



Gas Gauge Ye Olde Car Club July 2016 Newsletter

The President's Message

Good July to everyone, I hope this message finds you happy and healthy.

As most of you know I operate the Bush Car Wash locations and machines, and I'll tell you it's not just a job but a lifestyle. A little over a week ago my Maintenance Man went down with an injury that will keep him out of work for a few months and that puts a lot more on my plate. It wasn't so bad when there were only two stores to keep in tip-top shape to provide a clean, shiny and dry car for our customers. Please bare with me for a bit, I will do my best to provide the leadership you have come to expect from the previous Presidents.

Now that I have filled a couple lines with "stuff" I want to get into my message for July. What is a Car Club? What responsibilities and what do we offer for our community. As a Classic Vehicle group we provide answers and experience to other like minded people in the greater Tri-Cities. We all have a different background and many life experiences to share to "ease" the new and curious car nut. We can provide that with our website and Facebook page for the tech savvy person. We hold weekly meetings and go to many events with the opportunity to come face to face with a Car Person. We have a good reputation in the Car Club circles and we have a varied group of cars and experience. We invite Car Nuts to join our Club to expand the knowledge and our sphere of influence. We visit assisted living centers with the hope to bring back some great memories of the time gone by to the people and staff that live there. We have a scholarship we give out every year but even that is getting harder to find the right student deserving them. We donate to local charities, food banks and cancer causes for the most part. We hold a swap meet bringing those Car Nuts together in one place to find that Holy Grail of missing car parts.

All these are great things to keep us active and growing. It has always been a goal of mine that whatever group of "nuts" I get involved with is to keep it fun and light. Politics and Regulations which are important to keep the business side in check should not get in the way of enriching the lives of the members and our community. In the past couple of months some of the "stuff" has come into play, and I hope we will work through it and become stronger and closer because of it. Feelings get hurt and words are said without too much thought behind them. I assure you that it wasn't done out of spite but of making sure things were crossed off. Changes to some of the wording will be adjusted to be clearer and concise. My apologies to the involved parties and we have grown as a group due to this misunderstanding.

There is still a lot of Summer left for us to find and help those Car Nuts and I hope you will help me too.

Happy Motoring!

Rick Ball, Car Guy

BITS & PIECES

*** **DID YOU KNOW:** If you dug a hole to the center of the Earth and dropped a book down, it would take 45 minutes to reach the bottom.

*** **It's always darkest** before dawn. So if you're going to steal your neighbor's newspaper, that's the time to do it.

*** **The journey** of a thousand miles begins with a broken fan belt and a leaky tire.

*****This morning** I made a 'to-do' list but my only problem is...who is going to do it?

*** **The most wasted** day of all is one in which we have not laughed!

*** **Men have 2** motivations: hunger and hanky panky, and they can't tell them apart. If you see a gleam in his eyes, make him a sandwich.

The Remarkable Body: You blink about 28,800 times every day, with each one lasting just a tenth of a second. This is a voluntary reflex the body uses to keep the eyes clean and moist, which is pretty crucial given that 90% of the information you process is visual, and you can weigh up any visual scene in just 0.01 second. Consider how many people and objects you look at every day - it's remarkable!

EVENTS

July 14, Ladies Luncheon had 14 ladies in attendance at Clover Island Inn. Thank you Martha.

Saturday, August 6 – Grandview Car Show -10:00- 4:00 , 812 Wallace Way

Saturday, August 20 – Benton County Fair Parade – 10:00 Am. on 1st/4th Ave. School parking lot. Picnic lunch after parade .

