

Antique Auto Musers of Alaska



Tinkering Times



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August 5, 2020

July 4th Parade Tradition Alive and Well



One of the many places the 4th of July tour parade group (made up of AAMA, MSSRA and BSCA) toured was the 11th Air Force Memorial on Merrill Field in Anchorage. In part this commemorates our WWII forces in the Aleutians.

Wiedmer

by David Jensen

With July 4th activities muffled thanks to COVID concerns, AAMA organized an informal parade throughout Anchorage and some parts of Eagle River. Word got around town that we were planning the drive and before we knew it, Midnight Sun Street Rod Association and the British Sports Car Club of Alaska joined our rolling celebration of Independence Day.

Twenty cars, give or take, met at the Midtown Mall outside of REI. Onlookers stopped by for photos as KTUU and KTVB news teams interviewed members of both clubs for their weekend broadcasts. They put together some excellent stories that featured the car show and tour of Anchorage.

Around noon, the parade meandered west on Northern Lights and through Forest Park neighborhoods. Early horn honking and “ahoogas” woke up the neighborhoods as moms, dads and kids stepped out of the house to watch and wave as the cool cars drove by their homes.

Next, we stopped in at Anchorage’s Pioneer’s Home. The visit had been advertised to residents of the

home in advance and we enjoyed a receptive audience.

Along the way, the entourage stopped to visit the 11th Air Force Memorial on Merrill Field. (This memorial displays history relevant to the history of Anchorage, as well as, that of the military occupation of the Aleutian Islands during WWII. For more details about this memorial, visit the AAMA website and look at *The Tinkering Times*, Vol. 59, no. 9, p. 8.)

Eventually, the cars paraded

downtown through 4th and 5th Avenues twice before heading out to Eagle River. The streets were nothing like we’re used to seeing on July 4, but those who saw us roll through were smiling ear to ear.

We met up at Fred Meyer in Eagle River for about 30 minutes before departing. Several members of the club drove to Tom and Marcy Cresap’s home for a lovely picnic. In the end, it was wonderful way to recognize the day and our nation’s independence.

August Meeting

Our Wednesday, August 12 General Membership meeting will happen again in the HOPE Community Resources Learning Center parking lot at 570 West 53rd Ave. We have some business from the board that requires membership approval. After the meeting, we’ll tour some neighborhoods and perhaps land somewhere for sack lunches. Either way, please join us for the meeting and a socially distanced roll around.

With the new layer of COVID mandates in place this month, we will meet outside in the parking lot as we’ve done the past couple of meetings. Masks are required. Social distancing of 10’ between non-family members is required for compliance to MOA guidelines. The board will provide courtesy masks if you forgot to bring yours along.

Thanks everyone. Looking forward to seeing you again.

—David

Running Board Reflections



Pam, granddaughter Molly, Milt, Dixie and Butters Tanora gathered for this portrait in the snow last winter.

Our club is known for so many good things. From the outside looking in, our historic cars and trucks stand out and shine for the general public to reminisce and enjoy. Sometimes the people behind the cars step forward. That's the way most AAMA members prefer to direct the public's attention.

As club members, we know that our club's vibrance and longevity goes much deeper than the automobiles we care for and share. It's all about the friendships behind the cars and within our group.

Milt and Pam Tanora epitomize what our club is all about. Milt has been club treasurer for quite some time. The treasurer position (at least from my perspective) is the most technical and important seat on the AAMA board. He's served the club meticulously without fail. I won't attempt to describe what all of his work entails because it involves numbers. I don't do well with numbers. Thanks to Milt, few have had to worry about numbers and

financials as it involves our club.

As a couple, Milt and Pam have been among our most active club members. They've participated in our parades, tours at senior residence neighborhoods and chaired the summer street cleanup along East Northern Lights Boulevard for years. While that's all quite amazing, my appetite for the meals they've provided will rank way up on top of the list. Their holiday turkeys and pulled pork . . . oh, my.

Milt and Pam left the state for their new home in Oregon July 30. They shipped their 1932 Chevrolet Confederate Special and 1976 Mercedes-Benz 450SL a few months ago. Their granddaughter is headed off to college in Maine. Retirement from Alaska with their dog and cat (Butters and Dixie) is official.

