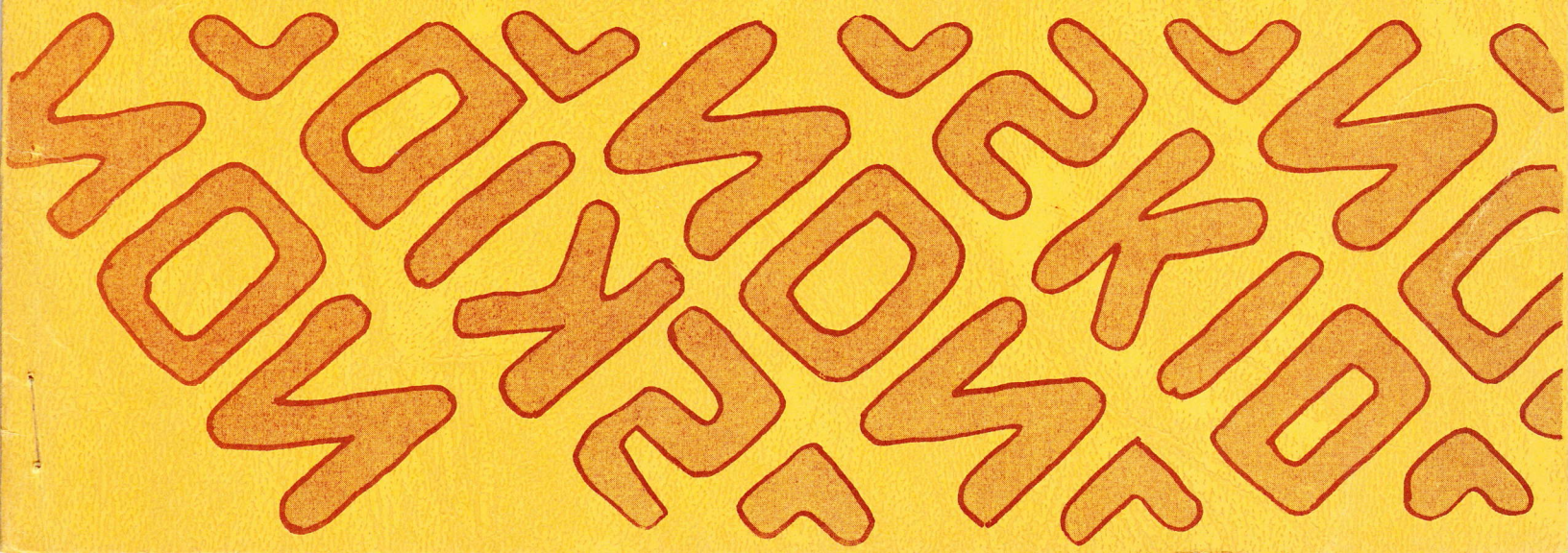


# ARCTIC TRACKS

Fairbanks Regional Group — Horseless Carriage Club of America  
Fairbanks, Alaska





FAIRBANKS REGIONAL GROUP  
OF  
THE HORSELESS CARRIAGE CLUB OF AMERICA  
DEDICATED TO THE PRESERVATION OF  
ANTIQUE AUTOS

FAIRBANKS, ALASKA  
DECEMBER 1974

BOX 2459 - 99707  
NUMBER FOUR

1974 OFFICERS

President -----	Vernon Nash
Vice President -----	Nick Bosnakis
Secretary -----	Sharon Yurkovich
Treasurer -----	Sandra Wagner
Chairman Of The Board -----	Ben Carpenter
Tour Chairman -----	Bob Glinther
Historian -----	Bob Meritt
Program Chairman -----	Paul Wagner
Parade Chairman -----	Ben Carpenter
Picnic Chairman -----	Nick Bosnakis
Trophy Chairman -----	Merle Brannen
Sunshine Chairman -----	Stella Carpenter
Publicity -----	Jim Sears
Membership -----	Jim Hendrie
Special Projects -----	Gene Yurkovich
Editor -----	Howard Mackey

INCOMING OFFICERS 1975

President -----	Nick Bosnakis
Vice President -----	Gene Yurkovich
Secretary -----	Ginny Bosnakis
Treasurer -----	Alene Christiansen

Regular Monthly Meetings of the Fairbanks  
Regional Horseless Carriage Club held  
on the 3rd Wednesday of each month

## PRESIDENTS MESSAGE

It does not seem possible that another year has slipped away, and it is time for new officers, committees and a busy year ahead.

Our past year has been a successful round of events. But as in the past years, it seems that our progressive dinner is the year high light for all members. The food, company, drinks, touring and company are something to look back on with fond memories.

