



CHAPTER 990 of



REAR ENGINE REVIEW

OCTOBER 2020

Inland Northwest Corvair Club
P. O. Box 9689
Spokane, WA 99209-9689



BOO!

The **Rear Engine Review** is a monthly publication of the **INLAND NORTHWEST CORVAIR CLUB**, chapter 990 of the CORVAIR SOCIETY OF AMERICA (CORSA). Letters, articles, experiences, technical information, humor, and recipes are welcome. Please submit your material to:

Inland Northwest Corvair Club

P. O. Box 9689

Spokane, WA, 99209-9689,

or e-mail the club at corvairclub@comcast.net, or the editor at daveeva@comcast.net.

The Rear Engine Review uses material from many sources and may not give appropriate credit. If your material appears without acknowledgement, we thank you for your contribution. It was used in good faith to help preserve, maintain, drive, and enjoy our CORVAIRS!

Visit us at:

<http://www.corvairclub.com>

All material must be submitted by the twenty-fifth of the current month for inclusion in next month's issue.

The INLAND NORTHWEST CORVAIR CLUB welcomes past, present, and future CORVAIR owners, as well as those who are simply curious about these unique vehicles. We welcome CORVAIRS of every degree of restoration or modification, including other vehicles utilizing CORVAIR components. **CORVAIR ownership is not required!** Club events, dates, times, and locations are published as soon as practical in the **Rear Engine Review**, or on the **club web-site**.

Dues:

CORSA Members	\$13.00/yr.
Non-CORSA Members	\$15.00/yr.
Corsa Membership	\$45.00/yr.

CORSA MEMBERSHIP IS STRONGLY ENCOURAGED

CORSA phone (630) 403-5010
P. O. Box 68
Maple Plain, MN 55359
corsacluboffice@gmail.com
corsa@corvair.org www.corvair.org

Note: Contact information for CORSA has changed lately. Please visit the web-site above or the **CORSA Communique** to find specific contact information.

INLAND NORTHWEST CORVAIR CLUB OFFICERS:

President: **Craig Nicol**
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Director #2: **Open**

Director #3: **Bob Phelps**
(509) 327-3126 bob-n-ann@comcast.net

ADVERTISEMENT RATES:

Club Member (renew after two months)	FREE
Non-Club Member (first month)	FREE
(each additional month)	\$1.00
Commercial/Business Advertising (per month)	\$2.00
(per year)	\$20.00

The **Inland Northwest Corvair Club** welcomes private party ads for any reasonable item or items that are for sale or wanted. Corvair and automotive related ads will be given the highest priority, followed by those of a more general nature.

We also welcome commercial advertisements from those supportive of this club, Corvairs, and the automotive hobby. Corvair and other automotive products and services will be given the highest priority, followed by those of a more varied and general nature.

THE EDITOR'S DESK

By Dave McChesney



I have a feeling that this will be a fairly sparse issue.

If the "Run to Harrison" was indeed held, and if any of our member's went to it, we could use a brief write up and some pictures for an upcoming issue.

I'm always open to input for the REAR ENGINE REVIEW. We can use personal Corvair stories, maintenance hints and tips, pictures, recipes, or information of a general nature. If you go to and participate in a car show or other automotive hobby related event, help me get the news in the REAR ENGINE REVIEW. Snap a pic or two and send them along with brief note. I'll get it in the next REAR ENGINE REVIEW

IT'S NEVER TOO LATE!

If you have pictures or other information about Corvair or automotive events from the past, feel free to forward. I'll do my best to include them, regardless of how long ago the activity occurred.

REAR ENGINE REVIEW

CLUB BUSINESS CARDS

Contact INLAND NORTHWEST CORVAIR CLUB Web-master Dave Fender for business cards with current club logo on them. They have a place where you can add your contact information. Return address labels might be small enough to fit in the area provided.



The front of the card looks like this.

TREASURER'S REPORT

Our Treasurer's Report is sent monthly to Inland Northwest Club members only, via e-mail or USPS.

CELEBRATE THE DATE!

October Birthdays

None Submitted

October Anniversaries

None submitted

INCC members, let us know your Birthday and Anniversary dates and those of your most immediate family. We'll help you celebrate by listing your special days here. Who knows, a fellow club member might send you a card!

