

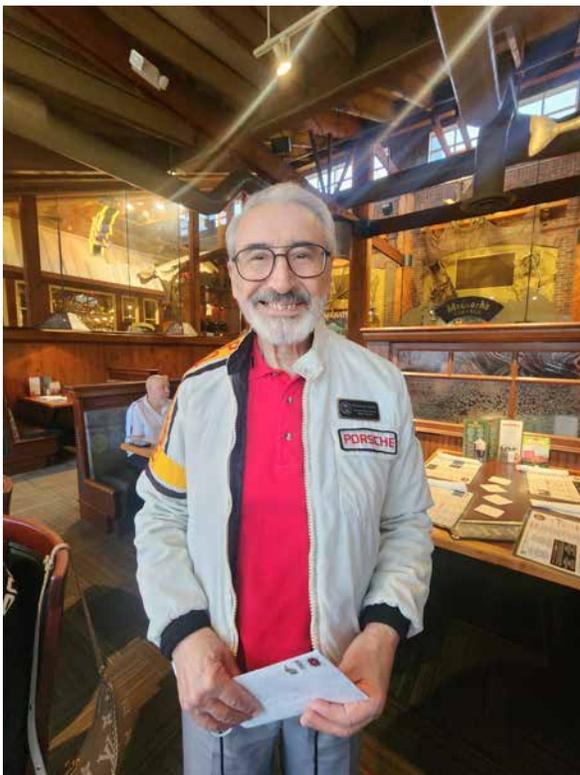


Solid Gold: My 53-year Porsche Story

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I had a beat-up '58 356 Speedster in 1960, when I was in college. After college I got a job, I got married, had a son, bought a house near San Francisco, and again bought a sports car, this time a used '63 Series 1 XKE 6-cylinder convertible.

I was living the typical American life, having everything with monthly payments on it all! The decade of the Sixties, the election of John F. Kennedy and his assassination, the Vietnam war, the assassinations of MLK and Robert F. Kennedy, the start of the flower children and hippies movements kept the decade very eventful. Then came the Seventies with the election of Richard Nixon, the Laos and Cambodia mess, the end of the Vietnam War, and Nixon's ping-pong diplomacy with China kept everyone busy. Adding to that was the women's lib





Sharon Shafa's 50th Anniversary Pins from PCA and ORPCA.



Koorosh's 50th Anniversary Badge from PCA.



movement. Older members may recall the bra-burning rallies in front of the White House, hot pants, and topless bars.

The women's lib movement changed my life. My wife had a good secure job. She divorced me, taking my son and everything else with her. I went through a very bad time. I sold the XKE and went through a deep depression.

One day I was in Palo Alto near Stanford University when Embarcadero Porsche caught my eye. It was February 1973. I walked around the parking lot looking at used Porsches, then walked into the showroom. There were two 911S coupes, two 911T coupes, and one 911T Targa in there. After checking all of them, I felt that I couldn't leave the dealership without one of them. My attention was on the Targa when I got to talking with the salesman. While I was trying to get the best deal, my attention turned to a gold-color 911E coupe sitting outside the showroom. I walked outside with the salesman following me.

That was, as the saying goes "love at first sight." I

forgot about the cars in the showroom. The salesman told me that the car was a special color in limited production for customer demonstration and distributed by Porsche AG to certain dealers worldwide. Because of the gasoline crisis of the early Seventies, they outfitted it with a "T" engine for less horsepower, but better gas mileage. Other than that it had what was called an "appearance group", which meant that it came from the factory with all of the "S" options, but the lower compression engine. It had a five-speed transmission like the "S". Also, not to rob the engine of more power, it did not have an air conditioner, but living in San Francisco, who cared about that? Needless to say, I bought the car. Even though it only had 37 miles on it, the dealer kept the car overnight to change the oil and filter, all fluids, and detail it. I went home happy as a clam, but a little disappointed that I couldn't take the car with me.

The next day I picked up my car and drove home behind the wheel of a unique Porsche. My depression lifted and I thanked my ex, although not face-to-face!

The first thing I did was to take the car to the racing brothers, Kirburg Motors, shop to replace the exhaust system. Instead of the restricted system, which was part of the certification regulations in California, I installed a free flow exhaust to let the engine breathe easier. I don't think I contributed to air pollution, as every year it passed the strict smog test with flying colors.

Fast forward to 1991, I married an Oregonian car girl who was driving a 1973 BMW 3.0 CS and a 1957 Chevy Bel Air. She moved to San Francisco and we had many memories with all three cars.

Forward another thirteen years, and we both retired at the end of 2003. Both her father and my mother had passed away and Sharon wanted to move back to Oregon to be closer to her mother, who was needing closer attention. I was thinking of selling the Porsche and getting a newer one, but she insisted I keep the old horse and restore it. There were just too many memories with that car! I am so thankful to her.

In January 2004 the restoration started on "Ferdin", named after the genius Ferdinand Porsche. The first thing they asked me was, "did you talk it over with your wife?" I told them the car was there because of her insistence. That gave them peace of mind. It was a "ground-up restoration", body remaining on chassis.

We sold our house in San Francisco and bought one in Vancouver, Washington because her mother was moving there.

It took two years to get the car

back. It was ready for the 2006 Porsche Parade in Portland, Oregon, sponsored by ORPCA. The engine was overhauled in the Southern California city of Downey. All the parts used were either Porsche parts or by Porsche AG-approved manufacturers, such as Mahle and others. They installed the new valves to work with unleaded gasoline, so there was no need for additives anymore. They modified the bore and stroke, and the compression was increased almost to the level of a 911S and shipped back to the restoration shop, where they put the 911S emblem on the car because it now had everything an "S" has including the engine specs.

The body paint was done in Oregon with lots of problems like not being able to match the original paint color. A couple of Porsche dealers were contacted with no help. Even Porsche AG couldn't help because they didn't manufacture that color anymore. The help came through paint chips off an original spot and the use of a special computer. It came very close.

The interior is original except for the Coco Mats floor covering and the headliner, which is also Porsche approved. All of the numbers match; I have the original owner's manual, almost all of the tools (minus two), original front trunk carpet, Blaupunkt radio and clock. Five original Fuchs wheels, including the spare. I have all of the original sales papers.

Since restoration it has only been driven in the rain once or twice. ■

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