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ON THE COVER:



Someone is being impatient! Just couldn't wait to get started on the Horsepower Hollow 100. See page 24.

Photo by Gottfried Hogh

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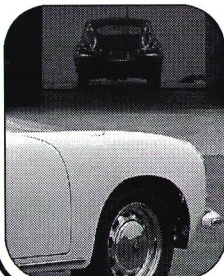
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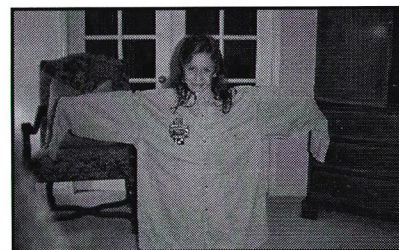
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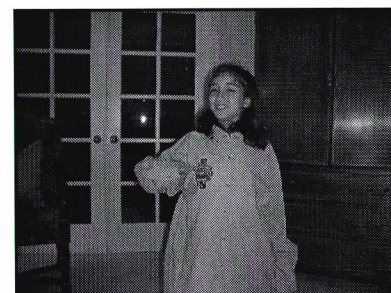
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PRESIDENT'S LETTER



Last issue of the year – so it's appropriate to do a recap of the past year's events.

Your Board of Trustees achieved a goal they set for themselves early in the year: four of the five major Motor Cities Gruppe events were hosted by folks that had not been previously tapped for the honor of putting together an event. So, let's hear it for Gerald and Polly VanVliet (Early Spring Dinner), Len and Linda Hanson (Spring Tour), Brad and Gabby Richards (Summer Picnic), and Michael and Maureen Heilmann (Fall Color Tour). Each outing was marked with details and ideas that showed great dedication and commitment to assuring a top-notch event.

And we closed the year with another festive Holiday Party. The entire afternoon and evening flowed at a nice easy pace, as did the money during the auctioning of some exceptional Porsche-related items. Good job done by Barbara Skirmants, Sebastian Gaeta, Lanita Dunham, and our lively auctioneers, John Denyer and Dick Beecher.

Before we go on to other items, let me again encourage you to let us know of new ideas for events as well as ways to further improve the existing ones. And we are always looking for volunteers – so if you have a fresh thought for an event, step up and take the reins.

Moving on to the year 2003. First, the 356 Motor Cities Gruppe has two newly elected Trustees, Dan Christie and Dennis Denyer. We welcome them to the Board, and also thank out-going Trustees Ted Dunham and Bill Toburen for their service in guiding the club for the past two years. Job well done!

Sometime before the next issue of Auspuff Roar appears, we will be launching a new club communications vehi-

cle – the 356 Motor Cities Gruppe web site. It is something we have been discussing over the course of 2002, and we came to the conclusion that there are very real advantages to going on-line. Most importantly, it allows for a continuous communications link to fill the gaps between the publishing of the bi-monthly newsletter. It means that we can provide updates on upcoming events, get reminder notices out quickly and cheaply (no postage stamps, folks), have a raft of club information current and in one location, and provide a mini-concours picture show of the lovely cars owned by our members. Gottfried Hogh has volunteered to construct the site and serve as webmaster (kind of an electronic Sebastian Gaeta) for at least the first two years. We are blessed two ways here – for we not only have a most competent person managing the site, but also we are guaranteed to have the best-quality 356 pictures on the entire Internet.

Having a web site brings about another change we will be incorporating in our annual Motor Cities Gruppe Phone Directory – the inclusion of E-mail Addresses. Besides providing another means for members to communicate with each other, it provides us with the facility to send you alerts of new information on our web site relative to event updates and other news.

So, please e-mail Barbara Skirmants at skirmants@comcast.net with your e-mail address, so that she can include it in the next directory.

And lastly, check the Events Calendar on page 6 for the Early Spring Dinner in February.

Happy Holidays, and see you on February 16th,

David Peterson

"Sometime before the next issue of Auspuff Roar appears, we will be launching a new club communications vehicle – the 356 Motor Cities Gruppe web site."

PORSCHE MUSEUM BOOK

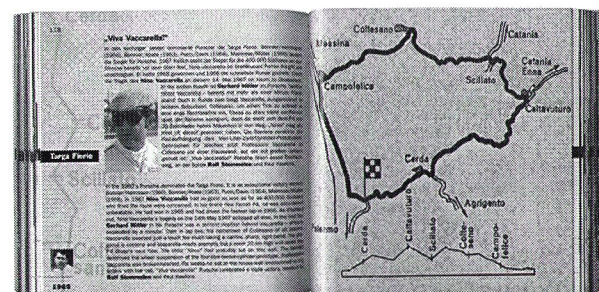
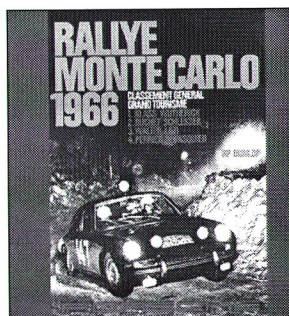
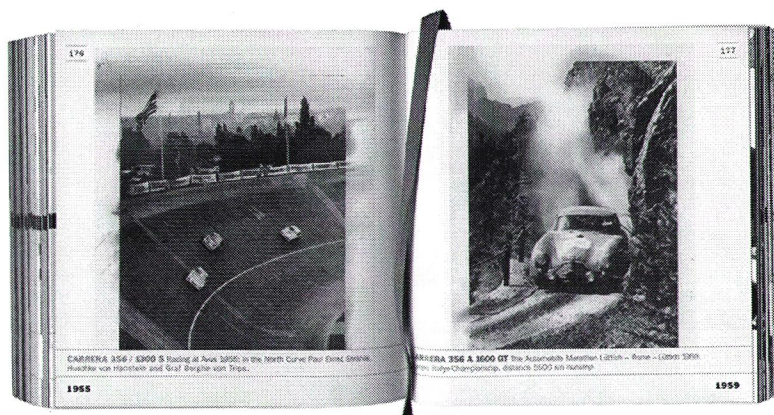
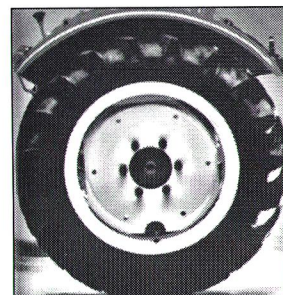
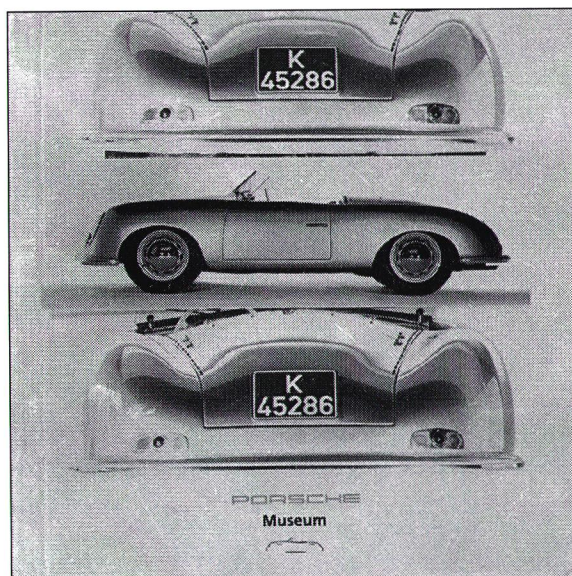
The latest book to come from the Porsche Museum is a bit square—literally. It is somewhat small compared to other books at 5" x 5". What makes it substantial is not just it's 1" thickness, but it's terrific content. Concentrating on Porsche's racing history, only one chapter out of the ten is not devoted to Porsche's racing spirit. That lone segment details the Porsche Schlepper, or, tractor.

At first I felt it was a bit awkward to go from studying big bad Porsche racecars to looking at pictures of a farmer hauling cut wood; but after spending more time with the book it began to make sense. You see, one really does not know what to expect at the turn of each page. The creators of this book, Klaus Bischof, who is director of the museum, and Frank Orel, a Stuttgart based photo artist, blend Porsche's traditional style with Herr Orel's "outside the box" design. There is little doubt that Orel dictated the dimensions of the book and was probably also responsible for the clever built in cloth bookmark glued to the inside back cover. Their two styles seemingly would mix like oil and water, but it actually works very well.

If reading about Porsche history interests you then get this book. If looking at historically significant Porsche racing pictures interests you then you should also get this book. Some chapters are entirely made up of pictures while the largest chapter, regarding the *Targa Florio* race in Sicily, is mostly text. But that should not be surprising given the book's overall design. It may sound a bit inconsistent, but on the contrary. The book was meant to move you in different directions with each chapter, and it does so splendidly. Many of the early black and white photographs are hand colored with such bold hues that they somewhat resemble an Andy Warhol painting. But turn the page and there is a factory racing poster in it's original form.

If you are even a casual collector you will enjoy this book. At 10 Euro (close to \$10) it is a bargain for the pictures alone. To purchase, contact the museum at:

Porsche Museum
Porscheplatz 1
70435 Stuttgart-Zuffenhausen, Germany
Telephone: 0711-911-56 85



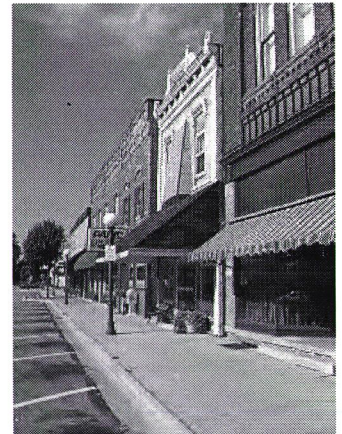
Winter Blues Dinner

Don't miss the Motor Cities Gruppe **Mid Winter Blues Antique & 356 Dinner Run**, hosted by Bill and Sher Toburen on Sunday, February 16th. Spend an afternoon in Blissfield, MI going through the many fine antique shops, and socializing with your Gruppe friends.

