

Antique Auto Musers of Alaska

# Tinkering Times



Volume 63, Number 1

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

January 4, 2023

## Fur Rondy Is Coming to Town!

by Art & Tam Isham

This is an early warning that Fur Rendezvous is on for 2023 and the Antique Auto Musers will be participating in both the Parade (25 February) and the Car Show (25 and 26 February). Kurt Rein (907-344-5554) will be in charge of organizing the AAMA part of the Parade, while Donn Reese (907-748-0036) and Art Isham (907-688-3671) will be co-

chairing the Car Show, which will once again be hosted by Bill Brown at Bob's Services, 2009 Spar Avenue. Tom Cresap and crew will be setting up the Valve Cover Racing track for the entertainment of all, while Tam Isham (907-688-3671) will be coordinating the potluck that we hold in the tool room. We will be having sign-up sheets circulating at the January and February meetings so everyone can sign up for the Parade, the Show, and

the Pot-luck. Start gathering up your old car magazines which we intend to politely force on the visitors that come to the show. If you want to beat the rush you can call the individuals listed above as in charge and sign up for the Parade, Car Show, or most importantly FOOD. Remember we are an eating club with an interest in old cars. Stay tuned for additional information as it becomes available.

## Celebrated Editor Recuperating

Like so many others in our club, the venerable Tom Cresap – scholar, statesman, bon-vivant, man-about-town and the long . . . long . . . long standing editor of these Tinkering Times, recently fell afoul of the surgeon's knife, and in so doing, succumbed to a knee replacement.

Wife and handler, Marcy Cresap, reports to us that 'The Old Man' went through the procedure with flying colors, and is now resting, though not terribly comfortably, at home, where he is recuperating and taking his meds whilst generally driving her nuts.

Our Master Editor's old and decrepit knee joint, having been removed and replaced by a modern, hi-tech man-made facsimile, is being sent to the AACA museum in Hershey, PA, where it is expected to be exhibited alongside the countless trophies, ribbons and plaques Tom has garnished over the decades as master-and-commander of the Antique Auto Musers of Alaska's award winning newsletter.

An informal club polling plebiscite unanimously resulted with just about all his fellow musers (and musherettes) wishing him a full and speedy recovery.

## January Meeting

Our first General Meeting of 2023 will be held on Tuesday, January 11th at the Hope Community Resources Center at 6:30pm.

Come and enjoy the frolicking as our own snappy-dresser Mike Wiedmer (aka "The Old History Professor") installs and swears in our 2023 officers.

Our esteemed president, Linda Mattes-Golding, will lead us in discussion of coming events, not the least of which shall be the upcoming Fur Rendezvous.

# Running Board Reflections



President Linda Mattes-Golding, nerd extraordinaire, proudly displays the **prime numbered** license plate she recently obtained for her work-in-progress vehicle, Lillian.

Happy New Year!. Hopefully, you have been able to dig yourselves out from the triple snowpocalypse of mid-December. I suspect that your street has snow berms six to eight feet tall, and is limited to perhaps one lane of traffic. If you live on a cul-de-sac as we do, your snow mountain rivals the Peruvian Andes.

The last week of the year found us taking care of unfinished business. On December 28th, Richard and I made a trip to the DMV in order to title and register the now infamous Lillian. The car is on jack stands in the garage; it was not critical to have the registration immediately, but as we had obtained the vehicle in September, we felt it was time to make it official.

We registered at the DMV kiosk, and received our digital “ticket”: #B-88. We asked the clerk on duty to verify which paper to fill out; he did so, but warned us that since it was late in the afternoon, we were looking at a wait time of two and one-half hours. After sitting for a few minutes, Richard commented that we

should leave, and return in the morning. I had been listening as numbers were called, and said that we should wait it out. They had recently called B-81, how long could it be?

That ticket was followed quickly by A-148 through A-155. Then B-82, followed by A-156 to A-173. The doors were locked by the staff, so that no new patrons could crash the party. B-83 and B-84 were called in rapid succession! Thinking that we would be finished quickly, we listened as A-174 to A-187 were called.

Ten or eleven more “A” numbers were called, while we sat morosely, watching chairs emptying, hoping for our turn. When our number was finally called after an hour and fifteen minutes, it was anti-climactic. It only took a few moments to register the car, and receive the single license plate. Lillian is now official.

