



CORVAN ANTICS

VOLUME 20

NUMBER 5

SEPT & OCT 1992



RAMPSIDE/LOADSIDE



GREENBRIER SPORTSWAGON



CORVAN

ILLUSTRATION BY CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION



LET'S WRAP UP THE SUMMER SEASON THE CORVANATICS WAY!
ATTEND OUR CORVANATICS DRIVE-IN OCT 9-11 IN NORTH CAROLINA

The Steering Column

As a result of the election held during our annual meeting at the CORSA Convention in Atlanta last month, I am your new CORVANATICS President. Clark Hartzel, who has served well in this office for the past several years, wished to step down to pursue other interests. Rich Van Handel and I volunteered to run for the Presidency, and while I may have won the vote, Rich will still be able to contribute to our Club's direction. He lives about five miles away from me and is active in my local CORSA Chapter, NJACE.

Ken Hand was re-elected as Vice-president and Caroline Silvey continues as Secretary/Treasurer. Betty will still be Caroline's assistant. Our Board received a bit of a shaking up, with only Central Director Mike Demeter and Western Director Jim Craig being re-elected. Jerry Jarzem joins the Board as our Eastern Director and Pete Koehler is our new Director-At-Large.

Ken Krol was re-elected as our newsletter Editor, but he has prefaced his candidacy by reminding us that an editor can only be as good as the material he is given to edit. Contributions to CORVAN ANTICS are welcomed and requested. And while we are soliciting material for the newsletter, we are also imposing regular newsletter deadlines so that there will be no doubt about when the next issue will go to press. This issue's deadline was August 15th, and the next issue will close on October 15th. We'll continue to use the 15th of every other month as our deadline.

So who is this guy Marlow, anyway? Well, I'm a guy who got his driver's license 23 years ago in the same Greenbrier I own today. I've been a Corvair enthusiast since the cars were introduced in the Fall of 1959 and an FC fan since they were introduced a year later. Over the years I've owned more than sixty Corvairs of all types (except turbos, for some reason) and more than 25 of those have been FC's. Right now I own two Corvairs, both Greenbriers, both 1964 models. I probably have enough spare parts to build a third.

I discovered NJACE and CORSA in 1974, and shortly thereafter I learned about CORVANATICS. I didn't get around to joining until the 1978 CORSA Convention in San Diego, but I made up for the lost time by getting all the CORVAN ANTICS back issues. In 1980 I became CORVANATICS Eastern Director.

Of course, ownership of Corvair 95's and loyalty to Corvair organizations does not necessarily qualify me to be President of a club of more than 300 members. So fore that portion of my resume I'll point to my also having been President of NJACE and Vice-President of CORSA. I've been active on CORSA committees, assisted in the running of several CORSA conventions and been active in the Northeast Corvair Council, the organization that stages the annual "Lime Rock" meet. Presently I am NJACE's Publicity VP, which means I get to edit the Club's newsletter each month.

For many years, CORVANATICS' Presidency was simply decided upon within a group of willing volunteers. More recently Clark Hartzel instituted nominations and elections. Since I was elected instead of appointed, I sincerely wish to do a good job for our Club.

Now on to other business.

One of CORVANATICS unfinished projects is the Technical guide. Similar in concept to CORSA's Tech Guide,

this collection of tech tips vital to FC's has been put into rough form thanks to the efforts of Bob Kirkman and Clark Hartzel. In Atlanta, John Bennetto picked up the ball, and his article outlining the steps needed to complete this project is in this issue. One of the people John needs for this project may be you.

Another project that needs some polishing is regional events for CORVANATICS. At present, we have one meeting per year, at CORSA's Convention. Regional "Drive-In" events have been tried from time to time, with modest success. We want to build on that modest success with a more ambitious schedule of regional events. And, as we do with our annual meeting, "piggybacking" these CORVANATICS events with established regional Corvair club activities is to me the logical approach.

So... We're hitting the ground running with an Eastern Regional "Drive-In" for CORVANATICS members in concert with the CORSA NC Fall Corvair Affair in Clemmons, NC, on the weekend of October 9-10-11. The Fall Corvair Affair is an established, popular, successful and well-run event, and we have our own Bob Gabriel within CORSA NC to help with the local logistics. We'll have no direct effect on the activities CORSA NC has planned, but we will add a brief CORVANATICS meeting, special recognition for CORVANATICS members and their vehicles and CORVANATICS-sponsored awards in three classes: Greenbrier, pick-up and Corvan.

