

VAIR STREET JOURNAL

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA CORVAIR CLUB

MAR/APR 2007

All Those Good Times

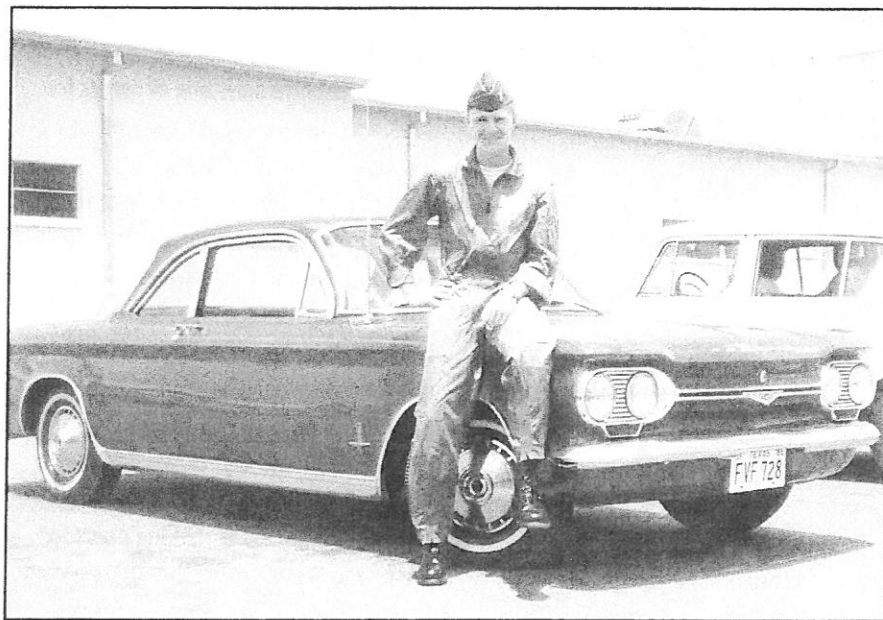
by Al Friend

Note: This article was written and published in the CORSA Comuniqué in 1974

WHILE REBUILDING SOME carburetors, I took one of those rare occasions to reflect back on the good times I had with my first Corvaire. Yes, this little red '64 Monza and I have been together for a long time. When I bought it in December of '64 I became the proud owner of my first automobile. I never dreamed we would still be together ten years later. I certainly didn't expect it to be in showroom condition in 1974 and winning trophies no less.

Funny, I hadn't thought of buying a Corvaire as I finished up Air Force Officer Training School in San Antonio in 1964. I needed a car for transportation home on Christmas leave. I wanted one of those new Mustang fastbacks, so I had a test drive. All it took was once around the block to tell me that the Mustang was out. That light rear-end fishtailed no matter how slowly you turned a corner, and really—a fiberboard dash!

Next stop was the Chevy dealer, where I saw a honey of a 65 Corsa convertible. "The second revolution," the salesman said. Needless to say, I was favorably impressed,



Early 1965—At Navigator Training, Waco, Texas. Al's red Corvaire Monza coupe, with Texas plates was only a few months old. The car in the background is a Nash Rambler. Editor's note: Could you see anyone, and I mean anyone today, including Al himself parking, their derrière on the fender of that coupe, or for that matter, on any other part of that car?

but I really needed something less expensive. I finally settled on a "last year's model" that was still available at a bargain price. To tell you the truth, I liked the early model styling better anyway. After all was said and done I ended up with my 64 Monza 4-speed and my good buddy Bob Meader bought the 65 Corsa Convertible. (Also red).

1964—Graduation—we're now Air Force Second Lieutenants (90 day wonders). We made it and now it's home on leave to see my family and Carole, my future wife.

After having the break-in oil changed it was 75 to 80 MPH all the way home to Pittsburgh. The Monza seemed to love the high speed. Almost home, in the mountains of West Virginia, the long arm of the law got me. Ironically, I wasn't violating any laws at the time. It seems so funny now.

