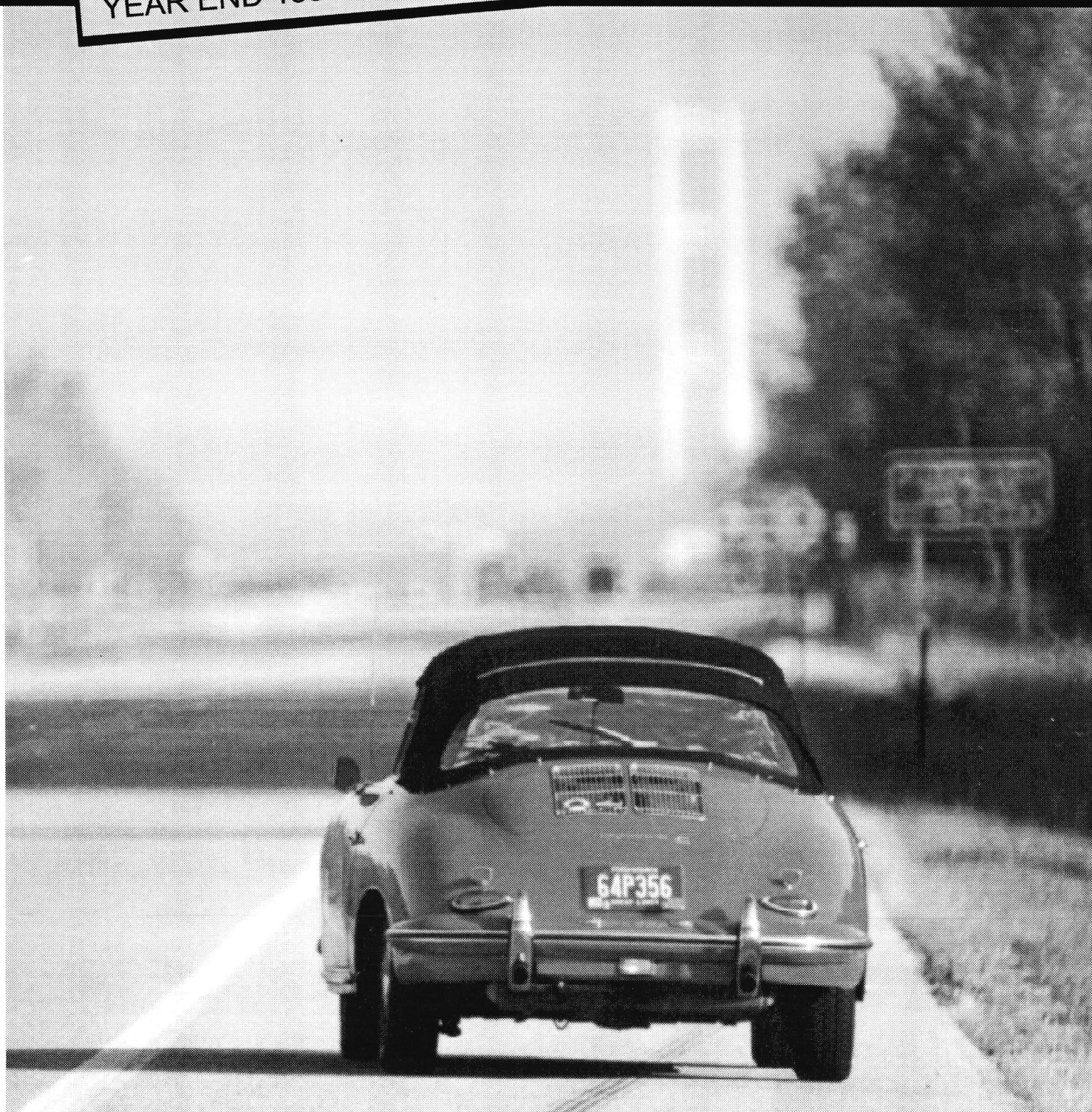


**356 MOTOR CITIES
GRUPPE**

AUSPUFF ROAR

Volume 7 Issue 4

YEAR END 1998



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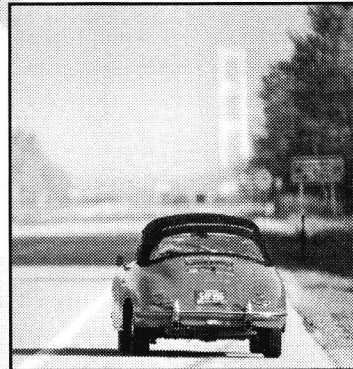
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ON THE COVER:



**356 CABRIOLET
AT THE
MACKINAC
BRIDGE**

**PHOTO BY
GOTTFRIED
HOCH**

Editors Note: By now we are all familiar with the story of Tom Youk's death and the national debate that it has inspired. I for one hope that no matter which side of the issue you happen to be on, you will be supportive of Melody in her grief.

I write this now to explain to you that Tom wrote this story many months before his death and that we had been planning to publish it for this year end issue since August. These recent developments were as much a surprise to us as they were to you. But they certainly should not keep us from publishing his story, even at the risk of appearing opportunistic. His story begins on page 12.

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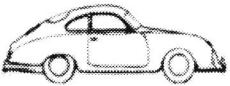
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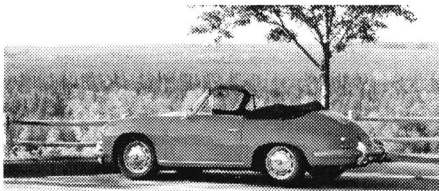
PRESIDENT'S LETTER

FROM GMÜND WERKES WEST

As I write this, it is just days before Thanksgiving. I'd like you to take a moment or two to reflect on the things we have to be thankful for. Having recently lost our friend Tom Youk to a traumatic illness, I'm thankful for having known him as a friend and the continuing friendship of his wife, Melody. I'm thankful for other close friends within the scope of the Porsche clubs we are involved with. I am thankful for the measure of health I and my family have, the love of my wife and family, the work I am able to do for my family and friends. The list could get long and boring, but please don't take the life and friends you have for granted one second longer.

Barbara has a wonderful Holiday Party planned for us with a new format. The catered meal and clubhouse at Waterford Hills Racetrack will allow the ladies to enjoy the day even more. Don't forget the auction either; that's a great deal of fun.

Sometime in early 1999 we hope to have a "Winterfest" dinner party for all of our members. We also need members to bring us ideas for the new year to our next meeting to be held on January 19th at the Brass Pointe restaurant, 6:30 for dinner and the meeting starts after-



wards. This has always been a fun get together sort of evening, so don't think it's just another stuffy meeting. We invite all of our members to attend.

With the onset of winter, my garage filled up with project cars. Dick Beecher has several squawks on his Cab to be attended to, so we've traded cars

for a period. He has my 911. It was dirty, and he has a passion for very clean cars and now has my 911 clean and shiny.. No, this was not a plan on part but WHAT A NICE PERK! Thanks Dick. Sebastian's sweet little red coupe took very sick while on a long trip and is visiting us for an "enginectomy". Dick McLaughlin has completely disassembled his recent purchase, and had all of the old paint removed. The strip job revealed several rust holes that need prompt attention before the restoration can proceed. Most of you know that I went back to work for GM as a consultant and travel by air to Savannah, GA 3 days a week. I now require a 12 day work week to get things done. Whew!!

It's a good life and I can't complain. Hope to see all of you real soon.

