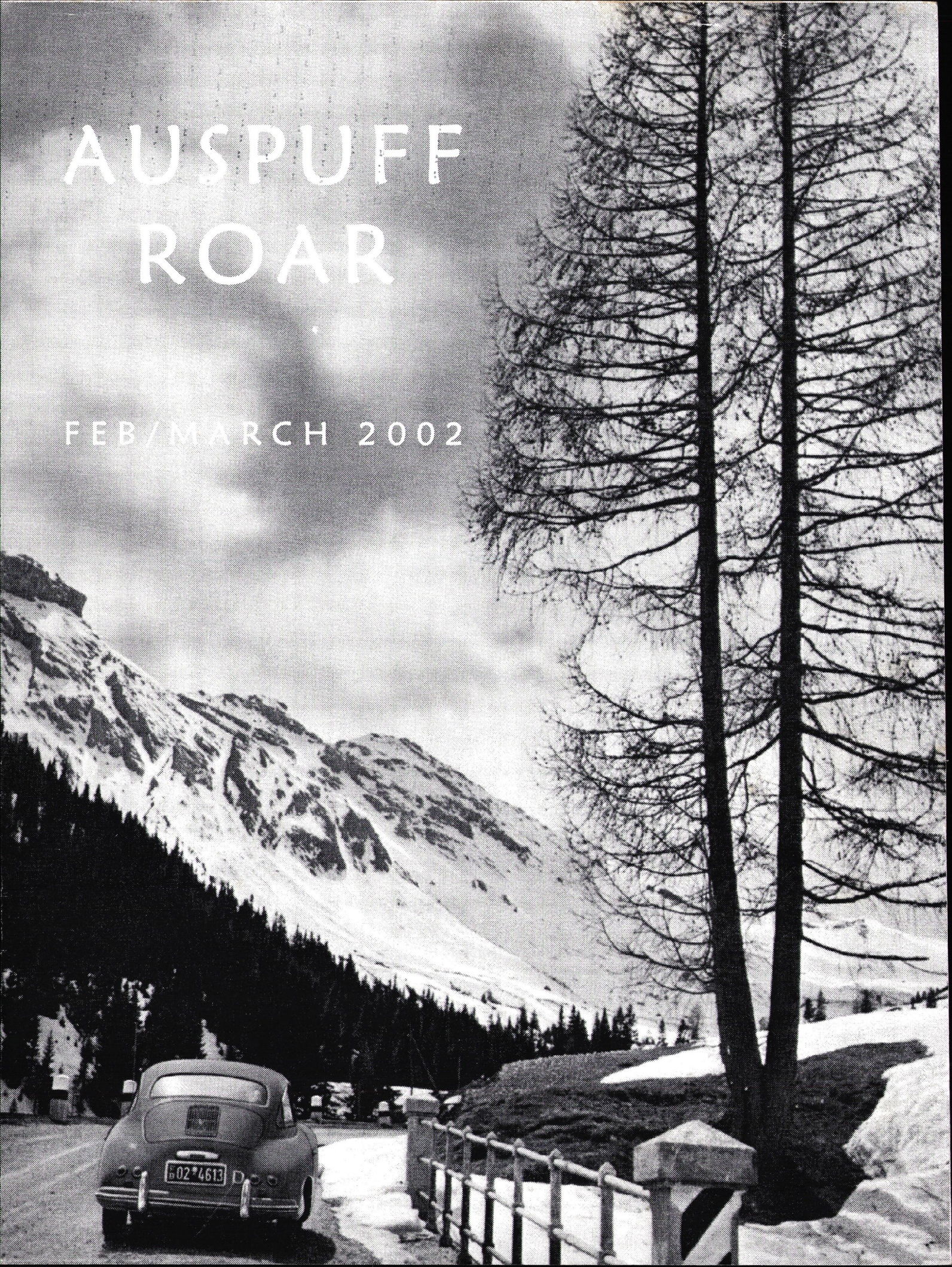


AUSPUFF ROAR

FEB/MARCH 2002



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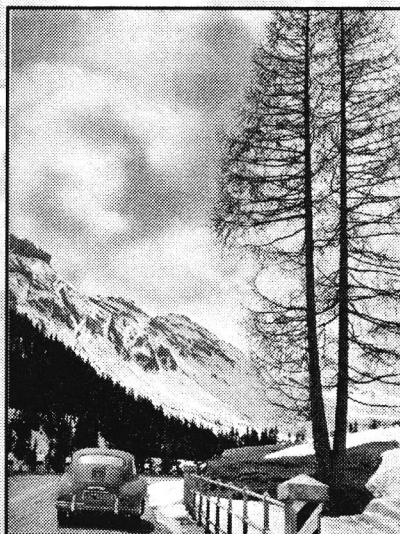
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ON THE COVER:



Winter scene from the book "Liebe zu Ihm". Wouldn't it be great if there were no such thing as salt and corrosion? Then we could drive our treasures year round. Oh, Wait! There is such a thing! It's called California. Oh well, it will be Spring soon enough...

The Auspuff Roar is the official publication of the Motor Cities Gruppe and is published 6 times per year. Membership dues for the Motor Cities Gruppe is \$15 per year due at the first of each year. Advertising rates per issue in the Auspuff Roar are as follows: Business card size—\$10, Quarter page—\$25, Half page—\$50, Full page—\$85. Please send membership dues to Barbara Skirmants 27244 Ryan Rd, Warren, MI 48092. Please send any materials to be published or advertising copy to: Sebastian Gaeta 4070 Brookview Ct, Ann Arbor, MI 48108

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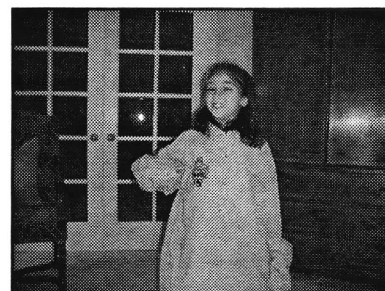
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Denim shirts w/ a Motor Cities Gruppe alternate logo are now available. They are \$45 which includes your name embroidered on the shirt. They come in S-M-L-XL. T-shirts are available for \$15

Call Barb Skirmants 810-225-8692



PRESIDENT'S LETTER



Wow, seems like I just finished writing the year-end column.

They say that time really flies when you're having fun. And I must say that it's true – I am having fun! And don't take my word for it – just ask Ted Dunham and Neil Goldberg. A month ago, I had a guards red cabriolet with a hardtop latched onto it. Now I have a bare metal tub sans all mechanicals, interior, doors, engine lid and front hood *almost* ready to go down to Rick Bennett's in Ohio. Spread around Ted's garage, in some semblance of order, are the front suspension, steering box, engine, transmission, haft-shafts, torsion bars, shocks, window mechanisms, windshield, a god-zillion number of metric bolts and nuts, a parts list four times as long as I imagined (and wanted) – and a whole lot better understanding of how these marvelous tubs were designed and assembled. Bottom line – I'm having a wonderful time. Nothing is better than learning by doing, especially with a couple of great teachers around to guide, assist and cajole; and every once in awhile one of the other 356ers stops by to lend advice or a hand. A further update and commentary in the next issue, as we have some other things to discuss.

In mid-January, we held our first Board of Trustees meeting of 2002.

Your Board of Trustees consists of Ted Dunham, Sebastian Gaeta, Brad Richards, Barbara Skirmants and Bill Toburen. A quick summary of the results of the meeting follows. We elected officers for the year, who are Gerald VanVliet, Treasurer; Lanita Dunham, Secretary; and yours truly as President for another year. On top of that, the club continues to run in the black, so there is no fear that we will become another Enron.

We spent considerable time reviewing past events and then structured an event calendar for the entire year – with specific dates as shown on the calendar on page 5. Motor Cities Gruppe events were scheduled taking into account the three 356 Registry Holidays, PCA Porsche Parade, PCA/SEM outings and other events that would be of interest to folks like ourselves.

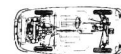
We further set a goal that four of the five major Motor Cities Gruppe events would be hosted by other than the "usual suspects". We already have commitments from Gerald VanVliet to host the Spring Dinner at the Cadieux Café on **Sunday, February 24th** (see events calendar), Len Hanson to host the Spring Tour in May and Brad Richards has consented to letting us park our tubs on his freshly laid sod at his new home in Ann Arbor for

the Summer Picnic in August. So, we only need someone to step up and host the Fall Color Tour. The nice thing about taking something like this on is that all past hosts and helpers are available to assist, offer ideas and participate. Give me a call!! I can answer questions you may have, put you in touch with others, and provide some help in the planning and recruitment of able assistants.

Lastly, the topic of dues. As all of you know by now, we pride ourselves on being both low key in operation and committed to the faith of the 356. And as such, we: 1) don't inundate you with renewal notices, and 2) strive to keep the annual dues at a very reasonable fifteen bucks. But, even at low key, it still costs money to sponsor events (most are subsidized in some manner) and print/mail the newsletter (last month's issue with the quality member roster enclosed cost us almost five dollars a copy). If the little light bulb clicks on, run and grab your checkbook, write a check for the \$15.00 annual dues and drop it in the mail to Barbara Skirmants.

Mark your calendar for the February 24th Spring Dinner,

Dave Peterson



Here's What's Happenin' Where it's NOT Snowing!

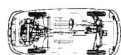
Tales from Our West Coast Correspondent, Jack Hagerty

The last several weeks here have been pretty active. A nice mix of family, friends and 356's. In November we drove some pretty terrific, twisty mountain roads over to Indio, to spend the weekend with Frank & Rita Malik. They are fun and wonderful people and their new place has a separate 'cassette' for guests. Saturday morning we joined with approximately 30 additional 356's in Palm Springs for a run up to Idylwild. Frank brought his beautiful Silver 'C' Coupe with blue leather interior, restored meticulously by Don Marrah. Bonnie and I had our outlaw. There were a number of nice cars, great roads, good weather and Idylwild is a really neat little town nestled at the top of the mountains. Lanita would love it. Several great photo opportunities presented themselves, if only I had remembered our camera. A sad side-note however. On Friday night at the '356 Club' hotel some sick idiot poured paint-stripper all over several of the cars parked in the lot. Some were 'totaled' and will require a complete strip-down and re-paint. Even though our cars were not involved, it made us all nauseous. True to 356 spirit however, the 'show' went on and we truly enjoyed the day.

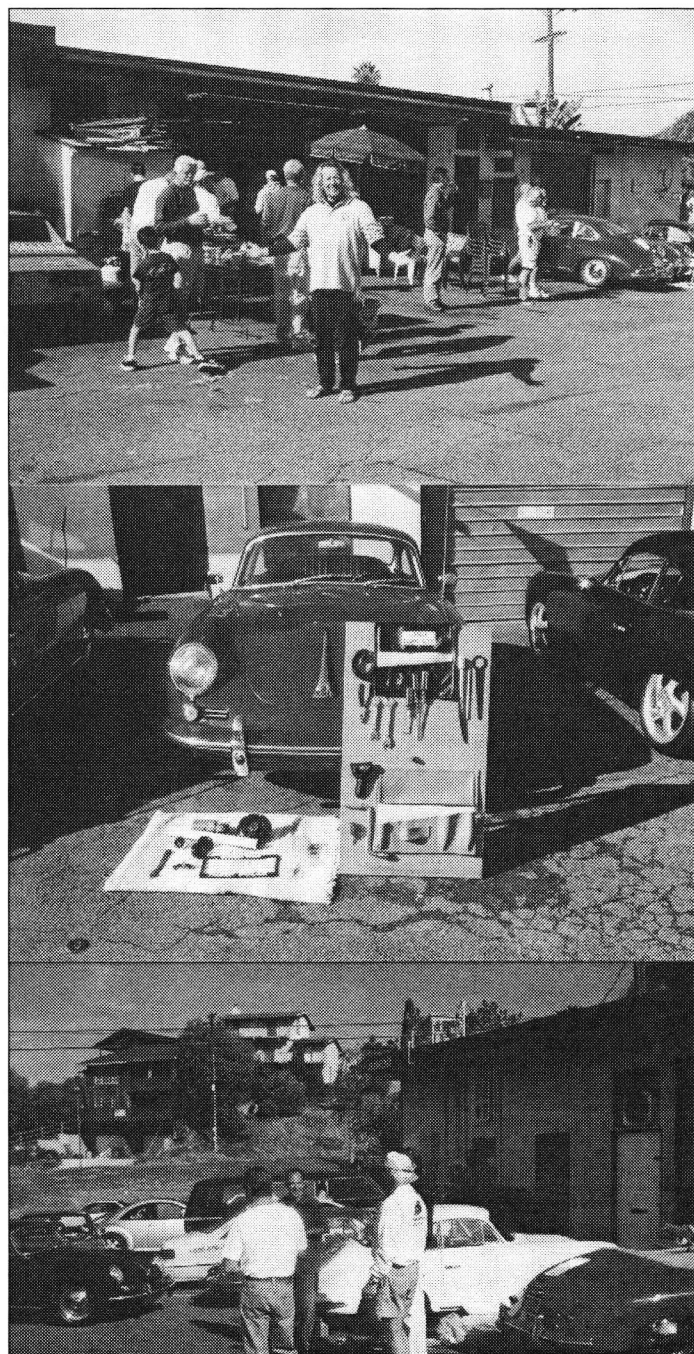
On December 1st there was a 'No Bull Session' at the shop of Jack Staggs in San Clemente. I've known Jack since high school and he's been in the same location for over 25 years. I'm not positive, but it's quite possible that he's thrown out fewer 'spare parts' and pieces than our own Vic Skirmants. I wonder if they could 'switch places' and still know where everything is. There were 20-25 356's, a nice gull-wing Mercedes and a beautiful Jag XK-120. Good food, good company, nice cars and a lot of laughs. Not unlike a Motor Cities Gruppe get together.

