

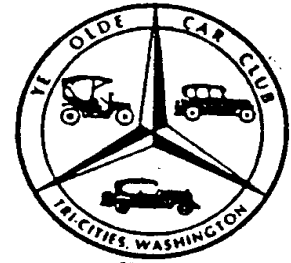
The GAS GAUGE

Official newsletter of Ye Olde Car Club
Club



Here is a nice clean driver. A 1939 Lincoln Zephyr owned and cared for by Richard and Rose Chastain of Kennewick, Wa.

APR 2002



FREEZE YOUR FANNY TOUR

CLUB OFFICERS

Now **this** was a great tour! The Model "T" club arranged a trip to Pendleton to tour the Underground. We had about 21 cars show up. We left from the Flash Cube at 9:30 and headed for Her-

in Hermiston and then on to Pen-



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miston by way of the back roads. We only had one casualty that I know of. It seems the car driven by Dean & Wanda Stokes had a small mishap with the carpet used as a floorboard. It made contact with the manifold and caught fire causing the Donna to mistrust the car to the point that she rode the rest of the way to Hermiston in the cab of the trouble truck. We had a great lunch at the Desert River Inn

leton. The underground tour was a very worthwhile tour if you are the least bit interested in that period of history. We even got to see a very well preserved house of ill repute. Complete with a very detailed explanation of it's operation. The evening banquet was the highlight of the trip. Along with the great food we had a floor show. It was a short but great show that consisted of one performer and one song. Our tour or-

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.... and in the end, the love you get is equal to the love you give .

Karla Jackson



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ganizer, Bill Sheller of the "T" club, recognized the sixtieth anniversary of **Wayne and Lorraine Williams** by singing to them the song "Let me call you sweetheart". And he did a damn fine job! He claimed he had practiced for many weeks. After that things went down hill for Mr. Sheller. He did a great job with the door prizes. The most sought after prize was a toilet plunger that was claimed by Dorothy Hoffman who claims the ticket that she presented was her husband's (he was out of the room and could not defend himself). She later went on to claim a better prize for herself. The next most sought after prize was a wine basket, actually there were two baskets. The first one was won by Tom Regimbal. He was given the choice of which one he wanted, the one with the merlot or the one with the chardonnay. He choose the one with the merlot. A while later the other basket was given to Dorothy Hoffman. At that time Tom realized that he had gotten the wrong one and asked her to check that she had gotten the chardonnay. When she did she realized that her bottle, even though it was still sealed, was empty. She was indignant. Not actually accusing any one, but looking very hard at Bill Sheller. Well, Bill was beside himself. He could not believe it, he had purchased those baskets himself. I don't think I have ever seen any one as confused as Bill was then. He kept looking at every one for some explanation. This went on for (I'm sure Bill thought for hours) several minutes until Marlene Kuch just happened to notice a full bottle of Chardonnay under the table.

Problem solved. It still remains a mystery as to how this happened. I am very sure the Kuchs had nothing to do with it (ha). Any one that went on the trip to Montana a coupe of years back will know what Richard is capable of. There were some awards presented that night.



The Freeze your Fanny Award went to Russ & Jane Armstrong for coming on the tour in an open car (with out side curtains)
The next award went to our own Vice President, who just happens to be the President of the "T"



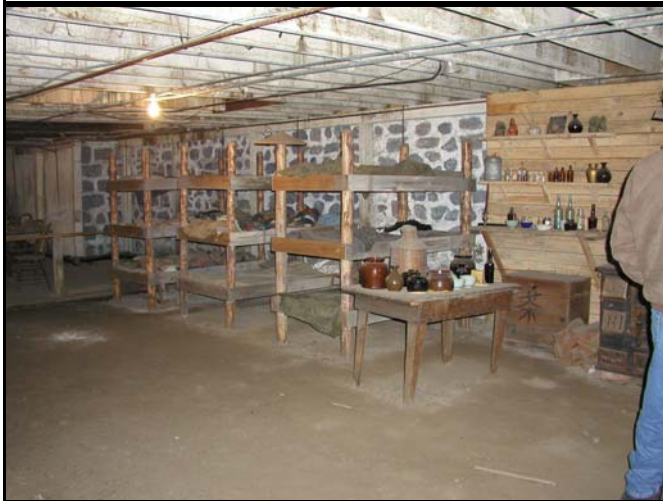
club, Ed Edwards. It seems as though Ed has two Model Ts and he arrived in a Packard sedan. For this he was awarded the Chicken Award.

