



2023 Ice-breakers, 1931 Model A pickup, Carl Godsoe—1928 Model A sedan, Rich Golding and 1931 Slant Window Sedan—Tom Cresap, make their spring debut at the Huffman Carr’s parking lot on April 26th.

## Three Model A’s Break the Ice For the 2023 Driving Season

On Wednesday, May 26<sup>th</sup>, three Model A’s ventured down Turnagain Arm to enjoy a Bratwurst and something to drink. This is a traditional, annual event that marks the opening of the driving season for the Model A’s and the rest of the antique autos here in the Anchorage area.

The antique cars and their almost equally antique drivers were: 1931 pickup—Carl Godsoe, 1928 4-dr sedan—Rich Golding and 1931 Slant Window—Tom Cresap.

Brown Bear Saloon was unexpectedly closed for the day, so the hungry trio had to detour to Firetap. Bob Dreeszen and Dale and Ingrid Driden tagged along in modern cars.

## 2023 Homer Trip and Show

In last month’s issue, acting editor, Rich Golding gave a full run-down of the Homer trip and car show. The trip will be May 20 -22.

Those wishing to convoy in the drive down will meet at Carr’s Huffman and leave at 9:00 am on Saturday May 20.

Reminder: We have arranged a special rate of \$109.00 per night, per room (plus Homer bed tax) at the Aspen Suites. If you wish to receive this rate, you must make your reservations on or before May 5<sup>th</sup>.

The car show will take place on Sunday at the Homer Chamber of Commerce parking lot. Most of us will hang out, watch movies, have a great convivial time and stay the night before leaving for home on Monday morning.

## May, 2023 Adopt-A-Road

The snow is melting ever so slowly, but we already see the winter’s trash blossoming. The unpleasant revelation happens annually, regardless of everyone’s best intentions.

AAMA’s first cleanup for 2023 is scheduled for Saturday, May 6<sup>th</sup>. We will meet at Carr’s at the corner of Muldoon and Northern Lights at 9:00 AM. In view of our recent emergence from COVID protocols, our event coordinator, Marcy, has promised snacks, including her signature zucchini bread, fruit, orange juice and a few other enticing goodies.

See you there!

## Mother’s Day Vintage Market

(See p.4, “Vintage Market.”)

## May Meeting

Our May 10th meeting will take place 6:30 pm at the Hope Community Resource building at 570 W. 53rd Ave. in Anchorage. Join us as we plan for summer activities. Afterwards, we will have a drive-about and dinner.

# Running Board Reflections



*President Linda sees to it the cars are shuffled properly.*

I think spring has truly sprung! Yes, I had expressed hope in last month's TT, but I do believe that our weather has finally turned. Besides the obvious arrival of ducks, geese, robins, and seagulls, I have seen several butterflies. And actual flies. And Richard insists that he was bitten by a mosquito today.

The last of the snow has sloughed off of the north side of our roof, with enough strength to shake the house. In the thirty years we have lived here, that has never happened before. The rear deck snow has receded enough to see the patio chairs. The cul-de-sac Mount Everest is now a small scale model of the rock of Gibraltar.

And this week, we played Tetris with the vehicles in our garage. I am sure I have mentioned to most of you that we are able to store five cars (in the winter months) inside our two-car garage. This, however, entails a wholesale shift twice a year.

Richard has been actively working on the 1969 VW Fastback, our (or should I say "my") project car. Lillian, as she is now known, has

working wheels, and can now at least be rolled along. It was imperative to have her mobile, in order to rescue Jacques from the five-foot wide storage area behind her.

To facilitate the shift, my Subaru had to be parked on the street. Richard then drove Irving and Arthur out of the garage onto the driveway. Lillian had to be pushed out of the corner of the garage and moved to the driveway as well. Jim Fredenhagen's help was appreciated. Jacques was then pulled from his winter hibernation lair. He, too, was pushed onto the drive.

After cleaning the garage floor, the shift was reversed. Lillian returned to her corner, Jacques took a quick drive to the gas station and was backed into the opposite corner, while Arthur and Irving settled into their respective locations.

