

CARS I'D LIKE TO FORGET

(A VW WITH A CLOUD OVER IT)

continued



I'm now driving through Charleroi, past the Chevy used car lot when lo and behold there sat a 1961 green Volkswagen sedan. 4 Cylinder, 4-speed, air-cooled (don't need any anti-freeze), and low mileage. (The reason for this will be apparent later.) Hey, they go in the snow and on regular tires to boot. This is just the ticket for Jane to get to school, and this was the first 40 HP engine. Made the deal and traded the Chevy, but not before noticing that the right front fender was a slightly different shade of green than the rest of the car. Not to worry, the former owner had crunched a fender, so they had ordered and installed a new one. A new fender, Great!

I had the car one-day, and had stopped at our Lover General Store to pick up my paper. In the store I heard a screech, and a bang. A car coming down the hill and around the curve at the store had rammed our VW. Off to Cooper's body shop for repairs. Winter had approached and I was selling boats at the Pittsburgh Boat show, evenings. The first night I came out of the arena to my parked VW, and darn, someone had creased the rite front fender. AW, it wasn't too bad. I had next driven the car into Charleroi to pick up a few things, parked in the lot, and upon my return, someone had creased the left front fender. Well, at least they now matched.

Up to this point in time I didn't know much about auto mechanics: Oh sure, I did overhaul my teenage 1939 dodge coupe engine in my father's garage, but knew nothing of bearings, honing, rings and whatever. But, my father offered his help in doing the job. Now dad's best contribution to the world was as a carpenter and a very good one.

Well, even though I kept breaking rings trying to pull them apart to get them over the pistons, and not knowing that the openings were not to be on the same side, we managed to put it all back together and it ran. Never did find out where that coffee can of bolts left over went. Back to the VW.

Upon driving my oldest son to his piano lesson, and observing a stop sign onto Rt 88, the driver in back of us did not and with a loud bang we were pushed forward. Back to Cooper's body shop.