I did find out later that we had a small casualty on the way home. Vern and Martha had a flat tire on the Packard that they and Ed Edwards

came in. The problem wasn't the flat tire, it was how cold Vern and Ed got waiting for Martha to change the flat. All in all it was a great tour.



There you go you Studebaker lovers, an old timer. The wagon not the woman behind it. Sorry Martha.



The picture above is one of the rooms in the underground that was used as living quarters for the Chinese workers. The picture top of next column is a waiting room in the brothel that we visited. **No! it wasn't real**, it was part of the tour, however Ed Edwards did seem very comfortable in that room.



The picture above shows that they had all the comforts of home in the underground, even a bar. The couple in the picture below look a little worse for wear, but Playing cards all night will do that to you.



GASOLINE SELLING CHEATERY

By RENE BACHE

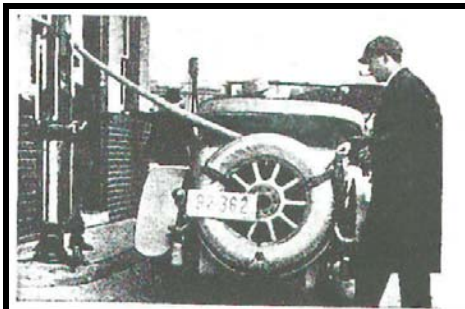
The government Bureau of Standards says that you have just one chance in five of obtaining full quantity of the gasoline you pay for. On an average, the shortage will be a little less than five per cent.



Item— Half gallon wasted
This amount is apt to remain when the dealer disconnects a hose of this length

These conclusions are drawn from an elaborate and systematic inquiry conducted in many parts of the United States by Uncle Sam's experts. They tackled the problem in towns and cities; they studied it in villages along the touring roads. Everywhere the situation was found to be the same; few gas-vending machines were accurate, and their errors were nearly always against the consumer.

At various places along the most popular motoring roads in Illinois tests were made of ninety-six gasoline pumps and all but six of them gave short measure. In one town where there were



Ideal arrangement
A short hose which declines into the gasoline tank

twenty-two pumps, all certified as correct by the local sealer, only four allowed the purchaser a square deal. One robbed the consumer of a gallon out of every three bought, and another stole from him two gallons in every five.

The car-owner rarely suspects anything - wrong. He takes it for granted that he can trust the garage man or dealer, and the mechanism of the vending apparatus is to him a mystery. Often the pump has a dial or other counting device attached to it, but this little contrivance for the protection of the customer (according to the

observation of the government inspectors) is in a great majority of instances disconnected by the thoughtful dealer. Thus disputes are avoided and, very often, a substantial margin of excess profit added.

The Bureau of Standards is of opinion that it is the exceptional dealer or garage man who really means to defraud the consumer. But, as a rule, the seller of gasoline is indifferent to errors of measurement so long as they do not operate against himself. What he is anxious about is that the pump shall not deliver more than the correct quantity.

Very often it is the fault of the pump that leaves the factory correct, but after a time, owing to wear, it acquires a tendency to deficiency which steadily becomes more marked. But why bother? Nobody is ever punished for selling short measure of gasoline.

The method of intentional fraud most commonly adopted is that of "short-stroking," the pump-handle being so operated that the piston fails to reach the stops. It is well worth the consumer's while to watch and see that the handle hits the stops both ways. Also let him make sure that a metal collar is not clamped upon the piston in such fashion as to prevent it from getting to the bottom of the cylinder.

Another thing he should be on his guard about is the hose. This ought to be short and with a high attachment at the pump. That is, high enough to be above the level of the gas-tank of the car so that all the fluid may drain out of the hose into the tank. If a long hose with a low attachment is used, half a gallon of the gasoline the buyer pays for may remain in it and be lost to him.

But the "garage men and dealers, honest or dishonest, are generally accustomed to alter the adjustment of their pumps to suit what they understand to be their own business requirements. In this way they modify the measurement -in other words, determine how much gasoline shall make a gallon-to please themselves. Sometimes they adjust the pump according to a gallon measure they have at hand, and which may be incorrect; often they fix it in such ways as to insure their "coming

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out even" in their dealings with the oil companies-

There are 231 cubic inches in a gallon. If (as has been proved to be the fact) the consumer suffers an average loss of ten cubic inches for every gallon he buys, he comes out considerably behind in the course of a year. The Bureau of Standards reckons this loss to motorists as

amounting to \$530,000 a year in Illinois alone. So for the whole United States it must run up to many millions of dollars annually.

