

Antique Auto Musers of Alaska



Tinkering Times



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December 1, 2021

The Grinch Struck Again: No Party

by Tom Cresap

For the second year in a row now, we will do without our annual Christmas Party due to the resurgence of COVID 19 and its variants. We all know that even though we have had our shots, we remain somewhat vulnerable. There is no need to take the chance. Thanks go to the Ishams, who were planning, again, to have the party at their home.

In the absence of an in-person celebration, I would like to make this edition of the *Tinkering Times* a sort of substitute to spread the greetings we would normally exchange together at our party. May you all enjoy good times with your families, reserve some good thoughts and wishes for your fellow Auto Musers and maybe get your favorite antique car ready for some good times coming up in 2022.

We look forward to seeing you in January, if not before! 🤔

2022 Officers Elected

by Art Isham

We had a successful election at the November meeting. No lawsuits, no hanging chads or nefarious organizations messing with our voting machines. Matter of fact—no voting machines. The results for President—Linda Golding; for Vice President—David Jensen; and Secretary—Greg Carpenter were approved by



The Cresaps' 1931 Model A Slant Window, Amanda, was willing to venture into the 0° temps for a Christmas photo as long as Tom promised to get her back into her nice, warm berth right away.

acclamation. Dutch Overly was nominated for Treasurer opposing Scott Hulse, much to the surprise of Dutch. He resolved the situation very graciously by stating, "I am the cop" (referring to his Sargent at Arms preference). Upon Dutch's withdrawal Scott Hulse was then elected Treasurer by acclamation. Understand that this all happened on ZOOM, so the degree of difficulty that Art and Donn had in keeping track of the voting was more complicated than if it had been in person.

Three volunteers (Brian Anderson, Donn Reese, and Tam Isham) filled the Members at Large positions, so

we have a strong team in place for 2022. The team will be inducted at the January meeting. 🤔



Joy to You!

December Meeting

As is customary in December, we will have no business meeting this month. Merry Christmas!

Running Board Reflections

I've written a handful of these messages for AAMA's monthly Tinkering Times. So, when TT Editor Tom Cresap sent me a reminder that I have just two articles to go before I hand over the gavel and pen to incoming club president Linda Golding, it didn't take long to come up with a few words. Writing this a couple days following Thanksgiving seems appropriate given the gratitude



President David Jensen and his constant companion, Beau are getting ready for Christmas.

I have for so many who continue to contribute to our club's resilience.

Whether serving on the board as an officer, working on various committees, behind the scenes, attending events or simply continuing on as a member, I'm thankful for everyone's contributions, large or small. This includes the public address system and music that magically appeared at the Jay Ofsthun Memorial Show 'n Shine (and the work that went toward having a Show 'n Shine at all this year); piles of doughnuts, snacks and beverages that tempt our healthy appetites at so many events; ongoing ZOOM meetings that forge the path for what will be an amazing Diamond Anniversary party for our club August 13, 2022; members who take time out of their day to represent the club while also building a home in Eklutna; friends who answer the phone when your '57 <insert the year of your choice> is stranded and smoking alongside the road or

otherwise incapacitated; typesetters who put together the award-winning Tinkering Times when not helping someone else with a personal project; phone calls and meetings; members who throw 'pop-up' cruises and incredible Christmas parties; a webmaster who maintains not just our website but the club's history; and club officers who contribute again and again including many past presidents.

There are so many to thank for keeping our club rolling down the highway. We have a rich history and bright future thanks to every member, no matter the size of your contribution.

Thank you and happy holidays to you and yours. And, don't forget to renew your membership for 2022, our 60th year together. We have much to look forward to next year.

-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)

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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: 1936 Airflow Chrysler Imperial C-10 - Unrestored refurbished original. 128 inch wheelbase, Straight 8 (130 hp), 3 speed with overdrive, new brakes, new wiring, wide white radial tires, original shop manual, rebuildable power brake unit and some spare parts. Headliner and upholstery good. Sealed beam conversion, Runs well. \$20,000. Art Isham 907-688-3671.



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

Schedule of Events

- * January 12—6:30 Meeting—Installation of officers
- * February 9—6:30 Meeting
- * February 26,27—Fur Rondy (Tentative—Art Isham, 688-3671)
- * March 9—6:30 Meeting
- * August 13—Diamond Jubilee

Book Review

by Tamea Isham

Need to tell you about two new books I have found recently. Any Alaska History buff, would love them, I am sure. This is true, especially those of us who have traveled to these places several times and actually have met some of the characters in person.

