

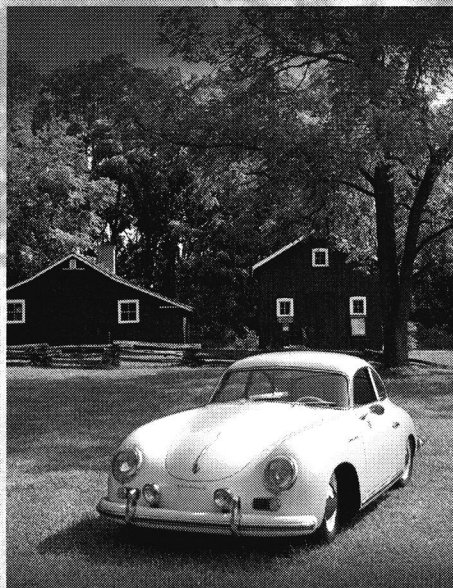
Auspuff Roar



October/November 2003
www.356motorcitiesgruppe.com

ON THE COVER:

Gottfried captures Brad Richards' '55 Continental at a Livingston County Farm Museum in late Summer, 2003.



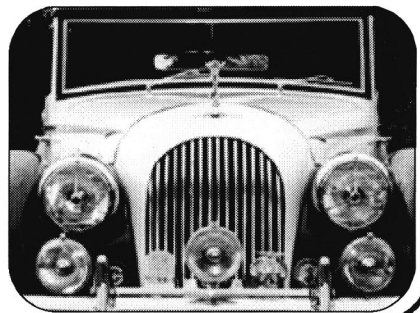
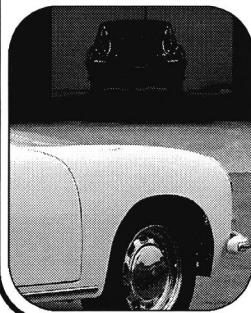
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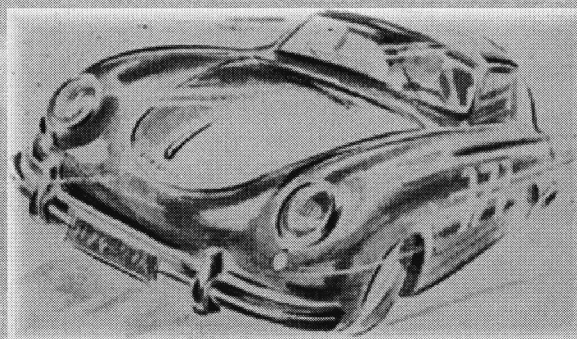
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VICE-PRESIDENT'S LETTER



The Fall season is upon us and what a terrific time of year it is to enjoy our cars. I know the old saying that "air does not boil", and that as long as your engine tin, oil cooler and fan belt are properly sorted out you should never experience overheating, even in the most brutal of summer weather. Nonetheless, there is nothing like driving a 356 in 50° to 75° temperatures. The car feels better, sounds better and pulls stronger. For us coupe drivers, there cannot be anything better than driving with both windows down and the fresh air streaming into the car as you wind down a back country road. As for the open cars, well, they were made for Fall days. Put on that sweater and cap and off you go, the envy of everyone in sight. I look forward to Autumn driving all year long.

Speaking of Autumn, the Gruppe Fall Tour is on Saturday and Sunday, October 4-5. Gerald Van Vliet is hosting the event and he will take us through the wine country of Northern Ohio and staying overnight at Put-In Bay. We went to this same part of the world for our fall tour in 1992, so it will be good to go back.

I remember that '92 trip very well as it was my first Color Tour driving a 356. The year before that I was a new Gruppe member and did not yet own a 356. Regardless, I attended that Fall Tour to Port Austin in my Karmann Ghia convertible. I'll never forget the graciousness of everyone there, even though I was in a VW (I did get

passed on the tour quite a bit, however). It did not matter to them what I was driving; what mattered was that I was there to enjoy the company of people who were soon to become some of my best friends. I quickly realized that our passions extended well past the 356s and into many different parts of our lives. It's the tubs that bring us together, but it's the genuine friendships that keep us together. Please see the website for Fall Tour Info.

The annual Holiday Party is scheduled for Sunday December 7th and will be held at Baker's of Milford after a number of years at the Oakland County Sportsman's club. Michael Heilmann did the legwork on this one so it should be a great new venue; Michael doesn't do anything half-way. Although the digs are new the format will remain the same. We have had great luck with the live auction being limited to just one hour with the silent auction running throughout the night, so why mess with success?

The Registry East Coast Holiday was held on September 4th—7th in Asheville, NC



and a number of Gruppe members attended. The strangest news from the Holiday was that the name "Skirmants" and the words "Concours Winner" were spoken in the same sentence. Before you get too suspicious I must tell you that it was Barbara and her freshly restored Adriatic Blue C coupe that walked away with the hardware, not Victor. None of this Concours foolishness has changed Vic one bit. I recently asked him what I should use to clean up some hubcaps and the best advice he could give me was "a valve grinder."

See our website for more Holiday pictures and look for an article in the December issue of Auspuff.

Be sure to read Gottfried's column on Karl Ludvigsen's 2nd edition of "Excellence Was Expected" on page 4. I feel for those of you who missed the book signing at Stoddard Imported Cars; it was quite an event. Gottfried and I were treated to a very private (and very unexpected) lunch beforehand with Karl and his wife, Annette. Thanks to the Chuck and Cynthia Stoddard for arranging that.

Lastly, we would like to congratulate Adam and Mariliz Johnson on the birth of their son, Andrew R. Johnson, in September. Mom and son are doing great, but Adam is still recovering from his 356 eBay purchase. See his painful account on page 6. Thanks, Adam, for being so candid about your experience. Hopefully someone who reads your story will learn from your less than ideal adventure.

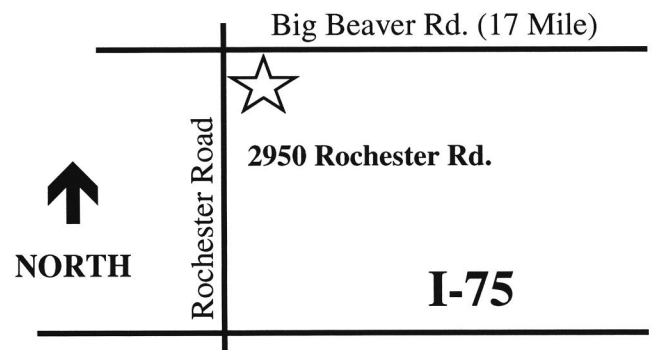
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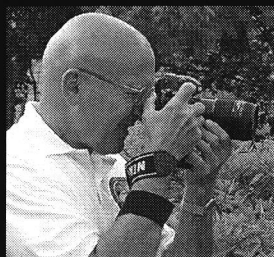
Left: Barbara Skirmants calmly accepts her concours award at the 2003 East Coast Holiday.

Social Dinners at the Wagon Wheel

It seems that the **Wagon Wheel** is working out fine for our social gatherings. See the calendar on page 12 for dates. All meetings **ARE NOW ON WEDNESDAYS** and start at 6:00 PM.

Wagon Wheel
2950 Rochester Rd.
Troy, MI 48083
248-689-8194





Librarian's Perspective?

by Gottfried Hogh

This is not a book review of Karl Ludvigsen's new book, this is a short account of how a book found its way into my library. For an initial evaluation of "Porsche, Excellence Was Expected" I'll refer you to Bill Block's review in the recent issue of "356 Registry magazine", vol. 27, no. 3, September/October 2003. I can't compete here nor am I interested in duplicating Bill's effort on ten days access to the second edition of this contribution to Porsche literature and on my quite short time of 356 experience compared to that of 'Doc Block'.

Some years ago, as I looked over the automobile magazines at the Ann Arbor Borders bookstore my eyes chanced on an unusual title: "Excellence." The cover illustration identified the journal as one in which I was definitely interested. After all I was looking for any information on past and present Porsche sports cars. Books and magazines were my starting point. This happened some years before I joined the Gruppe or the 356 Registry, some time before I had friends and acquaintances who had intimate knowledge on the subject of Porsche automobiles.

The title: "Excellence" was somewhat unexpected, since I'd been used to the standard

American automobile magazine fare (C&D, R&T, etc.) and other such European publications as "Autocar" and "Auto, Motor und Sport." While leafing through the glossy magazine gave me an overview of its editorial direction, that offered no clue as to the origin or reason for the title. In my ignorance I attributed it to possible hype from the magazine publisher; I still had a lot to learn.

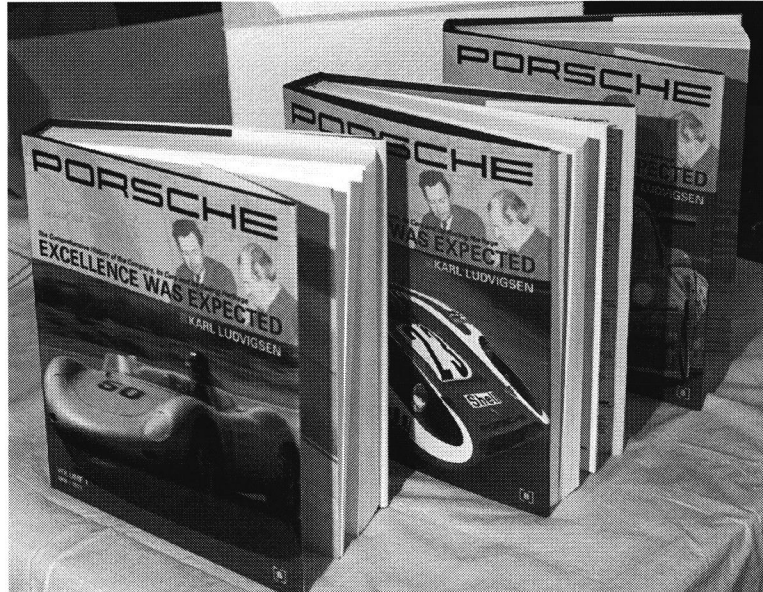
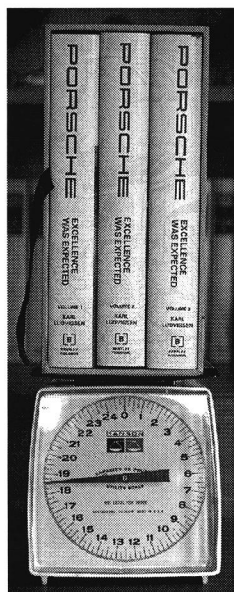
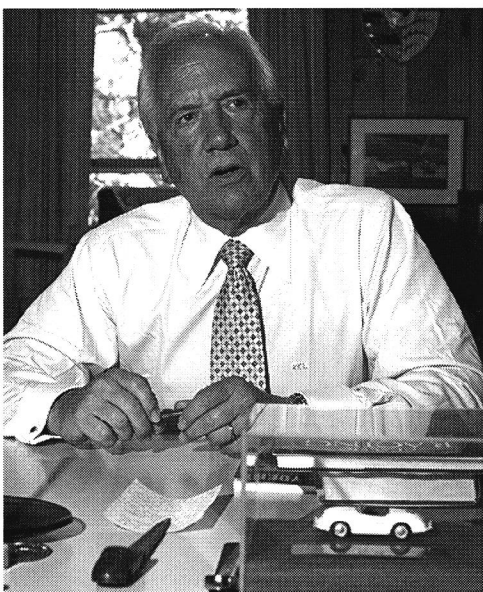
There were as yet few books on automobiles in my collection, and of those only two or three on the subject of Porsches. At that point I had not yet seen a single issue of the "Three Five Six Forum" nor of "Auspuff Roar." Well, as I intimated in an article of the previous issue (v12.4) of Auspuff Roar, things rapidly changed for me about six years ago, as I contemplated acquiring a "TYP 356". My Porsche book collection rapidly grew to about 16 volumes, still modest by any aficionado's standards, but sufficient for me to detect one common thread running through the often poor to neglected citation and reference section of these 'popular' Porsche books. In many of the better sources I began to note references to Karl Ludvigsen's 1977 edition on Porsche development and history. At the

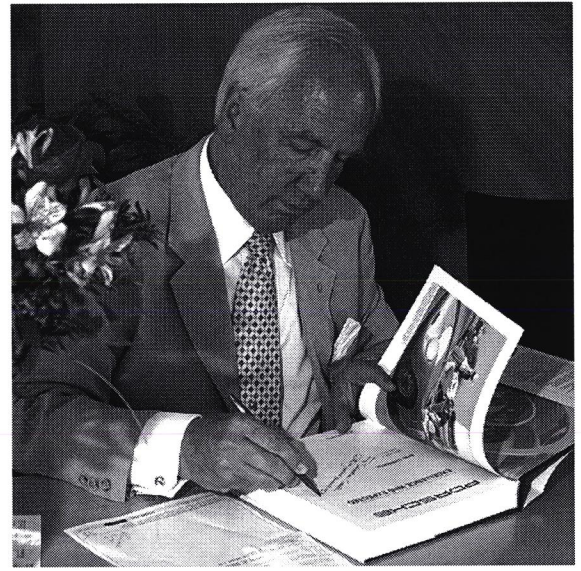
same time, the quandary on the origins of the Excellence magazine title resolved itself. However, search as I may, access to a copy of the much referenced book remained elusive until I found a copy on Sebastian's shelf of automobile books. For a long time I just referred to it for answers to particular question which came up as we prepared images and stories for our Gruppe newsletter. Finally, about a year ago I asked to borrow that first edition for some weeks. After reading it from cover to cover and learning that a second edition was in the offing, I knew that edition two of Karl Ludvigsen's book was a must-have addition to my library.

The question is, do *you* need them?

Let me briefly describe this set of three volumes nominally covering the 1900 2003 period. From the outside in, there is a gray slipcover measuring 5.375 x 10.125 x 11.5 inches, containing three maroon clothbound codices totaling 1531 pages, that measure 9.375 x 10.5 inches. As you can observe in the central illustration below, the entire book weighs about 18.5 lbs. The text is arranged in two unjustified columns and regularly interspersed with black and white illustrations. Near the center of each volume there is bound a fascicle of color illustrations in a "Porsche Portfolio". Each volume carries a complete table of contents and index. There are a total of 61 chapters, a couple of prefaces (vol. 1) and appendices (vol. 3), and the expected acknowledgment and bibliography to complete the work.

There were fewer than ten days between my acquiring the volumes and the requirement





to put some comment on the content into this issue of our newsletter. The big question was, where to start reading.

A brief and superficial comparison of the early pages in both editions showed me that the text and illustrations had changed in only small increments. The main elements are small footnotes added to explain some of the text, and changes in the illustrations are enabled by the larger page size. Some of the first edition illustrations which were spread across two facing pages are now contained on a single page in edition 2. There are some minor image "scale changes" but the graphic quality of these is otherwise unaltered. Of course, the better quality of illustrations in the last volume reflects the technical improvements in photography over the past half century and the self conscious maintenance of graphic records of an increasingly important automotive concern.