The speed limit was 45 but I never went above 40. The narrow blacktop road wound through the mountains. It was a terribly dark rainy night with patchy fog. I was pulled over

by an elderly policeman and told to follow him back to his office. Which I did, of course. It didn't take long to realize that I would ultimately lose my case. Observing the titles on his desk I noticed that besides the Chief of Police, he was also the Burgess, Justice of the Peace, and the Fire Chief. I stood accused of passing two cars around a bend, while going up a mountain. I pleaded innocent and reminded him that I was driving a Corvaire, not a Corvette. Next I was informed that the fine in this town for passing two cars around a bend traveling up a mountain was \$15-\$50. However, since there was some doubt in this case, I would be let off the hook with a \$15 fine. I paid it—one more word out of me and the fine would have become \$50. The rest of the trip was anti-climactic.

It was great to see my family again, but I sure wanted to see my girl. So, next day off

see **Good Times** on page4

Minutes of the March 27, 2007 WPCC Member Meeting

Officers Present:

President, Don Cekus
Vice President, Jim Steigerwaldt
Secretary, Pat Greenwald

Board members present:

Tim Desmond
John Gundlach
Jim Heatherington
Steve Puskas

The meeting was called to order by President Don Cekus.

The minutes of the February 24th board meeting were read and approved.

The treasurer's report was read and approved. The balance is \$2,366.49.

Don stated that our treasurer, Dwayne Cekus, called Harry Jensen of CORSA concerning our chapter dues for 2006. There was no record of it having been paid so Dwayne forwarded a

\$20.00 check to CORSA. Pat Greenwald was in contact with Mr. Jensen via email concerning the chapter report filing over the web.

The tentative schedule of events for 2007 was reviewed and additions and clarifications were made. Don announced that he is planning to attend the May 4-6 Virginia Vair Fair in Leesburg, VA and the October 19-21 Fall Corvair Affair in Charlotte, NC. Also, Al Friend called Don with information about an overnight bus trip to the AACA Museum in Hershey on April 21st. Those interested should call Howard Finney at 724-834-3450.

John Gundlach is making plans for the trip to Wellsboro in the 3rd week of August as well as the Saxonburg Car Show and picnic at the Gundlachs' on September 9th.

Don is planning to attend the Meyersdale Maple Festival on Sunday, April 1st. Meeting place is the McDonalds in New Stanton. Departure time is 9:30.

Don and Bob Hieber attended the PA Legislative Council meeting in Harrisburg on March 25th. Don reported that there were some very interesting presentations describing the work of the council and the lobbyist acting as watchdogs over proposed legislation affecting old cars, antique plates, inspection rules, etc.

The next regular meeting is Tuesday, May 22 at John Harvard's Brew House in Wilkins Township.

Respectfully submitted,



Pat Greenwald, secretary

2007 CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Please note that some of the events listed are tentative and/or in the planning stages at this time

May (Final date not set at this time)

Trip to Erie

Cruise Rt. 5, tour a winery & the Erie Maritime Museum. Event coordinators: Don Cekus and Jim Madden

May 22

Meeting at John Harvard's Brew House*, Wilkins Township

June 10

Trip to Jennerstown

Lunch at the Green Gables Restaurant and a theater matinee to follow. Jim Heatherington, event coordinator

June (Final date not set at this time)

Starlight Car Cruise in Wexford

Jim Madden, event coordinator

July 17

WPCC Meeting at Kings, Rt 910*

(a week early)

The July meeting is one week early due to the CORSA National Convention

August 4

2nd Annual Victory Hill Car Show
Monongahela area. Entry fee, food, trophies, best of show and more.
Dwayne Cekus, event coordinator

August (weekend of the 18th or the 25th)

Wellsboro, home of the Pennsylvania Grand Canyon
John Gundlach, event coordinator

September 9

Saxonburg Car Show and Picnic at Gundlachs'

Guess who the event coordinator is?

September 25

Meeting at John Harvard's Brew House*, Wilkins Township

October (Final date not set at this time)

Cross Country Trip across Pittsburgh
Bob Hieber, event coordinator

November 27

WPCC Meeting at Kings, Rt 910*

January 6, 2008

Holiday Party

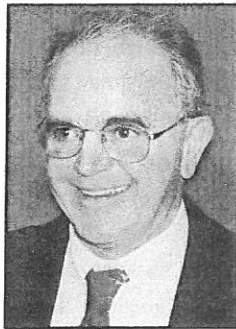
*Dinner at 6:30, meeting at 7:30

The Prez Sez

After a long cold winter, I am looking forward to the upcoming Corvair events.

