



Gas Gauge Ye Olde Car Club December 2017 Newsletter

The President's Message

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to you and yours.

The past two years have been a blessing to me and my family and I hope you feel the same. It's amazing how time flies when you're having fun. I thank you for the support I have received in performing my duties as the President of the best car club in the country. I wish our newly elected officers the same support you have shown me and I will do my best to offer my two cents whenever it's asked for (or not asked for). I want you to keep in mind that this is a volunteer club and without each members voice and hands things are very difficult to do. Join me and let's keep growing in the Tri-Cities with the events we support and attend. I enjoy the time we get to spend with car people talking about cars, and sharing our passions with each other. May God bless you this Holiday Season and Bless you in the New Year.

From behind the wheel, see you down the road.

Rick Ball

Former President of the Ye Olde Car Club of the Tri-Cities.

2018 Dues are due. Pay early. Your dues are due by January 1, 2018 and delinquent on March 1. The price is still \$15.

2018 slate of officers:

President: Sharon Wells
Vice President: John Hopkins
Secretary: Randy Bunch
Treasurer: Bob Gough

BITS & PIECES

*** As I've got older, I thought I was starting to get lazy, but it turns out I'm just being more energy efficient.

*** Parishioner to Priest in confessional: "Bless me Father for I have sinned. Last night I killed a politician. Priest: "My daughter, I'm here to listen to your sins, not your community service work."

*** I never use my turn signal. It's nobody's business where I'm freakin' going to turn. (Auntie Acid)

*** Jayne Mansfield was killed in 1967 when the car she was riding in rear-ended a tractor-trailer and under-rode it. Her daughter Mariska Hargitay and two siblings were in the backseat and survived with minor injuries. This accident prompted the installation of the under-ride bars on the back of all trucks today, known as "Mansfield bars."

*** People have to be dead for ten years before they can be on a U.S. postage stamp. Presidents only have to wait a year.

*** **Real Newspaper Headlines:** Starvation can lead to health hazards.

*** **Fun Food Facts:** The probability of you drinking a glass of water that contains a molecule of water that also passed through a dinosaur is almost 100%.

The Remarkable Body: We humans are the best long-distance runners on the planet. Better than any four-legged animal. In fact, thousands of years ago we used to run after our prey until they died of exhaustion.

EVENTS

Nothing this month.

What country would qualify as the most stressed-out nation in the world because of their living conditions?

Nigeria...By looking at the homicide rate, the GDP per capita, continued income inequality, corruption, lack of education opportunities and unemployment numbers, one thing is clear: Nigeria's people are, hands-down, the most stressed out population in the world.

Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer

Rudolph came to life in 1939 when the Chicago-based Montgomery Ward company asked one of their copywriters, 34-year-old Robert L. May, to come up with a Christmas story they could give away in booklet form to shoppers as a promotional gimmick — the Montgomery Ward stores had been buying and distributing coloring books to customers at Christmastime every year, and May's department head saw creating a giveaway booklet of their own as a way to save money. Robert May, who had a penchant for writing children's stories and limericks, was tapped to create the booklet.

May, drawing in part on the tale of The Ugly Duckling and his own background (he was often taunted as a child for being shy, small, and slight), settled on the idea of an underdog ostracized by the reindeer community because of his physical abnormality: a glowing red nose. Looking for an alliterative name, May considered and rejected Rollo (too cheerful and carefree a name for the story of a misfit) and Reginald (too British) before deciding on Rudolph. He then proceeded to write Rudolph's story in verse as a series of rhyming couplets, testing it out on his 4-year-old daughter, Barbara, as he went along.

Although Barbara was thrilled with Rudolph's story, May's boss was worried that a story featuring a red nose — an image associated with drinking and drunkards — was unsuitable for a Christmas tale. May responded by taking Denver Gillen, a friend from Montgomery Ward's art department, to the Lincoln Park Zoo to sketch some deer. Gillen's illustrations of a red-nosed reindeer overcame the hesitancy of May's superiors, and the Rudolph story was approved.

