



# VintageVoice

May/June 2017

Volume 42 • Number 3

The Vintage Volkswagen Club of America Newsletter • Established 1976



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# Start it up and it turns into a Volkswagen.

Twist the key of a Karmann Ghia, and all kinds of wonderful things happen

For one thing, the motor starts.

Don't laugh; a lot of other conventional engines might not. Especially on a miserably cold winter morning.

The reasons the Ghia revs right up is because it's got one of the air-cooled Volkswagen engine's in the back.

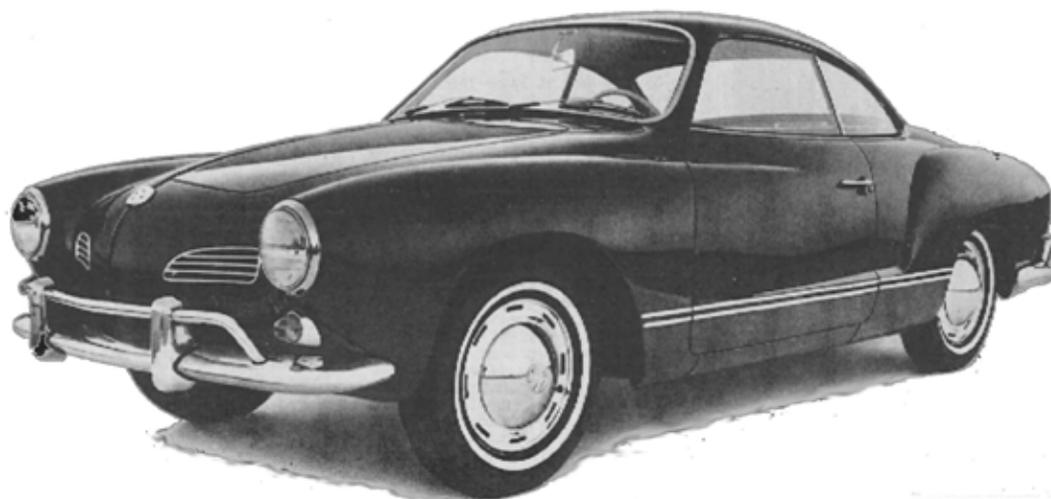
Drive a Ghia for a while, and your gas and oil bills will fall into that economical Volkswagen tradition. Tires will take you some 40,000 miles, Volkswagen style.

You'll get that remarkable Volkswagen traction. The easy availability of Volkswagen parts. The reasonably priced Volkswagen service.

Ditto for every else Volkswagen.

But there is one thing that's a far cry from our beetle-nosed job: the Karmann Ghia's beautiful Italian-designed body.

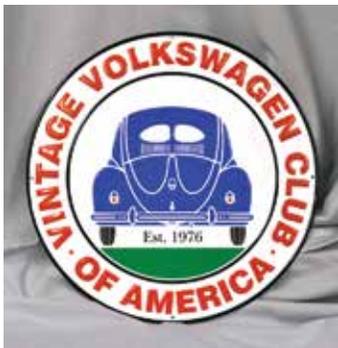
So you can start it up, turn into a little bug, and nobody will know your undergoing a metamorphosis. Except you.



Ad Recreation - © VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC

**VINTAGE VOLKSWAGEN CLUB OF AMERICA**

Hello everyone, hope you're enjoying some Summer activities and maybe a car show or two. We just had ours here in Kansas City, story to come of course, and it was great, probably the only I'll get to see this year.



I want to let you know about a new product and some new ones coming up. First off, and I'm really excited about this one, is a 11 3/4" tin sign, embossed, .7 mm thick, 4 color, of our logo with 4 small holes at 12, 3, 6, & 9 o'clock for mounting. They run 29.95 and at first I thought I'd be shipping singles First Class,

but they're all going Priority Mail and that includes shipping. The box can easily hold 10, maybe more. Here's a photo of it.



Next, we're getting into the book business, not heavily but we're going to carry a few, one I'm really anxious to get when it comes out is "Remember Those Great Volkswagen Ads", this will be the Fifth edition will include 100 new. Long lost press ads and a section on the LA bill board campaign which has never been in print. Over 450+ illustrations! As printed in color and black and white, even shows moving ads for TV.

The book has been written and compiled by Alfredo Marcantonio, Copywriter and one-time advertising manager of VWGB Ltd. John O'Driscoll, Art Director of many British Volkswagen ads and David Abbott, ex-Creative and Managing Director of DDB's London office. More to come on Alfredo and his partners. Alfredo sent me a copy and it's phenomenal, you must have one, retails for \$65 and worth every penny, but we'll pick up the shipping, it's no small book either. In order to compete with Amazon, you will see a substantial discount so the price remains in the air for now.

Another beautiful book is "The Complete Book of Classic VWs" by John Gunnell and will run \$49.95 w/free ship-

ping, also a large book filled with beautiful photos, a fresh look at the classic VW.

As a reminder, your membership expiration date is on your mailing label in the upper left hand corner and the renewal address is P.O. Box 119, McLean, VA 22101, c/o Membership Coordinator, VVWCA.

I've also noticed that many of our members who buy our regalia online do not take advantage of their 10% off discount on items. Let me go over how to take advantage of that. When you go to our website, go to the member's only area first, then to the regalia page, that's where you'll find the prices with the discount already figured into them. Instant savings! If you find any problems, please report them to [president@vvwca.com](mailto:president@vvwca.com) and I'll forward it on to the webmaster.

It's time to start thinking about next year. The Love Bug, Herbie himself turns 50!!!, The GTi turns 35 and Volkswagen turns 80!!!! Only Phil Weiner is older than Volkswagen, LOL!!! There will be celebrations all over I'm sure, should be a good year for all.

Lately, a warning came down the pike in the form of a legal letter sent to those VW clubs that chose to use the word "Treffen" in the title of their show name, even the Golden Gate Chapter and Type 181 Registry got one plus others not associated with the VVWCA. This letter came from a legal firm who represents the PCA, Porsche Club of America. Basically it said you cannot use this word, it is a registered word and belongs to the PCA. How right they were and legally speaking they had that right so I believe everyone I spoke to did what they were asked to do and that was change the name of their show even though it might have been the same name for 28 years but they decided that now was the time to say something.

I wrote a letter to the president, vice president and one other representative of the PCA asking if we couldn't come to some agreement where if the name is used the ® mark is used next to the name and at the bottom of the page explain that the word Treffen belongs to the PCA, but as of today's writing, I have not hear from anyone in the PCA and it's been since April 17th. We're just curious, what brought this on, is there someone new on the board that all of a sudden wants this, like I said, one group has called their show a certain name with the Treffen in it for 28 years, why now? Talk to you later. ■

# Ten Questions with Glenn Robinson

Here's a little something we did years ago, I'll admit, part of this is for some filler in the *VintageVoice*, and the other is purely interest in how other people feel about their Volkswagens and the hobby, it's always fun reading the answers and seeing how other embrace their love for their Volkswagens. So, if you have a moment, make a copy of the questions, fill it out and mail it or scan and e-mail it to: [president@vwwca.com](mailto:president@vwwca.com).

- 1. What got you started in the VW hobby?** In late 1964 I was working at Doug's Car Wash in Lakewood, New Jersey while waiting to go in the Navy. The car wash was closed one rainy day, so we were all sent home. One of the guys (name withheld in case he's reading this!) had a black 1959 VW, and I agreed to drive his car while the other guys drank beer. Not a pleasant experience by the end of the day, as you can imagine, but I was hooked on VWs!
- 2. What was your first VW?** My first VW was a red 1961 sedan which I bought while at NAS Jacksonville, Florida in 1966.
- 3. What VW(s) do you currently own?** I currently own a '65, L87 pearl white, restored to original except for the 1500cc engine the previous owner installed. I've tried to make even the engine appear stock, except for the alternator. I also have a '57 oval project for which I've been gathering parts for the last few years. Since I'm also have a Corvette project, I've come to realize that I'll never actually complete that '57 VW, so if my grandsons don't want it, I'll probably try to sell it soon.
- 4. What are your favorite VW years/models?** Favorite years are anything before 1968, especially Type 1s. I'd probably even trade my '65 for a '58 to '63 if I found a good one and could work a deal.
- 5. What VW would you like to own if you could have any VW ever built?** Probably a red '61 just like my first VW. Or a '67 or older camper bus.
- 6. What other hobbies do you enjoy besides VWs?** Corvettes, flying, RC model airplanes, astronomy, physics, and bluegrass banjo. Wierd mix, huh?
- 7. What would be your best VW day ever?** Long road trip, preferably in a bus, but my '65 would be fun, too.
- 8. Do you know or have you ever owned a copy of John Muir's idiot book?** No, never have. I don't need to read a book to realize I'm an idiot.
- 9. What is your pet peeve that people do to their cars?** Lowering, bagging, chopping, narrowing, tubbing, "baja-ing," or otherwise destroying an original car of any type. But then I always have to remind myself that if the owner likes it, he or she certainly has every right to do it, and I'll try to admire the imagination and craftsmanship that went into it. Oh, and Volkswagen owners who don't know how to spell "Volkswagen."
- 10. What is the most treasured VW part, book, magazine or toy?** My collection of Matchbox and Hot Wheels VWs. And old hubcaps and emblems hanging on the walls of my shop and den. ■

## Moving?

Don't move without telling us! We don't want you to miss a single issue of the *VintageVoice* and get left behind wondering what happened to my membership. Please send your change of address and e-mail to: Jim Howland, Membership Coordinator, P.O. Box 119, Mclean, VA 22101, or e-mail Jim at [membership@vwwca.com](mailto:membership@vwwca.com) first, we'll work out the rest. Thank you for making our job a little easier.

Vol 42 No 3  
May/June 2017  
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VWCA Inc.  
website: www.vwca.com

#### USA

**New Memberships:** \$24  
**Renewals:** \$18  
**Online Edition Only:** \$12.00

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**Renewal and Memberships:**  
Memberships and renewals should be received by the 15th of the proceeding month. Please send to Jim Howland below.

**Membership Coordinator:**  
Jim Howland, Po box 119,  
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For display advertising rates, placement information, and for classified ads submission contact:  
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The Vintage Voice is published bi-monthly at the end of each period: Jan/Feb, Mar/Apr, May/June, July/Aug, Sept/Oct, Nov/Dec.

**Editorial Guidelines:** To help you start writing, please use the following word counts to determine the type of article you will submit. Letter to the editor: 500-699 words. Monthly column: 700-999 words. Pictures (2-3) may be included in a 700-800 word column. Feature story: 1000-1500 words, plus 3 to 5 digital pictures. Send to: editor@vwca.com

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**Member's Only Area E-Edition**  
The electronic version can be found at [www.vwca.com](http://www.vwca.com) in the Members Only section.

**Password:** SquareNotchFast

## Classifieds

**COST:** Members receive 2 free classified ads. Limit of two per issue. Non-members: \$10.00. Each ad will appear in two issues of the Vintage Voice.

**PHOTOGRAPHS:** 1 photo per advertisement please. Photos cannot be returned, digital preferred.

**LIMITATIONS:** Ads are published on a space available basis. Copy submissions must be typed or legibility hand written. ONLY VW parts, cars, toys or literature will be accepted. No cars for sale newer than 1991 can be accepted. VVWCA accepts no liability relating to the purchase of an item.

