



Gas Gauge

Ye Olde Car Club

September 2017 Newsletter

The President's Message

Good Day. I'm hoping this note finds you happy and healthy. As summer draws to a close and fall is right around the corner I feel a little melancholy. It was a great summer. We found old members and invited new ones into the fold. Cars were bought and sold, broken and fixed. We still have a few visitations left this year and at least one foggy parade in the future. I hope we keep active: visiting other garages and helping out on a project or two. I know I'll have some long nights sealing up this old Chevy that is now leaving its mark everywhere it goes. I even carry a cookie sheet to place under it whenever I stop anywhere. So lets keep getting together and having a grand time keeping warm and fixing the leaks.

Until next month,

Rick Ball, Car Guy

BITS & PIECES

*** Generally speaking, you aren't learning much when your lips are moving.

*** No matter how big a hammer you use, you can't pound common sense into stupid people.

*** Don't be afraid of death; be afraid of an unlive life. You don't have to live forever, you just have to live!

*** So, when is this 'Old enough to know better' supposed to kick in?

*** "My parents didn't want to move to Florida, but they turned sixty, and that's the law." --Jerry Seinfeld

*** Upon his death in 1947, Henry Ford took his last automobile ride from the funeral service to his grave site in the back of a Packard hearse.

*** When Michigan was a young territory, deer were so common and hunting such a part of life, that deer skins or whole deer were used as money. A deer carcass was worth a dollar, and hence, the dollar became known for what it was worth..."a buck."

*** Al Sharpton (He's African-American, you know!) reported today that Walt Disney's new film called "Jet Black," the African-American version of "Snow White" has been canceled. All of the 7 dwarfs: Dealer, Stealer, Mugger, Forger, Drive By, Homeboy, and Shank have refused to sing "Hi Ho" because they say it offends black prostitutes. They also say they darn sure have no intention of singing "It's off to work we go."

*** **Real Newspaper Headlines:** Bugs flying around with wings are flying bugs.

*** **Fun Food Facts:** Chocolate milk was invented in Ireland.

Betty White is older than sliced bread.

Car guys with GM cars will like this site:

www.gmheritagecenter.com/gm-heritage-archive/vehicle-information-kits.html

The Remarkable Body: With the 60,000 miles of blood vessels inside the average human body, you could circumnavigate Earth two and a half times.

EVENTS

Ladies Luncheons:

The September Ladies Luncheon had 11 ladies present. Thank you Mary Ellen. If you like Thai food, Tip's Thai on S. Quillan is worth the drive.

Thursday, October 14 Ladies Lunch will be hosted by Norma Kummer. Place TBD.

Car Shows & Visitations

Sep 24th - Sun 2nd Annual Show Ur Ride Super Show, 11:00am – 4:00pm Awards at 3:00pm, 700 W. Grandridge Blvd. Kennewick, Wisdom Car Club

Sep. 28th – Thu Fieldstone on Grandridge, BBQ, 11:00 – 2:00, 7255 W. Grandridge, Kennewick

Oct. 1st – Sun Pacific Northwest Mustang Car Show, 9:00am – 3:00pm. Columbia Crest Winery, Paterson, WA

Oct. 3rd – Tue Charbonneau Retirement – Lunch 11:00- 2:00, 8264 W. Grandridge Blvd., Kennewick

Oct 6 – Fri Guardian Angels – Lunch 11:00 – 2:00, 245 Van Giesen St., Richland

Oct. 7th Concours De Maryhill Open Car Show – 9:00am, 35 Maryhill Museum Dr. Goldendale WA 509-539-2557

Parts Wanted

Looking for 1938-31 Model A Ford front spring leafs. Need #3 through #6 or any combination. Also interested in a reverse eye main leaf.

Contact Don Buckles 509-627-0535

Looking for 1933-36 OEM Ford straight axle. Will pay up to \$100.

Contact Don Buckles 509-627-0535

Parts for Sale

Matched pair of 1940 Ford front backing plates with grease shields. Backing plates have been sandblasted and are not pitted. Ford Script stands out very nice.. Asking \$80.

Contact Don Buckles 509-627-0535

What country consumes the most food per capita?

