

chri sto pho rus

No. 87 / June 1970



Es wird immer ein paar Leute geben, denen die höhere Kilometer-Leistung des neuen Cinturato wenig nützt.

Bis zu 32% höhere Kilometer-Leistung hat Veith Pirelli in den neuen Cinturato hineingepackt!

Der Reifenfresser Nr. 1 ist jetzt gestoppt: der Hitze-Abrieb. Durch eine neue Gummi-Mischung!

Herkömmliche Gummi-Mischungen verlieren bei steigenden Reifen-Temperaturen ihre Festigkeit. Die neue Gummi-Mischung von Veith Pirelli aber bleibt fest. Und Gummi, der fest bleibt, hält auch länger.

In Tests schaffte der Cinturato mit der neuen Gummi-Mischung bis zu 32% höhere Kilometer-Leistung, je nach Fahrzeug und Fahrweise. Und je härter er 'rangenommen wurde, desto größer war sein Plus gegenüber herkömmlichen Gummi-Mischungen!

Wenn es Ihnen also nicht auf mehr Seemeilen, sondern auf mehr Kilometer ankommt: Kaufen Sie den neuen Cinturato von Veith Pirelli!



VEITH PIRELLI
»Kilometermacher«

Auch dieser Wagen will auf dem schnellsten Weg nach München. Warum verläßt er dann bei Esslingen die Autobahn?



Ganz einfach.
Der Fahrer hat sein
Blaupunkt Autoradio. Das
brachte soeben eine Ver-
kehrsdurchsage. Nun weiß
er, daß ihn vorn ein Fahrzeug-
stau erwartet. Noch ein paar
Minuten weiterfahren — und sein
Fahrzeug hätte die Schwanzspitze
einer langen Autoschlange gebildet.
Auf der Bundesstraße kommt er zügig
weiter. Schon deshalb lohnt es sich, ein
Blaupunkt Autoradio anzuschaffen. Denn
die Rundfunkanstalten bringen dieses Jahr
noch mehr Verkehrsdurchsagen als früher.

Also — ein Autoradio ins Auto.
Von Europas Autoradiobauer Nr. 1:
Blaupunkt. Dann fahren Sie sicherer.
Und schneller.
Durch Wissenschaft und Forschung ist
Blaupunkt vorn.



Blaupunkt
liefert:
radios, Stereo-
Fernseher, Heim-
Anlagen, Kofferradios,
Autotonbandgeräte,
Cassetten-Recorder,
Autoradios.
So gut wie unsere
Produkte der
BOSCH
Gruppe

Die ganze
Unterhaltungs-
Elektronik —
BLAUPUNKT



Castrol XL 20W-50 „Cocktail“ mit Pfiff!

Man nehme ein geeignetes Mineralöl, verschiedene Prisen höchst geheimer, chemischer Wirkstoffe, lasse das ganze von einem Stab von Chemikern und Ingenieuren anrühren.
Ergebnis: CASTROL XL 20W-50 – ein Motorenöl-Cocktail mit Pfiff.

Was sich hier so einfach anhört, ist allerdings das Ergebnis von 2 Jahren intensiver Forschung.



– Und heute können wir Ihnen diese Entwicklung als CASTROL XL 20W-50 anbieten.

Unser Vergleichstest mit CASTROL Motorenölen zeigt: Im Schnitt 37,45% weniger Ölverbrauch. Ist das etwa nichts?!

Und noch etwas: Kennen Sie unsere Dose mit „Reißverschluß“? Die sollten Sie auf alle Fälle im Kofferraum mitführen. Für alle Fälle.

CASTROL erhalten Sie an allen DEA- und TEXACO-Tankstellen, an allen Autobahntankstellen und an über 15 000 Werkstätten und Kfz-Vertretungen. Mit einem Satz: CASTROL erhalten Sie praktisch überall - Sie müssen's nur verlangen.

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Zeitschrift für die Freunde des Hauses Porsche

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This edition features

Recommended accessories for the 911 series are presented to our revered readers in word and picture on page 6

"Kilt and Bagpipe" is an article from Anne Marie Flachmeier on page 14

Following the color photographs in the center of this issue you first find book reviews on page 28

And then Brian Redman, who was so successful in 1969 with Joseph Siffert, is presented on page 32

Details from Daytona and Sebring are found on page 36

"Sons"—This heading now brings forth Jürgen Barth, son of Edgar Barth on page 40

The "Finishing School in Zandvoort" will interest you, on page 43

Picture credits

The photo on our front and back covers was taken by factory photographer K. Reichert: at the Porsche test track near Weissach

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Ladies and Gentlemen

To begin with I want to discuss our title photo for this issue briefly. It is unusual, not so much from a graphics standpoint as for the action. The Porsche 911 shown (please fold the magazine flat as usual with Christophorus, to see the full picture) is obviously taking a left bend so fast that the tires stream blue smoke. And why? What's more the car has a red license plate meaning it isn't road-registered but only on test. You can also see that there is no racing number and competition is further ruled out by the fact that the driver is obviously not wearing a helmet.

It is a shot taken at Porsche's test facility, one in use for several years but constantly enlarged. Well away from major roads it lies some 18 miles northwest of Stuttgart. Every large car firm today has such a test track. For Porsche, a small factory, it was difficult to establish a test track which expanded piece by piece to serve in equal measure the testing of production cars as well as fast sport machines and prototypes.

But no firm can do without practical testing. Our photo shows how hard production cars are run. This is a circle test to examine precisely how good a chassis is in a given corner

and in particular how well tires hold the road. Testing means seeking the border realms, the physical limits. This 911 is circulating the large asphalt pad for the nth time (driven of course by experts, the best test drivers and engineers) at such a pace that its tires are held constantly at the limit of adhesion. Thus they develop tremendous heat and in the end demonstrate via blue smoke how great the abrasion—we might say burning up—may be.

Perhaps you have already noted in studying the photo that even at the limits the car displays virtually no lean, doesn't go "soft" and remains almost wholly neutral neither overnor understeering noticeably. No touring car we know can reach the g forces of lateral acceleration achieved by a Porsche 911.

You can speak of such things with people who buy Porsches. They already have what might be called a personal relationship or contact with the car and what it can do. For a Porsche driver his car—to whom need I say this—is far more than transport. It isn't regarded as a refrigerator or the family washing machine, or like a train compartment one must suffer.

The Porsche driver—I honestly believe in this generality—is far more interested in details of his vehicle than the driver of an everyday passenger car. He has a far more direct relationship with driving as such, to road holding, accessories and noise.

You could formulate this from the other end. If such prerequisites didn't exist—this fun in individual driving style, an itch in the fingertips on seeing a fast and beautiful car, this inclination to talk shop occasion and to perfect yourself knowing what you owe such vehicles—if all these were missing you probably wouldn't buy a Porsche.

Incidentally I believe that this standpoint creates much of the alertness and feeling of responsibility we find in driving. You are more aware at the wheel and this is very important for safety.

There used to be a slogan at Porsche: the love of detail. It is a very good definition of the behavior of most Porschists and one range of details which might well be included of course is the multitude of accessories available for our Porsches.

Many Porsche drivers don't even know all the possibilities offered to further refine their cars, what can be considered among additional fittings, whether at the time of car purchase or as later accessories.

For this reason the first item in this issue of Christophorus is not a "normal" travel article or discussion of sports, technology or books but a compilation of important accessories.

In words and pictures. Thereby our love of detail may be further inspired, further cultivated. I admit that Porsche drivers are often a little playful where their cars are concerned. And I find this rather nice. Homo ludens, the man with an instinct for fun who

can still enunciate a relationship to objects, who can stand above everyday drudgery, who lives and thinks sportingly, maintaining his place in open competition, who enjoys the aesthetics of fashionable or modish accessories; this man is superior to the duller individual through the very force of his richer impulses, in professional life as well as in private skills.

You can always play with car accessories and particularly with such a multitude as offered for your Porsche. Let yourself go.

Jetzt mehr Zündkraft und -los!

Bosch. Die sportliche
Zündkerze mit den
2 grünen Rallyestreifen.



mehr
Zündkraft!



Mit dieser Kerze bringen Sie Ihren Wagen schneller auf Touren. An der Ampel, beim Überholen, am Berg, auf der Autobahn.

Denn diese Zündkerze gibt ein Mehr an Zündkraft. Weil sie heißere Funken gibt. Das liegt an der Cr-Elektrode.

Und sie kann 30 Prozent mehr Spannung übertragen. Das liegt an der 5-fachen Kriechstrom-Barriere. Kraftstoff wird jetzt rascher Kraft... das Auto zieht schneller ab... ein begeisterndes Erlebnis für sportlich faire Fahrer!

Für Sie als Motorsport-Fan:

Cr-Elektrode: Die Mittel-Elektrode der Bosch-Zündkerze ist aus einer Legierung, die die Temperatur des Zündfunkens erhöht. Der heißere Funke entzündet das Gemisch schneller, der Kolben wird dadurch mit mehr Energie nach unten gedrückt, und der Motor kommt rascher auf Touren.

5-fache Kriechstrom-Barriere: Sie unterbindet Kriechströme und damit Spannungsverluste, die bei den hohen Spannungen moderner Zündsysteme (25 000 Volt und mehr) sonst unvermeidlich sind.



KE 270 b

Die ganze
Elektrik und Elektronik
im Auto

BOSCH

Verlangen Sie
mehr Zündkraft -
verlangen Sie
Bosch!

RECOMMENDED ACCESSORIES



This pictorial survey of the accessories now available for our 911 models is anything but complete. The selection was not entirely arbitrary of course although the question of: just what is necessary? would be answered by each person differently. In that sense it is a subjective selection. I will present the accessory items I find particularly worth a recommendation. For instance you won't find the electric additional heater which is certainly very useful when you do a lot of winter driving in short stretches, however the normal heater has now reached such a high level of perfection that it seems entirely adequate to me. The limited slip differential is another omission. All cars used in competition are fitted with this differential. This prevents one rear wheel from spinning, either under acceleration or in a curve covered with snow and ice. It is a great advantage but still an advantage only appreciated by those who compete (my 911S doesn't have a limited slip). I do want to refer to the additional anti-roll bars front and rear which can be ordered for the 911T and 911E (they are a series fitting for the 911S), to reduce the lean when cornering. Naturally you don't see them from outside the car any more than the Koni shock absorbers for a T (coupé only), which are an extra-cost option; unseen but offering a nuance more adhesion in the bends. Price? Here we only want to show and discuss the possible accessories. Let your dealer present the new accessory price list, since I could only give the German prices in any case. In the first picture (left) you see belts. Three-point belts. Automatic (which means that when you lean towards the dash normally the belt doesn't restrain you, it only limits movement under the sort of loads met during hard braking and upwards). Belts won't save lives in every situation, as we all know, but they often can and do. Therefore the belts come first. The introduction to our accessory display . . .

Cette vue d'ensemble optique des accessoires offerts actuellement pour les modèles 911 n'est nullement complète. Le choix n'est pas conçu d'une manière entièrement arbitraire

malgré la question: Qui est-ce qui est le plus important? qui verra sa réponse chacun sous des angles différents. Ainsi considéré, il s'agit d'un choix subjectif. Je désire démontrer les accessoires que je considère comme étant recommandables. Vous ne trouvez pas, par exemple, le chauffage électrique complémentaire, lequel est sûrement très utile et très bon, que je voudrais spécialement mentionner ici, cependant, le chauffage de version normale a, entre-temps, atteint un tel grade de perfection, qu'il me semble être suffisant. Le différentiel autobloquant n'est, lui aussi, pas mentionné. Toutes les voitures en action sportive en sont pourvues. Cela permet de ne plus laisser une des roues AR tourner à vide, que ce soit en accélération après des virages étroits, soit sur neige ou sur glace: Un avantage précieux, mais, en général, un avantage uniquement profitable qu'à ceux conduisant en compétition (ma 911S ne possède pas un différentiel autobloquant). Je voudrais encore faire remarquer les stabilisateurs complémentaires AV et AR, que l'on peut commander pour la 911T et la E (ils sont de série sur la S), permettant d'amenuiser le déport latéral en virage. On ne les voit pas de l'extérieur, comme c'est le cas pour les amortisseurs coniques de la T (uniquement pour le coupé), avec majoration de prix, lesquels, par contre, accroissent d'une nuance la tenue de route en virage. Les prix? Faites vous parvenir la nouvelle liste des tarifs d'accessoires par votre concessionnaire, je ne pourrais de toute façon ne vous donner que des prix fixés en Allemagne. Sur la première photo (à gauche) vous voyez des ceintures. Des ceintures de sécurité à ancrage en trois points. Avec l'Automatic (cela signifie, que lors d'une inclinaison normale vers la planche de bord la ceinture ne vous dérange pas le moins du monde, elle ne commence à se tendre et ne devient efficace qu'en cas de ralentissements allant du freinage à fond jusqu'à un degré supérieur). Les ceintures ne sont, en tous les cas, pas un synonyme de sauvetage, cela nous le savons. Mais elles pourraient l'être. C'est pourquoi: D'abord les ceintures. Lever de rideau à l'exposition des accessoires . . .



Let's begin with the snoot of the Porsche. This is a normal bumper from a 911 T. Compare it with the bumper in the second photo, where you see the normal bumper of a 911 E and 911 S. It is plain that the E and S bumpers have a wider rubber strip, above all a wider rubber pad on the horns which can be very useful when parking (when another car nudges ours). However when you order a T with the so-called comfort package, the E and S bumpers are included

Débutons à l'avant du museau de la Porsche. Ceci est un pare-chocs de la 911 T. Comparez s'il vous plaît ce pare-chocs avec la deuxième photo, sur laquelle on peut voir le pare-chocs normal des types 911 E et 911 S. On reconnaît distinctement que le pare-chocs E et S possède un large bourrelet en caoutchouc et particulièrement, que les barrettes de pare-chocs sont munies d'un large doublage en caoutchouc, lesquelles, lors du parking (si l'on arrive à toucher un autre véhicule) s'avèrent être des plus efficaces. A la commande de la 911 T, avec le soi-disant équipement confort, ces pare-chocs E et S font partie de l'ensemble



In this picture you see not only the rubber-shielded E and S bumper but the accessory iodine driving lamps as well. Anybody who drives a lot at night will welcome these additional lamps. When there is no oncoming traffic you have "rally light". When these iodine driving lights are ordered afterwards the small grate must also be changed because the iodine lights require a pierced grill

Sur cette photo on ne voit pas seulement que le pare-chocs E et S avec caoutchouc de protection éprouvé, mais également les phares à halogène à longue portée. Celui qui conduit souvent la nuit ne fera que se réjouir de ces phares complémentaires. Au cas où il n'y a pas de circulation inverse, on possède un «éclairage rallye». Si vous commandez ultérieurement ces phares à longue portée, la petite grille doit elle-même être remplacée, le projecteur à halogène nécessitant une grille ajourée



Apart from the driving lights there are accessory fog lights as well (again in pairs). Logically a fog lamp must be set as low as possible, a requirement the Porsche solves very well. The flap for mounting fog lamps is already in place on our production cars

En plus des projecteurs à longue portée il existe aussi comme accessoires des phares antibrouillard (par paires, comme les projecteurs à longue portée). D'une manière logique un phare antibrouillard doit être monté aussi bas que possible, ce qui a été rendu facile chez Porsche. Le clapet nécessaire au montage des phares antibrouillard est déjà de série

We now proceed to the wheels, or to the rims to be more precise. A 911T is delivered with the rims shown here. These are the so-called ventilated disk wheels with 5½ inch width for 15 inch tires (radial tires are standard in all cases). However you can order the T with E and S rims too

Nous arrivons maintenant aux roues, plus précisément aux jantes. Une 911T est livrée ici avec la jante photographiée. Il s'agit des soi-disant roues à disque perforées avec jantes de 5 pouces ½ et pneus de 15 pouces (pneus à carcasse radiale, ceci est à chaque fois de série). On peut sur demande également avoir la T avec jante E et S

"Comfort Kit" for the 911T:

Leather steering wheel	Bumper horns with rubber insets
S instruments	Aluminum kick plate
Velour carpets	Stainless lower side strips
Rubber striping	Golden Porsche script

This is standard for the E and S: 6 J 15 alloy rims (6 inches wide in other words) for 185/70 VR 15 tires. There is another option for the T: light alloy wheels in the 5½ J 14 size mounting 185 HR 14 tires

Ceci est la jante en métal léger de série sur E et S: Les jantes en métal léger 6 J 15 (c'est-à-dire jantes d'une largeur de 6 pouces) avec pneus de 185/70 VR 15. Il existe en outre une spécialité complémentaire pour la T: jantes en métal léger 5½ J 14 avec pneus de 185 HR 14

Towing hook? I would say yes. It is standard in front, but in back? Every so often you find yourself in the position of towing another car when possible. Without the hook this is complicated. However: there is an optional panel available to cover the exhausts and finish off the body. With this in place the hook can't be mounted

Crochet de remorquage? Je dirais oui. A l'avant, il est de série, à l'arrière? On se trouve parfois dans l'embarras, d'être contraint ou de pouvoir remorquer quelqu'un d'autre. Sans crochet, cela est compliqué. Bien entendu: Il existe également pour recouvrir le silencieux d'échappement à l'arrière, en complément, un tablier formant extrémité de la carrosserie, à ce moment-là il n'est plus possible de monter un crochet



In the summer months a sliding roof for the coupé is very pleasant—as long as you aren't doing 125 (where the wind noise becomes very loud). It is electrically operated, not hand cranked. To prevent excess draft there is a standard wind deflector built into the front of the sliding panel. Also: there are electric windows available for the coupé too

En été un toit ouvrant pour coupé est des plus agréables si l'on ne roule pas à 200 à l'heure (les bruits du vent de la course devenant intolérables). Il est à commande électrique, non manuelle. Afin d'amoindrir les courants d'air, un déflecteur d'air est monté en série à l'avant du toit ouvrant. D'ailleurs: il existe aussi des lève-vitre à commande électrique pour le coupé!



