

Antique Auto Musers of Alaska



Tinkering Times



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June 2, 2021

Homer Supplies Season's Spectacular Start

by J. Fredenhagen and L. Golding

With a good weather forecast we expected the 2021 AAMA Ken and Peg Stout Memorial Homer trip to be a good event. It wasn't just *good*, it was *spectacular*; with three cloudless days and warmth in the upper sixties. Welcome summer in Alaska!

In Homer we were welcomed on Saturday evening, May 22, by Ocean Shores Motel, Aspen Suites and dinner at AJ's Steakhouse.

After the first hour of the Sunday carshow a bigger venue was needed to accommodate everyone that came from Homer, Soldotna, Sterling, Anchor Point, Kenai and North Pole. We ended up with an estimated 40 cars, trucks, and trailers on display.

Former AK USA Federal Credit Union executive, Jim Fena, came to the rescue and moved us all to the Credit Union parking lot for proper accommodations. Thank you, Jim!

After the carshow, Al Engebretsen gave us all a guided tour of Bayweld Boats where he and his sons have created a major boatbuilding shop. Thanks, Al! Very impressive.

The grande finale, then, was a pizza party at the Aspen Suites and silent era movies shown by Rich and Linda Golding.

When this event started nine years ago, it was just a few Model A's following Ken and Peg Stout for a weekend in Homer.

This year saw more AAMA members than ever, around 15.

In addition, the Peninsula car club, Kaknu Kruzers, had at least ten



Bill and Barbara deCreft's 1932 Pierce Arrow and Dale and Ingrid Dryden's 1931 Model A Taxi were examples of the unique antique cars awaiting visitors at the Homer Alaska Federal Credit Union parking lot

members who joined us. We thank them for coming and look forward to seeing them again in August in Kenai.

Thanks one and all for participating. It was a great way to start Summer 2021 . . . more-or-less unleashed from COVID, at last.

Linda Golding added the following list of participants, showing the diversity of their home cities. Jim Fredenhagen (Anchorage) came in his 1929 Model A Tudor. He was accompanied by family friend Birgit

Robar, and was met in Soldotna by his wife, Victoria, in the family van;

(See p. 4, "Homer Trip")

June Meeting

Our general membership meeting is 6:30 PM, June 9th in the auditorium of Hope Community Resources on International Airport Road in Anchorage. We will discuss the Fourth of July Parade(s), our 60th Anniversary and other items.

Rich Golding will lead us in a driveabout after the meeting.

Anchorage
Fourth of July Parade
See p.4

Running Board Reflections



President David enjoys a warm day with Beau.

With news that Anchorage is opening up again, the club's calendar is looking busier than ever. Club Vice President Linda Golding has her hands full keeping up with calendar updates which can be found on AAMA's website for the latest details. It includes our signature events along with other activities around town for classic car enthusiasts. In most cases, the online calendar includes contact information for each AAMA-hosted event. Visit <https://www.antiqueautomushersak.org/calendar> for updated information. Remember, the website includes a "Members Only" page that is accessed if you mention 1961. Lots of good information on this site.

With all of the renewed activity, there are at least two special AAMA events of note. The first is our annual Father's Day Car Show at The Alaska Zoo. Dennis Allen is organizing this show, Sunday, June 20. We hope to fill the parking lot as we've done in past years.

The second event is Anchorage's

Independence Day Festival. The parade happens Sunday, July 4 in downtown Anchorage. It's captained by Kurt Rein (907) 344-5554. After the parade, club members are invited to a picnic at Marcy and Tom Cresap's Chugiak home.

As always, our car shows are free. Entry is limited to club members who are up to date with AAMA and AACA dues.

AAMA's business meeting happens June 9; 6:30 p.m. This will be a great time and place to learn more about and sign up for upcoming events. You'll also hear about plans for the club's 60 Anniversary Celebration next year. I hope you'll be able to attend the meeting. The conference room is comfortable, sanitized (before and after the meeting) and convenient. It's located on 53rd Avenue behind HOPE Community Resources at 540 West International Airport Road.

—David



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)

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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 Musters 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 Tudor; all black with silver wheels and gray interior; spare parts, including fenders, a running board, a light bar, a radiator surround, and a set of inner tubes. JoAnn Berna, rberna@pci.net, 907-351-2584.



