allow the inside power-transmitting wheel to go light on acute turns and its skinny tires were simply not enough to permit power to be fed back in smoothly. That was probably the essence of the difference-the degree of smoothness with which the cars could be driven hard. In terms of absolute handling performance, the cars were very nearly equal-even to the extent of sounding alike as both produce the same reassuring whonks and thumps as the suspension works to keep the wheels on the pavement-but the Speedster does it without straining while the VW seems a bit unfamiliar to its role as a sports car.

However, under braking, just the opposite is true. It is the Ghia which stops as if it were second nature, while the Porsche is uncertain. And in this case the Ghia not only feels better, the test results show that it

perfectly controllable 0.80 G stops from 70 mph while the best the Speedster could do was 0.73 G. Moreover, as the Porsche's all-drum brakes heated up on repeated stops, it became increasingly difficult to prevent lock-up and subsequent surrender of directional stability.

The damn Karmann Ghia. Once again it's a thorn under the saddle of every Speedster fan. And this time 'round it may even be worse. Right now the Ghia sells for just over \$100 more than a new Speedster did. But there *aren't* any more new Speedsters. The Karmann Ghia is the closest thing to the genuine article that you can find only if you lust after what the Speedster represented, rather than what it did, will you be uneasy. Not only that, but there are enough aftermarket parts available (including quicksteering kits and stiffer shocks) to make the Ghia's performance *and feel* identical with a good Speedster's-and they're cheap enough to do it for well under the price of restoring a decade old car that has probably been raced (and certainly has rusted out around the fender liners and bellypan). Even if the Karmann Ghia isn't sold in silver gray, or ivory white or that instant-oxidizing blue or red that the Speedsters wore for identification, and even if it means you'll have to live with roll-up windows and a watertight padded top that doesn't drum on your skull when it's in place, it isn't that much of a sacrifice. You just have to accept the fact that the last Speedster built is a Karmann Ghia. 



Marque Chauvanist Smith and His \$9,714 Speedster at Thompson, 1965

My Life and Times with a Speedster

by Steve Smith

They said the Speedster *Looked* like a bathtub. An upside down bathtub. Hell, it *was* a bathtub. Ask the man who owned one.

Racing in the wet at Bridgehampton, the rain was pelting down so hard that the sports car club's little kings *canceled* the race. We were black-flagged off the track without so much as a howdy-do. But not before I put together a dozen or so of the sweetest laps my beleaguered Speedster ever ran. I was good that day. A regular *Regenmeister*. Of course, you could never get very wide racing rubber inside a Speedster's wheel wells, so I was running on skinny little rubber-covered wagon wheels, knifing through the puddles, splashing past my competition like they were still tied up at the dock.

Every time I hit the brakes, a tidal wave would rumble out from under the seats, break over my feet like the Pipeline at Haleiwa, and disappear hissing under the plywood toeboard. Bang open the throttle and the water would gush out of the holes in the toeboard and cascade over my sneakers, back to its reservoirs behind the seats . . . causing the bow to rise a proud foot in the air.

Bridgehampton's hairpin right was murder. The stuff inside the car was sloshing over the tunnels and threatening to float me out from under my belt and harness.

There was only one way to pull the plug: open the door.

The Speedster's watertight austerity, its, well . . . simplicity, was maybe its most endearing quality. It was the only Porsche sold without the famous Reutter reclining seats, but the Speedster buckets exercised a lot more lateral control; a big factor if you're trying to concentrate on flogging around a race track.

The Speedster's dashboard was similarly devoid of frills. A hooded nacelle in front of the driver contained three instruments—the tach in the center and slightly elevated, flanked by the speedo on the right, and one of those combo gauges on the left. You had to watch the warning lights like a hawk, 'cuz if you threw a fan belt, you could fry the aircooled engine in nothing flat. Some racers strapped a huge taillight to the steering column, hooked up to the oil pressure warning circuit. Tear around a corner fast enough to pitch the oil up into the valve covers and POW! The taillight would explode in your eyes like a flashgun. Crude, but effective.

