



Winter 2015_16 Vol 19 No 4



Somewhere at the Calasibetta Ranch in NJ?

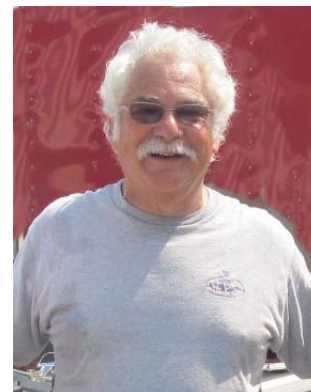
Custom Safari Chapter

Pontiac Oakland Club International

From the President's Garage

By Lou Calasibetta

So here we are in the month of February 2016 many of us are just getting over the holiday season of joy. I was just thinking about the last Safari newsletter. As usual it was a well put together information center for our club. I want to make sure I thank all the contributors who all lead busy lives in some fashion or another. Here's to Rich for his continued efforts, even though he's going through some tough territory in his life following his job loss. My NY Met baseball cap goes off for his dedication and all the hard work that he does for us.



Also I want to thank Tom Young and Randy Kerdoon for the stories about the great group of 1957 wagons out there on the west coast. We all know that Tom has a great knowledge of the wagons, especially the 1957 edition. Wow we all need more members like Tom to help out our cause? "Love of the Safari wagon". Thanks Tom and thanks Randy for your contributions.

Recently I have had an urge to clean out my barn? It has been 49+ years of buying and collecting Pontiacs. I even got a call from a member to ask me how my health is? Nice try! Just look at my photo in the last booklet. I am not starving am I? Way too short for the photo? HAHHAHA! I have to laugh at myself! So I sold the 1957 Transcontinental to a fellow that is 84 years young. He is going to use it as a driver. Good for him. My 1958 Bonneville's are still open for offers, and they are coming in on the phone daily. Well this tells me that the mid 50's Pontiacs still have an attraction. Don't you think?

The weather on the east coast hasn't been the best, but we will soon be dusting off our wagons. Get ready!

Lou



Behind the Wheel in the Editor's Seat

By Rich Pye

Hello Everyone,

So, Punxsutawney Phil predicts an early Spring! Well, he should have been consulted on the Winter that hasn't been. I sure hope the lack of snow holds out here in Western, NY. I have things to get done.....

I am currently trying to balance starting my own business, (hopefully), paying bills, and using the limited free time I have to finish some of my Pontiac projects. The '69 Firebird headliner and the '57 Safari headliner are at the top of my lists as they are holding up ALL the other finishing touches that need to be done. Unfortunately, I cannot afford to have anyone do them, so I'm going to have to suffer through my first attempts. Any suggestions are more than welcome!

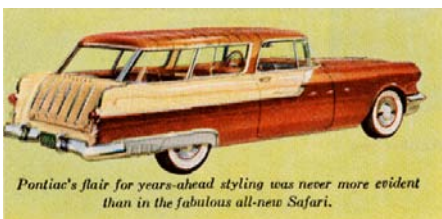
2015 was a year of failing cars in my household. One overheated and warped the heads, another one was involved in a 5-car pileup and totaled, my Chevy Suburban wouldn't start, another one was literally "possessed" with the dashboard module, security module and front end issues, and the transmission went on a daily driver. While I was able to fix the "possessed" one temporarily, it is again acting up and won't start after stranding me twice in the last week. The most interesting one was my Suburban and I'll quickly share a helpful tip on that one.

To put it in perspective, I live in the Northeast so Rust is a daily challenge. The Suburban failed a "courtesy" inspection for rusted out gas straps (the 33 gallon tank was literally being supported by the plastic shroud that surrounded the whole setup.....wow!). I also had some busted exhaust manifold bolts and a major exhaust leak, so I decided to take some time to get after those. I went to drive it into my barn after it sat in the yard for a couple of weeks in September.....it turned over, but wouldn't fire....I couldn't hear the fuel pump.

A couple of days later I got behind the wheel of my Volvo V70, 3/4 ton Suburban in tow, and spun the wheels around the yard until they were both in the barn and the Suburban was on the lift. I proceeded to drop the tank and decided to replace the fuel pump while replacing the tank straps. If you've ever looked up "fuel pump" on one these, I think there was a different model for each day it was in production.....what a pain..... I found the correct one, installed it, and attempted to fire it up.....nothing....."I don't have time for his \$%&*", I said and reversed the towing procedure out of the barn.

Fast forward 4 months and I need a vehicle to tow my utility trailer for my business. I'm ready to buy a junkyard 8.1 liter for this thing to try and solve a couple of problems, and while I'm discussing it with the owner, he tells me to check the 3 grounds on the body and frame.....really??? Well, guess what? The one above the rear driver's side wheel comes off the frame in my hand.....wire brush and jumper wire, and I'm listening to the hum of the fuel pump and I'm driving "Big Red" around my yard in 5 minutes. Apparently these things DO require a good ground and definitely on the harness near the fuel pump. So the moral of the story is "Inspect your ground wires" if your car won't start.....

Hey, I gotta go check the grounds on the "possessed" one....Talk to you in the Spring.



