

CHICAGO SCENE

APRIL 1974

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6710 N. Edgebrook Terrace, Chicago, Illinois

DATES:

April 21 - Gymkhana

May 5 - Driving School

May 19 - Rallye



The **Chicago Scene** is the official publication of the Porsche Club of America, Chicago Region, and is published monthly. PCA dues are \$18.00 annually.

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THE REAR VIEW MIRROR

BAACHUS BASH II

From all appearances the club likes beer, particularly German beer, almost as much as they like German Cars. The beer Tasting/Concours/Swap fest was so successful that we almost ran out of beer. One hundred and twelve lovers of the golden brew jammed into Shoreline Porsche/Audi to sample eight different beers from seven different countries (see results on following page).

Shoreline was extremely hospitable and provided plenty of pop for the younger set and thousands of pretzels for the tasters. They even had an all black Carrera Targa on the floor to wet our appetites.

The Concours, held in the service area, drew a record (for this event) twenty two cars. It is this editor's observation that the competition in the lower classes is very good and the cars are improving rapidly. The Concours was very well run by Bob White (socks) and Henry Novoselsky. We wish to thank all those who gave up some drinking time to act as judges. Thanks to Bob White, Wally Ryback, Bob Gummow, Merv Rosen, Bruce Janecek, Harold Beach, Hank Novoselsky, Dan Gerow and Dean Bangert. Due to the fact that the club's photographer's batteries went flat during the trophy presentation we will point out that Anita Ryback, Mike VanderWerff, Bruce Janecek, Dan Gerow, Joe Marcin, Ed Russ, Harold Beach and Dean Bangert took home silver. The club's toilet seat award

was presented to Bob White (socks). White has spent quite a bit of time cleaning up Patrick but alas it snowed in Champaign and you all know that Patrick is allergic to snow, or rain or for that matter dew; so Patrick stayed home.

From all indications the swap fest was very successful. There were many hard to get parts plus some real bargains changing hands. Bob Gummow even brought in a lot of chrome 356 parts, which were immediately sold. Thanks to Todd Kaitis and Linday Johnson who ran this part of the event.

Dinner was held at Hackney's on Lake. Dinner was the usual fabulous Hackney-berger plus fried onion rings. The group was in a festive mood due to the vast quantities of good beer consumed earlier. The 122 people who attended dinner got their money's worth and had an excellent time.

We owe a special thanks to Shoreline Porsche Audi and its staff, especially Scottie and Mr. & Mrs. Wendel Fuji. Their people went through a great deal of trouble for us and it is appreciated.

Thanks to all who helped, Wilma & Bob White, Sandy Gerow, Jimmy Gummow, Sam Melnick, Todd Kaitis, Linda Johnson, Gene Urban, Joe Marcin, Hank and Debbie Novoselsky, Bob & Wilma White and especially to Diane and Dan Gallagher.

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BACCHUS BASH II**CONCOURS RESULTS****CLASS A**

