

Delaware Region



DELAWARE REGION 1964 OFFICERS — Dick Akers, Secretary-Treasurer (left); Ruth Adams, President; and Bob Vaillancourt, Vice President. Region's gavel is race-bent Porsche con rod.

History of the Region

By DICK AKERS

Although he no longer lives in the area, the story of the Delaware Region must begin with our founder, Ted Houvouras. When Ted first became interested in sports cars, a fellow duPont employee suggested that he look at a Porsche. Ted got himself a Porsche to ride with a top-notch race driver, and received a swift and thrilling lesson as to what can be done with the right equipment. He found his first Porsche on a used car lot in Wilmington—a dark blue Coupe, in beautiful condition, but being a 1300N, it had sat there a long time. This was no obstacle to Ted, just a little challenge; and stage by stage, his 1300N turned into a hot little 1600S.

By 1959, the Porsche feeling had gotten so good to Ted that he signed up for the Treffen in September, and brought back a 1600S roadster. Now he had 2 Porsches, and was practically a one-man Porsche Club. This is when he decided that the Diamond State should have its own Region. He and his side-kick, George Romy, scraped up 11 more Porsche owners, and in December of 1959, Delaware Region was born. Ted and George became the first President and Secretary-Treasurer, respectively. Soon there was a growing and enthusiastic group which met monthly for dinners, picnics, and technical sessions.

One meeting in 1960 which began with a picnic was followed by a contest to see who could come closest to predicting the time required to remove a Porsche engine. The car was parked with the rear

deck up. As a stopwatch was started, owner Bob Hatala and friend Reiner Uhlig made with the wrenches and screwdrivers. The watch was stopped when the engine was rolled clear of the car. The winning guess was the shortest—37 minutes—but the actual time required was less than half that. 16 minutes 20 seconds did the job!

In 1961, Bob Hatala became President, and our monthly paper *der Auspuff* was born. Three of the meetings held that year proved so popular that their formula is repeated each year. First was a trip to Dover, as guests of the Delaware State Police at their Headquarters. We can recommend such a program to any Region as a real standout. There are no more interesting, instructive, and pleasant speakers to be found than the state police. In this first meeting, we were given demonstrations of the polygraph (lie detector), and subsequent meetings find new points of interest. A continuing spirit of mutual respect has been engendered between our organizations.

The second standout was a visit from representatives of Porsche of America Corp. and of Hoffman Motors Corp. The unique relationship between Porsche owners and Porsche builders is greatly enjoyed at these meetings, where we get direct, authoritative word on forthcoming model changes, competition plans, and service. Then came our last meeting of 1961, our first Christmas Party—a purely social dinner dance.

For many regions, there is justification for an active schedule of competitive events, but not around here. With over two dozen sports car clubs crowding the calendar with rallies, gymkhanas,

and races, there is always a choice of things to do on the weekends. Our Region best serves its members by focusing on the activities that aren't put on by other clubs, such as tours, technical sessions, and a heavy sprinkling of dinner meetings, where various members or guests report on their own experiences. Our 1962 President, Harry Smith, and "Perk" Evans, the President for 1963, carried forward this successful policy.

On a beautiful Saturday in September 1963, we hit the New Jersey Turnpike for our first, but we hope not our last, visit to POAC in Teaneck. We were both fed and enlightened; lunch was served, after which Wolfgang Rietzle, visiting from Chicago, showed us the place, talked to us about the new Porsches, and gave us our first look at the 356C.

During our Christmas Party in December, Perk Evans turned over the President's gavel (a very bent Porsche connecting rod and wrist pin, with quite a history) to our first Lady President, Mrs. Ruth Adams. A high school home economics teacher, Ruth is attractive, personable, dynamic, and an avid Porsche enthusiast. It looks like a good year for the Delaware Region.

