

VolksFolks News

February 2002

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About the Cover Model - *Oscar*

Owner: Travis Barefoot, President VolksFolks

Oscar came into my life in May of 2001. We were just returning from the Seveirville VW show, where I had planned to buy another Bus, Beetle, or whatever VW called to me. Luckily, I came home without another car, for there was Oscar, within 5 miles of home, for sale in a parking lot. I bought him two days later. Oscar is my daily driver...more or less to work and to pick up my daughter from daycare. Everything about Oscar is stock, the way nature intended. Who am I to fool with nature?

Shoot the Breeze

To Save Time...Pt. 2

I'm normally not the kind of person who freaks out too easily. Usually it takes something of extreme importance in my life or something that can't be explained to do that. But when I ran out of the doors of the school, with Jake impatiently waiting in his "Cuda on my right, my eyes caught Ms. Goodfried's VW parked in the teacher's parking lot to the left. If something had happened to her, maybe the same thing has happened to her VW. I motioned for Jake to wait and headed over to her car. I almost expected something to be different just for that sole fact: I expected it.

I didn't need to get any closer to notice what I knew I would see. But I did get closer and I did see what I saw. That Frisbee-sized rust area on her car's left rear fender was now no larger than a quarter. This couldn't have been done by a body shop. *Why would someone do such an incomplete rust repair job?* I thought this but knew what was happening. The rust was getting smaller. And some of the holes in the canvas top were repaired as well. Only some? Don't ask me how it was happening, this is just what I saw. I had seen enough...enough to make me walk a little faster to Jake's car and hop in just as Ms. Goodfried walked out the school doors.

"What's up?" asked Jake as he pulled out of the parking lot.

I sure didn't want to tell him what I thought I saw. If anyone would think I was crazy because of this, it would be Jake. "Nothing. I just thought I saw something on Ms. Goodfried's car. It was nothing."

The ride home was an uneventful one as we talked about girls, homework and other stuff. I was not going to discuss what was going on with Jake...saying something to him would be like announcing it over the school's intercom system...everyone would know about it before first period was over the next morning. I just kept it to myself.

That was the smartest thing I did all school year.

Now, when I think about what happened over the next couple of days, it is like trying to see through a smoky mirror, one coated with nicotine stains like the one in Ms. Goodfried's VW. The memory is there, but surrounded by a fog, distorting the true image. Maybe because the events were just too weird for me to handle, too crazy to comprehend that I have pushed the memory back even further than the lessons I learned in school.

Ms. Goodfried was getting younger; that I was sure of. Even her car was getting younger. I can't explain how or why, but it had something to do with her insane babble about cutting corners to save time. On the next Friday, she cornered me in the hallway after class. I had been avoiding her for the past few days, and now I was trapped. I took one glance at her and saw changes. Her face was void of wrinkles. Her hair was long and youthful; none of that split-ends, thinning out and going gray going on here. I tried not to look too closely at her, so I fumbled with my backpack instead.

"I have found what I have been looking for", she said.

"And what is that?" I replied, now working the zipper on my backpack. I know what she found. *She found her youth.*

"Look at me closely. Don't just see what you think you see. See what you know you see."

I looked up at her and saw. She was younger. I could imagine this was what she looked like when she was in a classroom like this one, not as the teacher, but as a student like me. Not just the hair and wrinkles...her eyes too.

They were brighter, bluer than ever, yet something wasn't right. They were dark as well. *Now I know what a crazy person looks like*, I thought. It wasn't the hair or wrinkles or younger looking skin or body tone. It was in the eyes.

"Can this be for real?" I asked. I didn't want to believe it, but the truth was right there in front of me.

"I have something to show you," she said and headed for the door.

She led me outside to the steps of the school and was literally skipping down several steps at a time. Her VW sat among several other cars in the teacher's parking lot. The paint was shiny and the convertible top was perfect. I knew this was what she wanted me to see.