I have made only one New Year’s resolution: Don’t go to DMV at 3:30pm, and don’t go on a holiday weekend.

–Linda



## 2023 Officers

President:

Linda Mattes-Golding  
351-3251

Vice President:

Brian Anderson 748-1698

Secretary:

Greg Carpenter 891-4988

Treasurer:

Louis Mestier 512-507-8028

Sergeant-at-Arms:

Dutch Overly 338-1789

Members at Large

Tamea Isham-688-3671

Donn Reese-245-7203

Darrell Krolick-229-5456

## 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

Editor: Tom Cresap

Guest Editor: Samuel Johnson

Proofing, scheduling and  
keeping the old man in line:

Marcy Cresap

Send correspondence to:

**Tinkering Times**

Tom Cresap, Editor

P.O. Box 770703

Eagle River AK 99577

or email:

[tmcresap@mtaonline.net](mailto:tmcresap@mtaonline.net)

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:** 4 each Michelin Harmony radial tires P205/60 R15 90S; less than 500 miles on them; \$50/each. Art Isham, (907) 227-2307.

**Help Wanted:** I do Estates Sales and I am working on one now with many vintage Chevy parts. This man was also a drag racer. I am looking for someone who can help me price the parts. We are willing to pay them for their service. Karen Goentzel, [Klgoentzel@gmail.com](mailto:Klgoentzel@gmail.com)

**For Sale:** 1972 Jaguar v-12; second owner; located at Culmination Motorsports off King Street at 91<sup>st</sup> Ave. Owner says he imported it from England 15 years ago. Contact Dave Catchpole, 907-868-3911.

## Schedule of Events

*Happy New Year!*

- \* January 11—6:30 Meeting (Installation of Officers)
- \* February 8—6:30 Meeting
- \* February 25—Fur Rondy Parade
- \* February 25 & 26—Fur Rondy Car Show at Bob's Services
- \* March 8—6:30 Meeting
- \* April 12— 6:30 Meeting
- \* May 10— 6:30 Meeting
- \* June 14— 6:30 Meeting
- \* July 4—Anchorage and Chugiak Parades; Picnic at Cresap's
- \* July 12— 6:30 Meeting
- \* July 14-17—Hope Weekend (Howard Hansen, 907-440-1002)
- \* August 9— 6:30 Meeting
- \* September 13—6:30 Meeting
- \* October 11— 6:30 Meeting
- \* November 8— 6:30 Meeting
- \* December TBA Christmas Party



**For Sale:** 4 each new steel rims; 15x6 4.75 BC; For GM products in the 60's through 80's; \$50/each Art Isham, 907-227-2307.



**For Sale:** 1940 Dodge coupe; dual carbs and dual exhaust; radial tires. \$9,000. Call Howard, 907-440-1002.

## Information Request

**Reply-To:** [kz99521@yahoo.com](mailto:kz99521@yahoo.com)

**Name:** Lisa Behrens

**Email:** [kz99521@yahoo.com](mailto:kz99521@yahoo.com)

**Message:** I have a 1967 Toyota Landcruiser, and am looking for a mechanic who is familiar with this vintage engine. Could someone from this group provide a reference? Thank you!

## Pay Your Dues

**AAMA-\$20.00**

Make check payable to AAMA. Include your AACA member number in the memo line. Send your check to:

AAMA

P.O.Box 232086

Anchorage AK 99523-2086

**AACA-\$45.00**

Make check to AACA. AACA number in memo  
Antique Automobile Club of  
America  
501 W. Governor Road  
Hershey PA 17033

## My Austin-Healey Story

By Richard Henningsen;  
Lt. Col. USAF (ret.)

My name is Richard Henningsen. In 1963, early in my Air Force career, my family and I were living in Orlando, Florida, when I received orders to attend combat crew training leading to an overseas assignment. From August 1963 to April, 1964, I was assigned as a 1<sup>st</sup> Lieutenant to Air Force Special Forces in South Vietnam. My wife and three children (aged 1, 2, and 3) moved to California during that time. I had always been a “car guy” and wanted to bring back a sports car as a “trophy” for all that Barb and I had gone through because of the separation and stress.

The Garage Charnea in Saigon was a dealer in Austin vehicles. When my tour was finished, I entered and spoke with the owner, as I was interested in a Healey roadster—at that time the 3000, Mark II model was available, but it clearly was an older design with plastic insert windows and other obsolete features. The owner began to write up a sales agreement while I looked at some new literature he had received.

