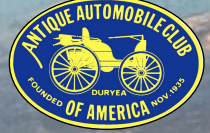




# Tinkering Times



## The Honeymoon Car



Hulse

Sheryl with our 1963 Vanden Plas 3 litre on a local road along a Loch. This shows why Sheryl really didn't want to drive the Vanden Plas. Taken in 1972

by Scott Hulse

This is a story about my wife Sheryl and me and our PMC, (Proper Motor Car). In 1971, I bought a 1963 Vanden Plas 3 liter, while we were newlyweds living in Scotland.

We were married in Spokane, Washington in 1971. We had met 6 months earlier while I was on two weeks leave from the Navy visiting my parents. We planned our wedding for December, but my father Died suddenly on Halloween. I made a quick trip back for the funeral in November about a week before our newly rescheduled wedding date, November 13<sup>th</sup>.

Sheryl had no idea what she was getting into, but she followed this young sailor to Scotland for the first

three years of our honeymoon. We spent as much time as we could traveling around Scotland, England and Wales in the Vanden Plas.

We lived in Argyll, near Dunoon, in the town of Toward, which was mostly a lighthouse, a small store, the ruins of Toward castle with maybe

twenty or thirty houses along the Firth of Clyde. There were a number of single-track roads in Argyll. Sheryl decided she was not going to drive the Vanden Plas. Too Big! I found her a Hillman Minx 3C. She loved the car and had no trouble adjusting to driving in the UK.

I regretted selling our VDP when we left Scotland. I found our Silver Cloud in 1999 while looking for a Vanden Plas 3 litre, or 4 litre R, in

(See p. 4, "Honeymoon Car")



Art and Tamea Isham's 1936 Chrysler Imperial Airflow won the 2021 Jay Ofsthun Show trophy last August. A plaque with their name is now permanently attached to the traveling trophy, and Art and Tam will receive this personal trophy as soon as we can get together again.

### November Meeting

AAMA's November 10, 2021 General Membership meeting will be held via ZOOM.

Please use the link below to log in at 6 p.m. for casual conversation and 6:30 p.m. for the beginning of the meeting. This meeting will include the election of officers for the 2022 calendar year. We will not be meeting in-person at HOPE Community Resources until next year.

<https://us06web.zoom.us/j/89058536935?pwd=NTYyRGxEVFV6cFY1V0VpZlVqQ0Qvdz09>

# Running Board Reflections



*David and his buddy, Beau, spent some time chasing blue sky up on Little O'Malley peak in October. They would not have had that kind of luck in the last week-or-so.*

Fall seems unwilling to pass the baton to winter. Hunkered down, I find myself tracking a replacement transmission for the '57 as it makes its way from Michigan to Seattle and then Anchorage via barge. If all goes well, my Thunderbird will be back on the road in time for 2022 Rondy parade. "If all goes well" is sometimes a lot to ask.

As you may note in this edition of Tinkering Times, the club's board is also tracking projects for the coming year. Recently, the board reduced AAMA's membership dues to just \$20. The club has a healthy, comfortable cushion in its savings account so the board decided it would be good to give members a little break this coming year. Of course, AACA membership (and dues) is also required. Please renew your membership.

Next year will also see some subtle changes to AAMA's officer positions if the current nominees are elected during the November 10 ZOOM meeting. We'd love to have some volunteers for at-large positions.

In most cases, at-large officers simply ZOOM in and add their voice to different topics two or three times a year.

Finally, the anniversary committee is making preparations for an outstanding celebration of the club's 60th year. You've hopefully received an attractive "Save the Date" magnet in the mail. I hope it's already attached to your fridge. Thanks to Donn Reese for that excellent design work. And, thanks to Linda Golding for ordering the magnets and getting them stuffed into envelopes and on their way to your doorstep. The committee is optimistic that some of our non-Anchorage members will begin making plans to attend the events including a celebration and dinner at the Alaska Aviation Air Museum next August 13.

See you all in November. And, be sure to browse the club's new website when you have some idle time.