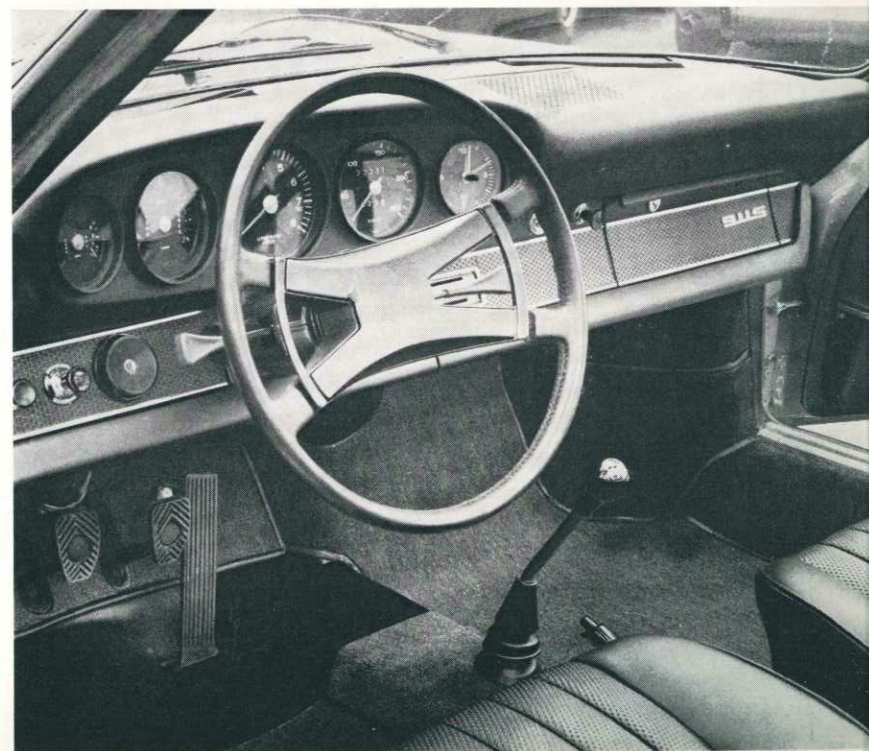
This is almost a quiz question. Look very closely at this dashboard. As you can easily read, it comes from a 911T but from a car in which 911E and S instruments were ordered originally—the extra cost is not excessive—an option we recommend highly), along with a leather steering wheel. And now please examine . . .

Ceci est presque un jeu culturel. Regardez de très près cette planche de bord. Elle est à l'origine celle, comme vous pouvez le lire à droite, d'une 911T, sur laquelle sont montés à priori — l'augmentation de prix n'est pas tellement élevée — les instruments de 911E et S (ce qui est des plus recommandables) et, en outre, le volant de direction en cuir. Et regardez ensuite . . .



. . . this dash. This is a standard 911S, as you can again tell from the script to the right. There is a minute difference. In the 911S tach the thick red band runs from 7200 to 7400 rpm (the absolute rev limit) while that in the T version is found in the 6400–6600 range because you can't wind a T as high

. . . cette planche de bord. Celle de série d'une 911S, ce que l'on peut voir grâce au monogramme. Il y a une infime différence. Sur le compte-tours de la 911S le large trait rouge se situe entre 7200 et 7400 tours (la limite absolue du nombre de tours), alors que sur le modèle T il se trouve entre 6400 et 6600, le régime de la T n'étant pas aussi élevé!



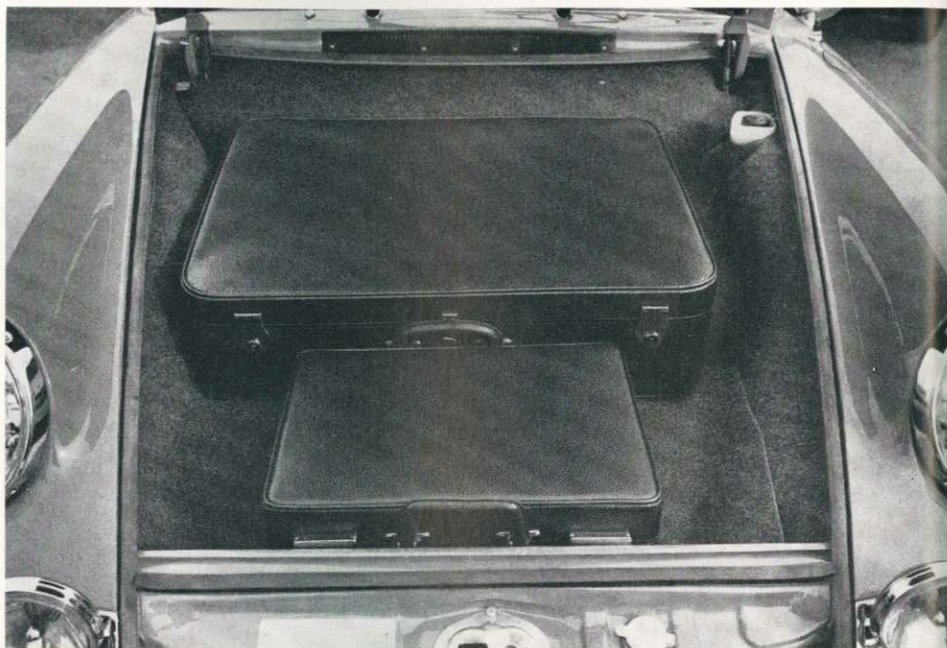
Compared to the 356, the 911 has far more luggage space. And just as before there are fitted bags, cut precisely to the space. You can't order these suitcases as a part of the car but must buy them separately from the factory (when taking delivery) or from your dealer. The set is very practical

Mise en confrontation avec la 356, la 911 a obtenu un coffre à bagages plus dimensionné. Et, comme auparavant, il existe des malles, exécutées sur mesure. Vous ne pouvez pas commander ces malles comme pièces faisant partie de l'équipement de la voiture, mais vous les procurer séparément à l'usine (à la livraison) ou chez un concessionnaire. Ce jeu est très pratique



This second picture shows the two suitcases which fit up front under the lid: the very large one and another somewhat slimmer which is called a shirt case—though you can put all sorts of things in it of course. Right and left there is still space for coats or small items

Cette deuxième photo montre ces deux malles, trouvant leur place à l'avant, sous le capot: la plus grande et l'autre, plus étroite, portant le nom de valise à chemises. Vous pouvez naturellement y mettre toutes les autres choses possibles. A droite et à gauche il y a encore assez de place pour des manteaux et des bagages de faible encombrement



And here the two middle-size bags and the kit which belongs with the set, stored in the rear of a Targa. The quality of the suitcases in this set is first class, naturally

Et ici, les deux malles moyennes, conjointement avec le sac, faisant également partie du lot de voyage, logé à l'arrière de la Targa. La qualité des malles est de premier choix, comme il se doit



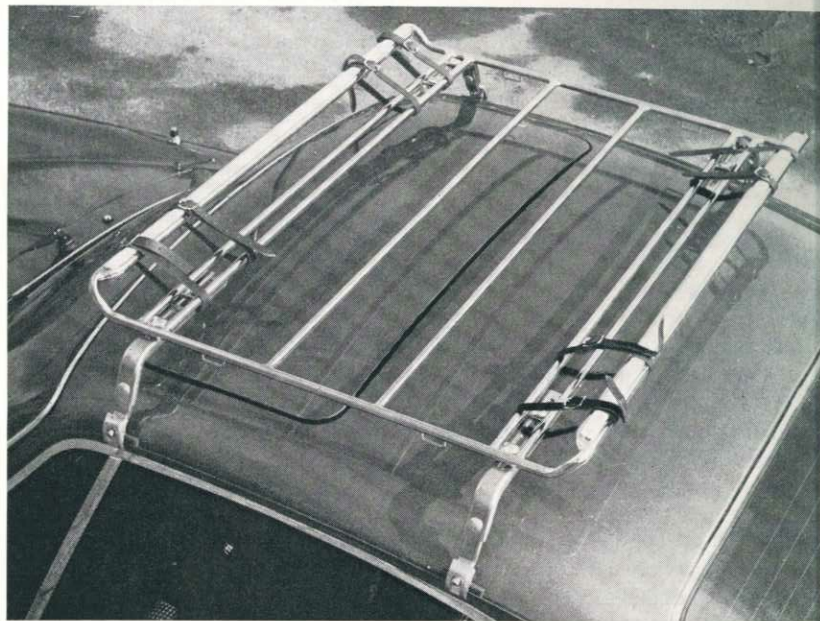
You weren't aware that all cars with the 2.2 liter engines carried this "2.2" in the rear window? What we wanted to show you are the rear window wiper (particularly handy in my opinion) and the two-stage rear pane heating. Single-stage (for half the rear window) is standard in all cars. For hard winters full heat for the rear window is particularly appreciated

Vous l'ignorez, que tous les modèles équipés du moteur 2,2 litres possèdent ce «2,2» sur la lunette AR? Ce que nous voulons vous montrer ici, c'est premièrement (à mon avis particulièrement utile), un essuie-glace AR et une lunette AR à réchauffage à deux gradins. A un gradin (cela signifie pour la moitié de la lunette AR), ce réchauffage est en version de série sur tous les modèles. En hiver, le réchauffage de la totalité de la lunette AR est d'un intérêt primordial (en série sur la Targa)



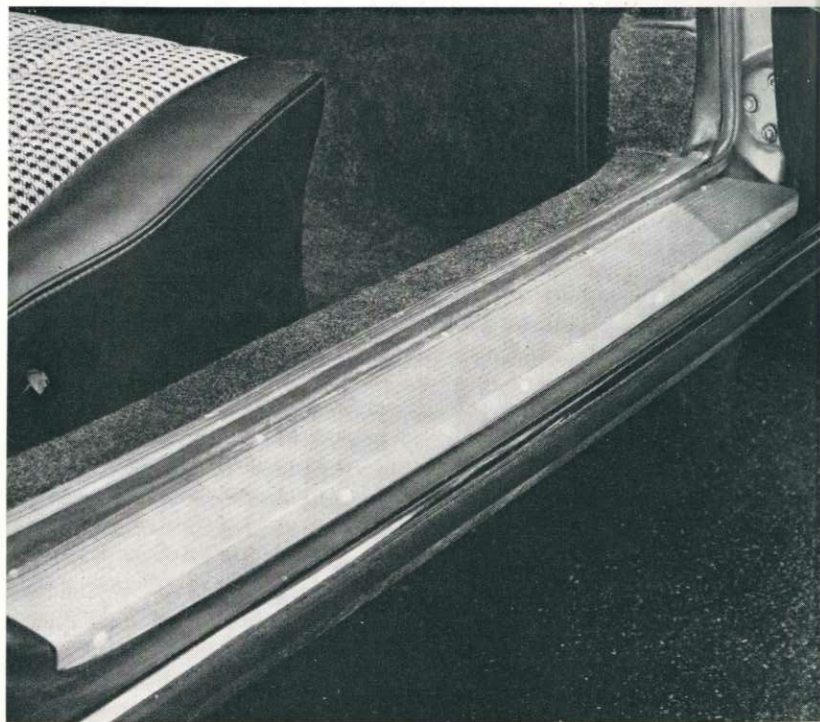
The roof luggage rack and ski carrier is easily mounted or removed. For those who never take so much luggage but do like a ski rack in the winter there is a separate model (for the roof) without luggage space. Naturally there is no luggage rack for the Targa (though you can have a Targa ski rack)

La galerie à bagages sur le pavillon conjointe avec le porte-skis, facile à monter ou à démonter. Pour ceux qui n'emmènent jamais beaucoup de bagages, mais qui ont besoin en hiver d'un porte-skis, il existe également celui-ci séparément (sur le pavillon), sans la galerie à bagages (galerie à bagages et porte-skis ne peuvent être obtenus que chez un concessionnaire, ou à la livraison). Il n'existe naturellement pas de galerie à bagages pour la Targa (mais aussi pour la Targa, le porte-skis)



It is standard in the 911 E and S and found as well in the comfort package for our T: a rippled aluminum kick plate (otherwise in rubber), the wider rubber side strip and below the kick plate (almost invisible here) a stainless deflector (normally painted). The comfort package for a T must be ordered with the car

Elle est de série sur la 911 E et S, elle en fait également partie sur l'équipement confort de la T: Une baguette d'accès en aluminium strié (d'ordinaire en caoutchouc), le large profil de caoutchouc latéral et, sous l'accès, à peine visible ici, une moulure en Nirosta (ordinairement laquée). L'équipement confort de la T doit être commandé tout au début



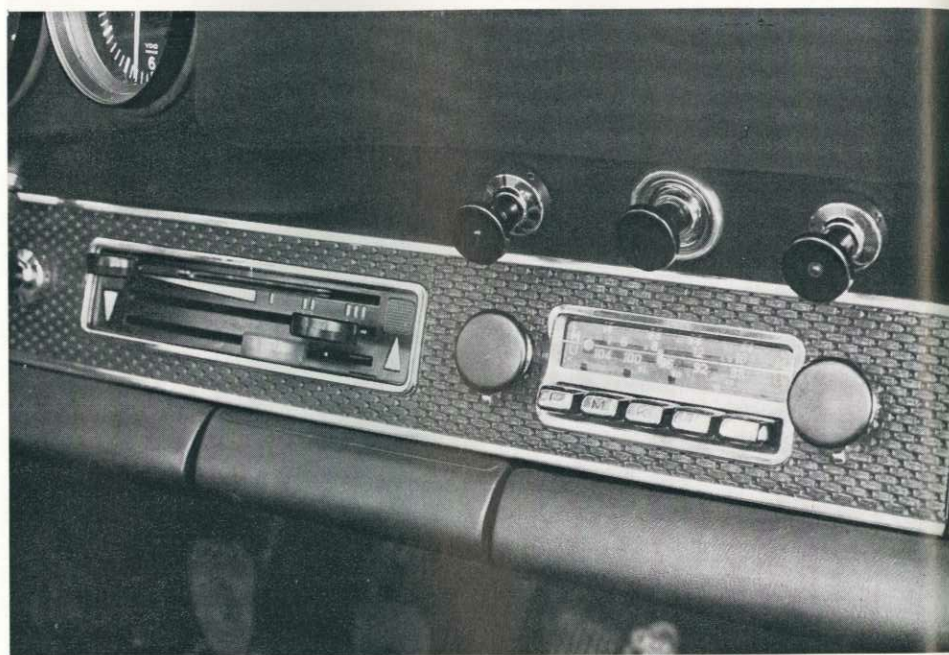
The Recaro Sports Seats as they are called, are available for all 911 models. Either for the driver only or for the passenger as well. The sport seat (with adjustable back rest) is somewhat more bucket-shaped and provides a firmer positioning. Here you can clearly see the difference

Les sièges de conception sportive Recaro, uniquement pour le conducteur ou également pour le passager existent pour tous les modèles 911. Les sièges sportifs (avec dossier réglable) ont un caractère amplifié de «baquet» et donnent un effet de retenue plus accentué. On voit ici distinctement la différence



Radios. You can have three Blaupunkt models installed (the Hamburg, Frankfurt and an elite model called Köln), with the antenna to the left, loudspeaker and static suppression. You can order the same radios with electric antennas, fitted on the right. For the US (with US scales) these Blaupunkt models are called Boston, Frankfurt and New York. In addition there is a Philips radio with tape deck

Radio. On peut se laisser monter trois types Blaupunkt (Hamburg, Frankfurt et, comme appareil haute classe, le type Köln), avec antenne uniquement à gauche, haut-parleur et dispositif d'antiparasitage. On peut également obtenir les mêmes appareils avec antenne à commande électrique, qui, elle, se trouve montée à droite. Pour les U.S.A. (avec bande US) ces modèles Blaupunkt s'appellent Boston, Frankfurt et New York. En outre il existe une radio Philips avec magnétophone encastré



Head rests serve to diminish accident dangers. Porsche's model is adjustable, and only available in pairs. You can have black, brown or beige. For cars fitted with leather seats you can have them, delete in leather. It is recommended that they be kept in the forward position to have them as close to the head as possible

Les appuie-tête deviendront peut-être un jour une prescription, comme aux U.S.A. servant aussi à la prévention des suites d'accidents. Chez Porsche, ils sont réglables et livrables uniquement que par paires. A savoir, en noir, brun ou beige. Pour les voitures à capitonnage en cuir on peut les obtenir en cuir. Il est à recommander de les situer dans la position la plus avancée afin qu'ils soient le plus près possible de la tête





250,000 FANTASTIC MILES ON 10 FABULOUS PORSCHES

Undoubtedly I am not alone when I state that Dr. Porsche and his company have influenced my life. Many of us have become captivated by the Porsche tradition and its car. In addition to broadening our horizons in terms of friends in our own countries and friends abroad—we have learned about engineering, art, fashion and the world of motor racing through our association with Porsche and its "Christophorus" magazine.

A chronological account of the development of my affection for Porsche can best be related by recalling my experiences with the cars themselves. Some of the earliest 356-1300's were imported into Milwaukee about 1952. After finally getting to drive a 1953 Super coupé for the first time, I returned the car to the dealer with the comment that the speedometer was about 15 to 20 miles an hour fast. I was assured that the speedometer was accurate and from that moment on, I was a Porsche enthusiast.

The ten cars included a '54 and '55 356 1500 Normal coupé; a '56 and

'57 356A 1600 Super coupé; a '59 1600 Carrera coupé; a '61 1600 Super 356B coupé; 2 '58 Spyders... a 1500 and a 1600; a '66 912 coupé and a '67 911 Targa. All of these have been put in some sort of competition and 8 of them were raced over a 12 year period. With the exception of the Spyders, the cars were all used for touring as the quarter of a million miles might indicate. This includes the enormous variety of road conditions in the United States, Mexico and Europe.