WOW—there it was. Austin was bringing out a new model 3000 Mark III. Gone were all the old features, replaced with more horsepower, a better top, polished wood dashboard, roll-up windows plus. The dealer had no information about the new model or when it would be available, so I asked him to stop the sales agreement and I would think about the purchase

I began to walk out—this is where the story gets weird. The little Vietnamese man said: “Stop, GI.” (We were all GI’s to them). You pay me \$50.00 US Green and I’ll hire you!! You can use my Telex to negotiate with the factory for your

personal car—as a dealer.”

Fifty bucks later, I was a “Saigon Dealer” talking with the Healey factory in England to purchase my car, to be delivered to Houston, Texas upon my return to the US. This had to be one of the very first Mark III’s delivered anywhere in the US. It had everything on it – 4-Speed transmission with electric Overdrive, wire wheels, tonneau cover, power disc brakes, polished wood dashboard, plus my special-order red leather upholstery instead of the vinyl seat covers which were standard.

When I arrived at the Houston dock, there she stood, Old English White with a black top and red interior. She was beautiful. The total price, including shipping and marine insurance was \$2,650.

I drove that beauty for six years—until 1970. I had transferred from a Texas assignment to Sacramento, California, and my Healey had 12,000+ original miles with not a scratch. But that June, I learned I was being transferred to Dover, Delaware and needed to rent or buy a house once we got there. Reluctantly, I had to sell the car. The first person who looked at it snapped it up—for \$4,000. Boy, I wish I had it back!!

I’ve had some interesting events, special assignments and unusual times during a 21-year Air Force career, but one of the most unusual was becoming a car dealer in Saigon for a one-vehicle purchase.

I wonder if this “Big Healey” is still on the road or in a private collection somewhere . . . Hmmm?

## Letter to the Editor

“Another super issue, as always. Thanks for sharing. Nice and compact.”

Nancy Widdon

Victoria, TX Merry Christmas!

2022

**NÆSTVED  
AUTOMOBIL, NOSTALGI  
& SAMLER MUSEUM**  
Danmarks største private samling

- én oplevelse for hele familien

- An experience for the entire family  
- Ein Erlebnis für die ganze Familie

**NÆSTVED AUTOMOTBIL, NOSTALGISK  
UND COLLECTIBLES MUSEUM**  
- Ein Erlebnis für die ganze Familie

3.400 m<sup>2</sup> mit: 175 Autos, 100 Motorräder und  
Mopeds, 50 Werkstätten und kleine Unterneh-  
men aus den 50ern und vieles mehr gefüllt...

Besuchen sie auch das Veteran Café

**GEOKOORDINATER/  
COORDINATES/  
GEOKOORDINATEN:**

Longitude:  
11.752455999

Latitude:  
55.227833999

“Denmark’s largest private collection”  
car museum, found by Rich Golding on  
his recent trip to Scandinavia.

## Tributes and Remembrances Pour in for Lee & Betty Plummer

Lee W. Plummer, Jr was born to Stella and Lee Sr. on July 20, 1926 on Long Island, New York. And, rumor has it, 10 months later to the day he was cradled in his mother's arms at Roosevelt field, Long Island, while the onlookers waited to see if the Spirit of St. Louis would clear the trees at the end of the runway.

He grew up an only child and graduated Chaminade high school in time to join the Navy and see action during World War II on a minesweeper across the Pacific Ocean to Japan and back again.

He graduated from college at the Citadel in Charleston South Carolina and began a long career with Sylvania electric starting in the Boston Massachusetts area.

From there, with ever increasing responsibilities, he moved his young family to Chicago, Kansas City, Missouri, Dallas, Texas, Detroit, Michigan, and then back to Chicago again.

After stops in Cincinnati and Atlanta he finally made it to his chosen State for retirement: Florida. There, in 2000, he met, courted, and married Betty Wescott.

The rest, is a familiar story to members of AAMA, except that he always spoke so longingly about the times he and Betty spent in Alaska with all of you. I watched as his eyes would light up while telling a story or about an adventure he and Betty had while in Alaska.