The club will miss seeing you at our monthly meetings, Pam and Milt. You're great friends and AAMA is better because of both of you. Please stay in touch and send photos for us to share in Tinkering Times.



Pam and Milt took Pam's 1976 Mercedes-Benz 450SL to the AAMA 50th Jubilee in 2012.



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)

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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 Mushers 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.

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: 1930 Ford Model A 5-Window Coupe with Rumble Seat; Brandon Cramer, 907-513-8998, <thecosmocramer@yahoo.com> (9)



For Sale: 1978 Eldorado Biarritz; 83,359 miles; Excellent condition; Very clean and well maintained in warm, dry storage. Asking \$14,900; Anchorage-Jennifer, (907) 349-2370 (9)

Schedule of Events

As long as weather permits during the summer months, we will meet each Wednesday (except meeting days) at 6:00 PM in the REI parking lot on Northern Lights for a driveabout.

- * August 1—Pre-show & Shine car show at McDonald's (Cancelled)
- * August 2—Jay Ofsthun Memorial Show at Parkstrip (Cancelled)
- * August 12— 6:30 Rolling Meeting (Rich Golding)
- * August 22—State Fair Parade and Car Show (Mark Graber, 745-8570) (Cancelled)
- * September 5—Adopt-A-Road (Marcy Cresap)
- * September 9— 6:30 Rolling Meeting (Driveabout chairperson?)
- * September 12—Dimond Car Show (Jim Fredenhagen, 351-3115) (Cancelled)
- * October 14— 6:30 Meeting (Refreshments ?)
- * November 11— 6:30 Meeting (Refreshments ?)
- * December 6— Christmas party (TBA)



For Sale: 1941 K1 or K2 International Harvester pickup; barn find, good bones; originally from Utah; lots of surface rust; last used in 1962; in Anchorage, has title; present owner wants to see it when it is restored; make offer. Contact Justin & Rebekkah Golarz (907)-223-0124 Cell. (10)

Wanted: I need to have some brake shoes arced with an AAMCO shoe grinder. If anyone knows of someone who does this locally please let me know. Thanks, Mark Graber 907-745-8570 (9)

Adopt-A-Road



July 11 Adopt-A-Roaders: Sara Stoops, Barb and Dick Henningsen, Marcy Cresap, Brian Anderson, Scott Hulse, Milt Tanora (chairman) Greg Carpenter, Howard and Colleen Hansen, Bob Dreezen and David Jensen. Our next, and final for this summer, will be led by Marcy Cresap. It will take place September 5. (Not pictured: Mike and Gwen Wiedmer and Tom Cresap.)

Traditional Independence Day Gathering With 2020 Care



*Clockwise from lower left:
Kathleen and Carl Godsoe,
Linda and Rich Golding,
Dale and Ingrid Dryden,
some of the cars, David and
Carol Jensen, Tamea
and Art Isham, JR and
Barb Russell and Mike
and Gwyn Wiedmer.*



We Are Still Enjoying Our Wednesday Driveabouts



We enjoy gathering at the REI parking lot on Northern Lights in Anchorage and then going for a drive. Left, a new addition, a Citroen 2-CV.

2020 Denali Park Trip Canceled

Tamea Isham reports that she received an email from the Denali Park rangers regarding our entry into the park this fall after the lottery days. In it, the manager, Miriam, says, "The management fully supported your team making a visit to the park the day after Road Lottery concludes, September 23." We would be allowed to go as far as Teklanika.

Tamea responded that we thanked them, "... for considering our Club's request for a drive into the Park," and

that she would, "forward the September 23rd information to the Club members so that they can make plans if they wish to go."

Since a trip to Teklanika (only 30 miles in, when we are used to doing the entire 92-mile road) is a rather lackluster trip—given the cost of overnight lodging, meals and all—Tamea decided the trip wouldn't be worth it.

The park's offer stands, so if any individuals want to go, they can.

Hot Summer Nights 'Postponed'

Jim Fredenhagen just relayed a message from the 49th State Street Rod Club, in which they said that the City of Palmer is postponing the August Nights Show for Saturday, August 8th due to virus concerns.

