



CHAPTER "99" NEWSLETTER ASC-CA-NORTH



Membership Meeting

- When:** Wednesday, April 17, 2013
- Time:** Dinner — 6:00 PM ... Program at 6:30 PM
- Where:** Lulu's Banquet Room
2230 Pine Street (Pine St. & Cypress Ave.)
Redding CA 96001
- Program:** Automotive Education and Strategies
- Topic:** Finding Technicians and getting them experience.
- Speaker:** Ed Milazzo...Shasta ROP

Think About It

Ten Commandments For The Car Collector

- 1)Thou shalt not read thy Hemmings on company time, lest thy employer make it impossible to continue thy car payments
- 2)Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's car nor his garage, nor his battery charger.
- 3)Thou shalt not store thy car out-of-doors except for the wife's Toyota.
- 4)Thou shalt not deceive thy wife into thinking that thee is taking her for a romantic Sunday drive when indeed thou art going out to look at another car.
- 5)Thou shalt not love thy cars more than thy wife and children.
- 6)Thou shalt not despise thy neighbor's Edsel, nor his DeSoto, nor even his '47 Plymouth.
- 7)Thou shalt not tell thy spouse the entire cost of thy latest restoration, at least not all at the same time.
- 8)Thou shalt not promise thy wife a new addition for the house and then use it to store cars.
- 9)Thou shalt not allow thy sons and daughters to get married during the car show season.
- 10)Thou shalt not buy thy wife a floor jack for Christmas.

RERUN—

For a few months back in 2002, Roger furnished some interesting stories...

LOOKOUT GARAGE

BY...ROGER VINES



HANGTOWN

The town of Lookout's claim to fame came from a hanging around the turn of the century (the previous turn of the century, not the recent one). Apparently a vigilante group met at the old Leventon Blacksmith Shop, made their rope nooses and then rounded up three individuals who were allegedly stealing horses, and strung them up from the Pit River bridge at the entrance to town. This historic event earned Lookout the nickname "hangtown".

One Sunday morning as I reported for work at 8:00 am, my boss informed me that Fred Torres had already been looking for me and he wasn't very happy. Fred was the father of three lovely girls who lived a few doors up the street from the shop. "What did Fred want," I sleepily inquired. My boss Bob told me he didn't know, but said Fred mentioned he would be back. And back he came about 30 minutes later. "I thought you were a nice boy!" he raved, "my Rosie cried all night!"

By this time of day the shop "cronies" had begun to assemble in front of the garage and had become Fred's audience. The cronies were a group of old retired guys who performed a daily migration which started at the garage. As the sun moved across the morning sky, the old boys would wander across the street to the fire hall, and sometime between 11:00 and 12:00 noon, they would head up the street to the post office. After checking the mail, joking with the postmistress and anyone who might happen by, the cronies would finally head for home for lunch and their afternoon nap. The old boys were harmless enough - just out for a little conversation and on a good day a little excitement.

On this particular day the cronies got their excitement at my expense as Fred Torres continued yelling at me. "You never stand a girl up when you ask her out on a date" he said pointing his finger in my face. He went on

waving his arms wildly, "If you didn't want to go to the dance with my daughter, why did you ask her in the first place?"

When I finally had a chance to get a word in edge wise, I dumbfoundedly asked what he was talking about. Enraged by my response, Fred raved on half in Spanish as he was leaving, "I think I'll have to talk to your father."

"Rrroooger" my boss used to draw out my name when he teased me, "What have you done?"

"I have no idea" I said, "I think Mr. Torres has me confused with someone else".

Chuckles and witty comments spewed from the gallery of old cronies. "Appears to me Lookout's gonna have another hanging" chided old man Potter, the unofficial leader of the group.

Thirty minutes later it hit me like a ton of bricks! I used to ride the school bus occasionally when I was low on gas money for "Ol Blue" my 55 Pontiac. Friday I had taken the bus and I was busy working on my homework during the ride home. Mom always insisted that my school work had to be done before I went to work at the shop after school. Rosie had sat in the seat in front of me and had been trying to talk to me on the way home.