Clemmons is easily accessible for both our Eastern and Central Division members, so let's have a huge turnout of FC's and CORVANATICS for this first regional event of 1992-93.

And of course we're looking for more Corvair events with which to affiliate ourselves, in the Central and Western regions. Contact me or any CORVANATICS officer with your suggestions.

Say, are you a computer/"desktop publishing" fan? CORVANATICS owns a typewriter with which Ken Krol has been producing CORVAN ANTICS for years, but it died recently. RIP. It's time for us to move into the modern age of newsletter production, and maybe YOU are the person to help us do it! Something as simple as WordPerfect and a laser printer may very well suffice. What have you? Please contact me if you can contribute in this area.

And speaking of contributions, Ken Krol is always looking for contributions to our newsletter. Your FC stories, tech tips and even your classified ads (free to members) are needed. Bob Gabriel and I are working up a non-technical "tech tip" concerning original and aftermarket mirrors for FC's, for a future issue. What unique insight do you possess? Please let us know.

My next high horse is a membership drive. I am certain that in your local area you know several FC owners who are not members of CORVANATICS. Well show 'em this newsletter, tell 'em how this special CORSA chapter serves their needs and interests, tell 'em how we are aggressively tackling our future, and SIGN 'EM UP! Bob Kirkman has suggested we advertise ourselves in the CORSA Communique, and I want to

(con'd on page 14)

CORVANATICS

Drive In

OCTOBER 9-10-11, 1992

AS ANNOUNCED AT THE CORSA NATIONAL CONVENTION IN ATLANTA, THE CORSA NC FALL CORVAIR AFFAIR WILL BE A CORVANATICS SANCTIONED EVENT. WE WILL HAVE TROPHIES FOR THREE CLASSES OF FC'S: CORVANS, RAMPSIDES/LOADSIDES & GREENBRIERS. ALSO A TROPHY FOR "LONGEST DISTANCE DRIVEN IN AN FC". THERE WILL BE A MEETING HELD FOR CORVANATICS MEMBERS.

THE FALL AFFAIR WILL BE HELD AT HOLIDAY INN, CLEMMONS, NC, SITE OF THE 1986 AND 1987 AFFAIRS. COME HELP US CELEBRATE THE "HOMECOMING" BACK TO WINSTON-SALEM THIS WEEKEND. SEE THE SEPTEMBER COMMUNIQUE OR CALL PAT OR CECIL MILLER AT (919)924-6073 OR BOB GABRIEL AT (919)724-5876 FOR MORE DETAILS.

Tech Guide Update

A Corvanatics Technical Guide was again a topic of discussion at the annual meeting in Atlanta. There is a large amount of raw material, but there's as yet no clearly defined process for getting the job done. See your Sept.-Dec. 1991 Corvanatics, page 3, for a recap of where it stands.

Mike Demeter and I, in talking with newly-elected President Bob Marlow and others, have agreed to try and define the project more clearly. An old problem-solving trick for tackling a large ill-defined task (sometimes affectionately called a mess) is to break it down into several smaller problems. We've done that, at least tentatively, and see these major areas of decision making and work:

Keying Text - meaning getting existing text into a common format that can be manipulated. In theory, keying could be just that, or might be shortcut with computer scanning. In any case, we're making the assumption the Tech Guide contents will be put into computer files of some as yet undecided kind.

Graphics - the existing scrapbook has many photos, diagrams, etc. of varying quality. Other illustrations (from parts/shop manuals?) could be added. Again, scanning and computer graphics programs should/will be considered.

Indexing - a keyword index would be desirable.

Content editing - some technical review for accuracy is probably warranted, and there's always proofreading for spelling, punctuation, etc. Not that the Tech Guide would become a candidate for a Pulitzer Prize, but it shouldn't give a high school English teacher cause to laugh or sneer.

Format decisions - such as overall arrangement (in sections matching those in the CORSA Tech Guide?), page format (1 column?, 2 columns?), etc.

Publication - meaning printing decisions, covers, no covers, binding, marketing, pricing, distribution method, and so forth.

We've outlined this framework so you can offer ideas, or preferably volunteer help, in only as many of the six areas as you want, or have expertise. Only one area is fine - you don't have to tackle the whole mess. Send a letter to me, at this address:

John Bennetto
207 Hilltop Lane
Cincinnati, OH 45215

or to Bob Marlow (see page 2) with what you can do. If you can provide computer power, be specific about the software you have (name of software package, publisher, and version).

