



**BUYER'S GUIDE: '89-94 TYPE 964**

THE MAGAZINE

ABOUT PORSCHE

# excellence

1994 911 TURBO S ■ 385-HP "PACKAGE" CAR

# unique



**959 TIME CAPSULE**

LAST PRODUCTION MODEL OF THE SUPER 911 HITS THE STREET

**FOUND! THE FINAL 914/6**

A COLLECTION OF 12 SIXES INCLUDES CHASSIS 021, THE FINAL 914/6 BUILT

**DR. FRANK-STEFFEN WALLISER**

PROJECT LEADER OF THE 918 TALKS ABOUT DEVELOPMENT OF PORSCHE'S SUPERCAR

FEBRUARY 2014  
\$5.99 (Canada \$5.99)







Porsche's 914/6 production run barely broke a sweat. Only 3,360 cars were manufactured from 1970 through 1972, a number far fewer than the 4,500 or so Speedsters most people consider pretty rare.

Rarer still are those 914/6s built with the factory M471 package, a \$1,375 option that included flared fenders, rocker panels and front valance, and 6.0-in. Fuchs wheels with longer studs and wheel spacers. Available only in 1971 and 1972, M471 provided race-car looks, à la the 914/6 GT, with street-legal sensibility. However, Porsche chose not to offer

MY72 914/6s to the U.S. market.

Discovering an authentic, factory-optioned M471-equipped 1972 Porsche 914/6 living and breathing 200 miles from my home was like finding Nessie, the Loch Ness monster, lurking in my neighbor kid's wading pool.

Not just any run-of-the-mill 914/6 mind you, but chassis number 9142430260—the very last such beast to roll off the assembly line. The *last one*.

Wow.

The story about 260 is, well, just part of the story. I'll try not to stray too far, or at least too often.

David Hatch is the special owner of this special Porsche. He quickly warmed to my cold-call inquiry about his car. Gregarious, spontaneous, and a genuine dyed-in-the-wool car guy, David graciously invited my wife and me for a visit.

"Come on up. Love to have ya. Too much for one day, though. You've gotta spend the night here."

"Well, I don't know," I counter. "We've got dogs to take care of. We've got stuff to..."

"Listen," David interrupts, "You've gotta stay. You'll be sorry if you don't."

Digging through the junk drawer, I



# The Last One

A collection of 914/6s includes #260, the final of its type off the production line

STORY AND PHOTOS BY DAVID MATHEWS



The last of the breed is first in line at David Hatch's incredible collection of 914/6s.

mary and sage. Parsley, too, no doubt.

And several garages. Ah yes, garages.

David meets us at the door. Baggy shorts, T-shirt, flip-flops, sunglasses. Charming and disarming.

He welcomes us in. So it begins.

Invited to garage park our car, I pull next to a silver 993 Twin Turbo coupe with a menacing rear spoiler. Once inside, David introduces us to his buddy Kurt, David's business associate, good friend, ace number-one mechanic, and partner in miscellaneous mischief. Together David and Kurt keep all the machinery running, a formidable task they both thoroughly enjoy.

After a bit of "refreshing" we are off to see the sights. Part of them anyway: Beautiful artwork, quirky architecture, a freshly planted grove of apple trees, a triple-cockpit Chris Craft runabout.

And motorcycles.

Notwithstanding his Porsche predilection and given the sheer number he owns, David is the consummate gearhead. Motorcycles abound. His dad raced Indians; perhaps David's affliction is hereditary. Vincents, big honkin' Harleys, Indians, a dainty, single-cylinder BSA, and a BMW or two for good measure all share space and dribble a little oil onto the garage floor. Each is interesting in its own right. Each has its story to tell.

Other automobiles compete for space: a 1967 Jaguar 4.2 roadster, a beautiful red Amphicar with white propellers, and a sinister black 930.

Yeah, that '89 Turbo was juiced by Andial for a little extra horsepower. "Hard to keep that one pointed straight," David says.

I cannot help but notice a sheen of dust and a bit of bug muck on these cars. Obviously David and Kurt exercise them regularly on nearby back roads.

In yet another garage, a sleek, black Audi A8L W12 rubs shoulders (figuratively, not literally) with a 1937 Rolls Royce 25-30 limousine.

Too many stories. Not enough time.

Something occurs to me. No 914s in sight. Three garages visited and still no 914s.

Hmm.