Anita Ryback 285 T

CLASS B

Mike Vanderwerff 229 T

Ben Hursh 224

Harry Willwerth 199

CLASS C

Bruce Janecek 185 T

Dan Gerow 171 T

Dunn (Applicant) 164

Larry Bobbe 146

Hersheyway (Applicant) 123

Tom Grutzmacher 116

Coburn (Applicant) 110

CLASS D

Joe Marcin 113 T

Ed Russ 111 T

Harold Beach 110 T

Dean Bangert 109 T

Frank Wagner 105

Ed Leed 104

Joe Ratschan 100

Marion Kuzniar 99

Bob L. White 96

Ron Bodinet 94

John Welda (Applicant) 88

BEER TASTING RESULTS

Wurzberger, Germany 776

Heineken, Holland 744

Michelob, U.S.A. 728

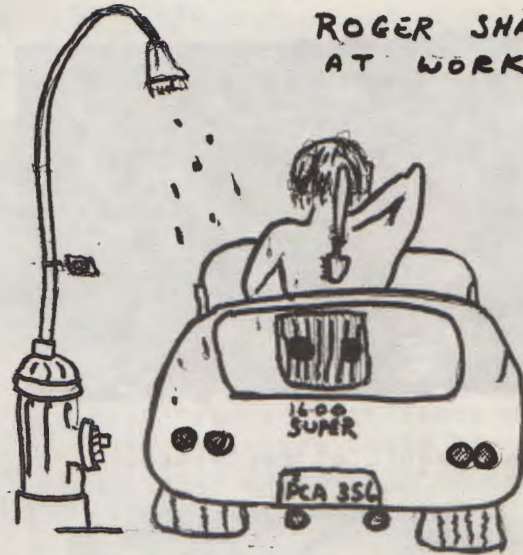
Carlsberg, Denmark 702

Pilsner Urquell, Czechoslovakia 696

Carta Blanca, Mexico 680

Hi Brau, U.S.A. - Wisc. 627

Kirin, Japan 607



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CYCLE WERKS OF BARRINGTON

BMW Motorcycles

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DESI VINCZEN

126 Cook Street

Barrington

383-9144



Bavarian Motor Works



Shoreline Porsche/Audi, our host.

(4)



Shoreline's staff. Thanks!



Our beautiful registrars.



Our friends Merv paying the late registration penalty. It appears that Merv has lost his clout.



Concour area.



Unaccustom as I am to public cleaning.!



Gene Coburn and Gobby--one of the new blue ribbon crop of applicant members.



Class A Winner '55 Continental Coupe.



Young Bodinet learning that Concours is not a dirty word.



Black Bart and the new Bartmobile. Note it is so black that it is invisible.



Bruce "Super Shoe" did a super job on his aerial. Note that Bruce has placed his 914/2 between a sexy picture and a VW parts box. Does that mean anything?



Our good friend Doris Beach cleaning Harold's car. You would be surprised how much our women work on our cars.



Judi Bobbe checking out very clean 911.



Our Concours judges. Note that they drink only "soft" drinks.



Our beautiful women pouring beer.



Mr. Morgan of Formost Liquors shows event chairman how to pour beer. By the way the event chairman already knew how, having poured a few.



(6)

We don't care what the judges do,
we like the stuff,



Gee, we sure hope Daddy buys that
Carrera back there. We'd like to hear
Mom blow her stack again!



Mr. & Mrs. Joe Marcin, senior.



What do you mean you needed those
chrome air cleaners for your 356,
I need a new dress!



Dan, I can see the saliva drooling
down your chops on the sight of all
that gorgeous beer!



I'll tell you Tom, if we sell the 911,
the house and the furniture, we could
buy that Black Carrera Targa back there



Provsit!



We are tired of that stupid editor
saying we are beautiful blondes but
not necessarily natural!



What is a 356?



Dubuque Gothic.



Ken Lessing and friend thought that a concours was a small street in Stuttgart.



We sure got the wrong idea about a swap fest.



Say Bob, when are we going to see that speedster of yours?



The Janecek family.



Bruce has not smiled since his favorite Czech beer finished fifth in the beer tasting.



Applicant member Sam Melnick and friend. Thanks for your help.



We have never been in a newsletter so we bought the editor a beer; as if he needed it!



Harold: Come on Ray the quality of applicant members is going up not down!
Ray: Yah, take a look at those two new applicants over at the bar!



Say Darlette, I see about a quarter of the membership is wearing your sweatshirts!



I am tired of being called the other Bob White.

(8)



John Welda and wife, applicants, believe Dan Gerow won the beer consumption contest.



Don't pay any attention to that Mr. Cuny. After all we beat him in the Kartling Kettle Gran Prix.



Come on Chuck, smile, you don't have to do another rallye for awhile.



Too bad there is not a piano present.



We have been wondering what we are doing here?

(9)



Linda: I hear you bought a big garage with a house attached. I am sure that we will be invited to the garagewarming.



The David Redzus family.



Allan Redszus, who transfered from our region to St. Louis, has now moved back. Welcome home.



Lynne, I don't know how that stupid newsletter editor could have mistaken him. He probably thinks June Skidmore is a boy.



Say Steve, I hear your 912 is back together after tearing up that 40,000 lb. semi.



Bob White (Socks), concours chairman and Hank Novoselsky, co-event chairman.



