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had about 40 people on board and the flight was uneventful. DFW was busy. DFW was warm (76 deg. F). DFW was confusing, ramps that veered off to who knows where and DFW was expensive. Reg. Gas was \$1.59 U.S. on the airport grounds and \$1.49 off site. In reality, the confusion and expense were no different than Toronto.

A van arrived an hour and a half early and three passengers on board the "Streak" headed south to Waco for the 90 minute run. Every 40 miles along I-35 you could see an old car lot with a great selection of 50's and 60's land yachts for sale. Yes, there (Continued on page 4)

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N.O.S PARTS



Here we are, time for the convention. As much as I wanted to take the Greenbrier, time constraints at work are forcing Denise and I to fly. It'll be easy to spot us, driving around in our Maz-yot-san econo-box runabout, taking pictures of all of your FCs. Be sure to put a good shine on them, and be prepared to answer a few questions for future inclusion in the newsletter.

I've started to get on the 1962 Corvan project of late, having removed the front suspension, gutted the cab area, and removed most of the doors. The addition of a large sandblast cabinet in my garage has brought rave reviews from my wife and neighbors. Not only does it clean useless junk around the house, but I've discovered that when I can pry them away from it, I can also do FC parts. Amazing! The down side is that now I have to purchase a larger compressor. It's a cross I'll have to bear.

Due to the large volume of articles of late, I've postponed the center of the dash expose I had planned for this issue. Now you've got a few more months to snap those pictures and sent them in. I'm hoping for the Nov./Dec. issue. Don't forget to tell me the year, model, and your name. **Garry Parsley**

CORVAN



Jim's Corvair Shop

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RIDING WITH THE PRESIDENT



Well, this is it. The last installment before the CORSA Convention in Carlisle. I hope many of

you are planning on attending with your FC's, and have made plans to participate in all of the events. It's really not hard, and you're already here and planning on having a good time, so why not? While you're at it, go for the Cole! As you've seen in the past, it is possible for an FC to win, and I know there are many champion caliber vehicles out there. Let's look at the events one by one.

CONCOURS

Concours is no different for your van or pick-up than it is for a car. You still have to prep the vehicle and clean it for the show. You're going to do that anyway. Sure there may be a little more to clean, but typically you also have fewer accessories to worry about. Seems like a fair points tradeoff to me.

RALLY

Is there any event that screams FC more than a rally? Load it up, enjoy the countryside, wave to the admirers, and let the points fall where they may.

ECONO_RUN

Don't think an FC can compete in an Econo-Run? Remember, you're competing against other FC's, who can't compete. Besides, at past conventions some pretty phe-

nomenal numbers have been posted by Woody Thomas and others. Try it, you get the same benefits as from the rally.

AUTOCROSS

Seen one too many pictures of Larry Claypool's Greenbrier on three wheels? Ever seen a picture of this "Brier on it's side? Don't think so. Auto-crossing an FC is QUITE the experience, trust me.

The point is—TRY IT, YOU'LL LIKE IT! Attendance at the convention is a lot more fulfilling when you participate. And when you participate in a well prepared FC it is VERY fulfilling.

See you in Carlisle. **Corbin Jayloe**

A CLASSIC MOMENT WITH BOB KIRKMAN

ENGINE COMPARTMENT FLOOR PANEL FASTENERS

I recall maybe three types of fasteners for the floor panel. Give me some feedback after you read this, but I believe one was a big hex headed sheet metal screw.

Bud Olender was the Chevrolet Staff Engineer for trucks and for the FC body. He was a big man (and had a similar temper) and was the author of the unofficial "Olender door test". If he could open a door, grab the top rear edge and lift himself off the floor and, when released, the door had sagged no more than 1/16th inch, then the door, hinges and pillars were OK for structure. Well, one day Bud got really up-tight about the floor panel screws. He probably owned two or three of every tool, but he must have been caught without tools one day when he wanted to see the engine. Maybe one of the other bigshots bent his ear. Anyway, he was fuming about those screws. I can see him now telling how something easier to use was necessary. He reached into his pocket, pulled out some coins and said something to the effect that if the owner only had a quarter in his hand, he should be able to get at his engine. After the engineer had heard several hours of that and been subjected to numerous demonstrations with a variety of audiences, he got with the fastener engineers and the screw with the steroid-affected Phillips cross recess was developed. I'm not sure how many of us could really tighten and release the cover with a guarter, but Bud had the strength and hands to bend the guarter if necessary.