The overweight United States...We eat an average of 3,770 calories a day each. Shamefully, obesity is becoming more of a problem every year.

When Grandma Goes to Court

Lawyers should never ask a Mississippi grandma a question if they aren't prepared for the answer.

In a trial, a Southern small-town prosecuting attorney called his first witness, a grandmotherly, elderly woman to the stand. He approached her and asked, "Mrs. Jones, do you know me?" She responded, "Why, yes, I do know you, Mr. Williams. I've known you since you were a boy and frankly, you've been a big disappointment to me. You lie, you cheat on your wife, and you manipulate people and talk about them behind their backs. You think you're a big shot when you haven't the brains to realize you'll never amount to anything more than a two-bit paper pusher. Yes, I know you."

The lawyer was stunned. Not knowing what else to do, he pointed across the room and asked, "Mrs. Jones, do you know the defense attorney?" She again replied, "Why, yes, I do. I've known Mr. Bradley since he was a youngster, too. He's lazy, bigoted, and he has a drinking problem. He can't build a normal relationship with anyone, and his law practice is one of the worst in the entire state. Not to mention he cheated on his wife with three different women. One of them was your wife. Yes, I know him." The defense attorney nearly died.

The judge asked both counselors to approach the bench and in a very quiet voice said, "If either of you idiots ask her if she knows me, I'll send you both to the electric chair!"

1966 Mustang Coupe



I am the proud owner of a "stock" 1966 Ford Mustang Coupe

In 1966, the Mustang was a very popular car. This was one of 750,000 Mustangs produced by Ford between 1964 and 1966. It is a very basic car: 6 cylinders with automatic transmission. It sold new for under \$3000.

I have had this Mustang for about three years, purchased from a widow in Olympia, Washington. It was listed on Craig's List with a few good pictures. I was not able to find out who had done the paint on the car, but I know it was originally a gold color with a vinyl top. Now it is this beautiful burgundy and black.

This is my 4th Mustang, the others being a 1969, a 1970 and one other 1966 coupe. I was distracted by 11 Corvettes between 1972 and 2012, one which was featured in 5 different magazines.

This Mustang looks like a keeper.

Gary Osborne



1912 Mercer Raceabout

There was considerable talent and backing for the Mercer Automobile Company; Ferdinand Roebing, son of John A. Roebing, was the president, and his nephew Washington A. Roebing II was the general manager. The Roebings had extensive success with wire rope manufacturing and suspension bridge design; engineering was not a recent concept for them. The secretary-treasurer was John L. Kuser, who, with his brothers Frederick and Anthony, had amassed a fortune from banking, bottling and brewing.

Washington A. Roebing II was friends with William Walter, who had been making a small number of high-quality automobiles in New York City. The Kusers owned a vacant brewery in Hamilton, New Jersey, and brought Walter and his car factory there in 1906. However, Walter found himself deeply in debt by 1909, so the Roebings and Kusers bought him out in a foreclosure sale. They changed the company name to Mercer, named after Mercer County, New Jersey. Talented designers and race drivers contributed to the new effort, and the focus became proving their product in competition.

The result was one of the most admired sports cars of the decade; the 1910 Type-35R Raceabout, a stripped-down, two-seat speedster, designed to be "safely and consistently" driven at over 70 mph (110 km/h). It was capable of over 90 mph (140 km/h). The Raceabout's inline 4-cylinder T-head engine displaced 293 cubic inches (4,800 cc) and developed 55 horsepower (41 kW) at 1,650 revolutions per minute. It won five of the six 1911 races it was entered in, losing only the first Indianapolis 500. Hundreds of racing victories followed.

The Raceabout became one of the premier racing thoroughbreds of the era- highly coveted for its quality construction and exceptional handling. The fenders and headlights were removed for more speed.

In the 1914 road races in Elgin, Illinois, two Raceabouts collided and wrecked. Spencer Wishart, a champion racer who always wore shirt and tie under his overalls, was killed along with the car's mechanic, John Jenter. This prompted the company to cancel its racing program. The Raceabout's designer left the company that year, and subsequent designs did not live up to the glory and appeal the Type-35R had earned.