"Well Bad News Everyone. Just got a call this morning the City of Palmer has asked us to postpone our *Hot Summer Nights* car show on Saturday August 8th from 5 to 9pm. The city really wants to have the show and they stress *postponed*, not *canceled*, because there has been a suspected rise in Covid-19 in Palmer and they don't want the city or the 49th State Street Rodders to be the cause of an outbreak."

"Several city employees are suspected of having contacted Covid-19 and are being tested. I will keep everyone closely updated and as soon as I know anything I will let you know. If you have already pre registered for the show I will keep the register active and let you know as soon as we have a date. Here is hoping we get a new date soon. If you have any questions please feel free to contact me at 907-745-8276." Eileen Grape

Group Tours to Eklutna Lake Area to See Wiedmers' Estate

by Tom Cresap

While not exactly an “estate” yet, it is over thirty acres of rather steep hillside with breath-taking panoramic views of the mountains and Eklutna Lake. Several garages (of course) their home and a guest house have yet to be built.

About half-dozen of us drove out to Rochelle’s Ice Cream Parlor near the lake to meet the Wiedmers, who then led us up the precipitous switch-back road about a mile. Not being familiar with the three-week-old road made it all the more exciting to navigate.

Once we reached the top, we got the treat of numerous panoramic views, which were topped off when we made a short hike to a rock outcropping, a favorite and private spot to view the lake.

Along the way as we walked, we witnessed fresh and aged signs of a bear who apparently lives in the vicinity. Fortunately, we didn’t actually meet him in person.

After enjoying the Wiedmers’ gracious and ample hospitality, we said our goodbyes and headed back down the hill (THE HILL!) In truth, it wasn’t all that terrifying going down as it was in our first experience going up.

The courageous mountain adventurers were Brian Anderson, In his 1993 Jeep Pickup, Rich and Linda Golding (Modern) Alex Roesch in his Citroen 2-CV, Art and Tamea Isham in their 1931 Model A roadster and Tom and Marcy Cresap in their 1938 Chrysler (carrying Howard and Colleen Hansen, who left their 1966 Plymouth Barracuda at the bottom).

Sutton Museum Hosts Annual ‘Valley Trash’ Show



The Model A’s and some AAMA cars made it to Sutton’s Jonesville Mining Museum. Usually, the 49th State Street Rodders host a barbeque, but skipped it this year due to the pandemic. The Model A’s lined up together: two Model A pickups, John and Sandy Tichener, their son, Jason and wife, Janice; 1931 Taxi, Dale and Ingrid Dryden; 1929 Tudor, Jim Fredenhagen and 1930 Fordor, Marianne Robinson. Not pictured: 1937 Chevrolet, Don and Val Bell and 1938 Chrysler, Tom Cresap.



Alex Roesch and his dog, Spitfire, enjoy the fresh air and the views of the mountains and Eklutna Lake on the edge of Mike and Gwyn Wiedmer’s property.



The intrepid adventurers staged at a lower bivouac along the Wiedmers’ “driveway” before heading up the hill.

The Lion's Mane

Editor's note: As a preamble to this month's column, the author wrote the following note:

"BTW, this month's column marks the completion of eight years of these literary masterpieces gracing the pages of your renowned periodical. I suppose in another twelve I get a gold watch and the boot?"

—Ernest

I hesitate to say what that means for me, since this is my twentieth year doing the 'renowned periodical' . . .

—Tom

Humor by Rich Golding

When I was young, the other children pointed at my head and laughed at me. I was a freak. More than anything else, I wanted to be just like the other kids. They all had straight hair. I had a head full of curls. I wanted to be just like them. I wanted straight hair.

Running an errand for my Mother, picking up milk or eggs at Mrs. Cacciatore's grocery store would always result in navigating through the aisles quietly and as undetectable as possible, in order to avoid the gatherings of chattering older women shoppers that eagerly stopped their gossiping for a chance to grab me and run their fingers through my curls.

"I want that hair!"

"So thick and lustrous!"

"What I wouldn't give for a head of curls like that!"

Escaping their Grandma clutches, I'd hop on my bike and make a beeline home.