The first "lady" was delivered April 7, 1954 and remains my sentimental favorite. Its 55 horsepower was sufficient to keep up ahead of the Cadillacs of that era and 35 miles to a gallon in the country was normal. Some of the features that have now disappeared are the wooden floorboards, a neat wooden stick for measuring the gas in lieu of a gas gauge, an all corduroy interior with the doors heavily padded, a dip stick that also served as a temperature gauge, a tremendously sturdy frame member which crossed above your

No, this isn't for the 911. This is an accessory for the 914/4 and 914/6: a central cushion which turns the two seater into a three seater, or at least a 2³/₄ seater. In one of the next issues of Christophorus we will display the (very complete) line of 914 accessories...

Non, cela ne fait pas partie de la 911. C'est un accessoire pour la 914/4 et la 914/6. Le coussin de siège central avec lequel on peut faire d'un deux places un trois places. Nous nous occuperons dans une des prochaines éditions de Christophorus des accessoires (également nombreux) de la 914...

knees and also served as the conduit for the defrosters, 16" wheels the color of the car and a two spoke steering wheel. This car was actually produced in 1953 and had a few idiosyncrasies which really made you love it. Do you recall the paper-thin bumper guards, the seemingly eternal winding of the window crank with its low gear ratio, the plastic sun visor (only one in the Normal), the long travel in the beautifully smooth synchromesh transmission, the one speed windshield washers, lack of ventilators, non-reclining seats, a turn signal with a red blinker on the end, heater and throttle knobs on the dash (most of the heat came from trying to pull out the knob), a cluster of three idiot lights near the top of the dash... like a small "Christmas tree", a ratchet type emergency brake which served as a left foot rest on long trips, 4500 maximum RPM, a fine hammer included in the tool kit, a genuine leather strap to secure the spare tire and a dash light you could turn off at night? At this time, service was not in existence and I still have

Following page 29

KILT AND BAGPIPE

Anne Marie Flachmeier
describes
a trip to Scotland

Cross my heart but how can I begin a travel report on Scotland? With whiskey, naturally, running down the throats of hearty lads—too stingy for leg covering—who listen to bagpipes while naked knees protrude from their kilts.

First of course there is the reality of a channel crossing. So why not entrust your Porsche to a Hovercraft for a change? It is different and only takes 40 minutes so there is no time to get seasick.

No border posts separate England from Scotland, passports are superfluous. Yet the first man we met "on the other side" explained that while he lives on the line he is a Scot by birth. Today the 60 mile Scottish-English border has no meaning apart from the rrr in Scottish throats which still frightens the English. They are basically convinced of violence in their norther cousins and the national pride of a sign saying Scotland on the tail of their cars is strange in London

You pass the soft green of Cheviot Hills and I would turn off near Coldstream into the idyllic Tweed valley to first sniff a little history around the world-famous abbey ruins of Kelso, Jedburgh, Dryburgh and Melrose. Most stem from the 12th century and each is an experience in itself.

Admiring the well-kept parks of these fallen abbeys where carpet-like lawns invite you to stroll as they do all over England and every outcrop under the ancient spreading trees is an invitation to linger you ask yourself how such Cistercian and Premonstratensian abbeys with their land cultivation could decay so completely. If they weren't overturned during the Scottish wars of freedom, repeatedly in cases like Melrose, they fell at the latest when Henry VIII the king with the group sex split from Rome and ordered all monasteries abandoned. Not only the abbeys but

even Linlithgow a giant of an old palace on the shores of a lake near Edinburgh with its rich ornamentation fell victim to English dragoons who fired their horses' straw pallets before moving on.

The experience of Scotland is landscape, mountains, lakes, islands and ocean but always, untouched nature. No water dammed into large basins, no rocks sculpted away for better climbs, no resort tax on the beaches.

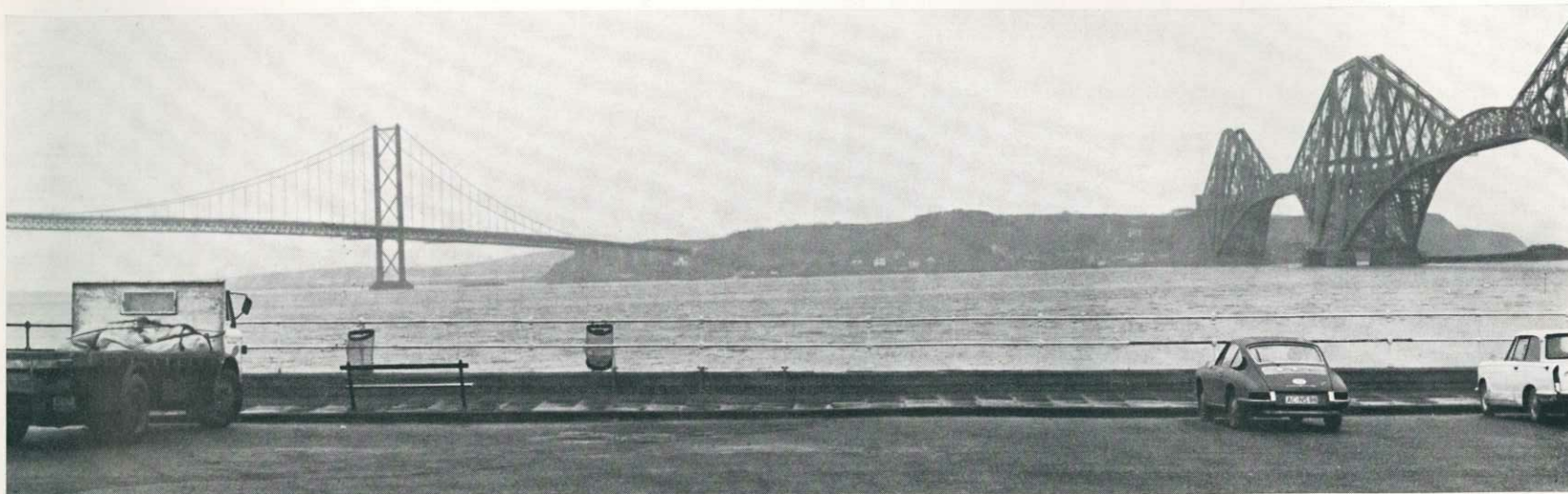
I must admit I am always tempted to visit Loch Lommond and romantic Trossachs through Glasgow and the mouth of the Clyde. But then am equally grateful to have made my way past Portobello which gave the London flea market its name and on north via the Firth of Forth. Today you cross the new Edinburgh auto bridge, paying a toll just as you did before on the old ferry. In evening light the suspension bridge reminds you of the Golden Gate as it carries you alongside the familiar silhouette of the old railroad bridge to the other shore and St. Andrews. This city was named for Scotland's patron saint, as typical of his country as St. Patrick is of Ireland. It is a Mecca for golfers who dream of joining the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, the oldest of all. If you have never held a club rent a set for a very low price and try your luck on Jubilee, the course for beginners. You can then boast of how you lost a ball, one of the nine million which go astray annually, on one of the most beautiful, famous and distinguished golf courses in the world. It is not only very old (first royal permission issued by Jacob IV around 1500) but golf was also an original Scottish game like curling. Mary Stuart, the french-educated queen gave caddies = les cadets their name. She is seen in many contemporary pictures of the game.

The one thing which could still tempt one on the east coast is not Aber-

deen that dreary city on the ocean but Dunnetor Castle near Stonehaven. The road to it is wide but very winding, running near the sea and you are tempted to let the horses run free. While laughing at the latest Scottish joke, however, your Porsche could become independent, gliding on a greasy ocean layer atop the road, one which could compete with any skid school surface. At the next left you carry straight on, sailing over the wide ditch to land in meadow dunes before you realize. You wouldn't believe it happened to me? I am only warning you it is very slippery.

And now we want to reach the wild heart of Scotland, the Highlands which as all know can be found at altitude in the interior of the land. If you understand the highest local by this term you will be right in the Grampians and Cairngorm where, incidentally, there is a largely unknown ski area with good runs, lifts and an elite of continental instructors—at prices well below Switzerland. But the area Scots mean when leaving their hearts in the Highlands is that lonesome northwest highland area on the north side of Loch Ness, Loch Lochy and Loch Linnhe—almost a peninsula all its own. First we must look into the valley of the royal river Dee. Why is it so named? Probably because the royal castle of Balmoral, holiday residence of the ruling family for hunting and Christmas visits is found there. For this reason the park is only open in May, June and July. Though I normally don't share the queen's taste the location of Balmoral on one of the most beautiful spots in this grassy valley, a few paces from the river with its hundreds of bubbling rapids shadowed by tall trees, is as unique as the view from Elizabeth's bedroom. If you drive through in fall and are tempted to picnic under spruce





Die beiden berühmten Brücken (eine für die Autos, eine für die Eisenbahn) über den Firth of Forth bei Edinburgh

These two famous bridges (one for cars, the other for trains) span the Firth of Forth near Edinburgh

Les deux illustres ponts (l'un pour les autos, l'autre pour le chemin de fer) au-dessus du Firth of Forth près d'Edimbourg

groves along the road it is very possible that you will find yourself belly to the dirt by the time brook-fresh trout and delicious salmon are spread on the plaid. If your reflexes are normal and reaction times short. During the hunting season—starting roughly in August—there are bangs on all sides because the antlered red stag is reason enough for many Highland visits. High society from around the world, outfitted by a certain, sinfully expensive but necessary because fashionable London hunting house, meets in a marshy fog of this moor basin to pot Scottish moorhens. Never in my life have I seen so many beautiful slender fowling pieces with chased barrels.

Don't take the regular road, A 93, along the Dee but the small parallel A 973 which I can only recommend warmly though it is narrow and hilly. None can compare for charm and

sweetness. Passing wooded slopes it will show you rare Scottish pine and a local lord belly-deep in the water in search of salmon while his butler holds the willow basket ready for the catch.

You must see the Highland Games once, why not in Braemar in September when the royal family adds a special flavor to the colorful picture. Muscular men, bare-chested in their kilts, toss the caber, a tree trunk 20 feet long and weighing 100 lbs to measure their strength. Are you surprised that caber tossing and stone throwing are the Scots' favorite games? But you need no equipment and thus the cost is nil. Later the same lads perform a dance between crossed swords, always on tiptoe, weightless and graceful as ballerinas. But now they are correctly dressed in buttonless jackets and kilts made of just eight yards of material, doubled in front and carrying 32 pleats in back, seamless and thus fastened by the giant safety pin along. With sporrán. The sense of this little bag was long a mystery to me until one day at the hotel when a very proper gentleman lifted this sporrán, worn belted around the midriff, lifted it short-sightedly to make a payment therefrom. Where, I might ask, would poor Scots carry their money when

they must make do with only one pocket like a lady instead of the nine male receptacles customary among continentals?

Considering that five times as many Scots live abroad in their little Scotlands, you are not surprised to see the kilt more often there than here where it is only worn by members of the clan each tartan represents. Each clan has its own plaid traced back to its origins and depending on the home area plants each material is individually dyed. Originals are far from as colorful as imitations abroad though the one I got twenty years ago is still lively.

Flags and kilts on the Braemar meadow wave to the sound of pipes, sounding to an untrained ear like the protests of tortured cats. The culmination of such an experience would be a dinner invitation. There gentlemen in full highland dress of kilt which after all isn't to show off legs but family and worn with short velvet jacket and lace jabot and ladies with a sash of "their" tartan over one shoulder, held by the semi-precious stone or cairngorm, take hands to pace the stately measure. Then you would agree there could be no more elegant and manly costume than a kilt.

The Devil's Elbow, highest pass road in the land and once dangerous as its name suggests is now laid out in well-paved but impressive ess-bends. Even knowing that the summit is a mere 2200 feet, a joke to those used to Alpine heights you are surprised to find yourself amid barren, inaccessible mountains rising from sea level where deep valleys and rushing streams cut the high country. There is no human in any direction and even wild sheep quickly call up their young to disappear when they catch sight of you. You can easily understand that the "refuge" of Glenshee was, as the name indicates, protection and shelter from such loneliness for travelers whom it still serves today.

Now we can hardly imagine their sufferings while sipping a cup of tea before the crackling fire under the stag head of a ski hotel. In the adjoining filling station gratefully welcomed by the forgetful you will merely say, fill it up, since imperial gallons are almost as difficult to figure as the fuel needs of a moon rocket. You must look to tire pressures and windshield cleaning yourself. It could also happen that your change will include a strange pound note but it's not counterfeit. Merely

Programmiert:

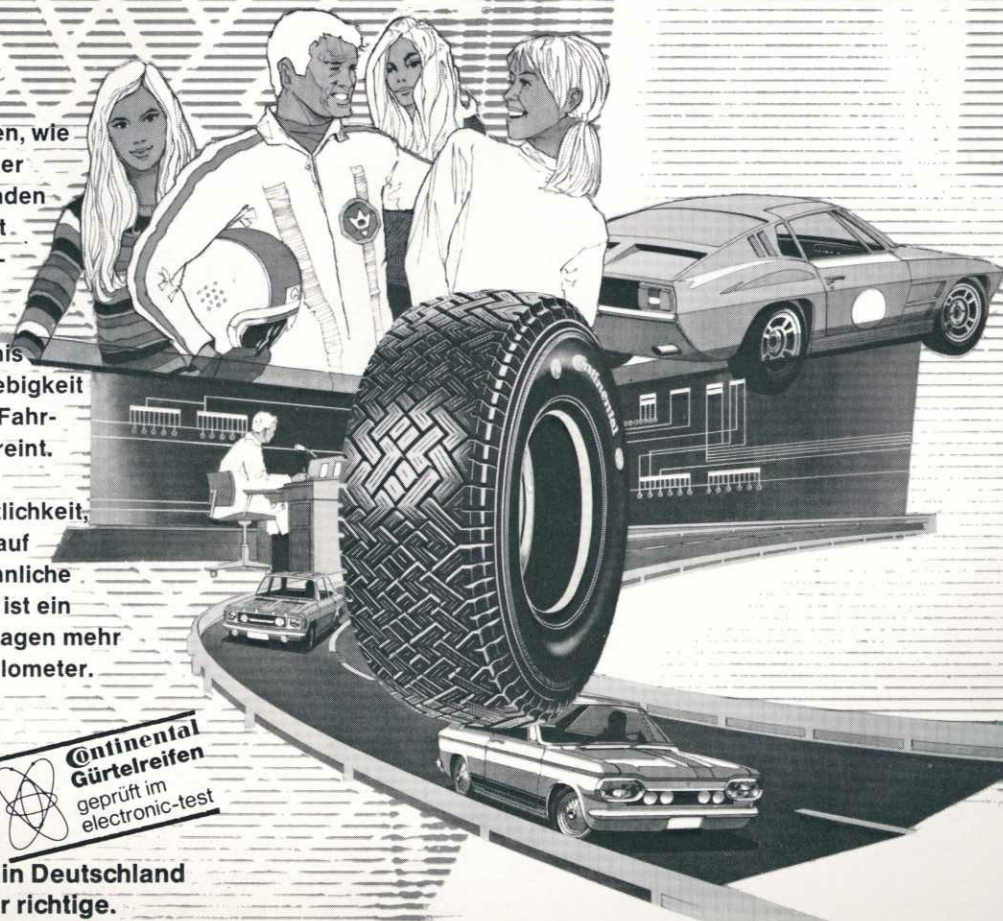
Conti TT - der Gürtelreifen von Continental

Der Conti TT ist ein Gürtelreifen, wie ihn sich Autofahrer schon immer gewünscht haben. Aus Tausenden von Meßdaten wurde er gezielt programmiert. Am ersten elektronisch gesteuerten Pkw im Reifenversuch bestand er die präzisesten Tests. Das Ergebnis ist ein Gürtelreifen, der Langlebigkeit und Sportlichkeit mit idealem Fahrverhalten und Fahrkomfort vereint. Denn er ist auf Lebensdauer programmiert – und auf Sportlichkeit, auf Allwettertauglichkeit und auf eine für Gürtelreifen ungewöhnliche Geräuscharmheit. Der Conti TT ist ein Gürtelreifen, der aus Ihrem Wagen mehr herausholt – Kilometer um Kilometer. Viele Kilometer. Er ist so programmiert.

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Oben: Die „Highland Dancers“ zeigen in Braemar beim Highland Gathering ihre charakteristischen Tänze. In der Mitte: Die schottischen Hochlandrinder sehen mit ihrem Zottelpelz wie Urtiere aus. Unten: Romantische Seen im Inneren Schottlands, mit kleinen Inseln, wo wilde Schwäne leben

Above: The Highland Dancers perform their traditional dances at the Highland Gathering in Braemar. Middle: the Scottish highland cows with their shaggy pelts look like prehistoric animals. Below: Romantic lakes in the interior of Scotland, with tiny islands inhabited by wild swans

En haut: Les «Highland Dancers» démontrent à Braemar au Highland Gathering leurs danses caractéristiques. Au centre: Les bovins des hauts plateaux écossais ressemblent à des bêtes préhistoriques avec leur toison de fourrure. En bas: Lacs romantiques à l'intérieur de l'Ecosse, avec de petites îles, où vivent des cygnes sauvages



a true Scottish one, if you please. Incidentally the British find it the easiest matter in the world to figure percentages in a currency where twelve pence make a shilling and twenty shillings a pound. Are you as quick?

In Pitlochry, the Steamboat Springs of Scotland, reward yourself for the pass crossing with a bridie, their fresh, crisp speciality eaten from the hand. And go underground to watch through glass as the poor salmon struggle hard to overcome the river Tummel solely because nature insists that they marry where they were born.