Rich

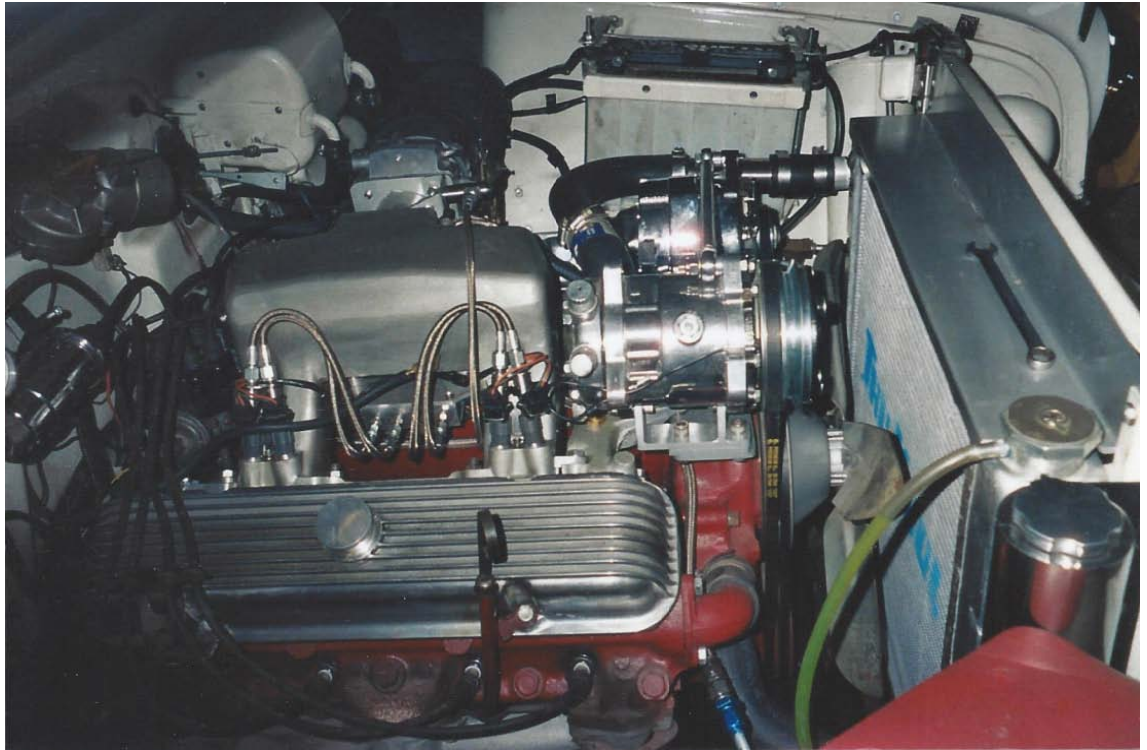
Thinking outside the box: a '56 Fuel Injected Pontiac

By Tom Young

What would you do with bare '58 Pontiac fuel injection plenum?

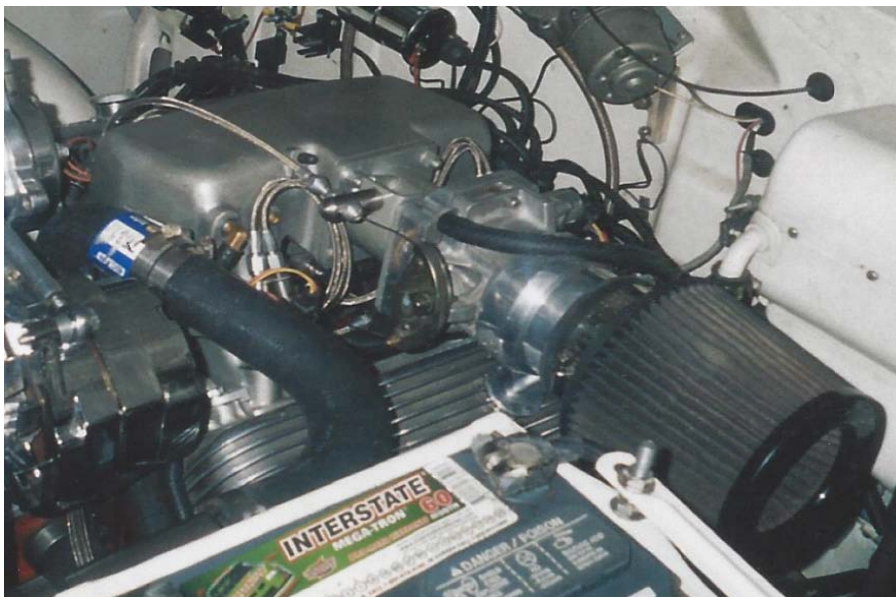
How about selling it to the next guy who looks like a big dreamer!