A beautiful sunset and wonderful dinner cap the evening. David attended the Culinary Institute of America (CIA) in Hyde Park, New York, some years back. Knowing his way around the kitchen, he serves us slow-smoked pork ribs, sautéed lettuce drizzled with melted parmesan, potato salad, and prodigious quantities of Zinfandel. Tart cherry pie completes the feast.

Retiring for the night, Camilla and I are awestruck. And puzzled.

"Where is that 914/6? What about that car?"

I thought we'd visited all the nooks and crannies, garages and cubbies, but no sign and no mention of 260.

Regardless, patience is a virtue. I figure, or at least I hope, that the next day will bring us that treasure. Not that we'd been disappointed at all for the past five hours.

Not at all.

Morning breaks with a brisk breeze, coolish fall temperature, and the anticipation of what comes next. After a breakfast of homemade biscuits and gravy, Mimosas, and coffee, we head out for a short drive in the Rolls. This grande dame is striking blue and black and chrome and brass, tastefully pinstriped in gold. There is something about sitting behind a sliding glass partition on an overstuffed leather bench seat, surrounded by burnished wood trim and shiny pulls and buttons that makes one feel, well, elegant.

find the phone number of that kid who used to watch our dogs a few years back. With such an intriguing invitation, what could I do but spring this proposal on my dear wife, Camilla?

Both embrace the idea. A quick call to David seals the deal.

The next day we are on our way. Passing beneath the stone archway to David's sprawling estate, I know we made the right decision. Abutting miles of rocky Wisconsin shoreline, his property is immaculately manicured and sculpted. Cottages. Outbuildings. A greenhouse groaning with tomatoes, jalapeños, rose-



Although our trip lasts just a few miles, we drift in thoughts of a more gentele past. That is until David flips on the “Trafficator” to indicate his intention to change direction and begins to slow this behemoth. Luxury is the Rolls’ strong suit. Brakes are not. Having just crested a steep hill, we approach the crossroad with gravity and 4,000 pounds of momentum urging us onward. Those old binders begin to howl and squeal like Joe, my English bulldog, when he wanders too close to our Invisible Fence. Across the road, sparkling, bright blue water looms ominously closer. David assures us that he thinks the brakes should hold.

More squealing.

Slowly but surely we scrub off speed and grind to a stop. Sort of. Then, listing to the right as we make a lazy left turn, we motor sedately back toward David’s home.

Whew.

I am puzzled. I think for sure we would have seen 260 by now. Did I misunderstand? Maybe, he, well, no maybe it, ah...

“This is all absolutely great, David, but what about your 914/6?” I ask. “Where’s that one?”

“Had to save a little something for later,” he replies.

Once back, safely parked, and parking brake set, we swap the Rolls for the W12. On the great space-time continuum, 80 years is a blink of the eye. In terms of automotive development, 80 years makes a difference.

A *big* difference.

Seats that heat, cool, and massage your hind quarters. Alerts to hazards, fore and aft, starboard and port. Entertainment, both stereophonically and in Technicolor.

Brakes that work.

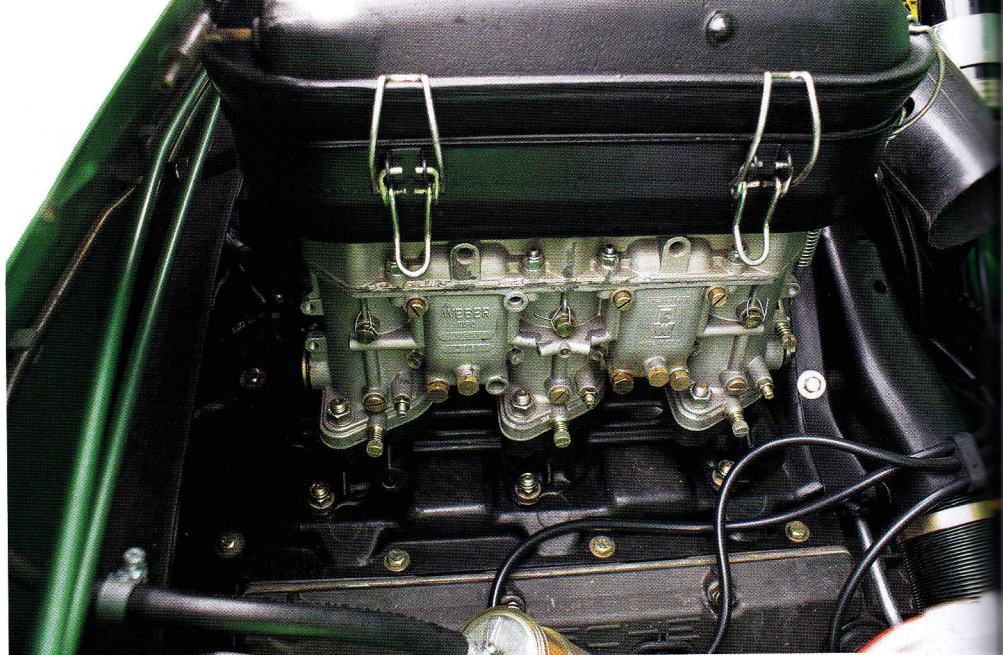
After a ten-mile drive, we arrive at a nondescript building. Unbeknownst to me and nearly everyone else, this is the corporate headquarters, race shop, and all-purpose clubhouse of the “RUNAMUCK Racing Team,” a tight-knit group of wrench twisters who dabble in fast cars and tall stories. I anticipate something very special.