Sunday, August 28 – 9th Annual Show & Shine for Hunger -11:00-4:00, Columbia Park

Saturday, September 3 - Bickleton Car Show, Bickleton, WA 9:00 - 4:00

Monday, September 5 - Labor Day States Parade, Prosser, WA

Saturday, September 10 - Walla Walla Car Show, Walla Walla, WA

Retirement visits:

Wednesday, July 27 - Fieldstone Memory Care, Young St, Kennewick, 4:00 - 6:00 (social)

Friday, September 2 – Hawthorne Court – 11:00 -2:00 (Lunch) 524 N. Ely Street, Kennewick

Friday, September 9 – Guardian Angel - 11:00 – 2:00 (Lunch) 245 Van Giesen Street, Richland

Saturday, September 17 – Chenoweth House – 4:00 – 6:30 (Social) 1108 W. 5th Ave , Kennewick

Ladies Luncheons:

August 11, September 8, October 13, November 10

Rosie's Sock Hops, Saturday evenings, 6:00 - 9:00:

August 13, September 10

Because we do so many Assisted Living visits, I thought this story was perfect! FM, editor

This tale happened at an assisted living center...

The people who live there have small apartments, but they all eat at a central cafeteria. One morning one of the residents didn't show up for breakfast so my wife went upstairs and knocked on his door to see if everything was OK. She could hear him through the door and he said that he was running late and would be down shortly so she went back to the dining area.

An hour later he still hadn't arrived so she went back up towards his room and she found him on the stairs. He was coming down the stairs but was having a hell of a time. He had a death grip on the hand rail and seemed to have trouble getting his legs to work right. She told him she was going to call an ambulance but he told her no, he wasn't in any pain and just wanted to have his breakfast. So she helped him the rest of the way down the stairs and he had his breakfast.

When he tried to return to his room he was completely unable to get up even the first step so they called an ambulance for him. A couple of hours later she called the hospital to see how he was doing. The receptionist there said he was fine, he just had both of his legs in one leg of his boxer shorts.

Thanks to Dennis McGillis for this anonymous contribution.

1911 Model T Ford

By Mike Porter

My grandfather had a rural Mail Route in Missouri. He started out delivering mail using a horse and buggy but eventually bought a car. My father was one of twelve children and it was their job to keep the car running. Maybe that is where I got my love for antique cars.

I have always been a "tinkerer". I purchased my first old car for \$60.00, a 39 Ford Pickup when I was 14 years old. After several makes and models I finally settled on mostly Model A Fords. In the mid 60's, while still in High School, I restored a Model A Sport Coupe in my parents garage. Jim Vetrano let me borrow his air compressor to use for painting it. Linda and I dated in that that Sport Coupe. When I was a student at Columbia Basin College, Dwight Underwood was one of my instructors. Over the years I have bought and restored many Model A Fords. I was a Charter Member of the Columbia Basin Chapter of the Model A Ford Club of America. At one time we had 10 Model A's in our garage. I also had several Model T's and lots of parts. The first time I drove a Model T, I ran into my fence. I have sold and traded many Model T parts with Joe Kuhns and Terry Shegrud.

Eventually our children were in College, our woodworking business was growing and I didn't have the time or space for my antique cars. So, I sold everything! After several years, the "bug" bit me again and I had to have another antique car. I was very particular in what I wanted this time. I had a shelf full of trophies but what I wanted was an original car. I found an original 1931 Model A Phaeton in New Hampshire in 1999 and still have it today. In 2006 we joined the Three Rivers Chapter of the Model T Ford Club of America and started looking for a Model T Ford. I like the fact that they are so primitive and their simplicity and the sense of adventure appealed to me. You never know if the "T" will make it down the driveway let alone across town. Through some friends I found a Model T Runabout all in pieces in Badger Canyon. I put it back together and rebuilt engine and the running gear, leaving everything else original. Thus "Rusty" was born and is still in our garage.

But what I really wanted was a brass car and one day in 2011 I found one. Bill Betts in Walla Walla was in poor health and was selling all of his cars. "Red" is a 1911 Model T Ford Torpedo. It is a very rare body style with only a few thousand ever produced during 1911 and early 12. I bought it just the way it sits today. I did go through the engine and running gears rebuilding the Ruckstell and installing a Warford transmission and I installed turn signals. I love open cars! (Linda not so much.) We have attended several National Model T Tours, Driving "Red" in Zion National Park, Bryce Canyon National Park, the North rim of the Grand Canyon National Park and in Banff National Park to Lake Louise in Canada. We like to drive the back roads where the speeds are slower and you see and smell this beautiful country. I have never had a car that I have enjoyed as much as this 1911 Model T Ford.