I spent most of the fall and winter months working on my newly acquired black and gold Greenbrier van.

Working on early model Corvairs and vans is a whole new experience for me. Finding the subtle and sometimes extreme differences between early and late



Don cekus

models is somewhat of a challenge for me. Thanks to the many phone calls to John Sweet and Bill Artzberger for technical advice, I was able to work out the problems that I had encountered. Also with help from John Sweet, I was able to rebuild a 110 horsepower engine and two 140 horsepower engines. This time I used +20 forged pistons and no. 270 cam shafts which are a step above a stock camshaft.

Hopefully...I will be driving my van to the national convention this year...looking even further ahead, I will be taking either my four door or possibly my van to the 2008 Corvair convention in Ventura, CA.

The board members and I look forward to another great driving season with our Corvairs and you.

Don Cekus

Don Cekus

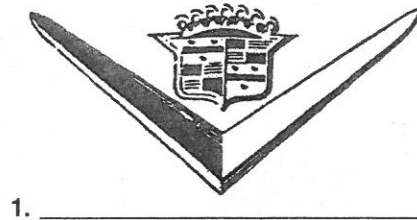
FOR SALE

1964 Corvair Convertible • \$7.5K
• 110 • 4-speed • Engine rebuilt in the '90s • Red with black top and interior • Freshly tuned eng.
• New clutch • Also some extra parts • Call Luke at 412-462-6735

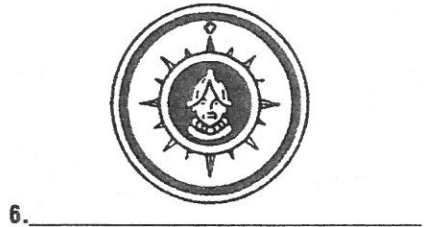
Strictly for Car Buffs

Way back in February of 1983 Bill Artzberger sent 20 car marques for publication in the *Vair Street Journal*. They did in fact appear 23 years ago, but I thought it might be nice to try them again. Below are ten of the 20. Make no mistake, these are

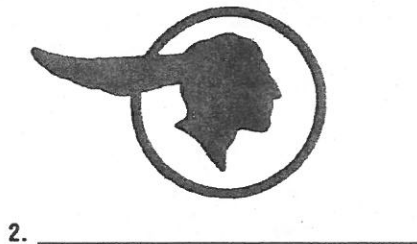
the easy ones. The second batch of ten that will be published at a later date, is tougher to figure out. And, just for the record, No. 7 is not an early version of the Hyundai mar- que. These are *all* U.S. manufactured auto- mobiles. Answers are below. No peeking!



1. _____



6. _____



2. _____



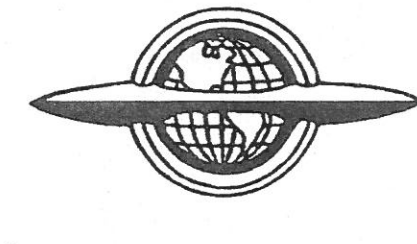
7. _____



3. _____



8. _____



4. _____



9. _____



5. _____



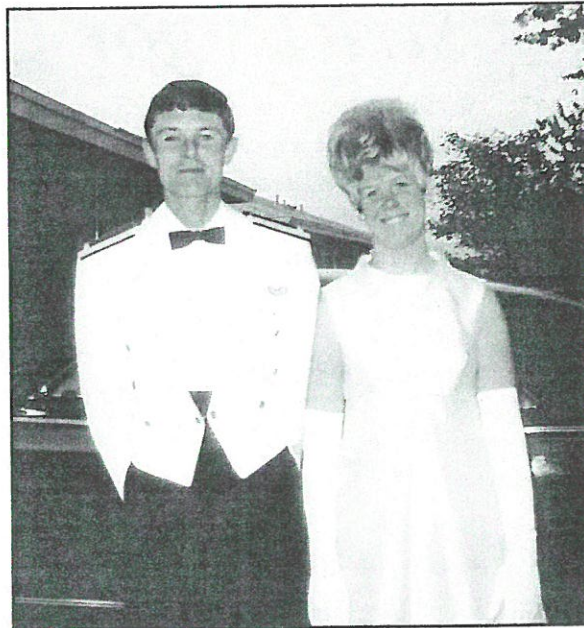
10. _____

1. Cadillac; 2. Pontiac; 3. Mercury; 4. Oldsmobile; 5. Packard; 6. De Soto; 7. Hupmobile; 8. Franklin; 9. La Salle; 10. Kaiser