In this area, instead of a hotel stop occasionally at the sign "bed and breakfast". This is always safe if you take a close look at the house beyond. In case it is a commercial one recognized by the sign "guest house" pass on quickly. Some beautiful old houses set a little apart in parks offer, though bashfully, bed and breakfast for a night. Since hotels still consider the mixing faucet for hot and cold a continental weakness and you must eschew comforts outside the American-occupied Glen



Eagles Castle Hotel, it is better to take a chance of discussion with the Scots. Where better than around the hearth. Upon arrival they always offer a cup of tea and some biscuits and you can question the lady or master of the house to heart's desire. Your room will be tastefully furnished with great attention to detail and the rich English breakfast served on family silver with homemade delicacies obviously tastes doubly good. Another good option is the inn with only a few rooms, often in some historic building. If you see a rampant white hart above the door it is a Trust House, loyal to what an inn should always be: a home away from home as they say there.

The Duke of Atholl who supports the only private army in the world, threw his family pride over the well-renovated park wall and shows the white castle of his forefathers for money. There Scottish history, particularly that of the highlands, may be studied in the unique torn banners, swords, shields and hundreds of weapons in large oak halls where regal twelve-point stags above the knives, sporrans, tartans and junk souvenirs testify to the master's hunting passion as he seeks ways to pay the inheritance tax. Many owners of noble titles are forced to open their houses to paying guests and we thought it would be fine to have bagpipe music for breakfast just once in the castle of a real Scottish lord. So we asked a prominent representative of the guild because we felt he should certainly know. Standing friendly and sturdy in a kilt he pondered the matter.

After considerable thought the advice emerged from the smoke of his pipe to try the Duke of Sutherland. Dunrobin Castle he said, blinking against the smoke.

Content, we set out towards the high north because Sutherland and Caith-

*

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Sie merken schnell, was in ihm steckt.

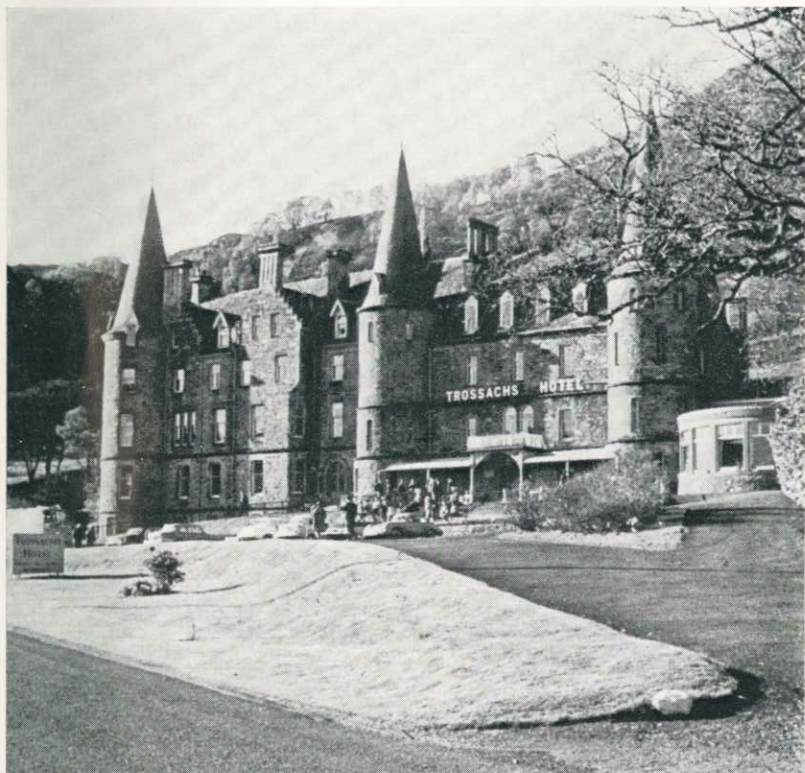




Oben: Dunnetor Castle liegt an der nebligen Küste hoch über dem Meer und sieht wie eine Märchenburg aus. Darunter: Trossachs Hotel in einem alten Schloß, nahe beim Loch Katherine. Unten: Schottischer Nationalstolz . . .

Above: Dunnetor Castle lies high above the sea along a foggy coast and looks like a fairytale fortress. Below that: Trossachs Hotel in an old castle near Loch Katherine. Bottom: Scottish national pride . . .

En haut: Dunnetor Castle se trouve sur la côte nébuleuse bien au-dessus de la mer et a l'air d'un chateau de fée. Au-dessous: l'hotel Trossachs, dans un ancien château, près du Loch Katherine. En bas: Fierté écossaise



ness are the most northerly counties of the West Highlands. We put the great glen as they call the watershed of the lochs behind us and had nearly reached Dunrobbin Castle when we stopped for a bite in one of the very cozy inns where you are immediately in the midst of a conversation. There we learned what Baedeker left out, assuming there is such a book for Great Britain. We were naturally speaking of L-S-D: that is L for pounds, S for Shillings and D for pence, learning on the side that our proposed host for the night is the largest landowner in the world, with a private railroad station.

A bowl of soup on his golden plates would coast as much as it does with the Duke of Bedford at Woburn Abbey: per head and night as much as that Porsche gas heater which warms me still today. Thus mumbled an old shepherd while talking of the work of shelties, those small collies who drive wild sheep in the Highlands, as he talked about something like the Sutherland cleaning—and then he got onto old clan tales.

We were listening with only half an ear and about to depart when we

suddenly came to full attention. The name of he who had recommended us so warmly as paying guests at Dunrobbin Castle came up. Now we heard that the two families had lived in terrible animosity since the days when they not only stole one another's cattle—considered honorable sport—but also invited each other to diner, only to commit murder for desert. The Highland customs were that rugged, and we noticed that Scottish humor is that strange. Just imagine: we might have waited demurely in our Porsche until the ducal butler opened the door and then announced that the arch enemy of his duke had sent us to the modest home to aid the finances. In any case we were grateful that evening for a chance of bed and breakfast since in Scottish as well as British hotels you must always arrive on time—not to mention punctuality at the table or you get no food. But don't skip the trout or salmon at any meal. They simply couldn't be fresher or more tasty. Haggis, the national dish of innards in a sheep stomach is not to every taste though not half so bad as it sounds. Black and white pudding is anything but desert, being sausage and Scots woodcock is toast with anchovy paste. Long live Scottish humor.

The road to Loch Assynt, famous for the seven most beautiful miles in Scotland along the north shore proceeds via such strange sounding villages as Inchnadamph and through "many bad hills" as they say to mean uphill—sharp curves—downhill—stony humps and green swells, steep passes with silver quartz-granite rocks, ocean bays and salt water lochs if coastal incisions but sweet water lakes if inland with names like Loch of Showers. As the abrupt rock-bound ocean landscape falls away you roll through a piece of Portugal in Scotland. As if touched by a fairy wand rhododendron hedges bloom



Zu Gast in aller Welt



Hotel und Gutshof in einem: der „Elefant“ in Brixen!

Weit mehr als ein Dutzend Kaiser und Könige haben hier gespeist und übernachtet, vor oder nach dem einstmals recht beschwerlichen Weg über den Brenner – aber auch heutzutage, da der Paß kaum noch Schwierigkeiten bereitet, wird der kundige Reisende im „Elefant“ gern Einkehr halten, um sich einen reizvollen und dabei erholsamen Aufenthalt zu gönnen. Der zum Hotel gehörende, angrenzende Gutshof liefert Butter, Milch und Eier, Gemüse und Salate so frisch wie nur denkbar auf den Tisch; Gefelchtes, Gekochtes und Gebratenes ist vorzüglich und reichlich; auch die Tiroler Weine sind des Lobes wert – und wer die schöne Stunde mit

einem besonders guten Schluck festlich beschließen möchte, dem wird auch hier (wie überall, wo Kenner gern zu Gast sind) der Asbach Uralt aus Rudesheim am Rhein gereicht.

Übrigens: der „Elefant“ hat seinen Namen schon Anno 1551 erhalten. Dazumals war ein prächtiger Hof-Elefant, den der junge Erzherzog Maximilian in Portugal als Reiseandenken erhalten hatte, mit großem Gefolge „zu Gast“ – ein über die Maßen aufsehenerregendes Ereignis der damaligen Zeit, das der einstige Wirt mit der Namensgebung für alle Zukunft bekanntgemacht hat.

**Asbach
Uralt**

Im Asbach Uralt ist der Geist des Weines!

in blue-violet for miles, giant beech trees and delicate birch reach to the sky jonquil yellow and golden brown as old whiskey, split by the glistening red stems of Scottish pines. And, oh southern wanderer, palms fan their wide fronds even outside the botanical gardens of Interewe.

By Loch Awe at the latest—there are two, in Argyll and Sutherland— you quit remembering names and only vaguely recall landscapes. Just one picture remains—every view is beautiful. Each the smile of god.

Before leaving the highlands I would like to offer a road where even the railroad runs glass-domed cars. It is only a side road, narrow and often only single track, not very fast, the road from Fort William once a real fortress against raiding clans, to Mal-laig. Only past Glenfinnan does it become interesting recently rebuilt. Along the shore there is a column to Bonnie Prince Charlie, famous fighter for Scottish freedom. If you should pass Culloden remember that every meadow hill there is the grave of an entire clan. No Scot can forget that the Duke of Cumberland won the only battle of his life there against the barefoot Highlanders of Prince Charlie and then had every soul run through who moved, women and children included. Where the Scots sprang forth in those days the road becomes noteworthy for vistas. Rocky coast frames a panorama of Ben Nevis, highest mountain in Scotland with its snow cap, and grazing valleys where glowing furze seems to catch the sun and it is warm as summer. But please take the corners carefully. Wild black-face sheep caught only once a year to be sheared, lie around each bend or, which is worse, stand across the road from their white lambs and call to them to cross when they think danger approaches. The picture of an ewe with a bloody white bundle at her feet is for strong

nerves only. Sheep are simply part of the Scottish landscape like signs. "Beware of Sheep" are part of Highland driving. You soon taste ocean on the tongue and past Arsaig the road clammers down to the large islands of Eigg and Rum and the many smaller ones, home of seals. Highlanders speak of the road to the islands—you are now on it. John was right, the sites are not worth a trip but the silver-white sand beach, more silver than the coast of France, with island panorama and unforgotten sunset if you visit in the later afternoon, these would be hard to equal anywhere.

And finally there is Edinburgh, the historic and cultural capital. Take your car up to Castle Rock. The grey castle broods there with the best view of Auld Reekie as it is lovingly called. Before the moat Scots regiments and bagpipe bands march in the world-renowned tattoo every summer: Drummers in the leopard look, waving banners and burning torches under the TV lights. Your view carries on to the far hills of the Highlands. The castle climbs as openly to the sky as Holyrood House is embedded among the Edinburgh hills. There is always a strong wind up there and Gordon Highlanders on duty must hold their kilts or somebody might discover what all want to know of the nether regions.

While other visitors eagerly follow their travel guides into St. Margaret's Chapel, the military museum, great hall and royal apartments where Scottish Mary much to the disgust of childless Elizabeth bore a son named James, we let the ghosts of Duncan and Macbeth permeate the walls and started a discovery trip of our own. Behind a drafty archway there is a small cemetery where graves are narrow as a child's. Did Major Bob on that stone have no family name? It turned out he was a dog serving

with the army in war and obviously able to resist the mess pot better than his neighbor, a sergeant. Then a quick look from the terrace called Mount, a glance at Edinburgh's famous Princess street built in a dried out loch, business on one side (many woollies but little style) parks on the other with the not very beautiful but famous Scott Memorial on the other. As we stroll down the Royal Mile cannon of the Half Moon battery fire at precisely 13:00, called one p. m. there. On towards Holyrood Palace of Mary Stuart, past medieval houses, Cannon Gate Toolbooth with its collection of Highland costumes and English closes, the yards of the middle ages, to meet on George IV bridge a small dog cut in stone: Greyfriars Bobby who has waited there over 200 years because he was faithful to his master beyond the grave. They appreciate faithfulness in this land of clan feuds, it was unalterable law.

For the return trip we recommend M6. On the south edge of Scotland you find famous abbeys like Sweetheart in the Burns country and if you are missing Ireland there is in Gallo-way a slice of the emerald island in miniature with Celtic stone graves and the greens of a shamrock. And Gretna Green the famous smithy where you bid farewell at full throttle unless you are sweet seventeen and out to marry.

Scotland forever I would say unless you want sunny beaches: no tumult, no night life but where you exchange a blessed piece of earth for concessions to hotels and weather. There is still time to see the kilt outside a folk dance. You are still the guest in a true sense of that word, to see sheep rather than tourists. Scotland is landscape, history and dreams—and if you have none don't go for your heart will never become lost in the Highlands. *

Das Bild rechts hat zweifellos Seltenheitswert: Es zeigt den Moskauer Fernsehturm, wie er sich auf der vorderen Haube eines Porsche spiegelt... ein italienischer Kunde, Dott. Giorgio Grego (Genua) hat uns dieses vorzügliche Bild geschickt

The right-hand picture is truly unusual: it shows the Moscow TV tower reflected in the front lid of a Porsche... an Italian customer, Dott. Giorgio Grego (Genoa) sent us this outstanding photo

La photo de droite possède indubitablement une singularité de valeur: Elle montre la tour de la télévision de Moscou se miroitant dans le capot AV d'une Porsche... un client italien, Dott. Giorgio Grego (Gênes) nous a envoyé cette excellente prise de vue

Die farbige Doppelmittelseite (bitte blättern Sie um) ist eine Aufnahme, die bei Karmann in Osnabrück entstanden ist, wo die Karosserien des 914 (und ein Teil der Karosserien des 911) hergestellt werden. Wie man sieht, zu einem großen Teil noch in Handarbeit. Die Produktion des 914 ist jetzt auf 100 Wagen pro Tag gesteigert worden, weil die Nachfrage so groß ist. Vom 914/4 sollen 1970 etwa 25 000 Stück gebaut werden

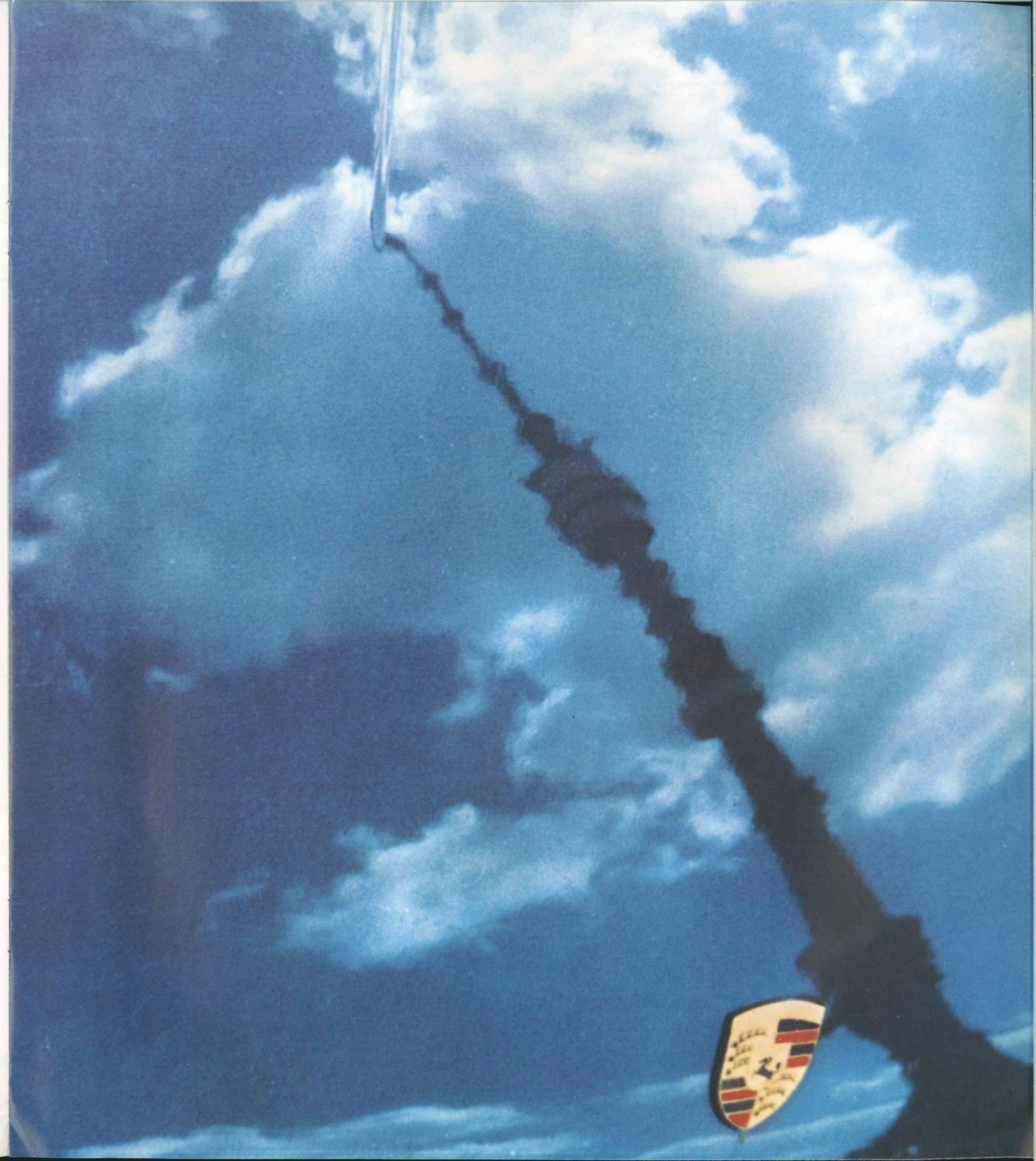
The color fold-out spread (please open) was taken at Karmann in Osnabrück where bodies for the 914 (and a portion of the 911 bodywork) are built. As you can see there is a good deal of handwork involved. 914 production has now risen to 100 cars a day to meet the orders. Some 25,000 of the 914/4 are to be built in 1970

La page centrale double en couleur (t.s.v.p.) est une prise de vue de chez Karmann à Osnabrück, où sont fabriquées les carrosseries de la 914 (et une partie des carrosseries de la 911). Comme on peut le voir, en grande partie encore à la main. La production de la 914 a été élevée à 100 voitures par jour, pour satisfaire à la demande allant en s'accroissant. Environ 25.000 voitures du type 914/4 doivent être construites en 1970

