President’s Message
Frank Hood

Calling all Volunteers

As the New Year quickly approaches I trust everyone is enjoying the holiday season and has made plans to continue their celebration at the Gathering of the Faithful January 4th - 6th in Sarasota Florida. Events such as the GOF, along with the publication of The FOGlight, and our "Drive those Cars" contest are all made possible by FOG volunteers. As the sun sets on 2012 and we bring in the New Year, FOG is looking for several fresh volunteers. FOG is made up of a diverse and talented group of individuals, many whose skills and passions allow FOG to progress as a club. If you are interested in becoming a more active part of FOG and wish to volunteer please contact me directly.

The following volunteer positions are available for your consideration:

- Business Manager
- Treasure
- Membership Chair
- Events Chair
- Dues Coordinator

While on the subject of volunteers I would like to introduce, welcome and thank our new Webmaster and FOGlight editor, Janis Croft. I would also like to thank Stacie Rennick for stepping in at such a critical time and taking on the role of FOGlight editor for the past year. Please also join me in expressing our gratitude to John Reker who has been a catalyst for FOG for numerous years. John will be relinquishing his duties as Membership Chair, Email Coordinator, Dues Coordinator and the "Drive those Cars" Chair (which he implemented six years ago). John will continue to be involved with FOG serving as our Secretary, Insurance Chair and Central Florida tour and breakfast Coordinator. Without volunteers like Janis, Stacie, John along with others throughout the state our club would cease to exist so I ask you to please consider helping FOG move forward into 2013!

Happy Holidays,
Frank

Membership Report
John Reker

Please welcome these new members:

Bill and Debbie Cooper join from West Chester, PA. They also have a condo in Ponte Vedra. I have known Bill for many years from when I bought my first Porsche and joined his PCA Region based in Philadelphia. Bill has a 1960 B Roadster 1600 S90, a 1956 A Coupe Outlaw with a 2.7 911 engine, and a 1963 B T-6 Sunroof Coupe 1600S. Contact at 610-793-9345.

Jim and Ellen Hollars join from Bonita Springs. They have a 1964 356 SC Cabriolet. Telephone at 239-949-0390.

Mark and Vicki Hein live in Clearwater and are active Porsche people. Contact at 727-535-9277.

Don and Holly Martin join from Rotonda West, Florida. They have a 1963 B Coupe 1600. Telephone 941-698-8990.

Past Presidents of FOG

Mike Davis: 2010 – 2011
John Reker: 2007 – 2010
Oktoberfest  
Stowers Memorial Trophy  
John Reker

We had a fine turnout for the second annual Oktoberfest/Stowers Memorial Trophy event sponsored by Space Coast Region PCA. As usual it was well organized and a delight to attend. A total of twelve 356's were front and center at the concoursswap meetbratwurst event. Many other Porsches were there to catch us up on all the later models.

Front and Center

Although the later model Porsches were formally judged, the 356's were judged by People's Choice with all attendees at the event voting.

First place was Mike Owen with his 56 Speedster, second place Dan Bird with his Outlaw, and third place John Reker with his 65 C Cab. As first place recipient Mike Owen was awarded the Stowers Memorial Trophy by Rosemary. She was very appreciative of the turnout and recognition of Kirk. Kirk served as President of FOG for five years and was owner of Stowers 356 restoration shop in Melbourne. Kirk also helped out many members with advice on how to fix any 356 ailment, including helping out yours truly in various mechanical and restoration efforts.

We all still miss Kirk and his cheery, helpful presence.

Drive Those Cars Contest  
John Reker

The 2012 Driving Contest is drawing to a close. Current standings have not been updated for this issue because the contest ends December 17. If you are in this year's contest or plan to be in next year's, please record your odometer reading on December 17. Results will be announced at The Gathering banquet and published in the February FOGlight.

