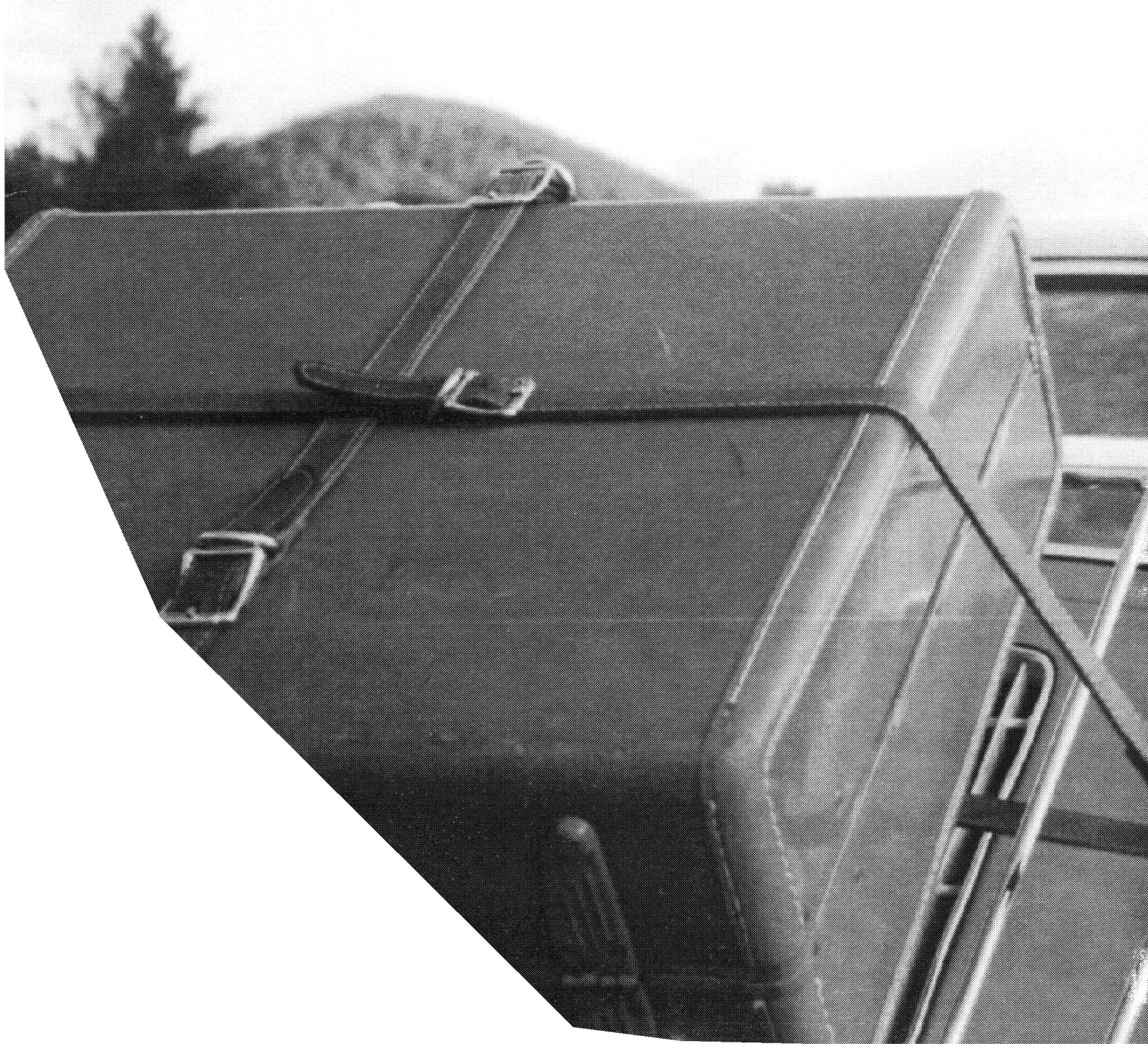


356 Motor Cities Gruppe

June/July 2001



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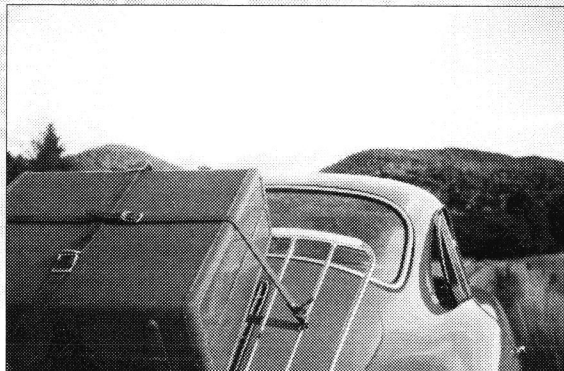
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ON THE COVER:



**Sebastian Gaeta's
'65 "C" Coupe in
the Adirondak
Mountains, 1996**

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PRESIDENT'S LETTER



First, as follow-up to my column in the last issue, I would like to report that prior to the Spring Tour I got my seats back from Russ Taggart and detailed the interior under the seats before re-installing them. All of the other things that I committed myself to are still on my "356 To Do" list, which sits on my desk right on top of my "Boxster To Do" and "Hendrie House To Do" Lists. I tend to be big on lists.

However, the important thing is that not a single "To Do" item deterred Barbara and I from having a great time on the Spring Tour hosted by Toby and Sher Toburen on June 3rd. And I would venture to guess that the other twenty-eight folks who attended concur with that assessment. The entire day was perfect – well planned and nicely balanced with neat things to see and do; starting with great food in Sher's kitchen and ending with great food at the Redstone Lodge. Sher and Toby also recognize any 356 event has to have at least one segment that appeals to

the women in the Motor Cities Gruppe – and the herb farm was a clear winner. The next time you see the Toburens, make a point of thanking them for all the time and effort they put into planning and hosting the Tour. SUPERB JOB!

And it was also nice to see so many people come out in that rainy March weather on the 3rd of June. In addition to great event hosts, we must have great, and many, event participants. Now, if each person who attended our Spring Tour would tell three others who couldn't come what a fine day it was – think how many people will be joining us at the upcoming Summer Picnic.

By the way, I just found a new use for my collection of 356 Calendars – which date back to 1986. We have decided to redo the Guards Red cabriolet over the upcoming winter. But my Denver daughter, who believes that the car is bequeathed to her in our will, asked me what color I was going to paint it. I hadn't really thought

about changing the color, but her point was well taken, and we began thinking about it. Lots of choices, but which one.

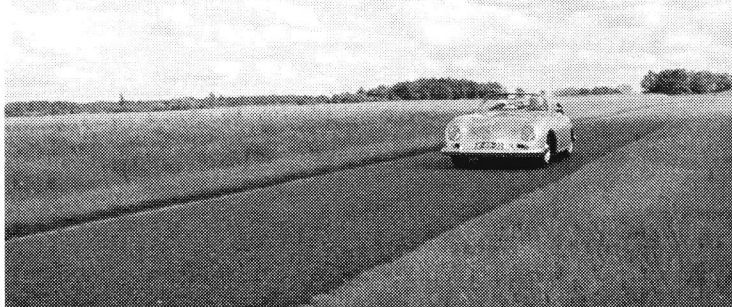
Here's where the calendars come in...those 16 years yield 192 color photographs of 356's. Out of the 192, we found photos of cabriolets in 13 different colors, which we spread out on the sunroom table. In less than a half hour, Barbara and I came up with our color – silver. Incidentally, Ted Dunham had suggested that very color to me a few days earlier, accented with a deep navy blue leather interior. Great combination. Of course, that just leads to more questions, like "Which silver?" and "How deep a navy should the leather really be?" and "Are you sure that's best color blue with that color silver?" and so on. Actually, the fun is just beginning.

It was a lot easier when we bought that first 356, the '64 Ruby Red C Coupe with black interior in January 1964 (picture Sebastian Gaeta's car without the luggage rack) when we only had a choice of seven colors. But we'll save that story for another column.

And if I don't see you at Neil's some Saturday morning, I'll surely see you at Ted and Lanita Dunham's for the Summer Picnic on August 19th.

Dave Peterson

A Glimpse into the Future: David and Barbara in their Silver Cabriolet!



As long as it's now driving season, I'd like to answer some questions on shift points and rev limits.

First the easy one, rev limits. Your Porsche has a tachometer and there's that terrible huge red area on the right of the dial. The factory said 5000 RPM for a Normal, 5500 for a Super, and 5800 for a S-90, with the red area starting 500 RPM sooner. The limitation on revs is determined by your engine condition, type of connecting rods, type of crank and type of valve springs. Remember also that engine longevity will decrease with higher revs. If you want the engine to last forever, stick with the factory specs; but there is more power available if you are willing to wind it up a little. If your connecting rod bearings have a ton of miles on them or are just plain worn regardless of mileage, your rev limit is not even going to be as high as the factory's quite conservative specs.

Assuming good bearings, let's proceed. The rods were improved during 1960 to 1961, and again in late 1962/63. How's that for a precise statement? Porsche may design a new, improved part on a certain afternoon, but by the time stocks of the old parts are used up, not to mention already assembled engines sitting on the shelf, a half-year or more could pass before all the cars leaving the factory have that part. The late rods are good for 7000 RPM plus. The old rods I wouldn't rev past 5500. The intermediates I would trust all the way to 5505 RPM. The older rods are weaker and when subjected to high loads will become oval at the bearing end.

