

Vol. 35 Issue 11 A Monthly Publication of The Indy Chapter of The Studebaker Drivers Club November 2010



Lark Parker: *It Was a Good Funeral Until He Got There*

Words and art by Dale McPhearson

Lark Parker strained to hear

the voice through the pounding of his pulse in his ears.

A woman was saying something about him being in a wreck.

He was hanging upside down with his head positioned lower than his heart. The flush of blood to his head was making it hard to focus. His right shoulder was trapped between the brake pedal and the steering column. His neck was straining as the Studebaker floorboard pushed up against his head.

Lark was trying to see the terminals on the back of an emergency flasher switch that he had added to his 1958 Studebaker Scotsman station wagon. His wife, the lovely Daytona, was interrupting the work. "Why are you upside down in this wreck you call a car? You said we would leave at nine, and its nine-o-four. Now here you are with your head under the dashboard again." He sighed and laboriously extracted his body from the only position possible to see the back of the hazard switch. He had installed the switch earlier and mounted it in such a clever way that it wasn't easy to remove or repair. "I was trying to check the switch wires. I'm not sure it's working: I can't hear it click and maybe I didn't get it right."

The lovely Daytona wasn't satisfied. "You probably didn't wire it right. You said we would leave at nine for the swap meet. That car went without flashers for fifty years and it can wait another day."

Lark was agreeable. He felt lucky to have a wife that shared his interest in the swap meets. This wasn't a Studebaker swap but sometimes Studebaker items were a bargain at the all-make swaps.

The lovely Daytona had an eye for Stude items and had once found six pair of NOS Studebaker Hawk twin antennas sets. What a find at six bucks a pair! He didn't have the heart to offer the probably acceptable five dollars. He bought them all and didn't haggle His mission accomplished, Lark settled back and didn't press the conversation.

Lark and the lovely Daytona waited at the highway stop sign for a funeral procession to pass. A former state governor was being buried that day and they discussed his funeral while waiting for the parade of black limousines to pass. They thought the deceased governor must have had hundreds of friends judging from the motorcade size. A motorcycle officer blocked their path and when he finally moved out of the way the road entrance was open again.

Lark turned right and drove in the same direction as the procession. He was happily on his way to the swap meet again. He philosophized that life was still good for those still living. He generously forgave the deceased for inconveniencing him and patiently followed along behind the long string of mourners.

After a mile he was surprised to notice another string of mourners following his Scotsman wagon. Apparently the blocking motorcycle had pulled out too early and now

so as to not lose the deal by irritating the seller. It was a

"That's a hawk." Annoyed. "I can tell a hawk from a squirrel." Larchmont V. Parker III and his lovely wife Daytona were in the distinguished

bright and sunny day as they left and Lark thought: "At

least it's not a 'dark and stormy night' as I might get involved in an even cheesier story".

They rode along in contented silence for some time.

There was an indecisive squirrel doing a back-and-forth in the road ahead as the Studebaker approached. Lark was wary of killing the squirrel before it finally bolted for the ditch. The lovely Daytona leaned forward and was watching a hawk flying above and hadn't seen the escaping road kill.

She loved spotting hawks but sometimes had trouble distinguishing the large hawks from the buzzards.

"That's a hawk!" she exclaimed, triumphant with her identification.

"No, that's a squirrel," ventured Lark. A verbal test poke.

members section of a state funeral procession. At the next crossroad Lark turned

right to get out of the string. To his surprise they followed him. He turned left. They followed. Then another left. They hung in there with his evasive maneuvers like a squadron of Me 109's on the tail of a crippled B17 bomber. The lovely Daytona began helping as his wingman and advised him to cut right on the main road for more speed. Abruptly he found he was once again following the front part of the procession. The newly efficient motorcycle guards blocked the possibility of his ducking out again.

Resigned to his fate and not wanting to create a scene, the Parkers drove the 1958 Studebaker Scotsman station wagon into the cemetery and stopped with the procession. The wagon was a short gray link in the long ebony chain of parked limousines. Somber clad mourners departed the other vehicles. Lark was self-conscious in his orange tee shirt with the bullet nose starlight coupe on the front. He sank down in the seat to be less visible. The lovely Daytona was wearing her favorite shirt: a Kansas City Chiefs number 96 red football jersey with linebacker (Andy) Studebaker's name on it. She sat silently and the captured B17 bomber pilot could feel her stare.

