



TubTimes

Official newsletter of TYP356ne

VOLUME 16, ISSUE 11, NOVEMBER 2016



***Fall in New England
requires a
Tub Foliage Tour to the Vanilla Bean!!***

More pictures and details on page 3

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Editorial

Fall is here and we may have had our last tour for 2016, see page 3 for the details and pictures. The only events currently on our calendar are the monthly board meetings. Please note that the dates for the meetings have changed from the first Tuesday of the month back to the first Monday of the month. Therefore, the next one is Monday, November 7th. at Mike Morgan's Irish Pub in Newton, MA., see details below.



There will be a Holiday/New Year party in January. The details are being worked on by the board and will be announced as soon as they are finalized. Check the website, your emails, and the next TubTimes for the full details.

This issue of TubTimes has several great articles written by members. My thanks to those members for taking the time to share their experiences with the membership. I think you will all find them interesting. Ed Tobolski, editor

New Member

Mark and Deborah Tuller live in Cape Porpoise, Maine. They have been members of PCA since 1978, and are Registry members. Mark and Deborah have owned LTLRED (right), a 1961 356B Super 90 Roadster, for approx. 20 years and also have a 1994 Carrera 4 wide-body. Welcome to TYP356ne



A 356 page on Facebook

The site has many great pictures of 356s from 1948 to 1965 in various settings - factory, concours, race, scenic, etc.

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/55036685782/>

KTF Bob Gilbert

2016 Calendar of Events

For more information go to the club website - www.typ356ne.org

Monday, November 7th, 6pm - 8pm - TYP356ne Monthly Board Meeting

Mick Morgan's Irish restaurant/pub. 118 Needham St., Newton, MA. 02464

Morgan's is exactly one mile east from the Highland Ave exit (19A) of 128/195, members invited.

Recent Events

Wednesday, Oct 19th, Loafer's Lunch tour to The Vanilla Bean Café

Twelve Leaf Peepers showed up at the gathering point in Bellingham to embark on a memorable (not my words...but the words of most of the members with us) Foliage Tour through South-Central New England to the Vanilla Bean in Pomfret, CT. The cruise was lovely and the foliage really beautiful along the route. I feel that the "Peak" had just passed us, but there were pockets and individual trees trying their best to give us as much color as they could and it was wonderful - the color continued to get better as we approached Pomfret.



There, we were joined by the Northeast Seacoast Connecticut Region members (Greg Lane, Paul Ahnell and Rudy Zimmerman) as well as the very North-Central Connecticut members, Don and Diane Mylchreest.



As always, the Vanilla Bean provided some great lunches and we kind-of scattered throughout the place, some inside and some outside on the patio and some, like me, wandered around chatting with everyone. After lunch we all found ourselves out with the cars (of course!) and just enjoying, perhaps, the last, withering day of late Summer in New England on the green in Pomfret. For those who joined us, thank you for coming. For those who missed this event there is always next year. I certainly hope, for those of you who joined us, this trip was as good as the hype! Gordon Nichols. Tourmaster

CB Restorations Open House

On Saturday, October 15, 2016, 23 club members met at CB Restorations in Haverhill, MA for an open House at their very fine shop. David Knorr and his staff had several 356 examples on display in various stages of restoration.

David generously answered member's questions about the restoration process. The finished example cars were absolutely stunning. It is very clear the restoration work that they do is of the highest quality. If any members are considering having partial or complete restoration work done, I would definitely suggest you contact David to discuss your project.

The skies were clear and the weather crisp. It was a great day for a drive and a great shop to visit. If you were not able to go on this trip, or one of David's previous club's open houses, you are missing a great shop. I would highly recommend stopping in sometime during their business hours to see what they have to offer.

Allen Sisson, Membership and Vice President TYP356ne



Featured Member - Erling Falck

My love affair with the Porsche 356 began when I was attending architectural school at the Catholic University of America (the only co-educational seminary in the world) during the 1950's in Washington D.C. At that time most of us in that era were into cars of some sort. Many were into what we now know as "Muscle Cars", others were into the array of tiny imports from Great Britain, Italy and Germany and then others were into customizing their rides into a series of "Hot Rods". The car culture was evident everywhere at that time.

My interest in the 356 was primarily based upon the aesthetics of these little "bathtubs" but it didn't take long before I realized what an amazing driving experience could be realized with these cars. Since my "ride" at the time was a 1956 VW sunroof that cost me \$895.00 brand spanking new, I didn't waste any time befriending a couple of well-heeled Korean War veterans who were finishing their education under the G.I. Bill and who had the good sense to buy a Porsche.

With my interest in design pushing me on I looked carefully at every nuance that those smart German engineers and designers put into their work. I remember the first time that I had the chance to see the new 1958 356A's with their tailpipes exiting through the rear bumper guards of the car. Wow! How about that? That was only one of the design subtleties that Porsche was putting into play at that time.

But back to reality! A poor architectural student driving a beloved VW sunroof could only dream of the day that he might be able to afford that little car of his dreams. In the meantime, I met the beautiful woman who was to become my wife, who also had a passion for cool automobiles. Our "dating" during those college years mainly consisted of picking up a barbeque sandwich and a frosted root beer at the local A&W and heading down to the imported car dealership on Florida Avenue and hang out in the showroom with the SCCA drivers who were tooling around in the Porsches, Alfas, Healeys and Jaguars that were racing on Saturdays and Sunday at Marlboro Raceway. Fun, fun, fun!

Now fast forward 30 years or so. While my personal life and professional career proved to be rewarding, those years did not include a Porsche. However, I never lost the passion for the marque. By 1967 my firm had been responsible for the design and construction of the United States Pavilion at the Montreal World's Fair and I had the opportunity to visit all of the international exhibitions to see what each country was promoting. Imag-



ine my heart doing more than a pitter patter when right in the middle of the German Pavilion I saw a gleaming silver and black soft window Targa that to me was the highlight of the whole exposition. Needless to say, my lovely wife had to put up with my continual references to that moment for almost 20 years. So in 1988 on my 55th birthday my dear partner in crime presented me with a birthday card that simply said "okay, your age now matches the speed limit so please shut up and go buy your F***** Porsche"and I did! It was silver and black with all of the proper bells and whistles just like Montreal.

