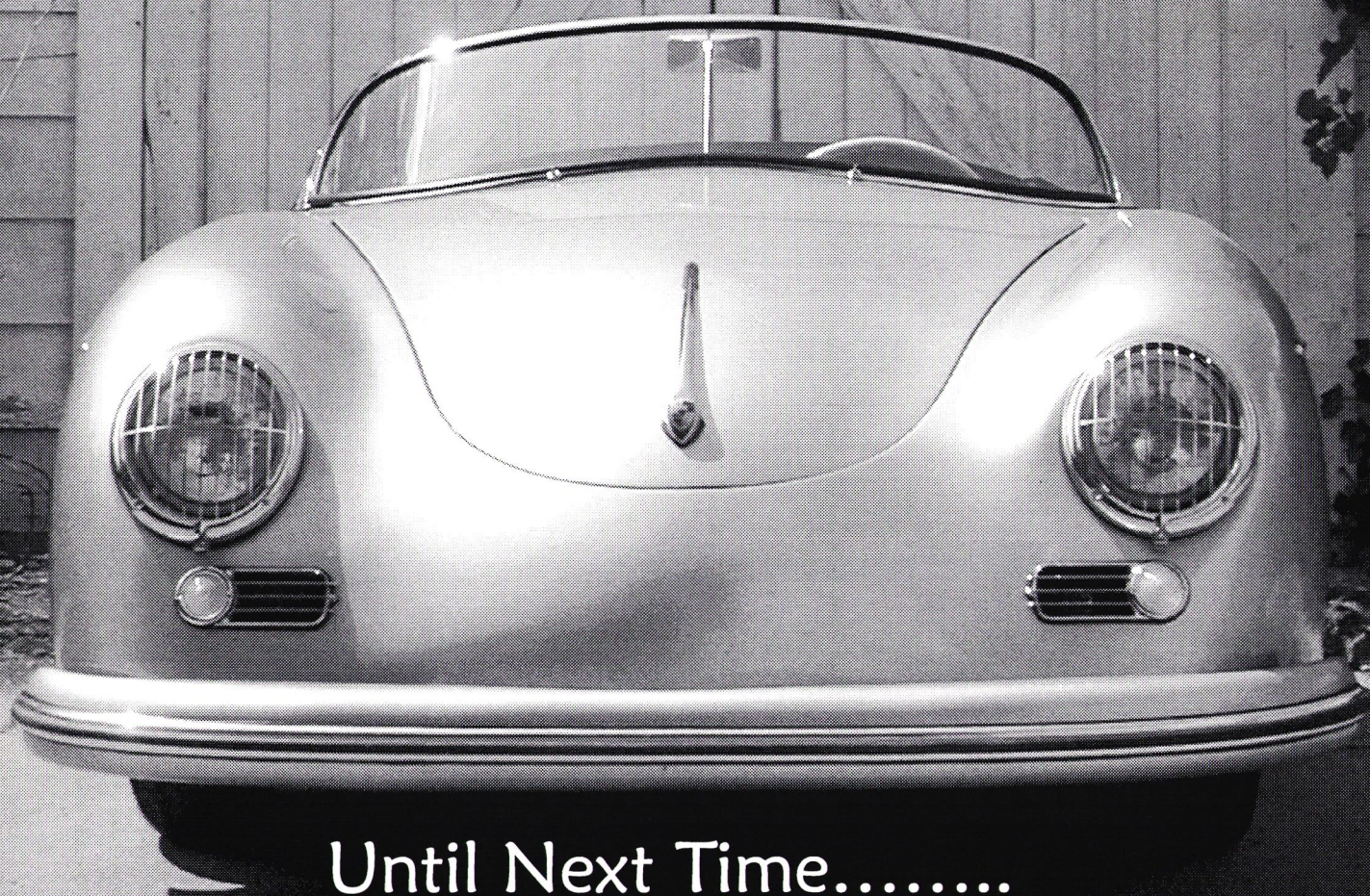


356 Motor Cities Gruppe AUSPUFF

ROAR

Dec '00/Jan '01



Until Next Time.....

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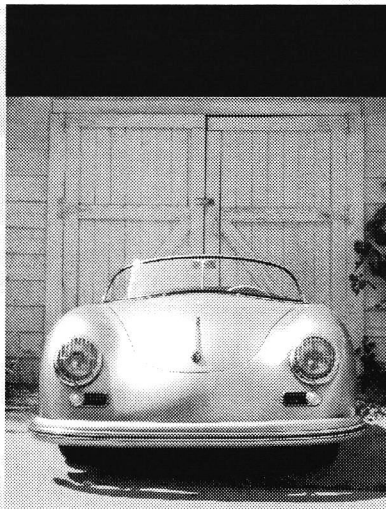
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ON THE COVER:



Dan Christie captures Mike Speck's Speedster at the ol' Barn. This is one of the saddest days in a 356 owners life; putting her away for winter, to wait "til next time..."

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PRESIDENT'S LETTER

Time flies when your having fun. As we all say at the end of another year, "where did the time go?" For us, the 356 activities year ended with two great trips. September 7th we traveled to Watkins Glen, New York for the Fall Vintage Festival. The caravan consisted of four 356's, a 911 and a Ford Explorer. We are coming to realize that it is important to have a large support vehicle on these trips; not for vehicle support, but to transport the purchases of the enthusiastic shoppers. Rocking chairs and large antique snow shoes do not fit in Porsches.

The Vintage Festival is a 3 day event filled with activities for sports car enthusiasts. I participated in the Glenora Winery Tour as Rick Spurlock's navigator. This spirited drive through the beautiful wine country ended in a staging area on the main street of Montour Falls. The group of over 100 cars then toured the original race course through the countryside ending in downtown Watkins Glen. Rick and I were met with cheers from the adoring spectators as we waved when motoring by. We also cheered for the Dunhams and the Denyers as they received awards in the Concours. We all went to the track on Saturday to watch our local 356 racers John Chatley, Lane Malley and Vic Skirmants. But maybe the highlight of these trips may be setting on the dock at Rainbow Cove on Seneca Lake having wine and cheese with good friends on a beautiful fall evening.

On Monday we traveled down to Virginia. Route 81 is not much fun but as we got off the interstate we drove on some of the best Porsche roads I have ever driven. The rest of the trip down to

the East Coast Holiday via the Blue Ridge Parkway was also beautiful.

The Holiday was great with excellent weather. Although there were lots of events it seems like the best time was sitting under the trees in the parking area having good conversation with friends and fellow enthusiasts. Near the end of the day on Saturday at the Concours, Dennis Denyer pointed out an SC coupe that had a copy of a sales document displayed that indicated the car had been purchased by a person in the army from Michigan. I checked out the serial number and this was the car that I had sold in 1993. The car went to a gentleman in Ohio, who sold it to someone in Quebec and is now owned by Frank Camelo of Lafayette, Louisiana. Frank had Vic Skirmants rebuild the engine a few years ago and the car is in great condition. Frank was pleased that I could verify the history of the car and that the current 54,000 mile is accurate. Frank wrote about our meeting and his trip in the Registry web site.

September 17 was drive your 356 day, and did we drive. We left Roanoke at 9 AM and got home about 9:30 PM.

We finished our driving event year with a great fall tour to Canada. Barbara Skirmants did an outstanding job of planning this event. After the previous long trips this tour was just the right amount of driving. There was a good variety of shopping and sights to interest all who attended.

Barbara has also planned our annual Holiday Party to take place on December 3 at the Oakland Sportsman Club.

We look forward to seeing you there. Don't forget to bring some interesting items for the Auction. Cash or checks accepted. I again thank Barbara for her exceptional efforts and contributions to our club.

As the year ends so does my term as President. I can honestly say I have enjoyed it. Although I must say some of the trips to the regular social meetings that took two hours in bad weather were not fun, I still plan to attend our regular meetings as I really enjoy them. I must admit that I was not very structured or maybe as organized as I could have been over the past couple of years. However I have always thought that our club should be low key and most importantly, fun. I thank all of you who have helped plan and attend our events. Special thanks to the Board for their efforts. And thanks to Neil for the convenient meeting place.

Look forward to seeing you at the Holiday Party. Have a great Holiday and a prosperous New Year.

Dick Beecher

Ed. Note: I'd like to disagree with Dick's claim that he was a bit unstructured. For General Motors maybe, but not for our club. As he said, our club is low key and fun. His demeanor and "occasional" bouts with humor made for an excellent Presidency. Also, this is Dick's last column as President, but not to worry as I have strong armed him into becoming a regular contributor to Auspuff Roar. Look for his insightful story on page 14 of this issue.

Sebastian

Ed. Note: The author of this article is unknown, but it was published in the program of this years Blue Ridge Holiday 2000 Program. The local PCA region newsletter, "P-4" scooped us on this one, but since we aren't all PCA members, I felt it was worth publishing so everyone else could see it. Sebastian

Women 356 Owners:

The typical female 356 owner takes a casual drive in her 356. She warms up the oil while enjoying the rumble of the exhaust and the wind in her hair. She eventually ends up at her friendly 356 mechanic (with whom she has made a prior appointment). Her arrival coincides exactly with the mileage reaching 3,000 miles since the last oil change.

After exchanging pleasantries, she enjoys a cup of specially brewed coffee (one reason she uses this shop) while the friendly 356 mechanic changes the oil and filter. Fifteen minutes later, the coffee and oil change are both done. She writes a check and leaves with her properly maintained 356 to enjoy the rest of her day.

Men 356 Owners:

The male 356 owner, on the other hand, gets up early, fires up the Suburban Attack Vehicle (and a large cigar) and heads off unshaven to the local auto supply. Before he leaves the auto supply, he will write a check for 50 bucks or so. In addition to the four

quarts of Valvoline, the oil filter, oil lift (kitty litter), and hand cleaner he needs for the job, he will buy several tools he already has but which catch his eye. On his way out, he picks out a scented air freshener shaped like a tree which he finds next to the cash register as a somewhat sorry attempt to deal with the cigar.

Upon arriving back home, he discovers that the used oil container is still full from the last time he changed oil. In the interests of time and the necessity of getting on with the manly task of changing the oil, he forgoes a trip back to Midnight Auto Supply to recycle the oil. Instead he either digs a hole in the back yard and dumps it, or if feeling extraordinarily environmental, rummages through the neighbor's garbage cans for an empty milk jug which he fills and places back in their garbage.

