



CORVAN ANTICS

VOLUME 12

NUMBER 6

NOV & DEC 1984



RAMPSIDE/LOADSIDE



GREENBRIER SPORTSWAGON



CORVAN

Illustration Chevrolet Motor Division

**Bringin'
Home
The
Tree!**



**Happy
Holidays
From
Corvan
Antics**

Special Vacation Issue

CORVAN ANTICS

The official Bi-monthly publication of CORVANATICS,
a chartered chapter of CORSA. Established Sept. 1972.

Membership **00302**

Stories, articles, photos or anything of interest to CORVANATICS members may be submitted to the Editor. Deadline is the first of each odd numbered month.

Membership in CORVANATICS is open to any CORSA member with an interest in Forward Control Corvairs. Annual dues are \$6 (US) and should be sent to Caroline Silvey.

Changes of address should be sent to Caroline Silvey as soon as possible.

FOUNDER	Ken Wilhite	3025 N. Meridan #503	Indianapolis, IN 46208
PRESIDENT	Tom Silvey	Box 68	McCordsville, IN 46055
VICE-PREZ	Mike Gaynor	11016 Little Ave. S.	Minneapolis, MN 55437
CONVENTION			
VICE-PREZ	Ed Gridley	Box 158	Franklin, IN 46131
SECT/TRES	Caroline Silvey	Box 68	McCordsville, IN 46055
BOARD OF DIRECTORS:			
EAST	Robert Marlow	161 Hill St.	Midland Park, NJ 07432
CENTRAL	Mike Demeter	7108 Ravenwood Dr.	West Chester, OH 45069
WEST	Jim Craig	7731 Peacock Dr.	San Diego, CA 92123
AT LARGE	Ed Gridley	Box 158	Franklin, IN 46131
AT LARGE	Cecil Miller	2034 Storm Canyon Rd.	Winston-Salem NC 27106
HISTORIAN	Dave Newell	17369 Robey Dr.	Castro Valley CA 94546
EDITOR	Ken Krol	6701 N. 30th Dr.	Phoenix, AZ 85017
TECH ED.	Robert Kirkman	1820 Moffat Dr.	Leonard, MI 48038
HUMOR ED.	Dave Anderson	423 David Ln.	Mason, OH 45040

On The Cover

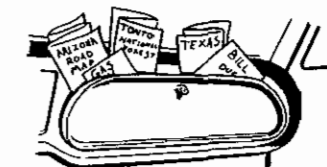
Original artwork by Bob Fisher of Phoenix, Arizona depicting that Great American Custom - Bringing home the tree.

In This Issue

After a long absence, Nico DeJong's informative serialization of the FC Corvair SAE Papers resumes. Also for your enjoyment - Herb Horn's "Most Expensive Greenbrier" (Sorry it took so long to get into print, Herb), FC Facts, "What happened at the annual Corvanatics meeting?" and Bob Kirkman's Tech Topics explores vague FC steering. And for just the thing to help ward off the winter blues, four stories on FC vacations.



From The Editor's Glovebox



"V-A-C-A-T-I-O-N, we're gonna have a ball..." I think Connie Francis sang that, or maybe it was the Go-Go's, but at any rate that's the theme of this issue. We have four vacation stories and photos. Hope you enjoy them, particularly at this time of the year. A big THANK-YOU to those who contributed.

