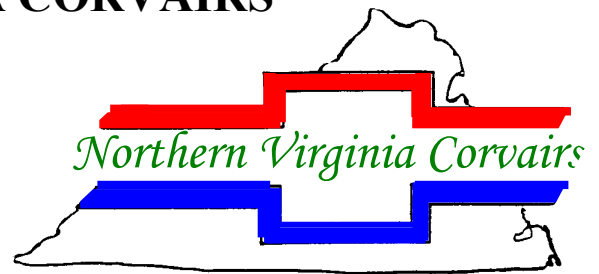


NORTHERN VIRGINIA CORVAIRS



**HOT
AIR
MAIL**



NVCC, CORSA Chapter 220

Volume XXX, Number 12

December 2013

CHAPTER CHATTER

By Doug Jones

Newsletter time again. Well I'm sorry that there was no November newsletter. My world kind of imploded. We'll start with where the last newsletter ended. The meeting for October was at A.J.'s house to fix his brake problem. A.J.'s brakes seem to pull to the left at a hard breaking. The brain trust decided that the brakes were out of adjustment, so we jacked the car up to see how the wheels were stopping. When we rotated the wheels, the left tire seemed to grip a substantial amount quicker than the right. We then proceeded to adjust the brakes until they both drug very heavily to almost a lock. Then we proceeded to back both sides out as evenly as possible. A.J. took the car for a test drive down the street for some heavy braking and mission accomplished...the brakes worked fine. His little car also got a new 4½ quarts of oil with a brand new Napa filter. It seemed to love the new oil.

Well that was on October 18th. The next week is when my implosion started. My fiancée Karen suffered a stroke on October 25/26 and was in the ICU for about a week and a half. In the meantime, my house that had been up for sale for months had finally closed, needed me to be out of the house by November 7. I was able to push that

back until the 12th. Everything is seeming to level out, but it is still a lot on my plate.

The November meeting was at Trey Nelson's house, as he was having a starter issue. It seems he had purchased a starter, and the solenoid case was damaged. We switched the case from the old starter. Everything seemed to go ok with the new starter after that. There was also a problem with his generator light coming on and staying on. If I remember correctly, he has an alternator on his car, and some people were saying that was a common occurrence with a late alternator. I will need some more clarification on that issue.

The Holiday party will be in the same location as last year on December 7, with no officer elections at the party. It will be just a party. Please bring a dish and maybe a gift \$25 or less for the exchange. The next meeting will be at my mother's house in beautiful Franconia, VA. I don't know what the project will be but I'll figure out something. Also, elections will take place at the January meeting, so please try to attend and grab an office to keep the club strong.

Happy vairing, and thank you for your prayers and support during my rough road.

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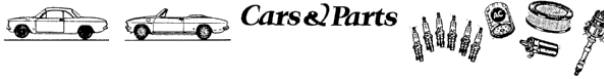
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The Northern Virginia Corvair Club (NVCC) publishes the HOT AIR MAIL newsletter monthly as a service to its members. NVCC is a non-profit chapter of the Corvair Society of America (CORSA). The \$10 annual dues are payable January 1st, to "Treasurer, NVCC" at the address herein. A prorated amount of \$5 is accepted for periods of less than six months. All other correspondence and submissions can be addressed to the Secretary/Editor. Newsletter expiration date is three months beyond dues anniversary if they are not current. Original material appearing in the HOT AIR MAIL may be reprinted in other non-profit publications with appropriate credits.



*****AUTOMOTIVE CLASSIFIED*****

65 Sedan: 110HP, Powerglide, new carpet. Contact former NVCC member Aaron Payne at aaronpayne@me.com. (6/11)

66 Convertible: 110 HP PG, Restored in 2007, Regal Red. \$18,000 invested. \$15,000 or Best Offer Call Jay at (910) 270-0785. (1/12)

Parts/Miscellaneous For Sale

NEW LISTING: 40+ year collection of Corvair Parts. Please contact John Getz at jpgetz@comcast.net or 301-717-9452 for a list of sale items. Parts located in Frederick, Md.

Gas Tanks: Six or so good used gas tanks \$30 and YOU pick up; NE Maryland. Harry Yarnell hyarnell1@earthlink.net

NEW LISTING: For Sale – 1965 Corvair Parts

Interior:

- 2 Ivory sun visors with convert w/mount hardware, sprayed black, paint is removable
- 2 Black sun visors – excellent shape, one mount bracket
- Black left armrest
- Dash for automatic w/shifter – Not Corsa
 - Black crackle paint chipped, Gauges look OK
- Powerglide shifter

Engine:

- Two Carbs
- Alternator
- Rear engine casting – end with distributor mount
- Smog pipes and fuel lines – probably for 2 carb version
- 2 Distributors
- Engine Blower turbine, w/pulley
- Lower half valve cover – to adjust valves
- Many nuts, bolts and studs

Chassis:

- 2 transmission mounts, auto and manual
- Clutch and brake pedal arms
- Cross shaft (clutch?)
- 2 Rear axle shafts
- Pair of springs (rear?)
- Miscellaneous brackets and links, 2 gas caps

Body:

- 2 Headlight mounting buckets, with two bulbs

- 2 Headlight Bezels – pretty nice, some tarnish
- Tail light lens RB 66 w/backup – Good condition
- Tail light lens w/o backup – Useable, but has cracks/crazing
- Hood/trunk (?) support rod
- 2 Windshield wiper arms

Contact Phil Dickinson in Fairfax, pcdickinson@att.net, (703) 407-5014

Corvair Vendors and Services

Clark's Corvair Parts, Inc.
Route 2, 400 Mohawk Trail, Shelburne Falls, MA
01370-9748 (413) 625-9776

Corvair Underground
PO Box 339 Dundee, OR 97115
(503) 434-1648 or (800) 825-VAIR

Corvair Ranch, Inc
1079 Bon-Ox Road, Gettysburg, PA 17325
(717) 624-2805, www.corvairranch.com Email: corvairranchinc@earthlink.net

NVCC Calendar

7 December 2013 – 11:00am-3:00pm
NVCC Holiday Party
5101 Sequoia Farms Drive
Centreville, VA 20120

18 January 2014 – 9:00 a.m.
Regular NVCC Meeting
Hosted by Doug Jones
5901 Montell Drive, Alexandria, VA 22310
(703) 309-8705

February 2014 – 9:00 a.m.
Regular NVCC Meeting
Host needed
Please email dj2063@comcast.net

Treasurer's Report

Balance as of 10/31/13	\$2804.95
Dues Income	\$0.00
Interest Income	\$0.00
Balance as of 11/30/13	\$2804.95

Breaking Down a Breakdown

By: Daniel Strohl

This article originally appeared in the September 2013 issue of Hemmings Motor News.

Hood up. Parked by the side of the road. Tools and spares strewn about the car. Sweat dripping from his brow.

You know the signs, everybody does, and even at 60 MPH, we have no problem spotting a breakdown. In fact, as an HMN reader, you likely have the gearhead know-how to diagnose your fellow motorist's problem from a quarter-mile away and have the tools in your own trunk to help get that guy on the road again, even if it's only a MacGyver fix that gets him to the nearest parts store.

And yet you cruise on by.

In the same amount of time it takes to spot and diagnose the breakdown, you also come up with more excuses to keep going than reasons to stop. There's no safe place to park. I have somewhere to be and am running late. I've got my family in the car with me. Sure, fine, because the guy that you just passed doesn't also have to contend with those exact same factors.

You then spend the rest of your trip telling yourself that you didn't really need to stop. Everybody has cell phones nowadays, right? He looked like he had it covered. He surely had a buddy on his way to help him out. The further away you get from him, the more ridiculous it seems to pull a U-turn and go back, and so you put him out of your mind.

Until you break down yourself. Coast to the side of the road. Pop the hood. Stare for a while at the hot ticking engine while you try to figure out what went wrong.

I hadn't expected the idler pulley on the straight-six in my ZJ Grand Cherokee to freeze up and throw the serpentine belt about 20 miles from home recently, but maybe I should have. Not because the pulley or belt had shown any signs of acting up before I headed out that day, but because I had seen no less than three breakdowns that morning and stopped for exactly none of them.

The ZJ (normally reliable and not necessarily a vehicle to lug tools and spares around in) happened to partially block a couple public parking spots in a

touristy Vermont town, and while I sweated to try to slip the belt back on the pulley and hope the latter wouldn't throw the former again before I made it home, an out-of-state couple in a new luxury SUV squeaked by me to get in that spot and gave me that how-dare-you-break-down-here look off the tips of their noses as they went a-strolling.

I couldn't help but reflect on the breakdowns I passed earlier in the day. Have we grown so used to reliable cars that we've become unaccustomed to seeing breakdowns? I find it hard to believe that even decades ago, when breakdowns were more common, that a dozen or more people didn't pass before one stopped to offer assistance.

Is it a class thing? I wore a grungy t-shirt and hole-shot jeans to my breakdown, and in these parts, the only people who drive 20-year-old ZJs are the types who can't afford 15-year-old WJs. The other breakdowns I spotted earlier that day weren't exactly wearing polo shirts and Dockers. Do we somehow believe that anybody unfortunate enough to breakdown is beneath us simply because we, at that moment, are fortunate enough to drive past them in a functioning vehicle?

Tailing on that question, are we afraid of other people and their situations, which may be entirely different from our own? Are we so afraid of getting out of our little boxes (in this case literally) to help somebody in need? Look at how hitchhiking has become so foreign on the highways of America today, and consider how much fear has contributed to that.

Or is it really just every man for himself? I'll tell the full story some other time, but I recall another side-of-the-road incident a dozen years back when I ended up in the median of an interstate highway during a freak snowstorm and nobody came to my assistance for more than an hour; even though plenty of people scrambled past to beat the worst of the snowstorm home. Sorry sucka: Your problem ain't mine.

Obviously, I made it home all right. A friend lives nearby, and after a cell phone call and five minutes, he showed up with the tools I needed to slip the belt back on. I'm not preaching the Help Your Fellow Man sermon, having passed all those other breakdowns. I'm just letting you know, Mr. Out-of-State Luxury SUV Owner, that I have no idea how those pebbles got under all four of your valve stems and left your car sitting on flats. Hope you enjoyed your trip to Vermont.