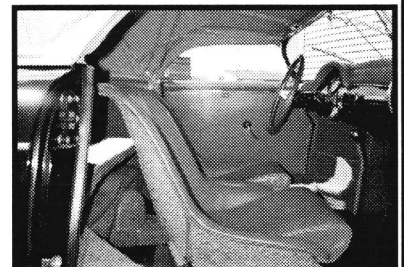
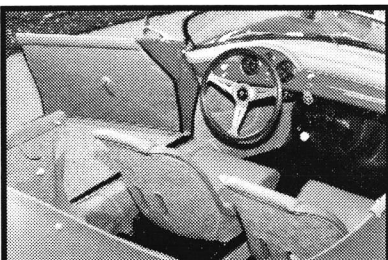
Ted

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MOTOR CITIES GRUPPE CALENDAR

DECEMBER

**6TH-MOTOR CITIES
GRUPPE HOLIDAY
PARTY AT
WATERFORD HILLS
CLUBHOUSE**

JANUARY

**19TH-BOARD MEET-
ING AT BRASS POINTE**

FEBRUARY

**TBA-MOTOR CITIES
GRUPPE WINTER
DINNER**

MARCH

OPEN

APRIL

OPEN

MAY

**TBD: MOTOR CITIES
GRUPPE SPRING TOUR**

JUNE

**TBA: MID OHIO
VINTAGE GRAN PRIX**

JULY

OPEN

AUGUST

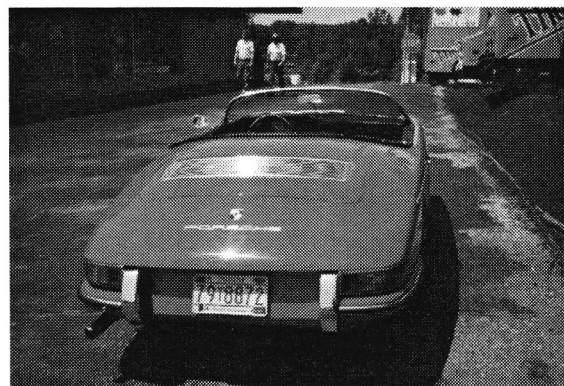
OPEN

912

While attending the 1992 Stoddard Tielschwaben" (Swapmeet), I spotted this customized 912 in the front parking lot. How many 356 items do you see on this car? Here's my list:

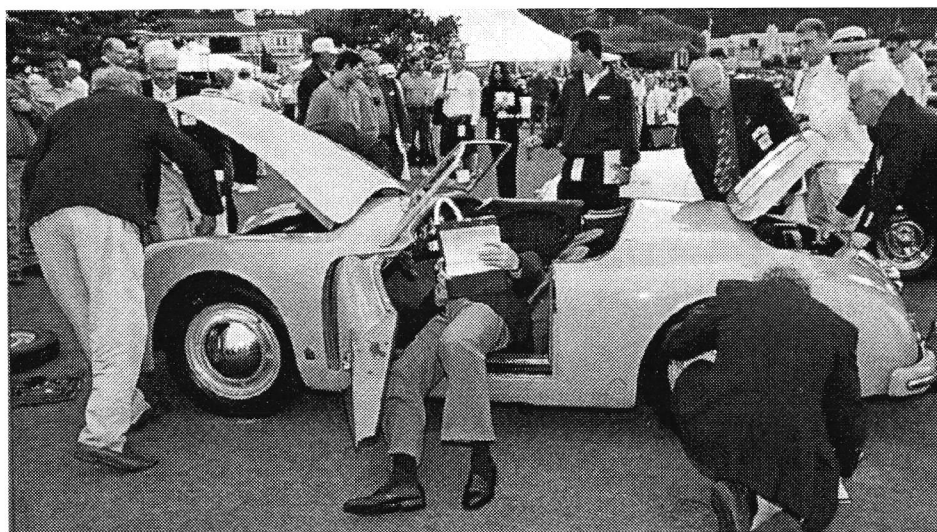
- 1 Hood handle.
- 2 Aluminum beltline side moldings.
- 3 Speedster tonneau cover.
- 4 Side mirror.
- 5 "Speedster" emblem on fender.
- 6 Windshield, windshield frame, windshield support.
- 7 Interior mirror.

If you said wheels, hubcaps and/or bumper and rocker panel trim you are only half right as these items are correct for the 912.



SPEEDSTER???

And Furthermore...



Here are six of the best Blue Blazered reasons I can think of to get out and drive your car on a regular basis!

GATHERING OF FRIENDS: THE KICKAPOO JOYRIDE

"I'VE BEEN THERE TWICE AND STILL
AIN'T HAD ENOUGH"

RICHARD HINSON

(For most of my round-the-bend car aficionado friends, the most fun we have, I imagine, is briskly driving our sports cars the way they were intended on rural roads with our friends. Roads that have decent elevation changes, good surfaces and occasional sight lines through the corners. Roads that have enough challenging twists and turns that you can put to use all the things you learned from a driving school. If you honed the skills, you can experience the thrill that Vic Skirmants, Tom Downey and Lou Livengood have when they're racing. But even at a measured pace, the way the cars work and the sights, sounds, fragrances and camaraderie brings a smile to driver and passenger alike. Such a Tour is enhanced if it takes place in the early spring after the last snow and salt have left the roads when you can hardly wait to get out on the road or in The fall when the leaves are ablaze and it seems that this may be the last driving weekend of the season.

Actually, few of us avail ourselves of the opportunity to spend three or four days driving these visceral life-support machines over some of the most incredible roads in the country. We're too busy. The roads are too far away. It takes too much time. Or costs too much.

Last year I was invited to participate in a 1,000 mile tour that meandered around upper Illinois, southern and western Wisconsin, Minnesota, and occasionally Iowa. This year the invitation came again and Leslie and I packed light, went to the ATM, got \$100 bucks and headed west. Life's too short to not smell the roses ... even if you're broke. The following is an edited version of what happened with those who participated in the seventh running of the Kickapoo Joy Ride.)

The Kickapoo Joy Ride is called a "Gathering of Friends" and aptly so. If you couldn't connect with this group you need therapy or at least an attitude adjustment.

This group, in large part, has been gathering each year for the last seven to explore the back roads of Wisconsin and has had the opportunity to sort through and overlook any personality peculiarities of the players. Let's face it, we're all like someone's strange uncle or aunt at some time or other. But during the Kickapoo Joy Ride

when "Old Weird Harold" shows up there's a tendency for the offending party to stand up and acknowledge it right up front. After appropriate scorn and retribution by their peers the issue is declared closed ... well most of the time.

Take Fritz Schiffmayer and his belching 1957 AC Bristol. His good intentions were two-fold, to protect us all from any mosquitoes and black flies along the way and to lay down a smoke screen to allow any scofflaws to escape from the always vigilant Wisconsin Mounties. To do that most effectively, he was one of those out of the parking lot of the

Round Barn-our overnight home away from-early on Saturday. By the time we arrived at our lunch stop there was not one incident of our group being harassed by either mosquito or Mountie.