Our parade for Golden Days was a lot better this year, we were in the parade, not a half hour ahead of it, as has been the practice in the past.

The idea of having as passengers the family or whom ever you choose, is far more desirable, than having the parade marshall pick your passengers. We had as passengers our family and that included five grandchildren.

Our car show at Alaskaland was, as usual, a great attraction for the interested and curious viewer, and being held with the Studebaker and Packard Clubs gave the show a better variety of vehicles. It all went well until the rains fell and washed the dust off the cars.

I would like to tell you of all the good things that I did for the club this past year, but I can't take any credit. The things that did take place, are due to the work of my committees. Thank all of you for the hard work and keeping things going.

The one thing that I can say for myself is that I must have been the last member to take a ride in the old car. Had to spend three hours getting the T-Touring out of it's winter storage on November 9th, and drive it to Alaskaland where it was used as a back drop for the Sweet Adeline program. At the time of this writing, it has dropped to 30 below and they are finished with the car and I must get it back home and into its winter lodging..

Well it is time to gather up about 50 lbs. of various sized gavels and turn them over to the new president, and again thank all of you for letting me be your president for this past year. Best wishes to our new officers, and I am sure we will make the next year better than the past four.

Vern Nash

NAME	1974 ROSTER	VEHICLES
Nick and Virginia Poshakis		1927-Rolls-Royce Sedan 1932-Rolls-Royce-P-11
Melvin Covencamp		1929-Model A Roadster 1939-Ford 1/2-T-P.H. 1928-Model A Coupe 1935-Ford 1/2-T-P.H. 1935-Ford Roadster P.H.
Merle Drannen		1963-Avanti
Ben and Stella Carpenter		1915-Model T Touring 1931-Willys-Knight Sed
George and Virginia Clayton		1925-TT Truck-Ruxtell rear end
Don Chandler		1937-Chevrolet P.H. 1926-Chrysler Coupe 1915-T- Coupe 1923-Packard Coupe
Ed and Alene Christiansen		1930-Willys-Knight- Model 87
Don Creamer		1908-Chalmers-Detroit
Rus and Auriel Davis		
Bob and Dorothy Glinther		1924-Buick Roadster 1925-Chevrolet Touring 1938-Buick Special-4- door sedan 1939-Buick Century Ope Coupe 1956-Chevrolet Corvett
Robert and Anna Greff		
Jim and Betty Hendrie		1931-DeVaux Sedan
Eud and Iona Hilton		1926-Model T Coupe
Jerry and Donna Krier		1928-Chevrolet Sedan 1940-Buick Super Club Coupe 1941-Ford 4 door sedan 1947-Ford 4 door sedan 1952-Hudson Hornet

(continued)



NAME	VEHICLES
Jim and Alice Lundquist	1918-GMC-Model 16- 3/4 ton P.U. 1925-Model T- Farm Utility P.U.
Jim Lounsbury	1926-Dodge Bros. Coupe
Bill Loupa	
Howard Mackey	1925-Chrysler-6-Touring 1928-Hupmobile-6-Opera Coupe 1938-Packard-8-Super Club Sedan 1939-Ford V/8-Sedan 4-door DeLuxe
Bob and Darrellyn Meritt	1930-Willlys-Knight- 4-Door sedan-66-E
Gary and Shirley Nash	1936-Chevrolet Sedan
Vern and Evelyn Nash	1915-T-Truck-Ruxtell Rear end-R.H.Dr. Canadian Built 1926-Model T-Touring
Tad Neil	1932-Chrysler Sport Coupe
Merle Page Clara Rust	Honorary Member
Jim and Dorcus Sears	1912-Saurer-5 ton Truck 1931-Henney-Hearse
Al and Karen Swanson	1928-Nash Cabriolet 1940-Ford V/8 DeLuxe Coupe
Paul and Sandra Wagner	1910-Model T Speedster
Jim and Alice Thompson	1926-T-2 door Sedan
Gene and Sharon Yurkovich	1930-Model A 2-door Sedan 1937-Puick 8-Century Sedan

1973-Perpetual Trophy  
Winners.

The Bill and Ellen Wilson Trophy for-Club Contribution- The Brannens  
The Phil and Ann Gardner Trophy- for-Best Restoration- The Sears



-Show Time-

Show time is fun time. Here is an opportunity to proudly display your most prize possession -- "your antique automobile."

Last summer we had two shows. We were contacted by the Golden Days Committee to drive our antique autos in the parade and if we desired--could carry a dignitary such as the King & Queen Regent and/or a politician striving for public office. Well, we all wanted to be in the parade but few volunteered to carry a politician.