Well, it seems that POCI member Karl Johnson of California had a vision years ago—to build a modern fuel injection system around an old Pontiac fuelie plenum. His vision grew closer to



reality when he purchased a stripped-down injection unit at a local POCI meet in central California back in the early 2000s. The vendor was very happy to sell it but was very skeptical when he learned that Karl intended to apply modern fuel injection components onto the plenum. Fast forward more than a decade later, the vendor encounters Karl at a Cad-Buick-Olds-Pontiac meet in Clovis, CA. Karl immediately recognized the vendor and proudly claimed that he was successful in creating a new fuel injection system around the '58 Pontiac fuel injection plenum. Even more astonishing to the vendor was

that Karl claimed that it was running on his '56 Pontiac Star Chief 2 door hardtop. Karl did not bring his '56 Pontiac to the meet in Clovis but promised the vendor to send him some photos of the fuel injection set-up on his car. The vendor was simply astonished and inspired when he received a few photos of Karl's car and fuel injection set-up. So who is this mysterious vendor? You guess right! It's me, Tom Young!! I was impressed and wanted to share some of his photos with you.



When building a modified Safari wagon, I am pretty sure that you will agree that building a custom fuel injection system on a Pontiac engine has to really stand-out in a car show. Karl's system is unique and his says that it really runs great!

Photo right:

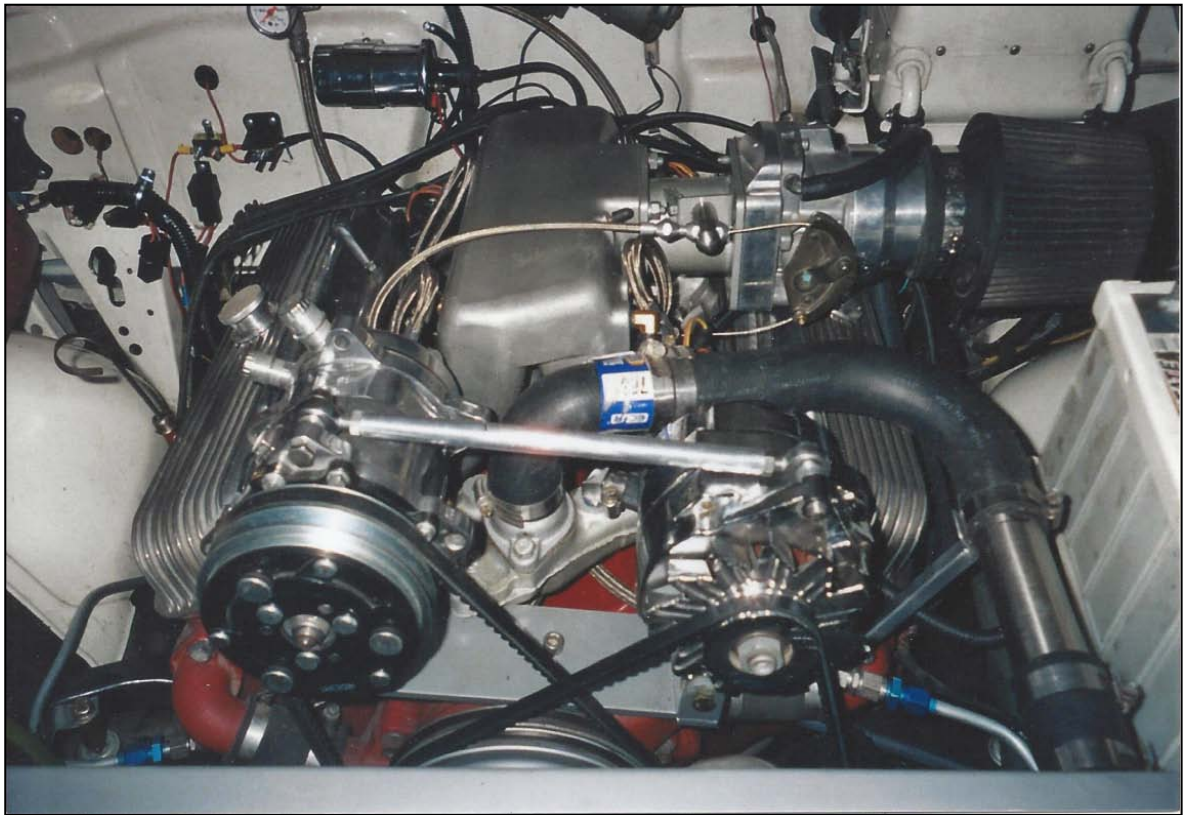
View of Karl's set-up complete with aftermarket AC compressor and alternator.

Take a good look at the FI air intake system.

Wow!

Photo below:

A nice view of Karl's modified '56 Star Chief 2 door hardtop.



Would you expect to find a modified '58 fuel injection unit under the hood of this car?

Karl did not provide specific details on the parts used to build his system but if you venture out to a meet in Central California, you are bound to see him and his car.

If you have photos of a Pontiac engine using a modified '57 or 58 fuel



injection system, send them to our chapter newsletter editor, Rich Pye, so that we can all see the very cool and creative ways that talented people use their skills to make their cars stand-out from the crowd.

Meanwhile, I think I am going to run a few ads that say: Wanted: 57 & 58 Pontiac Fuel Injection plenums.