I am right.

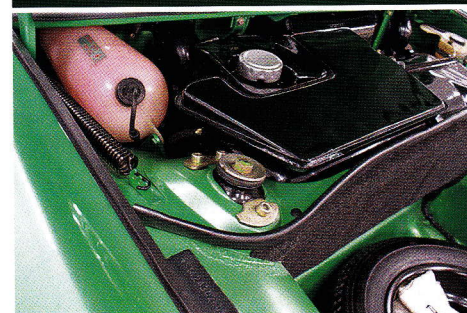
David and Kurt turn keys, flip switches, and open the door.

There, staring right back at me is the *last one*. Squat with muscular shoulders. Michelins on Fuchs. Alloy “S” calipers. Neither brash nor bashful. Simple. Purposeful. The perfect ’70s color: Viper Green Metallic.

And behind it, *eleven* more Porsche 914-6s. And an unrestored 1927 Pierce



The final production 914/6 was discovered for sale in Germany but had been repainted. A world-class restoration brought it back to original shape and garnered the coupe a couple of first-place concours finishes. Its show days are over, but the car still enjoys days out on the open roads of Wisconsin.



Arrow. And two MG TDs. And more spare parts than you can shake a stick at. Porsche nirvana.

Fumbling with both camera and notebook, I begin to record as much of this scene as I can. There is so much, it’s difficult to stay on track.

“What possessed you to collect Porsche 914/6s?” I ask.

It turns out he bought his first one back in the ’70s as a practical matter. At the time he was driving one of those MG TDs. However, in winter the thing was cold as a mother-in-law’s stare. Despite installing a heater and sealing off the window curtains with duct tape, his girlfriend still shivered and complained.

Apparently no sense of adventure.

“That heater would singe the hair on

your ankles but wouldn’t warm up the car enough to keep your nose from running,” he recalls.

David bought the Porsche, because it had roll-up windows and a decent heater. He opted for a 914/6, because he was a “hotshoe” even then.

Although he subsequently sold his first one, probably in some ’70s-induced haze, he muses, he quickly bought another. And another.

Over the years, his collection grew. Some of his twelve have Fuchs wheels, some have steel wheels, and one or two sport Mahle “gas burners.” A couple are European spec’d cars. Some have the M471 package.

To feed his need for speed, David and Kurt converted one of the Porsches to a



## VEHICLE TYPE

Mid-engined, rear-wheel drive, two-seat, Targa-roofed coupe

## ENGINE

Flat six, normally aspirated, air/oil-cooled, double overhead camshafts

## BORE X STROKE

80 x 66 mm (3.15 x 2.60 in.)

## DISPLACEMENT

1991 cc (121.45 cid)

## FUEL DELIVERY

Two triple-choke Weber carburetors

## MAX HP

106 @ 5800 rpm

## MAX TORQUE

116 lb-ft @ 4200 rpm

## CR

8.6:1

## TRANSMISSION

5-sp. man. (Sporto-matic optional)

## LENGTH

3985 mm/156.8 in.

## WIDTH

1650 mm/65.0 in.

## HEIGHT

1230 mm/48.4 in.

## WHEELBASE

2450 mm/96.5 in.

## FRONT TRACK

1343 mm/52.8 in.

## REAR TRACK

1383 mm/54.4 in.

