



# The Gas Gauge

PUBLISHED BY YE OLDE CAR CLUB OF THE TRI-CITIES, WASHINGTON  
P.O. BOX 462, RICHLAND, WASHINGTON 99352

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INFORMATION FOR THE  
OCTOBER GAS GAUGE IS DUE:  
**September 30th**

**SEPTEMBER 1984**

**MEETING – WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12th**  
**Kennewick PUD – 8 pm**

*Cork will show Circle Four slides after the meeting*

## Calendar of Events

### SEPTEMBER

- 12 YE OLDE CAR CLUB MEETING
- 14-16 Winthrop Auto Rally
- 15 High Desert Swap Meet
- 16 Banks, OR Swap Meet
- 22 NW CAR CLUB SUMMIT MEETING
- 22-23 Harvest Swap Meet - Centralia

### OCTOBER

- 1-7 COLUMBIA CENTER CAR SHOW
- 20-21 NW Car Collectors Show & Swap Meet

## First Place

### CONGRATULATIONS FAIR PARADE PARTICIPANTS!

Ye Olde Car Club placed first in the Antique Car Division in the Benton-Franklin Fair Parade held August 18th. After the parade members met at Jack and Peg Yales' where the Yales and Dave and Pat Ashby hosted a delicious barbecued beef lunch. For those who could still manage to eat, Paul Lawson served home made ice cream. Just ask young Mr. Chastain how good the dessert was. Most of the kids and a few brave adults spent part of the afternoon swimming in Ashby's pool. It was a very enjoyable day. Thank you, Peg, Jack, Pat and Dave.

## OTHER NEWS...

DENNY KEHL has moved. His new address and phone number are 202 Falley --- 943-2306. Please make the corrections in your roster.

HOUSTON and LENORA JACKSON celebrated their 45th wedding anniversary at a surprise party hosted by their children on August 12th.

Sympathy is extended to NANCY and DALE WESTERMEYER. Dale's mother passed away last week.

THE NEW YORK TO SEATTLE RACE RERUN was a great success. Several club members kicked tires and ate lunch at Volunteer Park in Pasco. The racers and local club members toured to Yakima for an evening banquet. The Three Rivers "T" Club did an excellent job organizing the Pasco stop. The Yakima Model "A" Club was in charge of a huge evening meal and entertainment. You missed a good outing if you didn't participate in the Cross Country Race Rerun.

# August Meeting Recap

YE OLDE CAR CLUB - AUGUST 8, 1984 - MEETING HELD AT BENTON COUNTY P.U.D.

## OLD BUSINESS

Call to Order - Minutes were read and approved

Treasurers Report was accepted.

Emblems - will be available (embroidered patches for back of jackets) soon - cost will be \$6.00 each.

Swap Meet - 1984 - proceeds and report were presented by Mike Martin.

Dinner will be held later this year and new plans for 1985 formed.

Meeting Site - Benton County P.U.D., Kennewick is the new meeting place.

Frontier Federal has been notified.

Leaded Gas - the availability of gas to antique cars may be a problem in coming years. Letterwriting to EPA was suggested. Dixie has addresses.

Columbia Center Show - October 1 - 7 -- keep it on your calander and your car shined.

Circle Tour - Slides will be shown September 12 of the 1984 tour (earlier ones too if you want) - 1985 is in the planning stage.

## NEW BUSINESS

Tours and Meetings - Club members are urged to express their feelings on tours (frequency, types, what - where - and how?) Activity level the club should strive for? Membership to many to few? Pot luck meetings? Speakers and/or films? Other Ideas? Points & Prizes?

## Marketplace

1948 DESOTO CUSTOM COUPE complete, good restoration car. Wallace Birchill, 1504 West Howard, Pasco, WA 99301 (509)547-3215
1929 DODGE DA 6 cylinder Sport Sedan, 59,000 miles, dual sidemounts, wire wheels, trunk, heater, clock. Complete good-running car with rust-free Budd body. Intact original interior, new tires and brakes. \$3600. Jim Gilbert (509)946-4771, Richland.
1965 MERCURY MONTERAY CONVERTIBLE - New and restored condition. Ken Nesbitt (509)943-9466, Richland
1941 BUICK SPECIAL ENGINE & TRANSMISSION Best Offer.
1967 PONTIAC LEHANS CONVERTIBLE \$2750. Mike Martin (509)586-4438 Kennewick
1962 T-BIRD SPORT ROADSTER Dave Ashby (509)586-0277 Kennewick
1951 CHRYSLER IMPERIAL 4DR - Restorable \$500. Jim Stafford, (509)627-3803, Richland
1928 DURANT SPORT COUPE Original, complete, runs well. 32,000 miles \$5600/offer. Don Drake 283-3550 or 654-5200 Portland