This past week we flew our boys out for the holidays and hosted a 'Hagerty Family' Christmas Party with over 60 people. After 25 + years away it was quite special. The 'close' to our holiday fun came this morning as we met John & Pam Chatley for breakfast, who were in town to visit John's son Scott. We had a great time and John filled us in on all the latest Motor Cities news.

Until we meet again we wish you well.



Jack & Bonnie



MOTOR CITIES GRUPPE CALENDAR

FEBRUARY

24th— Early Spring Dinner

At the Cadieux Café.

Feather Bowling and Mussels!

Hosted By Gerald Van Vliet. See announcement on page 11.

MARCH

19th-Membership Dinner

At Zack's Steak House

26620 Dequindre

Warren, MI 6:00 PM

APRIL

12-14th 356 Registry East

Coast Holiday, Charleston, SC.

See your Registry Magazine for details

20th— Hershey all Porsche

Swap Meet, Hershey, PA. The largest event of it's kind in the world!

MAY

19th—10th Annual MCG

Spring Tour!! Info to follow.

21st-Membership Dinner

At Zack's Steak House

26620 Dequindre

Warren, MI 6:00 PM

JUNE

1st-The All New Stoddard's "Audi-Porsche Fest"

The Old Swap Meet Format is

Dead. Long Live The

"Audi-Porsche Fest"!

Details in the next Auspuff Roar

JULY

16th-Membership Dinner

At Zack's Steak House

26620 Dequindre

Warren, MI 6:00 PM

AUGUST

11th— Motor Cities Gruppe

Family Picnic Hosted by Brad and

Gabby Richards, Ann Arbor, MI.

Info to follow in Auspuff Roar.

22-25th—356 Registry

"North Coast Holiday"

Duluth, MN. See Registry Magazine for details.

SEPTEMBER

17th-Membership Dinner

At Zack's Steak House

26620 Dequindre

Warren, MI 6:00 PM

OCTOBER

5-6th —Annual MCG Fall Tour

Host and location to be announced

How I Actually Drove My 356

by Gerald VanVliet

Recently I was reading Peter Egan's book, *Peter Egan At Large*. His tales of trips across the U.S. brought back memories of when I drove my 356 on roads like those Egan relishes in his stories. Now before I go any further, I know many of you are saying "I know Gerald, he doesn't have a 356. I've never see him with a 356 at any Gruppe events". But Au' Contraire, I do have a 356 and many, many years ago I used to drive the wheels off it.

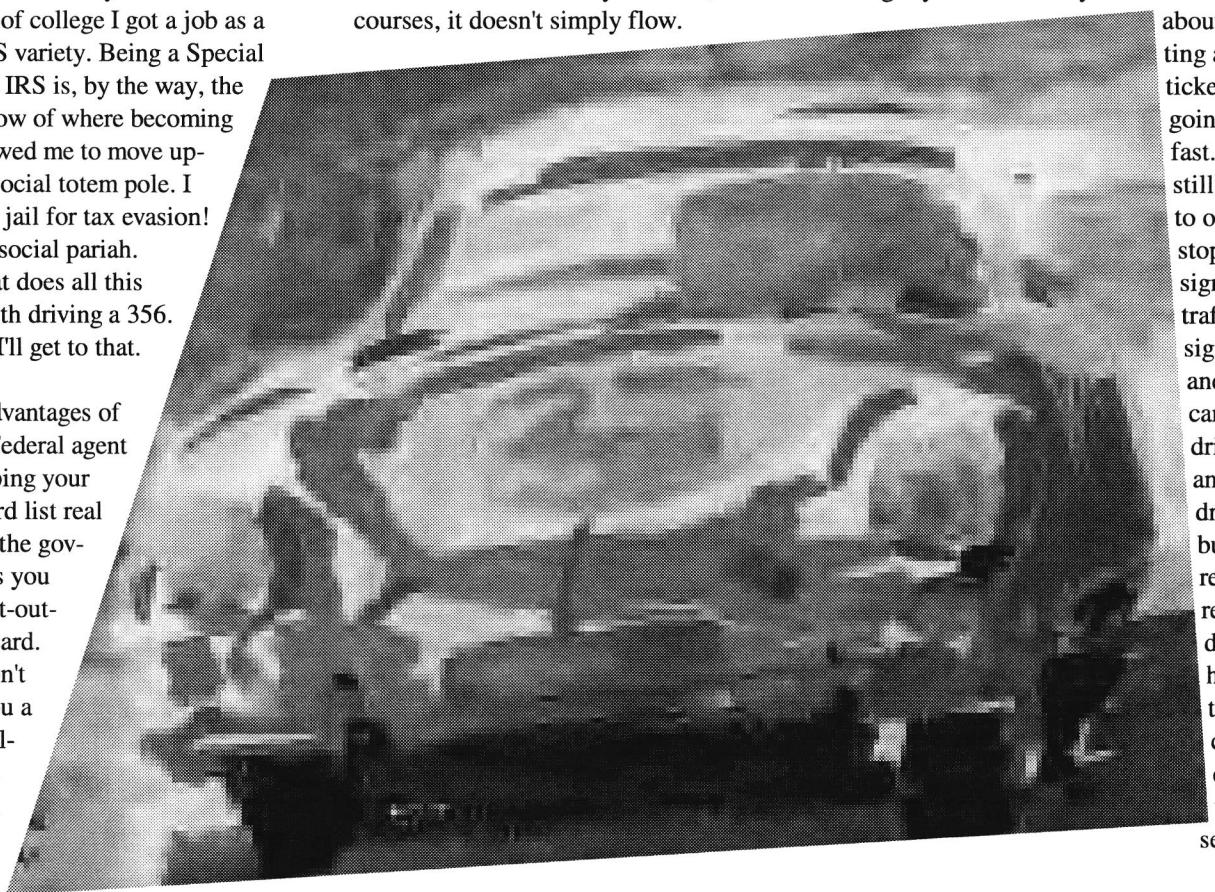
In 1972 when I was 23 years old and not that long out of college I got a job as a *Federale*, IRS variety. Being a Special Agent for the IRS is, by the way, the only job I know of where becoming a lawyer allowed me to move upward on the social totem pole. I put people in jail for tax evasion! Talk about a social pariah. Okay, so what does all this have to do with driving a 356. Hold on and I'll get to that.

One of the advantages of becoming a Federal agent (besides keeping your Christmas card list real short) is that the government gives you your own "get-out-of-jail-free" card. Okay they don't really give you a get-out-of-jail-free card, but they give you something

almost as good, a Shiny Gold Badge. (I won't even go into the gun thing). For those of you who have never had the opportunity to drive around with a shiny gold badge in your wallet let me explain the reality of the "brotherhood of people with badges". Now all of us who have ever driven a sports cars and have even five molecules of testosterone coursing through our bodies know that the laws regarding speed limits are extremely arbitrary. (That by the way is what testosterone does you know, it courses, it doesn't simply flow.

Estrogen flows. Testosterone says "move over", "out of the way", "coming through". Estrogen says "excuse me", "excuse me, please", "may I get through, thank you"). When you have a shiny gold badge in your wallet obeying the speed limit becomes an arbitrary act on your part. Maybe they "don't need no stinkin' badges" in the Sierra Madres, but on the streets and highways of the of the United States if you have one, you'd be a fool to leave home without it. When you have a "badge" you never really have to worry

about getting a ticket for going too fast. You still have to obey stop signs, traffic signals and you can't drink and drive, but you really, really do not have to concern yourself



with going too fast. God, I miss working for the government!

Now you might be thinking to yourself, Gerald is just making this up, to make a good story. I'm an attorney, why would I lie? I'll admit this wasn't something the government taught me in training in Washington or that I learned in Detroit when I was first on the job. No, I learned this reality of life in Charleston, West Virginia. Now bear with me for a minute while I digress to explain why I learned this fact of life in West Virginia. After finishing my training in Washington, D. C., I came back to Detroit to begin plying my trade as an agent. The week after I was back I was selected to go to Charleston to assist in a large grand jury investigation being undertaken there. I had been in West Virginia for only about a month when one day I had to accompany a senior agent, to a small city about 45 miles from Charleston. I no longer remember why we were going there, only that it was an important trip. We had to get there and back and we didn't have a lot of time, maybe we left late in the afternoon and had to get there before a bank or business closed for the day. To get there we took the West Virginia Turnpike. The West Virginia Turnpike in those days was a three lane road and only 60 miles long. I was driving and as I remember I was going at least 20 miles an hour over the speed limit which was then probably 60 miles an hour. About half way there I came around a bend leading onto a short straight. (Being West Virginia all the straights on this road were short.) That's also why it was only three lanes wide. The terrain was so mountainous that it was not fiscally prudent to build a four lane road through this section of the mountains. At the end of this straight, parked on what little shoulder of the road there was, was a West Virginia State Trooper with a radar gun.

Suffice to say I was had.

As I approached his vehicle he stepped out on to the highway and motioned me to pull up behind his vehicle. I remember saying out loud to the agent who was

with me at the time, "Oh man he really got me, I was going at least twenty miles an hour over". The other agent then replied, "Don't worry". Easy for him to say, he wasn't the one driving, and we were being stopped by a state trooper, not Barney Fife. I've got a New York driver's license, the other agent is from Ohio, so I figured I was in big trouble. I stop the car about 5-6 feet behind the trooper's car. He walks up to our car. I roll down the window. He asks me, from behind his silver coated aviator glasses, for my license and registration. I reach for my wallet, at which point the other agent reaches across in front of me and shows the state trooper his badge and says "We're federal agents on official business". Then he says to me "Okay Gerald, let's go". The state trooper just stands there. He hasn't said anything nor has he moved. We all



remain still for about 10 more seconds and the other agent says to me "Go Gerald, we have to get going". I look up at the state trooper, sort of shrug my shoulders, slowly roll up the window, put the car in gear and pull out back onto the highway—carefully! The state trooper steps back and away we went, no ticket, nothing.

I don't recall exactly what I said after we had pulled away and were back on the road. However I do remember Tom (the other agent) telling me that if you get stopped by a cop, just show him your badge, let him know you're on official business and go on. They won't

give you a ticket. Seemed like he knew what he was talking about to me. So later I tell another agent from Detroit who is in West Virginia with me about this little episode. He said he's never heard about anything like this. We were impressed. I was speeding. I got stopped by a state trooper. I didn't get a ticket. Now we didn't immediately run out to our cars to see if we could get stopped and if it would work again. Personally I thought I got off because the agent I had been with was older, fortyish and the state trooper was older, also fortyish. I was only 23 or 24. I thought this was some secret code between old guys. This was the end of the '60s, remember "don't trust anybody over 30" and these guys were forty if they were a day.

A month or so later I was in my own car somewhere in Charleston when I got

pulled over by a city cop. As I recall it was either in the evening or on a weekend, definitely not during business hours and I wasn't on official business. He told me I'd been doing 38 or 40 in a 30 mile an hour zone and he asked for my license and registration. I was getting my license out of my wallet when he said something about my badge and asked who I worked for. So I told him. He then said something to the effect of, "Be careful", "Try to watch your speed" and let me go without a ticket.

Whoa!!!

The next work day I again asked Tom (the



Yes, it's true—Gerald does own a 356! The man has been as involved as anyone in the Gruppe over the last ten years and many of us assumed he did not own one. We figured he liked to pitch in and help just for the heck of it.

older agent) about this thing with speeding and cops. He just said, "we're Federal Agents, cops aren't going to give us a ticket for speeding if you show them your badge". It now dawned on me that this wasn't just something between old guys. This was for real. Anybody (with a badge) could do it and you could do it anytime. This was like when you had first learned to walk. That crawling stuff had been fun, but it had its limitations. And then you learned to walk. Hot ziggitty shit.