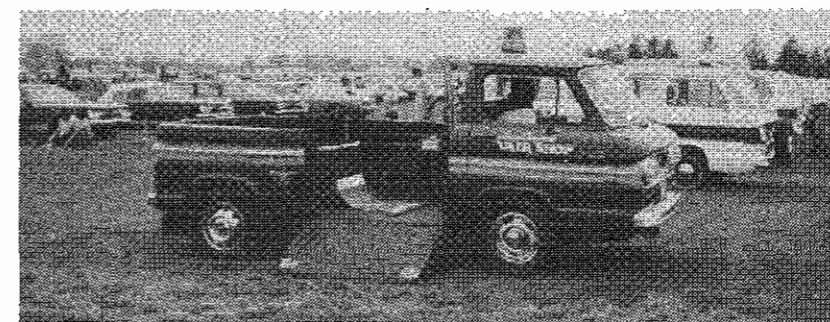
While the snow may be flying in your end of the country, out West we're in one of our peak seasons. The "Fanbelt Toss" in Palm Springs, California drew hundreds of Corvairs, with hordes of FC's of all descriptions. I had the pleasure of meeting and talking with 6 or 7 Corvanatics at the event. Our local Club just completed a Corvair photo tour. We had 7 FC's show up, and a great end point - a tour of the GM Desert Proving Grounds.

I received a nice letter from Dal Dalrymple concerning my comment in the last issue that GM designed their van line first. Dal brought to my attention the fact that GM had a previous "van" as early as 1954. Called L'Universelle, it was a monstrous mid-V-8 affair (incidentally featured on the cover of a past CA) that could very well be the ancestor of the FC line. I guess my comment should have included the qualifier "modern" van line. Thanks for the info, Dal.

I hope you like this extra-size issue. We could easily have one this size every time, except for one thing - all the Corvanatics who keep putting off writing that great story of their FC's. I KNOW more than four of us took our FC's on vacation, but that's all I got from our 300 members. Our chapter is all about sharing our Forward Control experiences, but it WILL get pretty one-sided if the same people write our newsletter copy every issue. Jack Irwin wrote in promising an article on his three 1964 Ramp-sides, and three California members I met at Palm Springs said they would get me one, so how about you? We don't need a literary masterpiece, just get the facts down, maybe send a good photo, and we'll take it from there. We can never have too much material! Enough editorializing...

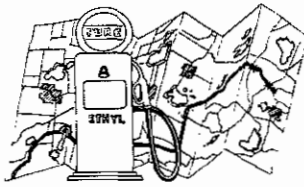
Beginning with the JAN-FEB issue, we will need to begin adhering to the publication deadline for submitting material. To maintain our image as a quality chapter of the finest automobile club in the country, we need to get our newsletter on a regular schedule. The deadline shouldn't present any problems. Members should know exactly when their newsletter will arrive, and the only way we can accomplish this goal is to have all the material arrive here ON TIME. Once again, the deadline is the FIRST of each ODD numbered month.

This NOV--DEC issue marks a full year that I have been your editor, and I can hardly believe it has been that long. I will continue to try to improve and refine CORVAN ANTICS and with your help we can make it a newsletter we can be proud of, and the best darn chapter newsletter in CORSA!



Chevrolet

Chevrolet



See The U.S.A. In Your Chevrolet or Corvanatics On Vacation!

7000 MILES & 23 STATES IN OUR GREENBRIER!

On Tuesday July 17th, at 7:35 PM, my Husband Al (Stoney) and I climbed into our 1961 Greenbrier and headed East from our home in Phoenix, Arizona. Actually we started out by going North and surprizing a group of our friends who were in Grand Junction, Colorado on a car club tour. From there we were headed East, first stop was Michigan. While we were working our way through Gary Indiana rush hour traffic, I noticed a car being trailored in the opposite direction. I pointed it out to Stoney who in turn looked in his rear view mirror to see what it was. When he said that it was a Tucker, I wished I had taken a better look, as I had never seen one before except in pictures.

We arrived in the little town of Crystal Michigan (Pop. 400) on Friday the 20th at 8:30 PM. We stayed at my cousin's dairy farm which is right across the road from a little lake. At this point in our travels minor repairs had to be made - upper A-arm bushings on the driver's side.

On Wednesday morning we said goodbye to my cousin and her family and drove through middle Michigan to Port Huron. Crossing the border into Canada, I wondered if this time was going to be the right time. On our two previous trips we arrived at Niagara Falls either too early or too late to ride the Maid-of-the-mist. This time was right however, and we both enjoyed the boat ride very much.

