



Vairious Times

Chapter 982

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Little flat 6 and 4 speed going thru the gears.....

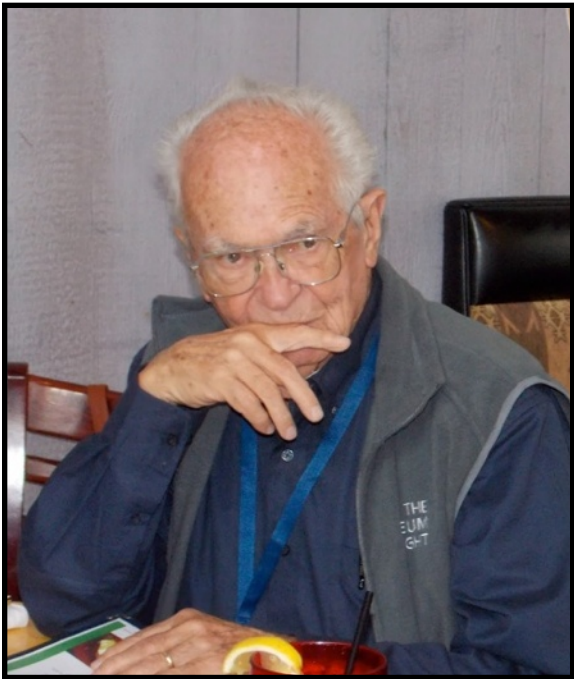
North Cascades Corvair Club celebrates the 1965 Chevrolet Corvair.

In October 1964 you could go down to your local Chevrolet Dealer and take a look at the brand new Chevrolets! They made some real nice improvements this year in styling for the now complete line of cars. We of course would head immediately for the brand new Corvairs - Yeah! First complete re-design since they were introduced in 1959 - a long time ago! The new Corsa is the leader of the pack and is the one we want! Let's celebrate this new model year and the beginning of the second generation of Corvair Classics - Saturday December 6th at the Shelter Bay Community Center we will relive those good old days! I'll have my 1965 Chevrolet Dealer artifacts and we will have some fabulous historical entertainment as well. Do you have any contributions for the evening entertainment? For dinner, North Cascades Corvairs will provide a fabulous main course of the menu, but as usual, we need you to bring along some great side-dishes and dessert.

Dan Davis

The North Cascades Corvairs, (NCC) car club is chartered Chapter 982 of the Corvair Society of America, (CORSA). NCC serves the North Puget Sound region of Washington State and areas of the Lower Mainland of British Columbia. Club membership is open to anyone who shares our interest in the Corvair automobile, ownership of a Corvair is not required. Annual dues are \$20, or \$23 for non-CORSA members. We welcome all to join us at our regular monthly meeting. Please contact Fred Croydon at 360-466-2266 or fredngale@wavecable.com for the latest meeting date, time and location information.

The last event held for the North Cascades Corvairs group was the lunch meeting at Amigos in Stanwood on November 11. The information on what happened was sent out in an e-mail, but we can now supply pictures of some of the 25 folks in attendance.



Jim Brossard



Greg King, Vicki and Andy Clark, Fred



Mary Ann Chellis, Ruth Hintz, Trish & Ron Lehman



Barb & Gordy Croydon



1965 Corvair Introduction

Celebrate the introduction of the 1965 Corvair 50 years ago. Most of the details are in Dan's column on the front page. It starts at 4:00 pm at the Shelter Bay Club House which is at 1000 Shoshone Dr.

The club will provide roast turkey and trimmings, and it is a potluck of your choosing for side dishes, appetizers, salads, or deserts.



We have information that someone will be showing up with items that will help us all remember 50 years ago, when Chevy introduced the new and improved Corvair that is now known as the Late Model.



Buttercup

Trish & Ron Lehman, our newest members from Friday

Ron and Trish's Great Adventure

(Bringing Home "Buttercup")

Our desire to travel the USA in retirement prompted much thought regarding what would be our vehicle of choice. After Trish recently rediscovered her 1971 VW camper van (sold off in 1983 and now residing on Lopez Island) and contacted the owner, it was clear he wasn't ready to let her go quite yet.

