

# Antique Auto Musers of Alaska



# Tinkering Times



Volume 61, Number 1

[www.antiqueautomusersak.org](http://www.antiqueautomusersak.org)

January 6, 2021

## SOS Stirs Memories

*Editor's note: When we sent out an SOS for our current video project, Sara Stoops sent this excellent cascade of recollections. It couldn't go into the video, but it is fun to read. Enjoy!*

I do have memories to share with the club and am going to write them here.

As I reflect on my favorite trips with this precious club what comes

back is not one particular trip as a whole, but snippets of trips.

A trip to Fairbanks caravanning with the Wiedmers when first the Alpha and then Maddie's Caddie broke down before we got much past Palmer.

(See p. 3, "Sara's Memories")



Maddie's Caddie Wiedmer

## Installation Via Zoom

Installation of officers will happen at our Zoom meeting on Wednesday, January 13<sup>th</sup>.

Art and Tamea Isham are in charge, as usual, so look for some entertainment. All they would say was that it will be "out of this world." We will be looking forward to that and to seeing everyone there to enjoy the fun.

## 2021 Dues

Our treasurer Scott has announced that if you haven't paid your 2021 dues, you are in big trouble.

He says that so far he has received 45 memberships, 22 of which paid AACA dues through AAMA.

Apparently, there are some glitches handling the dues in this way, which is new to us. So if you haven't taken care of yours yet, please do so right away to reduce the amount of Tylenol Scott will have to consume.

Thanks.

## January Meeting

### Happy New Year and Mark Your Calendars!

Antique Auto Musers of Alaska will host its first meeting of 2021 via ZOOM.

It all happens **Wednesday, January 13 beginning at 6:30 p.m.** You're welcome to tune in as early as 6 p.m. for hellos and casual conversations. If you're not there exactly at 6:30 p.m., no worries. Join anytime to be a part of the meeting.

**Click the following link to join the meeting.**

[https://zoom.us/j/98379789742?](https://zoom.us/j/98379789742?pwd=a01JV1d0RzZEeXBUEU5NMi9TVXIzUT09)

[pwd=a01JV1d0RzZEeXBUEU5NMi9TVXIzUT09](https://zoom.us/j/98379789742?pwd=a01JV1d0RzZEeXBUEU5NMi9TVXIzUT09)

**Or, go to [www.ZOOM.us](http://www.ZOOM.us)**

Click "Join a Meeting" on the top menu bar.

Meeting ID: **983 7978 9742**

Passcode: **584177**

- Do you know a club member who does not use email or computers? If so, invite them to your home to participate.
- Do you need help setting up your ZOOM access? If so, contact me and I'll walk you through the process with a test run.

Our previous ZOOM membership meeting was very successful and fun.

The pregame discussions were quite nice, too (6-6:30 p.m.)

Please plan to join us. This meeting will include the installation of AAMA's 2021 Officers.

We'll also discuss upcoming events including how we plan to create our own version of a rolling parade this coming February (just about seven weeks away.)

Looking forward to seeing everyone again soon.

—David

# Running Board Reflections

Welcome to a new year!

We have plenty to look forward to in the months ahead. Social distancing and masks will certainly be around for a while longer. And, membership meetings, for the time being, will continue to happen via ZOOM computers and devices until we can gather safely in groups as we used to do. Still, the club has adapted to the changes, membership is strong and we're well prepared for 2021.

Individual initiatives made all the difference this past year. Rich Golding organized a tour of a senior residence neighborhood. Tam and Art Isham guided club members on some exceptional manifold



*David and his 'shaggy co-pilot,' Sandi, thoughtfully Survey the passed, remarkable year. "Well, thar she goes," Sandi seems to say, "and now, maybe we can press on."*

The Cresaps opened their lawn and driveway to a socially distanced picnic. The Wiedmers shared their beautiful rides for worthy causes as did Scott Hulse who helped a young lady celebrate her graduation this past year. As always, Jim Fredenhagen and the Alaska A's welcome our members as part of their touring. Other activities included two informal Anchorage and Eagle River parades and a well-received car show at Aspen Creek Senior Living. Both of the latter events earned great television exposure for the club. You can view those stories by searching for our club name on the [www.ktuu.com](http://www.ktuu.com) website.