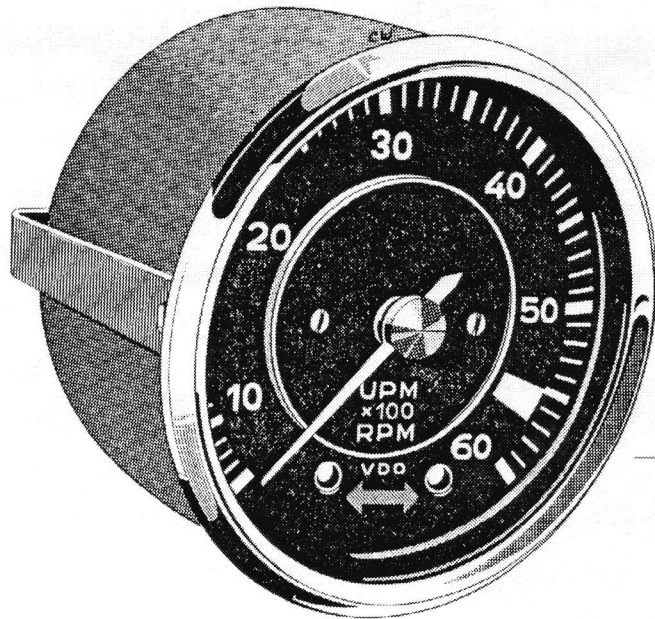
The type of crankshaft determines your oil supply. The cranks through the 1962 "B" series had one oil supply hole per rod journal. The 1963 B, C, SC had two holes. The more oil getting to the rod bearing, the higher revs it can take. I use the C or SC cranks in my race cars, and they're good for 7500 RPM plus. The counterbalancing has nothing to do with the rev limit.

I actually prefer the C to the heavier SC. But getting back to street driving, any of the cranks are good for 6000 RPM from the standpoint of oil supply. Your valve springs will probably determine your actual rev limit. Through 1959 Porsche used a fairly weak dual-spring set-up which won't let you get much past 5500 RPM before the valves float. The later single springs, especially from about 1961 on, are good for

Technical

How, When and Why to Shift Your 356

By Vic Skirmants



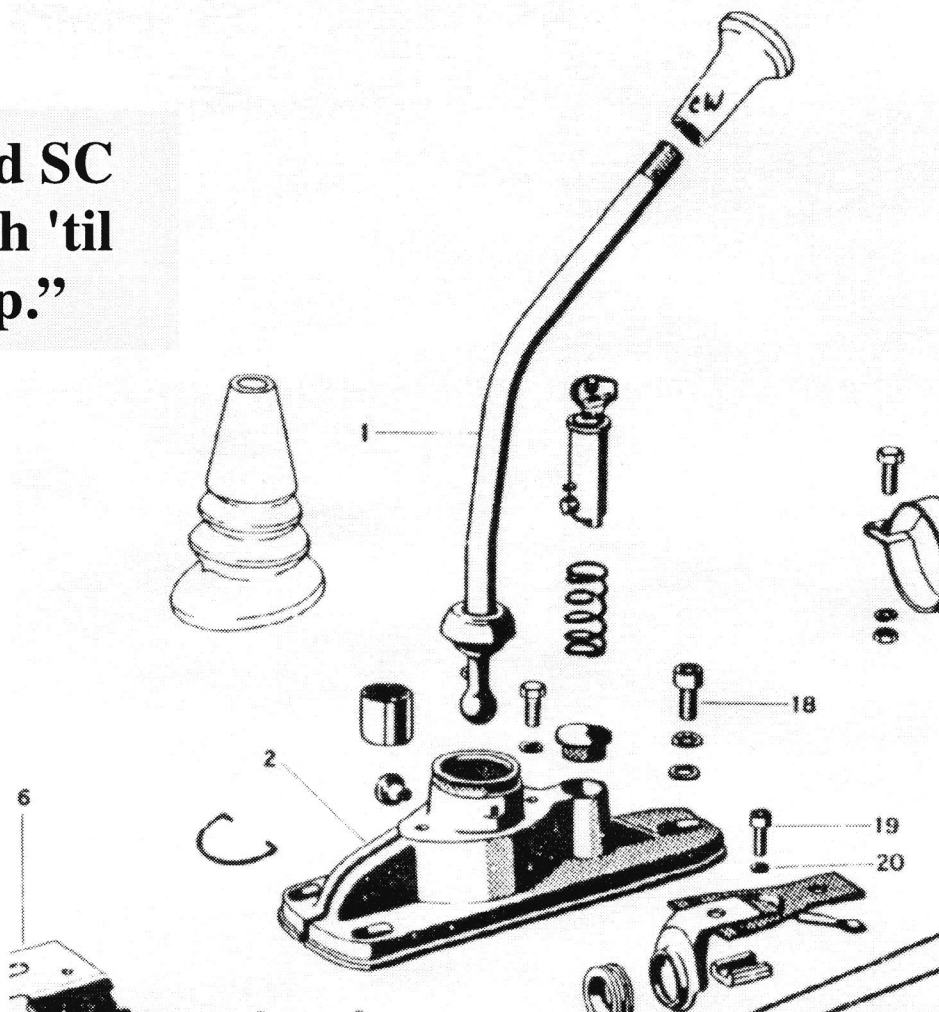
“The S 90 and SC don't do much 'til 3000 and up.”

6000 if shimmed to factory specs. Of course if the springs, are very old and have become weak. that's another story.

To summarize, a Normal is as good as a Super for rev limit purposes. The Normal used the same crank, rods, and valve springs as the Super. The 1961 and older engines can be taken To 5500 without much need for concern - *If they are in good condition!!* The 1962 and 63 engines are good for 5500, while the 1964 - 1965 C & SC are good for 6000 if that's what turns you on. - *If they are in good condition!!*

I don't want a bunch of letters Complaining about bum advice when someone blows up his 1958 Normal engine with 300,000 miles on it and a funny Noise when you put a load on it.

Shift points can be anything you want. In slow driving, I'll shift around 3500 as a minimum. Depending on gearing, this will drop the revs to around 2000 in the next gear



which is as low as you should go. For a little more oomph, just raise your shift point. For instance, I generally run my 1963 stock Super engine to 4000 or 4500, with occasional flat-out bursts to 5500. Speaking of 2000 RPM, let's discuss lugging. Lugging is worse Than revving high. If you're in second, third, or fourth gear at less than 2000 RPM and mash on the throttle, not much will happen as far as acceleration until the revs come up. The S 90 and SC don't do much 'til 3000 and up. When you hit The gas at less than 2000 RPM, the oil film between the rod bearings and crank is not

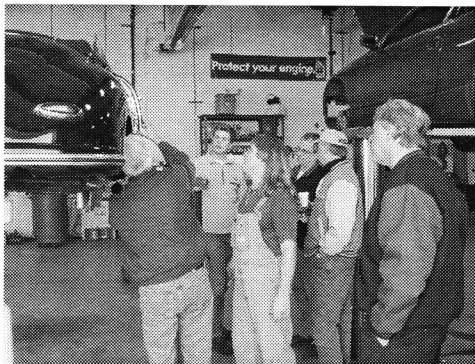
Strong enough to support the loads put on it by the combustion pressures, and you get metal-to metal contact or even Localized flat-spotting. At higher revs the oil film is stronger due to higher crank speed and higher oil pressure and consequently it can support the loads I posed on it.

To finish the RPM discussion, be sure your tach is calibrated if you're going to use the upper end of the scale. The mechanical tachs have a tendency to read low at the top end after a considerable amount of usage.



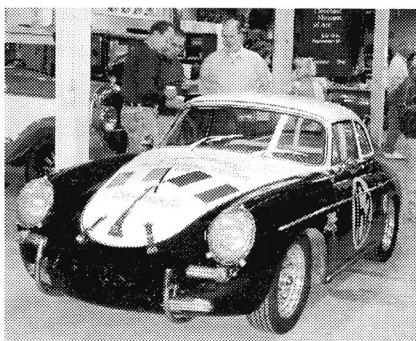
The first garage tour of the 2001 driving season was a huge success. On Saturday April 14th Chris Braden from Munks Motors opened his shop doors and welcomed the Motor City 356ers. The group toured the shop, and got to see first hand some of the Porsches being worked on. A few of the members put their 356s on the rack for detailed inspections. Bill Toburen's car was even diagnosed with a battery problem. Chris demonstrated Munks Motors abilities to handle all 356 or any Porsche problem that might come along.

If you missed the Garage tours organized by the Motor Cities group you owe it to yourself to get out and have a few laughs with the 356ers.



Motor Cities Gruppe Garage Tours

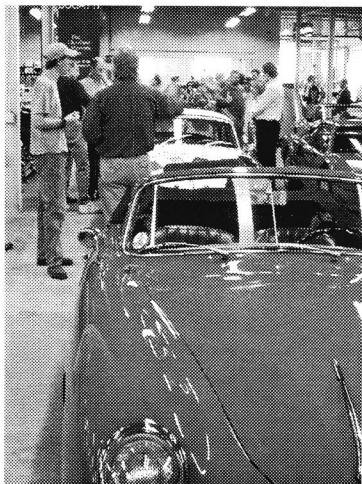
Organized by Bill Toburen



On May 5th the Motor Cities Gruppe visited Rivertec in Ypsilanti, MI. Rivertec on the outside is an unassuming warehouse on the Huron river. Inside it is home to some amazing pieces of machinery.

Gruppe members Bill Millikin and Bill Kinley, along with Peter Pleitner created the concept. What Rivertec is, is not easy to define. It's not just a place to store your special interest car; it's also a place to do some repairs and restorations. There is an Open House the first Saturday of each month, so it is also a gathering place. Whatever it may be, it sure beats a pole barn or a Self Storage unit with a Padlock.

If you missed this gathering, don't miss the next as this is one impressive garage.



MOTOR CITIES GRUPPE CALENDAR

JUNE

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

JULY

17th-Membership Dinner
At Zack's Steak House
26620 Dequindre
Warren, MI 6:00 PM

AUGUST

18th-Woodward Dream Cruise!