Okay, now that we have explained the badge thing, let me get on with my story about my 356 and Charleston. If you will, think back to the East Coast Holiday in Virginia. Do you remember seeing miles and miles of perfectly flat, perfectly straight roads stretching out endlessly to the horizon. I don't think you did. West Virginia is like that only more so.

Charleston is in the south central part of the state, a place where even the morning fog has a hard time finding its way out of the assorted "hollers" and valleys that are the topography of that part of the world. It is a little like Monte Carlo or San Francisco, but without the Riviera, without the Bay, without the casino, without the street cars, without the charm, without the panache...okay think of Pittsburgh. It is situated astride the Kanawha river and until the interstate came through in the '80s the only flat road there paralleled the river. On the south side of the river is an area of subdivisions which were commonly known as the "South Hills". These "Hills" to my recollection were a bit of an understatement. Hills are what people ski on in Michigan. I've skied in Michigan and I've never skied on hills like these in Michigan.

In living and working in Charleston I would periodically drive by a Porsche dealership located in a suburb just outside the city. One day in December of 1972 as I was driving by I noticed a well used 356 (B normal coupe) sitting in the used car section of the dealership. What caught my eye was a price sticker boldly displayed on the car of only \$999. I had always wanted to own a sports car and as the price was enticing I pulled in to look at this 356. It needed work. Mechanically it was sound, started right up and ran fine. Cosmetically, it was a different story. It's a black car (original color), however the previous owner had begun sanding out little "defects" in the paint and covering these areas with gray primer in preparation for a new paint job. So it was a black car with gray splotches all over it. It looked like a refugee from Rommel's Afrika Korps (if they had driven 356's and painted them black). In

addition there appeared to have been a leak around the windshield. The rubber had hardened and cracked allowing rain to get into the car and run down into the front footwells, ruining the carpeting. Either that or the former owner had been keeping gold fish in there. The car looked and smelled like a "beater". There is nothing like the smell of rotting mildewed carpeting to use as a bargaining chip when negotiating the sales price of a car, and that excellent Afrika Korps paint job didn't make my job any harder.

I got it for \$600.

I had been living in San Francisco prior to coming to Detroit (by the way it's always San Francisco, never, never Frisco) and 356 Porsches were all over San Francisco at that time. Therefore I was familiar with 356's or I never would have even stopped to look at this one. Everyone I knew at that time in San Francisco thought 356's were cool. Okay, not everyone felt that way, but certainly all the "cool" people did. People thought 911's were even cooler but I didn't have enough money to be that cool.

At the time I went to West Virginia I was driving a 1968 289 Mustang convertible (auto) which in West Virginia because of its southern climate was clearly an enjoyable car to own. You could drive with the top down for eight months of the year—try that in Michigan! But it was an automatic and only had bias ply tires on it. This 356 on the other hand had a four speed, Koni adjustable shocks, asymmetrical Michelin XVS tires, a Mallory dual-point ignition and it was a PORSCHE.

Vic Skirmants has informed me that a Mallory dual-point

ignition ain't worth a shit on a 356 (his words). However I know differently. I was 24 years old. I was an all seeing, all knowing Federal Agent. I've driven the car, Vic never has. It ran like a raped rat. Who you gonna believe?

I later learned from the former owner that he had been autocrossing with it, which he explained was the reason for the shocks, tires, and the "hot" distributor set up. I understand, although I never saw evidence of it in my time there, that there are in fact level open spaces in southern West Virginia where an autocross event can be held. As I said, I had been driving my Mustang around and it was fun pushing it (remember the badge), and I thought it was pretty exciting. Then I went out in my "new" Porsche. When you have a "new" sports car and you are an ace sports car driver (even if only in your own mind) and you take it out for that first drive, you have two choices; you can drive responsibly... obeying the speed laws, staying on your side of the yellow line (and West Virginia is all yellow lines) which can be a lot of fun, if you are Dick Beecher. Or you can drive the car and not worry about any consequences that may arise as a result

of your inability to control your right foot.

Now what if you went out driving and didn't have to concern yourself with any legal consequences, from your decision to disregard society's arbitrary rules about speed limits.

Is the scene set up for you properly?

I am in true sports car country (road wise), I have a car which cries out for these roads and I can go as fast as I want. What would you have done? Remember you are 24 years old, this is your first sports car and you've been reading about sports car racers and racing in Road & Track since you were in 10th grade.

Here's what I did: on weekends, usually either Friday or Saturday night after I came in from whatever I had been doing that night (usually at about 1 or 2 a.m.) I parked my Mustang, got the key to the Porsche and drove over into the south hills and became Phil Hill, Dan Gurney or whomever. Okay so I wasn't Hill or Gurney or whomever, but it wasn't for a lack of trying. Now we all know that the

(Continued on page 10)



(Continued from page 9)

phrase "great gobs of honkin' torque" should never appear in any sentence with the words 356 Porsche. But this is why driving a 356 in West Virginia was such a hoot. This car has to get by on its cunning and wiliness, and West Virginia roads are all about cunning and wiliness. Do you know what clipping the apex" means? At the time I didn't.

What I learned though was that I could corner a lot faster if, in a left hand turn I started on the outside in my lane, came down across the center line to the very inside of the opposite lane and then came out again in my lane on the outside of the corner. This maneuver definitely has a tendency to keep you on the road when you are driving in race car driver mode. Why do you think I was doing this at 1 to 2 o'clock in the morning; it wasn't to avoid the police, it was so I wouldn't have to worry about other traffic on the streets.

Did anybody ever tell you about trailing throttle oversteer and a 356? Did your high school driver education teacher ever advise you about not lifting abruptly in the middle of a turn when the tires and suspension are under load. Fortunately as I recall, there were no curbs on the streets in the south hills. The reason I say that is because the first time I remember experiencing trailing throttle oversteer I ended sitting in the middle of some guys front lawn wondering what had just happened. Anyone who mistakenly believes that experience is not a great teacher, has never looped a 356 into somebody's front yard, rear end first, at 1:30 in the morning. My recollection is that this temporary lapse in my driving skills only occurred once or twice. It was definitely exciting when it happened, because it came so by surprise. One minute I'm in the middle of a corner, the next thing I know I've switched ends and am now heading backwards off the road and into the dark unknown.

Now you might be asking yourself "didn't Gerald ever feel guilty about this, driving like crazy, sliding off the road into someone's front yard. Didn't it tear it up peoples lawns and leave tire marks all over

"...the first time I remember experiencing trailing throttle oversteer I ended sitting in the middle of some guys front lawn wondering what had just happened."

them?" First off let me reiterate, it only happened a couple of times. Secondly, as I now recall, it only happened on nights when the road was still damp from rain or wet with dew. Thus the lawns would have also been wet. Therefore I am sure the car just slid along on the wet grass without doing much damage, although in all honesty I never got out to see. I just stuck it back in first gear and got the hell out of there. As long as I hadn't hit anything that had done any damage to me I really wasn't concerned. And because a 356 is not a heavy car, I'm sure any damage would have been minimal. Finally why would I feel guilty, sure I had a conscience, but guilt? I'm a white Anglo Saxon protes-

tant male. I was 24 years old. Guilt was not even in my vocabulary. Besides if I'd had any feeling of guilt I never would have been doing what I was doing in the first place.

In talking with Vic once I remember him complaining about the inadequacies of the front suspension of 356's. He was saying how because of their torsion bar suspension they lack the ability for him to set up as quickly for corners as other cars he races against; namely, Triumphs, MG's, etc. I don't know what he was taking about. I was continually amazed by the 356's ability to corner faster than I ever believed possible (once my driving

(Continued on page 11)

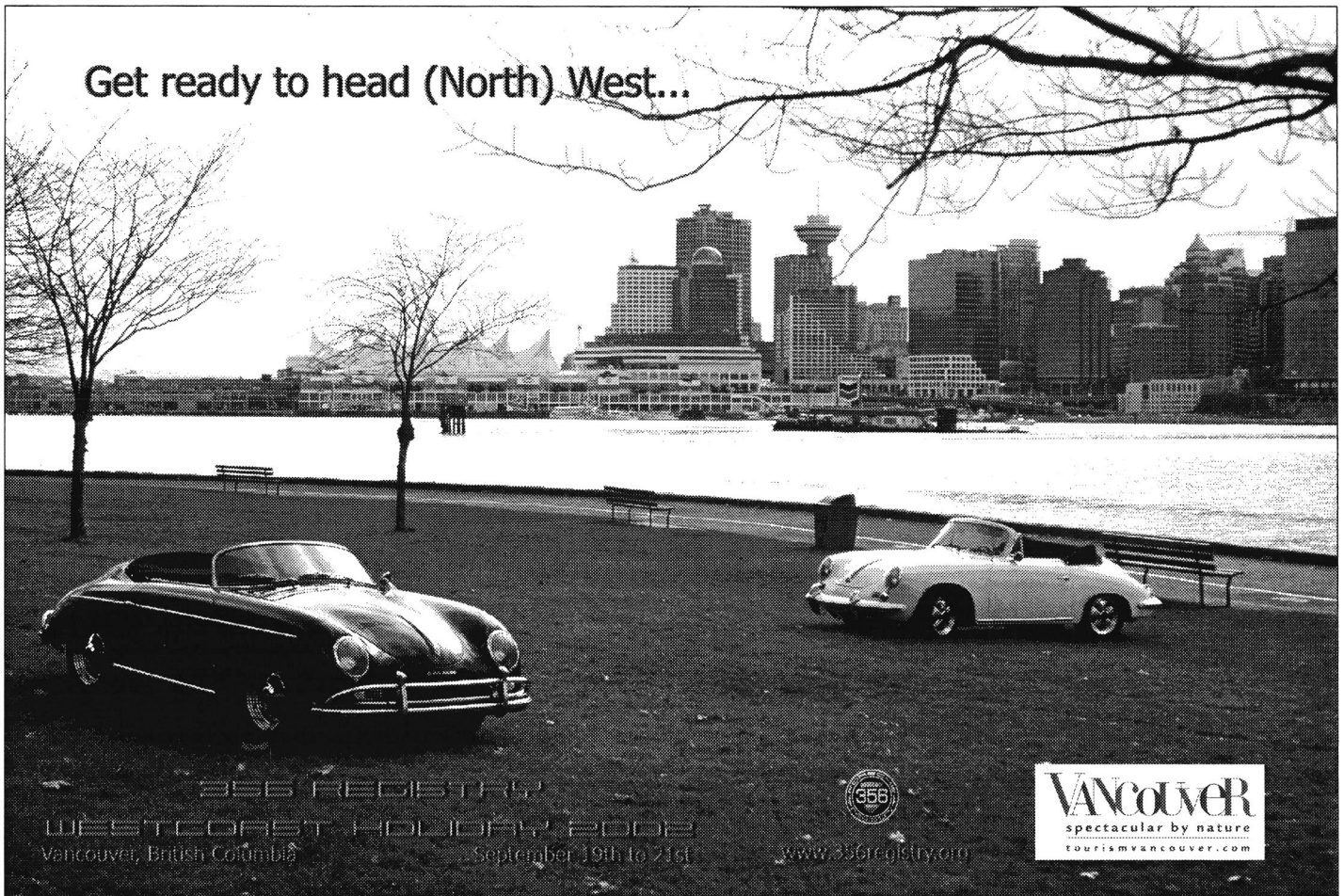
Motor Cities Gruppe Social Dinners

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 5 for dates and times. See you there!



Get ready to head (North) West...



356 REGISTRY
WESTCOAST HOLIDAY 2002
Vancouver, British Columbia September 19th to 21st



www.356registry.org



Motor CitiesGruppe Early Spring Dinner

Sunday, Feb 24th at
the Cadieux Café
4:00-6:00pm

The Cadieux Café is approximately 1 mile east of 1-94 on Cadieux in Detroit. Get off at the Cadieux exit of 1-94 east or west and go east. The restaurant opens at 4:00 on Sundays. Great beers, good food and you should have a good time feather bowling.

For info please call Gerald Van Vliet
at 248-645-5585

(Continued from page 10)

skills began to approach the performance level of the car). That was the thing that first hooked me about my 356 and the thing that kept me at my nocturnal adventures. When "motoring" in my Mustang (in West Virginia at least) as I would approach a corner I knew I had to brake hard to get my speed down if I wanted to get through it and stay on the road. There was so much "push" in that Mustang; it wouldn't stick to save its' soul. Of course in those days I don't think I even knew what "push" was, I just knew the Mustang wanted to keep going straight, when going fast, if the road turned sharply left or right. It was never like that with the 356. It seems all I ever had to do was just turn in and hang on. The only other time I have ever experienced this was years later when I was driving a Formula Ford at Skip Barber's driving school. With those cars, as with my 356, I could just steer into the corner, keep my foot lightly on the gas and the car would just hold its line all the way through the corner. (I don't know Vic, maybe it's not the car, maybe it's the driver.)