CRUISE IN's

(It's very likely that these are currently on hold, waiting for the stay at home order to be lifted.)

We've called these *Cruise Nights* in the past, but it seems they are now **Cruise In's**. The schedule below is from the 2020 Calendar of Events. If you go, contact fellow INCC members and invite them along. Please send pictures and/or written descriptions for our newsletter.

Monday

Paul Bunyan

8625 N. Government Way, Hayden, ID

Tuesday

Cinderella Nights (6/2 – 8/25, 6:30 – 8:30 pm)

Yokes, Post Falls, ID

Zip's Drive Inn

12218 N. Market St., Mead, WA

Wednesday

Paul Bunyan

13735 Hwy 53, Rathdrum, ID

Steer Inn

7920 N Division St., Spokane, WA

Thursday

Prime Tyme Bar & Grill

Hwy 2 & Westwood, Chattaroy, WA

Ron's Drive Inn

12502 E. Sprague Ave., Spokane Valley, WA

Friday

Monitor Hot Rod Cafe

2960 Easy St., Wenatchee, WA

Zip's Drive Inn

1005 S. Main St., Deer Park, WA

Saturday

Kalispel Casino

420 Qlispe River Way, Cusick. WA

2020 EVENT SCHEDULE

More detailed information will be available as we get closer to each specific event.

(Any and all events subject to

cancellation or rescheduling due to Corona Virus/Covid 19 Pandemic)

OCTOBER

Nothing currently planned. Any suggestions?

NOVEMBER

Nothing currently planned. Any suggestions?

DECEMBER

Sunday 13th

Christmas/Holiday Party at Longhorn BBQ

(October or November might be a great time to hold a "pre-planning" meeting for 2021, so we can have any possible events scheduled and on the books for early in the New Year.)

JANUARY 2021

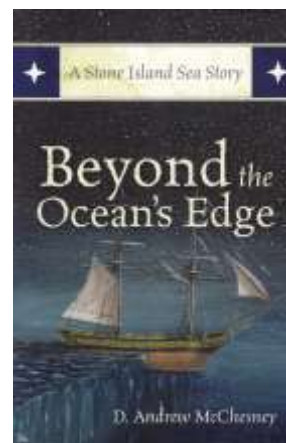
Nothing currently planned. Any suggestions?

FEBRUARY 2021

INCCC Banquet "Show No Shine" Info TBA

MARCH 2021

Nothing currently planned. Any suggestions?



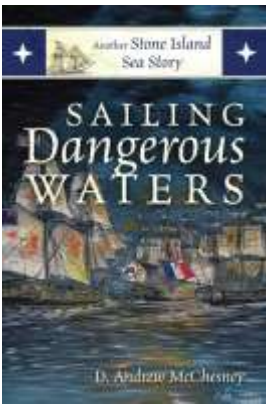
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They are currently on the shelf at:

The Well-Read Moose

2048 N. Main

Coeur d 'Alene, Idaho

I usually have copies on hand, so contact me if you are interested. daveeva@comcast.net

Visit: www.stoneislandseastories.com

Again I have space available, so again, here is an excerpt from *Darnahsian Pirates: The Third Stone Island Sea Story*. This is from Chapter Five, "Funerals."

Having said his good-byes, Pierce began the walk back to the landing. With the winter solstice recently passed, darkness was already well in place as he trudged through the dampness. He shivered, pulled his cloak more tightly around him, and reassuringly fingered the coins in his pocket. Certainly they were enough to hire a shore boat for transit to *Island Expedition's* anchorage. As part of his considerate nature regarding the hands, he had not insisted his gig's crew wait at the hard, dismissing them upon arrival and stating he would find his own way back. With his mind considering the recent conversation and contemplating future events, Pierce was only mildly aware of his surroundings, unconsciously following the familiar route. He saw but did not take note of the few others who were about on that damp foggy evening.

When a shoe scraped on cobblestone a few yards behind him, Pierce started and turned. Two figures approached, swords drawn. Pierce glanced over his shoulder, in the direction of his original route. A shadowy figure emerged from a darkened doorway, armed as well. Another stalked from around the corner of the nearest building. Instinctively Pierce threw off his cloak and drew his sword.