Winners Class D

COMING EVENTS

ROSEN'S WRY RUNABOUT

DATE: Sunday, April 21
 PLACE: Anchor Cuppling (located on Ill. 176 2 miles west of the Tri-State North South Tollway in Libertyville)
 TIME: Registration 10 A.M. Practice 10-12. First Timed Run off at 12 SHARP.

Here you are gymkhana fans, your first chance to get out and see how your Porsche runs after the winter lay-off. This will be our first gymkhana run under the new classes and it will also be the first where we will be running up to 10 ladies classes. Here is your chance girls! The Club showed we care about you; now come out and show us that you also care.

This will be a high speed gymkhana as the parking lot is almost a quarter of a mile long with no posts or curves. Merv plans to lay out a long fast course with various curves including 90° and 180° corners.

Dinner will be held afterwards at the SILO restaurant. The Silo features deep dish pizza. The Silo is located 3 miles east of Anchor Duppling on Ill. 176 (Approximately 1 mile east of the Tri-State).

CLASSES

1 and Ladies 1	All 356
2 and L2	All 912
3 and L3	914 1/7 Liter
4 and L4	914/2, 911 2 liter (except E & S) 356 Carrera
5 and L5	914/6, 911 2.0E, 911 2.4 T. E & S
6 and L6	911 2.2 T & E & S, 911 2.0S
7 and L7	All 2.7 Liter
8 and L8	Modified 4 cyl.
9 and L9	Modified 6 cyl.
10 and L10	All factory built competition cars.

Dear Bonnie:

Wow, a 700 ft. parking lot! Sign me up.

NAME _____

MEMBER APPLICANT GUEST

CLASSES) _____

Color car and model _____

Price \$5.00 per car **(\$7.00 at line)

Reserve _____ Adult Dinners @ \$4 (\$6 at line)
 _____ Child Dinners @ \$3 (\$5 at line)

**To qualify for the pre-registration discount, reservation must be reserved or called in by Thursday April 18th.

Make check payable to PCA/Chicago and mail to:
 Bonnie Gladish, 3814 Rugen Road, Glenview, IL 60025
 or call 729-4706

HIGH PERFORMANCE AND SAFETY SCHOOL I

DATE: Sunday, May 5, 1974
 PLACE: Soldier's Field Parking Lot
 REGISTRATION: Sauer's Restaurant, 312 E. 23rd Street
 TIME: First group starts at 9 o'clock
 Last group starts at 11 o'clock

This will be our first attempt at this type of driving school. Two of the co-chairmen (Dave Redszus and Bob White [socks]) are Bob Bonderant graduates and with the help of Bob Buckthal they will try to teach you a good deal of what they learned, and it is a whole lot cheaper than \$1,000 that Bonderant charges.

We have rented Sauer's restaurant for the day. Sauer's is a very large restaurant. There will be plenty of room for the kids to play in, and you need not leave them at home for we will make sure they are taken care of. A Continental Breakfast, lunch and dinner will be served at Sauer's. Sauer's is located just a few blocks from Soldier's Field.

There will be a classroom session before each application on the track. The subjects covered will be

1. CLASS TIME—Glossery of terms, proper seating position, proper shifting, distance from steering wheel, proper braking and acceleration techniques, the tach, and how to read a gear chart.

TRACK TIME—Hard braking experience, drag race starts, proper gymkhana techniques.

2. CLASS TIME—Skid control, spins, weight transfer, understeer, oversteer, reaction times and distance, tires, focus points.

TRACK TIME—Skid pad, curved line acceleration, braking on a curve, skids, drifts.

3. CLASS TIME—Downshifting, R.P.M. ranges, heel and toe, proper apex, trailing brakes, steering techniques, decreasing and increasing radius turns, braking points, exit speeds.

TRACK TIME—Application of the above on an oval which will include increasing and decreasing radius.

4. CLASS TIME—Early and late apex, slalom techniques, hairpin techniques, double back corners, types of corners, consistency and smoothness, car balance, uphill and downhill corners, bumps.

TRACK TIME—Giant Slalom course which will include all of the above.

