



Board Zooms, We Meet in Parking Lot

Your AAMA Board has decided that it's time to share our cars with Anchorage again. Please mark your calendars.

Our Wednesday, **May 13, 2020; 6:30 p.m. General Membership Meeting** will happen in the parking lot of **Turnagain Social Club**.

We'll discuss some business—including our summer calendar—and then join together for a rolling meeting through a few neighborhoods. (It might be helpful for you to bring a lawn chair for the 20-30 minute meeting.)

After our tour, we'll wrap up at

Lucky Wishbone. We will order ahead at the meeting and pick up at the LW door. (907) 272-3454.

Join in with your classic or regular car and forward your thoughts on any ideal neighborhoods that might enjoy watching our parade of cars.

Thanks, and see you all soon.

—David

Homer Tour Update

Hope you're all having a constructive and healthy hunker down.

I spoke to Mike at the Ocean Shores hotel in Homer. Normally we would do our annual Homer Run the third weekend in May, just before Memorial Day weekend, but this doesn't look feasible right now.

Mike said he had a large tour bus cancellation through end of June and there would be plenty of room if we wanted to come before then. It's rather tempting to do that, but I just read that fishing season will still be happening in June (with social distancing) and that means heavy traffic on Seward /Sterling Highways.

So, as much fun as the Homer

Run is, I'm reluctant to plan it for June.

I'm open to comments and ideas you might have.

We'll see you (through our masks)

Cheers, Jim

Adopt-A-Road

Marcy Cresap has announced that we will have the May Adopt-A-Road Cleanup on May 9th.

I've decided to go with May 9th for the first cleanup, but no food or socializing. I will ask everyone to 'social distance' when they pick up a bag and vest on a table. We are under contract to do three cleanups a year. We don't know if things will be any better later in the summer so we might as well go for it. Thanks!

Just a reminder: That's May 9th, the Saturday following this issue of the *Tinkering Times*. Meet at 9:00 AM at the Muldoon Carr's store.

—Marcy



Saturday's ZOOM board meeting

May Meeting

Our May meeting will take place in the Turnagain Social Club parking lot at 6:30 PM on May 13.

Bring chairs, masks and gloves to use as needed.

We have no April minutes, since there was no meeting last month.

See you there.

Summer Driveabouts

Brian Anderson reports that our informal weekly meetings would work well just as we did them last summer. "Obviously, the restaurant part would be altered according to current restrictions," he said. "For me, just having a good excuse to exercise

(See p. 4, "Driveabouts")

Running Board Reflections



Sandy and David Jensen do some exploring in David's 1957 Thunderbird on a recent sunny day. There is nothing like getting out in the fresh air in a classic car.

Today's world is filled with heroes. They masquerade as neighbors, restaurant workers, doctors and nurses, moms and dads, friends and, well, just about everyone these days.

This got to me thinking about masked heroes and their rides. The earliest masked hero I can think of was Robin Hood from the 1370's. Centuries passed and the legend of Robin Hood was eventually portrayed by Roy Rogers who rode his horse Trigger through fictional heroic adventures. Next, is Zorro whose horse Toronado who was known for his intelligence and speed. I'm also reminded of The Lone Ranger and his epic cry "Hi, Ho, Silver away!"

Of course, this all leads to modern masked heroes and their famous automobiles. The lengthy list includes The Green Hornet's 1937 Lincoln-Zephyr (and later the 1960's Chrysler Imperial Crown)—both were nicknamed Black Beauty; Batman and Robin's Batmobile was a 1955

Lincoln Futura concept show car; SpiderMan's, an Audi A8; Wonder Woman's was a Mercedes-Benz E-Class Cabriolet; and Dr. Strange's, a Lamborghini Huracán Coupé. Those are some great superhero cars!

It turns out that AAMA has its own heroes with grand cars. Lo and behold, most are probably wearing masks during the daytime as they share their good deeds and random acts of kindness. Small or large, your gestures mean everything to everyone these days, often more noble than the hero might realize.

Bring some smiles to your neighbors. Get your classic, vintage or antique car out and onto the road for a tour of the neighborhood, city or beyond. Best yet, join us for our rolling meetings. Our community depends on "normal" more than ever these days. It's a small task that requires a mask, cool car and an occasional cape. I hope to see you on the roads.