The flat six Targa was a very special car and Mary Ellen and I enjoyed everything about it. Tours through Vermont, Maine and Quebec are fondly remembered. Then one day when I was with Rainer and Joel Horvitz, Joel chided me by asking when I was going to get a REAL Porsche as he stood by his two Carreras in Rainer's shop. That did it. My friend Joel instantly brought back memories of those by-gone days of drooling over the subtle elegance and performance of the early Porsche 356's so my search began.

I was drawn to the 356A coupes because my instinct told me they were the real beauties. Brett Johnson's early book on the 356 even named a chapter on the 356A entitled "The Pretty Ones". Alex Finigan suggested that in my search I should look for a 1600 Super and if I was really lucky, it would also be equipped with the rare Golde sunroof. I started looking at every '56 through '59 coupe I could find and finally the 13th car I visited stopped me in my tracks; a beautiful red



'57 sunroof coupe with a 1600 Super engine. Timing was everything and I bought the car from Ray Wills in Virginia in 1991.



I've proudly owned it ever since.

Of course in the process of becoming the new owner of the car I set out to make it as nice as I could. I spent countless days and hours seeking the miscellaneous

small parts and fittings I needed to bring the car to its completion and that process was amazingly rewarding. I met 356 owners from all areas of the country who shared in the passion of the 356 and in most cases either had what I was looking for or knew someone who



did. The 356 Registry network proved to be an invaluable source in finding stuff.

Once into it I continued to fiddle and fool with the car until I was approached by a real pro in the restoration business who offered to take me under his wing and show

me how it should be done. (Read: a full body off bare metal restoration of the whole damn car!). Of course I said yes and it turned out to be one of the best things I've ever done during my short motoring career. Mary Ellen and I enjoyed the times we spent together in the little red car that she nicknamed "Apple" because it reminded her of a shiny red Macintosh. I still call it that today. The restoration of the coupe was completed in 1993 and we've enjoyed the hell out of it for the years to come.

In the meantime I realized my interest in the shiny silver Targa was drifting away and we seldom drove it because the 356 and the events surrounding it (East and West Coast Holidays, Arizona Outlaws and similar events) took over our Porsche activities. After a bit of soul searching, I sold the Targa to a fellow Registry member. At about the same time, I, together with a handful of local 356 buffs, started what is now the spectacular TYP356ne club. I lost Mary Ellen to cancer much too early in her beautiful life but I realized somehow life will go on.

Several years later, I became acquainted with an old friend who accidentally appeared in my life again, and before I knew it, we were married and life was good again. Apple became an integral part of our social life

as it had been before for Mary Ellen and me. My new wife, Maren, took to the 356 activities with me as a duck will do to water. In the meantime, in 2001, while attending an event at Lime Rock Park, Ernie Groves approached me in his true Yankee fashion and started to pick on my almost impeccable little red coupe saying clearly there was something troubling about my car that he felt he could rectify. He said that my pride and joy would be much better off if it had a roommate! Well here we go. After a few conversations and a bit of good old Yankee trading over a month or two, (I really didn't want a Speedster) I attended the 2002 East Coast Holiday in



Charleston, S.C. as the somewhat bewildered owner of a 1958 356A Speedster with matching numbers and the original mileage of the car showing just over 33,000 miles.

The car was quickly named "Buttercup" by my youngest granddaughter and it has turned out to be precisely the roommate for Apple that Ernie had in mind. In the ensuing years there were many occasions to drive Buttercup



far and wide; not the least of which were the Speedster Fest in Monterrey and several Registry Holidays. The friendships that

have been made during the past 28 years or so generated by these little jelly bean cars and their owners has been amazing. I have had the opportunity to meet people across the country and abroad, from all walks of life, that are tied together by their love and respect for these marvels of German ingenuity and perfection. I often remind myself that these memorable activities have been primarily due to my care and respect of a mechanical object. After all, they're only a car! KTF!
Erling

Featured 356

All 356s have a story to tell. The following is David Lawrence's story about his beautiful C Cab.



In late November, 1968, I took a trip from our family home in Chelmsford, MA to Nashua, NH to pick up some parts for our winter machines; mine, a 1960 VW and my dad's, a 1957 VW. At that time, my dad's summer vehicle was a Porsche A coupe and I had a B roadster, both of these vehicles had the usual rust problems but were still roadworthy. In the VW dealer's back lot was sitting a vehicle that was taken in trade that day. It was an, untouched by the dealers hands, a 1964 356C Signal Red Cabriolet. A quick glance at the underside revealed a nice solid floor.

At that time, 356's were out and 912's and 911's were in and I figured that this car would be at the low point of its resale value. I informed my dad about the C and, next day we went to Nashua and, after about 20 minutes of negotiations, we left with the 64 Cab. We put it right into winter storage where it remained until the spring of 1969.

My dad drove it in the summers only. During this time he replaced the tires, convertible top and, after a two sided keying job, had the car resprayed by the local teenage wannabe body shop painter. In the nine years he owned it the odometer went from 21,608 to 98,100 miles. By the time he retired in 1977 he lost interest in the C and preferred to drive his motor home around the country. He then offered it to me and without hesitation I sold my roadster, bought it and drove it to its new home in New Hampshire.

I drove it, summers only, up until 1982 bringing the odometer mileage up 101,742 miles. After the clutch cable broke and the engine started to show signs of being tired, I parked the car in the

corner of my garage vowing to fix those and a few other problems, "sometime". Well because of career demands and raising two boys that "sometime" turned out to be 31 years.