Some Porsche People of the Delaware Region

By RUTH ADAMS

While stopping at a Howard Johnson Restaurant enroute from a race, my friend and I parked beside an empty Porsche with temporary plates from Delaware. We decided to check on this particular person for possible future membership in our Porsche Club. While waiting, we proceeded to analyze this prospective member—age, sex, place of Porsche purchase, marital status, and traveling mate. We were 75% correct in our analysis, but foremost, we discovered that Porsche owners are most friendly, and very willing to converse with other Porsche owners. Result? A new member!

Our Delaware Region is just 4 years old, and still going through "growing pains." Although our membership is small, we have a great deal of enthusiasm. Our 1963 President, Perk Evans, and his wife Ethel, who are semi-retired from business, travelled from the Florida Keys 3 times this past year to attend our monthly meetings.

Just who are our members? A majority are employees of the duPont Company. One recently left to join forces with NASA, and another to enter the teaching profession at a new college in St. Petersburg, Fla. Dr. Wallace Maw is a professor in the School of Education at the University of Delaware, and he also flies in his spare time.

One member is manager of a radio station and an avid racer. Another works for RCA, and still another works for a construction company. Cliff Murray, a graphic arts sales representative, and his wife Jo represent our outstanding rallyists. In 1962 they won the Appalachian Trail rally series

sponsored by Philadelphia Region SCCA, and also the series sponsored by the Pennsylvania Rally Championship Association.

John Stein, our only Porsche dealer in Delaware, and his wife belong to our group.

An outstanding race driver, Rog Hoover, owns a plastics company in addition to his 3 Porsches. Frank Hyer is Chairman of the Board of Delaware Power and Light Company.

One male member is a full-time student at the University, and one female is a home economics teacher. Sears has a representative, and also Hercules Powder Company. Still another member works in engineering economics at Sun Oil.

Our latest members include a lawyer, court recorder, and an employee of Haveg. Variety? We have it! Many professions are centered around one love—a Porsche! Result—the Delaware Region PCA!

A service jewel in the Diamond State

By DICK AKERS

Last April's Delaware Region meeting featured the annual visit from Porsche of America Corporation, with Werner Strunck as the guest speaker. In the question-and-answer period that followed, Werner commented on the mild tone and good humor of the questions. Sometimes, he told us, the sessions are protracted by long diatribes from owners with their service problems. Werner already knew why we were a happy bunch — we have John Stein.

John opened European Cars, Inc., as a service garage in Wilmington late in 1960. It started life with the inestimable benefit of John's impeccable reputation, and immediately drew a clientele which was heavy with Porsches. It wasn't long until it became authorized as a Porsche dealership, and now it does a flourishing sales business, with certain other makes thrown in to round out the offering. But the emphasis is still on service, unlike too many agencies whose interest vanishes as you drive your new car out the door.

John Stein is a natural for a *Porschmeister*; he and his charming wife Hildegard hail from Germany, where John began his automotive career. To say he knows Porsches like the back of his hand is a gross understatement. He knows them

SCHEDULE OF SPECIAL REGIONAL SECTIONS FOR 'PANORAMA'

May	Sebring Report
June	Allegheny
July	Treffen Report
August	9th Parade Report
September	Chesapeake
October	Heart O' Dixie
November	Metropolitan New York
December	Orange Coast
January	Hawaii



JOHN STEIN at European Cars, with Manfred von Sauken of Hoffman Motors Corp.

far better than that. He knows them so well, and makes them go so well, that owners who have moved to other states hundreds of miles from here still come back to European Cars for anything more involved than a grease job.

Considering the substantial scope of the business, European Cars is a relatively compact organization. John is extremely choosy about his personnel and, being a perfectionist, he has to be convinced that his men will uphold his standards. He still usually performs the more critical operations himself. Inasmuch as this attitude attracts the kind of people who select Porsches to drive, it often ends up in long and irregular hours for John; you are liable to find him at midnight bringing a set of pistons for a racing engine into exquisitely

exact balance. His idealism is such that he cannot bear to see a Porsche that isn't perfect. He does not solicit the business of the owner who keeps a sloppy car, asking for the minimum service which will keep it from bogging down, but he will give his all for the man who shares his respect for Porsches as pieces of equipment which are worth keeping in the pink.

