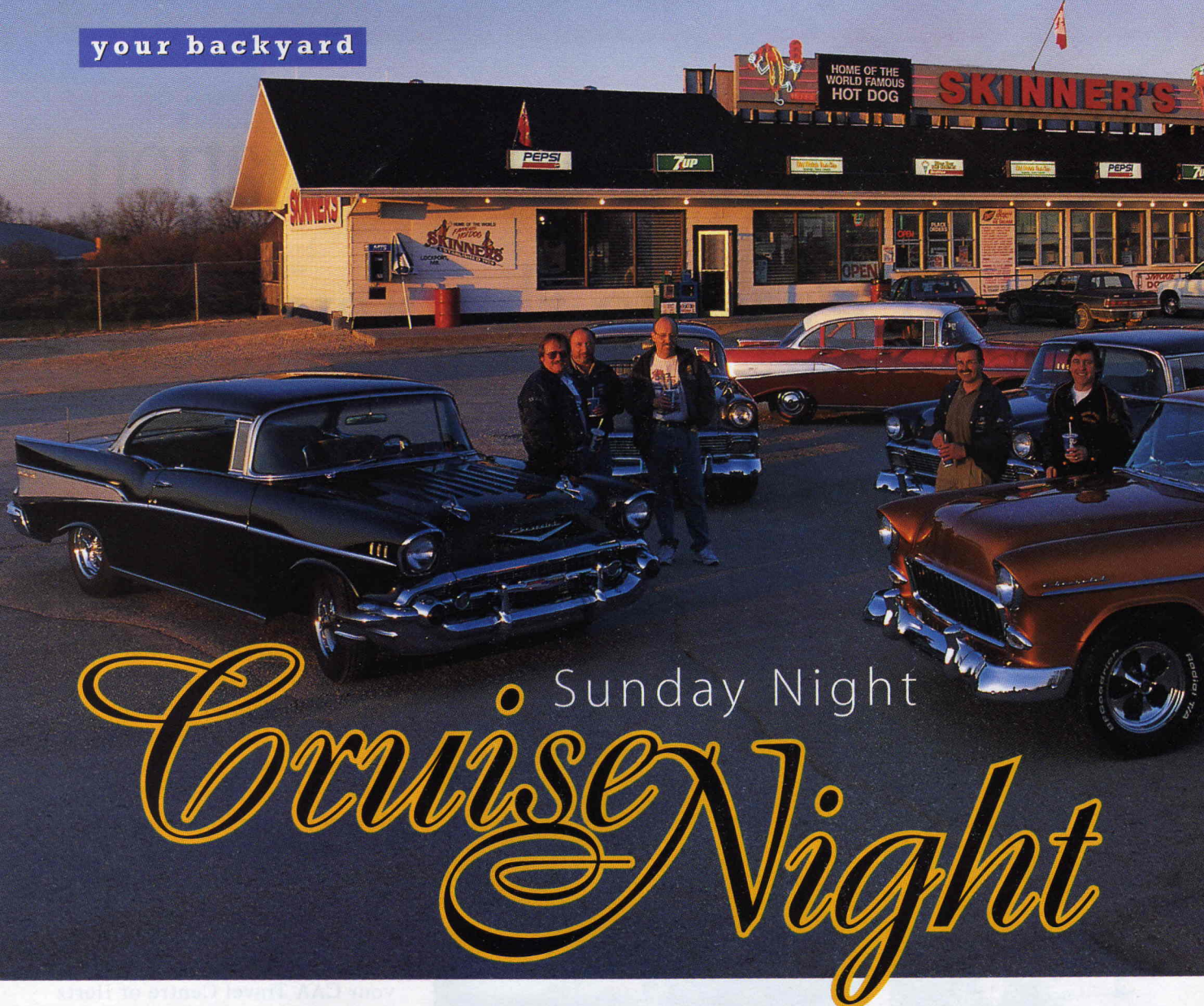


your backyard

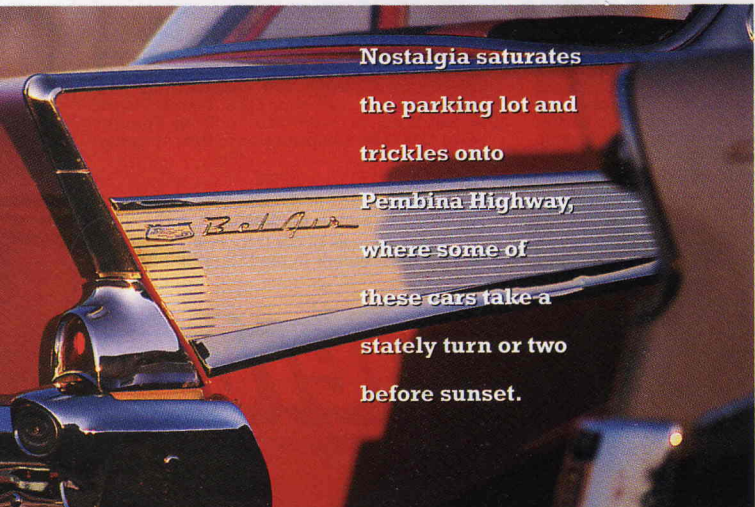


Sunday Night Cruise Night

SHE IS PEARLIZED, GLOWING PALE MINT-CREAM. HER CHROME TRIM, LOVINGLY RESTORED AND polished to a hard, bright shine, glints in the Sunday-evening sunlight. The 1953 Chevrolet 210, as heavy and dignified as the *Queen Mary* sailing high seas, turns sedately into the shopping mall parking lot on south Pembina Highway in Winnipeg.

A lanky red-haired kid, no more than 20, is behind the wheel. He parks the Chevy, nosing her gently into a spot, and gets out. The car's door slams with a satisfyingly heavy, reverberating thunk. But the 210 does not stand out as old and incongruous in this parking lot, not on Cruise Night in Winnipeg for classic car buffs. Snuggled into her berth, the Chevy 210 is flanked by an immaculate, green mid-'50s Ford truck on one side and a gleaming, milk-chocolate-brown Plymouth from somewhere in the '60s on the other. There is no fear of door-dings here. These people are serious about very old cars. These are classic car buffs.

They used to migrate from parking lot to parking lot. But the grandstanding, rubber-laying, beer-quaffing punks who sometimes tagged along ruined the welcome for everyone, and the buffs, who just wanted a place for their vintage, grown-up show-and-tell, would move on. Then, a couple of years ago, the Pony Corral's Peter Ginakes made this parking lot a summer haven for the bevy of brightly polished old vehicles. They congregate here every summer Sunday evening, from the May long weekend until the last Sunday in September. Drag-racing punks are pointedly not welcome.



Nostalgia saturates
the parking lot and
trickles onto
Pembina Highway,
where some of
these cars take a
stately turn or two
before sunset.