The ultimate in cockpit cosmetics

was to get either one of those maroon plastic-and-aluminum steering wheels out of a mid-engined Porsche racing car like the RSK, or a 9000 rpm chronometric tach that would twitch angrily from rpm to rpm. Somehow, this transmuted into an aura of having smoked 'em all off in last year's Targa Florio.

Like all Porsches, the Speedster was an easy car for an *experienced* driver to drive fast, and you could look good (i. e., heroic) without really extending yourself. But in the final analysis, it would wag its tail like no other car. Some chassis "tuners" would dial in so much negative camber on the rear wheels that they were cornering mostly on the *inside* edge of the rear tires.

The most exciting ride I ever had was once when we discovered that our fat new rear tires wouldn't fit under the body. With ten minutes till the end of the final practice session, I said what the hell, put the old (small) tires on the back and wide ones on the front where there was, paradoxically, plenty of room. The resulting experience turned my hair dead white and twisted my *medulla oblongata* like a blackthorn walking stick.

The Speedster's brakes weren't outstanding by themselves (they tended to develop high spots and go oval while cooling off), but the extreme rear weight bias meant that the harder you braked, the steadier the car's poise. On the other hand, I've never driven a Porsche that was really quick in a straight line. I held a NHRA D-modified Sports drag racing record briefly at 16.2 something seconds and 84 mph in the standing-start quarter-mile, and that, friends, is *not* fast, but Speedster owners appreciated finer things than mere crass acceleration. Given the right road, i.e. one tight and winding, but with *wide* shoulders, an enterprising Speedster owner could lay waste to anything on wheels.

And now some swine of an Editor comes up with a story to the effect that our sacred idol, the Speedster—most perfect of all perfect Porsches—is nothing more than yesterday's Karmann Ghia. Or, conversely, that today's Ghia convertible is every bit as good as a Speedster, vintage 1956. Now, I ask you. Is this heresy? Or is this heresy? Sure, Volkswagens float. But can they *hold* water?



Cars on Campus Charity Concours d'Elegance

There will be a wide variety of historic Porsches representing the marque in our very nice Aug. 12 **Cars on Campus Charity Concours d'Elegance** on MSU's campus, E. Lansing. Porsche is our Featured Marque, and we will have up to 20 examples on display in this class. (Editors note: Entries were to be received by July 1, however there was a gentleman representing the show at Ann Arbor's *Rolling Sculpture* on July 13th and he seemed to be looking for cars. If you are interested in showing your car it may be worth a call.)

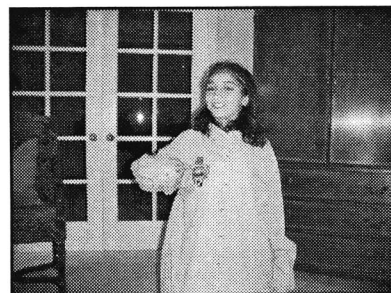
There will be a Friday eve. cruise and Sat. reception, dinner and auction. Show cars will be in a roped-off corral on the beautiful Walter Adams field next to the MSU President's house. Class Awards are sponsored by Porsche Cars NA For more info Email to Gwitz2@aol.com. Or call me at 248-685-5590.

Best wishes,
Gary Witzenburg
Show Chairman

Motor Cities Gruppe Social Dinners

The location for the Gruppe social dinners has changed. We are now holding them at Zack's Steak House, 26620 Dequindre Road in Warren.

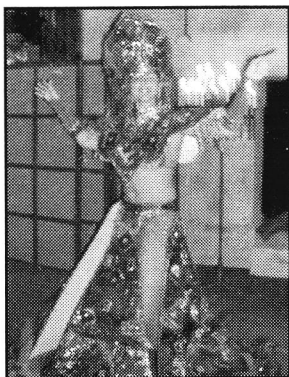
The menu is much more diverse than our previous choice, and the prices are extremely reasonable. Don't be afraid to attend fearing that a business or Board meeting will break out; that's not the case. This is a casual, fun evening to swap stories, parts, etc. See the calendar on page 8 for dates and times. See you there!