Times continued from page 1

to Titusville, Pa. About a hundred mile trip straight north. It started to snow as I left Pittsburgh, and about an hour later it was a sheer blizzard. Now, I didn't even think about snow tires or chains. Was I ever in for a pleasant surprise, that Monza just kept on a-goin. I couldn't believe it, right up Butler hill like it was level. It began to snow even harder and the temperature was dropping. Plowing through the high country, around Franklin, a VW and I were the only vehicles still moving. We were cruising right along, but when he started going up Pecan Hill sideways, I had to pass him with a departing beep beep.

Other funny episodes with the super little car kept popping into my head. One night in the summer of 1965, after dinner in Waco, Texas (navigator training) Ken Goldner, another buddy, and I were sitting at a red light. Two young Texas gals pulled along side in a '57 Ford, and said "Bet ya all can't catch us!" Off we went across the open country. The speedometer seemed to leap to the 100 MPH peg. Great fun, until they turned onto a gravel road that they knew and we didn't. The dust was so thick that I couldn't see more than fifty yards ahead, while Ken was screaming, "Get this hog moving." I mentioned—that was a hell of a thing for someone who drives a VW to say. Before I could blink an eye we were in the middle of a left and then a right S turn with watermelon fields on either side, and at 70 MPH no less. I did the only thing I could; whipped the wheel hard to the left (love that over-steer), hit the gas when headed in the right direction, then ditto to the right, and after that cloud of dust again. Would you believe, that crazy New Yorker was still screaming for me to go faster. About ten minutes and six hairpin turns later the girls pulled into their house. They greeted us with laughter



Al and Carole, ready for a formal affair in 1967 at the Officer's Club on Altus Air Force Base, Oklahoma

as we arrived about 30 seconds later. They mentioned that they had done this on one previous occasion, but they ended up pulling those poor boys in the red Falcon out of the watermelon patch. I didn't realize the beautiful irony here until many years later.

Oh yes, I remember the night at the Officers Club that I thought I'd catch a five minute nap before going back to my room to change. It was about 8 o'clock and we had been playing chug-a-lug games since we landed about 5 o'clock. Gee, that bucket seat sure felt comfortable. Pulling out of the lot, after my five minute nap, I noticed that the lot was empty. I then discovered that it was 4 A.M. and I had just missed Friday night. Not even a backache—such comfort!

It is now 1966 and another graduation—now we had our navigator wings. Four of us decided to take two weeks and travel together to California, where we were being assigned. There was Bob Meader, from Richmond, Va., who drove the '65 Corsa, Ken Goldner from New York City who drove a VW, Wayne Heffner (the playboy) from everywhere in the Carolinas, who drove a Chevy, and myself. What a fearsome foursome! We decided that the best way to pro-

ceed would be for each of us to get a Holiday Inn listing book and meet at designated Inns each night. It worked beautifully; we always ended up at the designated motel within a half hour of each other. This was quite a feat considering we usually started out in four different directions. Bob always considered it un-American to use a road map.

On rare occasions we would end up on the same road at the same time and travel together for a spell. I remember following Bob across the New Mexico badlands one night. I had been trailing about an eighth of a mile behind him for about an hour. It was one of those lonely straight stretches of highway, with nothing to give up an indica-

tion of your speed. Then I noticed that my speedometer was pegged at 100 MPH. I was sort of shocked by this, and began to throttle back. Nothing happened—the needle seemed glued to the peg. Now I was really mad at myself because I had broken my speedometer. The needle finally did come off the peg and functioned properly. Later, over coffee, in a little desert town. Bob brought the fact to my attention that we had actually been maintaining 125 MPH for about an hour. Sorry Monza—I didn't know, but you didn't complain either. We also discovered that Bob had made hamburger out of a poor jackrabbit during that run. Corsa hubcaps are really sharp when trimmed in rabbit fur!

