



Gas Gauge Ye Olde Car Club June 2017 Newsletter

The President's Message

Happy June and it is finally looking like summer will be held this year. Let's take some time to thank all the Fathers among us. I know that without the support and the attitude from my father, "Just try. I think you might be good at it," I wouldn't be half the man I am today. I am reminded almost every day why his toolbox had a padlock on it and why he kept saying, "Where did I leave it?" I am blessed to know all the Fathers in this club and how they put up with me. Thanks again Dad, I have a lock on my box too.

Until next Month

Car Nut to you all

Rick Ball, Car Guy

BITS & PIECES

*** **DID YOU KNOW:** You're supposed to use a paper clip to pop the reset button on the ink cartridge when the computer says you're out of ink. It's like an extra amount for emergency printing.

*** There are two theories to arguing with women. Neither one works.

*** There are times when my greatest accomplishment is just keeping my mouth shut!

*** I always carry a knife in my purse. You know, in case of cheesecake or something.

*** Why did the Tennessee linebacker steal a police car? He saw "911" on the side and thought it was a Porsche.

*** **RULES FOR A GOOD OLD AGE:** It's time to use the money you saved up. Use it and enjoy it. Don't just keep it for those who may have no notion of the sacrifices you made to get it. Remember there is nothing more dangerous than a son or daughter-in-law with big ideas for your hard earned capital. Enjoy the present moment. The sand in the clock may run out at any moment.

The Remarkable Body: Your body cells are regenerating themselves every single day without any prompting. This means you have an entirely new set of taste buds every ten days, new nails every six-ten months, new bones every ten years and even a new heart every twenty years.

EVENTS

Ladies Luncheons:

On June 8 there were 9 ladies for lunch at Canyon Lakes Manor. Thank you to Myrtle who also showed us her new place at the Manor. She will be very comfortable there for many years.

July 13 – LuLu’s Restaurant, Richland (next door to Anthony’s). Hosted by Frances McGillis, 509-545-4077.

Which city has the highest average IQ?

Hong Kong...There are a lot of factors that affect an IQ score, ranging from national and personal wealth, to simply what test is used. As a result, these findings are highly controversial, but suggest that Hong Kong has the highest IQ level, at an average of 107 points per person. *However, Hong Kong is a special administrative region of China, meaning that it falls within the sovereignty of the People's Republic of China, yet does not form part of Mainland China, because it has it's own government. So these results are questionable.

The Harrowing Saga of My Grandfather’s 1940 Ford Deluxe ForDor Sedan.

By David Gerkenmeyer

WARNING: This will take a while. You may want to grab a beer, a glass of wine, or perhaps something a bit stronger. A better option may be to just skip this part of the publication and move on to something more entertaining and brief. There, you now have been properly warned.

The Early Years

The first nine years plus are pretty unclear since the Ford started out its life in 1940 and I didn’t come out of the “factory” until May of 1949. My grandfather, Theodore Henry Gerkenmeyer Sr., purchased the car new from Ernie Major Ford in Spokane on August 19th of 1940. He traded in a 1929 Ford ForDor Sedan. The price of the '40 was \$1016 (before taxes & license fees). They gave him \$175 for the '29. I have the original bill of sale.

My first remembrances of the Ford probably started when I was around four or five years old. In the photo, which I believe was taken around 1953 in Spokane, you can see my father, Theodore Henry Gerkenmeyer Jr. on the left, Grandpa Ted in the center, and me, a much cuter 4 year old David Jon Gerkenmeyer on the right. I spent many a day with Grandpa Ted and Grandma Mele (Emelia) at their place in the Garden Springs area in southwest Spokane. Sightseeing day trips with the two of them and me in the Ford, touring the two lane highways throughout eastern Washington, were quite common. Grandma Mele would pack box lunches for the three of us and we’d stop at Roadside Parks along the way to rest and have lunch. The Roadside Parks usually had a picnic table, at shade canopy (maybe) and a trash barrel (maybe). I don’t remember any rest rooms being available. Maybe a tree.

I don’t believe that Grandpa Ted did much mechanical work on the Ford. The way I remember it is that he had a pretty good mechanic lined up for the major work and I’m sure my dad and uncles helped out where they could. I think that about the only things I saw in Grandpa’s garage was a can of Simonize paste wax, a spare can of motor oil, a wash bucket, wash rags, a chamois polishing rags. There was probably more, but those things stand out. He was always dusting it off and polishing it.