My next project, after I finish my 1929 Model A Pickup with a flat head Merc that I am working on now, will be a 1914 Touring.



William Crapo "Billy" Durant (December 8, 1861 – March 18, 1947) was a leading pioneer of the United States automobile industry, who created the system of multi-brand holding companies with different lines of cars; and the co-founder of General Motors with Frederic L. Smith, and of Chevrolet with Louis Chevrolet. He also founded Frigidaire. Born in Boston, Massachusetts, Durant was the son of William Clark Durant and Rebecca Folger Crapo, who was born to a wealthy Massachusetts family of French descent, she being the daughter of Michigan governor Henry H. Crapo.

William dropped out of high school to work in his grandfather's lumberyard, but by 1885, he had partnered with Josiah Dort to create the Coldwater Road Cart Company. He started out as a cigar salesman in Flint, Michigan, and eventually moved to selling carriages. He founded the Flint Road Cart Company in 1886, eventually transforming \$2,000 in start-up capital into a \$2-million business with sales around the world. By 1890, the Durant-Dort Carriage Company, based in Flint, had become a leading manufacturer of horse-drawn vehicles, which ultimately became number one in the world.

Durant also conceived the modern system of automobile dealer franchises. When approached to become general manager of Buick in 1904, he made a similar success and was soon president of this horseless-vehicle company. In 1908, he arranged the incorporation by proxies of General Motors and quickly thereafter sold stock, and with the proceeds acquired Oldsmobile. The acquisitions of Oakland, Cadillac, and parts companies followed in a short order.



Wikipedia

Children of "The Greatest Generation" A Short Memoir

Probably one of the best explanations ever of defining the generation born in the US in the 30's and early 40's!!!

Born in the 1930s and early 40s, we exist as a very special age cohort. We are the Silent Generation. We are the smallest number of children born since the early 1900s. We are the "last ones."

We are the last generation, climbing out of the depression, who can remember the winds of war and the impact of a world at war which rattled the structure of our daily lives for years. We are the last to remember ration books for everything from gas to sugar to shoes to stoves. We saved tin foil and poured fat into tin cans. We hand mixed 'white stuff' with 'yellow stuff' to make fake butter. We saw cars up on blocks because tires weren't available.

We can remember milk being delivered to our house early in the morning and placed in the "milk box" on the porch. [A friend's mother delivered milk in a horse drawn cart.]

We are the last to hear Roosevelt's radio assurances and to see gold stars in the front windows of our grieving neighbors. We can also remember the parades on August 15, 1945; VJ Day. We saw the 'boys' home from the war build their Cape Cod style houses, pouring the cellar, tar papering it over and living there until they could afford the time and money to build it out.

We are the last generation who spent childhood without television; instead we imagined what we heard on the radio. As we all like to brag, with no TV, we spent our childhood "playing outside until the street lights came on."

We did play outside and we did play on our own. There was no little league. There was no city playground for kids.

To play in the water, we turned the fire hydrants on and ran through the spray.

The lack of television in our early years meant, for most of us, that we had little real understanding of what the world was like. Our Saturday afternoons, if at the movies, gave us newsreels of the war and the holocaust sandwiched in between westerns and cartoons. Telephones were one to a house, often shared and hung on the wall. Computer were called calculators and were hand cranked; typewriters were driven by pounding fingers, throwing the carriage, and changing the ink. The 'internet' and 'GOOGLE' were words that didn't exist. Newspapers and magazines were written for adults.

We are the last group who had to find out for ourselves.