While there is still a percentage of do-it-yourself Porsche owners in these parts, their ranks are being reduced by many who come to find that good intentions and willingness are inadequate substitutes for experience and the right equipment. When these people decide to relax and let John do it, they find that Delaware is indeed a Diamond State!

Is the Porsche a good car for the salesman?

By **BOB VAILLANCOURT**

When I first went into sales work about a year ago, I was a proud owner of a 1963 Porsche—2 months old. My work involves selling computers for a large electronics company. All my colleagues in the sales office have big, plush, Detroit irons with air conditioning, and I was immediately bom-

barded with all kinds of helpful suggestions about changing my Porsche for a big sedan. They all claimed this was necessary so that I could take customers and prospects out on trips, lunches, etc.

Being new in the sales game, I was riddled with doubt about changing my Porsche for a large car, or keeping the Porsche and up-dating my second car for more presentable business transportation. I tentatively decided on the latter, and determined to postpone this action as long as I could. (My

second car is a cancerous '57 Ford that is excellent transportation for my wife.)

I'm glad that I am a procrastinator, because after about a year of selling, I have had need for a larger car only 2 times. About 90 to 95% of my sales efforts are spent alone on the road (it's a lonely job, really); 4% to 9% is spent with 1 other person in the car, and only about 1% is spent with more than 1 other person in the car.

For economy and dependability of operation, I find that I average 25 miles to the gallon—and always have a dependable car ready to go. I have the utmost confidence in my Porsche dealer who maintains my car, and I have spent close to \$100 for preventive maintenance during the first year. No one in my sales office can match my economy.

Safety in a sports car "can't be beat." With the

feeling of oneness I get while driving my Porsche, I have confidence in being able better to control my driving in the ever-increasing myriad of unpredictable drivers on the road today. Another safety feature is that I must concentrate on the car and the road. In the Porsche, I am always shifting, and this jogs my mind back onto the most important thing at hand—my driving. This is in sharp contrast to those driving big cars, which have a tendency to drive themselves.

Need anything be said about pleasure? With the exception of summer driving, I find the Porsche comfortable and pleasurable in all aspects. But my next Porsche will definitely be air conditioned.

In total then, my experiences as a salesman have sold me on the fact that the Porsche is an excellent car for sales work. So, Mr. Salesman, if your car needs fit mine—buy a Porsche and enjoy yourself!

The King's Highway

By ETHEL EVANS

The King's Highway—a dream in the minds of men who dared to cross uncharted seas to make that dream a reality! And so our forefathers came to what is now America. They found a virgin wilderness, inhabited by native animals, peopled by Indians who, on moccasined feet, trod the forest paths. These paths, following the trails of animals, were widened by the tread of boots of the arriving settlers from across the Atlantic; then were cleared, and echoed to the hoof beats of the galloping horse as messengers rode from village to village. Again these paths were widened to accommodate the carriages and carts of the farming community. The path became a lane, then a roadway, then a road connecting each small village; and so it remained until the twentieth century arrived.

There were many "King's roads" in the 13 colonies. Ours started at Lewes, Delaware, where the ships landed the King's messengers. With pouches filled with sealed documents, these men mounted waiting horses and dashed northward, stopping perhaps at the King George Inn on the green at Dover, changing mounts, then on to New Castle and Fort Christina, and to William Penn's headquarters in the nearby City of Brotherly Love.

Although only a little over 100 miles long, our Highway is filled with the ghosts of those who have passed. The legend of the fighting cocks which Colonel Hazlitt's men carried with them while fighting for independence is recalled by the affectionate nickname "Blue Hen's Chickens" given to Delawareans. It was one of these men, familiar with the waters of his beloved River, who ferried General Washington across the Delaware in his successful raid on the British at Trenton. (I am sure he would have insisted on the General's being seated in the boat, and not standing, as depicted in the famous picture of that crossing.)