He also managed to help accomplish one of our rally master's most fervent appeals ... to spread out the cars. To have them all bunched up like a caterpillar is a sure flag to the Mounties and it often sets up the evil red mist mentality whereby those with any competitive spirit and more than 85 horsepower attempts to match Stirling Moss' record average of over 104 mph set over 1,000 miles

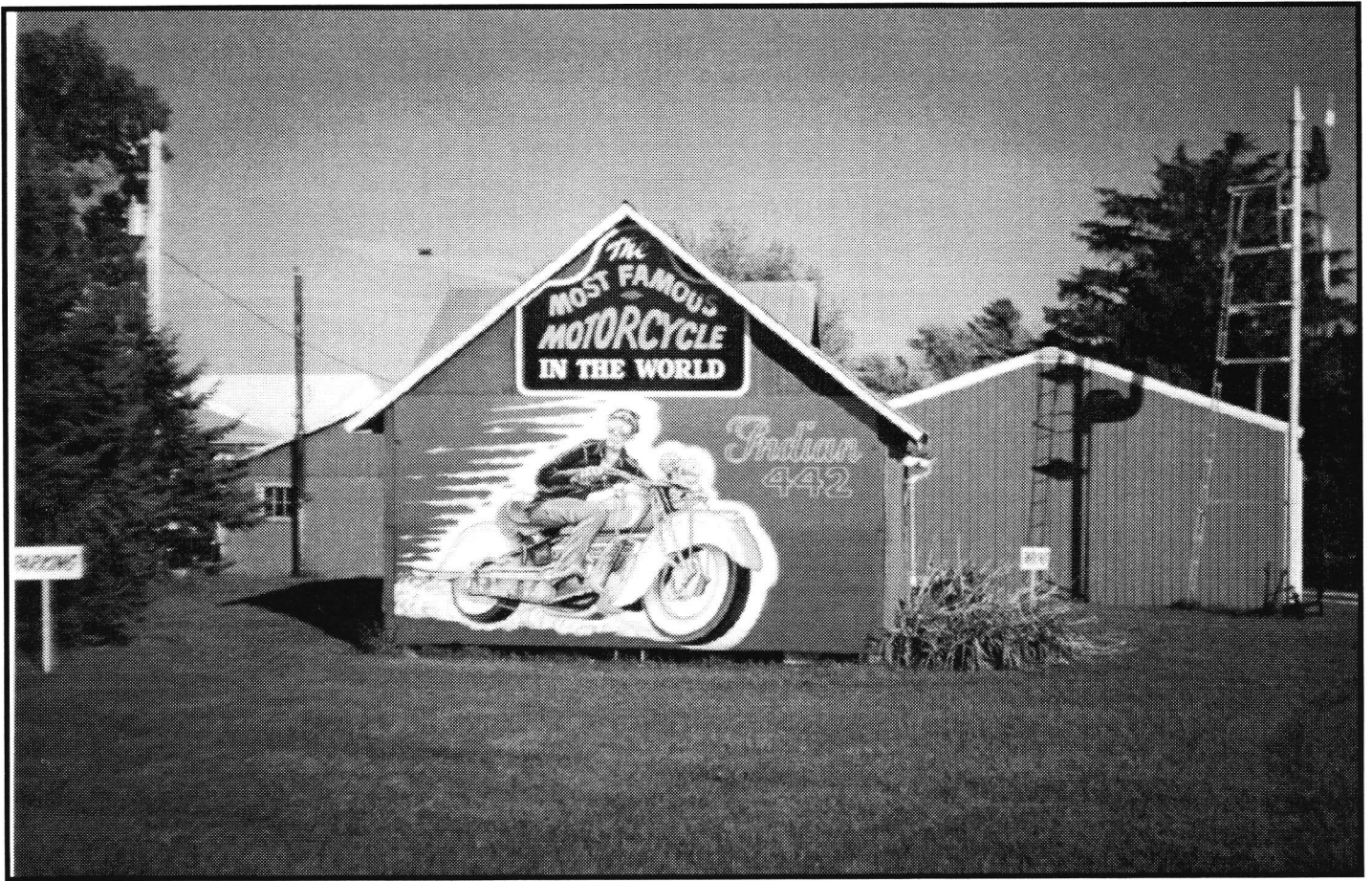


during the '55 Mille Miglia.

Of course there was a slight price to pay for Fritz's diligence-his AC Bristol spewed enough oil mist in the air to protect abandoned farm machinery for another two winters. Fritz escaped the poo and feathering that

was planned by explaining to his oil-slicked colleagues that he and his riding mechanic had spent hours nipping on a quart bottle of Ripple for inspiration, trying to figure how to lay down a consistent, ever-so-thin smoke screen without burning up his newly built
(Continued on page 8)

ABOVE: 356's in the foreground of a lineup which included Jaguars, Ferraris, late model Porsches, Mercedes, Allards etc., at Tom Grunnah's Island Farm.



(Continued from page 7)

engine. The solution was to leave out the valve seals. He just knew that his colleagues would understand and commiserate.

There was much applause for his csieration and sincerity. Still, the rally master surreptitiously substituted their current rally book for one prepared back in '94. That was the one that toured Iowa, South Dakota and Nebraska. But the wily old fox and his skilled navigator managed to keep the Kickapoo gang in sight and continued their appointed mission. 'Tis a puzzlement as to where he carried all the oil to keep that in-line six from imploding.

There were other incidents where concern for their fellow rallyist was apparent. **Bob and Bobbi Shaw**, who loaned me their '61 B Roadster, decided that they would drive around the north side of Lake Wisconsin to check out the roads and see if there were any Steak & Shakes in the area. They managed to time their

trip perfectly and arrived from the north shore on the Merrimac ferry in time to meet the rest of their friends as they were departing from the South side of the lake. They were welcomed with great gusto. The navigators in all cars muttered a there-but-for-the-grace-of-God-go-I prayer of thanks.

Further evidence in this mission to help others enhance their tour: **Chris Shank** thought she saw a rare Tasmanian Spitting Spider hiding in what appeared to be a large lumpy portabello mushroom. Rather than have any of her friends fall prey to this dastardly arachnid, she stamped on the spider again and again. The mushroom turned out to be poo of another color left by a Great Pyrenees shepherd dog, named Puccini, guarding a herd of Holsteins. Chris and **Chuck Shank** decided to donate her "soiled" nubuck suede hiking shoe with the waffle treaded sole to the **Kickapoo Hall of Fame** where it is sealed in a zip lock bag. To date, no one has been willing to dig through the cleats to un-

cover the remains of the Tasmanian Spitting Spider which the Field Museum has been seeking since the late '60s when it was discovered to have been brought over in a shipment of blue eyed, long lashed, sheep sold to a randy lad named Clinton living in the hills of the Ozarks.

The tonality of the seventh running of the Kickapoo Joy Ride was established immediately by the glorious weather and our Friday send-off soiree. This year was a special treat. Bob and Bobbi Shaw hosted our breakfast at their home in Richmond, Illinois. Those of you who know Bob Shaw as one who always has lots of projects underway at the same time, were not surprised to see new buildings and additions sprouting up since your last visit-does it seem that they do more in a year than most accomplish in a decade. And the attention to details is phenomenal. Did you notice the cupboards in the kitchen ... you can see

through them onto the deck, flower beds and pond. And there's a little window in the kitchen that looks into the 10 car garage. Bob can position one of his treasures-like the custom designed and crafted black Testa Rossa inspired Sports Rod he and Chuck Rahn built-in the spotlights so he can sneaka-peak whenever he's so moved. There are hundreds of such slick architectural details where the Shaws show their design talent.

For a car junkie who likes to entertain, having a place like this is like dying and going to heaven. It's set up so there's always a place to store just one more treasure and they have the roads nearby where you can exercise your car, practice your skills and always find a back route home. The guest rooms above the car barn however are currently booked for the next three years.

I hope you sampled the light-as-a-feather scones and sumptuous coffees from Goldies. I indulged in three plus the several kinds of quiche souffles which had ingredients to match the tastes of the Italian, German, and English car owners. And after the sweets, I saw many of my colleagues undoing their top trouser but-

ton and we hadn't even started the tour yet. They also provided bottles of spring water and fruit for the route ahead. I snagged an extra bottle which proved fortuitous and prescient the next day.