19th-MCG Family summer
Picnic Hosted by Ted and
Lanita
Dunham in Milford, MI.
See announcement on pg 15 and
in the August issue of the
Auspuff Roar

SEPTEMBER

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

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

OCTOBER

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

NOVEMBER

OPEN

DECEMBER

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

JANUARY

OPEN

FEBRUARY

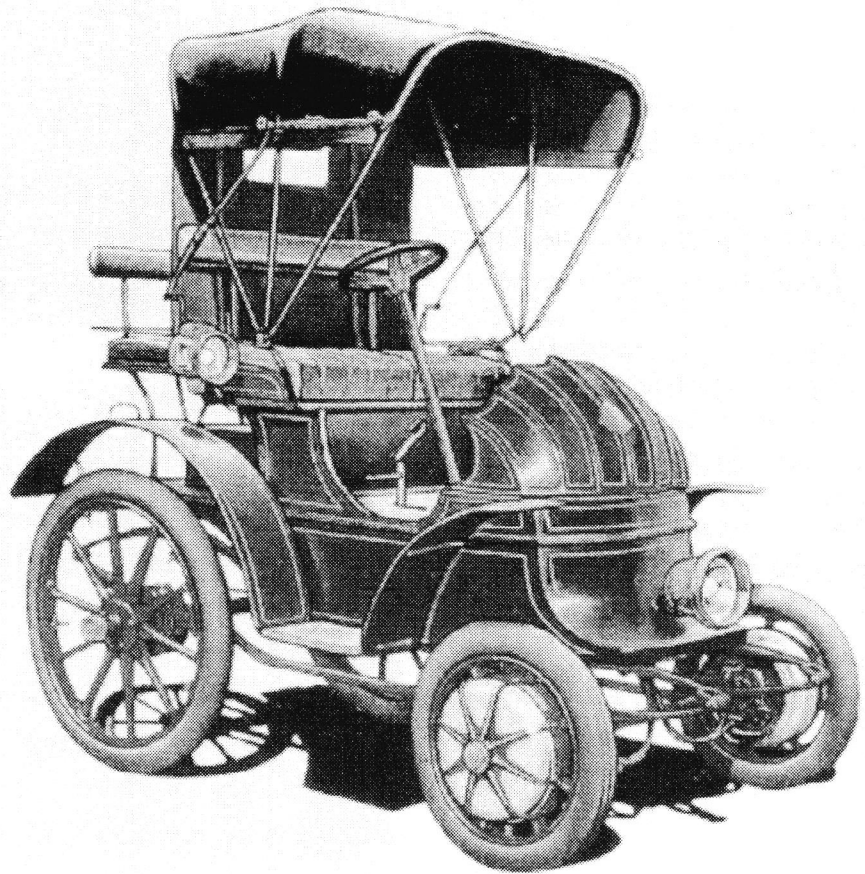
OPEN



When the World Expo opened its doors in Paris on 14 April 1900, car enthusiasts were to discover the most amazing innovation of the time in the shape of an electric car, the Lohner Porsche. From 19 - 21 May, 2000 the Porsche Club Vienna commemorated this event with an international Porsche meeting at historic sites in the Austrian capital. Stop-off points included the former Lohner headquarters in Porzellangasse, Vienna, New Town and Semmering where the Lohner Porsche won the Mountain Race back in 1900.

The front wheels of the Lohner Porsche were powered by wheel hub motors developed by Ferdinand Porsche, Chief Engineer at k.u.k. Hofwagen-Fabrik Jakob Lohner & Co., Wien-Floridsdorf who was aged 25 at the time. This forward-looking invention in the age of space travel achieved high acclaim. NASA used the idea for the electric wheel hub motor to put its lunar vehicle in motion, and the invention by Professor Ferdinand Porsche continues to be used. The Canadian power supply company Hydro-Quebec for example has launched an electric car with a drive unit based on the Porsche development and international motor companies also use Porsche's electric wheel hub motor in their development projects for zero emission vehicles.

Porsche's wheel hub motor manages without a transmission or drive shafts because the wheel turns about the stator permanently fixed to the wheel suspension as a rotor of the direct current motor. The drive unit therefore works without any mechanical friction losses with fantastic operating efficiency of 83%. The presentation at the Paris Expo made Porsche famous overnight and Lohner built around 300 of these vehicles
The Lohner-Porsche motors ran for



The Lohner Porsche

From The Porsche Club News, 3-2000

up to twenty minutes at seven bhp each, whilst normal output stood at 2.5 bhp at 120 rpm. A 44 cell battery with 300 ampere hours and 80 volts meant the car could travel up to 50 kilometers. The minimum speed was 17 km/h, standard speed was 37 km/h and the top speed was close on 50 km/h. The battery accounted for 410 kg of the total weight of one ton and each of the motorized front wheels weighed 115 kg.

The valued clientele were reassured by the fact that the Lohner Porsche boasted excellent road safety. As reported in the motoring press, the

car showed "no slip on sharp bends or on flat, dirty road surfaces, or at most for just a second, just like a horse-drawn carriage where the slip is extremely fleeting and can hardly be felt at all".

It was typical of Porsche that in 1900 he also went on to develop and build racing cars in Floridsdorf which were powered by his wheel hub engines. In one case the batteries alone weighed 1,800 kg. Porsche hand-delivered this racing car which achieved a top speed of 60 km/h to the customer. He drove it to Luton, north of London and presented it to the amateur racing driver E.W. Hart.



No, that's not a contemporary musical group. Basically it's a guy thing.

I wouldn't call it a competition, but there are elements of it that harken back to the internecine warfare of the currently popular TV show ... *Survivor*. In other words, listen up, watch your backside or you'll find yourself wandering around asking yourself "what happened".

Most of the Stuart Tool *Saturday Morning Tire Kicker* regulars have trundled off to races over the years. Getting there has usually involved some casual discussion about whether anyone wanted to go down to Sebring or Daytona for the endurance races, or Road Atlanta for the SCCA Run Offs, or over to Road America for the Chicago Historic Races, or Watkins Glen for the vintage events. These are long weekends of watching cars in the rain or blazing sun and that doesn't usually appeal to the spouse unless its Barb Skirmants, Lanita Dunham or Shirley Hallandal.

Depending on the financials and the number going, we'd pool our funds and pile into the most reliable car and head out after work on Thursday or Friday driving through the night doing rotating shifts. For some of us now long-in-the-tooth, this was in the '50s and '60s before there was much of an interstate system. Bonsai runs of 21 hours to Sebring were nothing when you knew someone who was going to be racing.

But after a while we each purchased our image enhancing "sports car" and wanted the pleasure of driving our own car and trying to break the current time/distance record from point-to-point. We'd agree on a departure point and the basic route and head out in our Austin-Healeys, MGs, TRs, Alfas, Lotus Elans, Minis, old Jags and the occasional 356 or 912. The objective was to find the most enjoyable secondary roads where we could smell the crops and orchards and take great pleasure passing those damn Winnebagos or the Buick pulling an Airstream which seemed to clutter up the roads.

Once there we'd indulge in tepid beer, greasy chicken, greasy brats and greasy chips. Breakfast was a sweet roll and a beer. Stomach cramps, constipation, bad breath and races seemed to go hand-in-glove.

Over the years we'd discover restaurants that were treasures relatively nearby. We'd always set aside enough money to go out for a decent meal at least once during the weekend. That meant "hot" southern fried chicken, pulled pork barbecue, steak or a piece of grouper. It also meant a loaf of deep fried onion rings and French fries.

After a long day at the track, we were either sun burned or damp and cold but always rump sprung. By the second night the campers were getting a bit rank and they wanted to use the shower in the room of those who put six in a room and paid for two. We all carried an extra wash cloth to dry off.

The evening was basically a rehash of the day's races touting the accomplishments of the marque you drove or the marque you wished you

Serendipity and the "Survivors"

by Richard Hinson

drove. But the real challenge was trying to agree on where to go for dinner and who you wanted to spend the evening with having spent the entire day with one another.

One particularly vivid memory is from the mid-sixties at Road America. We managed to get a cheap room in the dorm of Lakeland College, a really old school. The bunk beds were made of green angle-iron with mesh fastened to the rails with sprung springs. They looked like they were Army surplus stuff. The mattresses were the kind you unrolled and were little more than something to keep the broken strands from sticking in your backside. The floor was sand covered and the towels were like drying off with a sheet. They had no nap at all.

There were eight or nine car junkies in our early '20s from various schools who decided to see the races. We had five cars between us. We'd cut classes on Thursday to drive over, which took about 12 hours. Friday we meandered through the pits and walked around the track to find various vantage points to watch and hear the cars. After a day at the track we went across the street to sit on concrete benches and watch the 1/4 mile guys spray mud on one another and everyone in the first four rows of the stands. By Saturday evening we were ready for a great meal. That meant no greasy brats. The restaurant of choice was north and west of the track, some place with the name of cows. That we all agreed on. It was north and west. Uh huh. We

were to meet there at 7:30 or 8. The route? Ahhhh. You go out the road just north of town, that's just past downtown Elkhart, and go a couple of miles and turn left or west, I think. Look for a bunch of them cows on the right.

Then you go 'til the road ends, I think. Then go north, I think. And you'll run into it up there a bit. It's a place where the farmers go on Friday and Saturday night. Look ahhh, look for the cars and pickups, that should be it. Uh huh.

The "survivors" made it; those who couldn't translate the explicit directions didn't and they missed out on the steak. A good steak—aged, thick, well marbled with fat. The kind and size that farmers with arms the size of a city-boy's thighs ate and washed it down with five or six schooners of beer. This was the kind of place where you squeezed through the crowd at the door to get a drink. Eventually they handed you a menu and you hemmed and hawed about which steak or chop to order and how you wanted your potatoes—French fried, onion rings—double order and salad. Oh yeah, this was Wisconsin so you ordered up some deep fried Pinconning cheese to go with your drink. It also took the edge off your appetite since there were always about 60 people ahead of you on a weekend night.

Going back to Lakeland College or Siebkins at Elkhart Lake was also a

matter of luck. Logic told you that it had to be east of the track and the track had to be south and east of where we were. Hey all those farmer's fields were based on north/south, east/west grids right. Uh huh. If you were lucky you were able to make it back without having to stop and ask somebody wherein hell you were and how to get wherein hell you wanted to go.

Forty years later the story is the same when we went to Italy to participate in the Mille Miglia. There are more complications because of language and not knowing which roads take you to that decent meal. The logic was that no matter which road we took there had to be a great meal. Italians love to eat. But finding your way there and back around the mountains was different than the roads adjacent to Wisconsin farm land. At night it was impossible to know which way was north or west—unless you were a sailor or took astronomy in school.

I was talking to Bob Tucker a few days ago. Tucker has a nice 275 GTB Ferrari and has had Italian cars in his garage like we have German cars. His summers are spent in Italy teaching engineering and English to Italians. Usually he rents a small place on the outskirts of Florence to avoid the influx of tourists. He's found some wonderful trattorias, family-type restaurants, after spending many years in Italy.