Now being ready to start work, and in the studly environs of his garage, he flips the radio to the all sports talk station and cracks open a cold one.

THE ART OF CHANGING OIL IN YOUR 356

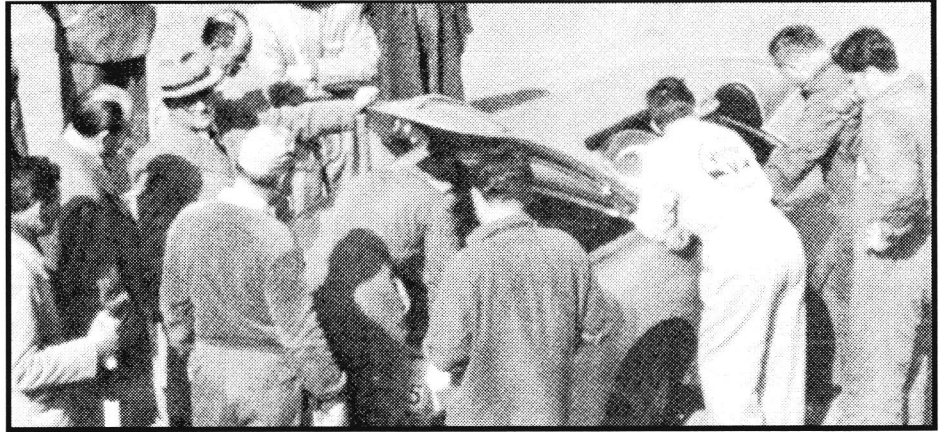
Next he jacks his 356 up after spending 30 minutes looking for jack stands. He never finds the jack stands which remain hidden under the pedal car he bought at a swap meet four years ago and intends to restore one of these days. Finally, he pulls the spare tire out of his wife's Volvo to use as an impromptu jack stand, figuring that if the 356 falls, it won't crush a safety conscious Volvo spare tire.

Flush with success in coming up with such an innovative solution to the missing jack stands, he pops the little car up in the air with visions of being on a Daytona pit crew. After accomplishing this professional exercise with such a display of speed and precision, its time to relax, and incidentally, also time to open another beer.

He then places the anatomically correct drain pan under the engine and goes to look for the correct metric box end wrench. Being unable to locate it by the time he drains his beer, he decides to look for the correct socket. He finally finds the socket where he had used it as a

spacer to take up slack in the garage door return mechanism, but he then can't find the ratchet. During a moment of total insanity, he actually considers using the Hazet wrench in the cherished factory concours tool kit. The insanity passes since he has wrapped it in plastic and put it away for safe keeping somewhere. After a half hour of searching, he cannot locate the damn thing. Finally, he gives up, opens another beer, and grabs a cheapo crescent wrench he bought at Big Lots.

At long last he finds himself scrunched under the 356 doing serious mechanic work. With total confidence he unscrews the drain plug while reciting "righty-tighty, lefty-loosey." The "loosey" takes his stream of consciousness to a woman he knew during his misspent youth. Thus distracted, he loses concentration and the drain plug slips from his fingers and drops with a splash into the rapidly filling pan of hot oil. The splattering hot oil cascades onto his hands, face, arms,



and floor. Reflexing from his burning hands, arms and face, he instantaneously smacks his head into the right side heater box, bending the rearmost flapper and parting his thinning gray hair in about the same place Lizzy Borden parted her fathers.

After cleaning up the mess with about a 1/2 roll of paper towels supplied by the nations diminishing forests, he opens another beer to replace the one he spilled while smacking his head into the heater box. He then used the Big Lots wrench (as it was the closest tool handy) to re-bend the flapper so it is bit more Z

shaped than U shaped and sorta closes.

Sensing success, he sits down on a milk carton and finishes the well-earned beer while the rest of the oil is draining. Without much effort he locates the metric wrench which fits the oil filter bolt. Since this wrench fits no other bolt on the 356, it is generally easy to find when you are looking for another wrench. His neighbor wanders over, he offers him a beer and they finish the case together, talking about how big their pistons are and he decides to finish the oil change tomorrow.



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DEUTSCHE CASTROL VERTRIEBS-GES. MBH. HAMBURG

The next day he drags the pan full of cold oil out from underneath the 356 whose fanny is still hiked up in the air like a Porsche porno flick. He then throws a couple of handfuls of kitty litter under the engine where he had spilled all the oil yesterday and looks for a beer. He remembers he and

walks to the corner 7-11.



3 DEUTSCHE MEISTERTITEL 1956 FÜR MAX NATHAN

Deutscher Automobilmeister:
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Klassensieger: Fr. Kretschmann S. Liebl
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INT. AVUS-RENNEN BERLIN

Klassensieger: Graf Berghé v. Trips
auf Mercedes 300 SL

Klassensieger: M. Nathan
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vorbehaltlich der Anerkennung durch die FIA



VEEDOL GMBH

HAMBURG 36

Upon returning he gets down to the serious business in the inner sanctum of the garage. Like any professional he carefully installs the new oil filter, making sure to apply thin coat of clean oil to the gasket and writes both on the garage wall and in a little book, the exact day, time, mileage, and vintage of the oil change.

Finishing the paper work part of the oil change, he opens a can of suds and a can of Valvoline at the same time. As he is expertly pouring the oil in the 356 and the beer in himself. The LIGHT BULB FLASHES!! He remembers the drain plug he removed the previous day. Frantically he looks under the 356, in the engine compartment, on the workbench, among the empty beer cans, and finally locates it just as the last drops of Ashlands FINEST exits onto the now saturated kitty litter.

Ignoring that the crisis has past, he grabs the plug and

jams it in its hole. In his haste, he forgets to adjust the slippery oily crescent wrench and runs his knuckles across the case ridges like a cheese grater. Yelping in pain, he jerks back soaking his rapidly thinning hair in the combination engine oil and kitty litter. Although messy it does give his hair some badly needed body.

Cussing and blaming the cheap no good wrench, he worms his way from under the 356 and flings it across the garage hitting Miss Snap-On 1992 smack dab in her "left headlight."

Sporting fresh Band-Aids, he dumps in four quarts of Valvoline. Unfortunately he again gets distracted in the process by looking at Miss Snap-On's rearranged "headlight," and forgets how many quarts he put in. He then rummages through his garbage counting beer and oil cans. Not being sure, he chucks in another quart for effect, and lowers his 356 gracefully to the garage floor. Strangely he notices that the right side tire is not touching the floor. He then remembers his brilliant use of his wife's Volvo spare tire and jacks the 356 back up to remove it.

At this point he is done, but wisely decides not to "road test" the oil change. Instead, he calls his neighbor back over to admire his work. They relax in the garage on milk cartons, open a beer and bask in the glow of companionship as they discuss the money and time they save by doing their own maintenance. ←

his neighbor drank it all and has past, he grabs the plug and

Board Member Election

This year there are two Board members who's terms are expiring. David Peterson and Sebastian Gaeta's seats on the board are up, but they are, unfortunately, running uncontested as no one else was nominated. The ballot is below and it does contain a provision for a write in vote. If you know of someone that would make a good board member, by all means write them in. You may copy the ballot and bring it to the Holiday party.

Please vote for two (duh!), or, write in your nominee

☐

.....David Peterson

☐

.....Sebastian Gaeta

☐

.....

Don't Forget to bring something for the Holiday Party Auction

The Holiday Party Auction is typically the year's biggest source of funds for the Gruppe. No Soapbox here, but the club is not inexpensive to run... 'nuf said. Your contribution to the auction can be **anything**, it does not have to be 356, Porsche, or even automotive related, although the guys will usually enthusiastically bid on these. Look through your garage, den or basement, anywhere for appropriate items. Parts, books, posters, manuals. Are you a season ticket holder to any of the area sports teams, college or Pro? Offer up the tickets for the game you were going to give to your ungrateful relative! As I said, it can be anything.

Whatever you present for auction, you may set a reserve so that you are happy about the amount of money going to the club. We certainly want all parties involved to feel good about their contributions. See you there!

It's been down-right nippy lately on Saturday mornings with the top down. Sharp, cold air blowing in your ear radiates down the spine and makes my fingers feel extra numb, even having donned multiple layers and pulled on some thermal Isotoner leather-palmed gloves. But as I see it, if it ain't raining, the sun must be shining brightly, and this late in the season there are very few days left before the car gets put away. It seems like the appropriate way to stoke the soul. Besides, it reminds me of the Colorado Grand and those trips through the Rockies in Bob Shaw's Excaliber race car.

Memories of the sights, sounds, smells and camaraderie play a powerful role in wanting to soak it all in. During the Colorado Grand you know you'll experience occasional rain, biting sleet, frost on the windscreen, snow on the seats and dawdling school busses. Regardless, it can't spoil the joy of being out there. The smell of the pines and granite and the sight of shimmering Aspens and echoing exhausts are truly restorative.

Even with the expected discomfort of a November Saturday, the top stays down, the windows stay down and the heater boxes are opened to full blast, such as it is. It is admittedly my irrational desire to revel in "it", just being there, behind the wheel, on my way to be with friends.

The car always runs much better in cold, damp air. And there are few people out at 7:30 am so the thin, clattery sound of a 356 engine resonates very nicely throughout the mind and body.

It's hard not to wear that silly smile as I take the extra long way ... through Beverly Hills to Le Petite Prince for a French pastry; past the suburban castles on Cranbrook road; through the overhanging trees of Lone Pine road; over to Charing Cross past Mike Cotter's gracious home up on the hill; north on Ken-

sington to Long Lake to see if there's anyone out jumping at the Bloomfield Open Hunt Club; down Squirrel road to Wattles; down Adams to Yosemite to see if Fred Leydorf is stirring; down to Eton to see if Joe Sharkey is there removing the dents from something special ... to be with the Saturday morning Tire Kickers.

It is admittedly my irrational desire to revel in "it"

It's a most enjoyable little ride, that's even more satisfying knowing that Dennis Denyer has already bought hot bagels and the coffee pot is on. The piercing beeeep of the door at Stuart Tool lets the early risers know that someone else was on their way ... to be there, with them.