We had a ball on this trip, Texas was as far west as any of us had been previously. We took our time and made the usual stops—Vegas, the Petrified Forest, Hoover Dam, The Grand Canyon, and Los Angeles. Thanks to Wayne's last name (Heffner) we received the royal treatment at the LA. Playboy Club.

We survived nine months as bachelors in California, burning the candle at both

Times continues on page 5

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ends, of course. The Monza was a fun little car out there, whether cruising the freeways, running the sand dunes, or climbing the High Sierras on our way to Lake Tahoe. California drivers are the best I've seen except in the fog. At least back then, nobody slowed down even though you couldn't see to the end of your fender.

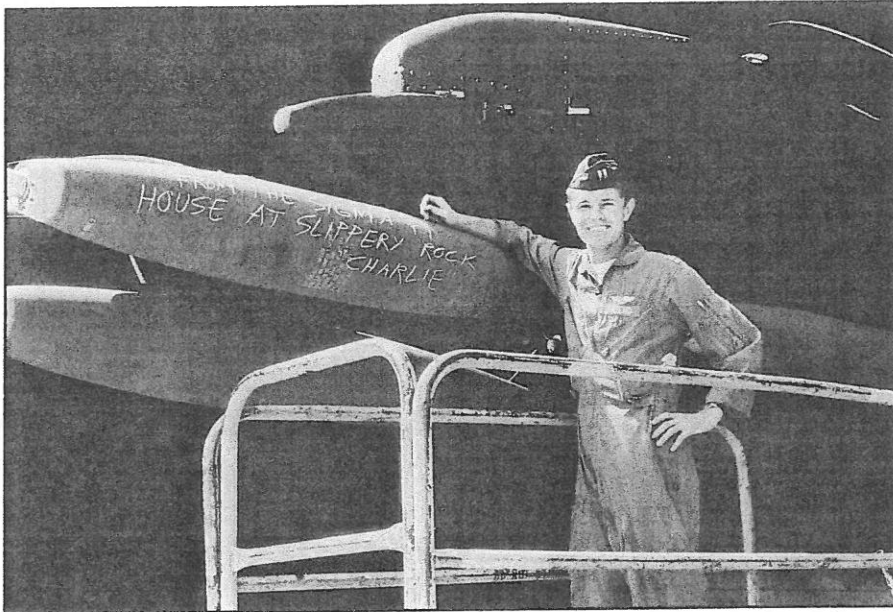
In 1967 Bob and Ken remained at their operational C-141 unit at Travis A.F.B. near San Francisco. Wayne was assigned to

Burns Flat, Oklahoma and I went to Altus, Oklahoma, both B-52 outfits. Oh well, at least we got another fun trip out of it. So we left Sacramento for Oklahoma, heading west of course! One last fling in San Francisco and a round of golf at Spyglass Hill before Los Angeles. Across Death Valley this time, because it's there! The Monza loved it, ate up that desert like it wasn't there.

The Air Force people at Altus were just tremendous, and the local people have to be the friendliest people on the face of the earth. Carole, my new bride calmed me down quite a bit, but the little red Monza seemed to keep saying—"C'mon let's have some fun." So one day, we teamed up with the co-pilot and his wife, Vicky and Dick Sipp, to do a little exploring. Need I say which car provided the transport?

After climbing to the top of a 500 foot rock pile we took off down a sectional road between peanut farms. We were in a river

valley and the sand kept getting deeper. Right past a no trespassing sign and into a peanut field. Soon the road became merely tractor tracks but we kept going. About now the sand was rubbing the bottom plate and the girls were contemplating divorce. They



Al stands beneath the wing of a B-52 Bomber during a pre-flight weapons check in 1968 or 1969 at Andersen A. F. B., Guam.

finally convinced me to go back, so a wide turn in the sandy field was in order. This presented no problems to the Vair and we got back into our own tracks. No sweat, except for the fact there was a four-wheel-drive pickup coming right at us. Dick suggested leaving two wheels in one track and putting the other two in the deep sand. If the lady in the truck did the same we could both keep moving and not get stuck. You guessed it! Well it was only a mile back to her farmhouse and the tractor. Ever try jogging in ankle deep sand? Dick, being an Illinois farm boy had no trouble getting us all back on the "road."