"Are you going to the school dance Saturday night?" Rosie had asked.

"I haven't decided yet" I said.

"Will you take me if you go?" she asked.

"What? Yeah sure, if I decide to go I'll call you" I said, not fully paying attention to the conversation as I was trying to finish my homework. - continued page 3, column 1

ROP TROUBLESHOOTING CONTEST
SHASTA COLLEGE
SATURDAY May 18—9AM TO 4PM
COME AS YOU ARE!

Put down the phone. **JUST DRIVE.**



On October 23, 2008, I had the unfortunate task of working a fatality that involved a young male driver. The circumstances surrounding the crash are all too common. The young man had been texting on his cell phone and attempted to pass a vehicle. He had failed to check carefully for oncoming traffic and struck another vehicle head-on.

The other vehicle was brand new; a young woman had it out for a simple test drive with an auto salesman. The scene that day was more disturbing than usual. The roadway was littered with debris strewn from both vehicles. Both vehicles showed extensive front end damage. The vehicle being passed did not sustain any damage. The young man who was driving the passing vehicle did not survive the crash. The young lady and the car salesman sustained severe injuries.



HANGTOWN .
 (Continued from page 1)
 It all came back to me and the reality of it all made me feel sick. I apologized to Rosie and her dad and tried to explain that it was just a communication problem. Although my apology wasn't fully accepted for quite some time, I did escape from being hung from the bridge.
 I learned a couple of good life lessons from this experience although I still stumble over them to this day. First of all communicate clearly - this is especially true with our customers who seem to have selective hearing. And secondly, and perhaps most important of all - listen when a woman is talking!

Cars vs. Computers
 When Silicon Valley wants to look good, it measures itself against Detroit. The comparison goes like this:
 If automotive technology had kept pace with computer technology over the past few decades, you would now be driving a V-32 instead of a V-8, and it would have a top speed of 10,000 miles per hour. Or you could have an economy car that weighs 30 pounds and gets a thousand miles to a gallon of gas. In either case, the sticker price of a new car would be less than \$50.
 In response to all this goading, Detroit grumbles:
 Yes, but would you really want to drive a car that crashes twice a day?



Unfortunately, we see this sort of thing [happening on our roadways all too often](#). One person makes one simple bad decision, and many lives are forever impacted.

One of the saddest parts of this particular crash is that the cell phone the driver was sending his text to belonged to his brother.

Imagine what his brother must be going through even today, four and a half years later. To know that whatever message he sent you took his attention from the roadway long enough to set in motion a fatal chain of events. To know that you could have simply told your brother not to text you while he was behind the wheel.

That's what I would be thinking about today. And I would never have deleted my brother's final text. A simple text was sent while a young man was driving. He lost his life. A young woman who began her day in excitement at the promise of owning a brand new car ended her day on a stretcher in the E.R. A salesman who was just trying to do his job and support his family faced months and months of painstaking recovery. Many more suffered and are probably suffering still. A witness who was enjoying a peaceful drive will have to live with a horrible memory.

All of this is the reality of how a few words and a brief moment of distraction can change many, many lives. All of this is what [my fellow troopers](#) and I see day after day.

You might think you can text and drive safely. But I--and my fellow Kansas State Troopers--know you can't.

CODE of ETHICS

1. To promote good will between the motorist and the industry.
2. To have a sense of personal obligation to each individual customer.
3. To perform high quality repair service at a fair and just price.
4. To employ the best skilled personnel obtainable.
5. To use only proven merchandise of high quality distributed by reputable firms.
6. To itemize all parts and adjustments in the price charged for service rendered.
7. To retain all parts replaced for customer inspection, if so requested.
8. To uphold the high standards of our profession and always seek to correct any and all abuses within the automotive industry.
9. To uphold the integrity of all members.
10. To refrain from advertisement which is false or misleading or likely to confuse or deceive the customer.

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(Updated 10/12)

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