These pilgrimages are not confined to the later day Porsche aficionado. They

have been going on for years. Back in the early '30s my father-in-law met with his buddies. Then the driveway in Palmer Woods was filled with their Graham Paige, Cord, Pierce Arrow, Auburn and home built. Their gathering place was the garage of Bunky Knudsen. In the '60s, Fred Leydorf fired up the 166 Ferrari Coupe and dropped by Hank and Ellie Haga's home in Bloomfield Township to monitor the progress that was being made on the Barchetta they owned. About 10 o'clock Dave Holls would fire up the Packard Darin or Auburn Speedster, John Clinard his Lilliana deRethy Ferrari coupe, and Dick Teague his 250 SWB SEFAC hot rod Ferrari and wander by. Cal Gleason, who had an MGTC in high school would amble by in his sports car or street rod du jour. And after a couple of cups of coffee and something sweet made by Ellie, the whole gang would drive into Birmingham to visit with Connie Bouchard. He had a large, well equipped garage where the cognoscenti gathered to discuss what was going on at their companies, how to personalize their various car projects, to catch up on the gossip, and their families. These people could hardly wait for Saturday to be with their friends.

One of the group, Roger Meiners, was younger than most. He also had some very nice cars and was hip. Roger was

New members are all around us

Or the serendipity of being chased to the cobbler's shop

By Richard Hinson

married to a lady who didn't empathize with his passion. She was the daughter of a "real" mogul, with a trust fund that allowed two young marrieds to live quite nicely thank you. The wife, however thought that all this immersion in cars, cars, cars, and racing, racing, racing, and dirty finger nails and being absent for hours on weekends was getting a bit much. Even though the trust fund was as a result of dad's position with a major electronic supplier to the auto industry, she thought they should expand their horizons. Do more things involving truly cultured people like they had in Chicago. I.e. get a life. That meant Roger was "encouraged" to go back to school, get a new job and new friends that did things like take them to the symphony and theater and art galleries. Ironically, they were doing that before, but the conversations when they got to those places always deteriorated to car talk. So the new law degree and an MBA always put him with companies that were involved in performance.

When the marriage broke up, the Ferrari SWB went away-fortunately the market was good to be selling a rare Ferrari-and Roger drove Porsches rather than Prancing Horses. Even now, twenty years later, he's a round-the-bend car junkie finishing up the body of his 550A Spyder. We hope to see and hear his car and Fred Leydorp's RS60 on the road before deafness and arthritis overtakes us all. But even encumbered with a bazillion projects, Roger manages to "stay in touch" with his forty years of contacts. And the conversation often turns to cars and the fun they have with them.

But back to Saturday ... I slipped away a tad early from our home-away-from-home to pick up some shoes from the cobbler on Rochester Road. I was weaving spiritedly through some mobile pylons on Stephenson highway when I came up on a dirty, silver 1.8 turbo New Beetle. The gray haired old fart driving tooted and raised his thumbs-up hand as I went by as if to say, "nice car". I grinned stupidly and kept the pedal down to

beat the light at Big Beaver and Rochester Road. He swung out and hung on my tail.

The dive into the driveway of the cobbler found him ducking in behind me. Out pops a tall, sparkling eyed, grinning, German accented Klaus Pohl with a 356 embroidered jacket on. "Please excuse me, but..." He was lonesome for his San Clemente buddies and his car. His enthusiasm reminded me of meeting Freeman Thomas for the first time at the 356 summer picnic held at Ted and Lanita Dunhams in 1999.

Klaus is in the area for a couple of weeks every month. He's redoing a 356. And naturally he's already buried in it and needs to commiserate with others. I gave him directions to Stuart Tool and a nearby car wash. He didn't know it, but he was going to open the door to a whole new adventure. Can you imagine meeting Vic Rivera, Neil Goldberg, Doc Block, Ted Dunham, Jack Chamberlin, Freeman Thomas, Dennis and John Denyer, Jerry Door, Charlie Randau, Dick Beecher, Dave Hinz, Heath Hurlbert, Fred Leydorp, Peter Stuyck, Bob Count, Greg Laporte, Dan Christie, Mike Speck, Brad Richards, Vic Skirmants, Dave Peterson, Karl Robertson, Tord Smedberg, Rick Spurlock, Len Hanson, Dave Burton, Bill Demeter, Ron Sessions, Sebastian Gaeta, Denny Zamler and Rol Titsworth on any given Saturday. Put any five of them together and it's like being in an episode of Seinfeld in there.

I presume that someone introduced Klaus to Rol Titsworth, who has already signed him up for the Porsche Holiday Dinner on December 2 and someone else told him about the 356 Holiday Party on the 3rd.

We're so lucky to have a gathering place. A place to stay warm in during

the time of salted streets and the plague. A place where there's no topic that isn't covered over time, A place where you can get answers to every car question you might have. A place where like *Cheers*, everybody knows your name and truly cares about you, even if you are a bit quirky.

Candidly, I wish that the Saturday enthusiasm carried over to the monthly gatherings at the Brass Point. I don't know if it's the site location or the food or the attitude or the time or the lack of entertainment or the lack of stated purpose but there isn't an urgency for the Motor Cities Gruppe clan to attend and participate. It's doesn't seem that plans are being made or volunteers are being recruited to "do something". It's pretty obvious that there is an extraordinary pool of talent that can be drawn upon when you look back on the last East Coast Holiday and the '88 Porsche Parade that were hosted here, or the multiple tours or the picnics that have been staged every year. This group knows how to put on great parties and events. But the monthly gatherings don't have the energy or promise or focus to bring people out.

I think we have an obligation to the Dan Christies, Brad Richards and Klaus Pohls to get them involved too.

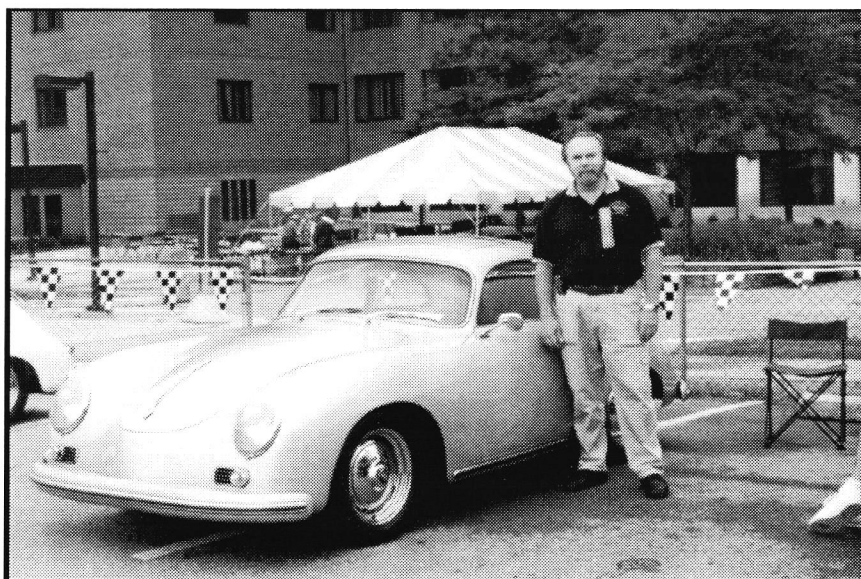
We're not jaded, we all love to hang out with our like-minded, eccentric acquaintances, maybe we just need to be reminded that the new folks really have a contribution to make, in fact they want to make a contribution and be accepted. We just have to help them see how easy and how much fun we have when we get involved.

Welcome Klaus Pohl, we hope you'll enjoy your moments with us. Once you meet and appreciate the talent we have here, you'll have an excuse to have a 356 in Michigan as well as San Clemente. ←

Two outstanding 1964 Porsche 356 SC Coupes owned by brothers might suggest a certain level of rivalry between the two. In this case, nothing could be farther from the truth. John and Dennis Denyer have been brothers for 50+ years and the best of friends for just as long. And each seems to enjoy the fact that the other's Porsches are as nice as their own and often help each other on their projects.

The brothers grew up in an automotive family, Dad's only two jobs in his adult life were with Ford Motor Company and Chrysler for a total of 47 years and he was a long-time auto buff. The boys remember Dad driving Chrysler 300's and DeSoto Adventurer's back when those name plates really meant something. Dad still carried a picture of his '35 Ford Roadster from his early adulthood, a car he traded-in for a new red '39 Mercury Convertible. Growing up in Detroit and close to the Woodward Avenue scene, the brothers owned a succession of Mopars and some friendly rivalries were carried on.

Dennis got into Porsche's first, some twenty-five years ago when he sold a '56 T-Bird to buy a 911E Coupe. John took little longer, he was into Corvettes and, later, Ferraris and it wasn't until the mid 80's when the bug bit and he bought a new



944, A year with that car and John moved up to a 911 Carrera which he prepared and showed at the '89 Porsche Parade in Traverse City, Michigan, winning his class and nearly his division. Meanwhile, Dennis went through a series of 911's and helped a couple of friends with 356 restorations. 356 fever got to John first with a starter '64 SC Coupe and, later, an "A" Sunroof Coupe. But it took a little bit longer for Dennis to move in that direction. Once the decision was made, it was out of an '86 Carrera and into a search for the "right" 356.

One thing about having lots of friends into Porsches there is never a shortage of opinions but the best one Dennis received was to "get the latest and best 356, they are the easiest to live with for your first one". Dennis liked the color Champagne Yellow so it was decided that an SC Coupe In Champagne was the one to look for. He had to resist the advice from John to just get the best SC out there, regardless of color. Finally, a Champagne '64 SC appeared in an ad in the Porsche Panorama, 138,000 miles with a long California history. After a few phone calls and a trip to New England, the deal was made and #217394 was his. The trip home was an exciting one; 700 miles in the pouring rain, a strange 34 year-old car and much of the trip in darkness. Dennis said he was just waiting for the thing to crap out in the middle of nowhere. But the Porsche gods

Sibling Rivalry?... Not Likely

The Story of Two Men and Their Cars

By Sebastian Gaeta

Above: John Denyer stands beside his silver "A" Sunroof Coupe

Right: Dennis' Champagne Yellow SC not long after the restoration was complete.

were on his side because the trip ended as pleasantly as it began. After a thorough examination, it was decided that this was a good one, a California car for its first 30 years and in collections for the past 15. Complete maintenance records came with the car, going back to oil change #1 with 1000 miles on the odometer back in 1964 and included every piece of work done to the car up to the purchase by Dennis. Included were two engine overhauls, the first at 96000 miles and the second just ten thousand miles later, I guess the first one didn't take. Excessive oil consumption was the culprit and the second rebuild took care of it, along with correcting the lack of power with a "Big Bore kit" and a hotter cam. Cosmetically, the car was excellent from 20 feet away, the chrome was in excellent shape with only a couple of items needing replating.