He had his mechanic do a major overhaul of the engine at some point. I don’t know the specifics of what all was done or when. I also don’t know if the cylinders were bored out oversize or not. I’ll learn more about that, and more, when I tear it down and take some measurements.

As far as any collisions when it was under Grandpas care, I know of only one instance. There could have been more that I wasn’t aware of. On a cold, dark and rainy afternoon on Thanksgiving day in the early 60’s he ran the Ford into the side of a slow moving locomotive while passing thru downtown Spokane on the way to our house for dinner. I’m not clear on the extent of the damages, but you can imagine what might have been crumpled. I do know that the collision sheared both water pump/front motor mount housings, as a minimum, based on what I saw later on after I inherited it.

As I grew older it became apparent that someday it would be mine, based on comments that Grandpa Ted made to me and my folks. In my teen years I didn't dwell on the eventual turnover of the car since I had girlfriends and a '46 Chevrolet Sedan Delivery to keep me occupied. I also didn't want to think of Grandpa Ted leaving us. The saga of the '46 Chev is a whole other story best kept under wraps for now. The Ford is the star of this essay.

The Changing of the Guard

Grandpa Ted passed in October of 1967 and I inherited the Ford. I registered it in my name and it became my daily driver, replacing the '46 Chev. As I assumed ownership of the car and got to know it better it became apparent that it wasn't in as good a condition as I had remembered it. No problem though. I went about fixing things up on it as I saw the need.

A Bit of a Bump in the Road

During the fall of '67 I was working as an apprentice painter at the Puget Sound Naval Shipyard in Bremerton. I made trips back to Spokane about every two weeks to visit my folks and friends. On one of those trips, while in Spokane, I made a parts scouting trip to a wrecking yard a few miles south of town on Highway 195. On my return trip north on that highway a car heading east ran the stop signs (two of them) at the Thorpe Road intersection. I slowed as best I could but managed to clip his right rear quarter panel with the front end of the Ford, then spun around and reverse T-boned another car waiting at the stop sign on the east side of the intersection. That pretty much took care of the driver's side doors and center post.

The car would have been totaled by my insurance company if it weren't for a verbal offer from my dentist just a couple of weeks prior that was higher than what the estimate was to do the repairs. I'd been offered \$1,000 for it and estimate was somewhere around \$800.

I took it to Custom Auto Body in Spokane for the repairs. They worked with me, allowed me to do most of the prep work on the old paint and do some priming as well. I ended up with a complete repaint plus some extra body work and still came in under the original estimate. The body wasn't made totally right, but it was close.

The Navy Years

Uncle Sam (spelled ARMY) was wanting my body badly in the fall of '68 so I put the Ford in storage and signed up for a 6 year hitch in the Nuclear Navy. In the winter of '69 I was sent to Idaho Falls, Idaho, for prototype training. I took the Ford out of storage and set out for Idaho after Christmas at home in Spokane. She ran quite well until about Boise. From there on she started to lose power, burn thru gas pretty rapidly and got harder and harder to start after each stop along the way. She finally gave out for good and left me stranded in the middle of the railroad tracks in downtown Idaho Falls. That's another tale that needs much more time to tell it right. It turned out that the ground strap on the ignition condenser had broken loose from the body of the condenser due to the solder joint failing. That was very hard to find, but an easy fix.

While in Idaho I met and dated my future wife Sue. I don't think she was too taken with the Ford, but once I got the '67 MG Midget things moved right along towards an eventual marriage. I'm sure it was the Midget that did it for me. After acquiring the Midget I drove the Ford back to Spokane and put it back in storage for the rest of my enlistment.

The Dormant Years

After we got out of the Navy in 1974 we moved to the Tri-Cities and we retrieved the Ford from Spokane. That trip south was that last time the Ford was driven on the street. Since then the Ford has been in storage, either in my garage or storage units, and transported from the Tri-Cities to Glendale, Arizona, and back to the Tri-Cities. I've started her from time to time to move her in and out of storage and to keep her juices flowing, but she's not been on the street since 1974.

