

Antique Auto Mushers of Alaska



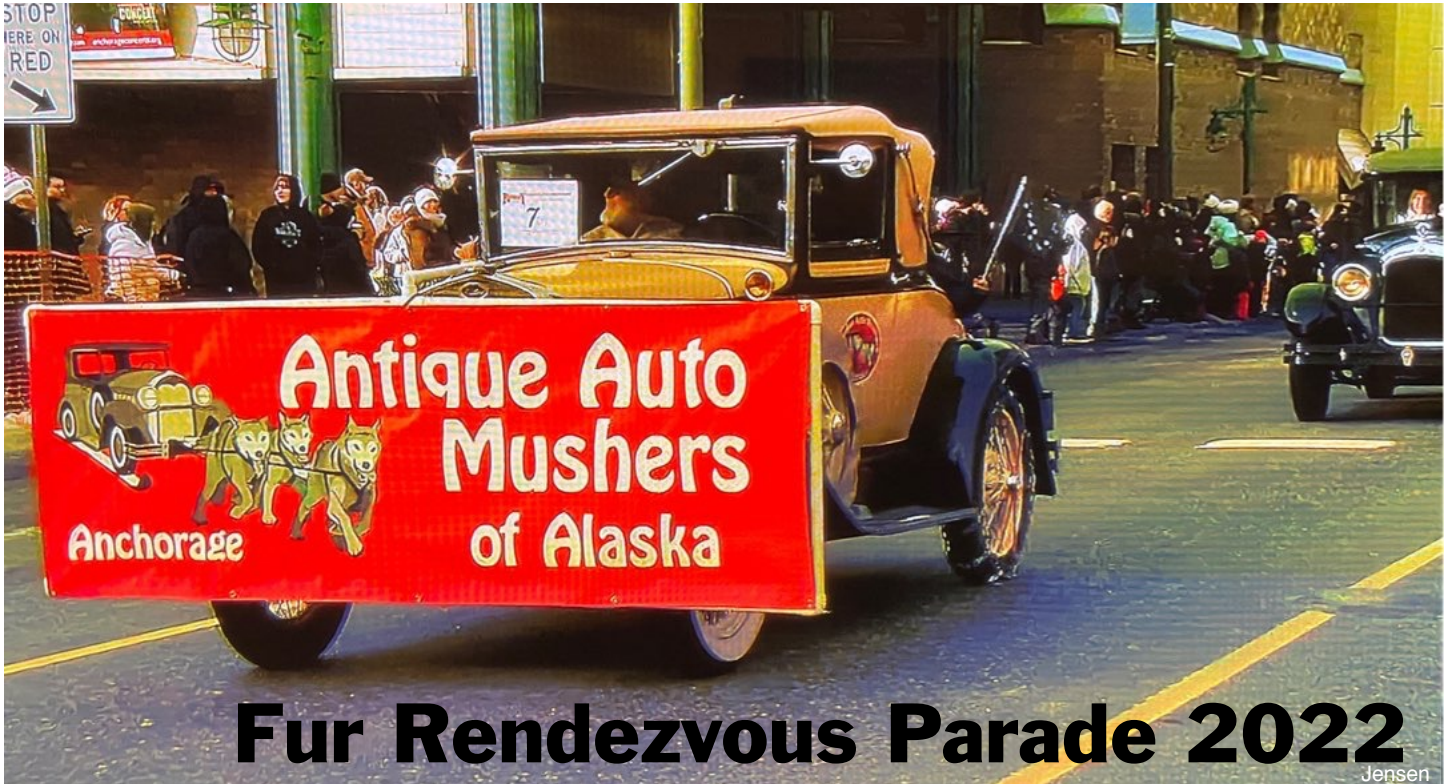
# Tinkering Times



Volume 62, Number 32

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

De March 2, 2022



## Fur Rendezvous Parade 2022

Jensen

Reported by **Kurt Rein**,  
AAMA Parade Coordinator

This year, everything seemed to be more complicated, but it all fell into place. It was fun watching the many onlookers cheer, wave, and applaud as we drove by.

The participants, listed by vehicle, followed the parade route west on 6th Avenue, then east on 5th Avenue.