After using the car for a few club events in the Fall, the car was completely disassembled and a complete re-do was begun. Neil Goldberg at Stuart Tool Service handled disassembly and underside preparation with help from Dennis and Brother John. The underside was scraped and washed to remove all undercoating, going down to bare metal throughout. A thorough examination revealed no rust and only minor body damage that was properly repaired with lead. All sheet metal and structural metal is original as produced by Karmann. Once mounted onto a 4-wheel dolly, the body was taken to Gmünd

Werks West where Dennis and Ted Dunham stripped the topside using aircraft paint remover. A few minor dings were taken care of and the body mounted to a rotisserie so that seam sealer could be applied and the bottomed could be coated with Wurth undercoating and painted with black polyurethane.

Next, It was off to Stoddard Imported cars in Willoughby, Ohio for fresh DuPont Chroma-Premier paint in Champagne Yellow. While the body was at the paint shop, Dennis, Ted and the boys busied themselves by refinishing and/or rebuilding all suspension components, brakes, engine sheet metal and steering box. The transmission was taken to 356 Enterprises where Vic Skirmants handled the rebuilding and reassembly of the axle tubes and backing plates. Vic had already declared the engine as being sound and all that was done was a total refinishing of the sheet metal and rebuilding of the carbs, fuel pump, generator, distributor and starter. All the original fasteners, brake calipers and miscellaneous brackets were blasted with a special soft abrasive to preserve the original texture and sent off to the plater for Cad plating. Because so much of the car had never been disassembled, virtually every nut, bolt, washer, screw and bracket is factory original, painstakingly refinished to "as-new".

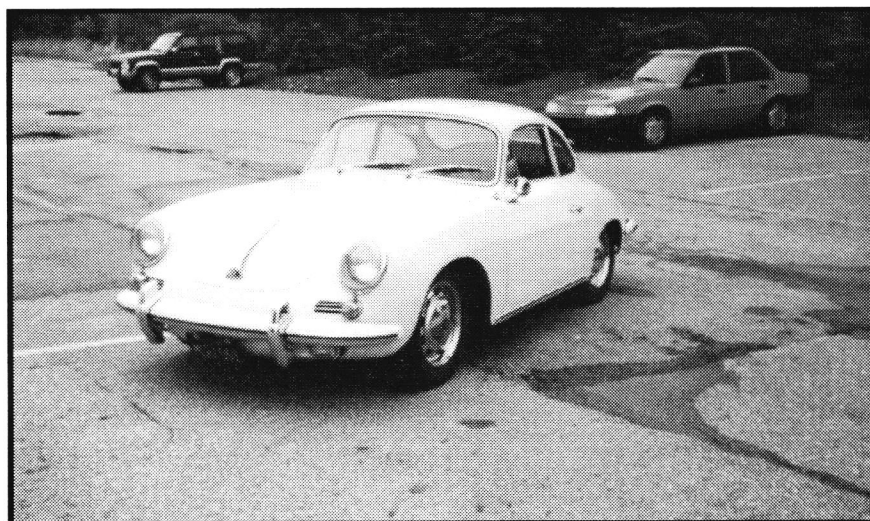
After Stoddard's, the body was

taken back to GWW and, later to Stuart Tool, for reassembly. Russ Taggart of Concourse Interiors in Milford, Michigan did a completely fresh Interior in tan leather. Hides had to be specially dyed to get the exact color Dennis' wife, Sue, wanted. The carpets are from Autos International as is a special headliner in 911 beige rather than 356 gray. Russ has a very unique and effective way of rebuilding and reinforcing the old seats for added support without changing the basic contour and outward appearance.

The completed car was driven from Stuart Tool some 9 1/2 months after work had begun. Only dedication, considerable nagging from the boys, and the upcoming 1998 356 Registry's East Coast Holiday contributed to this rate of work. Held In conjunction with the well known Meadow Brook Concours d'Elegance and Porsche's 50th Anniversary, The Holiday attracted a record turnout of 356's and Dennis' Champagne SC took second place out of a very large number of B's, C's and SC's. In addition, the car was displayed for two weeks at the Daimler Chrysler World Headquarters during the Meadow Brook Automotive Art Show, was shown at the Watkins Glen Grand Prix Festival Concours d'elegance last fall and was the highest finishing car driven to the event, taking Fifth Overall against some pretty stiff competition.

Dennis says the most difficult part of the job was keeping track of all the parts, at one time scattered over three counties in Southeast Michigan. Dennis Figures that he spent enough with Brad Ripley's NLA Limited that he declared Brad a dependent on his 1998 taxes. In the final days of reassembly, it was a mad scramble to find all of the needed parts. Still, a considerable quantity of twice-ordered but only once needed items remain. Not to worry, there's another '65 SC Coupe in the works... no sense is wasting all of this newly acquired knowledge.

John's SC Coupe is a lovely Ruby Red '64 and it arrived taking a different path. After seeing Dennis' car,



John got the "hots" in a big way. Having sold his first SC a few years ago and dedicating his efforts to his slick "A" Coupe, John wanted to give the later 356's another try. After a couple of wild-goose chases, he found this Ruby Reid and Fawn '64 In Fresno, California and bought the car sight-unseen! When it was delivered to Stuart Tool, It was immediately pronounced "outstanding". Only some minor work and a few changes were done to personalize the car. This one is unusual in that It was originally delivered In Europe to a U.S. serviceman, so it had the European rear reflectors and front parking lights while Dennis' was changed to include these features. Both SC's have European lights front and rear. "Ruby Red" was restored by someone more familiar with VW's and, while nicely done, there were a few minor changes required to bring it up to Parade judging standards. To pass the time during a typical Michigan winter, the undercarriage was given the full treatment at Gmünd Werks West to make It similar to Dennis'. The brake system was gone through, the master cylinder rebuilt, the calipers were cleaned, cad plated and rebuilt. A very small amount of plating and refinishing was done and some hard-to-find accessories like a



wood steering wheel and NOS Lietz Luggage Rack were added to personalize "Ruby". Over the past year, John has continued to upgrade "Ruby". Russ Taggart has rebuilt the seats for a firmer feel and improved support. There has even been a discussion of a leather interior to replace the vinyl. Another contrast is that John's SC was produced by Ruetter and Dennis' by Karmann, and it is interesting to compare the manufacturing techniques of the two coachbuilders. There have been some spirited discussions going on between the brothers as to which is a "true" Porsche.

The brothers plan to enjoy these two beauties while creating a lot of attention n local shows. After all, how often to you see two pristine and nearly identical cars in the hands of brothers? John took both of his 356's to the prestigious Willistead Classic in Canada last Summer and Ruby took First in Class and the "A" took Second, When asked if they have ever had similar cars in the past, John says, "yes, in 1970 we had nearly identical hot Plymouths". Says Dennis, "Yeah, and mine was faster then, too!". Sibling Rivalry??? I didn't say, "absolutely not", I said, "not likely".

Above: Dennis' car getting the full treatment

Right: John's Ruby Red SC shows it can compete while parked ahead of his brother's car at the Color Tour 2000



Garage Tours 2001

Do you have a garage, project, or both that you want to share with the Gruppe?? Sign on as a host for one of the Garage Tours for 2001.

These have been great events and we hope to keep the momentum going.

Please call Bill Toburen (Garage Tour Meister) at 248-887-3029. He would love to include your spot for one of next year's tours.

Two of our young members of the 356 Motor Cities Gruppe are first time parents. Excitement and exhaustion reigns. Both are active in the club and goodness knows we need to attract more young people in a group that fawns over old cars. I've arranged with Pam and John Chatley to "celebrate" their first births with one of Pam's wonderful ornaments to celebrate their first Christmas.

Particulars:

Dan & Wendy Christie

23906 Woodward Ave

Pleasant Ridge, MI 48069

Baby girl: Evelyn Francis

7 lbs. 1 oz., 19"

Wednesday, Nov 1st, 2000

Already planning their first trip with the new born in the Coupe.

Mike & Nicole Speck

29911 High Valley

Farmington Hills, MI 48331

Baby girl: Luciana Marie

8 lbs. 1/2 oz., 20.5 "

Monday, Nov 13th, 2000

Very Italian name for a devotee of German sports cars.

Note: Both of the men are talented designers. Dan has his own commercial studio and Mike does auto interior design. They have come up with a logo design to be used on apparel. They are producing and donating a number of shirts to be sold at the 356 Christmas Party to raise money for the club treasury. (A very spirited gesture for the young members to do. We're hoping that it will spur some of the more well-heeled members to do something like minded e.g. donating something for the auction or underwriting something the club needs.)

Hinson

I'll start off this issue's column with a tip for those with one of the two-piece case 356 engines with an oil filter. The oil line from the filter back to the case is different from any of the ones for a three-piece case engine, and I haven't seen any source for them. One end of the line is straight, one has a right-angle bend, and they both use a compression fitting. Cutting the banjo fitting off of an inlet line would work, but these lines, used up to 1957, are also hard to find. There is a way to come up with at least the outlet line. Take one of the 1958-69 inlet lines, cut off the banjo fitting, and use a tubing bender to make the 90 degree bend. There isn't much length to work with, but it can be done.

Clutch Cable

Have you ever had your clutch cable break at the threads at the forward end? You then put in a new cable and very shortly it broke also? Check the pivot through which the cable passes. If it is very stiff or frozen, it will not pivot as the pedal goes through its motion. The cable end will then have a bending load put on it with each application. Pull out the cable, remove the pivot (that might be difficult), clean it up, grease it, and put it back together. This applies mainly to the 1956 to 1962 cars. Later ones had a more open design, making it almost impossible for the pivot to seize up.

SPARK PLUGS

Another 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 no spark), and furthermore, it was hit-

ting the threaded body of the plug, hence the knock.

Dave Butcher, Ft. Worth, TX, sends 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. I seem to recall writing about a car that had one spark plug replaced, and then it only ran on three cylinders and had a knock. The plug had a 3/4 in. threaded body versus the standard, which is less than 1/2 in., and the piston had closed the electrode and was hitting the end of the plug body that was now sticking well into the combustion chamber.

If you have a race engine, don't even think about extended tip plugs.