Auf der Seite 26 sehen wir eines dieser seltenen Segel-Schulschiffe, die argentinische Libertad, im Hafen von Malaga. Ein Foto von Dietrich C. Wulf-Springsfeld

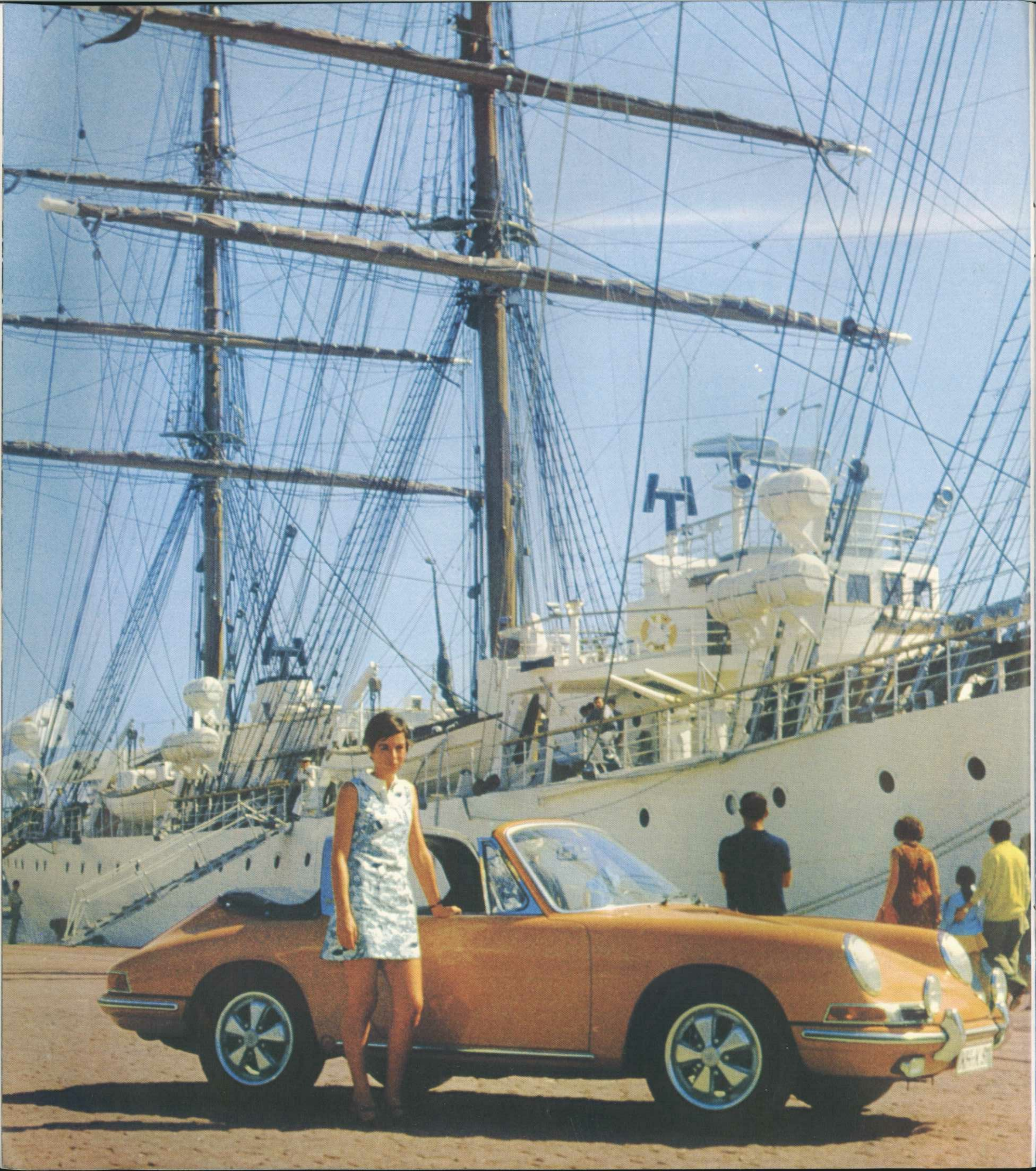
On page 26 we see one of the rare training ships under sail, the Argentine Libertad, in Malaga harbor. The photo came from Dietrich C. Wulf-Springsfeld

A la page 26 nous voyons un de ces rares bateaux-école à voile, l'Argentin «Libertad» dans le port de Malaga. Une photo de Dietrich C. Wulf-Springsfeld









Aral schafft das lästige Fragen ab

Sich durchfragen zu müssen, ist lästig (besonders wenn man falsche Auskünfte bekommt). Aral möchte Ihnen mit dem neuen Autobuch das alles ersparen. Dieses Buch hat auf über 100000 Fragen die richtige Antwort parat. Ob Sie nun wissen wollen, wie man am besten zum Bundesliga-Stadion von Bayern München kommt. Wann die Deutsche Luftfahrt-schau stattfindet. Wo in Deutschland Löwen in freier Wildbahn leben. Oder was auf

italienisch „Würden Sie bitte füllen“ heißt. Gut sparen nicht nur Nerven — sie sind Reisegefährten.



Das neue Aral Autobuch an allen Aral-Tankstellen und im Buchhandel.

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BOOKS

A Complete Review

I always admire application and system. Every year the Geneva Auto Salon brings the catalogue number of the Bern-based Automobil Revue (Hallwag, through any book shop, approximately \$4 on the continent). Along with several introductory articles, photos and drawings which are useful but not the real reason for buying this 538 page volume, you receive a complete compilation of every auto marque produced in this world including data, technical information and details. Whether you

are looking for the Japanese Isuzu Florian Super or want to know what size tires the Intermeccanica Murena 429 GT uses (you don't know that one? With its 7.1 liter engine producing 150 mph and 205-15 tires?), it is all found in this catalogue issue, lined up like a string of pearls. It is a sort of annual bible.

New "Automobile Year"

Another annual star in the auto book sky is Automobile Year published by Edita, Lausanne and offered in the US through Walter R. Haessner & Associates, New Jersey. I don't want to state that this large-format, 250

page book with its many brilliant photos (many in color) as always is not worth the money but it has obviously kept step with inflation in general. More than three quarters of the volume is dedicated to the sport, to great racing events of 1969. A little regret is mixed with my admiration of the fine Günther Molter report on the Manufacturer's World Championship. For one thing he only discusses five runs in "our" championship in detail and of all things includes all those we lost (Daytona, Sebring and Le Mans). In the first portion of this book, where they display new designs, there is a fascinating historic description of Jaguar. Mention must be made too of the

quality in print and paper. A star of first magnitude.

Almost Every Racing Car

A 120 page book with flexible covers called Race Cars costs DM 12.50 (around \$3.45) and delves deeply into technology. It was assembled by Eddie Guba and Doug Nye. The advantages are bilingual text (German/English), a survey of technical details (not only through photos but in part with drawings) for all race and sport cars as well as prototypes from 1969. They report on Indianapolis cars too. Small minus: There are only very sparse notes on Formula Vee and its parallels, Formula Ford and Formule France.

R. v. F.

FEDERLEICHT und ELEGANT

lassen sich Porsche-Wagen schalten, denn das von der GETRAG gefertigte vollsynchronisierte 5-Gang-Getriebe besitzt alle guten Eigenschaften, die man von einem Spezialgetriebe für dieses individuelle Fahrzeug erwartet



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the original service booklet complete without any detached service certificates. With all this, those who were not active with Porsches at the time must know that this early 356 was truly a legend all of its own. The contact you had with the road, especially at speed, was a sensation which could not be purchased at any price in any other car sold in this country.

The '55 Normal had some functional and decorative improvements. The "cooling fins" on the wheels were racy, but were hard to keep clean. The car sported the word "Continental" on the front fenders and this shook up some of the people who connected it with another make in this country. The '55 was a real silver beauty with red leather interior and gray corduroy centers in the seats. Probably the biggest improvement in the car was the inside door grab handle which now had a little bow in it so you could easily grab it. Added was a rubber molding running the length of the body under the door, the sun visor for the passenger and reclining seats, the gas gauge, but still with the shut-off valve underneath the dash with its reserve tank position. The pushbutton starter remained and the door now sported a map pocket. Still no arm rests, but it had a back rest for the back seats, even for the Normal. A convenient horn ring was added, but still no tenths on the odometer and our temperature gauge cleverly read centigrade on one side and fahrenheit on the other side of the needle. This 356 was the last purest model with the minimum of government intervention with the design and sold with little assistance from a dealer organization or professional advertising campaign. It was an affair between the factory and its zealot customers. This car was raced back in the days when the 1955 Milwaukee State Fair S.C.C.A. race included at least a dozen Porsche coupés, two or three

Speedsters, a bevy of M.G.'s and a few hot V.W.'s. Needless to say, the Porsches won.

The 1956 model had many improvements and I moved up to the super engine as well as to the 1600 cc size. The extra 100 cc's added a little more push to the engine and this car turned out to be a great ice racing machine for me. The 356B modifications included the disappearance of the floorboards and a considerably different seating arrangement and front windshield shape. The dashboard was now padded.

My fourth Porsche, a '57 Super, was the hottest 4 cylinder stock Porsche that I have ever driven. It would stay in the middle of any pack of Carreras and gave me my best racing season back in the days when all we did was take off the hubcaps and go at it. Actually, the racing rules were getting stricter and I believe roll bars were mandatory even in coupés—and did we complain! This coupé would turn 5800 in top gear and it was never headed in a race by another coupé. From the beginning this car had a piston slap and I wanted to give up on it. Glen Carroll said, "Forget it"—he was right. To show how far "overboard" I had gone on Porsches by that time—I took delivery of this car in New York through a Kenosha dealer on the condition that I would pick it up exactly as it came off the boat with the cosmoline on it. The original order was silver with a black interior. Someone along the line abbreviated black as "be" instead of "bl". The car arrived with a beige interior and I continued to be the typical Porsche owner—that is, loving your Porsche and still looking for a better one. By this time, I was convinced the factory does this purposely.

The 1959 1600 Carrera coupé was a dream car . . . silver with real black (not beige) leather upholstery and

the long list of options included extra large brakes, arm rests and wind wings. Many of these items were later to become standard equipment. The car was quite heavy for competition and it was fairly hard to keep the Solex carburetors in tune. Yet, it did bring my wife and me back from Mexico City to Chicago in 2½ days. I guess that tells what kind of a touring car it really was.

In 1961 I spent six months working at the factory and had the opportunity to photograph the assembly of my 6th Porsche. This was my first 356B model and probably the most practical Porsche constructed up until that time. This time the improvements in the model were sizeable—

a much better positioned and shorter travel gear shift, a dished steering wheel, improved bumpers, a much more solid hood ornament and the biggest breakthrough in passenger comfort, a wing window for ventilation. Not much remained at this point from the original 356A except a few items like the door handle and the trouble light socket under the dashboard. Only the "real" old timers will tell you where that socket came from.

Next came two RS Spyders—a 1500 and a 1600. These were the only Porsches I purchased used and both of them were fairly non-competitive at the time. Yet, the RS was the last competition car which incorporated

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Er hat sich wieder einen Porsche gekauft. Einen neuen 911 S, Schwedens „Autoprinz“, wie man ihn nennt, den Prinzen Bertil von Schweden, der seit mehr als einem Jahrzehnt ein Porsche-Kunde ist

He has bought another Porsche. A new 911 S for Sweden's "auto prince" as he is called: Prince Bertil of Sweden, a Porsche customer for more than a decade

Il s'est à nouveau acheté une Porsche. Une nouvelle 911 S, le «Prince Auto» de Suède, comme on l'appelle, le Prince Bertil de Suède, lequel est client de Porsche depuis plus d'une dizaine d'années

most of the basic features of the production car. You could never forget being flat out in a Spyder on the straight at Elkhart Lake—a fabulous car and I'll never forget it because it was raining. Probably the best way to explain the Spyder is to quote Stirling Moss. "When car and driver perform to the limit of their ability, nothing, not even danger can erase the sweet, sweet feeling of accomplishment. It is an experience not destined to be known by every man."

The Porsche Treffen in October, 1965 produced #9, an Irish green 912. This, of course, was the big change and one which, as a purest, I had promised to fight. Yet, after using the 5 speed for a few thousand miles in Europe, I was converted to the new design and concept. The 912 proved an even better car in the United States

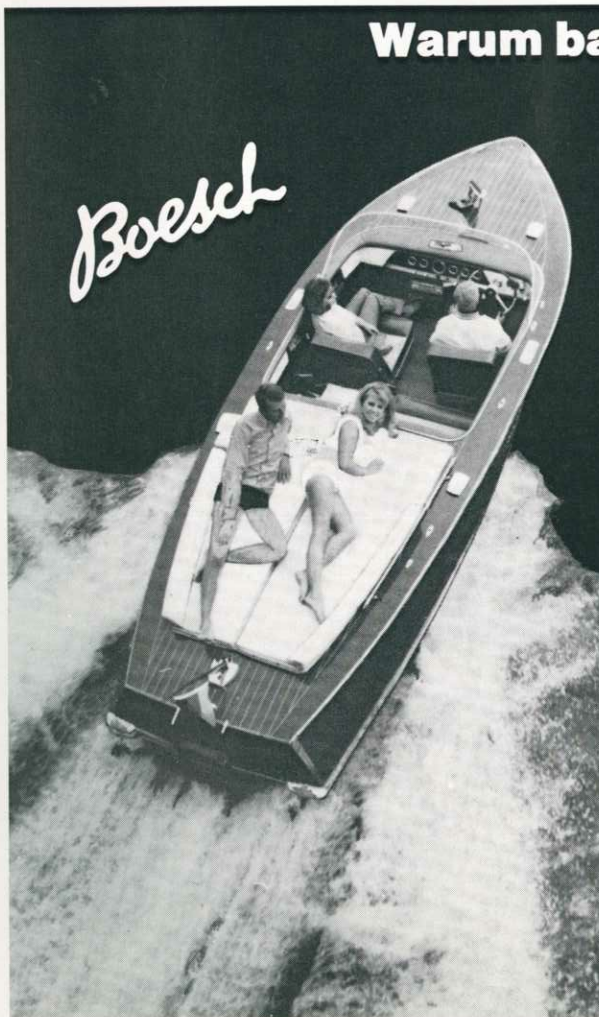
and was performing admirably when I sold it with over 40,000 miles on it. The most recent chapter, not the last I hope, is a 911 Targa. This car was the last '67 911 sold in the midwest and I bought it because of reservations concerning the smog emission control in the '68s'. With almost 20,000 miles on it, this is the most trouble free production Porsche I have ever owned and the fastest. If the improvements keep coming in the next 15 years as they did in the past 15 for Porsche—they will be exciting for all of us.

Cars, beautiful cars all of them. How can you explain a feeling when you can only feel a feeling? For with all the improvements that are and all the improvements Porsche will come up with, when I close my eyes and think of the cars, the picture that always

returns is my original "palm green" 356 Lady or "America", as we called it. I see it as the rare breed of its day and can still hear the sound of its motor as it speeds to the horizon... its singular exhaust pipe creating a new sound which we had never heard on the motoring scene and its shape which gave birth to forms which man had not yet conceived. Even as darkness falls, I know it is really the 356 of mine because of the two small round red tail lights which are fading in the distance as memory becomes clouded.

Gene Bussian, Rockford, Illinois
Charter member P.C.A.
Organizer of the P.C.A.
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Warum baut Boesch in seine Boote...



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BRIAN REDMAN

Until quite recently the name of Jim Redman, a fast man on two wheels, was so deeply rooted in the subconsciousness of experts (and some spectators) that discussions, articles and reports about namesake Brian Redman often carried the—more familiar—name of Jim.

Of course Brian too once ran a motorcycle with great racing talent in the days when his purse was too lean for car racing. But it was a good dozen years ago. The confusion is more likely due to the fact that only four years elapsed between his achieving notice in England and his factory contract with Porsche. Of course other drivers have become known within this short span of time but only a few have made such giant strides.

It all began . . . but let us rather begin where a "life history" usually opens.

Brian was born on 9 March 1937 in Colne, Lancashire, son of well-to-do parents. They brought him up from the first to take over the business, to be accurate a chain of food stores.

Astronaut before the launch? No, this is what race drivers look like when starting in a Grand Prix or sport car

Astronaute avant le départ? Non, c'est l'apparence qu'ont aujourd'hui les pilotes de Grand Prix ou de voitures de sport au départ



Thus his life was no more unusual than that of any young man. After attending Rosall Public School he spent three years at college to prepare for his later duties. This was followed by two years of military service where the discipline and order of army life were extremely distasteful. Despite this he left with two stripes on his military jacket.

By now Brian had matured as a man and there seemed to be nothing between him and the family store chain but the death of a grandfather prompted another brief detour in the family scheme of things. Redman junior was selected to continue running the duster factory of his grandfather though the word "factory" is a slight exaggeration. In addition to Brian as owner and boss there were only two other workers so eager to produce dusters and dust cloths that the firm soon had to be sold. Only an MG on the inventory brought the owner some relief, along with a desire to look into motor sport a little more closely. Therefore he took part in the garage of friend Mike Wood to learn the subject somewhat better. Since this collaboration too failed to work out just as hoped he closed this career as well and finally found himself in the family business.

Up to then little had been seen of "race driver" Brian Redman though his interest was definitely aroused and the name B. Redman was appearing with increasing frequency in smaller club events. His first entry came in 1959 when he started in a Yorkshire airfield race with a Morris Minor Traveller. He won more than 50 races between 1960 and 1965 in almost every branch of auto racing. Accidents, breakdowns and money troubles couldn't stop his climb towards a profession in racing.

Undoubtedly Brian was not yet aware that he would become a pro but his

thoughts were pointing in that direction when he got a Lola Chevrolet Mk 2 for the 1966 race season from Charles Bridges, an enthusiastic motor patron. This offer was preceded by a good year in 1965 when Brian in his own (!) lightweight E-Jaguar won a number of well-attended national races in England, making the name Brian Redman ever more prominent.