The Subaru is parked on the driveway in the summer months. I'm not sure WHERE Broderick the Buick will rest! A question for another day.

—Linda



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## 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 at 907-694-7510.

### 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:** 1932 Studebaker Dictator \$12,200. Comes with many spare parts, including full drive train. Has overdrive. Rick Larrick – email or text 907-687-2036.

## Canada Day and Independence Day

by Rick Larrick

Ed McLaughlin of the Fairbanks Vernon Nash Club wants to go to Dawson City for Canada Day and to Eagle for 4<sup>th</sup> of July! Approaching his 97<sup>th</sup> birthday, Ed wants to see the Can-Can Girls, enjoy

## Schedule of events

- o May 6–May Adopt-A-Road (Marcy Cresap)
- o May 10–6:30 Meeting (Rolling)
- o May 13, 14–Alaska Vintage Market & Car Show • Palmer (L.M.Golding)
- o May 20–22–Homer Trip (Jim Fredenhagen, 907-351-3115)
- o June 14–6:30 Rolling Meeting
- o June 18–Father's Day Car Show at the Zoo
- o June 21–Solstice Car Show at Mirror Lake (MSSRA)
- o July 4–Anchorage and Chugiak parades; picnic at Cresaps'
- o July 8–Adopt-A-Road (Marcy Cresap)
- o July 12–6:30 Meeting
- o July 14–17–Hope Weekend (Howard Hansen, 907-440-1002)
- o July 22–Sutton Car Show (Jim Fredenhagen)
- o August 6–Jay Ofsthun Memorial Show & Shine
- o August 9–6:30 Rolling Meeting
- o August 12–Hot Summer Nights Car Show (Palmer)
- o August 19–State Fair Parade & Show (Mark Graber)
- o August 19–Show & Shine at Kenai Senior Center (Kaknu Kruzer's)
- o September 2–Adopt-A-Road (Marcy Cresap)
- o September 13–6:30 Rolling Meeting
- o September 30–Seward Fall Foliage Tour (Jim Fredenhagen)
- o October 11–6:30 Meeting

the parades, and visit the Robert Service cabin again. Ed will drive his Citroen 2CV, leading whatever group we can put together on this long distance tour. Rick Larrick will go for sure and knows that there are still plenty of accommodations available in both Dawson City and Eagle for other Vernon Nash or Antique Auto Musers members wishing to join this old car caravan.

Plans are to make it leisurely trip. The group will leave Fairbanks on the morning of Thursday, June 29<sup>th</sup>, staying overnight in Tok before proceeding up the Top of the World Highway to Dawson City. After participating in the Canada Day events, they will go back

the Top of the World to Eagle for the 4<sup>th</sup> of July celebration there, returning through Tok on the 5<sup>th</sup>.

In you are interesting in going along on this "Adventure Before Dementia Tour", you will need to make your own lodging arrangements (don't wait – rooms will fill quickly), but please contact Rick Larrick ([larrickrick@gmail.com](mailto:larrickrick@gmail.com) or call or text 907-687-2036) to coordinate the trip so we can all caravan together at least from Tok.

*[Editor's note: While this trip sounds wonderful—and we would not hesitate to join in—it is in direct conflict with our long-planned and traditional Independence Day parades and barbeque.]*

**AAMA Business Meeting**  
**April 12, 2023**  
**Location: Hope**  
**Community Resources**  
**Learning Center**  
**570 W. 53<sup>rd</sup> Ave.**  
**Anchorage, Alaska**

Meeting called to order at 6:30 pm by President Linda Mattes Golding

There were 25 members present and no guests.

**March Minutes**

The minutes were approved from the March business meeting as published in the Tinkering Times.

**Treasurer's Report**

Louis Mestier provided the treasurers report.

**Old Business**

**\*\*Linda Mattes Golding read** two thank you cards the club received in the mail. One card from Judy Everrod with the Pioneer Club royalty thanking the club for the cars provided for them to ride in the Fur Rendezvous parade. The other card was from Bruce and Marl Campbell thanking the club for their honorary club membership.

**\*\*Linda Mattes Golding reminded everyone** about payment of AAMA and AACA dues and that she and Marcy Cresap would be contacting people by phone who have not renewed yet.