Montgomery Ward distributed 2.4 million copies of the Rudolph booklet in 1939, and although wartime paper shortages curtailed printing for the next several years, a total of 6 million copies had been distributed by the end of 1946. The post-war demand for licensing the Rudolph character was tremendous, but since May had created the story on a "work made for hire" basis as an employee of Montgomery Ward, that company held the copyright to Rudolph, and May received no royalties for his creation.

Deeply in debt from the medical bills resulting from his wife's terminal illness (she died about the time May created Rudolph), May persuaded Montgomery Ward's corporate president, Sewell Avery, to turn the copyright over to him in January 1947, and with the rights to his creation in hand, May's financial security was assured. (Unlike Santa Claus and other familiar Christmas figures of the time, the Rudolph character was a protected trademark that required licensing and the payment of royalties for commercial use.)

"Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer" was reprinted commercially beginning in 1947 and shown in theaters as a nine-minute cartoon the following year, but the Rudolph phenomenon really took off when May's brother-in-law, songwriter Johnny Marks, developed the lyrics and melody for a Rudolph song. Marks' musical version of "Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer" (turned down by many in the music industry who didn't want to meddle with the established Santa legend) was recorded by cowboy crooner Gene Autry in 1949, sold two million copies that year, and went on to become one of the best-selling songs of all time (second only to "White Christmas"). A stop-action television special about Rudolph produced by Rankin/Bass and narrated by Burl Ives was first aired in 1964 and remains a popular perennial holiday favorite in the U.S.

May quit his copywriting job in 1951 and spent seven years managing the Rudolph franchise his creation had spawned before returning to Montgomery Ward, where he worked until his retirement in 1971. May died in 1976, comfortable in the life his reindeer creation had provided for him.



Horse Manure!

While mighty steam engines moved people and product across countries and continents in the mid-to-late 19th century, horses were the transportation method of choice for everything else. Whether you were riding a lone horse to get to your destination or riding in a wagon drawn by horses, you were likely taken to your destination by a horse (and all the goods you purchased were delivered by horse-drawn wagons when you got there).

In the countryside, this didn't pose much of a problem, but the high density of people and industries in cities meant a high density of horses. In turn, a high density of horses meant a high density of manure. A single horse creates anywhere from 15-35 pounds of manure a day, and big cities like New York City and London had thousands upon thousands of horses. London alone, by 1900, had over 11,000 horse-drawn cabs and several thousand horse-drawn buses that required huge 12 horse teams to pull them. All told, there were over 50,000 horses used just for transporting people. Factoring in the horses used for industries, and the city of London was wrestling with a transportation network that generated in excess of a million pounds of waste a day. Things didn't look any better in New York, either, where an even greater number of horses and people doubled the amount of waste.

There, and in other major cities around the world, the streets were piled high with manure, manure dust coated everything, and the piles attracted hordes of flies that spread disease. Not only was it an unpleasant and unsanitary situation all around, but people started realizing that if the cities continued to grow, the amount of manure piling up would pile up even higher (after all, the only way to get the stuff out of the city in the first place was more horses). A giant panic ensued and journalists pointed out that based on even simple calculations, the amount of manure that London would be dealing with in 50 years time would be so great it would be slowly burying it.

Fortunately, for those of us that want to enjoy a jaunt down 5th Ave. without walking through piles of horse manure, we know how the story of the urban horse ends: with the advent of the automobile. For all the hiccups we have had over the years ironing out issues with automotive exhaust and pollution, it all pales in comparison to the problem of a major city disposing of several million pounds of manure a day.

From

www.howtogeek.com/trivia/in-the-late-19th-century-there-was-a-global-panic-over-increasing-amounts-of/?answer=1



1932 Auburn Speedster

In 1924 Auburn output was down to six cars a day. Errett Lobban Cord - a car salesman - took over the lacklustre company, and brought in James Crawford to design a new range.