Repairing Worn Out Distributor Clamps

You say your distributor keeps moving

around because someone overtightened the hold-down clamp and now it's squished together at the bolt and still won't hold the distributor tightly enough anymore; is that what's troubling you? Re-bending the clamp seldom does enough good. Grab your (t)rusty hacksaw and whack off about one-eighth inch of warped metal where the ends meet. Either side will do. Or get fancy and take off one-sixteenth inch on both sides. And then don't you overtighten it !

While on the subject of distributors, don't forget to put a drop of oil on the felt pad in the distributor shaft under the rotor. Grab the dipstick and let a drop drip on it. You should do this every time you tune it up. The oil in the pad lubricates the rotor shaft.

HEATER CONTROL

One final tip, for those with 1960-63 "B" models. If you turn off the heater control a little too hard, a small clip is forced off the threaded shaft that the heater cable guide rides on. Rather than keep replacing the clip and having it come off again, there is a more permanent fix. Very carefully drill and tap the end of the threaded shaft for a 6mm or similar-size American screw or bolt. A large washer under the screw, and a drop of Loctite to keep it in place, and that problem should not recur. ←

Technical

By Vic Skirmants

MOTOR CITIES GRUPPE CALENDAR

DECEMBER

3rd— MCG Holiday party at Waterford Hills' Oakland County Sportsman's Club

JANUARY

16th-Membership Dinner at the Brass Pointe restaurant on 10 mile and Orchard Lake Road. Starts at 6:00 PM.

20th-1st Annual S.E.M. Gran Prix. European go-kart racing at it's best and the Gruppe is invited to attend. See announcement on page 13.

FEBRUARY

TBA— Winter Dinner At the Cadieux Café, includes Feather Bowling! Look for announcement in the next issue.

MARCH

20th-Membership Dinner at the Brass Pointe restaurant on 10 mile and Orchard Lake Road. Starts at 6:00 PM.

APRIL

OPEN

MAY

15th-Membership Dinner at the Brass Pointe restaurant on 10 mile and Orchard Lake Road. Starts at 6:00 PM.

TBA— 9th annual Gruppe Spring Tour

JUNE

TBA— Stoddard all Porsche swap meet with literature and model meet held the night before

TBA— Mid-Ohio Vintage Gran Prix. Will there be a BBQ? Stay tuned.

JULY

17th-Membership Dinner at the Brass Pointe restaurant on 10 mile and Orchard Lake Road. Starts at 6:00 PM.

AUGUST

TBA-Gruppe annual family picnic

Recently we saw the movie *Space Cowboys*. In the film Clint Eastwood plays the part of a retired jet test pilot. In an early scene some NASA officials come to Clint's desert home to convince him to train some current astronauts to repair a satellite he had designed many years ago. Clint is working in his garage and the dialogue establishes his character as somewhat of a curmudgeon and just a regular guy. However this scene also begins with the camera panning over the driveway and catches a fleeting glance of a white 356 Porsche Speedster. This open car is sitting in the hot sun with the top down and you just know from these few seconds that this is Clint's daily driver. We are certain that Clint personally has rebuilt all the mechanical parts of this car and it is really fast. It is not concours or a garage queen as Clint is to nonchalant for that. Most importantly however is that these few seconds linking this character with this car tells you that he is really a cool guy. We now have established an image.

Cars have always been used to help set the stage for movies. Being somewhat of a movie buff as well as a car nut forever I think back over the years and how the automobile has made a statement in so many films. In *Tabbaco Road* the new found wealth of the back woods family was used to purchase a new 1941 Ford convertible. Although the movie was in black and white I'm sure the Ford was a beautiful yellow. I was quite young when I saw the movie however it was clear to me that the character was a real low life the way he trashed the car; this distressed me greatly.

Right after WWII, again when I was very very young, I had a favorite uncle that came out of the navy and bought a chopped 40 Mercury in California and brought it back to Michigan. This Merc was black with a white Carson top. I thought that this car was the ultimate. To my dismay he sold the car for a profit and came driving in our yard with a faded green 1937 Cord convertible. After expressing my disappointment, my uncle advised me that this car had more class and was more in keeping with his more sophisticated image. The Cord was painted a deep maroon and had a new tan top installed. To prove that this car was acceptable for his

new image, Uncle Phil took me to a movie, *Topper*, in which the wealthy, chic, invisible detective type characters were very classy. I was convinced. I was further impressed when my uncle changed his name when leaving his dry cleaning to Clark Van Skylark to impress the counter girl and to go better with his classy car.

In *Play Misty For Me*, Clint Eastwood is a late night Disc Jockey in the Big Sur area of northern California. He plays great jazz through the night and is, of course, desired by a couple of attractive women. One, when rebuffed, tries to cut

always thought Dean was kind of wimpy and mumbled. His image could have been helped and perpetuated, however, if he would have done his Porsche testing on the track.

A prime example of image establishment with the automobile was in *Harper*. Paul Newman usually played a rather clean cut type of person in his early films. Harper was a rough around the edges detective. How better to establish Harper as a take charge but devil may care guy than have him driving a Speedster that was dirty and needed a tune up. He drove it hard and often got out leaving the lights on while doing his investigation. He

Image is Everything —Or— You Are What You Drive

By Dick Beecher

him up and take him home with her. Clint raced along the curving west coast highway in a snarling Jaguar roadster to save Sandra Locke. It would not have worked if he was driving a Dodge Dart.

The early Hot Rod films usually depicted the characters as wild teenagers. Kids in a Hi-Boy roadster meant trouble. The Hot Rod had sort of a Reefer Madness image. I just knew that one puff of the demon weed would cause me to become a drug crazed addict. The *Wild Ones*, Marlon Brando's motorcycle gang movie, caused my expert mechanic friends to buy old cycles and leather jackets. I nearly became caught up in this faze. Being pinned under a 500 pound Indian motorcycle during a 2 MPH turn cured me of wanting to become a biker guy.

The 49 and 50 Mercury as in *Rebel Without A Cause* provided James Dean with a more macho persona, but I

didn't care, it's just a car. Just last weekend I got into my car without wiping my feet with a Swifter; it's just a car.

Steve McQueen probably did as much for the cars' image as they did for themselves. Here was a real car guy. He made movies about racing. He leaped over fences on a motorcycle. He didn't mumble, and best of all he made *Bullitt*! *Bullitt*'s dark green Mustang wasn't showy, but with it's surely modified engine, 5 spoke American Racing wheels and growling exhaust, it was purpose built to chase bad guys. The movie had probably the best chase scene ever. The other car was a Dodge Charger which made the chase believable. I am always bothered by chases when the hero driving a Porsche can't seem to lose the bad guys driving a Lincoln Town Car. Poetic license, I guess.

In one of Richard Gere's, films he steals a 356 coupe parked in front of a Las

Vegas casino. In his getaway to Los Angeles he runs off the road and buries the back wheels in the sand. Now here is where we establish that this guy is a real sleaze ball. He pounds the steering wheel and says "Piece of s!t Porsh." Of course he pronounced the name wrong. Later in the movie they try to clean up his image by putting him in a shower scene with a beautiful woman, but they can't change my mind, no one can treat a car that way and be any good.

Now that I have digital TV I watch Films, not movies. When watching the I.F.C. (Independent Film Channel) one day, the film portrayed the young women lead as a current day free spirit. She drove a 356 cabriolet with lots of patina. She didn't even put the boot on when she put the top down. This car was a bit shabby. I see a pattern here. Have you noticed that there are no concours cars in most of these examples? Would the effect been the same if Thelma and Louise had driven a shiny Sebring convertible instead of a worn vintage T-Bird? In 48 Hours Nick Nolte's shabby detective role was enhanced by his equally shabby Cad convertible. Eddie Murphy was made more cool by owning a Speedster. I think the Speedster was actually a replica. I hope so as it was blown up in the film. In Kiss The Girls, the detective, played by Morgan Freeman, drives an early black 911 that is not real shiny. I know I could



Steve McQueen in Bullit. Oh, sorry, it's Dick Beecher at Disney's Animal Kingdom in 1998. At least he's not wearing black socks!

remove those swirl marks with some Maguier's #9 and a foam polishing pad, followed by some Best Of Show wax.

One of my favorite films, The Big Chill, has the shallow, handsome, series actor in a new red Ferrari, while William Hurt as a cool but somewhat hapless character drives a disheveled silver 911 Targa. He hides his supply of mind altering chemicals behind the front

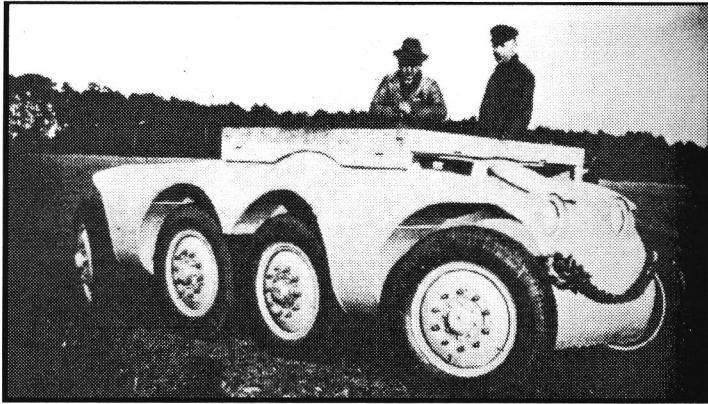
valance.

As we look back, what does this tell us about our image as it relates to our cars? First of all we are far to anal. Would Paul Newman arise early so he could rush out of his hotel to wipe the dew off, rub on Quick Detailer, and polish the tires? Of course not. Paul Newman's Harper would have simply driven off to solve crimes; after all it's only a car. As we develop our more cool, "with it" images we will leave our open cars parked casually at the curb with the top down and no boot installed. When we get in the cars we won't open the door but deftly step over and slide into the seat. We will wash our cars but allow them to acquire a patina of use. The concours will now only consist of late model 911's as we will be off driving our 356's to a skeet shooting match, a wooden boat show, a liaison with a beautiful woman, solving a crime, or whatever cool people do.

