Before You Go Auto Camping

"Now we'll show you a real tent," said Henry when dinner was over. And then he led the way to the back of the house. "Just watch, and see how quick we can get the tent up."

"Gosh!" exclaimed Joe admiringly. "You two are the original lightweight charcoal campers—we couldn't have taken you ten minutes!"

Gus Says Look to Your Tires, Spark Plugs, Crankcase, and Save Trouble

By Martin Bunn

HELLO, Uncle Gus. What do you know about auto camping?" called Gus Wilson's nephew, Henry to the older man as he stepped inside and slammed the door of the Model T Garage with a resounding crash.

"What do you want to know for?" growled the veteran auto mechanic. "Go easy on that door the next time! What's the big idea about auto camping? Are you and Grace fixing to take a fall out of that game?"

"You guessed right the first time!" replied Henry. "That's just what we are going to do, and I want you to tell me how to get the car ready for the trip."

"Humph!" grunted Gus. "It all depends on where you are going, how long you expect to be on the road, and so forth. It's a matter of running about fifty miles or so to the nearest camp and staying there for a week or two. I don't see why you should need to make any special preparations except to see that the bus is filled up with gas, oil, and water."

THAT'S not auto camping at all," Henry scoffed. "I mean the real thing—every night in a different place and lots of miles covered every day."

"Gosh!" exclaimed Gus. "You are a brute for punishment! All right, if that's the kind of a trip you want to take, there's a whole lot of things you ought to do to the car. Let's see—ye've had it a bit more than a month now. How many miles have you driven?"

"Speedometer shows just over a thousand," replied Henry.

"Well," said Gus, "they say that the first hundred years are the hardest but as far as autos are concerned, the first thousand miles usually get a bus broken in fairly well, and if anything is likely to work loose that's when it shows up. So I guess you're all right."

"Before you do anything else, I'd suggest that you drive the engine into a pair of overalls and go over the car with a fine tooth comb. Try a wrench on every bolt, nut, and other thing you can find and see that all of them are good and tight."

"And while you are going over the car, keep your eyes peeled for anything that seems queer or not just right. Note whether the gasoline pipe is fastened tight so that it can't chafe against the frame or some other part. When you get to the engine, watch particularly for loose hose connections and wiring that seems to be loosening up."

"How about putting some braces in to reinforce the frame?" suggested Henry.

"Why do that?" Gus countered.

"Your car was designed to carry five people, and if you only you and Grace are going on this expedition, you certainly won't need to carry over three or four hundred pounds of baggage, and that is no more weight than three more passengers. Forget about frame bracing—just take it a bit easy when you strike extra rough going."

"You ought to arrange a couple of extra tanks under the hood. One for gasoline and the other for lubricating oil. The extra gas tank is only for emergency if you happen to run out, but the oil tank ought to be big enough to hold a good supply so that you won't have to depend on getting fresh oil at some crossroads store where they sell you almost anything in the way of bootleg lubricating oil."

"By the way," Gus continued, "what kind of tools did they give you with the car?"

"Pretty rotten layout," Henry replied. "The screw driver might be all right only the handle turns on the blade. The wrench must be made out of cast-iron—one of the jaws cracked right off the first time I used it, and the rest of the stuff is no better. Even the oil can leaks something awful."

THEN," advised Gus, "you had better go into the office and let Joe help you pick out a good kit of tools. We've got quite a stock. There's no use going auto camping without a tool kit that is meant for business, and while you are at it get a set of chains. You may run into a spell of muddy going where they will be mighty useful. And don't forget to include two or three spools of brass wire and a couple of large sized rolls of tire tape. You may not need them on the car, but they'll come in handy for holding the camp equipment together when it gets smashed."

"Huh!" snorted Henry. "Nothing is going to get buried in my camp outfit. You forget how careful I am."

"Maybe so," said Gus, smiling. "But auto camping stuff like folding tents and folding stoves and what-not has to be made light, and if you don't find good use for—" (Continued on page 135)
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that wire and tape I'll miss my guess.

I don't need to tell you to drain the crankcase and the storage fresh oil just
before you start, or to remind you to
grazz the car thoroughly. You know
even enough to do that, of course. It wouldn't
do any harm to clean out the old lubricant
in the transmission and rear end and put
in a fresh one.

"Don't you think it would be a good
idea to take the storage battery out and
give it a good charge before we start?"
Henry asked.