The Twenty Dollar Safari

The Twenty Dollar Safari

By Dennis Dana

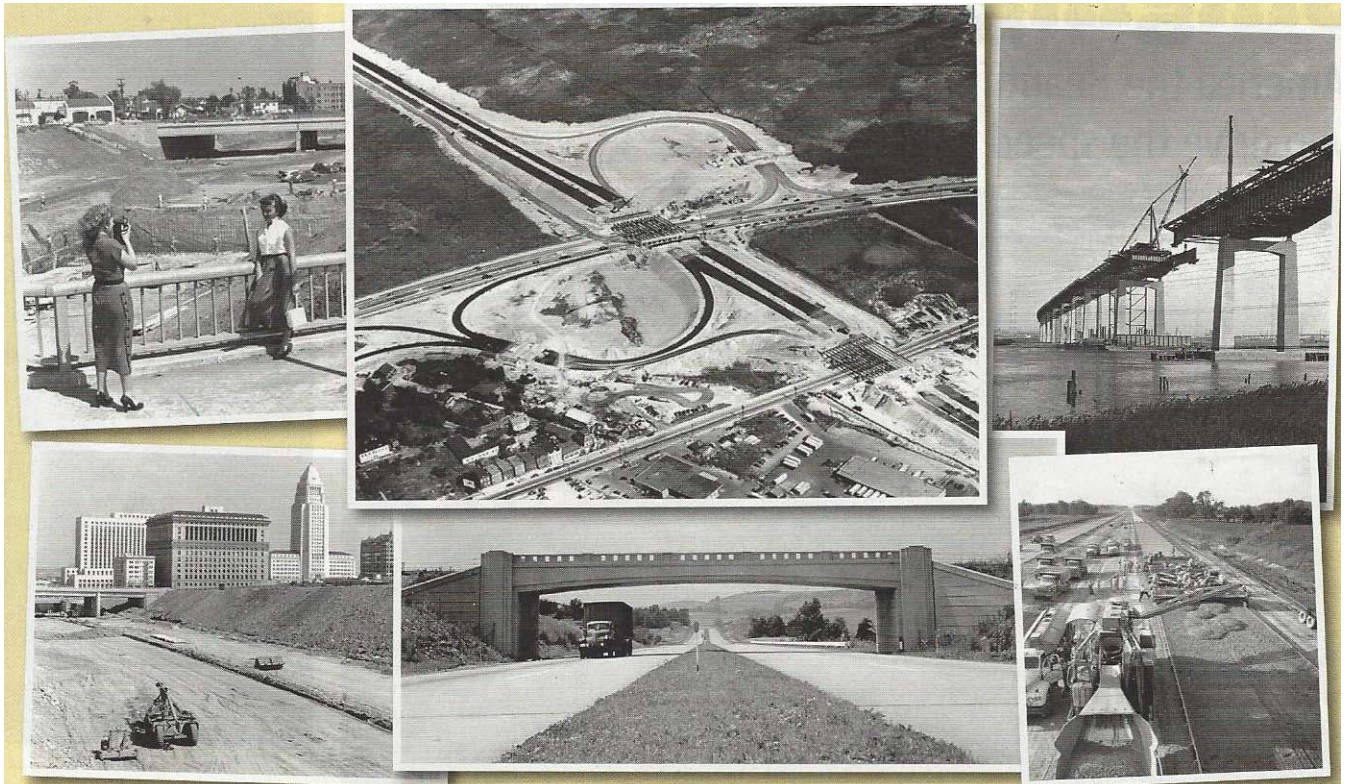
INTRODUCTION

Car People, we all have a story to tell of how we managed a coup by purchasing the vehicle of our dreams. While some have bought many cars through the years and others only a few, the fact remains that a story worth telling accompanies each purchase; and not to be forgotten is life with our treasured vehicles.

After re-joining the Custom Safari Chapter in January, 2011, I began recounting the stories of my beloved Safari in the Winter 2010/Spring 2011 issue of Safari News. That first story told of how in 1969 my Firegold and White Mist 1955 Safari became "The one that got away". Now after contributing several well-received automotive history related articles, the time has come to tell the story of my 1956 Safari; "The one that did not get away."

TWO NEW CREATIONS

As automobile ownership skyrocketed in 1954, President Dwight D. Eisenhower (1890-1969) recognized the urgency of establishing an improved national highway system. This need brought about the appointment of a special committee to study the problem and map out a solution. Eisenhower appointed Lucius Clay, famous for supervising the Berlin Airlift, to head his committee. The Clay Committee issued its findings, and the legendary Highway Aid Act was passed by congress in 1956 which, simply put, paid for the creation of 41,000 miles of national highways.



The Twenty Dollar Safari

With a state-of-the-art highway system underway, the family-oriented station wagons were experiencing unprecedented sales growth. This was especially true for General Motors, which in 1956 sold nearly half of the new cars on the road; with Pontiac being sixth in sales by producing 401,688 non Safaris-including the six millionth Pontiac, a Star Chief 4-door hardtop.