A major question in my mind was how Karl Ludvigsen would treat the events since the first edition was sent to the printers. Expec-

tations were that his participation in the automotive industry of the period would give him even greater insights into the personalities and the model and business cycles at Porsche during the last quarter century or so. A very cursory examination of his account on development of the Boxster leads me to think that I'll get a better understanding from his couple of chapters on this topic than from all of the "Boxster books" and articles I've collected so far.

Why did I buy this book? How did I buy it? The answer to the first question is that it is great to have an excellent and unified account of the history of Porsche, even if this is spread across three volumes which give the superficial appearance of a "coffee table book". This is no "coffee table book", this would be a great asset to any automobile aficionado's library. I may go as far as to say that it ought to be present on most of our Gruppe member's bookshelves. I have no financial interest here, only an interest in spreading the Porsche gospel. Ludvigsen's new book is the definitive testament.

Finally, a few words on how this edition found its way in my library. I had placed my pre-order with "Bentley Publishers" on 31 March and by 2 April my VISA account had been debited for an early September product delivery. Only after realizing that the goods would not arrive in time for the book signing session scheduled at Stoddard Imported Cars, Willoughby, OH and after some good advice from Chuck Stoddard himself, did I cancel the 'pre-order' and place the order with Stoddard. That arrangement allowed me to make a quick trip with Sebastian and obtain my and Heath Hurlbert's copies in time to have them autographed by the author.

Even better than Karl's Ludvigsen's signature on the title page was the opportunity mediated by Chuck and Cynthia to spend some very pleasant and informative hours with the author and his Gracious wife, Annette, before the book signing.



Catharsis

An eBay 356

story and photos by Adam Johnson

Catharsis: purification or purgation of the emotions (as pity and fear) primarily through art; a purification or purgation that brings about spiritual renewal or release from tension; elimination of a complex by bringing it to consciousness and affording it expression.

The Seed

Looking back now I don't think either of us really appreciated our Porsche experience that cool fall day in 1989. My brother Mark had driven down to Muskegon to pick up some drugs...he's a pharmacist in Ludington. Mark set the standard in my family for driving cool cars. Among his sports cars was a 1988 Porsche 944 Turbo in Slate Grey Metallic. Not black, but darker than grey or silver.

I was at home during a break from college when Mark pulled up in his new toy. As was his *modus operandi*, he was on an "emergency" trip to get some medicine that he didn't have in stock at his store. Mark always had some urgent pick up to make in Muskegon, Grand Rapids, or Holland. I wondered why he didn't just keep more pills in stock. Now I realize that he knew the joy of seat time and he knew our Coastal US-31 was not well patrolled by the local constabulary. Mark asked if I wanted to take a ride, and off we went.

I can't recall much about that 944, but I distinctly remember Mark bragging about how fast it was, "The best thing is I don't have to watch out for police. I can outrun them now." I laughed, though I knew I shouldn't egg him on. As Mark engaged the fun pedal, the car dug in and took off. This was not my father's Oldsmobile! Back on US-31 we spotted a Corvette ahead. This should be a fierce battle, I thought. Nope! We zoomed past it. Though the Chevy chased, it was no match for our Turbo. "Oh, that's the other best thing about this car," Mark boasted as he put out his Marlboro, "Corvettes can't hang with the 9-4-4."

After making our urgent pick up, we explored some twisty roads, with Mark finessing the wheel and recounting all the features of his Porsche: how great it handles, the turbo sound, the German engineering, all that stuff. He sounded like a commercial, but, honestly, I did feel like I was in a race car.

Mark passed by our street and continued on towards the lake. On Blockhouse Hill, Mark asked if I wanted to take the wheel. Having never driven a stick (Mom and Dad favored American sedans with automatic transmissions) and not wanting to grind the gears of such an exotic car, I turned down the offer. Though I know now what a fool I was then, I did not know then what a fool I'd be now.

Mark shrugged his shoulders, lit another cigarette, and took off down the hill. The Turbo subdued the curves of Lake Michigan and sped us all-too-quickly back home. Mark dropped me off, waved to Mom and Dad, cranked up the Blaupunkt and yelled as he took off that he'd see me at Thanksgiving.

At college, I was back to lectures, labs, and classes; all thoughts of the 944 faded away. That fall I won a scholarship to do cholesterol research at Berkeley. When I told my family the news at Thanksgiving, Mark added casually, but seriously, that he would ship his Porsche out West so we could cruise Hwy 1. This was going to be a great year!

But my brother never made it to California. Mom and Dad called just before my birthday to tell me Mark had crashed on an icy highway near Scottville. He rolled his car and was thrown out the window, crushing several muscles and tendons in his shoulder. Black ice had almost taken Mark from us but, thank God, he was alive. Whereas his 944 was a total wreck, Mark made a nearly complete recovery after many surgeries and some intense physical therapy.

Mark didn't even get a chance to break in that Porsche. He owned it for less than two years. I only rode in it once and, regrettably, never drove it. In retrospect, I remember very little about my first Porsche experience but this wild ride planted a seed in me that would take a decade to germinate.

The Car Bug

March, 2000. Well, these past ten years weren't *all* wasted time. I went to graduate school, took a post-doc position at Pfizer,

and hmm, let's see, oh yeah, met my wife, Mariliz. I even landed a job that paid more than minimum wage! As a post-doctoral researcher I only earned about \$5 an hour but I saved money by joining a fraternity and by driving a 1984 Olds Delta 88 (which I still drive). While single and living this Spartan existence, I saved enough to afford an upgrade from the Olds. Grabbing my attention were the new Honda S2000, the 3-Series BMW and the Miata.

Mark offered to sell me his Lotus Turbo, but the last thing I wanted was a used car, no matter how cool. I had driven that old Olds for 10 years and was pretty tired of it. I wanted a new car with new car smell, a working heater, and a radio that gets more than one station. I figured if I was ever going to get a sporty car I should do it before I get married, buy a house, have kids, and do all that expensive stuff that competes with other interests.

After work one evening I went to the dealer to see if their S2000 had arrived. It had; silver on black. After chatting a bit, the salesman asked if I wanted to try it out and see how it feels. I jumped in, glanced at the dash and waited on the keys. One minor problem: he couldn't let me drive it. Nope, they didn't want people just driving it for fun. "You gotta be serious about buying this car before we can let you test drive it," he exclaimed. But I was serious about buying it. I went to the dealership, checkbook in hand, ready to plunk down some serious cash. "Let's go inside," he said.

Back at the desk, he said if I wanted to buy the car I could "make an offer. We're letting people bid on it by making their best offers." Make an offer? "Yeah, this car will sell for a lot more than that sticker price," he warned.



"It's a market thing. People will pay \$10,000 more for it. Corporate doesn't want gouging, but we're at the mercy of the consumers." \$44,000 for a Honda? I took his card and thanked him for his time.

The next day in lab a friend heard I was looking for a car and stopped to offer his 10 cents. Jack Thomas is a fellow 356 Registry and Gruppe member whose advice is not professed in 2-cent denominations. "You gotta be crazy!" he exclaimed. "Why on Earth would you buy a crummy S2000 when you could get a 356?" O.k., I was lost. "A what?" I asked. "A 356. An old Porsche!" There's that *old* word I was trying to get away from. "Wait here," Jack said.

Jack returned with a stack of the 356 Registry, *Auspuff*, PML and *Excellence* 356 Market Update. For the next hour, Jack reviewed the finer points of The 356 Porsche: split window cars, race cars, 4-cams, GTs, open cars, Spysiders, and Jack's favorite, Outlaws. We checked out pictures, technical articles, and classifieds. I joked that I could get two 356s for the price of an S2000. Jack agreed, "Yeah, and an S2000 will just depreciate when you drive it off the lot. 356s are worth more now than they cost new! And you'll save a ton on maintenance by doing it yourself. A 356 is like an old Bug, and I do all the work on my old Bugs. If you run into a tough fix, Vic Skirmants is just an hour away and there are probably thirty owners in Ann Arbor who would help you."

Thirty? I didn't doubt his estimate, but I couldn't recall ever seeing a 356 in Ann Arbor. Maybe I had, but didn't know what it was. I'm sure I wouldn't have mistaken one for a Karmann Ghia because I didn't know what they were either. Where I grew up in Muskegon, you just didn't see Porsches. You saw Buicks and Oldsmobiles and you had no reason to buy foreign when American cars were just as good and less expensive.

Anyway, back to Jack's dissertation. "Adam, what kind of gas mileage does that Oldsmobeast get?" Jack had struck a nerve. "Oh, 22 or so," I claimed, lying through my teeth. "That's all?" Jack retorted. "A 356 with dual Solexes will get 30 miles per gallon...and it sure would look a lot better than your Olds." Check and mate.

I was rapidly warming to the idea of driving a Porsche. And though I had never turned a wrench on my Olds, the idea of doing maintenance seemed feasible. After all, there were many mechanical people in my family. My Dad sold engines for Continental Motors for



50 years and his brother was a WWII airplane mechanic. My Uncles Chuck and Joe were engineers at Sealed Power and Howmet and Grandpa Mullally had been a machinist at Continental for 40 years. When he lived in Chicago in '23, he built and drove an Outlaw Model T Speedster with a huge straight-pipe exhaust!

Even Grandma Mullally is mechanical. At 95 years old, she heard I was fixing an engine and warned, "You gotta get them carburetors just right or the gas ain't gonna get in the chambers. That's where the pistons go, and them pistons connect up to the crank with the rods. Your Grandpa used to work on that stuff out in the garage. I'd watch him sometimes." My Grandma knew more than I did! I must have inherited some of these mechanical genes. Maybe a 356 is exactly what I needed to get started in the car hobby and see if these genes would be functional or recessive.

One way to learn about these cars is to see them in person, so Jack took me to Saturday Morning at Neil's. There we saw impeccable 356s, a mint 914, a sweet Ruf 911, and Neil wiring up the gas heater in his Carrera 2. Cool. I was drawn to a forlorn red 356 in the corner. Doc Block enlightened me as to its hidden value: it is a reference for those doing a restoration. If you need to know precisely which type of bolt goes where or exactly how the carpet was glued, check this Rosetta stone.

After being exposed to all these Porsches and the Motor Cities Gruppe enthusiasts, I was feeling funny, like I had come down with some kind of bug. Well, I had come down with something, the car bug! The only cure for me now would be to find a 356, a driver to succeed the Oldsmobeast.

The Hunt

Over the next six months, I checked out many 356s for sale but only saw one in person, a '59 coupe in Grosse Pointe. It was original but the interior was worn and it needed some body work. However, not too many miles ago Vic had rebuilt the engine and trans—a major plus. The price was \$14,000, but after pointing to the latest *Excellence* Market Guide, the seller said he'd take \$1,500 less, giving it away at the "Poor" price. I guessed \$4,000 would make this car "presentable," bumping it into the range of the disc brake cars. Since I didn't want to adjust those drum brake shoes all the time, I passed. In retrospect, this solid, straight, unmolested A coupe would have been a far better deal than the car I would soon buy. When Brad's *Continental* shared storage space for a year with the SC I later bought, I had a lot of time to gaze at its beautiful lines. Partly as a result of having this chance to admire that bent window coupe, my taste matured. I prefer now the early lines much more than I disliked the early brakes. Needless to say, I'm disappointed I passed on that '59.

I next considered a '57 in Utah. The seller said his price was low due to his impending divorce. The low resolution photos he sent showed his 356 with a silver Boxster posed nonchalantly in the background, to lend distinction and authenticity to the fuzzy '57. The description of the car and the low price sounded good and I made an offer on the phone, provided that when I flew out to pick it up and drive it home my inspection turned up no major problems.

When he heard I wanted to drive the car home, his tune changed. "Why would you

Left: The Oldsmobeast

Above: Grandpa Mullally in the original Outlaw Speedster

want to drive a classic car that far?" he asked. "It's an old car!" he went on, "You can't just drive these cars all over the place. Don't get me wrong, the car is in *great* shape, but I wouldn't drive it that far. There are transporters who will deliver the car to you. It's up to you," he continued, "I gotta get rid of it by next week." "I'll take it," I vowed. "I'll call you as soon as I get the finances and insurance figured out."

The next day I borrowed Jack's *Original Porsche 356* to cross-check pictures of this 356 and those in the book. I got Dr. Johnson's *Authenticity* guide for good measure and I queried *356talk* to ask if anyone knew the car or seller. After poring over the photos, many differences caught my eye. This and the seller discouraging me from driving the car soured me on this deal. I called the seller to tell him I'm backing out of our deal. He sounded relieved and I knew I was.

Meanwhile, Les Long from the *356talk* list had written to say he lived near this car and would check it out even though I was not interested, to satisfy his own curiosity. A week later I called Les to see if I had missed out on the deal of a lifetime. Les laughed, "Well, I looked at that car. What a piece of junk! I offered the seller \$3,000 for it—for parts—but he turned me down." Whew! I'm glad I passed on that one.

As summer 2000 neared, my desire for a 356 peaked when I went to Yesterday's Collection in Ann Arbor to check out the 356s on the MCG Spring Tour. I took some great photos, but missed the chance to mix with the club members. As people were getting their fill of car models, books, and ice cream, I was capturing the essence of the 356 on film.

Maybe because I looked like I was loitering, or maybe because he was going to ask me if I wanted to join the Registry, or maybe just because he's a fast ice cream eater, Vic came back outside as I finished my roll of film. I knew who he was, but all I could think of to say was, "Beautiful cars!" Vic shrugged knowingly. Seeing all those superb cars and hearing their throaty exhaust tunes as they left, not to mention coming face-to-face with the world's best 356 engine builder, put me into a 356 buying fervor.

When I proudly showed my photos to Jack, he flipped through them quickly, passing the speedsters and cabriolets with unusual disinterest. After he reached the last of what I thought were some great photos, Jack looked up quizzically and asked, "Didn't you get a shot of Skirmants' engine? I'm dying to know what's in there!"

Jack and I headed down to Mid-Ohio to see some 356s in action and maybe find one for sale. We hit the grounds Saturday morning and split up to cover the area more efficiently. Half an hour later Jack ran up to tell me he saw a GT-style A coupe with a 912 engine for



\$6,500! By the time we got back to it, someone was in the driver's seat, waiting for the seller to return. The next time I saw that car, its price had doubled! Another missed opportunity?

It had been six months since I began my 356 search. After investigating dozens for sale and missing several opportunities, I felt I had hit rock bottom. When I thought my luck couldn't get any worse, it did: I discovered eBay. In the fate that led to my current disaster, I found that eBay had 356s of all years for sale. I bid half-heartedly on a few cars and afterward was glad I had not won. I even bid on a Gmünd coupe, aged ivory with tan carpets, a red interior, and fancy bright trim on the nose; it was snatched up before the end of the auction. So when a Red, White, and Bali Blue "Rare Vintage German 356" coupe came up around July 4th, I would not let it get away. I bid high, way too high.

