



Gas Gauge Ye Olde Car Club September 2016 Newsletter

The President's Message

Good day to all the car guys and gals out there.

I'm sitting in my office racking my brain on what a Car Club is. Car Clubs have been around almost as long as cars were 1st made available to the public. Of course back then it was a handyman that would alter his ride to fit his personality and location where they resided. Engine swaps, body modifications and paint are just a few things they would do to personalize their car, it's the American way. Like minded "car nuts" would be drawn together by a common like or sometimes dislike of a make or model of an automobile. With these clubs it has allowed some cars to live on by sharing knowledge and hoarded parts from over the years. A club is a group of people gathered for a common interest. Our interest is to help preserve, restore and share information for the future to enjoy.

They don't make cars like they used to and who knows what will be a "classic" or "collector" car. I guess a low mile loaded, low production Corvette or Mustang could fall into that class but remember that when most of us were kids, cars were just cars. Would love to have the 1st car I could remember my Great -Grandmother driving; a 1963 Studebaker Lark. To her it was just a car but today it's a collector car. Thank you for being in a car club, sharing your love and knowledge with us and the future generations to come of "Car Nuts"

Until next time

Rick Ball, Car Guy

BITS & PIECES

*** **DID YOU KNOW:** We know more about the surface of the moon than the bottom of the ocean. Speaking of the ocean, there are more atoms in a glass of water than glasses of water in all the oceans on Earth.

*** **If at first** you don't succeed, skydiving is not for you.

*** **Real newspaper headlines:** Man with 8 DUIs blames drinking problem.

*****Important Fact To Remember As We Grow Older:** All of us could take a lesson from the weather. It pays no attention to criticism.

*****How inappropriate** to call this planet 'Earth' when it is quite clearly 'Ocean'
From Mutts cartoon by Patrick McDonnell, 9-2-16

NOTE: Laura Osterwyk's 6 year old great-grandson Wyatt won a belt buckle and \$100 as first prize for mutton busting on Saturday night at the Benton Franklin Fair. Way to go, Wyatt!

The Remarkable Body: Red blood cells literally shoot around the body taking less than 60 seconds to complete a full circuit. This means that each of yours makes 1440 trips around your body every day delivering oxygen and keeping your body energized. Each cell lives for about 40 days before being replaced by a younger model. It's no surprise their life span is short. Having made 60,000 trips around the body, they must be exhausted.

EVENTS

Retirement visits:

Thursday, September 8 Ladies Luncheon had 10 ladies present. Thank you Thora.

Ladies Luncheons:

October 13, November 10

1949 Dodge Coronet 2-Door Coupe

By Rose & Glenis Tarr

Hello, my name is "Dodge Coronet Two Door Coupe. (what a name) I was born in 1949 and purchased in Atkin, Minnesota by Sam and Nonnie Lilves (Glenis Tarr's aunt and uncle). And do you know what they paid for ME? A price of \$2,273. WOW!! That was a lot of money then.

After they purchased me, they decided they had to move to find a job. So off to California we went. Oh, my goodness, I even traveled on Route 66. It wasn't long and California just didn't fit their needs, so off to Washington state we went and we ended up in Benton City, WA.

Now, Sam needed to find a job and went to work for Alvin Scott. Alvin was a long time resident of Benton City and a farmer. Sam took me to work and guess where? We went to the orchards and fields to irrigate. I didn't like that muddy stuff and all of the bumps and being scratched by the trees. But I made it.

In 1955, Sam left me and went to heaven. Nonnie didn't drive so I sat in the garage. Glenis offered to keep me in shape and Nonnie's neighbor Mrs. Fennell would take Nonnie to the store and wherever she needed to go. Rose and the little girls would take Nonnie and me to get ice cream. She liked that and so did I.

In 1969, Nonnie went to be with Sam and she left me behind. She left me in Glenis's care to keep me in shape which made him very happy. And me too.

