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TUCSON CORVAIR ASSOCIATION

TUCSON, ARIZONA

Volume 20 Number 12

March 1995



An Irish Prayer

May those who love us, love us.

And those who don't love us,
May 600 turn their hearts;

And if HE doesn't turn their hearts,
May HE turn their ankles

So we'll know them by

their limping.

TUCSON CORVAIR ASSOCIATION

EST. 1975

Corvairsation is a monthly publication of the Tucson Corvair Association, which is dedicated to the preservation of the Corvair model of the Chevrolet Motor Division of General Motors. The Tucson Corvair Association is a chartered member of the Corvair Society of America (CORSA\857).

MONTHLY MEETINGS are held on the fourth Wednesday of each month except December. One technical/social event is planned for each month with the exception of July and August.

MEMBERSHIP DUES: Initial dues are \$ 15.00 (includes name tag), renewable for \$ 12.00 per year and payable to the TUCSON CORVAIR ASSOCIATION through the Membership Chairperson.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Report any change of address or phone number to the Membership Chairperson. Do not report such changes to the Editor.

CORSA MEMBERSHIP DUES are \$25 per year and include a subscription to the CORSA Communique, a monthly publication. CORSA membership is not required for membership in TCA but is highly recommended. See any TCA officer For information.

CLASSIFIED ADS are free to members and \$2.50 per 4-line ad to all others.

DEADLINE for all materials submitted for publication in the Corvairsation is the 10th for that month's issue. Mail or deliver all materials to the Editor.

BUSINESS MAILING ADDRESS: 4072 E. 22nd St. #197- Tucson, Az. 85711

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FROM THE PRESIDENT

I want to thank Vern Griffith and the Election committee and the 1994 Board for a great year. I would like to take this opportunity to thank everyone for your vote of confidence in electing me president for this comming year.

Our out going president gave me the opportunity to serve a month ahead of time. Thanks Vern!

At the last months board meeting we discussed the problem with our copier. I want to thank all who have paid there pledges.

Barry Cunningham announced that we were going to Jacobs park for a picnic this saturday. Lynn and I won't be there as we will be in Phx. getting a few more hours towards our assoc. degree. One thing for sure we will certainly miss the fellowship.

Then May 6th will be T.C.A. caravan to Picacho Peak to join the Cactus Corvair Club, wash & shine, PRIZES for first place.

Barry our ativities dir. will have a full slate of upcomming events at our March meeting. DO make a serious attempt to join in all of these activities.

As the year begins I will try to do my very best, to uphold the position that all of you have elected me too but remember if I don't cross the tees or dot the I's please overlook that part as the main goal here is each and evey one is to have fun! I need your support as we can make this a good and exciting fun year!

Lets all get involved ! Get your ideas out for everyone to participate in and we'll strive to make 1995 more and better !

With Warmest Regards;

Ron J. Bloom

Tucson Corvair Assocation Feb. 22, 1995 Picadilly cafeteria

Members: 19 Cars: 5 Vistors: 2

Meeting was called to order by Cecil Alex. The slate of officers was presented for 1995 -96 and voted on by Voice Vote. They were accepted in their entirety. President: Ron J. Bloom, Vice President: Barry Cunningham, Secretary: Larry Dandridge, Tresure: Allen Elvick.

Allen agreed to take on duties of telephone commettee. Beverly Baker will remain as club Librarian. Don Robinson will remain as Merchandise and Recycle Chairman.

The letter from our going President Vern Griffith was placed on the back table for all to read.

Vistors were acknowledged. Al Rivas, one of one former Presidents and Sean Chapin, who took the opportunity to notify the club that he had a vast store of tune- up parts for Corvairs and other old Cars for sale.

After a brief discussion by Van Pershing about a new copier it was announced that we would deduct \$ 800.00 from the treasure as agreed at the last Bd. meeting and would like each member to donate as much as he or she could afford, to make up the difference. There will be a complete list of all who pledged and payed in Aprils Corvairsation THANK YOU EVERYONE!

Recording Secretary;

Larry Dandridge

DESERT ADVENTURE

Text by Elizabeth Zerkle Illustrations by Joe Ferrara

SHE'S ALONE in the midst of nowhere, and her car breaks down. Now what?

One bright, clear morning not long ago, I drove out into the southeastern Arizona desert near my home in Bowie. As a practical matter — knowing full well how pleasant little desert drives can suddenly turn into disasters — I had equipped myself with a shovel, a water jug, pruning shears, and a rake.

After several hours, the dirt road I was following turned into something less than a bumpy rut. So I had to be extra careful to avoid any rocks that appeared too big for my 1967 Corvair to clear. Well, so far so good, I thought. I'd been in worse places.

But, just ahead, lurking in the weeds growing between the tire tracks, hid the "killer rock" that was not going to make my day. The car caught the edge of it and dragged it along unnoticed by me until I realized the vehicle was not acting right: the steering was difficult, and the engine sounded like it was slowing down.

