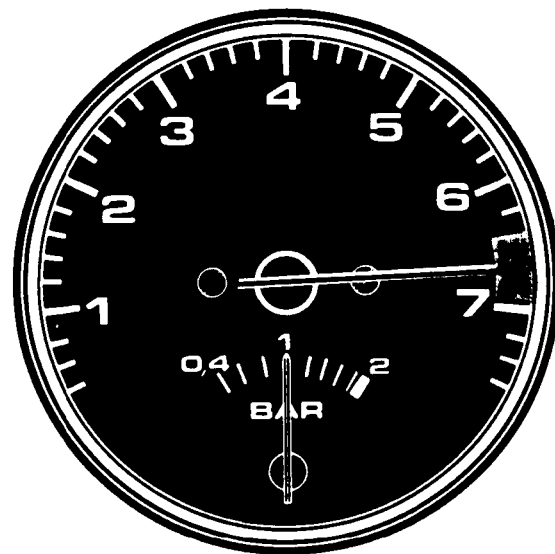
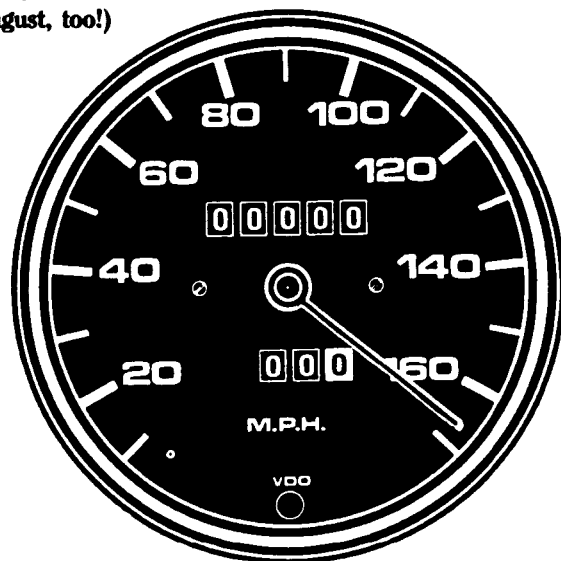




Teile Talk

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(& August, too!)

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LIFE IN THE FAST LANE

“ My heart was pounding. Her sleek, sinuous lines drawing me ever closer. Alluring. Enticing. Relentless. Rest of all, waiting for me! As I got closer, my hands began to tremble and sweat (I hate it when that happens!). Finally, we touched. She was cool, firm, purposeful. And in full leather . . . dressed to kill!”

That’s just how it was when I picked up my 944 Turbo S at Porsche AC’s corporate garage in Zuffenhausen. Though I’d been to Germany on business before, this was the first time I’d been provided a car and free time — TWO DAYS! After weeks of anticipation and three hectic days of meetings, meetings and more meetings, the moment finally arrived. I had never dreamed they would be handing me the keys to a Turbo S!

Helmut, the garage attendant, must have worked for our IRS in a previous life because he made me fill out no less than

nine forms before the car was mine. Releases for this, acknowledgments for that, the name of my first born child — will this never end?

Nonetheless, after a good quarter mile walk to the farthest point on the lot and the paperwork completed (sorry, son), I hopped into the best looking black Turbo I’d ever seen! I couldn’t help but pause for a moment. She was breathtaking! As long as I can remember, I’ve had an intense love for cars, reading every car magazine I could get my hands on since I was 10 years old. I recall reading about those funny little Porsches (it was a one syllable word then!) and watching them emerge as consistent race winners. From the early Spyders the 904’s and Carrera 6’s, through the 908’s and incredible 917/30’s up to the 956/962’s of today; it’s a history that can really hold one in awe. Yet, here I sit, in a garage area where you just about need a note from Cod

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FAST LANE (cont.)

to enter, in one of the fastest production cars in the world. How did a guy like me get in a place like this?

Fortunately, reality once again took hold, and I told myself to get out of there before a changing of minds occurred and the precious keys would be snatched from my hands. "Start your engine!" echoed in my ears. The click of the key in the ignition caused me to whisper out loud, "Heart, please don't fail me now."

Not far on the horizon lay the Autobahn and a driving experience of a lifetime. They were within my reach. Having never driven an "S" model Turbo, I was anxious to test just how quick they were. Helmut had advised me that this particular car had been lightly "massaged" and probably had about 10% more power than the stock "S" model. Here goes all or nothing! My foot pressed the accelerator. A short blast on road BIO (considered to some as a brief warm-up) ended with the Autobahn entrance which merged as a cloverleaf entrance ramp — my favorite! Well, it didn't take a genius to notice the improved handling

quality of the "S". After pulling my face from the door glass, I entered a speed freak's dream; that is if you're half crazy! The traffic was heavy and cars were bumper to bumper at 200km (124 mph). By the time I reached the next interchange at Leonberg, I'd had a short burst of 230km (142+ mph). The car felt as if it were on a track; effortless and completely stable. To say the least, I was impressed!

Heading north, toward Frankfurt, came the most memorable and exciting moment, not only of my trip but maybe my life! Cruising at about 190km (120 mph), a car approaching from behind flashed its headlights in the customary "move over" manner. Luckily, my move was immediate or I would have had a Ferrari 512 Boxer deep in my back seat. The driver had to be doing well over 150 mph and showed no significant interest in braking. I could feel my heart pulsating from my ears to my clenched fingers (now white) on the wheel.