**ADVERTISING DEADLINE:** All advertisements must be received prior to the 15th of the Jan, Mar, May, Jul, Sep, Nov for the following newsletter. SUBMIT YOUR AD TO: editor@vwca.com

## WANTED

Old Porsche 356, 550, 911, 912 or 914 in any condition, call Tony at 540-358-0330.

New member looking to buy a 1979 or earlier bus. I'm interested in a Type I or 2 that has been well maintained, or restored from a clean original, but in either case has been kept in its stock configuration. Prefer a fixed roof (without pop-top or sunroof). Dean: (408) 896-9140 dean.mayer@gmail.com

## CARS FOR SALE



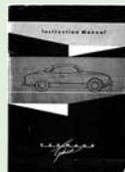
**For Sale 1970 Westfalia Pop Top VW Camper** Original owner. Runs great. Asking \$20,000. It has the original operators' manual, tool kit, and A.C. power cord. I also have some parts for sale: original radio, 69-71 jalousie louvered windows (2), seal kits for the windows, Drivers vent window, etc. For more information email:

d-c-claes@att.net or call 559-905-2285, Fresno CA, U.S.A.

**German Metal HARDTOP for 1964 and earlier VW Bug Convertible.** One-of-a-Kind item utilizes front portion of convertible top frame with original front wooden bow and chrome VW latches on actual VW Bug Roof- including grille.



Contour of quarter windows may not fit some 50's model VW convertibles. Has salt-and-pepper carpet headliner with finished interior sides. Currently painted 1973 KG/Bug Convertible OLYMPIC BLUE. No dents. Rear glass with new rubber. Also has fiberglass early style sun visor installed. Price is \$700 Cash for VVWCA members. No Shipping – will fit in a pick-up truck bed. Come to New Orleans and take this top home for your Bug Convertible! Call Barry at 504-733-8633 for more information. Leave message with your member id # and I will get back to you asap.



## PARTS, ETC. FOR SALE

**Excellent Karmann Ghia Owners Instruction Manual dated August 1959** \$38.00 postage paid. Please contact Michael Reece II, P.O. Box 5704, So. San Francisco, CA. 94083, 415-334-1343. Thank you.

**Early Ghia conv top frame** with two header bow, Insert locking mechanisms all in good condition. \$200. "Blue cover" Vintage Voice copies from 70s & 80s, Complete free, but you pay freight. Same deal for, Hot VWs., Late 70s -90s., Round tool box, alloy roof rack, speedometers from 50s & early 60s.36 hp engine with matching split case transmission with only 17 km, 1954 engine cover and 1967 convertible engine, Cover, also '68-70 engine cover, Ghia bus and conv trim rings, All OEM, Take lot for 1K, Please contact, Elton McCausland, 978-356-5925

**Tool Box tools NOS, For sale,** 15 & 16 inch Box completely restored, decal, flocking & tool stickers, also Hazet Tourister in stock. Trade-ins welcomed! Low-back seat, ready to install, Driver side only. We cater to Ovals & Splits & 1967 Type I & down. 14inch Fuel Reserve can, NOS, never been in a car. Also, 14inch "Thing" Fuel Reserve can, completely restored, shines in the dark! Remember the Thing Fuel Reserve can is the only one with "VW" on it. From 1-10 it's a 15!!! Also in stock 1948-50-52 owner manuals all in good condition & all original. We have a large assortment of parts to at least a 50 year collection accessories are here. Call for prices & shipping. We can put you on a payment plan & do our best to make payments easy for you. Club members get a 10% discount. The Weiner Foundation: AKA, The VW Guys, 305-552-0982, 9625 SW 15th St., Miami, FL 33174.

# OFF THE [ANCIENT] SKETCHPAD

By Jack Ashcraft

I was always in search of a way to improve the Beetle, both in terms of performance and appearance. I was looking through one of my many ancient sketch books and came across some pages that I thought readers might enjoy. I was heavily into composite fiberglass at the time, having just built a composite Polliwagen experimental two place, low wing airplane, so I imagined using that material for a complete frame. Unlike now, the composite materials for that type of construction weren't available at a price I could afford, but that didn't keep me from dreaming on paper.

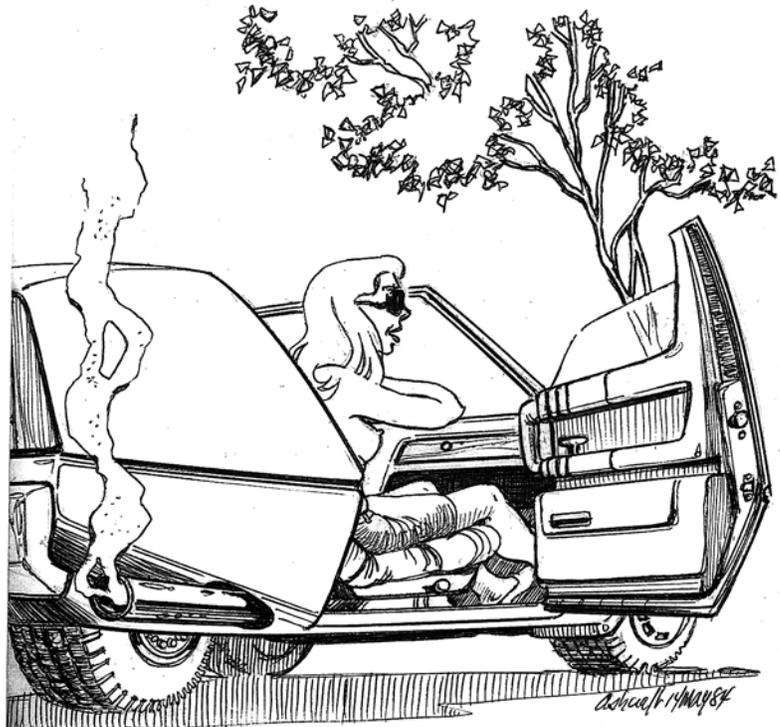


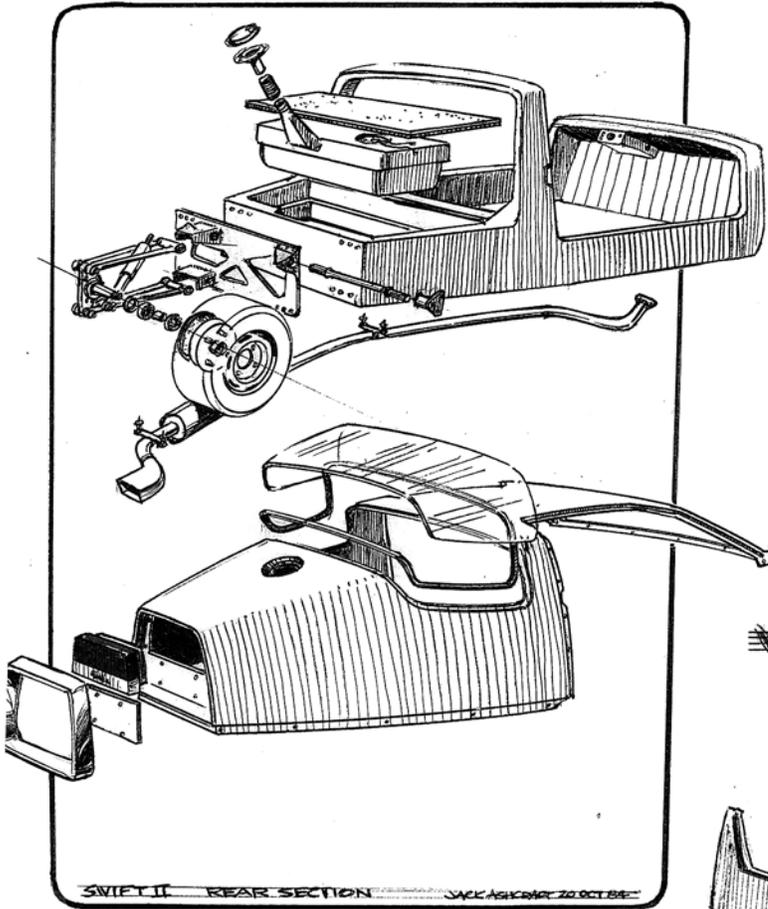
The roadster shown would have used an "improved"--possibly supercharged--Beetle engine, switched 180 degrees, with the differential flipped so it could be used for front wheel drive.

I imagined using Honda front suspension--MacPherson struts and disc brakes, with a rack and pinion steering assembly.

I had read a number of books and articles on 3 wheeled vehicles and was--and still am--convinced that they are easily as stable on the road as a four wheel vehicle, so long as the wide wheels are at the front, and the weight is kept primarily within the "triangle" of the wheels.

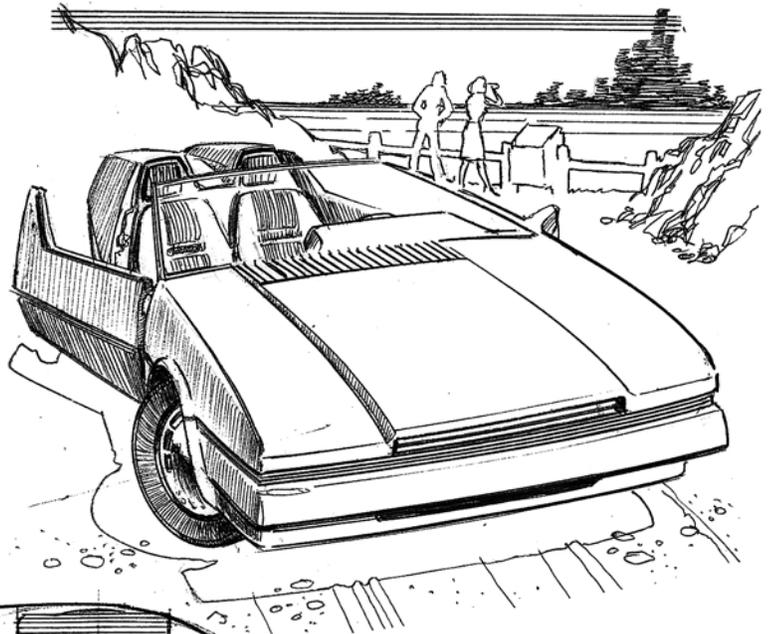
The suspension for the single rear wheel is an interesting engineering challenge. Suspension movement and control has to be provided, AND...you have to be able to remove the rear wheel in a simple manner, while dealing with a single [or dual] exhaust system.





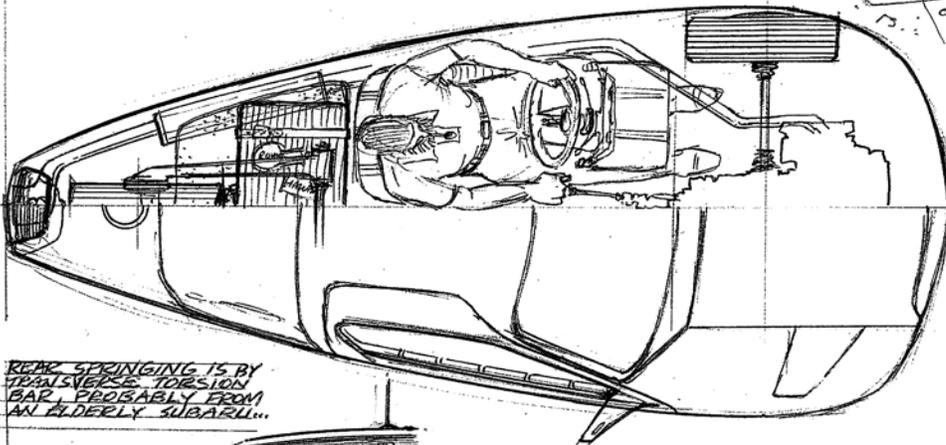
Here is the composite "tub" for SWIFT, with various parts shown in exploded view fashion. Actually, this sort of construction isn't really new. Colin Chapman pretty much proved it could be done for series produced cars with his first LOTUS, the Elite, offered first in kit form, then later, as assembled cars, in the early 1960's. Like the Lotus, the suspension bits for SWIFT are bolted to graphite reinforced areas of the tub.

