

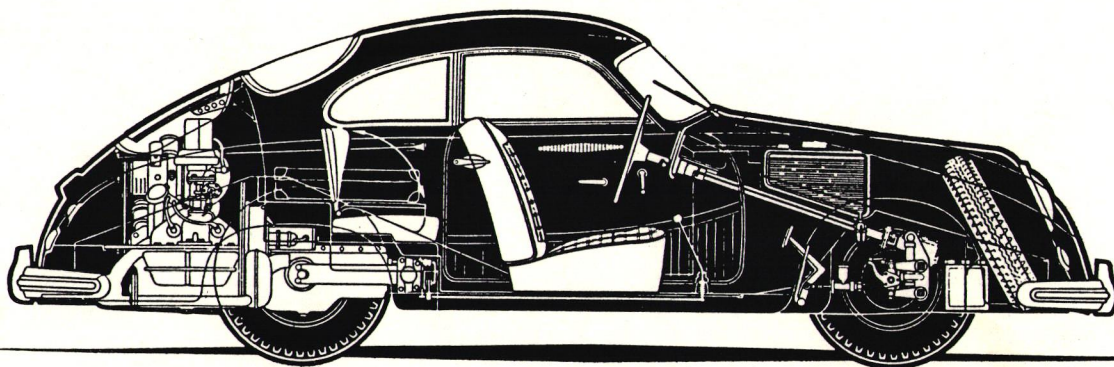
**THE MOTOR
CITIES GRUPPE**

AUSPUFF ROAR

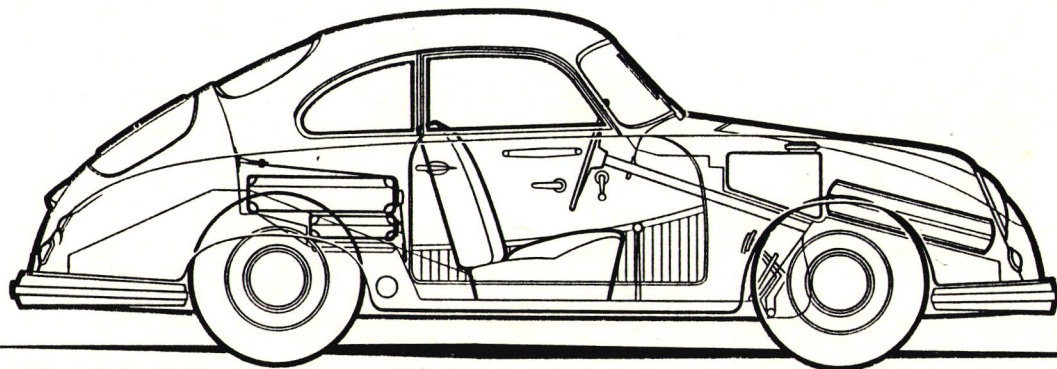
VOLUME 5 Issue 3

SEPTEMBER 1996

FALL FESTIVITIES



FAHREN IN SEINER SCHÖNSTON FORM



**MOTOR CITIES GRUPPE FALL FESTIVAL
PLANCK'S JOURNEY PART II
RIVERA'S 356 CLUB RACING DECAL
THE MOTOR CITIES GRUPPE OUTLAW**

356 MOTOR CITIES GRUPPE

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WARNING: WE HAVE AN OUTLAW IN OUR MIDST !
THE MOTOR CITIES GRUPPE IS PROUD TO ANNOUNCE THAT WE DO INDEED HAVE A REAL LIVE OUTLAW IN OUR GROUP. BY THIS I DON'T MEAN JUST ANOTHER BOY RACER WITH A SPEEDING TICKET, BUT A CAR WORTHY OF BEING DUBBED AN "OUTLAW" BY GARY EMORY OF PARTS OBSOLETE.

OUR OUTLAW IS NONOTHER THAN **BILL TOBUREN** WHO IS QUITE HONORED TO HAVE THIS TITLE BESTOWED UPON HIM. BILL HAS BEEN WORKING ON HIS OUTLAW CAR FOR ABOUT TWO YEARS NOW.

FOR THOSE OF YOU NOT FAMILIAR WITH THIS WHOLE "OUTLAW" THING, GARY EMORY STARTED IT ALL BY BUILDING 356's THAT WERE NOT QUITE "CORRECT" IN APPEARANCE BUT WERE VERY NICLEY DONE. ONE EXAMPLE OF HIS WORK IS AN EARLY CAR WITH LOUVERED STEEL PANELS WHERE THE REAR POP OUT WINDOWS WERE. THIS CAR ALSO HAD A SPEEDSTER DASH INSERTED IN PLACE OF IT'S COUPE DASH. THE PICTURES I SAW WERE BEAUTIFUL. I HESITATE TO USE THE WORD CUSTOM, FOR THIS MAY CONJURE UP VISIONS OF "FRANKENBEATLE." ON THE CONTRARY, THESE CARS WERE AND ARE VERY CLEVER AND SHOULD BRING A SMILE TO THE FACE OF ANY 356 OWNER WITH A PULSE.

GARY DECIDED THAT HE SHOULD NOT BE THE ONLY MAN TO CARRY THE OUTLAW BADGE PROUDLY ON HIS GRILLE AND AND HAS PRESENTED THESE BADGES TO A VERY SELECT GROUP. THE FOLLOWING IS THE LETTER THAT BILL RECIEVED FROM GARY:

"BILL,

I LOVE YOUR CAR! YOU OUTDID ME! THE DECKLID IDEA IS ONE UP ON ME. I DON'T THINK I WOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF THAT CHANGE. SURE CHANGES THE LOOK. EVERY THING YOU'VE DONE LOOKS GREAT. THE ONLY THING I WOULD ADD AND CAN'T TELL BY THE PHOTO IS, DID YOU PUT A CROSSBAR FOR THE SHOULDER HARNESS? (HE THEN DREW A SKETCH OF A CROSS BAR).

