

Lifter Noise

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What's Going On

August is a very busy month for the West Michigan Corvair Club.

Then on Tuesday, August 15, our monthly membership meeting will take place. We will be meeting at Fricano's, 5808 Alpine Ave. NW. You are encouraged to start showing up around 6 PM as the lot fills up rather quickly.

On the weekend of August 25, you have your choices of two events - Corvair Homecoming (hosted by the Detroit Area Corvair Club) in Plymouth or 28th Street Metro Cruise right here in Grand Rapids. The Corvair Homecoming actually starts on August 23 and runs through August 26. Go [here](#) for more information and a schedule of events. For the Metro Cruise, there will be a number of us out cruising on both Friday and Saturday. If there is interest in meeting up somewhere on Saturday, reply to the e-mail that accompanies the newsletter and we'll find a place. Also an option is the All GM Show at Berger Chevrolet on August 26 starting at 9 AM. There is a \$15 entry fee per car. We should have a good showing of members at both events.

We are still looking at a date and destination for the annual color tour. It will more than likely be October 14 or 21.

July Board Meeting Recap

During our summer picnic at Bob Muir's cottage, the board of directors stepped aside from the festivities and held a quick board meeting. We just went over the August events including looking for a spot for the club to meet up during the Metro Cruise. It was suggested that we look at the MC Sports parking lot since they are no longer in business. Dave Ziebarth volunteered to look into it. Ryan Counterman reported that planning for the overnigher has stalled. He enlisted the help of Dave Dykwell to continue planning due to other commitments that Ryan has at this time. The other upcoming event is the fall color tour and Dave Ziebarth is going to look into possible routes and destinations.

Summer Picnic Recap

On Saturday, July 15 we held our annual summer picnic. Once again Bob Muir was kind enough to open up his cottage on Lake Michigan to the club. We didn't even have to do the cooking this year as a couple of Bob's friends volunteered.

While the chicken was on the grill a number of us took a dip in Lake Michigan. The water actually wasn't too bad! Those who didn't go for a swim relaxed on the large deck overlooking Lake Michigan.



Once the chicken was done, we dug into the wonderful array of dishes that the WMCC membership brought. We had salads, dips, cornbread, and plenty of desserts.

After dinner, some people made their way back down to the lake and others packed up and left.

Once again thank you to Bob Muir for hosting us and to his friends for grilling for us.



2017 Convention Report

By John Cole

We decided 2017 was the year to visit some relatives and attend the CORSA convention in Missouri. As we were putting together our itinerary we realized we had the opportunity to travel Route 66 to Springfield, Missouri. So, with a few weeks to go I finally got the vacation approval, and then needed to get a car ready to travel.

The '66 four-door seemed to be the logical choice. It is the car we have put the most miles on in the last couple years. Work should be a minimum to get it ready. New brake shoes and hoses led to repacking bearings front and rear. Replacing the emergency brake cable meant removing the original rubber mat and putting in new carpet. It really wasn't much work and we had three weeks before we were leaving.

Rear bearings did not pass inspection. One had a broken cage and the other had a badly scored race. Complications kept coming up in the replacing of the bearings and when the threads on one of the spindles failed with only a few days left before our departure, we knew the car wasn't going to make it.

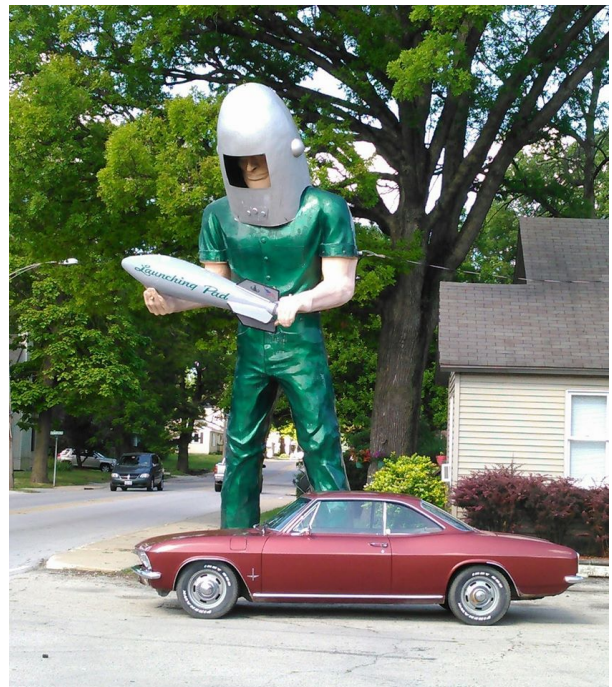
Plan B, pull the two-door out. The car that has not been driven in a couple years. The car with a leaky fuel pump. The car the tires had been borrowed from to put on the other car. Just a few things to attend to. And those few things had to be done in two nights after getting home from work.

The day arrived. The day we were scheduled to leave, and with our daughters hurrying us out the door to leave them home alone, we hopped in the car to begin our journey. After several hours on the road we made a stop in Darien, Illinois.