(Continued on page 12)

(Continued from page 11)

Braking was another major difference between the Mustang and the 356. I don't now recall whether the Mustang had disc brakes or not but regardless, the experience of driving the 356 compared to the Mustang or any other car was like night and day. With the Mustang in West Virginia I had to brake early and I had to brake often. The 356 on the other hand allowed me to wait until much later in approaching a turn before I had to begin my braking. And when I was braking the effect was awesome. My car is only a drum brake car, but in my mind it had, for those days, on those roads and at those speeds a tremendous braking ability. I could drive like crazy, brake like a mad man and live to tell the story another day. Combine that with its cornering ability and I was in seventh heaven on those Friday and Saturday nights.

Now before I leave everyone with the impression that I was racing all over like a total and complete maniac, I'd like to review where I was and what I was doing. I was in subdivisions (narrow streets) built on the side of really precipitous hills. I am completely serious when I say there cannot have been more than 400 yards of straight level road in all of Charleston or for that matter in all of southern West Virginia. Think 2nd, no more than 3rd gear. But oh the turns. I'm not talking about subdivisions in Troy or Sterling Heights. I'm talking about subdivisions built on the sides of hills with hardly any

two houses on the same plane. All connected by unblemished asphalt. No Michigan winters here. The road going up, the road going down with turn after turn after turn.

Looking back now I probably never spent more than 30 minutes any one night racing around on those streets. After all, when you are totally consumed with shifting up, shifting down, braking, turning, shifting, braking, shifting, turning, minutes are like hours. On top of that it was dark, (and we all know how good the headlights are on a 6 volt 356) and the road ahead had my total concentration. What I felt

and learned the first time I went out and what brought me back weekend after weekend (beside the fact that I knew I could get away with it) was getting up to speed, seeing the turn ahead of me, waiting to the last moment to brake, then sticking the 356 into the corner and having it go around it as if it were glued to the road, corner after corner after corner, time after time after time. All of this done at speeds that would have put my Mustang into somebody's front yard.

While I was in West Virginia I occa-

sionally went to New York City to see friends. When I did, I took my Mustang and because of my badge, I drove about 85-90 mph once I got on the interstates and never thought a thing about it. To me that was not driving. Driving to me is braking and shifting and going through corners faster than you would normally think prudent. Sports cars, especially ones without big engines and excess amounts of horsepower come into their own and the pleasure of owning and driving one (in my humble opinion) comes out when you are working the car, braking and shifting and cornering. It isn't about the absolute speed. When going even that fast on the interstate there was-

n't anything to think about. I wasn't really doing anything, I was only going fast. I was in essence driving in a straight line. There was no cornering at speed, no setting up for a corner, no braking and shifting; there wasn't any thrill or even any fun to it. I knew I wasn't going to get a ticket so it was no big deal. The only enjoyment I ever got out of

any of these trips was when I was driving late at night, the weather was clear and I was able to tune in good music on the radio.

As with all good things, this time in West Virginia eventually came to an end (after a little over a year) and I had to return to Detroit. I would like to note at this point that at no time was I ever stopped by the police during my nocturnal escapades, other times, in other cars yes, but never in the Porsche. Who says the gods don't smile on Porsche drivers, badges or no badges.



When I had to return from West Virginia I had no place to keep the 356 in Detroit. So I took it to my parent's home in western New York and left it in their garage for number of years. Knowing I was going to be driving the 356 to New York from West Virginia, I planned a route that would take me through western Pennsylvania. I chose this way so I could drive Route 62, from north of Pittsburgh to western New York. You encounter route 62 about 60 miles north of Pittsburgh which for the next 80-90 miles runs along side the Allegheny river and at times through the Allegheny National Forest. It's a real over the river and through the woods route. I planned going this way because I had driven it a couple of times in my Mustang and I anticipated that it would really be an experience in the 356. Route 62 is very curvy and scenic in this stretch. It wasn't West Virginia by any means, it's only slightly hilly, yet it still has the curves that make driving such a route the point for which sports car were created. When I got there and started driving it I kept waiting for it to get exciting, but it didn't. It wasn't the road, it was the 356. It was too good for the road. In the Mustang, at the same speed (60-70 mph) I had to do a lot of braking (as in West Virginia), whereas with the Porsche I didn't really have to brake hard or even that much, mostly all I ever had to do was lift momentarily before going through a corner. I don't recall that I ever had to downshift, it was all fourth gear. I wasn't trying to recreate the Mille Miglia or the Targa Floria, so I wasn't pushing the car or myself to extreme. I wanted a really fun drive on a great section of road, at speed, in a car that was created for this very thing. But after my experiences in Charleston's south hills it turned out to be just a pretty drive on a Saturday afternoon. It wasn't boring, but it certainly wasn't anything exciting, and I had anticipated that it would be.

After a few years, when I had room for it, I brought the 356 to Michigan and put it in my garage so I could work on it when I got the time. One thing led to another (besides the fact that I did not have the skills for working on the car). Law school

at night, keeping America safe during the day, restoring an old house in Grosse Pointe and then another and then another (we're now on number four) and it seems I have never gotten around to restoring my 356 (I still don't have the skills but at least now I know people who do).

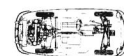
“...just the sheer enjoyment of sticking the 356 into a corner and then having it go around as if it were glued to the road, at speeds that would have put my Mustang into somebody's front yard...”

When I'm at a Gruppe event now or on Saturday mornings at Neil's, and somebody who knows I have my car in the garage says, "When are you going to get your car back on the road" I think back to those nights in the south hills of Charleston. I think back to diving into corners, getting hard on the brakes, downshifting and then letting the car do its magic through corner after corner and it's hard to easily explain why I never get my car back on the road. It is not pretty (it still has that Afrika Korps paint job, only with 28 more years of oxidation) and it still needs a new interior, but to my mind driving it in southeastern Michigan, or for that matter practically anywhere in Michigan, Ohio

(save south eastern Ohio), or Indiana just would not be the same as those nights in Charleston.

It's similar to skiing in Michigan after you've been to Colorado. Mt. Holly isn't just the same anymore. If I mention anything about how flat and boring the roads are here in Michigan people invariable tell me about these really great roads they know of, here and there, all over Michigan. I've seen these roads and they wouldn't have challenged my Mustang. My problem is I don't get that excited about having a pristinely or even nicely restored car to just cruise around in on Midwestern roads. I keep thinking that if I'm going to get my 356 back on the road, restored or even as the beater it is, I want to go out and tear up the roads the way I did in Charleston. I don't want to cruise around Grosse Pointe at 40 mph or really go wild and drive across I-696 at 75. If I lived in Vermont, California, Virginia or West Virginia it might be a different story. But the reality is I live in southeastern Michigan. I know I cannot recreate those nights of 28 years ago, I no longer have a badge (and over the years I've had the points on my license to prove it), I'm not 24 years old anymore, nor imprudent enough to try doing what I did back then. Hell I'd probably even feel guilty doing the things today that I did then in Charleston ...then again, if I could get one of my friends at the IRS to go along with me...and my wife is always saying I drive like a maniac (some things never change) ...nah it'd never work.

Because of those remembrances and my total lack of enthusiasm for Michigan's topography (okay so I'm a road snob), I am never compelled to get my 356 fixed up and back on the road. So it sits in my garage while people admire all of the pretty cars and ask when me when I am going to get my 356 fixed up and back on the road. Someday I will, but in the meantime, I still keep the faith, but its in my mind, of those nights when I did keep the faith by *truly driving* my 356.



This Was Edgar Barth



The Porsche Man From the Erzgebirge. By Thora Hornung From Christophorus #177 June 1985

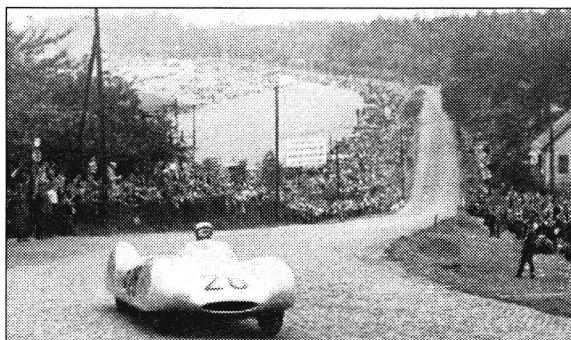
His passion for motor racing was born on Nürburgring - where his father took a ten-year-old boy to see the 1928 Grand Prix of Germany. A rattling Dixi transported father and son Barth from Herold in the Erzgebirge to the Eifel. Both followed the murderous heat battle, from which Rudolf Caracciola and Christian Werner finally emerged as winners, avidly. On that 15th of July 1928 little Edi made his decision: I will be a race driver.

Single-minded and determined, he pursued this professional goal with an early departure from theories, books and schools, to begin an apprenticeship as automobile mechanic at the DKW factory in Zschopau. He felt in his element there, fitting and dismantling, filing and polishing, so aptly that he was allowed to finish his apprenticeship in the race department.

His entry into motor sport was only a matter of time. Edi pre-



It began with a motorcycle: Then successful private driver Edgar Barth was engaged for 1951 sports car and Formula II races by the Johannisthal Race Collective. He started on EMW in both East and West until 1956. Nürburgring was not the only track to draw large crowds - Sachsenring in East Germany (below) did as well. When state-supported motor racing was discontinued in the DDR, race boss H. v. Hanstein offered Edgar Barth a place on the Porsche team. Shortly thereafter he made his first start in a Porsche Spyder (right).



pared a DKW engine, spending every cent he had, and took part in offroad events, at first with varying but later with good success. By 1934 Edgar Barth was already Germany's youngest "licensed" rider in the dirt.

His motorcycle successes didn't pass unnoticed in Zschopau. The test department at DKW extended feelers to him and offered an opportunity to learn his beloved Nürburgring thoroughly. Solo bikes and sidecar machines were tested for weak points during endurance runs in the Eifel. Edi was part of a team which lapped the old Nurburg in three shifts, day and night, in all weathers - no wonder that 20 years later he startled participants in Scuderia Hanseat driver training courses by literally knowing every meter of the Eifel track. During thousands of test kilometers Edi also achieved something which many drivers lack, if they haven't learned their trade from the ground up: he developed a feel and honed, almost musical, ear for technical flaws in the engine, which later made him an informative partner for the technicians. In those days as a test driver he hardly left the saddle of his machine and yet managed somehow to be so successful in reliability events that Auto Union offered him a factory contract for major German and international reliability runs in 1937. A near-victory in the Welsh 6 Day Trial and five gold medals in five further starts proved their wisdom. But then he met what an entire generation faced: the war ended a highly promising career. Following a serious accident as dispatch-rider for a tank reconnaissance unit, following months in the hospital and service at the front as well as an adventurous escape from a railroad wagon taking prisoners of war to Siberia, there was only one ray of light from those dark war years: as a patient in a Chemnitz hospital he met nurse Gerda, his future wife. Daughter Gundi and son Jürgen came from this marriage.

After the war there was no Auto Union factory any more and work was hard to find for a master vehicle mechanic. Edi decided to join his brother in the management of their family stocking factory. Perlon stockings and wool socks with reinforced heels couldn't satisfy him in the long run, how-

ever, and when not only the economy but also the sport slowly began to revive, Edi lept back into his old and always current hobby, motor sport, with fresh vigor. The involuntary break with racing had lasted eleven eternal years.

Between 1949 and 1951 he started on various motorcycles which he had promoted - often in pieces and through the back door. Good placing and victories in the most varied classes made him known among insiders and even when he retired, his exciting riding style had caused excitement. One knew him so it was no surprise when the Johannisthal Race Collective also took note of this fanatic "young" sportsman. This ambitious racing team was looking for dedicated pilots for three sports and two Formula 11 race cars which had been put on their wheels through dedicated labor, together with the Eisenach Motor Works, once part of BMW. Motorcycle racing

had been the springboard to a career on four wheels long before the war - even Bernd Rosemeyer began in the racing saddle. The Johannisthal group now offered Edi Barth that same chance. Like motorcycle aces who followed him - John Surtees, Mike Hailwood, Johnny Cecotto or Barry Sheene - he switched to car racing.