The first Auburn eight was launched in 1925, and renamed the 8-88 in 1926 with a 4.8-litre side-valve 68 bhp Lycoming engine. That remained in use until 1930, when it developed 115 bhp, hence the 'Speedster 115' model name. The rest of the car was straightforward. Suspension was by semi-elliptic springs all round, and after experiments with hydraulic brakes, Auburn opted for mechanical brakes. The three-speed gearbox was in unit with the engine. The impressive open two-seater body styled by Count Alexis de Sakhnoffsky featured a boat-tail and a vee windscreen. The '115' became the '125' in 1930, with a 'cabin speedster' among the models, advertised as a "racing car with comfort of a closed car" with a 125 bhp version of the Lycoming eight giving it a claimed top speed of over 100 mph. A V12 range, using a 6.4-litre engine designed by George Kublin and built by Lycoming, was a failure, and 1934 marked its demise. Yet Auburn was to enjoy a memorable final fling with the '851 speedster'. This

was introduced in 1931 with masterly bodywork by Gordon Buehrig that was ingeniously and cheaply built. The car was simple enough. The flat-head eight was strong, reliable and it was not overly stressed. Those sweeping lines concealed some interesting technical features such as the Columbia dual-ratio rear axle^[1] that was achieved by interposing an epicyclic gear train between the axle and the crown wheel. When it was engaged, the final drive ratio became a 'fast' 4.5:1. It was disengaged by moving a steering-wheel mounted lever and dipping the clutch, whereupon the ratio became a more leisurely 3:1. The three-speed synchromesh gearbox along with that dual ratio axle gave a six-speed transmission. In 1936 came the 852, identical to the earlier models with the exception of the '852' on its radiator grille. The end however, was not far off, and Auburn ceased car production in 1937.

From Wikipedia

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.

From howtogeek.com

Things You Never Knew You Needed to Know

It certainly pays to price compare when shopping. At Wal-Mart, a roll of toilet paper costs \$.56 per roll and the same brand at Costco is only \$.37 per roll. As if that wasn't bad enough, the Wal-Mart rolls are ¼" narrower, which equates to a whopping 56 sq. ft. per roll. It doesn't make much sense to pay a lot more for something that you can't even recycle.

I was reading the label on a bottle of Arrowhead bottled water and it says, "100% Mountain Spring Water". Then, "Est. in 1894 in the Golden state", which would be California. That would give the impression that the water came from Arrowhead, CA, which is a small town about 7,000 feet up the mountain. However, keep reading and you'll find in small print where it says, "Product of Canada". Talk about misleading advertising.

Since a lot of you readers are getting up in age, it figures that many of you wear dentures, as I do. My new ones didn't fit so well which caused sore spots. I went in to the dentist and she used a small grinder to knock down the high spots. She coated the inside of the dentures with a white paste, inserted them, and when she removed them, the white paste pulled away from the denture and told her where to grind. That paste had a particular odor and when I asked what it was, she said it was the same as Desitin, which is an ointment for diaper rash. Since I have my own Dremel tool, I went to the store and bought a tube. I won't need much so I guess that when I get done using it in my mouth, I will save the rest in case I ever get a chapped butt.

When a train goes by, you'll notice lots of the cars have graffiti on them. Some of that is really artistic and the painter must have a lot more artistic talent than I do. Why would anyone waste \$4 on a can of paint to paint a rail car they'll never see again? GET A JOB!!!

I just noticed that the label on the Olay soap we have in the shower says it is Age Defying. If that's the case, I'm going to take a shower at least 5 times a day.

As a teenager in Iowa, there was not much to do in the winter. Once the corn was knocked down, you couldn't even take your girlfriend into the cornfields to "pick some corn." The only other things to do were to go bowling or roller-skating. I never was much good at bowling, but pretty proficient at roller-skating. Now, even at my advanced age, I still get the thought to try it one more time every time I drive past Patterson's Roller Rink. If I could find someone else who would like to relieve their youth, give me a call. I don't want to go by myself, as I might need someone to drive me home after I crash into the wall. My wife won't go as she says I must be suicidal.

So you are already bored with winter? Try making a list of every car you have ever owned, then pick out the ones you wish you still had. Then go to a car collector price guide magazine and find out what those cars would be worth today. Chances are that will only make you more depressed.

Thanks to Sharon Wells for this contribution.

The Many Faces of Santa

On the night before Christmas, all across the world, millions of children will be tucked in their beds while "visions of sugarplums dance in their heads." When they awake they will check their stockings to see if Santa Claus has come.

