

Antique Auto Musers of Alaska



Tinkering Times



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October 6, 2021

Dimond Center Show features Guests

by Jim Fredenhagen

The car gods were smiling on the fifth annual Dimond Center carshow on Dimond Avenue in Anchorage on a cloudless, beautiful day at nearly 60 degrees.

We were blessed to be joined by representatives from several car clubs, including the Midnight Sun Street Rodders, the Volkswagon Club from Anchorage and the Kaknu Kruzers from Soldotna.

9 Model A's celebrated the annual

International Model A Day along with about 25 other cars from AAMA and the other clubs.

Most all the cars flew flags to commemorate the 20th anniversary of 9-11.

A new AAMA member, Genevieve Griffin, and her friend, Raven, joined us in her grandfather's 1975 Cadillac Coupe Deville. He bought the car new, and Griffin inherited it. She is looking to the AAMA for help keeping it in shape. Welcome to the club, Genevieve

and Raven, and thanks for showing off your "new" car.

Valve cover races were very competitive again this year, with Tom Cresap's *Blue Dragon* narrowly edging out Howard Hansen's *Horace* after an exhaustive run with 5 other challengers including Brian Anderson's *Tornado*, Marcy Cresap's *Mini*, Debbie Hansen's *Bullwinkle* and Dave Jensen's *Dog On It* and the *Black Peril*.

Once again we are very grateful to John Martin and Logan Burt from the Dimond Center for their wonderful support with goodie bags for participants, \$150 in gift cards, and 3 boxes of delectable Krispy Kreme donuts.

All in all, it was another great Dimond Center experience. 🍷



New Member, Genevieve Griffin, and her friend, Raven brought the 1975 Cadillac, which Genevieve recently inherited from her grandfather. She is looking for help doing maintenance and light restoration.

October Meeting

Our October 13th meeting will begin at 6:30 PM in the Hope Community Resources Auditorium off International Road.

We will provide masks and sanitizer for anyone not so equipped.

Besides nominations, we will have a sign-up sheet for the potluck Christmas party. Art and Tamea Isham will be there to discuss the problems of hosting during the new COVID outbreak.

Running Board Reflections



Cresaps' 1938 Chrysler made this tight squeeze on the narrow road near Polychrome Pass. Just behind the maintenance truck is a precipitous dropoff of several hundred feet, and to the right is the area of the recent landslides. There are no guard rails. (9-19-18)

Hi, Tom here. I'm taking over for president Jensen this month, because his work demanded him to be elsewhere, and he was being stretched pretty thin.

Every year, September in Alaska sees changes, mainly meteorological, that often affect our club activities. This year, for example, our September 25th Fall Colors Tour, was cancelled for an unusually early snowfall, which made the mountain passes impossible for our old cars without proper tires.

Other changes, not always related directly to weather, included our Denali Park tour, which for many years took place in September. For over 25 years, our club has traveled into stunningly beautiful Denali Park, one of Alaska's jewels. Fickle weather—at times sunny and warm, but more often cloudy, cold and raining or even snowing—added an edge of the unexpected to spice things up.

Then, a couple of years ago, new restrictions in the park procedures took us out of the queue for our traditional trek that often took us all the way back 92.5 miles to Kantishna at the end of the park road.

At that same time, warming temperatures started having devastating

effects on the roadway. Near Polychrome Pass, where the road was treacherous to begin with, a steep slope began to threaten the right-of-way. In a news release recently, Tess Williams of the Anchorage Daily News reported that "The continuing landslide at Polychrome Pass, near Mile 42, has led to the road rapidly deteriorating in recent years, causing concern about how to maintain the road while safely accommodating visitors." The road our club and others used for so many years is closed beyond the Teklanika Rest Area at mile 30. "After Tuesday," the Park Service announced, "westbound traffic beyond Mile 43 will only be allowed for essential purposes, like facilitating seasonal closure of western park operations."

So, there you have it. For the foreseeable future, our old vehicles will not be making the trek back to Kantishna and giving the tourists something besides moose, bears and caribou as subject matter for their photos. Changes, brought about by our warming climate, are happening for the park, its animals and visitors, as well as the Antique Auto Musers of Alaska.

Tom



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 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.