If you're a sports car junkie you've undoubtedly had the pleasure of stuffing its nooks and crannies with soft-sided luggage then hieing off to some race track or making the trek to a regional or national meet for your marque. Or you may have participated in the Colorado Grand, California Mille, Copperstate 1000 or other events that explore the mountains back east or the Smokies. I've had the pleasure of doing a few of those, including the charter Mille Miglia, Targa Floria and Colorado Grand. Each event has a personality that reflects the organizers and the setting.

May I proffer, that the Kickapoo Joy Ride ranks up near the top of the tours. The Mille Miglia in Italy is the grand daddy of the retrospective events. The entire country turns out to cheer for four days. Nuns leap and throw flowers, kids scream and the carbonari urge

you to drive faster. The Mille has *the* cars and legendary personalities. But unless you're one of the insiders with a car of great heritage, or a noted driver, or an Italian industrialist, it's exhausting because you are considered cannon fodder destined to follow which means you leave the starting stand late and get up at the crack of sparrows. In four days we had 8 hours sleep. The Targa Floria has the element of Sicilian mystery. There literally were guys in long coats with lupas (short stock shotguns) hung under their coats to protect the cars from being stolen from the car park. The Colorado Grand, launched in '88, was modeled after the Mille Miglia and now ranks with the likes of Pebble Beach Concours d'Elegance and Monterey Historic Races as the premier events of their kind in the USA.

But may I assure you, the Kickapoo Joy Ride is just as special. It is indeed as depicted, "a gathering of friends". Sensible friends. Friends who truly care about whether the others are having a good time. Friends who are interested in making a quiet, behind-the-scenes contribution. Friends who will

(Continued on page 20)



The morning started partly cloudy over SE Michigan and ended in a collection of 356's and other Porsche models congregating on the parking pad outside the spacious garage area of the Downey house in Clarkston. Gruppe members had received invitations to participate in a 356 fall color tour of northern Oakland County, and about two dozen members had evidently responded to the call. While this may not be an exact count, it is the impression that developed as I turned into the driveway and spotted (what to this relatively new Gruppe member were) the familiar red-striped yellow of Ted Dunham's 356-A coupe

and the low outlines of Tord Smedberg's 356-A Speedster in its well worn patina of off-grayish-red.

Tom met me with a welcoming greeting at his garage entrance; before passing into his house, I spotted two unfamiliar, very bright, lime green (non-Porsche) vehicles next to his brand new 1961 red 356-B hardtop. Inside the house I was immediately struck by the conversational hub-hub of Gruppe members, and the sights and smells of a variety of finger-food trays covered with delectable morsels which Jan and others had prepared for the pre-rallye get-together. The 'fun' part of the 'fun run' had been underway

some time before my arrival.

After an enjoyable round of greetings and small talk the starting time for the color tour proper rolled around and Jan distributed and commented on the "1998 FALL COLOR TOUR FUN RUN" instructions. These consisted of two and a half pages of both driving directions and a variety of questions pertaining to diverse landmarks along the route. The object of the questions was to test the visual acuity and observational skills of the rallye participants. They would also keep Gruppe members on the route, if only to find out the fiendish machinations behind the questions. Just to cite one (#9) of the 26 groups of directions/questions:

#9. TURN RIGHT AT LIGHT
(DIXIE HIGHWAY).
HOW DID THEY MISSPELL
TRUCKING?
HOW MANY DUCKS ARE
IN THE YARD AFTER 1-75?

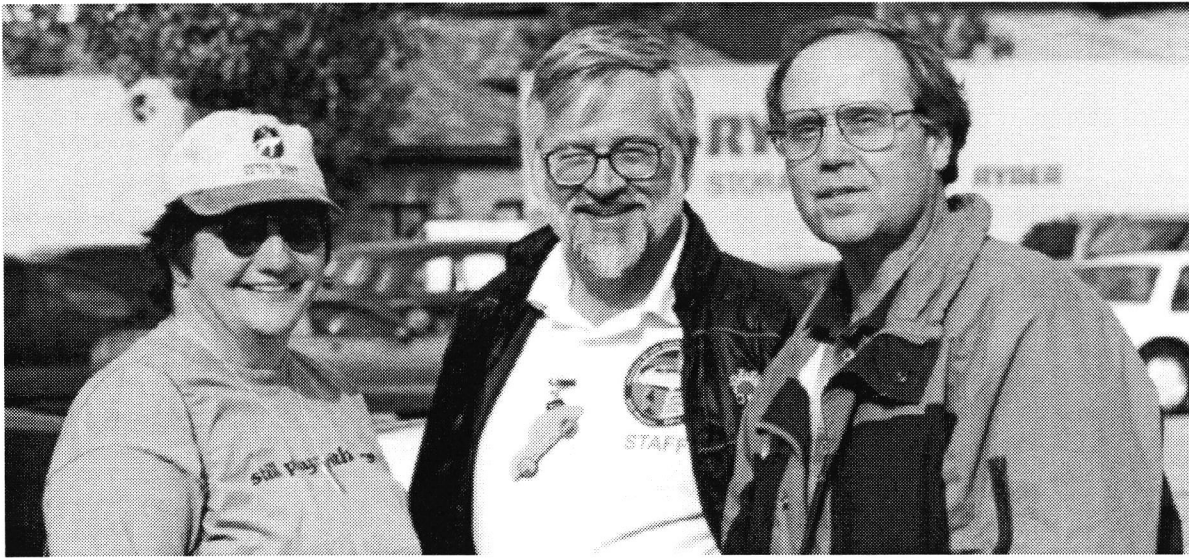
While I was still pondering the way to both drive the route and perform the intellectual work of this assignment, Barbara Skirmants asked me whether I had an open, available seat in my Porsche. She was looking to place a Gruppe guest who had interests in our cars but was driving a big American

1998 Motor Cities Gruppe "Fall Color Tour Fun Run"

Story, photos and GPS map by Gottfried Hogh



Tord's friend, Carmen Mahla, finds out first hand what Speedsters do for your hair!



Left: Tom and Jan Downey, The Rallye Masters, flank some guy named Vic for a Motor Cities Gruppe P.R. photo.

Below: Garmin GPS III Recorded the actual route of the tour.

sedan. Her request was immediately appreciated and she introduced me to Ludovic Billiet, a member of French Consulate at Chicago, but located in a downtown Detroit office to liaison with American automotive industry for French car parts suppliers. Ludovic acted as my navigator and information recorder, was a genial conversationalist during the trip, and generally saved me from rallye embarrassment. I handed the maps to him and kept only the Garmin GPS-111 (global position recorder, see rallye map below right).