You can see the trailing double "A" arm rear suspension, along with a single transverse torsion bar. This is quite a light car, so the suspension system is probably robust enough to handle the various vertical and lateral loading forces it would encounter.

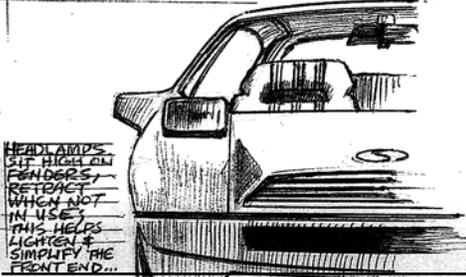


I envisioned the car as basically a roadster, but with the rear section adaptable as a closed coupe version. Both versions would use the same rear lighting system.

SINCE SWIFT II CARRIES ITS ENGINE UP FRONT, FUEL CAN BE IN THE REAR UNDER THE LUGGAGE BOX AHEAD OF THE REAR WHEEL...



REAR SPRINGING IS BY TRANSVERSE TORSION BAR - PROBABLY FROM AN ELDERLY SUBARU...



HEADLAMPS SET HIGH ON FENDERS RETRACT WHEN NOT IN USE. THIS HELPS LIGHTEN & SIMPLIFY THE FRONT END...

This top, semi-phantom drawing shows the basic layout of the car. Close inspection shows a bit more robust trailing arm for the single rear wheel....[design improvement].

Clearly there is minimal luggage space. Not really a big worry for a weekend runabout to zing up to the lake in, or to zip to the store for a bottle or two of cabernet. If you need more space, there is always your Honda Civic...

Oh dear! Did I say that? In a VW magazine? What WAS I thinking.

Enjoy some of my design dreams.

*Jack Askew*  
6-17

## Fishheadlouie's Funnies

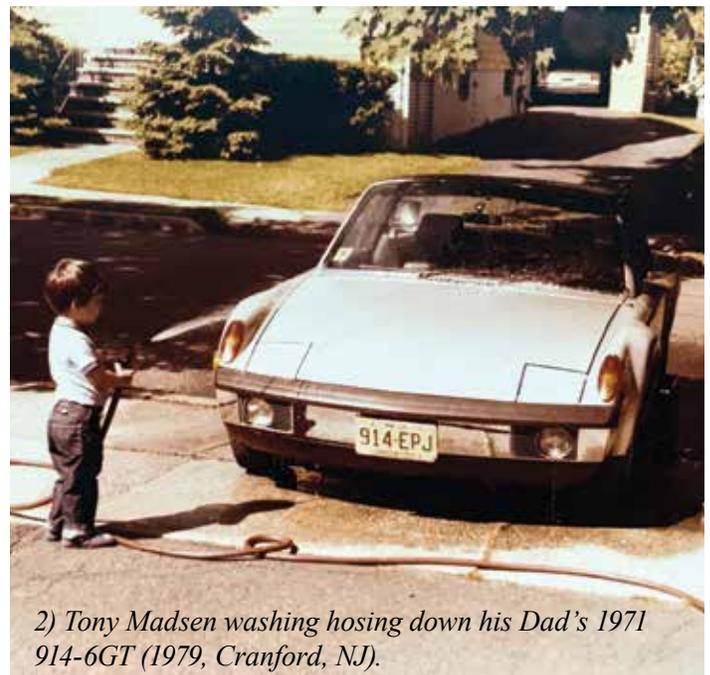
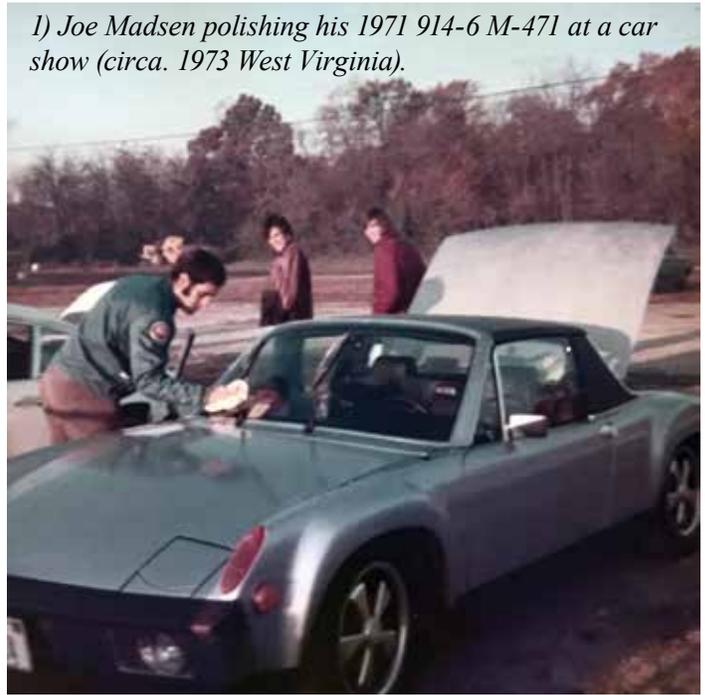
Fishheadlouie, here. A everyone knows I've been a VW guy since they were the most affordable classic car that was available when I was a still a teenager. I am, however, also a Porsche guy. I can hear the loyal readers say, "a Porsche isn't a Volkswagen." Many are aware of fact that Dr. Ferdinand Porsche was commissioned by Adolf Hitler to build the people's car, before he designed his namesake. Well, there is one Porsche that was going to be marketed as a VW and as well as Porsche, the 914. Undoubtedly, Wikipedia can fill my readers in on the history of the model, but my story is more of a personal one.

Back around 1970, my father was planning to buy a small airplane and get his pilot's license, but then saw a television commercial for the new 914 which had almost perfect 50/50 weight distribution. He purchased a 1972 orange 914, 4 cylinder. He enjoyed the car for a year and learned that a 2.0 liter would become available, so he placed an order for a 1973 model, Alaska blue with tan interior and the increased engine displacement. While at the dealership, he saw a silver 1971 914-6GT (M-471), which was in for service. Privacy policies not being what they are today, they passed on the owner's contact information to him. The owner, one year his junior, wasn't interested in selling it, but after many months of convincing decided if my persistent dad could find him a new silver 911S or 911E Targa to buy, he would let the car go. My dad did just that. The man bought a 1973 911E Targa and sold the 914-6 to my dad for \$7000 (about 40,000 in 2017 dollars). After canceling his order for the blue 2.0 liter, my dad went straight to work on the car by having the engine removed and cleaning every nook and cranny of it with a tooth brush and pipe cleaners. He had the heater exchangers galvanized and repainted the muffler with heat resistant paint. He put the body on jack stands to examine the underbody and repaired/resealed the chipped undercoating and repainted the coating silver as it was originally, cleaning the dirt and grime from the wheel wells, underside and rocker panels.

After reconditioning to his liking, he began occasionally, racing and showing the car and won an engraved Jefferson cup pewter, award for the cleanest engine as according to him, "It looked new." As a man in his twenties with a Porsche, he got a few speeding tickets and as I recall, with one in Virginia's Goochland County. The judge was quoted as saying "if the law says 55, it means 55, NOT 56...guilty as charged!"

I have fond memories of that car from my youth, from sitting at the front kick panel on the foot rest since '71s didn't have an adjustable seat, to washing the car, to just enjoying an occasional cruise while appreciating the ancient tissue

1) Joe Madsen polishing his 1971 914-6 M-471 at a car show (circa. 1973 West Virginia).



2) Tony Madsen washing hosing down his Dad's 1971 914-6GT (1979, Cranford, NJ).



3) Joe Madsen's 1971 Porsche 914-6GT at a race (circa 1973, West Virginia) (Note: Masking tape number affixed).



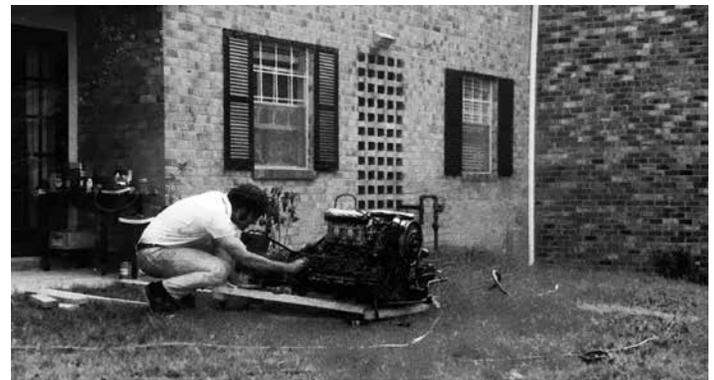
4) 1971 914 6GT, owned by Joe Madsen, competing in a race in 1973 in West Virginia.



5) Tony Madsen in 1979 scrubbing his Dad's Porsche 914-6 (M-471) to perfection in Cranford NJ (Note: factory metal fender flares and wide 15" fuchs, some of the additional equipment that came standard on the 6GT model).



6) Joe Madsen repainting 914-6GT exhaust (c. 1973, Richmond, Va).



7) Joe Madsen detailing 2.0 6-cylinder 914-6GT engine (c. 1973, Richmond, Va).

box with wire going into it on the dash (hidden radar detector) to enjoying the family lore of how he got the car time and time again.

The 1980s were not a time when the people appreciated the 914 aka "the Volkswagen-Porsche" aka "poor man's Porsche." However in the 1990s, my dad started getting calls about selling the car for "whatever he want[ed]," after *Excellence Magazine* featured on article on the M-471 GT model. They only sold two of these cars in Richmond in 1971 and only 5 others were imported to the United States, total factory worldwide production being 30-something cars. Porsche sent a large number factory flair conversion kits to dealerships worldwide so that they could fudge the production number of a certain number of units so the GT would qualify for the street car racing series circuit.

I'm happy to say, my dad hasn't sold the car. It has no rust, no collision damage, and is all original paint, keys, manual, etc. moral: don't sell your car just because people find it unpopular, because they may come around in time and your car value may be the next one that's value increases ten fold.



8) Joe Madsen previously owned this 1972 914-4 before he put in his order for the new 2.0 liter (1972, Middletown, NJ).