Ron, found some rather expensive VW campers for sale but in searching eBay, found this sweet little 1962 Corvair van, nearly identical to the one he had owned in the late 70's and 80's. We decided to throw caution to the wind, and for numerous reasons (not the least of which Ron can work on the engine and can deck her out as our travel camper) he started bidding on her. Well, lucky for us, we WON! And we named her Buttercup as she is a beautiful yellow with a bit of white trim.

The van was in Evansville, Wisconsin (just south of Madison) and after contacting several auto shippers, and fielding myriad questionable offers, we discovered that truckers aren't really very interested in bringing an auto to the greater Seattle area without charging more than what we paid for our van.

Trish had already requested time off from her job for a "staycation" in September and it appeared to be enough time for us to fly back to Wisconsin and bring our little "Buttercup" home. So, with some preplanning (ie: how do we make her into a van we can comfortably sleep in for 8 or 9 nights, go to the bathroom in the middle of the night without venturing out into the dark cold and possibly wet nights to toilets unknown, etc) we got down to business and figured it out!

Although they told us she ran quite fine, the sellers of our sweet little van weren't so sure this was the best idea, driving her 2400 miles to our home in Friday Harbor. But Ron and Trish decided whatever happened would be an adventure and we were up for an adventure! Trish needed to return to work on Wed Sept. 17th and if Buttercup broke down, Trish could hop on a bus or the train if need be, while Ron would find a mechanic or figure out some other solution to bring her home.

So, on September 6th off we flew off on a midnight flight to Madison to allow us enough daylight the next day to accomplish what we needed to do in order to sleep in her on Sunday night. We took a taxi from Madison to the farm in Evansville to meet Buttercup and her prior owners (we had already received the title and obtained our registration and license plate for Washington state). The family who had owned her were kind and generous with the auto parts and information they gave us. We spent about an hour or so with them, Ron talking with Jim about our sweet little buggy, and when it was time to go we took off with giant grins on our faces, waving goodbye to this dear family!

Home Depot was the next stop in Janesville, Wisconsin, and after rechecking our measurements, bought a 3/4" piece of plywood and had it cut to the specifications to make the bed platform. Ron had already calculated that 2 - 5 gallon buckets turned upside down would be the perfect quick and easy supports for the end of the bed. We had brought our inflatable mattress, pillows and bed linens, so a bed was made for the night! We had brought the "luggable loo" snap on toilet seat which fits on top of a 5 gallon bucket and voila, our toilet was ready! (used with the wonderful liners designed for the system with an absorbent gel and a zip lock double closure for easy disposal.)

We purchased some food items, foldable camping chairs, a propane bottle to screw onto our little camping burner, food, water, and beer (or course) . After our first night in a truck stop, we returned to the store adding a 3" memory foam topper to our inflatable mattress for insulation and comfort (we're not 20 anymore :)

Off we headed for the Great River Road to travel north on the Mississippi River. We often encountered people with quite an interest in our unusual vehicle. During our journey to find air to fill one of the tires, we met at least 3 people who admired our Buttercup. Stories of people's Corvair memories poured out, and it was delightful to meet these folks and spend time enjoying a common interest. We met an old guy, Rudy, who said, "if you're headed to Monroe, (Wisconsin) you gotta stop at Baumgartner's for a Limburger cheese sandwich"..... "you haven't been to Monroe if you don't stop at Baumgartner's". Well, Monroe is a delightful town and Baumgartner's is worth the stop if you love cheese! Trish didn't mind the Limburger cheese sandwich but Ron's take was "It's OK if you like eating baby diapers !".

We next headed to Wyalusing State Park on the Great River Road and once again, traveling through the tiniest sweet town (Bagley), some "boomers" standing in a yard saw us, waved and smiled with those knowing grins of "hey, cool van!"

Our night and the next day at Wyalusing proved to be the most exquisite camp site EVER! providing a vista with a view on a bluff overlooking the convergence of the Wisconsin and Mississippi Rivers, we were treated to a lovely sunset. Important note here: the "luggable loo" snap-on toilet seat, has a lid and makes a nice little stool to sit on, it also makes a fine table top between camping chairs by the campfire! Later we enjoyed the thrill of a sky full of lightning and thunder at a distance, but during the night the storm came to us, and the pouring rain on our metal roof lulled us to sleep. What a glorious night it was as we slept like babies!

