



Gas Gauge Ye Olde Car Club October 2019 Newsletter

The President's Message

Last week I participated in the homecoming parade for one of the local high schools. Myself and some other club members were asked to use our cars in the parade for the homecoming royalty. It took me back some years (I won't say how many) to the football games I attended as a student and the high school functions that we had. I can remember sitting in the stands watching the game and freezing my butt off and cheering on our team even though I really was not a fan of football. I was more interested in hanging out with my friends and possibly getting the attention of some girl.

As we get older I think we forget about the enthusiasm we had for things at that age. Most things we experienced were new and not "been there, done that" yet. Most things these days are in the been there done that category. The few new things are going to the doc to find out what's not working or needs to be rebuilt!

This Friday is another homecoming parade in which we have been asked to show our cars and help parade the homecoming royalty around the track. We will have another chance to remember those fall days and hopefully leave some other young people with some great high school memories. Hope to see you there.

John Hopkins
YOCC President

NOTE: The CDC says we should have the flu shot by the end of October. Go get them!

Bits and Pieces

***To all those people who make me laugh and smile: I couldn't live without you!

***A will is a dead giveaway.

***I refused to believe my road worker father was stealing from his job, but when I got home all the signs were there.

***As I watched the dog chasing his tail I thought "Dogs are easily amused", then I realized I was watching the dog chasing his tail.

***My wife just found out I replaced our bed with a trampoline; she hit the roof.

***I recently decided to sell my vacuum cleaner as all it was doing was gathering dust.

The Remarkable Body

An average person produces about 25,000 quarts of saliva in a lifetime, enough to fill two swimming pools.

Where in the world.

Dueling is legal in Paraguay as long as both parties are registered blood donors.

Actual Label Instructions

On Nytol sleep aid: Warning: may cause drowsiness. (One would hope!)

Fun Food Facts

To make scrambled eggs or omelets rich, add a couple of spoonfuls of sour cream, cream cheese, or heavy cream and then beat them.

EVENTS

Ladies Luncheons:

October Ladies Lunch had 9 ladies present. Thanks Ginger.

November Ladies Lunch will be hosted by DuJuan Recknagle. Destination TBD.

2019 By the Numbers

Impaired drivers taken off the road to date: 10,455 DUI ARRESTS

Fatal collisions the WSP has responded to date: 154 FATALITY COLLISIONS

Collision scenes troopers enforced to date: 30,853 ENFORCED COLLISIONS

Number of distracted drivers contacted to date: 18,182 DISTRACTED DRIVING

There was no indication that distracted driving was the most frequent traffic violation.

Thanks to Tom Smith for this contribution.

Robbin Johansson's 1966 Plymouth Belvedere

Finally! I am ready to get serious on my next project! Over the past half a dozen years, I have kept my eye out for a '66 or '67 Plymouth or Dodge base model two-door sedan that I could build into a fairly potent streetable performance Mopar and still maintain the original character and looks of the docile and economical business sedan. I've always had a fondness for the 'boxy' profile and lines of this vintage B-Body.

Searching all of the usual on-line resources every so often and utilizing the few that have alert capability, I soon validated my assumption that these low-end cars are not easy to find - anywhere! Of course there was the occasional fully restored or cloned base-model Hemi car for the price of a nice house...and a few rusted hulks that were beyond resurrection...at least for me...but almost nothing that would provide a doable project with reasonable effort. Compounding the restoration of these base-model cars is the lack of original and reproduction parts. It is challenging enough to restore more popular models of Mopars...next to impossible on a less popular model when virtually zero non-common parts are available.

I just about had given up my quest when a couple of years ago I came across a Craigslist posting for an original and unmolested 1966 Plymouth Belvedere I two-door sedan in very decent condition with the 145hp 225ci slant six and "three-on-the-tree". To my amazement, the posting's four or five photos displayed a complete car with all the parts, no broken or missing glass, had both doors and a grille, no visible significant dings, and

best of all - it wasn't sitting on concrete blocks in a field in South Carolina! The object of my lengthy search was parked in a driveway 119 miles away in East Wenatchee!

Of course, as we all know...photos (even good ones) can put lipstick on a pig. Reining in my expectations, I thought long and hard if this was finally the one. That took five seconds...then dialed the phone number in the Ad. Around noon, the next day, I was on my way home with the "project".