P.S. One day, i hope to own my dad's car, but in the meantime, I recently bought my very own Volkswagen-Porsche, a 1976 Red 914 2.0 with minimal rust. It's not as cool or as nice as my dad's M-471 of course, but close enough until I get my hands on a six! ■

*Tony Madsen, fishheadlouie@yahoo.com*  
*Edits by Joseph Madsen*

# MY DREAM VACATION TO GERMANY

By Terry Shuler

Monday through Friday, week after week, year after year, I punch the time clock like everyone else. I own my own home and have a wife and three children. But come evenings, weekends and vacations, my obsession with the Volkswagen surfaces. I thrive on restoring them, reading about them, writing about them and just about anything that deals with the "Bug". Through the years I have attended numerous meets, owned more VW's than my wife likes to think about, and have written a book documenting the history of the Volkswagen using sales brochures from the earliest down to the present. (The Origin and Evolution of the VW Beetle) My big dream though was to one day meet Dr. Ferry Porsche, son of the inventor of the Beetle, Ferdinand Porsche. He has been at his father's side during the entire phase, from inspiration to reality. So, like Walter Mitty, I often imagined what it would be like to actually meet this man. Well move over Mr. Mitty, my dream became a reality last November! You are welcome to join me in the passenger seat as my story begins...

Friday evening, November 29, 1991, I stayed up late preparing for my trip, haven't been to Germany in eight years.

Saturday morning arrived early, I finished packing and cooked breakfast for my youngest sons, David and Patrick. I loaded my 1984 VW Vanagon and left Portage. It was a balmy 63 degrees at home so I encouraged the boys to take advantage of this mild winter weather. My last view was of them playing in their sand box. I journeyed south to Dulles Airport, which is located to the west of Washington D.C. I am not one who believes in omens, but if one appears, I say take it! I spied a dull red 356 Porsche, of about 1960 vintage with Maryland plates. The driver appeared to be in his early 60's. He was accompanied by his wife (?) in a Chrysler van following close behind. This is just speculation, but perhaps the gentleman was bringing home his retirement restoration project? No matter what the reason...since you don't observe many 356 Porsches (built from 1948 - 1965) on the road, and since I am on a mission to hopefully meet and interview Dr. Ferry Porsche, it is a good "sign" - make that omen! I also counted four VW Beetles on the Maryland/Washington D.C. roads. It is nice to see them in use. I arrived at Dulles three hours early. The airlines request that you arrive at least two hours before departure on international flights. I parked in a "satellite" parking lot (only \$5 per day) and rode a shuttle bus to the terminal. After checking my three bags and securing my Avis rent-a-car confirmation number, I proceeded through the security check. Since I am carrying my camera case on board, a thorough search was made

of my case. It kind of gives me a good feeling about flying safely, knowing the security forces are doing their jobs. I had lunch in the airport cafeteria. I choose a turkey sandwich. It kind of makes sense since Thanksgiving was just two days ago. Countdown to blast off continues. I am going to Germany, so it only made sense to fly a German airline - Lufthansa gets my business this time (is there another German airline?). I am afraid, apart from the interesting architecture of the Dulles terminal, not much else impresses me about this place. It is functional, and that is all.

This place is getting crowded! A large number of German exchange students are saying their good-byes to their American hosts. Tears are shed, and they promise to keep in touch.

It is time to depart. They head everyone into cramped shuttles to ferry us out to the plane, no air, no room, very negative. The plane is packed and it is uncomfortably warm. I remove my sweater and persevere. Drinks are served and there is no charge for alcoholic drinks - amazing. the dinner is mundane and the second hand smoke drifts forward from the cigarette addicts in the back of the plane - ugh! The 13" screen monitors drop down from the ceiling and the movie "White Fang" is shown - it is boring to me. Hot towels are passed out to help refresh everyone. And then an excellent light breakfast of smoked ham, cheese, tomato, hard roll, croissant, butter and jam is served, along with tea and juice. The complimentary soda is handed out, but the size is a minuscule four ounces. I constantly request two cans to quench my thirst. Now we are on runway approach, skies are clear and the temperature is a chilly 33 degrees.

Sunday, December 1, I hope the customs clearance is quick and easy so I can secure my VW Polo rental from Avis. I had tried to arrange a loan of a VW from VW Germany, but it was not to be.

Smooth touch down at 7:30 a.m., foggy and cold. I quickly retrieve my luggage and am waved through customs. I exchanged some American money for German marks and also some Austrian Schillings. I am in the Fatherland, now on to Bad Camberg on the #3 Autobahn. My first rental Polo keeps pulling to the left, thus I return it for a replacement. I soon arrive at Willi Lottermanns VW dealership in Bad Camberg. I found Willi sitting in his gas station enjoying a few good German beers on Sunday morning. I joined in! What a great welcome to Germany! Willi only has his gas station open from 9:00 a.m. to 12:00, noon, on Sunday. Thus I left at noon to catch a short rest at my local hotel where



*Markus and Willi Lottermann*

Willi had reserved a room for me. Of interest to any of you traveling to Europe, they don't seem to provide any soap or shampoo in the hotels (at least in those of German heritage). So I would suggest you include these items in your packing. Also, towels are provided, but no wash cloth. The electric outlets are wired for 220 AC, thus you must either purchase an adapter for your hair dryers and razors or purchase new ones or do without. The bed linens are also quite a change from what we are used to. They consist of a flannel bottom sheet and flannel covered pillow, plus a thick down comforter that is also covered by a flannel cover or duvet. There are no additional sheets or blankets. I found this arrangement quite comfortable. When in Germany, do it the German way!

After a short rest, I drove to Lottermann's home, where I asked Willi a few questions about his dealership and future VW shows. He also showed me his vast Volkswagen collection and his VW toy collection.

Six years ago, he obtained a set of KDF binders that came from the old East Germany. They are mostly empty, but contain a few guidelines for repair and parts ordering and are quite interesting as I have never seen such an item before. He related that Dr. Wiersch, who is in charge of the Volkswagen museum at Wolfsburg, Germany, does not have a set. After some coffee, I bid Willi good night and returned to my hotel for some much needed rest. I don't have jet lag, but have totally lost a night's sleep by flying the "red eye" flight over from the states, and there is no way I can sleep in a crowded airplane.

On Monday, December 2, I got my much needed rest and now will try a typical German breakfast. A friendly good morning is offered by my hotel hostess and coffee or tea is available. The other food served is hard rolls, cheese and cold cuts of meat, plus butter and jam. When in Germany, eat like your hosts and dig in! You make an open face affair and enjoy!



The Lottermann's 1954 Rometsch four door taxi.



Even though the Lottermann VW dealership was open for business, Willi and his son, Markus, granted me some of their time and showed me their vast collection of vehicles (most of them VW's) with the oldest being a 1942 Kubelwagen. We also spent some time in their office, where I did an interview for my column in a VW magazine. After I took some photos of Markus and Willi Lottermann we adjourned to my local hotel/restaurant for lunch. We were soon joined by Willi's wife, Rita.

I then travel the Autobahn, reaching speeds of 160 kilometer (100 mph). I meet a VW friend I had corresponded with, Klaus Haucke at an enormous radio tower overlooking the city of Stuttgart. After taking the elevator to the top of the tower for a view of Stuttgart, I follow Klaus to his home where we meet up with his friend, Georg Gehring. We then proceed to a local winery for some local German food and drink. I then followed Georg home to Goppingen and spent the night in his loft. Georg and his girlfriend, Rosi Schmidt, live together in a fine apartment.

# VVWCA EST. 1976



## VINTAGE VOLKSWAGEN CLUB OF AMERICA MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION 2017-2018

NAME: \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_

CITY: \_\_\_\_\_ STATE: \_\_\_\_\_

ZIP: \_\_\_\_\_ PHONE: \_\_\_\_\_

EMAIL: \_\_\_\_\_

**CURRENT MEMBER**

NUMBER: \_\_\_\_\_ DATE: \_\_\_\_\_

VVWCA CHAPTER/AFFILIATED CLUB OR  
VW CLUB YOU ARE A MEMBER OF \_\_\_\_\_

**VOLKSWAGENS**

CURRENTLY OWNED: \_\_\_\_\_

New Members	1 Year	2 Years	3 Years	Total
USA – Includes Printed Newsletter & E-Edition	\$24.00	\$42.00	\$60.00	
Foreign Membership E-Edition Only New & Renewal	\$12.00	\$24.00	\$36.00	
Renewals	1 Years	2 Years	3 Years	Total
USA – Includes Printed Newsletter & E-Edition	\$18.00	\$36.00	\$54.00	
E-Edition only New & Renewal	\$12.00	\$24.00	\$36.00	
VVWCA Regalia				
VVWCA Window Decal \$1.00 ea (Includes Postage)				
VVWCA T-Shirt \$12.25(S, M, L, XL) \$14.00 (2XL)				
<b>PLEASE INDICATE SIZE OF T-SHIRT-REQUIRED (Small, Medium, Large, XL, 2XL)</b>				
<b>TOTAL ENCLOSED</b>				

Mail your application, and membership funds (check or money order in USA funds only) to:

### **VINTAGE VOLKSWAGEN CLUB of AMERICA**

P.O. Box 119, McLean, VA., 22101, e-mail: [membership@vvwca.com](mailto:membership@vvwca.com)

Please allow 4-6 weeks for processing. Enroll or renew your membership online using our **PayPal** services at:

**[www.vvwca.com](http://www.vvwca.com)**

Tuesday morning arrived quickly as I prepared (and prayed) for my meeting with Ferry Porsche. I drove into Stuttgart (almost got run over by a yellow, electric commuter train) and found my way to the house of Porsche. I was so excited to finally meet the icon - what a thrill! But Dr. Porsche seemed reluctant to answer my questions after I was introduced to him by his secretary, Regina Wanner. He called for Klaus Paar, who is in charge of the Porsche archives. As soon as Paar arrived, I was instructed by Ferry Porsche to ask Paar my questions. As I started to ask questions, Porsche kept interrupting to answer the questions in excellent English. Maybe he felt more comfortable with a little support. I was thrilled to be interviewing the "man". Before I left his office, I took a picture of Dr. Porsche and also had a picture taken of us together. This was like dreaming in technicolor! Soon the interview was over, but I was extremely lucky to have Paar be my guide through the official archives of Porsche. I found it hard to turn down any duplicate photos Paar offered me. But to be polite, I did refuse one from time to time. At lunch, Klaus Paar treated me to a fine meal in the guest dining room.. shrimp soup, swinesteak, noodles, salad and seltzer water plus a creamy dessert and coffee to end a super lunch. It was then time to return to the Porsche photo archives for a few more acquisitions. My visit was soon ended as I wanted to visit the Porsche museum before it closed for the day. I was somewhat taken back by the small size of the museum, but the cars were beautiful. After touring the museum, I purchased some Porsche postcards and made my way back to Georg's apartment for an excellent German meal of salad, white wine and pancakes with meat, wine, mushrooms made with Rosi's special touch. Soon we were off to a local tavern "Meschugge" for a few German beers. Afterward we returned home to rest and tomorrow I head to Stuttgart again, to the auto magazine "Motor Klassic" to talk with Herman Ries, an editor I have corresponded with through the years. Perhaps he will be interested in some of my VW stories? I settled into my room and found myself watching the local version of "MTV". It is in English and is entitled "Super Channel" and features 24 hours of rock and rap!