"What happened to your hair? It's a mess," my mother inquired aloud. "Come here," she motioned and pulled her chair from the kitchen table, turning it around so that it faced me. Then she would grab me by the shoulders, and turned me around so that I faced away from her, and overpowered my juvenile body, capturing it between her legs in sort of an inescapable death grip.

"Hold still, stop squirming," she

commanded as she attempted to run a comb through the mess of steel cable tangles emanating from my scalp.

"Owwwww! That hurts!"

"It wouldn't hurt if you'd stop squirming!"

"Mom, why can't I have straight hair like all the rest of the kids?"

"Because, you're special!"

"But, I don't want to be special. I want straight hair!"

"How did you get it all tangled up like this? It's like trying to comb out a Brillo pad."

After enduring some fifteen minutes of my fidgeting and screaming, and realizing the folly of her failed endeavor, she released me from her leg half-nelson and commanded me to fetch her purse.

"Here's a quarter, ride your bike down to the barbershop and get a haircut."

Clem's barber shop was next door to Mrs. Cacciatore's grocery store.

Clem was a congenial old Italian fellow. For the first fifteen years of my life, no one else had ever cut my hair. He always wore a white t-shirt that had loose hairs of many colors clinging onto it. He himself was suspiciously bald

except for a neatly trimmed and combed ring of short grey hair stretched around the back of his scalp.

"When are you gonna givah to me that hair of yours, huh?" Clem's reflection in the mirror inquired. "I woulda kill forah head of hair likah yours," he always proclaimed whilst snipping wildly at the air above him with his scissors. "You holda still now, eh?" were all the instructions he ever gave me, as he dove, head first, into the fray. After what seemed like hours of ceaseless wild clipping, the deed was finally done. Then followed an Italian verbal command I had long since come to understand, which, as I recall translated to something along the lines of "what do you think of it, eh?"

He swung the chair with me in it around, and I evaluated the finished product in the mirror. I looked like a shorn sheep. There were mountains of hair on the floor around my chair. Clem's white t-shirt was completely covered in clips of curls. Gazing behind me, I could see the old man panting and sweating as a result of the Herculean task he had once more

(See p. 8, "The Lion's Main")



After a somewhat arduous climb up Mike and Gwyn Wiedmer's road/driveway, a climb that made the Cresap's 1938 Chrysler, Lucile's temperature soar a bit, we parked at the edge in preparation for the moment we would turn around and go down. In the line-up: an all-wheel drive modern pickup, a 1938 Chrysler, another all-wheeler, a 1973 Citroen 2-CV, and a 1931 Model A roadster.

The Lion's Mane

(Continued from p. 7)

successfully accomplished.

With raised eyebrows and a smile, he queried my reflection, "You likah?"

There were still plenty of curls left on my head. My reflection responded with a frown.

"Whatsa matter, kid? You no likah the haircut?"

"It's still all curly," I sighed.

"What are you talkin? It's a beautiful hair! Why I'da kill for a head of hair—"

"—I want straight hair, like everybody else," I interrupted abruptly.

"Looka kid, I'ma barber, not a magician!"

A couple of decades later came the revolution. The 60's. Rock music, high school, the Summer of Love. Long hair and afros were all the rage.

"Who does your hair?"

"I love it!"

"I'd kill for a head of hair like that," all my friends would tell me.

For the first time in my life, I was in style! Unashamed, I was free! I had been liberated! I grew my frizzy mop out, and out, and out. My hair looked like I had just stuck my finger in a light socket.

I became one of the most popular kids in class. The girls would wrestle over who would get the chance to run her fingers through my curly lion's mane.

Then I met Linda. She raved about my hair, too. She dubbed it a 'Jewfro.' When it came her turn to run her fingers through it, her hands somehow became inexorably entangled within my magic locks, and the rest, as they say, is history.

A few more decades later came advancing age. After raising three kids and building a business, and mortgage payments and continuously voting for the underdog in national elections, one day . . . it was gone. I passed by the mirror in the bathroom, and it wasn't

there anymore. I stood before the reflection of some stranger, some old man with grey hair. I ran through what little was left of it with my fingers, diligently examining all that remained.

