



Gas Gauge Ye Olde Car Club November 2022 Newsletter

November 2022 Prez says ramblings

I would like to welcome new members Kevin and Roseanne Davis, Daniel "Corky" Farrell, Charlie and Chantelle Freeman, Jason and Kelly Maxwell, Steve and Marian Morton, Dave and Dawn Roberts, and Gary Shindehite to the club. We hope everyone enjoys getting to know us and become active members.

There are 109 members that have signed up to attend the Christmas dinner and party at the Pasco Eagles Club, 2829 W Sylvester Street in Pasco, on Wednesday December 14th from 5:00 to 8:00 PM. We pushing the limit of space available, any additional requests will be on a case by case basis. The club started collecting payment at the pizza meeting on October 27 and will accept payment at the weekly Wednesday meetings or by mail at Ye Olde Car Club, P.O. Box 2023, Richland, WA 99352. The price will be \$10.00 per person until November 30 and \$15.00 per person from December 1 to December 13. Please be courteous to Don Buckles (our treasurer) and pay in advance, so he can enjoy the Christmas dinner as well.

The club has started collecting dues for 2023 at our weekly Wednesday meetings or by mail at Ye Olde Car Club, P.O. Box 2023, Richland, WA 99352.

The club is still looking for volunteers for 2023 club officers. Positions needed are: President, Vice President, Treasurer, Secretary, and one Board Member. As well as service positions: Editor, Sunshine, Webmaster, Activities Director and 2024 Swap Meet Chairman. It's time to do your part and keep the club strong! Members have stepped up to volunteer for the Vice President / Activities Director, Board Member and Editor. But the club can't operate with only these position filled. You can notify the club by email at yocclub@gmail.com, by mail at Ye Olde Car Club, P.O. Box 2023, Richland, WA 99352 or in person to any club officer.

Bits and Pieces

No matter how hard you try, you can't baptize cats.

Don't sneeze when someone is cutting your hair.

Wrinkles don't hurt.

Families are like fudge... mostly sweet, with a few nuts.

Today's mighty oak is just yesterday's nut that held its ground.

It would be nice to spend billions on schools and roads, but right now that money is desperately needed for political ads.

I just ordered a life alert bracelet so if I get a life, I'll be notified immediately.

Finally figured out why I look so bad in pictures. It's my face.

The Remarkable Body

Babies seem to have such large eyes because humans are born with eyes approximately 75 percent of their adult size; the remaining 25 percent of growth occurs slowly between birth and the end of adolescence.

Where in the world.

In eastern Africa you can buy beer brewed from bananas.

Fun Food Facts

Pistachios are actually fruits.

Ladies Lunch in November had 11 ladies attending. Thanks DaJuan. There will be no. December Ladies Lunch. January Ladies Lunch will be co-hosted by Myrtle Nesbitt and Ginger Vetrano. Please call Myrtle at 509-586-5629 or Ginger at 509-783-9205.

Some interesting stuff about November:

November's full Moon is traditionally called the Beaver Moon. In the Colonial Era, this was the month to set one's beaver traps before the swamps froze and beavers retired to their lodges, to ensure a supply of warm winter furs.

On November 19, 1978, the largest group suicide in history took place in Jonestown, Guyana. Reverend Jim Jones lead the suicide cult called the "People's Temple". Over 900 of the cult members drank a cyanide-laced drink, with those who refused being forced to consume it.

November 22, 1963 President John F. Kennedy was fatally shot while riding along with his wife in a procession of cars in Dallas, Texas. He was rushed to a hospital all too late and was pronounced dead at 1 pm that day. Kennedy was the fourth US president to be assassinated, after Abraham Lincoln, James Garfield, and William McKinley.

Thanksgiving is celebrated on the fourth Thursday of November

November 3, 1957, was a historic day for both Soviet Russia and the world. It was on this day that the first spacecraft carrying a live passenger was successfully launched into space. The passenger was Leika the dog.