1930 MODEL "A" COUPE & PARTS. Original iron box that converts coupe to pickup. Original bill of sale and price was \$727.15. Asking \$6500. Mick Taylor, Rt. 2, Box 193, Walla Walla Ph525-2215
1951 FORD 2DR George at George's Conoco, 5 W. Morton, Walla Walla
1929 MODEL "A" 2DR SEDAN fully restored. \$7000. Evertt Beechinar, 123 W. 8th, Waitsburg, WA 99361 (509)337-6422
LATE MODEL '31 MODEL "A" PICKUP. Excellent condition. Comes with additional parts truck. Drive home for \$3500. Bill, 353-6160 days. Seattle
1953 FORD 9 PASSENGER STATION WAGON 350 Chevy and hydromatic transmission. Stock engine/transmission comes with the car. Very good condition. \$1900/offer/trades. Dave Mecham 365-1793 Seattle
1947 CHRYSLER COUPE rebuilt engine \$1500 Ph377-7790 Bremerton
1950 CHEV 2DR good interior, new paint, engine overhauled, good tires, Montana car. \$3000. Buzz Herbert Ph692-2160 Bremerton
1941 BUICK good engine \$2000. Ph692-2160 Bremerton



# MOTORING SERVICES

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946-4161



## AutoList

COMPUTERIZED LISTINGS OF  
ANTIQUÉ & COLLECTOR CARS & PARTS

Buyer-Seller Information Exchange



1909 Poplar  
Richland, Wa 99352  
(509)946-4771

### SMILE

A farmer had been taken in many times by a local car dealer. One day, the car dealer informed the farmer he was coming around to buy a cow.

The farmer priced the animal like this:

Basic cow.....	\$200.00
Two-tone exterior.....	45.00
Extra stomach.....	75.00
Produce storing compartment.....	60.00
Straw chopper.....	150.00
Four spigots at \$10 ea.....	40.00
Cowhide upholstery.....	125.00
Dual horns.....	15.00
Automatic flyswatter.....	35.00
Various extras.....	35.00
Fertilizer attachment.....	150.00

TOTAL.....\$930.00

# 1932 CHRYSLER CP

-written by Jack and Peggy Yale

Wayback in 1978-79, each time Jack would pick up a Hemmings, Piston & Rudder, WPC Club Magazine, etc. an instant flashing of printed space would telegraph 1932 Chrysler Rumble Seat Coupe, Convertible, or anyone of a particular group of words that caused him to become alert.

A number of calls to fine folk all over our United States (and possibly South America again) got him some interesting prices and stories. One call was made to James Litten of Flint, Michigan and Jack was very unhappy to hear this particular car had been traded to a Eugene Eldridge, curator of a small Ford Museum in Techumseh, Michigan. This information went into his ever growing wishbook on that model car.

One night when he was going thru the paper pile, he saw a July issue of Cars and Parts and an ad regarding the elusive Chrysler. Efforts to call the number did no good, so after some help from Mr. Litten they determined the ad was written with the wrong phone number, he got the correct number and found himself speaking to Gene Eldridge of Techumseh. They talked numerous times and came to an agreement for a deposit on the car. Jack had requested the vehicle be put into condition to drive "home" from Michigan to Kennewick. Gene had kept this car as a show piece and parade car only and had to do some thinking about what would need to be done. A 27,000 actual mile odometer reading was hard for Gene to think we would want to add the necessary 3,000 to get it home. One item was to boil out the radiator which apparently was a little suspicious even on short drives.

On our end Jack and Peggy bravely bought one way tickets to Detroit where Gene was to meet us at the airport. His caution was, "I'll meet you there--unemployment is high and the Democratic Convention is in town. It would be best if you come straight to Techumseh."

Our ride to the Ford Grist Mill Museum was enjoyable, Michigan is very green and pretty in July. The humidity is high but it is fairly far north. The garage facility for the car was surrounded by ten acres of well groomed lawn with a channeled stream to power the paddle wheel which turned a gigantic stone grinding wheel. A festival is held there each year and the other cars, glass, paintings, inlaid oak flooring, carved curving stair rails etc., were displayed along with a history of why Henry Ford endowed this spot. Other cars on show were a 1936 Ford Phaeton, 34 Ford Coupe, 3 Model T's and a Special Ford Truckster. I'm afraid we didn't listen to the history as close as we should have since we did have one special interest in mind.