He got along surprisingly well in this Group 7 machine, won a few races and generally lost only to so-called A drivers. An additional reward for that year was the prize for best rookie of the English season—meaning a good deal.

At the beginning of the 1967 season he finally decided to become a racing professional after getting a Formula 2 car—again from the Bridges team. The promised Lola-Cosworth was not ready, however, and Brian had to run the first races in an older Brabham BT 16. He did very well again in a type of car new to him and had good placings in European runs.

Brian was becoming more and more noticed, particularly after John Wyer offered him a Ford GT 40 for the Nine Hours of Kyalami. Sharing with Jacky Ickx they won the race going away. Thus his prototype season for 1968 was set and after Rodriguez left the Cooper team he also took that place as a Formula 1 driver for a brief time, as well as starting for Bridges in F 2. The strides were indeed giant: from touring car to F 1 in three years but we should also mention that sport cars and prototypes are probably the machines in which Redman feels more comfortable than in monostros.

In the Wyer Ford GT 40 he won the 500 mile BOAC race at Brands Hatch in 1968, finished sixth in the 1000 km of Nürburg Ring and won the 1000 km of Spa with Ickx. The antiquated

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and poorly prepared Cooper F 1 was certainly no car for a newcomer to the formula but still good enough for third in the Race of Champions at Brands Hatch and in the Grand Prix of Spain. In F 2 things didn't come out so well though it certainly wasn't Redman's fault. His car was simply no longer competitive. An interim move to Ferrari's F 2 lasted only one race—though his fourth in the Eifel Race on Nürburg Ring was impressive. The not overly positive offer from Ferrari was probably a part of Brian's reason for declining the Commendatore's offer.

A bad accident in the Belgian GP (a front suspension member broke) put Brian out of competition until nearly the end of the 1968 season.

The Nine Hour Race of Kyalami was again a turning point in Redman's career. He had to prove he had overcome the shock and consequences of the accident. And he came through beautifully immediately. Sharing a Chevron BMW with Tim Schenken he won the two-liter class and finished fourth overall.

When the Porsche factory team was introduced at Hockenheim Ring in January 1969 it was surprising to many journalists that Porsche had signed Brian Redman for the season then ahead.

Before getting into that season we should glance at the private Brian

BRIAN REDMAN



Linkes Bild: Da sieht man, daß Brian Humor hat... auf dem nächsten Foto steht er mit zwei anderen Spitzenfahrern von Porsche zusammen, mit seinem Partner Joseph Siffert (rechts außen) und mit dem Mexikaner Pedro Rodriguez (Mitte). Sie wärmen sich gerade (im Dezember) bei der Pressevorführung in Hockenheim die Hände auf. Rechts das „offizielle“ Bild von Brian Redman

Left: You can see that Brian has a sense of humor... in the next photo he is standing with two others of Porsche's top drivers, with his partner Joseph Siffert (right outside)

and the Mexican Pedro Rodriguez (middle). They are warming their hands in December, during the press preview at Hockenheim. Right, the "official" picture of Brian Redman

Photo de gauche: On peut s'apercevoir que Brian a de l'humour... sur la photo suivante il se trouve avec deux autres coureurs d'élite de chez Porsche, avec son partenaire Joseph Siffert (à droite, à l'extérieur) et avec le Mexicain Pedro Rodriguez (au centre). Ils se réchauffent les mains en décembre, lors de présentations à la presse à Hockenheim. A droite, la photo «officielle» de Brian Redman



Redman. In his sparse free time he managed to keep a wedding date and, almost unnoticed by the public, married his Marion. He is now a father twice over and like all great drivers sees his family very little during the season. This was particularly true in 1969 when he and Joseph Siffert managed to win the 6 Hours of Brands Hatch, 1000 km of

Monza, 1000 km of Spa and 1000 km of Nurburg Ring plus the 6 Hours of Watkins Glen. Thus the Siffert/Redman team brought in some 50% of the points towards our victory in the Manufacturer's World Championship. In other races for the title—except Austria where he and Attwood were third—Redman retired with minor mechanical problems. Redman concen-

trated entirely on sport car events last season and will do the same this year. The traditional opener for the World Championship, the 24 Hours of Daytona Beach in America brought them a second overall behind the new pairing of Rodriguez/Kinnunen, our Mexican/Finnish drivers. Both teams drove Porsche-Gulf 917s serviced and entered by the John Wyer team.

This closes the circle for Redman since it was Wyer who put him into a Ford GT 40 in 1967. Wyer functioned as entrant for Ford in 1967-69.

Since Redman is the ideal partner for Siffert we will certainly hear and read a great deal about him now.

Lobo

PS Brian Redman started a very promising F1 career in 1968 as was briefly noted. Some details on this: For the first GP of the '68 season he had a Cooper Maserati (V 12) from an English private stable but it was not optimally attuned to the altitude of Kyalami in South Africa. He was only able to qualify on the back row but his time of 1:28.0 was not bad when compared to Siffert's best training lap of 1:26.4 (Siffert drove the same type of car there). In the fifth lap of this South African GP Redman retired with overheated engine. Then came the Grand Prix of Spain on the Jarama course where Redman managed a courageous third, making four world title points. He was only a lap behind the leading duo of Graham Hill and Dennis Hulme. Training for the Belgian GP he was showing world class times: tenth fastest to start next to Siffert. In the eighth lap of the race, however, he had a serious accident in the Cooper-BRM supposedly due to a material flaw and temporarily ended his Grand Prix career. From that time he has only driven sport cars and prototypes. *

Richard von Frankenberg:

DETAILS FROM DAYTONA AND SEBRING

The 24 Hours of Daytona, first match in the competition for the Manufacturer's World Championship for prototypes and sports cars brought a clear double victory for Porsche. You couldn't have wished for a better launch on the year. Though the lead car a Porsche 917 carrying number 1 and driven by Joseph Siffert and Brian Redman had to make several pit stops due to a clutch defect which developed and, to tire problems, the victory of the other Porsche 917 carrying number 2 was never in doubt. From the third lap of that race Pedro Rodriguez and the 26 year old Finn Leo Kinnunen who drove a brilliant race as a new top member in the John Wyer Stable, they had a clear lead.

The new Ferrari with five liter engine (Porsche's 917s still ran at Daytona with 4.5 liter powerplants) was extremely fast in training but five of six factory-backed Ferraris retired, including the Jacky Ickx car. The fast American from Indianapolis Mario Andretti—probably the highest-paid driver in racing today—tried to at least hold second with the "left over" Ferrari which had dropped back after several pit stops but in the final phase of the race Joseph Siffert in the Porsche which had lost early ground came up bravely to take second from Andretti and thus assure the double win for Porsche.

The 1968 record set by Elford/Neerpasch in a Longtail 907 of 2566 miles was lifted by Rodriguez/Kinnunen to 2734 miles (an average of 115.5 mph including all fuel stops and driver changes). And Joseph Siffert drove the fastest lap of the 3.8 mile course in 1:47.8, an average of 127.2 mph (last year's record was 1:52.2 from a Longtail 908).

Thus in the builder's world championship (officially this series is called "simply" the International Manufacturer's Championship but most call

it the maker's championship) Porsche had 9 points while Ferrari received 4 for the third. (Only the points scored by the best car of a given marque are scored.)

Then came Sebring. For six weeks the two Porsche 917s of the John Wyer team were prepared in the Pittsburgh research center of their major sponsor the American Gulf oil company. Joseph Siffert was very surprised at the dimensions available there. "Their research center is almost as big as our whole firm."

Eight Wyer mechanics trained at Stuttgart worked on the two cars, naturally paying particular attention to the clutches as well as shocks which had given some trouble. The Firestone tires? They wouldn't be a problem in Sebring because you don't reach the speeds on the airfield course and more important don't have to negotiate a high-banked corner which puts such tremendous demands on tires.

They were quite confident though they knew well that Ferrari with their about equally fast (a few horsepower stronger but few pounds heavier) cars would do everything humanly possible, especially in search of endurance. After all there were two more Porsche 917s for Sebring, entered by Porsche Salzburg to be driven by Vic Elford/Kurt Ahrens and Hans Herrmann/Rudi Lins, cars equally capable of a win. Also our cars had gone through a private pre-training in Sebring for nearly four hours and given precise adjustment of transmission and suspension. That written in most papers about the course of the Sebring race doesn't quite meet the facts, understandable since you can rarely look behind the scenes.

The Ferrari, a new one, won with Mario Andretti driving. A Porsche 908,

a car fighting uphill these days against the 917 (three liters and 370 hp against 4.5 liters and 560 hp) took second driven by famous movie star Steve McQueen and Peter Revson, the sober results show. Ferrari 9 points, Porsche 6. Despite the defeat Porsche with 9+6 points still holds a two-point championship lead against Ferrari's 9+4...

In many reports you read: tire trouble cost Porsche the victory. Actually one flat tire on Rodriguez' car in the second part of the race didn't influence the results. The tire, incidentally, was cut by a very sharp object along the course, a glass or metal splinter. This had nothing to do with tire quality. You occasionally have such side effects coming up on an airfield course like Sebring.

One component in the new 917s of the John Wyer team had been replaced by a new design: the front hub carrying the wheel bearing. They found at Daytona that the previous carrier could allow slight flutter which traveled to the brakes through the discs. Drivers complained about excessive travel, too much pedal movement when you first hit the brakes. For this reason larger bearings with less play were installed in consequently redesigned carriers.

After a little more than a quarter of race distance Siffert/Redman pitted

Nach dem Daytona-Sieg sind Leo Kinnunen (en face) und Pedro Rodriguez von Miss Speedweeks und Miss Universe und Miss Minirock (oder wie sie auch heißen mag) umgeben. Der 917 steht bescheiden dahinter

Following their Daytona victory Leo Kinnunen (facing) and Pedro Rodriguez are surrounded by Miss Speedweeks, Miss Universe and Miss Miniskirt (or whatever she is called). The 917 stands modestly in the background

Après la victoire de Daytona, Leo Kinnunen (de face) et Pedro Rodriguez sont entourés de Miss Speedweeks, Miss Univers et Miss Minirock (si on peut la tituler ainsi). La 917 se trouve modestement à l'arrière-plan



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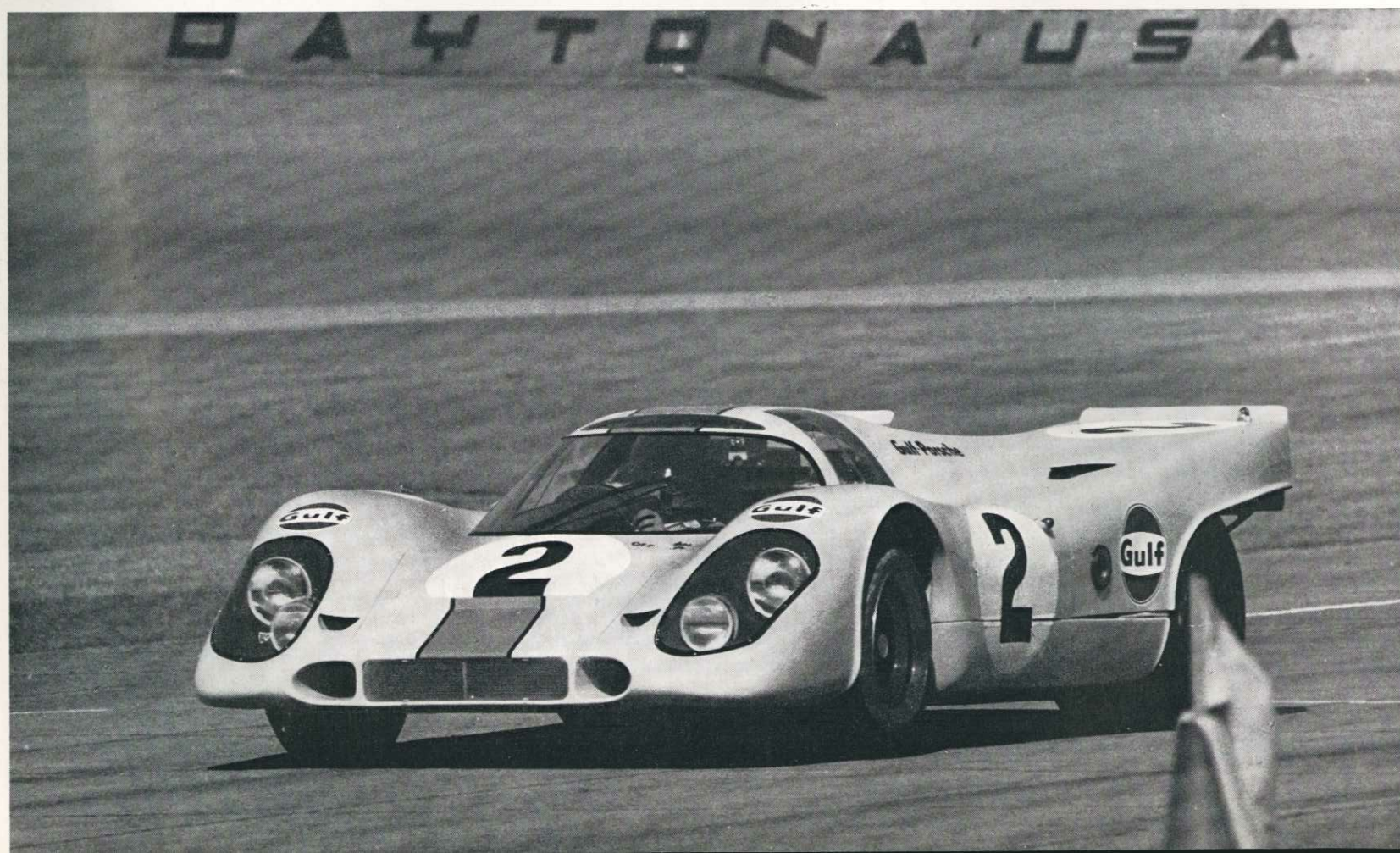
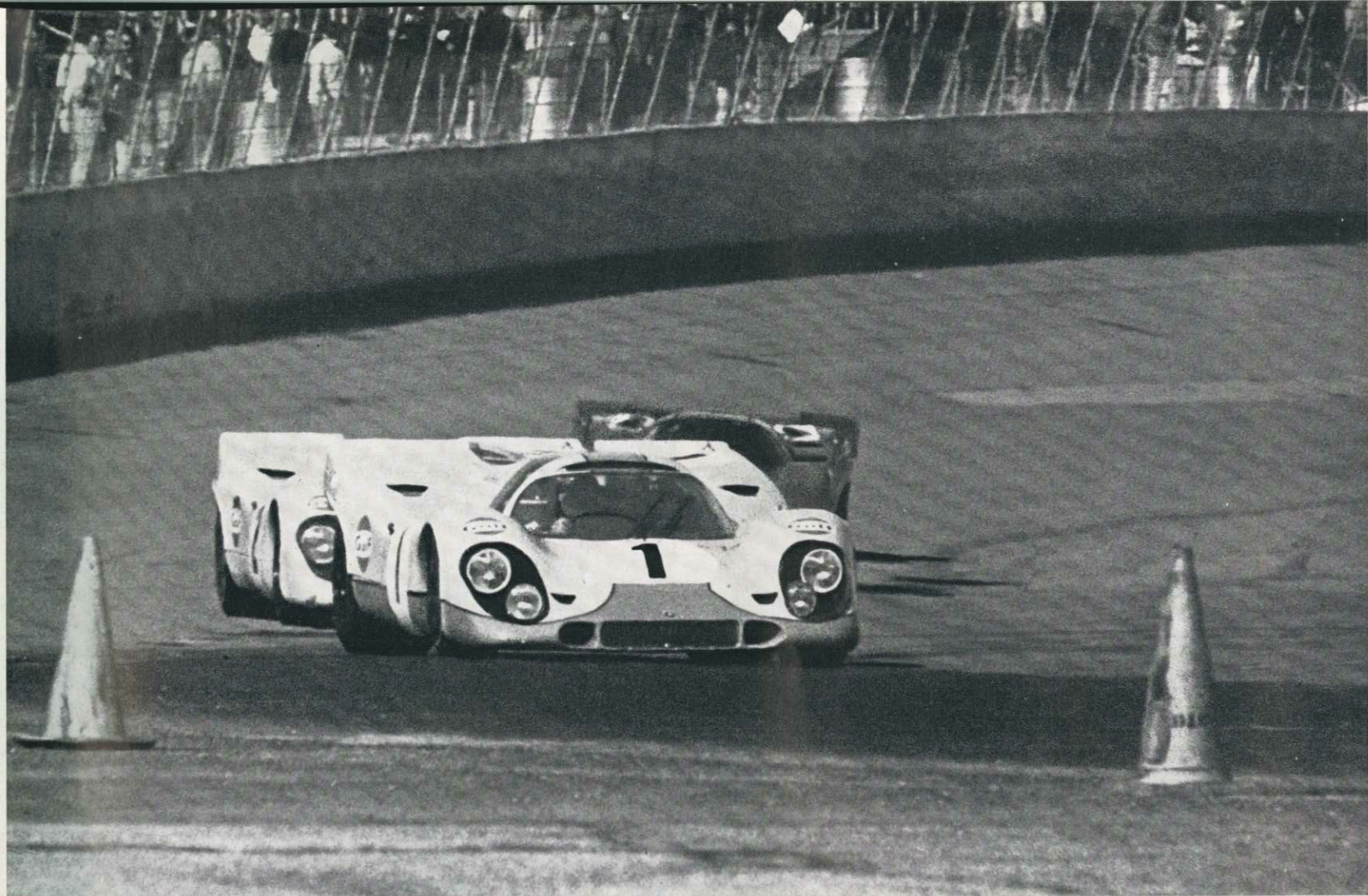
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for the first time with a break in the new hub. Exchanging a complete front suspension was a masterly job by the race mechanics but still took some 25 minutes. This naturally pushed the Siffert/Redman car hopelessly back and in addition all feared that the flawed hubs would show up on both cars and both front wheels.

