



Gas Gauge Ye Olde Car Club August 2018 Newsletter

The President's Message

August is the eighth month of the year in the Julian and Gregorian calendars, and the fifth of seven months to have a length of 31 days. In the Southern Hemisphere, August is the seasonal equivalent of February in the Northern Hemisphere. August's birthstone is the peridot. The flower is either the gladiola or the poppy meaning beauty, strength of character, love, marriage and family. National catfish day occurs in August. The first Friday in August is international beer day. On August 21, 1959, President Dwight D. Eisenhower signed a proclamation making Hawaii the 50th state.

Bits and Pieces

*** Sign in the window of a neighborhood restaurant: No, we do not have WI-FI. Talk to each other.

*** Teach your kids about taxes: eat 30% of their ice cream.

*** I may look like I'm having deep thoughts but 99% of the time I'm thinking of what I am going to eat later.

*** I find it ironic that the colors red, white, and blue stand for freedom until they are flashing behind you.

*** The location of your mailbox shows you how far away from your house you can go in a robe before you start looking like a mental patient.

The Remarkable Body

Inside your belly button are thousands of bacteria that form an ecosystem the size of an entire rainforest.

Where in the world.

Only three principalities – a sovereign state ruled by a monarch with the title of prince – Liechtenstein, Monaco and the co-principality of Andorra.

Actual Label Instructions

On some Swann frozen dinners: Serving suggestion: Defrost. (But it's *just* a suggestion!)

Fun Food Facts

Before 1491 and the coinciding exploration of the New World, the following crops were only found in the Americas: Beans, corn, potatoes, squash, chili cacao, tomatoes, and vanilla.

EVENTS

Ladies Luncheons:

August 9 Ladies Luncheon had 5 ladies who braved the heat. AND the ice cream after lunch was Yummy!
September 13 – Ladies Luncheon will be held at the McClary home, 5624 W. 8th Avenue, Kennewick. Hostess is Dolores McClary. 509-783-3622. If you have a hobby or collection that you would like to share, please bring it along. Everyone would love to hear about it.

The busiest freeway interchange in the world is in Los Angeles, CA.

The interchange is the meeting place of four separate highways: I-5 (Golden State Freeway/Santa Ana Freeway), I-10 (San Bernardino Freeway/Santa Monica Freeway), SR 60 East (Pomona Freeway), and US 101 (Santa Ana Freeway). As even someone who has never driven the busy interchange can imagine, that's a lot of cars coming together at once. The interchange typically has bumper to bumper traffic almost all day and the southern portion alone handles over 550,000 vehicles per day. To put that into perspective, that's roughly the population of the entire state of Wyoming, in car form, passing through the exchange.

Further complicating the whole affair, not only is it the most heavily traveled interchange in the world, but the layout of the highways is not conducive to easy movement between them. In order to move from one highway to another, travelers frequently have to exit the interchange all together and transition using smaller interstate connections instead of remaining on the main exchange.

From HowtoGeek.com

The Story of the Race

Excerpts from the booklet of the original story of the 1909 Transcontinental Contest for the Guggenheim Trophy which was won by a Ford, as told by one of the crew in the Ford #1 car.

In March of 1909 there came into the office of the Ford Motor Company an announcement of a contest to be run under the auspices of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition. This contest or race was to start from New York City and end in Seattle. There were no restrictions as to size or power of cars, no schedules to make it a joy ride for contestants, no limitations to handicap any entry. It looked like a splendid chance for a car to prove its superiority. Mr. Ford at once decided to enter and so advised the Committee in charge of arrangements.

It was expected by those in charge that the entry list would be large. Certainly no such chance had ever before been offered to prove the possibilities of the modern Automobile. Here was no circular track event whereon a sudden short-lived burst of speed on the part of a possibly inferior car could bring home some unworthy contestant a much-heralded winner. Unless the car was worthy, it would not finish. If the car were right, it could be expected to go through and any car that finished such a grueling run would reflect credit on the manufacturer. And what a chance it offered not only to prove claims each manufacturer made for his car, but to bring out weak points in design and construction and so offer an opportunity to improve the product through actual knowledge of the needs as brought out in service. At least Mr. Ford so regarded it and his entry was influenced thereby.

