

# Lifter Noise

August 2025 - Volume 52, Issue 8



## What's Going On

Our event for August will be the All GM Show at Berger Chevrolet on Saturday, August 23. This show is part of the Metro Cruise and this year Berger celebrates their 100th Anniversary. It is also the last All GM Show that they will be hosting. There is a show fee of \$20 but it is free for spectators. Dave Dykwell has made arrangements for the club to park together but we need to arrive as a group. We have only 12 spots reserved so once they are gone, people will be on their own. We will be meeting at McDonald's on 28th St. just east of Berger at 6:15 AM and then moving on to Berger at 6:25 AM. Yes that is early but we need to be at Berger by 6:30 AM to claim our reserved spots. If you want to take your chances and arrive later, you are free to do so. There is no guarantee that you will be able to park with the group nor is there a guarantee that you will even get into the show.

If you recall, in the July newsletter we asked for your input on our September event. Maybe nobody read the newsletter or nobody cared as we received zero responses. So a few of us went ahead and decided that we will be attending the Apple & BBQ Festival in Silver Lake on September 6 (cost \$12 in advance, \$20 day of show). Cars do start lining up early but they do not let anyone in until 8:00 AM. Once you are in, you cannot leave until 2:00 PM. Details on a meet up time and place will be in the September newsletter.

## Thank You!

Bob Muir would like to thank everyone for coming to the summer picnic at his cottage. He felt really touched that we thought of him on his 90th birthday and wanted to celebrate him at the picnic. He really enjoyed the cakes and is looking forward to using the gift certificate to Sandy Point Beach House. He loves hosting us every summer and said he can't wait to see us again next year!

## WMCC Calendar

**August 23** - All GM Show at Berger Chevrolet; 8:00 AM

**September 6** - Apple & BBQ Festival Car Show in Silver Lake; 8:00 AM

**October 18** - Fall Color Tour (tentative)

For a complete list of car shows and cruise nights, check out the [Events](#) page on the club website.

## Summer Picnic Recap

It wasn't the sunny day that we hoped for but around 18 of us gathered on the shore of Lake Michigan for our annual summer party. The club provided a hot dog bar and everyone brought a dish to pass. We also had a birthday surprise for our host, Bob Muir, who recently turned 90! We got him a gift certificate to a local restaurant, Sandy Point Beach House, as well as two Bill Knapp's chocolate cakes (a favorite of Bob's). After everyone got their fill of hot dogs, it was time to swim in a chilly Lake Michigan. Thanks again to Bob Muir for hosting us!



## President's Prose - "The Garage"

*by Scott Olivier*

I've made some incredibly bad car decisions in my lifetime. My Corvair has cost more than I anticipated, sure. I didn't expect a full engine rebuild when I bought it, but such is life. It's definitely a fun car when it's running right, and it's been more fun than frustrating. I'm a little perplexed that it ran so flawlessly during our 600+ mile trip from Tennessee to Michigan and hasn't been happy since, but I'll figure it out. The radio hasn't worked since I bought it, but I've never minded—I just like the sound of the engine at speed. I've even thought of trying to find a '63-correct radio delete plate so I can just



remove the radio altogether. But there are cars that I've truly regretted letting into my life. I'll go in chronological order...



My first car was a 1970 Ford Maverick (now you all know the answer to one of my internet security questions—I'll trust you to keep it secret), that I got for free from my uncle Jim when I was fifteen. It was brown, and not an attractive brown. It had a rust hole in the oil pan (among a few holes in other places), and came with a replacement oil pan that Jim had procured from a junkyard. His intention was to replace the pan and flip the car for a quick buck, but he felt I should get it instead. It's hard

to really count this as a “decision”, since I had the car foisted upon me, but I made some questionable decisions once I got it. My friends and I figured out how to replace the oil pan, and away we went. I painted the car primer gray, with a black primed hood because it looked racier. I threw in a Grant three-spoke steering wheel to make it even faster. The thing sat a little nose-high and made an airplane sound at a certain RPM. A brake line blew “racing” a friend (it had a 0-60 speed of about 20 seconds), and I learned how to replace one of those. I backed into a lady's car in the Jewel grocery store's parking lot to tally my first accident, then sold it to a friend for \$200. I later backed into it in the same spot with my stepdad's Blazer. My friend struggled to keep it roadworthy for about a year then, I believe, just drove it into a landfill.

