

1948 The first sports car

bearing the name of Porsche is built. On June 8, the Porsche Type 356 prototype, chassis number 356-001, is ready for action.

1950 Porsche relocates

from Gmünd, Austria, to Stuttgart. The company does business as “Dr. Ing. h.c. F. Porsche KG.” Production of the first Porsche sports cars in Zuffenhausen starts in March.

1951 The company’s founder

and automotive design engineer Dr. h.c. Ferdinand Porsche dies on January 30 at the age of 75. He is laid to rest in the burial chapel on the Porsche family’s ancestral property in Zell am See, in the Austrian Alps.

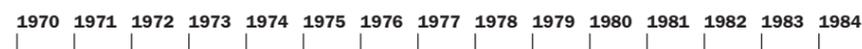
1952 The beginning of this year

marks the publication of the first issue of *Christophorus*, the “Magazine for the Friends of the House of Porsche.”

1954 From now on, the Porsche logo embellishes the front hood of every Porsche car. Designed by Ferry Porsche and Franz Xaver Reimspiess, it combines the Porsche namemark with Stuttgart’s “prancing horse” emblem and Württemberg’s coat of arms.

1955 At the Mille Miglia, all three starting Porsche 550 Spyders reach the finish line—placing first, third, and fourth in their class.

1956 Porsche achieves a new sales record with the 356 A coupes, cabrios, and speedsters in its 1956 fiscal year; 4,269 are shipped from the Zuffenhausen plant. Over 75 percent of these are exported.



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A Young Boy’s Patience

By Wolfgang Peters

Men, machines, memories—through the decades, the passion for Porsche has been shaped by personal experiences. It was a wonderful time in the 1950s with the 356 A 1600 Speedster.



Under the chestnut tree the heat was bearable. A hot summer had been blanketing the land for weeks, and the teenage boy was leaning back against the tree. He had been waiting four hours now, and in this instance his patience was unlimited. When he started to become bored, he’d absent-mindedly pick at the recent scab on his left knee, while never losing sight of the object of interest from under the shade of the chestnut. These days, just before his high school graduation exam, he had all the time in the world, and he learned to be patient.

The young lad didn’t mind waiting. No one was going to bother him here, and when it came to cars, he knew at least as much as the next guy. To keep it that way, he had now been leaning for nearly five hours against the trunk of this chestnut, a magnificent tree by the edge of a beer garden in Bavaria. There was a good reason why this teenager didn’t succumb to boredom during his watch of the

parking area. He had singled out a particular car to watch on this hot day in June of 1958. Actually, he hadn’t singled it out but had encountered it, and it was like a dream in the midst of a bright summer day. Some five hours ago he had happened by here on his way to the pool, intending to talk with his friends about the recent soccer game. Germany had lost the World Cup match against Sweden. Erich Juskowiak, a defender on the German national team, had been sent off the field.

The teen still felt bothered. Not because of the soccer defeat. He just had no idea how much longer he needed to wait. But for this car, parked over there on the scorched brown lawn, he would keep on waiting. Until the next day, he swore to himself, as he looked up into the crown of the tree, which was now being whipped by a gust of hot wind. The harbinger of a thunderstorm. Dark clouds filled the sky. And then again another gust of wind.

Otherwise, everything remained calm. The boy was getting worried about the car, which now looked like a dark puddle of quicksilver on the parking area in the shadow of the thunderclouds. A severe thunderstorm or even hail—the boy couldn’t imagine what that might do to the Porsche 356 A 1600 Speedster. This was the car he had discovered, and he still felt a chill run down his spine as he imagined how the engine would sound when the driver would start the low-slung car that was parked, with the top down, on the dry lawn.

The boy knew all about the 356 family of cars, the Coupé and the Cabrio, but he had never come across a Speedster. The windshield was lower, its frame just a bow, the seats were small, and the tachometer was in a different spot. If this is a Super Speedster, the boy said to himself, it puts out 75 horsepower at 5,000 rpm.

That’s right, said a voice beside him, and the boy snapped out of his daydream. Come on, I’ll give you a ride, said the man, as he ran for the Porsche among the first raindrops. He swiftly put up a small roof that looked somewhat like a pup tent. The rain drummed on the fabric and the engine buzzed behind the boy, foretelling an exciting future. ◀

For another story, turn to pages 46–47: The Pharmacist’s Passion