My Dad passed away on October 22, 2022 of natural causes. He is survived by my sister, Barbara Werner and her many children, grandchildren, and god knows how many great grandchildren, and by me, my children, and my 4 grandchildren.  
*Best Regards,*  
*Michael Plummer*



Just read TT. Nice tribute to Lee & Betty. Had a lot of good times with them. Miss them both.

*Dave & Marilyn*  
*AAMA California Members*

Lee Plummer's recent passing brought back a bunch of nearly forgotten memories of the times we enjoyed with him and his wife Betty.

They were only in our lives for a short period time when they stayed in Alaska to enjoy events, especially tours, with the AAMA. During these times we enjoyed not only the events and tours but having cocktails and dinner with them at The Bradley House about once week. We 4 all enjoyed a cocktail or two before dinner and telling stories of our younger days. We meshed nicely as our ages were similar.

Lee often opined about not finding Alaska when he was younger. He envied us for having been residents all our adult lives. He loved Alaska.

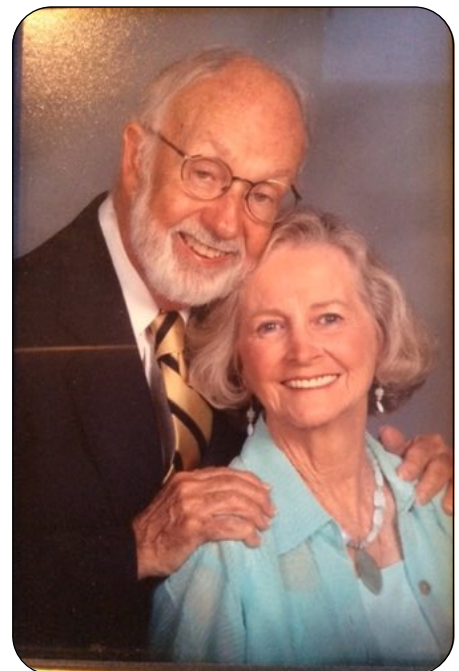
His most memorable tour was our trip to Yellowknife when his trusty Pontiac gobbled its innards and cast a blue haze along our travel route. He obtained the nickname "Old Smoky" as a result.

We miss Lee but are not far behind him.

*Bruce and Marl Campbell*

It was a pleasure meeting Betty and Lee Plummer at the AACA National Convention in Philadelphia in 2001. When they heard about our long distance tours they were interested in attending. This led to many years of the Plummers traveling to Alaska for our summer tours and it was a pleasure having them along. We miss them.

*Marcy and Tom Cresap*



## Judy, Judy, Judy

humor by Rich Golding

The limo bus from Stockholm's Arvada airport transports you directly into the city center. It's about a 45 minute drive, normally. But the blizzard raging outside the vehicle's windows was creating a traffic snarl on the highway, and delayed our arrival by about a quarter of an hour.

Upon reaching the Central Station Terminal, I quickly realized there were no cabs to be had, likely due to the highly inclement weather. The snow was coming down in near white-out proportions, with the wind blowing fiercely. I could not help but recall Linda's explanation for not accompanying me on this wintertime trip to Scandinavia.

"If I want to be cold, I can do it in Alaska, thank you!"

My cell phone's GPS map application explained that the walk to my hotel should only take about five minutes, and so with my rolling (or more accurately 'sledding') suitcase trailing behind me, I made my way through the mean streets of central, snowy, windy Stockholm.

Sweden's capital city is very old and very beautiful. The city stretches across a group of archipelago islands on the coast of the Baltic Sea. As one traipses up and down the streets of Stockholm, one invariably gets used to crossing many bridges. Unfortunately, the snow around me was coming down so fast and furiously that I could barely see the quaint bridges, nor make out the tall church spires, the spectacular cityscape, or even my iPhone's screen. As best I could determine I must have missed the turn I was supposed to take somewhere after the third bridge, and before you could say "*Ingen ko på isen*" – (There's no cow on the ice), I was lost. It took me almost thirty minutes to backtrack my steps and effect all the correct turn(s) to finally arrive at my hotel. My hotel was a ship in the harbor.

I had booked the room online after finding this rather unique lodging treasure quite by accident. The ship, named the *Mälardrottningen*, is long, sleek and beautiful. According to what I've read about it, it was the largest yacht in the world when it was built in the 1920's. It was eventually gifted on her 18th birthday to Barbara Hutton, the Woolworth heiress by her father. You remember her, don't you? She married Cary Grant sometime in the forties, supposedly on that very ship. They lived aboard the yacht for quite a while after that, hosting celebrity champagne party after party. Since 1982 it has been permanently moored on the shores of Stockholm's *Gamla Stan* (it's Old Town area), where it remains, repurposed as a luxury hotel.

