

*Sebring, here we come! Just a few minor adjustments on the Porsche and we'll be ready.*

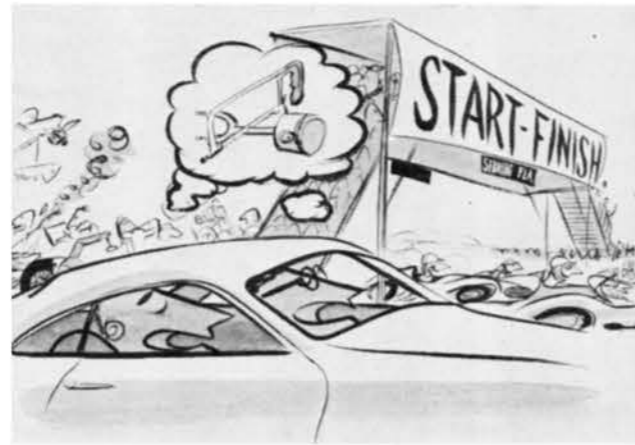


*State policemen, proverbially courteous and friendly, commented on our sober driving.*

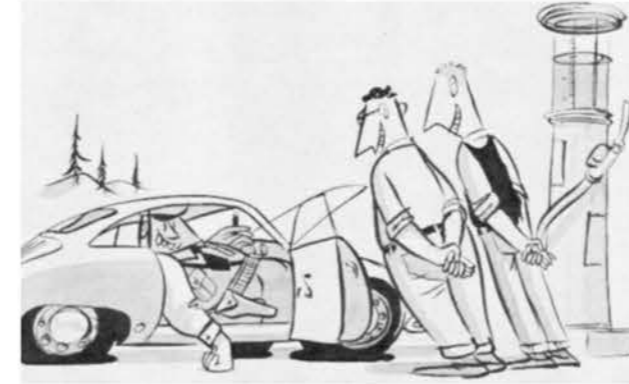


*We quickly adjust to seat belts. Reflex to remove them upon getting up was immediate.*

# ON, BORGHESE!



*Bristling with energy, we arrive on the scene. Lack of sleep never deterred the enthusiast.*



*Heading home, we stop at garage and hobnob with local constable. Impressed with Porsche.*



*The Porsche was handling like a dream—floating. And suddenly, we were flying.*

## How NOT to go to Sebring.

**S**EBRING, FLORIDA. Scene of the famous Florida International Twelve Hour Grand Prix of Endurance. Focal point of the entire sports car world in March each year. High point of American road racing. Center of all enthusiasts' interest.

The attraction of this fabulous event is almost irresistible to the lover of racing's color and clash, sport and spectacle. To two native California car fanatics, exiled in the winter-bound wastelands of Michigan, the call was irresistible.

"Let's go to Sebring."

"Okay, you talked me into it. Shall we fly down?"

"You crazy, boy? We'll go in my ever dependable hopped up Porsche."

"Hmmm. Is it running all right?"

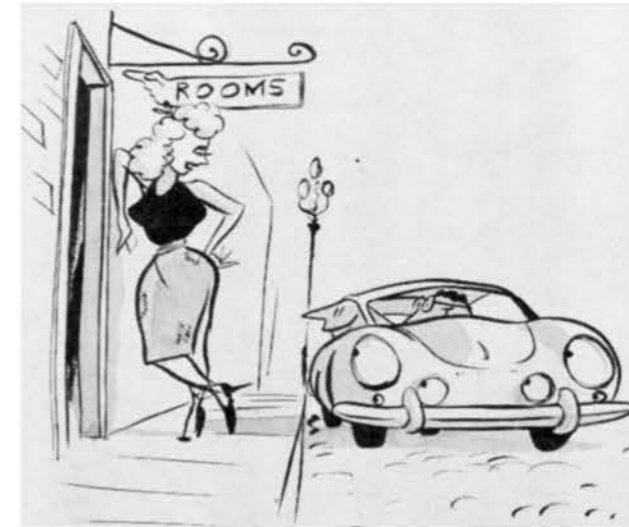
"Sure. Just needs a few adjustments. We can do them the night before we leave. Nothing to it, boy!"

Thus began a great adventure. Helpful friends encouragingly assured that the car would never make the



*Side-tracked for a while on Georgia backroad we get directions from gentleman farmer.*

state line. As if to underline their comments, the Porsche slyly shed one of its exhaust pipes, produced three flat tires in twenty minutes one evening, bathed its clutch in expensive imported motor oil, and responded to the fitting of driving lights by blowing innumerable fuses. But nothing daunts pure enthusiasm, and Thursday morning before the great race saw two intrepid Porsche travelers well on their way.



*Proceeding through the Southern rural areas we find the natives friendly. So were we.*

Before starting, it had been agreed that conservative, steady driving was the key to a successful trip. And, aside from an occasional 90 mph sortie through an obscure hamlet, with the passenger emitting ringing cries of "Oh, Borgese!" to entertain the populace, this was adhered to. These techniques were much appreciated, especially in the South. In fact, several courteous state policemen found time, despite their pressing duties, to stop and express



*Sebring was never like this . . .*

their views on the subject.

Among the many opinions offered by interested observers before the journey started, by far the most common was that the car would be so uncomfortable that complete exhaustion would set in before the halfway mark was reached. Favorite point for ridicule was the seat belts in the car.

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## Sebring

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"Yah. Ya might wear 'em 'til ya get outta town, but they'll be too much trouble on a trip that long."

On the contrary, after wearing seat belts for a while, one becomes so accustomed to them that it is an automatic reaction to undo them every time you get up from your seat.

Because it was necessary to obtain time off from work to make the trip, the scheduling was very tight, to minimize that time. While it was intended to allow a reasonable driving time, there were a number of hours allotted to sleep. At Sebring, everyone wants to be fresh for the race. Unfortunately, a slight miscalculation of 300 miles absorbed the sleeping time, but what matters a little lost sleep? Sebring had been reached, and the race was too exciting by far for sleep.

After such a long trip and such a fierce race, the 1450 mile homeward trek seemed a dull and anticlimatic, if necessary, task. And, indeed, except for putting seventy four miles into one hour once, the first 500 miles was dull.

Then came the blow! **DETOUR-BRIDGE OUT** said the sign. Which was true enough, but not very explicit. There was a bridge out, all right, but it was on the detour road. Sailing over the crest of a hill at seventy, the Porsche was suddenly suspended in mid-air as the roadbed was replaced by a river some two feet lower. Two quick bounces and the car was on pavement again, only the low-mounted horn damaged.

"What was THAT?"

"Road washed out."

"Oh."

"It's all right. We don't have to go back."

Another sign: **BRIDGE-OUT-ROAD CLOSED FROM BARLOW'S MILL TO HIGHWAY 76**. Trapped! Impossible to go on, impossible to go back.

The Porsche was off course considerably, but this provided the opportunity to explore the true rural south far from main interstate highways. Considering that they had never seen such a thing as silver and red Porsche in their quiet towns before, the natives seemed quite friendly.

The remainder of the trip proved to be uneventful, but the harrowing experiences just past provided a lively topic of conversation.

It was easy to tell, even in a state of extreme fatigue, when Michigan was reached again. Just two days after leaving the sun drenched course at Sebring, a fresh six inch snowfall greeted the weary travelers.

A co-worker later exclaimed, "My gracious, you fellows certainly have a lot of enthusiasm." It seemed better just to smile, walk away, and not mention the motorcycle from Quebec parked in front of the Sebring Hotel. *There's* enthusiasm.



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