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: 1987 560 SEL Mercedes; one owner; great condition; 121,000 miles; Anna Plumb, 907-240-8322 or aanaplumb@mac.com (1)



For Sale: 1947 Standard 8A Tourer; very rare; manufactured by Standard Motor Company in Coventry, England; 1009 cc 8 HP side-valve engine (recently rebuilt); 4-speed transmission; \$20,000. Call 907-479-5118 or email benco@alaska.net (12)

For Sale: 1939 Ford coupe; interesting AK history; photos on request; \$12,000; Lauren Fatuch, 907-306-9766 (11)

Schedule of Events

Our weekly driveabouts have been discontinued for the winter. They will resume next Spring.

- * October 9—Trout House Run, 12:00 in Wasilla, Dessert at hotel in Palmer (Alaskan Model A's)
- * October 13—6:30 Meeting
- * November 10—6:30 Meeting—elections
- * December 5—4:00 PM—Christmas Party at Ishams' (see story)
- * January 12—6:30 Meeting—Installation of officers
- * February 9—6:30 Meeting
- * February ?—Fur Rondy



For Sale: 1943 Chevrolet stakebed; one-time fire support on military base; runs and is in very nice shape; GayLee Erickson, 907-360-4838 or gaylee1947@gmail.com (1)

Free: 1960 Austin Princess; restoration begun. Jerry Bankston; 907-727-3000 or jerrybankston0@gmail.com (11)

For Sale: 1931 Model A tudor; good shape, starts well; new 6-V battery May of this year; photos available; \$20,000; Steve, 907-255-4933 or at Steves@cvinternet.net (11)

Consider running
for a club office.

Nominations For AAMA's 2022 Officers

This is a reminder that nominations for 2022 club officers will be accepted at the October meeting. The nomination committee (Art Isham and Donn Reese) will take these names into consideration and will accept other nominations up to and including just before voting takes place at the November meeting.

If you are interested in taking a leadership role, you can submit your name, or you can suggest another member.

Next year promises to see new as well as traditional activities. Notable among unique ones will be the celebration of the club's Diamond Anniversary, which is already well on the way to being organized. Throw your hat in the ring and help lead us in celebrating not only our club, but also the old-car hobby in general.

Notes from the Treasury —Dues—

by Scott Hulse

Soon you will be getting 2022 Dues notices in your Monthly AACA Magazine. A little background on

the annual renewal process may help smooth out next years' collections.

As everyone knows, the Antique Auto Musers of Alaska, (AAMA), is a Region of the Antique Auto Club of America, (AACA). As AACA does not collect the dues for the Regions, we have to track both our local and National dues. Each year after we complete collecting our local dues,

we submit our local membership list to AACA. If any AAMA member is not current on the National rolls they notify us. We end up being the collection agency

AACA's computer system does not enable the Regions to check the status of everyone's membership until mid January. This is why I have a notice on the receipts stating; "AAMA Membership pending proof of payment of AACA Dues."

The AAMA board approved collecting both Regional and National dues, as an option several years ago. The hope was writing one check would simplify the process for some members. As we have no way to take electronic or credit card transactions, this is only available for cash or check payments. You CAN electronically pay AACA directly through <https://store.aaca.org>. If you do, please print out the confirmation and your AACA #, then submit it with the AAMA dues to simplify confirmation. If you can't print the confirmation, I can confirm all memberships after mid-January. The "final" list of paid members is due in

(See p. 5, "Notes From the . . .")



Just Pickin' In The Rain

Pickers for a wet final round of 2021 Adopt-A-Road cleanup were: David Jensen, Greg Carpenter, Dick and David Henningsen with Jen Johnson, Barb Henningsen, Sara Stoops, Marcy Cresap and Tom (behind the camera.) Not pictured: Mike Wiedmer

by Marcy Cresap

AAMA's contract with the Municipality for road cleanup has been fulfilled for 2021 thanks to our enthusiastic members. Two of our members showed up for all three cleanups: David Jensen and Greg Carpenter. Thanks to Karen Avila-Lederhos for leading the group for the July cleanup.

The September 4th rainy Adopt-A-Road was attended by David Jensen, Greg Carpenter, Dick and Barbara Henningsen, Sara Stoops, Michael Wiedmer, Tom and me, and special guests David Henningsen with his girlfriend and UAA student, Jen Johnson. David was home on military leave from Fort Drum, New York for a couple of weeks and wanted to join us to refresh his long-time friendship with our group.