I AM SENDING YOU ONE OUTLAW BADGE AND MOUNTING HARDWARE. WE ARE PROUD TO HAVE YOU IN OUR GROUP! THESE BADGES ARE ALL AROUND THE WORLD ON SPECIAL CARS; 356 ONLY. REMEMBER: NO ONE CAN BUY THESE BADGES! WE RECIEVE ABOUT 10 TO 15 LETTERS EVERY MONTH WANTING TO BUY OUR BADGES. NEVER HAVE AND NEVER WILL SELL. DON'T FORGET TO SEND THE 8X10 WHEN THE CAR IS COMPLETE.

THANKS AGAIN. GARY"

BILL IS HOPING TO HAVE THE CAR READY FOR NEXT YEARS SPRING TOUR.

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Little Puffs from Barbara, Sept 10, 1996

Thank you to all my friends who have sent cheerful cards to rally me on the road to recovery. To bring the rest of you up to speed, I have had two surgeries this summer. You can read more about it in the Sept/Oct 96 Registry magazine. I am almost now done with Physical Therapy and running to 3 different Dr. appointments or tests every week. We also have gone SCCA racing 3 times in August to qualify the E-Prod car for the Run-Offs. So I have not had any opportunity to work on the Motor Cities Gruppe business.

Included in your Sept/Oct 96 issue of the 356 Registry magazine is a ballot for Trustees Election. The past election only 220 people voted. I am asking for your vote for; Victor Skirmants, Paul Goldzung, who is from Ohio and was one of my cooks at the Mid-Ohio Vintage Races, and Bob Campbell from CA. We need your help here to make a difference. We have currently 3 Trustees in CA, and one of them has been an unfortunate dissapointment. Please support my 3 recommendations for Trustee. If you have any questions, I welcome your call.

The SCCA Run-Offs are the week of October 7-13. Vic races the G-Prod 1300cc car on Saturday, October 12, at 10:00 am. The E-Prod 1600cc car races on Sunday, October 13, at 11:40 am. We hope you can come down to Mid-Ohio and cheer us on to the Victory circle.

The MC Gruppe board of Trustees / Officers meeting scheduled for Sept 17, 1996, is CANCELLED. The next scheduled open meeting is November 19, 6:30 pm at the Brass Pointe. I plan to call a meeting of the Officers and Trustees at our home before that, stay tuned for a mailing on the date.

The month of October is going to be wild for me. We will leave on 10-4 for the Run-Offs, and not get home until 10-14. It takes about 3 days to unpack and do 20 loads of laundry, then we leave on 10-22 in my new 65 Coupe for Cypress Gardens, FL. Gatorfest 356 Registry Holiday. I hope to make it back late night 10-28.

I have again started work on our 1998 Holiday event. I desperately need to find an artist to design our logo. I cannot get bids for embroidery patches, and our goodie bag until I have the logo completed. If you can help or know someone who can do this please call me. I intend to have a pro-forma budget and a Holiday Contract ready for the Registry Trustees Meeting on Oct 24 before the FL Holiday.

Don't forget to be ready for this year's Christmas Party, AUCTION December 8 !!!!!!! I am putting together an antique picnic basket complete with 50's bakelite utensils, plates, wine glasses, and vintage linens. Put your thinking hats on and bring something really unique. The location gives everyone an opportunity to walk around and look, touch, and smell all the items before the auction. See you soon.

Barbara

THE MOTOR CITIES GRUPPE SUMMER SEASON

THIS HAS BEEN A GREAT SUMMER TO OWN AND DRIVE YOUR 356 NOT JUST FOR THE MOTOR CITIES GROUP EVENTS, BUT FOR THE MILD, PORSCHE DRIVIN' WEATHER. OUR FIRST DRIVING EVENT OF THE YEAR WAS THE 4th ANNUAL SPRING DRIVING TOUR HOSTED BY **BILL AND SHER TOBUREN**. WE STARTED AT THEIR HOME IN HARTLAND, GOT A GLIMPSE OF THINGS TO COME WITH BILLS "OUTLAW" CAR, DROVE SOME BEAUTIFUL ROADS AND ENDED UP AT ROCKY'S IN BRIGHTON FOR LUNCH. WE THEN WENT TO DOWNTOWN BRIGHTON FOR SOME ANTIQUE SHOPPING. THANKS TO BILL AND SHER FOR THIS MOST EXCELLENT ADVENTURE.

THE 6th ANNUAL CHICKEN & BRAT BASH AT THE MID OHIO VINTAGE RACES, HOSTED BY **VIC & BARBARA SKIRMANTS**, HAD THE MOTTO "THE SHOW MUST GO ON." BARBARA'S CONDITION PUT THE EVENT IN DOUBT BUT BARBARA WOULD NOT BE DENIED. SHE ENLISTED THE HELP OF **JUDY ROBBINS, MELODY YOUK, NANCY NETTLOW, CAROLE JONES, AND SUE RUPP** TO HELP SET UP THE BBQ, PREPARE AND COOK THE FOOD, AND HELP WITH ANYTHING ELSE THAT WAS NECESSARY. A BIG THANK YOU TO THESE PEOPLE WHO PUT IN THE TIME AND EFFORT TO MAKE THE BBQ A SUCCESS. BARBARA WOULD ALSO LIKE TO THANK AND ACKNOWLEDGE **DON MARRAH AUTO BODY, STODDARD'S, NEIL GOLDBERG, RIVERA MEDICAL CLINIC, AND JACK HAGERTY FARMERS INSURANCE FOR SPONSORING THE TENT**. THIS IS NO SMALL TASK TO RENT A TENT THIS SIZE, SO THANKS AGAIN TO ALL OF THE SPONSORS.

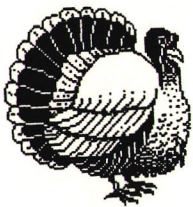
THIS YEARS ANNUAL FAMILY PICNIC WAS HELD AT THE LOVELY HOME OF **DON AND JODY MARRAH** IN OWOSSO. THE GROUNDS WERE PERFECT FOR THE EVENT AS WE HAD A DISPLAY AREA FOR OUR CARS RIGHT OUT FRONT. THERE WERE TENTS FOR RELAXING UNDER AND A POOL TO DIP IN IF THE MOOD STRUCK. MY DAUGHTER ISABELLA HAD TO BE DRAGGED AWAY FROM THE GIANT TRAMPOLINE. THERE IS, HOWEVER, A SLIGHT **MYSTERY TO BE SOLVED**. IT SEEMS THAT DON HAD TAKEN SOME PICTURES OF THE PICNIC WITH ONE OF THOSE **DISPOSABLE CAMERAS**. SOMEONE ACCIDENTALLY PICKED IT UP MISTAKING FOR THEIR OWN. THIS IS NOT A HUGE PROBLEM EXCEPT FOR THE FACT THAT DON HAD TAKEN PICTURES OF A CUSTOMERS CAR WITH THAT FILM EARLIER IN THE DAY. HE WOULD LIKE TO GET IT BACK, SO IF YOU HAVE ONE OF THOSE DISPOSABLES LYING AROUND, DEVELOP IT SO WE CAN SEE IF YOU ARE THE "BUTLER."