In the early years the C sat there with it's Ford Pinto nightly companion. One day the Pinto disappeared and was replaced by a new VW Diesel and in the later years by a new Honda. The companion vehicles had a purpose but the Porsche just sat there like a time capsule. Its only purpose in our family life was around Christmas time when it would be used to hide the children's gifts inside under its car cover.

As the years dragged on the children got older and the objects in the garage changed from infant car seats, to bicycles, dirt bikes, workout bags, and then



strange looking Mustangs and Camaros that made a lot of noise and always seem to be needing some kind of work on the engines. The occasional feline security guard, that changed every few years, would sit on top and watch for trespassers of the rodent kind.

Then came the spring of 2013. The garage bay was emptied of the companion vehicle, new tools began to appear, like floor jacks and sand blasting equipment, the cover was removed, and for the first time in 31 years, the C was moved into the center of the garage. That was when a refurbish/rebuild program was started that would take over a year.

First up was the job of removing all the factory undercoating with a propane torch and putty knife, followed by a thorough media blasting. New jacks spurs and front cross member were welded into place and to our surprise there were no holes in the floor. The exterior floor was then Zero Rust primer coated and left that way so that it can easily be watched for any decay. The wheel wells were then stripped, blasted

and primed in the same manner except they were given a final coat of 3M Body Schutz.

Some of the parts, like brake calipers and starter motors, were shipped off and returned later looking like new. The almost daily visits of UPS, USPS, FEDEX would bring boxes of all sizes and the delivery drivers would hang around for a few minutes to check out the progress.

After all the refurbish work was complete, the garage was cleaned up of stray blast media, stray broken nuts and bolts, and washed down to convert it from a repair shop to a beauty parlor. Pictures were hung on the walls, a music system installed and all new lighting. Familiar names like Maguire's would appear in new style containers and an old favorite that use to say Connolly Hide Food now came in as Connolly Hide Care.



During the mechanical refreshing period I obtained the COA and found the vehicle is a match to all the numbers and is also one of the first C's to have the electric tachometer. The original date coded wheel rims with period correct Michelin X tires are now in storage. The interior is still the original leather, the trunk and engine bay still have the original liners and insulation.

The C is only driven about 1,500 miles a year some of which is when it makes one or two club functions. This years second annual TYP356ne Club Day gathering was one of events where the C won the C Open award running against only one other vehicle which was a very nice Bali Blue 65.



We had a celebration in the summer of 2014 for the C's 50th birthday and, if he had lived, for my dad's 100 birthday. When we celebrated the C had a beautifully rebuilt Rainer Cooney engine, rebuilt brake system, all new fuel tank and lines, new tires on 5.5 inch 911 rims and topped off with a NOS Abarth exhaust.



On my 110 mile ride back to my home in New Hampshire, we, myself and the C, stopped by the family grave plot in Ashland, MA. As I placed the ribbon on the headstone where my dad is buried I said to myself, "This one is for you dad from a car that will now outlive both of us".

David Lawrence



The Tortoise and the Hare by Dennis McGurk

What are the two magical words for a car enthusiast? How about "Road Trip!". The notion of packing up the car and heading out to far away places is intoxicating. Of course the vehicle to be driven is critical and will play a major role in the saga.

So it was that I had the opportunity spanning a one year period to drive a reasonably solid 1962 356B Porsche coupe cross country and back. My son, Mike, and I had spent 2 ½ years rebuilding the Porsche. Upon completion, I told him that I wanted to take it out for a road test - to Phoenix. I'm not sure exactly what he said, but I think he meant to say "good luck".

Shortly after that, the chance to jump in on a one-way junket from Spokane to Boston in a hot-off-the-press 2016 Tesla S90 presented itself. The Tesla Tour came about this spring as my road-tripping pal who had joined me for part of the 356 odyssey decided to buy his beast in Oregon and head east. Couldn't pass that up.

The mind started racing with the inevitable comparisons: A 90 HP, 2000 lb. air-cooled classic of the past, mano a mano with a volt-devouring, 4800 lb., million horsepower electronic marvel. The Mouse That Roared versus the Sound of Silence.

The '62 has its own unique personality. The mesmerizing hum of the air-cooled engine and smooth clicking between gears is comforting. There's plenty of storage space for two and the barely-adjustable seats are surprisingly comfortable. It tracks beautifully on the road. The vent windows are a marvel of the past and provide decent air conditioning as long as you don't stop. The Bose portable speaker was great company, and when rationed to no more than two hours a day became a special treat.

The Tesla Time Travel Capsule was flawless. Crazy fast and dead silent. Eerie. Extraordinary comfortable 99-way adjustable seats. Safe, luxurious, flawless. Automatic everything. All you have to do is show up. The cavernous interior allows you to stop at antique stores and can also serve as an inexpensive motel in a pinch.



Ticking down the list of what can go wrong with a

Tesla...well, there isn't anything. No water, oil, or gas to leak. No carbs, alternators, fuel pumps, radiators, or crankshafts to fail. A minimum of moving parts (Tesla says about 20 engine-related parts), it is an engineering marvel.

Planning is key to Tesla Travel, and the Tesla does a marvelous job of directing you to the next stop. The on-board nav system - displayed on a 17" screen - is the best of any car, ever. The computer is a well-thought load of software and intuitive even for the uninformed. If you get confused you can either refer to the online manual or call the incredibly friendly folks on the 24/7 help line. Constant entertainment for the co-pilot.

The Tesla is inexpensive travel, if you don't count the \$100,000 price tag. The charging is free, and we found that we could stay in cheap motels and then utilize the charging stations at the better hotels in the morning and enjoy their free breakfasts. Beautiful.