Unloading the car, walking around it several times; examining the interior with the obvious recently installed seat covers and carpet; and driving it around the Tri-Cities for an hour...I wouldn't hesitate to take this car on a 1,000 mile trip! Especially with that nifty 1960's Econ-O-Meter vacuum gage exactly where a Dixco tach would be (remember those). What I am thinking?...turning this fine automobile into a Hot Rod! However, my life-long obsession with performance won out.

Over the past year, I began collecting 'stuff' for the eventual tear-down and build-up. Major project milestones include: • Finding a good home for a great running /6, 3-speed trans, drive line and 7.25 rear axle • Remove all aluminum grille and body trim for repair and re-anodizing • Remove all window trim and bright work for repair and polishing • Install sub frame connectors • Modify tunnel for Silver Sport prepped Tremec TKO600 5-speed w/hydraulic clutch • Minor body work and paint (original paint code XX-1 "Budget Beige" as I call it) • Install aluminum headed/Comp Cam, streetable 537hp @ 5800rpm on 91 octane, RB 440 w/Hookers on QA1 tubular K-member and front suspension/sway bar components with disk brake kit w/proportional valved dual master cylinder • install Hemi rear leaf springs; Moser disk-brake Dana 60 w/4.10 Eaton TrueTrac; QA1 sway bar and shocks • ...and no fancy wheels on this utilitarian sedan...just body color steel wheels with 'dog dish' caps, 15x7 on the front and 15x8 with 275/60's on the rear • Of course, there will be lots of 'known unknowns' to deal with...these consume a lot of time...as we all know.

Some fun Halloween facts for 2018

- \$9 billion was the projected amount of spending on Halloween related items, not including candy.
- \$2.6 billion was the projected amount to be spent on Halloween candy
- 45% plan to carve a pumpkin
- 2.5 million children will dress as their favorite superhero

- 3.8 million children will dress as their favorite princess
- 18% of Americans will dress their pets in costume
- 44% of Halloween night motor vehicles deaths involve drunk driving
- 2 billion pumpkins are produced in the U.S. each year
- 2020 is the next year for a full moon on Halloween
- 68% say chocolate is their favorite Halloween treat
- 1927 was when the phrase "trick or treat" was first used in the U.S.
- The first Jack-O-Lantern was made out of turnips.
- According to legend, a unibrow, tattoo and a long middle finger are all signs of a werewolf.
- Trick or Treat began in the 16th century.
- If you want to keep spirits out of your home on Halloween you should sprinkle salt on your doorstep.
- More than 35 million pounds of candy corn is produced each year according to the National Confectioners Association.
- Owls are associated with Halloween because, in Medieval Europe owls were thought to be witches.
- The Ouija Board ended up outselling the game of Monopoly in its first full year in Sale. Over 2 million copies of the Ouija Board were shipped.



Pig-N-Ford Race

Want to take your drove for a drive?

A drove, obviously, is a litter of piglets. As far as the drive part, well there is a "Pig-N-Ford" race at the Tillamook County Fair that, you guessed it, combines pigs and Fords. You've probably never seen anything like it. The premise is so simple and obvious you're going to kick yourself for not thinking of it: racing an antique, bare bones Ford Model T around a dirt track while holding a pig.

Here's how it all goes down. First you run over to a holding pen and grab a pig. Then you run back to your Model T, crank it up with your one free hand - because you, of course, still have a palm full of pork. You and your co-piglet do one lap, after which you shut off the car, replace the pig in the pen and grab a different pig and do it all over again. You do this for a total of three laps. The winner, as they say, brings home the bacon.

According to legend the races began in the 1920s. The story goes that a man was driving along in his Model T when he spotted a pig running loose. He recognized it as his neighbor's, so he chased the little rascal, wrangled it and, being neighborly, returned it unharmed. The races were supposedly organized to commemorate the act of hog-saving generosity.

As these things go, of course a competition arouse around it. And the competition is lively! Generations of families have competed and it is a source of pride in the community. Good "clean" fun? Maybe not where the pigs are concerned but it does sounds like a great time! Because while whimsical the event may be, there's a streak of serious competition at Pig-N-Ford - it's not all diesel and squeals.

Most of the recent controversy has surrounded Marty Walker, a UPS driver from Sherwood who has won the races a record 11 times. That record would have been 12, but Walker's 2010 title was revoked after his fellow competitors suspected him of cheating, investigated his Model T and discovered an altered camshaft, which can increase power in the car. Tillamook County Model T Pig and Ford Association, which oversees the races, left the 2010 spot on the travelling trophy blank, leaving Walker spurned and vilified at the fair.