I am not sure whether we desired not to contaminate the car or was afraid of brickbats flung at us as we passed thru the parade route.

The other car show was at Alaskaland and we had a good crowd peering closely at our cars of yesteryear. We were joined by the Packard and Studebaker Club and therefore had a contemporary flavor.

**PAMPERED!!**

Wouldn't you like to be a pampered antique automobile. Just sitting around looking pretty, stroked by loving hands, admired, and even in some cases worshiped.

They only have five months to be forced to look pretty and they are tucked away in some nice cozy, wind, rain and snow proof corner to hibernate until late spring and then to dazzle all who stop by and gaze and admire.

Kind of a nice life to fill so many dreams and nostalgic feelings.

Paul Wagner



## TOUR SEASON 1974

The season for tours is short, and it seems that this past summer

everyone was busy or gone on week ends, so our tours consisted, other than the picnic and parade, of meeting tours.

Our first, rather a mini tour was to Gambardell's on April 16th,

where our April meeting was held. Can't recall how many joined in

the antique jewel, but for the one car that always makes a showing

for all set meetings and tours, is one of the Bosnakis Rolls, and

it is really appreciated by all, Ginny and Nick really use and

enjoy those two beautiful Rolls Royces.

Also a nice tour in May to Fox Roadhouse for our meeting. There were

eleven cars on that one, weather was fine going out, a bit damp on the

return, but we had a very impressive line rolling out the Steese

Highway to Fox and back.

The June tour meeting was at Club 11, attendance was good, 9 cars

toured out and back, seems the high-light of that tour was Glinther

in his 38 Buick, racing Bosnakis in his Rolls from Club 11 to town. We

never have known who came out with the checkered flag, but Nick required

a little brake work, can't beat him with the emergency brake on, Nick...

July was a local meeting, as was August.

September saw the cars, 12 of them, out to club 11 for that meeting-

No races, no tow backs, just a nice evening ride in the "Family Pride

Vehicle."

Happy touring in 75-

Bob Glinther (he used a ghost  
writer, as he knew nothing of  
what went on, so whats new..?)



## Progressive Dinner

Four years and another Progressive Dinner is over. September 20, 1974, and what a beautiful Sunday afternoon. The dinner began, "naturally" with before dinner drinks at Bob and Dorothy Glinther's home-- who else and where else!! Of course beverages were plentiful, and there for the asking, as we all know the club members are rarely stricken with a case of shyness.

Shortly after 2 pm the gang was on their way to Sharon & Eugene Yurkovich's beautiful home for salads, which were enjoyed by all. By the way, why don't Sharon and Eugene-- for the old cars sake move their home to the bottom of the hill!!!

As everyone knows I was at home fix'n the main course, a delicious authentic southern dinner. Which my "quick with the mouth", man among men, husband, was so eager to volunteer me for. He was such a big help!! Ha!

The dinner consisted of everyone's favorite-- chicken & dumplings, blackeyed peas, ham hocks, turnips & turnip greens, cabbage, potatoe salad, hot corn bread, and ice tea. And especially prepared for all you gourmet lovers "Hog Chittlings".

After 1½ hours at our place we went to Ed and Alene Christianson's for desserts. Alene really out did herself with her delicious oatmeal cake, English trifle and brownies. Tea and coffee were also served.

We arrived at Dr. & Mrs. Lundquist's home around 4:30 for after dinner drinks. Everyone had their choice of anything they wanted to drink, or a delicious punch brewed up by Mrs. Lundquist. As usual, we had a good turn out of members, with most of them driving their antique cars.

See you all next year, same time but different places!!

Stella



"Picnic Time"

The annual picnic was held on Sunday, August 4th, at the Alaska-land Civic Center. It was an exceptionally nice day and the picnic was well attended. All the old faithfuls came, plus members we don't see too often, and a few prospective members. Food and drink were plentiful and it was hard to tell if the people or the Yellow Jackets had more fun. The bees were not invited but came anyway. Not all members drove their cars, but there were enough to draw attention. Picnics are always fun and we are looking forward to next years already. Hopefully it won't be a good (bad) year for bees.

Ginny Bosnakis

## OLD #16 BREATHES FIRE ONCE AGAIN

How would you feel if you woke up some morning, looked out of your window and found Clayton's truck parked in your front yard? Would you be horrified by its presence, call the local law enforcement officials for its hasty removal to the dump, or would you be filled with a certain joy and curiosity concerning the fact that it picked your front yard to rest its weary rear end in before continuing on?