November is the official month of banana pudding lovers

November is National Pomegranate Month

On November 19, 1863, President Abraham Lincoln delivered the Gettysburg Address

Why is 9/10 added to Gas Prices?

In a country where people can't buy anything for a penny anymore, it seems odd to pull up to a gas station and see a fraction of a cent included in the price. So what's the deal?

The practice of tacking 9/10 of a cent on the end of a gas price goes back to when gas cost only pennies per gallon and was a tax imposed by state and federal governments. Gas stations added the fraction of a cent on the end of the price instead of rounding up the price. Back then, a full penny would have been a

budget-buster for customers. The federal tax was implemented in 1932 as part of the Revenue Act of 1932 and was supposed to expire in 1934 — except it never did.

Instead of ending the tax, Congress extended — and increased — it. The tax was intended to help provide funds for roads and infrastructure during the Great Depression. Around the same time, gas stations began to display prices of gas by fractions of a cent. So Americans just accepted the idea that the tax was simply that, a fraction of a cent. And it was at the time the tax was implemented because gas per gallon was about 10 cents, so the amount of the additional tax was quite insignificant.

However, gas prices have increased considerably, and the 9/10 tax remains. As of as of Jan. 1, 2022, the average of total state taxes on a gallon of gasoline was 31 cents and 33 cents on diesel, though some states like California pay as much as 58.8 cents per gallon in local taxes. Federal taxes add on average another 18.3 cents per gallon on gasoline and 24.3 cents per gallon on diesel. Still fractions of a cent, but the 9/10 figure to account for it is long outdated.

Gas prices tend to fluctuate, but in 2022, the price has soared. The average price for a gallon of regular gas as of April 18, 2022, according to AAA, was \$4.08; if you buy mid-range or premium, the price increases to between \$4.50 and \$4.75 a gallon. But the average price per gallon in 2022 was as high \$4.33 — that was March 11.

Consumers do have tons of options for buying gas, including innovative technology to help them find the cheapest prices, via smartphone or apps built right into the car's infotainment system. And we've been rounding up that fraction to a full extra penny so long, we barely even notice it. So why is it still there?

Look at it this way. If you're shopping for other products, like groceries or clothes, you probably tend to disregard the cents after the dollar price. Even if the price ends in .99, you likely mentally round down instead of up.

Gas prices benefit from the same phenomenon, except on an even smaller scale. We tend to disregard the 9/10 completely. We see gas priced at \$4.08 9/10 as \$4.08 a gallon, not \$4.09. And the 9/10 only increases the price of a 20-gallon fill up by about 20 cents, but every penny counts, right?

So how much of a difference does that extra 9/10 of a cent make across the industry as a whole? Marketplace reports those extra penny fragments add up to half a billion dollars per year.

Thanks to David Gerkenmeyer for this contribution.

Black November

A Turkey's Lament

When I was a young turkey, new to the coop,
My big brother Mike took me out on the stoop,

Then he sat me down, and he spoke real slow,
And he told me there was something that I had to know;

His look and his tone I will always remember,
When he told me of the horrors of...Black November;

"Come about August, now listen to me,
Each day you'll be thick, where once you were thin,
And you'll grow a big rubbery thing under your chin.

"And then one morning, when you're warm in your bed,
In'll burst the farmer's wife, and hack off your head;

"Then she'll pluck out all your feathers so you're bald' n pink,
And scoop out all your insides and leave ya lyin' in the sink,

"And then comes the worst part" he said not bluffing,
"She'll spread your cheeks and pack your rear with stuffing".