A few years back he decided that he'd

head to Italy early to take in the Mille Miglia. He knew a number of Americans who were going over. One of them, Steve Barney, has a Ferrari store in North Carolina. Barney has spent lots of time in Italy and knows his way around, much as the Denyer brothers know all the back roads to get to Road Atlanta and other circuits.

To give you a bit of background on the Mille Miglia, it's a grand tour for the grand race cars before 1955. The participants go in because they have a very heavy foot and Italians like drivers with a very heavy foot. The route varied over the years but basically it ambles from Brescia in the north down to Rome in the south via a route that is a loose figure eight. It was a race that was intended to bring recognition to Italy in the days of Mussolini. Like Eisenhower, Mussolini knew that a network of roads was necessary to link the various regions of the country and move troops. To get people to approve taxes for the roads it was put in the guise of needed better roads to stage the race. The first retrospective event was in 1983. In those early days the American drivers were relegated to the back of the list, which meant they left after the Italians and other Europeans unless they had a vehicle with great credentials or were well connected in international motorsports—like Phil Hill, Dan Gurney and Denise McCluggage.

Being relegated to the back of the

pack means you aren't flagged off the podium until late in the evening. Which meant you were very tired when you got to the stop over for the first night. The overnight accommodations are loose at best and you rarely arrive at your hotel until well after midnight.

“Sometime around
3:30 am I
remember getting
lost as we tried to
find our hotel”

I was co-pilot to Bill Jacobs driving a Ferrari 500 Mondial. We left the ramp after 1 PM. For a full 25 minutes we drove less than 20 mph between throngs of people whooping and hollering and having the best time cheering another Ferrari. Sometime around 3:30 am I remember getting lost as we tried to find our hotel. It was about 4:30 am when we finally put our head down in some inner city flea bag in a room the size of a closet and had to be up at 7 am to go over the car and get in line to depart again.

People like Bob Tucker who were following along to support their friends knew the basic route and the

way to get ahead of their friends but they too had no way of knowing where to stay or eat.

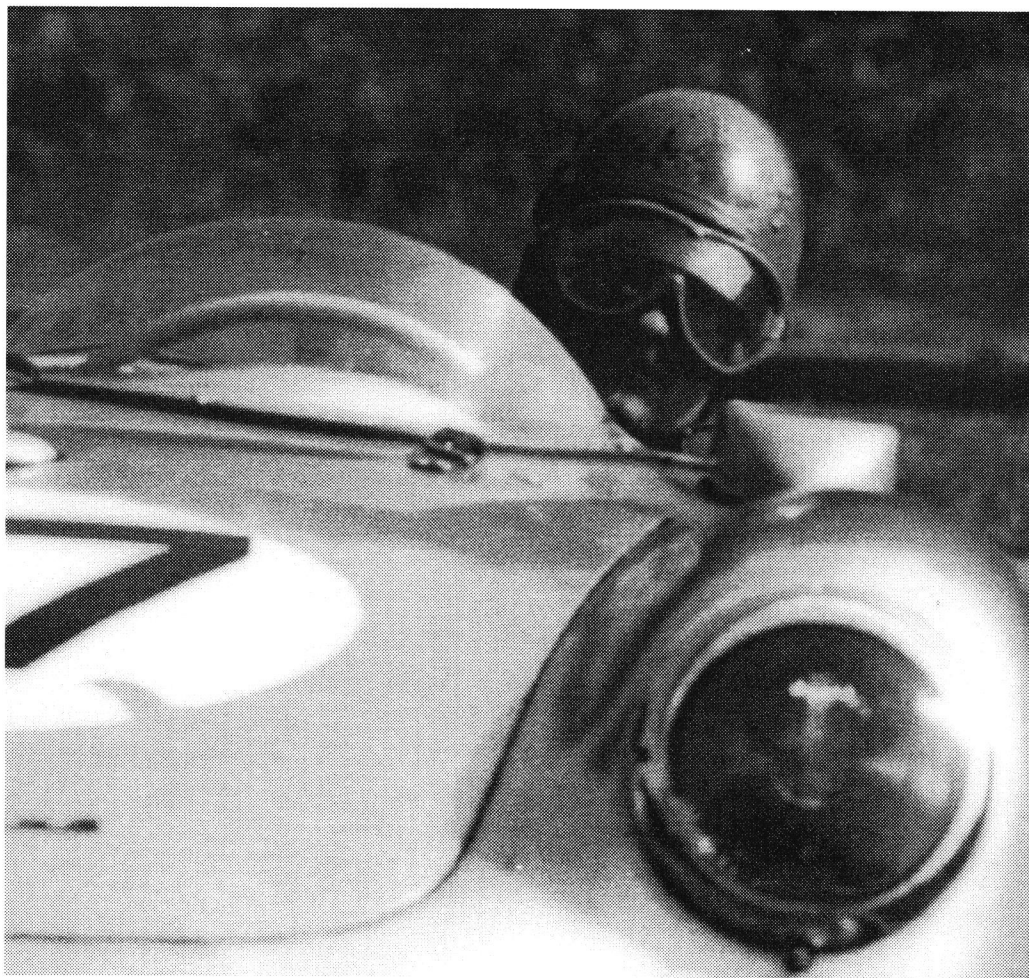
His gang of regulars were just like our Porsche group. Hungry, tired, a bit giddy and eager to get some sleep, he asked some Ferraristi where they might catch a few winks. The Italians made a few calls then recruited somebody's brother who owned a cab and said, "Follow them. There was a nice, clean place not too far away from where the high rollers were staying. There was one room left." The next morning, Tucker was awakened by the sound of cars warming up. They opened the doors to the balcony, opened the shutters and looked out over a piazza and spent the next few hours taking pictures of the best cars and the beautiful people queuing up for the morning's run. When they left their room to get some breakfast, their flower filled courtyard was filled with gorgeous girls and smiling, strutting Italians. They lingered over hard rolls, cheese and blood red orange juice. They commented again and again about their luck. Finding a hotel filled with gorgeous women right next to the park fermet for the Mille Miglia participants. Everything smelled so good.

The next year Tucker received a call from the Steve Barney Gerald Roush, the chap who publishes the *Ferrari Market Letter*, they wanted a place to stay. He graciously passed along the name and said he envied them. Carol Roush walked into the lobby and walked back out refusing to stay. She was a proper lady from Atlanta and didn't want to tell her friends that she stayed in a whorehouse. Tucker

said he never noticed that. Turns out Carol was right, the hotel was an infamous brothel. Sometimes serendipity works for you, sometimes it works against you.

Tucker still maintains that it's a nice place to stay-clean, great food and drinks, good looking ladies who smiled a lot and smelled real good. The guys didn't think anything was wrong with the place.

Tucker also confirmed that some guys have that innate sense of direction. He called it the Columbus syndrome. After a "proper" room was found for the Roushs, someone said, "Where do we eat?" And Barney volunteered that, "I think I remember how to get to a restaurant in Ferrara." That was fine, except each of them had their own car that was parked



on the street a couple of blocks away. They were more than a little antsy about the skulkers whom they knew were out to spirit away their Ferraris to be sold to a middle man in Turkey for its final destination in the far east. That meant they all had to drive their own cars.

On a napkin, they'd sketch out a rough route to the restaurant then they'd hurry back to their car having lost sight of their friends. Damn honey, do you remember the route to the restaurant. When in Italy, do as the Italian men do ... drive like rally drivers. Foot to the floor regardless of what they were driving and where they are going. Especially when the Mille Miglia was wandering through the

countryside.

It was like being a part of the enthusiast's dream, driving in *Rendezvous*. Honking down narrow streets, not knowing whether you were going north, south, east or west trying to catch up with your friends to sup in some small restaurant. The sense of joy when you spotted their car parked over the sidewalk was incredible. The sense of foreboding if you got lost was as palpable as you felt taking your SATS.

But somehow we managed to find our way. It was always worth a large glass of Villa Antinori Toscana or a Belbni to launch the celebration.

The fun of venturing forth in our Porsches is often not knowing where we're going. The fun is in the going and seeing new

people and driving on new roads. The luckiest ones are those with tops that go down or coupes with the windows down. No, on second thought, the luckiest ones are those whose wives go with them and who don't get cranky when the top or the windows are down. The adventure is heightened when you stumble on a delightful restaurant like **The Farm** up in the Thumb or **Common Grille** in Dexter or **Dusty's English Inn**.

You see, serendipity is survival at its best.



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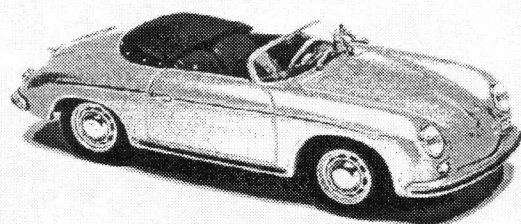
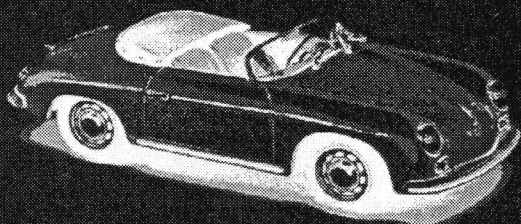
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Left: Jack
& Bonnie
at the '98
Holiday

Right:
Jack's
Outlaw

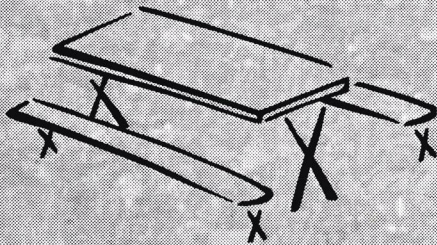


Long Time Gruppe Members Move to California

Jack and Bonnie Hagerty have moved to sunny southern California. Although Bonnie is a Michigan native, Jack grew up there, so it is only fitting he spend his retirement years there. I mean, he was working upwards of three days a week before he left, sometimes spending more than 4 hours in the office at a time! "It was really messing up my golf swing" lamented Jack.