—dj



2020 Officers

President: David Jensen
868-1680
Vice President: Scott Hulse
240-4028
Secretary: Greg Carpenter
891-4988
Treasurer: Milt Tanora 868-1575
Sergeant at Arms: Dutch Overly

Members at Large

Mark Graber 745-8570
Tamea Isham 688-3671
Donn Reese 748-0036

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

Editor: Tom Cresap
Proofing, scheduling and
keeping the old man in line:
Marcy Cresap

Send correspondence to:

Tinkering Times
Tom Cresap, Editor
P.O. Box 770703
Eagle River AK 99577

or email:

tmcresap@mtaonline.net

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

Opinions expressed by authors of Tinkering Times—including references about how wonderful we are—are their own and do not necessarily reflect the official policy of the Antique Auto Musers of Alaska or any facsimile of reality, for that matter.

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.



For Sale: 1957 Ford Custom 300; 2-dr hardtop; 292 V-8, 3-speed Manual w/ OD; \$23,500. Bill Brown, 441-9261 or b.brown@bobsservices.com (7)



For Sale: New Model A rear fenders. Both left and right fenders; selling these as a set only; \$550; regular price is \$300 each plus shipping. Ricky Byrd, 907-855-0725. (6)

For Sale: The Cramer family in Kenai is selling a beautiful black rumble seat '31 Deluxe Coupe. It had a professional restoration around 2010 by the previous owner. Mostly stock but also has a Borg Warner overdrive, turn signals, 17" rims/tires in addition to the stock 19" wheels. It has an alternator, leakless water pump, hydraulic brakes, and luggage rack and trunk. Asking price is \$18K. For more info, Brandon Cramer thecosmocramer@yahoo.com, or 907-513-8998. (6)

Schedule of Events

As long as weather permits during the summer months, we will meet each Wednesday at 6:00 PM in the REI parking lot for a driveabout and dinner (location to be determined at the time.)

- * **May 9**—Adopt-A-Road (Marcy Cresap, 694-7510)
- * **May 13**—6:30 Rolling Meeting (In TSC parking lot) **TENTATIVE**
All remaining activities will depend on further confirmation
- * **May 16-18**—Homer Trip (Jim Fredenhagen, 351-3115) **(Cancelled)**
- * **June 10**— 6:30 Rolling Meeting (Driveabout chairperson?)
- * **June 11**—1:00–2;30, Serendipity Senior Rides (Diane Allen, 345-6355) **(Cancelled)**
- * **June 12**— 4:00 PM-8:00 PM, Palmer Colony Days car show, Palmer main Street (Jim Fredenhagen, 351-3115)
- * **June 18**—Turnagain Social Club Senior Rides (Diane Allen, 345-6355) **(Cancelled)**
- * **June 20**— 4 - 9pm, MSSRA Solstice Rumble Car show at Mirror Lake will be on Saturday (instead of the normal 21st) Bring something for the pot luck dinner.
- * **June 21**—Father's Day Car Show at the Zoo (Dennis and Diane Allen, 345-6355)
- * **July 4**—Parades: Anchorage (Kurt Rein, 344-5554) Chugiak, Allens, 345-6355) After-parade potluck (Cresaps, 694-7510)
- * **July 6-12**—AAMA and Model A trip to Fairbanks (Jim Fredenhagen, 351-3115)
- * **July 8**— 6:30 Rolling Meeting (Driveabout chairperson?)
- * **July 16-20**—Hope Weekend (Dennis and Diane Allen, 345-6355)
- * **July 25 (?)**—Adopt-A-Road (Milt Tanora))

For Sale: 1987 Cadillac Eldorado Biarritz Coupe; 4.1 Liter V8; 108,000 miles; automatic transmission; original paint and leather interior. Excellent condition inside and out. New tires. Always garaged. \$7,000 OBO. Charles Worthy, chasw@gci.net, 907-354-1853 (6)



For Sale: 1948 Ford Super Deluxe Tudor Sedan. Older restoration in very good driver condition. Strata blue color, LeBaron Bonney interior, V-8 engine, 3-sp trans, newer radial

tires, documentation, and many spare parts. \$13,000/offer. Brian Anderson (907) 748-1698 (8)



For Sale: 4 Model A Show spark plugs; all four, \$80. Regular price is \$37 each (\$148 for 4). Ricky Byrd, 907-855-0725. (6)

The Days of COVID-19: Resting, Ruminating, Remembering, and Restoring

Introduction by Bill Chace

Protecting our aged and corroded frames from this epidemic has given us extra time to dig out treasures and complete tasks that otherwise would be occupied by appointments. Our radiator leaks, transmission slips, engine misses, and struts are weak. Brakes are good but accelerator lags and tranny is slow to shift. Otherwise we are still rolling and stronger on a downhill.