## CURB WEIGHT

980 kg/2,156 lb

## DRAG COEFFICIENT

N/A

## WHEEL SIZE, FRONT

15 x 5.5

## WHEEL SIZE, REAR

15 x 5.5

## TIRE SIZE, FRONT

165HR-15

## TIRE SIZE, REAR

165HR-15

## CALIPER, FRONT

Fixed 2-piston

## CALIPER, REAR

Fixed 2-piston

## DISC TYPE, FRONT

Ventilated discs

## DISC TYPE, REAR

Solid discs

## DISC SIZE, FRONT

11.12 in./282 mm

## DISC SIZE, REAR

11.26 in./286 mm

## 0 TO 60 MPH

8.8 sec.

## TOP SPEED

123 mph

## FUEL TANK CAPACITY

16.4 U.S. gallons

## REQUIRED OCTANE

Premium unleaded (91+)

vintage racer. With a Richie Ginther windshield, a big hoop roll bar, hopped-up engine, and fiberglass body panels so thin a strong wind would cause them to ripple, David and his RUNAMUCKers spread terror at tracks such as Road America for several years.

"If I could not out-run them, I knew I could out-brake them," David remarked. "Those Porsche brakes *stop*, time and time again. I'd dive underneath those guys approaching a turn, and..."

But that's another story.

"How'd you come across the *last one*?" I ask.

As it often happens, this gem was hidden in plain sight. David ran across 260 in the classified section of *Panorama* a few years ago. David jumped at the opportunity, calling the owner in Germany to discuss the car and the details. A deal was struck, an inspection was arranged, and the rest just fell into place.

Some previous owner had painted the car red, knowing, but not appreciating, the significance of originality. David took the car to Karosserie Stimming, a world-class automobile restoration shop, located in Bad Segeberg, Germany, just 435 miles due north of Stuttgart on *Bundesautobahn 7*. There it underwent a complete, no-holds-barred, no-expense-spared, two-year restoration. Everything returned to original...jack in the sack, tool kit, shop towels. Everything.

Upon arrival, David and Kurt devoted countless hours ensuring everything was right, even the windshield washer gizmo connected to the spare tire. These two guys are mechanics first and polishers second. On this car, as with each in David's collection, everything works.

And they're perfectionists, too. When David decided the chrome bumpers were not quite up to snuff, Kurt removed them and sent the bumpers to a well-known plater for re-chroming.

Completion of this project coincided with the upcoming 2010 Porsche Parade in St. Charles, Illinois. With that in mind, David decided to enter 260 in the full concours. David had not competed in a car show, let alone a national concours.

A surprise lay in wait. Racers, remember?

Scotching around on back and belly, David and Kurt spent hours preparing the 914/6 to its highest level. Preparation paid off. In her first-ever concours, 260 took first place in Restoration Class, garnering 291.6 out of 300 points.

Special, right?

Even with a first-place trophy, David and Kurt were a little miffed.

"Those guys are nuts," David says. "They penalized me for using a little Armor All on some rubber bits. When that judge came up to me with a little smudge of something on his white glove, I nearly told him where to...well, never mind."

Encouraged by sadistic acquaintances to enter 260 in a second concours, the invitation-only 2011 Milwaukee Masterpiece Concours d'Elegance, David grabbed another "First In Class" trophy.

Two for two. There will be no more concours events, however.

"Been there, done that," shaking his head. "Not my bag."

Back to the present. I stand next to history and am eager for a piece of it. Getting into 260 takes a little contorting, but once inside I belt up and settle back to take it all in. A twist of the key. Those Weber carburetors pop and snort a bit, then smooth to an even idle. There is something magical about the sound and smell of this air-cooled Boxer six that makes it way better than most things legal.

Or illegal.

A gentle drive allows fluids to warm and pressures to build. Then, we begin to play a bit. Each shift pushes the tachometer needle farther to the right. The 901 transmission shifts crisply. Perfectly. Wind rushes through open windows, swirling and mixing with a 6000-rpm howl just twelve inches from my head.

Not overpowering, this Porsche, but intoxicating. Mesmerizing. Rock steady, 260 flows with each twisting undulation of the road. No strain. No complaint. No drama. Endorphin overload.

Time passes too quickly. We head back to RUNAMUCK Racing to park 260 safely and securely away. Looking again at this amazing collection of Porsche 914/6s, I find it difficult to turn away. But Camilla and I have a long drive ahead, and the sky has clouded considerably. Thunder rumbles somewhere in the distance.

After hugs and handshakes and promises to stay in touch, we reluctantly leave this glorious place and head back to reality. Memories of that flat six reverberate in my head.

I smile. I shake my head. I laugh out loud.

By the way, did I tell you that David also owns 9142430259?

Well, that's another story. ■