Many letters and mementoes found in the

archives of the 3 lower counties on the Delaware attest to the reverence in the lives of the dwellers along this road. Barratt's Chapel is known as the Cradle of Methodism in this country. And there are Friends' Meeting Houses still open for worship.

Sadness and tragedy were felt by some who travelled this road. Patty Cannon and her infamous deeds, her cruelty and her reselling of freed slaves brought sorrow to many. And there was compassion shown by the residents. There are still tunnels in formal gardens, secret rooms in attics; mute evidence of the "underground railway" stations for the escaping slaves who travelled the King's Highway on their way to freedom.

"Freedom" was the issue when Caesar Rodney made his historic ride from Dover over the King's Highway to Philadelphia, fording creeks, changing horses, refusing personal comfort as he dashed on, finally arriving exhausted but triumphant in time to cast his vote for independence, the deciding "aye" for liberty of the colonies.

It was on the Greens, just squares of lawn in the centers of Georgetown, Dover, and New Castle, that meetings were held to discuss this withdrawal from the despot's rule. Messengers again galloped along the King's road, assembling the delegates chosen by the people to represent them. These delegates applauded the constitution of the embryonic nation, and by ratifying it then, made Delaware the first state in the nation.

Sussex County, a land of farms where the bay and the ocean meet on its shores, is our southernmost region. The broiler industry rose to prominence here; nearly every market in every state has sold Delmarva chickens to its customers. Seaford, where nylon was first produced, is known as the "Nylon Capital of the World." How many of us can recall the days before this synthetic entered our lives?

Rehoboth Beach houses many diplomats and law makers, who find it near enough to Washing-

ton to be practical, and its beach delightful for them and their families in the summer. Lewes, where our road begins, has for generations been "Pilot Town," where each vessel entering or leaving the bay and river picks up or discharges the pilot who navigates the ships over these waters.

Dover, the State Capital, is located in Kent County, the center of the 3. Again, this is mostly farming country, but industry is discovering that it has many desirable features. General Foods has recently added an impressive plant to the outskirts of Dover. A large Air Force base borders our historic road; there is a steady stream of cars, trucks, and busses rushing up and down the highway, while overhead the big planes fly, with the trip across the ocean an everyday occurrence.

While welcoming the future, Dover has not forgotten the past. The first Saturday in May each year, the public is invited to share its heritage, and visit many of the historic homes of the city. Here they may view the winding of the Maypole and the dancing of reels on the Green, with the old Statehouse furnishing a photogenic background.

We go northward to New Castle, and stand on the Court House steps. Close your eyes and imagine that bygone day when Mason and Dixon drew a twelve-mile radius from that point, and gave to Delaware a perfect arc for its northern boundary. They also surveyed the other boundaries of the State to satisfy both Lord Baltimore's claims and those of William Penn, but it wasn't until a few years ago, almost 2 centuries later, that the ownership of a small pie-shaped piece of land where Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Delaware meet (and where their computations didn't) was settled in the courts.

'Research and vision . . .'

Brandywine Creek was the site of the founding of the duPont dynasty. Here gunpowder was manufactured. The Hagley Museum, on the banks of the creek, is the repository of mementoes of that era. Research and a vision have always been a combination the duPonts have maintained. It was early in the century that Coleman duPont realized that the horseless carriage was here to stay and that the King's Highway must be adapted to this new mode of travel—thus it became a boulevard, a dual road which was a model for road builders for many years.

From footpath to dual boulevard, our highway has grown with America. Our mode of transportation has progressed from the galloping steeds our first settlers brought from their homelands, to our day and a similar feeling of kinship with our Porsches imported from another land. Whether we drive the King's Highway, the Tobacco Trail south, or the Buccaneer Trail west, wherever we have gone, there is always a hand salute or a blink of lights from our fellow Porsche Pushers—always one has the feeling that a Porsche is a way of life, not just transportation. But as we return home, we can sometimes feel the spirit of those daring men and women who pioneered, that we may ride in comfort down the King's Highway.

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