Leading our group, and sporting the AAMA parade banner, was Phil Morrow's bright yellow Model A, driven by Jim Fredenhagen. This was followed by several cars from the Wiedmer's

stable, including the 1941 Cadillac, the 1927 Hupmobile Sport Sedan, the 1949 Ford convertible, and the Henningsen's 1960 Buick LeSabre (the first time in the parade).

I drove my 1966 Mustang Coupe with guest passenger Kristie Lent, the newly selected Ms. Wheelchair Alaska USA 2022.

In last position, the Wiedmer's 1952 Chevy Stake-side truck came to the rescue of the Cadillac whose battery died one block before the viewing stand. The truck, after driving the parade route one time, swung into action at the end of the parade, got the Cadillac

towed, and drove the rest of the parade route a second time, waving all the while.

A few more cars won't hurt for the next parade. Thanks to all who helped and participated in the parade fun.

### March Meeting

The March meeting will take place at the Hope Community Resources Building off of International Airport Road. at 6:30 pm on March 9.

With the Omicron still raging, we will wear masks and sanitize, of course.

# Running Board Reflections



*President Linda enjoying a brisk day at Bryce Canyon National Park in Utah with her hubby last week. Elevation was a tad over 9000 ft above sea level, with lots of snow.*

As most of you know, Richard and I took a vacation this month. We rented a motorhome in Las Vegas, and immediately drove to Utah, where we visited five National Parks: Zion, Bryce, Capitol Reef, Arches, and Canyonlands.

What a relief to be somewhere other than our own home, and what a joy to be out in nature again. For nearly two weeks, we watched sunsets on red sandstone canyons, listened to the sound of ravens winging above, smelled the crisp clean air after snowstorms, touched rocks smoothed by wind and water, and tasted a bit of freedom.

We walked (or more accurately, I walked while Richard hiked), and stretched muscles that have atrophied over the past two years, from too much couch and too much TV.

But even though we were away from Alaska, we were never away from old cars. We visited former Alaskans, now living in St. George Utah, where we viewed and talked air-cooled VWs. During a walk in Zion Canyon, a top-down Model A Cabriolet drove by carrying four happy passengers. In what might be described as the middle of nowhere, a 50's T-Bird marked the entrance to a ranch. In the tiny town of Hanksville, a VW beetle morphed into a metal dinosaur sculpture. Even the newly renamed Harry Reid Airport in Las Vegas has an exhibit showcasing a 1956 T-Bird in Fiesta Red, the same year, color, and model owned by Gwyn Wiedmer.

And after recharging, what a wonderful weekend at home to return to. The parade was a success thanks to Kurt and the participants. The show at Bob's Services was well-attended by the public. The potluck brought in by members of the club was tasty and satisfying. A big thanks to Donn, Art, and Tam for their organizational skills; and to Bill Brown for use of his shop.

I look forward to seeing you all at the March 9th meeting. ~LMG



## 2022 Officers

President: Linda  
Mattes-Golding  
351-3251

Vice President: David Jensen  
868-1680

Secretary: Greg Carpenter  
Treasurer: Scott Hulse  
240-4028

Sergeant-at-Arms: Dutch  
Overly

## Members at Large

Brian Anderson-748-1698

Tamea Isham-688-3671

Donn Reese-245-7203

## Past Presidents (10 years)

David Jensen (2019-21)

Gwyn Wiedmer (2017-18)

Brian Anderson (2015-16)

Mike Wiedmer (2013-14)

Howard Hansen (2012)

Donn Reese (2009-2011)

## 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:** 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.

**FREE:** Unused Shock Absorbers; 2 each Monroe 5818; fit 53-62 Corvette Rear and probably other Chevrolets from that period. 2 each Monroe 1007; fit 53-62 Corvette Front and probably other Chevrolets from that period. Art Isham 907-688-3671.

# Schedule of Events

- \* March 9—6:30 Meeting
- \* April 13—6:30 Meeting
- \* April 30—Talkeetna Model A Lunch Run (all cars invited)
- \* May 11—6:30 Meeting
- \* May 21—Ken & Peg Stout Memorial Run/Homer Car Show
- \* June 8—6:30 Meeting
- \* July 4—Parades and barbecue
- \* July 13—6:30 Meeting
- \* August 10—6:30 Meeting



**FOR SALE:** 2 Front fenders, 1930 Model A, new, fiberglass, \$600 both...FS electronic ignition, new, Model A&B, 6 volt, \$300. John Piper, Sterling, 907-223-3301



**Car Request:** We are looking for someone with a late 1930's or 1940's luxury car for purposes of transporting 3 twelve year old girls to a Big Band fundraiser at the Lake Hood Aviation Museum 2 April; a Saturday. Obviously weather permitting. It would be a one-way trip and all about making a splashy entrance Call Mike in Wasilla 907-317-0340.