Editor's note: I put out a request to members to write a short description of their activities during our lockdown to fight the coronavirus. These are some of the responses. I hope I haven't left anyone out.

Bill Brown



Chris Brown's 1923 Model T

Not actually a project, but at least the warm weather has some folks using alternative transportation modes to get to work. My son, Chris has been driving his Model T to work. Thanks, Ted Kimzey!

On to a sad note, Kurt Grau works for me, he told me this morning that his Mother Marguerite passed this weekend @ 81, His dad

Attendees at first official AAMA Meeting - August 28, 1962

- ◆ Paul Boniface
- ◆ Roger C. Swanson
- ◆ Richard T. Swanson
- ◆ Bob and Alpha Brown
- ◆ Fred Tisdell
- ◆ Stan Simpson

AAMA Website

Len is in assisted living home in the valley at 83 and is not doing great.

For those who don't recall its my understanding that the Speziallys, Grau's, Pierre and Judy Strong and my parents Bob and Alpha Brown are among the founders of the Antique Auto Musers. (For more, see p. 5, "Resting . . .")

Monumental Job: Newsletters on Website

I've done my last coordination with the printed vs. scanned/uploaded newsletter editions. As far as I can tell, everything we have in the archives and donated is online. I gave Tom some printed editions from Ted's collection that were missing from the archives and can now be inserted with the hard copies.

Mike Wiedmer pointed out we were missing November and December, 1998 and kindly provided scans from his collection. I found these, and I went to the office to scan them. When I scan from our copier/printer at work, it saves the files to a network location, and I then move the files to my drive. While on that network, I found the missing 1998-99 scans that I had forgotten were there.

I also had a confusing issue with January 2003 vs. January 2004. To fix Jan 2004 I ended up grafting part of the first page from a copy from Marianne Robinson and then correcting the date in Acrobat . . . whew!

The upshot is I am now confident everything on the website represents all the editions we have in printed and electronic form so we can take a proper inventory.

In time, I will go back through the archives Tom loaned me to scan original versions of numerous newsletters or parts of them that

contain better quality/original photos and other graphics to enhance the online library.

Check out the interesting old newsletters on the website.

-Donn

Driveabouts

(Continued from p. 1)

the cars and spend some time with fellow members is great with or without the restaurant."

David Jensen reported that he has spoken with management at REI, and they have no concerns about AAMA continuing to use the front corner (Northern Lights and Denali) for Wednesday evening meet ups, as we did before.

David plans to bring this up at our general membership meeting on May 13th, along with the suggestion that we begin May 20.

We will meet at the REI parking lot at 6:00 PM each Wednesday, except meeting nights, of course.

**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

Resting, Ruminating, Remembering, and Restoring

(Continued from p. 4)



On June 15th, 1991, Marguerite and Len Grau took part in a Valley cleanup and showed off some of their trash treasures in Bill and Lorraine Foster's front yard. Marguerite passed away this April 26th.

Roy Foster, Palmer



I am starting work on my 1957 Ford Custom 300. After sleeping by the side of the driveway, it is getting ready for new tires. (14" are difficult to find.) I found trailer tires, which should work OK for now, as I just need to be able to move the Ford onto the pavement and over to my shop so I can work on it.

After I get the car to the shop, the next step will be to see if I can get the

engine running.

—Roy

Kaye and Richard Cruse, Seward



Kaye and I have joined a Seward group of quilters with the goal of making 3000 face masks in 30 days to be available to Sewardites. Having a great time making 30 per day. If anybody in the group has needs we can help.

Walt and Sachiko Sonnen, Seldovia



Walt Sonnen's Model A is in Arizona, so his shop is free for his 1934 Ford. The original engine could not be rebuilt due to a shop closure in Anchorage, but he found an engine with a standard crank in California, and it is on the way. The transmission is awaiting 2 parts. Walt has fixed a cracked front frame member, installed a new front spring and repaired the wishbone assembly, which needed new shackle pins. It took a while to repair a "swiss-cheesy" front floorboard area with fiberglass, but after all that, he rolled the car out and degreased the engine bay and scrubbed it up before getting ready for paint. Of course, there are other distractions on Walt and Sachiko's boardwalk: boats, gardens, etc. The

snow was fun, but they're happy to have the sun back!