Before bidding, I asked the seller several questions. Was it a "do-it-yourself" or professional restoration; by whom? *Definitely a bare-metal restoration by a professional named Hans something in Ft. Lauderdale who deals only with Porsche. I have his card but can't find it.* Can I see close-ups of the "questionable areas" under the hood/nose, and the fender with the "rough vertical bodywork?" *It's a bit late and dark for photos, and when I get home tomorrow it may be dark. If the car doesn't sell, I'll take photos of any area you wish.* Was the restoration documented? Are you in the 356 Registry? *I bought it from a guy named Skip or something, but don't have his records. I'm not in the registry, but I've had a 914, two 912s, and this 356.*

Shakedown Cruise

After the dust settled, there were 41 bids on that Bali Blue SC Coupe...and I had won! Recall that I bid on it based on its description, the photos on eBay and some e-mail with the seller. I had no reason to distrust him: every 356 owner I had met was nice, open, enthusiastic, and helpful in answering my questions and putting me in touch with other club members. I never imagined I would be misled by a 356er.

I was so trusting that I sent a certified check covering the bid, \$15,700. Yep, I blew nearly all of the money I had saved during graduate school. But I did save a little for those minor items—a tune up and maybe some cosmetic items to make it perfect.

Passport Transport shipped the car from West Palm Beach. Only the best covered shipping would do for my new old Porsche! On delivery day, I was anxious to finally drive my own 356. Before the car was unloaded, Jack jumped into the truck, gave it the once over, and shot me the thumbs-up. I was relieved, believing I had a winner. We test drove it in the parking lot after work. After my first try at the wheel, Jack showed me how it's supposed to be driven. Actually, I was taking it easy because I didn't know if it was mechanically sound and I didn't want to ruin anything. At 60 mph, Jack reassured me that "this car runs like a scalded dog!" I assumed that was good.

That weekend we made plans with another local Porsche enthusiast to caravan over to Stuart Tool and then head up to Waterford for the vintage races. The ulterior motive was to tour my Bali Babe on the track to see what she was really made of. Saturday morning I fueled up and then met Bill Crookes and his Carrera 4 to head over to Troy. What a fun trip! People

Left: Looking good so far.

Below: Reality sets in.

were waving and looking and giving us the thumbs-up. I never got that response in my Olds.

At Stuart Tool, I was surprised to see fuel gauge showed just under half a tank left. Maybe the 36-year old sender was on the fritz. While Doc Block logged my VIN and engine data into his rolo(Kar)dex, my car got the usual inspections by the other Troy Boys. Conclusion: nothing to write home about, just a plain old coupe.

While I talked with some MCG members, I failed Dennis Denyer's quiz in that I knew nothing of the pedigree of my new 356. Tag-teaming was brother John who was on his back under my car seeing what he could see. He said things seemed to be in place on the engine but that the floor had been, well, *modified*. To cheer me up, he pointed out that my deck lid latch, sporting the number "17" (matching the last two digits of my VIN), looks to be original.

As I closed the deck lid, I asked Jack if he thought the car smelled like gas. He said, "Yeah, these old 356s smell like raw gas! They leak oil and they smell like gas. You'll grow to love that. *I love the smell of petrol in the morning.*" At that moment I realized what the 356 actually is. Not just a car or conveyance, it is an artistic feast for the senses with its beautiful lines, throaty exhaust notes, and air of petrol.

After a bagel and coffee, we were headed over to Waterford. Ten minutes out, though, we waved to Bill that we had to stop for gas. "Jack," I exclaimed, "I'm out of gas! I thought you said these cars get 30 mpg!" Jack reassured me that the carbs probably just need to be adjusted.

Vintage racing took on a whole new meaning now that I had a 356. After the racers took their practice and qualifying laps, it was Touring Time. Bill and I pulled our Porsches into line and waited, idling to keep our engines warm until the course was cleared. While we waited, I hopped out to make one last check of the engine and noticed that the banjo bolts of both fuel lines feeding the Solexes were loose and gas was literally dumping into the engine bay! Jack saw and jumped back into the car to shut it off. "That explains the poor fuel economy," he joked. As this was my first trip with the 356, I was ill prepared for even minor repairs. With a wrench from Bill's tool kit, I tightened the banjo bolts and my first tech session was successfully completed.

A couple of the MCG cognoscenti stopped by to let me know that my engine "sounds like it's missing a cylinder" After only a few days with my 356, I knew that much. I already had a top end rebuild planned for the winter. I

wasn't really ready to be so enlightened about my new baby. It was difficult to have my driver 356 open to such vivid public scrutiny. I was sadly realizing that my eBay 356 was a big fat lemon.

On the track, Jack coached me on the proper line. "There. Yeah! Cut the corner! That's it!" Jack instructed. "Not so wide... you're supposed to go over the rumble strips!" All through the touring session, I sported a huge grin. The first couple laps went great, but the third time down the back straight I waited too long to brake and ended up bouncing and sliding in the grass while coming out of the corner. You have to push it past the limit if you want to know where the limit is. Next lap I would brake too early.

I enjoyed my first (and last) vintage touring experience in my eBay 356. But after struggling for the two years to get this car roadworthy, I think of that day at Waterford and dream of what could have been. Those loose banjo bolts could have been my way out. It would have been a financial and psychological relief had my eBay 356 gone up in flames that day! With the course marshals on their lunch break, maybe the fire extinguishers would have taken just a bit longer to get to the scene. Oh, what could have been.

Fact from Fiction

My eBay 356 was not what the seller claimed it was. When I went onto eBay to leave my negative feedback, he had de-listed and would not return my calls or e-mail.

After driving my 356 for 3 months, I parked it to freshen up the top end. It has devolved into a full restoration, but I've lost the resolve that I had two years ago to remediate this car. As each part is removed, new problems arise. As Sebastian says, "Every project has children."

I have taken this car down to its shell and even split the engine case for a total rebuild. While the trans is out, it's still assembled; I'm not that crazy. It'll go to Vic if and when I ever get close to putting things back together, which will likely be after my investment in Stuttgart Steel pans out.

Since I now know all of the things that the seller omitted from his eBay description, I can translate what he to carefully didn't say. The seller's description is italicized followed by what I found to be true.

RARE 1964 356C / 1600SC COUPE VIN 218617, engine P812263. All numbers match published production numbers for 1964.

The engine, trans, and VIN match the Kardex, but the hood, deck lid, and door do not go with the rest of the car; they're ill-fitting, body-filled replacements. SCs may be relatively Rare, but those that have been left to rot in a field before being cosmetically rebuilt with Bondo, fiberglass, aluminum, wood, and spray foam are Rarer!

Past owner completed restoration 5 years ago and used it as an every-other-day driver; I have owned the car for 2 years and put less than 150 miles on it.

The past owner and seller probably didn't drive it much because the engine was in terrible shape and the body/underbody were tenuously patched together with riveted aluminum and steel.

Cosmetically the car is great; all clean original or new parts were used. The interior is in showroom new condition with great looking chrome and paint. The exterior looks great, beautiful new paint, window seals, etc. All trim and lights are clean, nice looking, original. Glass is original with a few scratches and one 'eye' smaller than a dime on the passenger side. Inside the hood and engine compartments, all visible parts are new or super clean original parts.

The engine was somewhat detailed, with



decals, but not concours. It had the "Oel" cap, rather than an "OEL" one. Fan shroud and oil filter can were the same color and there was no spacer between the fan shroud and generator/fan mounting plate. Super Blue plug wires added to make up for low compression on #3 and broken rings on #2 and #4. The 009 distributor clamp was fatigued and no longer held; it spun all over and made for a puzzling timing adjustment! Two to 45 degrees advanced is not what the factory recommends. No thermostat or control rod. The generator and crank pulleys were VW with a longer belt. The Porsche script is mounted an inch lower than it should be and the license plate holder is an inch higher than it should be, hiding the SC script behind the license plate.

"New paint:" unless you see pictures of the bare-metal restoration, this might indicate there is something ugly under it, and that the car was hastily painted to quickly sell it. In the overall cost of a restoration, paint is cheap. Welding in a floor, inner and outer longitudinal members, battery box, closing panels, rockers, nose, outer skin, *etc.*, will cost more. Don't buy a car because it has "beautiful new paint." Find a solid, straight car, drive it now, and re-paint it later.

Brakes stop on a dime, tranny is smooth, suspension is tight and engine runs strong.

Engine ran as strongly as it could on 2-1/2 cylinders. Caliper pistons were stuck and the calipers had been painted with so many coats of gold paint that the pads didn't float. **Body looks like you stepped back to 1964. No visible rust in the battery box, trunk, front suspension area, complete under carriage or rear torsion bar suspension area. Only questionable areas are the hood and passenger side front fender behind the wheel. Hood shows no rust, but underlying bodywork has hidden the under hood skin seam with body filler in a section of the front nose; is this a past repair of body damage? I don't know. Front fender has a spot of rough underlying bodywork near where it is welded to the underbody. From behind, the metal is smooth (undercoated). Is it from past rust? I don't know.**

Here I should have read between the lines, but I was so set on getting a 356 that I didn't. "No visible rust" meant the car has plenty of rust covered with spray foam insulation, Bondo, fiberglass, undercoating, and Maaco paint. No rust in the battery box because it had been replaced by riveted-in stainless steel. Holes in the front and rear wheel wells also had riveted panels. Parts of the inner and all of the outer longitudinals were replaced with 1/16" aluminum! No wonder there's no rust. And a drum roll, please...the *pièce de résistance*: the floor is tarpaper-covered sheet metal. Not just any metal, but a genuine U.S. Department of Transportation "SPEED LIMIT 50" sign.



Before I uncovered this mess, I planned to put my rebuilt engine back in and make the best of this 356, even with its faults. Have some fun, drive it for a few years and save for another 356. This plan hit a snag while replacing the spring plate rubber doughnuts. I was tightening the torsion bar cover plates when the lower captive nuts pulled right out of the spray foam and Swiss cheese metal holding them in place. This area had been sprayed full of hardening foam, sculpted into shape, painted black, and slathered over with undercoat. Paper heater hose and rubber radiator hose replaced the metal heating system tubes. The defroster tubes were not connected, either. Defrosters may be optional in Florida, but they would have been nice in Ann Arbor.

In the front, the diagonal member was missing. This didn't bother me until Doc Block told me this is a structural piece that keeps the front end from twisting and flexing. I bought a Stoddard replacement but cannot install it: there's nothing solid to weld it to! Inside, the center tunnel had riveted 2" x 2" aluminum angle irons to hold it to the Speed Limit sign. And the floor was 3/4" too high, which was a problem when installing a replacement pedal cluster—the mounting bolts for the master cylinder hit the front panel about 3/4" above the mounting holes. The bottom of the old pedal cluster had been pounded flat to let the mounting studs meet the holes. Toe boards were hand cut 3/4" plywood but the toe board mounting plates were absent. The gas pedal was bolted through the sheet floor with no pedal support plate. Seat rail mounts were wood pieces bolted through the floor.

As far as the little things go... The car runs off a 6-volt system. The clock does not work. The light above the clock is missing. The seat belts are missing, but I have the eyebolts.

The passenger's seat belt mounting holes were filled with foam, but the eyebolts on

the driver's side had been cut off and welded over which made impossible the installation of my \$400 3-point retractable PEP seat belts. No wonder the previous owner still had the eyebolts. He couldn't install them because the factory holes were plugged.

The Blaupunkt Frankfurt AM-FM radio with 2 speakers and pull up antenna work on AM, the FM volume is low. The trans has a lock-out and key, which is in place, but needs to be installed properly to work.

The radio did not work for me. With the help of a B/C Workshop Manual, I installed the transmission lock correctly, and it works fine. Great! I can lock the shifter on my car that now has no engine or transmission.

I removed the heater box hoses; I don't need heat in Florida.

The hoses aren't the only missing items. A radiator hose on the right side replaces the heater tube in the rear torsion bar area. The left side had a paper heater hose in place of the metal tubes. The heater hose was not there, either, since the cans could not be mounted to the paper or rubber hoses.

I hadn't driven the car as frequently as I should (150 miles in 2 years) so I have trouble with the Solex carbs due to aging fuel in the bowls or keeping them in sync. I recommend having them looked at or rebuilt, or replace them with Weber's if you plan on driving the car daily.

He probably hadn't driven it because the engine has so many things wrong with it that it wasn't any fun to drive! You couldn't synchronize the carbs because the left throttle body was worn, making an air leak. When I took the car for a tune up, Vic did the best he could on the carbs, but even he couldn't balance them. When Vic rebuilt those carbs, he had to replace the throttle body to fix the air leak.

The leak down test showed cylinders 1-4 were 92, 89, 90, 72 (rings) and #4 plug was fouled. When I tore the engine down, I found that the #3 plug gap was zero; it had been hit by the piston or by some flying piece of piston ring

Left: Floorpan is a USDOT speed limit sign. He is NOT making this up!

Below: It really is as ugly as this looks. Note that the "Floorpan"/"Battery Box" area is missing the diagonal members.

that had gotten into the cylinder. Although my eBay 356 was running on just 2-1/2 cylinders, I still got it to 95 mph! An interesting—and cool—special effect I had was fire (!) coming out of the exhaust pipes. The #3 inlet to the muffler was busted so it was backfiring and the #2 exhaust studs were completely torn out of the head, so #2 was backfiring too! This car was loud. The backfiring made it sound like a race car.

When I took my then-girlfriend Mariliz to Mid-Ohio, we got there early enough to see the morning 356 class practices. As we crossed over the pedestrian bridge, a pack of 356s screamed by underneath, their exhausts all making that "baddah-baddah-baddah-baddah" sound. Mariliz yelled, "Hey, they sound like your 356! Don't rebuild your engine. If you do, it won't sound like a race car anymore!"

Mileage shown 61005.

Without documentation, add a 1, 2, or 3, to the front of this number to get the true mileage. **You will not find a cleaner 1964 356 SC anywhere.**

After my eBay 356, I'll take a rat's nest dirty, but straight and solid 356 that hasn't been butchered, filled, fibreglassed, and riveted any day. You can clean dirt and fix cosmetic things easier and cheaper than removing all the undercoating, tar, and riveted patches and repairing the car properly.

Please e-mail me or call me and leave message. We screen our calls and travel on business daily.

The seller is screening his calls so he doesn't

have to lie about the condition of his car. If you ask difficult questions, he won't return your call. He will call the gullible people like me who will trust what he says.

Lesson 1: This goes against what I learned growing up, against my long held belief in the honesty of people: never trust anyone to tell you the truth about their old car for sale. Inspect it yourself, or have a more knowledgeable enthusiast inspect it. Or take a 356er with you to inspect and drive it. This advice is easy to give and take, but hard to follow when you catch the car bug. I remember Jack told me this long before I bid on my eBay beast, but I did not listen. The excitement of getting my own 356 got in the way of good judgment. If you do what I did and end up with a piece of junk like mine, I'll have sympathy for you but don't say you weren't warned.

Lesson 2: Don't let a seller tell you something broken or not working is an "easy" or "cheap" fix. If it were so, it would be fixed. Just trying to do the simple things on my 356 like installing seat belts, cleaning the pedal cluster, synchronizing carbs, and reattaching heater hoses all led to hidden problems that turned easy fixes into major projects.

