



Vair Views

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Revised

The Bauer's and their sharp Monza.
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Prez Says

Season's Greetings SMCC Members,

The Christmas Luncheon at Rich & Charlie's on December 7th was well attended again this year. The food was great, the drinks were poured large (one was certainly enough for me) and I think everyone really enjoyed the time together. Perhaps the highlight of the event was awarding the 2024 Cavagna Award to Bob and Rose Bauer. Bob and Rose have both served generously for many years, as officers and as hosts for many tech sessions and car shows. Bob has generously helped members keep their cars running by working on them, providing much needed parts from his stash, and providing guidance to resolve vexing problems. Rose has taken lead roles in keeping our Constitution and Bylaws current, and she attends almost all club events with Bob. Congratulations Bob and Rose!!

Please mark your calendars now for our first event of 2025, a meeting at the Jefferson Underground on Saturday January 25th at 10 am.

Wishing you and your families many blessings this Holiday season.

Kent

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That's My Car. Go Get it Back!

The Story of Bob and Rose Bauer's 1966 Monza Convertible

(Actually, it's Rose's car. Just ask Bob. He told us the story.)

If you've been to a SMCC Club event or to any car show around our area, chances are you have seen the super sharp 1966 Lemonwood Yellow Monza convertible 140 Powerglide owned by Rose and Bob Bauer. Read on to learn the story of how Bob and Rose came to own that beautiful Monza.

It was about 1970 and although Bob had joined the St. Louis County Police Department as an officer the Bauer's were broke, as Bob puts it. While on patrol one day Bob stopped at a south county auto shop and the owner asked him to check on an abandoned car on his back lot. It seems the owner left the car there because it ran poorly, but never returned. After running the plates and noticing there were only seven thousand miles on the odometer Bob called the owner who told him in broken English, "*Car not run. For sale.*" In need of an inexpensive car Bob checked it out and made a low-ball offer of \$100 (as we said, funds were tight). As he told us, there could only be so many things wrong with a seven-thousand-mile car, right? And of course, he was right.

After paying for a tow job to the Bauer's home and a new set of points the nearly new 1965 110 auto maroon Monza started and ran well and since Bob's work commute was further, he drove the Corvair because it got better mileage than the family truck. Rose and Bob traded off driving the car, racking up over 110,000 miles on the pretty little Monza. Over time Rose had grown fond of the little car. Very fond.

As the Monza aged, and the Bauer family grew it was time for a new vehicle and a Chevy window van was added to the stable in 1978. After a few days of owning it, the van would not start. Bob fiddled with it enough to get it running and drove it back to the dealer to be repaired. When the work was completed, Bob drove the still running Monza to pick up the newly acquired van. No, they hadn't traded the Monza in on the van. Rose and Bob were just too connected to it. Bob picked up the van and told the dealer staff he'd be back to pick up the Corvair. As Bob drove away in the van, he saw a guy standing next to the beloved Monza with the trunk, engine lid and doors wide open, and the engine running. This is where the story gets good.

Bob peels back across the road, flies into the dealer's lot, pulls up next to the guy and jumps out. Now imagine, Bob can be an imposing figure, and this guy is messing with his little gem, tired as it may have become, and he says, "*What the heck are you doing with my car?*" It is likely that Bob chose another word than "heck," but we'll go with the gentler version. The guy says, "*Settle down. I'm the head mechanic here and I used my Chevy passkey to get in your car.*" You can imagine that Bob was not impressed. Then the mechanic says, "I'm a Corvair fanatic and I want to buy your car." Bob, still steamed, says, "*No way, it's not for sale.*"

As Bob tells it—and he tells it better than this is written, the guy pulls out his billfold and Bob sees it is loaded with green. He says to Bob, "*Stop me when I hit the magic number.,*" and begins peeling off bills, \$100, \$200, \$300, and more. Bob thinks to himself, "*I ain't stopping him.,*" but when the guy gets to \$2200, Bob grabs the stack because he is afraid the guy will back out, and says, "*You just bought a car.*" And that is where the story takes another turn. Remember, this was Rose's car too.