The creation of this Safari began at the Fisher Body Chevrolet and Pontiac station wagon plant in Euclid, OH, where 4041 of its siblings were also completed from the firewall back. After various body panels were welded together, its newly-minted shell, including doors and tailgate, was wrapped in shimmering coats of Sun Beige lacquer. Next came the numerous parts needed to complete the body, along with the following options adding a further touch of class: Latex Foam Seat Cushions, No-Mar Fuel Door Guard, Non-Glare Tilt Mirror, Padded

Instrument Panel, Spotlamp with Mirror, Windshield Washer, 6-Way Power Seat, Basic Group and Convenience Group. To tie it all together, color coordinated interior trim continued to complement the Rust and Beige leather seats.

Destined to go out west, after a stay at the Fisher Body "body-pond", the completed Safari body "rode the rails" to South Gate Assembly, the Buick/Olds/Pontiac final assembly plant located in South Gate, a suburb of Los Angeles, CA. There, according to my calculations, final assembly was completed sometime in March or April of 1956, and was the 18,098th South Gate built Pontiac to be outfitted with the standard issue of components. To excite new car buyers even more, the following options enhanced the flowing lines of this stylish wagon: Dual Exhaust, Illuminated Hood Ornament, Power Brakes, Power Steering, Wire Hubcaps; and the Protection Group, consisting of a Grille Guard and rear bumper Wing Guards.

After final assembly and all inspections were completed, a short ride on an auto transport truck brought it to Freeway Pontiac Inc., located at 711 E. Colorado St. in Pasadena, CA, where a local couple bought the Safari and at some point had the accessory Tissue Dispenser installed. The Safari remained a Pasadena resident and received a re-spray in 1969. It was then sold in 1970 to a Latino couple who lived in South El Monte, about 40 miles away, where the man and I were destined to meet four years later.

THE PURCHASE

After being forced to sell my 1955 Safari in 1969 (I was 14 years old), my search for a replacement continued for the next five years. High school graduation came in 1973,

The Twenty Dollar Safari



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and during the winter of 1973/74 I sold my white 1955 Thunderbird and bought a well kept 1958 Fuel Injected 4-speed Corvette in Snowcrest White with silver coves and red interior. I still lived at home in January 1974 when my stepdad, Herb, offered me a job at his manufacturing company. I declined his offer because Jerry, an acquaintance of my dad's, offered me the job of tow truck driver for his wrecking yard; which was complete with crushing equipment. This was more to my liking, and as fate would have it, facilitated the purchase of my next Safari.

Shortly after my 19th birthday, on a rainy April morning this opportunity presented itself when a man called needing to sell, as he called it, his "1956 Pontiac station wagon". He agreed to the \$10 paid for unloved cars and gave Jerry directions to his South El Monte apartment. I took the directions, a \$10 bill, and went on my way.

As I began the 10 plus mile journey to pick up the mysterious station wagon I asked myself, "What will I do if it's a Safari?" This was really a no-brainer because I could not

risk Jerry refusing to sell me the car once I brought it in. Therefore it would be prudent, at least for me, to make the purchase myself.

While hastily driving down Peck Road my feeble attempts to convince myself that it was a regular station wagon were useless. My excitement mounted by turning right on the designated street. I glanced at the address on the paper and compared it to the first house on the right - quite a distance to go yet. A scan down the street revealed no 1956 Pontiacs. Proceeding forward, the addresses approached the targeted number. While waiting at a 4-way stop sign, in the distance I could see a white 1956 Safari! My heart began pounding as I gasped, "Oh God, please let that be the car!" The tow truck leaped forward. To this day my elation remains indescribable as I stopped behind the Safari and the address matched! No doubt about it, this Safari, and the \$10 station wagon were one and the same. Happy belated birthday to me.

At long last my Safari thirst was quenched. I scrambled from the cab and headed straight for the lonely but still elegant station wagon. A quick evaluation left one thought overriding all the others: "This baby is coming home with me." After this decision was made, I wondered why the windshield had a hole in it. A look inside revealed that the worn but still serviceable interior had an unexpected occupant; "Hmm, why is this rock on the front seat?" After lifting the hood and seeing that the battery, radiator, and spark plug wires were missing, I began to understand why I was there.

To describe the setting; This was the "lower income" part of town. The Safari was parked at the outmost edge of a small, one-car-deep dirt parking area belonging to a rundown mid-century apartment building.

With the Safari blocked in, finding the owner was my next mission. A few minutes later I was seated in the dining area of Pedro, a Latino man in his 40s and the Safari's

The Twenty Dollar Safari

second owner. He picked up an envelope from the kitchen counter and dumped its content on the table in front of me. Staring back at me was a single key and a California Ownership Certificate torn into four dirty pieces. My bewildered look and question of "Wow, what happened to the title?" prompted the following censored-for-language version of his reply.

When he and his wife Sonia split up nearly a year earlier, she used the Safari to move to her own place in Pomona, CA. She phoned Pedro after leaving with the last load to announce that she was keeping the car. An argument ensued with nothing being settled. With Safari custody unresolved, a power struggle broke out. Somehow Pedro located the Safari a couple of days later and retrieved it late that night; only to be reclaimed by Sonia the following evening. Not to be outdone, he brought it home once again. This same scenario was played out a few more times. Pedro had the Safari when the game of cat and mouse came to a head.