Well, the rest of his words were too grim to repeat,
I sat on the stoop like a winged piece of meat,

And decided on the spot that to avoid being cooked,
I'd have to lay low and remain overlooked;

I began a new diet of nuts and granola,
High-roughage salads, juice and diet cola,
And as they ate pastries, chocolates and crepes,
I stayed in my room doing Jane Fonda tapes,
I maintained my weight of two pounds and a half,
And tried not to notice when the bigger birds laughed;
But 'twas I who was laughing, under my breath,
As they chomped and they chewed, ever closer to death;
And sure enough when Black November rolled around,
I was the last turkey left in the entire compound;
So now I'm a pet in the farmer's wife's lap;
I haven't a worry, so I eat and I nap,
She held me today, while sewing and humming,
And smiled at me and said "Christmas is coming....."



STORYWRITERS

November meeting at the Richland Public Library...

This Monday, 11/14/22 from 1:15 - 2:45pm.

Monthly theme: Inspiration

Guest Speaker: Gaynor Dawson, published poet and author. The public is invited to attend this free meeting and hear this Richland native, now living near Walla Walla, speak about what inspires him to write.

Thanks to Mary Rickard.

Did You Know...

Violets have long been described as having an ephemeral and almost magical scent, and with good scientific reason. The scent of violets comes from a compound called ionone which, aside from smelling very sweet, also has the peculiar property of overwhelming our scent receptors and temporarily shutting them off. This side effect means that over the course of smelling a violet several times in a row, our ability to smell it comes and goes in waves, creating the illusion that we're smelling it anew again and again.

of 1621 was a bountiful one. And the remaining colonists decided to celebrate with a feast -- including 91 Indians who had helped the Pilgrims survive their first year. It is believed that the Pilgrims would not have made it through the year without the help of the natives. The feast was more of a traditional English harvest festival than a true "thanksgiving" observance. It lasted three days. Governor William Bradford sent "four men fowling" after wild ducks and geese. It is not certain that wild turkey was part of their feast. However, it is certain that they had venison. The term "turkey" was used by the Pilgrims to mean any sort of wild fowl.

Another modern staple at almost every Thanksgiving table is pumpkin pie. But it is unlikely that the first feast included that treat. The supply of flour had been long diminished, so there was no bread or pastries of any kind. However, they did eat boiled pumpkin, and they produced a type of fried bread from their corn crop. There was also no milk, cider, potatoes, or butter. There were no domestic cattle for dairy products, and the newly discovered potato was still considered by many Europeans to be poisonous. But the feast did include fish, berries, watercress, lobster, dried fruit, clams, venison, and plums.

This "thanksgiving" feast was not repeated the following year. But in 1623, during a severe drought, the pilgrims gathered in a prayer service, praying for rain. When a long, steady rain followed the very next day, Governor

Bradford proclaimed another day of Thanksgiving, again inviting their Indian friends. It wasn't until June of 1676 that another Day of Thanksgiving was proclaimed.

On June 20, 1676, the governing council of Charlestown, Massachusetts, held a meeting to determine how best to express thanks for the good fortune that had seen their community securely established. By unanimous vote they instructed Edward Rawson, the clerk, to proclaim June 29 as a day of thanksgiving. It is notable that this thanksgiving celebration probably did not include the Indians, as the celebration was meant partly to be in recognition of the colonists' recent victory over the "heathen natives." October of 1777 marked the first time that all 13 colonies joined in a thanksgiving celebration. It also commemorated the patriotic victory over the

British at Saratoga. But it was a one-time affair.

George Washington proclaimed a National Day of Thanksgiving in 1789, although some were opposed to it. There was discord among the colonies, many feeling the hardships of a few Pilgrims did not warrant a national holiday. And later, President Thomas Jefferson scoffed at the idea of having a day of thanksgiving.

It was Sarah Josepha Hale, a magazine editor, whose efforts eventually led to what we recognize as Thanksgiving. Hale wrote many editorials championing her cause in her *Boston Ladies' Magazine*, and later, in *Godey's Lady's Book*. Finally, after a 40-year campaign of writing editorials and letters to governors and presidents, Hale's obsession became a reality when, in 1863, President Lincoln proclaimed the *last* Thursday in November as a national day of Thanksgiving.