## AAMA Business Meeting Minutes February 9, 2022

Location: Hope Community  
Resources Learning Center at 570  
W. 53<sup>rd</sup> Ave. Anchorage, Alaska

Meeting called to order at 6:33 pm by  
President Linda Mattes Golding  
There were 23 members present and  
no guests.

Mike Wiedmer reprised his role as  
the history professor to induct Dutch  
Overly as the Sergeant at Arms since  
he was not at the last business  
meeting in which all the other elected  
officials were sworn into office.

Scott Hulse put forth a motion to  
correct the previous minutes as  
published in the Tinkering Times. It  
stated he had a car available for the  
Hope fundraising event when he does  
not have a car available.

Scott Hulse provided the financial  
report along with an update on  
member renewals.

### Old Business

Mike Wiedmer will be providing a  
car for the Hope Community  
Resources fundraising event on  
Saturday February 12 from 5:30 to  
7:00 pm at the Marriot Hotel. The  
theme of the event is the roaring 20's  
and he will provide the 1927 Hump  
mobile.

Kurt Rein provided a Fur Rondy  
parade update. He has obtained the  
permit and the club is in position #7  
for the parade. Those participating in  
the parade should meet at 7<sup>th</sup> and D  
street at 9:00 am for staging with the  
parade starting at 10:30 am.

Tam Isham talked about food for the  
potluck at the Fur Rondy car show  
and manning the booth at the entry.  
There will be no popcorn booth this  
year.

Art Isham mentioned that the  
Territorial Cavalry would like to  
participate in the car show since their  
club is not having a show this year.  
For those members having cars in the  
show, you can drop them off at Bob's  
Services on Friday evening February



*Mike "The History Professor" Wiedmer  
inducts Dutch Overly as Sergeant-at-  
Arms as President Linda Mattes-Golding  
monitors carefully for any hanky-panky.*

25 starting at 6:00 pm. There will be  
no valve cover races this year. He  
also reminded everyone to bring old  
car magazines to give away along  
with canned food for the food drive.

Donn Reese had the car show flyers  
to put up at various businesses. Scott  
Hulse and David Jensen will be  
putting out the car show direction  
signs on Saturday morning.

The 60<sup>th</sup> anniversary committee now  
has a contract with Sal's catering for  
the event. The committee is also  
looking for old car parts to be used  
as table centerpieces. The  
centerpieces will be given away at  
the event. A motion was given by  
David Jensen for the club to  
provided \$5,000 for the event to  
cover the catering. The money will  
be reimbursed from ticket sales of  
approximately \$55 per person. The  
motion passed. Ticket sales for the  
event will probably begin in late  
April or early May.

### New Business

Rich Golding will be putting together  
the Tinkering Times newsletter for  
the month of March since Tom and  
Marcy Cresap will be gone.

Jim Fredenhagen briefly mentioned  
upcoming trips in the month of May  
to Talkeetna and Homer.

Scott Hulse said he got a call from  
Willie Vinton in Fairbanks to check  
if there was interest in a joint meet  
this year.

Split the pot winner Kurt Rein  
Meeting adjourned at 7:25 pm.  
Respectfully submitted.  
**Greg Carpenter**, Secretary

## Bill Chace recovering in hospital after surgery

On Tuesday, the first of February, we  
received word from member Joyce  
Chace of North Pole that her husband  
Bill was to have open heart surgery  
that day. Bill was in a hospital in  
Seattle.

Subsequent messages from Joyce  
revealed that the surgery went well,  
and Bill was scheduled for a second  
related surgery the next day.

Bill sailed through both surgeries, and  
was responding well to his treatments.  
On February 17, we received this  
message from Joyce:

"Bill will leave the hospital  
tomorrow. He is doing fine. We will  
stay here another month for  
appointments and blood work.  
Thanks for your prayers. We miss  
you."