An officer approached the car. "You can turn off your flashers now, sir." Lark moved the switch to the "ON" position and they stopped flashing.

Flipping up his sunglasses and leaning forward, the lawman softly completed his mission, "The First Lady said you must be the Governor's old college buddy that drove a Studebaker. She's so pleased you brought the car as it's so symbolic of the governor's wild youth days. She's invited you to join her beside the coffin and say a few words about her him. "Mr. Parker, I admire your style. That was exactly the sort of thing I like to hear at a funeral and I commend you."

Lark was taken a bit aback. "Uh, ok. Thanks. Well he was a great governor, even destined for the White House if he had lived. But he is in a better place now."

The stranger replied, "Well yes, he has reached his reward. Let me introduce myself, my name is Harry Asmodeo. I helped the governor quite a bit in achieving his success. I like you and I could help you too - I do that for people I think have promise. It's what I do and gives me a lot of satisfaction."

Lark studied him. The man did look successful. There were a lot of polished looking people at the funeral, but this guy was of a different cut. He sported a black Armani suit, patent leather loafers, charcoal Italian silk shirt and a Jerry Garcia Grateful Dead skeleton patterned tie. He wore a pencil thin moustache and

husband." He paused, "That would be so comforting to her. And please, bring the missus."

Lark slowly got out "Well I've never had large ambitions. Just give me a Studebaker and a warm garage and I'm happy," replied Lark. his shiny hair was slicked straight back. Mirror sunglasses and a small black leather attaché case completed the intriguing

and escorted the lovely Daytona to the graveside.

The Parker eulogy was delivered last after several others had offered their heartfelt memories of the deceased. Many onlookers later commented that his was the most unique eulogy that they could remember. He had started with John Studebaker making wheelbarrows for the gold rush miners of 1849, went through four wars (including the poor quality chrome available during the Korea conflict), covered several Studebaker business reorganizations, and ended with a single comment that the late governor was a "fun guy" in college.

After the service was completed they slowly made their way back to their vehicles. As he walked and reflected on his eulogy Lark felt a tap on his shoulder. A stranger smiled at appearance. He hugged the case close under his arm as if he didn't want it to escape.

"Well I've never had large ambitions. Just give me a Studebaker and a warm garage and I'm happy," replied Lark.

"Studebakers! Hmm. I was doing a lot of business in South Bend when the plant closed." Harry smiled and looked as if he was remembering something pleasant. His perfectly capped white teeth caught a sparkle in the late morning sun. He continued, "Say how would you like to make a deal for the rarest, most sought Studebaker in the world? A oneoff Studebaker thought to no longer exist? A Studebaker that would guarantee you the Best of Show award at the Studebaker International?" "Cool. How could you do that?" Lark inquired. Whatever this kook wanted, it would at least make an interesting story to tell the lovely Daytona. She had continued on to the Scotsman and heard none of this conversation. Lark knew that was better as she would have told this guy to "Buzz off, Jack".

"My methods aren't a concern at this time -- but I assure you I can make it happen. Do we have a deal?"

Lark didn't think this was worth talking about much longer. He played along with the idea in order to shorten the conversation. "Sure, it's a deal. What do I have to do?"

Harry grinned. "Just go on to the swap meet. You might find a deal you can't refuse." "Even better than the Hawk antennas? Well alright!" Lark replied, laughing and turning towards his car. A thought struck him and he turned to ask, "Say how did you know I was going to the swap meet?"

"That's easy, you Studebaker guys are always looking for a bargain," Harry Asmodeo answered with a smirk.

When Lark reached the Scotsman he felt a chill despite the sunny morning. He would have turned on the heater but that wasn't a chosen option on his no-frills '58 Scotsman.

As they resumed their quest, a growing feeling of anxiety kept him from telling the lovely Daytona about Harry Asmodeo **"until Halloween**".

NOW A WORD FROM THE PRESIDENT



Submitted by *Indy Chapter* **President Chuck Kern** *HI ALL*

WELL WE ALL HAD A GREAT TIME AT **BOB & CRIS PARKER'S** "PARTY @ THE LAKE" THE WEATHER WAS A LITTLE COOL & IT RAINED. HOWEVER, YOU CAN'T DAMPEN THE SPIRITS OF A GREAT BUNCH LIKE THE **SDCer's**, AND WE WERE ABLE TO HAVE IT INSIDE BOB'S GARAGE & THE CONVERSATION & ALL WENT WONDERFUL. NEW MEMBERS **BOB & SANDY FOX** JOINED @ THE MEETING, WITH A VERY SHOWY 1960 LARK CONVERTIBLE. WELCOME ABOARD **BOB & SANDY**. I WOULD ALSO LIKE TO WELCOME **JACK & MARTHA WARBLE** TO OUR CHAPTER.