Seriously, though, Jack and Bonnie will be missed by all that have come to know them. While Jack is best known for creating one of the nicest (if not *the* nicest) outlaw's in the country, he is also known for remembering as many lame jokes as Jack Chamberlin. Bonnie is best known as one of the few spouses who actively and sincerely enjoys our hobby, our Gruppe and the people involved.

Michigan's loss is certainly California's gain. Best of luck, guys; we'll see you on one of your return visits!



**Sunday, August 19th at the home of Ted
and Lanita Dunham in Milford Michi-
gan.**

Look for specifics in the Aug/Sept issue

Gruppe Summer Picnic

Fifty hours in L.A.

By Michael Heilman

I was driving south from LAX down PCH looking for the CHP at the wheel of my top down Spyder. Admittedly this Spyder was from Osaka, not the Wendler Werkes. I was counting down the hours until the early morning opening of the 18th annual Porsche Literature, Model and Memorabilia Swap Meet at the Airport Hilton. Vendors from all over the United States and even Germany descend with the toys that you never thought you needed until you see them. That wasn't until Saturday, so a quick trip to the Petersen Automotive Museum would fill the void.

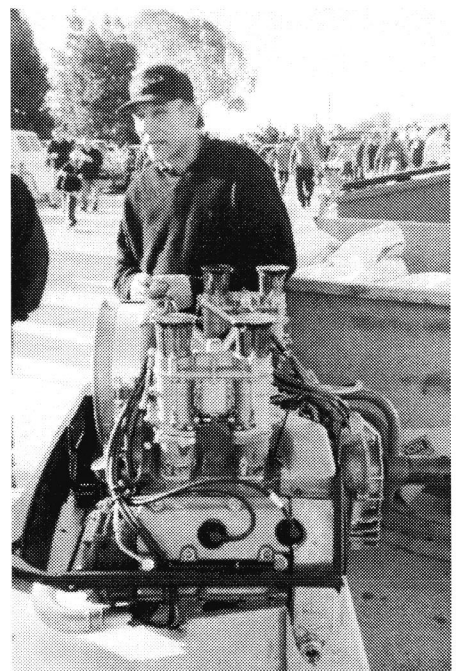
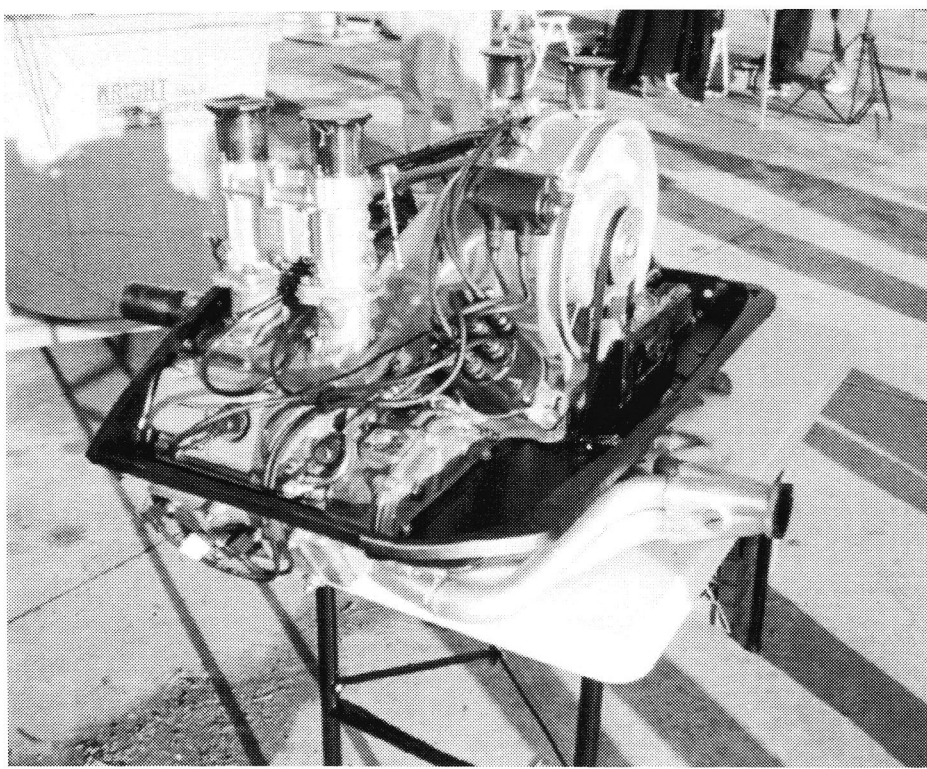
The Petersen Automotive Museum is on Museum Row 6060 Wilshire Boulevard (at Fairfax) and is open Tuesday through Sunday. Hot Rod publisher Robert E. Petersen founded it. It is a division of the Natural History Museum of LA County. He and his wife Margie are avid collectors. The 300,000 square feet Museum



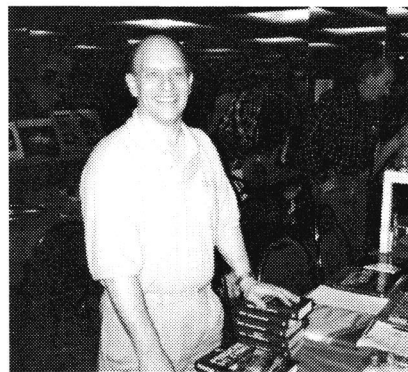
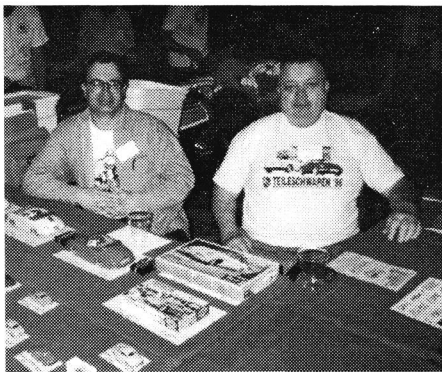
is divided into an old streetscape that incorporates period styles and several rotating galleries. Over 150 cars are on permanent display. Porsche sent over a number of Museum cars in 1998 for a special display on the second floor. The evolution of the automobile and its impact on Southern California is the historical backdrop for the many static displays. There are many cars with LA ties. In fact the cu-

rator is actively looking for cars with a unique LA history. The Packard Darrin was designed in Los Angeles and built in Detroit. If you have one, they would like to give you a tax deduction for it. On the day that I visited Cadillac had just concluded a featured show. A Cadillac "Cyclone" was still on display. This 1959 two seater Motorama car has Speedster like seats and fins sharp enough to slice bread. George Jet-





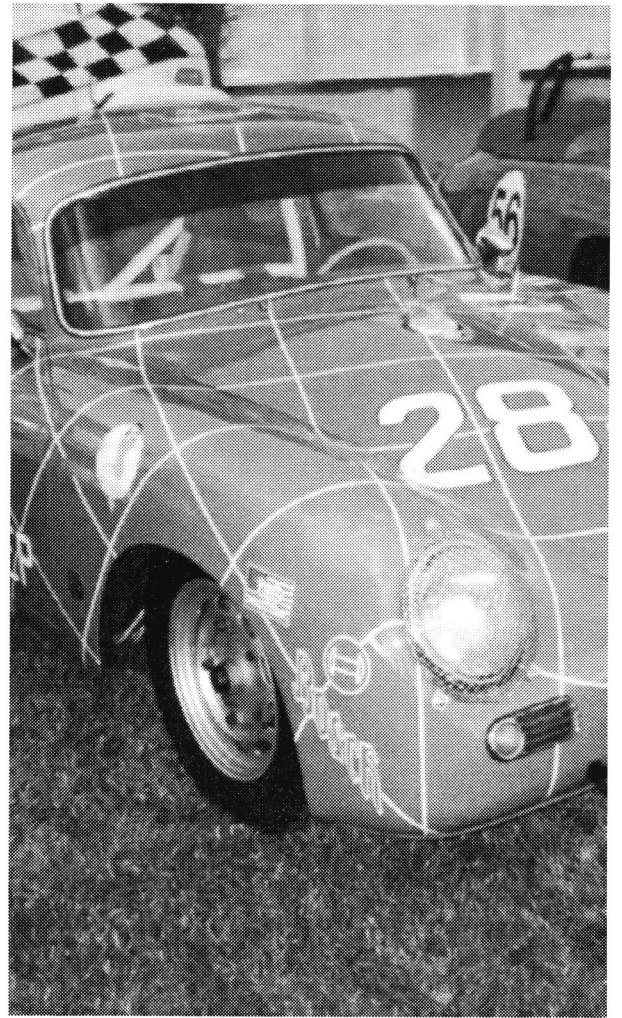
alongside countless vintage models of the car. Bobby Unser learned to drive this very car on the dirt tracks of America. Feature exhibits change monthly and a visit to their website should provide a listing of future special events. The Museum shop features gifts, books, models and even a rock painted to look like a 911. Admission is a modest \$7 and well worth a trip.



son would be at home behind the wheel of this ride. The Hot Rod Gallery had many Revell models of my wasted youth on display in their full size chrome plated glory. Dean Jeffries "Manta Ray" sits across the aisle from Big Daddy

Roth's "Outlaw". Highboys and T buckets round out the automotive art. Race fans will find plenty of cars to photograph as well. The 1952 Agajanian-Offenhauser Indy car driven by Tony Ruttman is displayed

The starting gate on Saturday held back several dozen Porsche nuts that paid extra to cruise the hundreds of tables of Porsche treasure. Are you still looking for that V-10 engine replica given to journalists at the Carrera GT unveiling at the Louvre? It is over there at the third table. A special guest of honor at the entrance was Al Cadrobbi. Al was the master 4-cam mechanic who kept these engines running on the tracks of the



world. He told me that he was the service manager at Competition Motors. This was the Hollywood dealership owned by Johnny Von Neumann that delivered James Dean's Speedster and Spyder. That dealership has long been replaced by an office building. Mr. Cadrobbi has forgotten more than anyone will ever know about the engines. His valuable knowledge keeps these cars running even today. Al was selling autographed photos of trackside events from the late fifties and sixties featuring

events at the tracks of Pomona, Riverside and Santa Barbara. George Follmer, Richie Ginther and Skip Hudson were among his many friends. A driver was once warned by the Porsche Werkes mechanics to slow down as he was taxing the durability of his engine. The driver was heard to say, "But Al Cadrobbi is my mechanic", The Germans all nodded in agreement "Ja that it vood be alright to exceed the rev limit of the engine". Unfortunately Al is battling Parkinson's

disease and is selling a lifetime of memories to fund that fight. Peter Dunkel and his wife Cheryl put on a fabulous tribute Saturday night to honor the man who would be the patron saint of the 4-cam Fuhrmann engine. Al has a VHS tape of his personal movies that he is selling for \$80 and orders were being taken for this unique bit of history.