"Now look at my little car. Isn't this wonderful?" It was perfect. No rust, no tears in the cloth top, no dents or dings, spotless interior...nothing was wrong. But everything was wrong. Wrong in that it just couldn't be.

"All right, who fixed up your car?" I asked knowing that no one had.

"Nobody. It just happened. Can I give you a ride home?"

I couldn't lie to her. I didn't have a ride home. Anyway, I wanted to find out exactly what was going on, and if riding with her would give me answers, then so be it.

"Sure. I couldn't find one." I waited for her to open my door and hesitantly sat down when she did. Hopefully, this would be the last time I rode with her. How true...how true.

The interior was as perfect as the exterior. If someone had refurbished this, they had done an excellent job. Nowhere could I see signs of anything being replaced; carpet, upholstery, anything.

"It's unbelievable, is it not?" She fired up the engine and for just a second, I actually thought I heard the VW laugh as it roared to life.

"How many miles would you guess that my little car has on its odometer?" She pulled out of the parking lot and sped towards (and sometimes away from) my home.

Considering that it was a 1978 model...if the car had been driven an average of 10,000 miles per year, that would put it over the absurdly high amount of 240,000 miles! I caught myself looking over at the gauge area to see for myself.

"Yeah. That's what I thought too when I saw it," she said. I hadn't said anything, but the expression on my face probably said more than my answer would. It must have screamed, "Wow!" There was less than 15,000 miles tallied up. I know I saw more than that on there before. But what really made me think, "Wow!" was that I saw something else when I peeked at the dash. The odometer was going backwards. As crazy as it seems, for all I know, time was in reverse. I wasn't sure what would happen to me if I didn't get out of her car soon. But I wasn't ready just yet. I still hadn't gotten any answers.

"It's just like the day I bought it. I told you that I would get my car back."

Something else about her had changed. Her driving had become better. I didn't fear for my life at every turn. She still cut corners and avoided heavy traffic. She still smoked her cigarettes and wore her sunglasses. But I almost felt like I could relax and stop being so jumpy.

"I think that my little experiment is about to be over," she said as the miles went by and the odometer whirred in reverse. "I only have a small amount of time before I feel something big is going to happen. Something wonderful." Just then she sped up to beat a red light. As her foot pushed down and the engine rewed up, something happened that was not the something she was expecting. The jolt that she spoke of before was now pulsing through me like a bolt of lightning thrown by Zeus himself. I saw, if only for the fleetest of moments, a little sanity in her claims...a picture of her mind. I saw clocks and watches, hourglasses and sundials running at light speed in reverse. I saw me as a child, her as a child and the VW as a concept. And just like that the vision was gone.

"It happened just now, did you feel it? You must have."

Did I feel it? Man, I was it! I was past, present and future all rolled up into a tightly knit ball of twine. And suddenly I had my answers. I didn't even have to ask. I knew what she knew. I felt what she felt. And most certainly, we both felt what the car felt. Crazy, I know. Maybe we both were a bit "touched by the gods" you could say, but at that moment that's just what we were. Crazy, man.

I didn't even say a word. The car drove on and the time went back and her smoke was filling the air...and I was silent. She asked if I was ok, she laughed and smiled and time went back some more. My house came into view and I kept my mouth shut and my eyes open...my eyes that had seen the light. The only time I spoke was right before the door shut, with the window down and me seeing her eyes, those brightly dark eyes.

"Good-bye for now." This I said knowing what she would reply.

"No, good-bye." Her cigarette was out, her body was young, and her car was anew. There was no more time. She rolled up the window, then just as quickly rolled out of my driveway.