Speaking of media, as a member of AAMA and Antique Automobile Club of America, I hope you received your copy of the national publication

*Antique Automobile.* The 2020 November/December edition includes a story and photos documenting the club's Hatcher Pass tour this past summer. I hope this inspires you to submit your own stories and photos on behalf of the club. I know the editors would love to see more news from their northern region club members. I think they're particularly interested in personal stories about special cars in Alaska. We have plenty of those.

The new year will bring fresh ideas and projects, inspired by you. I hope you're just as excited about the year ahead. My shaggy co-pilot and I can't wait to be back on the road with you and yours.

Very best,  
-David and Sandi



## 2021 Officers

President: David Jensen  
868-1680  
Vice President: Linda Golding  
351-3251  
Secretary: Greg Carpenter  
Treasurer: Scott Hulse  
240-4028

## Members at Large

Brian Anderson-748-1698  
Al Combs-242-6491  
Tamea Isham-688-3671

## Past Presidents (10 years)

Gwyn Wiedmer (2017-18)  
Brian Anderson (2015-16)  
Mike Wiedmer (2013-14)  
Howard Hansen (2012)  
Donn Reese (2009-2011)  
Jeff Hassler/Donn Reese (2008)

## Tinkering Times Staff

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The Tinkering Times is published monthly by Alaska's really neat classic and antique automobile club, Antique Auto Musers of Alaska, P.O. Box 232086, Anchorage AK 99523-2086.

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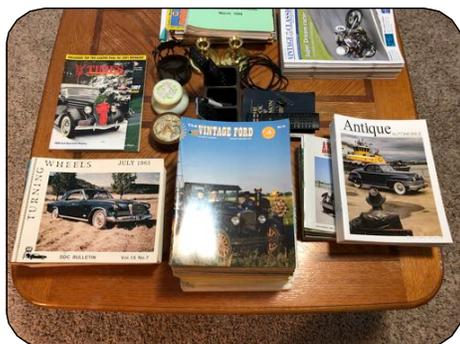
## One Man's Treasures

*Our ads are intended for members and others who wish to sell cars and related items. There is no charge, and the ad will run for three consecutive issues before being removed. To pull an ad, extend it or to place a new ad, contact Tom 694-7510.*

### Secured, Enclosed Storage In West Downtown Anchorage

9'x18'x 7-1/2' high space  
\$150/month for single  
2 spaces-\$125/each  
Dave Syren

**For Sale:** Acetylene torch outfit for sale; tanks, gauges, hoses, torches, portable carrier. Also portable Emglo compressor and tank. Bruce Campbell 345-3129 (12)



Happy Holidays. Hope all is well and you're all staying safe. I wanted to let the Club know that I have a pile of Studebaker and Model T magazines, as well as General Antique Auto magazines I would like to donate to someone or the club. Do you think there would be any interest? If not I will dispose of them. Thank you for your time, enjoy the holidays.

Regards,  
Mike Stoddard

## Schedule of Events

- \* January 13–Zoom Meeting: :Induction of officers
- \* February 10–Meeting
- \* March 10–Meeting
- \* April 14–Meeting
- \* May 12–Meeting
- \* June 9–Meeting
- \* July 14–Meeting
- \* August 11–Meeting
- \* September 8–Meeting
- \* October 13–Meeting
- \* November 10–Meeting
- \* December 5–Christmas Party (TBA)

## Sara's Memories

We finally got help from a friend in Eagle River who arranged a tow and we had a great fun trip in his Subaru! Kelly and Max were with us to add to the fun.

The first trip Max and I took after Gary died in Maddie's Caddie was quite an adventure. Soon after we hit the road to Juneau, the car would refuse to start and Scott (Hulse) would have to squirt the magic ether to get it to start. I was never the last one in line and I remember being so grateful that the club always had our back!