Send your check or money order to:  
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FOG Officers & Contacts Thru December 31, 2012

Frank Hood
President
fhood@tampabay.rr.com
(727) 564-7327
Bradenton, FL

Mark Koorland
Vice-President & Event Chair
koorland@stpt.usf.edu

Karim Rahemtulla
Trustee and Treasurer
Kr32789@gmail.com
(407) 622-1896

Bob Ross
Trustee
bobross517@gmail.com

Lee Payne
Trustee
leempayne@cfl.rr.com

Janis Croft
Webmaster
jlcfog@gmail.com

John Reker
Secretary & Membership Chair
jreker@cfl.rr.com
1660 Joeline Court
Winter Park, FL 32789

Stacie Rennick
FOGLight Editor
356FOGLight@gmail.com

The FOGLight
is the official publication of the Porsche 356 Florida Owners Group (FOG). It is published in even-numbered months.

Local Events and Tours

One of the major benefits of owning a 356 is the opportunity to meet and socialize with a truly marvelous group of people – our fellow 356 owners. Since the long distances in Florida make it difficult for many members to attend statewide events, we have developed a system of local breakfasts and/or driving tours to keep our members in touch with each other.

Central Florida (Orlando area): Breakfast first Saturday of every month. Meet at First Watch restaurant at 1221 South Orlando Avenue (Route 17-92), Maitland at 8:30 am. Lunch tours occasionally, but not on a fixed schedule. To receive notice/reminders of both the breakfasts and the lunch tours send an email to John Reker at JReker@cfl.rr.com or call at (407) 629-0248.

Northeast Florida (Jacksonville area): Get together first Saturday of every month. Location varies. Contact Jim Voss at vossjax@bellsouth.net or at (904) 529-1398, or Jon Meigs at (904) 501-4346.

Northwest Florida: Looking for a volunteer to organize local events. Please contact Mark Koorland at koorland@stpt.usf.edu

Southeast Florida: Looking for a volunteer to organize local events. Please contact Mark Koorland at koorland@stpt.usf.edu

Southwest Florida (Sarasota area): Last Saturday of each month at 9:00 am at First Watch Restaurant at the Publics Plaza located on University Parkway, just east of 1-75 (exit 213). This draws FOGies from Naples to Tampa. Contact Bob Ross at (941) 492-5214 or at bobross517@gmail.com

Note from the Editor: Photos for the HMR Tour article in the October 2012 issue were provided by Connie Schmitt
Classified Ads

Personal classified ads are free to FOG members and members of other regional 356 clubs. "Commercial" Classifieds: Please visit www.356FOG.com/AdRates.html for rates and additional information.

We will run the ad as many times as you wish, but you must request each renewal. Otherwise, we will assume the item has been sold.

For Sale: Speedster owners! Come one and all!
*Glas Par Hard Top. Owned since 1968, Needs restoration. All new rubber seals & original side curtains.

I have several items of "Speedster" art.
Prints and Automobile Quarterly reprints:
-Red ¾ front view, H. Cleworth, 22¼ x 29¼, 1979, 703 of 950, $295
-Black, ¾ front view by M. Picket, 20 x 27 5/8, 1982, $75
-Ivory/pale yellow, ¾ front view, by R. Redford, 18 x 24, 1983 (James Dean on front license plate), $89
-AQ reprints: 2 Speedster (red & blue), racing, 8½ x 13, 1970, $15
-"Porsche Speedster", 6 photos, 25 x 37 7/8, 1979, $25
I have many other 356A and a few B items. Cleaning house after 52 years of 356 involvement.

Contact at Don Bartlett (727)898-4823 or donaldbrtltt@yahoo.com

WTB: 1964 or 1965 C or SC in excellent, near-concourse condition. Matching numbers preferable but not necessary.
Contact Paul with specifics at PaulEddy@comcast.net or on his mobile phone (781)608-2840

Contact at GaryR356@aol.com

For Sale: Set of two new PORSCHE seatbelt cover shoulder pad cushions. Looks great in the car. Velcro on rear. $20 plus $5 shipping= total $25.
Contact at GaryR356@aol.com

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Speedster Jack and Thumper
Go to Boston
Jack Kasmer

A brief history of long distance Speedster travel is in order before getting to the actual subject matter.