The Present Condition

Well, it's not pretty, but it's not hopeless. It has no brakes. The fuel pick-up tube in the gas tank is plugged. She needs an exhaust system. The engine runs, but could use and overhaul. The right rear fender needs some body work and paint before I will take it out into public. It has a few other body bumps and could use a total repaint to make it right. It has 78,329 original miles on it now.

What's the Plan?

Now that I finally have the time, money and my shop all lined up, restoration is now underway. I've had the wheels sand blasted and powder coated and mounted up new Firestone 6.00 X 16 period correct bias ply tires. While it is up on jack stands, I'll do the brakes. All of the brake components (shoes, lines, hoses, master and wheel cylinders) will be replaced. The gas tank will be next. I plan on just replacing the gas tank rather than trying to clean and seal the old one. And then the exhaust system.

Once all of the above necessities are taken care of I'd like to get that right rear fender looking better so that I can take it out in public. An engine overhaul is in the future as well as more body work and paint. I've been getting lots of help with ideas for the work to be done and where to obtain parts from many of the members of The Ye Olde Car Club. That has been helpful. Although I do need to keep reminding some of them that I plan on keeping it stock. My "go to" question that I keep asking myself when in a quandary as to what to do is: "What would Grandpa Ted do?"



Audrey Simmelink's 90th Birthday Party



Audrey and her guests.



Myrtle Nesbitt & Dolores McClary enjoy the carousel.
Pete Jackson's 90th Birthday Party



Pete & Grace arrived in style in the green '30 Ford



Pete gets help blowing out his candle



Pete and his whole family

Harry C. Stutz was born in 1876 to John and Wilma Stutz, on a farm a few miles outside of Indianapolis, Indiana. Stutz grew up caring for and repairing agricultural machinery on the family farm. Automobiles and engines fascinated him. Stutz built his first car in 1897, and then a second auto using a gasoline engine of his own design and manufacture. In 1905, he designed a car for the American Motor Car Company. He soon left the new company and founded the Ideal Motor Car Company. Ideal entered a car in the Indianapolis 500 that year and placed 11th, earning it the slogan, "the car that made good in a day". Stutz later renamed it Stutz Motor Company. He was also instrumental in creating the Stutz Fire Engine Company, as well as the H.C.S. Motor Car Company in 1919. In 1929 he formed the Stutz-Bellanca Airplane Company. The Stutz Motor Company was a producer of luxury cars based in Indianapolis, Indiana, USA. Production began in 1911 and continued until 1935.



Wikipedia

Weird feature of old cars.



Perfect for scolding misbehaving kids on long road trips.

Check out this 1961 Buick Flamingo Motorama show car. Created for the final General Motors Motorama, it's really a '61 Buick Electra 225 convertible finished in a special Flamingo Pink color, with two-tone pink leather interior and floating bucket seats, including a 180-degree swivel on the passenger side.

Thanks to Dave Hannah for this contribution.

I'M GLAD I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE...

Senior moment

Dallas Morning News Community Opinions page 10B; David McClure of McKinney teaches science and coaches at Faubion Middle School in McKinney. He is also a "Teacher Voices" volunteer columnist.

A senior moment. At 48?

\$5.37. That's what the kid behind the counter at Taco Bueno said to me. I dug into my pocket and pulled out

some lint and two dimes and something that used to be a Jolly Rancher. Having already handed the kid a five-spot, I started to head back out to the truck to grab some change when the kid with the Emo hairdo said the harshest thing anyone has ever said to me. He said, "It's OK. I'll just give you the senior citizen discount." I turned to see who he was talking to and then heard the sound of change hitting the counter. Senior citizen?

I took my burrito and walked out to the truck wondering what was wrong with Emo. Was he blind? "Only \$4.68" he said cheerfully. I stood there stupefied. I am 48, not even 50 yet. As I sat in the truck, my blood began to boil. Old? Me? I'll show him, I thought. I opened the door and headed back inside. I strode to the counter, and there he was waiting with a smile. Before I could say a word, he held up something and jingled it in front of me, like I could be that easily distracted! What am I now? A toddler? "Dude! Can't get too far without your car keys, eh?" I stared with utter disdain at the keys. I began to rationalize in my mind. "Leaving keys behind hardly makes a man elderly! It could happen to anyone!"