We were going to go to Maine to get some Lobsters, but settled for New Hampshire ones instead. We now realized that we were going to get into Hartford Connecticut at rush hour and we were right. This is also the only place in our journey that an accident slowed us up. (Let's not mention that every state, and the Canadian province, that we traveled through had road DESTRUCTION of some sort.) We drove on to Litchfield Connecticut in search of Stoney's oldest daughter, Mary, arriving at 6:40 PM on Thursday the 26th. We missed the street, but thought they might be at the site of their new house under construction. We pulled into the drive, didn't see them, so started to head back to their old house. We got out of the drive, up two van lengths, heard a grinding sound and couldn't move any farther. We backed into the driveway, locked up and walked up the hill to Mary's in-laws where we found the three girls. David and Mary were out looking at kittens. The next day Stoney and David towed the van to their house and put it into a garage where it could be worked on in the rain. It turned out that the problem was in the yoke. Stoney just happened to have one with him, but he also needed a U-joint and some other parts. Repairs were made thanks to the CORSA Roster and finding some guys in Connecticut that didn't go to the National Convention.

Wednesday August 1st saw us on the road again. That night we stopped for dinner in Fairmont, West Virginia, unbeknown to us at the time as gymnast Mary Lou Rhettons home town. The next day we took a tour of Mammoth Cave in Kentucky.

If they could straighten out all the curves in the cave it would be 300 miles long. Forget all about seeing the World's Fair...it was raining so hard we wouldn't have been able to see it anyway. We did stop for some Cajun cookin' though.

Saturday August 4th we arrived in Rockport Texas all set to do some salt water fishing. Only one problem, we forgot to tell the fish they were supposed to bite. The weather was not with us either as it was rainy. It's hard to fish in a downpour - cold too. Forget the fishing, we headed on home. Home-Sweet-Home again at 1:30 PM Monday the 6th. We covered 7061.2 miles, 23 states plus Ontario Canada, in 20 days of heat, cloudy days, drizzly days and out and out downpour days. All in all we had very little car trouble to speak of. We had discussed going to the National and maybe taking the long-distance award, but at the time we were stuck so close yet so far away with the broken yoke in Connecticut. Wait until next time.

Pam and Al (Stoney) Stone
Phoenix, Arizona



CAMPSITE OF RON SUNDAY AND FAMILY - VACATION TIME AT MISSISSIPPI PALISADES PARK. The park is located near Savanna, Illinois, along the banks of the mighty Mississippi River. The Sunday Family lives in Rockford, Illinois. Ron is a member of Chicagoland Corvair Enthusiasts, Corvanatics and of course CORSA, and owns three Corvairs - his only transportation.

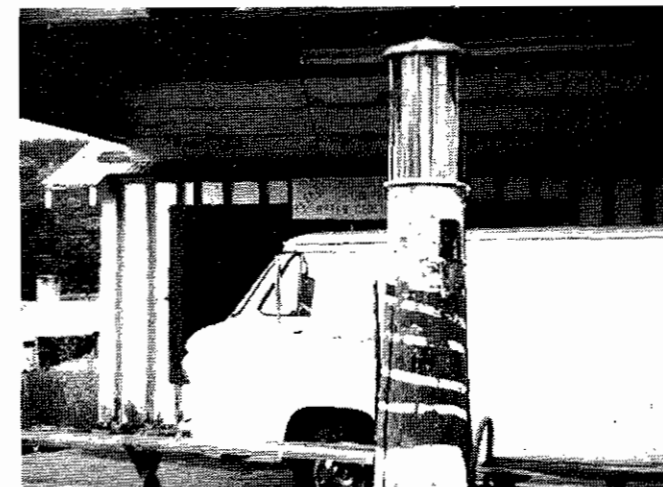
OBSCURED BY REALITY - OR NORTHEAST ARIZONA BY CORVAN