[www.antiqueautomushersak.org](http://www.antiqueautomushersak.org)

-dj



## 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)

## Tinkering Times Staff

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The Tinkering Times is published monthly by Alaska's really neat 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.*

### 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 Merdedes; one owner; great condition; 121,000 miles; Anna Plumb, 907-240-8322 or [aanaplumb@mac.com](mailto:aanaplumb@mac.com)

**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](mailto:gaylee1947@gmail.com)



**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](mailto:benco@alaska.net)

## Schedule of Events

- \* November 10—6:30 Meeting—elections
- \* December 5—4:00 PM—Christmas Party—Canceled—
- \* January 12—6:30 Meeting—Installation of officers
- \* February 9—6:30 Meeting
- \* February ?—Fur Rondy
- \* March 9—6:30 Meeting

## It's November and Time to Vote

by Art Isham

The Nomination Committee, consisting of Donn Reese and Art Isham, completed their work in a timely manner this year and at the October meeting announced the following recommended slate of officers for 2022:

President - Linda Golding  
Vice President - David Jensen  
Secretary - Greg Carpenter  
Treasurer - Scott Hulse

Dutch Overly volunteered to continue his work as the Sargent at Arms, which is an appointed position.

These individuals all volunteered for the positions with a minimum amount of arm twisting by the Nomination Committee. The nominations remain open until the

November meeting, so there is an opportunity to contest any of the positions on the recommended slate. There then needs to be a motion and approval to close the nominations. The club will then make their decisions by voting on the 2022 leadership.

The club will also need to have at least three members to volunteer as Members at Large to sit on the Board of Directors. If there are more than three volunteers, the names go in a hat and the first three drawn are the selectees.

The meeting will be by ZOOM, so the Nomination Committee is hard at work putting safeguards in place to ensure we have a free and fair election. ☺

## Treasury Announcement: AAMA Dues Reduced For 2022

A review the 2021 finances showed the limited activity schedule in 2020 through 2021 left a surplus on the books. The AAMA board has set the 2022 dues at \$20 for the year. The ½ year memberships, for new members joining after July, will be \$10.

As mentioned last month, you will start getting notices for national dues about this time of year. National dues are set at \$45.00. You can pay the AACA Dues directly, and send a copy of the receipt to AAMA with your 2022 dues. If you would rather

just write one check, make it out to AAMA for \$65.00 and I will submit the national dues to AACA for you.

—Happy trails to all  
Scott Hulse, Treasurer

Join Us at  
Our Zoom Meeting  
November 10  
and Vote For  
Our 2022 Officers.  
See you There

## AAMA Business Meeting

October 13, 2021

Location: Zoom meeting in the comfort of your home.

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

There were 23 members present who logged into the Zoom meeting.

Guests included: Suzy Carter

Scott Hulse provided the financial report. Expenses were from the 60<sup>th</sup> anniversary save the date magnets and renewal of the club's Zoom membership.

### New Business

\*\*Art Isham and Donn Reese talked about the officer nominations for 2022. Voting will be during the November business meeting which will be via Zoom.

The candidates are:

President: Linda Golding

Vice President: David Jensen

Treasurer: Scott Hulse

Secretary: Greg Carpenter

Sargent at Arms: Dutch Overly

The nominating committee is also looking for three volunteers for members at large.

\*\*Linda Golding gave an update on the 60<sup>th</sup> anniversary planning. The save the date reminder magnets have

## Honeymoon Car

(Continued from p. 1)

Calgary, Alberta.

In many ways we continue celebrating our Honeymoon, traveling in our Silver Cloud. This year, we celebrate our 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary. Anyone that can put up with me that long deserves a medal!

*Editor's note: We thank Scott for this story, and we would like to offer him and his beautiful wife, Sheryl, congratulations on their 50<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary, which is coming up on November 13<sup>th</sup>.* 🍷

been mailed out. The planning committee is meeting with two catering companies at the end of the month.

\*\*Scott Hulse talked about the October 10<sup>th</sup> board meeting regarding the Antique Auto Musher's articles of Incorporation and registered agent for a non-profit. Updated contact information for the club is needed for the non-profit. Donn Reese volunteered to be the club's registered agent.

\*\*Art Isham briefly mentioned the Fur Rondy parade and potential car show. He will contact the Municipality of Anchorage for the current plan.

\*\*Richard Golding said the fall colors tour to Seward and the Trout House run were cancelled this year due to the early snowfall.

\*\*Jim Fredenhagen mentioned moving the Dimond Center car show to the third week of September next year. This year the show was on Saturday September 11.

### Birthdays and Anniversaries

President David Jensen announced birthdays and anniversaries for the month.

### Adjournment

Meeting adjourned at 7:16 pm.