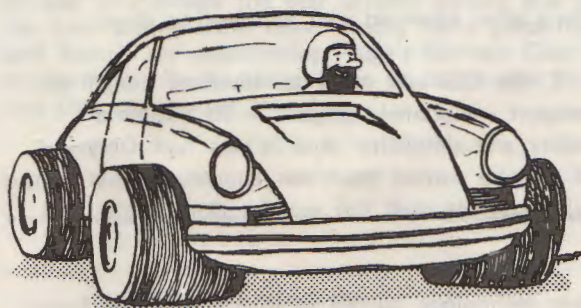
5. CLASS ROOM — Defensive Driving Techniques.

(Continued on page 11)

CONTINUED from page 10

As you can see that is a very large and ambitious undertaking. The courses are aimed at the new members and in particular at our girls. However, it should be pointed out that the "super shoes" will be able to learn plenty. Soldier's Field is very large so we will have the opportunity to learn all of the above without any possibility of damage to the car. Each student will receive approximately two hours of track time; as compared to the usual 4 or 5 minutes at a gymkhana. If you plan to go to the high speed driving school at Blackhawk (which will be a continuation of this school) or to Elkhart Lake, you should attend this school.

Each group will be limited to a manageable size. Each group will go through all the above classroom and track sessions. When you register you may request an early or late group (last group will start at 11 A.M.). The only guaranteed starting time will be to those pre-registered. Late registrations will have to take what groups are open. Early registration will be sent notice of their starting time.



Dear Barb:

I would not miss this opportunity to learn how to drive better and safer for all the safety legislation in Washington.

NAME _____

MEMBER APPLICANT GUEST

My wife, girl friend, etc. will attend YES NO

Price \$5.00 per driver (\$7.00 at line)*

Reserve _____ Adult breakfasts, lunches and dinners @ \$7.50 (\$9.50 at line)

Children may order off menu

*Pre-registration discount applies only to car registered by Mon., April 28th. Make checks payable to PCA/Chicago and mail to:

Barb Redszus
1135 Longwood Drive
Lake Forest, Illinois
312/362-7173

BOARD DECISIONS – MARCH

PLACE: Gene Urban's

IN ATTENDANCE: Neil Hollbe, Bob White, Gene Urban, Bonnie Gladish, Dan Gerow, J. Meyer, Dan Gunther, Merv Rosen, Mike VanderWerff, Dave Redszus.

1. Minutes accepted
2. Treasurer's report accepted
3. Earle Horwitz accepted for membership.
4. Accepted report from Helga Meyer on audit of Goodie Store.
5. Accepted newsletter report. Noted that costs will rise due to 25% increase in postage. Urged members to get a few new ads.
6. By-Laws again worked on. We have reached agreement on approximately 1/2 of the articles.
7. Received thanks from Cliff Tufte on our contribution to his dinner. The SCCA was appreciative as PCA was the only other club to contribute.
8. Insured the club's inventory of merchandise and equipment.
9. Approved Dan Gallagher's actions with TRIBUNE concerning their article on the club.
10. Have requested Illinois License plates PCA to PCA 50.
11. Reserved the Bilmore Country Club for annual dinner dance.
12. An inquiry about the club's sponsorship of a race car was received. The Board's position is: "all racing efforts have the encouragement and best wishes of the club."

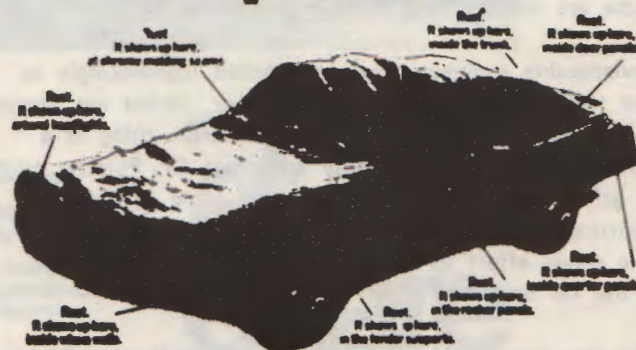
NEW MEMBERS:

Earle & Sari Horwitz
709 La Porte
Wilmette, Illinois 60091

256-3903 Home
729-8110 Office

Welcome Earle & Sari!!