**\*\*The Mother's Day car show** at the vintage market will take place at the Palmer Fairgrounds on May 13 and 14. A sign-up sheet was passed around for those planning on participating.

**\*\*Richard Golding provided an update** on the Homer trip and car show. The trip will be May 20 -22. For those participating the group will meet at Carr's Huffman at 9:00 am on Saturday May 20. The car



show will take place on Sunday at the Homer Chamber of Commerce parking lot.

**\*\*David Jensen will be the chairperson** for the Father's Day car show at the Alaska Zoo.

**\*\*Brian Anderson will contact** the Vernon Nash Club in Fairbanks regarding a potential joint meet this summer.

**New Business**

**\*\*Rolling meetings will start** at the May 10 business meeting.

**\*\*Aspen Creek Senior Living community** requested if the club could have a car show or drive around at their facility for the residents.

**\*\*A motion was made to approve \$50.00** for the entry fee for

the Anchorage 4<sup>th</sup> of July parade. The motion was approved. David Jensen and Scott Hulse will be the coordinators for the parade.

**\*\*Scott Hulse provided an update** on the Hope weekend retreat scheduled for July. He is looking for volunteers to cook breakfast, lunch, and dinner. Also needing two barbeque grills for the weekend. A sign-up list was passed around at the meeting for those planning on attending.

**\*\*The planned trip to Chickaloon to visit Dutch Overly's house** for a picnic on Sunday May 7 has been postponed due to the late spring. An email will be sent out

(See p. 5, "Minutes")

## Mother's Day Vintage Market

(From p.1)

By Linda Mattes Golding

Alaska Vintage Markets is hosting their spring event on Mother's Day weekend at the Palmer Fairgrounds. They have asked the AAMA to bring cars to show. The Market has numerous craft, antique, and vintage vendors. There will also be many different food trucks and food booths.

The Market runs on Saturday May 13 from 10:00am-6:00pm, and Sunday May 14 from 10:00am-4:00pm. Cars will stage at 9:30am, by arriving at the "Vendor" gate. If you show up with your car,

the \$5 Saturday admission fee will be waived. There are NO admission fees on Sunday. We will park along the Purple Row. As it will be difficult to exit while the show is going on, please expect to stay each entire day.

At this time, there are only 2-3 vehicles which have committed to the show. However, the hosts have room for many cars. If anyone is interested in attending on either day, please contact Linda Mattes-Golding who is coordinating the event. She can be reached at 907-351-3251 or at: 1954lmg@gmail.co

## Fowler's Garagemahall and Museum

By Tom Cresap

Barry Fowler checked in the other day, and, among other things, gave a progress report on the construction of his shop.

Barry and his wife, Doris, live up Highland Road near Eagle River, and

he has an impressive trove of cars, especially Model T's. A few years ago, he began the arduous task of constructing a shop/museum to house his collection. As we know, this

(See p.7, "Barry's Shop")



Two of the Fowler grandchildren enjoy getting warm by the wood stove in his garage-work shop-museum.

## Colony Days Car Show

Colony Days Car Show Date and time has been changed to Sunday June 11th, 2023

The show will open to the public from 1-5 PM. Our vehicles will stage at noon, and we should be in place by 1 PM to open the show

to the public.

We will display on S. Colony Way between E. Fireweed Ave. and Evergreen Ave.

Awards, including People's Choice and Mayor's Choice, will be presented at 4:30 PM.

## A Note From the Campbells

April 4, 2023

It was a pleasant surprise to receive your notice that the AAMA voted to make us Honorary Members of the club.

Much of our adult lives was involved in enjoying club activities, especially the antique auto shows and the group's road trips in Alaska and Canada.

Friendships grew during our involvement in these activities and remain as highlights of our life in Alaska. We cherish the many fond memories of our AAMA adventure.

We thank all the club member for bestowing this honor on us.

Bruce and Marl Campbell

## Minutes

(Continued from p.4)

when the event is rescheduled.