Denim shirts with a Motor Cities Gruppe alternate logo are now available. They are \$45 which includes your name embroidered on the shirt. They come in S-M-L-XL.

T-shirts are available for \$15

Call Barb Skirmants at
810-225-8692

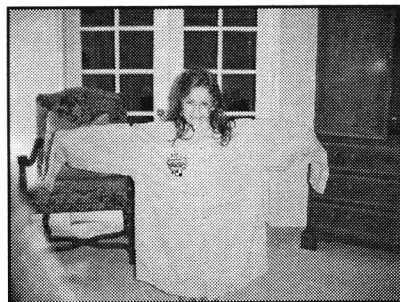


The Whatzits??

See if you can guess what the item to the left is.

And yes, it is 356 related.

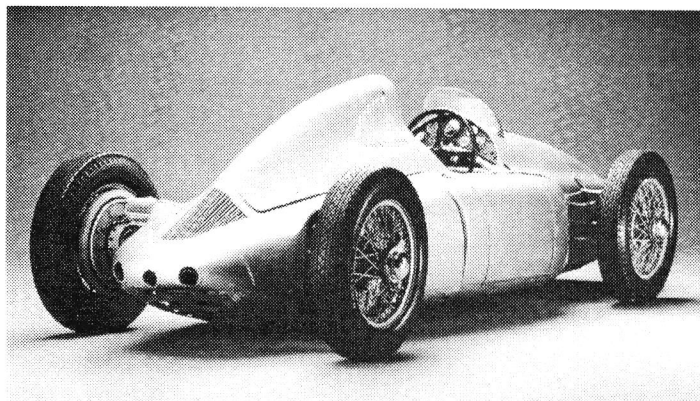
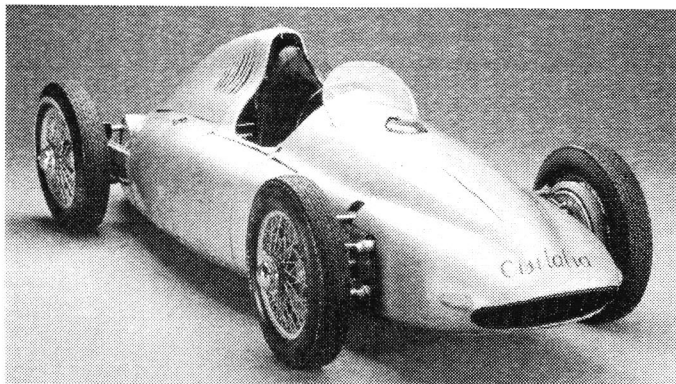
Answer on page 26.



A 1947 Cisitalia Gran Prix Race Car WONDER

Turin businessman Piero Dusio built sports and race cars under the Cisitalia name in the first postwar years. But his primary goal was Formula I where Alfa Romeo and Maserati dominated. The 1.5 liter, supercharger formula, introduced shortly before the war, was still in force. Dusio turned to the