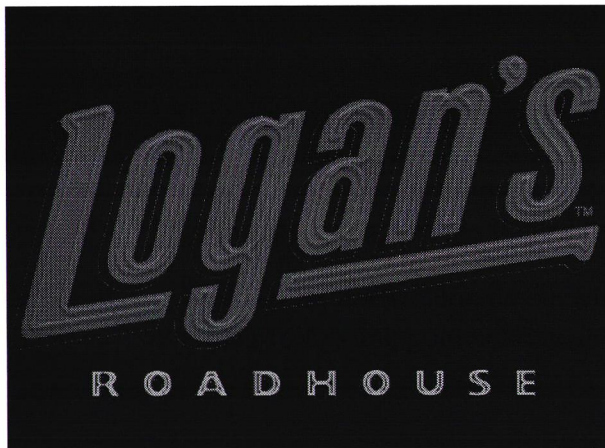
Then join us for dinner at the Stables Tavern around 4:00 PM.

We will need a rough estimate for dinner, so please let Bill and Sher Toburen know if you are planning to go. They can be reached at 248-887-3029.

We will meet at 12:30 at the McDonalds in Milan. Head south of Ann Arbor on US 23 to exit #25, then follow the golden arches!



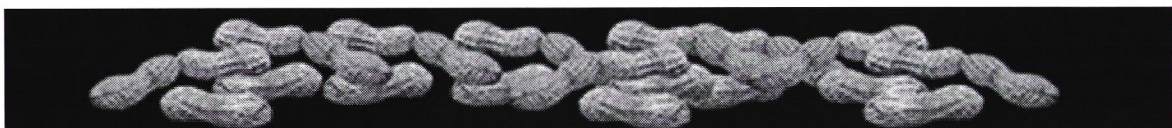
New Location For the Motor Cities Gruppe Membership Dinners



Please join us at our new location for our membership dinners. This is a LOW KEY affair. We promise that no stuffy meetings will break out as a result of getting together. Our only mission here is to have fun, swap stories and who knows what? All dinners start at 6:00 PM. See the calendar on page 6 for dates. Here are the particulars:

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MOTOR CITIES GRUPPE CALENDAR

January

21st—Membership Dinner
6:00 PM at Logan's Roadhouse
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FRONT OF SEARS IN THE OAKLAND
MALL PARKING LOT.
**SEE PAGE 5 FOR
ANNOUNCEMENT!**

February

**16th—Winter Blues
Dinner and Antique
Run Blissfield, MI**
SEE PAGE 5 FOR
ANNOUNCEMENT.

March

18th—Membership Dinner
6:00 PM. at Logan's Roadhouse
86 WEST 14 MILE ROAD TROY, MI
LOCATED ON THE NW CORNER OF
14 AND JOHN R., DIRECTLY IN
FRONT OF SEARS IN THE OAKLAND
MALL PARKING LOT.

April

26th—Hershey PA.
**Hershey all Porsche swap
meet. The Granddaddy of
them all.**

May

20th—Membership Dinner
6:00 PM. at Logan's Roadhouse
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14 AND JOHN R., DIRECTLY IN
FRONT OF SEARS IN THE
OAKLAND MALL PARKING LOT.

TBD Annual Spring Tour

June

**TBD—Stoddard Porsche/
Audi Fest**

**14-15 Mid Ohio
Vintage Gran Prix**
See Vic race & have dinner w/other
members

July

TBD—Progressive Dinner
Appetizers at Skirmants' new home
(pending), dinner @ Whities, dessert at
Beecher's.

15th—Membership Dinner
6:00 PM at Logan's Roadhouse

**TBD—Auburn, Indiana
All Porsche Swap Meet**

August

**10th—Gruppe Picnic/
Summerfest**
Tentatively set for Sharon Mill, West
of Ann Arbor. Co-hosted by
Sebastian, Brad & Gottfried

September

5th-9th East Coast Holiday
Ashville's Biltmore Estate. See
Registry to enter.

6th—Watkins Glen Run

14th—Drive Your Porsche day
Ferry Porsches Birthday

15th—Membership Dinner
6:00 PM at Logan's Roadhouse

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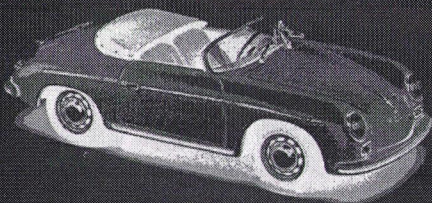
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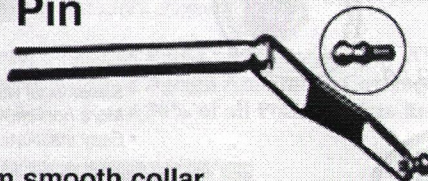
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Harry Fehrmann:

Smuggler Hunter

FROM
CHRISTOPHORUS
NO. 110/APRIL 1974

During Germany's first post-war years coffee smuggling from Belgium and Holland took on such dimensions it could no longer be combatted with customary

methods. Smugglers were even using heavy American cars to hustle their coffee and these were far superior at least in speed to official German vehicles of the day (VW, Opel Kapitän, Borgward

and Mercedes 170 D). In some cases they even used armored military vehicles from American and Belgian surplus stores.

To battle such smugglers the finance minister's department for control of smuggling purchased three fast chase cars in August of 1951 and assigned them to the hot-spots of motorized smuggling. The trio consisted of a Borgward Hansa convertible and two Porsches which were assigned to the customs investigation units of Aachen and Coblenz (a Porsche each) and Munich.

The two Porsches were fitted with sliding roofs to make gun play easier. Their 1286 cc engines were lifted to some 50



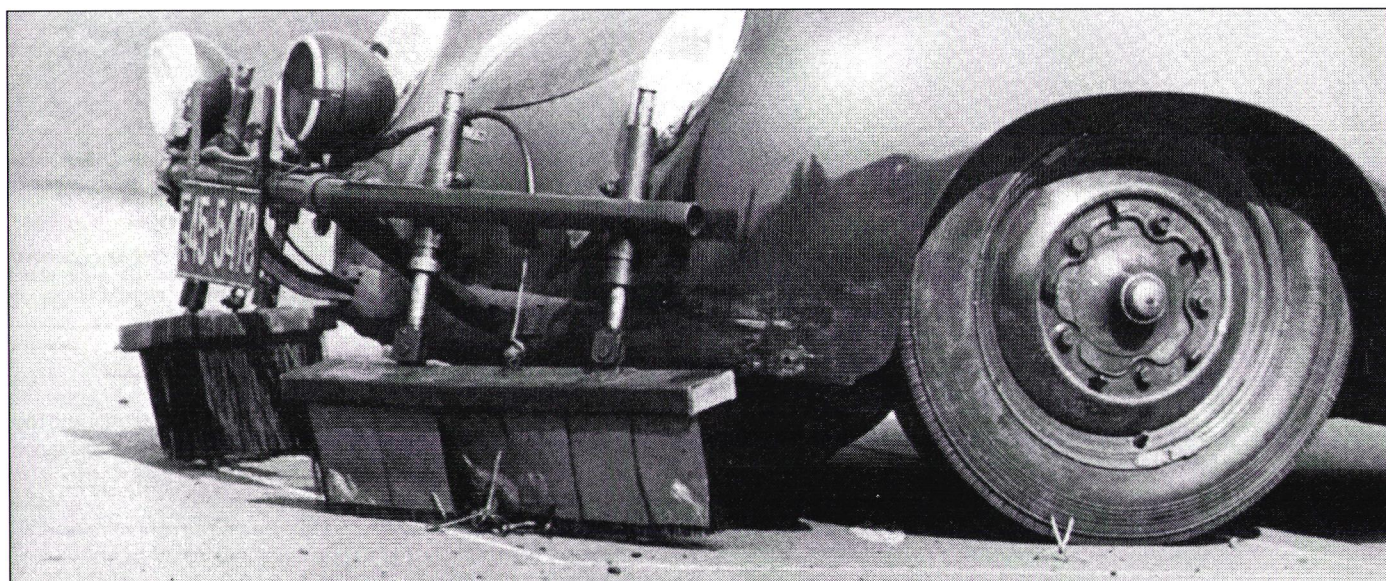
hp from the usual 44 and top speed was close to 100 mph. Since such engines would only run on super which gas stations in 1951 had never or only rarely, we refueled these cars at our own customs posts where a proper mix of benzol and gasoline had been prepared.