For Sale: 1984 Corvette with removable top; 18" wheels, new urethane suspension, shocks, rack and pinion; Custom paint, polished intake manifold. Headers and power chip. Glass top and painted top. Extras. \$15,000. Margie. tsax4144@gmail.com

Schedule of Events

During our driving season, we will meet weekly at the REI parking lot on Northern Lights Blvd. at 6:00 PM on non-meeting Wednesdays.

- * June 9—Meeting. (Driveabout, Rich Golding)
- * June 11—Colony Days Car show 5-9 PM (Jim Fredenhagen, 351-3115)
- * June 12—Hope Car Show (49th SSR)
- * June 12—Colony Days Parade (Jim Fredenhagen, 351-3115)
- * June 17—Prestige Care 10:30–12:00 & Turnagain Soc. Club 1:30–3:00 car shows (Dennis Allen, 345-6355)
- * June 19—5:00-9:00 Solstice Party, David Jensen, david@alaskaportraits.com
- * June 20—Father's Day car show at Zoo 1:00-5:00 (Dennis Allen, 345-6355)
- * June 20—Solstice car show, Mirror Lake, 4-9 PM (Jim Fredenhagen, 351-3115) 49th State Street Rod Assoc.
- * July 4th—Anchorage Parade, (Kurt Rein, 907-344-5554) Picnic at Cresaps (Marcy, 694-7510)
- * July 14—6:30 Meeting (Karen Avila Lederos)
- * July 16—Bear Paw Car Show
- * July 19-24—Fairbanks Trip (Jim Fredenhagen, 351-3115)
- * July 24—Valley Trash Car show (49th State Street Rodders)



For Sale: 1966 & 1967 Tomados, as is where is, in Seldovia. call Frank, 907-399-1841

Travel to Kodiak: Kurt Rein is traveling to Kodiak Island with the Gem and Mineral Society and will be there July 8th through 16th. He has purchased Alaska Ferry tickets, complete with stateroom for the overnight trip. He is looking for a companion who would be interested in joining him and would not mind sharing the cost. Contact Kurt at 907-344-5554.



For Sale: Scott has ZDDP again. You can call, email or order at our meeting; \$9.00 per bottle, (add to 5 quarts of oil). This is my cost plus \$1 to cover shipping and handling. Scott Hulse, PO Box 111296, Anchorage AK 99511 (907)240-4028, hulse@alaska.net

A Double Date

by Dennis Allen

We Antique Auto Musers have two dates on June 17th.

We will be showing our cars and visiting clients on Thursday, June 17th at Prestige Care, 9100 Centennial Circle from 10:30 AM – 12:00 Noon. Afterwards, we will move to our old haunt, Turnagain Social Club, 3201 Turnagain Street, 1:30 PM – 3:00 PM.

I have been informed that all of the clients have their Covid vaccinations. There will be no rides given this year. I would like to have 10 to 15 cars at each location. Please call Dennis at 907-345-6355 if you can participate. 🙏

Hope Weekend Cancelled

by Dennis Allen

AAMA will NOT be going to Hope as originally scheduled July 16–18, 2021.

Event organizers have notified me that due to time required to plan, get the required permits and so-on to make the Hope Wagon Trail weekend a success, none of the traditional activities can take place.

Since the normal activities we usually enjoy are cancelled, AAMA has rescheduled the Retreat for the 14th–18th of July 2022. 🙏

Anniversary Meetings Continue

AAMA's Diamond Jubilee planning committee continues to meet via Zoom.

The goal of the latest meeting was to discuss the remaining venue options for the Diamond Anniversary celebration in 2022, as well as other topics as they come up.

The decisions will likely be presented to the club at our June general membership meeting, with the requested approval of a budget if needed. 🙏



We come up with sundry treasures while cleaning up our Adopt-A-Road area on Northern Lights. Members have found everything from hubcaps to a million dollar bill. This was what David Jensen found on our recent junket. Will it replace his T-Bird?