Of course there would be mixed emotions over this hypothetical event. Many would curse this faithful old truck if it dared to let one drop of grease fall from its tired differential but then there would be others who would hurriedly dress and run to the front yard to more closely access and admire this old truck, perhaps even stroking the curves of its once beautiful but now drooping front fenders. Yes indeed there would be a great deal of controversy over an event such as this.

But now let me tell you the story of Clayton's truck and how it came to be in Fairbanks, Alaska, and then perhaps you can make up your mind as to how you would feel if someday Clayton's truck unexpectedly comes to call on you..... Clayton's truck was Henry Ford's twelve millionth tin lizzy, so to say. that it is one in a million is an understatement of some magnitude. In fact there is only one truck like Clayton's in the whole world. Born in the Ford plant in Michigan back in the year 1925, officially it was known as a Model TT one ton stake bed truck. It was shipped to the Ford agency in Fairbanks, then affiliated with Sampson Hardware and owned by the late Jim Barrack. On arrival it was tuned to a state of perfection (which in some small measure still exists to this very day) by one of Jim's talented mechanics and sold to the Fairbanks Exploration Company. As truck #16 it would serve the company faithfully in its mining operations for many years. Sometime after the change of a decade it was replaced by its big brother the model AA. After a fruitful career with the mining company, old #16 was declared surplus to Fairbanks Exploration company needs and sold to famed Alaskan bush pilot, Percy Hubbard. Percy figured



rightfully that it would be a boon to his flying business and indeed it was. It could tote light freight and passengers' baggage from downtown Fairbanks and the railroad station to the perimeter of Weeks Field, where Percy's operation was based. Old #16 was a friend to everyone and served Percy well. However late in the thirties #16 became tired deep down in its gizzards, so Percy tried to perk it up. Tired old engine #12,000,000 was bulled and overhauled by Percy's airplane mechanic. The overhaul was never completed for Percy was involved in a horrible air crash which cost him his leg. It was nearly the end for Percy and old #16, too. Percy recovered but the strain was too much for poor old #16, so it sat in the rains and snows with its engine buried in the tall grasses at the edge of Weeks Field for years and years. The tires and front wheels were pilfered by near-do-wells that roamed the area and it looked indeed like old #16 was doomed to removal to the local dump, which was then on First Avenue down near where the oxygen plant and armory are now. Everything went over the river bank then, and into the Chena.

Then in the summer of 1943 Clayton came to Fairbanks with PA1. George, as everybody called him then, had done a stint with the airline in Africa and after a brief stay in Whitehorse, Yukon, had been transferred to Fairbanks to help with the transition from the fabric and tube airplanes to the all metal birds.

George was mechanically inclined and inspired by Henry Ford since he was 8 years old. It wasn't long before old #16 was discovered by George as he walked around the old Weeks Field, his eyes peeled for any and all relics of yesteryear. At first the potential of old #16 was overlooked by George, for he had his eye on a new girl flight instructor who had just arrived in Fairbanks, and was the talk of the flight-line. Most of George's friends started taking dual flight instruction and soon George was, too. As George became more interested in Virginia, he almost forgot about the old truck, but, after they were married in Ketchikan his thoughts returned to the rusting chassis of old #16. Soon George and Virginia were calling Fairbanks their adopted home town and were fortunate to find an acre and a half

of ground to start a new life in the great land. It wasn't long before George made a deal with some of Percy's associates to remove the bones of #16 from the grasses and brush growing around it on Weeks Field. A trip to the dump proved to be the most fruitful for an old logging trailer made from a Model T truck rear end was found over the river bank but just short of the water. It had servicable wheels and tires and was retrieved by a cable and truck which were successful in towing it up the river bank to the roadway above. To keep the dumpmaster as a friend who would peel his eyes for front wheels, and tires and in fact any other T parts that might find their way to the dump, a price of two dollars was agreed upon as the initial payment. Front wheels were obtained as a gift from old Tom Gibson of Valdez trail fame, and tires were finally found by the dumpmaster. After the wheels and tires were installed on old #16, it really looked great. George and Virginia towed it over behind the Pan American hangar where George could have easy access to his tools and could work on his trusty truck after hours. Soon all #16 needed was a good radiator and a complete engine. George found that his neighbor in Percy Tract had been saving a servicable model T engine to build a wood saw. However his plans had changed and he was about ready to depart on a trip outside. He gave the engine to George with his blessings before boarding ~~the~~ PAA for the flight outside.

