

**1959 With the Type 356 B** series, Porsche presents a completely reworked version of the highly successful 356, of which nearly 29,000 units are sold.

**1960 Porsche begins** a triumphant new chapter in long-distance racing with the 718 RS 60 Spyder. Overall victories are celebrated in the Targa Florio, the 12 Hours of Sebring, and the European Hill Climb Championship.

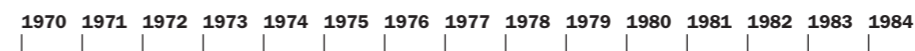
**1962 The Type 804 is Porsche's** first race car designed specifically for the Formula One. Dan Gurney wins the Grand Prix of France in it.

**1963 A prototype of the new** Porsche 901 is presented at the IAA in Frankfurt. The new model boasts a six-cylinder overhead-cam (OHC) engine, a unitized body structure, and semi-trailing arm rear suspension. The production versions would become the 911 and four-cylinder 912.

**1967 One of the greatest** racing triumphs comes in the 1,000-kilometer race on the Nürburgring, which Porsche wins for the first time. After 44 laps in the race, five Type 910 racing cars captured the first four places, as well as the number six position.

**1967 Porsche is the first** European manufacturer to meet U.S. exhaust emission control standards. The U.S. Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) engages the services of Porsche to certify other manufacturers' export vehicles on the company's own roller dynamometer.

**1968 Porsche pulls** a hat trick in winning the Targa Florio. As a result of this victory in the Type 907-8, the "Coppa Florio" cup becomes the permanent property of the Porsche company and is given a place of honor in Ferry Porsche's office.

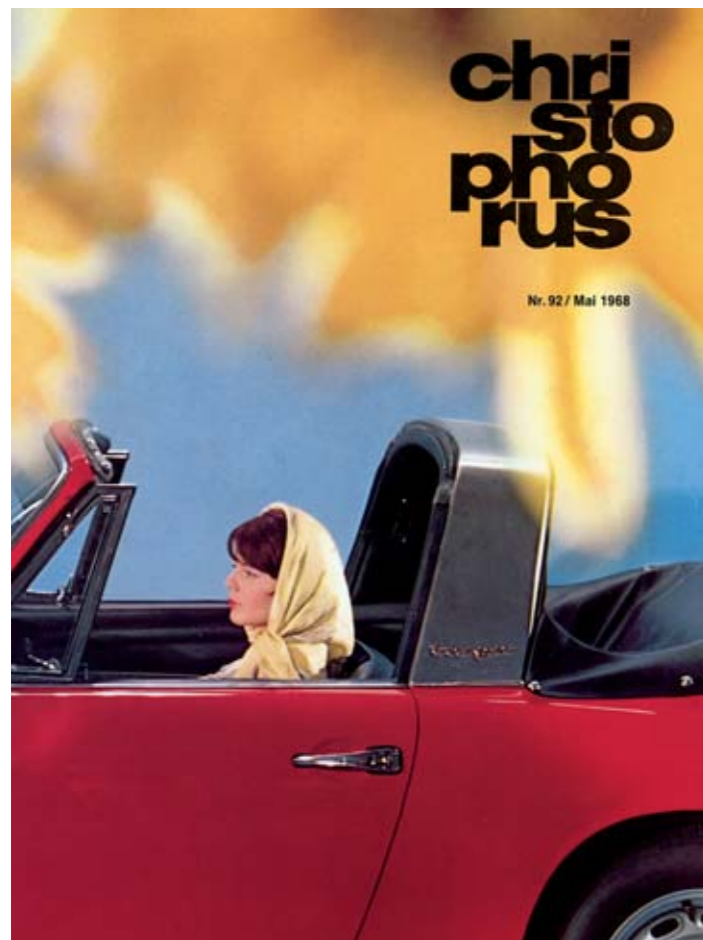


# '68

## The Pharmacist's Passion

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 1960s with the 911 Targa.**



When you're 40, a new love is like a new life. The pharmacist encountered her new love near the scene of a political rally by the APO—the "Extraparliamentary Opposition" movement. This happened on a beautiful autumn day in 1968, and when she recalled it later she could still feel the shiver on the back of her hands, over and over, that she felt during that first blissful encounter on wheels. The day had started like a thousand others before. She had processed prescriptions, bottled some of the hair tonic she had developed herself ("Volles Haar—wunderbar"), and conducted some small experiments in her apothecary shop with herbs and a powder she had obtained from the Central American highlands. She had been hot on the trail of the secret of chlorophyll, but now she was stuck with her VW Beetle in a traffic jam.

"There's some kind of rally at the Opera Square!" her assistant had shouted after her just before she drove off. Somewhere ahead of her the APO was holding a noisy demonstration, and all traffic ground to a halt. The pharmacist was a patient person. She looked around calmly through her VW's window—and her

patience turned to excitement. She saw a car like none she had ever seen before. And her heart beat faster, just like it did twenty years before, when she had succeeded in developing a cream that made dry nails delicate and supple again. The excitement went right to her core. So she navigated her Beetle into a small space at the curb, locked the door, and, holding her ivory purse against her chest as if for protection, entered the large showroom with the big windows. Without hesitation, she walked toward the car she had glimpsed from the traffic jam.

As she spoke of it later over a small glass of her own eggnog recipe, in that moment she would not have been able to donate a drop of blood. Everything inside her was focused on the raspberry-red 911 Targa. She kneeled by the door on the driver's side which had been invitingly opened, and felt around for the ignition key like a child groping for the bow of a present under the Christmas tree: the key was in the ignition. Her sensitive fingertips caressed the metal and the small tags attached to it. In a moment of confusion, her head was spinning a bit. She had found the car of her life and the love of her life at the same time.

The technical data for the sports car with its gleaming, integral rollover bar were displayed on a small sign next to it. She read it quickly, as if it were a packing slip from a drug company: the six-cylinder 1,991 cc boxer engine, with 130 bhp at 6,100 rpm, dry-sump lubrication, a top speed of 210 km/h (130 mph), and a price just under DM 25,000 were all agreeable to her. But the most important detail, which continued to keep her feeling slightly confused, was that the ignition key of the Porsche Targa was mounted on the left side of the large, black steering wheel with the handsome logo on its hub.

The pharmacist was born left-handed and had grown up in a world that kept telling her this was a flaw. From now on she was sure of it: there was an automaker that was right for her. She signed the sales contract in the same hour, and three months later she found herself in the same Porsche Targa with its integral rear window of heatable safety glass, en route to her wedding to the Porsche salesman. ◀

For another story, turn to pages 64–65: The Hatmaker's Return