Bill and Joyce Chace, North Pole



Joyce is busy exercising the vintage Singer sewing machine. She has made almost a hundred masks for the hospital staff and the Electrical Union workers in support of Eielson AFB and reception of 54 new F-35's.

I have changed zone valves on heating a system, installed new toilets, sorted out old photos and treasures, and completely assessed and repaired all components of a 1923 Ford Model T Depot Hack that belongs to the Pioneers of Alaska. Every neglected component from radiator, electrical and fuel systems needed overhaul. Its now ready for a test run.

(More on p. 6, "Resting . . .")

**More:
Resting,
Ruminating,
Remembering,
and Restoring**

**Art and Tamea Isham,
Peters Creek**

Tamea Isham (up at 8:00 AM) and Art Isham (up at 9:30 AM) Coffee, paper (and iPad for Tamea) until 10 AM or, then breakfast and start day by 11 AM. Lunch at 2:30 PM followed by nap. Second start of day at 4 PM. Supper is at 9:00 PM and into bed by midnight. Tamea is busy building some outstanding quilts, and Art's main project, completed now, is a 1931 Model A Deluxe Roadster.



One of Tamea's quilts



Art and the Roadster

Dick and Barb Henningsen



Besides enjoying a glass of wine to celebrate Barb's birthday, the Henningsens are involved in mask-making.

Greg Carpenter



Greg Carpenter is working on a 1966 Ford Mustang he has owned since July of 2018. The car has a 289 V-8 engine and needs a lot of repairs.

The Pony is a sort of "barn find" from the Fairbanks area. The original owners used it as a daily driver until 1982, when husband died. The car subsequently sat in the garage for 35 years, and in April of 2018, when the wife's health began to decline, she sold the car to a real estate agent in North Pole. She told him that she would like to get a ride in the car when he got it running again. Intending to have that happen, he took the car to a buddy's garage and worked on it, but she passed away before they got it running.

This second owner had bought the car for his wife for her birthday, but when he gave it to her she said she didn't like Mustangs or the color red. So he put the car on Craig's List and Greg saw it.

After making the deal, Greg took his son, Garrett, hooked up the car

trailer and drove to Fairbanks the next day to get the car. He reports that he has always wanted a 60's era Mustang and this one happened to be in his favorite color. As he goes through and works on the car, he thinks he has become a VIP customer at CJ Pony Mustang parts. He plans to be able to enjoy the car this summer.

Carl Godsoe



Carl Godsoe installed a "Front Mounted Tool Box" on his 1931 Model A Pickup. Kathleen is busy building quilts and masks.

**Dave Chiotti,
Santa Rosa California**



Having all this time on my hands has given me the opportunity to catch up on a lot of things.

With the cars tuned and polished and just waiting to hit the road my other interest has been renewed.

Model trains have been a love of mine for the last 70 years. I started out with HO gauge (half the size of Lionel) when I was about nine.

Then moved on to N gauge (about half the size of HO) in my 20's.

Now in my late 70's O gauge Lionel is the only gauge these old eyes can see.

A Stitch In Time

Humor by Rich Golding

There was a knock at the front door.

“Police, open the door, please.”

I hurried down the stairs to the front foyer. “Who is it?” I shouted through the door.

“Police. I’m here in answer to a missing persons report that was filed.”

“Thank God, I was hoping you were going to come.”

I opened the door to a short, middle-aged fellow in a rumpled, tan

trench coat.

“Hello, I’m Detective Cincinnato,” the investigator said, scratching his head with one hand while the fingers of his other hand leafed through a spiral bound notepad, “You reported your wife missing, is that correct, Sir?”

“That’s right.”

“And the report says you haven’t seen or heard from her in about a week, now.”

“Uh huh, that’s right.”

“Well then, let me ask you this, Sir, exactly when and where did you recall seeing her last?”

“Like I reported, it was about a week ago. I was downstairs in the kitchen, sitting at the table having a cup of tea. She told me she was going upstairs to do some sewing. She’s been stitching up masks for our family and friends to use during the pandemic. That was the last I saw or heard from her.”