An Interesting Experience

Our hope of owning a Greenbrier was finally realized in the Fall of 1980. Because of an engine problem we had to tow it home from Santa Rosa, CA where we bought it, to Sacramento. My wife and I did a complete overhaul and rehabilitation of the vehicle. Our intent was to use the Greenbrier as a pick-up truck of sorts but primarily as a camper.

Starting in 1982, we made an annual camping trip each September to Clarinda, Iowa to see my family. Each year we tried to take a different route, including one through Canada, to get a different view of the country. At that time of the year we almost always encountered snow somewhere along the route, or we changed our route because of a forecast of snow.

One year in late September while returning to Sacramento, we were cruising along I-80 in Wyoming about midway between Laramie and Rawlins. It was a solid overcast day with light occasional snow showers in near-freezing temperatures. The elevation was six or seven thousand feet and the terrain was hilly. After cruising down a long hill and then starting the upgrade the engine ran rough and had lost a lot of power. I shifted down to third gear and then to second (with emergency flashers going) and pulled off onto the shoulder to keep out of the way of traffic (a lot of eighteen-wheelers). We made it to the top of the hill where there was a turn-off to an unimproved road that headed off into the sagebrush. We pulled off onto a sodded area by the side of this road where the engine promptly died.

It seemed to be a fuel problem so I checked to see if the carburetors were getting fuel. Both carbs pumped a healthy stream of fuel.

Out of curiosity I checked the spark to the #1 plug while my wife cranked the engine. Spark was strong and the engine started but still ran rough and died again. After about 10 or 15 minutes of pattering around doing nothing significant and wondering how to get assistance, I tried to start the engine again. It started, ran rough for a bit and smoothed out. The weather had improved somewhat during our delay. We got back onto the Interstate and returned to Sacramento with no further difficulty.

Having been an active private pilot in my early years I was certain I knew what the problem was.

A few years later, again in September, as we were heading east into West Yellowstone, it was an overcast, misty morning with near freezing temperatures. We were cruising along on a fairly level stretch of highway when we had to slow down for a left-turning car ahead of us. When I tried to accelerate to cruising speed the engine ran rough and lost power, so we pulled off onto the shoulder and turned on the emergency flashers. This time I was quite certain of what the problem was but I took a quick look at the engine anyway. Everything looked normal. After about ten minutes we started the engine and continued on our way normally.

Later that morning in Yellowstone we had a recurrence of the problem. We pulled off the shoulder and

(con'd on page 14)

How to buy a Corvair Rampside Pickup

OR A TALE OF JUST GOING OUT & DRAGGING ONE HOME!

Ever wanted a certain Corvair real bad? I mean really bad? All of a sudden I took a notion that I wanted a pickup. Now I don't mean your run-of-the-mill, off the shelf S-10 or Silverado. I wanted something different. Something I could be proud of and could still enjoy driving. This passion sort of came over me suddenly. I mean I'm sitting here in mid-winter Wisconsin when it hit me, sort of like the three-day flu. What do you do in winter when you want to buy a Corvair FC? A perusal of the then-current Communique turned up little, so I started going through back issues (after all, who advertizes Rampside in the dead of winter?). I got back to the October issue before coming across anything promising. I knew one thing: I wanted a Southern car. I had had enough of that Wisconsin cancer, generic name Rustus Consumis, when I went through my 1965 Monza convertible.

Anyway, I ran across a Loadside in Utah. Never heard of a Loadside - didn't even know what it was. But a phone call later I was wise to that. The man had bought it from a Naval Base in Kalispel, Montana (honest to God truth). He sent me pictures and it looked pretty good. But the more I thought about it the more I wanted a genuine Ramp. After all, what's so special about a Loadside except rear engine and air-cooled?

About then, I see this '61 Rampside for sale in Richland, Georgia from, I think, the September Communique. Another phone call; Wyatt Pittman answers. Do you still have the Rampside? Yes. Tell me about it. Well, I've had it about twelve years. Doesn't have an engine in it, but I have two engines to go with it. The floor is all rusted out from water standing in it. I started restoring it but ran out of time and lost interest in it. You know the usual stuff. Could you send me some pictures of it? I guess I could take some and get them to you.