After a year and a half in the garden spot of the dust bowl, the Air Force decided to deactivate our unit in 1968. Soon new assignments were passed out. Would you believe Ramey A.F.B. PUERTO RICO! We were simply elated. At the time, we were driving a '66 Pontiac and of course the

Monza. The choice was an easy one, the Vair goes to Puerto Rico and the Pontiac goes on the selling block.

Next day after the best party in modern Air Force history, we bid farewell to Altus. Our course was set for Charleston, S.C. with

the Monza in tow behind the Pontiac. We had lumps in our throats as a crane lifted our baby onto a huge ocean going vessel. "See you in three weeks Monza."

As our plane turned onto final approach to Ramey A.F.B. we strained our eyes toward our new home for the next three years. Our approach took us over the beach and the ruins of an old Spanish lighthouse, then over the golf-

course and finally onto the runway. It was ten A.M. and the sky was enamel blue. Wow, are we really in paradise?

Our answer came quickly. Boy, were they glad to see me, since they were in dire need of navigators. Within four days I had flown three, twelve hour missions and found myself on alert for a week. Poor Carole. set up housekeeping virtually by herself, while trying to get used to the lizards that ran around everywhere.

Meanwhile, back at the dock in San Juan, the Corvaire had arrived. Since I was on alert, guess who picked up the car in San Juan? The lizards were nothing compared to this 75 mile drive, that took almost three hours. Not only was I surprised that she made it, but I was amazed that she actually drove again.

There is only one word to describe driv-

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Times continued from page 5

ing in Puerto Rico—SPORTY. VERY SPORTY! Highway One was really the only major highway and it circles the island. There are far too many cars on the island, and it is literally bumper to bumper from coast to coast. The natives are very aggressive drivers. For example, passing around bends and over the crests of hills, and pulling onto the highway whether or not there is a break in the traffic is commonplace. They are very good with hand signals—too good in fact. A left arm waving out the window means: A left turn is coming; a right turn is coming; no turn is coming; a full stop is coming; an ox-cart is crossing the road; sugar cane truck has overturned up ahead; the road has slid into the ocean up ahead; or he is talking to his passenger and accenting his words with his left had. No problem there! You never, but never take your eyes off the road for even a split second.

I have always believed that "When in Rome, do as the Romans do," and I too became a very aggressive driver. My parents noticed the difference when they visited us. On the way back to base from the airport my Dad asked why I was tailgating. We were going around a bend at the time and I dropped back one car length to demonstrate why I was tailgating. Within ten seconds three cars had passed me and squeezed in. He said "Oh" and kept his eyes closed the rest of the trip. My mother called it "a real white knuckle ride."

The Corvair was a perfect car for this sport, whether it be on the narrow streets of

Old San Juan, winding through the tropical rain forest, or finding yourself in the middle of a flag waving, horn blowing political parade.

In the spring and fall of each year the Ramey people were given special rates at Dorado Beach Resort. I'll never forget driving to Dorado for 50 cents worth of gas



First at the AACA Grand National Meet in Dover, Delaware, June 2006

instead of \$400 in air fares. Or the time one of the tourists noticed our Pennsylvania plates and asked if we flew our car down for our vacation. I replied, "Yes, of course, but we left the Rolls back in Pittsburgh." The Monza was perfectly reliable when the chips were down and really needed dependability. Our crew deployed for six months action in Southeast Asia, and Carole decided to stay on base and teach. It was a last minute deployment, and I had no time to perform preventive maintenance before I left. She needed a dependable car and she had one. The other five wives on our crew had car troubles while we were gone.

Driving in Puerto Rico was so demanding and so punishing that few automobiles ever made the voyage back to the states. We really didn't expect the Monza to hold up to three years of torture, but it did! We were still unaware that a Corvair club was being born, but by now the Monza was part of the family. I had a mechanic on base do some minor engine work. After seeing the inside

of our engine he let us know in no uncertain terms that he wanted to buy the Monza. That did it! Back to the San Juan dock, onto a ship, and the Monza had a second cruise under its belt.

