

It has been requested that the members write about the first Porsche that we had purchased. So in this spirit I submit a tale of my first Porsche and hope all other members do the same.

My wife, Clar was making noises about retiring her Datsun 280 Z and getting something else, so I was on the lookout for cars that she might like. One day one of my clients said that he needed to get rid of some items in his back lot including a 924 Porsche. This was one of those “car for sale” moments. I was drawn into the back lot for a look.

It was a 924 Porsche for certain, but beyond that all other points were strictly conjecture. The car was black with the white spray painted zigzag graffiti that young hoodlums use to mark their territory not unlike rogue dogs marking the neighborhood post, hydrants, and trees. I tried the doors but they were locked. As I squinted through the dirt and zigzags on the side glass, I could see the gear lever was out and laying on the floor. The car was straight saving some small dings and the paint overall looked OK.

I went back in and asked the price. It was in my normal buying range. Anything in 3 figures always got my attention. Asked about the “history and condition” my client, whom I trusted considering our relationship, said it was a former employees car. “It was running when he parked it back there. He owed me money so when he quit, I kept the car”. I figured the Porsche would clean-up and made the deal. Good car for Clar I thought.

The next day I returned to take the car. “Where are the keys to the door” I asked. “ The doors are not locked.” my Client said. I went back to the car and tried the drivers door. It didn’t open. I gave a harder pull and the door came off and hit the ground, almost getting my foot. Back inside the office, my efforts to renegotiate the price failed. If I wanted the car that was the price. I was at that time of life when I knew I could fix anything, so I made the deal. After all it was a Porsche.

Carefully placed in the home garage, I invited Clar out to look at her “New Car”. She opened the garage door took one look and slammed the door. Well at least I have a “New Porsche” I thought. The 924 cleaned up and polished out very nicely. It also started up on the first try. Reattaching the door took a little more work but I created a very strong fix. Not a Porsche one but one that would not fail again. Of interesting note; I looked at several 924s in the bay area and many had the same problem with the drivers side doors. The factory had engineered 4 spot welds to hold the vertical back portion of the hinge to the vertical section of the door frame. But it looks like that the weld machine failed to make the fourth weld. In researching a fix I found with only 3 welds and a weak door stop strap, most early 924s I saw had broken drivers side door hinges. A 924 door is very very heavy.

In the end I had a rather nice 924. Clar would barely come near it. The first look being too much of a shock I presume. The 942 is a heavy car and I could not fall in love with it so I sold it for a nice profit and bought my first 911. But that isn’t a story I am ready to tell yet.

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