At any rate we knew when we saw the car we wanted to drive it. Gene and his brother had some reservations about us starting out alone, but we were the purchasers and they let us "sleep on it". They loaned us their modern iron and pointed out the restaurant and motel in town and said they would see us in the morning. Our purchase of the evening was carpet to insulate the heat that would come in thru the wooden floor boards. In the morning the final paperwork was done and the extra tranny (it seems there was a tick in the one installed in the car) was juggled into a small space in the rumble seat under the luggage and we left for home about 8:00 a.m. It appeared we could use a little gas, the estimated gas mileage was 8 mpg, so we stopped and guess what--it wouldn't start. Because we were trying for a trip without a trouble trophy, we decided to look for simple things first. Ah ha--a dirty battery cable. A quick survey told us we had NO TOOLS so we visited our nearest Sears store for a few necessities of life.

We headed south into Ohio to Freeway 80. As we went on we added to our discoveries about our beautiful car, it appeared there were some things that needed to be looked into when we got home. Such as, when we ran into the big 85 degree downpouring rain, we knew we had two neat slits just about driver and passenger wise in the cloth top--it dumped right on us; also the back window and the front window and the cowl vents could use a bit of sealer or rubber.

We had not planned a day by day travel goal, just travel along through Ohio, Indiana, into Illinois and it was working, but Chicago was our first big city to go through and as things would have it--it was 5:00 p.m., approximately 90 degree temperature and 90% humidity, road construction, heavy traffic, south end of Chicago, we were tired and had planned to end our driving day at 6:00 each day. We could elaborate on each of those conditions, but best to say--plan to hit Chicago at some other set of conditions. We almost lost Jack as the fast moving traffic ignored his hand signals, came at him headlong and threatened to involve us with a rather unsavory group of side streets. We did make it and kept on the road to a safe haven several miles out of Chicago.

Jack had borrowed a car cover from Ken Nesbitt to make this momentous trip, but even a car cover does not insure the owner's peace of mind. A lot of "what ifs" come to mind especially regarding Gazelle radiator ornaments and the inky darkness of night. We were early this particular and each succeeding morning to start our day.

Gas purchases were dutifully recorded and expected mileage applauded or bemoaned accordingly; but for every tank of gas purchased there were appropriate comments from those around proclaiming our choice of vehicle OK. I've "lost" them as of this date.

The heat wave of July was going full tilt and the morning ride in Illinois was pleasant in our completely air conditioned car. Albeit we did keep the top up, a convertible is still an open car which is good when you

have had mice living in the upholstery in recent years and the summer heat begins to take its effect.

The afternoon began to take on a very warm and sometimes rain storming bend. The TV the previous night had warned of terrible things like tornados, lightning storms and torrential rains. Being old Illinois dwellers we thoroughly believed what they were saying, but whistled a happy tune to the effect that we were sure it would all miss us. Three quarters of it did miss us for sure as we traveled onward, but the rains at times were such that our 1932 wiper blades were of no use. Jack looked out the side window and kept us moving, hoping the people behind were having as much trouble seeing as we were and were keeping their speed down also. The slits in the cloth top had not repaired themselves in the night.

Freeway 80 is not a road of scenic beauty, but it is very efficiently laid out as it took us through Iowa and into Nebraska. Rest stops are appropriately set up with gas, restrooms, food, a little grass and shade, tourist trap goodies to buy, etc. We discovered our new beauty had a few personality quirks such as vapor locking at rest stops where unsuspecting admirers would be asked to expend that little extra effort in the 100 degree afternoon sun to get us on our way again. Jack developed a clutch dropping technique for himself that was very unique, but few of his helpers wanted to be granted the privilege of being the person inside while someone pushed to get it started. (Me either.) Finding slopes to park on at a rest stop in a real art. We decided not to get off the main highway this day altho a few roadside signs beckoned of museums and other interesting sights of what must have been the old highway.

Kearny, Nebraska came up to be our evening goal. There are not too many towns and no cities along this portion of the route, so one must plan ahead a bit early. When we drove into town, we cased the streets for hotel/ motel accommodations and found a small old fashioned but clean motel on a side street with the breezeway cover garage of old. The people allowed Jack extra towels to dry his car and the kids came from blocks around to see it. We were in out of the storm of the night also, so Jack did sleep better.

After Kearny we were going west to Wyoming out of the rain and into the desert and a bit dryer heat; cans of Seven Up were going into our systems rapidly and of course needed to have equal rest stop visits. As we began to climb, the radiator began to be put to its test to see if Gene had really done his thing when he boiled it. He had been thoughtful enough to provide us with a glass jug for water noting that plastic ones tend to get holes in funny places when you place them on hot radiators. We stopped at some very beautiful noncommercial rest stops on this portion of our trip especially when the temperature gauge reached 212.