"It actually gave me a little more incentive to try harder after that," he told the Wall Street Journal. "They were trying to bring me down." That incentive worked. Walker changed the camshaft and won the next three years, solidifying his place in Pig-N-Ford history, much to his critics' chagrin.

But every king must eventually fall, and in 2014 Walker's reign was upended by Tillamook native Ben Salo - the youngest in a long line of Pig-N-Ford racers. "All of us are very passionate about it," Salo told OPB last year. "And I have a feeling that when I do have a kid, he's going to be just as passionate about it as I am."

Today, nearly a century after the bizarre tradition began, the Pig-N-Ford Races are an increasingly competitive sport - a quirk that befits Tillamook and Oregon both. So warm up the engine, practice your pig-wrangling and prepare yourselves for the 91st running of the Pig-N-Ford Races, the only place where Wilbur rides shotgun. The Pig-N-Ford races go down every year at the Tillamook County Fair held every August in the city of Tillamook in Tillamook County, Oregon, United States. Load up your family and your drove of piglets.

Thanks to Dave Hannah for this contribution.

All the people in the world are of the same age this year!

It's amazing: this year all the people in the world are all in the same age group, all equal to 2019. This year is special. It happens only once every 1,000 years. This year your age + your year of birth, each individual is = 2019. For example, you are 55 years old and you were born in 1964, which adds up to 2019. Very strange, even the Chinese and foreign masters cannot explain. Please calculate and see if the answer is 2019. It's another thousand-year wait.

NOTE: *If you are squeamish or are not in a humorous mood presently...don't read this.*

Colonoscopy Journal

by Dave Barry, a Pulitzer Prize-winning humor columnist for the Miami Herald.

I called my friend Andy Sable, a gastroenterologist, to make an appointment for a colonoscopy. A few days later, in his office, Andy showed me a color diagram of the colon, a lengthy organ that appears to go all over the place, at one point passing briefly through Minneapolis. Then Andy explained the colonoscopy procedure to me in a thorough, reassuring and patient manner.

I nodded thoughtfully, but I didn't really hear anything he said, because my brain was shrieking, 'HE'S GOING TO STICK A TUBE 17,000 FEET UP YOUR BEHIND!' I left Andy's office with some written instructions, and a prescription for a product called 'MoviPrep,' which comes in a box large enough to hold a microwave oven. I will discuss MoviPrep in detail later; for now suffice it to say that we must never allow it to fall into the hands of America's enemies.

I spent the next several days productively sitting around being nervous.

Then, on the day before my colonoscopy, I began my preparation. In accordance with my instructions, I didn't eat any solid food that day; all I had was chicken broth, which is basically water, only with less flavor.

Then, in the evening, I took the MoviPrep. You mix two packets of powder together in a one-liter plastic jug, then you fill it with lukewarm water. (For those unfamiliar with the metric system, a liter is about 32 gallons). Then you have to drink the whole jug. This takes about an hour, because MoviPrep tastes - and here I am being kind - like a mixture of goat spit and urinal cleanser, with just a hint of lemon.

The instructions for MoviPrep, clearly written by somebody with a great sense of humor, state that after you drink it, 'a loose, watery bowel movement may result.' This is kind of like saying that after you jump off your roof, you may experience contact with the ground.

MoviPrep is a nuclear laxative. I don't want to be too graphic, here, but, have you ever seen a space-shuttle launch? This is pretty much the MoviPrep experience, with you as the shuttle. There are times when you wish the commode had a seat belt. You spend several hours pretty much confined to the bathroom, spurting violently. You eliminate everything. And then, when you figure you must be totally empty, you have to drink another liter of MoviPrep, at which point, as far as I can tell, your bowels travel into the future and start eliminating food that you have not even eaten yet.

After an action-packed evening, I finally got to sleep. The next morning my wife drove me to the clinic. I was very nervous. Not only was I worried about the procedure, but I had been experiencing occasional return bouts of MoviPrep spurtage. I was thinking, 'What if I spurt on Andy?' How do you apologize to a friend for something like that? Flowers would not be enough. At the clinic I had to sign many forms acknowledging that I understood and totally agreed with whatever the heck the forms said. Then they led me to a room full of other colonoscopy people, where I went inside a little curtained. At the clinic I had to sign many forms acknowledging that I understood and totally agreed with whatever the heck the forms said. Then they led me to a room full of other colonoscopy people, where I went inside a little curtainedspace and took off my clothes and put on one of those hospital garments designed by sadist perverts, the kind that, when you put it on, makes you feel even more naked than when you are actually naked.