My arrival onboard was at about 6:00pm. Like Alaska, Sweden is pitch dark after four o'clock this time of the year. I wandered into the lobby, still tugging my suitcase behind me, and up to the front counter. There was a young man wearing a blue hotel uniform with red hair sitting on the other side, under a sign that read "*hotellregistrering*." The name-tag on his lapel read "Leo, university student."

Removing my hat, the two inches of snow riding on top of it slid off and onto the lobby floor. It was not till then that I realized my coat, my pants, shoes, and suitcase were all covered in a thick layer of fresh snow.

"May I help you," queried the ginger-haired clerk.

"I have a reservation, my name is Golding," I responded, brushing more white stuff off myself.

The young man responded with "one moment please," as he typed my name into his computer, all the while eyeing the pile of snow I had just shed onto his otherwise immaculately clean carpet.

I began to feel a little self conscious about the mess I had made in his lobby. I felt that I could rectify any anxiety this might have caused him by injecting a little humor into the situation.

Craning my neck to try to catch a glimpse of the information he was typing onto his computer's screen, I exclaimed aloud, "I believe they put me into Cary Grant's room."

Leo looked at me with an empty stare.

"Who?" he asked.

"Cary Grant," I repeated.

His countenance returned nothing but a blank stare.

"Cary Grant," I reiterated, only louder this time.

Leo shook his head from side to side and and shrugged his shoulders.

"Are you kidding me?" I asked incredulously. "CARY GRANT! You don't know who Cary Grant was? Why, he married Barbara Hutton, and on this very ship! They lived here. C'mon . . . everybody knows who Cary Grant was!"

"I'm sorry Sir. That was before my time.

"Well, you know who Barbara Hutton was, don't you?"

"Yes. That name is painted on the back of the ship. I think she owned it, once."

There are times when I am painfully reminded of just how old I really am. This was one such moment. In fact, a rather seminal moment, at that. Unable to wrap my head around it, my aged, addled brain simply could not comprehend the fact that anybody, anywhere, including a red-headed Swede, would NOT know who Cary Grant was. I mean, how could any citizen of the planet earth possibly not know who Cary Grant was? The concept is simply too far fetched to believe! And it was making me feel strangely old. Strangely very old.

(See p. 7, "Judy, Judy, Judy")

(Continued from p. 6)

So what is a Septegenarian American to do? My inflamed brain matter furiously pondered that burning question for only a few seconds, before the simple and extremely obvious answer became all-too apparent. I took two steps backwards, to allow the confused clerk a better view, then bent slightly forward at the waist, cocked my head to the side, transforming my appearance, and recited aloud in a consummate Cary Grant impression "Judy, Judy, Judy."

Amazingly, Leo the student appeared even more confused.

"C'mon Man!" I exclaimed, exasperated. Then reprising my impression, this time including lowering both my arms and then bending my forearms up at a right angle to my torso. "Judy! Judy! Judy!" I bellowed.

No response.

I pulled back my upright palms and shook them side to side, as if waving goodbye, and continued reciting "Judy, Judy, Judy" over and over again, all the while dancing about and shifting my weight from foot to foot. Losing myself in the roll, I almost slipped on the snow that I had shed onto the carpet moments earlier.

Several young people, probably in their twenties (everybody under the age of fifty is a 'young person' to me), had now gathered about the lobby, probably having just exited the ship's bar, wanting to see what all the commotion was at the front desk.

"JUDY, JUDY, JUDY!" I repeated over and over again, prancing and lurching all around the lobby. "JUDY! JUDY! JUDY!"

A young mother holding the hand of her small child were amongst the audience now assembled in the ship's foyer. I saw her tug at the child, drawing the youngster closer to her side.

"Don't stare at that man!"

she commanded under her breath. "Don't look at him, don't make eye contact!"

"Why, Mommy? What's wrong with the man, Mommy?" questioned the curious kid innocently to its parent. Mother quickly and quietly grabbed the toddler by the shoulders and ushered it out of the room.