As we grew up, the country was exploding with growth. The G.I. Bill gave returning veterans the means to get an education and spurred colleges to grow. VA loans fanned a housing boom. Pent up demand coupled with new installment payment plans put factories to work. New highways would bring jobs and mobility. The veterans joined civic clubs and became active in politics. In the late 40s and early 50's the country seemed to lie in the embrace of brisk but quiet order as it gave birth to its new middle class (which became known as 'Baby Boomers'). The radio network expanded from 3 stations to thousands of stations. The telephone started to become a common method of communications and "Faxes" sent hard copy around the world. Our parents were suddenly free from the confines of the depression and the war and they threw themselves into exploring opportunities they had never imagined.

We weren't neglected but we weren't today's all-consuming family focus. They were glad we played by ourselves 'until the street lights came on.' They were busy discovering the post war world. Most of us had no life plan, but with the unexpected virtue of ignorance and an economic rising tide we simply stepped into the world and started to find out what the world was about. We entered a world of overflowing plenty and opportunity; a world where we were welcomed. Based on our naïve belief that there was more where this came from, we shaped life as we went.

We enjoyed a luxury; we felt secure in our future. Of course, just as today, not all Americans shared in this experience. Depression poverty was deep rooted. Polio was still a crippler. The Korean War was a dark presage in the early 50s and by mid-decade school children were ducking under desks. Russia built the "Iron Curtin" and China became Red China. Eisenhower sent the first 'advisors' to Vietnam; and years later, Johnson invented a war there. Castro set up camp in Cuba and Khrushchev came to power. We are the last generation to experience an interlude when there were no existential threats to our homeland.

We came of age in the 40s and early 50s. The war was over and the cold war, terrorism, Martin Luther King, civil rights, technological upheaval, "global warming", and perpetual economic insecurity had yet to haunt life with insistent unease. Only our generation can remember both a time of apocalyptic war and a time when our world was secure and full of bright promise and plenty. We have lived through both. We grew up at the best possible time, a time when the world was getting better; not worse. We are the Silent Generation; 'the last ones.'

The last of us was born in 1942, more than 99.9% of us are either retired or dead; and all of us believe we grew up in the best of times!

Thanks to Dick Johanson for this contribution. *Author unknown*

A SENIORS PERSPECTIVE OF FACEBOOK. AIN'T IT THE TRUTH!

For those of my generation who do not, and cannot, comprehend why Facebook exists: I am trying to make friends outside of Facebook while applying the same principles. Therefore, every day I walk down the street and tell passersby what I have eaten, how I feel at the moment, what I have done the night before, what I will do later and with whom. I give them pictures of my family, my dog, and of me gardening, taking things apart in the garage, watering the lawn, standing in front of landmarks, driving around town, having lunch, and doing what

anybody and everybody does every day. I also listen to their conversations, give them the "thumbs up" and tell them I like them. And it works just like Facebook. I already have four people following me: two police officers, a private investigator and a psychiatrist.

Real newspaper headlines:

- ** Man accused of killing lawyer receives new attorney.
- ** The bra celebrates a pair of historic milestones this year.
- ** Marijuana issue sent to a joint committee.

1903 Cadillac

Today, the name Cadillac is a synonym of affluence, recognized all over the world as the transport of tycoons and oil sheikhs, familiar in newsreel scenes of arriving heads of state. Henry Leland was a partner in a general engineering firm whose work included making engines for Oldsmobile. The success of this venture prompted Leland to devise his own car, the Cadillac. Good workmanship made it durable and reliable, and it was cheaper than the contemporary Ford. A reputation began to be established. Cadillac was early in developing standardized production.

A single cylinder engine is mounted amidships with the cylinder horizontal and the crankshaft running across the car. The use of an epicyclical gearbox, with gearing of the sun-and-planet type, was widespread among early American cars, though rare in Europe. A low-revving engine and no great concern for performance made two ratios sufficient, and all the problems of missed changes were eliminated. Chain drive to the center of the rear axle transmits power to the wheels.