Ed. Note: This is a classic Bob Kirkman story taken from the July/August, 1988 issue. If there is enough interest, I'll reprint more on a space-available basis.

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(Continued from page 1)

was a LM Sport Sedan on a lot 60 miles south of Ft. Worth. Genie and Woody Thomas picked me up near a large Veteran's Hospital in Waco and took me south again, to Lorena, Texas. Their home is inviting and comfortable but the separate garage is a fantasy come true! Office, paint booth, and space on the floor for maybe eight cars. Two early convertibles were on the floor, one 50% finished and the other 75%. Both were ground up restorations and were already looking concours.

The '62 Greenbrier was in the house garage, dry, clean, and ready. Woody had done a complete valve job after I bought the van and another test run was in order. We had a Texas barbeque on the patio, quaffed a cool one or two and after a long chat went on a tour of Waco at night. Waco is the home of Dr. Pepper and the Texas Ranger's Museum.

Woody couldn't find the ownership to the van, so the next morning we went to a little office. The process took seven minutes, \$5.50, and a new title was in hand.



Woody waved me onto I-35 north and I began the Canada trek about 10 am. Near Dallas a large Medevac helicopter landed on the highway at an accident. Three or four (hard to tell) vehicles had telescoped into each other including a fifth wheel trailer. The gooseneck was the only easy to recognize piece. Police directed us onto the shoulder and through the ditch to a service road. While we inched forward 4 more helicopters circled like vultures above getting live pictures for television coverage. All of this was in the middle of a huge construction project. The temp. was 80 deg. And traffic was stop and go for an hour. Further on, Texas roads were smooth, fast, and well signed. Just the opposite in Arkansas, with rough potholed stretches to challenge every shock absorber and spring. Hope, Arkansas, birthplace of President Bill Clinton, and the roads smoothed out for a while. At mile 661 I relented and bunked down in a noisy motel for a few

hours. Unable to sleep, I fixed a signal light bulb in the parking lot about 6:30 am and returned to the highway in the dark. Temperatures were in the sixties, the skies were blue and the wind gusts were making every effort to get me into the left lane.

I-40 improved in Tennessee, east of Memphis. Somehow I avoided a terminal situation on a left curve up a hill with a two into one merge at the curve, trying to get onto I-65 in Nashville. These brake shoes are hard and the pedal pressure has to be stronger than you expect to get a quicker stop.

Bowling Green, Kentucky is the home of the 'Vette Museum. A washroom was needed. It would cost \$8.00 U.S. to get on a tour and into a washroom. Saved both the money and the for later. Did manage to pose



the 'Brier outside the grounds for a "This proves I was there" picture. Further up I-65 a pit stop was made, gas filled and time for a mileage cal-

culation. Tank one made 23 mpg, Imp. This tank was up to 28 mpg. All on premium gas for the 110 hp engine.

Poor planning meant that I hit Cincinnati in the afternoon rush hour. The big jam came trying to get out of town north of Cincinnati on I-75. More accidents, glass, chrome and trim on the road, flashing red lights, tow trucks, police, fire and ambulance vehicles – we've all been there. As it became dark, rain clouds drifted in and the wiper switch dysfunctioned. No wipers while on wipe, but could get one sweep on wash. One hand on the wheel compensating for the wind, the other hand stabbing the washer switch to get a moment of clarity. Thank goodness for the white line on the right lane edge right through Toledo, Ohio. South of Detroit the rains quit and I reasoned that I should keep rolling, at least while it was dry.

Plans for the ferryboat at Marine City were changed be-

cause the Ambassador Bridge came first. Windsor Customs were friendly and helpful. Tim Horton's is just ahead on your right, sir. Will that be cash or Visa? Thank



you for the GST, sir, and that will be another \$100. For the air conditioner. By 10:30 pm I was on the 401 and moving more slowly, tired after 16 hours at the wheel, towards Burlington.

The halogens were pointing at tree leaves and a few oncoming drivers flash/flash/flashed their disapproval. Few Americans were as blunt in their messages. This trip was faster than the July drone home. Highway speeds were easy for the Greenbrier. I was keeping up! As well, in an over confident move I did use the middle lane until I was passed, on the right, by a Yugo....dirty foreign buzz bomb was trailing a large blue contrail, engine is sick, engine is soon going to send a piston sideways and a pox on you go. Back to the right lane again.