The following morning Sonia was waiting by the car as he was leaving for work. She jumped out of her friend's car and screamed: "Since you want the car so bad, you keep it!" Sonia pulled the title out of her pocket, ripped it into four pieces and threw the pieces at him. Then a rock appeared, and the Safari became a victim of domestic violence when Sonia used an adrenaline-fueled, major league style pitch to propel the rock through the windshield - which landed on the front seat. Then she left. Pedro commented that all of this happened within a few seconds while he stood there dumbfounded.

His story continued: Since the car looked abandoned, over the next few months the battery, radiator, and spark plug wires disappeared. Then the landlord gave him notice to either repair the Safari or remove it from the premises. With no money for repairs, Pedro let his "fingers do the walking" through the Yellow Pages and offered the Safari to several wrecking yards, with me arriving first.

After sympathizing with his bizarre story, the time was ripe to make an offer he couldn't refuse. I told him that I wanted to buy the Safari myself and would pay \$20 for it, with "a \$10 deposit now and the rest when I pick it up tomorrow." He was happy with the extra money and promised not to sell it to anyone else. When asked about its history, he gave the details described earlier in the story. We shook hands and the deal was set.

Another tow truck driver was inspecting the Safari when I returned. I told him it belonged to me, and no, a sale would not be considered. After he left I gave the Safari a final once-over, then returned to the wrecking yard and gave my regrets that the "station wagon" was not "on the hook". I stayed late that day to retrieve two more cars - in the rain - to make up for my "purchase". Jerry gave me the next day off due to the rain flooded yard, and said he would call if need be. This meant I could pick up the Safari in the morning instead of after work.

That night I made two phone calls concerning the Safari. I first called my dad to tell him of my purchase and to ask for his help in the morning. We agreed that towing the Safari to his house would be best because his massive parts collection would easily provide the necessary parts to make it roadworthy. Next, since storing the Safari at home or at dad's house wasn't an option, a call to my good friend Gary secured a storage spot for as long as needed.

With everything seemingly in place, a short time later the purchase of this Safari took an even more bizarre turn when Pedro called and asked if I had access to that now-much-more-legal leafy substance. Being a non-user, I said that "I don't personally, but I knew someone who might. Why?" He replied that his preference would be a small amount of the "leafy substance" (and I don't mean lettuce) instead of the cash. I said I would see what I could do. The person who came to mind was Barbara, my girlfriend Melinda's

The Twenty Dollar Safari

roommate. After a call to Barbara I was waiting at their apartment when she returned. I watched Barbara lift the hood of her 1958 Pontiac Star Chief, remove the air cleaner lid and produce the object of Pedro's desire.

After a near-sleepless night, dad and I used his truck, tow bar, and my Corvette battery (for turn signals and brake lights) to retrieve the Safari. I met Pedro at his apartment and exchanged the baggie and its contents for the title and key (for some reason all five locks use the same key).

A LIFE RENEWED

Our little two vehicle train arrived safely at dad's house about an hour later. Just as we thought, a radiator was found which fit perfectly, along with a near-new set of Packard spark plug wires. Our question of "will it run" was answered after adding a few gallons of gasoline. Several tweaks later, the Safari awoke from its near-year-long slumber and ran beautifully! Something we didn't expect for \$20. Lastly, since a windshield could not be found, and driving the Safari with its shattered windshield would attract unwanted attention, we carefully pushed the old one out and gave the exterior a thorough scrubbing. We were amazed that the rock could pierce the laminate sandwiched between the two sheets of glass. With everything checked and in order, my hair blew in the wind as I proudly drove my new treasure to Gary's house without incident (or windshield).



Over the next couple of weeks I traded the demolished title for one in my name with the current license tags. I soon learned of a local man who owned several Nomads, including the 1955 Nomad drag car called "The Chevado" (powered by a 455ci Oldsmobile Toronado engine and transaxle

mounted in the cargo area) and several Nomad parts cars. A trip to his house led to the purchase of the windshield and several spare trim pieces from a 1955 Nomad parts car. Catch that? A Nomad



supplying parts for a Safari. Poetic justice. That night I drove the Safari back to dad's house, and we installed the windshield the following morning (my first). Now the Safari could be driven legally and safely.

The Twenty Dollar Safari

ON THE ROAD

I drove it home for the first time that evening and continued to improve its condition as time allowed. In July 1974 I traded my tow truck driving job for a position at Herb's company. Shortly thereafter, my three cars and I moved to our own house. Still, driving the Safari was challenging because the power steering was disconnected due to a severely leaking pump, and Pedro installed a tiny 9-inch-in-diameter aftermarket steering wheel and discarded the original. This combination made turning the steering wheel next to impossible. A few months later I paid \$75 for a factory air conditioned 1956 Pontiac hardtop coupe which was the recent victim of a rear end collision. This car donated the power steering pump and hoses, its factory steering wheel, and many spare parts including the complete A/C system. Whew! Much easier to steer now.