Thanks to the Henningsens, who

supplied doughnuts, and to all who participated for the season. 🍩

Driveabouts Are Done



At the September 15th gathering at the REI parking lot in Anchorage, we posed the cars to indicate the end of the season. Hansens' 1966 Plymouth Barracuda, Goldings' Citroën 2-CV, Anderson's 1983 Jeep J-10, Cresaps' 1938 Chrysler and Gardner's 1956 Ford

The dog days of summer and our Wednesday driveabouts have come to a close. Fall weather is way too fickle to predict, so we will do without from now till next spring.

Besides the termination of the driving season, we are experiencing questionable, and forbidding, COVID conditions, which make dining out problematic. 🍷

AAMA Business Meeting
September 8, 2021
Location: Hope Community
Resources Learning Center
570 W. 53rd Avenue
Anchorage, Alaska

Meeting called to order at 6:31 pm by President David Jensen

There were 25 members present.

Guest

Visitors included: Louis Mestier who owns a 1963 Ford Thunderbird.

Treasurer's Report

Scott Hulse provided the financial report. Money was added to the club's bank account from split the pot and dues from two new members. The new members are Tom Schrader and Marianne Elson.

Old Business

***Mark Graber gave an overview of the State Fair car show, which was located at the yellow entrance gate. It was very busy with people interested in looking at the cars.*

***Marcy Cresap reported on the last Adopt-A-Road cleanup of the year.*

New Business

***Art Isham and Donn Reese are accepting officer nominations.*

(See p. 6, "Minutes")

**To Be
 or
 Not To Be:
 Christmas Party**

by Tam Isham

At this time, the Christmas festivities here at our home on December 5 at 4:00 PM are a go. We definitely are not comfortable with the current COVID situation and the event can be cancelled, if need be, closer to the time.

The sign up list for food will be at the November meeting with the understanding that the event may be a no go at the last minute. 🍷



Trouthouse Run

The Alaskan A's invited us to join them on their last event for this driving season: The Trouthouse Run. It will take place this Saturday, October 9th.

Meet at the Trouthouse in Wasilla for lunch, after which the group will proceed to Palmer Hotel for dessert.

This event draws mostly Model A's, but other makes are welcome, as well. It is always a good time with lots of visiting with Friends from Anchorage and the valley. Meet at Northway Mall gas station at 11:00 or Trouthouse at 12:00. (Rich Golding) 🍷

Fall Colors Tour Gets Axed

by Tom Cresap

Well, this is a first: the Fall Colors tour (September 25th) was cancelled for snow!

We always pride ourselves in participating in events, no matter what the weather. "If we let the weather stop us," we say, "we'd never do anything."

As we headed into the planned trip to Seward, the weatherman predicted 6"-12" of snow in some of the areas we planned to drive. Since our old cars are not equipped with the proper snow tires—which could still be treacherous in that amount of snow—we wisely stepped back from the event.

The unusually early snow didn't last long, but it was, indeed, a prohibitive presence on the day we would have been driving.

Thanks go to Jim Fredenhagen, who set up this Alaskan Model A's event and to Rich Golding, who was to act as tour leader while Jim was in Illinois. Also, thanks go to Dick Cruse, who set up the use of the pavilion for our use in Seward. 🍷

Notes From the Treasury

(Continued from p. 5)

March.

October through January can be a bit hectic for the treasury. Every week or so the National dues collected are deposited in our bank, then a check is cut and mailed to AACA for that weeks renewals. Often any gathering in the fall will have someone handing the treasurer some cash to pay their dues. Trust me, with my memory, any cash should be accompanied by an application with your information and what the money is for. If not, make sure to get a cash-receipt for the payment. The receipt book creates a duplicate so I will know what it was for!

Hope this provides a 'view behind the curtain'. 🍷

Not My Favorite Job

Humor by Rich Golding

There is a particular subspecies of public servants within our society that many have relied upon at one time or another. Men who would never think to scoff at a challenge. Men who laugh in the face of danger. With nary a thought for their own personal safety, every morning they awake, have breakfast, kiss their wives and kids goodbye, then quietly leave the comfort and safety of their homes for work, never knowing whether they shall be returning that evening. Intrepid, sincere and steadfast. I refer, of course, to those silent, selfless heroes amongst us that proudly comprise our nation's driving school instructors.

Unbeknownst to many, I was once such a warrior. Eons ago, as a very young man, back when Linda and I were just married (as I recall, sometime during the Harding administration), I altruistically stepped forth and answered the calling. Full of ambition and other stuff, with stars in my eyes, and clinging to the naïve belief that I was, after all, immortal.