We miss you too, and pray for Bill's  
further recovery.



*Our friends Bill and Joyce Chace  
standing in front of their 1952  
Plymouth Cranbrook, the car was  
purchased new by Bill's parents, and is  
still "in the family" to this day!*

# Fur Rondy 2022 Car Show at Bob's Services

Reported by **Art Isham**

The Antique Auto Musers of Alaska were back at Bob's Services for the 2022 Antique and Classic Car Show after a two-year hiatus caused by Covid 19. It appears that the public was looking for us. We had over 350 guests visit us over the two days of the show, with 260 of them casting ballots for the People's Choice vehicle, which was won this year by Bill Brown and his gorgeous 1937 GMC pickup. Fred Sharper with his 1942 Dodge Military Ambulance was a close second.

As always, we had a wonderful choice of potluck items in the back room, headlined by pulled pork from Donn Reese and David Nolta and various soups and chowder from others. Nobody left hungry. Probably just the opposite.

Bill and Chris Brown ran the sawmill powered by a 1922 Model T, and provided branded wood slices to our visitors as souvenirs of their visit with us. The Model T Kiddie Ride was operational this year and the smaller kids had the opportunity to get bounced around as they pretended to be their grandparents/great-grandparents going about their business so many years ago. The crew at the greeting table was busy answering questions, passing out free literature and membership applications, and selling popcorn (\$60 worth). Scott Hulse and Ken Evans applied their talents to the water pump hit and miss engine and got it running again. The problem was with the ignition system, and it was fixed by filing the points and adjusting them.

Thanks to David Jensen and the crew that put up the CAR SHOW directional signs. They had a pile of parts with instructions that read "Lots of assembly required". They figured it out and had the signs in place in

(See p. 6, "Fur Rondy Car Show")



**AAMA's professional popcorn salesforce, President Linda and food-taster Colleen**



**Phil Morrow's 1930 Model A Cabriolet with tire chains installed on the rear wheels!**



**Mike and Gwyn's 1927 Hupmobile Model A**



**Bill Brown's 1957 Ford retractable Hardtop**



**Ken Evans and Mike "The History Professor" Wiedmer proudly present the Cadillac Corner**



**Howard Hansen's immaculate 1962 VW Beetle**



**Our free-to-anyone magazine giveaway table doing a brisk business**



**The Wiedmer's 1949 Ford Convertible**

(Continued from p. 5)

plenty of time. Also, thanks to Mike Wiedmer for getting the 1952 Chevrolet truck in place at Alaska Mill and Feed with signs directing people to the show. And as always, a special thanks to Bill Brown and the crew at Bob's Services for hosting the show and providing a venue for the club members to display their pride and joy.

Vehicles in the show and their caretakers were: Donn Reese with his mother's-1991 Chevrolet Silverado; Fred Sharper-1942 Dodge Military Ambulance; Bill Brown-1955 Thunderbird, 1957 Ford 300, 1957 Ford Retractable Hardtop, 1966 Arctic Cat Snowmobile, 1937 GMC Pickup, 1967 Pontiac GTO Convertible; Kurt Rein-1966 Ford Mustang Coupe; Mike and Gwenn Wiedmer-1927 Hupmobile, 1949 Ford Convertible, 1941 Cadillac Coupe; Dave Syren-1915 White Touring Car; Phil Morrow and Jim Fredenhagen-1930 Ford Model A Cabriolet; Art and Tamea Isham-1968 Volvo 1800S, 1973 Volvo 1800ES; Rich and Linda Golding-1971 VW Squareback; Brian Anderson-1979 CJ-7 Jeep; Ken Evans-1955 Cadillac Eldorado Convertible; and Howard and Colleen Hansen-1962 VW Bug.