Overall gas mileage was 26.5 mpg, Imp. Actual drive time including pit stops, but not the motel, 31 hours. Miles driven, about 1560. Speedometer accuracy was checked with a GPS and dial speed equaled ground speed. From personal observations, Arizona bodies may have zero rust, while a Texas body may have some. Both are many times better than the equivalent Ontario body. Flagstaff was, however, another 1000 miles west.

Thanks to Woody and Genie Thomas in Texas, Lant Insurance in Toronto, and Mike Diell in Burlington. One upper ball joint was desperately needed to pass the safety inspection. The headlights were properly aimed, signal light bulbs replaced as well as the wiper switch R&R before the safety inspection. At the moment, after two round up and ride 'em home trips I'm in no hurry to fly to the Southwest.

'03? We'll see.....

JIM DIELL





Greetings From Ben's Bus and Ramp!

Life is what happens when you are busy making other plans. I cannot tell you how much this old adage has proven itself true over the past several months. Lynn and I have been very busy buying the house we we'd been renting for two years, and consequently taking on all the responsibilities of being full-fledged homeowners. Yard work, refinishing one side of the house, and working on the two car (or two Corvair FC?) garage/barn have kept us very busy. That, as well as directing my third full-length musical at the high school and taking graduate courses along with my full time teaching position round out the reasons for my literary absence from the past several issues of CORVANANTICS. With the coming of summer, my time will free up a bit, and it could not come at a better time. The International CORSA convention is just under an hour and a half away from our home!

Lynn has been hard at work as the graphic designer for the convention. She even made sure to place an emphasis on the FC model for the "Air Cooled in Carlisle" logo. I will have both of my trucks at the convention for Concours day. I am hoping to see lots of your FCs as well. It would be awesome to have a lineup similar to the one we had in Chicago two years ago.

In reference to my FCs, I have done a great deal with the Rampside. It has hauled the family Christmas tree, bricks, firewood, a new AND old washing machine, three refrigerators, and an overstuffed load of shrubbery from our back yard in the bed including an overloaded trailer in tow since December. I really love that ramp! My friend Rob rode along with me for the appliance moving marathon, and he was sure impressed by the looks of approval and waves we got as we cruised the highways and back streets of our small city. The workers at the appliance store asked "Are you sure you want us to put this washer in THAT truck?" This comment was in reference that my Rampside, while not a show truck by any stretch, is very presentable. My response? "What are pickup trucks for? Load 'er up!" If I can't haul stuff in that bed, why own a pickup truck, especially one such as a Rampside that begs to be loaded? All in all, I have had good experiences with my Rampside since it came into my life a bit over two years ago. I have even used it, as well as the Greenbrier, as a teaching tool for my Career Studies class. Design and ingenuity are integral parts of so many careers, why not show the kids what those hard working Chevrolet designers were up to in the late fifties and early sixties? The students seem to enjoy it, and while some of my former students consider my ancient vehicles to be "ugly," most think they are really very cool and want to know where they can get one, too.

Driving the Greenbrier all winter, through salt and snow and driving rain, took a small toll on the new-from-last-

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summer paint job. Although I am somewhat upset by that, I quote a close VW Bus friend loosely when I say that these vehicles are for our fun and enjoyment. When Ben's Bus is spent beyond repair (Heaven forbid!), I will get another one to drive and enjoy and turn the current one into a backyard playhouse for my somedayanticipated children. One thing is for sure; I will never sell it. How many of you still have your very first car? I intend to keep mine forever. One reason I like these trucks so much is that I fit in them. My wife's Jetta is way too small and cramped for my driving enjoyment.

The van had been squirrely in damp weather recently. It would just hesitate and buck when the accelerator was pushed too far down. After posting a question on our awesome FC online chat group, I was reminded to check the distributor cap. I cleaned it, but that did not seem to help. I have since put on my spare, but I am unsure as to whether this helped or not as I have not driven it in the rain yet. Hopefully the trouble is solved. Besides that, I had wonderful luck with the performance of the old van all winter long. It has left me down very few times in the last ten years (I bought the van in June of 1993), and I would not trade my experiences with it for much of anything in the world. This meant that I did not get to make many pilgrimages to the Corvair Ranch this winter, either. That all changed today.