Earlier in February 1914, Eddie Pullen, who worked at the factory from 1910, won the American Grand Prize held at Santa Monica, California, by racing for 403 mi (649 km) in a Raceabout. Later that same year, Eddie also won The Corona Road Race held in Corona, California, on November 26. For winning the 300-mile (480 km) big car event, Pullen won \$4,000 and an additional \$2,000 for setting a new world road race record. His average speed of 86.5 mph (139.21 km/h) broke the record of 78.72 mph (126.69 km/h) set by Teddy Tetzlaff at Santa Monica in 1912.

Wikipedia

Interesting Studebaker Facts

1820: John Clement Studebaker marries Rebecca Mohler, settles near Gettysburg, PA, opens a blacksmith and wood shop.

1850: Clement Studebaker, second of their five sons, moves to South Bend; rest of family follows one year later.

1852: Clem and brother Henry open a blacksmith and wagon shop in South Bend with \$68 capital.

1853: Brother John M. Heads for California looking for gold, makes wheelbarrows for prospectors, returns in 1858 with \$8000, invests in struggling wagon works.

1861-65: Studebaker supplies wagons to Union Army during Civil War.
 1868: Studebaker Bros Manufacturing Co. incorporates.
 1874: Sales reach \$1 million for first time; employment passes 500. Second major fire destroys plant.
 1887: Clement Studebaker builds Tippecanoe Place mansion.
 1902: First Studebaker electric car. At 50 year mark, employment at 2500. Wagon production tops \$100,000 and sales reach \$4 million.
 1904: First gasoline engine Studebaker, partially built in Ohio, goes on sale. Sales reach \$4.8 million.
 1911: Studebaker acquires Detroit Everett-Matzger-Flanders, reorganizes as Studebaker Corp., sells first common stock.
 1914-18: Studebaker becomes major supplier to Allies during World War I. John M., last of the 5 brothers, dies in 1917.
 1920: Auto manufacturing moves from Detroit to South Bend. Last horse 3-drawn wagon produced.
 1933: Studebaker in voluntary receivership.
 1935: Studebaker reorganizes, Paul G. Hoffman and Harold S. Vance take charge.
 1942-45: Studebaker supplies thousands of trucks, bomber engines and all-terrain weasels to U.S. and Allies during World War II. Military sales total \$1.2 billion.
 1951: \$250 million Korean War truck contract. Sales set record \$503 million. Employment at 22,000.
 1952: Studebaker marks 100th anniversary. Auto plant in Brunswick, NJ opens, produces jet engines when car sales fall.
 1954: Night shift eliminated, employment falls to 12,000. Studebaker merges with struggling Packard Motor Car Co. Loss at \$26.2 million.
 1955: Labor disputes force shutdown. Loss at \$29.7 million; employment falls to 7000.
 1958: Losses cut to \$11.1 million, workers on four-day week. Packard production ends.
 1959: Optimism returns to Studebaker as compact Lark arrives. Record profit of \$28.5 million.
 1960: Car and truck production suspended at midyear as sales slow. Sherwood H. Egbert elected president.
 1961: Egbert hires Raymond Loewy to design Avanti and Brook Stevens to spruce up Lark and Hawk.
 1962: Strike exacerbates labor-management bitterness. Production problems mar Avanti launch. Packard name dropped.
 1963: Auto industry sales rise – except for Studebaker. Egbert, ill with cancer, resigns. Board votes Dec. 9 to shutter South Bend plant, move auto production to Hamilton, OH.
 1966: Production in Hamilton ends. The company donates its collection of automobiles to the city of South Bend.
 1979: McGraw-Edison acquires Studebaker-Worthington. Studebaker name disappears.
 2005: Studebaker National Museum opens its new location on Chapin Street.
 2013: South Bend marks 50 years since closing of Studebaker factory here.

From the South Bend Tribune. Thank you to Tom Smith for this contribution.

Gasoline & Winter Storage

As fall leaves turn colors, some of us think of fall and putting our antique vehicles in storage for the winter months. We need to think about gasoline in the fuel tank and what happens to it over the winter. Modern gasoline typically has about a 90-day shelf life starting at the refinery and the gasoline at your local station is most likely 30 days old when you buy it.