Homer Trip

(Continued from p.1)

Dale Dryden and Ingrid Woodward (Anchorage) in the 1931 Model A Taxicab; Jim and Shirley Fena, in their 1930 Model A Tudor and John and Linda Piper, in their 1930 Model A Tudor, drove south from Sterling; Kathleen and Carl Godsoe (Anchorage) came in their 1931 Model A Pickup, and their Soldotna family joined them in Homer; Howard and Colleen Hansen (Anchorage) in their 1966 Plymouth Barracuda; Richard & Linda Golding (Anchorage) in the 1986 Citroen 2cv; Sarah Stoops (Anchorage) in her 1958 Chevrolet Belair; Dick and Barbara Henningsen (Anchorage) in their 1960 Buick LeSabre; Brian Anderson (Anchorage) in his 1979 AMC Jeep CJ-7; Tom and Marcy Cresap (Eagle River) in their 1938 Chrysler Royal; Art and Tam Isham (Peters Creek) in their 1936 Chrysler Airflow; Gwyn and Mike Wiedmer (Anchorage) in their 1941 Cadillac Deluxe; Bill and Joyce Chace (North Pole) in their 1952 Plymouth Cranbrook; Scott and Sheryl Hulse were unable to bring the Rolls Royce, but showed up to have fun in the sun; Marianne Robinson and daughter

Martha and JR and Barb Russell (all from Anchorage) also joined the group for the car show, meals, and movies

In addition, we had lots of cars from the Kaknu Kruzers from Kenai. 🙏

The Fourth Parade Is a 'Go!'

Our president, David Jensen, reports he received notice that the Anchorage 4th of July Parade is a go.

Kurt Rein, our liaison for the parade, will take care of getting details and paying the entry fee, and he will pass around a sign-up sheet at our next general membership meeting.

We are speculating that the Chugiak parade—presently cancelled—may follow Anchorage one in light of new COVID 19 rules. Knowing that some folks like to take part in Chugiak parade after (or instead of) the Anchorage one, we will try to have information at the meeting.

Tom And Marcy Cresap will have a post-parade picnic at their home afterwards. We will discuss possibilities, such as potluck or bring your own lunch. 🙏

Adopt-a-Road Cars Lure a 6-Year-Old boy

by Marcy Cresap

I was watching the cars at the adopt a road activity when a young man and his son pulled up to see the cars. The little boy recognized Dick and Barbara Henningsen's 1960 Buick. Dick had taken it to the boy's mom's quilt shop and a photo was taken with the boy and the car.

The boy must've expected to see Dick there because he asked, "Where's Mr. Dick? And who are you?" Me, "I'm Grandma Marcy and who are you". Boy, "I'm Anders and I'm 6." Anders then started asking questions about the cars; looking at headlights, taillights, wheels, and asking who owned the cars?

After checking out our '38 Chrysler (he decided we have a nice spare tire in the trunk and nice headlights), I invited him to sit at the steering wheel and he was elated. He said he wanted to go for a ride and I said, "Sure." He jumped in the back seat and put the seat belt on.

His dad, "What are you doing?"

Anders, "I'm going home with her."



Brian Anderson, apropos for the pandemic, found a head stone (a discarded Halloween prop.)

His dad finally convinced Anders to leave so they could go to the 'next' car show. He had promised Anders a doughnut and after breakfast they would go to the Kool Kruise car show in Palmer. His father explained that Anders loves all cars and he takes him to many car shows.

After their grocery shopping, Anders came up to me and said, "This is for you" and handed me a small bag and inside was a doughnut. He and his dad then went on to the 'next' car show.

I want to thank everyone who helped, 13 of us total. You had a big job this time. A group usually picks

up ahead of us but not this time. There was so much trash that several of you had to come back for a second bag.

Thanks to those who took full bags to the land fill, their dumpsters or cans at home.

Adopt-A-Road helpers on the May 8th were David Jensen, Dick and Barb Henningsen, Scott Hulse, Greg Carpenter, Brian Anderson, Karen Lederhos, Terry Young, Michael Campbell, Dave Syren, JR Russell and Tom and Marcy Cresap.

We will have two more this summer. Come help us clean up a part of town. 🌞



Trash pickers: Dave Syren, Terri Young, Dick Henningsen, Brian Anderson, Scott Hulse, Barb Henningsen, Greg Carpenter, Karen Avila-Lederhos, Michael Campbell, Marcy and Tom Cresap. Not shown: JR Russell (David Jensen behind the camera)

Revisiting Father's Day at the Zoo

After a year's hyatus, AAMA will be showing cars at the Alaska Zoo upper parking lot, 1:00 PM – 5:00 PM, Sunday June 20.