In fact the Siffert/Redman car did pit again in the race when the right hub broke as well. At this time the car was retired and Jo Siffert was put into the other machine for the end phase since, as expected, he proved a trifle faster than Rodriguez and Kinnunen.

In this car the same breakage had appeared on one side but much later and there were hopes this wouldn't repeat itself before the end of 12 hours.

Porsche luck was certainly out at Sebring. Two further failures appeared, so offbeat they could best be called science fiction. Following first pit stops three Porsches driven by Siffert, Elford (Salzburg car) and Rodriguez led the two fastest Ferraris of Andretti and Ickx. Redman then took over the leading car from Siffert but after a few laps coasted slowly into the pits with his engine entirely dead.

Natural excitement. What's the matter? Redman shrugs his shoulders. No sparks. It stopped suddenly.

Hood up, it must be ignition . . . cables? . . . transistors? . . . plugs? Everything in order. Everything yet there is still a short in the system. Nine and a half desperate minutes passed before somebody found the reason. These cars have automatic fire extinguishers. When a given spot becomes too hot the foam is automatically released to put out fires before they can spread.

Following page 46



Links oben: Die beiden Porsche 917 in der ersten Phase des Rennens knapp vor dem Ferrari. Linke Seite unten: Der in Daytona siegreiche 917 des John Weyer-Teams, den Rodriguez und Kinnunen pilotierten. Unten: Walter Pöltinger wurde mit einem Porsche 911 österreichischer Staatsmeister. Wir sehen ihn hier bei einer Sprintetappe der österreichischen Alpenfahrt. Diese Geröllstraßen erfordern eine ganz eigene Fahrtechnik!

Left above: The two Porsche 917 during an early phase of the race, just ahead of the Ferrari. Left below: The winning Daytona 917 of the John Weyer team, driven by Rodriguez and Kinnunen. Below: Walter Pöl-

tinger was Austrian national champion in a Porsche 911. We see him here on a sprint stage of the Austrian Alpine rally. The gravel roads require their special driving technique

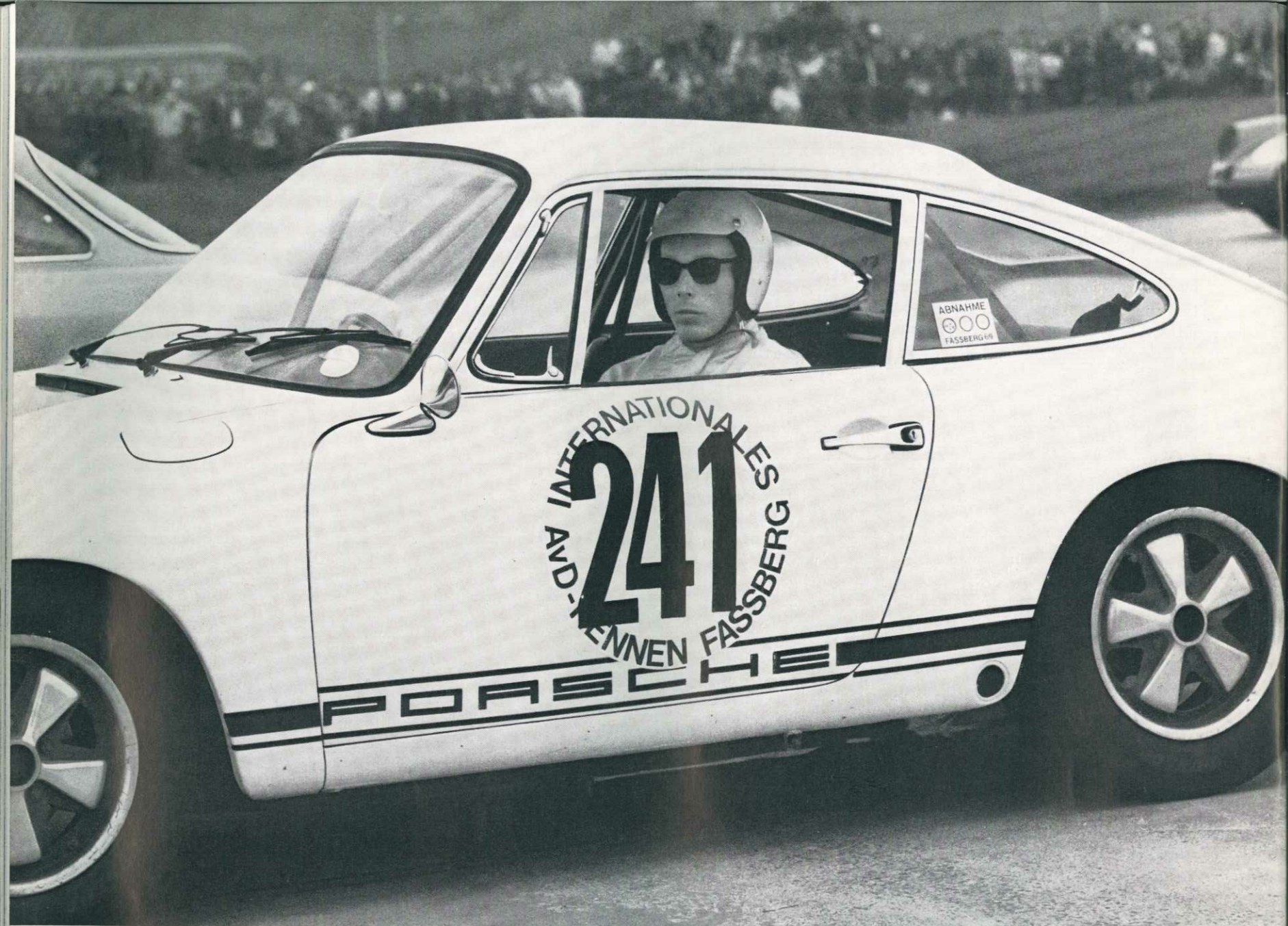
En haut, à gauche: Les deux Porsche 917 dans la première phase de la course juste devant la Ferrari. Page gauche, en bas: La 917 victorieuse à Daytona du team John Weyer, pilotée par Rodriguez et Kinnunen. En bas: Walter Pöltinger fut champion national d'Autriche au volant d'une Porsche 911. Nous le voyons ici lors d'une étape de sprint de la course autrichienne des Alpes. Les routes gravillonnées nécessitent une technique de conduite personnelle!

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SONS

What boy wouldn't be tempted to follow in his father's footsteps when he sees he has the talent? And particularly when papa's career was so fascinating?

Edgar Barth, the father, was three-time European champion and a top driver at Porsche in 1965 when he died of a lingering illness as we all remember.

Jürgen Barth, his son, raced for two years and "got the taste" but at the moment says with a touch of resignation that he simply doesn't have time to be active.

Let's start at the beginning. The Barth family lived in Herold, a small

town in the Erz Gebirge, East Germany, when there was an addition to the family on 10 December 1947. A boy. He was born in Thum hospital not far from Herold which is 18 miles from Zschopau, and there father Barth worked as a test rider in the motorcycle plant once called DKW, later MZ. He had received his first laurels in trials riding before the war and was a DKW factory rider in the International 6 Days.

The Barths had a small stocking factory in the Erz Gebirge but Edgar Barth's true love was not stockings but motorcycles and so he worked for the Zschopau factory.

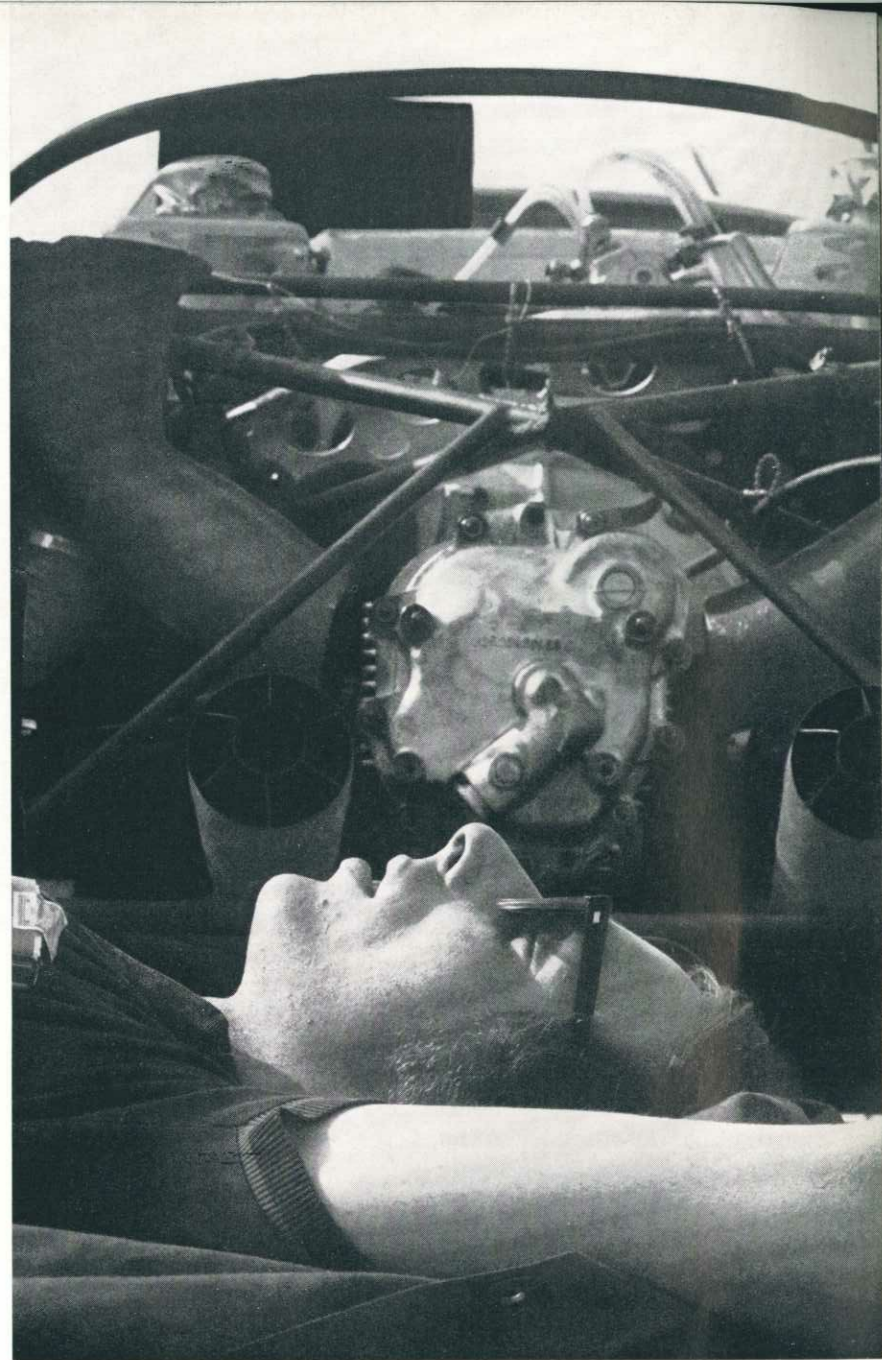


And rode races as well. First on a 500 BMW and 350 Norton. Over in East Germany. The first memory of Jürgen's is a motorcycle race in Rostock. Papa and mama (who usually went along) took him too. Barely six.

From that moment he wanted to visit races. Papa meanwhile not only raced motorcycles but was signed as a rookie in sport cars and F 2 by the newly founded Rennkollektiv Johannisthal. In 1955 when son Jürgen was seven and a half the EMW team of four sport cars came to West Germany and the Nürburg Ring. There was still an overall German sport

car title in those days and I found my toughest competitor was Edgar Barth. Only in the last run, the Avus Race, did I manage to take the title when Barth retired with a broken accelerator cable.

In 1956 Edgar Barth again drove a full season for the communist Germans in the very fast EMW sport cars. That fall he suddenly appeared over here. At Porsche in Zuffenhausen. Could we use him? Of course we could. Edi joined our factory team, a welcome reinforcement. But he had come alone. His family still lived in Herold and he naturally wanted them to join him.



A year passed. Not until November 1957 did their flight succeed. On a Sunday. Jürgen, then barely ten, naturally remembers it well. They left the house lights on one evening and the radio as well. Friends first took them in a car to East Berlin. There Frau Barth and her Jürgen took the underground which in those days—before the wall—ran into the American sector. Edgar Barth's brother lived in West Berlin, their first stop. Jürgen clearly recalls his first words when they reached the west and explained to him they would stay now, catching the first plane to Stuttgart. He said: great, now I don't have to take that test on Monday.

Links: Als Jürgen noch Lehrling war und sich die soliden handwerklich-technischen Grundlagen aneignete. Rechts: Ob er von diesem Porsche 908 gerade träumt, hinter dem er sich für ein paar Minuten im Fahrerlager ausruht?

Left: When Jürgen was still an apprentice, drawn to the solid handwork-technical foundation. Right: Is he dreaming of this Porsche 908, behind which he rested for a few minutes in the paddock?

A gauche: Au temps où Jürgen était encore apprenti et s'appropriait de solides fondements professionnels et techniques. A droite: Réve-t-il en ce moment de la Porsche 908, derrière laquelle il se repose quelques minutes dans le camp des coureurs?



For a few weeks Edi, his Gerdi and Jürgen lived in a little house along the Solitude race course before moving to Kornwestheim. Edgar Barth was working in the test department at Porsche and by now driving major races for our factory team.

Jürgen continued his schooling in Kornwestheim, barely 12 miles outside Stuttgart, and thus came to write a few more tests. When his father traveled to Nürburg Ring one day to serve as instructor for the Scuderia Hanseat driving school he took the nearly 11 year old lad along. He was pretty tall for his age and easily reached the Porsche pedals.

And Jürgen drove the Porsche Super of his father around Nürburg Ring. If you leave the road you'll never see another auto his father promised. Jürgen didn't leave the road.

In 1962 the family moved into a pretty one-family house in Bietigheim. By now Edgar Barth was European Hillclimb Champion and considered one of the top sport car drivers around Europe. In 1959 he won the Targa outright.

After his school years Jürgen joined Porsche as an apprentice. For three and a half years he and all the other apprentices learned the trade of auto mechanic, step by step. Afterwards he received two and a half years of business training. He was to take a solid background into life.

By now the 6 foot youth of 175 pounds was also including the sport in his ideas of a background. He knew very well that nobody would give him anything for the name. He would have to start at the very bottom and convince the world with good times and high places. Hence in the spring of 1968 he drove his first rally, Lyon-Charbonnières.

Of course he didn't have the money to buy his own Porsche but found a friend with a 356 at least. The 1600 engine was raised from 90 to 100-102 hp and the pair started in the two liter class where they faced ten rally-prepared 911s alone. Jürgen drove all the special tests and knew well from his father that you have to finish to be counted. So many retired or landed in a ditch that Jürgen took second in class.

He then entered smaller German rallies and managed two class wins. In part he drove with American John Buffum, in his car. Jürgen also appeared occasionally at airfield races for which his friend loaned him the 911.

Shortly before the famous Schauinsland hillclimb in 1969 he purchased a Porsche 911 of his own—what am I saying, a totally demolished wreck which he then rebuilt by working day and night and which of course couldn't match the top cars in either engine or chassis. Despite this he made good time with a clean style at Freiburg and took sixth.

But he no longer has the time to drive now. He is part of the Porsche sports department, looking after private rally customers, a job he naturally enjoys thoroughly.

Incidentally, a little sister arrived in 1960, named Gundi. Jürgen who gets along with his mother very well and lives at home has another interest besides driving, the do-it-yourself hobby. With anything that comes to his hands. Another talent inherited from his father.

R.v.F.

Tourenwagenrennen in Hockenheim. Jürgen Barth liegt gerade vor zwei BMW-Konkurrenten. Übrigens sieht man hier sehr gut die „Ideallinie“: Die erste Rechtskurve wird nicht innen genommen, damit man für die entscheidende zweite den richtigen Ansatzpunkt hat

Touring car race at Hockenheim. Jürgen Barth leading a pair of BMW competitors. This is also a good view of the "ideal line": The first right hander is not taken right on its clipping point in order to have a proper position for the decisive second bend

Course de voitures de tourisme à Hockenheim. Jürgen Barth se trouve actuellement devant deux concurrents BMW. On voit d'ailleurs ici très bien la «ligne idéale»: le premier virage à droite n'est pas pris à l'intérieur, afin de posséder le meilleur point d'élan pour le prochain virage décisif

Franz J. Philipp:

FINISHING SCHOOL AT ZANDVOORT

Identity plaques carrying the letters A, L, D, CH, B, NL and even I on cars along the dunes tell us that drivers have undertaken long trips to spend two full days at the Zandvoort track, that famous North Sea coast circuit.

Twice a year, spring and fall, the Krefeld automobile club (AvD) holds a finishing school in Zandvoort for up and coming sporty drivers. The auditorium: the concrete Grand Prix piste, 2.6 miles long and nearly 40 feet wide. The guest lecturers: racers, active sport car drivers and rally aces from Germany and the Netherlands—names like Erich Bitter, Gerhard Koch, Karlheinz Koepchen, Jochen Neerpasch, Ben Pon, Gijs and David van Lennep. School desks: the auto seats of every marque from VW to Mercedes 300, from Fiat 850 to Porsche.

Who are the students, the apprentices? Racing fiends, speed demons? By no means, or not only. Though one participant in the 1968 sport driver course did enter a private Porsche in this year's Monte Carlo rally and finished in a respectable 51st

place in his first attempt at this difficult event. Many don't take the school from race or rally ambitions but simply to learn how to drive fast in greater safety, to approach the limits of their own justifiable and technical personal possibilities.