The radiator was the hardest item to come by. There were lots of radiators around town but they had all been damaged or frozen several times and plugged with oatmean and stop-leak of many brands. George was at his wits end in this seemingly futile search, and then he found what appeared to be a good radiator on a tired truck on the edge of the slough over in Graehl. After filling it with water it was found not to leak so much as one drop. This was indeed good news. Now get ready for the bad news. George had to purchase the whole truck just to obtain that long-sought-after radiator. It was a very expensive item at \$25., but George was glad to get it for it meant that old #16 would soon breathe fire once again. Ignition coils were the next hardest item to find, but were



found in Nome, Alaska, in an old second hand store. They were checked out and found to function beautifully, throwing out a spark of close to  $\frac{1}{2}$  of an inch. The coils were the gift of a Pan American pilot who knew of George's love for the old truck and had located them on one of his trips to Nome. It was <sup>an</sup> exciting day when a gallon of gas was poured into the oval tank beneath the seat of old #16. A tow rope was firmly attached to the front axle and all final arrangements for ignition, coolant, band adjustment, and timing were in order. Everything was at last double checked and in readiness for the test. The tow rope became gently taut and the signal to roll was given. The engine turned perhaps six revolutions and a beautiful throaty roar burst forth from the four powerful cylinders beneath the rusty and battered hood. It was wonderful to hear old #16 run again and to see the blue flame flicker from the open exhaust manifold. A slight adjustment of the needle valve and that engine idled just like it must have back in '25. It sounded like a tugboat, so evenly spaced were the power impulses. George claimed its fabulous performance was the product of perfect compression. Whatever it was, it was uncanny the way it ran then and the way it still runs today. George and Virginia used that truck in daily service, hauling lumber and wood, sawdust and clearing the land where their home slowly expanded into what it is today. George taught Virginia the basic principles of the planetary and soloed her in old #16 back in '46. That was to get even with her for soloing him in a J3 Cub in 1943. Although Virginia never became a virtuoso of the planetary transmission, she became a good wife and mother of three children, all of whom grew to love that Model T truck as they all played on it from the time they were babies. George made progress with the airlines from the day Virginia soloed him and has been flying the flagships of Wien for over five million miles. George never turned down a chance to run old #16 in any parade or civic event. Golden Days has always featured this wonderful truck and the Chamber of Commerce has sent it to Anchorage on ~~two~~ occasions for the

Fur Rendezvous. It helped to promote the production of Oklahoma when it came to Fairbanks and has picked up the high potentate of the Shriners, who had the time of his life riding on the roof from the airport to the Travelers' Inn. For years the truck had a beautiful upright piano as standard equipment installed just behind the cab. It was pure joy to hear the wonderful sound of music emit from old #16 when a good piano player was aboard. Even George was no slouch when it came to getting some sweet tones to come out of that old piano on his truck. Unfortunately the piano was later lost in the great flood of '67. Old #16 was on display then just in front of the Nenana at what is now Alaskaland. The ravaging waters enundated the old truck and the piano never sang again. It would have been the end of old #16 also, had George not arrived the minute the water went down and drained the river silt from its gizzards and flushed it out with soothing light oil.

It was truly amazing how old #16 snapped out of such an unwarranted ducking! The secret of saving old #16 was to get her turning and belching fire as soon as possible. after the flood waters went down.

One of the funniest things that happened with the old truck was when Hubert Humphry, (then Vice-President\* came to Fairbanks to give a speech. It was to be held on a podium down at the A67 site. Old #16 was on hand for the big event. Soon the secret service men were scouring the area as a security measure. They spied old #16 and started going over it with a fine tooth comb. Now if there is anything the setret service hates more than guns, it is exposed wire. The sight of wire will drive one of these well-meaning gentlemen right up a wall. Now old #16 had lots of wires running around her bed and up to the coil box. Just the sight of those four vibrating ignition coils was enough to scare a secret service man to death, especially if he were colored and afraid of explosives. Just as luck would have it, the secret service being an equal opportunity organization, had a colored technician assigned to cover this very truck.



Well when he saw the wires and the large 12 volt battery resting menacingly in the bed, he could hardly keep his mind. He followed the wires to a point back of the piano and that was all it took for him to flip. He was sure that old #16 was placed there as a booby trap for Hubert Humphrey, and that the piano was filled with at least 600 lbs. of dynamite. He summoned all his aides and the area was frantically canvassed to find the Owner of the truck for the appointed hour of Humphry's speech was fast approaching. Finally George was located at the ice cream parlor and agreed to talk to the frantic agent about the truck. George was tickled pink to find that his truck was causing such a commotion and seized upon the opportunity to tease the colored agent who no doubt had a fire cracker go off in his hand when he was a baby. No amount of reasoning could convince the agent that old #16 was a peaceful Alaskan citizen that had been around since Calvin Coolidge was making speeches. Of course it had toted a lot of dynamite when it worked for the P.E. Co. , but that didn't mean it had been saving it up for an opportunity like this. After all, old #16 had its own body to think about. The agent wanted the truck driven away immediately. George told the agent that the truck was very old and tired and that it might take hours and a lot of luck to even get it to run, that old #16 was usually towed to position for display purposes only. He said that perhaps it could be pushed backward to a safe distance away and to get several secret service men to push on the front of the truck. Well, one additional complication came up. A four-wheel trailer was hooked on behind old #16. This was filled with hay and the agents frantically started going through the hay, looking for dynamite which they were sure lay hidden beneath the hay. As the truck rolled backward, the trailer hitch jack-knifed and brought all movement to a halt. The agent now almost in tears begged George to try and start the truck and drive it away. Well, George by this time feeling sorry for the agent agreed to try and start the truck. He pulled up repeatedly on the crank in a display of hopelessness, but all the while he was really choking and winding in a combustible mixture