It was now 1971 and the three of us (Carole, the Monza, and myself) were now civilians. Landing in Charleston, S.C. again

the Monza was in the lot waiting for us. It was filthy but it was still in one piece.

Free as birds we took off for Pittsburgh; heading south, of course. One more fling down to the tip of Florida this time, then back to the north country. I landed the job I wanted with a

major brokerage firm in the Steel City.

One day in 1971 while reading the front page of the Wall Street Journal, a story about a club named CORSA appeared before my eyes. You're kidding, a Corvair convention in Chicago. Ralph Nader eat your heart out! Our letter went to the president of the club that night.

You've come a long way Monza baby. We attended the 1972 convention in Gathersburg, Maryland, and brought home the third place trophy in early model modifications. I didn't know you guys repaint your trunks etc.! Last year the Monza brought home a first place trophy from Lime Rock. I painted the trunk during the winter.

So many memories, now we are busy forming the Western Penn. chapter. Sure hope people in our area read articles about our chapter and call to sign up.

Many, many thanks to Al Friend for providing the copy and pictures for this article.

WPCC Current Roster of Members

	NAME	ADDRESS	PHONE	e-mail
1	Adamson, Richard & Doris	251 Lilac Drive, Monroeville, PA 15146	412-372-3452	
2	Artzberger, Bill & Irene	305 Golf Drive, Pittsburgh, PA 15229	412-364-6842	
3	Bachman, Jack A. & Joyce	402 Elfinwild Lane, Glenshaw, PA 15116	412-486-2478	
4	Baker, Don & Joanne	12461 Larimer Avenue, North Huntingdon, PA 15642	724-863-3770	dcbakerscca@yahoo.com
5	Brier, Dick & Carol	493 Sleepy Hollow Road, Pittsburgh PA 15228	412-563-4591	
6	Brill, Jean	502 Kenmore Avenue, Greensburg, PA 15601	724-837-5082	
7	Buccigrossi, Emerick & Letty	1502 Fernledge Drive, Allison Park, PA 15101	412-486-7691	ebuccigrossi@comcast.net
8	Cekus, Don & Mary Ellen	286 Hillcrest Circle, Pittsburgh, PA 15237	412-364-8224 C: 412-952-3190	corsa1@att.net
9	Cekus, Dwayne & Joy	108 Prosser Drive, Monongahela PA 15063	724-258-7778 C: 412-296-0294	peanut1@access995.com
10	Cekus, Ken & Toots	28 Center Avenue, Monongahela PA 15063	724-258-8514	
11	Clapper, Ed & Wendy	158 Ridge Road, Aliquippa, PA 15001	724-375-1461	
12	Costantino, John & Clare	305 3rd Street, Freeport, PA 16229-1141	724-295-2675	
13	Dandois, Dick & Marie	11844 Route 286 Hwy W., Homer City, PA 15748-7803	724-726-5606	dindy2@earthlink.net
14	Desmond, Tim & Michelle	107 Hivue Lane, Pittsburgh, PA 15237	412-761-3926	
15	Fabyonic, Dave & Janice	387 Sierra Drive, Pittsburgh, PA 15239	724-327-7361	davidfab@usa.net
16	Fabyonic, David, Jr. & Melisa	313 Oak Wood Circle, McDonald PA 15057	412-257-4554	
17	Friend, Al & Carole	6000 Great Oaks Drive, Export, PA 15632	724-325-2588 W 888-311-4183	albert_friend@ml.com
18	Goehring, Earl & Diane	140 Whitestown Road, Harmony, PA 16037	724-452-8823	
19	Greenwald, Pat	415 Crestview Drive, Plum, PA 15239	412-795-5719	pggreen233@netzero.com
20	Gundlach, John, Gayle, & Laura	228, McKay Road, Saxonburg, PA 16056	724-352-4205	
21	Hackl, George & Marlene	420, Hulton Road, New Kensington, PA 15068	724-224-0482	
22	Hamlin, Charlotte	2207 Arbor Glen Court, Sun City Center, FL 33573	813-633-6684	hamlinchar@aol.com