Cold Mountain Path

First, I always listen to NPR when I drive, and I happened to tune into an interview with author, Tom Kizzia. He wrote the "Pilgrim's Wilderness" which we all have read. At the beginning, when he was writing that book, he included lots of background history of McCarthy. His editor thought it best not to include that historical element in the book. So he gave that portion to the museum in McCarthy. Those folks encouraged him to write a separate, complete historical book later, and this is that book: *Cold Mountain Path*. Wow! It is fantastic. I can't help but read some passages to Art, and now he can't wait

to get it out of my hands!

I found it new, free shipping, from Amazon. It wasn't supposed to arrive until perhaps mid November, but it came quickly.

Finding True North

In the November 24th issue of *Anchorage Daily News*, there was a book review for *Finding the True North* by Molly Rettig. She is a former reporter for the Fairbanks News. In the fourth paragraph, it mentions Ester, and I immediately knew where this was going. Sure enough, Clutch Lounsbury. In fact, they are neighbors! Anyway, she is an environmentalist who interviews several old timers, basically folks of the land. She records their personal histories and more. It is "a book about Alaska as a homeland and it's many quandaries," and it should help us get further acquainted with some of the characters we may have met in our travels together. (This book is also available from Amazon.) 🌐

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



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

For Sale: Set of four new, never used, Vision Rally 55-5661 steel wheel rims; in their original shipping boxes; painted silver. The specifications are 15"x6", 5 on 4.75"/120.65mm bolt pattern, 81.7mm bore, +12mm offset, and 4" backspace. These rims fit more than 350 mostly rear wheel drive vehicle applications, especially General Motors cars and some trucks for model years 1951-56 and 1967-93. Will consider offers for the sale of the rims, either individually or as the set of four. Ed Penisten, ejp1961@yahoo.com

From the Editor's Desk

In the Sunday, November 28th issue of the Anchorage Daily News, Elise Patkotak's commentary struck a note with me, as I am sure it did with many long-time Alaskans. Okay, Elise may not be my favorite local opinion writer, but I do read almost all her columns.

In this article, she alludes to the fact that many Alaskans are transplants who have left family and friends behind Outside and who find replacements here in the Great Land. While living in Utqiagvik (Barrow) she says she found friends at Bird TLC, and I immediately thought AAMA.

By and large, we fit the demographic of transplants, and we have settled in after many years with a new family. That is not to say that we have forgotten our previous family and friends, it just means we have managed to forge new bonds that—in our case—came about from an interest in the old car hobby. As in all friendships, we find our closeness from years of shared experiences: our many tours, shows and other events, as well as the welcoming of new children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren; the loss of old friends and gaining of new ones; the times of joy in planning and doing things together and the times of adversity, such as fighting the pandemic, as we are now doing.

Patkotak says she is, “Big-time

not a holiday person,” and, as we grow older and a bit crustier, that may not be far from true for many of us. It has, nevertheless, been something of a drag to have to put up with the loss—for the second year in a row—of our annual Christmas get-together. If only more people would consent to wear masks and get their shots, we might be able to tuck this threatening incursion into the recesses of our memory.

May you all have some meaningful time together with your own immediate family, and may we all get over this unpleasant time and get back to our shared AAMA family adventures as soon as possible.

Merry Christmas!

—Tom



Sheryl Hulse's cat, Emma, listened intently as the meeting progressed.

AAMA Business Meeting November 10, 2021

Location: Meeting held remotely via Zoom

Meeting called to order 6:47 p.m. by President David Jensen.

There were 16 members present and no guests.

A motion was approved to accept the October 13, 2021, business meeting minutes as published in the Tinkering Times.

Treasurer's Report

Treasurer Scott Hulse gave the

financial report, and announced the recently completed change in the registered agent for the club to be Donn Reese.

AAMA Executive Board Elections

Election committee volunteers Art Isham and Donn Reese submitted the following slate of corporation officer candidates for the 2022 AAMA Executive Board: Linda Golding, president; David Jensen, vice president; Greg Carpenter, Secretary; and Scott Hulse, treasurer. There being no additional candidates offered from the floor, a motion to

elect these candidates was approved by the membership present.

The three individuals who volunteered for the three members-at-large positions on the Executive Board and were then approved are Donn Reese, Tam Isham, and Brian Anderson.

New Business

***Art Isham discussed preliminary planning for the Fur Rendezvous parade and car show. Bill Brown of Bob's Services has tentatively agreed to host the car show, bearing in mind that these*
(See p. 5, "Minutes")

First Person, Singular

Humor by Rich Golding

With about eight and a half million people ever scurrying about, London buzzes like a beehive, day and night. It is one of my favorite destinations. And so I decided to take a few weeks off from the Anchorage winter doldrums and spend my birthday there.

Besides, they have great tea.