The Barth name was often followed by a large D in race programs of the early fifties, meaning he was a double starter. In 1952 Edi juggled a BMW 500 and a 350 Norton as well as a BMW Formula II car powered by a 1.5 liter, six-cylinder engine from Johannisthal Race Collective, throughout an entire racing season. If he was forced to retire in Chemnitz on two wheels, he won a week later with four wheels in the Eifel Cup race on Nürburgring. And when he landed in the hay bales in Dessau, dressed in overalls during the morn-

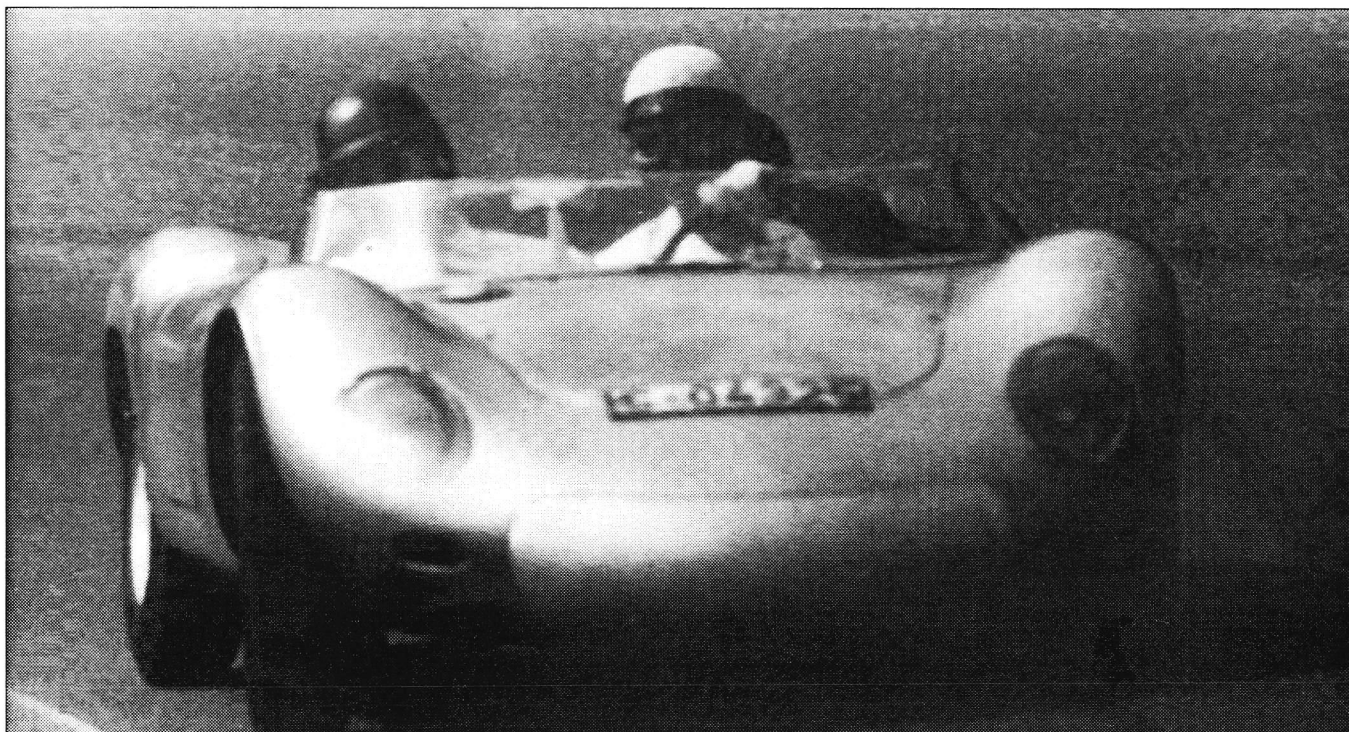
ing, he would mount the winners' podium in leathers that same afternoon. At the end of an exhausting year Edgar Barth had battled to the title of DDR Car Champion, a performance he repeated the following year.

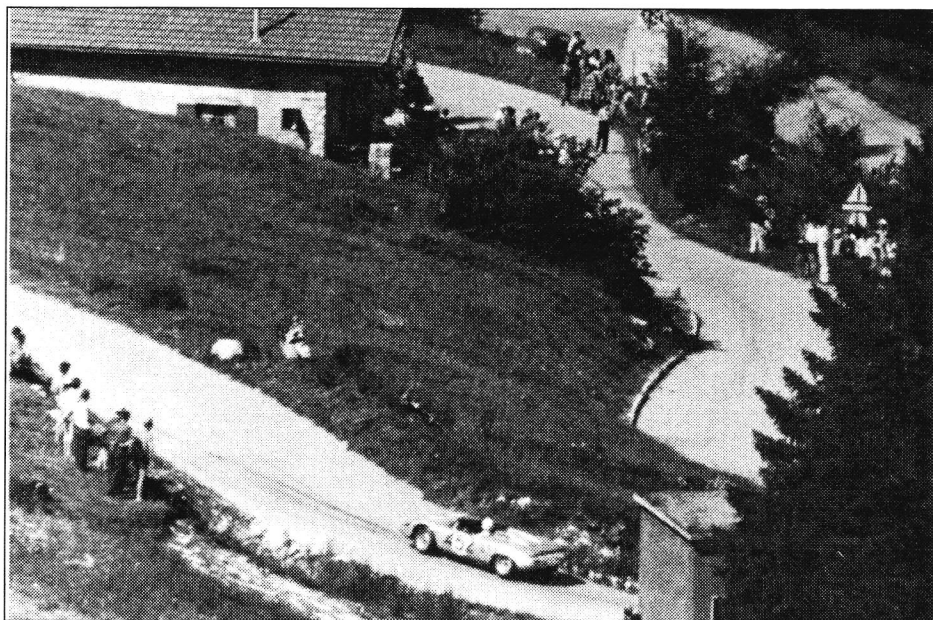
The personal success of this Herold man grew from year to year while political developments in both parts of Germany during the first half of the fifties set the course for the further life of the Barth family, step by step. It began in 1950 with the all-German motorcycle championship which came about despite zone borders and ideological differences. The privilege top sports-men such as Edi Barth enjoyed, taking active part in both sections of Germany, stemmed from this era. It continued with the EMW race and sports cars and Edi could start in the West almost at will during 1954.

Meanwhile, regulation

changes had made the 1300 cc class extremely popular for sports car racing. Large starting grids with many marques represented attracted east and west spectators to the well-known tracks in equal numbers. That's where Edi met later teammates Wolfgang von Trips, Huschke von Hanstein, Richard von Frankenberg, Hans Herrmann, Herbert Linge and Jean Behra. Ubiquitous functionaries who viewed good East-West relations with mistrust saw to it that these contacts were not too close. Even so, friendships developed from their common interests and mutual respect which later made Edi's new start in the West possible at all.

The EMW Race Collective was allowed to start at West German tracks, but a green light for foreign starts required hard bargaining with the Ministry for Physical Fitness and Health in Berlin. Now Edi could finally learn courses like the Autodromo di Monza or the steep bankings





Hillclimbs became more and more a specialty of Edgar Barth in the late fifties. He collected the then-popular European Hillclimb Championship several times on these idyllic tracks - here, Mont Ventoux. He was equally successful in circuit racing: an overall victory for Barth/Seidel in a Porsche RSK 1500 at the 1959 Targa Florio, against the more-powerful Ferrari flotilla, was a sensation.

of Linas-Montlhery, outside the gates of Paris. Edgar Barth's world seemed to be in order in 1955 and 1956.

But suddenly rumors circulated that the race collective, renamed AWE in the meantime, would be dissolved and motor racing dropped completely in the DDR. An end for Edi? Must the man who was involved body and soul in racing return to stockings?

In this critical situation the solidarity of the racing generation of that era, where a feeling of camaraderie transcended sporting rivalries, proved itself: Porsche

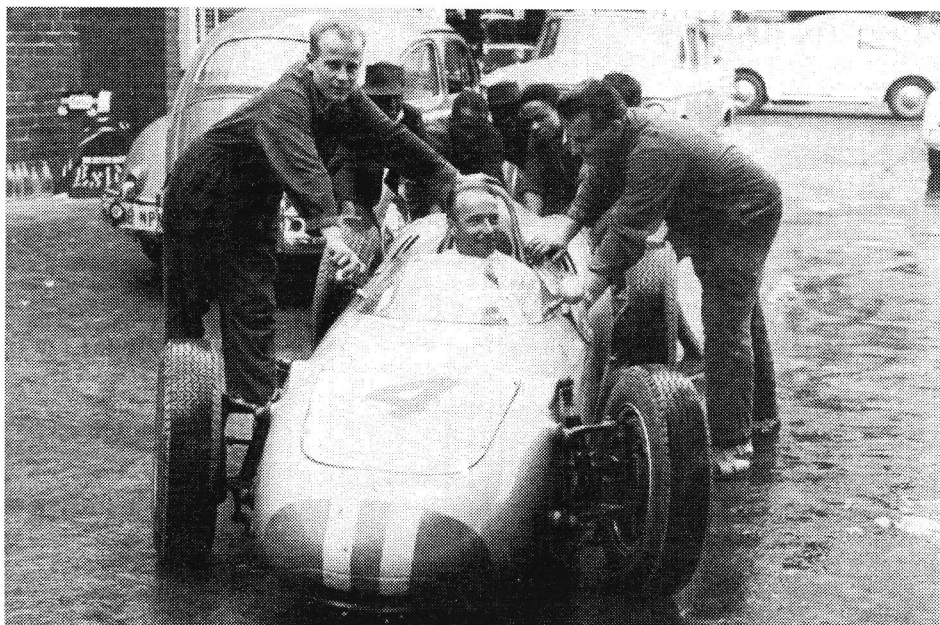
race boss Huschke von Hanstein offered Edi a place on the factory team. Within hours race driver Edgar Barth had to decide if he would leave his homeland for ever at 39, or say good-bye to motor sport - finally, even though he had not yet reached his peak.

Edi dared the decisive move - the cornerstone for a happy and successful Barth/Porsche partnership was laid. Succeeding years were packed full of racing on all levels: customer service from a desk and from the pits, race preparation for the factory teams with technical manuals, entries and organizational questions and - not only for Edi - the most important part, his vital personal engagement with his own limits in sports cars, then Gran Turismo and even Formula II.

A whole string of class wins and outstanding overall placings in publicity-rich race events never really ended. Edgar Barth contributed his share to the role which the Porsche team assumed more and more strongly then: David against Goliath. The "little" darters from a now world-famous sports car smithy in Zuffenhausen faced right up to opponents from Aston Martin, Lola, Maserati, Ferrari and later Ford, all with twice and thrice their displacement.

One of these David-Goliath battles turned into a great triumph for Edgar Barth: the 1959 Targa Florio. A Ferrari battle group of three, 3 liter twelves and a 2 liter six was opposed by two Porsche RSK 1600s and an RSK 1500 - a clear matter on paper. "No wild sprints, keep up a steady speed, but drive precisely and save the material." That was Edi's plan, agreed upon with his copilot. The big boys up front blasted off; retirements en masse. The murderous, 72 km course with its 850 corners which they had to lap 14 times in 1959 swallowed one prominent victim after another. The Barth/Seidel strategy paid off however: overall victory in one of the most famous classics, in one of the most important Italian racing strongholds. For the first time since Christian Werner's 1924 win for Mercedes, German drivers with a German car again stood on the Targa victory pedestal.





Edgar Barth was there when Porsche entered Formula II. Driving a rebuilt Spyder he won the 1957 Formula II race at the Grand Prix of Germany on Nürburgring. He also won the 1960 Swiss Mountain Prize at Ollon-Villars with a mon-posto. Barth collected his last Hillclimb Championship with a 2 liter, eight-cylinder Spyder in 1964 (below).

The most prominent Porsche/Barth connection, however, stems from the late fifties and early sixties, and the then-extremely popular European Hillclimb Championship. In 1959 Edi followed his victory in the Targa with those at the hillclimb title runs on Mont Ventoux, that bald giant which always plays a decisive role in the Tour de France, on Monte Bondone and in Freiburg at the legendary Schauinsland Mountain Prize. With safe runs in the remaining events this new Swabian captured the title of European Hillclimb Champion - at the age of 42!

There was no thought of retiring and success proved him and Porsche right. Barth reached for the European title again in 1963, when Porsche followed its outing in the Grand Prix scene by renewed engagement in the Gran Turismo Championship. Edi won six of seven events, with dream times at each, and again captured the Hillclimb Championship. At the end of that year he was honored with the Grand ONS Cup as Germany's most successful driver. He dominated the European Hillclimb Championship even more clearly in 1964: six starts, six victories, six records. Barth and Porsche from beginning to end.

Then came a well-earned vacation and the unthinkable: incurable illness out of a clear blue sky. His final battle lasted through the winter months, a hopeless battle but one fought with marvelous bravery. As if he hadn't noticed his condition, he continued to play a part in the firm's events from his sickbed. He had long since become one of Porsche's people of the buildup days, who grew with Porsche and with whom Porsche grew.

And while they trained on his beloved Nürburgring for the 1965 1000 km race, Edgar Barth closed his eyes for ever - it is 36 years later now but he lives on in the memories of all who knew him: as an outstanding sportsman, a sympathetic and fair colleague and a likable person.