**\*\*Art and Tam Isham will be travelling to California on July 1 for a car show. This could be a potential long-distance tour to Haines if people are interested in putting something together.**

**\*\*The 4<sup>th</sup> of July parade in Chugiak will be coordinated by Mike Weidmer since the Isham's will be out of town.**

**\*\*Despite the late spring the Adopt a Road clean-up is still scheduled for Saturday, May 6 at the Carr's parking lot on Muldoon starting at 9:00 am.**

### **Birthdays/Anniversaries**

President Linda Mattes Golding announced birthdays and anniversaries for the month.

### **Split the Pot**

Split the pot winner Brian Anderson

### **Meeting Adjourned**

Meeting adjourned at 7:21 pm.

Respectfully submitted.  
Greg Carpenter, Secretary

## Make Plans Now for Hope Weekend in July

by Howard Hansen (edits by Scott Hulse)

After a 3-year hiatus, the AAMA is going back to HOPE. We have rented the Methodist Retreat for the nights of July 14 – 16. This is the WAGON TRAIL DAYS celebration weekend. The highlight of the weekend is the 5K Run on Sunday.

Mark your calendars for the 14th, 15th, & 16th of July - We have the Methodist Retreat reserved for Friday, Saturday, and Sunday nights.

Howard and Colleen plan to drive down Friday, and plan the parking in front of the Retreat. There is limited RV parking at the Retreat. There will be no parking in front of the library, library gift shop, or on the library lawns, so you need to let Howard know your plans so he can arrange the parking in the space available.

If you don't bring an RV, the Retreat has a few bunks in the retreat loft available for sleeping. The Retreat has running water, toilet, and shower. Don't forget your towels & soap! There are also several motels and B&Bs in Hope for those desiring more privacy.

### Activity Schedule

Activities available – 5.3 K cross country run, Raffle, Hope-Sunrise Museum, Pancake breakfast, bake sale, gold panning, fishing, hiking, cake walk, country dance, and bike riding. Profits from events around town support the Hope - Sunrise EMS. We can also partake in singing, board games,



*Sunday morning, we all gather by the road to cheer on the runners in the Hope Wagon Trail Day Run. Our perennial champion runner, Howard Hansen, and his wife, Colleen, will be among our members we'll cheer for.*

parades, and, of course, good old visiting!

### Friday 14 July

There are no formal activities planned for Friday. We will direct parking as members arrive to best utilize the available space. It will help if you let Howard know the size of your RV ahead of time.

### Saturday, 15 July

The morning will be spent setting up, visiting, and just enjoying the ambiance of Hope. Everyone is on their own for breakfast and lunch (The Cold Water Café, (old Discovery café), is a great place to eat and there is a pancake feed at the social hall from 8:00 – 11:00 am). Our first parade will be after lunch. Cake walk at the Social Hall at 3 pm. Saturday evening we will have a potluck and Hamburger/Hot Dog feed. The club will provide the hamburgers, wienies, and buns with condiments. Tom Cresap has offered to flip the burgers. Relief cooks are appreciated. Members bring a dish to share. Another parade and tour of beautiful downtown Hope is planned for after dinner. Saturday night surprise entertainment at 8:00 pm – entertainers wanted!

### Sunday 16 July

Our annual Breakfast will be between 8 and 10 AM. Tom and Marcy Cresap will make pancakes. Everyone else should

bring something to share. Wagon Trail Run check-in is 9:00 to 10:30 AM at the Hope Social Hall and the race starts at 11 AM. Awards ceremony at 1:00 pm. Delay your return to Anchorage after the race and awards ceremony and share leftovers for lunch and stay Sunday night to avoid the mad rush on the Seward Highway.

### What To Bring

\*\*Bring YOU for an enjoyable and relaxing weekend.

\*\*Your collector vehicle for sightseeing and parades. We will plan a location for any trailers.

\*\*Potluck dish for Saturday evening.

\*\*Something to share at Sunday morning pancake feed.

\*\*Your favorite music instrument and/or board games to share with other members.

### Additional Lodging information

This is the web address for the **Hope Chamber of Commerce** website: <https://hopealaska.us/lodging.html>

### PLEASE!

Let Howard know if you are planning to attend. Contact Howard at 907-440-1002 so he can anticipate space required and number of mouths to feed.