Being a big city dweller, but a lover of the great outdoors at heart, I constantly possess a need to get "on the road" and away from city hassles and tension and up to the high country to relax, unwind and breath some clean mountain air. Most people think of Arizona as hot burning sands and cactus. True, yes - some of it. Unfortunately the part that I live in, but the other 2/3 of the state is green and forested - by five National Forests. Drive North or East for 90 or so miles and you're in a forest of fragrant Pine at 5000 feet. Drive 150 miles and you're surrounded by rivers, Spruce, Aspen, Oak and Fir trees, green grassy meadows and

Alpine lakes at 7000 to 9600 feet. All of the above was my vacation destination for 1984.

Even as I was loading the Corvan with camping gear, fishing pole and a week's worth of food, the mere thought of getting out of the City and its 100 degree temperatures and away from employment relaxed me nicely. By the time I reached the Camp Verde Exit of I-17 North, I was in another world. Out of Camp Verde the General Crook Trail, a paved re-creation of a major East-West covered wagon route, switchbacked its way up the Mogollon Rim, the Corvan eating up turn after hairpin turn. The desert scrub brush gave way rapidly to thick Ponderosa Pine. Zane Grey called it the Tonto Rim and this was his play ground. In a few days I would see the cabin where he wrote most of his romantic Westerns, but today's stops were Milk Ranch Point on "The Rim", plus some fishing. The Rim can best be described as a 200 mile long, 1000-2000 foot high cliff stretching across half of Arizona. Formed by volcanic upheaval of the land, it is the dividing line between desert and high country. There are thousands of scenic overlooks along the Rim road with views stretching for 150 or so miles, and Milk Ranch Point is one of the best. Due to this year's abnormally wet rainy season though, stretches of the four mile dirt road were mudholes, but not much of a challenge for the Corvan. It clawed and churned its way through in spite of the obstacles. Sure surprised those Forest Service workers in their four wheel drives.

The next couple days' activities consisted of wandering along a 100 mile stretch of the Rim, sampling the fishing in the many beautiful lakes, doing some hiking with the aid of the Forest Service maps, and playing cat and mouse with the Summer storms that drift through this area of the state.

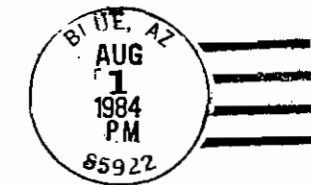


A "GAS STOP" IN CHARMING OLD ALPINE

Moved leisurely Eastward on across the Reservation land toward Alpine, the "trailhead" of the next leg of my journey, the Coronado Trail, AKA US666. This 100 mile North-South stretch of twisty road begins at 8000 feet in Alpine and peaking at 9600 feet near Hannigan Meadow, could have been lifted straight from Idaho or Montana. Dense stands of incredibly

tall Blue Spruce trees, never having seen the ravages of lumbering, form a backdrop for marshy fields of Alpine wild flowers, an interlocking system of creeks, springs and rivers draining the 20 foot snows of winter, and the White Mountains, aptly named for their year-round snow cap. Mount Baldy, the highest summit, reaches 11,711 feet. I could scarcely believe I was still in Arizona. At my six-site Forest Service Campground campsite that night the low temperature was recorded at a cool 37 degrees - three degrees below the "official" national low. The campfire sure felt good. Hundreds of miles from any major cities, the intensely black sky put on a stellar display unlike anything I had ever seen - "Billions and billions of stars". On a night like this I was sure glad to have my warm, cozy (well insulated) Corvan Quasi-Camper.

The gurgling of the campground's natural spring, and the fresh breeze across the grassy cienega and through those incredible Spruce trees filled my senses the next morning as I prepared breakfast. Before getting under way to my next stop, Blue, I grabbed a gallon of that delicious, ICE-cold sparkling spring water.