After a complete brake-job, including a new set of brake drums my dad found, the Safari became my main mode of transportation. This made the sale of my Rat Motor equipped 1957 Nomad possible. A car rotation continued with the sale of the Vette and the purchase of a 1966 Oldsmobile 4-4-2 just before my 2 1/2 year old son, Kenny, and his mother, Melinda, moved in with me in January 1975. Melinda was already afflicted with "Safari Fever"; she was as much a Car Gal as I was a Car Guy, and we worked on the Safari together. Before long Melinda was driving the Safari most of the time; leaving me the 4-4-2 and her 1965 Buick Skylark Gran Sport which we bought from my dad about a year earlier. One day Melinda arrived home from work and announced that the Safari's name was "Betsy". BETSY?!? Oh well, when mama's happy, everyone's happy.

Betsy was lookin' good when we married that April. Since we both loved camping, we found a fitted mattress for the cargo area which made the Safari more comfortable for sleeping and traveling. Then we took Betsy on weekend trips to Calico Ghost Town in Barstow, CA, Palm Springs, Las Vegas, and more. For our second wedding anniversary, Betsy, Melinda and I used Eisenhower's freeway system to drive to Sequoia National Forest for a weeklong vacation. Late that first night we almost had an unwelcome visitor when a bear smelled the food sitting in the front seat and began pushing on the right door glass. The window cracked, but this time the laminate held and Betsy kept the bear where it belonged. Now that was scary!

The Safari was an integral part of our family when our boy and girl twins, Shane and Dawn, were born on October 26, 1977. She was driven regularly to work, more vacations, weekend trips and Sunday drives after church. She even attended a few car shows with our "trailer queen" 1956 Continental Mark II.

In 1979, Memorial Day weekend provided a memorable trip which began at our home in Yorba Linda, CA. After stopping for dinner in Nevada's capital city, we made the short drive to the historic Old West mining town of Virginia City and camped for the night. We spent the morning exploring Virginia City, then left for San Francisco and a drive across the Golden Gate Bridge. Early the following morning we cruised south on Pacific Coast Highway to Santa Barbara, where we chanced upon a gathering of Nomads. After some chit chat and looking over the "Safari parts cars", and vice versa, we left for home. All told, the trip was over 1,000 miles with the Safari performing flawlessly and averaging 21 miles per gallon.

So as you can see, Betsy was very dependable. People always gave her admiring looks and compliments, with many offers to sell. She was quite a dish!

The Twenty Dollar Safari

A LONG REST

I moved to Carson City, Nevada, in 1983 to open a manufacturing company with my mom and stepdad. The Safari continued to be driven regularly. I sold out my interest in the company in 1989. It was taken off the road for restoration after my son, Shane, and I moved to Las Vegas in 1990. We moved back to Southern California in 1993.

In mid-2006 the Safari was placed in a secure storage unit where it patiently waits for me to pick it up and return to our home in Alta Loma, CA. Once home, my plan is to complete a body-off-frame restoration and resume driving it regularly, thus continuing this Safari's forty-two year old reputation as being "The one that did not get away."

PHOTOGRAPHS

1. Hemmings Motor News: March 2015, page 39
2. Hemmings Classic Car: April 2015, p78
3. The Pasadena (CA) Independent newspaper: August 6, 1956.
4. The Chevado: www.jalopyjournal.com

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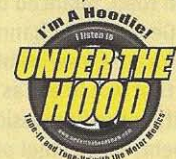
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Modified Safari For Sale

1955 SAFARI 2 Door: CL # 107, Fresh paint, polished stainless, fresh chrome bumpers, 327 Corvette engine, automatic transmission, power brakes. This Safari is mounted on a Chevy S-10 frame and needs interior and floor work to make it a complete car. The original seats and interior panels are part of the deal. Asking price is \$17,000. Call Paul 920-948-2371 or Luke Miller 262-835-4767.



NOTE: From CSC Member Luke Miller: I looked over the Safari in early October. The exterior is very nice with fresh paint, polished stainless and chromed bumpers. The car has a Chevy running gear and is on a Chevy S-10 pickup frame. The interior is unfinished but the original ratty seats and door panels are part of the deal. The floor still needs work due to rust and modifications needed to adapt the car to the S-10 frame. This is Body number CL 107, so it has the knuckle buster center tailgate bar and handle and has a very nice upper tailgate frame that has excellent original chrome. I believe the upper gate on these early cars were made of brass so that is why the gate is not pitted. The owner is not a POCI member, but reached out to me in an effort to sell it. He inherited the car from his fathers estate. The car was purchased in the early 2000's and came from Nebraska I believe. The S-10 frame intrudes into the rear seat cushion area and the under seat heater is gone. There is no spare tire well either. Note in the picture on left how far the tire is inside the wheel house. Editor's Note: Kinda reminds my of a '60 Chevy BelAir!!



'56 Safari For Sale

FOR SALE: '56 Pontiac Star Chief Custom Safari: V-8, with rare 2-4 intake, velour custom interior, head liner, lots of chrome, power steering, updated power brakes, and extra parts. Same owner over 35 years!
\$38,000. Greg Nosko 612-306-5718



Safari Search

Cars for Sale

Pontiac 1957 SAFARI 2 DOOR: Restored in 2000. 1968 428 Motor with disc brakes, Vintage AC - car came with air. 7000 miles since restored. Very nice car. \$50,000. Call 231-690-0429 for more info.