They still haven't unveiled the rustproof car.



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REFLECTIONS ON GENESIS

In the beginning, God did not create 356! Sometime later, he created Ferdinand Porsche, but Dr. Porsche was not God. He was a mere mortal who happened to be remarkably skillful at creating automotive machinery. Some of his designs were, indeed, ahead of their time. However, with sincere respect for Mr. T's opinions as expressed in his article reprinted in the February SCENE, I feel compelled to rebut his thesis.

I submit that Dr. Porsche's model 356 was never an advanced design. Rather, it was a compromise, sacrificing advanced design in favor of simplicity and low production cost. I have no quarrel with simplicity and low productive cost; only with the suggestion that the 356 was an advanced design.

Clearly the 356 was a specialized development of the Volkswagen which was designed some 15 years before Dr. Porsche began building his own car. Only the Corvair seems to have followed the trail blazed by Dr. Porsche in the 1930's and that car sacrificed everything for simplicity and low production cost. If the items suggested by Mr. T. were truly automotive design advances, we should be able to see evidence of the advance spawned by the 356 in today's cars and in the cars of the late 50's and 60's.

Happily, I must agree that the Porsche gear box has always been and is today the state-of-the-art benchmark in manual shift transmissions. But few other cars have an air-cooled motor. VW and Honda are air-cooled, but recently both manufacturers introduced new water-cooled models. The Corvair was air-cooled, but is deceased. Rumors indicate that Porsche will soon introduce its own water-cooled model.

Has anyone seen any horizontally opposed cylinder layouts around lately? Of course not. That was a compromise to facilitate air-cooling and rear engine location. There were many deficiencies in that design, but it was simple and easy to produce. Speaking of rear engine location, all the cars which once had it have abandoned it. Even VW and Porsche are moving to a front engine design.

Knowledgeable engineer types have noted (convincingly to me at least) that torsion bars are neither better nor worse than coil springs. They are in fact, the same thing in a differently shaped package. Any advantage Dr. Porsche might have gained from torsion bars, he gave away in the 356 by putting the bars transversely between the front wheels in the clever effort to eliminate any usable trunk space that the car otherwise might have had.

As for the absence of a transmission hump, that might have been a design advance in a car designed to carry 3 people in the front seat, but what did it get us in the 356? Besides, there's still a tunnel to get all the plumbing from

the front of the car back to the mechanism in the rear and "lo and behold", there's the transmission hump. Just when we thought it might be gone, it appeared in the rear, neatly eliminating any chance for plus 2 seating. Now plus 2 seating would have been an advance. It seems like every sports car today offers plus 2 seating.

I can add a few more dubious design awards if you'll tolerate my tirade a bit longer. How about that double trailing arm front suspension with its monkey motion of king pins and link pins and the front wheels vaguely located with a big stack of shims (by Gawd!) because no two trailing arms were ever quite the same shape. Advanced? Hardly, but it was cheap and readily available (as were many other parts) to be pirated right off the VW assembly line.

The swing axle rear suspension might have been an advance in the 1930's when it was created, but by the late 50's it was sadly out-of-date. It has now vanished. Of course, you remember that the 356 maintained 6V electronics until the bitter end, and it sported drum brakes long after advanced cars switched to discs.

No, Mr. T. the 356 was never an advanced design. But it was elegant - supremely elegant in its Teutonic functionality and simplicity. And it was fun! Only those of us who owned them can appreciate what unique fun they were. We shall not see the likes of the 356 again.

As current technology hurtles us into automotive future shock, the development of the 911 (and the development of the conservationists too) makes many of us Porsche freaks yearn for the simpler and slower fun of the 356. But it's gone. Oh, I recognize that many pristine restorations and in milder climes even a few good original examples still exist and many are in regular use. But the same can be said for many Model T Fords and the Model T is an antique.

I believe the 356 should be remembered as a car that was elegant, that was simple, that was great fun. There are its qualifications as a classic. But it is an antique and it is gone. Please, Mr. T. do not defy it or its creator with holy incantations in the belief that it is more than it was or in the hope that it will be more than it might have been. Let it become an antique with the grace and dignity that it deserves.