Technische

by Vic Skirmants

BRAKES

Flexible Lines

One problem that is common on 356s is the internal swelling of the brake hoses. Practically every 356 that comes in for brake work now-a-days needs new brake hoses. The hoses can look perfectly good on the outside however, if they're old, chances are that they are swollen inside to the point where fluid flow is severely compromised if not completely shut off. It's very easy to tell if the hoses are bad. When bleeding the brakes, if the fluid comes out very slowly, you either have a bad hose or a restriction in the bleeder valve. Pull the bleeder valve, check it, and if it's clean, then the hose needs to be replaced. One bad hose will give you a bad pull to one side when braking. Two bad hoses at either the front or rear will give you poor braking ability, as well as the possibility of causing brake fade of the overworked functioning brakes. When replacing the flexible brake lines, first cut the old lines in half to avoid twisting and putting undue strain on the solid tube and non-flexing lines. Also, it's a good idea to drain, flush and replace brake fluid about every two years.

Brake Pulling

Does your car pull one way when braking, and then the other way when you get off the brakes? Doesn't make any sense, does it? You've checked all the obvious things; adjustment, frozen wheel cylinder pistons, tire pressures (that's right, tire pressures), brake shoe return springs, leaking wheel cylinders. Even a small amount of brake fluid coating the brake shoe will cause a terrible

pull. But that's not the problem.

Why then does the car pull the other way when you release the brakes? Swollen brake hoses! You hit the brakes, the swollen hose doesn't pass enough fluid to actuate that brake cylinder as quickly as the other side, and the car pulls toward the other side. You correct with the steering wheel, you're going straight, enough fluid has finally passed through the restricted hose to actuate the cylinder. Now you release the brakes, the good hose releases the fluid, that wheel cylinder relaxes, and the car heads for the ditch.

Frozen Parking Brake

Has your parking brake ever frozen up on your 1956 - 1965? I don't mean that it wouldn't work, I mean that it wouldn't release. Don't bother greasing the cable housings at the rear; that's usually not the problem. The problem generally is the parking brake cross-shaft up front.

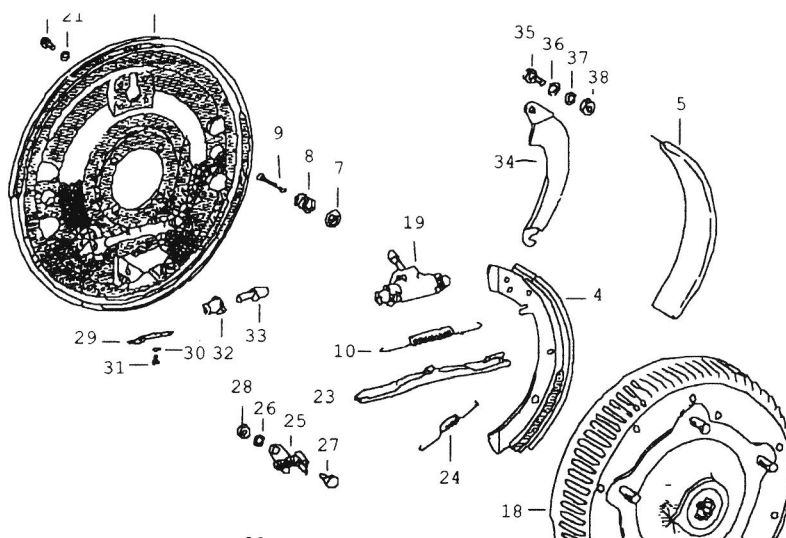
That's the large bellcrank-like piece that the cable from the brake handle pulls, then it in turn pulls on the cable that enters the forward part of the tunnel. There is a pivot at each end of the cross-shaft. These pivots are greased at the factory, have an O-ring, but no further provision for lubricating. You'll have to get underneath and loosen the two 10 mm head nuts on the left side clamp so you can move it and the cross-shaft to the left. Clean up the right side pivot, grease it, slide the cross-shaft back on and clean the left side pivot, grease it, and slide it back to the right. Tighten up the two nuts and you're all set. Don't worry, it's really *much* harder than it sounds. But if that's the problem, that's the only way to fix it properly.

Full Contact Brake Shoes

Many people ask about getting full contact on the brake shoes. To accomplish this, the shoes have to be arc-ground to the diameter of the brake drums. Any fully equipped auto machine shop should be able to do this. The machine that does this is set to the diameter of the drum, and then merely grinds the friction material off the brake shoe to match the drum.

Drum vs. Disc Brakes

Here's a comparison of Porsche drums vs. discs in terms of performance. I don't have any specific figures as far as stopping distances and such, but from a seat-of-the-pants standpoint, both systems feel



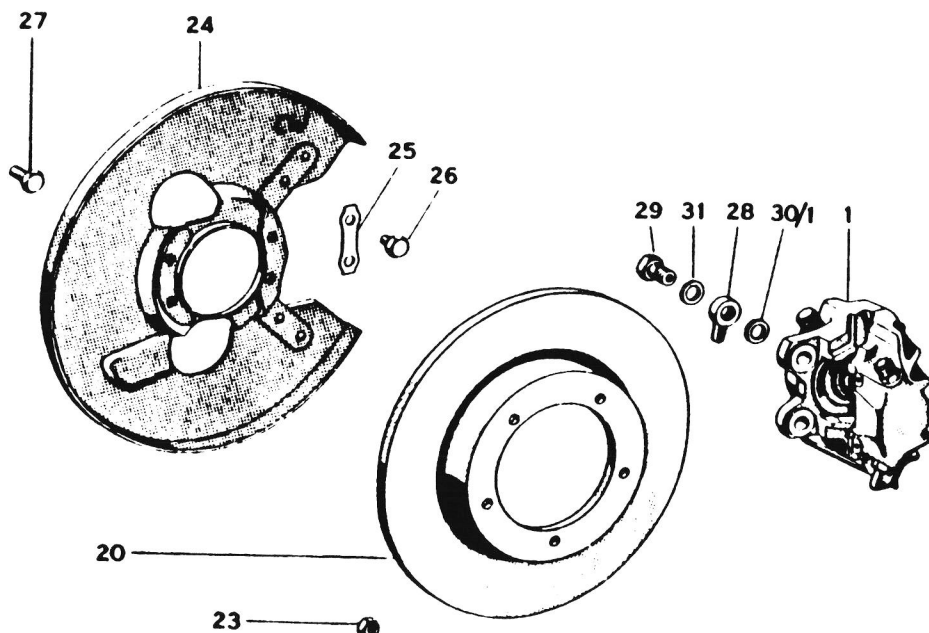
about the same when everything is working as it should. The drum brakes are more sensitive to adjustment, the discs don't have any adjustment to worry about. When it comes to hard use and fade, there is no comparison. The drums are totally inadequate for racing use, while the discs perform admirably.

To get maximum efficiency from the drum brakes, the shoes should be arc-ground to the exact radius of the drum, as previously discussed. If a brake drum is worn beyond the maximum limit, it could theoretically be reconditioned by installing a new iron liner. Brad Ripley at NLA in Reno, NV currently offers relined drum brakes. In reconditioning the hydraulic system, the only real problem is the breaking off of the bleeder screws if they are very rusted. If you suspect the screws might be stuck, remove and disassemble the cylinder, then heat the area around the base of the screw with an oxyacetylene torch. This should break the rust bond. Hone and rebuild as normal.

No Brake Pedal Pressure Following Caliper Rebuild

I will refer only to the 1964 - 1965 C model discs, not the weird Carrera "inside-out" discs. I have found that at times, after a complete rebuild of the wheel calipers, that there is no resistance to the brake pedal hitting the floor. Even after several attempts at bleeding the system, with no air coming out, just pure, clean brake fluid, there is still no pedal. A couple of quick pumps and the brakes will work somewhat, but that's not the way to drive off into the sunset. If you do try to drive it this way, and you don't hit anything, eventually you will get a good pedal.

It seems that after everything has been apart, and new piston seals put in the calipers, the combination of the seals not being all seated in place and the built-in brake adjuster in the piston being shoved all the way back because of new brake pads, results in the piston trying to return too much after releasing the brake pedal. When you then apply the brakes, all the fluid being pumped by the master cylinder is used up pushing the pistons closer



to the discs, and about the time they're ready to squeeze the pads, you're out of pedal travel. After a little use everything settles in a bit, and you have good brakes.

The solution is to rebuild and bleed the brakes as usual, then pull one brake pad at a time, put in a thinner used one or some type of spacer to keep the piston from coming out too far. Pump the brakes a couple of times, then remove the old pad or spacer, push back the piston and reinstall the new pad. Keep an eye on the fluid level in the reservoir.

Stuck Caliper Pistons

The calipers usually stick after several years and/or very little use. Unless a piston is really badly stuck, it can be freed up by pulling out the brake pad and gently pushing on the brake pedal. Put an old worn out pad in to keep the piston from coming out too far. Then push the piston back with a large screwdriver. Work it back and forth a few times and it should be fine. If the piston is very badly stuck, the caliper has to be removed. If the piston is stuck badly enough not to break free using the brake pedal pressure, I can guarantee it won't pop out with air pressure. The way to get it out then, is to gently screw a grease fitting into one of the holes, remove the cross-over brake fluid line, put a bleeder screw in the hole to seal

it, and use your grease gun to force out the piston; this will always work. I received a comment once from someone who recommended using a 2250 psi scuba tank as a pressure source to blow out the stuck pistons. He said this will work. I say it will probably kill somebody! That's what's nice about using a grease gun; it's steady, controllable pressure.

Silicone Brake Fluid

Because of the nature of the silicone fluid, the complete brake system has to be disassembled and cleaned to prevent contamination by the old brake fluid. I used silicone fluid in my old drum-brake Speedster during the last few years I ran it; no problem. I then tried it in my disc-braked roadster, and would lose my brakes completely after seven laps. I tried several different brands and viscosities; no luck. Under all-out racing conditions, the disc brakes on our cars work hard enough that some air bubbles are always present when bleeding the brakes. I don't know if the bubbles are from heating of the water vapor in the fluid, or possibly because some air gets drawn in upon piston retraction. This last item could explain the problem with silicone fluid; its higher viscosity possibly causes more air to be drawn in. Anyway, all of us E Production racers know the problem, no one has a solution, except to bleed the brakes regularly and often.

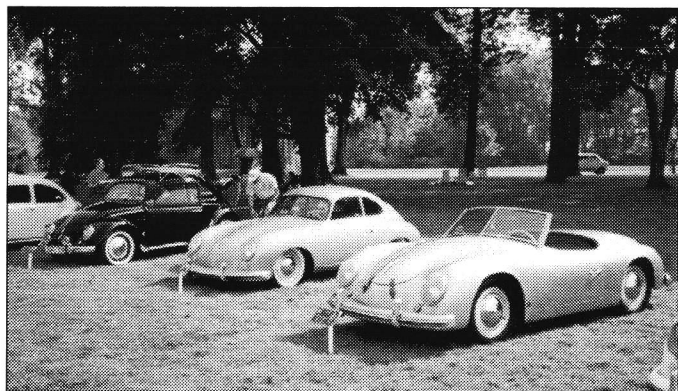


Motor Cities Gruppe, A Look Back: 1995 Eyes on Classic Design “Porsche, Honored Designer”

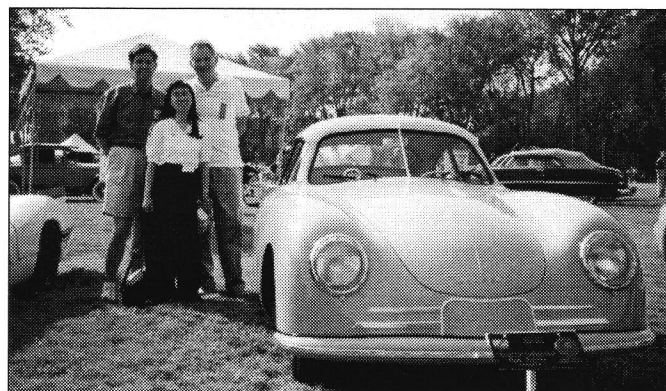
Way back in 1994 I received a call from Doug Stair from ‘Eyes On Classic Design’, a charity Concours d’Elegance held at the Edsel Ford estate every Father’s day. While not as grand on a global level as Pebble Beach or Meadow Brook, the event was certainly one of the best in the country. Doug asked if I would assume the responsibility of assembling the Porsche display; no easy feat as this was one of two of the main categories that day, the other being Studebaker as the Honored Marque. My job was to assemble vehicles that Ferdinand Porsche’s firm had designed and built, but only choosing the vehicles that best represented his style of design.

After agreeing to this I immediately sent out a HUGE S.O.S. to all my Gruppe friends, and they responded in a big way: calls to Ted Dunham, Barbara & Vic Skirmants and Neil Goldberg yielded many leads for the more difficult to find cars. Out of the 35 cars displayed, a vast majority were local cars and many were owned by Gruppe members like Heath Hurlbert, Larry Heitman, Frank Malik (Where are you Frank??!!), Bill Rohrer, John Denyer and Neil Goldberg. Fred Leydorf displayed his Abarth Carrera separate from the Porsche display in the Sports Car category because the car itself was not a Porsche design. Others, such as Bill Toburen, Bill Block, Jack Chamberlin, Dick and Nancy Nettlow and Jimmy Constatas helped out as Marshals to keep people from getting too close to the cars. I’m sure I have left some people out—sorry!, this is being done from memory and the event was seven years ago!