After weeks of intense studying of the textbooks, and watching the filmstrips (yes, it was a long time ago), I was certain I knew everything there was to know, backwards and forwards, I felt ready to take the grueling 50 mile special road test administered by the State of Illinois. I remember my tester was a former state patrolman, a grizzled oldster. Obviously a veteran of many conflicts, insurrections and contretemps.

It had snowed the evening before I arrived at the "special unit" DMV testing office. The Chicago city streets were bleached frozen white. Anxious, I buckled myself in behind the wheel of the state's test vehicle, awaiting my master's commands. Seated beside me on the passenger

(See p. 7, "Not My Favorite Job")



A familiar face: We haven't seen Fred Scharper for a while. He showed up to visit at the Dimond Show.

Cresap

September Minutes

(continued from p. 5)

***The club's backup computer drive has been transferred from Donn Reese to the Ishams.*

***Donn Reese gave an update on the 60th anniversary and presented a graphic of a new club logo and save the date reminder cards.*

***Linda Golding presented a motion to have save the date magnets for the 60th anniversary printed with the total not to exceed \$250.00. The motion passed.*

***David Jensen mentioned that the club website has been updated with the anniversary information.*

***Jim Fredenhagen reminded everyone that the Dimond Center car show is on Saturday September 11th from 10:00 am to 3:00 pm. Gift bags for the first 20 participants and if the weather is favorable valve cover car races.*

***Jim also reported that the fall colors trip to Seward is planned for Saturday September 25th. Meet at the Carrs store on Huffman at 9:00 AM and bring a picnic lunch to eat at the pavilion in Seward.*

***Linda Golding went over the calendar and provided updates of events for the remainder of the*

season. *On the Wednesday driveabouts, they will no longer be going out to dinner.*

***Karen Avilla-Lederhos commented about the Fairbanks Teddy Bear charity car show and wondered if there is interest in doing a similar event in Anchorage, like at the Show and Shine. She will check with the local hospitals if they are interested in participating.*

***Kurt Rein passed around several old articles about driving up the Alaska Highway and a pre-1985 member list, including car rosters for people to look at.*

***Scott Hulse talked about a project car that was available (advertised in the Tinkering Times.) The car is a 1960 VDP Austin Princess.*

Birthdays and Anniversaries

President David Jensen announced birthdays and anniversaries for the month.

Split the Pot

Split the pot winner was Brian Anderson.

Adjournment

Meeting adjourned at 7:26 pm.

Respectfully submitted

Greg Carpenter, Secretary

Not My Favorite Job

(Continued from p.6)

side, without uttering a sound, he studied the map and test papers attached to his clipboard, all the while puffing away at his cigarettes (yes, it was a long time ago, indeed). Eventually, his steely glance eyed upwards from the clipboard, through the windshield, at the street ahead of us.

“I want you to take a left turn out the parking lot,” he growled, “And continue straight down Belmont Avenue until we arrive at the entrance to the expressway. Got that, Kid?”

At last the time had come. After all those weeks of hard work, study and preparation, it had all finally come down to this moment. Confident in my knowledge and abilities, and with a stiff upper lip, I deftly shifted the transmission into ‘drive,’ and moved my foot from the brake to the accelerator pedal. With my chin held high, I masterfully piloted the vehicle out the parking lot turning left onto the aforementioned Belmont Avenue.

The tester, visibly agitated, exhaled through his nostrils. “Do you know you just drove right through the white stop line painted on the pavement before the exit?”

My stiff upper lip and chin held high instantly morphed into a

quagmire of quivering apprehension and self doubt.

“B-b-but the pavement is covered in snow!” I pleaded. “Th-th-there is no way to see it . . . Sir.”

“So you want to be a driving school instructor, eh?” he chortled.

What followed was the longest fifty mile drive of my life. But as fate (or luck) would have it, somehow I managed to eke out a passing grade. With my new state issued credentials in hand, their ink not yet fully dry, I sallied forth into the workaday world, hell-bent on obtaining gainful employment, eventually being hired by Montgomery Ward’s driving school, a bit of a Chicago institution.