Saturday morning found us hitting the Mother Road. We were looking forward to experiencing the piece of Americana that is a continuous ribbon of concrete and asphalt that moved many people westward. We hit legends of the road like the Gemini Giant, a couple old gas stations and a stop for food at Dixie Truckers' Home. Then back on the road to Springfield to the home of Abraham Lincoln.

We made our way to the St. Louis area to stop for the night. We actually stayed on the Illinois side of the Mississippi. Our hotel clerk mistook the Corvair for a Mustang. At least he used the word "awesome" to describe it. We ended our night by making the trek to Ted Drewes for the best frozen custard we have ever had. It was the right way to end our first day on Route 66.

Sunday found us making our way to the Chain of Rocks bridge with a stop at the site of the old Bel-Air drive in and the Luna Café on the way. The Chain of Rocks bridge has been closed to traffic in 1968. It was used as a backdrop for Kurt Russell's epic jump to Escape From New York in the early 80s. It was eventually reopened in the late 90s for bicycle and pedestrian traffic. We parked on the Illinois side and took a walk to Missouri. There was an organized ride going on that day for a charity so we had an abundance of bike traffic passing us as we walked. And the worries about crime on the Missouri side parking area proved to be unfounded as there was activity of the event organizers there keeping things under control.



After walking back to Illinois, we got in the car and drove across the Mississippi via another old bridge, the McKinley, into downtown. We passed by the arch as we navigated through the downtown area and then found the remnants of Route 66 to head out of town. The plan was to make my aunt's house in Springfield for the night. But there were old legendary sites to visit on the way. Places like Meramec Caverns, Devil's Elbow and the Munger Moss Motel in Lebanon. While at the Munger Moss we had a great conversation with the owner, Bob Lehman, and a couple from Kalamazoo, Michigan that was making the trip down Route 66.

There are newer businesses along the old road that are working to become legends and we stopped at one of those. Taking their name from the seventh planet in our solar system makes for some interesting conversation. Telling people that you got fudge from Uranus is just the starting point for the juvenile humor.

A couple relaxing days in Springfield was good. The Corvair did break a fan belt while in my aunt's driveway one morning. Maybe I should have actually done some work on the car and replaced the 10-year-old belt before leaving Michigan. We did get to the huge Bass Pro Shop, and we took a day trip to Branson to visit Silver Dollar City.



One night we got out and got some pictures of some neon in downtown Springfield. We learned that Springfield claims to be the birthplace of Route 66 as it was where the number of the highway was first suggested.

The plan was to head out Wednesday morning to arrive in Independence during the concours. But the old road was calling us. So instead of going north we went west. We made it as far as Miami, Oklahoma when we decided it was time to change directions. Along the way we saw a couple more old gas stations. The highlight was our stop in Carthage at Boots Court. We got a personalized tour given by the head of the Route 66 Chamber of Commerce. A tour that included the room where it

is rumored that Clark Gable stayed when he was in town.

Galena, Kansas showed us the inspiration for the Pixar movie Cars. Then it was onto Baxter Springs. From there it was another mile to Oklahoma and the stop in Commerce, Oklahoma to get a picture of the water tower with the pinstripes and the number 7 emblazoned on it. Mickey Mantle's hometown was a neat little stop. Our final stop in Oklahoma was at Waylan's Ku-Ku Burger in Miami. A great little stop for not-so fast food. The owner had a few Ford Fairlanes parked around the restaurant.

Then it was time to make a u-turn and head back east. Once we crossed over into Missouri we turned north and put the pedal down to get to Independence. We missed the concours. We missed pretty much everything as we didn't actually make it into town until after 8 o'clock. That just made things interesting as we didn't have our registration packet, and we needed to be at the econo-run and rally drivers' meeting at 7 o'clock the next morning.

We made it to the drivers' meeting and got our registration packet in time to make it out for the lineup for the econo-run. Then the rain fell, and fell, and fell. It did let up a little along the way, but was drizzling again by the time we made the finish. We have no idea how well we did or didn't place. We do know that our mileage would have been better if I had taken the time to fix the leak we discovered in the overflow hose. Or if I had taken the time to tune things up and balanced the carbs. Oh well we weren't there to win.

After a quick lunch, it was time to line up for the rally. At least the rain had let up as we lined up. Then we discovered that the layout of Independence and the surrounding area was very disorienting. The route instructions lacked course confirmations in a couple places so we really did not know if going ten or twelve miles was the right thing to do. It turned out that it was the right thing and the only turn we messed up was one in the final two instructions. A quick turn around and a quick mileage correction in our calculations and we were soon at the finish line forgetting to record our final mileage. A quick walk back to the finish line with a careful count of the steps from our parking spot gave us another correction factor for our final calculations. Then the paperwork was turned in to the scoring table. Again, we have no idea how we placed. We didn't attend the awards banquet on Friday and there has been no posting of results. We haven't received any trophies in the mail, and we aren't holding our breath waiting for the arrival of any.



After the rally, we found Barb Adams in the lobby of the hotel and had a few minutes to catch up. We decided to get together for dinner on Friday as they weren't going to the banquet either. With that we were on our way back to our hotel down the road a few miles from the host hotel.