–Respectfully submitted,  
Greg Carpenter, Secretary

## From the Editor's Desk

I recently noted that Matt Hinson just completed his 21<sup>st</sup> year as editor of the *AACA Rummage Box*, a publication shared with AACA editors to supply them with material they can regurgitate in their chapter newsletters. I found his announcement interesting, because I will be completing my 21<sup>st</sup> year doing the *Tinkering Times* with the publication of the upcoming December issue.

My experience has been broken up. I began in 1993 and published through 2000 for a total of eight years. At that time, I took an 8-year break to build a new home; then, in 2009, I came back and have been in this chair since. It has been a long run, but I'm not complaining. It's really kind of fun.

Our sister club, Vernon Nash  
(See p. 6, "Editor's Desk")



In 2019, Scott and Sheryl attended the All British Field Meet at Van Dusen Gardens in Vancouver, BC. Their Rolls Royce Silver Cloud took best in Class.

## Memories of the Copper Center Roadhouse

*Editor's note: The Antique Auto Musers have had many adventures together, some of which have led us to visit and stay overnight in the Copper Center Roadhouse, or as it was later called, Copper Center Lodge. This is the Anchorage Daily News story about the demise of the old place.*

by Michelle Theriault Boots (ADN)

An early morning fire [May 20<sup>th</sup>, 2012] destroyed the historic Copper Center Lodge, one of the last surviving Alaska roadhouses.

The lodge, located off the Old Richardson Highway in Copper Center, was one of the few original roadhouses still operating, said owner Tom Huddleston.

The lodge [was] on the National Register of Historic Places.

"It was absolutely one of the last of its kind," he said. "They called it the jewel of the roadhouses."

The fire started sometime in the early hours of Sunday morning, Huddleston said. A maintenance worker living on site alerted him to the flames at around 3 a.m.

Firefighters from the Glenn-Rich Fire and Rescue, which serves the Copper Basin area, tried to battle the flames.

"We just couldn't get enough water on it," Huddleston said. "It's a total loss."

The building was "a tinder box," he said, built of oil-soaked logs.

Investigators have not yet determined what caused the fire, but Huddleston said he suspects that bad wiring could be the culprit.

"(A fire caused by faulty wiring) has been my fear the whole time," he said.

The lodge has played a central role in the Copper River Valley community for decades, Huddleston said.

The original roadhouse on the site was built in 1896 and served gold miners. It was rebuilt after a 1928 fire, Huddleston said.

Huddleston's family has operated



*On one of our memorable visits at the Copper River Roadhouse was July 8th, 2011, when we joined the Vernon Nash Club of Anchorage on a trip to McCarthy/Kennicott.*

the lodge, which used to be known as the Copper Center Roadhouse, since 1948.

In 2007, Huddleston's mother, Jean Ashby Huddleston, recounted her early days at the lodge to the Daily News: the scent of animal pelts (back then, roadhouse owners traded groceries for furs) competing with her mother's freshly-baked bread and Gold Rush old-timers with colorful biographies playing cribbage and spitting tobacco into the stove.

The roadhouse only closed for one year, after a freak ice jam and the Good Friday earthquake caused the Klutina River to flood into the lodge, according to Ashby Huddleston.

Tom Huddleston and his wife Kimberly bought the lodge in 2002.

In recent years, Huddleston said the roadhouse thrived even as others shut down by hosting tourists, construction crews, National Park Service employees and Alyeska Pipeline Service Co. workers year-round. The lodge also became a center for community events and dinners, he said.

"It doesn't really belong to us," he said. "It belongs to the community. Lots of people are pretty shaken up."

The structure that burned

included a dining room that dates back to the original 1896 construction. But firefighters were able to save out buildings, including a museum.

A sourdough starter used to make locally beloved pancakes was destroyed, but neighbors had some to spare.

"The pancakes will be coming back," Huddleston said.

Because of the lodge's age, many of its features were not up to current building codes but were grandfathered in.

A new structure will have to be built to code, Huddleston said.

The couple plans to rebuild the lodge.

"The building is gone but the history is still there," he said. 🌈



May 20, 2012

# Canceled!

by Tom Cresap

The strangest thing happened recently. Two of our events were canceled. Now, with COVID 19 around, still around and raging, due to people not taking steps to stop the bug—it might sound like I’m making a sarcastic remark. We have had cancellations for that last year, certainly; but these were canceled—would you believe—because of weather.

