Minutes of MLCCC General Meeting
March 12, 2015

Meeting was called to order at 7 PM by Vice President Joe McCullough at the American Legion.. Flag salute led by Vice President Joe..

Minutes: Motion by Bernie tp approve minutes as published. Seconded by Annie, motion passed.

Treasurer's Report: Current balance, $6.195, in checking. Billa paid: to Bob Duffin for postage and car show posters; to Paul for postage and insurance for car show; to Joe for door prizes. Treasurer Bob requested funds for new checks with copies, Brent motioned that we pay for the checks, Annie seconded. Motion passed.
Web Master – 55 letters have been sent out regarding car show, including entrance forms. The rest will be sent via e-mail.
Old Business: None
New Business: LaDell informed us that Pat Archer of Hot Spring Spas will be hosting Moses Lake Business After Hours on June 2nd and has requested the we show our cars. Get together will start approximately 5ish.
***Car Show 2015*:** Next car show meeting is on April 7th, 6PM, downstairs at **l**ibrary. Your input is Very Important!!!
Announcements: Moses Lake High School Skills U.S.A, will have their car show on Saturday, March 28. Hours will be 11:00 to 3:00, Cars can be taken out Friday evening or Saturday morning by 10:00, Myra is in Nebraska with her father as he undergoes surgery. Prayers are with her and family.
50/50 Drawing: Clay Crook
Car of Month: Delbert Lamb.

Door Prizes: Won by Nancy and Clay

Bob Kent shared a story with us and it was suggested that stories can be sent to Paul for publication on the website,

Next Meeting : Will be published on our website **moseslakeclassiccarclub.com.** Due to low attendance, calling committee will be calling reminders of the meeting.
Meeting adjourned 7:36 PM

Respectfully submitted,
Mary Mayo, Secretary

See the attached story from Bob Kent titled "The Tub"

Car Of The Month

March 2015 Car of the Month

Delbert Lamb - 1945 Military Jeep & Trailer

Delbert Lamb - 1945 Army Military CJ2A Jeep with 1944 Bantum T-C3 Jeep Trailer

I found this 1945 Army Jeep in a mud hole pretty badly rusted out.
The rims wouln't even hold a tire.
It took me 5 years to locate all the parts to restore the jeep to original condition.
I then found the 1944 jeep 1/4 ton trailer to complete the package.

The Tub from the memoirs of Bob Kent – *"The Dirt Under My Nails".*

When I was in high school, Danie Blankenship and a few other seniors, bought an old car chassis from our shop teacher, Mr. Blauert, and during that class, he and other students built and added seats, an engine and enough other bare necessities for it to go. They called their creation 'The Woopee'. Randy Watkins and I were envious and we could see how much fun it would be to have such a vehicle to go hunting in. In those days, there weren't any factory produced vehicles that had as much off road usefulness as The Woopee. Four wheel drive vehicles were not very common, and of course ATVs had not even been invented yet (except for the 'Tote-Goat').

During the summer after our junior year, we found a cheap car to convert into our own 'Woopee'. It was a 1946 Ford, four door sedan, and Buck Hollenback sold it to us for $25. It had been run to death and abandoned by fellow student, Cye Logsdon. Randy and I towed it to Benge and actually got it started on that trip. All we really needed to do was change and/or add some fluids. We replaced the worst tire with one not so bad and made a few test drives around the country. After a little thought, (very little), we started making modifications. Of course our first modification was cutting the top off to make a convertible. This required stripping out a lot of the interior fabric and putting out the fires started by the cutting torch. Randy's dad, Ronald, found out about our plans, and told him not to bring 'that pile of junk anywhere near' his place, so most of our early modifications took place in my Dad's driveway or outside my Uncle Alfred's shop. We stored our extra parts in Grandpa's junk pile. As a convertible, the '46 Ford looked like a large bathtub. So we started calling it 'The Tub'.

Within a couple of weeks after cutting the top off, we had also removed the front fenders, hood and the trunk lid. Then we took it out for a serious field test. We headed for Coyote Butte. Many had tried to scale the butte, but only Ralph Lund made it. He was driving a track tractor! We made it to the fence on the west side of Jimmy Clinesmith's pasture. No gates there, so we had to turn back toward town. The ride had been pretty rough, but nothing broke while I was driving. Randy took over the driving on our trip back toward town. Spike Jordan and my brother Alan were in the back seat and they both thought they would get a turn driving. We told them they would have to wait until we were back on the road, nearer home. Randy gave the Tub a tougher work out, speeding through Clinesmith's pasture, around and over the scabrock outcrops, but we made it down to the big willows, almost to the county road south of Benge. At the willows, there was a small creek with a wide spot that looked shallow enough for us to get across, so Randy backed up as far as we could against the hillside, to get a good run at the crossing. With the Tub floor-boarded and in second gear, by the time we reached the creek we were moving pretty good. The car leaped off the creek bank and landed about half way across the creek. The water was over two feet deep in the middle, and our belly flop slowed the Tub down so much that it threw both back seat passengers against the front seat and both rear suicide doors flew open. Water sprayed up and over the radiator and soaked the engine and us, but luckily, the Tub kept on sputtering and flying forward. We had bounced pretty hard off the bottom when we hit the middle of the creek, but we were still moving pretty fast. Then we hit a large boulder near the opposite bank. The Tub took another high bounce and this time we landed on dry land.