Bob returned home and eagerly told Rose how much he got for the old Corvair. Rose demanded, *“YOU WHAT? THAT’S MY CAR. GO GET IT BACK!”* At first Bob told Rose he can’t just go back and tell the guy he changed his mind, but on Rose’s insistence he reluctantly, and a little sheepishly agreed. He grabs some extra cash figuring he’ll have to pay a premium to buy the car back and goes to the owner’s house where there are several Corvairs scattered on the lot. Unfortunately for Bob the fellow refuses to sell him the car, saying that we shook on it, and you got a good deal. Must have been a miserable drive home knowing he would have to tell Rose her car was gone forever. Over the following ten years Rose and Bob would look at other Corvairs to replace the beloved Monza but passed on them all.

In 1988 The Bauer’s went to the October car show at the National Transportation Museum. On the way into the event they ran into some friends and Bob stayed to talk while Rose went on to check out the cars on display. A brief time later Bob and his friends hear honking and look up to see a car in the distance with a driver waving at them joyfully and honking more. They couldn’t recognize the driver at that distance, but Bob did notice that the car was a nice-looking late model Monza. He thought, *“Nice car, and whomever it is thinks they know us.”*

When Bob and Rose met up again later Rose said, *“Didn’t you hear me honking at you?”*. Bob replied with a question, *“That was you?”*. Then Rose said, *“Yes, that was me. I bought the car. I had the checkbook in my purse.”*

Rose had seen the car and immediately purchased it from Alan Franz who was an SMCC member. Rose and Bob restored the Monza and have been proudly showing it off ever since. Odds are they’ll hold on to this one for a long time.

Right: Rose and Bob driving across the Chain of Rocks bridge in North St. Louis.



Right: In all it’s glory. The Lemonwood Yellow Monza that Rose bought at the show. Nice choice, Rose.

BTW: That’s Bob and Rose at the top of the front page of this newsletter too.



Christmas Party Photos

Merry Christmas to All

*However you
celebrate, may
you have a blessed
holiday season, and
may you have a
Happy New Year.*



2nd Annual Cavagna Award

At the SMCC Christmas Party President Kent Goddard, as part of the meeting agenda, presented the Cavagna Award to the second year's recipients, Rose and Bob Bauer. The process of choosing this year's award winner(s) is spelled out in the SMCC bylaws and a separate Charge Document. Rose and Bob were chosen from a list of nominees by the SMCC Board. The two were chosen based on a vast number of areas of participation and assistance within and outside the club. Here is a quote from the document written by the Cavagna Award Committee and used by Kent to read at the time of the presentation.

"Today, the "Cavagna Award – Dedicated to Joan and John Cavagna" is being presented to Rose and Bob Bauer.

It's interesting to note that the Bauers live just a few miles from the Cavagna homestead. They were not only close to Joan and John geographically; they were also close to them as friends, and they were close to them in terms of their commitment to the Show-Me Corvair Club and its members. The Award Selection Committee decided to recognize the Bauers for their contributions and achievements since they joined the club in 1992, in addition to their contributions this year.



Rose and Bob have held many offices and positions of responsibility over the years.

Rose has served with distinction as Secretary several years and is a past two-year Board member. She was on the committee to review the club's By-Laws in 2017. And over the past year she has helped keep me on track when I inadvertently started to deviate from club policy or norms.

Bob is a past President, Vice President, Secretary, and Board member. He was President during the highly successful 1998 CORSA National Convention in St. Louis. His name is synonymous with the club's participation in the Concours d'Elegance every Easter, because available club records show that he has been the coordinator for that event more than any other member since he joined the club. Bob was on the committee tasked with reviewing the By-Laws in 2007, and he was on the rally committee in 2015. He was one of the members who performed audits of the club's finances in 2018, 2023 and again earlier this year.

Bob is an excellent Corvair technician. He has a lot of knowledge about the Corvair automobile which he shares freely with other members of the club and others outside the club. He has gone out of his way to help members with their cars. One example, on a personal note, was back in 2015 when I had my car at an alignment shop down in Crystal City. The front castor was out of spec but couldn't be adjusted because the 1" nuts were rusted solid to the control rods. Either the castor would need to be left as-is or the old rods would need to be cut off and replaced. Well, the local parts store sure doesn't carry control rods and bushings for 50 year old Corvairs, so I thought I'd take a long shot and call Bob to ask if he had any idea who might have parts laying around. As it turns out he had 2 used control rods complete with new performance bushings and attaching hardware! Not only that, he was willing to drop what he was doing and deliver them to the shop in Crystal City. Basically, Bob went out of his way and saved the day. Needless to say I was quite appreciative.