Thanksgiving was proclaimed by every president after Lincoln. The date was changed a couple of times, most recently by Franklin Roosevelt, who set it up one week to the next-to-last Thursday in order to create a longer Christmas shopping season. Public uproar against this decision caused the president to move Thanksgiving back to its original date two years later. And in 1941, Thanksgiving was finally sanctioned by Congress as a legal holiday, as the *fourth* Thursday in November.

FOR SALE: 1953 Ford Customline 4-Dr Sedan. Flathead V-8, 3-Speed with overdrive. Runs great. Fair to good interior. Mostly stock with 6V alternator, dual exhaust, Bluetooth, headers, front disc brakes. Asking \$8500 or best offer. Stephen Scott – 509-582-2547 or email stephenca118@aol.com.

WOMEN'S CORNER

The Folded napkin

If this doesn't light your fire...your wood is wet!

I try not to be biased, but I had my doubts about hiring Stevie. His placement counselor assured me that he would be a good, reliable busboy. But I had never had a mentally handicapped employee and wasn't sure I wanted one. I wasn't sure how my customers would react to Stevie.

He was short, a little dumpy with the smooth facial features and thick-tongued speech of Downs Syndrome. I wasn't worried about most of my trucker customers because truckers don't generally care who buses tables as long as the meatloaf platter is good and the pies are homemade.

The four-wheeler drivers were not the ones who concerned me; the mouthy college kids traveling to school; the yuppie snobs who secretly polish their silverware with their napkins for fear of catching some dreaded "truck stop germ," the pairs of white-shirted business men on expense accounts who think every truck stop waitress wants to be flirted with. I knew those people would be uncomfortable around Stevie so I closely watched him for the first few weeks.

I shouldn't have worried. After the first week, Stevie had my staff wrapped around his stubby little finger, and within a month my truck regulars had adopted him as their official truck stop mascot. After that, I really didn't care what the rest of the customers thought of him. He was like a 21-year-old kid in blue jeans and Nikes, eager to laugh and eager to please, but fierce in his attention to his duties. Every salt and pepper shaker was exactly in its place, not a bread crumb or coffee spill was visible when Stevie got done with the table.

Our only problem was persuading him to wait to clean a table until after the customers were finished. He would hover in the background, shifting his weight from one foot to the other, scanning the dining room until a table was empty. Then he would scurry to the empty table and carefully bus dishes and glasses onto his cart and meticulously wipe the table up with a practiced flourish of his rag. If he thought a customer was watching, his brow would pucker with added concentration. He took pride in doing his job exactly right, and you had to love how hard he tried to please each and every person he met.

Over time, we learned that he lived with his mother, a widow who was disabled after repeated surgeries for cancer. They lived on their Social Security benefits in public housing two miles from the truck stop. Their social worker, who stopped to check on him every so often, admitted they had fallen between the cracks. Money was tight, and what I paid him was probably the difference between them being able to live together and Stevie being sent to a group home. That's why the restaurant was a gloomy place that morning last August, the first morning in three years that Stevie missed work.

He was at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester getting a new valve or something put in his heart. His social worker said that people with Downs Syndrome often have heart problems at an early age so this wasn't unexpected, and there was a good chance he would come through the surgery in good shape and be back at work in a few months.

A ripple of excitement ran through the staff later that morning when word came that he was out of surgery, in recovery, and doing fine. Frannie, the head waitress, let out a war hoop and did a little dance in the aisle when she heard the good news. Marvin Ringers, one of our regular trucker customers, stared at the sight of this 50-year-old grandmother of four doing a victory shimmy beside his table. Frannie blushed, smoothed her apron and shot Marvin a withering look. He grinned. "OK, Frannie, what was that all about?" he asked. "We just got word that Stevie is out of surgery and going to be okay." "I was wondering where he was. I had a new joke to tell him. What was the surgery about?" said Marvin.