For those of you who have little better to do with your lives than to follow this monthly codswallop, you should already be well acquainted with my obsession for tea, as it is a subject I have alluded to in many of my monthly columns. Mind you, we're not talking about a cuppa Lipton now and then. Nay, gentle reader, nay. My caffeine compulsion extends worlds beyond that. Where others travel the globe to see its seven wonders, I have been known to pull up stakes at a moment's notice and trek half-way round this earth to seek out and try some new brown brew.

When traveling I usually lug an empty extra suitcase along with me to transport any tea treasures I may encounter, that they may be imbibed and savored later by yours truly, here in the Great Land. Relaxing on my back deck, in the shadow of mighty Denali, with bald eagles soaring majestically overhead, and encircled by the pungent honey-like smell of the blooming fireweed, I can savor a warm cup of Lapsang Souchong or Balsam Green or Earl Grey with Blood Orange. That is, until my tea cache runs low, and I find myself once again traveling, on yet another tea pilgrimage.

This trip I decided to stay in the East End of the British capital, in a neighborhood known as Shoreditch, at a particularly nice Airbnb high-rise apartment I located online. Easy

access to the city's excellent public transportation network makes venturing around town a snap. Hence, each day is spent out and about, seeking and purchasing more tea. I end up returning each evening, as the daylight diminishes, to my apartment, eager to sample and savor that day's

shopped treasures.

Upon entering my apartment building, one walks down a long corridor, passing the tenant mailboxes, and around a corner towards the elevators. As I navigated said path one evening, upon making (See p. 6, "First Person, Singular")



Looking at the Palmer Fair of 1964, we see Fred Tisdell at far left next to his 1936 Ford fordor, also, Dr Morgan's newly rewooded 1923 Model T. The 1930 Model A next to it was a beauty. (An archive photo)

Minutes

(Continued from p. 4)

activities are subject to decisions by the Municipality.

****David Jensen displayed the personalized 2021 Jay Ofsthun award to be presented to Art and Tam Isham.**

****Upcoming meetings:** The members present agreed that there would be no business meeting in December, and that the January business meeting will return in-person at the Hope Community Resources Learning Center.

****Linda Golding reported that the 60th anniversary planning committee has selected Main Event Catering for the celebration, with a per-person cost estimated to be \$50.**

A motion was approved to spend \$500 as a deposit to secure the

services of Main Event Catering for the date of August 22, 2022. The deposit is non-refundable but contributes to final balance of charges.

****Scott Hulse suggested that the AAMA consider establishing a non-voting type "subscription" membership for individuals who are interested in the club but who live outside the region and do not participate in AAMA driving activities. The executive board will consider the idea at its next planning meeting.**

Birthdays and Anniversaries

President Jensen announced the birthdays and anniversaries for November.

Adjournment

Meeting adjourned at 7:40 p.m.

Respectfully submitted

Brian Anderson, acting Secretary

First Person, Singular

(Continued from p. 5)

the first turn I almost tripped over a fellow sitting on the floor in the dimly lighted hallway. His unexpected presence caused me quite a start.

London is not exempt from the homeless problem. Like just about everywhere else on this planet, they can be found huddled in doorways and asleep on sidewalks throughout the city. And like everywhere else, they remain largely ignored, seemingly invisible to the busy Londoners as they scurry back and forth, to work or school or shopping, attending to their appointments.

Britain's brisk November winds must create quite a challenge for these modern nomads in their attempts to remain warm and dry. And so this fellow, clad in ragged clothes and sporting a tattered Donegal flat cap on his head that obscured most of his facial features, had somehow found himself a haven from the elements,

whilst remaining reasonably concealed from detection by the authorities, there in my apartment building's darkened hallway. I passed by him cautiously, instinctively trying not to make eye contact. Stumbling past his looming presence, I managed my way into the elevator, hastily pecking at the 'close door' button.

Exiting on the eleventh floor, a bit flustered for the experience, I unlocked the door to my apartment and entered my safe haven.

After unpacking that day's tea purchases, I filled the kettle, transferring the boiling water and tea leaves into a teapot. Moments later I stood at my window, staring at the city, together with a steaming cup of tea. I gazed at the Christmas lights that illuminated the night in all directions. All around the great city the holiday decorations were in place. Earlier that day, just about every store I visited had Christmas music continuously playing on every floor. Many of those tunes seemed to spill out the shop's front doors and onto the busy shopping streets. Invariably you would find many of your fellow

pedestrian shoppers, with their bags of treasures clutched in their arms, humming or softly singing along with those carols. Their rosy winter cheeks expelling white clouds of breath, as they passed you on the sidewalks. Many smiled and nodded, their holiday cheer being quite infectious.

