

February 19, 1996

Dear Mr. Isham

In the Fall of 1959 I moved to Anchorage. I was an Enlisted Man with the United States Army Alaska Communication System. Our agency was responsible for all the commercial and military telephone and telegraph within Alaska, and the lines Outside. I lived in Anchorage nearly three years. Our Agency did not have barracks so all of us lived in civilian housing in town.

My memory is that in the summer or fall of 1960 an article in the Anchorage Times announced an effort was underway to begin an old car club in the local area. I began attending meetings and met a dozen or so folks who were willing to work to put a club together. The driving force was Elisha Remmington "Remy" Baker.



Remy was the Operations Analyst for the Alaska Military Command as a civilian employee. His family had housing on Elmendorf. He already had arrived in Alaska with an impressive collection of cars. He was proudest of the two Rolls Royce's, one a 1922 Silver Ghost Town Sedan, the other a 1923 20-25 Saloon, they called the "Baby Rolls". I was taken with his 1910 Baker Electric. I have met few men who had the drive and unwillingness to put up with adversity that Remy had, yet he was a relaxed man who was fun to be around.

The club got started, and fun events soon began. It was with relative ease we arrived at the name for the club, The Antique Auto Musers of Alaska. It is my hope you folks are carrying on what I feel had begun with such energy and fun. I was delighted to find your name in the 1995 Hemming's Vintage Auto Almanac.

I had a number of old cars but really only spent time on one, a 1927 Ford Model T roadster. I had bought the car and whole bunch of Model T parts from a middle aged gentleman who had moved into Anchorage after trying to make a living near Homer as a farmer. He had found the car in a garage in Seward in the early fifties, but never had the time necessary to work on it. I spent over a year getting it where it became about as much fun to drive as a car should be. I had a complete set of wood and wire wheels, so I ran wood wheels on the right side, and wires on the left, with a rim and tire mounted on the back spare bracket for a wood wheel.

The top picture is taken in February of 1962. It is the drive way of the house at 529 Second Ave. Anchorage. The house is to the right off the picture. The house you see was missing on my last visit to Anchorage in 1985. The near car is a 1924 Ford Model T, "Doctor's Coupe". It had just been purchased by a civilian employee in our Agency, Jim Rozanski. As I was the only one he knew who understood what the three pedals of a T were all about he asked me to drive it in from way out past Lake Otis. It was a very cold, clear, day after a rain of the day before. The roads were treacherous. Those narrow tires, and stiff breeze, made for a wonderful trip into town. I was very pleased how well the manifold heater worked.



This long picture was taken at the State Fair in Palmer in the summer of 1961. Our club is driving the go-cart track in the middle of the oval race track in front of the grand stand. My car is nearest the camera. It was one of the few days I had the top down. There is another Model T just off the picture to the right that belongs to Dr. Morgan. Just ahead of him are three Model A Ford coupes. On the far right on the picture, just, above the child's head, is one of 'Remy's Rollsies. I do not remember how many cars made the trip, but I remember that because of not wanting to be out after dark we left early with two of the Model A's. I had a Ruxtle Axle, and in high range could run with the As. It was some, race, reaching speeds in excess of 45 mph, but not much.

The next picture is taken at Bird Creek. It was late Summer of 1961, and some of our club members were on our way to Alyeska for an all day outing. The cars nearest are two of the excellent Model A Fords, next is my T, then are Remy's two Rolls, and the last car is a remarkable original, low mileage, 1936 Ford Fordor, owned by a civilian employee of the Army Corps of Engineers.



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When I came Outside later in 1962 I left my T with a club member to sell. After a year when this did not happen I had the car shipped down to Seattle where I was back in college. After another year I traded the T off for a daily driver. I never saw it again. I also never saw any of the club members again. Remy and I exchanged letters for a while, but in time those stopped too. I get back to Anchorage about every ten years, and have been unable to locate any of the original club members. It was a fun time for me, and got me into car restoration as a serious hobby, but there isn't time for more about that here.

Well, this has gotten long enough. It's time to get back to other chores. I hope these photos are interesting to you, and I hope the club is huge with lots of interesting cars and people. Keep up the good work!

Yours truly,

Larry Barrett