And finally, a favorite trip to Majestic Valley when Max and I took his red Jeep "Warthog." We had to

leave late and he drove like a mad teenager, passing on curves and such - was glad to get there alive! The games seemed extra fun that year and we had a blast. Max won first place in one game with Scott's beautiful Rolls, he and Fred Sherman had a jeep race up the mountain side, and Diane (Allen) came flying across the finish line in the "stop on the line" game in a cloud of dust.

It is a joy to look back at photos and remember these trips and others. I so look forward to the time when we can hit the road again together!

Merry Christmas all!

–Sara

## From The Editor's Desk

I've been up to my ears in my video project, and I hope to be able to show to you soon. Anyone who has done a video knows what I am talking about. There are literally thousands of computer commands necessary to get everything in place, and ready to present.

Don't get me wrong and think I'm complaining. I knew what I was getting myself into before I started. It is a fun mental exercise, guaranteed to keep the brain cells in shape.

This month's Tinkering Times is abbreviated because of our necessary separation, but I hope it triggers some pleasant memories (Sara's Story) and smiles (Rich's story about Santa.)

## A Note From Dave Beck

Tom and Marcy,

Sitting here at home and thought about the club. I was checking out a February newsletter and saw that Howard and Colleen were married. I was not aware that their respective spouses had passed.

I hope this finds you well. We live on Fox Island in Washington state. Peggy's mom lives here with us and is doing great. She will celebrate 91 in January. We have been traveling in our Motorhome this year to keep our sanity.

Happy New Year to you and all at the club. We shipped all of Jim [Swanson's] cars here. The photo is at our sons home here on the island.

Dave and Peggy Beck



*Dave Beck sent this photo of the late Jim Swanson's cars, which are now residing on Fox Island in Washington State.*

## Three Thousand Six Hundred Forty-Three Roses

Humor by Ernest . . . I mean,  
Rich Golding

As best I can recall, it was about thirty-three or thirty-four years ago, sometime before my daughter was born, that I decided I wanted to dress up as Santa Claus and surprise my two young sons on Christmas morning. They were still of an age – young and blissfully naive, when a dad could dress in a rented Santa suit with a long white cotton beard that hooked surreptitiously behind your ears, and get away with such a ruse. Mind you, back then I was quite a bit heavier, and could get away with dressing as Saint Nick, without the need for added under padding.

The way I figured it, this was my last hope at playing Santa. By the next Christmas my sons would be too old and too savvy to fall for any such impersonation. Though still quite small, my darling boys were getting older and wiser by the day. If I actually wanted to get away with it, it would definitely have to be that Christmas.

After explaining my plan to Vicki, a young woman who worked for me for several years, her face lit up, and she seemed entranced with the idea. She explained to me how she had goaded her own husband to consider doing the same for their young son, but he rebuffed the notion. It takes a special variety of impishness, coupled with a personality bordering on lunacy to don a red velvet costume, and attempt to pull off such a brazen

deception on your own kids. She told me and my wife over and over again how “sweet” she thought this would be.

But undertaking such sweetness comes with its challenges. Could I disguise my voice sufficiently? Would my fake beard and stocking cap camouflage enough of the face they had looked at all their young lives, to sufficiently deceive? Above all, were my boys still really innocent enough that they still believed there was a Kris Kringle? There were so many obstacles that this young father's performance would have to subdue. I would be lying to you, gentle reader, if I did not admit to agonizing over these obstructions for several days heretofore the holiday's arrival. But, after boiling it all down, I knew it was now or never.

Christmas Eve arrived at last, and after the boys were finally asleep, we locked the door to our bedroom and I quietly tried on my costume for Linda's inspection.

“What do you think?” I whispered.

“It's really wonderful. And I think it's very sweet of you to do this!”

“That's what Vicki said,” I replied, picking at and spitting out a bit of my cotton beard that had migrated into the corner of my mouth.

“I know. She told me that, too. Her husband won't do it. And she really wanted to see the look on her son's face, so . . . so . . . I hope you don't mind, but I invited them over

tomorrow morning to celebrate Christmas with us.”