After the Continental Divide, Red Desert and we were maintaining our 45-55 MPH pace, we felt we were securely on our way with a pretty good running car. We headed for a night's lodging again there are not that many towns or cities but we chose Rock Springs, Wyoming. Well!!! When we got to Rock Springs it turned out literally there was only one room left in town. The motel manager gave us the phone and the list of motels so we could verify if we wished. We tried. This motel had available a very very large room with extra everythings two people would not use and was a bit expensive, but we were convinced it was the place to stay.

Most of our fellow motel people were construction workers on what appeared to be a binge, but what the heck. One other traveler did turn out to be a couple on a large motorcycle that we had been crossing paths with all day. They were very pleasant people going to ride from the midwest to a point in Oregon where the Rahsheshana or whatever lives. Good luck to them. Jack used the extra towels there to wash the car down before bed. It was hot and dry on the way, it showed that evening at supper, the waitress could not believe the amount of water Jack consumed.

Next morning saw us up and on our way and by golly those construction workers were apparently up and back to work they were going.

From Rock Springs one goes into Ogden, Utah, etc. into some beautiful scenery and well kept homes. By this time we had figured out the vapor lock problem and circumvented it at each stop. The scenery kept us busy looking and enjoying. The weather had cooled down a bit and we made it to one of Jack's old memory towns Burley, Idaho for the evening stop. A nice motel outside of traffic, but Jack did find most of the persons there apparently were residents with kids with bicycles and a plan for playing hide and seek thru the parked cars. He did however wash the car here and cover it and it made it through the night. We did not look up the places he had known when he was working many years ago. We knew they were somewhere out there on the back roads.

Good roads and good driving seemed to be the rule until we got to this one little stretch of road the last thirty miles of Idaho going into Ontario, Oregon. And would you believe they were doing road work, oiling and graveling. Jack tried to rationalize the best procedure to get past this bad set of circumstances. He waited until no traffic seemed to be coming and set out deliberately at the posted 35MPH and all seemed to be going well for a short time and then someone just had to pass then others passed also. Well that wasn't too bad, but the final straw was a very rude motorhome driver, who really gunned it as he passed sending a shower of well aimed gravel our way. I did actually catch one of several that landed in the car. The car caught a few on the outside. Holding Jack down and in seemed to be the most important thing at that point.

For a somewhat more detailed version of this episode one has only to speak with Jack himself. Again we did make it through the bad point and I have to admit I had a twinge of revenge when we saw said motorhome pulled over to the edge of the road up ahead some miles later with a person out and under and three persons pointing from the side.

We traveled on into Pendleton and realized it was a day when we would have to decide whether to extend our day of driving and push our rule of possible driving after dark or stay the night in Pendleton. As we sat having a gigantic hot fudge sundae and lots of water, we noticed this haze hanging and mentioned it to others at the VIPS. The news was Mt. St. Helen had "blown" again. It seemed not to be anything nearly as bad as before, but confusion did seem evident about conditions toward the Tri-Cities. We surely didn't want to get into a Ritzville type condition with this or any other car. The big decision was made and we began the last hours home immediately to the special place Jack had made for it in the car barn.

The sun was still doing pretty good until we got to Hermiston and then it began to duck down quickly. We would just have to hope the lights were strong enough to make us stand out on the road. The "tick" in the tranny was still there altho it was so tiny one had to listen for it. That really was the only running gear "problem" we had the whole trip.

Ash was still just a haze as we came onto the hill above Kennewick. We lucked out again and it was not quite dark as we drove into our drive. I swear a leggy branch of a rose bush reached out and created a mild scratch on the fender as we made the turn.

The next morning saw the luggage out and Jack looking into changing out that tranny that was also in the rumble seat. It was good to be home and we were just waiting for excuses to show off our new purchase.

It was 1932 and the depression was in full force. Money was tight. In light of this Chrysler cut production in half—down to 25,291. Nine series and 47 different styles were offered, many were 1931 hold overs. New for 1932 were the Chrysler 6, second series CI; Chrysler 8, series CP; and Imperial series CH and CL.

The CP five bearing engine has a bore and stroke of 3.25 x 4.5 inches, is 298.5 cubic inches and produces 100 hp at 3400 rpm. The wheelbase is 125 inches. Free wheeling was standard and a vacuum automatic clutch was optional. Of the 396 CP convertible rumble seat coupes built only 35 are known to exist today.  
—statistics from Seventy Years of Chrysler by George H. Dammann

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FIRST CLASS MAIL

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