On Wednesday, I showered and said my good-byes to Georg, and with his excellent directions I headed into Stuttgart once again. This trip I have an appointment with Hermann Ries, who is editor of Motor Klassic. Motor Klassic features vehicles of antique vintage (auto and motorcycle) for German subscribers. I met with Herr Ries about 10:00 a.m. and he showed me a great stash of early VW photos, which he generously loaned to me so that I might copy them and add them to my collection. I then presented a number of VW articles I had written - in hopes he can use a few for future editions of his magazine. I also showed him my brother's scrapbook of vehicular art sculptures and he may use some in his magazine. My brother, Dustin Shuler, is an



Door to door history at the Porsche museum.



artist who has been shown both in this country and throughout Europe. He has incorporated vehicles, in particular the Volkswagen, in many of his works.

Hermann Ries was kind enough to call Herbert Kaes, who lives outside Salzburg, Austria and who is my next stop. Herbert Kaes worked for Porsche before the war as an engineer and is a cousin of Ferry Porsche. I hope to ask Kaes a few questions concerning the early days of the VW. I am now at a rest stop, and have filled my VW Polo with benzine. I am filling my stomach with some good hard rolls, ham and mustard (German equivalent of our fast food as one of my German friends said) and on to Salzburg. I forgot, the drive here was quick and uneventful. The ride over the mountains was beautiful as the trees are coated with a layer of ice - making it look like glass ornaments. Outside of Munchen (Munich). I passed an exit for Dachu and felt a wave of sadness for all who perished there during WW II. The weather seems to be getting colder as I near Austria. Swirls of snow cover the autobahn from time to time.

I am in Austria for the first time in my life! I just crossed the border after showing my passport and have phoned Herbert

Kaes from a Shell gas station. He is now enroute to guide me to a local hotel. I know I am close to his home, but he was kind enough to make reservations for me at the hotel. I am looking forward to our conversation and to photograph his collection! He soon arrives, with his son who is a career officer in the Austrian army. They lead me to a beautiful hotel and will call for me at 9:00 a.m. Mr. Kaes asked how long it took me to travel from Stuttgart. I answered five hours and he replied he had made the trip in 3 1/2 hours many years ago! During and before my German trip, I have had a head cold that continues to pester me, but I will persevere. Just off the autobahn yesterday, I observed a McDonalds and Burger King at the same exit - but I had no desire to eat at either. They are here for those of you who miss the U.S.A.'s eating habits! My hotel room in Austria is quite comfortable, there is even a small color TV which has a few stations in English including CNN International news. The bathroom even has a hair dryer and there is a free standing armour (closet) in which to hang my clothes. The armour touch seems typical of most European hotels. Still no face cloths are provided. The bed has the typical European duvet for covers. My sleep comes in spurts as I anticipate my next day's interview. I awake a number of times and entertain myself by watching U.S.A. television programs which are dubbed in German. "Lassie" in German text is quite different and there is even a German edition of "The Price is Right!"

On Thursday, December 5, dawn finally breaks, and as I peer out my second floor window, a huge mountain range (the Alps) greets me. It is extremely breath taking and it is capped with snow. After showering and dressing in my favorite VW sweater, I proceed to the hotel dining room. As I approach the doors to the dining room, they open automatically. This must be a "swank" hotel. Mr. Kaes suddenly appears at my table as I am eating my German, make that Austrian, breakfast of an open faced sandwich with meat and cheese, black coffee and today, fruit salad. All of this food was on a buffet table as I entered the dining room. Mr. Kaes has coffee with me and relates some disturbing news. His wife is ill. Something to do with bad teeth. I only hope she will be able to translate later, or else I will find someone, somewhere - I hope? I finish breakfast and follow Mr. Kaes to his home nearby.

Mr. Kaes has just called a neighbor to translate. My day, my plans and my trip look brighter once again. Mr. Kaes shows me "Mein Kemp" by Hitler that is on his book shelf. The translator works out great, but he must leave to teach school. We are on our own - good luck I say to myself! Mr. Kaes continues to show me all his photos - fabulous! From the early days of the KDF prototypes (Volkswagen or people's car), through the war years of the military vehicles, the Kubelwagen and the Schwimmwagen, through the early years of the Porsche sports car! The albums continue

with later years and show him using Porsche sports cars on holidays (vacations). Also many photos, of course, related to the birth and growing years of his two sons and on to his grandchildren. Mrs. Kaes is still in bed, recovering from dental problems. Hopefully I will be able to take photos of some of Mr. Kaes' exquisite photo collection. Many trophies and mementoes adorn his nice apartment. Some are from Professor Porsche and also from Ferry Porsche, and others are from Wolfsburg. He also presented me with a Professor Porsche card and stamp! He also showed me a small book on Porsches and pointed out the increase in horsepower through the years, which peaked with 450 hp in the 959 Porsche. He showed me the WWCA emblem, which Roland Metz presented to him last visit. Roland like myself is a member of the Vintage Volkswagen Club of America. He gave me a Porsche "Christopher" magazine which has a story about his life. He said that in May 1945 he was instructed to take many records and leave in his Kubelwagen. Who told him to take the papers and were did he take them? I will try and get the answers to these questions if our translator returns.



*Mr. Kaes poses next to a rare Type 82.*

Mr. Kaes relates that Mr. Klauser, another of the four pre-war Porsche personnel, has no photos nor papers. He got rid of them because he lives in Germany and it's illegal to have papers that related to the Hitler/Swastika era. But since Mr. Kaes lives in Austria, he has kept all of his photos/papers. I asked him if Ferry Porsche kept in touch? He said no. He showed me photos from the 50th VW celebration in Wolfsburg. He mentioned that Dr. Hahn (current president of VW of Germany) drove on stage in a 1938 KDF Wagen and couldn't open the door to exit! Mr. Kaes had to show him how to open the door! He showed me photos when he attended the Bad Camberg VW shows and Porsche Club meets in Zell Am Zee. We then went to lunch, via Mr. Kaes' 100 Audi, to my hotel dining room. We both have fish and potato salad, plus a beer of course. The waitress said to Mr. Kaes that she saw him being interviewed on TV recently. We had strong coffee to finish our meal had strong coffee to finish our meal.

Now back at Mr. Kaes apartment, he showed me a bill of sale paper that related they had sold the Type 64 (Rome to Berlin race car) to Otto Matte (world famous race car driver) for 32,000 Shillings in 1949. I took a few photos of Kaes' collection. The translator returned and my interview continued. All questions are now answered. I bid good-bye at 5:00 p.m. for the evening and hope to return at 10:00 a.m. on Friday to take a couple hundred additional photos of his photos - God and sunlight, or artificial light, willing. I wrote and mailed postcards to family and friends back home. I miss my wife and three sons! I am listening to MTV, English edition of course. I try to organize my belongings and prepare for my journey after my photo session at Mr. Kaes tomorrow. I tried calling a VW friend in Nurnburg, who owns a VW dealership. He sold me a 1943 Beetle eight years ago during my last visit to Germany.

Unfortunately I only had his business number and got a recording. Perhaps I will try again tomorrow and detour on the way back to Bad Camberg to visit him. I would like to visit the Porsche museum in Gmund, Austria, but due to time restrictions, I don't believe it is possible this trip. I have put on my favorite sweater and sports coat and journey to the hotel for a good evening meal. I would rather be eating with friends, but I will survive. It gives me time to put pen to paper and I take my clipboard with me. Perhaps I will stay up late enough to call my wife and sons tonight. It is about six or seven hours time difference, thus I must wait until they get home from school.

A bit of discussion on the autobahn driving. I wound up my VW Polo (a scaled down VW Golf) to 160 kilometer, trying to keep pace with the big four, Porsche, BMW, Mercedes and Audi. But no luck. My 160 km (about 100 mph) couldn't cope and I cruised at 80 mph, for safety and peace of mind. The biggest worry was coming upon trucks which are constantly crawling along at too slow a speed. I quickly adjust to pass them, always keeping a wary eye on my side view mirror for the approaching "land rockets" of the autobahns! Most of the rockets do seem to have patience and will flash their high beams at me, should I be in "their" fast lane. Also the red lights at intersections turn yellow before turning green, giving you time to rev up your engine and prepare for a race the Autobahns have billboards that show a picture of a "harried" driver who is up-tight and driving super fast on the roads; and the adjoining picture shows a relaxed driver who is driving at a sensible speed. It seems the German folks are trying to curtail their notorious driving habits. It is Friday now, and I am not sure if I am staying tonight, better to be prepared. I inquire at my hotel reception desk about a photo shop in Salzburg. The clerk brings out the maps, draws me directions, and after a typical breakfast I will head into the city of Salzburg for the first time in my life. It is sure to be a thrill! The skies are heavily overcast



*Recognize any familiar faces?*



again, and I can only partly view the magnificent Alps. By the way, it seems most European hotels include the breakfast meal with your room fee, so enjoy, "bon appetite" as they sometimes say here!

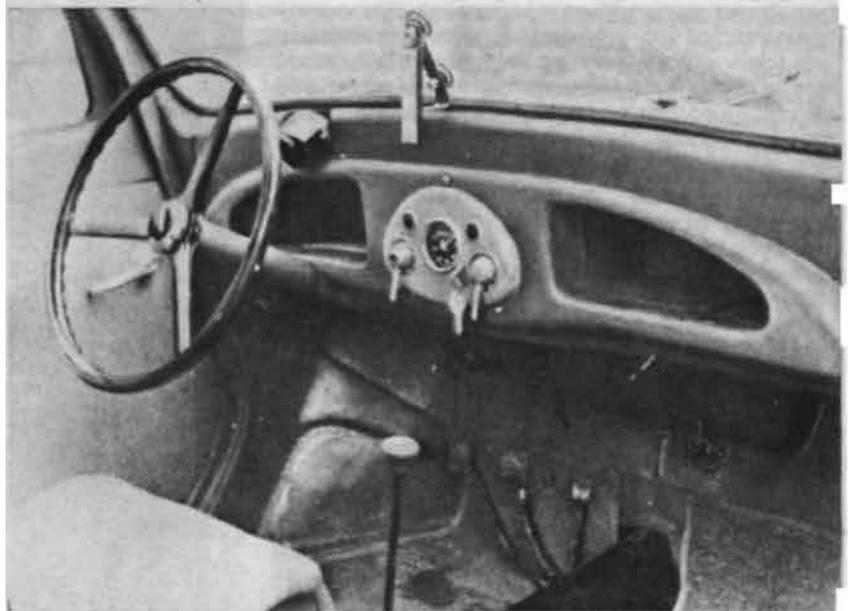
As I feel my way into Salzburg, I glimpse a grand view of a castle overlooking the town, it must be from "The Sound of Music" or something like that. I drive from one photo store to another, trying to locate a copy stand and lights, so I can properly take photos of Mr. Kaes collection. After five shops, which included a school for photographers, I am finally directed to a well equipped store. They have just what I am seeking, a new copy stand with florescent lamps. I explain my situation and the owner offers to rent it to me for 800 Schillings per day. Since I am now in Austria, the 800 Schillings is equal to about \$70.00. I quickly agree, and load up the copy stand and retrace my route to my hotel to retrieve my camera. I arrive at Mr. Kaes house 30 minutes late and explain I have been shopping. He says his wife is still ill and only permits me an hour or so to take photos. I quickly set up the stand and go to work, copying what early VW histories time permits. It is quite a job, and I believe I have only shot about 100 frames, but I did my best.

I bid Mr. Kaes good-bye and express my best wishes for his wife's recovery. I retrace my route to Salzburg and return the copy stand. I also took a photo of the castle., always seeking to add pictures to my text. I hustle back to my hotel room, pack up my gear, pay for my two night's stay and express my delight to the hotel clerk about the splendid accommodations. I hope to return someday soon with my family so they can share in the experience of beautiful Austria.