The big drawback is the need to charge the Tesla about every 225 miles when on the highway at speed. With most of the Tesla Super Charging Stations approximately 125 miles apart on I90, we were stopping for about an hour for every three hours of driving. Lots of time to smell the roses, eat terrible food, shop at the malls, and kick tires with other Tesla types. All stations are BYO if you want to clean your windshield. Secondary charging stations can be good in a pinch, like at Suds Famous Chicken and Casino in Helena, MT. but are painfully slow and will give you plenty of time to gamble away your life savings while you add 30 miles for every hour of charging.

The auto-driving mode was interesting. Not in the 356, the Tesla. You can drive the interstates without touching the gas pedal all day. Simply set the cruise control on your chosen speed and sit back. The car brakes smoothly when approaching a slower moving vehicle ahead, and then resumes the chosen speed after changing to

an open lane. The lane-control feature was not something to be counted on, and we quickly concluded that although the auto mode is a remarkable concept, an “almost” perfect doesn’t work on the road and we quickly abandoned it.

Meanwhile, back in the '62, downtime is also a staple offering. While the Tesla dudes are hanging out at the butt end of a mall, the 356ers are talking to real



cowboys in pickup trucks who stop along the road to ask why your head is under the hood, or to see if the feet that are sticking out from under the car are attached to a live body.

There is no shortage of entertainment with a car that tends to break down in remote places. You meet a garage mechanic in Oglala, South Dakota, who hasn’t had a foreign car part in his shop for ten years but knows where he can get a VW part that will do the job. Or you can amuse a bystander in a rest area who is watching you quietly locking your car door with the engine running (starter issues) by reaching through the vent window (no exterior locks) so you can dash to a restroom. Stalling out in the middle of a small-town intersection in New Mexico is an excellent way to meet really nice people, like the ones who actually jump out and help push you out of harms way and then join you for lunch. That was so much fun it was worth doing twice. No such luck in a Tesla.



A special stop was made early one morning at Stoddard Porsche near Cleveland, the premier parts supplier for vintage Porsches. I needed to make a minor repair, and figured that if it was done in their parking lot, I could get

help if I broke or lost something. So I broke and lost something and Paul D, my sales contact at the shop, was there to bail me out, offer a lot of encouragement, and send me on my way. He even called me the next day to see how I was doing.

Road tripping in these two fabulous cars, 54 years apart in age and light years apart in technology, was a unique opportunity. How do you sum it all up? The Tesla is a beautiful cruiser, but not an ideal road trip car for all. In spite of all its amazing qualities, it’s just too restricted by the placement of charging stations and the accompanying downtime.

The freedom of a gasoline-powered car is enviable compared to its electric counterpart, as it allows you get off the beaten path and explore. You will stumble into great finds like the Roger Miller Museum near Rt. 66, the almost deserted town of Two Dot, Montana, or a gorgeous secondary road in eastern Colorado.



The vintage Porsche made me much more connected with the road and aware of the surroundings. You can’t help but feel a little special rolling along in this little vestige from the past. The trip engulfs you in a sense of adventure, and encourages you to take the roads less traveled and experience the unexpected. At the end there’s a wonderful feeling of accomplishment - and maybe a little relief that you actually made it.

For the moment, I am perfectly content to ignore the new and inevitable direction that technology is taking us. So I’ll bury my head in the sand for a while longer, or bury my head under the hood of my little tub. It will certainly be needing some attention.

Dennis McGurk
Gloucester, MA

Endless Summer- 2016 ECH by Tom Tate

This summer of driving is like the energizer bunny, it keeps going and going and going. Besides the Porsche Parade and the Zone One Autocross this year, the 356 Registry's East Coast Holiday was on the list of events not to miss with the black Speedster. The fact that it was being held in Akron, Ohio is a little hard to explain since it's a long way from any coast.

The 356 Registry attempts to put on two gatherings each year, one on the east coast and one on the west coast. Since the events are organized and run by unpaid volunteers many of the locations visited over the years are a long way from any beach or coast. It all depends on which group raised their hands. We just look to see which side of the Mississippi River it's on and then name it accordingly. Ohio is on the right so it must be an East Coast.

As most of you may know, I travel without a convertible top on my car. I have one, it's in the garage attic where it has been carefully stored since 1999. In its place is a driver roll bar with a race style tonneau behind it using all the mounting points that the top requires. To install

the top I must remove the afore mentioned roll bar and tonneau cover and that would change the entire look of the Speedster. So it's a case of style winning over logic. I would rather look racy and risk getting wet than staying dry and looking normal if it's at all possible to look normal while driving a 58 year old Porsche across country.

The plan on these Holidays has always been to inspire as many owners as possible to drive their Tubs to the event. Two of us from the Boston area had decided to drive to Newton, NJ to meet another member and then cut across PA and into Ohio from there. I must note that it did include a Porsche Support Vehicle in the form of an almost new Cayenne Diesel so it wasn't like we were going out on a limb here.

I did watch the weather forecast closely to find that, after the driest summer on record (ever), rain was predicted on our departure date.

Sure enough, a light mist was falling when it was time to head out to the Mass Pike after rush hour. It was like driving through a cloud, just enough to collect on the front windshield, blow the water to either end of the glass and then spray it in my face as it

turned the corner of the windshield post. I've been there before and so I just closed the door on a small rag that pressed up against the post and stopped the water from coming into the cockpit.

I only looked dumb for about an hour or so and then the rain was gone and the roads were dry. From there to NJ it was an easy drive, we gassed up for the next day and went to dinner. After wiping the car down I noticed some number sticker glue on one door left over from the Zone 1 Autocross and after trying window cleaner and detail wax gave up and just dipped a rag into the gas tank in the front compartment and it came off in a hurry. With a 5" gas cap it's

easy to just reach into the tank to get a spot of gas.

The Speedster started right up the next morning and we were off down some great curvy roads headed to Ohio. In no time at all the smell of gas was coming out from under the dash, not good. There is a gas shut off valve there that



sometimes leaks but it had been leak free for the last few years. Maybe it was just a little smell from filling up the night before, I thought as I tried to keep up with the caravan. After a few more hard turns the smell got a lot worse and the wind in the face was not solving the watering eye problem. I flashed the lights and pulled over.