My tea smelled wonderful as the steam from my yellow cup wafted upwards past my face. My nostrils instinctively sniffed at it. I have learned through the years that there are more taste buds in your nose than in your mouth. Hence most of the enjoyment from a cup of tea is experienced well before it is sipped or swallowed.

Quietly I enjoyed the brew, gazing out my window at the colorful lights twinkling across the vast city below me, all the while humming one of the holiday tunes that I had been infected with earlier that day, passing by groups of carolers out in the streets. My yellow porcelain cup almost drained, I turned for the teapot to pour myself some more. As I stood there, staring at it, I thought to myself "It's quite a large pot."

The lyrics to that subliminal carol I was humming in my head harmoniously blended with the scent of the steamy tea as I poured it into my cup, when I paused again, as if in a trance. I put my yellow teacup down and reached for an empty red one, still on the shelf.

Moments later the elevator bell sounded, as its doors opened up to the lobby. Quietly, I walked down the corridor, making the turn towards the mailboxes. The man in rags was still there, huddled quietly in the hall, making every attempt to remain invisible. I knew not what to say. Shyly clearing my throat, I recall muttering something about how I thought he might be cold or thirsty, and how the tea was so nice and warm. Then I handed him the steaming red teacup. Just as shyly, he

(See p. 7, "First Person Singular")



On November 9-11, Mike and Gwyn Wiedmer had an adventure by driving their blue 1952 Chevrolet Model 6400 2-ton stakebed truck down to Hope to help their friend, and fellow AAMA member, Sara Stoops cut and split firewood at her cabin.



Your editor was born in Chicago and remembers his parents home on Indiana Avenue, not far from downtown. The row houses, had garages in the alley, because the streets were narrow. This is a photo of Brian Anderson's grandparent's garage with their 1929 Model A and 1935 Chevy. Brian points out the garage doesn't appear to contain other junk. Today, cars park on one side of the street, leaving only one lane available for driving, but some still use the alleyway garage.

First Person, Singular

(Continued from p. 6)

paused, perhaps a bit startled, perhaps a bit confused. Without uttering a word he reached out with both his hands and accepted it. There he stood, holding the red cup motionless in front of himself, as if awaiting some sort of permission.

I raised my own steaming yellow teacup, and touched it to his cup.

"Cheers," I said.

"Mm-mm-many thanks to you, Guv'nor," he responded in a very thick East End Cockney accent. "And a Mm-Mm-Merry Christmas to you, Sir!"

We clanked our cups together in a toast again, then raised them to our mouths, enjoying the warm scent rising and curling in front of our

faces.

"You know," I mentioned for lack of anything better to say, "I read once that there are more taste buds in your nose than in your mouth."

Lowering the cup from his lips, and being sure to make eye contact with me, he responded: "I have found that taste without retronasal smell is of scant help in discerning true flavor. Wouldn't you agree, Sir?"

"Huh?" I muttered, somewhat dumbfounded.

He drew a slow sip from his cup, capturing the elixir behind his closed lips, then rolled it about in his mouth, swallowing slowly, and smiled. "A rather fine example of a Chinese Lapsang Souchong, I should say, Sir." He took another sip. "Ahhh . . . a true bohea from the Wuyi mountains of the Fujian region. Delicately smoked over burning pine needles, if me memory serves. In point of fact, I finds it's empyreumatic notes quite

spot on. Don't you, Sir?"

I just stared at him with my mouth open.

"Perhaps Sir, if you don't minds me sayin' –you might consider brewing it jus' a tad less the next time. No more than sixty seconds total, I should say, Sir. So as to allow for the subtleness of taste and smell such a princely brew demands!"

I learned so much about Chinese teas that evening as we finished our drinks.

Then tipping his ragged hat at me, he told me he had to go, and quietly slipped out the front door into the London night. I swear I could hear the sound of carolers singing somewhere out on the street as the door opened. After the door swung shut I kept that song alive in my head, as I rode the elevator back up to the eleventh floor. 🎵



While taking a break from chopping firewood, Mike and Gwyn drove in to drag main street in Hope. They found it deserted, proof that it is a summer-only destination.

December

1 Birthdays

Howard Hansen—1st
 Brian Anderson—2nd
 Marilyn Chiotti—2nd
 Marianne Elson—4th
 Linda Mattes Golding—7th
 Dale Dryden—12th
 Dennis Allen—17th
 Art Isham—18th
 Colleen Hansen—20th
 Barbara Tullis—20th
 Michael Campbell—21st
 Tom Cresap—21st
 Marl Campbell—28th
 Jack Richter—29th

Anniversaries

Marilyn & Dave Chiotti—2nd
 Doris & Barry Fowler—14th
 Barbara & Dick Henningsen—15th
 Tamea & Art Isham—18th
 Joanne & Dutch Overly—29th