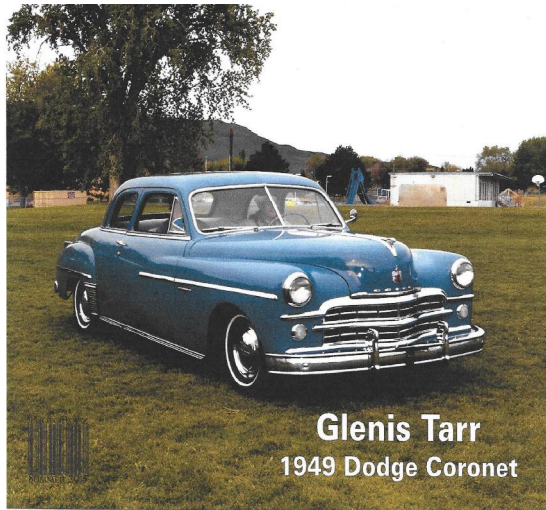
Glenis drove me back and forth to work in Kennewick and soon parked me for several years. Don't know what I did to him but I enjoyed the break. After a few years, Glenis took me out of mothballs and started to clean me up. Boy, there was a lot of mud and dirt caked underneath and it took him a long time to scrape it off and that didn't feel very good either.

Then his daughters and grandchildren started to scrape and sand on me, and that didn't feel very good but I knew that I needed some special attention. After all of that hard work, I needed to be painted. Glenis's son, Keith, who was a painter checked out the prep job and would run his hand over spots and say, "No, needs more work." So they scraped and sanded on me again. Boy, was that getting old. Now it was time for Keith to paint me and they certainly didn't smell very good, but I really liked the color. I guess you know why they call me a "FAMILY CAR".

In addition to being in good shape, I get to go to the "Show and Shine" car shows, and to Retirement Homes for seniors. I like that a lot! Glenis gets to eat and I get all of the SMILES.

Nice talking to you,
Dodge Coronet

P.S. Now I am living in the garage and getting a "Spit Shine" almost daily. You know what? Along with the "SMILES", I BELIEVE THAT MAKES MY LIFE WORTH RUNNING.



ABE & ESTHER

Abe and Esther are flying to Australia for a two-week vacation to celebrate their 50th anniversary. Suddenly, over the public address system, the Captain announces: "Ladies and Gentlemen, I am afraid I have some very bad news, our engines have ceased functioning and we will attempt an emergency landing. Luckily, I see an uncharted island below us and we should be able to land on the beach. However, the odds are that we may never be rescued and will have to live on the island for the rest of our lives!"

Thanks to the skill of the flight crew, the plane lands safely on the island. An hour later Abe turns to his wife and asks, "Esther, did we pay our Visa and MasterCard bill yet?" "No, sweetheart," she responds. Abe, still shaken from the crash landing, then asks, "Esther, did we pay our American Express card yet?" "Oh, no! I'm sorry. I forgot to send that check too," she says.

"One last thing Esther. Did you remember to send the installment check for Revenue Canada this month?" he asks. "Oh, forgive me, Abe," begged Esther. "I didn't send that one, either."

Abe grabs her and gives her the biggest kiss in 40 years. Esther pulls away and asks him, "What was that for?" Abe answers "They'll find us!"

Thanks to friend Larry Fookes

The name "Hudson" came from **Joseph L. Hudson**, a Detroit department store entrepreneur and founder of Hudson's department store, who provided the necessary capital and gave permission for the company to be named after him. October 17, 1846 in Newcastle upon Tyne, England, and immigrated with his family to Hamilton, Canada when he was nine; by the age of fourteen he and members of his family were residing in Michigan. Hudson's, or The J.L. Hudson Company, was a retail department store chain based in Detroit, Michigan. Hudson's flagship store, on Woodward Avenue in downtown Detroit (demolished October 24, 1998), was the tallest department store in the world as of 1961, and, at one time, claimed to be the second largest department store (next to Macy's) in the United States, in terms of square footage. Founded in 1881 by Joseph L. Hudson, the store thrived during the record growth of the city of Detroit and the auto industry during the first half of the 20th century. The family also founded the Hudson Motor Car Company, which eventually became part of the American Motors Corporation, and later Chrysler. A total of eight Detroit businessmen formed the company on February 20, 1909, to produce an automobile which would sell for less than US\$1,000 (equivalent to approximately \$26,337 in today's funds). One of the chief "car men" and organizer of the company was Roy D. Chapin, Sr., a young executive who had worked with Ransom E. Olds. (Chapin's son, Roy Jr., would later be president of Hudson-Nash descendant American Motors Corp. in the 1960s). The company quickly started production, with the first car driven out of a small factory in Detroit on July 3, 1909.

Wikipedia

Where is the world's wealthiest city?

Tokyo, Japan...Tokyo tops the charts with a GDP of \$1,520 billion, beating New York City by a mere \$310 billion.

Where is the world's poorest city in the poorest country?