I never saw her again. *To be continued...*

***Till later ,
Travis
GoBusGo!***

Big Rumors and Little White Lies

Feel the Burn

Zen has finally given us his secret to his upper-body strength. His regimen is as follows:

I don't know if you've noticed, but over the last couple of months, I feel like I've really toned up my upper body! So, I thought that I would let you, my friends, in on my little secret I've found for building my arm and shoulder muscles. You might wish to adopt this regimen - 3 days a week is enough, 4 at the most. You have to give your muscles time to

rest, recover and rebuild or you'll end up with sprains, strains, tendentious or maybe worse. So, be sensible about it. This is one of the easiest no-impact upper-body exercise programs I've ever heard of . . . and it works!

I started by standing outside behind the house and with a 5-pound potato sack in each hand, extended my arms straight out from my sides and held them there as long as I could. After 10 minutes of resting, I did it again. That's it! A couple of days later, do it again! Simple! After a couple of weeks, when the 5-pound sacks got to feeling light, I moved up to 10-pound potato sacks, then 50-pound potato sacks. I've finally gotten to where I can lift a 100-pound potato sack in each hand and hold my arms straight out for more than a full minute! Next week, I going to start putting a few potatoes in the sacks, but I would caution you not to push yourself to try to get to this level too fast!

Fun with Magnesium!

Recipe:

1 new VW engine case.

Grind case to fit 78-mm. crankshaft.

Sweep up grindings.

Place into pile.

Ignite.

Wait until pile glows cherry red.

Hit with Compressed air (Set at 50 psi) from a 3' long blow nozzle.

Instant daylight!

Unless you're experienced in fire fighting, I don't recommend doing this indoors or in places where other nearby objects can possibly catch fire, as Magnesium isn't extinguished via conventional means.

(Pilfered from a post on RAMVA)

New Members

Welcome to our newest member of the Scenic City Volks Folks, Jai Johnston. Jai has been a lurker in our midst for quite a while now. We finally persuaded him to become a member!

My Excellent VW Adventure

By Zen Hendricks

The other night I was looking at the Type 1 Forum (located at www.shoptalkforums.com) , and ran across this post and thought this would make a great topic to talk about this month.

"Just wondering if anyone has, if it is even possible, to take your original door handles and put new lock cylinders into them.

I have two great looking handles, but unfortunately I have only copies of the original keys which only work after minutes of jiggling and wiggling them in the lock. Anyone know what this might cost or is it cheaper to buy new handles? Thanks again!"

Yes, a locksmith can do this for you. Do you know a good locksmith? If you don't, go look in the mirror. There's a pretty good locksmith apprentice looking back at you! And he (or she) works cheap too!

Say ya don't know nut'n 'bout locks? Well, like my dear departed granny used to say, "*You ain't gonna learn no younger!"*

Now I don't really know about early door handles, but the later ones (68 and up Type 1) are easy to re-key. If later on you have the chance, take an early door handle apart and see if you can figure it out.

For you water-cooled folks, I've taken an 86 Golf's tumbler apart before. They use the same pins, so yours works the same way too . . . at least through the mid-80s! All of this probably applies to most all 60s - 80s VW locks, but for the sake of simplicity, I'm going to be talking specifically about the 68 and up Type 1 door handles.

To get started, you will need several old door handles (the more, the better) and some old keys that don't fit

anything (or the key that fits your switch if you want to make a matching set) and way to much time on your hands! OK, I'm going to admit that I'm a pack rat and haven't thrown away a broken door handle in years . . . most of you have sent your broken ones to the landfill as soon as you replaced them. Before you get much further, you're going to need to hit a few swap meets and get the supplies you need. Dig through those "Everything in this box is \$1.00" boxes. There is a broken door handle here, a pitted one there . . . look over in that box . . . there are two good ones in it! What you are looking for is mainly the tumblers, so don't worry too much about the condition of the handle body or the lever . . . in fact, if you point out that the trigger lever is broken, you can probably talk them down to 50 cents!

OK, you're back from the swap meet with a sack full of old handles. If you spend the \$15 that a cheap locksmith would have charged you for re-keying ONE LOCK, you should have enough parts for you to re-key as many of them as you will ever need yourself. So, let's learn some locksmithin'!