You read correctly: *weather!* In Alaska, our mantra is that we don’t cancel for weather. We wouldn’t get anything done if we did that.

This time was different. On September 25<sup>th</sup> and October 9<sup>th</sup>, respectively, we lost our Fall Colors Tour and our Trouthouse Run because of unusually early snow and ice.

The traditional September Fall Colors Tour takes us for a drive south through Turnagain Pass down to Seward, ogling the beautiful fall colors all the way. Seward member, Dick Cruse, had arranged for us to join Kenai’s Kaknu Krusers and have a picnic in the pavilion on the beach in Seward. After that, Jim Fredenhagen had planned for us to enjoy some ice cream either at Harbor

Street Creamery or at Sweet Darlings, whichever we found open. Rich Golding was to be our leader since Jim was in Illinois visiting with his dad.

A day before the trip, we received a storm forecast that called for six-to-twelve inches of snow possible in that area. As it turned out, the weatherman goofed, but we had made the prudent decision not to go.

October’s traditional Trouthouse run is shorter and we go north to Palmer to meet Alaskan Model A

people for lunch at A&W Windbreak Hotel Café and Bar (also know as Trouthouse) on the Parks Highway in Wasilla. This time, we had lots of rain, which is not usually a problem. Then the temperatures dropped to 28° in the valley, potentially turning the highway into a skating rink.

These two events, which usually finish off our season of driving, were not to happen. Thanks so much to Jim, Rich and Dick for their planning. Better luck next year! 🍀

## Crazy Like a Fox

Humor by Rich Golding

My father was a walking baseball encyclopedia. Studying the newspaper’s sports pages every morning over his coffee and cigarettes, he committed to memory every team’s win/loss stats, and their standing in the American League. All eight teams. As a lifelong Chicagoan, he was a diehard fan of the White Sox. Just about every season of the nineteen-fifties and sixties they battled their way up the American League roster to first place, only to have their devotees’ hopes and dreams of glory dashed in the last few weeks of the season, every October by those “damned New York Yankees.”

The White Sox actually pushed past their Knickerbocker nemesis in 1959 and captured the American League pennant, their first in 40 years, only to lose the World Series against the Los Angeles Dodgers, a team of New York descent, which had just relocated to southern California from Brooklyn, the year before.

1961 seemed like our year, again. The Sox were hot. But the Yankees were hotter. Mickey Mantle and Roger Maris were slugging homer after homer all summer. 1961 was, of course, the year that Maris hit sixty-one home runs to break the immortal Babe Ruth’s record.

Any Chicagoan that called himself

a White Sox fan abhorred the rival Yankees. Yet, my father wisely understood the importance of “knowing your enemy.” Sitting beside me at the ballpark in our season ticket seats, his ever-present cigarette’s smoke wafting past my face, many times he would call the plays before they actually happened.

“See that fella?” bellowed the old man, his finger pointing at the batter approaching the plate. “His name is Roger Maris.”

“I know who Roger Maris is, Dad!” Every kid in America knew who Roger Maris was in the summer of 1961.

“He’s gonna hit a home run,” he explained, his Marlboro’s filter clenched tightly between his nicotine stained teeth. The far end of the cigarette bobbed up and down with his every word. A trickle of ash released now and then, cascading down the front of his White Sox jacket, onto his lap. His pointing index finger turned from the hitter towards right field.

“Now see that long yellow pole out there? That’s the foul pole.”

“I know what the foul pole is, Dad!”

“He’s gonna hit the next pitch into the upper deck, just about the third row up, a few feet to the left of that pole.”

Sure enough, before my Old Man’s (See p. 7, “Crazy Like a Fox”)

## Editor’s Desk

(Continued from p. 4)

Antique Auto Club/Fairbanks, publishes the *Nash’s News*, and until last month it was edited by Rick Larrick. Rick has “retired” after 10 years of publishing excellence. The new guy, Bruce McIntosh, has already taken over as of their November issue. I welcome Bruce to the entertaining and sometimes mentally challenging world of writing about old-car topics, I wish him best of luck and I look forward to exchanging monthly efforts with him.

—Tom

## Crazy Like a Fox

(Continued from p. 6)

finger-pointing hand could lower itself, Maris's bat connected with the pitch, rocketing the horsehide across Comiskey Park and crashing into the right field bleachers, exactly where my Old Man said it would. My Dad, and his cigarette, forced a quiet grin, shaking his head from side to side, then dutifully notated the play on to his score card. The Old Man was a wizard. He was a baseball prophet.