The Bureau recommends that all makers of such vending apparatus be required to provide a simple device by which the adjust menu (used to correctly alter the delivery) can be securely wired in place-much like seals on a freight car to prevent tampering. Provided then that the scale inspectors

are zealous in seeing to it that these seals are unbroken, the consumer should stand a much better chance of obtaining all the gasoline he pays for. As the system has been up to now (even where dealers were strictly honest) the consumer has had to pay for all waste, and, because of this, fuel waste has accounted for a good percentage of his motoring bills. Then, and this is the sorest point, the dealer has contrived to save this "necessary waste" by dumping back into the tank the pint or quart, as it is in some cases, that remains in the hose.



Sometimes the pump is tampered with

PREZ SEZ

This year has gotten off to a great start !We have had three terrific get togethers already, and more are planned.

Be sure to put April 20th on your calendar and plan on spending the day on a tour to the Lindens and Duffield's in Moxee. The Lindens and Armstrongs have planned a fun day.

For those of you that are going on the Moab tour, we will be meeting in April to finalize our plans. Call me @509-592-7530 so I will know who is going.

Roy Holmes is the chairman for the swap meet this year and will need lots of help for the set up on the Thursday before the swap meet and workers for

Saturday. Please call him at 509-582-4094. This is a great opportunity to get to know each other.

Remember this is **your** club. If you know of a good tour or activity please call one of the officers and let them know so that we can make plans for a future event.

The Prez

THE CLUB DUES ARE WAY PAST DUE!! PLEASE CHECK TO MAKE SURE YOU HAVE PAID YOURS AND IF NOT , PLEASE DO SO NOW.



Calendar of events for the month of Mar

- April 20th tour to Moxee to visit Gil Linden and Russ Duffield's garages
- **Every Wed morn breakfast** at the new IHOP restaurant on Canal Drive. Time 8am. No admission. (ha-ha) .
- **Any time of the month**, anything you think we might have fun doing.



APRIL'S GARAGE TOUR TO THE LINDENS AND DUFFIELDS

On April 20th 2002, we will be touring to Yakima to visit the garages of Gil Linden and Russ Duffield. It should be a fun tour as Gil and Russ have lots of "stuff". And we all know "stuff" is good!!! We will assemble at the Flash Cube Building at 8:30 and leave at 9:00am sharp. It will be a fairly long trip for one day so we need to leave on time. This is the time for apple blossoms and should be a beautiful drive up and back. We plan to arrive for lunch at Miners in Union Gap around noon. Then we will proceed out to Lindens and the Duffields. On the return trip we will take Konnowac Pass which is an absolutely stunning drive especially at apple blossom time. We should be home by sunset. If you have any questions call Russ or Jane Armstrong @ 627-2954

Start planning now for
our trip to Moab Utah
May the 12th 2002

MISC CLUB INFO

Martha has Outlined the year as to activities planed so far.

- Apr 20th Tour to Lindens
- May 4th Swap Meet
- May 12th Moab Tour
- June ? Ford Days
- June ? Snake River Trip
- July 4th Parades
- Aug ? B-F Fair Parade, and Jacks place
- Sept ? Prosser States day
- Oct ? Elbe train trip
- Oct ? Apple Squeezin Trip
- Nov ? Farm machine light show
- Dec ? Christmas Party.

MORE ON MOAB

Make reservations for May 12th thru the 16th. We arrive on May the 12th and tours begin the 13th. We leave Moab on the 17th to return home. Call

1-800-831-6622 for reservations at the motel. Let them know you are with Ye Olde Car Club. The reservations are under Martha Shreve.

We now have 11 couples going on this tour. We would like to shoot for 20. Can we do it???



5th Pete & Grace Jackson
19th Dennis & Karla Jackson



2nd Janice Wellington
3rd Alice Rupp
4th Denny Kehl
4th Sharron Holmes
4th Pam Reiman
5th Jeanene Landby
7th Maryanne Lauby
7th Royce Martin
11th Ted Orbeck
14th Floyd Harrow
15th Delora Boob
16th Bernice Martin
18th Rocky Ybarra
19th Dan Flanagan
19th Dennis Jackson
19th Donna Shreve
23rd Delores McClary
25th Jim Yount
28th Kaye Henson
29th Denny Wellington
29th Paula Stands

If any of this information is incorrect please let me know @ 547-0916 Or it will not be changed.