Fibersteel Products unveiled their authorized Speedster hardtop at the show. It is a Glasspar replica and can be seen at their website. It

looks great, now all I have to do is find a Speedster to bolt underneath the top. Bill Ramsey was there with his sidekick Todd Wingerter from Dayton, Ohio. Every 356 from the Distler to the Schuco Piccolo tractor was on sale. I obtained a rare plastic French Norev 356 from them. Bill Block was selling the printed page and the Skirmants were visiting with old and new friends. The atmosphere is absolutely frenetic. If there is something that you want, you better buy it, because it may not be there in ten minutes. Jerry Seinfeld is always there but he must have been wearing a Ted Dunhan mask, because I didn't see him. EA. Singer has a prominent place with vintage poster from the fifties. The one off aluminum Speedster sculpture sold by fellow attorney Bruce Hollander from Hollywood, FL can only match the scarcity of the Porsche ceramic plates E.A. Singer sells. Bruce usually has his Quaker State Indy uniform on as he presides over the exchange of arcane trivia. "No that was not made in black, it was only delivered in silver". The International Porsche Model Club was represented and advertising the PMC Summer Swap meet in Stuttgart September 22, 2001. The PMC is looking for new USA members. Members receive an annual catalog with all the new Porsche Model cars, a newsletter and an opportunity to purchase special PMC models. They were selling a 1:8 993 Coupe already painted with more than 300 individual parts for \$149 excl shipping. Call me if you want details.

Saturday night Peter Dunkel hosted a special tribute to Al Cadrobbi at his trucking company warehouse and site of the 356 Registry swap meet the following morning. Peter is the one of the biggest Porsche collectors I have ever met. If it has Porsche on it, he probably has it. He has a copy of James Dean's speeding ticket. He has the California License plate that says, "Porsche". He also has a beautiful silver Carrera Speedster that was hoisted straight up on a hydraulic hoist "Goodwood" style. Peter is generous with his time and spirit, and he shares his collection with all that come to appreciate it. I met a fellow from Germany by the name of Wolfgang, "This would not be possible in Germany, free pizza, free beer, and nein this would not be possible". The next day over 35 4-cam cars were assembled on Peter's lawn. Spyders set next to 904s and a 906. A beautiful Roadster with a four cam, disc brakes and a subtle fender flare made everyone scratch their collective heads. Did Porsche make a 4-cam Roadster? A hundred other 356s on display that chilly morning was a sight to behold. Last year, I saw a six-cylinder speedster with 928 brakes and wheels. This year, the four cylinder 911 type engines of Advance Performance Engineering caught my eye. Dean Polopolus produces the Dinolyte Series engines for installation in your 356. A special cast block incorporates 911 parts to turn well over 200HP. All you have to do

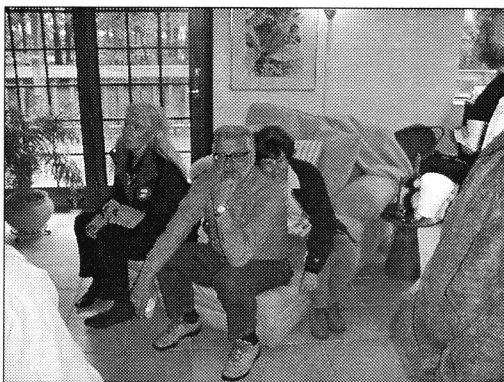
is hand over a check for at least \$15,000. If an engine was ever elevated to an artform, it was this one. I thought that the Mona Lisa had a long line to gain a view, but Porschephiles were three deep staring at this product. Another outstanding example of California engineering was a billet wheel made to look like a GT steel/alloy wheel. There were two cars there that had this set up and it was delightful. You really had to look closely to see that it was not an OEM product and the knowing owner was smiling. They aren't available at any price. I left my spare tire wheel with Brad Ripley of NLA to get plated. Oh to own a wheel like this one. The Swap Meet has headturning displays of junk, rarities and must-haves. Bruce Crawford of Hardwood Classics was displaying his Handmade Carrera 2 steering wheels. He will also accept a commission to turn your own car into a wonderful exotic wood interpretation with a meticulous attention to detail. It is hard to believe that the sculpted creation is wood. Corvette Mike was selling a 1977 Porsche Turbo Carrera with 7,356 miles on it. Don't tell Denny Zamler or he might sell his Roadster in order to buy the lowest mileage Turbo in existence! My own Turbo collection consists of the latest toys hanging on the wall in Meier's toy aisles. However if it is full weekend of Porsche activities that you seek, then make plans for the 19th annual LA meet! IT is a lot of fun and a great winter warm up to our upcoming calendar of activities. 



The Gruppe's 9th annual Spring Tour, Hosted by Bill and Sher Toburen on June 3rd was, as usual, a resounding success. This was, after all, the 3rd event that Bill has hosted this calendar year, so he's had some practice.

It's funny how many people show up to these events when they start out in Sher's kitchen. Once again we were treated to her outstanding baked creations as well as her most appreciated hospitality.

The sky was cloudy but did not dim our enthusiasm as we sped off on our tour. Vic and Barb Skirmants were driving my "C" coupe, as their car is under restoration in Cincinnati. I followed behind them the whole day to see how these things are supposed to be driven. The best part of the day (for me) was when Vic passed the Red 930 that had joined our tour!



Clockwise from Above:

A kinder, Gentler Vic??

Sher's Kitchen is always a big hit.

Open cars with closed tops at the Herb Farm.

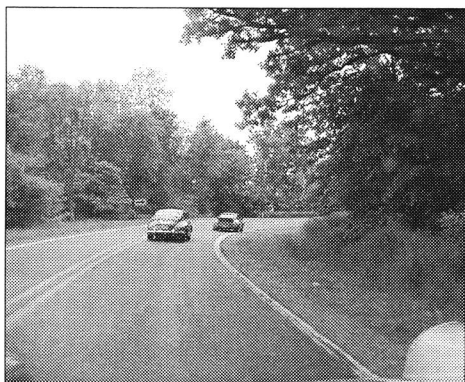
Even Macho Man Bill Rohrer bought something at the Herb Farm.

Vic gets ready to pass that Turbo!



A stop at an Herb Farm, meant to pacify our spouses, actually held the attention of even the most macho of our Gruppe. It was a good choice, indeed.

The roads were fun, the lunch was great and the restaurant was conveniently located off US 23 just south of Flint, which made it convenient for everyone there to get home. Another Toburen-hosted event well done!



Sebastian Gaeta

Motor Cities Gruppe 9th annual Spring Tour

Needed: A Few Good Porsche's

We are looking for a variety of historic Porsches to represent the marque in our very nice Aug. 12 **Cars on Campus Charity Concours d'Elegance** on MSU campus, E. Lansing. Porsche is our Featured Marque, and we need up to 20 good examples to fill the class.

Cars will be displayed in a roped-off corral -- they need not be flawless or 100% original, but must have an excellent original appearance from a few feet away. Entrants will be well fed and entertained on beautiful Walter Adams field next to the MSU President's house. For an invitation, send a photo & info by Email to Gwitz2@aol.com, or mail to 2470 Overglan Ct., E. Lansing 48823.

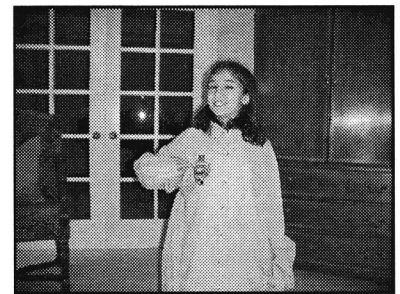
To ensure listing in the program and a personalized license plate, entries must be received by July 1. Friday eve. cruise and Sat. reception, dinner and auction general info: 517-371-8693. Class Award sponsored by Porsche Cars NA. Thank you!

Best wishes,
Gary Witzenburg
Show Chairman
248-685-5590

Motor Cities Gruppe Social Dinners

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

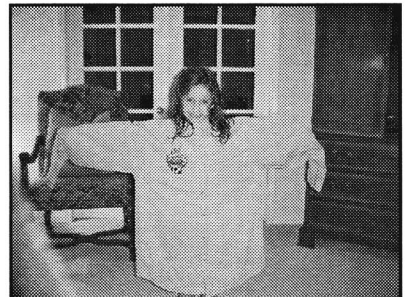
The menu is much more diverse than our previous choice, and the prices are extremely reasonable. Don't be afraid to attend fearing that a business or Board meeting will break out; that's not the case. This is a casual, fun evening to swap stories, parts, etc. See the calendar on page 8 for dates and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



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

T-shirts are available for \$15

Call Barb Skirmants at
810-225-8692



Recently, Narmeen and I took a driving trip to Quebec City, Quebec. On the way home through upstate New York, we passed this sign. We (I) wondered what it looked like coming from the other direction.

Can any of you think real hard and guess?

The answer is on page 26.