Thus the spectrum of driving students ranges from a young lady who only just passed her driving test but perhaps dreams of one day doing as well as Hannelore Werner to a taxi driver, a policeman, a wholesale merchant, to a construction firm owner who must have earned his first license a long time ago. It included the chauffeur of an industrial boss who sent him with the firm's car at company expense.

Safety belts alone can't prevent accidents, you must be able to drive. So an auto firm sent a dozen of its test drivers for the third time. In what profession are you ever through learning?

There were some there for the sixth or seventh time. Not that they had learned nothing before but because they like the friendly and unpreten-

tious company of the sport driver school or simply want to let go without facing the risks of real competition on a cut and thrust circuit. They only drive against themselves and the clock.

"Our Krefeld friends only accept 40 cars per course. For the circuit length where all grades and difficulties can be practiced this is just right", said Ben Pon one of the juniors of the Dutch VW and Porsche importer, himself a former Dutch GT champion and internationally known Porsche racer. With forty cars they can still keep track of everything.

Lessons are held in groups of 10–12 vehicles and the Porsche phalanx is often large enough to fill several classes. Wandering in the true sense of the word you take a look at Tarzan corner at the end of the front straight, walking the ideal line. Little flags mark the clipping points. Instructors—thoroughly routined—drive first to demonstrate, going through two or three times to show you how it's done correctly. They show vividly what happens if you give a touch too much gas or leave the ideal line. Yet

they still perform miracles of saving the game. These are experienced aces.

Now it's the students turn. With critical eyes and sharpened pencils Gijs and David van Lennep two of the better-known Dutch circuit and rally drivers grade everything from first to last in the curve. One student holds the wheel improperly, another is too cramped, the third doesn't know how wide his car is and passing the clipping point flag two yards out. Gradually—with some by the fifth try others perhaps only on the twentieth, they find the drift limit, the balance between gas and steering. And if you simply won't or can't grasp this an instructor takes the wheel so the codriving student can watch every motion.

After 90 minutes the group moves on to Gerlach corner where a visual aid shows the "wrong" and "right" of it. More demonstrations. First slowly, then faster and ever faster to the limits where laws of centrifugal force and adhesion loss seem almost repealed. Then: practice, practice and more practice. Corrections and some





more practice. Until it works. And so on . . . Via Hunze corner to Scheivlak and the Bos, back onto the main straight.

Incidentally participants have to wear belts and helmets. Exemplary course control is organized by the Dutch "Officials Club" (OCA) who parallel the sport driving school with a supplementary and brushup course for those who watch over the marshal posts.

Before and after dinner the talk is shop. Visual aids must be called in again when the technically versatile experts mobilize all their racing resources to answer lay questions and explain procedures not so easily understood. For the rest of the evening: dinner, racing films and off to bed. High revs in head and bones are tiring.

On Sunday: a queue such as you find on Sunset Boulevard or Broadway, only much faster and then faster. Why? You drive three abreast and the lines must be kept closed up. This is not as easy in practice as it sounds. You are learning to maintain side clearances. To watch the mirror, to see other cars from a corner of the eye. Passing maneuvers and driving discipline. To make all this routine.

Then start and sprint exercises: the GP start, Indianapolis and Le Mans starts. Those who never tried them realize suddenly how important this can be too. The senior member of the instruction team Baron Leo von Feh gives lessons in slalom, double slalom, braking and emergency braking. Reaction and courage tests, so to speak.

In a short time the course forges participants into a small, close-knit though short-lived collective which then dissolves never to meet again. The wife of the construction company owner who at first was a co-driver warning him constantly to take care now handles a stop watch. She

times laps like her lady colleagues a generation younger. The Taxi driver, at first transgressing the image of his trade and rather hesitant, now takes Hunze with squealing tires in a drift and the chauffeur now speaks of full bore when he called it accelerating yesterday. He notes that before Tarzan he puts his foot in the carbs where 24 hours earlier he was braking like a senior citizen. Will his boss understand the language next Monday and perhaps be infected by it?

The final test consists of five laps with individual starts 30 seconds apart and instructors evaluate you primarily on driving style, not time. You leave Zandvoort convinced of a profit for your fifty bucks (all inclusive), so much so you'd even consider trying a little competition. For the trip home, however, it is enough to feel you have invested something solid in your safety.



Links: Da es sich um die gleiche Stelle auf dem Kurs von Zandvoort handelt, muß einer der beiden Porsche-Fahrer diese Kurve nicht ganz auf der Ideallinie nehmen — aber man geht ja gerade deshalb zu solchen Kursen, um (rechts oben) von erfahrenen Lehrern, die sich Notizen machen, das genau gezeigt zu bekommen. Unten: Natürlich kann man auch mit einem normalen VW an solchen Kursen partizipieren

Left: Since we are looking at the same point on the Zandvoort track here one of the two Porsche drivers can't be fully on the ideal line—but that is precisely why you attend such courses, to learn (right above) where the flaws lie from experienced teachers who make fulsome notes. Below: you can naturally take part in such courses with a normal VW as well

A gauche: Du moment où il s'agit du même endroit sur le circuit de Zandvoort, un des deux coureurs Porsche n'est pas contraint de prendre ce virage à la ligne idéale — on va expressément sur ces circuits (en haut, à droite) afin de se le faire exactement démontrer par des instructeurs expérimentés, lesquels prennent leurs notices. En bas: Naturellement on peut également participer à ces circuits avec une VW normale



Following from page 39

This automatic setup is relay controlled. And a wire to this relay came loose, meaning the automatic fire extinguisher wouldn't have worked in an emergency.

But the relay was also wired into the main ignition system. When the cable came loose all sparks ceased . . .

We might add: what luck that the relay failure didn't come halfway around the track but within range of the pits so Redman could roll his car to the mechanics.

Oh yes, then came the flying saucer, the UFO as Americans immediately called it. Redman went down the main straight flat out in front of the pits where there is a large bridge spanning the track with huge Martini-Rossi lettering. At just that point the horizontal fan atop his engine which forces cool air over the cylinders came loose from its moorings, rose almost vertically into the air and while Redman is making better than 120 mph along the straight without his cooling blower, it flew majestically over the Martini-Rossi bridge, lost a little speed, made a beautiful arc against the sky—spectators were staring up in fascination ignoring the track—to finally land along the course but very gently, without hurting a soul.

Such a thing had never happened in any other race.

Redman naturally didn't see all this in detail but did note the rising oil temperature and immediately came into his pit on the following lap at reduced revs. In such long distance races they keep almost all conceivable spares—and had a new fan wheel too.

We must cast a brief glance at the competition. Shortly after the race's midpoint the Ickx/Schetty Ferrari retired and the two remaining factory



35 YEARS AGO

Vor 35 Jahren hatte Dr. Ferry Porsche, der heutige Firmenchef, gerade geheiratet und seine junge Frau sitzt neben ihm, als er einen VW Prototyp probefährt, ein Modell, das es nur einmal gab: Noch nicht mit eingebauten, sondern mit aufgesetzten Scheinwerfern und einer offenen viersitzigen Tourenwagen-Karosserie. Aber die charakteristischen VW-Merkmale hatte auch dieser Prototyp schon: den luftgekühlten Vierzylinder-Boxermotor im Heck, die „Käfer“-Grundform, den Zentralrahmen, die Abfederung mit den Torsionsstäben

Just 35 years ago Dr. Ferry Porsche, now head of the firm, was newly married and his young wife sat next to him as he tested a VW prototype, a car they only built one of. It didn't have inset headlamps but carried them stuck onto an open four-seat

touring car body. Yet this prototype had the characteristic VW touches: the air-cooled, four-cylinder opposed piston engine in its tail, the basic beetle shape, the central frame and torsion bar springing

Il y a 35 ans, le Dr Ferry Porsche, l'actuel chef de la firme, venait de se marier et sa jeune épouse est assise près de lui, au moment où il essaie un prototype VW, un modèle qui n'exista qu'une fois: Des phares non incorporés, mais appliqués et une carrosserie de voiture de tourisme à quatre places découverte. Mais ce prototype possédait déjà les signes caractéristiques VW: le moteur flat-twin refroidi par air à l'arrière, la forme de base «coccinelle», le cadre central, la suspension dotée de barres de torsion *

five liter Modena cars took the lead thanks to Porsche misfortunes but also had to make various unscheduled pit stops. The new Alfa Romeo Tipo 33 driven by Masten Gregory and Hezemans reached fourth after eight hours but dropped back again.

Only one car ran like clockwork, stopping only for fuel and driver changes, lapping regularly and fast though not as quick as a 917 or Ferrari: the private Porsche 908 with three liter eight-cylinder engine which Steve McQueen and Peter Revson shared.

It was the first major long distance race for McQueen though he had two overall victories the previous month in shorter American events with the 908 and experts realized how fast he was. But after all the Sebring 12 Hours with the toughest of international competition is another story. What's more he still had one leg in plaster from a motorcycle racing accident yet drove beautifully, to be mentioned in the same breath with teammate Peter Revson though Revson has driven many major races and ranks among America's elite.

The leading Andretti/Merzario Ferrari dropped out towards the end of the race and the remaining Modena works car (Giunti and Vaccarella) had dropped back with troubles. On the other hand the Siffert/Rodriguez car had been gaining ground steadily despite all its stops and 29 minutes before the end of these historic hours two Porsches held the overall lead. The Siffert/Rodriguez/Kinnunen machine which had undergone a hub swap in addition to time lost when Kinnunen collided with a Mustang was followed by Steve McQueen and Revson in the smoothly running "old" 908.

Ferrari now put star driver Mario Andretti into the Vaccarella/Giunti car for the final push. They weren't counting on winning but wanted to

take second away from McQueen. Of course Andretti's five liter Ferrari was considerably faster than McQueen in the 908 while the 917 held onto its uncontested lead.

Then the event we all feared occurred. The last hub had stretched, the front wheel began to shake and Siffert who waited to take over from Rodriguez had to wait in the pits for a change. Mechanics now had practice in swapping whole front suspension—stop to imagine what such race mechanics must achieve—and managed the exchange in less than 15 minutes. But the dream of victory had vanished. The 917 finally finished fourth, six laps behind.

McQueen now led the entire field but Indy-winner Andretti in the large Ferrari was on the same lap and catching up steadily, encouraged by full signals from his pit. After 243 of 247 laps he passed the Porsche to win the 12 hour event by exactly 23.8 seconds. The Alfa Tipo 33 of Masten Gregory was a lap back in third.

You must be asking: what about those other two 917s, those Porsche Salzburg started? There was Vic Elford who drove so brilliantly in the opening phase, paired with Kurt Ahrens of Braunschweig who was again very quick reliable . . . and the secret tip Hans Hermann with Rudi Lins. What happened to them?

After all, these two 917s from Porsche Salzburg still had the older hub design which—as was proved in the 24 Hours of Daytona—were capable of going the distance without trouble. These two cars actually could have won, or even should have won . . .

Inside information: Rudi Lins missed a shift and hopelessly overrevved his 917 engine. The pit diagnosis was, irreparable damage.

Vic Elford suffered enemy contact as German engineers and mechanics

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will im zähflüssigen Stadtverkehr sich genau so auf die einwandfreie Funktion seines Motors verlassen können wie bei schneller Fahrt auf der Autobahn. Helfer dazu sind seine

**BERU
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put it rather cynically. You must understand that they start 68 cars in the 12 hour race on this 5.2 mile Sebring course. I call that nonsense, to put it quite bluntly. An old rule of thumb says no more than eight cars should start per mile of track. For many years only 16 Grand Prix machines have been allowed to start at Monte Carlo on a track not quite 2 miles long. And Le Mans with a circuit length of 8.3 miles has restricted the entry list to 56 vehicles.

To start 68 cars on a 5.2 mile track gives 13 cars per mile. And what cars... Almost all such long distance races see not only big sport cars and prototypes starting but also the "little guys" (compared to a 917 or five liter Ferrari) with 1300 or 1600 cc engines, along with GT vehicles under 2 liters, all naturally carrying some drivers not fully qualified for such a race.

The speed between these and the large cars in the hands of world class drivers is enormous. We know that the longtail version of our 917 reaches nearly 220 mph, the Ferrari is reputedly not slower. A car with a top of say 120 or 130 is a snail by comparison, a moving chicane. On a course turned in a little over two and a half minutes (by the faster cars) the small ones taking nearly four minutes are constantly being lapped.

Anyway, such a small GT car, a Lancia, became Vic Elford's Waterloo. There was a hard coming-together and when Vic's car reached the pits his mechanics were very surprised to find one rear wheel and a section of rear axle entirely gone. Beyond repair, a poor end to another beautiful dream.

Siffert posted the fastest lap of 2:32.11 or 122 mph. As for Steve McQueen, more about him in the next issue... *



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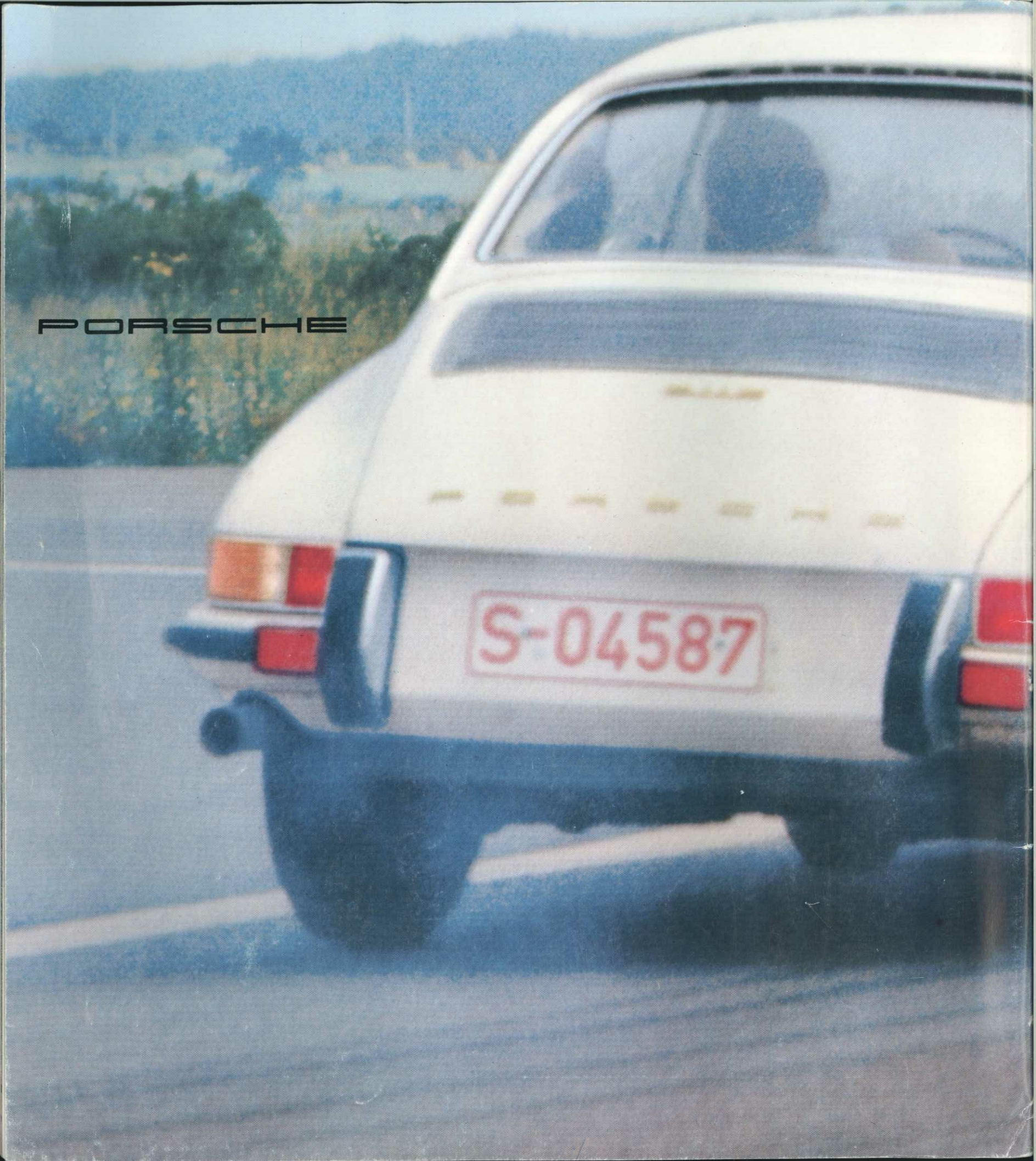
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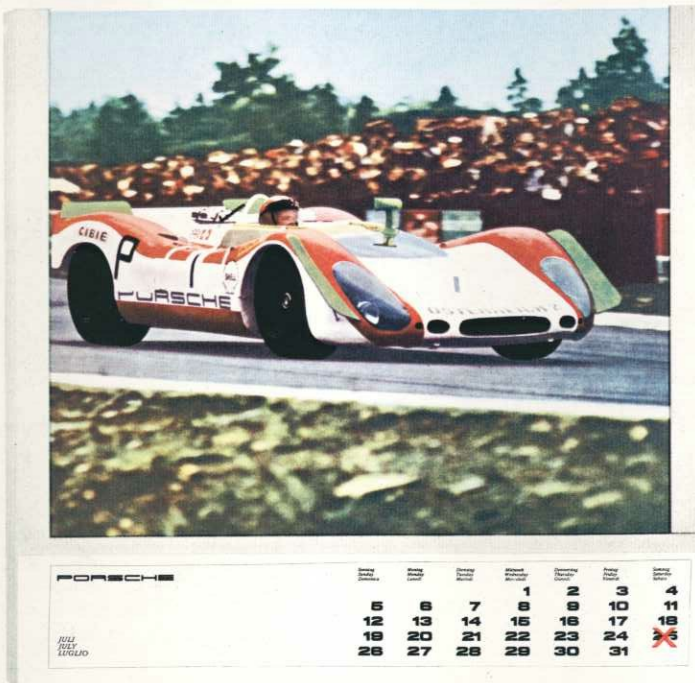
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