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## When gasoline was 39 cents a gallon

Once upon a time, gas stations were on every corner and you could fill your tank for five bucks. I know because I worked at one.

It all began for me in

TOYOTA

Toronto on New Year's Day 1962 when I pulled in for gas at Harold Lehman's Esso station and filled the tank of Mom's '61 Pontiac with my last five-dollar

bill. Now flat broke, I asked the man in the office for a part-time job. He told me to report for work in half an hour.

I started pumping gas at

6 pm on the coldest night of the year. The first car I served was a 1954 Ford sedan, and the driver wanted "two bucks of the cheap stuff." I lifted the nozzle off the pump and pulled the rear license plate down to expose the gas cap. Dad had owned a '54 Ford and I knew exactly where to put the gas in.

I shoved the nozzle in and squeezed the handle. Nothing happened. I had forgotten to turn the pump back to zero to erase the previous sale. When I let go of the nozzle to flick the switch on the side of the pump, the nozzle popped out of the filler neck and fell into the snow. In my haste to put it back in, I tripped over the hose and landed in the snow.

The driver began adjusting his rear-view mirror to see what was going on at the back of his car, and the car behind me backed up and went to another pump.

I finally got the gas flowing into his tank, then couldn't remember how much he wanted. "Did you want it filled up?" I yelled. His window was rolled up but he must have heard me because he put up two fingers.

By 7 pm, cars were lining up at the pumps five or six deep. The boss, Harold

Lehman, barked orders left and right and soon discovered I was new on the job.

The next three hours were a blur. "Three dollars of high-test and make it snappy!" "I think you better check my tires." "Don't use that oily rag on my windshield!" "Where's the key to the washroom?" "Could you check my antifreeze?" "One of my headlights is burned out." "I can't get my trunk open. The lock's frozen."

My worst mistake of the evening was putting five buck's worth of gas into a car, then having the customer insist he had only asked for two. I had to use a hose and gas can to siphon out three bucks. And that's when I got a mouthful of gasoline.

When my shift ended at 10 pm, I thought I was going to get fired. Harold came over, pointed a finger at me, and said: "I'm giving you all the extra hours I can 'cause you need the practice real bad!"

Do you have any old car stories to share with our readers?

Email: bill@carstory.com

## Tuck this in your glove box: the Fuel Consumption Calculator

(NC)—Everyone wants to save money at the pumps. So why not track and improve your fuel efficiency every time you drive. Natural Resources Canada has produced a handy Fuel Consumption Calculator you can tuck in your glove box. The tri-fold calculator gives you a sliding rule to track and how many kilometers you're driving, the total number of litres of fuel you're consuming, calculate your litres per 100 kilometres or miles per gallon, your estimated annual carbon dioxide emissions and your fuel costs. There really is no better way to see where your fill-up dollars are going.

The Fuel Consumption Calculator is one of many tools consumers can use to help them buy, drive and maintain their vehicles in ways that will conserve energy, preserve the environment, and protect their health and save money. Visit Natural Resources Canada's website at vehicles.gc.ca or call 1-800-387-2000 to learn about the EnerGuide Label for Vehicles, Fuel Consumption Guide and to learn about other tips and tools to encourage fuel efficiency.