What I had thought would be a stimulating, always challenging, never-a-dull-moment occupation, turned out to be a tedious repetition of endless day-to-day pupils, most of whom could barely qualify as pedestrians crossing the street, let alone controlling a motorcar on said boulevard. Relentlessly, I hammered away at each and every one them, never giving up, never giving in to their inabilities. I remained steadfast. A pedantic pedagogue.

I remember one particular woman student of mine, whom after meticulously studying the rules of the road, and having been thoroughly vetted on all the automobile’s systems and controls, sat down in the driver’s seat, and held her hand out for the keys, hot to trot.

“Are you sure, Ms. Awfapth (Accident Waiting For A Place To Happen), that you are ready to drive the car?”

Receiving her overwhelming affirmation, I handed over the ignition key. With a cock-sure smirk wiped clear across her face, the student reached over and inserted it directly into the glovebox lock, turning it clockwise and counterclockwise, over and over again. Finally, with her frustration boiling over, she through up her hands and declared, “Must be flooded, huh?”

The 1972 Dodge Dart that Monkey Wards entrusted to me to school their students had specially installed dual brake pedals, a

traditional pedal for the student driver, and another for the teacher seated on the passenger side of the vehicle. It was part of my job to master steering and shifting the automatic transmission from the right side of the front seat, as well as reaching with my left foot for the accelerator pedal over the center transmission hump on the floor, in order to regulate the vehicle’s speed. It sounds complex, but I managed quite well. My favorite experiences in controlling the car from the passenger side actually occurred between student appointments. All alone in the vehicle, instead of moving over to the driver’s seat, I would drive the car up and down those mean streets of Chicago entirely from the passenger seat. Occasionally, a city bus full of riders would come to a stop at a red light beside my Dart. I would pretend to be having a very lively conversation with the invisible driver. We would tell jokes and I would laugh, and gesturing, slap him on the his imaginary back. When the light turned green, I would go through the motions of pointing at the traffic signal, and waive him on, as the Dodge slowly accelerated through the intersection. Gazing into the right rear view mirror, I would delight in the incredulous looks emanating from the astonished bus passengers. They would be pointing, their mouths agape, all whilst scratching and shaking their heads.

After giving only a few weeks of lessons my Dart had collected many dings and dents from my many pupils as they were taught how to parallel park. Mind you, I never administered these lessons on a street! And certainly never around other vehicles! I would hold those particular sessions in empty parking lots - far, far away from anything they might pummel. Still, they managed to knock down parking signs, hitting curb after curb, and more than once running down innocent shopping carts.

I remember one student, a pensive immigrant who spoke rather broken English, tell me after her twentieth driving lesson (and she had

(See p. 8, “Not My Favorite Job”)



Tom Cresap and Howard Hansen show off their prizes and winning cars in the Valve Cover races at the Dimond Center Car Show

Not My Favorite Job

(Continued from p.7)

yet to graduate from the parking lot into the street), that her husband, tired of paying Wards week after week, had told her that she was “Dummy Stupid,” and if she had not successfully procured her driver’s license by the close of that day’s lesson, he was going to sell the Mercedes Benz he had bought for her several months earlier. All through the lesson she kept referring to herself aloud as “Dummy Stupid.” In the course of the lesson, whilst attempting to pull away from the curb, she somehow managed to confuse the “long” accelerator pedal with the “smaller” brake pedal, and in a sudden and unexpected burst of speed, jumped the parking lot curb, careening the Dart directly into a fire

hydrant. With its front bumper now pretty much wrapped around the fire plug, the woman repeatedly shouted out “Dummy Stupid, Dummy Stupid,” whilst smacking her forehead over and over again with her right hand’s palm. A Monkey Ward’s tow truck, principally assigned to their driving school division, was dispatched to our location to collect the mangled school vehicle. The woman, still ranting “Dummy Stupid, Dummy Stupid,” cabbed it home.

Thus endeth the lesson.

And thus endeth my career as a driving instructor. I decided then and there that I ought to advance into some other field of teaching. One that was not so fraught with risk or peril. Like becoming a sky diving instructor, or perhaps mentoring students in lion taming. 🐾

October

Birthdays

Sara Stoops–6th

Fred Scharper–12th

Cindy Hulse–13th

Dave Chiotti–16th

Milt Tanora–26th

Donn Reese–31st

Anniversaries

Diane & Fritz Wohlwend–13th

Martie & Blacky Black–14th

Cheryl & John Martin–18th

Karen Avila & Donald

Lederhos–23rd