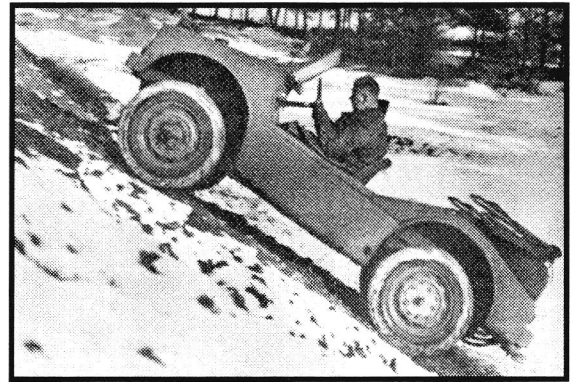
So when you drive by the house on Misty Lane you will see the yellow Cab in the drive with the top down and no boot, the engine ticking from the heat of a long hard run. The car is dusty with the hubcaps missing, and the nose is bug spattered. In the garage you see a man with silver hair packing a parachute. Don't ask what I've been doing, because if I tell you I'll have to kill you. ←



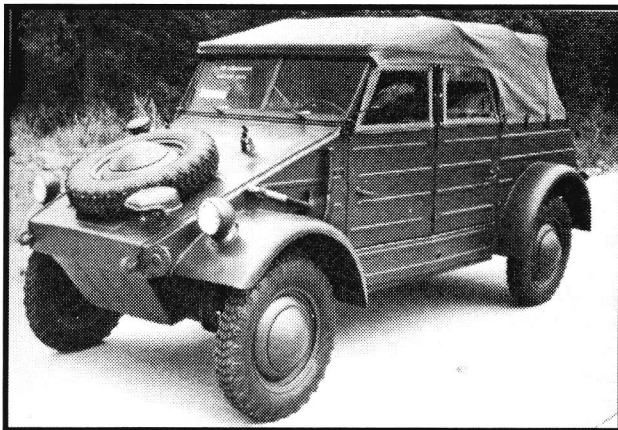
Ed. Note: Next Issue I will present a very controversial article on whether the factory built the cabriolet for, and marketed it to, women. The cap is certainly not hurting my argument, Mr. Beecher. Sebastian



1920's 8 wheel drive vehicle developed for D-Benz



Porsche type 597 Jadwagen

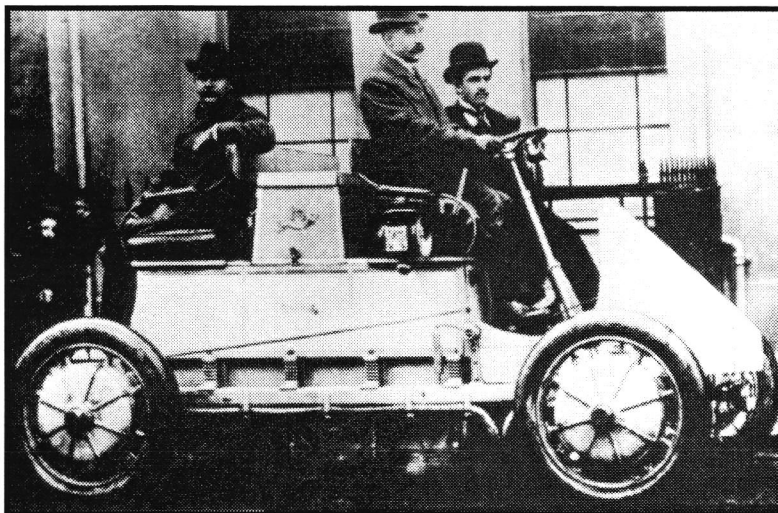


VW Kübelwagen

BREAKING NEWS!! PORSCHE TO BUILD AN OFF ROAD VEHICLE!

This newsflash is for all of the "Purists" out there that are really upset about Porsche "forgetting where they came from" and building a Sport-Ute. As you can see I have cleverly displayed a number of Porsche designed (whether by the company or by the Old Professor himself) off road-4x4(8x8)-Sport-ute style vehicles in order to start up the obvious chorus of "Yeah, but..."

Yeah but nothin'! Why are some people so dismayed at a company that is building a product that will earn them enough money to stay independent? Staying independent will allow them to continue to build the pure bread sports cars that they always have, thus keeping them from being bought out by the likes of GM or Ford. Imagine if you will..... "Jac Nasser today announced that the new 2008 T-Bird and the new Porsche 998 will share a common chassis as well as many interior components." Yikes!



Electric 4 wheel drive Lohner-Porsche

C'mon, if you think Porsche only built cars after 1948 you need some enlightenment. See Tony Standen's story about Porsche tractors on page 23.

Look at it this way, you certainly do not have to buy one, but every time you see one you should thank the person inside of it for keeping you favorite company from being swallowed up by one of the giants, even if they do think that thing you are driving beside them is a Karmann Ghia! Sebastian

The stupidity of some people in this world never fails to amaze me. This picture is real - not doctored in anyway - and was taken last week in Waldorf by my son.

He is a Transportation Supervisor for a company that delivers building materials for 84 Lumber. When he saw it there in the parking lot of IHOP, he went and bought a camera to take pictures.

The car is still running as can be witnessed by the exhaust. A woman is either asleep or otherwise out in the front seat passenger side. The guy driving it was over jogging up and down on Rt. 925 in the background. The witnesses said their physical state was OTHER than normal and the police just shook their heads in amazement. The driver finally came back after the police were there and was getting down at the back to cut the twine around the load. They



told him to get back until it was taken off.

The materials were loaded at Home Depot. Their store manager said they had the customer sign a waiver!

Both back tires are trashed. The back shocks were driven up through the floorboards In the

back seat are 10 bags, 80 lbs. each of concrete. On the roof is many 2X4s, 4X4s and OSL sheets of lumber. They estimated the load weight at 3000 lbs. The car is a VW Jetta with FL plates and the guy said he was headed for Annapolis.

JUST UNBELIEVABLE!!!

1st Annual S.E.M. Gran Prix

The Southeast Michigan Region of PCA has invited Gruppe Members to participate.
January 20th, 2001 at 12:30 P.M. at the Kart-2-Kart Indoor Karting Center
42705 Van Dyke (at 19 Mile) Sterling Heights, MI 810-997-8800

Practice Session

The practice session is a relaxing way to familiarize the drivers with the track, Karts and procedures. After this session the drivers may look at their lap times & ask questions of the track employees to improve their skills.

Qualifying Session

After the practice session the real timing starts. The Qualifying session determines the positions for the heat races. This is all about the fastest lap time. The fastest lap time gets pole position in the heat race.

Heat Race

Grid up and you go! This is a real race. Ten Minutes of wheel to wheel racing.

Main Event

The main event will determine the driving champion of S.E.M. Ten minutes of spectacular race fun.

Awards Ceremony

The group will then participate in an awards ceremony honoring the 1st, 2nd and 3rd place drivers

- ◆ 30mph in true European style indoor karting will challenge the skills of all drivers
- ◆ Allow about 2 hours. Driving starts promptly at 1:00 P.M.
- ◆ The actual "seat time" will be determined
- ◆ You must be at least 18 years of age to drive and guests of S.E.M. members will be allowed to participate.
- ◆ We encourage you to bring your own helmets & gloves. Helmets are required & provided at no charge, however, \$2.00 per helmet for a sock is required and not included.
- ◆ Lunch and non alcoholic beverages will be provided by the club.
- ◆ Non drivers welcome (food only) \$7.50
- ◆ Lunch and driving \$40.00. Go to www.kart2kart.com for photos, details etc.
- ◆ Space is limited so reserve ASAP. Cutoff date is January 5th, 2001

For reservations call David Miller at 248-948-4183
Fax at 248-799-3167 or email at dmiller@signatureassociates.com

Story by
Barbara Skirmants
Photos by Greg LaPorte

Our group of 32 members left the Big Boy on Saturday, Oct 13 for Goderich, Ontario. Richard Hinson came couldn't join us on the tour, but he dropped off a bottle of Champagne for Vic and I to give to some worthy member, the criteria for us to determine.

Our first stop was an antique shop in Algonac. We continued to drive North on M-29 around Anchor bay, continuing N along the St. Clair River. Lining up for Customs in Sarnia, we catch up with the local Mercedes club, and pull up beside Linda & Steve Mahac, driving one of their Mercedes. They are also new

356 Gruppe members, and shopping for their first 356 now.

After crossing the bridge we regrouped at the closed Visitors Center and continued to Paddy Flaherty's on the Sarnia Harbor just around the corner from the Blue Water Bridge.

Motor Cities Gruppe Fall Color Tour 2000

Departing after lunch we drove NE on Lakeshore Rd, turning into RT 7, and further along it will join up with RT 21. Passing many beautiful homes, and then into farming country. The route was simple and you can not get lost. Our first scheduled stop is Dale's Countryside Antique





Market on the W side 1 mile S of Grand Bend. Our next stop was Bayfield, a delightful little town with many shops abound around the square. Stay as long as you want. We mingled and visited with the Mercedes club members, had a beer, shopped and window-shopped. Our next stop was The Bayfield Fish Market; I had to bring home smoked lake trout to ship to Al Zim.

We continued N to Goderich, and after checking into the Bedford Hotel, Vic and I drove out to Meneestung Bridge for a sunset walk, Bill & Jean met us there and the view was stunning. I especially enjoyed watching the fly fishermen cast for trout.

We had 29 for dinner at Robindale's an early 1900's Victorian home,

filled with antiques, and the staff was dressed in their Victorian dress. Before dinner Vic presented Mr. Hinson's gift champagne to Brad Richards, who purchased his 55 Continental Coupe this year, got it on the road, through many trials and tribulations, "with a lot of Ted's help" and came on the tour without his wife, Gabby, who had to stay home and sit with their dog.

Sunday morning we had coffee and a muffin at the Hotel, then it's off to 2 flea markets outside of town for some shopping. Then we had a nice buffet breakfast at the Candlelight Restaurant in Goderich.

Our next stop is Blyth. After a nice 15-mile drive through the countryside we arrive at The Old Mill.

What a find this place is; the flagship store of Canada's Leather Fashion district, featuring an on-site tannery and 40,000 sq. ft of shopping. Wow!!! It was awesome, beautiful imported wool suits, coats, gloves, and more leather garments than I have ever seen at one place. Plus they have imported baby clothes, and wool fleece baby blankets for all those new grandbabies. Even the men were impressed and several left with new leather jackets. If you missed this place, stay tuned several of you may want to go back.