Just as I was going to stop to see what the trouble was, the car lurched to a halt. Putting the vehicle in reverse failed to help. There was nothing to do now but get out and try to determine what was wrong.

Lying flat on the ground, I looked under the car. At first I couldn't see a thing. Then I saw the rock. It was jammed tight under the frame. But I was prepared. I got out the shovel and with some knuckle-busting and arm-scraping dislodged the monster and tossed it out of the roadway. Feeling proud of my self-sufficiency, I got back into the car, ready to resume my journey.

With the key in the ignition, I pressed my foot down on the accelerator pedal and felt ... nothing. It was flat on the floorboard. Not knowing the first thing about the mechanism, I began to get a little worried.

Out of the vehicle and face down on the ground once more, I peered under the car.

What I saw made little sense to me at first. All I knew was that the metal rod now hanging down from the undercarriage, one end of which was touching the ground, had something to do with the function of the gas pedal.

I lay there for some time wondering

what to do, while another part of my mind kept track of the passing minutes. It wouldn't do to be out here in the middle of nowhere in the dark.

Eventually I reached beneath the frame as far as I could stretch, grabbed the rod, and looked to see where it wanted to go. Sure enough,

there was a round hole in a lever right where the rod ended. Problem was, the rod was about one-quarter inch thick while the hole in the lever was about an inch wide. For the life of me I couldn't see any way to secure the rod in the hole, so I just stuck it in and hoped it would stay put.

I got back into the car, started the engine, and was almost turned around when the rod came loose again. It was definitely going to be a long slow ride home if I had to stop and reset that rod every few feet. I should have been happy the situation hadn't gotten worse than it was. But then it did just that.

Out of the car once more, I lay down in the dirt and grabbed the rod. Only this time the entire gizmo came loose and dropped into my hand! Now I was getting scared. My stomach turned over a few times, and I felt my skin start to tingle. I had to get hold of myself. Finally, after a few well-phrased cuss words, I did.

When I stretched my arm under the car this time, I was able to stick my fingers in the hole the rod had fallen out of. I felt all around inside, but I couldn't detect anything to hook the rod to. Still pretty much at a loss as to what to do next, I just stuck the rod into the hole again and moved it around in every conceivable position: up, down, around, and back and forth. Nothing worked. Finally I just quit.

Sitting with my back against the old car, and keeping track of the descending sun, I talked to myself like the proverbial Dutch uncle. "I'm not going to let this thing beat me, by God!" I screamed. The only way to get me out of this fix now was to figure some way to rig something that would let me control the gas feed. "But could I?" I wondered.

Getting up and dusting myself off, I opened the trunk to see if there was anything in there that could help me.



Then I checked the backseat and the floor. Also nothing. "Was I missing something somewhere?" mused, looking out across the desert. Was

I mused, looking out across the desert. Was there something out there I could use? I knew the Indians and pioneers had

I knew the Indians and pioneers had used certain plants to make twine. But I wasn't up to experimenting with yucca fibers. Not now! That's when I noticed a gourdlike plant with long runners. They were delicate looking and fragile, but I thought I could braid the runners together. It took a while, and the end result looked pretty weak, but it was worth a try.

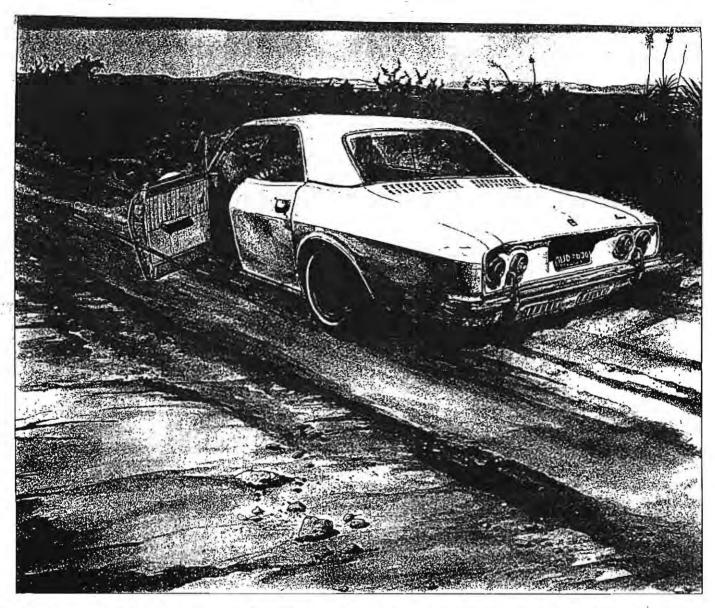
Down on the ground again, I stuck one end of my homemade rope through the hole in the lever where the rod had first fallen out, tied a knot, and strung it out as far toward the driver's side door as it would reach. Then I clambered back into the driver's seat, leaving the door open, took a deep breath, and once more started the engine. At the same time, I grabbed my rope and gave it a little tug.