If you haven't had your Covid vaccination please follow masking and distancing requirements. Cars will be positioned in the southeast corner of the parking lot in the order that you arrive. We will have approximately 36 spaces.

Please call Dennis at 907-345-6355 or e-mail at allendd@alaska.net, if you plan to participate so spacing can be arranged.

the adventures of blackie

by walt sonen

this story starts out like so many we have read over the years, so please endure. it has a few twists as most of them do . . .

some years ago, some 62 to be precise, two kids pooled their resources and brought a 1930 murray (model A) town sedan home to roost in the family driveway for the princely sum of \$150. my brother jon and i had great plans and high hopes. it was in pretty tough shape, but it was ours. we were 16 and 14 respectively. what we knew about the mechanics of automobiles, you could swirl around in the bottom of a teacup. we received little or no input from the adults in our lives, so we were pretty much on our own. we obtained tags and passed the state inspection (the latter being a high hurdle.)

jon had his licence, a plus for sure, so we got it going and had it on the road for 6 months or so. at that juncture, jon was accepted for a program to study in france during his senior year in high school. i bought a set of wrenches.

the next time the car was driven, i was 28. in the interim, i joined the marines for 4 years. afterwards, i came home got a job, and saved money for school trying to get my head together for my next move. by that time, the



blackie with the zapp's 1928 graham-paige in barranquilla, colombia, circa 2002~2003. the zapps were on a world cruise originating in argentina and stopped through anchorage in [August, 2003.] small world. [Candelaria, Herman and Pampa Zapp-remember?]

model A was at my grandmother's place 1/2 mile away and was to receive quite a bit of attention. during that time i got to know my grandmother much better which was wonderful for both of us. she pleased in making me lunch those many days i spent in her basement garage. body off, sandblaster, compressor, paint gun, lots of rustoleum paint (the good stuff with lots of lead in it). the car was not together by any means almost two years later when i took off for school for 4 years in tokyo, then seattle. home was in the washington, D.C. area, so i didn't get home much. (i began fishing summers in alaska.) in the meantime, my brother had gone to school for 6 years and then joined the peace corps; he was out of the picture.

along about 1972 as i was finishing

up my studies, pop wrote and gave me an ultimatum. "do something with the model A or i'll get rid of it." well, at

(See p. 7,"adventures of blackie")

Invitation to Solstice Party

We have been invited to attend a new Solstice event with our cars. The event happens Saturday, June 19th, the evening before our annual Sunday Father's Day Show at The Alaska Zoo.

Organizers of this downtown event (associated with Anchorage Downtown Partnership) are requesting several classic or antique cars to help bring some sparkle to the party.

**East Downtown Solstice Party
Saturday, June 19, 2021
5 - 9 PM (setup around 4/4:30 p.m.)
4th and Gambell (using the Raven Bar parking lot.)**

A food truck will be on-hand offering tacos for donations, which will go to a charity yet to be announced. The band, *Nothin' But Trouble*, will also perform. They play current rock, pop, 80's and country music. Sounds like a fun evening!

Please send an email to [David Jensen](mailto:David.Jensen@foxnflower.com) if you're able to represent the club.

You can also contact Larry Michael, event organizer, at (907) 317-3151 or via email:

wildflower@foxnflower.com

Random Notes

Dear Marcy and Editor Tom,

I enjoy reading your monthly club newsletter! I know you and Marcy must like doing it . . . or you wouldn't keep up this big job every month.

I was pleased to learn that you will be driving down to Homer, a favorite place for us to visit.

We mostly took our camper down to Homer and camped there, but a couple of times we got a bed and breakfast. One summer, we drove down and I went by myself over to Seldovia on a boat called the "Watusie." I liked visiting Halibut

Cove too.

Enjoy yourselves!

—Marion

Putney, Vermont

Tom—

I finally got around to reading the latest newsletter, and I want to commend you on another great edition. I particularly liked your article about the origins of Gertie, not having realized just how long you've owned her. (It's clear from the photos that you and Marcy haven't changed a bit!)