# Barry's Shop

(Continued from p.5)

involves dealing with contractors who sometimes have a habit of showing up irregularly. So, it hasn't been easy.

Barry's car collection is not small. He has eleven Model T's, the 1967 Mustang he and Doris used on their honeymoon 48 years ago, two Model A's and a Ford Model N. So, his shop, which he intends to double as a private museum, cannot be small.

The building has a 50'x 44'

footprint, but it has an 18' ceiling, which allows for a 4,000 square-foot mezzanine. Then there is an additional 120-square-foot compressor room. So, the total floor space is 2,720 square feet. (The attic provides an additional 400 square feet of cold storage space). That much area should allow enough space to keep Barry occupied for a while. It will also give his 12 grandchildren a place to romp around in the winter.



Fowler

Eight Model T's snuggle up very closely in Barry Fowler's shop/museum.

Our attention of late has been occupied by snow loads, due to this year's almost seven feet of accumulated snow fall, and a roof this large could certainly be a concern. Barry, ever-thoughtful planner he is, designed his building with a shed or catslide roof supported by carefully engineered trusses. It works, and the slope is such that recently, when the roof was sufficiently loaded, it relieved itself all at once, shooting snow out 20' from the building. Fortunately, no one was in the way.

Barry has been busy arranging storage and decorating this enviable workspace. He says, "Also, on my to-do list is a triple lift, which will allow more storage (three more cars) and a single lift for working."

When asked if all his cars will fit, he said, "Not all of them. The shop isn't large enough."

"Not large enough." Does that sound familiar?

## 49<sup>th</sup> State Street Rod Activities

The 49<sup>th</sup> State Street Rod Association will host their Annual "*Valley Chrome & Wheel*" Classic Car, Truck and Cycle Show at the MTA Event Center and Ice Rink starting with the Matinee Show from 4:00 PM to 8:00 PM on Saturday, May 6<sup>th</sup> from 10:00 AM to 8:00 PM and then on Sunday May 7<sup>th</sup> from 10:00 AM to 4:00 PM. Anyone attending be able to enjoy some real automotive works of art.

The following weekend, the 49<sup>th</sup> Staters will host another show coupled with a swap meet. Start cleaning out your shops and gathering all those car parts you have wanted to swap or sell and bring them to the Klassic Kruz Car show at Alaska Raceway Park on May 13<sup>th</sup>.

# Keep Your Eye on the Ball

Humor by Rich Golding

When I was a kid I had a very high voice. If I would answer our home phone, most adults calling thought I was my sister. It wasn't until I had hit puberty (somewhere around the age of twenty) that my falsetto resolved into the deep, sultry, virile, mellifluous yet symphonically masculine commanding voice that I employ today.

Back then, still relatively early in my childhood, in an era I like to refer to as 'the good old days' (and I don't mean the 'George M. Cohan days'), I first experienced love. It is not the physical love between two people to which I refer, but rather a young love that was innocent and sweet.

Baseball was my first love.

My father had season tickets to the Chicago White Sox games in the old Comiskey Park on the city's south side. They were great seats, in the upper deck right behind home plate. The Windy City's legendary sports broadcaster, Bob Elston, would call all the Sox games on the radio from his press box, which was located immediately above our seats. Bob and my dad were old friends. Before the games began, Bob would lean out of his press box and he and my father would talk baseball together. As the first pitch approached, Bob would lower a 'crowd mic' from his open booth, which dangled in the air only a few feet above our heads. That microphone was used to pick-up the crowd's response to the plays and calls of the game.

My Old Man had a small Japanese transistor radio (a relatively new and innovative device back in the early 60's) which he tucked into his shirt's breast pocket, under his White Sox jacket. A cord surreptitiously snaked its way up behind his shirt collar, and into a small earphone in his left ear. My seat was to the Old Man's right, so I hardly noticed that earphone much, nor paid it much attention.

Throughout the games the Old Man would rifle off baseball stats to me. I marveled at his baseball prowess.