I HAD THE OPPORTUNITY TO GO TO **DALE MOODY'S** BACK 40 GET TOGETHER THIS YEAR IN THE CHICAGO AREA. DALE IS THE PRESIDENT OF THE **WINDIGE STADT KLUB** AND IS THE ORIGINAL OWNER OF A '59 COUPE AND CONVERTIBLE D. THE EVENT WAS SIMILAR TO OUR SUMMER PICNIC WITH ABOUT 25 CARS SHOWING UP FOR DISPLAY, AND MUCH LIKE A REGISTRY HOLIDAY IT WAS GREAT TO MEET NEW PEOPLE WITH THE SAME AFFECTION. WE'VE GOT SOME VERY TALENTED PEOPLE IN OUR GROUP, BUT I SAW SOME VERY NICE CARS THERE THAT WERE RESTORED BY THE OWNERS. AS ALWAYS IN ANY 356 EVENT, GREAT CARS BUT EVEN BETTER PEOPLE. I'LL BE THERE AGAIN NEXT YEAR! ANYONE UP FOR A ROAD TRIP?

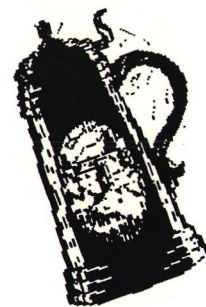
THERE WERE OTHER EVENTS THIS SUMMER THAT I DID NOT ATTEND BUT HEARD THEY WERE VERY NICE SUCH AS **MEADOWBROOK/WATERFORD HILLS VINTAGE RACES**. I ALSO HEARD THAT THE **WOODWARD DREAM CRUISE** WAS A BLAST. THEY SAY THAT IF IT WAS BUILT, IT WAS CRUISING WOODWARD THAT DAY. MAYBE NEXT YEAR WE'LL MAKE IT AN OFFICIAL EVENT IF WE CAN FIND A DEFINITE GATHERING PLACE.



BARB'S BBQ BUNCH



FALL FESTIVAL



THE MOTOR CITIES GRUPPE FALL FESTIVAL

SUNDAY OCTOBER 20th, 1996

ACTIVITIES BEGIN AT THE DELHI METROPARK IN
ANN ARBOR



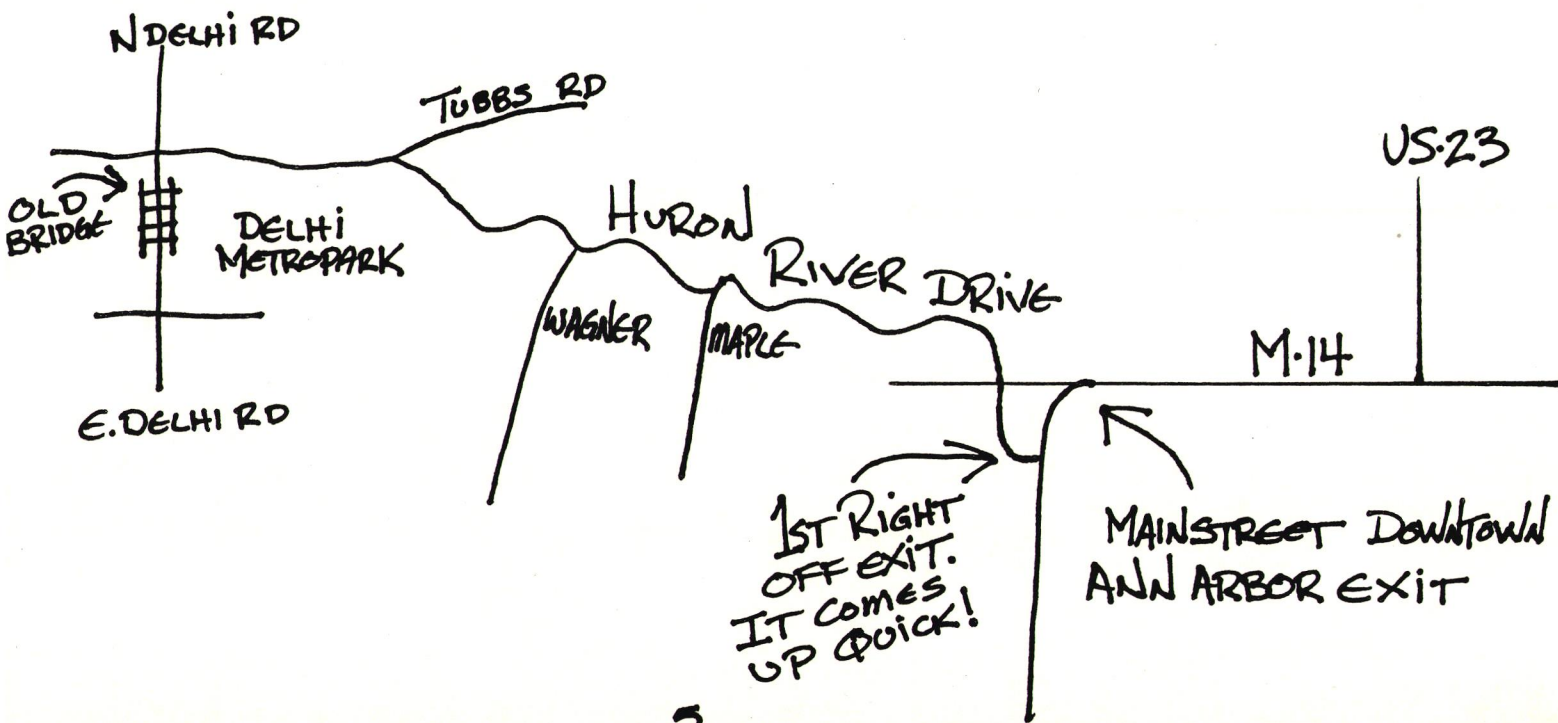
SCHEDULE OF EVENTS:

9:30 AM	CARS ARRIVE FOR INFORMAL CONCOURS
NOON	CATERED LUNCH AT THE METROPARK
1:00 PM	LEAVE FOR SCENIC DRIVING TOUR
2:30	ARRIVE AT YESTERDAYS COLLECTION
4:00	ARRIVE IN DEPOT TOWN IN YPSILANTI TO TOUR AUTO MUSEUMS AND HUDSON DEALERSHIP; ANTIQUE SHOPS
6:30	ARRIVE FOR DINNER AT HAAB'S



THIS WILL BE A DAY TO REMEMBER IN THE LIFE OF 356 ENTHUSIASTS MUCH LIKE YOURSELF. NO EXCUSES! THE RUNOFFS ARE THE WEEK BEFORE AND THE REGISTRY HOLIDAY IS THE FOLLOWING WEEK. BE THERE! NOMINAL \$10 FEE BUYS PARK ENTRY & LUNCH.

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THE FOLLOWING TWO AUTHORS HAVE BEEN HUGE CONTRIBUTORS TO THE LAST TWO ISSUES OF THE AUSPUFF ROAR, BUT ARRIVED AT THIS POINT IN DIFFERENT WAYS.

THE FIRST STORY IS ACTUALLY PART II OF AN INCREDIBLY DETAILED ACCOUNT OF PHIL AND NANCY PLANCK'S TWO WEEK TRIP TO 1995's ROCKY MOUNTAIN EAST COAST HOLIDAY. PHIL, THOUGH NOT A PROFESSIONAL WRITER, HAS CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES TO OUR NEWSLETTER AND THE 356 REGISTRY MAGAZINE. ONE OF HIS ARTICLES WAS EVEN PUBLISHED IN BRETT JOHNSTON'S TECHNICAL AND RESTORATION GUIDE.

THE SECOND STORY IS BY RICHARD HINSON WHO IS A PROFESSIONAL WRITER. AS THE FORMER EDITOR OF AUTOWEEK, WE ARE FORTUNATE TO HAVE HIM AS A REGULAR CONTRIBUTOR TO OUR HUMBLE PUBLICATION.

RICHARD'S STORY IS ABOUT AN UNFORTUNATE EPISODE THAT ONE OF OUR NEW MEMBERS HAD WITH HIS PRISTINE 356.

BUT LET US BEGIN WITH PLANCK'S JOURNEY PART II..

WEEK II

Sunday morning was cold for the swap meet. There was ice on the parking lot from the Saturday rains. There was a pretty good stash of parts available considering where it had to be hauled to. I picked up a backup generator as I had lost my spare bearings and this is supposedly a common part to fail. I also found a pre A fuel pump at a fair price. The breakfast buffet was outstanding. We said good-bye to new and old friends, exchanged addresses and repacked the car for the remainder of our trip.

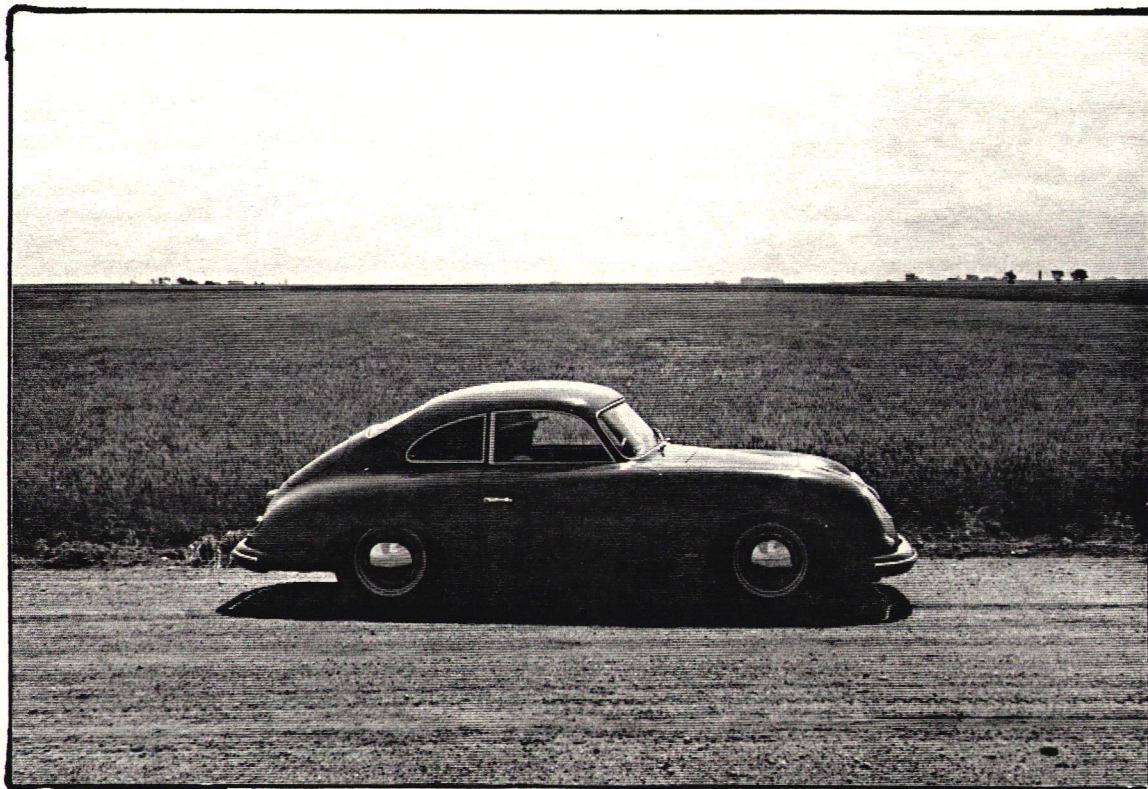
We were now headed toward Durango. I was told that the drive from Montrose to Silverton is like driving through the Swiss Alps, so we were really looking forward to this leg of the trip. The best part was that in order to get to Montrose we had to drive back toward the Black Canyon, and actually were able to drive the South Rim which is a national park. As we were leisurely driving along US Route 50, I noticed a dark 356 shaped image