Having discovered the wonders of the iPod and blue painters tape my 57 Speedster was no longer a short distance hauler but was now ready to experience the joys of long distance travel. Amelia Island, north Georgia, Nashville, then the Cleveland Holiday in ’10 showed she was capable of going the distance.

These distances were never attempted prior because I drove by the weather, and any potential inclement weather was cause for garagement (word?). Judicious use of the aforementioned "blue painters tape" more or less prevents my drowning if I should run into rain. But even if the Speedster was as water tight as my wife’s Lexus SC, the wind noise encountered at highway speeds in a Speedster, especially after long distances has been medically proven to damage hearing and cause memory loss. Yeah, that’s it. At least if I’m going to lose my memory and hearing I’d rather do it blasting AC/DC thru my earbuds.

It was decided as soon as the ’12 ECH dates were announced that me and Thumper, my trusty Speedster, were going to go. August is not a particularly good month for top down driving in the South but in a couple days of driving we’d be in the North and cooler weather would prevail, hopefully.

Thursday August 16 thru Sunday August 19 were the dates of the ECH and it seemed reasonable to drive 1,500+ miles for a 3-day Holiday. Then another 1,500 to get back. After all, we drove to Nashville from Sebring for a 4 hour Tennessee Tubs barbecue.

Originally it was planned we (Thumper and I) would meet up in North Carolina with George Bryan, Curt Dansby and other assorted riff-raff and lowlifes from SOG. Curt is famous for his meticulous trip planning, a thoroughness that even the anal retentive Glen Getchell would be hard pressed to match. So basically we just had to make the first leg of the trip to North Carolina and we would be safe the rest of the way to Boston, with Curt, George, the gang and their fully stocked tool chests and spare parts.

This lessened the chance of a 50+ y.o. Speedster and its much younger driver getting stranded in the middle of nowhere. Safety in numbers, as they say. This was a great plan and would have worked had I not decided to leave a week earlier. The excitement of going to Boston and whatever was too much to contain so we left a week earlier. I decided to take it at a leisurely pace and stop and visit my son and his family in eastern Pennsylvania.

Day one got us as far as Savannah, Ga. where light rains had turned into monsoons and blue tape notwithstanding, discretion and a hotel with a whirlpool bath in the living room won out over a speedster bath. Day 2 got us to Virginia where I noticed a hum coming from the fan/generator area. Not to worry, probably just my imagination. Upon leaving the hotel the next morning the hum was gone. Good, it fixed itself. Off to Pennsylvania. I had planned to arrive noonish at my son's house but a total lack of ability to estimate time and a really comfortable hotel bed thwarted my plans. That plus the fact that Pennsylvania is a lot bigger than I thought. By 3:00pm I was within 50 miles of my destination according to my whatever the hell Apple has for a GPS. As things weren't looking right according to my whatever the hell Apple has for a GPS, I pulled out of the traffic jam as I was in for a much needed rest stop at a Sunoco station. After completing my rest I decided to gas up, started the Speedster and a howl of such piercing intensity and volume that, embarrassingly, all the patrons of the station were looking over at me trying to decide
whether to take cover from the devastating shriek or just run to safety. Acting nonplussed (externally anyway), I gassed up, took a cursory look at the source of the hideous sound, and having gotten correct directions to my son’s house, I decided to press my luck and drive the remaining hour (amazing how being really tired, windburned and hungry causes one to take chances) to my destination. I did notice that at off idle the wail of the generator abated and just became a pleasant hum at 60. Actually quite relaxing. Which may be a good thing when one is thinking that at any moment the armature in the generator will break free of its damaged bearings and probably smash thru the engine case.