Time passed - I'm really anxious now. Finally the pictures came. All angles, inside, outside, sides, front, rear, etc. Hey, this doesn't look too bad. On the phone again. Wyatt says I cut the floor out and have a new one all ready in my machine shop. Would you weld it in? Yes. Wyatt says I don't want you to buy something and be sorry. Why don't you and your wife come down and visit us? We'll put you up in our guest house and you can leisurely look over the truck and decide. We both work, I say, and can't get away. Besides, you don't know my wife. She couldn't care less about a car, much less a Rampside truck. All she cares about is that it has gas and runs when she bumps the starter. Besides, I think I'm not going to drive or fly 1000 miles to see a truck only to decide I don't want it. I'll decide from the pictures. If I come down there I'll take it. Let's wait until Spring. If you still have it, we'll talk.

More time passes. Anxiously. A-N-X-I-O-U-S-L-Y! Now I wanted that truck - I mean I WANTED that truck. About the middle of March I call Wyatt. How about if I come down toward the middle of April, when we are fairly sure we won't have to drive home in a snowstorm. Say, do you have a title for that truck? No, I don't. I've got to have a title. Wisconsin gets downright fussy about that sort of thing, I say. There never was a title, Georgia has only had a title law for the last eight years. I think I've got a bill of sale. I never

even licensed it. Can you get a title? I don't know. Let me check into it.

Meanwhile I called the Wisconsin Department of Transportation. If I buy an old truck in Georgia, a non-title state, can I get a Wisconsin title from a bill of sale? No way! You've got to have a transferable document. What is that? If he has a registration from Georgia that will have a place to sign it over to you and then you can get a clear Wisconsin title. This got even hairier later after I had the truck up here, but I won't go into that here.



Back to Wyatt Pittman on the phone. Wisconsin DOT says I have to have a "transferable document" to get a title. Can you get registration for that truck? Ya, I think so. By the way, one ol' boy down here says the truck is a '62, something about the taillights. At this point I don't know a '61 from a '62 from a turnip truck. But I figure one year newer, I can handle that. I didn't know until later when I got down there, but for him to get registration Wyatt would have to license the truck, and Georgia law says to license a vehicle it has to be insured. So he had considerable trouble and some expense in getting me a transferable document. Getting a Southern Rampside is simple, right? Piece of cake, right? Just drive down and haul her back, right? Riiight!

Well, by now it is the first of April. Time to start making some serious plans to get "my" truck home. I figured it would take two good days down to Georgia and probably three back towing the Rampside.

Friday, April 19, 1991 dawned a beautiful, sunny, Spring day. I picked up Bob Ehrenreich, a fellow member from Northeast Wisconsin Corvair Club in Sheboygan. I had my tools along and I thought it might be a good idea to take the spare tire from Bob's Greenbrier along in case of tire trouble with the Rampside on the trip home. Bob also suggested we take along a light bar in case of unexpected trouble with the lights on the towed rig. We planned to rent a tow dolly in Georgia and tow the Rampside backwards since there was no drivetrain in it. We left Sheboygan at 7:30 AM, right on schedule. Life

was good. I was excited. We were driving my 1977 Mercedes Benz. It is somewhat of a fooler. It has a 4-bangin' diesel with a 4-speed. At that time it had about 160,000 miles on it, but they were happy miles and the car looked and performed like it had left Daimler-Benz about six months previous.

I had a tow dolly reserved in Columbus, Georgia and they closed at 6:00 PM. We pulled in there with time to spare. While their guy and Bob got the dolly all hooked up to the Benz and made sure all the lights worked, the manager and I waded through the paperwork, deposits, insurance, the whole bit. We drove off with the exhortation in our ears that it would be illegal to tow that truck backwards and the admonition to observe the speed limits driving through Fort Benning.

The next stop and our destination - Richland, Georgia - was just 35 miles away. After missing our turn off - ever back a tow dolly 100 feet along a state road in Georgia? - we arrive. We knew we had the right place cause sitting there in their garage under the house was a sharp '65 Corsa convertible. A rap on the door brought Wyatt Pittman. After introductions and some Southern hospitality, Wyatt said but you came down here to look at a truck, just follow me over to the shop. To say I was anxious would not quite cover it. But after a trip of right at 1100 miles, what could a couple more be?