Friday was our day of checking out the history of Independence, Missouri. It is the town that Harry Truman called home before and after his presidency. The tour of his home and library were informative. He took over as president with very little knowledge of the details of World War II. Not really a great thing when taking over as commander-in-chief. Nonetheless, he did bring the war to a close and oversaw our involvement in the rebuilding of Europe and the start of the Cold War.

The most interesting thing I learned was that Truman was much like my grandfather. Not in the political philosophies he held, but that he was a Chrysler man. Harry's last car was a 1972 Chrysler Newport Royale. It still sets in the garage of his home in Independence. His specially chosen license plate is 5745. That number signifies VE day, May 7, 1945. It was also the first night that Truman spent in the Whitehouse, having stayed at the Blair House for the beginning of his presidency.

A little more touristy stuff around the town and more pictures and then it was back to meet up with Paul and Barb for dinner. Then it was back to our hotel to finish off the night with some frozen custard at thee wonderful establishment next door.

Saturday was a quick drive over to the car display to check out things there. I was fascinated by the engineering in a couple cars that had been driven from Oregon. Fuel injection systems, electric fans, nitrous oxide and water injection made them the center of attention. Then on the road to head to the St. Louis area.

Our trip to St. Louis included a stop at The Cheese Store for some fresh curds. Then a stop at Stuckey's for a pecan log. Once we hit the St. Louis area we went south and found ourselves at Route 66 State Park. A stop that was not planned, but proved to be one of the best.

The park is located at the site of the former community known as Times Beach. The history of the town is quite fascinating. It was established by the *St. Louis Times-Star* newspaper. In 1925 for the price of \$67.50 plus a six-month subscription to the paper you could be a proud owner of a 20 by 100 foot lot. Most families would buy two so they had room to erect a cottage. From 1925 until the start of World War II it was a nice little resort area on the Meramec River where families from St. Louis would spend their summers. After World War II with housing shortages property was being sold for people to build permanent homes. When the paper removed itself from the sponsorship of the area the residents established it as an actual town. The town then contracted to have the dust on the gravel streets controlled by oiling them. The only problem was the oil used was contaminated with dioxins. The residents were ordered to evacuate in 1982, and the land set for some years. Then in the 90s the EPA built an incinerator on the land and incinerated all the contaminated soil to remove the contamination. The land then reverted back to the state of Missouri and the park was built there.

Then onto our hotel in St. Clair, MO. We sat out and watched a beautiful sunset and relaxed for the evening. This set us in a great spot to make it to our Sunday plans.

The Museum of Transportation has a great collection of planes, trains and automobiles. Very little in the car area that is not typical of most museums. It just reaffirms my question of "Why do people find fascination with Mustangs?" The highlight of the museum was the collection of trains on the back side of the property. Seeing the Union Pacific Big Boy, one of 25 of the largest steam engines built, was worth the price of admission.

I had to report to our St. Louis plant on Monday for work so we made our way to the hotel near the plant. And we finally got some barbecue. A little time in the pool and then a good night's rest to prepare for work.



After work it was time to head for home. After crossing the Mississippi and entering Illinois we decided to hit a couple places that we missed on our way through in the other direction. We stopped in Atlanta to see the Bunyon Giant. Then a stop in Springfield at Cozy Dog for lunch closed out our time on Route 66 for now. . .

We arrived back home late in the evening to find that we had lost one leg of the power to our house so we had no running water. A quick

diagnostic on the panel determined the problem was outside the house, so a service call to the power company to have it fixed was in order.

The convention, what we saw of it, was good. We put over 2000 miles on a car that we had not driven in two years. There was little prep work done before leaving. The used fuel pump that I put on before leaving held up. We did go through some oil and had to replace a fan belt. We averaged over 22 miles per gallon of gas. Overall, I cannot be disappointed with the car's performance. We are now making plans to get back out on Route 66 to see the rest of the road in a Corvair.

WMCC Calendar

August 5	Red Barns Spectacular
August 15	WMCC Membership Meeting at Fricano's on Alpine
August 23 - 26	Corvair Homecoming in Plymouth, MI
August 25 - 26	28th Street Metro Cruise
August 29	WMCC Board Meeting
September 19	WMCC Membership Meeting
September 26	WMCC Board Meeting

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About the WMCC

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Membership in the West Michigan Corvair Club is on an annual basis. Dues are \$18.00 per year. Dues are pro-rated if joining during the year.

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A most unusual car for people who enjoy the unusual

'66 Corvair Monza Convertible, with deluxe rearview mirror and back-up lights among the safety assets that are now standard equipment.

If you perked up when you turned to this page, our research computer says you're probably well informed, earn above average income and have more or less "in" type tastes. That's the kind of person who usually drives a Corvair. But then you can't always go by research. The fellow who turned all this up on our computer, for instance, was a frugal soul who read nothing but technical stuff and drove the same black sedan for 15 years. Then one day he showed up in a Corvair convertible a shade redder than the one above. How did he square this with his research? He didn't. That was the same day he asked to be transferred to a job that would get him out on the road more...driving his new Corvair.

'66 Corvair by Chevrolet