“I see,” the gumshoe responded, scribbling onto the notepad, whilst continuing to scratch his head. “Do you

mind if I come in and search the house, Sir?”

“Sure, but I don’t see what good that will do you. If she were here, I’m sure I would have heard her, don’t you think?”

“Just procedure, Sir. We have to
(See p. 8, “A Stitch in Time”)

Just a Little Note of big Consequence

It takes Walt, who lives in Seldovia to find out the latest. This is his note about ADB Machine shop in Anchorage.

FYI: ADB machine, that was the go-to machine shop for many of us (for drag bikes and old cars, 12 cylinder jags, etc) closed yesterday. Dave retired. as to whether anyone will take over the shop, we’ll have to see. The closure was unrelated to the #19 crisis.

Okay, We Have Just Two More

Karen Avila-Lederhos



Roger enjoys a cold shake.

Karen Avila Lederhos’ wolf puppet, Roger, enjoys a delicious chocolate shake on a hot day in Marana, Arizona (north Tucson area.) “That’s the ‘65 Mustang we have in Marana, says Karen, “but my Anchorage Mustang is a better car. Miss everyone and ready to come home next week. We had above average temperatures, 102°. That’s waaaayyyy too hot for me!”

And, Then There is Jim Fredenhagen’s Story . . .

The Mouse Story

While taking care of his dad in Illinois, Jim Fredenhagen thought he would get the farm’s International 140 ready for the season. It has always run well, but hasn’t been used in a few years, but stored in a barn. The engine seemed frozen, and he was all set to try breaking it loose by pulling it down the road when he thought to pull the starter and check it out.

He was shocked to find the starter housing full of corn kernels and mouse nests. It was so packed that there was no possible way the engine could’ve turned over. Towing it would have caused extensive damage.

It took several hours and lots of ingenuity to get all that debris out; but, then the engine started happily and ran great again.

Jim says he is dumbfounded as to where the mouse or mice got into that

housing. Moral of the story: never underestimate critter power when putting equipment in long term storage.



A Stitch In Time

(Continued from p. 7)

eliminate all possibilities when it comes to these matters. I'm sure you understand, Sir. Do you mind if I start upstairs, where you say she was last heard from before the disappearance?"

I followed behind him up the stairs.

He stopped sharply, turning towards me and commanded, "It might be best, Sir, if you wait down here for me. Procedure, Sir. You understand, don't you?"

"Uh . . . sure," I muttered under my breath. "Her sewing room is the last door on the left at the top of the stairs. Be careful, it's really cluttered and quite disorganized. We travel a lot, and my wife has been collecting material from all over the world for several years now. That room has become more of a storage area over the years for her tons of fabric."

A few minutes later I heard loud noises emanating from upstairs. Bangs and bumps and the sound of heavy objects being dragged and moved about.

"Everything alright?" I shouted up the stairway.

There was no immediate response. The noises just continued, though ever louder and swifter. Then as abruptly as it began, the clamor stopped, followed by an eerie silence, and I could hear muttered gasps through the ceiling.

"Sir, could you come up here quickly, please," the detective's voice bellowed down the stairs.

I bolted up the stairs, my mind racing, thinking unthinkable thoughts, not knowing exactly what I would find. Reaching the top of the landing, the hallway to Linda's sewing room was littered with bolts and swatches of fabric that had been tossed out of it, creating a sort of pathway into the room, as if a mole were tunneling a burrow deep into the ground.

"Oh my God!" I shrieked, holding

my hands in front of my face.

Detective Cincinnato's head popped out from around the piles of fabric at the door. His face and voice took on a very deadly demeanor. "You best prepare yourself for a shock, Sir."

"You . . . you don't mean . . ."

"Yes. I believe I've found your wife." He held out his hand to me, and lead me into the darkened room. "Brace yourself, Sir," he whispered.

With my heart in my mouth, I crept ever so slowly through the doorway, over and through a veritable canyon of sewn masks. There were masks on the floor and masks piled almost to the ceiling. Everywhere there were masks. Masks of many colors and patterns. Masks in cloth patterns portraying scenes of Spain and France and China and England. Masks in all the different colors of the rainbow. Masks depicting different sports and sport teams. Masks with pictures of cars and planes. Masks with Army tanks, and masks with Naval ships. Masks with food and music motifs pictured on them. Masks of every kind imaginable. Masks with elastic bands. Masks with tied fasteners. Mask, masks and more masks. What seemed like thousands or possibly hundreds of thousands of them. And in the corner of the room, through the plowed chasm of these masks, a textile tunnel of sorts, sat my wife, hunched over a smoking sewing machine. She was feeding fabric frantically into the waiting jaws of said machine.

