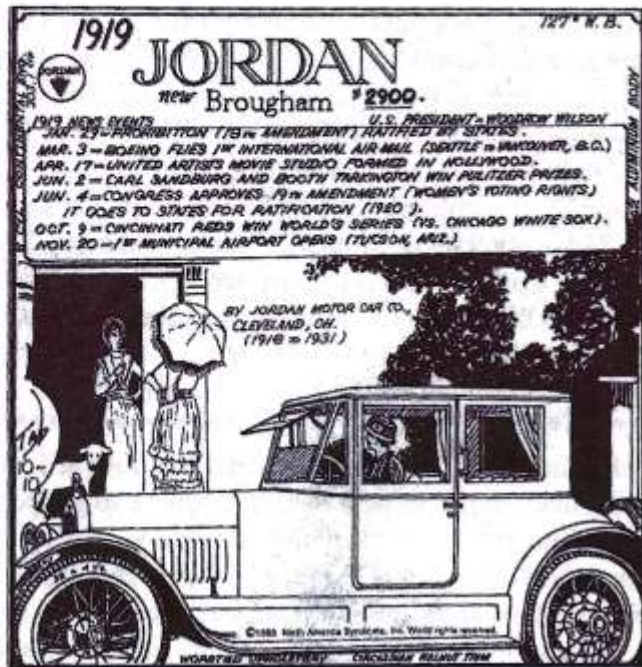


December 2010



1919 Jordan Brougham

The Jordan, built in Cleveland, Ohio, was an "assembled" car, using components supplied by various specialized manufacturers. In 1919, its engine was an L-head, six-cylinder Continental. The Jordan was well built and well liked—though Jordan production was limited to a few thousand cars a year.

The first full year for Jordan automobile production was 1917, and by 1919 the small, independent company was rolling along very well. The famous Jordan "Playboy" roadster was conceived in 1919, as was the new Suburban Seven (seven-passenger) Sport Touring Car. Also available were a "Sport Marine" five-passenger touring car, a large sedan, and other types.

The illustrated Jordan Brougham was a new model in 1919. Jordan supplanted the Brougham in late 1919 (for

1920) with a "Silhouette Brougham," which had the vertical rear end of a two-door sedan or "coach."

Jordan's lightweight aluminum body (with wooden inner framework) was declared to be "virtually dust and rattle proof." The top half of the Brougham windshield could be opened, but the bottom half was stationary. The windshield was of the stylish "Brewster" type, markedly sloped with wedge-shaped front quarter windows between the windshield and each side door.

Doors on Jordans were "broad," for easy access to seats. Closed car windows operated with "improved lifts."

In addition to a dome light, there were individual "reading lamps." A clock was provided on the instrument board. The water temperature gauge was mounted up in front, atop the radiator cap.

GAS GAUGE DECEMBER 2010

Monthly Newsletter of Ye Olde Car Club

President	Phil Prather	374-4100
Vice Pres	Jim Ayres	619-1895
Treasurer	Ed Edwards	967-9361
Secretary	Jim Vetrano	735-4248
Editor	Dennis Jackson	547-0916
Web Master	Scott Noga	545-5903
Blog Editor	Dennis Jackson	547-0916

VETERANS DAY PARADE

We had great weather for the parade. That might be the reason for the great turnout, I think the parade was half again as big as it was last year. I can't remember how many cars we had, but I will try. I know Duane Rabe was there because I can see his car, behind him is Bob Gough's truck and then Clarence Kummer and his 55 Chevy. Phil brought his 26 "T" filled with donuts



and coffee, I was there with my cop car along with Jack and his grey Cord followed by John Trumbo in Jack's green Caddy. Jim was in his Vette and Dick Johanson brought his T' Bird, Bill Houchin



came in his 46 Merc, I think I saw the Jacksons but I think they rode with the Model "A" club. You can tell



which car was the most popular, Phil's with donuts and coffee. Oh, Ed and his mustang were there and I think I saw Martha too. If I forgot any one I'm sorry it just goes to show that my memory is slipping now that I'm getting to be as old as the rest of you and that I need some help with the newsletter. I thought this article needed a little cheese cake, for those of you who are too young or naive to know what that means, it means a sexy picture, (see picture on left).



One of my grandsons (zachary Jackson) came with me and is into army vehicles. He brought his sister



Elly with him but, alas I didn't get a picture of her this time Another great turnout was awarded with an other first place trophy for our club Thanks guys and gals.

Barone's 27th Leap of Death

Barone put his gloves on, snugging the finely crafted Italian leather tight around each finger for a good fit. Stepping up onto the running board, he turned and waved roundly to at least 12,000 people assembled at the rodeo arena.

Straight ahead, just right of the center in the windshield, a wooden ramp barely wide enough for one automobile ascended on stilts, then quit abruptly.

The engine was already warmed up and running at a quick idle.

Barone forced himself to ignore the cheering spectators, most of whom wanted him to succeed, but fully expected him to fail. He gripped the wooden steering wheel with determination and drew in a long breath.

A leather aviator's helmet and goggles concealed his dark hair and mischievous black eyes. Adventure, that's what he wanted. His family thought him the black sheep, the wayward one, the foolish son who refused to live a life more in line with his aristocratic blood. But they would never know the fullness of life as he did. How facing down death again and again made one feel as if life could never end and how time could be made powerless. Nothing could stop him. He was sure of it.