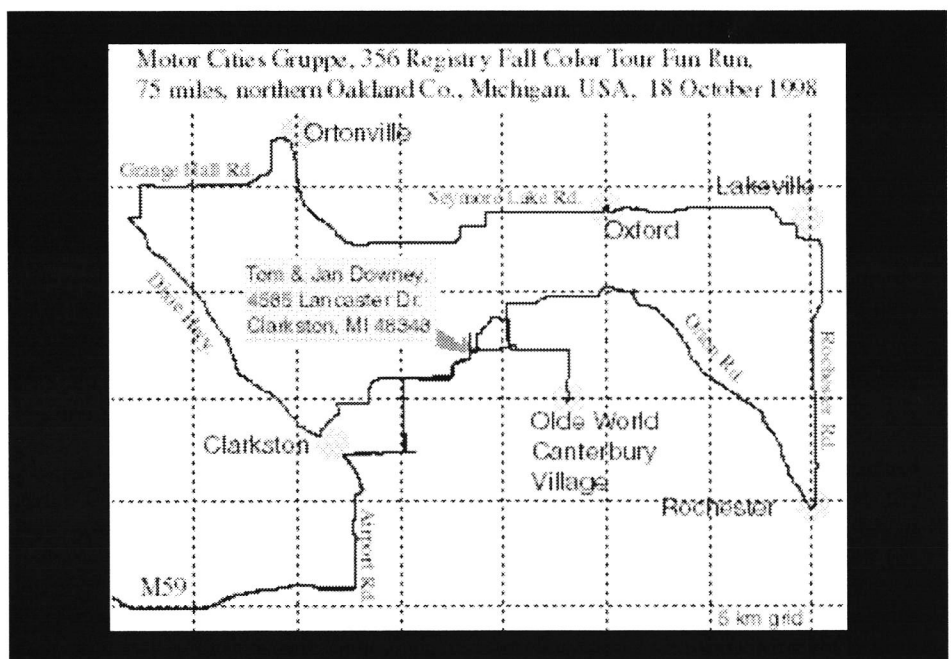
It would be tedious to detail the fun run on a segment by segment basis. Suffice it to say the approximately 75 mile route was roughly rectangular and involved two halts. Cars were started at brief intervals from the Downey house, but after a few miles there was a tendency to group. For much of the first half Ludovic and I followed the very characteristic "Tord" Speedster and for a good part of the second half we had Denny Zamler's white, spoiler-tailed 911 in front of us. True to the spirit of the 'color tour fun run', the roadside trees, primarily the maples, were in the middle of their fall color-glory. I had earlier taken my 356-C Cabriolet up to northern lower Michigan for color trips (see cover photo), and in overall appearance, several of the Oakland County roads we were touring compared favorably in their color-riot. The first stop was at an Antique Shop in Oxford. Vic received a model of a 40's Indianapolis racer that Barbara purchased

there. The Skirmant's were in their true blue 356-C Coupe. The shop did not have any items that caught my fancy, so I took the opportunity to step outside and chat with Phil Kubik who was driving his silver Boxter on the tour.

The second halt was for an early dinner at the Olde World Canterbury Village. Here we encountered what appeared to be several classic car groups driving a variety of old, '30 to '50 American Metal: Packards, Cadillacs, a black Lincoln Continental, and an Auburn, among others. We also encountered an electrical blackout at the restaurant of choice and so our group of two dozen

had to migrate from the King's Court Castle Restaurant to four tables in the converted hayloft of a barn. Ludovic and I had the opportunity to dine with the Downey's and the Skirmant's; both of us newcomers thus had the good fortune to learn about the racing side of the 356 Gruppe. From the overheard jovial comments and laughter at the other tables, I was quite certain that despite the small problems, everyone seemed to be in good spirits. And although no one got all the questions correctly answered, everybody came away a victor in this rallye.

Gottfried





The Porsche Life an

The Racing Bug Bites

By Tom Youk

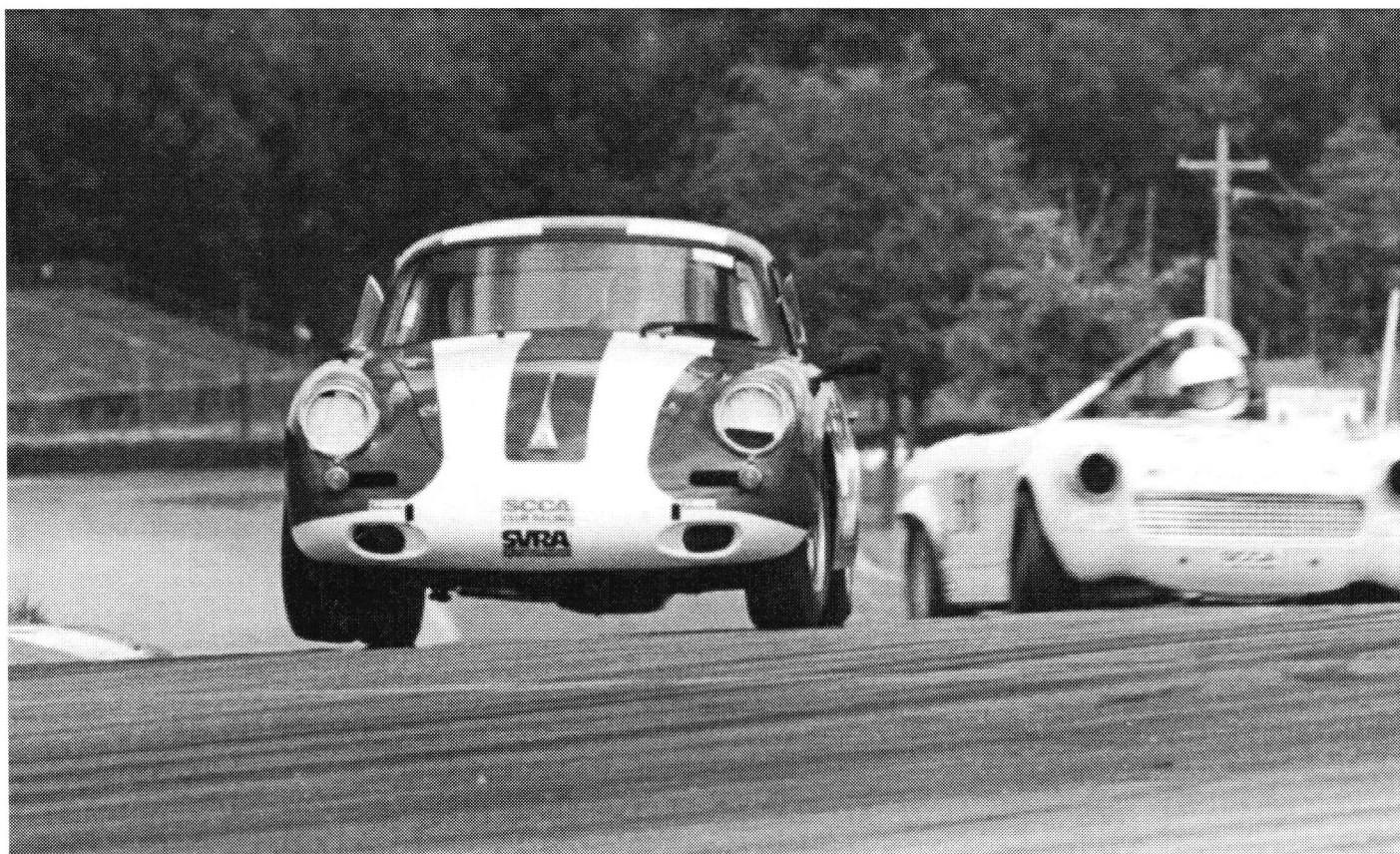


“I drove the remainder of the race in 3rd gear...but



“In my free time in the early days I crewed for Victor at Waterford. As many of you may also know, I’ve crewed for Victor over the years at the Runoffs both at Road Atlanta and at Mid-Ohio.”

I won by $\frac{3}{4}$ of the length of the front straight..."



“ Looking back, racing was wonderful fun. Each track held it’s appeal, each race it’s own thrill, but mostly the enjoyment came from traveling to great places and meeting lots of really genuine people having a great time.”

everything off of it, including the wiring, down to a bare shell, installed his race equipment from the previously mentioned balled up auto. He then raced the car for two years, until the car was no longer competitive with the 911's. And after those two years the only damage was a few stone chips in front. Giving up racing but not the car, he covered it and put it in the corner of his garage until that fateful day when the Captain inquired about what was under the cover.

The mechanic said he would sell the C Coupe, but not as is. “What do you mean?” the Captain asked. The mechanic

took him to the second floor of the barn where he had stored all the parts he had removed. This included the engine, trans, tires, interior, wiring harness and bumpers all brand new, stacked, sorted, and labeled. A deal was struck and the car was put back to its original configuration and sold to the captain in 1968.