quickly approaching in my rear view mirror. As the beautiful Speedster went flying by, Bill Benkler, from Florida, gave us a friendly wave. He was followed by a Volvo wagon carrying the remainder of his crew. The car made the steep climb during the heat of the day with no problem. I think it really likes the 112.5 main jets in addition to proper timing. We might have missed the South Rim, because access from the highway isn't well marked. Our good fortune was our desire to find a Black Canyon tee shirt, since we felt that best highlighted the Holiday. Our search for the tee shirt led us to the road that leads to the South Rim. A gift store at the junction of this road had just what we wanted, including a coffee mug with a scene of the canyon with wavy ribbons on each side representing the 2 rim roads. I have this at work, and am reminded of this great trip with every morning cup of coffee. Along the South rim were numerous view points and we stopped at most of them. The views were spectacular, and in the distance you could also see the snow capped Rockies. After shooting up another roll of film we headed back down to US Route 50 towards Montrose. Montrose is a sizable city for this part of Colorado, but had no open tire shops.

From Montrose we headed south on US Route 550 towards Ouray, named after a famous Ute chief. This was a fairly flat drive but very scenic as you could see many distant mountain ranges, and were actually approaching one of them. As we neared the village limit of Ouray our dream animal sighting finally occurred. A Bighorn sheep jumped out across the highway barely escaping the car in front of us. It then disappeared up a sheer cliff to our left. How'd he do that? After Ouray the ascent to Silverton took place. This was another spectacular drive up into the San Jaun Mountains. We got back up into snow country, with many switchbacks. Around each bend was more beautiful scenery. We drove past several abandoned mines way up there in the middle of nowhere. Silverton came into view around 5:00 PM. This is the destination of about 4 narrow gauge trains a day from Durango. By 5:00 the trains had all departed and the town was almost deserted. However, the shops and restaurants were still open, so we were able to pick up a few souvenirs and gifts for my railroad working brother. Most of the buildings in Silverton are original from the mining days, as the common occurrence of citywide fire destruction eluded this town. We decided to head for Durango and look for a campground along the way. Unfortunately, there was only one campground, which was pretty far off of Route 550, along the whole trip so we ended up in Durango without shelter. The "historic" part of town was easy to find. We passed what seemed like hundreds of tire stores as we approached the "historic" district, so I kept logging in where they were located in hopes of fixing my flat tire Monday morning. In the heart of the "historic" district were two 1890's vintage hotels.



MOUNTAIN SCENE



KANSAS — BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS

As it was getting late we decided to see if one of them had a room, since we had heard these were neat places to stay. The Strater Hotel, built in 1898, was our first stop and they had many rooms available, probably because it was Sunday. We decided to go for a fancy one full of antique furnishings, including a 4 poster bed with its own roof. After checking in to the Strater we went out looking for a restaurant and of course Nancy was scouting out all of the shops for a Monday spree while I would be doing car maintenance. As we turned a corner, we spotted 3 356's from Arizona parked up the street. Upon closer inspection they were the two neat pre A's that won concours awards and a nice C coupe. Funny how they seem so much more enjoyable in small numbers. Nancy couldn't understand why I was looking them over so closely, as I could have done this at the Holiday. But at the Holiday there were about 150 356's and unless I hone in on just a few, I really miss a lot of details and overall appreciation of each car.

Monday morning was clear and warm. We had breakfast at McDonalds, which was next to the train station, so we could see the trains departing for Silverton. The view was great for seeing the trains but the service was absolutely slow and discourteous. From hear Nancy and I departed, Nancy towards the gift shops and me towards the tire shops. The closest tire store was 5 blocks away and was able to assist me right away. The tube turned out to be unrepairable because the valve stem core had separated from the rubber. I shed a tear since it was a Pirelli that looked like new, and probably no longer available. They installed a Remington tube and charged me 12 bucks for parts and labor, with a smile. I can't imagine what it would have cost back in good old Detroit. Next I picked up a 6 pack of Castrol Syntech oil and headed for the nearest quick oil change. I had about 3000 miles on the current oil and between the high temperatures I was hitting and the darker color the oil was becoming I felt it was time for fresh oil. I found out Monday mornings are there busiest time and had to wait about a half hour to get into a stall. With fresh oil and a usable spare tire I felt better, and hopefully the 356 did too. By the time I got back to the Strater Hotel it was almost noon and Nancy had already checked us out.

Our original plans were to head for Chama, New Mexico, to see the narrow gauge railroad, but we were so close to Mesa Verde that we decided we couldn't miss it. So instead of heading southeast we headed west on US Route 160. The road quickly was heading up and so was the outside temperature, and so was the oil temperature. We pulled over one time on the way to Mesa Verde for an oil cool down. Once in Mesa Verde there was additional very steep climbing but the speeds were slow and the higher rpm in 2nd kept the oil temperature reasonable (300 F ?). This park is worth the trip and we visited several Anasazi Indian cliff houses that were used during the 1700's. Know one knows why the Anasazi's left

but my guess is they got tired climbing up and down almost vertical walls to get to their front doors. We drove all of the driveable roads in the park, took many photos and had a very inspiring time. This park had only one campground which was about 20 miles from most of the cliffs. It was starting to get dark as we headed for the campground. As we approached the only restaurant for miles around we came upon four wild horses. They were beautiful but gave us a mean glare if we got to close. The restaurant was first class and had a great view of the mesas. It was a place to enjoy your dinner and we left about 9:30 in total darkness. It was very strange to be somewhere this high at night where you couldn't see any artificial light for miles. There was very little traffic and the 6 volt headlights were really working to provide satisfactory visibility through the dark switchbacks leading down to the campground.. We got to the campground around 10:00 and up drove up and down the various roads looking for an open spot. The place was very crowded. We finally found a decent spot and set up the tent by 356 lighting. We were warned to keep all food in the car due to the hungry bears in the area. We were also warned about walking after dark due to hungry mountain lions. I am a sound sleeper but Nancy isn't. About 2:00 AM Nancy woke me up to have me go out and chase away the thing making all the noise outside our tent. Right We turned on a light and started making noise ourselves and whatever it was eventually left. The next morning I noticed a well used animal run going right past our tent. Maybe that's why this spot was still open.