Later in that same game, in the bottom of the eighth inning, the White Sox second baseman Nellie Fox sauntered up to the plate. Nellie Fox was my personal hero. A bit of a country bumpkin, originally hailing from some rural area out east. There was always a huge lump of tobacco chaw tucked into his left cheek. He was one of the greatest second baseman ever to play the game, and remains to this day the third most difficult hitter to strike out in Major League history. He ranks second (that's in both the American and National leagues) in career double plays as a second baseman.

I've made the pilgrimage to Cooperstown, to the Baseball Hall of

Fame. Nellie Fox's name is listed there, along with all of his baseball plaudits.

How could an impressionable eight year old, perpetually attired in his White Sox jacket and cap, and always sporting his baseball mitt on his left hand like it was a second skin - I ask you - how could he not idolize a ball player with a first name like "Nellie?"

The lean and lanky second baseman raised his bat above his shoulder and scanned the field, then spat out a little tobacco juice into the dust adjacent to home plate. He sliced several warm up swings through the tepid South Side air that, as I recall, always smelled of cigarettes, roasted peanuts and warm beer. The home plate umpire yelled "Play Ball!" Fox swung at his first two pitches, but failed to connect. With the count of no balls and two strikes, Whitey Ford, the New York pitcher, shuffled ritualistically about on his mound, rubbing the ball into his mitt, and silently communicating pitching signs to Yogi Berra, his pinstriped catcher behind the plate.

And then my Dad's eyes lit up. "Get that mitt of yours ready! Pay attention! Nellie's gonna foul one up here on the next pitch." A moment after uttering those words, the entire park heard the loud crack of the bat,

and watched the foul ball come sailing backwards, higher and higher, eventually slamming into the concrete riser directly under my seat. Grown men in White Sox caps scrambled for a chance at the elusive white ricocheting projectile. Beers were dropped or flung aside. Popcorn and peanuts flew all around us. Half smoked cigarettes jettisoned from out of mouths. All this occurred in the blink of an eye, as every one of at least a dozen grown men instantaneously regressed back to being eight years old again, tussling in a giant free for all. The game paused as the crowd's attention was drawn toward's the fan scuffle in Comiskey Park's upper rear deck, all emanating from somewhere under my seat. Only seconds later the pile of Sox fans broke up, then pulled away. I alone emerged, a bit shaken but none the worse for battle. My blue White Sox cap knocked askew on my head, exposing the huge grin on my eight year old face. I stood waving the ball in the air, held tightly within the leather webbing of my mitt. To the victor go the spoils.

The park organist performed a loud fanfare, and the entire ballpark cheered and applauded. And through all the excitement and pandemonium, I could make out my hero, Nellie Fox,

(See p. 8, "Crazy Like a Fox")



*Drew Morris took this rather nice rainbow photo in South Anchorage. It includes Bruce and Marl Campbel's house on the left with turquoise window frames. We don't know when the photo was taken, but it is a reminder of some of the more pleasant things the recent rain could produce. Thanks, Bruce for sharing this feel-good photo.*

## Crazy Like a Fox

(Continued from p. 6)

having turned to watch the free-for-all fracas from home plate, point the tip of his bat directly at me and smile. In an attendance crowd of over 40,000, it was a smile meant entirely for me, and to this day, with my eyes closed, I can still see every tobacco stained tooth in the second baseman's grin. I was the king of Chicago at that moment. Then the home plate ump yelled "play ball." My fantasy dissipated as Nellie spat more brown juice into the dust, and struck out on the next pitch.

Even for one who fancies himself a writer, mere words fail me to adequately define the elation that little

boy with a Rawlings issued major league ball in his mitt experienced that day. Before the game had ended, my Old Man spirited me downstairs to the Sox clubhouse. When the park staff realized that I was the kid that had caught the ball, they lead us into the locker room and through the tunnel to the team's dugout. There Nellie Fox shook my hand. Flash bulbs popped as pictures were taken by newspaper photographers. Fox signed the ball and my mitt for me. And he gave me a baseball card of himself, which he signed as well. I wish to God I knew what ever happened to that ball and mitt. Both were somehow lost to obscurity, somewhere along my adolescence. But the signed baseball card stayed with me for decades,

tucked safely away in my wallet.