As it turns out, we made it. At least to Pennsylvania. But we have only 4 days until the ECH and an obviously damaged generator and 6 hours and 325 miles to go. What to do!! What to do!!

Now we must go back to 2010, my return trip from Cleveland to eastern Pennsylvania to Sebring, Fl. Driving thru a tropical storm coming up the east coast the Speedster encountered its first mechanical anomaly in the many years I have owned it. Due to the howling winds and rain and the fact the top was up on the Speedster, I was unable to discern the impending generator failure. Only because of my search for a more Western Passage to escape the downpour, caused me to cross the mountains, did I notice a distinct lack of power climbing said mountains. Later found to be the fact that my generator bearings where hammered into thin sheets of metal and my distributor only turned thru the sheer stubbornness of the Speedster’s engine. But at 30 miles east of Charlotte, NC the incessant rain, the gradually weakening Speedster and my water wrinkled feet led me to pull off for the night. The next morning as I was ready to leave, the Speedster wasn’t. The sound made as I turned the key would waken the dead. It was the sound of a thoroughly worn fanbelt sliding thru the generator pulley of a totally frozen generator. I said to myself "Oh dear, what shall I do?" Well not exactly those words. My words had quite a few more "Fs" in them. So, I called my good friend Glen Getchell, who was already home in St. Pete, having not taken the scenic route home from Cleveland. Glen is a good person to call when you have 356 problems. He keeps a cool head and always comes up with a solution. Unless it's his 356, in which case he also says words with lots of "Fs" in them. Luckily, it was mine having problems, so his cooler head prevailed. Within an hour I got a call from someone who said "Hi, I'm Curt Dansby and I've got a fan and generator assembly and I'll be there in 2 hours" I had the fan/generator already out in the parking lot and when he arrived, he even put it in. That's the TAN list for you. Travel Assistance Network. Sign up and you may be able to help a stranded 356er.

Now, all that was leading to this. After having had my one and only breakdown due to failed generator bearings on a long trip, my attitude was "been there, done that" I got that one out of my system and what are the odds of that
happening again? Therefore, 15 minutes before leaving for Boston I took the rebuilt generator, that had been in my trunk the last 2 years, and put it on the bench in my warehouse. Weight savings, you know and what are the odds?

The odds are pretty damn good if it happened once, it will happen again as I learned. So, back in Pa. with failed generator bearings a 2nd time I called Curt Dansby. He would be leaving for Boston with his caravan, could bring along a generator, and as luck would have it, his thoroughly preplanned route took him within 5 miles of where I was. So, I just had to wait 2 days till the caravan passed by, 1 hour to put the generator in, and with a slight tweak to his thorough plans, we would all arrive in Boston at the exact pre-determined time. I was also admonished by Curt to not do something stupid like drive it 'til fixed lest I throw an armature thru my case. In the meantime, George Bryan, one of the original caravanning miscreants, was unable at the last minute to go due to a certain important ceremony that he should attend or he would be in the doghouse (my words) for a long, long time. But, he called me saying he had a generator/fan assembly that he could FedEx to me in time to not slow down Curt and his caravan. Done. Again a plug for the TAN list, FOG and SOG. Oh, and FedEx.

We're getting close to the part about the ECH in Boston, which this whole thing is supposed to be about. Wouldn't it be funny, if, because I never do anything on time and this will be sent about 15 minutes before printing, Stacie (FOGlight Editor) says, "its way too long, and we gotta print now, so just cut off the last third and print it" and cuts off all the part about the Holiday, of which this is supposed to be about.

So, me and Thumper met up with Curt and his motley gang of SOG pirates and headed to Boston.

Arriving 3 hours later than his precise calculations due to too many pee stops, we ran smack into Boston rush hour. Which is like Malfunction Junction in Tampa only longer and a lot more aromatic. Although it's possible the last part could have been me, riding in the sun for 7 hours and all.