Fast forward a couple years to my next mistake: a 1974 Chevy Malibu. I'd earned a few bucks at my job as stockboy and answered a newspaper ad for this hunk. I remember the owner backing it out of the garage for my test drive and I was in love. It was black-on-black, with a red pinstripe down the side. It had raised white letter BFG tires, and it had “400” badges on the front fenders. It was a muscle car! I didn't even haggle and plunked down \$800 for it. It was LOUD. The muffler was nearly gone, but I thought it sounded awesome. It wasn't long before I got a ticket for a noise violation and had to pay up for a new exhaust system. It also turned out those cool tires didn't do so well in Chicago snow—they were worn out. My dad ponied up to buy new tires,



but would only pay for basic whitewalls. Uncool. The other thing about it was that NOTHING on it worked right. The defroster sucked, the suspension was loose, and it had electrical gremlins I never figured out. I sold it for \$400 to some poor teenager.

My last failure was a 1978 Oldsmobile Starfire hatchback. I had purchased a 1959 Chevy Impala Sport Coupe when I lived in San Diego, and drove it back to Chicago. I drove it for a couple years, but daily driving a classic car in the snow wasn't good for me or the car. I sold it to someone who would take better care of it (I hope it's still out there somewhere). With the money from that sale, I chose the Starfire that sat on a used car lot in suburban Chicago for \$800. This thing made the Malibu look good. It was an ugly brown (see a trend?), gutless, the wipers barely worked, the AC was spotty, and it just all around made me sad. When I'd finally had enough and decided to buy my first new car, the dealer offered to give me \$200 on trade. A guy at work really needed a car, so I just gave it to him instead. No good deed goes unpunished, and it burned down on the side of the highway just weeks later and he was mad at me for giving him the car. Argh.

I've since made better automotive decisions. I hope the trend continues.