The gasoline in your fuel tank will turn sour before the birds and the flowers greet you in the spring. You need to add a fuel stabilizer to the fuel in your tank to prevent fuel problems in the spring. Sour gasoline plugs up fuel filters, gums up mechanical fuel pumps, plugs main jets and idle circuits in carburetors...and the list goes on.

The alcohol in modern gasoline especially affects cars put in storage for the winter. Modern alcohol gasoline can absorb up to 13 oz. of water in a twenty-gallon tank. I discovered that not all fuel stabilizer additives are created equal and nearly 40 percent of them contained alcohol as their primary ingredient!

I discovered the small engine people (landscapers especially) were having a worse time than we were...which makes sense considering how easy it would be to plug up a jet in a small engine carburetor, for example. I talked to engineers at Briggs and Stratton and Stihl numerous times and almost wore out my welcome both places, but found out what I wanted to know.

Some additives are good for three months of shelf life and some as long as three years. That is quite a difference. If you have more than one collector vehicle or lawnmower, weed eater, chainsaw, or snow blower, who wants to have to treat them more than once during the winter?

On the Great Race cars and my own antique vehicles we use Briggs & Stratton Advanced Formula FUEL Treatment and Stabilizer for all gasoline engines. The 16 oz. bottle treats 80 gallons of fuel and is good for up to three years. You need one ounce to treat five gallons. The cost of a 16 ounce bottle is about \$21.00.

If you want to learn more, there is a video produced by Briggs and Stratton on the effects of modern alcohol gasoline and small engines.

<https://fifthaveinternetgarage.blogspot.com/2015/10/fuel-stabilizes-and-winter-storage.html>

To order the fuel stabilizer you can call 785-632-3450 or order from the website www.fifthaveinternetgarage.com. The 16 ounce bottle will treat 80 gallons of gasoline for up to 3 years.

By Randy Rundle, Turning Wheels Magazine, December 2016. Thanks to Dennis McGillis for this contribution.



The Hole Thing Pointers named Tyree and Skeeter poke through portholes in a Plymouth. Notes accompanying the photograph—which was published in a 1958 National Geographic book about dogs—say the animals' owner, E. D. Todd of Victoria, British Columbia, installed the openings in the trunk "to give dogs light and air when he went driving." Though probably not the safest arrangement for the pets in case of accident, it likely did cut down on the dog hairs in the car's back seat. Their coats may be short and slick, but pointers can be prodigious shedders. —Margaret G. Zackowitz

Flashback Archive Find all the photos at ngm.com.

Thanks to John Nelson for this contribution from the National Geographic Magazine

The Old Man Who Lives Down the Street

It was late 1947 when my family relocated from the Bronx to the Southern California town of North Hollywood. Back in the day, North Hollywood was just emerging from wide-open ranch land and the back lots of the old movie studios that were into making westerns. Tracts of modest homes were springing up here and there, and soon we even had a Sears and an A&P within four miles of our home. At the age of seven, North Hollywood was like another planet to me with wonderful weather, lizards, and jack rabbits running about, and mostly dirt streets – all of which I had never seen before.

So, imagine how excited I was when I spotted a very old car rumbling by my house; "spellbound" may be the best description. Of course, in the Bronx I had seen many cars, but they were mostly from the '30s and '40s. They had windows. They had doors. They had roofs. Now I'm staring at a car with wooden wheels, no windows, no top.

And holes rusted through on the fenders, with an older gentleman wearing a bushy moustache and a newsboy-style cap behind the steering wheel.

I quickly asked my neighbors about what I had seen and was informed that it was “the old man who lives down the street.” With that, my friend Randy got on his Schwinn, and I jumped on my trusty J.C. Higgins, and we peddled of into the direction of the Old Man. A short ride away from our tract of modern homes were a few ranchos of the early 1900s, with horses and cows, and chickens scurrying around, and that’s where we spotted the old car. It was parked under a shed attached to a garage and house with rough-sawn wood siding.

The Old Man was inside his garage tinkering with his modern car, which I think was a 1940 Chevrolet. He spotted us, and motioned for us to come take a closer look. Being a street-smart kid from New York City, I was a bit wary, but Randy’s dad knew the Old Man, so we went closer.