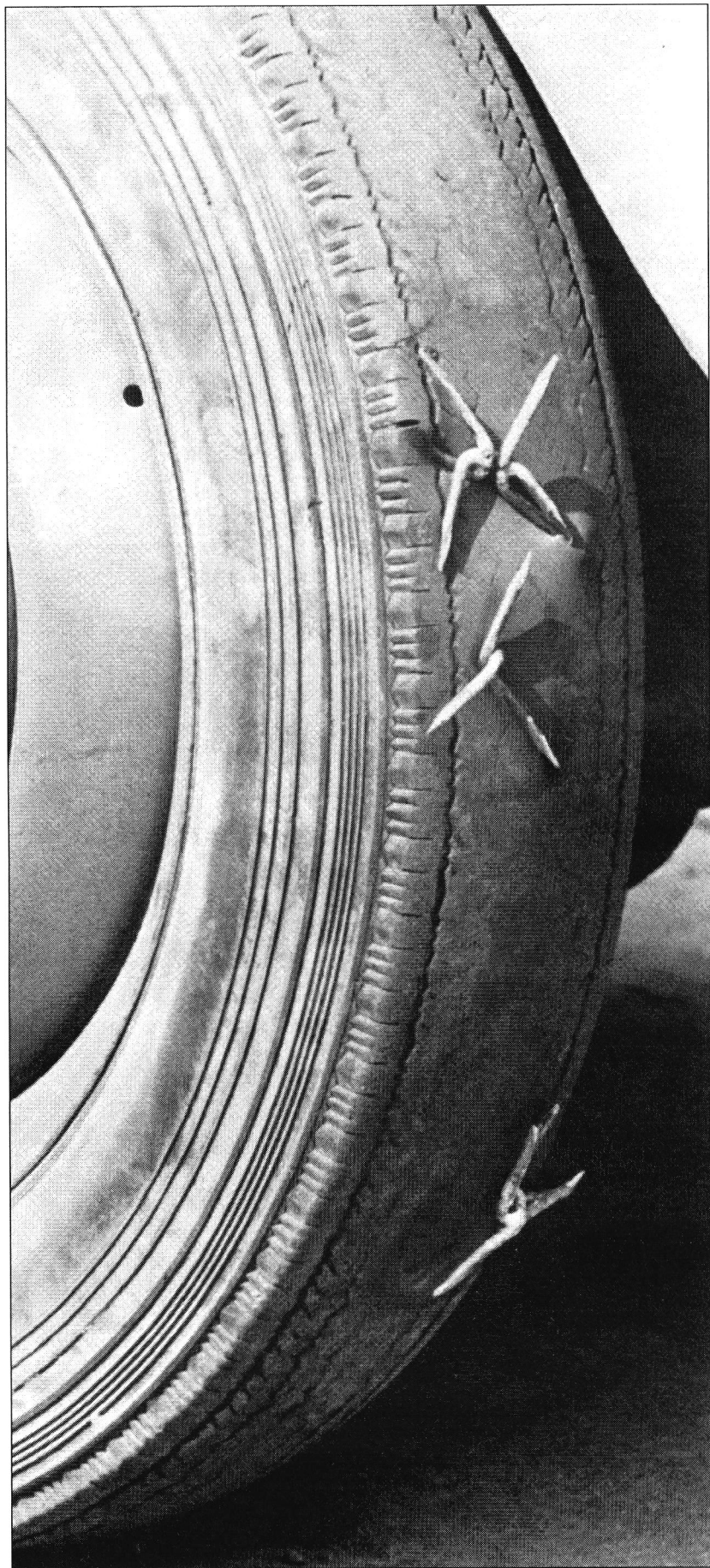
The drivers were volunteers; young, single customs officers who were specially trained on Nürburgring by a factory driver and mechanical official of the finance ministry. I was fortunate enough to be one of the drivers judged "suitable" and was assigned with the Porsche bearing chassis number 5436 to the customs investigation office in Coblenz on 12 August 1951. There the crew was augmented but another volunteer customs investigation officer.

I soon had occasion to display my specially-acquired Porsche driving abilities. My area of operation at first was the Eifel range north of Coblenz to Prüm (Snow Eifel). Our base was Schönecken which had a Coblenz branch office. In addition to patrol trips which were run as free searches we were used mainly to backstop roadblocks and traffic checks, giving immediate pursuit to any vehicle which broke through. One of our very first operations was a success. A Cadillac loaded with half a ton of raw coffee broke through a roadblock at high speed. The smugglers were quite surprised to find a Porsche on their tail in short order, one which the most daring driving couldn't shake off. Of course the Porsche was clearly superior to the

heavy smuggling car on winding Eifel roads. Up to then they had depended on speed alone. After a 45 minute chase, during which the smugglers ditched their load, their car missed a corner and came to a halt with wheels flapping. One smuggler still managed to escape.

Later we took along a border patrolman with dog on such pursuits, to catch fleeing men. After a few such trips, however, both man and beast went on strike. They couldn't survive very long in the tight space behind the driver's seat. At the end of 1951 I was assigned to the customs investigation unit in Aachen, in the area where coffee smuggling was most active. From there I took part in special missions





around both Düsseldorf and Munich, both focal points of smuggling.

After several of their cars were caught, the smugglers began using roads and paths where the Porsche was at a disadvantage due to its low ground clearance. Several times floor pan and chassis were damaged by such surfaces. On one occasion the chase ended with both cars in a beet field. As a defense against pursuit the smugglers invented the so-called "crow's-feet" or "devil's nails" which they scattered on the road. Such nails always have one point upwards and we came to fear them. They caused severe accidents, particularly among pursuing motorcycles, and there were even charges filed for attempted murder.

As a test of countermeasures my car was fitted with two steel brooms which could be raised or lowered by cables. They were mounted on a steel pipe frame fastened to the front axle and the body elongated to suit. At the same time this car received a tuned version of the then-new 1500 engine giving some 70 hp and lifting top speed to over 110 mph (almost unmatched at that time). Both changes were made by Fleischhauer KG of Cologne. Also the car was fitted with tires with airchambers which prevented total deflation. Unfortunately the top speed couldn't be fully realized with these tires due to imbalance problems.

The brooms were tried on a section of freeway where they were successful up to about 85 mph. Above that the nails broke even steel brooms. There were problems in using such brooms on normal roads though. They caught on every uneven spot such as railroad tracks, cobbles, or pot-holes quite frequent in those days, and even in puddles, making the car difficult to hold on the road. When the brooms came into contact with cobbles they set off such noise and shower of sparks that the police siren and blue light which the car carried were superfluous. Though the brooms were not always ideal they still gave us a certain feeling of security and the smugglers a hint of our invulnerability.

Incidentally the cars were neutral in color and markings and thus not recognizable as official vehicles. With the brooms fitted this led to all sorts of questions which were answered variously. Answers ran from "seismographic measurements," down to simply "street sweeper."

Apart from often adventurous operations such as those described in clippings from the Aachen dailies, there were more pleasant experiences too, as well as sporting attractions. We could enter the IX International Police Rally in 1954 with good results, ending in Munich where 749 vehicles with drivers from nine nations met.

It is notable too that a report in the paper Aachener Nachrichten for 15 November 1951 - "Amok through downtown Aachen"-had turned one Porsche into four. The car had been seen so often it was quadrupled!

After the raw coffee tax was lowered on 24 August 1953 from roughly \$1.25 per LB to 37¢ a LB and that for roasted coffee from perhaps \$1.60 to 50¢ per LB this "coffee war" on the western front came to an end. Reducing the tax cut profits for the smugglers until their "professional risk" was no longer worth-

while. Coffee confiscated in the Aachen area sank from 170,098 lbs. (1952) to 81,356 lbs. (1953) and then to 3763 lbs. in 1954. The two Porsches made 458 pursuit runs between October 1951 and the beginning of 1954 with the following results: People taken into custody-42, Vehicles confiscated-36, Quantity of goods confiscated (coffee)-81,315 lbs., Value of confiscated goods (approx.)-\$202,395.

In addition there was the quantity of smuggled coffee proven but not available. A value for this was set by the courts and fines levied. As this list shows the use of Porsches was a complete success.

Until retirement in January 1956 the cars remained with the Aachen customs investigation unit where they were used successfully for long-distance shadowing to secure information on locations, customers and turn-

over points of smugglers. They were not only used successfully in pursuing and apprehending smuggler cars but also were active in discouraging planned smuggling operations.

Fortunately there were no fatal injuries on the pursuit runs despite some accidents and the use of firearms. This is all history now and even within the customs unit no one recalls the Porsche contribution to the war on smuggling.

Left with me and my colleague who drove the second Porsche is a love of the cars which unfortunately remains one-sided for financial reasons. Through a relative who drove a Carrera RS, however, I had the occasional chance to keep up with technical progress in these cars.



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Porsche model built in South Africa? The small group of Zuffenhausen middle-management brass looked at me in disbelief. I knew it had happened back in the early '60s. South African importers Lindsay Saker had assembled a series of 356B "hardtops" (cabriolets delivered without the folding cloth top and replaced with a factory hardtop) in Johannesburg. More than that, I was unable to tell. How I wished, on that visit to Stuttgart back in 1985, that I had the facts at my fingertips. It is a story known by few, if any, of the modern generation at Dr.Ing h.c.f. Porsche A.G.

In fact, with memories dimming, even those involved in the project at the time disagree on some of the finer details! It is generally agreed that the Johannesburg-built Bs were the only Porsches ever assembled by a Porsche importer anywhere in the world for company-sanctioned resale.

All-in-all, our research suggests about 50 or 60 of the 60hp "hard-tops" were built, with the first scheduled batch of six CKD (Completely **K**nocked **D**own) packs going to the bottom of the Suez Canal before the project got under way. The South African saga had its origins in the country's strict importation laws. With vehicle assembly and manufacture a growing branch of local industry, fully built up cars could only be imported under permit. Even the prohibitive duties pushed up retail prices dramatically.

It was against this background that George Lindsay, Jack Mincer and Erich Hamp came up with the idea of assem-

bling semi- knocked- down Porsches locally.

Alois Klesse of Peco was works foreman at Lindsay Saker at the time the decision was made, though he left shortly before the project got fully under way. "I remember we first looked at bringing in Coupes with the tops cut off, but the factory did not like the idea. Then someone suggested that we bring in hard-tops."

At the end of 1961, Lindsay Saker's workshop manager, Hermann Schmidt, travelled to Germany to finalise the arrangements. "We spent a lot of the time itemising all the parts to be sent," he recalls.

The project was dealt a heavy blow right at the beginning. "Six or seven packs went to the bottom of the Suez Canal," says George Bernert, who was to become the man responsible for the trim of the Saker Porsches. "It happened like this," says Bernert, who now operates his own upholstery and

trim business in Wynberg. "They sent the first two cars out to two separate auto upholstery shops. Then Mr. Drake, the service manager, asked me to go and have a look and tell him what I thought. What a mess. I said to him he should rip it out and burn the lot." So Bernert, who had been trained in the upholstery craft by Volkswagen and Porsche in Germany, was assigned the task of trimming the cars.