I head for the Autobahn and cross back into Germany with only a friendly wave and "chow" from the border guard. The shortest route back to Bad Camberg is via Munich, Nurnberg and Frankfurt. I had hoped to visit the Porsche museum in Gmund, Austria, but my time is short with many miles to go (better make that "kilometers" to go, it seems much faster!). The snow falls hard at times, but I make excellent time, driving 150 to 155 kilometers per hour. Twice my trip is slowed by accidents. Neither of which looked serious. Even though I enjoy the immense freedom of no speed limit on the Autobahns, I do think they should either set a limit (65 mph), or improve their highways. Most of the system seems to have only two lanes in each direction; and when you are trying to keep pace, you must quickly relinquish the fast lane for bullet cars. And in driving so, you are in jeopardy of tail ending one of the countless trucks that clutter the Autobahns. I only stop once, for a fill up of benzine and German fast food..a hard roll with butter and smoked ham.

I pull into my hotel in Bad Camberg about 8:00 p.m. and head into the bar for a beer, and to my surprise there is Ken and Frank Minor, father and son, from Indiana, dining at a table. They kindly invite me to join them, and we enjoy a good German meal and good VW conversation. They had tried to travel to Wolfsburg to tour the museum, but had turned back due to bad weather conditions. It is their first trip to Germany and I fill them in with what limited knowledge I have, and, of course, I relate my recent explorations. We soon adjourn for the evening and will join forces in the morning. As I check out my room and prepare to bed down, I notice my room lacks a toilet! I proceed out my door and down a flight of stairs, assuming I am to use the one in the basement for bar patrons. But as I pass a door, which is stenciled with the letters "WC" (water closet?), I open it to find a communal toilet. This is Germany- 1991? Good night...

On Saturday, my accommodations didn't improve during the night, my shower head leaks. I finally



got some decent sleep, even though my bed is somewhat worn. My American friends knock on my door and we proceed downstairs for our German breakfast of hard roll sandwiches and coffee. Afterwards, we drive up the street to Willi Lottermann's dealership and gas station. When he arrives, Willi is kind enough to show Ken and Jeff his collection of VW posters, parts and vehicles. Markus arrives later, and helps make our tour somewhat easier by his excellent translations. Just after noon, Jeff, Ken and I pile into my VW Polo and head to Frankfurt for some sight seeing and shopping. Since it is the Christmas season, there are throngs of people shopping, and the prices for everything seem extremely high. At a fruit stand, bananas are priced at \$3.00 per half pound! We finally grow weary and back track our steps in order to find our parking garage. We are soon on the Autobahn, headed back to Bad Camberg. Lottermann has asked us to stop by at 8:00 p.m. and join him for dinner at a local restaurant. I am sad that it is my last evening in Germany, but I do miss my sons and shall be home tomorrow evening if all goes well. I tried to rest before meeting Lottermann for dinner, but it was not to be. At 8:00 p.m. Jeff, Ken and I walk up to Lottermann's house and off we proceed to a quaint restaurant nearby. To my surprise, we are joined by a group of four English guys who are doing a three part documentary on the Volkswagen. They even placed me in front of their camera after our dinner. I related to them my feelings on the Volkswagen's success in the U.S. and I also mentioned my favorite possession, my Hebmuller. This is a sporty two seater Volkswagen, just over seven hundred were produced before the factory burned down in the early 50's. And so the evening drew to a close. Jeff, Ken and I met the English guys at their hotel to continue our VW discussions and I showed them my brother's scrapbook depicting his excellent sculptures. One of the English group mentioned he had viewed my brother's art work while it was on display in London last year..it is a small world after all, as the song goes. We bid good night and I retire for a good night's rest.

It is Sunday now - D-Day (departure day?), I showered and packed my meager belongings (mostly clothes that require cleaning). A German breakfast awaits. Perhaps a last good-bye visit to the Lottermann family and gas station (they are open from 9:00 a.m. to noon to provide gas to their customers and future customers). Soon I will dash down the autobahn in my VW Polo to check in at a Lufthansa plane counter.

I always find it difficult to say good-bye, no matter how long or how short a time I have visited anyone. But I said good-bye to Willi Lottermann, Jeff and Ken and then while leaving Bad Camberg, I took a few photos of this truly picture book town. I drove to the airport and returned my rental car. Upon checking in for my flight, I was informed that only two bags were permitted and I would have to pay

an excess baggage fee of 200 DM (\$120)!! Well, there is no way I was going to pay such a fee, especially when I flew over with three bags and no mention was made of such a charge. After some run-a-round from the ticket agents, I sought out the "flight manager", who over-ruled my excess baggage problem, and soon I was hustling to my departure gate. The flight time announced is 8 hours 20 minutes, which sounds about 1 hour longer than my flight over...such is life! The security at the Frankfurt terminal is tight as they hand screen everyone with a metal detector; and when you are boarding, you must point out your luggage, which is sitting on the ground near your plane. I guess if you forget to point out your bag, your luggage is destined for the lost baggage storage. Even though these extra precautions seem extreme, I would rather be safe than be blown out of the sky. My neighbor passenger's name is Bianca. She is going to Virginia to work for a U.S. family for 7 1/2 months. She will care for a four month old child, as both parents work and their four year old is at pre-school all day.

The customs declaration form has been passed out to everyone. From what it states, you shouldn't be bringing back over \$1,400.00 worth of goods from overseas, or be prepared to be taxed...it is a wonderful system. We are high above the clouds, and everything looks peaceful. I wonder how the weather is back home and how my family is doing - soon I will know. It is three hours to touchdown. Perhaps in a while supper will be served? I am sitting by a side exit. It is a great seat due to the leg room (no seat in front of me for five feet). But it is tough on my feet as there is a draft coming from the door. I hope it is closed securely. There is a passenger in the next section (business class) who is almost a dead ringer for the late actor John Belushi. The guy even seems to be playing the part by wearing sunglasses all the time. Perhaps John is alive and well at 32,000 feet? Can Elvis be aboard?

I forgot to exchange my German and Austrian money for American dollars at the Frankfurt airport. I hope I will remember at Dulles airport. They just announced we are 30 minutes from touch down and it is a balmy 66 degrees (18 centigrade) at Dulles. That won't be hard to take. It has been 32 degrees during my entire visit in Germany and Austria. My only real complaint about flying overseas is that smoking is permitted in flight, and no matter where I sit in the non-smoking area, the deadly fumes find my lungs. I detest smoking, as you may digest by my comments. And we have touch down!

Four hours later I am home with my wife and three sons. It is always great to visit a foreign land; but when you actually enter the warm and safe sanctuary of your own home, you feel quite secure and serene. Sleep tight. Drive and enjoy your VW daily...with love. ■

*About 20 years ago I started writing for the VintageVoice a series of articles about "Volkswagen by the Years", covering the history of the Volkswagen organization and its cars, from 1931 until the end of Beetle production in 2003. Since then I have continued researching the VW history and have found details not included in my original articles. Now I am in the process of updating the original information, encouraged by our club's president and by others. We know there are members new to the VVWCA and others who missed the stories the first time around and may be interested in updated versions.*

## Volkswagen in 1931

### Porsche starts his own business

There had been many Volkswagens by 1931. Ford of Germany was building a small car they called the German Volkswagen and there were others. It seemed that anyone building, what they did considered an affordable car, was called a Volkswagen or sometimes a Volksauto. However the Volkswagen as we know it today was the one designed by Porsche. For that reason I have used the year 1931 to start this series about Volkswagen because I do, just as many other historians agree, that Porsche's decision to start out on his own would eventually lead to its development.

Ferdinand Porsche did not have many options in 1930. His four year contract signed with Daimler-Benz in Stuttgart had not been renewed in 1928. A bitter disappointment for him since he had counted on having a lifelong position with them. But D-B was unsatisfied with his work, having counted on him reworking their line of cars. Some of these cars, a 1.3 liter and a 1.6 liter model he was supposed to get ready for production were unreliable and too expensive to build. One episode, relayed by his son, was that the cars also had a reputation for not starting. So one day a number of cars were

left outside overnight and in the morning some executives and Porsche were trying to start them. None of them did, causing Porsche to get furious throwing his hat on the floor in disgust and stomping on it. Porsche had also substantial financial obligations to D-B for moneys used to build his villa. Having a reputation of being difficult to work with did not help either. These details are not very well known but a historian hired by VW has confirmed these facts. The separation of D-B and Porsche was not too amiable. DB employees were told, at that time they would get fired if they had any contact with Porsche or his family.

Out of work in 1928, Porsche was forced to go to work for the Steyr Company in Austria, an employment which lasted only one year. The Steyr Company was taken over by D-B's Austrian affiliate Austro-Daimler and Porsche was forced out.

The late twenties were some of the worst years of the world-wide economic depression. Porsche was out of work and nobody was hiring. There are unconfirmed claims by his son, Ferry Porsche, that he had offers to work for General Motors and from the Czechoslovakian company Skoda. However, he decided to return to Stuttgart in 1930 where he still had the large luxurious villa financed by Daimler-Benz. It was also the city where his son's fiancé lived. Besides, there were many automotive companies, suppliers and body specialist located in Stuttgart, including Mercedes, Reutter and Robert Bosch.

He opened his design office on April 25th 1931 in Stuttgart, specializing in the "Construction and in





**PORSCHE PROJECT 8 FOR WANDERER 1931**

Consultation on engines, Cars, Airplanes and Water Transport.” In letters mailed out to all German and Austrian car manufacturers doing business in 1931, Porsche declared himself ready to design anything motorized and would work for anyone who paid for his services. He listed the many different Austrian and German automobile companies he had worked for in the past and explained that he had decided to become independent.

He and his team started out with just some blueprint design tables to make technical drawings. I assume he was planning to do the actual work at the factories he would be contracting with and this is what actually happened. Only later were the first Volkswagen prototypes assembled in the large garage attached to his villa.

Many of Porsche’s original team members came from the companies he had worked for over the years. Just like him they were all out of a job. Porsche had a preference for Austrians and all the people of his original team, even his chauffeur, the cleaning lady and the cook for his private household came from Austria. The exception was the Jewish-German race car fanatic, Adolf Rosenberger, who financed his start up and became his financial and sales manager. Adolf Rosenberger’s family owned a chain of movie theaters and was well-to-do. Adolf was a race car fanatic successfully racing Mercedes Formula One cars. For his money he received 15% of the Porsche Company.

The first project Porsche worked on was Project #7, a car for the small Wanderer Company, located in the eastern part of Germany. Small, meaning it sold only 2 288 cars in all of 1930. Because of its need for a new engine, Wanderer had actually approached Porsche

before he opened his own business and some believe that this contact may have been one of the reason he had the courage to start out on his own. This first work received the designation “Porsche Project Number 7”. The number seven was admittedly selected to not give the impression they had not done any other projects before. They did not want it to appear as if the Wanderer contract was their very first one. That is one version. The other one is, according to Ferry Porsche, the number seven was chosen because Porsche’s chief engineer, Karl Rabe, was of a suspicious nature and thought seven was a lucky number and should be used to start the new endeavor. There were no Porsche projects one to six and neither was there a number 13. In Germany just as it is here, 13 is considered an unlucky number.