Take the screw out of the backside of the tumbler, pull that little lever and spring off of it. Then carefully push the tumbler out. The tumbler has brass (maybe bronze? . . . anyway it's some kind of soft yellowish metal) pins with holes in them (*See Figures 1 & 3*).

A tip sticks off of each pin to one side and a little spring pushes the pin up. Get some kind of small containers (zipper sandwich bags work great) and remove all the pins and put them in one container, put all the little springs in another, and all the tumblers in another. While you are taking it apart, look at how it works. It's a complicated looking key but it's like most other stuff on old VWs . . . it's simple. There are a total of 9 pins . . . 4 pointing one way and 5 the other. The tumbler rotates in a hole in the handle. That hole has two notches for the pins to rest in when the springs push them up out of the tumbler. With the pins in the notch, the tumbler can't turn (*See Figure 2A*).

When you stick the key in, it goes through the hole and pulls the pin down. The total length of the pin is the same as the diameter of the tumbler, so, if the notch in the key properly matches its pin, that pin will be pulled down flush with both sides of the tumbler (*See Figure 2B*).

If the notch in the key is not cut deep enough it will pull the pin past flush on the bottom, if it's cut too deep, it won't pull it down flush on the top (*See Figure 2C*).

It's been a while since I've done this, but it seems like there are 4 or 5 different locations for the holes in the pins (*See figure 3*).

You need to take that bag of pins of yours and separate them by the location of the hole.

Here's a trick. Get an uncut VW key blank and slide the pins on it (try ACE Hardware, that's where I found my blank). Now you can see the different levels at which the pins sit. The ones that sit the highest, we'll call #1s, the next highest #2s, and so on. Now put each group in a separate bag and number them.

Now comes the easy part! Pick out the key you want to use. Next, open up that bag of tumblers and dig around in it until you find two tumblers that will accept your key. From there, it's just a matter of matching the pins up with the notches on the key and putting them in your tumblers. When you've got it right, the key will pull all of the pins flush. Don't forget the little springs that push the pins back up! Lube it up with white lithium grease. Put the tumbler back in, put the spring and lever back on the back, reinstall the screw and the handle is ready to go back on the car! And, you've got enough pins and tumblers to last you a lifetime.

When you re-key one lock, put the left over pins and tumblers in their proper bags. You've still got as many parts as you started with! You could re-key locks forever off that \$15 worth of handles!

I got carried away a while back and made a matching set for my son's Super Beetle (it did have a different key for each door). Then I matched a set of handles to our 75 convertible's switch key (it didn't have any door keys with it when we bought it). I then made an extra set using an old key that didn't fit anything I had. Finally, just because . . . well, just because, I made a door handle that works with an uncut key blank!

And here's a bonus tip: If you have to jiggle the key for several minutes before it finally unlocks, take the handle off the car and try this; Stick the key in, take that screw out of the back, and pull the tumbler out. You want the key in it to keep the pins in place . . . you don't want to have do the whole process of matching pins to notches do you? Now take a good look at it. You've probably got one or two notches or pins with a little wear in them. Those pins will be sticking up a little past flush. File them down even with the tumbler and put it back together. That should take care of the problem.

Yes, you just made your door lock a little easier to pick, but because you've got 9 pins and they are going in two directions, this is a tough lock to pick to start with. Even if you remove two or three pins completely, it's still going to be tough. Besides that, a Slim-Jim or a brick through a window will completely bypass the tumbler anyway, so I wouldn't lose any sleep worrying about filing down a pin or two. Come to think of it, I don't worry about it anyway . . . after all that re-keying I still forget to lock my doors!

Until next time, may all your VW Adventures be excellent!