"Production started up around the middle of 1962 if I remember rightly," says Herr Schmidt. Bodies, hard-tops, engines and gearboxes were shipped in disassembled form. The unpainted shells had no lights or suspensions, and brake assemblies were put together locally. Folding cabriolet tops were not fitted, though over the years many owners have had their cars converted. "Customers were free to come in and choose their preferred colours for the primed bodysHELLs," recalls 356 boffin Eddie Paladin.

In those days Paladin was a "spanner man" at Lindsay's and remembers the hard-tops being put together by assemblers Klaus Bauer and Peter Tuch. "Those were exciting times," he recalls. "Everything was new and went together so beautifully."

Today he still maintains several of the cars put together at Sakers. Local content consisted of battery, tyres, windscreen and upholstery. "We also fitted Michelin

356s from South Africa!

by Peter Shayle-George of New Zealand

"It is generally agreed that the Johannesburg-built Bs were the only Porsches ever assembled by a Porsche importer anywhere in the world for company-sanctioned resale."

tyres,” recalls George Bernert. Painting was also initially done in house. “There was no production line,” says Hermann Schmidt. “Building cars in such small numbers, we just put them together where they stood.” Quality was superb. “I remember that Professor Kay, of Groote Schuur, wrote to Porsche in Stuttgart praising our efforts,” recalls George Bernert.

According to Hermann Schmidt, three shipments of 356 hard-top kits were eventually imported. As the project progressed, some of the work went to Stanley Motors, who then assembled Peugeots and Hillmans at their Natalspruit factory. By all accounts, production line assembly could not match the quality of the in-house assembled cars, and PD services turned into virtual rebuilds.

In any case, exciting new models - the disc-braked 356C - were soon to be launched in Germany, and production of the “Local” Porsches ended. The assembly programme had been worthwhile as a cost-saving exercise. The little 60 horsepower hardtops came on the market for something like R2 500, the price going up to around R3 800 by the time production ceased at the end of 1963.

So ended a unique episode in Porsche history. Many of the Cabriolet/Hard-tops still live on; beautiful memorials to an imaginative venture.



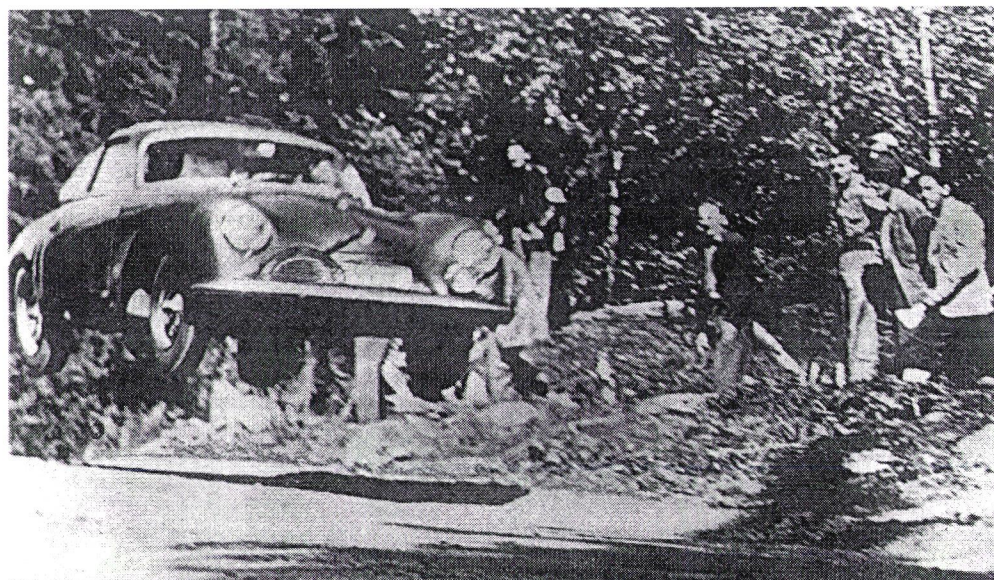

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The Zen of Neat-o

by Brad Richards

Photography by Gottfried Hogg

It is only natural for many of us to assume that the famous Porsche crest has been around as long as the firm has been building cars. After all, the #001 Roadster has the crest on its horn button, right? For those of us not “in the know”, that horn button was retrofitted. The crest was designed and put into use in 1952 at the behest, once again, of Max Hoffman.

In the words of Karl Ludvigson in *Excellence Was Expected*, the story goes like this: “The crest had been designed on the proverbial napkin by Ferry Porsche during a conversation with Max Hoffman. ‘All other cars of some standing in the world have a crest, an emblem,’ Hoffman had said. ‘Why not

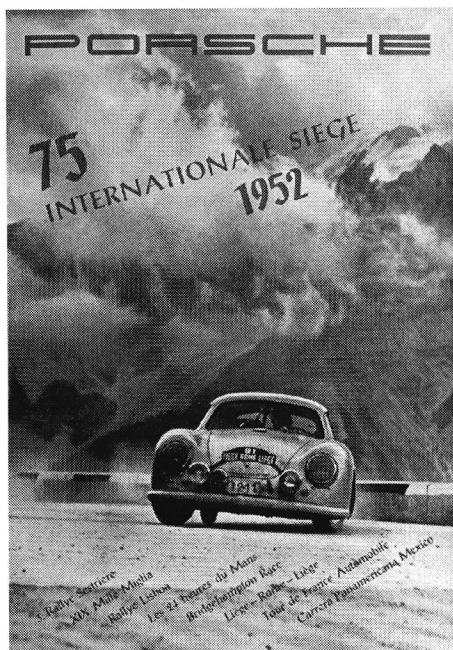
Porsche too?’ Ferry reached for the napery, sketched for a minute or two, and showed the results to Hoffman: ‘How about something like that?’ With a little refinement it became the Porsche emblem.

‘Like many other kids,’ said Ferry later, ‘I liked to sketch coats of arms when I was eleven or twelve years old, so it wasn’t hard for me to do.’ As a background he used the crest of the state of Baden-Württemberg, with its curving stag horns, topping it with the Porsche name. In its center he placed the bold coat of arms of the city of Stuttgart, a rampant black horse on a yellow field. The emblem symbolized the settlement from which the city grew, a stud farm or *Stuotgar-*

ten (in the language of the time), that had been established around the year 950. An historical link, also exists, according to Ferry Porsche, between the Stuttgart horse and the emblem of the World War I aviator, Francesco Baracca, that became the famous prancing horse of Enzo Ferrari.”

Some of the simplest designs have successfully stood the test of time. The Porsche crest’s humble beginning on a napkin belies its fabulous design; one that, 50 years later, still looks fresh and tells you that this is a powerful and captivating machine.