At first this seemed to be the general opinion and a large entry appeared assured; at one time there were 35 cars promised. These promises went as far as promises could without resolving themselves into signed entries. But investigations began to bring to light facts regarding the difficulties of the trip. Stories of the gumbo

mud of the central west, of the sands of Wyoming and Idaho, the mountains from Colorado west, of the snow in many of the passes, began to appear. The big pathfinder out two months was still on the way. Then the enthusiasm dwindled. The possible entrants decreased in number – at times it appeared as if the two Fords would have no competition. Mr. Ford had however, decided to make the run, race or no race, for here was his chance to prove that a light weight car, well built, was the right car for every day, all-kinds-of-road use. Now that the race is finished we do not blame anyone for withdrawing. None but a light car had any right to consider such a trip.

No race ever run encountered one-tenth as much opposition as did this Trans-continental Contest for the M. Robert Guggenheim trophy. The actual starters were:

- 1.) Ford Model T
- 2.) Ford Model T
- 3.) Stearns, Model 30-60 (started 2 days late owing to reported engine difficulty)
- 4.) Acme, 6 cylinder
- 5.) Shawmut, 4 cylinder
- 6.) Itala, 4 cylinder

The Fords were assigned numbers 1 and 2 as they were the first cars to enter. Note that there were 30 cities between New York and Seattle to which all cars must travel, there to receive passports. As long as all cars passed through all these cities, any route between could be followed.

The start was made at 3 PM on June 1st from the City Hall, New York City. President Taft at Washington touched a golden key which simultaneously opened the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition at Seattle and started the race from New York. Mayor McClellan announced the start with a shot fired from a golden pistol. The race was on.

It will be noted that the first day's run terminated at Poughkeepsie – only 73 miles – but it lay in the mountains and the 3 hours and 40 minutes required to traverse that distance reflects credit on all the cars. The run to St. Louis arranged by daily schedule passed without incident unless the arrival of both the Fords together and from two to six hours in advance of any competitor at the various controls can be cited as interesting incidents.

Buffalo to Cleveland, 196 miles, was made by the Fords in seven hours and 30 minutes, these cars passing all contestants and arriving at Cleveland one hour and 15 minutes ahead. Then leaving Cleveland, all contestants together and in the rain, the 125 miles to Toledo was a drive through the mud. Here the light Fords had the advantage and arrived on time and four hours ahead of the Shawmut, the next to arrive.

But leaving St. Louis at 8 PM on June 6th inaugurated the real competition in the race. Across the state lay Kansas City. Most of the distance between the roads ran from bad to medium, for there had been a great deal of rain for some weeks previous. The two Fords arrived together first by over two hours having made the run in 20 hours and 40 minutes, a new record for the run across the state.

Leaving Kansas City in the rain, we encountered an almost continuous spell of wet weather for several days. Every day we wore rubber coats and hip boots and pushed through mile after mile of mud. The monotony of this was frequently varied by having to ford a stream where the unusual rainfall had washed away the bridge. Often these swollen streams had beds of quicksand and the car striking them would instantly sink until the body resting on the sand prevented further settling. Where a heavy car had to resort to horses and a block and tackle, the two men in each Ford car could pick up their car, place the wheels on planks and proceed across. In all this clinging, clayey mud, quicksand and washouts, neither Ford had to resort to outside power for assistance.

Ford #2 had proceeded but a few miles out of Kansas City when an accident befell it which for a time seemed likely to put the car out of the race. About 11 PM on June 7, a heavy storm arose causing the crew of Ford #1 to cease operations until morning. The driver in Ford #2 decided to push ahead and make Topeka. In the slippery mud, the car skidded down a 14-foot embankment into a stream, throwing both crew into the water. There the car lay until morning when the other Ford came along, helped pull out #2 and get it on the road and then proceed. The axle was badly bent. The crew walked three miles to a blacksmith shop, straightened the axle, returned, replaced it and started again. They were now six hours behind. Ford #1 made Manhattan and waited for Ford #2 and together they proceeded toward Denver.