## The Vairabond Life

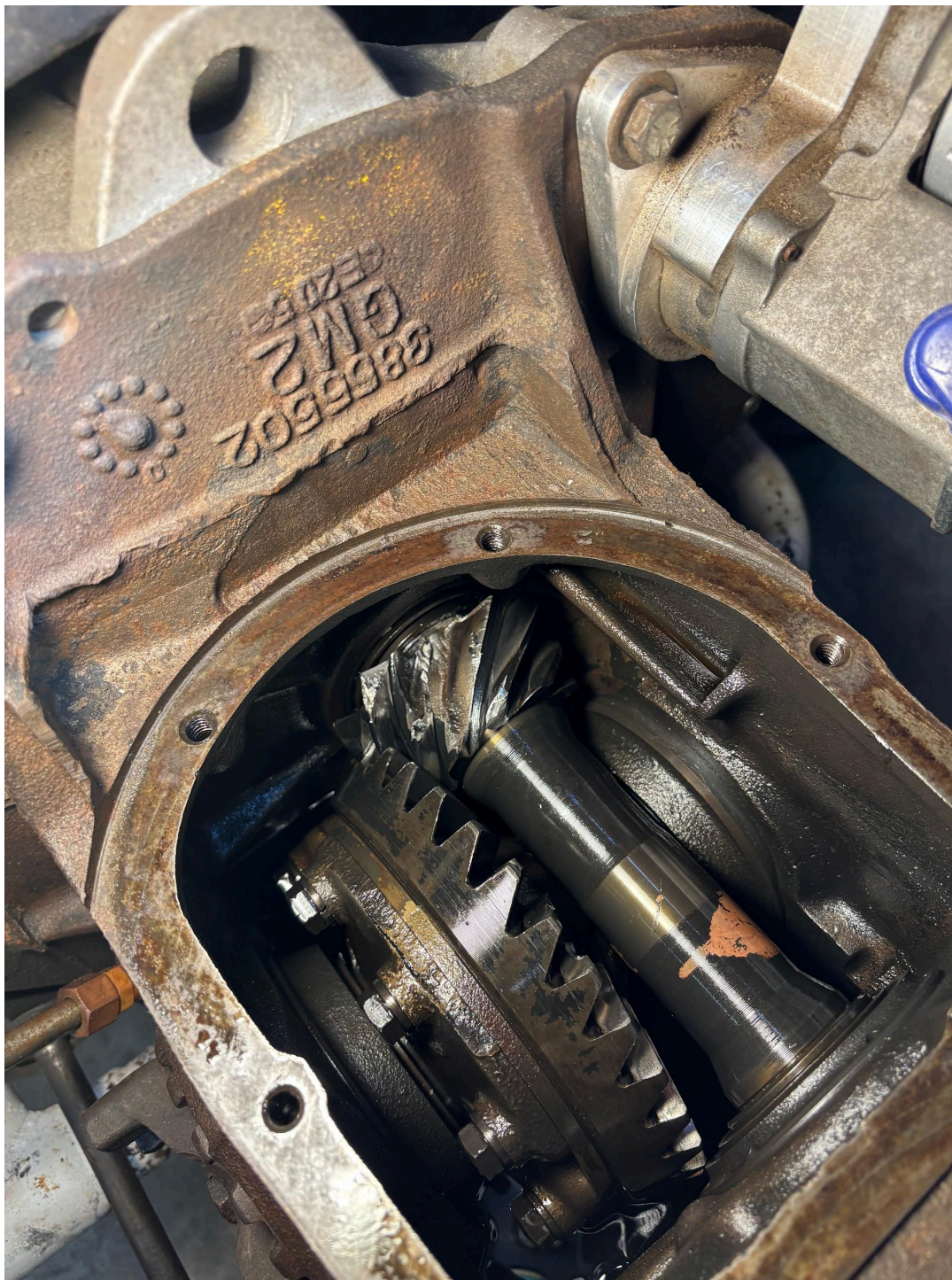
*by Matt Peterson*

I don't know if it would make a good ad slogan but life is always interesting with a Corvair. With all three kids in college and living a pseudo empty nest life, we decided to sell our house in Ada, and move closer to the water. So after a crazy spring getting the house ready to list, then selling the 1st day, we divided our possessions between 2 storage units and the parents expansive sheltered domicile.

Towards the end of our move I drove the vair to work, and loaded up with as much stuff I could fit, including a Costco tote in the passenger seat. From there I set off to shelter it at my parents until we had found a new home for it to grace its presence at. A whining noise got more disconcerting until a repetitive clunk made me do something I've never had to in the vair - get a tow.







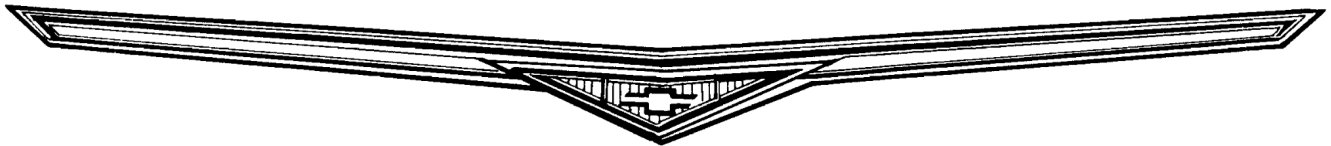
A broken pinion gear was not on the list of things I penciled in to take care of this spring and summer, but such is the vairabond life. After some digging I located one in Detroit from Pete Koehler in the DACC (he also supplied the current 140 heads that fixed the dropped seat carnage that was last summer's chore). So as it turned out, Heather was vagabonding at her parents the next week in Port Huron. She was gracious enough to pick it up from Pete and haul it back. Mounted to a transmission, she and Pete's daughter muscled it into her car for the trip home. What seemed at the time like a major P.I.T.A.; cost me minimally, allowed me to spend some quality time with my dad, and I was able to upgrade the 3.55 diff to a 3:27.





I just finished the swap today as I write this, and the first impressions from the shakedown drive are that I should have done this years ago.

By the time you read this, we will have closed on our house and mostly moved in. But in real time, as I drive up to closing tomorrow, by God's grace, the 65 turbo corsa with 140 heads and the newly installed diff are ready to finally deliver that tote of tools and numerous other hastily stuffed items to its new home.



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