The Porsche Crest -Designed by Ferry Porsche -The Zen of Neat-o

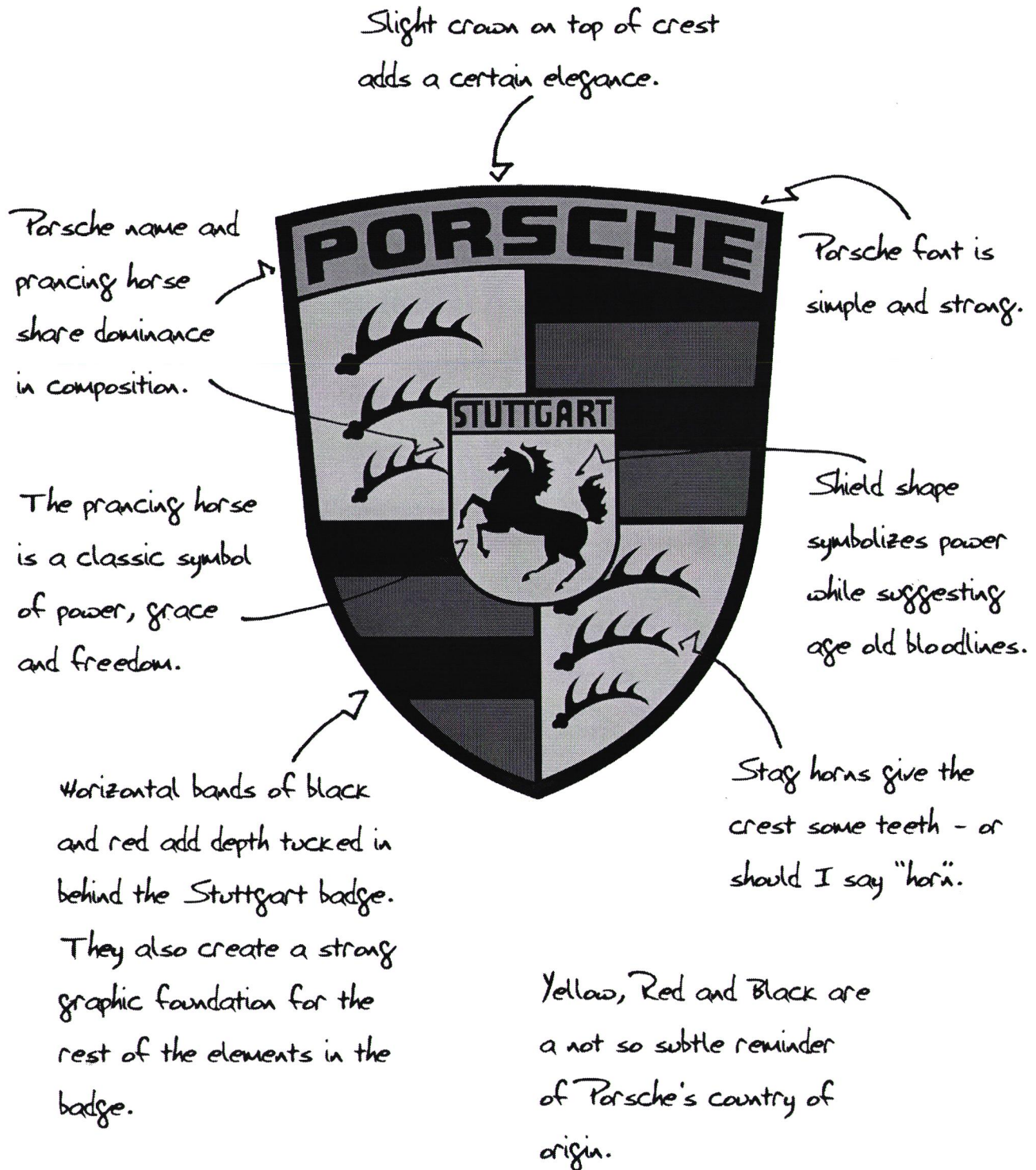


50 YEAR ANNIVERSARY OF THE COOLEST PORSCHE PICTURE OF ALL TIME (IN MY OPINION)

Besides being the 50 year anniversary of the Porsche crest, 2002 is also “Silver” for Christophorus Magazine and for the Factory Poster you see at left. “International Siege” (Pronounced “seeg”) commemorates the 75 racing victories for the Porsche Marque in only its 2nd year of real Production. I say “Marque” as opposed to “Factory” because wins by privateers were counted here as well. Ironically, many of the wins were garnered by Gmünd built cars that were raced because of their lighter weight. Besides, why race a brand new car when you can sell it and successfully race an old one instead!

Class wins included The Mille Miglia, Bridgehampton, Carrera Panamericana, 24 heures du Mans, and the Liege-Rome-Liege rally, which is pictured at the left. The four wheel drift shown here may as well have been in the driver’s manual of the early cars. Check out that modest wooden railing separating car and driver from a 1,000 foot drop. Nothing says Porsche visually—to me— more than this photograph. Happy 50th! Sebastian

50 Years of the Porsche Crest



42nd to 45th Parallel

A Tour of Unparalleled Proportions!

by Lanita Dunham
All photos by Gottfried Hogh

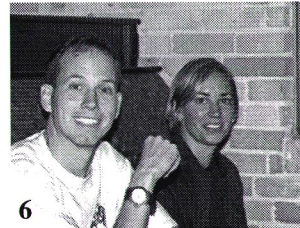
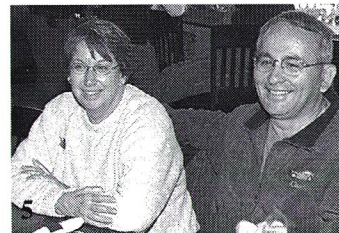
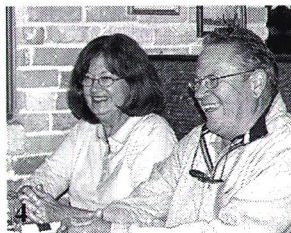
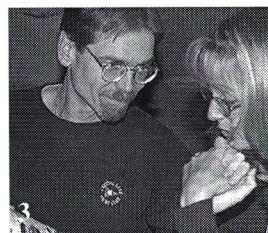
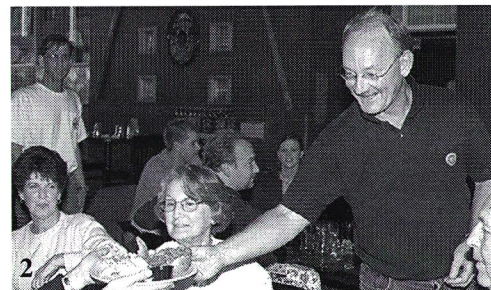
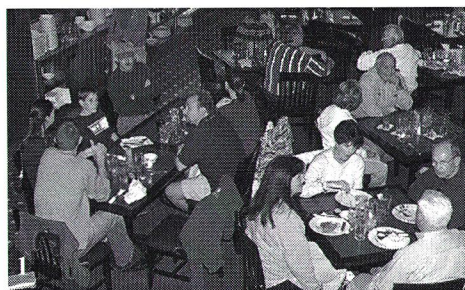
The Oct. 5th & 6th Fall Color Tour hosted by Michael & Maureen Heilmann was just that! We started by “grupping” up at the Heilmann’s Milford home for a beautiful table full of fruits, muffins, zucchini bread, plenty of hot coffee and warm friendship. After stuffing ourselves for the second time this day, Michael herded us out the door to our waiting rides to begin the weekend trip north.

Wow!!! 356’s and more 356’s, Boxsters, 911’s, a BMW and more 356’s. With instructions in hand, we headed west on I-96 for Grand Rapids. Turning north on Hwy M-37, we crossed the 43rd parallel. Our first stop was to visit a couple of antique stores in the small town of Newaygo. No, I had never heard of Newaygo, but there we were!

A few purchases and we were back on the road with a deadline to get to Manistee, north of the 44th parallel for lunch

at the Lighthouse Brewing Co. Well you know how slow 356’s are and, well, our arrival time for Manistee was pushed back a bit later for lunch. Actually, Buddy Hirs’s black Roadster developed a problem when going

up a grade and about 12 cars pulled over to see what the matter was. When traveling with a “gruppe” of 356 owners one can expect the participants to have enough parts to build a whole 4-cylinder engine. Indeed, Shane Piers (if



1) The Gruppe at lunch on Saturday. 2) Our Host, Michael Heilmann, pitches in to help serve the food. 3) Bill Rohrer and Jill Wellings. 4) George and Judy Richards. 5) Mary Jo and Chuck Frietas. 6) Brad and Gabby Richards.

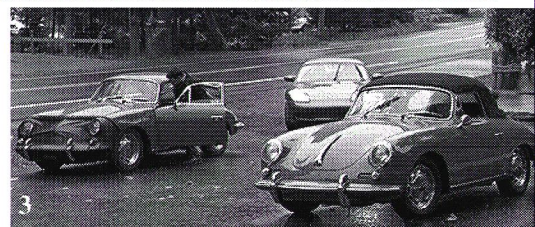
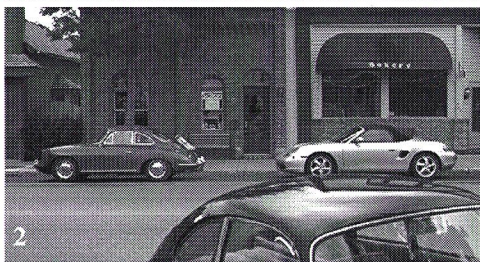
my memory serves) had a replacement part that was soon put in place by the deft hands of Ted Dunham.

The lunch date was met by a ravenous “gruppe” assemblage. The food was good, and maybe even better after the long wait to get it. But our Gruppe never lets its members down; the Heilmans and Barbara Peterson stepped up and helped the waitstaff serve the food, much to the delight of the “customers”. Although the checkout was equally lengthy the company was great and again, the conversations turned to all things “Porsche”.

With all sated, we were more than eager to be “a’tire” for our next stop, the Harbor Lights Motel in Frankfort. I had never heard of this place either! A small detour led us to the historic Portage Point Inn at Onkama. (No, not this one either!) This Inn was a Ferry stop for the summer tourists coming from Chicago and looked a great deal like the Grand Hotel on Mackinaw, but not as, well, “grand”, but still very picturesque. How did Mike find these places?

The Harbor Lights Motel in Frankfort was the next destination. Ah! A warm room to call our own for the night. The accent is on *warm* as the day had turned quite cool and windy. A walk on the beautiful beach of Lake Michigan, feeling the brisk breeze and spray of waves crashing on rocks, a heavy coat would have felt great. A quick walk through the town told us to be out of the way when the sidewalks were rolled up. The town of Frankfort is quite small but lovely and our restaurant for dinner, “Rhonda’s Wharfside Inn”, was a short walk from the motel. In spite of the fact that they had a large crowd of customers they got us seated and served in good time. The food was exceptional, the wines delightful and the conversations most enjoyable.

Most of the “gruppe” were up and ready to go the next morning, except for those disturbed in the middle of the night by the police sirens, the scream-



1) Some of the participants line up for a shot over lake Michigan. 2) Porsches dominated parking downtown Frankfurt Sunday morning. 3) Rain did not spoil our fun. 4) This boat’s dinghy was an Amphicar!

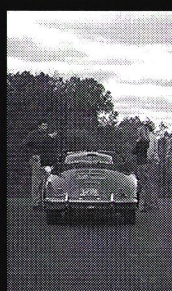
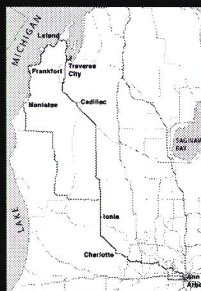
ing, yelling and banging of furniture. The additional entertainment was provided by other motel guests at no charge to those around them. No, it was NOT me demanding to sleep on the right side of the bed or for more

heat. I don’t yell that loud anyway.

Sunday morning some of the “gruppe” decided not to go further north, but instead to take a leisurely drive back to the 42nd parallel. After a great photo

Then there are the ones who’ve always got to do it their own way...

The Ann Arborites decided to meet up with the entire Gruppe in Manistee rather than drive to Milford and then up through Grand Rapids. Gottfried Hogh, Sebastian Gaeta and the Clans Rohrer and Richards (without Bean) zipped up to Manistee the back way, as shown by the GPS map below. The drive was terrific but the real fun began when we all merged into Manistee for lunch. We also stopped at Bill Rohrer’s brothers home on the lake at Frankfort as seen bottom left.





opportunity high on a hill overlooking Lake Michigan with the added assistance of a very nice local police officer and the talent of Gottfried Hogh as photographer, the rest of us ventured on north into the 45th parallel. The winding roads between Frankfort and Leland are quite spectacular, even if the fall color was still “green”.