DRESSING THE PART

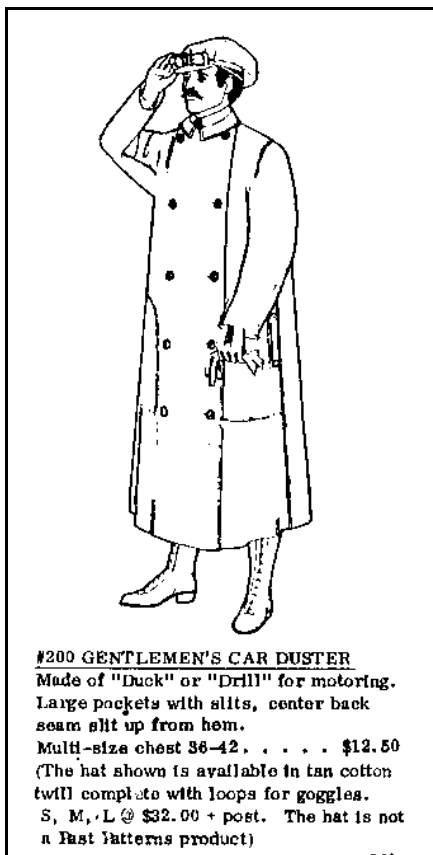
By JANE ARMSTRONG



DUSTERS

If you have a Touring car, the easiest way to begin to assemble a vintage style wardrobe is to make a duster. A duster is nice for parades and is a light coat in warm weather when touring. Butterick 3336 and 6900 would be a good choice for women. I only found one

coat for a man, Vogue 2613. It has lapels but a person could easily press the coat so that there are no lapels and button it up to the neck instead. Past Patterns from Amazon also has a duster. It is shown in the margin. For fabric, look for something like duck or twill.



#200 GENTLEMEN'S CAR DUSTER
 Made of "Duck" or "Drill" for motoring. Large pockets with slits, center back seam slit up from hem. Multi-size chest 36-42. . . . \$12.50 (The hat shown is available in tan cotton twill complete with loops for goggles. S, M, L @ \$32.00 + post. The hat is not a Past Patterns product)

JoAnn's has linen in several neutral shades for \$3.99 a yard. For the women a broad brimmed hat from Penneys at \$12.95 would be nice. And for the guys one of those sport car hats would work. They are still in style after all these years. If you're lucky, when you visit the Swap Meets maybe you'll find a straw hat or bowler. For the 30's and 40's there are lots of felt hats for men available at antique stores and they are not expensive. When we are in parades, just a hat is nice even if the rest of your clothing is modern. That's all the crowd sees. We have lots of people cheer us for our hats.

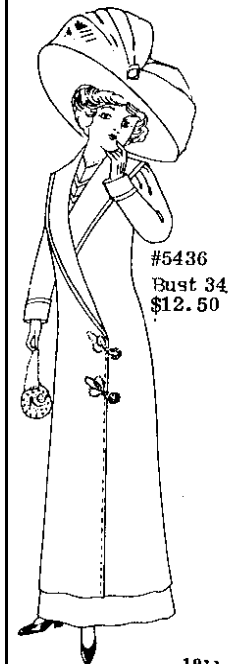
When the automobile first became popular, the hat fashion for women



#602 JACKETS 1930's
 Single breasted, semi-fitted in two styles. Multi-size 10-18 \$10.00 2 1/2 yds.

An example of a Cloche hat. Apparently they were still popular in the 30's

was big brimmed hats with flat crowns. I know you have seen pictures. They used yards of tulle to tie over the hat to hold it on. As time progressed the crowns became deeper and then the cloche became popular. I'm convinced this was so the hats would stay on their heads in the car and to keep one's hair from flying, also they fit into the car better.



#5436
 Bust 34 \$12.50

The illustrations are from Amazon Vinegar and Pickling Works.
PATTERNS FROM THE PAST

??? GUESS WHO ???



Any one care to take a guess as to who this dapper gentleman with the beard and pipe is? Disregard the Richard Petty signature on the picture, it's not Petty. Call the editor @ 509-547-0916 if you think you know this man. There will be no rewards for information leading to his identification and capture.
Hint >>> He is an active member of our club

FUNNY BONE

An Irish man who had a little too much to drink is driving home from the city one night and, of course, his car is weaving violently all over the road. A cop pulls him over. "So" says the cop to the driver, "Where have you been?" "Why I've been to the pub" slurs the drunk "Well" says the cop, "t looks like you have had quite a lot to drink." "I did all right," the drunk says with a smile. "Did you know," says the cop, that a few intersections back, your wife fell out of your car?" "Oh thank heavens," sighs the drunk. "For a minute there I thought I 'd gone deaf."