“Hah, what?”

“You'll get to be Santa for her little Jason, too! Won't that be wonderful?”

My stomach grumbled and my pulse quickened. My life began flashing before my eyes.

“You did WHAT?” I shrieked, covering my mouth with both hands to keep from waking the boys. “Honey, have you ever met Jason?”

“No, I don't believe so. But I'm sure he's a wonderfu—

“Oh my God! He's a smart-aleck jerk! A little hellion! He's a short loud mouth, obnoxious know-it-all. The devil's spawn! There's no way he's going to fall for my disguise! And what's more, he'll reveal my secret identity to our boys, and the whole surprise, everything that I've worked for and planned for weeks will get flushed down the preverbal Christmas pot!”

“Oh dear!”

“Don't 'oh dear' me! You've got to call Vicki right now and tell her that they can't come!” I commanded, whilst ripping off my beard and revealing beads of cold sweat all over my face.

“But it's after midnight! I can't call her this late! They're gonna be here early in the morning. There's nothing we can do now!” She held my hand in one of hers, while patting it with the other. “Relax darling, I'm

(See p. 5, “Three Thousand . . .”)

## Three Thousand Six Hundred Forty-Three Roses

(Continued from p. 4)

sure you're exaggerating Jason's maturity. Remember, he's just a little boy!"

I hung my Santa suit in the closet and took a shower. Linda went to bed. I lay down next to her, lying on my back listening to my heart beating, becoming acutely aware of my rapid breathing. I couldn't close my eyes. I counted the roses on our bedroom's wallpaper. I experienced an extreme episode of what I think psychologists refer to as 'Christmas dread.' In a few short hours, my loving sons will have seen through their father's deception and forever lose respect for me. Those feelings that I had intended as kind or honest would instantly morph into a joke regarding my insipid parental abilities. The sort of tale that will be reprised, year after year at our family's Christmas tables for generations to come.

I didn't sleep a wink that night. I knew in my heart that no matter what I did, that fiend Jason would spoil everything. The alarm clock rang at six thirty and awoke my snoring spouse.

"Merry Christmas, darling," she cooed as she rose from the bed. "Did you sleep okay?"

"3,643."

"What?"

"3,643."

"I don't understand. What's 3,643?"

"The number of roses on our bedroom walls."

The boys and their mother breakfasted downstairs. I remained in our bedroom, pacing. It was almost eight o'clock. No sign of Vicki and Beelzebub. Perhaps the merciful god of fathers had decided to smile upon my endeavors and granted me a reprieve from the Evil one. Perchance he had indeed spared me from the contempt and humiliation. I began to feel good again. Benevolent and loving. I slipped on my Santa suit, adjusting my beard and cap, and

descended the stairs.

I recall making eye contact with my youngest, Lucas, first. His eyes never left me. His jaw swung open, and remained agape. Tongue tied, he pointed at Santa as I came down the stairs, at which time his older brother, Randall, recognized my presence. His eyes almost popped out of his head. He grabbed his little brother's hand and together they ran towards me, each one embracing a leg.

"Santa! Santa! We love you Santa! You came! What did you bring us, Santa?"

For a young father, it was a once in a lifetime experience. A feeling of emotion like none other. A real Kodak moment. My heart could barely contain itself. I grabbed them both and held them close in a hug that even today I can still feel if I close my eyes and dwell upon it. And out of the corner of my eye I could make out Linda with tears streaming down her cheeks, beaming a smile that looked ever so much like the ones on her son's faces. We were, all of us, captured in a moment of loving perfection and sublime bliss.

Then the doorbell rang.

\*\*\*\*\*

As best I can recall, it was about three or four years ago, when I found myself downtown, on a snowy Christmas Eve. Ever the procrastinator, I still had one gift left to pick-up for my wife. The streets and shops are surprisingly quiet on the night before Christmas. I guess most everyone had already concluded their holiday shopping, and were home with their family, awaiting the big day. When I entered Nordstrom, the store was so empty that I wondered if they had actually closed for the evening. A quick check of my watch confirmed that there was still another fifteen minutes left before they locked the doors. I grabbed the face cream that is Linda's favorite and headed for the check out counter. On my way there, I noticed the "Come, have your picture taken with Santa" sign. An arrow pointed to his "workshop" up the escalator, on the second floor.