Randy's driving plan had been to hold the steering wheel straight and keep the gas pedal to the floor, and that had worked, but as soon as we were on dry land again, the engine began to really sputter and make unpleasant noises. That made sense, and we thought it probably just needed to dry out a little. So we sat there and revved the engine for a minute while we looked over the car for damage. Spike and Alan were a little shook up and spattered with mud and water weeds. The back doors would not stay closed. We also noticed the radiator got pushed into the fan and it had made a few bad gouges. Water was leaking out of all parts of the car, including the radiator. We knew we did not have much time to get back to town. Every time we started forward the engine would sputter and lose power. By chance, Randy found out the Tub would run okay in reverse. Maybe the hand brake mechanism had something out of adjustment? So we headed for the county road to Benge, in reverse. After we got onto the road, the Tub was running good enough, so we turned it around, got up some speed, and finally into third gear. The radiator was blowing steam out of all the holes by the time we got into town.

Our test run had proved the Tub was worthy of any sensible off road trail. We did need a new radiator though, and a suitable one was found in the junk pile at Grandpa's. It was off a '29 Nash and only had a few leaks in it. Dale Holiday came by on the day we were trying out the new radiator and he suggested we fill it up with some oatmeal to stop the leaks. It took a few weeks, but the oatmeal eventually did stop the major leaks. Over the summer, we made several modifications with a few test runs between each. The back doors and the exhaust pipe needed to come off, because they were also damaged in the creek crossing episode. The front doors were taken off next. Then we decided to take off the rear fenders and the trunk compartment. That took a lot of cutting, most of which we did with Dad's arc welder turned up high. With that much body removed, the Tub was getting to be very light on its wheels. It could burn rubber easily. The clutch was totally worn out and would not slip and that helped get the bald right rear tire spinning. With a short piece of exhaust pipe attached to the engine and sticking up in the air, the flathead six made a loud and impressive spectacle. It was great fun for me to sit on the main street of Benge, rev up the engine, drop the clutch and squeal the bald tire all the way to second gear. (I never did hear how much the town folks liked that.)

We ran the Tub in stubble fields, cow pastures and even through the slippery clay mud at Twelve Mile Lake. It would go just about anywhere except up steep hills. The traction was just not good enough for hill climbing. Eventually, I tried to remedy the traction problem by wrapping and haywiring cut up truck tire casings over the bald rear tires. This is probably where Caterpillar got the idea for their rubber tracks. The Tub always had a no good battery and would never start without a jump or a push. We carried a crank to start it if it died or if we could not park it on a hill. Sometimes it would be very stubborn and we would have to push it around town with another vehicle for quite a while to get it started. One time it died and we tried jump starting it and we also pushed it for a couple of hours before we decided the coil wasn't working. The weird Ford coil had gotten very hot, so I decided to add a length of small copper wire wound on a wood dowel and attached to the ignition switch terminal to reduce the voltage to the coil. Amazingly, that seemed to fix the problem and we never did have any more overheating of the coil. Later auto manufacturers sold this idea as a ballast resistor.

The second year we had the Tub, we decided to make some more drastic modifications. We started by stripping everything off the chassis. We only kept the steering column and the Nash radiator. (We had spray painted a Playboy Bunny on the radiator). We welded some flimsy mounts for two old Crosley seats and drove the Tub that way for a few weeks before deciding to try shortening the wheel base. We knew this would be more complicated than most of our earlier modifications, so we waited for an opportunity to take the Tub out to Randy's house to work in his Dad's shop and use his cutting torch and power tools. We removed about three feet from the frame and driveline and welded everything back together all in one day, when Ronald was not home. The section of frame that was cut out was welded over the rear axle, upright, to make a sort of roll bar. The '46 Ford driveline is a shaft inside a torque tube. We welded up the torque tube pieces and we used a piece of water pipe to splice the shortened shaft together. First we welded the drive shaft splice, but our welds were not good enough and it broke on the test drive, so after two or three tries, we just drilled and bolted the pipe splice to each piece of drive shaft and that created a sort of 'shear pin' set up that we figured could be fixed in the field. (That cost Ronald a few good drill bits).

After getting the Tub safely back to Benge, we scrounged Dad and Alfred's junk piles for materials, and built a front roll bar and cage from some old pipe and steel fence posts and mounted the steering column and voltage regulator to a cross piece between the front posts. A five gallon gas tank from one of Dad's hay balers was mounted on the same cross piece, above and behind the carburetor (in front of the passenger). That gave us a gravity fuel system and solved our fuel pump problem and the passenger could easily shut off the fuel tank if there was a leak. We found some old running boards in Grandpa's junk pile, and modified them to create partial front and rear fenders. An old Western Flyer wagon was bolted between the rear frame rails and that worked for adding weight for traction, or for hauling supplies. We upholstered the Crosley seats with burlap sacks. A short piece of four inch aluminum sprinkler pipe was added to the upright exhaust pipe to improve the looks and the exhaust tone. The wiring harness was reduced to just the two wires between the generator and the voltage regulator and a few more wires to and from the ignition switch, to the coil (through the special heat reducer) and to the distributor. This configuration worked well and no other major changes were made. One improvement would have been a working starter, but that required a new battery, and we just could not justify that expense.