Rose and Bob are enthusiastic about attending car cruises. They showcase their car and promote the Show-Me Corvair Club nearly every weekend during the car show season. They are also faithful about supporting their fellow members in times of crisis. If you are ill and the phone rings, it will probably be Rose and Bob. If you ever attend the services for a deceased member or for a member's loved one, you can be certain that you will see the Bauers there.

According to available club records, the Bauers have hosted more Tech Sessions at their home since they joined the club than any other members. Rose is the warm and welcoming hostess with the delicious recipe everyone else wants. Bob always sets the standard at Tech Sessions by being the most engaged in the process and the most engaging host. They helped to organize the Christmas party several years, including the well-received ones at the Bissel Mansion in the late 1990's. The couple also spearheaded several one-time projects for the club, including:

Donations to hurricane victims when four storms hit Florida in six weeks in 2004

Transporting several special needs children to the Variety Club Parade in 2006

The Show-Me Corvair Club's 40th anniversary celebration at Chuck-A-Burger in 2014

An outing to a Grizzlies baseball game in 2015

The club's participation in the Great Plains Roundup in North Little Rock, Arkansas, in 2015

The outing to the performance of "Driving Miss Daisy" at the Lyceum Theater in Arrow Rock, Missouri, in 2015

"Trunk-or-Treat" event at First Baptist Church in House Springs on Halloween 2015

Hazelwood Baptist Church car show in 2017

Faith Church Car Cruise in 2024 in Sunset Hills

And this is only a partial list of their major achievements. Individually or as a team, Rose and Bob Bauer remain a guiding force in our Corvair community.

CONGRATULATIONS! As the winners of the Cavagna Award,

Rose and Bob will receive:

This framed Cavagna Award certificate
Their names engraved on a perpetual plaque which will be hung in the club house
A waiver of their dues for the 2025 calendar year"



We were blessed with the attendance by members of Joan and John Cavagna's family and are looking forward to the new year and to see who steps up to the level of the 2025 Cavagna Award.

-Thanks to Don Hemwall, Tom James and Tommy Yengel, who all contributed to this article-

Member Profile - Tom James

“I’ll finish it before I die.”

Editor’s Note: Tom’s profile is published unedited because he wrote it much like an article. There was no need for editing or revisions. The accompanying photos are of Tom’s car in progress.

Corvairs you currently own:

1965 Monza convertible, black over Ermine White with a dark red interior. The stock engine was a 110, but Bob Bauer and I built a 140 for it with Clark’s full-fin cylinders bored out .060 over stock, a 270 cam, and primary carbs as secondaries. Once upon a time, I found a rebuilt 4-speed for a great price. I told my wife that I was going to buy the 4-speed, and she got this dejected look on her face. She said, “But I can’t drive a stick, and I love to drive the Corvair”. My wife has never made an issue out of the time and money I spend on the Corvair, so I have to honor her. That’s why my souped-up Monza still has a PowerGlide transmission. I can’t remember the last time I drove it. The car has been undergoing restoration and modifications for years. It’s currently not running, but I’m working on it. I expect to finish the car the week before I die.



When and why did you buy it (them)?

It was 1969, and I was in my senior year at Kent State University in Ohio. I had been driving a 1961 Rambler American two-door which made 0-60 in twenty minutes. My friends called it the “Ruptured Rhino”, because it was bulky and grey. That didn’t stop them from mooching rides, though. One winter night, a friend and I were driving back to campus from a big party in Akron, about a half hour away. It was about 3:00 a. m., both of us were in an alcohol-induced coma, and I was driving through a blizzard out on the interstate. Suddenly, there was this huge bang followed by loud grinding noises, and there were sparks flying out from under the Rhino. I thought I was having a nightmare that we were trapped at ground zero in a fireworks display on the Fourth of July! We left the dead Rhino by the side of the road and hitchhiked back to Kent. As fate would have it, we got picked up by a guy who was smoking weed while he was driving, but we made it home safely. In the middle of the night in the middle of a blizzard, you don’t have the privilege of being choosy about who picks you up. The next day, I got the bad news from a local mechanic. The Rhino had twisted the driveshaft off the end, and she would cost more to fix than she was worth. Suddenly, I was in the market for a car.