WE ALSO HAD A GOOD TIME AT STANTON MI. WHERE THE PURE STOCK DRAGS WERE HELD. THERE WERE ABOUT A DOZEN STUDES RUNNING, HOWEVER WE GOT RAINED OUT ON SATURDAY FOR THE SHOOT OUTS. (BUMMER) THANKS TO ALL THAT SHOWED UP IN SUPPORT OF US, WE SURE APPRECIATED THEM.

NOW FOR A MORE SERIOUS NOTE, **ED'S PITCH-IN MEAL & ELECTION MEETING** IS TO BE ON NOVEMBER 7^{TH} . I HAVE TRIED TO MAKE IT KNOWN THAT I AM NOT SEEKING RE-ELECTION & WILL NOT ACCEPT NOMINATION FOR PRESIDENT NEXT YEAR. HOPE YOU ALL UNDERSTAND, BUT 3 YEARS SEEMS LIKE ENOUGH. I WILL GLADLY HELP WHOEVER YOU ELECT, IN ANY WAY I CAN. HOPE I HAVE DONE THE JOB YOU ELECTED ME TO DO TO YOUR SATISFACTION, IT HAS BEEN FUN.

YOUR FELLOW STUDE GUY CHUCK

WERE YOU COLD IN YOUR STUDEBAKER THIS LAST WINTER?

By Jim Roberts

Probably not, but if you were like me, you drove your Brand X with individual climate control, (right/left front/rear) heated seats, and all-wheel drive. The Studebakers stayed in their cozy garages. Our parents and grandparents were made of different stuff. They drove their Studeys; they were their CARS!! My father commuted ninety miles a day, twelve months a year, rain, snow, ice, or sleet in his Olympic Gray, 1953 Champion Regal Starlight. I remember sharing some of those trips with him and Mom in the winter. I remember how my feet fit exactly in the right- hand foot well, and how I could lean against the fixed rear armrest and gaze dreamily between my parents' heads at the snowflakes swirling in the headlights, usually dozing off after a few miles. I do not remember being COLD!!

Dad's Champion was equipped with the "world's finest heating, defrosting and ventilating system," the CLIMATIZER, and Dad knew how to use it. When I got my Champion, the prior owners had preserved all the new car paperwork in the glove box. Among those treasures were the W1004 Climatizer Operating Instructions. These came



with each car sold with a heater, in the form of a neatly perforated tag hanging on the "HEAT" control.

In 1953 an automaker, such as Studebaker, could safely presume that cars sold in America would be used by consumers with sufficient English literacy and patience to read and follow rather complex instructions to keep their butts from freezing. Can you imagine communicating all this information in pictographs? In practice, following the Climatizer operating Instructions while the car is in motion can create a real safety risk. Adjusting the fresh air inlet and the inner ventilator door are duties best left to the co-pilot, or performed with the car at rest. Maybe in 1953 we were smart enough to realize that without being told.

We've reproduced both sides of the instructions here. Check your

Climatizer ductwork for rodent habitations, flush the heater and defroster cores, and make sure your thermostat is working. Before starting the car, read the instructions and adjust the Climatizer accordingly. Put on your long johns and drive your Studey to next winter's meetings in toasty comfort!

TECH TIP

By Malcolm Berry Winterizing Your Studebaker

October is here and the driving season for collector cars is just about over.

It's time to make a check list of things that need to be done on your Studebaker before winter.

✓ Wash and wax your car.

- ✓ Change the engine oil and filter to get rid of contamination in the engine. Lubricate everywhere you shop manual suggests.
- ✓ Check the antifreeze. If it hasn't been changed for a few years, it should be changed.
- ✓ Disconnect the battery and use some type of battery maintenance charger on it.
- Make sure the place where you store your car is dry and free of "critters". A damp storage area causes all kinds of problems with your vehicle.
- ✓ Cover your car with some type of good quality cover that is soft and has a breathable fabric (which means NO PLASTIC COVER).
- ✓ Last but not least, you may want to start your car periodically during the winter. If you do, make sure you run it long enough so it reaches operating temperature. It's best to drive it so that everything gets warmed up.