My first 356 experience reminds me of a scene from *Animal House*. After a fraternity road trip destroys the car that pledge Flounder had borrowed from his brother, John Belushi's character, Bluto, calmly puts his hand on Flounder's shoulder and consoles him with these words of wisdom: "You screwed up... you trusted us." That's how I feel about my eBay 356: I screwed up... I trusted the seller. I guess you live and learn.

Epilogue

I hope this story wasn't too depressing. In all honesty my good 356 experiences outweigh the bad ones. Because of my 356, I've met a bunch of great people that I now call friends.

People like Ted and Vic who have helped me find parts and fix stuff, people from the warehouse where I store my car like Bill, Peter, and Roy, and people like Sebastian, John, Tim, Bill, and Loren who helped me look for a 356 body to replace my basket case eBay 356. I've only met a handful of Motor Cities Gruppe members, but when I get my next 356 on the road I hope to get to know more of you.

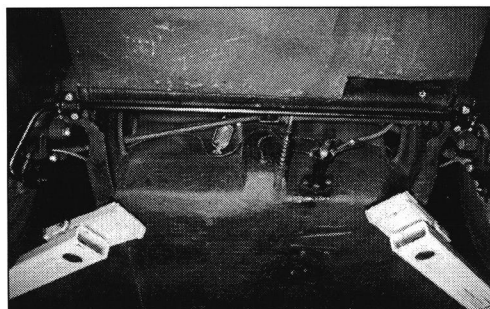
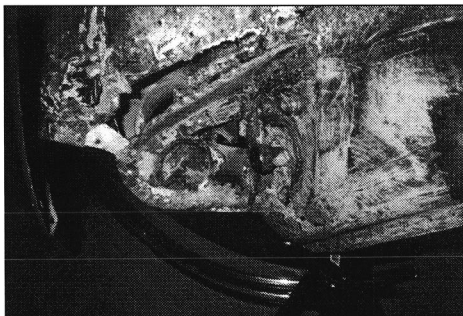
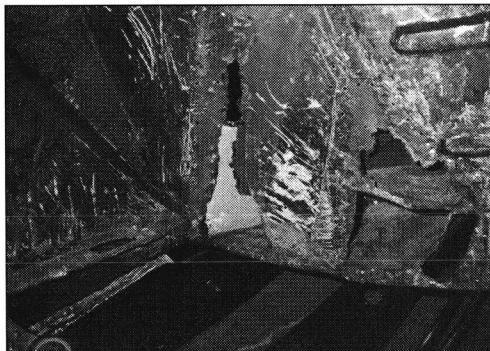
Though I only drove my eBay 356 for a few months, I did have some great rides, the most memorable was when my parents visited me in the fall of 2000. They were in town celebrating their 50th wedding anniversary and I couldn't wait to take them for a ride in my 356. First I drove Dad over to the shop so I could put it on the lift. He remarked that my engine resembled the Continental Motors horizontally-opposed, 4-cylinder, air-cooled airplane engines. We cruised around town a bit, with the clutch slipping and engine backfiring all the way, before limping back to pick up Mom.

But when Mom took one look inside, she said she wasn't going to ride in a car that didn't have seat belts. I smiled at her and said, like I had so many times before, "Oh Mom, I'll be careful. Let's go!" After experiencing firsthand the cacophony of missing cylinders, backfires, and transmission whine, Mom asked, "Is it supposed to be that loud?" I humored her, "Yeah, Mom. Now I know why you and Dad always bought American cars." We pattered around the neighborhood and just barely made it back when the clutch failed.

Though not a bright, shining performance for my 356, that was my most memorable ride. You see, that ride was my Mom's first, and last, in a Porsche. Four months later Mom got leukemia and after much chemotherapy she slipped into a coma. During one visit to the hospital I told her that she had to get better because I had finally installed seat belts in my 356 and I wanted to take her for another ride. But Mom never got better. She passed away that March....

As I lay here in the shop on a Friday night drilling the pop rivets out of the makeshift floor of my eBay 356, my thoughts drift back to the time that I almost bought that S2000. Had I bought that Honda, things would be different. To be sure, I would not have spent the last few years disassembling this 356. But I'm glad I didn't buy an S2000. When I think of all the great people I've met who have taught me so much about cars, engines, Porsches, friendship, and life, I know that if I could travel back in time to do it all over again, I would still buy a 356...just not this one!

Although I had great dreams of this Bali blue 356 being my daily driver for a long, long time, this was not to be. So when I recently gave up on restoring this eBay 356 and began my search in earnest for an A-coupe that I can transplant my SC running gear into, my loving wife offered me this sage advice: "Buy whatever car you like. Just make sure it doesn't turn into another daily parker!"



MOTOR CITIES GRUPPE CALENDAR

October

4th-5th—Fall Color

November

19th—Membership Dinner WED. 6:00 PM. At Wagon Wheel.

December

7th—Holiday Party—New Location Baker's in Milford; see page 21 or go to the website.

January

21st—Membership Dinner WED. 6:00 PM. At Wagon Wheel.

February Open



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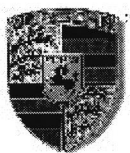
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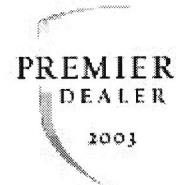
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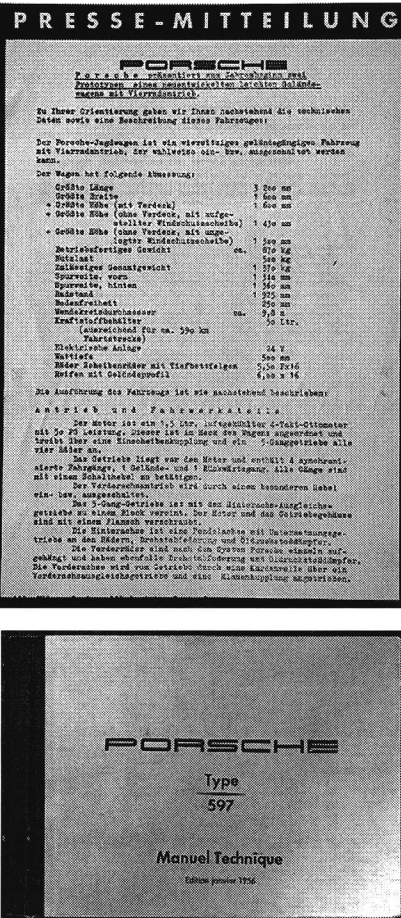
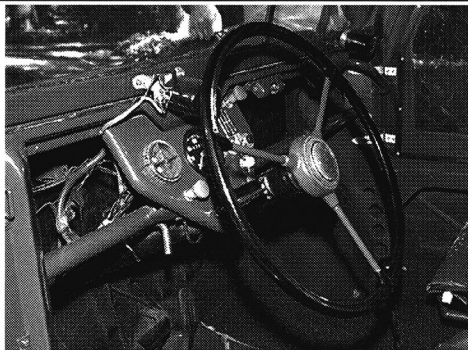
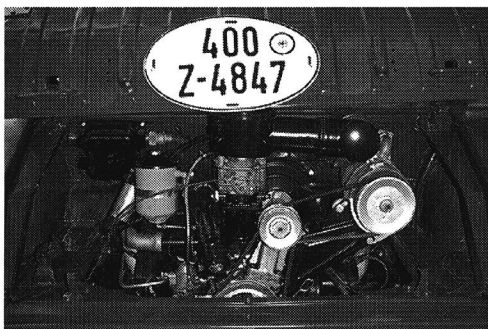
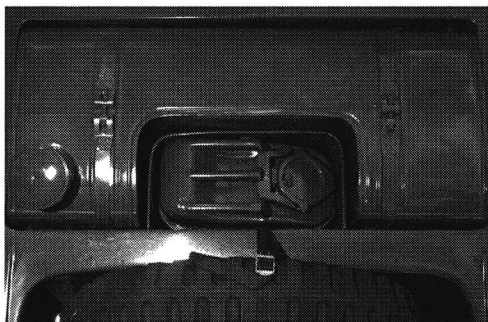
<u>Part NO.</u>	<u>Retail</u>	<u>Special</u>	<u>Description and application</u>
356-57-109	\$600.00	<u>\$400.00</u>	"BENT" WINDSHIELD, TINTED GERMAN GLASS PRE 1956 COUPE AND CAB
616-105-103-61	\$115.00	<u>\$75.00</u>	CAM SHAFT GEAR, SIZE +3
616-105-103-81	\$115.00	<u>\$75.00</u>	CAM SHAFT GEAR, SIZE +4
616-105-305-00	\$25.00	<u>\$15.00</u>	CENTER BEARING BLOCK BETWEEN ROCKER ARMS
644-551-111-05	\$59.95	<u>\$39.95</u>	TUNNEL MAT (356B) FOR CARS WITH HEATER KNOB IN FRONT OF THE SHIFTER
644-552-061-01	\$32.50	<u>\$23.50</u>	ASHTRAY FITS 356A, 356B, 356C
644-615-601-06	\$15.00	<u>\$11.00</u>	DOOR SWITCH FOR INTERIOR LIGHT 356BT6, 356C
644-628-720-00	\$37.50	<u>\$24.95</u>	WATER BAG WITHOUT PICK UP TUBE 356, 356A, 356B
NLA-107-015-00	\$64.60	<u>\$49.95</u>	LOWER OIL PUMP GEAR 356B, 356C WITH MECH. TACH
NLA-503-011-03	\$422.88	<u>\$375.00</u>	LEFT 1/2 NOSE PANEL 356BT5
NLA-503-011-04	\$422.88	<u>\$375.00</u>	RIGHT 1/2 NOSE PANEL 356BT5
NLA-503-011-10	\$438.88	<u>\$375.00</u>	R. NOSE PANEL INC. FOG LIGHT BRACKET 356BT6/C
NLA-503-011-11	\$437.88	<u>\$375.00</u>	L. NOSE PANEL INC. FOG LIGHT BRACKET 356BT6/C
NLA-503-023-00	\$238.00	<u>\$175.00</u>	LEFT REPAIR PANEL, FRONT 6" OF THE FENDER AT THE NOSE PANEL 356B, 356C
NLA-503-024-00	\$238.00	<u>\$175.00</u>	RIGHT REPAIR PANEL, FRONT 6" OF THE FENDER AT THE NOSE PANEL 356B, 356C
NLA-701-011-13	\$3.95	<u>\$2.00</u>	EARLY MANN FILTER DECAL "OP 22"
NLA-723-010-00	\$19.25	<u>\$10.95</u>	GLASER ALUMINUM BADGE, EARLY 356 CABRIOLET BODIES
644-502-042-01	\$61.75	<u>\$47.50</u>	LOCK POST, RIGHT, "LOW" 3 HOLE STRIKER WITH WEDGE RECEIVER 356AT2 (COUPE)
644-502-041-01	\$61.75	<u>\$47.50</u>	LOCK POST, LEFT, "LOW" 3 HOLE STRIKER WITH WEDGE RECEIVER 356AT2 (COUPE)
644-502-042-21	\$73.50	<u>\$60.00</u>	LOCK POST, RIGHT, "LOW" 3 HOLE STRIKER WITH WEDGE RECEIVER 356AT2 (CABRIOLET)
644-502-041-21	\$73.50	<u>\$60.00</u>	LOCK POST, LEFT, "LOW" 3 HOLE STRIKER WITH WEDGE RECEIVER 356AT2 (CABRIOLET)
616-108-071-00	\$29.95	<u>\$19.95</u>	BELL CRANK REAR OF FAN HOUSING ZENITH 32NDIX & SOLEX 40P11-4

Quantities are limited

Information is believed to be accurate but not guaranteed

The Zen of Neat-o

by Brad Richards
photography by Gottfried Hogh



With all of the hoopla and controversy surrounding the new Porsche Cayenne, we felt it was a good time to analyze the Jagdwagen, or Hunter Car, a relatively unknown vehicle from Porsche in the mid-50's. The fact that the Cayenne was not Porsche's first attempt at a truck (see Auspuff April/May 2003) is nothing new to Auspuff readers.

Since we covered its history just a few months ago, let's concentrate on the design and features of this particular vehicle owned by Myron Vernis of Akron, OH. Myron owns three of the dozen or so Jagdwagens known to exist. There are two others in the US and the rest are scattered about the planet.

This particular Hunter is production number 24 out of 71. The other two Myron owns are the screamin' yellow Outlaw you may have seen at our '98 Holiday, and an early prototype that is fully amphibious. It was also a press car used for magazine tests in the '50's.

The first thing that strikes you about the Hunter is how small it is in person. Pictures make it look rather large, but up close and personal it is just plain, well, "cute." Was this why it didn't win the government con-

tract it was originally designed for? Nope. "It was over engineered and overpriced" says Myron. "The DKW that won the contract cost about one third as much as the Jagdwagen."

The over-engineering is quite apparent as you walk about the truck and Porsche's experience designing military vehicles is quite obvious as well. There are hatchet holders and spade holders and jerry cans marked "Water". A full compliment of gauges sit behind the steering wheel as well as two wiper motors. There is a shift on the fly four wheel drive system and it has a 24-volt electrical system to run an array of accessories, including a powerful communications radio. Almost unheard of in that era, the 24 volts were made possible by a magneto sitting in the engine compartment exactly where a 911 A/C compressor would go. The front seats flip forward to let the rear passengers out with ease and there are heavy duty tow hooks both front and rear. Many of you may already know that the Hunters were assembled in the race department alongside the 550 Spyders. What you probably don't know is that the front seats of the Jagdwagen are Spyder shells, only in steel rather than alloy. They are covered in a non padded vinyl but are still very com-

fortable to sit in.

The wheels are 16" KPZ's for greater ground clearance. "They started building these vehicles in '54 and just stayed with the 16" wheels" says Myron. Sure enough, I looked at the spare, which was obviously 16", and it was dated "4-56".

Believe it or not, one of the most difficult parts of the restoration was the exhaust. It was a special system built just for the Jagdwagen and aren't readily available. Its too bad because the original exhaust exits are pretty cool. They come up out of the rear fender and are made of steel mesh so no one gets burned.

The top was a different story. "No problem" quipped Myron. "I sent an original top to Autos International and they made a new one using the original as a pattern." Not being a Jagdwagen owner, I can't tell if it is correct, but it does look like it belongs there.

A little something extra for you history buffs: If anyone asks how serious Porsche was about production of the Jagdwagen, show them the above photos of the *Factory Spec Sheet* and the *Owner's Manual*!