As we approached, I could see the Ford logo. The car had almost no paint left, and the surface rust make it look dark brown. The radiator and lights were tarnished brass, and the seats were very worn black leather. It had a horn with a long hose connected to a rubber bulb that, when squeezed, had a strange and wonderful bark to it. At this close range, I could see it did have two doors in back and no doors up front. The windscreen was very tall and, unlike the cars I was familiar with, it had a bunch of floor pedals and levers on the brass/wood steering wheel. The wood wheels looked ancient, and it had a hand crank out front.

The Old Man, whose name was Alvie Bond, told Randy and me that the car was a 1911 Ford Model T and that his father had given it to him when he was quite young. We were fascinated and curious, and the Old Man was very enthused when talking about the old Ford.

After several minutes of gawking, Alvie offered us a ride if Randy’s dad would come over and give his okay. We shook hands like little gentlemen, thanked him and raced home to share the news. We returned the next morning, Randy’s dad in tow, to what we thought would be the greatest adventure ever – a drive in a 1911 Ford Model T.

We knocked on the wide-plank wood door, and the Old Man gave us a friendly greeting inviting us into the old wood house. My memory of the house now brings to mind the TV show *Bonanza*. Lots of wood, Adirondack furniture, big fireplace, wood stove, icebox, and bowls of fruit that came from the Old Man’s yard.

Alvie’s garage was like a museum; old tools, stacks of tires in the corner, kerosene lanterns, engine parts on the workbench, and WWII posters on the walls. I’d never seen anything like this in the Bronx!

Time for our ride! The Old Man set the brake, set the spark lever, choked it, and grabbed the starter crank. Two or three cranks later, and voila, it came to life with a puff of smoke and noise, along with some shaking. Alvie got busy with the pedals and levers and off we went! It was bumpy, loud, wind in your face. Once Alvie got to Ruckstell high gear, we gained speed, and billows of dust were swirling behind us, with every dog in North Hollywood chasing us.

With a Richfield station fast approaching, we pulled in for refueling. Of course, in those days, an attendant was there to fill your tank, clean your windshield, check all fluids and air up the tires. \$1.00 for eight gallons! A Curries Ice Cream Parlor was right next-door, and Randy’s dad bought us all a cone for 5 cents each. Hitting 40 mph on the way back to the ranch, we arrived safe, sound, dusty and thrilled. What a day!

Thereafter, Alvie Bond became something of a mentor for Randy and me, teaching us a love for cars and many hands-on skills that I still use to this day. Now, some 70 years later, I too have come to enjoy sharing my passion for old cars with neighbors and friends, both young and old. But only recently it dawned on me that I may have now become “the Old Man who lives down the street.”

From Hemmings Classic Car magazine. By Michael Fichera, Thousand Oaks, California



Top 10 Worst Cities to Drive in:

- | | |
|------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 10. St. Louis, Missouri | 5. Albuquerque, New Mexico |
| 9. Newark, New Jersey | 4. Detroit, Michigan |
| 8. San Francisco, California | 3. Atlanta, Georgia |
| 7. Birmingham, Alabama | 2. Cincinnati, Ohio |
| 6. Baltimore, Maryland | 1. Washington, D.C. |

From Wallethub.com

Women's Corner

The Wedding Gown That Made History

Lilly Friedman doesn't remember the last name of the woman who designed and sewed the wedding gown she wore when she walked down the aisle over 60 years ago. But the grandmother of seven does recall that when she first told her fiancé Ludwig that she had always dreamed of being married in a white gown he realized he had his work cut out for him. For the tall, lanky 21-year-old who had survived hunger, disease and torture this was a different kind of challenge. How was he ever going to find such a dress in the Bergen Belsen Displaced Person's camp where they felt grateful for the clothes on their backs?

Fate would intervene in the guise of a former German pilot who walked into the food distribution center where Ludwig worked, eager to make a trade for his worthless parachute. In exchange for two pounds of coffee beans and a couple of packs of cigarettes Lilly would have her wedding gown.

For two weeks Miriam the seamstress worked under the curious eyes of her fellow DPs, carefully fashioning the six parachute panels into a simple, long sleeved gown with a rolled collar and a fitted waist that tied in the back with a bow. When the dress was completed she sewed the leftover material into a matching shirt for the groom.