And still it rained – not your ordinary showers, but hard pelting torrents when the heavens seemed to open and pour out their contents in floods. Roads ceased to be anything but mud trails and waterways. The fields provided better going than the highways. Mile after mile cross country made fast time impossible. In 15 hours on June 11, the two Ford cars covered 90 miles. Five inches of water fell June 10 and 11.

35 miles east of Denver, both Ford cars got into the quicksand in the bed of Sand Creek. 30 feet from shore and working in water up to their waists, if the cars had not been light cars, and with the aid of the roof of a deserted pig pen which they shoved under the wheels after lifting the back end of the car. Both cars made it out and to Denver.

In Cheyenne, Wyoming it continued to rain. When it rains in Wyoming, it does not make much mud. It just pours down the mountainsides and cuts sluiceways across the road at intervals of about 50 feet. These ditches run about 18 inches deep and offer considerable difficulty to automobiles.

It was interesting, however, to compare the time we were able to make with railroad schedule. Leaving Cheyenne at 11 AM, we noticed the No.3 China-Japan fast mail on the Union Pacific just pulling out. Laramie is 57 miles west of Cheyenne. The schedule for this train calls for arrival at Laramie at 2:15 PM. The train winds in and out around the mountains – the automobile road goes straight over them. We left with the train and it pulled away. Five times we met and the passengers displayed a continually increasing interest. They began to watch for us. We arrived in Laramie five minutes ahead of the train.

Rawlins, Wyoming was next and the Ford cars were now first and second. To get into Rawlins necessitated using the railroad ties for a mile, this including the approach to and the railroad bridge over the Platte River at Fort Steele. The track was not ballasted and the ties 15" – 18" apart. Our 30" wheels hit every separate tie a distinct and separate bump and each car came into Rawlins with a broken wheel. It delayed us twelve hours making repairs.

Up to Granger, Wyoming, the route had followed the path of previous transcontinentalists, but from this point the other trips had been made via the southern route across Utah and Nevada into California. This route had been considered easier than the northern one into Seattle on account of the mountains to be crossed. But our route was the northern so we left the old trail at Granger and started on that part of the trip which no automobile had before made without railroad aid.

By continuous riding Ford #1 made Pocatello, Idaho on June 17. The run into Pocatello from Opal to Montpelier, and Montpelier to Pocatello after a rain is exciting. There are down grades up to 1,000 feet in length averaging 30% where the roadway in places is six inches wider than the car tread and a slip means dashing hundreds of feet onto the rocks below.

Ford #2 was in the lead and made it first to Boise and received \$100 for that. Then it made it to Wieser, Idaho and Baker City, Oregon and then Walla Walla, Washington. It received the silver cup for the first car to enter the state of Washington. It made North Yakima still further in the lead, crossed the dreaded snow covered Snoqualmie Pass and landed in Seattle at noon, June 23, the winner by seventeen hours, having covered the 4106 miles in 20 days, 52 minutes official time. The Shawmut came in second, Ford #1 was third, Acme came in fourth, Itala came in fifth and the Stearns never got out of New York State. The winner was presented with the \$3500 trophy and \$2000 in gold. Second place received \$1500, third \$1000.

Thank you to David Gerkenmeyer for loaning me this very interesting story.

Senior Shoplifter

A cranky older woman "in her senior years" was arrested for shoplifting at a grocery store. She gave everyone a hard time, from the store manager to the security guard to the arresting officer who took her away. She complained and criticized everything and everyone throughout the process.

When she appeared before the judge, the judge asked her what she had stolen from the store. The lady defiantly replied, "Just a stupid can of peaches you old fool." The judge then asked why she had done it. She replied, "I was hungry and forgot to bring any cash to the store."

The judge asked how many peaches were in the can. She replied in a nasty tone, "Nine! But why do you care about that?" The judge answered patiently, "Well, ma'am, because I'm going to give you nine days in jail -- one day for each peach."