News and Views from around the Indy Chapter

Bob Palma sends this report:



Here's a photo of James Cummins, a local car enthusiast who bought the 1956 Sky Hawk at the Christie's South Side auction in July. James' plans for the car were uncertain, but he was happy with the purchase. I gave him materials to join the club. Thanks Bob

Welcome, New Indy Chapter Members

This comes from Bob and Sandy Fox

Sandy and I have been married forever! We've lived in Plainfield since 1978. We started driving old cars in '93 when I inherited a '65 Skylark my dad bought new (which is currently for sale). We also have a '51 Kaiser and a '68 AMX that I bought new (next project). I've always liked '59 & '60 Larks. I wanted a convertible -- so my choices were limited. Most I've investigated didn't meet my standards until I found our "new" red '60 Lark Convertible over in Ohio. Sandy just humors me; but, she does think the Lark is cute. Two other things I should mention: **Dave & Diane Elmore** are a bad influence on us, and Sandy is getting new carpet! We look forward to getting to know everyone.

Bob & Sandy Fox

And this from Jack & Martha Warble

Rose & Richard: Thanks for sending the **October Brickyard**. We have enjoyed reading it.

Though we have had a number of cars throughout the years we have never owned a Studebaker until recently.

When I was a freshman at Morristown, IN High School in the 40's I always admired a 1940 Studebaker Champion owned by Joe Huhnke, a senior. It was such a nice well built car and Joe always kept it polished and in great shape. I would have loved to driven it but no way was he going to let a lowly freshman drive that car.

A few years ago I mentioned this to one of your members, **Steve Schott**, and a few weeks ago he told me about a 1940 Studebaker 2dr Champion that he had seen advertised. Well needless to say, Martha & I are now and a winter project of some minor restoration. We hope it will be ready for some summer activity.

Other antiques in our garage include a 1928 Model A 2dr Ford and a 1957 Morgan roadster.

The only other car club to which we belong is" The Olde Octagons of Indiana", the "T" series MG cars.

Though we no longer own a MG they accept our dues anyway. They are a great dedicated group.

We look forward to meeting the dedicated Studebaker Group.

Thanks,

Jack & Martha Warble Thanks for the introductions.

Now this from Tom and Judy Lawlis

Dear Richard & Rose,

We are trying to entice **Frank & Judy Pauley** of Martinsville to join our club, or at least come to some of our activities. They have a 1957 Golden Hawk and an Avanti. I forwarded the Oct. BB to them along with an invitation to Stude International meet. We really like them, so we hope they will join. They belong to National, so they're listed in the Roster.

Judy Lawlis

When you have news send it in and share it with the rest of the Chapter.

Indy Chapters Upcoming Events

- November 7th meeting will be at Studebaker International with Ed and Heidi Reynolds hosting. We will eat at 1:00. Club supplies turkey; bring plates and silverware and a dish to pass. Studebaker International Inc. 97 N.150 W. Greenfield, IN 46140
- December's The Christmas Meeting will be at Augustino's Italian Restaurant on December 19th. Hosts will be Joe and Nancy Bacon for the Christmas get together. (317)865-1099. 8028 S. Emerson Ave; Indianapolis, IN 46237

Indy Classifieds







This comes from Larry Hopkins.

I was at a car show in Southport and spotted this Studebaker. The man who owns it has had it for only 3 months, but like me he is having leg and foot problems. He's asking \$7000. The body seems in good shape, but there is some pitting in some of the chrome and the paint is dull. It is a 6, stick, and looked relatively clean under the hood. Thomas Swartz, 4205 English Ave. Indianapolis, IN 46201. Call 317-353-9847

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Editors: Richard and Rose Poe

The Studebaker Drivers club is an organization dedicated to the preservation of vehicles produced at any time in the history of the Studebaker Corporation. Anyone owning a Studebaker, Erskine, Rockne, Flanders or EMF, or anyone interested in such vehicles is invited to join S.D.C. and the INDY Chapter. Members enjoy sharing information, history, fellowship and driving. S.D.C. bylaws require all chapter members to be members of the National S.D.C.

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NATIONAL SDC MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

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Plainfield, IN 46168					
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Brickyard Bulletin November 2010



NEW SDC LOGO!! Help promote *The Studebaker Drivers Club Inc.*

Indy Chapter SDC Richard & Rose Poe, Editors 5192 State Road 46E Nashville, IN 47448



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