charge for when the time was appropriate to turn on the ignition, the lack of which had not been apparent to the agent, being a secret between George and old #16. Tired of cranking by this time, George stopped to rest while an agent tried his skill at the crank. Soon the agent was willing to call it quits as his breath was coming in short puffs. George said sometimes it starts if I talk gently to it, and proceeded to whisper something in its coil box area. Just then he turned on the ignition and retarded the spark. Old #16 burst into life, George jumped into the driver's seat and took off in a cloud of dust leaving a good number of bug-eyed and bewildered secret service agents behind. Thirty or more of the town folks got a good natured laugh watching old #16 perform that sunny afternoon.

The day we almost had a disaster with this wonderful truck was back in '66. Don Hulshizer and I had just rigged up a first class still on the back of the bed. The Golden Days parade was on and we were in full swing. Don had a fire in the still and we were running at about 300 gallons per day capacity. The mash and sugar trailer was entwined by several beautiful girls perched on top of the sacks. We were all in old timer's costumes and feeling no pain as the operation was exceedingly smooth. George was running with the spark retarded for full effectiveness on the crowd which lined both sides of Cushman Street in the vicinity of the old high school. The carburetor was very hot and when George faked an engine failure by retarding the spark excessively, the resulting back fire engulfed the carburetor with flames. The float stuck and gasoline started flooding the street under the truck. The tank under the seat was full of gasoline which made us a bit nervous as the crowd pressed closer for a better look. They seemed to think that it was all part of the act and didn't want to miss out on a bit of the show. George told them to clear the area as this was not part of the act and it might blow up at any minute. The street was burning under the truck so we tried to push the truck backwards off of the hot asphalt and gasoline. The trailer tongue jack-knifed and prevented

us from getting completely clear of the flames but George was able to dart under the truck and shut off the gasoline valve. Next we started pouring the contents of the still on the carburetor but could not put it out. Don handed George a wool blanket to smother the flames but gasoline is difficult to put out and soon the blanket had holes in it and was itself on fire. Indeed it looked like old #16 was in deep trouble this time. It was even more serious than George and Don had first thought. Fortunately for all concerned a Fairbanks fireman arrived on the scene with a powder type fire extinguisher and it really did the trick. We were extremely grateful that old #16 had been saved and he let us use the extinguisher for the rest of the afternoon. At first we were of the opinion that old #16 would not finish out the parade as the coil box became contaminated with some of the contents of the still. A sympathetic friend with a tow chain got us moving again and after several revolutions the engine began to cough and spit and soon began to run very roughly. This was good for it generated heat which was needed to dry the coil box. The radiator soon began to boil and the heat became effective on the coil box. Within 15 minutes we were running on all four and off for the races once again. Don discovered that it was great sport to shoot the powder filled extinguisher at the crowd. At one point he let some poor soul have it and when we drove off it looked like that fellow just came from a 16 hour shift in a lime plant. After this frightening experience we now always carry a 15 pound CO2 fire extinguisher with us as standard equipment. Old #16 is almost 50 years old now if it could talk it could tell a lot of stories. Birds have nests in the headlights and moss grows from the river silt in the boards of her bed; rust has tried to creep in here and there, yet there is a lot of go-power in that truck yet. They say twenty horsepower was under the hood when new and with the trailer it could move a hundred bushels of wheat across flat country. To help conquer the hills a two-speed ruxstall rear end was factory installed. The real reason old #16 has held up for so long is because



It was made from vanadium steel. The very best metal. They say that Henry Ford got the most out of the metal and he surely did. Of course the real secret of the success of old #16 is because so many people love that old truck. The Claytons sure gave that old truck a lot of love and it is our hope that should you ever wake up some morning, look out of your window and see Clayton's truck sitting in your front yard, you won't be too horribly upset, and perhaps you might even show a little love for old #16, too.