I opened the front hood to find the gas cap lying upside down on the tank where I had left it the night before to get that spot of gas on a rag. With a 5" opening I would guess that at least a quart of gas had sloshed out and was all over the front compartment. Not my best move. When asked by my travel mates what the problem was I just said the cap wasn't on tight enough. No reason to look really stupid, we had a long way to drive.

The drive to Akron was only 420 miles and it was done with a couple of stops as these cars only have a 10 gallon fuel tank. The weather was great and we had a great time in our little caravan.

There was a cocktail party at the hotel the first night that was well attended as old friend-

ships were renewed and new ones begun. That was after an afternoon of standing in the parking lot greeting folks from as far away as Alaska as they drove up in their Tubs.

The Autocross was the next morning a short distance from the hotel so I was out the door early helping set up the pit area and unloading the car. A local chapter of PCA provided cones and timing as the course was set up in the parking lot of a huge shopping mall that had closed. We walked the course and then had a low speed drive through so that folks that don't autocross much could find their way.

As we saw at the East Coast Holiday in Boston in 2012 this is not a competitive group. Of the 200 cars that attended only 36 signed up to run the Autocross and 23 showed up. It did look like Blackie was the only Tub driven in any kind of speed event on a regular basis and easily bested the field. At least I didn't have any kids or grandkids around to beat me this time.

The autocross rapped up early enough that we could participate in one of the Tours set up for a drive and that was done after a trip to Stoddard Vintage Parts in Highland Heights, Ohio. The warehouse is jammed with any part a 356 owner could want or need. Bruce Schwartz has done the Hobby a great service over the years by getting more and more parts produced both here and overseas. I have even helped by sourcing horn rings for B and C cars from a manufacturer on the west coast that I found in the vendor area at a Barrett Jackson Auction years ago.



The next day was the big event for this group. The People's Choice Concour is the big event for this crowd and over 140 cars were displayed. The Glenmoor Country Club provided a great venue for display and put on a terrific buffet in the castle for lunch. No box lunches for this crowd. The cars were placed in groups of A, B and C models plus an area for unusual cars like a '62 Notchback with a 911 engine in it. That type of modified car is referred to as an Out-law. With eight Speedsters in a row I was happy to get

a second place award. Actually, it was a third place but, because the first two tied for top honors they each got a first and I took home the second. Years from now it will still be just second place. Board member, Jeff Leeds, won best in class with his B coupe (picture below).

There was a nice Banquet at the hotel on Saturday night where awards were passed out and a band played until well into the night. Great fun. Our group had planned to attend the Swap Meet the next morning in the hotel parking lot and then roll out for the drive home, so we didn't stay to close the bar.

Adam Wright of Unobtainium Inc. organized the swap and it was well attended at o'dark thirty. We were packed earlier than expected and decided to see if we could do the 668 miles without an additional overnight stop which was the original plan.

With blue skies and temperatures in the 70's it was the perfect day for a drive. A short stop for a sandwich kept us on schedule, and we reached CT with an hour of daylight left which meant that I could make it with only an hour of driving in the dark. I had installed headlight relays last winter and the lights were plenty bright for 6 volts but a black car as small as the Speedster is like driving a motorcycle. People just don't see you. Staying in the right lane with slower traffic gave me some protection and I arrived home with no problems. My ears were ringing a bit but the leather straps that cover my ears on the vintage helmet helped reduce that problem. I may look dorky but it works. The numbers showed 31 mpg over 661 miles with an average speed of 53 mph which included two gas stops and that short lunch stop. All in all a terrific trip. I look forward to doing it again next year. I just hope that it's a little closer to the coast.

Tom Tate



TubTech

The following articles are intended to help you enjoy your 356.

They say that “Necessity is the Mother of Invention”.

So is cold feet in a Speedster.

Since I built my Speedster in the ‘90’s, I’ve never had cockpit heat because I run oversized exhaust pipes and am too cheap to pay over \$700 each for custom heater boxes. A friend found me a 40-year-old, never used, Eberspacher BN2 gasoline heater in like-new shape, except for a few missing parts.

These heaters were common in the ‘60’s-70’s (especially up in Canada) and put out GOBS of heat. Unfortunately, parts for the missing fuel delivery system and control logic for early BN2 heaters are no longer available so it took me a while to find/adapt modern replacements. Eberspacher, who made these heaters way back when, is still around with modern replacement heaters commonly used to heat Truck sleeper cabs. I adapted some parts of those modern systems to my ancient heater, and the other stuff needed, like a control circuit for the digital fuel pump, I created myself.

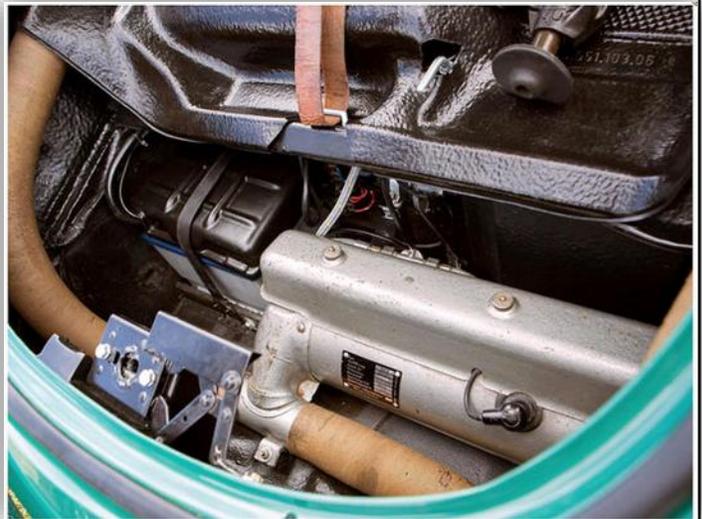
The heart of the heater is a “mitered” fuel pump that produces a precise amount of fuel per stroke for the heater’s primitive combustion chamber, and an electronic pulse-circuit to drive that pump at the fuel rate I needed per the Eberspacher service info I found on-line (and you can always trust what you read on the Internet, right?). Once I had the circuit working and the pump producing the right amount of fuel, I was in business! Running the heater on a test bed on my bench, it ignites within ten sec-

onds after you turn it on, and in less than a minute is producing 225F output heat to the cockpit. LOTS of it.