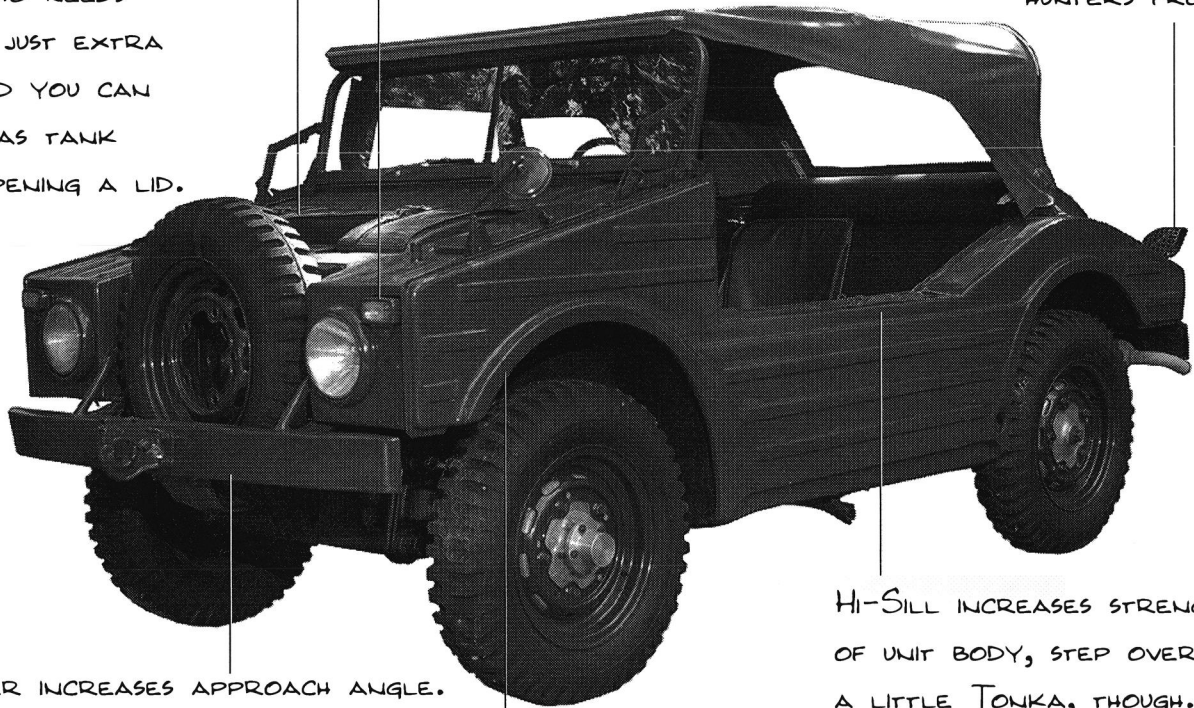


STEEP ANGLE IN FRONT INCREASES DOWNWARD VISION

HOOD? WHO NEEDS ONE? ITS JUST EXTRA WEIGHT AND YOU CAN FILL THE GAS TANK WITHOUT OPENING A LID.

MARKER LIGHTS WERE LATER USED AS 356 B-C BACKUP LIGHTS.

NOTE ORIGINAL EXHAUST EXIT—STEEL MESH THAT PROTECTED HUNTERS FROM BURNS.



HIGH BUMPER INCREASES APPROACH ANGLE.

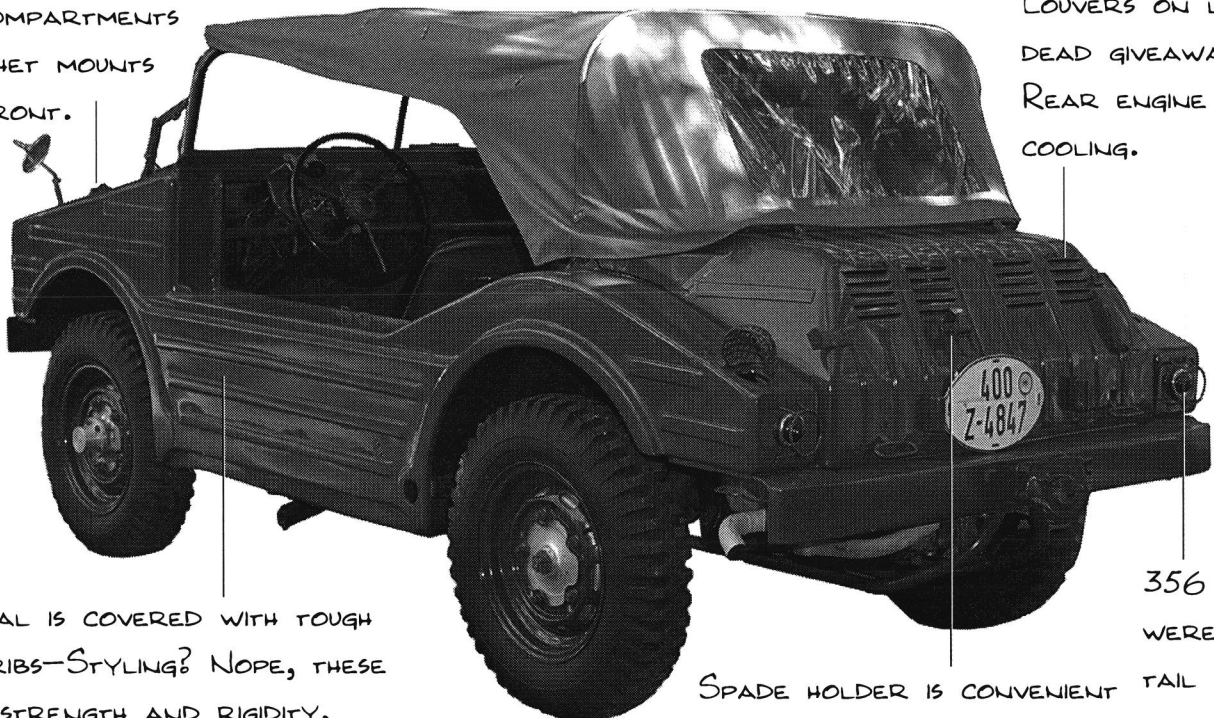
HI-SILL INCREASES STRENGTH OF UNIT BODY, STEP OVER IS A LITTLE TONKA, THOUGH.

PRONOUNCED WHEEL LIPS STIFFEN UP FENDER SHEET METAL.

THE ULTIMATE PORSCHE DESIGNED UTILITY VEHICLE!
THE CAYENNE IS FINE BUT THIS ONE HAS A DROP TOP!!

HIDDEN COMPARTMENTS AND HATCHET MOUNTS ARE UP FRONT.

LOUVERS ON LID ARE A DEAD GIVEAWAY TO THE REAR ENGINE WITH AIR COOLING.



SHEETMETAL IS COVERED WITH TOUGH LOOKING RIBS—STYLING? NOPE, THESE ARE FOR STRENGTH AND RIGIDITY.

356 BEEHIVES WERE USED AS TAIL LIGHTS.
SPADE HOLDER IS CONVENIENT FOR DIGGING FOX-HOLES.

Ferdinand

Chronicle of a Special Auto

by Helmuth Bott

Ferdinand was the last private car of Professor Porsche and simultaneously one of the first 356 built in Stuttgart. Following the professor's death Ferdinand had an unusually long career as a test car and today is a carefully-preserved relic.

Helmuth Bott, head of development who worked with Ferdinand for many years as a test engineer, wrote this chronicle for Christophorus #119 (October of 1975), starting in the professor's final days and including the entire development era of the fifties.

1950

The first car built in Zuffenhausen, "Windhund" (or greyhound) was completed at Easter 1950 with chassis number 5001. Monthly production then was:

in April	1 vehicle
in Mai	7 vehicles
in June	10 vehicles
in July	21 vehicles
in August	22 vehicles
in September	41 vehicles
in October	58 vehicles
in November	71 vehicles and
in December	71 vehicles.

Daily production in July/August was thus one a day (0.5 on Saturdays) rising to 3.5 per day in December. These figures from the private file of Pius Beil make it evident that Ferdinand had chassis number 5056 and was finished on 23 August 1950.

The six working days remaining before the ceremonial turnover of the car to Prof. Porsche on 3 September, his birthday, were just enough to carry out test runs, add final touches and register it.

The car received license number W 21-3610 (white numerals on a black background). The W stood for Württemberg

state, the 21 (like 22, 23, 24, 58, 59, 83 and 84) indicated Stuttgart. Like all 1950 cars Ferdinand had an 1100 (1086) cc. engine producing 40hp/4000 rpm and a top speed of 85 mph. He weighed 1700 lb., had an unsynchronized VW gearbox, Simplex drum brakes of 9.1" diameter and 5.00-16 tires.

The first run with Ferdinand led to Solitude Castle where over 30 Porsche drivers from all over the world had gathered to help the professor celebrate his 75th birthday.

Ghislaine Kaes, who was virtually the only man to drive the professor in Ferdinand, reports that in October of 1950 he visited the Paris Salon with Porsche and took 7 hours 20 minutes from Feuerbacher Weg in Stuttgart to the Hotel George V, an average of nearly 55 mph. Kaes reports on the trip: "On the way the professor asked if I was comfortable and I told him I was getting a cramp in my right foot. My right knee was floating high in the air and he stuck his fist under it, saying, 'you'd have to get a cramp in such a seat.'" Thereafter the seats received a better bolster.

On another autobahn trip the driver saw a

Jaguar coming up behind them at great speed and said to the professor, "a Jag is coming, what should I do?" The answer: "go ahead and try him out." But the throttle didn't reach far enough then and the Jaguar shot past, an incongruity which was corrected with in a year.

Ghislaine Kaes always had something to correct on the car; an engine that died in traffic for instance. When he mentioned his complaints to the professor once he got the answer, "we'd have to build a special car for you." The test department can confirm how right the professor was. There was no defect Kaes didn't bring home (blamelessly) at some time or other.

When the professor was taken to Marien Hospital at the beginning of January 1951 Kaes overtook the ambulance along Böheimstrasse to be at the hospital when Porsche arrived. The professor, on a stretcher, recognized his secretary and said, "you went by pretty fast back there." Kaes asked, "how did you tell, you couldn't see out?" The answer; "I'd know the sound of my own engine wouldn't I..."

Prof. Porsche died on 30 January 1951. Following services at St. Georg (Stuttgart) Ferdinand and another Porsche accompanied the professor on his last trip, past the Feuerbacher Weg villa and down the autobahn to Zell am See. As an executive car between 3 September 1950 and 30 January 1951 Ferdinand piled up some 7150 miles on trips including those to Paris, Venice, the Wörther See, Zell am See and Wolfsburg. Ghislaine Kaes kept the car two more weeks and then turned it over to the internal motor pool.

1951

Fritz Kunze administered it there for a few weeks during which Dr. Porsche, Prof. Prinzing, sales manager Walter Schmidt, head of production Hans Klauser and purchasing boss Karl Kirn, among others, drove it.

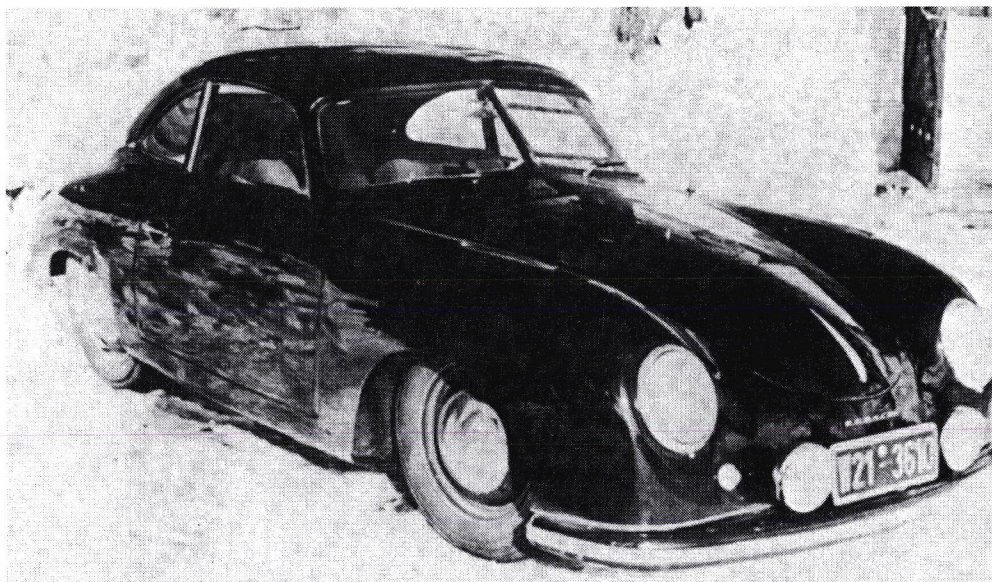
Ferdinand was de-registered and turned over to the test department in March 1951. As the first official test car in the firm it was shown in logs and reports as V 1 (Versuchs = test car no. 1).

It was head of tests Helmut Rombold who initiated the practice of covering this valuable item with seat covers during rough

Top: Ferdinand on 5 February 1951, taken in the snow at Zell am See cemetery following the burial of Ferdinand Porsche. Ghislaine Kaes titled the picture, "a car waiting in vain for its master."

Middle: Ferdinand and Windhund during tests of the 1.3 liter engine on Solitude track in March 1951. The two cars carried out joint endurance tests to the end of July 1952

Bottom: Ferdinand was the first 356 in which a Type 547 four-cam engine was tried. The photo shows it was a racing powerplant without intake noise suppression, although it had exhaust dampening. The intake trumpets were covered with a mesh.



testing so that this wouldn't show when it was taken on demonstration runs.

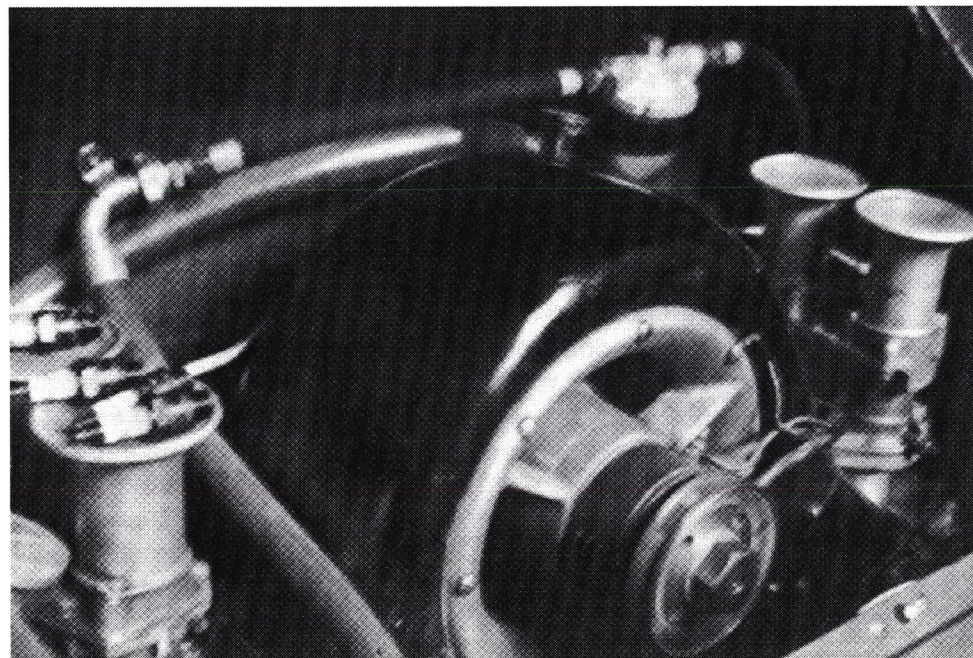
The red license plates Ferdinand used until his second proper registration in 1953 were AW21-0459 and AW21-0682 (AW for American zone-WC Württemberg). The first tests by Ferdinand and Windhund were made on Solitude track with the new 1.3 liter Type 506 engine (44 hp/4200 rpm) which gave the car a 90 mph top speed.