### George Clayton

A brief History of how our book began, "This Old House"  
by Clara Hickman Rust

Having been a resident of Fairbanks for 66 years I have many and various stories that can be told and many have, these past few years, like one day when in Seattle I was riding with my son Jess in his car with a few friends when after telling what I thought was a funny little anecdote Jess said, "Mother, I never heard that one before, why don't you jot down in a note book each one of such stories and maybe one day we can co-author a book"? So I started doing just that in a regular school copy book and before long I had six such books filled, both sides of the page and line after line. Maybe you don't think it was a job when we started to pick out these stories and get them in line for a book. Both Jess and his wife Barbara and I worked, typed and re-typed. One day I went to Bob Henning, manager and Editor of the "Alaska Sportsman", a fine Alaskan Magazine. He told me facts as we had written them would not make a book, why did not I write them as stories for his magazine, and he wrote down a few leaders for me, I did and was lucky to have had a few accepted and published in this magazine. I had at first thought my book would be in the form of a auto-biographie of my life here in Fairbanks from 1908 to present time, but after sending my manuscript to several publishers and was turned down, so in desperation I took it out to Proffessor Chuck Keim, head of the Journalism class at the University of Alaska. He said by all means it should be published in book form but needed much editing, re-writing in many places and wrote down many suggestions, which I tried to follow, and off to a publisher, turned down again, so there it lay in the box it had been returned in. Then one day I received a call from Jo Anne Wold a local girl, successful writer of a couple books and published stories in many magazines and papers and is well known as a successful writer. She asked to read my manuscript on the advice of Chuck Keim. After reading she could see it was a great story and was anxious to help me re-write. So for about near a year now we have been working together, now we have a publisher, contract ready to be signed and hopefully will be in the book stores for sale on or before September 1975, so watch for it. "This Old House" is a story of how a small 3 room log cabin grew into

by Clara Hickman Rust



Antique Cars, Combs and the Auburn Auction  
By Jim & Dorcus Sears

This is a report on our trip to the "Lower 48". We had planned our vacation so we would be in Auburn, Indiana for the Auburn, Cord, Duesenberg Festival, on Labor Day weekend. We also wanted to see the Harrah automobile collection in Reno, Nevada. It really should have been two separate trips but we squeezed in both of them.

Originally the trip was to be made in a Mercedes mini-bus that I had ordered. It was to be in Vancouver in July but due to technical problems, it didn't arrive on schedule. It would have been ideal for the trip, it is about the size and shape of a Chevrolet Van but has front wheel drive and a 220 diesel engine. Since the trip couldn't be delayed and it was too late to drive out we flew out and went car shopping in Seattle, finally settling on a Dodge Colt.

Besides the trip being for our main hobby of antique cars, we were also shopping for goodies for our secondary hobbies, old car books for me and ornamental hair combs for Dorcus. Also I was scouting parts for my 31 Henney and adding to my licence plate collection.

I picked up a few good books at Shorey's in Seattle, and Dorcus got a few goodies at the Pike Street Market. In Portland we loaded up on antique books, then on our way again. By the time we got to Reno we were overdue for our 800 mile service on the car, so we had it serviced while we were there.

Reno was one of the highlights of the trip. The kids swam everyday and we saw all the usual tourist sights and did some more hobby shopping. We also went over to Harrah's automobile collection, what a fantastic place! The first day we had a late start and got completely wore out before we were even through the 1st showroom. The second day we came early and stayed late. Just getting there was a lot of fun. Harrah's Club furnishes transportation to the collection and we rode over and back on an antique double decker bus. The auto collection is really superb and has everything imaginable. Only one Henry though and no Saurer Trucks. The Henney was one of the experimental electrical cars. The Henney Kilowatt.

I also got to look at an L-29 Cord undergoing restoration. I wanted to compare notes on the engine. My Henney has the same engine as the L-29 Cord. A few things are changed on the L-29 due to the front wheel drive though. Also on the grounds were some old traction engines (tractors) and a unrestored Mack Bulldog truck. This stop alone made the trip worthwhile.

From Reno we pushed on to Salt Lake City and passed by the famous Bonneville Salt Flats where many speed records have been set. In Salt Lake we did a little swimming and took in all the museums and the zoo. Then on our way again. Also in Utah we ran across an old "White" Yellowstone Park bus for sale, and in really good shape with a extra engine even. Really tempting but I resisted.

We also went on to the Dinosaur diggings where they are excavating ancient dinosaur bones, we also visited a museum in the area. Then on to Denver, Colorado, where we went through the mint and a couple museums. We went to a Transportation Museum there, it wasn't quite as impressive as Harrah's but had a lot of interesting things that Harrah didn't have. They had several antique bicycles, antique trucks and numerous one of a kind cars, plus old locomotive engines, outside. I also happened on a 1936 Henney across the street from the museum, but couldn't locate the owner.