Golding

**AAMA's resident humorist, Rich Golding's 1971 VW Squareback "Irving"**



Golding

**Brian Anderson's super shiny 1979 CJ-7 Jeep**



Golding

**Fred Sharper's 1942 Dodge Military Ambulance**



Golding

**Kurt Rein's 1966 Ford Mustang Coupe with drive-in lunch served at driver's window**



Golding

**AAMA's Miss Congeniality awards Bill Brown with the Best of Show certificate**



Golding

**Bill Brown proudly displays his award in front of his 1937 GMC pickup that took first place**



Golding

**The venerable Ford Model T showing off it's ability to saw logs and draw crowds**



Golding

**Quite a spread available at the food table! Everything from soup to nuts!**



Golding

**Mushers hard at work, doing what they do best - raiding and reducing the food table**

# Hope Community Resources Fundraiser

Reported by *Mike Wiedmer*

Since June 2020 our club has met many months at no cost in a fine meeting room donated by Hope Community Resources. Hope Community Resources is a non-profit supporting hundreds of Alaskans experiencing intellectual and developmental disabilities, traumatic brain injury, and mental health challenges. Last August, when then-President Jensen announced our hosts sought a '20s vintage car to display at a 1920s-themed fundraising auction, my lovely wife, Gwyn, advised me to raise my hand. I was happy to obey. The fundraiser was postponed once, but on February 12, 2022, we drove our 1927 Hupmobile to the entrance of downtown Anchorage's Marriot Hotel to greet those attending the gala "A Night of Hope—The Roaring '20s".

Beautiful men in sequenced flapper dresses and intimidating women in braces and fedoras (no, wait, that seems wrong) greeted us in the second-floor party room. The large crowd dug deep when spurred by an animated auctioneer. Airline tickets and train rides and dinners with congressmen brought good returns. Dinner downtown with a city-wide classic car cruise and a David Jensen photoshoot fetched a \$650 winning bid. The specific classic car remains to be selected, and while I will not mention names (Hulse, Golding, Isham, etc.), I know many members with vehicles suitable for the occasion.

Gwyn also suggested the auction of a ride in the Fur Rendezvous Parade and furious bidding added another \$350 to Hope's coffers. As a result, I was privileged last Saturday to chauffeur 5 smiling and waving paraders in our 1949 Ford Convertible Coupe. This wonderful evening provided an opportunity to express our appreciation to Hope Community Resources for their generous support of the Antique Auto Musters of Alaska.



An old friend, Leonard Grau, showed up at the old car show. Leonard was one of the original founders of the AAMA.



Ken Acton and Tim Troll drove the Wiedmer's 1941 Cadillac Coupe in the Fur Rondy parade.



Ms. Wheelchair Alaska USA for 2022, Kristie Lent, rode in the parade in Kurt Rein's 1966 Ford Mustang Coupe.



Wiedmer

## The King of Hanksville

humor by *Richard Golding*

From forth the fatal loins of Utah's Fremont River and Muddy Creek, is born the Dirty Devil River. There, amongst the jackrabbits and endless tumbleweeds continuously being ushered across the two lane blacktop by desert winds, just a couple of miles prior to where state routes 24 and 95 cross, you will find the dusty, downtrodden and semi-deserted hamlet of Hanksville.

Most travelers on the aforementioned two lane blacktop (known by the locals simply as "24") tend to skip an opportunity to experience this treasured townsite as they rally their vehicles from Capitol Reef National Park, north towards Arches National Park, or vice versa. It probably makes little or no difference. The town of Hanksville is easy to miss, should you inadvertently blink, or divert your eyes for a moment from the road ahead to change the radio station, or adjust your sun visor, along said two lane blacktop.

But our twenty-eight foot rented motorhome, replete with kitchen (featuring no less than a full-sized range, refrigerator, freezer and combination microwave and convection oven), a full bathroom with separate shower room, a bedroom with queen sized bed, and the combined aggregate of no less than three large screen TV's, was (and always was) thirsty, requiring sustenance in the form of 88 (minimum) octane gasoline to allay its insatiable Ford Triton V-10 engine. There were no other towns on the road for another 50 miles.

So it came to pass that I steered Leviathan off the highway and pulled into 'Hank's Gas and Services' station, and up to it's single fuel dispensing pump.

"Hey! They've got a cafe here," stated my wife with her finger

pointed at a weatherworn structure marked "Hank's Cafe and Watering Hole," down a ways from the gas pump. She slid out her front passenger side door. "I'm gonna stretch my legs. Maybe I'll get myself a "Hank's burger," she exclaimed, her index finger now pointed at the buzzing red neon sign in the cafe's window that identified this very establishment as the "Home of the One and Only Hank's Burger."