When these tests were concluded and the 1.3 engine put into production more tests began with a Type 527 1.5 liter engine (60 hp/4800 rpm, top 100 mph) which had the roller bearing Hirth crankshaft. The stronger Type 528 of 70 hp was later tested in Ferdinand too.

1952

The most intensive test period, particularly in the sense of miles covered, came for Ferdinand in 1952/53. With the new Porsche synchro gearbox and Type 546 engine of 1500 cc. and 55 hp/4400 rpm they put the plain bearing crankshaft on test. The original Hirth shaft had given some trouble so development of a plain bearing engine was pursued vigorously. Over 50,000 miles were piled up in 1952 alone. One endurance schedule called for a pure autobahn run from Stuttgart to Munich and back, twice each day. For these daily runs of some 525-560 miles with just *one* driver, fuel consumption ran about 27-29 mpg with average speeds of 80-85 mph.

A second stretch laid out to supplement the highway enduro covered a Black Forest cir-





Left: In September 1953 Ferdinand received a one-piece windshield, free-standing bumpers and blue-grey paint. Harry Lörcher ran many carb tests in the winter of 1954.

Right: After three hours of airport testing the new tires were turned to slicks. Typical cornering wear is particularly evident on the left tire. The greatest wear is on the inner edge despite positive camber at the limits.

Right: Two-tone Ferdinand in 1955.

cuit of 193 miles. Covering 386 miles each day they registered an average speed of some 42 mph with consumption running 25-27 mpg and oil consumption 0.2-0.4 qt/1000 miles. Endurance tests up to the end of July 1952 were run exclusively with Ferdinand and Windhund and Emil Botsch or Rolf Wütherich could tell quite a few tales of that era.

1953

The endurance program continuing into 1953 came to an involuntary end on 29 April.

The technician responsible for organizing and recording the endurance runs had requested permission to do tests himself and this was granted with some reluctance. In the very first shift, near Waldenbuch, a tree got in the way. Both tree and Ferdinand showed clear blemishes after this encounter and wounds were still clearly visible on the free-standing tree a few years ago. As the saying goes, the laughs go to the losers and this story ran quickly through the plant. That Waldenbuch tree soon became known as the "tree of knowledge" while the story remains alive today among the old guard of drivers.

In the early years Porsche had no styling department and alterations which Erwin Komenda, head of body design, presented for pre-production consideration were usually applied to test cars first. Thus the new bumpers and one-piece windshield appeared originally on test cars and Ferdinand

who was brought up to the latest specifications during repair sessions also had to put up with a new test color, among other things: an elegant blue-grey. He also received the larger, 11" brakes in July 1952 and the new bonded brake linings. Steering geometry was corrected with an offset arm and a multi-stage wiper and windshield washer were installed during the summer of 1952. Center-lock wheels, mounted for test purposes, were later applied to a different car due to frequent tire tests.

At the end of September Ferdinand was then prepared for Dr. Porsche's trip to France and registered for the second time as AW 24-6450.

1953 was the last year they used the pushrod engine at Le Mans. Meanwhile the Type 547 engine designed by Dr. Fuhrmann, a 1500 cc. unit of 110 hp/7000 rpm, had been completed. Following its first racing effort in a Spyder during the Schauinsland hillclimb with Hans Stuck driving (3rd in the 1500 class), the Spyder with four-cam engine was introduced at the Paris Auto Salon. At the end of 1953 it was decided to put this Type 547 engine into the 356 as well.

1954

Ferdinand was selected to take the first steps with a four-cam engine. We have already reported here how the first run ended at Engelberg tunnel in March of 1954 with a carburetor fire.

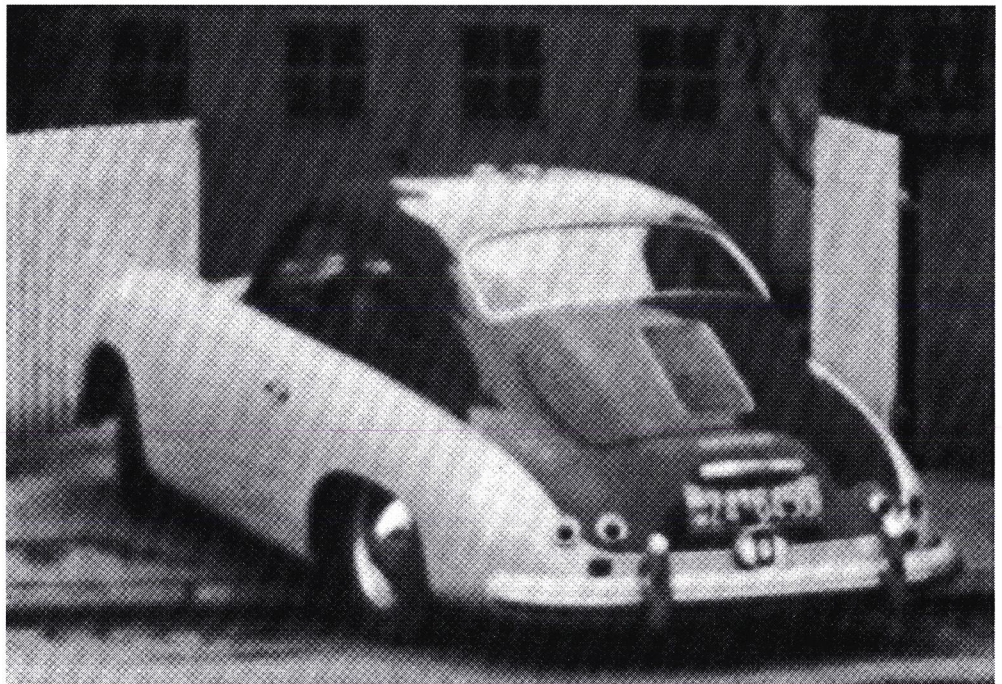
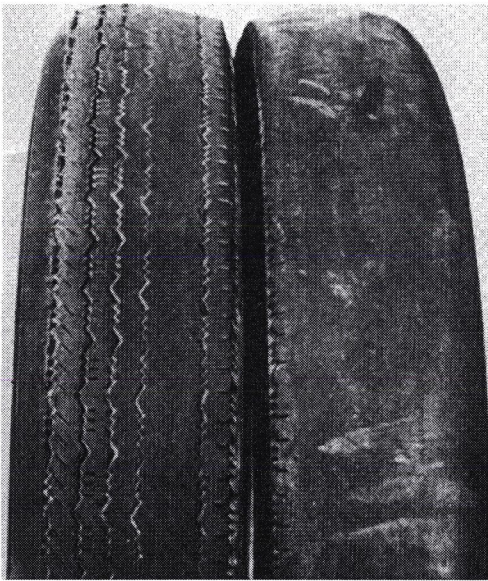
Paul Denk gathered the first four-cam experience with Ferdinand and the writer recalls his first test runs with this engine quite well. Apart from the considerably higher performance, revving to 7000 was very fascinating.

Since vehicles were scarce in Porsche's test department and an engine swap only took an hour, measurements of performance, consumption and carburetor adjustment were all done in one car and during a given week three different engines were often tried. During autobahn tests of the 546 (55 hp), 528 (70 hp) and 589 (1300 Super, 60 hp/5500 rpm) consumption ran 25.5-30.5 mpg with average speeds of 85-95 mph.

1955

Ferdinand was updated in the first weeks of 1955, receiving new rear lights a new ventilation system with large flap ahead of the windshield which could be adjusted from inside and two-tone paint. The most important change was a detachable front axle fitted towards the end of 1954 permitting various camber settings via shims.

Intensive tests for the 356A program continued with a two-tone Ferdinand as of March 1955 since the A was to go into production following the summer break. Stabilizer and wheel settings tests were made in the summer of '54 after Dr. Porsche laid down a program for the 356 which included: a) Development of a softer ride, b) Investigation of needle bearing flange collars, c) Front stabilizer with rubber bush-



ings, d) Reduction of positive camber in the rear axle, e) Optimal wheel settings front and rear and f) Steering damper tests.

Apart from points b) and f) this program was put into production with good results. Along with considerably more favorable camber angles the detachable axle led to improved tracking for the 356A and better reaction to directional changes.

The determination of the most favorable wheels and tires was very important for the 356A as well. Ferdinand tried the following test tire sizes: 5.00-16 (production size until 1955), 5.25-16, 5.50-16, 5.60-15, 5.90-15. 5.60-15 tires on wider 4 1/2-15 rims gave the best results and were approved for the 356A in production.

Countless measurements on the one-time army airfield at Malmshiem were endured by Ferdinand before the full A program was completed. The factory found its reward in positive reports on comfort and driving qualities from customers, testers and racers.

During extensive skid pad tests at the airfield your author happened to "lose" his mechanic and assistant, Johannes John, in a curious manner: Since the driver had to concentrate to maintain his circle the speed was read and recorded by a co-driver. After the last measurement the car was usually intentionally over-extended to evaluate effects at that point. John was still making notes when the car began to break away.

He had no chance to brace himself and hit the door which flew open, letting him out. Despite an elegant double back somersault he only had slight bruises and torn clothing, fortunately, but a pale driver broke off the test and the lucky outcome was later celebrated with cherries eaten on the Bott meadow.

1956

Ferdinand had over 185,000 miles behind him by now and was up to 356A standards chassis wise with a 1.6 liter Super engine of 75 hp/5000 rpm which took him to 112 mph. Consumption in his log now ran around 25 mpg.

The most important development stage in 1956 was adjustment to radial tires for the first time (Michelin X) in December of 1955 as well as basic steering systems tests and shock absorber research, with de Carbon units in particular. A ball bearing developed for Ferdinand (ball joint rather than flange bolts) was also examined during steering tests to keep all friction largely under control. Radial tire tests led to a report noting many positive qualities for these new tires on a 356A. This initiated intensive development and tests of other radials by the makers.

VW steering gear developed by Prof. Porsche and since applied to Porsche cars with some difficulty was a challenge to further work. Thus the following types of steering were tested in Ferdinand: ZF

worm and peg, Teves worm and peg, ZF worm and roller, Rack and pinion. Recirculating ball steering was tried in a comparison car and different steering ratios were examined as well. The production decision was in favor of the one-finger worm and peg with a 17.5 ratio. Dr. Ferry Porsche was a test driver in the final evaluation and appreciation stage.

In October of 1956 Ferdinand was showing some signs of rust after six years and some 220,000 miles so he received a body overhaul. After de-rusting the entire shell was treated with cold zinc paint and a glowing red top coat. The color was chosen by your author after repair department experience showed that poorly visible colors like grey, black and brown were more often involved in city traffic accidents than conspicuous colors. For sometime Ferdinand was the "fire department car" and its driver the "fire chief" until people got used to the ever more popular reds. Meanwhile the black license plates had been recalled and replaced so red Ferdinand received the number S - Y 954 (S for Stuttgart).

1957

Steering gear and radial tire tests continued in 1957. Dual transverse arm suspension with recirculating ball steering was tested in a renovated accident car and compared with Ferdinand's trailing arm layout. The dual arm system came from a Mercedes 180 so that test car number 35, was named Gottlieb (for Daimler). The competition between

Gottlieb and Ferdinand finally fell to “Porsche” although Gottlieb had various pluses in comfort and straight tracking.

1958

In his last active year Ferdinand was primarily a tire test and comparison car. The great era of basic testing was behind him. Younger cars were provided with various rear axle systems in particular, such as S-AU 88 (naturally nicknamed sau or “pig”) which had a watts axle with adjustable kinematics, a Klaus von Rücker idea. Incidentally, this had been a famous racing Carrera for Herbert Linge with successes in the 1958 Nürburg Ring 1000km, AvD Rhineland Pfalz Prize the same year and the Nürburg Ring event and Tour de Course

in 1959. Apart from routine tests of tires, shocks and wheel adjustment there were installation and function tests of the following: Nappaflex interior, recessed hub steering wheel, padded sunvisors, rubber coat hooks, special ventilation, noise reducing engine/gearbox mounts, experimental headlights and a special steering wheel clock wound by steering motions, plus experimental brake linings, a new outside mirror and equalizing rear axle spring.

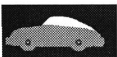
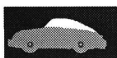
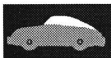
After nearly 260,000 miles Ferdinand left on what turned out to be his last trip. On the way to the Porsche meet in Meran on 9 October 1958 he suffered a side roll while dodging with a crew if Günter Steckkönig/

Helmuth Bott aboard. Though the vehicle retuned to Zuffenhausen on its own it was decided not to restore the car for testing again but for the museum.

1959

In 1959 the car was restored to its original state and painted for the fifth time (grey). The now 25 year old veteran has stood in the museum for seventeen years now (Ed. note: as of 2003 it has been 44 years), a monument to first Porsche production in Zuffenhausen. But it still collects a few miles on occasion during demonstration or nostalgia trips around Weissach.

Ferdinand's Biography

Year	Color	Registration	Engines	Mileage	Use
1950		W21-3610	 1.1L	6200 mi.	Prof. Porsche
1951		W21-3610 A 21-0459 W 21-0682 A	   1.1L 1.3L 1.5L	29,500 mi.	Engine tests Gearbox tests
1952		A 21-0682 W	    1.5L 1.3L 1.5L 1.5L	50,650 mi.	Engine tests Gearbox tests Carburetor tests
1953	 	A 21-0682 W A 21-6450 W	  1.5L 1.5L	59,000 mi.	Engine tests Fuel consumption Oil consumption
1954		A 21-6450 W	Carrera       1.5L 1.3L 1.5L 1.5L 1.3L 1.3L	24,250 mi.	Carrera engine Engine tests Carburetor tests
1955		A 21-6450 W	     1.6L 1.6L 1.6L 1.6L 1.6L	25,850 mi.	Engine tests Driving tests 356 A
1956	 	A 21-6450 W S-Y954	   1.6L 1.6L 1.6L	26,100 mi.	Tire tests Engine tests Driving tests
1957		S-Y954	   1.6L 1.6L 1.6L	21,100 mi.	Tire Tests Front axle tests Steering tests Carburetor tests
1958		S-Y954	   1.6L 1.6L 1.6L	15,650 mi.	Tire tests Driving tests Engine tests
1959-1975		NO REGISTRATION	 1.1L		Museum
25 YEARS	5 COLORS	3 REGISTRATIONS	32 ENGINES	258,300 mi.	 BLACK  DOVE BLUE/GREY  RED  BLUEGREY

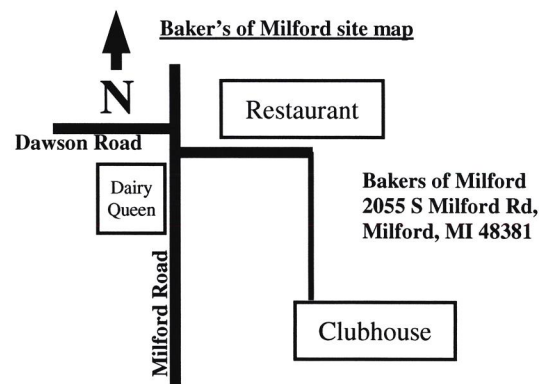
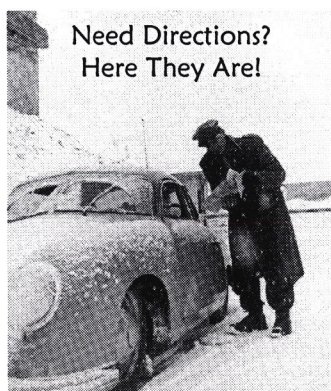
356 Motor Cities Gruppe

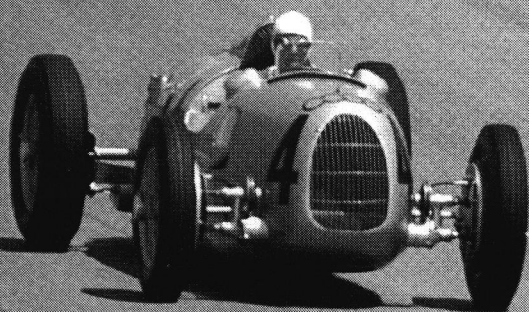
Annual Holiday Party 2003

December 7th at Baker's of Milford

Join your Gruppe for the 2003 Holiday party at Baker's of Milford Clubhouse, 2055 S Milford Rd, Milford, MI. We'll have plenty of time for drinks and mingling, then dinner will be served. Please bring one item for the live auction, and as many as you wish for the silent auction. The live auction will be limited to one hour starting after dinner and the silent auction will run throughout the night. Check out www.356motorcitiesgruppe.com for Starting times and RSVP information.