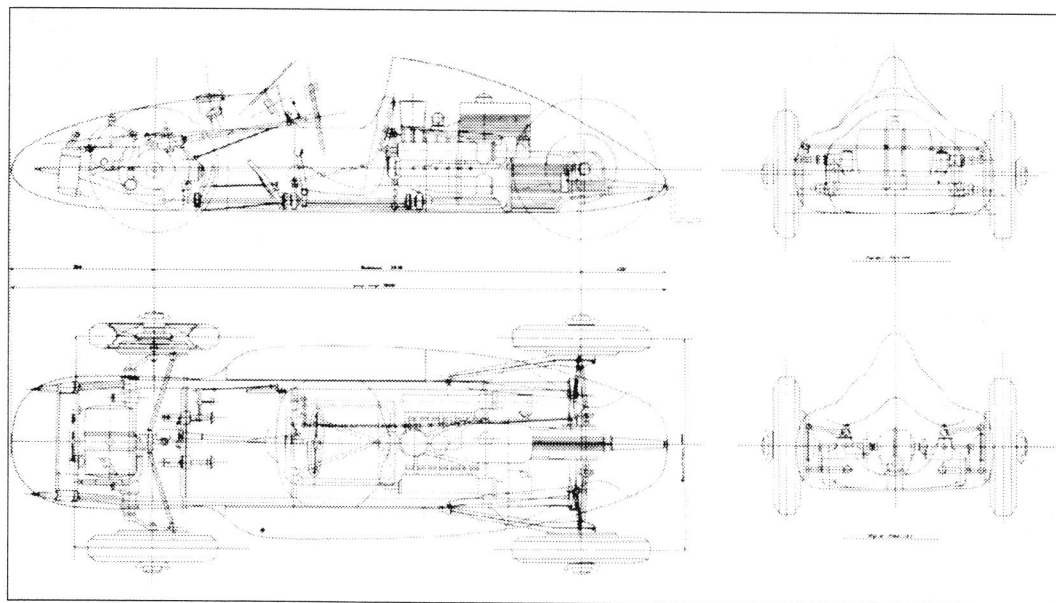
FROM THE PORSCHE MUSEUM



Porsche Design Office which had been moved from Stuttgart to Austrian Gmünd shortly before the end of the war. They had designed one of the most successful pre-war race cars, the Auto Union Grand Prix machine, and could realize his ambitious project. Under Ferry Porsche and Chief Designer Karl Rabe a vehicle was

conceived which entered history as the most advanced race car development of its day: the Porsche Type 360 Cisitalia, a monoposto with watercooled, twelve-cylinder boxer engine in the middle and four-wheel drive. Selective drive to the front wheels was planned, to achieve optimal acceleration with high engine output. This Cisitalia was intended as a car to break the world record for a standing-start kilometer. Its supercharged engine with four overhead camshafts and hemispherical combustion chambers produced 385 HP at 10,600 RPM, from a displacement of 1493 cc. A prototype of this Cisitalia caused a furor in 1947 at the Turin Automobile Salon, but its backer ran out of the courage and money necessary for a racing effort. Fate decreed that this multifaceted competition car would never take part in a race. However, its basic ideas for automobile technology would influence race car development up to our day.

Peter Schneider



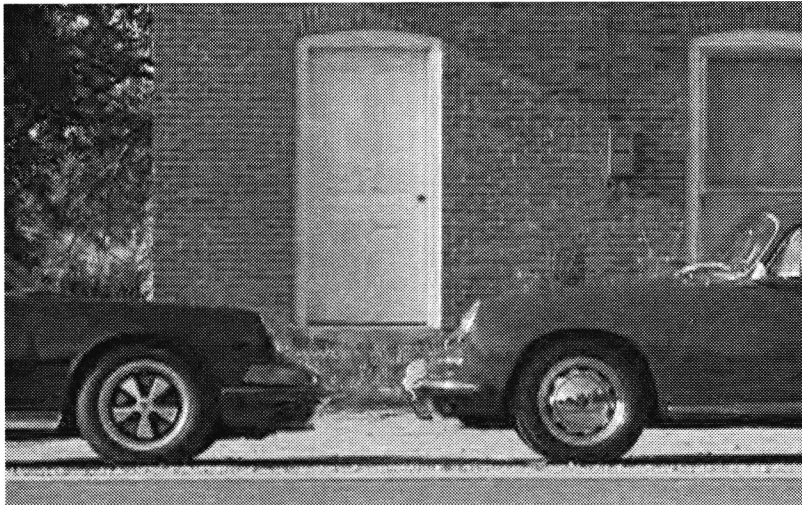
Porsche's all-wheel-drive race car: the water-cooled, twelve-cylinder, boxer engine of the Cisitalia was mounted ahead of the rear axle making such a compact unit with gearbox and final drive that the driver could be placed deep in the center of his car. Drive shaft to the front axle ran under the driver's seat.



Whatzits revealed

Continued from page 25

Why, it's Neil Goldberg's personal escort at the 2001 International 356 Meet in Holland. Nice tie, Neil



Next Issue...