Then a nurse named Eddie put a little needle in a vein in my left hand. Ordinarily I would have fainted, but Eddie was very good, and I was already lying down. Eddie also told me that some people put vodka in their

MoviPrep At first I was ticked off that I hadn't thought of this, but then I pondered what would happen if you got yourself too tipsy to make it to the bathroom, so you were staggering around in full Fire Hose Mode. You would have no choice but to burn your house.

When everything was ready, Eddie wheeled me into the procedure room, where Andy was waiting with a nurse and an anesthesiologist. I did not see the 17,000-foot tube, but I knew Andy had it hidden around there somewhere. I was seriously nervous at this point. Andy had me roll over on my left side, and the anesthesiologist began hooking something up to the needle in my hand.

There was music playing in the room, and I realized that the song was 'Dancing Queen' by ABBA. I remarked to Andy that, of all the songs that could be playing during this particular procedure, 'Dancing Queen' had to be the least appropriate. 'You want me to turn it up?' said Andy, from somewhere behind me... 'Ha ha,' I said. And then it was time, the moment I had been dreading for more than a decade. If you are squeamish, prepare yourself, because I am going to tell you, in explicit detail, exactly what it was like.

I have no idea. Really. I slept through it. One moment, ABBA was yelling 'Dancing Queen, feel the beat of the tambourine,' and the next moment, I was back in the other room, waking up in a very mellow mood. Andy was looking down at me and asking me how I felt. I felt excellent. I felt even more excellent when Andy told me that it was all over, and that my colon had passed with flying colors. I have never been prouder of an internal organ.

WOMEN'S CORNER

OLDER THAN DIRT

'Hey Dad,' 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. I delivered a newspaper, six days a week. It cost 7 cents a paper, of which I got to keep 2 cents. I had to get up at 4 AM every morning. On Saturday, I had to collect the 42 cents from my customers. My favorite customers were the ones who gave me 50 cents and told me to keep the change. My least favorite customers were the ones who seemed to never be home on collection day.

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.

"You'll never stand as tall as when an engine runs for the first time."
- McKeel Hagerty

From: www.hagerty.com/articles-videos/articles/2019/09/25/porsche-that-mckeel-hagerty-will-never-let-go

Birthdays and Anniversaries in October



Birthdays

Rick Ball	October 14	Jean Bunch	October 15
John Calhoun	October 4	Larry Campbell	October 20
Barb Fecht	October 31 (Boo!)	Sharon Gress	October 20
Frances McGillis	October 4	Myrtle Nesbitt	October 2
Mark Pitman	October 29	Kurt Recknagle	October 11
Sharon Wells	October 28	Carole White	October 16
Frances Wyland	October 31 (Boo!)		



Anniversaries

Jerry & Rena Allen	October 9	Dodd & Fran Coutts	October 14
Jack & Judy Herrick	October 8	Robbin & Carolyn Johanson	October 3
David & Marva Randall	October 6		

2019 YOCC Officers

John Hopkins, President
987-4504
jhn_hopkins@hotmail.com

Larry Stephenson, Treasurer
253-376-0256
stephensonLD1@hotmail.com

Randy Bunch, Secretary
543-6554
jrbunch@charter.net

Scott Noga, Webmaster
545-5903
rebus@bridgestonemotorcycle.com

Directors

Rick Ball
509-546-2123
rick@bushcarwash.com

Tom Smith
360-929-6311
ingridsmith1212@gmail.com

Tour Committee

John Hopkins, Committee Chairman
509-987-4504
jhn_hopkins@hotmail.com

Don Buckles
509-627-0535
dbuckles0535@charter.net

Dolores McClary, Sunshine
783-3622
bobanddodo@gmail.com

Frances McGillis, Editor
545-4077
sixkidsplusthree@gmail.com

John Trumbo, Swap Meet
946-7633
johntnews@gmail.com

John Hopkins, Swap Meet & Activities Director
987-4504
jhn_hopkins@hotmail.com

Dick Ellis
509-546-2123
babymoonface@outlook.com

Jack Stone
360-269-3829
action3@hotmail.com

Randy Bunch
509-543-6554
jrbunch@charter.net

Frances McGillis
509-545-4077
sixkidsplusthree@gmail.com