So, after two years of search and adaptations, I had a safe, working, gas heater and now had to do a custom installation. Yet another friend sent me this photo of a similar, B2-style heater installed in a 356B that I thought was a perfect nose installation style:

And with a little modification of the battery/spare tire well in the nose of my car, I could just squeak it in, IF I got a smaller battery. That was solved with an Odyssey racing battery, but I still had to make an air plenum to direct heated air back to the cockpit, one that could fit into a small, oddly-shaped space next to the heater. THAT was solved by custom-fabricating a steel box, roughly the size of a thin Kleenex box, squashed into a trapezoidal shape to fit the available, tapered space. First, I built a mock-up out of Craft paper.

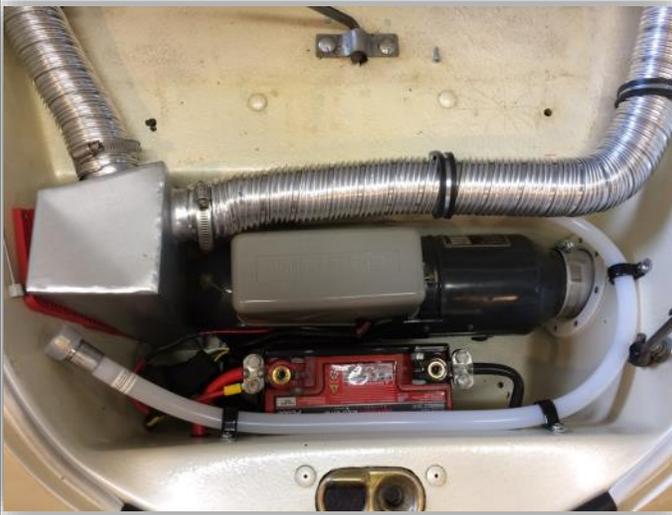
Then tweaked it a few times until it fit perfectly and provided outlets for a couple of flexible heat conduits back to the cockpit, then used the paper box as a template to reproduce it in sheet metal. Flushed with success, I finished the installation by incorporating the wiring and fuel lines into the existing car harnesses to make it look like a “factory” installation. The fuel comes from the engine fuel tank, with a simple



"T" in the main line as was done by both VW and Porsche dealers (these heaters were all dealer installed options), with a separate shut-off for the heater fuel pump, just in case.

Then my wife stepped in and said "I don't care HOW safe YOU think it is, you better have a *damn good* fire extinguisher on board!" So I did one better and installed a Blazecut Fire Suppression system - A flexible, pressure-retardant-filled plastic tube, all around the heater.

It is designed to melt the tube at a high temperature point and expel its suppressant on the flame, putting it out. That is that big, white tube all around the bay below. You can also see the Odyssey battery and the dressed-off wiring/fuel harness. The fuel pump pulse-generator/driver is in a small box fastened out of sight, below the wiring harness.



It was about that time that I decided to throw purist caution to the wind and replaced the simple, on/off dash switch with a 12 volt, digital programmable thermostat to turn my little beauty into a winter climate control system. The controller is tiny, fitting nicely under the dash in a panel next to my Air/Fuel mixture gauge, with a switch to choose low or high heat output (185F or 225F). Once you set the desired cockpit temperature it automatically runs the heater to provide it.

So that was the installation. I finished up in early May and finally got a few colder mornings in October to really try it out. I purposely set the fuel rate on the low side to let it run cooler and it seems to heat the tiny Speedster cockpit really well, getting it up to 70F in about ten minutes and holding it there without any attention.

Not the usual kind of 356 project you see in Tub Times, but a fun project, nonetheless.

Gordon Nichols



Odds and Ends!!



Condenser problems? I had a bad one three years ago, so I replaced the points with a Pertronix unit. The installation was straight forward. You just remove the old points and replace them with the module and run the new wires to the coil. Then slip the magnet collar over the rotor. To set the timing, I pulled the no. 1 plug wire and held it to ground while I turned the crank. When the spark jumped at the correct point the timing was set.

So far so good. Ed. T

Starter problem found

For a year I had intermittent starter problems. It would just click but not turn over. I changed the starter and the ignition switch and it still was not working right. Finally I tightened all of the connections on the battery and walla!!, I found the problem. The screw in the picture was a little loose!! Has worked fine since I tightened it. Should of done that first. Ed T.



356, 356A & 356B-Fuel Tank Sender Repair

Our 59 year old fuel gauge stopped working recently in our Speedster. It turned out to be a worn out fuel tank sender; both the wire winding and the shaft bushing were kaput.

Fixing these seemed futile so I sought alternatives. A professional rebuild was quoted at around \$350. A repro unit (below) is available from various vendors for \$45 but the top of the unit is stamped steel with a gold coating, not very authentic looking on top of the old tank. With both originality and frugality in mind, I decided to marry the underside of the repro unit with the top of the original unit thus hiding the new parts inside the



tank.

This required removing the spot welded round top from the repro unit with a cutting wheel on a Dremel. Next, the top of the cast aluminum original sender had to be cut off with the same tool. A flange on the bottom side was preserved to facilitate attaching the new to the old. (Please note that this will preclude this unit from being professionally rebuilt).