Tuesday morning we slept in, or at least tried to, but were awakened by a loud "Hello Michigan 356's" . I scrambled in to my cloths and out the tent to be greeted by Kenny Rogers of the Motor Cities Gruppe. He had hot coffee for us in his VW Vanagon camper. We met his wife and two nephews. They were touring the West and happened to notice our car as we were looking for a camping spot the prior evening. After a nice chat we broke camp and headed for Cortez, Colorado where we turned south on US Route 666 towards Shiprock, NM. The scenery was more desert like and again very beautiful. Shiprock is named for a large rock that can be seen from miles away when approaching from the north. It sort of resembles a tall ship. At Shiprock we headed east on US 64 toward Chama, N.M. This was the first time that the scenery was more normal for us Michiganders. The road was pretty straight and we made good time until we started climbing back up into mountains as we approached Chama. Chama is similar to Silverton, except that the narrow gauge railway headquarters is here and they even let you walk in to the engine shop and talk to the mechanics. We took many more pictures and picked up some railroad goodies for my brother, who works for a railroad. In the railroad station was a must have poster commemorating New

Mexico Heritage Preservation Week. It had several Route 66 scenes. The event was sponsored in part by the New Mexico Tourism Bureau so we stopped by the one in Chama to see if they had any left. They only had one left and I couldn't talk them out of it. They suggested we try the main office across from the State House in Santa Fe, which happened to be our next destination. After a couple of hours in Chama, which is a very small town we were on our way to Santa Fe. The drive along US Route 84 toward Santa Fe was another very scenic drive. It was late afternoon so the shadows made the orange colored rock formations spectacular. We took many more pictures and thoroughly enjoyed the drive until we got near Santa Fe and had to climb a gradual grade that kept me going back and forth from 3rd gear to 4th to keep the oil temperature down. We finally had to pull over for another cool down. There are no campgrounds that you would want to tent camp in along this route when approaching Santa Fe from the north. We found a nice KOA on the east side of town and set up camp with about 30 minutes of daylight remaining.

Wednesday morning we got up bright and early and headed toward old Santa Fe. We found the State House and sure enough the Tourism Bureau building was right across the street. They had a large visitor parking lot, and being only about 2 blocks from old Santa Fe we decided to leave the car there for the day. We lucked out with the poster. The people there were very friendly and had a few remaining posters. After telling our story they were more than happy to give us a poster. With the poster securely stored in with the Holiday poster we headed for the shops of Santa Fe. Did you know that the oldest building and oldest church in the country are in Santa Fe. I didn't. Santa Fe is second only to New York City in number of art galleries. Most of them are focused on Southwest art but you can get anything there. I don't think you could go in every shop in one day. We were there until well after dark and thoroughly enjoyed walking all around the area.

Thursday was another beautiful day and we were going to drive up the Santa Fe trail to Taos. I topped up the engine oil with the last third of a bottle of Syntech, mostly just to get rid of the bottle as storage space in the 356 was becoming a premium. We decided that before we left we had to unload souvenirs so I could see out a window besides the windshield. We ended up sending 3 decent size boxes from the Santa Fe post office. The 356 was no longer claustrophobic. The drive north up (as in climb another mountain) to Taos was another spectacular drive. We never got tired of this mountain driving. It was pretty hot out but with the drop in payload we had no hot oil problems. Taos is a mini Santa Fe with many more shops. We were sort of burned out on shops plus the town was wall to wall people and traffic,

which is not our cup of tea. We wanted to visit the Taos Pueblo Indian village just North of town which has been a live village for over 1000 years. This visit was one of the highlights of our trip out west and I would highly recommend it. Turns out president Nixon is there here since he signed a bill returning 1000's of acres of land to them which included their sacred lake. Leaving Taos signifies the mental end of our visit to the west and the beginning of a long drive back to Michigan. We headed east on the Santa Fe trail (US 64) which would take us down out of the high mountains to the eastern plains of New Mexico. We were pleasantly surprised. Again we were on a beautiful winding road paralleling the Cimarron river. This river ran through the Cimarron Canyon State Park along US 64. Going downhill was a relief for the engine because we had the afternoon heat to contend with. This park has many tall trees so the road was mostly shaded. We pulled off several times just to enjoy the fast moving river running through this forest.

We exited the forest and went through the town of Cimarron. We were now on US 56 and on the eastern plains of New Mexico. Right along Route 56 we saw a beautiful rooster pheasant. Didn't expect to see a pheasant in New Mexico. We made it to Clayton, New Mexico, and found a campground. Clayton has several major highways running through it and a population of about 2000. It is just a few miles from the border junction of Texas and Oklahoma. We had a great dinner at the Elsworth Hotel, another 1800's hotel with a neat original old curved bar.

Friday morning I got up early to do a little engine maintenance. It had been slightly over 3000 miles since we left so I wanted to check the valve clearances. When I opened the engine lid I discovered I had forgotten to close the oil filler cap from the Santa Fe top up. Nothing seemed out of order and no excess oil was found splattered all over. After returning home I read an article in one of the Porsche journals that leaving the oil filler lid open on a 356 was not healthy. This advice must not apply to pre A's as I haven't discovered any negative consequences so far. Most of the valve clearances were pretty close. However number 1 exhaust was very tight. I made a note in my log to keep an eye on this during future adjustments.

We were now headed toward Dodge City, Kansas. The drive through the tip of Oklahoma and Kansas was quite different. Talk about being out in the middle of nowhere. There was very little traffic and even fewer houses along this part of the Santa Fe trail. We hit a stretch of road that had a lot of toads or frogs on it and kept busy playing dodgem with the reptiles. Every oncoming vehicle waved. Guess they were lonely, because this was the only part of the trip where people waved as they went by. This occurred about every 20 minutes and included the big trucks, pickup trucks and cars. We stopped and got some neat photos of the car with a background of golden wheat fields that

appeared to go forever. The temperature today was supposed to be in the 90's but overcast skies kept it in the low 80's and we were very comfortable as we rolled off the miles in the plains. Dodge City came in to view around noon. This city was a letdown as most of the original buildings were gone and Boot Hill was a reconstruction with skits every hour. We only stayed long enough to eat lunch and then quickly departed, headed toward Kansas City.