We look forward to seeing you there.





I recently read an article in The Czech magazine TiPro Oldtimer that described the fate of the 1934-1939 Auto Union racing cars after the WWII. In a brief summary, let's go back to the year 1932, when Audi, Horch, Wanderer and DKW, all independent companies, formed the Auto Union. They designed their logo with four rings, one for each of the founder firms.

Return of The Silver Arrows

by Zdenek Base

In 1933, Grand Prix racing was essentially an Italian affair, dominated by Alfa Romeo and Maserati, with French Bugatti on their tail.

Adolf Hitler had decided to make the German automobile industry superior to the Italians, and what better way to prove it, than through auto racing. Consequently, 500,000 RM (Reichsmarks) was pledged to meet this goal and competing proposals were solicited. Mercedes-Benz applied and was decided to be the winner. Not accepting the decision, Auto Union sent a delegation to letter and successfully persuaded him that two competing racing teams would be better than one. Guess who was heading the delegation --- no other than F. P. Thus, the dash run for the best racing car was on.

Ferdinand Porsche had done some design work for Wanderer in the past, therefore Auto Union signed him up again to design the racer. The first Type A Grand Prix racer was completed in 1934. It had 4,360 cc, 16 cylinder motor with dry sump lubrication, it developed 295 BP and top speed of 174 mph. The front suspension contained torsion bars and trailing arms linked to friction type shock absorbers, it was the rear suspension had a transverse leaf

spring with swing axles. Driver was located in front of the tank and the engine, a perfect weight balance, the first successful mid engine Grand Prix car.

In its initial public introduction on the Avus race track, Hans Stuck broke three world records. This was a beginning of their smashing success. Auto Union's Silver Arrows went on to win 37 out of the 54 Grand Prix races between 1934 and 1937. I am not counting the numerous wins in hill climb races and land speed records.

What is the origin of the Silver Arrow's name? At the 1934 Eifelrennen held at the Nurburgring, the team Mercedes created some excitement. Their racers were found one kilo over the weight limit. On the suggestion of driver von Brauchitsch, competition director Alfred Neubauer had the paint (white) from all cars removed in order to meet the weight limit. The stripped cars looked in the polished aluminum bodies like silver and so began the legend of the Silver Arrow as a name. Thus silver was adopted as a German racing color.

Ferdinand Porsche left the company (his contract expired) in 1938, at the time new rules for formula GP racing went into effect. The changes involved the reduction of engine

size and the weight of the car. The unfortunate death of Bernd Rosemeyer brought an end to speed record attempts and the teams GP effort slowed down. In 1939 the war started, and racing by the Auto Union was halted.

These fearsome and beautiful cars survived the WWII intact, as the result of being well hidden in underground shafts near the factory in Zwickau, Saxony. Nobody imagined the Russian conquerors would be more interested in these war trophies than in their vodka, but they were mistaken.

The scene was a cold fall day in 1945. Shortly before sunrise, a high pitched steam locomotive whistle cuts through the heavy fog and reminds the guards that their train will soon depart. Each railroad car contained one large crate. Only a few people knew the content- it was those who looted the shafts and those who built the crates.

The freight train left the Zwickau station in an easterly direction. On board were 13 of the fastest cars the world had ever seen, the Auto Union Silver Arrows. What shall be their destiny?

One Russian enthusiast found out. This is his account: "As a young engineer and assistant editor to a technical magazine I was interested in German engineering and a car industry. I learned that a shipment of Auto Union racing

cars arrived in the Soviet Union after the war.”

“I first searched through thousands of documents of the SMAD (the Soviet Military Administration in Germany). It has been documented that the first leg of these spoils of war in 1945 led directly to Moscow. For a considerable time, these crates served as garages. My investigation then led to an organization NANU (Institute for Automobile Development). This Institute's role also included the development of racing automobiles. NAMI acted as a holding station and ‘distributed’ these cars to other organizations, research institutes and car factories.”

“How do you duplicate something so perfect? One way to achieve quick results is to disassemble the car piece by piece and study each component in detail. Unfortunately, the engines, and other pieces never came together again. Half of the parts were stolen. It seemed that different departments of this institution competed for that office that would have ‘better’ paper weight on his desk, such as pistons, valves, connecting rods, and even carburetors.”

“Another trace of documentation led me to a town of Charkov, where Vladimir Nikitin (racing car designer) tried to build racing cars under the name ‘Charkov.’ His company received one Type C (streamliner) car and another Type C hill climb open wheel racer. Nikitin had, with a torch, and other heavy tools, chopped off whatever he found useful, studied all components and later used the parts to build his own design streamlined racer.”

Did it resemble the original record holder Silver Arrow?

The open wheel Type C was destined to be raced. “First, we filled the tank with a super gasoline”, recalls the former race driver, “but the engine would spatter, and displayed no willingness to run. We could not reach the speed of 80

mph, and the handling could not be controlled: how did the Germans do it?”

Following a quick decision, this nonperformer was destined to the butcher block, but the interference of some logical minds persuaded the manager to give the car a second chance. It ended up in a museum in Riga, Latvia. This car, a Type C hill climber is today in possession of Audi headquarters museum in Ingolstadt (obtained in exchange for a replica car in 1995).

The next research took place in the automobile factory ZIS. Former racing driver Boris Kurbatov, who tested some of the Silver Arrow cars explains: “Our headquarters found out that NANU has many Auto Union racing cars in their possession. Sergei Glasunov, our manager asked for two, and they were delivered on trucks, one was white, and the other light blue in color. The light blue color, not a factory color, was questioned by Auto Union historian Peter Kirchberg, who thinks it could have been a coating used for storage. Both cars were unloaded from the trucks, put in the research department located under the assembly line. Often, a industrial oil leak from the ceiling would drip on these beautiful cars, but nobody seemed interested in their well being.

One car was ordered to be totally disassembled to the last part. At that time we did not know that Ferdinand Porsche had designed them. We admired the precision with which every part had been manufactured, that, in our factory could not be duplicated.”

The next stop in my search led to an automobile factory named GAZ in Nizni Novgorod (previously Gorki). One eye witness, test driver Boris Grekov remembered: “In 1946, after I finished my apprenticeship, I found that the research department had some German cars with 12-cyl. and 16-cyl. motors (three

open GP, and one speed record car). I additionally remember that our engineers had no need for the enclosed car, once I looked in its cockpit, and saw a brown leather covered steering wheel with the inscription ‘R o s e m e y e r’, probably name of the driver.”

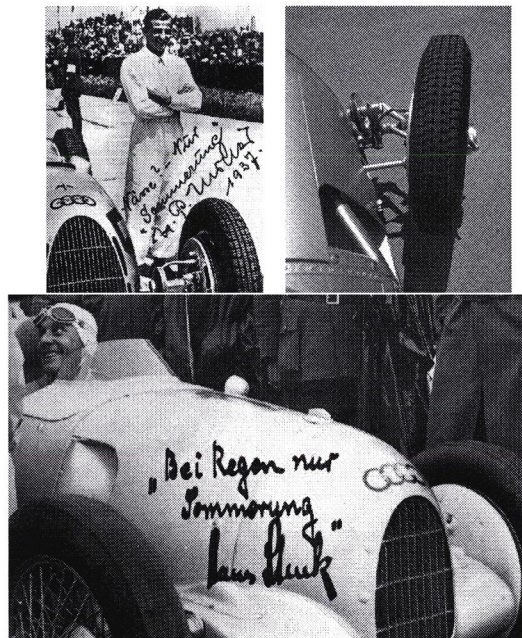
“We entered one of the cars in the local race on June 9 1946. The fans lined up to see this exotic race car with factory driver Leonid Sokolov behind the wheel. The local militia warned the public to stay in distance from the pavement, but the crowd wanted to see better. The Type D was running at high speed when some spectators crossed into the road. The driver reacted quickly by applying full brakes, the car turned around on its axis and everything that followed was beyond his control. The car hit the ditch, became airborne, losing the driver in the process. The Silver Arrow continued into the crowd, killing 12 fans while six more died later in the hospital. Some remains of this racer were found 200 meters from the accident. Sokolov, the driver, survived with bad injuries. He landed, luckily, in a cow manure. I searched the city archives for many hours to find photos of the accident that had never been released. One bit of information, which investigators discovered found that the car fuel tank still had the pre-war high octane racing gasoline.”

Two Auto Union Type D cars were found in the 1980s in the Ukraine and sold to an American, Paul Karassik. How could they “exit” Soviet Union so easily? They were by mistake registered as normal passenger cars, Audis. Thanks to the Soviet beurocracy, these were the first two survivals to leave their captivity. What happened to the other cars? Nobody knows.

Former NANU Research Institute test driver Alexei Ambrosenko remembers that, in the 1990s, a company truck was routinely delivering fuel by pulling a two wheel trailer. That trailer's chrome wire wheels carried highly recognizable logo, the Auto Union rings. One day, someone overloaded the little slave, and the wheels fell apart.

The deportation of the Silver Arrows, involved 13 racers, only three survived and left the Soviet Union, the rest became souvenir parts, or ended to be crashed or melted down in the furnaces of Moscow. How could the proudest pre-war achievements of Ferdinand Porsche and his engineers end up to be defeated?

We all know, it was not on the road.



As an outsider to the **356 Motor Cities Gruppe**, I wasn't entirely sure what to expect during my first Road Rally...ok...dinner cruise. In fact, seemingly every prior event I attended was punctuated by inordinate amounts of food, unusually technical conversation and the scrupulous inspection of **stationary** Porsches – three activities I've found quite entertaining. The communal driving experience, I would learn, was an entirely different sensation.

At 1:00PM, we gathered at **Sebastian Gaeta's** home in Ann Arbor. On the street, 15 German engineered autos represented the contemporary class of the marque. Nearly all iterations of 911s were poised for the run. There were Boxsters, 944s, a 968, and even a 'pre-A' Beetle, as **Peter Stuyck** jestly implied. Behind the house, Sebastian's concours quality grass was mowed over by 15 completely distinctive 356s, primed to be unleashed as their designers had intended. It genuinely looked like an organized show because of the condition and presentation of the cars. The ubiquitous car talk abounded amongst the tub aficiona-

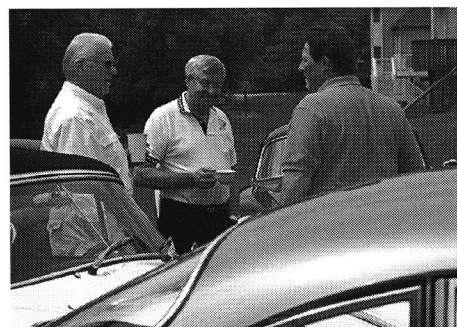
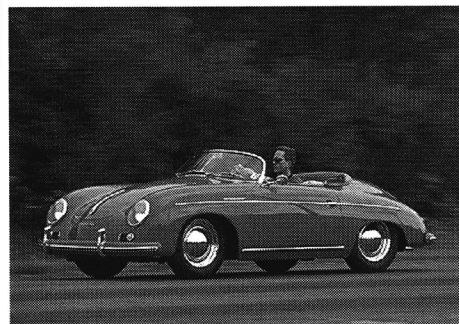
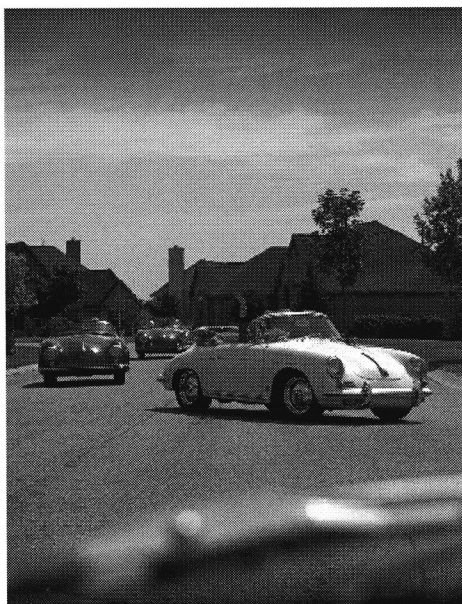
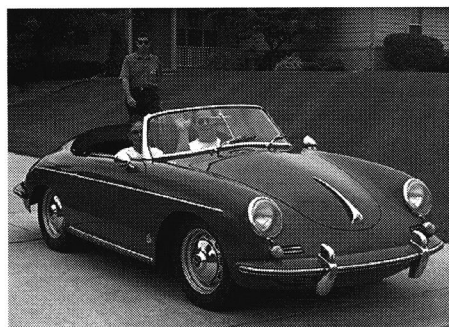
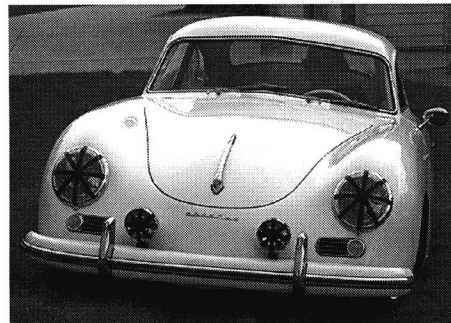
dos, and each attendee emitted a distinctive aura of anticipation. Inside, an assortment of high quality hors'd'oeuvres, fruits, and desserts greeted all guests.