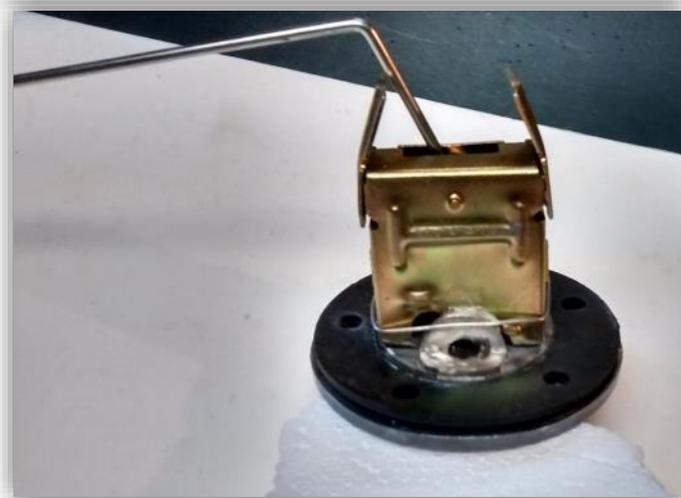
To marry the old and new start by soldering the wire from the new sender unit to the electrode bolt on the old top.

Then carefully epoxy the new lower unit to the old top (below) insuring that the float arm is facing the proper direction. For neatness and some additional structural integrity, I wrapped the lower unit with a piece of stainless wire cinched as tight as possible (photos below).

This fix does not change the funky characteristic of the gauge to flutter when the gas sloshes in the tank; however, this can be minimized by attaching a .1F capacitor across the sender terminals per a 356 Registry V40 #3 article on page 70 by Kit Sodergrin. My jury is out on this fix.

Now only the Concourse judge inside your fuel tank will know about your deception.

Craig Bush





We Can Save Them All

Saving 58013, by PJ Bernard

“Saving .75 of one”

The pulling, bending, cutting and removing damaged steel from 013 has begun in earnest.



After taking a number of different measurements for reference prior to pulling the nose damage the car was welded in place and custom jigs built to get proper angles of pull. Given that she's almost sixty years old there were plenty of variables while trying to bring some shape back. There is obviously rust and a few folds that needed to be cut so they'd pull out in the right direction. The goal may be to pull out in the line of impact but actually making that happen is almost impossible. In the end the nose came out with just a few metal tears and the cabin measurements were reasonably close to spec. After



investing more time re-mounting the car, new jig angles and the passenger side door fitment came to within a range I'm sure many roadworthy 356's for sale would struggle to match.

This was the point where the agony began. Even though what remained of the nose section was much improved, there's still plenty that had to get cut off, some to be reformed, some just for access to the original panel welds and most to be replaced with new sheet metal.



Restoration Design provided most of the repair stock with a few bits from Stoddard. The folks north of the border were a pleasure to deal with, the only glitch being a transaction denial and text alert informing me that someone was using my card outside of the states and spending way too much money purchasing parts for an obsolete vehicle.

Just shy of \$5K later, two very well packed boxes showed up via Fed-ex in perfect shape and quicker than would be expected.

Sandblasting commenced last week with the result being; limited rust in the remaining shell, good pan joints all the way around and only one blow thru in the passenger side heater tube. The front half of the pan will still need to come off due to some distortion but is intact. Although the



process is going to be quite costly in the end I feel we've come into this at a good point. The availability of decent repair panels is a huge step forward. Not long ago I'd have been scrounging around in search of NOS or used panels that could be recovered with labor added costs. While it's tough seeing parts that could probably be straightened removed and set aside it's hard to justify not going with new metal formed with proper care, time with a hammer and dolly is costly. With value consistently rising the dollars invested, in starting with a properly restored core was the only way to go from our standpoint.

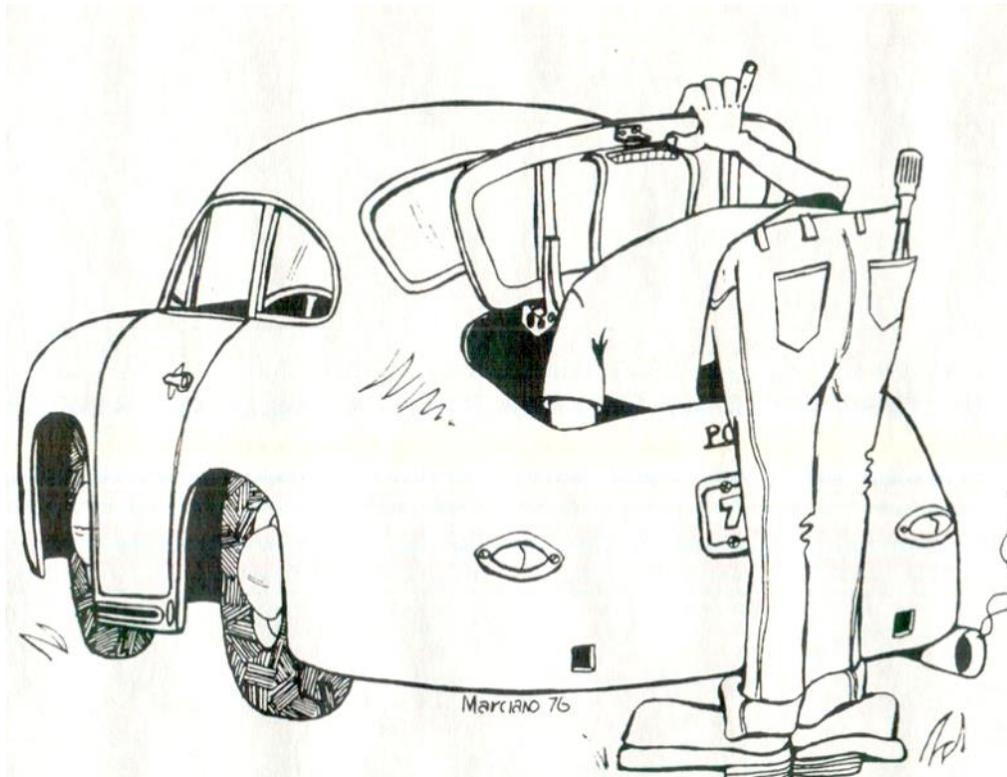
As with the first steps in the disassembly process, tales of a past life come to light. A scrape and small repair in the left front fender and an early replacement door on the driver's side. Not until I removed the door card did I see the olive green paint of a replacement door. Our first panel that does not have the 013 factory stamping.