A white wedding gown may have seemed like a frivolous request in the surreal environment of the camps, but for Lilly the dress symbolized the innocent, normal life she and her family had once led before the world descended into madness. Lilly and her siblings were raised in a Torah observant home in the small town of Zarica, Czechoslovakia where her father was a melamed (religious teacher), respected and well liked by the young yeshiva students he taught in nearby Irsheva. He and his two sons were marked for extermination immediately upon arriving at Auschwitz. For Lilly and her sisters it was only their first stop on their long journey of persecution, which included Plashof, Neustadt, Gross Rosen and finally Bergen Belsen.

Four hundred people marched 15 miles in the snow to the town of Celle on January 27, 1946 to attend Lilly and Ludwig's wedding. The town synagogue, damaged and desecrated, had been lovingly renovated by the DPs with the meager materials available to them. When a Sefer Torah arrived from England they converted an old kitchen cabinet into a makeshift Aron Kodesh.

"My sisters and I lost everything - our parents, our two brothers, our homes. The most important thing was to build a new home." Six months later, Lilly's sister Ilona wore the dress when she married Max Traeger. After that came Cousin Rosie. How many brides wore Lilly's dress? "I stopped counting after 17." With the camps experiencing the highest marriage rate in the world, Lilly's gown was in great demand.

In 1948 when President Harry Truman finally permitted the 100,000 Jews who had been languishing in DP camps since the end of the war to emigrate, the gown accompanied Lilly across the ocean to America. Unable to part with her dress, it lay at the bottom of her bedroom closet for the next 50 years, "not even good enough for a garage sale. I was happy when it found such a good home."

Home was the U.S. Holocaust Memorial Museum in Washington, D.C. When Lily's niece, a volunteer, told museum officials about her aunt's dress, they immediately recognized its historical significance and displayed the gown in a specially designed showcase, guaranteed to preserve it for 500 years.

But Lilly Friedman's dress had one more journey to make. Bergen Belsen, the museum, opened its doors on October 28, 2007. The German government invited Lilly and her sisters to be their guests for the grand opening. They initially declined, but finally traveled to Hanover the following year with their children, their grandchildren and extended families to view the extraordinary exhibit created for the wedding dress made from a parachute.

Lilly's family, who were all familiar with the stories about the wedding in Celle, were eager to visit the synagogue. They found the building had been completely renovated and modernized. But when they pulled aside the handsome curtain they were astounded to find that the Aron Kodesh, made from a kitchen cabinet, had remained untouched as a testament to the profound faith of the survivors. As Lilly stood on the bimah (a raised platform with a reading desk) once again she beckoned to her granddaughter, Jackie, to stand beside her where she was once a kallah (bride). "It was an emotional trip. We cried a lot."

Two weeks later, the woman who had once stood trembling before the selective eyes of the infamous Dr. Josef Mengele returned home and witnessed the marriage of her granddaughter.

The three Lax sisters - Lilly, Ilona and Eva, who together survived Auschwitz, a forced labor camp, a death march and Bergen Belsen - have remained close and today live within walking distance of each other in Brooklyn. As mere teenagers, they managed to outwit and outlive a monstrous killing machine, then went on to marry, have children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren and were ultimately honored by the country that had earmarked them for extinction. As young brides, they had stood underneath the chuppah (canopy traditionally used in Jewish weddings made of a cloth or sheet) and recited the blessings that their ancestors had been saying for thousands of years. In doing so, they chose to honor the legacy of those who had perished by choosing life.

Thanks to my friend Sylvia Stein for this touching story.



Lilly Friedman & her wedding gown

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	Jim Galloway	September 18
Linda Jarrard	September 12	Ron Meyer	September 28
Marti Meyers	September 17	Jan Mokler	September 1
Lee Noga	September 28	Linda Porter	September 8
Dolly Prather	September 21	Rose Tarr	September 20
Ginger Vetrano	September 13	Jay Waldroup	September 9
Don Woodford	September 10		



Anniversaries

Russ & Jane Armstrong	September 11	Rick & Wendi Ball	September 12
Richard & Rose Chastain	September 23	George & Linda Deering	September 20
Barry & Becky Long	September 7		

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