As the judge was about to drop his gavel, the lady's long-suffering husband raised his hand slowly and asked if he might speak. The judge said, "Yes sir, what do you have to add?" The husband said meekly, "Your Honor, she also stole two cans of peas."

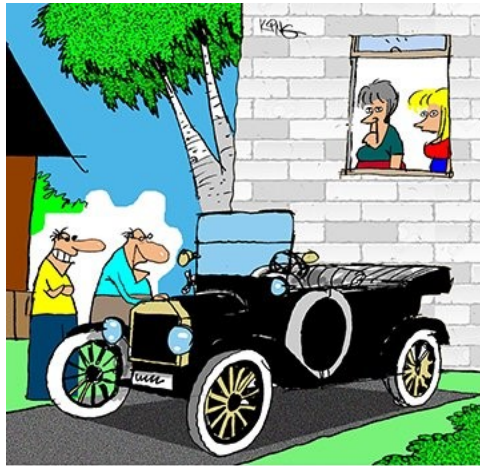
As slow as molasses in January

It seems like something out of a bad horror movie, but it's a quite real disaster that befell the citizens of Boston: a massive wave of molasses. On January 15th, 1919 a huge 2.3 million gallon holding tank in a molasses factory burst catastrophically. The sudden release of the molasses (and the pressure in the tank) created a wave of tsunami like proportions; witnesses reported the wall-like wave of molasses was 30 feet tall.

Buildings close to the wave's peak strength were completely destroyed with wreckage scattered fifty or more yards from the site. Secondary damage was wrought by the shards of the tank falling down (one such

shard fell on a firehouse and crushed the building along with the three firemen inside). The total death toll was 21 citizens with another 150 injured.

“As slow as molasses in January” proved that even a trite truism can turn, under the right circumstances, into a disaster.



“I just think that installing a backup camera, Bluetooth and GPS takes away from its classic appeal.”

In the United States, Stop signs are octagonal because the sides indicate the danger level.

Some of the elements of the stop sign make sense. Red is eye catching and mirrors both the red of the stop light and the general caution that we attach to red things (other things, like warning labels, are often accented in red too). The bold and large letters also make sense—they're easy to read. But why an octagon? The reason can be found way back in 1923. At that point in time, traffic signage was quite non-standard, but engineers at the Mississippi Valley Association of State Highway Departments wanted to change that.

Not only did they put out recommendations that proved highly influential and shaped how signage was codified across the country, but they had a rather analytical and focused method for determining how a sign should be shaped. Their logic was this: the number of sides a sign had should correspond to the danger/risk level the sign indicated. Plain rectangular and square signs were fine for information (like a speed limit posting), but stop signs should have 8 sides to indicate the increased risk of not stopping at an intersection. The signs for what they considered the most dangerous thing at the time, railway crossings, were round (because, technically, a circle has infinite sides).

From HowtoGeek.com

The Importance of Walking

Walking can add minutes to your life.

This enables you at 85 years old To spend an additional 5 months in a nursing Home at \$7000 per month.

My grandpa started walking Five miles a day when he was 60. Now he's 97 years old And we don't know where the hell he is.

I like long walks, Especially when they are taken By people who annoy me.

The only reason I would take up walking is so that I could hear heavy breathing again .

I have to walk early in the morning, before my brain figures out what I'm doing.

I joined a health club last year, spent about 400 bucks. Haven't lost a pound. Apparently you have to go there.

Every time I hear the dirty word 'exercise', I wash my mouth out with chocolate.

I do have flabby thighs, but fortunately my stomach covers them.

The advantage of exercising every day is so when you die, they'll say, 'Well, she looks good doesn't she.'

If you are going to try cross-country skiing, start with a small country.

I know I got a lot of exercise the last few years,...Just getting over the hill.

We all get heavier as we get older, because there's a lot more information in our heads. That's my story and I'm sticking to it.

AND

Every time I start thinking too much about how I look, I just find a Happy Hour and by the time I leave, I look just fine.