Santa Claus has become the most beloved of Christmas symbols and traditions. The image of the jolly old elf flying in a sleigh pulled by reindeers and leaving toys and gifts for every child is know worldwide.

The history of Santa Claus begins with a man called Saint Nicholas, the Bishop of Myra in Asia Minor, in what is now Turkey. Saint Nicholas was know for his charity and wisdom. Legends tell of him coming from a wealthy family and giving all his money to the poor. He also was said to posses magical powers. He died in 340 AD and was buried in Myra.

Late in the 11th century religious soldiers from Italy took the remains of the saint back with them to Italy. They built a church in honor of him in the town of Bari, a port town in southern Italy. Soon Christian pilgrims from all over the world came to visit the church of Saint Nicholas. These pilgrims took the legend of Saint Nicholas back to their native lands. As the legend of Saint Nicholas spread it would take on the characteristics of each country.

In Europe during the 12th century *Saint Nicholas Day* became a day of gift giving and charity. Germany, France, and Holland celebrated December 6th as a religious holiday and gave gifts to their children and the poor.

When the Dutch colonists traveled to America, they brought with them their *Sinterklaas*, an austere bishop who wore a red bishop's costume and rode on a white horse.

The American image of *Sinterklaas* would gradually evolve into that of a jolly old elf. He was first described as a plump and jolly old Dutchman by Washington Irving in his comic *History of New York*. In 1823 *Sinterklaas/Saint Nicholas'* metamorphosis continued with the publication of Clement Moore's poem, *A Visit from St. Nicholas* (*Twas the night before Christmas...*).

In the 1860s cartoonist Thomas Nast drew pictures of a plump and kindly *Santa Claus* for the illustrated *Harper's Weekly*. This image of Santa Claus was becoming ingrained in the minds of the American people. As time went on this image of Santa Claus traveled across the globe, back to Europe, to South America, and elsewhere.

Many countries have kept their own customs and traditions of Saint Nicholas. In some cultures *Saint Nicholas* travels with an assistant to help him. In Holland, *Sinterklaas* sails in on a ship arriving on December 6th. He carries a big book which tells him how the Dutch children have behaved during the past year. Good children are rewarded with gifts and the bad ones are taken away by his assistant, *Black Peter*.

In Germany *Saint Nicholas* also travels with an assistant, known as *Knecht Ruprecht*, *Krampus*, or *Pelzebock*, and comes with a sack on his back and a rod in his hand. Good children receive a gift, but naughty children are punished by the assistant with a few hits of the rod.

In Italy *La Befana* is good witch who dresses all in black and brings gifts to children on the Epiphany, January 6th. In many Spanish countries; Spain, Puerto Rico, Mexico, and South America, the children wait for the Three Kings to bring their Christmas gifts.

In France *Father Christmas* or *Pere Noel* bring gifts for the children. Switzerland has the *Christkindl* or *Christ Child* who bears gifts. In some towns children await the Holy Child and in others *Christkindl* is a girl-angel who comes down from heaven bearing gifts.

The Scandinavian countries celebrate with an elf, called the *julenisse* or the *juletomte* who bears gifts. And in England *Father Christmas*, an more austere and thinner version of Santa Claus, brings gifts.

In North America it is the round and plump "Ho Ho Ho'ing" Santa Claus who flies in a sleigh pulled by eight reindeers delivering toys to the children of the world.



When a Cultural Element is exported, transformed, and then re-imported to the original culture, it's called the? Pizza Effect

In a direct nod to perhaps one of the best known examples of it in the world: pizza. In the case of pizza, what a tourist in Italy experiences by eating pizza abroad says more about Italian immigrants in the U.S. and what they thought about pizza than what actual Italians think about it. You see, when Italians immigrated to the U.S., they brought what could be considered a prototype to modern pizza along with them (this would be the original export of the cultural element). They then transformed the idea of pizza by elevating it from a basic food that was looked down upon in Italy to a beloved dish loaded with toppings and flavors in America (this was the transformation of the cultural element). In turn, what Italian Americans were doing with pizza influenced the perception of pizza back in Italy, and soon "genuine" Italian pizza was really as much "Genuine American-Italian" pizza as anything else (the transformed cultural element returns home, in a new and novel form).