Well, Kansas is a big state, but we finally made it to Kansas City. It was just turning dark, but since we still had a long way to go with only two days left, we decided to keep going. We took a side trip at Independence, Missouri, to see Truman's home and the huge Mormon church. This church is very impressive, and if you're in the area I would highly recommend taking a drive by it. Independence is supposed to be the end of (or start of) the Santa Fe Trail. We were now on US 24, designated in this area as the Lewis and Clark Trail. One thing about taking the old highways; sometimes motels are far and few between. We finally found one in Lexington, Mo., site of a civil war battle.

Saturday morning we headed east again after stopping at an Amish shop for some great rolls. When the proprietors inquired about our little red car we told them we had taken the Santa Fe trail all the way from start to finish. They told us that Independence was not the original start, but because of its name and fame, it was now designated as the starting point. However, the real start was some town whose name I have already forgotten a little south of US 24 not far from where we were. This part of Missouri is very scenic and US 24 was a pleasure to drive. On we rolled across the Mississippi river at Quincy into Illinois. Near Peoria, we hit a major thunderstorm with very high winds. We skirted just to the south of it by temporarily getting off of US 24. The road we chose to head north back to US 24 took us through Eureka, the hometown of Ronald Reagan. We stopped on the town square for gas. Nice little town. We finally hit the Indiana border (my home state). We ran in and out of rain and had to stop once to make a wiper repair. By the time we got to Logansport it was dark so we stopped for dinner. We were targeting Fort Wayne as our destination. I forgot how many more lightning bugs (fireflies) there are in Indiana than in Michigan. Some fields we drove by were full of them. A pretty sight. At Fort Wayne we discovered there was no room at the inn. Some big soccer tournament had every motel for miles around filled. We got on I-69 and headed north to Michigan. Still no rooms available. Finally at Albion (2:00 AM) we found a room.

Sunday was the last day of our trip. We made it home around 2:00 PM. What a trip. We're

ready to do it again. The 356 was fun and comfortable to drive, and the new TRW steering gear (for 61-77 VW) worked great. It bolts right in but requires a VW pitman arm and drivers side adjustable type tie rod. But it's the 356 people we met that makes us keep coming back for more. We're waiting to see where the 1996 West Coast Holiday will be. Even picked up a Pre-A Telefunken at the East Coast swap meet for those long stretches through the plains next year.

Thanks 356 Registry for the people, places and car survival tips.

THE PORSCHE INSPECTION STICKER

THIS STICKER WAS APPLIED TO EARLY CARS AS A SIGN THAT THEY HAD PASSED THE RIGOROUS PORSCHE FACTORY INSPECTION.

THE CARS WERE TESTED ON THE AUTOBAHN AND THEN TAKEN ON AREAS OF BAD ROADS TO ENSURE THEIR INTEGRITY DURING ALL DRIVING CONDITIONS.

THE CAR THEN RETURNED TO THE FACTORY TO BE INSPECTED AND, IF NECESSARY, ADJUSTED TO SPECS. A MASTER INSPECTOR THEN INSPECTED THE INSPECTIONS!

AFTER THE MASTER INSPECTOR WAS COMPLETELY SATISFIED, HE WOULD SIGN HIS NAME TO THIS STICKER AND RELEASE THE CAR FOR DELIVERY.





SCENES FROM DALE MOODY'S "BACK FORTY" GET TOGETHER



Musings: Should I Sue? Can I Collect?

Jim Thomas is a car guy. Actually his mentality historically has been more like a dealer...which he's been. That is, a dealer makes money buying and selling cars. There ain't no room for love for a particular piece of iron in a dealer's heart. The mind set is that there's always another car out there just as good or better than the one I have, so if I can make some bucks, I sell the one I have and keep my eyes open for the next one.

Wonderful examples of cars have passed through Thomas' hands. MGs, Austin Healeys, Porsches, Triumphs, muscle cars. His Healey was the grand champion at the national Healey gathering. The money he's offered for his cars is so good that its hard to pass up, so more often than not he turns them.

Until this last one. It's a '64 356 C Coupe, one owner car with about 53,000 miles on it. A black plate car from California. He bought it from a friend who got it from the widow. **All original!** He's got **all** the original paperwork. I mean everything. Even the receipt for the deposit check and the value of the trade-in. Every service record. He claims that this one's a keeper. But he's said that before.

Jim and his new wife Monica, had just moved from the suburbs of Chicago to the South Bend, Indiana area to take on a big new job at one of the more prominent van conversion companies. Prior to leaving Chicago his summer driver had been a 911 Cabrio, white with red, that Monica thought made a nice statement about their success, had lots of grunt, was easy to drive and she looked like \$1-million in—make that \$10-million. Then someone said, "I'll give you more than you paid," and Thomas said, "Why sure, 'cause I can get another one of these at a moments notice."

And the hunt began again. Just about that time the slate gray with red interior '64 Coupe was dangled in front of him. Monica thought it was cute. Slow but cute. No air. That will never do.

It didn't take much elbow grease to make it a concours winner. He spent those spare hours over the winter decreasing, disassembling, polishing, honing it until it was band-box new. When the weather broke in the spring, he decided to have some studio shots taken of the car. He had been

asked to submit some photos to the Meadow Brook Concours car selection group and he wanted the car to stand tall in their eyes. He knew that they had their choice of fantastic cars and he wanted to participate. This was a real prestige show. He didn't care if he won anything, he wanted that great license plate that is bestowed on the participants. It would add some additional luster to his car.

So on a Thursday, he took the car down to the studio at his office and they began to shoot roll after roll.

On Friday, early-afternoon when they were done, some of his colleagues suggested that his trailer queen be actually put on the road so they could see what it looked like going and coming. In fact, why don't you take us to lunch at the Steak & Ale for all our efforts. It's only a few miles away and it's on your way home—kinda. I mean what can happen.