Antique Cars, Combs and the Auburn Auction  
By Jim & Dorcus Sears

Before we left Colorado we just had to see Pikes Peak, didn't have time to go up it though, as we were running behind with all the little side trips we made. In this area we went through the Garden of the Gods, visited a Wax Museum and a replica frontier town. Here they had some very ornate horse drawn fire wagons and F. D. Roosevelts Presidential Limosine ( which by the way was a Henney customizing job) at another auto museum there was a later Presidential car.

We visited the Indiana cliff dwellings and a cavern called Cave of the Winds, very interesting and pretty. In Missouri we stopped at the Merrimac Caverns, also very impressive. Next stop was Indianapolis, Indiana, home of the famous 500 race. Here we took a trip around the track on a bus and visited their museum of famous race cars, some of the older cars were quite impressive. We also saw quite a few modern day race cars around the streets as the NHRA, (National Hot Rod Assoc.) was having races. We didn't get to see any races though as they were rained out until we were leaving.

Our next major stop was the big one, Auburn, Indiana for the Auburn, Cord, Duesenberg Festival. Everything for miles around was booked solid for months in advance. We had reservations in a small town about 20 miles away. People without reservations had to go further yet.

The ACD Club had things scheduled for everyday. On Friday was a fantastic steak fry at the country club. Saturday was the judging of cars and the parade, after the parade the cars were on exhibit around the town square. I really took a lot of pictures both during and after the parade. At first I took pictures of every Duesenberg I saw but after awhile I got sort of jaded with all the Auburns, Cords and Dusenbergs and only took pictures of some of the more unusual models. There must have been at least a dozen Dusenbergs and countless Auburns and Cords. There were also lots of cars of other makes around town that people had driven to the meet. Such as Excaltors, Packards, Mercedes, and everything else inbetween. Also on Saturday was a barbecue at the park. All I can say about it was "Fantastic!"

On Sunday was the awards banquet at the newly reopened Auburn, Cord, Duesenberg Museum. Part of the entertainment was a fashion show of antique clothes. Also on Sunday there was an antique show and sale at the high school. The Kruse Auction Company also had their auction set up at the high school.

The auction was a big highlight of the trip. There were over 400 cars there to be sold. Just previewing the cars to be sold was like a trip to a museum. Hitlers Mercedes was on exhibit there and Herman Goering car was up for auction, it was a 1944 770-K Mercedes Phaeton, very impressive indeed. It did have a few wierd noises coming from the engine compartment so only was bid up to \$80,500. One of the cars I fell in love with was a 1927 Mercedes Boat Tail. The body was reminscent of a mahogany speed boat, the whole motif was that of a boat, even the steering wheel etc. was wrapped with cord. Very beautiful it sold for \$23,000. A 1924 Ford TT truck sold for \$3,300. The big money cars at the auction were the Dusenbergs, of which there were several. Highest bid while I was there was on a 1929 Duesenberg D.C. Phaeton which was bid up to \$185,000, but was a no sale as the reserve was \$220,000. Some of the others did sell however with prices ranging between \$100,000. and \$160,000. There was even a Duesenberg powered Hot Rod at the sale. It was a Duesenberg J engine mounted on a 1932 Ford chassis. It was bid up to \$28,500. but was a no sale due to a reserve of \$32,000.

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Even though all of the cars that interested me were out of my financial reach the auction was still worth the long sitting as I saw cars I'll probably never see again and did see a lot of money change hands. The sale reportedly took in over two million dollars.

After all the excitement in Auburn everything else was sort of anticlimatic. We did have a lot of fun on a side trip to the Wisconsin Dells, a very scenic river resort area. Here we took a tour down the river on a Duck (an amphibious six wheel drive vehicle) very beautiful country and the duck ride was a real blast, the kids especially loved it.

In Spokane, Washington we visited the World Fair and also had a good time there. There were automotive exhibits there with cut-away models etc.

All in all it was a fantastic trip, although a bit rushed. We saw all kinds of sights, accumulated a lot more antique car books, hair combs, antiques and got a good start on my license plate collection.

Jim and Dorcus Sears



Fairbanks, Alaska  
December 1974

Wishing each of our members and their families,  
national members and participating editors, A  
HAPPY HOLIDAY SEASON AND THE BEST NEW YEAR EVER.

Sincere thanks to the following members of the  
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Happy Motoring "75"  
*Howard Mackay*  
Editor- 1974