Submitted

by

Bob Buckthal

MISCELLANEOUS RAMBLINGS

The April 14th issue of the CHICAGO TRIBUNE MAGAZINE will carry a two-page article on the Porsche Club/Chicago Region. The article will deal mainly with our efforts on gas conservation, and in particular the slide rallye. Diane Gallagher is mainly responsible for the article. It seems she was seated next to a reporter on a recent flight and they got to talking, while Diane's husband was looking at the Stewardess. Anyway she explained all about the Club and her nutty husband and one thing lead to another. The article will feature the pictures of Roger Shapiro, "Porsche is a two syllable word", recently published in the SCENE.

Our good friend, Bob White (socks) has recently left for California where he is going to attend Bob Bonderant's School of High Performance Driving. Bob always has driven well, it will be interesting to see if they can teach him anything new.

A recent issue of AUTOWEEK stated that in 1975 Porsche will announce a Turbo Porsche Carrera for the street. The engine easily meets the 1975 Federal Emission Standards. Besides meeting these standards it also puts out 280 horsepower in street form. That is down from the 500-550 H.P. in race form but it still should be the fastest ever street car. Now if you have an unlimited bank account you can play Mark Donahue.

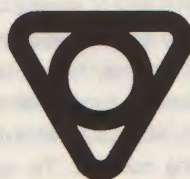
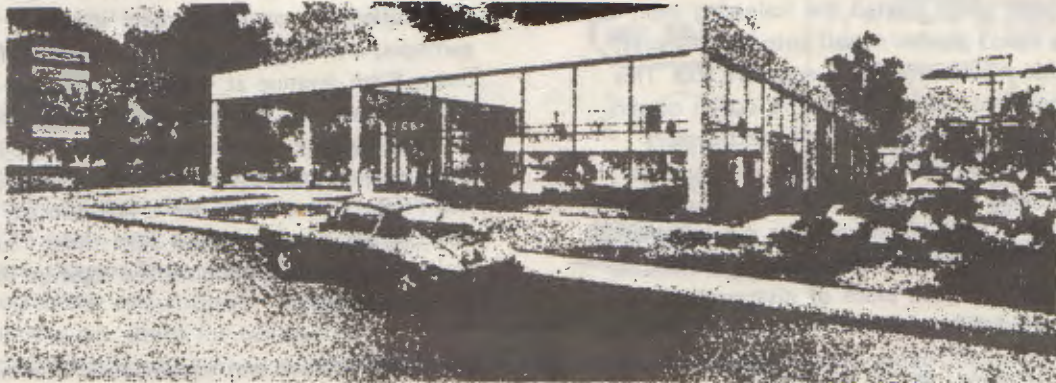
In case you missed the ever present Meyers and Gladish at the beer tasting there were missing for a good reason. Helga and Bonnie are chaperoning Helga's German Class on a trip to Germany. Maybe Helga plans to pay a visit to Stuttgart and pick up another Porsche.

Both the Shapiro's and the Gerow's ran out of garage space at their present residences so they did the only logical thing — go out and buy a bigger garage with a house attached.

The government recently issued a press release stating that the accident rate on our highways dropped 18% in January. The 55 M.P.H. speed limit was given credit for this reduction. Once again no mention was made of any reduction in miles driven. I would guess that miles driven also dropped around 18%. I sincerely doubt that the 55 limit is going to be raised for a long time, if ever, regardless of the increase on available gasoline.

While returning to the South Side from the beer tasting, our friends Black Bart and Dean Bangert decided to have a little autocross in the expressway. This lead to old buddy Dean being stopped for 68 in a 55. Apparently the officer did not see Black Bart's car in that it is entirely black (including the wheels) and therefore invisible. Dean, being unaccustomed to speaking, luckily talked his way out while Bart drove on in his invisible car.

The ladies auxiliary of the Club most exclusive and select sub club (the 356 forever club) recently had their first annual luncheon. Diane Gallagher, Bonnie Shapiro, Debbie Shapiro and June Skidmore all enjoyed themselves. Membership in this august body is open to all members who belong to the Chicago Region and have belonged for less than 10 years, and currently own a 356. The club has no dues, no meetings, and no purpose.