"Okay, I'll meet you inside after I'm through gassing up here."

Seventy-Four gallons later, and after the pump had had it's way with my American Express card, most certainly depleting my net worth by a double digit percentage, I sauntered into Hank's Cafe.

As the creaking, spring-loaded screen door slammed shut behind me, I was greeted with a warm, somewhat toothless smile by the man behind the counter.

"Howdy stranger. I'm Hank. Can't say as I remember you or your missus visitin' us before. Still, I'm glad to make your acquaintance!"

I nodded politely.

"How's about a Hank burger? Them's world famous! Can't git 'em anywheres else. Why, I once had a feller come all the way from Timbuktu just to try himself one!"

"No thanks. Not really hungry."

My wife was in the gift shop area, eyeing the "I've been to Hanksville" t-shirts, coffee mugs, snow-globes, pen and pencil sets, desk calendars, multi-flavored toothpastes and roll-on deodorant.

"Aren't these cute?" she shouted over to me, holding up a t-shirt by the shoulders that read "Kiss me or Bury me, I've been to Hanksville!"

I nodded politely. Then purposely evading Hank's gaze, I gave her that 'silent look' culled from a clandestine and highly sophisticated secret wordless language that we had

developed, nurtured, and cultivated over our past fifty years together, which meant, "C'mon, let's get out of Dodge!"

Linda hung the t-shirt back on the rack, then turned and pointed her finger at a sign on the wall behind the lunch counter. "Look! They've got chili!" She turned to Hank and explained, "My husband loves chili!"

Hank had since stepped behind aforementioned counter, and donned a floppy off-white chef's hat. He grabbed a long, stainless steel ladle and was stirring, over and over, into a large blacked and dented pot simmering on the stove alongside him. It was full of a steaming molten brown substance. "Hank's Chili! It's the best chili in town!" He exclaimed to me, smacking his lips out loud.

"As I recall, aren't you the only business in town?" I inquired aloud.

"Yep!"

"What's the population of your little town?"

"Popoolashun? Well, let's see, there's me and my three sons and my daughter. Hang in there a minute, hows 'bout you meet the family?" He placed his thumb and index finger into his mouth and blew out a loud whistled command. "Hank, Hank . . . Hank, gits yorselves out here, I wants yah to meet some nice people!"

From out a curtain behind the gift shop came a slow train of three young men, in single file. I would estimate their ages as ranging from about 40 to 15, with a middle stop somewhere in 30's-ville. The first was wearing an old t-shirt that proclaimed "See Rock City" with the words "Rock City" blotted out and replaced with the word "Hanksville." He stuck an outstretched hand towards me and declared loud and strong, "Hi, I'm Hank!"

"Chip off the old block!" his father beamed.

(See p. 9, "The King of Hanksville")



("The King of Hanksville" cont. from p. 8)

"Hello," I responded, shaking hands with the young man. My gaze then turned to the second son in line, my hand shaking his. "And who might you be?" I asked politely.

"I'm Hank" he responded nonchalantly, through a wide, almost toothless grin. His body was adorned in a loose fitting, red flannel, one piece body suit, of sorts. The kind with a two-buttoned trap door in the rear. His garment was gnarly and stained and there were small rips in portions of it that would best be left unexplained. He removed my handshake from his grip and guided it into son number three's outstretched mitt.

". . . Hank?" I queried the third boy.

"How did you know?" he responded with a quizzical expression on his unshaven, pimpled face.

I nodded politely. "Wild guess."

"And then there's my beeeutiville daughter. You've got to meet her, too!" shouts the old man. "C'mon outs here, darlin'"

From behind the curtain came a young woman. At least I think she was a woman. She was indeed a visage. Not too short, but not too tall. Not too thin, but way too fat. A rare flower in a desert of cacti. Her demeanor was rather shy.

"Nothin' to be afraid of Honey . . . c'mon out and meet our friends . . . eh, say, what'd you say your names was?"

"I'm Linda."

"And I'm Richard. And who might this lovely young creature be?"

"That's Henrietta," her Pops interrupted, "but 'round these parts she goes by the name 'ah Hank."

"Charming!" responded my wife.

I nodded politely.