So rather than appear to be a wussy, he made the trek, parking the car in the far corner so that the door whippers couldn't exercise their god-given-right to wallop their pickemup truck's door into his. In fact his colleagues parked on the exposed side to protect him further.

After a nice leisurely lunch, with lots of laughs, lots of profound comments about the value of 356s and how he really found a keeper and how rare it was to find a car this special they decided to wrap it up. Thomas was feeling magnanimous, he actually bought lunch.

At 3:30 pm they came out into the hot sun, feeling full and happy with the world to find that the automatic sprinkler system, with the automatic fertilizer dispenser, had been doing its thing at 2:30 in the afternoon instead of 2:30 at night and the chemical composition of well water and fertilizer had left spots, no make that **SPOTS** all over his original, concours winning car.

Thomas spun on his heel and dragged the manager out to show him what had happened.

Apologies and acknowledgement of guilt spewed from the manager with the final utterance that, "We'll do whatever it takes to correct the situation. Forgive us. I know you Porsche people are finicky."

Musings: Should I Sue? Can I Collect?

Jim took the car to a number of paint specialists to see if the damage could be rectified. They tried all manner of unguents and potions. I mean Meadow Brook was coming and the finish on his jewel was cloudy. Hazy. Flat looking.

He took the car to the best-of-the-best, Larry Smith at Autometrics, to see what they could do. Nada, the damage had been done, the sun had baked the fertilizer into the paint. Did he want to repaint this original car.

So he filed a claim against Steak & Ale. He got experts to submit condition reports and close up photographs. He submitted the studio shot photos of the car before the Steak & Ale baptism. He had reflectometer numbers. And he waited. And he waited. And he waited.

At best, Thomas is not a patient guy. He's a take-charge guy. An action guy. So the waiting put an edge on the situation. Somebody was gonna pay for this.

But the Steak & Ale corporate attorneys and their insurance provider apparently thought the whole thing would go away after a while. They didn't want to pay for water spots. Let the sprinkler company pay for it. Anybody but them. They kept asking for more information. Thomas gave them everything they could ask for. And more. And still he waited.

Finally Thomas and his attorney put a large number regarding the decreased value of the vehicle in front of the insurance agency. They gulped. And I think they got religion.

What really tipped the scales was when Thomas' attorney, an old friend and Porsche aficionado, filed for an immediate trial and the Steak & Ale insurance company blinked. They asked for another 30 days for their investigator to finish his work. It's obvious that they don't want to go to trial. They've seen what juries have been awarding plaintiffs and what it costs for a jury trial—it was a lot more than Thomas was asking. You can predict what the jury would hear from Thomas' attorney, "It's a life-long dream car. It's a treasure. It's a Porsche.

I would expect that the settlement will be forthcoming. And that it will more than cover the

mechanical costs that Thomas has incurred with Skirmants. In fact, it wouldn't surprise me if it didn't cover at least the downstroke on another collector car. Maybe even another 911 for Monica to profile in. This one with Tiptronic. Monica still isn't real comfortable with gear boxes.

RIVERA'S 356 CLUB RACING DECAL

IF YOU CAN SAY ONE THING ABOUT VIC RIVERA IT IS THAT HIS STYLE AND HIS CARS ARE NEVER DULL. COLORFUL MAY BE A BETTER WAY TO PUT IT. HIS ROADSTER IS NEARLY LEGENDARY, HIS "BEECOOP" IS CUTE AND A FEW PEOPLE KNOW THE TRUTH BEHIND THAT RUF BADGE ON HIS 911 CAB.

WELL, HE'S DONE IT AGAIN. THIS TIME IT IS A CLUB RACING DECAL TO PLACE ON THE SIDE OF YOUR FAVORITE 356. IT IS BASED LOOSELY ON OUR MOTOR CITIES GRUPPE LOGO. ACTUALLY, IT LOOKS ALOT LIKE OUR MOTOR CITIES GRUPPE LOGO. OKAY, IT'S A BLATANT COPY OF OUR LOGO, BUT THAT'S NOT THE POINT. THE POINT IS THAT IT'S COOL, AND YOU'LL WANT ONE WHEN YOU SEE IT.

VIC IS THINKING ABOUT REPRODUCING IT TO SELL FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE CLUB. IF YOU ARE INTERESTED, GIVE HIM A CALL AT 810 932 - 3956.



ACTUAL SIZE IS 6" X 6"

356 CALENDAR OF EVENTS '96-'97

OCTOBER 19th 25th-27th	MOTOR CITIES GRUPPE FALL FESTIVAL GATORFEST REGISTRY HOLIDAY FLORIDA
NOVEMBER 19th	GRUPPE BOARD MEETING
DECEMBER 8th	CHRISTMAS PARTY HOSTED BY DAVE AND BARBARA PETERSON NOTE NEW DATE
WINTER TIME '97	WINTER DINNER. TIME PLACE AND DATE TO BE DETERMINED . IF YOU KNOW OF A GOOD PLACE FOR U S TO GATHER, STEP UP TO THE PLATE AND HOST AN EVENT !
MAY-JUNE '97 DATES TO BE DETERMINED	5th ANNUAL MOTOR CITIES GRUPPE SPRING TOP DOWN TOUR. OPEN. 10th ANNUAL VINTAGE VW SHOW AT VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, AUBURN HILLS. STODDARD'S PORSCHE SWAP MEET MENTOR OHIO. MID-OHIO VINTAGE RACES AND BARB'S BBQ.
JULY-AUGUST '97 DATES TO BE DETERMINED	ANNUAL FAMILY PICNIC. OPEN WATERFORD HISTORIC RACES 3rd ANNUAL? WOODWARD DREAM CRUISE

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FOR SALE: PRE-A, A, B, C, PARTS, ENGINES, ENGINE PARTS, TRIM etc, MANY NOS PARTS, IF YOU NEED IT, I PROBABLY HAVE IT, INCLUDING SEVERAL CARS. THESE PARTS COULD BE HELPING YOU GET YOUR CAR TOGETHER INSTEAD OF SITTING IN MY GARAGE !! **BILL ROHRER** 313 665-2007

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