Kinshasa, Congo...it is the poorest city in the Democratic Republic of the Congo, which is also the poorest country in the world, at a GDP of \$55 billion. Many of its residents live on less \$1 a day.

100 Years of Federally Regulated Roads

From the Historic Vehicle Association

This month marks the 100th anniversary of the Federal Aid Road Act. Signed into law by President Woodrow Wilson, the Federal Aid Road Act established a national policy of providing federal aid for highway construction and maintenance. In so doing, a uniform system of roads was established and helped to further usher in the golden age of American motoring.

At the turn of the twentieth century, the motorcar was still largely perceived as a novelty item or, at the very least, something designed only for the wealthiest of Americans. Yet, as the century progressed and technological advancements helped make the assembling of automobiles more efficient and thus more cost effective, more and more ordinary citizens suddenly found themselves able to make the leap from horses to horsepower.

The intervening years, however, would see a great deal of political in-fighting with regard to how best to proceed. The formation of the American Automobile Association (AAA) along with several other auto clubs helped bolster the want and need for a more efficient and better constructed series of interstate roadways that could then aid in not only the spread of commerce, but also help with the dispersing of population density. But these leisure motorists were met with resistance from farmers and other state officials who saw the roads as a practical concern needed only during harvest time and for transportation of goods to market and, thus, only requiring state-specific regulation.

Driving Change

But the growing popularity of the automobile with the American public, especially in the wake of Henry Ford's introduction of the low-priced Model T in 1908, soon found favor swinging more towards the general motorist. Unfortunately, these eager new drivers found themselves faced with a system of increasingly rutted and, in many places, impassable roadways. All were maintained on either a state or local level and, in the majority of cases, could only be generously described as being a road. The establishment in 1914 of the American Association of State Highway Officials (AASHO) helped lay the groundwork for what was to come by affording states a voice to advocate for a national road improvement program.

Finally, in 1916, after years of grumbling about the state of the nation's roads, it was decided that something would have to be done on the federal level in order to accommodate the booming automotive industry and wellspring of wanderlust the automobile inspired in American drivers.

A Presidential Push

The presidential election of 1916 found incumbent candidate Woodrow Wilson taking up the cause of better roadways. Wilson went so far as to openly state his intent to improve the nation's roads by making it part of his party's platform.

"The happiness, comfort and prosperity of rural life, and the development of the city are alike conserved by the construction of public highways," he said. "We, therefore, favor a national aid in the construction of post roads and roads for military purposes."

With America's involvement in WWI having become unavoidable by the following year, the timing of this initiative would prove less than ideal. Because of the war, the newly formed federal-aid road program found itself not only facing budgetary restrictions and an insufficient infrastructural support system, but also, and more importantly, an overwhelming shortage of manpower. And if things couldn't get any worse, because of railways that soon found themselves unable to keep up with the demands of military shipping, trucks were soon employed to pick up the slack. Burdened with the additional, unanticipated weight and already-suffering primitive roads, the existing roadways began to further deteriorate.

Cutting Through The Red Tape

America's commitment to the war effort meant it would be some time before the full extent of the country's damaged roads and construction/maintenance needs could be assessed. Regardless, President Wilson signed the Federal Aid Road Act into law on July 11, 1916; thus, setting a new precedent for federal oversight of the nation's roads.

By 1917 each state had its own highway agency to help administer the funds provided by the federal government. Yet the existing act had only allocated some \$10,000 per mile, far short of the required amount to help support the teams and infrastructure needed to properly do the job.

It wasn't until the Federal Aid Highway Act of 1921 that many of the initial act's faults were corrected and, until the 1930s, many of the nation's highways remained unpaved. But this foresight on the part of early automobile proponents helped ensure the continued expansion of both the national populace and the automobile industry as a

whole. In this they became mutually dependent and integral in shaping much of the modern era. The ensuing decades would see the nation's highways and byways constantly changing, but the groundwork for our modern system of roads was laid 100 years ago this month.

A cowboy named Bud was overseeing his herd in a remote mountainous pasture in Montana when suddenly a brand new 2016 BMW advanced toward him out of a cloud of dust. The driver, a young man in a Brioni suit, Gucci shoes, RayBan sunglasses and YSL tie leaned out the window and asked the cowboy, "If I tell you exactly how many cows and calves you have in your herd will you give me a calf?" Bud looks at the man, who obviously is a yuppie, then looks at his peacefully grazing herd and calmly answers, "Sure, why not?"