The next day, with the warm sun shining to dry everything out (we discovered a couple little leaks) we met the camp "Hosts" asking us where in Washington we were from and inquiring about our interesting little van. We discovered they knew right where Friday Harbor was as they were the park hosts at English Camp summer before last and had enjoyed a couple of months there!

So far our van was running great, albeit a bit loud with some rattling, wind noise, and the glasspack muffler which a hotrodder had installed on Buttercup some years back. We headed further up the Great River Road, but discovered we were losing air in a tire and now in the town of Lynxville with a population of 173, and not seeing a gas station, stopped at the local corner bar "Hootchies II", and asked where we might find someone who could repair a tire. We were told to head east up the hill about 5 miles to Seneca to "Johnson's One Stop" and they could take care of us. We made it just in time with the tire "only flat on the bottom" according to Johnson's manager. Well, Johnson's One Stop not only has everything you could want in a one-stop (grocery store, hardware store, pharmacy, clothing store, tire repair) but they have customer service that makes you feel simply like you're the most important person around! After much checking, assessing and diagnosing, it appeared the tire was fine, just some sand/dirt in the valve and so she held air just fine. The manager sent us off as if we were his kids on their first time away from home, he was so concerned that there might be trouble with the tire that they did not discover. We headed to another state park and arrived in the dark but located a fine campsite by the water.

The next day we continued up the Great River Road with a random stop in Alma, Wisconsin where we pulled over to get out some more layers of clothing as it was getting darn cold! and...we discovered Buttercup's heater barely functioned! So, as Trish is adding more layers to her apparel, she looks up and lo and behold, there was a sign Burlington Hotel and Quiltshop "Quiltshop?!!" says Trish, an avid quilter and collector of fabric!! Ron encouraged her to check it out and what a sweet little find that was. The owner was a terrific gal who quit her job, and bought this old hotel built in 1891 with 8 rooms. She was in the middle of remodeling to turn it into a quilter's retreat for the wonderful quilt shop she had already created. And lest you think quilter's spouses would be neglected, she was refurbishing a grand old bar for the non-quilting spouses to hang out in!

After that serendipitous stop, Buttercup continued to take us further north and across the river into Minnesota, where after enjoying a burger in a restaurant in Afton, 2 gals a bit older than us looked at Ron's Corvair van shop manual which was right next to him on the table, asked us if that Corvair van in the parking lot was ours, proceeded to tell us of some adventures the one gal had in high school in the back of one of those vans!! There was much laughter after her friend told us she could vouch for that fact!

Heading northward towards Highway 2 we discovered it was 47 degrees and that a cold front from Canada had stolen away the warm weather. We realized we were unprepared with no heater in the van and insufficient cool weather gear, so another stop to purchase warmer jackets and gloves, a cup of hot cocoa and throwing our fleece blanket over our laps, proceeded onward. We headed west on Hwy 2 after treating ourselves to a warm hotel room and a hot dinner that night. After making our way into North Dakota, stopped to purchase hand warmers at a Cenex, where we were told "we still have the mosquito repellent out, it's not time for hand warmers"...and a kind employee went into the storeroom and after finding "foot warmers", Trish said "heck yeah", I'll take 4 pair!! It's amazing how cold you get when it's in the 40's and there is no heat in your car!

After a night of camping in North Dakota, we headed into Montana and traveling at 65+ mph we suddenly felt and heard a loud banging sound. Ron pulled over to discover our right front tire had shredded itself and was beating the fender under Trish's seat, so with his trusty jack he had just purchased in Seneca, WI he changed the tire in short order, and off we went.

The next town which had a tire store, was Malta, Montana, and by now it is 5:30pm on a Friday and the young man who worked there had but one tire which would work as a spare for us (a trailer tire), so he fixed us up and off we went. At this point although it was a bit warmer (in the 50's) the mosquitos were everywhere and quite thickly coated the front of Buttercup, looking as if she has grown a short beard!

Tune in next month for the final chapter of this story.



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