When we left it started to drizzle, and by now it was almost 3pm so it was time to head home. Thanks to Greg LaPorte for the nice photos. See you next time. Vic & Barbara



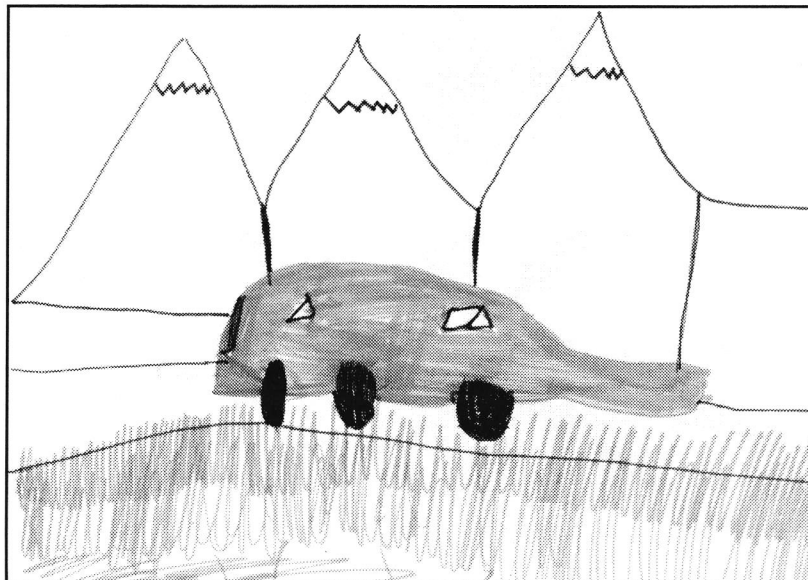
One day, I was driving in my Dad's red car. And we drove in the red car. We saw a Llama. The Llama said "MBA!". So we drove in the red car. Then we saw a horse, the horse said

"NAY!" Then we saw a man, so we said "Hello, man" and the man said "hello." Then we stopped for lunch, I had a sand-

wich, then we drove in the red car. We went into the country. We saw cows, sheep and a dog. Then we went home. The End.

The Ride in The Car

by Isabella Gaeta



DON
Marrah
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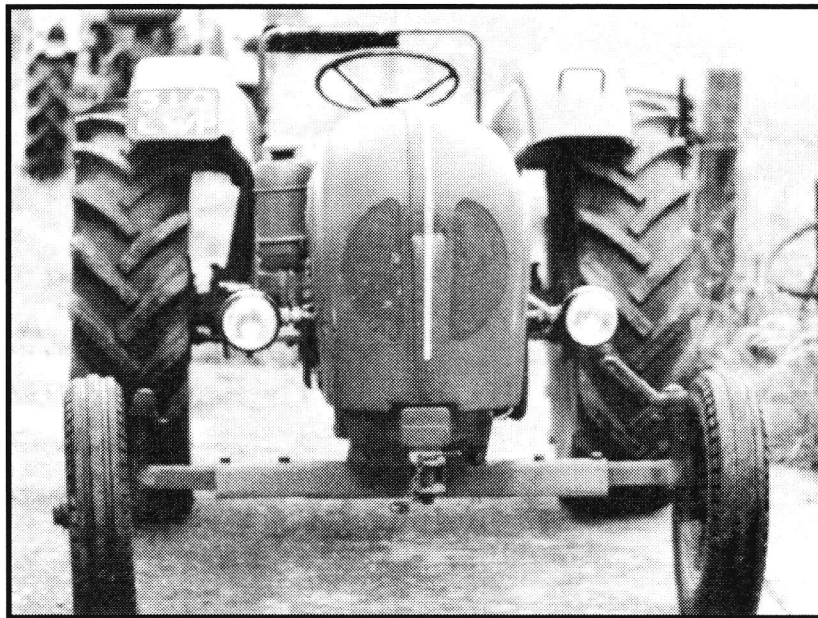
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Porsche Tractors

A History and Field Trial

By Tony Standen London



One of the many minor gems in my model Porsche collection is a Porsche tractor. I have learned from von Frankenberg's book that Dr. Porsche was always interested in tractors, and since anything which the good Doctor has been connected with interests me, I have had it on my mind for years to find a Porsche tractor.

Through the good offices of Bill Goodman of the Porsche Club Great Britain, I was introduced to Corrie Hanbury, who has two Porsche tractors and who used to be a Porsche tractor dealer. Eventually, I found myself in Stourport-on-Severn, where I met Mr. Hanbury, and saw and drove his tractors. Before describing what it's like to drive a Porsche tractor, some historical information is called for.

Dr. Porsche's interest in tractors probably dates from the First War, when he designed an electro-mechanical field artillery train for the Austrian army. In 1937, Dr. Porsche set down his design

criteria. The tractor was to be a people's tractor, able to do all farm hauling then done by beasts. Included in the design was a 12 hp air-cooled engine, and a hydraulic clutch for smooth pick-up of heavy loads.

By 1938, experience had been gained with prototypes and a new model was designed, this time with provision for either a diesel or gas generator engine. The tractor was to be the center of a whole farming system; designs for every necessary type of farm tractor accessory were also prepared and tested. However, design work and development of military vehicles soon brought the tractor programme to a halt. During the war several improved designs were prepared, one of which seems to have become the basis for the post-war series of Porsche tractors.

In common with the Volkswagen, grandiose plans had been made in the late 30's for enormous factories to produce the Porsche designed tractors; none of these came to fruition. In 1945, Dr. Porsche himself was virtually kid-

napped by Renault, who weren't capable of sorting out their own early post-war designs properly, and needed his help. Hence the good Doctor did not see his tractors actually being produced until 1949, when Allgaier established a production line to build a 2 cylinder, 17 hp diesel tractor.

Allgaier built approximately 25,000 tractors from 17 to 44 hp before 1957, when they dropped tractor manufacturing to return to their original product, machine tools. In 1952, Dr. Porsche consulted with a firm called Mannesmann about the development of a water cannon to take the drought worry out of farming. By 1957, this contact had matured to the point that Mannesmann had built a complete new plant in Friedrichshafen specifically for tractor manufacture. As Allgaier production was phased out, a new tractor system was developed. The heart of this system was a constant piston/cylinder/con-rod/valve gear assembly. The basic unit gave approximately 14 hp; more powerful tractors simply had more of these standard cylinder assemblies on top of a longer bottom end and bigger gear box. Each cylinder assembly is independent on the engine, and can be demounted without disturbing the others. This common part system made servicing easier; it is claimed that 87% of the parts are common to the entire range. Using this system, four air-cooled diesel tractors were made: the one cylinder Junior (14 hp), two cylinder Standard (25 hp), three cylinder Super (35 hp), and the four cylinder Master (50 hp).

In addition to the cylinder system, these tractors had many other interesting technical features. (Agricultural readers should note here that I know little about tractors; what strikes me as fantastic does so because of my ignorance.) All were air-cooled by gear drive, to obviate broken belts their tracks were adjustable to as many as seven different positions. Anti-stall clutches were fitted to the Standard and Super. Standard hydraulic lifters and power take off points were fitted to all models.

According to Mr. Hanbury, "The benefits of air cooling cannot be over-emphasized since the engine will run satisfactorily with no forced cooling. The Porsche designed multi-speed transmission is driven from the engine through either single or dual clutches and then through a Voith fluid coupling (except Junior V) which protects the transmission and engine against shock loading and abuse. This coupling, correctly set, slips under excessive torque. Multispeed in the gearbox is given by a double reduction and all gear speeds are in sequence, mak-

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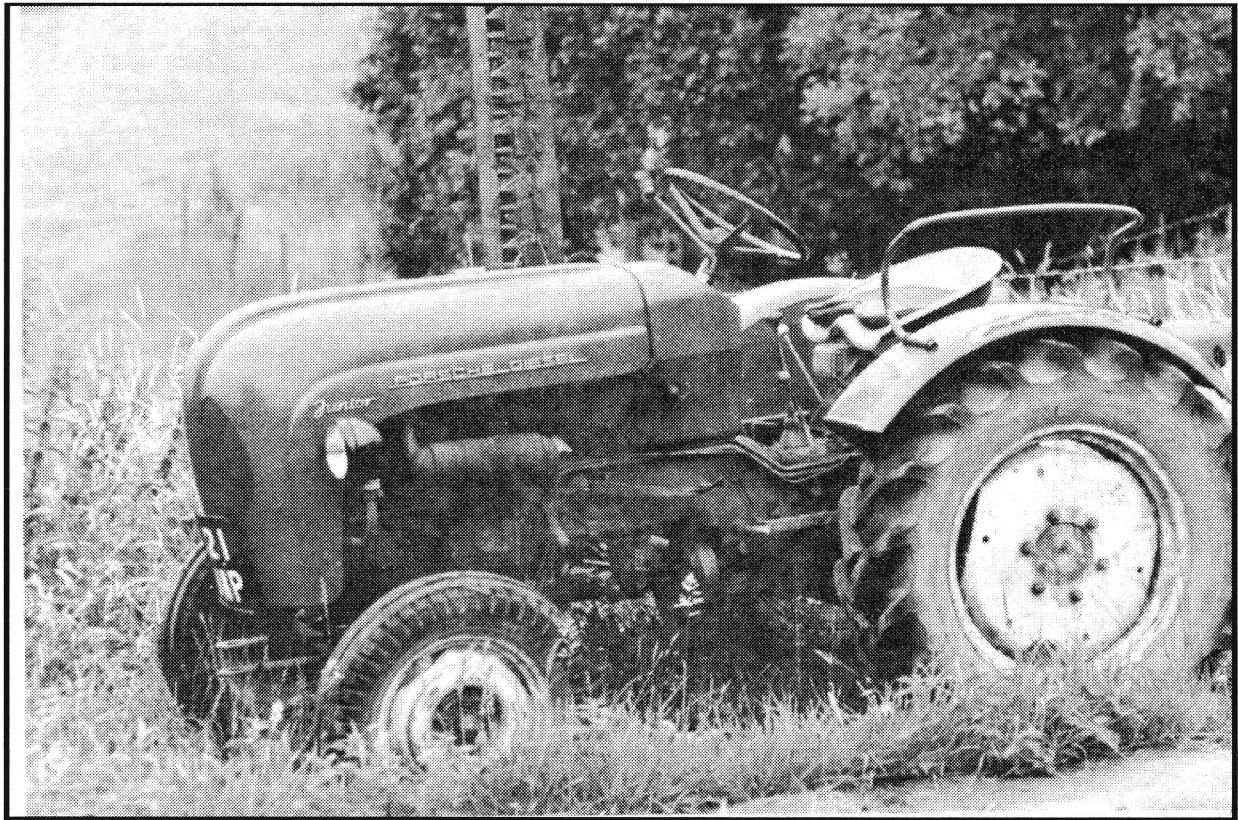
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ing the tractor easy to drive. All tractors are fitted with hand and foot accelerators. The whole tractor reflects typically sound and thorough German engineering."