The title to this next day could have been "Meandering Along the Meandering Blue". This entire area is known locally as "The Blue", and includes the Blue River, the Blue Primitive Area, as well as the Settlement of Blue. Talk about getting away from it all - from off-the-beaten-path Alpine, nestled at the far Eastern edge of Arizona, it is a drive of 32 miles of rough, serpentine dirt road, following every sinuous bend of the Blue River, hugging canyon walls, weaving over the Arizona-New Mexico border several times and crossing the river many times. Some crossings are by one lane bridge, but for the other half-dozen or so, you're on your own, aided only by a sturdy, water tight vehicle and those bold, yellow "SLOW" and "FORD" signs. Finally you arrive at Blue, AZ, 85922, or so states the sign at the United States' most isolated Post Office. Normally only open two hours a day, the lady Postmaster opened up the 8x10 foot Post Office especially for me to see. Also serving the area's 30 residents is Arizona's only one room school house, still in daily usage. After spending the better part of the day exploring this peaceful country setting, I began the climb back out via Red Canyon Road, so named for the breathtaking red rock canyon that it bisects.

Being so far from anywhere (and hundreds of miles from the nearest Chevy dealer) sure made me glad I had a reliable vehicle, and for getting into (and back out of) places like Blue, nothing eats up the hard miles like an FC. The high ground clearance, great traction, that fantastic '64 quick steering box and short turning radius, with the torquy 95 HP engine and low 4-speed gearing are really a hard combination to beat.

The return trip took another three peaceful days, lazily fishing the mountain trout streams and tiny isolated lakes, and camping in still more beautiful spots. One of the most priceless - yet free - spots I stayed was a rocky ledge mere feet from

the edge of the Mogollon Rim. I sat on the edge of the 1500 foot bluff, feet dangling, for hours, stunned by the magnificent 100 mile view and then again by the vivid, glorious sunset. How can you describe a place like this? The remainder of the trip home was anti-climactic.

Arriving home I calculated some figures. 1150 total miles in eight days at elevations mainly from 5000 to 9000 feet, 120 miles of off-road, temperatures of from 37 to 112 degrees, yielded an average of 19.85 MPG. Oil consumption was $\frac{1}{4}$ quart and the only mechanical problem was a lost front, upper shock mounting nut. The versatility and reliability of my twenty year old Corvair Van never ceases to amaze me. Next Summer - Houston!

Ken Krol
Your ed.

GIVING THE MOST EXPENSIVE GREENBRIER A WORKOUT

Gae and I drove our '64 Greenbrier Camper from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania on a sixteen day vacation through 16 states in 4000 miles, averaging 19.5 MPG. That says it all!

We stayed at campgrounds for six nights and the rest with relatives or friends. It was a purposeful trip, as we saw our youngest son graduate from college. We visited Nashville's Opryland and traveled the Natches Trace to Louisiana and the World's Fair. Then back East to Maryland for a soft crab feast and a day on the Chesapeake Bay.

We bypassed New York City by using the Verrazano Bridge to Brooklyn and to Long Island's South shore. We visited our oldest son and family in Sayville. While there we went for



HERB HORN'S '64 GREENBRIER CAMPER OPTION AT WORK. LUNCH BREAK - GAE RELAXING - DELAWARE WATER GAP.

a ferry boat ride and a swim in the Atlantic with friends. It all climaxed with a 50th year Banquet of our sailing club - The Wet Pants.

Going back to Pittsburgh we stopped at Bedford, Pennsylvania for Pioneer Days, and heard many muskets being fired off fighting the Indians. We camped there, keeping an eye out on the wooded area - you never can tell if there is an Indian left over!

It was a perfect vacation and the Greenbrier performed perfectly in all types of weather and on all types of roads.

-Herb & Gae Horn

Did You Know? FC Facts

1. When the Corvair Powerglide transmission was used in a FC vehicle it was fitted with a remote transmission fluid cooler. The cooler was located in the left rear corner of the vehicle near the battery, in the air flow to the engine. A modified pump in the PG allowed the use of the cooler.

