

Kurt Wirth Tribute by Rob Clark

My dear friend Kurt Wirth passed away Thursday November 29, 2018 from bone cancer. "Damn shit" as he called it. A very private and proper gentleman, he didn't even tell his friends until mid-August.

I drove him to the storage building in early June to pick up his beloved '65 356SC Cab. That was a good three weeks later than normal. As far as I know, that drive home was the last time he drove his SC. No trips to the Gilmore Museum. No having a beer and cigar together watching the cars leave the Wednesday night cruises.

Such an interesting life! The stories he shared, from picking up chunks of coal with his brother along the train tracks in WWII Germany to heat their house (at night to avoid the Nazi soldiers) to his career as a sales manager for Johnson Wax both in the USA and Europe. Driving everything from a Fiat 500, BMW 2002, Pontiac station wagon, and of course Porsches.

A very particular eater he was. He admitted his daughter Stephanie didn't like eating out with him because he always had to "change" the menu. One of his favorites: hamburger, burnt, no bun. Fries no "sprinkles" (seasonings), and no garlic on anything! On a "Spring up to Traverse City" event one year, we stopped in Northport to eat lunch in a sandwich shop in an old house. He couldn't find anything on the menu he liked but he saw whitefish pate and asked the server to "ask the chef if he could have a piece of whitefish before it was made it into pate". We said, "Kurt, there is no chef, there's only a college kid with a microwave and they buy the pate from Gordon Foods". The server, of course, came back and said they couldn't fill his request. We all laughed about that.

Damn it Kurt. Why didn't you tell us sooner? There is so much we could have talked about, laughed about. I'm going to miss you, my friend. Take care.

Rob Clark