It wasn't until I was much older

that I realized Dear Old Dad was, in actuality, receiving most of those stats from Bob Elston's play-by-play, as they broadcasted from no less than ten feet above our heads, across the "50,000 Watt Radio Airwaves of WCFL – The Voice of Labor in Chicago," and into the Old Man's left ear via his covert earphone.

So, there we were, father and son, sitting ever side by side, male bonding. The elder pedagogue, a cigarette dangling from his lips, indoctrinating his wide-eyed, bubble-gum chewing student on the significance of pitching percentages, the importance of batting averages, and the art of baseball.

My Old Man also had a keen instinct for what was going to happen next in any given game. He possessed an innate talent to call a play before it ever occurred. From time to time, he would lean over and whisper in my ear his latest premonition.

"Watch, the runner is gonna steal second base."

Or, "He's gonna hit a home run into the left-center field bleachers."

Or, "Get ready, he's gonna knock a foul ball right up here at us."

I remember well one particular game we were at. It was the summer of 1961 and I was eight (going on nine years of age) when Dad leaned over and whispered to me that the batter for the White Sox, their left fielder Minnie Minoso, was going to hit the next pitch foul, and the ball would be coming right at us. With a 3-2 count on him, sure

enough, the big right-hander knocked one foul, heading back towards the upper deck. For the next minute or so everything took on the semblance of a slow-motion action scene in a movie. The fans around us stood with their cupped palms raised up and ready. I remember all the grown men surrounding me, each calling out loudly at the incoming ball, like kids in a free-for-all. The baseball whistled through the air, traveling back our way with the speed of a gunshot. My Old Man, his ever-present cigarette clenched between his yellowed teeth, with half an inch of ash dangling off its end, seemed to be counting milliseconds in his head. He knew just when to stand, just when to raise his hand, and just where and how high to elevate it. The baseball whizzed past everyone around us like a guided missile, landing firmly with a mighty "slap" sound, like it had eyes – right into the Old Man's paw. A couple of seconds later, all the fans had dropped back into their seats, that is everyone save my dad. He stood there, with the baseball clenched tightly in his right fist, holding it high above his head, pivoting his stance left to right in order to show off his treasure. Those who know the game understand this sacred ritual, which is expected of the fortunate few ever lucky enough to catch a foul ball in the stands of a Major League game.

My young mind was spinning. I could scarcely believe what my eyes had just witnessed. Overwhelmed by

(See p. 9, "Keep Your Eye . . .")



Shot out of our brats and beer: Jim Fredenhagen can be seen trying to call Brown Bear's proprietor. They were supposed to be open and expecting the early bird Model A's, but they were nowhere in sight. Everyone agreed it was good to get the cars out, and the drive was worth the effort.



## Keep Your Eye on the Ball

*(Continued from p.8)*

uncontrollable instinct, I bolted up, stood on my seat and screamed at the top of my very high-pitched voice a primal howl of triumphant exultation.

My dad, obviously appreciative of my joy, pulled me back into my seat. He was holding his other hand to his ear. The one with the earphone in it. Apparently, my high yowl was picked up by Bob Elston's crowd mic, hanging just above me. The primal scream was broadcast over the radio, all across the greater Chicagoland area, and into the Old Man's earphone, apparently resulting in piercing pain.

Ah, those halcyon days of youth!

It took several successive games for the Old Man to live that one down. The fans in neighboring seats, many of them season ticket holders themselves, were friends and acquaintances of my father. They would remind him of that day and rib him about it for many games. He would usually smile silently, his cigarette dangling between his lips, and respond by pointing at his kid with the very high voice seated next to him, shrug, then give me a pat on the noggin. I remember that pat always being administered quite robustly.

Weeks later, with life having returned to normal (or as normal as it could get), and with only a couple of weeks left in that season, Dad and I were in our upper deck seats enjoying a beautiful sunny Sunday double header. There was a cool September breeze carrying through Comiskey Park, which every fan recognizes as heralding the coming season's end, for both summer and baseball.

The Sox were playing their rivals, The New York Yankees. 1961 was the season that Mickey Mantle and Roger Maris were battling each other to surpass Babe Ruth's sacred record of 60 home runs. With Maris approaching the batter's box, I specifically recall the Old Man pointing at the foul pole out in right field, and whispering to me how the gangly Yankee right fielder was going to hit a home run just to the left of it, about five rows up from the field wall.