When he was to return home in 1968, this wonderful car, one of the last one hundred 356's built, was offered to me for sale.

This then was my first drive of a Porsche. We took it for quite a long drive,

along winding back country roads. The feeling I got when I hit those curves, the driveability; I immediately wanted the car. A deal was struck for \$2500 and for reasons I won't go into here, unfortunately never came to pass. Nevertheless, I never recovered from that first drive even though I had to put my Porsche plans on hold until 1973.

I went to look at a red 912 for a friend that was garaged at Vic Skirmants'. The friend opted not to purchase the car which, of course, I did. Even though I researched carefully my desired paint

(Continued on page 16)

“I was then looking forward to what turned out



color, even though the can of paint said sand beige, the car came to be known to my wife as the butterscotch buddy.

Then came into my life a '63 Coupe in primer which I later traded to Ron Roland for a '64 ruby red Coupe, a car I was to keep over 10 years, driving lots of happy miles, on many lengthy trips.

My affections in 1988 (autowise) were drawn toward a '61 cab needing restoration. This necessitated the sale of the coupe. The happy new owner was graduating Medical School and sought a just

reward. Alas, he and his bride chose to work off those nasty school loans by setting up practice on Drummond Isle, one of the few places on earth that has no Porsches, in fact has no cars. A fact that caused the sale of the car a year later. Don Munoz purchased the car and painted it black! Some years later, Don sold it to Rick Spurlock who enjoyed and improved the car before it succumbed to an encounter with a Very Large Oldsmobile.

The '61 Cab was sold to John Bell as an interim car until the '65 Cab I built for

him was completely restored. The '61 now resides with a gentleman from Chicago. It now sports a very nice ruby red original Sikkens Rick Olivero paint job. We attended the '88 holiday in the '61 cab thanks to a motor loaned to me by Vic Skirmants. This motor later became my '65 race motor (and is still in the car). In fact, the '61 Cabriolet was sold to make possible the '65 RACE CAR. That car has a story of its own.

In the Spring of 1988, I had purchased the '61 Cabriolet out of an airplane hanger in Troy. . .taking it to a DRIV-

t to be my last race: The Regional Runoffs.”



ERS SCHOOL at Grattan inspired me to lower and decamber the rear and front to make the care more trackable. Victor added more life to the motor. By the way, Victor has done the motor for every 356 I have ever owned.

I actually began my racing career in 1975 as crew chief of a four car Formula Ford team. In my free time in the early days I crewed for Victor at Waterford. As many of you may also know, I've crewed for Victor over the years at the Runoffs both at Road Atlanta and at Mid-Ohio. I also crewed in IMSA, Formula Atlantic Crew,



Big Block GTO Corvette Crew and a tube frame Pontiac Trans Am, on which I shared the crew chief job from '84 - '86.

My first SVRA race was at Road Atlanta the week after the runoffs in '92. During the race I passed 4 or 5 cars, they passed me back and eventually I wore them down and passed them again. I was hooked.

Numerous runs at Mid-Ohio, Grattan and Elkhart Lake filled the next four years. Looking back, racing was wonderful fun. Each track held it's appeal, each race it's own thrill, but mostly the enjoyment came from traveling to great places and meeting lots of really genuine people having a great time. If you've ever been tempted I encourage you to give racing a try.

The highlight of my racing career was when I won the Central Division SCCA Regional Drivers Championship, the Runoff Race, and the Mid-Ohio Cup, as the person with the most points running in the best of just 4 races at Mid-Ohio. I ran away from the competition at the regional runoffs to win the race by more than half the straight away, in spite of the fact that my gear shift linkage moved and I couldn't get 2nd gear ,

complicated by the disease affecting my ankle/foot thus affecting my ability to use the clutch.

I helped Victor build both of his Vintage race cars. The first was built in six weeks from start to finish. I built mine in the same way with the exception that it started out as a street car but was completed to be legal in any racing series there is, be it Vintage, SCCA or PCA.

I bought the car in Chicago from Kevin Mack after the car had suffered an engine fire which smoldered for 35 minutes before the fire department came and hosed the car down, bending the rear body from the doors back and put an ax through the engine lid. Prior to the fire, the car had been near Concours; light blue with a gray leather interior completed by George Bryan (the original owner of Klasse 356).

I purchased the bare shell, less engine and trans from Kevin. The rear sheet metal remained kinked until 1996 when the car was painted by Rick Olivero with the current Ford Truck Burgundy and White Stripe with a gold tint clearcoat. It was then that we confirmed that the car had never been wrecked. The 1st paint job was a \$300 Maaco special which actually held up really well. The first stripe, a

(Continued on page 18)



“The intent was for my car’s paint design to be the reverse of Vic’s paint scheme.”

necessary feature if one is to appear to go really fast was courtesy Chester Niemczyski. The intent was for my car’s paint design to be the reverse of Vic’s paint scheme.

My car originally was to be built as a dual purpose street/race car. But all I could afford was one setup. The car became in configuration pretty much what Vic dove all those years at Waterford. I basically ran an open diff 10-10 A motor with various configurations as the top end changed every year. The lower end remained the same and I ran it through three and a half seasons. It had a longevity and reliability which allowed me to rev the motor consistently to 7000. In late 95 I changed to a limited slip and the front end to Wright spindles which have more camber than the stock spindle.

I was then looking forward to what turned about to be my last race: The Regional Runoffs.

The Central division runoffs were held in 1996 at Grattan outside Grand Rapids. The field included a TVR that I had raced earlier in the season. When his car stayed healthy we traded off the lead. As the qualifying started, my competition went out and did one flying lap. This was his home track, by the way. There he was on scuffed tires and he beat me by *one hundredth* of a second for the pole.

On race day when the green flag

dropped; I was on the inside where I followed the GT1 & GT3 to the first turn. As I approached that turn I looked in the rearview mirror and I didn’t see anything. As I was wondering if they had flagged the race. On the 2nd lap when I got to turn 3 (off camber) I looked over and saw my competition on the straight heading for the turn. This is the lead I had opened up in two laps. This was FUN.

Things were going rather well. As I chased the GT3 car through the first half of the race, I lost a little each lap to him. Then I came over the hill in the back where the car gets almost airborne and tried to shift down to 2nd and I had . . . nothing. I hit the brakes and I locked up the fronts.

I’d had 2nd gear on the upshift, but not when I downshifted so I knew at least the trans was okay. I figured it was something wrong in the shift linkage. I later found out that the universal on the shift coupler had moved. Never had moved in four years but picked this day of all days to surprise me. As I could not shift down I adjusted the way I drove. I must not have been too bad, because my times were the same as before. I drove the remainder of the race in 3rd gear. The TVR was catching me, but I won the race by $\frac{3}{4}$ of the length of the front straight which was the old dragstrip at Grattan.

I attended an HSR race at Mid-Ohio in July of ’96 where the motor finally gave up. When Vic tore the motor down he found that I had a cracked flywheel and crankshaft. That could slow a guy down.

I made the decision to go with what Vic was then currently running in both his E production and Vintage car: a 7805 Cam. When I did my first race on that new motor I was truly surprised. The motor had so much more power, even while I was concentrating on keeping the revs no higher than 6500-6800 in practice and qualifying. In the race, I was turning 7500 to 7800 until the flat tire.

And now you’ve heard the story of how I took a streetable race car (yes we drove it with another motor to both the Cincinnati and Toronto Holidays) and turned that rather neutral but good handling car into an all out excellent race car.

Tom Youk



Wish lists filled here.