By now I was practically frothing at the mouth, having exhausted my masterful repertoire of Cary Grant impressions and mannerisms, and was teetering on the brink of exhaustion. I stopped and leaned on a wall, composing myself.

The gathered crowd cried out for more.

"Show's over!" I exclaimed to them all. "Nothing left to see here, folks. Go back about your business."

A balding, very old man in a wool suit and a grey fedora, packing his silver haired wife on his arm, exited past me. He paused by my side and patted me on the shoulder, then whispered in my ear, "Great Al Jolson impression!" Flashing me a smile and a wink as they turned and walked together down the hotel corridor.

With the crowd having totally dispersed, Leo left his station behind the front counter, and walked over to me with a key.

"Your room is just down that hall," he explained whilst pointing over his shoulder, and dropping the key into my hand, in such a manner as to never touch me directly.

I glanced up directly into his eyes. He had his hand open and palm outstretched, obviously awaiting a tip. He stared at me, silently. Waiting.

I am by nature, dear reader, a thrifty fellow. "A penny saved is a penny earned," is my motto. And at the risk of sounding cheap, I simply returned the young mans gaze, all the while lost deep in thought. Then came a revelation.

"Tell you what," I said, "If you will ask your mother . . . or better yet, your grandmother, who Cary

Grant was, then follow that up with proper research, then hand over to me a complete report when I am scheduled to check out in five days, we'll then negotiate one helluva tip!"

And, sure enough, come that fifth day, as I was returning my key and checking out, Leo came round from his counter again, to address me directly.

"Mr. Golding, " he said, I took your advice, Sir, and called my grandmother." His glance, his demeanor had changed. He seemed different. Much more at ease and surer of himself. His jaw seemed squarer, and his posture improved.

"I've spent several afternoons at the university library," he declared, "researching and reading books about twentieth century film. Most of the rest of my free time I've spent watching black and white movies on Netflix and YouTube." Then he handed me a three page report, single spaced, and double-sided. At the center top of the front page its title read "Cary Grant, A True Icon of the Twentieth Century" in bold lettering.

With tears in his eyes, he continued what he had to say: "Mr Golding, you have enriched my life, Sir. Your efforts have filled a void in my existence that I had never known existed. You have made me a better man, a better person, a better citizen of this planet, Mr. Golding, and I don't know how I ever can thank you, Sir"

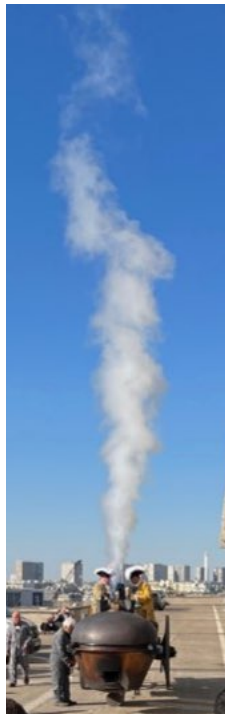
"That's very kind of you, Leo." I responded, smiling and proudly patting him upside the shoulder. "It was my pleasure, Son!"

The student had transformed and become a man.

"I'll never forget you, Sir!" He grinned, and turned to return to his station behind the front counter.

I nudged his side with my elbow and cleared my throat out loud.

He turned back towards me, and looked down at my upturned, outstretched palm.



The "Cugnot" – thought to be the first self-powered vehicle. Built in France in 1770. Able to carry four tons, and achieving speeds up to 5 MPH. This steam engine two and a half ton wooden vehicle was spotted and photographed earlier this year at the famous Retromobile car show in Paris by musher Richard Golding,

## January

### BIRTHDAYS

Dutch Overly–2<sup>nd</sup>

Ralph Centoni–7<sup>th</sup>

Dave Syren–7<sup>th</sup>

Mike Smith–19<sup>th</sup>

Bruce Campbell–23<sup>rd</sup>

Cheryl Martin–24<sup>th</sup>

Terry Young–24<sup>th</sup>

Donald Morfield–29<sup>th</sup>

### ANNIVERSARIES

Colleen & Howard Hansen–11<sup>th</sup>

Pam & Milt Tanora–11<sup>th</sup>

Genevieve & Matthew Goodwin–  
12<sup>th</sup>

Kathleen & Carl Godsoe–26<sup>th</sup>

David Nolta & Donn Reese–29<sup>th</sup>



AAMA  
P.O. Box 770703  
Eagle River AK 99577-0703