I like to tell people I was raised in Comiskey Park, a claim not far from the truth. My love of baseball has never wavered. My father's son has remained a diehard White Sox fan. And one by one, I indoctrinated each of his grandchildren into that select fraternity. But alas, he would not be around to see them cheering as the Chicago White Sox took the American League pennant, just once more, after 46 years, and sweeping the 2005 World Series against the Houston Astros. Dad succumbed to the addictive consequences of tobacco, as had my baseball hero, Jacob Nelson "Nellie" Fox. I remember reading the details in his obituary in the newspaper's sport pages. He died at age 47. 'Twas the chaw that done him in!

A few years ago, I found myself driving in Pennsylvania, from Carlisle to Hershey, from one huge automotive show to another, pursuing my other great obsession, the love of classic cars. Having journeyed to the Mecca of old car shows in Hershey several times in years past, this would be the first time I would also attend the Carlisle show before Hershey. With several days open to me between the two shows, I enjoyed driving the miles and miles of rolling Pennsylvania farm land. The October colors were truly breathtaking. Pumpkin and apple stands abounded along every highway and byway. Roads that wind and meander through this idyllic American countryside beg to be driven with your right hand on the steering wheel and your left elbow resting in the driver's open window. The brisk Autumn wind in your hair and the sun glinting off your sun glasses. It doesn't get any better than that.

I piloted my rental car along the old country roads, littered with small towns that look today probably much the same as they did in autumns a century ago. Wandering the small villages and

(See p. 9, "Crazy Like a Fox")

## Facts about the Model T Ford



Author, Jim Uhl's Ford, a prime example of the 1916 Model T, sits in Wasilla awaiting a new caretaker.

*Editor's note: One of the local—and diminishing—group of Model T owners, Jim Uhl, who lives in the valley, recently sent me some interesting facts he had compiled back in 2002 about the iconic Model T. This is a very small part of that material, more of which I may foist upon the reader at some later date.*

### The Model T Ford

The first Model T was introduced on October 1, 1908, but it was officially the 1909 model. 1,800 were built that first year and sold at a base price for the Touring car of \$850.00. The first 1,100 had two pedals and one lever for reverse gear.

#### 1909 to 1911

The body was mostly wood, then

sheet metal over a wood frame, it had open valve engines with a compression ratio of 4.5:1 @ 60 PSI and 22 Horsepower. The first 2,500 had centrifugal water pumps

#### Production

1908—100 cars a day

1927—1220 cars a day, one every 28 seconds

It took 28 hours from raw ore to finished car.

In the world of automobiles, the Model T's was the longest run of the same, basic model: 1908 to 1927 (until the Volkswagen came along.)

Over 15 million were built in the United States, but the total was 17,750,000 worldwide in 19 years with very few changes mechanically.

#### Price

The lowest price for a full-sized touring car was in 1923: \$265

In 1926, the roadster sold for \$260.00.

#### Some Features Missing

Early models did not have: Speedometers, temperature gauges, pressure gauges, bumpers, water pumps (except first 2,500, or aftermarket), starters (optional from 1919) demountable rims (1919) windshield wiper (Mary Anderson

(See p. 9, "Model T")



# The Model T

(Continued from p. 8)

invented one that became standard in 1913.) There were no shock absorbers, turn signals, stop lights or horns.

## Accessories

Individual entrepreneurs invented, manufactured and offered for sale over 5,000 aftermarket accessories built for Model T's.

## Winning Attributes

The cars were small, light, inexpensive, reliable, efficient and easily adaptable to other uses. Anyone could drive one. Anyone could repair or maintain one.

## Disadvantages

Ford did not provide financing as with General Motors. The cars were noisy, unsafe, uncomfortable, ugly and they had gravity-fed fuel system (sometimes you had to back up steep hills.) They were underpowered.

## Firsts

The Model T was the first truly mass produced automobile with left hand drive, which set the standard for most of the world. It also provided

the first camper, station wagon and hack (cab.)

Fords were first to use Vanadium steel alloy in gears, axles, etc. This advanced toughness of vehicles immeasurably. (And something your editor didn't know) the Model T introduced the rear view mirror

## Acclamations

"You can take it anywhere, but into polite society"

"The Model T is fundamentally drab, uncompromisingly erect, unquestionably ugly and it combines the webfootedness of a Duck with the agility of a Mountain Goat." And, "Open Your Eyes and watch the Fords go by."