READERS CORNER

When I turned 16 years old, like most boys I was anxious to learn to drive a car. I had already been driving tractors on the farm for years, but operating a car was a big step up. At that time, my parent's family car was a 57 Chevy wagon, and dad drove a 53 Ford 2 door to work. Dad relented to teaching me to drive the 53 Ford. It was a sharp car - light blue body with a white top and lots of chrome. It had a flathead V8 engine and 3 speed standard shift transmission. Even though it was nearly 10 years old, it had less than 40,000 miles. I was proud of that car and drove it whenever I could coax it away from dad.

The one problem it had was rust. During the mid-fifties in western Pennsylvania, the state highway department began using salt on the highways to melt the snow in the winter. This was death to the bodies of the early cars. The salt lodged in all the pockets of the frame and under body. Encouraged by the constant damp climate, the salt ate away at the metal year round. Soon, the paint would bubble, and then ugly brown stains would appear. If you pressed against the stains, your finger would pop through a hole. Soon, the sheet metal around fenders, below doors, and the floorboards would begin falling off in chunks, leaving jagged edges. About that time, Pennsylvania enacted a mandatory safety inspection law. Twice a year, you had to have your car inspected by a licensed garage. They had a checklist of items including lights, wipers, brakes, tires, steering play, and **JAGGED METAL**. If your car failed any of these items, you couldn't drive it until it was fixed. That usually meant that you were at the mercy of the inspector. Many unscrupulous garages used their inspection license to generate business for themselves.

Our 53 Ford developed an early rust problem. Initially we masked the jagged edges with tape. But, soon we had to grind out the rust and fill with body putty and paint over it with a brush. In a few years, it got so bad that dad took the car to a body shop where they cut out the rust and welded in new panels and professionally repainted it. Since the car had so few miles, dad was willing to invest in this maintenance. But these measures only succeeded in prolonging the inevitable. The rust eventually returned, and the body shop told dad that there

wasn't enough good metal left to weld anything onto it. Even the frame was beginning to look like Swiss cheese. But, the car still was in excellent mechanical condition, so we put tape over the holes and continued to squeeze more miles out of it.