LUST AND LONGING

-OR-

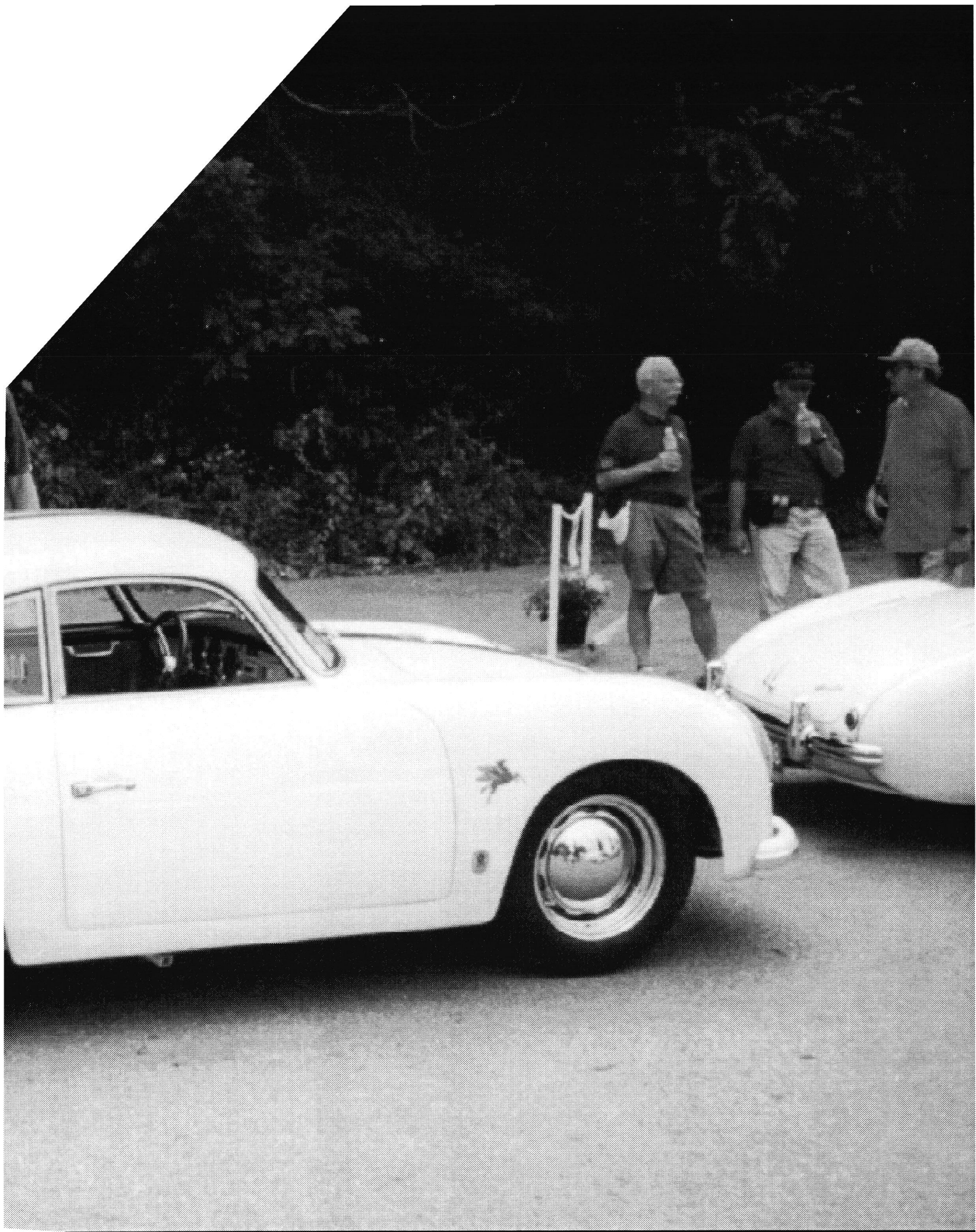
How I Became Curator of Ted's Museum

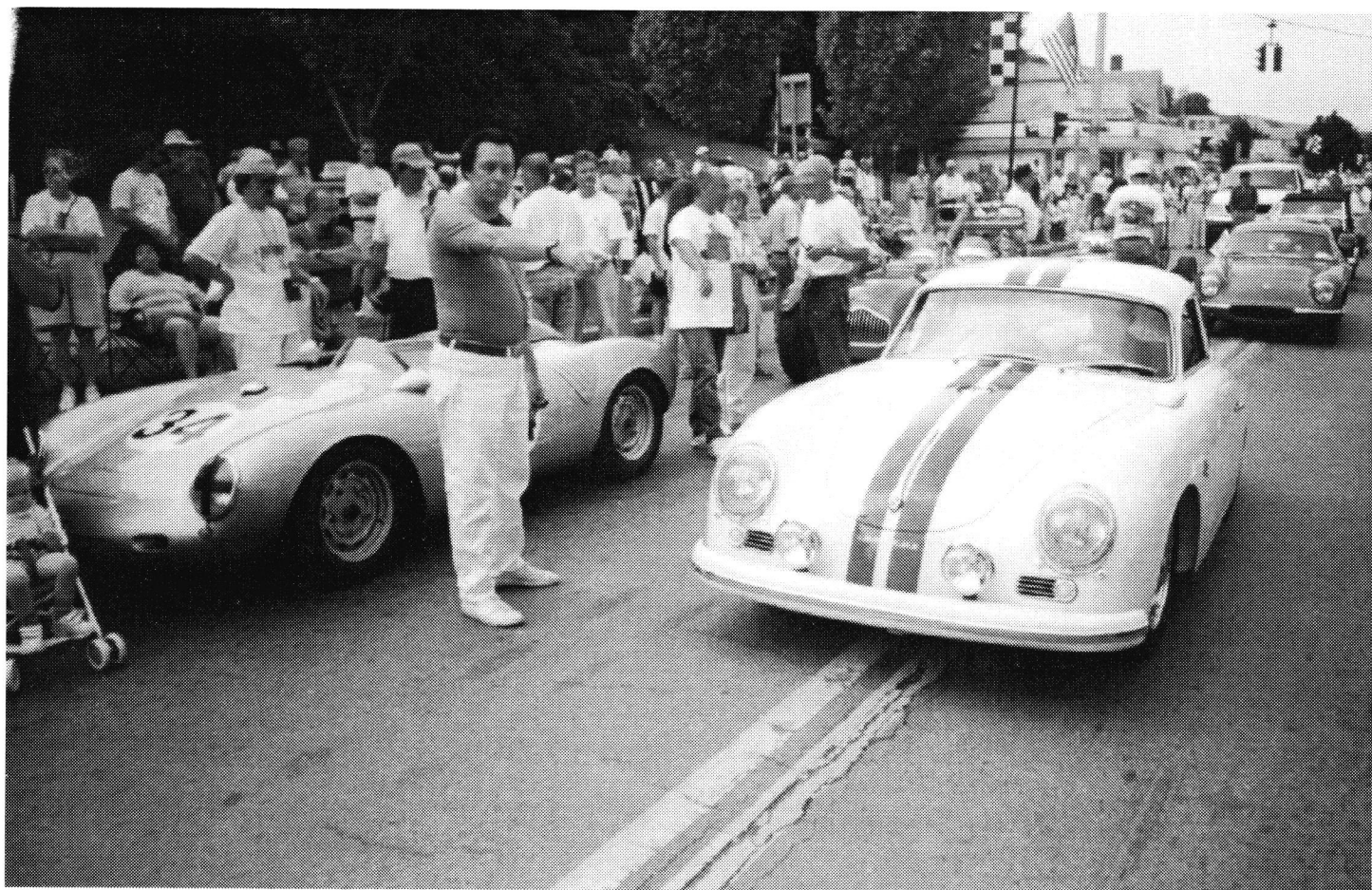
BY: GREG LAPORTE

LET ME TRY TO EXPLAIN HOW
THIS ALL HAPPENED:

SOME YEARS AGO, IN THE MIDDLE OF CLASSIC MUSTANG SHOWING AND COLLECTING, I HAPPENED INTO THE WORLD OF 356 LUST. YOU SEE, I DROVE MY PERFECTLY GOOD 1969 BLACK MACH 1 TO BAKER'S IN MILFORD FOR A TYPICAL TUESDAY NIGHT CRUISE - IN. THERE WERE ALL MANNER OF HOT CARS THERE. AMONG THEM WERE CHEVY'S, FORDS, MOPAR, TRUCKS, ETC., PROBABLY 50 TO 75 CARS IN ALL. TUCKED IN THE BACK, ALMOST COMPLETELY HIDDEN FROM VIEW, WAS TOBY'S, 'TUB 4 TWO', TOP DOWN, LOOKING FOR ALL THE WORLD LIKE A PIECE OF ART AMONG SCRAP METAL, IT WAS THE FIRST 356 THAT I HAD EVER STOOD NEXT TO. I CANNOT EXPLAIN WHAT THAT WAS LIKE. I HAD SEEN 356'S IN BOOKS BUT NEVER CLOSE UP. THE DESIGN AND







Yeah, That's Right; I like This One Better Than the Spyder.

SIMPLICITY OF THE CAR.... WELL, TOBY WASN'T ANYWHERE NEAR HIS CAR THAT NIGHT AND I DROVE HOME KNOWING AVE A 356 SOME DAY.

THE DESIRE FOR THIS TYPE OF CAR WAS REINFORCED AT PCA EVENTS THAT I ATTENDED. I WOULD SEE JOHN OR DENNIS DENYER'S CARS AT THESE EVENTS AND I WOULD FAIL TO NOTICE ALL OF THE OTHER, MORE 'MODERN' PORSCHE METAL. READING, RESEARCH, A LOT OF DEAD ENDS AND A GOOD AMOUNT OF DUE DILIGENCE YIELDED A RIDE. A NEARLY PERFECT 1964 356 SC COUPE (PREVIOUSLY CHRONICLED IN THE PAGES OF THIS MAGAZINE). I WON'T RETRACE WHAT WAS WRITTEN THERE, BUT, SUFFICE IT TO SAY THAT ABOVE ALL OF THE PORSCHE METAL THAT I HAVE OWNED (944, 944 S2 CABRIOLET, 993 CABRIOLET, 930 COUPE, 996 C4 COUPE, 996 C2 COUPE AND 986S), NOTHING COMES CLOSE TO THE BEAUTY OF A 356. IT'S INNATE ABILITY TO REACH INTO YOUR SOUL WHILE

STANDING STILL.