23	Heatherington, Jim & Suzanne	128 Sharp Road, White Oak, PA 15131	412-672-0914	suzanne@heatherington.com
24	Hieber, Bob & Donna	1679 Brodhead Road, RR3, Moon Twp, PA 15108	724-457-9712	bhieber@processengineering.com
25	Jones, Judy	3205 Bel Air Drive, Pittsburgh, PA 15227	412-882-2109	wandjones@aol.com
26	Lane, Bob & Ellie	122 Woodhawk Lane, Butler, PA 16001	724-234-3263	ellie@zbzoom.net
27	Lucas, Charles & Sarah	236 W. Marigold Street, Munhall, PA 15120	412-462-6735	chaslucas@gmail.com
28	Madden, James & Heidi	3045 Mt. Troy Road, Pittsburgh, PA 15212	412-321-1654	
29	Matenkosky, Walter & Susan	702 Spring Street, Latrobe, PA 15650	724-537-8922	wmatenkosky@hotmail.com
30	McDonald, Paul & Joyce	258 Evans City Road, Butler, PA 16001-2711	724- 287-5671	
31	Mims, Donna Mae	2467 Brookledge Road, Bridgeville, PA 15017	412-221-3257	
32	Morgan, Robert & Margaret	344 Ridge Road, New Brighton, PA 15066	724-846-6040	
33	Puskas, Stephen	458 Whitestown Road, Butler, PA 16001	724-482-1165	
34	Rising, Connie	155 Ben Franklin Road N., Indiana, PA 15701	724-465-4146	
35	Rudolph, Carl	14 Frances Drive, Coraopolis, PA 15108	412-859-3767	
36	Shearer, Ralph & Joanne	30 Clover Drive, Latrobe, PA 15650	724-539-8645	
37	Steigerwaldt, James & Diane	506 Quail Drive, Cranberry Twp, PA 16066-4074	724-776-0935	
38	Sweet, John & Charlotte	1264 Walnut Street, Stoneboro, PA 16153	724-376-4335	jasvair@certainty.net
39	Tedesco, Bob & Polly	4741 Curry Road, Pittsburgh, PA 15236	412-881-8577 C: 614-496-4000	bptedesco@aol.com
40	Tyger, John & Barb	8399 Rte 954 Hwy. N., Creekside, PA 15732	724-397-2043	ityger@yourinter.net
41	Walter, Lester	100 Thompson Lane South, North Huntingdon, PA 15642	724-863-8437	timeries@aol.com
42	Wardoclip, Paul & Lois	891 State Route 356, Leechburg, PA 15656	724-845-2699	pwardoclip@earthlink.net
43	Watkins, Kerry & Linda	209-1/2 S. Third Street, Youngwood, PA 15697	724-925-1962	
44	Yobst, Robert & Rosalie	518 Bookdale Drive, Pittsburgh, PA 15215	412-963-9943	
45	Young, Bill & Dana	126 Pennsylvania Ave. Bridgeville, Pa.15017	412-220-3896 C 412-260-8359	william.h.young@verizon.net

If you would like to correct or update your listing, please forward the correct information to:

Charles J. Lucas • 236 W. Marigold Street • Munhall, PA 15120 • phone 412-462-6735 • e-mail: chaslucas@gmail.com

VAIR STREET JOURNAL

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA CORVAIR CLUB MAR/APR 2007

Next Meeting

Tuesday, May 22, 2007

*John Harvard's Brew House • 3466 William Penn Highway
(Business Rte 22) • 400 Penn Center Boulevard No. 3466
Pittsburgh (Monroeville), PA 15235
Dinner at 6:30 p.m. • Meeting at 7:30 p.m.*



Never Forget 09-11-01

158
Western Pennsylvania
Corvaair Club
236 W. Marigold Street
Munhall, PA 15120

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA
CORVAIR CLUB

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• The Laurel Highlands Region of the AACA is sponsoring a bus trip to the Antique Auto Museum in Hershey, PA, on April 21. Cost is \$25. Please call Howard Finney at 724-834-3450 for complete details.

• The WPC extends its sympathy to Charlotte Hamlin, whose mother died on March 25. For those who would like to extend their sympathy personally, Charlotte's address can be found within the member roster on page 7.