The Prez Says

Hello to all, I have been in communication with a fellow from Auburn, AL by the name of Greg Hughes for some time now. I have been giving him tips on how to start a club, what we do, and such...all because he asked me to. He wanted to have a gathering of VWs, so he put up flyers around town, on cars and on poles, and it looks like he had a decent turnout at his gathering on Saturday, February 2, 2002. Look at his website at (<http://volkslovers.com>) Another VW club in (or near) our area! Yeah!

In talking to him, I have discovered that he is very enthusiastic about VWs. He took the initiative to find others in his area with a love for Volkswagens. He is slowly building up a VW force in Auburn. He is also getting up a group of people to come and support our show in April (which, by the way, is closer than we think!). All of this happened

because I took the time to turn around on the highway and go back to the gas station where he and some friends were parked in his Vanagon Westy. All because I was interested in who they were, where they were going, where they were from...only because they were in a VW. Likewise, on our way up to Cloudland Canyon for the Dead of Winter campout, we stopped at a gas station near the foot of Lookout Mountain. I was leading the pack in Sweetpea, with a friend in his Vanagon Westy and Eric in Rusty holding the rear. As I was going back to my Westy, I saw a blue and white bus going north on Broad Street. I started jumping and waving just to make sure they had seen us...I wasn't meaning for them to turn around and come back, but they did. John Tracy was his name and he said that he knew some folks in our club, namely Herb Keedy (remember, he was with you when you bought your first bus?) and that he worked at Covenant College. He asked us, "What kind of losers do we have here?" He also called me a loser when I determined the year of his bus by the VIN number. There was no offense taken. I knew what he was talking about. What am I trying to say here? Get out and spread the word. Let your enthusiasm for your club and your cars be shown...have it placed out where everyone can see. Just see what happens.

Travis Barefoot
The Prez

Volkswagen Events

March events:

1-3: Hippie Days: 7th annual event, which includes campouts, shop tours and just general Fun! Take a look at their website for full details! <http://www.awa.com/hdays.html>

3: Metrolina Chill and Grill in Charlotte NC: A get together of area VW Enthusiasts! Look at the site for more info, dates and times. <http://www.mwve.org/chillandgrill.html>

17: Orlando VW Show-N-Shine; 9 AM to 4 PM. Orlando, Florida. Held at Downey Park, East Rt. 50 (Colonial Dr. and Dean Road). Presented By Central Florida VW Club. Over 125 Trophies to be Awarded, 35+ Show Classes Swap Shop, Vendors. \$1 Hot Dogs and Drinks. Lot's of Fun and VW Enthusiasts. \$15 Registration Fee (Show Cars) (FREE T-shirt for PRE-REGISTRATIONS) Spectators FREE. For more information, Call 321-269-0236, or 407-721-2455. E-mail: sklein@cfl.rr.com
<http://www.tekpage.com/cfwc>

15-17: Paddy's Wagens; Columbia, SC. FULLMOON BUS CLUB CAMPOUT
quicksitemaker.com/members/snoop/PaddysWagens.html

23: Gulf Coast Volkswagen Club 7th Annual Show: Prime Outlets Mall Hwy 49 (south) and I-10, Gulfport MS. Rain or Shine. For more information call (228) 396-2924, 463-1212, or 388-8925 gulfcoastvwclub@groups.aol.com

30: Tampa, FL VW Show-n-Shine. Held at Skippers SmokeHouse 10am-until? Live Bands. For more info contact: Brora McFarland at 813-910-0987 or Skippers SmokeHouse at 813-971-0666.

Just Some Things You Should Know

Are you ready?

Somewhere in a southern state, there is someone getting ready for **Bugapalüza 4**. The care taken to ensure a good-looking ride is under way. They are making sure that the engine oil is changed. How about the spark plugs? The points could use some attention too. Is the Westfalia packed with enough camping provisions to last a weekend? Don't forget the detailing kit.