ANYWAY, AFTER SECURING A RIDE AND DRIVING IT A BIT, I FELT COMFORTABLE ENOUGH TO JOIN A MOTOR CITY GRUPPE OUTING. I ARRIVED LATE AND WAS EXCITED TO SEE JUST 356'S. A's, B's, C's. COUPES, CABS, ROADSTERS AND... *IF104!* WHAT'S THAT! DO PEOPLE REALLY DO THIS TO A 356! SCREAMIN' YELLOW, LOWERED, LOWERED, SUBTLE YET BAD TO THE BONE! THE PERFECT BLEND OF THE CLASSIC LINES OF AN 'A' COUPE AND STREET RODDED RACE CAR. NO DETAIL OVERLOOKED AND ABSOLUTELY EVERYTHING IMPROVED OVER A STOCK MODEL. SORT OF A MARILYN MONROE MEETS A MICHELLE PFEIFFER. *LUST* HAD CLEARLY ASCENDED TO A NEW LEVEL.

THIS WAS LIKE GOING TO A NEW HIGH SCHOOL PARTY AND SEEING ALL OF THE PEOPLE THAT YOU'D EXPECT PLUS ONE, ... ONE NEW KID. A GIRL WITH AN INFECTIOUS SMILE, GORGEOUS

EYES, AN INCREDIBLE FIGURE AND GREAT HAIR, IN OTHER WORDS, SO PERFECT THAT YOU DIDN'T DARE SPEAK TO HER. YOU GET CLOSE TO HER ON THE SLY IN ORDER TO OVERHEAR HER SPEAKING. THIS ONLY CONFIRMED WHAT YOU ALREADY KNEW. SHE ACTUALLY WAS FUN TO TALK TO AS WELL. WELL, WHAT DO YOU DO NEXT? *NOTHING*, THAT'S WHAT, *ABSOLUTELY NOTHING*. YOU KNOW WHY? BECAUSE YOU CAN'T. YOU CAN'T MOVE, YOU CAN'T BREATHE, AND YOU AS A MERE MORTAL, *SURE AS HELL* CANNOT SPEAK TO HER.

WELL, THINK OF THE ABOVE IN TERMS OF TED'S OUTLAW, AND ONE HAS A VERY VIVID AND USEFUL ANALOGY FOR MY FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH THIS CAR. I MEAN *COME ON*; THE CAR IS PERFECT IN EVERY WAY. BUILT FROM THE GROUND UP BY *THE* MASTER WITH THE HELP OF WELL, *OTHER* MASTERS. HOW DO I AS A NEWBEE EVER DO MORE THAN PHOTOGRAPH THIS THING? WELL, I DON'T. I KEEP MY DISTANCE AND WATCH, LISTEN

AND LEARN. I'D GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO HEAR IT, CLOSE ENOUGH ON THE ROAD TO WATCH IT, BUT I'D NEVER SIT IN IT OR REALLY TALK TO TED ABOUT IT. AGAIN, NONE OF THIS WAS OF ANY REAL CONCERN TO ME BECAUSE I, LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE, ASSUMED THAT IT WOULD NEVER BE FOR SALE.

SO...ONE COLD, SNOWY SATURDAY AT NEIL'S, WHILE MINDING MY OWN BUSINESS, SOMEONE (AND THIS PERSON NEEDS TO REMAIN ANONYMOUS FOR HIS OWN SAFETY) MENTIONED THAT THE OUTLAW MIGHT BE FOR SALE. WHAAAATTT!? COULD THIS BE SO? OKAY... CALM DOWN, TIME TO THINK... HOW DO I FIND OUT FOR SURE? HOW DO I APPROACH TED? WHAT TO DO NEXT?

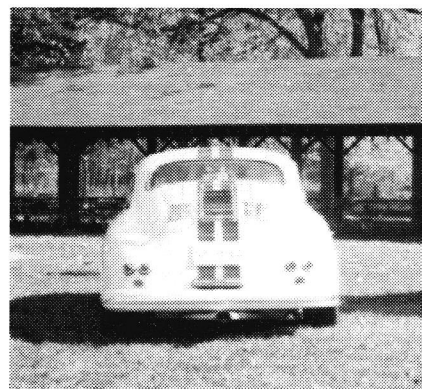
WELL, THE NEXT THING THAT I KNEW, I WAS CALLING TED, WRITING A CHECK AND GETTING A TITLE AT NEIL'S ON A SATURDAY. PLEASE NOTE, AT THIS TIME, IN THE SEQUENCE OF EVENTS, I RAV TO THE SECRETARY OF STATE TO GET THE TITLE IN MY NAME BEFORE TED AND LANITA COULD CHANGE THEIR MINDS. WHIEW! I DID IT. THE OUTLAW WAS MINE. I HAD NOT DRIVEN IT OR EVEN SAT IN IT UNTIL NOW. THIS WAS HUGE. WAY TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE!

THERE WAS A BASIC BELIEF THROUGHOUT THE CLUB. I WAS CONSTANTLY CONFRONTED WITH COMMENTS LIKE 'YOU SON OF A B@#&%! I DIDN'T KNOW THE CAR WAS FOR SALE!'- (DAVE BURTON). WELL, I DIDN'T KNOW THAT IT WAS FOR SALE EITHER. SO, THIS IS A CLASSIC CASE OF BEING IN THE RIGHT PLACE AT THE RIGHT TIME.

THERE IS A *BUT* THERE, A HUGE *BUT*, ...MY NEW TOY COMES WITH A LOT OF RESPONSIBILITY. YOU SEE EVERYTHING ON THIS CAR HAS BEEN DONE TO PERFECTION. EACH ASPECT OF HOW TO ENHANCE A 356 AND STILL RETAIN ITS HERITAGE HAS BEEN VISUALIZED AND BROUGHT TO LIFE. ALL IN ONE SCREAMIN' YELLOW PACKAGE. THIS IS A CAR THAT IS HELD IN HIGH ESTEEM WITHIN THE CLUB AND MANY MEMBERS HAVE AT LEAST ONE 'TED'S CAR' STORY. SO, I NOW OWN A TREASURE OF THE MOTOR CITY GRUPPE. THIS OUTLAW IS REALLY MORE OF A MUSEUM, A TESTAMENT TO INGENUITY AND ATTENTION TO DETAIL. I HAVE DRIVEN SOME IMPRESSIVE CARS, *NOTHING* REALLY



Film at Eleven...



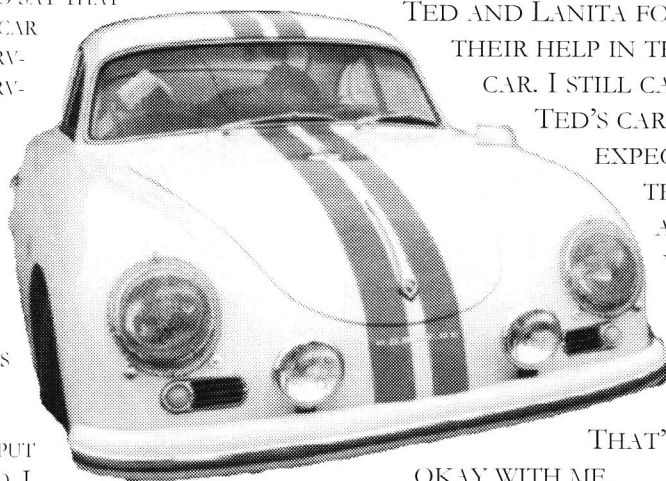
Bad From the Back, Too



Makes a "Regular" 356 Look Plain

COMPARES TO THIS.

ALL OF THIS TO SAY THAT OWNING THIS CAR MAKES ME NERVOUS, VERY NERVOUS. I MUST MAKE SURE THAT I MAINTAIN ITS HIGH LEVEL OF BEING. DON'T GET ME WRONG; DRIVING THIS CAR IS A BALL! IT IS MEANT TO BE **DRIVEN**, NOT PUT ON A SHELF. SO, I DO DRIVE IT (YES, PHIL, I REALLY DO DRIVE IT). BUT I WILL GIVE IT ALL OF THE CARE AND MAINTENANCE THAT IT DESERVES. I WILL USE THE RESOURCES



OF THIS FANTASTIC CLUB AND I NEED TO TAKE TIME TO THANK TED AND LANITA FOR THEIR HELP IN THIS CAR. I STILL CALL IT TED'S CAR AND I EXPECT THAT ALL OF YOU DO TOO.

THAT'S OKAY WITH ME.

I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE THAT IT IS IN MY GARAGE. 🚩

If you guessed 3-56
then you are correct!!

All winners to receive a
free ride in Doc Block's
'52/'53 coupe due for
completion in Spring,
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The \$45,000 VW Beetle

Is this beautiful, or what?! This is **not** a type 4 engine with a 911 fan shroud, but a 356 4 cam stuffed into the back of a Beetle.

The fact that the chromed fan shroud screams VW "Cal Look" should not fool your well trained eye. Note the twin coils and distributors. There is no mistaking it: A \$5,000 car with a \$40,000 engine!



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RARE Porsche Turbo Cab, Fuchs,
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tery and no brakes \$50.
(Did I mention that it is quarter scale?)
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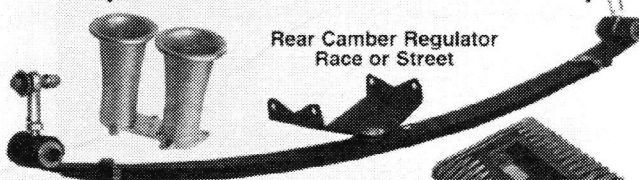
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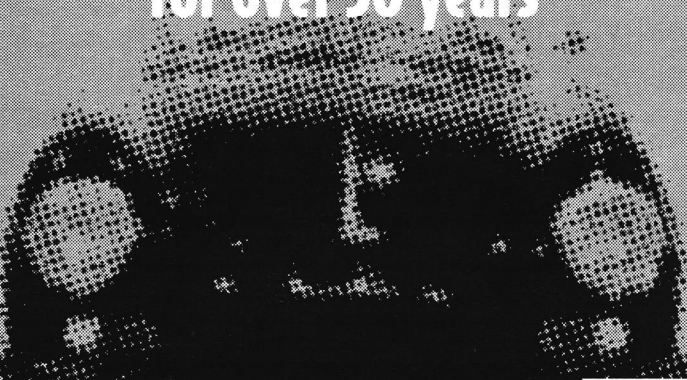
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