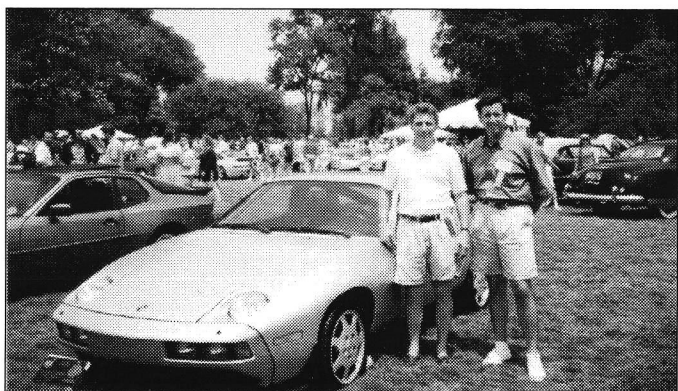
The day was a smash hit and the display we put together rivaled the one we did 3 years later for Meadow Brook which honored Porsche’s 50th year as an Automobile manufacturer! Enjoy, Sebastian



‘50 split window VW, ‘51 Coupe, ‘52 America Roadster



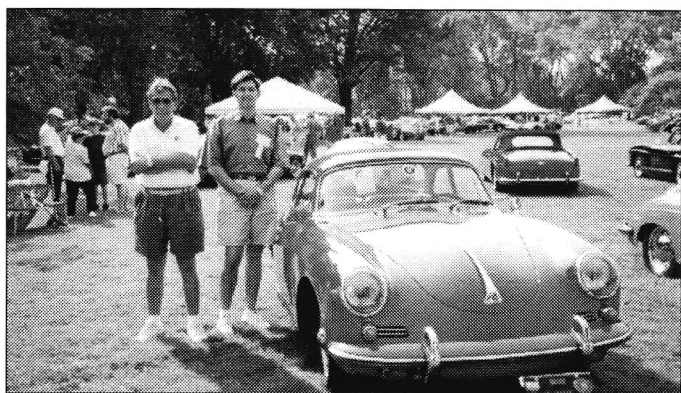
Chuck and Cynthia Stoddard with their Gmünd Coupe



Neil Goldberg with his beautiful 928



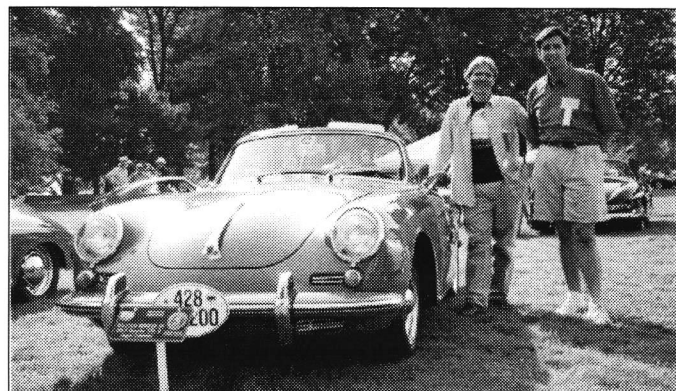
Chuck Stoddard chats with Oliver Porsche, son of “Butzi”



Where have you been old Frankie Boy? We miss you!



Don Meluzio's 901 Prototype, the last surviving example



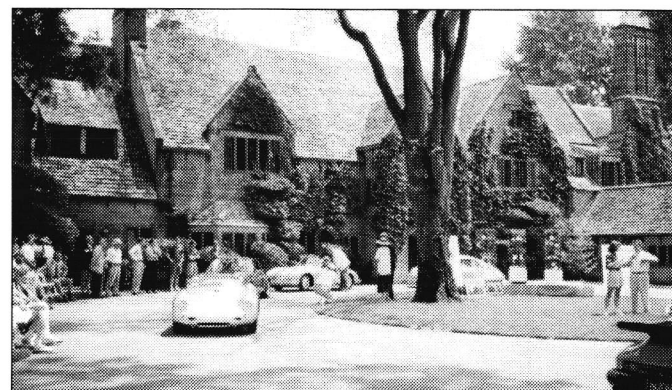
Bill Rohrer has since gotten in shape and Sebastian pretty much has not!



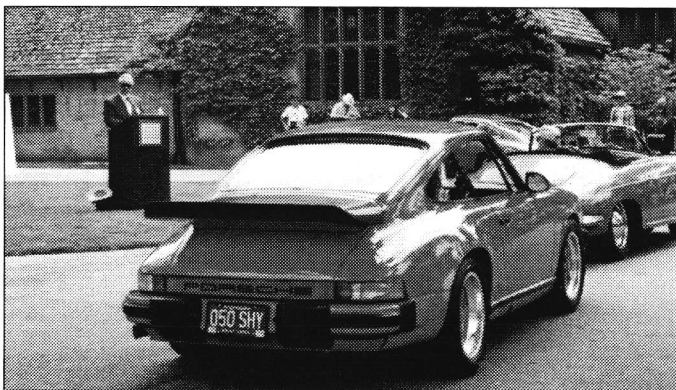
Fred Leydorf's Abarth Carrera GTL was on hand



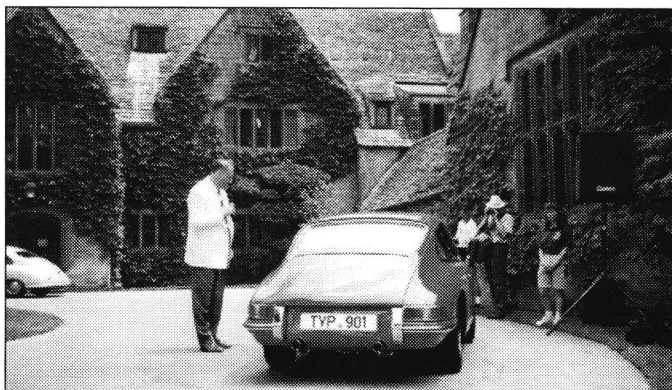
Heath Hurlbert's America Roadster at the presentation



Dave Draper's 550A wowed them at the presentation



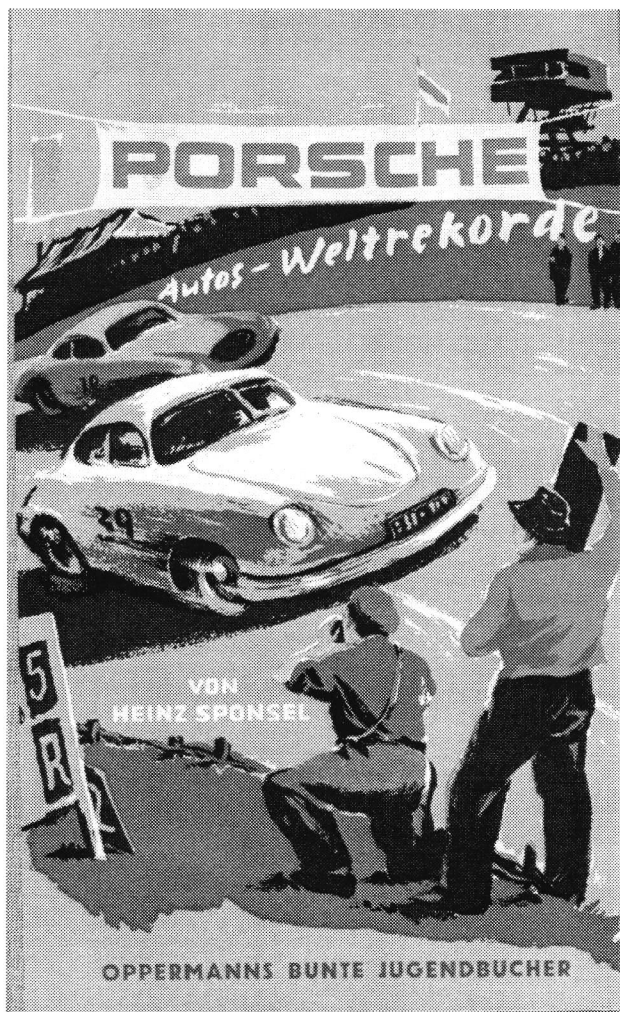
John Denyer's 911 Carrera is Honored



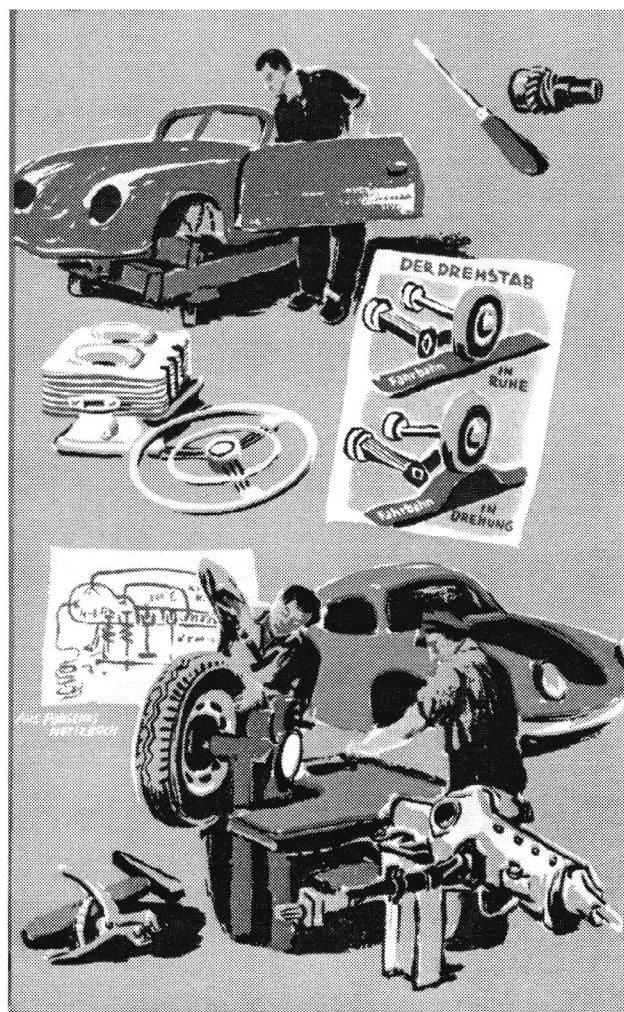
Meluzio's Type 901 being presented to the crowd

The First Porsche Book??

by Sebastian Gaeta



Front Cover



Back Cover

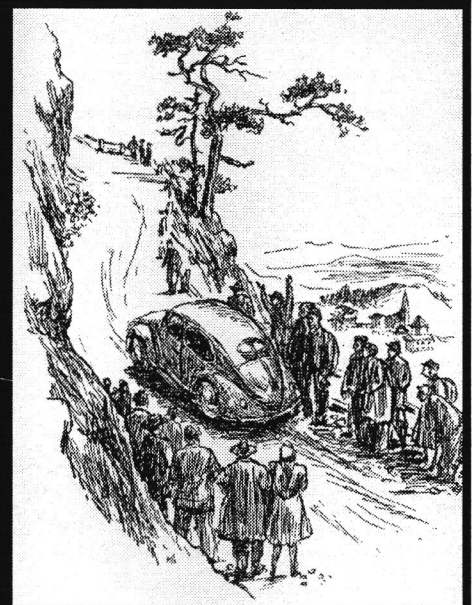
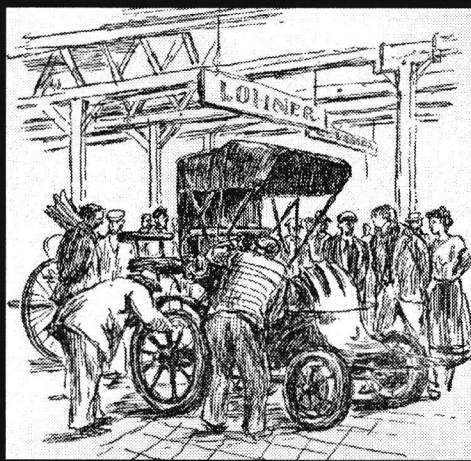
The description on e-bay was fairly straightforward: "Very old Porsche book by Heinz Sponsel, 1953. Very good condition".

It hadn't been bid on yet and there were still two days to go. A quick check of my library showed that the oldest book I had was a factory pub-

lished book from 1960, "Liebe zu Ihm", and that all of the others were from about 1967 and later. Obviously I just had to have it. A ridiculously high bid was placed and, luckily, no one else bid anywhere near that. A few people bid, but only in very small increments which meant the book was mine for very little over the opening bid.