"Linda, oh my god, Linda!" I screamed. But my laments garnered no reaction. "It's me, it's me, Sweetheart. Don't you hear me? Don't you know me?" I sobbed.

She did not respond to my pleas, but just raced on sewing and sewing.

Detective Cincinnato grabbed me gently by the arm. "Look at me, Sir," he commanded forcefully. "She can't hear you, Sir. I'm afraid I've seen this before, Sir!" Then he reached over and swung my wife around in her swivel chair so that she was facing us. Linda's

glance had a wild look with circles of red around her eyes. Her pupils had completely contracted to pinpoints. Her hands remained outstretched and moving, as if they were still configuring fabric through her machine. Her right foot kept tapping, as if it were actuating a foot pedal.

"Must sew . . . must sew masks," she murmured, totally mesmerized. "Must make masks. People need masks!"

"Linda, Linda, don't you know me?" I cried out.

"It's going to take some time, Sir, but take it from me, with proper rest and lots of love, most people I've seen like her eventually recuperate and go on to lead meaningful, productive lives."

Extricating my bewitched spouse from her sewing machine we ushered her down the hall, and deposited her into her bed.

"Well, my work's done here, Sir, so if you don't mind me leaving, I can show myself out."

"Detective, I wonder if you wouldn't mind following me back into the sewing room?" I asked.

"Not at all, Sir. Is there something else I can do for you?"

"I couldn't help but notice that you weren't wearing a face mask. That can be rather dangerous these days, don't you think?"

"I know, but the wife hasn't been able to find them in any of the stores. Seems they're all sold out."

"So she doesn't have one either?" I queried, my voice laced with disapproval.

My eyes scanned across the columns of masks. "Ah!" I exclaimed, pulling out one in particular. It was made of fabric replete in colorful illustrations of handcuffs and pistols. I handed it to the policeman.

He turned it over in his hands. "Very nice workmanship, Sir," he said

(See p. 9, "A Stitch in Time.")

Virtual Car Shows? Ya Gotta Be Kiddin'!

A review by Tom Cresap

Our president, David Jensen, suggested a recent article in *Hemmings Magazine*, which suggested that virtual car shows might be the thing of the future.

“Last month, as stay-at-home orders proliferated and as notices of in-person show cancellations flooded email inboxes and Facebook timelines, car show organizers, museums, and clubs turned to virtual car shows—complete with judging and awards—to fill the downtime.”

This article poses a question about the car hobby that is being bantered around recently in many other quarters concerning the “new normal” after we emerge from COVID-19. Right now, it is difficult to imagine doing a car show while observing the necessary rules to prevent spreading the bug.

As the article points out, going to a car show on your computer will be far from the experience of being there first hand, in person. You ask: why do I show my car? The answer is that (1) you are sharing something historical, the story of the earlier development of the beloved automobile, (2) the historical evidence is right there in stark, undeniable reality; you and show visitors can smell it, feel it and see it in all its gleaming glory, (3) visitors are fun to talk to; sometimes they know some facts about your car you didn't, (4) a car show is an undeniable way to get people together. So if you think about it, almost none of this can be accomplished on the computer.

But, as questions arise about our post-pandemic “new normal,” some car show organizers are beginning to envision a future in which virtual car meets become more common.”

Why? Computer presentation may have positive aspects. It can bring a new potential set of interested folks who wouldn't bother to go to a show, and it might provide a platform to “bring together rare and far-flung cars . . .” and a more conducive way to “. . . cater to younger enthusiasts.”

Nobody interviewed for the article, however, envisioned virtual car shows entirely replacing the old-fashioned, in-person car shows.

In conclusion, this article in *Hemmings* may present a potential new venue, but not a total replacement of the car show. 🌐



This 1965 photo taken at the terminus of Colorado State Highway 5 near the summit of Mt. Evans (14,271 feet, the highest paved road in the U.S) looks like a present-day car show. It is part of a collection of photos taken by Brian Anderson's dad.

A Stitch In Time

(Continued from p. 8)

to himself aloud.