I turned and headed back to the truck. I slipped the key into the ignition, but it wouldn't turn. What now? I checked my keys and tried another. Still nothing. That's when I noticed the purple beads hanging from my rearview mirror. I had no purple beads hanging from my rearview mirror. Then, a few other objects came into focus. The car seat in the back seat. Happy Meal toys spread all over the floorboard. A partially eaten doughnut on the dashboard. Faster than you can say ginkgo biloba, I flew out of the alien vehicle. Moments later I was speeding out of the parking lot, relieved to finally be leaving this nightmarish stop in my life. That is when I felt it, deep in the bowels of my stomach: hunger! My stomach growled and churned, and I reached to grab my burrito, only it was nowhere to be found.

I swung the truck around, gathered my courage, and strode back into the restaurant one final time. There Emo stood, draped in youth and black nail polish. All I could think was, "What is the world coming to?" All I could say was, "Did I leave my food and drink in here?" At this point I was ready to ask a Boy Scout to help me back to my vehicle, and then go straight home and apply for Social Security benefits. Emo had no clue. I walked back out to the truck, and suddenly a young lad came up and tugged on my jeans to get my attention. He was holding up a drink and a bag. His mother explained, "I think you left this in my truck by mistake." I took the food and drink from the little boy and sheepishly apologized. She offered these kind words: "It's OK. My grandfather does stuff like this all the time."

All of this is to explain how I got a ticket doing 85 in a 40. Yes, I was racing some punk kid in a Toyota Prius. And no, I told the officer, I'm not too old to be driving this fast.

As I walked in the front door, my wife met me halfway down the hall. I handed her a bag of cold food and a \$300 speeding ticket. I promptly sat in my rocking chair and covered up my legs with a blanky. The good news was I had successfully found my way home.

Thanks to Dennis McGillis for this contribution.

Father's Day

Father's Day was not celebrated in the US, outside Catholic traditions, until the 20th century. As a civic celebration in the US, it was inaugurated in the early 20th century to complement Mother's Day by celebrating fathers and male parenting.

On June 19, 1910, a Father's Day celebration was held at the YMCA in Spokane, Washington by Sonora Smart Dodd. Her father, the civil war veteran William Jackson Smart, was a single parent who raised his six children there. She was also a member of Old Centenary Presbyterian Church (now Knox Presbyterian Church), where she first proposed the idea. After hearing a sermon about Jarvis' Mother's Day in 1909 at Central Methodist Episcopal Church, she told her pastor that fathers should have a similar holiday to honor them. Although she initially suggested June 5, her father's birthday, the pastors did not have enough time to prepare their sermons, and the celebration was deferred to the third Sunday in June. Several local clergymen accepted the idea, and on June 19, 1910, the first Father's Day, "sermons honoring fathers were presented throughout the city"

However, in the 1920s, Dodd stopped promoting the celebration because she was studying at the Art Institute of Chicago, and it faded into relative obscurity, even in Spokane. In the 1930s, Dodd returned to Spokane and started promoting the celebration again, raising awareness at a national level. She had the help of those trade groups that would benefit most from the holiday, for example the manufacturers of ties, tobacco pipes, and any traditional present for fathers. By 1938, she had the help of the Father's Day Council, founded by the New York Associated Men's Wear Retailers to consolidate and systematize the holiday's commercial promotion. Americans resisted the holiday for its first few decades, viewing it as nothing more than an attempt by merchants to replicate the commercial success of Mother's Day, and newspapers frequently featured cynical and sarcastic attacks and jokes. However, the said merchants remained resilient and even incorporated these attacks into their

advertisements. By the mid-1980s, the Father's Day Council wrote, "Father's Day has become a Second Christmas for all the men's gift-oriented industries."

A bill to accord national recognition of the holiday was introduced in Congress in 1913. In 1916, President Woodrow Wilson went to Spokane to speak at a Father's Day celebration and he wanted to make it an officially recognized federal holiday, but Congress resisted, fearing that it would become commercialized.