—Brian Anderson

adventures of blackie

(Continued from p.6)

that point it still occupied boxes and several bushel baskets. gramma had died and the house was being rented out. the couple living there graciously allowed me to work on the car as they were gone during the day. some assembly had taken place but there was still a long way to go. 5 or 6 double coats of black lacquer, hand rubbed between coats which at the time seemed like a priority. i swear you could see 1/4 inch into the glistening black paint! the engine had been rebabbited and when i finally got it going, it was up on blocks in the garage. i found that it had 3 reverses and one forward, a classic mistake that i've read about several times since. (gears in the differential were replaced upside down.)

during all this time i neither sought nor received much input knowledge concerning the job at hand: stupidity and stubbornness on my part. but, there weren't nearly the resources then as there are now. parts: mark auto, layton, NJ, was the only place that made decent replacements for some of the more intricate stuff, but hardly a cornucopia. other than that it was J.C. whitney and sears. the book that became my well thumbed and dirty bible was the "model A service bulletins complete". there may have been more stuff out there at the time of which i was unaware, but nothing like today. i would have loved to have had access to the many wonderful references that are available now. yes indeed.

as the project approached completion i was wondering what to do with the car. i was still single and had some adventures of my own in mind. storage was an option, but really there was no suitable place. so i wrote to brother jon who had long since completed his two-year stint in the peace corps and had settled there in colombia, a wife and a kid no less. upon my 2nd query, he had changed his mind. "send it down, i'd love to

have it." so with that we drove the car to baltimore and put it on a ship to barranquilla.

jon had the car upholstered and drove it as his main ride for several years. it even sports a bullet hole from a drug-related street dispute. but "blackie" has had garage privileges and been pampered throughout its semi-retirement. it got a repaint (dark green!) but never lost it's name. lots of little problematic details arose, but apparently there was an old mechanic that fairly adopted the car and took great pride in his services. jon has two boys, both motorheads, now approaching their 50's. it was our thought that they would take over the car. but it tended toward benign neglect as other vehicles gradually attracted more interest.

jon had come to the states with his second wife, a dentist, and they worked and lived in washington state and california for more than a decade, returning to colombia upon retirement seven years ago. at this point, jon truly inherited blackie, the body now an off shade of white. he returned with a newly rebuilt engine — it seems that

the water jacket of the original block was getting thin; water will do that, you know. he had moved to the highlands shortly before covid and has been busy/frustrated completing a re-restoration begun 5 years earlier. i often get a phone call or an email asking "help", "whaddyathink", or an "oops" of one description or another as he gets things sorted out. it's developed into a brotherly banter. i think he's adopted another old-time mechanic as well. parts are available through the american suppliers, but the expense and reliability of delivery are a problem. but blackie lives! (and am i still a half owner?)

a word to the wise: don't buy a pre-1931 model A fordor sedan without careful inspection. the bodies were built around a framework of wood as were a few other specialized bodies. the wood is extremely difficult to replace. chevy had caught up with ford production during the model A era, but they didn't go to a steel body framework until the mid-thirties. that's why those chevies are relatively scarce today. (also they didn't hold together well as street rods.) 'nuf said. ☺



A reunion of AAMA members with Marie Ofsthun-Walker (center, with husband) in Homer: front row: Martha and Marianne Robinson, Marcy Cresap; back row: Joyce Chace, Jennifer Dennis, Art and Tam Isham, Walkers, Linda Golding, Colleen Hansen, Tom Cresap and Bill Chace. Marie's late husband Jay Ofsthun became the namesake of the annual August Show and Shine in Anchorage after he was killed in an airplane accident.

AA MA Business Meeting, May 12, 2021
Location: Hope Community Resources Learning Center
at 570 W. 53rd Ave. Anchorage, Alaska



Jensen

Meeting called to order at 6:30 pm by President David Jensen

There were 25 members present.

After Zoom business meetings since last fall, this was the first in-person meeting of 2021 at Hope Community Resources. Attending members signed in, wore masks, used hand sanitizer, and practiced social distancing. No snacks or beverages were served at the meeting.

Treasurer's Report

Scott Hulse provided the financial report. Expenditures included the website fee, non-profit certificate for the club and office supplies.

