Lifter Noise

December 2025 - Volume 52, Issue 12



What's Going On

It is December and that means it is time for our annual holiday party! We are having it a little bit later this year - Saturday, December 20. Social hour will start at 2:00 PM with dinner being served at 3:00 PM. The club is providing a ham. We are asking everyone to bring either a side dish, appetizer, or dessert as well as your own beverages. After dinner, there will be a fun activity! Our hosts are Jamie and Tanya Reinhart who live at 8928 Stonepoint Court in Jenison.

Just a reminder that we will be holding board of director elections at the holiday party. So far I have not received any nominations for BoD positions. We have three people whose time on the board is coming to an end - John Cole, Doug Lectka, and Steve Vander Helm. While these three can be re-elected, we also encourage new participation. If you feel like you want to contribute, feel free to nominate yourself! We will accept nominations through email and at the holiday party when we do the election. Send an email to zvair65@gmail.com if you want to nominate yourself and cannot attend the holiday party.

We will also be accepting dues payments for 2026 at the holiday party. Dues are \$25 for 2026.



WMCC Calendar

December 20 - Holiday Party; 2:00 PM

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

President's Prose - "The Playlist"

by Scott Olivier

Greetings West Michigan Corvairians!

I always run the lawnmower or snowblower with my earbuds in to give myself something to listen to besides the droning of the machine. During the chore of this past weekend's snow removal, one of my favorite car-oriented songs came on: "Red Barchetta" by Rush. If you're not familiar with the song, it tells the story of a young man living in a future where cars are illegal. His old uncle secretly maintains a vintage car (a "gleaming Red Barchetta from a better vanished time"). The young man takes weekly trips to his uncle's farm to take the car out for highly illegal joyrides and he ends up running from the authorities to return the car to his uncle's barn. Whenever I hear the song, I love it like I'm hearing it for the first time. It's that good.

Hearing it this weekend made me think about other great car songs. Some are about a specific kind of car ("My papa said son you're gonna drive me to drinkin' if you don't stop drivin' that Hot Rod Lincoln"), and some are about the act of taking a road trip (Willie Nelson's 'On the Road Again'), and some just seem to evoke nostalgia for road trips past (John Denver's 'Take Me Home, Country Roads'). Music can make a trip into something special.

I think it also helps to know everyone's role in a road trip. I saw a meme on social media that defined the jobs on a road trip:

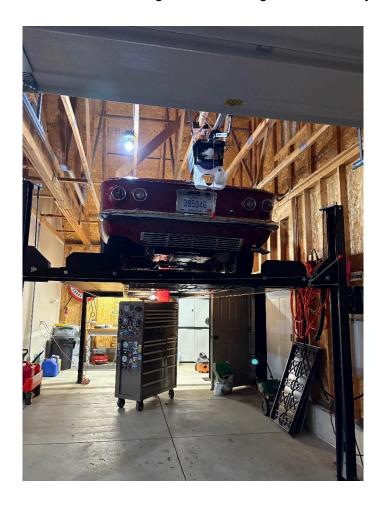
Front seat, driver's side: driver and the ruler of the car Front seat, passenger side: navigator and official DJ Back seat passenger(s): keep your yap shut and pass snacks up to the front seat

To me, it's the DJ that makes the trip. Always pick someone with a million songs on their playlists. Someone that has put countless hours of time and effort into honing specialized lists for each type of day: a "chill" list for quiet times, a "rowdy" list for when you need to get down, a "country" list for country drives, etc. You can't DJ without putting the time in before the trip. The car is depending on you, man.

A few items on other topics:

- As stated elsewhere in this newsletter, the annual WMCC Christmas party is coming up. We'll
 have some new members in attendance, so please come greet them! All the new members
 we've met this year have been incredibly nice, and they all seem to fit right in. If you're new to
 the club, show up and make strangers into new friends. We won't bite, I promise.
- I've been kicking around the idea of going back to the Detroit Autorama, which takes place February 27-March 1. I've attended several times, but haven't been for a number of years. It could be fun to caravan some willing club members across the state. If you've never been, it's a super cool event—a zillion show-quality cars on the upper level of Cobo Hall, and a lower level with more "alternative" kinds of rides. Plus, they crown the annual Ridler Award winner for best show car. It's a ton of walking and would eat up an entire day, but it's definitely an experience. I'll put more details in a future newsletter to try to get a trip together.

Lastly, I want to thank everyone for their help with the gas tank replacement tech session last month. The new tank now rests comfortably in my '63, and the gas gauge works again, which is a plus. I was a terrible documenter of the event, and completely neglected to take any photos other than the one below of me draining the tank the night before. I'll try to do better next time.



I hope to see you all at the Christmas party!

Scott



The Brake Job - Part One

by Dave Dykwell

I believe we've all done it. We need some parts and go the A-Z Auto Parts Store and the person behind the counter asks you for the make, model, year and VIN of the car. It makes no matter what you've asked for. Without that crucial information that only the computer understands the counter person is hopeless. And, we all know you're in real trouble when you say ... well, 1964, Chevrolet, Corvair. "Cor what?" is the general response. "No, I'm sorry our computers don't go back that far." But, what they're really trying to say is – I don't have the slightest clue and I'm not even embarrassed by that.

The other day I made a quick stop to the Ace Hardware store in Byron. I needed a few new Rose-Cones. A smiling young man in a clean red vest was standing there as I entered. He asked if he could help with anything (fresh out of corporate training I bet). I said, "Yes, I need to buy a few Rose-Cones." With a confused look on his face he said, "Rose Cones, what are they used for?" Disappointment fell over me like finding stuffing in a bra. I quipped, "You don't have any Rose-Cones do you?" He said, "I guess not." Apparently, Automotive stores do not have exclusivity on hiring morons.

This reminded me of the time I needed to do a front brake job on the Spyder. Marilyn and I were cruising down the Beltline on our way to Gilmore. On the way I asked Marilyn if she smelled that. It smelled like burning rubber. As we progressed to our destination the smell went away and I felt better. When we stopped at the rendezvous location, my front left wheel was smoking like a freshly ignited Bon-Fire. Doug said he thought that wasn't supposed to be happening, which made me feel much better. After the smoke dissipated and the wheel sufficiently cooled down, we continued on without any foreign noises or smoke. Even drove it home from Gilmore without issue. Boring, I know, but the story gets better.

Look for part two next month...

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