What is there about photographs that gloss over imperfections? Large imperfections? That is not to say that the pictures covered up anything; they were in reality and in retrospect very accurate and well-done photos. Somehow the desirous eye covers up what the logical mind tells the brain. When I first saw my Rampside I must have glanced around to be sure the men in white with the restraints weren't lurking nearby. To say it was pitiful would have been charitable. I guess I have the habit of "putting the best construction on everything". How do you begin to describe something that appears so lacking in any redeeming qualities? Initial words failed me. Not wanting to appear that I wasn't confident or that I had any feelings of backing out, we began to load the "thing" up. It rolls; that's something. Wyatt had done a really credible job of welding in the new box floor, and it was painted black.

The truck had been red. It had been painted over by someone who obviously shouldn't have, as large chunks were peeling off. Both engine that I got with the truck were already in the box. One, a '66, we knew was "froze up". The other was a truck engine that "ran when I got it". The "'66" later turned out to be a '60 and the truck engine turned out to be a station wagon engine and it wouldn't turn either. The loading was largely uneventful, but the questions that loomed in my mind remained unquelled.

Later we went to his "warehouse". In it Wyatt had stored various Corvairs ranging from early 900's and Monzas to station wagons and late sedans and convertibles. He also has an MG Sprite and an Amphicar, both rare.

After stopping to air up the front truck tires (we were towing it backwards) we were finally on our way with the Benz out front straining at the harness. We hadn't gone far before I realized we were seriously underpowered: what we were towing out-weighed the tow vehicle. This feeling was really reinforced when we got into the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains north of Atlanta. Going down one steep hill I was sud-

denly faced with the dilemma of this 6000 pounds plus monster of steel, glass, rubber and cement chasing us down the mountainside careening wildly, fish-tailing side to side, trying to throw my car into the ditch. It was a sweat-inducing, hair-raising ride, but we finally got the situation under control. For a while. I had a new respect for the load we were towing brought on by my sheer panic. This was to recur several times before we learned to handle the rig properly to avoid this danger. It took lots of gear-shifting and gentle braking to keep it under control.

Nightfall found us in Chatanooga. The next morning in checking our trailer lights we discovered they weren't working at all. After changing bulbs and fiddling with the wiring we finally decided we weren't going to get them working. Bob's light bar to the rescue. We strapped it to the front of the truck (or the rear, depending on your perspective) and voila, we had lights and turn signals again.

Off we drove heading north. Nothing of any consequence occurred that day and we got as far as Urbana, Illinois for the night. The following morning, while driving through Chicago, we were stop-and-go in heavy traffic. Suddenly an old Cadillac pulled up alongside. The driver called out to us, do you want to sell that truck? No, I just bought it in Georgia and intend to restore it. You want to buy an engine for it? No, two engines came with the truck. Okay, and he was off up the road. We continued on and arrived in Sheboygan in mid-afternoon about like we had planned. I still had to drive the fifteen miles back to Plymouth but, though tired, we were happy and thankful to be back home.

Later it was determined from the serial number that the Rampside was actually a 1963. Within the next few days I bought a Greenbrier van for parts. It had a fine engine and a 4-speed transmission. It also had a gas heater and many extra parts inside. As of now, the engine and 4-speed are in my Rampside and it drives very nicely under its own power. I have the interior gutted and the dash and interior metal are nicely painted. I have also installed a set of three-point seat belts after much planning and adapting.

So I paid for a 1961 Rampside with a 3-speed and no running engine and got a '63 with a strong engine and a 4-speed. Next summer will bring some body work and repainting the exterior. So, see how easy it is to just haul home a Southern Corvair Rampside pickup?

David Hartmann
Plymouth, Wisconsin

WOW! CORVANATICS T-SHIRTS
ARE NOW AVAILABLE!

KWIK BROTHERS CORVAIR PARTS HAS A LIMITED NUMBER OF CORVANATICS T-SHIRTS. THESE ARE WHITE WITH THE CLUB LOGO ON THE FRONT IN BLUE AND RED.

THE SIZES AVAILABLE ARE: LARGE, X-LARGE AND XX-LARGE AND THE PRICE IS \$12.00 POSTPAID. THESE SHIRTS ARE VERY GOOD QUALITY.

ORDER FROM: LARRY THOMAS, 6209 MILLSTONE CT., MILFORD, OH 45122. (513)575-0346

Happy Winners

On June 20th, 1992 Margaret and I drove our 1962 Greenbrier to Hillsborough, NC to their annual "Hog Days" Car Show. Hillsborough is one of the oldest towns in North Carolina, being founded in the early 1700's. Hog Days" celebrates "pork barbeque", one of our North Carolina delectables.