The engine designed by Porsche for Wanderer in 1931 had an aluminum block with steel sleeve cylinder inserts. While many claim Porsche designed the entire car, it was however only the 1.7-liter six-cylinder 35 HP engine and some details of its chassis. Some writers and one official Porsche Museum publication claim that this car was the first one to have the Porsche patented independent torsion bar suspension. A look at the car exhibited at the Porsche Museum in Stuttgart shows however that it had only conventional leaf springs as it was common at that time. Later as more power was desired Porsche enlarged the same engine to 2.0-liter, putting out 40 HP.

Another Wanderer model was proposed and developed under the Porsche project number 8 and one prototype built. The 8 was a sleek looking coupe with a straight eight-cylinder 3.25-liter Porsche designed engine. It never went into production and Porsche used this prototype, the project 8, for many years as his personal transport.

## The Historian's Corner (continued)

The earlier six-cylinder engines Porsche developed for Wanderer were later also used to power Audi cars after the merger of Wanderer with Audi. Wanderer, Audi, Horch and DKW companies were in great financial difficulties and at the insistence of the banks to which they owed money too, were joined and became the Auto-Union. The symbol and emblem of the newly formed Auto-Union were four interlocking rings, the same ones we see today used by Audi.

As Ferry Porsche explained in one of his autobiographies at the end of 1931 the Porsche Company was again in big financial trouble. Their main business was just to stay occupied and appear successful. The contracting work did not really earn enough to pay for all employees and they had to go at times without pay. I was a common problem for many businesses at that time in Germany. Many automobile manufactures were forced into bankruptcy and many were forced to merge and to join as for instance the before mentioned Auto-Union.

Fortunately for the under utilized Porsche Company, the head of the motorcycle manufacturer Zündapp came

calling, and on Sept 28 a contracts was signed. Zündapp wanted to go into the car business and asked Porsche for help. This car would become Porsche Project 12. While Projects 7, 8 and 9 did not have anything in common with the later Volkswagen, the car developed for Zündapp was by many considered a precursor of the later developed Volkswagen.

### 1931 DATES

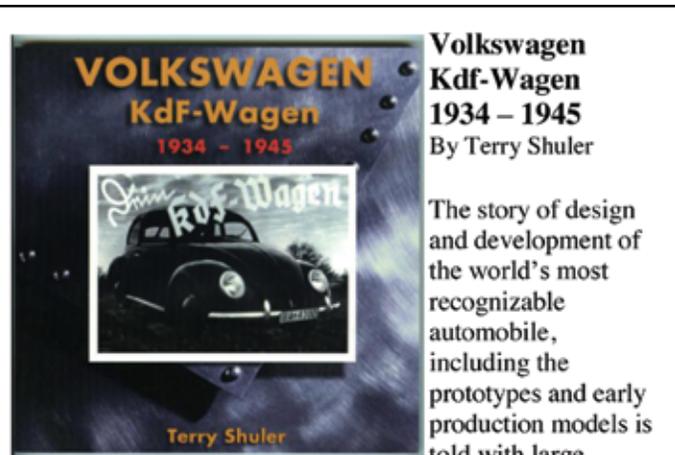
April 25: Porsche Company is registered as a business in Stuttgart.

August 11: Porsche took out a German patent for the design of a torsion bar suspension. The patent did not actually cover the torsion bar itself, as is claimed by many, since torsion bars had been used on vehicles before. The patent covered the way the bars were connected by trailing arms to the wheel assemblies.

September 28: Signing of a development contract with Zündapp. ■



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# How I Became Involved with VWs

Reading the July/August 2016 issue and I noticed your request for comments on how we got involved in our hobby. Well, my time line goes back to around 1999. I am a retired GM worker who has driven GM vehicles all my life and am living in Clawson, Michigan. When my children started driving, I insisted on GM cars. My son was always interested in Beetles. After he got married he purchased a 1960 Beetle from a woman who had won it in a local radio show drawing. Once he had the Beetle, he started urging me to do the same. He was always searching to find one that I would like. He found a few, but I would not bite. He found a 1959 Beetle that was beautiful and was constantly bugging me to buy it. Out of frustration, he said he would sell me his 1960 and he would buy the 1959. That had me hooked and I bought his in 2001 and with it came a well used copy of John Muir's idiot book. My help library has increased since then. I really enjoy driving my car and loving the comments I get from people who have had a Beetle experience early in their lives. At car cruises I get a lot of interest even when there are lot of

very expensive hot rods parked next to me. It is great to be unique. One of my best days was at a VW Motorstadt auto show and I received the first place trophy for air cooled. I have won various trophies over the years, but that was the best when judged by your peers. My man cave basement has a lot of VW models, candles, toys and anything else related to VW and of course, lots of books. Also, my grandchildren love to ride in it and I drive it in the winter when the roads are clear, just bundle up. Of all the vintage VW vehicles produced, I like what I have, especially since it is reliable. I give Munk's a lot of credit for that. I have had the 1960 for over 14 years and it has been a great ride and I have met some great people. At 74 years of age, I am going to see who gives out first, me or the car. Love your magazine and our hobby. ■

*Johnny Strasser, 74 years young, Clawson, MI*



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## Volkswagen and its Workers during the Third Reich.



*In German, "Das Volkswagenwerk und seine Arbeiter im Dritten Reich". By Hans Mommsen and Manfred Grieger. Published in 1996 in Germany ISBN 3-430-16785-X. 1055 pages. With many black and white pictures and many lists of number of workers employed during the war and their different nationalities, as well as all the production numbers of the pre- and immediate after-war period.*

As indicated, unfortunately this book is only available in German. While most of the VVWCA members may not be able to read the book, it is however, in my opinion, the best book written about Volkswagen, covering the area of the development of the Beetle and the period during the war, with emphasis on its Nazi connections and of the treatment of the forced laborers during the war years. While many of the VVWCA members may not be able to read it, I believe they should know about it anyway because it covers an era of the Volkswagen history not well-known.

By about 1982 a number of law suits were filed against Volkswagen with charges for having exploited people from many occupied European countries by forcing them to work at VW during the Second World War while getting little or no compensation. Not only that, many of them were mistreated, tortured or even killed. No documentation is available but it is estimated that about 500 forced laborers died plus 350 children under the age of 6 months from neglect. Carl Hahn who in 1982 was in charge of VW wanted some clarity of what really happened during the time when these people were forced to work at the factory. The subject had been ignored for a long time. Many people involved wanted be just left in peace and not bothered by the truth, especially the ones responsible for the mistreatments.

To clarify this, Volkswagen's CEO Carl Hahn in 1982, asked one of the most prominent German historians, Prof Dr. Hans Mommsen, also a fellow at Princeton University, USA, to look into the sordid matter of the treatment of the workers and write a book about his findings. It took Mommsen and his associates about 8 years and about two million German Mark, paid for by VW, to do the research and put his findings in this over 1,000 page book.

It was an enormous task for the author to collect and research all the material available needed, including documents from the National Archives here in Washington. Volkswagen had neglected to keep records and those that were still available were all over the place including in the flooded basement of Volkswagen's main office building. Besides many incriminating documents were destroyed at the end of the war because the Nazis did not want to leave them behind. More truckloads of documents were taken by Porsche's son in law, Anton Piëch, to Austria at the end of the Third Reich and were not made available to the researchers.

After the publication of the book discussions about the treatment of the workers were finally started. There were some attempts made to have the victims compensated but because of the difficulty to locate the different individuals involved, Volkswagen decided to give 12 million German Marks to the different countries where most of the workers came from to be used for social programs like youth organizations and hospitals.

This book was supposed to be translated and published in English, but Ferdinand Piëch, the grandson of Ferdinand Porsche, who in the meantime had become CEO of VW interfered and did not allow an English translation because his grandfather and father were mentioned as being implicated in many of the actions going on during the war. Piëch thought it was a deliberated attack on his family and stated "To whom is all of this of any use".

The author of this book, Hans Mommsen, died Nov, 5 2015 on his 85th birthday. ■

# ON THIS DAY: MAY 28, 1937

On this day in 1937, the government of Germany—then under the control of Adolf Hitler of the National Socialist (Nazi) Party—forms a new state-owned automobile company, then known as Gesellschaft zur Vorbereitung des Deutschen Volkswagens mbH. Later that year, it was renamed simply Volkswagenwerk, or “The People’s Car Company.”

Originally operated by the German Labor Front, a Nazi organization, Volkswagen was headquartered in Wolfsburg, Germany. In addition to his ambitious campaign to build a network of autobahns and limited access highways across Germany, Hitler’s pet project was the development and mass production of an affordable yet still speedy vehicle that could sell for less than 1,000 Reich marks (about \$140 at the time). To provide the design for this “people’s car,” Hitler called in the Austrian automotive engineer Ferdinand Porsche. In 1938, at a Nazi rally, the Fuhrer declared: “It is for the broad masses that this car has been built. Its purpose is to answer their transportation needs, and it is intended to give them joy.” However, soon after the KdF (Kraft-durch-Freude)-Wagen (“Strength-Through-Joy” car) was displayed for the first time at the Berlin Motor Show in 1939, World War II began, and Volkswagen halted production. After the war ended, with the factory in ruins, the Allies would make Volkswagen the focus of their attempts to resuscitate the German auto industry.

Volkswagen sales in the United States were initially slower than in other parts of the world, due to the car’s historic Nazi connections as well as its small size and unusual rounded shape. In 1959, the advertising agency Doyle Dane Bernbach launched a landmark campaign, dubbing the car the “Beetle” and spinning its diminutive size as a distinct advantage to consumers. Over the next several years, VW became the top-selling auto import in the United States. In 1960, the German government sold 60 percent of Volkswagen’s stock to the public, effectively denationalizing it. Twelve years later, the Beetle surpassed the longstanding worldwide production record of 15 million vehicles, set by Ford Motor Company’s legendary Model T between 1908 and 1927.

With the Beetle’s design relatively unchanged since 1935, sales grew sluggish in the early 1970s. VW bounced back with the introduction of sportier models such as the Rabbit and later, the Golf. In 1998, the company began selling the highly touted “New Beetle” while still continuing production of its predecessor. After nearly 70 years and more than 21 million units produced, the last original Beetle rolled off the line in Puebla, Mexico, on July 30, 2003.