I had a friend who was a disc jockey on a local radio station. Ewing Chevrolet in Canton, Ohio, was an advertiser on his station, and my buddy the DJ knew that Ewing was trying to get this Corvair convertible off the lot. He and I rode down to Canton to look at the car, and when I saw it, it was love at first sight. I negotiated the price down to \$1,000, and she was mine!

What is it that you like most about Corvairs?

They are totally unique automobiles. I like weird. IMHO, late models are among the most beautiful cars ever built in America.

Any interesting story about your Corvair, or others you have owned:

The original owner of my car was the wife of the owner of Timken Roller Bearings in Canton, Ohio. She had an aftermarket full tonneau cover installed, and I still have it. As far as stories about my car and the adventures we have had together, don't get me started.



Describe your dream Corvair:

My car, reassembled, on the road today, with me behind the wheel, going too fast.

Corvair job you hate most (e.g. brakes, upholstery, oil change, etc.):

No contest. Replacing the gas tank. I would rather have my nipples pierced with a toothpick.

Have you ever thrown a fanbelt?

I have owned my car for about 55 years, and this was the only time my Corvair ever broke down on the road. You're not a Corvair guy unless you've replaced the fanbelt under conditions which were less than perfect. In my case, it was in the middle of the night again and on the Interstate again. (I need to limit my future Corvair rides to daylight hours on secondary roads.) At least it was in the summer this time.

I was home from college for the summer. I lived on the west side of Cleveland, my girlfriend lived on the east side, and between us along the Cleveland Memorial Shoreway there was some of the worst inner city ghetto you can imagine. So, I'm cruising home from my girl's house on the Shoreway about 2-3 a. m., and the dreaded idiot lights lit up the dashboard like the eyes of a coyote in the woods after dark. I pulled off on the shoulder under a street light, raised the hood, and you know what I saw. Luckily, I knew about the Corvair's reputation for tossing fan belts, so I had a spare belt and a tool kit with me. I was almost done with the job when another car rolled to a stop behind me. "Oh, crap," I thought. I looked over my shoulder, hoping to see an angel in a flowing white gown with a trouble light, a socket wrench, and a cold Pepsi. No such luck. Three of the biggest, baddest-looking dudes in Greater Cleveland were walking up behind me. I said a quick prayer, and the answer came just as quickly. "Hey, man! You shouldn't be out here in this neighborhood by yourself in the middle of the night. You look like you could use some help. What can we do?" I asked one of them to hold the flashlight while I tightened the bolt on the belt tensioner and breathed a sigh of relief. In two minutes, all of us were out of there.



Other than a Corvair, and assuming money is no object, what classic domestic or foreign car or truck would you most like to own and why? What car or truck would be a close second?

Any street rod, especially a pre-war Ford. I love street rods. I was going to buy one about the same time I started restoring my Corvair, but I knew I didn't have the resources for both cars. So, I compromised. Instead of buying a street rod, I used the money to upgrade my Corvair. Second choice: a Morgan Plus-4 or a first-generation Corvette. As far as I'm concerned, you can forget all the Corvettes built after the Stingray. They are four-wheeled ego trips for the owners.

Name one car you'd most like to have back, including cars from your childhood to today.

My first car was a 1956 Ford 4-door sedan with a police interceptor V-8 engine. It actually fell apart on the way home from the used car lot, but that's another story. The car I wish I could get back was my second car, a dark green 1950 Ford 2-door sedan with a flathead V-8 and "three on the tree". I bought it from my late uncle's estate for \$175. It had a black light in the instrument panel, and it gave the instruments a maroon iridescent glow. I considered having the rust repaired and getting the car repainted, but it would have cost as much as I paid for the car. That was a lot of money for a schoolboy in those days. When I went away to college, I wasn't allowed to have a car on campus, so I sold it to a coworker at my part-time job for \$75. She drove it until the clutch gave out, then she junked it. It was sad.

Fondest car-centered memory ("G" rated version). (first date, parade, best compliment you received, etc.)