"NOTHING DOING!" replied Gus
emphatically. "Your car is new and
the battery will get a lot more charging
than it needs on the trip anyway, unless you
charge your camp light from the
storage battery. That's assuming, of
course, that you are on the road almost
every day. Make sure that there is plenty
of water in it before you start, and it would
be a good idea to take off the
Terminals and scrape them with a bit of
sandpaper. The least bit of corrosion at
that point will interfere with the operation
of the self-starter.

"What kind of a camp light is that
you are talking about?" asked Henry.

"Nothing but a socket fastened into
the hole in an ordinary green tin electric
light shade and connected to a long drop-
light cord and a plug so that you can put it
in place of the storage battery," replied Gus.

"With a bell light bulb in the socket,
you will have plenty of light to read by.

"By the way," Gus went on, "is there
any way of getting gasoline out of your
tank for the gasoline stove?"

"There's a petcock on the bottom of
the carburetor for that," Henry replied.

"And if you use it, you will drain your
vacuum tank dry and then wonder why
the engine won't start next morning. You
ought to know better than that, Henry,"
said Gus reprovingly.

"You can fit a petcock in the gasoline pipe between the
main tank and the vacuum tank, but
after all the best is to take along a
three-foot length of rubber tubing and
empty the gasoline from the vacuum
tank. You can start the syphon by pushing the
rubbing all the way into the tank and
then hold your finger over the end while
you pull it out and buck it in the filler opening
in the gasoline tank.

"Have you bought your camp
equipment yet?" broke in Joe Clark.

"Not yet," replied Henry. "That's one
of the things I want to ask you about.
What would you suggest?"

"WELL, let's see." Joe paused
thoughtfully. "Of course you'll
need a tent, unless you want to fix the
front seat of the auto to the floor and
back, to form a bed. You'll have to decide
whether you want a tent that hitches on
to the side of the auto or one that is
entirely a unit by itself. And I'd certainly
recommend a gasoline stove. Saves a lot
of cooking time. It's easy to keep clean. And it's easier
to cook on than a wood fire that is never
the same heat twice running. A portable
ice box is a big help unless you are going
to travel where you can buy food fresh
every day. You can get a folding kit
that includes pots and pans and dishes,
or you can lay in a stock of paper plates
and cups so you won't have to spend so
much time washing dishes. Don't forget
a simple first aid kit.

"Sounds like good dope," said Henry
as he rapidly jotted Joe's suggestions in
his notebook. "Grace wanted me to ask you and Uncle Gus around for Sunday
dinner, and you can look over our outfit
afterward," he finished.

"What's this a dress rehearsal?" asked
Gus, as he and Joe stepped into the
dining room the following Sunday to find
both Grace and Henry in camping togs.

"It certainly is, Uncle Gus," laughed
Grace. "Even the dinner is being cooked
on that cute little gasoline stove!"

"Well, I'd say there is certainly
nothing the matter with that stove,"
explained Joe as Grace brought in a steak
that was cooked to a turn on the
dinning room stove.

And the rest of the dinner added further
evidence that the stove was good.

"NOW we'll show you a real tent,"
Henry said when dinner was over.

And he led the way to the car parked
back of the house. "Just watch and see
how quickly we can get the tent up."

"Gosh!" exclaimed Joe admiringly.

"You two are the original-lightning
charge comb, there's no one couldn't have taken
you ten minutes."

"Humph!" grunted Gus, as they
climbed into Gus's car after wishing the
young couple all kinds of luck on their
trip. "You're a fine one to be giving out
information on auto camping! Why, you
never spent a night under canvas!"

"Never you mind," said Joe with a
broad grin. "I'll spend most of my time
auto camping if I wasn't tied down so
tight helping run the Model Garage!"

Next Houses May Be Steel

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60)

use of steel, however, is not being
confined alone to the framework of such
structures. One of the most successful
of the new types of steel bungalows has
walls of steel sheets. Walls and partitions
are made up of interchangeable units.
The cost of the thirteen tons of steel
used in the framework of one of these
houses, it is said, is less than it would be for
wood.

Of course, the most important ad-
vantage claimed for the new steel type
of small home is its increased safety. It
is said to be fireproof, lightning-proof,
storm-proof, and as nearly earthquake-
proof as any building that can be de-
signed. It is easy to keep clean, and therefore
is more sanitary. The smooth, tough steel surfaces defy
mice and vermin.

As for appearance, those who see a
great deal of Detroit and Ohio home
declare that if architects can make modern sky-
scraper...