How does he know these things? I was ruminated to myself, when the White Sox pitcher Early Wynn fired off a

fastball from the mound and Maris' bat sounded a mighty crack, sending the horsehide sailing over right field.

I leapt to my feet with the rest of the park's attendees; all of us with our mouths agape. Every eye in the ballpark watched silently in shock and awe. You could hear a pin drop for the next few seconds anywhere in old Comiskey. Sure enough, that ball landed in the stands exactly where my Old Man, only seconds earlier, had said it would. I was about to scream when the Old Man reached over and covered my mouth with his open palm. Our eyes met, and without saying a word he shook his head from side to side, and pointed up at the crowd mic, dangling above me like the sword of Damocles. I applauded the home run, instead. Although Maris wore Yankee pinstripes and was therefore considered a heretic within the confines of Chicago's southside baseball cathedral, nonetheless every true baseball fan there that sunny afternoon stood and applauded the lanky young hitter as he rounded the bases. I believe all knew we were witnessing history. Sportsmanship over competition. Someday, it would be a moment we could recall to our grandchildren.

The game resumed and a few minutes later Whitey Ford, the Yankee's ace pitcher approached the plate, bat in hand, from the on-deck circle. Back then children, the pitchers actually batted! This was long before the 'designated hitter rule,' when the world was young and there were only eight teams in each league, ballpark hotdogs cost fifty cents and life was simple.

A few pitches later and Ford had a full count on him, 3 and 2.

A refrain of "easy out!" was muttered throughout the park. Yet somehow the baseball instinct instilled in my psyche by the Old Man told me that something was about to happen. Something big. Something very big!

My father turned to me, and I recognized the look of revelation within his eyes. He whispered a familiar phrase in my ear.

"Get ready, he's gonna knock the next pitch foul, right up here at us."

Again, as it had before, time slowed. My eight year old (going on nine) breathing and heart rate decelerated too. I witnessed Early Wynn's wind up in slow motion and his throw from the mound, and heard the crack of the bat. Everyone around us shot to their feet.

There were hands raised, grabbing at the air as the ball sailed sharply and directly back to the rear upper deck. This time instead of training my eye on the ball, as was everyone else around me, I turned and watched my dad. I saw him deliberately waiting as the seconds seemed to turn to minutes. The air became still and hard to breath. I focused on the Old Man's face, as he stood and raised up his right arm, palm open. The speeding foul ball whizzed directly at him. His fist closed over it. Though the entire world around us had reduced to slow motion, somehow it all sped up as soon as my Dad plucked that speeding projectile from out the air. Seconds later, with everyone around us back in their seats, my Old Man was the only one remaining standing. He waved the ball, held high above his head, still clenched tightly in his fist, for all the world to see. For one magical moment, on a sunny Sunday afternoon in the late summer of 1961 the upper rear deck behind home plate in old Comiskey Park was the center of the universe.

My body rose, involuntarily, as I sprang from my seat, jumped atop it, and screamed with unbridled pride at the top of my lungs for all that universe to hear: "MY DAD HAS TWO BALLS!"

My father's cigarette dropped from his lips and he grabbed for his left ear, yanking the earpiece out of it as if it were on fire. Bob Elston's crowd mic never knew what hit it. The crowd, not only in the upper deck, but throughout the entire park, erupted in laughter and cheers. Bob Elston, laughing out loud, actually leaned out of his booth above us, and waved at my father. Dad's face turned several shades of red. I remember how embarrassed he appeared but could not understand exactly why. Such was my world then, young and naive. My life was like the grand old game of baseball itself, innocent and sweet.

Honestly, it wasn't until many years later that I fully understood how the words I had shouted to all in old Comiskey park, and all in greater Chicagoland via the airwaves . . . how my loud, heartfelt cheer could have been embarrassing. But, as I said, many years had intervened since then, and I was now no longer a child, but rather a fully grown adult (somewhere around the age of thirty).