Frannie quickly told Marvin and the other two drivers sitting at his booth about Stevie's surgery, then sighed: "Yeah, I'm glad he is going to be OK," she said. "But I don't know how he and his Mom are going to handle all the bills. From what I hear, they're barely getting by as it is." Marvin nodded thoughtfully, and Frannie hurried off to wait on the rest of her tables. Since I hadn't had time to round up a busboy to replace Stevie and really didn't want to replace him, the girls were busing their own tables that day until we decided what to do.

After the morning rush, Frannie walked into my office. She had a couple of paper napkins in her hand and a funny look on her face. "What's up?" I asked. "I didn't get that table where Marvin and his friends were sitting cleared off after they left, and Pete and Tony were sitting there when I got back to clean it off," she said. "This was folded and tucked under a coffee cup."

She handed the napkin to me, and three \$20 bills fell onto my desk when I opened it. On the outside, in big, bold letters, was printed "Something For Stevie." "Pete asked me what that was all about," she said, "so I told him about Stevie and his Mom and everything, and Pete looked at Tony and Tony looked at Pete, and they ended up giving me this." She handed me another paper napkin that had "Something For Stevie" scrawled on its outside. Two \$50 bills were tucked with in its folds. Frannie looked at me with wet, shiny eyes, shook her head and said simply: "truckers."

That was three months ago. Today is Thanksgiving, the first day Stevie is supposed to be back to work. His placement worker said he's been counting the days until the doctor said he could work, and it didn't matter at all that it was a holiday. He called 10 times in the past week, making sure we knew he was coming, fearful that we had forgotten him or that his job was in jeopardy.

I arranged to have his mother bring him to work. I then met them in the parking lot and invited them both to celebrate his day back. Stevie was thinner and paler, but couldn't stop grinning as he pushed through the doors and headed for the back room where his apron and busing cart were waiting.

"Hold up there, Stevie, not so fast," I said. I took him and his mother by their arms. "Work can wait for a minute. To celebrate your coming back, breakfast for you and your mother is on me!" I led them toward a large corner booth at the rear of the room. I could feel and hear the rest of the staff following behind as we marched through the dining room. Glancing over my shoulder, I saw booth after booth of grinning truckers empty and join

the procession. We stopped in front of the big table. Its surface was covered with coffee cups, saucers and dinner plates, all sitting slightly crooked on dozens of folded paper napkins.

"First thing you have to do, Stevie, is clean up this mess," I said. I tried to sound stern. Stevie looked at me, and then at his mother, then pulled out one of the napkins. It had "Something for Stevie" printed on the outside. As he picked it up, two \$10 bills fell onto the table. Stevie stared at the money, then at all the napkins peeking from beneath the tableware, each with his name printed or scrawled on it. I turned to his mother. "There's more than \$10,000 in cash and checks on that table, all from truckers and trucking companies that heard about your problems. "Happy Thanksgiving."

Well, it got real noisy about that time, with everybody hollering and shouting, and there were a few tears, as well. But you know what's funny? While everybody else was busy shaking hands and hugging each other, Stevie, with a big smile on his face, was busy clearing all the cups and dishes from the table.

Best worker I ever hired.

Plant a seed and watch it grow.

If you shed a tear, hug yourself, because you are a compassionate person.

Birthdays and Anniversaries in November



Birthdays

Barbara Baker	November 24	Thomas Beaver	November 22
Kevin Davis	November 19	Maryanne Goble	November 15
Margie Grant	November 13	Timothy Hubler	November 29
Sherry Kowalski	November 14	Rochelle Peck	November 29
DaJuan Recknagle	November 17	Ron Riedner	November 21
Michelle Rose	November 27	Randy Rutherford	November 18
Diana Stephenson	November 30	Cyndy Underwood	November 25
Elizabeth Wagner	November 15	Greg Westby	November 4



Anniversaries

Ron & Wendy Kihlman	November 14	Ron & Anne Riedner	November 3
Glenis & Rose Tarr	November 6	Jim & Elizabeth Wagner	November 8
Jerry & Sharon Wells	November 12		

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