The rain that soon studded the day was not even objectionable in such good company of autos and friends. The brunch stop was the Bluebird Restaurant in Leland and what a spread! If one didn't get their fill, then they were not with us! A large group of Corvette owners on their fall color tour were also dining at the Bluebird.

The plan was then to hit a couple of antique places on Mission Point at Traverse City (yup, I've heard of that one). But few couples chose to take advantage of being out of town and up north. Ted & I did, as we had plans to stay the night with friends Bill & Marilyn

Lovett in Charlevoix on Sunday night and visit Van Dam Wooden Boat Works in Boyne on Monday (Boy, is that another story!).

It was a wonderful weekend and those enjoying it were as follows:

Mike & Maureen Heilmann, in a fly yellow 968 Cabriolet, Sebastian Gaeta, in a Red “C” coupe, Brad & Gabby Richards in a White ‘55 Continental coupe, Gottfried Hogh, in a red ‘64 “C” Cabriolet, Dick & Diane Beecher in a yellow “C” Cabriolet, Bill & Shirley Hallandal in a 911 Carrera, Bill Rohrer & fiancée Jill Wellings in an SC 911 Targa, Dave & Barbara Peterson, in an Arena Red Boxster hardtop, Dave & Mary Preston in a red “C” coupe, Len & Linda Hanson, in a Super 90 Roadster, Ted & Lanita Dunham, in a Navy “A” coupe, John & Becky Denyer in a silver “A” coupe, Phil & Patricia Kubik in a silver Boxster, Tom & Jan Downey, in a red Karmann Hardtop, Bill & Freida Block, in a gray “C”

Cabriolet, Bob Zenke in a blue BMW, Dick & Shirley Gobba in a dark green 911 SC coupe, Andy Heilmann (Mike's brother) and his wife Annette in a blue Boxster, Buddy Hirs in a black Roadster, Shane Piers and Kelly Veenhoven in a white “A” coupe, Jeff Knudson & son Evan in a black “A” coupe, George & Judi Richards (Brad's parents) in a silver Miata, Chris Sloan & Shirley Kocur in a red “pre-A” coupe and Chuck & Mary Jo Freitas in a petrol Blue 911 SC Targa.

Several of the couples were from the western side of Michigan and we were so pleased to have them join us for this fun weekend along with newer or seldom seen local members, and of course the regulars. We encourage all that attended to come join us at the Holiday party and share your pictures and memories, renewing newfound friends.



Munk's Motors



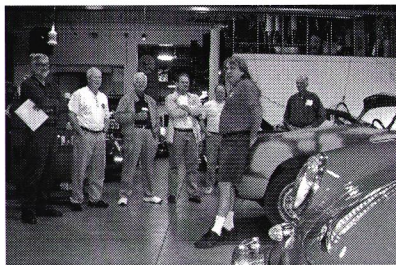
Tech Talk

Story and photos by Dan Christie



On Saturday, October 12th, Chris Braden and Munk's Motors opened their doors to us for a 356 tech clinic. Vic Skirmants and Ted Dunham were the special guests on hand to lecture us in such 356 topics as general adjustments, carburetors, ignition, timing, fanbelts, brake bleeding and regular maintenance. Luckily, Chris had several 356s lined up and ready to be inspected.

As we all marveled at every detail, Vic began to go over every working (or non-working) part on the cars. Vic — our own Pied Piper of Porsches — led us through the finer points of 356 mechanics.



Munk's supplied our motley crew with refreshments and pizza. Even on Vic and Ted's "lunch break" we pestered them for answers to our questions, which must have made them feel just like home at their own shops.

Jeff Knudsen and his '56 Speedster came all the way from Holland, MI to participate in the tech session. Thanks Jeff, I'm sure it was well worth the drive!



For years I carried this Joe Blzlfk cloud of guilt around whenever I was near people like Vic Skirmants, Ted Dunham, Neil Goldberg, Peter Stuyck and Terry Myr--he's the Ferrari guru. They're wrench lovers. Their mind is wired differently than mine. They like to see the inner workings to wallow in "whirligigs and thingies." They didn't mind stuff that dripped and oozed. They intuitively knew that mechanical things that required stuff-that-oozed also went like stink and made loud noises. I really envied them.

They were the kids that carried screwdrivers in their pockets or if that was taken away they scrounged a spoon or a table knife to unscrew things. When they were really little they stuck broom straw in wall sockets because they liked the smell of it burning. They were into cause and effect. Later they took apart their new bikes to strip off the fenders and put the handle bars on backwards and hiked the seats up until they could just touch the ground with their toes. Anything that would come off, did--all just to see how it worked or to personalize their ride. They were the kids that got the merit badge for making something out of the junk they picked up from the neighbors' trash.

Being the son a "furnace man", I was the gofer and dirty most of the weekends and summer vacations. I got to thread pipes, change nozzles on oil burners, clean the trucks and wash and iron sooty clothes. But I hated getting dirty. Made my eyes itch.

Besides, I always found it was a lot more fun to ride the bike up to the car dealers and look at the new models. Especially the trip to Falveys in Ferndale. That's where David E. Davis, Jr. and Leon Mandel sold cars. They had Jaguars, and Bristols and MGs and Alfas and Mercedes and Bentleys. I could relate to the exciting visual lines and the smell of leather, those neat gauges and hand-brakes. I would read about them in *Road & Track* and *Sports Car*

Graphic. But for some reason the in-depth mechanical explanations went in one ear and other the other.

Fast-forward 50-years. Skirmants comes back from his recent vacation that took him to the Goodwood Revival in England and then on to Latvia to visit family. When I ask him about his trip, he pulls a spark plug out of his pocket from a WWII German bomber that crashed in a Latvian swamp. I was expecting an elaboration and word pictures about the Bentleys, Jaguars, Ferraris, Maseratis, ERAs, Coopers', Lotus' and Porsches racing around Lord March's estate. Maybe a word or two about how he and Barbara dressed in period costume to get into the pit area and Lord March's private viewing stands.

Instead he said, "Look at this. This was buried way down below the surface. Three farmer/mechanics pulled out an airplane and a tank buried in 25 feet of muck with pre-war block and tackle winches and a Percheron draft horse." Then he handed me some pictures, "Look at the engine. It's like new. Its still shiny. Of course, the magnesium cases are gone from the chemicals in the swamp but this is great. They want me to help them find a buyer for the engine in the states--they want \$70,000."

Whoa, that's two-thirds the GNP of Latvia. But then, Europeans know them. Americans will spend lavishly on anything exotically mechanical. There's lots of tales about somebody knew somebody's uncle who sold an old Mercedes W 125 race car back in the mid-eighties that had been stored in a cave somewhere. And we all know what those are worth.

I was mesmerized by this spark plug mostly because hearing about it was like reading a piece from Mark Twain when Huck pulled the frog out of his pocket to trade.

For years I've felt like a ninny because I'm not very mechanical. Often I transpose names of the important mechanical thingies. By not being mechanical however, does test the tolerance of Vic, Neil and Peter; Ted cuts me a bit more latitude and still takes the time to explain a few things. But then he's a saint. I've come to realize that the tolerance level of the wizards varies depending on the degree of ignorance they're facing. The irony is that there are only a few in the 356 group that ventures into repairing the important things on their cars. And when it's crunch time, they all turn to Vic, Ted, Neil or Pete. Look at it this way, Zamler, Rivera and Hinson are doing our best to give them a few laughs each

Guilt Free Musings

If You Can't fix It, At Least Be Able To Describe It.

by Richard Hinson

month. And there's more mechanical ninnys out there than us four.

Of course I've come to rationalize this as providing those with mechanical skills an opportunity to "make sport". They need this opportunity to snigger and have something to talk about later. At least I've rationalized it as such. In reality it's not "making sport", it's actually making "go-away".

As an example, Dave Burton managed to corner Skirmants a couple of Saturdays ago to resolve a flat spot in acceleration on Diane's 356 Roadster. Being the good guy, he reached into his pocket for that ubiquitous small screwdriver and worked his magic. He balanced the sounds and harmonic vibrations until the hmmmms indicate that all is right with the Porsche gods.

Later, Burton, just back from his test drive, says that Vic's corrected the flat spot between 2800 and 3200 rpm but it's still there at 2200. Before Vic had a chance to answer, I blurted the advice that Vic gave me when I had the same problem. "Just mash harder on the accelerator and you'll get through it quicker." Reading between the lines, that means "Sorry Diane, get used to the flat spot as you tool around the neighborhood or are blocked in by those big SUVs. The solution is to mash on the right pedal hard. It's a lot more fun anyway."

I mentioned that my mid-range flat spot on the Convertible D seemed to be less apparent when the weather was cool with higher humidity. Vic suggested then that's the time for me to take my car out for a drive.

There it was. It was a revelation. Now I knew how to enjoy these old crock cars. Drive them when they were tuned to match to the weather. Obviously tolerance for mechanical idiocy is a very touchy thing. I've deduced something else: you can persuade those who have the skill to attend to your needs *if* you can describe accu-

"...I've come to rationalize this as providing those with mechanical skills an opportunity to 'make sport'... In reality it's not 'making sport', it's actually making 'go-away'."

ately what the symptoms are. You get extra points if you have familiarity with which end of the cars the problems emanate from. If you know how things interrelate you've unlocked the key to acceptance.

Well almost.

Doc Block can help provide you with the key. He's got all those great books that if you can keep your eyes open when they're discussing sloppy throttle linkage, sway bars, valve adjustments, cam lobes and exhaust pulses you're in line to move up the ladder. Of course, Doc is a very bright guy with a great memory, but that doesn't mean he can twist the screwdriver or stop oil leaks or get the seat to slide smoothly on the tracks. It does mean that he can argue vociferously about how it's suppose to work. Doc also has some rare and exotic, let's call them devices because they're not exactly tools, that allow measurements and readings to be taken.