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IS THERE A SPORTS CAR OWNERS ANONYMOUS?

by L. E. Sissman

Reprinted from the January Issue of SPORTS CAR

Now that it's all—or mostly—over, now that the private motorcar is slowly but inexorably being ruled off the public roads by fuel shortages, pollution controls and the population explosion, I can look back and tell myself I was crazy. And laugh.

But it's no laughing matter. Not from a fiscal point of view. I calculate that the cost of being bitten by a black MG-TD in a cavernous showroom off Broadway in the low 60s, that day in 1952, toted up by now to a cool \$50,000 I wouldn't have spent if I hadn't become a car-eater. Think of having invested that sum, over the years in sound common stocks! Think of the splits—two-for-one, three-for-one, ten-for-one! Think of the blizzard of dividend checks snowing down without season on my rustic mailbox!

Ah, so. But then, I laugh—perhaps to prove that I still can—I would never have known what it's like to drive a failing MG-TC 400 miles with my right leg in a cast, or to pilot a rattling rally car sideways down a Vermont mountain on glare ice, or to lie out under an A.C. Bristol, fitting a half-shaft and swilling domestic champagne most of a summer night, or—above all—to ride out in my sports car the first warm day of spring, sliding the corners, smelling the new grass and generally behaving like a kid. Fifty thousand dollars? That's not bad.

This madness all began when the first MG bit me, as I've said. But the trouble really started the following year, when ace trader that I was, I dealt myself into the mangiest MG-TC still outside a junkyard for a mere \$1,100. This six-year-old paragon had had, it seemed, a dozen owners, each less maintenance-conscious than his predecessor; though the car contrived to run downhill, it would not essay flats or upgrades. Some \$200 and one rebuilt engine later ("dismantling is straightforward", the owner's manual would say with British understatement whenever we came to a particularly ticklish piece of disassembly), it was everything a good TC should be — gutless, handsome, insanely flexible on rough rounds and an absolute beast to steer and handle. Naturally, I was delighted. But not for long. A couple of struggling friends had become the first Boston dealers for a new British sports car called the Triumph TR 2, and nothing would do but I must have one.

Disposing of the MG was criminally easy. Even after a hair-raising demonstration run in which the dratted steering wheel came away in me 'and, leaving me to steer with the splines on the steering column, an impressionable girlfriend of a man I knew bought it on the spot for \$1,100, leaving me—in a classic example of car-eater's math—Even Stephen.

The TR 2, tinted a delicate shade of lima bean green known in the catalogue as ice blue, arrived and more than lived up to my expectations. It was so reliable it was downright dull. So, after a few happy, boring months, I swapped it for, God help me, another MG-TC. All this, you understand, on the tenuous budget of a fledgling adman and the friendly credit of a daring bank.

The new—i.e. 1948—MG looked great but proved, like most of its sickly breed, to have a heart of lead. It got me to Watkins Glen for the Grand Prix races, leg in cast and all, but getting back was by no means as sure. The oil pressure—always a weak point with early MG's—began to efface itself gradually on the way out. On the way back, the needle crept back down the gauge to zero, finally roosting there when I still had a hundred miles to go. But luck was with me: the bearings didn't cough into their death rattle until I'd coasted over the last bridge into Cambridge, where I lived.

The upshot was another TR 2. This one was a car enthusiast's dream. The former property of an alcoholic racing driver, it had been driven off the public roads and into a grove of one-inch saplings, so that it came to my hands remarkably resembling a bone-white sack of walnuts. Some amateur tin-bashers of my acquaintance soon put things mostly right, and—you guessed it—the car ran perfectly thenceforth, seeing me through the courtship of my present (and long-suffering) wife. Clearly, though, the married state called for something more stately in the way of carriages, and I found myself driving my fiancée proudly down Fifth Avenue at the wheel of a not-too-old Jaguar XK 140 roadster. Our progress became the cynosure of all eyes, as they used to say, when I applied the brakes on a lightly rain-wet pavement at the corner of 34th Street and Fifth. Like a shot, the brakes locked, the car spun 180 degrees in a wink, and next thing I knew I was proceeding gently through a red light at the corner of 35th and Fifth.