"Yah, ain't she sumptin! She's the spittin' image of her Ma, bless her soul!" All four Hanks lowered their heads collectively in reverence,. Raising them again in perfect synchronicity they all looked towards a

framed photo on the wall. It was a black and white glossy photograph, obviously taken several decades earlier, of a stunning and exquisite blond woman in a chiffon party dress. Honestly, when my eyes had spied it hanging on the wall near me earlier on, I thought it was a picture of Grace Kelly. "That's their Ma," explained Pa. "She done left us now, some ten year or so ago."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," sighed Linda. "What a beautiful young woman. What did she die of?"

"Oh, she ain't dead," said Hank.

"No," explained another Hank, "She done run off with a rich guy. A smooth talker from, ah . . . say Hank, where'd that feller say he's from?"

"Timbuktu. He'uz from up back there in Timbuktu," explained Hank.

Henrietta, visibly shaken, began to sob silently.

"Now youse gone 'an done it," hollered out Hank to the rest of his brood. "Sits yorself down here, Hank," he whispered tenderly as he guided the young woman into a chair. "One of you boys go 'an fetch her a candy bar," he commanded. Then he turned to me, explaining that "It's the only thing that'll calm'er down."

After perusing the selection available, Hank reached into the candy bar display alongside the cash register. He removed one and handed it to Hank, who passed it over to Hank who delivered it to Hank. She tore open the wrapper at the top and slid the entire confection into her gaping mouth, rhythmically swallowing and devouring it whole. Without even chewing it. Much like a snake ingesting a mouse

"Works ever' time," said a smiling Hank with a wink.

Linda knew then that it was time to leave. She communicated those exact sentiments to me, in our secret, silent language.

"Looks like you' Missus' wants to vamoose," said Hank, who had been watching us communicate.

"Yah, that's what it looks like to me, too," Hank and Hank equally retorted from across the room.

"Uhh-huum," agreed Hank, wiping away a bit of the chocolate that encircled the rim of her mouth.

"Bet that tasted good," I said to her, for lack – I suppose, of anything better to say. As I passed by her, I noticed the discarded candy bar wrapper at her side. Sure enough, it was an Oh Henry!

On our way out the door, I was approached by Hank. "Now you folks don't be strangers, y'hear! C'mon back again real soon an' visit a spell!"

Pleasantries ensued, and a moment later I was following Linda out the door towards our RV. Whilst outside the door I couldn't help but notice a framed painting of a man's smiling face above the entrance. It was ceremoniously draped in satin. Almost a shrine, of sorts. I hadn't noticed it upon entering the building earlier, as the sunshine was reflecting brightly on the glassed countenance within the frame. Even now the glare made it almost impossible to recognize the image.

"That's our founder, our hero, our king!" explained the old man.

"The greatest of all Hanks, huh?" I asked.

"That's right," he answered. Then he bid me adieu and patting me on the back, reentered the cafe. The screen door snapped shut behind him.

"Let's go already!" yelled my wife anxiously. She was seated in the vehicle's front passenger seat, "Hurry up!"

Curiosity having gotten the better of me, I strained my eyes in the bright Utah sun, and with my hand held above my face, I managed to shade my vision just enough to recognize the familiar countenance of the 'anointed one,' the King, the Hank of Hanks, smiling back at me.

It was Tom.



Golding

*Working in close cooperation with The National Archives, AAMA, having conducted exhaustive forensic research spanning several years, can finally reveal at long last, undeniable and absolute positive photographic proof that Ben Franklin was still alive by the time Henry Ford built and sold his infamous Model T!*

## March

### Birthdays

*Michael Knazovich—2<sup>nd</sup>*

*Ingrid Woodard—10<sup>th</sup>*

*Roy Foster—13<sup>th</sup>*

*Sheryl Hulse—14<sup>th</sup>*

*Donny Bell—15<sup>th</sup>*

*Chris Brown—18<sup>th</sup>*

*Laura Kelley—22<sup>nd</sup>*

*Mark Graber—23<sup>rd</sup>*

*Joyce Chace—28<sup>th</sup>*

*Barbara Henningsen—30<sup>th</sup>*

*Mike Wiedmer—31<sup>st</sup>*

### Anniversaries

*Trudy & Ron Keller—17<sup>th</sup>*

*Georgia & Michael*

*Knazovich—21<sup>st</sup>*



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