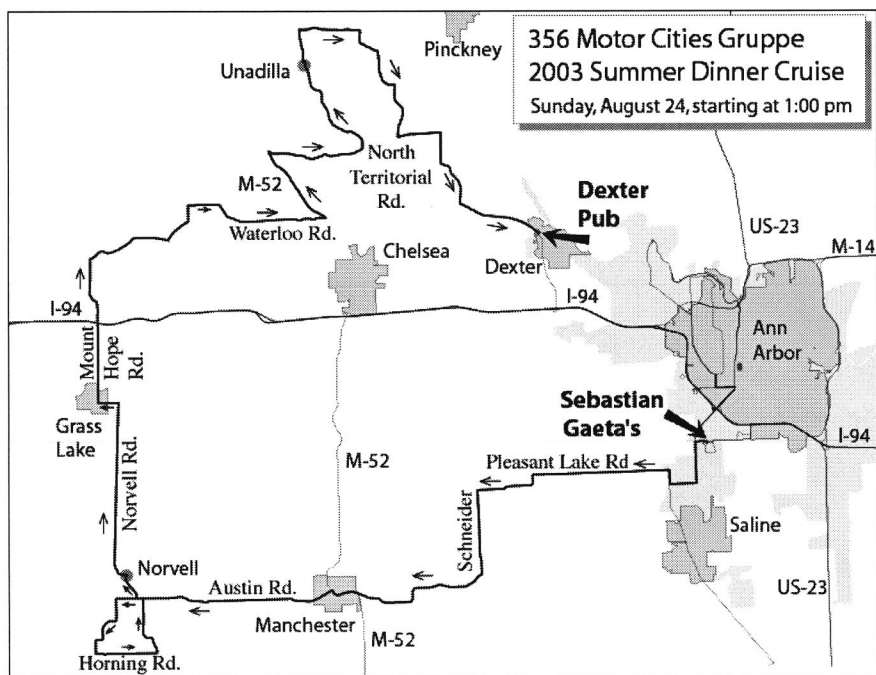
The starting gun was fired at 2:00PM sharp, but this was no cannonball run. We knew our place, but we certainly were along for the ride. **Rachelle Rivera** and I climbed inside our arctic white 911 Cab, graciously lent by her father Vic, and waited patiently for our older 356 siblings to align. Out they streamed - each looking better than the last, and the sounds from

the engines were simply sensational...raw but refined. You can only feel the true soul of these machines when you hear the roar of their engines (again, as a rookie, my perception is a bit jaunted). Finally, we were released from our binds and allowed to proceed. Our overzealous attitudes were amusingly evident only miles from the start. Upon entering a very residential private street in Saline, we realized we had overshoot our first turn off Maple Road by nearly three miles. Hey, I was just following at this point. So the 10 or so of us retraced our path, and were now lead by **Neil Goldberg**

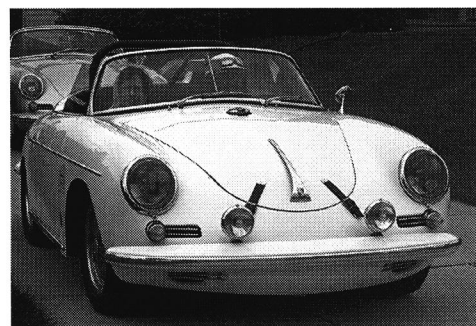
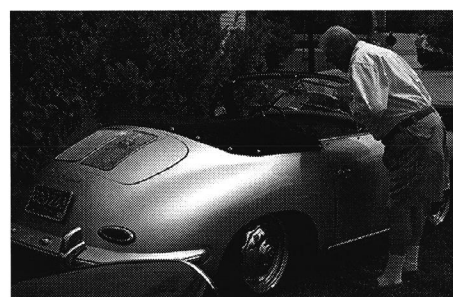
The Summer Dinner Cruise – from a Rookie's Driver Seat

By Scott Lanard





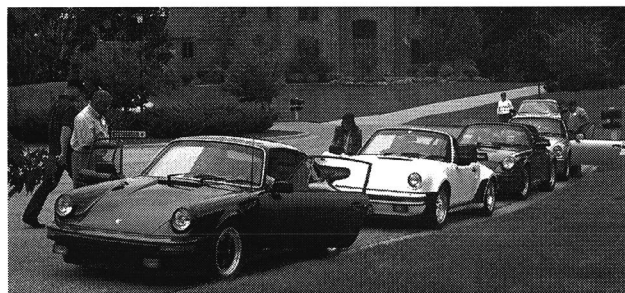
over 75, we were now only with the growl of *our* engine, asphalt, and Michigan country at its finest. So this was a Porsche summer cruise, a local one at that, and this is what a highly capable 911 could do. The feeling of invincibility and lawlessness was euphoric. Finally, our lead feet were lightened and we cruised into downtown Dexter. We headed upstairs to the buffet table at the Dexter Pub, and began to devour the chicken, pasta, salad and beverages like our cars swallowed fuel. The meal was great, the conversation was better, and the driving was unforgettable. For the club members...it was another successful dinner cruise...for me, a beautiful introduction into the world of Porsche ownership.

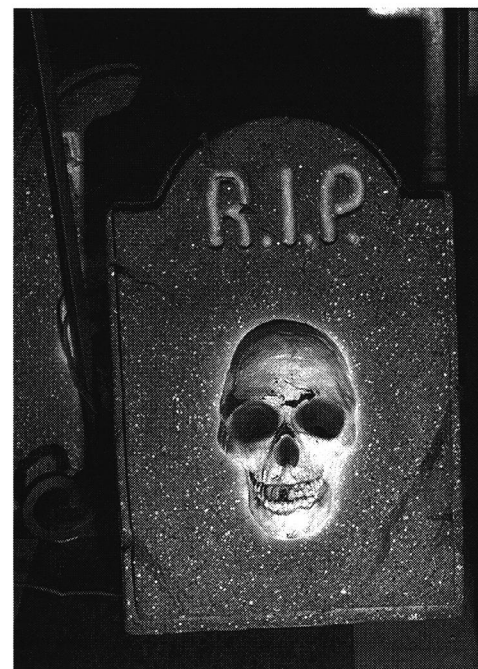


in a 911 GT3. Then the fun really began.

We wound our cars through a cleverly devised route west of Saline, flying past landmarks, farms, and ever-present annoyances like Buick LeSabres and Caravans full of screaming kids. In my rear view mirror, I glanced admirably as **Dave Peterson** carved his cranberry Boxster aggressively through the sharpest turns of the tour. For a stretch, **Gottfried Hogh**, in the lead position, reached high above his red 356 Cab and took pictures of the lines of Porsches behind him. A few close calls with mail-

boxes helped him right his course. Following a quick refuel, we regrouped with the pack, aiming to complete the final leg. We had a 45-minute drive ahead of us with only 20 minutes to reach the restaurant. Not ones to cower in the face of a challenge, the pace notably quickened. Onward we rode to Dexter. After missing our second turn of the tour, we swung around, right in the middle of the road, and retraced our tracks. Flashes of a GT3's tail were in view briefly and then Rachelle and I were alone (we were, after all, 150+ ponies weaker, ok). Cruising





Destination: Hell

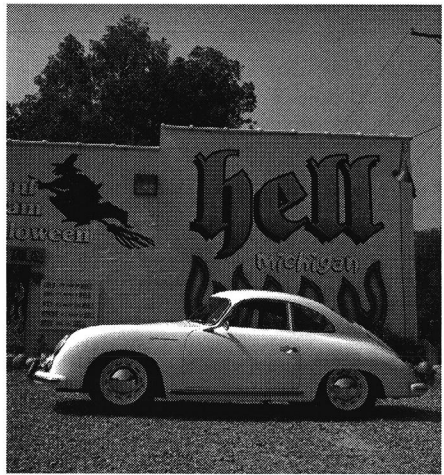
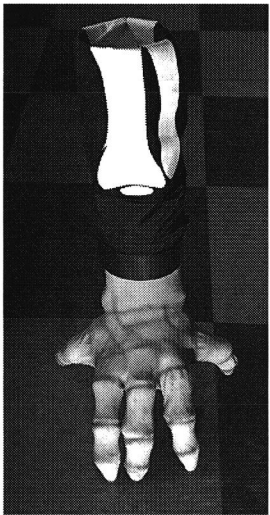
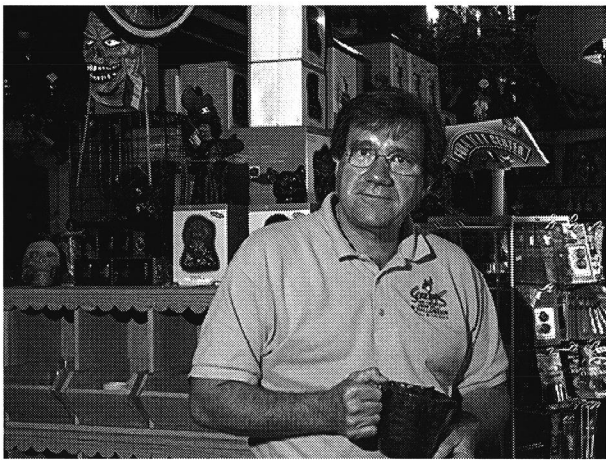
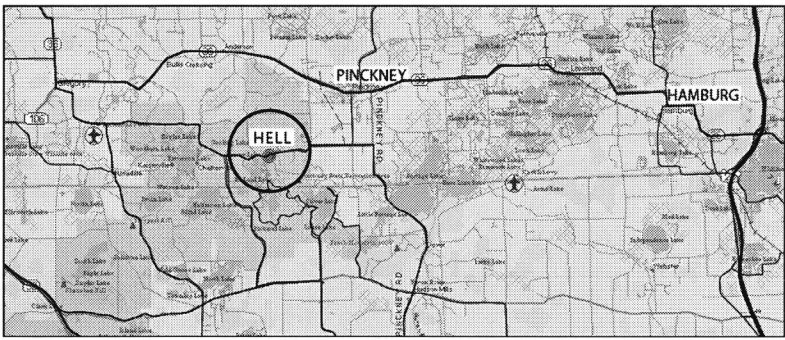
Hell, MI is a tiny little town nestled between Pinckney and Gregory, MI. Much, like Valentine, Nebraska, it is world famous one day each year. While the Nebraska town's Post Office is swamped in February by people who want cards for their sweethearts post marked there, Hell, MI is the place to be on Halloween.

Actually, it's pretty neat any time of the year.



Enter "Screams Ice Cream From Hell & Halloween", a Halloween store located in the middle of Hell, with a terrific ice cream counter that is not to be missed. John Cologne opened the shop a few years ago to keep busy in his "retirement." Born and raised in the area, he spent 24 years as a Chrysler dealer in Pinckney. After selling the dealership, he stepped up his property acquisitions in and around Hell, and the one he likes best is "Screams". "Nothin' but fun" he quipped as he walked by to greet more people coming in. "Don't forget to put on some Bat Droppings" he tells a young lady standing at the sundae bar about to choose her ice cream toppings. The toppings, which we will describe later, sit inside an authentic 1840 coffin from Transylvania.

According to their website, "'Screams Ice Cream from Hell & Halloween" is the physical manifestation of What Hell, Michigan is all about: Halloween three



hundred and sixty-three days a year (we'll leave the fat man and that pesky bunny well-enough alone)."

"Inside Screams, you'll enjoy browsing the finest Halloween masks and decorations in the world ... and you'll also enjoy premium ice cream treats as you've never had them before. We're mixing up your favorite shakes and malts (we call 'em Brainfreezes), and we'll scoop up a single, double, or triple cone, (sugar, cake, or waffle cones, and we call these Li'l Devils, Frankenscoops, and Conezillas), but the real attraction is the make-your-own sundaes ... with toppings that you shovel up yourself from an authentic 1840s Transylvanian coffin!"

"We feature many collectibles such as Halloween plates, cups, and punch bowls. Also wall hangings, ornaments, dolls, toys, panel figures, gravestones, and lawn decorations. Large selection of Candles including Halloween tapers, coffins, and assorted Halloween figures. Need some scary candle holders? We have more than you could imagine...many votive holders, taper holders, hanging holders, and skull holders...come take a look!"

"There is a large selection of Hersey® Ice Creams...at least 19 flavors to offer at all

times. Our friendly scoopers will be happy to serve you up something delicious!"

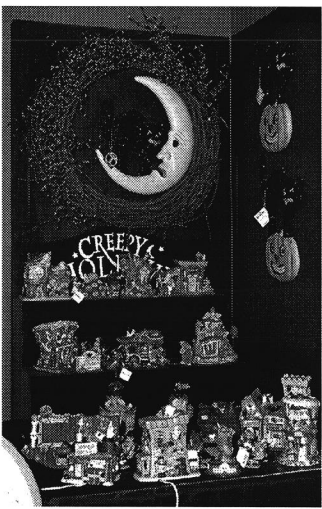
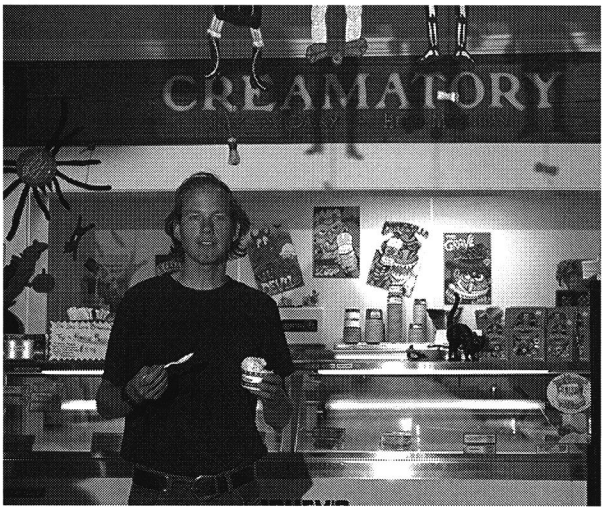
"Build your own sundae with our unique toppings, straight from the grave. We offer Shock-a-Lot, ButterSnot, Ghost Poop, BeetleJuice, Bug Legs, Scare-a-Mel, Dracula's Favorite, Scooby-Doo-Doo, Bat Droppings, Bone Chips, Toenail Clippings, Candy Covered Warts, Devil Dirt, Creepy Worms, and Petrified Gullstones. Enjoy!"

Your Auspuff reporters spent about 45 minutes in and around "Screams", and the number of people milling about was

amazing. Hell is a favorite stop for bikers and auto enthusiasts alike. During our time there we saw 10 to 15 Harleys come and go while a Pantera group was holed up at the Damsite Inn just down the road.

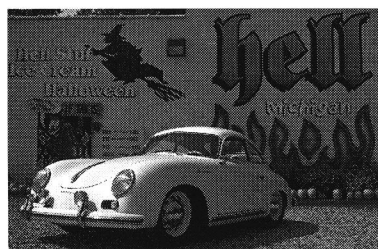
With many Fall activities planned for Livingston County in October, the greater Hell area would make a great stop while you are out enjoying the Autumn driving season.

"Screams" is located at 4045 Patterson Lake Road in Hell, and can be contacted at 734-878-2233 or www.hell2u.com.



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