2. A Suburban Los Angeles city special ordered a small fleet of DUAL-RAMP Rampside pickups for its street maintenance program on its one-way streets, allowing unloading of equipment on either side of the street. In the early '70's a friend of mine acquired one of these. He used it to haul his dirt bikes out to the desert then, lowering both ramps, used the truck to jump the cycles! This, no doubt, has got to be one of the rarest FC "options", as it was never officially offered.

3. The 1965 Greenbrier had a factory installed alternator. Just try to find a replacement wiring harness for one of these!

4. Ever seen a Corvan with only one factory installed Greenbrier-type rear quarter window, on the right side? These vans were built for the Phone Company. Ma Bell was a big user of compact vans in the early '60's and used quite a few dark green Corvans.

PART XI - POWERTRAIN: TRANSAXLES

Transaxles

Transaxle design (Fig. 29), available with either a 3-speed or 4-speed synchromesh or a 2-speed automatic transmission, achieves the compactness necessary to avoid encroachment on the space requirements for cargo, passenger or suspension.

Base equipment on the Corvair 95 is a conventional 3-speed synchromesh transmission. This unit has a cast iron case, helical gears

and is synchronized in second and third gears. Gear ratios are 3.50-to-1 for first; 1.99-to-1 for second; direct for third; and 3.97-to-1 for reverse.

The optional 4-speed transmission also features a cast iron case and helical gears, however, this unit is fully synchronized in all forward speeds. A wide selection of gear ratios provides a versatile range of engine-to-vehicle speeds. Gear ratios are 3.65-to-1 for first; 2.35-to-1 for second;

1.44-to-1 for third; direct for fourth; and 3.66-to-1 for reverse.

A 2-speed fully automatic transmission brings passenger car driving ease to the new light-duty trucks. A three-element torque converter provides a starting ratio of 2.5-to-1. Low gear reduction is 1.82-to-1. Since these vehicles are associated with more severe service than the passenger cars, a transmission oil cooler located in the engine air induction system, is provided.

The rear axle is identical with the Corvair passenger car except the ratio is 3.89:1. It is located between the engine and transmission and consequently the transmission input shaft must pass thru the axle on the axle pinion centerline. The ring gear and pinion are hypoid gears for quiet operation and good durability. It has a two pinion differential.

Xerox copies of entire report may be ordered from:
S.A.E., Inc.
400 Commonwealth Drive
Warrendale, PA 15096 (\$4-)
Reprinted with permission
(C) S.A.E., Inc.
Source: DeJong
(to be continued)

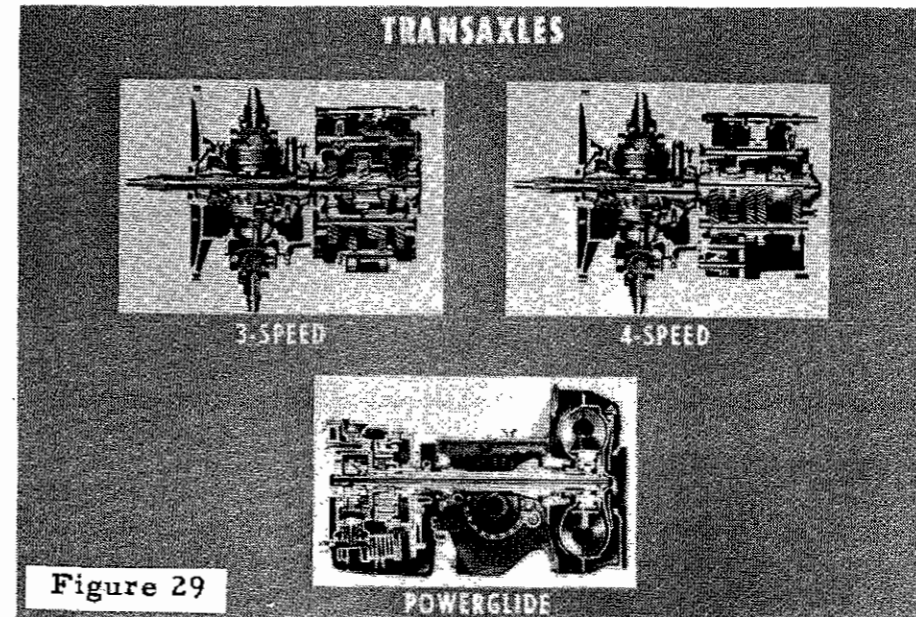


Figure 29

TECH TOPICS (continued)