For me, I just admit up front that I'm a polisher, and when it comes to the mechanics I want the damn car to allow me to keep up with the rest of my well-tweaked friends when we're on the road. Basically, I want to get there without having to keep a package of Tums in my pocket. I don't have a cell phone and suffer angst when the car won't do the basics like go into gear. Vic showed me that you can jamb it into gear and get home. It wasn't a happy scene but it sure worked.

In my past life, I had the benefit of numerous driving schools so I can get through the twisties ok but to be able to deduce that the float levels are not right is something that I leave to Pete or Vic or Ted or Neil. I can tell them that when I'm on roads that undulate, the car loses power until it slows down to a trot, then it miraculously recovers and I prudently proceed through the washboard bumps more slowly. Smooth roads no problemo. But be advised that the last time I explained the circumstances of loss-of-power their eyes glazed over.

It was Doc who suggested to Pete that the carburetor floats seemed out of balance. He supplied the pipettes to measure the gas level in the carburetor floats and Stuyck made the problem go away. Bless you Peter.

See, that's how it's done.

I don't worry anymore. I travel in a pack with the people who have the tools. And I buy the wine. Hey, everyone has a role to play. I've learned that *Wine Spectator* has been a very important tool in my Sears toolbox. I accept my insufficiencies. However, I really am working on being able to accurately describe the problem. Then I find it's important to ingratiate myself with those with mechanical skills. There's a nice California champagne by Gloria Ferrer that goes over big. And the Antinori Chianti Classico is terrific with pasta.



Coming Soon The Motor Cities Gruppe website!

Your board of Trustees met in November to discuss the possibility of creating our own website. We had actually broached the subject in the past but it was never really met with any enthusiasm. We just did not see a reason for it at that time. Looking back, it may have been because we weren't aware of anyone who really knew how to do it.

Gottfried Hogh solved that dilemma by offering to commit to being our webmaster for a minimum of two years to get things on track. We have all seen Gottfried's work as a photographer. Let me say from personal experience that he is just as talented at creating websites.

Since that meeting, Gottfried has created a simulated site that is actually a subpage of his personal website, but not available for public viewing. Without revealing too much, what is there is terrific. Among the things being envisioned for the site are, starting with the obvious, the home page where all the navigation would begin. Things we hope to have available from the homepage will be an **Events Calendar**, **Club History**, a **Photo Gallery**, a **How to Join** section, **Latest News**, **Gruppe Staff** with links to their email addresses, **Auspuff Roar** showing the latest covers and a few selected stories, a **Classified** section and a segment showing all of **Brad Richards' Design Critiques**.

One section we are excited about is the Calendar of events. We envision that when you click on an event link, the event announcement with information and directions will appear. After the event you can then click on the link to see a short story and photospread!

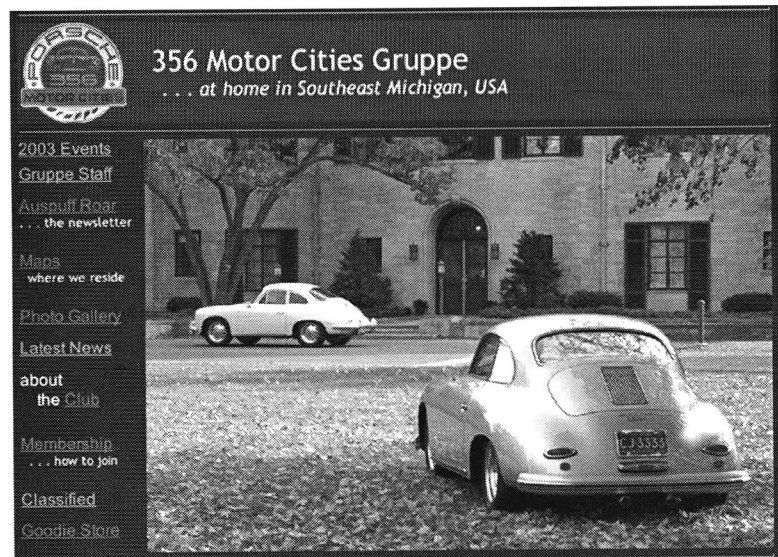
Below is a shot of the proposed homepage with the links to the side. So far it has been easy to navigate and is full of great pictures and stories.

Also, having each members email address will help us tremendously as we move forward into the web arena. Rather than

costly special mailings for events etc., we can contact everyone via their email. As with any information about our members, your email address remains confidential—we do not sell or give out any lists! So please help Barbara by sending her your email to: skirmants@comcast.net

If Barbara has your email you will be notified as soon as the site is up, which should be soon after the first of the year. If she doesn't then you'll have to wait for the next Auspuff Roar for the web address.

Sebastian



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Horsepower Hollow 100



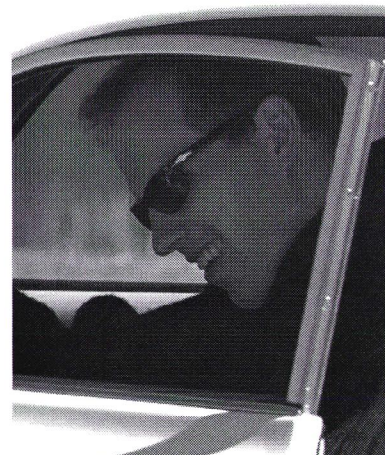
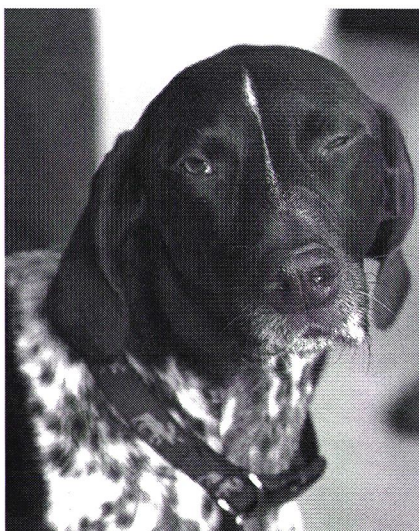
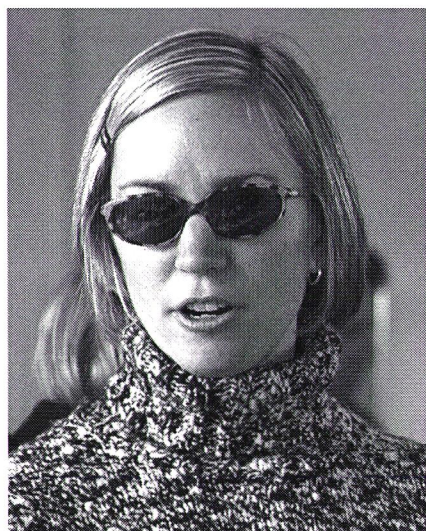
All Photographs by Gottfried Hogh

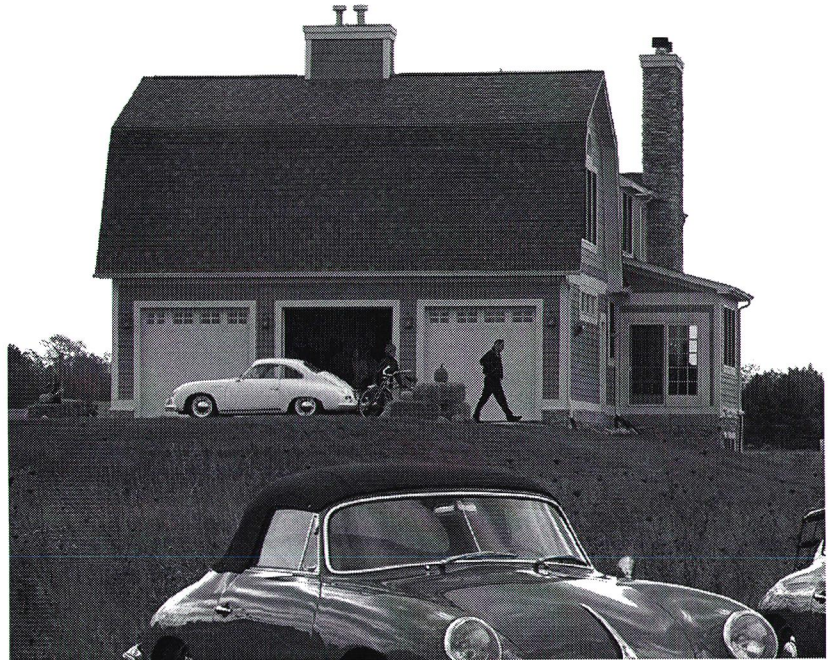
Brad Richards was lucky enough to attend one of the Last “Casa Crane” vintage car rallies hosted by Automobile magazine’s Larry Crane. Larry has since moved up north and then out west to become Art Director of Road and Track Magazine. Brad enjoyed the autumn rally so much that when Larry left the area, he decided that the Ann Arbor based event should not leave with him. Brad felt that the rally needed a new name, of course, and came up with a winner. As motoring enthusiasts we obviously thrive on horsepower; the new tour takes us through Hill and Hollow of western Washtenaw county and the route is approximately 100 miles long (112 to be exact). Thus the name:

Horsepower Hollow 100.