The yuppie parks his car, whips out his Dell notebook computer, connects it to his Apple iPhone, and surfs to a NASA page on the Internet, where he calls up a GPS satellite to get an exact fix on his location which he then feeds to another NASA satellite that scans the area in an ultra-high-resolution photo. The young man then opens the digital photo in Adobe Photoshop and exports it to an image-processing facility in Hamburg, Germany. Within seconds he receives an email on his Apple iPad that the image has been processed and the data stored. He then accesses an MS-SQL database through an ODBC connected Excel spreadsheet with email on his Galaxy S5 and, after a few minutes, receives a response.

Finally he prints out a full-color, 150-page report on his hi-tech miniaturized HP LaserJet printer, turns to the cowboy and says, "you have exactly 1,586 cows and calves." "That's right. Well, I guess you can take one of my calves," says Bud. He watches the young man select one of the animals and looks on with amusement as the young man stuffs it into the trunk of his BMW.

Then Bud says to the young man, "Hey, if I can tell you exactly what your business is, will you give me back my calf?" The young man thinks about it for a second and then says, "Okay, why not?"

"You're a congressman for the U.S. Government," says Bud. "Wow! That's correct," says the yuppie, "but how did you guess that?" "No guessing required," answered the cowboy. "You showed up here even though nobody called you; you want to get paid for an answer I already knew, to a question I never asked. You used millions of dollars worth of equipment trying to show me how much smarter than me you are; and you don't know sh*t about how working people make a living - or about cows, for that matter. This is a herd of sheep."

"Now give me back my dog."
And that folks is what the problem is.

Thanks to Bill Houchin for this timely contribution.

How men differ from women

A wife was curious when she found an old negative in a drawer and had it made into a print. She was pleasantly surprised to see that it was of her at a much younger, slimmer time, taken many years ago on one of her first dates with her husband.



When she showed him the photo, his face lit up. "Wow, look at that!", he said with appreciation, "That's my old '49 Ford!"

1941 Packard One Sixty Deluxe Convertible Coupe

Packard's policy of gradual styling changes helped it to maintain a gold standard of resale value and allowed owners to keep their cars longer without looking dated. This linear styling policy served Packard well until the Forties. By then, though, American car design was changing at an incredible rate. Packard's unhurried design evolution couldn't keep up with the pace, and by '41, its cars looked old fashioned.

But Packard wasn't out. Late in the 1941 model year, Packard brought out its highly acclaimed Clipper, which was lower, wider, and more modern than the competition. Packard styling was once again esteemed. The company was in the process of replacing its old-style bodies with Clipper styling when World War II broke out.

Although not well received in '41, to modern eyes, the Packard One Sixty Deluxe convertible coupe looks like a classic example of a prewar convertible. Most makes had phased out side mount spares by '41, but the upright styling of the One Sixty carries them well. Running boards were also on the way out - Packard had moved them to the options list.

Although One Sixties were senior-model Packards, they shared body panels and a 127-inch wheelbase with the medium-price One Twenty. They did have more upscale trim, and this was most evident in the interior. The convertible offered a choice of cloth and leather or full leather. As a Deluxe model, it had inlaid wood window trim. By the Forties, American luxury cars had replaced real wood with plastic moldings or woodgrain painted on metal, but the wood window trim on the Packard is as fine as in any custom body from Twenties or Thirties.

What really set the senior Packards apart from the One Twenty was their big 356-cid straight eight. New for 1940, this heavy engine was incredibly smooth and quiet. It had a sturdy 105-pound crankshaft running in nine main bearings, and was the first Packard with hydraulic valve lifters. The motor put out 160 bhp (10 more than Cadillac's V-8) and could push the two-ton convertible past 100 mph.



From Collectible Automobile Magazine, June 2016

WOMEN'S CORNER

The Regular Workout Routine?

This is dedicated to every woman who ever attempted to get into a regular workout routine. A must read!

Diary: For my fiftieth birthday this year, my husband (the dear) purchased a week of personal training at the local health club for me. Although I am still in great shape since playing on my high school softball team, I decided it would be a good idea to go ahead and give it a try. I called the club and made my reservations with a personal trainer I'll call Bruce, who identified himself as a 26-year old aerobics instructor and model for athletic clothing and swim wear. My husband seemed pleased with my enthusiasm to get started. The club encouraged me to keep a diary to chart my progress.