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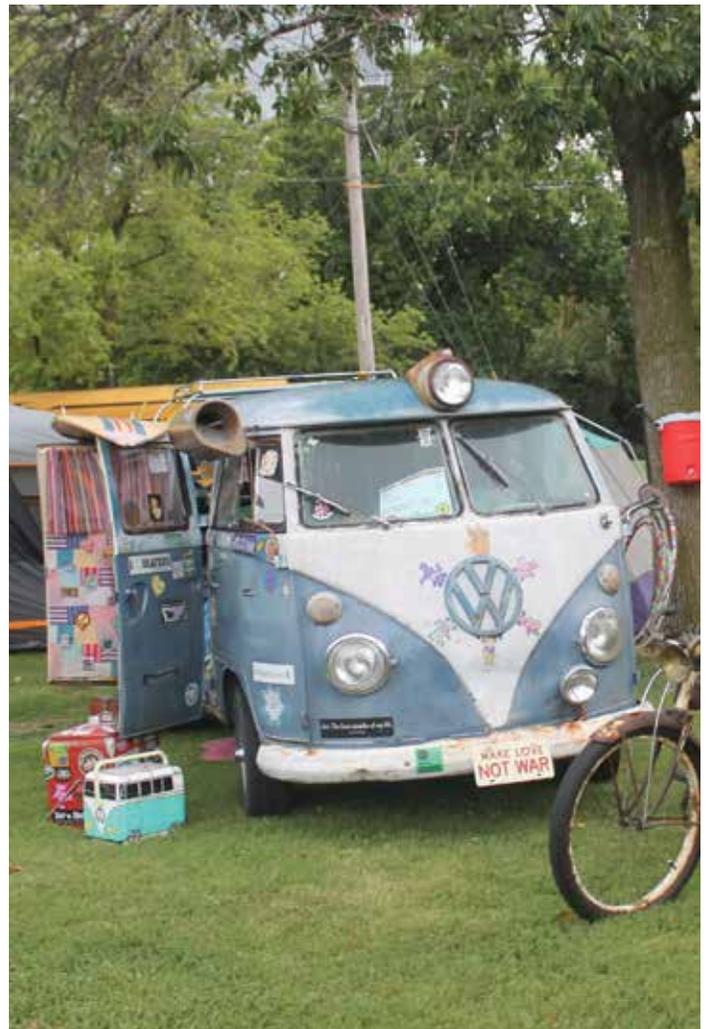
# Pass the Umbrellas Please

By Bill Pierson  
Photos by Chip Beck

So many titles for this accounting of our German Car Club of Kansas car show come to mind: “Just Rafflin’ in the Rain”; “White Water Raffling”; “Very Wet Dubs in Kansas”, to name a few more. But let’s just allow a straight-forward recounting of the day’s events tell the story.

81 entries from Kansas, Missouri and Nebraska made their way to Salina on a beautiful fall morning for the ninth annual GCCK German car show. The forecast had been for a rainy Saturday, but most folks arrived at Oakdale Park under delightfully clear skies on September 24th, 2016. Campers picked out their sites and pitched their tents (or popped their Westy tops). A number of vehicles took part in the nearby downtown street fair parade. Students from the Ft. Hays State U. art department set up their equipment for a series of metal casting demonstrations. The Kansas Auto Modelers group arranged their display, which included a commissioned, large-scale rendering of a GCCK member’s Porsche 993 Turbo S (which he opted to park nearby for comparison purposes!).

The food vendors prepared to take care of our gastronomic needs. A local folk-singing duo set up and began to aurally enrich the event. German cars of varying manufacture and condition were duly registered and parked for public viewing and participant judging. The club photographer arrived on the scene, as did our own St. Pauli girls, who posed for photos with vehicles and their owners. A number of attendees were disappointed to learn that there were no more raffle







tickets available for the restored '74 Super Beetle which was to be given away at the conclusion of the show.

Then, after eight years of beautifully dry Sonnenblumen Autofests (that's Sunflower Car Shows auf English), the inevitable happened: It rained. Actually, it poured, and not just once, but three or four times from late morning until our earlier-than-scheduled awards ceremony. GCKK show organizers were mightily concerned, but eventually gratified by the numbers of hardy, German-car-loving folks who stuck it out through the rain to see the show to its conclusion.

The top vote-getters in each of sixteen vehicle classes (half VW and half other German marques) took home handsome mugs etched with our GCKK crest. The Best of Show winner, for his immaculately prepared, modified Oval, was Jamie Miller of Berryton, KS, who won a trophy topped with an aluminum Bug cast by the Ft. Hays students!









Other special category awards were given out, sponsors and attendees were thanked, and finally, one ticket was pulled from among the more than 1500 sold for the 1974 Super Beetle which had been restored by GCCK members and students and faculty from the auto restoration program of nearby McPherson College. (Watch for a *VintageVoice* story on that project.) We phoned the winner of the car immediately, who ran shrieking from Home Depot in Topeka, leaving her bewildered husband in the check-out line without his wallet! No sooner had we bid farewell to the faithful still assembled in the park than a clap of thunder sent us scurrying for shelter. As we ponder next year's event, we can only hope for more Sonnen in Sonnenblumen Autofest 2017! ■

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# REISEN MIT RICO, TRAVELS WITH RICO

An Anthology of Memories, from Landgut Burg, Stanford-in-Germany,  
1968-1971 Landgut Burg, Stanford-in-Germany Campus. Beutelsbach, West Germany

*By Tod Tolan, Group XXIV, used with permission from Tod Tolan*

## Story 9

### RICO'S DILEMMA

JUNE 1970

**B**y June the European continent was warm and lush with new spring growth. Some students were making plans to return stateside, while others, like Les Bush, were making arrangements to extend their cultural experience with further summer travel. Rico and I had a different dilemma to ponder. According to German law, each automobile must pass a thorough safety inspection prior to re-licensure. Rico's extended temporary license was now expired. Although his spirit was strong, the cost to repair Rico to full licensure status was beyond my economic abilities. We settled on a frugal yet daring plan that called for ingenuity and international deception. Like a James Bond thriller, we implemented our plan for transnational flight and self-imposed exile.

I spoke with my friend Siegfried de Rachewiltz of Brunnenburg, Tirol, Italy. Tirol is in the south Tyrol (Süd Tirol) area of northern Italy. This area was ethnically and linguistically Germanic but had been annexed by Italy after the fall of the Austrian-Hungarian Empire at the end of WW I. Rico could be happy there, we surmised. He could retire to the clean mountain air of the Tyrolean Alps and escape from the stifling bureaucracy of der Vaterland (the fatherland, i.e. Germany).

"But how to cross the German-Austrian border?" That was the question. Rico was sure to incur the scrutiny of the border guards. His license had long ago expired! We had to devise a plan to avoid discovery. The German metallic license plates were similar to those used in the states. An official colored license plate sticker indicated new registration, required every two years. Rico's sticker was white-- more than two years old! I needed either this year's blue sticker, or next year's yellow sticker. "Hmmm, the yellow magic marker! Would it work? Was the color close enough? What if it washed off in the rain?" These thoughts raced through my mind.



*Rico and author at the German-Austrian border.*

It's one thing to feign ignorance if caught with expired plates, but to be discovered trying to conceal the expired plates would surely incite the wrath of the autocratic border guards. I decided this trip, Rico's final Reise (travel) out of Deutschland, was too risky to expose another student. Who knew? Perhaps it would be my final trip as well!

#### **Wir sind bereit/We are Ready**

I chose the same well-traveled route that we had completed before ("Three Week Break", Editor). First we would drive east to Munich, then south to overnight in Erling Andechs with the Aschoffs. Next, drive south, stopping briefly in Oberammergau, site of the 1970 Passion Play. Then drive further southward, crossing into Innsbruck, Austria and eventually through the Brenner Pass into northern Italy. The major hurdle would be the German-Austrian border. The destination countries, Austria and Italy wouldn't be particularly concerned about an expired auto license. They primarily focused on passports and insurance documentation.

The drive through Erling Andechs and picturesque Oberammergau was peacefully uneventful. The road was clear but the sky was gray and foreboding. Rain would surely sabotage our plan. I stopped by the roadside and

covered the license plate patch, now yellowed by magic marker, with clear cellophane. I contemplated our options. Rico and I decided to exit the autobahn and opted to leave southern Bavaria through a smaller, less congested border crossing. As we approached the guardhouse, I could see two uniformed German guards speaking with the drivers in the cars ahead. My heart was pounding now. It wasn't raining yet, but the clouds were dark gray and threatening. I decided to remove the cellophane, as it might draw attention to the altered rear plate. I would have to take the risk that rain would wash off the yellow disguise. Sometimes the border guards are bored but thorough. Other times they are so busy that they wave car after car through the crossing without checking. Today I was not so fortunate. Now, it was our turn. Rico advanced, then stopped. I rolled down my window, just as I noticed a rain drop land on the windshield.

"Grüss Gott," I smiled, trying to be so nonchalant.

"Wohin fahren Sie?" the guard asked as he thumbed

through my papers. (Where are you headed?)

"Bolzano, Süd Tirol, danke," I offered.

"Eine Moment, bitte," the guard requested, as he took my papers with him into the small guardhouse!

"Our goose is cooked now!" I feared. Still, he had NOT inspected the altered rear license plate. It was sprinkling generously by the time he returned with my passport papers in one hand and an umbrella in the other!

"Gute Reise, fahren Sie heil und gesund," (Good travel, drive safe and sound) he offered monotonically as he handed me my papers.

I eased Rico toward the Austrian guardhouse. While waiting our turn in line, the rain was steadily increasing. Theoretically, these border guards could have rejected our entry into their country, but we breathed a collective sigh of relief as the guards waved us through! Next stop, Italy. ■

## Story 10

# RICO'S GOLDEN YEARS

**A**long with most of the other students in Group 24, I arranged for independent transportation back to the states in July of 1970. I left secure in the knowledge that Rico had found a peaceful place to retire and enjoy his 'golden years'. Siegfried de Rachewiltz assured me that Rico was welcome at Brunnenburg (Castello Fontano) and would most likely be used sparingly to ferry his mother, Mary Pound de Rachewiltz, up the steepgravel road to the town of Tirolo. Wasn't I surprised when less than a year later I received an official inquiry from the Italian Ministry of Police!

How they traced me to Palo Alto, I will never know, but much to my amazement, I received a demanding document from the Italian High Police regarding ownership of a 1953 Volkswagen, last registered to me while living in Beutelsbach, West Germany. After some difficulty I was able to reconstruct the circumstances which began this 'Unfall' (mishap). Apparently, Siegfried had loaned Rico to an Italian buddy known for his leftist political leanings. This 'buddy' had parked Rico for several days on the city streets of Merano. When the Polizei investigated, they discovered boxes of leftist pamphlets in Rico's rear seat. Perhaps fearing a communist invasion, Rico and his contents were confiscated. Rico still sported the long expired German plates from when he carried my friends and me around the European continent. Through diligent sleuthing and meticulous German bureaucracy, officials

were able to trace the automobile to me. Siegfried assured me not to worry, as the confiscation issue had been resolved, and Rico had been returned to Brunnenburg. In February of 1971, I received the following letter from Siegfried, then at Harvard, concerning my old friend and trusted companion, Rico.

*Dear Tod 28-1-1971*

*"I am sorry to hear of an 'Unfall' (mishap) with Rigo (Rico); the name you mentioned does not ring a bell. Unfortunately I didn't have complete control of who was using the car while I was here (in Cambridge, Mass.). I know Graziella and her boyfriend used it a few times and I think Pat (Patrizia) did too. I also lent it to a friend of mine twice, but he reported no accidents. Anyway, for this very reason, I took Rigo to the 'Eisenhaendler' (Scrap Metal Works) when I was at home over Christmas, with instructions that they could keep the 'carcass' and just put the engine aside. So, as of then, Rigo is no more. Anyway, I will try to find out what the Unfall was all about, and I don't think you should experience any further 'hassles'." Ciao, Siggo (Siegfried de Rachewiltz)*

Alas, and so it was, that Rico met an untimely demise, after falling victim to but another international political incident not of his making. I returned to Brunnenburg two summers later in 1972. The vineyards were thriving in the warm days and cool nights typical for the Tyrolean Alps. Patrizia and Siegfried were home, entertaining friends from school. Siegfried handed me Rico's keys. Now only the memories and these keys remain. ■



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