April Minutes

The April minutes were approved as printed in the *Tinkering Times*.

New Business

****Linda Golding gave an update** of all the calendar of events for the season. All the events are posted on the calendar at the AAMA website.

****Rich Golding updated everyone** on the upcoming trip to Homer on May 22-24, 2021.

****Marcy Cresap talked about the adopt a road cleanup** that happened on May 8 and some of the interesting trash finds. The next cleanup is scheduled for Saturday July 10, 2021 at 9:00 am at the Carr's store located at the corner of Northern Lights and Muldoon.

New Website

****David Jensen asked everyone** to check out the club's new website. He also mentioned that the AACA club in Venice Florida is in the process of updating their website and would like to use ours as a model.

Anniversary Committee

****The 60th anniversary planning committee** continued to meet and discuss plans for the event.

New Members

****Scott Hulse gave an update** on some new members and what vehicles they own.

Free Tires

****Art Isham said he has 5 -700x16 tires** he is giving away to anyone who is interested.

Membership Roster

****Mike Wiedmer reported** that he has updated the club membership roster to include the recent new members.

Birthdays and Anniversaries

President David Jensen announced birthdays and anniversaries for the month.

Adjournment

Meeting adjourned at 7:08 pm followed by a drive around that ended at City Diner.

Respectfully submitted,
Greg Carpenter, Secretary

We're Full-Bore on Drivabouts Again

Warm, sunny late spring days have led to the resurgence of driveabouts every Wednesday evening at 6:00 PM. Meeting nights, we drive about after adjournment.

True to the term "driveabout," (taken from "walkabout") the excursions consist of parading around and showing off our treasures. True to the tradition of our club, we go out to eat afterwards.

So far this year, we have completed four of these outings: May 5th, 19th, 12th (after our meeting) and the 28th.

Come join the fun next time. 🌈



Cresap

May 5th: Cresaps (1938 Chrysler) Goldings (1986 Citroen 2-CV) and RJ and Barb Russell (Modern)



Cresap

May 19: Hansens (1936 Dodge) Val Bell (1930 Model A) Cresaps (1938 Chrysler) Ken Evens (1955 Cadillac) Wiedmers (1941 Cadillac) Goldings (1986 2-CV)



Cresap

May 28th: Hansen (1940 Dodge) Anderson (1950 Hudson) Goldings (2-CV) Jensen (1957 Thunderbird) Bell (1930 Model A) Cresap (Chrysler)

THE NAKED AND THE DEAD

Humor by Rich Golding

Before I get ahead of myself, my dear reader, I feel it essential to the recounting of this narrative that I offer some form of preliminary explanation. There are two quasi-medical conditions affecting this, your humble narrator, that I feel you deserve to be made aware of . . . One, is that I don't wear anything when I crawl into bed at night. I find it infinitely more relaxing to sleep in the nude, as this is surely the way God intended we should slumber (at least until he created Dr. Denton). In any case, I always hit the sack unclad.

My second condition is that I don't sleep very well. As I have grown more and more ancient, my ability to fall asleep at night has diminished to the point where I seldom doze at all anymore. I lie awake most evenings scrutinizing all that has, shall and will happen in my life. I think about younger days, and ruminate on growing even older. Sometimes I mull over the core ideology of American conservatism, which seems to me haphazardly stressing resistance to change and justification of inequality, motivated by needs that vary situationally and dispositionally, thereby managing uncertainty and threat. Oftentimes I dwell upon spiraling world hunger and the ever present peril of climate change. I have been known to visualize peace in the Middle East, and often brood over the current British Prime Minister's haircut. –I mean, what's up wit dat? I puzzle at length over my children, and why they never call me unless they need something (Father's Day is coming up). And I commonly cogitate, concernedly contemplating the condition of my classic car collection.

I have read several books on the subject of insomnia. I have seen

doctors and sleep specialists. They all tell you that if you haven't fallen asleep after lying in bed for fifteen minutes, you should get up and do something. Exercise your body and your mind in order to properly tire it out, before returning to bed. Who am I to argue with professionals that have impressive initials following their names and framed sheepskins on their walls?