I suggested he try it on.

“Fits you like a glove!”

“Hmmm . . . would you have anything in pink? That's my wife's favorite color!” he asked as his eyes scanned back and forth across the endless stacks of masks. “How 'bout that one?” he asked pointing at a pink mask with yellow daffodils covering it.

“Got any kids?” I questioned. They need masks just as much as the adults do, you know.”

“Three of 'em, Sir. Two boys and a girl,” he responded, whilst pulling out a couple of baseball themed designs and a lovely turquoise colored mask with the Eiffel Tower on it.

“How much would you want for all five of 'em, Sir?”

“Well . . . let's see. It's not like you can find quality masks like these everyday! Just look at these beautifully finished seams, and the tastefully color coordinated straps . . .”

A few minutes and one hundred and sixty dollars in my pocket later, I

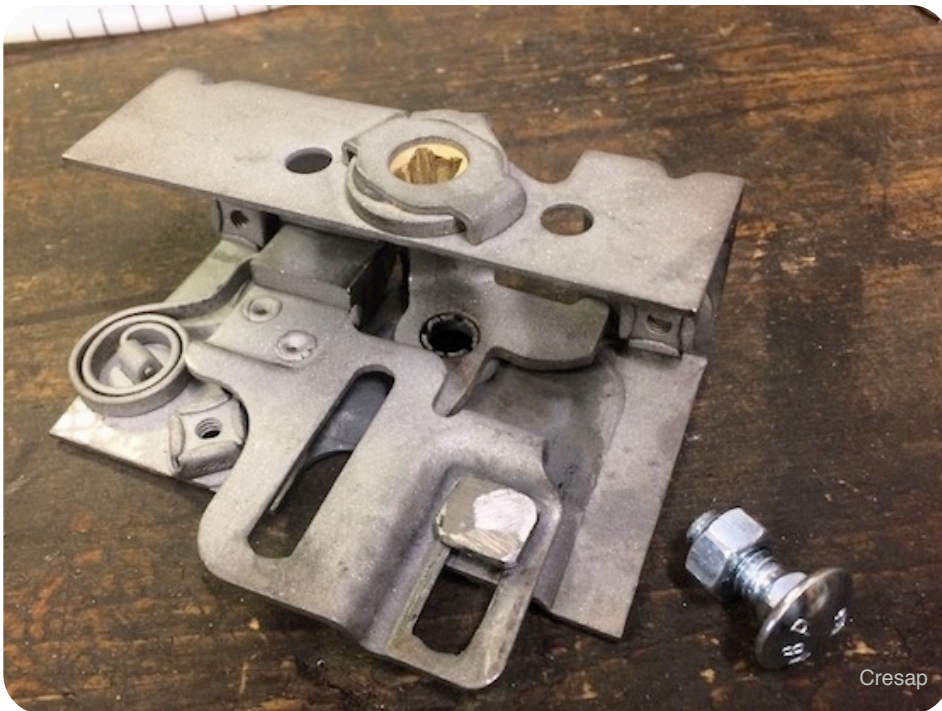
escorted a very satisfied Detective Cincinnato out our front door.

“Tell all your friends,” I shouted, waiving goodbye to him. “There's plenty more where that came from!”

“I will, Sir,” he waived back while getting into his car, “Take good care of your wife now, lots of calm and rest is just the ticket!”

I closed the front door and double locked it. Then I rushed up the stairs to our bedroom. Linda was lying on the bed, still half dazed and pitifully muttering on and on about sewing. “Come with me, darling,” I said, helping her out of bed and back into her sewing room. 🌐

Join us
for
Adopt-A-Road Cleanup
This Saturday, May 9th
at
9:00 AM



“What is that?” you may ask. It is the door latch for Tom Cresap’s 1931 Ford Murray-bodied Slant Window Model A sedan. Tom was restoring it in preparation for the total re-upholstering of the Model A. Inside, you will find out what others were doing on their COVID-19 vacation.

May

May Birthdays

Linda Grundy – 6th

Ken Evans – 6th

Carol Jensen – 13th

Eli Powell–13th

David Jensen – 20th

Barry Fowler 26th

Diane Wohlwend – 30th

Anniversaries

Gretchen & Michael

Stoddard–3rd

Dolly Larkin & Ken

Morton 16th



AAMA
P.O. Box 232086
Anchorage AK 99523-2086