As Corvair owners and drivers we have always been reluctant to enter an all-car type show. Our Greenbrier was placed in the post-war truck class with some 1949 to 1966 Chevrolets and Fords. We were pleasantly surprised to be announced the winner in our class and gladly accepted the custom made trophy.



Of the three Corvair cars entered, one won first in class and the other two placed. Approximately 65 automobiles were entered in the show and we all received a lot of admiring looks and compliments.

So go out and enter all the show and let's show off our unique vehicles. To correct Chrysler: we have the first "Mini-van".

Bob Gabriel
Winston-Salem, NC

Tech Topics



THE GREEN FC AXLE SHAFT BEARING (FINAL WORD!)

Depending on when you joined CORVANATICS you may or may not know about the FC rear axle bearing manufactured by the Green Ball Bearing Company. History on this bearing goes "way back". It's claim is that it works OK in this vehicle. This is amazing since it is a single row ball bearing that allows no "swivel" or angulation that is necessary in the FC rear suspension. The only Green bearings I have seen were destroyed. Yet some FC people say they are using the Green bearing with seemingly no trouble. Maybe "yet" should have been added.

Vern McIntosh called me to say that a vehicle he was working on turned out to have a Green bearing that was still good. He was replacing it with the proper Hyatt part, and would I be interested in the Green part for my collection? Sure "nuff.

Vern sent the part to me and it felt quite smooth.

It also appeared to be brand new! Well, I mean it had obviously been removed from an FC, but it was all clean; no rust or discoloration. Perhaps it had been used very few miles. But... what's this? The outer housing that fits through the brake backing plate and the end of the control arm are worn, scuffed, abraded, fretted in an arc on both top and bottom. This is clear evidence that the whole bearing was moving, rocking up and down in the suspension. Since the ball bearing design allowed no angulation something else had to "give". The bearing is mounted by two flat plates that simulate Hyatt bearing housign flanges. The bearing was (probably) moving inside the plates and bending the plates. So that's how the bearing works (for a while). It repeatedly bends it's mountings to make room for angulation. Maybe we have a race going on here to see what fatigues here first.

Bob Kirkman

Club Boutique

CORVANATICS MERCHANDISE AVAILABLE THROUGH CAROLINE

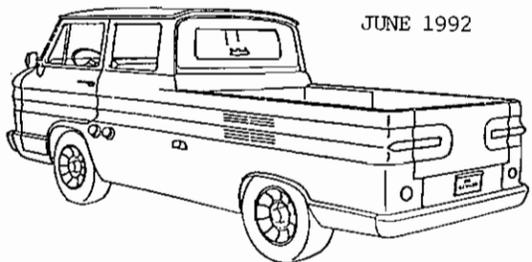
Window decals - \$1 each. Jacket patches - \$2.15 each. Club stationary and envelopes - 5¢ each. Back issues of CORVAN ANTICS: All volumes up to and including vol. 2, #3 are 60¢ each (9 issues). Vol 2 #4 through current issue are \$1 each. Complete set up to volume 17 #1 for only \$75 (a bargain!).

FC Paint Mfg. Codes, paint combinations, prices and options (21 pp.) is \$4.50.

Soon to be available: CORVANATICS TECH GUIDE!

From "HOT AIR"

JUNE 1992



(Steering column con'd)

take Bob's idea a little further: We'll promote ourselves within CORSA, and we'll advertize in other hobby media (such as Hemmings and Old Cars, but also such things as truck publication). Do you know of a good way to spread the news about ourselves? Please drop me a note or call.

That's it for now, gotta let Ken get this one out so we can move "forward" with our Forward Controls! See you in North Carolina!

Bob Marlow

(Interesting Experience - Con'd)

took a ten minute break, then started the engine and proceeded on our way.

We have had no problems with carburetor icing since then, but only because we have not encountered the right temperature and moisture conditions.

Wesley Goeker
Sacramento, CA

Death of a Leviathan



JOHN EVANS, RANGER HALVORSON, DEE DEMASTES, MARSH HESLER (IN TEARS) AND ALLAN HALLETT AT THE "KLINGON WARSHIP" MEMORIAL SERVICE 1992. THENCE TO CRUSHER; NO ONE WAITED FOR THE CREMATION. SOME THINGS ARE BEST LEFT ALONE... -Marsh

"She followed her migratory route, intent on her destination; the centuries-old 'calving grounds' of her kind. Normally nothing could have stood in her way, as the genetic "homing" reflex is one of the strongest drives in nature. Obstacles, threats or infirmities; all are usually as nothing in the face the compulsive and obsessive desire to return to the spot innately identified as 'home'. Only this time she simply could not complete the journey. 'Death', once more in the drama of life, became the fatefull interrupter.