"I have now run my two tractors, a standard Junior V and a three cylinder Super Export (one of four in Great Britain) for ten years. Total replacements are one voltage control, one armature and one glowplug. Oil consumption is nil, requiring no replenishment between changes, and no leaks of any consequence have developed in either tractor. Power is adequate, but the engines are sluggish due to the heavy flywheel assemblies. The salient feature must be the high standard of reliability and longevity; there is no known case of transmission failure. All engines are noisy with a loud diesel knock. Clutches operate over a very small range and care is required to make smooth starts. I have had extensive driving experience with one, two and three cylinder Porsche diesel tractors and also with AP22 Allgaier Porsche tractors on all types of agricultural work. I have never been let down by one and they have always given me pleasure to

drive."

Allgaier Porsche tractors were imported into the United Kingdom between 1953 and 1956, and Mannesmann Porsche tractors during 1963 and 1964. Im-

porting ceased when Renault bought out Mannesmann in 1964 and production at Friedrichshafen ceased. Mr. Hanbury estimates that there are approximately 400 of

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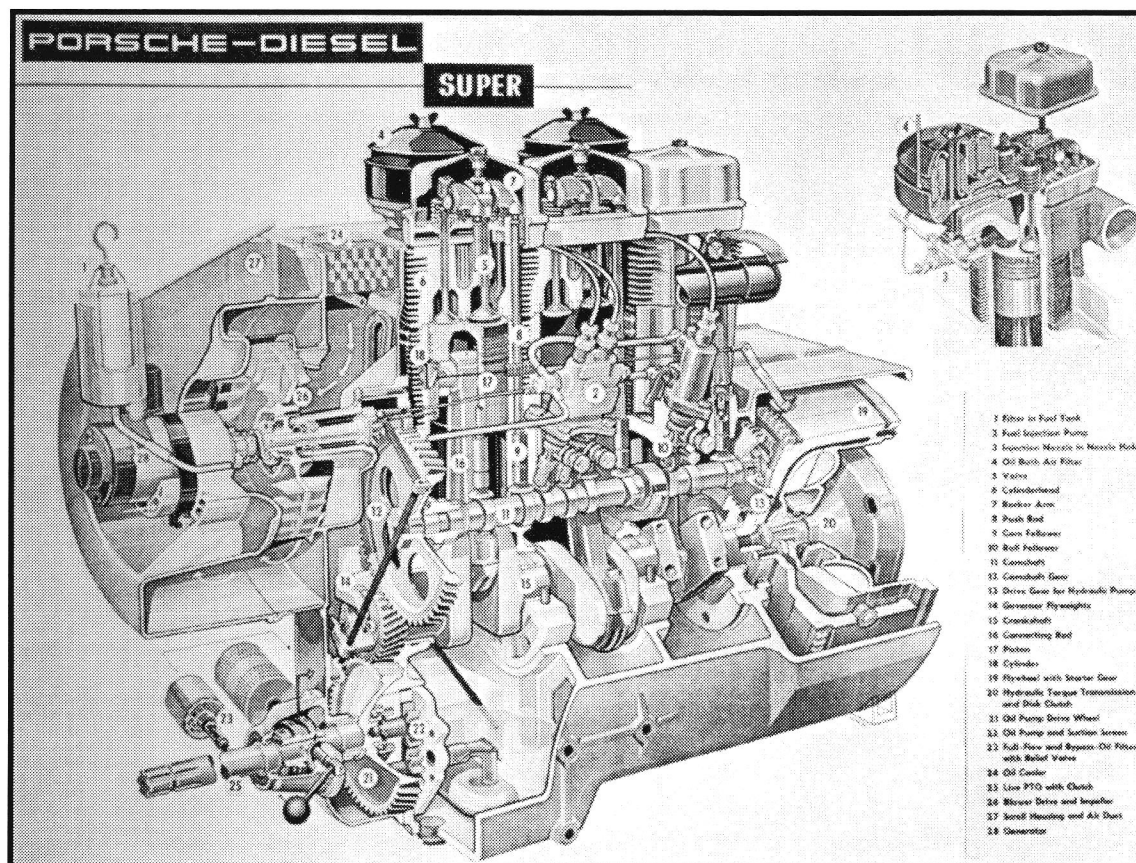
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these tractors in Great Britain. Apparently they were difficult to sell because they were both priced higher than the equivalent British tractors and regarded with suspicion by the conservative British farmer. Tractor spotters will rejoice to know that Allgaier Porsches are orange-brown while Mannesmann Porsches are red with cream wheels. Having educated you perhaps more than you wish, I can now get to the point of this article, namely what are Porsche tractors really like? As far as looks go, they have somewhat the same air as a 356-rounded or bulbous-if you can ignore the tractor excrescences. The bonnet hinges forward for access to the engine, and the frame contains the gearbox. There are handles, latches and pipes what seems like all over the place (you must remember that I am a city boy); aside from the bonnet, there is no styling whatsoever. Yet the tractors I saw were not ugly. After descending into a Porsche, it feels strange to climb up onto a vehicle. But climb one does, and when one gets there, the driving position is very comfortable. As they say, all the controls fall conveniently to hand. Whereas Porsche cars have many in-

struments, the Porsche tractor has only one, a "tractometer", which apparently tells you everything you need to know except when to plow the South Forty. The redline is at 2500 rpm, I think. The dial was so confusing, I never quite figured it out. Mr. Hanbury started the machine for me. A strong battery is necessary to preheat the cylinder head to operating temperature before starting the engine. He told me that, if this is done, there is no problem about starting the tractor. Riding shotgun on a fender, Mr. Hanbury then drove me around. The ride was bumpy, naturally, and, not being knowledgeable about tractors, I was astonished at the low turning radius the machine had. Driving the tractor myself, as I was graciously allowed to do, was a totally new experience. I was told to put the tractor in one of the middle gears and not to bother about shifting. Accordingly, I climbed aboard. The engine was barely ticking over, kept going by a massive flywheel. There are two throttles, one for the hand and one conventional foot-operated. The hand throttle adjusts the idle speed, and can be used to control the over-all speed while the foot throttle

returns to the minimum setting of the hand throttle. The clutch is heavy, but sensitive; there is so much torque that one just damps the clutch and takes off. The steering is also very sensitive-the tractor goes exactly where you point it with no fuss. I drove around and around a field, making great figure eights, climbing steep hills. There are individual rear wheel brakes, which should allow amazing tricks to be played. No matter how slowly I went, I never changed gear. It was like driving an automatic.

I think the most impressive aspect of the tractors was the no fuss, no nonsense air they have about them. No more and no less is included than is necessary. If, as I suspect, the Porsche tractor is to other tractors as Porsche cars are to other cars, it is difficult to understand why they never became more popular. Every Porsche nut should have one. However, production at Friedrichshafen ceased in 1964, when the factory was bought out by Renault-a poetic end to the story of Porsche tractors. ◀

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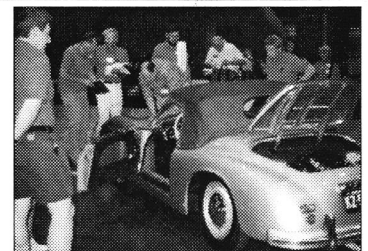
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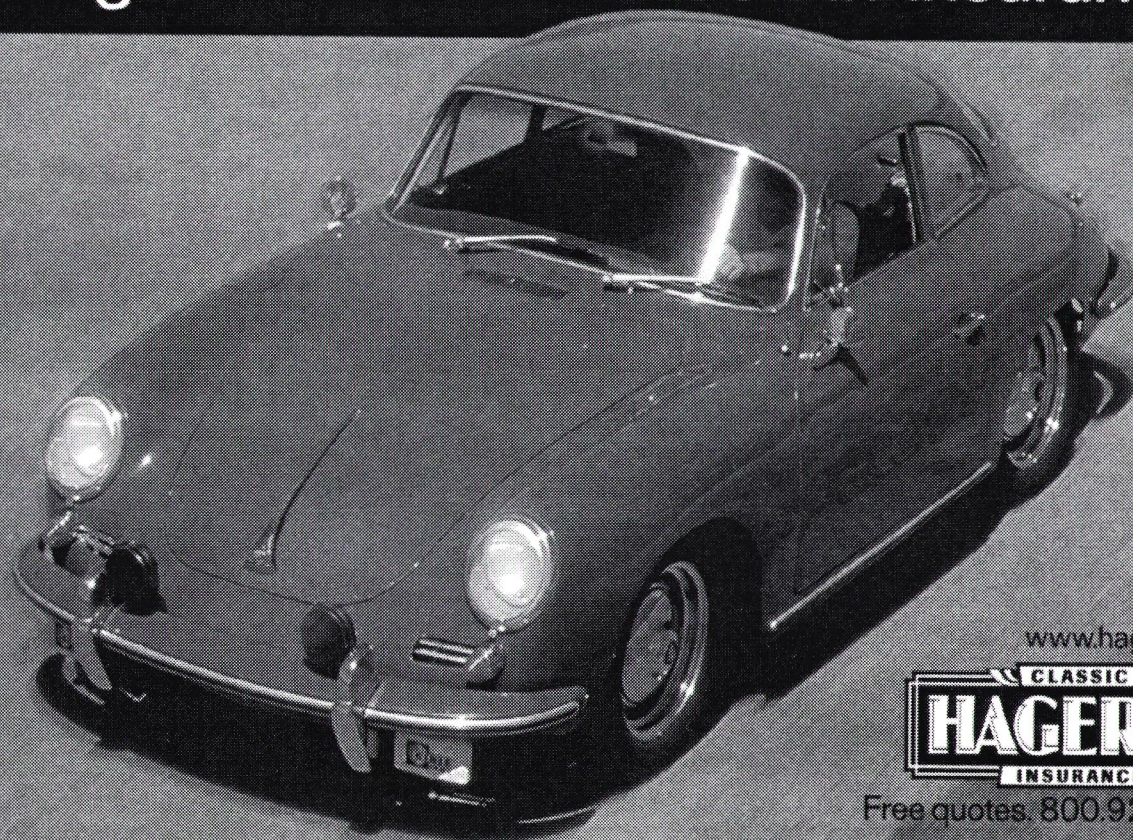


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