Somewhere in a southern state, someone is making sure the tires are properly inflated on their 1966 Type 3 Fastback. Someone else is putting the final touches on the detailed interior of their 1967 Beetle. Mmm...new-car scent. Should I take the Split window or the Bay window bus? Or would the New Beetle be appropriate for the drive?

Somewhere in a southern state, someone is loading up their trailer full of spare parts. Surely someone else could use these parts...and are most likely looking for them. That someone else is loading their wallet with money to buy said parts. And someone else is eagerly awaiting the arrival of all these people. That someone is us.

The final touches are being put on the work of art called Bugapalüza 4. The artists are cleaning their brushes and the pallet is about to be put away. After the "picture" is finished, there is no reason to change what was painted. Nor would the artists want to make changes. The only time for any changes to be made is when the work is in progress. If the critics wait until the final moment to say anything, it is then too late. So, if anyone has suggestions, criticisms, anything at all, then now is the time to voice opinions and concerns. Don't wait until the frame is done, the picture is matted and is hanging on the wall. The only thing you can do then is to look at it.

March Meetings

The next club meeting will be **March 18th at 7 PM at Wally's Restaurant** . The next **Bugapalūza planning meetings** will be **March 5th and 21st** at **Wally's Restaurant** .

Bye-bye to the Bus?

A sad, sad day for the bus.

It was heard on CNN recently that the popular and loved VW bus is no longer going to be produced in Mexico. They will, however, continue production of the Beetle there. So long, my friend!

A club member's story...

Herman Saves the Day

Our little story began when Betty's *mom* (Lavada) and *sister* (Katherine) came down from Illinois for Christmas.

They arrived on the 19th of December. Katherine had driven all the way to Georgia. It is a 9 1/2 to 10 hour drive and she strained her back driving down. She had surgery last summer on her neck and back and she is still healing. She had been given cortisone shots 3 days before the trip and it had weakened her muscles, so driving home was not possible and Lavada doesn't drive on the highway.

Betty was going to drive them home because there are no trains from Chattanooga (the Choo-Choo) and renting a car was over our budget. After mulling over our options, the only logical way to get them and their car home was to bring a car with us and drive it back. Kyle suggested using Herman, since he has his own tow bar and Katherine's Blazer has a hitch.

Since Zen installed an engine in his bus Homer the day before the Florida Bug Jam trip and had no problems there and back, Herman had the confidence to make this trip. We treated Herman like a trailer and packed him to the gills to make room for the two extra people in the Blazer.

We headed toward Pontiac, Illinois at about 11:00 p.m. on Friday December 28th. The trip up was uneventful. We watched the temperature drop from 40 degrees to 12 degrees on the Chevy's digital thermometer. There were a few snow flurries the further north we got, but not enough snow on the ground for Herman to make snow angels. We unloaded Herman and turned the key and he started right up without any hesitation.

After a warm up period and a cup of coffee we headed Herman toward home. Even with an auxiliary electric heater we still needed blankets to keep warm. Anyone that knows Herman knows that his front apron is smashed and acts as an air scoop forcing air inside under the dash "**burr**".

For the first half of the trip Herman fought vicious crosswinds to stay in his lane. About 4 hours into the trip the gas gauge, which only shows a little over half when full, was sitting on reserve. After being told to stop for gas, Kyle thought Herman could go just a little further. **Guess what ?** Not even two miles down the road Herman was on the shoulder out of gas. If not for the product named *Rescue* that we purchased when the fuel gauge was not working at all, Kyle would have been walking.

Rescue is a non-flammable emergency fuel that needs to be used in a hot engine. This miracle stuff, although Herman didn't care much for it and we couldn't believe that it worked, rescued Kyle from the cold walk to a gas station. The rest of the trip went well and Herman brought us safely back to Georgia.

We arrived back home about 10:00 p.m. on Saturday. Going 1200 miles in less than 24 hours, half of the way on his own power, ***Herman saves the day***.

Kyle Gutherie