Dear Santa,

I've been very good this year. (The dent in the Porsche was not my fault). Stoddard Imported Cars fixed it just like new. While at Stoddard I saw the Porsche 50th Anniversary Calendar. A collector's item perfect for my office. What our coffee table needs is a Moments Porsche Retrospective Book, another exciting collector's item. A model like the 911 Coupe Limited Edition, the Dealership Model or any of the others is perfect for our youngest son. Our oldest son hasn't stopped talking about the Porsche Mountain bike since he saw it at SIC. I saw a Lady's Boxster watch, ideal for our college age daughter. My wife really needs her own Porsche. Since she found out how well mine handles and how much fun it is to drive I haven't had a chance to drive it myself. And those Proton sunglasses...

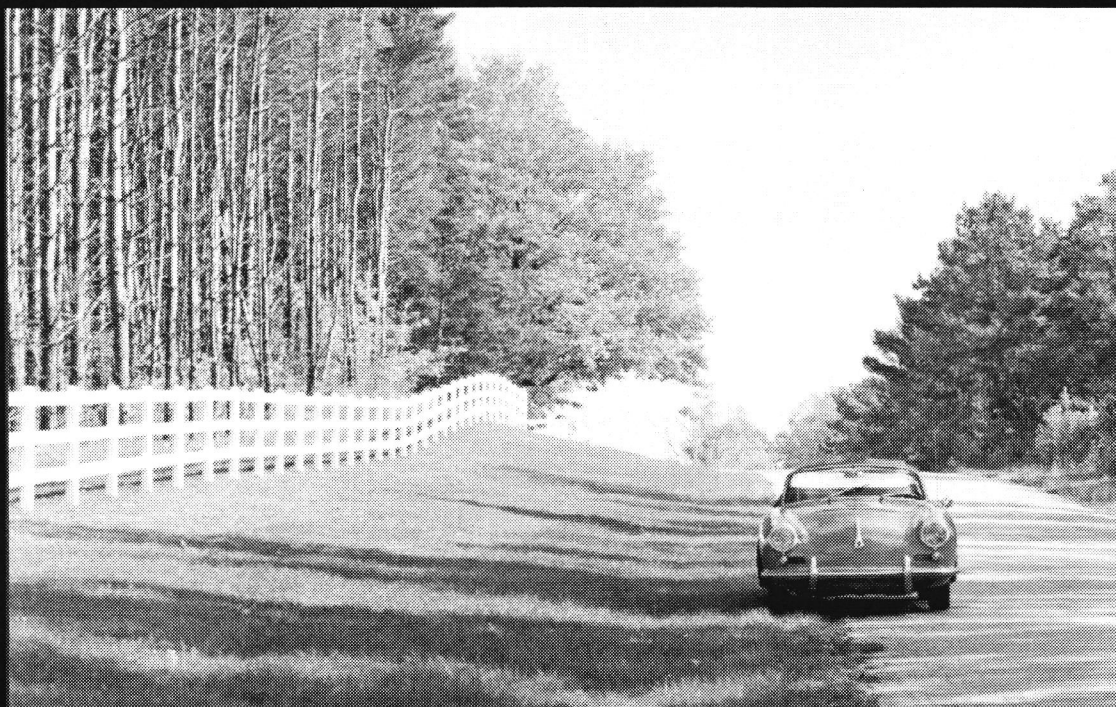


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Autumn's golden rays give way to winter's chilly days...



Gottfried Hogh Photo

"Kickapoo"

(Continued from page 9)

break off their run to be sure the car of another, whose gas tank registers empty, gets to a gas station in the nearest town. Friends who will hand you the keys to their car so you can have the experience of driving something you never have before.

Jeff Provol turned over the keys to his new 996 Porsche to **Rick and Jan Davis Gurolnick**. And they traded back and forth in Jeff's other car-a '73 911 RS Carrera. Now that's an electrifying ride that focuses your attention. It's a car that talks to you all the time. **Bob Shaw** opened his garage and made available his yellow Boxster and black 356B Roadster to **Jerry Gordon** and **Richard Hinson** for a weekend with friends. **Dave Draper** turned the keys to the Ferrari California Spyder over to **Trey Ruthven**. Did you ever see such a grin?!

I had hoped to corner **Dick Hansen** and learn some tidbit of history about the Al-lard. And I knew there had to be some history connected to Fritz Schiffmayer's AC Bristol. I also wanted to learn more about **Tom Grunnah's** 356A Coupe (pictured below) and whether it had a competition history. At the very least I wanted to know more about his engine, transmission gearing and his suspension set up so I could tell Vic Skirmants, our 356 Porsche Guru in the Detroit area, to emulate his package. Grunnah's 1959 GT flies. But I missed the opportunity and there were little of substance in the entry notes about their cars.

There was, however, one particular note that deserves sharing. As you might remember, Ruthven (the Tour Director and Rally Master) asked each participant, many of whom have competition licenses and own comp cars, to note or relate some memorable or satisfying fact about the car, its history or its performance ... something that set the car apart from others. There were several who mentioned numerical mumbo jumbo. But the most candid and memorable was the comment from one of the bachelors-it seems that

his was a modest car, a simple, box-stock car, but it was THE one where he had received his first "Monica Lewinsky" experience and it would have a spot in his garage forever.

Even when the weather threatens, as it has in past events, there are other aspects to the Kickapoo Joy Ride that bring a smile along the way. This year reinforced that very special convergence of weather, roads and personalities. I felt like I was at a convention of Alfred E. Newman University alumni. "What, me worry?" was the mantra. When the route directions sent us astray, it was perceived as part of the adventure. Even when the road was closed due to construction, it brought out the best in everyone.

I somehow was leading a pack of three or four well spaced out cars doing between 70 & 80 mph and totally ignored the large sign that declared "Road Closed - Bridge under Construction" and swept around a blind corner in front of the country estate of the reclusive Mr. Parks on the right. Thank goodness the drum brakes on the 356 B Roadster work very well. Soon others joined me.

Mr. Parks, who was about 5'5", 135 pounds, and appeared to be in his 70s, ambled down from the barn and asked in his flat accent, "What's the matter boy, can't ya read? We got us two

signs out there that tells the world that we got our bridge down. Was ya speed'n so ya din't see em?" Just those few words took nearly two minutes to say. So I was standing there with my mouth open, nodding my head like a dolt.

I didn't know whether to be complimented because he called me boy, totally ignoring my white beard, or to be embarrassed because I was speeding and it did indeed appear that I couldn't read. About then, **Bob** and **Sharon Pew** whipped around the corner in their new Aston Martin DB7. Then the Boxster with **Jerry Gordon** and **Karen McRann**. Then **Draper** and **Trey Ruthven** in the California Spyder followed closely by **Hugh** and **Kay** in the Ferrari 250 GT. When **Dave Calascibetta** and **Nancy Tarpey Cole** came around the corner in the Lotus to see cars everywhere, he stood on the binders and slipped between the cracks of a half dozen cars whilst muttering his thanks to Skip Barber. I figured it was time to run up the hill to wave off any one else who would come through the corner carrying a head of steam. All I could think of was a short prayer, "please Lord let these collector classics be insured by Hagerty Insurance-they always pay off."

It appears that all were seeking a bathroom, and Nate's Supper Club, our luncheon stop, was at least 30 miles up the road. Thirty miles meant at least 45

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minutes. My prostate couldn't last that long so Bob Pew and I went to check the bark on the indigenous trees for our botany class and our wives wondered how long it was going to be before we plotted our way around the construction. The ladies were twisting like a bunch of girls at a fraternity party where the commodes were filled with goldfish.