President Calvin Coolidge recommended in 1924 that the day be observed throughout the entire nation, but he stopped short at issuing a national proclamation. Two earlier attempts to formally recognize the holiday had been defeated by Congress. In 1957, Maine Senator Margaret Chase Smith wrote a Father's Day proposal accusing Congress of ignoring fathers for 40 years while honoring mothers, thus "[singling] out just one of our two parents". In 1966, President Lyndon B. Johnson issued the first presidential proclamation honoring fathers, designating the third Sunday in June as Father's Day. Six years later, the day was made a permanent national holiday when President Richard Nixon signed it into law in 1972.

From Wikipedia

HAPPY FATHER'S DAY



WOMEN'S CORNER

DUSTING.

REMEMBER...A LAYER OF DUST PROTECTS THE WOOD BENEATH IT.

"A house becomes a home when you can write, "I love you" on the furniture."

I can't tell you how many countless hours that I have spent CLEANING! I used to spend at least 8 hours every weekend making sure things were just perfect -- "in case someone came over." Then I realized one day that no one came over; they were all out living life and having fun! Now, when people visit, I find no need to explain the "condition" of my home. They are more interested in hearing about the things I've been doing while I was away living life and having fun. If you haven't figured this out yet, please heed this advice.

Life is short. Enjoy it! Dust if you must, but wouldn't it be better to paint a picture or write a letter, bake a cake or plant a seed, ponder the difference between want and need?

Dust if you must, but there's not much time, with rivers to swim and mountains to climb, music to hear and books to read, friends to cherish and life to lead. Dust if you must, but the worlds out there with the sun in your eyes, the wind in your hair, a flutter of snow, a shower of rain. This day will not come around again.

Dust if you must, but bear in mind, old age will come and it's not kind. And when you go -- and go you must -- you, yourself will make more dust! It's not what you gather, but what you scatter that tells what kind of life you have lived.

Thanks to cousin Jacki for these wise words.

ALMOST THERE...BUMPER STICKERS

- Goodbye tension! Hello pension.
- I was at the beauty shop for nearly two hours. That was only for the estimate.
- It's nice to be here. At my age, it's nice to be anywhere.
- That snap, crackle, pop in the morning isn't my freaking Rice Krispies!
- The secret of staying young is to live honestly, eat slowly, and lie about your age.
- I'm not old. I'm chronologically gifted.
- Retirement is the best medicine.
- Florida. God's waiting room.
- Experience is a wonderful thing. It enables you to recognize a mistake when you make it again.
- At my age, flowers scare me.
- I'm so old that whenever I eat out, they ask me for money up front.
- I'm so old all my friends in heaven will think I didn't make it.
- Birthdays are good for you. The more you have, the longer you'll live.
- It ain't the age. It's the mileage.
- Support BINGO! Keep Grandma off the streets.
- When did my wild oats turn to prunes and bran?
- Any day above ground is a good one.
- Retirement...twice as much husband, half as much money.
- My wife gives me sound advice. 99% sound...1% advice.
- It's not that I'm afraid to die. I just don't want to be there when it happens.
- Never do anything you wouldn't want to explain to the paramedics.
- Old age comes at a very bad time.
- You know you're getting older when *Happy Hour* is a nap.
- If I had known I'd live this long, I'd have taken better care of myself.
- The more you complain, the longer God makes you live.

Thanks to Mark Wilk for these cuties.

Birthdays and Anniversaries in June



Birthdays

Andy Andringa	June 11	Jane Armstrong	June 5
Wendi Ball	June 2	Thomas Brown	June 19
Don Buckles	June 11	Mike Bughi	June 18
Kelly Carothers	June 1	Richard Chastain	June 22
Barb Donaldson	June 9	Pete Jackson	June 11

Robbin Johanson June 24
 Eli Kacszynski June 10
 Norma Kummer June 8
 Ernie Oeder June 9
 Mike Sams June 17
 Doug Stone June 5

Carolyn Johanson June 7
 Clarence Kummer June 23
 Bob McClary June 26
 Laura Osterwyk June 27
 Sarah Schneider June 30
 Jay Thomas June 10



Anniversaries

Larry & Sue Campbell	June 5	Richard & Marlene Kuch	June 12
Joe & Jolene Kuhns	June 6	Dennis & Frances McGillis	June 9
John & Mary Ellen Nelson	June 10	Mike & Linda Porter	June 22
Rick & Mary Rickard	June 18	John & Thora Trumbo	June 5

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