"What happened?" my reflection lamented to itself. It was a sad time. It felt like I had lost an old friend, a constant companion through life's journey.

Still another decade or two passed, and then there came the pandemic. Staying home, staying safe. Lockdowns, hunker downs. No toilet paper, Lysol or haircuts. And amazingly, a miracle of sorts occurred. After weeks and months of home confinement, traipsing around the house in my pajamas, I noticed an astonishing transformation taking place in my weather-worn reflection. It was my hair! Its unabated growth on the still follicled small garden of my Gulliver, had gone wild.

Running my fingers through it again felt sooo good! "I'm back, Baby! I'm back! I'M BACK!" I screamed at the mirror, one morning.

"What are you yelling about?" asked Linda, rubbing the sleep out of her eyes, passing me in the bathroom on her way to the throne. "You woke me up with all your screaming."

"It's back! It's back! My Jewfro is back!"

"You're what?"

"My Jewfro! My Jewfro! Don't you remember?"

"You really ought not talk like that, you know. It could be construed as highly offensive to some people. Not very PC."

"Huh? How could you not . . . never mind, it's back! Look at all my hair!"

"Yeah. Hmmm. You really need a haircut. Wait until I'm done in here, and I'll cut it."

Twenty minutes later, she sat me down in a chair she pulled up from the kitchen table.

"Stop squirming," she screamed, as she tried to comb out my grey rat's nest."

"That hurts!"

"It wouldn't hurt so much if you would stop squirming! It's like trying to comb out steel wool!"

"Don't you mean a Brillo pad?"

She rolled her eyes, pursed her lips and shook her head back and forth.

"I swear, sometimes I don't know how or why I ended up with you, considering all I have to put up with. Now hold still!"

I stopped my wriggling, but I am sure that it was several minutes before I ever heard the scissors in her hand begin clipping away. Several minutes — yes I am sure of it! Several minutes that she spent unashamedly running her fingers back and forth, through my curls. 🌀



A 1931 Model A roadster, Isham; a 1983 AMC Jeep, Anderson; a 1966 Plymouth Barracuda, Hansen; a 1938 Chrysler, Cresap; a 1958 Rolls Royce Silver Cloud, Hulse and a Citroen 2-CV, Roesch gather at Rochelle's Ice Cream Parlor to rendezvous with our mountain guide, Mike Wiedmer in anticipation of a mountain-side adventure.

The Long Road to Turn Signals

by Tom Cresap

I bought my 1938 Chrysler, since nick-named "Lucile," in 2009, tore it apart for a rebuild and had it on the road again by 2012, in time for AAMA's 50th Jubilee at Alyeska resort. It wasn't anywhere near completed yet, but I had it on the road!

One thing and another happened, and finally, I had it running smooth as glass. We had some wonderful adventures: we drove the Dalton Highway to Prudhoe Bay, went to Whitehorse, Atlin, Skagway and Haynes. We've been to Hope, Homer and Wiseman, just about anywhere the roads in the north country will carry us.

Lucile has, however, had one very serious problem. She had no turn signals, and at times I had some heart-pounding experiences. One example was on a return trip from Canada. I was going to turn left into a pull-out at Slana Slough for a brief potty break. Without turn signals, I was unable to communicate my intentions to following vehicles. Fortunately, I looked in the rear-view mirror in time to see a car approaching. He must have been doing 90. I quickly pulled off to the right in time to avoid a horrendous crash.

One of my Covid projects has been to install turn signals I found on line. They are different from the ones offered by most after-market vendors and incorporate an automatic defeat and a few other cool features. But they don't have inside indicators to tell you what is going on outside. The solution required some ingenuity.

I used some 1/2" aluminum channel as a housing and purchased small LED's and the necessary resistors to reduce six volts to two. As you can see in the photos at the right, everything fit in the channel, and I then sealed it in clear epoxy. 🍷

RARE PHOTO OF MOTHER WRENCH FEEDING HER YOUNG. ABSOLUTELY BREATHTAKING!