I parked, checked in, got room service and passed out, so I don't know what happened the first day. In fact, I don't even know if we arrived on Wednesday evening or Thursday. Wait. No it was Wednesday so it wasn't officially started so you're not missing anything and I was asleep anyway.

Thursday: the official start of the ECH in Boston. Went out to check out the 356's as they were pouring in. A few observations, 1) the place was packed with Yankees. Even more than in Sarasota in January. and 2) they had either New Yawk or Boston accents, strong accents, and 3) everyone I met was great. Not that I had any preconceived notions about Yankees. We went thru registration where we were given stuff so we wouldn't get lost, which in Boston is not hard. They had all kinds of scenic tours, such as Whale watching, a trip to the USS Constitution, something called a Duck Tour, which must have been fun although I'm pretty sure it didn't have anything to do with ducks, or maybe when cruising the streets of Boston you have to duck. Not Sure.

They also had maps for self guided drives. I myself had weaseled my way into Alex Dearborn's exclusive "Roadster Fest and Lobster Luncheon" in Maine. It apparently was only for Roadster owners but in my telephone conversation with him I mentioned that technically a Speedster is a roadster. Just no Capital R. He said I could come but hide the Speedster around the hedge so as not to frighten the Roadster owners. And God Forbid, keep IT out of the photos.

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Thumper felt a little underdressed anyway so no harm done.
We got on a Ferry in Alex’s backyard (cool house) and ferried down a picturesque spit of water coming off the ocean down to a waterfront outdoor restaurant. About 30 or 40 of us.

We had Lobster and beer and a good old time.

That is until I noticed some really nasty weather coming over the mountains (When you drive a Speedster you become a weather expert). A little side note: when you mix beer and women you are guaranteed to leave late (it's been proven medically). And as we tried to get everybody moving onto the open topless ferry, the women en masse decided to go powder their noses. And unlike men who can powder their noses in the bushes or the side of a building, they had a bottleneck at the powder room door.

To add a little excitement this particular body of water has something in common with the Bay of Fundy, that is, rapid sea level changes with the tides. So we have a bit of a boat trip back to our cars, an ominous thunderstorm racing toward us, a rapidly dropping water level, and a bevvy of ladies patiently waiting, one at a time to powder their noses. No need to guess the results. As we were racing down the waterway at about 2 knots we hit bottom due to the tide, and at that moment the bottom dropped out of the sky, and we can’t abandon ship as the water current is way too fast to swim or walk against. Observation 4) Maine rain has the coldest, biggest drops I’ve ever felt. And I think I left my top down. Long story short (sort of), we were rescued by Alex in his skiff (after he was certain we were thoroughly soaked) and went back to his garage to stand and drip dry. But, being a Speedster owner, one thing I have at all times is a large supply of bath towels. All mine. Take that Roadster guys.

The trip back to Boston with top down, heater on and 85mph dried us out and everybody had a tale to embellish when they get old. I already have.

Friday: I ventured out on my own onto US 1 in Danvers. After a full day of doing whatever it was I did, a bunch of cool New York guys decided we should all go about 4 miles north on US 1 to a steakhouse and bar for some fun. As we were leaving I needed to powder my nose and said I’d meet them there. After all it’s almost exactly 4 miles straight down the road on the same side. To be sure I don’t miss it I also used my iPhone/speedometer/weather map/ what I thought was GPS by Apple. Well, after about 4 miles it wasn't popping up on the screen so I pulled over and now I know, iPhone GPS isn’t. It’s a map that must turn pages, which I didn’t. Restaurant is 1 block behind me. No Biggie, I'll just pull a U'ey at the first intersection. Observation 5) there are no left turns in Massachusetts. Only a Berlin Wall, topped with wire, between the lanes. Obviously, not meant to be crossed. I drove till a sign said "Entering New Hampshire", spent an hour trying to go the other way, and when by pure luck, I managed it, I got to the hotel, locked the door and ordered room service.