## Common Nicknames

(Repeatable in polite company)

Henry's Model T was called the Universal Car, Tin Lizzie, Fliver, Henry's Monster, Jitney, Heap, Henry's Heap, Fix Or Repair Daily and Found On Road Dead.

## Many Uses

The T was used for plowing fields, pleasure riding, general transportation; they became fire trucks, ambulances, delivery vehicles, hearses, snowmobiles and

railroad vehicles; they could also saw and split wood, pump water, store grain, run stock shears, generate electricity and hoist objects.

The first snowmobile made by Armond Bombardier, was built with later-marketed parts from a Model T.

## Reputation as Unsafe

The Model T was notorious for: crankshaft arm-breaking kickbacks, its many sharp and pointed objects inside passenger compartment, as well as on the outside of the vehicle that people could strike or be struck by. It had plate glass windows, a convex steering wheel, small mechanical emergency brakes, only on two rear wheels and a band brake in the transmission. The gas tank was under seat, or later in front cowl. One could easily receive water burns from radiator boiling and overheating. It had no windshield wipers (until 1913) and a non-return lever Throttle (Accelerator) the lights were very dim and there was no spring dampening or shocks.

Summing it up, the Ford Model T wasn't much, but was America's car for the common man or woman. 🌀

# Crazy Like a Fox

(Continued from p. 8)

enjoying the drive, I caught a glimpse of a sign welcoming me to St. Thomas. The town, like most in this part of the Keystone State, is tiny. I drove through and past it, along the blacktopped US Highway 30, when a strange and inexplicable feeling suddenly came over me. A sort of vague recollection. I searched my thoughts to no avail, still that nagging feeling would not let me alone.

"St. Thomas? Where have I heard of that place?" I queried my thoughts and scratched at my head. As I continued driving, one hill over another, there appeared ahead of me an old country cemetery. "St. Thomas." Its name rolled around over and over again in my head.

As best I can recall, and for lack of any better descriptor, I felt guided. A

town name I must have seen or read of, years and years ago. I parked my car and walked through the grave markers and monuments, beckoned, as if I knew exactly the path to tread. Searching over and past a small rise of headstones, I found it. The brown earth bleached white at the edge of a large grey gravestone with the name "FOX" chiseled onto it. Below his surname were listed many baseball accolades: Second base for the White Sox 1950-1963, 798 consecutive games played at second base, lifetime batting average of .288, and 2663 total hits, of which 2161 were singles. American League MVP 1959, and many others.

How I wished I still had my old blue Sox cap, that I might humbly remove it before that gravestone. But rather, I just stood there, without uttering a word, for what seemed like an hour or so, an old man alone with the thoughts of an eight year old boy.

There is a custom in my religion

that compels its followers to leave a token, usually in the form of a stone or pebble, on the grave of someone you miss or admire. It symbolizes that they have not perished from your thoughts; that they are remembered. I searched nearby for such a stone, and finding one, I rubbed it clean of the Pennsylvania dirt that clung to it, much like a pitcher would rub a baseball in his mitt. Reverently, I placed it on top of Nellie's headstone, and bowing my head, I said a silent prayer intended to be heard by only three. Then I headed back towards the rental car. After taking only a few steps I stopped short, turned and walked back. Reaching into my wallet, I removed a very old, tattered baseball card with the faded autograph of my childhood hero on it, and sandwiched it between the gravestone and the stone just placed upon it. 🌀

## 'Honeymoon Car,' page1 Inside



*While living on Scotland in the 1970's, Scott and Sheryl on the fantail of the PS Waverly crossing the Clyde between Gourock and Dunoon. The Waverly is the Last Ocean Going Paddle Steamer.*

## November

### November

#### Birthdays

- Al Combs-4<sup>th</sup>
- Bill Brown-5<sup>th</sup>
- Nat Gardner-7<sup>th</sup>
- Dolly Larkin-10<sup>th</sup>
- Jim Jacobson-11<sup>th</sup>
- Richard Golding-12<sup>th</sup>
- Scott Hulse-12<sup>th</sup>
- Greg Carpenter-14<sup>th</sup>
- Carl Godsoe-14<sup>th</sup>
- Tam Isham-28<sup>th</sup>

#### Anniversaries

- Carol and David Jensen-8<sup>th</sup>
- Sheryl and Scott Hulse-13<sup>th</sup>
- Barbara and J.R. Russell-20<sup>th</sup>
- Karen and Don Lederhos-23<sup>rd</sup>



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