Since traffic was much lighter now, I accelerated to 255 km (158 mph); the Boxer was a good 1/2

mile ahead. Suddenly traffic slowed dramatically, and it was I who was nearly in the Ferrari's trunk. Just like I've heard so many times before, some brain dead idiot, in a Fiat no less, had pulled out to pass a slower truck! Slowing to 125 km (75 mph) gave me the feeling I could get out and walk. Then as fast as he had pulled out, the Fiat dove back into oblivion causing the road to open once again.

Unfortunately, I was still in fifth gear and the Turbo's 2.5 liters were no match for the massive torque of the 5 liter flat twelve Ferrari — "Third gear, where are you?***@!""? Collecting my pride and what was left of my headlights after the 512 sucked them out, I was back at a good clip. It's beyond belief how fast you become accustomed to this kind of speed. Now, at 260 km I was reeling him back in. And then, my chance.

Once again, we slowed in traffic, and this time I was going to see just how fast this little rocket could go. Crawling to a snail's pace of 115 km 70+ mph). I shifted down to third gear. As the Fiat slid back into the right lane, a wisp of exhaust and the faint scream of the Ferrari signaled an open road ahead, only this time I was glued to his bumper. In a tick, the traffic was history and I was in fourth gear while moving back into the right

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FAST LANE (cont.)

lane. Who ever said there was no substitute for cubic inches never drove a Weissach special — the Turbo S was overtaking a 512BBi! Fourth gear ran out a 225 km (140 mph), and a quick glance at the tach revealed part of Helmut's "massaging". At slightly over 6800 r-pm's, I was well over the 6400 rpm stock red line, with no sign of a rev limiter! With a flick of the wrist and a stab at the clutch, I shifted into fifth gear, now at least two car lengths ahead, and pulling away. Seeing is believing . . . 250 km' (155 mph) and the acceleration was astounding. The speedometer continued climbing — 260, 265, 270 km's (167 mph). The Ferrari hung on although four or five lengths behind. At 275 km's (171 mph), the Porsche gobbled up the tarmac at more than 250 feet per second! I had this incredible urge to pick up the camera next to me on the seat and get a picture of the tach sitting at 6900 and the speed0 just a hair shy of 280 km's (pegged!) maybe 278 or 279 (173 mph). The thought evaporated instantly as I approached a very gentle curve. In the right lane were a bus and a large truck and I was closing in on them like an Exocet missile. At this speed, I had a death grip on the steering wheel. A choice of three solutions had to be made — NOW! What would it be . . . Back off the throttle, brake hard, or pass with a 125 mph speed differential. Oh yes. Speed differential. Suddenly I remembered my high school driver's ed instructor. Old Mr. Reynolds' pet peeve was speed differential. If he could only see me now! If the bus pulled out to pass, I'd have to go for the center divider which would surely be disastrous at 173 mph. Time

quickly cured my indecision as I streaked by the seemingly motionless obstacles. In the five or six seconds it took for the vehicles to come into view and be passed, my mind went rampant with a thousand thoughts like how do I explain a wrecked car (as if there would be anything left of me), would I still have a job, the pictures of a wrecked 959 in Autoweek (the one that smacked an Audi on the Autobahn), and if I bought the farm here, would my family know I was having fun?

With more traffic approaching rapidly, it was time to back off. The Turbo S had damn near peeled the paint off the Boxer, and as we slowed to about 120 mph, he pulled along side and gave a nod, acknowledging defeat and, no doubt, finding a new respect for 944 Turbos! We must have covered a good six miles in a little over two minutes; at least 25 mph faster than I'd ever gone before. Even I had a new respect for 944 Turbos!

As I approached my destination of Frankfurt, traffic again began to build curtailing speeds to less than 120 mph. Exiting the Autobahn and entering the streets of Frankfurt, I realized I had covered approximately 160 km's in just 46 minutes!

Pulling into the hotel parking lot, the smoothness of the 944 Turbo reminded me of the dual personality of this astonishing car. After scorching down the Autobahn at 173 mph only moments before, it was idling now through a parking lot without the slightest stumble. Weissach certainly did their homework on this car!

Walking from the car toward the hotel, I remembered something an old friend once told me:

Do you know how you can tell a real car buff?

He always takes one last look over his shoulder as he walks from his car.

And as I glanced over my shoulder at the gleaming black Turbo, I knew what he meant!

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Although the preceding story was submitted to Parts Merchandising anonymously, we have gone to great lengths to authenticate it. We have not been able to discover the person involved, however, we have discussed the existence of the car itself with PAC. When pressed for details on the car, all they would say is "Next time, ask for the murine blue S"; it will do 310 km (192 mph)!"

We also had the pleasure of meeting the garage attendant, Helmut Bleifuss, who was not really an attendant, but the corporate vehicle administrator. Though he would not provide any help in identifying our author, he did prove to be a most interesting fellow. He and his staff of four are responsible for nearly 600 Porsches used by the staff and visitors. Helmut also writes articles for PAG's internal company newsletter and is scheduled to go to Weissach and drive a 962C'8. He will write a story on what it's like to drive, which should be very interesting as he has never driven a pure racing car. He has offered to submit his story to us for publication.

Although he says he can't really afford it, his own personal car is a 1981 930 Turbo which he likes to concours. We are looking forward to his contributions to

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