Monday: Started my day at 6:00am. Tough to get out of bed, but found it was well worth it when I arrived at the health club to find Bruce waiting for me. He is something of a Greek god - with blond hair, dancing eyes and a dazzling white smile. Woo Hoo!! Bruce gave me a tour and showed me the machines. He took my pulse after five minutes on the treadmill. He was alarmed that my pulse was so fast, but I attribute it to standing next to him in his Lycra aerobic outfit. I enjoyed watching the skillful way in which he conducted his aerobics class after my workout today. Very inspiring. Bruce was encouraging as I did my sit-ups, although my gut was already aching from holding it in the whole time he was around. This is going to be a FANTASTIC week!!

Tuesday: I drank a whole pot of coffee, but I finally made it out the door. Bruce made me lie on my back and push

a heavy iron bar into the air – then he put weights on it! My legs were a little wobbly on the treadmill, but I made the full mile. Bruce's rewarding smile made it all worthwhile. I feel GREAT!! It's a whole new life for me.

Wednesday: The only way I can brush my teeth is by laying on the toothbrush on the counter and moving my mouth back and forth over it. I believe I have a hernia in both pectorals. Driving was OK as long as I didn't try to steer or stop. I parked on top of a GEO in the club parking lot. Bruce was impatient with me, insisting that my screams bothered other club members. His voice is a little too perky for early in the morning and when he scolds, he gets this nasally whine that is VERY annoying. My chest hurt when I got on the treadmill, so Bruce put me on the stair monster. Why the hell would anyone invent a machine to simulate an activity rendered obsolete by elevators? Bruce told me it would help me get in shape and enjoy life.

Thursday: Bruce was waiting for me with his vampire-like teeth exposed as his thin, cruel lips were pulled back in a full snarl. I couldn't help being a half an hour late, it took me that long to tie my shoes. Bruce took me to work out with dumbbells. When he was not looking, I ran and hid in the men's room. He sent Lars to find me, then, as punishment, put me on the rowing machine - which I sank.

Friday: I hate that Bruce more than any human being has ever hated any other human being in the history of the world. Stupid, skinny, anemic little cheerleader wanna-be. If there was a part of my body I could move without unbearable pain, I would beat him with it. Bruce wanted me to work on my triceps. I don't have any triceps! And if you don't want dents in the floor, don't hand me the &@#*\$~ barbells or anything that weighs more than a sandwich. (Which I am sure you learned in the sadist school you attended and graduated magna cum laude). The treadmill flung me off and I landed on a health and nutrition teacher. Why couldn't it have been someone softer, like the drama coach or the choir director?

Saturday: Bruce left a message on my answering machine in his grating, shrilly voice wondering why I did not show up today. Just hearing him made me want to smash the machine with my planner. However, I lacked the strength to even use the TV remote and ended up catching eleven straight hours of the *\$@#& Weather Channel.

Sunday: I'm having the Church van pick me up for services today so I can go and thank GOD that this week is over. I will also pray that next year my (why can't he leave-well-enough alone) husband will choose a gift for me that is fun - like a root canal, a mammogram, a pelvic exam, or even a hysterectomy.

Thanks to friend Joy Thompson for this hilarious look at the exercise center

FOR SALE: Two beautiful hanging lamps, both with remote control dimmers. Ready to hang including hardware for a ceiling box and are easy to change if you prefer a wall plug. **\$20 each**



16" blue & white enameled glass with 4' cord and antique brass chain



16" fluted glass lamp with 9' cord & polished brass chain

Birthdays and Anniversaries in September



Birthdays

Jim Ayers	September 26	Laura Beaver	September 18
Boyd Boothe	September 15	Sue Campbell	September 15
Rose Chastain	September 4	Art Dumont	September 28
Jim Galloway	September 18	Linda Jarrard	September 12
Ron Meyer	September 28	Marti Meyers	September 17
Jan Mokler	September 1	Renee Nesbitt	September 20
Lee Noga	September 28	Linda Porter	September 8
Dolly Prather	September 21	Rose Tarr	September 20
Ginger Vetrano	September 13	Don Woodford	September 10
Jack Yale	September 1		



Anniversaries

Russ & Jane Armstrong	September 11	Rick & Wendy Ball	September 12
Richard & Rose Chastain	September 23	George & Lynda Deering	September 20
Denny & Linda Kehl	September 15	Jim & Dotiy Reynolds	September 18
Ron & Patricia Smith	September 22		

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