A late 356 takes on an early 911. Is it a case of "the more things change the more they stay the same?", or is the early 911 a completely different beast? Dennis and John Denyer answer these questions along with a beautiful photo essay by Gottfried Hogh.

"Hey, what gives??" you ask. "A Karmann Ghia in this issue and a 911 in the next? This is a 356 Club! Fire the Editor!!" Valid points all; but I feel it is important to see how we stack up against the cars our 356's are most compared to: the VW (sigh) and that "modern" Porsche, the 911. If you enjoyed this issue's story, you'll love the next!

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Red Plastic 356A Coupe, made in Greece. 1/43 scale. White interior, bought in Germany. \$25 + shipping.

RARE Porsche Turbo Cab, Fuchs, whaletail, single seater, six volt, headlights and horn work, needs battery and no brakes \$50.

(Did I mention that it is quarter scale?)

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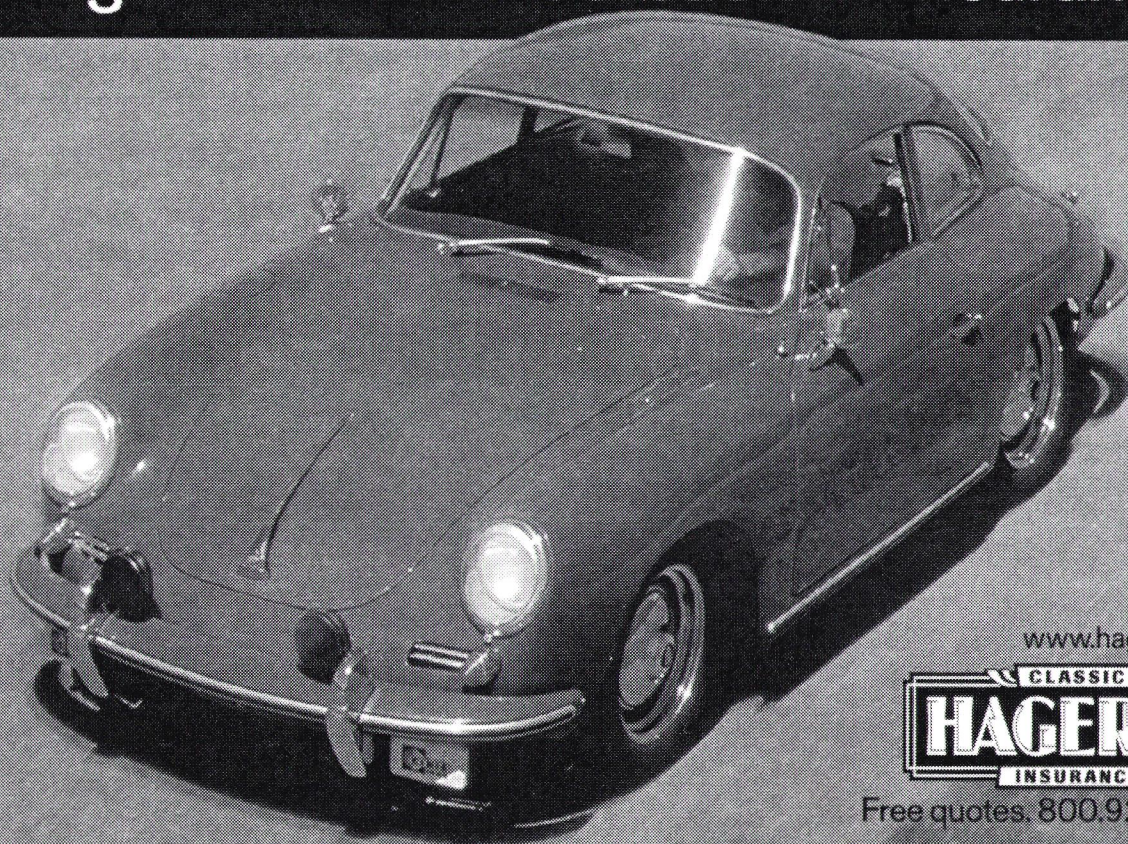
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