# The Flight of the Little T-Bird

By David Jensen

The '57 Thunderbird traveled nearly 10,000 miles in Alaska since bringing it up from Nevada twelve years. Denali, Kennecott, Seward,

Kenai and beyond. So many beautiful adventures and memories in our past.

Somehow, it's not clear to me how this is possible, the interior of the car began to shrink. I only noticed



*NFTY 57, alias "the Little Bird," enjoys a shower among the cherry blossoms in Mt. Vernon, Washington while on her way to Pacific Classics, where she will charm a new caretaker.*

it the last few years. Between that and my worn upper neck, it was becoming less comfortable getting in and out of the driver's seat.

It was time for a change so I wrapped up some restoration and mechanical adjustments and shipped the car 2,000 miles by barge to Tacoma in late March.

The next step was to drive the car from the Port of Tacoma to Pacific Classics in Mt. Vernon. They specialize in the sale of classic cars and trucks. Arrangements to accept my little bird were made in advance.

Mt. Vernon, also known for its vast tulip farming, is about 95 miles from the port. Spring was a perfect time to visit. Cherry blossom trees, tulips and daffodils were in full bloom. With some time to spare, I darted into Issaquah for some tourist fun. If you're ever in the area, it's a lovely historic community with mining roots. Driving the main strip, you'll pass a nearly century old Darigold plant. While there, I watched a shiny Lynden Milky Way double tanker leave the loading dock. It was on its way to deliver fresh bulk milk. Across the street from the dairy plant is an historic Shell Gas Station that is definitely worth a photo op. The old station is now rented out for parties and weddings. What a great club house that could be.

Onward to Mt. Vernon. I was driving the center lane of the I-5 freeway. Rain was hammering the car and the road. It was rush-hour but I think every hour is the same on that artery. I switched lanes here and there because of the constant ripples on the beaten asphalt. Some parts of that freeway reminded me of the dirt

(See p.11, "Flight of the . . .")

# The Flight of the Little T-Bird

*(Continued from p. 10)*

washboard road to McCarthy. Suddenly, I heard something make a tinkly sound under car. It sounded like I drove over something. A glance in the side rearview mirror confirmed it as I saw a small black object bouncing around and dodging the 18-wheels behind me. There was no way or will to stop and inspect. That freeway is not a great place to stop a car. I figured and hoped that everything was fine.

On arrival to Mt. Vernon I hopped out and did an inspection. Missing from the front right corner of the car was the ornamental headlight hood/boot. Some call it a bezel. It had shaken off and I'm guessing it's now flattened and cemented into Seattle's I-5 fabric and scenery.

Adding to this disappointment was the dirt and grime on the bird from a relatively short drive. I completely detailed the car before it left Anchorage. One would never know it when I drove into the dealership. It wasn't how I planned to present my pride and joy to the sales team. Then again, the car wasn't as dirty as when we all drove back from Denali a few years back.

All's well that ends well. Pacific Classics is full service and I'm tracking down a replacement part for the headlight hood that they will paint and install. Soon, the '57 will be on its way to new adventures and hopefully some better-maintained roads. It's been a great experience,

bumps in the road included.

In time I hope to add a bench-seated classic for the next chapter. I

think the pups will like that more, too.



*A headlight ring that got lost along the way caused some consternation.*



*A wet Little Bird jus a lookin' for a home, jus a lookin' for a home . . .*



*After seeing all the fun the pedal car display brought at the Rony show, Brian Anderson thought of sharing his dad's 1961 Denver photo of these kids in pedal cars (and sunglasses!) "From left to right are me, my brother Kent, and friend Donald. In the background, it appears that there's a young lady trying to get glimpse of us cool dudes."*

## May

### Birthdays

Linda Grundy—6<sup>th</sup>

Ken Evans—6<sup>th</sup>

Nik DeSanto—9<sup>th</sup>

Carol Jensen—13<sup>th</sup>

Eli Powell—13<sup>th</sup>

David Jensen—20<sup>th</sup>

Barry Fower—26<sup>th</sup>

### Anniversaries

Dolly Larkin & Ken

Morton—16<sup>th</sup>

*A recipient of AACA Awards of Excellence, Master Editor and the Ann S. Eady Memorial Award*

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