For thirty years I had always felt a great kinship with anyone that puts on

a Santa suit, so I figured, 'what the heck,' and rode the escalator upwards. When alighted on the second floor, there was no one else there. Just a rotund fellow, in a really fancy red suit and stocking cap, putting his things away, and preparing to leave for the night.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't know there was anyone else left," he said as he noticed me. "Do you have your kiddies with you? I can get back in my chair and greet them. I'm not sure where the store photographer is, but I can have him paged."

"No, no," I responded. "I was just in the store picking something up, and well, I thought I'd come by and say hello."

Squinting through thick-lensed brass wire-rimmed Santa glasses, his appearance and humble demeanor produced an impeccably gentle Old Saint Nick. Though his voice was that of a young man, his training and attention to detail were very noticeable.

"You make a very convincing Santa, young man," I lectured him aloud. "And believe me, I speak from experience!"

"The store actually sent me to Santa school for three weeks before they would give me the job. But honestly, I'm glad they did. This is the best job I've ever had. I'd gladly do it for free, if they asked me to. I just love the looks of surprise on all the little kid's faces, know what I mean?"

"Absolutely! It's a feeling like none other!"

A loud voice bellowed up the escalator passage from the first floor. "Closing up now Santa, you can go home," followed by several of the overhead fluorescent lights shutting off.

"Well Sir," he said, picking at and spitting out a bit of his cotton beard that had migrated into the corner of his mouth, "it has certainly been a real pleasure meeting you, Sir!"

I extended my hand outwards to shake his. "My name's Richard," I said.

Removing the prop wire rimmed glasses, he took a step closer to me and shook my hand. His squinting eyes opened wide.

“Mr. Golding? Oh my God, is that you?”

“Why yes, it is. But I’m afraid you have me at an advantage. Do we know one another?”

Unfastening the long white cotton beard that hooked surreptitiously behind his ears, he clasped my outstretched hand with both of his, and shook it enthusiastically.

“I don’t suppose you recognize me, Sir. I haven’t seen you in . . . hmmm, must be twenty-five or thirty years. My mother used to work for you back then.”

“– Jason?”

“You remember me!” He responded in subdued astonishment.

“Of course I do.”

“You know, Mr. Golding, in many ways the reason I always wanted to be a Santa Claus is because I remember

my mother taking me over to your house one Christmas morning, when I was just a little kid, and there was a guy there dressed up as Santa.”

“I remember. You seemed thrilled. I was so worried that you would see past my disguise.”

“That was YOU?” he blurted out in a rather stupefied voice.

“You didn’t know? I thought for sure you knew!”

After exchanging pleasantries, and reminiscing a bit, more of the store lights shut off.

We shook hands again and parted. I left the store and climbed back into my car. It began snowing as I drove home. There is very little traffic late on Christmas Eve. I stopped at a red light. My wipers were whisking away wet snowflakes as they descended the sky onto the windshield. And in the stillness of that silent night, I thought about Jason and about the thirty year gap, and wondered exactly who had fooled whom.

## January

### BIRTHDAYS

Dutch Overly–2<sup>nd</sup>

Ralph Centoni–7<sup>th</sup>

Dave Syren–7<sup>th</sup>

Rebekah Harding–13<sup>th</sup>

Randall Moss–17<sup>th</sup>

Bruce Campbell–23<sup>rd</sup>

Cheryl Martin–24<sup>th</sup>

Terry Young–24<sup>th</sup>

Donald Morfield–29<sup>th</sup>

### ANNIVERSARIES

Colleen & Howard Hansen–11<sup>th</sup>

Pam & Milt Tanora–11<sup>th</sup>

Kathleen & Carl Godsoe–26<sup>th</sup>

David Nolta & Donn Reese–29<sup>th</sup>



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