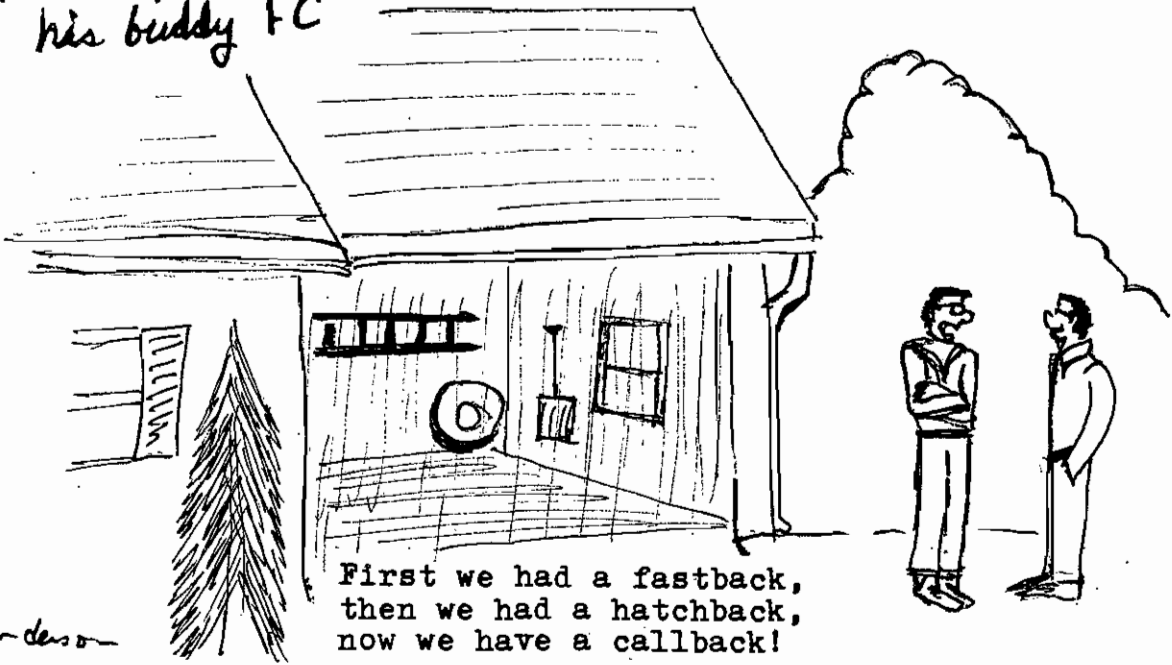
close, etc., besides steering and suspension problems.

Another remote possibility would be loose wheel bearings. I think it would result more in an odd tire wear pattern than vague steering.

With that, I'm out of suggestions.

A salute to the person that was really using his Greenbrier on Friday, September 14th. It appeared to be loaded inside and stuff was being carried on top as it passed on Missouri I-44 going West, about fifty miles from the Oklahoma border. If that vehicle belonged to a Corvanatics member, I think you owe us a story and some pictures of your beautiful tan Greenbrier with a dark brown band in the cove area.

Gene Brick
&
his buddy "FC"



D. Anderson

First we had a fastback,
then we had a hatchback,
now we have a callback!

CORVAN ANTICS
6701 N. 30th DR.
Phoenix, AZ 85017

FIRST CLASS



CORVANATICS

THE FORWARD CONTROL CORVAIR PEOPLE