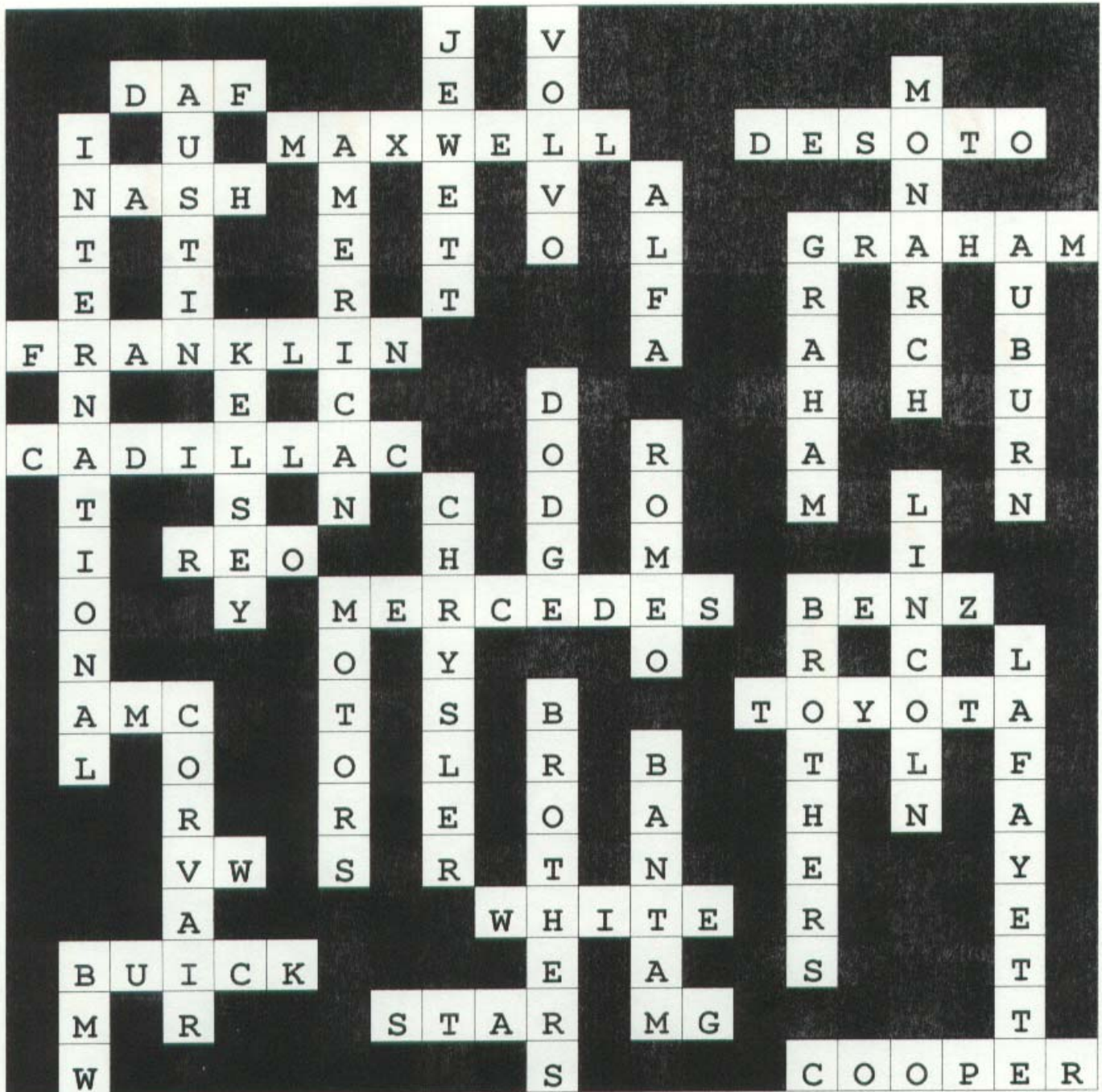
In my senior year I had a few dates with a prudish girl named Colleen. One snowy Saturday evening, I was driving her home from a party. I had to come down a steep curve in the narrow country road to approach the tiny 1-lane bridge that crossed the creek to her house. I was well practiced in driving on snow, so I shifted down to second gear and feathered the brakes to control my approach. The bridge was at right angle to the road, so one had to make a nearly perfect approach even in good weather to avoid hitting the abutment. Colleen was sitting motionless on the bench seat beside me, clutching her hands nervously, and emitting a faint "Ooooooh" sound. As I was about to begin my turn onto the bridge, I realized that I was going a little too fast and unconsciously jammed hard on the brake pedal. The action of pressing hard on the pedal caused backward pressure on the back of the bench seat. The bolts that fastened the seat to the floor chose that instant to tear loose through the rusty floor, and the seat toppled over backwards, taking us with it! There we were reclined halfway into the backseat and the car sliding toward the bridge and creek! I sensed that I was about to get "fresh" with her, Colleen came to life screaming and flailing her arms, beating me about the heads. I struggled to get back behind the steering wheel and peer out the windshield. The bridge abutment was directly in front of us. I let off the brake, and cut the wheel hard to the right. The trusty Ford miraculously shot across the narrow bridge without touching the sides, and we coasted to a stop in front of Colleen's house. She leaped out, slammed the door, and disappeared into the house. Fortunately, that was the last I ever saw of her.

Within a year, dad & I had to tearfully take that noble 53 Ford to the junkyard because it was so rusty it was unsafe to drive. The odometer showed 42,000.

This story was submitted by **Denny Kehl**. Denny eventually got a 52 Ford. Not a 53 like he learned to drive in, but close enough. Thanks Denny.

MORE READERS CORNER

Solution for AUTOMOBILE NUTS AND BOLTS



Here is the solution to last months crossword puzzle. Again if you found an error or disagree in any way, Call **John Nelson** @ (946-6100). If you enjoyed the puzzle tell him so. Maybe we can get him to submit one for next month. Thanks John



Dedicated to
Having fun with the past

Official newsletter of Ye Olde Car Club

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We are on the Web
www.yocc.org

CELEBRITY

Red Rutherford is Tri-Citizen of the Year! Red Rutherford is joined on stage Saturday by family members including , his wife Sally, son Randy Rutherford of Kennewick, left, and brother Dan Rutherford of Ellensburg, right, after he is presented the 2002 Tri-Citizen of the Year award at the Double-tree Hotel.