And it wasn't a 'nice' death. No noble causes, no selfless displays of heroics, no sacrifices for the 'greater good'; only the searing, wrenching, agonizingly painful disembowelment which accompanies sudden and catastrophic loss of oil pressure. Had her master, who loved her dearly, unforgiveably failed to monitor and maintain her vital nutrients properly? Was her dipstick low? Was her life-saving filter installed askew? Did the pulsating output from her aorta exceed the return to her patiently waiting vena cava? To what could one possibly ascribe that fatal seizure? As with most other unrecorded 'probable causes', we will never know.

She now lies forgotten and forlorn in an unmarked and neglected plot of ground in Lemon Grove, California; a sort of Forward Control Boot Hill. How sad that her life wasn't important enough to warrant some touching epitaph, such as: 'Here lies old Black and White - the Klingon Warship. She barfed her bearings out just five miles short of Yuma!'

Always the giver and never the taker; she gave when the load was too heavy, when the octane was too low, when her poor perimeter seal was shredded - and she required only an occasional 'bump start' and a pat on her pathetic little access door. Surely she now rests on that 'Great Hydraulic Lift Up In The Sky'; an inspiration to young and impressionable 'mini-vans' everywhere."

Larry Scrivener
El Cajon, CA

Snipped from Central Valley Corsa Newsletter

"Rampsides - The long-awaited CORVAN ANTICS, the publication of the Corvanatics Club, arrived today (July 22nd) with an article by Larry Scrivener, San Diego Corvair Club's self-styled Rampologist. The piece, entitled "Rampside Fix", covers Inadvertent Ramp Deployment while in motion (the dreaded "IRD") with some possible solutions. All Forward Control owners and especially Rampside drivers must read this timely and informative article. By the way, dues for Corvanatics are a low \$6.00 a year. We'll bring some applications to the next meeting. Fran Noeller's latest Rampside (the white with blue stripe '61 140) is now in the pssession of the Youngs. El Toro still rides the ranch in Hughson. Five Rampsides in our Club, three other FC's now."

From The Editor's Glovebox



Hello Corvanatics and welcome to our 20th year!!! Are there any of our members that have been members for the whole twenty years? If so, let's hear from you! We are planning an extra special Anniversary Issue soon and we need your input.

Things are really picking up and I'm excited about our Club's future. We have a new and enthusiastic President and a great group of Directors planning great things for CORVANATICS and I'm sure you, our faithful members, will want to be in on it!

We have gotton some great material in to the Editorial Offices since the last newsletter hit the mail but we need lot's more. At the convention in Atlanta I spoke with a lot of our members and had promises of articles from several. Larry Scrivener has promised an article on the San Diego Corvair Club's club project: the restoration of a very special Corvan. This project has really pulled their Club together and the article will make great reading. Our Historian Dave Newell has promised us an article a couple times a year. But the newsletter just wouldn't be complete without your input about YOUR FC experiences - whether your restoration or repair work, your show experiences, your travels or anything that relates to FC's.

We have made a few changes to the newsletter's format and we hope they are to your liking.

Speaking of Dave Newell, which we were, I received a postcard recently offering a correction of credit for a recent CORVAN ANTICS article. We had stated that "FOA 136 & RPO 650" was reprinted from VAIR VIEWS. Well, to my knowledge it was, however... the material was lifted from Dave's book "The Incomplete Corvair Story" without giving credit to the author, in spite of numerous letters from Dave to their club. Please, if you send anything to us, give proper credit for the material so we can pass it on!

Until next time... Keep them FC's rollin'!!!

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Membership on Corvanatics is open to any CORSA member with an interest in Forward Control Corvaire. Dues are \$6.00 annually, and should be sent to Secretary/Treasurer Caroline Silvey, Box 68, McCordsville, IN 46055.

Stories, articles, photos or anything of interest to Corvanatics members should be sent to Editor Ken Krol, 17433 N. 16th Lane, Phoenix, AZ 85023. Classified-style advertising is free to Corvanatics members, and should be sent to the same address. Commercial advertising is also available, please inquire.

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