Lynn rode along with me in the Rampside to the Ranch for its annual inspection. Along with the inspection, I wished to have the brake fluid flushed and changed. It turned out that the repairs would be more extensive. While the truck was being checked out, Lynn and I jumped in another car and headed toward Boyd's Bear Country in nearby Gettysburg. While there, our cell phone rang. It was Rob Adams, the Ranch Vice President. It turns out that the truck had four leaky wheel cylinders, and needed new brake shoes all around. He asked what I wanted to do. Well, one reason I actually make the trek to the Corvair Ranch for inspections is because of its knowledgeable staff and on-the-shelf parts supply. Since I wanted to go home that day, I told Rob to have it all fixed. We returned to pick it up soon after and watched as Brett and Jeff finished working on it. A final test drive and we were on our way. I have never left the Ranch with a badly running or otherwise defective Corvair, but I have sure shown up with a few.

Next month...the Greenbrier inspection. What will that adventure bring? Read on in the next issue to find out as Ben's Bus returns to the readers of Corvanatics. He sure has missed all of you! Until next time...

Ben Stiles





Greetings from the Director At-Large:

I hope the Spring finds all of you well in your personal, professional, and Corvair related endeavors. For those of you who are not full time FC drivers, I am sure you are excitedly uncovering your trucks from their long winter slumber and sparking up a bit of nostalgia with the first turn of the key and the rev of your beloved Corvair engine.

I also hope that you are anxiously awaiting attendance at the International CORSA convention in Carlisle, PA. As Lynn is the graphic designer for the convention, we have attended a few organizational meetings. Let me tell you, Corvanatics member and Convention Chairman Ward Bourgandien has many dedicated people working to make this convention one to go down in the history books and in your own memories as a great time with fellow Corvair enthusiasts. The Clarion Hotel is convenient to access and is certainly an adequate facility for our purposes.

Among the highlights of the convention for me will be the Corvair caravan to the Corvair Ranch in Gettysburg on Wednesday afternoon. I can see fifty or more Corvairs of all shapes and sizes lined up and driving the highways and back roads to the Corvair Ranch to meet 600 more! The drive alone will be thrilling. Make out that Corvair parts wish list and prepare to see at least one of every Corvair model and year made (including 1965 Greenbriers, Loadsides, eight door Corvans, unusual FC campers, and other Corvair van rarities!) It promises to be a great time for all.

In conclusion, if any of you have any concerns or comments about the club, please don't hesitate to contact any of the officers to discuss them. Our contact information is located inside the cover of each issue of CorvanAntics. I hope to see all of you at the International CORSA Convention with your FCs, of course! The annual Corvanatics business meeting is scheduled for Friday evening, the 18th of July, from 9-10:30 PM. Have a safe trip, and I'll see you... "Air Cooled in Carlisle!"

Ben Stiles At-Large Director



I have the following F.C.'s I'd like to sell before vandals and mother nature destroys them: Red Rampside (complete) Red Rampside (wrecked) Green van (missing-stolen parts) White Greenbrier (busted windows) Tan Rampside (140 eng., rusted) 1962 Greenbrier (in garage, needs exhaust, has gas leak) 1961 Rampside w/Trolley rack (brakes need work) 1962 Van (green, broken glass) 1961 Van (bad clutch) 20+ Cars, 1960-1966 (total of 34). Sell each for \$250. up, or all for \$5000. or trade for Ultra-Van near home. All vehicles are outside in woods. SASE for more info. Fred L. Johnston 830 Tuckerton Ave. Temple, Pa. 19560-1208 (610) 939-9593

Corvair parts for sale:

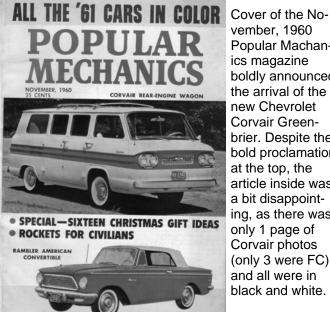
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From Your Treasurer

Hi to all. Bob and I will be gone from home until Sept. 20. Check your address label to see when your dues are due, and send your renewal of \$6.00 in before they are past due, if you intend to renew. If you have sent your dues, but the label does not reflect it, we had not received them at the time these labels were printed (June 15).

Hoping to see many of you at Carlisle.

Diane Galli, Sec/Treas.



vember, 1960 Popular Machanics magazine boldly announced the arrival of the new Chevrolet Corvair Greenbrier. Despite the bold proclamation at the top, the article inside was a bit disappointing, as there was only 1 page of Corvair photos (only 3 were FC), and all were in black and white.