You could run this over to your friends, but just e-mail it to them.

Thanks to my cousin Joan Ryan for this important information.

Vision acuity is often expressed as a fraction. If you have 20/20 vision, then you can see what people with normal vision see at 20 feet. If you have 20/40 vision, then you need to be 20 feet away to see what other people can see at 40 feet. At 20/60, you must be as close as 20 feet away to see what others see clearly at 60 feet, and so on. Legal blindness is defined as a medically diagnosed central visual acuity of 20/200 or less in the better eye (with the best possible correction) and/or a visual field of 20 degrees or less.

From howtogeek.com

WOMEN'S CORNER

LIFE

On the first day, God created the dog and said: 'Sit all day by the door of your house and bark at anyone who comes in or walks past. For this, I will give you a life span of twenty years.' The dog said: 'That's a long time to be barking. How about only ten years and I'll give you back the other ten?' So God agreed.

On the second day, God created the monkey and said: 'Entertain people, do tricks, and make them laugh. For this, I'll give you a twenty-year life span.' The monkey said: 'Monkey tricks for twenty years? That's a pretty long time to perform. How about I give you back ten like the Dog did?' And God agreed.

On the third day, God created the cow and said: 'You must go into the field with the farmer all day long and suffer under the sun, have calves and give milk to support the farmer's family. For this, I will give you a life span of sixty years.' The cow said: 'That's kind of a tough life you want me to live for sixty years. How about twenty and I'll give back the other forty?' And God agreed again.

On the fourth day, God created humans and said: 'Eat, sleep, play, marry and enjoy your life. For this, I'll give you twenty years.' But the human said: 'Only twenty years? Could you possibly give me my twenty, the forty the cow gave back, the ten the monkey gave back, and the ten the dog gave back; that makes eighty, okay?'

'Okay,' said God, 'You asked for it.'

So that is why for our first twenty years we eat, sleep, play and enjoy ourselves. For the next forty years we slave in the sun to support our family. For the next ten years we do monkey tricks to entertain the grandchildren. And for the last ten years we sit on the front porch and bark at everyone.

Life has now been explained to you. There is no need to thank me for this valuable information. I'm doing it as a public service.

This website is full of advertising material for most any car and year. Very cool. Thanks to Robin Johanson

<http://www.lov2xlr8.no/broch1.html>

Birthdays and Anniversaries in August



Birthdays

Frank Baker	August 20	Delores Benson	August 26
Gary Boehnke	August 15	Susan Calhoun	August 14
Roger Gress	August 16	Debbie Hannah	August 15
Cory Hannah	August 4	Nellie Kuepper	August 10
John Kutrowski	August 1	John Madden	August 28
Peggy Madden	August 5	Gayle Noga	August 22
Lynn Patterson	August 19	Paul Rascon	August 26
Rick Rickard	August 24	Edris Shegrud	August 23
John Soliz	August 15		



Anniversaries

Andy & Grace Andringa	August 26	Thomas & Laura Beaver	August 29
Randy & Jean Bunch	August 23	Bill & Linda Jarrard	August 13
Clarence & Norma Kummer	August 10	John & Peggy Madden	August 1
Phil & Dolly Prather	August 9	Mike & Mary Sams	August 4
Tom & Ingrid Smith	August 28	Jay & Barbara Thomas	August 27

2018 YOCC Officers

Sharon Wells, President
783-3113
jerrysharonwells@gmail.com

John Hopkins, Vice President
987-4504
jhn_Hopkins@hotmail.com

Bob Gough, Treasurer
628-1493
rbrtgough40@gmail.com

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

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

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

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

John Hopkins, Swap Meet
987-4504
jhn_Hopkins@hotmail.com

Bill White, Swap Meet
946-7633
williamblwh@yahoo.com

Sharon Wells, Activities Director
783-3113
jerrysharonwells@gmail.com

Directors

Rick Ball
509-392-9914
rick@bushcarwash.com

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

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

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

Tour Committee

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

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

Randy Bunch
543-6554
jrbunch@charter.net

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