We also received good news concerning our oddball interior fabric. Evidence from Europe in the way of a Porsche fabric card for 1956 has our Pepita as an option. While this fabric design was offered in later years ours is a much tighter pattern and only has two colors woven in, red and black. Most of the later versions all contained white as well.

And now, about the same time you read this a sample will be on the way to the isle of Harris for expert weaver consideration and an estimate of how much it would cost to make a few bolts.

A difficult and arduous journey fraught with peril indeed but being true to the cause we're both headed over with it for security reasons. I wonder how many 356 kin are on the Outer Hebrides?

P J Bernard



Scraping the Bottom of the Barrel by Adam Wright

In case you haven't heard, the Porsche market is softening. It's started with Brexit and has continued since. I don't believe the bottom is dropping out but with the European's buying less frequently and spending less money, the market will have to adjust. This is a dangerous time to be in my business, buying can be very risky. In order to be good in this business, you have to be two to three steps ahead of the market and I pride myself on usually being at least two steps ahead, three on a good day. But being ahead of the market when it slows down makes buying very hard. When you go to buy a car at a time like this people will start telling you what cars have been selling for over the last year or so, except you know that those prices are no longer valid, but convincing seller's of this is tough, they think you are just trying to get a better deal on the car. Many times they call me several months later and ask if my offer is still good, and agree it was a fair offer. But this is normally after I politely offer less than what they are asking, they decline, and a long line of guys come after me who aren't quite as polite in their offers. Always be nice, the nice guys get the call back, the low baller know it all's don't, no one calls that guy back.

So with the current market making it very hard to buy cars, what is a guy like me to do, the show must go on after all. A lot of times when this part of the cycle hits we just hunker down and work on cars we already have, maybe even holding off until Spring, hoping the market picks up. But there is another avenue to go down at times like this. When you spend your time criss-crossing the country looking for Porsches you invariably pass on a bunch for whatever reason. Many times the market is hot so it's not worth dragging back the real rough cars; there are just too many bigger fish to fry. But, when the market softens, the rough and cheap cars start looking a lot better.

The full story will be in an upcoming issue of ESSES, the Magazine of the Early 911S Registry, if you aren't a member you can join here:

<http://www.early911sregistry.org/forums/content.php?125-membership>

KTF- Adam Wright
Unobtanium-Inc



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- Door opens all the way open and will rest on the floor when open.
- Locknuts installed on all screws to avoid falling apart during road vibrations.



Fits all B and C models.

\$70 each, Tom Tate , PDO356@gmail.com 617-428-5762

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I have valve adjustment stickers. These are the high quality heavy duty vinyl stickers that are applied by peeling off the back like a band aid. They are not water decals that will rip, tear and flake off before the engine warms up. Put them on once and they're there for as long as you have the car. You won't even need a spare but at these prices you can buy them for gifts. Free shipping in the US. \$5 each. Be sure I know which engine you have so I can send out the correct version.

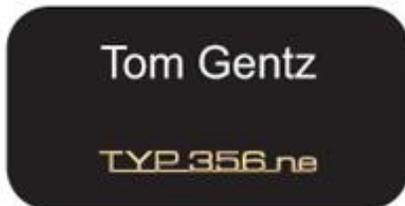
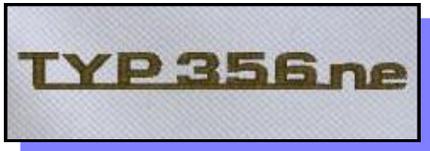
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Clothing- TYP356ne has an online store where you can order hats, polo shirts, canvas bags, and any other item that Land's End Business Outfitters carry in their inventory. The store address is:
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You know it is our store because TYP356ne will appear in the upper left hand corner of the website. You can customize any of the items you purchase with the black oval patch and/or the gold TYP356ne script.



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To order go to <http://www.holmesstamp.com/category.aspx?categoryid=207> and click on the TYP356ne name badge and it will take you through the process. Within a few days you will have your personalized TYP356ne name badge delivered right to your door. If you have any comments or questions contact Tom Gentz at tgentz@typ356ne.org.

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Club members can purchase the "Official Club Badge" for a cost of \$35.00. It is a beautiful badge. Contact Peter Venuti at pvenuti@typ356ne.org for further information.



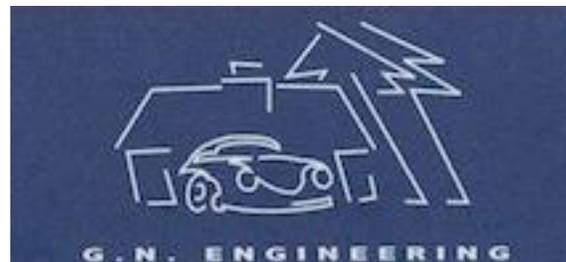
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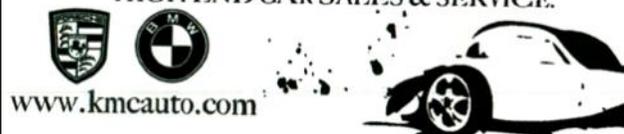
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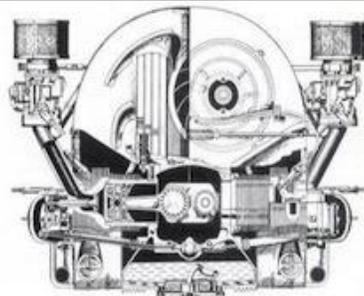
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