This would be his 27th leap of death. Or it might be his last. Barone couldn't let himself care. Doing it mattered more than the thought of dying. The son of a prominent Italian banker, Barone didn't think himself reckless. He always considered carefully the risks and the rewards. What made him different than lesser men

was having confidence in himself and his machine. Once he was sure of a thing, there was no turning back.

The Studebaker auto quivered in response to the ear-piercing staccato of unmuffled exhaust barking from the six modestly sized cylinders.

Barone settled himself on the bench-like front seat – hardly the cockpit of a Nieuport 17 as he had done 12 years earlier while piloting an Italian biplane over southern Europe in search of enemy targets. He lightly advanced the throttle, then eased up. The maneuver brought spectators to the edge of their seats. Twice more he caressed the levers, tantalizing the crowd. Then, without warning, Barone stove it hard, simultaneously engaging the clutch while grabbing the gear-shift lever in his right hand.

A monstrous rumble burst from six stunted exhaust pipes, escalated into an indescribable racket and spewed hot gases and stinging bits of carbon, some of which blasted his face. Instinctively, the automobile leapt forward. Simultaneously, the crowd roared to its feet.

Car and driver were fully engaged as man and machine. Everything was happening fast, but time seemed to be both compressed and at a stand still. First gear became second, followed by third just as the ramp disappeared beneath Barone and his chariot.

Barone's griped tightened, his now-white knuckles strained inside leather skins as the Studebaker Light Six vaulted skyward.

Wood-spoked wheels blurred and the vehicle raced pell mell, then suddenly lost traction in mid-air.

Barone, a decorated pilot in the Great War for Italy, was airborne again.

The Studebaker, stripped of its fenders and folding top, floated effortlessly for less than two seconds, then touched, front wheels first, on the downside ramp with enough momentum to carry the rear axles and the daredevil driver to safety. No longer suspended in time, Barone snapped into action.

The chassis and springs compressed violently under the full weight of descent, and Barone fought to hold his position behind the steering wheel while his buttocks bounced repeatedly on coiled springs that offered little cushioning for the controlled crash landing.

Barone quickly calmed the raging six-cylinder engine, coasting more than driving the still panting Studebaker into the dirt arena. Firmly reunited with terra firma, Barone released what could have been his last breath, then sucked in fresh air perfumed with hot exhaust and filled with cheers.

"Ba-ro-ne. Ba-ro-ne," the voices sang out in unison. People raced toward him and the car, eager to lay hands on what they had witnessed. "Mag-ni-fi-cent Mr. Barone, absolutely mag-ni-fi-cent," said one man who came close enough to be heard.

Barone smiled broadly, then swung the wheels hard right for a victory pass in front of thousands of unbelieving eyes.

This story was written, or improved upon, or stolen by John Trumbo, and submitted to me for publication

December Birthdays

1st	Dave Stands	17th	Lindell Smith
4th	Judy Bergam	21st	Ken Mooney
5th	Karla Jackson	22nd	Bruce Stinsman
5th	Dwight Underwood	23rd	Denise Moberg
5th	Thor Trumbo	23rd	Bob Rupp
7th	Willie Gould	23rd	Scott Klipper
9th	Barbara Harrow	24th	Kay Sundgren
10th	Fred Fraser	27th	Bill Houchin
16th	Sherri Boob	30th	Leota Pankey

Anniversaries

3rd	Jack and Martha varnado
14th	Mike and Judy Bughi
11th	Dave and Paula Stands
21st	Eli and Alina Kacyznski
22nd	Ray and Delores Benson
31st	Duane and Beverly Rabe

Thoughts to ponder

Marriage is like a deck of cards

In the beginning you need only two Hearts and a Diamond

In the end you wish you had a Club and a Spade

What's Happening

12/17 Kennewick Christmas Party 6 PM
 Tony Roma's Gift Opt. < \$10.00

December Prez Sez

The month of nov did not have a lot of club functions. The vets day parade had a good turnout, eleven cars were there. It was a very good parade with old cop cars chasing an old model "T" and others. Mert and I took my open 23 model "T", cold but fun ride. Merts doughnuts got very cold on the way over but were a hit anyway. Our breakfast meetings have had over 30 people show, except on the 24th only 9 showed up. To cold and snowy. The next event is at Tony Roma's on the 17th of dec "ELECTION TIME ". Bring a gift of 10.00 or less if you want to exchange. Hope to see everyone at breakfast each wed

HAPPY HOLIDAYS. PHIL.

A couple of things I would like to add, first the dues are due on the 1st of January they are a prime source of income to support the news letter, so lets try to get them mailed on time or give them to Ed Edwards at the Christmas Dinner. Secondly, In January we are going to try to follow the lead of a lot of other clubs and send out our news letter by E-Mail. The pictures will be clearer and the print bigger and easier for our tired old eyes to read. There will be plenty of assistance to help with issues such as how to open the letter , how to print a copy and so on. So if you have an E-Mail , please send me an E-Mail and put news letter as the subject. If you do not have a n E-Mail call me (Dennis @528-1115) and we will make other arrangements to get a news letter to you.

This important!!!