One night in particular, I was brooding over the worn tires on Arthur that I needed to replace. New tires had arrived a few days earlier, and they were stacked alongside the Model A, telepathically demanding through the garage ceiling/bedroom floor that I change them over from the old ones that were still on the rims.

So, having remained awake for over a quarter of an hour, I quietly crept out of the bed, so as not to disturb the slumbers of Sleeping Beauty lying aside me. Though she never actually awoke, her rhythmic snores altered ever so slightly with each movement I made. As not to fully awaken her and unleash the Wrath of Khan, I dispensed with any rummaging through dresser drawers for something appropriate to wear, and instead snuck down the stairs, *au naturel*. I mean, it's my house, isn't it?

I am a purist when it comes to servicing and maintaining the

vehicular wellness of my old cars. I especially enjoy getting my hands dirty. Ergo, I do anything and everything necessary to maintain their stamina and driving health. That includes changing an old Ford's tires. I mean, how hard can it be?

Barefoot, I entered the garage and flicked on the light and stepped on a nail (or perhaps it was a loose screw). There before me was Arthur, my 1928 Model A Town Sedan. He was supported up on four jack stands. Lying on the cold concrete floor beside him were his previously removed wheels, sporting the older, worn out tires. And there I was, wielding heavy, and in some cases, sharp tools, whilst clad solely in my birthday suit. Ready and able to tackle the problem head on, devoid the nuisance of petty, everyday societal encumbrances. I took in a long deep breath, filling my nostrils with the aromas of gasoline, oil, chrome polish, WD-40 and the like. A sudden rush of empowerment and freedom enveloped me from my head to my bare feet. By God, this is the way the deity intended man to work on his cars in the middle of the night! My right hand clenched tightly into a fist, instinctively thumping my upper chest. My left hand grasped a tire

(See p. 10, "the Naked . . .")



During our visit to Homer, Al Engebetsen treated us to a tour of the Homer Bayweld Boatworks, where we witnessed beautiful aluminum boats in various stages of construction. The one above sported three 450-horsepower Yamahas.

THE NAKED AND THE DEAD

(Continued from p.9)

iron, holding it high above and in front of my head. Affecting a spot-on and fabulous Mel Gibson/Scottish impression, I roared out the word “Freedom!”

Along with the new tires, I had also purchased six heavy duty steel tire irons. Many a time had I tried to pry off a tire from its rim with cheaper, shorter versions of these pry bars. Nay, gentle reader, not this time! These new steel irons weighed in at several pounds apiece, each spanning over two feet in length.

The process is a simple one. You lay a tire down on the extremely cold concrete floor, and very carefully insert a tire iron ever so gently (so as to not nick or scrape the delicate paint from the wheel rim), and pry the bar (hence it’s moniker) downwards and away from the tire’s bead. However, rarely will one tire iron suffice at removing a tire. Therefore, whilst constraining the first iron, you make your way around the rim and insert a second iron, attempting again to pry loose the bead. Then comes a third tire iron, and so on and so forth (now you understand why I bought six of

them).

It is vitally important that after prying down on any iron, you firmly hold that bar down, else it shall most certainly snap back, allowing the bead to reseal itself, halting all progress and sending you back to square one. I find it easiest to hold down the first bar with one foot, the second bar with one hand and then one might indeed say “mounting” the tire by jumping my right foot onto the third bar.

Curiously, all I can remember after doing so was hearing a rather loud *thwang* noise rapped against my head, followed by the loud clanging and jangling of heavy tire irons flying about freely and landing all around me on the bone-chilling garage floor. The next thing I recalled was lying prostate on said sub-zero concrete floor, wagging my head side to side and feeling about my aching forehead with my greasy right hand for any physiological abnormalities. As my wits began slowly returning, I could not reckon, upon entering the garage earlier, having a large lump just above my left eye, and pondered how it would have gotten there.

After several minutes of introspective contemplation, I rose from the hypothermic garage floor,

having realized my dilemma, and hazily recalling what had happened. Now more determined than ever, I formulated in my mind (located somewhere behind the goose egg on my forehead) exactly how to successfully reattempt the job.