At a nod from the last to appear, the four rapidly closed in. Pierce side stepped and retreated, seeking to place the nearest building at his back. He did not want to be concerned with an attack from whence he could not see, and the solidity of the structure would allow him that minor comfort. Oddly, there was no demand for money or other valuables from his assailants. Rather they moved in, swords or cutlasses raised, poised and ready to strike.

The first slashed viciously at Pierce, who instinctively parried the blow and sought to deliver one in return. That effort was halted in mid-swing as the second assailant's cutlass blocked his blade with a ringing clang. His sword hand tingled from the force of the unexpected blow. The third individual waded into the fray and swiped at Pierce's feet. He jumped over the sharpened edge, but slipped on the wet cobblestones upon landing. Confused for the briefest time, Pierce saw both the first and final figure aim blows directly at his head. Unable to effectively counter these deadly assaults, he let the momentum of his fall carry him out of the path of the sharpened blades.

With his back pressed against the rough wall of an ancient nondescript building, Pierce was on one knee as the four closed in. He fought with greater desperation, striving to parry and counter their wild and vicious attack. No words were spoken, either by the assailants or their intended victim. The only sounds were grunts of effort, the rasp of steel upon steel, or the scrape of boot soles across the roughened wet street. As valiantly as he fought, Pierce felt his strength fading and his defenses growing more futile. His arm ached with the efforts made to block any of four blades that might be descending upon him, and by now the blows came so rapidly that parrying them was

about all he could do. The idea of returning the attack was a long lost dream. He blocked one blade, and then another. The next made its way past his guard and struck a glancing blow upon his left shoulder. The epaulette there prevented the edge from slicing into his shoulder, but the force of the blow drove the wind from his lungs. He grunted.

One assailant hammered at Pierce's head with his sword's hilt. Pain exploded and shot brilliant colors across his rapidly narrowing vision. What little strength he possessed ebbed away, and Pierce sensed his being collapsing into darkness. Expecting the next instant to be his last, he was surprised to hear a strangely familiar voice. "Gentlemen, four on one is not at all fair play. Allow me to even the odds a *petit* bit." A Frenchman realized Pierce, wondering why a presumed enemy would be about in London on Christmas Day.

For a moment the blows stopped, and Pierce was able to draw two or three deep ragged breaths. His vision cleared, and he saw his benefactor beset by three of those recently attacking him. The fourth lay motionless, blood pouring from his abdomen, glistening on the cold stone street. Brilliant sword work kept the three brigands at bay, and the Frenchman pressed home his attacks with vigor. An expert swordsman, thought Pierce. Yet three to one didn't seem any more even than the previous four to one. He rose from the damp cobblestones, his head throbbing with each movement he made, ready to offer what assistance he could to his rescuer.

Feeling faint, Pierce steadied himself momentarily. He leaned over, hands upon his knees and drew a couple more deep breaths. His head pounded and white hot pain shot through his skull. Dimly he saw one of the remaining three turn his attention from the Frenchman and focus on him. Woodenly Pierce raised his sword and deflected the clumsy but violent blow. As he fought down wave after wave of nausea, he pressed home his attack. One on one he was an even if not overpowering match for the brigand. At what seemed an opportune time, he swung his sword viciously and felt it bite into flesh and bone. He wrenched his blade free as another

spasm of searing pain flashed behind his eyes. His recent opponent sank slowly to the ground and simply sat there.

After a moment's rest, Pierce stepped to place himself alongside the Frenchman. His presence drew the attention of one of the two remaining assailants. Once again he forced his pained and aching body to parry a villain's wild swings and thrusts. Doing so, he managed to say, "I believe the odds are even now."

"Oui, my friend!" panted his companion, thwarting a vicious cut aimed at his head. A quick glance and a nearly imperceptible tilt of his head allowed the Frenchman to respond to the attack. His blade flashed out, opening his opponent's coat and allowing a thin ooze of blood to seep out. Wounded, the man redoubled his efforts, now fighting with desperate fury.

Pierce sensed that he was gaining the upper hand as well. His antagonist's moves became more predictable and less skillful. Angry at having been set upon in such a fashion, Pierce pressed home his attack, taking full advantage of the decline in his adversary's ability. When that individual lunged viciously but clumsily at him, Pierce stepped to the side and swung his blade. The edge sliced through clothing, skin, meat and bone. The man screamed and blood spurted. Pierce turned, placed a foot on the man's backside and pushed, sending the attacker past him to sprawl on the cobblestones.