Although the people invited to the Hollow are not necessarily the same ones who used to gather on Larry’s front lawn in Saline, many of the attendees are veterans of the old event. It is no surprise that the veterans are mostly Motor Cities Gruppe members, and that the new hotshoes are friends of Brad’s from Ford Motor Company. Gruppe

(Continued on page 24)





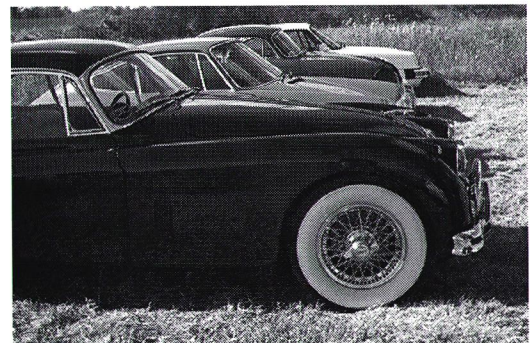
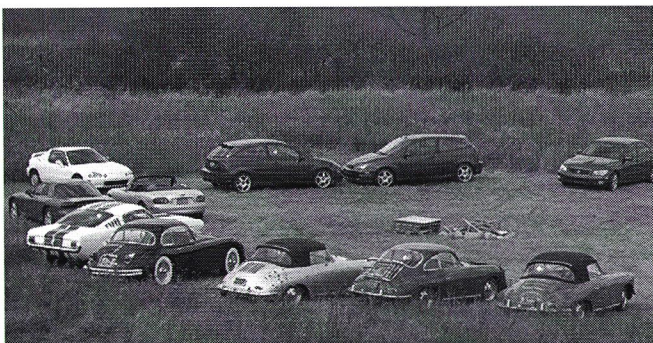
members included Bill Milliken, Vic Rivera, Neil Goldberg, Sebastian Gaeta, Gottfried Hogh, Peter Stuyck and Richard Hinson. Also in attendance was SEM member Bob Count in his "912-6". What a terrific car this is. It's a '67 912 with a 2.7L 911 engine and it goes like stink. This air-cooled Porsche has convinced Bob to sell his 968 cabriolet. Welcome to the darkside, Bob--now all you need is a 356...

Brad and his wife Gabby took the event to another level this year. They set up their spotless garage to make a cozy gathering place before the rally, and turned it into the finest restaurant in Lodi Township, MI afterwards. Brad's mom, Judi, made a fantastic chili that was gobbled up so quickly we included the recipe on the following page. They even mowed part of their own hollow for people to park

their cars. If you saw the movie "Signs" you would have been very familiar with the designs of the clean cut parking spots that looked like they were alien in origin.

It wasn't just the setting that was improved from the inaugural event, the route was even better than last year's, which I didn't think possible. Even

(Continued on page 26)





ROAD RALLY WHITE CHILI

A recipe from Judi Richards



ROAD RALLY WHITE CHILI As served at the Horsepower Hollow 100 from the kitchen of Judi Richards

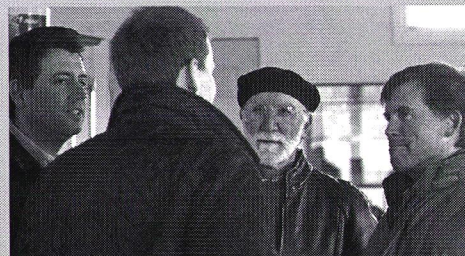
- 1 tablespoon olive oil
- 2 medium onions, chopped
- 4 garlic cloves, minced
- 2- 4 oz. cans chopped mild green chilies
- 2 teaspoons ground cumin
- 1/4 teaspoon cayenne pepper
- 1 1/2 teaspoons dried oregano
- 1- 48 oz jar of Great Northern White beans, undrained
- 6 cups chicken broth
- 2 pounds boneless, skinless chicken breast, cooked and chopped
- 3 cups shredded Monterey Jack cheese



Heat the oil in a large stock pot and saute onions. Stir in garlic, chilies and other spices. Add the undrained beans and chicken broth. Bring to a boil. Add the chopped chicken. Stir in the shredded cheese until it melts. Serve with garnishes if desired. The garnishes used at the "Hollow": Monterey Cheese, Sour Cream, Salsa, Chopped Cilantro.

"This recipe serves about 10 people. I tripled it for the rally and as you remember it wasn't enough."

Note from Brad: My Mom RULES!!!



(Continued from page 24)

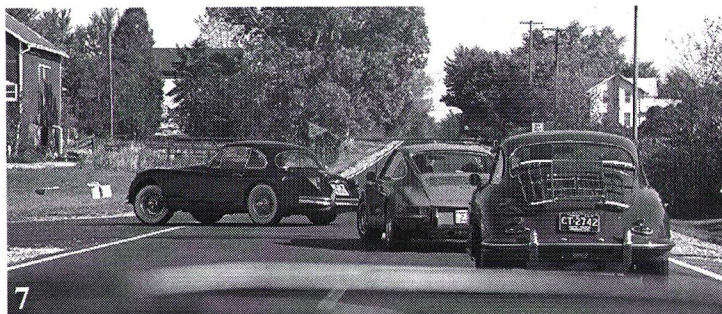
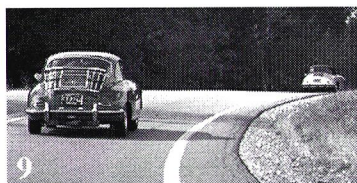
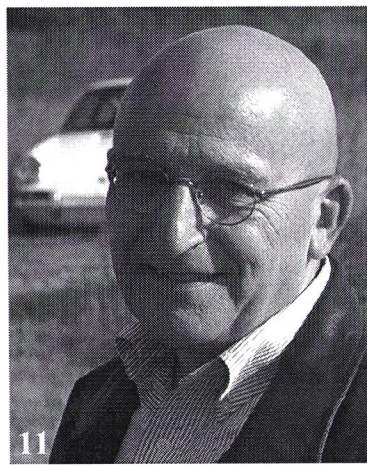
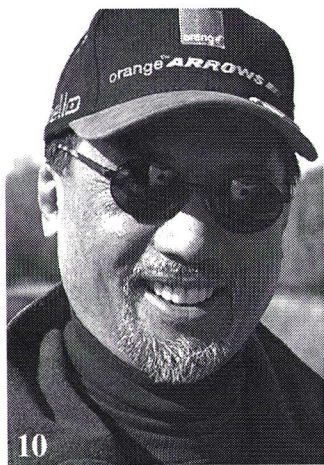
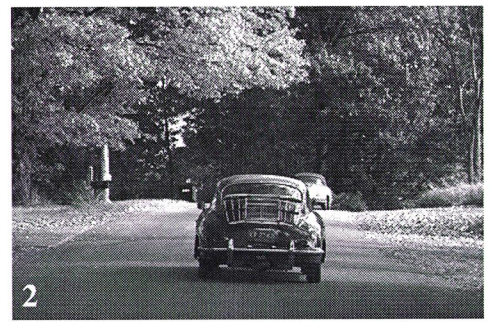
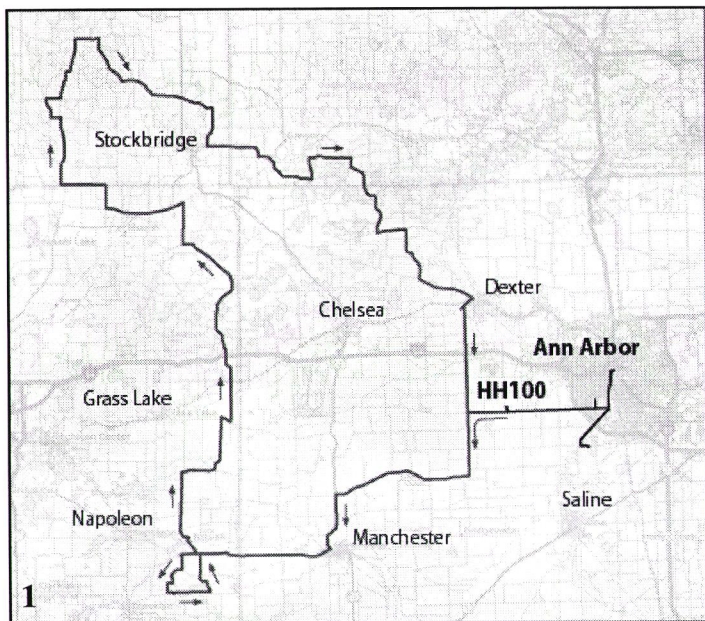
the fellow drivers were better behaved. Last years "Hollow" was as terrifying as a haunted hayride what with being passed more than once by the same F-150 Lightning going over 100mph. Seems he kept missing the turns and was hell-bent on proving that the Hare *could* beat the tortoise. This years pace was much better—hey, 65 to 70 mph on back country roads is plenty fast in any car, old or not.

Cruising the back roads in a long line of Porsches during a Gruppe event is as good as it gets. A not too distant second is cruising those back roads with enthusiasts driving other makes. This years' crew included a Jaguar, a Citroen 2CV (owned by Gruppe member Peter Stuyck), a GT 350 Mustang, two "Foci" SVT's, a last generation RX-7, a couple of Audi TT's and a new Mini. Thankfully, the F-150 Lightning was absent (perhaps impounded?) and so was the notion that this was a timed event. Oh, sure, we still got passed, but it was in the spirit of fun rather than being testosterone driven.

As with any good event, it gets bigger and better each year. While for now the HH100 remains invitation only, but your chances of getting that invite get better every year. Be patient; it's worth the wait. •

This Page: Brad chats with Neil and Peggy Goldberg before they start the rally. **Opposite page:** 1) GPS map of the route. 2) Beautiful roads, beautiful cars. 3) Oh, No! Peter Stuyck gets passed again in his 2 C-V. 4) Hinsons arrive in their Convertible "D" while Bob Count follows in his "912-6". 5) Bill Milliken and his wife Gay arrived with top down, but toured under cover. 6) Karl Roberts in his Jaguar. 7) Two Porsches toying with the Jag. 8) Which one has more interior space? 9) More curves than a Fellini film. 10) Vic Rivera doesn't miss many events. 11) The tables are turned: Gottfried Hogh in front of the camera.





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