It worked!

The car was actually moving, and, even though I couldn't see the road because I was leaning over so far to hold onto my rope, I was able to get turned around at last and headed in the right direction. Then my rope fell apart.

But no matter, having discovered the secret to making the car go, I looked at all the stuff in the car through new eyes.

About the only other thing I thought had potential was a plastic grocery bag. Filled with excitement, I took the bag and pushed the bottom of it through the hole in the lever. Then I made a tear at a right angle across the bottom, forming a pocket out of the lower corner. Into the pocket, I stuck a rock small enough to fit easily but too large to pull through the hole in the lever. Satisfied with this arrangement, I grabbed the handles



of the bag and pulled it until the rock was tight against the lever.

Now I needed a handle of sorts, so I hooked the teeth of the rake into the handles of the bag, ran the rake handle underneath the car, and angled it toward the driver's side door. It was plenty long.

But I was barely able to see over the dashboard hecause of having to lean down so far to hold the rake handle. Had anyone been coming the other way, it would have looked as though the car were driving itself.

There were a few other problems with operating the rig this way: my knuckles were scraping the ground, and the rake was hanging on rocks, trying to jerk out of my hand. Of course I also ran over the rake once or twice, and the tool fell out of the plastic hag, too. But that problem was easily fixed. I just turned the rake over so the tines were pointing down. This kept the rake from falling out of the handles of the bag.

It was a slow and tedious operation. But I was moving. Which meant - I hoped that I wouldn't be spending a long night out here with the coyotes.

When I got to a place where the road angled slightly downward, I disconnected the rake, put the car in gear, and just let it chug along. There were a few small knobs where the car almost came to a halt. But I discovered that by grabbing the steering wheel and pushing my body forward at the crucial moment, I could thrust the car over the top with sheer willpower.

Light began to fade into one of those incredible Arizona sunsets as I chugged along at a snail's pace. This left me with plenty of time to think of ways of improving my invention. It came to me then that my purse strap would probably make a hetter "rod" than my rake handle.

Just as I reached the top of another hill; I stopped the car, cut the strap off my purse with the pruning shears, and tied it to the plastic handles on the grocery bag

This last feat of ingenuity worked perfeetly. I was on my way once more, not only at some speed, but now I could also see where I was going.

I made the last few miles in good time and reached home salely just as the sun sank into blood-red clouds at the edge of the horizon. I couldn't wait to tell someone about my desert adventure. But who would believe me? [7]

Arizona native Elizabeth Zerkle was born in Douglas in 1941, She married Jack Zerble in 1958, and they had 14 children.

Tucson-based Joe Ferrara likes to go four-wheeling in the desert, and, fortunately, he's never getten stuck there.

TREASURER'S REPORT

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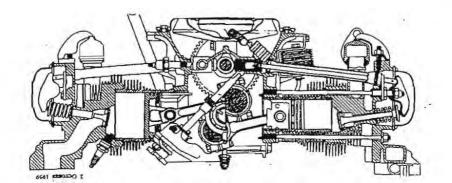
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FOR SALE: 1966 Corsa 140, new tires, new plugs, plug wires, tune up \$ 950.00 Call Don Robinson (602) 297-1356

FOR SALE: ENGINES*** 3 80 hp, two YC'S and a Z
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1 140 hp, RT

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FOR SALE: CORVAIR PARTS. Large outdoor yard full of great Corvair parts. Call Barry Cunningham for information at (602) 747-9028.

FOR SALE: 6 ea. N.O.S. eng. cyl. and Piston units complete. GM p/n 3847843 (for 64 Corvair) \$400.00 Call Don Chastain (602) 886-1076

PARTS FOR SALE: Early rear axle bearings, Wanted, FC hub caps. Call Ron Bloom (602) 747-4842

PARTS FOR SALE: Diff. AA diff 3:27, af diff 3:55, Chrome, late & early dashes, early & late front ends, heads-516, 632, 759, 566, 512, 513, 762, 711,. Engs. four 80--95 hp. 2-98-102 1 80 FC, 1-yr ear. turbo, glass, lights, misc parts. Call Randy Griffith, 602-682-8298 or Vern Griffith, 602-883-6490.

*****NOTE--- Ads in VAIRS & SPARES are free to TCA members. Non-members can place a four line ad for \$2.50. Send ads directly to Corvairsation editor*****

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T	TUCSON CORVAIR ASSOCIATION REGULAR MONTHLY MEETINGS	T
T	FOURTH WEDNESDAY of each month (except December)	T
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T	Piccadilly Cafeteria, 6767 E. Broadway, Tucson	T
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T	6:00 pm: Parking Lot Bull Session	T
T	6:30 pm: Dinner (optional)	T
T	7:30 pm: Meeting starts	Ţ
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C	Regular Monthly Meeting: Wednesday , March 22, 1995	C
	TCA Executive Board Meeting: March 30, 1995 7:30pm	
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