I've got a million of them. It's hard to pick just one.

Chris and I hadn't been married very long when we organized an outing for my grandmother and grandfather to the Western Reserve Historical Society (WRHS) and to the Crawford Auto-Aviation Museum in Cleveland. We drove them in my Corvair. Both of my grandparents had been raised on farms in the Greater Cleveland area, and my grandfather had become a blue-collar worker as his life's work. They were awestruck when we had tea and cakes in the sitting room of the Hanna mansion at the WRHS. The Hannas were icons in the Cleveland area much like the Rockefellers were in New York. Grandma and Grandpa were just everyday people. They were spellbound by the opulent lifestyle of the Hanna family, just a few minutes' drive from the bungalow that my grandfather had built with his own hands at the end of the Great Depression. They acted as though they didn't belong there, and like they expected someone to tell them that they had to leave. Then we moved on to the Crawford. By coincidence, the museum had a 1924 Model T 2-door sedan, which was identical to the first car my grandparents bought after they were married. It was a touching scene.

Do you/have you owned any other classic cars, and what are they?

At my age, most of the cars I have owned are classics by now. I mentioned the 1950 Ford and the 1956 Ford. My wife had a 1966 Olds Cutlass when we got married in 1974. We also had a 1984 Thunderbird, which was a favorite body for NASCAR stock cars (if you want to call that a classic).

Other hobbies or activities you participate in:

I'm active in my church. I do many of my own car repairs and maintenance. I also do most of my own home repairs, remodeling, and redecorating. My wife has a lot of single girlfriends, so I usually end up doing handyman chores for them as well.

I used to be an enthusiastic amateur photographer when I was traveling the world with the U. S. Air Force. Now, not so much. There just don't seem to be as many opportunities in my present situation, although I still take the random snapshot or two at special events.

I collect classic rock in all formats from vinyl discs to cassette tapes to reel-to-reel tapes. I even have a respectable number of 8-track tapes. I usually buy the 8-tracks as a last resort when I can't get the album in a more desirable format. I have a full-capability quadraphonic sound system which I bought new at the military Post Exchange (PX) in Seoul, Korea in 1971. I can play and record any format, and I can blow the windows out if I want to. It not only sounds good, but it looks good, too. Lots of natural wood and brushed aluminum.

A few years ago, I rekindled an interest in a hobby from my childhood. My biological father was a tail gunner on a B-17 bomber during World War II. The life expectancy of a B-17 tail gunner was only four missions, so it's a miracle I'm here at all. I decided to build a plastic model of a B-17 to memorialize him, and I got hooked. I have so many completed models now that I have run out of places to store them.



Tom, we can't wait to see your car finished.
That is going to be one beautiful Monza.

SMCC Meeting and Event Schedule

January 25, 2025, 10 AM, Jefferson Underground

In most cases a meeting will be held in conjunction with the above event.

Got Parts?

If you have parts you want to sell or give away send a note to Mark Moyer at markgmoyer1@gmail.com and he will list the parts here.

For sale:



Two brand new still in the plastic wrap late model wiper arms. Clark's number C10947. I bought them for the Crown car and decided I didn't need them. \$29.25 each new, plus shipping. I'll sell them for \$22. Mark Moyer markgmoyer1@gmail.com

Parts needed:

- ♦ I need a driver quality day/night LM (1966) rearview mirror. Mark Moyer
- ♦ I also need a black late model passenger side visor. Dark blue would work too. Mark Moyer

SMCC Officers and Advisors

Officers & Board Members

President – Kent Goddard
Vice President – Ron Karl
Treasurer – Carl Briggs
Secretary – Suzanne Cavagna

Additional Board Members

Past President – Bob Bauer
Elected from general membership – Doug Riser and Larry Pratt

Advisors

Newsletter Editor – Mark Moyer
Historian – Tom James
Membership Chairman – Trevor Monninger
Facebook Page Manager – Nick Raeber

SHORTY CHEVROLET CORVAIR IS JUNKYARD TREASURE

Check out this article about a shortened Corvair rusting in a California junkyard. At least it has fender flares. Sort of, that is.

[Shorty Chevy Corvair—with 2
Doors, 4 Handles—Is Junkyard
Treasure](#)