A month or so later it arrived from Germany, and in spite of the fact that I cannot read it (it's in all German text), it ranks right up there with my best ebay/swapmeet/ Bill Rohrer's garage purchases.

It's full title is "Porsche-Autos-Weltrekorde" and was published in 1953. The literal translation of the



From left to right: Young Ferdinand is confronted by his Tinsmith father who wanted his son to follow his trade. He obviously hasn't realized that his son has just wired their entire house for electricity. Porsche's first car design, the electrically powered Lohner-Porsche at the 1900 Paris exhibit. Crowds gather to watch final Alpine testing of the Porsche Type-60, the Volkswagen.

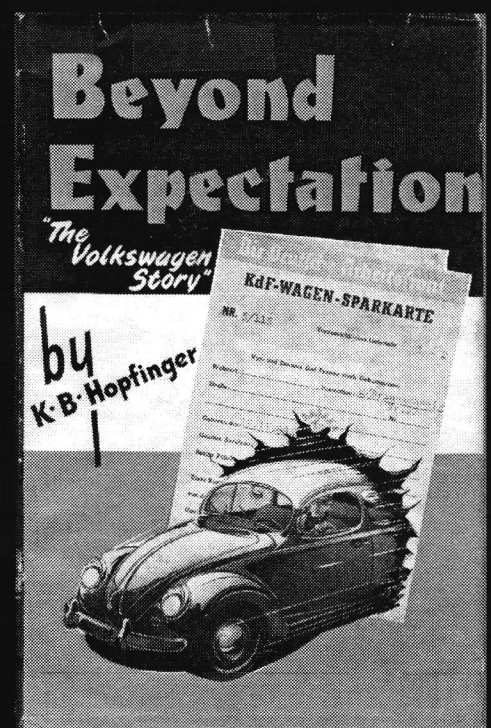
title is "Porsche-Cars-World Records.

It is a hardcover book and measures 5 1/4" by 8". The dust jacket and the hardcover are identical and are in color. The front cover depicts a split window coupe in an obvious race situation while the back cover is much more interesting. It depicts many scenes of interest to 356 owners. At the top left there is a man doing bodywork on a split window cabriolet. To the right there is a screwdriver and some sort of gear or differential part. Below the cabriolet it shows a Porsche massaged VW head and a Petri Banjo steering wheel with a full horn button. To the right is a diagram showing the performance of the torsion bar/swingaxle setup. "Der drehstab" translates to "Rotary bar". It shows the suspension on a "Fahrbahn" (roadway) "In Ruhe" (at ease) and "In Drehung" (on a bump). Below all of this there are two men assembling a coupe in the background. Behind that is a page from "Aus Porsches

An interesting side note: I also have in my possession a book regarding the VW called "Beyond Expectation-The Volkswagen Story" by K.B. Hopfinger published in 1954, one year after "Porsche-Autos-Weltrekorde". Two things about this book are intriguing: First, nearly half of the book is about Ferdinand Porsche and his accomplishments. The text is in English so it is a tad bit easier for me to read. The book is very similar in its progression through the life and career of Dr. Porsche from his schooling to his work with Lohner, Daimler-Benz, Auto-Union, Steyr, et al until the development of the KdF-Wagen, or, Volkswagen.

The other thing that is worth noting is that a great deal of admiration and compliments are given to VW for what it had achieved up until that point in time, and it was only 1954! Five short years before that, Ben Pon and VW had sold only 2 cars in the U.S. (both through Max Hoffman Imports). The 1960's VW sales explosion

was a decade away, and they were already writing a book about it's tremendous popularity, unable to Imagine what was yet to come! I also believe this work to be the earliest book published that is dedicated specifically to the Volkswagen. SPG



Notizbuch" (Porsche's notebook) showing various diagrams and calculations.

The inside cover depicts the famous vehicles designed and/or built by Porsche and inside the book there is a beautiful line drawing to accompany each chapter.

Let me throw this out there: unless someone informs me to the contrary, I believe this to be the earliest published book who's sole subject is the life and career of Ferdinand Porsche. As stated, the text is all in German. But with some intuition and a lot of guesswork, backed up by a decent amount of knowledge about the life

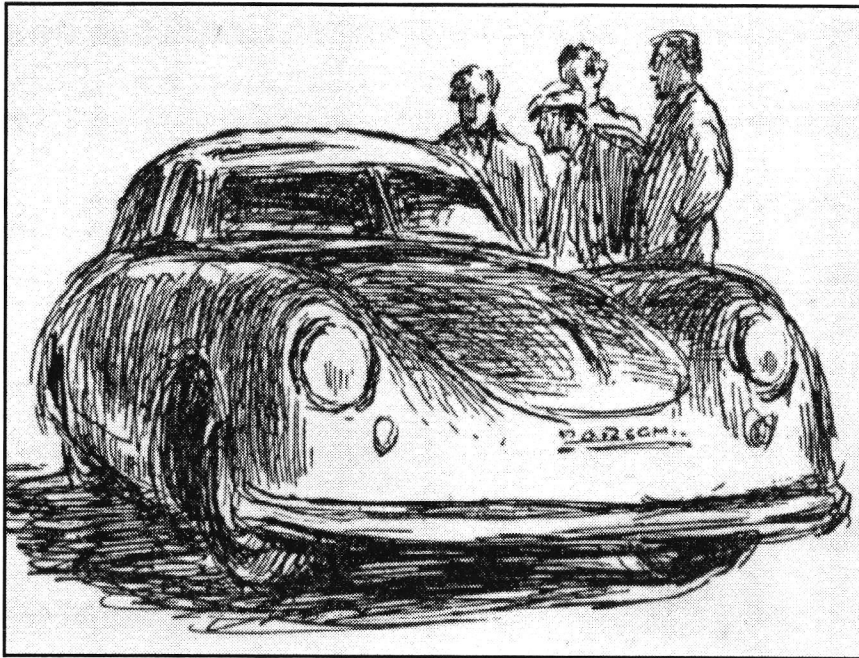
of Herr Dr. Professor Porsche, I was able to stumble through the content of the book. The beautiful original line drawings certainly did not hurt the interpretation.

The "Weltrekorde" that is in the title could be referring to many of Porsche's accomplishments depicted in the book: The all wheel drive electrically powered Lohner-Porsche, the land speed record Auto-Union, the rise and fall and rise again of the KdF-Wagen etc. What it is probably referring to, however, are the Montlhéry record runs in 1951. Some well known names to Porschephiles such as Müller, Glöckler, von Hanstein,

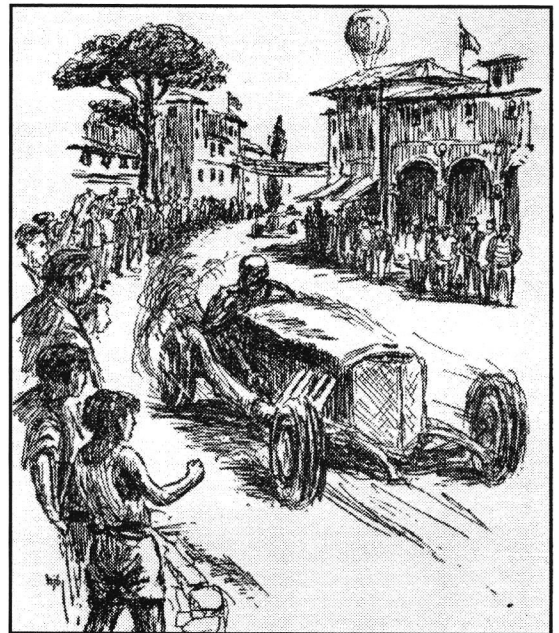
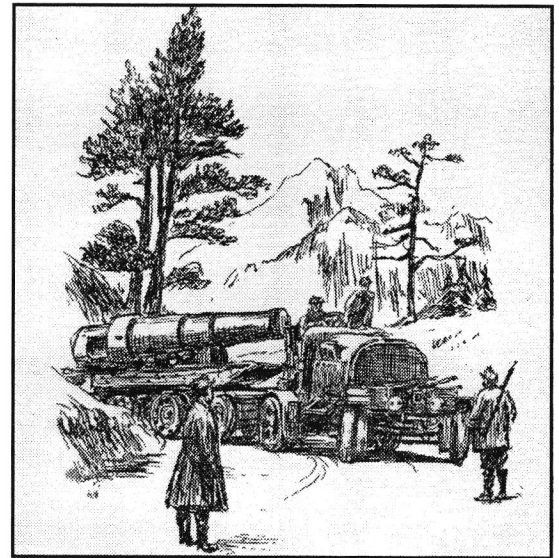
von Frankenberg and Ramelow set out to prove to the world that the Porsche firm had indeed arrived. These men drove virtually non-stop from September 29th until October 4th in a Gmünd built aluminum bodied coupe, tearing around and around the Montlhéry autodrome. When the dust settled the results were tallied: using two different displacement engines they had captured world records in ten different categories in the 1100cc and 1500cc classes.

To quote the book: "Diese Zeit ist neuer Weltrekorde!"





Opposite page: This is the inside cover of the book which shows, in succession, the famous vehicles that Porsche designed and/or built during his illustrious career



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Printed in Germany.

Clockwise from left: The old Professor.

The reason we are all here reading this: Gmünd built coupe being admired by a crowd.

Porsche designed the "C-Zug" for Austro-Daimler which was capable of transporting very heavy artillery.

The Porsche designed Mercedes "Kompressor" racing in 1925.

Name of the publisher and the copyright date of the book.

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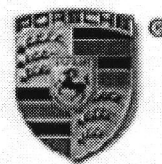
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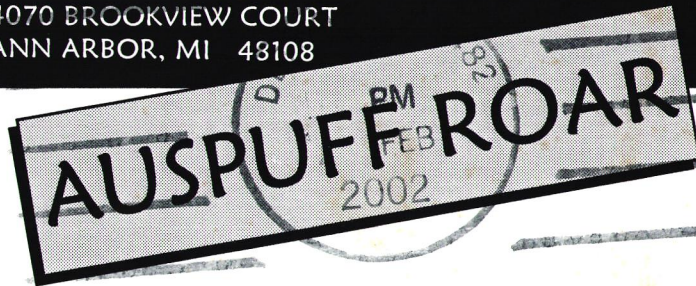
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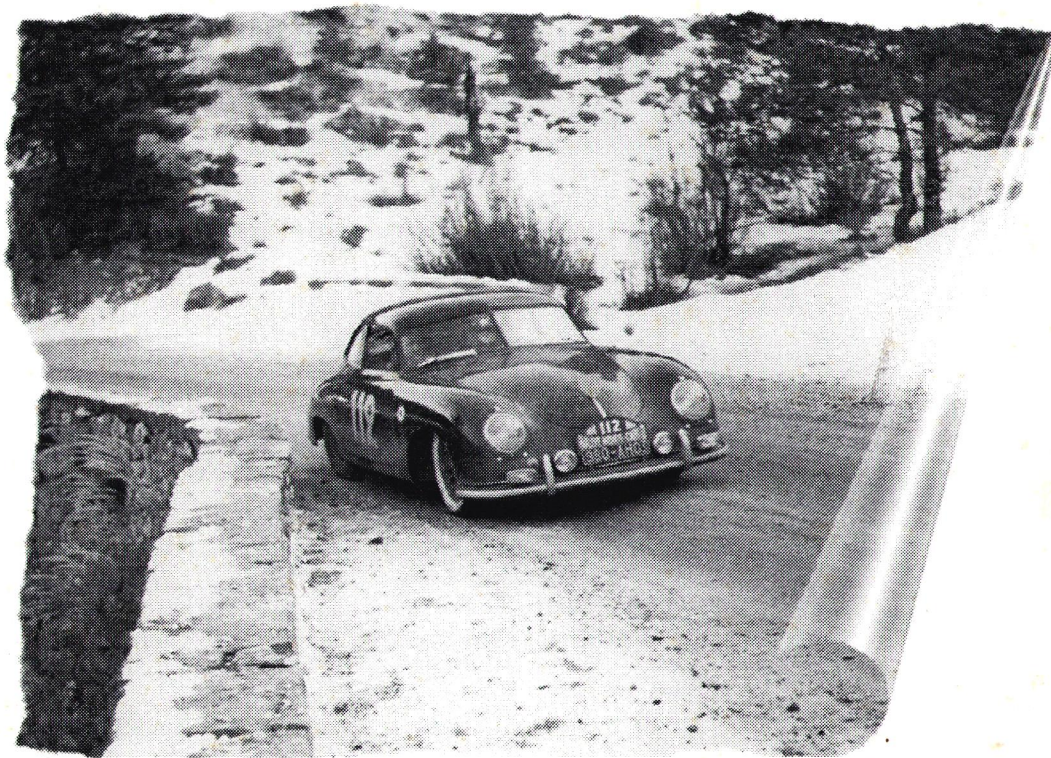
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