Saturday: Battle reenactments and concours. And rain. Had to move the concours into a parking garage in sight of the Hotel/Waterpark.

But being able to see something in Boston does not mean that it’s an easy or even sane route you take. But we managed to arrive, had our photo taken and spent the afternoon ogling the 356s and talking to everybody, in between shootouts in the parking lot. I’m not sure but I think the guys in the red coats lost.

Saturday night was the big banquet and riding the elevator down I met a couple discussing their trip up from Florida. They drove their 356 coupe all the way from Ocala, and
were discussing another couple who had driven from Atlanta which amazingly is only 150 miles less to Boston than Ocala. They were pretty sure they had driven the furthest and were a lock for the, I thought, mythical "Distance Winner" trophy. The lady turned to me and asked where I was from and did I drive? When I answered I thought I saw the corners of her mouth drop. Damn, no mythical trophy. I then mentioned I drove a Speedster and I thought I saw a glint of pity in her eyes, possibly thinking "poor fool, he doesn't know any better". As it turns out the trophy isn't mythical and I got it. But I think the Ocala couple really should have won. I guarantee it's much harder to drive with 2 people in a 356 coupe all the way to Boston than it is to do the extra 150 miles from Sebring in a Speedster. After 300 miles at Highway speeds in a speedster you go into a fugue state where time, distance and pain are irrelevant and immaterial. In a coupe after a few hundred, you feel every mile. Also medically proven.

The Banquet was great, food was great, speakers were interesting except toward the end where I might have dozed a little. Unfortunately during a momentary "eye rest" was when my name was called for the "no longer" mythical "Distance Trophy". The distance I traveled to Boston was nothing compared to the distance from the very back of the room to the podium with my right foot asleep, trying to look dignified.

That was it for Saturday, just pack the car and get up in the morning early for the swap meet.

Sunday: a beautiful day for a drive. Got up early and checked out the swap meet, picked up an item or 2. Lashed down my luggage on the rack, checked the oil (before the luggage, heavy lid and all) said good-bye to all and headed west to take the long route home.

All in all it was great fun but the most fun is driving Thumper on long trips.

PS: I probably should have mentioned there were three (3) Gmund coupes at the ECH.
Out of the blue Speedster encounter
Christoph T. Brehme

Right now Gaby and I are touring not very stylish for a Porsche 356 lover South Africa in a red Nissan Micra “on the wrong side of the road”, but our hearts started to beat, when we spotted on a traffic light in Umtata (former capital of the Transkei homeland during Apartheid times) a silver Speedster.

Meinhert just bought this replica Speedster for real little money in Johannesburg days before and now they had been driving back home via East London and the Garden Route. This was an overall 1,225 mls trip and sure the Speedster was driving with no hesitation or problems, because who can kill a VW engine.

As they had no accommodation this day we recommended our great B&B in East London, and everybody took off and hours later we met there, spent the evening together having a superb dinner a very rustique, right on the waterfront, pub & grille. Plenty of 356 stories had been told over the course of our dinner and several beers and certainly he has authentic 356es in the Netherlands.

Conclusion: You never know, when the next 356 comes around in odd places all over the world. Furthermore we are all family and driving Porsches has always an added value making new friends quickly.

Winter Park Concours
John Reker

Although not an official FOG event, the November 11th Winter Park Concours turned out to be a great gathering of our members. Ten of the twelve 356’s entered were FOG members. This is a formal judged event. In the 356 Class Pete Bartelli and his 1963 356 B 2000 GS Carrera Coupe won a Platinum award and Best in Class.

John Lovejoy won a Gold award with his 1959 Convertible D. Gerhard Moll, a new member, secured a Silver award with his 1959 A Cabriolet.

The show had over 200 vintage cars and was attended by over 70,000 people, so plan to enter and/or attend next year.
Mr. Chuck Stoddard looking at Dr. Daniel Bird’s 356 at the 2012 East Coast Holiday  
Photo by Rick Riley