Mr. Parks, finally conferred with the Rally Master, who whipped out his secret county maps. They discovered that a small detour down the gravel road right where the "Bridge Out" sign was, would take us around the obstacle. Time lost-30 minutes-and another problem solved with no vexation. We were feeling so smug, confident and full of morning coffee that some of us missed the route directive, "left onto SS" and traveled into the town of Virouqa and entered Nate's Supper Club from the north. Of course we were told once we arrived that we had missed the most exciting, challenging road on the trip so far. Hugh let us know that we would be taking "SS" again in the afternoon. It was obvious that some of us gathered insight into how Shaw made the trip around Lake Wisconsin. Dumb luck recovery is always welcomed.

It was at Nate's that Ruthven got cornered about time between pit stops. Even elastic bladders and prostates of the young were fluttering after four jostling hours in the car.

I mentioned above that the key ingredients to a successful weekend Tour was the confluence of weather, deserted touring roads, and personalities. This the Kickapoo Joy Ride has. And there's another thing. Seeing and hearing the cars ahead of us sweep through comers is a great thrill. **Dick and Joanne Hansen** in the Allard showed what V-8 torque is all about. It also shows why Dick looks so fit. It takes muscle and talent to place that beast where you want it. We followed the Allard and the Porsche Speedster of **Jim and Carol Hansen** and had all our senses quivering. The sound of the V-8 and the smell of the Castrol oil brought back memories of adventures 40 years past when we jumped in an Austin Healey, Alfa or MG to attend races at Watkins Glen and Road America. I envy the exhaust note on Jim's Speedster, it's raucous and very crisp. And he had no trouble keeping up with anything. Those brothers know how to drive. It made me hope that our Convertible D will perform that well once it's back on the road.

Late Saturday afternoon there was one section of road where the sun was behind the cars and they were running on the top of a ridge with a modest incline from right to left and the roadway disappeared into a blaze of neon yellow and orange trees. The Ferrari's of Ruthven and Draper were in the lead, the Allard and Speedster were behind them, the Pew DB7 Aston Martin and 275 GTS Ferrari of Weinberger was

behind them. They had just made a hard left onto the straight and were under acceleration. We couldn't keep up with them in the 356 B Roadster-not enough poke and the front suspension would do the hula at anything over 70 mph-so we were at precisely the right spot at the right time. It was a movie scene. You could hear and see them pull up the incline at full throttle with the low sun casting shadows so the cars were recognizable from their profiles and engine sound.

That was matched by the trip through the Devil's State Park on Saturday where the sun streaked through the leaves and heavy canopy of branches assaulting the eyes like strobe lights. The crown of leaves sent the sound rolling back to those in an open car like they were in a tunnel. It was only a run of about 5 to 7 miles long but it was very a challenging, narrow road, filled with switchbacks and "straights" that were long enough to get in a shift up only to brush the brakes, double clutch down and back on the throttle. The run lasted only 15 to 20 minutes depending on whether you wanted to sight see-it was extraordinary. We did that route twice too. Once for adrenaline once for the ooh ahh factor. That's just two of the many spots that made the hair stand up on my arms.

It's hardly sufficient to note that the roads were magnificent. If fact, several Joy Riders who have done the Colorado Grand mentioned that the roads

“Kickapoo”

(Continued from page 21)

chosen for the Kickapoo are even a greater challenge and more fun to drive on for the enthusiast than they've experienced in the Rockies. The Kickapoo may not have the breathtaking vistas, but there are lots of elevation changes and turns and blind comers to focus your attention. To me the Kickapoo is an event for the cognoscenti, for drivers who enjoy making the car work. It takes great skill to place your car just right going into those corners, to keep your car in balance, your speed up, and in the right gear especially when you only have 85 hp, a long third gear, and are trying to keep up with the Allard and Ferraris.

As fun as it is to go briskly, if you slowed down just a tad, you had a chance to see lots of fabulous, colorful scenery and even a few amusing items-like the Emu Farm and that orange tiger cat that wanted to cross the street but couldn't, so it sat down in the road and watched the cars go by like it was watching a tennis match.

The more sedate pace gave us a chance to acknowledge the people who came out on their porches to watch and listen as we went by. And it allowed the co-pilot the chance to look up from the route book and enjoy the scenery.

When Bob Shaw coined the phrase 'We're going to Kick a little Poo with Hugh,' I didn't know that I might literally do that. We came around a corner to find that the Holsteins from the dairy farm had crossed the road a while back and left a cow pile trail on the roadway. I thought I should be able to thread the needle between them. I think the operative word in retrospect would be "almost". The hot sun had baked a nice crust and I hit a pile the size of a watermelon which exploded. We kicked a bit of poo all over the car and onto the cheeks of Ms. Leslie. I have since been assured that there is no truth that poo baths and mud baths have the same skin

banning qualities. It was here that we thanked Bob and Bobbi Shaw again for the bottles of spring water. I also thanked the overnight mist that had softened the bugs and poo the next morning which allowed me to squirt a little Griot car wash on a sponge and wipe the car down with a towel from the Courtyard by Marriott.

Other memorable moments: the devilish glint in Lisa, "Ms Pumpkins" eyes when she told the story about **Lynn Knupp's** misplaced luggage-misplaced two years in a row-and presented Lynn with a hubba hubba change of image before our very eyes. And the Knupp 914 has two huge trunks! That's gonna cost you Jim.

What do you do when the 300 SL Roadster is down? You drive the classic Lincoln. **Joe and Sharon Hayes** wondered where they would join up with the Kickapoo gang when their intended ride sighed, "not today" and put a severe kink in their departure time. They arrived at the Grunnah's Sunday supper in their classic Lincoln in time to greet old friends, share in the victuals and drive the Kickapoo vicariously.

I also marveled at how **Bert Saddock and Teddie Cancellier** could carry so much speed in the Mondial through the twisties. Until I remembered that Bert has held a few records during his racing days. Incredible to watch, especially the cool Teddie, she never looked like her life was passing before her eyes.

Wasn't it a delightful surprise to find the Street Fair in Mount Horeb-which is one of the favored stops along the way. You could buy everything from angel pins to Christmas ornaments to fresh curds to garden graphics to Amish furniture or a buggy ride to beautifully knitted sweaters to the opportunity to stock the larder with mustards you can't find anywhere else. Candidly, it's worth the trip just to hear **Barry Levenson**, curator of the Mustard Museum, sing the Pup on U fight song.

And talk about surprises. The commitment by **Bill VonSeht** to restore the railroad cars was mindblowing. There on highway 162 behind the murals of the Indian motorcycle and the steam engines was the awesome commitment of an eclectic collector and artist. When you saw the range of interests and skills necessary to restore very rare railroad coaches and motorboat engines and guns and electric trains and the skills to paint the murals, it does leave you with your mouth agape, especially when you consider that his income came from over-the-road trucking. Bob Shaw opined that it made him feel like a slacker. Bill's commitment reminded me of the family that is sculpting the monumental Indian chief in Stone Mountain, GA. It will take generations to complete the project. And each new generation feels the tug of completing the vision of the grandfather.

There went our 1,000 miles. Even in an old car it was so energizing that we all wanted to do it some more the next day. That includes co-pilot Lynn Knupp who was borrowing clothes from her friends and washing stuff out in the sink and putting it on damp. The weather was spectacular, for new comers the Joy Riders were strangers for but a few minutes, our accommodations were decent and the meals either very good or horrid enough to laugh about later.

If you get an invitation to participate, think twice before you toss it in the trash. You'll miss out on a great experience. And the cost-about \$700 plus hotel and drinks- is less than 20% of doing one of the big name events. There will be only 25 to 30 cars invited. It usually takes place in October after the summer tourists have left their cottages. There's a waiting list. And it fills up very quickly. Fair warning.

Winson

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