Parts for Sale

FOR SALE: Four 15" Rally 2 rims (5 x4 3/4 bolt pattern). Rims restored. Includes center caps and lug nuts. Includes four mounted like new tires. Two are 225.60R.15 and two are 235.70R.15. Asking \$550 or best. Will consider separating them. Please contact Rick at 401-934-0663 or frdigi@cox.net.

1957 Pontiac: Front Brake Drums complete with Backing Plates, Shoes, Wheel Cylinders and Wheel Bearings, \$100 each; also Two Radios with Speaker Boxes, one Maroon and one Green, \$150 each; Complete Rear End Differential with 3.23 Gears, \$100; 5 Hub Caps Good Condition, \$100..... call Bill Hanners @ 239-543-3510, FL.

1955 Pontiac: Parting out a 2 door Chieftain. email Rich Pye @ rpye@rochester.rr.com or phone 585-637-2720 with needs.

1957 Pontiac: Headlight switch, good used condition, all functions work, \$85. 1957 Transcontinental wagon: Still have a few aluminum side quarter panels. No wheel trim or rocker moldings. Missing parts from your steering column? I have a small stock of parts. Let me know your needs. Contact Tom Young at pontiactom@ix.netcom.com

1955-57 Pontiac: Custom Safari new gas tanks \$399.00 plus shipping. New lower tailgate assembly, \$850.00 plus shipping. N.O.S 1956 Pontiac lit hood ornament, original box. \$600.00. Jay Hammond. 302.322.1833 jhchevyparts@aol.com

Wanted

1955 Pontiac: OEM side view mirror (#519802) ? and a OEM Non-Glare rear view mirror (#521170 or #988647) ? for a '55 Safari. Not sure about the correct part #'s. NOS is not necessary but would like to find something in good to very good condition with minimal pitting. gpark14@aol.com

1956 Safari: Information needed to how to replace rear leaf springs. Contact Cary Birenbaum @ mrpontiac@mindspring.com

1957 Safari: Stainless Spear, front of gas door. Trim under the tail lights. Donn Fallenbuchel, (928) 855-5494.

1957 Safari Car Wanted: If you have any leads on one, please contact Dwight at dwhitmire3153@charter.net or call cell 770-851-1010 or work 770-531-1010.

1955-56-57 Pontiac station wagon, Exterior Tee handle for liftgate on with as many attached parts as possible. Steve Cook jumbodog54@sbcglobal.net or 314-795-4700

1957 Pontiac (Any Model): Air Conditioning components that mount to the engine, brackets, compressor, condensor, etc. Rich Pye, rpye@rochester.rr.com

1950-52 Pontiac: Exterior and Interior Trim, contact Paul Gore

To place a free ad to sell a car or parts or to place a want ad, send your request to Rich Pye @rpye@rochester.rr.com. Your ad should be related to 1955-58 Pontiacs, and it is recommended to include photos.

POCI Chapter #10

www.customsafari.org

The Custom Safari Chapter is an official international chapter of the Pontiac Oakland Club, International, Incorporated. The POCI headquarters address is: P.O. Box 539 Victor, NY 14564

Annual Dues are \$21.00. Renewals are due January 1st of each year. New member dues are pro-rated quarterly from January 1st. Applicants must be a current member of POCI prior to joining the chapter. Send payment to Robin Petry.

The Safari News is a quarterly publication produced by the chapter. Volume 1, Number 1 was distributed in December of 1993. A limited number of back issues are available. Write for further information.

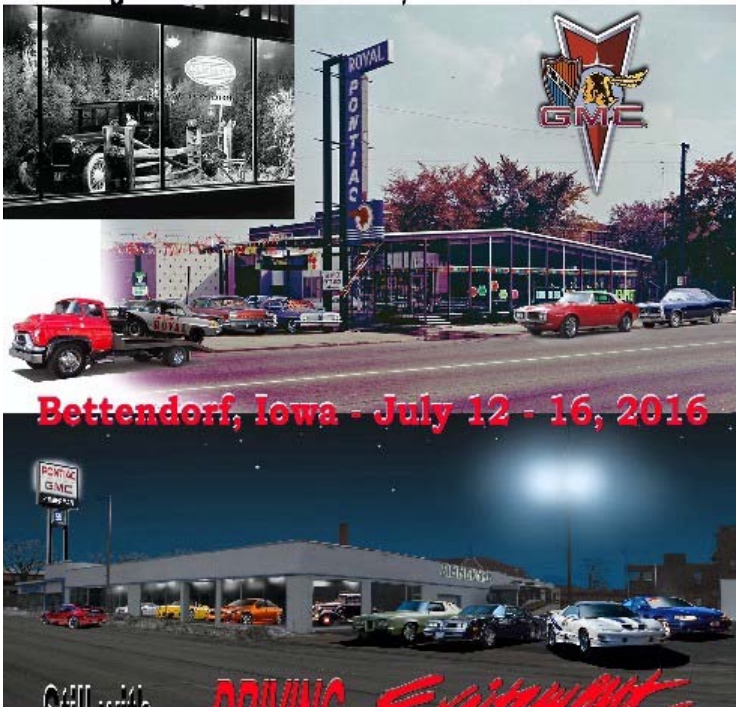
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