The Jaguar, which was accompanied (for commuting, I explained; we lived out in the country by this time) by a neat little MGA coupe, behaved itself otherwise. But, as you've guessed, its days were numbered. My eye had lit on something REALLY exotic—A British A.C. Bristol, precursor of the Shelby Cobras and in itself a very fast and sporting car—and, of course, I had to have it. This led to our suddenly owning four cars: The Jag, the MG, the A.C. and a weird little B.M.W. Isetta bubblecar I had won in an advertising contest. To complicate matters, I got put in the hospital and couldn't demonstrate the Jag for months.

Foreclosure was imminent. Then at the eleventh hour and the fifty-ninth minute, into my life tripped a little old

lady teacher who had eyes for the Jag. She was frail and 70; she drove at a palsied thirty mph and lugged the poor car unmercifully along in high gear, but she was unmistakably my only pigeon. The day she drove away from my darkened door—at a lurching thirty—I felt like a criminal again, but a relieved one. Soon the Isetta took flight to the garage of a local carpenter's son, and we were again a two-car family. The A.C. turned out to be a lovely car, far more tolerant and trouble-free than the Alfa Romeo Sprint couple and the Volvo P-1800 that were its garage mates at various times. I sold it with real sadness in 1964, after five years of joyful ownership.

Then I began to get caught in multiples again. The next year I found myself driving a blue MGB roadster and a new red Volvo 1800 on alternate days for no sufficient reason. This period of bewilderment ended when I traded them both—even—for a nearly new Jaguar XK-E roaster, a pretty car that always scared me, possibly because my six-foot-four-inches do not take kindly to cramped British sports cars. While all this auto swapping was going on, I was enjoying myself in various other automotive ways. For a while a friend and I put on a series of amateur car races; then I found myself running a car club; and in between were midnight journeys in laden station wagons to out-of-the-way places like Sebring (where I got the world's supreme sunburn after twelve hours as a flagman) and Wilkes-Barre (where a local magnate had opened his farm to the boy racers for a fine, beer-filled summer weekend).

Then there was the matter of the Great American Mountain Rally, a Thanksgiving weekend event that pitted a lot of brash nincompoops in assorted unlikely vehicles against snowy, icy Lincoln Gap and other precipitous Vermont landmarks; I'll never drive that way again, but it was the only way to go at the time.

My God! ANOTHER MGB; another XK-E (This time a black coupé that still made me uneasy); a couple of ancient, sporty Volvo 544s (the marvelous model that looked like a '46 Ford and went like the Swedish rally champion); a Fiat 124 coupe and a companion roadster; and a brace of rugged, likeable Datsun 240Zs. And then—no, then I didn't stop eating cars. Instead I bethought myself that the hour was late (both for me and for the motorcar) and that (hilariously) I owed myself one last interlude in a really fine sports car. But what was it to be? Maseratis, besides being expensive, don't have the reputation of being the world's best road holders. Lamborghinis, besides being expensive, don't have quite the PUR SANG bloodline of a racing marque. Ferraris, besides being expensive, tend to go on being expensive. That left ... Porsches. Porsches, besides being a little less expensive, have a racing record and a reputation for reliability.

Very well, then a Porsche it would be. Just to get my feet wet, I marched out in midwinter (a great time not to buy boats or cars) and virtually commandeered the first

Porsche I saw for sale. Fortunately, it turned out to be a low-mileage, one-owner car still under warranty. Even more fortunately, it turned out to be as lovely as my old A.C.; there's something about handcraftsmanship that does shine through.

All right, you say, I've reached the nineteen-car, \$50,000 end of my twenty years of car-eating? I'm ready to hang up my spikes and drive my Porsche into the sunset?

Not a bit of it, old man. You see this Porsche catalogue here? Well, I'm going to have them build me this special 911S with Koni shocks and stabilizer bars and real leather Recaro racing seats and an AM-FM stereo Blaupunkt and a sunroof and quartz-iodine headlights and mag wheels and an aubergine paint job and ■

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