The effect isn't always related to food (although there are tons of food-related examples). For example, we strongly associate salsa music with Latin American culture, and, to be sure, you'll find lots of salsa bands in Latin American countries. But salsa music as we now know it wasn't created in Latin America, but in New York City by musicians—primarily Cubans, Puerto Ricans, and Dominicans. The music then took on a life of its own, returned to the countries from which the original immigrants (and their musical heritage) came from, and became a new and altered form of the original music that the immigrants had brought with them to New York City in the first place.

From HowtoGeek.com

Women's Corner

~ Santa Is A Woman ~

I hate to be the one to defy sacred myth, but I believe he's a she. Think about it. Christmas is a big, organized, warm, fuzzy, nurturing, social deal, and I have a tough time believing a guy could possibly pull it all off!

For starters, the vast majority of men don't even think about selecting gifts until Christmas Eve. Once at the mall, they always seem surprised to find only Ronco products, socket wrench sets, and mood rings left on the shelves. On this count alone, I'm convinced Santa is a woman.

Surely, if he were a man, everyone in the universe would wake up Christmas morning to find a rotating musical Chia Pet under the tree, still in the shopping bag.

Another problem for a he-Santa would be getting there. First of all, there would be no reindeer because they would all be dead, gutted and strapped on to the rear bumper of the sleigh amid wide-eyed, desperate claims that buck season had been extended. Blitzen's rack would already be on the way to the taxidermist.

Even if the male Santa DID still have reindeer, he'd also have the transportation problems because he would inevitably get lost up there in the snow and clouds and then refuse to stop and ask for directions.

Other reasons why Santa can't possibly be a man:

- Men can't pack a bag.
- Men would rather be dead than caught wearing red velvet.
- Men would feel their masculinity is threatened... having to be seen with all those elves.
- Men don't answer their mail.
- Men would refuse to allow their physique to be described, even in jest, as anything remotely resembling a "bowl full of jelly."
- Men aren't interested in stockings unless somebody's wearing them.
- Having to do the 'Ho Ho Ho' thing would seriously inhibit their ability to pick up women.

- Finally, being responsible for Christmas would require a commitment.

I can buy the fact other mythical holiday characters are men:

**Father Time shows up once a year unshaven and looking ominous. Definite guy.

**Cupid flies around carrying weapons.

**Uncle Sam is a politician who likes to point fingers.

**Any one of these individuals could pass the testosterone screening test.

But not Santa!

Birthdays and Anniversaries in December



Birthdays

Judy Bergum	December 4	Randy Bunch	December 27
Georgia Campbell	December 17	Dean Dennis	December 22
Becky Edwards	December 24	Anita Gough	December 13
Willie Gould	December 7	Rachael Hannah	Decemer 29
Bill Houchin	December 27	Bill Jarrard	December 19
Kent Madsen	December 2	Vern Marking	December 14
Dottie Marking	December 4	Jim Newell	December 5
Ingrid Smith	December 12	Glenis Tarr	December 15
Thora Trumbo	December 5		



Anniversaries

Jess & Debra Allison	December 30	Ray & Delores Benson	December 22
Gary & Bonnie Boehnke	December 12	Mike & Judy Bughi	December 14
Dean & Mary Dennis	December 28	John & Elaine Kutrowski	December 3
Mike & Judy Ostler	December 23		

2017 YOCC Officers

Rick Ball, President
371-9382
rick@bushcarwash.com

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

Denny Wellington, Treasurer
946-5916
dpwelling@aol.com

Frances Wyland, Secretary
542-0106
yocclubsec@gmail.com

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 Trumbo, Swap Meet Chairman
582-4297
johnnews@gmail.com

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

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

Directors

Dave Donaldson
509-579-1049
donalbd@gmail.com

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

Jerry Wells
509-783-3113
jerrysharonwells@gmail.com

Robbin Johanson
509-628-2547
robbinjohanson@frontier.com