It is perhaps difficult to recapture fully the sense of excitement which must have been aroused in the pioneer motorist venturing forth on a machine like the 1903 Cadillac in the first few years of the automobile's history. But though a self-propelled vehicle might be a novelty, the body it carried came straight from the existing tradition of coach building. Like the small horse-drawn buggy to which it is closely related, the Cadillac provides its passengers with almost no protection against the weather - simplicity and light weight were more important considerations. Oil lamps come from the horse-drawn era, too. A basic chassis with two straight side members rides high on leaf springs front and rear, with the engine underneath in the middle. The axles carry wooden-spoked wheels.



From Best Loved Cars of the World book by John Plummer

Women's Corner

OLDER THAN DIRT

'Hey Mom,' one of my kids asked the other day, 'What was your favorite fast food when you were growing up?'

'We didn't have fast food when I was growing up,' I informed him. 'All the food was slow.'

'C'mon, seriously. Where did you eat?'

'It was a place called 'at home," I explained. 'Grandma cooked every day and when Grandpa got home from work, we sat down together at the dining room table, and if I didn't like what she put on my plate I was allowed to sit there until I did like it.' By this time, the kid was laughing so hard I was afraid he was going to suffer serious internal damage, so I didn't tell him the part about how I had to have permission to leave the table.

But here are some other things I would have told him about my childhood if I figured his system could have handled it:

***Some parents NEVER owned their own house, wore Levis, set foot on a golf course, traveled out of the country or had a credit card. In their later years they had something called a revolving charge card. The card was good only at Sears Roebuck. Or maybe it was Sears AND Roebuck. Either way, there is no Roebuck anymore. Maybe he died.

***My parents never drove me to soccer practice. This was mostly because we never had heard of soccer. I had a bicycle that weighed probably 50 pounds, and only had one speed, (slow).

***We didn't have a television in our house until I was 11, but my grandparents had one before that. It was, of course, black and white, but they bought a piece of colored plastic to cover the screen. The top third was blue, like the sky, and the bottom third was green, like grass.. The middle third was red. It was perfect for programs that had scenes of fire trucks riding across someone's lawn on a sunny day Some people had a lens taped to the front of the TV to make the picture look larger.

***I was 13 before I tasted my first pizza, it was called 'pizza pie.' When I bit into it, I burned the roof of my mouth and the cheese slid off, swung down, plastered itself against my chin and burned that, too. It's still the best pizza I ever had.

***We didn't have a car until I was 15. Before that, the only car in our family was my grandfather's Ford. He called it a 'machine.' I never had a telephone in my room. The only phone in the house was in the living room and it was on a party line. Before you could dial, you had to listen and make sure some people you didn't know weren't already using the line.

***Pizzas were not delivered to our home. But milk was. All newspapers were delivered by boys and all boys delivered newspapers, six days a week. It cost 7 cents a paper, of which they got to keep 2 cents.

***Movie stars kissed with their mouths shut. At least, they did in the movies. Touching someone else's tongue with yours was called French kissing and they didn't do that in movies. I don't know what they did in French movies. French movies were dirty and we weren't allowed to see them.

***Growing up isn't what it used to be, is it? My Dad is cleaning out my grandmother's house (she died in December) and he brought me an old Royal Crown Cola bottle. In the bottle top was a stopper with a bunch of holes in it. I knew immediately what it was, but my daughter had no idea. She thought they had tried to make it a salt shaker or something. I knew it as the bottle that sat on the end of the ironing board to 'sprinkle' clothes with because we didn't have steam irons. Man, I am old.

Birthdays and Anniversaries in July



Birthdays

David Becker	July 6	Mary Dennis	July 13
Newell Hall	July 12	Diane Fausz	July 15
Dick Johanson	July 22	Tom Smith	July 21
Earlene Stone	July 8	Judy Todd	July 2
John Trumbo	July 5		



Anniversaries

Don & Debby Buckles
Roger & Sharon Gress

July 1
July 6

Rick & Darlene Cooper
Jeff & Becky Phillips

July 4
July 3

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