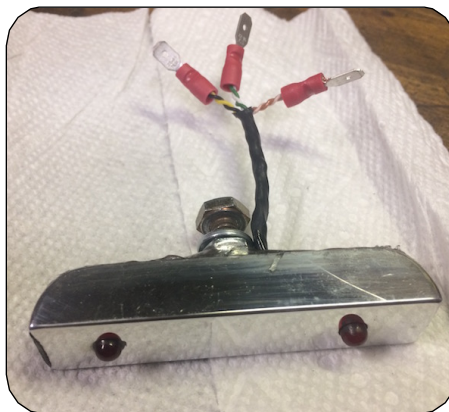
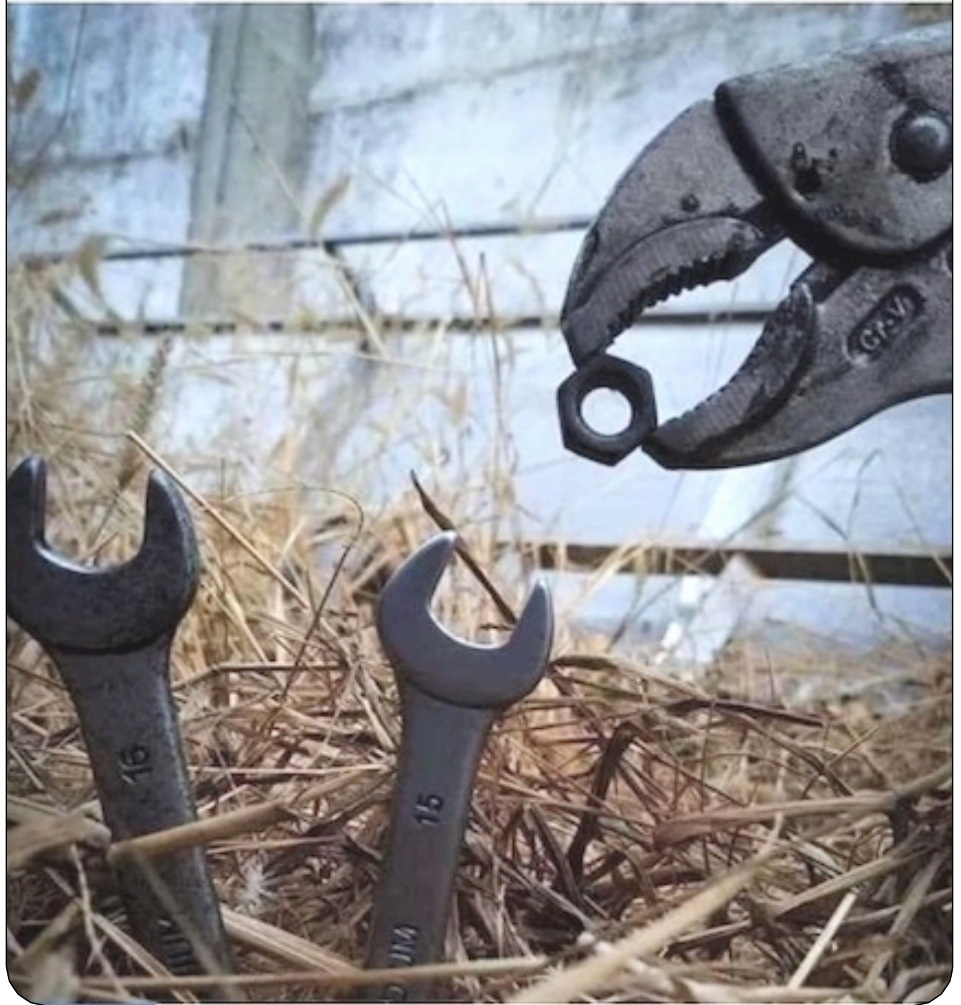


Photo on page 10 shows the device installed.



The indicator is in plain view when I am driving, and it is easy to see whether in daylight or darkness. The unique lever is also visible in the photo.

August

Birthdays

- Fritz Wohlwend—4th
- Marianne Robinson—6th
- Barbara Russell—11th
- Blacky Black—15th
- Karen Avila-Lederhos—23rd
- Jennifer Carpenter—23rd
- Scott Grundy—25th
- Bill Chace—31st

Anniversaries

- Marcy & Tom Cresap—31st