In no time I had two tire irons inserted into the tire’s bead, and firmly clamped down with a foot and a hand. Then balancing myself ever so carefully, I managed to actually get my right foot onto a locked-down third iron! In joyous jubilee I raised my right fist high and was about to reprise my impeccable Mel Gibson/Scottish victory howl, when the second bar that moments ago I was restraining with said left hand swung up with lightning speed and smote me upon the right forehead. Then, interestingly, I could remember no more. That was until I awoke to the sound of my dear wife screaming.

“Oh my God! Richard, speak to me! Are you alive? All the racket down here woke me up! It’s the middle of the night! What are you doing on the freezing garage floor, naked? You’re face is black and blue and you’re bleeding! Can you see me? Can you hear me?”

Honestly, all I saw and heard were little tweety birds, chirping and circling around my head.

Eventually, Linda (barefoot and clad only in her bathrobe) stopped screaming and crouched down, tenderly scooping me into her loving arms. Clutching a nearby grimy shop rag, she surreptitiously shielded the most important tool in the garage, then clutched me firmly to her heaving bosom. Our tear-filled eyes met. Together we must have presented the perfect model for a renaissance artist’s portraiture of a mechanic’s Pietá.

“Get up, please. Let me help you into the house and clean you up,” she said. “Honestly, I don’t know how you can stand this frigid garage floor. My feet are almost numb.” 🌀



These two boats fabricated at the Homer Boat Works were slated to be launched at high tide at midnight while we were there.

From the Editor's Desk

2021 is shaping up, and we are already having adventures.

Our Homer trip—very capably designed by Model A guru and leader, Jim Fredenhagen—was largely an outdoor event, but our vaccinations and well-timed mask use assured safety. The experience in sunny Homer was certainly worth the effort: in addition to the warm weather and the friendly reunion of the members of several clubs, we enjoyed the beauty of Kachemak Bay and the experience of the expert work of the Homer

Boatworks, thanks to the generosity of Al Engebretsen.

Besides our bit of off-the-wall humor by Rich Golding, we have a charming and unique offering from Seldovia bard, Walt Sonen. The story's folksiness is augmented by the stylistic form (straight from the late 60's—early 70's) that Walt is in the habit of using, I was teaching English at the time the style made its debut, and I always found the omission of capitalization at the very least, an intriguing innovation—although back in the day I was rather intent on promoting all proper caps and punctuation, as well as many other

protocols that make our English language difficult and confounding. *The Adventures of Blackie* is a worthwhile, on-going story.

This month marks the return of long-time friend, Dennis Allen, who offers up three notices of events that were taken out of the mix last year, and one that is a new one this year. It is good to see that Dennis is still among the living and still planning worthwhile events.

Hang on—here we go for an event-filled summer!

—Tom

Bill and Barbara deCreft Keep Their 1932 Pierce Arrow Going

It is a treat to find a 1932 Pierce Arrow sedan anywhere in your travels, but it is an exceptional experience you certainly would not expect in Homer, Alaska.

Bill and Barbara deCreft's car has been in attendance at our Homer car show since at least three years ago. Bill, who was born the same year the car was manufactured, has spent many years

carefully massaging it to bring it back to its present level of beauty.

The V-12 purrs along, and the paint is the result of a very capable Homer auto finish guy.

The almost original interior is in incredibly good shape and still holds the feeling of opulence it once had in the days when the country was trying to emerge from the Great Depression. Very

few could have afforded the car at that time, but it is still here, representing an indomitable spirit of a nation determined to outlive adversity.

Bill says he has owned the car for 50 years, longer than any other Pierce Arrow owner, and he attends to the upkeep and maintenance. 🌞





Two peas in a pod: Ishams' 1936 Chrysler Airflow and Cresaps' 1938 Chrysler Royal spend some quality time in Art Isham's garage in preparation for the approximately 250-mile drive to Homer.

June

Birthdays

David Nolta—8th
 Ken Morton—9th
 Shirley Cordle—12th
 Marilyn Chiotti—18th
 Carolyn Rathert—18th
 Kurt Rein—19th
 John Martin—26th

Anniversaries

Mary & Lawrence Taylor—10th
 Susan & Mark Graber—11th
 Linda & Scott Grundy—11th
 Kathy & Ralph Centoni—15th
 Ingrid Woodard & Dale Dryden—
 15th
 Joyce & Bill Chace—18th
 Marl & Bruce Campbell—21st



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